

THE
FIRST BOOKE
OF AYRES.

OR
LITTLE SHORT
SONGS, TO SING AND
PLAY TO THE LVTE,
WITH THE BASE
VIOLE.

NEWLY PUBLISHED
BY
THOMAS MORLEY
*Bachelor of Musicke, and one of
the Gent. of her Maiesties Royall
CHAPPEL.*



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the assigne of Thomas Morley, and are to be sold at
his house in Gracious streete. 1600.*

Cum Privilegio.





TO THE WORTHIE AND VERTVOVS
LOVER OF MUSICK, RALPH
BOSVILE ESQUIRE.



*Ir, the loue which you do beare to my qualitie, proceedeth
(no doubt) of an excellent knowledge you haue therein.
(For vnconouth vnkiſt ſaith venerable Chaucer:) But that
which (among ſo many profeffors thereof) you beare to
my ſelfe in particular, muſt ſimply flowe from the bountie
of a generous ſpirit, there being no other meanes in me to
deſerue the ſame, but onely deſire. In recompence therefore of my priuate
fauours, I thought it the part of an honeſt minde, to make ſome one pub-
lique teſtimonie and acknowledgement thereof. And that, by conſecrating
vnto your protection theſe few light Ayres for the Lute voice and Violl one-
ly. Which as they were made this vacation time, you may vſe likewise at
your vacant bowers. But ſee the folly of me, who whiſt I look for a Patrone,
haue lighted on a iudge. This muſt be the comfort that, as they muſt en-
dure the cenſure of your iudicious eare: ſo ſhall they bee ſure
of the protection of your good word. And herewith
once more I humbly commend them
and me to your good
opinion.*

At your deuotion now and euer.

THO. MORLEY.



TO THE READER.



Et it not seeme strange (courteous Reader) that I thus farre presume to take vpon me, in publishing this volume of Lute Ayres, being no profesor thereof, but like a blind man groping for my way, haue at length happened vpon a method; which when I found, my heart burning loue to my friends would not consent I might conceale. Two causes moued me heereunto, the first to satisfie the world of my no idle howers (though both Gods visitation in sicknesse, and troubles in the world, by futes in Law haue kept me busied.) The other cause was to make tryall of my first fruites, which being effected, I will commend to indifferent and no partiall iudges, If *Memus* doe euer carpe, let him doe it with iudgement least my booke in silence flout his little iudgement. If he would faine scoffe, yet feareth to doe it through his wits defect, let him shew iudgement in his tongues restraint, in the allowance of that which I doubt not, but more iudiciall cares shall applaude. Too many there are, who are fillily indewde with an humour of reprehension, and those are they that euer want true knowledge of apprehension. I know that *Scientia non habet inimicum prater ignorantem*: but I shall not feare their barking questes. This booke expects the fauourable censure of the exquisite iudiciall eares, scorning the wel-come of any *Mydas*; if therefore the more worthe receiue it into their fauour, it is as much as euer I wished, or can expect. In lue whereof, I shall by this encouragement promise and produce sundrie fruites of this kind, which verie shortly I will commend vnto you. In the meane time I commend and commit both this and my selfe, to your euer good opinion. And salute you with a hartie. *Adieu.*

Yours in all loue.

THO. MORLEY.



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FINIS.



Pain - ted tale by

Po - ets skill de - uifed , where words well plaft great ftore of loue profest.

In loues at - tyre can ne - uer Maske dif - guyfde,

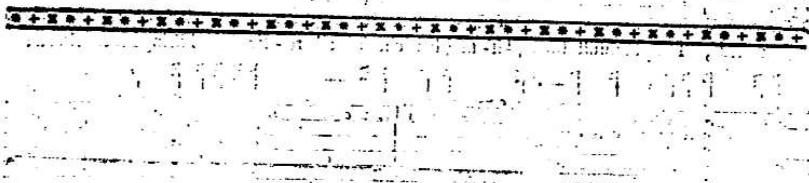
For looks and fighs true loue can beft exprefte, And he whofe wordes his paffions night can tell

Dooth more in wordes dooth more in wordes then in true loue ex - cell,

Painted tale.

FOR THE BASE VIOL.

THO. MORLEY.



