

Come again, sweet love

The First Booke of Songs, n° 17

(1597)

John Dowland

(1563 ca. - 1626)



Soprano

1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite
2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn

Alto

1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite
2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn

Tenor

1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite
2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn

Baixo

1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite
2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn

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thy gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light,
Through thy un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lorn,

thy gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light,
Through thy un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lorn,

thy gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light,
Through thy un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lorn,

thy gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light,
Through thy un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lorn,

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To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, _____
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, _____

To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,

To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to die with
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I die in

To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I

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with thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - - - pa - thy.
in dead - ly pain and end - less mi - - - se - ry.

to die with thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy.
I die in dead - ly pain and end - less mi - se - ry.

thee a - gain, with thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy.
dead - ly pain, in dead - ly pain and end - less mi - se - ry.

die with thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy.
die in dead - ly pain and end - less mi - se - ry.

3. All the day the sun that lends me shine
By frowns doth cause me pine
And feeds me with delay;
Her smiles, my springs that makes my joy to grow,
Her frowns the winter of my woe.

4. All the night my sleeps are full of dreams,
My eyes are full of streams.
My heart takes no delight
To see the fruits and joys that some do find
And mark the stormes are me assign'd.

5. But alas, my faith is ever true,
Yet will she never rue
Nor yield me any grace;
Her Eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
Whom tears nor truth may once invade.

6. Gentle Love, draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart;
For I, that do approve
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts
Do tempt while she for triumphs laughs.