Awake, Sweet Love

John Dowland

A wake, sweet Love! thou art return'd: My heart, which long in absence

mourn'd, Lives now in perfect joy,
Only herself hath seemed fair, She only

Only herself, herself hath seemed fair, She

Only herself hath seemed fair, She only

I could love; She only drove

Only I could love; She drove

I could love; She only drove

me to despair When she unkind did prove.

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