

Like as th6-course e lute delights

John Danyel

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

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or else dis- likes as is his art that plays up- on the same, so

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sounds my muse, so sounds my Muse; it sounds ac- cord- ing as she strikes on

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my heart strings, high tuned, high tuned un- to her fame.

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Her touch doth cause the war- ble of the sound which here I yield in

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

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men- ta- ble wise, A wail- ing des- cant, a wail- ing

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des- cant on the sweet- est ground, whose due re- ports, whose

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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

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use, judge then the world: her beauty gives the same. Else

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harsh my style, untunable my Muse; hoarse sounds the voice that prais-

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eth not her name. For no ground else, for no ground

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else could make the music such, Nor other hand could give so

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

1) Bite one course higher in orig.