



# The Treasury of Musick:

CONTAINING

# AYRES AND DIALOGUES

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

COMPOSED

By M<sup>r</sup> *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.

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#### ADVERTISEMENT.

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.

A Catalogue of **MUSIC** Books sold by *John Playford* at his Shop in the *Temple*.

**Books for Vocal MUSIC.**

1. Mr. Wilby's Madrigals of 3, 4, 5 and 6 Voyces.
2. Orlando Gibon's 5 Parts for Viols and Voyces.
3. Dr. Champian's Ayres for 1, 2, or 3 Voyces.
4. Mr. Walter Porter's first set of Ayres and Madrigals for 2, 3, 4, and 5 Voyces, with a Through Bass; for the Organ or Theorbo Lute, the Italian way: Printed 1639.
5. Mr. Walter Porter's second Set of Psalms or Anthems for two voyces to the Organ or Theorbo-Lute: Printed 1657.
6. Mr. William Child (late Organist of his Majesties Chappel at Windsor) his Psalms for three voyces, after the Italian way, to be sung to the Organ, the which are Engraven on Copper plates: Printed 1656.
7. Select Ayres and Dialogues by Dr. Wilton, Dr. Colman, Mr. Henry Lawes, and others: Reprinted with large Additions: 1659.
8. Ayres and Dialogues set forth by Mr. H. Lawes, viz. his { First Book fol. Printed 1653. }  
{ Second Book fol. Printed 1655. }  
{ Third Book fol. Printed 1658. }
9. Mr. John Gamble his first and second book of Ayres and Dialogues, first printed 1657, second 1659.
10. A Book of Catches and Rounds collected and published by John Hilton 1651, and now with large additions by John Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.
11. An Introduction to the Skill of Musick, Vocall and Instrumentall, with Instructions for the Violin by J. Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.
12. The Art of Descant, or composing Musick in parts, written by Dr. Champian, and enlarged by Mr. Christopher Simpson, printed 1655.

**Books for Instrumental MUSIC.**

1. Mr. East Set of Fancies for Viols, containing 6 Fantazies for two Bass-Viols, 9 Fantazies for two Trebles and a Bass, and 12 Fantazies of 4 parts.
2. Court Ayres, of two parts, Bass and Treble, Viols or Violins, containing 245 Ayres, Corants and Sarabands, Composed by Dr. Coleman, Mr. William Lawes, Mr. John Jenkins, Mr. Ben. Rogers of Windsor; Mr. Christopher Symphon, and others: Printed 1656.
3. Mr. Matthew Lock his Little Consort of Three parts, Pavans, Almains, Corants and Sarabands, for Two Trebles and a Bass, for Viols or Violins: Printed 1657.
4. Musicks Recreation on the Lyra Viol, Containing 100 Lessons, viz. Preludiums, Almains, Corants, Sarabands, and several new and pleasant Tunes for the Lyra Viol, with Instructions for beginners: printed 1656.
5. A Book of New Lessons for the Cithren and Gittern, containing many new and pleasant Tunes, with plain and easie Instructions for Beginners thereon: Printed 1659.
6. The Dancing Master, containing 132 New and Choice Country Dances, Directing the Learner the manner how to understand the several Figures and Movements thereof; Also the Tunes set over each Dance, very useful to such as Practise on the Treble Violin; In which Book is added 42 French Corants, and other Tunes to be plaid on the Treble Violin: printed 1657.

All sort of Rul'd Paper for Musick ready Ruled, also Books of several Sizes ready bound up of very good Ruled Paper; Also very good Inke to prick Musick.

*Musick Books shortly to come forth.*

A most Excellent Treatise of Musick, Entituled, *The Violist*, or an Introduction to play Division to a Ground, Teaching all things necessary to the Knowledge of the Viol, as also the Rudiments of Composition by a Method more short and easie then hath been heretofore delivered. Written by the most Knowing Master of that Instrument, Mr. Christopher Simpson.

Also a Book for the *Virginals*, containing variety of new and choice Lessons, also Toys, and Jigs, Fitted for the practice of young Learners.

*A Lovers Melancholy Repose.*



Like Hermit poor in pensive place obscure, I mean to spend my days of endless

do not to wail such woes as time cannot recure, where none but love shall ever find me out. And at my

gates, and at my gates despair shall linger still, to let in death, to let in death when love and fortune wil.

A Gowne of gray my body shall attire,  
My staffe of broken hope whereon I'll stay,  
Of late repentance linkt with long desire,  
The Couch is fram'd whereon my limbs I lay,  
And at my gates, &c.

My food shall be of care and sorrow made,  
My drink nought else but tears ta'n from mine eyes,  
And for my light in this obscure shade,  
The flame may serve, which from my heart arise,  
And at my gates,

Mr. Nich. Lantaro.

*Loves ingratitude.*

writ by Shakespeare



Alas, O take those lips a-----way, that so sweetly were forsworn, & those eyes that

break of days, light that do mislead the morn, but my kisses bring again seals of love though seals in vain.

Hide, O hide those Hills of Snow  
That thy frozen Blossome bears;  
On whose tops the Pinks that grow,  
Are yet of those that April wears:  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in thole Icy Chaines by thee.

Dr. Wilson.

P. B. S.

## Cupid's weak Artillery.

Come Lovers all to me, and cease your mourning: Love hath no shafts to shoot, no more

brands burning: He means my pains that you from pains deliver, for in my breast h'as emptied all his

Quiver. Had he not been a child he would have known, h'as lost a thousand servants to kill one.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

## Love preferring Virtue above Wealth.

He that loves me for my self, for affection, not base self, ne'r regarding my de-

scent, gesture, feature, but intent, she, on-ly she, she, only she, deserves to be be-lov'd of me.

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.

About the sweet Bag of a Bee, two Cupids fell at odds; and who the

pretty prize should be, they vow'd to ask the gods: which Venus hearing thither came, and for

their boldness stript them, and taking thence from each his flame, with rods of Mirtle whipt them:

which done, to still their wanton cryes, and quiet grown sh'ad seen them, she kist and dry'd their

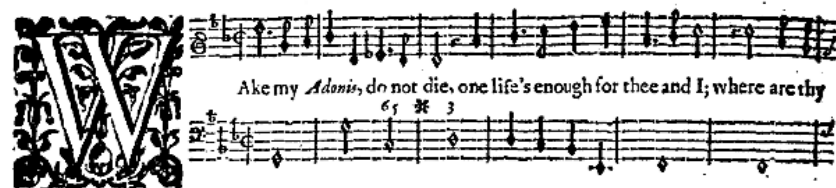
dove-like eyes, and gave the Bag between them.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

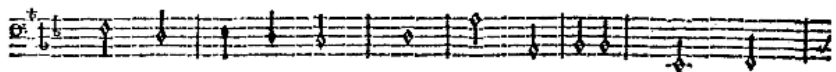
## Venus lamenting her lost Adonis.



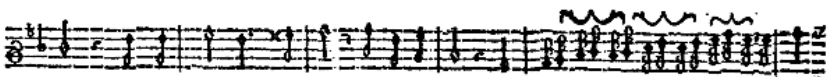
Ake my Adonis, do not die, one life's enough for thee and I; where are thy



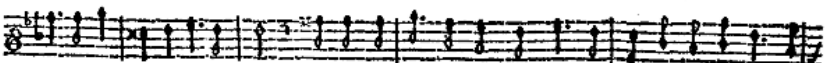
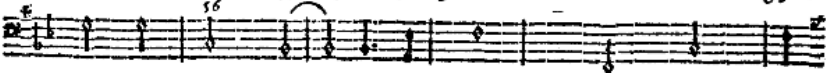
looks, thy wiles thy fears, thy frowns, thy smiles? alas, in vain I call, one death hath snatcht them



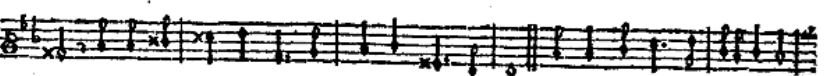
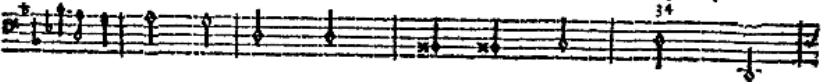
all: yet death's not deadly in that face death in those looks it self hath grace; 'twas this, 'twas this I



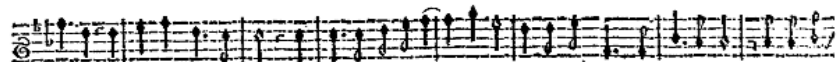
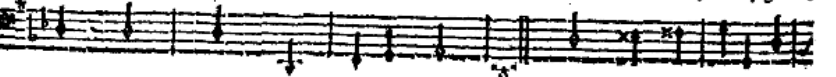
fear'd, when thy pale ghost appear'd, this I presag'd, when thundring Jove



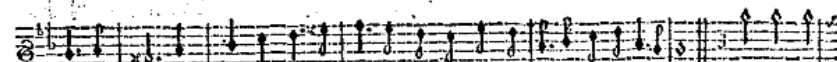
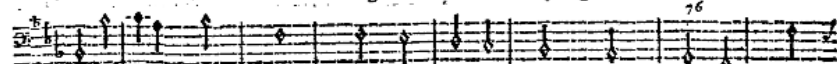
tore the best Mirtle in my grove, when my sick rose buds lost their smell, & from my temples untoucht



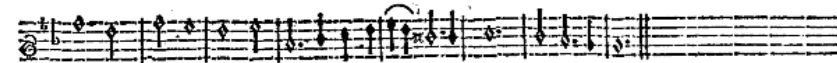
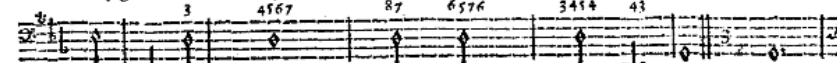
fell, and 'twas for some such thing, my Dove first hung her wing. Whither art thou my Deity gone?



