

Thomas Campion

THE T H I R D AND FOVRTH BOOKE OF A Y R E S :

VIII. To his sweet Lute

1 To his sweet Lute *Apollo* sung the motions of the Spheares ;
The wondrous order of the Starsm whose course diuides the yeares :
 And all the Mysteries aboue ;
 But none of this could *Midas* moue,
 Which purchast him his Asses eares.

2 Then *Pan* with his rude Pipe began the Country-wealth t'aduance ;
To boast of Cattle, flockes of Sheepe, and Goates, on hils that dance,
 With much more of this churlish kinde :
 That quite transported *Midas* minde,
 And held him rapt as in a trance.

3 This wrong the *God of Musicke* scorn'd from such a sottish Iudge,
And bent his angry bow at *Pan*, which made the Piper trudge :
 Then *Midas* head he so did trim,
 That eu'ry age yet talkes of him
 And *Phoebus* right reuenged grudge.