

# *Francis Pilkington*

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

1605

### **XII. Looke Mistresse mine within this hollow brest.**

Looke Mistresse mine within this hollow brest,  
See heere inclosd a tombe of tender skin,  
Wherin fast lockt is framd a *Phenix* nest,  
That saue your selfe, there is no passage in.  
Witnesse the wound that through your dart doth bleed,  
And craues your cure, since you haue done the deed.

Wherefore most rare and *Phenix* rarely fine,  
Behould once more the harmes I do possesse :  
Regard the hart that through your fault doth pine,  
Attending rest yet findeth no redresse.  
For end, waue wings and set your nest on fire,  
Or pittie mee, and grant my sweet desire.