

Tenor

If my complaints could passions move

John Dowland

$\text{♩} = 85$

T 8 If my com - plaints could pas - sions move, could pas - sions move, o(r) make love
My pas - sions we(re) e - nough to prove, e - nough to prove, that my des -

6 T 8 see where - in I suf - fer wrong, O love I live — and die, I
pairs had go - vern'd me too long. thy wounds do fresh - ly bleed, do

11 T 8 live and die in thee, thy grief in — my deep sighs deep sighs still — speaks,
fresh - ly bleed in me, my heart for — thy un - kind - , - un - kind - ness. breaks,

17 T 8 yet thou dost hope when I de - spair, and when I
thou say'st thou canst my harms re - pair, yet for re -

22 T 8 hope thou mak'st me hope in vain. Can love be rich and yet I
dress thou letst me still com - plain. Thou plen - ty hast yet me dast

27 T 8 want, and yet I want, is love my judge and yet I am con - demn'd?
scant, yet me dast scant, thou made a god and yet thy power con - temn'd.

33 T 8 That I do live, — that I do live it is thy power. that I de -
If love doth make men's lives, doth make men's lives too sour. let me not —

38 T 8 - sire — it is it is thy — worth Die shall my hopes, but
— love, nor live nor live hence - forth May hear des - pair which

43 T 8 not my faith that you that of my fall may hea - rers be.
tru - ly saith I was more true 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