

Away With These Self Loving Lads

John Dowland

Cantus

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 they 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 wor - thi - ness should move Is love, which is the

Altus

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Tenor

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Bassus

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 If Cyn - thia crave her ring of me, I blot her name out
 The worth that wor - thi - ness should move Is love, which is the

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ne - ver glads. A - way poor souls that sigh and weep, In
 ill de - cree: De - sert is borne out of his bow, Re-
 ho - ly days, On e - very 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 for - est er can As

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love of those that lie and sleep. For Cu - pid is a
 - ward up - on his foot doth go. What fools are they that
 e - very day I read thee same: Where hon - or Cu - pid's
 wel - fare no - thing once a year: For ma - ny run, but
 can the migh - ty no - ble - man: 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 mi - ra - cles are seen of his.
 one must win, Fools on - ly hedge the Cu - ckoo in.
 wor - thy be, Yet with - out love naught worth to me.

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