

13. Climb, O heart

Francis Pilkington

To his loving friend, M. Holder, M of arts

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Canto

Climb, O heart, climb to thy rest. Climb- ing,
 Mount- ing, yet if she do call and de-
 Rise, oh rise, but ris- ing tell when her
 If she ask what makes thee love_her, say her
 Rise then rise if she bid rise; ris- ing
 If thy plaint do pi- ty gain, love and

Lute

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yet take heed of fall- ing. Climb- ers oft, e'en
 sire to know thy ar- rant, fear not; stay and
 beau- ty brave- ly wins thee. T'fore up where that
 vir- tue, not her face, - for though beau- ty
 say thou ris- eth for her. Fall, if she do
 live - to her hon- or. If thy ser- vice

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at their best, catch love, down fall'th, heart ap- pal- ling.
 tell her all; fall- ing, she will be thy war- rant.
 she doth dwell, down a- gain thy base- ness brings thee.
 doth ap- rove her, mild- ness gives her great- er grace. -
 thee dis- pise, fall- ing still do thou a- dore her.
 she dis- dain, dy- ing, yet com- plain not on her.