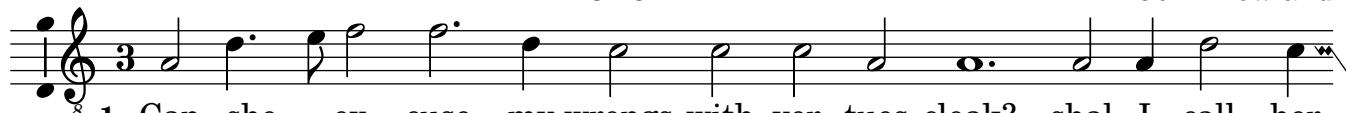


V. Can she excuse my wrongs

Tenor

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 no: where sha- dows do for
leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love love is like to words to
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 for bo- dies stand, thou maist bee a- busde if thy
words writ- ten on sand, or to bub- bles which on the
rea- son, which rea- son, is, It is rea- sons will that love, that
grant- ing, by grant- ing, this, Or cut off de- layes if that, if



sight thy sight be dim. Wilt thou be thus a- bu- sed
wa- ter wa- ter swim. Bet- ter a thou- sand times to
love, should be just.
that, I die must.



still, see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver if thou canst not ore-
die, Then for to live thus still tor- ment- ed: Deare but re- mem- ber



com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit- les e- ver.
it was I Who for thy sake did die con- tent- ed.