

# 14. Thanks, gentle moon

Francis Pilkington

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Canto

Thanks, gen- tle moon, for thy ob- scur- ed light. My love and I, be-  
And thou false ar- bor with thy bed of rose, where- in, where- on touch'd  
Torn be the frame, for thou didst thank- less hide, a trait- rous spy, her

Basso

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tray'd, thou set us free, and Ze- phir- us as man- y un- to thee, whose blasts con-  
eq- ual with love's fire, we reap'd of ei- ther o- ther love's de- sire. Wi- ther the  
bro- ther, and my foe, who sought by death our joys to un- der- go, and by that

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ceal'd the plea- sures of the night. Re- solve to her thou gave con- tent to  
twin- ing plants that thee en- close, wi- ther the twin- ing plants that thee en-  
death, our pass- ions to di- vide, leav- ing, to our great vows, e- ter- nal

20

me. But be those  
close! Oh be thy bow'r's still fill'd with ser- pents' hiss- es, that sought by trea- son, that  
woe. Oh be thy

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sought by trea- son to be- tray our kiss- es, to be- tray our kiss- es. Oh kiss- es.  
Oh

1) There seems to be a missing line in verse 2, so I have simply repeated a line, here, to fill it in.