

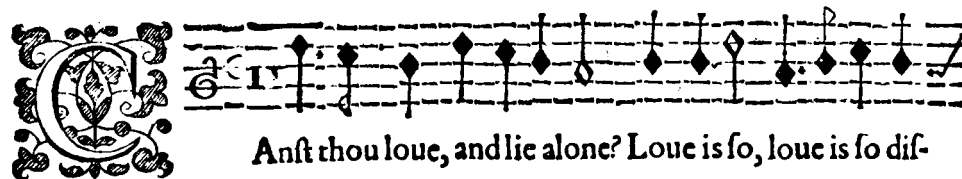
COVRT VARIETIES.

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

Medius.

I.

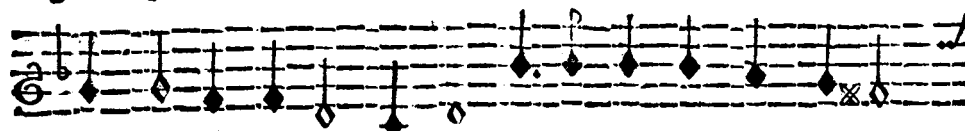
4. *Voc.*



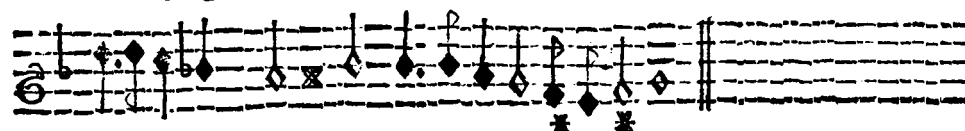
Ans't thou loue, and lie alone? Loue is so, loue is so dif-



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.