

MICHAELL CAVENDISH

14. Ayres in Tabletorie to the Lute

1598

27. Euery bush now springing.

Euery bush now springing,
Euery bird now singing,
Merily fate poore *Nicho*
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.