

# Like as the lute delights

John Danyel

Like as the lute de- lights, de- lights or else, or else dis- likes as

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is his art that plays up- on the same, (b) so sounds my muse, so sounds my

15 20

Muse; it sounds ac- cord- ing as she strikes on my heart strings, hightuned, high tuned un-

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to her fame. Her touch doth cause the war- ble of the sound which here I yield in

30 35

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

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A wail- ing des- cant, a wail- ing des- cant on the sweet- est ground, whose due re-

45 50

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

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

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judge then the world: her beau- ty gives the same. Else harsh my style, un- tune-

65 70

a- ble my Muse; hoarse sounds the voice that prais- eth not her name. For

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

80

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