

ANACREON'S ODE, CALL'D, THE LUTE.

Englished by MR JOHN BERKENHEAD.

HENRY LAWES.

1678

Moderato.

f

I long to sing the siege of Troy,

f

or Thebes which Cad-mus rear'd so high; But tho' with

p

hand and voice I strove, my Lute will sound no - thing but Love.

rit.

rit.

mp a tempo

I chang'd the strings but 'twould not do't; At last I took an o-ther

a tempo più f

Lute; And then I tried to sing the praise of All

f

per-form-ing Her cu - les. But when I sing Al - ci - des'

p

dim.

name My Lute re-sounds Love, Love, a - gain.

cresc.

f

cresc.

Quicker.

Then fare - well all ye Gre - cian Peers and

mf

all true Troj - an Ca - val - liers: Nor Gods nor

Men my Lute can move 'Tis dumb to

cresc.

all but Love, Love, Love.

cresc. *f*