

TO SIR WALTER PARRATT.

# SIX ELIZABETHAN PASTORALS

SET TO MUSIC FOR CHORUS (S.A.T.B.) UNACCOMPANIED

BY

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(OP. 49).

## No. 3.—Diaphenia.

(DAMELUS' SONG TO HIS DIAPHENIA.)

*Allegro assai.*

**SOPRANO.**  
Di - a - phe - nia, like the daf-fadown-dil-ly, White as the sun,

**ALTO.**  
Di - a - phe - nia, like the daf-fadown-dil-ly, White, white as the

**TENOR.**  
Di - a - phe - nia, like the daf-fadown-dil-ly, White, white as the

**BASS.**  
Di - a - phe - nia, like the daf-fadown-dil-ly, White as the

**PIANO.**  
(For practice only.)  
♩ = 112.  
*f*

fair as the li - ly, Heigh - o, how I do love thee! I do love thee

sun, fair as the li - ly, Heigh - o, how I do love thee! I do love thee

sun, fair as the li - ly, Heigh - o, how I do love thee! I do love thee

sun, fair as the li - ly, Heigh - o, how I do love thee! I do love thee

DIAPHENIA.

*cres.* as .. my lambs Are be- lov - ed of .. their dams, How blest were I, how  
*cres.* as .. my lambs Are be- lov - ed of their dams, How blest were I, how  
*cres.* as my lambs Are be - lov - ed of .. their dams, How blest were I, how  
*cres.* as my lambs Are be - lov - ed of their dams, How blest were I, how

blest were I if thou wouldst prove . . me! Di - a - phe - nia, like the  
 blest were I if thou wouldst prove . . me! Di - a - phe - nia, like the  
 blest were I if thou . . wouldst prove me! Di - a - phe - nia, like the  
 blest were I if thou . . wouldst prove me! Di - a - phe - nia, like the

spread-ing ro - ses, That in thy sweets all love en - clo - ses, Fair  
 spread-ing ro - ses, That in thy sweets all love en - clo - ses, Fair  
 spread-ing ro - ses, That in thy sweets all love en - clo - ses, Fair  
 spread-ing ro - ses, That in thy sweets all love en - clo - ses, Fair

DIAPHENIA.

sweet, how I do love thee! I do love thee as each flower Loves the sun's life -

sweet, how I do love thee! I do love thee as each flower Loves the sun's life -

sweet, how I do love thee! I do love thee as each flower Loves the sun's life -

sweet, how I do love thee! I do love thee as each flower Loves the sun's life -

giving power; For dead, thy breath to life, thy breath to life might move . . . me.

giving power; For dead, thy breath to life, thy breath to life might move . . . me.

giving power; For dead, thy breath to life, thy breath to life . . . might move me.

giving power; For dead, thy breath to life, thy breath to life . . . might move me.

Di - a - phe - nia, like to all things bless - ed, When all thy

Di - a - phe - nia, like to all things bless - ed, When all thy

Di - a - phe - nia, like to all things bless - ed, When all thy prais - es

Di - a - phe - nia, like to all things bless - ed, When all thy prais - es . .

DIAPHENIA.

prais - es are ex - press - èd, Dear joy, how I do love thee! As the birds do  
 prais - es are ex - press - èd, Dear joy, how I do love thee! As the birds do  
 are ex - press - èd, Dear joy, how I do love thee! As the birds do  
 are ex - press - èd, Dear joy, how I do love thee! As the birds do

*sf sf p*

love the Spring, Or the bees their care - ful king : Then in re-quite, then  
 love the Spring, Or the bees their care - ful king : Then in re-quite, then  
 love the Spring, Or the bees their care - ful king : Then in re-quite, then  
 love the Spring, Or the bees their care - ful king : Then in re-quite, then

*cres. f cres. f cres. f*

in re-quite, Sweet vir - gin, love me.  
 in requite, Sweet vir - gin, sweet vir - gin, love me.  
 in requite, Sweet vir - gin, sweet vir - gin, love me.  
 in requite, Sweet vir - gin, sweet vir - gin, love . . . me.

*mf p p*