



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
GRADUATE RECITAL

**Alissa Prince, soprano**  
**John Cozza, piano**

---

Frauenliebe und Leben, Op. 42

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

- I. Seit ich ihn gesehen
- II. Er, der Herrlichste von allen
- III. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
- IV. Du Ring an meinem Finger
- V. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
- VI. Süßer Freund, du blickest
- VII. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
- VIII. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

INTERMISSION

Shéhérazade

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

- I. Asie
- II. La Flûte enchantée (with Soraya Roman, flute)
- III. L'Indifférent

Six Elizabethan Songs

Dominick Argento (1927-2019)

1. Spring
2. Sleep
3. Winter
4. Dirge
5. Diaphenia
6. Hymn

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements  
for the degree of Master of Music in Performance.  
Alissa Prince is a student of Julie Miller.*

---



TUESDAY, 7:00 P.M.  
MAY 5, 2026  
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

# NOTES, TEXTS, AND TRANSLATIONS

Alissa Prince – May 5, 2026

Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856) finished his song cycle, *Frauenliebe und Leben*, op. 42, in 1843. Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838) wrote the lyrics in his nine-poem work of the same title. Schumann wrote the melody and words for the song cycle within two days, July 11th and 12th of 1840, which occurred during one of the happiest times of his life. On July 7th, he had just been cleared, by a court of law, to marry the love of his life, Clara Wieck. Schumann waited three years to publish the work, due to his many revisions and edits to both his music and the poetry. After publication, it became highly sought after in Germany and abroad, where both male and female vocalist performed the pieces.

Chamisso's poems were highly popular at the time they were written, in December of 1829 to January of 1830. Schumann was not the first or only composer who set these poems to music; Franz Kugler wrote a setting in 1830 and Carl Loewe in 1836. Although Chamisso had written nine poems, Schumann wrote only eight pieces, omitting the final poem, "Traum der eignen Tage, die nun ferne sind" (Dream of my olden days, now so remote).

The song cycle tells a story of how many different ways a woman experiences love throughout her life. The story begins with a woman falling in love at first sight. Her love continues to grow while they court and then, finally, get engaged. Wedding bells are heard loud and clear on the day of their wedding and, soon after, they have a child. Now, she not only has the love for her husband but now she has the love for her child which comes with its highs and lows. Later, though, her joy is stripped from her as she experiences the loss of love; the man she loves dies.

## **1. Seit ich ihn gesehen**

Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaub' ich blind zu sein;  
Wo ich hin nur blicke,  
Seh' ich ihn allein;  
Wie im wachen Traume  
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,  
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,  
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht und farblos  
Alles um mich her,  
Nach der Schwestern Spiele  
Nicht begehrt' ich mehr,  
Möchte lieber weinen,  
Still im Kämmerlein;  
Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.

## **2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen**

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,  
Wie so milde, wie so gut!  
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,  
Heller Sinn und fester Muth.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,  
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,  
Also er an meinem Himmel,  
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

## **1. Since I saw him**

Since I saw him  
I believe myself to be blind,  
where I but cast my gaze,  
I see him alone.  
as in waking dreams  
his image floats before me,  
dipped from deepest darkness,  
brighter in ascent.

All else dark and colorless  
everywhere around me,  
for the games of my sisters  
I no longer yearn,  
I would rather weep,  
silently in my little chamber,  
since I saw him,  
I believe myself to be blind.

## **2. He, the most glorious of all**

He, the most glorious of all,  
O how mild, so good!  
lovely lips, clear eyes,  
bright mind and steadfast courage.

Just as yonder in the blue depths,  
bright and glorious, that star,  
so he is in my heavens,  
bright and glorious, lofty and distant.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;  
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,  
Nur in Demuth ihn betrachten,  
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,  
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;  
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,  
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen  
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,  
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,  
Viele tausend Mal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,  
Selig, selig bin ich dann,  
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,  
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran.

### **3. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben**

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,  
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;  
Wie hätt' er doch unter allen  
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?  
Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:  
Ich bin auf ewig dein  
Mir war's ich träume noch immer,  
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.  
O laß im Traume mich sterben,  
Gewieget an seiner Brust,  
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen  
In Thränen unendlicher Lust.

