

Come away, come sweet love

John Dowland

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

All the earth, all the air sphere of love and pleasure speaks.
 While the sun from his sphere rises his fiery arrows cast
 Beauty's grace, that should rise like to the naked morn.

Teach thine arms then to embrace,
 Ma-king all on the the shadows fly,
 Li-lies on the the ri-ver-side

And sweet - Ro - - sy Lips to kiss, And
 Play- ing Stay- - ing In the grove To
 And fair - Cy - - 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.

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 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-
 ing In de- sire Wing'd
 sure Love's de- light. Haste

cured by - - beau- ty's rude dis- dain.
 with sweet - - hopes and hea- v'nly fire.
 then, sweet - - love, our wish- ed flight.