

Have you seen but a white lily grow? Robert Johnson

See the char-iot at hand here of Love, Where- in my la- dy
 Do but look on her eyes, they do light All that Love's world com-
 Have you seen but a bright li- ly grow, Be- fore rude hands have

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rid- eth! Each that draws is - - a - swan or a dove, And well the - car Love
 pris- eth! Do but look on - - her - hair, it is bright As Love's star - when it
 touch'd it? Have you mark'd but - - the - fall of the snow be- fore the - earth hath

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guid- eth. As she goes, all hearts do du- ty Un- to her -
 ris- eth! Do but mark, her fore- head's smooth- er Than words that -
 smutch'd it? Have you felt the wool of bea- ver? Or swan's down -

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beau- ty; And en- am- our'd do wish, so they might - But en- joy such a
 soothe her; And from her arch- ed brows such a grace - Sheds it- self through the
 ev- er? Or have smelt o' the bud of the bri- er? Or the nard in the

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sight, That they still were to run by her side, Through - swords, through - seas, whi- ther
 face, As a- lone there tri- umphs to the life All the gain, all the good, of the
 fire? Or have tast- ed the bag of the bee? Oh, so white, Oh, so soft, Oh, so

she would ride, whi- - ther she would ride. Through - ride.
 ele- ments' strife, of - the ele- ments' strife. All the strife.
 sweet is she, so - - sweet is she! Oh, so she!

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