

# Come away, come sweet love

(Lento)

John Dowland

Gesang

Come a-way, come sweet love, The gold-en morn - ing breaks.

Gitarre

All the earth, all the air, Of love and plea - sure speaks:

Teach thine arms then to em - brace, And sweet - - ro - -  
Eyes were made for beau - ty's grace, View - ing, - - rue - - -

sy lips to kiss, And mix our - - - souls in mu - tual bliss.  
ing love's long pain Pro - cur'd by - - - beau - tys rude dis - dain.

Fingersatz: Ronald Fuchs

Come away, come sweet love, The golden morning wastes,  
While the sun from his shere, His fiery arrows casts:  
Making all the shadows fly,  
Playing,  
Staying  
In the grove,  
The 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 beaut es but their own.  
Ornament is nurse of pride,  
Pleasure  
Measure  
Love's delight:  
Haste then sweet love our wished flight.