## CANTVS


my sweet cru-ell? God mor-row, faire Ladies, of the May, wher is my sweet cre-


ray - ing. O how gay - ly goes my sweet je - well? was never such a May
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ing, ne-ver was such a May - ing, such a May-ing, since May de-lights de-

cay - ing, since May de-lights first decay - ing. O how gay - ly goes my sweet

lights first decay - ing. So was my Clo-ris sheene, brought home and made May Queene.

