John Dowland

The Third and Last Booke of Songs or Aires

Newly composed to sing to the lute, orpharion, or viols,
and a dialogue for a base and meane Lute
with 5 voices to sing thereto.

London 1603

Transcribed and edited by Alain Veylit

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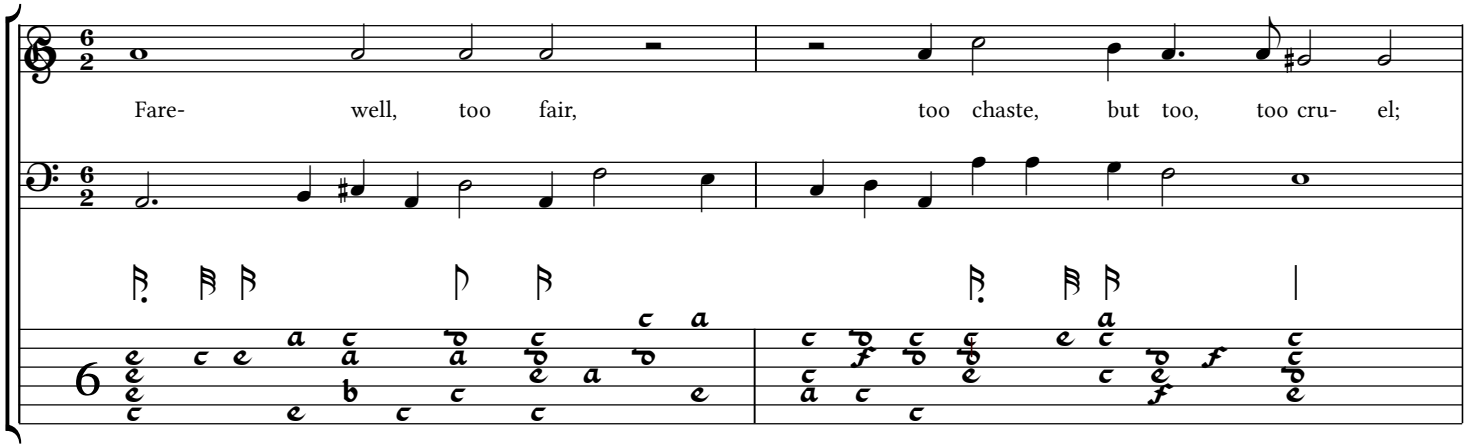
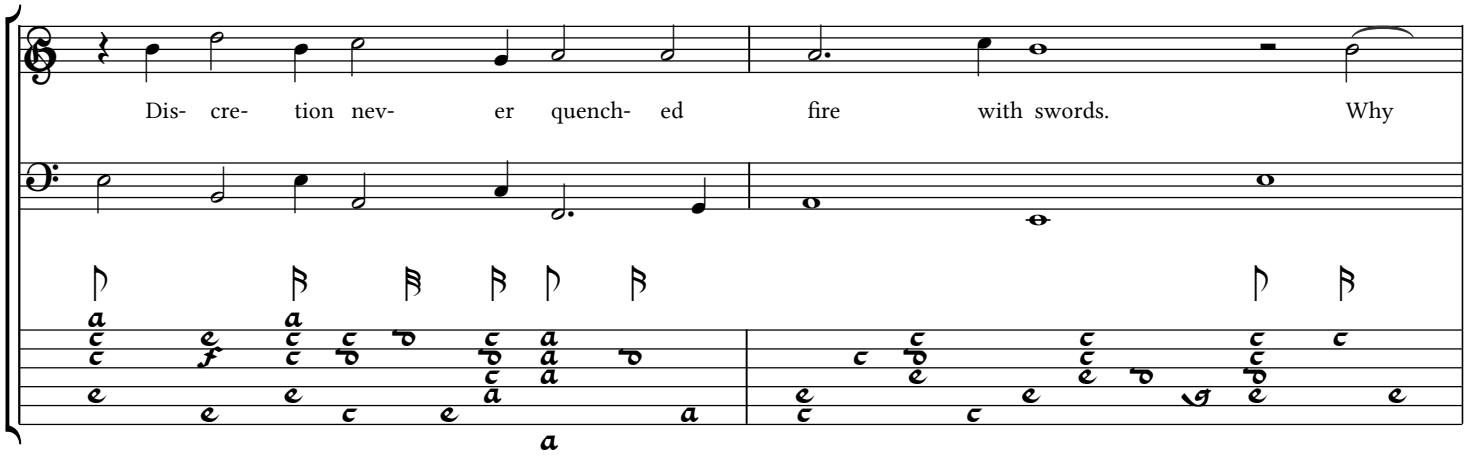
Tuesday, June 10, 2025

Farewell, too fair for my admiring

Third book of ayres (1603), #1.

John Dowland





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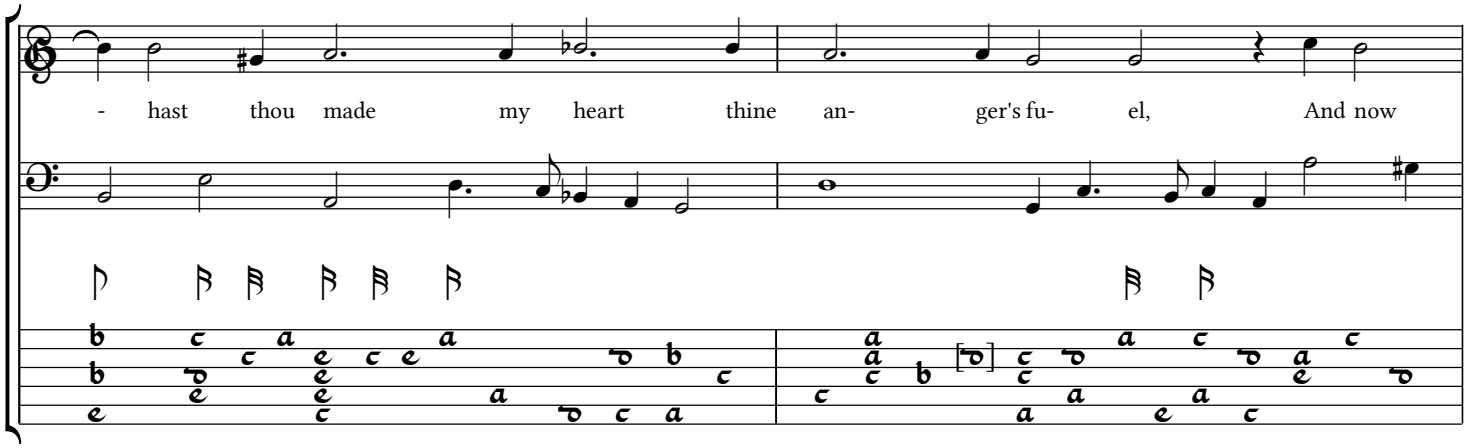

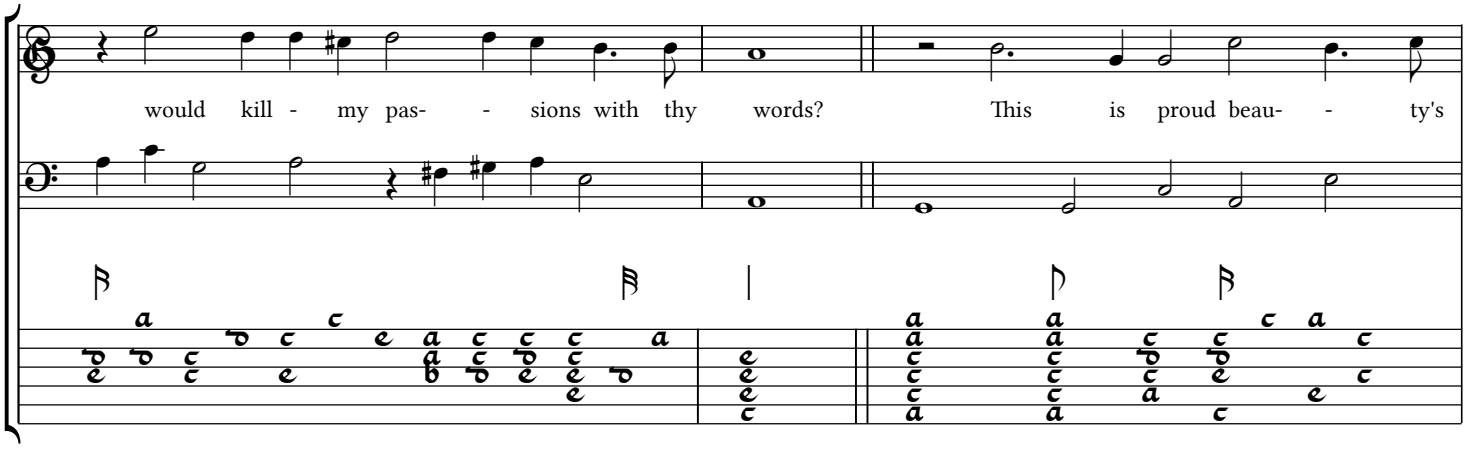
would kill - my pas- - sions with thy words? This is proud beau- - ty's

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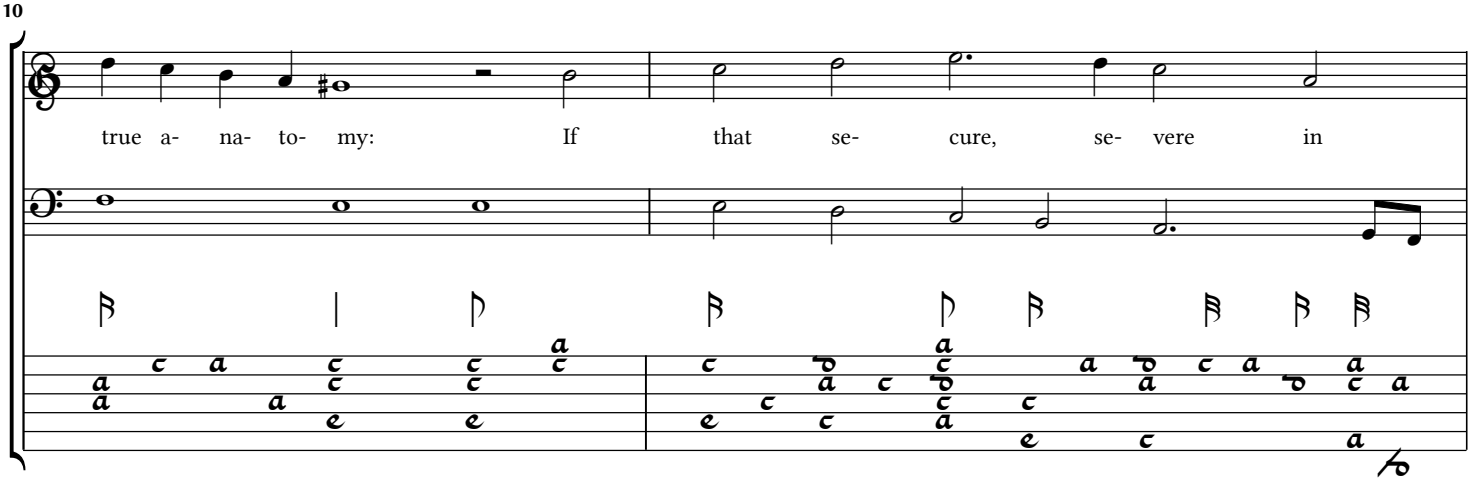
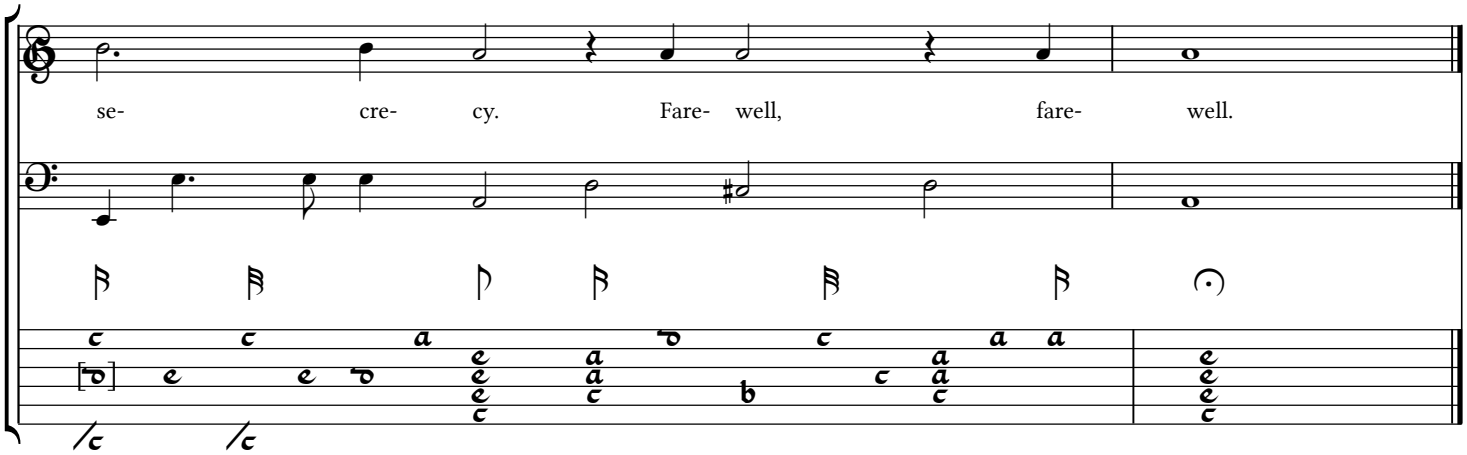

true a- na- to- my: If that se- cure, se- vere in


se- cre- cy. Fare- well, fare- well.

Farewell, too fair

Farewell, too fair, too chaste, but too, too cruel;
Discretion never quenched fire with swords.
Why hast thou made my heart thine anger's fuel,
And now would kill my passions with thy words?
This is proud beauty's true anatomy:
If that secure, severe in secrecy.
Farewell, farewell.

Farewell, too dear, and too, too much desired,
Unless compassion dwelt more near thy heart.
Love by neglect (though constant) oft is tired,
And forc'd from bliss unwillingly to part.
This is proud beauty's true anatomy:
If that secure, severe in secrecy.
Farewell, farewell.

Time stands still

Third book of ayres (1603), #2.

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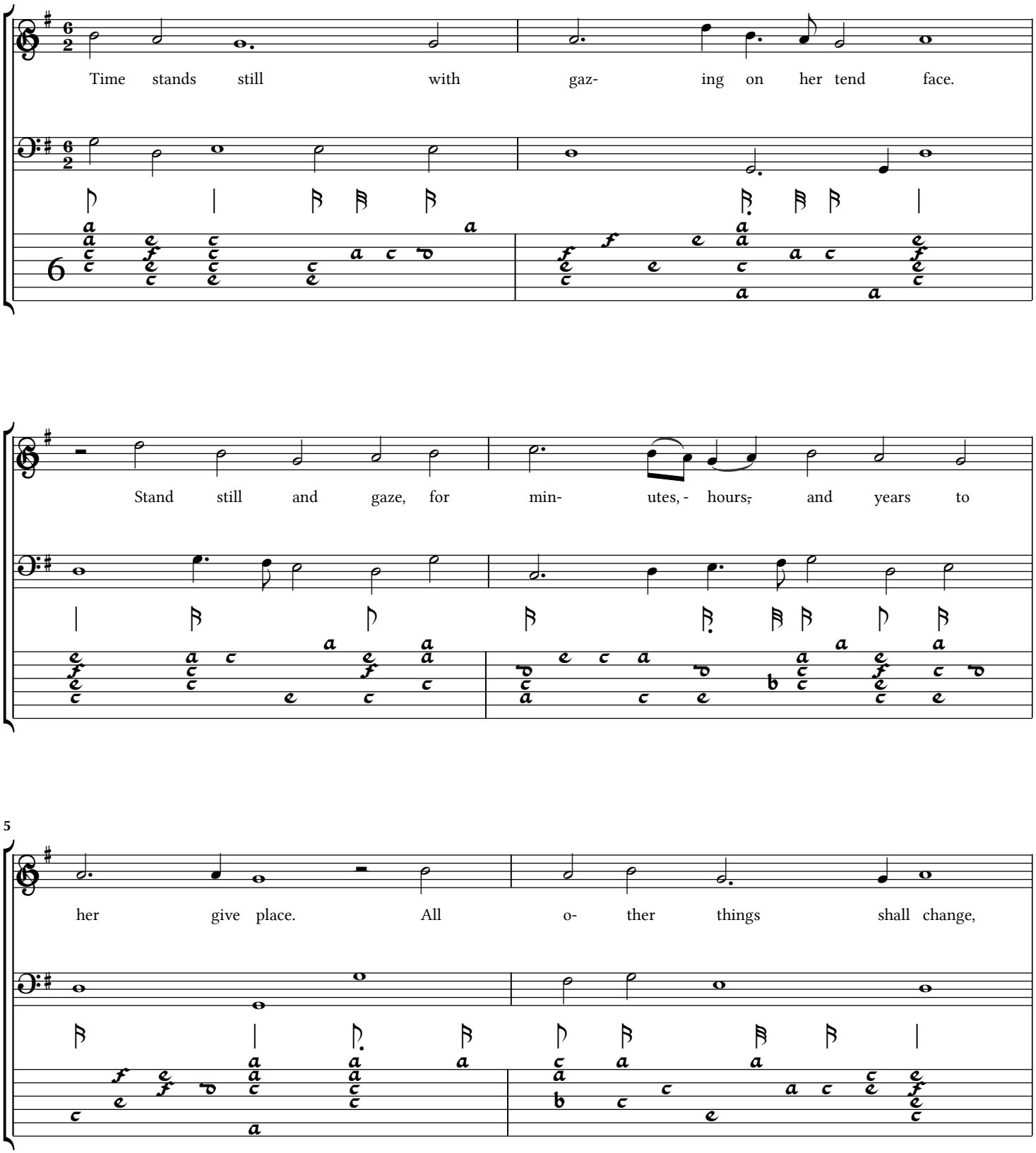

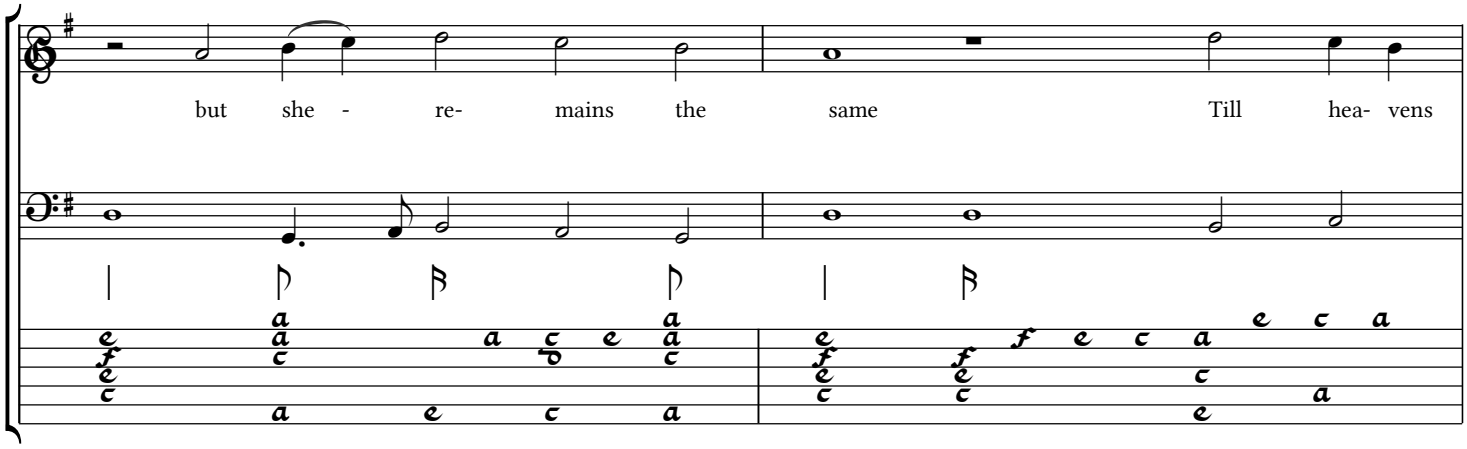
but she - re- mains the same Till hea- vens

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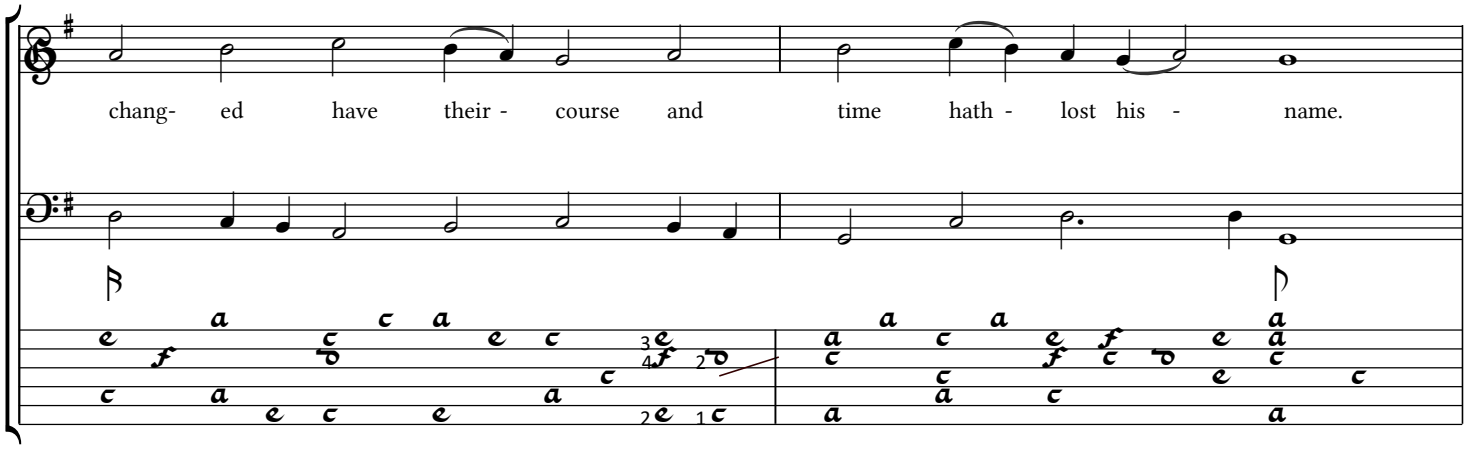
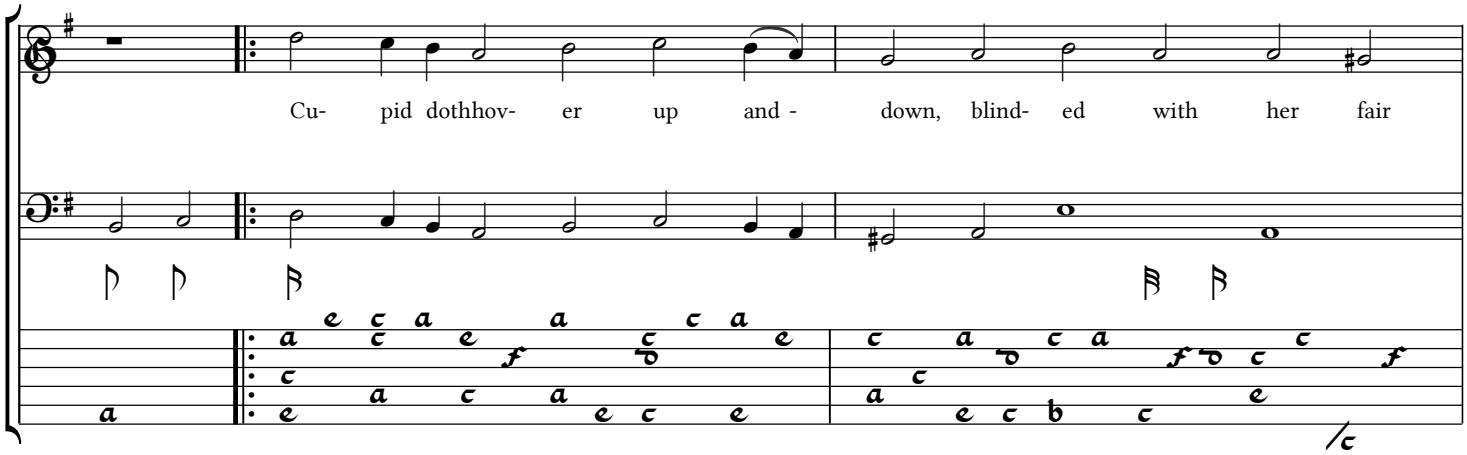
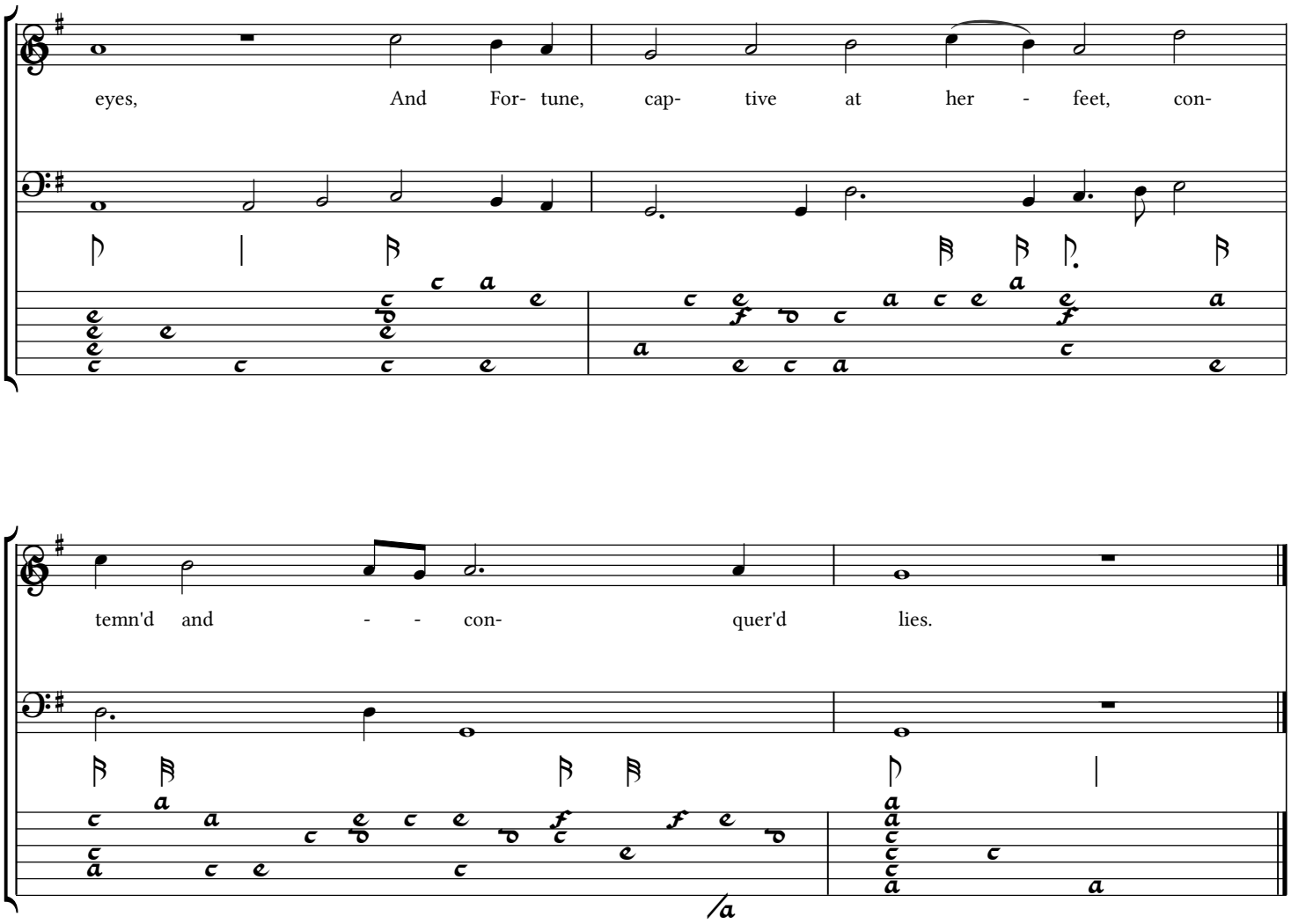

chang- ed have their - course and time hath - lost his - name.


Cu- pid dothhov- er up and - down, blind- ed with her fair

15


eyes, And For- tune, cap- tive at her - feet, con-
temn'd and - - con- quer'd lies.

Time stands still

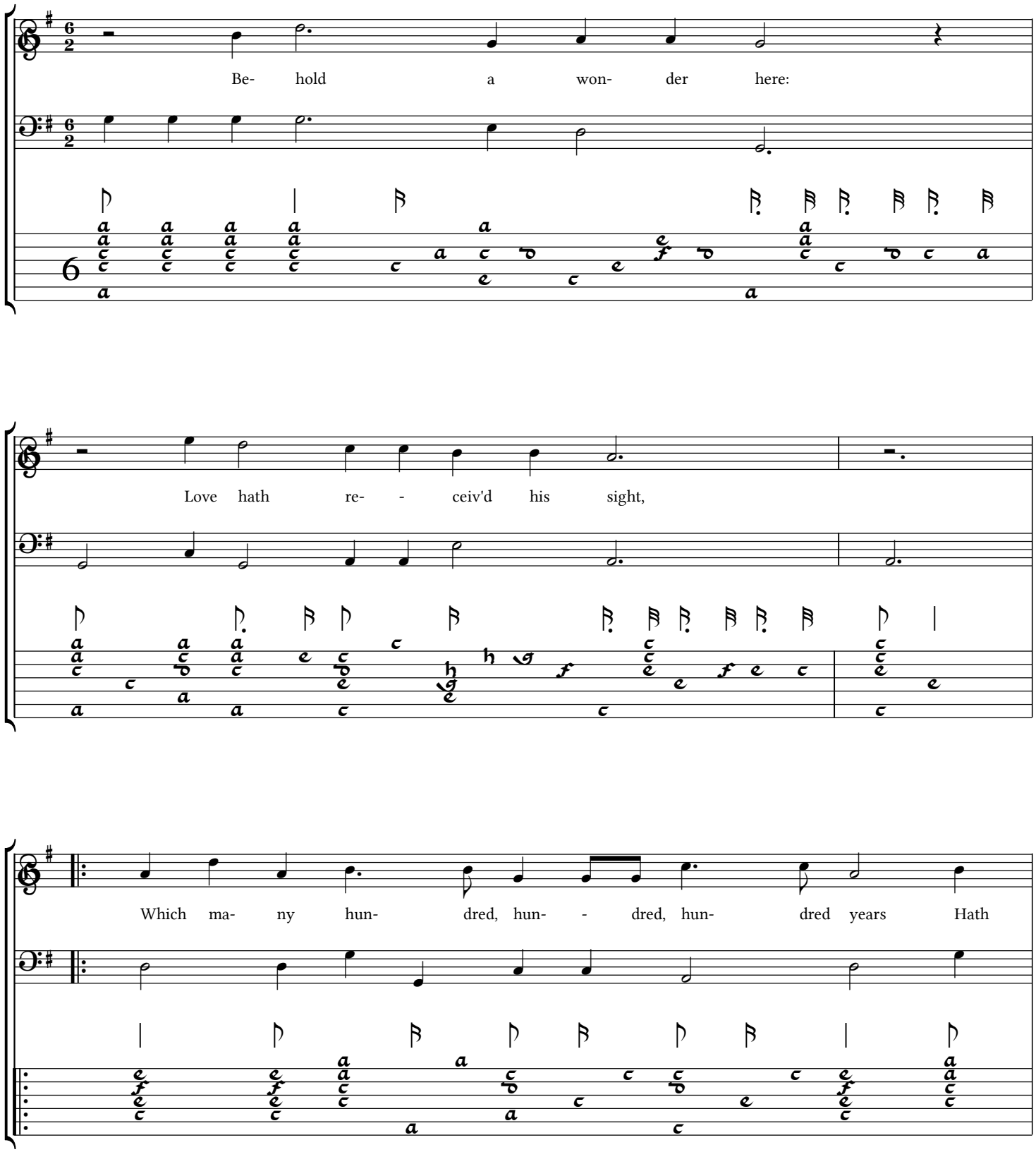
Time stands still with gazing on her face.
Stand still and gaze, for minutes, hours, and years to her give place.
All other things shall change, but she remains the same
Till heavens changed have their course and time hath lost his name.
Cupid doth hover up and down, blinded with her fair eyes,
And Fortune, captive at her feet, contemn'd and conquer'd lies.

When Fortune, Love, and Time attend on
Her with my fortunes, love, and time I honour will alone.
If bloodless Envy say Duty hath no desert,
Duty replies that Envy knows herself his faithful heart.
My settled vows and spotless faith no fortune can remove.
Courage shall show my inward faith, and faith shall try my love.

Behold a wonder here

Third book of ayres (1603), #3.

John Dowland



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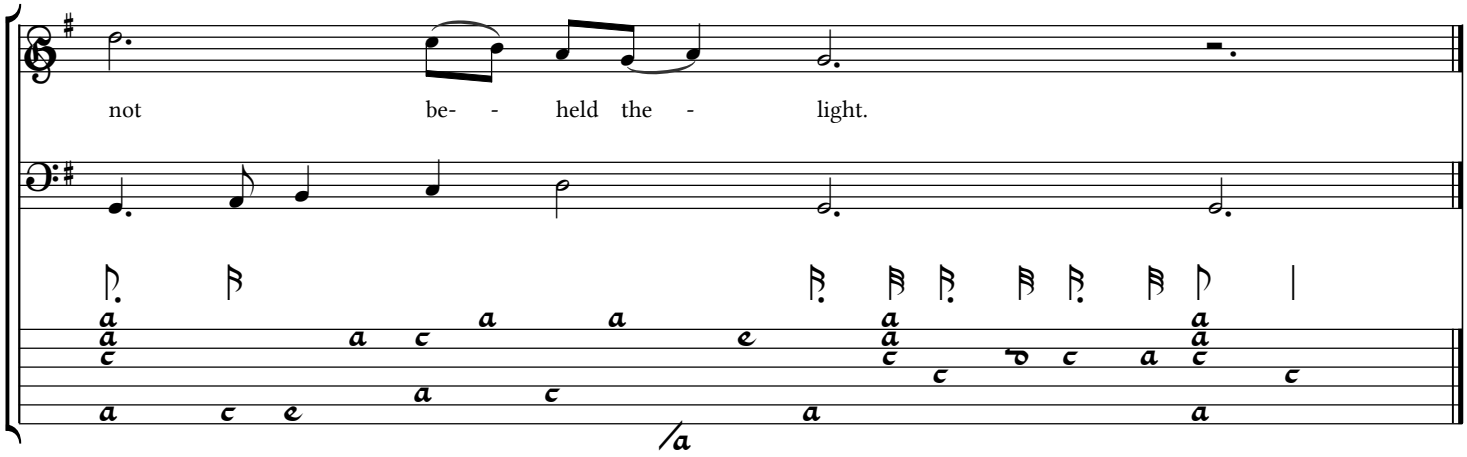

Behold a wonder here

Behold a wonder here:
Love hath receiv'd his sight,
Which many hundred, hundred, hundred years
Hath not beheld the light.

Such beams infused be
By Cynthia in his eyes,
As first have made, as first have made him see
And then have made him wise.

Love now no more will weep
For them that laugh the while;
Nor wake for them, nor wake for them that sleep,
Nor sigh for them that smile.

So pow'rful is the beauty
That Love doth now behold,
As Love is turn'd, as Love is turn'd to Duty
That's neither blind nor bold.

This Beauty shows her might
To be of double kind,
In giving Love, in giving
Love his sight And striking folly blind.

Daphne was not so chaste

Third book of ayres (1603), #4.

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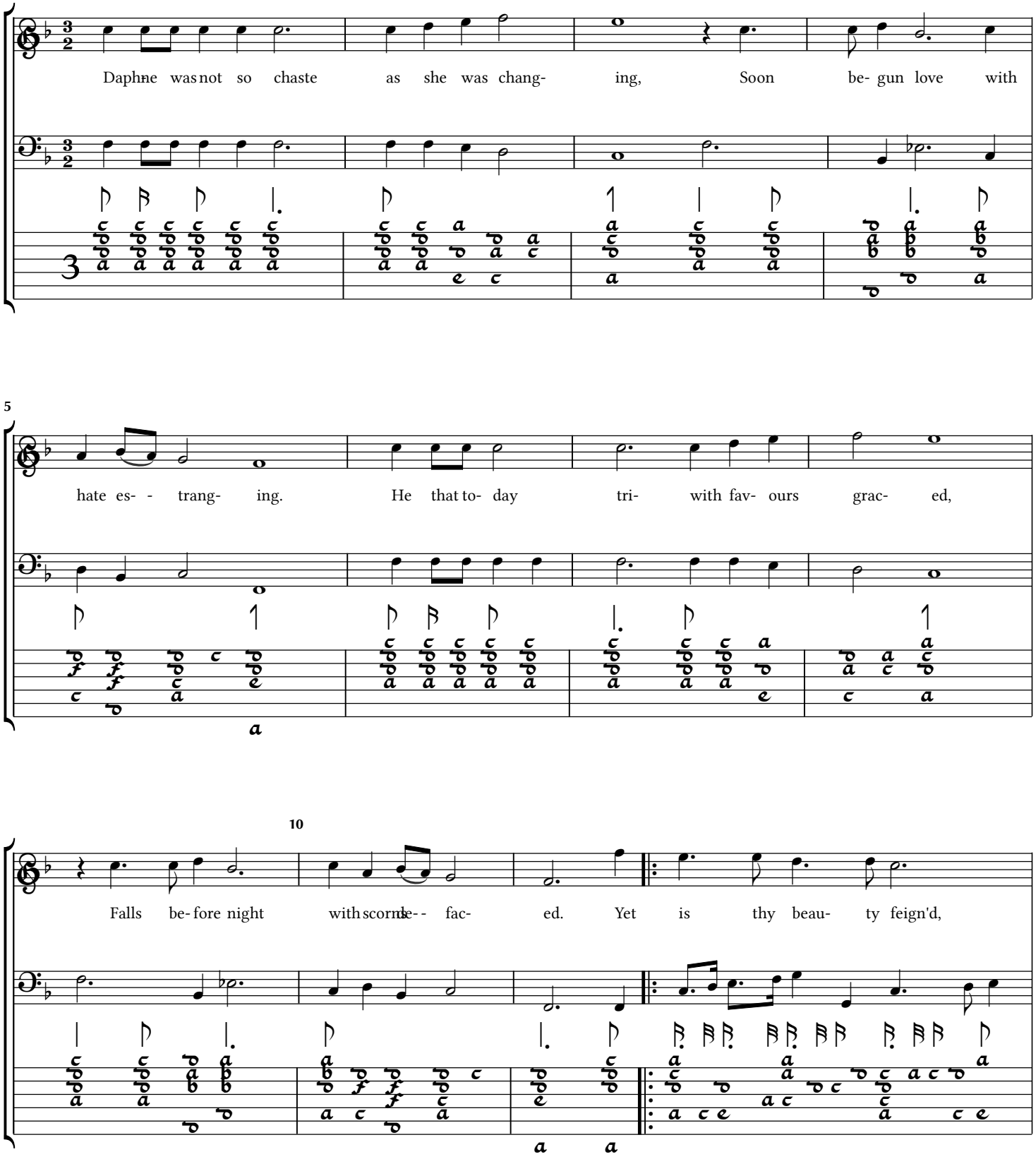
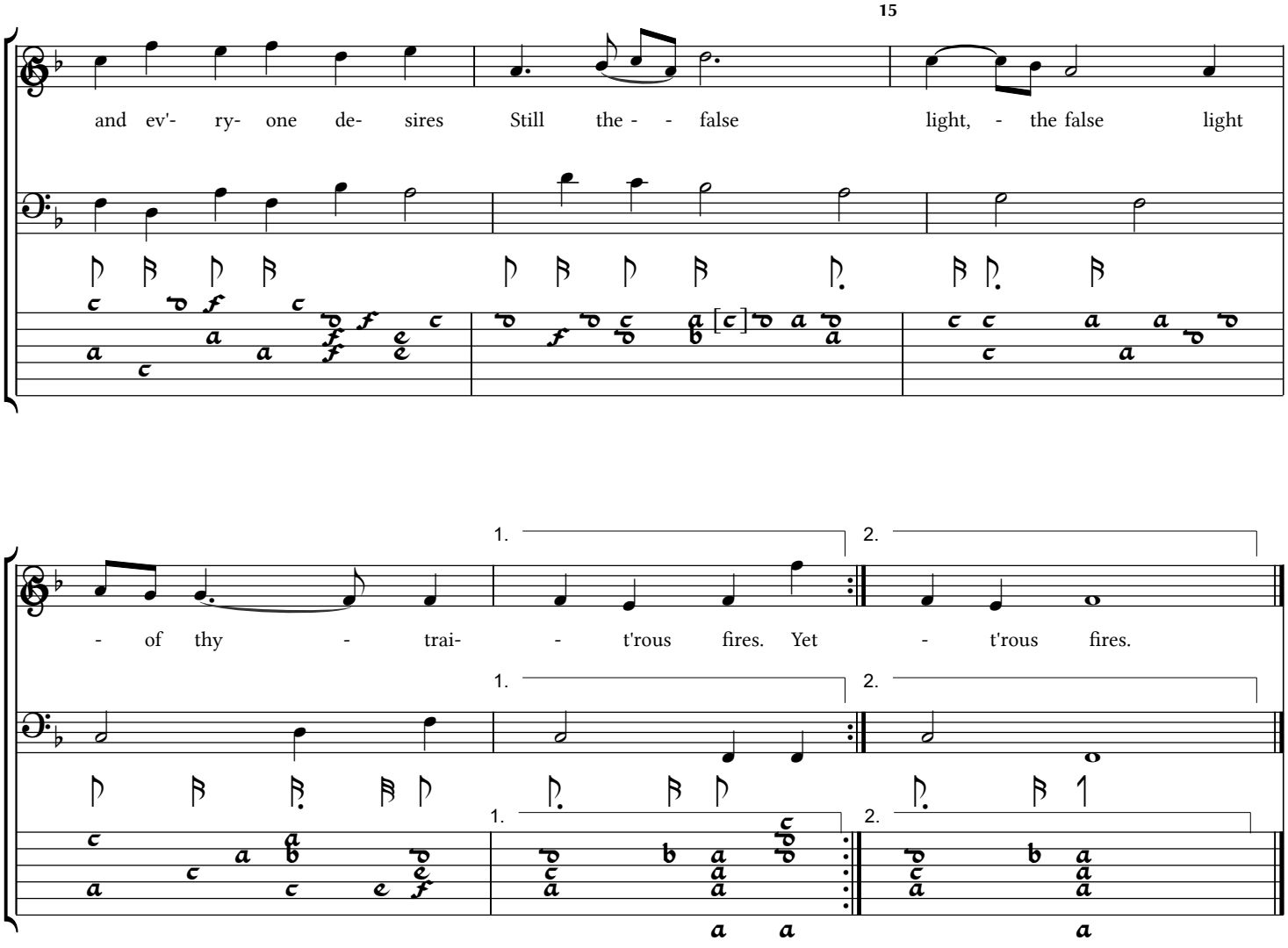



15
and ev'- ry- one de- sires Still the - - false light, - the false light
- of thy - trai- - t'rous fires. Yet - t'rous fires.
1.
2.

Daphne

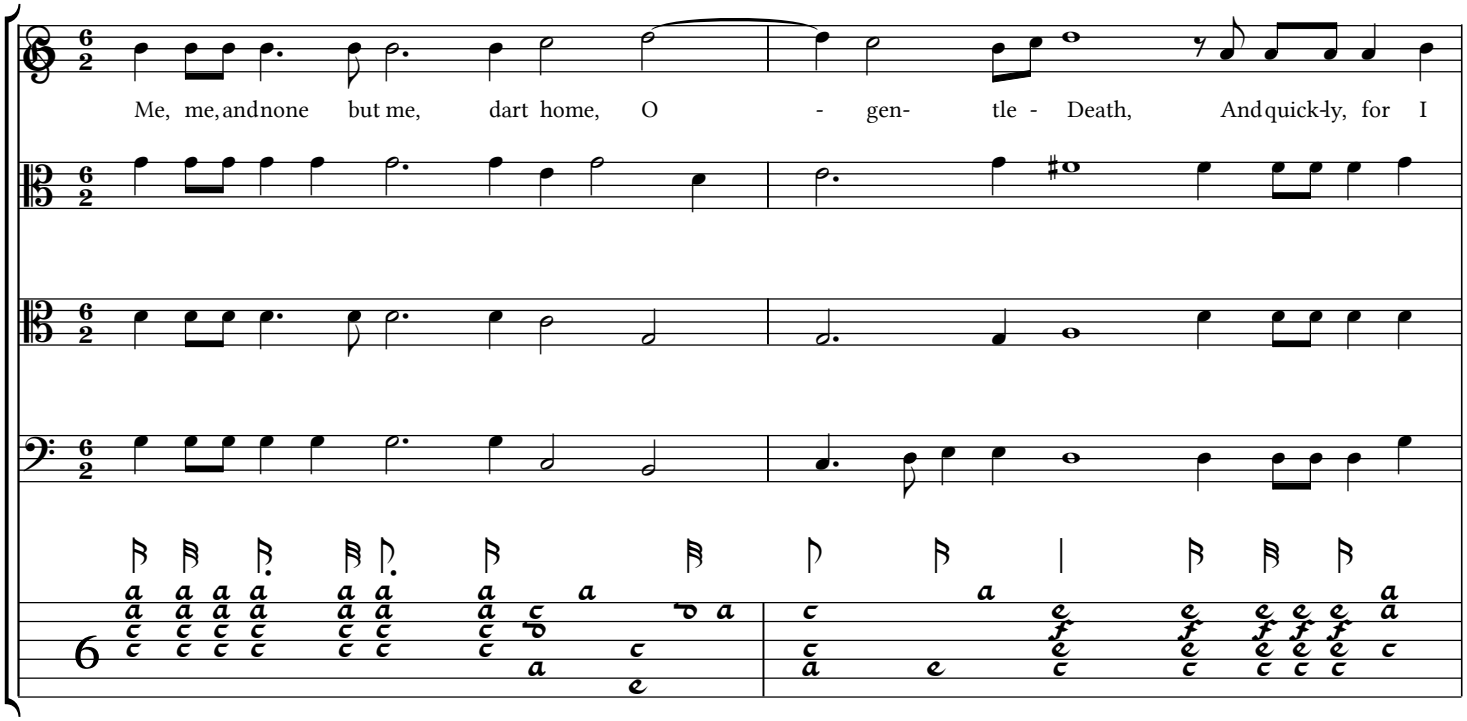
Daphne was not so chaste as she was changing,
Soon begun Love with hate estranging:
He that to day triumphs with favors graced,
fals before night with scornes defaced:
Yet is thy beautie fainde, and ev'rie one desires,
still the false light of thy traiterous fires.

Beautie can want no grace by true love viewed,
Fancie by lookes is still renued:
Like to a fruitfull tree it ever groweth,
Or the fresh-spring that endlesse floweth.
But if that beautie were of one consent with love,
Love should live free, and true pleasure prove.

Me, me, and none but me

Third book of ayres (1603), #5.

