

## Cantus



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



choic-est nec - tar lay in them where with you store, where with you store



where with you store your curious cab-i - nets? Ah, make your flight Ah,



make your flight Ah, make your flight Ah, make your flight to Me-li-suavia's



lips. There, there may you re - vel in ambrosian cheer, where smil - ing



ros - es and sweet lillies sit, There may you re - vel



Keeping their springtide, Keeping their springtide graces, Keeping their springtide



grac-es all the year, Keeping their springtide grac - es all the year,



Keeping their springtide grac-es all the year.

70  

 Yet, sweet, take heed, all sweets are hard to get

79  

 Sting not, sting not her soft lips, O, beware of that, O, beware of that, O, be-

87  

 ware of that, O, beware of that, O, O, beware of that, for if one

95  

 flam - ing dart come from her eye, come from her eye, come from her eye, was

100  

 nev-er dart so sharp, ah, then you die, you die, ah, then you die, then you die, you die.

107  

 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 die, you

133  

 die. was nev-er dart so sharp, was nev-er dart so sharp,

143  

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

153  

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