

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

Shall I seek to ease my grief? No,
 Love and I of late did part, But
 She whom then I look- ed on, My
 Thus my vi- tal breath doth waste, And

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my sight is lost with eye- ing. Shall I speak and beg re-
 the Boy, my peace en- vy- ing, Like a Par- thian threw his
 re- mem- brance beau- ti- fy- ing, Stays with me, though I am
 my blood with sor- row dry- ing, Sighs and tears make life to

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lief? No, my voice is hoarse with cry- ing.
 dart Back- ward, and did wound me fly- ing.
 gone, Gone and at her mer- cy ly- ing.
 last, For a- while his place sup- ply- ing.

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

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