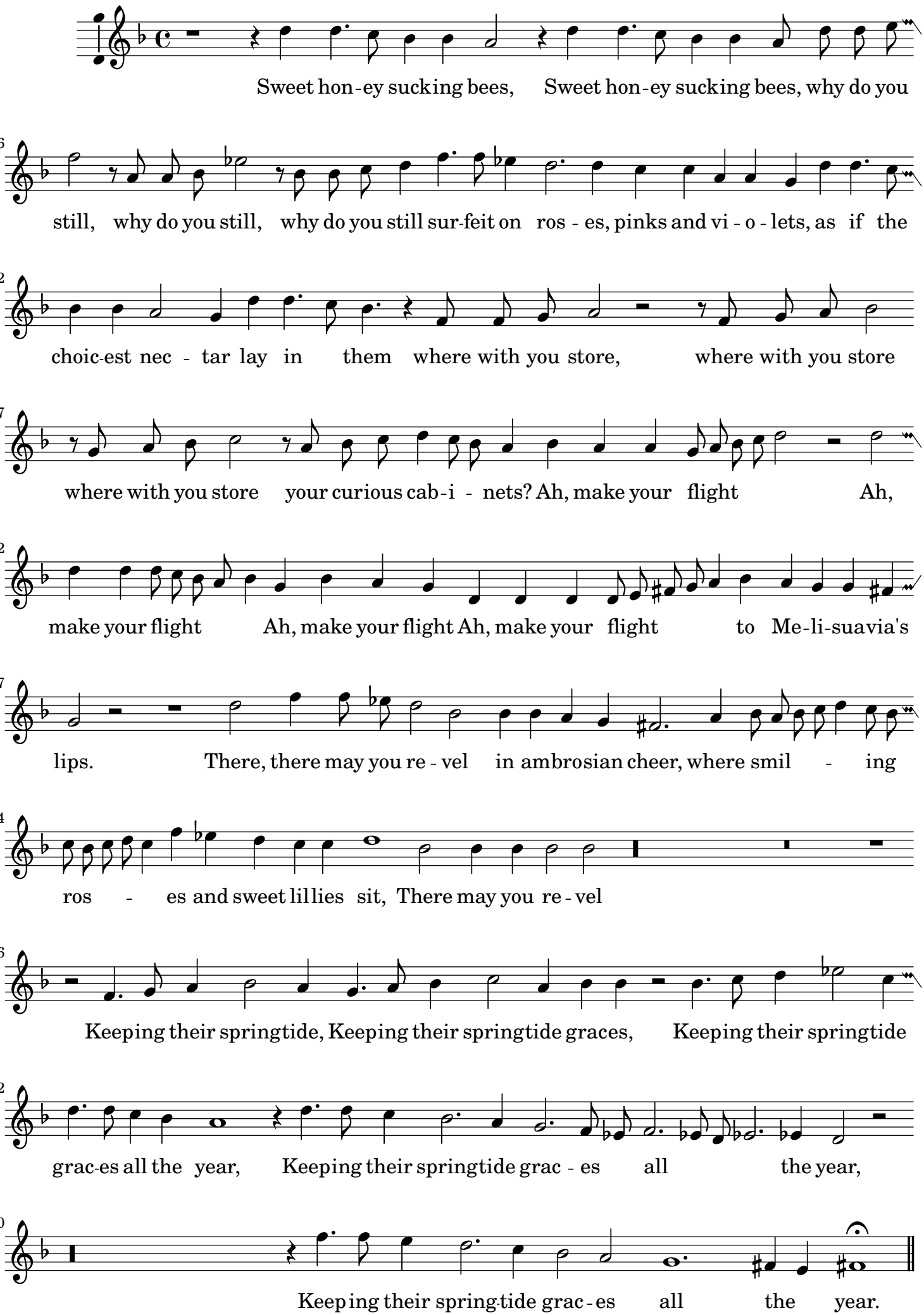
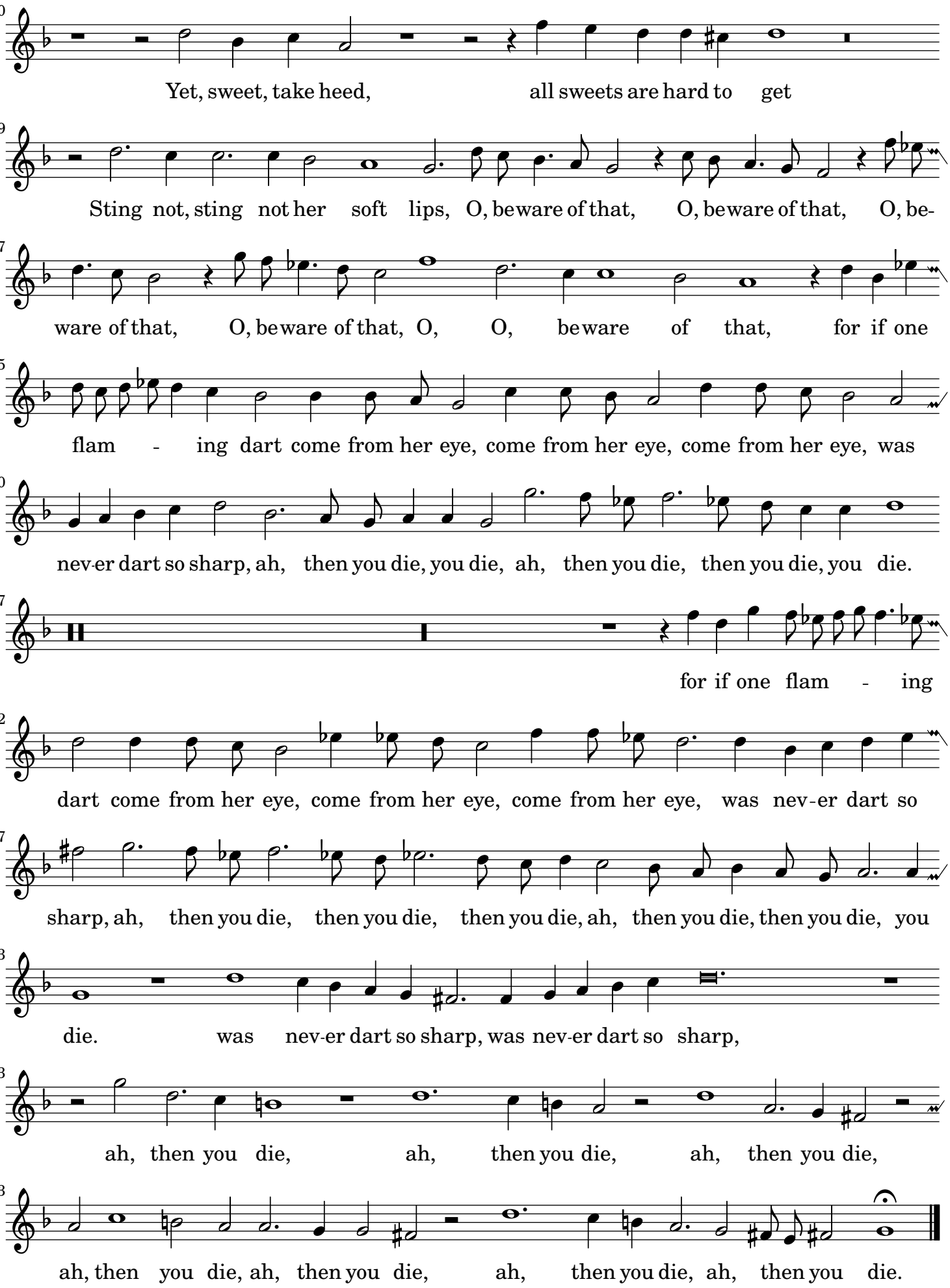
Cantus


Sweet hon-ey sucking bees, Sweet hon-ey sucking bees, why do you
still, why do you still, why do you still sur-feit on ros - es, pinks and vi - o - lets, as if the
choic-est nec - tar lay in them where with you store, where with you store
where with you store your curious cab-i - nets? Ah, make your flight Ah,
make your flight Ah, make your flight Ah, make your flight to Me-li-suavia's
lips. There, there may you re - vel in ambrosian cheer, where smil - ing
ros - es and sweet lillies sit, There may you re - vel
Keeping their springtide, Keeping their springtide graces, Keeping their springtide
grac-es all the year, Keeping their springtide grac - es all the year,
Keeping their spring-tide grac - es all the year.


70
Yet, sweet, take heed, all sweets are hard to get
79
Sting not, sting not her soft lips, O, beware of that, O, beware of that, O, be-
87
ware of that, O, beware of that, O, O, beware of that, for if one
95
flam - ing dart come from her eye, come from her eye, come from her eye, was
100
nev-er dart so sharp, ah, then you die, you die, ah, then you die, then you die, you die.
107
for if one flam - ing
122
dart come from her eye, come from her eye, come from her eye, was nev-er dart so
127
sharp, ah, then you die, then you die, then you die, ah, then you die, then you die, you
133
die. was nev-er dart so sharp, was nev-er dart so sharp,
143
ah, then you die, ah, then you die, ah, then you die,
153
ah, then you die, ah, then you die, ah, then you die, ah, then you die.