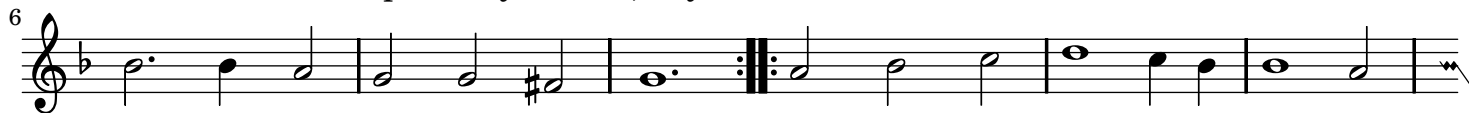


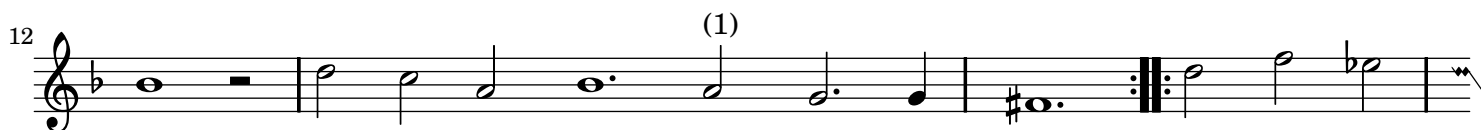
CANTUS.



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



thee, thy grieffe 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.