

Awake, sweet love

John Dowland
(1562-1626)

Smoothly and cheerfully

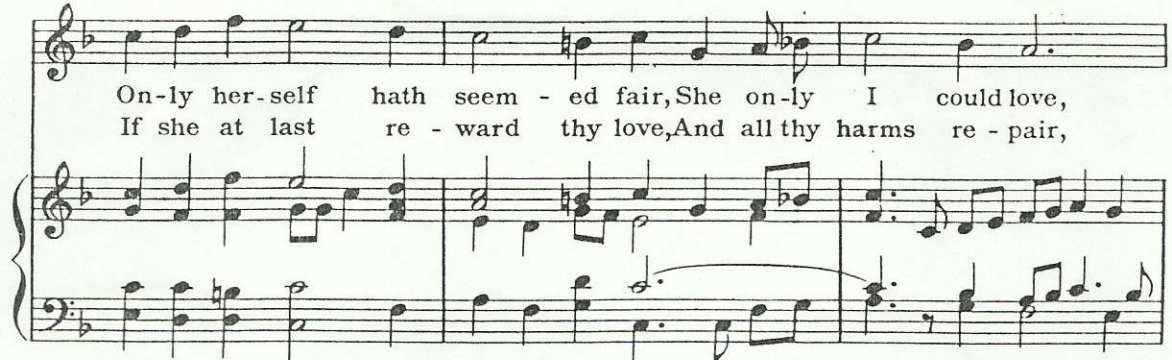
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1. Awake, sweet love, thou art re - turn'd! My heart, which long in
2. If she es - teem thee, now, aught worth, She will not grieve thy

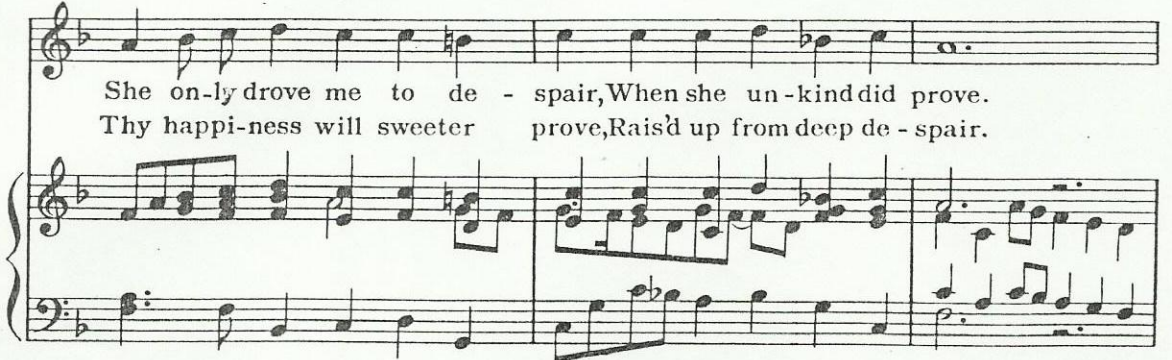
ab - sence mourn'd, Lives now in per - fect day.
love hence - forth, Which so despair hath prov'd.

Let love, which nev - er ab - sent dies, Now live for ev - er
Despair hath prov - ed now in me That love will not in -

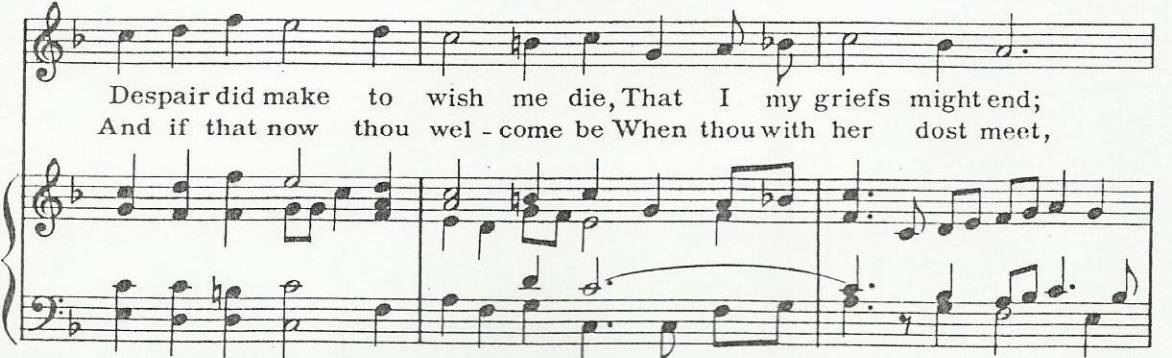
in her eyes, Whence came my first an - noy.
con - stant be, Tho' long in vain I lov'd.



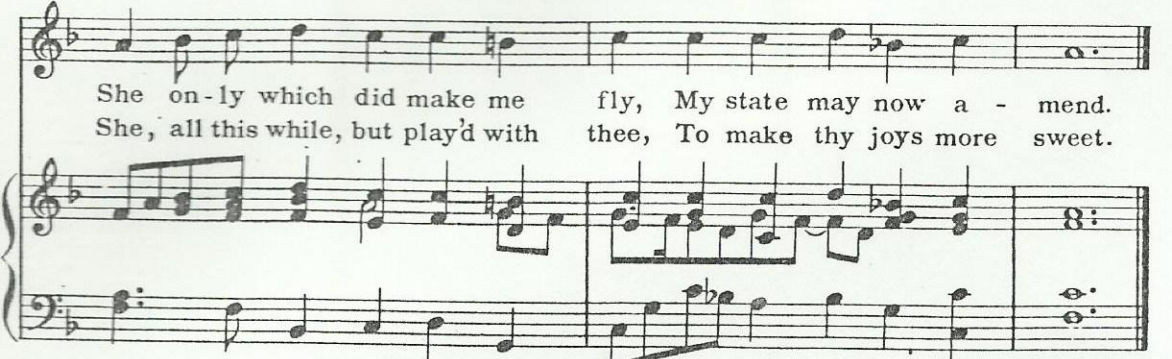
On-ly her-self hath seem - ed fair, She on-ly I could love,
If she at last re - ward thy love, And all thy harms re - pair,



She on-ly drove me to de - spair, When she un-kind did prove.
Thy happi-ness will sweeter prove, Rais'd up from deep de - spair.



Despair did make to wish me die, That I my griefs might end;
And if that now thou wel - come be When thou with her dost meet,



She on-ly which did make me fly, My state may now a - mend.
She, all this while, but play'd with thee, To make thy joys more sweet.