

# COME AGAIN! SWEET LOVE DOTH NOW INVITE

VOICE

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

LUTE

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.

3

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.

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 storms are me assigned.

5

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.

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,  
 Did tempt, while she for triumph laughs.