

THE SECOND
BOOKE OF SONGS
AND AYRES

Robert Iones

1601

9. Now what is loue I pray thee tell.

1

Now what is loue I pray thee tell,
Is it that fountaine and that well,
Where pleasures and repentance dwell,
It is perhaps that sancesing bell,
That towles all into heau'n or hell,
And this is loue as I heare tell.

2

Now what is loue I praie thee saie,
It is a worke on holy daie,
It is December match't with Maie,
When lustie blood in fresh arraie,
Heare ten monethes after of their plaie,
And this is loue, as I heare saie.

3

Now what is loue I praie thee faine,
It is a Sunne-shine mixt with raine,
It is a gentle pleasing paine,
A flower that dyes and springs againe,
It is a noe that would full faine,
And this is loue, as I heare faine.

4

Yet what is loue I praie thee saie,
It is a pretie shadie waie,
As well found out by night as daie,
It is a thing will soone decaie,
Then take the vantage whilst you maie,
And this is loue as I heare saie.

5

Now what is loue I praie thee show,
A thing that creepes it cannot goe,
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one a thing for moe,
And he that proues shall find it so,
And this is loue as I well know.