

17. Shall I seek to ease my grief Alfonso Ferrabosco II

5

Shall I seek to ease my grief? No, my sight is lost with eye- ing. Shall I Love and I of late did part, But the Boy, my peace en- vy- ing, Like a She whom then I look- ed on, My re- mem- brance beau- ti- fy- ing, Stays with Thus my vi- tal breath doth waste, And my blood with sor- row dry- ing, Sighs and

10

speak and beg re- lief? No, my voice is hoarse with cry- ing. Par- thian threw his dart Back- ward, and did wound me fly- ing. What re- mains but me, though I am gone, Gone and at her mer- cy ly- ing. tears make life to last, For a- while his place sup- ply- ing.

15

on- ly dy- ing? What re- mains but on- ly dy- ing dy- ing?