

8. Now let her change

Francis Pilkington

Canto

Now let her change and spare not; since
 When did I err well in blind-ness, or
 Then, false, fare- well for ev-er; once

Basso

Lute

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she proves false, I care not. Feign- ed love so be-
 vex her with un- kind- ness? If my care did at-
 false, prove faith- ful nev- er. He that now so tri-

1)

witch- ed my de- light, that still I dot- ed on her
 tend her a- lone, why is she thus un- time- ly
 umphs in thy love shall soon my pre- sent for- tunes

1) "a" in orig.

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sight. gone? prove. But she is gone, True love a-bides, Were I as fair, but she is gone, true love a-bides, were I as fair,

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but she is gone, true love a-bides were I as fair new de- sires em- brac- ing and till the day of dy- ing; false as di- vine A- don- nis, love

my de- serts dis- grac- ing. love is ev- er fly- ing. is not had where none is.