

Clorinda false, adieu, thy love torments me; Let Thyrsis

have thy heart, since he contents thee. O grief and

bitter anguish; For thee I languish.

Fain I alas would hide it,

O but who can abide it? I cannot I abide it. Adieu,

Clorinda false - Thomas Morley

42

a dieu, a dieu then, farewell. Leave me, death

49

now desiring, Thou hast, lo, thy requiring. Thus spake

56

Philistus on his hook relying,

63

and fell adying.

70

'hook' = herdersstaf