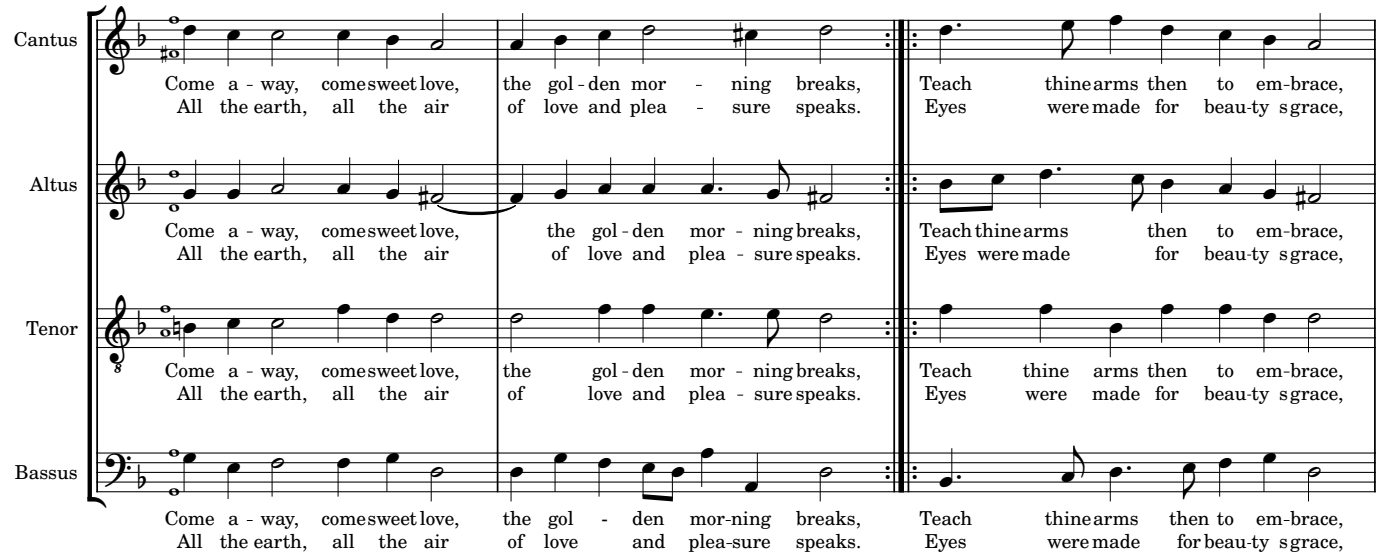
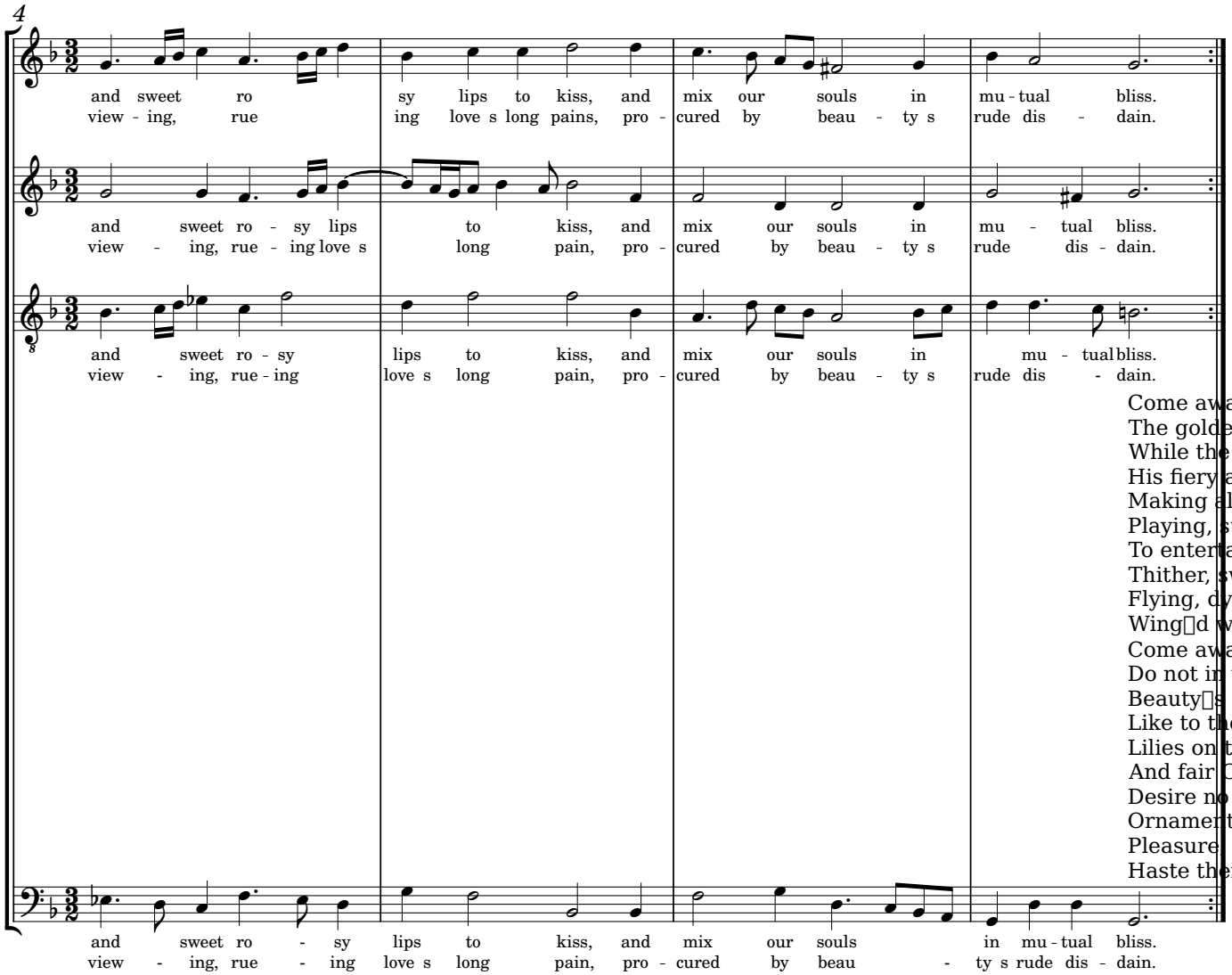
John Dowland — *Come away, come sweet love* UA





Come away, come s
The golden mornin
While the sun from
His fiery arrows ca
Making all the sha
Playing, staying in
To entertain the st
Thither, sweet love
Flying, dying, in de
Wing□d with sweet
Come away, come s
Do not in vain ador
Beauty□s grace tha
Like to the naked r
Lilies on the river□
And fair Cyprian fl
Desire no beauties
Ornament is nurse
Pleasure measure
Haste then, sweet