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

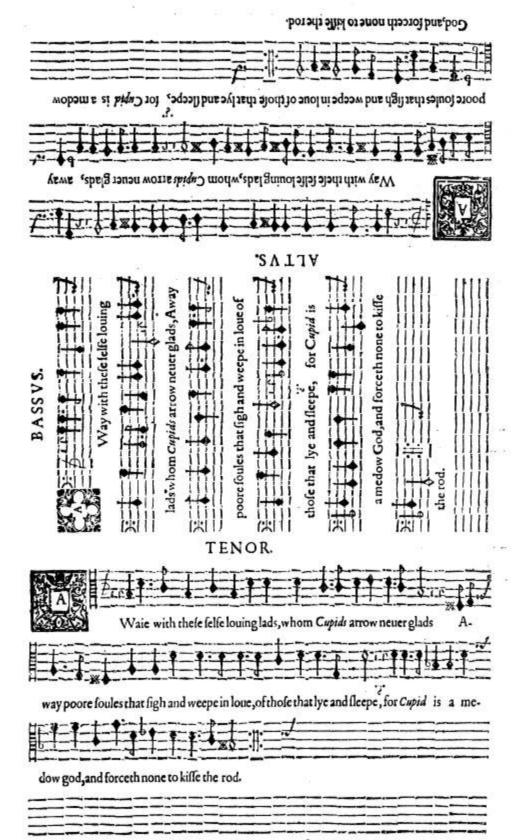


Edité par Alain Veylit - April 15, 2015



God Cupids thaft like deftinic, Doth either good or ill decree: Detert 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 fong they be of Cyntibas praife, I weare herrings on hollidaies, On euery tree I write her name, And euery day I reade the fame: Where honor, Cupids rivall is, There miracles are feene of his: If Cinthia craue herring 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 mult wia, Fooles only hedge the Cuckoo in. S The worth that worthineffe fhould moue Isloue, which is the bowe of loue, And loue as well the fofter can, As can the mighty Noble-man:

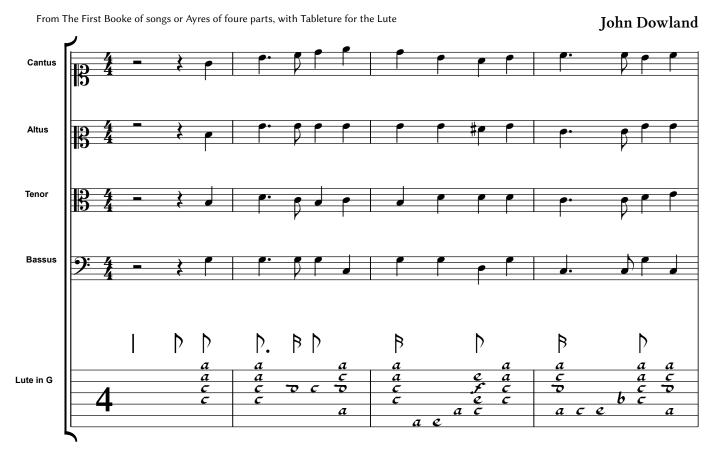
Sweet Saint, tis true you worthie be, Yet without loue nought worth to me.



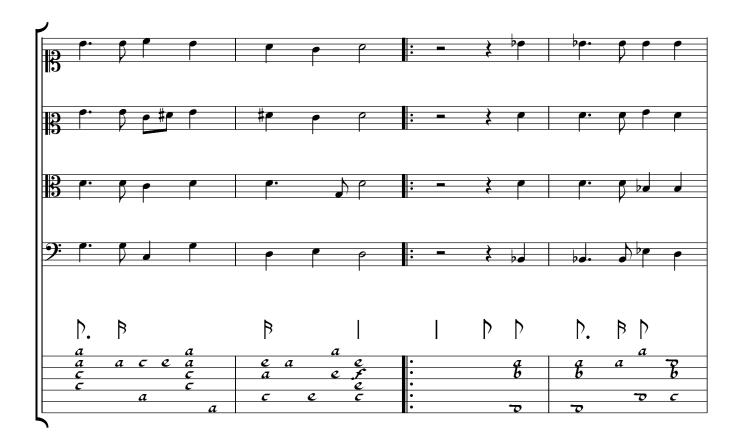
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XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads Ensemble.



