

18. Beauty sat bathing

Poem by Anthony Munday

Francis Pilkington

Canto

Beau- ty sat bath- ing by a spring, where fair- est
In- to a slum- ber then I fell, when fond i-

Lute

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shades did hide her. The winds blew calm; the birds did
ma gi- na- tion seem- ed to see but could not

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sing; the cool streams ran be-
tell her fea- ture or her

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

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

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"Fie", so vain de-sire was chid-den. Hey non-
while as when I fell a-sleep-ing. Hey non-
ny, hey non-ny, no non-ny non-ny. Hey non-ny.

ny, hey non-ny, no non-ny non-ny. Hey non-ny.

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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.