

Come away, come sweet love

John Dowland

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

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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.

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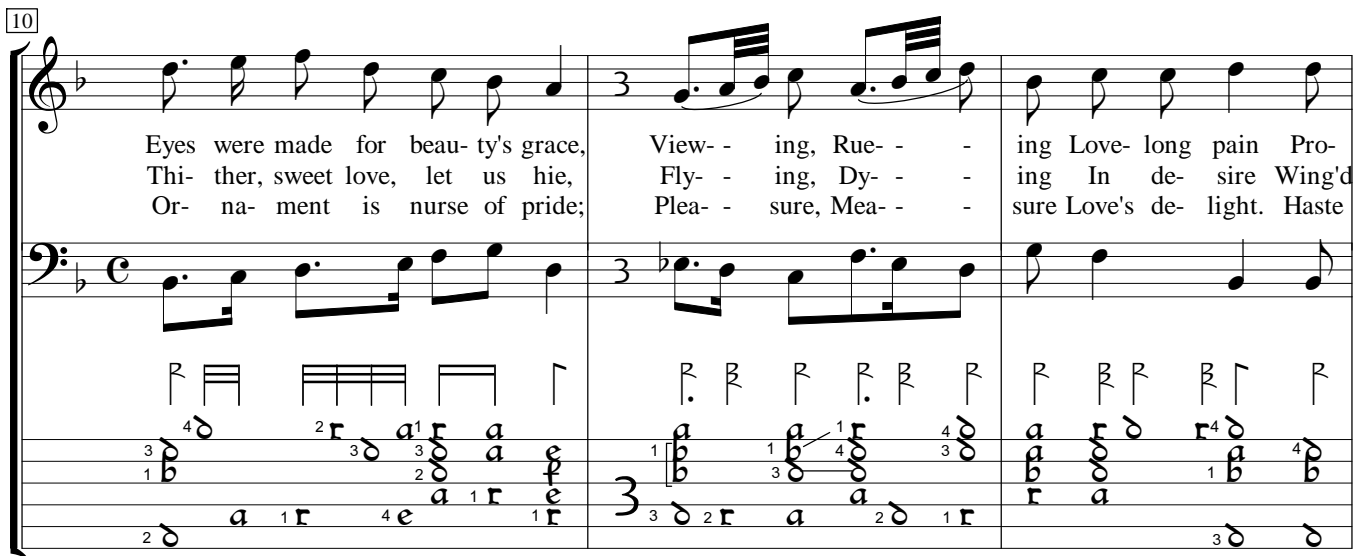
Teach thine arms then to em-brace, And sweet - Ro - -
 Ma-king all the sha-dows fly, Play- - ing Stay- -
 Li- lies on the ri-ver-side And fair - Cy- -

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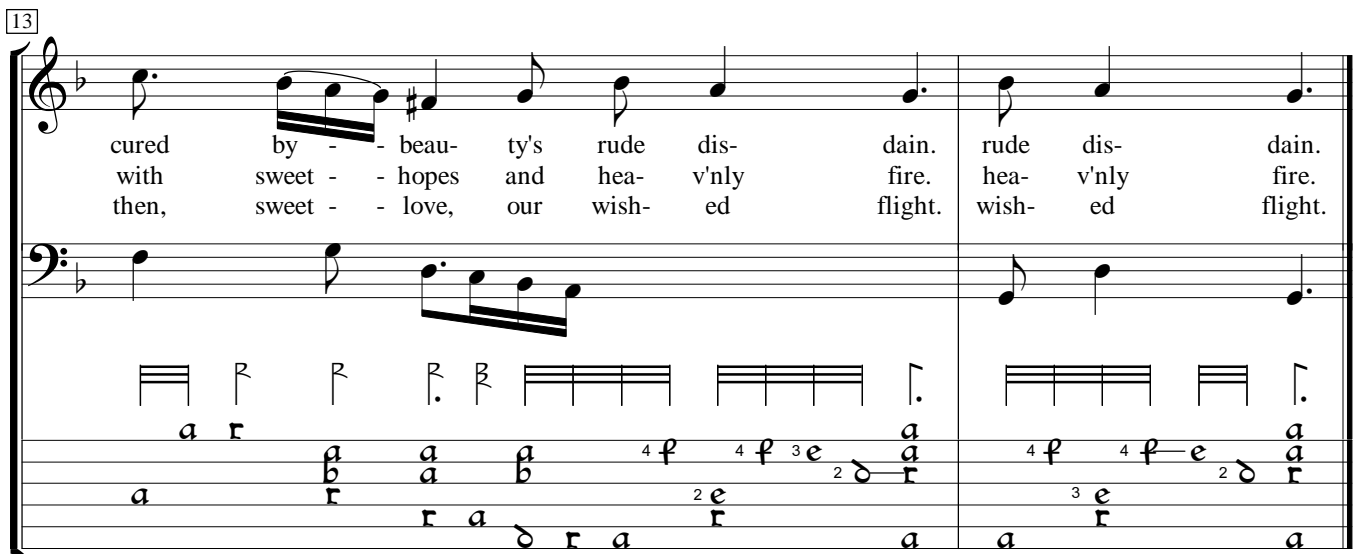
sy Lips to kiss, And mix our - - souls in mu- tual bliss.
 ing In the grove To en- ter - - tain the stealth of love.
 prian Flow'rs new- blown De- sire no - - beau- ties but their own.

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Eyes were made for beau- ty's grace, View - - ing, Rue - - ing Love- long pain Pro-
 Thi- ther, sweet love, let us hie, Fly - - ing, Dy - - ing In de- sire Wing'd
 Or- na- ment is nurse of pride; Plea - - sure, Mea - - sure Love's de- light. Haste

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