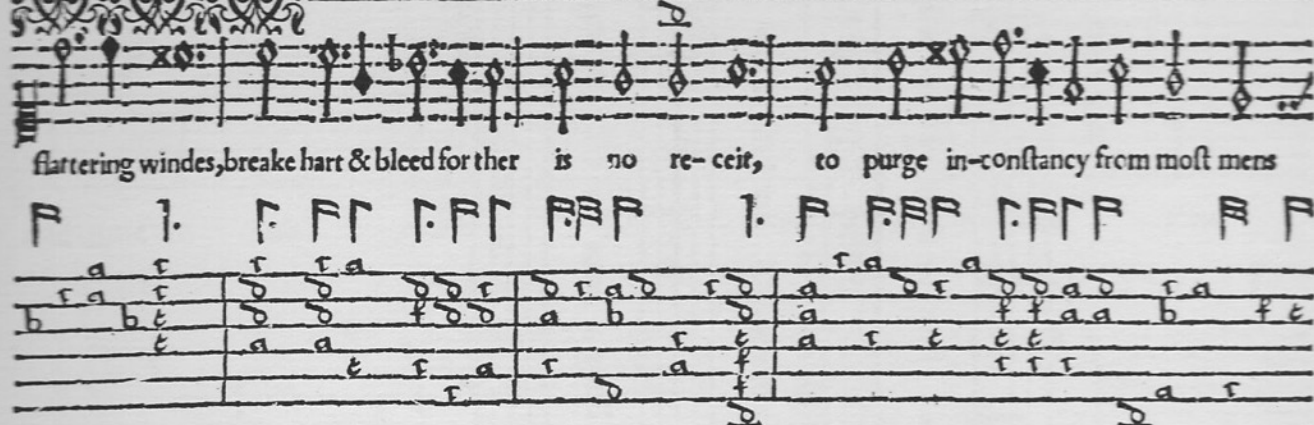




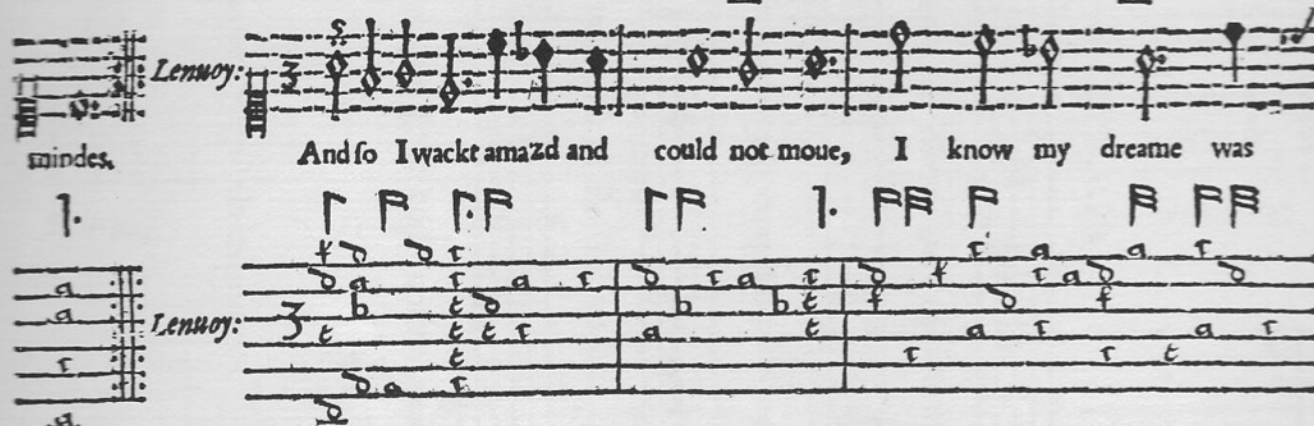
Raise blindnesse eyes, for see- ing is deceit, Bee dumbe vaine tongue, words are but

FFF FFF 1. FFF F F F



flattering windes, breake hart & bleed for ther is no re- ceit, to purge in-constancy from most mens

F 1. F F F F F F F 1. F F F F F F F F F

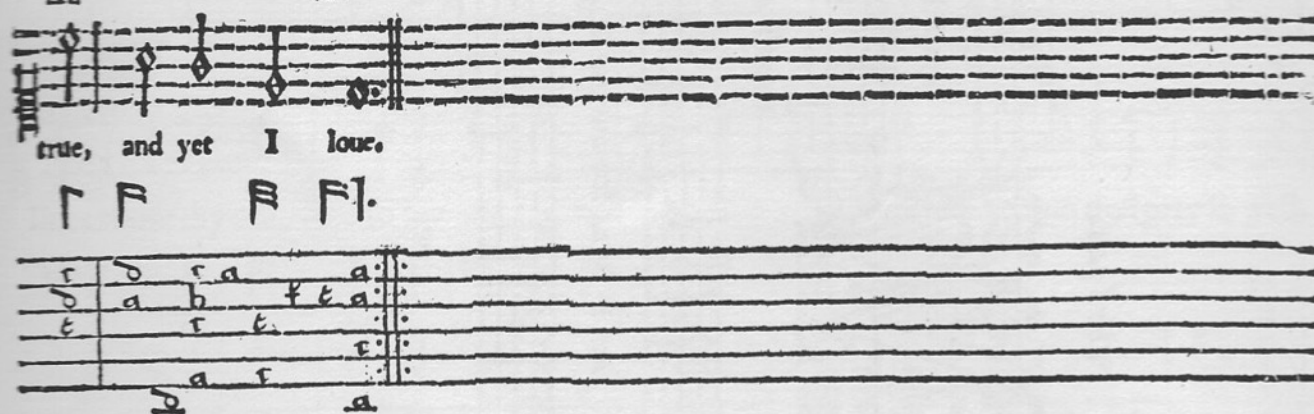


*Lennyoy:*

And so I wackt amazzd and could not moue, I know my dreame was

1. F F F F F F F F F F F F F F F F F F F

*Lennyoy:*



true, and yet I loue.

F F F F F F F F F F F F F F F F F F F

And if thine cares false Haraldis to thy hart,  
 Conuey into thy head hopes to obtaine,  
 Then tell thy hearing thou art deafe by art,  
 Now loue is art that wonted to be plaine,  
 Now none is bald except they see his braines,  
 Affection is not knowne till one be dead,  
 Reward for loue are labours for his paines,  
 Loues quiver made of gold his shafts of leade.  
 And so I wackt, &c.