

Bassus

If my complaints could passions move

John Dowland

$\text{♩} = 85$

B $\text{♩} = 85$

5 If my com - plaints could pas - sions move, o(r)
My pas - sions we(re) e - nough to prove, that

9 make love see where-in I suf - fer wrong,
my des - pairs had go - vern'd me too long.

13 O love I live and die in thee,
thy wounds do fresh - ly bleed in me,

17 thy grief, thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks,
my heart, my heart for thy un - kind - ness breaks,

25 and when I hope thou mak'st, thou mak'st me hope in vain.
yet for re - dress thou letst, thou letst me still com - plain.

29 Can love be rich and yet I want, is
Thou plen - ty hast yet me dast scant, thou

33 love my judge and yet I am con - demn'd?
made a god and yet thy power con - temn'd.

37 That I do live it is thy power.
If love doth make men's lives too sour.

41 that I de - sire it is it is thy worth
let me not love, not love nor live hence - forth

that you that of my fall, my fall may hea - rers be.
I was more true to love, to love, than love to me.

If my complaints could passions move,
Or make Love see wherein I suffer wrong:
My passions were enough to prove,
That my despairs had govern'd me too long.
O Love, I live and die in thee,
Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks:
Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me,
My heart for thy unkindness breaks:
Yet thou dost hope when I despair,
And when I hope, thou mak'st me hope in vain.
Thou say'st thou canst my harms repair,
Yet for redress, thou let'st me still complain.

Can Love be rich, and yet I want?
Is Love my judge, and yet I am condemn'd?
Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant:
Thou made a God, and yet thy power contemn'd.
That I do live, it is thy power:
That I desire it is thy worth:
If Love doth make men's lives too sour,
Let me not love, nor live henceforth.
Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
That you that of my fall may hearers be
May here despair, which truly saith,
I was more true to Love than Love to me