

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



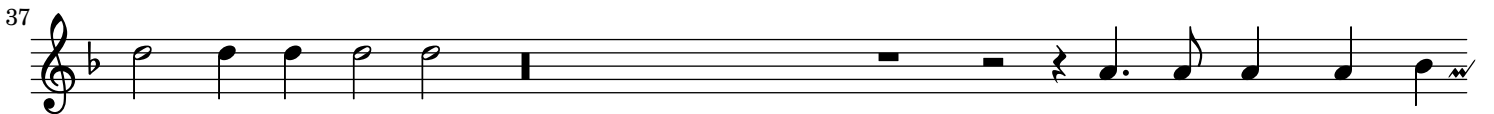
cur-ious cab - i - nets? Ah, make your flight to Me-li-suavia's lips. Ah, make your



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, beware of that, O, beware of that, O, beware of

87

 that, O, beware, O beware 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

 never 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,

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 then you die, you die, ah, then you die, you die, ah, then you die.