Come away, sweet love  

**John Dowland**  
(1563-1626)

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**Soprano**

Come a-way, come sweet love,  
The gold-en morn-ing breaks,  
Come a-way, come sweet love,  
The gold-en morn-ing wastes,  
Come a-way, come sweet love,  
Do not in vain a-dorn

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**Alto**

Come a-way, come sweet love,  
The gold-en morn-ing breaks,  
Come a-way, come sweet love,  
The gold-en morn-ing wastes,  
Come a-way, come sweet love,  
Do not in vain a-dorn

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**Tenor**

Come a-way, come sweet love,  
The gold-en morn-ing breaks,  
Come a-way, come sweet love,  
The gold-en morn-ing wastes,  
Come a-way, come sweet love,  
Do not in vain a-dorn

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**Bass**

Come a-way, come sweet love,  
The gold-en morn-ing breaks,  
Come a-way, come sweet love,  
The gold-en morn-ing wastes,  
Come a-way, come sweet love,  
Do not in vain a-dorn

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All the earth, all the air of love and plea-sure speaks:  
While the sun from his sphere his fie-ry ar-rows casts,  
Beau-ty's grace, that should rise like to the na-ked morn.

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All the earth, all the air of love and plea-sure speaks:  
While the sun from his sphere his fie-ry ar-rows casts,  
Beau-ty's grace, that should rise like to the na-ked morn.
Come away, sweet love - Dowland

Teach thine arms then to embrace, And sweet ro-
Mak-ing all the shadows fly, Play-ing, stay-
Li-lies on the ri-ver's side And fair Cyp-

Teach thine arms then to embrace, And sweet ro-sy lips-
Mak-ing all the shadows fly, Play-ing, stay-ing in-
Li-lies on the ri-ver's side And fair Cyp-rian flow'rs.

Sy lips to kiss, And mix our souls in mut-u-al bliss.
In the grove To en-ter-tain the stealth of love.
Rian flow'rs new blown De-sire no beau-ties but their own.

Sy lips to kiss, And mix our souls in mut-u-al bliss.
In the grove To en-ter-tain the stealth of love.
Rian flow'rs new blown De-sire no beau-ties but their own.

Lips to kiss, And mix our souls in mut-u-al bliss.
In the grove To en-ter-tain the stealth of Love.
Flow'rs new blown De-sire no beau-ties but their own.
Come away, sweet love - Dowland

Eyes were made for beauty's grace,
View-ing, rue-ing love's
Thi-ther, sweet love, let us hie,
Fly-ing, dy-ing in
Or-na-ment is nurse of pride,
Ple-asure, mea-sure

Eyes were made for beauty's grace,
View-ing, rue-ing love's
Thi-ther, sweet love, let us hie,
Fly-ing, dy-ing in
Or-na-ment is nurse of pride,
Ple-asure, mea-sure

Eyes were made for beauty's grace,
View-ing, rue-ing love's
Thi-ther, sweet love, let us hie,
Fly-ing, dy-ing in
Or-na-ment is nurse of pride,
Ple-asure, mea-sure

ing love's long pain Pro-cur'd by beauty's rude disdain.
ing in de-sire Wing'd with sweet hopes and heav'n-ly fire.
sure love's de-light. Haste then, sweet love, our wish-ed flight.

long pain Pro-cur'd by beauty's rude disd ain.
desire Wing'd with sweet hopes and heav'n-ly fire.
de-light. Haste then, sweet love, our wish-ed flight.

love's long pain Pro-cur'd by beauty's rude disd ain.
in desire Wing'd with sweet hopes and heav'n-ly fire.
love's de-light. Haste then, sweet love, our wish-ed flight.

love's long pain Pro-cur'd by beauty's rude disd ain.
in desire Wing'd with sweet hopes and heav'n-ly fire.
love's de-light. Haste then, sweet love, our wish-ed flight.