

THE UNKNOWN SHEPHEARD'S COMPLAINT.

My flocks feede not, my ewes breed not,
 My rammes speed not, all is amisse :
 Loue is denying, Faith is defying ;
 Harts rening, causer of this.
 All my merry jiggcs are quite forgot,
 All my ladie's loue is lost, God wot,
 Where her faith was firmly fixt in loue,
 There a nay is plac'd without remoue.
 One silly crosse, wrought all my losse ;
 O frowning fortune, cursed fickle Dame,
 For now I see, inconstancie
 More in women than in men remaine.

In blacke mourne I, all feares scorne I,
 Loue hath forlorne me, liuing in thrall:
 Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
 O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall.
 My Shepheard's Pipe can sound no deale,
 My weather's bell rings dolefull knell.
 My curtaile dogge that went to haue plaide,
 Playes not at all, but seemes affraide.
 With sighs so deepe, procure to weepe,
 In howling-wise to see my dolefull plight:
 How sighs resound, through hartlesse ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight.

Cleare wels spring not, sweet birds sing not,
 Greene plants bring not forth their die :
 Heards stand weeping—flocks all sleeping,

Nymphs

Nymphs backe peeping fearefully.
 All our pleasure knowne to us poore swaines,
 All our merry meeting on the plaines.
 All our euening sports from us are fled.
 All our loue is lost, for loue is dead,
 Farewell sweet Loue, thy like nere was,
 For sweet content, the cause of all my moane:
 Poore Coridon must liue alone,
 Other helpe for him, I see that there is none.

Finis.

Ignoto.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME SHEPHEARD'S.

As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade,
 Which a groupe of mirtles made,
 Beasts did leape & birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, & plants did spring.
 Euery thing did banish moane,
 Saue the nightingale alone.
 She, poore bird, as all forlorne,
 Lean'd her breast against a thorne,
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
 That to heare it was great pittie,
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she crie
 Teru, teru, by and by.
 That to heare her so complaine
 Scarce I could from teares refraine.

I ij

For