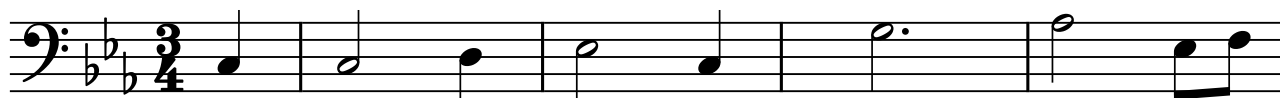


Bass

Daphne



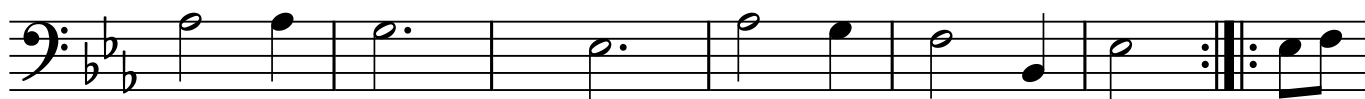
When Daph - ne from fair Phoebus did fly, The
Her silk - en scarf scarce shadow her eye, The

5



west wind most sweetly did blow in her face. O stay nyph, stay nyph
god cried 'O pity and held her in chace. Lion nor ti - ger

12



cries A - pollo, Tarry and turn thee sweet nyph stay. O__
doth thee follow, Turn thy fair eyes and look this way.

19



turn Opret-ty sweet and let our red lips meet pity me Daph - ne

25



pi - ty me, O__ pity me Daph - ne pi - ty me.