Come Again! Sweet Love Doth Now Invite

John Dowland (1562-1626)

Source: First Booke of Songs or Ayres (1613)
originally published 1597, revised 1613

Copyright © 1999 by the Choral Public Domain Library (http://www.cpdl.org)
Edition may be freely distributed, duplicated, performed, or recorded.
ed. 3/24/99
And mark the storms are me assign'd.
To see the fruits and joys that some do find
My heart takes no delight
My eyes are full of streams.

4. All the night my sleeps are full of dreams,
Her smiles, my springs that makes my joy to grow,
By frowns doth cause me pine
And feeds me with delay;

All the day the sun that lends me shine
Her Eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
For I, that to approve

Thou canst not pierce her heart;
Whom tears, nor truth may once invade..
To die with thee again in sweetest sympathy.
Nor yield me any grace;

To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
Her Eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
For I, that to approve

Thou canst not pierce her heart;
Whom tears, nor truth may once invade..
To die with thee again in sweetest sympathy.
Nor yield me any grace;

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
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..

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

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..

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