

1 With My Love My Life Was Nestled

Robert Southwell

Thomas Morley
(The First Booke of Ayres — 1600)

Voice

③ - F#

1. With my love my life was nest - led, In the sum of

Guitar

hap - pi - ness, From my love my life was wrest - ed

To a world of hea - vi - ness. O let love my

life re - move Sith I live not where I love,

O let love my life re - move Sith I live not where I love.

2. Where the truth once was and is not,
Shadows are but vanities,
Shewing want that help they cannot,
Signs not slaves of miseries.
Painted meat no hunger feeds,
Dying life each death exceeds.

3. O true since thou hast left me,
Mortal life is tedious,
Death it is to live without thee,
Death of all most odious,
Turn again and take me with thee;
Let me die, or live thou in me.