



## XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art returnd:

Cantus.

John Dowland



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



ab- sence mournd, Lives now in per- fect joy. On- ly her-  
in her eyes, Whence came my first an- noy. 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 see- med 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 harmes re- paire,  
now thou wel- com be, When thou with her doest meet,



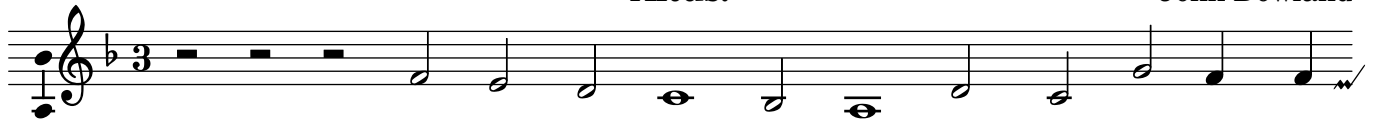
She on- ly drave me to de- spaire, When she un- kind did prove.  
She on- ly, which did make me flie, My state may now a- mend.  
Thy hap- pi- ness will sweet- er prove, Raisd up from deep de- spaire.  
She all this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.



# 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- sence mournd, Lives now, lives now, in  
 e- ver 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,

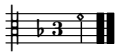


hath see- med faire: She on- ly I could love, I could  
 me wish to die That I my joyes might end: joyes might  
 re- ward thy love, And all thy harmes re- paire, harmes re-  
 thou wel- com be, When thou with her doest meet, her doest



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.

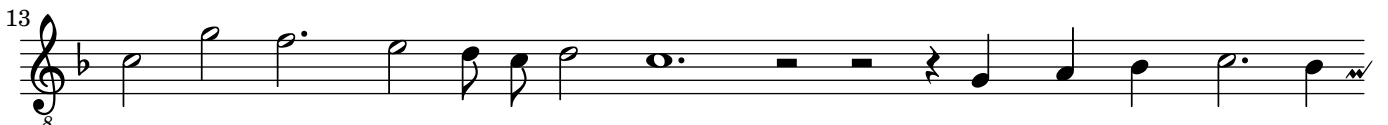
John Dowland



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



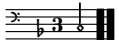
ab- sence mournd, Lives now in per- fect joy. On- ly her-  
 in her eyes, Whence came my first an- noy. De- spaire did  
 love hence- forth, Which so des- paire hath proved. If shee at  
 con- stant be, Though long in vaine I loved. And if that



selfe, her- selfe, hath see- med faire: She on- ly I could  
 make, did make, me wish to die That I my joyes might  
 last, at last, re- ward thy love, And all thy harmes re-  
 now, that now, thou wel- com be, When thou with 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:

Bassus.

John Dowland



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



ab- sence mournd, Lives now in per- fect joy. On- ly her-  
 in her eyes, Whence came my first an- noy. 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 see- med 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



on- ly drave me to de- spaire, When she un- kind did prove.  
 on- ly, which did make me flie, My state may now a- mend.  
 hap- pi- ness will sweet- er prove, Raisd up from deep de- spaire.  
 all this while but playde with thee, To make thy joyes more sweete.