By a fountain where I lay

John Dowland

#12 from The Third and Last Book of Ayres
sun, Oh ne ver be her shin ing done
ground, All in the grace of beau ty found,
Sing sweet air, welcome fair, Welcome be the shepherd's Queen,
Such a face, Such a grace, Happy, happy eyes that see
Love's dear light, Love's clear sight No world's eyes can clearer see

The glory of all our green.
Such a heavenly sight as she.
A fairer sight none, none can be.

The glory of all our green.