

5. Whither so fast?

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Francis Pilkington

Canto

Whith- er so fast? See how the kind- ly, kind- ly flow'rs per- fumes the
 Fear not, the ground seeks but to kiss, to kiss thy feet. Hark, hark how
 See how the he- li- o- trope here be of the sun, though he him-

Basso

air, and all to make thee stay. The climb- ing wood- bind, clip- ping all these bow'rs, clips
 Phi- lo- me- la sweet- ly sings, whilst wat- er wan ton fish- es as they meet, strike
 self long since be gone to bed, is not of force thine eyes' bright beams to shun, but

thee like- wise, clips thee like wise for fear thou pass a- way. For- tune our
 croch- et time, strikes croch- et time a- midst these crys- tal springs, and Ze- ph'rus
 with their warmth, their warmth, their warmth his gold- y leaves un- spread, and on my

friend, our foe will not gain- say.
 'mongst the leaves sweet mur- mur rings. Stay, stay but a while, stay, stay but a while,
 knee in- vites thee rest thy head.

stay, stay but a while. Phoe- be no tell- tale is, no tell- tale is. She her En- dy- mi-

on, I'll my Phoe- be kiss, my Phoe- be kiss. Stay, stay but a kiss.