

COME AGAIN! SWEET LOVE DOTH NOW INVITE

VOICE

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

LUTE

The first system of the musical score. The voice part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are "Come a - gain! Sweet love doth now in - vite". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with chords and moving lines. The lute part is shown as a single staff with a C-clef and a key signature of one sharp, containing a series of notes and rests corresponding to the tablature.

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

LUTE

The second system of the musical score. The voice part continues with the lyrics "Thy grac - es, that re - frain To do me due de - light,". The piano and lute parts continue their respective parts, with the lute part showing more complex rhythmic patterns and accidentals.

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

LUTE

The third system of the musical score. The voice part concludes with the lyrics "To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die". The piano and lute parts conclude their respective parts, with the lute part ending on a final chord.

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.