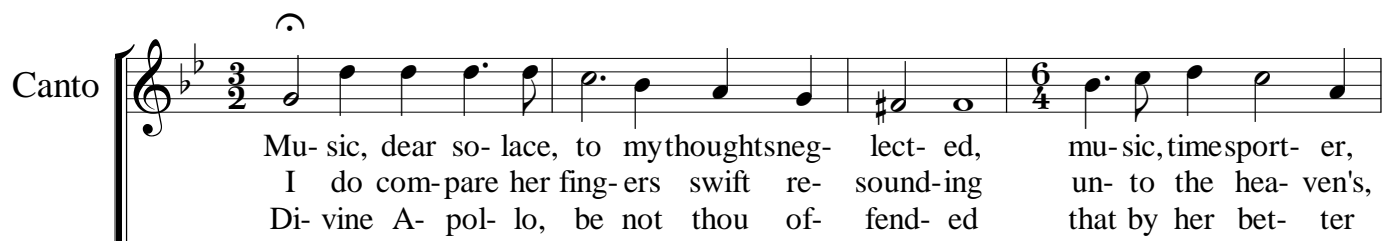



19. Music, dear solace

Francis Pilkington


Canto



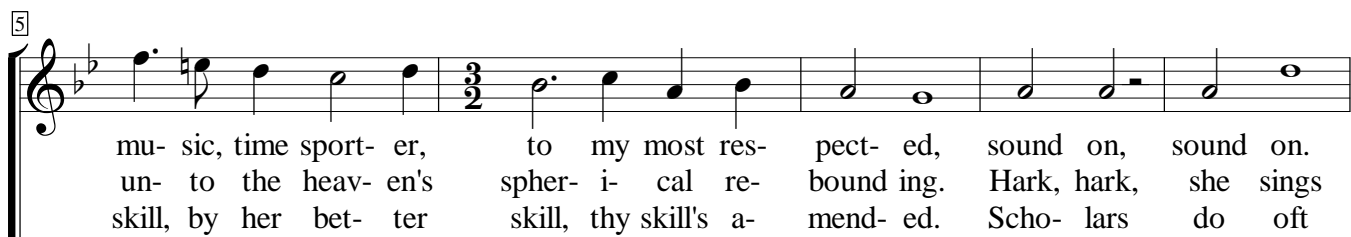
Basso

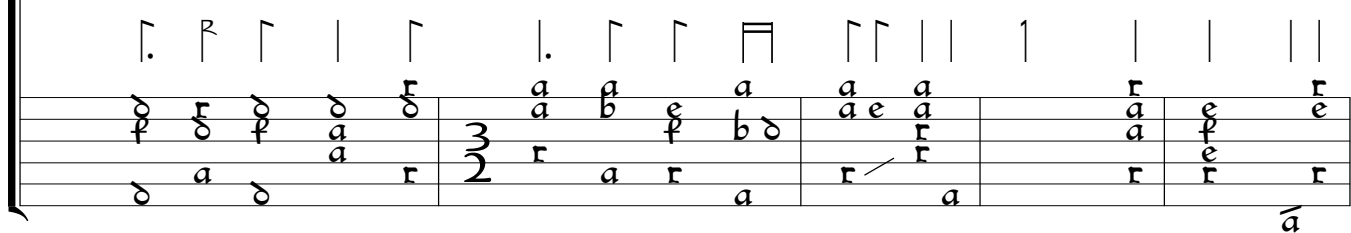


Lute

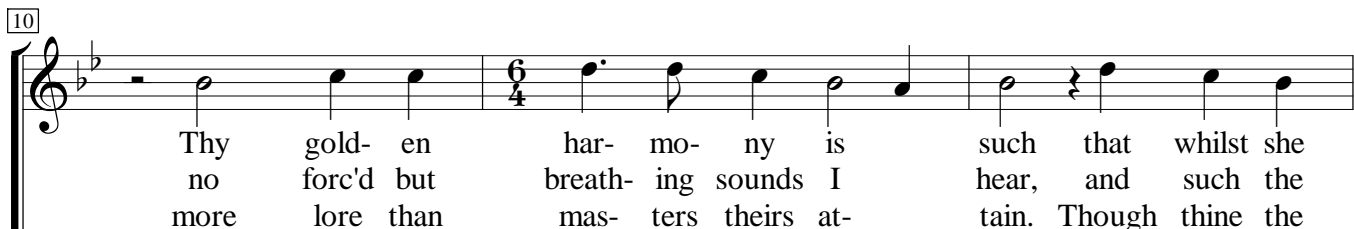


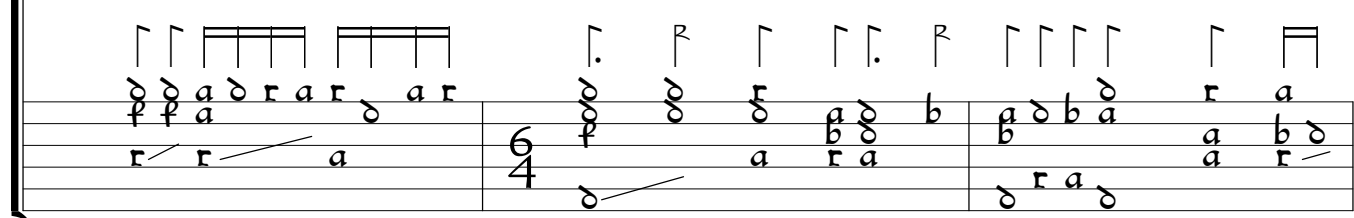
5





10





doth vouch- safe her eb- on lute to touch, by des- cant
 con- cord di- a- pa- sons she doth rear, as when th'im-
 ground, all parts in one though she con- tain, yet may'st thou

num- bers I do nim- bly climb from Love's se- cluse un- to his
 mor- tal god, th'im- mor- tal god of na- ture from his seat a-
 tri- umph, may'st thou tri- umph that thou hast a scho- lar on- ly

courts, un- to his courts, where I in fresh at- tire, at- tire my muse.
 bove first form'd words all, and fair- ly it com- bin'd, com- bin'd by love.
 one that can her lute to thine, and to thy voice her voice at- tone.