

The fair - est nymph the valleys Or mountains e - ver bred, The
On whom they oft have tended And ca - rol'd in the plains, And

shepherd's joy, So beauti - ful and coy, Fair Phi - li - da is dead! But
for her sake, Sweet Rounde - lays did make, Ad - mir'd by youth - ful swains.

cruel fate, the beauties en - vying Of this blooming rose, So ready to dis -

close, With a frost unkindly Nipt the bud untimely, So away her glo - ry goes.