

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

⁸ Come a - gain, sweet love doth now in - vite
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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

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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:

4

Thy gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light,
 Through thy un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lorn,
 By frowns doth cause me pine And feeds me with de - lay:
 My eyes are full of streams My heart takes no de - light
 Yet will she e - ver rue, Nor yield me a - ny grace:
 Thou canst not pierce her heart; For I that do ap - prove

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8

To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss,
 I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint,
 Her smiles, my springs, that makes my joys,
 To see the fruits and joys that some,
 Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint,
 My sighs and tears more hot than are

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10

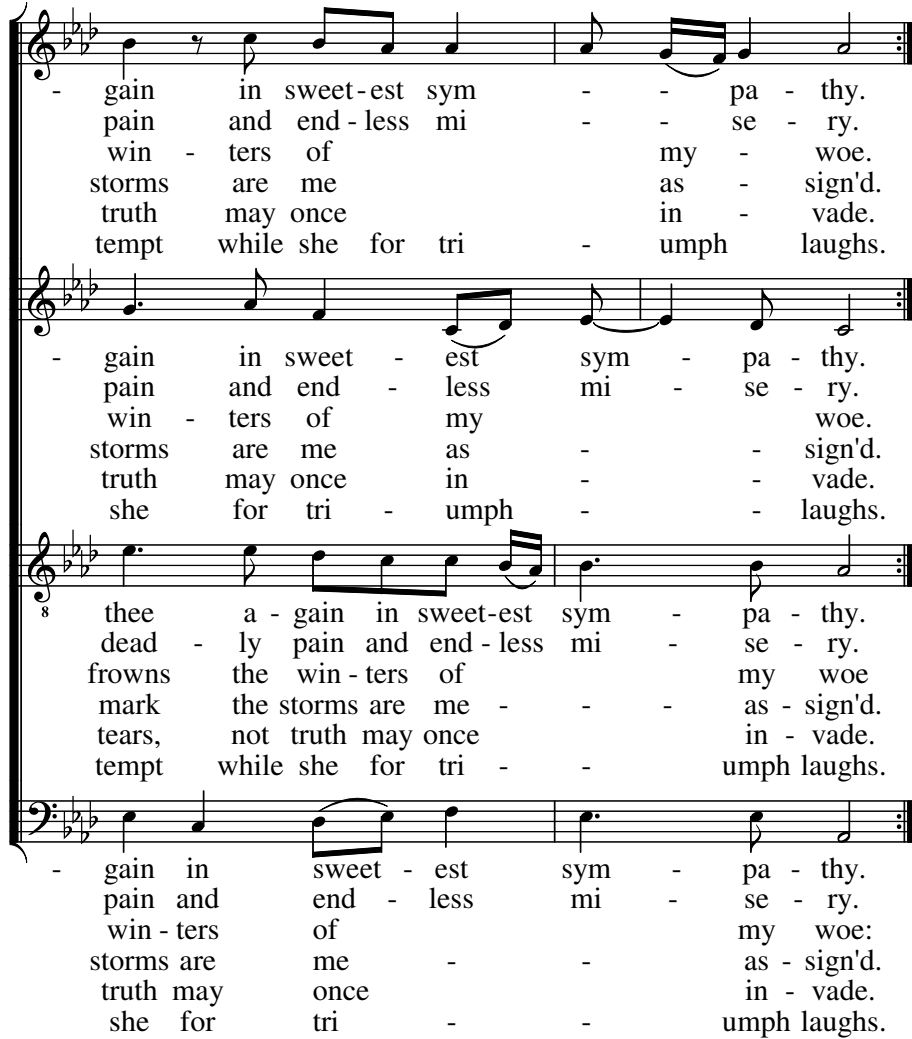
to die With thee a-
 I die In dead - ly
 to grow, Her frowns the
 do find, And mark the
 is made, Whom tears, not
 thy shafts Did tempt, did

kiss, to die, to die With thee a-
 faint, I die, I die In dead - ly
 joys to grow, 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 dead - ly pain, in
 joys to grow, to grow, Her frowns the win - Her
 some do find, do find And mark the storms, and
 flint is made, is made, Whom tears, not truth, whom
 are thy shafts, thy shafts Did tempt while she, did

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 faint, I die, I die In dead - ly
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12



- gain in sweet-est sym - - pa - thy.
 pain and end - less mi - - se - ry.
 win - ters of my - woe.
 storms are me as - sign'd.
 truth may once in - vade.
 tempt while she for tri - - umph laughs.

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⁸ thee a - gain in sweet-est sym - pa - thy.
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 frowns the win - ters of my woe
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