

Come again: sweet loue doth now enuite

from The First Booke of Songes or Ayres, 1597

John Dowland (1563-1626)

G G G C G Am G G

Come a - gaine: sweet loue doth now en - uite, thy

Come a - gaine: sweet loue doth now en - uite, thy

Come a - gaine: sweet loue doth now en - uite, thy

Come a - gaine: sweet loue doth now en - uite, thy

G Am G D D G A(no3rd) D

gra - ces that re - fraine, to do me due de - light,

gra - ces that re - fraine, to do me due de - light,

gra - ces that re - fraine, to do me due de - light,

gra - ces that re - fraine, to do me due de - light,

G C Am D Bm Em C D G

to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die,

to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die,

to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, to die, with

to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, to

G G C D G C Em D(no3rd) G

with thee a - gaine in sweet - est sim pa - thy.
 to die, with thee a - gaine in sweet - est sim - pa thy.
 thee a - gaine with thee a - gaine in sweet - est sim - pa thy.
 die, with thee a - gaine in sweet - est sim - pa - thy.

2
 Come againe that I may cease to mourne,
 Through thy vnkind disdaine,
 For now left and forlorne:
 I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die,
 In deadly paine, and endless miserie.

3
 All the day the sun that lends me shine,
 By frownes do cause me pine,
 And feeds me with delay:
 Her smiles, my springs, that makes my ioyes to grow,
 Her frownes the winters of my woe:

4
 All the night, my sleepes are full of dreames,
 My eies are full of streames,

My hart takes no delight:
 To see the fruits and ioyes that some do find,
 And marke the stormes are me assignd.

5
 Out alas, my faith is euer true,
 Yet will she neuer rue,
 Nor yeeld me any grace:
 Her eies of fire, her hart of flint is made,
 Whom teares nor truth may once inuade.

6
 Gentle loue draw forth thy wounding dart,
 Thou canst not pierce her hart,
 For I that do approue:
 By sighs and teares more hot than are thy shafts:
 Did tempt while she for triumphs laughs.