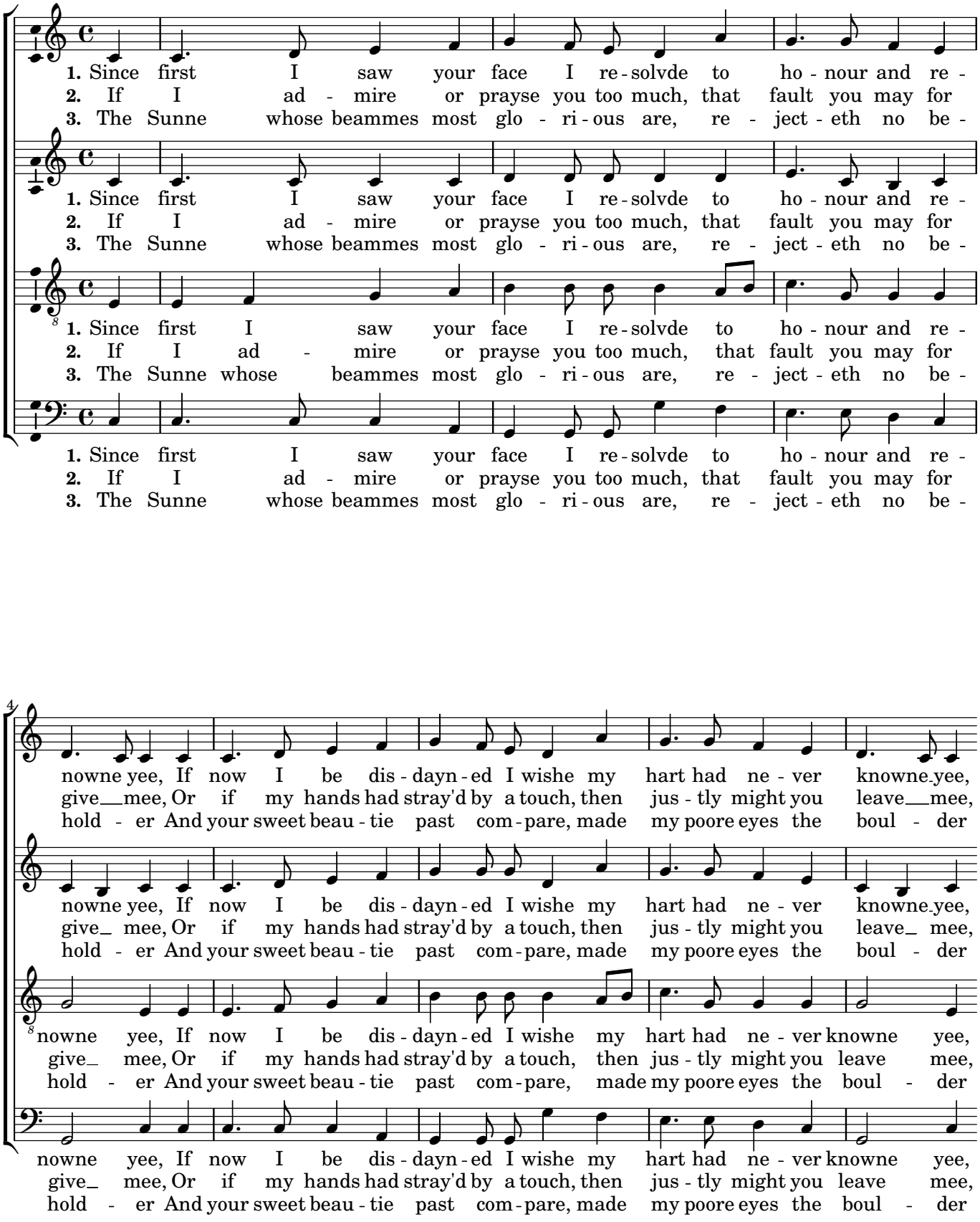
Since First I Saw Your Face

Thomas Ford



What I that lov'de and you that likte shal wee beginne to wran - gle
I askt you leave, you bade me love, ist now a time to chide me?
Where beau - tie moves, and wit de-lights, and signes of kind - nes bind me

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13

No, no, no, my hart is fast and can - not dis - en - tan - gle.
No, no, no, ile love you still, what for - tune ere be - tide me.
There, O there where-ere I go, ile leave my hart be-hinde me.

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