

XVII. Come again:

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. Come a- gain: sweet love doth now in- vite, Thy
2. Come a- gaine, that I may cease 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

8

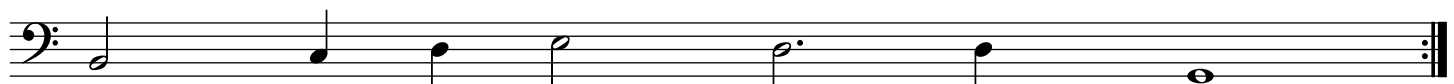


gra- ces that re- fraine, To do me due de- light, to
thy un- kind dis- daine: For now left and for- lorne, I
frownes doth cause me pine, And feeds mee with de- lay: Her
eyes are full of streames. My heart takes no de- light, To
will she ne- ver rue, Nor yeeld me a- ny grace: Her
canst not peerce her heart, For I that doe ap- prove, By

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see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, to die, with thee a- gaine
sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die, I die, In dead- ly paine
smiles, my springs, that makes my joyes to grow, to grow, Her frownes the win-
see the fruits and joyes that some do find, do find, And marke the stormes
eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made, is made, Whom teares, not truth
sighs and 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.