



The Treasury of Musick:

CONTAINING

AYRES AND DIALOGUES

To Sing to the
THEORBO-LUTE
 OR
BASSE-VIOL.

COMPOSED

By M^r *HENRY LAWES*, late Servant to His Majesty
 in His Publick and Private MUSICK:
And other Excellent MASTERS.

In Three Books.



LONDON,

Printed by *William Godbid* for *John Playford*, and are to be Sold at his Shop
 in the *Temple*, near the Church Dore. 1669.

TO ALL LOVERS OF VOCALL MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN,



His Book hath found such generall welcome, that the Impression is all bought off, and I am called upon for more; which hath caused me to Reprint it, but with very large Additions: I have not given you all my store, but with good Advice Selected only such Ayres and Dialogues as are known to be Excellent, as well as now most in Request; and those so familiar and easie, as are usefull to the Teacher, and commodious for the Scholar, especially such as live Remote from London. The Musick is of Three Varieties, and is therefore printed distinct: First, those for One Voyce, next for Two, and then those for Three: The whole contains One hundred twenty foure choice Songs, and all (except very few) of late Compositions, In the setting forth of which, my care, pains, and charge hath not been small, by procuring true and exact Coppies, and dayly attending the oversight of the Presse, as no prejudice might redound either to the Authors or Buyer: And herein I resolve to meet with those Mistakers, who have taken up a new (but very fond) opinion, That Musick cannot as truly be Printed as Prick'd, (and which is more ridiculous) that no Choice Ayres or Songs are permitted by Authors to come in print, though 'tis well known that the best Musickall Compositions, either of our owne or Strangers, have been and are tendered to the World by the Printers hand; To convince the former, and to testifie my Gratitude to those Excellent Masters, from whose owne hands I received most of these Compositions; doe I say thus much, that this my present Endeavor and care in the true and exact publishing this Book will redound to Publick Benefit, and the Authors Reputation, as well as my owne Advantage; which may give yet further Incouragement to

A Faithfull Servant to all Lovers of Musick,

JOHN PLAYFORD.



An Alphabetical TABLE of the AYRES and DIALOGUES in this BOOK.

| | | | |
|------------------------------------------|----|-----------------------------------------------|----|
| A | | | |
| About the sweet bag of a Bee | 3 | How cool and temperate am I grown | 42 |
| As I walk forth one Summers day | 13 | How am I chang'd from what I was | 58 |
| Amor merere ched' amor merere | 15 | How happy art thou and I | 58 |
| Amidst the Miriles as I walk | 19 | I | |
| A Willow Garland thou dost send | 19 | In vain fair Cloris you design | 9 |
| A Lover once I did spy | 25 | If the quick spirit of your eye | 18 |
| Ambitious Love farewell | 32 | I love thee for thy fickleness | 22 |
| Ask me why I send you here | 50 | I do confesse thou art smooth and fair | 24 |
| | | I prethee turn that face away | 29 |
| B | | I can love for an houre | 37 |
| Bring back my Comfort | 6 | I am confirm'd a woman can | 38 |
| Bid me but live, and I will live | 30 | In faith I cannot keep my sheep | 42 |
| Bright Aurelia I do owe | 30 | I wish no more thou shouldst love me | 48 |
| By all the Glories willingly I go | 45 | I love a Lass but cannot show it | 55 |
| Beauty and Love once fell at odds | 55 | I will not trust thy tempting Graces | 56 |
| Brightest, since your puring eye | 64 | L | |
| | | Like Hermit poore in pensive place | 1 |
| C | | Love I must tell thee Ile no longer | 12 |
| Come Lovers all to me | 2 | Ladies you that seem so nice and cold | 20 |
| Catch me a Star that's falling | 11 | Let longing Lovers sit and pine | 21 |
| Come noble Nymphs do not hide | 14 | Ladies fly from Loves smooth Tales | 31 |
| Come from the Dungeon to the Throne | 26 | Lay that sullen Garland by thee | 33 |
| Come my Sweet while every strain | 26 | Little love serves my turn | 35 |
| Come Cloris leave thy wandring | 31 | Let not thy Beauty make thee proud | 54 |
| Change Platonsiks, change for shame | 34 | M | |
| Come Adonis come away | 37 | Mistake me not, I am as cold as hot | 10 |
| Come lovely Phillis since it thy will is | 51 | Mans life is but vains, for 'tis | 62 |
| Cloris farewell I now must go | 51 | N | |
| Cloris false love made Clora weep | 52 | No more blind Boy, for see my heart | 7 |
| Come O come, I brook no stay | 55 | No, no, Fair Heretick | 46 |
| Conbelie gella de cretezza | 67 | No, no, I never was in love | 65 |
| D | | O | |
| Dear leave thy home and come | 23 | Of thee kind Boy I ask no Red or White | 43 |
| Do st see how unregarded now | 63 | P | |
| F | | Phyllis why should we delay | 17 |
| Fuggi Fuggi da lieti amanti | 15 | S | |
| Fain would I Cloris ere I dy | 39 | She that loves me for my selfe | 2 |
| Fain would I Cloris whom my heart | 47 | Stay, stay, O stay, that heart I vow | 5 |
| Faith be no longer coy | 56 | See see, how careless men are grown of late | 36 |
| From hunger and cold | 64 | Silly heart forbear, those are murdering eyes | 57 |
| G | | Since love hath in shine and mine eye | 59 |
| Go and bestride the southern wind | 44 | T | |
| Go little winged Archer and convey | 50 | Take, O take those lips away | 1 |
| H | | 'Tis not in th power for all thy scorn | 10 |
| He that will love must be my Scholar | 8 | Thou art not fair for all thy Red | 16 |
| He that loves a Rofie cheek | 23 | Take heed fair Cloris how you tame | 21 |
| How long shall I a Martyr be | 40 | | 21 |

An Alphabetical Table of the Ayres and Dialogues.

| | | | |
|------------------------------------------|----|-----------------------------------------|----|
| | | W | |
| Tell me not I my time mispend | 22 | Wake my Adonis, do not dye | 4 |
| To love thee without flattery | 28 | Why dearest should you weep | 6 |
| Tell me ye wandering Spirits of the Ayre | 41 | Why should thou swear I am forsworn | 16 |
| Tell not I dy, or that I live by thee | 49 | Whilst I listen to thy voyce Cloris | 25 |
| Tell me no more her eyes are like | 57 | Wer't thou yet fairer then thou art | 27 |
| 'Tis wine that inspires | 65 | What means this strangeness now of late | 48 |
| | | When Cælia I intend to flatter you | 58 |
| V | | | |
| Victorious Beauty though your eyes | 20 | | |
| Victoria, Victoria il micoræ | 66 | | |

The TABLE of the Second Part of this Book, being Dialogues for Two Voyces.

| | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|----|
| I | | |
| Prethee keep my Sheep for me | A Dialogue between Phyllis and Clorillo by M. Lanear | 68 |
| Dear Sylvia let thy Thirfis know | A Dialogue between Sylvia and Thirfis | 70 |
| Did you not once Lucinda vow | A Dialogue between a Shepherd & Lucinda by D. Colman | 72 |
| Come my Daphne come away | A Dialogue between Daphne and Strephon | 74 |
| Forbear fond Swain I cannot love | A Dialogue between a Shepherd and Shepherdess | 75 |
| Tell me Shepherd dost thou love | A Dialogue between a Shepherd and a Nymph | 77 |
| Shepherd in faith I cannot stay | A Dialogue between Strephon and Phyllis | 78 |
| Vulcan, O Vulcan my Love | A Dialogue between Venus and Vulcan | 79 |
| Charon, O Gentle Charon | A Dialogue between Charon and Philomel | 80 |
| Thirfis kind Swain come near | A Dialogue between Thirfis and Damon | 82 |

A TABLE of the GLEES and Songs for Two Voyces.

| | | | |
|------------------------------------|----|-----------------------------------------|-----|
| T | | | |
| To Bacchus we to Bacchus sing | 84 | Fly Boys, fly Boy to the Cellars bottom | 90 |
| Bring out the cold Chine | 86 | See, see the Bright Lights shine | 110 |
| He that a Tinker, a Tinker will be | 88 | Turn Amarillis to thy Swain | 112 |

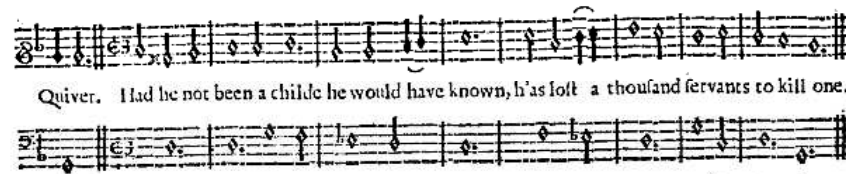
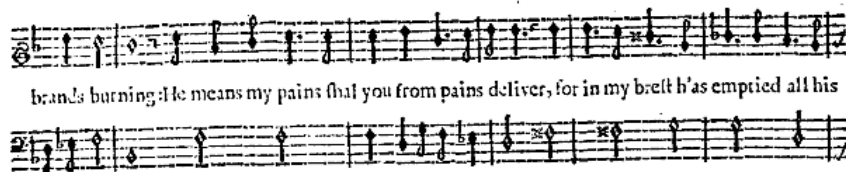
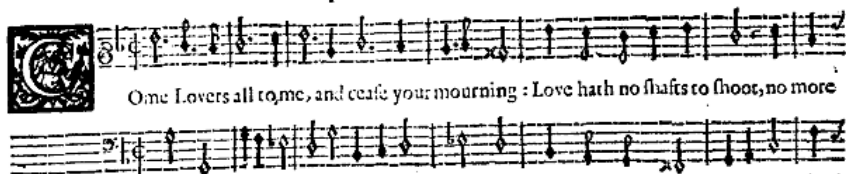
The TABLE of the Third Part of this Book, being Songs or Ballads for Three Voyces.

| | | | |
|------------------------------------|----|-----------------------------------|-----|
| I | | | |
| Wish no more thou shouldst love me | 91 | O my Clarissa thou cruel fair | 100 |
| Though I am young and cannot tell | 92 | Gather your Rose Buds | 101 |
| Come Cloris bid me to the Bowers | 93 | Fear not Dear Love that I reveal | 102 |
| When Troy Town for ten years | 94 | Fine young Folly though you were | 103 |
| From the fair Lavinian shore | 95 | Sing fair Clorinda whilst you may | 104 |
| Where the Bees suck there suck I | 96 | Smiths are good fellows | 106 |
| When love with unconfined wings | 97 | Misick thou Queen of souls | 108 |
| Do not fear to put thy feet | 98 | Now we are met less merry be | 114 |
| In the merry Month of May | 99 | | |

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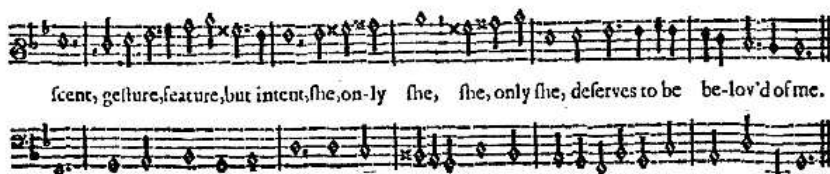
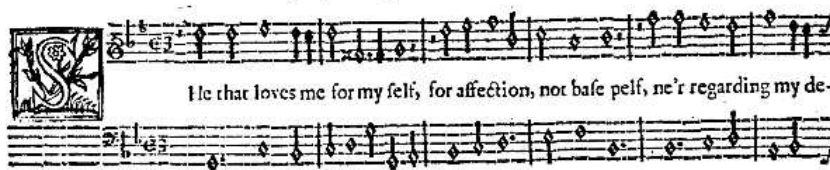
COURTEOUS SIRS,
Because I mean to deal very openly, and cover nothing (though never so small) I must beg the Buyer to take notice that the Folia from 52 to 62 are mistaken by the Printer; As for other Errata's in the Musick (whereof all Books have some) they are so very few, (small and inconsiderable, that I hope I shall need only to crave the judicious to mend with their Pen.

Cupid's weak Artillery.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

Love preferring Virtue above Wealth.

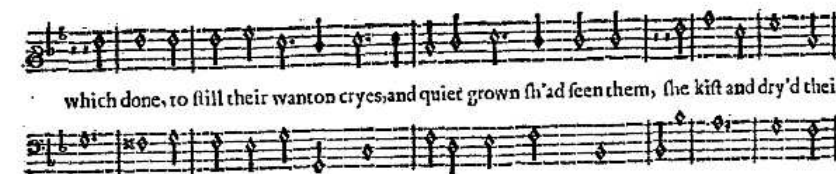
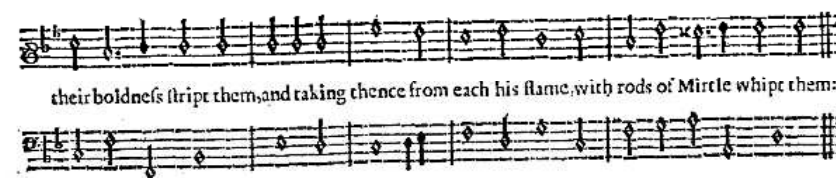
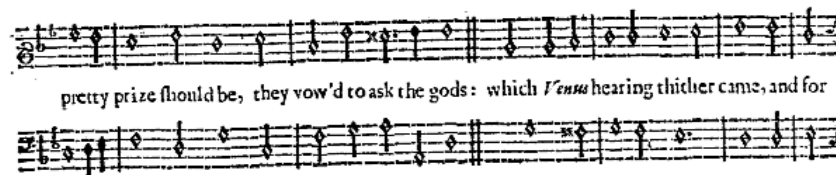
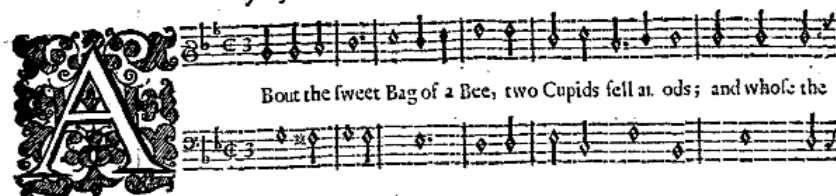


Mr. William Web.

She that loves me for no end,
But because I am her friend;
Never doubting my desire,
But believ'd it sacred fire;
She only she, deserves to be below'd of me.

She that loves me with resolve
Ne'r to alter till dissolve;
Slighting all things, that stern face
May hereafter seem to threat:
She, only she, deserves to be below'd of me.

A strife betwixt two Cupids reconciled.



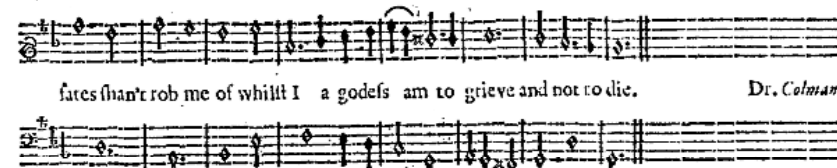
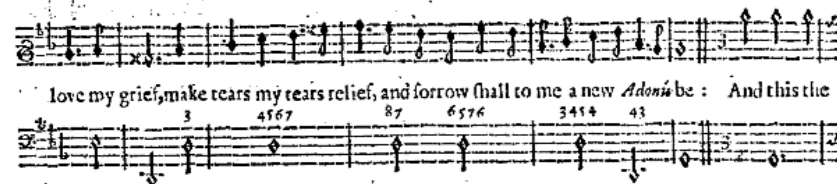
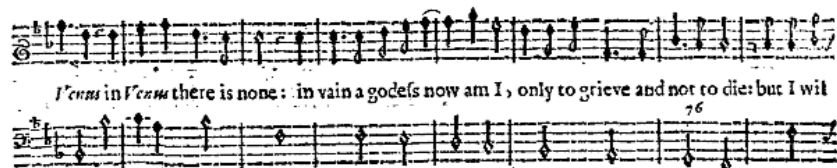
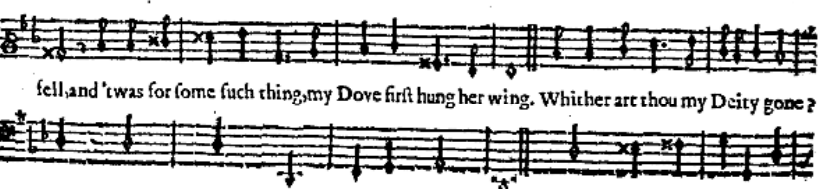
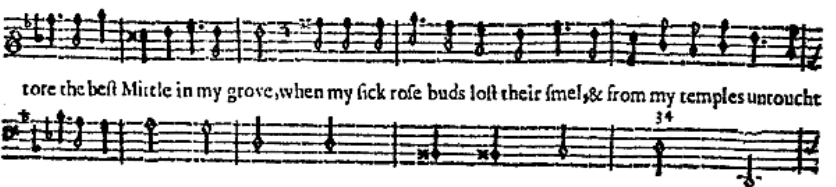
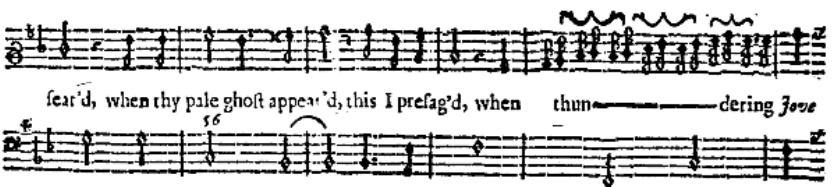
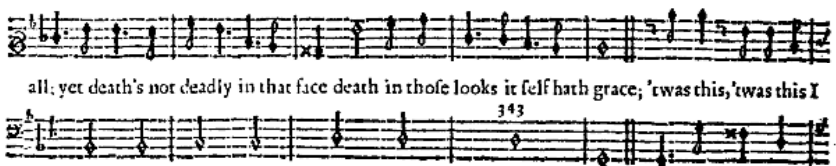
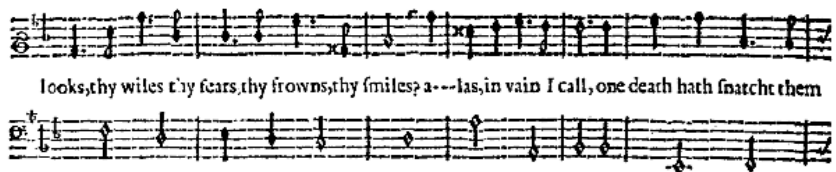
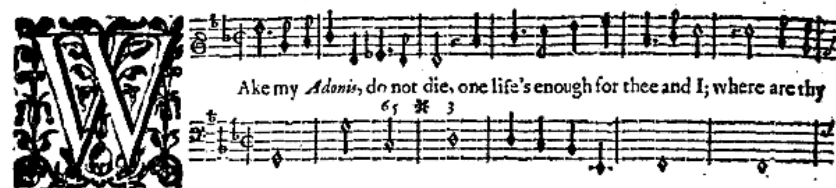
Mr. Henry Lawes.



Venus lamenting her lost Adonis.



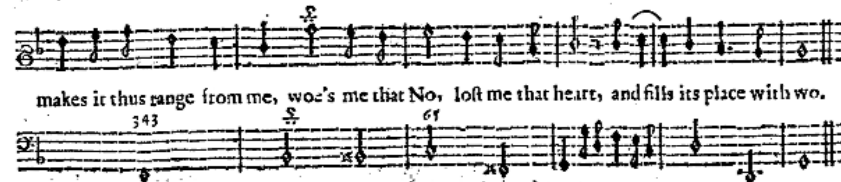
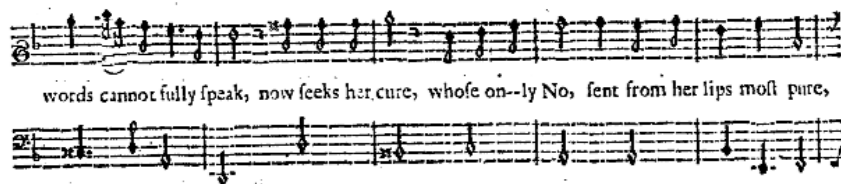
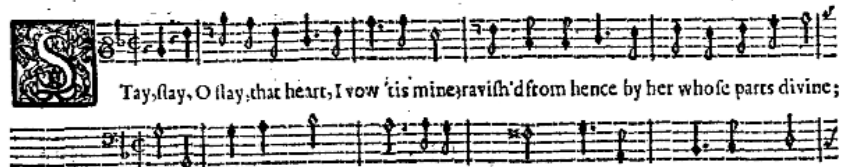
Ake my Adonis, do not die, one life's enough for thee and I; where are thy



To his Love Answering No.



Say, say, O say, that heart, I vow 'tis mine; ravish'd from hence by her whose parts divine;



O hold it fast, I come yet let it fly,
I cannot move, 'tis pity both should dy;
Perhaps she may relent, and with one yea
Give us a second life, treble our bliss;
If not, farewell my heart, I've pleas'd mine eyes,
Since thou art lost, sees thee her sacrifice.

Dr. Colman.

On his Loves Absence.

B Ring back my comfort and return, for well thou know'it that I in such a vigorous

passion burn, that missing thee I dye : return, return, insult no more, return, return, and me re-

store to those sequestred joys I had before. Absence in most, that quenches love,
And cooles their warm desire ;
The ardor of my heat improves,
And makes the flame aspire :
The maxim therefore I deny,
And term it though a tyranny,
The Nurse to Faith, to Love, to Constancy.

Mr. Edward Colman.

Beauty clouded with grief.

V My dearest should you weep, when I relate the sto-ry of my woe? let not the swarthy

mill of my black fate o'recall thy beauty so: For each rich pearl lost on that score adds to mis-

chance and wounds, and wounds your servant more. Quench not those stars that to Dy bliss should guide,
O stay that precious teare !
Nor let those drops upon my deluge tyde
To drown thy beauty there,
That cloud of sorrow makes it night,
You lose your Luster, but the World its Light.

Mr. Edward Colman.

On Loves Artillery.

N O more blind Boy, for see my heart is made thy quiver, where remains no

voyd place for an-other dart ; and a-lis that conquest gains small-prayse, that on-ly brings a-

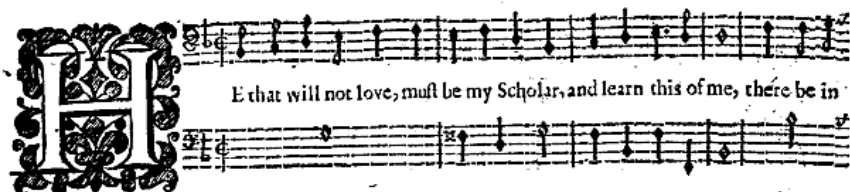
way a tame and un-resisting prey : behold a noble Foe all arm'd,desires thy weak Ar-til-le-ry

that hath thy bow and quiver charm'd, a Rebell Beauty conqu'ring thee ; if thou dar'it e-quill

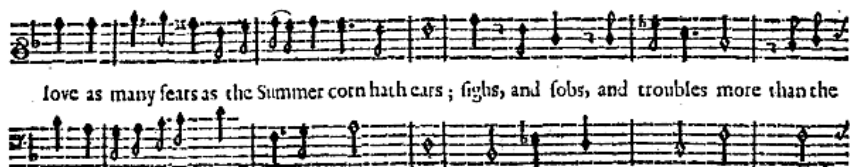
combate try, wound her, for 'tis for her I dye.

