

# 4. Alas, fair face

Francis Pilkington

Canto

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

Basso

Lute

5

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

Basso

Lute

10

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,

Basso

Lute

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to spoil my hopes of love,  
feed on sweet love, so I be lov'd a-  
one ris- ing moon, and my black woes sub- du- ty?  
gain.  
due.

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The time hath been, when I was bet- ter grac'd:  
Well may thy pub- lic scorn and out- ward pride  
If not, yet look up- pon the friend- ly sun,

25

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.