

IF MY COMPLAINTS COULD PASSIONS MOVE.

VOICE

If my com-plaints could pas - si - ons move, Or make Love
My pas-sions were e - nough to prove That my des -

LUTE

see where-in I suf - fer wrong, O Love, I live and die in
- pairs had gov - erned me too long. Thy wounds do fresh - ly bleed in

thee; Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks;
me; My heart for thy un - kind - ness breaks.

Yet thou dost hope when I des - pair,
Thou say'st thou canst my harms re - pair,

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

1
 If my complaints could passions move,
 Or make Love see wherein I suffer wrong,
 My passions were enough to prove
 That my despairs had governed 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.

2
 Can Love be rich, and yet I want?
 Is Love my judge and yet am I condemned?
 Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant;
 Thou made a god, and yet thy power contemned.
 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.