

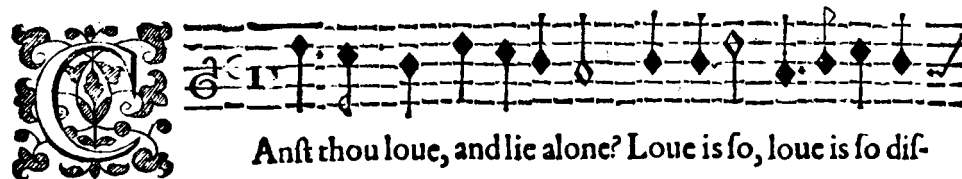
*COVRT VARIETIES.*

¶ The Courtiers good Morrow to his  
M I S T R I S.

*Medius.*

I.

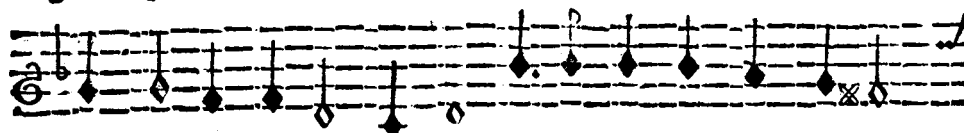
4. *Voc.*



Ans't thou loue, and lie alone? Loue is so, loue is so dif-



graced: pleasure is best, wherein is rest in a heart embraced. Rise, rise,



rife, day light doe not burne out, Bels doe ring and Birdes doe sing-



onely I that mourne out. .ij.

Morning starre doth now appeare,  
Wind is hush't, and skies cleare:  
Come come away, come come away,  
Canst thou loue and burne out day?  
Rise, rise, rise, rise,  
Day-light doe not burne out,  
Bels doe ring,  
Birds doe sing,  
Onely I that mourne out.