

5. Whither so fast?

Francis Pilkington

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Canto

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

Basso

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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

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bow'rs, clips thee like- wise, clips thee like wise for fear thou pass a- way.
 meet, strike croch- 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,

