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EARLY MUSIC ONLINE

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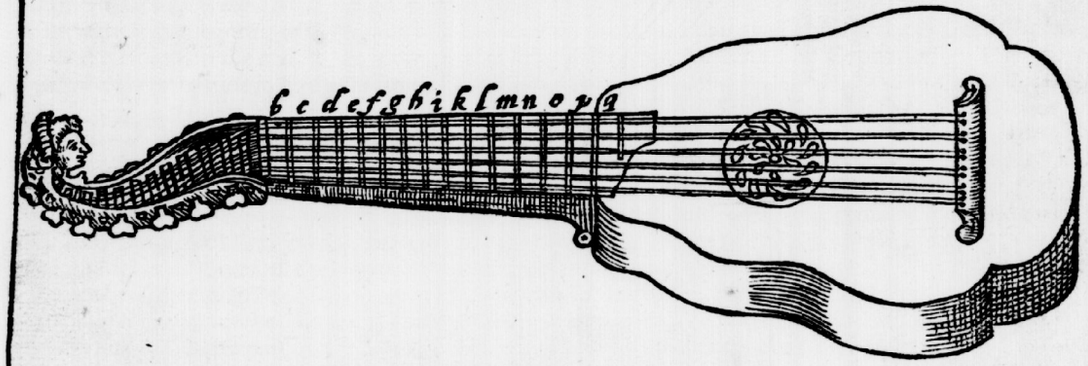
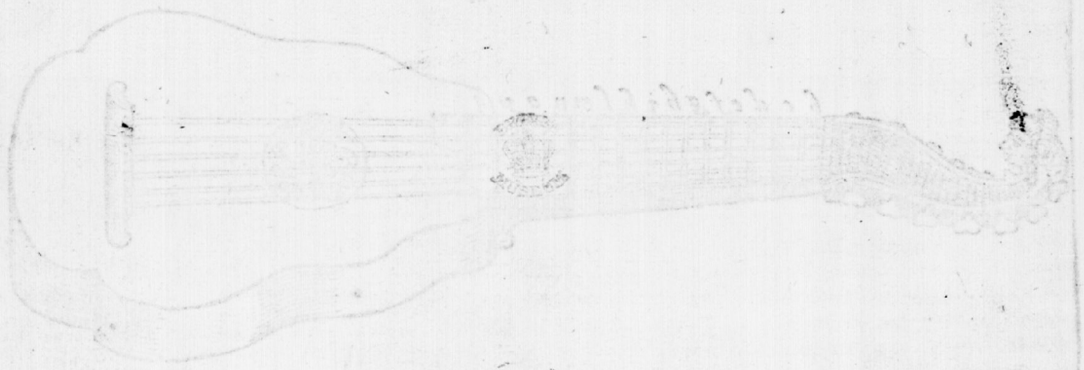
A nevv Booke of Tabliture for the Bando-

ra : Contayning ſundrie ſorts of leſſons, collected together out of diuers good Authors for the furtherance and delight of ſuch as are deſirous to practiſe on this Inſtrument.

Neuer before Publiſhed.



Imprinted at London for VVilliam Barley, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Gratious ſtreet neere Leaden-Hall.

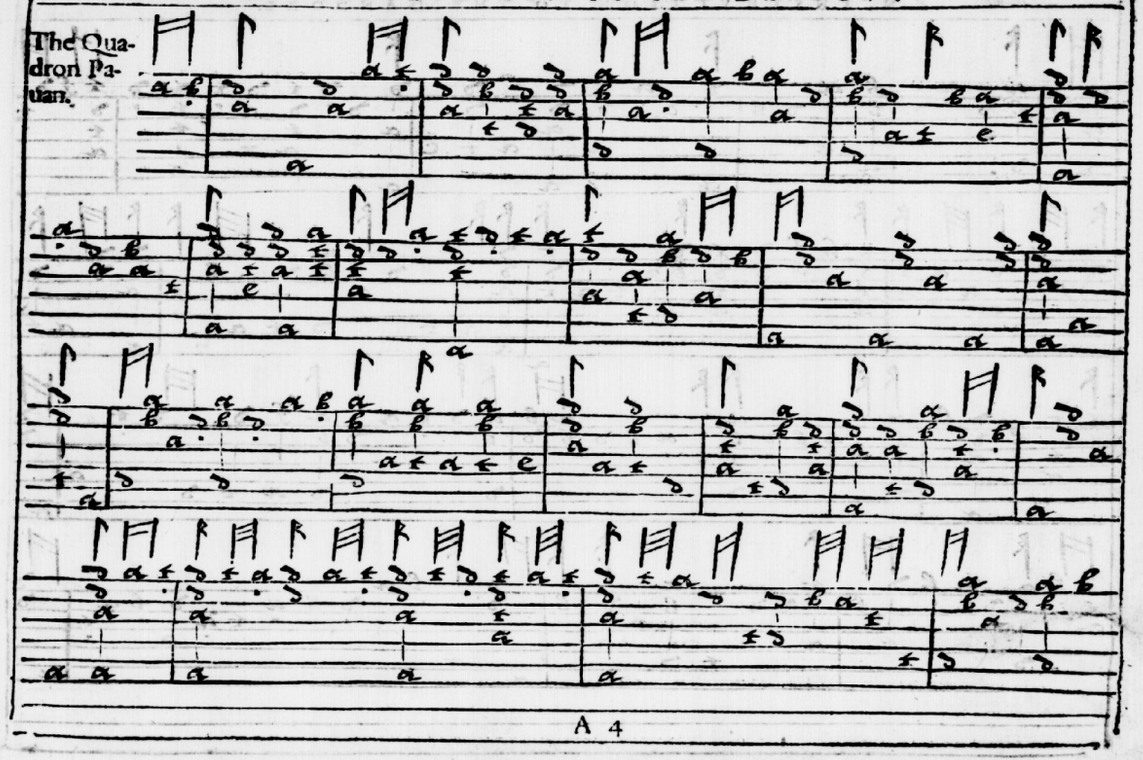


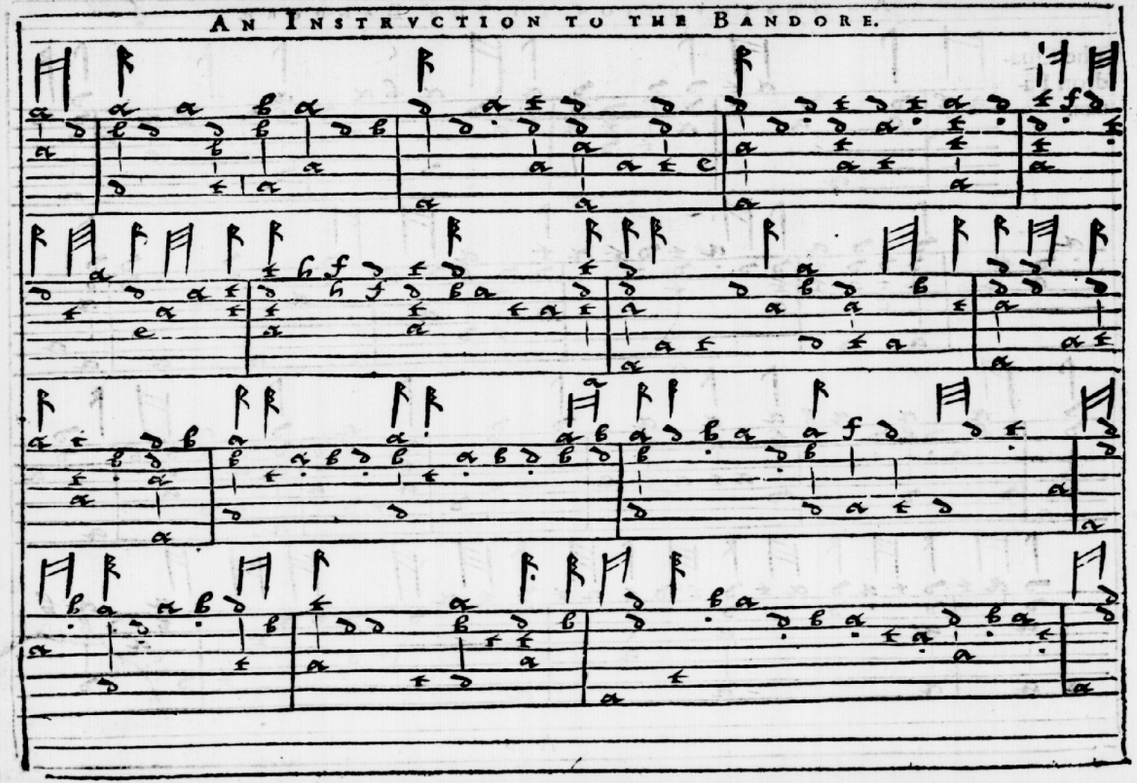
GEntle Reader, I haue not diſcontinued my purpoſe, to procure thy pleaſure and delight, by acquainting thee with the Bandora in in this booke, as well as I haue done with the Lute and Orpharion, in the former two bookes: which labour and coſt of mine, if thou take in good part, I will not ceaſe my trauill for thy further good, but I will likewiſe acquaint thee with the very ground worke, whereupon the whole frame of muſique is built, which matter well looked into, and practiſed at ſuch conuenient times, as thy leaſure will afford thee, thou mayeſt thereby be the better able to iudge of the worthines and excellencie of this Arte, which hath beene imbraced, and highly commended, euen from the firſt beginning therof. And although at the firſt it ſeeme vnto thee very hard and difficult, yet by willing dilligence it will become eaſie and pleaſant: for as it is ſaid, the roote of ſcience is verie bitter, but the fruite verie delectable and ſweet. And as for the Inſtrument it ſelfe, it is eaſie to be played vpon, and is an Inſtrument commendable and fit, either in conſort or alone, and for the fingering of it, let that ſuffice to inſtruct thee that I haue ſaid in the preface of the Orpharion: Only this note, that the manner of tuning doth a little differ from the Lute and Orpharion: Therefore to teach thee how to tune it, let this example ſuffice that followeth. *Example.*

