



O You, that hear this voice, O you that see this face, say whether of the choice, may have the former place. Who dare judge this debate, that it be void of hate:

This side doth beauty take, for that doth Music speak, fit Orators to make,
the strongest judgements weak
The bar to plead their right, is only true delight.

Thus doth the voice and face,
these gentle lawyers wage:
like loving brothers case, for father's heritage:
that each, while each contends, itself to other lends.

For beauty beautifies, with heav'nly hew and grace, the heav'nly harmonies, and in that faultless face, the perfect beauties be, a perfect harmony.

Music more lofty swells, in phrases finely plac'd: Beauty as far excells, in action aptly grac'd: a friend each party draws, to countenance his cause.

Love more affected seems, to beauty's lovely light, and wonder more esteems, of Music wond'rous might, but both to both so bent, as both in both are spent.

Music doth witness call, the ear his truth doth try:
Beauty brings to the hall, eyewitness of the eye, each in his object such, as none exceptions touch.

The common sense which might, be arbiter of this:
to be forsooth upright,
to both sides partial is:
he lays on this chief praise,
chief praise on that he lays.
Then Reason, princess high, which sits in throne of mind and Music can in Sky, with hidden beauties find, say whether thou wilt crown, with limitless renown?

