

## 8 If My Complaints

John Dowland  
(The First Booke of Songs — 1597)

1. If my com - plaints could pas - si - ons moove,  
My pas - sions weare e - nough to proove

Or make love see where-in I suf - fer wrong: O love I  
That my des - pays had go - verned me too long, Thy wounds do

live and dye in thee, Thy grieve in my  
fresh - ly bleed in mee, My hart for thy

deepe sighes still speakes, Yet thou dost hope when I des -  
un - kind - ness breakes, Thou saist thou canst my harmes re -

paire, And when I hope thou makst me hope in vaine.  
paire, Yet for ren - dresse thou letst me still com - plaine.

2. Can love be ritch and yet I want,  
Is love my judge and yet am I 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 mens lives too soure,  
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 despaire, which truly saith  
I was more true to love than love to me.