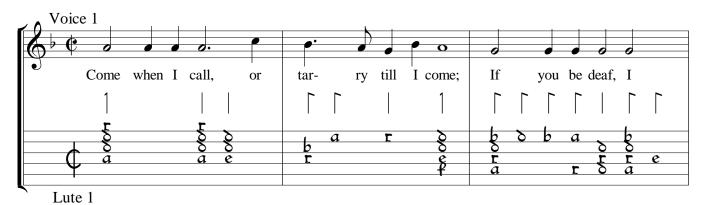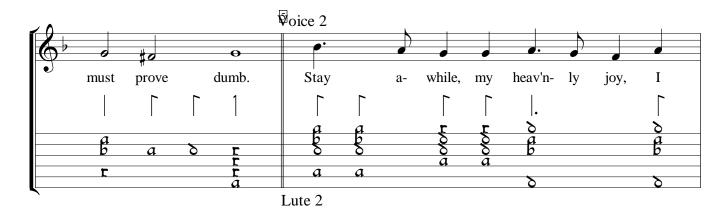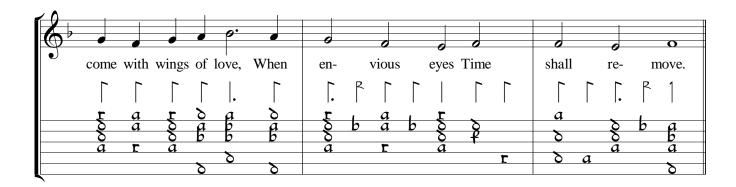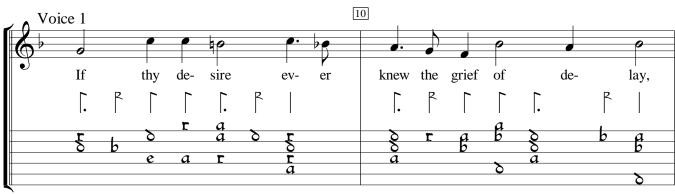# Come when I call

A dialogue

John Dowland

Voice 1

Lute 1

Come when I call, or tar- ry till I come; If you be deaf, I

Voice 2

must prove dumb. Stay a- while, my heav'n- ly joy, I

Lute 2

come with wings of love, When en- vious eyes Time shall re- move.

Voice 1

If thy de- sire ev- er knew the grief of de- lay,

Lute 1

Voice 2

No dan- ger could stand in thy way. O do not add this sor- row

Lute 2

to my grief that lan- guish here, want- ing re- lief.

Voice 1

What need we lan- guish? Can Love quick-

Lute 1

ly, quick- ly fly? Fear ev- er hurts more than jea- - lou- sy.

Voice 1: Then se- cure- ly En- vy scorn- ing, Let us end with joy our

Voice 2: Then se- cure- ly En- vy scorn- ing, Let us end with joy our mourn-

mourn- ing, Jea- lou- sy still de- fy, And love till we die.

ing, Jea- lou- sy still de- fy, And - love till we die.