Come Again, Sweet Love

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- 3. All the day the sun, that lends me shine, By frowns does cause me pine, And feed me with delay, Her smiles, my springs that make my joys to grow, Her frowns the winters of my woe.
- 4. All the night my sleeps are full of dreams, My eyes are full of streams, My heart takes no delight To see the fruits and joys that some do find, And mark the storms are me assign'd.
- 5. 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 truth may once invade.
- 6. 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)

Dy signs and tears, (more not than are)

Do tempt: while she, for triumphs, laughs.

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