

## Come again.

JOHN DOWLAND.  
1st Book of Ayres. 1597.

*Con spirito.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*f*

Come a gain, sweete love doth  
now in-vite Thy gra-ces that re-fraine, To do me  
due delight. To see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die.....  
..... With thee a - gaine in sweet-est sym - pa - thy.  
*rit.*

Come again! that I may

cease to mourne Through thy un-kind dis-daine, For now, left

and forlorne I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die.....

..... In deadly paine, and endless mi-se-ry.

*rit.* *f*

Gentle love draw forth thy wound-ing dart;

Thou canst not pierce her heart, For I that do ap-prove

By sighs, and tears more hot than are thy shafts.....

..... did tempt, while she for tri - umph laughs.

*rit.*

Come again! sweete love doth now invite  
 Thy graces that refraine,  
 To do me due delight.  
 To see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die  
 With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again! that I may cease to mourne  
 Through thy unkind disdaine,  
 For now, left and forlorne  
 I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die  
 In deadly paine, and endless misery.

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