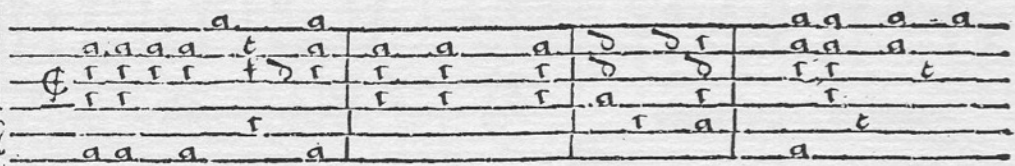




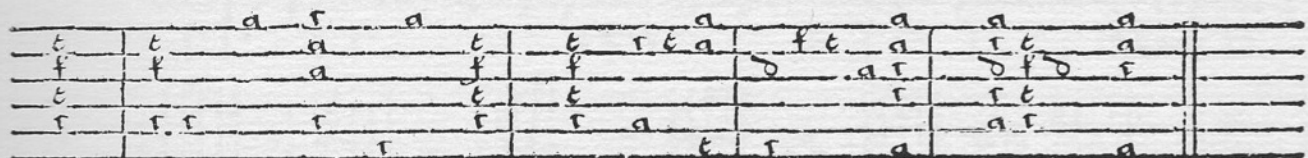
Action that euer dwels, In court where wits excells, hath set de-

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fiance, Fortune and loue hath sworne, That they were neuer borne, of one aliance.

1 FF F 1 FF F F 1 FFF F 1



8 Fortune sweares, weakest harts
The booke of *Capids* arts
Turne with hir wheele,
Sences themselues shall proue
Venture hir place in loue
Aske them that feele.

2 This discord it beget
Atheist that honour not
Nature thought good,
Fortune should euer dwell
In court where wits excell
Loue keepe the vwood.

3 So to the wood vvent I
With loue to liue and die
Fortune forlorne,
Experience of my youth
Made mee thinke humble truth
In desert borne.

4 My saint is deere to mee,
And lone hir selfe is shee
Lone faier and true,
Lone that doth euer moue,
Passions of loue with loue
Fortune adiew.