I'ems in Venus there is none: in vain a gods now am I, only to grieve and not to die: but I wit

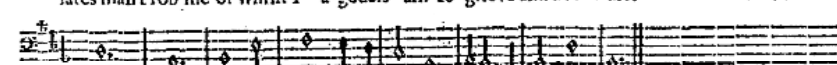


love my griefs, make tears my rears relief, and sorrow shall to me a new Adonis be: And this the



fates shant' rob me of whitt I a gods am to grieve and not to die.

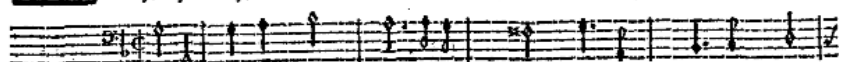
Dr. Colman.



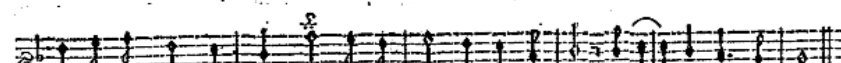
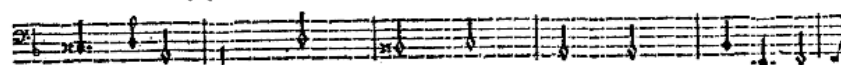
## To his Love Answering No.



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



words cannot fully speak, now seeks her cure, whose on-ly No, sent from her lips most pure,



makes it thus range from me, woe's me that No, lost me that heart, and fills its place with wo.



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.

**H**E that 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.*

**C**ome 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.*

**M**istake 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.*

**C**atch 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, Ile 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 t' mens worth, but wealth, makes women love 'um.

## III.

Reason henceforth, not Love, shall be my guide,  
Our fellow Creatures shan't be deicide:  
Ile 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 Medows 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 greene 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 so provide;

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

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

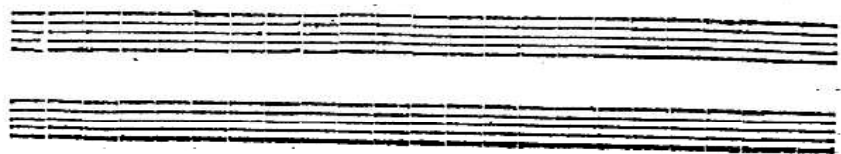
## II.

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.



*F*uggi, fuggi, fuggi, da lieti amari 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.

*F*uggi, 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.



*A*mor 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.

**V**hy 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.

**T**hou art not fayre for all thy red and white, for all those Rofe or-or-naments 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 kisse, and love me in despite.

*Mr. Nich. Lanere.*

## Delays in Love breeds Danger.

**P**hillis, 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.

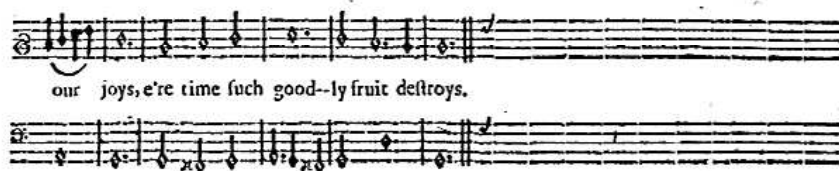
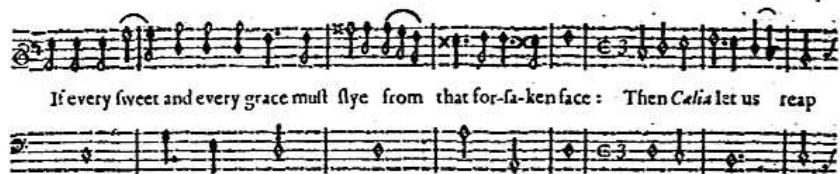
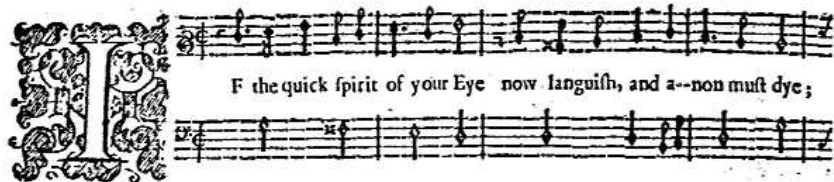
Phillis, to this truth we owe  
All the love betwixt us now;  
Let not you and I require  
What ha's been our past desire;  
On what Shepherds you have smil'd,  
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd.

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.

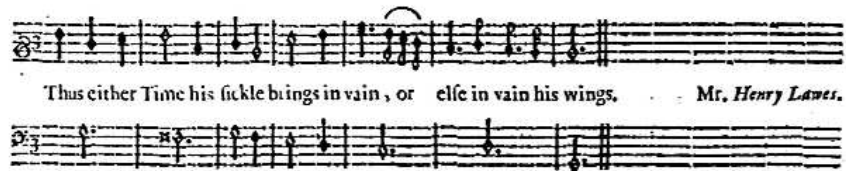
*Mr. Henry Lawes.*

## On Calia's Coyneffe.

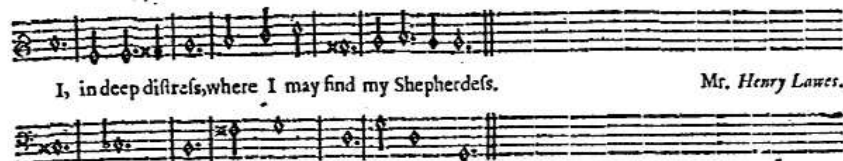
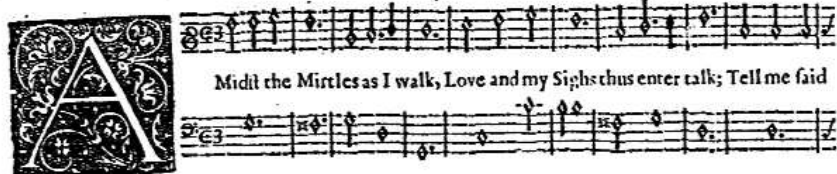


## II.

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.



## Loves sweet Repose.



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.

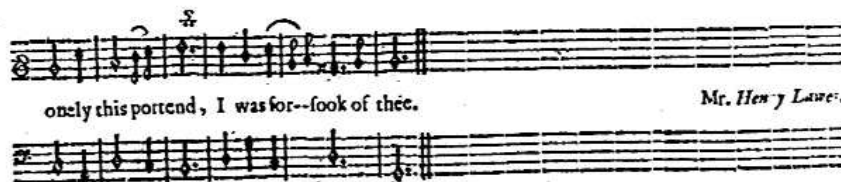
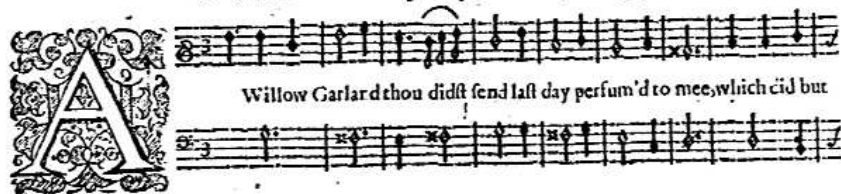
'Tis true, said I, and thereupon;  
 And went and pluckt them one by one  
 To make a part a union,  
 But on a suddain all was gone.

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.



## 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 posselt,  
 Where you intend an interell.

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.*



Disce, 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, unlesse you please;  
 And he that pines because thee's coy,  
 Wants wit, br courage, women say.

