

John Dowland, Can she excuse my wrongs with virtues cloak
(The First Booke of Songes or Ayres, 1597, no. 5)

Soprano
[or Tenor]

Can she ex - cuse my wrongs with vir - tue's cloak;
 Are those clear fires which van - ish in - to smoke;

Bassus.

Lute

$\begin{matrix} d & d & d & c & d & a & c & d & c & f & f & c & c \\ a & a & a & & & d & & & & d & c & d & c \\ c & c & c & e & a & a & a & c & & a & a & c & c \end{matrix}$

Editorial transcription of tablature

5

10

shall I call her good when she proves un - kind? No, no where shad-ows do for
 must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is like to words writ

$\begin{matrix} c & a & a & & & d & c & a & a & a & a & a & a & a & a & a & a \\ c & d & a & d & c & d & c & a & a & f & e & a & a & a & a & c & a & a \\ e & & & & & & & c & & & & & & e & c & a & e \\ c & c & a & a & & d & d & a & c & & & c & & & & c & b & c \end{matrix}$

Can she excuse my wrongs with virtues cloak, 2

15

bod - ies stand, thou maist be a - bus'd if thy sight be dim.
 - ten on sand, or to bub - bles which on the wa - ter swim.

a c a d c c a a d c d c a e d a d a c c
d d b e e a d b a e e e
a a c c a a d a c d c c
d a c c a a d a c d c c

20

Wilt thou be thus a - bus - ed still, see - ing that she will right thee nev - er?

a c d a d d c a d c d a c a a d c a
a a a c c c c

Can she excuse my wrongs with virtues cloak, 3

21

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

<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>e</i>				<i>e</i>						<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>e</i>										<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>
		<i>c</i>		<i>c</i>		<i>c</i>				<i>c</i>		<i>c</i>		<i>c</i>

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 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 sake did die contented.

John Dowland, Can she excuse my wrongs with virtues cloak
 (The First Booke of Songes or Ayres, 1597, no. 5)

Cantus
 Can she ex - cuse my wrongs with vir - tue's cloak;
 Are those clear fires which van - ish in - to smoke;

Altus
 Can she ex - cuse my wrongs with vir - tue's cloak;
 Are those clear fires which van - ish in - to smoke;

Tenor
 Can she ex - cuse my wrongs with vir - tue's cloak;
 Are those clear fires which van - ish in - to smoke;

Bassus
 Can she ex - cuse, ex - cuse my wrongs with vir - tue's cloak;
 Are those clear fires, clear ___ fires which van - ish in - to smoke;

Lute

<i>d</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>
<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>
<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>

Editorial transcription of tablature

5 10

shall I call her good when she proves un - kind? No, no where shad-ows do for
 must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is like to words writ-

shall I call her good when she proves un - kind? No, no where shad-ows do, where
 must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is like to words writ,

shall I call her good when she proves un - kind? No, no, no where shad-ows do for
 must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love, love is like to words, to

shall I call her good when she proves un - kind? No, no where shad-ows do for
 must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is like to words writ-

<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>c</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>e</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>c</i>	

Can she excuse my wrongs with virtues cloak, 2

15

bod - ies stand, thou maist be a - bus'd if thy sight be dim.
 - ten on sand or to bub - bles which on the wa - ter swim.

shad-ows do for bod-ies stand, thou maist be a - bus'd, a - bus'd ___ if thy *sight** be dim.
 like to words writ-ten on sand or to bub - bles which on the ___ wa - ter, wa-ter swim.

bod - ies, for bod-ies stand, thou maist be a - bus'd if thy sight, thy sight be ___ dim.
 words ___ writ-ten on sand or to bub - bles which on ___ the wa - ter, wa - ter swim.

bod - ies stand, thou maist be a - bus'd if thy sight be dim.
 - ten on sand or to bub - bles which on the wa - ter swim.

a c a a d c a a d c d c a e d a d a c c
d b e a d b a e a d e e
a a c a a a c d c c
d a c c a d a c d c c

20

Wilt thou be thus a - bus - ed still, see - ing that she will right thee nev - er?

Wilt thou be thus a - bus - ed still, ___ see - ing that she will right thee nev - er?

Wilt thou be thus a - bus - ed still, see - ing that she will right thee

Wilt thou be thus a - bus - ed still, see - ing that she will right thee nev - er?

a c d a d d c a a d c d a c a a d c a
a a a d c d c c c c

Can she excuse my wrongs with virtues cloak, 3

21

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

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

nev - er? If thou canst not o'r- come her will, thy love will be thus fruit-less ev - er.

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

a	c	d	f	c	f	d	f	e	c	a	a	a	a					
e				e				f	e	c	a	a	a					
e				c				c		c	c	e	b	c	e	c	c	c

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,
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 Dear but remember it was I
 Who for thy sake did die contented.

* Tenor original has d#.



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