John Dowland



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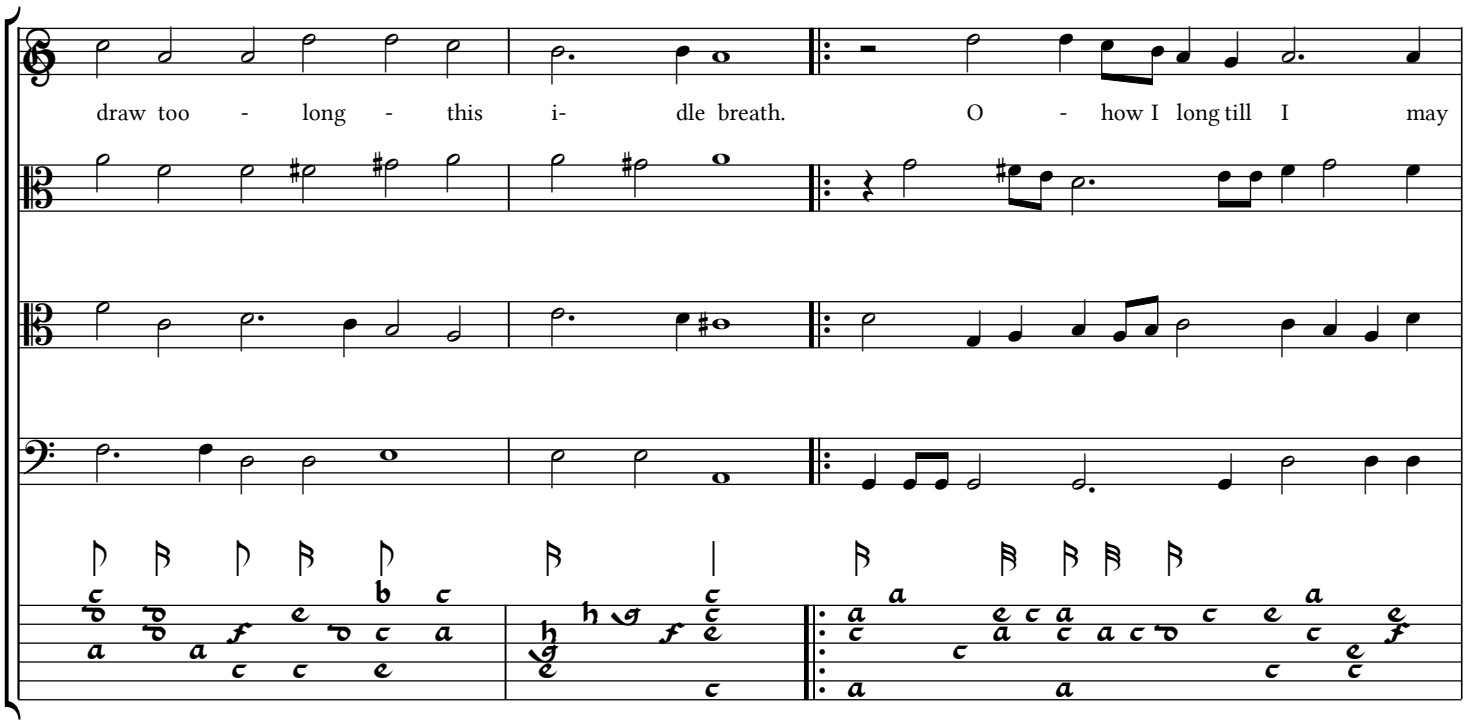
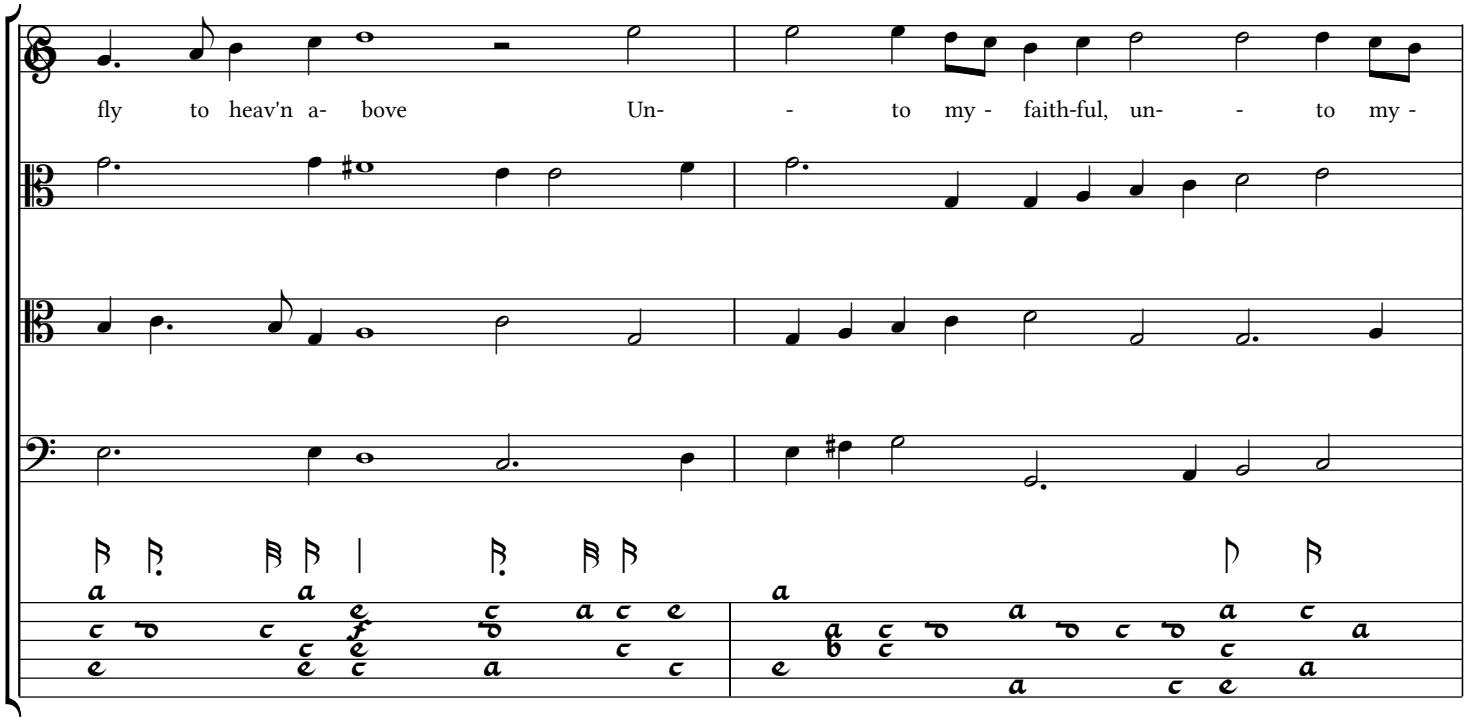
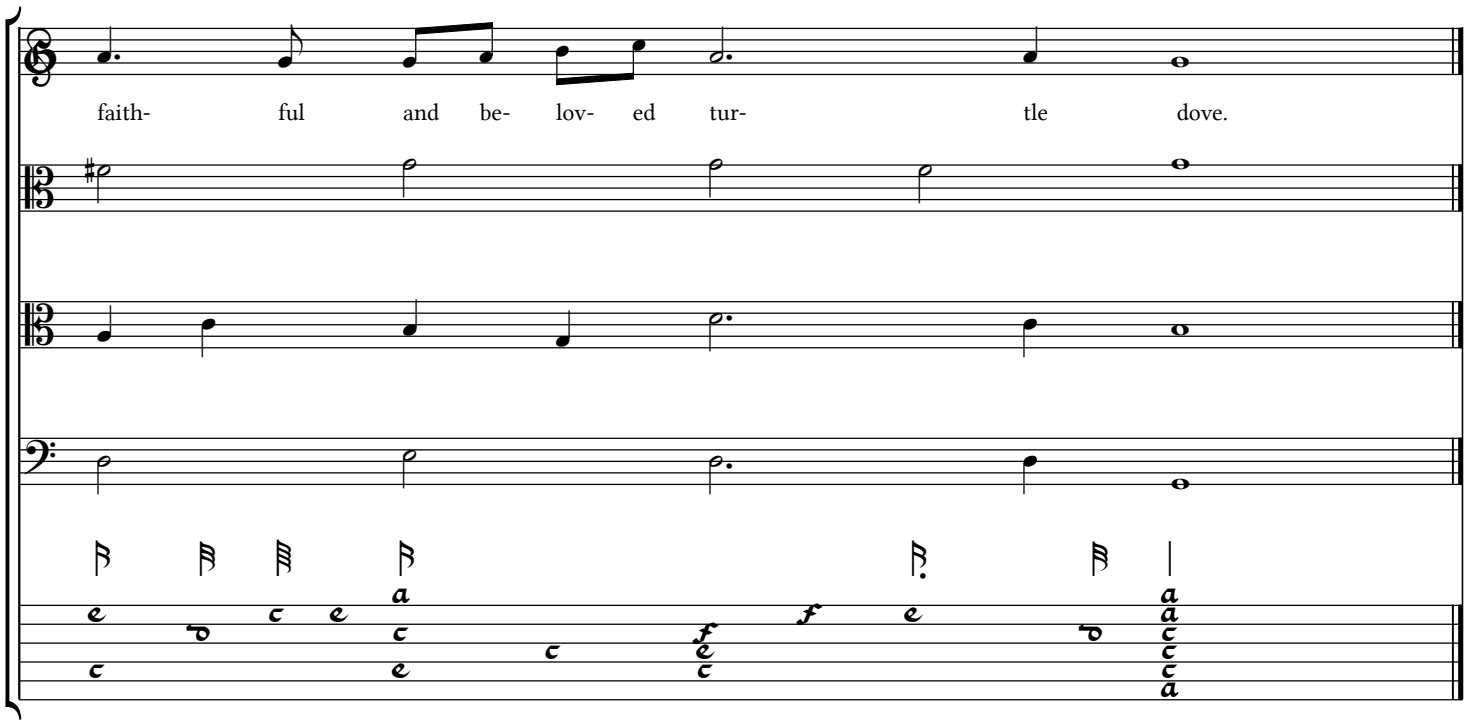



fly to heav'n a- bove Un- - to my - faith-ful, un- - to my -


faith- ful and be- lov- ed tur- tle dove.

Me, me, none but me

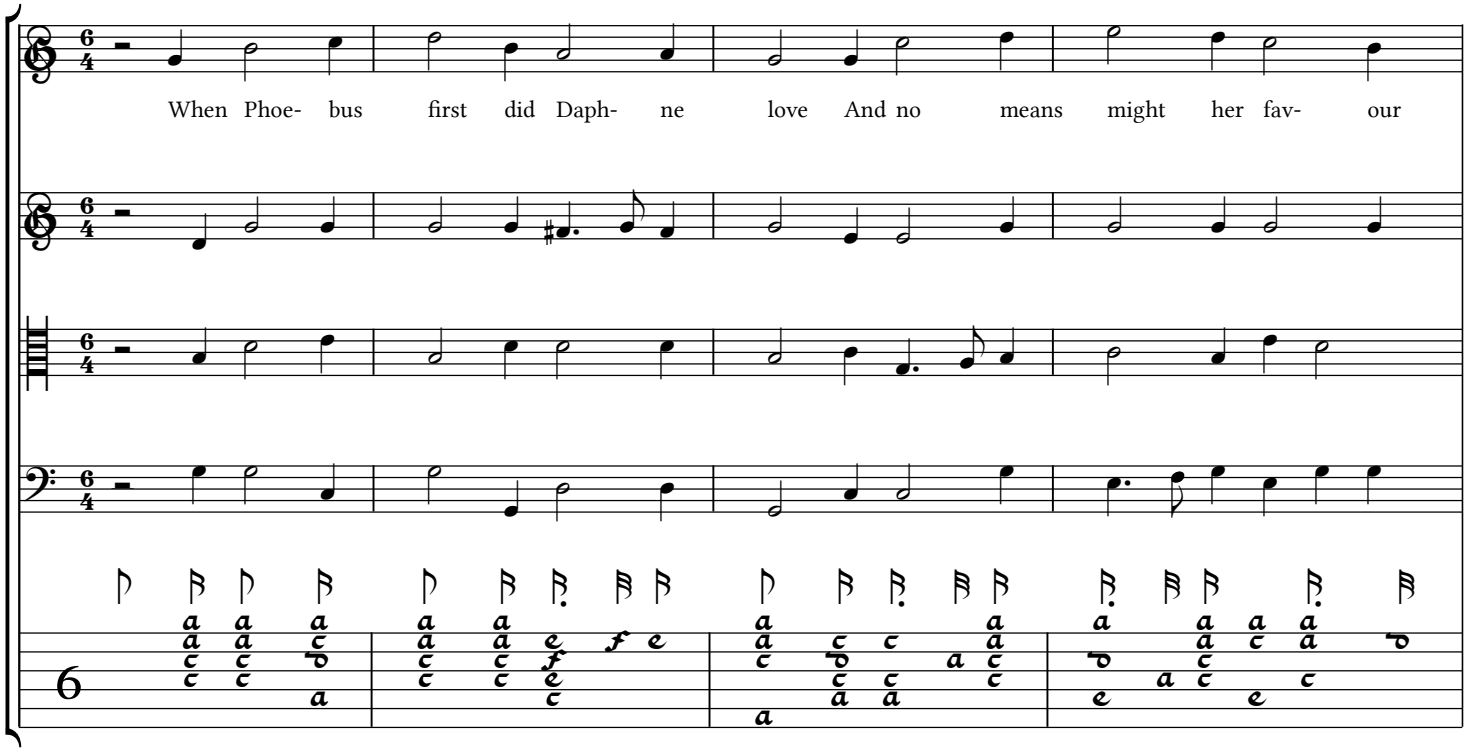
Me, me, and none but me, dart home,
O gentle Death, And quickly, for I draw too long this idle breath.
O how I long till I may fly to heav'n above
Unto my faithful, unto my faithful and beloved turtle dove.

Like to the silver swan, before my death I sing;
And, yet alive, my fatal knell I help to ring.
Still I desire from earth and earthly joys to fly.
He never happy liv'd, never happy liv'd that cannot love to die.

When Phoebus first did Daphne love

Third book of ayres (1603), #6.

John Dowland



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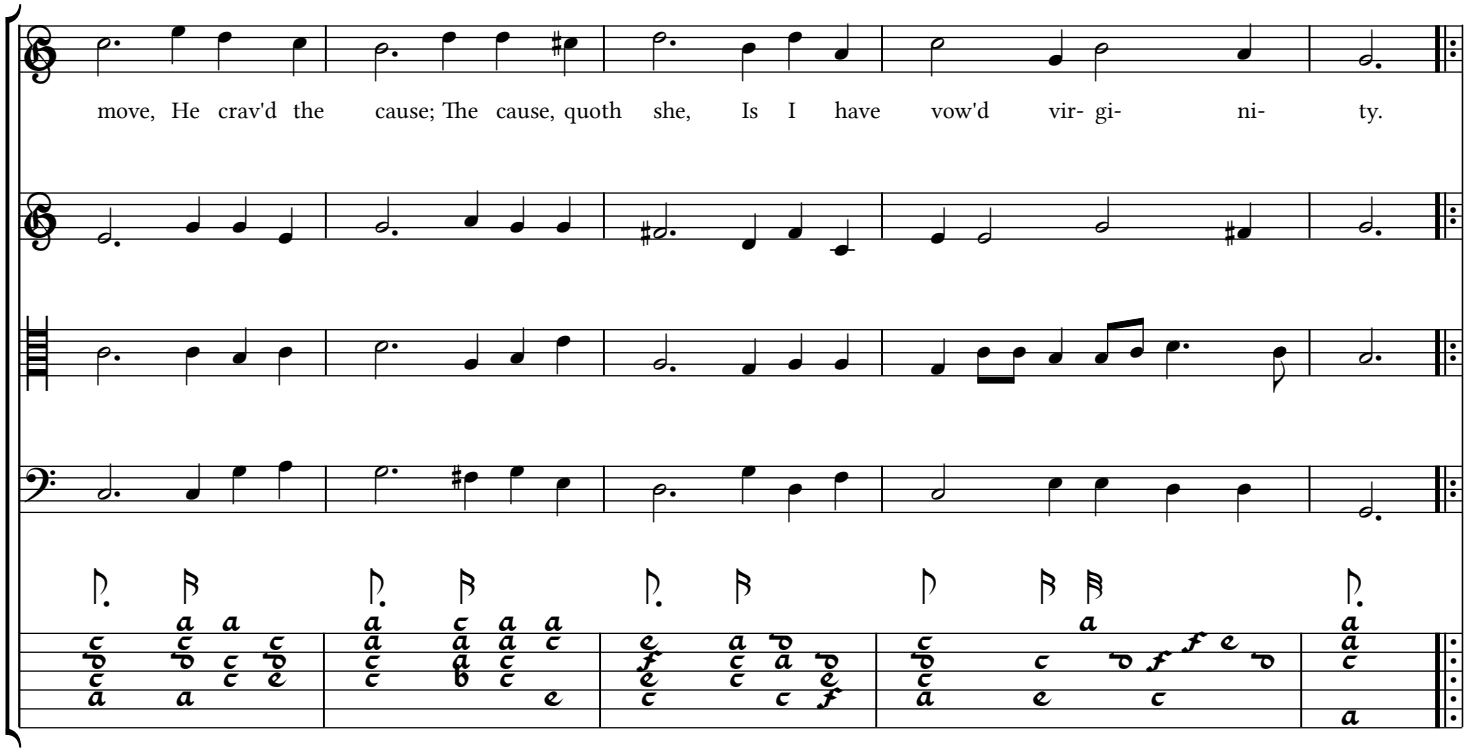

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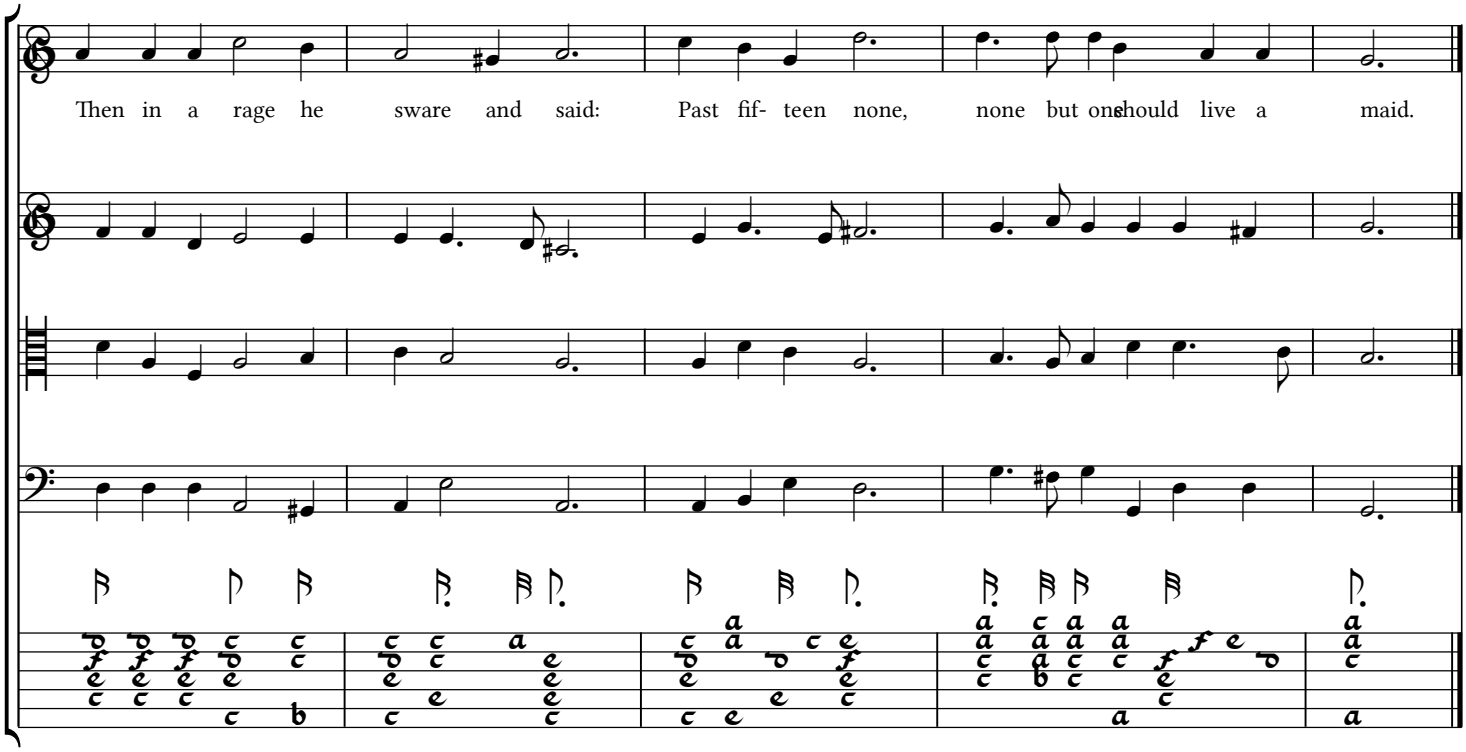

Then in a rage he sware and said: Past fif- teen none, none but one should live a maid.

When Phoebus first

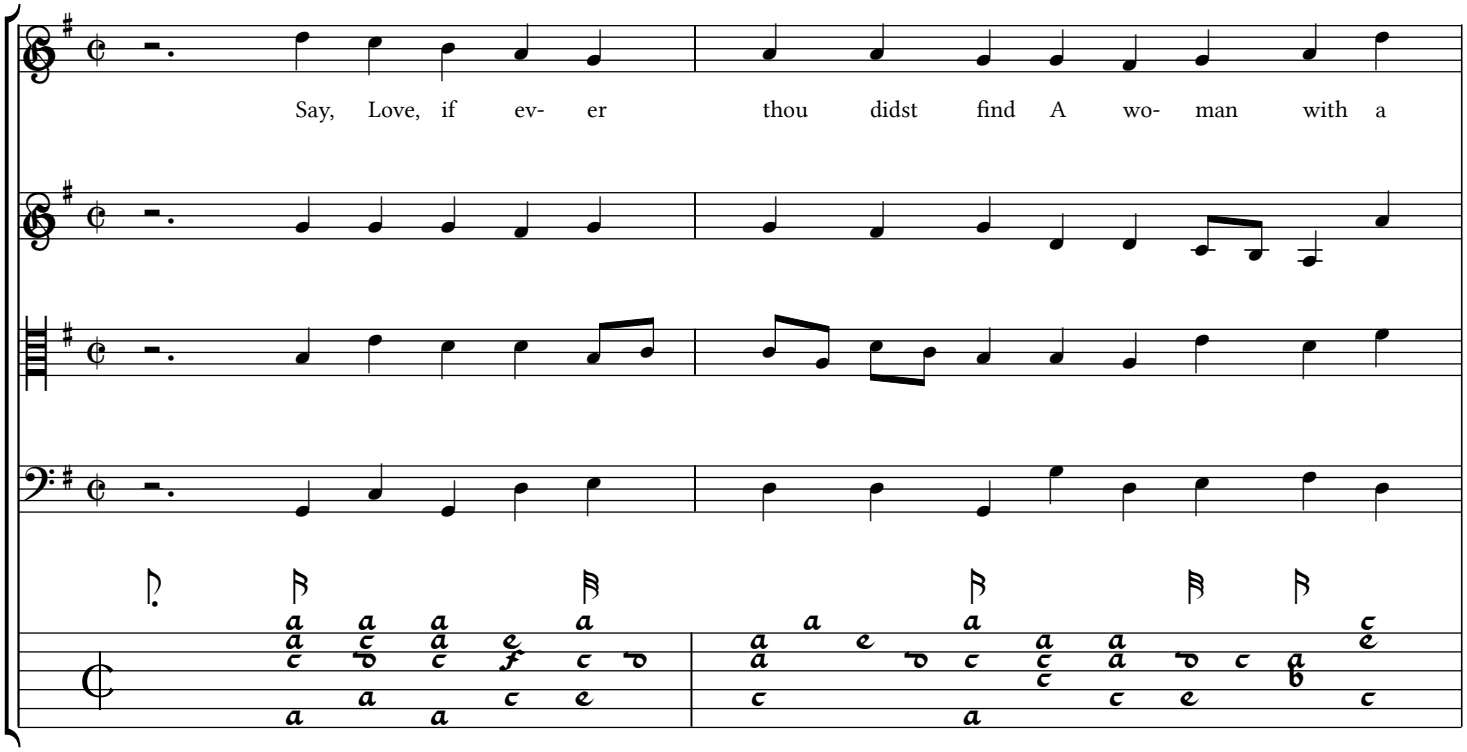
When Phoebus first did Daphne love
And no means might her favour move,
He crav'd the cause; The cause, quoth she,
Is I have vow'd virginity.
Then in a rage he sware and said:
Past fifteen none, none but one should live a maid.

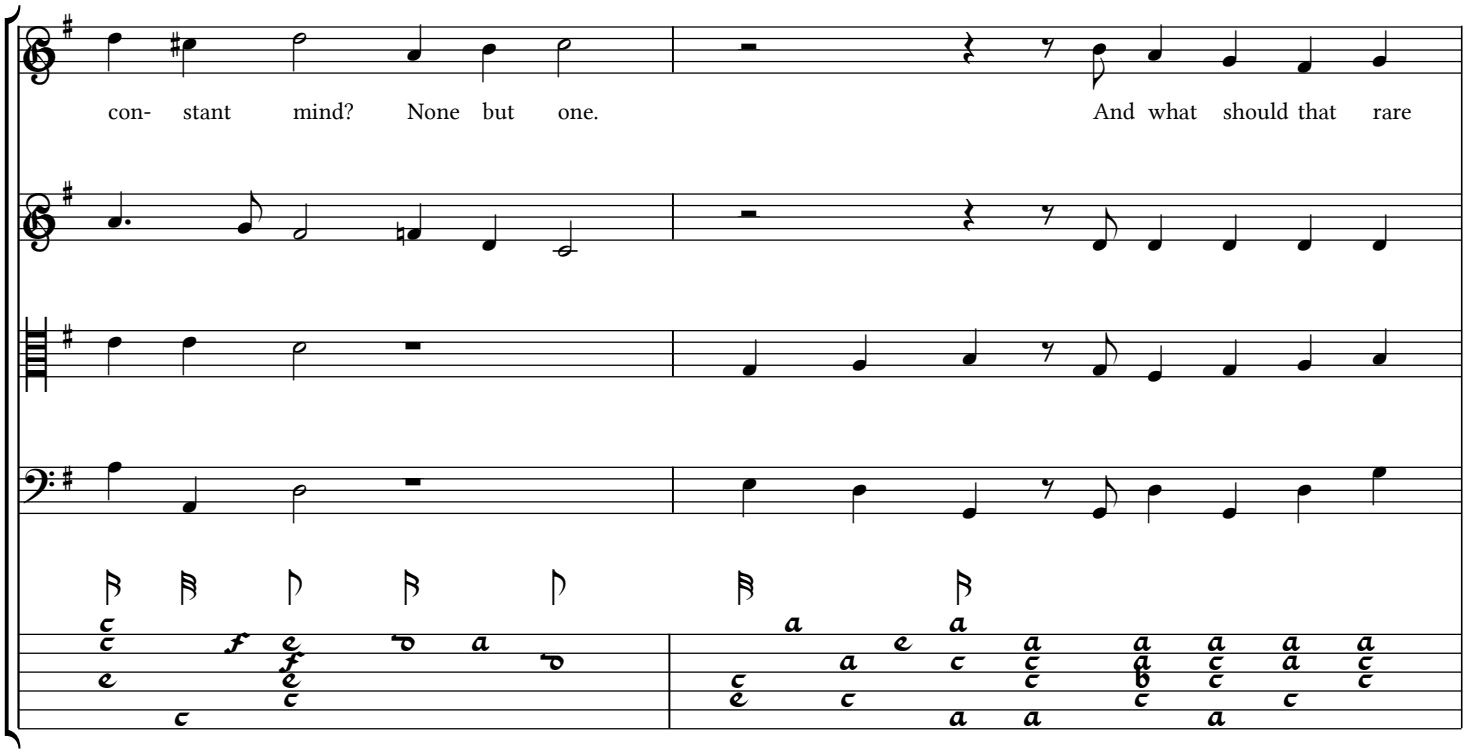
If maidens then shall chance be sped
Ere they can scarcely dress their head,
Yet pardon them, for they be loath
To make good Phoebus break his oath.
And better 'twere a child were born
Than that a god, that a god should be forsworn.

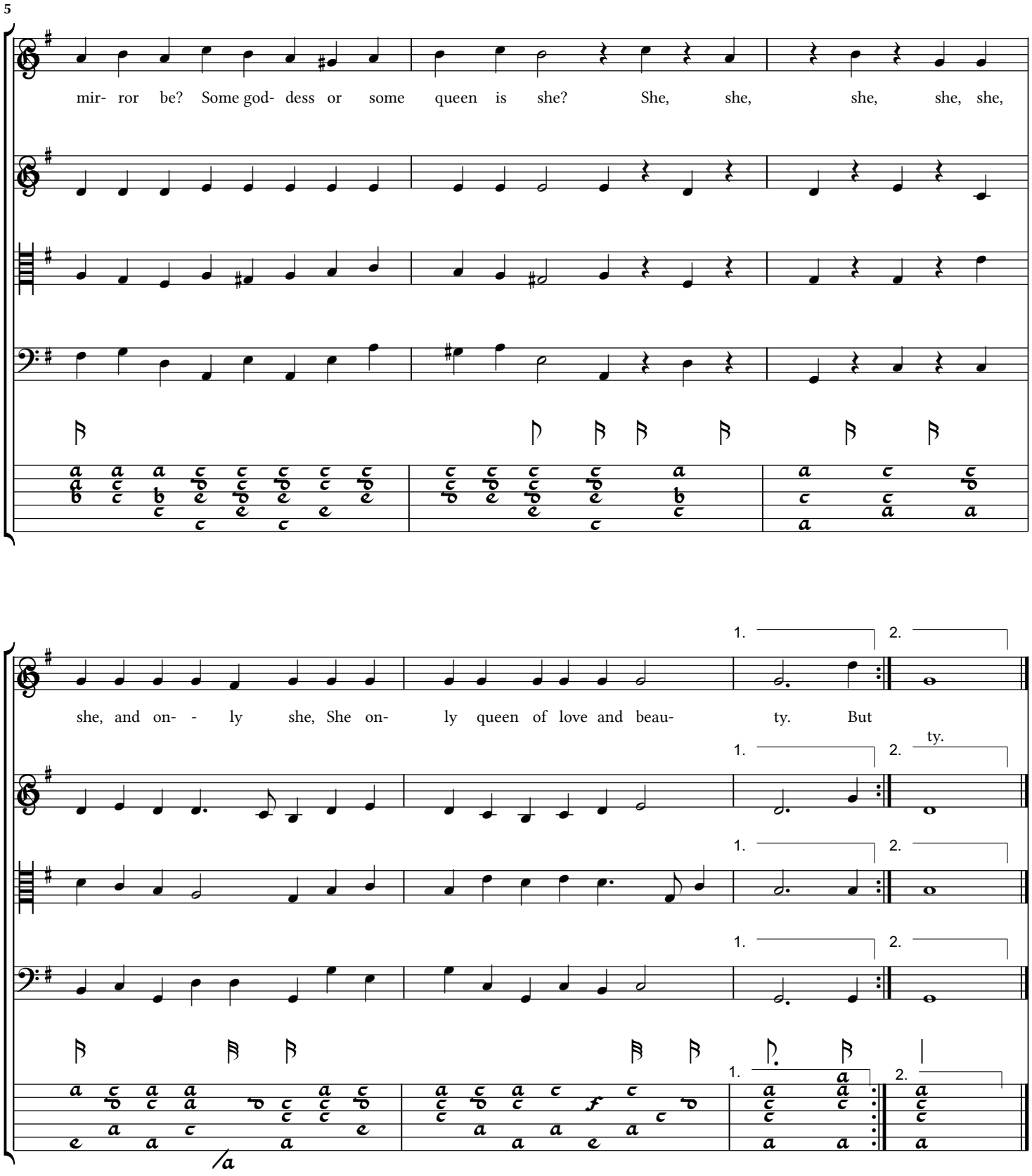
Say, Love, if ever thou didst find

Third book of ayres (1603), #7.

John Dowland






5
mir- ror be? Some god- dess or some queen is she? She, she, she, she, she,
she, and on- - ly she, She on- ly queen of love and beau- ty. But
ty.
1.
2.

Say, Love, if ever thou didst find

Say, Love, if ever thou didst find
A woman with a constant mind?
None but one.
And what should that rare mirror be?
Some goddess or some queen is she?
She, she, she, she, she, she, and only she,
She only queen of love and beauty. But

[But] could thy fiery poison'd dart
At no time touch her spotless heart,
Nor come near?
She is not subject to Love's bow;
Her eye commands, her heart saith
"No", No, no, no, no, no, no, and only no,
One "No", another still doth follow. How

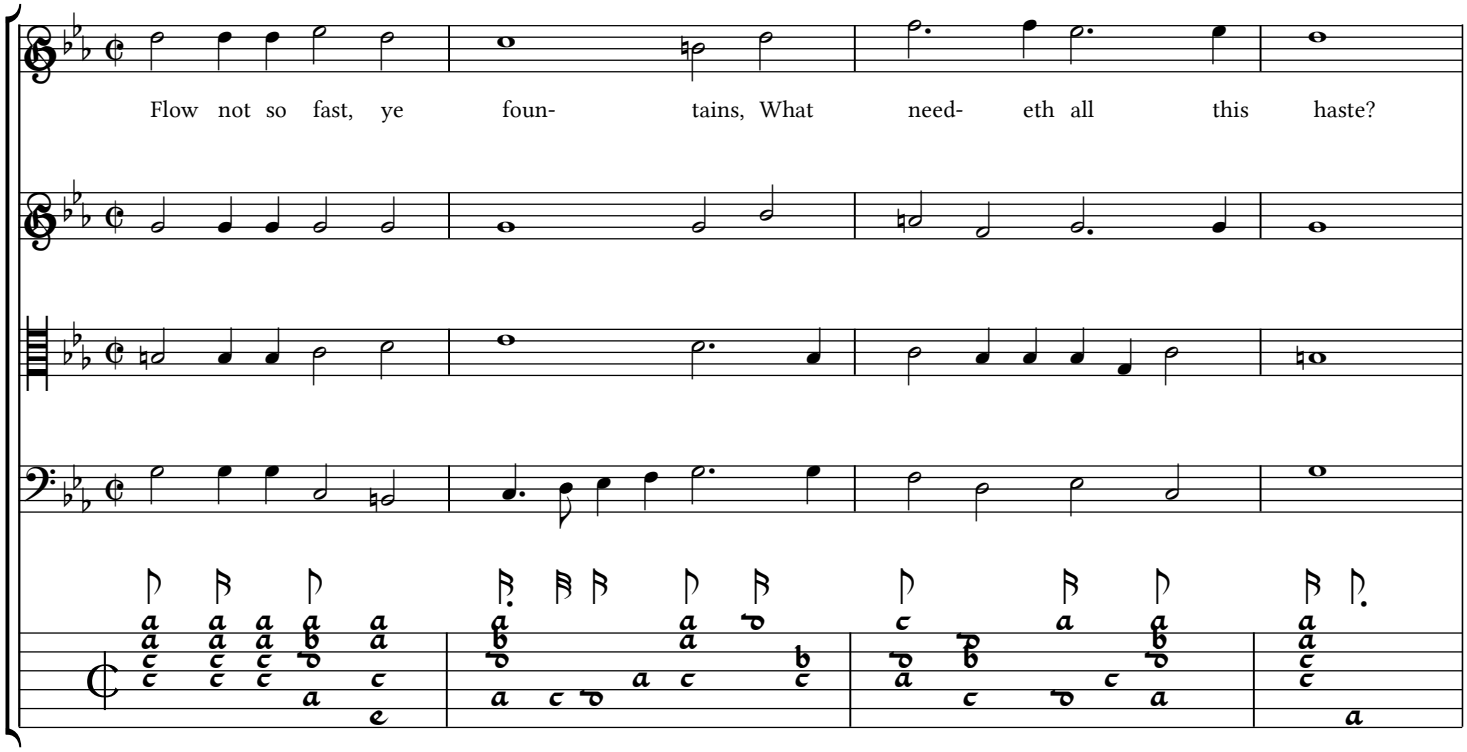
[How] might I that fair wonder know
That mocks desire with endless "No"?
See the moon
That ever in one change doth grow,
Yet still the same; and she is so,
So, so, so, so, so, so, and only so,
From heav'n her virtues she doth borrow.

[To] her then yield thy shafts and bow
That can command affections so.
Love is free;
So are her thoughts that vanquish thee.
There is no queen of love but she,
She she, she she, she, she, and only she,
She only queen of love and beau

Flow not so fast, ye fountains

Third book of ayres (1603), #8.

John Dowland



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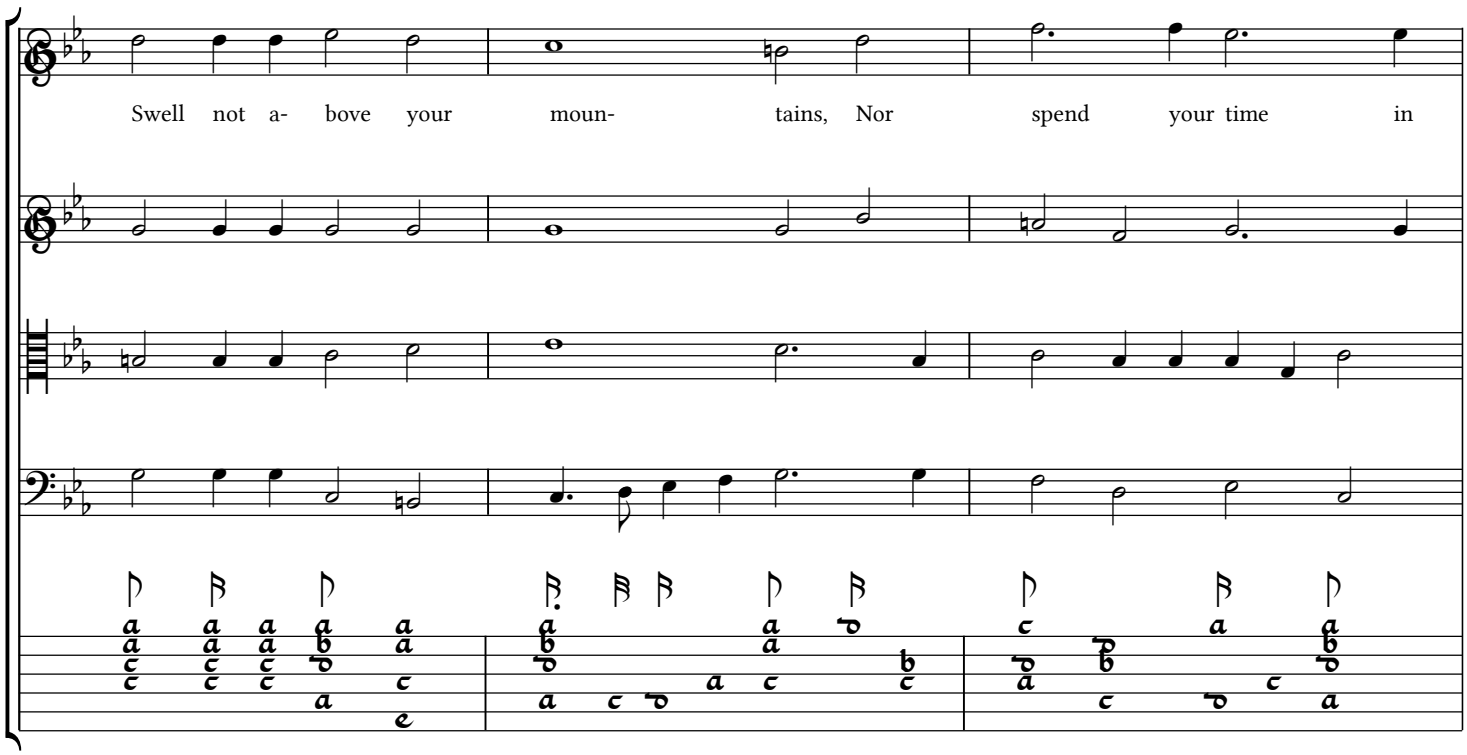
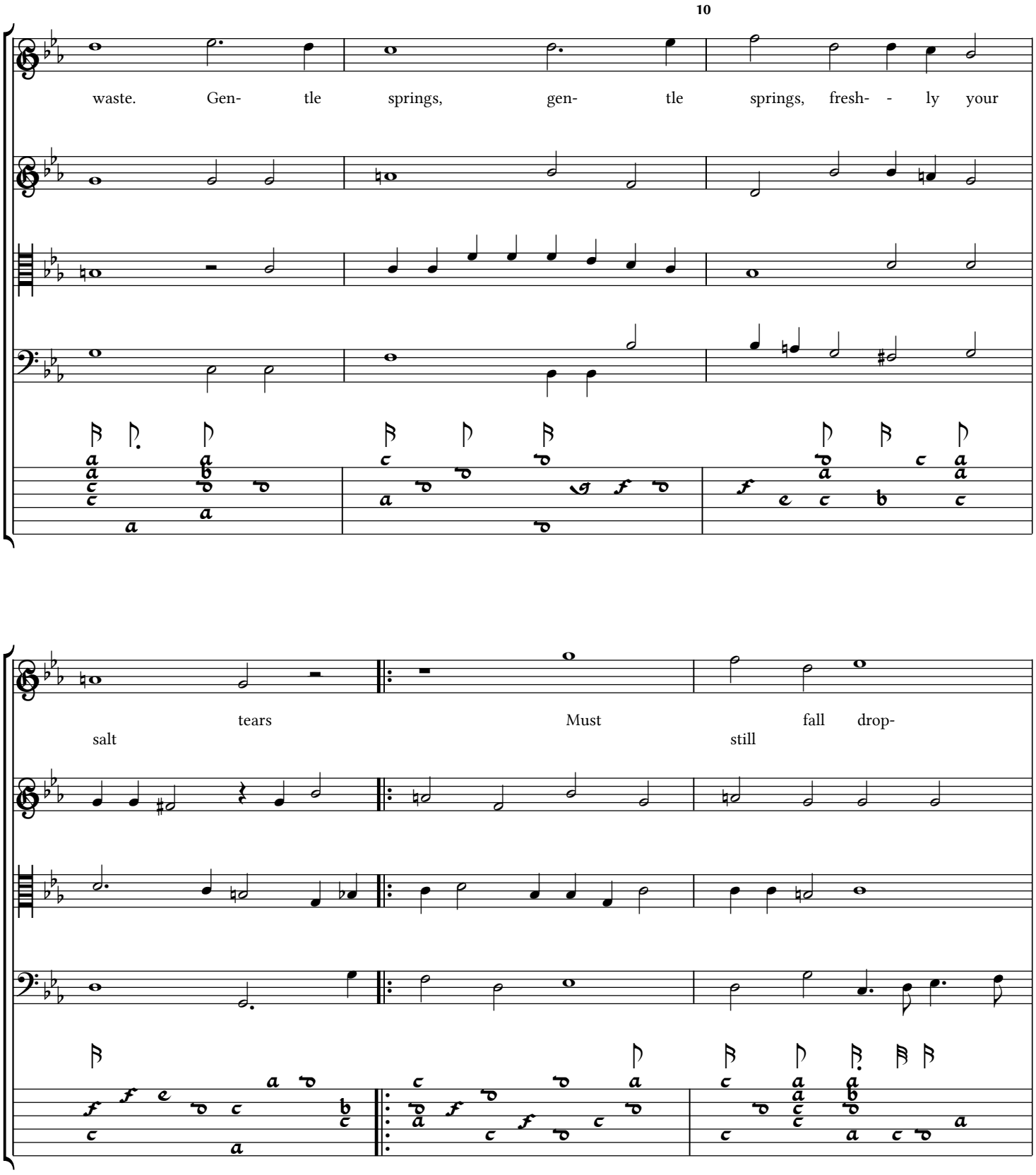



10
waste. Gen- tle springs, gen- tle springs, fresh- - ly your
salt tears Must fall drop-
still

15

ping, must still fall ping, drop- ping, drop-

drop- ping, drop- fall drop- their springs. springs.

ping, - pingfrom

1. 2.

Flow not so fast, ye fountains,

Flow not so fast, ye fountains,
What needeth all this haste?
Swell not above your mountains,
Nor spend your time in waste.

Weep they apace, whom reason
Or ling'ring time can ease.
My sorrow can no season
Nor aught besides appease:

Gentle springs, gentle springs,
freshly your salt tears

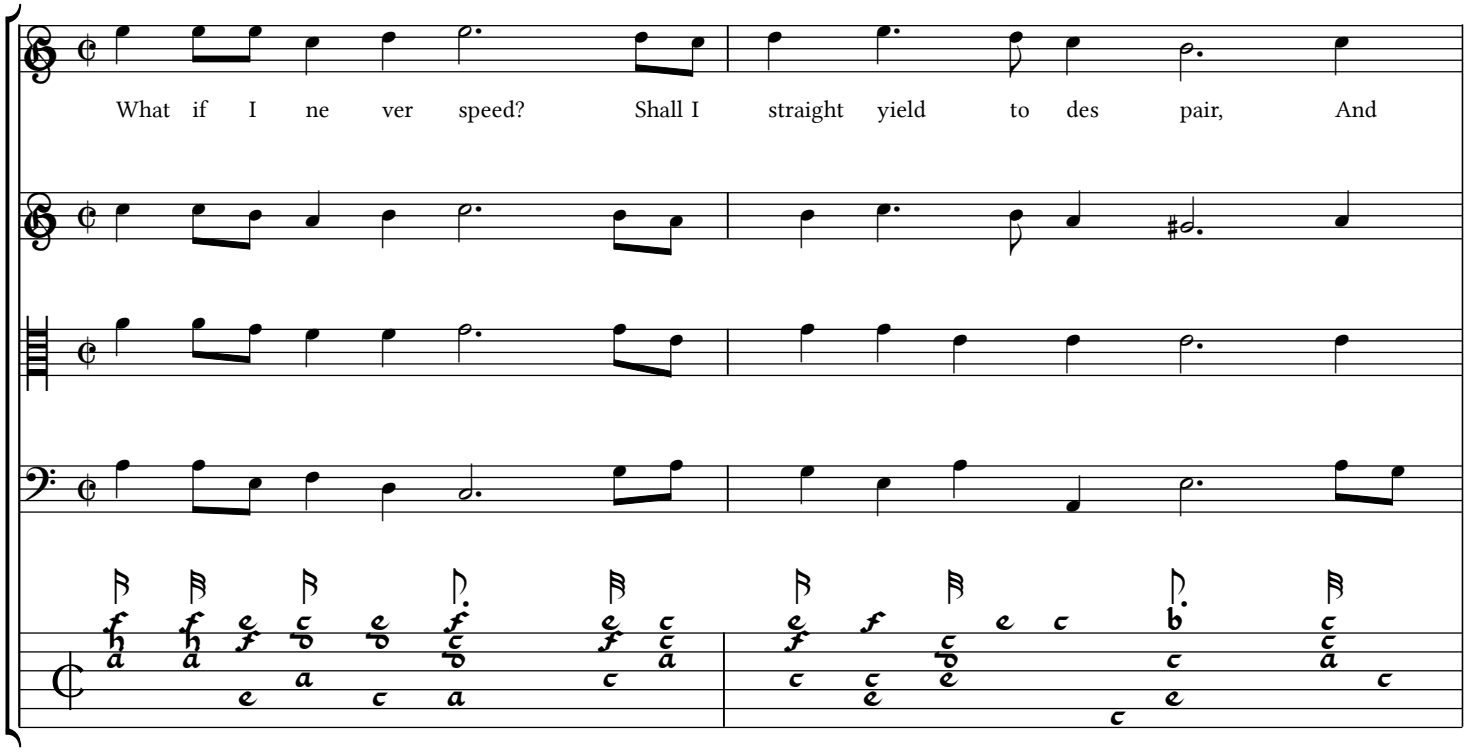
Must still fall dropping,
must still fall dropping, dropping,
dropping, dropping, fall
dropping from their springs. springs.

