

XXI. *Away with these self-loving lads*

John Dowland

Cantus
 Altus
 Tenor
 Bassus

A - way with these self - lov - ing lads, whom Cu - pids ar - row ne - ver glads: A -

way, poor souls that sigh and weep in love of those that lie and sleep,
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for Cu - pid is a mea - dow god, and for - ceth none to kiss the rod.
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| <p>2. God Cupid's shaft like destiny,
 Doth either good or ill decree:
 Desert is born out of his bow,
 Reward upon his feet doth go,
 What fools are they that have not known
 That love likes no laws but his own?</p> | <p>4. 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.</p> |
| <p>3. 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.</p> | <p>5. The worth that worthiness should move
 Is love, which is the bow of love,
 And love as well the foster can,
 As can the mighty nobleman:
 Sweet Saint, 'tis true you worthy be,
 Yet without love naught worth to me.</p> |