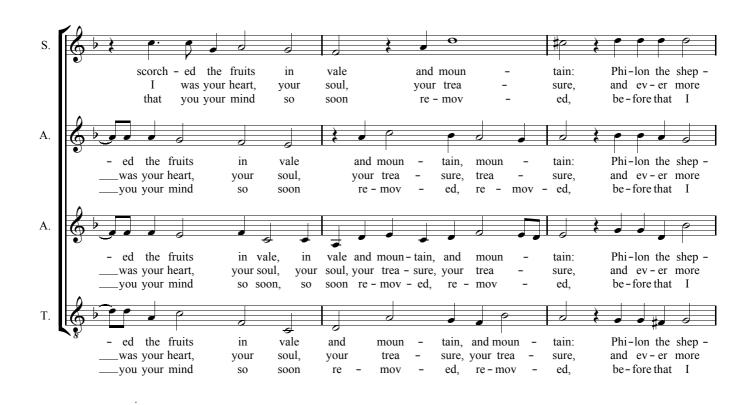
While that the Sun Songs of sundrie natures, 1589, no.23

William Byrd

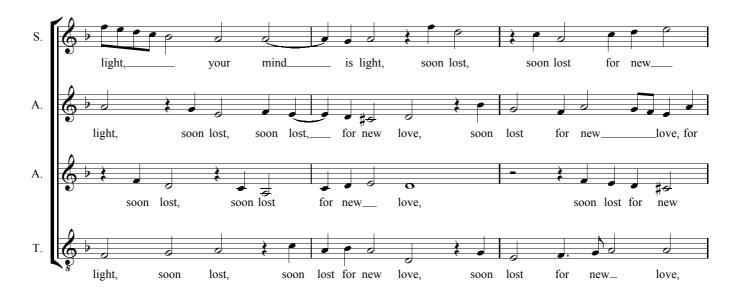


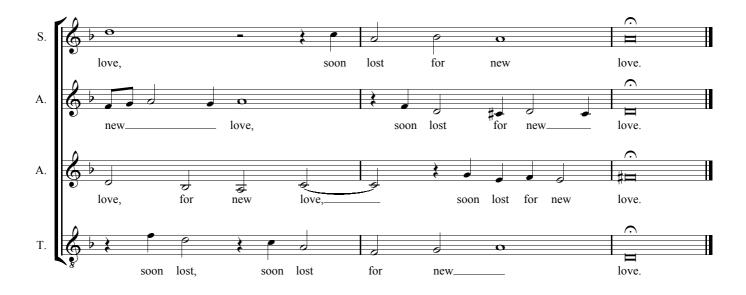












While that the Sun with his beams hot Scorched the fruits in vale and mountain: Philon the shepherd late forgot Sitting besides a Crystal fountain In shadow of a green Oak tree Upon his pipe played he: Adieu Love, adieu love, untrue love, Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight I was your heart, your soul, your treasure, And evermore you sobbed you sighed Burning in flames beyond all measure. Three days endured your love to me And it was lost in other three. Another shepherd you did see To whom your heart was soon enchained Full soon you rlove was leapt from me Full soon my place he had obtained Soon came a third your love to win And we were out and he was in.

Sure you have made me passing glad That you your mind so soon removed Before that I the leisure had To choose you for my best beloved. For all my love was past and done Two days before it was begun.