

Come Again, Sweet Love

SATB

John Dowland (c.1563-1626)
from *The First Booke of Songs or Ayres* (1597), No. 17

Soprano

1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite Thy
2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn Through

Alto

1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite Thy
2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn Through

Tenor

1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite Thy
2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn Through

Bass

1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite Thy
2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn Through

for rehearsal only

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gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light, To see,
thy un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lorn I sit,

gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light, To
thy un - kind dis - dain; for now left and for - lorn I

gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light, To
thy un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lorn I

gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light, To
thy un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lorn I

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to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die

see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to die with thee a -
sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I die in dead - ly

see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to die with thee a -
sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I die in dead - ly

see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to die with
sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I die In

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with thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy. To see, thy.
In dead ly pain and end - less mi - se - ry. I sit, ry.

die with thee a - gain in sweet - est - sym - pa - thy. To thy.
die in dead ly pain and end - less - mi - se - ry. I ry.

gain with thee a - gain in sweet - est - sym - pa - thy. To thy.
pain in dead - ly pain and end - less - mi - se - ry. I ry.

thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy. To thy.
dead - ly pain and end - less mi - se - ry. I ry.

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.