

# V. Can she excuse my wrongs

Bassus

John Dowland



1. Can she ex- cuse ex- cuse my wrongs with ver- tues cloak?  
Are those cleer fires cleer fires which va- nish in- to smoak?

2. Was I so base, that I might not, might not, as- pire  
As they are high, so high is my de- sire, de- sire:



shal I call her good when she proves un- kind? No no: where sha- dows do for  
must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is like to words

Un- to those highjoyes which she holds from me? If she will yeeld to that  
If she this de- nie, what can gran- ted be? Deare make me hap- py still



bo- dies stand, thou maist be a- busde if thy sight be dim.  
writ- ten on sand, or to bub- bles which on the wa- ter swim.

which rea- son is, It is rea- sons will that love should be just.

17 by 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?

21 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.