

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

4

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

6

And sweet - Ro - - sy Lips to kiss, And mix our - - souls in
 Play - - ing Stay - - ing In the grove To en- ter - - tain the
 And fair - Cy - - prian Flow'rs new- blown De- sire no - - beau- ties

9

mu- tual bliss. Eyes were made for beau- ty's grace, View - - ing, Rue - -
 stealth of love. Thi- ther, sweet love, let us hie, Fly - - ing, Dy - -
 but their own. Or- na- ment is nurse of pride; Plea - - sure, Mea - -

12

ing Love- long pain Pro- cured by - - beau- ty's rude dis- dain.
 ing In de- sire Wing- ed with - - hopes and hea- v'nly fire.
 sure Love's de- light. Haste then, sweet - - love, our wish- ed flight.