

XVII. Come again: Sweet love doth now invite



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John Dowland

Cantus
Come a-gain: sweet love doth now in - vite, thy gra-ces that re - frain,

Altus
Come a - gain: sweet love doth now in - vite, thy gra - ces that re-frain,

Tenor
8
Come a - gain: sweet love doth now in - vite, thy gra-ces that re - frain,

Bassus
Come a - gain: sweet love doth now in - vite, thy gra-ces that re - frain,

6
to do me due de-light, to see, to hear, to touch, to kiss,

to do me due de-light, to see, to hear, to touch, to

8
to do me due de - light, to see, to hear, to touch, to

to do me due de-light, to see, to hear, to touch, to

10
to die, with thee a - gain in swee-test sym - - pa - thy.

kiss, to die, to die with thee a - gain in swee - test sym - pa-thy.

8
kiss, to die, to die with thee a - gain, with thee a - gain in swee-test sym - pa-thy.

kiss, to die, to die with thee a - gain, in swee - test sym - pa-thy.

2. Come again that I may cease to mourn,
Through thy unkind disdain,
For now left and forlorn:
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,
In deadly pain, and endless misery.
3. All the day the sun that lends me shine,
By frowns do cause me pine,
And feeds me with delay:
Her smiles, my springs, that makes my joys to grow,
Her frowns the winters of my woe:
4. All the night, my sleeps are full of dreams,
My eyes are full of streams,
My heart takes no delight:
To see the fruits and joys that some do find,
And mark the storms are me assign'd,
5. Out alas, my faith is ever true,
Yet will she never rue,
Nor yield me any grace:
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
Whom tears nor truth may once invade.
6. Gentle love draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart,
For I that do approve:
By sighs and tears more hot then are thy shafts:
Did tempt while she for triumph laughs.