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light, $\qquad$ your
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soon lost,
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for new_
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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.

