

# Sweet, stay awhile

John Dowland

Sweet, stay a- while; why will you  
Dear, let me die in this fair

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3 e r e a r a a r e a r e

rise? The light you see comes from your - eyes;  
breast, Far swee- ter than the Phoe - nix' - nest.

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e e e h e r e a r a a e r e

5 The day breaks not, it is my  
Love, raise de- sire by his sweet

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r e a a r a e a r a e

heart, To think that  
charms With- in this

| | | | | | |

a r e a a e r a r

you and I must part. O stay!  
cir- cle of thine arms. And let,

10

Oh and stay! or else my joys, my joys, my joys must  
and let thy bliss- ful, bliss- ful, bliss- ful kiss- es

die cherish And Mine per- ish  
cher- ish Mine per- ish

in their in- fan- cy.  
joys that else must - - perish.

To my worthy friend, Mr. William Jewel of Exceter Colledge in Oxford