

Come away, come sweet love

John Dowland

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

All the earth, all the air of love and plea-sure speaks.
 While the sun from his sphere his fie-ry ar-rows casts.
 Beau-ty's grace, that should rise like to the na-ked morn.

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

