

# 21. Come, all you that draw Francis Pilkington

An elegy in remembrance of his worshipful friend, Thomas Leighton, Esquire

Canto

Basso

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Come come, all you that draw heav'ns pur- est breath. Come, an- gel-  
Come then, sith seas of tears, sith sighs and groans, sith mourn- ful  
breast- ed sons of har- mo- ny. Let us con- dole in tra- gic e- le- gy. Con-  
plaints, loud cries, and deep la- ments have all in vain de- plor'd these drere- em- ents, and  
dole with me our dear- est Leigh- ton's death: Leigh- ton, in whose dear loss death blem- ish-  
Fate in- ex- plo- ra- ble scorns our moans, let us, in ac- cents grave and sad- dest  
eth Love's beau- ty and the soul of true de- light. Leigh- ton, heav'n's fa- v'rite  
tones, of- fer up mu- sic's dole- ful sac- ri- fice. Let these ac- cords, which  
and the mus- es jew- el, mu- ses and hea- vens on- ly here- in too  
notes dis- tin- guish- ed frame, serve for me- mo- ri- al to sweet Leigh- ton's  
cru- el. Leigh- ton to hea- ven, Leigh- ton to heav'n hath tane too time- ly flight.  
name, - in whosad death, in whose sad death mus- - ic's de- light now dies.