

To his sweet lute Apollo sung Thomas Campion

To his sweet lute A-pol-lo sung the mo-tions of the spheres,
 Then Pan with his rude pipe be-gan the coun-try-wealth t'ad-vance,
 This wrong the God of Mu-sic scorn'd from such a sot-tish judge,

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The won-drous or-der of the stars whose course di-vides the years,
 To boast of cat-tle, flocks of
 And bent his an-gry bow at

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And all the mys-ter-ies a-bove. But none of this could Mi-das

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move, Which pur-chased him his ass-'s ears.