

When Daph - ne from fair Phoeb - us did fly, The west wind most  
Her silk - en scarf scarce shadow'd her eyes, The God cried, O

sweet - ly did blow in her face, Stay, Nymph, stay, Nymph, cries A -  
pi - ty! and held her in chace. Lion nor ti - ger doth thee

- pol - lo, Tar - ry, and turn thee, Sweet Nymph, stay,  
fol - low, Turn thy fair eyes, and look this way. O turn, O pretty

sweet, And let our red lips meet: O pi - ty me, Daph - ne! pi - - ty

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