

4. Dear, when to thee

Alfonso Ferrabosco II

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Dear, when to thee my sad com-plaint I make,
But my re-ply is just, that if the eye,

And show how oft love doth my death re-new;
That sees the dan-ger, yet o-beys the heart,

10

And how a-fresh I suf-fer for thy sake I
That leads the sense, for his de-light to die, In

15

ev-er fear this ans-wer to en-sue: Who would be-
that this prey pre-fers the bet-ter part, The gain-er

20

wail the bird that 'scapes the snare, And ev-er caught, and
should have mer-cy to for-give. If beau-ty be a

25

ne-ver can be ware. Who ware.
ty-rant, who can live? The live?