

29. Come Again, Sweet Love Doth Now Invite

TBB, a cappella

UIL Conference AAAA

Words by JOHN DOWLAND
Music by TOM COUNCIL

Tenor

8

Come, come a - gain, sweet love, sweet love doth now in - vite, Thy gra - ces

Baritone

Come, - come a - gain, sweet love, sweet love - doth now in - vite. Thy gra - ces

Bass

Come, - come a - gain, sweet love, sweet love doth now in - vite. Thy gra - ces

Piano
(for rehearsal only)

8

that re - frain to do me due de - light. To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die with thee a -

6

that re - frain to do me due de - light. - To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die with thee a -

6

that re - frain to do me due de - light. To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die with thee a -

8
gain, in sweet - est sym - pa - thy. A - gain_____ that I may

gain, in sweet - est sym - pa - thy. Come, come a gain_____ that I may

12
gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy Come, come a - gain a - gain that I may

8
12

8
cease to mourn. Through thy un - kind dis-dain for now left and for - lorn. I

cease to mourn. Through thy un - kind dis-dain for now left and for - lorn I

19
cease to mourn. Through thy un - kind dis-dain, for now left and for lorn. I

8
19

8
sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die in end-less pain. and end-less mis-er-

24
sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die in end-less pain and end-less mis-er-

24

a tempo
8
y. All the day the sun, the sun that lends me shine, By

a tempo
y. All, all the day the sun, the sun that lends me shine. By

a tempo
30
y. All, all the day the sun, the sun that lends me shine. By

30

8
frowns _____ does cause me pain and feeds me with de - lay. Her smiles, my springs that

frowns _____ does cause me pain and feeds me with de - lay. Her smiles, my springs that

35
frowns _____ does cause me pain and feeds me with de - lay Her smiles my springs that

8
35

8
make my songs to grow her frowns the win - ters, win - ters of my woe.

make my songs to grow her frowns the win - ters, win - ters of my woe.

40
makes my joys to grow, her frowns the win - ters, win - ters of my woe.

8
40