

Can she excuse my wrongs

transposé un ton ↓

Extrait de «The first book of songs» publié en 1597 par John Dowland (1563-1626)

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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

The first system of the musical score, measures 1-5. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are: "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".

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

The second system of the musical score, measures 6-10. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "good when she proves un - kind? No no: where sha - dows do for leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is like to words writ -".

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

The third system of the musical score, measures 11-15. It concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "bo - dies stand, Thou may'st be a - bus'd if thy sight be - ten on sand, Or to bub - bles which on the wa - ter".

dim?
swim? Wilt thou be thus a - bu - sed still, See - ing that she will

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right thee nev - er? If thou canst not o'er - come her will, Thy love will be thus fruit - less e - ver.

Can she excuse my wrongs with vertues cloak ?
Shall I call her good when she proves vnkind ?
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoak ?
Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?

No no : where shadows do for bodies stand,
Thou maist be abused 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 wil right thee never ?
If thou canst not orecome her will,
Thy love wil be thus fruitles euer.

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

If she will yeeld to that which reason is,
It is reasons 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,
Then for to liue thus still tormented :
Deare but remember it was I,
Who for thy sake did die contented.

Peut-elle mes maux excuser par le manteau de la vertu?
Puis-je l'appeler bonne quand elle se montre dure?
Est-ce que ce sont des feux clairs qui disparaissent en fumée?
Dois-je louer les feuilles, là où je ne trouve aucun fruit?

Non, non : là où les ombres remplacent les corps,
Tu peux être trompé si ta vue est faible
L'amour froid est comme des mots écrits sur le sable,
ou des bulles qui nagent sur l'eau.

Seras-tu encore trompé plus longtemps
voyant qu'elle ne te rendra jamais justice?
si tu ne peux pas surmonter sa volonté
Ton amour sera ainsi stérile à jamais.

Étais-je si vil, que je ne puisse aspirer
À ces joies élevées qu'elle tient éloignées de moi?
Car aussi hauts soient-elles, ainsi en est-il de mon désir
Si elle refuse ceci, que peut-il être admis?

Si elle cède devant ceci qui est la raison,
C'est la volonté de la raison que l'amour fût juste.
(Ma) Chère, rends-moi heureux en m'accordant ceci,
Ou supprime toute attente si je dois mourir.

Il vaut mieux en mourir mille fois
Plutôt que de vivre ainsi torturé :
(Ma) Chère souviens-toi que c'était moi
Par égard pour toi, qui mourus contenté.