XI. Come away, come sweet love

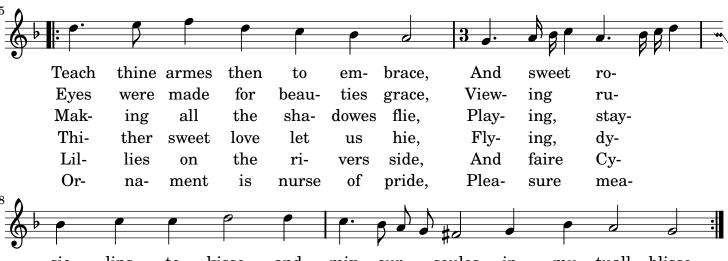
Cantus

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:



sie lips kisse, mix soules mu- tuall blisse. to and our in ing loves long pains, Procur'd by beauties rude disdaine. in the To taine stealth of love. ing grove, enterthe desire, heav'n- ly fire. ing in Wingd with hopes and sweet prian flowres new blowne, Debeaubut their owne. sire no ties delight: wishflight. sure loves Haste then love edsweet our