

# *Io~~h~~n Bartlet*

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

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### XIII. What thing is loue

What thing is loue, I pray thee tell  
It is a prickle, it is a sting  
It is a pretty pretty thing  
It is a fire, it is a coale,  
Whose flame creepes in at euery hole,  
And as my wits can best deuise,  
Loues darling lies in Ladies eyes.