

**THE
FIRST BOOKE**
of Songes or Ayres

Robert Iones

1600

10. Sweete come away my darling.

1

Sweet come away my darling,
And sweetly let me heare thee sing,
Come away, come away, ii. and bring
My hart thou hast so fast in keeping.

2

Oh fie vpon this long stay,
That thus my louing hopes delay:
Come againe, come againe, ii. and say,
Sweet hart ile neuer more say thee nay.

3

Deere be not such a tyrant,
Still to reioice thee in my want:
Come and doe, come and doe, ii. not scant
Me of thy sight, to faire and pleasant.

4

Why hearst thou not his sighing,
Whose voice all hoarcels with dying:
Come and doe, come and doe, ii. something,
That may reuiue thy true loue dying.

5

This is the pride of women,
That they make beggers of all men:
We must sigh, we must trie, we must die, and then
Forsooth it may be they will hearken.