*Disdain.*



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

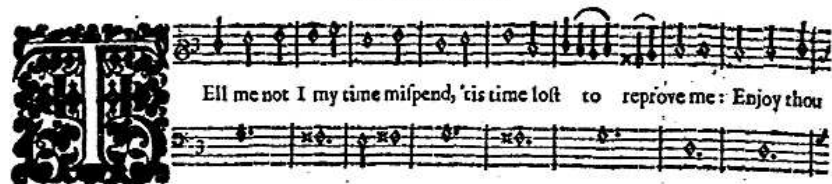
deign to be a worshipper of cruelty.

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.



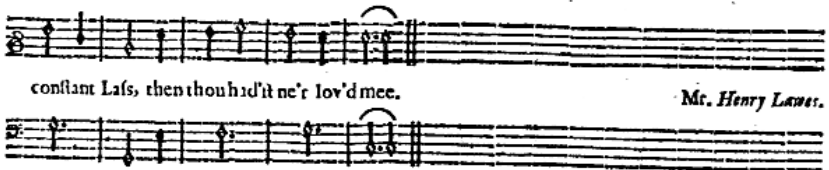
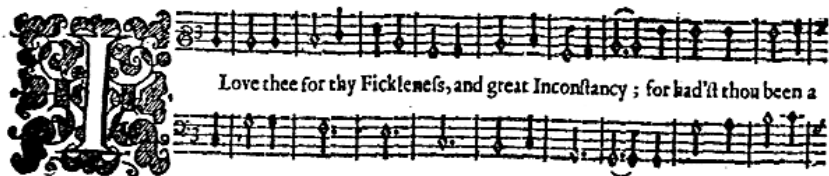
Tell me not others flocks are full,  
Mine poor, let them despise me  
That more abound with Milk, and Wool,  
So *Chloris* only prize me.

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.



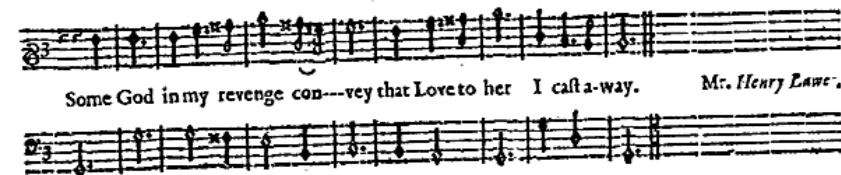
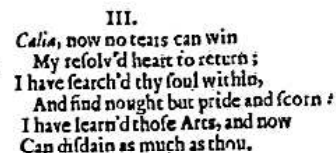
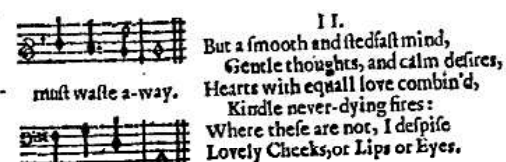
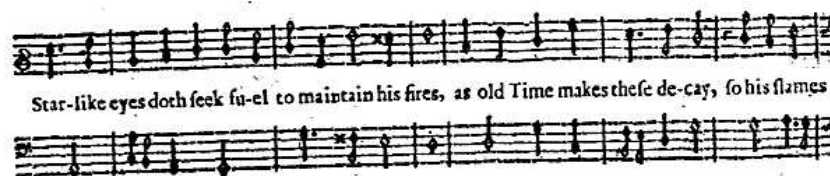
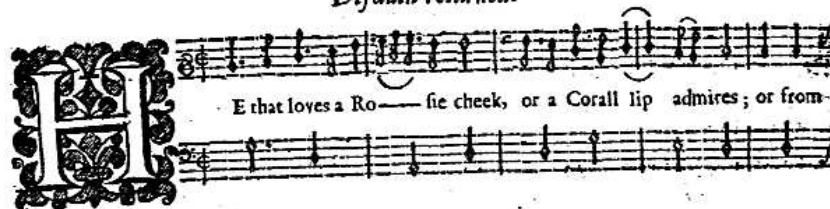
I love thee for thy Wantoness,  
And for thy Drollerie;  
For if thou had't not lov'd to sport,  
Then thou had't ne'r lov'd mee.

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'r been mine.

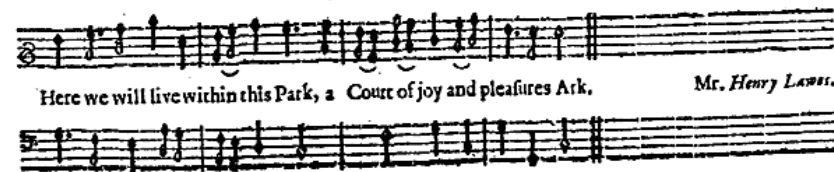
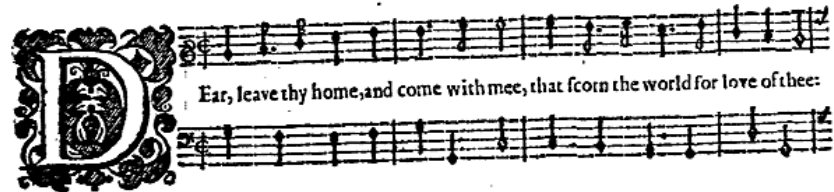
I love thee for thy Uglynesse,  
And for thy foolerie;  
For if thou had't been fair or wise,  
Then thou had't ne'r lov'd mee.

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.

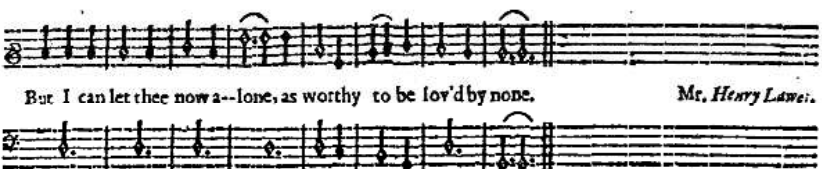
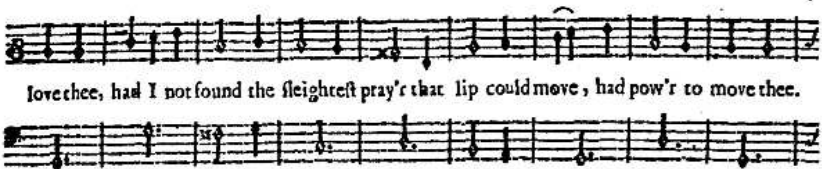
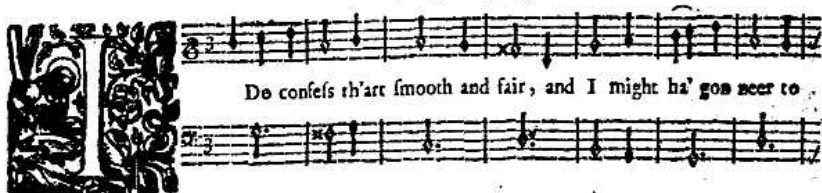
## Disdain returned.



## Loves Content.



## To his Forsaken Mistrresse.



## 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.

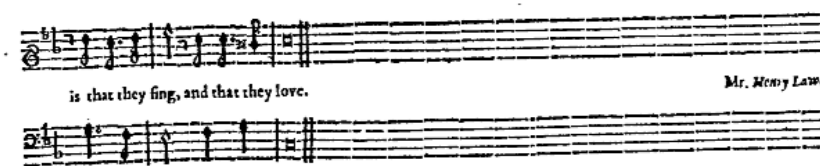
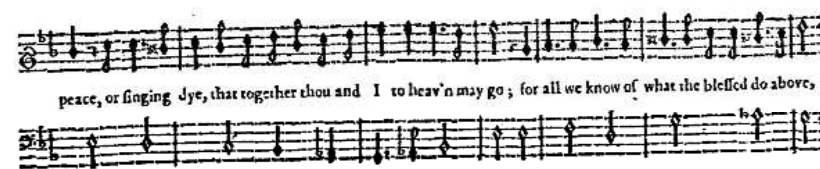
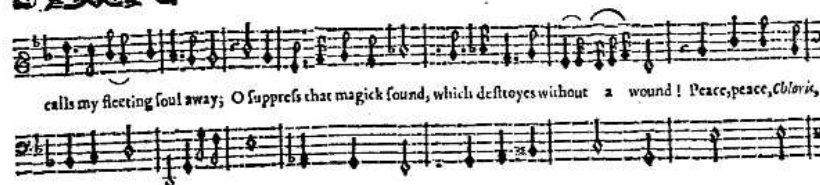
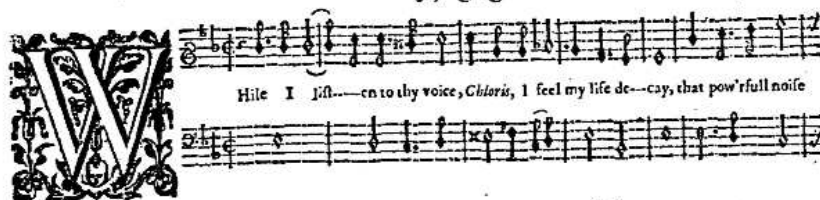
## III.

