

Awake Sweet Love

John Dowland

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A- wake, sweet love, thou art re- turned My heart, which long in
If she es- teem thee now aught worth, She will not grieve thy

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ab- sence mourned, Lives now in per- fect joy.
love hence- forth, Which so des- pair hath proved.

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Let love, which ne- ver ab- sent dies, Now live for- ev- er in her
Des- pair hath pro- ved now in me That love will not in- con- stant

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eyes, whence came my first an- noy. On- ly her self hath
be, Though long in vain I loved. If she at last re-

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seem-ed fair, She, on-ly I could love, She on-ly drove
ward thy love And all thy harms re-pair, Thy hap-pi-ness

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me to des- pair When she un- kind did prove. Des- pair did
will sweet- er prove Raised up from deep des- pair. And if that

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make me wish to die, That I my joys might end.
now thou wel- come be When thou with her dost meet,

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