

# Pined I am and like to die

Thomas Campion

Pin'd I am and like to die, And all for lack of that which I Do  
 In my bed when I should rest, It breeds such trouble in my breast, That  
 Would I had the heart, and wit, To make it stand, and con- jure it That

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ev- 'ry day re- fuse: If I mus- ing sit or stand, Some puts it dai- ly  
 scarce mine eyes will close: If I sleep, it seems to be Oft play- ing in the  
 haunts me thus with fear. Doubt- less 'tis some harm- less sprite, For it by day, as

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in my hand, To in- ter- rupt my muse. The same thing I seek and  
 bed with me, But, wak'd, a- way it goes. 'Tis some spi- rit sure I  
 well as night, Is rea- dy to ap- pear. Be it friend, or be it

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fly. And want that which none would de- ny. The same ny.  
 ween, And yet it may be felt, and seen. 'Tis some seen.  
 foe, Ere long I'll try what it will do. Be it do.