

XI. Come away, come sweet love

The First Book of Songs or Ayres
 Text: Anonymous

John Dowland (1563-1626)
 ed. Daniel Thomson

CANTUS [Soprano]

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

ALTUS [Alto]

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

TENOR [Tenor]

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

BASSUS [Bass]

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

LUTE

5

S.

All the earth, all the air, Of love and plea - sure speaks. Teach thine arms then
 While the sun, from his sphere, His fie - ry ar - row casts. Mak - ing all the
 Beau ty's grace, that should rise, Like to the na - ked morn. Li - lies on the

A.

All the earth, all the air, Of love and plea - sure speaks. Teach thine arms then
 While the sun, from his sphere, His fie - ry ar - row casts. Mak - ing all the
 Beau ty's grace, that should rise, Like to the na - ked morn. Li - lies on the

T.

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 While the sun, from his sphere, His fie - ry ar - row casts. Mak - ing all the
 Beau ty's grace, that should rise, Like to the na - ked morn. Li - lies on the

B.

All the earth, all the air, Of love and plea - sure speaks. Teach thine arms then
 While the sun, from his sphere, His fie - ry ar - row casts. Mak - ing all the
 Beau ty's grace, that should rise, Like to the na - ked morn. Li - lies on the

Lute