The vſe of this example is thus. Firſt begin with the countertenor wreſting the ſtringes higher or lower, till they agree in vnitie of ſounde, then come to your ſmall meanes, and ſtoppe them in d. wreſting the ſtringes higher or lower, till they agree in vnitie of ſound with the ſtrings of your countertenor open, then ſtoppe your countertenor &c. and make the treble ſtringes agree in vnitie with them, then ſtop your treble ſtringes in d. and wreſt the ſtringes of your great meanes higher or lower till they agree in vnitie, then ſtoppe your great meanes in c. and wreſt the ſtringes of your tenor higher or lower till they agree in vnitie, then come to your treble againe & ſtoppe it in d. and thē wreſt higher or lower the ſtringes of your baſe till they likewiſe agree in vnitie of ſound, and then haue you done tuning, ſo let this rule ſuffice till experience ſhall acquaint thee howe to tune it by eare, which is the beſt and moſt exquiſite way of all. Thus gentle Reader hoping that thou wilt take my well meaning in good part, I bid thee farewell.

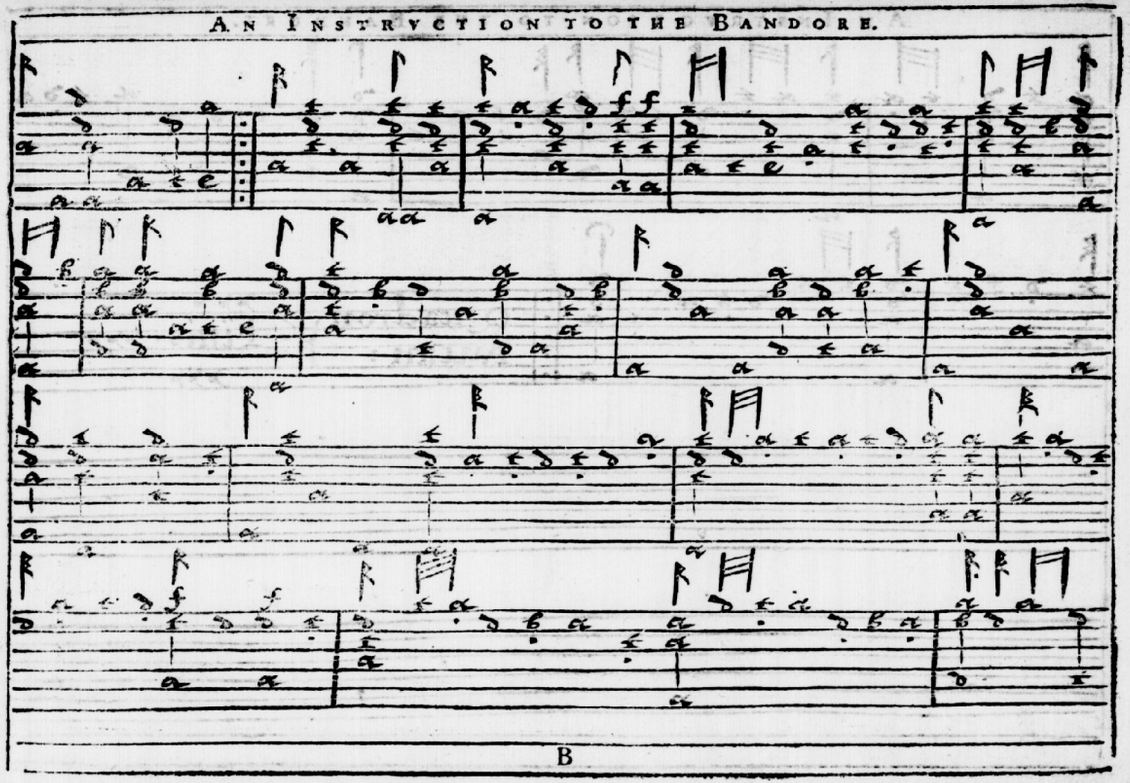
W. B.

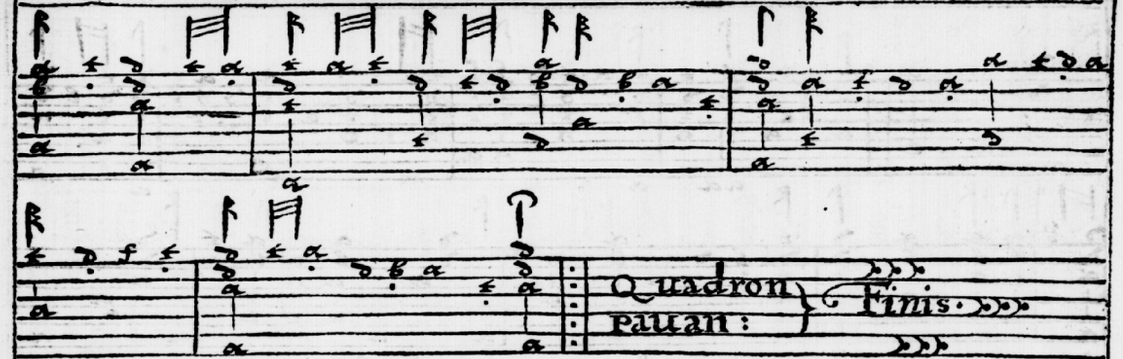
The Quadron Pauan.



