

Francis Pilkington

THE FIRST BOOKE OF Songs or Ayres of 4.parts:

1605

XIII. Thanks gentle Moone for thy obscured light.

Thanks gentle Moone for thy obscured light,
My Loue and I betraid thou set vs free,
And *Zephirus* as many vnto thee,
Whose blasts conceald, the pleasures of the night,
Resolue to her thou gaue, content to mee.
But be those bowers still fild with Serpents hisses,
That sought by treason, to betray our kisses.

And thou false Arbor with thy bed of Rose,
Wherin, wheron toucht equall with loues fyre,
We reapt of eyther other loues desire,
Wither the trimming plants that thee enclose.
Oh be thy bowers still fild with serpents hisses,
That sought by treason, to betray our kisses.

Torne be the frame, for thou didst thankles hide,
A trayterous spy, her brother, and my foe,
Who sought by death, our ioyes to vnder goe,
And by that death, our passions to deuide,
Leauing to our great vows, eternall woe.
Oh be thy bowers still fild with serpents hisses,
That sought by treason, to betray our kisses.