

Come away, come sweet love

John Dowland

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Come a-way, come, sweet love!
 Come a-way, come, sweet love!
 Come a-way, come, sweet love!

The gol- den mor- ning breaks;
 The gol- den mor- ning wastes,
 Do not in vain a- dorn

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

of love and plea- sure speaks.
 his fie- ry ar- rows casts
 like to the na- ked morn.

Teach thine arms then to em- brace,
 Ma- king all on the sha- dows fly,
 Li- lies on 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
 en- ter- - - tain the
 sire no - - beau- ties

mu- tual bliss.
 stealth of love.
 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- - -

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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

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

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