

XVII. Come again:

Altus.

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, to
kind dis- daine: For now left and for- lorne, I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I
cause me pine, And feeds mee with de- lay: Her smiles, my springs, that makes my
full of streames. My heart takes no de- light, To see the fruits and joyes that
ne- ver rue, Nor yeeld me a- ny grace: Her eyes of fire, her heart of
peerce her 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- signe.
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.