

# Ay me, that Love

Philip Rosseter

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

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

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

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