

(T. Ravenscroft: "The Courtiers good Morrow to his Mistris", p.2)

Chorus:

Rise, rise, rise, day light doe not burne out, Bels doe ring, and Birde doe sing,
 Rise, rise, rise, day light doe not burne out, Bels doe ring and Birde doe sing,
 8 Rise, rise, day light doe not burne out, Bels doe ring, and Birde doe sing,
 Rise, rise, rise, day light doe not burne out, Bels doe ring, and Birde doe sing,

one - ly I that mourne out, one - ly I that mourne out.
 one - ly I that mourne out, one - ly I that mourne out.
 8 one - ly I that mourne out, one - ly I that mourne out.
 one - ly I that mourne out, one - ly I that mourne out.

2. Morning starre doth now appeare,
 Wind is husht, 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,
 Birde doe sing,
 Onely I that mourne out.