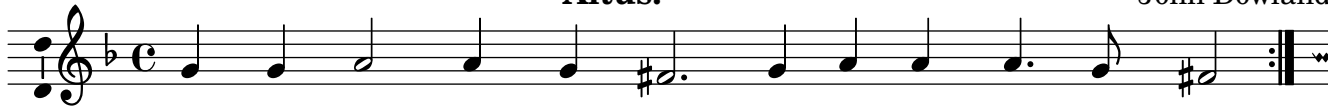


XI. Come away, come sweet love

Altus.

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-rows 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: