Away With These Self-Loving Lads

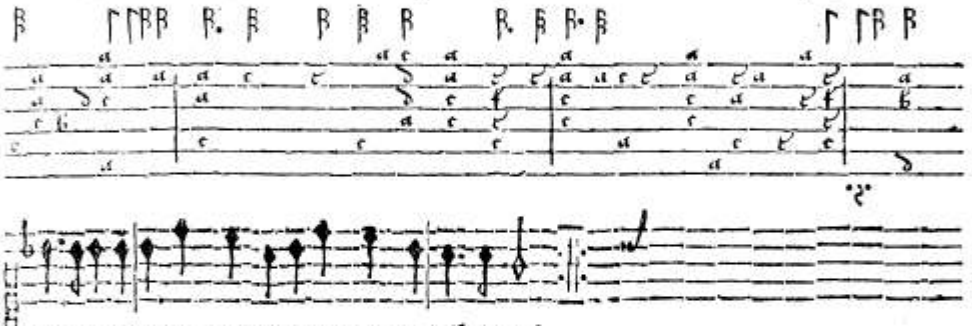
A Song from:
The First Booke of songs or Ayres
of foure parts,
with Tableture for the Lute
1597

by
John Dowland

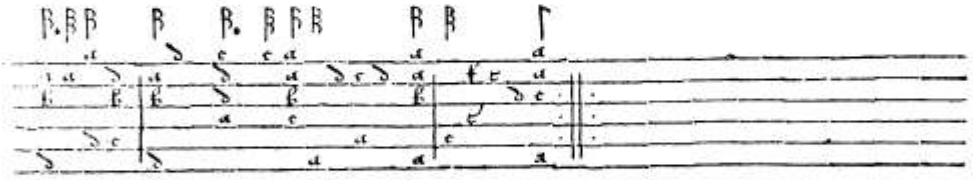
Edité par Alain Veylit - April 15, 2015

Way with theſe ſelfe louing lads, whom *Cupids* arrowe

neuer glads: A- way poore ſoules that ſigh & weepe in loue of them that lie & ſleepe, For



Cupid is a medooe god, & forceth none to kiſſe the rod.



2

God *Cupids* ſhaft like deſtinie,
Doth either good or ill decree:
Deſert is borne out of his bow,
Reward vpon his feet doth go,
What fooles are they that haue not knowne
That loue likes no lawes but his owne?

3

My ſong they be of *Cynthias* praiſe,
I weare her rings on hollidaies,
On euery tree I write her name,
And euery day I reade the ſame:
Where honor, *Cupids* riuall is,
There miracles are ſeene of his:

4

If *Cinthia* craue her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree,
If doubt do darken things held deere,
Then well fare nothing once a yeere:
For many run, but one muſt win,
Fooles only hedge the Cuckoo in.

5

The worth that worthineſſe ſhould moue
Is loue, which is the bowe of loue,
And loue as well the foſter can,
As can the mighty Noble-man:
Sweet Saint, tis true you worthie be,
Yet without loue nought worth to me.

God, and forceth none to kiſſe the rod.

poore ſoules that ſigh and weepe in loue of thoſe that lye and ſleepe, for *Cupid* is a medow

A Way with theſe ſelfe louing lads, whom *Cupids* arrow neuer glads, away

ALTVS.

BASSVS.

A Way with theſe ſelfe louing lads, whom *Cupids* arrow neuer glads, Away poore ſoules that ſigh and weepe in loue of thoſe that lye and ſleepe, for *Cupid* is a medow God, and forceth none to kiſſe the rod.

TENOR.

A Waie with theſe ſelfe louing lads, whom *Cupids* arrow neuer glads A-

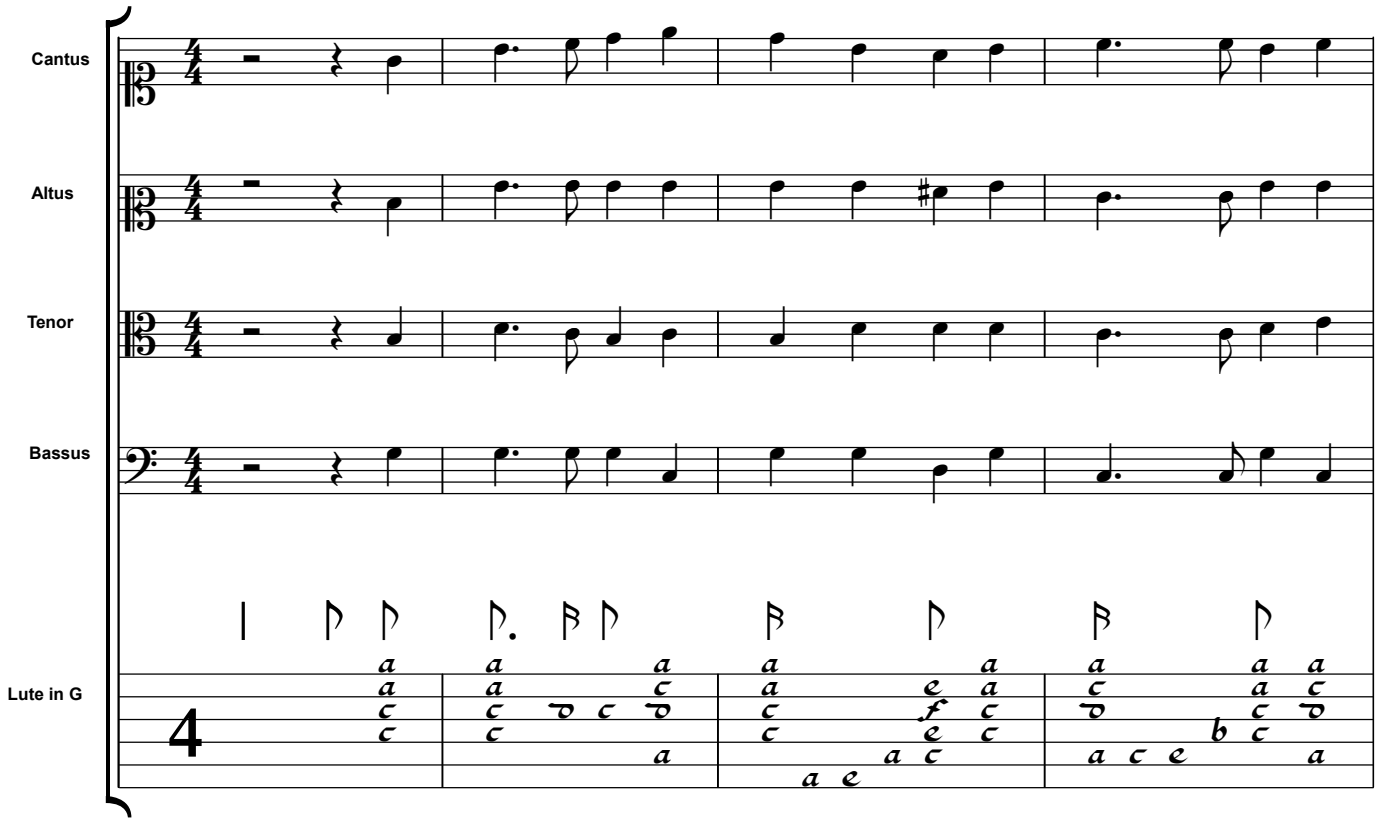
way poore ſoules that ſigh and weepe in loue, of thoſe that lye and ſleepe, for *Cupid* is a me-

