

Come away, come sweet love John Dowland

Come a-way, come, sweet love! The gol- den mor- ning breaks; All the earth, all the air
 Come a-way, come, sweet love! The gol- den mor- ning wastes; While the sun from his sphere
 Come a-way, come, sweet love! Do not in vain a- dorn Beau- ty's grace, that should rise

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of love and plea- sure speaks. Teach thine arms then to em- brace,
 his fie- ry ar- rows casts Ma- king all the sha- dows fly,
 like to the na- ked morn. Li- lies on the ri- ver- side

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And sweet - Ro - - sy Lips to kiss, And mix our - - souls in mu- tual bliss.
 Play- - ing Stay- - - ing In the grove To en- ter- - - tain the stealth of love.
 And fair - Cy - - - prian Flow'rs new- blown De- sire no - - beau- ties but their own.

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Eyes were made for beau- ty's grace, View- - ing, Rue- - - ing Love- long pain Pro-
 Thi- ther, sweet love, let us hie, Fly- - ing, Dy- - - ing In de- sire Wing'd
 Or- na- ment is nurse of pride; Plea- - sure, Mea- - - sure Love's de- light. Haste

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