

If My Complaints Could Passions Move

1597

Transcription for Guitar and Voice
by Richard PICK

John DOWLAND
1562-1626

Moderately

The musical score is written for voice and guitar. It consists of 15 measures, grouped into five systems of three measures each. The key signature has one flat (B-flat major), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderately'. The score includes a vocal line with lyrics and a guitar accompaniment line with chord diagrams and fingering.

Measure 1: If my com - plaints could pas - - si - ons
Chord: C3 (C4, E3, G3)
Fingering: 3, 4, 4

Measure 2: or make love see where - in
Chord: C3 (C4, E3, G3)
Fingering: 3, 4, 4

Measure 3: I suf - fer wrong. O love, I
Chord: C3 (C4, E3, G3)
Fingering: 3, 4, 4

Measure 4: move,
Chord: C3 (C4, E3, G3)
Fingering: 3, 4, 4

Measure 5: I suf - fer wrong. O love, I
Chord: C3 (C4, E3, G3)
Fingering: 3, 4, 4

Measure 6: live and die in thee;
Chord: C6 (C4, E4, G4, A4)
Fingering: 1, 2, 3, 4

Measure 7: live and die in thee;
Chord: C6 (C4, E4, G4, A4)
Fingering: 1, 2, 3, 4

Measure 8: live and die in thee;
Chord: C6 (C4, E4, G4, A4)
Fingering: 1, 2, 3, 4

Measure 9: Thy grief in my deep sighs still
Chord: C3 (C4, E3, G3)
Fingering: 3, 4, 4

Measure 10: Thy grief in my deep sighs still
Chord: C3 (C4, E3, G3)
Fingering: 3, 4, 4

Measure 11: Thy grief in my deep sighs still
Chord: C3 (C4, E3, G3)
Fingering: 3, 4, 4

Measure 12: Thy grief in my deep sighs still
Chord: C3 (C4, E3, G3)
Fingering: 3, 4, 4

Measure 13: Thy grief in my deep sighs still
Chord: C3 (C4, E3, G3)
Fingering: 3, 4, 4

Measure 14: Thy grief in my deep sighs still
Chord: C3 (C4, E3, G3)
Fingering: 3, 4, 4

Measure 15: Thy grief in my deep sighs still
Chord: C3 (C4, E3, G3)
Fingering: 3, 4, 4

16

speaks

Yet thou dost hope when

C6 C3

19

I des - pair

And when I

C6 C3

22

hope thou mak'st me hope in vain.

C3 C1 C3

1. If my complaints could passions move,
 Or make Love see wherein I suffer wrong,
 My passions were enough to prove
 that my despairs had governed me too long.
 O Love, I live and die in thee;
 Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks;
 Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me;
 My heart for thy unkindness break.
 Yet thou dost hope when I despair,
 And when I hope thou mak'st me hope in vain.
 Thou say'st thou canst my harms repair,
 Yet for redress thou let'st me still complain.



2. Can Love be rich, and yet I want?
 Is Love my judge and yet I am condemned?
 Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant,
 Thou made a god, and yet thy power contemned.
 That I do live, it is thy power.
 That I desire, it is my worth.
 If Love doth make men's lives too sour
 Let me not love nor live henceforth.
 Die shall my hopes, but not my faith
 That you, that of my fall hearers be,
 May here despair, which truly saith
 I was more true to Love than Love to me.

