Come away, fellow sailors

from *Dido and Aeneas*

Henry Purcell

1659-1695

Come away, fellow sailors, come away, come away, Your anchors be weighing; Time and tide will admit no delaying; Take a booz-y short leave of your nymphs of the shore, And silence their mourning With

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vows of returning, But ne-ver in-tend-ing to vi-sit them
vows of returning, But ne-ver in-tend-ing to vi-sit them
vows of returning, But ne-ver in-tend-ing to vi-sit them
vows of returning, But ne-ver in-tend-ing to vi-sit them
more, no ne-ver in-tend-ing to vi-sit them more, no
more, no ne-ver in-tend-ing to vi-sit them more, no
more, no ne-ver in-tend-ing to vi-sit them more, no
more, no ne-ver in-tend-ing to vi-sit them more, no
ne-ver, no ne-ver in-tend-ing to vi-sit them more!
ne-ver, no ne-ver in-tend-ing to vi-sit them more!
ne-ver, no ne-ver in-tend-ing to vi-sit them more!
ne-ver, no ne-ver in-tend-ing to vi-sit them more!