

A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSICKE
Ascribed to Richard Edwards (16th Century)

Where gripinge grefes the hart would
 wounde,
And dolefulle dumps the mynde op
 presse,
There musicke with her silver sound
 With spede is wont to send redresse
Of trobled mynds, in ev'ry sore
Swete musicke hathe a salve in store.

In joye yt maks our mirthe abounde,
 In woe yt cheres our hevvy sprites;
Be-strawghted heads relyef hath founde,
 By musickes pleasaunt swete delightes:
Our senses all, what shall I say more?
Are subject unto musicks lore.

The gods by musicke have their prayse;
 The lyfe, the soul therein doth joye:
For, as the Romaine poet sayes,
 In seas, whom pyratts would destroy,
A dolphin saved from death most sharpe
Arion playing on his harpe.

O heav'nly gyft that rules the mynd,
 Even as the sterne dothe rule the shippe!
O musicke, whom the Gods assinde
 To comforte manne, whom cares would nippe!
Since thow both man and beste doest move,
What beste ys he, wyll the disprove?