

# 9. Underneath a cypress shade Francis Pilkington

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Canto

Un- der- neath a cy- press shade, the queen of love sat mourn- ing, cast- ing  
 For with- in the sha- dy mourn the cause of her com- plain- ing. Mirr- has  
 Why is youth with beau- ty grac'd un- feel- ing judge of un- kind- ness, spot- ting  
 Stint thy tears, fair sea- borne queen and grief in vain la- ment- ed, when de-

Basso

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down the ro- sy wreaths her heav'n- ly brow a- dorn- ing, quench- ing  
 son the leaf- y bow'r's did haunt, her love dis- dain- ing, count- ing  
 love with the foul re- port of cru- el- ty and blind- ness, forc- ing  
 sire hath burnt his heart, that thee hath dis- con- tent- ed. Then too

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fi- ry sighs with tears. But yet her heart, but yet her heart,  
 all her true de- sires, in his fond thoughts, in his fond thoughts,  
 to un- kind com- plaints the queen of all, the queen of all,  
 late the scorn of youth by age shall be, by age shall be,

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her heart still burn- ing, quench- ing fi- ry sighs with tears. But  
 fond thoughts but feign- ing count- ing all her true de- sires, in  
 of all di- vine- ness, forc- ing to un- kind com- plaints the  
 shall be re- pent- ing, Then too late the scorn of youth by

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yet her heart, but yet her heart, her heart still burn- ing.  
 his fond thoughts, in his fond thoughts, fond thoughts but feign- ing.  
 queen of all, the queen of all, of all di- vine- ness.  
 age shall be, by age shall be, shall be re- pent- ing.