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

where pleasures and re- pentance dwell, it is perhaps that sancesing 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

in to 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 noe 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.