Damelus' Song to his Diaphenia.

By Constable, Henry .

Diaphenia like the daffadowndilly,

White as the sun, fair as the lily,

Heigh ho, how I do love thee?

I do love thee as my lambs

Are beloved of their dams;

How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me!

Diaphenia like the spreading roses,

That in thy sweets all sweets 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 blessed

When all thy praises are expressed,

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!