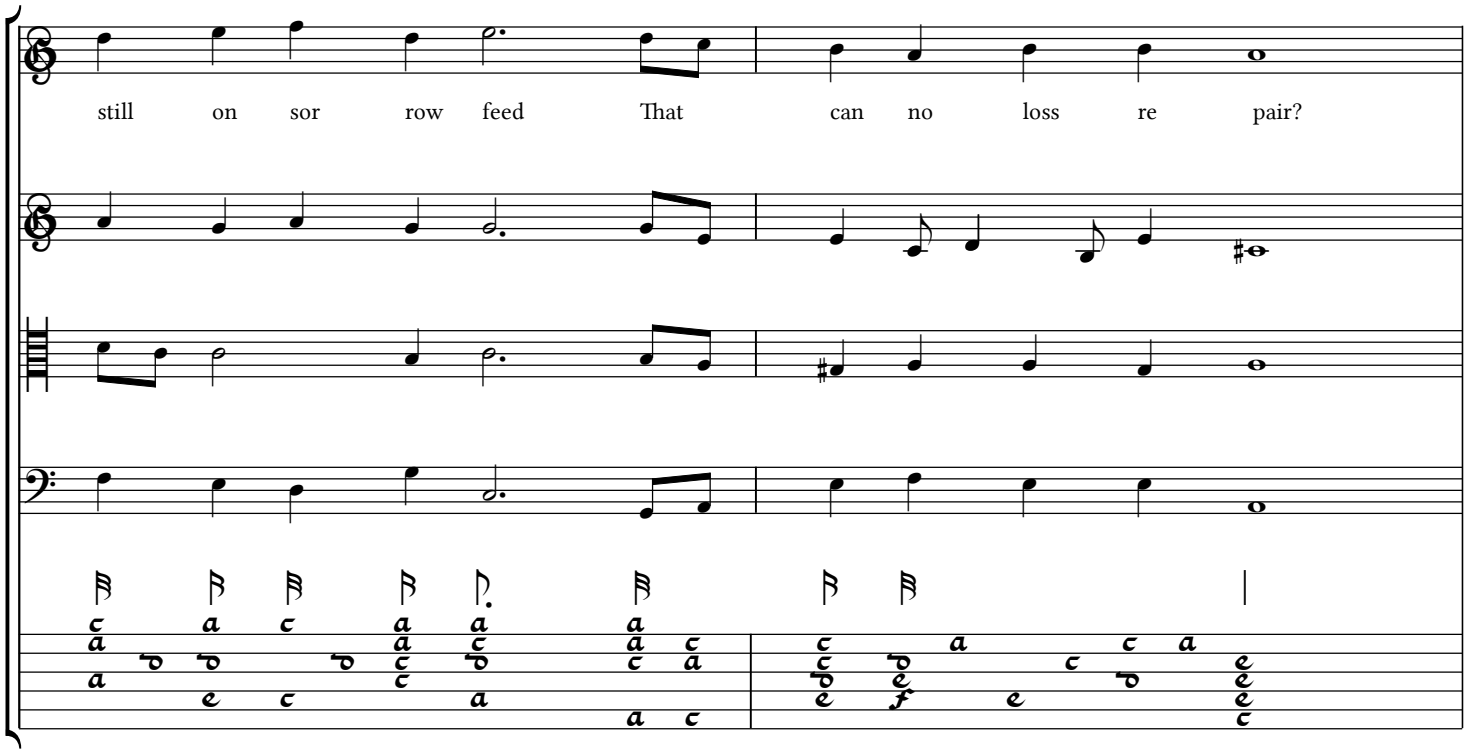
Time can abate the terror
Of ev'ry common pain;
But common grief is error,
True grief will still remain.

Gentle springs, gentle springs,
freshly your salt tears

What if I never speed?

Third book of ayres (1603), #9





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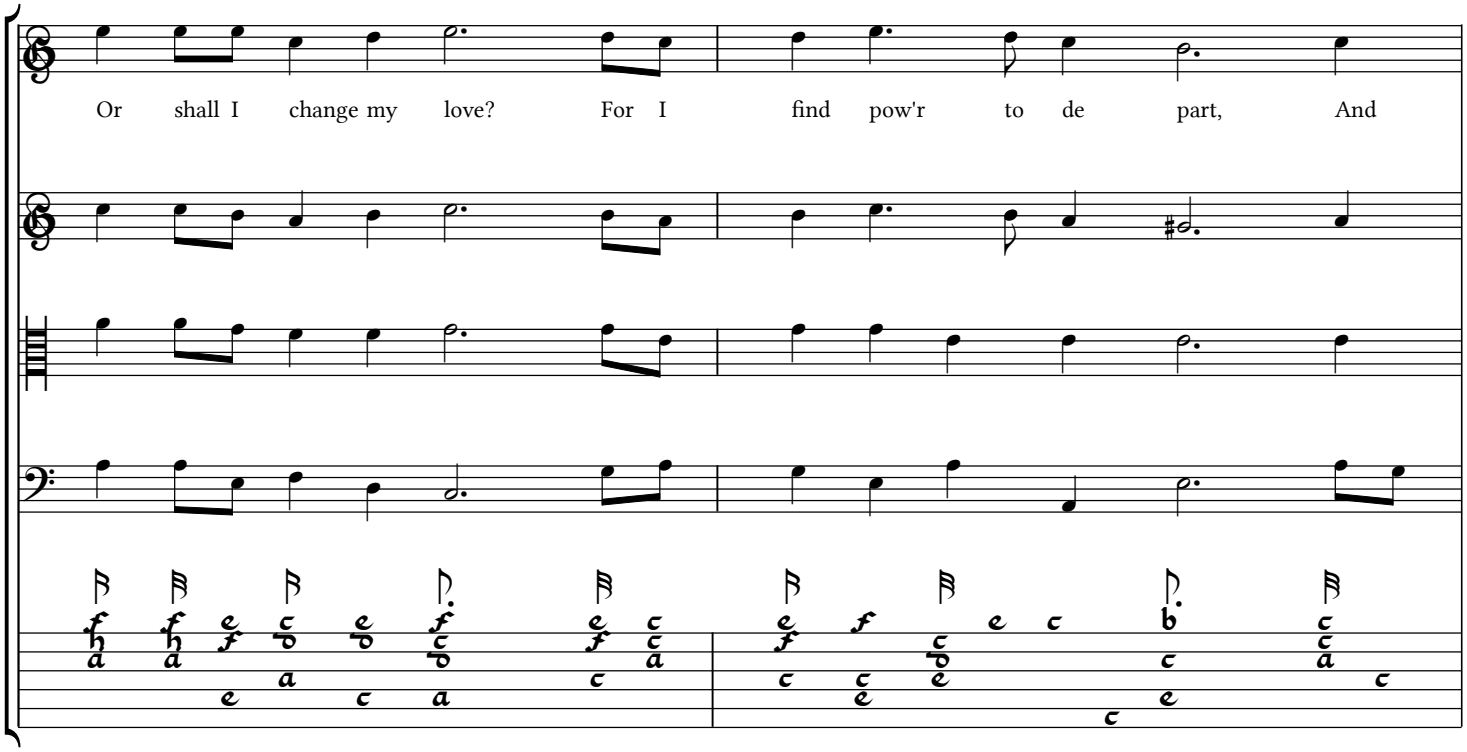
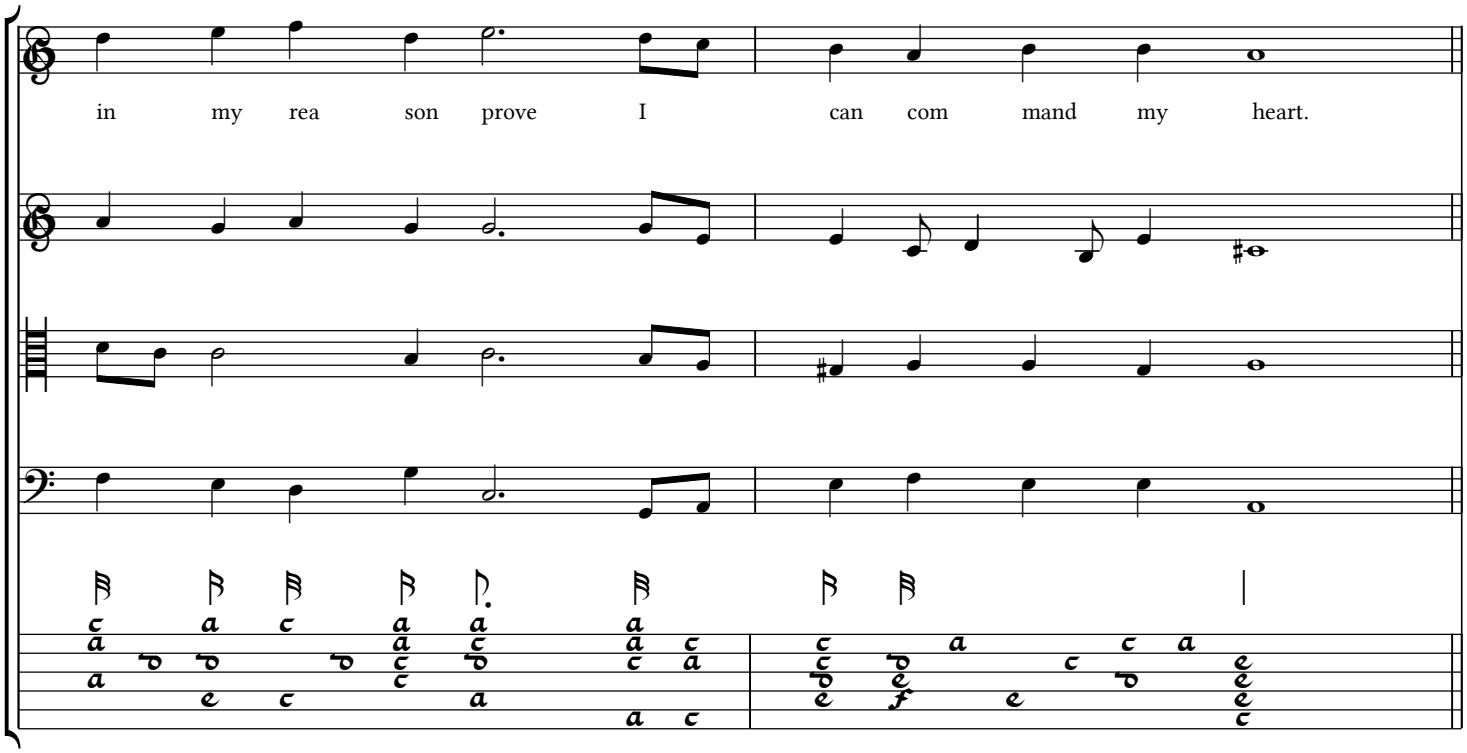
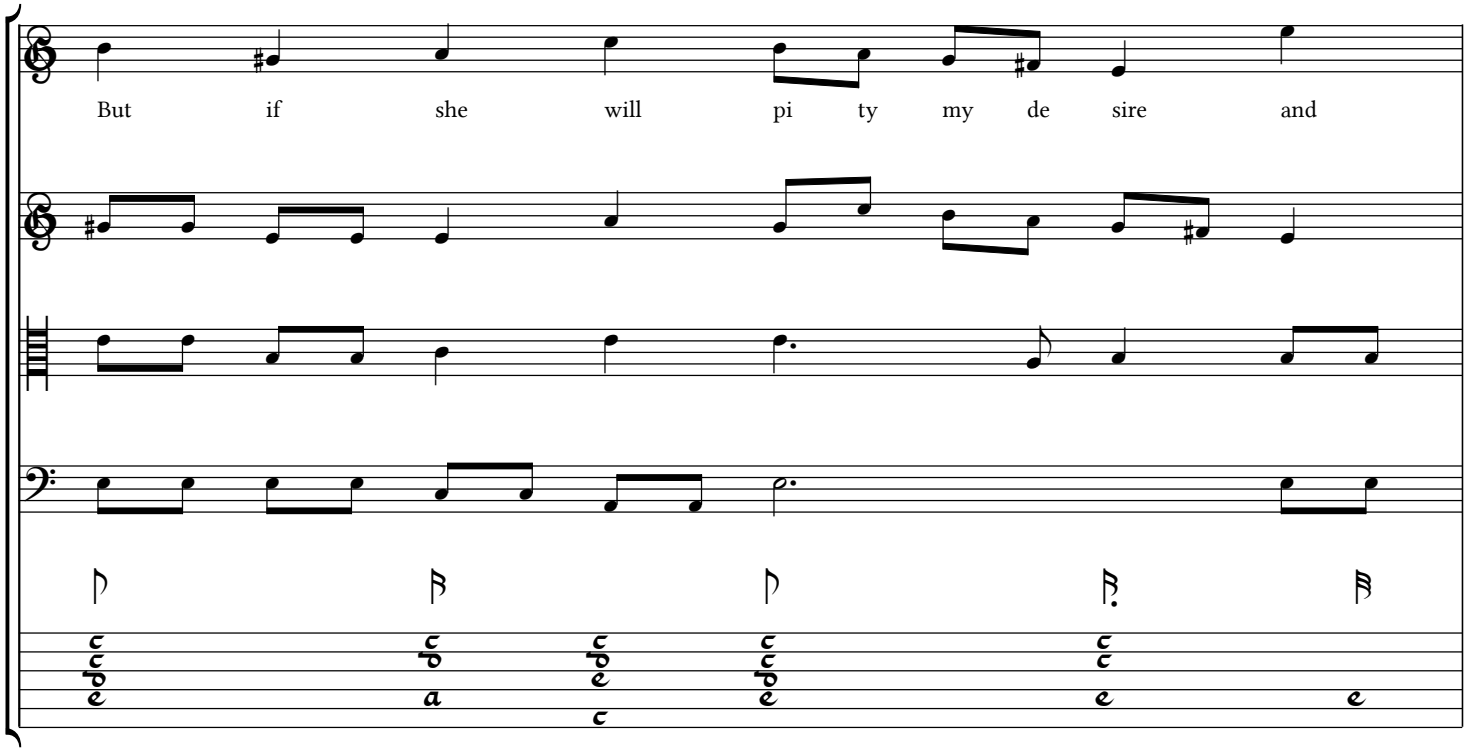

Or shall I change my love? For I find pow'r to de part, And


in my rea son prove I can com mand my heart.


But if she will pi ty my de sire and

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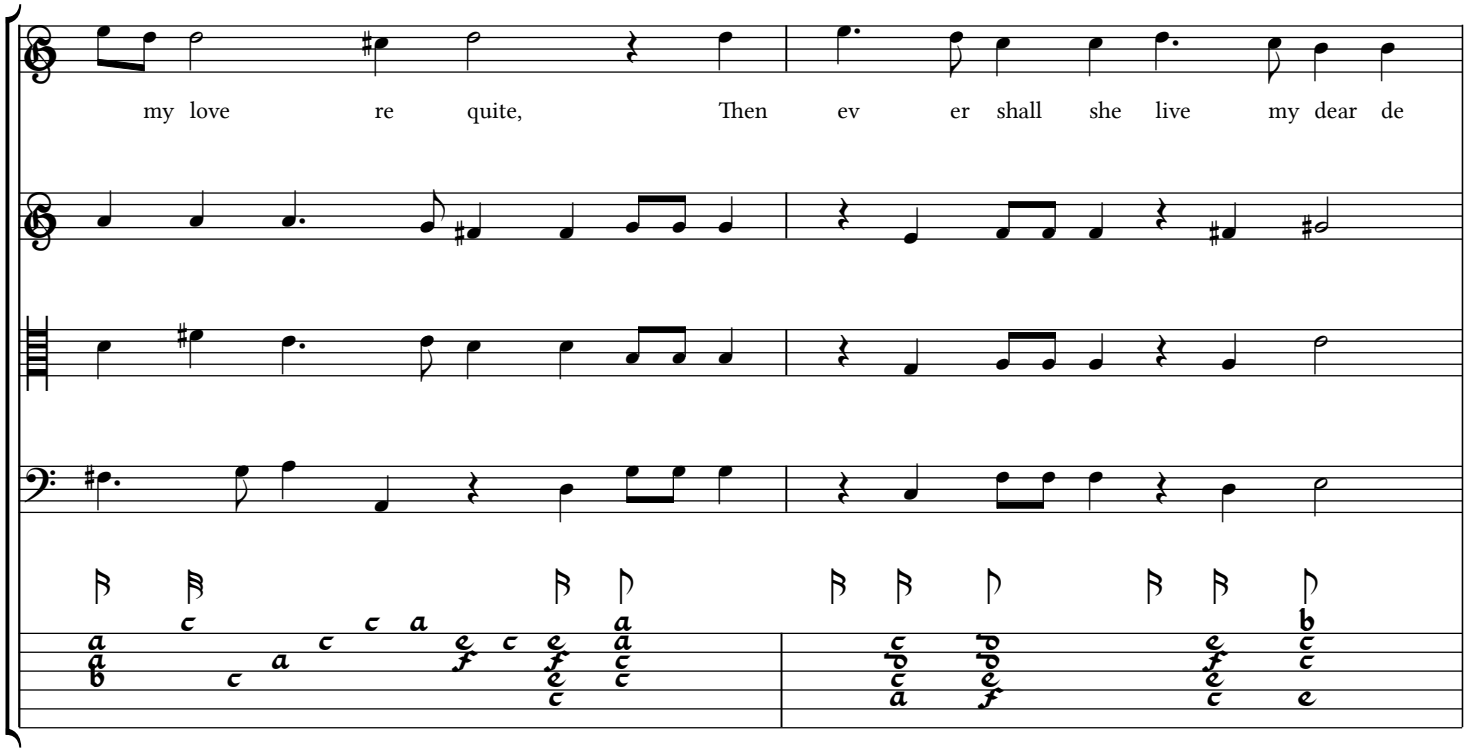
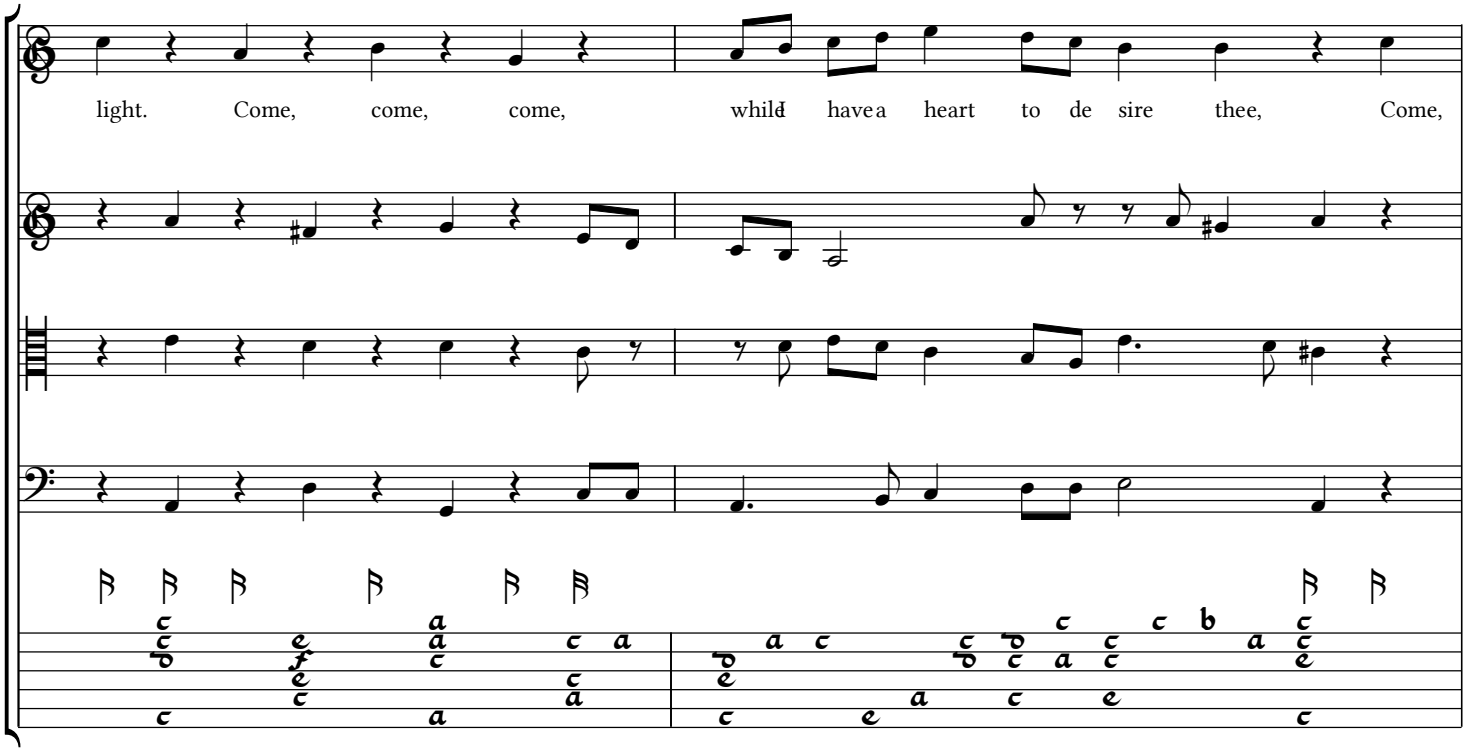
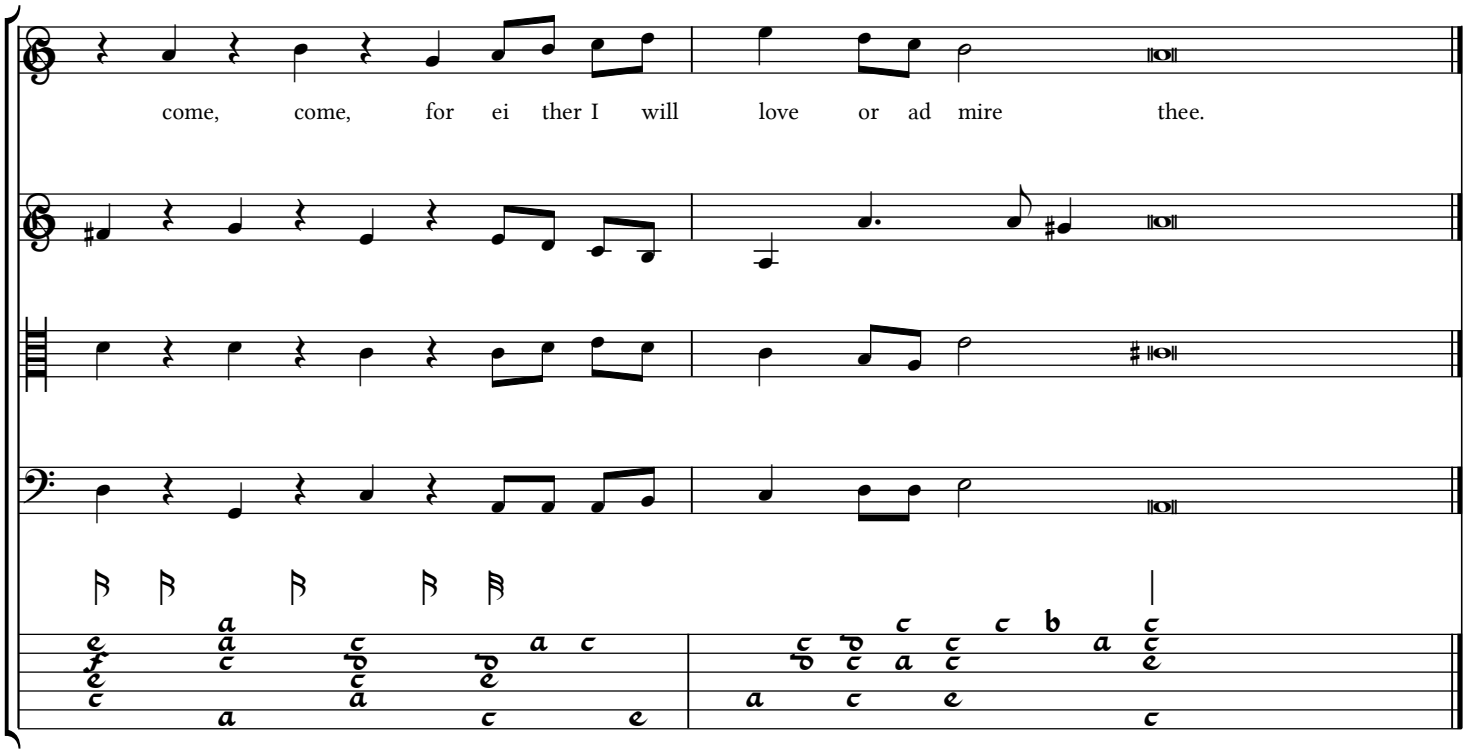

my love re quite, Then ev er shall she live my dear de


light. Come, come, come, whild have a heart to de sire thee, Come,

15


come, come, for ei ther I will love or ad mire thee.

What if I never speed?

What if I never speed?
Shall I straight yield to des pair,
And still on sor row feed
That can no loss re pair?

Or shall I change my love?
For I find pow'r to de part,
And in my reason prove
I can command my heart.

But if she will pity my desire and my love requite,
Then ever shall she live my dear delight.
Come, come, come, while I have a heart to desire thee,
Come, come, come, for either I will love or admire thee.

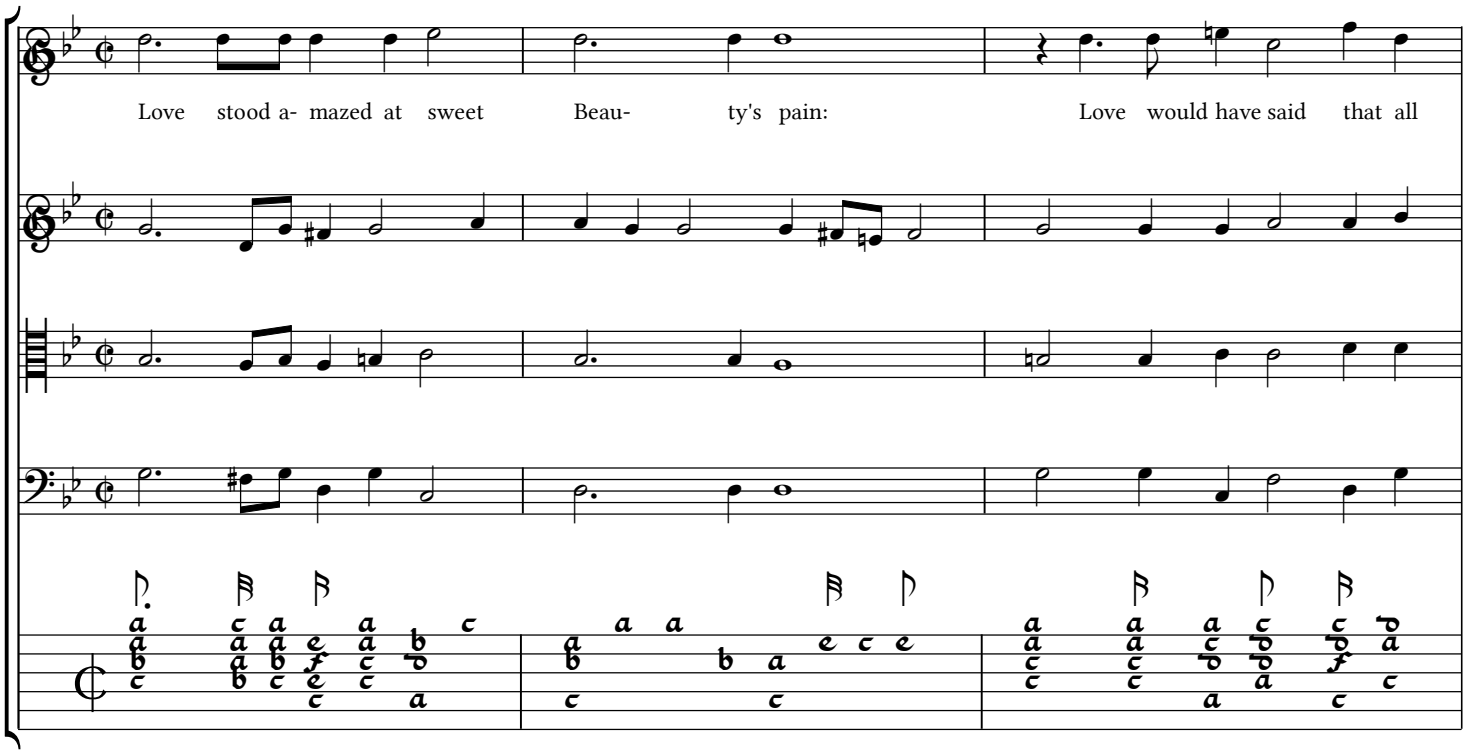
Oft have I dreamed of joy,
yet I never felt the sweete,
But tired with annoy,
my griefs each other greete.
Oft have I left my hope,
as a wretch by fate forlorn,

But Love aims at one scope, and lost will still returne.
He that once loves with a true desire never can depart,
For Cupid is the king of every heart.
Come, come, come, while I have a heart to desire thee.
Come, come, come, for either I will love or admire thee.

Love stood amazed

Third book of ayres (1603), #10.

John Dowland



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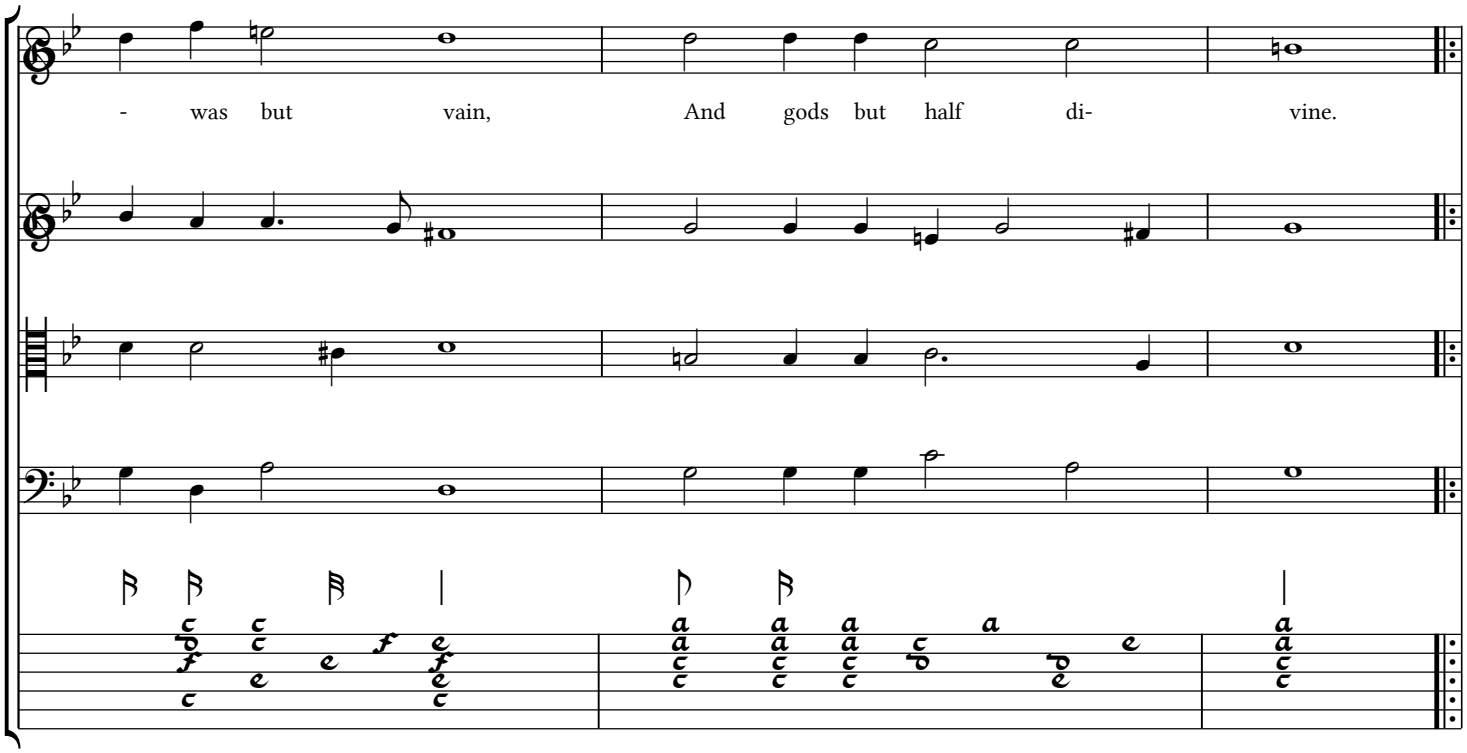
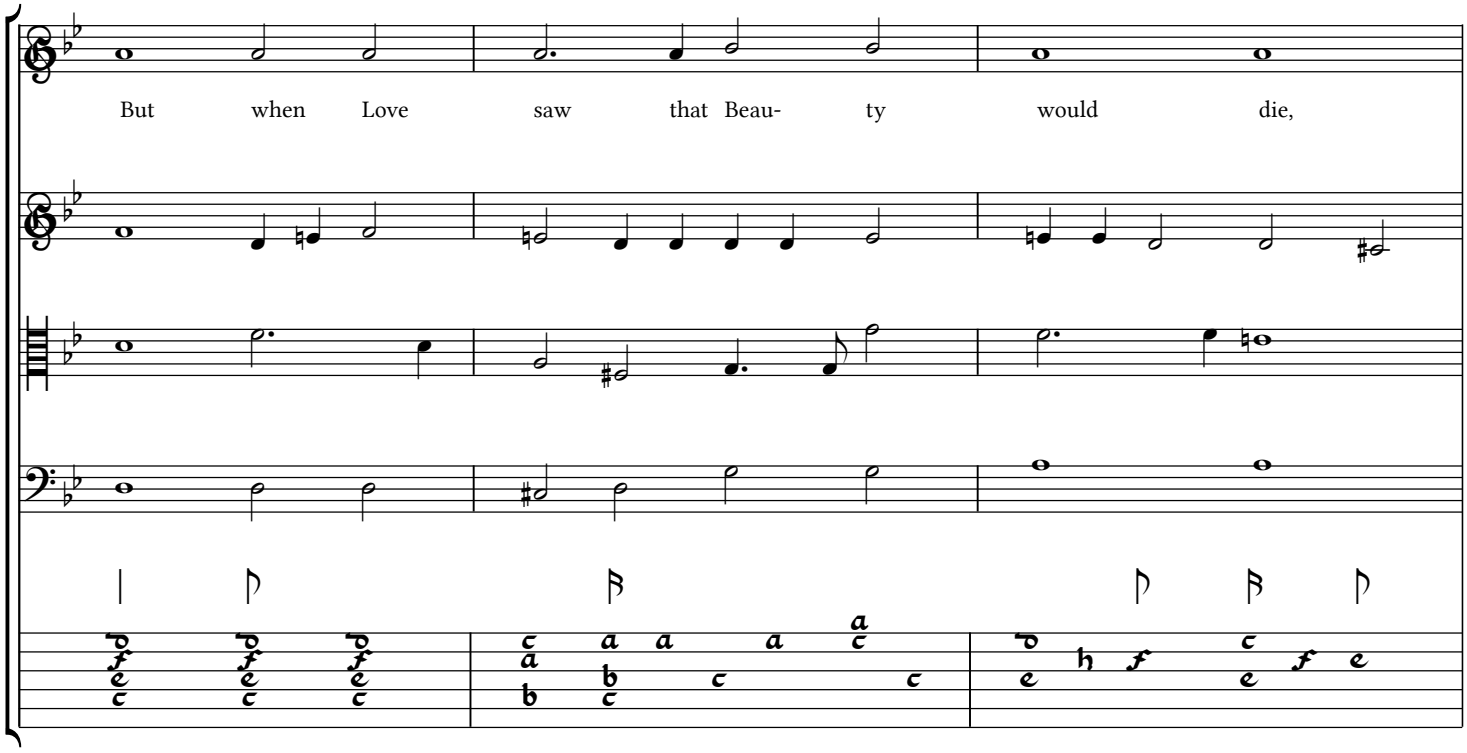
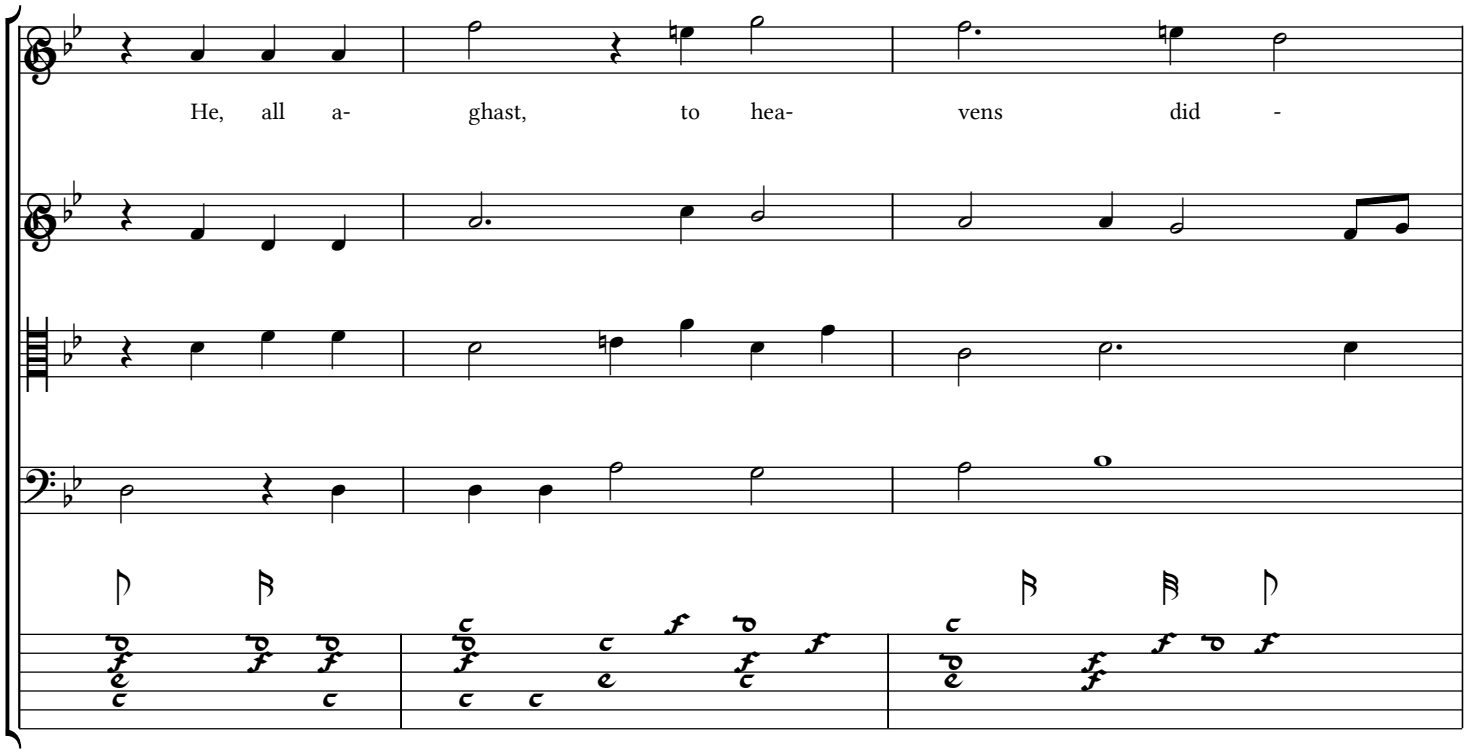
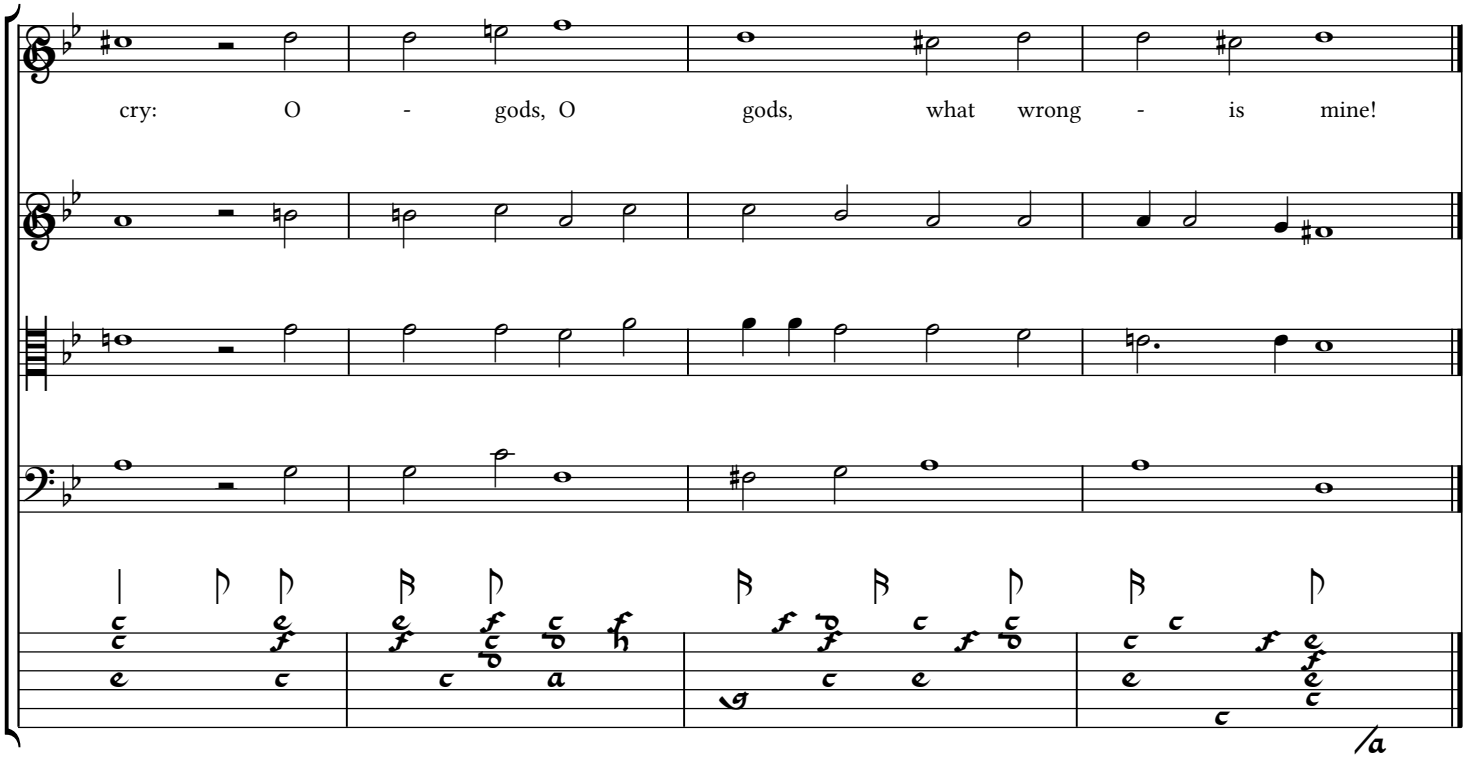



But when Love saw that Beau- ty would die,

10


He, all a- ghast, to hea- vens did -

15



Love stood amazed

Love stood amazed at sweet Beauty's pain:
Love would have said that all was but vain,
And gods but half divine.
But when Love saw that Beauty would die,
He, all aghast, to heavens did cry: O gods, O gods, what wrong is mine!

2. Then his tears, bred in thoughts of salt brine,
Fell from his eyes like rain in sunshine,
Expell'd by rage of fire.
Yet in such wise as anguish affords,
He did express in these his last words His infinite, infinite desire:

3. Are you fled, fair? Where are now those eyes,
Eyes but too fair, envied by the skies? You angry gods do know.
With guiltless blood your sceptres you stain;
On poor true hearts like tyrants you reign.
Unjust! Unjust! Why do you so?

4. Are you false gods? Why then do you reign?
Are you just gods? Why then have you slain
The life of Love on earth? Beauty, now thy face lives in the skies.
Beauty, now let me live in thine eyes,
Where bliss felt never, never death.

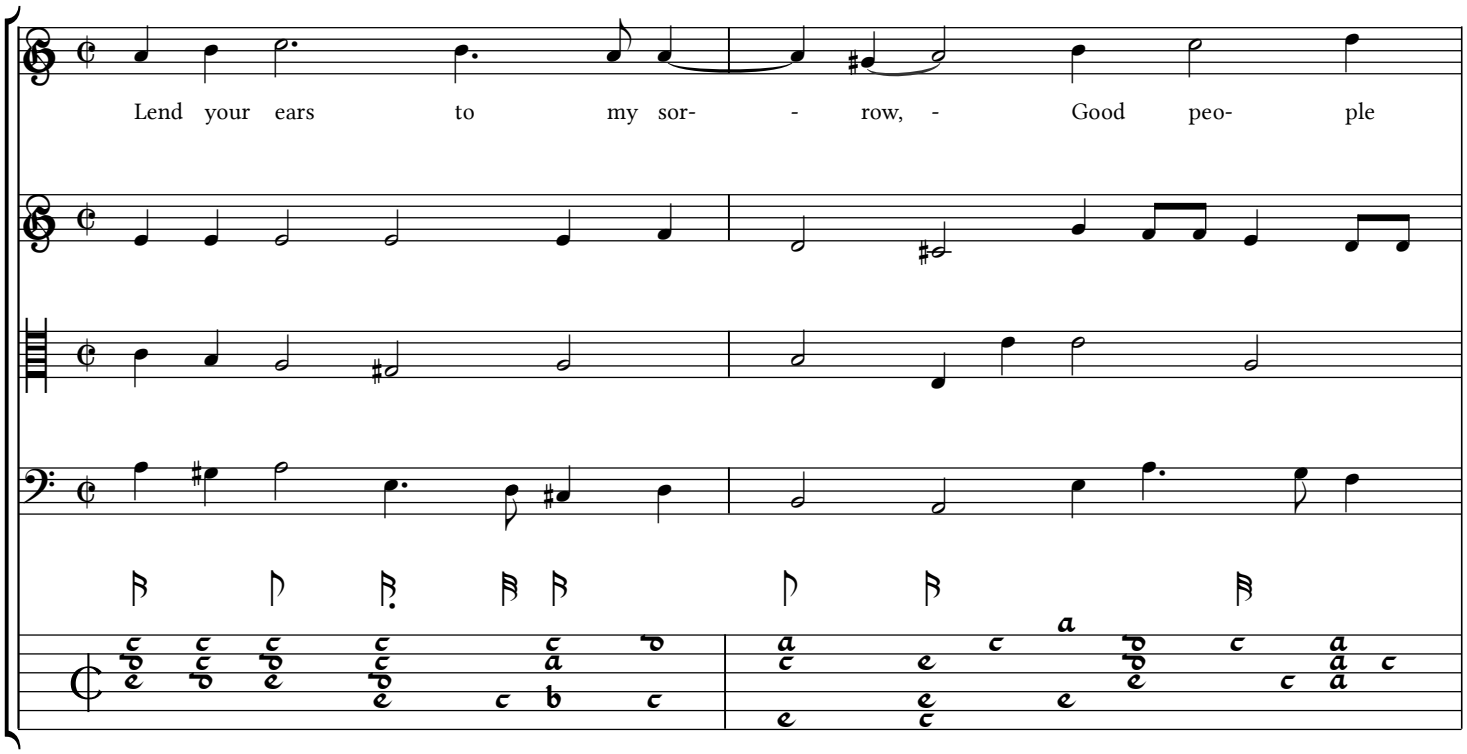
5. Then from high rock, the rock of despair,
He falls, in hope to smother in the air,
Or else on stones to burst, Or on cold waves to spend his last breath,
Or his strange life to end by strange death;
But Fate forbade, forbade the worst.

