

# Away with those self-loving lads

Words by Fulke Greville.

John Dowland

A- way with these self- lov- ing lads, Whom  
 God Cu- pid's shaft, like des- ti- ny, Doth  
 My songs they be of Cyn- thia's praise, I  
 If Cyn- thia crave her ring of me, I  
 The worth that wor- thi- ness should move Is

Handwritten tablature below the staff includes letters 'a', 'r', 'e', and 'b' on various lines, with some letters appearing in pairs or groups.

5

Cu- pid's ar- row ne- ver glads. A-  
 ei- ther good or ill de- cree; De-  
 wear her rings on ho- li- days, On  
 blot her name out of the tree. If  
 love, which is the bow of Love; And

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way, poor souls, that sigh and weep. In  
 sert is born out of his bow, Re-  
 ev- 'ry tree I write her name, And  
 doubt do dark- en things held dear, Then  
 love as well the for'- ster can As

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love of them that lie and sleep.  
ward up- on his foot doth go.  
ev-'ry day I read the same:  
well fare no- thing once a year:  
can the might- y no- ble- man:

For Cu- pid is a mea- dow God, And  
What fools are they that have not known That  
Where hon- our, Cu- pid's ri- val, is, There  
For ma- ny run, but one must win, Fools  
Sweet saint, 'tis true you wor- thy be, Yet

for- ceth none to kiss the rod.  
Love likes no laws but his own?  
mi- ra- cles are seen of his.  
on- ly hedge the cuc- koo in.  
with- out love naught worth to me.