

The SHEPHERD'S Wooing of Fair DULCINA.

As at Noon Dul - ci - na re - sted, In her sweet and sha - dy Bow'r,
 Came a Shep - herd and re - ques - ted, In her Lap to sleep an Hour;
 But from her look a Wound he took, So deep that for a
 fur - ther Boon, The Swain he prays, where - to she says, For -
 go me now, come to me soon.

But in vain she did conjure him,
 For to leave her Presence so;
 Having a thousand means to allure him,
 And but one to let him go:
 Where Lips invite, and Eyes delight,
 And Cheeks as fresh as Rose in June,
 Perswades to stay, what boot to say,
 Forgo me now, come to me soon.

Words whose Hoops have now injoynd,
 Him to let *Dulcina* sleep;
 Could a Man's Love be confined,
 Or a Maid her promise keep?
 No, for her Wast he held her fast,
 As she was constant to her Tune;
 And she speaks, for *Cupid's* sake
 Forgo me, &c.

He demands what time and leisure,
 Can there be more fit than now;
 She says Men may say their Pleasure,
 Yet I of it do not allow:
 The Sun's clear light shineth more bright,
 Quoth he, more fairer than the Moon:
 For her to praise, she loves, she says,
 Forgo me, &c.

But no Promise, nor Profession,
 From his Hands could Purchase scope;
 Who would sell the sweet Possession,
 Of such Beauty for a hope;
 Or for the sight of lingring Night,
 Forgo the pleasant Joys of Noon,
 Tho' none so fair, her Speeches were,
 Forgo me, &c.

Now at last agreed these Lovers,
 She was Fair, and he was Young,
 If you'll believe me I will tell you,
 True love fixed lasteth long:
 He said my dear and only Phear,
 Bright Phœbus Beams out-shin'd the Moon;
Dulcina prays, and to him says,
 Forgo me now, come to me soon.