

Complaint

Tr.
5
1. Thou God of love, thou ev - er - blest, Pi - ty my suffering state; When wilt thou set my soul at rest From lips that love de - ceit?
2. O might I fly to change my place, How would I choose to dwell In some wide lonesome wilderness, And leave these gates of hell!

T.
B.

Tr.
10 15
Hard lot of mine! my days are cast A - mong the sons of strife, Whose never - ceasing brawlings waste My gol - den hours of
New passions still their souls en - gage, And keep their mal - ice strong: What shall be done to curb thy rage, O thou de - vour - ing

T.
B.

Tr.
20 25 1. 2.
life. Peace is the blessing that I seek, How lovely are its charms! I am for peace; but when I speak, They all declare for arms.
tongue! Should burning arrows smite thee through Strict justice would ap - prove; But I had rather spare my foe, And melt his heart with love.

T.
B.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2021.

1. Top line ("Air") and second line switched, so melody in Tenor.
2. Piece re-barr'd to eliminate long rests.
3. Repeat added for last quatrain.