

V. Can she excuse my wrongs

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. Can she ex- cuse my wrongs with ver- tues cloak? shal I call her
Are those cleer fires which va- nish in- to smoak? must I praise the
2. Was I so base, that I might not as- pire Un- to those high
As they are high, so high is my de- sire: If she this de-



good when she proves un- kind? No no: where sha- dows do for
leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is like to words writ-
joyes which she holds from me? If she will yeeld to that which
nie, what can gran- ted be? Deare make me hap- py still by



bo- dies stand, thou maist be a- busde if thy sight be dim.
ten on sand, or to bub- bles which on the wa- ter swim.
rea- son is, It is rea- sons will that love should be just.
grant- ing this, Or cut off de- layes if that I die must.



Wilt thou be thus a- bu- sed still, see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver
Bet- ter a thou- sand times to die, Then for to live thus still tor- ment- ed:



if thou canst not ore- com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit- les e- ver.
Deare but re- mem- ber it was I Who for thy sake did die con- tent- ed.