

# 5. Go, passions, to the cruel fair Thomas Ford

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

ceas-ing. Tell her those smiles, those smiles are emp-ty  
 of vows. Say that my grief, my grief, and mind's un-  
 hov-er). Re-count my sighs, my sighs and tor-ments

1) B natural here conflicts with Bb in lute part. Take your pick.

