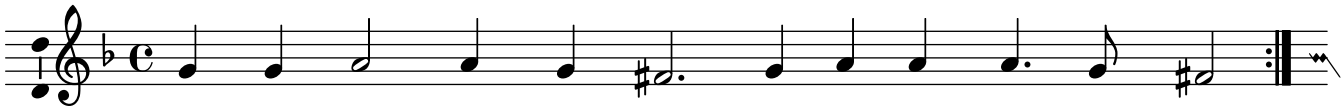
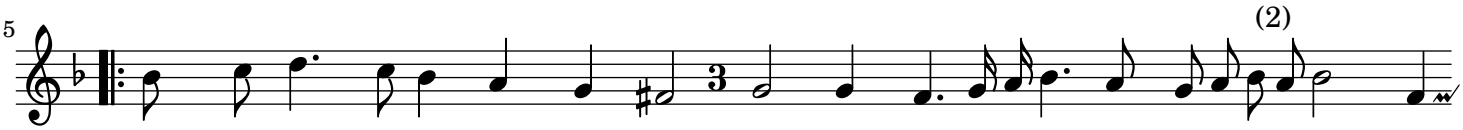
XI. Come away, come sweet love

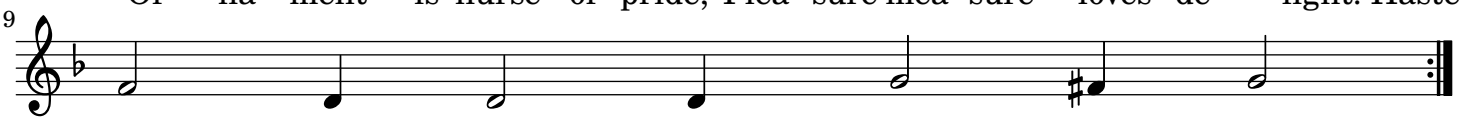
Altus. John Dowland



1. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den morn- ing breakes.
All the earth, all the ayre, of love and plea- sure speakes.
2. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den morn- ing wastes,
While the Sunne from his sphere, His fier- y ar- rowes casts:
3. Come a- way, come sweet love, Doe not in vaine a- dorne
Beau- ties grace that should rise, Like to the na- ked morne:



Teach thine armes then to em- brace, And sweet ro- sie lips to kisse, and
Eyes were made for beau- ties grace, View- ing ru- ing loves long pains, Pro-
Mak- ing all the sha- dowes flie, Play- ing, stay- ing in the grove, To
Thi- ther sweet love let us hie, Fly- ing, dy- ing in de- sire, Wingd
Lil- lies on the ri- vers side, And faire Cy- prian flowres new blowne, De-
Or- na- ment is nurse of pride, Plea- sure mea- sure loves de- light: Haste



mix our soules in mu- tuall blisse.
cur'd by beau- ties rude dis- daine.
en- ter- taine the stealth of love.
with sweet hopes and heav'n- ly fire.
sire no beau- ties but their owne.
then sweet love our wish- ed flight.

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