

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?

Lute

5

Oh par- don, dear, my miss shall be a- men- ded.
 Oh be ap- peas'd with vows, with faith and du- ty.
 Oh weigh my woes; be mov'd with my la- ment- ing.

10

My fault from love pro- ceed- ed; it
 Give o- ver to be cru- el, sith
 A- las! My heart is griev- ed; mine

15

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

dread-ed, it was to win your fa- vor. Then clear those
 jew- el, and love is not your debt- or. Then wel- come
 liev- ed, I die be- fore to- mor- row. The coast is

clouds, then smile on - me, and let us be good
 mirth, and ban- ish - moan; show pi- ty on your
 clear'd, her coun- te- nance cheer'd; I am a- gain in

friends. er. Come walk, come talk,
 lov- grace. er. Come play, come sport;
 Then fare- well fear;

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.