

MICHAELL CAVENDISH

14. Ayres in Tabletorie to the Lute

1598

13. Euery bush now springing.

Euery bush now springing,
Euery bird now singing,
Merily fate poore *Niso*
Chanting tro li lo
Lo li lo li lo,
Til her he had espide,
On whom his hope relide,
Down a down a down
Down with a frown
Oh, she puld him down.