

12. Look, mistress mine

Francis Pilkington

Canto

Look, mis- tress mine, with- in this hol- low
Where- fore most rare and Phoe- nix rare- ly

Lute

5

breast.
fine. See here in- clos'd a tomb of ten- der skin,
Be- hold once more the harms I do pos- sess.

Lute

10

where- in, fast lock'd, is fram'd a Phoe- nix
Re- gard the heart that through your fault doth

Lute

nest, pine, that, save your- self, there
at- tend- ing rest yet

Lute

15

is no pas-sage in. Wit- ness the
find-eth no re- dress. For end, wave

20

wound that through your dart doth bleed, and
wings, and set your nest on fire, or

craves your cure, and craves your cure, and craves your cure,
pi-ty me, or pi-ty me, or pi-ty me,

25

since you have done the deed. Wit- deed.
and grant my sweet the de- sire. For deed.
sire.