

Altus



Thus saith my Cloris bright, when we of Love sit downe and



talke to - ge - ther, and talke to-ge-ther, Thus saith my Clo-ris bright, when



we of Love sit downe and talke to - ge - ther, and talke to-ge - ther, Beware of Love,



(deere) Love is a walk-ing sprite, And Love is this and that, And Love is this and that,



And O I wot not what, And O I wot not what, And comes and goes a-



gaine, I wot not whe-ther, And comes and goes a-gaine, I wot not whe-ther, No, no, these



are but bugs to breed a - maz-ing, No, no, these are but bugs to breed a - maz-



ing, For in her eyes I saw his torch light bla-zing.