

17. Diaphenia

Francis Pilkington

5

Canto

Di- a- phe- ni- a, like the daff- down- dil- ly, white as the
 Di- a- phe- ni- a, like the spread- ing ros- es, that in thy
 Di- a- phe- ni- a, like to all things bless- ed, when all thy

Lute

10

sun, fair as the lil- ly. Heigh ho, heigh ho! How I do love thee:
 sweets, all sweets en- clos- es, fair sweet, fair sweet how I do love thee:
 prais- es are ex- press- ed, dear joy, dear joy, how I do love thee:

Lute

15

I do love thee as my lambs are be- lov- ed of their dams.
 I do love thee as each flow'r loves the sun's life- giv- ing pow'r,
 As the birds do love the spring or the bees their care- ful king.

Lute

20

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.

Lute