

# 14. Thanks, gentle moon

Francis Pilkington

Canto

Thanks, gen- tle moon, for thy ob- scur- ed light.  
And thou false ar- bor with thy bed of rose,  
Torn be the frame, for thou didst thank- less hide,

Lute

5

My love and I, be- tray'd, thou set us free, and  
where- in, where- on touch'd eq- ual with love's fire, we  
a trait- rous spy, her bro- ther, and my foe, who

10

Ze- phir- us as man- y un- to thee, whose blasts con-  
reap'd of ei- ther o- ther love's de- sire. Wi- ther the  
sought by death our joys to un- der- go, and by that

15

ceal'd the plea- sures of the night. Re- solve to her  
twin- ing plants that thee en- close, wi- ther the twin-  
death, our pass- ions to di- vide, leav- ing, to our

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

20

thou gave con- tent to me. But be those  
 ing plants that thee en- close! Oh be thy bow'rs still  
 great vows, e- ter- nal woe. Oh be thy

25

fill'd with ser- pents' hiss- es, that sought by trea- son, that

30

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

to be- tray our kiss- es. But Oh kiss- es.  
 Oh Oh