

# When the merry god of love Thomas Campion

When the mer-ry god of love As yet in his cra- dle lay,  
There- with she the babe did kiss, When a sud- den fire out came

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Thus his wi- ther'd nurse did say: Thou a wan- ton  
From those burn- ing lips of his That did her with

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boy will prove, To de- ceive the pow'rs a- bove; For by thy con-  
love en- flame. But none would re- gard the same. So that, to her

tin- ual smi- ling I see thy pow'r of be- guil- ling.  
day of dy- ing, the old wretch liv'd ev- er cry- ing.