And he whofe wordes his paffions night can tell : Dooth more in wordes, dooth more in words

then in true loue ex - cell



Hirsi and Mills, arme in arme together, In merimerimay to the greene

garden walked, Where all the way, where ij. they wanton ij. ij. ri- dles

talked, The youthfull boye, kif- sing her cheekes all ro- sic kissing her cheekes all

ro- sic, Be-seecht her there to ga- ther him a po- syc, The

youth-full boy, kissing her cheekes all ro- sic, kif- sing her cheekes all ro- sic;

FOR THE BASS VIOLIN, The first part. 11. THO. MORLEY.

Hirsis and Mills.

Be-seecht her there to ga- ther him a po- sic.



Hee straigh hir light greene fil-ken cotes vp tucked

and May for Mill and Time for *Ther* plucked, which whē she broght hee clapt her

by the middle, And kist her sweete ij. but could not read her riddle, Ah foole, ij, with that the

Nimph fet vp a laughter, And blusht, and ran and ran away ij. ij. ij.

And he ran after, And hee ran after after. And hee ranne

Hee straigh.

THE BASE VIOL. The second part. III.

THO. MORLEY.

af - ter af - ter and hee ranne af - ter

af - ter.

CANTVS.

IIII.

THO. MORLEY.



Ith my loue my life was nestled, In the some of happines, From my loue my

life was wrested, To a world of heauines, O let loue my life remoue, Sith I liue not wher I loue; O let

loue my life remooue, Sith I liue not where I loue,

Ith my loue,

W

FOR THE BASE VIOLT

THO. MORLEY.

IIII.



2 Where the truth once was and is not,
 Shadowes are but vanities,
 Shewing want that helpe they cannot,
 Signes not flaues of miseries,
 Painted meate no hunger feedes,
 Dying life each death exceedes.

3 O true loue since thou hast left me,
 Morall life is tedious,
 Death it is to liue without thee,
 Death of all most odious,
 Turne againe and take me with thee,
 Let me die, or liue thou in me,



Saw

my La - dyc wee - ping , And forrowe proud to bee ad-uau-nced so ,

In those fayre eyes ij. Whereall perfection kept her face was full of

woe , But such a woe, Bee leeu me

as winnes mennes heartes , Then myrth can doo, Then

Saw my Ladieweeping.

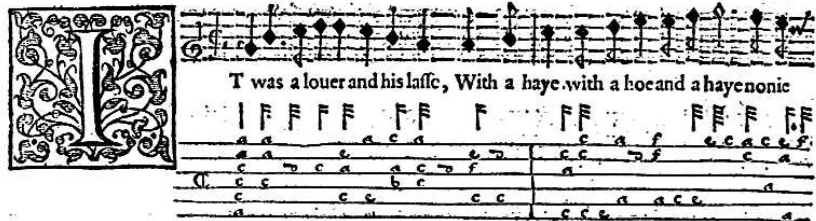
THO. MORLEY.

mirth can doo with her intising partes, But such a woe,

Bee leeu me as winnes mennes heartes , Then

myrth can doo, Then myrth can doo with her intising partes,

FOR THE BASE VIOL.



LT was a louer and his laffe, With a haye with a hocand a hayenonic

no and a haye nonie nonie no, That o're the green corne fields did passe in spring time, ij, ij.

the onely pretiring time whē birds do sing, hay ding a ding a ding ij. ij. sweete

louers loue the springe in spring time, ij. The onely pretiring time whē birds do sing, Haye

ding a ding a ding, ij. ij. sweete louers loue the spring.



I WAS A LOUER
FOR THE BASE VIOLE

THO. MORLET

- 2 Betweene the Akers of the rie,
With a hay, with a ho and a hay nonie no,
These prettie Countrie fooles would lie,
In spring time, the onely prettie ring time,
When Birds doe sing, hay ding a ding a ding,
Sweete louers loue the spring.
- 3 This Carrell they began that houre,
With a hay, with a ho and a hay nonie no,
How that a life was but a flower,
In spring time, the onely prettie ring time,
When Birds doe sing, hay ding a ding a ding,
Sweete louers loue the spring.
- 4 Then prettie louers take the time,
With a hay, with a ho and a hay nonie no,
For loue is crowned with the prime,
In spring time, the onely prettie ring time,
When Birds doe sing, hay ding a ding a ding,
Sweete louers loue the spring.

Ho is it that this darke

night. VWho is it that this darke night, Vnder my

window play - neth, It is one that from thy sight bee - ing ah - ilde dif -

dai - neth eue - rie o - ther vul - gar light, It is one that from thy sight

be - ing ah - ilde dif - dai - neth e - ue - rie other vul - gar light.

Ho is it that this darke night.

THO. MORLEY. VII. FOR THE BASE VIOL.

