

Francis Pilkington

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

1605

XI. You that pine in long desire.

You that pine in long desire,
 helpe to cry.
Come Loue, come Loue, quench this burning fire.
 Least through thy wound I die.

2 Hope that tyres with vaine delay,
 euer cryes
Come loue, come loue, howers and yeares decay,
 In time loues treasure lyes.

3 All the day, and all the night
 still I call
Come loue, come loue, but my deare delight,
 yealds no releefe at all.

4 Her vnkindnesse scornes my moane,
 that still shrykes
Come loue, come loue, beauty pent alone
 dyes in her owne dislikes.