

Come away, come sweet love

John Dowland

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Come a-way, come, sweet love!
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The golden morning breaks;
 The golden morning wastes,
 Do not in vain a-dorn

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All the earth, all the air
 While the sun from his sphere
 Beauty's grace, that should rise

of love and pleasure speaks.
 his fiery arrows casts
 like to the naked morn.

Teach thine arms then to em- brace,
 Ma- king all the sha- dows fly,
 Li- lies on the the- ri- ver- side

And sweet - Ro- - -
 Play- - ing Stay- - -
 And fair - Cy- - -

sy Lips to kiss, And
 ing In the grove To
 prian Flow'rs new- blown De-

mix our - - souls in mu- tual bliss.
 en- ter- - - tain the stealth of love.
 sire no - - beau- ties but their own.

Eyes were made for beau- ty's grace,
 Thi- ther, sweet love, let us hie,
 Or- na- ment is nurse of pride;

View- - ing, Rue- - -
 Fly- - ing, Dy- - -
 Plea- - sure, Mea- - -

ing Love- long pain Pro- cured by - - beau- ty's
 ing In de- sire Wing- ed with - - hopes and
 sure Love's de- light. Haste then, sweet - - love, our

rude dis- dain.
 hea- v'nly fire.
 wish- ed flight.