

XVII. Come again:

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Come a- gain: sweet love doth now in- vite, Thy
2. Come a- gaine, that I may ceaase to mourne, Through
3. All the day the sun that lends me shine, By
4. All the night my sleepes are full of dreames, My
5. Out a- las, my faith is e- ver true, Yet
6. Gen- tle love draw forth thy wound- ing dart, Thou



gra- ces that re- fraine, To do me due de- light,
thy un- kind dis- daine: For now left and for- lorne,
frownes doth cause me pine, And feeds mee with de- lay:
eyes are full of streames. My heart takes no de- light,
will she ne- ver rue, Nor yeeld me a- ny grace:
canst not peerce her heart, For I that doe ap- prove,



To see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, to die, With
I sit, I sigh, I weepe, 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 teares more hot then are thy shafts, thy shafts, Did



thee a- gaine with thee a- gaine in sweet- est sym- pa- thy.
dead- ly paine, In dead- ly paine and end- lesse mis- er- ie.
frownes the win- Her frownes the win- ters of my woe:
marke the stormes, And marke the stormes are mee as- signde.
teares, not truth, Whom teares, not truth may once in- vade.
tempt while she Did tempt while she for tri- umph laughs.