

# Cantus



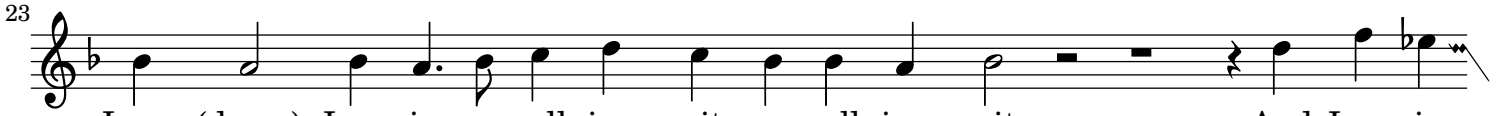
Thus saith my Clo-ris bright, when



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, Beware of



Love, (deere) Love is a walk-ing sprite, a walk-ing sprite, 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 againe, I wot not whether,



G.P.

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



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