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# Come Again! Sweet Love Doth Now Invite

SATB (with optional lute part)

Source: First Booke of Songs or Ayres (1613)  
originally published 1597, revised 1613

John Dowland  
(1562-1626)

Soprano

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

Alto

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

Tenor

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

Bass

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

Lute

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thy grac - es that re - frain To do me due and de - light,  
Through thy un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lom,

thy grac - es that re - frain To do me due and de - light,  
Through thy un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lom,

thy grac - es that re - frain To do me due and de - light,  
Through thy un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lom,

thy grac - es that re - frain To do me due and de - light,  
Through thy un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lom,



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

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

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

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

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

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

thee dead - ly gain, with thee dead - ly gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy.  
die with thee a - gain in sweet end - est sym - pa - thy.  
die in dead - ly pain and end - less mi - se - 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 to approve  
By sighs and tears more hot than are my shafts  
Did tempt, while she for triumph laughs.