

Come away, come sweet loue

from The First Booke of Songes or Ayres, 1597

John Dowland (1563-1626)

G C F F Gm D D Gm F Dm A(no3rd) D

Come a - way,
All the earth,
come sweet loue,
all the ayre,
The Gould - en morn - ing breaks.
Of loue and plea - sure speakes,
morn - ing breaks.
plea - sure speakes,

Bb F Gm D

Teach Eies thine armes then for to beau - ties - brace, grace,
were made then for to beau - ties - brace, grace,
Teach Eies thine armes then for to beau - ties - brace, grace,
were made then for to beau - ties - brace, grace,

Chords: Eb Cm F Bb Gm F Bb

Lyrics:
 And Vew - sweet ing, ro - sie ing lips to kisse, And
 Loue long paines, Pro -

Chords: F D Gm Gm D(no3rd) G

Lyrics:
 mixe our soules in mu - tuall blisse.
 curd by beau ties rude dis - daine.

Come awaie come sweet loue,
 The goulden morning wasts,
 While the son from his sphere,
 His fierie arrows casts:
 Making all the shadowes flie,
 Playing, staying in the groue,
 To entertaine the stealth of loue,
 Thither sweet loue let us hie,
 Flying, dying, in desire,
 Wingd with sweet hopes and heau'nly fire.

Come away, come sweet loue,
 Do not in vain adorne,
 Beauties grace that should rise,
 Like to the naked morne:
 Lillies on the riuers side,
 And fair Cyprian flowers new blowne,
 Desire no beauties but their owne,
 Ornament is nure of pride,
 Pleasure, measure loues delight,
 Hast then sweet loue our wished flight.