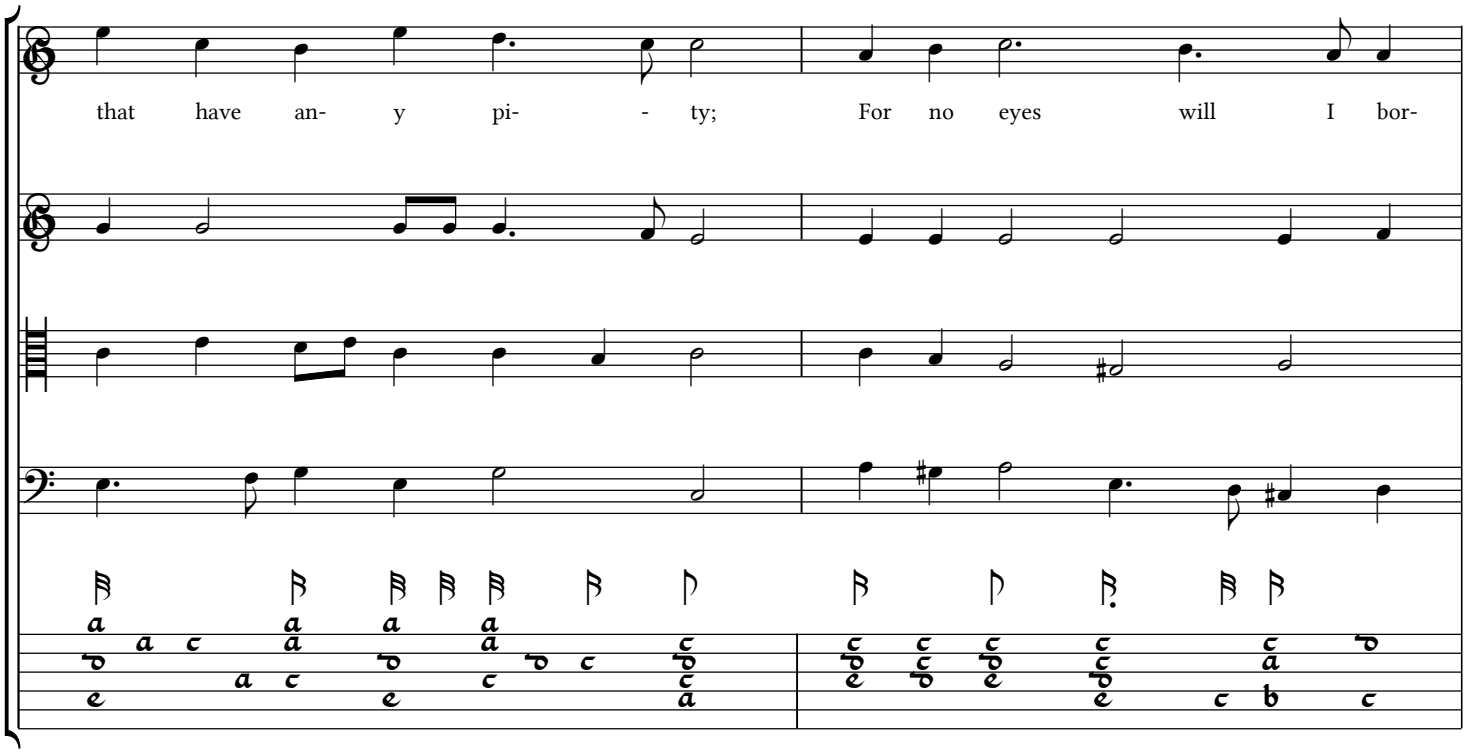
6. With pity mov'd, the gods then change Love
To Phoenix shape, yet cannot remove His wonted property.
He loves the sun because it is fair;
Sleep he neglects, he lives but by air,
And would, but cannot, cannot die.

Lend your ears to my sorrow

Third book of ayres (1603), #11.

John Dowland





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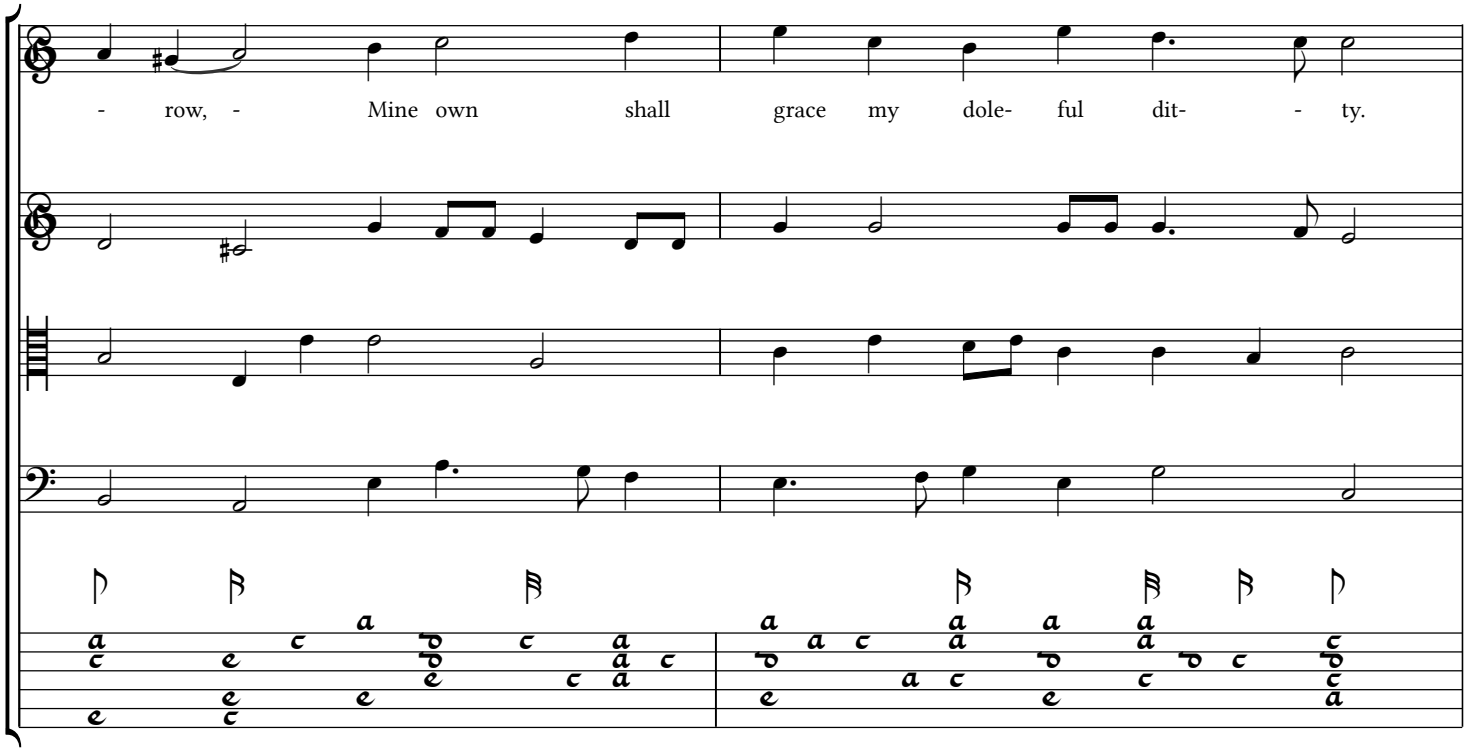
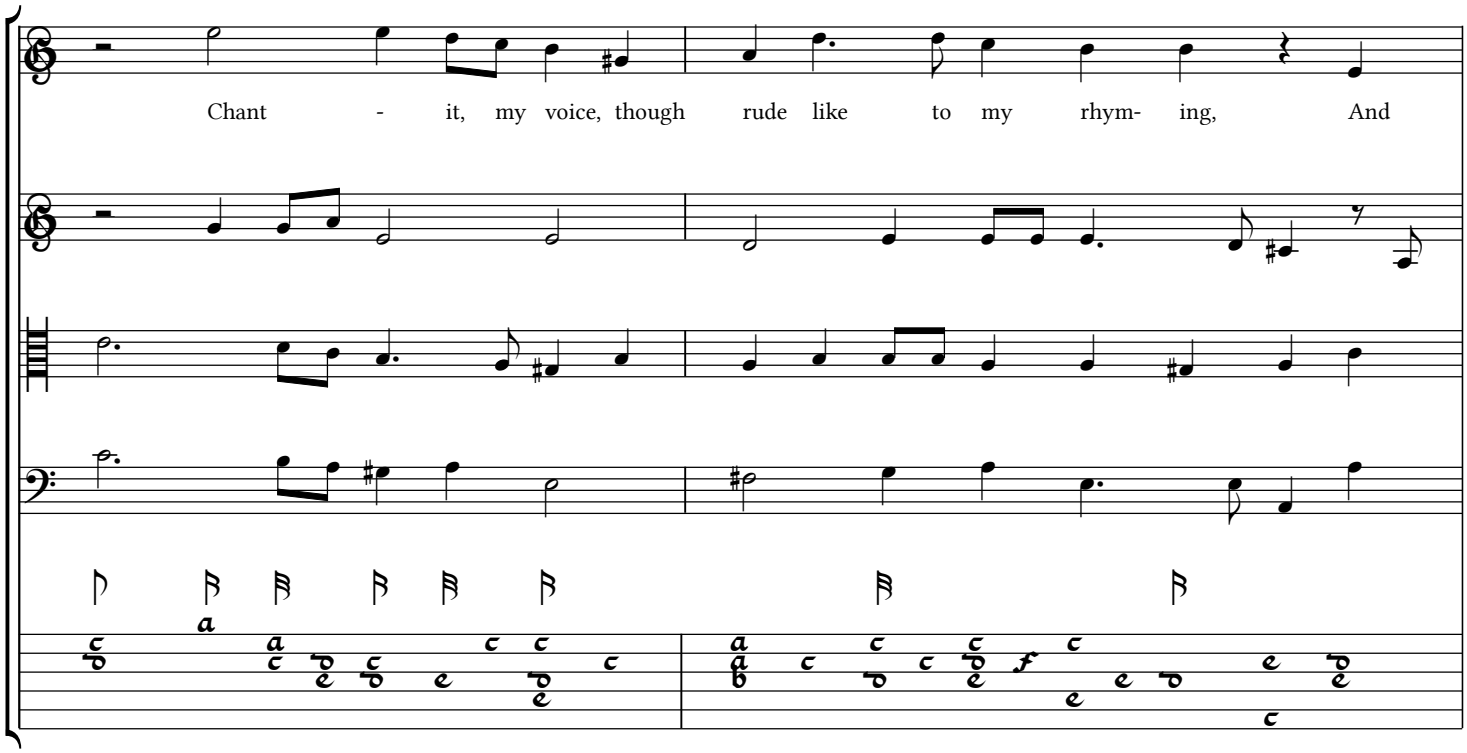
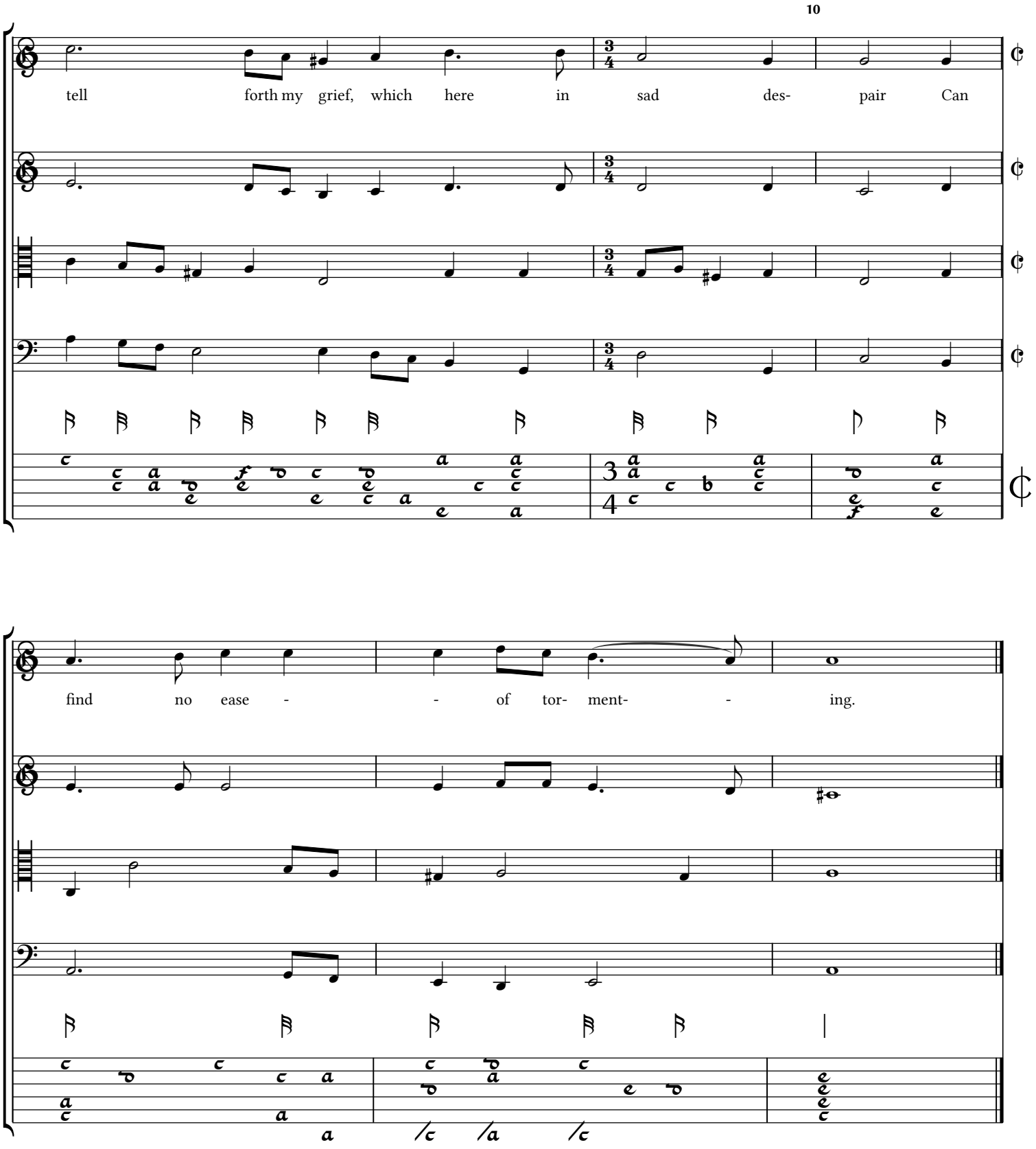

- row, - Mine own shall grace my dole- ful dit- - ty.


Chant - it, my voice, though rude like to my rhym- ing, And


10
tell forth my grief, which here in sad des- pair Can
find no ease - - of tor- ment- - ing.

Lend your ears to my sorrow

Lend your ears to my sorrow,
Good people that have any pity;
For no eyes will I borrow,
Mine own shall grace my doleful ditty.
Chant it, my voice, though rude like to my rhyming,
And tell forth my grief, which here in sad despair
Can find no ease of tormenting.

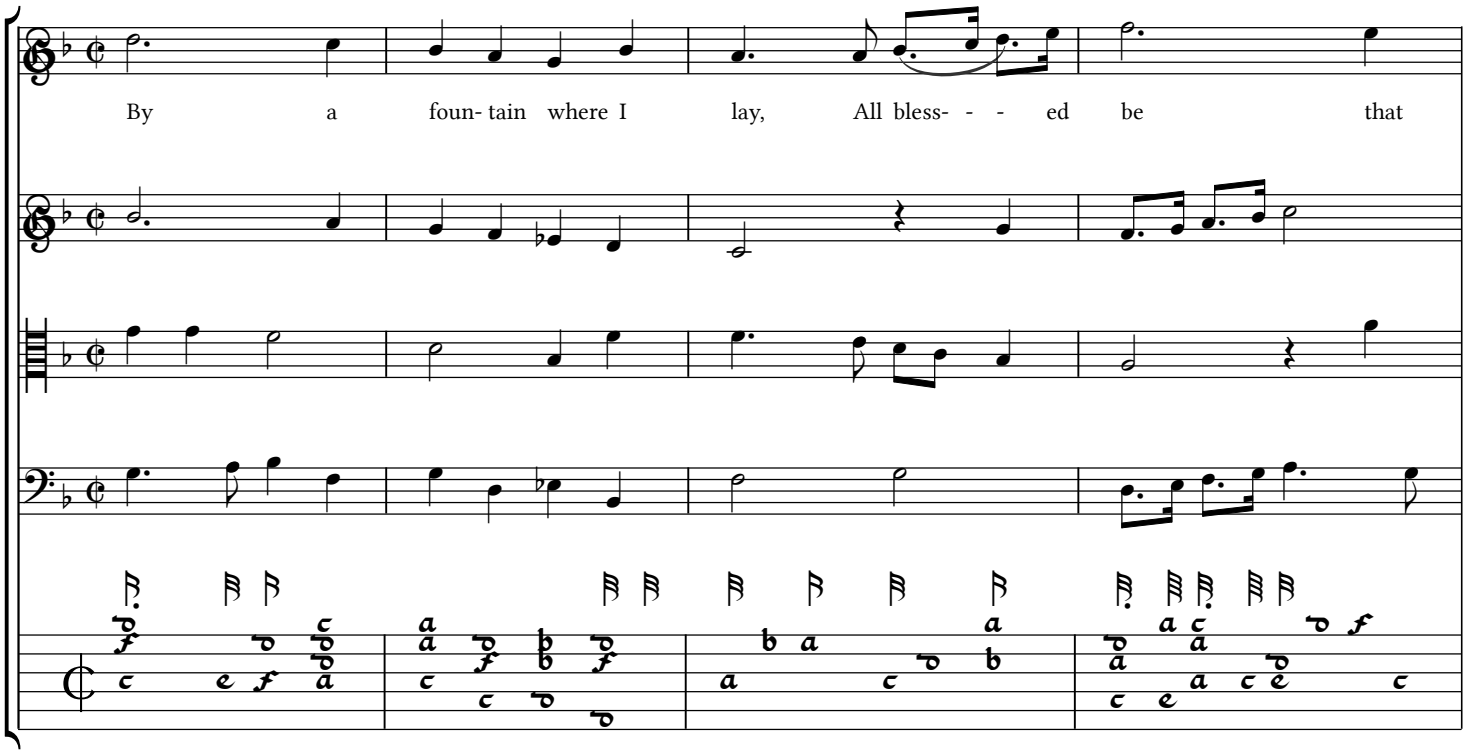
Once I liv'd, once I knew delight;
No grief did shadow then my pleasure.
Grac'd with Love, cheer'd with Beauty's sight,
I joy'd alone true heav'nly treasure.
O what a heav'n is love firmly embraced!
Such power alone, alone can fix delight
In Fortune's bosom ever placed.

Cold as ice, frozen is that heart
Where thought of love could no time enter.
Such of life reap the poorest part,
Whose weight cleaves to this earthly centre.
Mutual joys in hearts truly united
Do earth to heav'nly, heav'nly state convert,
Like heav'n still in itself delighted.

By a fountain where I lay

Third book of ayres (1603), #12.

John Dowland



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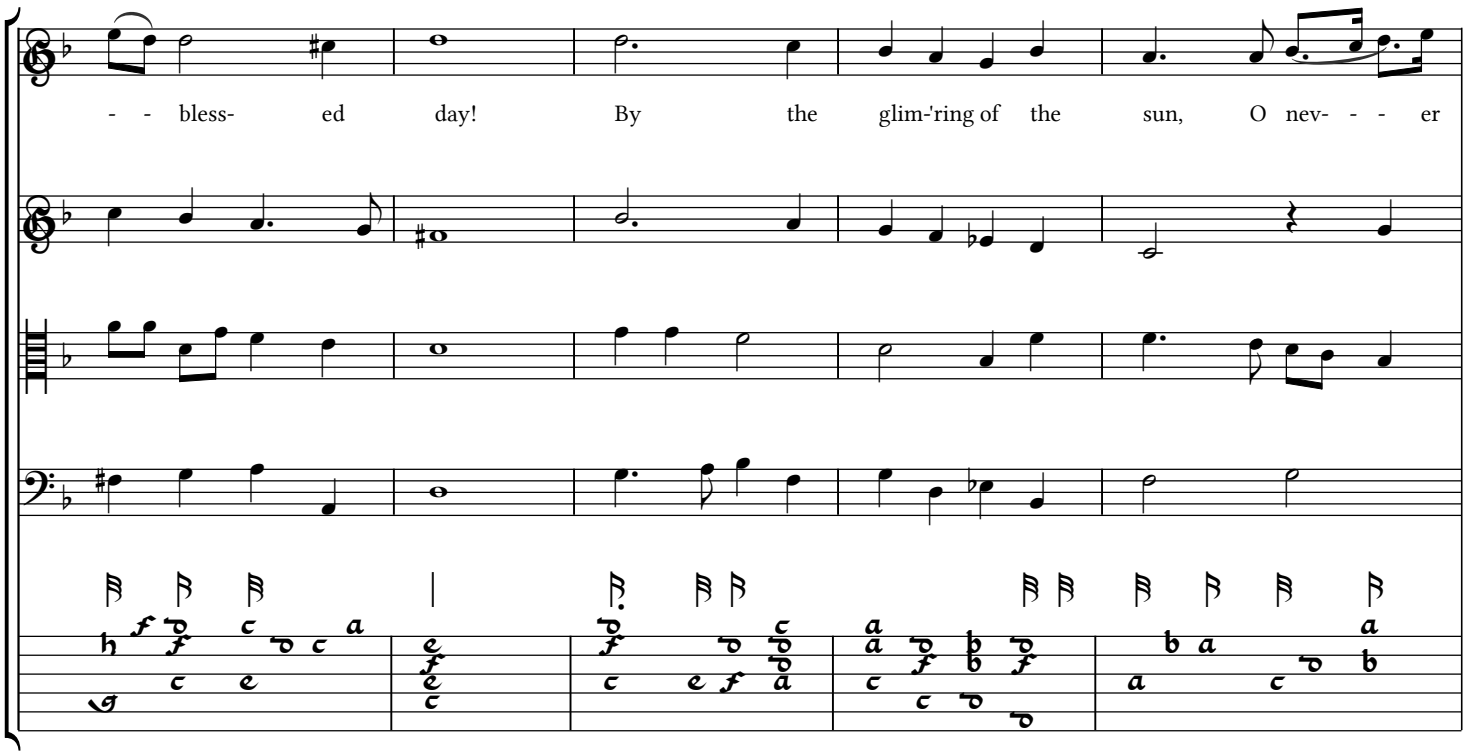
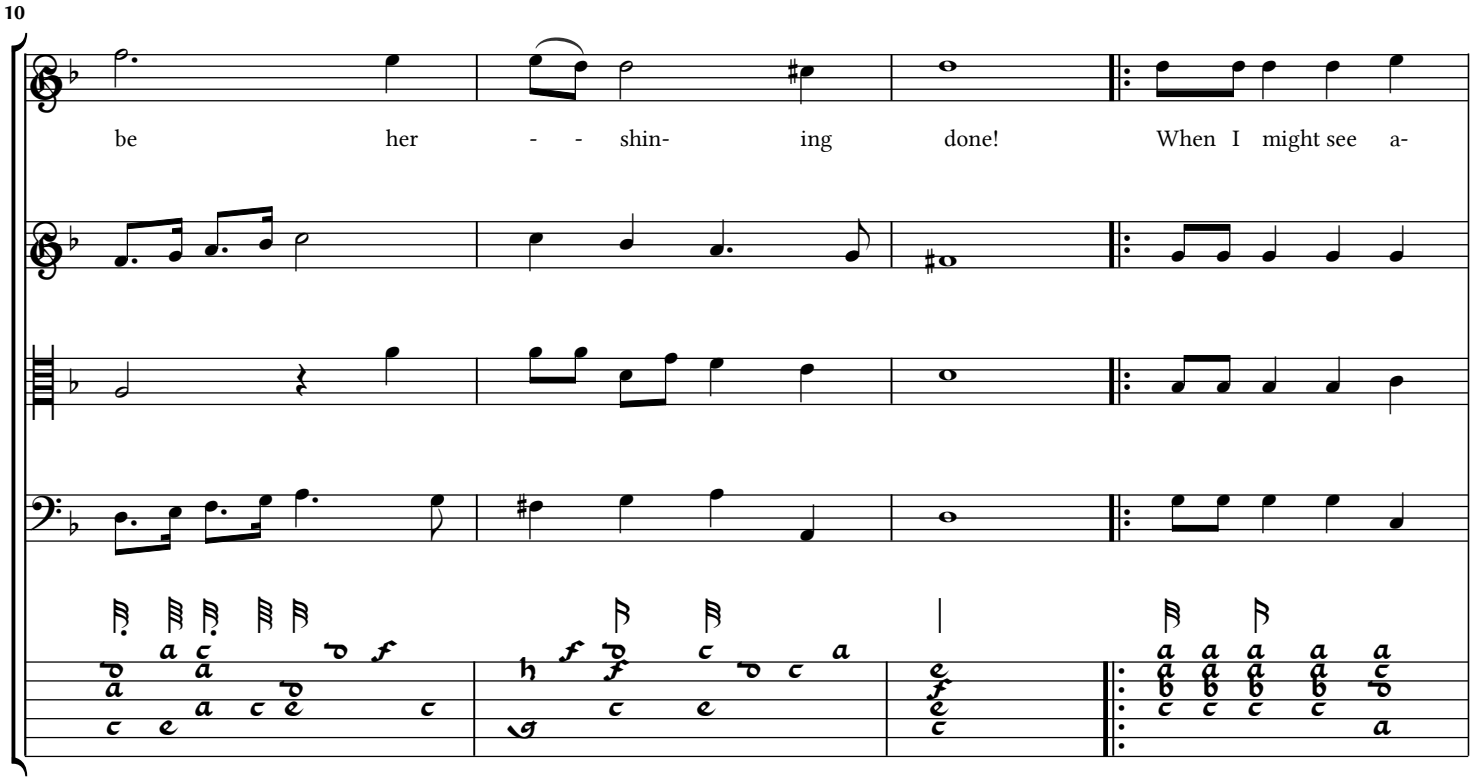
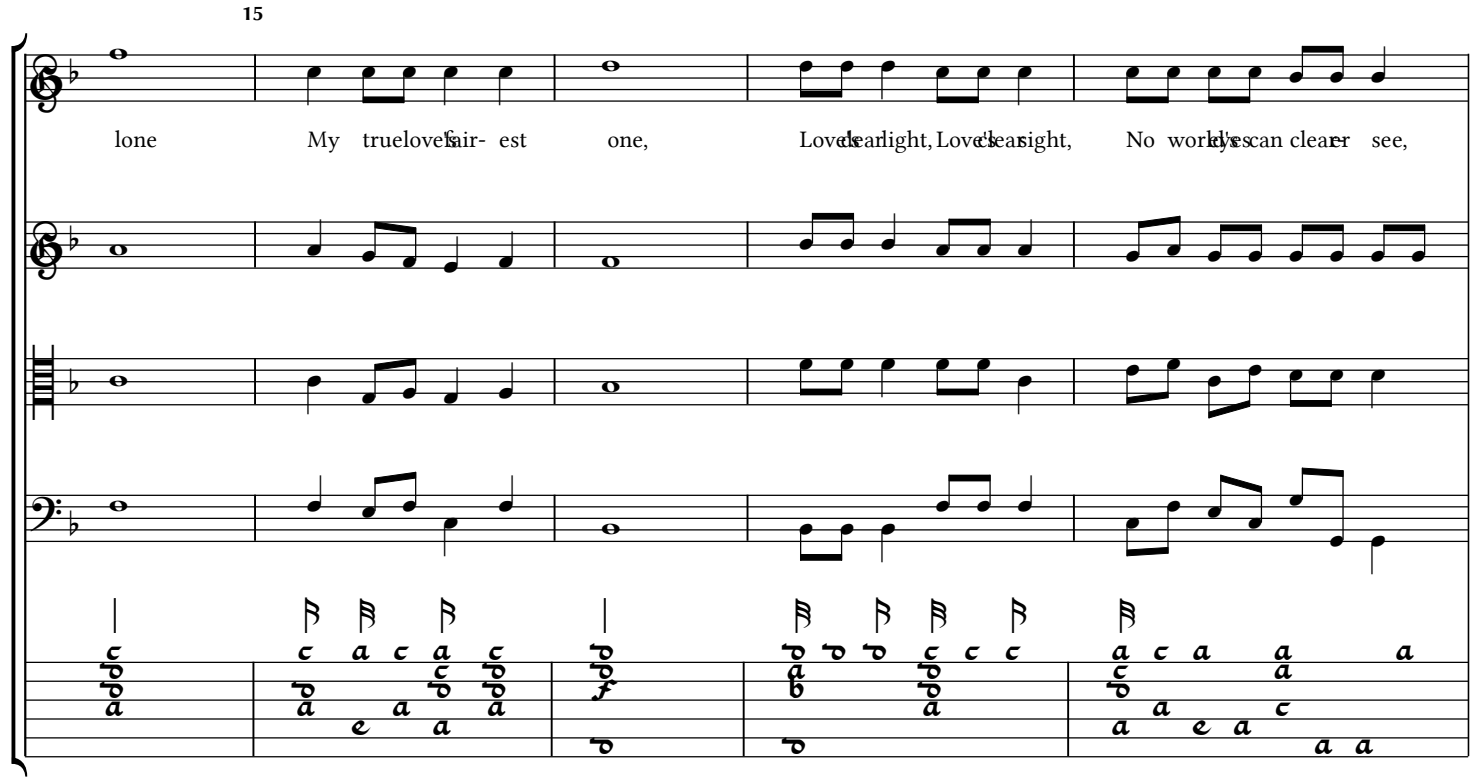
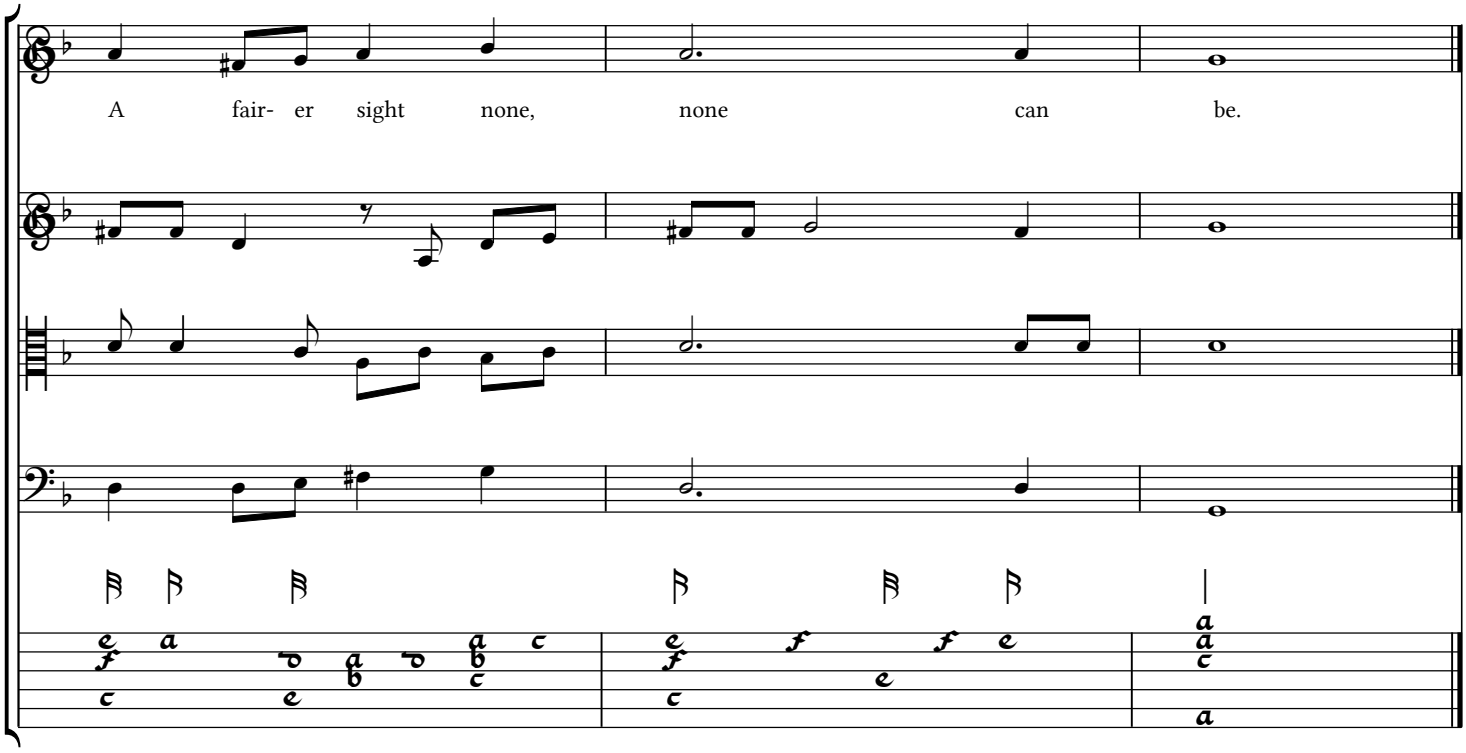



10
be her - - shin- ing done! When I might see a-


15
lone My truelove's fair- est one, Love's dear light, Love's dear sight, No world's eyes can clear- see,


A fair- er sight none, none can be.

By a fountain where I lay

1. By a fountain where I lay,
All blessed be that blessed day!
By the glim'ring of the sun,
O never be her shining done!
When I might see alone
My true love's fairest one,
Love's dear light,
Love's clear sight,
No world's eyes can clearer see,
A fairer sight none, none can be.

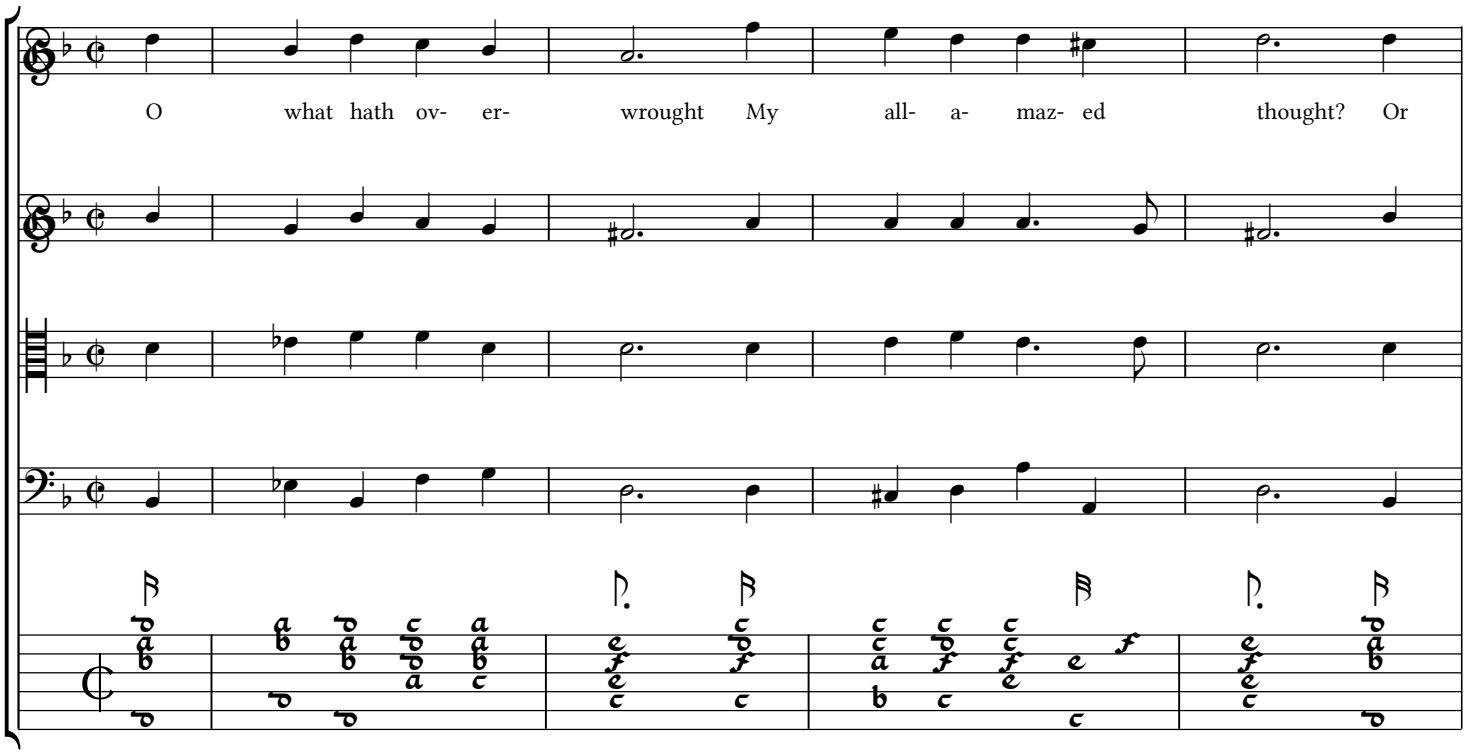
2. Fair with garlands all address'd,
Was never nymph more fairly bless'd,
Blessed in the highest degree,
So may she ever blessed be!
Came to this fountain near
With such a smiling cheer.
Such a face!
Such a grace!
Happy, happy eyes that see
Such a heav'nly sight to see.

3. Then I forthwith took my pipe
Which I all fair and clean did wipe,
And upon a heav'nly ground,
All in the grace of beauty found.
Play'd this roundelay:
Welcome, fair Queen of May!
Sing, sweet air,
Welcome, fair!
Welcome be the shepherds' Queen,
The glory of all our green!

O what hath overwrought

Third book of ayres (1603), #13.

