

7. Ay me, she frowns

Francis Pilkington

Canto

Ay me! She frowns; my mis- tress is of- fen- ded.
 Why low'rs my love and blots so sweet a beau- ty?
 Still are you an- gry_ and is there no re- lent- ing?

Alto

Ay me! She frowns; my mis- tress is of- fen- ded.
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Tenor

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Basso

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Lute

5

Oh par- don, dear, my miss shall be a-
 Oh be ap- peas'd with vows, with faith and
 Oh weigh my woes; be mov'd with my la-

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men- ded. My fault from love pro- ceed- ed; it
 du- ty. Give o- ver to be cru- el, sith
 ment- ing. A- las! My heart is griev- ed; mine

mer- its grace the ra- ther. If I no dan- ger dread- ed, it
 kind- ness seems you bet- ter. You have but chang'd a jew- el, and
 in- ward soul doth sor- row. Un- less I be re- liev- ed, I

was to win your fa- vor. Then clear those clouds, then
 love is not your debt- or. Then wel- come mirth, and
 die be- fore to- mor- row. The coast is clear'd, her

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25 a

smile on - me, and let us be good friends. Come
 ban- ish - moan; show pi- ty on your lov- er. Come
 coun- te- nance cheer'd; I am a- gain in grace. Then

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Come walk, come talk, come kiss, come see how
 Come play, come sport; the thing that's gone no
 Then fare-well fear; then come, my dear, let's

soon our quar- rell ends.
 sor-dal- row ly can and re- cov- er.
 dal- ly and and em- brace.