

Away with these self-loving lads

Fulke Greville

John Dowland

Soprano

A - way with these self - lov - ing lads Whom Cu - pid's ar - row
 God Cu - pid's shaft, like des - ti - ny, Doth ei - ther good or
 My songs that be of Cyn - thia's praise, I wear her rings on
 If Cyn - thia crave her ring of me, I blot her name out
 The worth that worth - i - ness should move Is love, which is the

Alto

Tenor

Bass

5

ne - ver glads! A - way, poor souls that sigh and weep In
 ill de - cree; De - sert is born out of his bow, Re -
 hol - i - days; On ev' - ry tree I write her name, And
 of the tree. If doubt do dar - ken things held dear, Then
 bow of love; And love as well the fos - ter can As

souls — that

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love of those that lie and sleep!
ward up - on his foot doth go.
ev' - ry day I read the same.
well fare noth - ing once a year!
can the might - y no - ble - man.

For Cu - pid is a
What fools are they that
Where Hon - our Cu - pid's
For man - y run, but
Sweet saint, 'tis true you

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mea - dow god And for - ceth none to kiss the rod.
have not known That love likes no laws but his own!
ri - val is There mir - a - cles are seen of his.
one must win; Fools on - ly hedge the cu - ckoo in.
worth - y be, Yet with - out love naught worth to me.

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