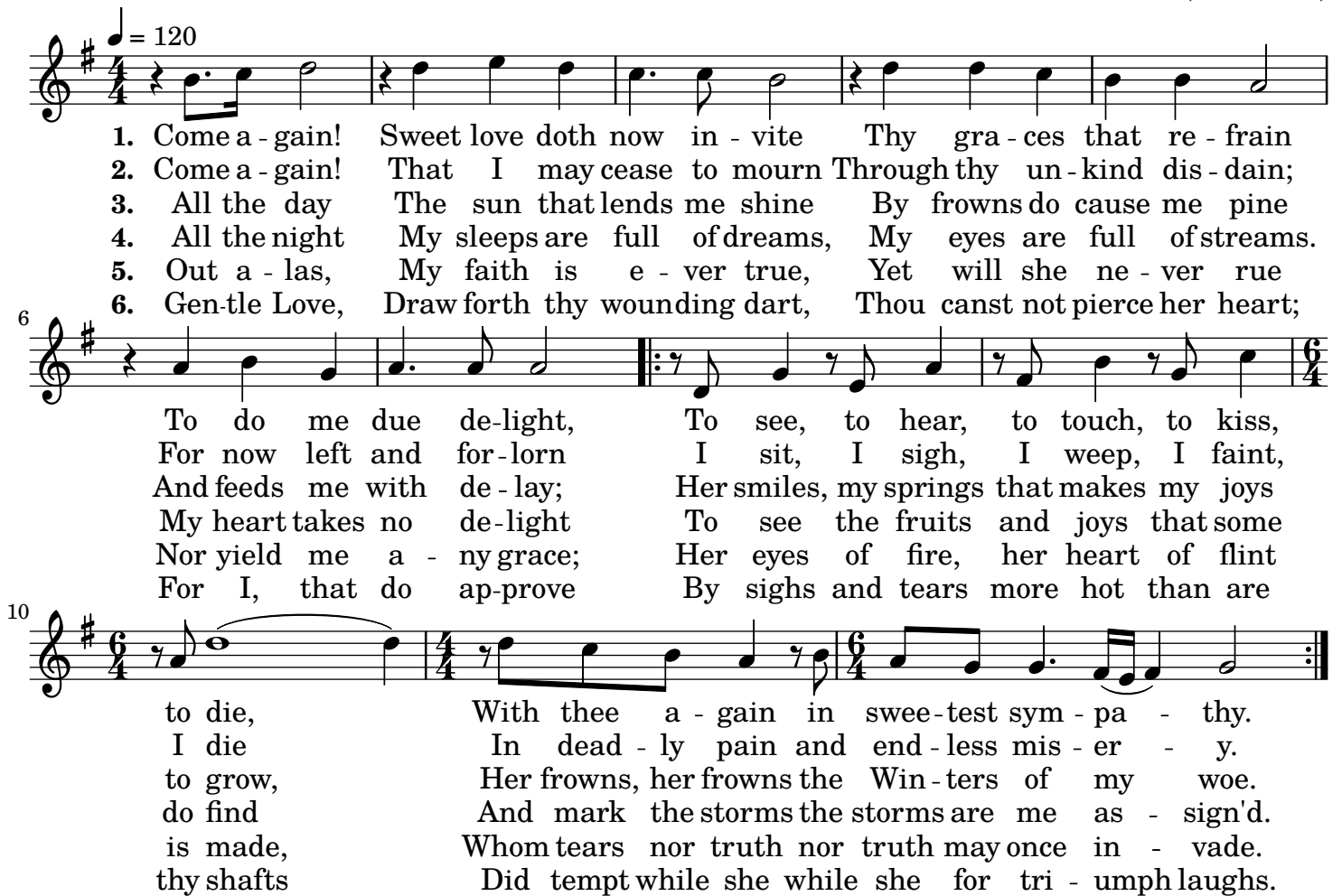


Come, again

John Dowland (1563-1626)



♩ = 120

1. Come a - gain! Sweet love doth now in - vite Thy gra - ces that re - frain
2. Come a - gain! That I may cease to mourn Through thy un - kind dis - dain;
3. All the day The sun that lends me shine By frowns do cause me pine
4. All the night My sleeps are full of dreams, My eyes are full of streams.
5. Out a - las, My faith is e - ver true, Yet will she ne - ver rue
6. Gentle Love, Draw forth thy wounding dart, Thou canst not pierce her heart;

To do me due de-light, To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss,
For now left and for-lorn I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint,
And feeds me with de - lay; Her smiles, my springs that makes my joys
My heart takes no de-light To see the fruits and joys that some
Nor yield me a - ny grace; Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint
For I, that do ap-prove By sighs and tears more hot than are

10 to die, With thee a - gain in swee-test sym - pa - thy.
I die In dead - ly pain and end - less mis - er - y.
to grow, Her frowns, her frowns the Win - ters of my woe.
do find And mark the storms the storms are me as - sign'd.
is made, Whom tears nor truth nor truth may once in - vade.
thy shafts Did tempt while she while she for tri - umph laughs.