If my complaints
CANTUS.

1. If my complaints could pass-sions move, or make love
My passions were enough to prove, that my de-
2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? Is love my
Thou plentiful hast, yet me dost scant: Thou made

se wherein I suffer wrong: O love, I
spaires had governed mee too long. Thy wounds doe
Judge, and yet I am condemn'd? That I do live,
a God, and yet thy power consented. If love

live and die in thee, thy griefe in my
freshly bleed in mee, my heart for thy
it is thy power: That I desire it
doeth make mens lives too sower, Let me not love,

(1)
deepe sighes still speaks: Yet thou dost hope when I de-
unkindnesse breaks: thou saist thou canst my harmes re-
is thy worth: Die shall my hopes, but not my
not live henceforth. May heere despair, which truly

spaire, and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
paire, yet for redresse, thou letst me still complains.
faith That you that of my fall may hearers be
faith, I was more true to love than love to me.

1 original has quarter note
If my complaints

ALTUS.

John Dowland

1. If my complaints could passions move, or make love
   My passions were enough to prove, that my de-

2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? Is love my
   Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant: Thou made

see wherein I suffer wrong: O love, I live I live
spaires had governed mee too long. Thy wounds doe freshly fresh-
Judge, and yet I am con-demnd? That I do live, it is
a God, and yet thy power con-
temnd. If love doth make mens

and die in thee, thy griefe in my deepe sighes deepe sighs still
ly bleed in mee, my heart for thy un-kind un-
kindnesse
thy power: That I desire it is thy
lives too sowre, Let me not love, not live hence-

speakes: Yet thou dost hope dost hope when I de-
spaire,
breakes: thou saist thou canst thou canst my harmes re-

worth: Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
forth. May heere despair, which truly faith,

and when I hope, thou makst thou makst me hope in vaine.
yet for re-dresse, thou letst thou letst me still com-
plaine.
That you that of my fall may hearers be
I was more true to love than love to me.

⁰Yes, he really has two flats for the altus and only one on the other parts.
If my complaints
TENOR.

1. If my complaints could passions move, could passions move, or
My passions were enough to prove, enough to prove, that

2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? and yet I want, Is
Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant, yet me dost scant: Thou

make love see where-in I suffer wrong: O love, I
my despaires had governed mee too long. Thy wounds doe
love my Judge, and yet I am condemn'd? That I do
made a God, and yet thy power contemnd. If love doth

live and die, I live and die in thee, thy griefe in my deepe sighes
fresh-ly bleed do fresh-ly bleed in mee, my hart for thy un-kind
live, it is, I live it is thy power: That I desire it
make mens lives, mens lives, too sowre, Let me not love, not live,

deepe sighs still speaks: Yet thou dost hope when I de-
un-kind-ness breaks: thou saist thou canst my harmes re-
is thy worth: Die shall my hopes, but not my
not live, henceforth. May heere despaire, which true-

spaire, and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
paire, yet for re-dresse, thou letst me still complaine.
faith, That you that of my fall may hear-ers be
faith, I was more true to love than love to me.
If my complaints

BASSUS. John Dowland

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   My passions were enough to prove, that my de-

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   Thou plentiful hast, yet me dost scant: Thou made a

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God, and yet thy power contemnd. If love doth make mens

die in thee, thy griefe thy griefe in my deepe sighes still speaks:
bleed in mee, my heart my heart for thy unkind-nesse breaks:
is thy power: That I desire it is thy worth:
lives too sour, Let me, let me, not love, not live hence-
thou makst, thou makst, me hope in vaine.
yet for re-dresse, thou letst, thou letst, me still com-plaine.
That you that of my fall, my fall may hearers be
I was more true to love, to love, than love to me.

\(^1\)Rest is editorial.
If my complaints

John Dowland

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   My passions were enough to prove,
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or make love see where-in I suffer wrong: O love, I
that my de-spaires had go-vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe
Is love my Judge, and yet I am condemnd? That I do live,
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live and die in thee, thy griefe in my
fresherly bleed in mee, my heart for thy
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dothe make mens lives too sowe, Let me not love,

deep sighes deepe
my hart for thy unkind
love doth make mens lives too sowe, Let me not love, not

live and die, I live and die in thee, thy griefe in my deepe sighes
fresherly bleed dofresherly bleed in mee, my hart for thy unkind
live, it is, I live it is thy power: That I desire it
make mens lives, mens lives, too sowe, Let me not love, not live,

live and die in thee, thy griefe thy griefe in my
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kindnese breaks: thou saist thou canst my harmes repair,
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live henceforth. May heere despair, which truly faith,
and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
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That you that of my fall may hear-ers be
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