### **4. Du Ring an meinem Finger**

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringelein,  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,  
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.  
Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,  
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,  
Ich fand allein mich, verloren  
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.  
Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,  
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen  
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.  
Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,  
Ihm angehören ganz,  
Hin selber mich geben und finden  
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.  
Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringelein,

Meander, meander thy paths,  
but to observe thy gleam,  
but to observe in meekness,  
but to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer,  
consecrated only to thy happiness,  
thou may'st not know me, lowly maid,  
lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all  
may make happy thy choice,  
and I will bless her, the lofty one,  
many thousand times.

I will rejoice then and weep,  
blissful, blissful I'll be then;  
if my heart should also break,  
break, O heart, what of it?

### **3. I can't grasp it, nor believe it**

I can't grasp it, nor believe it,  
a dream has bewitched me,  
how should he, among all the others,  
lift up and make happy poor me?  
It seemed to me, as if he spoke,  
"I am thine eternally",  
It seemed, I dream on and on,  
It could never be so.  
O let me die in this dream,  
cradled on his breast,  
let the most blessed death drink me up  
in tears of infinite bliss.

### **4. Thou ring on my finger**

Thou ring on my finger,  
my little golden ring,  
I press thee piously upon my lips  
piously upon my heart.  
I had dreamt it,  
the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,  
I found myself alone and lost  
in barren, infinite space.  
Thou ring on my finger,  
thou hast taught me for the first time,  
hast opened my gaze unto  
the endless, deep value of life.  
I want to serve him, live for him,  
belong to him entire,  
Give myself and find myself  
transfigured in his radiance.  
Thou ring on my finger,  
my little golden ring,

Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,  
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

### **5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern**

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,  
Freundlich mich schmücken,  
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir.  
Windet geschäftig  
Mir um die Stirne  
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,  
Freudigen Herzens,  
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,  
Immer noch rief er,  
Sehnsucht im Herzen,  
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,  
Helft mir verscheuchen  
Eine thörichte Bangigkeit;  
Daß ich mit klarem  
Aug' ihn empfangen,  
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,  
Du mir erschienen,  
Giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?  
Laß mich in Andacht,  
Laß mich in Demuth,  
Laß mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,  
Streuet ihm Blumen,  
bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar.  
Aber euch, Schwestern,  
Grüß' ich mit Wehmuth,  
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schaar.

### **6. Süßer Freund, du blickest**

Süßer Freund, du blickest  
Mich verwundert an,  
Kannst es nicht begreifen,  
Wie ich weinen kann;  
Laß der feuchten Perlen  
Ungewohnte Zier  
Freudig hell erzittern  
In dem Auge mir.

Wie so bang mein Busen,  
Wie so wonnevoll!  
Wüßt' ich nur mit Worten,  
Wie ich's sagen soll;

I press thee piously upon lips,  
piously upon my heart.

### **5. Help me, ye sisters**

Help me, ye sisters,  
friendly, adorn me,  
serve me, today's fortunate one,  
busily wind  
about my brow  
the adornment of blooming myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified,  
of joyful heart,  
I would have lain in the arms of the beloved,  
so he called ever out,  
yearning in his heart,  
impatient for the present day.

Help me, ye sisters,  
help me to banish  
a foolish anxiety,  
so that I may with clear  
eyes receive him,  
him, the source of joyfulness.

Dost, my beloved,  
thou appear to me,  
givest thou, sun, thy shine to me?  
Let me with devotion,  
let me in meekness,  
let me curtsy before my lord.

Strew him, sisters,  
strew him with flowers,  
bring him budding roses,  
but ye, sisters,  
I greet with melancholy,  
joyfully departing from your midst.

### **6. Sweet friend, thou gazest**

Sweet friend, thou gazest  
upon me in wonderment,  
thou canst not grasp it,  
why I can weep;  
Let the moist pearls'  
unaccustomed adornment  
tremble, joyful-bright,  
in my eyes.

