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 griefe, 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, Treas- 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. Just-ice 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 griefe, 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 ascend Treas-ure 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.

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- fense, 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 griefe, there- fore die I must,

Shall I think that a bleed- ing hart Or a wound-ed eie,
Fa- vor is as faire as things are, Treas- sure is not bought,
Shee is to wor- thier 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- ascend the cloudes, the cloudes, to at- taine so hie.
Fa- vor 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 griefe, 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 forth some base,
Sil- ly hart, Sil- ly hart, then yeeld to die, per- ish in dis- paire,

Or a sigh can asc- end the clouds to att- 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.