

Nay, nay thy wit's full  
twice, and the right was thrice, or of wit am I be-reft?

sound, thou must turn thee round. *f*  
Round, round, round, round, faith, when

*p*  
Nay, have a care, 'twas five I said.  
"straight" begins? then alleys six!

*f* *cresc.*  
Nay, six, I swear, nay, six, I swear, round, round, round,

*cresc.*

So mark thy left and mark thy  
 round, 'tis my head that spins. So plague thy left and

*f* *sf*

right, thou wilt keep thy line, thou wilt count thee nine, take a cross-path  
 plague thy right, with thy "keep thy line," and thy "count thee nine"; and thy

here, take a cross-path there, pass a hos - tel door, and, but set good store  
 cross-path here, and thy cross-path there, and thy hos - tel door, and I wot not more,

*cresc.*

on all my speech, thou'lt mend thy plight  
 till, ho - ly monk or not, this night

*ff* *f*

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