

# XI. Come away, come sweet love

Cantus

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- rows 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: