

3. Tobacco

Reprise of introduction

Tobaccoe, Tobaccoe
Sing sweetely for Tobaccoe,
Tobaccoe is like Love,
 O love it
For you see I have prowde it.

112. Fain would I change that note

Verse 2.

O Love they wrong thee much,
That say thy sweete is bitter.
When thy ripe fruit is such,
As nothing can be sweeter,
 Faire house of joy and blisse
 Where truest pleasure is,
 I doe adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
 And fall before thee.

113. What greater grieffe

Verse 2.

Tis I that feele the scornfull heele of dismall hate
My gaine is lost, my losse deere cost repentance late
So I must mone be monde of none O bitter gal,
Death be my friend with speed to end and quiet all
 But if thou linger in dispaire to leave me,
 Ile kill dispaire with hope and so deceive thee.