

XVII. Come again:

Bassus.

John Dowland



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