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.

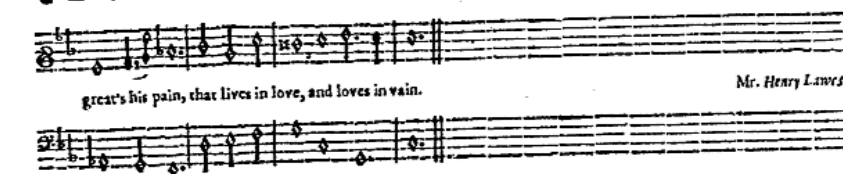
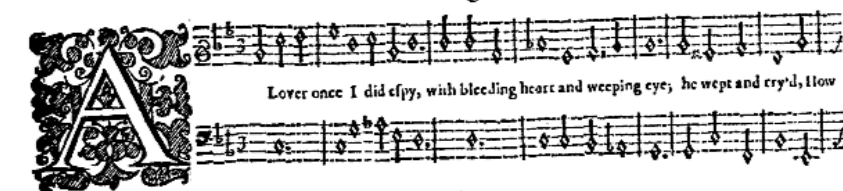
## IV.

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.



## On a Bleeding Lover.

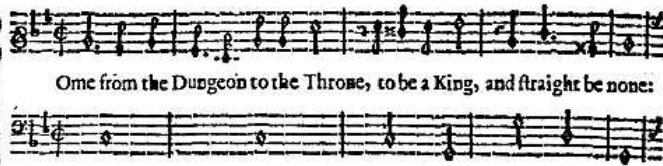


II.  
 Can there (says he) no cur- be found,  
 But by the hand that gave the wound?  
 Then let me dye, which I'll endure,  
 Since she wants charity to cure.

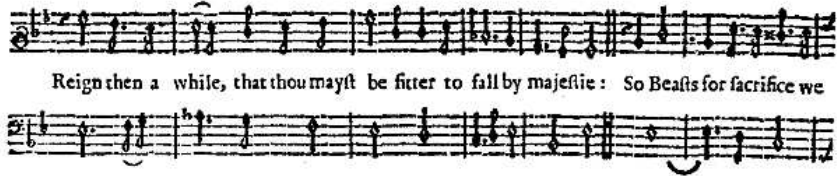
III.  
 Yet let her one day feel the pain,  
 To with the had cur'd, and with in vain;  
 For wither'd cheeks may chance recover  
 Some sparks of love, but not a Lover.



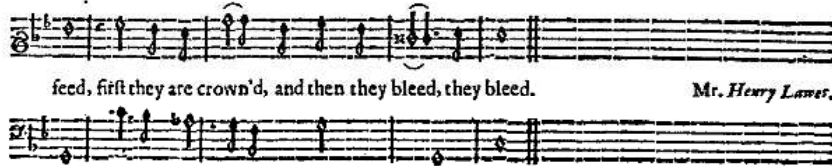
## Two Songs in the Play of The Royal Slave.



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



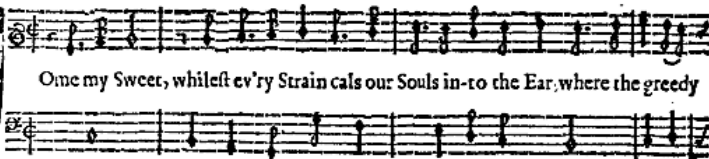
Reign then a while, that thou mayst be fitter to fall by majestie: So Beasts for sacrifice we



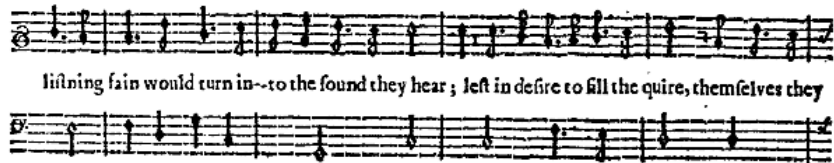
feed, first they are crown'd, and then they bleed, they bleed.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

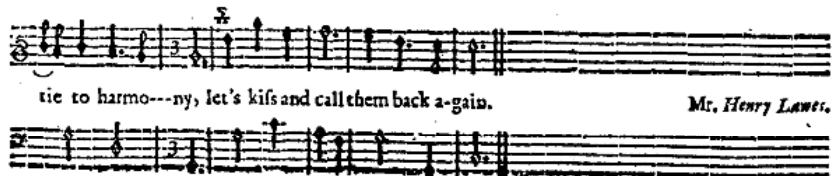
## Love and Musick.



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



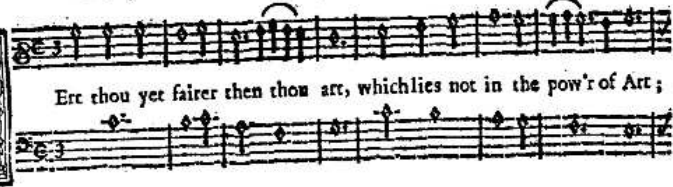
listening fain would turn in-to the sound they hear; left in desire to fill the quire, themselves they



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

Mr. Henry Lawes.

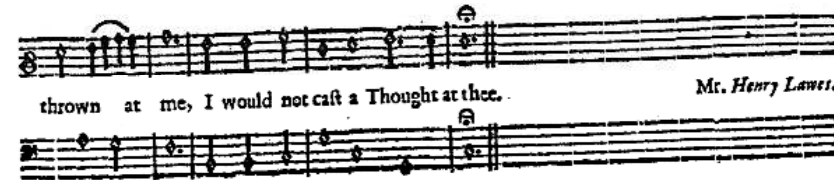
## A Resolution in choice of a Mistresse.



Wilt 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.

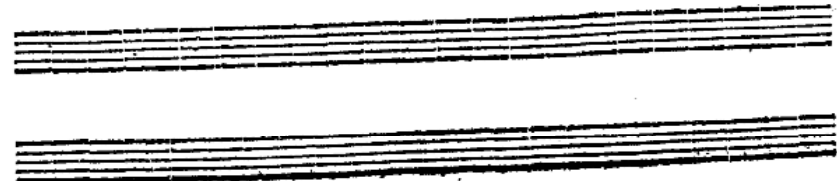
Mr. Henry Lawes.

## 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.*

O 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.

**B**id 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.

**B**right *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.

**L**adies fly from loves smooth tale, oaths sweet 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

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

*Mr. Henry Lawes.*

## To Chloris.

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

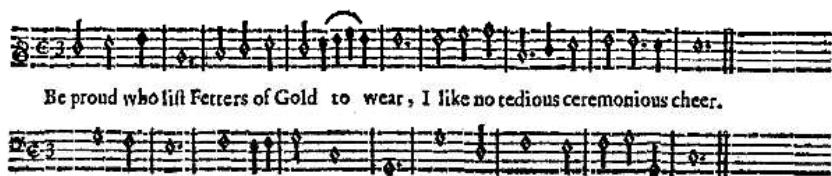
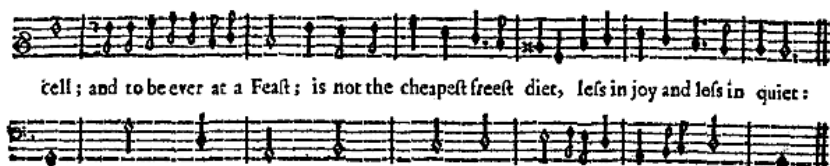
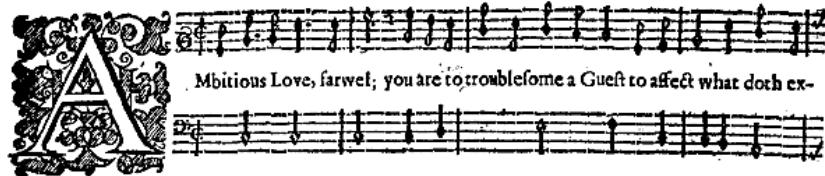
Dame that moves upon this graphic frame: for thou shalt Herds of *Cupid's* have, and Love and I will be thy slave.

*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 asfright  
Thy tender Lambs or thee by night:  
There we the wanton theeves will play,  
And steal each others hearts away.

## Seeming Coynefs.



## II.

I'll take such 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.

