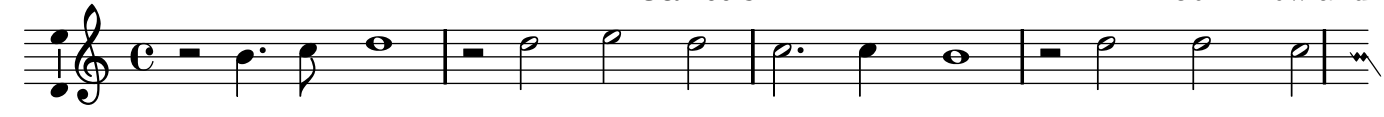
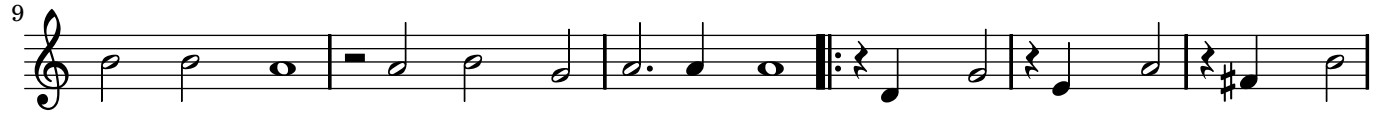
XVII. Come again:

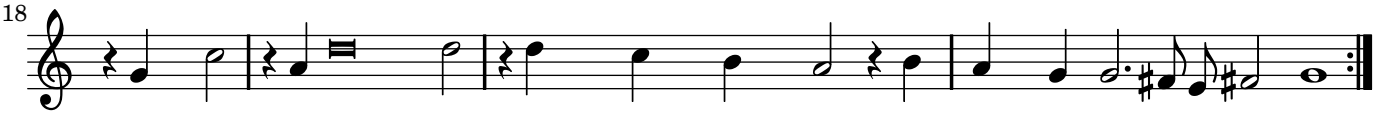
Cantus John Dowland



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



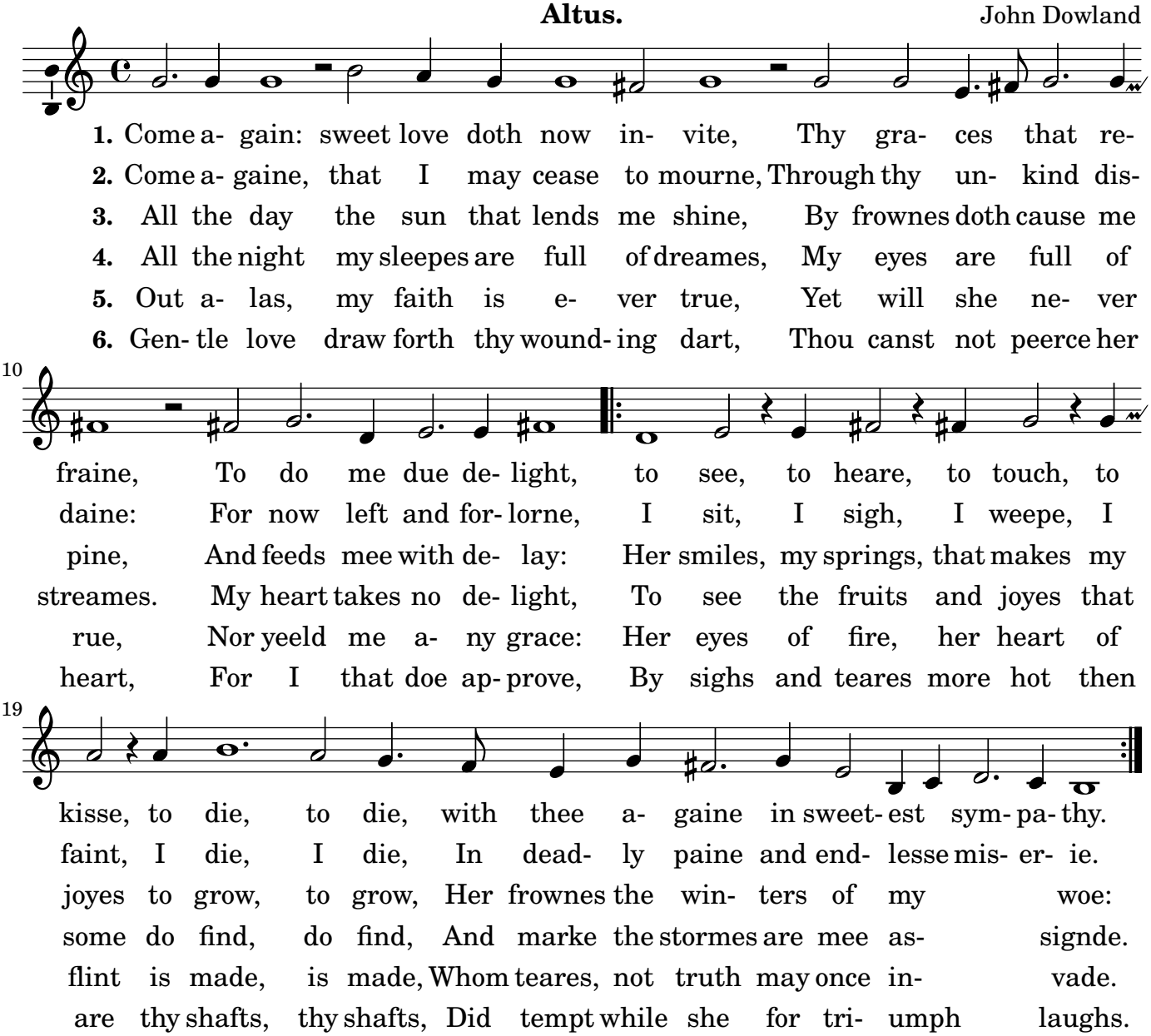
that re- fraine, To do me due de- light, to see, to heare, to touch,
kind dis- daine: For now left and for- lorne, I sit, I sigh, I weepe,
cause me pine, And feeds mee with de- lay: Her smiles, my springs, that makes
full of streames. My heart takes no de- light, To see the fruits and joyes
ne- ver rue, 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.

