

16. Fly from the world Alfonso Ferrabosco II

Voice

Fly from the world, O fly, - - -
 Come there-fore, Care, con- duct - - -

Lute

5

- thou poor dis- trest, Where thy dis- eas- ed
 - me to my end, And steer this ship- wrecked

10

sense in- fects thy soul, And where thy thoughts do mul-
 car- case to the grave. My sighs a strange and stead-

15

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

20

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

a

25

of - - the mind! O thoughts, O thoughts,
 do - - des- cry! Strike sail, go soul,

a

30

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

35

- us be- ing blind, that guide us be- ing blind.
 - rest fol- lows them, rest fol- lows them that die.

Credo