

THE FIRST BOOKE OF SONGS OR AYRES

JOHN DOWLAND

1597 [1613]

XI. Come away, come sweet loue.

Come away, come sweet loue,
The golden morning breakes.
All the earth, all the ayre,
of loue and pleasure speakes:
Teach thine armes then to embrace,
And sweet rosie lips to kisse,
And mix our soules in mutuall blisse,
Eyes were made for beauties grace,
Viewing, ruing loues long pains,
Procur'd by beauties rude disdaine.

Come away, come sweet loue,
The golden morning wastes,
While the Sunne from his sphere,
his fiery arrowes casts :
Making all the shadowes flie,
Playing, staying in the groue,
To entertaine the stealth of loue.
Thither sweet loue let vs hie,
Flying, dying in desire,
Wingd with sweet hopes and heau'nly fire.

Come away, come sweet loue,
Doe not in vaine adorne
Beauties grace that should rise,
Like to the naked morne :
Lillies on the riuers side,
And faire Cyprian flowres new blowne,
Desire no beauties but their owne.
Ornament is nurse of pride,
Pleasure measure loues delight :
Haste then sweet loue our wished flight.