Mr. Jeremy Savil.

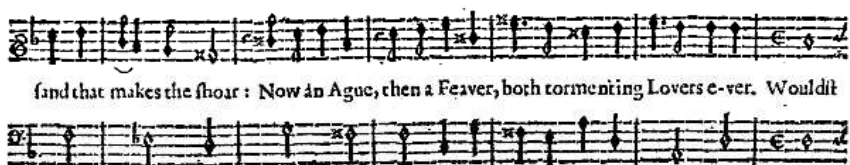
On the Vicissitudes of Love.



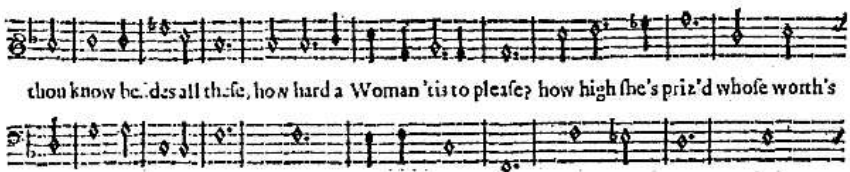
Hat will not love, must be my Scholar, and learn this of me, there be in



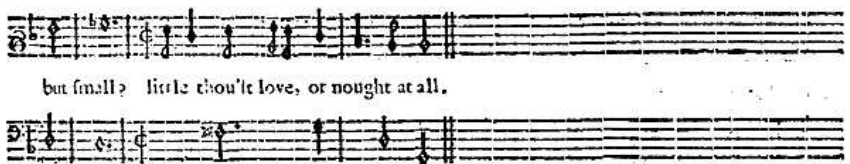
love as many fears as the Summer corn hath ears; sighs, and sobs, and troubles more than the



sand that makes the shoar: Now an Ague, then a Fever, both tormenting Lovers e-ver. Wouldit



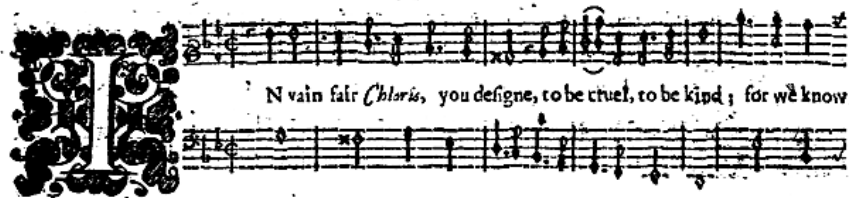
thou know besides all these, how hard a Woman 'tis to please? how high she's priz'd whose worth's



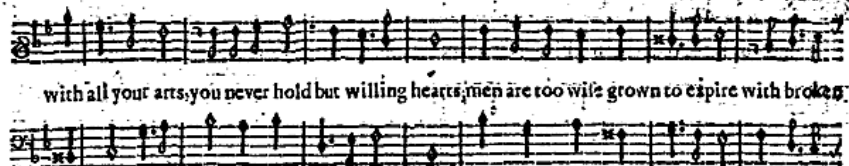
but small? little thou'lt love, or nought at all.

Mr. William Lawes.

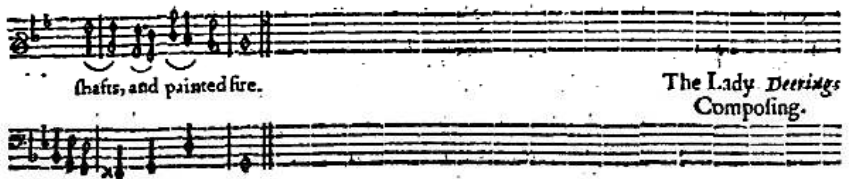
A false designe to be cruel.



N vain fair *Chloris*, you designe, to be cruel, to be kind; for we know



with all your arts, you never hold but willing hearts, men are too wise grown to expire with broken



shafts, and painted fire.

The Lady Deering's
Composing.

II.

And if among a thousand Swains
Some one of Love, or Fate complains;
And all the stars in heav'n desie,
With *Clara's* lip, or *Celia's* eye:
'Tis not their Love the Youth would chuse,
But the glory to refuse.

III.

Then wisely make your prize of those
Want wit, or courage to oppose;
But tempt me not that can discover
What will redeem the fondest Lover:
And stie the list, lest it appear
Your pow'r is measur'd by our fear.

IV.

So the rude wave securely flocks
The yeelding Bark, but the stiff rocks
If it attempt, how soon again
Broke and dissolv'd it fills the Main:
It foams and roars, but we deride
Alike its weakness, and its pride.

Constancy in Love.

Come not it's pow'r of all thy scorn or un-renting hate, to quench my
 flames, or make them burn with heat more temperate: still do I struggle with despair, and ever
 court disdain; and though you ne'r prove lesse severe, He dote up--on my pain.

(3) Yet meaner beauties cannot claime
 In Love this tyranny,
 They must pretend an equal flame,
 Or else our passions die:
 You faire *Clarinda* you alone
 Are priz'd at such a rate,
 To have a Votary of one
 Whom you do reprobate.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

On Inconstancy.

Mistake me not, I am as cold as hot: Mistake me not, I am as cold as hot:
 Although my tongue betray my heart ere night, ere morn, ere morn, ere morn I'm alter'd quite.

II. Sometime I burn, and straight to Ice I turn,
 There's nothing so unconstant as my mind,
 I change ♪ ♪ with every wind.

III. Perhaps in jest, I said I lov'd thee best,
 But 'twas no more, then what not long before
 I vow'd ♪ ♪ to twenty more.

IV. Then prethee see, thou giv'st no heed to me;
 For when I cannot keep my word a day,
 What hope ♪ ♪ hadst thou to stay.

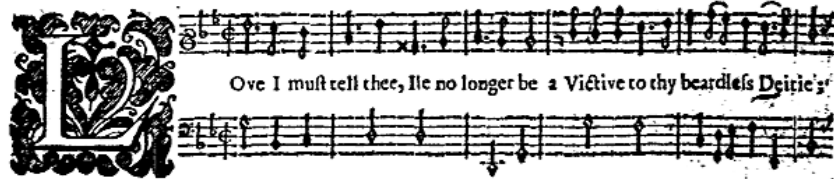
Mr. Tho. Brewer.

On Womens Inconstancy.

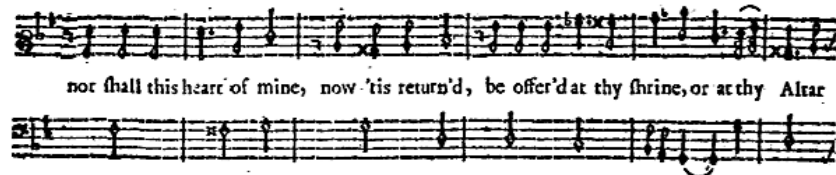
Catch me a Star that's fal-ling from the Skie, Cause an Immortal
 creature for to die; Stop with thy hand the Current of the Seas; Peirce the earths Center
 to th' Antipodies; Cause Time return, and call back Yesterday, Cloath *Ja-nu-ary* like the
 moneth of *May*; Weigh me an ounce of Flame, Blow back the wind; Then hast thou found
 Faith in a Womans mind.

John Playford.

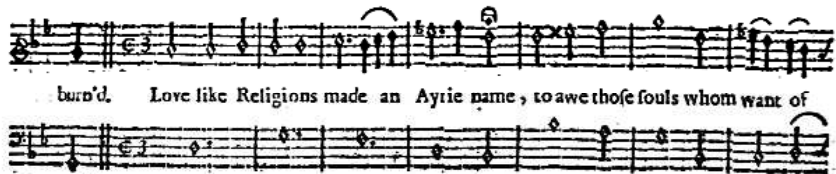
A Resolution not to Love.



Ove I must tell thee, He no longer be a Victive to thy beardless Deitie;



nor shall this heart of mine, now 'tis return'd, be offer'd at thy shrine, or at thy Altar



burn'd. Love like Religions made an Ayrie name, to awe those souls whom want of



wit makes tame. John Playford.

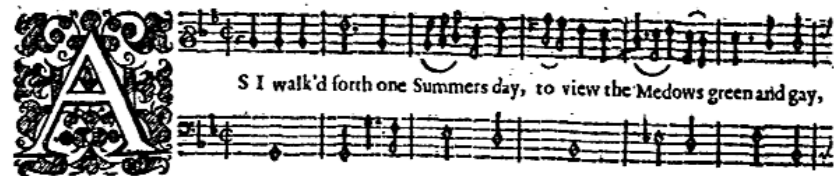
II.

Ther's no such thing as Quiver, Shaft, or Bow,
 Nor do's Love wound, but we Imagine so:
 Or if it do's perplex and grieve the mind,
 'Tis the poor masculine self: women no sorrow find.
 'Tis not our parts or person that can move 'um,
 Nor is e'mens worth, but wealth, makes women love 'um.

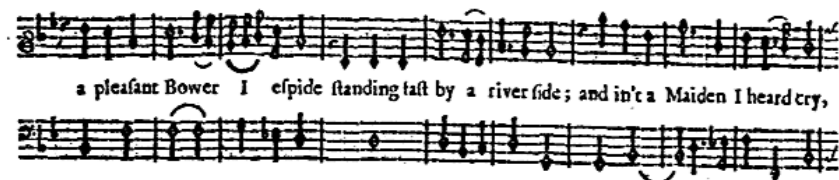
III.

Reason henceforth, not Love, shall be my guide,
 Our fellow Creatures shan't be deicide:
 He now a Rebell be, and so pull down
 That distaff: Hierarchy and females fanci'd crown,
 In these unbridled times who will not strive
 To free his neck from all prerogative.

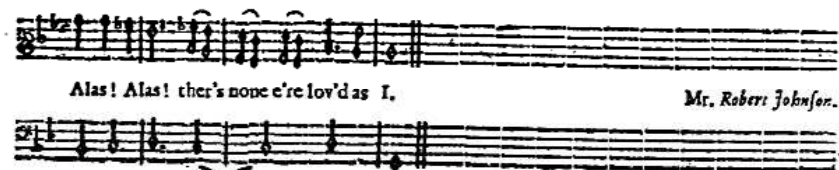
A Forsaken Lovers Complaint.



S I walk'd forth one Summers day, to view the Meadows green and gay,



a pleasant Bower I espide standing fast by a river side; and in't a Maiden I heard cry,



Alas! Alas! ther's none e're lov'd as I. Mr. Robert Johnson.

II.

Then round the meadow did she walk,
 Catching each flower by the stalk;
 Such flowers as in the meadow grew,
 The *Dead-mans Thumb*, an Herb all blew,
 And as she pull'd them, still cry'd she,
 Alas! Alas! none e're lov'd like me.

III.

The Flowers of the sweetest sent
 She bound about with knotty Bents,
 And as she bound them up in Bands
 She wept, she sigh'd and wrung her hands,
 Alas! Alas! Alas! cry'd she,
 Alas! none was e're lov'd like me.

IV.

When she had fill'd her Apron full
 Of such greea things as she could cull,
 The green leaves serv'd her for a Bed
 The Flowers were the Pillow for her head:
 Then down she laid, ne'r more did speak;
 Alas! Alas! with Love her heart did break.

At a Masque, to invite the Ladies to Dance.

Come come noble Nymphs & do not hide the joys for which you fo provide;

If not to mingle with us men, what make you here? go home a-gen. Your dressings do confefs

by what we see, fo curious parts of *Pallas*; and *Aracknes* Arts, that you could mean no less.

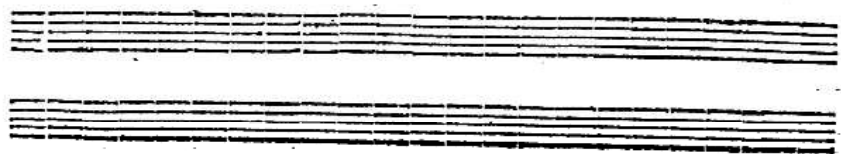
II.

Mr. William Webb.

Why do you were the Silk-worms toyls?
 Or glory in the Shel-fish spoils?
 Or itrive to shew the grains of Ore
 That you have gathered long before?
 Whereof to make a Stock
 To graft the greener Emrauld on,
 Or any better water'd Stone,
 Or Ruby of the Rock.

III.

Why do you smell of Amber-greece,
 Whereof was formed *Neptunes* Neece,
 The Queen of Love? unlesse you can
 Like Sea-born-*Venus*, love a man?
 Try, put your selves unto't:
 Your Looks, and Smiles, and Thoughts that meet;
 Ambrosian-hands, and Silver-feet,
 Do promise you will do't.



An Italian Ayre.

Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, da lieti amaxi empia d'una cagion do-pi-angiu

Che non gia per essere Crudele ma per essere ingrata & infidèle ogni core t'ha ni horrore, fuggi, fuggi,

fuggi, che chiss mira perche vivi pe-ange e sos pira.

Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, fallace fera
 Frede in fernalc empia ma gera
 Che se bene hai di donna' aspetto
 Di furia un core nascendi nel petto
 Tutta danno tuti' inganno
 Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, ch'ogn un che t'ama
 Il tuo ben giange, e il tuo mal brama.

A French Ayre.

Amor merere, che d' amor merere, amor merere che d' amor merere, amor me fuge,

amor me struge, non pos a pue, non pos a pue.

Loves Scrutiny.

VHy shouldst thou swear I am forsworn, since thine I vow'd to be? Lady it

is already morn, it was last night I swore to thee, this fond impossi-bi-li-tie. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*

II.
Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve houres space?
I should all other Beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Should I still dote upon thy face.

III.
Not that all Joyes in thy brown hair
By others may be found:
But I will search the black, the fair,
Like skillfull Mineralists that foun'd
For treasures in unplow'd ground.

IV.
Then if when I have lov'd thee roond,
Thou prove the pleasant she,
In spoyle of meaner Beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Ev'n sated with variety.

No Beauty without Love.

Thou art not fayre for all thy red and white, for all those Rose or-na-ments in thee.
Thou art not sweet nor made of meer delight, nor fair, nor sweet unless thou pity mee.

I will not, ♪ smooth thy fancy, thou shalt prove that Beauty is no Beauty without Love, no Beauty without Love.

II.
Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it now divine;
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot indure,
Ile not be wrapt up in those armes of thine.
Now shew if thou be a woman right,
Embrace, and kiss, and love me in despite.

Mr. Nich. Lanere.

Delays in Love breeds Danger.

Phillis, why should we de-lay, plea-sures shorter than the day? Could we,

which we never can, stretch our lives beyond three span, Beauty like a Shadow flies, and our

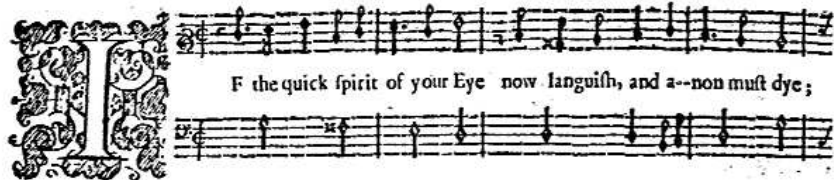
Youth before us dyes.

II.
Or would Youth and Beauty stay,
Love ha's wings, and will away;
Love ha's swifter wings than time,
Change in love too oft do's chime;
Gods that never change their state,
Very oft their love and hate.

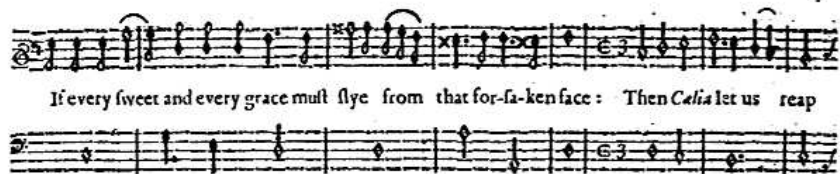
III.
Phillis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us now;
Let not you and I require
What ha's been our past desire;
On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd.

Leave it to the Planets two, what we shall here-after do, for the joy we now

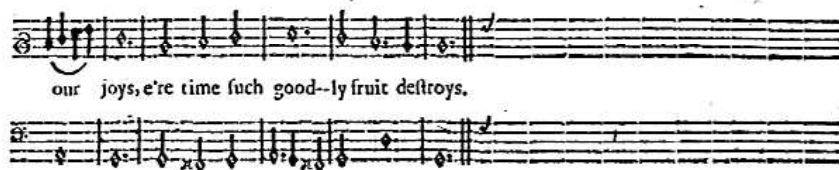
may prove, take ad-vice of present love. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*

On *Calia's Coyneffe.*


F the quick spirit of your Eye now languish, and a--non must dye;



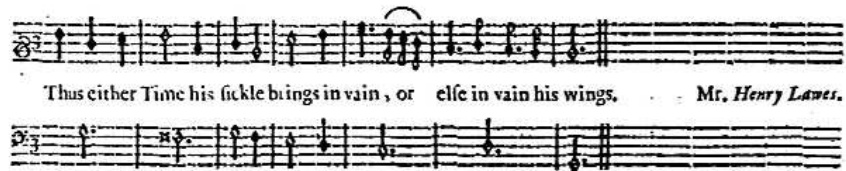
If every sweet and every grace must flye from that for-sa-ken face: Then *Calia* let us reap



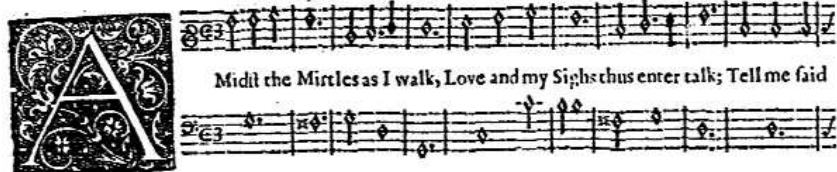
our joys, e're time such good--ly fruit destroys.

II.

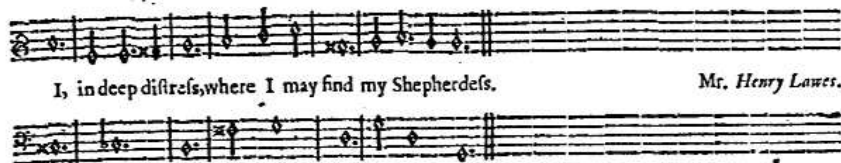
Or if that Golden Fleece must grow, for ever free from aged Snow;
If those bright Suns must know no shade, nor your fresh Beauty ever fade;
Then *Calia* feare not to be low,
What still being gather'd, will must grow.



Thus either Time his fickle brings in vain, or else in vain his wings. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*


Loves sweet Repose.


Amidst the Mirtles as I walk, Love and my Sighs thus enter talk; Tell me said



I, in deep distreis, where I may find my Shepherdes. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*

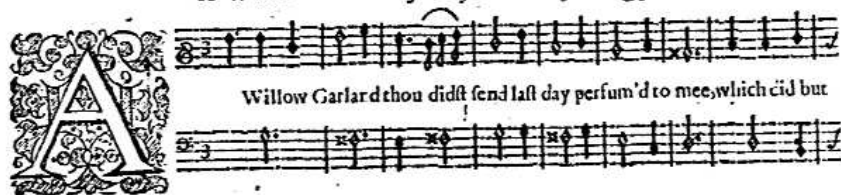
Then Fool (said Love) know'lt thou not this,
In every thing that's good she is,
In yonder Tulip go and seek,
There thou shalt find her Lip and Cheek.

'Tis true, said I, and thereupon;
And went and pluckt them one by one
To make a part a union,
But on a suddain all was gone.

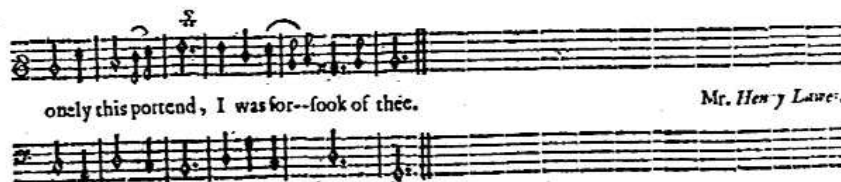
In that inamell'd Fancy by
There shalt thou find her curious Eye;
In bloom of Peach, in Roses bud
There wave the streams of her bloud.

At which I stopt; said Love, these bee
Fond man, resemblances of thee;
For as these Flowers thy joy must dye,
Even in the turning of an eye.

And all thy hopes of her must wither,
As do those Flowers when knit together.

A Willow Garland sent for a Newyears-gift.


A Willow Garland thou didst send last day perfume'd to mee, which did but



only this portend, I was for--fook of thee. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*

II.

Since that it is, I'll tell the whar,
To morrow thou shalt see
Me wear the Willow, after that
To dye upon the tree.

III.

As Beasts unto the Alter go
With Garlands, so I
Will with my Willow wreath also
Come forth, and sweetly die.

Loves Victory.



Victorious Beauty! though your Eyes are able to sub—due an hoast, and
 therefore are un—like to boast the ta-king of a lit-tle prize, do not a single heart despise.

Mr. William Webb.

II.
 I came alone, but yet so arm'd
 With former love I durst have sworn
 That as that privy coat was worn,
 With characters of beauty charm'd,
 Thereby I might have escap'd unharm'd.

IV.
 But neither steel nor stony brasse
 Are proofs against those looks of thine,
 Nor can a beauty lesse divide,
 By any heart be long possesst,
 Where you intend an interest.

III.
 The Conquest in regard of me,
 Alas is small! but in respect
 Of her that did my Love protect,
 Where it divulg'd, deserv'd to be
 Recorded for a Victorie.

V.
 And such a one as chance to view
 Her lovely face, perhaps may stay,
 Though you have stole my heart away;
 If all your servants prove not true,
 May I steal a heart or two from you.

Diswasion from Presumption.



Disdain, you that seem so nice, and as cold in they as Ice, and perhaps have
 held out thicke, do not think but in a trice one or other may entice, and at last by some device

Mr. Henry Lawes.

set your honours at a price.

You whose smooth and dainty skin,
 Rosie lips, or cheeks, or chin,
 All that gaze upon you win,
 Yet insult not, sparks within,
 Slowly burn ere flames begin,
 And presumption still hath bin
 Held a most notorious sin.

The Careless Lovers Resolution.



LET longing Lovers sit and pine, and the forsaken Willow wear, Love shall
 not blast this heart of mine, with ling'ring hope or killing fear: He never love till I enjoy, or lose
 my time on her that's coy.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

If Ladies call us to the field,
 And all their Colours there display,
 Alasse! they needs must to us yield,
 Since we are better arm'd than they;
 'Tis folly then to beg or whine
 For us that are born Masculine.

Then Lovers learn your strength to know,
 And you may overcome with ease,
 Your enemy fights with a Bow
 That cannot wound, unless you please;
 And he that pines because thee's coy,
 Wants wit, or courage, women say.

Disdain.



Take heed fair Chloris, how you tame (with your disdain) Amintors flame.
 A noble heart, when once despis'd, swells unto such a height of pride, 'twil rather burst than

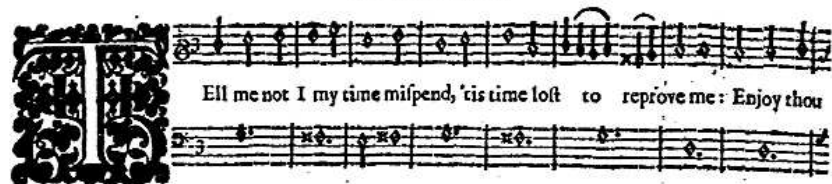
deign to be a worshipper of cruelty.