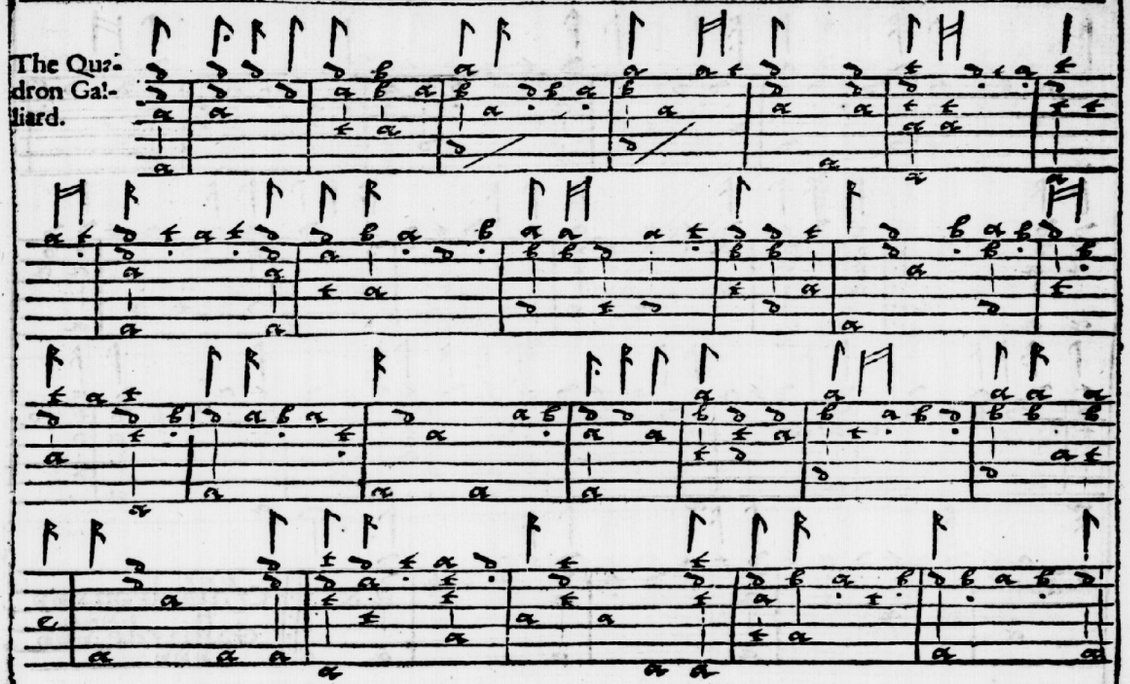


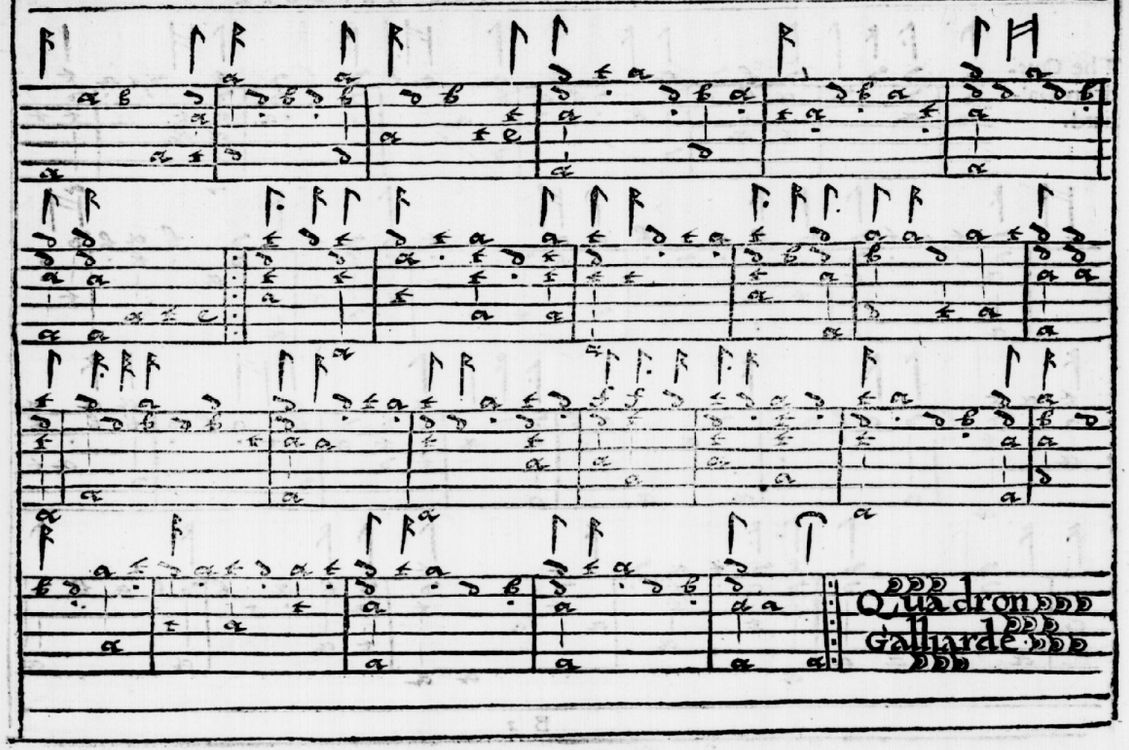
AN INSTRVCTION TO THE BANDORE.



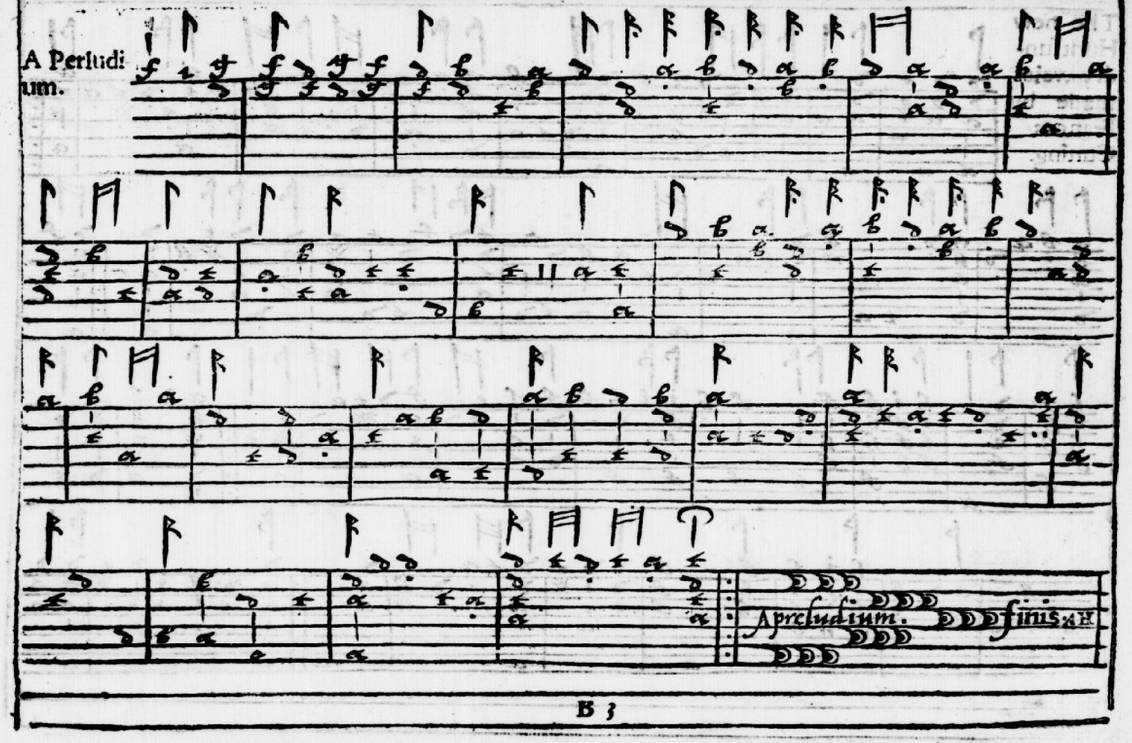


The Quadron Gaillard.

