Can She Excuse My Wrongs?

Sting

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 dimmed
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 cans't not o'ercome her will
Thy love will be thus fruitless everWilt thou be thus abused still
Seeing that she will right thee never?
If thou cans't not o'ercome her will
Thy love will be thus fruitless everWas 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 contentedBetter 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

Songwriters
JOHN DOWLANDPublished by
Lyrics Â© EC SCHIRMER MUSIC CO Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/