

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

JOHN DOWLAND

1603

V. Me me and none but me.

Me me and none but me,  
    dart home O gentle death,  
And quicklie,  
    for I draw too long this idle breath.  
O howe I long till I  
    may fly to heau'n aboue,  
Unto my faithfull,  
    beloved turtle doue.

Like to the siluer Swanne,  
    before my death I sing :  
And yet aliue  
    my fatal knell I helpe to ring.  
Still I desire from earth  
    and earthly ioyes to flie,  
He neuer happie liu'd,  
    that cannot loue to die.