John Dowland



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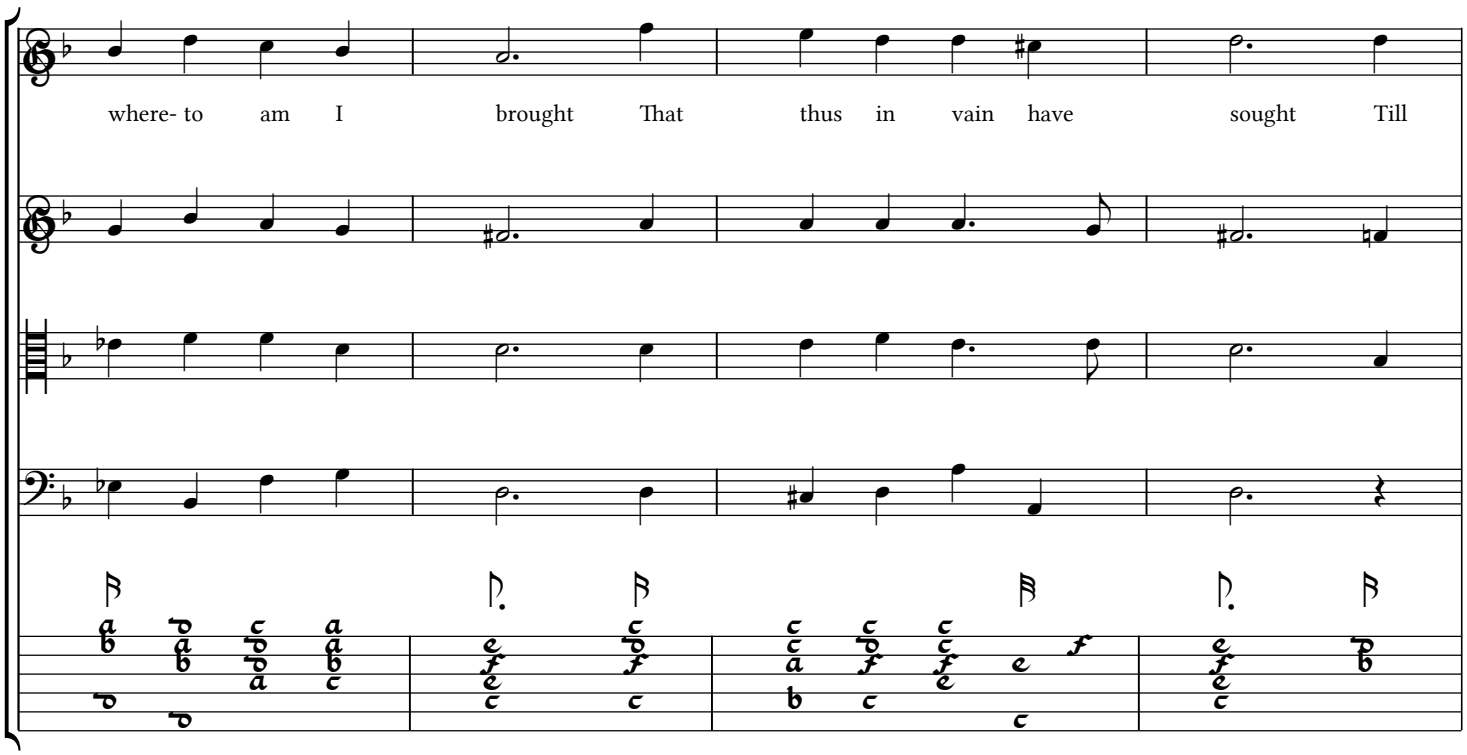
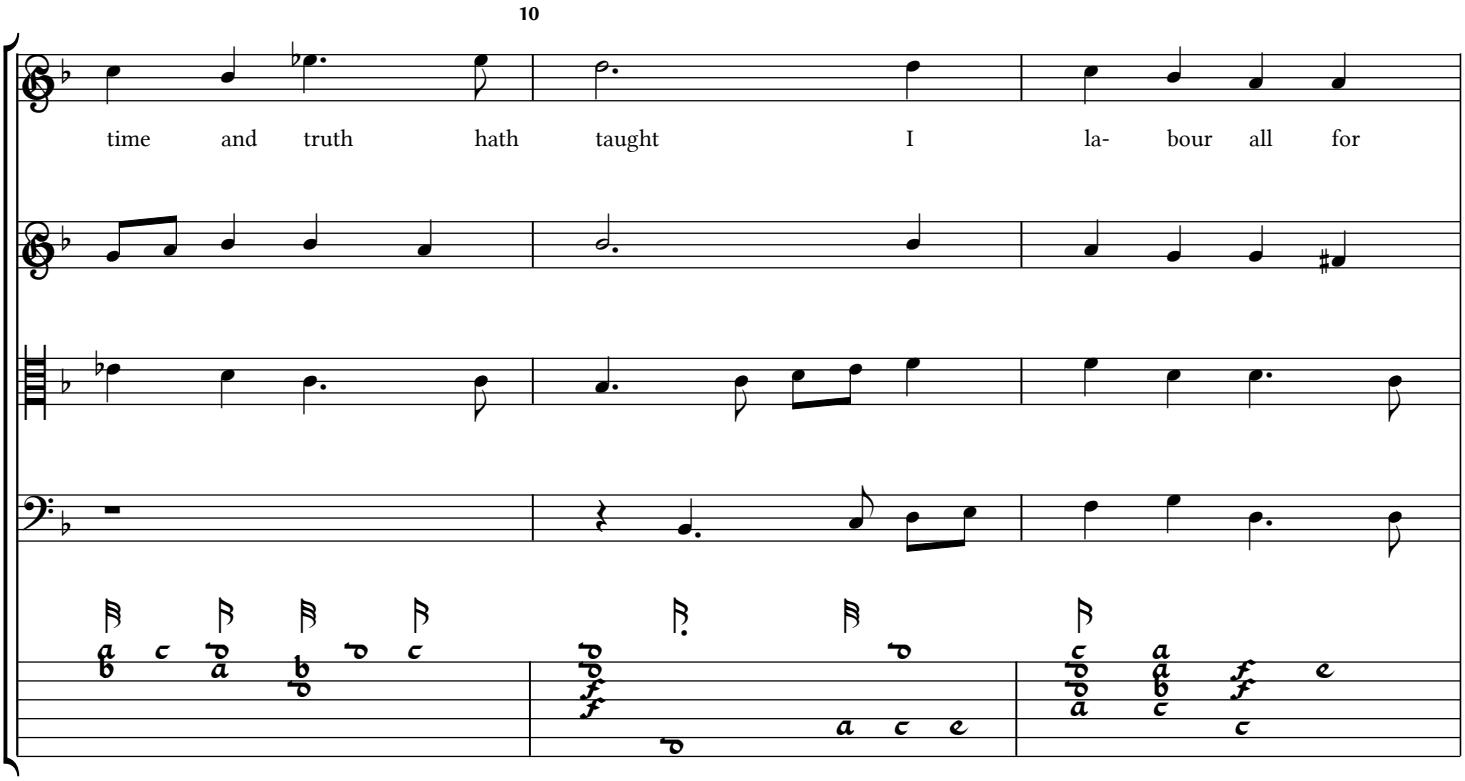
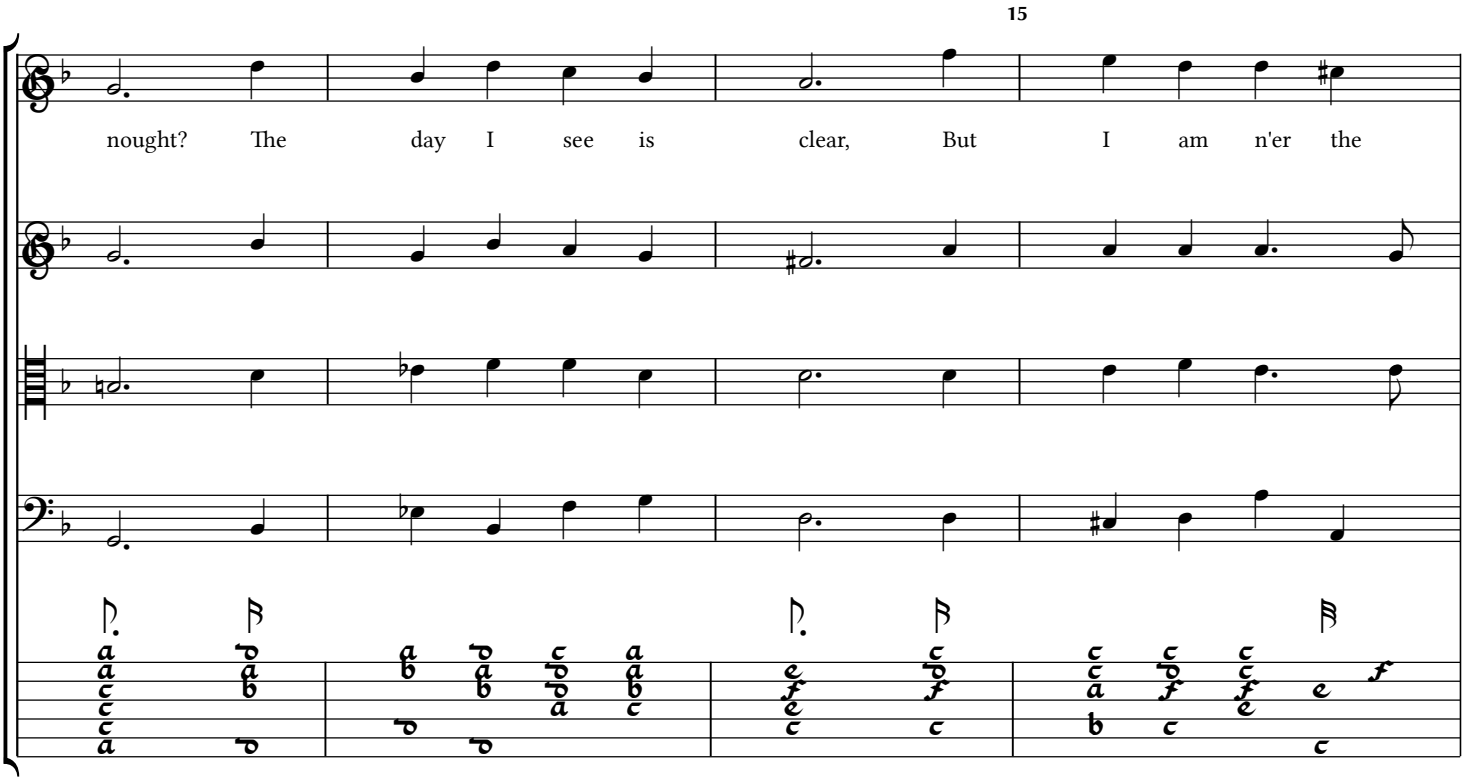
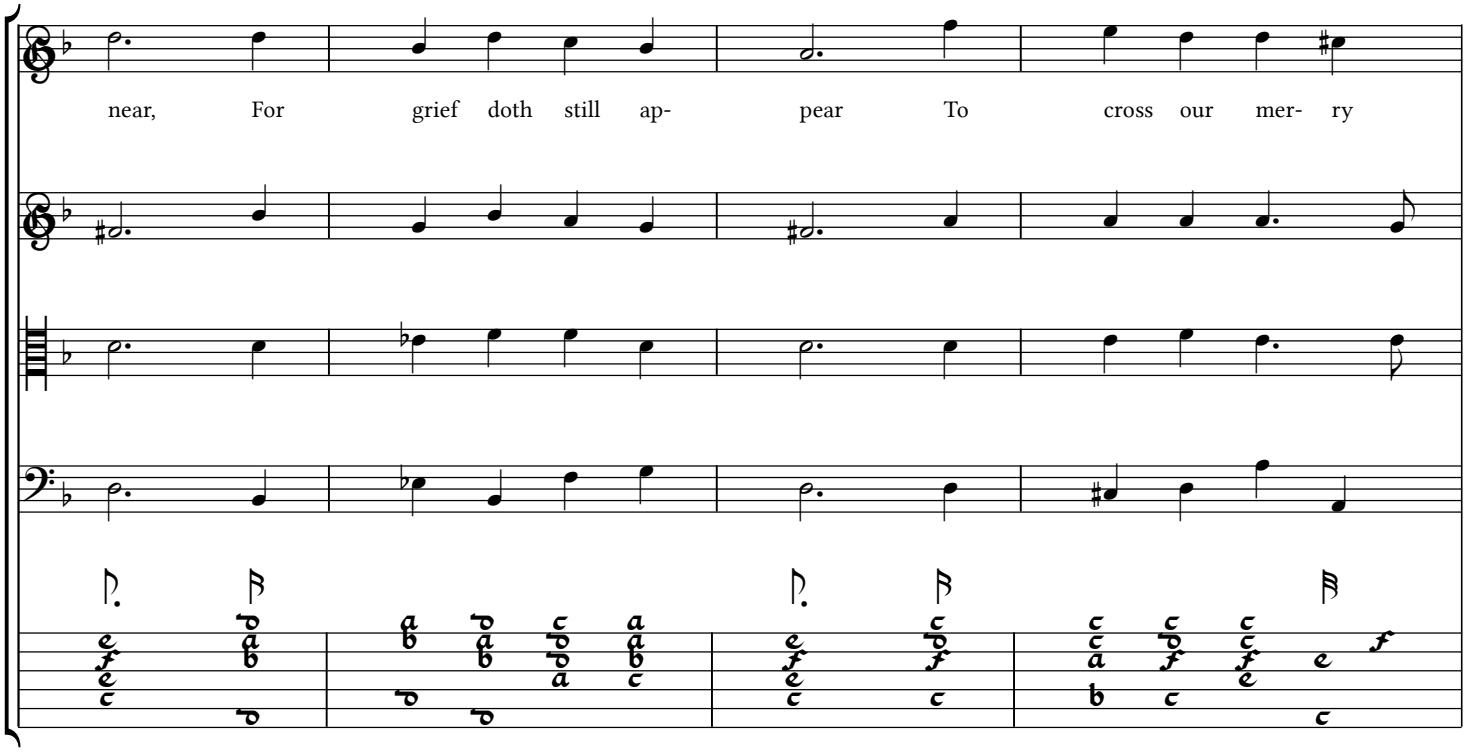
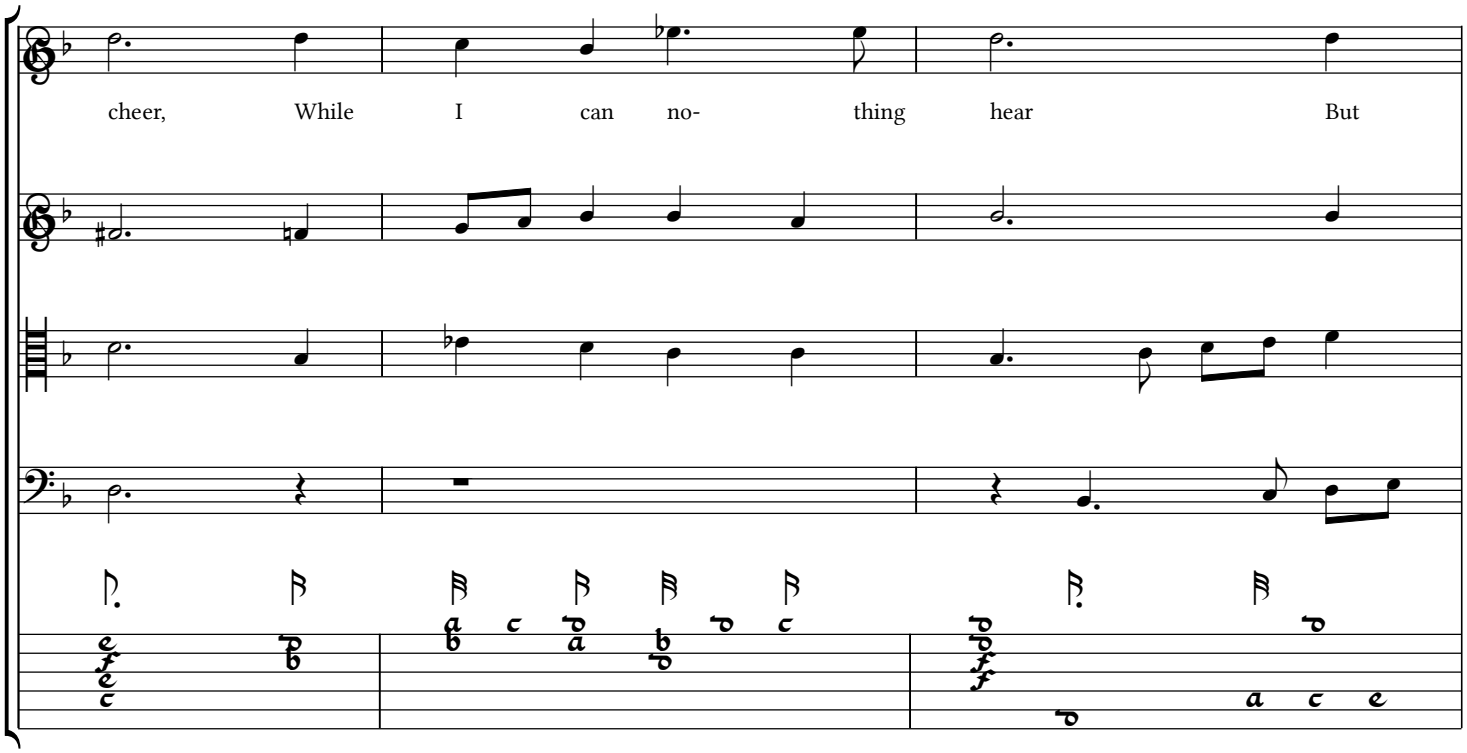



10
time and truth hath taught I la- bour all for


15
nought? The day I see is clear, But I am n'er the


near, For grief doth still ap- pear To cross our mer- ry

20

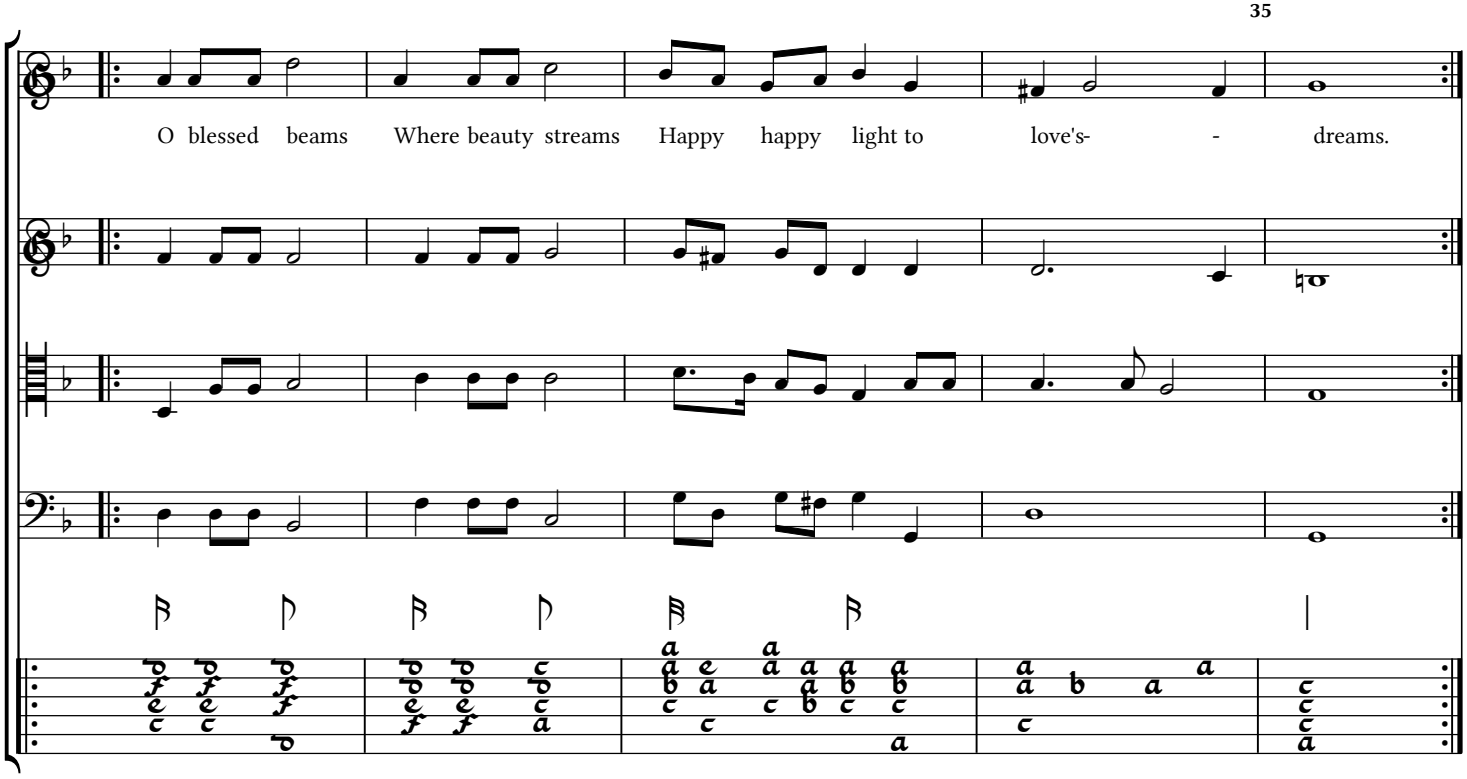

cheer, While I can no- thing hear But

25

win- ter all the year. Cold, hold!

30

The sun will shine warm, There-fore now fear no harm.


35
O blessed beams Where beauty streams Happy happy light to love's- - dreams.

O what hath overwrought

O what hath overwrought
My all amazed thought?
Or whereto am I brought
That thus in vain have sought
Till Time and Truth hath taught,
I labour all for nought?

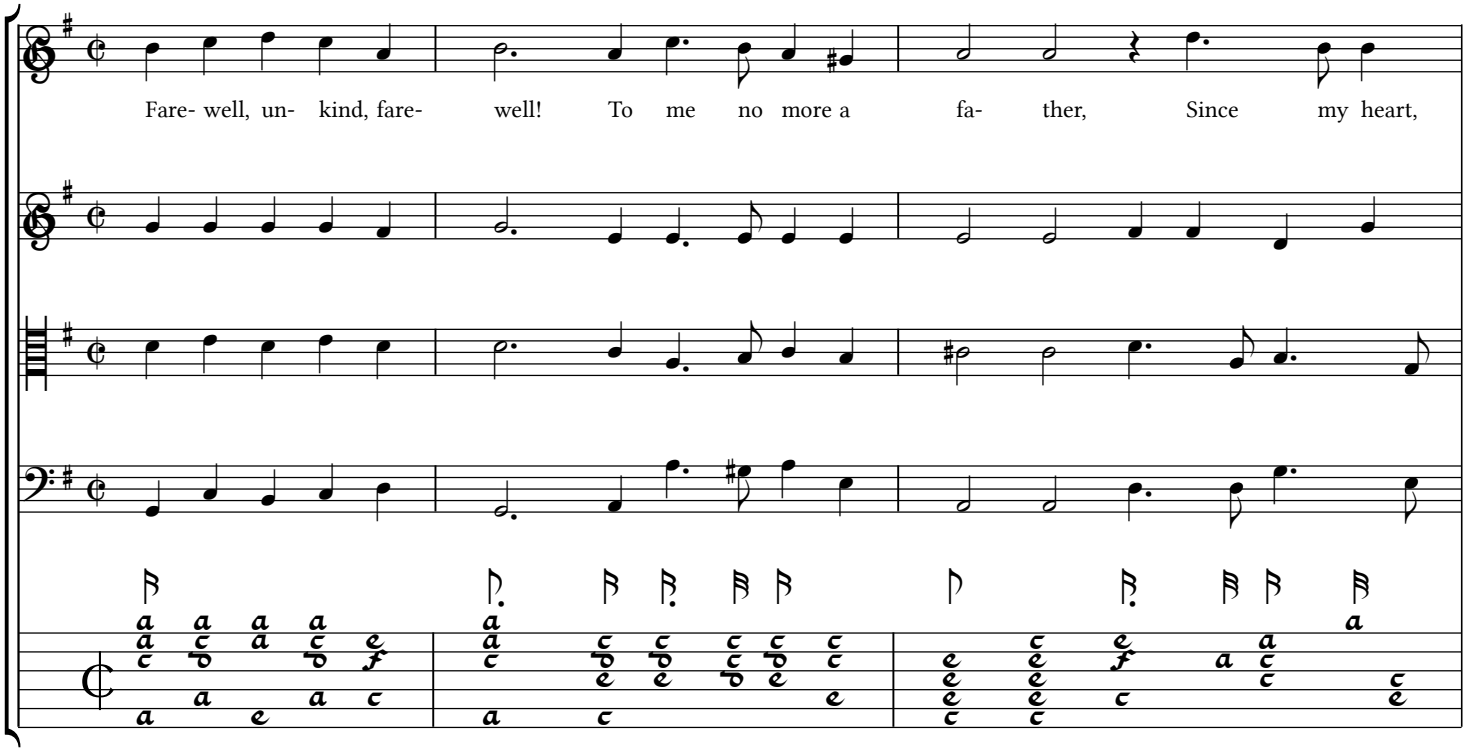
The day I see is clear,
But I am ne'er the near,
For grief doth still appear
To cross our merry cheer,
While I can nothing hear,
But winter all the year.

Cold, hold,
The sun will shine warm,
Therefore now fear no harm.
O blessed beams
Where beauty streams
Happy happy light to love's dreams.

Farewell, unkind!

Third book of ayres (1603), #14.

John Dowland



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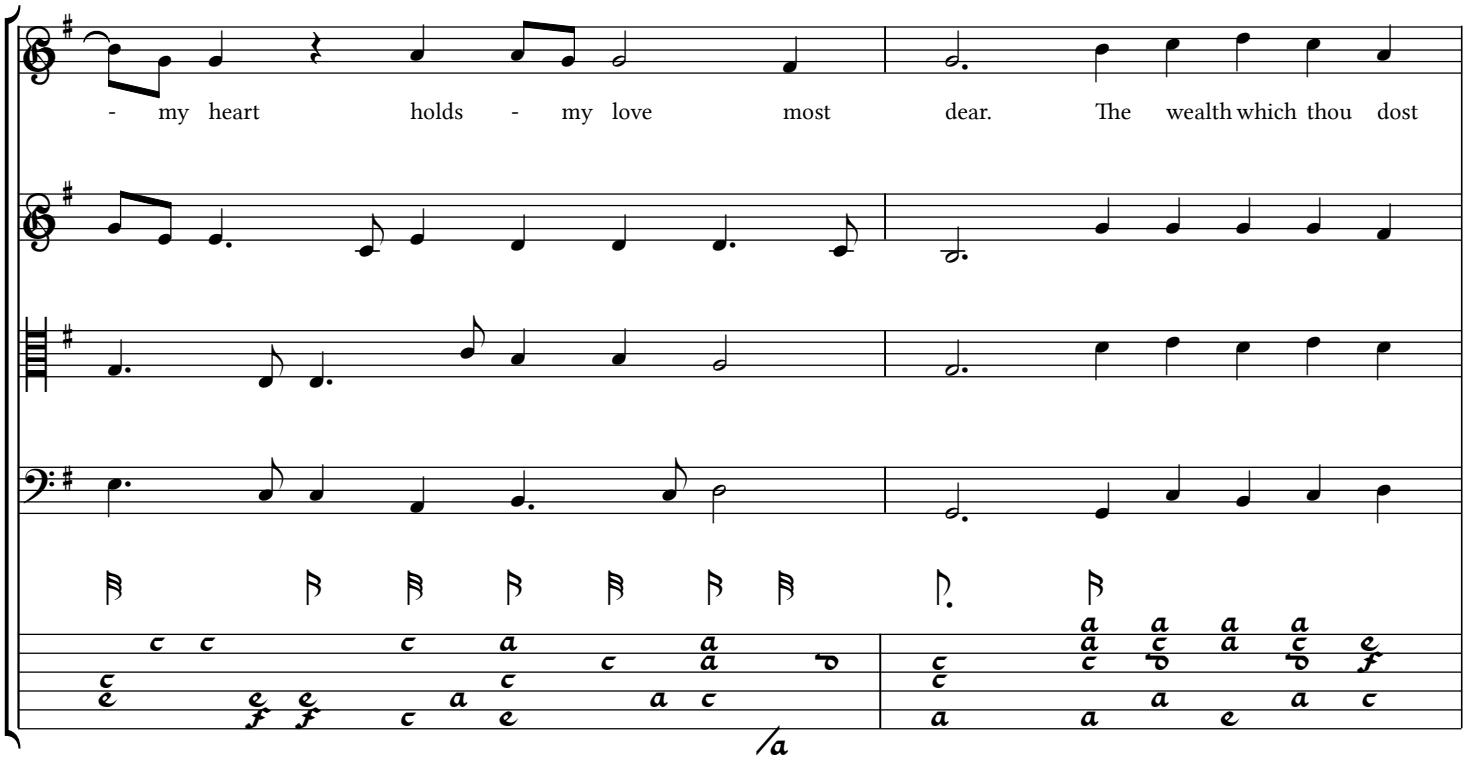
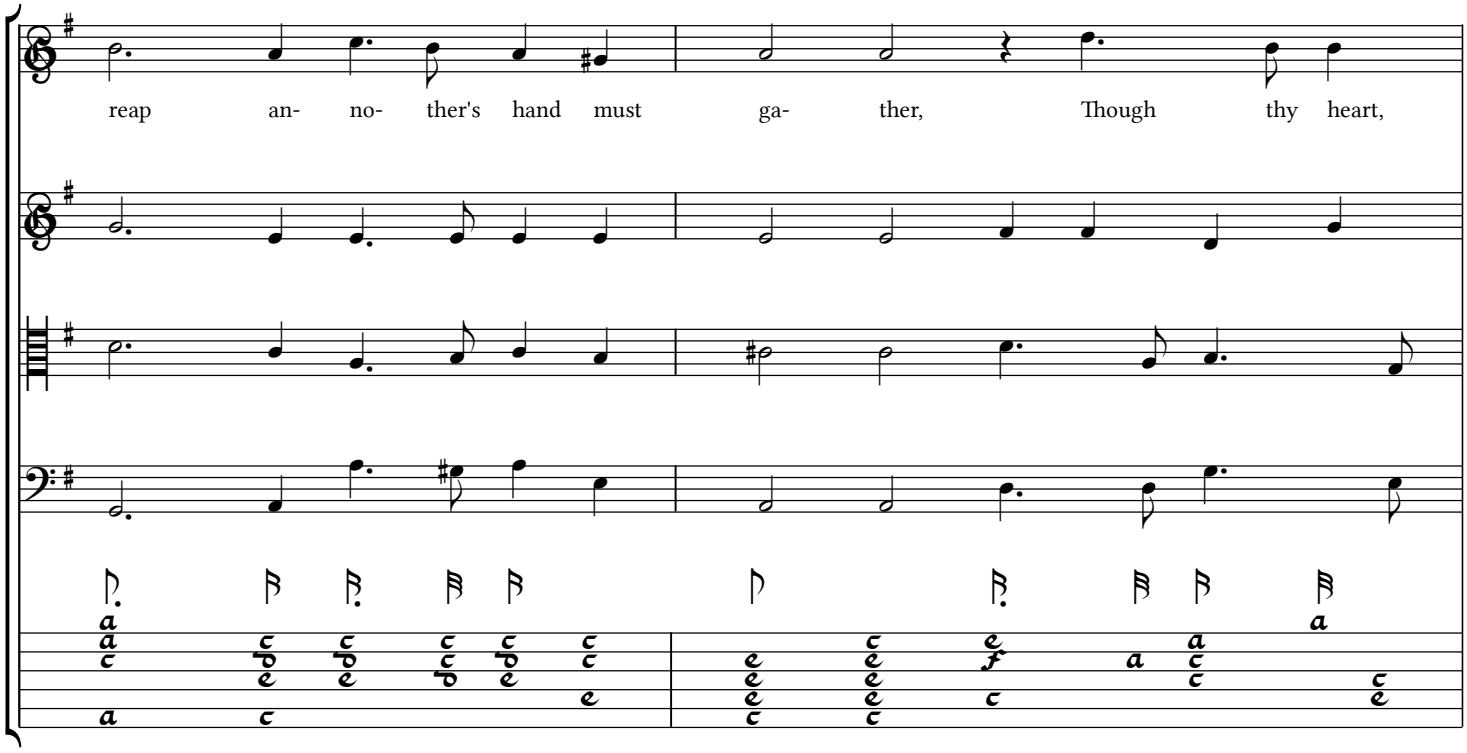
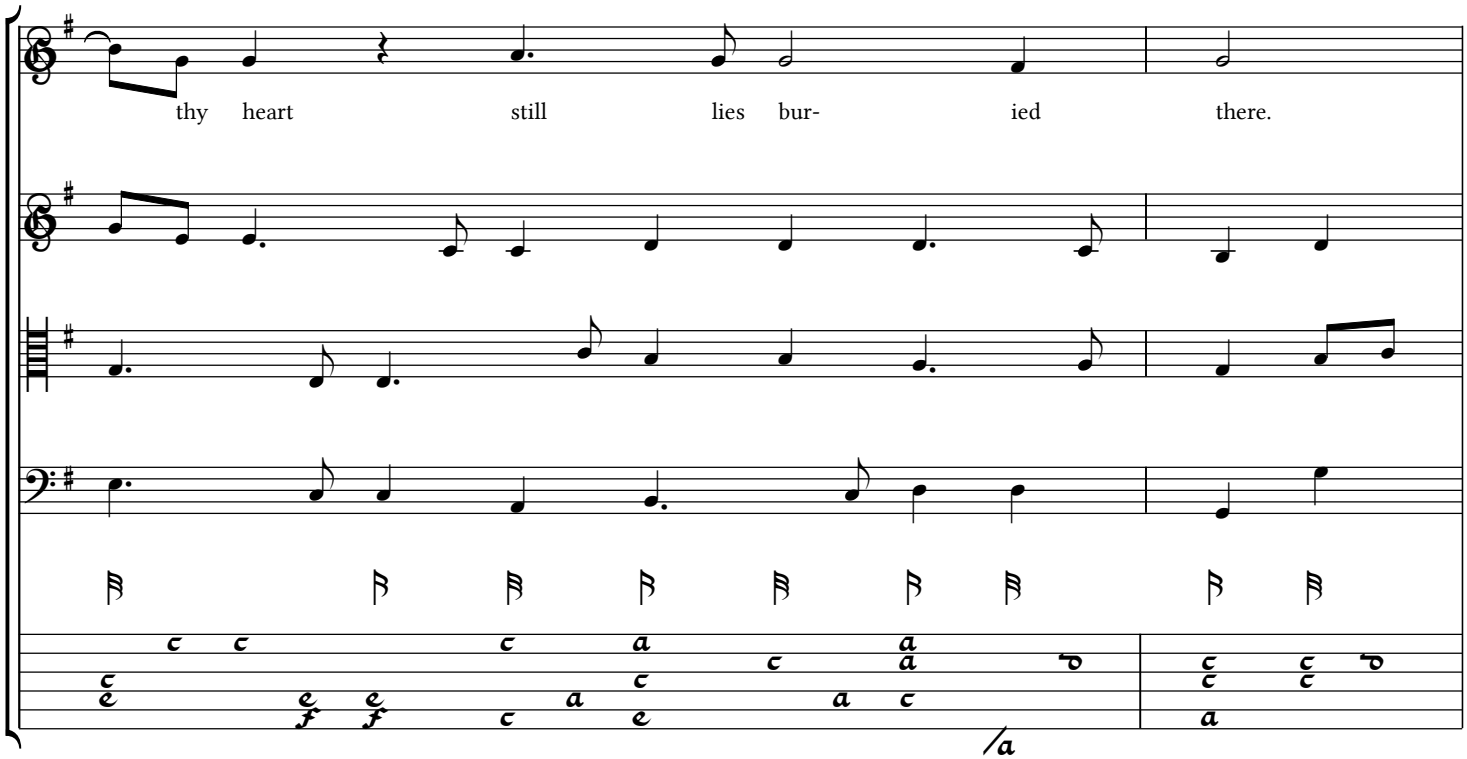
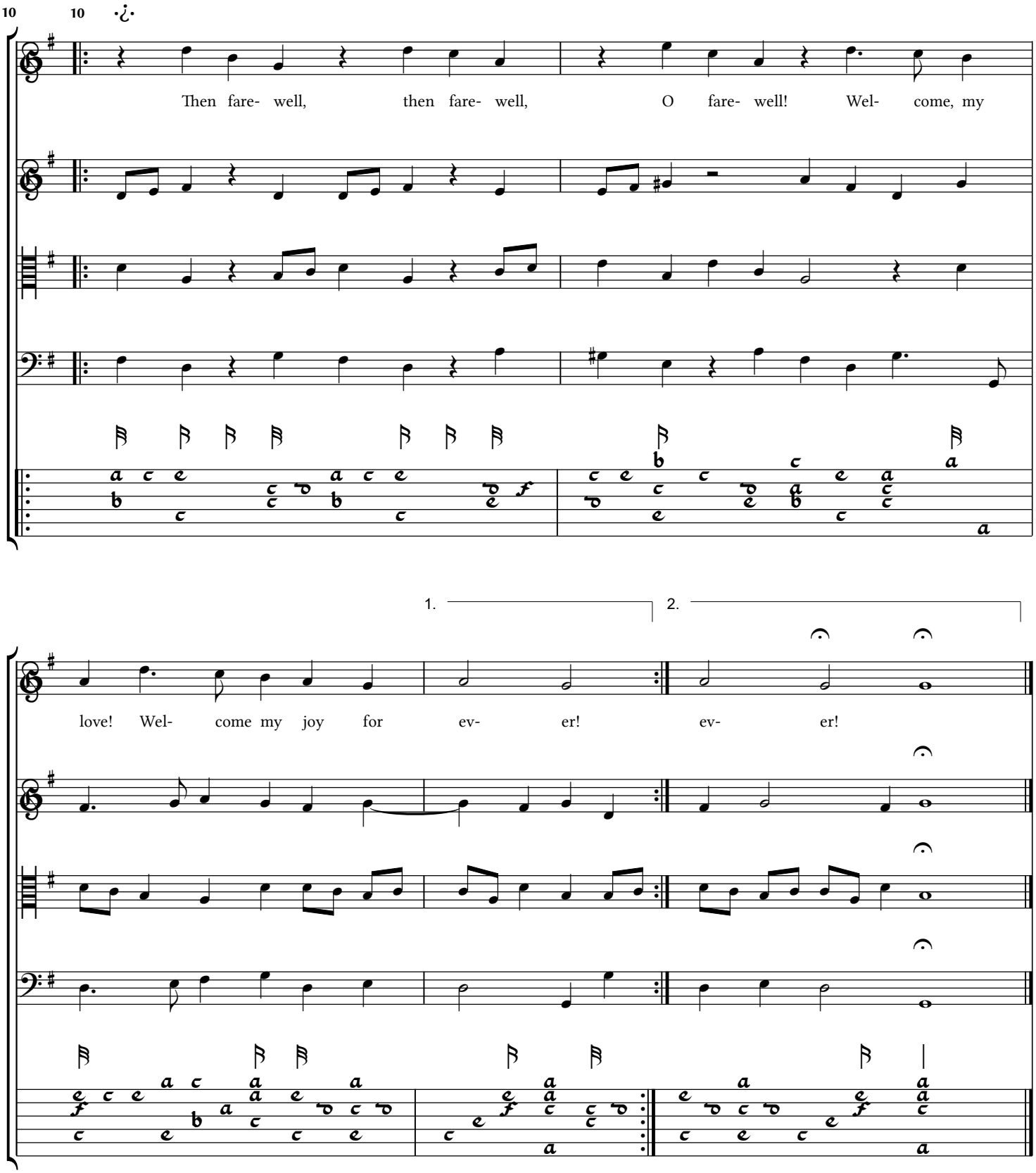



reap an- no- ther's hand must ga- ther, Though thy heart,


thy heart still lies bur- ied there.


10
10
Then fare- well, then fare- well, O fare- well! Wel- come, my
1.
2.
love! Wel- come my joy for ev- er! ev- er!

Farewell, unkind, farewell!

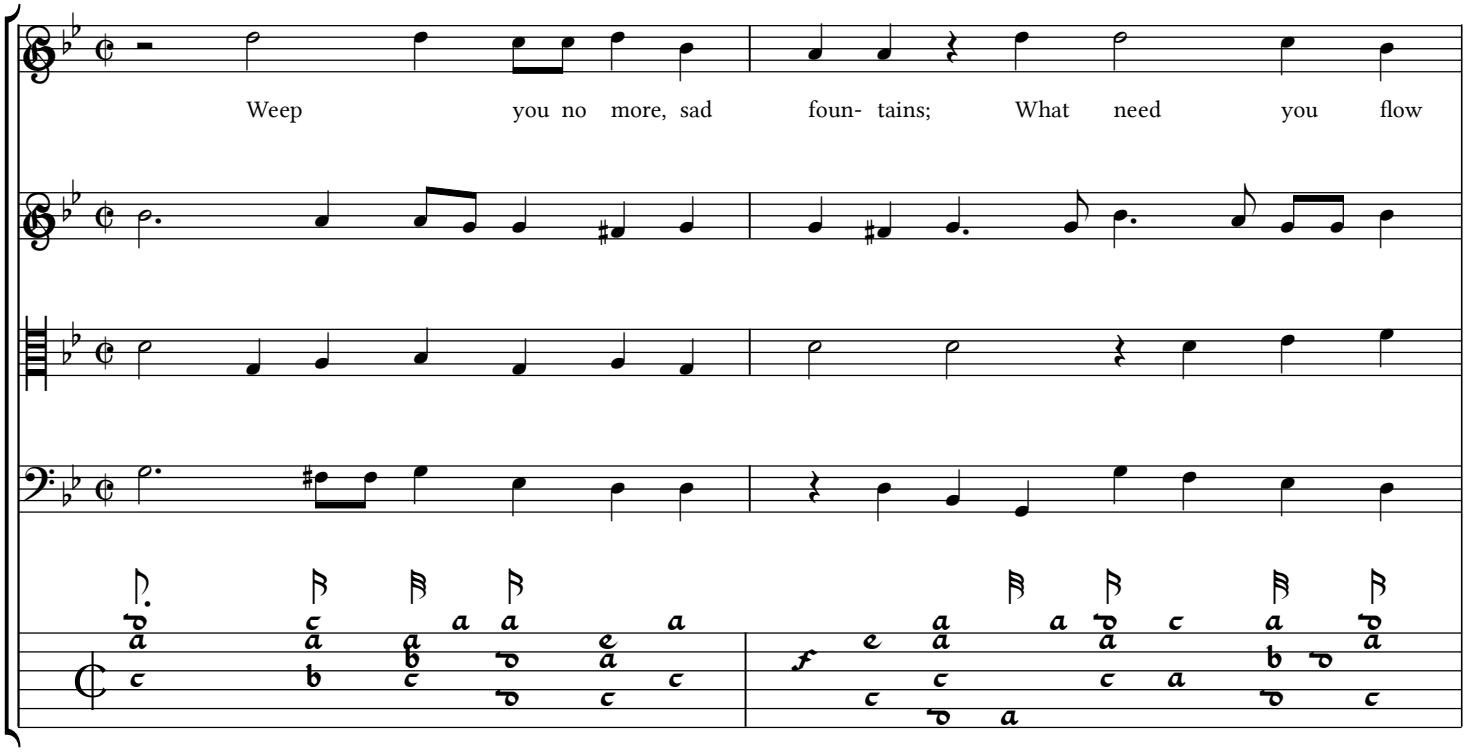
Farewell unkind farewell, to me no more a father,
Since my heart, my heart holds my love most dear.
The wealth which thou dost reap another's hand must gather,
Though my heart my heart still lies buried there.
Then farewell, then farewell, O farewell,
Welcome, my love, welcome, my joy forever.

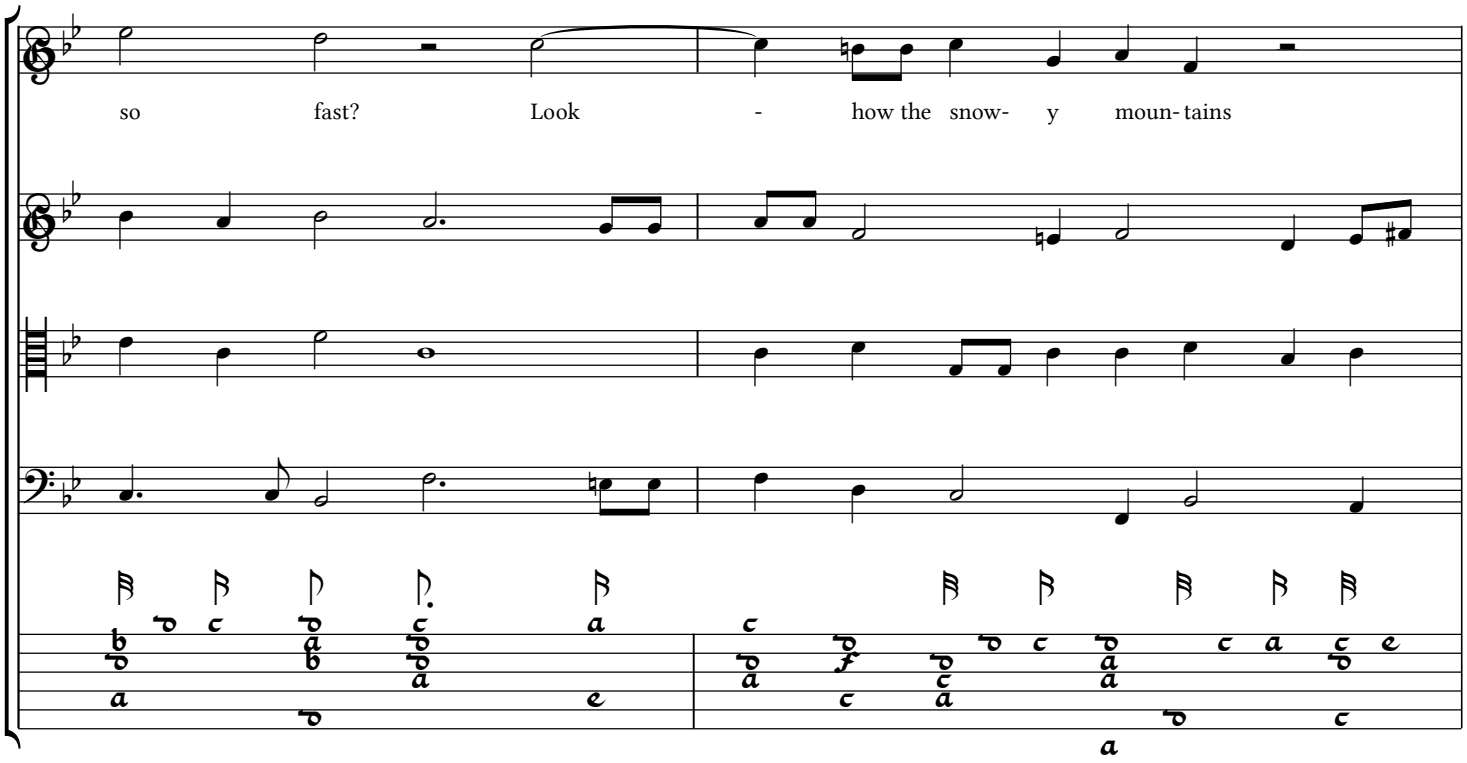
'Tis not the vain desire of human fleeting beauty,
Makes my mind to live though my means do die.
Nor do I Nature wrong, though I forget my duty:
Love not in the blood but in the spirit doth lie.
Then farewell, then farewell, O farewell,
Welcome, my love, welcome, my joy forever.

Weep you no more, sad fountains

Third book of ayres (1603), #15.

John Dowland





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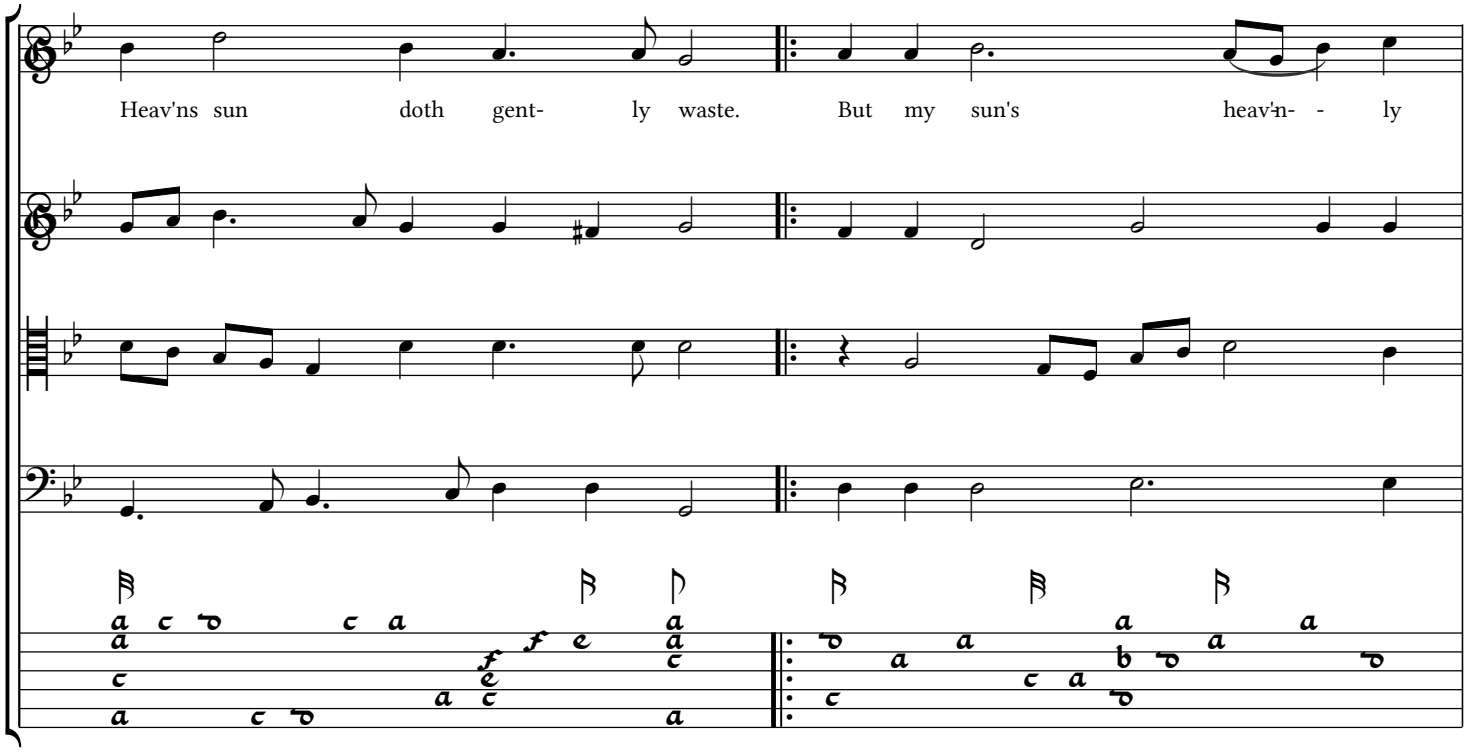
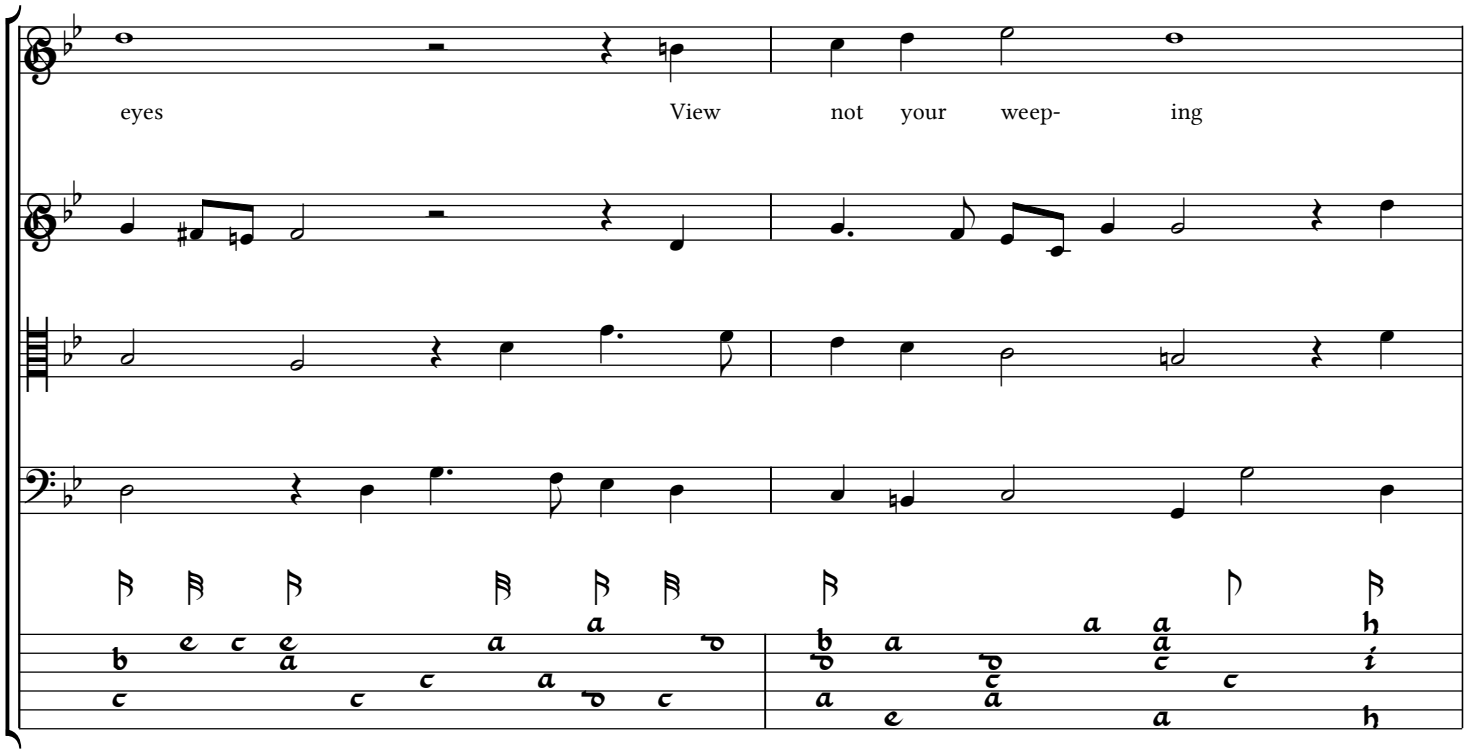
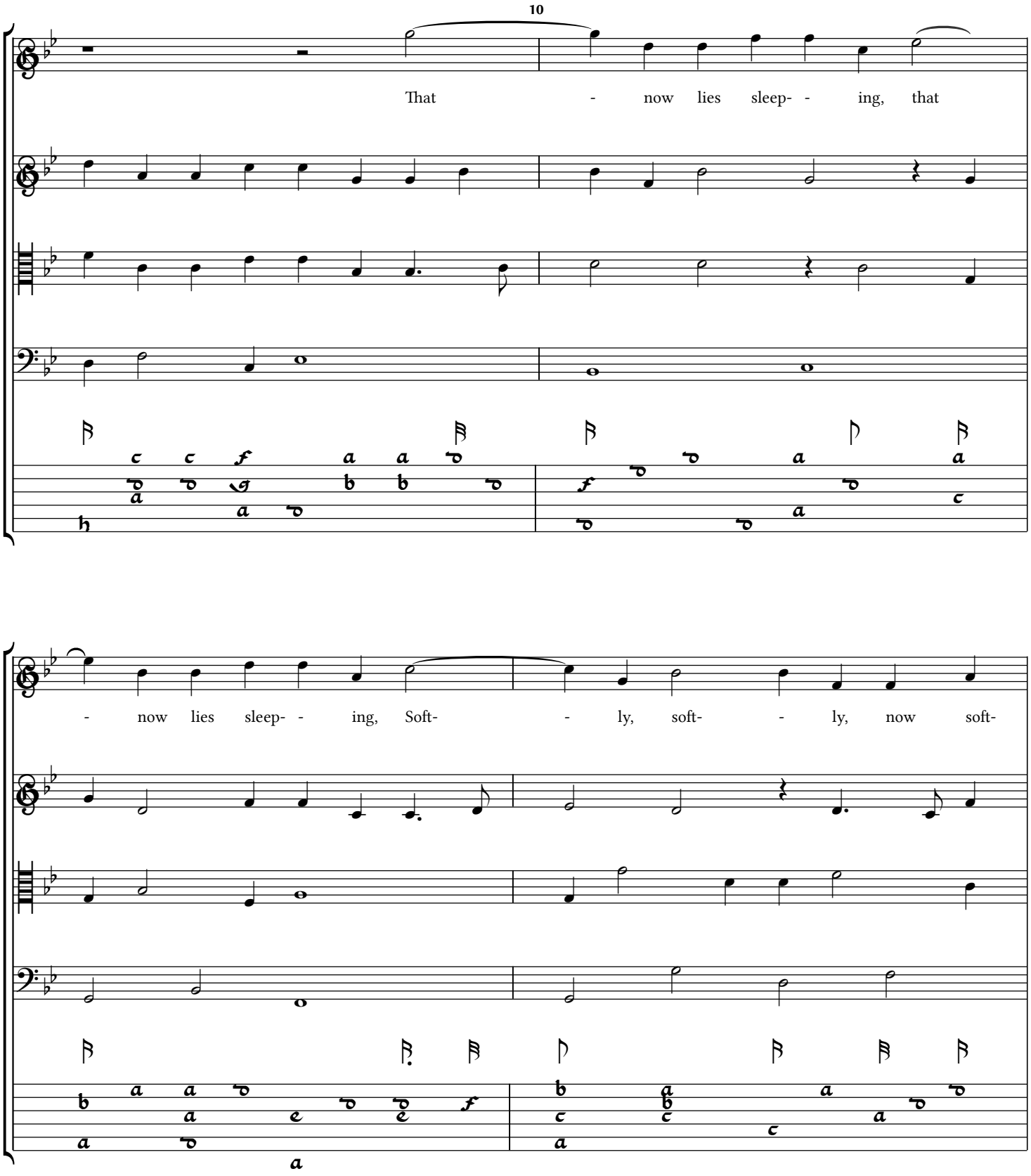
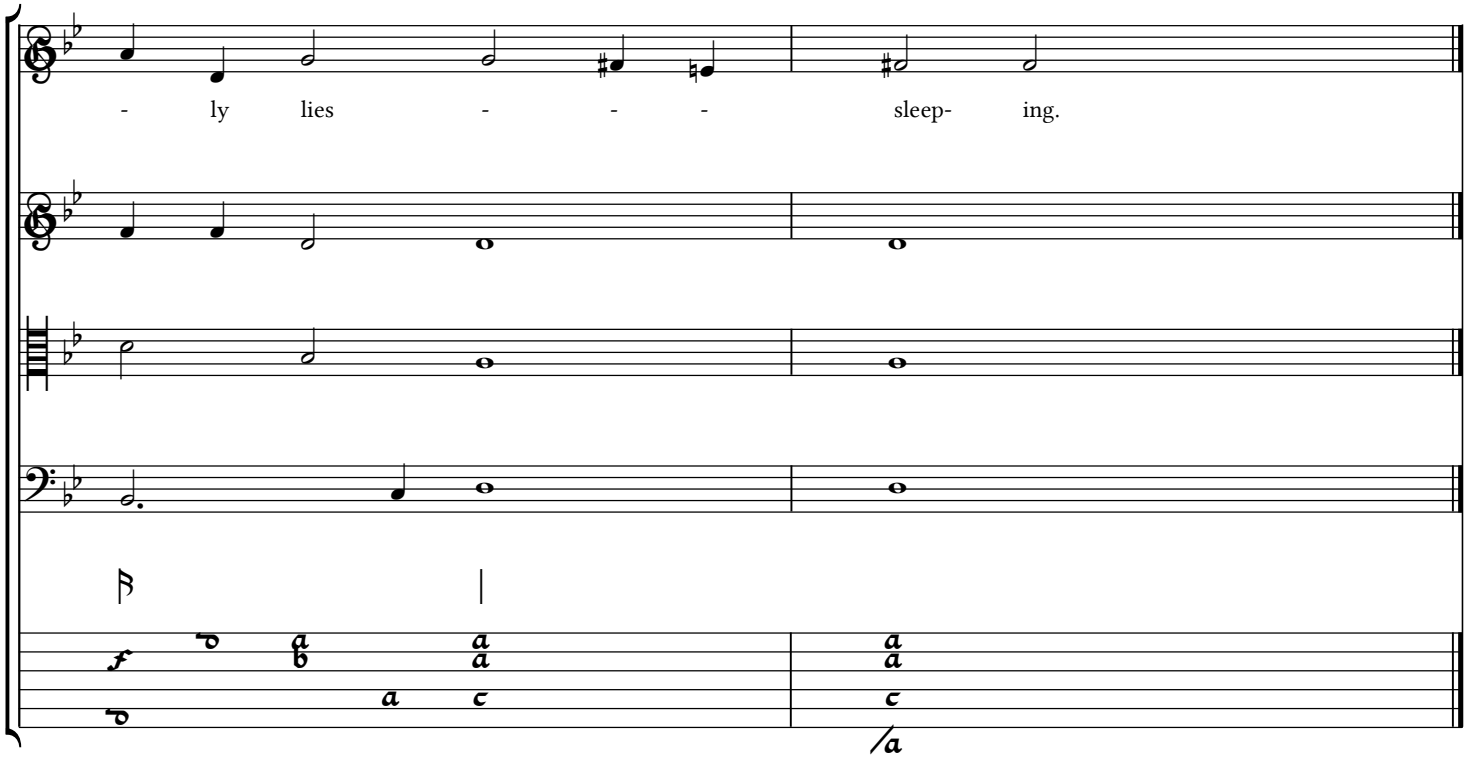

Heav'ns sun doth gent- ly waste. But my sun's heav'n- - ly


eyes View not your weep- ing


10
That - now lies sleep- - ing, that
- now lies sleep- - ing, Soft- - ly, soft- - ly, now soft-


- ly lies - - - sleep- ing.