II.
 You may use, common shepherds so,
 My flames at last to storms will grow
 And blow such frogs upon thy pride,
 Will blast all I have magnis'd;
 You are not fair when Love you lack,
 Ingratitude makes all things black.

III.
 O do not for a flock of sheep,
 A golden shewre when as you sleep,
 Or for the tales ambition tells,
 Forsake the house where honor dwells.
 In Demons palace you'll ne'r find
 So bright as in these arms of mine.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Loves Fruition.



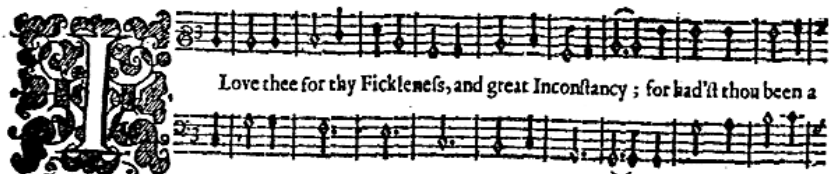
Tell me not others flocks are full,
Mine poor, let them despise me
That more abound with Milk, and Wool,
So *Chloris* only prize me.

For pity thou that wiser art,
Whose thoughts lies wide of mine;
Let me alone with my one heart,
And I'll ne'er envy thine.

Try other easier eares with these
Unappertaining Stories;
He never feels the Worlds disease,
That cares not for her Glories.

Nor blame whoever blames my wit,
That seek's no higher prize
Then in unenvy'd Shades to sit,
And sing of *Chloris* Eyes.

Loves Drollery.



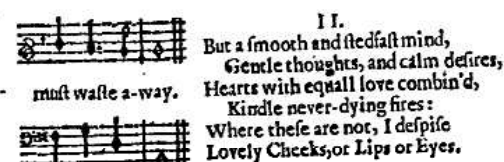
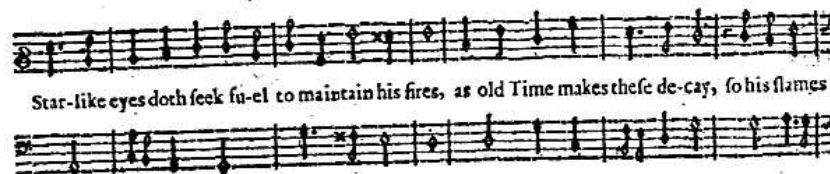
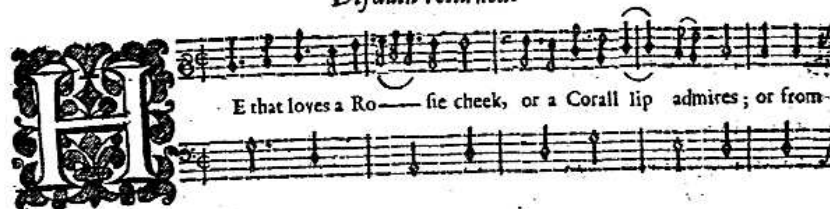
I love thee for thy Wantoness,
And for thy Drollerie;
For if thou had't not lov'd to sport,
Then thou had't ne'er lov'd mee.

I love thee for thy poverty,
And for thy want of Coyne;
For if thou hadst been worth a Groat,
Then thou had't ne'er been mine.

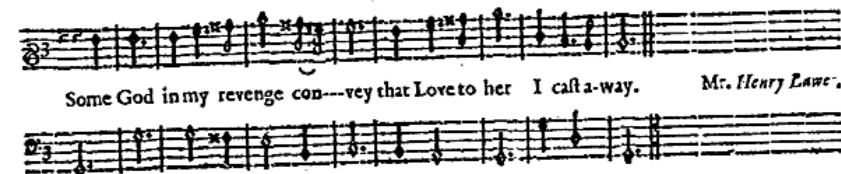
I love thee for thy Uglynesse,
And for thy foolerie;
For if thou had't been fair or wise,
Then thou had't ne'er lov'd mee.

Then let me have thy heart a while,
And thou shalt have my mony;
He part with all the wealth I have,
T' enjoy a Lass so Bonny.

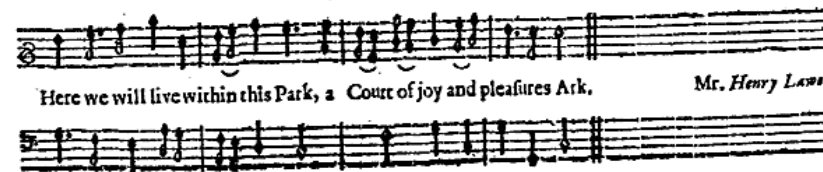
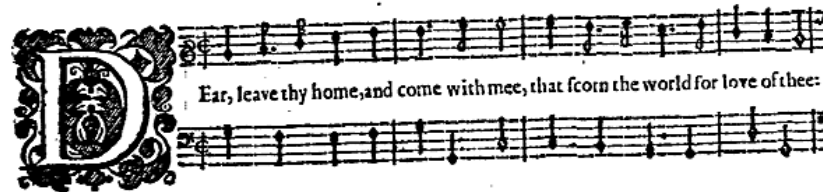
Disdain returned.



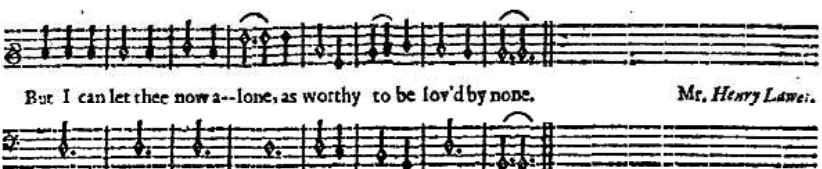
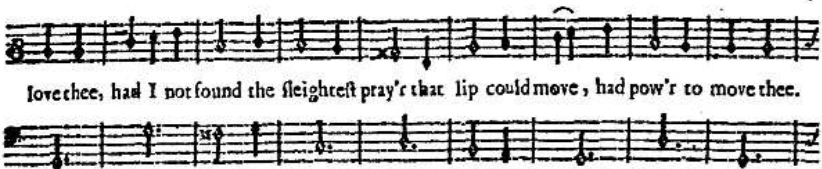
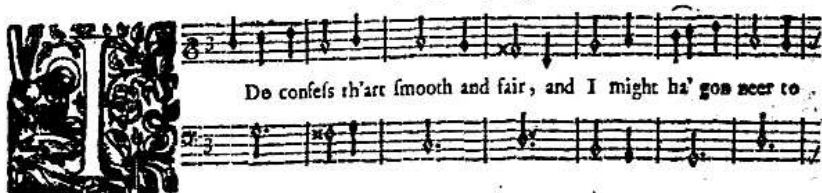
III.
Calia, now no tears can win
My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul with this,
And find nought but pride and scorn:
I have learn'd those Arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.



Loves Content.



To his Forsaken Mistrresse.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

I do confels th'art sweet, yet find
 These such an Unthritt of thy Sweets;
 Thy favours are but like the wind,
 Which kisseth ev'ry thing it meets:
 And since thou canst with more than one,
 Th'art worthy to be kiss'd by none.

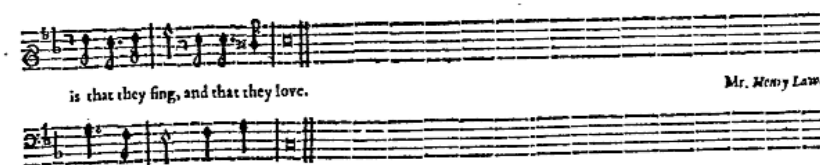
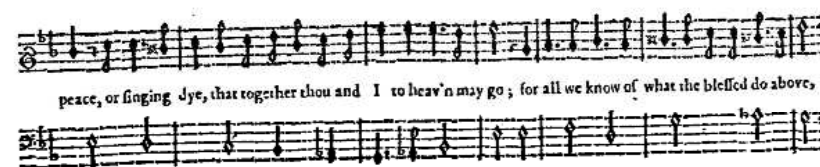
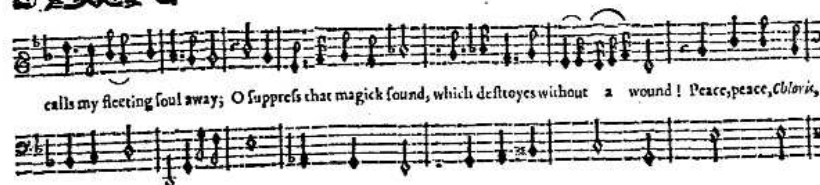
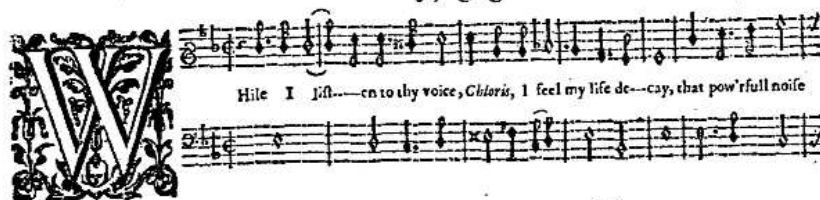
III.

The morning Rose that untouch'd stands,
 Arm'd with her briars, how sweet thee smells!
 But pluck'd, and strain'd through ruder hands,
 Her sweets no longer with her dwells;
 But Sent and Beauty both are gone,
 And Leaves fall from her one by one.

IV.

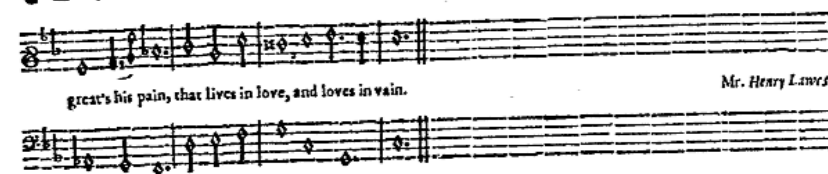
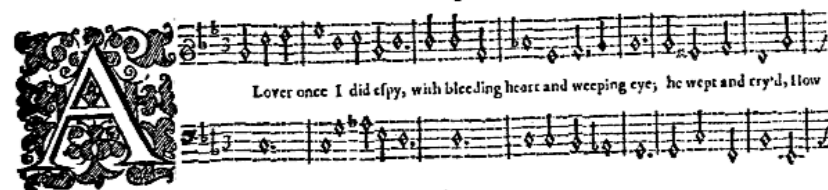
Such Fate e're long will thee betide,
 When thou hast handled been a while,
 With fear Flow'rs to be thrown aside;
 And I shall sigh when some will smile,
 To see thy love to ev'ry one
 Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

To a Lady singing.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

On a Bleeding Lover.

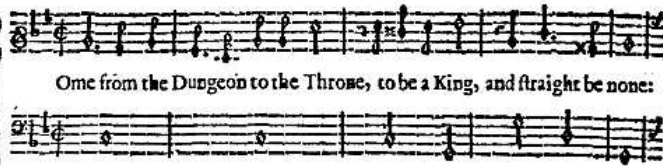


Mr. Henry Lawes.

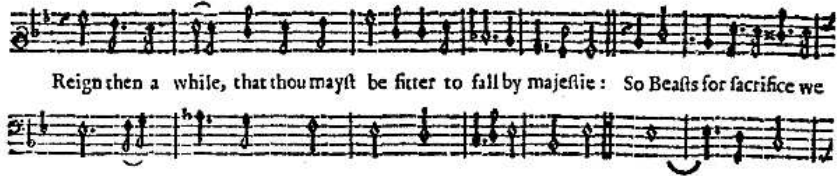
II.
 Can there (says he) no cur- be found,
 But by the hand that gave the wound?
 Then let me dye, which I'll endure,
 Since she wants charity to cure.

III.
 Yet let her one day feel the pain,
 To with the had cur'd, and with in vain;
 For wither'd cheeks may chance recover
 Some sparks of love, but not a Lover.

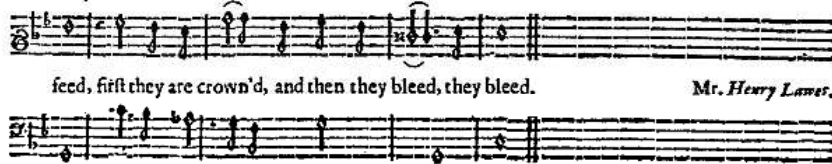
Two Songs in the Play of The Royal Slave.



Come from the Dungeon to the Throne, to be a King, and straight be none:



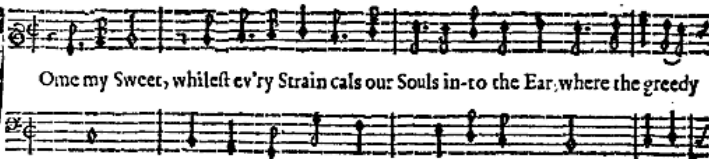
Reign then a while, that thou mayst be fitter to fall by majestie: So Beasts for sacrifice we



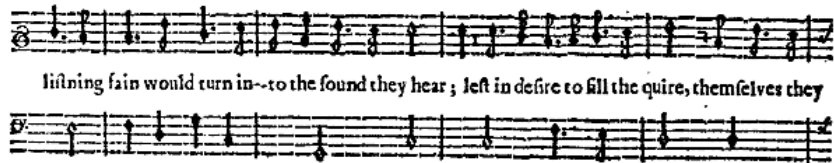
feed, first they are crown'd, and then they bleed, they bleed.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

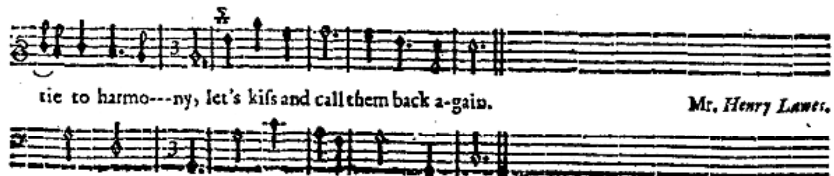
Love and Musick.



Come my Sweet, whilst ev'ry Strain calls our Souls in-to the Ear, where the greedy



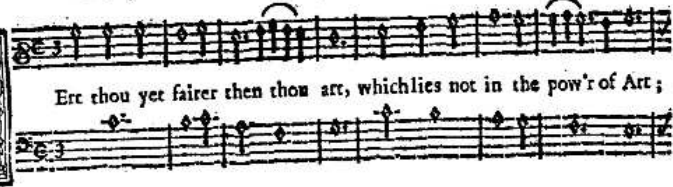
listening fain would turn in-to the sound they hear; left in desire to fill the quire, themselves they



tie to harmo---ny, let's kiss and call them back a-gain.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

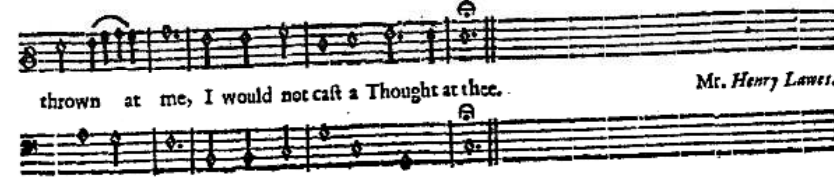
A Resolution in choice of a Mistresse.



Wert thou yet fairer then thou art, which lies not in the pow'r of Art;



or hadst thou in thine Eyes more Darts, then Cupids e---ver shot at Hearts; yet if they were not



thrown at me, I would not cast a Thought at thee.

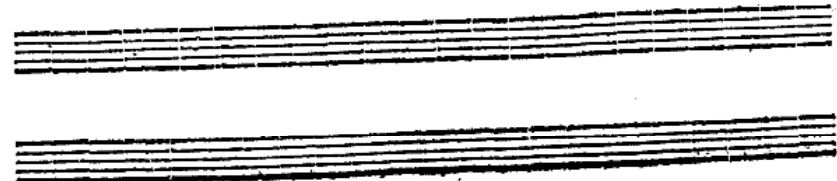
Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

I'de rather marry a disease,
Then court the thing I cannot please:
She that would cherish my desires
Must court my flames with equall fires:
What pleasure is there in a Kiss
To him that doubts the Heart's not his?

III.

I love thee not 'cause thou art fair,
Softer than down, smoother than air;
Not for the Cupids that do lye
In either corner of thine Eye:
Would you then know what it might be?
'Tis I love you 'cause you love me.



Inconstancy in Love.

LOve thee without Flattery were a Sin, since thou art all Inconstan-

cy within; thy Heart is govern'd onely by thine Eyes, the Newest object is thy Richest prize:

Love mee then just as I love thee, that's still a fairer I can see. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*

II.

My thoughts are now at liberty, and can
Love all that's fair, as you can all that's man;
I never will hereafter think it strange
To see thee please thy Appetite with change:
No! love me just as I love thee,
That's till a fairer I can see.

III.

I hate this constant doting on a Face,
Content ne're dwelt a Week in any place;
Why then should you and I love one another
Longer then we can be content together?
Love mee then just as I love thee,
That's till a fairer I can see,

Discontent.

Prethee turn that Face away, whose splendor but benights the day;

sad Eyes like mine, and wounded Hearts, shun the bright rays which Beauty darts; Un-

welcome is the Sun that pries into those Shades where sorrow lies: Go shine on happy things,

to me, that blessing is a miserie; whom thy fierce Sun nor warms but burns, like that the

Sooty *Indian* turns; I'll serve the night, and there confin'd; with thee let's fair or else more kind.

Dr. John Wilson.

Loves Votary.

Bid me but live, and I will live, thy Vo-ta-ry to be; or bid me love, and

I will give a loving heart to thee. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*

A heart as soft, a heart as kind, a heart as foundly free
As in the world thou canst not find, that heart I'll give to thee.
Bid me to weep, and I will weep, while I have eyes to see,
Or having none, yet I will keep a heart to weep for thee.
Bid that heart stay, and it shall stay, and honour thy decree,
Or bid it languish quite away and it shall do't for thee.
Thou art my love, my life my heart, the very eye of mee,
And hast command of every part, to live and dye for thee.

To Aurelia.

Bright *Aurelia*, I do owe all the woe I can know to those glorious looks alone, though

you are unrelenting stone; the quick lightning from your eyes, did sa-cri-fice, my unwise, my un-

wary harmless heart, and now you glory in my smart.

How unjustly you do blame
That pure flame,
From you came,
Vext with what your selfe may burn,
Your scorn to tinder did it turn.

The least sparke now Love can call
That does fall
On the small
Scorcht remainder of my heart,
Will make it burn in every part.

Dr. Colman.

Loves Flattery.

Ladies fly from loves smooth tale, oaths sleept in tears do oft prevail, grief is in-

ferious, and the air inflam'd with sighs will blast the fair; then stop your ears when Lovers cry, lest your

selfes weep, when no lost eye shall with a forrowing tear repay that pity which you cast away.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

To Chloris.

Ope *Chloris* leave thy wandring sheep, thou shalt more amorous creatures keep; and be the only cavi'd

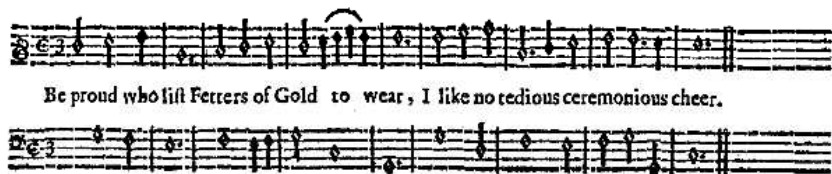
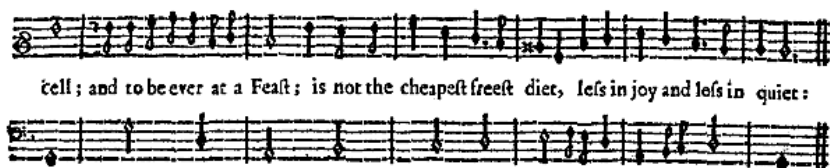
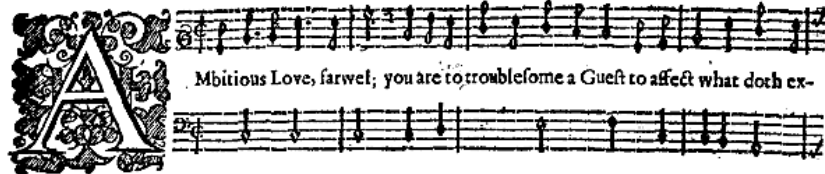
Dame that moves upon this graphic frame: for thou shalt Herds of *Cupid's* have, and Love and I will be thy slave.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.
Nymphs, Satyres, and the Sylvian Fawns,
Shall leave the Woods and narrow Lawns
To wait on *Chloris*, and adore
Thee *Cytherea*; now no more
The name of *Chloris* shall create
A servitude in every state.

III.
In yonder Mirtle grove wee'll dwell
With more content then tongue can tell,
Where hungry Moles shall not asright
Thy tender Lambs or thee by night:
There we the wanton thieves will play,
And steal each others hearts away.

Seeming Coynefs.



II.

I'll take fuch as I find,
So it be good, and handsome drest,
Pretty, looking freely, kinde,
To a good appetite is best.
If your Usage do not please you,
Change is near you Change will ease you:
Tempest and Feasts the wisest disaffect,
Let it suffice you find no disrespect.

Dr. Charles Colman.

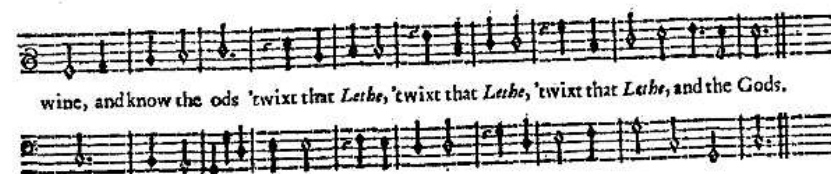
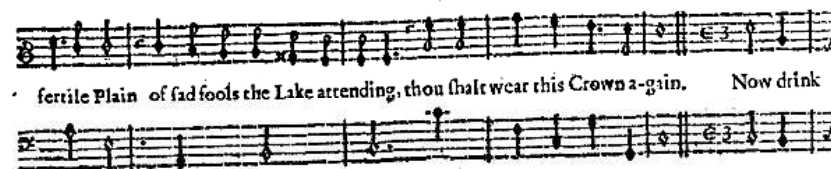
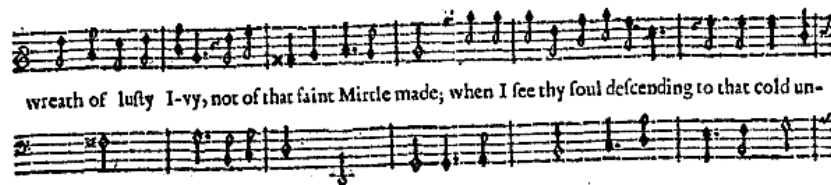
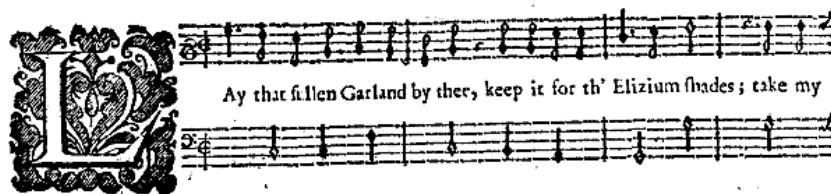
III.

