

THE FIRST BOOKE OF AYRES

Thomas Morley

1600

4. With my loue

- 1 With my loue my life was nestled,
In the some of happines,
From my loue my life was wrested,
To a world of heauines,
O let loue my life remoue,
Sith I liue not where I loue.
- 2 Where the truth once was and is not,
Shadowes are but vanities,
Shewing want that helpe they cannot,
Signes not flaues of miseries,
Painted meate no hunger feedes,
Dying life each death exceeds.
- 3 O true loue since thou hast left me,
Mortall life is tedious,
Death it is to liue without thee,
Death of all most odious,
Turne againe and take me with thee,
Let me die, or liue thou in me.

words from:

Robert Southwell: Mary Magdalen's Complaint at Christ's Death
in : Saint Peter's Complaint (1595)