

Come Away, Come Sweet Love

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arr. Todd Marsh

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Come a - way, come sweet love, The gol - den mor - ning breaks.
Come a - way, come sweet love, The gol - den mor - ning wastes,
Come a - way, come sweet love, Do not in vain a - dorn

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All the earth, all the air, Of love and plea - sure speaks:
While the sun from his sphere, His fie - ry ar - rows casts:
Beau - ty's grace, that should rise, Like to the na - ked morn:

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Teach thine arms then to em - brace, And sweet Ro - sy Lips to kiss, And
Ma - king all the sha - dows fly, Play - ing, Stay - ing In the grove, To
Li - lies by the ri - ver's side, And fair Cy - prian Flow'rs new - blown. De -

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mix our — souls in mu - tual bliss. Eyes were made for beau - ty's grace,
en - ter - tain the stealth of love. Thi - ther sweet love let us hie,
sire no — beau - ties but their own. Or - na - ment is nurse of pride,

View - ing, Rue - ing Love's long pain Pro - cur'd by beau - ty's rude dis - dain.
Fly - ing, Dy - ing In de - sire, Wing'd with sweet hopes and heav'n - ly fire.
Plea - sure Mea - sure Love's de - light: Haste then sweet love our wish - ed flight.