

# 24. Unconstant love

Alfonso Ferrabosco II

Un- con- stant love, why should I make my

moan or send sad sighs un- to thy care- less ear, Since

thy af- fec- tion and thy faith is gone, And all those

vir- tues which I once held dear? Fare- well, fare-

well, most false of all to me That with

af- fec- tion dear- ly, dear- ly lov- ed thee. thee.