

# Thanks gentle moon for thy obscured light

First Book of Aires (1605), No. 14.

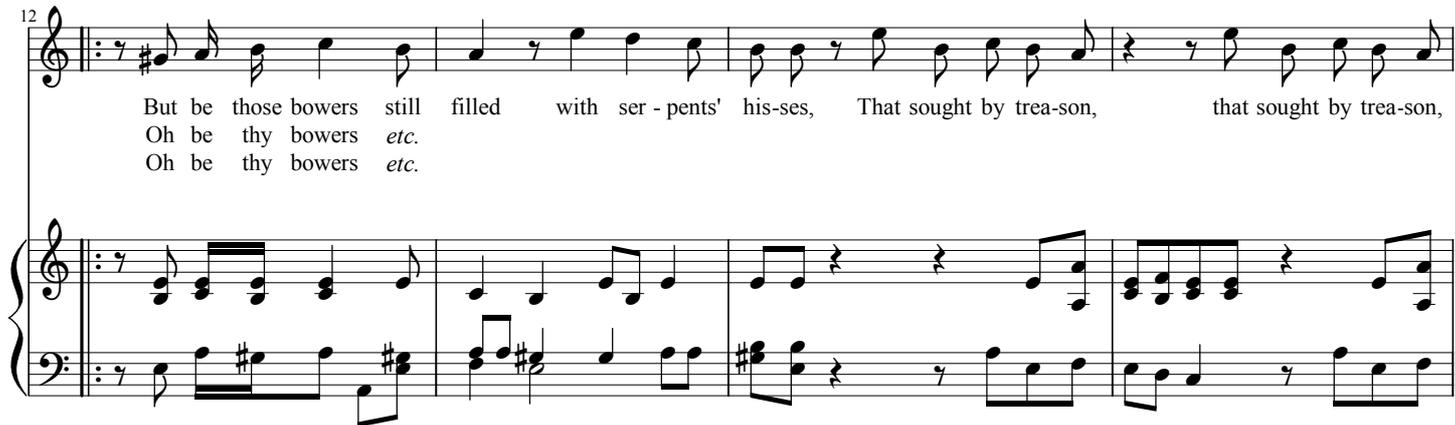
Francis Pilkington

1. Thanks gen - tle moon for thy ob - scu - red light, My love and I be -  
2. And thou false ar - bor with thy bed of rose, Where - in, where - on touched  
3. Torn be the frame, for thou didst thank-less hide, A trai - torous spy, her

4  
trayed thou set us free, And Ze - phi - rus as ma - ny un - to thee, Whose blasts con -  
e - qual with love's fire, We reaped 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

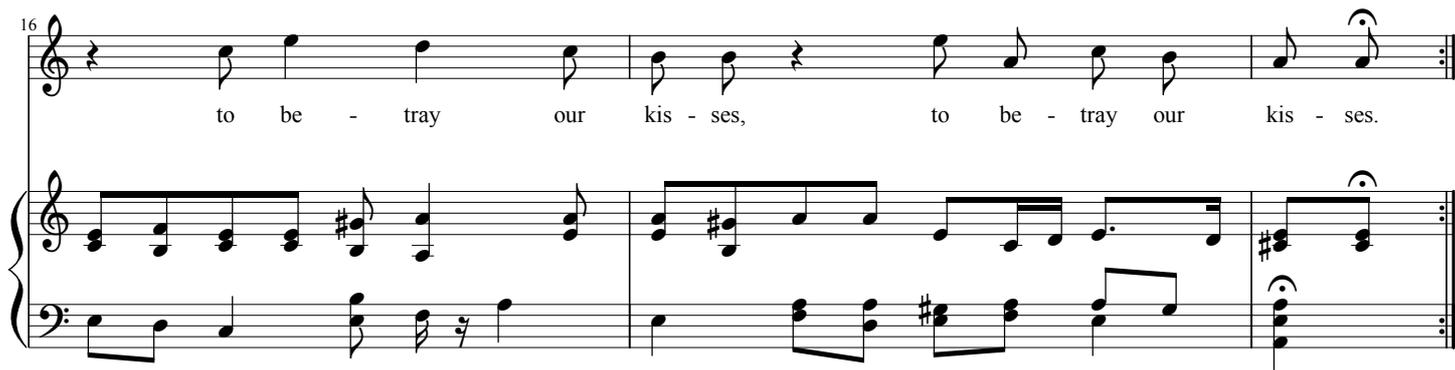
7  
cealed, the plea<sup>3</sup>-sures of<sup>3</sup> the night, Re - solve to her thou gave, con tent to me.  
twin - ing plants that thee en - close, Wi - ther the twin - ing plants that thee en - close.  
death, our pas - sions to di - vide, Leav - ing to our great vows e - ter - nal woe.

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But be those bowers still filled with ser - pents' his-ses, That sought by trea-son, that sought by trea-son,  
 Oh be thy bowers *etc.*  
 Oh be thy bowers *etc.*

16



to be - tray our kis - ses, to be - tray our kis - ses.