Seek not the highest place,
The lowest commonly is most free
Less subject to disgrace,
Others eyes, or your jealousies.
Bold Freedome will improve your taste,
When awe imbitters a repast:
A doating fancy is a foolish Guest,
The freest welcome makes the sweetest Feast.

IV.

It is not Nature's way,
She made Love no such busie thing,
She meant it a short lay,
A Common-Weal without a King.
Her love on ev'ry edge doth grow,
Her Fruits are best in Taste and Shew;
Her Sweets extend unto the meanest Clown,
Often most fair, though in a Ruffet Gown.

Loves Bachinall.



Rouse thy dull and drowfie spirits,
Here's the soul reviving streams,
The stupid Lovers brain inherits
Nought but vain and empty dreams.

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,
Ope thou vainly crossed armes;
Thou mayst as well call back the buried
As raise Love by such like charmes.

Think not thou these dismal trances,
Which our raptures can content,
The Lad that laughs, sings and dances,
Shall come soonest to his end,

Sacrifice a glasse of Clarret
To each letter of her name;
Gods have oft descended for it,
Mortals must do more the same.

Cho.

Sadnesse may some pity move,
Mirth and courage, mirth and courage,
Mirth and conrage conquers love.

If she comes not at that flood,
Sleep will come. sleep will come,
Sleep will come and that's as good.

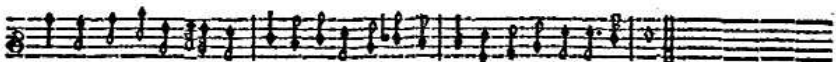
Platonick Love.



Change Platonicks, change for shame, get your selves a-no-ther name.



This is but a thin disguise, and betray'd to common eyes: Dim and purblind though they



bee, your Philo-so-phy they see is but Lay Hypocrisie, and a kind of He-re-sie.



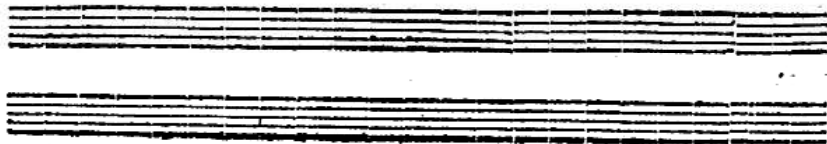
II.

Dr. Colman.

Plato ne'r allow'd a Kifs,
Nor the like fantastick blifs,
All the day sit and Ca Goll
With Sir Amorous La Fool;
Ne'r dreamt of that delight
Which a Ball presents at night,
To apt you to what follows next,
Only you corrupt the Text.

III.

Yet must Plato justifie
All your wanton vanitie,
When indeed the truth to say,
'Tis Opinion that doth sway,
Is a meer Court-Frippery,
You act but yet most formerly
What your Sex was wont to do
Many hundred years ago.



Love Neglected.



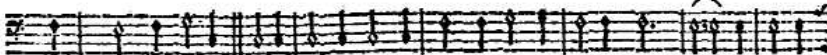
Little love serves my turn, 'tis so en-fla-ming, ra-ther then I will burn
Beauty shall court it selfe, 'tis not worth speaking, Ile no more Amorous



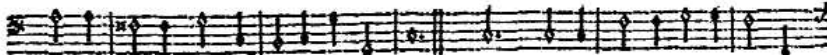
I will leave gni-ming; for when I think upon't, O! 'tis so painful, 'cause Ladies have a
pangs, no more heart-breaking: those that ne'r felt the smart, let them go try it, I have redeem'd my



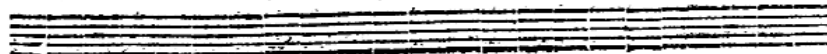
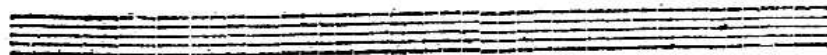
trick, to be disdainfull. No more, no more, I must give o're; for Beauty is so sweet, it makes me
heart now I de-sie it,



pine, distracts my mind, and surfeit when I see'r. Forgive me Love, if I remove in-to some o-



-ther shear, where I may keep a flock of sheep, and know no o-ther care. Mr. Henry Lawes.



Lovers Wantonneffe.

S Ec, fec, how carlefs men are grown of Love and Loving in our days,

Every ones Heart is now his owne; his Eyes upon no object ftays, but bits a while and

goes his ways. Mr. Henry Lawe.

II.

Shall Beauty that was wont to reign
Un-rivall'd in each noble breaft,
Command by turns, or elfe in vain;
And by new fafhion'd minds depreft,
Become an Inn, and love a Gueft.

III.

Sure they fuppose her of Glaffe,
And let her rift on purpofe fall,
Then peice-meal would pick up this Maffe,
That for one Beauty bow to all,
And change of Fetters, Freedome call.

IV.

Though lowly minded, I will ftand
With fuch for place, and at no rate
Give Rebell Lovers th'upper hand,
That every day new Lords create;
I ferve a Monarch, they a State.

Venus to her Adonis.

Come Adonis, come away, what diftalle could drive the hence, where fo

much delight doth reign, forcing ev'n the foul of Senfe; and though thou un-kind haft prov'd,

never Youth was fo below'd: Then lov'd Adonis, come away, for Venus brooks, fo: Venus

brooks not this de-lay, for Venus brooks not this delay. Mr. William Lawe.

Loves Flattery.

I Can love for an hour when I'm at leasure, be that loves half a day fools without measure:

Cupid then tell me what art had thy mother, to make men love one face more than an-other?

Some to be thought more wife daily endeavour
To make the World believe they can live for ever:
Ladies believe them not, they'l but deceive you,
For when they have their ends then they will leave you.

Men cannot eye themselves on your sweet features,
They'l have variety of loving Creatures.
Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,
Though they can never do't, yet they'l be fooling.

Inconstancie in Women.

Am confirm'd a woman can, love this, or that, or a---my man;
This day her love is melting hot, to morrow swears she knows you not;

let her but an new object find, and she is of another mind: Then hang me Ladies at your

dore, If e're I dote up--on you more, Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

Yet still I'll love the fair one, why?
For nothing but to please mine eye;
And so the fat and soft skinn'd Dame
I'll flatter, to appease my flame;
For her that's Musickall I long:
When I am sad to sing a Song:
But hang me Ladies, &c.

III.

I'll give my fancy leave to range
Through every face to find out change:
The black, the brown, the fair shall be
But objects of variety:
I'll court you all to serve my turn,
But with such flames as shall not burn:
For hang me Ladies, &c.

A Lovers Legacy.

Ain would I *Chloris* e're I die bequeath you such a Legacy, as you might

say when I am gon, None has the like! My heart alone were the best gift I could be-

flow, but that's al-rea-dy yours you know: So that till you my Heart resigne, or fill with

yours the place of mine; and by that grace my store renew, I shall have nought worth giving

you, whose Brest has all the wealth I have, save a faint Carcase, and a Grave: But had I as

many Hearts as Hairs, as many Loves as Love has Fears, as many Lives as Years have

Hours, they should be all and only yours. Mr. Henry Lawes.

Loves Martyr.

Ow long shall I a Martyr be to Love and Womans cru--el-ty? Or why doth

fullen Fate confine my heart to one that is not mine: had I er'e lov'd as others do, but only

for an hour or two, then there had store of reason bin why I should suffer for my sin.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

But Love, thou knowest with what a flame
I have ador'd my Mistres's name:
How I ne'r offered other fires
But such as rose from chaste desires:
Nor have I ere prophaned thy shrine
With an inconstant fickle minde;
Yet thou combining with my Fate,
Hath forc'd my love and her to hate.

III.

O Love! if her supremacie
Have not a greater power then thee,
For pity sake then once be kind,
And throw a dart to change her mind:
Thy deity we shall suspect,
If our reward must be neglect.
Then make her love, or let me be
Inspir'd with scorn as well as she.

Amintor for his Chloris absence.

Ell me you wan-dering spirits of the Air, did you not see a Nymph

more bright, more fair than Beauties darling, or of parts more sweet than stone content?

If such a one you meet, wait on her hourly where so e're she flies, and cry, and cry, A-

mintor for her absence dies.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

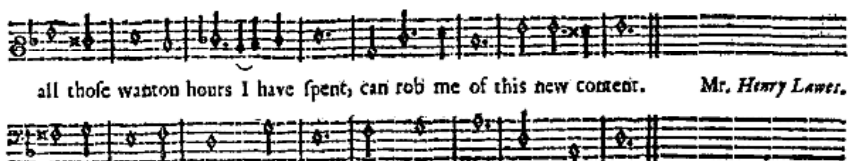
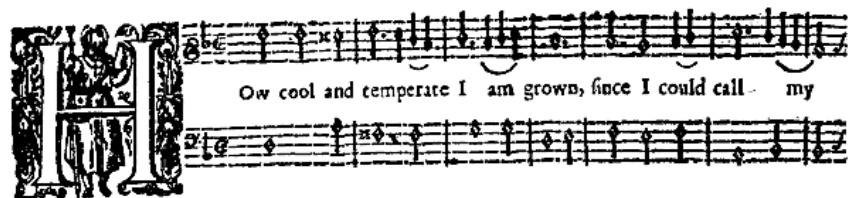
Go search the Vallies, pluck up every Rose,
You'll find a sent, a blush of her in those:
Fish, fish for Pearle, or Corall, there you'll see
How orientall all her colours bee.
Go call the Ecchoes to your aide, and cry,
Chloris, Chloris, for that's her name for whom I dy.

III.

But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill,
Were shee on earth she had been with me still:
Go fly to Heaven, examine every Sphere,
And try what Star hath lately lighted there;
If any brighter than the Sun you see,
Fall down, fall down, and worship it, for that is shee.

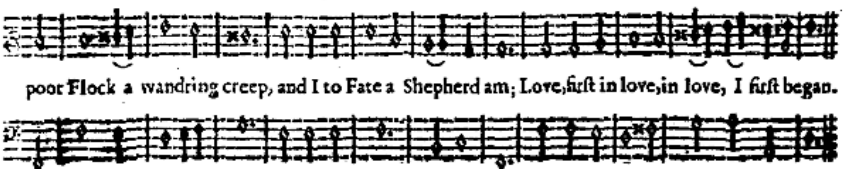
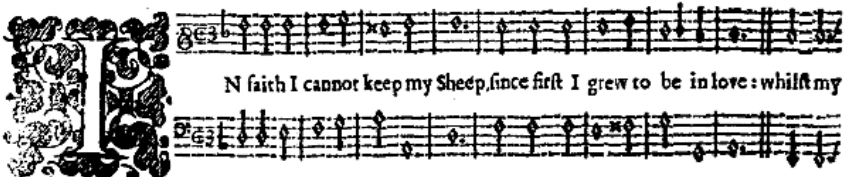
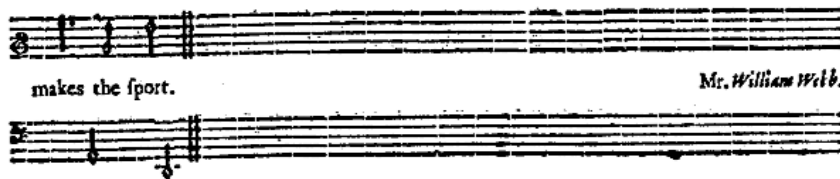
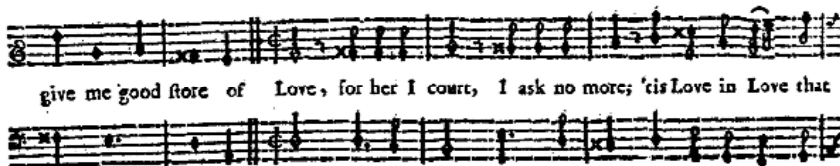
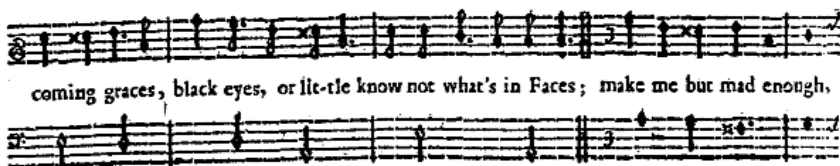
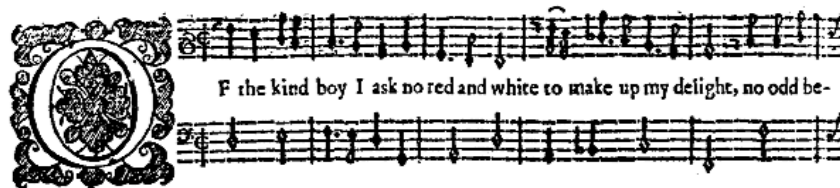
chloris, chloris,
Fall down, fall down, &c.

M

Love in a Calme.

II.
Loves mills are scattered from my sight,
Which flattered me with new delight,
And now I see 'tis but a face
That stole my heart out of its place:
Then Love forgive me, I'll no more
Thine Altars or thy Shrine adore.

III.
Farewell to all heart-breaking eyes,
Farewell each look that can surprize,
Farewell those curts and amorous spels,
Farewell each place where *Cupid* dwells;
And farewell each bewitching smile,
I mult enjoy my selfe a while.

Loves Shepherdesse.*Love without Additionls.*

II.
There's no such thing as that, we Beauty call,
It is meer couzenage all;
For though some long ago
Lik't certain colours mingled so and so,
That doth not tie me now from chusing new,
If I a fancy take
Too black and blew,
That fancy doth it Beauty make.

II.
'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
Makes eating a delight;
And if I like one dish
More than another, that a Pheasant is:
What in our Marches, may in us be found,
So to the height, and nick
We up be bound,
No matter by what hand or trick.

A Frozen Heart made warm by Love.

G O, go, and betride the Southern wind, fly, O forlorn! nor look be-

hind, till thou the glazed Ocean hast past and Climes unknown to man, laid on a snow-rai's'd

mountain, bear the bo-some to the freezing air; and if those colds be not so great to quench, but

they thaw with thy heat her far more cold disdain, apply thine own despair and will to dye,

and when by these congeal'd to stone, then will her heart and thine be one.

Mr. William Webb.

False Love reproved.

B Y all thy Glories willingly I go, yet could have with'd thee constant

in thy love; but since thou needs must prove uncertain as is thy Beauty, or as the Glass that

shows it thee, my hopes thus soon to o-vertrow, shows thee more fickle; but my flames by

this are easier quencht than his, whom flattering smiles betray; 'tis tyrannous delay breeds

all the harm, and makes that fire consume, which should but warm. Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

Till time destroy those blossomes of thy youth,
 Thou art our Idol-worship, at that rate,
 But who can tell thy fate?
 And say that when this Beauties done,
 This Lovers Torch shall still burn on;
 I could have serv'd thee with such truth
 Devoutest Pilgrims to their Saints do show,
 Departed long ago;
 And at this ebbing tyde,
 Have us'd thee as a Bride
 Who's only true
 Whilst you are fair, he loves himself, not you.

N

Loves torrid Zone.

N O, no, fair Heretick, it cannot be, but an ill love in mee, and

worfe for thee; for were it in my pow'r to love thee now this hour, more than I did the

last, 'twould then so fall, I might not love at all: Love that can flow, and can admit en-

crease, admits as well an ebb, and may grow lesse. Mr. Henry Lawes,

II.

True love is still the same
 The Torrid Zones,
 And those more frigid ones
 It must not know:
 For love grown cold, or hot
 Is lust and friendship, not
 The think we have, for that's a flame would dye,
 Held down, or up too high;
 Then think I love, more than I can expresse,
 And would know more, could I but love thee lesse,

To his Chloris at Parting.

R Aid would I *Chloris* whom my heart adores, longer a while between thine

arms remain; but loe, the jealous morn her Ro-sedores to spight me ope's, and brings the

day a-gain. Farewell, farewell, *Chloris*, 'tis time I dy'd, the night de-parts, yet still my

woes abide. Dr. John Wilson.

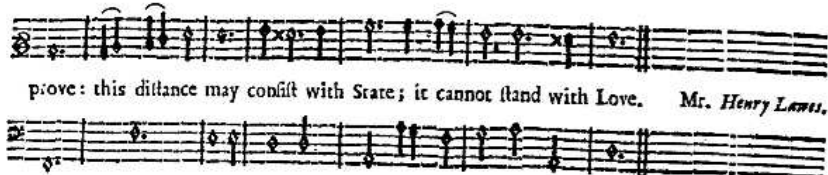
II.

Hence faucy flaring Candle of the Skies,
 Let us alone we, have no need of thee:
 Our eyes are ever day, where *Chloris* eyes
 Shine, that a pair of brighter Tapers bee.
 Farewell, farewell, &c.

III.

O night! whose sable vail was wont to be
 More friend to Lovers, than the noisefull day:
 Wherefore, O wherefore do'st thou fly from me,
 And carry with thee all my joys away?
 Farewell, farewell, &c.

Coyneſs in Love.



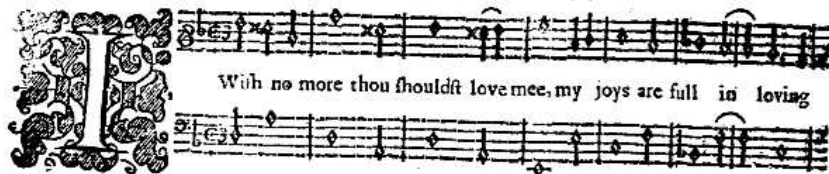
'Tis either cunning or diſtruſt,
That do ſuch ways allow:
The firſt is baſe, the laſt injuſt;
Let neither blemiſh you.

Speak but a word, or do but caſt
One Look that ſeems to frown,
I'll give you all the love that's paſt,
The reſt ſhall be mine own.

If you intend to draw me on,
You over act your part:
And if it be to have me gon,
You need not halfe this Art.

And ſuch a faire and equall way
On both ſides none can blame,
ſince every man is bound to play
The faireſt of his Game,

Love poſſeſt.

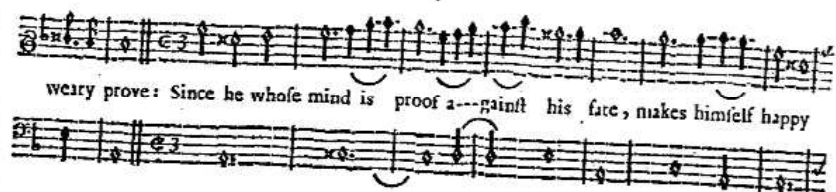
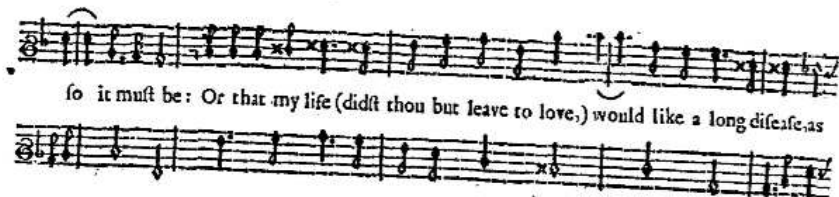
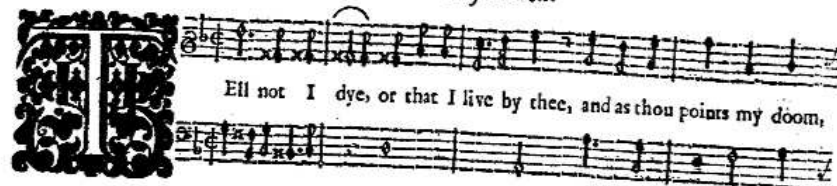


Thy ſcorn may wound me, but my fate
Leads me to love, and thee to hate;
Yer I muſt love while I have breath,
For not to love were worſe than death.

Then ſhall I ſue for ſcorn or grace,
A ſingring life, or death embrace;
ſince one of theſe I needs muſt try,
Love me but once, and let me dy.

Such mercy more thy fame ſhall riſe,
Than cruel life can yield thee praiſe;
It ſhall be counted who ſo dies,
No murder, but a ſacrifice.

A Lovers Reſolution.



II.

'Tis vanity for a man to build his bliſſe
On the frail favour of a womans kiſſe;
And moſt unmanly to enthral his eye,
When Heaven and Nature gives it liberty:
ſince Womens fancies with their fashiions change,
To love for faſhion to each face that's ſtrange.

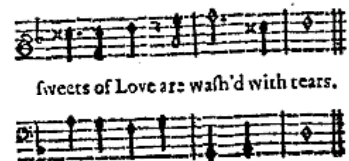
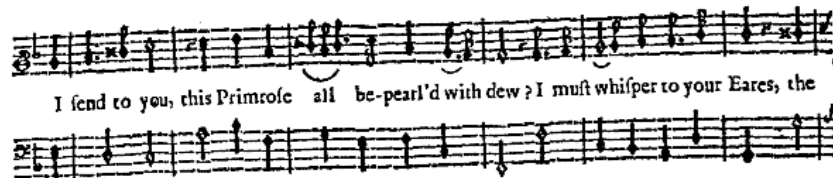
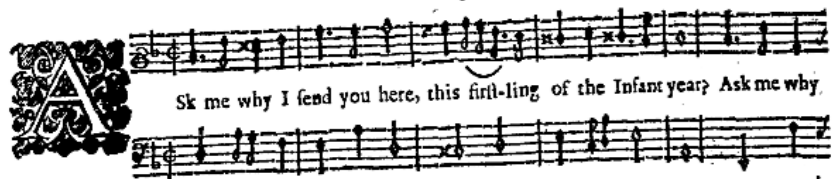
III.

I know the humour of your Sex is ſuch
You ze'r could value any one thing much;
For ſhould thy breaſt with conſtant flames be fir'd,
'Twere more then I expected, although deſir'd:
Then think me not ſo fond, although I love,
But as thou ſtear't thy courſe, ſo mine ſhall move.

IV.

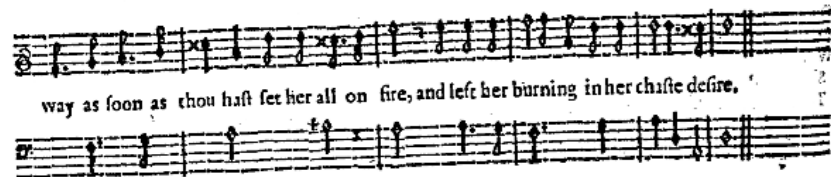
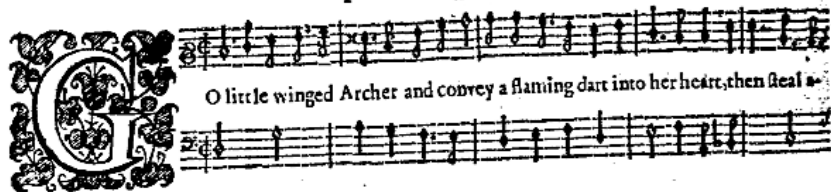
He that hath wealth, and can that wealth for-goe,
Is his own man, not ſlave to any woe;
Thus arm'd with reſolution, I am free,
Still o'recommender of my deſtinie:
Yer know I love, thou I can leave the ſtare,
He beſt knows how to love, knows how to hate.

The Primrose.



Ask me why this Rose doth show
All yellow, green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And yeelding each way, yet not break?
I must tell you, 't' hese discover
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

Cupid's Embassage.



