

THE
THIRD AND
LAST BOOKE
OF SONGS OR
AIRES.

JOHN DOWLAND

1603

XIII. Farewell vnkind farewell.

Farewell vnkind farewell,
to mee no more a father,
Since my heart, my heart
holdes my loue most deare :
The wealth which thou doest reape,
anothers hand must gather,
Though thy heart thy heart
still lies buried there,
Then farewell, then farewell, O farewell,
Welcome, my loue, welcome, my joy for euer.

Tis not the vaine desire
of humane fleeting beautie,
Makes my mind to liue
though my meanes do die.
Nor do I Nature wrong,
though I forget my dutie:
Loue, not in the bloud,
but in the spirit doth lie.
Then farewell, &c.