

THE  
**THIRD AND**  
LAST BOOKE  
OF SONGS OR  
AIRES.

JOHN DOWLAND

1603

VIII. Flow not so fast yee fountaines.

Flow not so fast yee fountaines,  
What needeth all this haste,  
Swell not aboue your mountaines,  
Nor spend your time in waste,  
Gentle springs freshly your salt teares  
Must still fall dropping from their spheares.

Weepe they apace whom Reason,  
Or lingring time can ease:  
My sorow can no season,  
Nor ought besides appease  
Gentle springs, &c.

Time can abate the terrour  
Of euerie common paine,  
But common grieve is errour,  
True grieve will still remaine.  
Gentle springs, &c.