

When Daphne from fair Phoebus did fly

Voice

anonymous

When Daphne from fair Phoebus did fly,
the West wind most sweetly did blow in her face.
Her silken scarf scarce sheltered her eyes.
The god cried, O pity! and held her in chase.
Stay, nymph, stay, nymph, cried Apollo,
tarry, and turn thee, sweet nymph, stay,
lion or tiger, doth thee follow
turn thy fair eyes and look this way.
O turn, O pretty sweet
and let our red lips meet:
Pity, O Daphne, pity, pity,
pity, O Daphne, pity me.

She gave no ear unto his cry,
but still did neglect him the more he did moan;
He still did entreat, she still did deny,
and earnestly prayed him to leave her alone.
Never, never, cries Apollo,
unless to love thou do consent,
but still, with my voice so hollow,
I'll cry to thee while life be spent.
But if thou turn to me,
I'll praise thy felicity.
Pity, O Daphne, pity, pity,
pity, O Daphne, pity me.

Away like Venus dove she flies,
The red blood her buskins did run all adown,
Her plaintive love she still denies,
crying: Help, help Diana, and save my renown.
Wanton, wanton lust is near me,
cold and chaste Diana, aid!
Let the earth a virgin bear me,
or devour me quick, a maid.
Diana heard her pray,
and turn'd her to a bay,
Pity, O Daphne, pity, pity,
pity, O Daphne, pity me.

Amazed stood Apollo then,
When he beheld Daphne turn'd as she desir'd.
Accurs'd I am above gods and men,
With grief and lamenting my senses are tired.
Farewell, false Daphne, most unkind,
My love is buried in this grave;
Long have I sought love, yet love could not find,
Therefore this is my epitaph:
This tree doth Daphne cover,
That never pitied lover.
Farewell, false Daphne
that would not pity me;
Though not my love,
yet art thou my tree.