

Come away, come sweet love

John Dowland

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

All the earth, all the air of love and pleasure speaks.
While the sun from his sphere his fiery 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 all the shari-dows fly,
Li-lies on the ver-side

mix our - - souls in the
 en- ter- - tain ties
 sire no - - beau- bliss.
love.
own.
BIII

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

View- ing, Rue- - -
 Fly- ing, Dy- - -
 Plea- sure, Mea- - -
long pain Pro-
sire Wing-
light. Haste
BI
3

cured by beau- ty's
 ed with - - - - -
 then, sweet - - - - -
dain.
fire.
flight.
BIII