

5. Go, passions, to the cruel fair

Thomas Ford

5

Go, pas-sions, to the cru-el fair. Plead my sor-rows
 Urge her (but gent-ly, I re-quest) with breach of faith
 Im-por-tune pi-ty at the last (pi-ty in those

10

nev-er ceas-ing. Tell her those smiles, those smiles are
 and wrack of vows. Say that my grief, my grief, and
 eyes should hov-er). Re-count my sighs, my sighs and

15

20

emp-ty air, grow-ing hopes, but not in-creas-ing, hast-ing,
 mind's un-rest, lives-in the sha-dow of her brows, ply-ing,
 tor-ments past as an-nals of a con-stant lov-er, spend-ing,

25

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wast-ing with swift pace date of joy in dull dis-grace. grace.
 fly-ing there to die in sad woe and mi-se-ry. ry.
 end-ing ma-ny days of blast-ed hopes and slack de-lays. lays.

1) Note values half in orig.

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