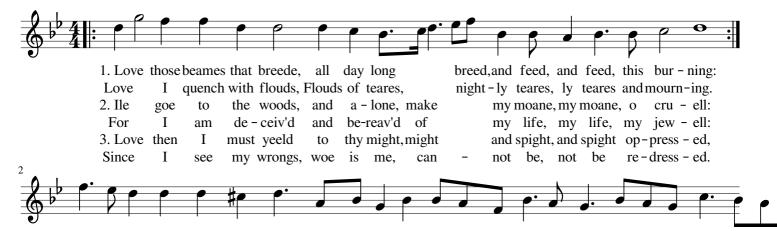
## IIII. Love those beames that breede,

TENOR.

John Dowland



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 secome at last, be friend - ly, friend - ly Love to me, to me, And let me not, and let me not, en-dure