

3. Unto the temple

Thomas Ford

Un- to the tem- ple of thy beau- ty and to the tomb
 But, Pi- ty, on thy sa- ble hearse - mine eyes the tears
 Pi- ty that to thy beau- ty fled, - and with thy beau-

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where Pi- ty lies, I, pil- grim clad with zeal
 of sor- row shed. What though tears can- not fate
 ty should have liv'd, ah! in thy heart lies bu-

tomb where Pi- ty lies, I, pil- grim clad with
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and du- ty, do of- fer up my heart, mine eyes.
 re- verse, - yet are they du- ties to the dead.
 ri- ed, - and ne- ver more may be re- viv'd.

zeal and du- ty, do of- fer up my heart, mine eyes.
 fate re- verse, - yet are they du- ties to the dead.
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My heart loe in the quench- less fire on
 O Mis- tress, in thy sanc- tu- ary, why
 Yet this last fa- vour, dear, ex- tend, to ac-

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 O Mis- tress, in thy sanc- tu- a- why
 Yet this last fa- vour, dear, ex- tend, to ac-

love's - burn- ing al- tar lies, con- duct- ed thi- ther
 would'st thou suf- fer cold Dis- dain to use his fro- zen
 cept these vows, these tears I shed, du- ties which I thy

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by de- sire to be beau- ty's sac- ri- fice.
 cru- el- ty, and gen- tle Pi- ty to be slain?
 pil- grim send to beau- ty liv- ing, Pi- ty dead.

thi- ther by de- sire to be beau- ty's sac- ri- fice.
 fro- zen cru- el- ty, and gen- Pi- ty to be slain?
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