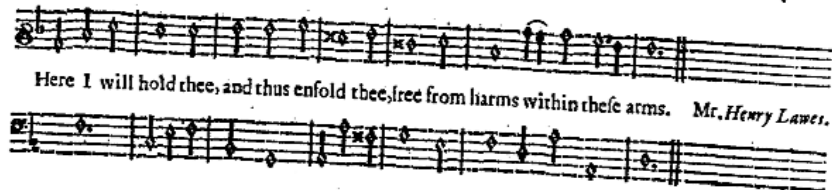
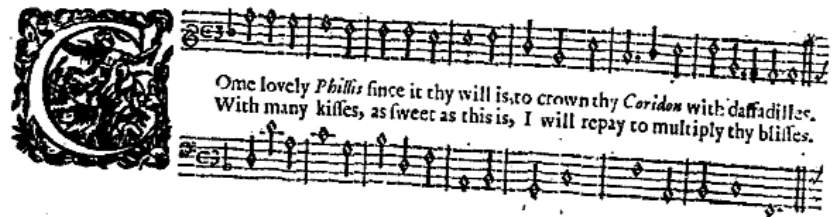
II.

Thus reach her what it is to love, that she
When that her eyes
Do tyrannize
May pity me;
And know the flame that hath ray heart possess
By the dis temper of her scorched breath.

III.

And when she burns if she appease my flame
With smiles which fly,
Oft as her eye,
I'll do the same;
So may we love, and burn, but ne'r expire,
While we add fuell to each others fire.

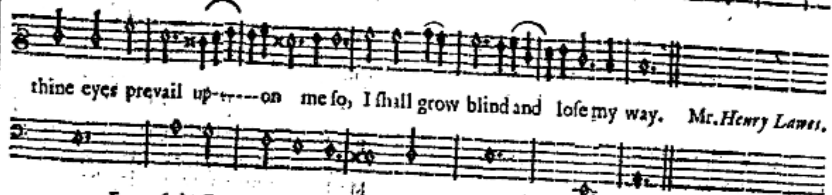
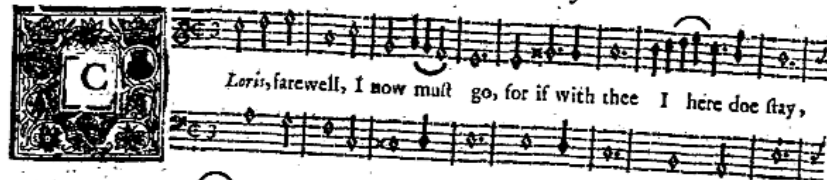
Coridon to his Phillis.



Sweet, still be smiling, 'tis sweet beguiling
Of tedious hours and sorrows best exiling;
For if you lowre, the banks no power
Will have to bring forth any pleasant flower;
Your eyes not granting
Their raies enchanting,
Mine may raine, but 'twere in vain.

Thine eyes may wonder that mine asunder
Do from the Sun-shine draw thine to sit under;
Hold me unblam'd, to be enflam'd,
Where not to be so, youth were rather sham'd:
Since that the oldest
That thou beholdest
May feele fire of loves desire.

On Chloris attractive Beauty.



Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth
Amongst the rest me hither brought;
Finding this same fall shore of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath
A servant to anothers will;
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.

But what assurance can I take,
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,
For some more worthy Lovers sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

For thou may'st say 'twas not thy fault
That thou did'st thus unconstant prove;
Thou wert by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

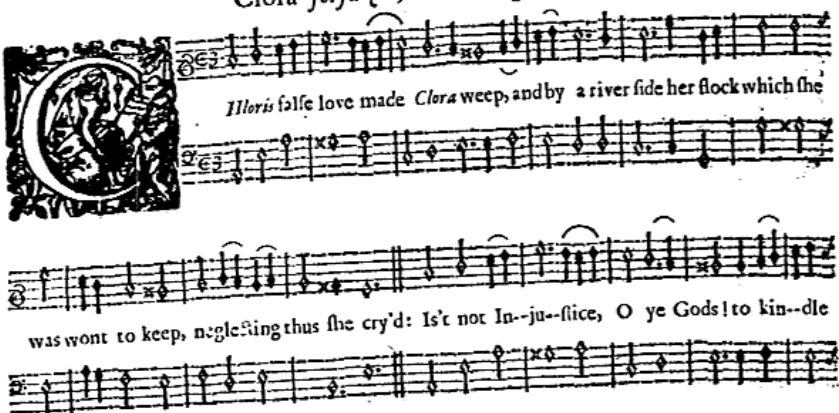
No Chloris, no, I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That Strangers shall at distance burn,
And the distrust me Reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant menis at home.

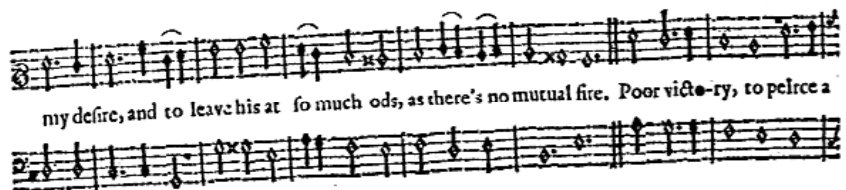
Clora forsaken, thus complains.



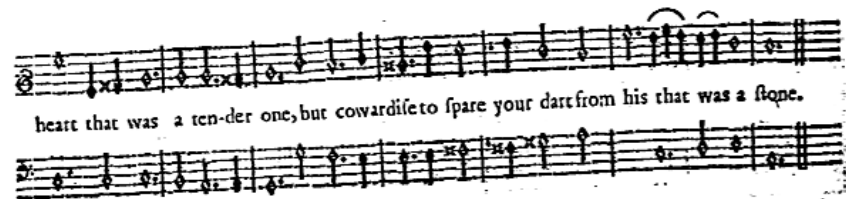
Illor's false love made Clora weep, and by a river side her flock which she



was wont to keep, neglecting thus she cry'd: Is't not In-ju-stice, O ye Gods! to kin-dle



my desire, and to leave his at so much odds, as there's no mutual fire. Poor vic-ti-ry, to per-ice a



heart that was a ten-der one, but cowardly to spare your dart from his that was a stone.

Dr. John Wilson.

As she thus mourn'd, the tears that fell
Down from her love-lick eyes,
Did in the water drop and swell,
And into bubbles rise.

Wherein her bloubar'd face appears,
Now out alas, said she,
How do I melt away in tears
For him that loves not me.

And thus in little drawn and dress
In sad tears attire,
May force such passions from his breast,
Shall equal my desire.

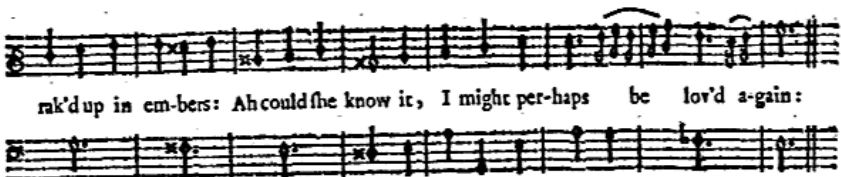
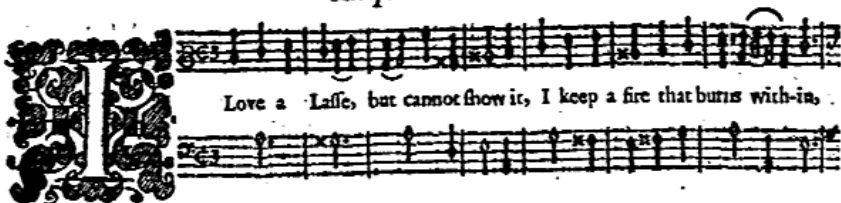
Yet as I lessen multiply,
But in lesse form appears,
Thus do I languish from mine eye,
And grow new in my tears.

Break not that Christall, circles me
Sweet streams by your fair side,
My love perhaps may walking be,
And I may be epi'd.

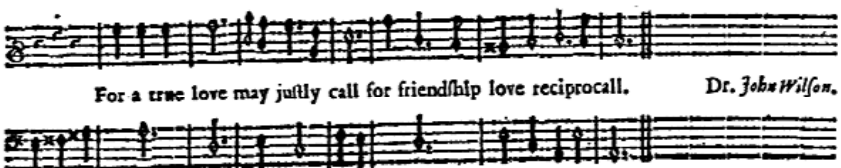
Reciprocal Love.



Love a Lasse, but cannot show it, I keep a fire that burns with-in,



rak'd up in em-bers: Ah could she know it, I might per-haps be lov'd a-gain:



For a true love may justly call for friendship love recipocall.

Dr. John Wilson.

II.

Some gentle courteous winde betray me,
A sigh by wispering in her ear,
Or let some pitious shower convey me,
By dropping on her breast a tear,
Or two, or more; the hardest flint,
By often drops receives a dint.

III.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
That is already too too weak;
No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,
By writing what they cannot speak:
Go then my Muse, and let this verse
Bring back my Life, or else my Hearse.

Clora forsaken, thus complains.



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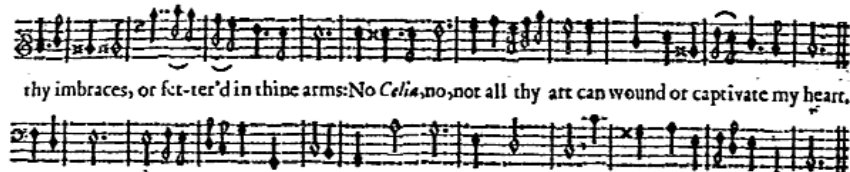
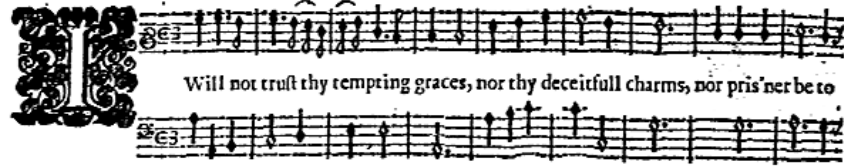
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On Loves deceitful Charmes.



II.

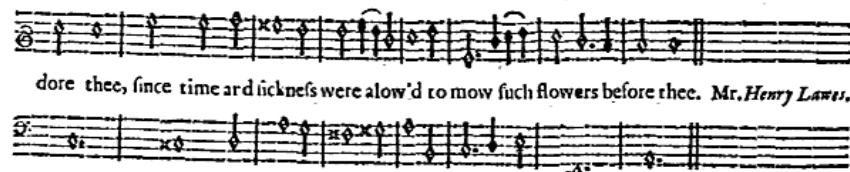
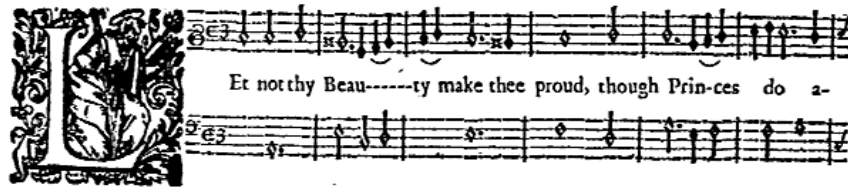
I will not gaze upon thine eyes,
Nor wanton with thy haire,
Lest those should burn me by surprize,
Or these my soul inflame:
Nor with those smiling dangers play,
Or fool my liberty away.

III.

Mr. *Jeremy Savill.*

Since then my weary heart is free,
And unconfin'd as thine;
If thou would'st mine should captive be,
Thou must thine own resigne:
And Gratitude shall thus move more
Than Love or Beauty could before.

Beauty a fading Ornament.



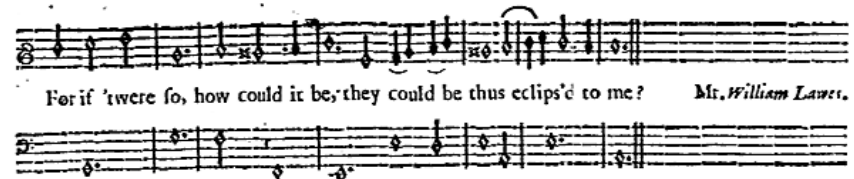
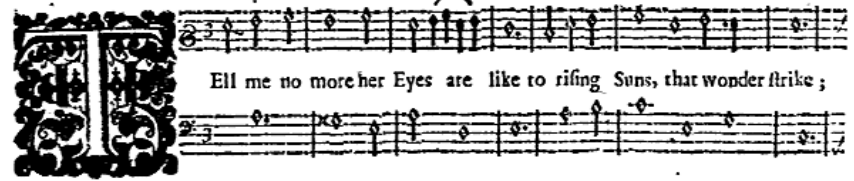
II.

Nor be not shy to that degree
Thy friends may hardly know thee,
Nor yet so coming, or so free,
That every By may blow thee;
A state in every Princely brow,
As decent is requir'd,
Much more in thine, to whom they bow
By Beauties lightnings fir'd.

III.

And yet a state so sweetly mixt
With an attractive mildness;
It may like *Vercus* sit betwixt
The extremes of pride and vileness.
Then every eye that sees thy face
Will in thy Beauty glory,
And every tongue that wags will grace
Thy vertue with a story.

Beauty in Eclipse.



Tell me no more her Breasts do grow
Like rising Hills of melting Snow;
For if 'twere so, how could they lye
So near the Sun-shine of her eye?

Tell me no more the restless Sphaeres
Compar'd to her voyce, fright our ears;
For if 'twere so, how then could death
Dwell with such discord in her breath?

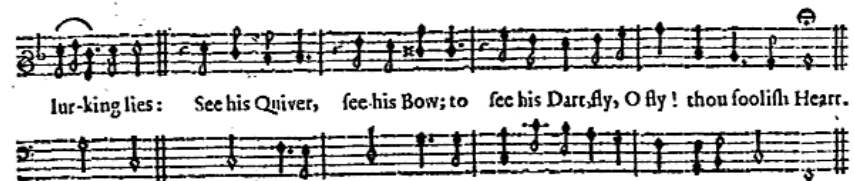
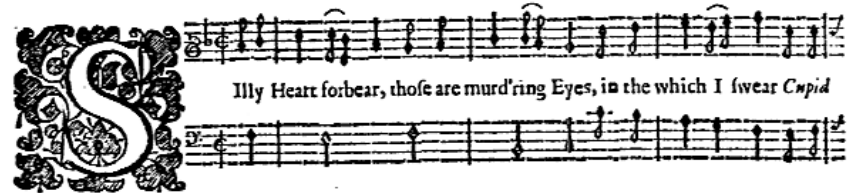
No, say her Eyes Portenders are
Of ruine, or some blazing starre,
Else would I feel from that fair fire
Some heat to cherish my desire.

Say that her Breasts, though cold as Snow,
Are hard as Marble, when I woove;
Else they would soften and relent
With sighs inflamed, from me sent.

Say that although like to the Moon,
She heavenly fair, yet chang'd as soon;
Else she would constant once remain
Either to pity or disdain.

That so by one of them I might
Be kept alive, or murder'd quite;
For 'tis no less cruell there to kill,
Where life doth but increase the ill.

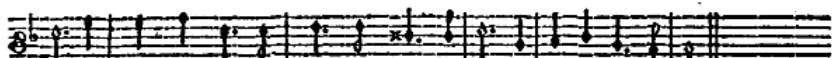
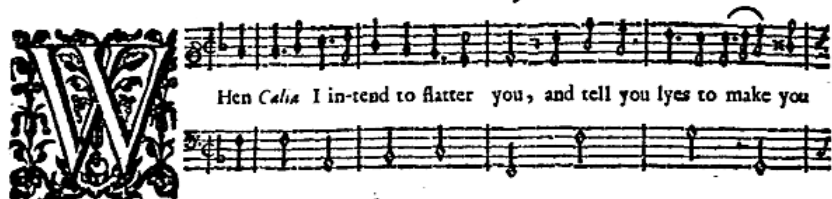
Cupid detected.



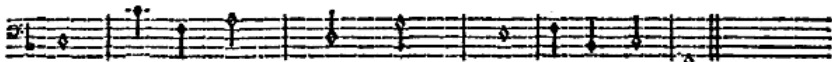
Greedy Eyes, take heed, they are scorching Beams
Causing Hearts to bleed, & your Eyes spring streams:
Love lies watching with his Bow bent, and his Dart
For to wound both Eyes and Heart.

Think and gaze your fill, foolish Heart and Eyes,
Since you love your ill, and your good despise:
Cupid Shooting, *Cupid* Darting, and his Band
Mortal powers cannot withstand.

Loves Flattery.

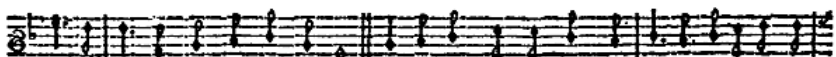
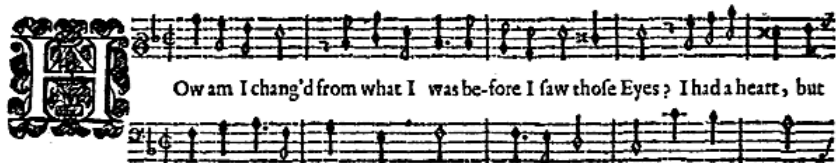


true, I swear there's none so fair, there's none so fair, and you beleave it too. Dr. Colman.



| | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>Oft have I matcht you with the Rose, and said No twins so like hath nature made, Only in this, ✕ You prick my hand and fade.</p> | <p>When I praise your skin I quote the wooll That Silk-worms from their Entrailes pull, And show That new fallen snow, ✕ Is not more beautifull.</p> |
| <p>Oft have I said there is no pretious stone But may be found in yon alone; Though I No stone espy, ✕ Unlessc your heart be one.</p> | <p>Yet grow not proud by such Hyperboles Were you as excellent as these Whillt I Before you ly, ✕ They might be had with ease.</p> |

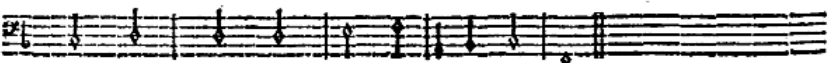
Loves Theft.



now alas, that room is fill'd with sighs, for she that robb'd me, would not stay to let me ask her



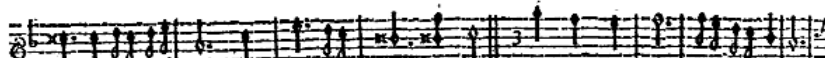
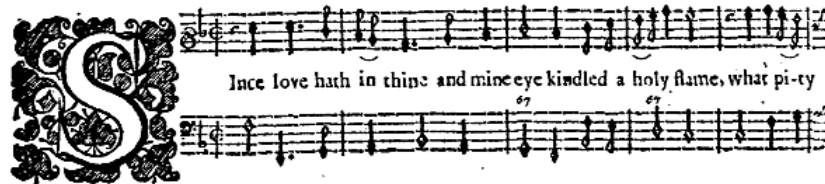
why she stol't or beg, she'd find some way this theft with hers t'supply. Dr. Colman.



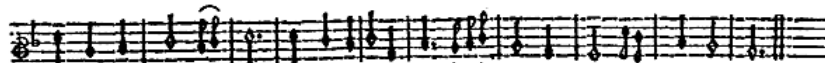
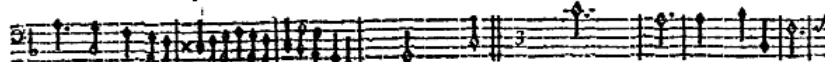
Thus am I left to court my grief,
For when she's out of sight,
There can on earth be no relief,
Or ought that's true delight.

I'll therefore on some River side
Wander to breath my woe,
And ask those Nymphs how *Nyxias* dy'd
That I might do so too.

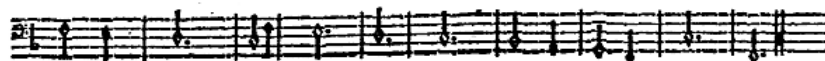
Power of Love.



'twere to let it dye, what sin to quench the same? The stars that seem ex-tin'd by day,



disclose their flames at night, and in a fable sense convey their loves in beams of light.



Dr. John Wilson.

II.

So when the jealous Eye and Ear
Are shut or turn'd aside,
Our Tongues, our Eyes, may talk sans fear
Of being heard or spi'd.
What though our Bodies cannot meet
Loves fuels more divine;
The fixt stars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never joyn.

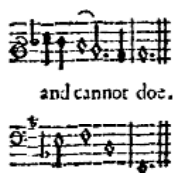
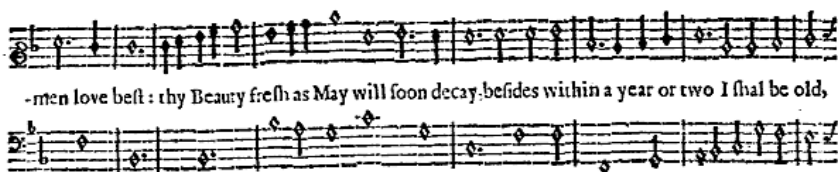
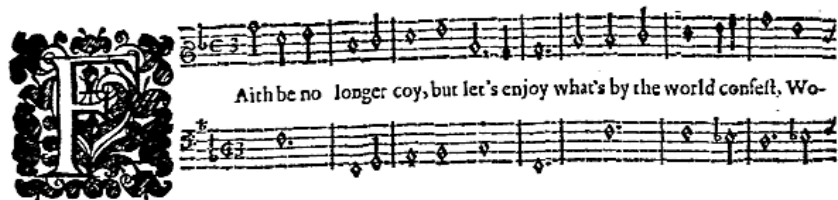
III.

False Meteors that do change their place,
Though they shine fair and bright;
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall down and lose their light.
Thus while we shall preserve from waste
The flame of our desire,
No vestall shall maintain more chaste,
Or more immortal fire.

IV.

If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine Eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine waste away
I'll take new fire from thine.

A Motive to Love.

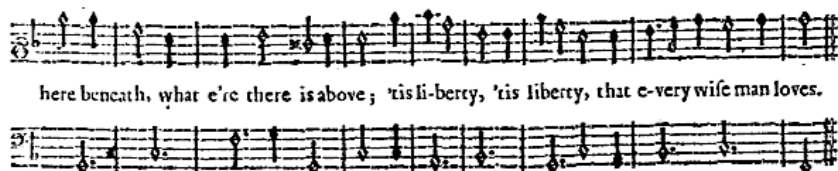
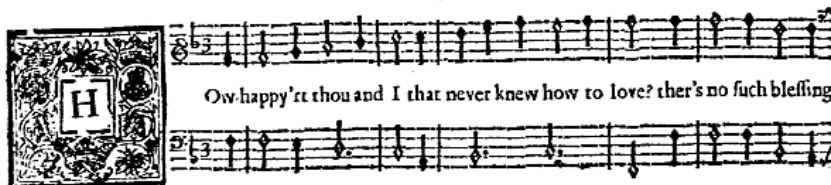


Do't think that nature can
For every man,
Had she more skill, provide
and cannot doe.

So fair a Bride?
Who ever had a Feast
For a single Guest?
No, without she did intend
To serve the Husband and his friend.

To be a little nice
Sets better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their Servants loves;
But on the riper years
It ill appears:
After a while you'l find this true,
I need provoking more then you.

