

A Shepherd in a Shade.

JOHN DOWLAND.
2nd Book of Ayres. 1600.

Andante pastorale

VOICE.

PIANO.

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A shep-herd in a shade, his plain - ing made of love and

lov - ers wrong un - to the fair - est lasse that trod on

grasse, and thus be - gan..... his song.

rit.

Since Love and For - tune will, I hon - our still your faire and

love - ly eye: What conquest will it be, sweet nymph, for

thee if I for sor - row die? Re-store, re-store my

heart a - gain, which love by thy sweete looks hath slaine,

Lest that, en - forc'd by.....your dis - daine, I sing "Fye up on

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love! Eye up-on love! it is a fool - ish thing."

rit.

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My heart where have you laid, O cru - el maide, To kill where

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you might save? why have you cast it forth as no - thing

worth, with - out a tombe..... or grave?

O let it be en - tomb'd and lie in your sweete minde and

mem - o - rie, Lest I re - sound on ev -

- 'ry war - bling string "Fye up - on love! fye up - on

love! that is a fool - ish thing." Re - store, re - store my

heart a - gain, which love by thy sweete looks hath slaine,

Lest that, en - forc'd by..... your dis - daine, I sing "Fye up - on
love! fye up - on love! it is a fool - ish thing."

A shepherd in a shade, his plaining made
Of love and lovers' wrong
Unto the fairest lasse that trod on grasse,
And thus began his song:
Since Love and Fortune will, I honour still
Your faire and lovely eye:
What conquest will it be, sweet nymph, for thee
If I for sorrow die?
Restore, restore my heart again,
Which love by thy sweet looks hath slaine,
Lest that, enforc'd by your disdaine, I sing
"Fye upon love! it is a foolish thing."

My heart where have you laid, O cruell maide,
To kill where you might save?
Why have you cast it forth as nothing worth,
Without a tombe or grave?
O let it be entombed and lie
In your sweete minde and memorie,
Lest I resound on every warbling string
"Fye upon love! that is a foolish thing."
Restore, restore. &c.