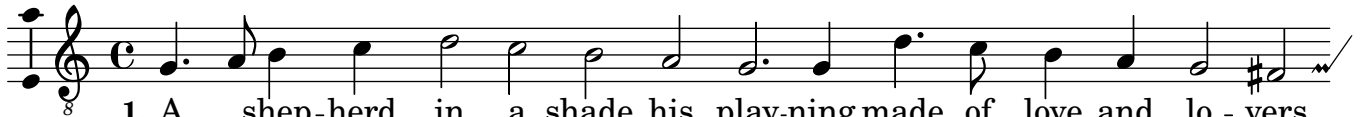


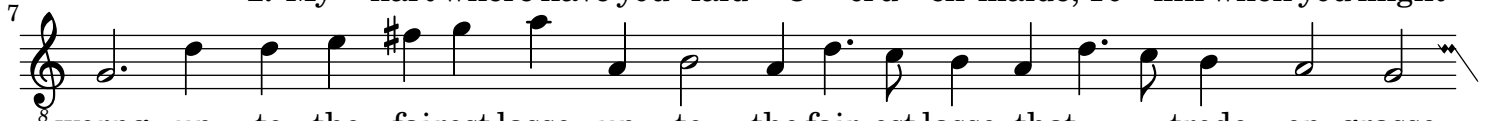
XVII. A shepherd in a shade

Tenor

John Dowland



1. A shep-herd in a shade, his play-ning made of love and lo - vers
Since love and for-tune wil, I ho - nour still, your faier and love - ly
2. My hart where have you laid O cru - ell maide, To kill when you might



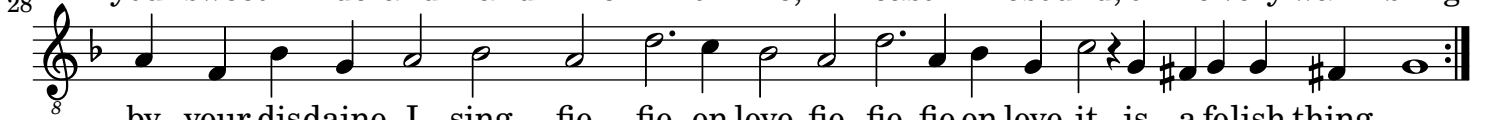
worng, un - to the fairest lasse, un - to the fair-est lasse that trode on grasse,
eye, what conquest will it be, what con-quest will it be, sweet Nimphe for
save, Why have yee cast it forth, why have ye cast it forth, as nothing worth, with-



and thus be gan his song. Re - store re-store my heart a - gaine, which love
thee, if I for sor - row dye.
out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in-tombed and lye, In



by thy sweet sweet lookes hath slaine, least that inforst, in - forst by your disdaine,
your sweet minde and and me - mo - rie, least I resound, on e-very war - bling



by your disdaine I sing fie fie on love, fie fie fie on love it is a folish thing.
string, on e - very warbling string, Fie fie on love, fie fie fie on love it is a fo - lish thing.