

THE
THIRD AND
LAST BOOKE
OF SONGS OR
AIRES.

JOHN DOWLAND

1603

XII. By a fountaine where I lay.

By a fountaine where I lay,
All blessed bee that blessed day,
By the glimring of the sun,
Ô neuer bee her shining done,
When I might see alone,
My true loues fairest one,
Loues deer light,
Loues clear sight,
No worlds eyes can clearer see,
A fairer sight none, none can be.

2 Faire with garlands all addresst,
Was neuer Nymph more fairely blesst,
Blessed in the highest degree,
So may she euer blessed be,
Came to this fountaine neere,
With such a smiling cheere,
Such a face,
Such a grace,
Happie, happie eyes that see
Such a heavuently sight as she.

3 Then I forthwith tooke my pipe
Which I all faire and cleane did wipe,
And vpon a heau'nly ground,
All in the grace of beautie found,
Plaid this roundelay,
Welcome, faire Queene of May,
Sing sweete aire,
Welcome faire.
Welcome be the shepheards Queene,
The glorie of all our greene.