

# XIX. Shall I sue shall I seeke for grace

John Dowland

Arranged for Recorders

S  
Shall I sue shall I seeke for grace, Shall I pray shall I prove,

A  
Shall I sue, shall I seeke for \_\_\_\_\_ grace, shall I pray, shall I prove,

T  
Shall I sue, shall I seeke for grace, shall I pray, shall I prove,

B  
Shall I sue shall I seeke for grace, shall I pray shall I prove,

Lute

T	a	c	d	c	a	a	c	d	a	c	a	a	e
A	a	c	c	b	b	a	c	d	b	c	c	e	f
B	c	c	a	d	c	a	d	c	a	d	a	a	c

5  
Shall I strive to a heaven - ly Joy, with an earth - ly love?

5  
shall I strive to a hea - ven - ly Joye, with an earth - ly love,

5  
shall I strive to a heaven - ly Joye with \_\_\_\_\_ an earth - ly love,

5  
shall I strive to a hea - ven - ly Joye with \_\_\_\_\_ an earth - ly love:

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

## XIX. Shall I sue shall I seeke for grace

9 8  
 Shall I think that a bleed - ing hart or a wound - ed eie,  
 9  
 shall I think that a bleed - ing heart, a bleed - ing heart or a wound - ed eye,  
 9  
 Shall I think that a bleed - ing heart or a wound - ed eye,  
 9  
 Shall I think, shall I think that a bleed - ing heart or a wound - ed eye,  
 9  
 d a f d c d c a a  
 a b a a a b e a c d a e  
 c c b c c e b a c d a f e  
 c a c a c

13 8  
 Or a sigh can as - cend the cloudes to at - taine so hie.  
 13  
 or a sigh can as - cend the cloudes, as - cend the cloudes, to at - taine so hie.  
 13  
 or a sigh can as - cend the cloudes, the cloudes, to at - taine so hie.  
 13 8  
 or a sigh, can as - cend the cloudes to at - taine so hie.  
 13  
 a d c f d d c a a  
 a b d a b b e a  
 b b d b d c d e a  
 c c e a d a c a c c a

2. Silly wretch forsake these dreames,  
 of a vaine desire,  
 O bethinke what hie regard,  
 holy hopes doe require.  
 Favour is as faire as things are,  
 treasure is not bought,  
 Favour is not wonne with words,  
 nor the wish of a thought.
3. Pittie is but a poor 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 just is shee,  
 in my just disgrace.
4. Justice gives each man his owne  
 though my love bee just,  
 Yet will not shee pittie my griefe,  
 therefore die I must,  
 Silly hart then yeeld to die,  
 perish in dispaire,  
 Witnessse yet how faine I die,  
 When I die for the faire.