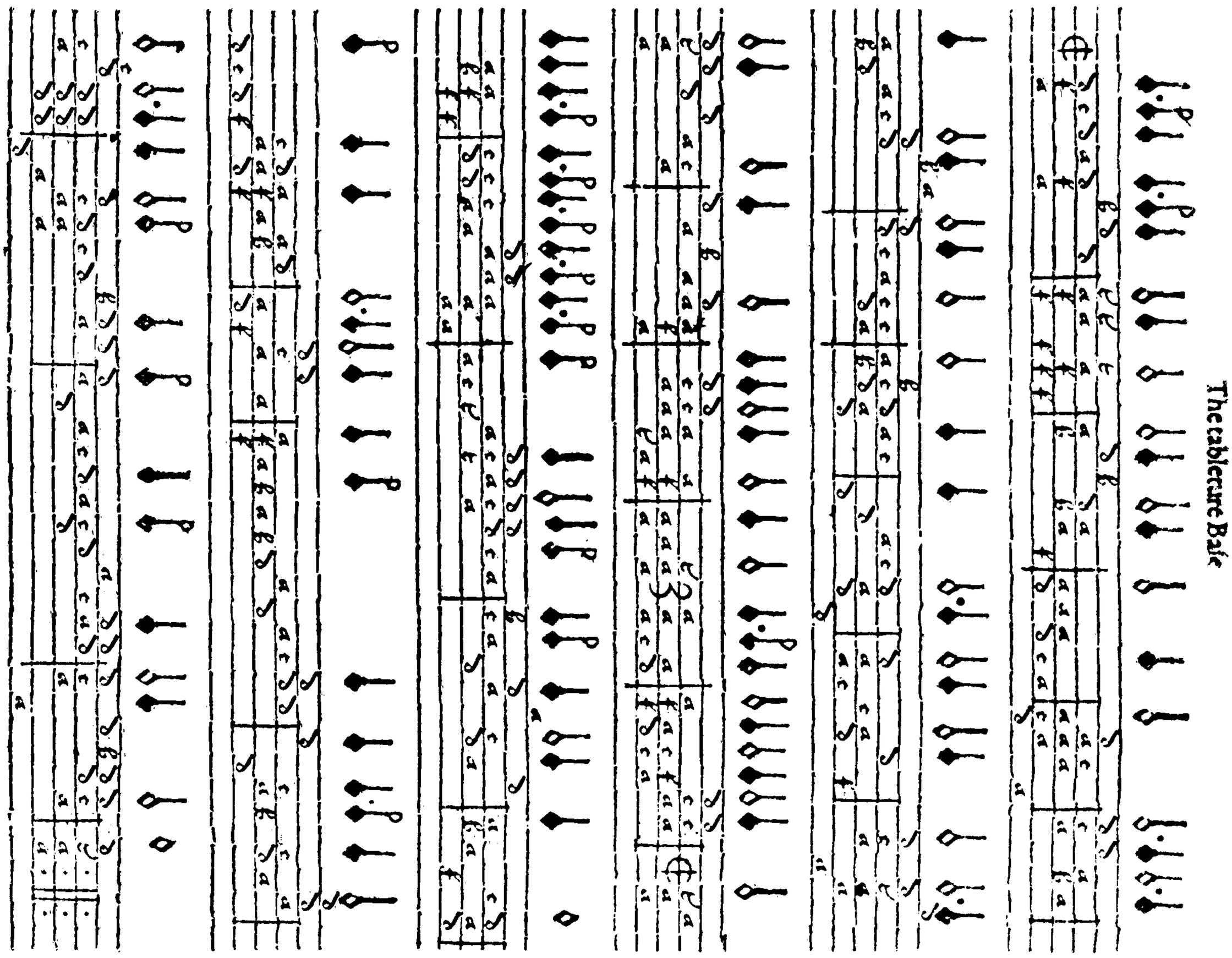
See how my lips complaine them,
Thy lips should thus detaine them,
Aye me harke how the Nightingales,
In the darke each to other to cals,
Whilst thou, O thou,
Dart not avow,
The enjoying of the truest pleasure,
Loue did euer hoord vp in his treasure.



BASSVS

O O how my thoughts, ii. doe beat me O how my thoughts doe beat me which

by deepe sighs deepe sighs intreat thee, hey ho, hey ho, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, what a thing is this thus to lie,

still lie still when we might kisse and play, ii. ii, ii. ii. and play and foole heere in the coole of the

stillest cleerest sweetest euening, Philomell did euer choose for singing did choose for sing- ing, did

ii. did ii. Philomell did euer choose for singing.