

4. Alas, fair face

Francis Pilkington

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Canto

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;

Basso

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

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selves con- firm a scorn- ful vow: to spoil my hopes of love,
feed my pas- sions with des- pair, feed on sweet love, so I
gard, and se- cond see- ing give, one ris- ing moon, and my

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my love of du- ty? The time hath been, when I was bet- ter grac'd:
be lov'd a- gain. Well may thy pub- lic scorn and out- ward pride
black woes sub- due. If not, yet look up- pon the friend- ly sun,

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I now the same, and yet that time is past.
in- ward af- fec- tions and best li- kings hide.
that, by his beams, my beams to thine may run.