

If Musicke then, moue all that All doth moue;  
 That's not compriz'd in ALL that spights her State:  
 If not in ALL, it's nought; which who doth loue  
 is worse then nought, to loue what Hea'n doth hate:  
 For, NOUGHT is nothing; fith it was not made  
 By that great WORD, without which made was nought:  
 Then, if that nought but NOUGHT doe her innade,  
 Like God, her goodnesse is surmounting THOUGHT!  
 But no man is so ill that hath no good;  
 So, no man in the Abstract can be nought:  
 Then 'tis no man that hates sweete Musickes moode,  
 But Some-thing worse then all that can be thought.  
 A Beast? O no: A Monster? neither. Then  
 Is it a Deuill? Nothing lesse: for, these  
 Haue Beings with an Angell, or a Man;  
 But that exists not, that sweete Notes displease.  
 FORMES, Essence giue to Man, Beast, Fish, & Fowle;  
 Then Men WERE not, had they no Soule (their Forme)  
 But Musickes haters haue no Forme, nor Soule:  
 So, they (like Sinne) exist but to enforme,  
 For, had they Soules produc'd in Harmony,  
 Or rather Are it selfe (some Wise auouch)  
 They would be rauisht with her Suauity,  
 And turn'd Cœlestiall with her Heauenly Touch!  
 But, let them goe as more than mortall Sinne  
 Gainst Wisedomes Spirit, not to be forgiven:  
 While thou dost wooe the Soules, which thou dost winne  
 With thy sweet Notes (deere Friend) to mind but Hea'n.  
 Thy Nature, Manners, and thy Notes doe make  
 A Three-fold-Cord, to drawe all hearts in ganes:  
 Thy Musickes Cordes hold Eares and Eyes awake  
 (Yet lullaby in pleasure) with their Straines.  
 So, then this latter Musicke (though alone)  
 'Twixt Fame and Thee doth make an Vnison,  
 Through which consent, though Deaths clouds thee o'rern  
 Thy glory still shall shine, and cloud the Sun.

Io: Dauies. Heref:

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