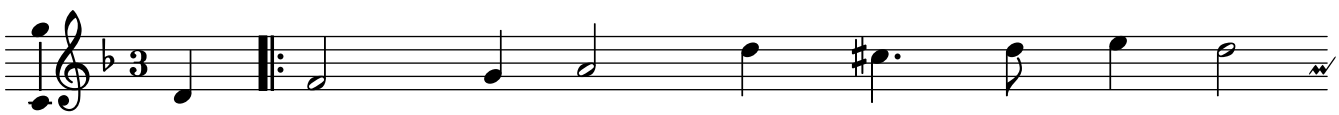
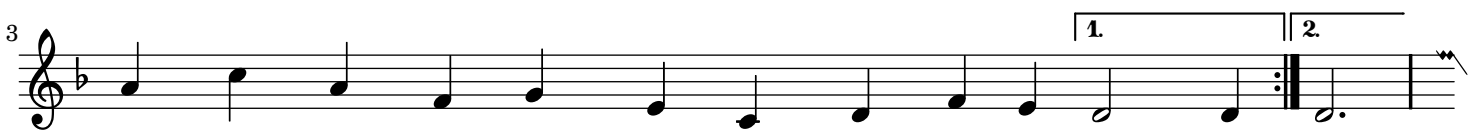
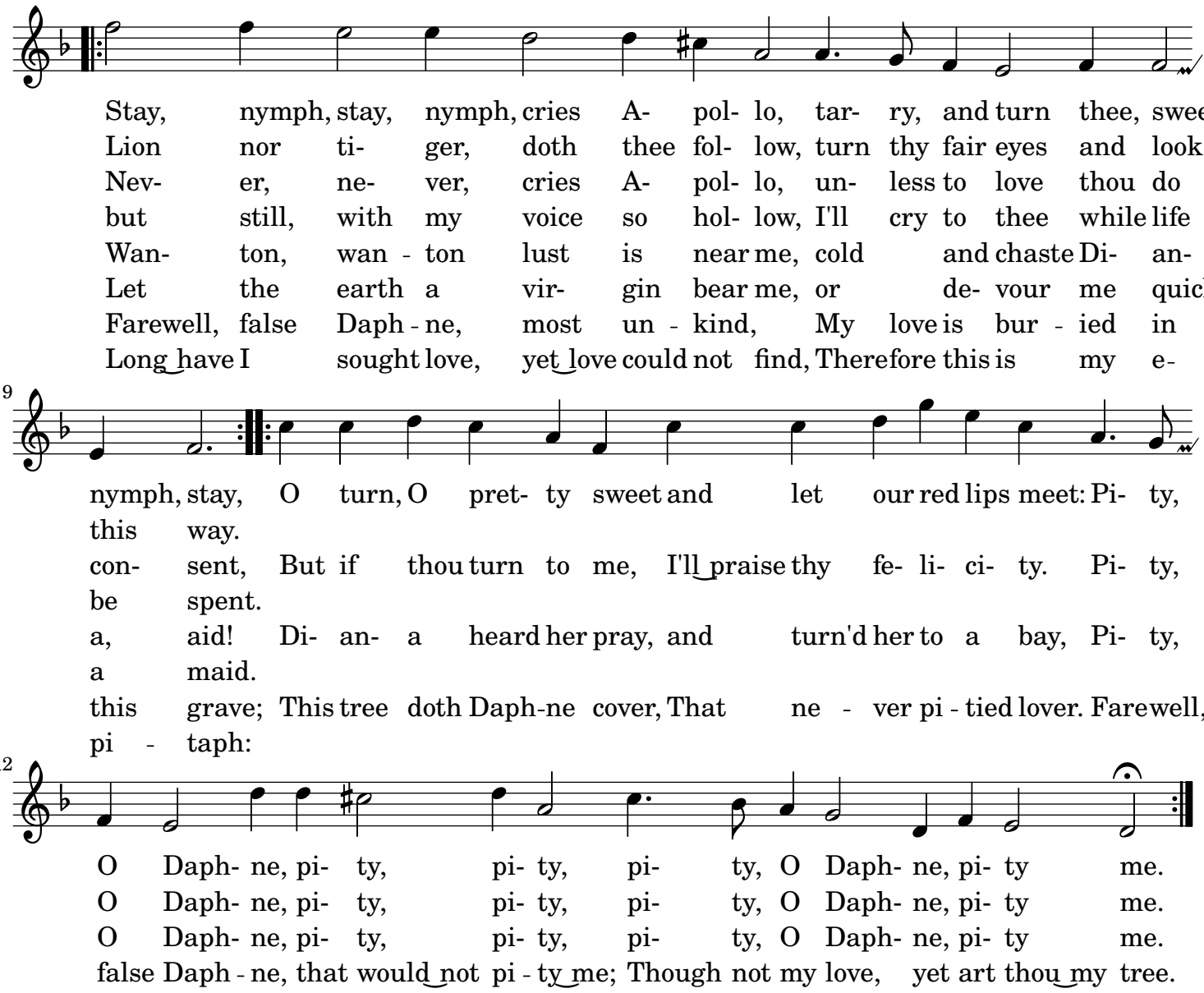
Voice



1. When Daph- ne from fair Phoe- bus did fly,
silk - en skirts scarce co - vered her thighs.
2. She gave no ear un- to his cry,
still did en- treat, she still did de- ny,
3. A- way like Ve- nus' dove she flies,
plain- tive love she still de- nies, cry-
4. A - maz - éd stood A - pol - lo then,
curs'd I am a - bove gods and men,



the West wind most sweet- ly did blow in her face. Her
The god cried, O pi- ty! and held her in chase.
but still did ne- glect him the more he did moan; He
and ear- nest- ly prayed him to leave her a- lone.
The red blood her bus- kins did run all a- down, Her
ing: Help, help Di- an- a, and save my re- nown.
When he be - held Daph - ne turn'd as she de - sir'd. Ac -
With grief and la - men - ting my sens - es are tired.


Stay, nymph, stay, nymph, cries A- pol- lo, tar- ry, and turn thee, sweet
Lion nor ti- ger, doth thee fol- low, turn thy fair eyes and look
Nev- er, ne- ver, cries A- pol- lo, un- less to love thou do
but still, with my voice so hol- low, I'll cry to thee while life
Wan- ton, wan - ton lust is near me, cold and chaste Di- an-
Let the earth a vir- gin bear me, or de- vour me quick,
Farewell, false Daph - ne, most un - kind, My love is bur - ied in
Long have I sought love, yet love could not find, Therefore this is my e-
9
nymph, stay, O turn, O pret- ty sweet and let our red lips meet: Pi- ty,
this way.
con- sent, But if thou turn to me, I'll praise thy fe- li- ci- ty. Pi- ty,
be spent.
a, aid! Di- an- a heard her pray, and turn'd her to a bay, Pi- ty,
a maid.
this grave; This tree doth Daph-ne cover, That ne - ver pi - tied lover. Farewell,
pi - taph:
12
O Daph- ne, pi- ty, pi- ty, pi- ty, O Daph- ne, pi- ty me.
O Daph- ne, pi- ty, pi- ty, pi- ty, O Daph- ne, pi- ty me.
O Daph- ne, pi- ty, pi- ty, pi- ty, O Daph- ne, pi- ty me.
false Daph - ne, that would not pi - ty me; Though not my love, yet art thou my tree.