

Come away, come sweet love

John Dowland

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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
 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

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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 - -

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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.