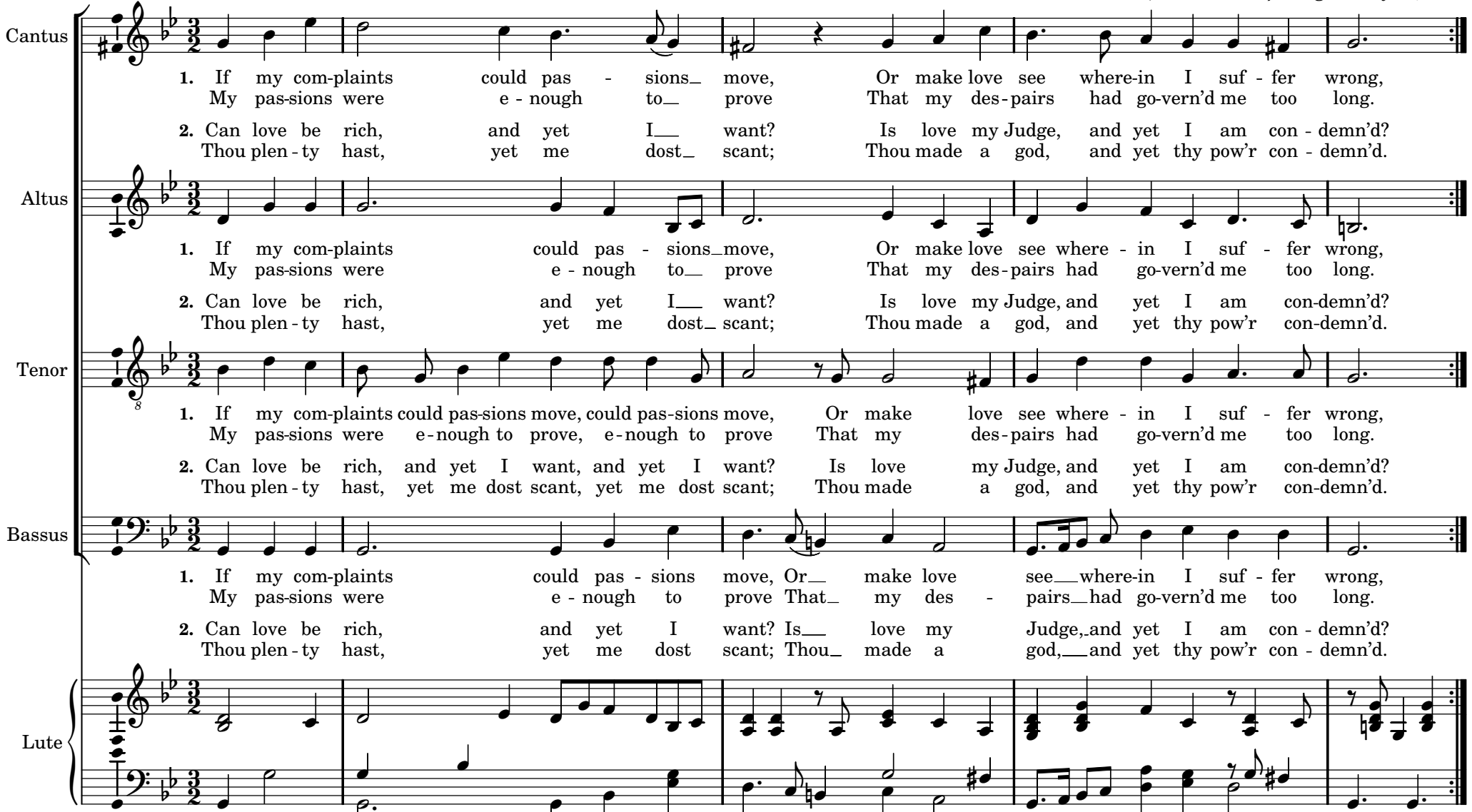
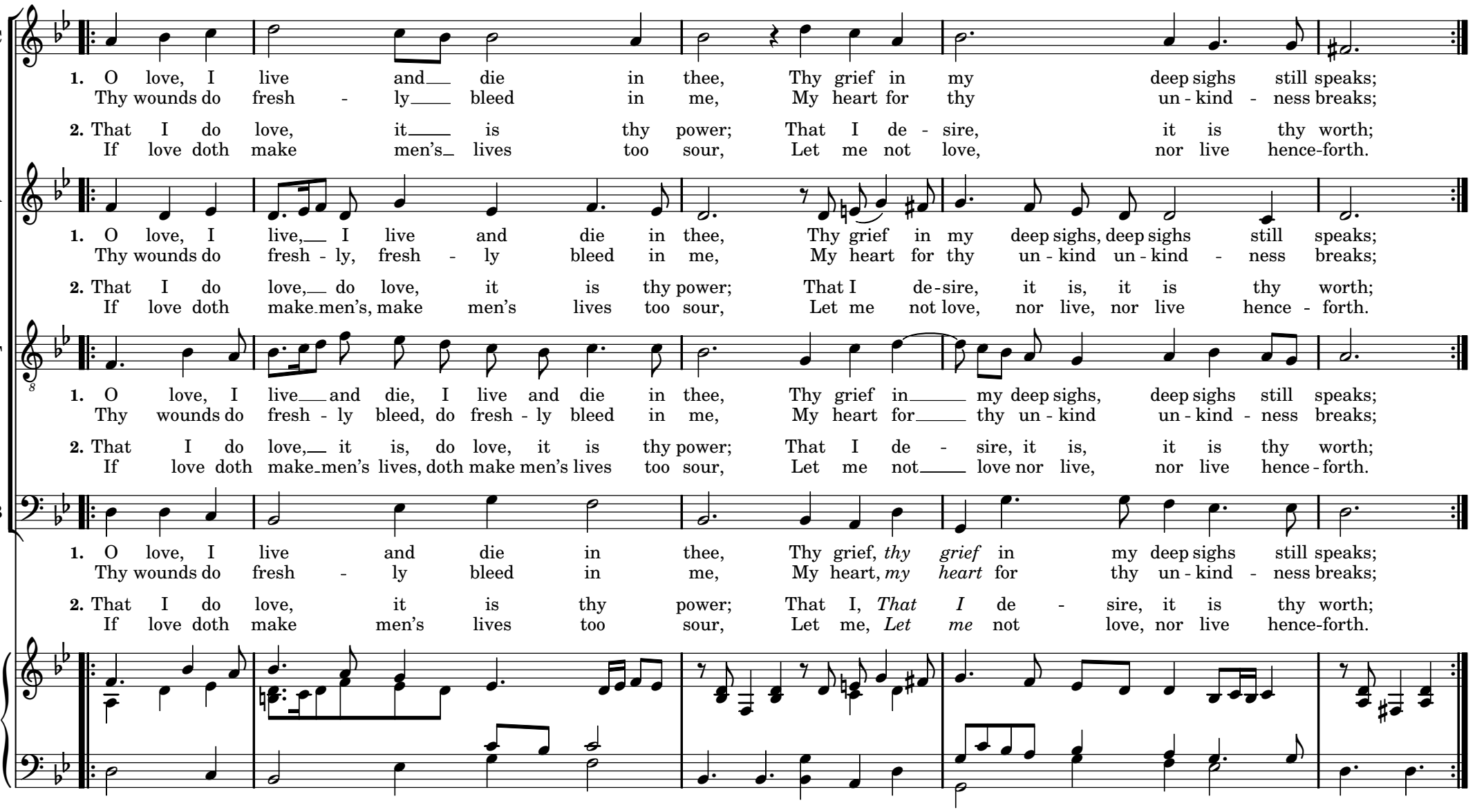
IIII. If My Complaints.

John Dowland, *First Booke of Songes or Ayres,* 1597

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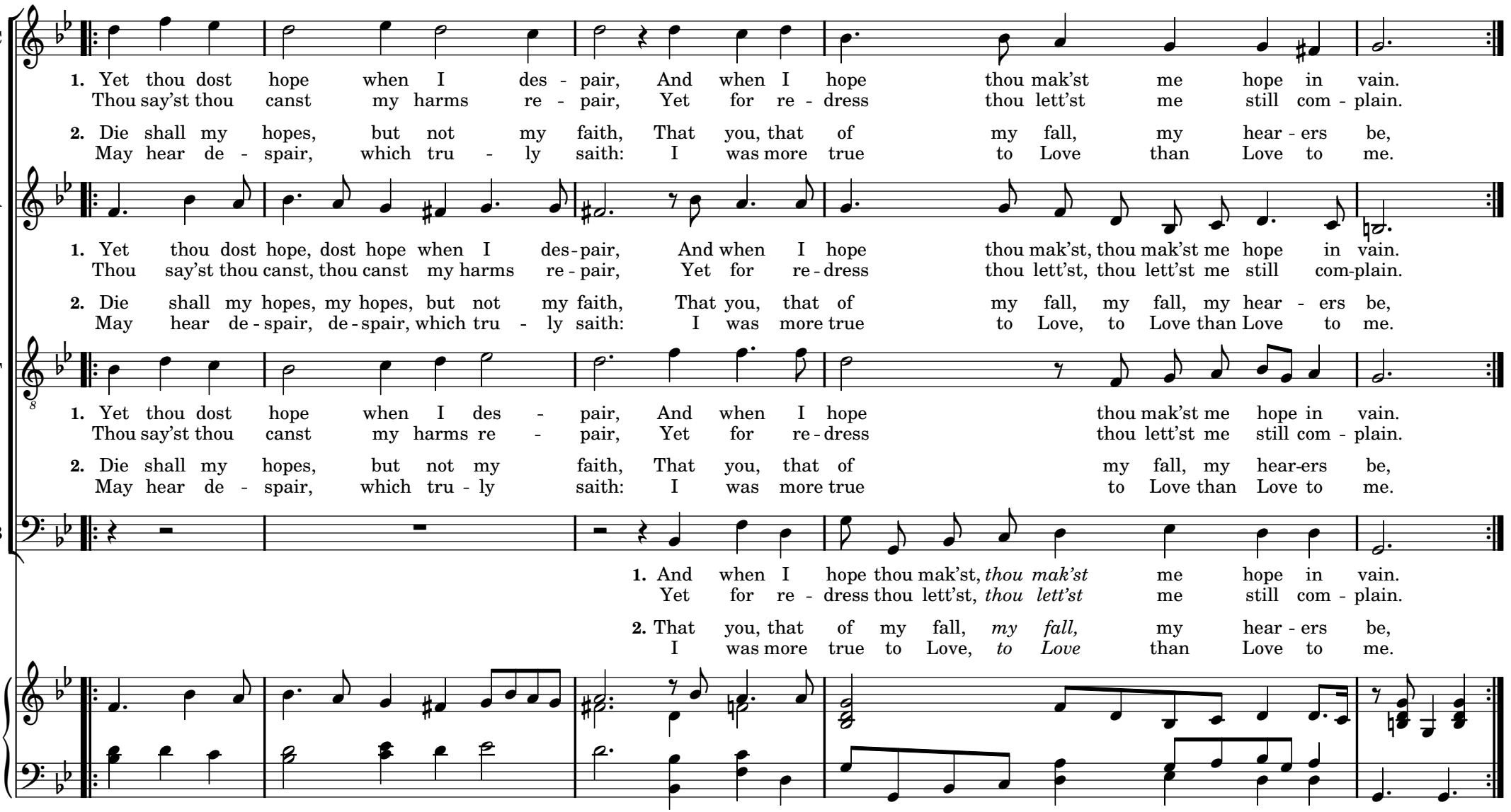
1. O love, I live and die in thee, Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks;
Thy wounds do fresh - ly bleed in me, My heart for thy un - kind - ness breaks;
2. That I do love, it is thy power; That I de - sire, it is thy worth;
If love doth make men's lives too sour, Let me not love, nor live hence-forth.
1. O love, I live, I live and die in thee, Thy grief in my deep sighs, deep sighs still speaks;
Thy wounds do fresh - ly, fresh - ly bleed in me, My heart for thy un - kind un - kind - ness breaks;
2. That I do love, do love, it is thy power; That I de-sire, it is, it is thy worth;
If love doth make men's, make men's lives too sour, Let me not love, nor live, nor live hence - forth.
1. O love, I live and die, I live and die in thee, Thy grief in my deep sighs, deep sighs still speaks;
Thy wounds do fresh - ly bleed, do fresh - ly bleed in me, My heart for thy un - kind un - kind - ness breaks;
2. That I do love, it is, do love, it is thy power; That I de - sire, it is, it is thy worth;
If love doth make men's lives, doth make men's lives too sour, Let me not love nor live, nor live hence - forth.
1. O love, I live and die in thee, Thy grief, thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks;
Thy wounds do fresh - ly bleed in me, My heart, my heart for thy un - kind - ness breaks;
2. That I do love, it is thy power; That I, That I de - sire, it is thy worth;
If love doth make men's lives too sour, Let me, Let me not love, nor live hence-forth.



Zrajm C Akfohg, March–April 2006
http://zrajm.klingonska.org/songs/