18. Beauty sat bathing
Poem by Anthony Munday
Francis Pilkington

Canto:
Beau- ty sat bath- ing by a spring, where fair- est shades did hide her.
In- to a slum- ber then I fell, when fond i- ma gi- na- tion

The winds blew calm; the birds did sing; the cool streams ran
seem- ed to see but could not tell her fea- ture or

be- side her. My wan- ton thoughts en- tic'd mine eye to
her fash- ion. But e'en as babes in dreams do smile and

see what was for- bid- den. But bet- ter me- mo- ry said, "Fie", so
some- time fall a- weep- ing, so I a- wak'd, as wise this while as

vain de- sire was chid- den. Hey non- ny, hey non-
when I fell a- sleep- ing.[1]
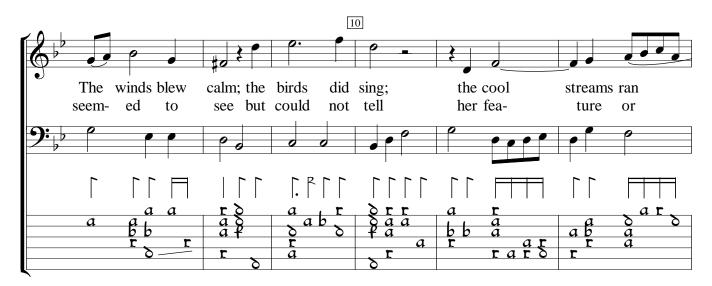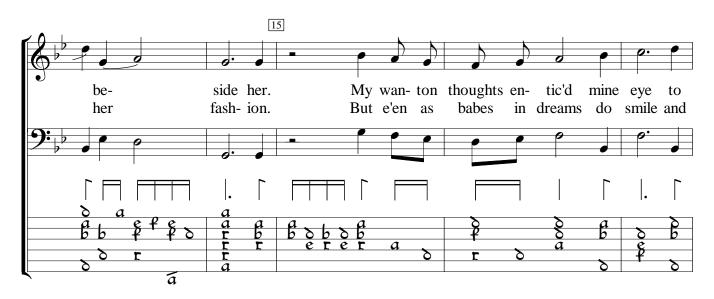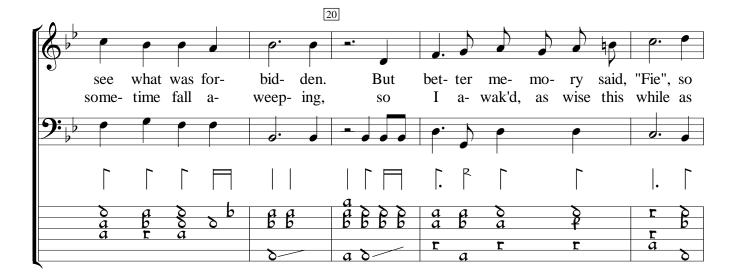
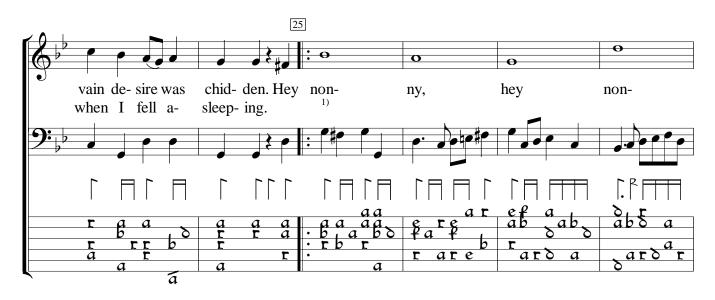ny, hey non- ny, hey non- ny, no non- ny non- ny. Hey non- ny.

1) Pilkington gives little guidance on text underlay here. This is my best guess.