

Come Again, Sweet Love Doth Now Invite

John Dowland

mf

S
Come a - gain, sweet love doth now in - vite
Come a - gain, that I may cease to mourn
All the day, the sun that leads me shine
All the night, my sleeps are full of dreams,
But a - las, my faith is e - ver true,
Gen - tle Love, draw forth thy woun - ding dart,

A
mf
Come a - gain, sweet love doth now in - vite
Come a - gain, that I may cease to mourn
All the day, the sun that leads me shine
All the night, my sleeps are full of dreams,
But a - las, my faith is e - ver true,
Gen - tle Love, draw forth thy woun - ding dart,

T
mf
8
Come a - gain, sweet love doth now in - vite
Come a - gain, that I may cease to mourn
All the day, the sun that leads me shine
All the night, my sleeps are full of dreams,
But a - las, my faith is e - ver true,
Gen - tle Love, draw forth thy woun - ding dart,

B
mf
Come a - gain, sweet love doth now in - vite
Come a - gain, that I may cease to mourn
All the day, the sun that leads me shine
All the night, my sleeps are full of dreams,
But a - las, my faith is e - ver true,
Gen - tle Love, draw forth thy woun - ding dart,

Thy gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light
Through thy un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lorn
By frowns doth cause me pine And feeds me with de - lay;
My eyes are full of streams. My heart takes no de - light
Yet will she ne - ver rue Nor yield me a - ny grace;
Thou canst not pierce her heart; For I, that to ap - prove

Thy gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light
Through thy un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lorn
By frowns doth cause me pine And feeds me with de - lay;
My eyes are full of streams. My heart takes no de - light
Yet will she ne - ver rue Nor yield me a - ny grace;
Thou canst not pierce her heart; For I, that to ap - prove

8
Thy gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light,
Through thy un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lorn
By frowns doth cause me pine And feeds me with de - lay;
My eyes are full of streams. My heart takes no de - light
Yet will she ne - ver rue Nor yield me a - ny grace;
Thou canst not pierce her heart; For I, that to ap - prove

Thy gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light
Through thy un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lorn
By frowns doth cause me pine And feeds me with de - lay;
My eyes are full of streams. My heart takes no de - light
Yet will she ne - ver rue Nor yield me a - ny grace;
Thou canst not pierce her heart; For I, that to ap - prove

cresc.

To see, to hear, to touch to kiss, to die,
 I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,
 Her smiles, my springs that joy makes to grow,
 To see the fruits and joys that some do find,
 Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
 By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts,

cresc.

To see, to hear, to touch to kiss, to die,
 I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,
 Her smiles, my springs that joy makes to grow,
 To see the fruits and joys that some do find,
 Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
 By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts,

cresc.

8 To see, to hear, to touch to kiss, to die, to
 I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I
 Her smiles, my springs that joy makes to grow, to
 To see the fruits and joys that some do find, do
 Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made, is
 By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts, thy

cresc.

To see, to hear, to touch to kiss, to die,
 I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,
 Her smiles, my springs that joy makes to grow,
 To see the fruits and joys that some do find,
 Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
 By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts,

dim.

With thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy.
 In dead - ly pain and end - less mi - se - ry.
 Her frowns the win - ters of my woe.
 And mark the storms are me a - sign'd.
 Whom tears nor truth may once in vade.
 Did tempt, while she for tri - umph laughs.

dim.

To die, with thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy.
 I die, in dead - ly pain and end - less mi - se - ry.
 to grow, Her frowns the win - ters of my woe.
 do find, and mark the storms are me a - sign'd.
 is made, whom tears nor truth may once in vade.
 thy shafts, Did tempt, while she for tri - umph laughs.

dim.

8 die, With thee a - gain, with thee a - gain in sweet - est - sym - pa - thy.
 die, In dead - ly pain in dead - ly pain and end - less - mi - se - ry.
 grow, Her frowns the win - Her frowns the win - ters of - my woe.
 find, and mark the storms and mark the storms are me - - a - sign'd.
 made whom tears nor truth whom tears nor truth may once - - in vade.
 shafts, Did tempt while she Did tempt while she for tri - - - umph laughs.

dim.

to die, with thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy.
 I die, in dead - ly pain and end - less mi - se - ry.
 to grow, Her frowns the win - ters of my woe.
 do find, and mark the storms are me - - a - sign'd.
 is made, whom tears nor truth may once in vade.
 thy shafts, Did tempt, while she for tri - - - umph laughs.