

XVII. A shepherd in a shade

Cantus

John Dowland

Canto

A Shep - heard in a shade, his plain - ing made, Of
Since love and For - tune will, I hon - our still, your

Lute

love faire and lo - vers wrong, Un - to the fair - est
and and love - ly eye, What con - quest will est it

Lute

lasse, that trode on grasse, and thus bee - gan his song,
bee, Sweet Nymph for thee, If I for sor - row dye.

Lute

re - store, re - store my hart a - gaine, Which

Lute

love by thy sweet — lookes hath — slaine,

\uparrow \uparrow \uparrow \uparrow |

\flat		c	a	c	a		a
a			a	b	f	e	a
c	b	c				e	
			a	c			c

least that in - forst by your dis - daine, I sing, Fye fye on love Fye fye on

\uparrow \uparrow \uparrow \uparrow \uparrow \uparrow \uparrow \uparrow

			a	a	\flat	a		a	c	e	a	c	
	a	b	\flat	b	a		a	b	\flat				
a	c		c			c			b	c		b	c
\flat	a	c	a	c		c	\flat		c	c	c	e	

love, it is a fool - ish thing.

\uparrow \uparrow \uparrow |

e	a	c	a	a	b	a	
a	b	\flat			\flat	c	
c		c	b	c	b	c	
c		c	a	c			
\flat	c	a				a	

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.