

By a fountain where I lay

John Dowland (c.1563-1626)

Cantus
 By a foun - tain where I lay, all bles - sed
 by the glimm' ring of the sun, O nev - er

Altus
 By a foun - tain where I lay, all
 by the glimm' ring of the sun, O

Tenor
 By a foun - tain where I lay, all bles - -
 by the glimm' - ring of the sun, O nev - -

Bassus
 By _____ a foun - tain where I lay, all
 by _____ the glimm' ring of the sun, O

Lute
f *d* *c* *a* *d* *b* *d* | *b* *a* *a* *d* *b*
c *e* *f* *a* | *c* *e* *d* *d* | *a* *b* *a* *c* *d* *b*

Lute tuning: G, c, f, a, d', g'

be that _____ bles - - sed day,
 be her _____ shin - - ing done,

bles - - - sed be _____ that bles - sed day,
 nev - - - er be _____ her shin - ing done,

- sed, bles - - sed be that bles - sed day,
 - er, nev - - er be her shin - ing done,

bles - - - sed be that bles - sed day,
 nev - - - er be that shin - ing done,

d *a* *c* | *a* *d* | *c* | *d* *c* | *e*
a *a* | *h* *f* *f* | *c* | *d* *c* | *f*
c *e* *a* *c* *e* | *c* | *g* *c* *e* | *c* | *e*
c | *c*

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when I might see a - lone my true love's fair - est one, love's dear light, love's clear sight

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(Lute tablature: a a a a a c | c a c a c d | d a a a a f | a d a a a)

No world's eyes can clear-er see a fair-er sight none, none can be.

No world's eyes can clear-er see a fair-er sight, a fair - er sight none, none can be.

No world's eyes can clear-er see, a fair - er sight, a fair - er sight none can be.

No world's eyes can clear-er see a fair-er sight none, none can be.

(Lute tablature: a c a a a a | e a d a d a c | e f f e a | a a c a c a a)

2. Fair with garlands all addressed,
 Was never Nymph more fairly blest,
 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 heavenly sight as she.

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,
 Played this roundelay,
 Welcome fair Queen of May,
 Sing sweet air,
 Welcome fair,
 Welcome be the shepherds' Queen,
 The glory of all our green.

Source: John Dowland, *The Third and Last Booke of Songs or Aires* (London, 1603), no.12.

II.4.5: d .

II.9.1: g'

IV.12.7: d

IV.13.4: $\text{f}\#$