

# Like as th6-course e lute delights

John Danyel

Like as the lute de- lights,

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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

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

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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

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