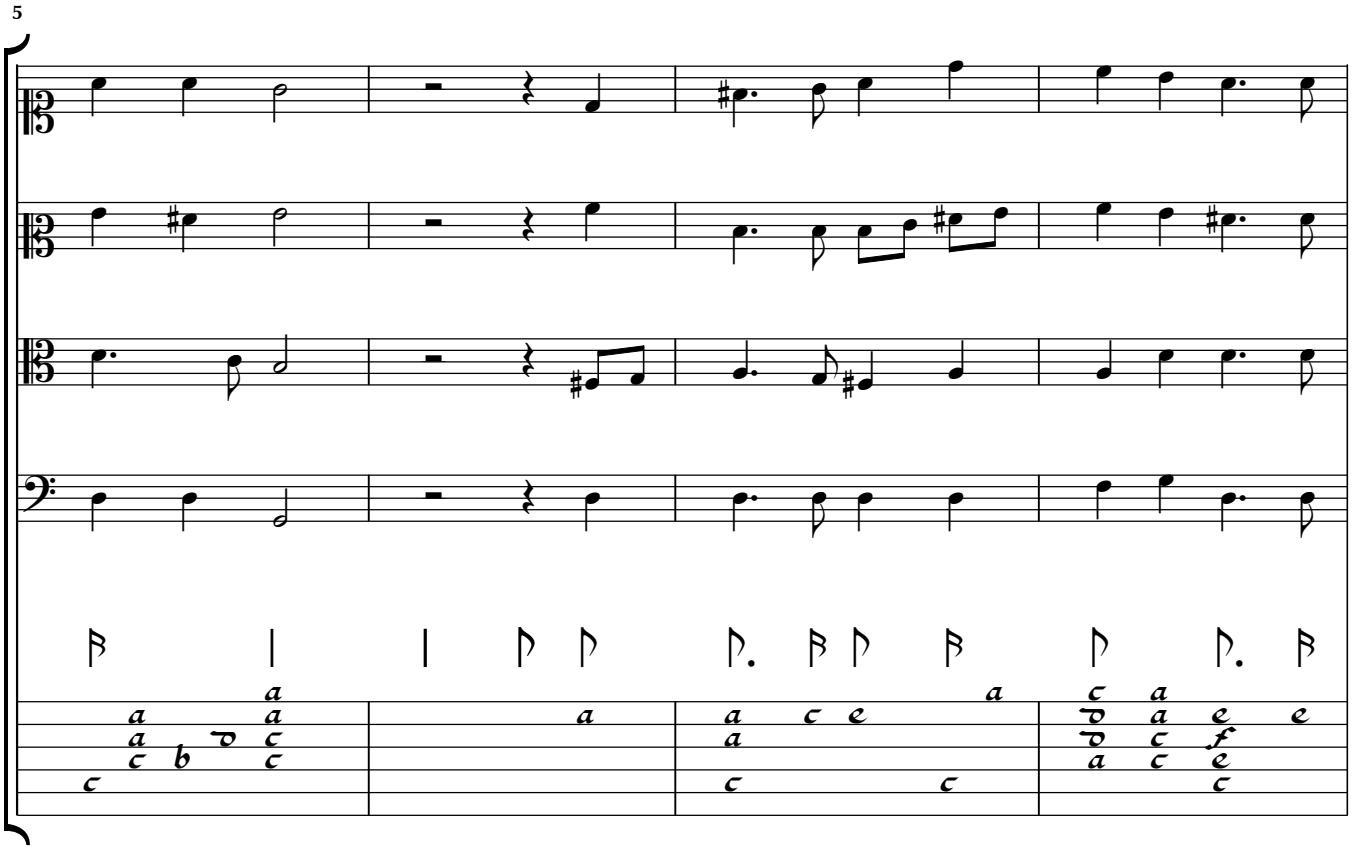
dow god, and forceth none to kiſſe the rod.

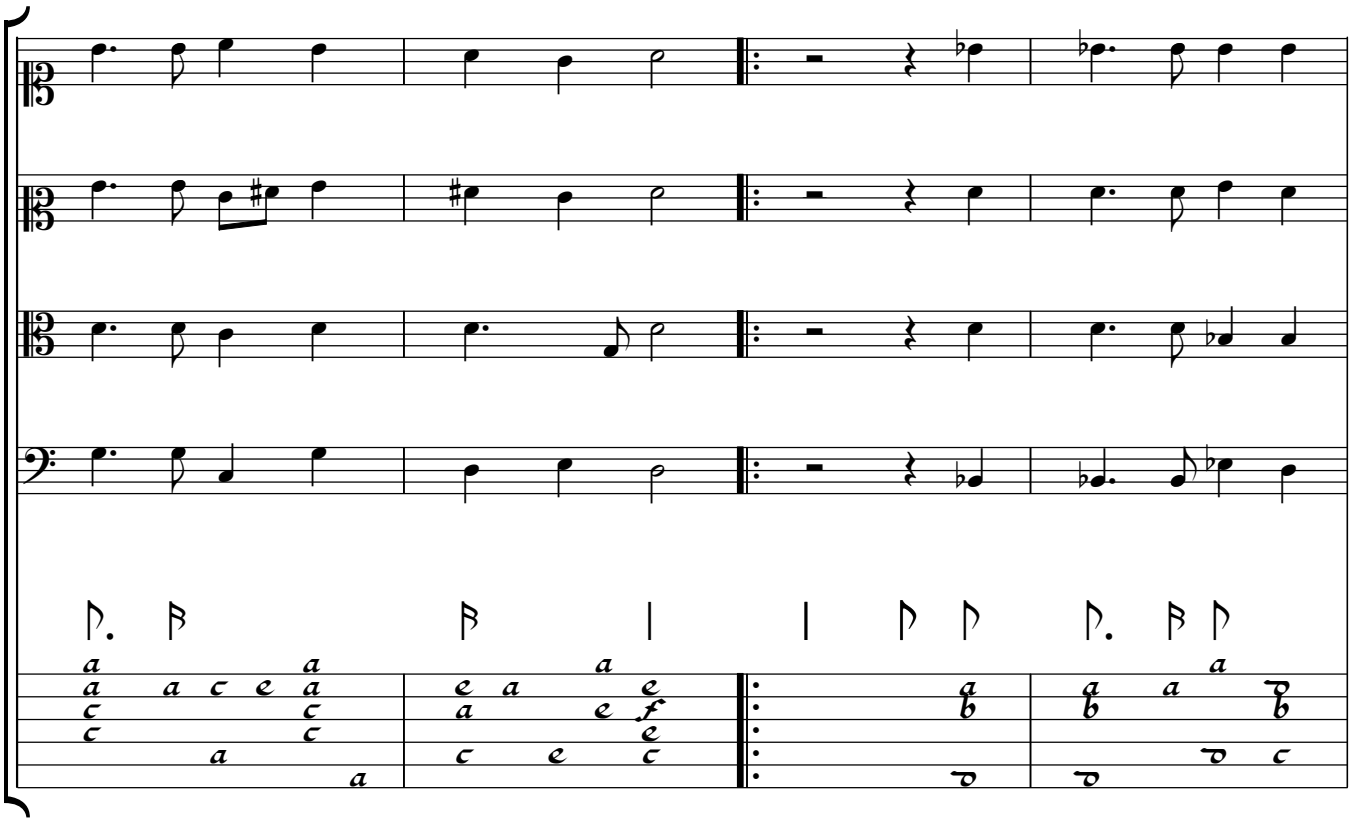
XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads
Ensemble.

