Come again, sweet love
The First Book of Songs, nº 17
(1597)
John Dowland
(1563 ca. - 1626)

Soprano

1. Come again! sweet love doth now invite
2. Come again! that I may cease to mourn

Alto

1. Come again! sweet love doth now invite
2. Come again! that I may cease to mourn

Tenor

1. Come again! sweet love doth now invite
2. Come again! that I may cease to mourn

Baixo

1. Come again! sweet love doth now invite
2. Come again! that I may cease to mourn

thy graces that refrain
Through thy unkind disdain;
To do me due delight,
For now left and forlorn,
thy graces that refrain
Through thy unkind disdain;
To do me due delight,
For now left and forlorn,
thy graces that refrain
Through thy unkind disdain;
To do me due delight,
For now left and forlorn,
thy graces that refrain
Through thy unkind disdain;
To do me due delight,
For now left and forlorn,
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,
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I die with

To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to die to
to die, to die in

with thee again in sweetest sympathy.
in deadly pain and endless misery.

I die with thee again in sweetest sympathy.
I die in deadly pain and endless misery.

thee again, with thee again in sweetest sympathy.
deadly pain, in deadly pain and endless misery.

die with thee again in sweetest sympathy.
die in deadly pain and endless misery.

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 sleepes 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.