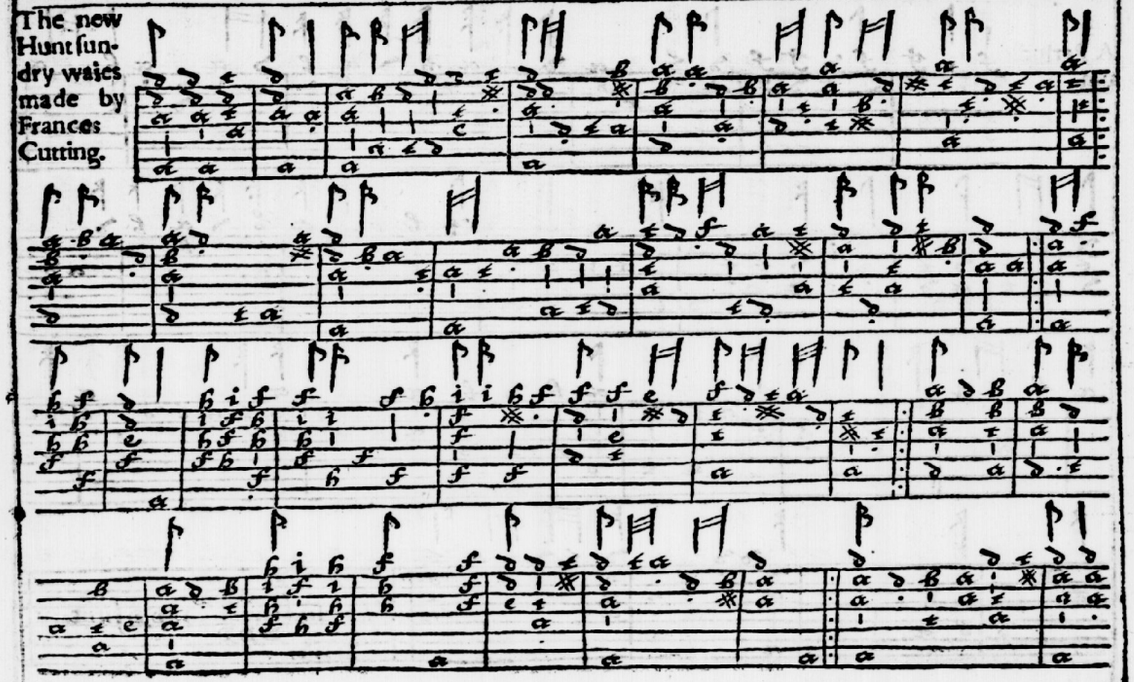


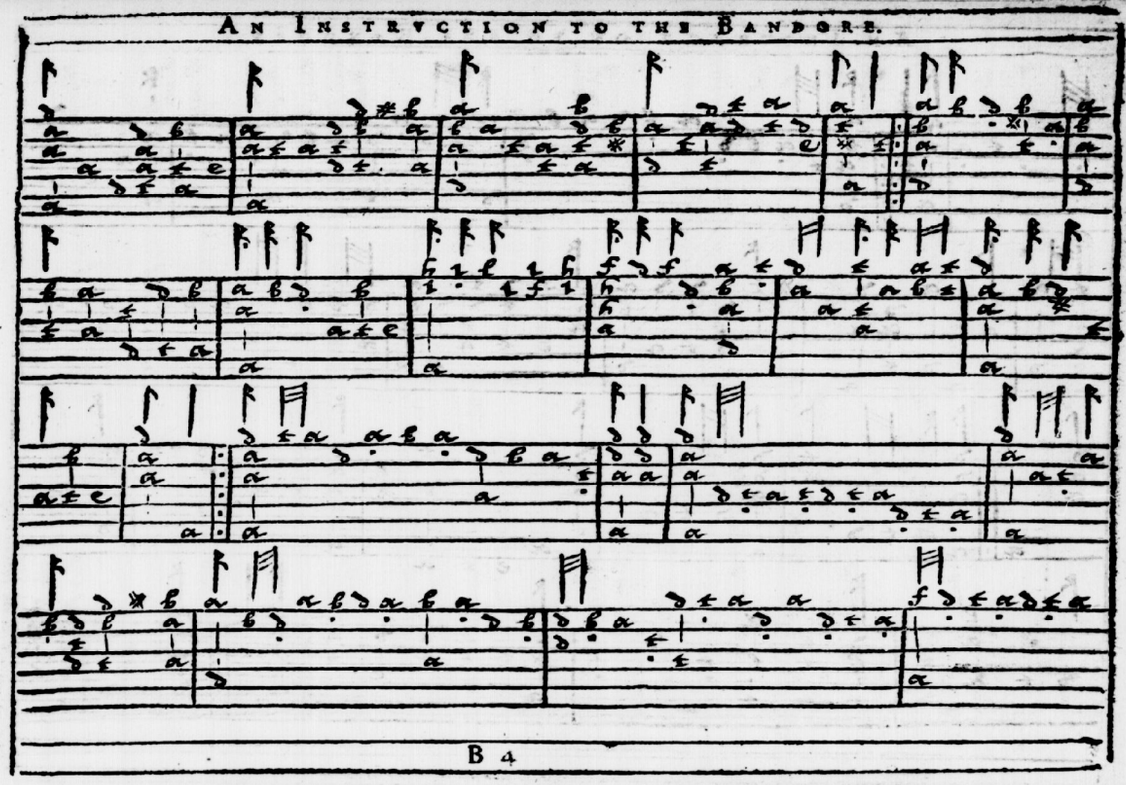


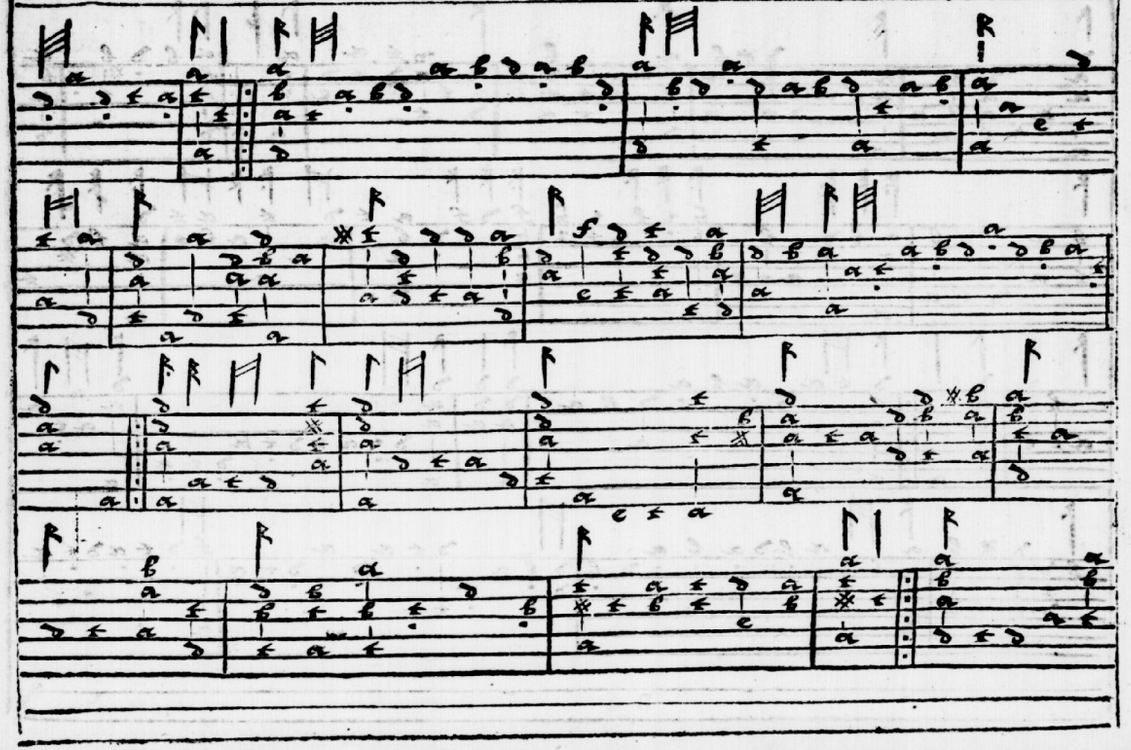
A Perludi
um.

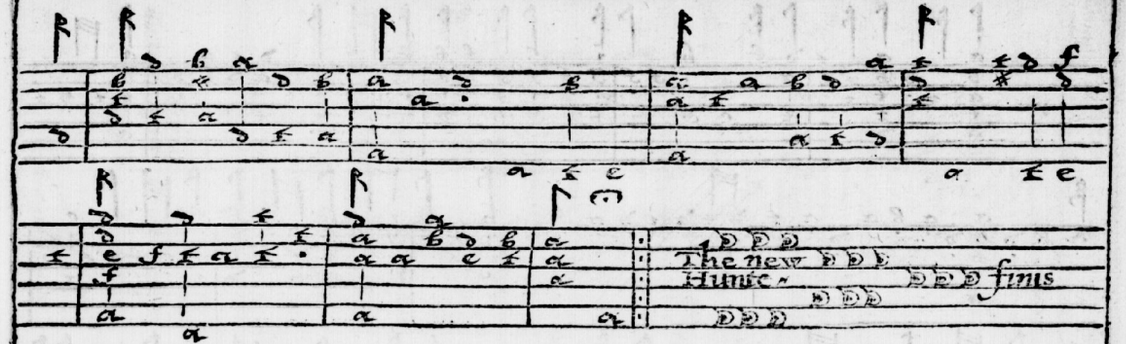


The new Hunt sundry waies made by Frances Cutting.








The new
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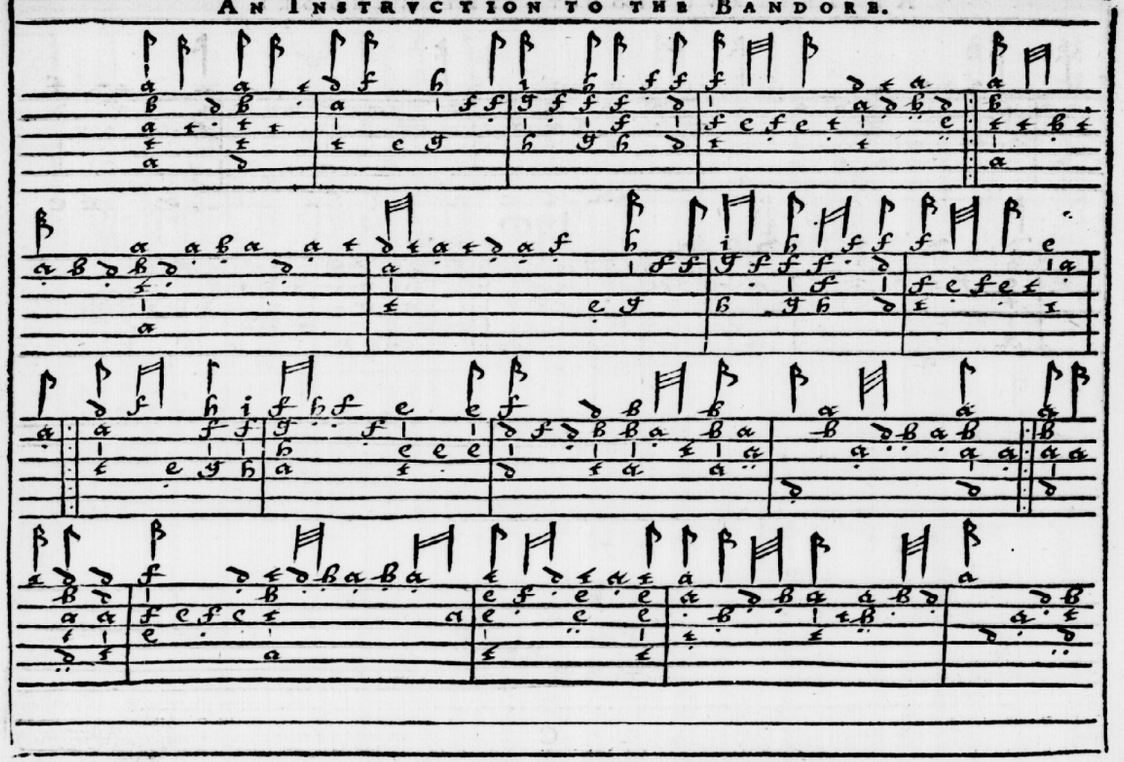