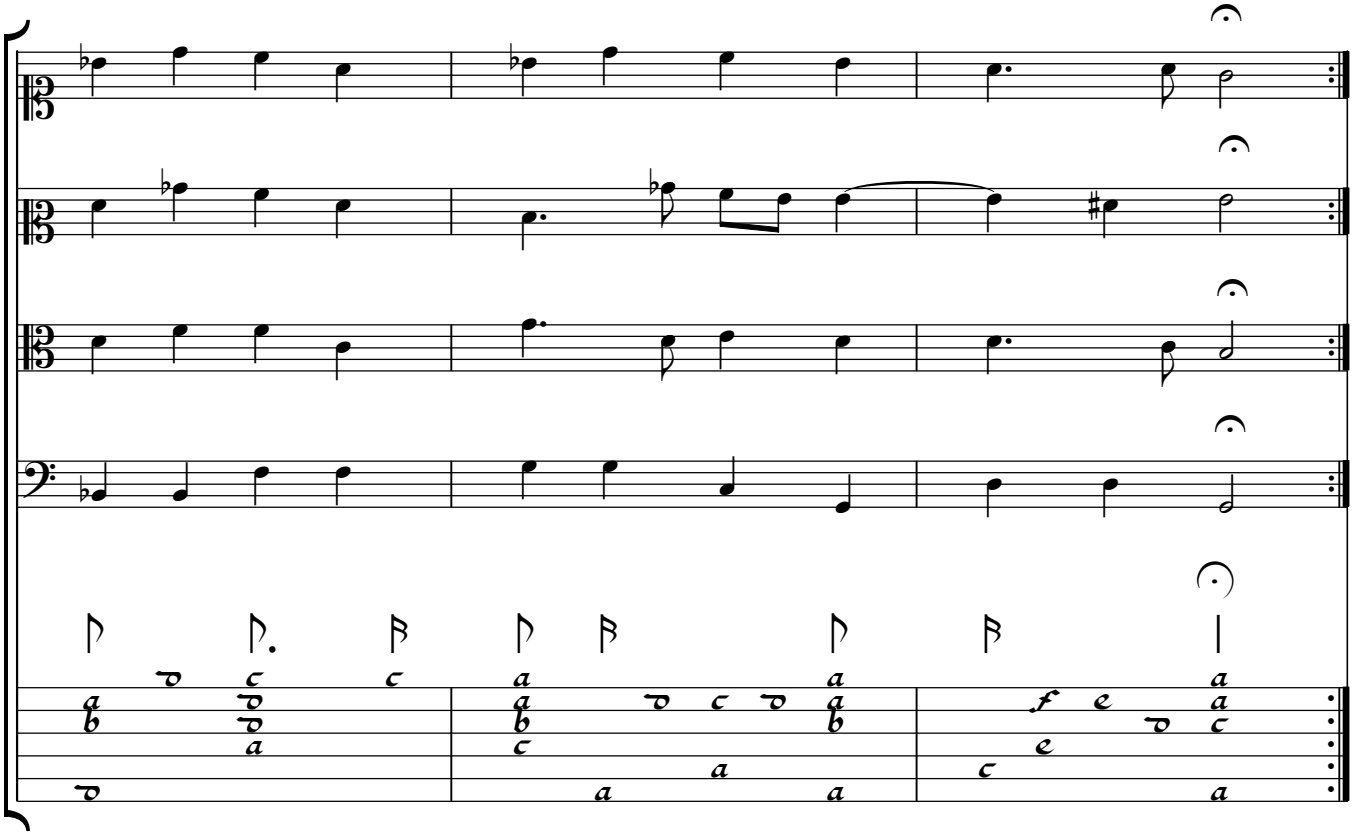
From The First Booke of songs or Ayres of foure parts, with Tableture for the Lute

