

# XVII. Come again:

Altus.

John Dowland



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|----|----------------|---------------------------------|-----------------|
| 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  |