

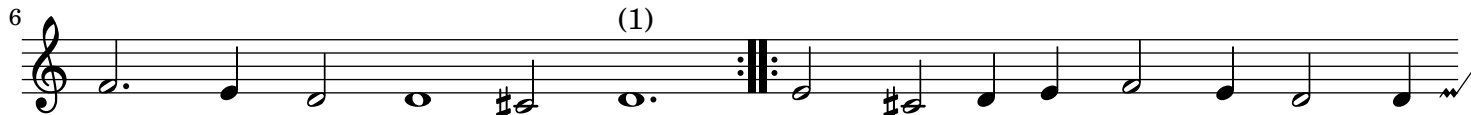
# V. Can she excuse my wrongs

Altus

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 where  
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



sha- dows do for bo- dies stand, thou maist be a- busde a- bused if thy sight be  
like to words writ- ten on sand, or to bub- bles which on the wa- ter wa- ter  
rea- son is, which rea- son is, It is rea- sons will that love, that love, should be  
grant- ing this, grant- ing this, Or cut off de- layes if that I die, I die,



dim. 1. Wilt thou be thus a - bu - sed still, see - ing that she wil right thee ne - ver  
swim.  
just. Bet- ter a thou- sand times to die, Then for to live, thus still tor- ment- ed:  
must.



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.