

John Bartlet

A BOOKE OF A Y R E S Vvith a Triplicitie of M V S I C K E

XVIII. Tarry tarry are you gone againe

Tarry are you gone againe
What no longer liking,
I will ketch thee once againe
Stay while I am rising.
Do you tarry then pretty little one
I thought I should please thee, ere we did part.