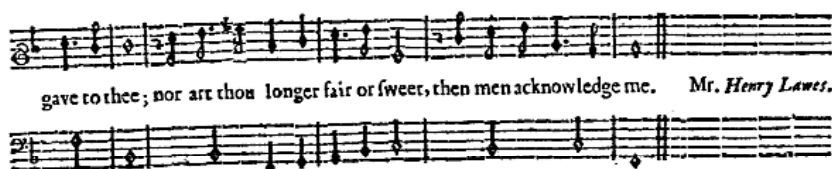
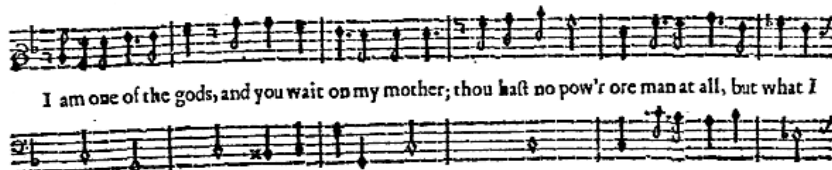
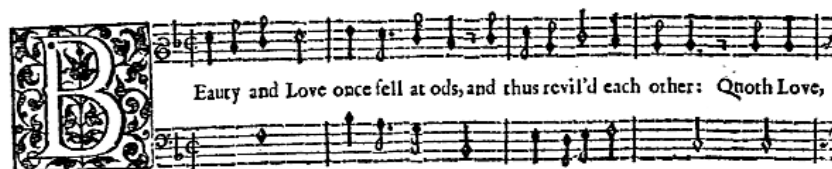
On Liberty.



Out, out upon those Eyes, that think to murder mee,
And he's an Ass he believes her fair, that is not kind and free:
Ther's nothing sweet, ther's nothing sweet to man, but Liberty.

Ile tye my Heart to none, nor yet confine mine Eyes,
But I will play my Game so well, I'll never want a prize:
'tis liberty, 'tis liberty, has made me now thus wise.

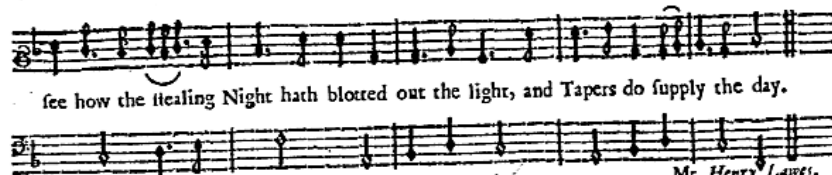
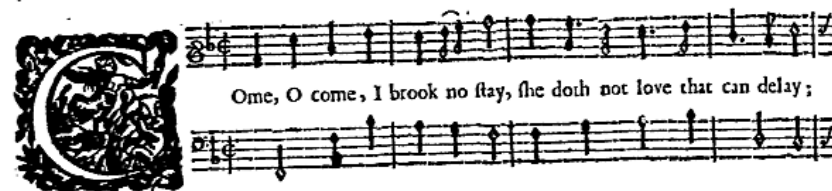
Beauty and Love at ods.



Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,
We see that thou art blindy
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find:
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
And call'd thee Blind desire;
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,
And Wings to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away,
And straight to Vulcan pray'd
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,
To punish this proud Maid:
So Beauty ever since hath bin
But courted for an hour,
To love a day is now a sin
'Gainst Cupid and his power.

Love admits no Delay.



To be Chaste is to be Old,
And that foolish Girl that's cold
Is fourscore at fifteen,
Desires do write us green;
And looser Flames our Youth unfold.

See the first Taper's almost gon,
Thy flame like that will straight be none,
And I as it expire,
Not able to hold fire;
She loseth Time that lyes alone.

Mr. Henry Lawes.
Let us cherish then these powers,
Whiles we yet may call them ours;
Then we best spend our Time,
When no Dull Zealous Chime,
But sprightfull kisses strike the hour.

A Motive to Love.

B Aith be no longer coy, but let's enjoy what's by the world confest, Wo-

-men love best: thy Beauty fresh as May will soon decay, besides within a year or two I shal be old,

Do't think that nature can
For every man,

IRREGULAR

PAGINATION

To be a little nice
Sets better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their Servants loves;
But on the riper years
It ill appears:
After a while you'll find this true,
I need provoking more then you,

H Ow happy'rt thou and I that never knew how to love? ther's no such blessing

here beneath, what e're there is above; 'tis li-berty, 'tis liberty, that e-very wife man loves.

Out, out upon those Eyes, that think to murder mee,
And he's an Assle belevies her fair, that is not kind and free:
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But I will play my Game so well, I'll never want a prize:
'tis liberty, 'tis liberty, has made me now thus wise.

Beauty and Love at ods.

B Eauty and Love once fell at ods, and thus revil'd each other: Quoth Love,

I am one of the gods, and you wait on my mother; thou hast no pow'r ore man at all, but what I

gave to thee; nor art thou longer fair or sweet, then men acknowledge me. Mr. Henry Lawes.

Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,
We see that thou art blind,
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find:
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
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To punish this proud Maid:
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Love admits no Delay.

C Ome, O come, I brook no stay, she doth not love that can delay;

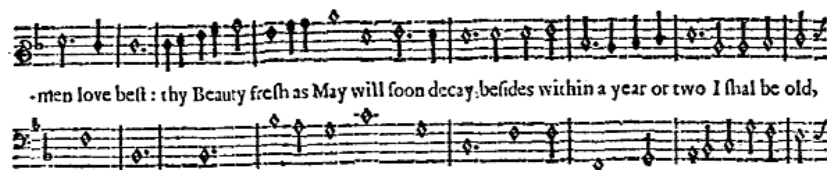
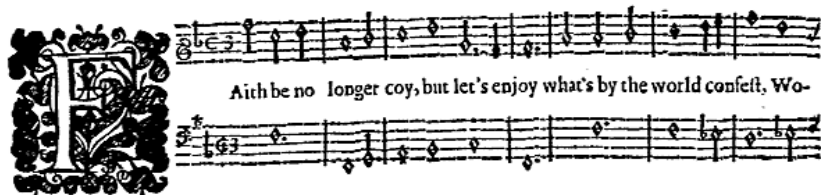
see how the stealing Night hath blotted out the light, and Tapers do supply the day.

To be Chaste is to be Old,
And that foolish Girl that's cold
Is fourscore at fifteen,
Desires do write us green;
And looser Flames our Youth unfold.

See the first Taper's almost gone,
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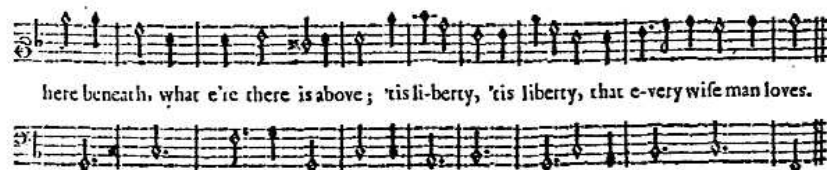
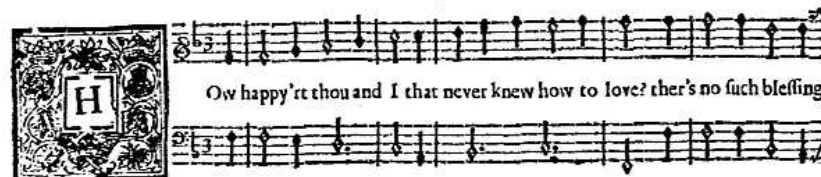
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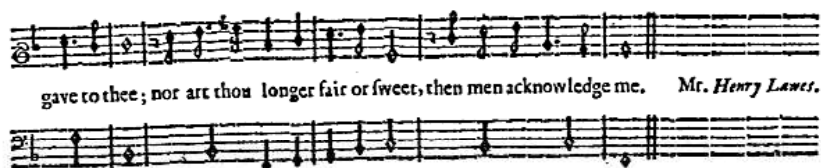
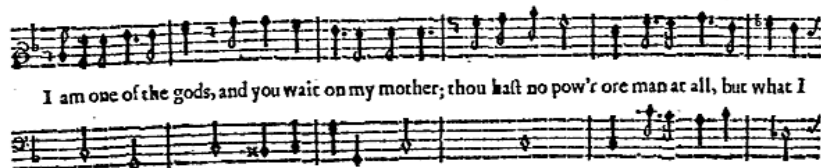
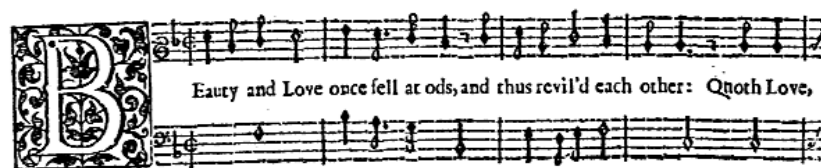
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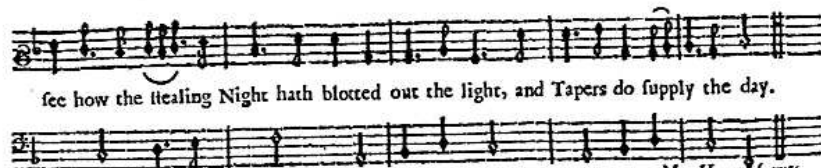
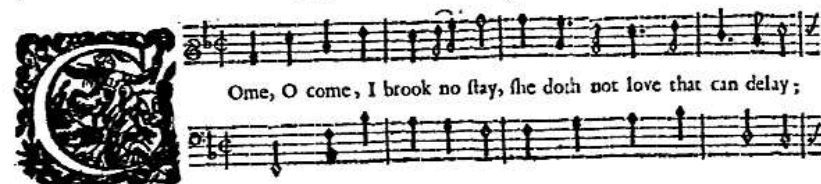
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Then we best spend our Time,
When no Dull Zealous Chime,
But sprightfull kisses strike the hours.

The Anglers Song.

For 2 Voc. Treble and Bass.

MAns Life is but vain, for 'tis subject to pain and sorrow, and short

as a Bubble; 'Tis a Hodg Podg of business, and Money and Care, and Care and Money, and

trouble. But we'll take no Care when the Weather proves Fair, nor will we Vex now

though it Rain; we'll banish all Sorrow, and Sing till to morrow, and Angle and

Angle again.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

On Attractive Beauty.

Dost see how unregarded now that piece of Beauty passes? There was a

time when I did vow to that alone, but mark the fate of Faces; That Red and White works

now no more on me; than if it could not charm, or I not see.

Mr. John Goodgroome.

II.

And yet the Face continues good,
 And I have still desires;
 Am still the self-same Flesh and Blood,
 As apt to melt, and suffer for those fires:
 Oh some kind power unriddle where it lyes,
 Whether my Heart be faultie or her Eyes.

III.

She every day her man doth kill,
 And fasten on my eye;
 Neither her Power then, nor my Will
 Can question'd be, what is the Myserie?
 Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States,
 Have certain Periods set, and hidden Fates.

An Italian Ayre.



ictoria victoria victoria victori il miocore non Lagrimar pin non Lagri-

mar pin e scolta d'amore la serui-tu victoria victoria il miocore non Lagrimar pin e scolta da-

mo-re la seruius e scol- tu d'amore la seruius:

Gia Liempia tuoi danni fra stuoli disgnardi Con-ve-ri Bugiar-di di- spo-ve gliu ganno lo

forte gl' affanno non hanno piu luo- co dil Crudo su-o foco effret lar- do-ye.

An Italian Ayre for two Voyces.

CANTUS.



On bel se gella de se cretezza le ro-ca se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se



On bel se gella de se cretezza le ro-ca se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se

firma de li-ber-diti e de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que

ta-ce e Jo-ue del core senza crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e Jo-ue del co-re senza

ta-ce e Jo-ue del core senza crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e Jo-ue del co-re senza

crezza da mo-re.

Here endeth the AYRES for One or two Voyces
to the Theorbo-Lute, or Basse-Viol.



SECOND BOOK:
CONTAINING
DIALOGUES

For TWO VOYCES:

To be Sung to the *Theorboe-Lute* or *Basse-Viol*.

A Dialogue betwixt Phillis and Clorillo.

A. 2. *Ver. Cantus & Bassus.*



Phillis.

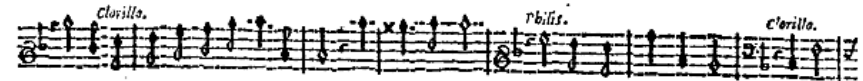
Prethee keep my sheep for me: *Clorillo*, wilt thou, tell?

Clorillo.

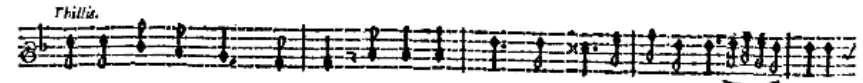
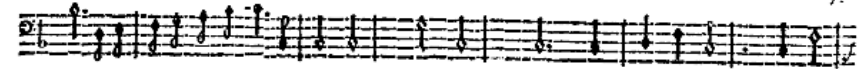
Phillis.

Firſt, let me have a kiſſ of thee, and I — will keep them well. If thou a while

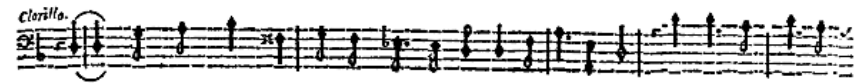
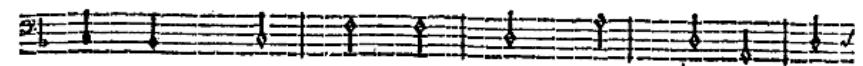
but to my little flock will look, thou ſhalt have this imbroidred ſkrip and ſilver hook.



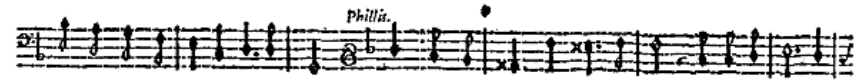
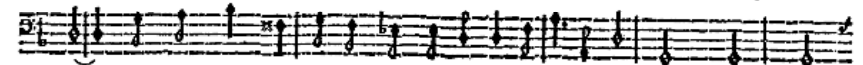
No other favour or reward I crave; but one poor kiſſe. A kiſſe thou muſt not have. And why?



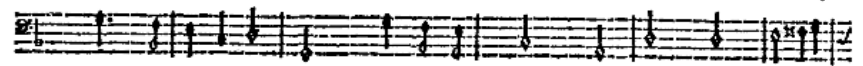
Such enticements Maids muſt fly: this Garland thou ſhalt have of Roſes and of Lil-lies.



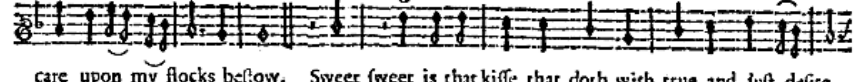
Nor Skrip, nor Hook, nor Garland ſweeteſt *Phillis*, do I require, to kiſſe thy freſh and



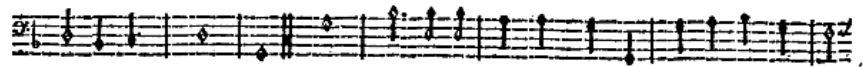
Roſe lip is onely my deſire. Take then a kiſſe, and let me goe, till I return thy



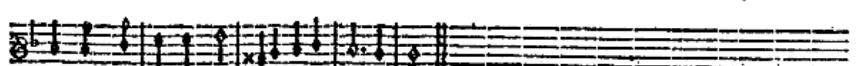
Chorus together.



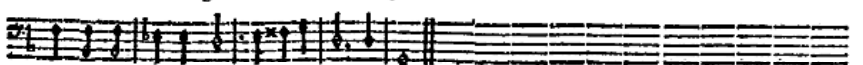
care upon my flocks beſlow. Sweet ſweet is that kiſſe that doth with true and juſt deſire



Sweet ſweet is that kiſſe that doth with true and juſt deſire



as much a-nother give, as to it ſelf require.



as much a-nother give, as to it ſelf require.

A Dialogue between Silvia and Thirsis.

For Bass and Violin. Thirsis.

Dear Silvia, let thy Thirsis know what 'tis that makes those tears o're-

flow. Are the Kids that us'd to play and skip so nimbly gon' a'tray? Are *Cloris* flowers

more fresh and green? Or is some other Nymph made Queen? *Thirsis* do'st thou

think that I can grieve for this, when thou art by? What is it then? My father

bids that I no longer feed my Kids with thine but *Coridons*, and wear none but his

Garlands on my haire. Why so? Why so my Silvia? Will he keep thy flocks more

safe when thou do'st sleep? Will the Nymphs envy more thy praise, when chanted

with his round delays? No *Thirsis*, I my flocks mult' j'yn with his, 'cause they are

more then thine. *Chorus.* Fathers cruell as the Rocks, joyn not their children, but their

flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* calls to light his torches there, and *Hymen*

flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* calls, *Hymen* calls to light his torches there, and *Hymen* calls, and

calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.

Hymen calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.

Dr. Charles Coleman.

A Dialogue between Daphne and Strephon.

Strephon. *Daphne.*

Come my *Daphne*, come away, we do waste the criftal day. 'Tis *Strephon* calls, what

Strephon.

would my Love? Come follow to the Mirtle Grove, where *Venus* fhall prepare new chaplets for thy

Daphne. *Strephon.*

hair. Were I fhut up within a tree, I'd rend my bark to follow thee. My *Shepherdes* make

Daphne.

haste, the minutes slide fo' fast. In thofe cooler fhades, will I blind as *Cupid* kiffe your Eye.

Strephon. *Chorus.*

In thy bofome then I'll t'ray, in fuch warm fnow, who would not lofe his way? We'll laugh and

We'll laugh and

leave this world behind, and gods themfelves that fee, fhall envy thee and me, but never find fuch

leave this world behind, and gods themfelves that fee, fhall envy thee and me, but never find fuch

joyes when they embrace a Di-e-ty. *Mr. Williams Laves.*

joyes when they embrace a Di-e-ty.

A Dialogue between Shepherd and Shepherdes.

Shepherdes. *Shepherd.*

Hear fond Swain, I cannot love. I prethee fair one, tell me why

Shepherdes. *Shepherd.*

thou art fo cold? You do but move to take away my liber-ty. I'll keep thy fheep whit

Shepherdes.

thou fhalt play; Delight fhall make each Moneth a *May*. Thofe pleafant are unchrifty hours.

Shepherd.

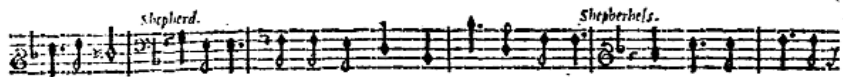
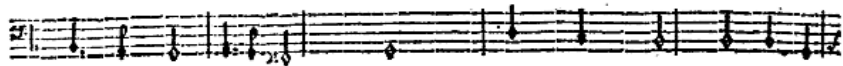
Thou fhalt have the choycelt flowers, wax and Hony, milk & wool, of ripeft fruits thy belly full.

Shepherdes. *Shepherd.*

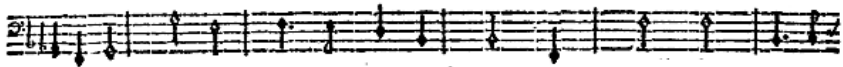
My flocks I'll keep by thine. Not fo, but let them undiftinguifht go. *vert. fol.*



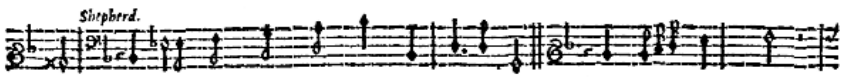
I can afford no more. Ah cease! Love come so far may yet increase. Each day I'll



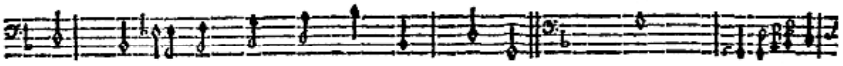
grant a kiss. Our blisses must not conclude, but spring from kisses. Then Shepherd love thy



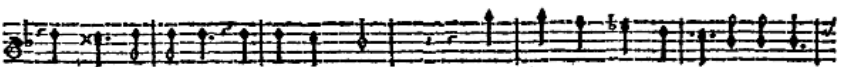
Chorus.



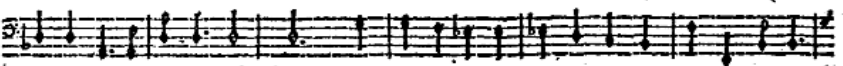
fill. I shall, who knows how much loves not at all. Then draw we both



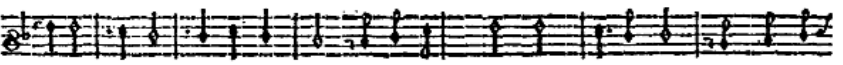
Then draw we



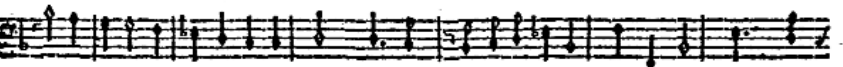
our flocks up hither, that we may pitch, That we may pitch our folds together,



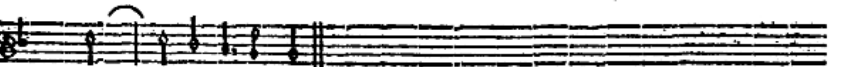
both our flocks up hither, That we may pitch, that we may pitch our folds together.



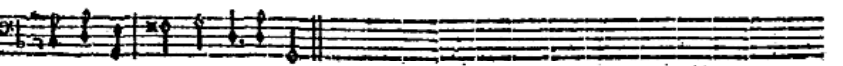
Amidst our chaste imbracements meet, our selves as blameless as our sheep, our selves as



Amidst our chaste embraces meet, Our selves as blameless as our sheep,



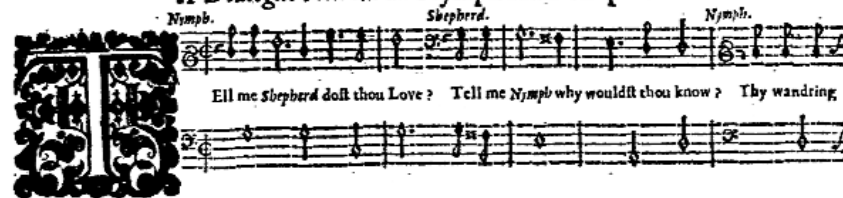
blameless as our sheep.



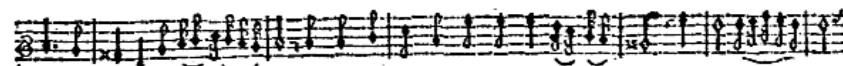
Our selves as blameless as our sheep.

Mr. William Casar. alias Smirgill.

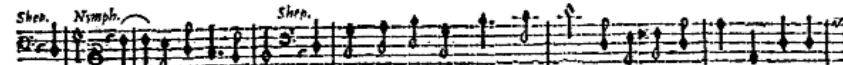
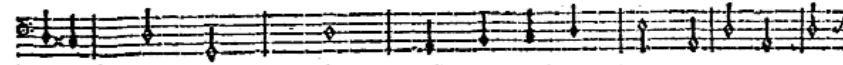
A Dialogue betwixt an Nymph and a Shepherd.



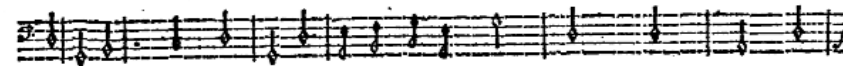
Ill me Shepherd dost thou Love? Tell me Nymph why wouldst thou know? Thy wandering



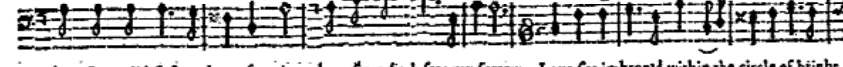
Flocks that without guide doth Rove thy blubber'd Eyes, that fill with teares doth flow, makes me to ask.



