

4. Alas, fair face

Francis Pilkington

Canto

A- las, fair face, why doth that
Is it be- cause that thou art
Breathe but a gen- tle air and

Lute

smooth- ed brow: those speak- ing
one- ly fair? Oh no! Such
I shall live; smile in a

Lute

10

eyes, ros'd lips, and blush- ing beau- ty. all in them-
grace- ful looks ban- ish dis- dain. How, then, to
cloud, so shall my hopes re- new. One kind re-

Lute

selves con- firm a scorn- ful vow:
feed my pas- sions with des- pair,
gard, and se- cond see- ing give,

Lute

15

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

a a a a r e a a a e p r e a
 a a d a r a r d a a r d e p r e a
 a e a e r a a r a a a

20

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

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

grac'd: I now the same, and yet
 pride in- ward the af- fec- tions and
 sun, that, by his beams, my beams

r r r r a a d r a a a e a r a r e
 e d e e d a d r a a r p e r a r e
 e r r a r e a

25

that time is past.
 best li- kings hide.
 to thine may run.

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