Can she excuse my wrongs?

John Dowland

Can she ex- cuse my wrongs with vir- tue's cloak? Shall I call her good when
Was I so base, that I might not as- pire Un- to those high joys which

she proves un- kind? Are those clear fires which van- ish in- to smoke?
she holds from me? As they are high, so high is my de- sire:

Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find? No, no: where
If she this de- ny, what can grant- ed be? If she will

sha- dows do for bo- dies stand, Thou may'st be a- bus'd if
yield to that which rea- son is, It is rea- son's will that

thy sight be dim. Cold love is like to words writ- ten on
love should be just. Dear, make me hap- py still by grant- ing

sand, Or to bub- bles which on the wa- ter swim.
this, Or cut off de- lays if that die I must.

Wilt thou be thus a- bus- ed still, see- ing that she will right thee nev- er?
Bet- ter a thou- sand times to die, Than for to live thus still tor- ment- ed:

If thou canst not o'er- come her will, Thy love will be thus fruit- less ev- er.
Dear, but re- mem- ber it was I Who for thy sake did die con- tent- ed.