Come again, sweet love

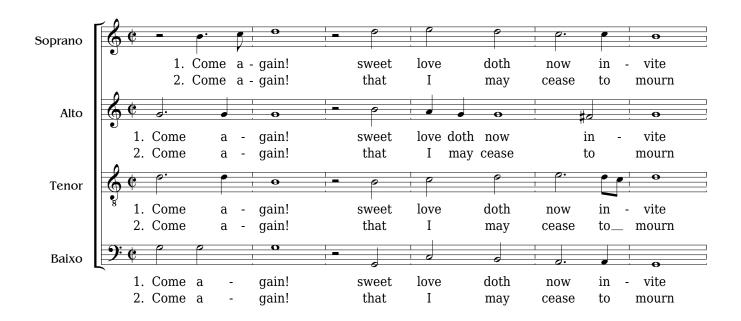


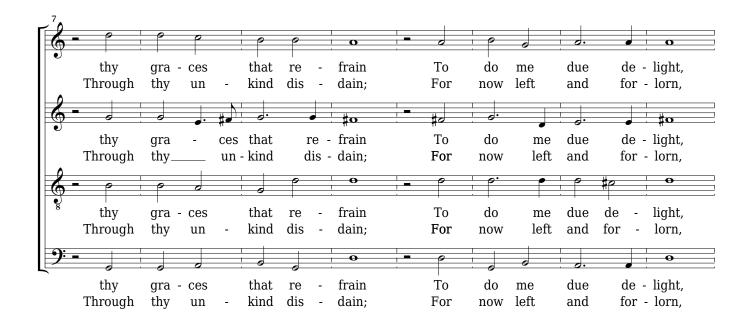
The First Booke of Songes, nº 17

(1597)

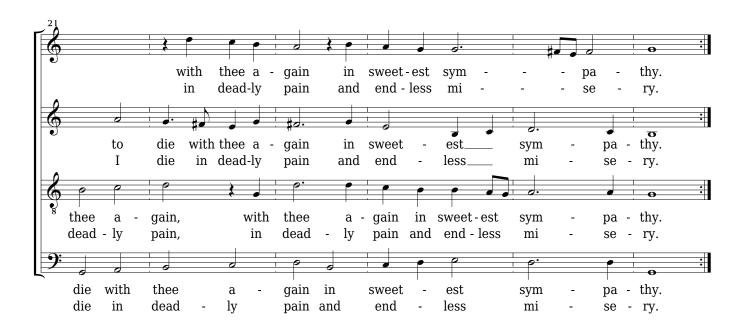
John Dowland

(1563 ca. - 1626)









- 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.