

THE FIRST BOOKE OF SONGS OR AYRES

IOHN DOWLAND

1597 [1613]

III. If my complaints could passions moue.

If my complaints could passions moue,
Or make loue see wherein I suffer wrong :
My passions were enough to proue,
That my despairs had gouern'd mee too long.
O loue, I liue and die in thee,
Thy grieve in my deepe sighes still speakes:
Thy wounds do freshly bleed in mee,
My heart for thy vnkindnesse breakes :
Yet thou dost hope when I despaire,
And when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
Thou saists thou canst my harmes repaire,
Yet for redresse, thou letst me still complaine.

Can loue be rich, 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 contemnd.
That I do liue, it is thy power :
That I desire it is thy worth :
If loue doth make mens liues too sowre,
Let me not loue, nor liue henceforth.
Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
That you that of my fall may hearers be
May heere despaire, which truely saith,
I was more true to loue than loue to me.