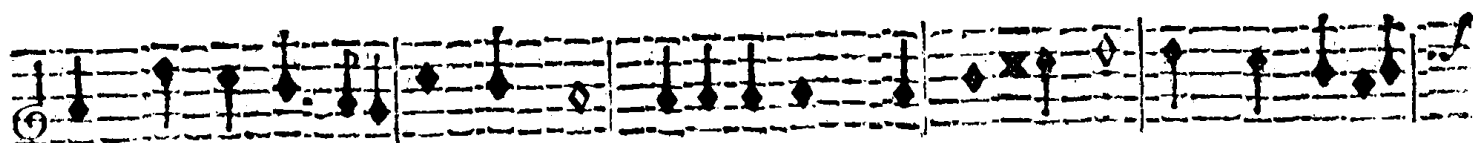
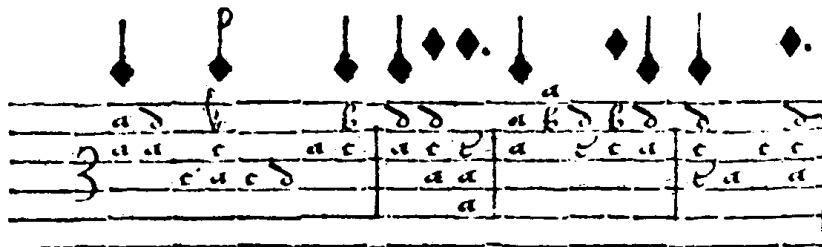
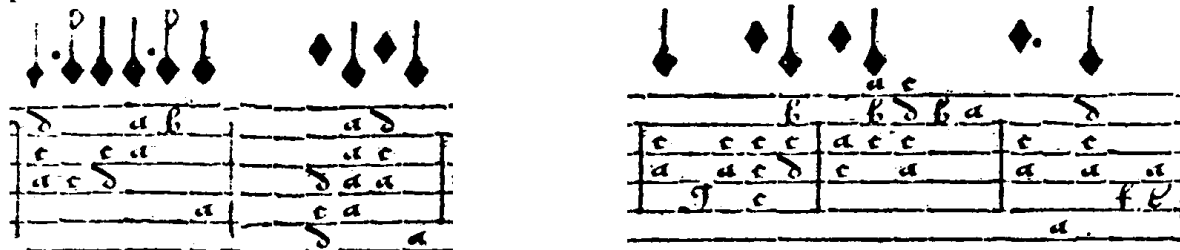




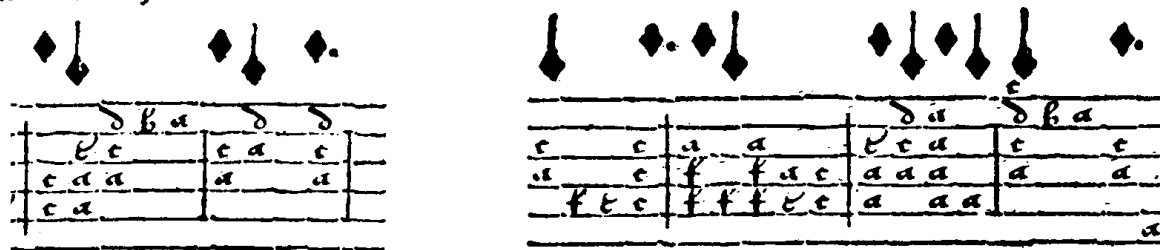
Ow what is loue I pray thee tell, it is that fountaine and that well



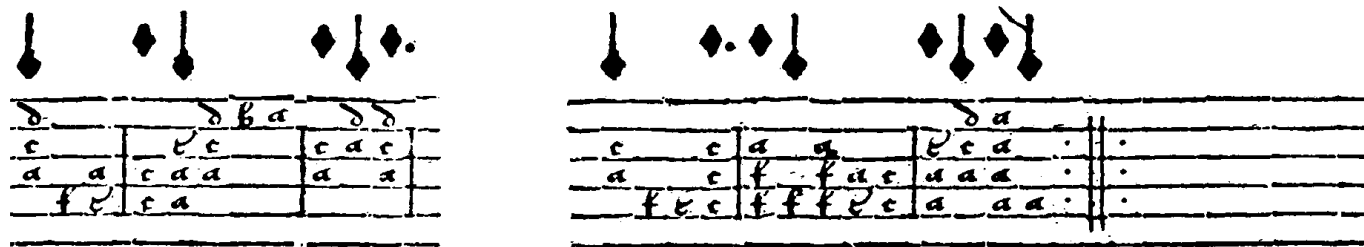
where pleasures and re- pentance dwell, it is perhaps that fancesing bell that towles all in to



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 prerie 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 moc,
 And he that proues shall find it so,
 And this is loue as I well know.

Rise arise a-rise my thoughts & mouit you with y

funne, ii. call all the windes, ii. to make you speedy winges, and to my

favrest Maya see you runne and weepe your last, ii. while wanton wanton wantonly

while wantonly shee sings then if you cannot moue, ii. her hart to pittie,

loe oh alas alas ayh me ayh me be all your dittie.

2
 Arise my thoughts no more if you returne,
 Denied of grace, which onely you desire,
 But let the Sunne your winges to ashes burne,
 And meete your passions in his quenches fire,
 Yet if you moue faire Mayes heart to pittie,
 Let smiles, and loue, and kisses, be your dittie.

3
 Arise my thoughts beyond the highest star,
 And gently rest you in faire Mayes eye,
 For that is fairer then the brightest ar,
 But if she frowne to see you climbe lo hie,
 Couch in her lap, and with a mouing dittie,
 Of smiles, and loue, and kisses, beg for pittie.