Come, Again Sweet Love

John Dowland

Cantus

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

Come, Again Sweet Love

Come, Again, 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 alas, my faith is ever true,

Come, Again, sweet love doth now invite
All the night my sleeps full are of dreams
Out alas, my faith is ever true,

Gen-tle love, draw forth thy wound-ing dart:

Come, Again, sweet love doth now invite
All the day the sun that lends me shine
All the night my sleeps full are of dreams
Out alas, my faith is ever true,

Gen-tle love, draw forth thy wound-ing dart:
Thou canst not pierce her heart; For I that do approve -
Yet will she ever rue, Nor yield me any grace:
My eyes are full of streams My heart takes no delight -
By frowns doth cause me pine And feeds me with delay: -
Through thy unkind disdain; For now left and forlorn,-
Thy graces that refrain To do me due delight,-
Thou canst not pierce her heart; For I that do approve -
Yet will she ever rue, Nor yield me any grace:
My eyes are full of streams My heart takes no delight -
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By frowns doth cause me pine And feeds me with delay: -
Through thy unkind disdain; For now left and forlorn,-
Thy graces that refrain To do me due delight,
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

To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss,
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To see the fruits and joys that some
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My sighs and tears more hot than are
thy shafts Did tempt, did

are thy shafts, Did temptation did

are thy shafts, thy shafts Did tempt while

to die, 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

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
tempt while she for triumph laughs.

pains and endless misery.

storms are me as sign'd.

truth may once in vade.

winter's of my woe.

truth may once in vade.

pain and endless misery.

storms are me as sign'd.

mark the storms are me as sign'd.

tears, not truth may once in vade.

tempt while she for triumph laughs.