

# *Alfonso Ferrabosco*

## AYRES

1609

### XVI.

**Flye from the world** O flye thou poore distrest,  
where thy diseased soule infects thy soule,  
And where thy thoughts doe multiply vnrest,  
Tiring with wishes what they straight controule,  
O world, O world, betrayer of the minde,  
O thoughts, O thoughts that guide vs being blinde.

Come therefore care, conduct me to my end,  
And steere this shipwrackt carkasse to the graue :  
My sighes a strange and stedfast winde shall lend,  
Teares wet the sailes, Repentance from rocks saue.  
Haile death, haile death, the land I doe discry,  
Strike saile, goe soule, rest followes them that dye.