

# Awake, Sweet Love, Thou Art Return'd

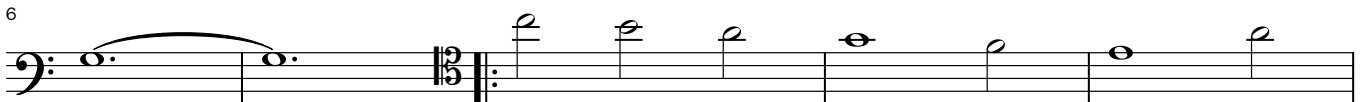
from "First Booke of Songs or Ayres" (1597)

Awake, sweet love, thou art return'd:  
My heart, which long in absence mourn'd,  
Lives now in perfect joy.  
Let love, which never absent dies,  
Now live for ever in her eyes,  
Whence came my first annoy.  
Only herself hath seemed fair:  
She only I could love,  
She only drave me to despair,  
When she unkind did prove.  
Despair did make me wish to die;  
That I my joys might end:  
She only, which did make me fly,  
My state may now amend.

John Dowland  
(1563 -1626)

Bearbeitung: Christofer Varner

(♩ = ca. 132)



35



38



43



48



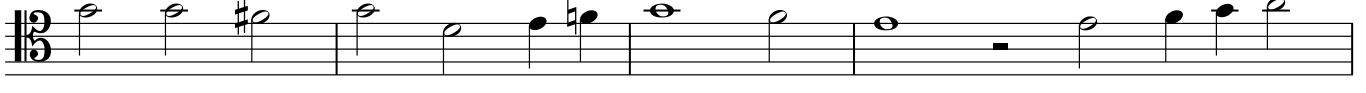
53



57



62



66



72



# Clear or Cloudy

from "Second Booke of Songs or Ayres" (1600)

Clear or cloudy sweet as April show'ring,  
 Smooth or frowning so is her face to me,  
 Pleas'd or smiling like mild May all flow'ring,  
 When skies blue silk and meadows carpets be,  
 Her speeches notes of that nightbird that singeth,  
 Who thought all sweet yet jarring notes outringeth.

John Dowland  
 (1563 -1626)

Bearbeitung: Christofer Varner

(♩ = ca. 80)



26



31



## Come, Heavy Sleep

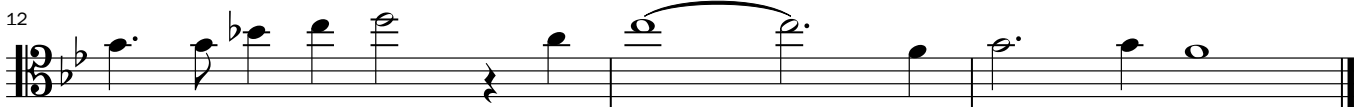
from "First Booke of Songs or Ayres" (1597)

Come, heavy Sleep the image of true Death;  
 And close up these my weary weeping eyes:  
 Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,  
 And tears my heart with Sorrow's sighswoll'n cries:  
 Come and possess my tired thought worn soul,  
 That living dies, till thou on me be stole.

John Dowland  
 (1563 -1626)

Bearbeitung: Christofer Varner

(♩ = ca. 44)



# Behold a Wonder Here

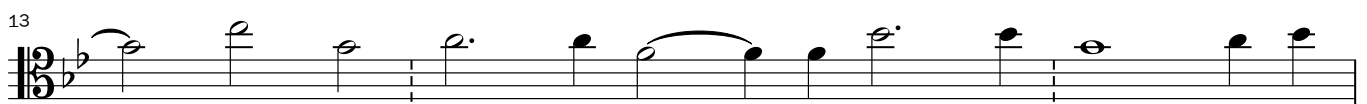
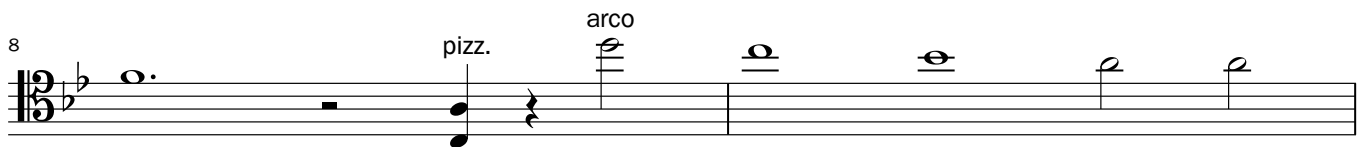
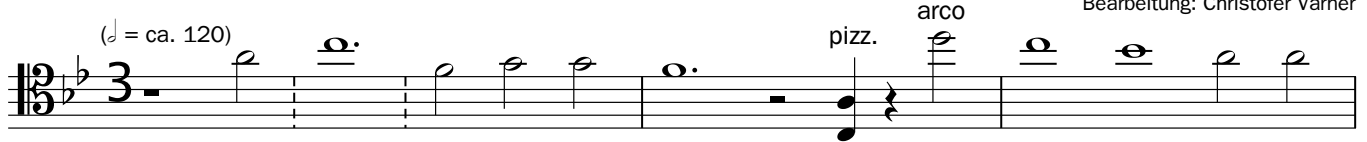
from "Third and Last Booke of Songs or Ayres" (1603)

Behold a wonder here  
Love hath receiv'd his sight,  
Which many hundred years,  
Hath not beheld the light.

