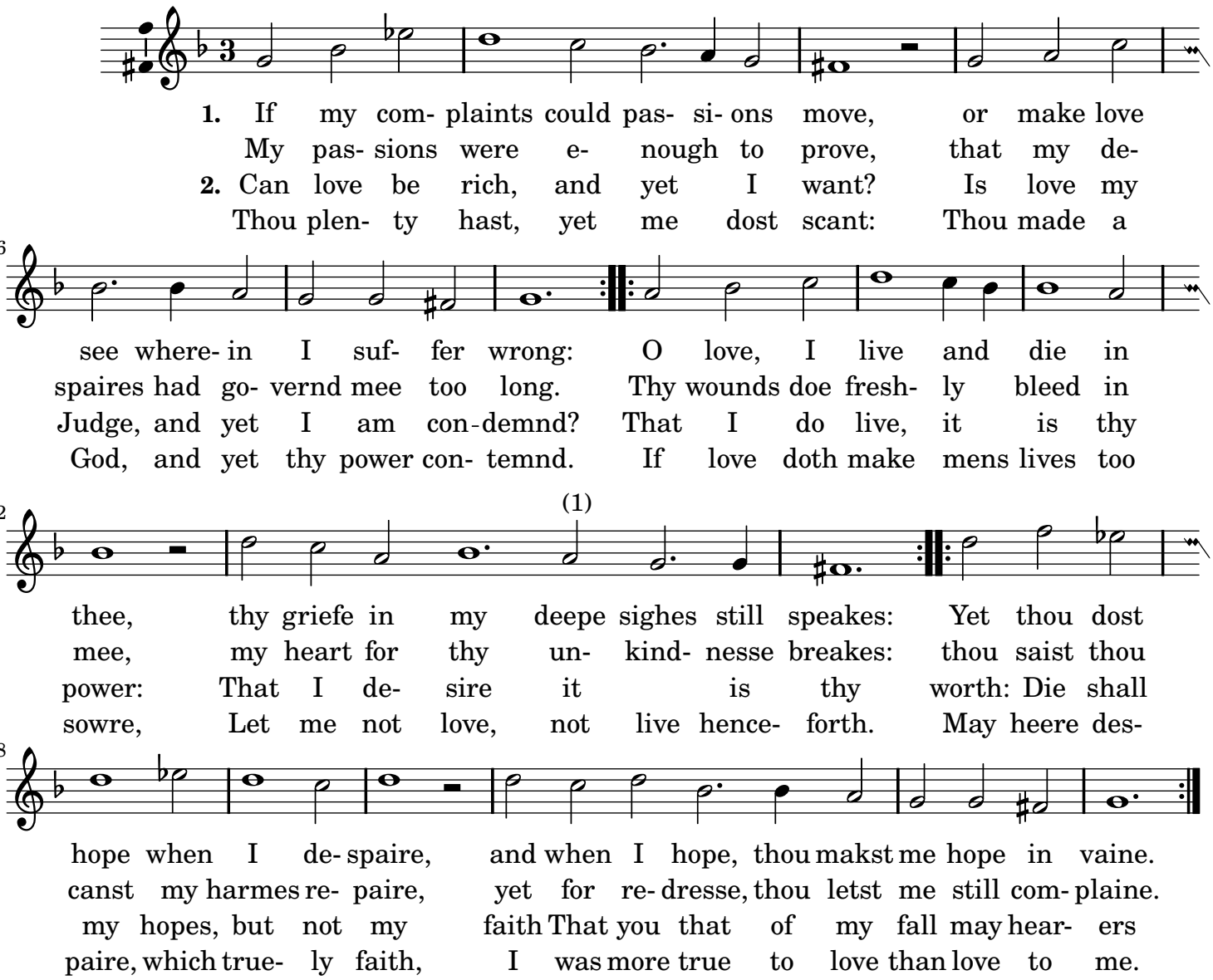
CANTUS.


1. If my com- plaints could pas- si- ons 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 die in
spaires had go- vernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe fresh- ly bleed in
Judge, and yet I am con-demnd? That I do live, it is thy
God, and yet thy power con- temnd. If love doth make mens lives too
(1)
thee, thy griefe in my deepe sighes still speakes: Yet thou dost
mee, my heart for thy un- kind- nesse breakes: thou saist thou
power: That I de- sire it is thy worth: Die shall
sowre, Let me not love, not live hence- forth. May heere des-
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.
my hopes, but not my faith That you that of my fall may hear- ers
paire, which true- ly faith, I was more true to love than love to me.