

If My Complaints Could Passions Move

John Dowland (c. 1563-1626)



If my com-plaints could pas - sions move, Or make love see where-in I suf-fer wrong,
Can love be rich and yet I want? Is love my judge and yet I am con-demned?



My pas-sions were e - nough to prove, That my des-pair had gov-erned me too long.
Thou plen - ty hast, yet me dost scant; Thou made a god, and yet thy pow'r con-demned?



O Love, I live and die in thee; Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks;
That I do live, it is thy pow'r, That I de - sire, it is thy worth.



Thy wounds do fresh - ly bleed in me; My heart for thy un-kind-ness breaks,
If love doth make men's lives too sour, Let me not love, nor live hence - forth.



Yet thou dost hope when I des - pair, And when I hope, thou mak'st me hope in vain.
Die shall my hopes but not my faith That you, that of my fall shall hear - ers be,



Thou say'st thou canst my harms re - pair, Yet for re - dress thou let'st me still com-plain.
May here des - pair, which tru - ly saith: I was more true to Love than Love to me.