

**S O N G S**  
**FOR THE LUTE VIOL**  
**and Voice**

**Composed by I. Danyel**

**1606**

**4. Like as the Lute.**

Like as the Lute delights or else dislikes,  
As is his art that playes vpon the same :  
So sounds my Muse according as shee strikes  
On my hart strings, high tun'd vnto her fame.

Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,  
Which heere I yeeld in lamentable wise :  
A wayling descant on the sweetest ground,  
Whose due reports giues honour to her eyes.

If any pleasing relish here I vse,  
Then Iudge the world her beautie giues the same :  
Else harsh my stile vntunable my Muse,  
Hoarse sounds the voice that praiseth not her name.

For no ground else could make the Musicke such,  
Nor other hand could giue so sweet a touch.