

# THE FIRST BOOKE OF SONGS OR AYRES

IOHN DOWLAND

*1597 [1613]*

XIX. Awake sweet loue thou art returnd.

Awake, sweet loue, thou art returnd :  
My hart, which long in absence mournd,  
    Liues now in perfect ioy.  
Let loue, which never absent dies,  
Now liue for euer in her eyes,  
    Whence came my first annoy.  
Only her selfe hath seemed faire :  
    She only I could loue,  
She only draue me to despaire,  
When she vnkind did proue.  
Despaire did make me wish to die;  
    That I my ioyes might end :  
She only, which did make me flie,  
    My state may now amend.

If she esteeme thee now aught worth,  
She will not grieue thy loue henceforth,  
    Which so despaire hath proued.  
Despaire hath proued now in mee,  
That loue will not vnconstant be,  
    Though long in vaine I loued.  
If shee at last reward thy loue,  
    And all thy harmes repaire,  
Thy happinesse will sweeter proue,  
Raisd vp from deep despaire.  
And if that now thou welcom be,  
    When thou with her doest meet,  
She all the while but playde with thee,  
    To make thy ioyes more sweete.