

# If my complaints could passions moue

from The First Booke of Songes or Ayres, 1597

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Chords: Gm Cm Gm Cm Gm Cm D Cm D Gm Dm

If my com - plaints could pas - si - ons mooue, or make loue see where - in  
My pas - sions weare e - nough to prooue, that my des - payrs had gou -

If my com - plaints could pas - si - ons mooue, or make loue see where - in  
My pas - sions weare e - nough to prooue, that my des - payrs had gou -

If my com - plaints could pas - sions mooue, could pas - sions mooue, or make loue see where - in  
My pas - sions weare e - nough to prooue, e - nough to prooue, that my des - payrs had gou -

If my com - plaints could pas sions mooue, or make loue see where - in  
My pas - sions weare e - nough to prooue, that my des - payrs had gou -

Chords: Cm D(no3rd) G Dm Gm Cm Bb Cm Eb F(no3rd) Bb

I suf - fer wrong: O loue I liue and dye in thee  
ernd me to long, thy wounds do fresh - ly bleedfresh - ly bleed in mee,

I suf - fer wrong: O loue I liue I liue and dye in thee  
ernd me to long, thy wounds do fresh - ly bleedfresh - ly bleed in mee,

I suf - fer wrong: O loue I liue and dye I liue and dye in in thee  
ernd me to long, thy wounds do fresh - ly bleed do fresh - ly bleed in mee,

I suf - fer wrong: O loue I liue and dye in thee  
ernd me to long, thy wounds do fresh - ly bleed in mee,

Gm Am D(no3rd)Gm Dm Eb Cm D Bb Cm Bb Cm

thy griefe in my heart for my thy deepesighes still vn-kind - nes speakes, breakes: yet thou doe thou saist thou hope canst when my hope doe hope canst

thy griefe thy griefe in my deepesighes still speakes,  
 my heart my heart for thy vn-kind - nes breakes:

D Cm D Bb F Dm Gm Dm Eb Gm D G

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

and when I hope thou makst thou makst me hope in vaine.  
 yet for re - dresse thou letst thou letst me still com - plaine.

Can loue be ritch, and yet I want,  
 Is loue my iudge, and yet am I condemnd?  
 Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant,  
 Thou made a god, and yet thy power contemn'd.  
 That I do liue, it is thy power:  
 That I desire it is thy worth,

If loue doth make mens liues too soure,  
 Let me not loue, nor live henceforth.  
 Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,  
 That you that of my fall may hearers be.  
 May here despaire, which truly saith,  
 I was more true to loue, then loue to me.