Such beams infused be  
By Cynthia in his eyes,  
As first have made him see  
And then have made him wise.

John Dowland  
(1563 -1626)

Bearbeitung: Christofer Varner



14 *pizz.*

16 *arco* *pizz.* *arco*

18 *pizz.*

20 *arco*

21 *pizz.* *arco*

22

23 *pizz.*

# Toss Not My Soul

from "Second Booke of Songs or Ayres" (1600)

Toss not my soul,  
 O Love `twixt hope and fear,  
 Show me some ground where I may firmly stand  
 Or surely fall,  
 I care not which appear,  
 So one will close me in a certain band.  
 When once of ill the utter-most is known,  
 The strength of sorrow quite is over thrown.

John Dowland  
 (1563 -1626)

Bearbeitung: Christofer Varner

(♩ = ca. 56)  
 (arco)



# Wilt Thou, Unkind, Thus Reave Me ?

from "First Booke of Songs or Ayres" (1597)

Wilt thou, unkind, thus reave me  
 Of my heart, and so leave me?  
 Farewell: Farewell,  
 But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)  
 Kiss me sweet, sweet my jewel.

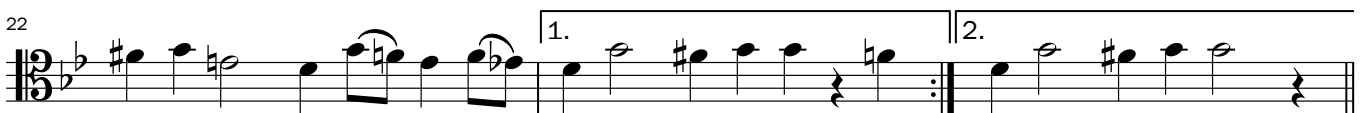
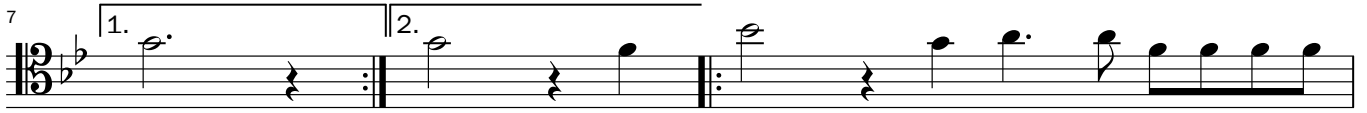
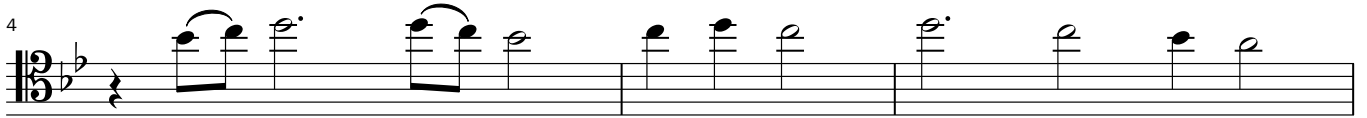
Hope by disdain grows cheerless,  
 Fear doth love, love doth fear, beauty peerless.  
 Farewell: Farewell,  
 But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)  
 Kiss me sweet, sweet my jewel.

John Dowland  
 (1563 -1626)

Bearbeitung: Christofer Varner

(♩ = ca. 66)







# Dear, If You Change

from "First Booke of Songs or Ayres" (1597)

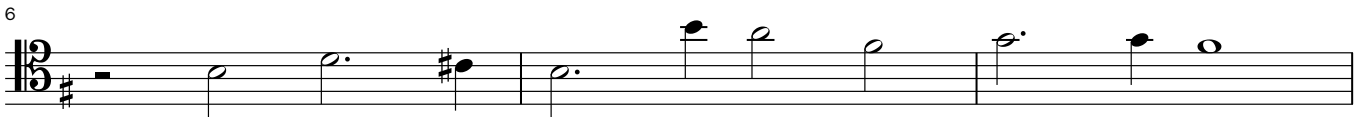
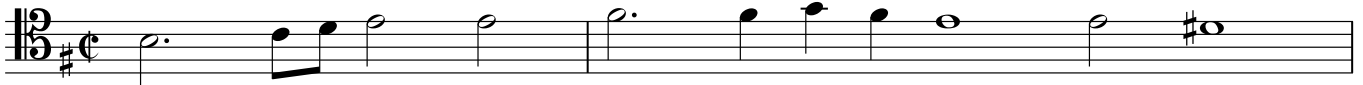
Dear if you change, I'll never choose again.  
 Sweet, if you shrink, I'll never think of love.  
 Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain.  
 Wise, if too weak, moe wits I'll never prove.  
 Dear, Sweet, Fair, Wise, change, shrink, nor be not weak:  
 And, on my faith, my faith shall never break.

John Dowland

(1563 -1626)

Bearbeitung: Christofer Varner

(♩ = ca. 48)







29

arco

33

37

41

44

48

52

56

61