

11. You that pine

Francis Pilkington

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Canto

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

Basso

Lute

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love! Quench this burn- ing fire, lest through thy wound I die, lest through thy
 love! Hours and years de- cay; in time love's trea- sure lies, in time love's
 love! But my dear de- light yields no re- lease at all, yields no re-
 love! Beau- ty pent a- lone dies in her own dis- likes, dies in her

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