2 Why alas and are you he,
Be not those fond fancies changed,
Deare when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruine be.

3 Well in absence this will die,
Leaue to see, and leaue to wonder,
Absence sure will helpe if I,
Can learne how my selfe to sunder,
From what in my heart doth lie.

4 But time will these thoughts remoue,
Time doth worke what no man knoweth:
Time doth as the subiect proue.
With time still the affection groweth,
In the faithfull turtle Doue.

5 What if you new beauties see,
Will not they stirre new affection,
I will thinke they pictures bee:
Image like of Saints perfection,
Poorely counterfeiting thee.

6 But the reasons purest light,
Bids you leaue such minds to nourish,
Deare doe reason no such spite,
Neuer doth thy beautie flourish,
More then in my reasons sight.

7 But the wrongs loue beares will make,
Loue at length leaue vnder taking,
No the more fooles it doe shake,
In a ground of so firme making,
Deeper still they driue the stake.

8 Peace I thinke that some giue care,
Come no more least I get anger,
Blisse I will my blisse forbear,
Fearing sweete you to endaunger,
But my foule shall harbor there.

9 Well be gon, be gon I say,
Least that Argues eyes perceiue you,
O vnjustest fortunes sway,
Which can make me thus to leaue,
And from Loutes to runne away.



Interesse mine well may you fare, Kind be your thoughts and void of care,

Sweete Saint Venus bee your speede, That you may in loue proceede, Coll mee and clip and

kisse me to, So so so so so true loue should do, Coll me and clip and kisse mee to, So so so so

so true loue should doo.

Interesse mine.

M

FOR THE BASE VIOLA.

VIII.

THO. MORLEY.

2 This faire morning Sunnie bright,
That giues life to loues delight;
Euerie hart with heate inflames,
And out cold affection blames.
Coll me and clip and kisse me to,
So so so so true loue should do.

3 In these woods are none but birds,
They can speake but silent words:
They are prettie hamleesse things,
They will shade vs with their wings.
Coll me and clip and kisse me to,
So so so so true loue should do.

4 Neuer strue nor make no noyes,
Tis for foolish girles and boyes,
Euerie childish thing can say,
Goe to, how now, pray away.
Coll me and clip and kisse me to,
So so so so true loue should do.





An I forget what reasons force, Imprinted in my heart, Can I vn-

think these restless thoughtes when first I felt loues dart, Shall tongue recall what

thoughts & loue by reason once did speake. No, no all thinges faue death wants

force that faith - full band to breake, No, no all thinges faue death wants force that

faithfull band to breake.

FOR THE BASE VIOL.

IX.

THO. MORLEY.

An I forget

- 2 For now I proue no life to loue, where fancie breeds content,
True loues reward with wise regard, is neuer to repent,
It yeelds delight that feedes the sight, whilst distance doe them part,
Such foode fedd me when I did see, in mine another hart,
- 3 Another hart I spied, combind within my brest so fast,
As to a stranger I seemde strange, but loue forc'd loue at last,
Yet was I not as then I seem'd, but rather wish to see,
If in so full of harbour loue, might constant lodged bee.
- 4 So *Cupid* plays oft now a dayes, and makes the foole seeme faire,
He dims the sight breeding delight, where we seeme to dispaire,
So in our hart he makes them sport, and laughes at them that loue,
Who for their paine gets this againe, their loue no liking moue.

L One wingd my hopes and taught them how to flie,

Farre from base earth, But not to mount, Put not to mount, But not to mount

to hie. For true pleasure ij. lues in measure which if men for

sake, Blinded they into follie run, Blinded they into follie follie

runne, And griepe, And griepe, And griepe for pleasure take. For

T One wingd my hopes.

THO. MORLEY X

But my vaine hopes proud of their new taught light,
 Enamored fought to wooe the Sunnes faire light,
 VVho se rich brightnesse, moued their lightnesse,
 To aspire so highe,
 That all forre & contumel with fire, now drownd in woe they lie;

And none but loue their wofull hap doth rue,
 For lose doth know that their desires were truee;
 Though fates frowned and now drownd,
 They in sorrow dwell,
 It was the purest light of heauen, for whoe's faire loue they fell;

true pleasure ij. lues in measure which if men for sake,

Blinded they into folly run, Blinded they into follie follie runne, And griepe, And griepe,

And griepe for pleasure take.

CANTVS.

XI.

THO. MORLEY.



