

Tenor



Thus saith my Clo-ris bright, when we of Love sit downe and talke to-ge -



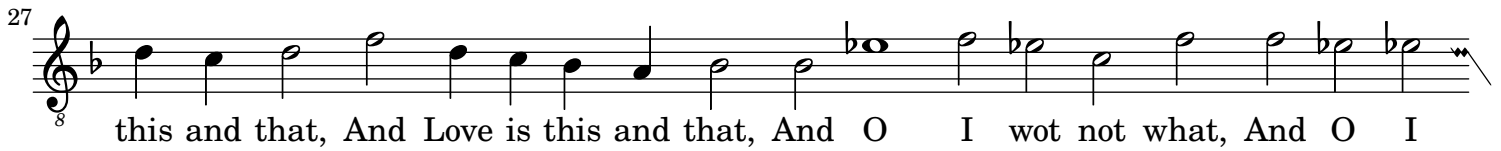
6
8 ther, and talke to-ge - ther, Thus saith my Clo-ris bright, when we of Love sit



13
8 downe and talke to-ge - ther, Thus saith my Clo-ris bright, when we of Love sit downe and



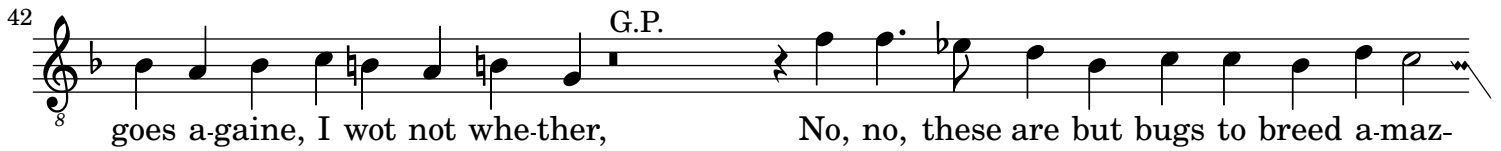
20
8 talke to - ge - ther, Beware, Beware of Love, (deere) Love is a walking sprite, And Love is



27
8 this and that, And Love is this and that, And O I wot not what, And O I



35
8 wot not what, And comes and goes a-gaine, I wot not whe-ther, And comes and



42
8 goes a-gaine, I wot not whe-ther, No, no, these are but bugs to breed a-maz-



49
8 ing, to breed a-maz-ing, For in her eyes I saw his torch light bla-zing.