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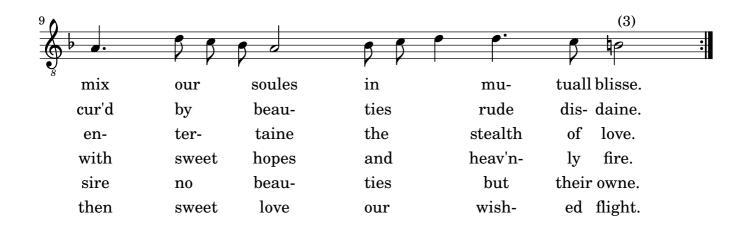
XI. Come away, come sweet love															
	Cantus												John	Dowland	
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5 🔺	De	eau-t	ies gra	ice ti	hatsi	hould ris	e,	Like	to i	che n	a-	Kea	mor	me:	
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			armes			em-brac					sie	lips	to	kisse, and	
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	Mak-	U	all			owes flie				tay- ii	U	in		grove, To	
			sweet			us hie	•	-		•	ng	in	de-	sire, Wing	-
	Lil-	lies	on											blowne, De-	
9 🔺	Or-	na-	ment	18 NI	urse	of pria	e, Ple	a- su	re m	iea- si	ıre	loves	de-	light: Hast	,e
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	mix		our		soule		in		nu-	tual			sse.		
	cur'd		by		beau		ties		ıde	dis-			ine.		
	en-		ter-		taine		the		alth	-		-	ve.		
	with		sweet		hope		and		av'n-	v			re.		
	sire		no		beau		ties		out	theii	r		vne.		
	then		sweet		love		our	W	ish-	ed		flig	ght.		

	•	X	I. Coi	ne awa	ly, come s Altus.	wee	t love	Jo	hn Dowl	and
	Å þ C		0							/
•	1. Con		way, earth,	come all	sweet love, the ayre,		The of	gol- love	den and	
	2. Coi	me a-	way,	come	sweet love,		The	gol-	den	
	Wh	ile the	Sunne	from	his sphere	,	His	fier-	У	
	3. Coi	me a-	way,	come	sweet love,		Doe	not	in	
	Bea	au- ties	grace	that	should rise,		Like	to	the	
		•		: : p	P i			# e	-	<u>3 </u>
	morn-	ing brea	akes.	Teach	thine armes	then	to en	n- bra	ice,	
	plea-	sure spea	akes.	Eyes	were made	for	beau- tie	es gra	ice,	
	morn-	ing was	stes,	Mak-	ing all	the	sha- dov	ves fli	e,	
	ar-	rowes ca	sts:	Thi-	ther sweet	love	let u	s hi	e,	
	vaine	a- do	rne	Lil-	lies on	the	ri- ve	rs sid	le,	
	na-	ked mo	rne:	Or-	na- ment	is	nurse o	f pri	de,	
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6	3	•			•••••			P		/
Ð	And	sweet	t ro-	sie	lips	to	, ki	isse,	and	
	View-	ing	ru-	ing	loves	long	pa	ains,	Pro-	
	Play-	ing,	stay-	ing	in	the	gr	ove,	То	
	Fly-	ing,	dy-	ing	in	de-	s	ire,	Wingd	
	And	faire	Cy-	prian	flowre	s new	blo	wne,	De-	
	Plea-	sure	mea-	sure	loves	de-	li	ght:	Haste	

9 0				0	#•	0	• •
mix	our	soules	ir	n mu	- tua	ll blisse.	
cur'd	by	beau-	tie	s rud	e dis	- daine.	
en-	ter-	taine	$^{\mathrm{th}}$	e steal	th of	love.	
with	sweet	hopes	an	d heav'	'n- ly	fire.	
sire	no	beau-	tie	s but	t the	ir owne.	
then	sweet	love	ou	r wisł	n- ed	flight.	

 $^{^2}$ Original is a quarter note.

XI. Come away, come sweet love Tenor. John Dowland										vland		
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	⁸ 1. Con	ne a-	way,		come s	sweet	love,	ſ	The	gol	- den	
	Al	l the	earth	۱,	all	the	ayre,		of	love	e and	
	2. Con	ne a-	way,		come s	sweet	love,	ſ	The	gol	- den	
	What	ile the	Sunn	e	from	his	sphere,	I	His	fier	- у	
	3. Con	ne a-	way,		come s	sweet	love,	Ι	Doe	not	t in	
	Bea	u- ties	grace	e	that s	hould	rise,	L	ike	to	the	
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¢	Þ	\rightarrow		•	•		-					3
8	morn-	ing br	eakes.		Teach	thine	armes	then	to	em- b	orace,	
	plea-	sure sp			Eyes			for		ties g	,	
	morn-	ing w			Mak-	ing	all	the		dowes		
		rowes of	,		Thi-	U	sweet	love	let		hie,	
	vaine		lorne		Lil-	lies	on	the			side,	
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	And		reet	ro-	sie		lips	to		kisse,	and	
	View-	ing	5	ru-	ing		loves	long]	pains,	Pro-	
	Play-	ing	3,	stay-	ing		in	the	Į	grove,	То	
	Fly-	ing	ς,	dy-	ing		in	de-		sire,	Wingd	Ĺ
	And	fai	re	Cy-	prian	L	flowres	new	b	lowne,	De-	
	Plea-	su	re	mea-	sure		loves	de-		light:	Haste	



 $^{^{0}}$ Original has a quarter note.

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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-dowes 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								
	(4)								
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. $^0 \rm Original$ has a dot.