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Sore this deer stricken is, and yet she bleeds no whit, She lay so fair, I could not miss. Lord I was glad of it...

As I stood under a bank the deer shoff on the mede I struck her so that down she sank, but yet she was not dead...

There she goeth, see ye not how she goeth o'er the plain, And if ye lust to have a shot, I warrant her barrain...

To the covert both they went, for I found where she lay. An arrow in her haunch she hent for faint she might not bray...

I was weary of the game, I went to tavern to drink. Now the construction of the same, what do you say or think

Here I leave and make an end now of this hunter's lore I think his bow is well unbent, his bolt may flee no more...





Jamie Hammond

Hys Booke of Musick