

# I held Love's head

Robert Herrick

Alan Bullard

*Andante espressivo* *mp*

Voice

I held Love's head while it did ache;

*p* *sim.*

Piano

— But so it chanced to be. The cru - el

pain did his for - sake, And forth - with came to me.

*f sub.*

Ay me! — How shall my grief be stilled Or

*ten.* *p ten.*

where else shall we find One like to me, who must be

*colla voce* *p colla voce*

killed For be - ing too, too kind?

*pp*