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

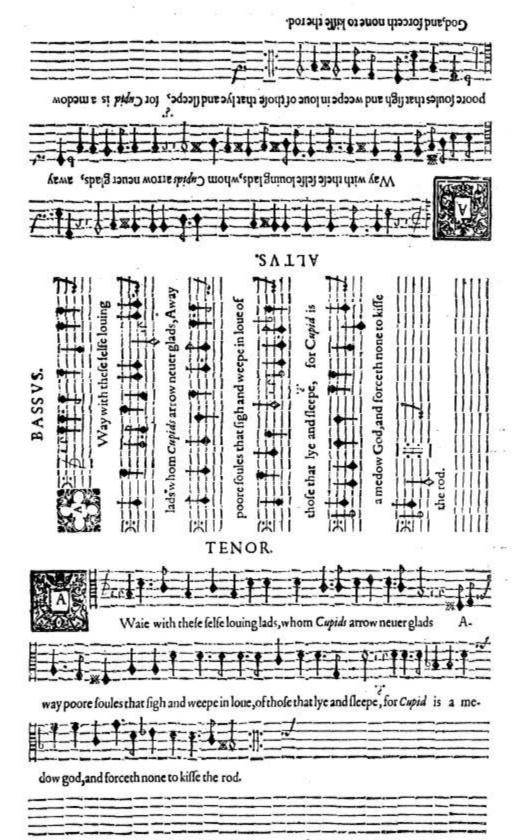


Edité par Alain Veylit - April 15, 2015



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:

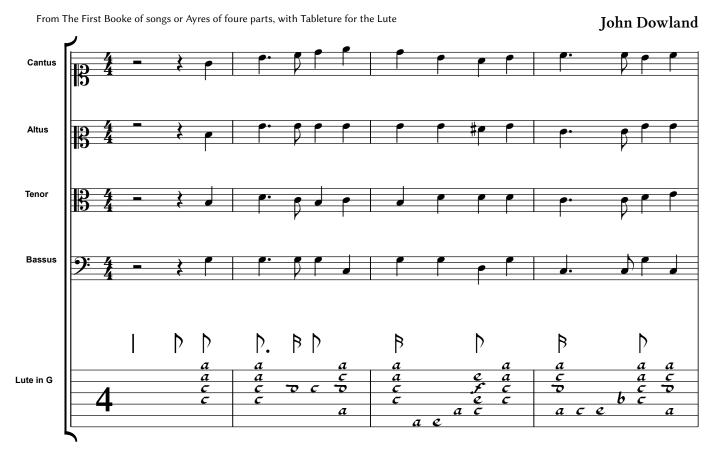
Sweet Saint, tis true you worthie be, Yet without loue nought worth to me.



L 2

.

XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads Ensemble.









XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads

		~ ~					•			
		{		P•					-	-
			•		- <u>/</u> _'					
9						10	1		1 1	T T 71
			1.~A-	way	with the		lov-	ing		Who
			2.~God	Cu-	pids sha	ft, like	de-	sti-	nie,	Doth
			3.~My	songs	they be	of	Chn-	this	praise	e, I
			4.~If	Cyn-	thia cra	ve her	ring	of	mee,	
			5.~The	worth	that wo		nesse	should	move	
			J. me	worth	that wo	111-1-	nesse	siloulu	move	15
					- N - 1					
		<u> </u>							11.	
<u>y 4</u>		•				•	•		#•	
U						10				***1
			1.~A-	way	with the		lov-	ing	lads,	Who
			2.~God	Cu-	pids sha		de-	sti-	nie,	Doth
			3.~My	songs	they be	of	Chn-	this	praise	e, I
			4.~If	Cyn-	thia cra		ring	of	mee,	
			5.~The	worth	that wo		nesse	should	move	
			J. 1110	worth	that wo		110350	Siloulu	move	10
			P	P •	┍		P	- •		
		<u> </u>			γ	P				
<u>y 4</u>		•								
9						10				***1
			1.~A-	way	with the		lov-	ing	lads,	Who
			2.~God	Cu-	pids sha	ft, like	de-	sti-	nie,	Doth
			3.~My	songs	they be	of	Chn-	this	praise	e, I
			4.~If	Cyn-	thia cra	ve her	ring	of	mee,	
			5.~The	worth	that wo		nesse	should	move	
			J. me	worth	that wo	111-1-	nesse	siloulu	move	15
· /			•			<u> </u>	•			
ト 4		{								
4		•	•	ľ	1		I	•		
						10	1		1 1	1171
			1.~A-	way	with the		lov-	ing	lads,	Who
			2.~God	Cu-	pids sha		de-	sti-	nie,	Doth
			3.~My	songs	they be	of	Chn-	this	praise	e, I
			4.~If	Cyn-	thia cra	ve her	ring	of	mee,	Ι
			5.~The	worth	that wo		nesse	should	move	
	1	Þ	Ν	N	A A		Þ		Ь	
	I	I′	1′	Ρ.	1' I'		Ľ		ľ	
			a	а		a	а			а
			<u>a</u>	 		<u>c</u>	a		<u>e</u>	<u>a</u>
_/			C C	<u>с</u> с	νς	5	<u> </u>		e e	<u>с</u> с
-				.		a	.	а	c	•
							a	e		

