

ALTUS.



1. If my com-plaints could pas-si-ons move, or make love see where-in
 My pas-sions were e-nough to prove, that my de-spires had go-
 2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? Is love my Judge, and yet
 Thou plen-ty hast, yet me dost scant: Thou made a God, and yet



I suf-fer wrong: O love, I live I live and die in thee, thy grieffe in
 vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe fresh-ly fresh-ly bleed in mee, my heart for
 I am con-demnd? That I do live, it is thy power: That I de-
 thy power con-temnd. If love doth make mens lives too sowre, Let me not



my deepe sighes deepe sighs still speakes: Yet thou dost hope dost hope
 thy un-kind un-kind-nesse breakes: thou saist thou canst thou canst
 sire, de-sire it is thy worth: Die shall my hopes, but
 love, not love, not live hence-forth. May heere des-paire, which



when I de-spaire, and when I hope, thou makst thou makst me hope in vaine.
 my harmes re-paire, yet for re-dresse, thou letst thou letst me still com-plaine.
 not my faith, That you that of my fall may hear-ers be
 true-ly faith, I was more true to love than love to me.