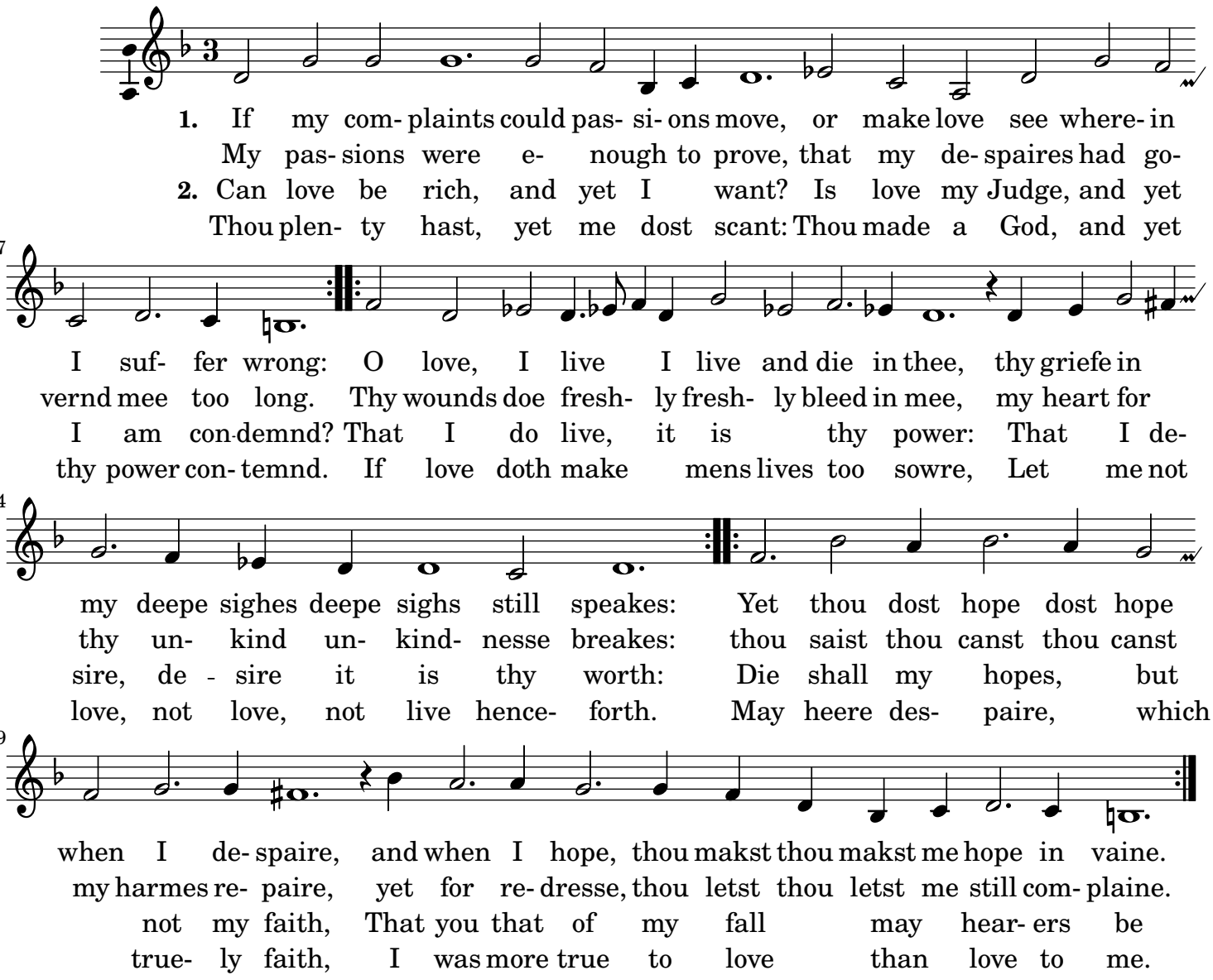
ALTUS.


1. If my com- plaints could pas- si- ons move, or make love see where- in
My pas- sions were e- nough to prove, that my de- spaires had go-
2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? Is love my Judge, and yet
Thou plen- ty hast, yet me dost scant: Thou made a God, and yet
I suf- fer wrong: O love, I live I live and die in thee, thy griefe in
vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe fresh- ly fresh- ly bleed in mee, my heart for
I am con-demnd? That I do live, it is thy power: That I de-
thy power con- temnd. If love doth make mens lives too sowre, Let me not
my deepe sighes deepe sighs still speakes: Yet thou dost hope dost hope
thy un- kind un- kind- nesse breakes: thou saist thou canst thou canst
sire, de - sire it is thy worth: Die shall my hopes, but
love, not love, not live hence- forth. May heere des- paire, which
when I de- spaire, and when I hope, thou makst thou makst me hope in vaine.
my harmes re- paire, yet for re- dresse, thou letst thou letst me still com- plaine.
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.