

Come again!

SATB a cappella

John Dowland
(1562-1626)

CANTUS I
(Soprano)

CANTUS II
(Alto)

ALTUS
(Tenore)

BASSUS
(Basso)

Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in -

Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in -

Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in -

Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in -

Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in -

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S. vite Thy gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light,

A. vite Thy gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light,

T. vite Thy gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light,

B. vite Thy gra - ces that re - frain To do me due de - light,

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S. To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die

A. To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,

T. To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to die with

B. To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to

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S. — with thee a - gain in sweet-est sym - pa - thy.

A. — to die with thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy.

T. 8 thee a - gain, with thee a - gain in sweet est sym - pa - thy.

B. die with thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy.

1. Come again! sweet love doth now invite
Thy graces that refrain
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

2. Come again! that I may cease to mourn
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.

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, her frowns, the winter of my woe.

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, *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, while she for triumphs laughs.