John Dowland



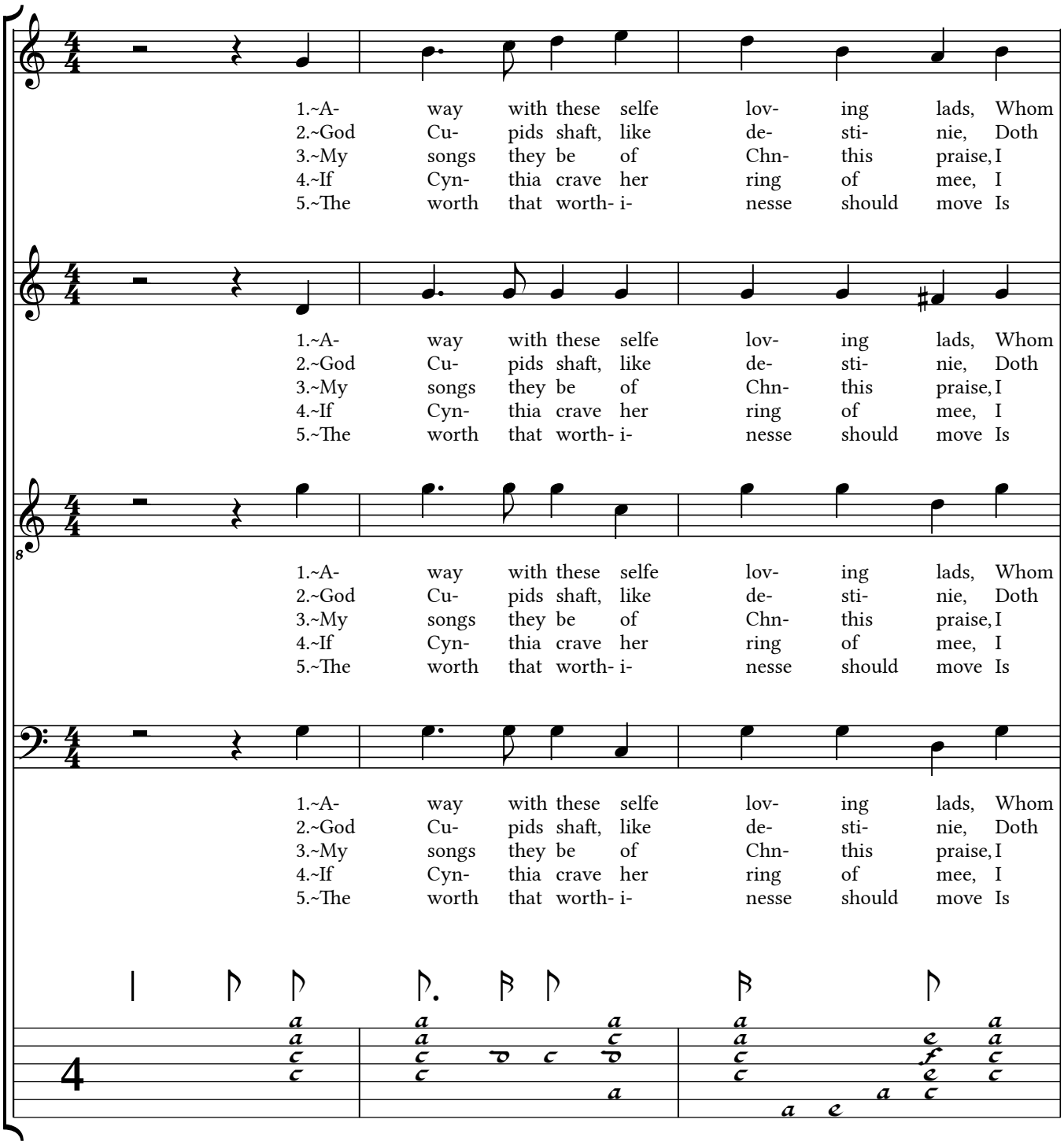


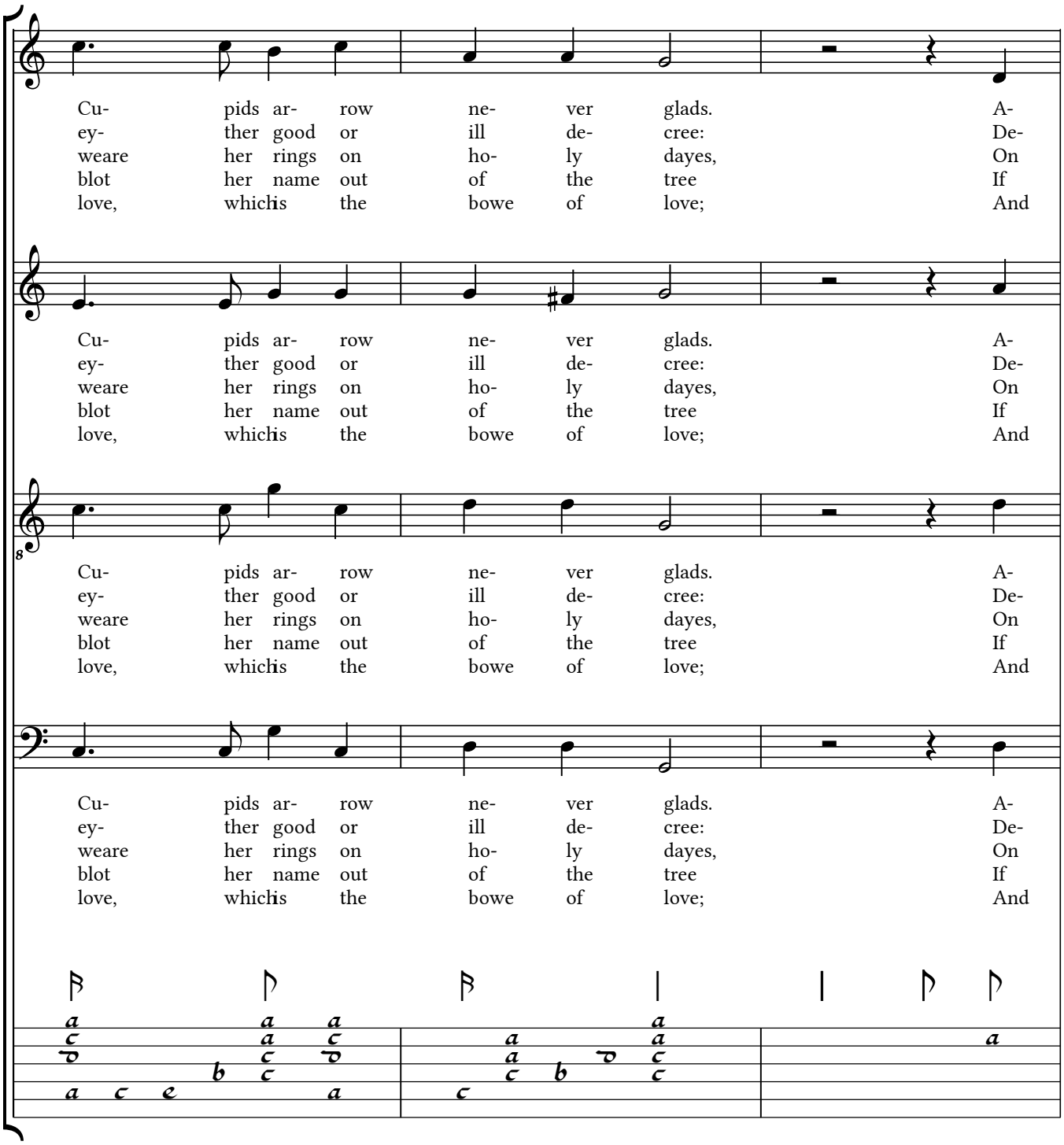




XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads

John Dowland




Cu- pids ar- row ne- ver glads. A-
ey- ther good or ill de- cree: De-
weare her rings on ho- ly dayes, On
blot her name out of the tree If
love, whichis the bowe of love; And
Cu- pids ar- row ne- ver glads. A-
ey- ther good or ill de- cree: De-
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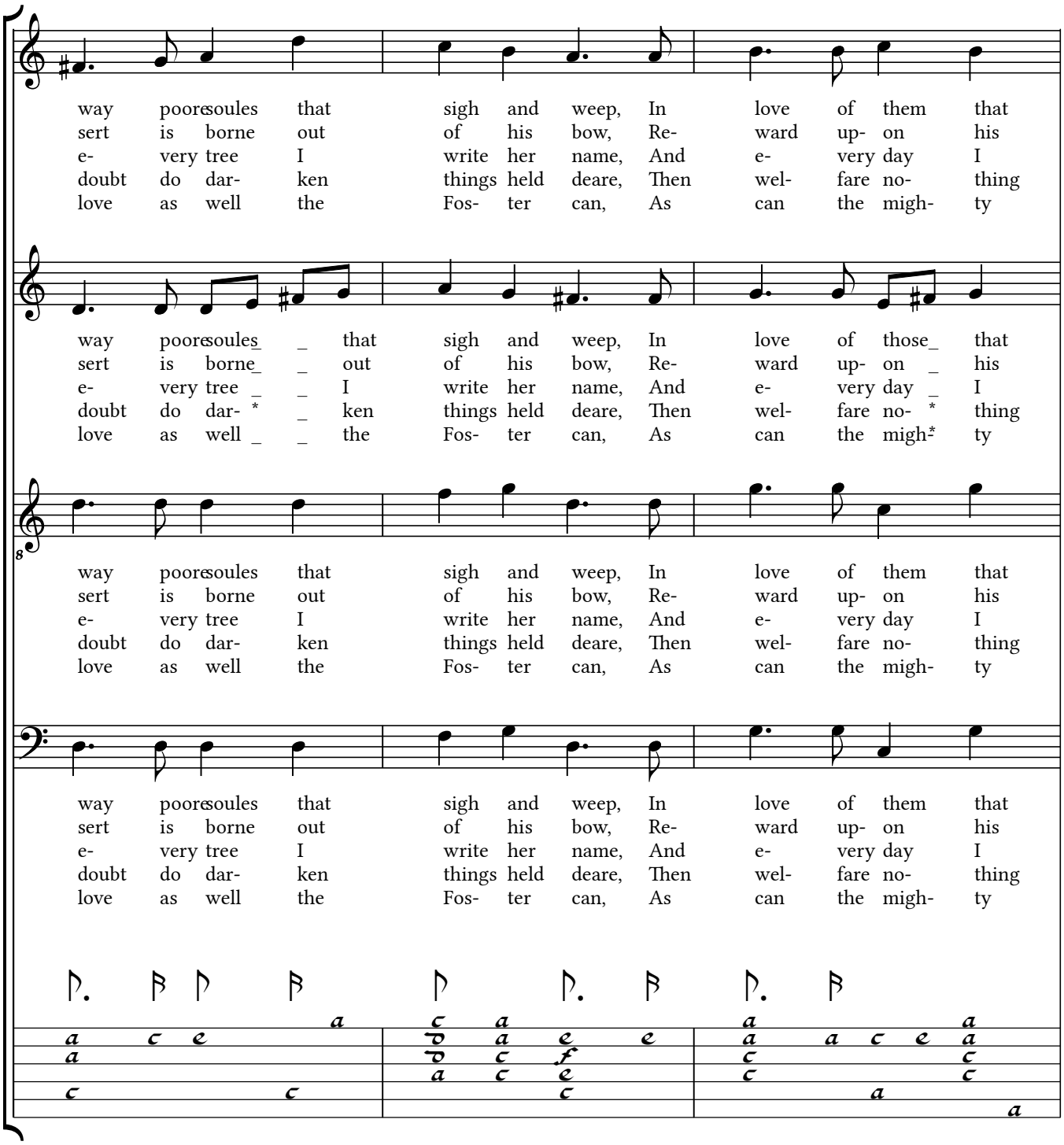
way poore soules that sigh and weep, In love of them that
sert is borne out of his bow, Re- ward up- on his
