

Francis Pilkington

THE FIRST BOOKE OF Songs or Ayres of 4.parts:

1605

V. Whether so fast, see how the kindly flowres.

Whether so fast, see how the kindly flowres,
Perfumes the aire, and all to make thee stay,
The climbing woodbind clipping al these bowrs,
Clips thee likewise, for feare thou passe away,
Fortune our friend, our foe will not gainesay.
Stay but a while, *Phæbe* no teltale is,
She her *Endimion*, Ile my *Phæbe* kisse.

Feare not, the ground seekes but to kisse thy feete
Harke, harke how *Philomela* sweetly sings,
Whilst water wanton fishes as they meete,
Strike crochet time amid'st these christall springs,
And *Zepirus* mongst the leaues sweet murmure rings,
Stay but a while, *Phæbe* no teltale is,
She her *Endimion*, Ile my *Phæbe* kisse.

See how the *Helitrope* hearbe of the Sunne
Though he himselfe long since be gon to bed,
Is not of force thine eies bright beames to shun,
But with their warmth his gouldy leaues vnspred,
And on my knee inuites thee rest thy head.
Stay but a while, *Phæbe* no teltale is,
She her *Endimion*, Ile my *Phæbe* kisse.