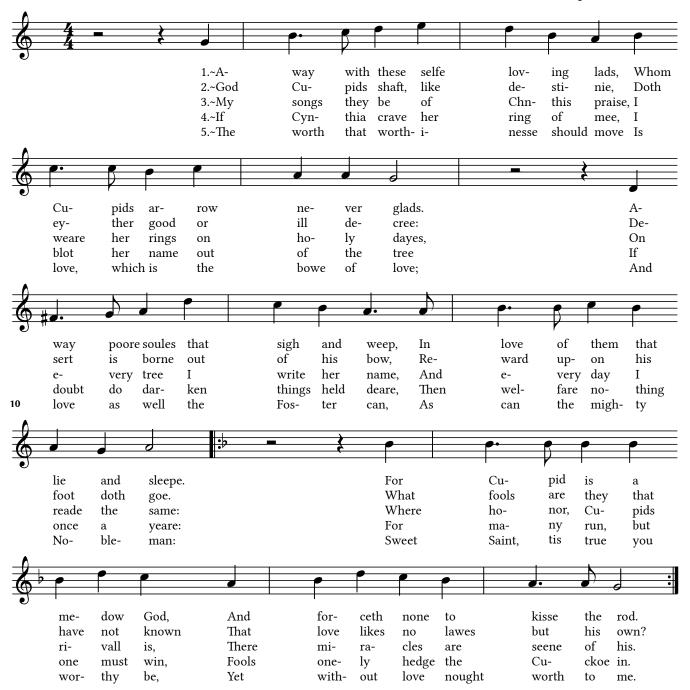


				-		_							
	# .	•	0						•		_D		
)				41 4		- : 1 -			т.,	1	- 6	them	, 1
	way	-	oresoules	that		sigh	and	weep,	In D	love	of		that
	sert	is	borne	out		of	his	bow,	Re-	ward		on	his
	e-		y tree	I			her	name,	And	e-	very		I
	doubt	do	dar-	ken		things		deare,	Then	wel-	fare		thing
	love	as	well	the		Fos-	ter	can,	As	can	the	migh-	ty
)								1			<u> </u>		
F				#•		Ø		# ••	,		•	• #•	_
	way	poc	oresoule <u>s</u>		that	sigh	and	weep,	In	love	of	those_	that
	sert	is	borne	_	out	of	his	bow,	Re-	ward	up-	on _	his
	e-	ver	y tree _	_	Ι	write	her	name,	And	e-	very		Ι
	doubt	do	dar- *	_	ken	things		deare,	Then	wel-	fare		thing
	love	as	well _	_	the	Fos-	ter	can,	As	can		migh*	ty
	••	R	•	•		-		•	R	••		0	
\geq		-1-										<u> </u>	
	way	pog	oresoules	that		sigh	and	weep,	In	love	of	them	that
	sert	is	borne	out		of	his	bow,	Re-	ward		on	his
	e-		y tree	Ι			her	name,	And	e-	very		Ι
	doubt	do	dar-	ken		things		deare,	Then	wel-	fare	•	thing
	love	as	well	the		Fos-	ter	can,	As	can		migh-	ty
):	•						P	•		•		<u>+</u>	-
		Ð					<u> </u>		₽⊢		- <u>/</u>	•	<u> </u>
	way	, poc	oresoules	that		sigh	and	weep,	In	love	of	them	that
	sert	is	borne	out		of	his	bow,	Re-	ward	up-		his
	e-		y tree	Ι			her	name,	And	e-	very		Ι
	doubt	do	dar-	ken		things		deare,	Then	wel-	fare		thing
	love	as	well	the		Fos-	ter	can,	As	can		migh-	ty
								,				0	,
	₽.	ß	\triangleright	ß		7		Þ.	ß	٢.	ß		
		-	-	-	τ	c i	ı			а			а
	a	С	e				1 7	e F	e	а	a c	t e	<u>а</u> с
	a						- -	r e		<u>с</u> с			c c
	C			C				C				ı	



