Away With These Self Loving Lads

John Dowland

Cantus

Away with these self loving lads, Whom Cupid's arrow
God Cupid's shaft, like destiny, Doth either good or
My songs they be of Cynthia's praise, I wear her rings on
If Cynthia crave her ring of me, I blot her name out
The worth that worthiness should move Is love, which is the

Altus

Away with these self loving lads, Whom Cupid's arrow
God Cupid's shaft, like destiny, Doth either good or
My songs they be of Cynthia's praise, I wear her rings on
If Cynthia crave her ring of me, I blot her name out
The worth that worthiness should move Is love, which is the

Tenor

Away with these self loving lads, Whom Cupid's arrow
God Cupid's shaft, like destiny, Doth either good or
My songs they be of Cynthia's praise, I wear her rings on
If Cynthia crave her ring of me, I blot her name out
The worth that worthiness should move Is love, which is the

Bassus

Away with these self loving lads, Whom Cupid's arrow
God Cupid's shaft, like destiny, Doth either good or
My songs they be of Cynthia's praise, I wear her rings on
If Cynthia crave her ring of me, I blot her name out
The worth that worthiness should move Is love, which is the
bow of Love, And love as well the forest can As of the tree. If doubt do darken things held dear, Then holy days, On every tree I write her name, And ill decree: Desert is borne out of his bow, Re- ne ver glads. A way poor souls that sigh and weep, In ill decree: Desert is borne out of his bow, Re- ne ver glads. A way poor souls that sigh and weep, In ill decree: Desert is borne out of his bow, Re- ne ver glads. A way poor souls that sigh and weep, In ill decree: Desert is borne out of his bow, Re- ne ver glads. A way poor souls that sigh and weep, In ill decree: Desert is borne out of his bow, Re- ne ver glads. A way poor souls that sigh and weep, In ill decree: Desert is borne out of his bow, Re-

love of those that lie and sleep. For Cupid is a ward upon his foot doth go. What fools are they that e very day I read thee same: Where hon or Cupid's wel fare nothing once a year: For ma ny run, but can the migh ty no ble man: Sweet Saint, 'tis true you love of those that lie and sleep. For Cupid is a ward upon his foot doth go. What fools are they that e very day I read thee same: Where hon or Cupid's wel fare nothing once a year: For ma ny run, but can the migh ty no ble man: Sweet Saint, 'tis true you love of those that lie and sleep. For Cupid is a ward upon his foot doth go. What fools are they that e very day I read thee same: Where hon or Cupid's wel fare nothing once a year: For ma ny run, but can the migh ty no ble man: Sweet Saint, 'tis true you
mea-dow God, And for-ceth none to kiss the rod.
have not known That Love likes no laws but his own?
ri-val is, There mir-a-cles are seen of his.
one must win, Fools on-ly hedge the Cu-ckoo in.
wor-thy be, Yet with-out love naught worth to me.