Come, Again Sweet Love

John Dowland

Cantus

Come a - gain, sweet love doth now in - vite
Come a - gain, that I may cease to mourn
All the day the sun that lends me shine
All the night my sleeps full are of dreams
Out a - las, my faith is e - ver true,
Gen - tle love, draw forth thy wound - ing dart:

Altus

Come a - gain, sweet love doth now in - vite
Come a - gain, that I may cease to mourn
All the day the sun that lends me shine
All the night my sleeps full are of dreams
Out a - las, my faith is e - ver true,
Gen - tle love, draw forth thy wound - ing dart:

Tenor

Come a - gain, sweet love doth now in - vite
Come a - gain, that I may cease to mourn
All the day the sun that lends me shine
All the night my sleeps full are of dreams
Out a - las, my faith is e - ver true,
Gen - tle love, draw forth thy wound - ing dart:

Bassus

Come a - gain, sweet love doth now in - vite
Come a - gain, that I may cease to mourn
All the day the sun that lends me shine
All the night my sleeps full are of dreams
Out a - las, my faith is e - ver true,
Gen - tle love, draw forth thy wound - ing dart:
Thou canst not pierce her heart; For I that do approve -
Yet will she ever rue, Nor yield me any grace:
My eyes are full of streams My heart takes no delight -
By frowns doth cause me pine And feeds me with delay:
Through thy unkind disdain; For now left and forlorn,
Thy graces that refrain To do me due delight,
My eyes are full of streams My heart takes no delight
Yet will she ever rue, Nor yield me any grace:
Thou canst not pierce her heart; For I that do approve -
My sighs and tears more hot than are
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint
To see the fruits and joys that some
Her smiles, my springs, that makes my joys
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss,
My sighs and tears more hot than are
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss,
thy shafts Did tempt, did
flint is made, Whom tears, not
I die In death - ly
is made, Did tempt, did
do find, And mark the
do find, Whom tears, not
find, Her frowns the
flint is made, Whom tears, not
grow, to grow, Her frowns the
grow, to grow, Her frowns the
flint is made, is made, Whom tears, not
are thy shafts, thy shafts Did tempt while
are thy shafts, thy shafts Did tempt while
kiss, to die, to die With thee a-gain, with
faint, I die, I die In death - ly pain, in
joyes to grow, Her frowns the
some do find, do find And mark the
flint is made, is made, Whom tears, not
are thy shafts, thy shafts Did tempt while she, did
kiss, to die, to die With thee a-gain, with
faint, I die, I die In death - ly
joyes to grow, Her frowns the
some do find, do find And mark the
flint is made, is made, Whom tears, not
are thy shafts, thy shafts Did tempt while
kiss, to die, to die With thee a-gain, with
faint, I die, I die In death - ly
tempt while she for triumph laughs.

pains and endless misery.

storms are me as sign'd.

truth may once invade.

win ters of my woe.

she for triumph laughs.

thee again in sweetest sympathy.

deadly pain and endless misery.

frowns the win ters of my woe.

mark the storms are me as sign'd.

tears, not truth may once invade.

tempt while she for triumph laughs.