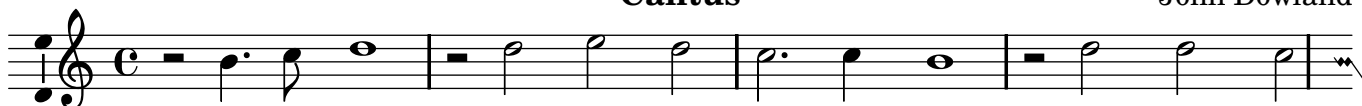


## XVII. Come again:

Cantus

John Dowland



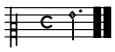
1. Come a- gain:      sweet love doth now in- vite,      Thy gra- ces
2. Come a- gaine,      that I may cease to mourne, Through thy un-
3. All the day      the sun that lends me shine,      By frownes doth
4. All the night      my sleepes are full of dreames,      My eyes are
5. Out a- las,      my 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 heare, to touch,  
kind dis- daine: For now left and for- lorne, I sit, I sigh, I weepe,  
cause me pine, And feeds mee with de- lay: Her smiles, my springs, that makes  
full of streames. My heart takes no de- light, To see the fruits and joyes  
ne- ver rue, Nor yeeld me a- ny grace: Her eyes of fire, her heart  
peerce her heart, For I that doe ap- prove, By sighs and teares more hot



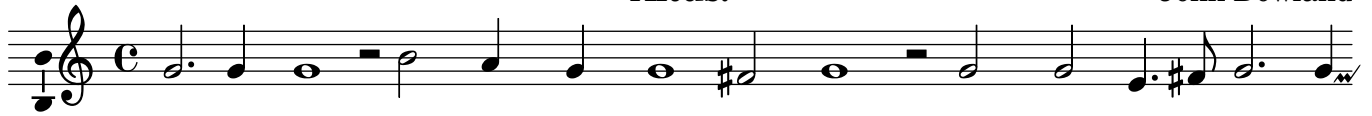
to kisse, to die,      with thee a- gaine in sweet- est sym- pa- thy.  
I faint, I die,      In dead- ly paine and end- lesse mis- er- ie.  
my joyes to grow,      Her frownes the win- ters of      my      woe:  
that some do find,      And marke the stormes are mee      as- signde.  
of flint is made,      Whom teares, not truth may once      in- vade.  
then are thy shafts,      Did tempt while she for tri-      umph laughs.



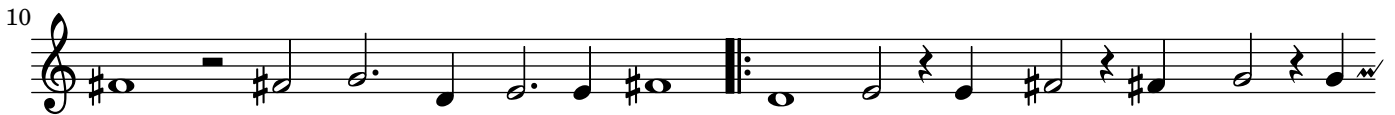
## XVII. Come again:

Altus.

John Dowland



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



fraine, To do me due de- light, to see, to heare, to touch, to  
daine: For now left and for- lorne, I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I  
pine, And feeds mee with de- lay: Her smiles, my springs, that makes my  
streames. My heart takes no de- light, To see the fruits and joyes that  
rue, Nor yeeld me a- ny grace: Her eyes of fire, her heart of  
heart, For I that doe ap- prove, By sighs and teares more hot then



kisse, to die, to die, with thee a- gaine in sweet- est sym- pa- thy.  
faint, I die, I die, In dead- ly paine and end- lesse mis- er- ie.  
joyes to grow, to grow, Her frownes the win- ters 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 in- vade.  
are thy shafts, thy shafts, Did tempt while she for tri- umph laughs.



## 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.





# XVII. Come again:

Bassus.

John Dowland



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 dreames,	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

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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

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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-	signde.
may	once			in-	vade.
for	tri-			umph	laughs.