Har if my mistresse now will needs vnconstant be, Wilt thou be the so false in

loue as well as shee, No no such false hoode see, though women faithlesse be, No no such false hood

see, though women faithlesse be.

Hast my Mistresse,

FOR THE BASE VIOLE.

XI.

THO. MORLEY.



- 2 My mistresse frownes and swears that now I loue her not,
The change shee finds, is that which my dispaire begot,
Dispaire which is my loue, since shee all faith forgot.
- 3 Shee blames my truth and causelesly accuseth me,
I must not let mine eyes report what they doe see,
My thoughts restraind must be, and yet shee will goe free,
- 4 If shee doth change shee must not be in constancie,
For why shee doth professe to take such libertie,
Her felie shee will vntie, and yet fast bound am I.
- 5 If shee at once doe please to fauour more then one,
I agreed in humble sort to make my mone,
I spake not to a stone, where sence of loue is none.
- 6 But now let loue in time redresse all these my wrongs,
And let my loue receiue the due to her belongs,
Els thus ile frame my song or chaunge my mistresse longs.
- 7 Which if I find my hart some other where shall dwell,
For louing not to be beloued it is a hell,
Since so my hap befell, I bid my loue farre well.

CANTVS.

XII.

THO. MORLEY.



Ome sorrow come sit

downe and morne with me, Hange downe thy head vppon thy bale - full brest,

That God and man and all the world may see, Our heauie hartes doo lie in quiet rest,

Enfold thine armes and wring and wring thy wretched hands, To shewe the state where

in poore sorrowe standes, To shew the state wherein poore sor - row standes,

Ome sorrow come

THO. MORLEY. XII.

FOR THE BASE VIOLIN



2 Crie not out-right for that were childrens guife,
 But let thy teares iall trickling downe thy face,
 And weepe so long vntill thy blubbered eyes,
 May see (in Sunne) the depth of thy disgrace.
 Oh shake thy head, but not a word but mumme.
 The heart once dead, the tongue is stroken dumme,



3 And let our fare be dishes of dispight,
 To breake our hearts and not our fastes withall,
 Then let vs sup, with sorrow sops at night,
 And bitter sawce, all of a broken gall,
 Thus let vs liue, till heauens may rue to see,
 The dolcfull doome ordained for thee and mee,

Enfold thine armes & wring, And wring thy wretched hands, To shewe the state where

in poore sorrowe standes, To shewe the state where in poore sorrowe standes,

CANTVS.

XIII.

THO. MORLEY.



Aire in a morne oh fairest morne was euer morne so faire, When as the

sun but not the same that shined in the ayre, And on a hill, oh fairest hill was neuer hill so blessed,

Ther stood a man was neuer man for no man so distressed, There stooode a man was

neuer man for no man so distressed,

Aire in a morne.

THO. MORLEY.

XIII.

FOR THE BASE VIOLIN.



- 2 But of the earth no earthly Sunne, and yet no earthly creature,
There stooode a face was neuer face, that carried such a feature,
This man had hap O happie man, no man so hapt as he,
For none had hap to see the hap, that he had hapt to see,
- 3 And as he beheld this man beheld, he saw so faire a face,
The which would daunt the fairest here, and staine the brauest grace,
Pittie he cried, and pittie came, and pittied tor his paine,
That dying would not let him die, but gaue him life againe.
- 4 For joy where of he made such mirth, that all the world did ring,
And *P. n* for all his *Nymphs* came forth, to heare the Shepherds sing,
But such a song neuer was, nor nere will be againe,
Of *Phida* this shepherds Queene, and *Coridon* the Iwaine.





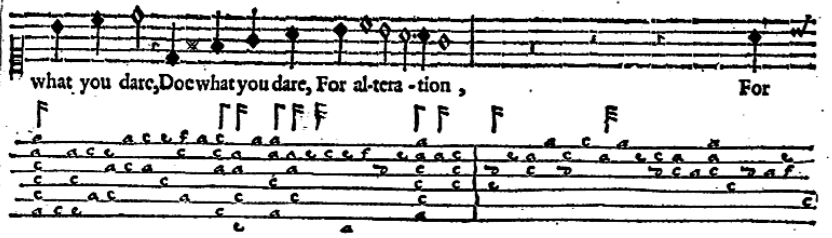
Bsence heere



thou my pro - testa - tion , Against thy strength , distaunce and length doo



what you dare, Doe what you dare, For al - tera - tion , For



hartes of tru - est met - tall , Absence dooth ioyne, Absence doth ioyne,



And time dooth set - tle , And time dooth set - tle.

