Dye not beefore thy day, poore poore man con-demned,

But liift thy low lookes, but lift thy low lookes from the hum-ble earth,

kisse not dis-paire and see sweet hope con-temned: The hag hath

no de-light, but mone but mone for mirth, O fye poore

fond-ling, O fye poore fond-ling, fie fie be will-ing, to pre-

serve thy self from kill-ing: Hope thy keep-er glad to free thee, Bids thee goe and

will not see thee, hye thee quick-ly from thy wrong, so shee endes hir will-ing song.
III. Dye not beeefore thy day,
Bassus.  

Dye not bee-fore thy day, poore man con- demn’d, but lift thy low looks, but lift thy low lookes, thy lookes from t’hum- ble earth, kisse not dis- paire and see sweet hope con- tem-ned: The hag hath no de- light, but mone but mone for mirth,  O fye O fye fye poore fond- ling, fye fye be will- ing, to pre- serve thy self from kill- ing, Hope hope thy keep- er is glad for to free thee, and bids thee goo and will not see thee, hye thee quick- ly from thy wrong, so shee en- des hir will- ing song.

1 flat is editorial
2 rest is editorial