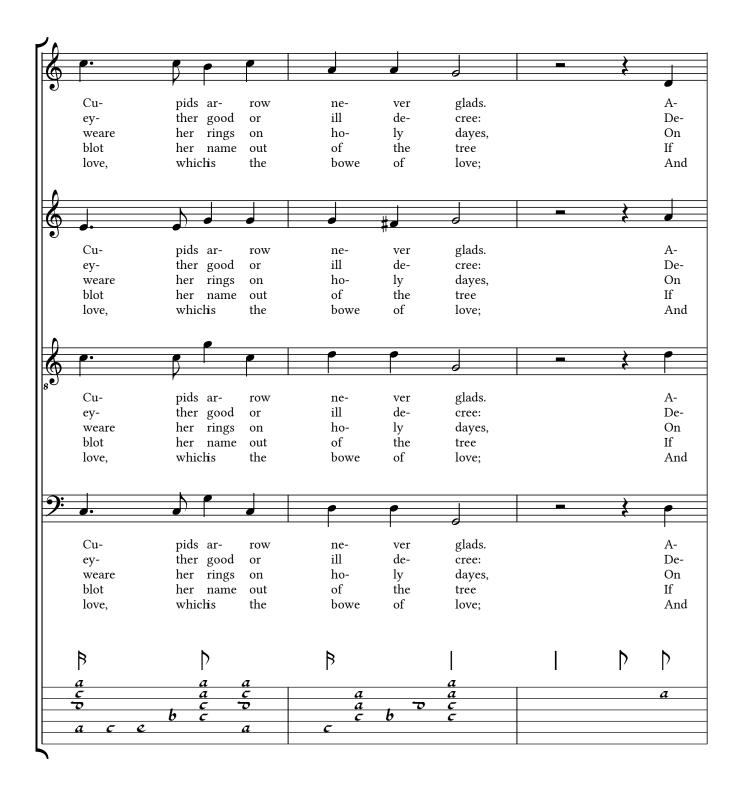






XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads

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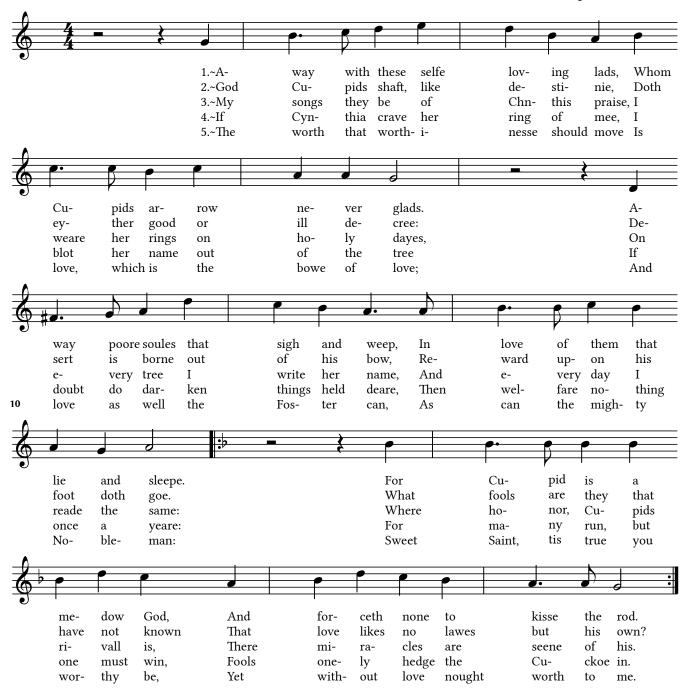


