

21. Come, all you that draw Francis Pilkington

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

Canto

5

Come come, all you that draw heav'n's pur- est breath.
 Come then, sith seas of tears, sith sighs and groans,

Lute

10

Come, an- gel- breast- ed sons of har- mo- ny.
 sith mourn- ful plaints, loud cries, and deep la- ments

Lute

15

Let us con- dole in tra- gic e- le- gy. Con- dole with me our
 have all in vain de- plor'd these dreere- em- ents, and Fate in- ex- plo-

Lute

20

dear- est Leigh- ton's death: Leigh- ton, in whose dear loss death blem- ish-
 ra- ble scorns our moans, let us, in ac- cents grave and sad- dest

Lute

eth Love's beauty and the soul of true de- light.
tones, of- fer up mu- sic's dole- ful sac- ri- fice.

Leigh- ton, heav'n's fa- v'rite and the mus- es jew- el, mu- ses and
Let these ac- cords, which notes dis- tin- guish- ed frame, serve for me-

hea- vens on- ly here- in too cru- el. Leigh- ton to hea- ven, Leigh-
mo- ri- al to sweet Leigh- ton's name, - in whosesad death, in whose

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