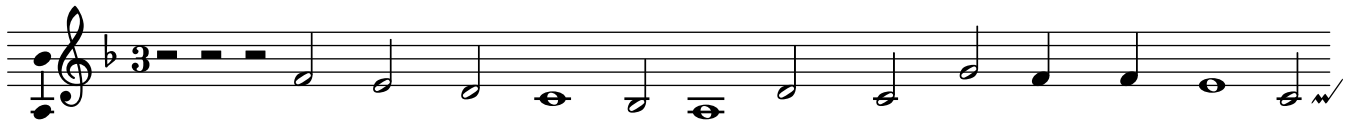


XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art returnd:

Altus.

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



selfe, her- selfe, hath see- med faire: She on- ly I could love, I could
make, did make, me wish to die That I my joyes might end: joyes might
last, at last, re- ward thy love, And all thy harmes re- paire, harmes re-
now, that now, 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.