XVII. A shepheard in a shade

1. A Shepheard in a shade, his plaining made, Of love and
   Since love and Fortune will, I honour still, your faire and
   lovers wrong, Unto the fairest lasse, that trode on grasse, and
   love-ly eye, What conquest will it bee, Sweet Nymph for thee, If
   you might save, Why have yee cast it forth as nothing worth, with-
   thus began his song, Restore, restore my hart againe, Which
   I for sorrow dye.
   out a tombe or grave. Let it bee intombed and lye, In
   love by thy sweet lookes hath slaine, least that in forst by your dis-
   your sweet minde and memory, least I resound on every
   daine, I sing, Fye fye on love Fye fye on love, it is a fool-ish thing.
   warbling string, Fye fye on love, Fye fye on love, that is a fool-ish thing.
XVII. A shepheard in a shade

John Dowland

Altus

1. A shep-herd in a shade, his play-ning made of love and love-
ers
Since love and for-tune wil, I ho-

2. My hart where have you laid O cru-

wrong, un-
to the fai-rest lasse, un-
to the fai-

rest lasse, that trode on eye, what con-

quest will it be, what con-

quest will it be, sweet Nimphe for save, Why have yee cast it forth, why have ye cast it forth, as no-

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

store re-

store my heart a-

thee, if I for sor-

row dye.

worth, with-

out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in-tombed and
gaine, which love by thy sweet lookes hath slaine, by your lye, In your sweet minde and me-

mo-

rie, least I
dis-
dain I sing, fie fie on love, fie fie on love, fie, it is a fo-
is-

lish thing.

re-

sound, re-

sound, Fie fie on love, fie fie on love, fie, it is a fo-
is-

lish thing.
XVII. A shepheard in a shade

John Dowland

1. A shep-herd in a shade, his play-ning made of love and lo- vers
Since love and for-tune wil, I ho- nour still, your faier and love- ly

2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell maide, To kill when you might
worng, un-to the fai-rest lasse, un-to the fair - est lasse that
eye, what con-quest will it be, what con- quest will it be, sweet
save, Why have yee cast it forth, why have ye cast it forth, as no-thing
trode on grasse, and thus be gan his song. Re-store re-store my
Nimphe for thee, if I for sor- row dye.
worth, with-out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in-

heart a-gaine, which love by thy sweet sweet lookes hath slaine,
tombed and lye, In your sweet minde and and me- mo- rie,

least that in-forst, in-forst by your dis-daine, by your dis-daine I
least I re-sound, re-sound, on e- very war-string, on e- very

sing fie fie on love, fie fie fie on love it is a fo- lish thing.
string,Fie fie on love, fie fie fie on love it is a fo- lish thing.
XVII. A shepheard in a shade

Bassus

John Dowland

1. A Shepheard in a shade, his plain-ing made, Of love and lo- vers
   Since love and Fort- tune will, I hon- our still, your faire and love-

2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell maide, To kill where you might
   wrong, Un- to the fair- est lasse, that trode on grasse, and thus be-
   eye, What con- quest will it bee, Sweet Nimph for thee, if I for
   save, Why have yee cast it forth as no- thing worth, With- out a
   gan his song. Re- store, re- store my heart a- gaine, Which love by
   sor- row dye,
   tombe or grave. O let it bee in- tombed and lye, In your sweet

thy sweet looks hath slaine, least that in- forst by your dis- daine I sing,
minde and me- mo- rie, Least I re- sound on e- very war- bling string,

1 Original has d quarter note.
My hart where have you laid O cruell maide,
To kill when you might save,
Why have yee cast it forth as nothing worth,
Without a tombe or grave.
O let it bee intombed and lye,
In your sweet minde and memorie,
Least I resound on every warbling string,
Fye fye on love that is a foolish thing.