How anxious my bosom,  
how rapturous!  
If I only knew, with words,  
how I should say it;

Komm und birg dein Antlitz  
Hier an meiner Brust,  
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern  
Alle meine Lust.

Weißt du nun die Thränen,  
Die ich weinen kann?  
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,  
Du geliebter Mann;  
Bleib' an meinem Herzen,  
Fühle dessen Schlag,  
Daß ich fest und fester  
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette  
Hat die Wiege Raum,  
Wo sie still verberge  
Meinen holden Traum;  
Kommen wird der Morgen,  
Wo der Traum erwacht,  
Und daraus dein Bildniß  
Mir entgegen lacht.

### **7. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust**

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!  
Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb' ist das Glück,  
Ich hab' es gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.

Hab' überschwenglich mich geschätzt  
Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.  
Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt  
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;

Nur eine Mutter weiß allein,  
Was lieben heißt und glücklich sein.  
O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,  
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!

Du lieber, lieber Engel, du,  
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!  
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

### **8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan**

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan,  
der aber traf.  
Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,  
den Todesschlaf.  
Es blicket die Verlass'ne vor sich hin,  
die Welt ist leer.  
Geliebet hab' ich und gelebt, ich bin  
nicht lebend mehr.

come and bury thy visage  
here in my breast,  
I want to whisper in thy ear  
all my happiness.

Knowest thou the tears,  
that I can weep?  
Shouldst thou not see them,  
thou beloved man?  
Stay by my heart,  
feel its beat,  
that I may, fast and faster,  
hold thee.

Here, at my bed,  
the cradle shall have room,  
where it silently conceals  
my lovely dream;  
the morning will come  
where the dream awakes,  
and from there thy image  
shall smile at me.

### **7. At my heart, at my breast**

At my heart, at my breast,  
thou my rapture, my happiness!  
The joy is the love, the love is the joy,  
I have said it, and won't take it back.

I've thought myself rapturous,  
but now I'm happy beyond that.  
Only she that suckles, only she that loves  
the child, to whom she gives nourishment;

Only a mother knows alone  
what it is to love and be happy.  
O how I pity then the man  
who cannot feel a mother's joy!

Thou lookst at me and smiles,  
Thou dear, dear angel thou  
At my heart, at my breast,  
thou my rapture, my happiness!

### **8. Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain**

Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain,  
how it struck me.  
Thou sleepest, thou hard, merciless man,  
the sleep of death.  
The abandoned one gazes straight ahead,  
the world is void.  
I have loved and lived, I am  
no longer living.

Ich zieh' mich in mein Inn'res still zurück,  
der Schleier fällt,  
Da hab' ich dich und mein verlornes Glück,  
du meine Welt!

*by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781 - 1838)*

I withdraw silently into myself,  
the veil falls,  
there I have thee and my lost happiness,  
O thou my world!

*Translation by Daniel Platt*

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937) was born in France near the Spanish border and studied under Gabriel Fauré at the Paris Conservatory. Besides Fauré, Ravel was influenced by Claude Debussy and Spanish folk music. Although he despised the notion, he was known as an impressionist composer who created ethereal atmospheres in his *mélodie*. ***Shéhérazde*** (1903) is a song-cycle Ravel wrote using text from Tristan Klingsor's (1874-1966) poem cycle of the same name. Klingsor is associated with the Symbolist movement and used ambiguous symbols to tell stories.

The title refers to the legendary storyteller of One Thousand and Nights; Ravel and Klingsor create an imagined world inspired by her tales. The first song "Asie," takes us through the narrator's dream of traveling through Asia. The second piece, "La flûte enchantée," is about a young woman who hears her lover's flute while she is stuck inside when she wants to be outside with him. In the final movement, "L'indifférent," the narrator sees a beautiful stranger passing by and invites them inside but is gently refused.

