

John Dowland: Awake sweet love thou art returned

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

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

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

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

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

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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,

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

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

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

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.
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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
 She will not grieve thy loss
 Which to despair hath proved
 Despair hath proved not
 That love will not unconquer
 Though long in vain I love
 If she at last rewards thy love
 And all thy harms repaid
 Thy happiness will sweeten
 Rais'd up from deep desolation
 And if that now thou wilt
 When thou with her dost
 She all this while but play
 To make thy joys more sweet