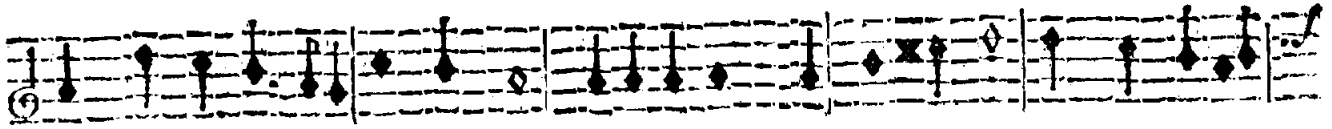
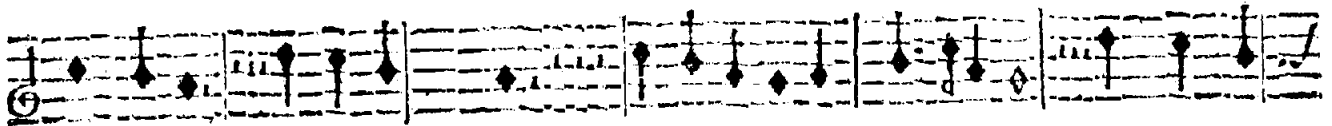
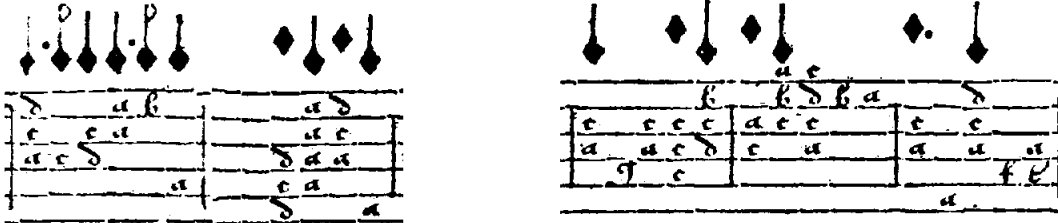


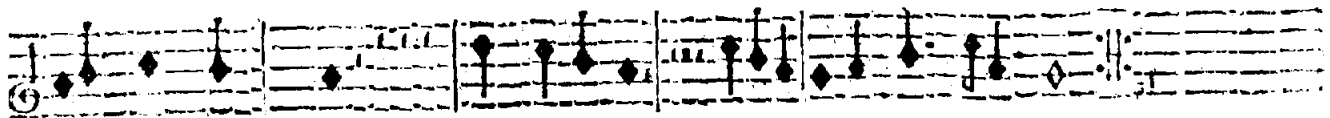
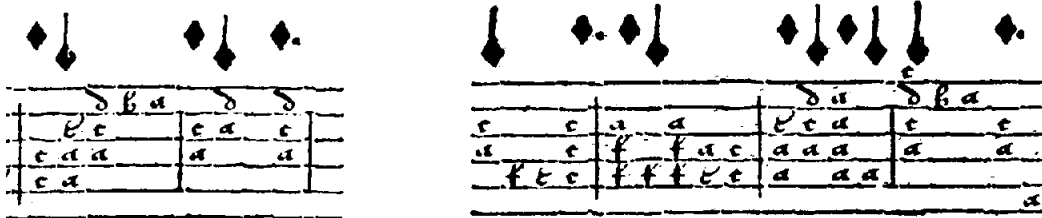
Ow what is loue I pray thee tell, it is that fountaine and that well



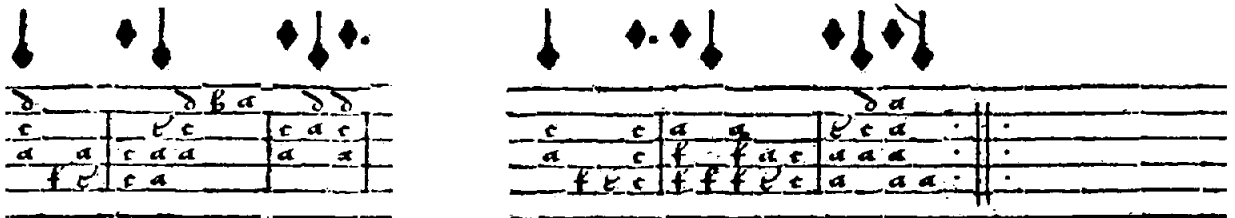
where pleasures and re- pentance dwell, it is perhaps that fancefing bell that towles all in to



heau'n or hell, and this is loue, and this is loue as I heare tell. That towles all



into heau'n or hell, and this is loue, ii. as I heare tell.



2
 Now what is loue I praie thee faie,
 It is a worke on holy daie,
 It is December match't with Maie,
 When lustie blood in fresh arraie,
 Heare ten monethes after of their plaie,
 And this is loue as I heare faie.

3
 Now what is loue I praie thee faine,
 It is a Sunne-shine mixt with raine,
 It is a gentle pleasing paine,
 A flower that dyes and springs againe,
 It is a noc that wou'd full faine,
 And this is loue as I heare faine.

4
 Yet what is loue I praie thee faie,
 It is a pretie shadie waie,
 As well found out by night as daie,
 It is a thing will soone decaie,
 Then take the vantage whilst you maie,
 And this is loue as I heare faie.

5
 Now what is loue I praie thee show,
 A thing that creepes it cannot goe,
 A prize that passeth to and fro,
 A thing for one a thing for moe,
 And he that proues shall find it so,
 And this is loue as I well know.