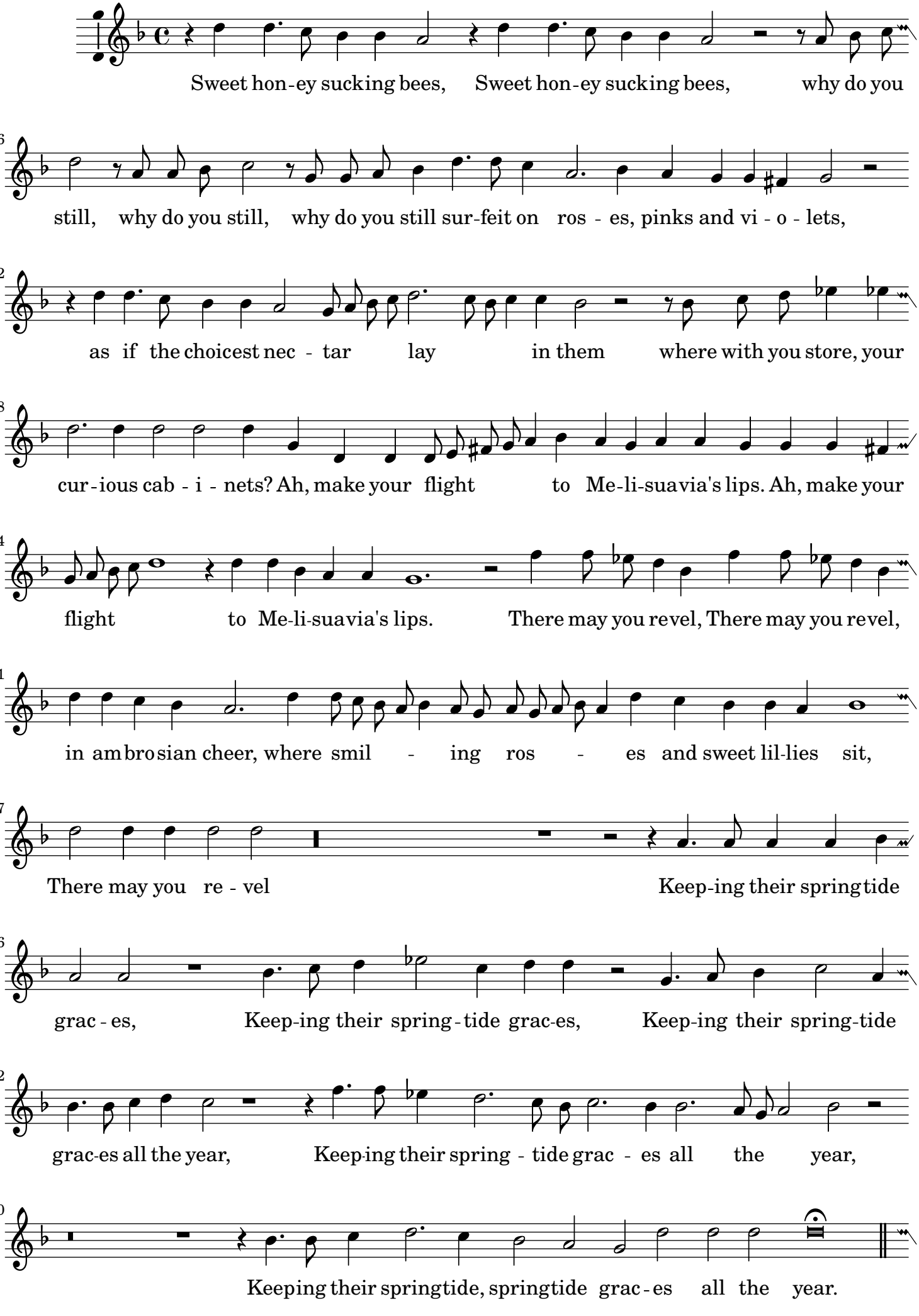
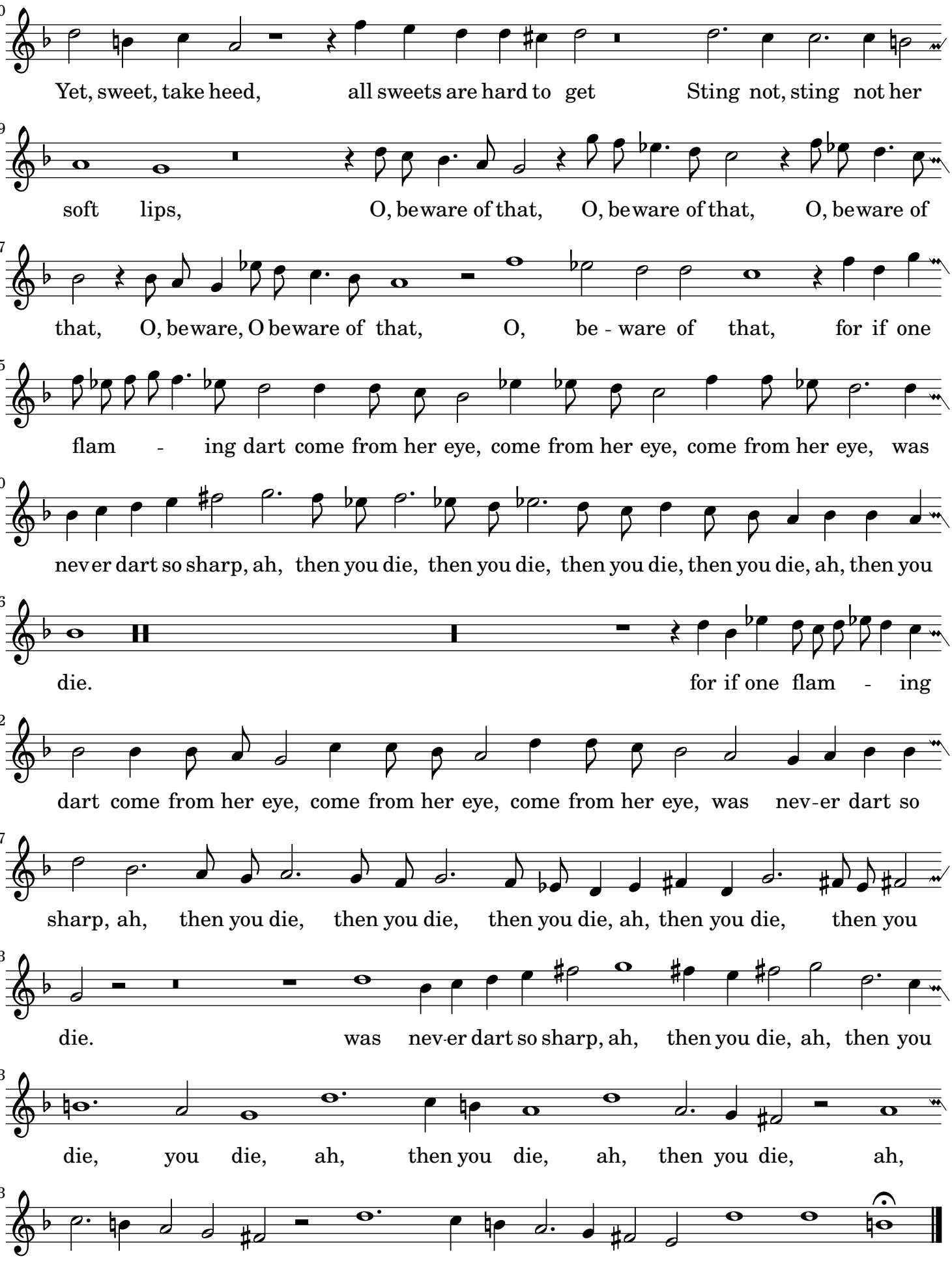
Quintus


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 choicest nec - tar lay in them where with you store, your
cur-ious cab - i - nets? Ah, make your flight to Me-li-suavia's lips. Ah, make your
flight to Me-li-suavia's lips. There may you revel, There may you revel,
in ambrosian cheer, where smil - ing ros - es and sweet lil-lies sit,
There may you re - vel Keep-ing their springtide
grac - es, Keep-ing their spring - tide grac-es, Keep-ing their spring-tide
grac-es all the year, Keep-ing their spring - tide grac - es all the year,
Keeping their springtide, springtide grac - es all the year.


70
Yet, sweet, take heed, all sweets are hard to get Sting not, sting not her
79
soft lips, O, be ware of that, O, be ware of that, O, be ware of
87
that, O, be ware, O be ware of that, O, be - ware 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, then you die, then you die, then you die, ah, then you
106
die. 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
133
die. was nev-er dart so sharp, ah, then you die, ah, then you
143
die, you die, ah, then you die, ah, then you die, ah,
153
then you die, you die, ah, then you die, you die, ah, then you die.