Away with these self-loving lads

Fulke Greville

A - way with these self lov - ing lads Whom Cu - pid's ar - row
God Cu - pid's shaft, like des - ti - ny, Doth ei - ther good or
My songs that be of Cyn - thia's praise, I wear her rings on
If Cyn - thia crave her ring of me, I blot her name out
The worth that worth - i - ness should move Is love, which is the

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

ne - ver glads!
ill de - cree;
hol - i - days;
bow of love;

A - way, poor souls that sigh and weep In
de - sert is born out of his bow, Re -
on ev'ry tree I write her name, And
And love as well the fos - ter can As

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For Cupid is a
ward upon his foot doth go.
What fools are they that

love of those that lie and sleep!
ev'ry day I read the same.

For man-y run, but
well fare nothing once a year!
Sweet saint, 'tis true you

meadow god And for-ceth none to kiss the rod.
have not known That love likes no laws but his own!

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ward upon his foot doth go.
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transcribed for The Arbor Consort by Suzi Nassen Stefl
Jerry Custer, Choral Director