

XVII. A shepherd in a shade

John Dowland

Arranged for Recorders

8

S
A
T
B
Lute

A Since shep-herd in a shade, his plai-ning made, Of love and lo-vers
Since love and For-tune will, I ho-nour still, your faire and love-ly

A Since shep-herd in a shade, his plai-ning made, of love & lo-vers wrong, un-
Since love and for-tune will, I ho-nour still, your faire & love-ly eye, what

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

A Since shep-herd in a shade, his plai-ning made, of love & lo-vers
Since love and for-tune will, I ho-nour still, your faire & love-ly

a a c a a a e c e a c a
c a c d c a c f c b c
a c e a a a a c a e c a c e a

T
A
B

8

wrong, Un to the fai - rest lasse, That trode on for grasse, And
eye, What con-quest will it bee, Sweet Nimph on for thee, If

8 to the fai - rest lasse, un - to the quest fai - rest it lasse, that trode on for grasse, and
con-quest will it be, what con - quest will it be, sweet Nimphe for thee, if

8 to the fai - rest lasse, un - to the quest fai - rest it lasse, that trode on for grasse, and
con-quest will it be, what con - quest will it be, that sweet Nimphe on for thee, and if

8 wrong, un - - - to the quest fai - rest lasse, that trode on for grasse, and
eye, what - - - con - quest will it be, that sweet Nimphe for thee, if

8 e a c e a a a c e a e a
f f a a c d f
c c c a c e c e c

a c e a c e a c e

29 8

 sing, Fye _____ fye on love, Fye _____ fye on love, it is a fool - ish thing.

29

 sing, fie fie on love, fie fie on love, fie, it is a fool - ish thing.

29

 daine I sing fie _____ fie on love, fie _____ fie fie on love it is a fool-ish thing.

29

 fie fie on love, fie fie on love fie it is a fool - ish thing.

29

 29

	a	a	e	a	e	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
	a	b	a	a	a	a	b	d	c	b	c	b
	c	e	b	c	b	c	c	c	c	c	a	c
			c	e		d		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.