

XVII. Come again

John Dowland
from *The First Booke of Songs or Ayres*

C

1. Come a - gain: sweet love doth now in - vite, thy
2. Come a - gaine, that I may cease to mourne, through
6. Gen - tle love draw forth thy woun - ding dart, thou

A

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4

gra - ces that re - fraine, to do me due de - light,
thy un - kind dis - daine: for now left and for - lorne,
canst not peerce her heart, for I that doe ap - prove,

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thy un - kind dis - daine: for now left and for - lorne,
canst not peerce her heart, for I that doe ap - prove,

to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, —
 I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die, —
 by sighs and teares more hot then are thy shafts, —

to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to
 I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I
 by sighs and teares more hot then are thy

to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to
 I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I
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— with thee a - gaine in swee - test sym - pa - thy.
 — in dead - ly paine and end - lesse mi - se - rie.
 — did tempt while she for migh - ty tri - umph laughs.

die, to die, with thee a - gaine in swee - test sym - pa - thy.
 die, I die, in dead - ly paine and end - lesse mi - se - rie.
 shafts, did tempt, did tempt while she for migh - ty tri - umph laughs.

die, to die, with thee a - gaine, with thee a - gaine in swee - test sym - pa - thy.
 die, I die, in dead - ly paine, in dead - ly paine and end - lesse mi - se - rie.
 shafts, more hot then are thy shafts, did tempt while she for migh - ty tri - umph laughs.

die, to die, with thee a - gaine in swee - test sym - pa - thy.
 die, I die, in dead - ly paine and end - lesse mi - se - rie.
 shafts, did tempt, did tempt while she for migh - ty tri - umph laughs.

3. All the day the sun that lends me shine,
 By frownes doth cause me pine,
 And feeds mee with delay:
 Her smiles, my springs, that makes my joyes to grow,
 Her frownes the winters of my woe:
4. All the night my sleepes are full of dreames,
 My eyes are full of streames.
 My heart takes no delight,
 To see the fruits and joyes that some do find,
 And marke the stormes are mee assignde.

5. Out alas, my faith is ever true,
 Yet will she never rue,
 Nor yeeld me any grace:
 Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made, is made,
 Whom teares, not truth may once invade.