

Alas fair face why doth that smoothed brow

First Book of Airs (1605), No. 4

Francis Pilkington

1. A - las fair face why doth that smooth - ed brow,
2. Is it be - cause that thou art on - ly fair,
3. Breathe but a gen - tle air, and shall I live,

Those speak - ing eyes rosed lips, and blush - ing beau-ty. All in them -
Oh no such grace - ful looks ba - nish dis - dain. How then, to
Smile in a cloud, so shall my hope re - new. One kind re -

selves con - firm a scorn - ful vow, To spoil my hopes of love,
feed my pas - sions with dis - pair, Feed on sweet love, so I
gard, and se - cond feel - ing give, One ris - ing morn, and my

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my love of du - ty. The time hath been, when I
be loved a - gain. Well may thy pub - lic scorne
black woes sub - due. If not, yet look up - on

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was bet - ter grast, I now the same, and yet
and out - ward pride, In - ward af - fec - tions, and
the friend - ly sun, That by his beams, my beams

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that best time is past. hide.
to lik - ings may run.