



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
 fayrest Maya see you runne and weepe your last, ii. while wanton wanton wantonly
 while wantonly shee singes then if you cannot moue, ii. her hart to pittie,
 let 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 quenchles 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 to hye,
 Couch in her lap, and with a mouing dittie,
 Of smiles, and loue, and kisses, beg for pittie.