

THE AMOROUS SHEPHERDESS.



he birdes they sing on every tree,
The throstle, cockrow, larke;
The starling calls all daye to me,
Nyghtgales throwe the darke:
When my sweet Swaine
Returnes againe
Together we will harke.

The greene bryghte Yeare againe is newe
 With Springe's swete Crystenynge;
The skyes are mottl'd whyte and blew,
 The leaves are listening
 For newe softe raine
 To come againe
And make then glystenynge.

O swete new Yeare! O come sweet fere!
 Whyte Shepherds of the Plaines!
O come my deare! Thy love is here,
 And waits the silver straines
 Of thy sweete Pipe;
 Nowe Sprynge is rype,
Come with the firste newe Raines.