### **1. Asie**

Asie, Asie, Asie,  
Vieux pays merveilleux des contes de nourrice  
Où dort la fantaisie comme une impératrice,  
En sa forêt tout emplie de mystère.  
Asie, je voudrais m'en aller avec la goélette  
Qui se berce ce soir dans le port  
Mystérieuse et solitaire,  
Et qui déploie enfin ses voiles violettes  
Comme un immense oiseau de nuit dans le ciel  
d'or.

Je voudrais m'en aller vers des îles de fleurs,  
En écoutant chanter la mer perverse  
Sur un vieux rythme ensorceleur.  
Je voudrais voir Damas et les villes de Perse  
Avec les minarets légers dans l'air.  
Je voudrais voir de beaux turbans de soie  
Sur des visages noirs aux dents claires;  
Je voudrais voir des yeux sombres d'amour  
Et des prunelles brillantes de joie  
En des peaux jaunes comme des oranges;  
Je voudrais voir des vêtements de velours  
Et des habits à longues franges.  
Je voudrais voir des calumets entre des  
bouches  
Tout entourées de barbe blanche;  
Je voudrais voir d'âpres marchands aux regards  
louches,  
Et des cadis, et des vizirs

### **1. Asia**

Asia, Asia, Asia,  
Ancient wonderland of fairy tales,  
Where fantasy sleeps like an empress  
In her mystery-filled forest,  
Asia, I long to set sail with the schooner  
Which rocks this evening in the harbour,  
Mysterious and solitary  
And which spreads at last its violet sails  
Like a huge night-bird in the golden sky.

I long to set sail for isles of flowers  
As I listen to the song of the wayward sea  
With its old bewitching rhythm;  
I long to see Damascus and the cities of Persia  
With their airy minarets;  
I long to see beautiful silken turbans  
Above black faces with white teeth;  
I long to see eyes dark with love  
And pupils sparkling with joy  
Sunk in skins as yellow as oranges;  
I long to see velvet raiments  
And long-fringed robes;  
I long to see calumets in mouths  
Fringed about with white beards;  
I long to see grasping merchants with shifty  
looks,  
And cadis and viziers

Qui du seul mouvement de leur doigt qui se  
penche  
Accordent vie ou mort au gré de leur désir.  
Je voudrais voir la Perse, et l'Inde, et puis la Chine,  
Les mandarins ventrus sous les ombrelles,  
Et les princesses aux mains fines,  
Et les lettrés qui se querellent  
Sur la poésie et sur la beauté;  
Je voudrais m'attarder au palais enchanté  
Et comme un voyageur étranger  
Contempler à loisir des paysages peints  
Sur des étoffes en des cadres de sapin,  
Avec un personnage au milieu d'un verger;  
Je voudrais voir des assassins souriants  
Du bourreau qui coupe un cou d'innocent  
Avec son grand sabre courbé d'Orient.  
Je voudrais voir des pauvres et des reines;  
Je voudrais voir des roses et du sang;  
Je voudrais voir mourir d'amour ou bien de haine.  
Et puis m'en revenir plus tard  
Narrer mon aventure aux curieux de rêves

En élevant comme Sindbad ma vieille tasse arabe  
De temps en temps jusqu'à mes lèvres  
Pour interrompre le conte avec art. . .

*By Tristan Klingsor*

## **2. La flûte enchantée**

L'ombre est douce et mon maître dort  
Coiffé d'un bonnet conique de soie  
Et son long nez jaune en sa barbe blanche.

Mais moi, je suis éveillée encore  
Et j'écoute au dehors  
Une chanson de flûte où s'épanche  
Tour à tour la tristesse ou la joie.

Un air tour à tour languoureux ou frivole  
Que mon amoureux chéri joue,  
Et quand je m'approche de la croisée  
Il me semble que chaque note s'envole  
De la flûte vers ma joue  
Comme un mystérieux baiser.

## **3. L'indifférent**

Tes yeux sont doux comme ceux d'une fille,  
Jeune étranger,  
Et la courbe fine  
De ton beau visage de duvet ombragé  
Est plus séduisante encore de ligne.

Ta lèvre chante sur le pas de ma porte  
Une langue inconnue et charmante  
Comme une musique fausse. . .

