

Come Again: Sweet Love Doth Now Invite

Nº17 aus "The First Booke of Songs or Ayres, 1597"

John Dowland

Gitarre
Capo 3. Bund
③ = fis

Come a - gain: Sweet love doth now in - vite,

Thy grac - es that re - frain, To do me due de - light,

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

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

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.

1

All the day the sun that lends me shine,
 By frowns do cause me pine,
 And feeds me with delay,
 Her smiles my springs, that makes my joys to grow,
 Her frowns the Winters of my woe:

2

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 storms are me assign'd.

3

Out 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.

4

Gentle Love raw forth thy wounding dart,
 Thou canst not pierce her heart,
 For I that to approve,
 By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts,
 Did tempt while she for triumph laughs.