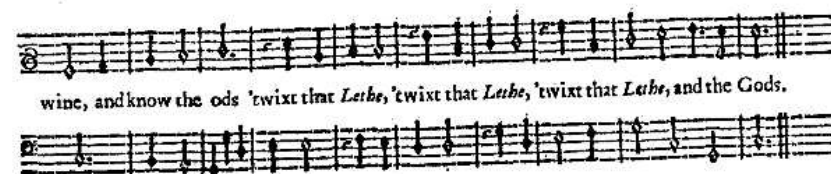
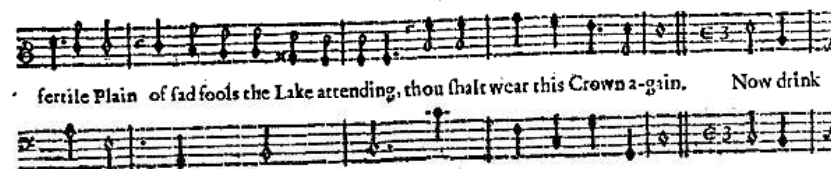
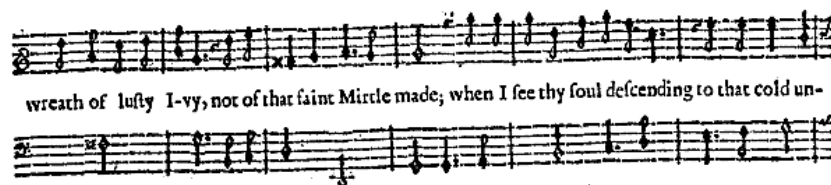
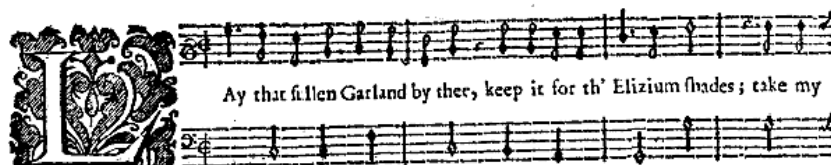
## III.

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.

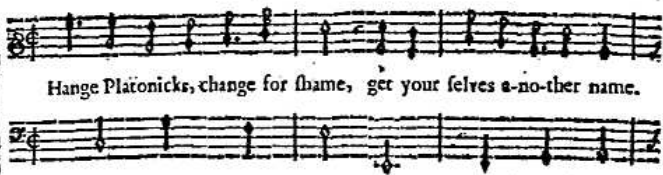
Think not thou these dismal trances,  
Which our raptures can content,  
The Lad that laughs, sings and dances,  
Shall come soonest to his end,

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

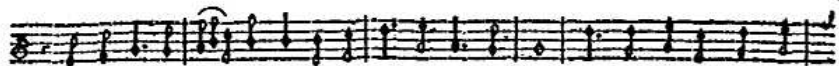
Cho. Sadnesse may some pity move,  
Mirth and courage, mirth and courage,  
Mirth and conrage conquers love.

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

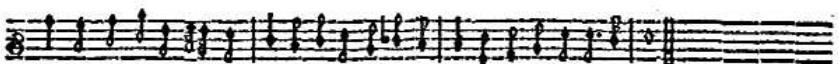
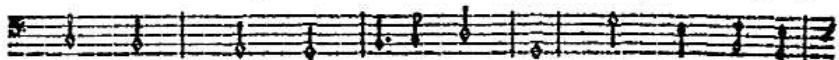
## Platonick Love.



Hange 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.



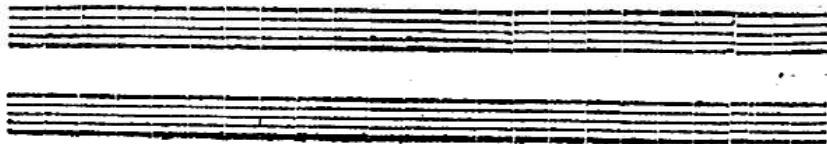
## II.

Dr. Colman.

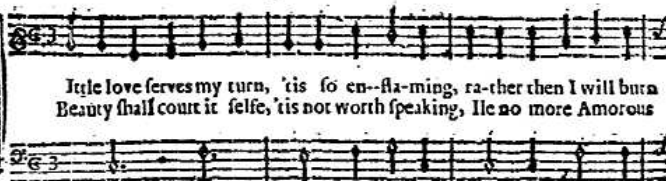
Plato ne'r allow'd a Kifs,  
Nor the like fantastick blifs,  
All the day sit and Ca Goll  
With Sir Amorous La Fool;  
Ne'r dreamt of that delight  
Which a Ball presents at night,  
To apt you to what follows next,  
Only you corrupt the Text.

## III.

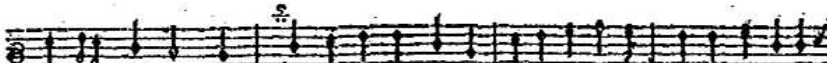
Yet must Plato justifie  
All your wanton vanitie,  
When indeed the truth to say,  
'Tis Opinion that doth sway,  
Is a meer Court-Frippery,  
You act but yet most formerly  
What your Sex was wont to do  
Many hundred years ago.



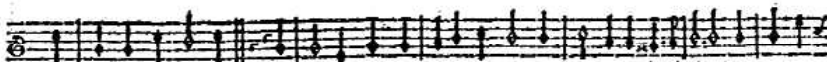
## Love Neglected.



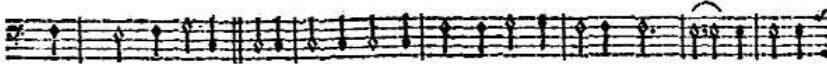
Little love serves my turn, 'tis so en-fla-ming, ra-ther then I will burn  
Beauty shall court it selfe, 'tis not worth speaking, Ile no more Amorous



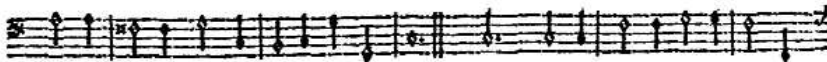
I will leave gni-ming; for when I think upon't, O! 'tis so painful, 'cause Ladies have a  
pangs, no more heart-breaking: those that ne'r felt the smart, let them go try it, I have redeem'd my



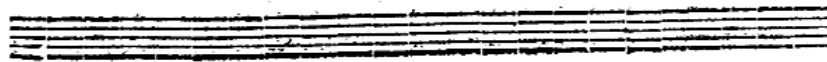
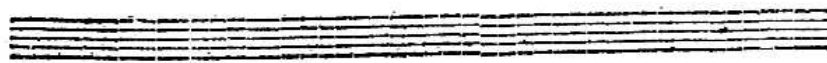
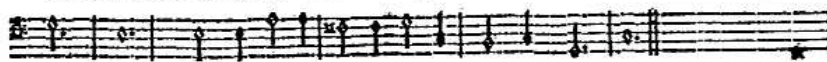
trick, to be disdainfull. No more, no more, I must give o're; for Beauty is so sweet, it makes me  
heart now I de-sie it,



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



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



Lovers Wantonneffe.

**S**Ec, sec, how careless men are grown of Love and Loving in our days,

Every ones Heart is now his owne; his Eyes upon no object stays, 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 breast,  
Command by turns, or else in vain;  
And by new fashion'd minds deprest,  
Become an Inn, and love a Guest.

III.

Sure they suppose her of Classe,  
And let her first on purpose fall,  
Then peice-meal would pick up this Masse,  
That for one Beauty bow to all,  
And change of Fetters, Freedome call.

IV.

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

Venus to her Adonis.

**C**ome Adonis, come away, what distalle could drive the hence, where so

much delight doth reign, forcing ev'n the soul of Sense? and though thou un-kind hast prov'd,

never Youth was so below'd: Then lov'd Adonis, come away, for Venus brooks, so: 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 wise 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 eyre 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.*

**A**m 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, Ms. 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.*

**A**in 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

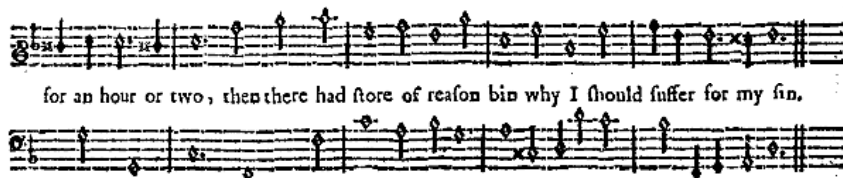
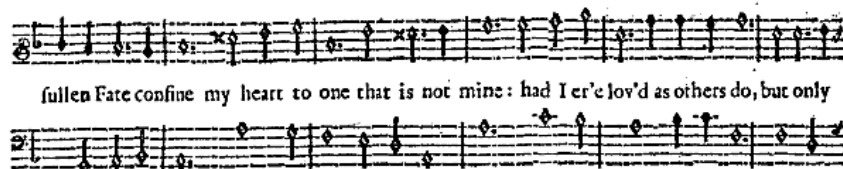
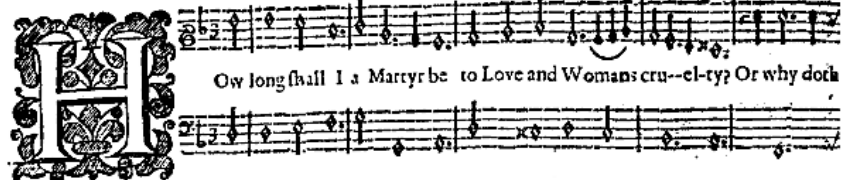
yours the place of mine; and by that grace my store renew, I shall have nought worth giving

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. Ms. Henry Lawes.

