

12. Look, mistress mine

Francis Pilkington

Canto

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

Basso

Lute

5

See here in- clos'd a tomb of ten- der skin, where- in, fast
Be- hold once more the harms I do pos- sess. Re- gard the

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lock'd, is fram'd a Phoe- nix nest, that, save your-
heart that through your fault doth pine, at- tend- ing

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self, there is no pas-sage in. Wit- ness the wound that
rest yet find- eth no re- dress. For end, wave wings, and

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

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