

# 4. Alas, fair face

Francis Pilkington

Canto

Alto

Tenor

Basso

Lute

A-las, fair face, why doth that smooth-ed brow:  
Is it be-cause that thou art one-ly fair?  
Breathe but a gen-tle air and I shall live;

a r e r a f f r r b a r d r r a r a f

r a r r

a

those speak- ing eyes, ros'd lips, and blush- ing beau- ty.  
Oh no! Such grace- ful looks ban- ish dis- dain.  
smile in a cloud, so shall my hopes re- new.

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a a a a r e a a r e f r e a

r a d a r r d a r d e f r d r

a r e

a e a e r a a r a a

all in them- selves con- firm a scorn- ful vow:  
 How, then, to feed my pas- sions with des- pair,  
 One kind re- gard, and se- cond see- ing give,

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 How, then, to feed my pas- sions with des- pair,  
 One kind re- gard, and se- cond see- ing give,

all in them- selves con- firm a scorn- ful vow:  
 How, then, to feed my pas- sions with des- pair,  
 One kind re- gard, and se- cond see- ing give,

a r e r a e e a a r r a a r d a r d a r a e  
 r a r r b a r d r e r e r

to spoil my hopes of love, my love of du- ty? The time hath  
 feed on sweet love, so I be lov'd a- gain. Well may thy  
 one ris- ing moon, and my black woes sub- due. If not, yet

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 r a d a r r d a r d e f r e r r a a r d d e  
 a e a e r a a r a a e r

