

PROTHALAMION

WORDS: EDMUND SPENSER
MUSIC: TUL ST. GEORGE TUCKER

WOMAN'S VOICE

LUTE

I CALM WAS THE DAY, AND THROU THE TREM-BLING AYRE

SWEET BREA-THING ZE-PHYR US DID SOFT-LY PLAY, A GEN-TLE SPIR-IT,

THAT LIGHT-LY DID DE-LAY *mf* NOT TI-TANS BEAMES, THAT

THEN DID GLY-STER FAYRE: WHEN I, WHOM SUL-LEN CARE, I THROUGH

DIS-CON-TENT OF MY LONG FAULT-LESS STAY IN PAIN-LES COURT AND

EX-PEC-TA-TION VAYNE *pp* OF T-DLE HOPES WHICH SEW

DO FLY A-WAY LIKE EMP-TY SHA-DOWS, DID AF-FECT MY BRAIN,

mf WALKT PORTH TO EASE MY PAYNE A-LONG THE SHORE OF SIL-

VER STREA-MING THEMME, WHOSE RUT-TY BANK THE WHICH HIS AL-VER HEMS,

WAS PAYN-TED ALL WITH VAR-IA-BLE FLOWRES AND ALL

THE MEAD DORNED WITH DAIN TIE GEMMES FIT TO DECK MAY-DEUS BOWRES

AND CROWNE THEIR PA-RA-

AGAINST THE BRIDLE DAY, WHICH IS NOT LONG
 SWEETE THEMES RUN SOFT-LY TILL I END MY SONG SWEETE THEMES
 RUNNE SOFT-LY TILL I END MY SONG

moors *p* Against the bry-dle day which is not long *pp* sweete

theaues run soft-ly till I end my song. sweet

themmes run soft-ly till I end my song.