XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art returnd:

1. Awake sweet love, thou art returnd: My hart, which long in
   Let love, which never absent dies, Now live for ever
2. If she esteeme thee now aught worth, She will not grieve thy
   De-spaire hath prov ed now in mee, That love will not un-
   abs. sence mournd, Lives now in perfect joy. Only her-
   in her eyes, Whence came my first annoy. De-spaire did
   love hence-forth, Which so des-paire hath proved. If shee at
   con- stant be, Though long in vaine I loved. And if that
   selfe hath seem ed faire: She on- ly I could love,
   make me wish to die That I my joyes might end:
   last re- ward thy love, And all thy harms re- paire,
   now thou wel com be, When thou with her doest meet,
   She on ly drave me to de spaire, When she un kind did prove.
   She on ly, which did make me flie, My state may now a mend.
   Thy hap pi ness will sweet er prove, Raisd up from deep de spaire.
   She all this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.
XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art returnd:

Altus.  

John Dowland

1. A- wake sweet love, thou art re- turnd: My hart, which 
   Let love, which ne- ver ab- sent dies, Now live for-
2. If she es- teeme thee now aught worth, She will not 
   De- spaire hath prov- ed now in mee, That love will

long in ab- 

e- 

ever in her eyes, Whence came, whence came, my 
grieve thy love hence- forth, Which so, which so, des-
not un- con- stant be, Though long, though long, in

per- 

fect joy. 

On- 

ly her- 

selfe, her- selfe, 

first an- 

noy. De- 

spaire did make, did make,
paire hath proved. If shee at last, at last, 
vaine I loved. And if that now, that now,

hath seen- med faire: She on- ly I could love, I could 
me wish to die That I my joyes might end: joyes might 
ren- ward thy love, And all thy harmes re- 

paires, harmes re-

thou wel- com be, When thou with her doest meet, her doest 

love, She on- ly drave me to de- spaire, When she un- kind did prove. 
end: She on- ly, which did make me flie, My state may now a- mend. 
paire, Thy hap- pi- ness will sweet- er prove, Raisd up from deep de- 

spaire, meet, She all this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.
XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art returnd:

Tenor.  

1. Awake sweet love, thou art returnd: My hart, which long in
    Let love, which never absent dies, Now live forever
2. If she esteeme thee now aught worth, She will not grieve thy
    Despaire hath prov'd now in mee, That love will not un-

ab-sence mourn'd, Lives now in perfect joy. Only her-
    in her eyes, Whence came my first annoy. Despaire did
love hence-forth, Which so despaire hath proved. If she at
    constant be, Though long in vaine I loved. And if that

selfe, her-selfe, hath seem'd faire: She only I could
    make, did make, me wish to die That I my joyes might
make last, at last, reward thy love,
    And all thy harmes re-
now, that now, thou wel-com be,
    When thou with her doest

love, She only drave me to despaire, When she un-kind did prove.
end: She on-
    ly, which did make me flie, My state may now amend.
paire, Thy happy-
    ness will sweet-er prove, Raisd up from deep despaire.
meet, She all this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.
XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art returnd:

Bassus.

John Dowland

1. Awake sweet love, thou art returnd: My hart, which long in
Let love, which never absent dies, Now live for ever

2. If she esteem thee now aught worth, She will not grieve thy
De-saire hath proved now in mee, That love will not un-

ab-sence mourn'd, Lives now in perfect joy. Only her-
in her eyes, Whence came my first annoy. De-saire did
love hence-forward, Which so des-saire hath proved. If she at
con-stant be, Though long in vaine I loved. And if that

selfe hath seem'd faire: She on-ly I could love, She
make me wish to die That I my joyes might end: She
last re-ward thy love, And all thy harmes re-paire, Thy
now thou wel-com be, When thou with her doest meet, She

only drave me to des-saire, When she un-kind did prove.
on-ly, which did make me fliye, My state may now am-end.
hap-piness will sweet-er prove, Raisd up from deep de-saire.
all this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.