

Francis Pilkington

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

1605

XIII. Clime O hart, clime to thy rest.

To his louing friend M. Holder, M. of Arts.

Clime O hart, clime to thy rest,
Climing yet take heed of falling,
Climers oft euen at their best,
Catch loue, downe falth, hart appaling.

2 Mounting yet if she do call,
And desire to know thy arrant :
Feare not stay, and tell her all,
Falling shee will be thy warrant.

3 Rise, oh rise, but rising tell,
When her beautie brauely wins thee,
T'sore vp where that she doth dwell,
Downe againe thy basenesse brings thee.

4 If she aske what makes thee loue her,
Say her vertue, not her face :
For though beauty doth approue her,
Mildnesse giues her greater grace.

5 Rise then rise if she bid rise,
Rising say thou risest for her :
Fall if she do thee dispise,
Falling still do thou adore her.

6 If thy plaint do pittie gaine,
Loue and liue to her honor :
If thy seruice she disdaine,
Dying yet complaine not on her.