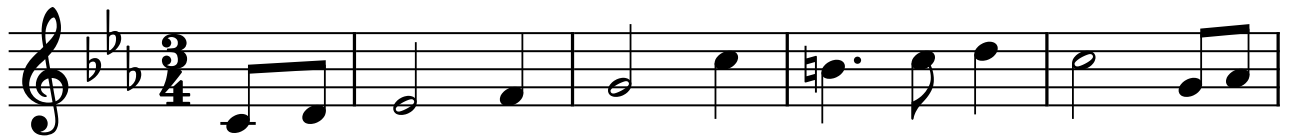


Daphne



When Daph - ne from fair Phoe - bus did fly, The
Her_ silk - en scarf scarce shad - ow her eye, The

5



west wind most sweet - ly did blow in her face. O_
god cried 'O pi - ty and held her in chace.

10



stay nyph, stay nyph cries_ A - pol - lo, Tar - ry and
Lion nor ti - ger doth_ thee fol - low, Turn thy fair

15



turn_ thee sweet_ nyph stay. O_ turn, O pret - ty
eyes_ and look_ this way.

20



sweet and let our red lips meet_ pi - ty me Daph - ne

25



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