## Loves Martyr.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

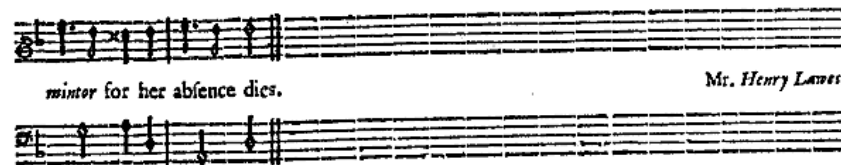
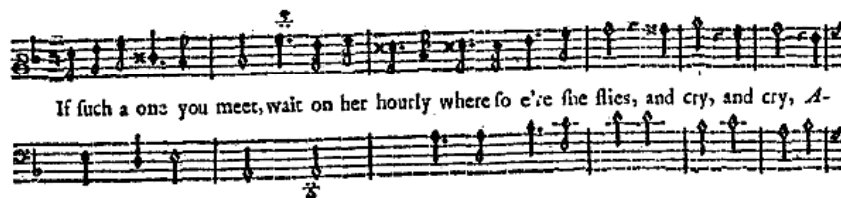
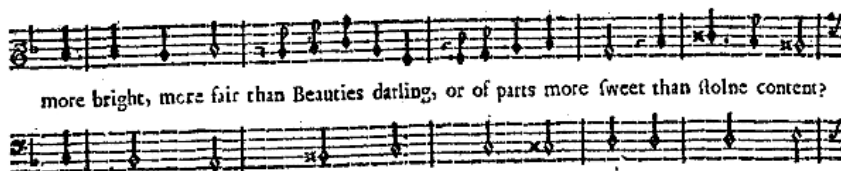
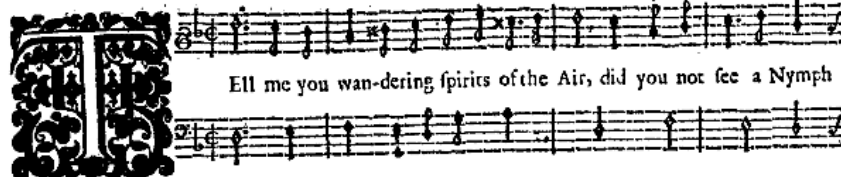
## II.

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.



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.

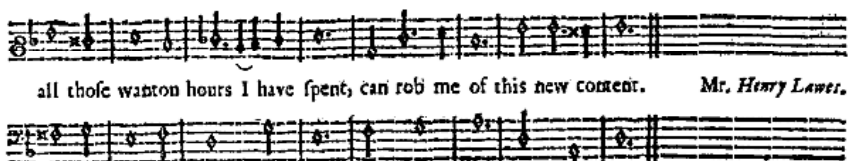
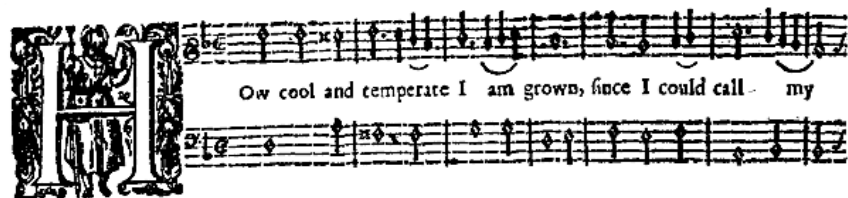
## III.

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.



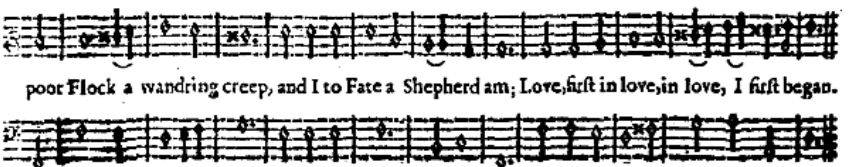
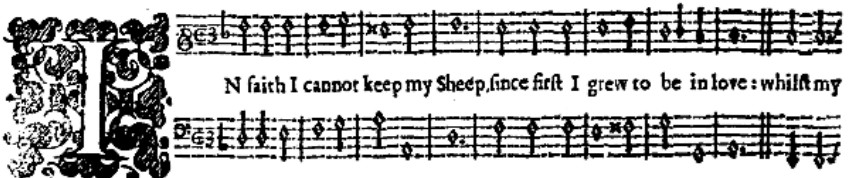
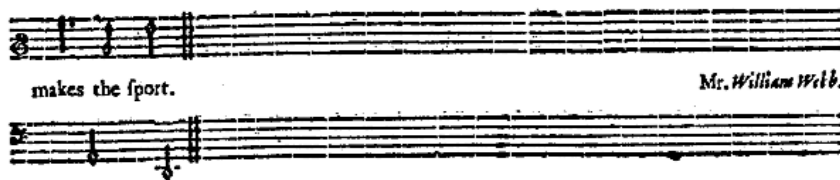
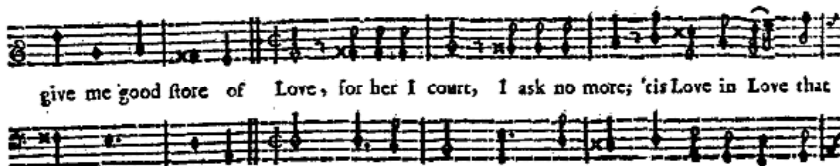
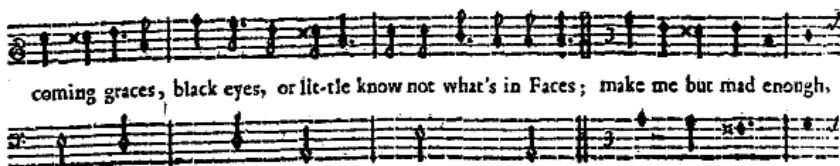
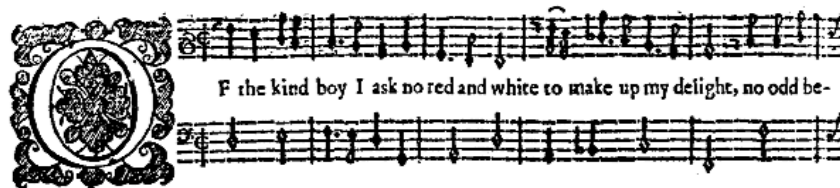
M



*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-rais'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 wish'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.

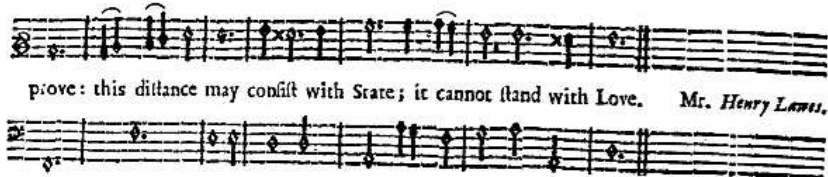
## II.

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.



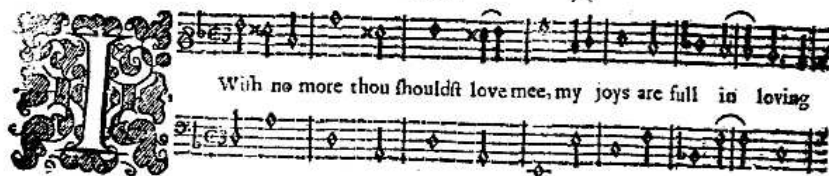
'Tis either cunning or diſtruſt,  
That do ſuch ways allow:  
The firſt is baſe, the laſt injuſt;  
Let neither blemiſh you.

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.

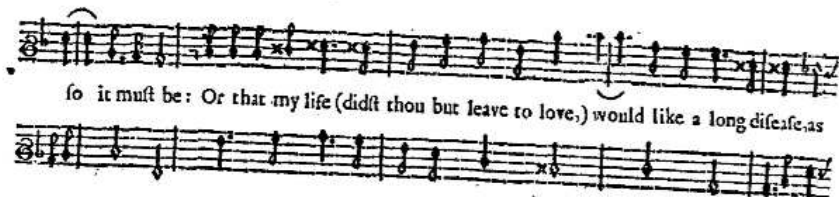
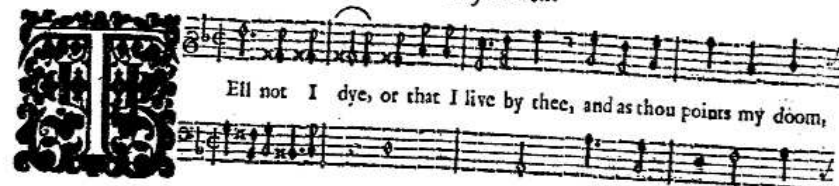


Thy ſcorn may wound me, but my fate  
Leads me to love, and thee to hate;  
Yer I muſt love while I have breath,  
For not to love were worſe than death.

