

7. Ay me, she frowns

Francis Pilkington

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Canto

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

Basso

Lute

10

par- don, dear, my miss shall be a- men- ded. My fault from love pro-
 be ap- peas'd with vows, with faith and du- ty. Give o- ver to be
 weigh my woes; be mov'd with my la- ment- ing. A- las! My heart is

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

20

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

25

me, and let us be good friends. Come walk, come talk,
 moan; show pi- ty on your lov- er. Come play, come sport;
 cheer'd; I am a- gain in grace. Then fare- well fear;

30

come kiss, come see how soon our quar- rell ends.
 the thing that's gone no sor- row can re- cov- er.
 then come, my dear, let's dal- ly and em- brace.