Lyrics by Robert Herrick (1591-1674) Music by Prasidh Silapabanleng

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his noon.

Stay, stay,

Until the hasting day

Has run

But to the even-song;

And, having pray'd together, we will go with you along.

We have as short a Spring;

As quick a growth to meet decay

As you, or any thing,

We die.

As your hours do, and dry

Away

Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

(Ne'er to be found a gain.)

(REPEAT THE WHOLE POEM)

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