

Bassus



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 walking



sprite, a walking 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 againe, I wot not whether, And



comes and goes a-gaine, I wot not whe-ther, No, no, these are but bugs to breed a-maz-



ing, to breed a - maz - ing, For in her eyes I saw his torch light bla - zing.