

Complaint

Air*

Tr. 1. Thou God of love, thou ever – 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. 8

B. 8

Tr. 15 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast Among the sons of strife, Whose never – ceasing brawlings waste My golden hours of life.
New passions still their souls engage, And keep their malice strong: What shall be done to curb thy rage, O thou de – vour – ing tongue!

T. 8

B. 8

Tr. 20 25 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.
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. 8

B. 8

*. Melody.