e- very tree I write her name, And e- very day I
doubt do dar- ken things held deare, Then wel- fare no- thing
love as well the Fos- ter can, As can the migh- ty
way poore soules _ _ that sigh and weep, In love of those _ that
sert is borne _ _ out of his bow, Re- ward up- on _ his
e- very tree _ _ I write her name, And e- very day _ I
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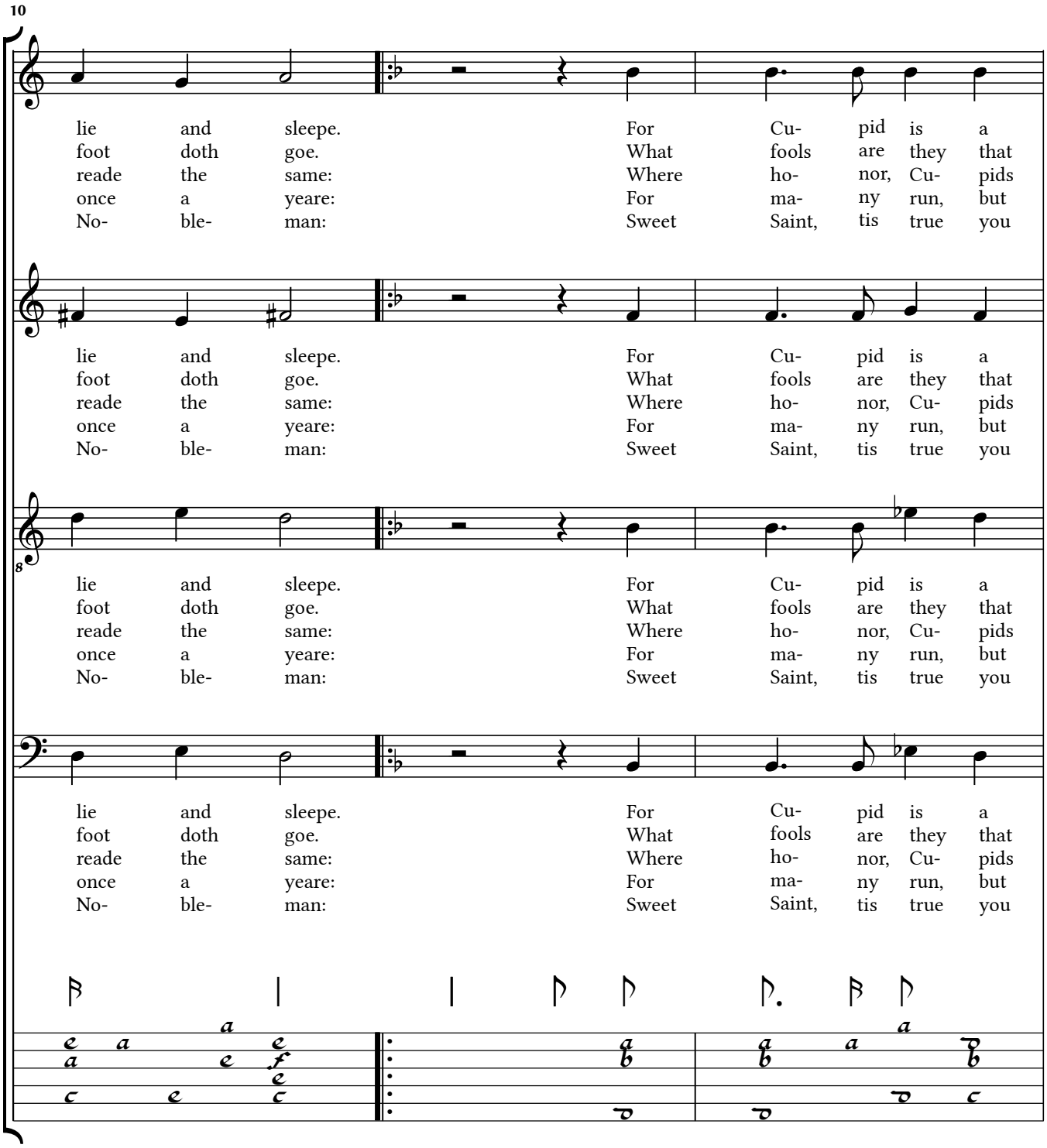
10
lie and sleepe. For Cu- pid is a
foot doth goe. What fools are they that
reade the same: Where ho- nor, Cu- pids
once a yeare: For ma- ny run, but
No- ble- man: Sweet Saint, tis true you
