

Francis Pilkington

THE FIRST BOOKE OF Songs or Ayres of 4.parts:

1605

XV. I sigh as sure to weare the fruit of the Willow tree.

I sigh as sure to weare the fruit of the Willow tree,
I sigh as sure to lose my sute, for it may not bee.
I sigh as one that loues in vaine, I sigh as one that liues in paine,
Very sorie, very weary of my miserie.

2 I hate my thoughts which like the Flie, flutter in the flame,
I hate my teares which drop, and dry, quench and frid the same :
I hate the hart which frozen burnes, I hate the hart which chosen turnes,
Too and from mee, making of mee nothing but a game.

3 My thoughts are fuell to desire, which my hart doth moue,
My teares are oyle to feed the fire, smart whereof I proue :
She laughes at sighes that come from mee, I sigh at laughes in her so free,
Who doth glory, in the storie of my sorie loue.

4 Her louely lookes, and louelesse mind doe not well agree,
Her quick conceipt, and iudgement blind, as ill suted bee :
Her forward wit, and froward hart, that like to knit, this glad to part,
Makes so prettie, and so wittie, not to pittie mee.

5 The more I seeke, the lesse I find what to trust vnto,
The more I hold, the lesse I bind, she doth still vndoe :
I weaue the web of idle loue, which endles will, and frutles proue,
If the pleasure for the measure of my treasure goe.