

5. Go, passions, to the cruel fair

Thomas Ford

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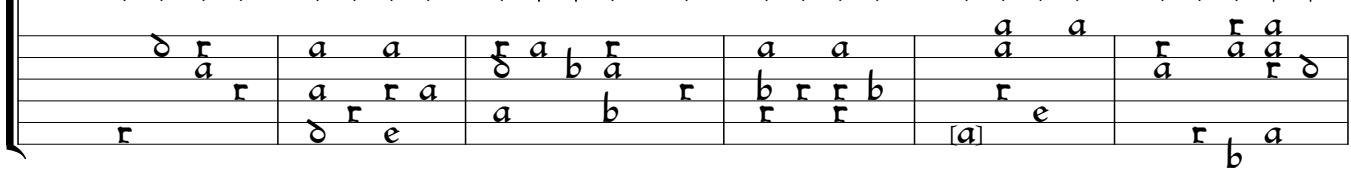
Go, pas- sions, to the cru- el fair. Plead my sor- rows
Urge her (but gent- ly, I re- quest) with breach of faith
Im- por- tune pi- ty at the last (pi- ty in those



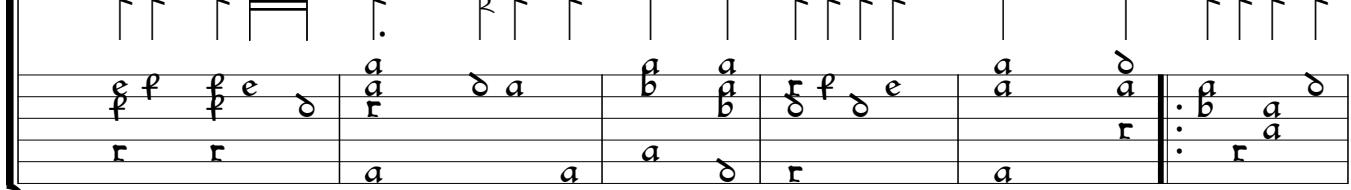
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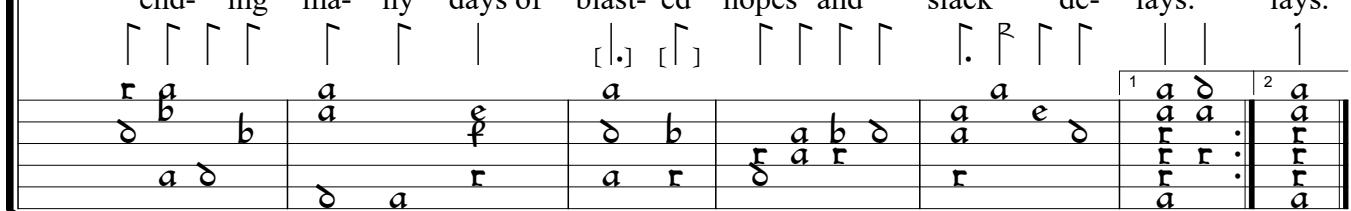
nev- er ceas- ing. Tell her those smiles, those smiles are
and wrack of vows. Say that my grief, my grief, and
eyes should hov- er). Re- count my sighs, my sighs and



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,



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)

1) Note values half in orig.