

XI. Come away, come sweet love

Tenor.

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: