

15. I sigh as sure

Francis Pilkington

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Canto

I sigh as sure to wear the fruit of the
 I hate my thoughts, which, like the fly, flutter
 My thoughts are fuel to desire, which my
 Her love-ly looks and love-less mind do not
 The more I seek, the less I find what to

Alto

I sigh as sure to wear the fruit of the wil- low
 I hate my thoughts, which, like the fly, flutter in the
 My thoughts are fuel to de- sire, which my heart doth
 Her love-ly looks and love- less mind do not well a-
 The more I seek, the less I find what to trust un-

Tenor

I sigh as sure to wear the fruit, the fruit of
 I hate my thoughts, which, like the fly, the fly, flut-
 My thoughts are fuel to de- sire, de- sire, which
 Her love-ly looks and love- less, love- less mind do
 The more I seek, the less I find, I find what

Basso

I sigh as sure to wear the fruit of the
 I hate my thoughts, which, like the fly, flutter
 My thoughts are fuel to de- sire, which my
 Her love-ly looks and love- less mind do not
 The more I seek, the less I find what to

Lute

b	r	b	r	ra	rr	ra	ra	ra	ra	ra
r	a	δ	ar	a	ra	ra	ra	ra	ra	ra
e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e
					r	b	r	e	e	r

wil- low tree. I sigh as sure to
 in the flame. I hate my tears, which
 heart doth move. My tears are oil to
 well a- gree. Her quick con- ceit and
 trust un- to. The more I hold, the

tree. I sigh as sure to lose my suit, my suit, for it
 flame. I hate my tears, which drop and dry, drop and dry, quench and
 move. My tears are oil to feed the fire, feed the fire, smart where-
 gree. Her quick con- ceit and judg- ment judg- ment blind as ill-
 to. The more I hold, the less, the less I bind; she doth

the wil- low tree. I sigh as sure to lose my suit, for it
 ter in the flame. I hate my tears, which drop and dry, quench and
 my heart doth move. My tears are oil to feed the fire, smart where-
 not well a- gree. Her quick con- ceit and judg- ment blind as ill-
 to trust un- to. The more I hold, the less I bind; she doth

wil- low tree. I sigh as sure, I sigh as sure to
 in the flame. I hate my tears, I hate my tears, which
 heart doth move. My tears are oil, my tears are oil to
 well a- gree. Her quick con- ceit, her quick con- ceit and
 trust un- to. The more I hold, the more I hold, the

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 r d r d r a r a r f d a e a a r
 e f e e r e r e r r a

lose my suit, for it will not be. I sigh as one that
 drop and dry, quench and frid the same. I hate the heart which,
 feed the fire, smart where-of I prove. She laughs at sighs that
 judg- ment blind as ill- suit- ed be. Her for- ward wit, and
 less I bind; she doth still un- do. I

will not be, for it will not be. I sigh as one that
 frid the same, quench and frid the same. I hate the heart which,
 of I prove, smart where-of I prove. She laughs at sighs that
 suit- ed be, as ill- suit- ed be. Her for- ward wit, and
 still un- do, she doth still un- do. I weave the web of

will not be, for it will not be. I sigh
 frid the same, quench and frid the same. I hate
 of I prove, smart where-of I prove. She laughs
 suit- ed be, as ill- suit- ed be. Her for-
 still un- do, she doth still un- do. I weave

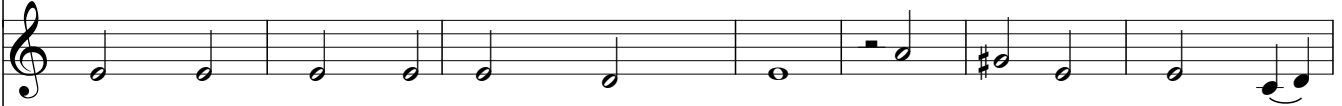
lose my suit, for it will not be. I sigh as one
 drop and dry, quench and frid the same. I hate the heart
 feed the fire, smart where-of I prove. She laughs at sighs
 judg- ment blind as ill- suit- ed be. Her for- ward wit,
 less I bind; she doth still un- do. I weave the web

Figured Bass:
 e a a e a a r r r h g e r r r a d
 a r d a r d r r r r r r r a a
 r e r a a e r e e e e e e r

1) In orig, "it may not be, but in the other parts, it's "will", so I go with the majority.



