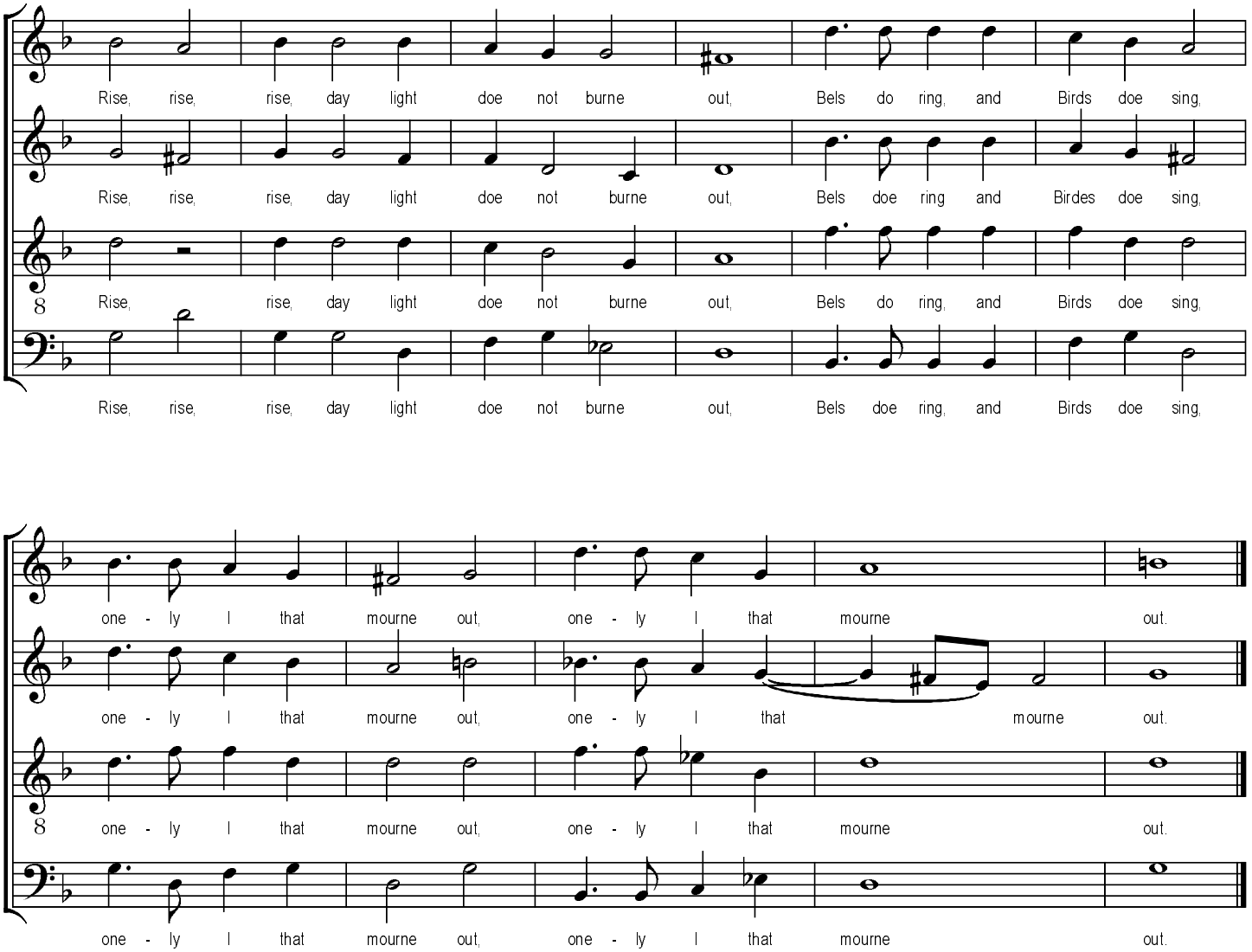
*Chorus:*




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,

Birds doe sing,

Onely I that mourne out.