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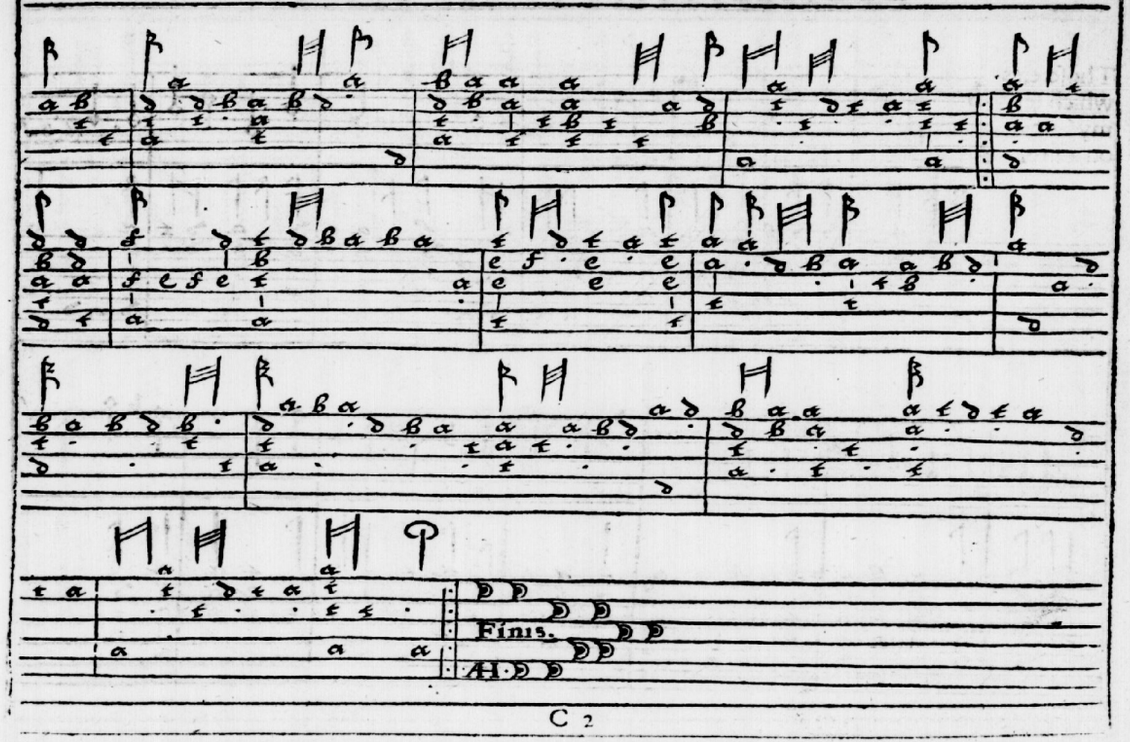
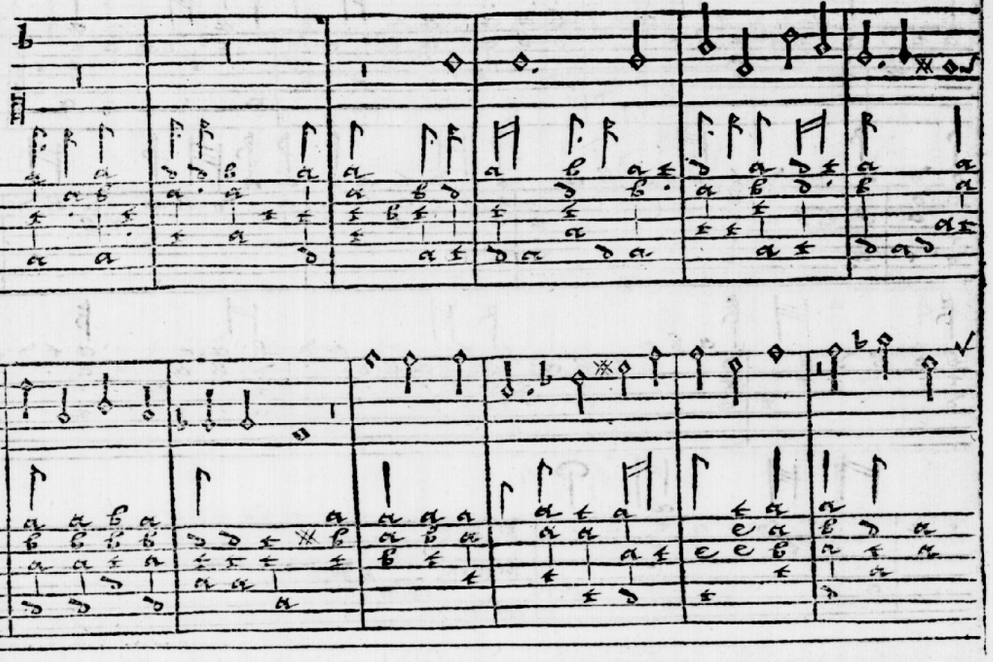
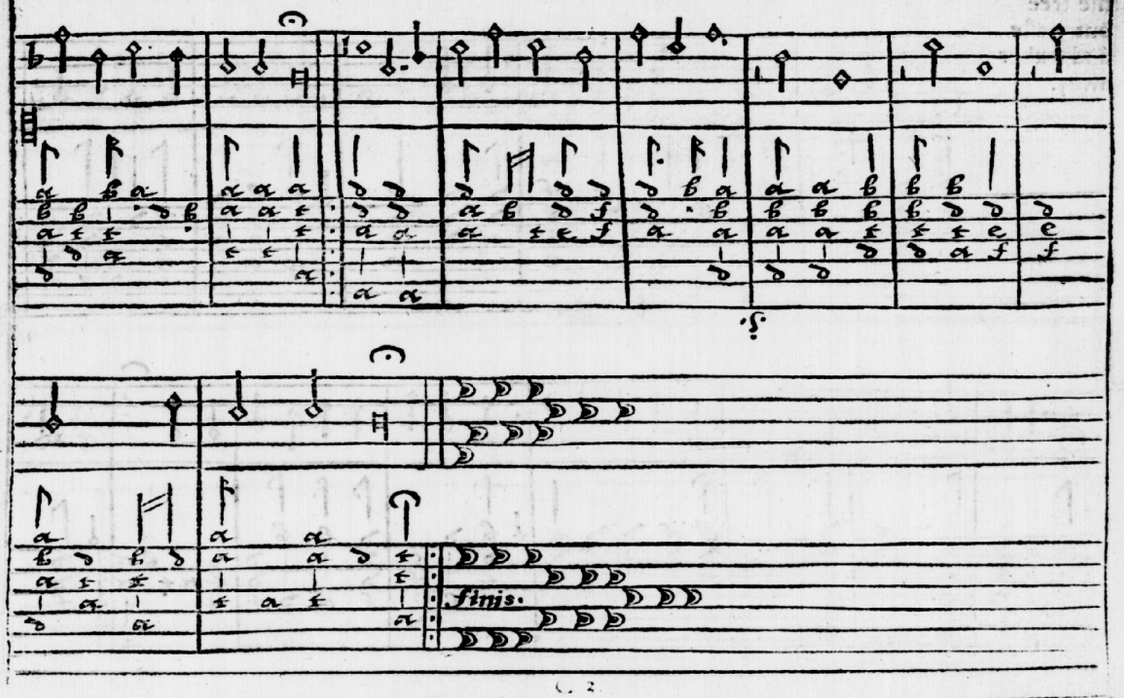
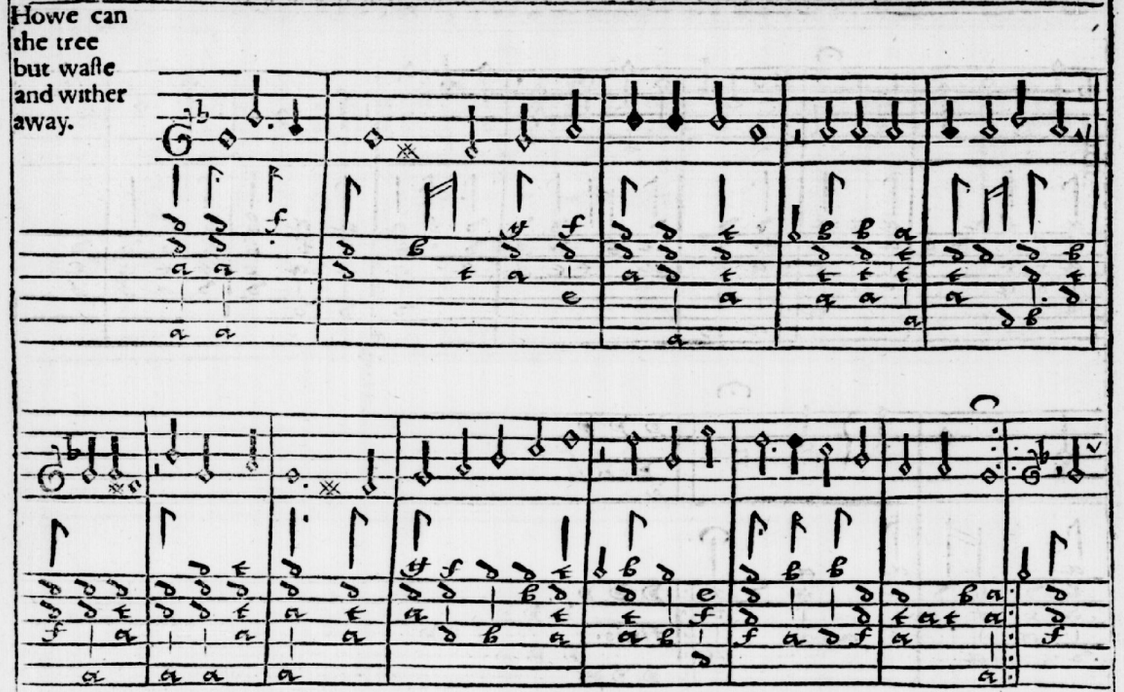


