

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

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

ing. Shall I speak and beg re- lief? No, my
 ing, Like a Par- thian threw his dart Back- ward,
 ing, Stays with me, though I am gone, Gone and
 ing, Sighs and tears make life to last, For a-

voice is hoarse with cry- ing.
 and did wound me fly- ing. What re- mains but on- ly dy- ing? What
 at her mer- cy ly- ing.
 while his place sup- ply- ing.

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