

Come Again

Angelo Branduardi

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
Come again
That I may cease to mourn,
Through thy unkind disdain:
For now left and forlorn,
I sit, I sight, I weep, I faint, I die,
In deadly pain and endless misery.
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:
Gentle Love
Draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart,
For I that to approve,
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafta,
Did tempt while she for triumph laughs.