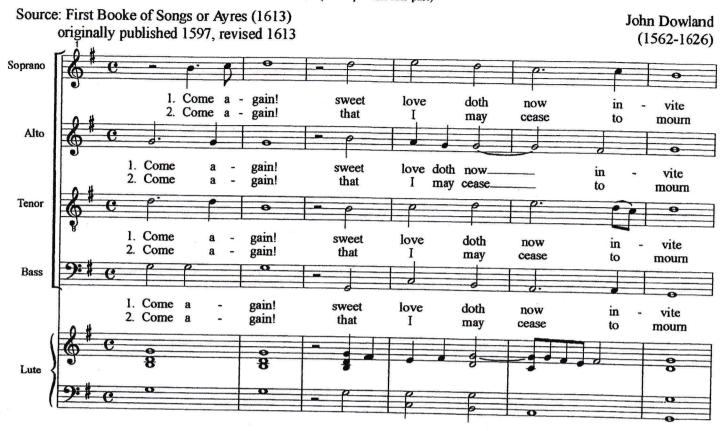
Come Again! Sweet Love Doth Now Invite

SATB (with optional lute part)





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- 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
- 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...
- Gentle Love, draw forth thy wounding dart,
 Thou canst not pierce her heart;
 For I, that to approve
 By sighs and tears more hot than are my shafts
 Did tempt, while she for triumph laughs.