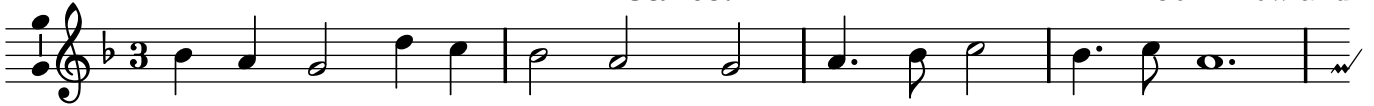


## XIX. Shall I sue

Canto.

John Dowland



1. Shall I sue shall I seeke for grace? Shall I pray shall I prove?
2. Sil-ly wretch for- sake these dreames, of a vaine de- sire
3. Pit- tie is but a poore de- fence, for a dy- ing hart,
4. Jus- tice gives each man his owne though my love bee just,



Shall I strive to a heaven-ly Joy, with an earth-ly love?  
o be-thinke what hie re- gard, ho-ly hopes doe re-quire.  
La- dies eies re- spect no mone, in a meane de- sert.  
Yet will not shee pittie my grieffe, there-fore die I must,



Shall I think that a bleed- ing hart Or a wound- ed eie,  
Fa- vour is as faire as things are, Trea- sure is not bought,  
Shee is to wor- thie far, for a worth so base,  
Sil- ly hart then yeeld to die, per- ish in dis- paire,



Or a sigh can as- cend the cloudes to at- taine so hie.  
Fa- vour is not wonne with words, nor the wish of a thought.  
Cru- ell and but just is shee, in my just dis- grace.  
Wit- nesse yet how faine I die, When I die for the faire.

## XIX. Shall I sue

Alto.

John Dowland



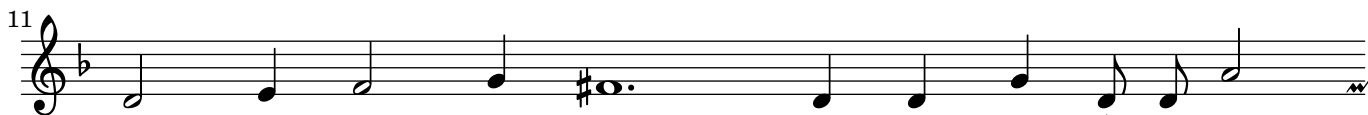
1. Shall I sue shall I seeke for grace? Shall I pray shall I prove?
2. Sil-ly wretch for- sake these dreames, of a vaine de- sire
3. Pit- tie is but a poore de- fence, for a dy- ing hart,
4. Jus- tice gives each man his owne though my love bee just,



Shall I strive to a heav- en- ly Joy, with an earth- ly  
o be- thinke what hie re- gard, ho- ly hopes doe re-  
La- dies eies re- spect no mone, in a meane de-  
Yet will not shee pit- tie my grieffe, there- fore die I



love? Shall I think that a bleed- ing hart, a bleed- ing hart  
quire. Fa- vour is as faire as things are, as things are,  
sert. Shee is to wor- thie far, to wor- thie far,  
must, Sil- ly hart then yeeld to die, then yeeld to die,



Or a wound- ed eie, Or a sigh can as- cend  
Trea- sure is not bought, Fa- vour is not wonne  
for a worth so base, Cru- ell and but just is  
per- ish in dis- paire, Wit- nesse yet how faine



the cloudes, as- cend the cloudes to at- taine so hie.  
with words, not wonne with words, nor the wish of a thought.  
shee, but just is shee, in my just dis- grace.  
I die, how faine I die, When I die for the faire.

## XIX. Shall I sue

Tenore.

John Dowland



1. Shall I sue shall I seeke for grace? Shall I pray shall I prove?
2. Sil-ly wretch for- sake these dreames, of a vaine de- sire
3. Pit- tie is but a poore de- fence, for a dy- ing hart,
4. Jus- tice gives each man his owne though my love bee just,



Shall I strive to a heav- en- ly Joy, with an earth- ly love?  
o be- thinke what hie re- gard, ho- ly hopes doe re-quire.  
La- dies eies re- spect no mone, in a meane de- sert.  
Yet will not shee pit- tie my grieffe, there- fore die I must,



Shall I think that a bleed- ing hart Or a wound- ed eie,  
Fa- vour is as faire as things are, Trea- sure is not bought,  
Shee is to wor- thie far, for a worth, for a worth, so base,  
Sil- ly hart then yeeld to die, per- ish in dis- paire,



Or a sigh can as- cend the cloudes, the cloudes, to at- taine so hie.  
Fa- vour is not wonne with words, with words, nor the wish of a thought.  
Cru- ell and but just is shee, is shee, in my just dis- grace.  
Wit- nesse yet how faine I die, I die, When I die for the faire.

## XIX. Shall I sue

Basso.

John Dowland



1. Shall I sue shall I seeke for grace? Shall I pray shall I prove?
2. Sil-ly wretch for- sake these dreames, of a vaine de- sire
3. Pit- tie is but a poore de- fence, for a dy- ing hart,
4. Jus- tice gives each man his owne though my love bee just,



Shall I strive to a heav- en- ly Joy, with an earth- ly love?  
o be- thinke what hie re- gard, ho- ly hopes doe re- quire.  
La- dies eies re- spect no mone, in a meane de- sert.  
Yet will not shee pit- tie my grieffe, there- fore die I must,



Shall I think, Shall I think, that a bleed- ing hart Or a wound- ed eie,  
Fa- vour is, Fa- vour is, as faire as things are, Trea- sure is not bought,  
Shee is to Shee is to wor- thie far, for a worth so base,  
Sil- ly hart, Sil- ly hart, then yeeld to die, per- ish in dis- paire,



Or a sigh can as- cend the cloudes to at- taine so hie.  
Fa- vour is not wonne with words, nor the wish of a thought.  
Cru- ell and but just is shee, in my just dis- grace.  
Wit- nesse yet how faine I die, When I die for the faire.