

THE  
SECOND BOOKE  
of Songs or Ayres

*IOHN DOWLAND*

1600

XVII. A Sheperd in a shade his plaining made.

A Sheperd in a shade his plaining made  
Of loue and louers wrong,  
Vnto the fairest lasse that trode on grasse,  
And thus beegan his song.

Since loue and Fortune will, I honour still  
Your faire and louely eye,  
What conquest will it bee, Sweet Nymph for thee,  
If I for sorrow dye.

Restore, restore my hart againe,  
Which loue by thy sweet lookes hath slaine,  
Least that inforst by your disdaine, I sing,  
Fye, fye on loue, it is a foolish thing.

My hart where haue you laid O cruell maide,  
To kill when you might saue,  
Why haue yee cast it forth as nothing worth,  
Without a tombe or graue.

O let it bee intombed and lye,  
In your sweet minde and memorie,  
Least I refound on euey warbling string,  
Fye fye on loue that is a foolish thing.