lie and sleepe. For Cu- pid is a
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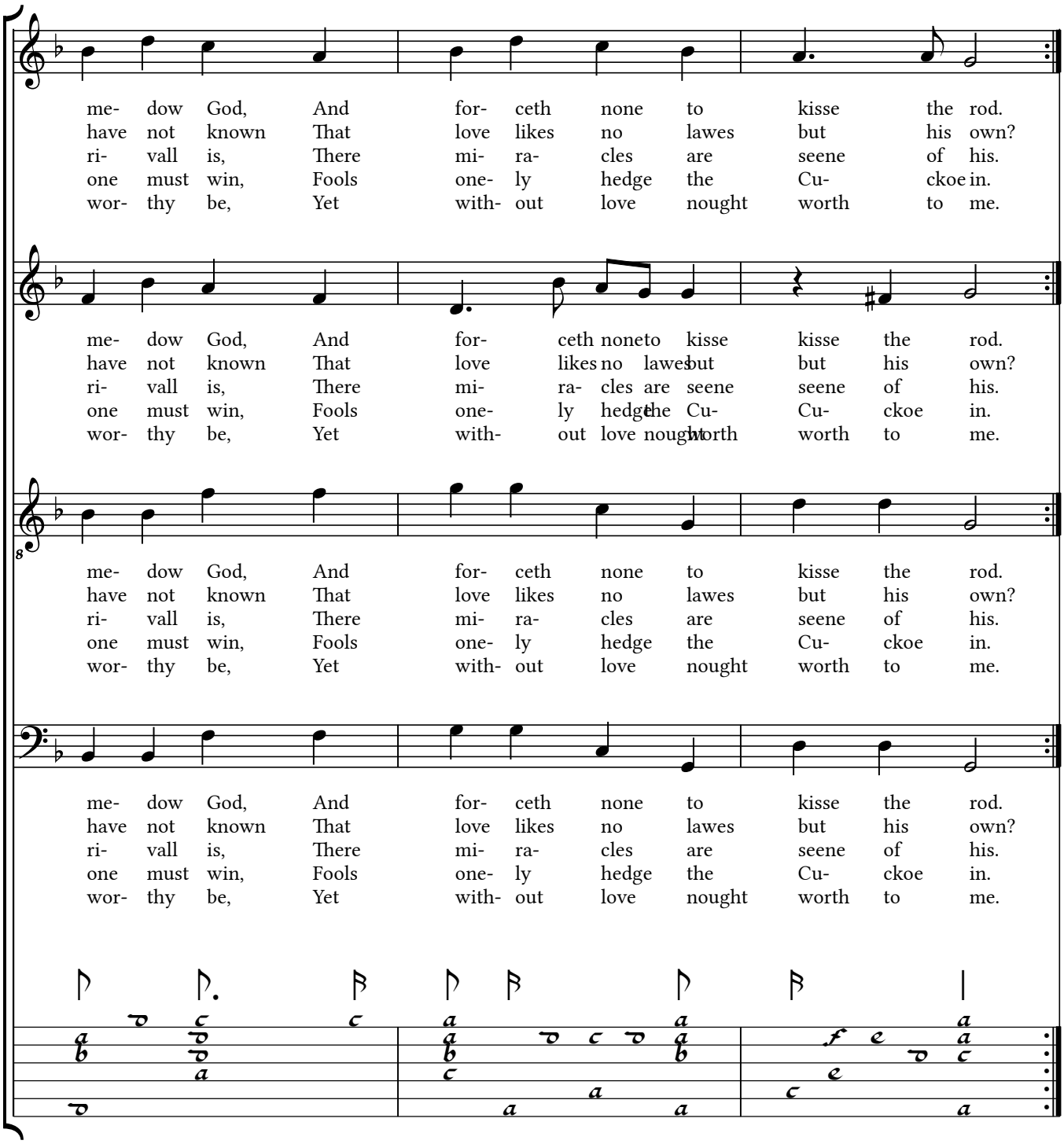
me- dow God, And for- ceth none to kisse the rod.
have not known That love likes no lawes but his own?
ri- vall is, There mi- ra- cles are seene of his.
one must win, Fools one- ly hedge the Cu- ckoe in.
wor- thy be, Yet with- out love nought worth to me.
me- dow God, And for- ceth noneto kisse kisse the rod.
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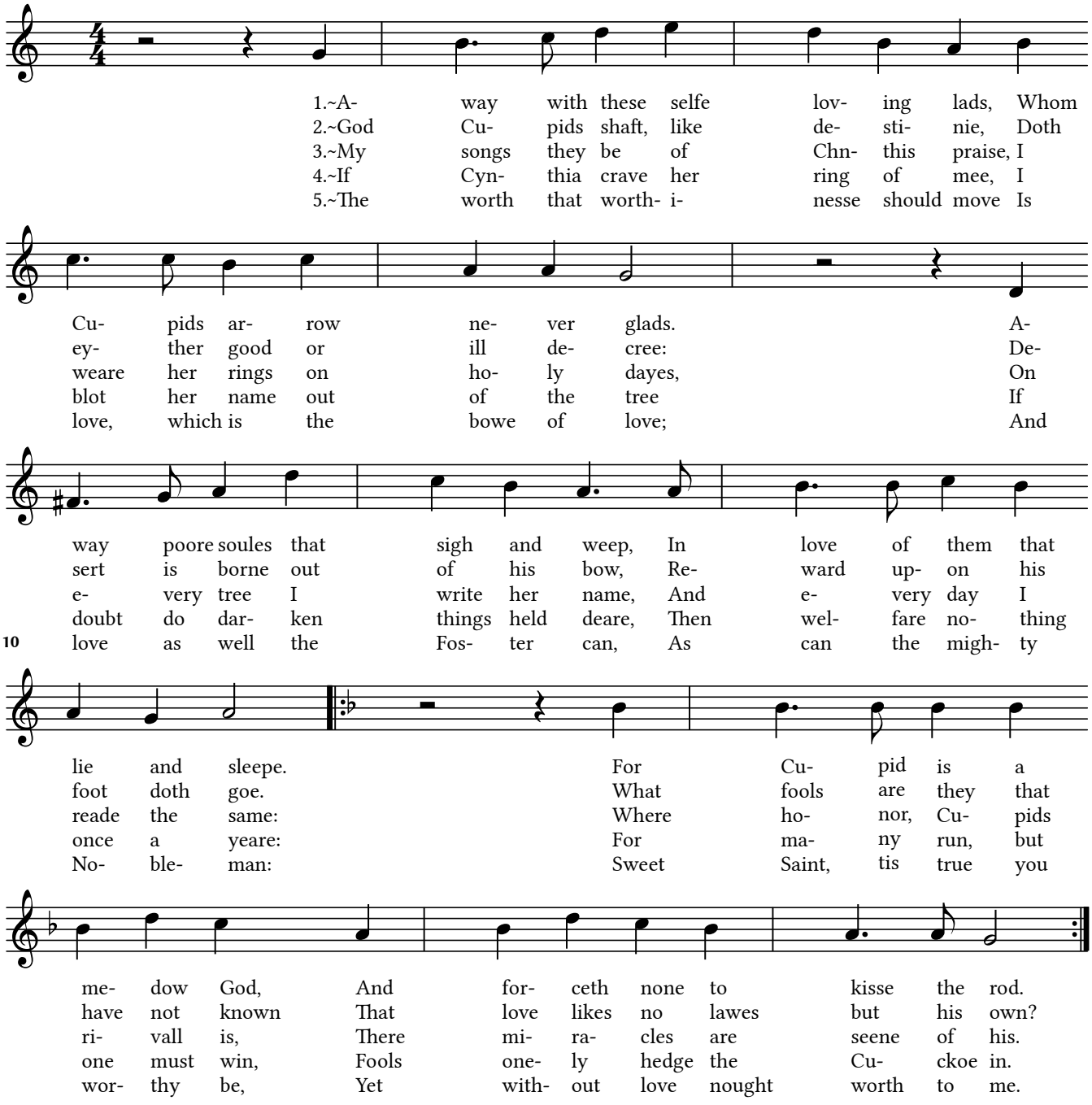
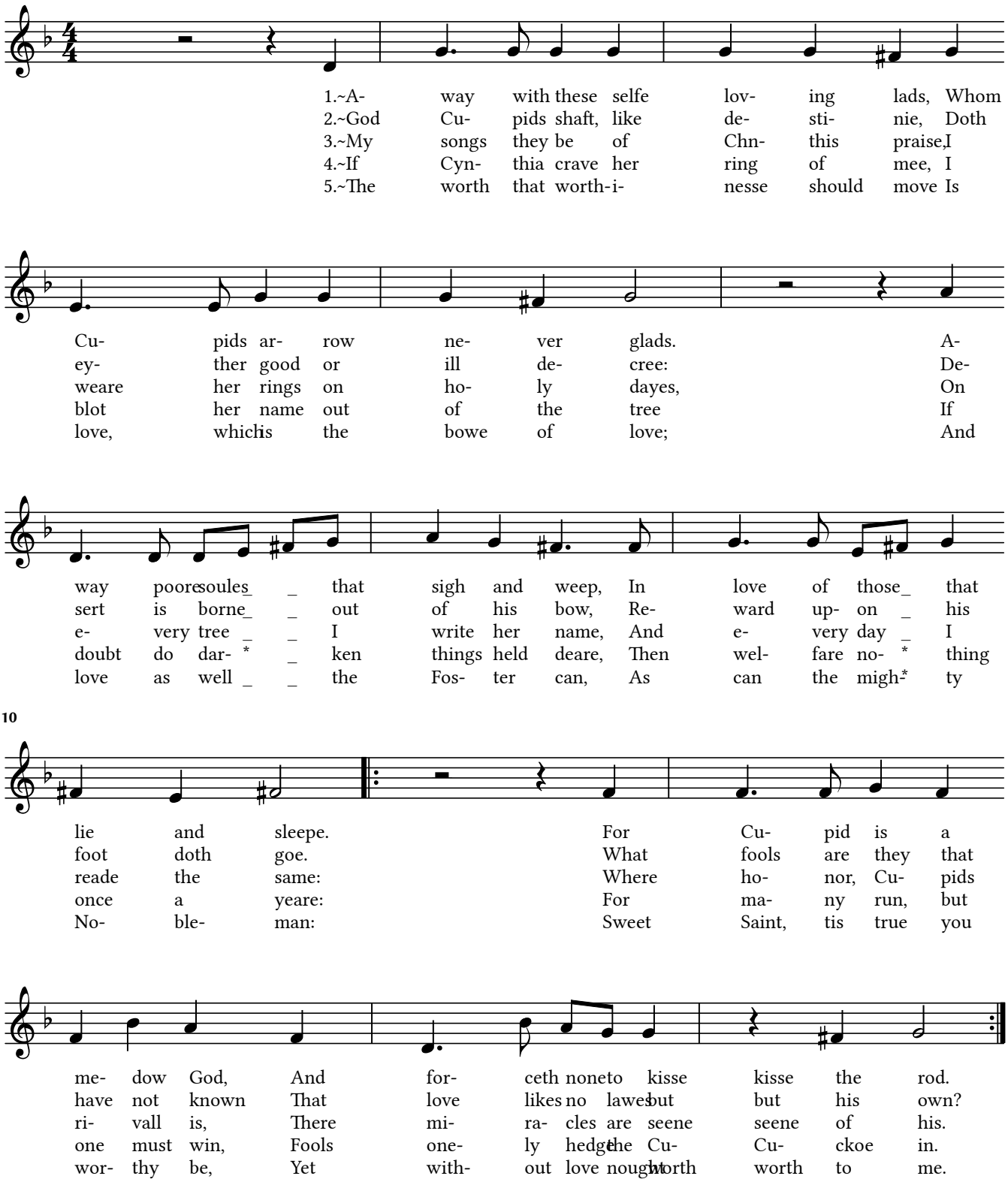
XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads
Cantus

