

Like as the lute delights

John Danyel

Like as the lute de- lights,

10

de- lights or else, or else dis- likes as is his art that plays up- on the

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same, so sounds my muse, so sounds my Muse; it sounds

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ac- cord- ing as she strikes on my heart strings, high tuned, high

tuned un- to her fame. Her touch doth cause the war-

ble of the sound which here I yield in lam- en- ta- ble wise,

in la- men- ta- ble wise, in la- men- ta- ble wise, la- men- ta- ble

wise, A wail- ing des- cant, a wail- ing des- cant on the

45

sweet-est ground, whose due re-ports, whose due re-ports gives

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ho-nour to her eyes, whose due re-ports, whose due re-ports gives

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ho-nour to her eyes. If a-ny pleas-ing re-lish here I

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use, judge then the world: her beau-ty gives the

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same. Else harsh my style, un- tune- a- ble my Muse; hoarse sounds the

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voice that prais- eth not her name. For no- ground

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else, for no ground else could make the mu- sic such, Nor o- ther

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hand could give so sweet a touch, could give so sweet a touch, for touch.

1) Bite one course higher in orig.