Who with a single crook of the finger

Dispense life or death on a whim.  
I long to see Persia, and India, and then China,  
Portly mandarins beneath their sunshades,  
And princesses with delicate hands,  
And learned men disputing  
About poetry and beauty;  
I long to linger in enchanted places,  
And like a foreign traveller  
Gaze at leisure on landscapes painted  
On fabrics in pinewood frames,  
With a figure in the midst of an orchard;  
I long to see assassins smiling,  
As the executioner cuts off an innocent head  
With his great curved Oriental scimitar;  
I long to see beggars and queens;  
I long to see roses and blood;  
I long to see death for love or else for hate,  
And the to return later  
And recount my adventures to those intrigued  
by dreams,  
While raising like Sinbad my old Arabian pipe  
From time to time to my lips,  
Artfully to interrupt the tale...

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

## **2. The enchanted flute**

The shade is soft and my master sleeps,  
A cone-shaped silken cap on his head,  
And his long yellow nose in his white beard.

But I am still awake,  
Listening to the song  
Of a flute outside that pours forth  
Sadness and joy in turn,

A tune now languorous now lively,  
Which my dear lover plays.  
And when I draw near the casement,  
Each note seems to fly  
From the flute to my cheek  
Like a mysterious kiss.

## **3. The indifferent one**

Your eyes are soft like girl's,  
Young stranger,  
And the delicate curve  
Of your handsome down-shaded face  
Is still more attractively shaped.

Your lips sing at my door  
An unknown charming tongue,  
Like music off-pitch;

Entre! Et que mon vin te reconforte . . .

Mais non, tu passes  
Et de mon seuil je te vois t'éloigner  
Me faisant un dernier geste avec grâce,  
Et la hanche légèrement ployée  
Par ta démarche féminine et lasse. . .

*By Tristan Klingsor*

Enter! And let my wine refresh you...

But no, you pass by  
And I see you leaving my threshold,  
Gracefully waving farewell,  
Your hips lightly swaying  
In your languid feminine way.

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

In *Six Elizabethan Songs* (1957), Dominick Argento sets poetry written by different Elizabethan era authors, the most notable being William Shakespeare. Argento blends modern music with centuries-old text to give them new life that has created new meaning to the text. The piano and voice are written as equal voices, working together to tell each story.

Each song captures a different mood. "Spring" is lively and joyful, while "Sleep" is calm and gentle. "Winter" feels playful and energetic, and "Dirge" is more serious as the narrator is dying. "Diaphenia" gives a graceful charm when declaring his love. And finally, "Hymn," closing the set with warmth and peace.

### 1. Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring,  
is the year's pleasant king;  
Then blooms each thing,  
then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play,  
the shepherd pipes all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet,  
the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!  
Spring! The sweet Spring!

*by Thomas Nashe*

### 3. Winter

When icicles hang by the wall  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail;  
When blood is nipt and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl:  
Tu-who!  
Tu-whit! Tu-who! -- A merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

### 2. Sleep

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,  
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,  
Relieve my anguish and restore thy light,  
With dark forgetting of my cares, return;

And let the day be time enough to mourn  
The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth:  
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,  
Without the torment of the night's untruth.

Cease, dreams, th' images of day-desires  
To model forth the passions of the morrow;  
Never let rising sun approve you liars,  
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.

Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;  
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

*by Samuel Daniel*

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl  
Then nightly sings the staring owl:  
Tu-who!  
Tu-whit! Tu-who! -- A merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

*by William Shakespeare*

#### 4. Dirge

Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be  
thrown:

Lay me, O where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

*by William Shakespeare*

#### 6. Hymn

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,  
Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
Seated in thy silver chair,  
State in wonted manner keep:  
Hesperus entreats thy light,  
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
Dare itself to interpose;  
Cynthia's shining orb was made  
Heav'n to clear when day did close;  
Bless us then with wishèd sight,  
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
And thy crystal shining quiver;  
Give unto the flying hart  
Space to breathe, how short so-ever:  
Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
Goddess excellently bright.

*by Ben Jonson*

#### 5. Diaphenia

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 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 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!

*by Henry Constable*