

Can She Excuse My Wrongs

John Dowland
(1562 - 1622)

Can she ex - cuse my wrongs with vir - tues cloak? Shall I call her
Are those clear fires which va - nish in - to smoke? Must I praise the

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Are those clear fires, clear fires which va - nish in - to smoke? Must I praise the

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

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leaves where no fruit I find? Cold, cold love is like two words writ-

bo - dies stand, thou may'st be ab - us'd if thy sight be dim.
ten on sand, or two bub-bles which on the wa - ter swim.

sha-dows do for bo - dies stand, thou may'st be ab - us'd, ab - us'd if thy sight be dim.
ten, two words writ-ten on sand, or two bub-bles which, which on wa - ter, wa - ter swim.

8 bo - dies, for bo-dies stand, thou may'st be ab - us'd if thy sight, thy sight be dim.
words writ-ten on sand, or two bub-bles which on the wa - ter, wa - ter swim.

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John Dowland: Can she excuse my wrongs

Wilt thou be thus ab - u - sed still, see - ing that she will right thee ne - ver

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8 Wilt thou be thus ab - u - sed still, see - ing that she will right thee

Wilt thou be thus ab - u - sed still, see - ing that she will right thee ne - ver

if thou canst not or come her will, thy love will be thus fruit-less e - ver.

if thou canst not or come her will, thy love will be thus fruit - less e - ver.

8 ne-ver, if thou canst not or come her will, thy love will be thus fruit-less e - ver.

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

If she will yield to that which reason is,
 It is reasons 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
 Than for to live thus still tormented,
 Dear but remember it was I
 Who for thy fake did die contented.