

# 5. Whither so fast?

Francis Pilkington

Canto

Whith- er so fast? See how the kind- ly, kind- ly  
Fear not, the ground seeks but to kiss, to kiss thy  
See how the he- li- o- trope here be of the

Lute

5

flow'rs per- fumes the air, and all to make thee stay. The climb- ing  
feet. Hark, hark how Phi- lo- me- la sweet- ly sings, whilst wat- er  
sun, though he him- self long since be gone to bed, is not of

10

wood- bind, clip- ping all these bow'rs, clips thee like- wise, clips  
wan ton fish- es as they meet, strike croch- et time, strikes  
force thine eyes' bright beams to shun, but with their warmth, their

15

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

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

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

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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.

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