

XI. Come away, come sweet love

John Dowland

Cantus

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

8

Come a - way, come sweet love, the gol - den mor - ning breaks, Teach thine arms then to em-brace,
All the earth, all the air of love and plea - sure speaks. Eyes were made for beau-ty's grace,

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4

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view - ing, rue - ing love's long pains, pro - cured by beau - ty's rude dis - dain.

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Come away, come sweet love,
The golden morning wastes,
While the sun from his sphere
His fiery arrows casts
Making all the shadows fly,
Playing, staying in the grove
To entertain the stealth of love.
Thither, sweet love, let us hie,
Flying, dying, in desire,
Wing'd with sweet hopes and heav'nly fire.

Come away, come sweet love,
Do not in vain adorn,
Beauty's grace that should rise
Like to the naked morne.
Lilies on the river's side
And fair Cyprian flowers new blown
Desire no beauties but their own,
Ornament is nurse of pride,
Pleasure, measure love's delight,
Haste then, sweet love, our wished flight.