

THE  
SECOND BOOKE  
of Songs or Ayres

*IOHN DOWLAND*

1600

XIX. Shall I sue, shall I seeke for grace ?

1 Shall I sue, shall I seeke for grace ?  
    shall I pray shall I proue ?  
Shall I striue to a heauenly Ioy,  
    with an earthly loue ?  
Shall I think that a bleeding hart  
    or a wounded eie,  
Or a sigh can ascend the cloudes,  
    to attaine so hie.

2 Silly wretch forsake these dreames,  
    of a vaine desire,  
O bethinke what hie regard,  
    holy hopes doe require.  
Fauour is as faire as things are,  
    treasure is not bought,  
Fauour is not wonne with words,  
    nor the wish of a thought.

3 Pittle is but a poore defence,  
    for a dying hart,  
Ladies eies respect no mone,  
    in a meane desert.  
Shee is to worthie far,  
    for a worth so base,  
Cruell and but iust is shee,  
    in my iust disgrace.

4 Iustice giues each man his owne  
    though my loue bee iust,  
Yet will not shee pittie my grieve,  
    therefore die I must.  
Silly hart then yeeld to die,  
    perish in dispaire,  
Witnesse yet how faine I die,  
    When I die for the faire.