

5. CAN SHE EXCUSE MY WRONGS?

[The Earl of Essex's Galliard]

VOICE

Can she ex - cuse my wrongs with Vir - tue's cloak? Shall I call her
Are those clear fires which van - ish in - to smoke? Must I praise the

LUTE

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

bo - dies stand, Thou may'st be a - bus'd if thy sight be dim.
- ten on sand, Or to bub - bles which on the wa - ter swim.

(In bar 2 there is no *b* in the voice part in any edition, and the *B_p* in the lute-part (1597) is eliminated by re-writing in 1606 and 1613 editions. — T. D.)

Wilt thou be thus a - bu - sed still, See - ing that she will right thee nev - er?

If thou canst not o'er - come her will, Thy love will be thus fruit-less ev - - er.

1
Can she excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak?
Shall I call her good when she proves unkind?
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?
Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?

No no: where shadows do for bodies stand,
Thou may'st be abus'd if thy sight be dim.
Cold love is like to words written on sand,
Or to bubbles which on the water swim.

Wilt thou be thus abused still,
Seeing that she will right thee never?
If thou canst not o'ercome her will,
Thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

2
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 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 off delays if that I die must.

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

* The melody of the accompaniment is that of a popular Elizabethan song "Shall I go walk the woods so wild?"