

8. Now let her change

Francis Pilkington

Canto

Now let her change and spare not; since she proves false, I care not.
 When did I err in blind-ness, or vex her with un-kind-ness?
 Then, false, fare-well for ev-er; once false, prove faith-ful nev-er.

Lute

5

Feign-ed love so be-witch-ed my de-light, that still I dot-ed on her
 If my care did at-tend her a-lone, why is she thus un-time-ly
 He that now so tri-umphs in thy love shall soon my pre-sent for-tunes

10

1)

sight. But she is gone, but she is gone, but she is gone,
 gone? True love a-bides, true love a-bides, true love a-bides
 prove. Were I as fair, were I as fair, were I as fair

15

new de-sires em-brac-ing and my de-serts dis-grac-ing. grac-ing.
 till the day of dy-ing; false love is ev-er fly-ing. fly-ing.
 as di-vine A-do-nis, love is not had where none is. none is.

1) "a" in orig.