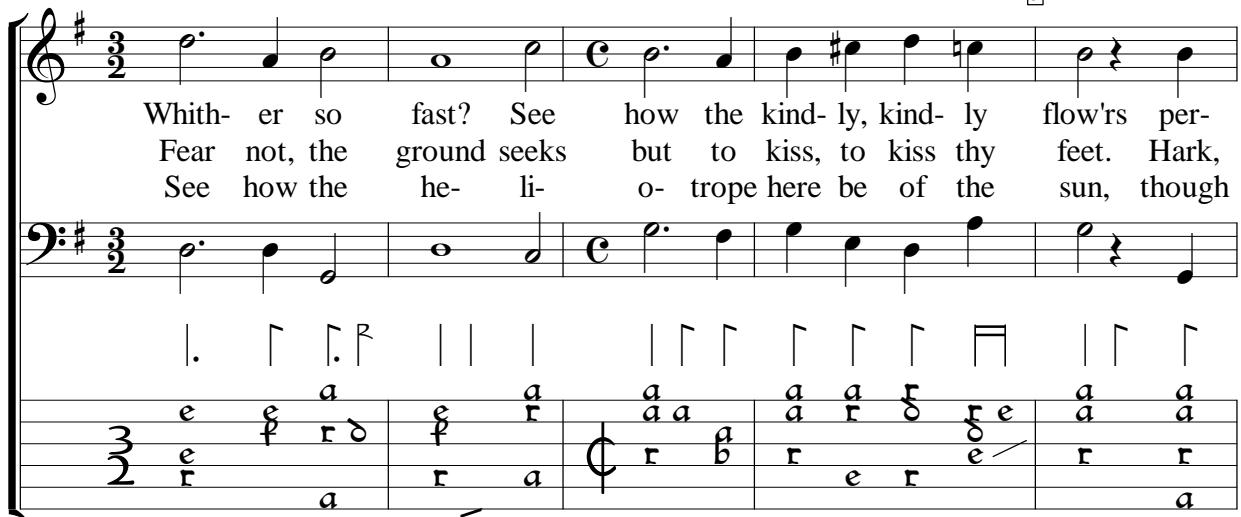


# 5. Whither so fast?

Francis Pilkington

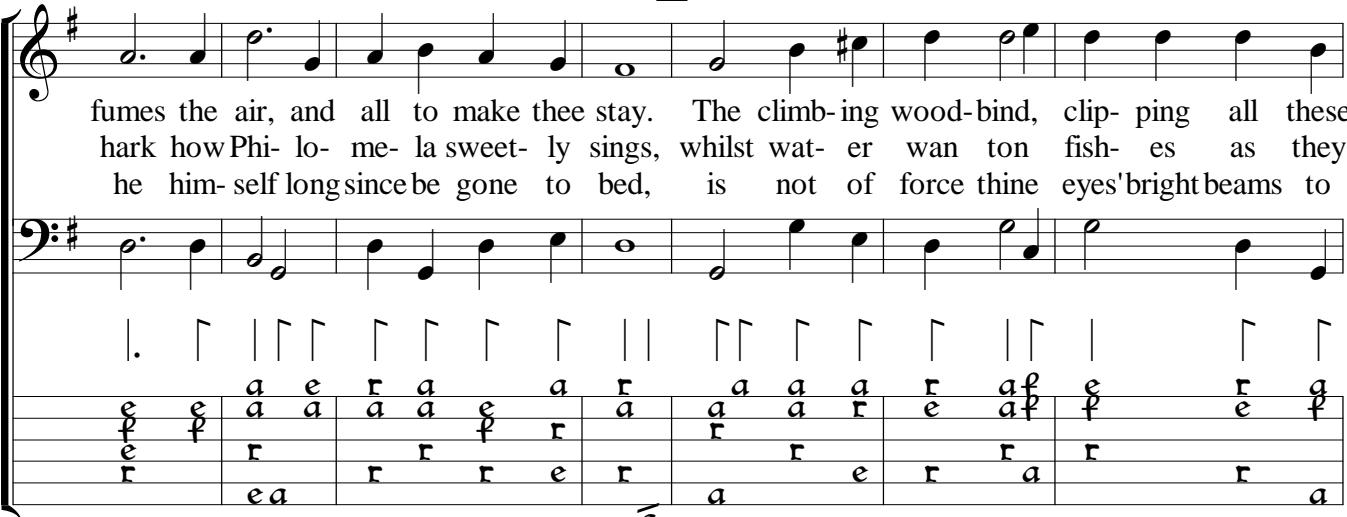
[5]

Canto 

Basso 

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

[10]



fumes the air, and all to make thee stay. The climb-ing wood-bind, clip- ping all these  
 hark how Phi- lo- me- la sweet- ly sings, whilst wat- er wan ton fish- es as they  
 he him- self long since be gone to bed, is not of force thine eyes'bright beams to

[15]



bow'rs, clips thee like- wise, clips thee like wise for fear thou pass a- way.  
 meet, strikecroch- et time, strikes croch- et time a- midst these crys- tal springs,  
 shun, but with their warmth, their warmth, their warmth his gold- y leaves un- spread,

[20]

For-tune our friend, our foe will not gain-say.  
and Ze-phrus'mongst the leaves sweetmur-mur rings. Stay, stay but a while, stay,  
and on my knee in-vites thee rest thy head.

[30]

stay but a while, stay, stay but a while. Phoe- be no tell-tale is, no tell-tale is.

[35]

She her En-dy-mi-on, I'll my Phoe-be kiss, my Phoe-be kiss. Stay, stay but a kiss.

1) One course lower in orig. See tenor part.