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 fashions 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.

**A**sk me why I send you here, this first-ling of the Infant year? Ask me why

I send to you, this Primrose all be-pearl'd with dew? I must whisper to your Eares, the

sweets of Love are wash'd with tears.

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'hefe discover  
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

Cupid's Embassage.

**C**o little winged Archer and convey a flaming dart into her heart, then steal

way as soon as thou hast set her all on fire, and left her burning in her chaste desire.

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'd  
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.

**C**ome lovely Phillis since it thy will is, to crown thy Coridon with daffadillies,  
With many kisses, as sweet as this is, I will repay to multiply thy bliisses.

Here I will hold thee, and thus enfold thee, free from harms within these arms. Mr. Henry Lawes.

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.

**C**loris, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I here doe stay,

thine eyes prevail up on me so, I shall grow blind and lose my way. Mr. Henry Lawes.

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.

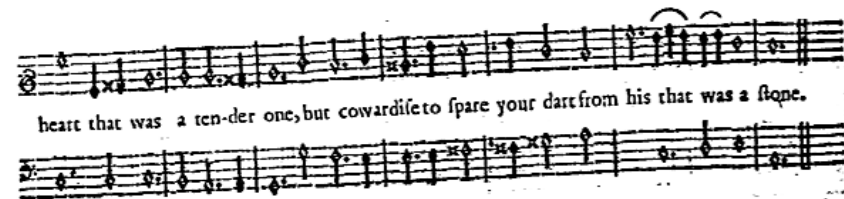
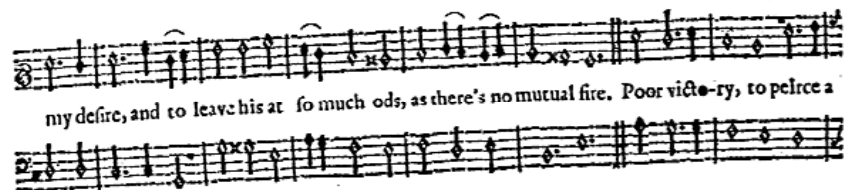
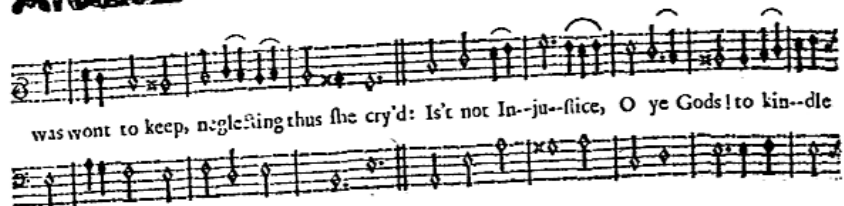
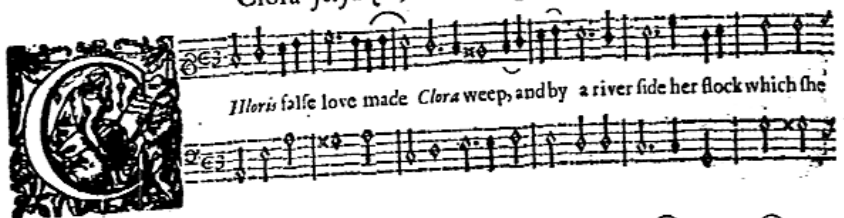
But what assurance can I take,  
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,  
For some more worthy Lovers sake,  
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

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.



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.

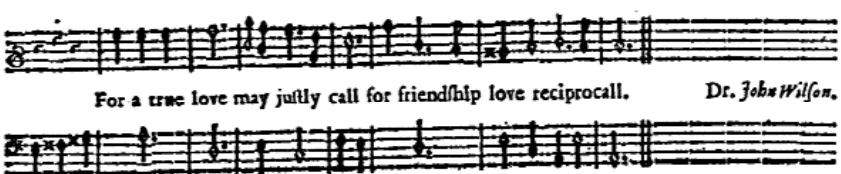
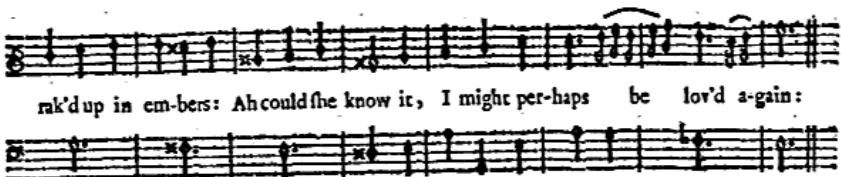
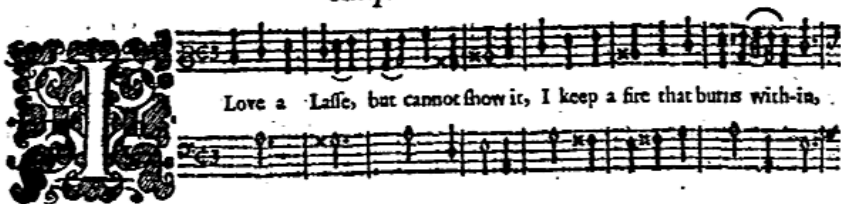
Wherein her bloubar'd face appears,  
Now out alas, said she,  
How do I melt away in tears  
For him that loves not me.

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.



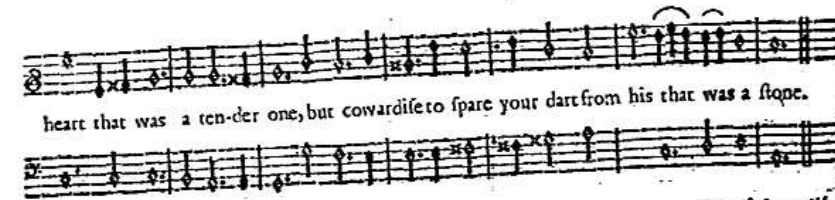
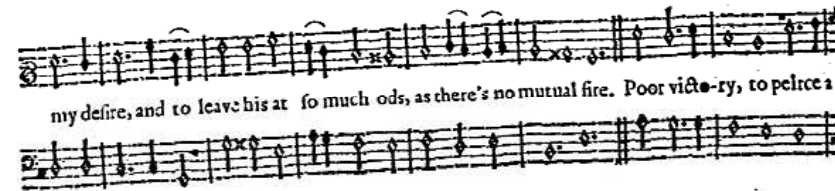
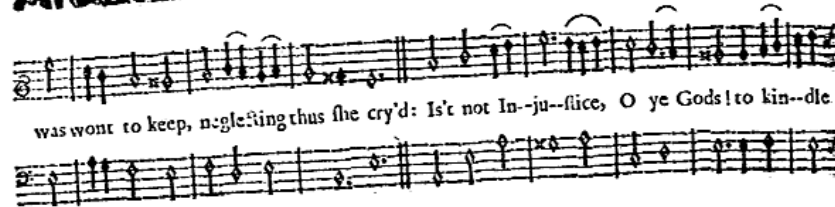
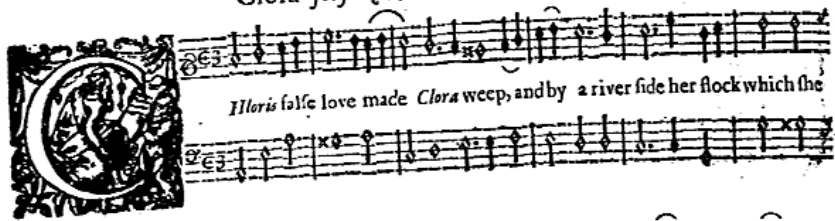
II.

