

# Shall I strive with words to move? John Dowland

Cantus

Shall I strive with words to move, When deeds receive not due regard?

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

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Shall I speak, and neither please, nor be freely heard? Grief, alas though all in

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vain, Her restless anguish must reveal: She alone my wound shall know

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though she will not - heal. All woes have end, though a- while de- lay'd, Our pa-

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tience prov- ing. - O - that Time's strange ef- fects could but

30 35

make, but make her lov- ing. - Storms calm at last, and why may not - - she

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Leave off her frown- ing? - O - sweet Love, help her hands My af-

fec- tions, my af- fec- tionscrowning. I woo'd her, I lov'd her, and none but her ad-

mire. O come dear joy, and an- swer my de- sire.