

Where the bee sucks

Robert Johnson

Where the bee sucks, there suck - I,
In a cow-slip's
bell I lie, There I couch when owls do cry; On a bat's back I do
fly, Af-ter sum-mer mer-ri- ly. Mer-ri- ly, mer-ri- ly
shall I live now, Un-der the blos-som that hangs on the bough, Mer-ri- ly, mer-ri- ly
shall I live now, Un-der the blos-som that hangs on the bough.