

## Come Again: Sweet Love Doth Now Invite

Text by an anonymous poet [Br]

Set by *John Dowland* (1562–1626) [Br]

**Come again:**  
[kʌm ə.'ɡeɪn]

**Sweet love doth now invite,**  
[swit lʌv dʌθ na:ʊ ɪn.'va:ɪt]

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.

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.

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 thy shafts,  
Did tempt, while she for (mighty) triumph laughs.

---

The entire text to this title with the complete  
IPA transcription is available for download.

*Thank you!*

