

# Come again, sweet love.

Madrigal for  
Four Voices.

Composed by  
JOHN DOWLAND.

[London: J. ALFRED NOVELLO, 69, Dean Street, Soho, & 35, Poultry; also in New York, at 389, Broadway.]

1st TREBLE.

2nd TREBLE.

TENOR,  
(3ve lower.)

BASS.

ACCOMP.

1st Ver. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite Thy gra - ces,

1st Ver. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite Thy gra - ces,

1st Ver. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite Thy gra - ces,

1st Ver. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite Thy gra - ces,

that re - frain To do me due de - light; To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss,

that re - frain To do me due de - light; To see, to hear, to touch, to

that re - frain To do me due de - light; To see, to hear, to touch, to

that re - frain To do me due de - light; To see, to hear, to touch, to

to die, with thee a - gain in sweetest sym - - - pa - thy.

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

kiss, to die, to die with thee a - gain, with thee a - gain in sweetest sym - pa - thy.

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

2nd Ver. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn Through thy un - -

2nd Ver. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn Through thy un - -

2nd Ver. Come a - gain! that I - may cease to mourn Through thy un - -

2nd Ver. Come a - gain! that I - may cease to mourn Through thy un - -

- - kind dis - dain; For now, left and for - lorn, I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint,  
 kind dis - dain; For now, left and for - lorn, I sit, I sigh, I weep, I  
 kind dis - dain; For now, left and for - lorn, I sit, I sigh, I weep, I  
 kind dis - dain; For now, left and for - lorn, I sit, I sigh, I weep, I

I die . . . in deadly pain, and end - less mi - - - se - ry.  
 faint, I die, . . . I die in deadly pain, and end - less mi - se - ry.  
 faint, I die, I die in deadly pain, in dead - ly pain, and end - less mi - se - ry.  
 faint, I die, I die in dead - ly pain, and end - less mi - se - ry.

3rd Ver. All the day the sun, that lends me shine, By frowns does  
 4th Ver. All the night, my sleeps are full of dreams, My eyes are

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cause me pine, And feeds me with de - cay, Her smiles, my springs, that make my joys  
 full of streams, My heart takes no de - light, To see the fruits and joys that some

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cause me pine, And feeds me with de - cay, Her smiles, my springs, that make my  
 full of streams, My heart takes no de - light, To see the fruits and joys that

to grow, . . . . . Her frowns, her frowns the win - ters of . . . . . my woe.  
 do find, . . . . . And mark the storms, the storms that are . . . . . as - sign'd.

joys to grow, . . . . . to grow, Her frowns the win - ters, win - ters of my woe.  
 some do find, . . . . . and mark the storms, and mark the storms that are as - sign'd.

joys to grow, that make my joys to grow, Her frowns the winters, win - ters of my woe.  
 some do find, that some do find, and mark the storms that are as - sign'd.

joys to grow, my joys to grow, Her frowns the win - ters of my woe.  
 some do find, that some do find, And mark the storms that are as - sign'd.

5th Ver. Out a - las! my faith is e - - ver true, Yet will she  
6th Ver. Gen - tle love, draw forth thy wound - ing dart, Thou canst not

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6th Ver. Gen - tle love, draw forth thy wound - ing dart, Thou canst not

ne - ver rue, Nor yield me a - ny grace, Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint  
pierce her heart; For I that do ap - prove By sighs and tears, more hot than are

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ne - ver rue, Nor yield me a - ny grace, Her eyes of fire, her heart of  
pierce her heart; For I that do ap - prove By sighs and tears, more hot than

is made, . . . . . Whom tears nor truth, nor truth may once in - vade.  
thy shafts, . . . . . Do tempt; while she, while she for tri - - umphs laughs.

flint is made, . . . . . Whom tears nor truth, whom tears nor truth may once in - vade.  
are thy shafts, . . . . . Do tempt; while she for tri - umphs laughs, for tri - umphs laughs.

flint is made, Whom tears nor truth, whom tears, whom tears nor truth may once in - vade.  
are thy shafts, more hot than are thy shafts, Do tempt; while she for tri - umphs laughs.

flint is made, Whom tears nor truth, whom tears nor truth may once in - vade.  
are thy shafts, Do tempt, do tempt; while she, while she for tri - umphs laughs.