

Diaphenia

Text by *Henry Constable* (1562-1613) [Br] or *Henry Chettle* (c1564-c1607) [Br], *Damelus' song to Diaphenia*

Set by *Dominick Argento* (1927-) [Am], from *6 Elizabethan Songs*, #5; *Ernest John Moeran* (1894-1950) [Br], R. 72

Diaphenia, **like** **the** **daffadowndilly,**
[da:ɪ.ə.'fi.ni.ə la:ɪk ðʌ ,dæ.fə.da:un.'di.li]

White **as** **the** **sun,** **fair** **as** **the** **lily,**
[ma:ɪt æz ðʌ sʌn fɛr æz ðʌ 'li.li]

Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are belovèd of their dams:
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me.

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets incloses (encloses),
Fair 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 might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessèd,
When all thy praises are expressèd,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king,—
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