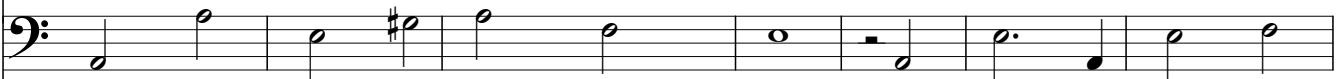
sigh as one that loves in vain; I sigh as one that
 hate the heart which, fro- zen, burns I hate the heart which,
 laughs at sighs that come from me I sigh at laughs in
 for- ward wit, and fro- ward heart, that like to knit, this
 weave the web of id- le love, which end- less will, and



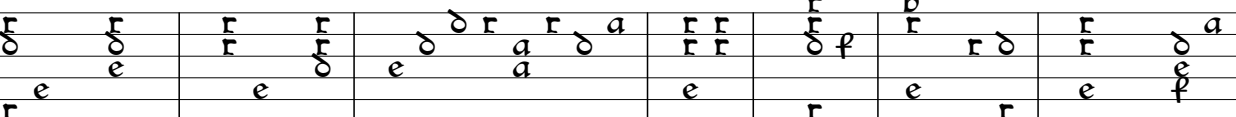
loves in vain, that loves in vain; I sigh as one that
 fro- zen, burns, which, fro- zen, burns I hate the heart which,
 come from me, that come from me I sigh at laughs that
 fro- ward heart, and fro- ward heart, that like to knit, and
 id- le love, of id- le love, which end- less will, of



as one that loves in vain; I sigh as one that
 the heart which, fro- zen, burns I hate the heart which,
 at sighs that come from me I sigh at laughs that
 ward wit, and fro- ward heart, that like to knit, and
 the web of id- le love, which end- less will, of



that loves in vain, loves in vain; I sigh as one that
 which, fro- zen, burns, fro- zen, burns I hate the heart which,
 that come from me, come from me I sigh at laughs that
 and fro- ward heart, fro- ward heart, that like to knit, and
 of id- le love, id- le love, which end- less will, of



lives in pain, ve- ry sor- ry, ve- ry sor- ry, ve- ry
 cho- sen, turns to and from me, to and from me, to and
 her so free, who doth glo- ry, who doth glo- ry, who doth
 glad to part, makes so pret- ty, makes so pret- ty, makes so
 fruit- less prove, if the plea- sure, if the plea- sure, if the

lives in pain, ve- ry sor- ry, ve- ry sor- ry,
 cho- sen, turns to and from me, to and from me,
 her so free, who doth glo- ry, who doth glo- ry,
 glad to part, makes so pret- ty, makes so pret- ty,
 fruit- less prove, if the plea- sure, if the plea- sure,

lives in pain, ve- ry sor- ry, ve- ry sor- ry,
 cho- sen, turns to and from me, to and from me,
 her so free, who doth glo- ry, who doth glo- ry,
 glad to part, makes so pret- ty, makes so pret- ty,
 fruit- less prove, if the plea- sure, if the plea- sure,

lives in pain, ve- ry sor- ry, ve- ry sor- ry,
 cho- sen, turns to and from me, to and from me,
 her so free, who doth glo- ry, who doth glo- ry,
 glad to part, makes so pret- ty, makes so pret- ty,
 fruit- less prove, if the plea- sure, if the plea- sure,

ra r a | r e e | r r | r r | r r | r e g
 drar | e e | r r | r r | r r | r e h
 e e | e e | e e | e e | e e | e e



sor- ry, ve- ry wea- ry of my mi- se- ry. ry.
 from me, ma- king of me no- thing but a game. game.
 glo- ry in the sto- ry of my sor- ry love. love.
 pret- ty and so wit- ty not to pi- ty me. me.
 plea- sure for the mea- sure of my trea- sure go. go.



ve- ry sor- ry, ve- ry wea- ry of my mi- se- ry. I sigh as ry.
 to and from me, ma- king of me no- thing but a game. I hate the game.
 who doth glo- ry, in the sto- ry of my sor- ry love. She laughs at love.
 makes so pret- ty, and so wit- ty not to pi- ty me. Her for- ward me.
 if the plea- sure, for the mea- sure of my trea- sure go. I weave the go.



ve- ry sor- ry, ve- ry wea- ry of my mi- se- ry. ry.
 to and from me, ma- king of me no- thing but a game. game.
 who doth glo- ry, in the sto- ry of my sor- ry love. love.
 makes so pret- ty, and so wit- ty not to pi- ty me. me.
 if the plea- sure, for the mea- sure of my trea- sure go. go.



ve- ry sor- ry, ve- ry wea- ry of my mi- se- ry. I sigh ry.
 to and from me, ma- king of me no- thing but a game. I hate game.
 who doth glo- ry, in the sto- ry of my sor- ry love. She laughs love.
 makes so pret- ty, and so wit- ty not to pi- ty me. Her for- me.
 if the plea- sure, for the mea- sure of my trea- sure go. I weave go.



