

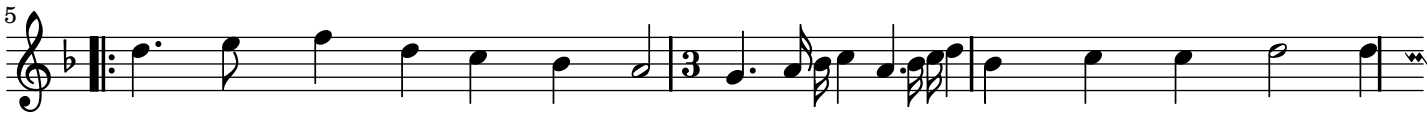
XI. Come away, come sweet love

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- 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 lips to kisse, and
Eyes were made for beau- ties grace, View- ing ru- ing loves long pains, Pro-
Mak- ing all the sha- dowes flie, Play- ing, stay- ing in the grove, To
Thi- ther sweet love let us hie, Fly- ing, dy- ing in de- sire, Wingd
Lil- lies on the ri- vers side, And faire Cy- prian flowres new blowne, De-
Or- na- ment is nurse of pride, Plea- sure mea- sure loves de- light: Haste



mix our soules in mu- tuall blisse.
cur'd by beau- ties rude dis- daine.
en- ter- taine the stealth of love.
with sweet hopes and heav'n- ly fire.
sire no beau- ties but their owne.
then sweet love our wish- ed flight.



XI. Come away, come sweet love

Altus.

John Dowland



1. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den
All the earth, all the ayre, of love and
2. Come a- way, come sweet love, The gol- den
While the Sunne from his sphere, His fier- y
3. Come a- way, come sweet love, Doe not in
Beau- ties grace that should rise, Like to the



morn- ing breakes. Teach thine armes then to em- brace,
plea- sure speakes. Eyes were made for beau- ties grace,
morn- ing wastes, Mak- ing all the sha- dowes flie,
ar- rowes casts: Thi- ther sweet love let us hie,
vaine a- dorne Lil- lies on the ri- vers side,
na- ked morne: Or- na- ment is nurse of pride,

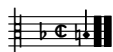


And sweet ro- sie lips to kisse, and
View- ing ru- ing loves long pains, Pro-
Play- ing, stay- ing in the grove, To
Fly- ing, dy- ing in de- sire, Wingd
And faire Cy- prian flowres new blowne, De-
Plea- sure mea- sure loves de- light: Haste



mix our soules in mu- tuall blisse.
cur'd by beau- ties rude dis- daine.
en- ter- taine the stealth of love.
with sweet hopes and heav'n- ly fire.
sire no beau- ties but their owne.
then sweet love our wish- ed flight.

² Original is a quarter note.



XI. Come away, come sweet love

Tenor.

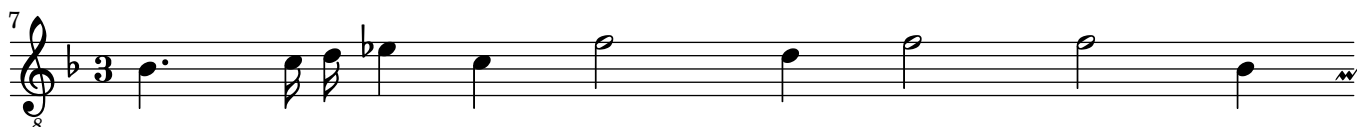
John Dowland



1. Come a-way, come sweet love, The gol- den
All the earth, all the ayre, of love and
2. Come a-way, come sweet love, The gol- den
While the Sunne from his sphere, His fier- y
3. Come a-way, come sweet love, Doe not in
Beau- ties grace that should rise, Like to the



morn- ing breakes. Teach thine armes then to em- brace,
plea- sure speakes. Eyes were made for beau- ties grace,
morn- ing wastes, Mak- ing all the sha- dows flie,
ar- rows casts: Thi- ther sweet love let us hie,
vaine a- dorne Lil- lies on the ri- vers side,
na- ked morne: Or- na- ment is nurse of pride,



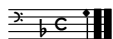
And sweet ro- sie lips to kisse, and
View- ing ru- ing loves long pains, Pro-
Play- ing, stay- ing in the grove, To
Fly- ing, dy- ing in de- sire, Wingd
And faire Cy- prian flowres new blowne, De-
Plea- sure mea- sure loves de- light: Haste

9 (3)

8

| | | | | | |
|-------|-------|--------|------|---------|--------------|
| mix | our | soules | in | mu- | tual blisse. |
| cur'd | by | beau- | ties | rude | dis- daine. |
| en- | ter- | taine | the | stealth | of love. |
| with | sweet | hopes | and | heav'n- | ly fire. |
| sire | no | beau- | ties | but | their owne. |
| then | sweet | love | our | wish- | ed flight. |

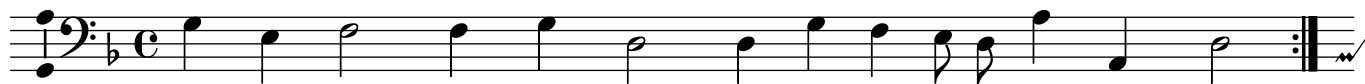
⁰ Original has a quarter note.



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- dows 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.

¹ Original is missing the dot.

⁰Original has a dot.