

4. Dear, when to thee

Alfonso Ferrabosco II

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Dear, when to thee my sad com-plaint I make, And show how oft love doth my
But my re- ply is just, that if the eye, That sees the dan- ger, yet o-

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death re- new; And how a- fresh I suf- fer for thy sake I ev- er fear
beys the heart, That leads the sense, for his de- light to die, In that this prey

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this ans- wer to en- sue: Who would be- wail the bird that 'scapes the snare, And
pre- fers the bet- ter part, The gain- er should have mer- cy to for- give. If

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ev- er caught, and ne- ver can be ware. Who ware.
beau- ty be a ty- rant, who can live? The live?