

# 17. Diaphenia

Francis Pilkington

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

Alto

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

Tenor

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

Basso

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:

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:

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:

