

3. Unto the temple

Thomas Ford

Un- to the tem- ple of thy beau- ty
But, Pi- ty, on thy sa- ble hearse -
Pi- ty that to thy beau- ty fled, -

and to the tomb where Pi- ty
mine eyes the tears of sor- row
and with thy beau- ty should have

lies, I, pil- grim clad with zeal and du- ty,
shed. What though tears can- not fate re- verse, -
liv'd, ah! in thy heart lies bu- ri- ed, -

do of- fer up my heart, mine eyes.
yet are they du- ties to the dead.
and ne- ver more may be re- viv'd.

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-

love's - burn- ing al- tar lies,
 would'st thou suf- fer fer- cold tar- dain
 cept these vows, these tears Dis- dain
 shed,

con- duct- ed thi- ther by de- sire to be
 to use his fro- zen by cru- del- ty, and gen- tle
 du- ties which I thy pil- grim send to beau- ty

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