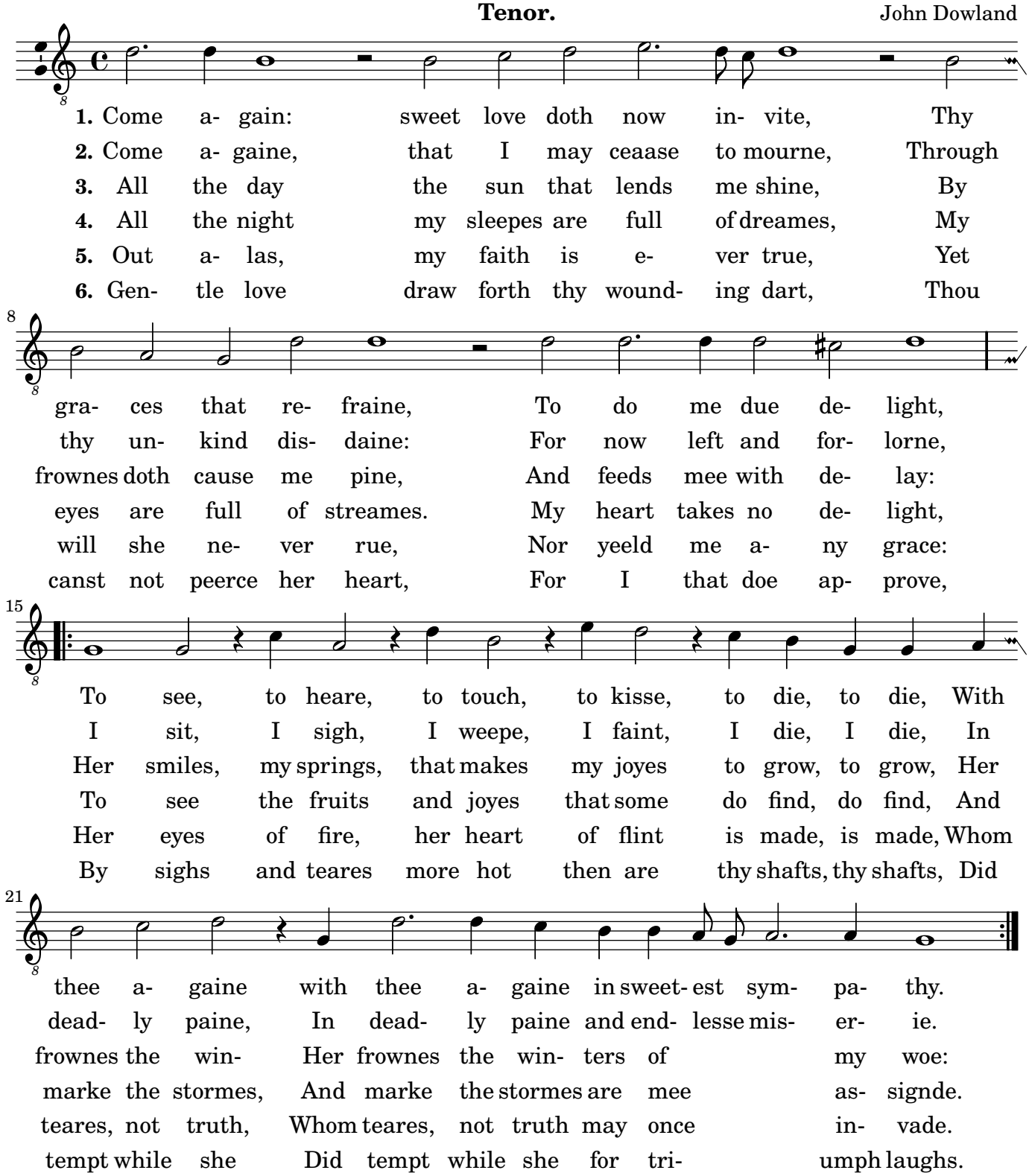
XVII. Come again:

