

## XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads

Cantus.

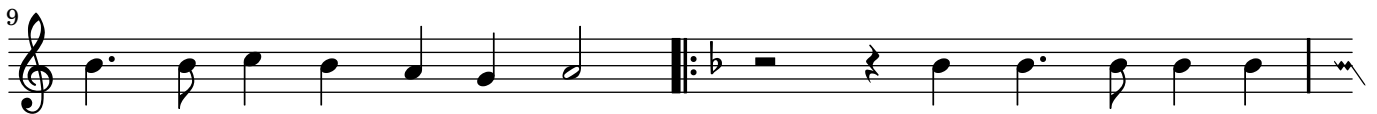
John Dowland



1. A- way with these selfe lov- ing lads, Whom Cu- pids ar- row
2. God Cu- pids shaft, like de- sti- nie, Doth ey- ther good or
3. My songs they be of Chn- this praise, I weare her rings on
4. If Cyn- thia crave her ring of mee, I blot her name out



ne- ver glads. A- way poore soules that sigh and weep, In  
 ill de- cree: De- sert is borne out of his bow, Re-  
 ho- ly dayes, On e- very tree I write her name, And  
 of the tree If doubt do dar- ken things held deare, Then

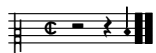


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 e- very day I reade the same: Where ho- nor, Cu- pids  
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me- dow God, And for- ceth none to kisse the rod.  
 have not known That love likes no lawes but his own?  
 ri- vall is, There mi- ra- cles are seene of his.  
 one must win, Fools one- ly hedge the Cu- ckoe in.

<sup>0</sup>Original time signature is a backwards C with a slash



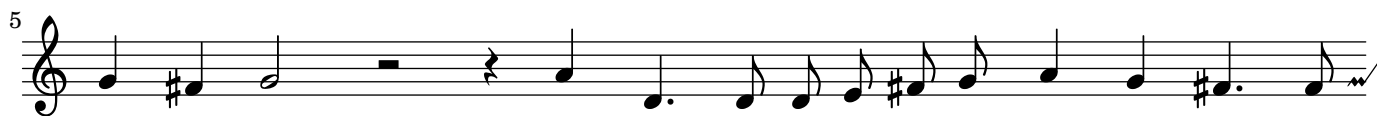
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Altus.

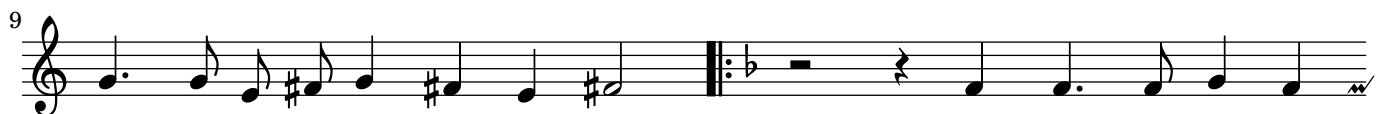
John Dowland



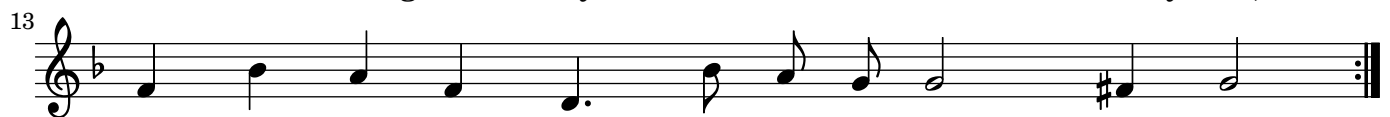
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## XXI. Away with these self loving lads

Tenor.

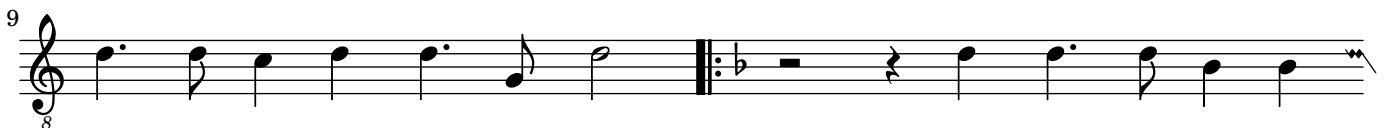
John Dowland



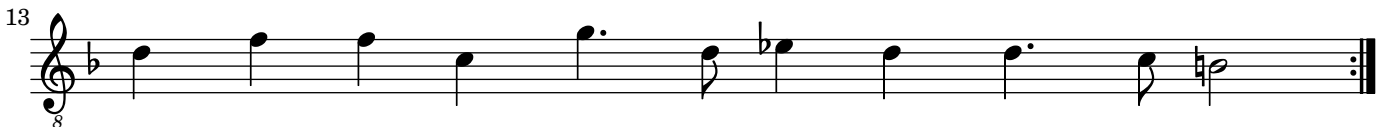
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# XXI. Away with these self loving lads

Bassus.

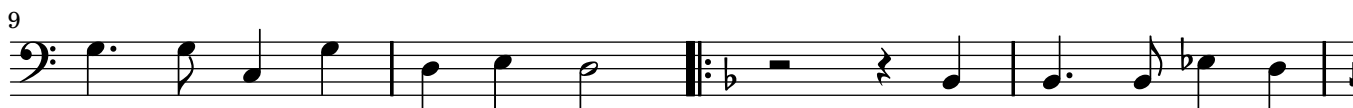
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