

14. Thanks, gentle moon

Francis Pilkington

5

Canto

Thanks, gen- tle moon, for thy ob- scur- ed light. My
 And thou false ar- bor with thy bed of rose, where-
 Torn be the frame, for thou didst thank- less hide, a

Basso

Lute

10

love and I, be- tray'd, thou set us free, and Ze- phir- us as man- y un- to
 in, where- on touch'd eq- ual with love's fire, we reap'd of ei- ther o- ther love's de-
 trait- rous spy, her bro- ther, and my foe, who sought by death our joys to un- der-

15

thee, whose blasts con- ceal'd the plea- sures of the night. Re- solve to her
 sire. Wi- ther the twin- ing plants that thee en- close, wi- ther the twin-
 go, and by that death, our pass- ions to di- vide, leav- ing, to our

1)

1) There seems to be a missing line in verse 2, so I have simply repeated a line, here, to fill it in.

20

thou gave con- tent to me. But be those
 ing plants that thee en- close! Oh be thy bow'rs still fill'd with ser- pents'
 great vows, e- ter- nal woe. Oh be thy

25

hiss- es, that sought by trea- son, that sought by trea- son to be- tray our

30

kiss- es, to be- tray our kiss- es. But Oh kiss- es.
 Oh