

# Come away, come sweet love

John Dowland

Come a-way, come, sweet love! The golden mor-ning breaks;  
 Come a-way, come, sweet love! The golden mor-ning wastes,  
 Come a-way, come, sweet love! Do not in vain a-dorn

All the earth, all the air of love and plea-sure speaks.  
 While the sun from his sphere his fie-ry ar-rows casts  
 Beau-ty's grace, that should rise like to the na-ked morn.

Teach thine arms then to em-brace,  
 Ma-king all on the the sha-dows fly,  
 Li-ries on the the sha-ri-ver-side

And sweet - Ro - - sy Lips to kiss, And  
 Play- ing Stay- - ing In the grove To  
 And fair - Cy- - prian Flow'rs new- blown De-

mix our - - souls in  
 en- ter- - - tain the  
 sire no - - beau- ties  
 mu- tual bliss.  
 stealth of love.  
 but their own.

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Eyes were made for beau- ty's grace,  
 Thi- ther, sweet love, let us hie,  
 Or- na- ment is nurse of pride;

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View- ing, Rue- ing, long pain Pro-  
 Fly- ing, Dy- ing In de- sire Wing-  
 Plea- sure, Mea- sure Love's de- light. Haste

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cured by - - beau- ty's  
 ed with - - hopes and  
 then, sweet - - love, our  
 rude dis- dain.  
 hea- v'nly fire.  
 wish- ed flight.

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