

## V. Can she excuse my wrongs

Cantus.

John Dowland



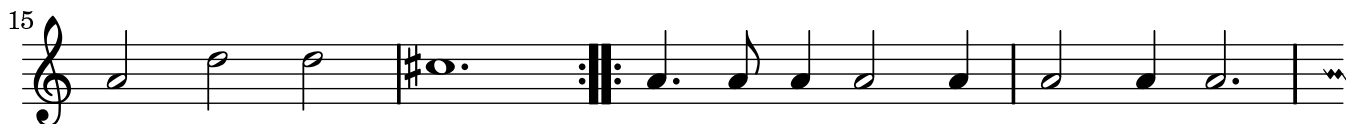
1. Can she excuse my wrongs with virtues cloak?  
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoak?  
2. Was I so base, that I might not aspire  
As they are high, so high is my desire:



shal I call her good when she proves un-kind? No no: where  
must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is  
Un- to those high joys which she holds from me? If she will  
If she this deny, what can granted be? Deare make me



sha-dows do for bodies stand, thou maist be abused if  
like to words written on sand, or to bubbles which on  
yeeld to that which reason is, It is reasons will that  
happy still by granting this, Or cut off delays if



thy sight be dim. Wilt thou be thus abused still,  
the water swim.  
love should be just. Bet- ter a thousand times to die,  
that I die must.



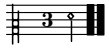
see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver if thou canst not ore-  
Then for to live thus still tor-ment- ed: Deare but re-mem-ber



com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit- les e- ver.  
it was I Who for thysake did die con- tent- ed.

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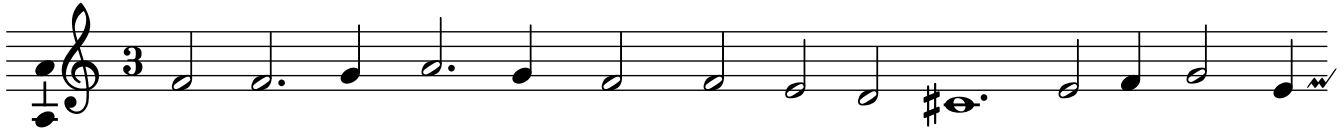
<sup>0</sup>Actually, Dmin, but all the Bb's are accidentals



# V. Can she excuse my wrongs

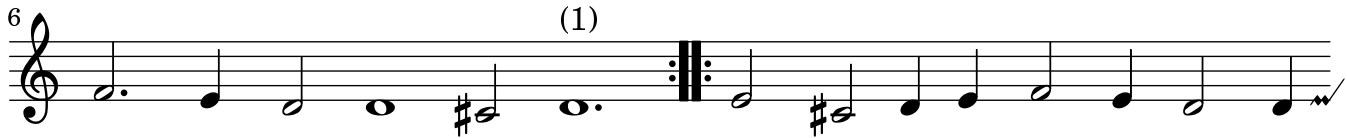
Altus

John Dowland

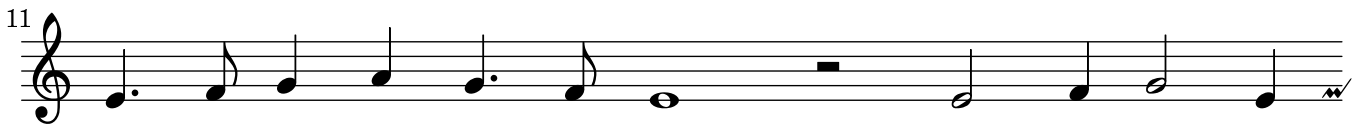


1. Can she excuse my wrongs with virtues cloak? shall I call her  
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke? must I praise the

2. Was I so base, that I might not aspire Unto those high  
As they are high, so high is my desire: If she this de-



good when she proves unkind? No no: where shadows do where  
leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is like to words writ  
joies which she holds from me? If she will yeeld to that which  
nie, what can granted be? Deare make me happy still by



shadows do for bodies stand, thou maist be a-  
like to words written on sand, or to bubbles  
reason is, reason is, It is reasons  
granting this, granting this, Or cut off de-



busde abused if thy sight be dim. 1. Wilt thou be thus a-  
which on the water water swim.  
will that love, that love, should be just. Bet- ter a thousand  
layes if that I die, I die, must.