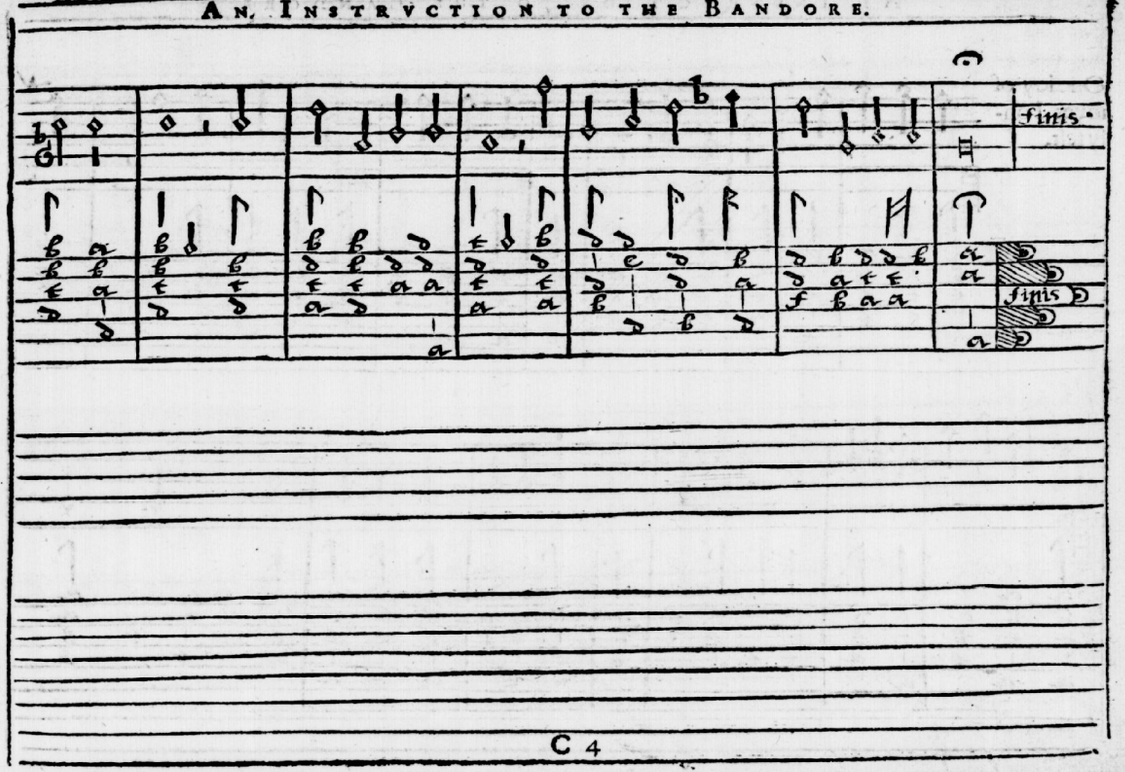
Thoſe eies which ſet my ſance on a fire.



