

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Daphne

Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686)
lyrics by Thomas Deloney (1543?-1600)

Dm Dm A Dm F C Dm C Dm

When Daph - ne from fair Phoebus did flie, The west wind most sweet - ly did blow in her face. Her
She gave no eare unto his cry, But still did neglect him the more he did mone; He
A way, like the Venus dove, she flies; The red blood her bus - kins did run all a - downe; His
A maz - ed stood A pol - lo then, When he be - held Daph - ne turned as she de - sired; "Ac -

Dm A Dm F C Dm C Dm

silk - en scarfe scarce shel - tered her eyes. The God cried, "O pi - tie," and held her in chace.
still did en - treat, she still did de - nie, And er - nest - ly prayed him to leave her a - lone.
plain - tive love she still de - nies, Crying, "Help, help, Di - an - a, and save my re - nowne:
curst I am, a - bove gods and men; With grieffe and la - ments my sen - ces are tired.

F C Dm A F C Bb C F

"Stay, nimph, stay, nimph" cryed A - pol - lo, "Tar - ry, and turn thee; sweet nymph, stay!
"Ne - ver, ne - ver," cryed A - pol - lo, "Un - less to love thou do con - sent,
Wan - ton, wan - ton lust is neare me - Cold and chaste Di - an - a, aid!
Fare - well! false Daph ne, most un - kinde, My love is bur - ied in thy grave;

F C Dm A F C B♭ C F

Lion nor ty - ger, doth thee fol - low; Turne thy faire eyes, and looke this way.
 But still with my voice so hol - low, Ile crie to thee till life be spent.
 Let the earth a vir - gin beare me, Or de - voure me quick a maid."
 Love I've long sought, yet could not finde, There - fore shall this be thy e - pi - taph:

F C

O turn, o pret - tie sweet, And let our red lips meet:
 But if thou turne to me, 'Twill prove thy fe - li - ci - tie,
 Di - an - a heard her pray, And turned her to a bay:
 'This tree doth Daph - ne cover, That nev - er pi - tied lover.'

F Am Dm A Dm F C Dm A D

Pit - tie, O Daph - ne, pit - tie, pit - tie, Pit - tie, O Daph - ne, pit - tie me."
 Pit - tie, O Daph - ne, pit - tie, pit - tie, Pit - tie, O Daph - ne, pit - tie me."
 "Pit - tie, O Daph - ne, pit - tie, pit - tie, Pit - tie, O Daph - ne, pit - tie me."
 Fare-well, false Daph - ne, with - out pit - tie, Though not my love, thou art my tree."