

Have you seen but a white lily grow? Robert Johnson

See the char-iot at hand here of Love, Where-
 Do but look on her eyes, they do light All
 Have you seen but a bright li-ly grow, Be-

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in my la- dy rid- eth! Each that
 that Love's world com- have pris- eth! Do but
 fore rude hands have touch'd it? Have you

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draws is - - a - swan or a dove, And well the - car Love
 look on - - her - hair, it is bright As Love's star - when it
 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-
 ris- eth! Do but mark, her fore- head's smooth- er Than
 smutch'd it? Have you felt the wool of bea- ver? Or

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to her - beau- ty; And en- am- our'd do wish, so they
 words that - soothe her; And from her arch- ed brows such a
 swan's down - ev- er? Or have smelt o' the bud of the

||: *all*

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 might - But en- joy such a sight, That they still were to run by her
 grace - Sheds it- self through the face, As a- lone there tri- umphs to the
 bri- er? Or the nard in the fire? Or have tast- ed the bag of the

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20
 side, Through - swords, through - seas, whi- ther she would ride,
 life All the gain, all the good, of the ele- ments' strife,
 bee? Oh, so white, Oh, so soft, Oh, so sweet is she,

all

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

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