

Poem "Apollo's Song" by John Lyly, published in play "Midas".

Apollo. Then thus I begin both my song and my play.

A Song of Daphne to the lute.

Apollo. My *Daphne's* Haire is twisted Gold,
Bright starres a-piece her Eyes doe hold,
My *Daphne's* Brow inthrones the Graces,
My *Daphne's* Beauty staines all Faces,
On *Daphne's* Cheeke grow Rose and Cherry,
On *Daphne's* Lip a sweeter Berry,
Daphne's snowy Hand but touch'd does melt,
And then no heauenlier Warmth is felt,
My *Daphne's* voice tunes all the Spheres,
My *Daphne's* Musick charmes all Eares.
Fond am I thus to sing her prayse;
These glories now are turn'd to Bayes.

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