

You that pine in long desire

First Book of Songs or Aires (1605), No. 11.

Francis Pilkington
Ed. Amy Hill

Voice

1. You that pine in long de - sire, help to cry: Come love, come
2. Hope that tires with vain de - lay e - ver cries: Come love, come
3. All the day and all the night still I call: Come love, come
4. Her un-kind - ness scorns my moan that still shrieks: Come love, come

Lute or Piano

4

V.

love, quench this bur - ning fire, lest through thy
love, hours and years de - cay, in time love's
love, but my dear de - light, yields no re -
love, beau - ty pent a - lone, dies in her

Pno.

6

V.

wound I die, lest through thy wound I _____
trea - sure lies, in time love's trea - sure _____
lief at all, yields no re - lief at _____
own dis - likes, dies in her own dis -

Pno.

8

V.

die, lest through thy woundI— die. Come love, come die.
lies, in time love's trea sure lies. Come love, come lies.
all, yields no re - lief at— all. Come love, come all.
likes, dies in her own dis - likes. Come love, come likes.

Pno.