

Soprano

Come away, come, sweet love

John Dowland, 1562-1626

$\text{♩} = 100$

Cantus

1. Come a - way, come sweet love, the gol - den mor - ning breaks.
All the earth, all the air of love and plea - sure speaks.

3

C Teach thine arms then to em - brace, and sweet ro -
Eyes were made for beau - ty's grace, vie - wing rue -

5

C sy lips to kiss, and mix our souls in mu - tual bliss.
ing love's long pain, pro - cur'd by beau - ty's rude dis - dain.

8

C 2. Come a - way, come sweet love, the gol - den mor - ning wastes,
While the sun from his sphere his fie - ry arr - row casts,

10

C Ma - king all the sha - dows fly, Play - ing, stay -
Thit - ther, sweet love, let us hie, Fly - ing, dy -

12

C ing in the grove to en - ter - tain the stealth of love.
ing in de - sire wing'd with sweet hopes and heav'n - ly fire.

15

C 3. Come a - way, come sweet love, do not in vain a - dorn
Beau - ty's grace, that should rise like to the na - ked morn.

17

C (IIx)
Li - lies on the ri - ver's side and fair Cy -
Or - na - ment is nurse of pride, plea - sure, mea -

19

C prian flow'r's new blown de - sire no beau - ties but their own,
sure love's de - light. Haste then, sweet love, our wish - ed flight.

Come away, come sweet love
The golden morning breaks
All the earth, all the air
Of love and pleasure speaks:
Teach thine arms then to embrace
And sweet
Rosy
Lips to kiss
And mix our souls in mutual bliss
Eyes were made for beauty's grace
Viewing
Rueing
Love's long pain
Procur'd by beauty's rude disdain

Come away , come sweet love
The golden morning wastes
While the sun from his spere
His fiery arrows casts:
Making all the shadows fly
Playing
Staying
In the grove
To entertain the stealth of love
Thither sweet love let us hie
Flying
Dying
In desire
Wing'd with sweet hopes and heav'nly fire

Come away , come sweet love
Do not in vain adorn
Beauty's grace , that should rise
Like to the naked morn:
Lilies on the river's side
And fair
Cyprian
Flow'rs new-blown
Desire no beauties but their own
Ornament is nurse of pride
Pleasure
Measure
Love's delight:
Haste then sweet love our wished flight