

Away with those self-loving lads

Words by Fulke Greville.

John Dowland

Away with these self-loving lads, Whom
 God Cuns- pid's shaft, like lov- des- ing ti- ny, Doth
 My songs they be of Cyn- thia's praise, I
 If Cyn- thia crave her ring of me, I
 The worth that wor- thi- ness should move Is

The musical notation consists of a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a five-line staff. Below the staff, there are three staves of lute tablature, with letters 'a', 'r', and 'e' indicating fret positions. The first system covers the first line of the poem.

Cu- pid's ar- row ne- ver glads. A-
 ei- ther good or ill de- cree; De-
 wear her rings on ho- li- days, On
 blot her name out of the tree. If
 love, which is the bow of Love; And

The second system begins with a repeat sign (a box with the number 5) above the first measure. The musical notation continues with the same treble clef, key signature, and time signature. The lute tablature continues below the staff, with letters 'a', 'r', 'e', and 'b' indicating fret positions. The second system covers the second line of the poem.

way, poor souls, that sigh and weep. In
 sert is born out of his bow, Re-
 ev- 'ry tree I write her name, And
 doubt do dark- en things held dear, Then
 love as well the for'- ster can As

The third system continues the musical notation with the same treble clef, key signature, and time signature. The lute tablature continues below the staff, with letters 'a', 'r', 'e', and 'b' indicating fret positions. The third system covers the third line of the poem.

[10]

love ward ev-well can of up-ry fare the them on day no-thing might- y that his I no- lie foot read once no- and sleep. doth go. the same: a year: ble- man:

For What Where For Sweet For Cu-fools hon-ma-saint, pid are our, ny run, 'tis is they Cu-pid's but you a that wor- mea-have ri-one thy dow not val, must thy God, And known That is, There win, Fools be, Yet

[15]

for-Love mi-on-with- ceth likes ra-ly out none no cles hedge the love naught to laws are the cuc-worth kiss but seen worth the rod. his own? of his. koo in. to me.