Weep you no more, sad fountains

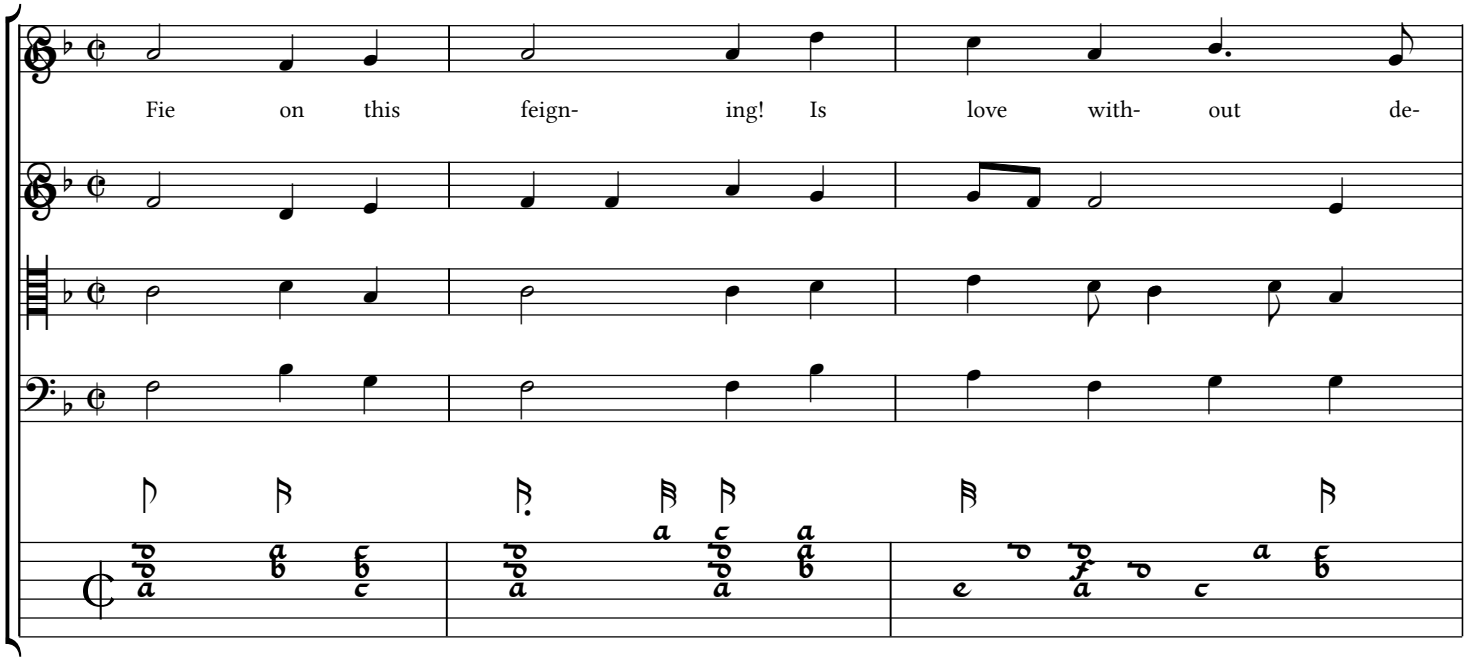
Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heav'ns sun doth gently waste.
But my sun's heav'nly eyes
View not your weeping
That now lies sleeping, that now lies sleeping,
Softly, softly, now softly lies sleeping.

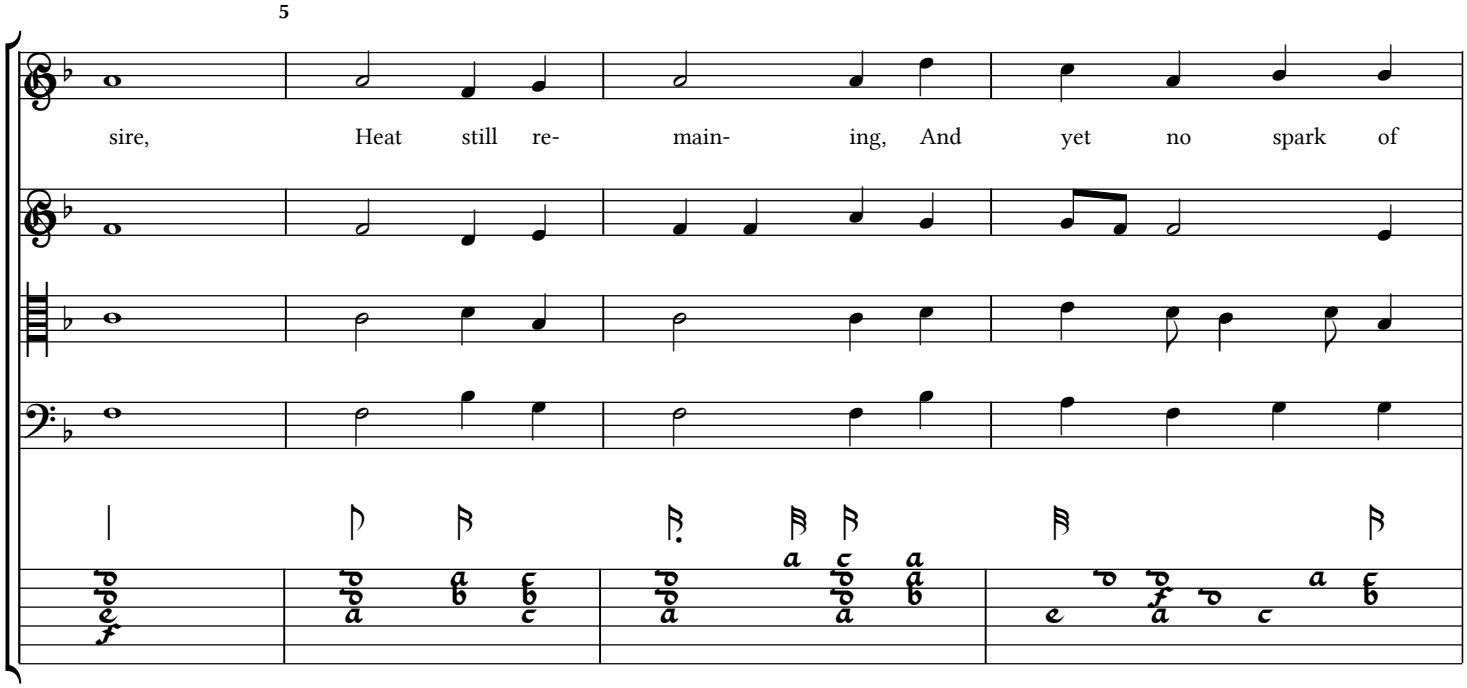
Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets.
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at e'en he sets.
Rest you then, rest sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping
While she lies sleeping, while she lies sleeping,
Softly, softly, now softly lies sleeping.

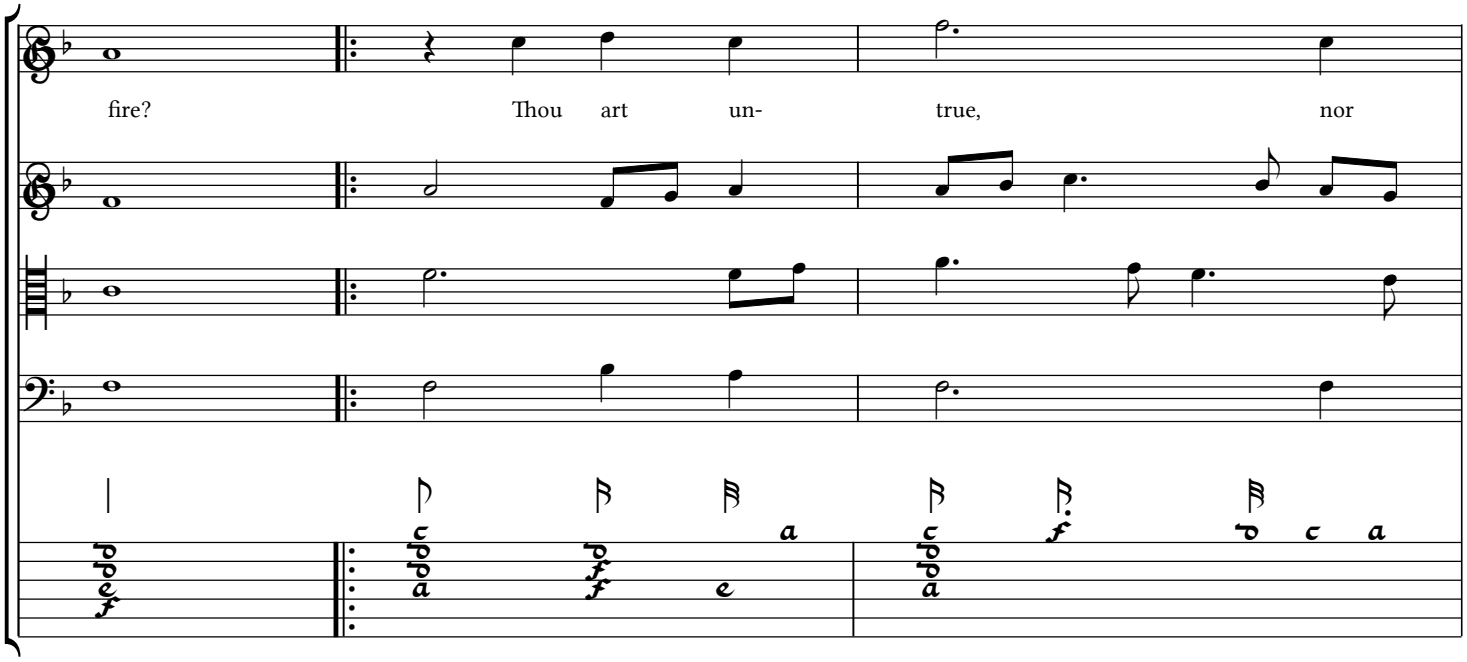
Fie on this feigning!

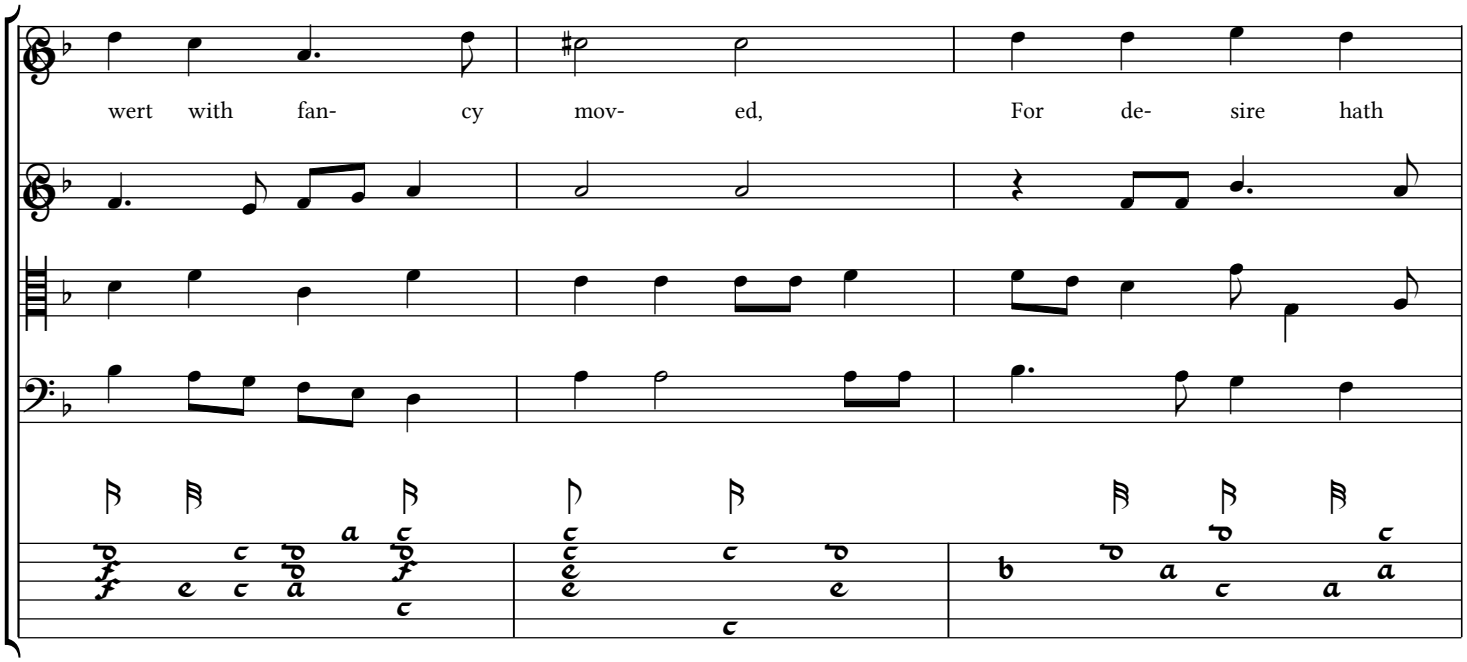
Third book of ayres (1603), #16.

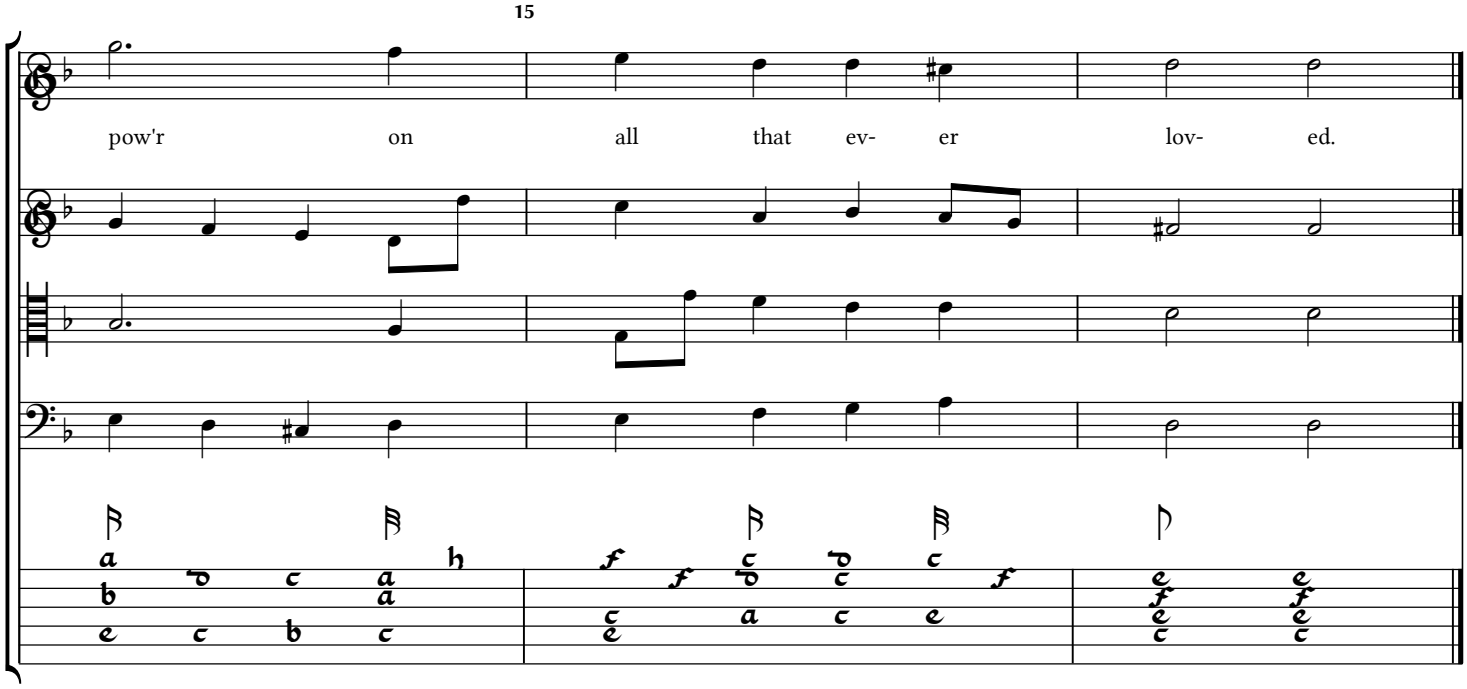
John Dowland






fire? Thou art un- true, nor


wert with fan- cy mov- ed, For de- sire hath


15
pow'r on all that ev- er lov- ed.

Fie on this feigning!

1. Fie on this feigning!
Is love without desire,
Heat still remaining,
And yet no spark of fire?
Thou art untrue, nor wert with fancy moved,
For desire hath pow'r on all that ever loved.

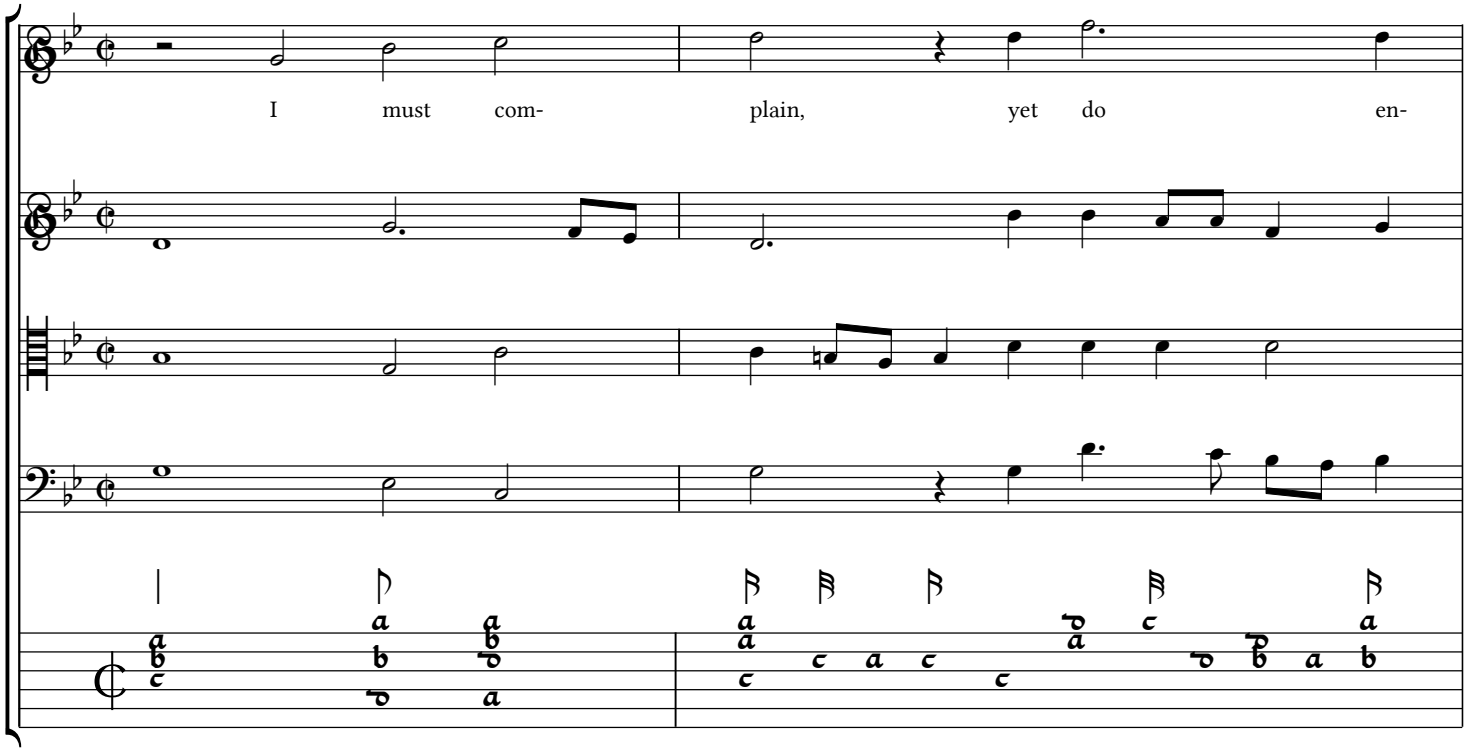
2. Show some relenting,
Or grant thou dost now love,
Two hearts consenting
Shall they no comforts prove?
Yield, or confess that love is without pleasure,
And that women's bounties rob men of their treasure.

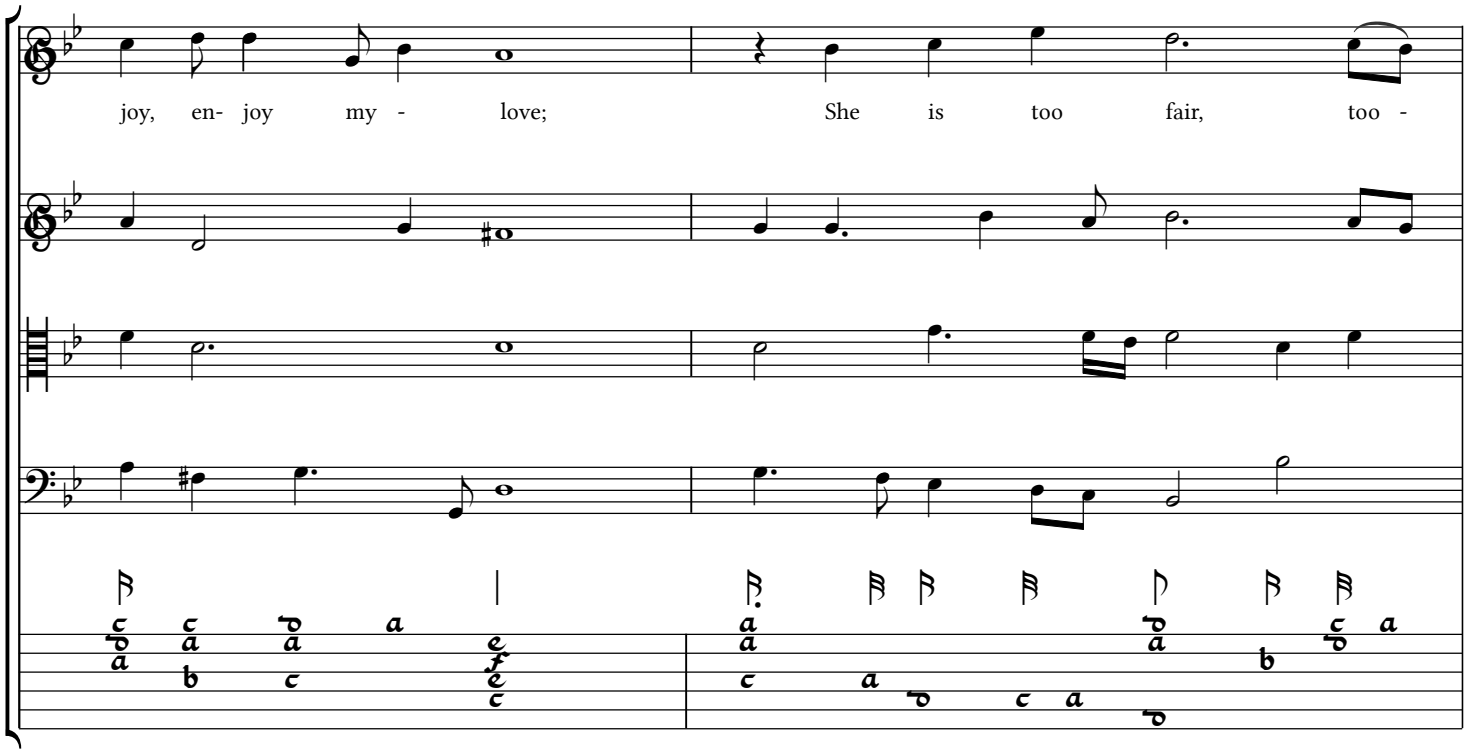
3. Truth is not placed
In words and forced smiles.
Love is not graced
With that which still beguiles.
Love, or dislike! Yield fire, or give no fuel!
So may'st thou prove kind, or at the least less cruel.

I must complain

Third book of ayres (1603), #17.
Words by Thomas Campion

John Dowland





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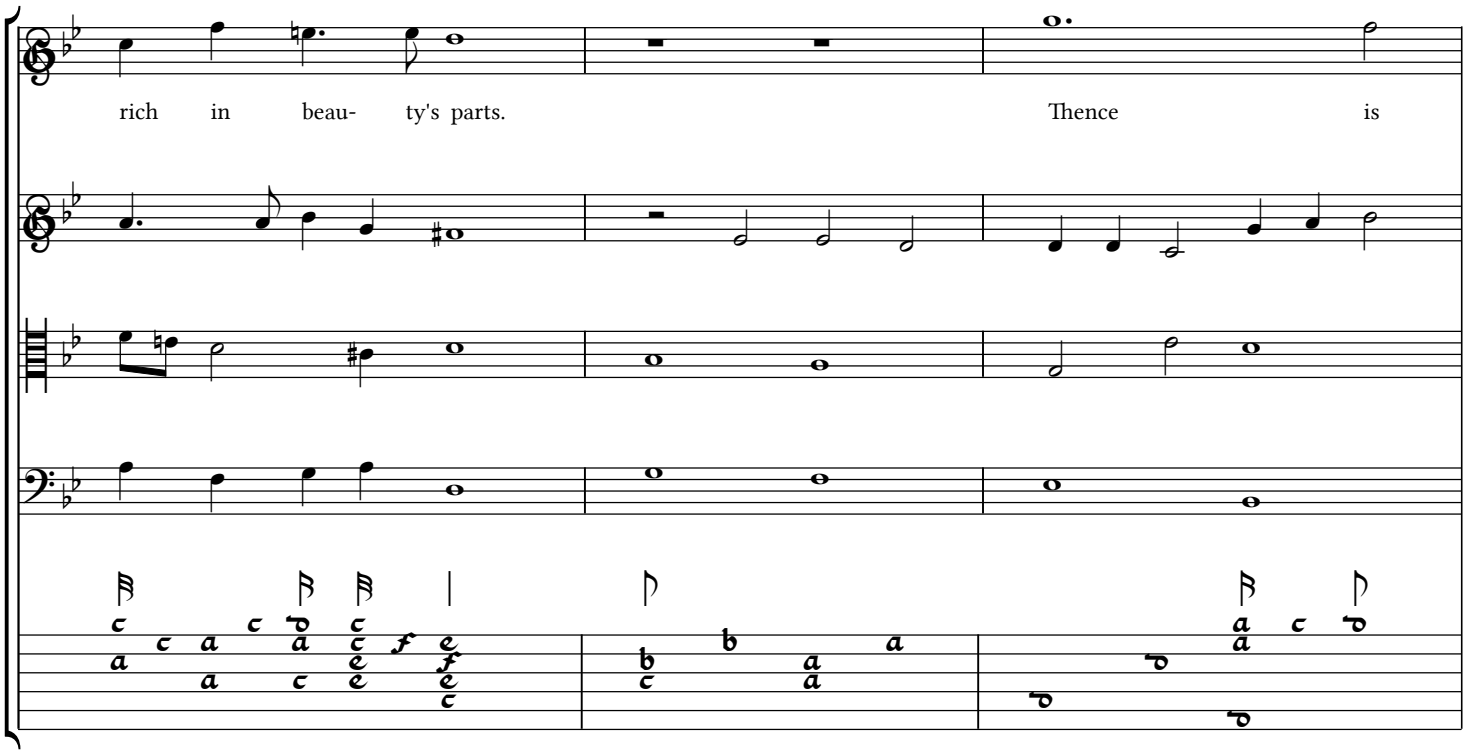
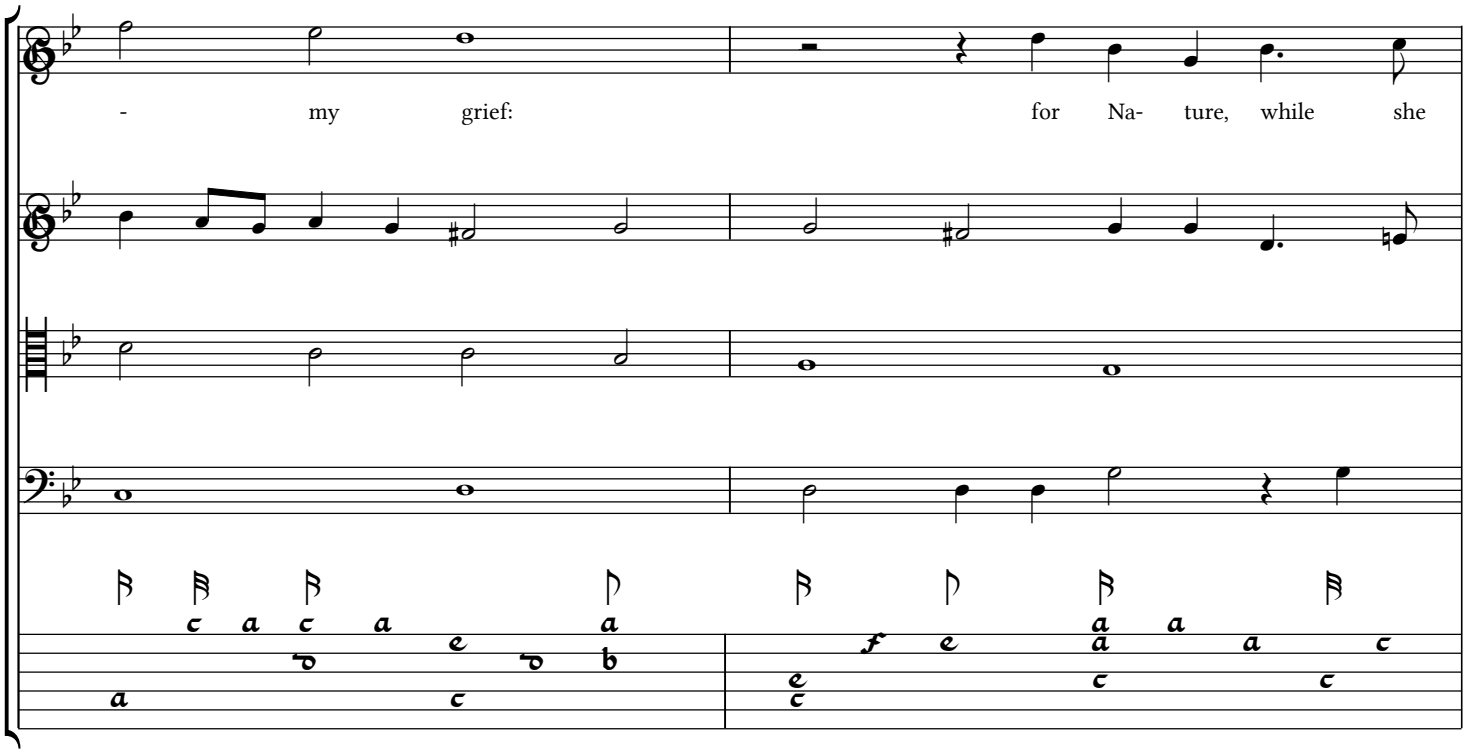

rich in beau- ty's parts. Thence is


- my grief: for Na- ture, while she

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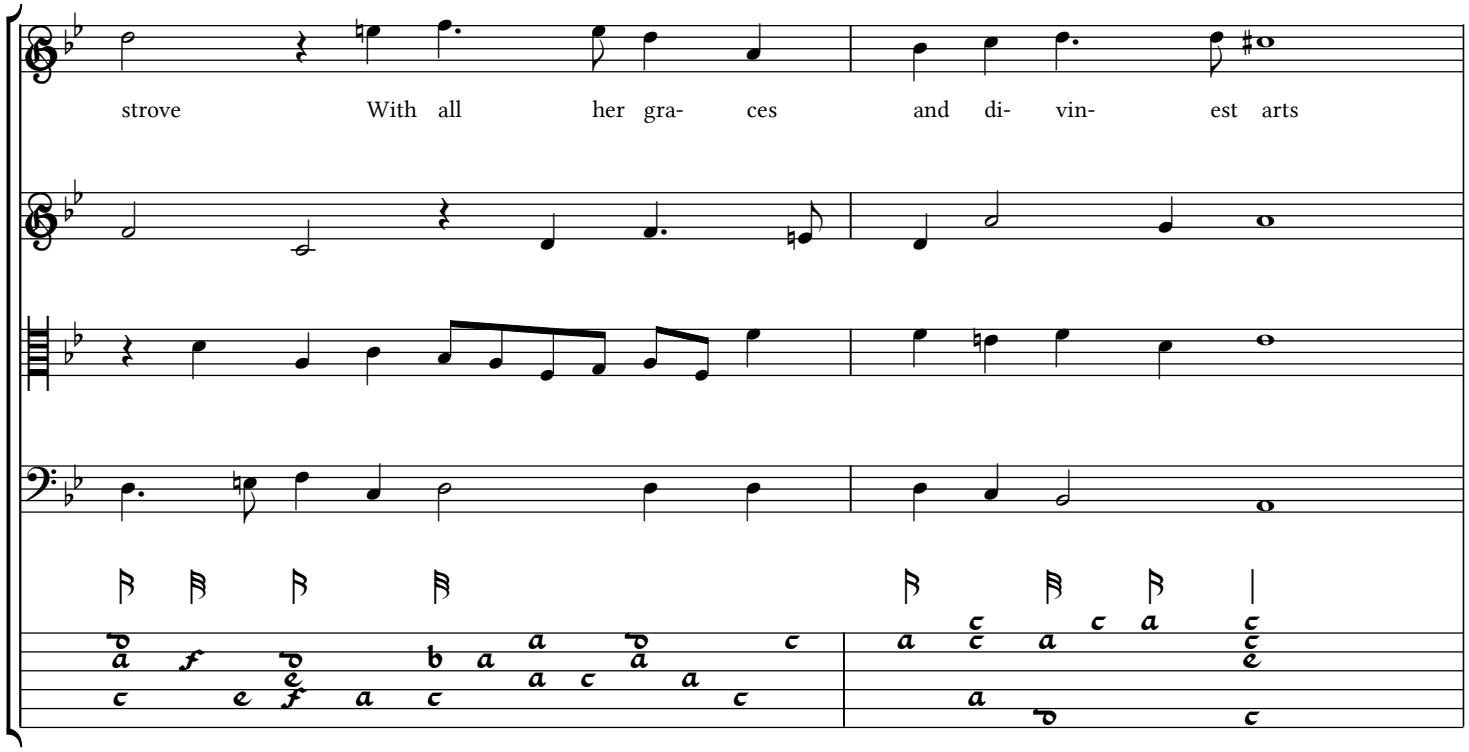
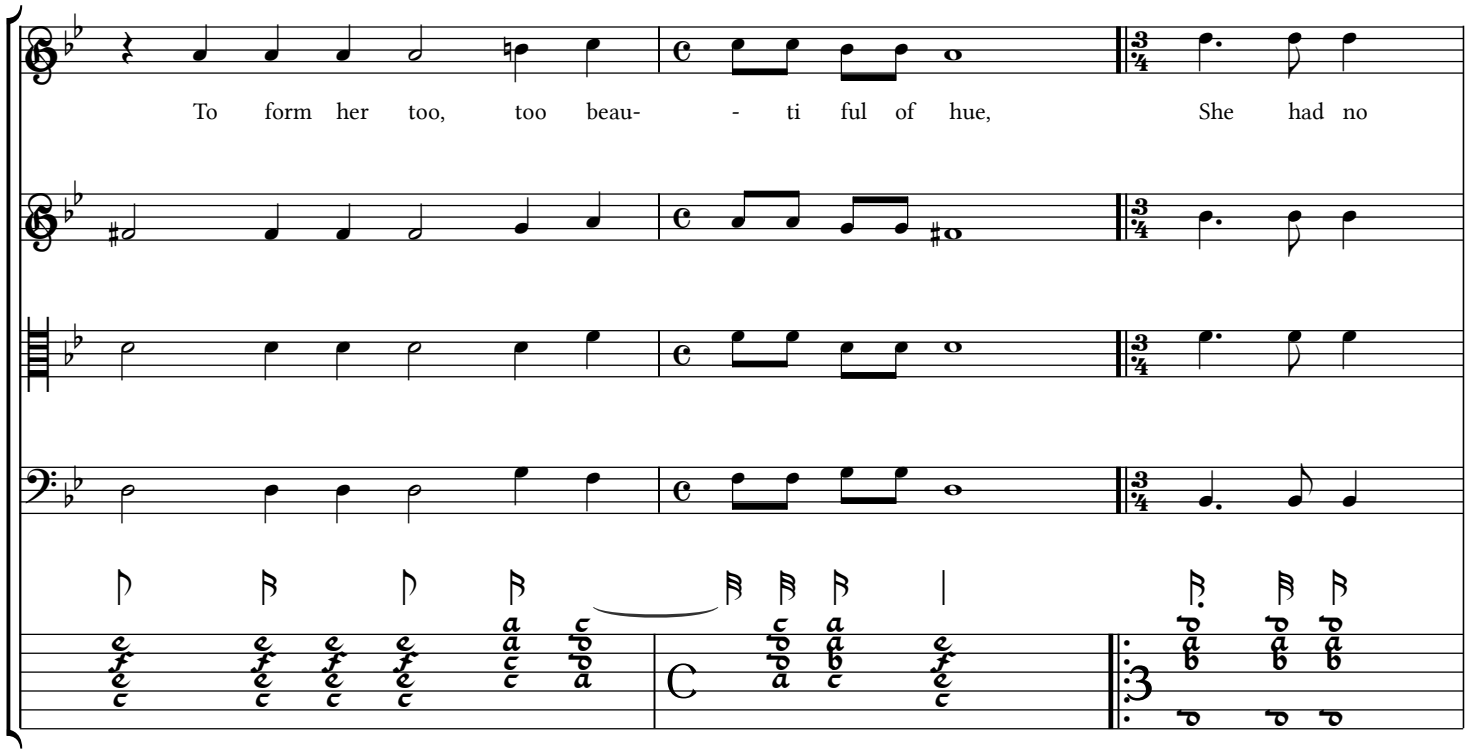
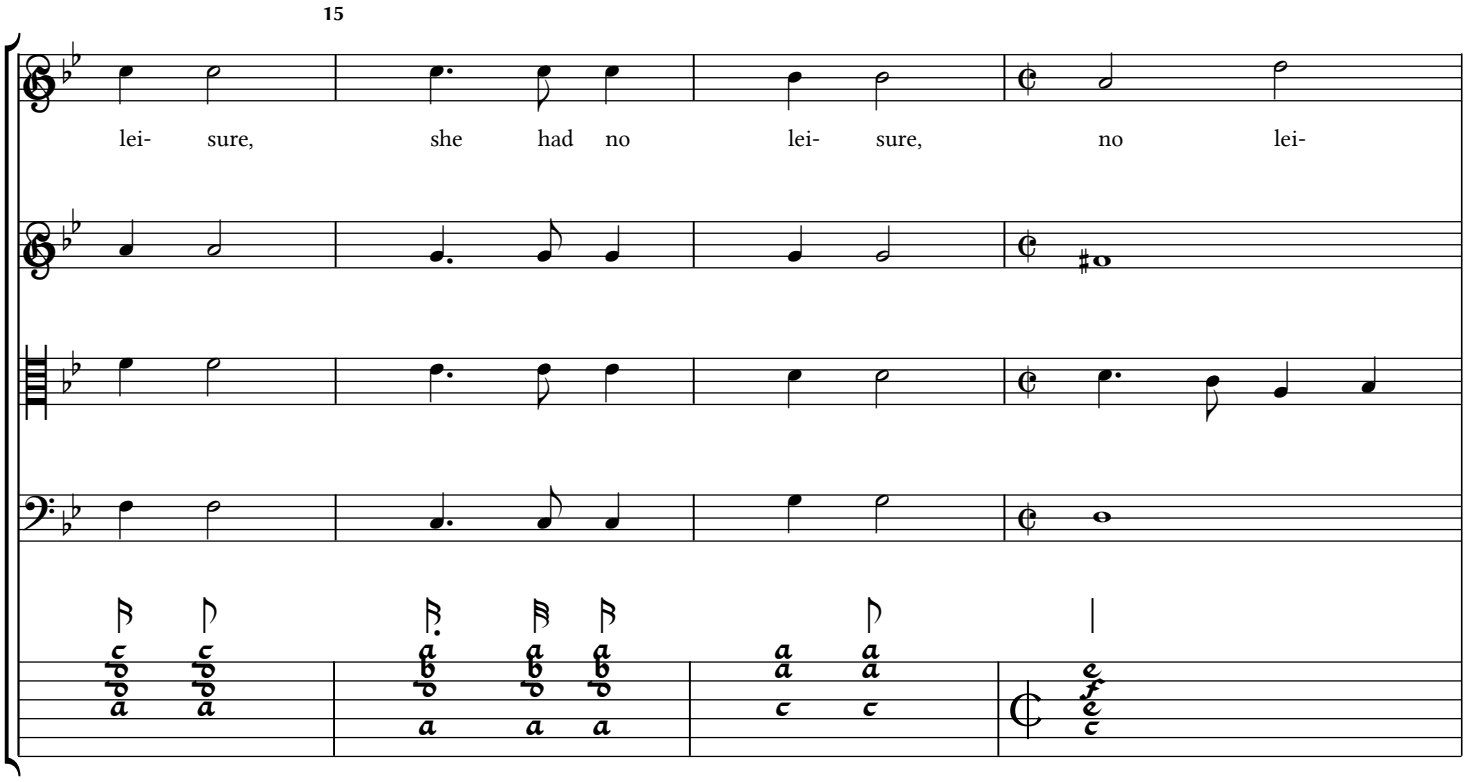

strove With all her gra- ces and di- vin- est arts


To form her too, too beau- - ti ful of hue, She had no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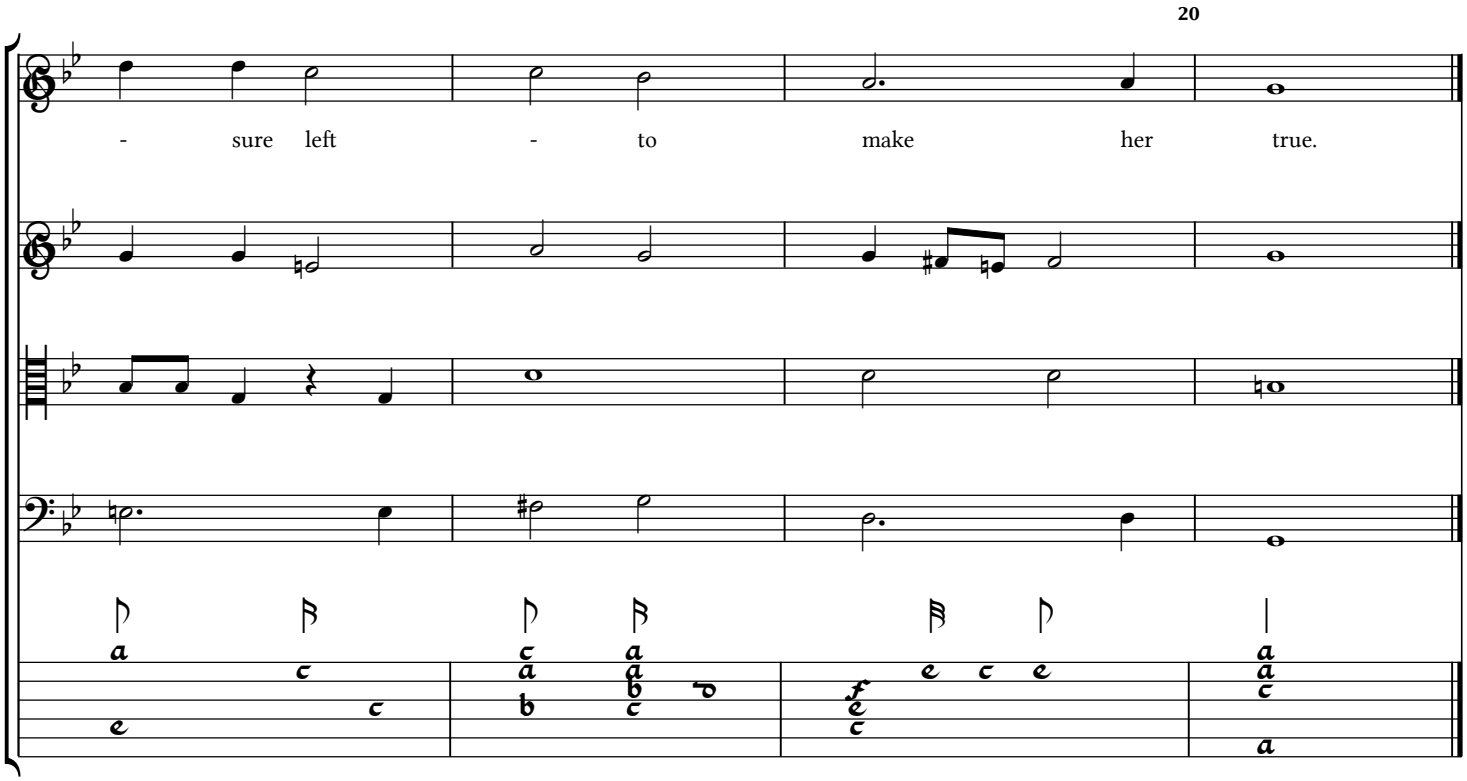
lei- sure, she had no lei- sure, no lei-


20
- sure left - to make her true.

