

Shall I sue?

John Dowland

Shall I sue, shall I seek for grace? Shall I pray, shall I prove?
 Sil-ly wretch, for- sake these dreams Of a vain de- sire;
 Pi-ty is but a poor de- fense For a dy- ing - heart;
 Jus- tice gives each - man his own. Though my love be - just,

Shall I strive to a heav'n- ly grace with an earth- ly love?
 O be- think what - high re- gard Holy hopes do re- quire.
 La- dies' eyes re- spect no moan In a mean de- sert.
 Yet will not she - pity my grief, There- fore die I must.

Shall I think that a bleed- ing - heart Or a wound- ed eye,
 Fa- vour is as - fair as things are: Treas- ure is not bought;
 She - is too - wor- thy - far For a worth so base;
 Sil- ly heart, then - yield to - die; Per- ish in des- pair.

Or a sigh can as- cend the clouds to at- tain so - high?
 Fa- vour is not - won with words Nor the wish of a thought.
 Cru- el and but - just is she In my just dis- grace.
 Wit- ness yet how - fain I die, When I die for the fair.