

Cantus



La-dy, when I be-hold, La-dy, when I be-hold, the ro-ses sprout-ing, the



roses sprout-ing, La-dy, when I behold, La-dy, when I behold, the roses sprouting, the



roses sprouting, Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours, Which clad in damask



mantles deck the ar-bours, And then behold your lips, And then behold your lips, And



then be-hold your lips, where sweet Love har - bours, My eyes pre-sents me



with a double, double doubt-ing, a dou-ble, double doubt-ing, My eyes pre-sents me



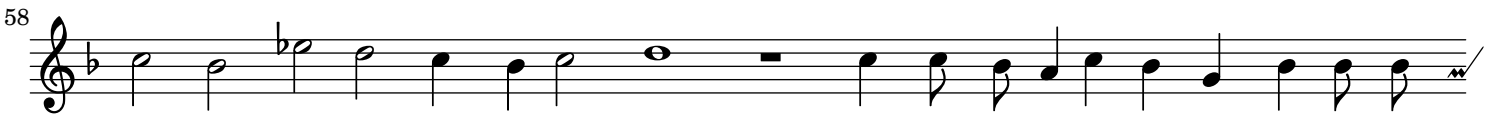
with a double, double doubt - ing, For, view-ing both alike hard-ly my mind sup -



po - ses Whether the ro-ses be your lips, or your lips the roses,



Whether the ro-ses be your lips, or your lips the ro - ses, For, view-ing both a -



like hard - ly my mind suppo - ses Whether the ro-ses be your lips, or your



lips the ro-ses, Whe-ther the ro-ses be your lips, or your lips the ro - ses.