

MICHAELL CAVENDISH

14. Ayres in Tabletorie to the Lute

1598

16. Say shepherd say.

Say shepherd say, where is your iollie swaine ?
Or what hath bred his anguish,
On idle banke he restles doth remaine.
For loue doth make him languish,
Idle lad, his witte is bad,
There alone to make such mone
To the weeping fountains
Whilst she plaies sweet roundelayes
Vp and down the mountains.