

17. Diaphenia

Francis Pilkington

Canto

Di- a- phe- ni- a, like the daff- down-
 Di- a- phe- ni- a, like the spread- ing
 Di- a- phe- ni- a, like to all things

Basso

Lute

5

dil- ly, white as the sun, fair as the
 ros- es, that in thy sweets, all sweets en-
 bless- ed, when all thy prais- es are ex-

10

lil- ly. Heigh ho, heigh ho! How I do
 clos- es, fair sweet, fair sweet how I do
 press- ed, dear joy, dear joy, how I do

love thee: I do love thee as my lambs
 love thee: I do love thee as each flow'r
 love thee: As the birds do love the spring

a r e a a a e r e r

are be- lov- ed of their dams.
 loves the sun's life- of their
 or the bees their care- ful ing pow'r,
 king.

d a f p f r h g f r e e r

How bless'd were I if thou wouldst prove me.
 for, dead, thy breath to life might move me.
 Then in re- quite, sweet vir- gin, love me.

a r e a a r a e d a a a a