

To his sweet Lute

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

System 1: G Em D G G# C# G D D A^{sus4} A D G
 To his_ sweet Lute A - pol - lo_sung the_ mo - tions of the Spheares; The wond -

System 2: D Am E^{sus4} E Am D G D^{sus4} D G C C G Am Dm Dm E
 - rous_or - der of the.Stars, whose course di-vides the yeares: And all the My - ste - ries above; But

System 3: G C G Am E^{sus4} E A D G C D^{sus4} D G
 none_ of_ this_could Mi - das move, Which pur - chast him his As-ses eares.

2. Then Pan with his rude Pipe began the Country wealth t'advance;
 To boast of Cattle, flockes of Sheepe, and Goates, on hils that dance,
 With much more of this churlish kinde:
 That quite transported Midas minde,
 And held him rapt as in a trance.

3. This wrong the God of Musicke scorn'd from such a sottish Iudge,
 And bent his angry bow at Pan, which made the Piper trudge.
 Then Midas head he so did trim,
 That ev'ry age yet talkes of him
 And Phoebus right revenged grudge.