

XIX. Awake sweet love thou art return'd

John Dowland

Cantus  
 Altus  
 Tenor  
 Bassus

A - wake sweet love thou art re - turn'd, my heart which  
 Let love which ne - ver ab - sent dies, now love for

6

in ab - sence mourn'd, lives now in per - fect joy.  
 ver in her eyes, whence came my first an - noy.

12

On - ly her - self hath see - med fair, she on - ly I could love,  
 De - spair did make me wish to die, that I my joys might end, she she

18

she on - ly drove me to de - spair when she un - kind did prove.  
 she on - ly which did make me flie, my state may now a - mend.

love, she on - ly drove me to de - spair when she un - kind did prove.  
 end, she on - ly which did make me flie, my state may now a - mend.

love, she on - ly drove me to de - spair when she un - kind did prove.  
 end, she on - ly which did make me flie, my state may now a - mend.

on - ly drove me to de - spair when \_\_\_\_\_ she un - kind did prove.  
 on - ly which did make me flie, my \_\_\_\_\_ state may now a - mend.

If she esteems thee now ought worth,  
 She will not grieve thy love henceforth,  
 Which to despair hath proved,  
 Despair hath proved now in me,  
 That love will not unconstant be,  
 Though long in vain I loved.  
 If she at last rewards thy love.  
 And all thy harms repairs,  
 Thy happiness will sweeter prove,  
 Rais'd up from deep despair.  
 And if that now thou welcome be,  
 When thou with her dost meet,  
 She all this while but play'd with thee:  
 To make thy joys more sweet.