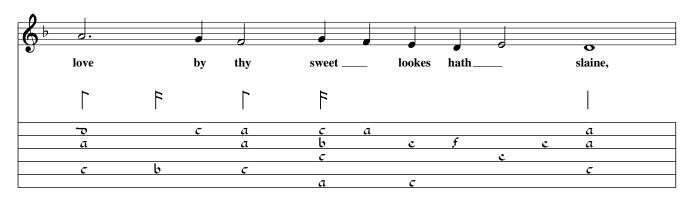
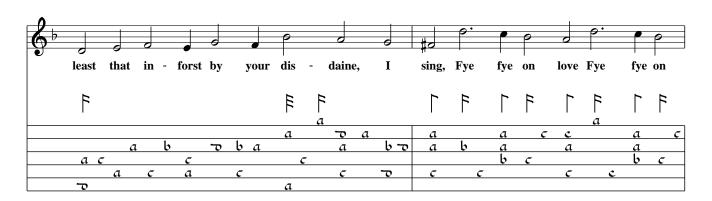
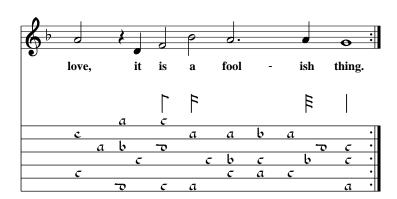
XVII. A shepheard in a shade Cantus

John Dowland









My hart where have you laid O cruell maide,
To kill when you might save,
Why have yee cast it forth as nothing worth,
Without a tombe or grave.
O let it bee intombed and lye,
In your sweet minde and memorie,
Least I resound on every warbling string,
Fye fye on love that is a foolish thing.