

IIII. If my complaints

Cantus

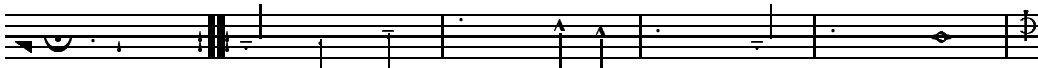
John Dowland



1. If my complaints could pass-
My pas- sions were e- nough
2. Can love be rich, and yet
Is love my Judge, and yet



1. si- ons move, or make love see where- in I suf- fer
to prove, that my de- spaires had go- vernd mee too
2. I want? Thou plen- ty hast, yet me dost
I am condemnd? Thou made a God, and yet thy power con-



1. wrong: O love, I live and die in thee,
long. Thy wounds doe fresh- ly bleed in mee,
2. scant: That I do live, it is thy power:
temnd. That I de- sire it is thy worth:



1. my heart for thy un- kind- nesse breakes: thou saist thou canst my
thy griefe in my deepe sighes still speakes: Yet thou dost hope when
2. If love doth make mens lives too sowre, Die shall my hopes, but
Let me not love, not live hence- forth. May heere des- paire, which



1. harmes re- paire, and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
I de- spaire, yet for re- dresse, thou letst me still com- plaine.
2. 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.

¹original has quarter note

IIII. If my complaints

Altus

John Dowland



1. If my com- plaints could pas- si- ons
My pas- sions were e- nough to
2. Can love be rich, and yet I
Is love my Judge, and yet I am



1. move, or make love see where- in I suf- fer wrong: O love, I
prove, that my de- spaires had go- vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe
2. want? Thou plen- ty hast, yet me dost scant: That I do
condemnd? Thou made a God, and yet thy power con- temnd. That I de-



1. live I live and die in thee, thy griefe in my deepe sighes deepe
fresh- ly fresh- ly bleed in mee, my heart for thy un- kind un-
2. live, it is thy power: If love doth make mens
sire it is thy worth: Let me not love, not



1. sighs still speakes: Yet thou dost hope dost hope when I de-
kind- nesse breakes: thou saist thou canst thou canst my harmes re-
2. lives too sowre, Die shall my hopes, but not my
live hence- forth. May heere des- paire, which true- ly



1. spaire, and when I hope, thou makst thou makst me hope in vaine.
 paire, yet for re- dresse, thou letst thou letst me still com- plaine.
2. faith, That you that of my fall may hear- ers be
 faith, 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.

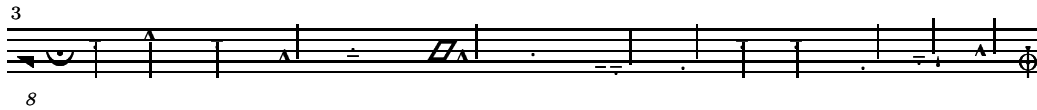
IIII. If my complaints

Tenor

John Dowland



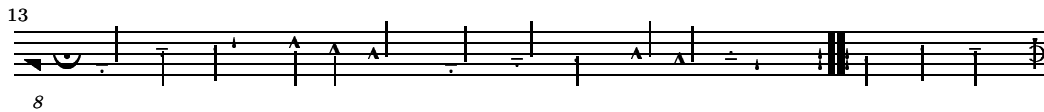
- 8
1. If my com- plaints could pas- sions
My pas- sions were e- nough to
2. Can love be rich, and yet I
Is love my Judge, and yet I



- 8
1. move, could pas- sions move, or make love see where- in I suf- fer
prove, e- nough to prove, that my de- spaires had go- vernd mee too
2. want? and yet I want, Thou plen- ty hast, yet me dost
am con- demnd? con- demnd? Thou made a God, and yet thy power con-



- 8
1. wrong: O love, I live and die, I live and die in thee,
long. Thy wounds doe fresh - ly bleed do fresh- ly bleed in mee,
2. scant: That I do live, it is, I live it is thy power:
temnd. That I de- sire it is, I de- sire it, thy worth:



- 8
1. thy grieffe in my deepe sighes deepe sighs still speakes: Yet thou dost
my hart for thy un- kind un- kind- nesse breakes: thou saist thou
2. If love doth make mens lives, mens lives, too sowre, Die shall my
Let me not love, not live, not live, hence- forth. May heere des-

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

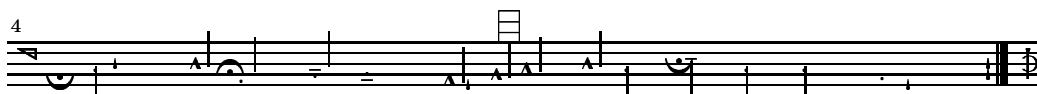
IIII. If my complaints

Bassus

John Dowland



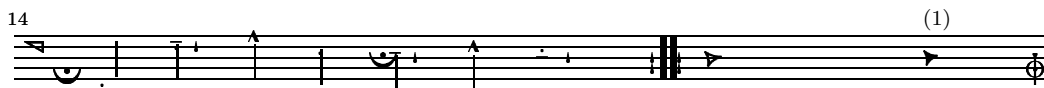
1. If my com- plaints could pas- sions
My pas- sions were e- nough to
2. Can love be rich, and yet I
Is love my Judge, and yet I am



1. move, or make love see where- in I suf- fer wrong:
prove, that my de- spaires had go- vernd mee too long.
2. want? Thou plen- ty hast, yet me dost scant:
con- demnd? Thou made a God, and yet thy power con- temnd.

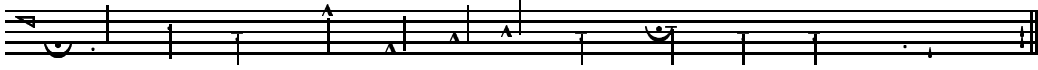


1. O love, I live and die in thee, thy griefe thy
Thy wounds doe fresh- ly bleed in mee, my heart my
2. That I do live, it is thy power: If love, if
That I de- sire it is thy worth: Let me, let



1. griefe in my deepe sighes still speakes:
heart for thy un- kind- nesse breakes:
2. love, doth make mens lives too sowre,
me, not love, not live hence- forth.

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

¹Rest is editorial.