

13 Ay Me, She Frowns

Francis Pilkington
(The First Booke of Songs — 1605)

1. Ay me, she frowns, my mis - tress is of - fend - ed,

O par - don dear, my miss shall be a -

mend - ed: My fault from love pro - ceed - ed, It me - rits grace the

rath - er, If I no dan - ger drea - ded, It was to win your fa - vour.

Then clear those clouds, then smile on me, And

let us be good friends, Come walk, come talk,

III.

come kiss, come see, How soon our quar - rel ends.

2. Why low'rs my love, and blots so sweet a beauty?

O be appeas'd with vows, with faith and dury:

Give over to be cruel,

Sith kindness seems you better,

You have but chang'd a jewel,

And love is not your debtor.

Then welcome mirth, and banish moan,

Show pity your lover,

Come play, come sport, The thing that's gone

No sorrow can recover.

3. Still are you angry, and is there no relenting?

O weigh my woes, be mov'd with my lamenting:

Alas my heart is grieved,

Mine inward soul doth sorrow,

Unless I be relieved

I die before tomorrow.

The coast is clear'd, her countenance cheer'd,

I am again in grace,

The farewell fear, then come my dear,

Let's dally and embrace.