

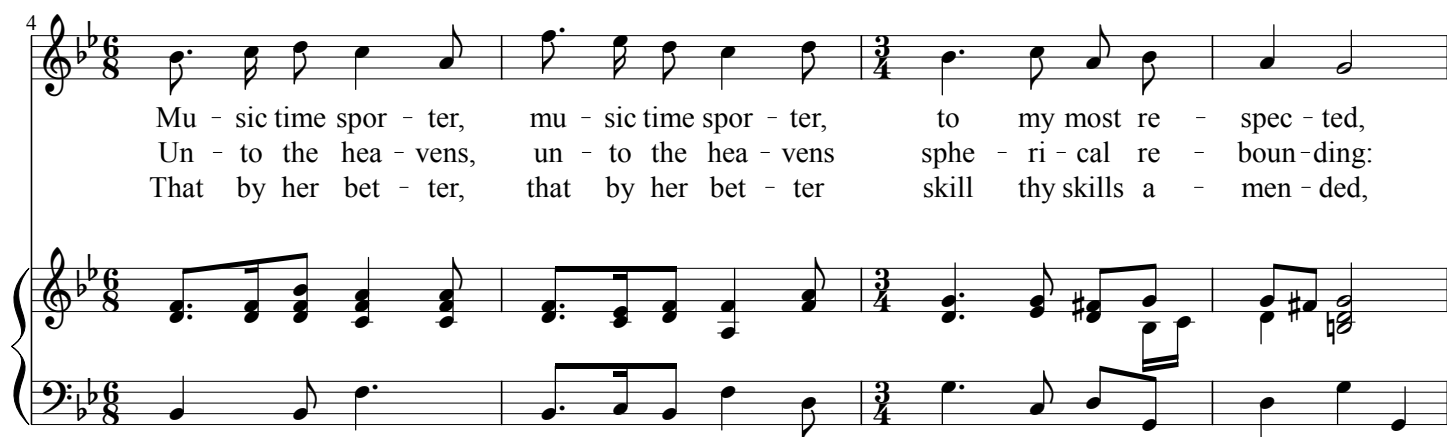
Music dear solace, to my thoughts neglected

First Book of Aires, 1605, No. 19

Francis Pilkington



1. Mu - sic dear so - lace, to my thoughts ne - glec - ted,
2. I do com - pare her fin - gers swift re - soun - ding,
3. Di - vine Ap - pol - lo be not thou of - fen - ded,



Mu - sic time spor - ter, mu - sic time spor - ter, to my most re - spec - ted,
Un - to the hea - vens, un - to the hea - vens sphe - ri - cal re - boun - ding:
That by her bet - ter, that by her bet - ter skill thy skills a - men - ded,



Sound on, sound on, thy gol - den har - mo - ny is
Hark, hark, she sings no forced, but brea - thing sound I
Scho - lars do oft more lore than mas - ters theirs at

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such, That whilst she doth vouch-safe her e - bon lute to touch.
 hear, And such the con - cord Di - a - pa - sons she doth rear,
 tain, Though thine the ground, all parts in one though she con - tain,

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By des - cant num - bers I do nim - bly climb, from love's se -
 As when th'im - mor - tal god of na - ture from his seat a -
 Yet may'st thou tri - umph, that thou hast a scho - lar on - ly

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cluse, Un - to his courts, un - to his courts where I in
 bove, First formed words all, first formed words all, and fair - ly
 one, That can her lute, that can her lute to thine, and

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fresh at - tire, a - tire my muse.
 it com - bined, com - bined by love.
 to thy voice, her voice at - tone.