



One for- row come come, ii. Come for- row come, ii.

Come come sweet scayle, by the which we ascend we ascend to the heauen- lie

place where vertue sitteth smy- ling, to see how some looke pale with feare to be- holde

with feare to beholde thy ill fauoured face, vaine shewes their sence beguiling, for mirth hath

no assurance for ii. nor warrantly of du- rance nor, ii.

nor warrantie of du- rance.

Hence pleasures flie, sweete baite,
On the which they may iustly be said to be foolcs,
That surfet by much tasting,
Like theeues you lie in wait.

Most subillie how to prepare fillie soules,
For sorrowes euermasting.
Wise grieues haue ioyfull turnings,
Nice pleasures ende in mournings.