

# If my complaints

John Dowland

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If my com-plaints could pas-sions move, Or make Love see where- in  
Can love be rich, and yet I want? Is Love my judge and yet

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I suf-fer wrong, My pas-sions were e-nough to prove  
am I con-demn'd? Thou plen-ty hast, yet me dost scant;

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That my des-pairs had gov-ern'd me too long. O Love, I live and  
Thou made a god, and yet thy pow'r con-temn'd. That I do live, it

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die in thee; Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks;  
is thy power; That I de-sire, it is thy worth.

BII-

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Thy wounds do fresh-ly bleed in me; My heart for  
 If Love doth make men's lives too sour Let me not

BII-

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thy un-kind-ness breaks. Yet thou dost hope when I des-pair,  
 love nor live hence-forth. Die shall my hopes, but not my faith

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And when I hope thou mak'st me hope in vain. Thou say'st thou canst my  
 That you, that of my fall may hear-ers be, May here des-pair, which

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harms re-pair, Yet for re-dress thou let'st me still com-plain.  
 tru-ly saith I was more true to Love than Love to me.

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