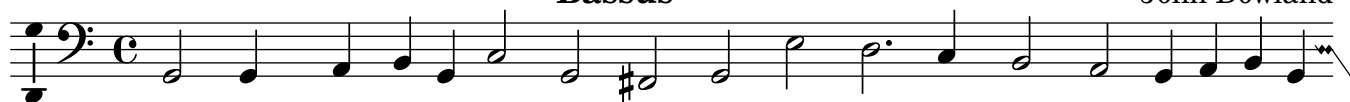


# XVII. A shepherd in a shade

Bassus

John Dowland



1. A Shep- heard in a shade, his plain- ing made, Of love and lo- vers  
Since love and For- tune will, I hon- our still, your faire and love - ly
2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell maide, To kill where you might



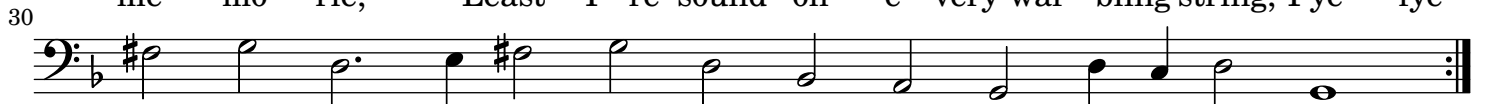
wrong, Un- to the fair- est lasse, that trode on grasse, and thus be- gan his  
eye, What con- quest will it bee, Sweet Nymph for thee, if I for sor- row  
save, Why have yee cast it forth as no- thing worth, With- out a tombe or



song. Re- store, re- store my heart a- gaine, Which love by thy sweet  
dye,  
grave. O let it bee in- tombed and lye, In your sweet minde and



lookes hath slaine, least that in- forst by your dis- daine I sing, fye fye  
me- mo- rie, Least I re- sound on e- very war- bling string, Fye fye



on love fye fye on love, fie it is a fo- lish thing.  
on love, fye fye on love, fie it is a foo- lish thing.