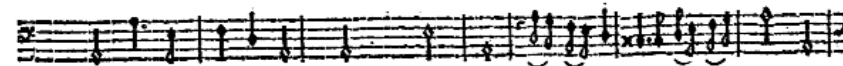
I do. Dear Shepherd tell me who? I Love a Nymph, from whose bright Eyes Plucke doth her brightness borrow,



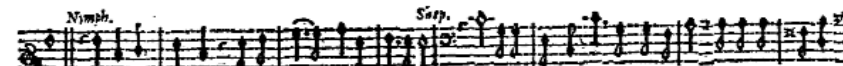
Chorus together.



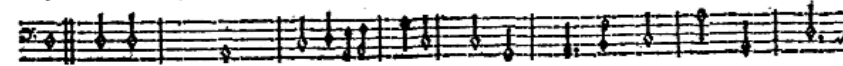
where Love did first my heart surprize, where since hath sat my sorrow. Love sits in know'd within the circle of bright



Love sits in know'd within the circle of bright



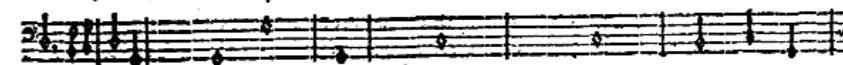
Eyes. But tell me Shepherd, doth her Vertues Beauty equal? As she in Beauty doth all else excel, so are her Vertues



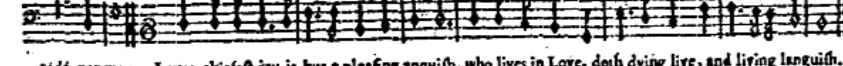
Eyes.



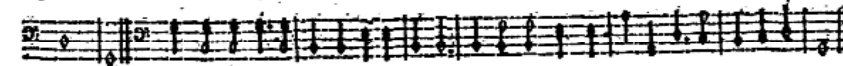
without parallel; Dost she disdain thee? No. Why griev'st thou then? Because her love is only worthy of the



Chorus.



gods, not men. Loves chiefest joy is but a pleasing anguish, who lives in Love, doth dying live, and living languish.

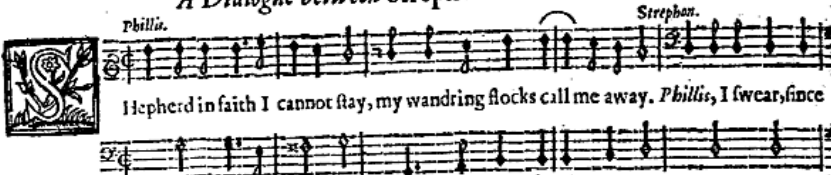


gods not men. Loves chiefest joy is but a pleasing anguish, who lives in Love, doth dying live, and living languish.

Mr. Nich. L'Amore

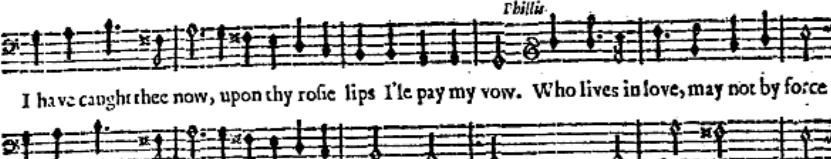
A Dialogue between Strephon and Phillis.

Phillis.



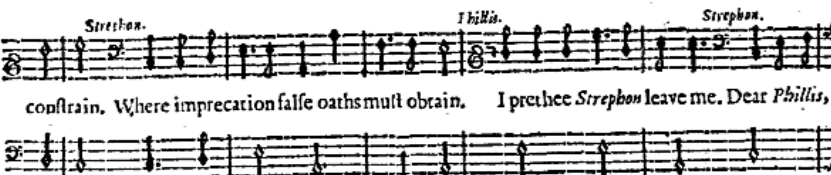
Shepherd in faith I cannot stay, my wandering flocks call me away. *Phillis*, I swear, since

Phillis.



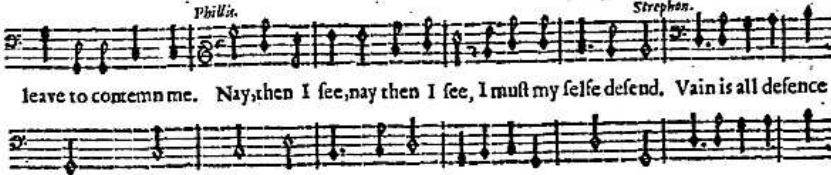
I have caught thee now, upon thy rose lips I'll pay my vow. Who lives in love, may not by force

Strephon. *Phillis.* *Strephon.*



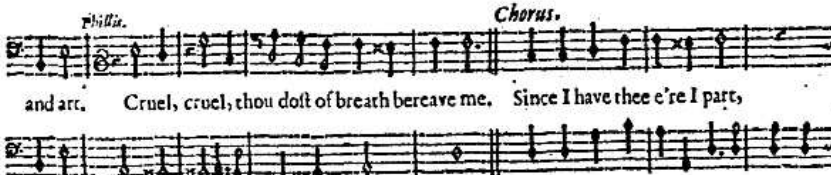
constrain. Where imprecation false oaths must obtain. I pray thee *Strephon* leave me. Dear *Phillis*,

Phillis. *Strephon.*



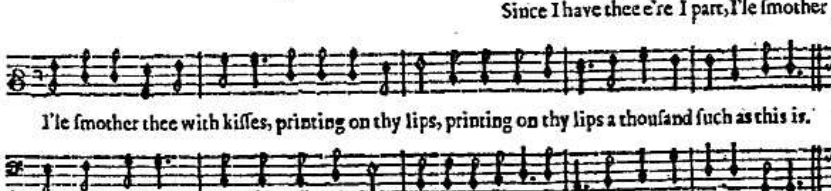
leave to condemn me. Nay, then I see, nay then I see, I must my selfe defend. Vain is all defence

Phillis. *Chorus.*



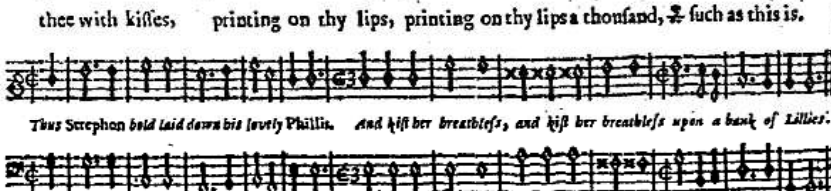
and art. Cruel, cruel, thou dost of breath bereave me. Since I have thee e're I part,

Since I have thee e're I part, I'll smother



I'll smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand such as this is.

thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand, & such as this is.



Thus Strephon bold laid down his lovely *Phillis*. And kiss her breathless, and kiss her breathless upon a bank of Lillies.

Thus Strephon bold laid down his lovely *Phillis*, And kiss her breathless, and kiss her breathless upon a bank of Lillies.
Mr. Nich, Lanerc.

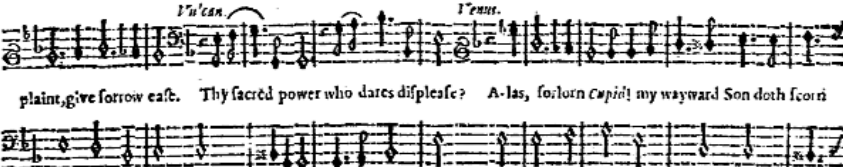
A Dialogue between Venus and Vulcan.

Venus. *Vulcan.* *Venus.*



Vulcan, Vulcan, O *Vulcan*, my Love! Who calls: Who names me here, 'mongst flames? Sweet, hear my

Vulcan. *Venus.*



plaint, give sorrow ease. Thy sacred power who dares displeas? A-las, forsorn *Cupid*! my wayward Son doth scorn

Vulcan.



Loves just decree, my awfull heft and heavenly De-i-tie. Is he so bold? well, for thy sake, I that his Arrows heads have

us'd to make of piercing steel, which Lo-vers feel, will temper lead, whose force is dull, and ———— Abuse is dead,



So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ———— Toy, his Shaft no fearful

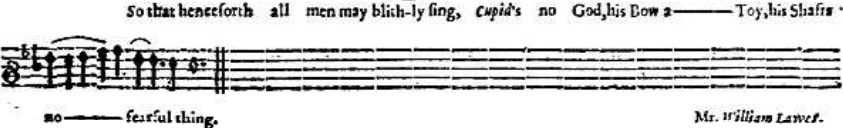


Chorus.



thing. So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ———— Toy, his Shafts

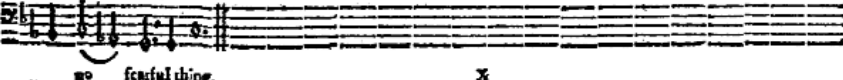
So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ———— Toy, his Shafts




no ———— fearful thing.

Mr. William Lawes.

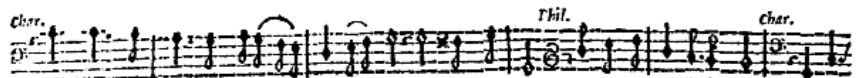
no ———— fearful thing. X



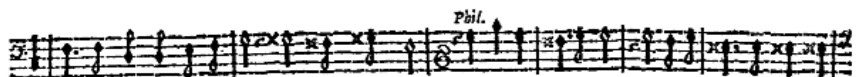
A Dialogue between Charon and Philomel.



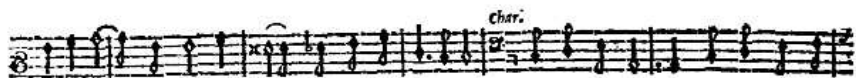
Phil.
Charon. O gentle *Charon!* let me woo thee with tears, and pity now to come to me.




Char.
 What voice so sweet and charming do I hear? Say what thou art? I prethee first draw near. A found




Phil.
 I hear, but nothing yet I see: Speak where thou art? O *Charon,* pit-ty me! I am a shade, & though no




Char.
 name I tell, my mournfull voice will say I'm *Philomel.* What's that to me? I waite, nor fish, nor



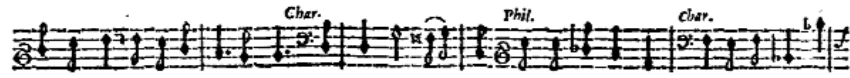
Phil. *Char.*
 fowl, nor beast, Fond thing, but only humane souls. Alas for me! Shame on thy warbling note, that



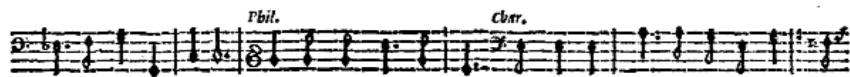
Phil.
 made me hoise my sail, and bring my boat, but Ile return: what mischief brought thee hither? A




Char. *Phil.*
 deal of love, and much, much grief together. What's thy request? That since she's now beneath that



Char. *Phil.* *Char.*
 fed my life, I follow her in death, And's that all, I'm gone. For love I pray thee. Talk not of love, all



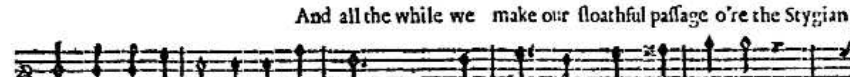
Phil. *Char.*
 pray, but no souls pay me. I'll give thee sighs and tears. Can tears pay scores for patching sails, or



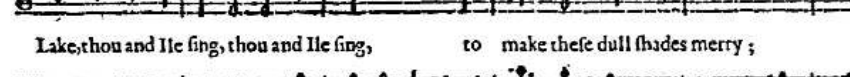
Phil.
 mending boat, or oars? I'll beg a penny, or I'll sing so long, till thou shalt say I've pay'd thee in a



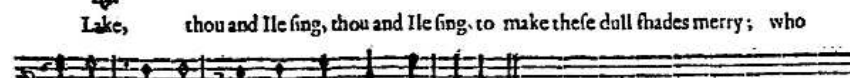
Char. *Chorus both together.*
 Song. Why, then begin. And all the while we make our floathful passage o're the Stygian



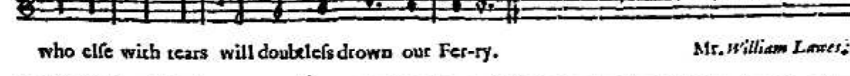
And all the while we make our floathful passage o're the Stygian



Lake, thou and Ile sing, thou and Ile sing, to make these dull shades merry;




Lake, thou and Ile sing, thou and Ile sing, to make these dull shades merry; who



who else with tears will doubtless drown our Fer-ry. *Mr. William Lawes;*

else with tears will doubtless drown our Fer-ry.

A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Damon.

Damon.

 Thyrsis, kind Swain, come near, and lend a sigh, a tear, to thy sad Friend;

Thyrsis.
 Forsoaken *Damon* cal's. Poor Wight, I come; But wherefore in this plight? Thine eyes are

Damon.
 red, thy griefs are swell-ling: Tell them, Sorrow's half cur'd by telling. Take then the

Thyrsis.
 cause of all my woes, *Phyllis* is gone. Why, let her go, 'tis but with other Nymphs and Swains,

to sport upon the Neighbouring Plains; she'l come again, be't but to find the Heart with thee she

Damon.
 left behind. Alas, she's taken mine! Her's free: s As yet is gone un-chain--'d by me, though

I with such devotion fought her love, as to great *Pain* I ought, whilst my pale look and haunter'd

Thyrsis.
 sheep show'd I, nor thoughts, nor flocks could keep. Chere up, and fight by her ser,

Damon. *Chorus.*
 He never lov'd that could forget. Love is a Riddle, which he best unties,

Love is a Riddle, which he best un-
 whose reason's not betray'd by his eyes, whose reason's not

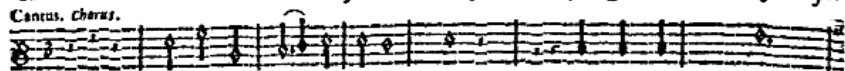
ties, whose reason's not betrayed by his eyes, whose reason's
 betray-ed, betray-ed by his eyes.

not betray'd, betray'd by his eyes.

Mr. William Cesar, alias Smegergill.

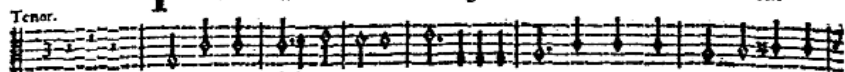
A Glee to Bacchus with Chorus for Three voices to be sung between every verse.

Cantus. Chorus.



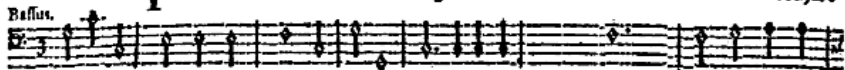
To Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, with wine and mirth

Tenor.

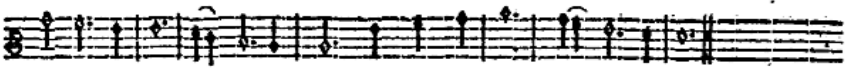


To Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, with Wine and mirth with we'l conjure

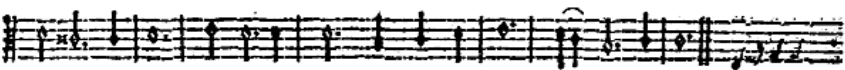
Bassus.



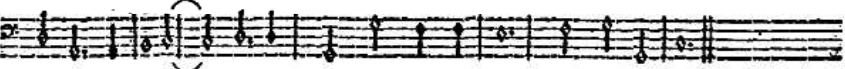
To Bacchus, to Bacchus, we to Bacchus sing, with Wine and mirth we'l conjure



we'l conjure him, we'l conjure him, with wine and mirth we'l conjure him.



we'l conjure him, we'l conjure him, with wine and mirth we'l conjure him.

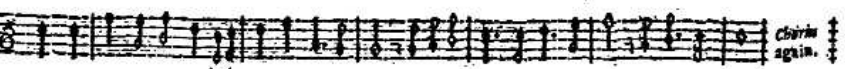
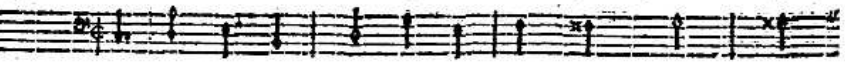


we'l conjure him, we'l conjure him, with wine and mirth we'l conjure him.

First verse.

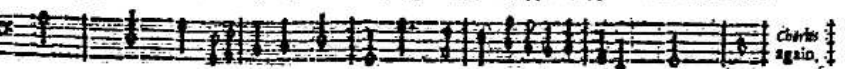


By his Mothers Eye, and his Fathers Thigh, by her God brought to light, and his too glorious



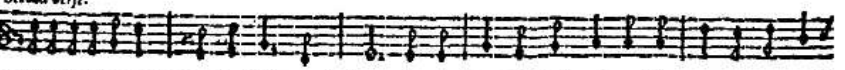
Chorus again.

light; By Junoes deceit, and by thy sad retreat, appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles here.

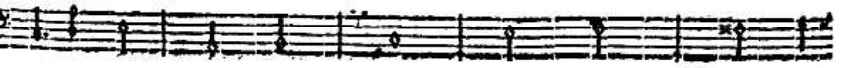


Chorus again.

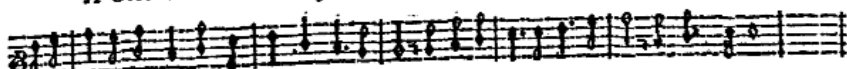
Second verse.



By Ariades wrongs, and the false youths harms, by the Rock in his breast, and her tears fore oppress,



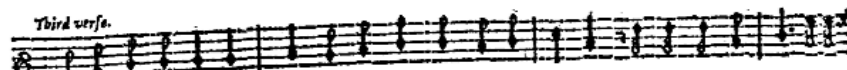
A Glee with Chorus for three voices to be sung to every verse.



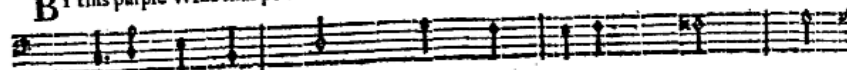
By the Beauty the fied and the Pleasures of a bed, appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles here.



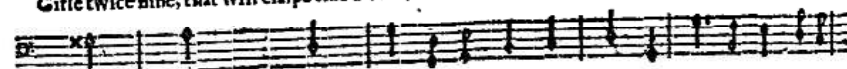
Third verse.



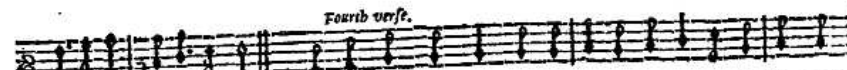
By this purple Wine thus pour'd on the shrine; and by this Beer glasse to the next kind Lads; by a



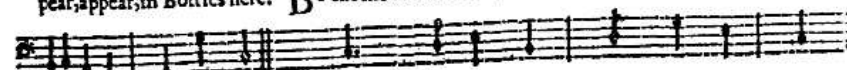
Girl twice nine, that will claspe like a Vine, that will claspe thee like a Vine, appear, appear, ap-



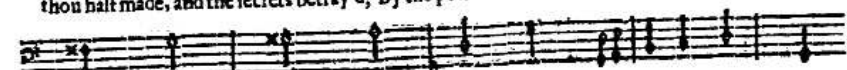
Fourth verse.



pear, appear, in Bottles here. By the men thou'lt won, and the women undone; By the friendship

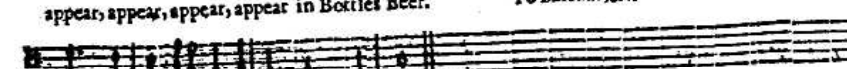


thou hast made, and the secrets betray'd; By the power over sorrow, thus charm'd till to morrow.



appears, appears, appears, appears in Bottles Beer.

To Bacchus, &c.



A Glee to the Cook,

A. 3. 1st. First Treble.

Ring out the cold Chine, the cold Chine to mee, and how Ile Charge him

Bass alone.

Come and see. Brawn Tusked Brawn, well fowst and fine, with a precious Cup of Muscadine.

Chorus for three Voyces.

How shall I sing? How shall I sing?
How shall I sing? How shall I sing?
How shall I sing? How shall I sing?

How shall wee looke in Honour in Honour of the Master Cooke?
How shall wee looke in Honour in Honour of the Master Cooke?
How shall wee looke in Honour in Honour of the Master Cooke?

First Treble.

The Pig shall turn Round, and Answer mee; Canst thou spare me a Sholder?

Second Treble. First Treble.

A-wy A---wy. The Duck, Goose, and Capon: Good fellows all three shall dance thee an

Anrick, so shall the Turkey. But O! the cold Chine, the cold Chine for me.

Second Treble.

With Brew-is Ile 'noine thee from Head to th' Heel, shall make thee Run

Bass alone.

Nimble then the new oyled Wheel. With Pye-cruft wee'l make thee the

Eighth Wiseman to bee; but O! the cold Chine, the cold Chine, but O! the cold

Chorus of three Voyces again.

Chine for mee, How shall, &c.

Dr. John Wilson

The Tinker.

A. Voc. Bass and Treble.

E that a Tinker a Tinker a Tinker would be, let him leave other

Loves, and come listen to me: Though he travel all the Day, he comes Home late at

Night, and Dallies, and Dallies with his Doxey, and Dreams of Delight. His Pot and his

Toil in the Morning he takes and all the Day long good Musick he makes: He wanders the

World to Wakes and to Fairs, and casts his Cap, and casts his Cap at the Court and her

Cares. When to the Town the Tinker doth come, O! how the wanton Wenches run,

O! how the wanton Wenches run.

Bass alone.

Some bring him basons, some bring him boles; all Wenches pray him to stop up their holes.

Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer. Come bring me the Copper Kettle
Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer. Come bring me the Copper Kettle

for the Tinker, the Tinker, the Merry Merry Tinker,
for the Tinker, the Tinker, the Merry Merry Tinker, O! he is the Man of Mettle,

O! he is the Man of Mettle.
O! he is the Man of Mettle.

Dr. John Wilson.

A Glee.

A. 2. Voc. Treble and Bass.

Ly Boy, Fly Boy to the Cellars bottome, view well your Quills and
Fly Boy to the Cellars bottome, view well your Quills and

Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rasfally Wine, to Rot um.
Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rasfally Wine, to Rot um.

If the Quills run soule, be a trusty Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an
If the Quills run soule, be a trusty Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an

ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it. Mr. Simon Jwet.
ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Here Endeth the Second Part of this Book;
being *Dialogues* and *Glees* for two Voices,
to the *Theorboe-Lute*, or *Bass-Viol*.



THIRD BOOK,

CONTAINING

Short *ATRES* or *BALADS* for Three Voyces:

Which may be sung either by a Voyce alone, or by Two or Three Voyces.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.

With no more thou shouldst love me, my joys are full in loving thee;

my Heart's too narrow to contain my blifs, if thou shouldst love again.

too narrow to contain my blifs, if thou shouldst love again.
With no more thou shouldst love mee, my joys are full in loving thee; my Heart's

A. 3. Voc.
Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

With no more thou shouldst love mee, my joys are full in loving thee; my Heart's
too narrow to contain my blifs, if thou shouldst love again.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Nicholas Lanneare.

Hough I am young and cannot tell, either what love or death is well; and

then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold

Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
 And both do aime at humane hearts;
 So that I fear they do but bring
 Extrems to touch, and mean one thing.

