

THE FIRST BOOKE OF SONGS OR AYRES

IOHN DOWLAND

1597 [1613]

XVII. Come againe : sweet loue doth now inuite.

Come again : sweet loue doth now inuite,
Thy graces that refraine,
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
With thee againe in sweetest sympathy.

Come againe that I may cease to mourn,
Through thy vnkind disdaine :
For now left and forlorne,
I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die,
In deadly paine and endlesse miserie.

All the day the sun that lends me shine,
By frownes doth cause me pine,
And feeds mee with delay :
Her smiles, my springs, that makes my ioyes to grow,
Her frownes the winters of my woe :

All the night my sleepes are full of dreames,
My eyes are full of streames.
My heart takes no delight,
To see the fruits and ioyes that some do find,
And marke the stormes are mee assignde.

Out alas, my faith is euer true,
Yet will she neuer rue,
Nor yeeld my any grace :
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
Whom teares, nor truth may once inuade.

Gentle loue, draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not peerce her heart,
For I that to approue,
By sighs and teares more hot then are thy shafts,
Did tempt while she for triumph laughs.