John Dowland

Cantus

XVII. Come again:

1. Come again: sweet love doth now invite, Thy graces
2. Come again, that I may cease to mourn, Through thy un-
3. All the day the sun that lends me shine, By frownes doth
4. All the night my sleepes are full of dreames, My eyes are
5. Out alas, my faith is ever true, Yet will she
6. Gentle love draw forth thy wounding dart, Thou canst not

that refraine, To do me due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, kind dis- daine: For now left and for-lorne, I sit, I sigh, I weep, cause me pine, And feeds mee with delay: Her smiles, my springs, that makes full of streams. My heart takes no delight, To see the fruits and joyes never rue, Nor yeeld me any grace: Her eyes of fire, her heart peerce her heart, For I that doe approve, By sighs and teares more hot
to kisse, to die, with thee a-gaine in sweetest sym- pa-thy. I faint, I die, In deadly paine and endlesse mis- erie. my joyes to grow, Her frownes the win- ters of my woe: that some do find, And marke the stormes are mee as- signde. of flint is made, Whom teares, not truth may once in- vade. then are thy shafts, Did tempt while she for tri- umph laughs.
XVII. Come again:

John Dowland

Altus.

1. Come again: sweet love doth now invite, Thy graces that receive,
2. Come again, that I may cease to mourn, Through thy unkind disposition,
3. All the day the sun that lends me shine, By frowns doth cause me to pine,
4. All the night my sleepes are full of dreames, My eyes are full of woe,
5. Out alas, my faith is ever true, Yet will she never devis,
6. Gentle love draw forth thy wounding dart, Thou canst not perceive her fraine,

To do me due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to daine: For now left and lorn, I sit, I sigh, I weep, I pine, And feeds mee with delay: Her smiles, my springs, that makes my streames. My heart takes no delight, To see the fruits and joyes that rue, Nor yeeld me any grace: Her eyes of fire, her heart of heart, For I that doe approve, By sighs and teares more hot then kisse, to die, to die, with thee again in sweetest sympathy.

faint, I die, I die, In deadly paine and endless misery. joyes to grow, to grow, Her frowns the winters of my woe: some do find, do find, And marke the stormes are mee as signde. flint is made, is made, Whom teares, not truth may once invade. are thy shafts, thy shafts, Did tempt while she for triumph laughs.
XVII. Come again:

Tenor.  

John Dowland

1. Come again: sweet love doth now invite,
   Thy

2. Come again, that I may cease to mourn,
   Through

3. All the day the sun that lends me shine,
   By

4. All the night my sleepes are full of dreams,
   My

5. Out alas, my faith is every true,
   Yet

6. Gentle love draw forth thy wounding dart,
   Thou

graces that refaine, To do me due delight,
thy unkind disdain: For now left and forlorn,
frownes doth cause me pine, And feeds mee with delay:
eyes are full of streames. My heart takes no delight,
will she never rue, Nor yeeld mee any grace:
canst not peerce her heart, For I that doe approve,

To see, to hear, to touch, to kisse, to die, to die, With
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I die, In
Her smiles, my springs, that makes my joyes to grow, to grow, Her
To see the fruits and joyes that some do find, do find, And
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made, is made, Whom
By sighs and tears more hot then are thy shafts, thy shafts, Did

thee again with thee again in sweetest sympathy.
deadly paine, In deadly paine and endless misery.
frownes the win- Her frownes the winters of my woe:
marke the stormes, And marke the stormes are mee assigned.
tear, not truth, Whom teares, not truth may once invade.
tempt while she Did tempt while she for triumph laughs.
XVII. Come again:
Bassus.  

1. Come a-gain: sweet love doth now in-vite,  
   Thy gra-ces
2. Come a-gaine, that I may cease to mourne,  
   Through thy un-
3. All the day the sun that lends me shine,  
   By frownes doth
4. All the night my sleepes are full of dreams,  
   My eyes are
5. Out a-las, my faith is e-ver true,  
   Yet will she
6. Gen-tle love draw forth thy wound-ing dart,  
   Thou canst not

that re-fraine, To do me due de-light, to see, to
kind dis-daine: For now left and for-lorne, I sit, I
cause me pine, And feeds mee with de-lay: Her smiles, my
full of streames. My heart takes no de-light, To see the
ne-ver rue, Nor yeeld me a-ny grace: Her eyes of
peerce her heart, For I that doe ap-prove, By sighs and

heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, to die, with thee a-gaine
sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die, I die, In dead-ly paine
springs, that makes my joyes to grow, to grow, Her frownes the win-
fruits and joyes that some do find, do find, And marke the stormes
fire, her heart of flint is made, is made, Whom teares, not truth
teares more hot then are thy shafts, thy shafts, Did tempt while she

in sweet-est sym-pa-thy.
and end-lesse mis-er-ie.
ters of my woe:
are mee as-signe.
may once in-vade.
for tri-

laughs.