Come, with our voices let us war (Setting 1)

BEN JONSON

Come, come, with our voices let us war,
And challenge all the spheres,
Till each of us be made a star,
And all the world turn ears.

At such a call what beast or fowl
Of reason empty is?
What tree or stone doth want a soul?
What man but must lose?

Mix then our notes, that we may prove
To stay the running floods,

his?
To make the mountain quarries move,  
And call the walking woods.

What need of mine?  
Do you but sing,  
Sleep and the graves will wake.  
No tunes are sweet, nor words have strings,  
But what those lips do make.

They say that angels mark each deed,  
And exercise below,  
And out of inward pleasure feed.  
On what they viewing know.

Oh, sing not you then,  
llest the best, Of angels
should be driven To fall again, at such a feast, Mis-taking earth for heaven.

Let us rather both our souls be strain'd To meet their high desire;

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So they in state of grace retain'd May wish us of their choir.

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ANON.