

Away with those self-loving lads

Words by Fulke Greville.

John Dowland

Away with these self-loving lads, Whom
 God Cupid's shaft, like des-tiny, Doth
 My songs they be of Cynthia's praise, I
 If Cynthia crave her ring of me, I
 The worth that wor-thing should move Is

⏏ ⏏ ⏏ ⏏ ⏏ ⏏ ⏏ ⏏

a a a b a a a a a a a a

Cupid'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

⏏ ⏏ ⏏ ⏏ ⏏ ⏏ ⏏ ⏏

b a r e a a r b a a a a

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 the things held dear, Then
 love as well the for'-ster can As

⏏ ⏏ ⏏ ⏏ ⏏ ⏏ ⏏ ⏏

a r a a a a a a a a

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

a

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

a

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.

a