When Daphne from fair Phoebus did fly

Voice

Anonymous

1. When Daphne from fair Phoebus did fly,
silk'en skirts scarce covered her thighs.

2. She gave no ear unto his cry,
still did entreat, she still did deny,

3. Away like Venus' dove she flies,
plaintive love she still denies, cry-

4. Amazed stood Apollo then,
curs'd I am above gods and men,

the West wind most sweetly did blow in her face. Her
The god cried, O pity! and held her in chase.
but still did neglect him the more he did moan; He
and earnestly prayed him to leave her alone.
The red blood her buskins did run all down, Her

ing: Help, help Diana, and save my renowned.

When he beheld Daphne turn'd as she desir'd. Ac-
With grief and lamenting my senses are tired.
Stay, nymph, stay, nymph, cries Apollo, tardy,
Lion nor tiger, doth thee follow, turn thy
Never, never, cries Apollo, unless
but still, with my voice so hollow, I'll cry
Wanton, wanton lust is near me, cold
Let the earth a virgin bear me, or
Farewell, false Daphne, most unkind, My love
Long have I sought love, yet love could not find, Therefore

and turn thee, sweet nymph, stay, O turn,
fair eyes and look this way.
to love thou do consent,
But if
to thee while life be spent.
and chaste Diana, aid! Diana-
de-vour me quick, a maid.
is buried in this grave; This tree
this is my epitaph:

O pretty sweet and let our red lips meet: Pity,
thou turn to me, I'll praise thy felicity. Pity,
a heard her pray, and turn'd her to a bay, Pity,
doth Daphne cover, That never pitied lover. Farewell,

O Daphne, pity, pity, pity, O Daphne, pity me.
O Daphne, pity, pity, pity, O Daphne, pity me.
O Daphne, pity, pity, pity, O Daphne, pity me.
false Daphne, that would not pity me; Though not my love, yet art thou my tree.
When Daphne from fair Phoebus did fly

Altus

Anonymous

When Daphne from fair Phoebus did fly

Tenor

Anonymous
