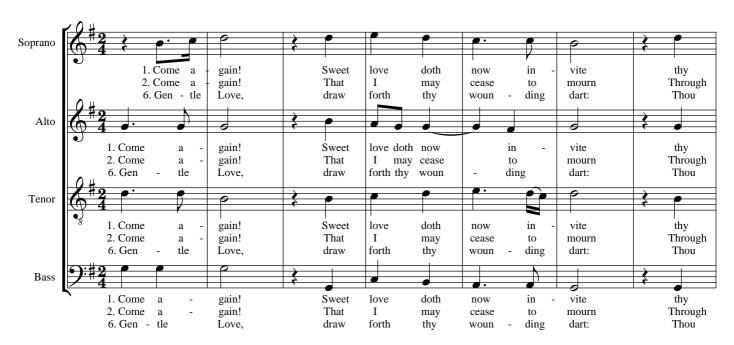
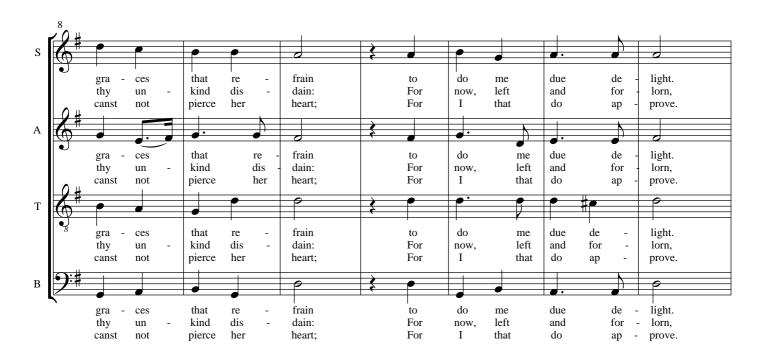
Come Again!

John Dowland (1563-1626)







- 3. All the day the sun that lends me shine
 By frowns doth cause me pine
 And feeds me with delay;
 Her smiles, my springs that makes my joy to grow,
 Her frowns, her frowns, the winter of my woe.
- 4. All the night my sleeps are full of dreams,My eyes are full of streams.My heart takes no delightTo see the fruits and joys that some do findAnd mark the stormes, the stormes are me assign'd.
- 5. But 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 not truth, nor truth may once invade.