

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