b	•	•	P		P	•		P	•			
	-	I	ļ			1						
	me-	dow	God,	And	for-	ceth		none	to	kisse	th	ie rod.
	have	not	known	That	love	likes		no	lawes	but		is own?
	ri-	vall	is,	There	mi-	ra-		cles	are	seene	of	
	one	must	win,	Fools	one-	ly		hedge	the	Cu-		koe in.
	wor-	thy	be,	Yet	with-	•		love	nought	worth	to	
	w01-	uiy	DC,	Ici	witti-	out		love	nought	worth	10) IIIC.
1												
þ		P					5		•	- ¿	#	0
		1	0.1	A 1	.	,	.1		1 ·	1 ·	11	1
	me-	dow	God,	And	for-			noneto	kisse	kisse	the	rod.
	have	not	known	That	love		likes			but	his	own?
	ri-	vall	is,	There	mi-			cles are		seene	of	his.
	one	must	win,	Fools	one-			hedg t he		Cu-	ckoe	in.
	wor-	thy	be,	Yet	with-		out	love nou	g h torth	worth	to	me.
			•	-	•	•						
6								<i>.</i>		-	•	
<i>v</i>	F				•							_d
	1	ļ										
	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.
			f	-	P					•	•	
					_						-	-0
	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.
	Þ		Þ.	Þ	Þ	B			Þ	ß		
	_	0	ς	<i>с</i>	a	•			a	•		a
	a		0		a la	7	, (ס ד		F	e	a
	U		о а		<u> </u>				<i>v</i>	e	5	C
			•		•		6	ı		c		
-	σ					a			a			а

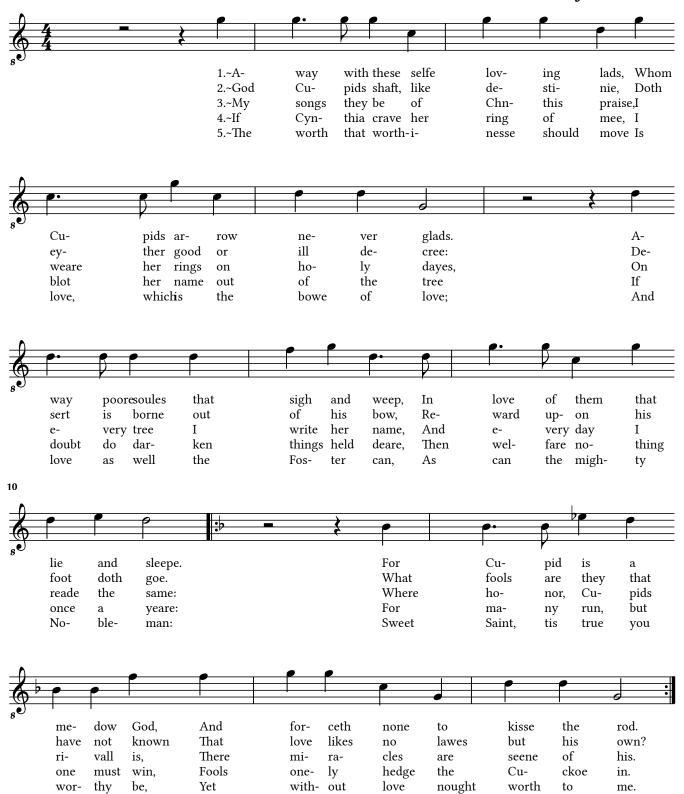
XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads Cantus



XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads Altus



XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads Tenor

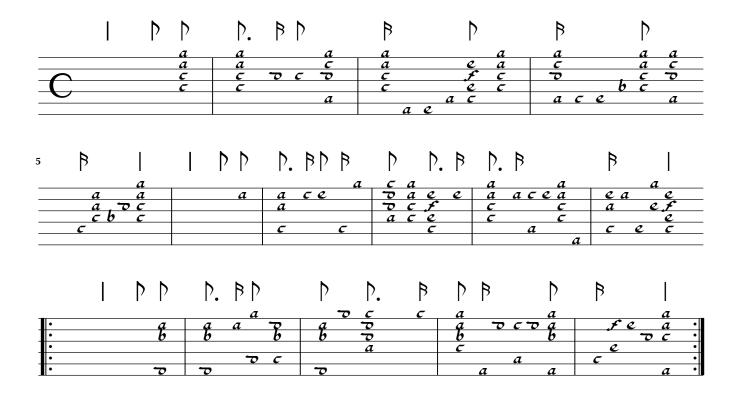


XXI. Away with these selfe loving lads Bassus

-) :-	4			→	-		••		-	P	1	-	-		•		-
	4			ć							Ö						
					1.~A- 2.~God 3.~My 4.~If 5.~The		way Cu- songs Cyn- worth	5	pids they thia	these shaft, be crave worth	like of her		de C ri	e- hn- ng	ing sti- this of shou	nie pra	ise,I e, I
) :-			•							1						}	
	•	•		0					- 6							è –	
	Cu- ey- weare blot love,	pids ther her her whic	ar- good rings name h is	row or on out the		ne ill ho of bo	-	ver de- ly the of		glads. cree: dayes, tree love;							A- De- On If And
•• •																_	
<u>"</u>	••	-6	P	P	_	F		_	••	R				\rightarrow)		
	way sert e- doubt love	poore is very do as	e soules borne tree dar- well	that out I ken the		sigh of write things Fos-	and his her held ter		weep bow, name deare can,	Re e, Ar	nd .en		love ward e- wel- can	[·	of up- very fare the	them on day no- migh	his I thing
10																	
$\overline{\mathbf{a}}$													1	<u> </u>			
チ	P	ſ	ρ		Þ				_			-			<u> </u>	•	-
	lie foot reade once No-	and doth the a ble-	sleepe goe. same: yeare: man:						W Fe	/hat /here		1] 1	Cu- fools no- ma- Saint,	pi ar no ny tis	re or, y	is they Cu- run, true	a that pids but you
- :-			•		•		•	P		_							
_															ſ		
	me- have ri- one wor-	dow not vall must thy	God, known is, win, be,		And That There Fools Yet		for- love mi- one- with-	li ra ly	eth kes a- ⁄ ut	none no cles hedge love				kisse but seen Cu- wort	h e o: cl	is f koe	rod. own? his. in. me.

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?

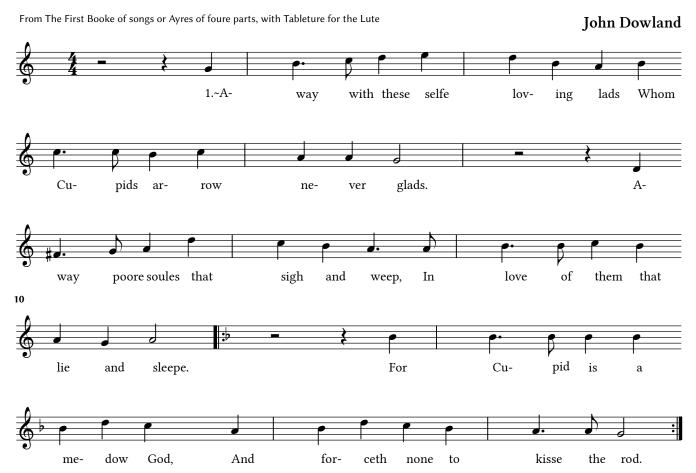
My songs they be of Cynthia's praise, I wear her rings on holidays, On every tree I write her name, And every day I read the same: Where Honour, Cupid's rival is, There miracles are seen of his.

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.



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.