

CANTUS



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arm me, If thou canst now shoot and harm me, So light-ly I es-teem thee, As

now a child I deem thee, Fa la la la la la la la la la Fa la la la la la Fa la la la la

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2. Long thy bow did fear me,
While thy pomp did blear me, Fa la
But now I do perceive
Thy art is to deceive,

And every simple lover
All thy falsehood can discover:
Then weep, love, and be sorry,
For thou hast lost thy glory. Fa la