

THE  
**THIRD AND**  
LAST BOOKE  
OF SONGS OR  
AIRES.

JOHN DOWLAND

1603

I. Farewell too faire.

Farewell too faire, too chast but too too cruell,  
Discretion neuer quenched fire with swords:  
Why hast thou made my heart thine angers fuell,  
And now would kill my passions with thy words.  
This is proude beauties true anaromy,  
If that secure seuer in secresie, farewell.

Farewell too deare, and too too much desired,  
Vnlesse compassion dwelt more neere thy heart:  
Loue by neglect (though constant) oft is tired,  
And forc't from blisse vnwillingly to part.  
This is proude beauties, &c.