

Come Again

from "First Book of Ayres" 1597

Arranged for Voice and Guitar
by Richard PICK

John DOWLAND
1562-1626

Moderately

4

Come a-gain, sweet love doth now in-vite

7

thy gra-ces that re-frain To do me due de-light,

11

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

14

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

17

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

20

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

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 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.

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 storms are me assigned.

5. Out alas!

My faith is never 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 that are thy shafts,
Did tempt, while she for triumph laughs.

