



Shepherd in a shade, his plaining made, Of loue and lo-ers wrong,
Since loue and Fortune will, I honour still, your faire and lovely eye,

Vn- to the fairest lasse, That trode on grasse, And thus began his song,
What conquest will it bee, Sweet Nymph for thee, It I for sorrow dye. Restore, restore my

hart againe, Which loue by thy sweet lookes hath slaine, Least that infort by your disdaine, I sing,

Fye fye on loue, if, 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 intombd and lye,
In your sweet minde and memorie,
Least I resound on euery warbling string,
Fye fye on loue that is a foolish thing.