When the God of merrie love

Cantus

Thomas Campian

When the God of merrie love as yet in his cradle
Therewith she the babe did kisse, When a so-daine fire out lay, thus his wither'd nurse did say, Thou a wanton came From those burn-ing lips of his, That did her with boy wilt prove, to de-ceive the powers a bove, for by love en-flame, But none would re-gard the same, So that thy con-tin-ual smil-ing, I see thy power of be-guiling, to her daie of dy-ing The old wretch liv'd ever crying.

When the God of merrie love

Bassus

Thomas Campian

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