



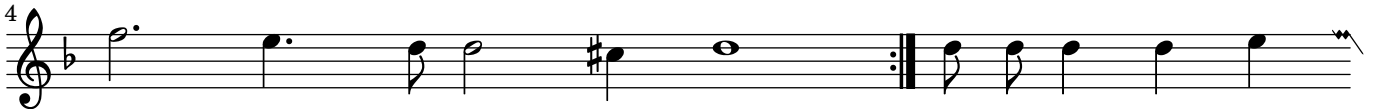
XII. By a fountaine where I lay,

CANTUS.

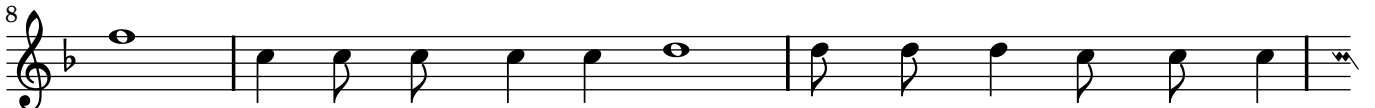
John Dowland



1. By a foun- taine where I lay, Al bles- sed
 By the glint- ing of the sun, Oh ne- ver
 2. Faire with gar- lands all ad- drest, Was ne- ver
 Bless- ed in the highest de- gree, So may she
 3. Then I forth- with tooke my pipe Which I all
 And u- pon a heav'n- ly ground, All in the



bee that bless- ed day When I might see a-
 bee her shin- ing done Came to this foun- taine
 Nymph more faire- ly blest, Plaid this round- e-
 e- ver bless- ed be,
 faire and cleane did wipe
 grace of beau- tie found,



lone My true loves fair- est one, Loves deer light, Loves cleare sight
 neere, With such a smil- ing cheere, Such a face, Such a grace,
 lay, Wel- come faire Queene of May, Sing sweete aire, Wel- come faire.



No world eyes can clear- er see A fair- er sight none none can be.
 Hap- pie, hap- pie eyes that see Such a heaven- ly sight as she.
 Wel- come be the shep- hearsd Queene, The glo- rie of all our greene.



XII. By a fountaine where I lay,

ALTUS.

John Dowland



1. By a foun-taine where I lay, Al bles- sed bee that
 By the glint- ing of the sun, Oh ne- ver bee her
 2. Faire with gar- lands all ad- drest, Was ne- ver Nymph more
 Bless- ed in the highest de- gree, So may she e- ver
 3. Then I forth- with tooke my pipe Which I all faire and
 And u- pon a heav'n- ly ground, All in the grace of



6
 (1)
 bless- ed day When I might see a- lone My true loves fair- est one,
 shin- ing done Came to this foun-taine neere, With such a smil- ing cheere,
 faire- ly blest, Plaid this round- e- lay, Wel- come faire Queene of May,
 bless- ed be,
 cleane did wipe
 beau- tie found,



11
 Loves deer light, Loves cleare sight No worlds eyes can clear- er see A
 Such a face, Such a grace, Hap- pie, hap- pie eyes that see Such
 Sing sweete aire, Wel- come faire. Wel- come be the shep- heards Queene, The



13
 fair- er sight, a fair- er sight none none can be.
 a heav- en- ly, such a heav- en- ly sight as she.
 glo- rie of, the glo- rie of all our greene.

¹ original has a whole note



XII. By a fontaine where I lay,

TENOR.

John Dowland



1. By a foun- taine where I lay, Al bless-

By the glint- ing of the sun, Oh ne-

2. Faire with gar- lands all ad- drest, Was ne-
Bless- ed in the high- est de- gree, So may

3. Then I forth- with tooke my pipe Which I all
And u- pon a heav'n- ly ground, All in the



ed, bless- ed bee that bless- ed day
ver, ne- ver bee her shin- ing done
ver, ne- ver Nymph more faire- ly blest,
she, may she e- ver bless- ed be,
faire, all faire and cleane did wipe
grace, the grace of beau- tie found,



When I might see a- lone My true loves fair- est
Came to this foun- taine neere, With such a smil- ing
Plaid this round- e- lay, Wel- come faire Queene of



one, Loves deer light, Loves cleare sight No world eyes can clear- er see
cheere, Such a face, Such a grace, Hap- pie, hap- pie eyes that see
May, Sing sweete aire, Wel- come faire. Wel- come be the shep- hears Queene,

13



A fair-er sight, a fair-er sight none can be.
Such a hea-ven-ly sight, heaven-ly sight as she.
The glo-rie of, the glo-rie of all our greene.



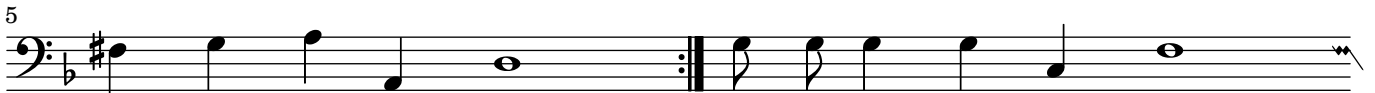
XII. By a fountaine where I lay,

BASSUS.

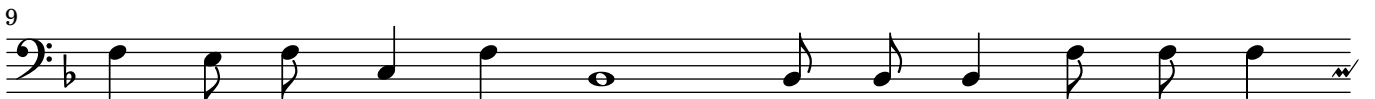
John Dowland



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By the glint- ing of the sun, Oh ne- ver
2. Faire with gar- lands all ad- drest, Was ne- ver
Bless- ed in the highest de- gree, So may she
3. Then I forth- with tooke my pipe Which I all
And u- pon a heav'n- ly ground, All in the



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Nymph more faire- ly blest, Plaid this round- e- lay,
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With such a smil- ing cheere, Such a face, Such a grace,
Wel- come faire Queene of May, Sing sweete aire, Wel- come faire.



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Hap- pie, hap- pie eyes that see Such a hea- ven- ly sight as she.
Wel- come be the shep- herds Queene, The glo- rie of all our greene.