

# 15. I sigh as sure

Francis Pilkington

Canto

I sigh as sure to wear the fruit  
 I hate my thoughts, which, like the fly,  
 My thoughts are fu-el to de-sire,  
 Her love-ly looks and love-less mind  
 The more I seek, the less I find

Basso

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of the wil- low tree. I sigh as  
 flut- ter in the flame. I hate my  
 which my heart doth move. My tears are  
 do not well a- gree. Her quick con-  
 what to trust un- to. The more I

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sure to lose my suit, for it will not be.  
 tears, which drop and dry, quench and frid the same.  
 oil to feed the fire, smart where- of I prove.  
 ceit and judg- ment blind as ill- suit- ed be.  
 hold, the less I bind; she doth still un- do.

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I sigh as one that loves in  
 I hate the heartwhich, fro- zen,  
 She laughs at sighs that come from  
 Her for- ward wit, and fro- ward  
 I weave the web of id- le

1) In orig, "it may not be, but in the other parts, it's "will", so I go with the majority.

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vain; I sigh as one that lives in  
 burns I hate the heart which, cho- sen,  
 me I sigh at laughs in her so  
 heart, that like to knit, this glad to  
 love, which end- less will, and fruit- less

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pain, ve- ry sor- ry, ve- ry sor- ry,  
 turns to and from me, to and from me,  
 free, who doth glo- ry, who doth glo- ry,  
 part, makes so pret- ty, makes so pret- ty,  
 prove, if the plea- sure, if the plea- sure,

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ve- ry sor- ry, ve- ry wea- ry  
 to and from me, ma- king of me  
 who doth glo- ry in the sto- ry  
 makes so pret- ty and so wit- ty  
 if the plea- sure for the mea- sure

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of my mi- se- ry. ry.  
 no- thing but a game. game.  
 of my sor- ry love. love.  
 not to pi- ty me. me.  
 of my trea- sure go. go.