

16. Fly from the world

Alfonso Ferrabosco II

Fly from the world, O fly, thou poor dis-
Come there- fore, Care, con- duct me to my

tress'd, Where thy dis- eas- ed sense in- fects thy soul, And where thy
end, And steer this ship- wreck'd car- case to the grave. My sighs a

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

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

mind! O thoughts, O thoughts, that guide us, be- ing
cry! Strike sail, go soul, rest fol- lows them that

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