John Dowland



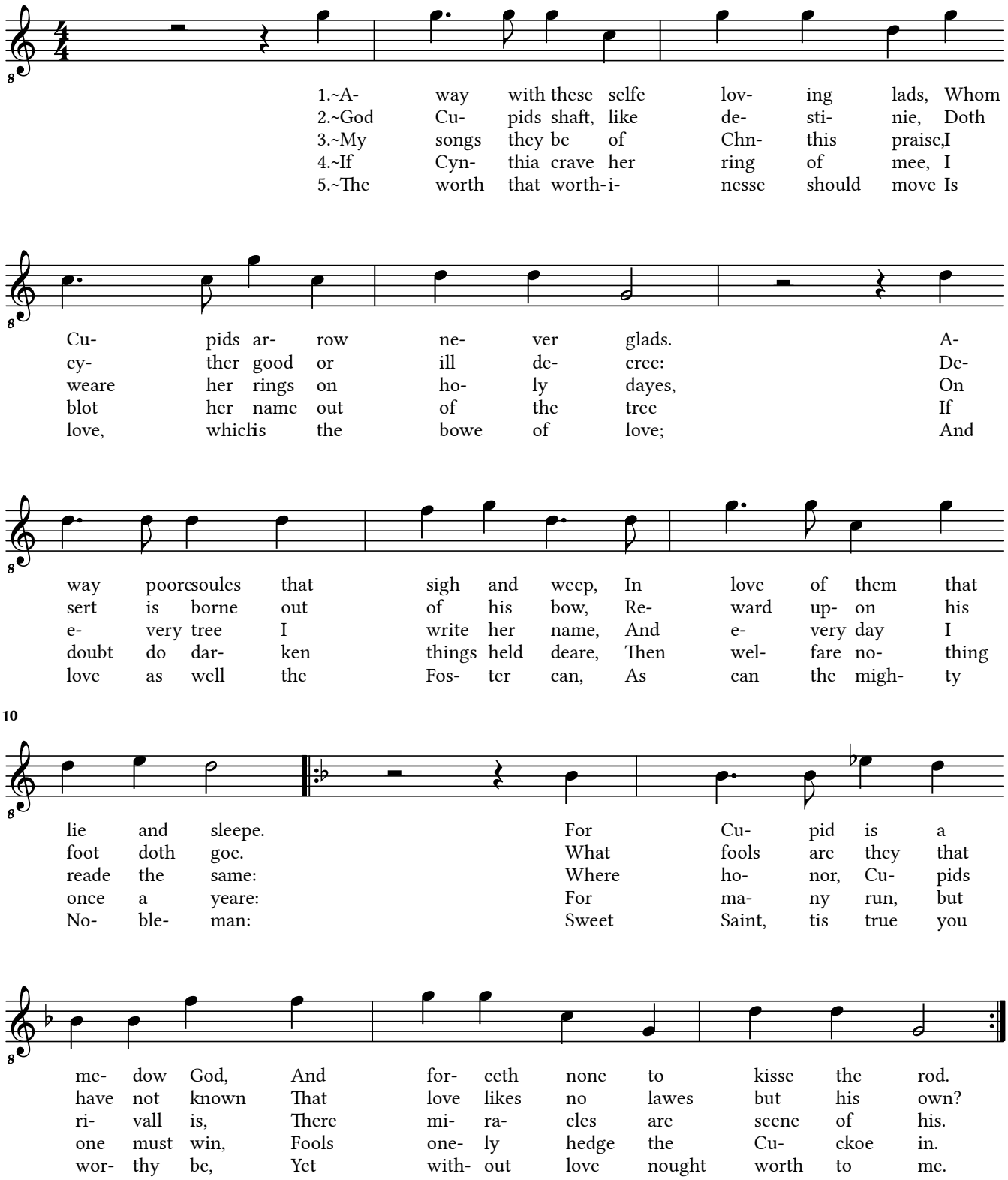
XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads
Altus

John Dowland



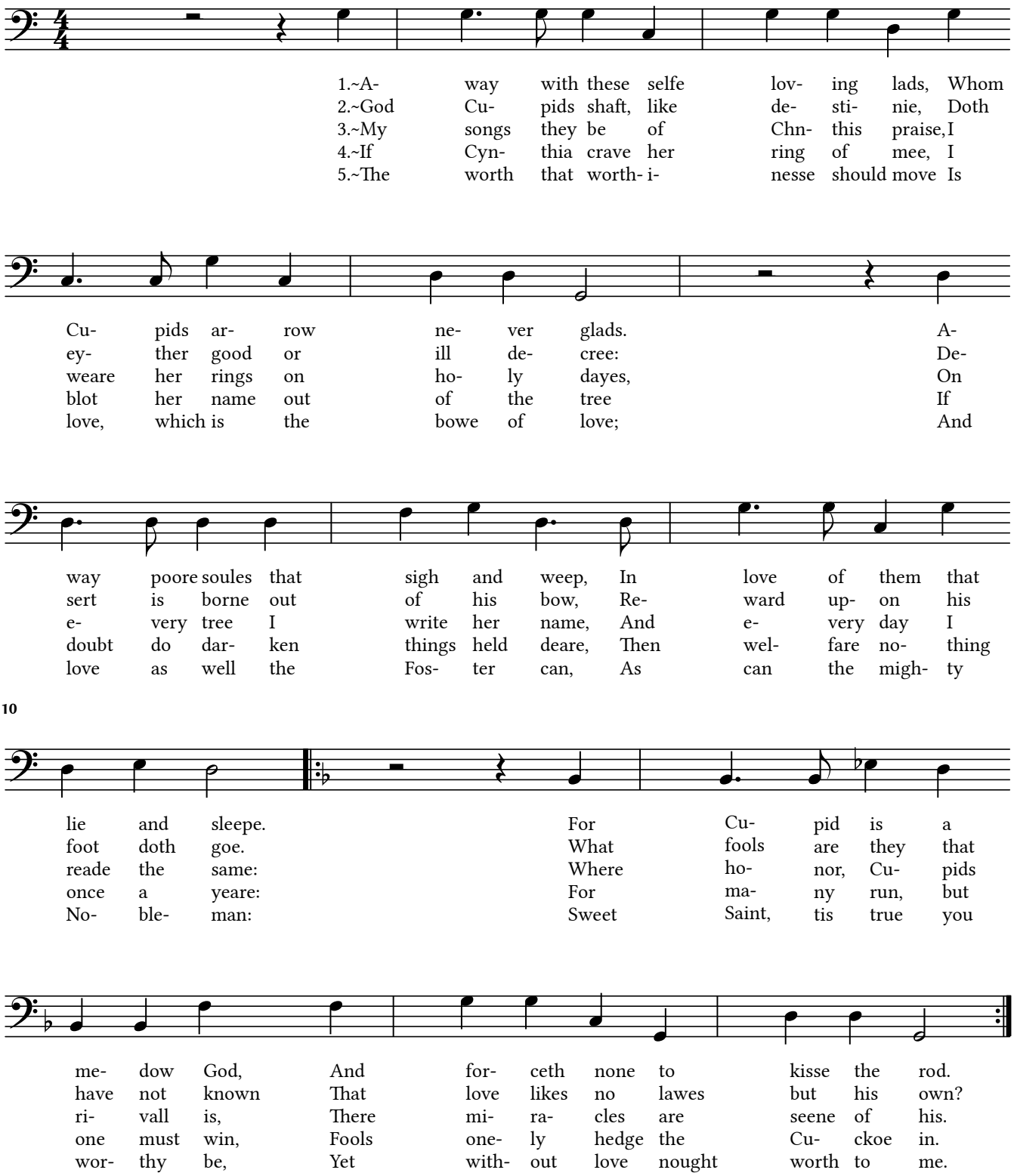
XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads
Tenor

