

# Cloris your selfe you so excell

Clor - is your selfe you so ex - cell, when you vouch - safe to breath my thought,

5

that like a spir-it with this spell of mine own teach - ing I am caught. That Ea-gle's Fate and

9

mine is one, that on that shaft that made him dye, es-py'd a Feath-er of his

13

own, where with he wont to soare so high. Had Ecc-ho with so swete a grace, Nar-

18

ci - ssus lowd com - plaints re - turn'd, not for re - flec - tion of his

face, but of his voyce the boy had mourn'd.

The image shows a musical score for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is written on the top staff, and the bass line is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the top staff. The music consists of a single melodic line with a final long note held over two measures. The lyrics are: 'face, but of his voyce the boy had mourn'd.'