

# Look mistress mine within this hollow breast

First Book of Airs (1605), No. 12

Francis Pilkington

1. Look mis - tress mine with - in this hol - low breast, See here en -  
2. Where - fore most rare and phoe - nix rare - ly fine, Be - hold once

6 closed a tomb of ten - der skin, Where - in fast locked is framed  
more the harms I do pos - sess, Re - gard the heart that through

10 a phoe - nix nest, That save your - self, there is no pas - sage  
your fault - doth pine, At - tend - ing rest yet find - eth no re

15

in. dress. Wit - ness the wound that through your dart doth  
For end, wave wings and set your nest on

18

bleed, And craves your cure, and craves your cure, and  
fire, Or pi - ty me, or pi - ty me, or

20

craves your cure, since you have done the deed.  
pi - ty me, and grant my sweet de - sire.