I must complain

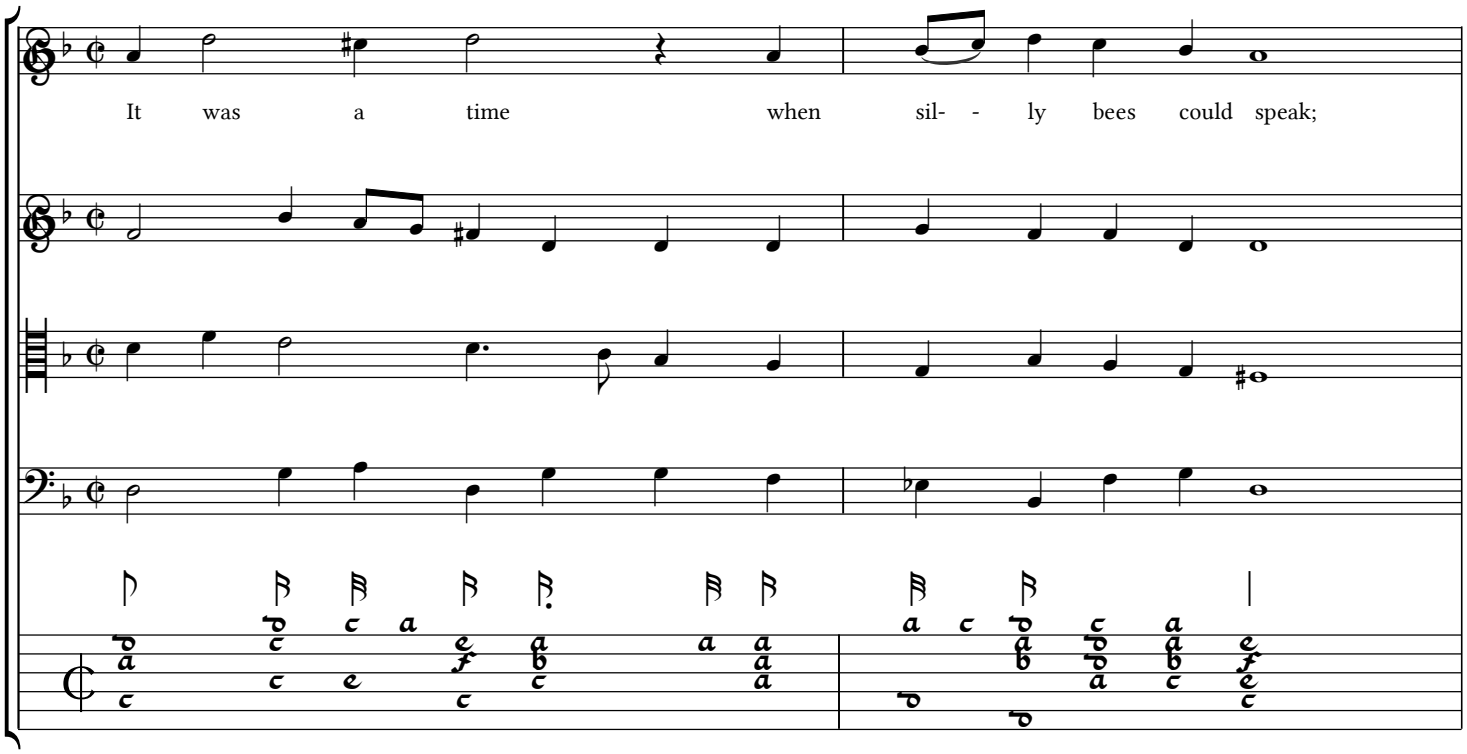
I must complain, yet do enjoy, enjoy my love;
She is too fair, too rich in beauty's parts.
Thence is my grief: for Nature, while she strove
With all her graces and divinest arts
To form her too, too beauti ful of hue,
She had no leisure, she had no leisure,
no leisure left to make her true.

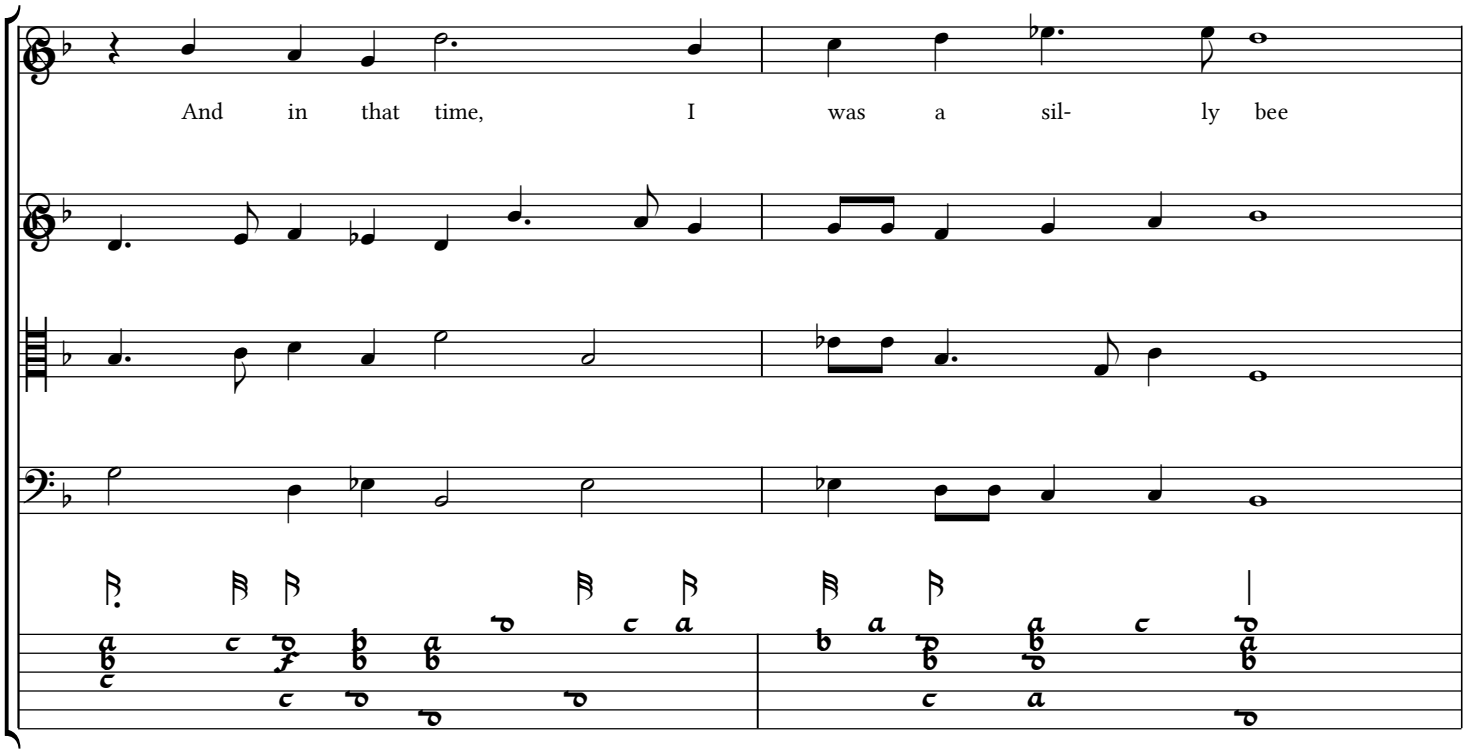
Should I, aggriev'd, then wish, then wish she were less fair?
That were repugnant to my own desires.
She is admir'd; new suitors still repair
That kindles daily love's forgetful fires.
Rest, jealous thoughts, and thus resolve at last:
She hath more beauty, she hath more beauty,
more beauty than becomes the chaste.

It was a time when silly bees could speak

John Dowland

Third book of ayres (1603), #18.
Words ascribed to Robert, Earl of Essex





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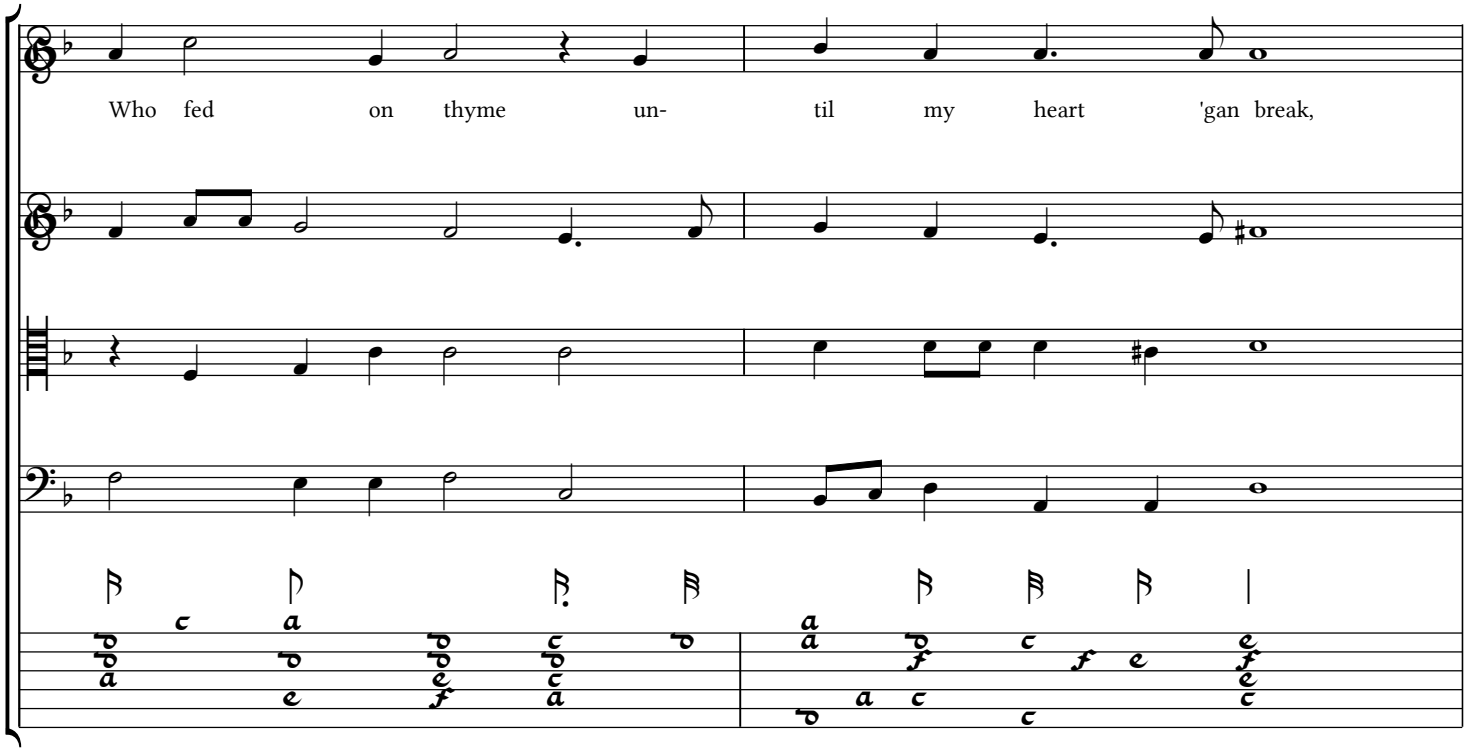
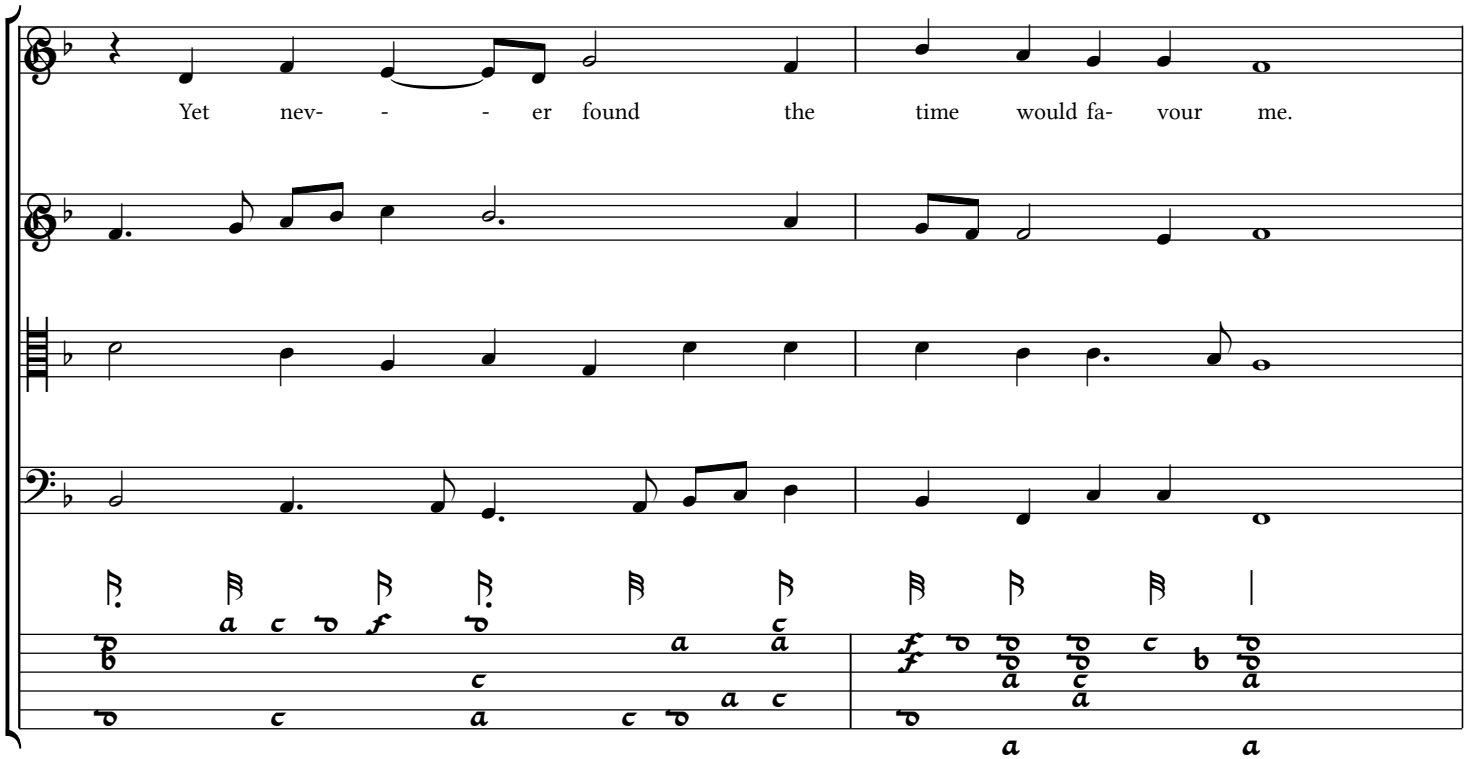
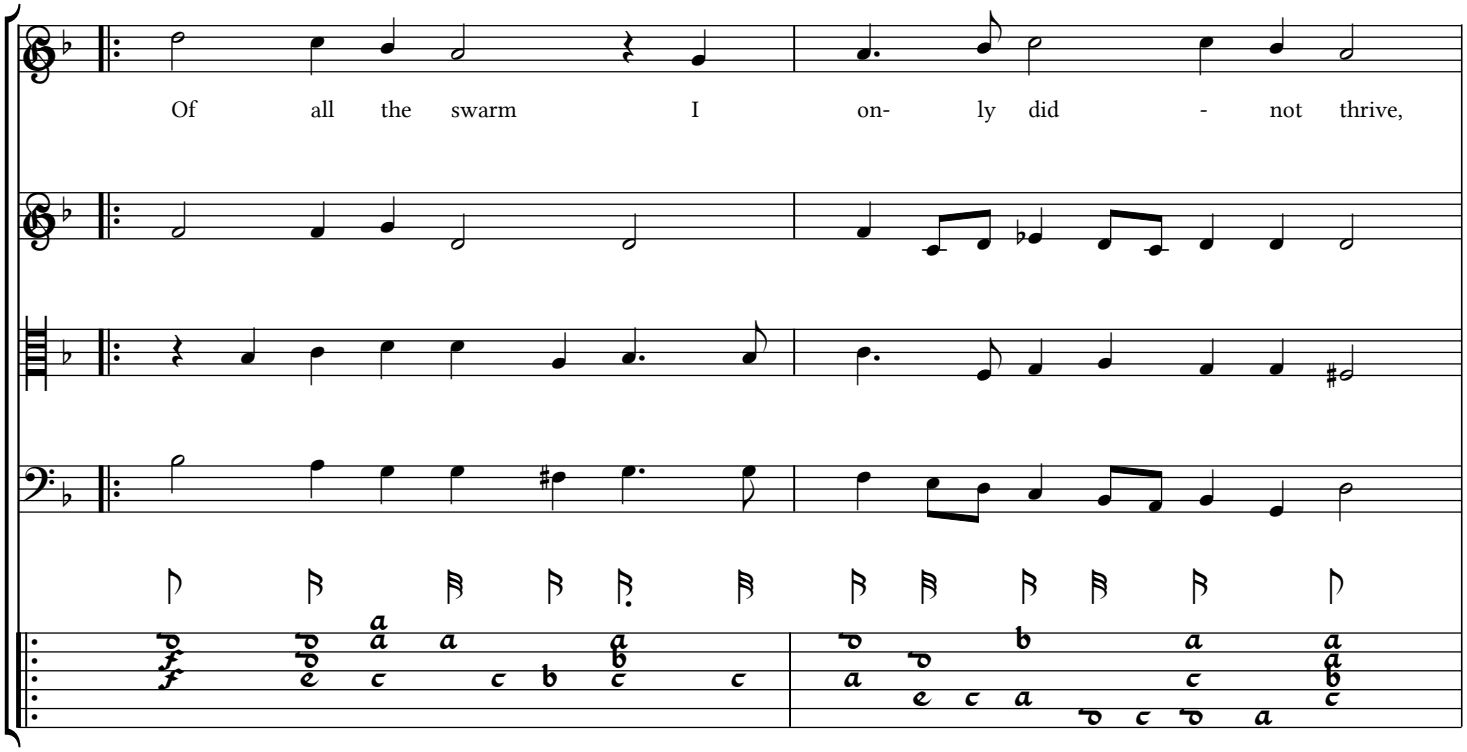
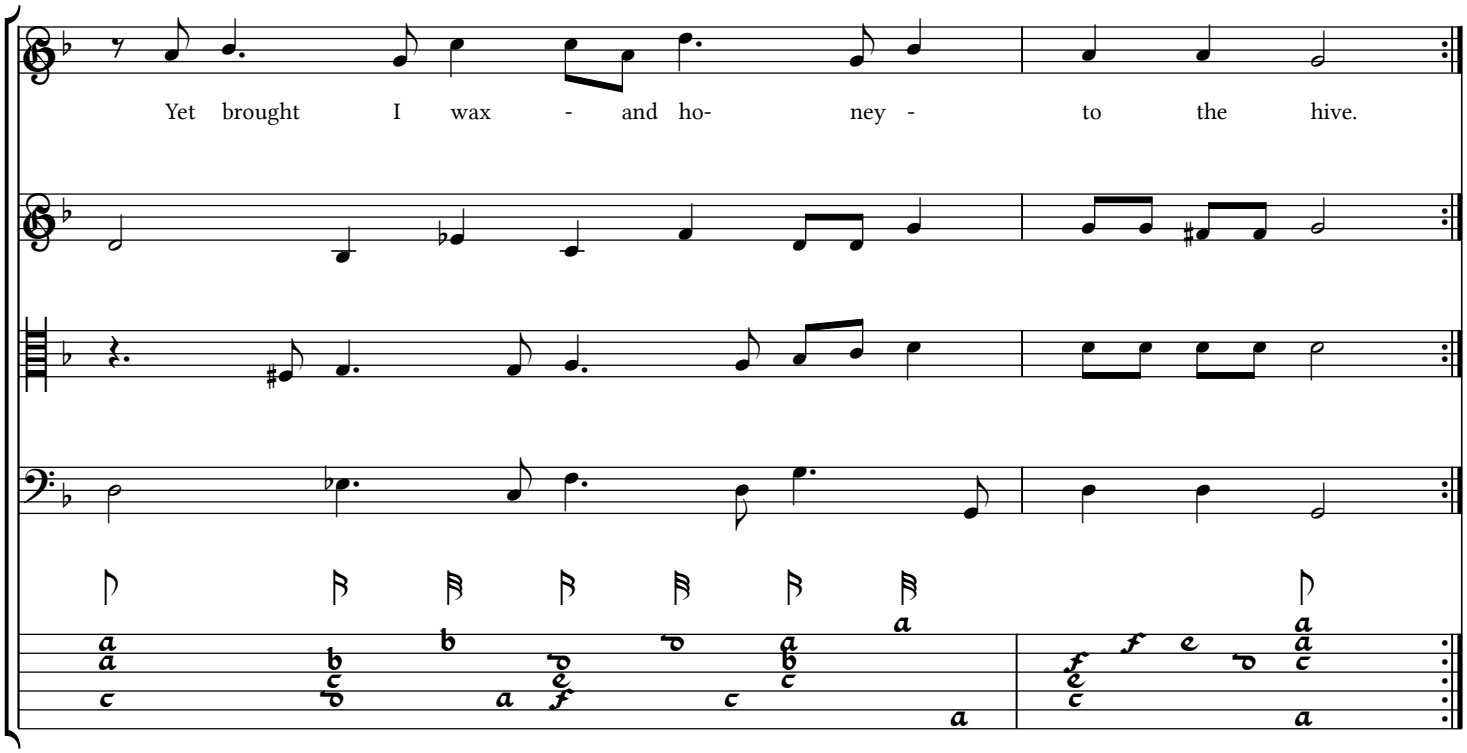

Who fed on thyme un- til my heart 'gan break,


Yet nev- - - er found the time would fa- vour me.


Of all the swarm I on- ly did - not thrive,


Yet brought I wax - and ho- ney - to the hive.

It was a time when silly bees could speak

It was a time when silly bees could speak;
And in that time, I was a silly bee
Who fed on thyme until my heart 'gan break,
Yet never found the time would favour me.
Of all the swarm I only did not thrive,
Yet brought I wax and honey to the hive.

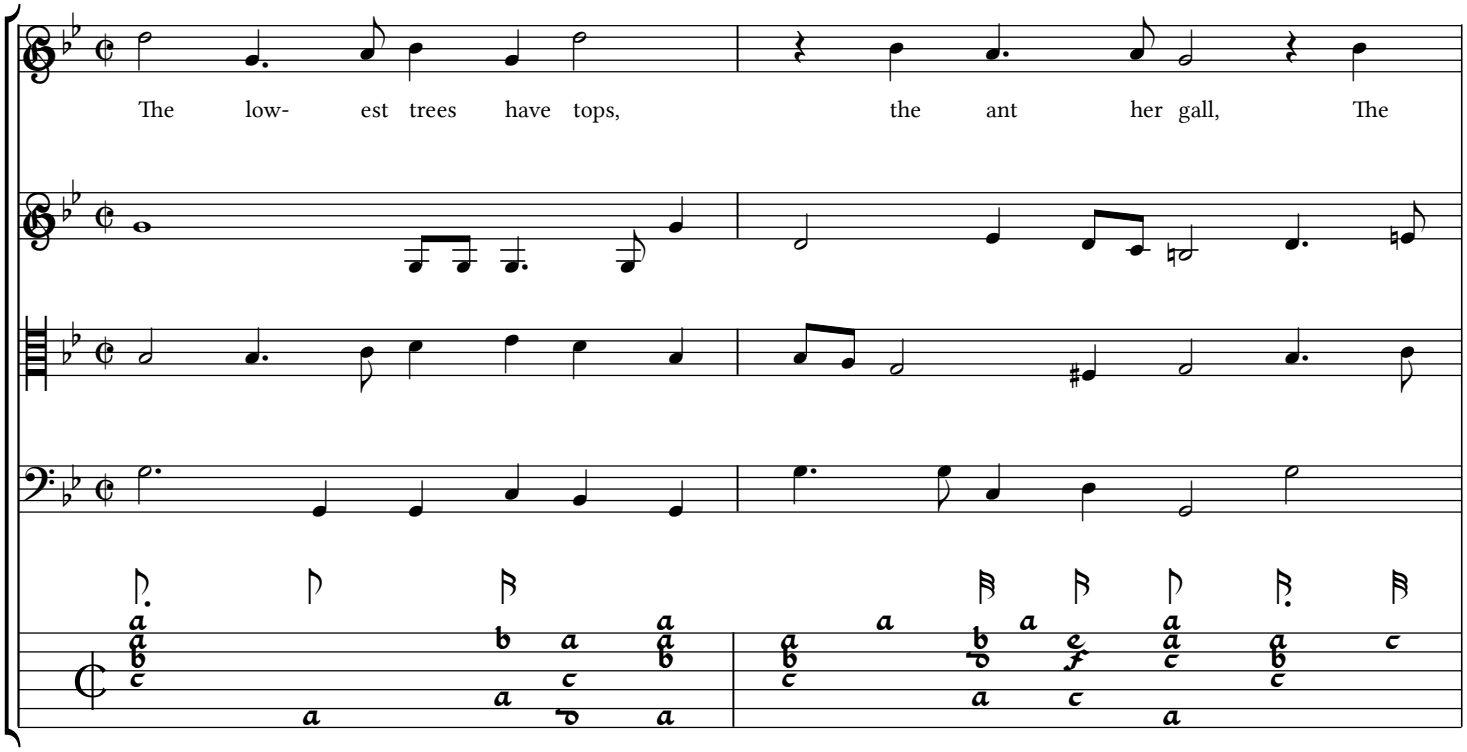
2. Then thus I buzz'd when thyme no sap would give:
"Why should this blessed thyme to me be dry,
Sith by this thyme the lazy drone doth live,
The wasp, the worm, the gnat the butterfly?"
Mated with grief, I kneeled on my knees
And thus complain'd unto the king of bees:

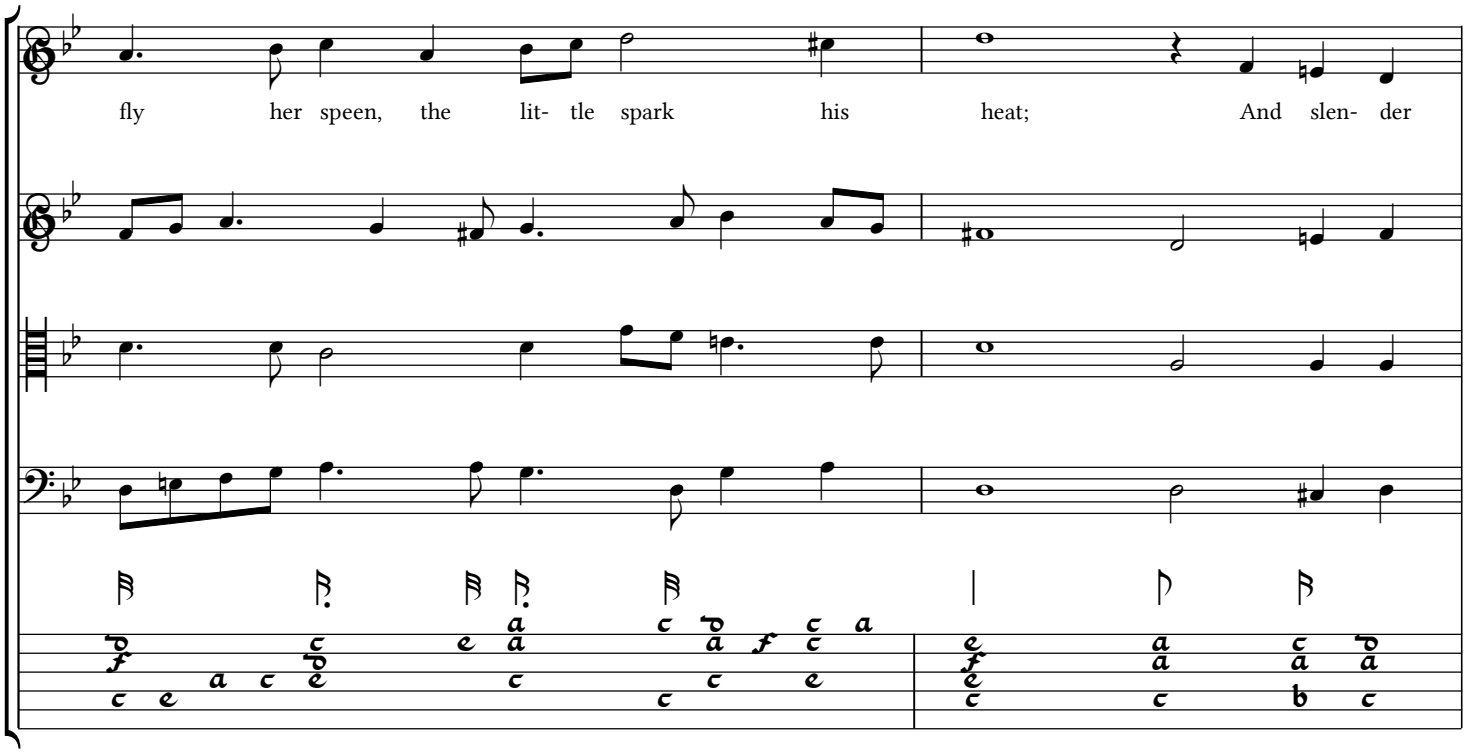
3. "My liege, gods grant thy time may never end!
And yet vouchsafe to hear my plaint of thyme,
Which fruitless flies have found to have a friend,
And I, cast down when atomies do climb?"
The king replied but thus: "Peace, peevvish bee!
Thou'rt bound to serve the time, the thyme not thee."

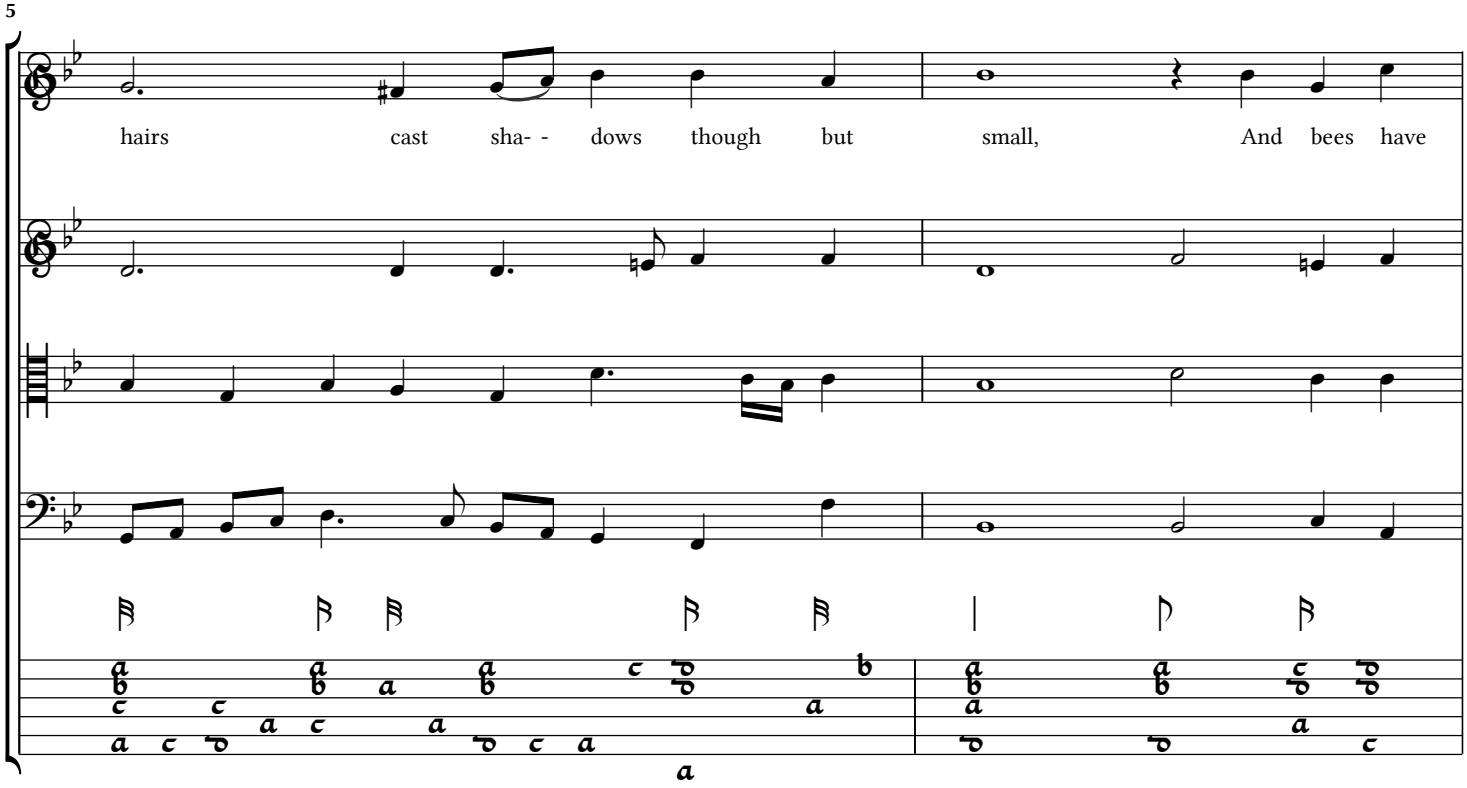
The lowest trees have tops

Third book of ayres (1603), #19.
Words ascribed to Sir Edward Dyer

John Dowland



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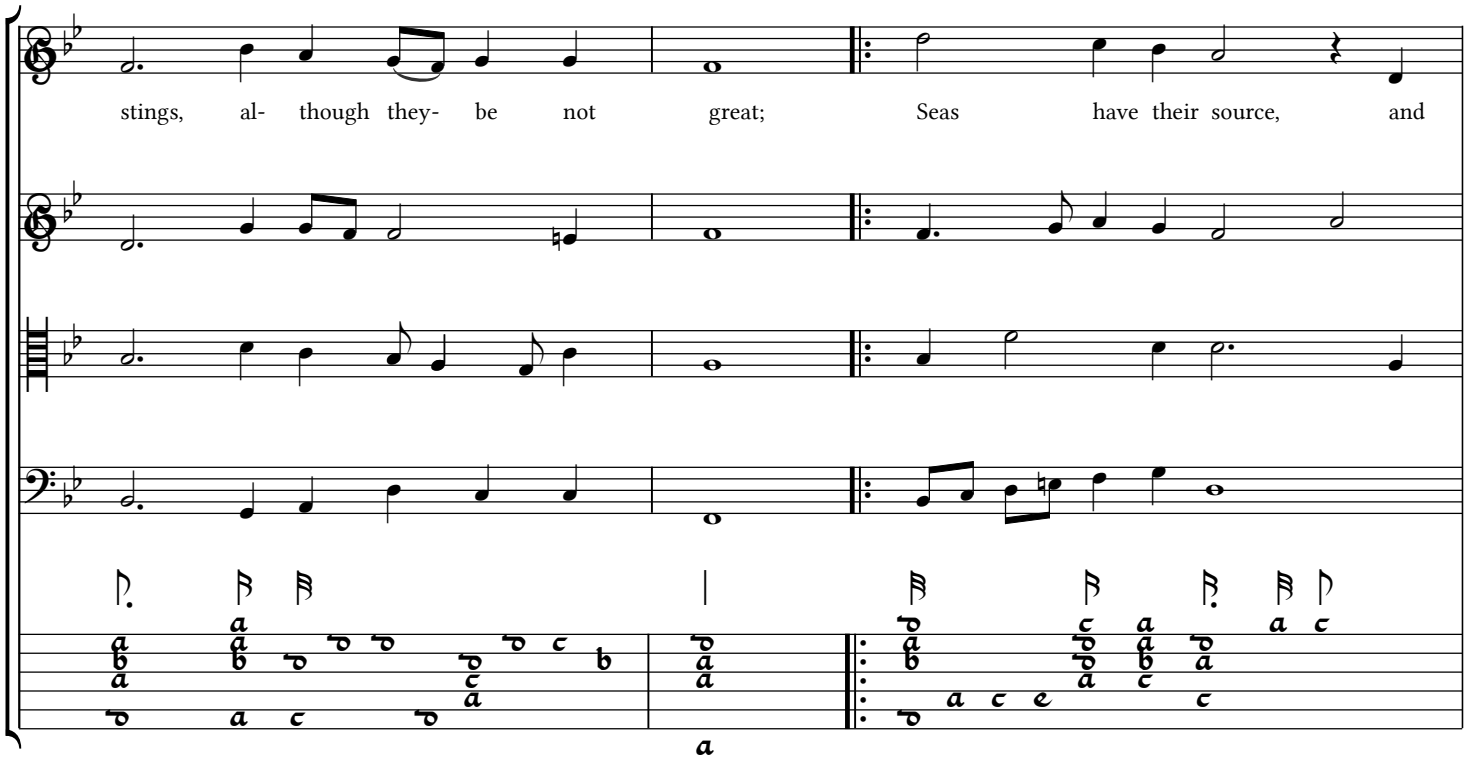
hairs cast sha- - dows though but small, And bees have


stings, al- though they- be not great; Seas have their source, and

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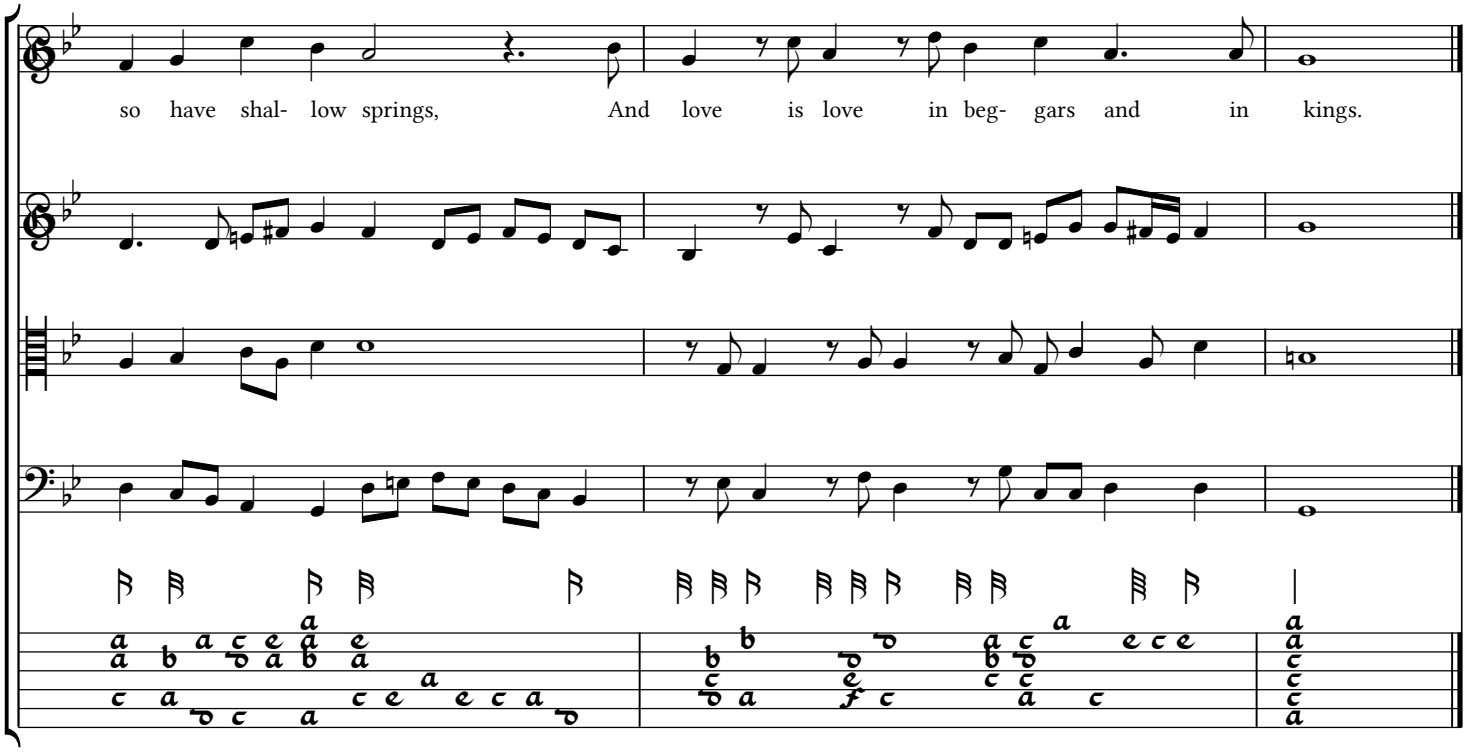

so have shal- low springs, And love is love in beg- gars and in kings.

The lowest trees have tops

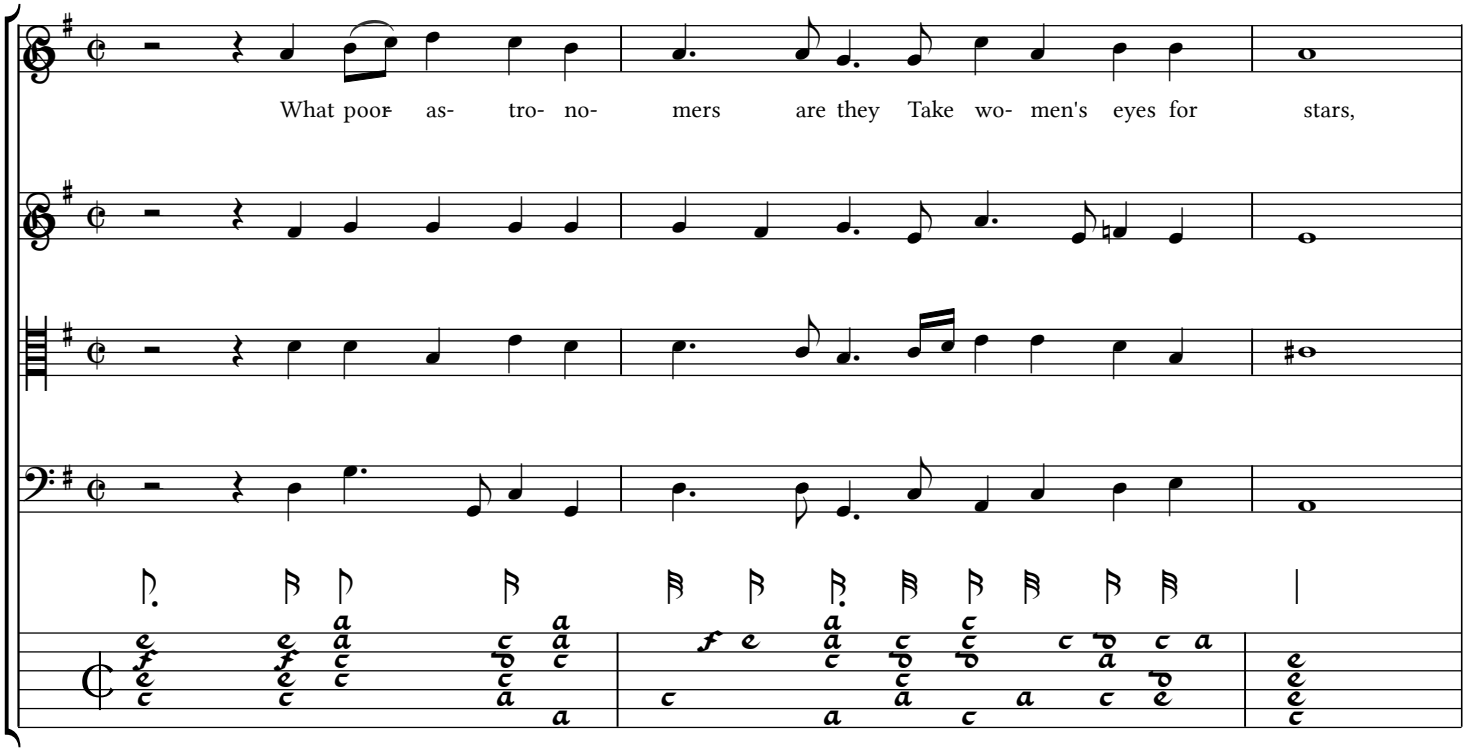
The lowest trees have tops, the ant her gall,
The fly her speen, the little spark his heat;
And slender hairs cast shadows though but small,
And bees have stings, although they be not great;
Seas have their source, and so have shallow springs,
And love is love in beggars and in kings.

