

28. Tell me, O love

Alfonso Ferrabosco II

5

Tell me, O

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love, when shall it be That thy fair eyes shall shine on me?

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I pray thee, shep- herd, I pray thee,
Whom no- thing now re- vi- veth?

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shep- herd, leave thy fears; Drown not thy heart and eyes with tears; Such

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sighs my sense de- pri- veth.
A- las, sweet Nymph, I can- not

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O do not me for that ac-
choose since thou es- tran- ged lives from me,

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cuse, My Love, my life doth live in thee. A- las, what joy is
 A- las, what joy is in such

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in such love, And ne- ver o- ther com- forts
 love That e- ver lives a- part?

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prove, But cares that kill the heart? And so will I! Yet
 O let me die! Yet stay, sweet love,

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stay, sweet love, and sing this song with me:
and sing this song with me: Time brings to

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Time brings to pass what Love thinks could not
pass what love thinks could not be, time brings to

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be, time brings to pass what Love thinks could not be.
pass what love thinks could not be.