

12-14. Sing we then heroic grace Alfonso Ferrabosco II

Sing we then he- ro- ic grace, So with love- ly light a- dorn- ing,

10

that fair hea- ven of his face, As the Star that leads the mor- ning;

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Bo- dy brave for part and whole, pur- est seat of pur- er soul, Where

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re- pos- ed lodge by na- ture, Prince- ly strength and come- ly

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sta- ture. Sing the ri- ches of his skill, Long by

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studies toil provided, Wit that never guideth

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ill, Will that never ill is guided; Judgment that can

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best discern, Memory that needs not learn,

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Courage where such thoughts assemble, Justly

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may his haters tremble. Sing the nobles of his race; Sing

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his pow'r, his wealth, his glo- ry, Break- ing all the bounds of place,

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End- less a- ge's age- less sto- ry. Peace that mak-

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eth one of two More than ev- er war could do;

Ter- ror chas- ed, ter- ror chas- ed, Just- ice fix- ed, Mer- cy,

80

Mer- cy still with Just- ice mix- ed.