

21. Come, all you that draw Francis Pilkington

An elegy in remembrance of his worshipful friend, Thomas Leighton, Esquire

Canto

Basso

Lute

Come come, all you that draw heav'ns pur- est
Come then, sith seas of tears, sith sighs and

5

breath. groans, Come, sith an- mourn- ful breast- ed sons of
complaints, loud cries, and

10

har- mo- ny. Let us con- dole in tra- gic e- le-
deep la- ments have all in vain de- plor'd these drere- em-

15

gy. Con- dole with me our dear- est Leigh- ton's death: Leigh- ton, in
 ents, and Fate in- ex- plo- ra- ble scorns our moans, let us, in

Figured Bass: $\text{r a r} \quad \text{a a r a} \quad \text{r a f e r} \quad \text{a} \quad \text{r r a}$

20

whose dear loss death blem- ish- eth Love's beau- ty and the
 ac- cents grave and sad- dest tones, of- fer up mu- sic's

Figured Bass: $\text{a a r a} \quad \text{a r r r} \quad \text{r a r r} \quad \text{e r a a}$

25

soul of true de- light. Leigh- ton, heav'n's fa- v'rite
 dole- ful sac- ri- fice. Let these ac- cords, which

Figured Bass: $\text{r a} \quad \text{a e f r e} \quad \text{a a} \quad \text{r r} \quad \text{r e} \quad \text{a}$

30

and the mus- es jew- el, mu- ses and hea- vens on- ly here-
 notes dis- tin- guish- ed frame, serve for me- mo- ri- al to sweet

35

in too cru- el. Leigh- ton to hea- ven, Leigh- ton to
 Leigh- ton's name, - in whose sad death, in whose sad death

40

heav'n hath tane too time- ly flight.
 mus- - ic's de- light now dies.