

# 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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 But, Pi- ty, on thy sa- ble hearse - mine eyes the  
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a b r a a f t a r e

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  
 tears of sor- row shed. What though tears can- not  
 beau- ty should have liv'd, ah! in thy heart lies

a b a a b a a r a a r b

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.  
 bu- ri- ed, - and ne- ver more may be re- viv'd.

a a f t a a a b a a a r b a a b

My heart loe in the quenchless fire on love's - burn- ing  
 O Mis- tress, in thy sanc- tu- ary, why would'st thou suf- fer  
 Yet this last fa- vour, dear, ex- tend, to\_ ac- cept these vows, these

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al- tar lies, con- duct- ed thi- ther by de- sire to be  
 cold Dis- dain to use his fro- zen cru- el- ty, and gen- tle  
 tears I shed, du- ties which I thy pil- grim send to beau- ty

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beau- ty's sac- ri fice.  
 Pi- ty to be slain?  
 liv- ing, Pi- ty dead.

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