

III. If My Complaints.

John Dowland, *First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, 1597

Cantus

1. If my com-plaints could pas - sions_ move, Or make love see where-in I suf - fer wrong,
 My pas-sions were e - nough to_ prove That my des-pairs had go-vern'd me too long.

2. Can love be rich, and yet I__ want? Is love my Judge, and yet I am con - demn'd?
 Thou plen - ty hast, yet me dost_ scant; Thou made a god, and yet thy pow'r con - demn'd.

Altus

1. If my com-plaints could pas - sions_ move, Or make love see where - in I suf - fer wrong,
 My pas-sions were e - nough to_ prove That my des-pairs had go-vern'd me too long.

2. Can love be rich, and yet I__ want? Is love my Judge, and yet I am con-demn'd?
 Thou plen - ty hast, yet me dost_ scant; Thou made a god, and yet thy pow'r con-demn'd.

Tenor

1. If my com-plaints could pas-sions move, could pas-sions move, Or make love see where - in I suf - fer wrong,
 My pas-sions were e-nough to prove, e-nough to prove That my des-pairs had go-vern'd me too long.

2. Can love be rich, and yet I want, and yet I want? Is love my Judge, and yet I am con-demn'd?
 Thou plen - ty hast, yet me dost scant, yet me dost scant; Thou made a god, and yet thy pow'r con-demn'd.

Bassus

1. If my com-plaints could pas - sions move, Or__ make love see__ where-in I suf - fer wrong,
 My pas-sions were e - nough to prove That_ my des - pairs_ had go-vern'd me too long.

2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? Is__ love my Judge, and yet I am con - demn'd?
 Thou plen - ty hast, yet me dost scant; Thou_ made a god, and yet thy pow'r con - demn'd.

Lute

C

1. O love, I live and die in thee, Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks;
 Thy wounds do fresh - ly bleed in me, My heart for thy un - kind - ness breaks;

2. That I do love, it is thy power; That I de - sire, it is thy worth;
 If love doth make men's lives too sour, Let me not love, nor live hence - forth.

A

1. O love, I live, I live and die in thee, Thy grief in my deep sighs, deep sighs still speaks;
 Thy wounds do fresh - ly, fresh - ly bleed in me, My heart for thy un - kind un - kind - ness breaks;

2. That I do love, do love, it is thy power; That I de - sire, it is, it is thy worth;
 If love doth make men's, make men's lives too sour, Let me not love, nor live, nor live hence - forth.

T

1. O love, I live and die, I live and die in thee, Thy grief in my deep sighs, deep sighs still speaks;
 Thy wounds do fresh - ly bleed, do fresh - ly bleed in me, My heart for thy un - kind un - kind - ness breaks;

2. That I do love, it is, do love, it is thy power; That I de - sire, it is, it is thy worth;
 If love doth make men's lives, doth make men's lives too sour, Let me not love nor live, nor live hence - forth.

B

1. O love, I live and die in thee, Thy grief, *thy grief* in my deep sighs still speaks;
 Thy wounds do fresh - ly bleed in me, My heart, *my heart* for thy un - kind - ness breaks;

2. That I do love, it is thy power; That I, *That I* de - sire, it is thy worth;
 If love doth make men's lives too sour, Let me, *Let me* not love, nor live hence - forth.

L

C

1. Yet thou dost hope when I des - pair, And when I hope thou mak'st me hope in vain.
 Thou say'st thou canst my harms re - pair, Yet for re - dress thou lett'st me still com - plain.

2. Die shall my hopes, but not my faith, That you, that of my fall, my hear - ers be,
 May hear de - spair, which tru - ly saith: I was more true to Love than Love to me.

A

1. Yet thou dost hope, dost hope when I des - pair, And when I hope thou mak'st, thou mak'st me hope in vain.
 Thou say'st thou canst, thou canst my harms re - pair, Yet for re - dress thou lett'st, thou lett'st me still com - plain.

2. Die shall my hopes, my hopes, but not my faith, That you, that of my fall, my fall, my hear - ers be,
 May hear de - spair, de - spair, which tru - ly saith: I was more true to Love, to Love than Love to me.

T

1. Yet thou dost hope when I des - pair, And when I hope thou mak'st me hope in vain.
 Thou say'st thou canst my harms re - pair, Yet for re - dress thou lett'st me still com - plain.

2. Die shall my hopes, but not my faith, That you, that of my fall, my hear - ers be,
 May hear de - spair, which tru - ly saith: I was more true to Love than Love to me.

B

1. And when I hope thou mak'st, *thou mak'st* me hope in vain.
 Yet for re - dress thou lett'st, *thou lett'st* me still com - plain.

2. That you, that of my fall, *my fall*, my hear - ers be,
 I was more true to Love, *to Love* than Love to me.

L