

Ay me, that Love

Philip Rosseter

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Ay me, that Love, that Love should Na- ture's works ac-
 Yet her, yet her de- form- ed thoughts she can- not

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cuse, see; Where cru- el Lau- ra still her beau- ty views;
 And that's the cause she is so stern to me.

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Ri- ver, or clou- dy jet, or crys- tal bright, Are all
 Vir- tue, and du- ty can no fa- vour gain, A grief,

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but ser- vants of her and self- de- light.
 O death, to live and love in vain.