

III. Love those beames that breede,

TENOR.

John Dowland



1. Love those beames that breede, all day long breed, and feed, and feed, this bur - ning:
Love I quench with flouds, Flouds of teares, night - ly teares, ly teares and mourn - ing.
2. Ile goe to the woods, and a - lone, make my moane, my moane, o cru - ell:
For I am de - ceiv'd and be-reav'd of my life, my life, my jew - ell:
3. Love then I must yeeld to thy might, might and spight, and spight op - press - ed,
Since I see my wrongs, woe is me, can - not be, not be re - dress - ed.



But a - las teares coole, teares coole this fire in vaine, in vaine, The more I quench, the more I quench, the more
O but in the woods, the woods though love be blinde, be blinde, Hee hath his spies, he hath his spies, my se -
Come at last, be friend - ly, friend - ly Love to me, to me, And let me not, and let me not, en - dure