

John Dowland**"COME AWAY COME SWEET LOVE"**

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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

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