Where waters smoothest run deep are the fords;
The dial stirs, yet none perceives it move;
The firmest faith is in the fewest words;
The turtles cannot sing and yet they love.
True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongues to speak;
They hear and see and sigh, and then they break.

What poor astronomers are they

Third book of ayres (1603), #20.

John Dowland



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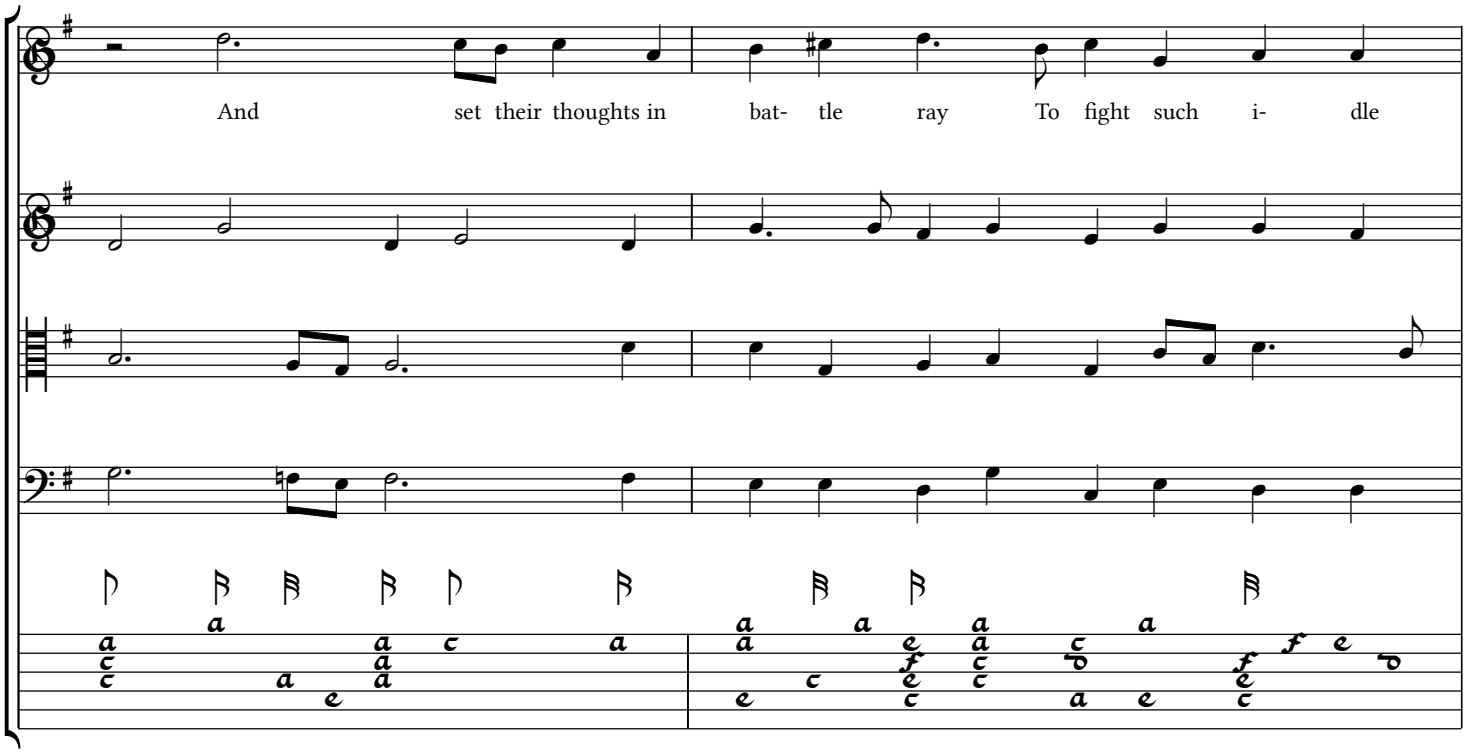
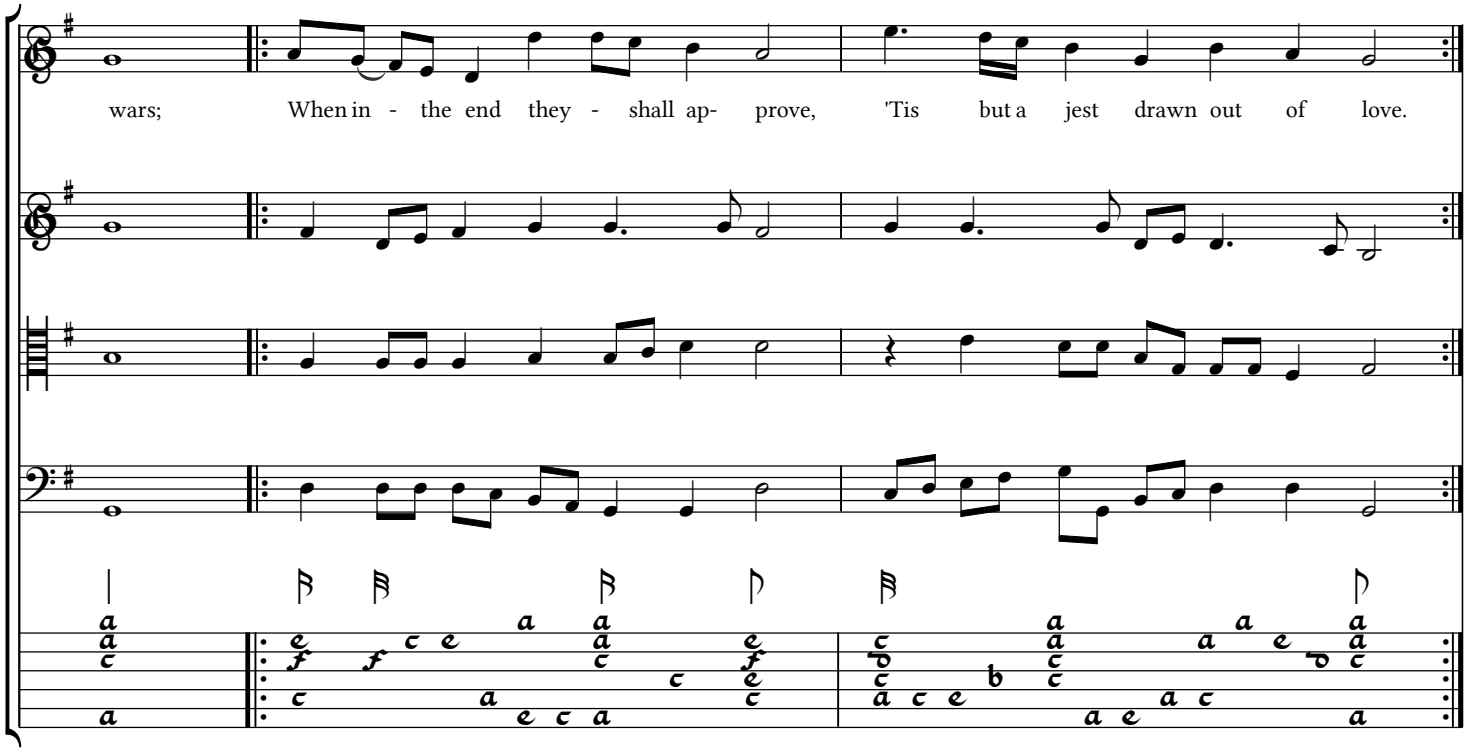



wars; When in - the end they - shall ap- prove, 'Tis but a jest drawn out of love.

What poor astronomers are they

What poor astronomers are they
Take women's eyes for stars,
And set their thoughts in battle ray
To fight such idle wars;
When in the end they shall approve,
'Tis but a jest drawn out of love.

2. And love itself is but a jest
Devis'd by idle heads
To catch young fancies in the nest
And lay it in fools' beds,
That being hatch'd in Beauty's eyes,
They may be fledg'd ere they be wise,

3. But yet it is a sport to see
How wit will run on wheels,
While will cannot persuaded be
With that which reason feels:
That women's eyes and stars are odd,
And Love is but a feigned god.

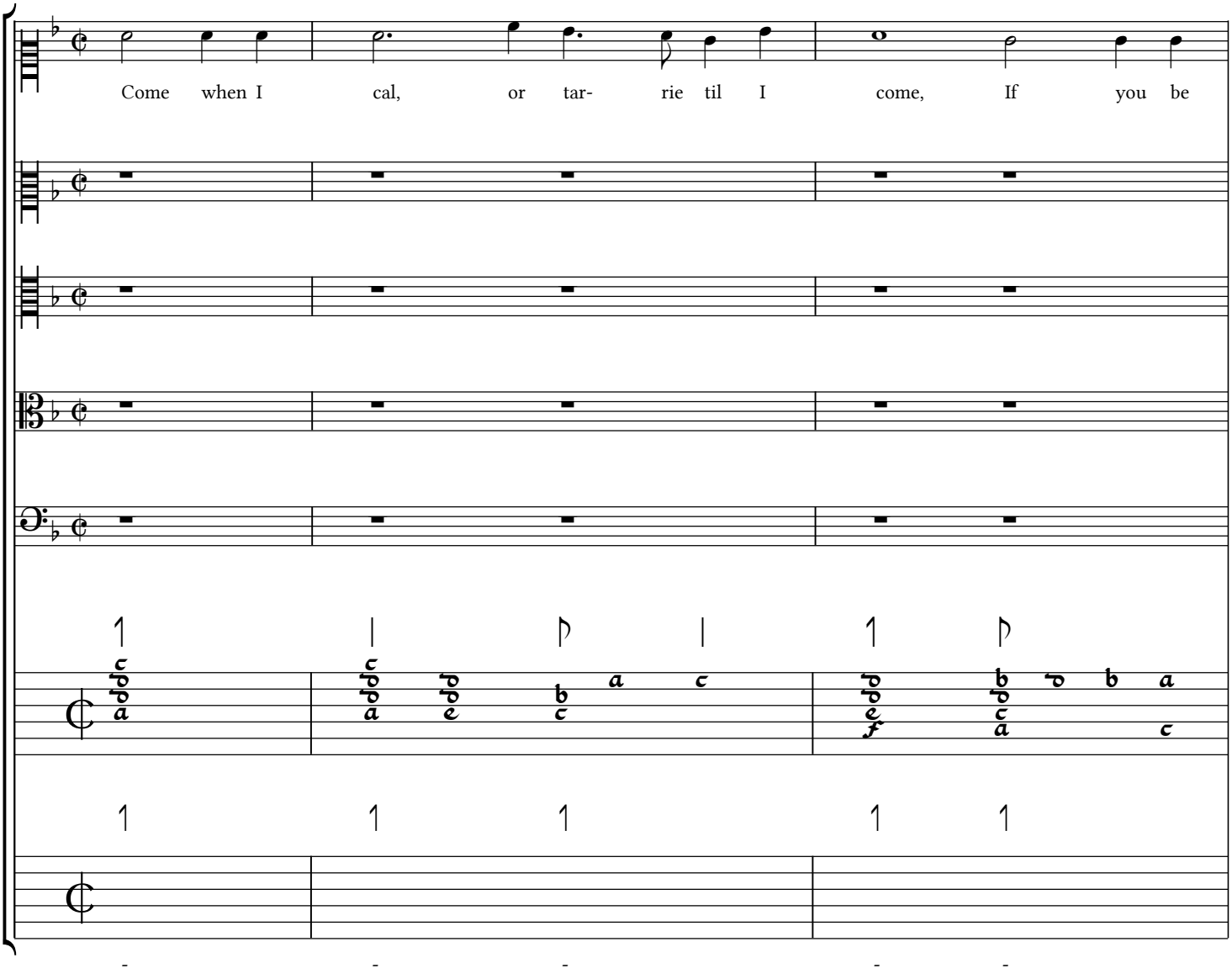
4. But such as will run mad with will
I cannot clear their sight.
But leave them to their study still
To look where is no light;
Till time too late we make them try,
They study false astronomy.

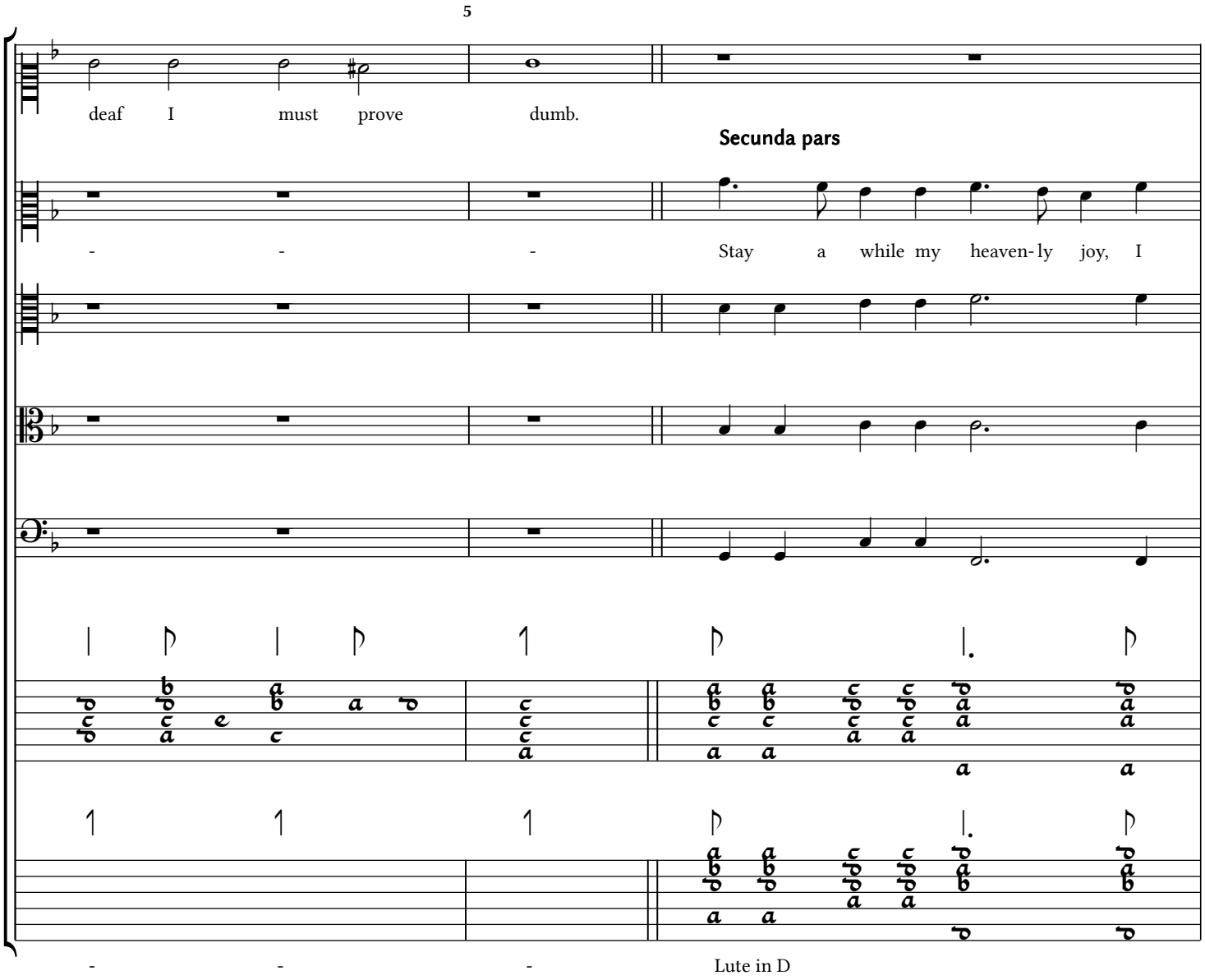
Come when I call

Third book of ayres (1603), #21.

John Dowland

dialogue

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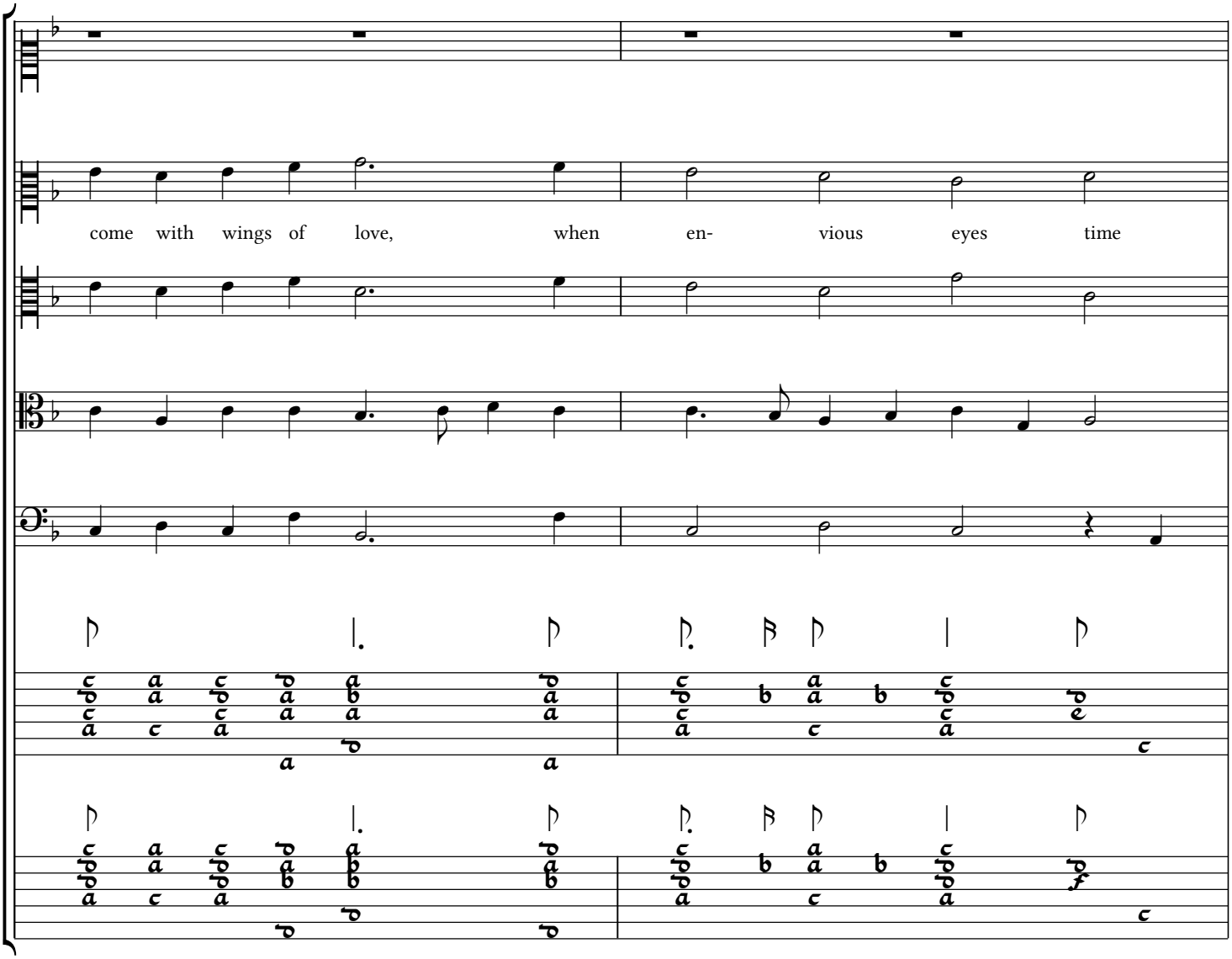
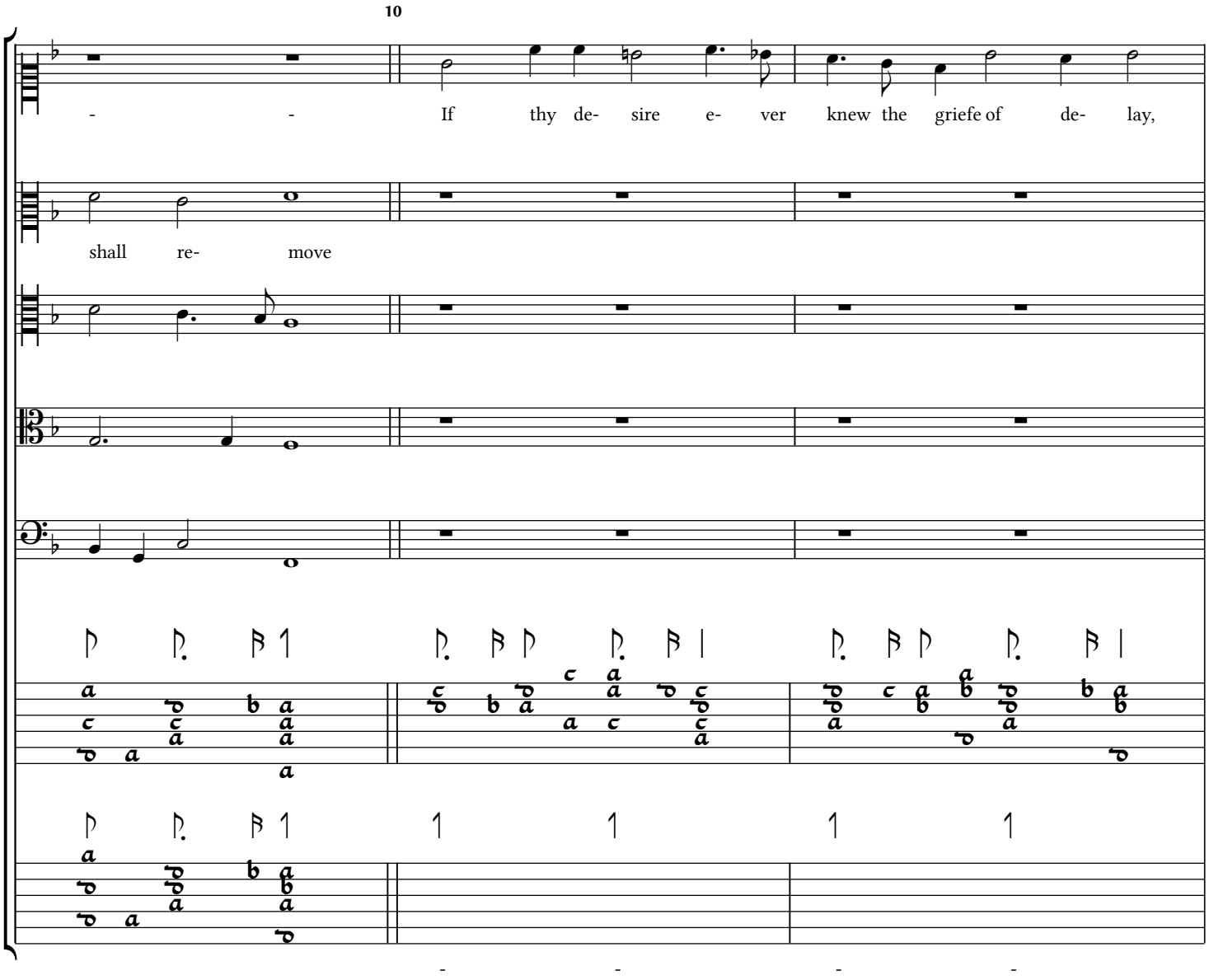
deaf I must prove dumb.
Secunda pars
- - - Stay a while my heaven-ly joy, I
- - - Lute in D


come with wings of love, when en- vious eyes time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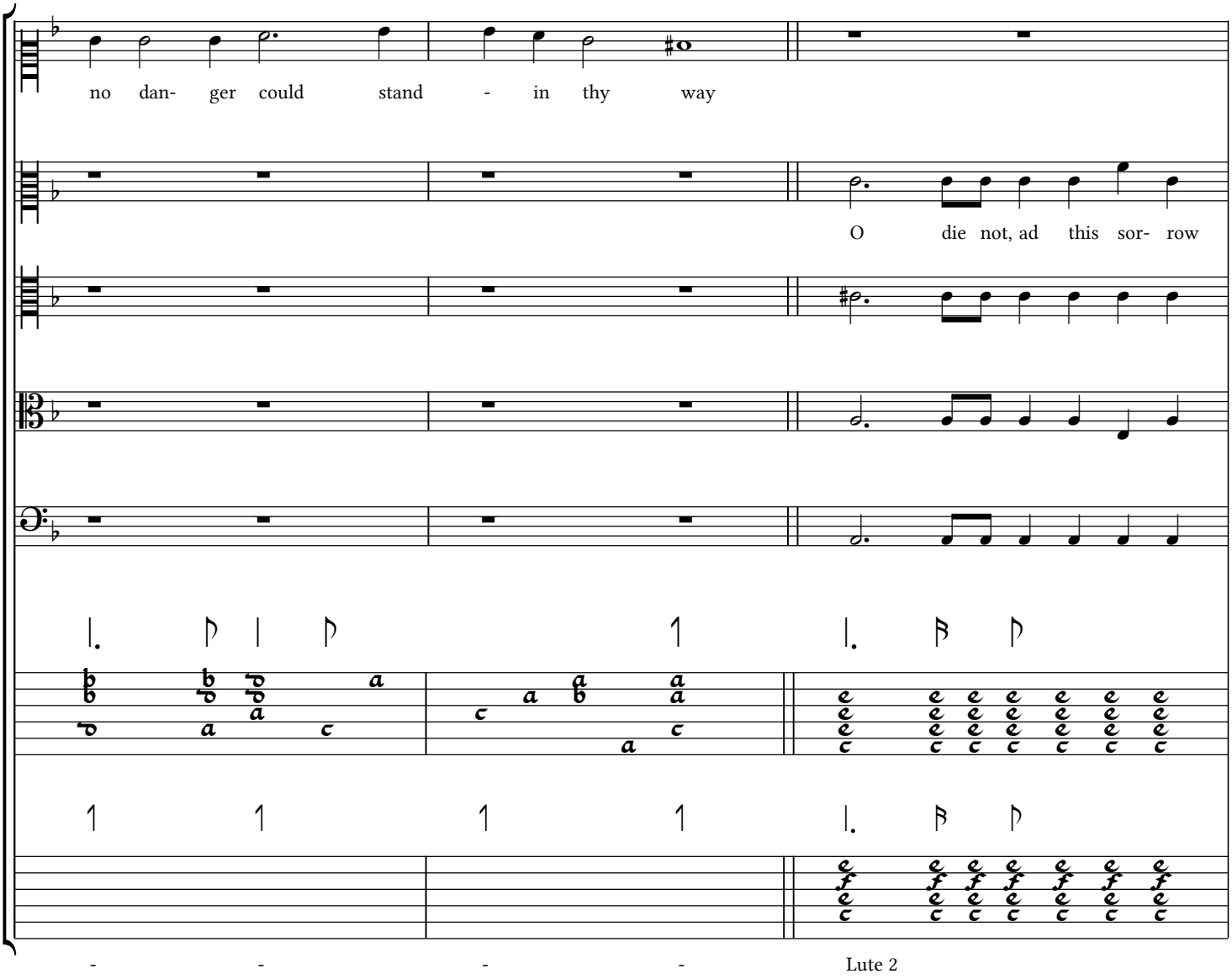
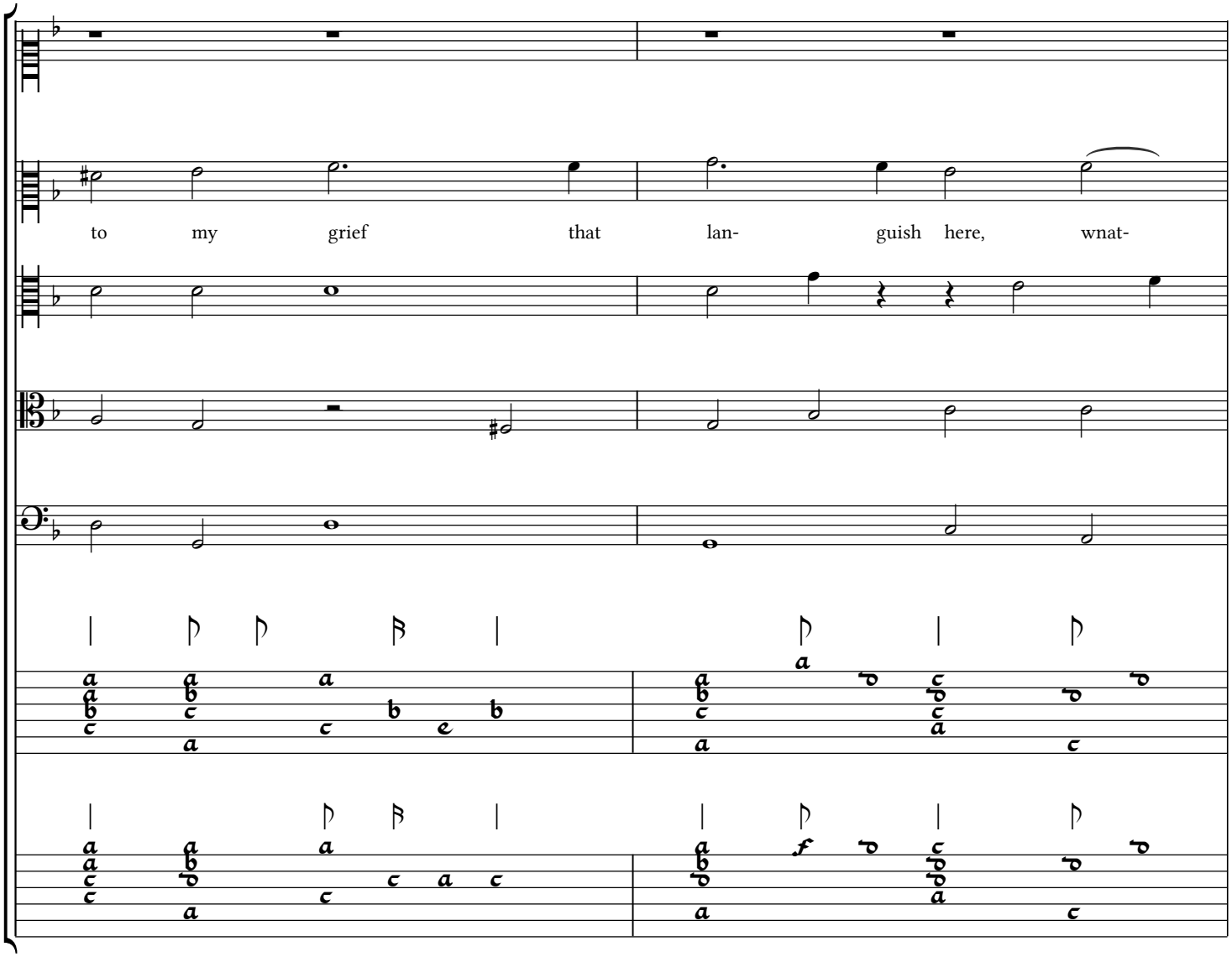
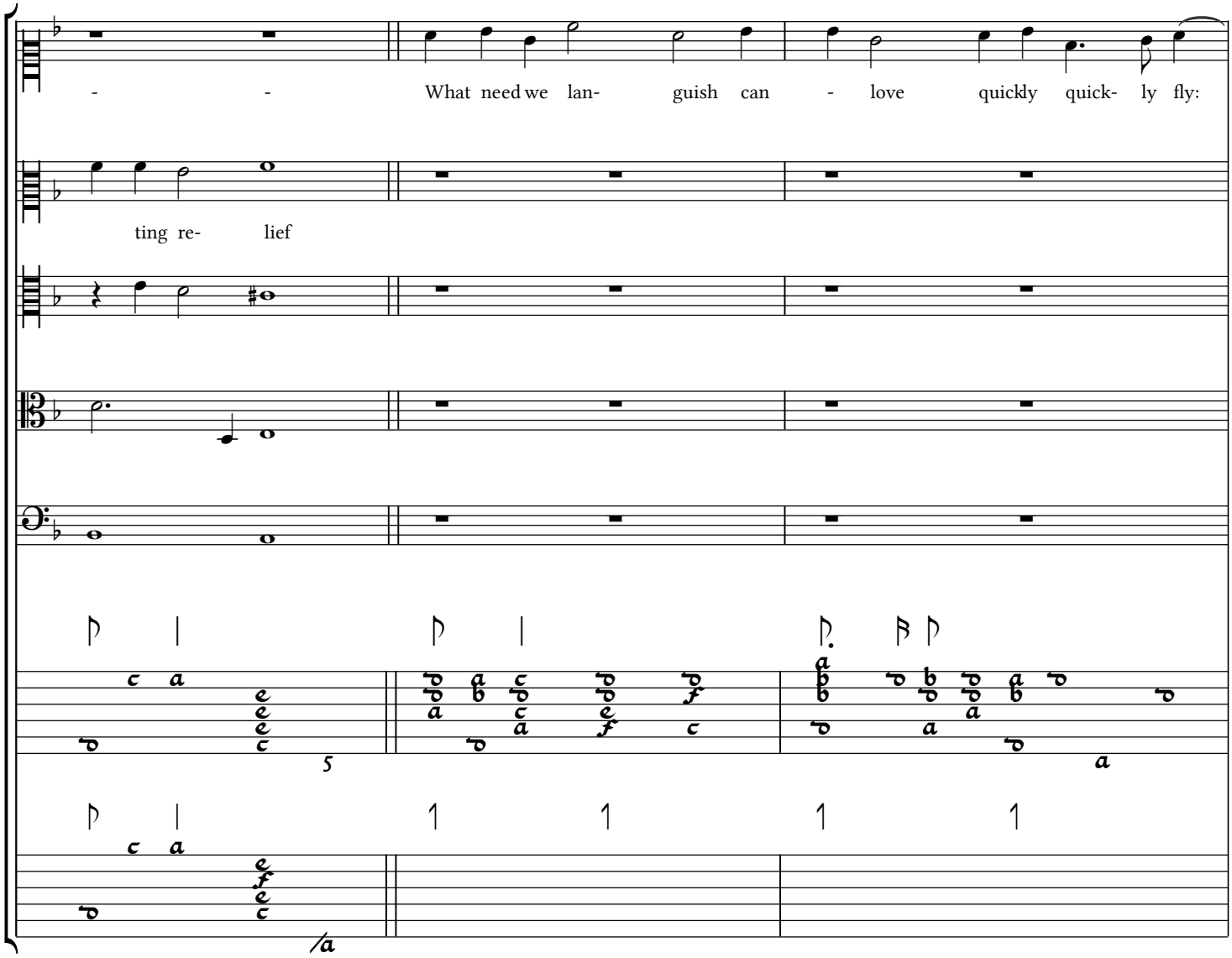
- - If thy de- sire e- ver knew the griefe of de- lay,
shall re- move
- - - -

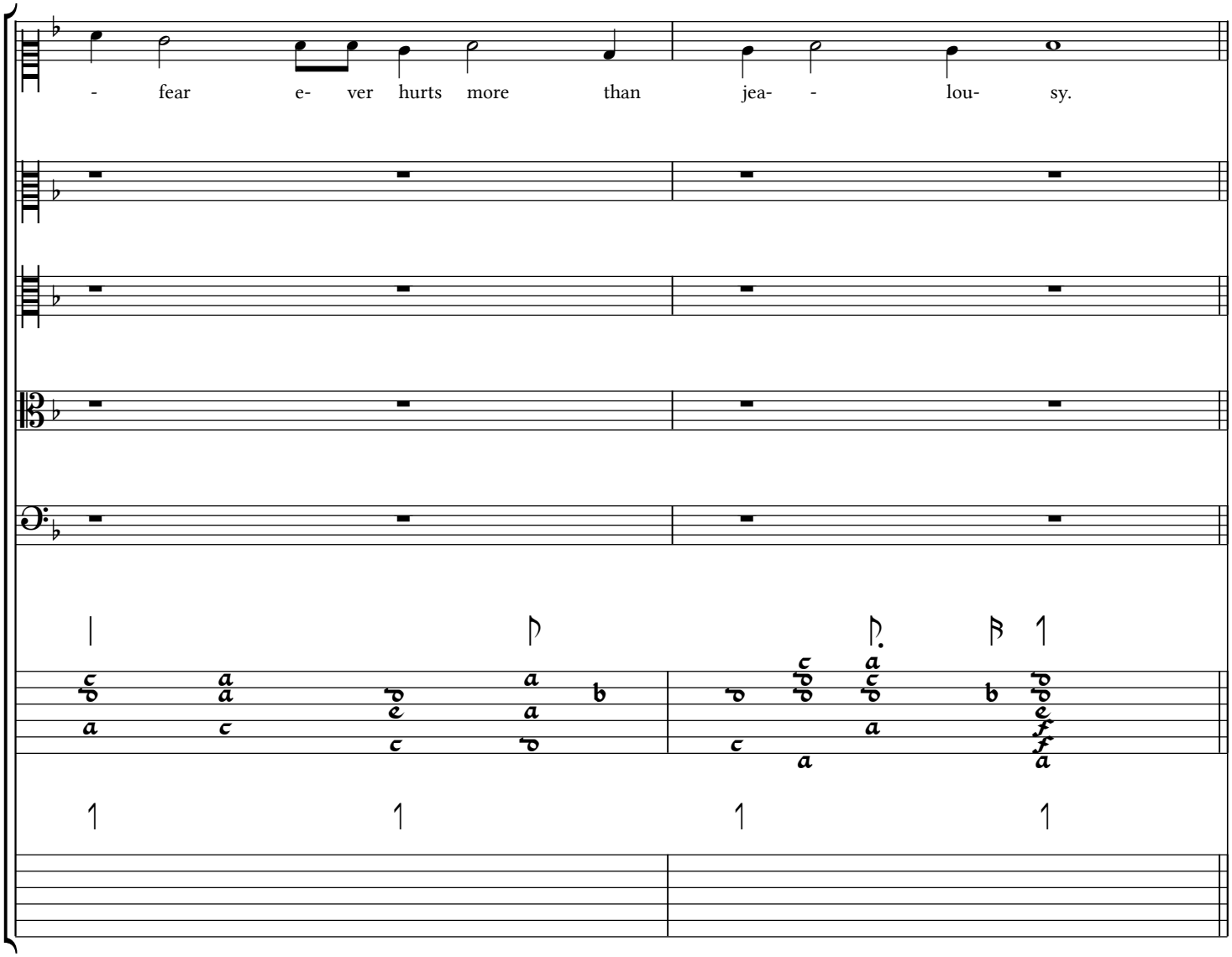

no dan- ger could stand - in thy way
O die not, ad this sor- row
Lute 2

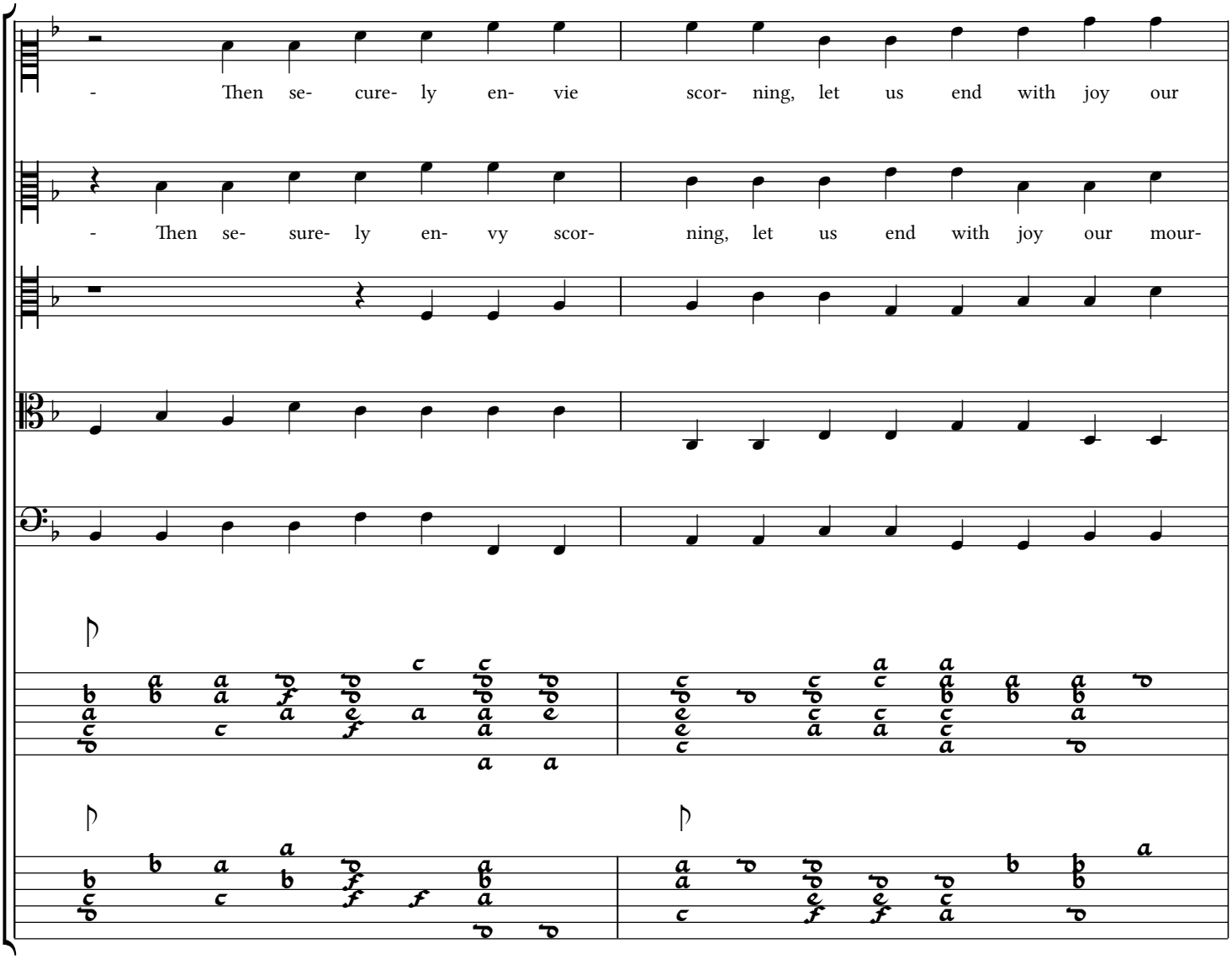
15

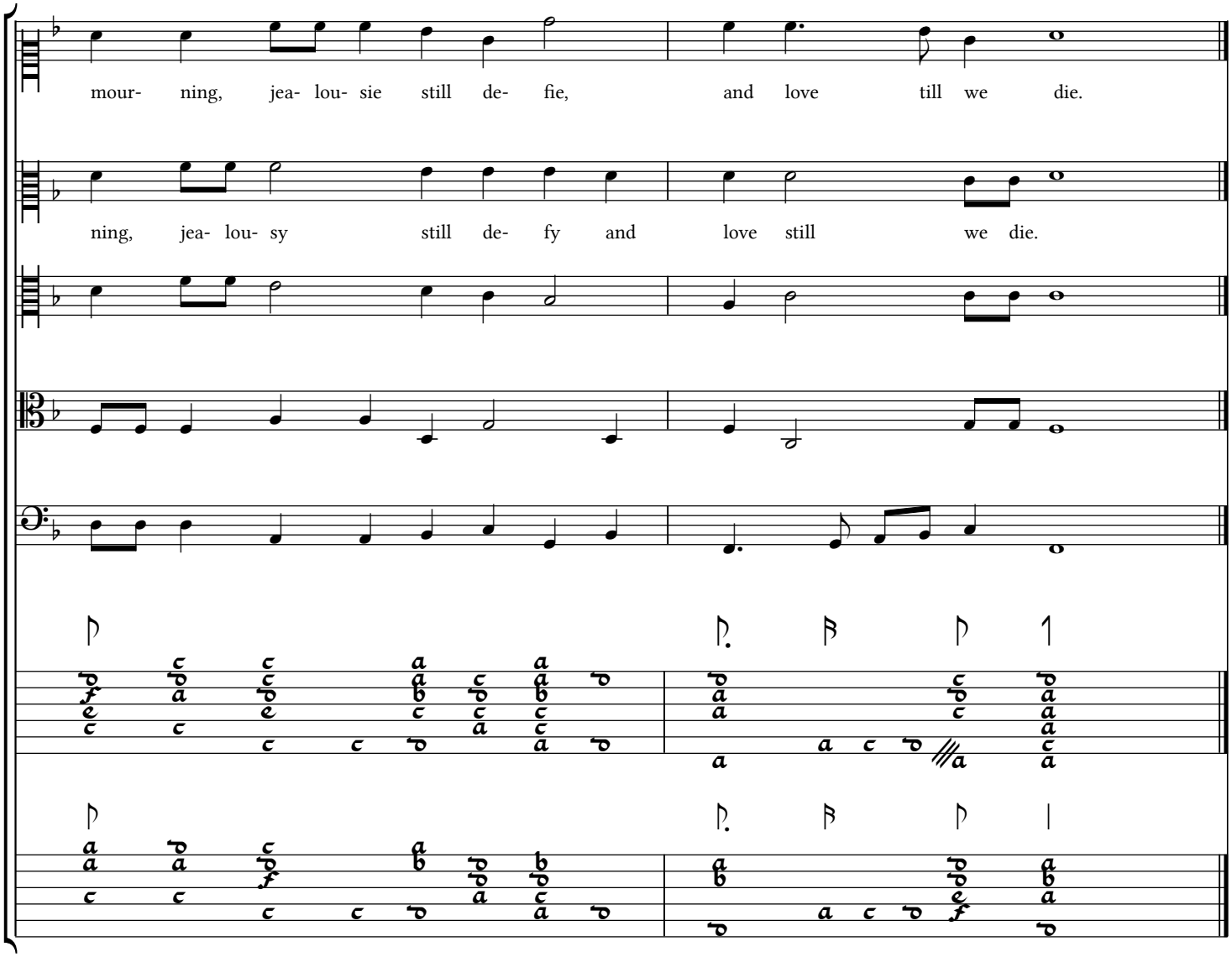



- -
What need we lan- guish can - love quickly quick- ly fly:
ting re- lief
5

20




- Then se- cure- ly en- vie scor- ning, let us end with joy our
- Then se- sure- ly en- vy scor- ning, let us end with joy our mour-


mour- ning, jea- lou- sie still de- fie, and love till we die.
ning, jea- lou- sy still de- fy and love still we die.