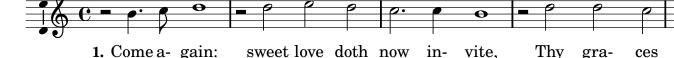
XVII. Come again: Cantus



John Dowland

un-

- 2. Come a- gaine, I may cease to mourne, Through thy **3.** All the day the sun that lends me shine,
- By frownes doth 4. All the night my sleepes are full of dreames, Mveyes are Yet will

5. Out a- las, my faith is eshe ver true, **6.** Gen-tle love draw forth thy wound-ing dart, Thou canst not