

Like as the Lute delights

Agres for the Lute, Bass Viol and Voice
by master John Dangel (1564 - 1626)

1

Like as the Lute de-lights, de-lights or else

4

or else dis-likes as is his art that plaies up-on the same; so

7

sounds my Muse, so sounds my Muse it sounds accord-ing as she strikes, On my hart

10

strings high tun'd high tun'd un-to her fame. Her

13 touch doth cause the war - ble of the sound, wick where I yeeld in la-men-ta-ble wise,

16 in la-men-ta-ble wise, in la - men - ta - ble wise, la - men - ta - ble

right hand

18 wise. A way - ling des-cant, a way - ling des - cant on the

21 sweet - est ground, Whose due re - ports, whose due re - ports gives hon - our to her

24 eyes, Whose due - re ports, whose due re - ports, gives hon - our to her

right hand

27

eyes, if a - ny pleas - ing re - lish he - re I use,

30

Judge then the world her beau - ty gives the same, Else harsh my style, un - tun

33

- able my Muse hoarse sounds, The voice that pray - eth not her name.

36

For no ground else for no ground else could make the Mu - sick such,

39

No oth - er hand could give so sweet a touch, could give so sweet a touch..