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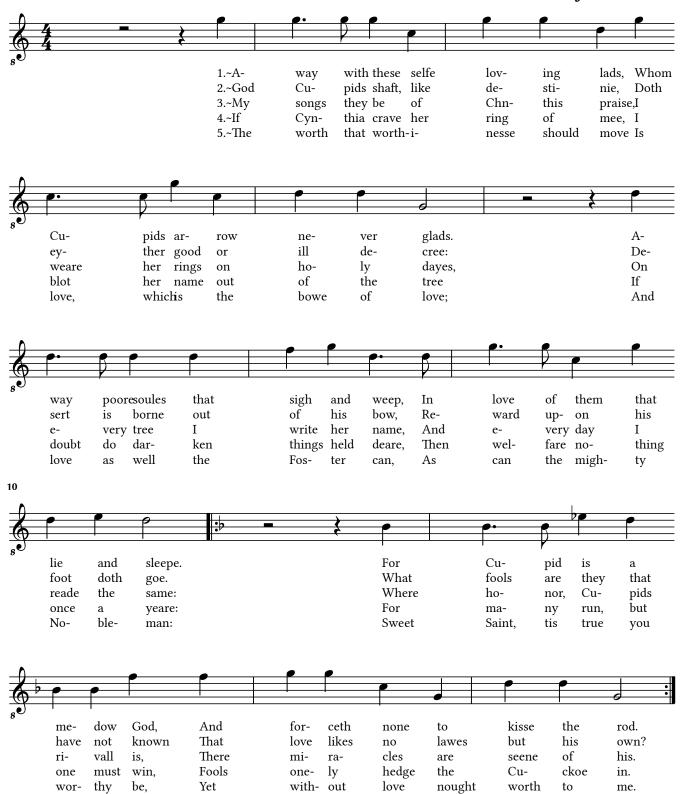
XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads Cantus



XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads Altus



XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads Tenor

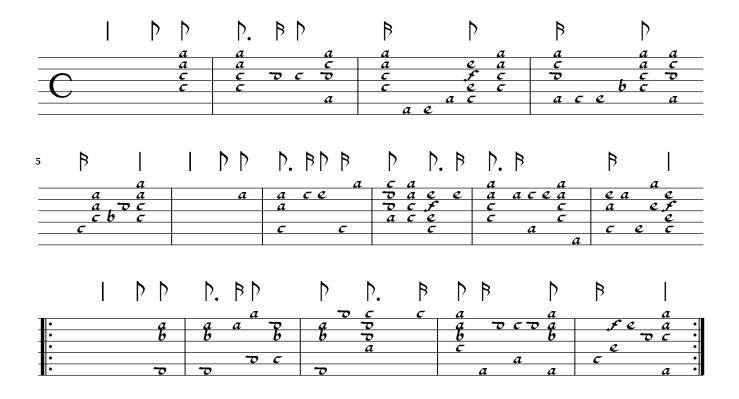


XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads Bassus

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XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads Lute

John Dowland



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?

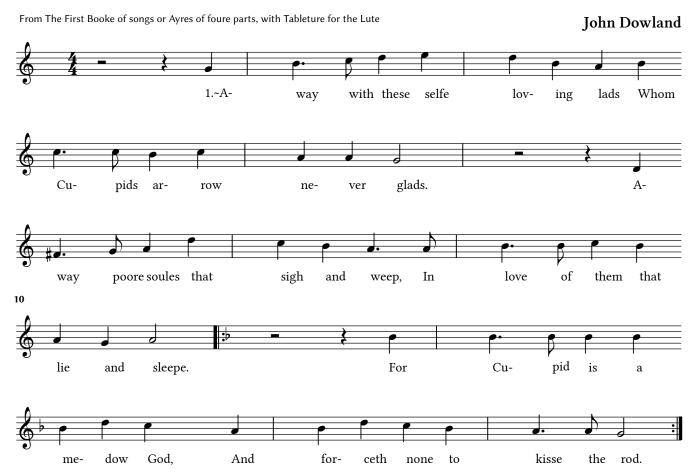
My songs they be of Cynthia's praise, I wear her rings on holidays, On every tree I write her name, And every day I read the same: Where Honour, Cupid's rival is, There miracles are seen of his.

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, Yet without love naught worth to me.



XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads Ensemble.



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