

Can she excuse My wrongs

The First Booke of Songes or Ayres, n. 1

John Dowland

CANTVS
ALTVS
TENOR
BASSVS

Can she ex - cuse my wrongs with virtues cloak shall I call her
Are those clear fires which van - ish in to smoke must I praise the

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6

C
A
T
B

good when she proves un - kind No, no where sha-dows do for
leaves where no fruit I find Cold love is like to words writ

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

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

good when she proves un - kind No no where sha-dows do for
leaves where no fruit I find Cold love is like to words writ

11

C
A
T
B

bo - dies stand thou maist be a - bused if thy sight be
ten on sand or to bub-les which on the wa - ter

shadows do for bo - dies stand thou maist be a - bused a - bused if thy sight be
like to words written on sand or to bub-les which on the wa - ter wa - ter

bo _ dies for bodies stand thou maist be a - bused if thy sight thy sight be
words written on sand or to bub-les which on the wa - ter wa - ter

bo _ dies stand thou maist be a - bused if thy sight be
ten on sand or to bu - bles which on the wa - ter

2
16

C
dim swim
Wilt thou be thus a - bu - sed still seeing that she wil right thee ne - ver

A
dim swim
Wilt thou be thus a - bu - sed still seeing that she wil right thee ne - ver

T
dim swim
Wilt thou be thus a - bus - ed still seeing that she will right thee

B
dim swim
Wilt thou be thus a - bus - ed still seeing that she will right thee ne - ver

21

C
if thou canst not o'er - come her will thy love will be thus fruitless e - ver

A
if thou canst not o'er - come her will thy love will be thus fruit - less e - ver

T
ne - ver if thou canst not o'er come her will thy love will be thus fruitless ever

B
if thou canst not o'er come her will thy love will be thus fruitless ever

Was I so base that I might not aspire
 Unto those hight joys which she holds from me
 As they are high so high is my desire
 If she this deny what can granted be

If she will yield to that which reason is
 It is reason's will that love should be just
 Dear make me happy still by granting this
 Or cut of delays if that die I must

Better a thousand times to die
 Then for to live thus still tormented
 Dear but remember it was I
 Who for thy sake did die contented