

11. You that pine

Francis Pilkington

Canto

You that pine in long de- sire, help to
 Hope that tires with vain de- lay ev- er
 All the day and all the night, still I
 Her un- kind- ness scorns my moan that still

Basso

5

cry, "Come, love, come love! Quench this burn- ing fire, lest
 cries, "Come, love, come love! Hours and years de- cay; in
 call, "Come, love, come love! But my dear de- light yields
 shrieks, "Come, love, come love! Beau- ty pent a- lone dies

10

through thy wound I die, lest through thy wound I
 time love's trea- sure lies, in time love's trea- sure
 no re- lease at all, yields no re- lease at
 in her own dis- likes, dies in her own dis-

15

die, lest through thy wound I die. Come, die."
 lies, in time love's trea- sure lies. Come, lies."
 all, yields no re- lease at all. Come, all."
 likes, dies in her own dis- likes. Come, likes."