

TO PHOEBE

W. S. Gilbert (1836–1911)

John Frederick Bridge (1844–1924)

1. "Gen - tle, mod - est, lit-tle flow-er, Sweet e - pi-to - me of May, Love me but for half an
 2. "Smiles that thrill from a-ny distance, Shed up - on me while I sing! Please ec-sta-ti-cise ex-

hour, Love me, love me lit-tle fay, Gen - tle, mod - est, lit-tle flow-er, Sweet e -
 ist-ence, Love me, oh thou fai-ry thing! Smiles that thrill from a-ny dis-tance, Shed up-

pi-to - me of May, Love me but for half an hour, Love me, love me lit-tle
 on me while I sing! Please ec-sta-ti-cise ex - ist-ence; Love me, oh thou fai-ry

fay." Sen - ten - ces so fierce-ly flam-ing In your ti-ny, shell-like ear; I should
 thing!" Words like these out-pour-ing sad-ly, You'd per - pet-u - al - ly hear, If I

al - ways be ex-claim-ing— If I loved you, Phœ-be dear, if I loved you, Phœ-be dear!
 loved you, fond-ly, mad-ly— But I do not, Phœ-be dear! but I do not, Phœ-be dear!