

Daphne

Anonymous

When Daph- ne from fair Pho- bus did fly, O the

6/4

6/4

a r a r d 4h 3f 1r 2d 4f d a

a a a

west wind most sweet- ly did blow in her face. Her

r d a b d a a 1r 4e a b

a a r a a

sil- ken skirts scarce co- ver'd her thigh; the

a r a b a a b d a b a 2b a a 4d

b a r a b a b 1b 1b

a a d a

god cried, "O pi- ty!", and held her in chase.

1f 4d a b 3r a a a a

3h a b a a b a r

a a a 2r a a

"Stay, nymph, stay nymph!", cried A- pol- lo,

a b a d a d b d a a 3r

a e b a b

a a a

"Tar- ry and turn thee, sweet nymph, stay. Lion nor ti- ger

1 r a 4 3 1 b a 4 a 1 b a a e

2 a a a a

doth thee fol- low; turn thy fair eyes and

b a a f g f e b a

a a a a

look this way. O turn, O pret- ty sweet,

a b a b a b a a a b b b a a

a a a a

and let our red lips meet: Pi- ty, O Daph- ne,

a b a a f r a 1 r 4 h 2 f a

a a a b a a a

pi- ty, O pi- ty me, pi- ty, O Daph- ne, pi- ty me!"

1 r a 2 r 4 e a 2 r 4 a a 2 r a a 3 e a

1 r a a a a a a a a