

# *Alfonso Ferrabosco*

## AYRES

1609

### XVII.

**1 Shall I seeke to ease my griefe ?**

No my sight is lost with eying;

Shall I speak and beg reliefe ?

No my voyce is hoarfe with crying.

What remaines but onely dying ?

2 Loue and I of late did part,

But the Boy my peace enuying,

Like a Parthian threw his dart,

Backward and did wound me flying.

What remaines but onely dying ?

3 She whom then I looked one,

My remembrance beautifying

Stayes with me, though I am gone,

Gone, and at her mercy lying.

What remaynes, but onely dying ?

4 Thus my vitall breath doth wast,

And my blood with sorrow drying,

Sighes and teares make life to last,

For a while his place supplying.

What remaynes but onely dying ?