

Ay me, that Love

Philip Rosseter

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Ay me, that Love, that Love should Nature's works accuse,
 Yet her, yet her deformed thoughts she cannot see;

10 (b)

Where cruel Laura still her beauty views; River, or cloudy jet,
 And that's the cause she is so stern to me. Virtue, and duty can

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or crystal bright, Are all but servants of her self-delight.
 no favour gain, A grief, O death, to live and love in vain.