

Francis Pilkington

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

1605

III. Alas faire face why doth that smoothed brow.

Alas faire face why doth that smoothed brow :
Those speaking eies ros'd lips, and blushing beautie.
All in them selues confirme a scornfull vow :
To spoile my hopes of loue, my loue of dutie.
The time hath bin, when I was better grast :
I now the same, and yet that time is past.

Is it because that thou art onely faire,
Oh no such gracefull lookes banish disdaine,
How then, to feede my passions with dispaire,
Feede on sweet loue, so I be loued againe.
Well may thy publike scorne, and outward pride,
Inward affections, and best likings hide.

Breath but a gentle aire, and I shall liue,
Smyle in a clowde, so shall my hopes renue,
One kind regard, and second seing giue,
One rising Morne, and my blacke woes subdue.
If not, yet looke vpon the friendly Sunne,
That by his beames, my beames to thine may runne.