

COME AGAIN!



Tenors
Sopranos
Altos, Basses

The normal verses sung are the ones at the bottom of this page (1, 2, and 6), each time with a repeat of the fourth and fifth lines. The other 3 verses are on the opposite page.

John Dowland

1, 2, 2, 2

Sopranos

Altos

Tenors

Basses

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1. Come again! sweet love doth now invite
Thy graces that refrain
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

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.

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 than are thy shafts
Do tempt while she, while she for triumphs laughs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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, *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, *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, *nor truth* may once invade.

* Dowland probably intended an F# here, or would have expected singers to apply the rules of *musica ficta* by sharpening the note. Dowland notated the song without a key signature, thus requiring all sharps to be explicitly written in, and the note here was probably overlooked.