## V. Can she excuse my wrongs

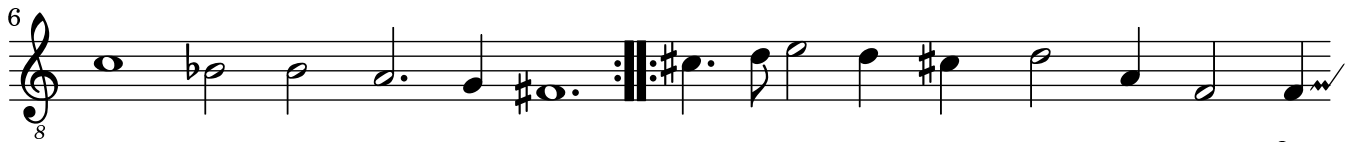
Tenor

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

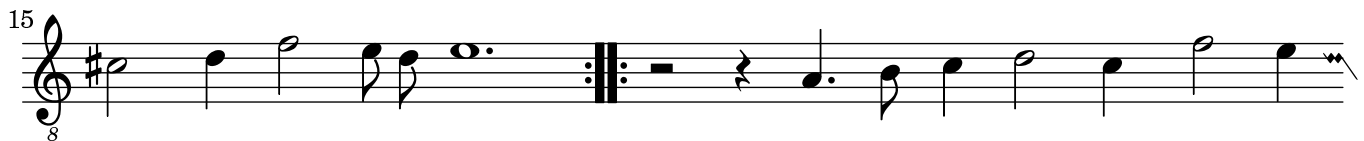
2. Was I so base, that I might not as- pire Un- to those high  
As they are high, so high is my de- sire: If she this de-



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



bo - dies for bo- dies stand, thou maist bee a- busde if thy  
words writ- ten on sand, or to bub- bles which on the  
rea- son, which rea- son, is, It is rea- sons will that love, that  
grant- ing, by grant- ing, this, Or cut off de- layes if that, if



sight thy sight be dim. Wilt thou be thus a- bu- sed  
wa- ter wa- ter swim.  
love, should be just. Bet- ter a thou- sand times to  
that, I die must.



still, see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver if thou canst not ore-  
die, Then for to live thus still tor-ment- ed: Deare but re- mem- ber



com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit- les e- ver.  
it was I Who for thy sake did die con- tent- ed.

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<sup>0</sup>The key signature is D dorian, but it looks more like D minor, since almost every B is flat.

<sup>3</sup>Facsimile has D#, but this conflicts with D natural in the Altus part.



# V. Can she excuse my wrongs

Bassus

John Dowland



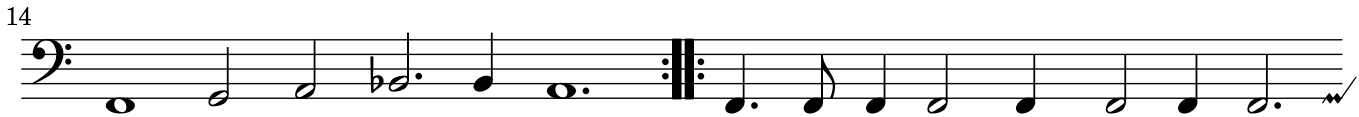
1. Can she ex- cuse ex- cuse my wrongs with ver- tues cloak?  
Are those cleer fires cleer fires which va- nish in- to smoak?
2. Was I so base, that I might not, might not, as- pire  
As they are high, so high is my de- sire, de- sire:



shal I call her good when she proves un- kind?	No no: where
must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?	Cold love is
Un- to those highjoyes which she holds from me?	If she will
If she this de- nie, what can gran- ted be?	Deare make me



sha- dows do for bo- dies stand,	thou maist be a-
like to words writ- ten on sand,	or to bub- bles
yeeld to that which rea- son is,	It is rea- sons
hap- py still by grant- ing this,	Or cut off de-



busde if thy sight be dim.	Wilt thou be thus a- bu- sed still,
which on the wa- ter swim.	
will that love should be just.	Bet- ter a thou- sand times to die,
layes if that I die must.	

19



see- ing that she wil right thee ne- ver? if thou canst not ore-  
Then for to live thus still tor-ment- ed: Deare but re-mem-ber

22



com her wil, thy love wil be thus fruit- les e- ver.  
it was I Who for thysake did die con- tent- ed.