# By a fountain where I lay

John Dowland

By a foun- tain where I lay, All bless- ed be that bless- ed day!
Fair with gar- lands all add- ress'd, Was ne- ver nymph more fair- ly bless'd,
Then I forth- with took my pipe Which I all fair and clean did wipe,

By the glim- 'ring of the sun, O nev- er be her shin- ing done!
Bless- ed in the highest de- gree, So may she ev- er bless- ed be!
And up- on a heav'n- ly ground, All in the grace of beau- ty found.

When I might see a- lone My true love's fair- est one, Love's dear light, Love's clear sight,
Came to this foun- tain near With such a smil- ing cheer, Such a face! Such a grace!
Play'd this - roun- de- lay: Wel- come, fair Queen of May! Sing, sweet air, Wel- come, fair!

No world's eyes can clear- er see, A fair- er sight none, none can be.
Hap- py, hap- py eyes that see Such a heav'n- - ly sight to see.
Wel- come be the shep- herds' Queen, The glo- ry of - all our green!

1) Here, "cheer" means "countenance".