

LONG-WITH-LOVE-AC-QUAN-TED EYES CAN
 JOYS OF LOVE THOU FEELST A LO-VERS

PLACE THE BU-SY AR-CHER
 HIS SHARP AR-R-ROWS TRIES SURE, IF THAT

WITH HOWMAN A FACE! WHAT, MAY IT
 BE THAT E-VEN IN HEA-VEN-LY

WITH HOW SAD STEPS, O MOON,
 THOU CLIMBST THE SKIES HOW SILENTLY AND

WITH HOW SAD STEPS, O MOON

