

15. I sigh as sure

Francis Pilkington

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Canto

Basso

Lute

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wil- low tree. I sigh as sure to lose my suit,
 in the flame. I hate my tears, which drop and dry,
 heart doth move. My tears are oil to feed the fire,
 well a- gree. Her quick con- ceit and judg- ment blind
 trust un- to. The more I hold, the less I bind;

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

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

loves in vain; I sigh as one that lives in
 fro-zen, burns I hate the heart which, cho-sen,
 come from me I sigh at laughs in her so
 fro-ward heart, that like to knit, this glad to
 id-le love, which end-less will, and fruit-less

pain, ve-ry sor-ry, ve-ry sor-ry, ve-ry sor-ry,
 turns to and from me, to and from me, to and from me,
 free, who doth glo-ry, who doth glo-ry, who doth glo-ry
 part, makes so pret-ty, makes so pret-ty, makes so pret-ty
 prove, if the plea-sure, if the plea-sure, if the plea-sure

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