

*This of the Author each I will say,
That in One poyn't to raman he gives way;
Composing of a Song vnto some Ditty
He is so Iudicious and so Witty,
That waighing first the Nature of each Word
He findes fit Notes, that thereunto accord,
Making both Sound and Sence well to agree;
Witnesse his sundry Songs of Harmonie.
What shall I say more? this Worke I approoue,
And for his Skill, and Paines the Author loue.*

MARTIN PEERSON
Bachelor of Musicke.

To him that reads.

Concord and Discord still haue bene at ods
Since the first howre the Heathens made them Gods.
In euery Profession, Trade, or Art
They draw their swords, and each Wit takes a part.
There's neither Starre that moves, nor Hearbe that grows,
But they Dispute vpon't with Words, or Blowes.
'Mongst which Musicians, hanging vp their Harpes
Doe growe to fall Flat out, for Flats and Sharpes,
And by their Discord make that Art vneuen,
Whose Concord should expresse that Peace in Heauen;
But heere is One, whose Dove-like Pen of Peace
Striues to out-flie such Strife, and make it cease;
And Discord brings with Concord to agree,
That from their Strife he raises Harmonie.
He that for Loue doth This, and not for Gaine,
Must needes haue Praise, the proper due for Paine.

WILLIAM AVSTIN.

