Alto

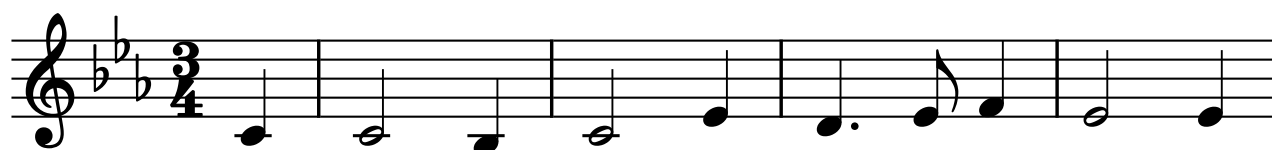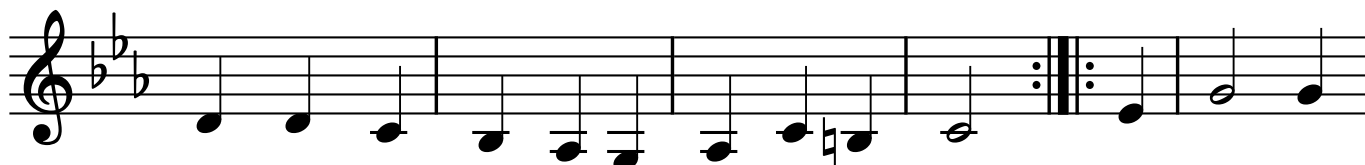# Daphne

When Daph - ne from fair Phoe-bus did fly, The
Her silk - en scarf scarce shad - ow her eye, The
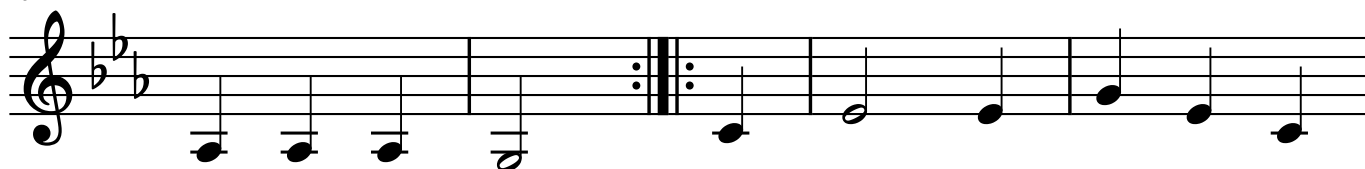
west wind most sweet-ly did blow in her face. O stay nyph,
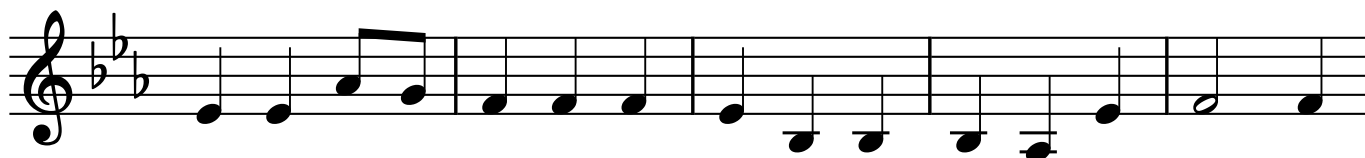god cried 'O pi - ty and held her in chace. Lion nor

stay _ nyph cries A - pol - lo, Tar - ry and turn thee
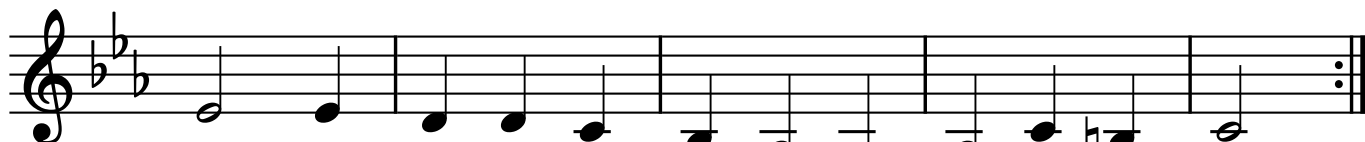ti - ger doth thee fol-low, Turn thy fair eyes _ and

sweet nyph stay. O turn O pretty sweet and
look _ this way.

let our red lips meet ___ pi - ty me Daph - ne pi - ty

me, O pi - ty me Daph - ne, pi - ty me.