Hough I am young, and cannot tell, either what love or death is well, and

A. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Hough I am young, and cannot tell, either what love or death is well; and then again

I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold,

A. 3. Voc.

Chloris taking the Ayre.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Omē Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to sport us ere the day be done;

such is thy Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.

II.

III.

And if a Flow'r but chance to dye
 With my sighs blasts, or mine Eyes rain,
 Thou can't revive it with thine Eye,
 And with thy breath mak't sweet again.

The wanton Suckling and the Vine
 Will thrive for th' honour, who first may
 With their green Arms incircle thine,
 To keep the burning Sun away.

Omē Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to sport us ere the day be done; such is thy

Pow'r that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.

A. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Omē Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to sport us ere the day be done; such is thy

Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Hen Troy Town for ten years Wars with flood the Greeks in manful wife,

yet did their Foes encrease so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Walls that

were so good, and Corn now grows where Troy Town stood.

were so good, and Corn now grows where Troy Town stood.

yet did their Foes encrease so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Walls that

Hen Troy Town for ten years Wars, with flood the Greeks in manful wife

yet did their Foes increase so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Walls that

were so good, and Corn now grow where Troy Town stood,

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Rom the fair *Lavinian* Shore, I your Markers come to store. Mufe not though so far I dwell, and my Wares come here to sell.

Such is the sacred hunger of Gold; then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack, what d' ye

buy, for here it is to be sold.

I have Beauty, Honour, Grace, Fortune, Favour, Time, and Place; And what else thou would'st request, Even the Thing thou likest best. First let me have but a touch of thy Gold, Then come to me Lad Thou shalt have what thy Dad Never gave, for here it is to be sold.

Maddam, come see what you lack, Here's Complexion in my Pack; White and Red you may have in this place, To hide your old ill wrinkled Face; First let me have but a touch of thy Gold, Then thou shalt seem Like a Wench of Fifteen, Although thou be threescore Years old.

gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack, what d' ye buy, for here it is to be sold.

Rom the fair *Lavinian* Shore, I your Markers come to store. Mufe not though so far I dwell, and my wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred hunger of

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

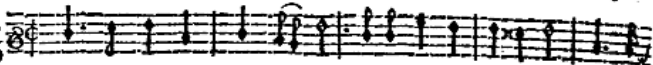
Rom the fair *Lavinian* Shore, I your Markers come to store. Mufe not though so far I dwell, and my wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred hunger of

gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry, What d' ye lack, what d' ye buy? For here it is to be sold.

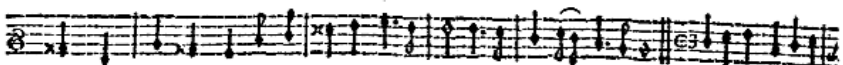
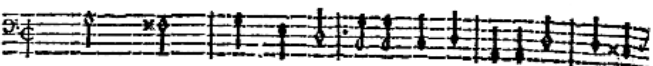
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

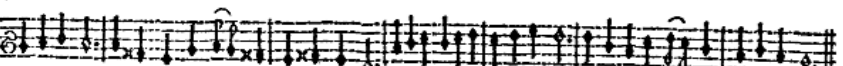
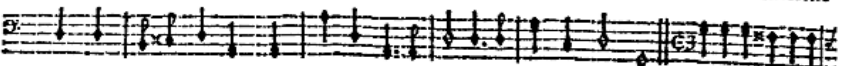
Dr. John Wilson.



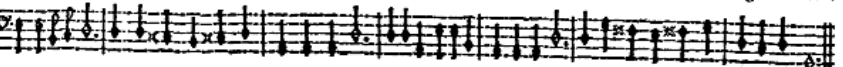
Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I



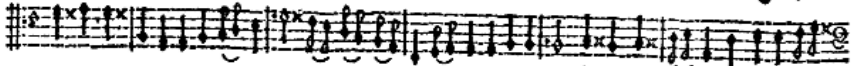
cowch when *Owles* do crie, on the *Batts* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie



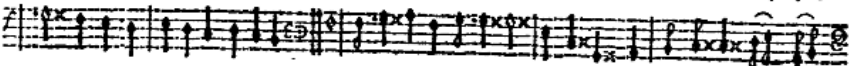
that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow. Merrily merrily that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow.



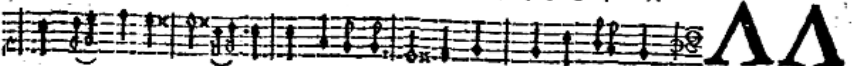
under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow



Owles do cry, on the *Batts* back I do fly after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie that I live now



Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie there I cowch when

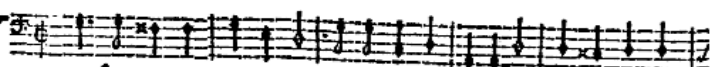


Cantus Secundus.

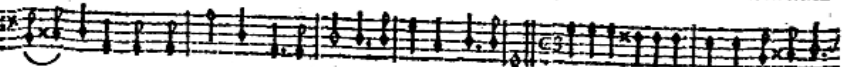
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

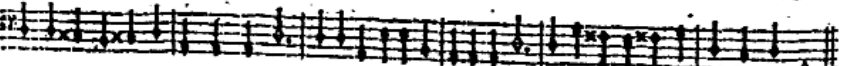
Bassus.



Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when



Owles do cry, on the *Batts* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie that I live now

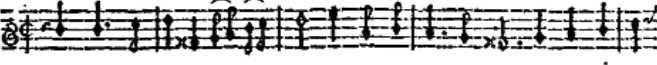


under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

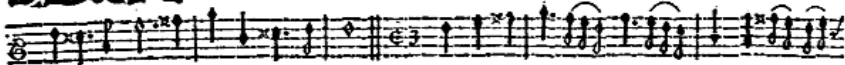
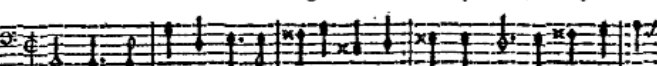
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

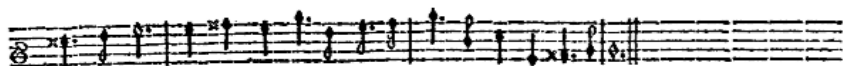
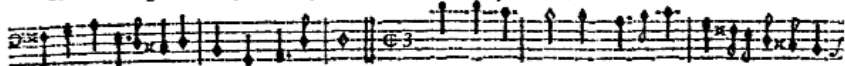
Dr. John Wilson.



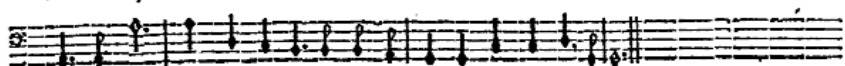
Hen Love with uncon-fi-ned wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine



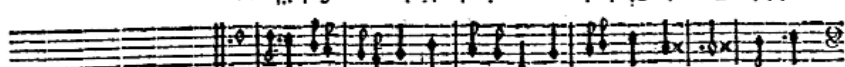
Alhea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tan-gled in her Hair, and fetter'd



with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



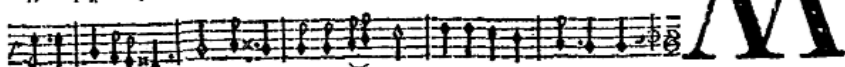
with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



she brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fet-ter'd



Hen Love with unconfined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-

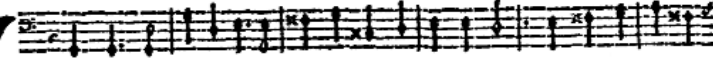


Cantus Secundus.

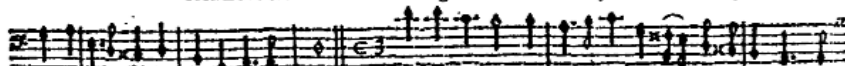
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

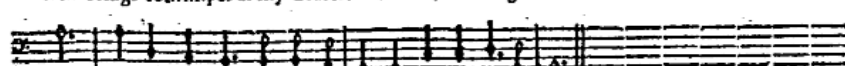
Bassus.



Hen Love with unconfined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-



hea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd with her



Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

Set to a *Madrigal*, composed by *Dr. Wilson*, who also set the *Madrigal*.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I

Musical notation for the first vocal part, including a second line of music.

cowch when *Owles* do crie, on the *Batts* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie

Musical notation for the first vocal part, including a third line of music.

shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow. Merrily merrily shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow.

Musical notation for the first vocal part, including a fourth line of music.

under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Musical notation for the first vocal part, including a fifth line of music.

Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, here I cowch when

Musical notation for the first vocal part, including a sixth line of music.

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when

Musical notation for the second vocal part, including a first line of music.

Owles do cry, on the *Batts* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now

Musical notation for the second vocal part, including a second line of music.

under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Hen Love with uncon-fined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine

Musical notation for the first vocal part, including a second line of music.

Althea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tan-gled in her Hair, and fetter'd

Musical notation for the first vocal part, including a third line of music.

with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

Musical notation for the first vocal part, including a fourth line of music.

with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

Musical notation for the first vocal part, including a fifth line of music.

she brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fet-ter'd

Musical notation for the first vocal part, including a sixth line of music.

Hen Love with unconfined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine *Al-*

Musical notation for the first vocal part, including a seventh line of music.

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Hen Love with unconfined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine *Al-*

Musical notation for the second vocal part, including a first line of music.

thea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd with her

Musical notation for the second vocal part, including a second line of music.

Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.

O not fear to put thy feet naked in the Ri-ver sweet, think not Neure, nor

Leech, nor Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the

waters, rising high, as thou wad'it in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee.

waters, rising high, as thou wad'it in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee.

nor Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the

O not fear to put thy feet naked in the River sweet, think not Neure, nor Leech

Cantus Secundus.
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

O not fear to put thy feet naked in the Ri-ver sweet, think not Neur, nor Leech, nor

Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the waters

rising high, as thou wad'it in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.

In the merry month of May, on a morn by break of day, forth I walk the Wood

so wide, when as May was in her pride; There I spy'd all alone all alone Phillida and Co-ri-don

Much adoe there was, God wot,
He did love, but she could not;
He said his love was to woo,
She said none was false to you;
He said, he had lov'd her long,
She said, love should take no wrong.

Coridon would have kist her then,
She said, Maids must kisse no Men,
Till they kisse for good and all;
Then she bad the Shepherd call
All the Gods to witness truth,
Ner was loved so fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
Such as silly Shepherds use
When they would not love abuse;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And Phillida with Garlands gay
Was Crowned the Lady May.

wide, when as May was in her pride; there I spy'd all alone all alone Phillida and Coridon

In the merry month of May, on a morn by break of day, forth I walk the Wood so

Cantus Secundus.
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

In the merry month of May, on a morn by break of day, forth I walk the Wood so

wide, when as May was in her pride; there I spy'd all alone all alone Phillida and Coridon

A. 3. Voc. Cantus Primus. Mr. William Lawes.

My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air;

Fresher than Flow'rs in *May*, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

When first I saw thee, I felt a flame,
Which from thine Eyes like lightning came;
Sure it was Cupid's Dart,
It peirc'd quite through my heart;
Oh, could thy breath once leele the same!

Let not such Fortune my Love betide;
Oh, let your rocky breath be mollifi'd!
Send me not to my Grave
Unpittied like a slave;
How can love such usage abide?

A wound so powerfull would urge thy soule,
Spight of a froward heart, coyneles controule,
And make thy love as fixt
As is the heart thou prik'st,
Forcing thee with me to condole.

Sympathize with me a while in grief,
This passion quickly will find out relief;
Cupid wil from his Bowers
Warm these chill hearts of ours,
And make his power rule there in chief.

Then would the God of Love equal bee,
Giving me ease, as by wounding thee;
Then would you never scorn,
When like to me you burst;
At least not prove unkind to mee.

than flowers in *May*, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air: Fresher

A. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air: Fresher

than flowers in *May*, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

A. 3. Voc. Cantus Primus. Mr. William Lawes.

Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying;

And that same Flow'r that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he is getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That Age is best that is the first,
While youth and blood are warmer;
Expect not the last and worst,
Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
While you may go marry,
For having once but lost your prime,
You may for ever tarry:

that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying; And that same Flow'r

A. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Ather your Rose buds while you may, old Time is still a flying; And the same Flow'r that

smiles to day to morrow will be dying.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal,

no Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

No ear shall hear our Love, but we
As silent as the night will be,
The God of Love himself, (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart.)

Shall never know that we can tell,
What sweets in toin embraces dwell;
This onely means may find it out,
If when I die, Physicians doubt.

What caus'd my death, and then to view
Of all their judgments which was true;
Rip up my heart, O then I fear
The world will see thy picture there.

Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal, no

Cantus Secundus. A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal, no

Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Tompkins.

The young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear, yet you ne'r could

reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to folly, 't not worth our serious part.

When I sigh and kiss your hand,
Crosse mine Armes, and wondring stand,
Holding fairly with your eye:
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the Sun ne'r shot such fires,
All is but a handiome lye.

Wherefore, Madam, wear no cloud,
Nor to check my flames grow proud;
For insooth I much do doubt,
'Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath perfumes the Air,
And your cloaths that set you out.

When I see your Curles or Lace,
Gentle soul, you think your face
Straight some murder doth commir;
And your conscience doth begin
To be scrup'lous of my sin,
When I court to shew my wit.

Yet though truth hath this confest,
And I swear I love in jest,
Courteous soul, when next I court,
And protest an amorous flame
You I vow, I in earnest am,
Bedlam, this is pretty sport.

reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to folly, 't not worth our serious part.

The young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear yet you ne'r you ne'r could

Cantus Secundus. A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

The young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear yet you ne'r you ne'r could

reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to folly, 't not worth our serious part.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Sing fair *Clorinda*, fair *Clorinda* sing, whilst you move those that attend the

throne, the throne above, to leave their holy business there; shall so much harmony attend to

think the spears were made in vain; Since here's a voice quickens the sloth of nature's age, it comforts

growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake,

and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.

Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.

comforts growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke a

to think the spears were made in vain: Since here's a voice quickens the sloth of nature's age, it

to leave their holy business there, till each with his obedient ear shall so much harmony attain, to

Cantus Secundus. A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Sing fair *Clorinda*, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above, to

leave their holy business there, till each with his obedient ear shall so much harmony attain, to

think the spears were made in vain: Since here's a voice quickens the sloth of nature's age, it

comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly and can provoke a Lilly, and

can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. John Cobb.

Miths are good Fellows, good Fellows, they Blow the Bellows, they Blow the

Bellows, they Blow the Fellows while the Iron's hot; though there gains be small, Thy pot and

my pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.

Hallow, Hallow, Hallow is the White Mare Fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast,

stand fast with a Winion: Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot and thy pot, sure

'tis but opinion Ale hurts the sight, For continually con-ti-nu-al-ly, Thy pot and my pot, come

thy pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot their Hammers call.

come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call.

hurts the Sight for continually. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot,

and my pot, come thy pot, and my pot, and thy pot come sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Ale

white Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winion. Thy pot,

come thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow, is the

Mare fallow, hold foot while: I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winion,

Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot come; sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Ale

hurts the Sight for continually, for con-ti-nu-al-ly. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come

my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Miths are good Fellows, good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows,

they blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small. Thy pot, and my

pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow, is the white

Mare fallow, hold foot while: I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winion,

A. 3. Voc. Cantus Primus. Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.

Ulick, Mufick, thou Queen of souls get up, get up, & string thy powerful Lute, & some

fad, some fad Requium sing, til Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone, and the dull Rocks

Alius alone.
repeat the duller tone,
Tuen on a suddain, &c.

Bassus alone.
The Oake her Roots, &c.

V. rse alone.
Mir **IRREGULAR**
Chorus.
make up one: Then **PAGINATION**

in the midt of all their jolly strain, then in the midt of all their jol-ly strain, strike a fad note,

strike a fad note, strike a fad note and fix 'um Trees again.

Then in the midt of all their jol-ly strain, strike a fad note, strike a fad note, and fix 'um Trees again.

Slow.
Then in the midt of all their jol-ly strain, strike a fad note, strike a fad note, and fix 'um Trees again.

Chorus.
on a suddain, with a nimble hand, run gently o're the Cords, and to command the Pine to dance:

fad, some fad Requium sing, Echo, Echo, and the dull Rocks repeat thy duller cons: Then

V. rse alone.
Ulick, Mufick, thou Queen of Souls get up, get up & string thy powerful Lute, and some

M

A. 3. Voc. Bassus.

M Ulick, Mufick, thou Queen of Souls, get up get up & string thy powerful Lute, and some

fad some fad Requium sing, till Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone & the dull Rocks repeat thy

duller tone: The Oak her roots forego, the Palm and aged Elme to foot it too:

V. rse alone.

Chorus.
Then in the midt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly strain, then in the midt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly

Slow.
jol-ly strain, strike a fad note, strike a fad note, and fix 'um Trees again.

A. 3. Voc. Cantus Primus. Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.

Lick, Mufick, thou Queen of souls get up, get up, & string thy powerful Lute, & some

fad, some fad Requium sing, til Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone, and the dull Rocks

Alto alone.
repeat the duller tone,
Torn us a suddain, &c.

Bassus alone.
The Oake her Roots, &c.

1. rfe alone. *Chorus.*
Mirtles shall caper, Jofy Cedars run & call the courtly palme to make up one: Then

Slow.
in the midt of all their jolly ftrain, then in the midt of all their jol-ly ftrain, strike a fad note,

Strike a fad note, strike a fad note and fix 'um Trees again.

Then in the midt of all their jolly ftrain, strike a fad note, strike a fad note, and fix 'um Trees again.

Slow.
Then in the midt of all their jolly ftrain, then in the midt of all their

Chorus.
on a suddain, with a nimble hand, rump— gently o're the Cords, and to command the Pine to dance:

fad, some fad Requium fang, Echo, Echo, and the dull Rocks repeat thy duller tone: Then

Lick, Mufick, thou Queen of Souls get up, get up & string thy powerful Lute, and some

Alto. *Bassus.*
A. 3. Voc.

M Lick, Mufick, thou Queen of Souls, get up get up & string thy powerful Lute, and some

fad some fad Requium fang, till Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone & the dull Rocks repeat thy

Verse alone.
duller tone: The Oak her roots forego, the Palm and aged Elme to foot it too:

Chorus.
Then in the midt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly ftrain, then in the midt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly

Slow.
jol-ly ftrain, strike a fad note, strike a fad note, and fix 'um Trees again.

A. 2. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Jenkins.



Ee, see, see the bright Light shine, and day doth rise; shot from my Mistress

Eyes, like Beams divine her Glory doth appear, and view the purer light, Stream from her Sight

Stream from her Sight, when she shines clearly here: But veil her lids; Ah then you'll find how night is

hurl'd about the silent world, and we left blind; that darkness seems to prove, for ought we see 'tis only

She make night and day to move: Then shine fair *Celia* left our borrowed light when your Sun sets.

when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets, perish, perish, perish in shades of Night.

A. 2. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Jenkins.



Ee, see the bright, bright Light shine, and day doth rise; shot from my

Mistress Eyes, like Beams divine her Glories doe appear; and view the purer light Stream from her Sight, whilest she shines clearly here: But veil her lids: Ah then you'll find how

Night is hurl'd about the silent World, and we left blind; that Darkness seems to prove, for ought we see, 'tis only She makes Night and Day to move. Then shine fair *Celia*, left our

borrow'd Light, when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets; Perish, perish, perish in Shades of Night.

A. 2. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

Uren *Amarillis* to thy Swain turn *Amaril-lis* to thy Swain, turn *Amarillis*

to thy Swain, thy *Damon* calls thee back again, thy *Damon* calls thee back again: Here is a pretty,

pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Arbour by, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*,

cannot cannot spy, where *Apollo* cannot spy. Here let's fit, and whilst I play, sing to my Pipe, sing

to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay; sing to my

Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay.

A. 2. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

Uren *Amarillis* to thy Swain, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Amarillis*

to thy Swain, thy *Damon* calls thee back again, thy *Damon* calls thee back again: Here is a pretty,

Arbour by, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo* cannot spy: where *Apollo*

cannot spy: There let's fit, and whilst I play, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe,

sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay; sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my

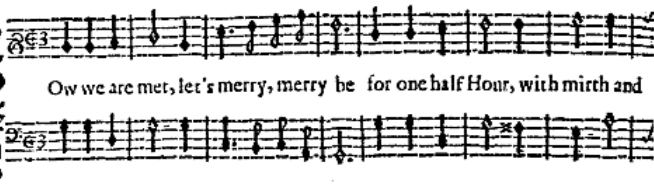
Pipe a Rounddelay.

Reader.
Here thou hast this Song, for Two Voyces; as it was
first Compos'd by my Friend the Author, though in late
Years, two Inward Parts have been added to it. J. P.

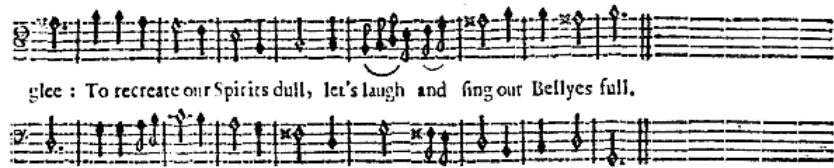
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

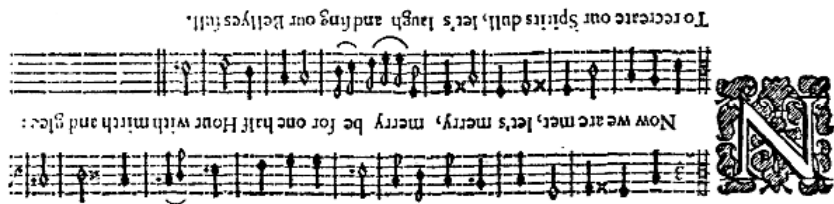
Mr. Simon Ives.



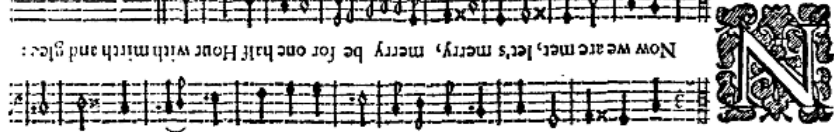
Ow we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour, with mirth and



glee : To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellies full.



To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellies full.



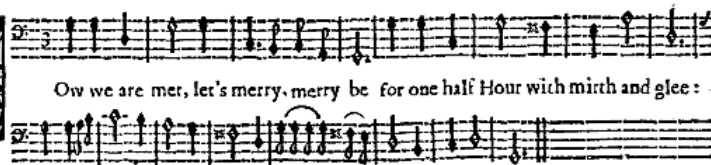
Now we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour with mirth and glee :

T. 2nd.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ow we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour with mirth and glee :

To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellies full.

In praise of Musick.

Musick miraculous *Rhetorick* ! that speak'st Sence
Without a Tongue, excellent Eloquence:
The love of thee in wild Beasts have been known,
And Birds have lik'd thy Notes above their own.

How easie might thy Errors be excus'd,
Wert thou as much beloved, as th'art abus'd ;
Yet although dull Souls thy Harmony disprove,
Mine shall be fixt in what the Angels love.

FINIS.

+ W. D. Knight.

P. de la Cour.

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