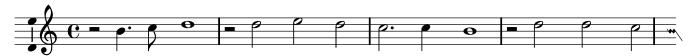
## XVII. Come again:

Cantus

John Dowland



- 1. Come a- gain:
- 2. Come a- gaine,
- 3. All the day
- 4. All the night
- **5.** Out a- las,
- 6. Gen-tle love

sweet love doth now Thy invite, graces that Ι may cease to mourne, Through thy unsun that lends me shine, By frownes doth the my sleepes are full of dreames, Myeyes are my faith isever true, Yet will she draw forth thy wound-ing dart, Thou canst not



that re- fraine, kind dis- daine: cause me pine, full of streames. ne- ver rue, peerce her heart, To do me due de- light,
For now left and for-lorne,
And feeds mee with de- lay:
My heart takes no de- light,
Nor yeeld me a- ny grace:
For I that doe ap-prove,

to heare, to touch, see, to Ι sit. Ι sigh, I weepe, Her smiles, my springs, that makes To the fruits see and ioves Her fire. her heart eyes of Bysighs and teares more hot



to kisse, to die,
I faint, I die,
my joyes to grow,
that some do find,
of flint is made,
then are thy shafts,

with thee In deadly paine and end-lesse mis-Her frownes the win- ters of And marke the stormes are mee Whom teares, not truth may once Did tempt while she for tri-

s- er- ie.

my woe:
as- signde.
in- vade.
umph laughs.