

17. Come away

Thomas Campion

Come a- way, come a- way, arm'd with love's de-
Is she come? Is she come? O how near is

lights Thy spright- ful gra- ces bring with thee, When love and
she? How far yet from this friend- ly place? How ma- ny

long- ing fights, They must the stick- lers be. Come quick- ly,
steps from me? When shall I her em- brace? These arms I'll

come, the pro- mis'd hour is well- nigh spent, And plea- sure
spread which on- ly at her sight shall close, At- tend- ing

being too much de- ferr'd, los- eth her best con- tent.
as the star- ry flow'r, that the sun's noon- tide knows.