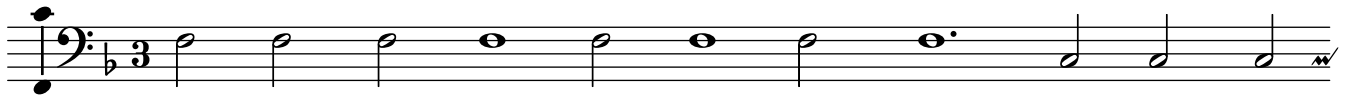


# XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art returnd:

Bassus.

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 in per- fect joy.  
e- ver in her eyes, Whence came my first an- noy.  
grieve thy love hence- forth, Which so des- paire hath proved.  
not un- con- stant be, Though long in vaine I loved.



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