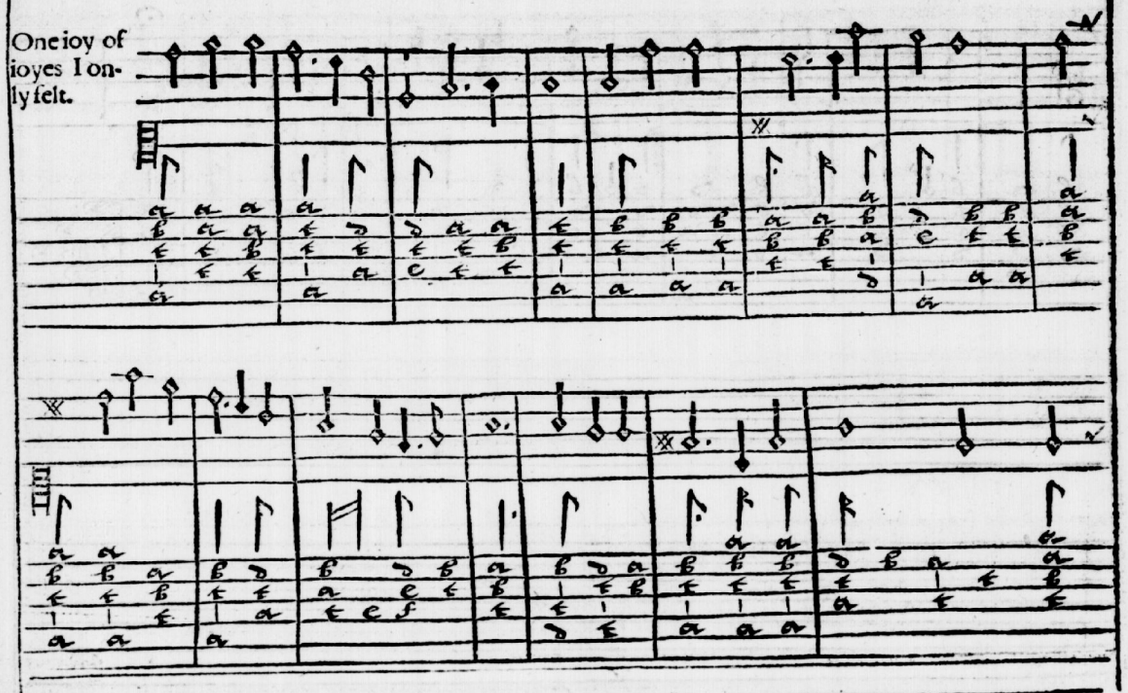


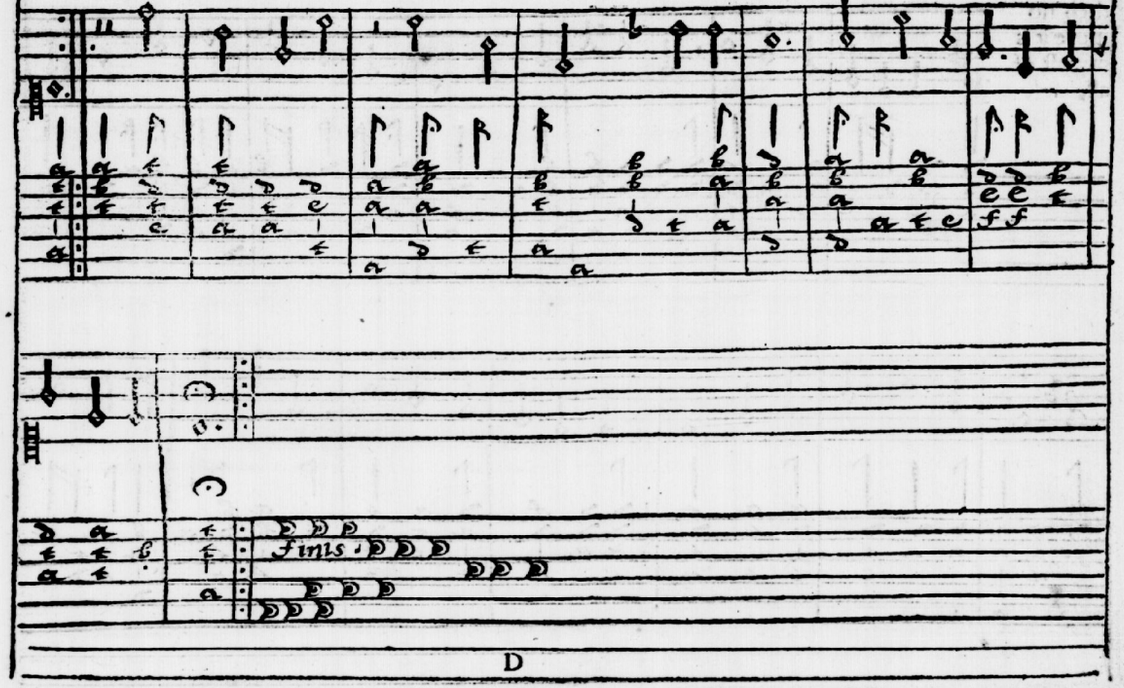
Howe can
the tree
but waſte
and wither
away.





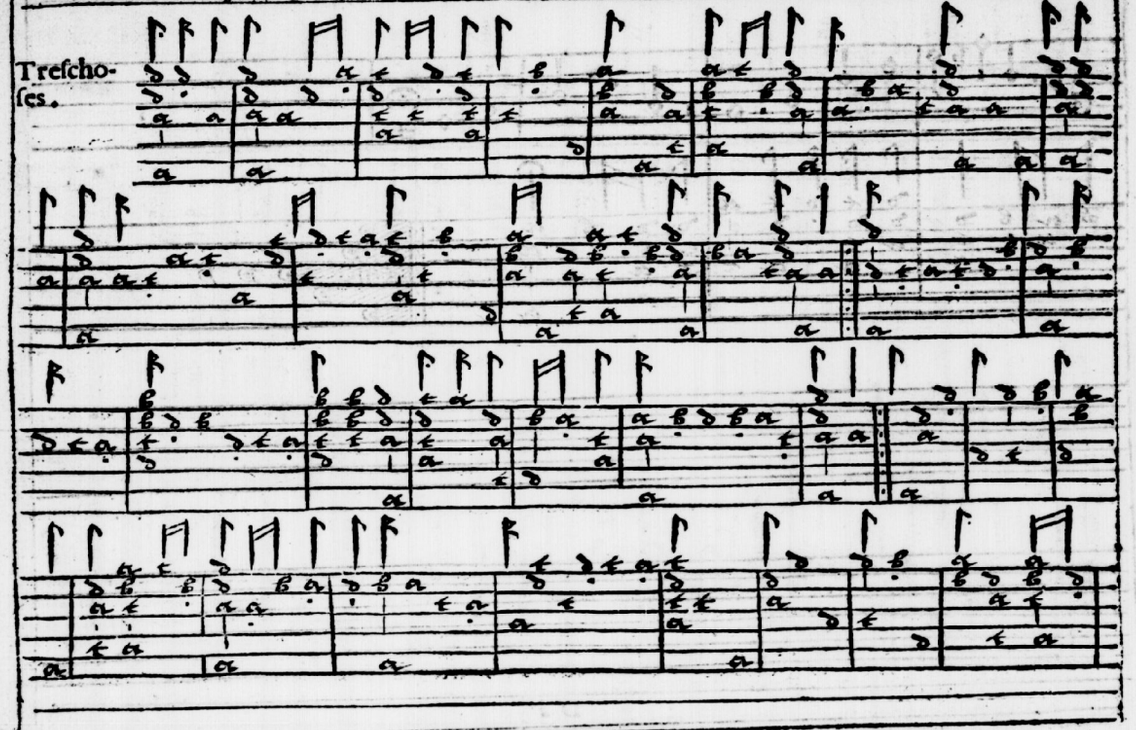
One ioy of ioyes I only felt.

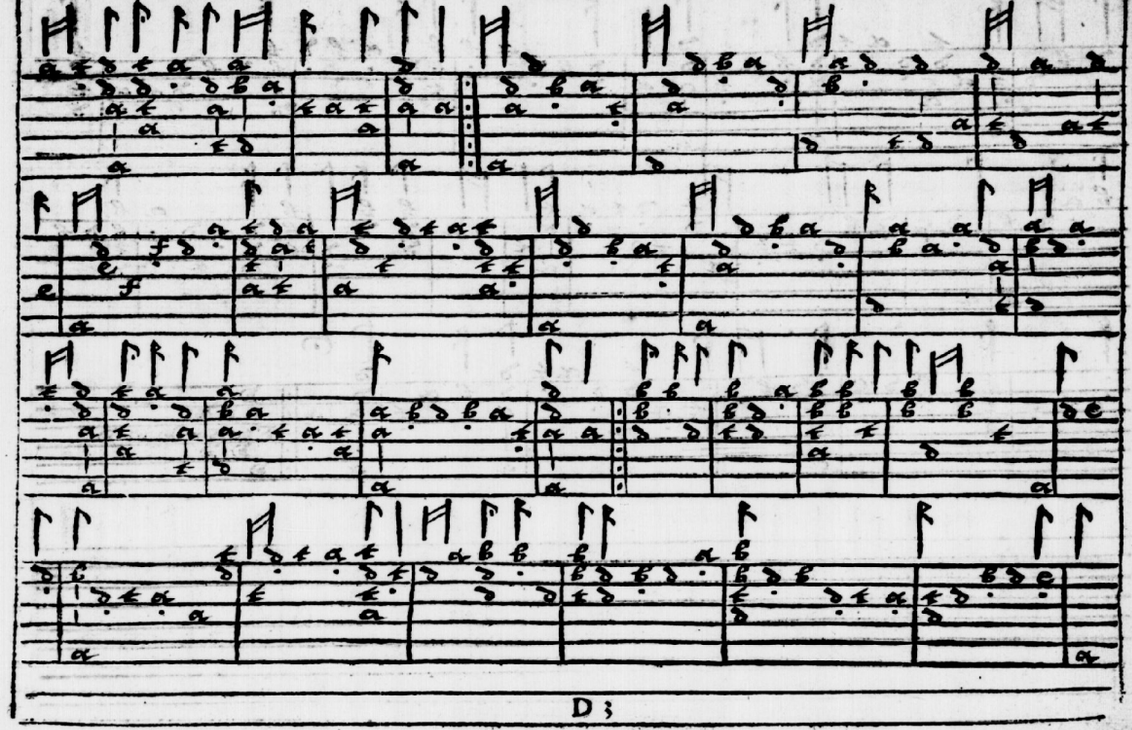




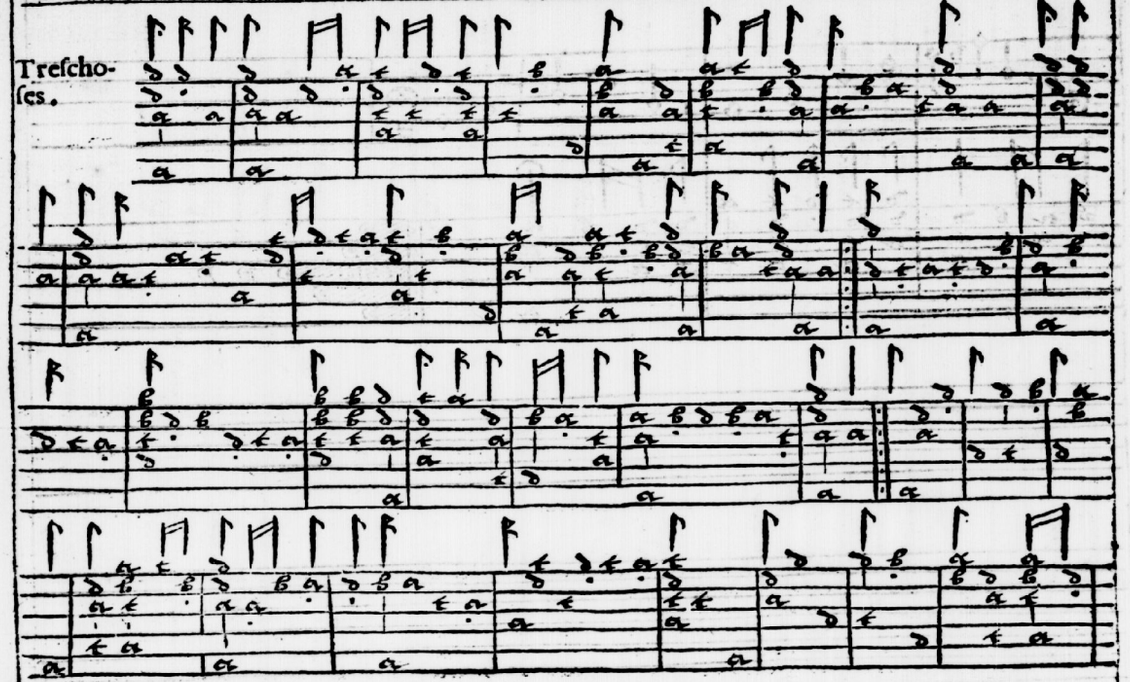
But this & then no more it is my laſt of all,

