

# Come away, come sweet love

uit The first Book of Songes or Ayres, London 1597

John Dowland (1562 - 1626)

1. 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 pains,  
procured by beauties rude disdain.
2. Come away, come sweet love, the golden morning wastes,  
While the sun from his sphere his fiery arrows casts,  
Making all the shadows fly, playing, staying in the groove  
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.
3. 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.

(HUISMUZIEK No.127, 1974)