

## XVII. A shepherd in a shade

Cantus

John Dowland



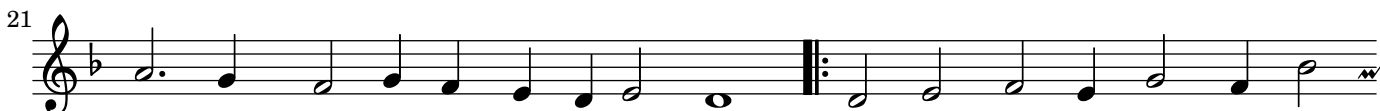
1. A Shep- heard in a shade, his plain- ing made, Of love and  
Since love and For- tune will, I hon- our still, your faire and  
2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell maide, To kill when



lo- vers wrong, Un- to the fair- est lasse, that trode on grasse, and  
love- ly eye, What con- quest will it bee, Sweet Nymph for thee, If  
you might save, Why have yee cast it forth as no- thing worth, with-



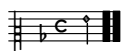
thus bee- gan his song, Re- store, re- store my hart a- gaine, Which  
I for sor- row dye.  
out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in- tombed and lye, In



love by thy sweet lookes hath slaine, least that in- forst by your dis-  
your sweet minde and me- mo- rie, least I re- sound on e- very



daine, I sing, Fye fye on love Fye fye on love, it is a fool- ish thing.  
war- bling string, Fye fye on love, Fye fye on love, that is a fool- ish thing.



## XVII. A shepherd in a shade

Altus

John Dowland



1. A shep-herd in a shade, his play-ning made of love and lov-ers  
Since love and for-tune wil, I ho-nour still, your faier and love-ly
2. My hart where have you laid O cru-ell maide, To kill when you might



wrong, un-to the fai-rest lasse, un-to the fai-rest lasse, that trode on  
eye, what con-quest will it be, what con-quest will it be, sweet Nimphe for  
save, Why have yee cast it forth, why have ye cast it forth, as no-thing



grasse, and thus be-gan his song. Re-store re-store my heart a-  
thee, if I for sor-row dye.  
worth, with-out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in-tombed and



gaine, which love by thy sweet lookes hath slaine, by your  
lye, In your sweet minde and me-mo-rie, least I



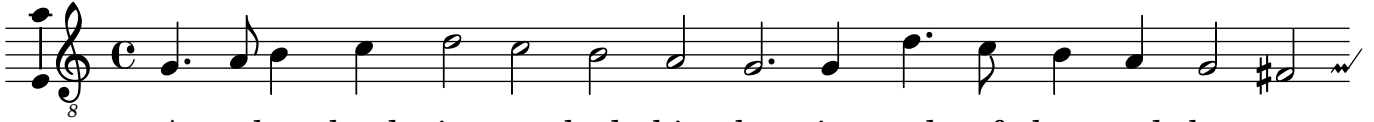
dis-dain I sing, fie fie on love, fie fie on love, fie, it is a fo-lish thing.  
re-sound, re-sound, Fie fie on love, fie fie on love, fie, it is a fo-lish thing.



# XVII. A shepherd in a shade

Tenor

John Dowland



1. A shep- herd in a shade, his play- ning made of love and lo- vers  
 Since love and for- tune wil, I ho- nour still, your faier and love- ly  
 2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell maide, To kill when you might



worng, un- to the fai- rest lasse, un- to the fair - est lasse that  
 eye, what con- quest will it be, what con- quest will it be, sweet  
 save, Why have yee cast it forth, why have ye cast it forth, as no- thing



trode on grasse, and thus be gan his song. Re- store re- store my  
 Nimphe for thee, if I for sor- row dye.  
 worth, with- out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in-



heart a- gaine, which love by thy sweet sweet lookes hath slaine,  
 tombed and lye, In your sweet minde and and me- mo- rie,

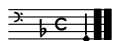


least that in- forst, in- forst by your dis- daine, by your dis- daine I  
 least I re- sound, re- sound, on e- very war- string, on e- very



sing fie fie on love, fie fie fie on love it is a fo- lish thing.  
 string, Fie fie on love, fie fie fie on love it is a fo- lish thing.

<sup>2</sup> original is d quarter note



## XVII. A shepherd in a shade

Bassus

John Dowland



1. A Shep- heard in a shade, his plain- ing made, Of love and lo- vers  
Since love and For- tune will, I hon- our still, your faire and love - ly  
2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell maide, To kill where you might



wrong, Un- to the fair- est lasse, that trode on grasse, and thus be-  
eye, What con- quest will it bee, Sweet Nymph for thee, if I for  
save, Why have yee cast it forth as no- thing worth, With- out a



gan his song. Re- store, re- store my heart a- gaine, Which love by  
sor- row dye,  
tombe or grave. O let it bee in- tombed and lye, In your sweet



thy sweet lookes hath slaine, least that in- forst by your dis- daine I sing,  
minde and me- mo- rie, Least I re- sound on e- very war- bling string,



fye fye on love fye fye on love, fie it is a fo- lish thing.  
Fye fye on love, fye fye on love, fie it is a foo- lish thing.

<sup>1</sup> Original has d quarter note.

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.