

# Pined I am and like to die

Thomas Campion

Cantus

Pin'd I am and like to die, And  
In my bed when I should rest, It  
Would I had the heart, and wit, To

Altus

Bassus

all for lack of that which I Do ev-'ry day re-  
breeds such trou- ble in my breast, That scarce mine eyes will  
make it stand, and con- jure it That haunts me thus with

fuse: If I mus- ing sit or stand, Some  
close: If I sleep, it seems to be Oft  
fear. Doubt- less 'tis some harm- less sprite, For

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puts it dai-ly in my hand, To in-ter-rupt my  
 play- ing in the bed with me, But, wak'd, a- way it  
 it by day, as well as night, Is rea- dy to ap-

muse. The same thing I seek and fly. And want that  
 goes. 'Tis some spi-rit sure I ween, And yet it  
 pear. Be it friend, or be it foe, Ere long I'll

which none would de-ny. The same ny.  
 may be felt, and seen. 'Tis some seen.  
 try what it will do. Be it do.