

If my complaints could passions move

Text: anonym
Musik: John Dowland (1563–1626)
in *The First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, 1597

1. If my com - plaints could pas - sions move,
my pas - sions were e - nough to prove,
2. Can love be rich, and yet I want?
Thou plen - ty hast, yet me dost scant,

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my pas - sions were e - nough to prove,
2. Can love be rich, and yet I want?
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1. If my com - plaints could pas - sions move, could pas - sions move, or
my pas - sions were e - nough to prove, e - nough to prove, that
2. Can love be rich, and yet I want, and yet I want? Is
Thou plen - ty hast, yet me dost scant, yet me dost scant, thou

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my pas - sions were e - nough to prove, that
2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? Is
Thou plen - ty hast, yet me dost scant, thou

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love where - in I suf - fer wrong,
had go - vern'd me too long.
and yet am I con - demn'd?
and yet thy pow'r con - temn'd.

love see where - in I suf - fer wrong,
de - spairs had go - vern'd me too long.
is my judge, and yet am I con - demn'd?
thou made a god, and yet thy pow'r con - temn'd.

make love see where - in I suf - fer wrong,
my de - spairs had go - vern'd me too long.
love my judge, and yet am I con - demn'd?
made a god, and yet thy pow'r con - temn'd.

make love see where - in I suf - fer wrong,
my de - spairs had go - vern'd me too long.
love my judge, and yet am I con - demn'd?
made a god, and yet thy pow'r con - temn'd.

1. O love, I live and die in thee,
thy wounds do fresh - - ly bleed in me,
2. That I do live, it is thy pow'r,
If love doth make men's lives too sour,

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thy wounds do fresh - ly, fresh - ly bleed in me,
2. That I do live, do live, it is thy pow'r,
If love doth make, doth make men's lives too sour,

1. O love, I live and die, I live and die in thee,
thy wounds do fresh - ly bleed, do fresh - ly bleed in me,
2. That I do live, it is, do live, it is thy pow'r,
If love doth make men's lives, doth make men's lives too so

1. O love, I live and die in thee,
thy wounds do fresh - ly bleed in me,
2. That I do live, it is thy pow'r,
If love doth make men's lives too sour,

Carus

thy my heart in for de - - deep sighs still speaks,
un - kind - ness breaks,
it is thy worth,
nor live hence - forth.

thy grief in my deep sighs, deep sighs still speaks,
my heart for thy un - kind-, un - kind - ness breaks,
that I de - - sire, it is, it is thy worth.
let me not love, nor live, nor live hence - forth.

thy grief, thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks,
my heart, my heart for thy un - kind - ness breaks,
that I, that I de - - sire, it is thy worth.
let me, let me not love, nor live hence - forth.

1. yet thou dost hope when I de - spair,
 thou say'st thou canst my harms re - pair,
 2. Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
 may hear de - spair, which tru - ly saith,

1. yet thou dost hope, dost hope when I de - spair,
 thou say'st thou canst, thou canst my harms re - pair,
 2. Die shall my hopes, my hopes, but not my faith,
 may hear de - spair, de - spair, which tru - ly saith,

1. yet thou dost hope when I de - spair,
 thou say'st thou canst my harms re - pair,
 2. Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
 may hear de - spair, which tru - ly saith,

and when thou mak'st me hope in vain,
 yet for re - dress, thou let'st me still com - plain.
 that you that of my fall, my fall may hear - ers be,
 I was more true to love, to love, than love to me.

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