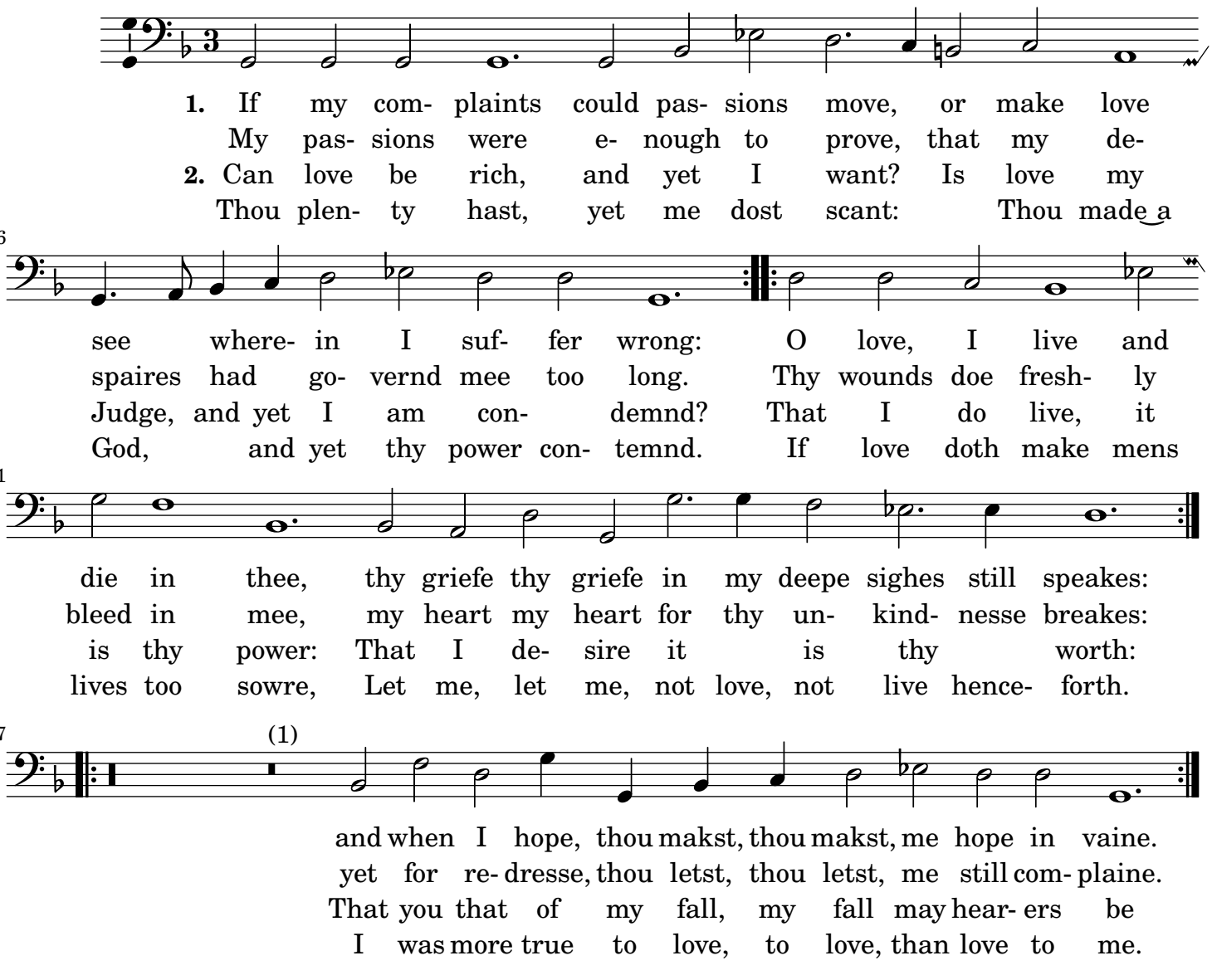
BASSUS.


1. If my com- plaints could pas- sions move, or make love
My pas- sions were e- nough to prove, that my de-
2. Can love be rich, and yet I want? Is love my
Thou plen- ty hast, yet me dost scant: Thou made a
see where- in I suf- fer wrong: O love, I live and
spaires had go- vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe fresh- ly
Judge, and yet I am con- demnd? That I do live, it
God, and yet thy power con- temnd. If love doth make mens
die in thee, thy griefe thy griefe in my deepe sighes still speakes:
bleed in mee, my heart my heart for thy un- kind- nesse breakes:
is thy power: That I de- sire it is thy worth:
lives too sowre, Let me, let me, not love, not live hence- forth.
(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.
That you that of my fall, my fall may hear- ers be
I was more true to love, to love, than love to me.