

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. 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 true,
nor true may once.. invade.

4. 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,
while she for triumphs laughs