

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 DLE HOPES WHICH SEW

