

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.