Come Away, Come Sweet Love

John Dowland arr. David Siebert





















Verse 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 side, And fair Cyprian flowers 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.