XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads

John Dowland

1. Away with these selfe loving lads, Whom Cupids arrow
   never glad.

2. God Cupids shaft, like destiny, Doth eyther good or
   ill decree.

3. My songs they be of Chns this praise, I weare her rings on
   of the tree.

4. If Cynthia crave her ring of mee, I blot her name out
   love of them that lie and sleepe.

never glads. Away poore soules that sigh and weep, In
ill decree: Desert is borne out of his bow, Re-
ho-ly dayes, On every tree I write her name, And
of the tree If doubt do darken things held deare, Then

love of them that lie and sleepe. For Cupid is a
ward up on his foot doth goe. What fools are they that
every day I reade the same: Where hon-
welfare no-thing once a yeare: For many run, but

me-dow God, And for-ceth none to kisse the rod.
have not known That love likes no lawes but his own?
ri-vall is, There mir-a-cles are seene of his.
one must win, Fools one-ly hedge the Cuckoe in.

[Original time signature is a backwards C with a slash]
XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads

Altus. John Dowland

1. Away with these selfe loving lads, Whom Cupids arrow
2. God Cupids shaft, like destine, Doth ye ther good or
3. My songs they be of Chn this praise, I weare her rings on
4. If Cythia crave her ring of mee, I blot her name out

never glads. Away poore soules that sigh and weep, In
eill decree: Desert is borne out of his bow, Re-
holy dayes, On every tree I write her name, And
of the tree If doubt do darken things held deare, Then

love of those that lie and sleepe. For Cupid is a
ward up on his foot doth goe. What fools are they that
every day I reade the same: Where honor, Cupids
welfare nothing once a yeare: For many run, but

meadow God, And forth none to kisse the rod.
have not known That love likes no lawes but his own?
ri vall is, There miracles are seene of his.
one must win, Fools one ly hedge the Cu cko in.
XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads

John Dowland

Tenor.

1. Away with these selfe loving lads, Whom Cupids arrow
2. God Cupids shaft, like destine, Doth eyther good or
3. My songs they be of Chn-this praise, I weare her rings on
4. If Cynthia crave her ring of mee, I blot her name out

never glads. A- way poore soules that sigh and weep, In
ill decree: Desert is borne out of his bow, Re-
ho- ly dayes, On every tree I write her name, And
of the tree If doubt do darken things held deare, Then

love of them that lie and sleepe. For Cupid is a
ward up-on his foot doth goe. What fools are they that
every day I reade the same: Where hono, Cupids
welfare not thing once a yeare: For many run, but

meadow God, And for ceth none to kisse the rod.
have not known That love likes no lawes but his own?
rivall is, There miracles are seene of his.
one must win, Fools only hedge the Cuckoe in.
XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads

Bassus. John Dowland

1. Away with these selfe loving lads, Whom Cupids arrow
2. God Cupids shaft, like de sti nie, Doth ey ther good or
3. My songs they be of Chn this praise, I weare her rings on
4. If Cyn thia crave her ring of mee, I blot her name out

never glad. Away poore soules that sigh and weep, In
ill decree: Desert is borne out of his bow, Re
holy dayes, On ev ery tree I write her name, And
of the tree If doubt do dar ken things held deare, Then

love of them that lie and sleepe. For Cupid is a
ward up on his foot doth goe. What fools are they that
e very day I read the same: Where hon or, Cupids
welfare nothing once a yeare: For many run, but

me dew God, And for ceth none to kisse the rod.
have not known That love likes no lawes but his own?
ri vall is, There mi rales are seene of his.
one must win, Fools one ly hedge the Cuc koe in.