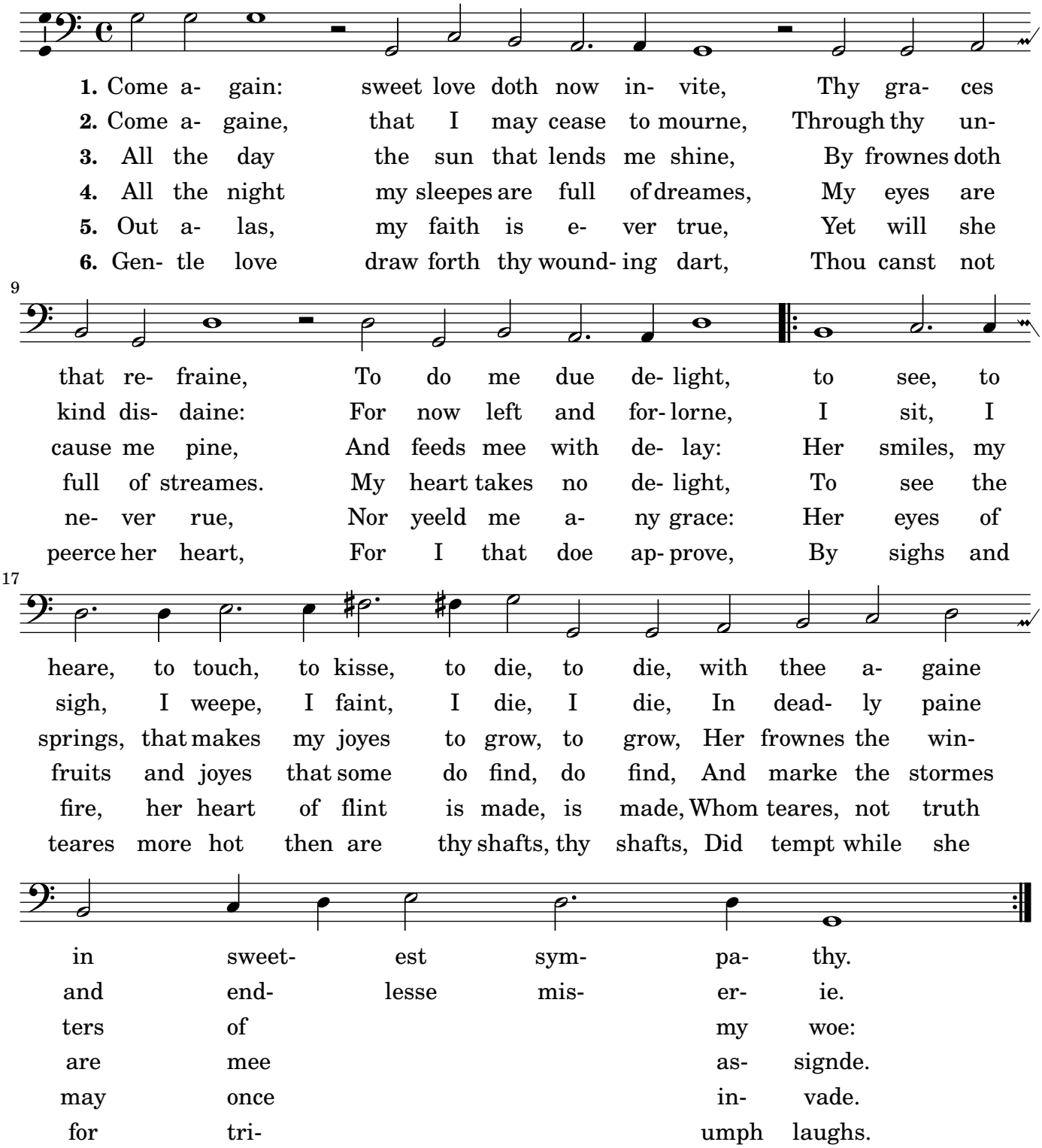
Altus. John Dowland



XVII. Come again:

Tenor. John Dowland



XVII. Come again:

Bassus. John Dowland