John Dowland



XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads
Bassus

John Dowland



XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads
Lute

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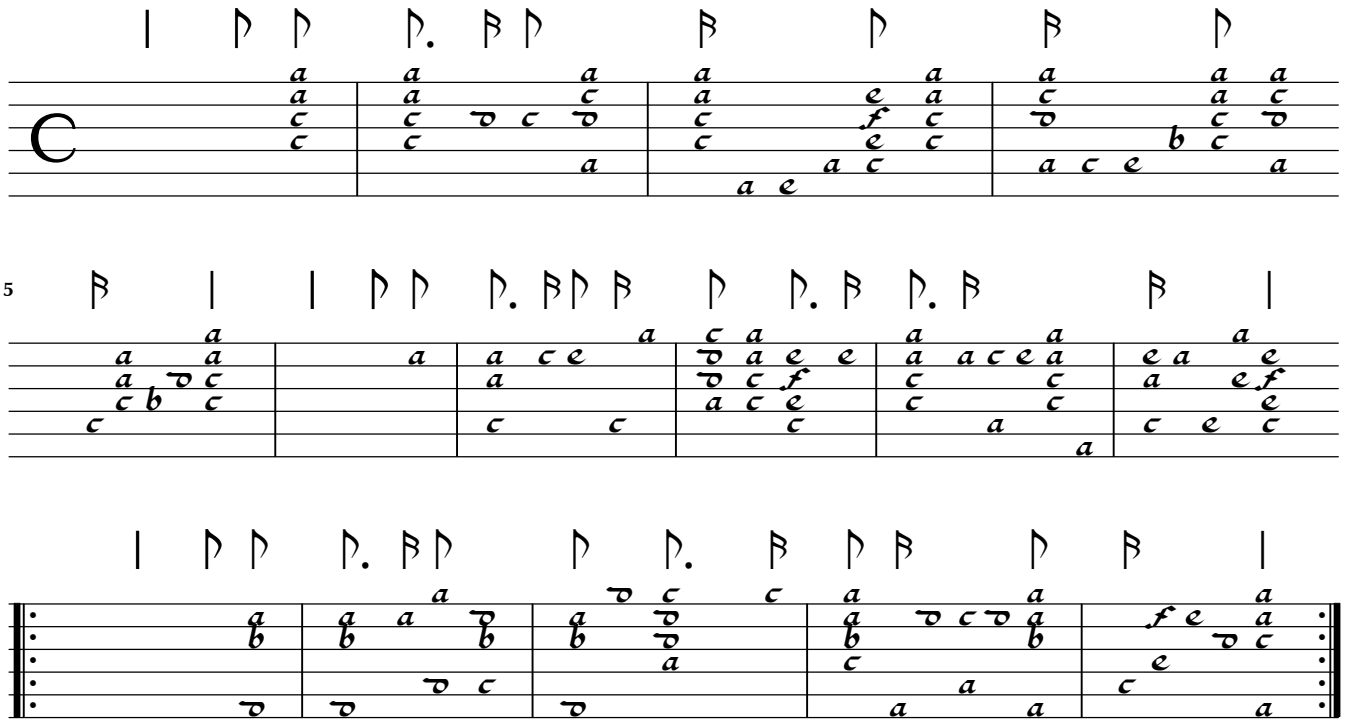

Away With These Self-Loving Lads

Away with these self-loving lads,
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads.
Away poor souls, that sigh and weep,
In love of them that lie and sleep.
For Cupid is a meadow God,
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

God Cupid's shaft, like destiny,
Doth either good or ill decree:
Desert is born out of his bow,
Reward upon his foot doth go.
What fools are they that have not known
That Love likes no laws but his own?

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I wear her rings on holidays,
On every tree I write her name,
And every day I read the same:
Where Honour, Cupid's rival is,
There miracles are seen of his.

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree.
If doubt do darken things held dear,
Then well fare nothing once a year:
For many run, but one must win,
Fools only hedge the cuckoo in.

The worth that worthiness should move
Is love, which is the bow of Love;
And love as well the for'ster can
As can the mighty nobleman:
Sweet saint, 'tis true you worthy be,
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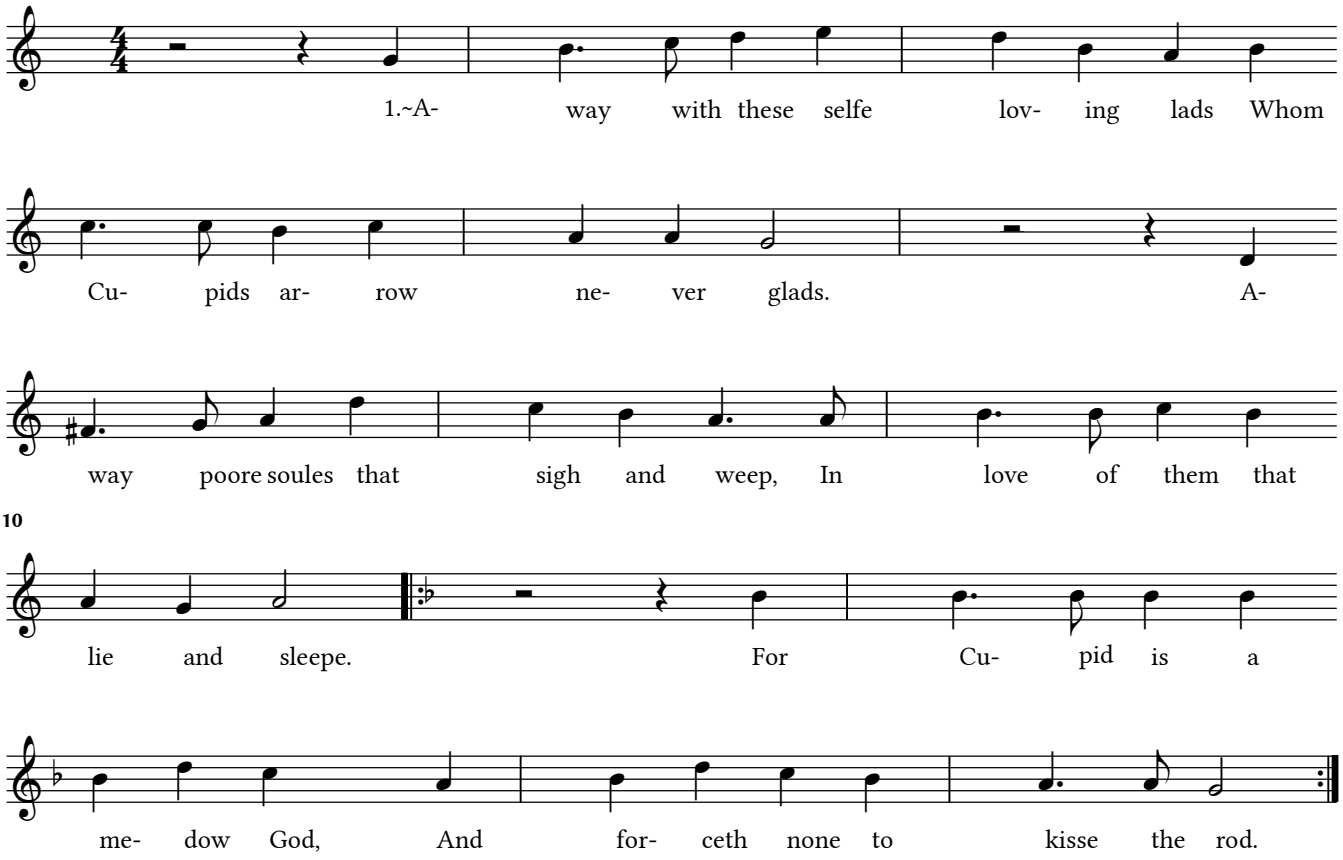

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