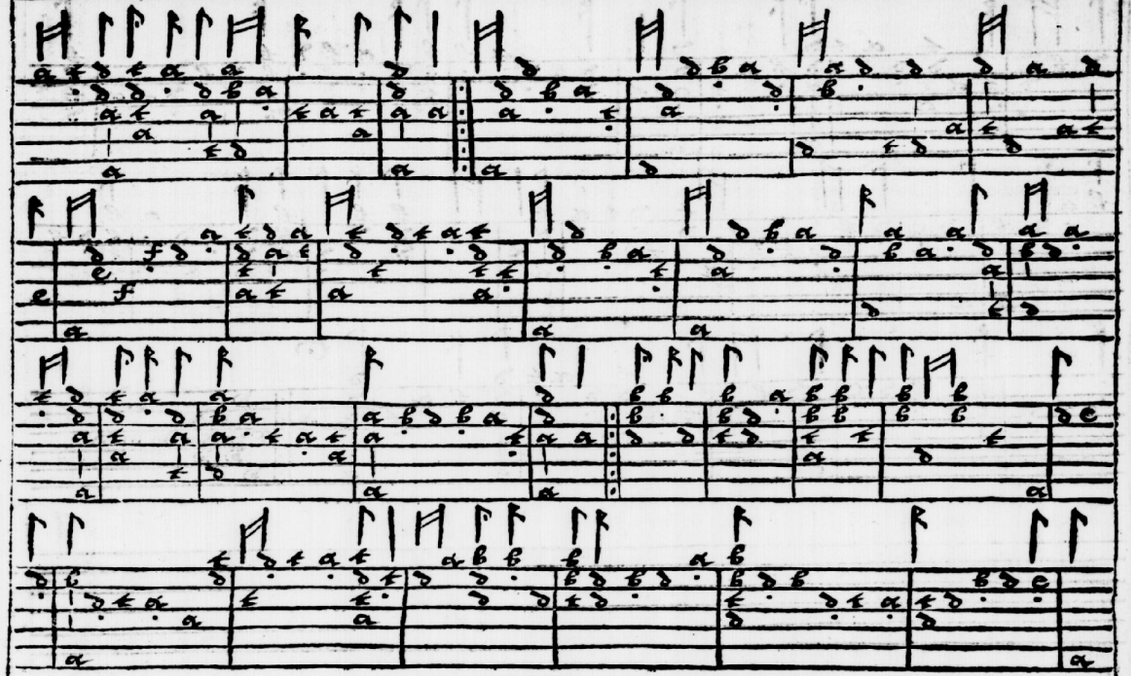
Treſchoſes.

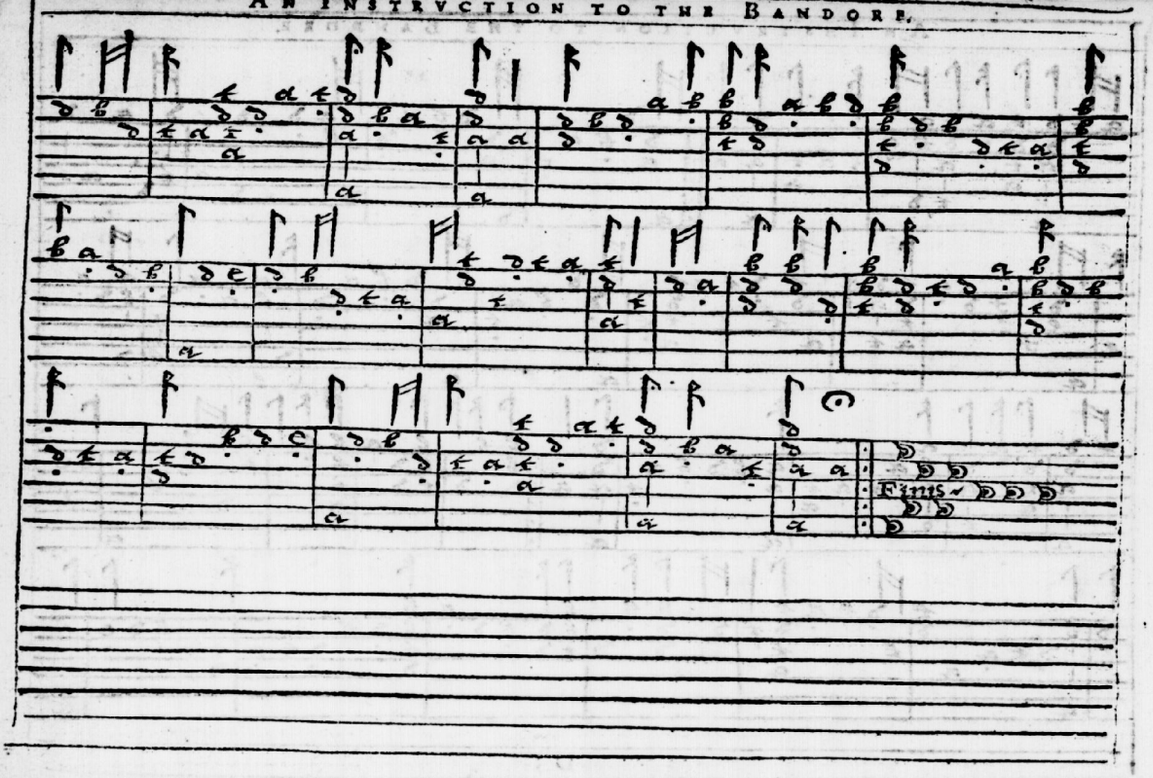




Treſchoſes.







THose eyes that set my fancie on a fire,
those crisped haires which hold my hart in chaines.
Those daintie hands which conquered my desire,
that wit which of my thought doth hold the raines.
Then loue be Iudge what hart may therewith stand,
such eyes, such head, such wit and such a hand:
Those eyes for clearenes doth the starres surpasse,
those haires obscure the brightnes of the sunne.
Those hands more white than euer Iuorie was,
that wit euen to the skies hath glory wonne:
Oh eyes that pearce our hearts without remorce,
Oh haires of right that weares a royall crowne:
Oh hands that conquere more than Cæsars force,
Oh wit that turnes huge kingdomes vpside downe.

SHort is my rest whose toyle is ouer long,
my ioyes are darke but cleare is seene my woe:
In safetie small great wracks I bide through wrong,
whose time is swift and yet my hope but slow.
Each griefe and wound in my poore soule appeares,
that laugheth houres and weepeth many yeares.
Deedes of the day are fables for the night,
sighes of desire are smokes of thoughtfull teares:
My steps are false although my path is right,
disgrace is bold my fauour full of feares.
Disquiet sleepe, keepes audite of my life,
where rare content doth make displeasure rise:
The dolefull clocke which is the voice of time,
calles on my end before my hap is seene.
Thus falles my hopes whose harmes haue power to clime,
not come to haue which long in wish haue beene,
I trust you loue and feare not others hate,
be you with me and I haue Cæsars fate.

FINIS.

HOw can the tree but waste and wither away,
that hath not sometime comfort of the sunne:
How can the flower but vade and soone decay,
That alwaies is with darke clouds ouer runne,
Is this a life? nay death I may it call:
That feeles each paine, and knowes no ioy at all.

What foodles beast, can liue long in good plight,
Or is it life, where sences there be none?
Or what auaileth eyes without their sight,
Or else a tongue to him that is alone?
Is this a life? &c.

Whereto serues eares, if that there be no sound,
Or such a head where no deuice doth grow:
But al of plaints, since sorrow is the ground,
Wherby the heart, doth pine in deadlie woe.
Is this a life? nay death I may it call:
That feeles each paine, and knowes no ioy at all.

FINIS.