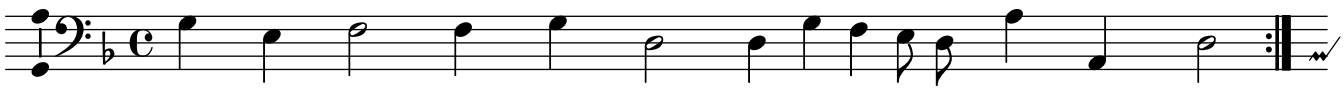
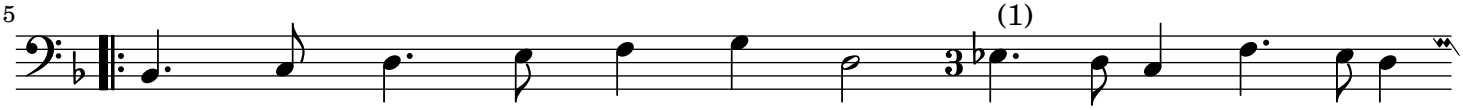
XI. Come away, come sweet love

Bassus.

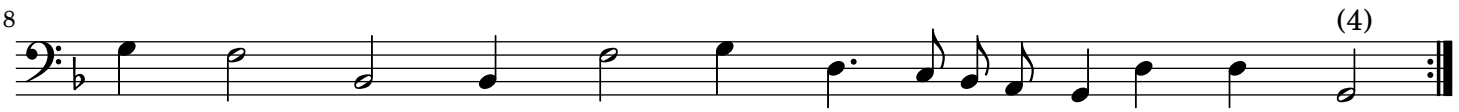
John Dowland



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
Eyes were made for beau- ties grace, View- ing ru- ing
Mak- ing all the sha- dowes flie, Play- ing, stay- ing
Thi- ther sweet love let us hie, Fly- ing, dy- ing
Lil- lies on the ri- vers side, And faire Cy- prian
Or- na- ment is nurse of pride, Plea- sure mea- sure



lips to kisse, and mix our soules in mu- tuall blisse.
loves long pains, Pro- cur'd by beau- ties rude dis- daine.
in the grove, To en- ter- taine the stealth of love.
in de- sire, Wingd with sweet hopes and heav'n- ly fire.
flowres new blowne, De- sire no beau- ties but their owne.
loves de- light: Haste then sweet love our wish- ed flight.

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