XI. Come away, come sweet love
Cantus

John Dowland

1. Come away, come sweet love, The golden morning breaks.
   All the earth, all the ayre, of love and pleasure speaks.

2. Come away, come sweet love, The golden morning wastes,
   While the Sunne from his sphere, His fiery arrowes casts:

3. Come away, come sweet love, Doe not in vaine adorne
   Beauties grace that should rise, Like to the naked mornes:

Teach thine armes then to embrace, And sweet rosie lips to kisse, and
Eyes were made for beauties grace, Viewing ruing loves long pains, Prod-
Making all the shadowes flye, Playing, staying in the grove, To
Thither sweet love let us hie, Flying, dying in desir, Wingd
Lilies on the rivers side, And faire Cyprion flowres new blowne, De-
Ornament is nurse of pride, Pleasure measure loves delight: Haste

mix our soules in mutuall blisse.
cur’d by beauties rude daine.
en-ter-taine the stealth of love.
with sweet hopes and heav’nly fire.
sire no beauties but their owne.
then sweet love our wish’d flight.

XI. Come away, come sweet love

1. Come away, come sweet love, The golden
   All the earth, all the ayre, of love and

2. Come away, come sweet love, The golden
   While the Sunne from his sphere, His fier-y

3. Come away, come sweet love, Doe not in
   Beaut-ies grace that should rise, Like to the

   morn-ing breaks. Teach thine armes then to em- brace,
   plea- sure speakes. Eyes were made for beau- ties grace,
   morn-ing wastes, Mak- ing all the shad- owes flie,
   ar-rowes casts: Thi- ther sweet love let us hie,
   vain- e 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 mutuall blisse.
cur'd by beauties rude disdain.
en-ter-taine the stealth of love.
with sweet hopes and heav'nly fire.
sire no beauties but their owne.
then sweet love our wished flight.

2 Original is a quarter note.
XI. Come away, come sweet love

Tenor. 

John Dowland

1. Come a-way, come sweet love, The golden
   All the earth, all the ayre, of love and

2. Come a-way, come sweet love, The golden
   While the Sunne from his sphere, His fiery

3. Come a-way, come sweet love, Doe not in
   Beauties grace that should rise, Like to the

   morning breaks. Teach thine armes then to embrace,
   pleasure speaks. Eyes were made for beauties grace,
   morning wastes, Making all the shadowes flie,
   arrowes casts: Thither sweet love let us hie,
   vaine adorne: Lilies on the rivers side,
   naked morne: Ornament is nurse of pride,

   And sweet rosie lips to kisse, and
   Viewing ruling loves long pains, Pro-
   Playing, staying in the grove, To
   Flying, dying in desire, Wingd
   And faire Cyprian flowres new blowne, De-
   Pleasure measure loves delight: Haste
mix our soules in mutuall blisse.
cur'd by beauties rude disdaine.
entertaine the stealth of love.
with sweet hopes and heav'nly fire.
sire no beauties but their owne.
then sweet love our wish'd flight.
XI. Come away, come sweet love
Bassus.

John Dowland

1. Come a-way, come sweet love, The golden morning breaks.
   All the earth, all the ayre, of love and pleasure speaks.

2. Come away, come sweet love, The golden morning wastes,
   While the Sunne from his sphere, His fier-y arrowes casts:

3. Come away, come sweet love, Doe not in vaine a-dorne
   Beauties grace that should rise, Like to the naked morn:

4. (1)

   Teach thine armes then to embrace, And sweet rosie
   Eyes were made for beauties grace, Viewing ruing
   Mak-ing all the shadowes flye, Playing, staying
   Thither sweet love let us hie, Flying, dy- ing
   Lil-lies on the rivers side, And faire Cy- prior
   Or-nament is nurse of pride, Pleasure measure

   (4)

   lips to kisse, and mix our soules in mutuall blisse.
   loves long pains, Proc’rd by beauties rude dis- daine.
   in the grove, To enter-taine the stealth of love.
   in desire, Wingd with sweet hopes and heav’n-ly fire.
   flowres new blowne, De-sire no beauties but their owne.
   loves delight: Haste then sweet love our wish-ed flight.

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1 Original is missing the dot.
2 Original has a dot.