



Come again

John Dowland (1562-1626)

First Booke of Songs or Ayres (1613)

Soprano

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

Alto

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

Tenor

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

Baixo

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

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

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

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

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

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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, _____ to
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, _____ I

To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to die with thee a -
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I die in dead - ly

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

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

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

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

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