

Pined I am and like to die

Thomas Campion

Cantus

Pin'd I am and like to die, And all for lack of
 In my bed when I should rest, It breeds such trouble
 Would I had the heart, and wit, To make it stand, and

Altus

Bassus

Lute

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that which I Do ev- 'ry day re- fuse: If I mus- ing sit or stand, Some
 in my breast, That scarce mine eyes will close: If I sleep, it seems to be Oft
 con- jure it That haunts me thus with fear. Doubt- less 'tis some harm- less sprite, For

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puts it dai-ly in my hand, To in-ter-rupt my muse. The same thing I seek and
 play-ing in the bed with me, But, wak'd, a-way it goes. 'Tis some spi-rit sure I
 it by day, as well as night, Is rea-dy to ap-pear. Be it friend, or be it

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fly. And want that which none would de-ny. The same ny.
 ween, And yet it may be felt, and seen. 'Tis some seen.
 foe, Ere long I'll try what it will do. Be it do.