


13. Climb, O heart

Francis Pilkington

To his loving friend M. Holder, M of arts

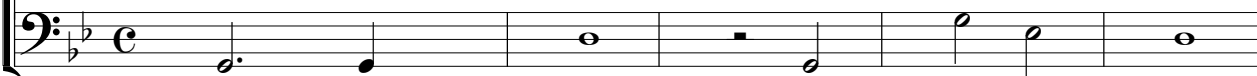
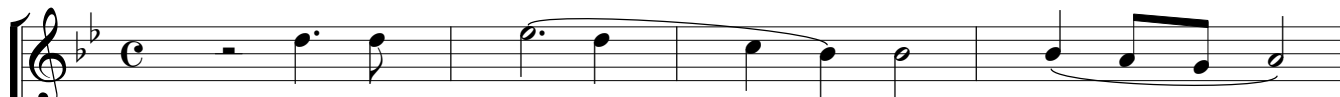
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Canto

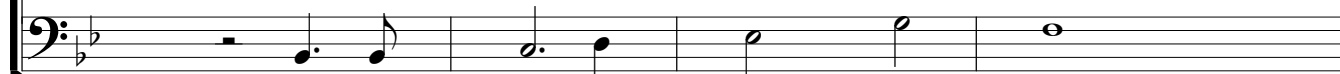


Climb, O heart, climb to thy rest.
 Mount- ing, yet if she do call
 Rise, oh rise, but ris- ing tell
 If she ask what makes thee love_her,
 Rise then rise if she bid rise;
 If thy plaint do pi- ty gain,

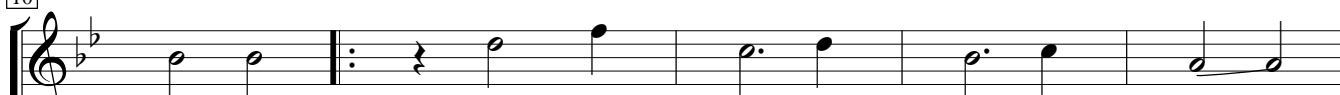
Basso


Climb- ing, yet take heed of
 and de- sire to know thy
 when her beau- ty brave- ly
 say her vir- tue, not her
 ris- ing say thou ris- eth
 love and live - to her




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fall- ing. Climb- ers oft, e'en at their best,
 ar- rant, fear not; stay and tell her all;
 wins thee. T'fore up where that she doth dwell,
 face, - for though beau- ty doth ap- rove her,
 for her. Fall, if she do thee dis- pise,
 hon- or. If thy ser- vice she dis- dain,



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catch love, down fall'th, heart ap- pal- ling.
 fall- ing, she will be thy war- rant.
 down a- gain thy base- ness brings thee.
 mild- ness gives her great- er grace. -
 fall- ing still do thou a- dore her.
 dy- ing, yet com- plain not on her.

