

# 12. Look, mistress mine

Francis Pilkington

5

Canto

Look, mis- tress mine, with- in this hol- low breast. See here in-  
Where- fore most rare and Phoe- nix rare- ly fine. Be- hold once

Basso

10

clos'd a tomb of ten- der skin, where- in, fast lock'd, is fram'd a Phoe- nix  
more the harms I do pos- sess. Re- gard the heart that through your fault doth

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nest, that, save your- self, there is no pas- sage in. Wit- ness the  
pine, at- tend- ing rest yet find- eth no re- dress. For end, wave

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wound that through your dart doth bleed, and craves your cure, and craves your  
wings, and set your nest on fire, or pi- ty me, or pi- ty

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cure, and craves your cure, since you have done the deed. Wit- deed.  
me, or pi- ty me, and grant my sweet de- sire. For sire.