

# 16. Fly from the world Alfonso Ferrabosco II

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Fly from the world, Comethere- fore, Care, O fly, con- duct thou poor dis- me to my

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tress'd, end, Where thy dis- eas- ed sense in- fects thy soul, And where thy And steer this ship- wreck'd car- case to the grave. My sighs a

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thoughts do mul- ti- ply un- rest, Tir- ing with wish- es what they strange and stead- fast wind shall lend; Tears wet the sails, Re- pen- tance

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straight con- trol. O world, O world, be- tray- er of the  
 from rocks save. Hail Death, hail Death, the land I do des-

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mind! O thoughts, O thoughts, that guide us, be- ing blind, O  
 cry! Strike sail, go soul, rest fol- lows them that die, Strike

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thoughts, that guide us, be- ing blind, that guide us, be- ing blind.  
 sail, go soul, rest fol- lows them, rest fol- lows them that die.