

And Milton in *Arcades* goes straight back to Plato (save that his spheres are nine, as with Chaucer) :

*then listen I*

*To the celestial Sirens' harmony  
That sit upon the nine enfolded spheres  
And sing to those that hold the vital shears  
And turn the adamantine spindle round  
Of which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie  
To lull the daughters of Necessity,  
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,  
And the low world in measured motion draw  
After the heavenly tune.*

From the greater poets let us turn to a lesser one, whom we shall have occasion to quote again by and by : to the *Orchestra* of Sir John Davies (1596), who sees this whole Universe treading the harmonious measures of a dance ; and let us select one stanza, of the tides :