

# Come Again, Sweet Love doth Now Invite

First Book of Songs, No.17, 1597

John Dowland

Come a-gain, sweet love doth now in-vite. Thy gra-ces

5 that re-fraine, to do me due de-light. To see, to hear,

9 to touch, to kiss, to die with thee a-

12 gain In sweet-est sym pa-thy.

Come again, that I may cease to mournt through thy unkind disdain for now left and forlorn.  
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, in deadly pain and endless misery

All the day the sun that lends me shine by frowns do cause me pine and feeds me with delay;  
Her smiles, my springs that makes my joys to grow, her frowns the Winters of my woe.

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 storms are me assign'd.

Out 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 do approve.  
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts, did tempt while she for scanty triumphs laughs.

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