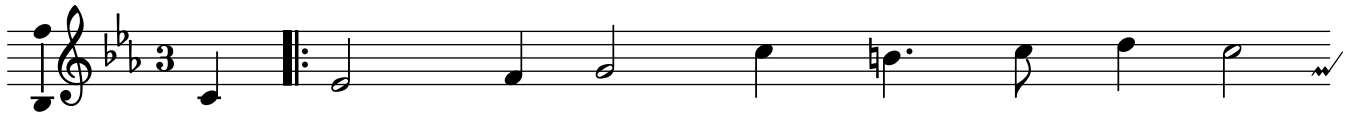


Voice



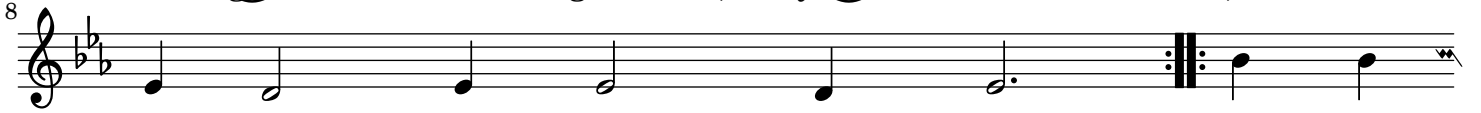
1. When Daph- ne from fair Phoe- bus did fly,
silk - en skirts scarce co - vered her thighs.
2. She gave no ear un- to his cry,
still did en- treat, she still did de- ny,
3. A- way like Ve- nus' dove she flies,
plain- tive love she still de- nies, cry-
4. A - maz - éd stood A - pol - lo then,
curs'd 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,
 Lion nor ti-ger, doth thee fol-low, turn thy
 Nev-er, ne-ver, cries A-pol-lo, un-less
 but still, with my voice so hol-low, I'll cry
 Wan-ton, wan-ton lust is near me, cold
 Let the earth a vir-gin bear me, or
 Farewell, false Daph-ne, most un-kind, My love
 Long have I sought love, yet love could not find, There-fore



and turn thee, sweet nymph, stay, O turn,
 fair eyes and look this way.
 to love thou do con-sent, But if
 to thee while life be spent.
 and chaste Di-an-a, aid! Di-an-
 de-vour me quick, a maid.
 is bur-ied in this grave; This tree
 this is my e-pi-taph:



O pret-ty sweet and let our red lips meet: Pi-ty,
 thou turn to me, I'll praise thy fe-li-ci-ty. Pi-ty,
 a heard her pray, and turn'd her to a bay, Pi-ty,
 doth Daph-ne cover, That ne-ver pi-tied lover. Fare-well,



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.