

Francis Pilkington

THE FIRST BOOKE OF Songs or Ayres of 4.parts:

1605

XIX. Mysick deare sollace, to my thoughts neglected.

Mysick deare sollace, to my thoughts neglected,
Musick time sporter, to my most respected,
Sound on, sound on, thy golden harmony is such,
That whilst she doth vouchsafe her *Ebon* Lute to tuch.
By descant numbers I doe nimbly clime, from Loues secluse,
Vnto his Courts, wher I in fresh attire, attire my Muse.

2 I doe compare her fingers swift resounding.
Vnto the heauens Sphæricall rebounding :
Harke, harke, she sings no forst, but breathing sound I heare,
And such the concord *Diapasons* shee doth reare,
As when th'immortall god of nature from his seate aboue,
First formd words all, & fairely it combind, combind by loue.

3 Diuine *Appollo* bee not thou offended,
That by her better skill thy skills amended,
Schollers doe oft more lore, then maisters theirs attaine,
Though thine the ground, all parts in one though she contain,
Yet maist thou triumph, that thou hast a Scholler onely one,
That can her Lute to thine, and to thy voice, her voice attone.