Come again

John Dowland (1562 - 1626)

1. Come again, sweet love doth now invite Thy graces that refrain To do me due delight,
   thy unkind disdain; For now left and forlorn,
canst not pierce her heart; For I that do approve

2. Come again, that I may cease to mourn Through thy unkind disdain; For now left and forlorn,
canst not pierce her heart; For I that do approve

3. Gentle love, draw forth thy wound ing dart: Thou canst not pierce her heart; For I that do approve

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To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts

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With thee a-gain in sweet-est sym-pa-thy.
In dead-ly pain and end-less mi-ser-y.
Did tempt while she for scan-ty try-umphs laughs.

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