

The fair - est nymph the val - leys Or mount - ains e - ver bred, The
On whom they oft have tend - ed And ca - rol'd in the plains, And

shep - herd's joy, So beau - ti - 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 beau - ties en - vying Of this bloom - ing rose, So ready to dis -

- close, With a frost un - kind - ly Nipt the bud un - time - ly, So a - way her glo - ry goes.