

# 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- mentspast as an- nals of a con- stant lov- er, spend- ing,

25

1 2

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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