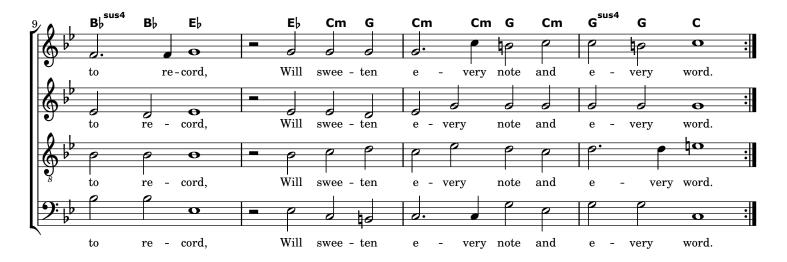
## To Musicke bent is my retyred minde





2. All earthly pompe or beauty to expresse,
Is but to carve in snow, on waves to write.
Celestiall things though men conceive them lesse,
Yet fullest are they in themselves of light:
Such beames they yeeld as know no meanes to dye:
Such heate they cast as lifts the Spirit high.