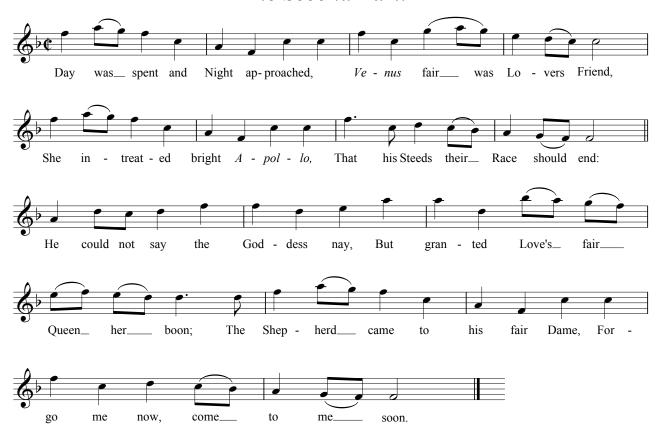
## The Shepherd's Wooing of Fair Dulcina. The Second Part.



Sweet (he said) as I did promise, I am now return'd again; Long delay you know breeds danger, And to Lovers breadeth pain: The Nymph said then, above all Men, Still welcome Shepherd Morn and Noon, The Shepherd prays, *Dulcina* says, Shepherd I doubt thou'rt come too soon.

When that bright *Aurora* blushed, Came the Shepherd to his dear; Pretty Birds most sweetly warbled, And the Noon approached near: Yet still away the Nymph did say, The Shepherd he fell in a Swoon; At length she said, be not afraid, Forgo me, &c.

With grief of Heart the Shepherd hasted Up the Mountains to his Flocks; Then he took a Reed and piped, Eccho sounded thro' the Rocks: Thus did he play, and wish'd the Day, Were spent, and Night were come e'er Noon; The silent Night, Love's delight, I'll go to Fair *Dulcina* soon.

Beauties darling, fair *Dulcina*, Like to *Venus* for her Love, Spent away the Day in Passion, Mourning like the Turtle-Dove: Melodiously, Notes low and high, She warbled forth this doleful Tune; Oh come again sweet Shepherd Swain, Thou can'st not be with us too soon.

When as *Thetis* in her place,
Had receiv'd the Prince of light;
Came in *Coridon* the Shepherd,
To his Love and Heart's delight:
Then *Pan* did play, the Wood-Nymphs they
Did skip and dance to hear the Tune; *Hymen* did say 'tis Holy-day,
Forgo me now, come to me soon.