

Pined I am and like to die

Thomas Campion

Pin'd I am and like to die, And all for lack of that which I Do
 In my bed when I should rest, It breeds such trouble in my breast, That
 Would I had the heart, and wit, To make it stand, and conjure it That

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ev- 'ry day re- fuse: If I mus- ing sit or stand, Some puts it dai- ly
 scarce mine eyes will close: If I sleep, it seems to be Oft play- ing in the
 haunts me thus with fear. Doubt- less 'tis some harm- less sprite, For it by day, as

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in my hand, To in- ter- rupt my muse. The same thing I seek and
 bed with me, But, wak'd, a- way it goes. 'Tis some spi- rit sure I
 well as night, Is rea- dy to ap- pear. Be it friend, or be it

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fly. And want that which none would de- ny. The same ny.
 ween, And yet it may be felt, and seen. 'Tis some seen.
 foe, Ere long I'll try what it will do. Be it do.

(very last rep. only) | | | | | | | |

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