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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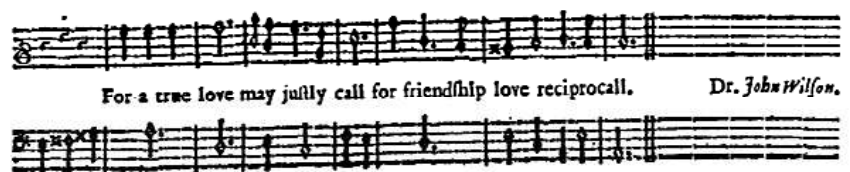
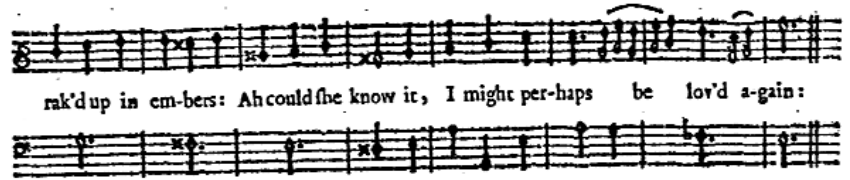
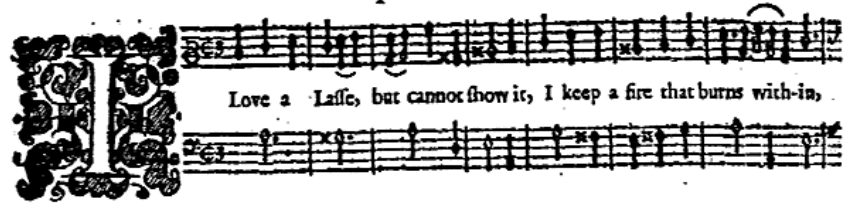
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## Reciprocal Love.



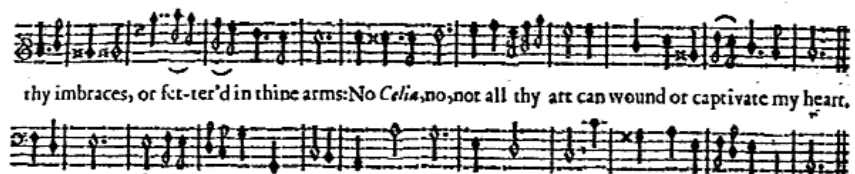
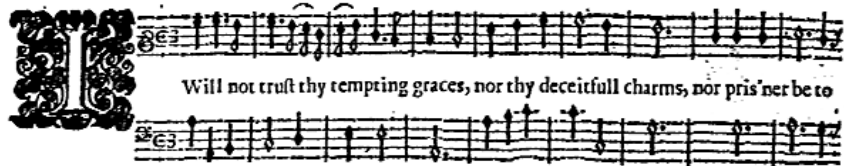
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No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,  
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Go then my Muse, and let this verse  
Bring back my Life, or else my Hearse.

## On Loves deceitful Charmes.



II.

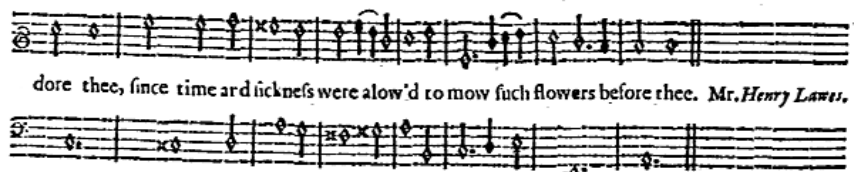
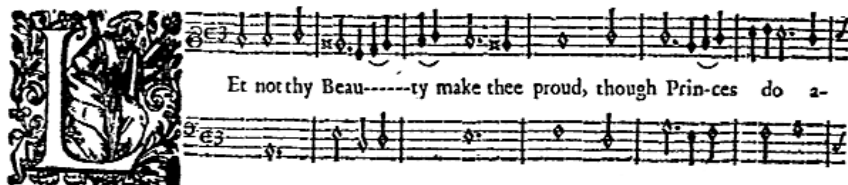
I will not gaze upon thine eyes,  
Nor wanton with thy haire,  
Lest those should burn me by surprize,  
Or these my soul inflame:  
Nor with those smiling dangers play,  
Or fool my liberty away.

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.



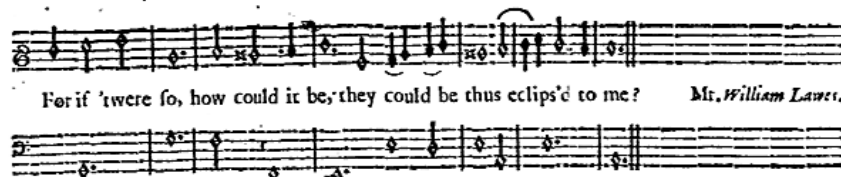
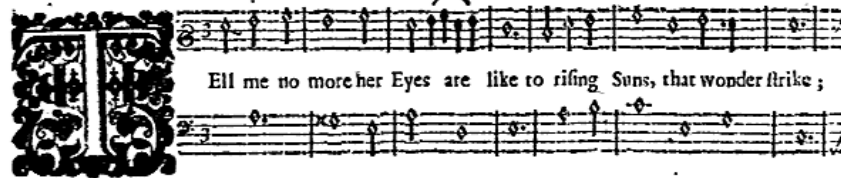
II.

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?

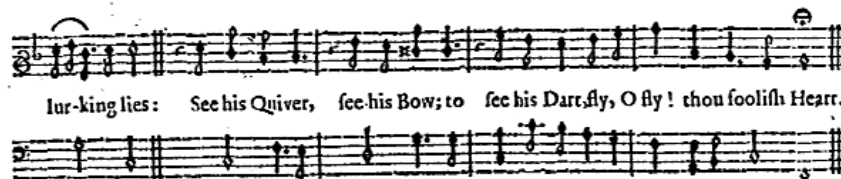
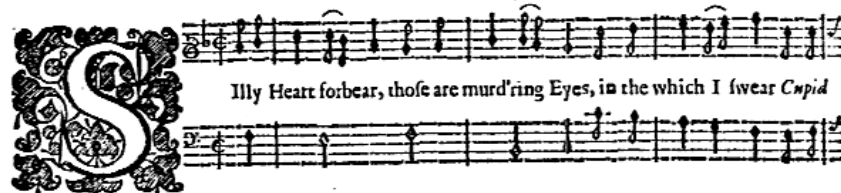
No, say her Eyes Portenders are  
Of ruine, or some blazing starre,  
Else would I feel from that fair fire  
Some heat to cherish my desire.

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.

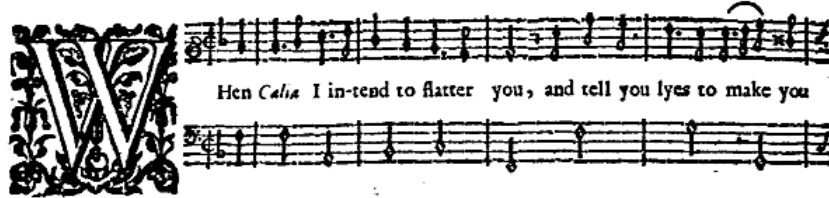


Greedy Eyes, take heed, they are scorching Beams  
Causing Hearts to bleed, & your Eyes spring streams:  
Love lies watching with his Bow bent, and his Dart  
For to wound both Eyes and Heart.

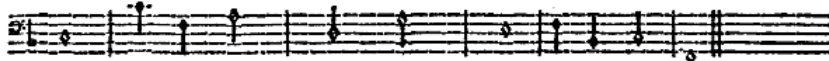
Think and gaze your fill, foolish Heart and Eyes,  
Since you love your ill, and your good despise:  
*Cupid* Shooting, *Cupid* Darting, and his Band  
Mortal powers cannot withstand.



## Loves Flattery.

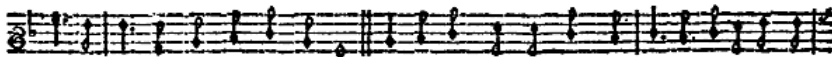
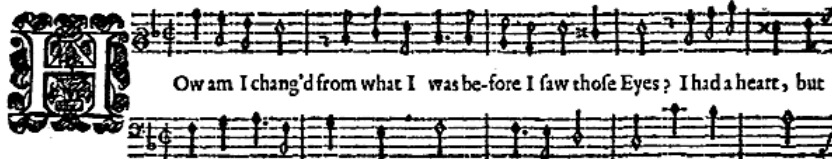


true, I swear there's none so fair, there's none so fair, and you beleave it too. *Dr. Colman.*

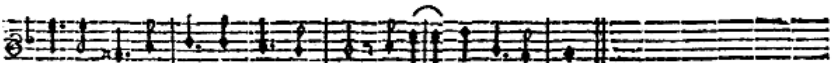


<p>Oft have I matcht you with the Rose, and said No twins so like hath nature made, Only in this, ✕ You prick my hand and fade.</p>	<p>When I praise your skin I quote the wooll That Silk-worms from their Entrailes pull, And show That new fallen snow, ✕ Is not more beautifull.</p>
<p>Oft have I said there 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>

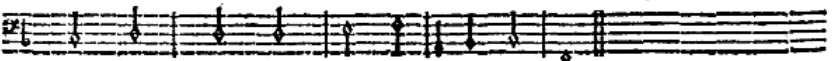
## Loves Theft.



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



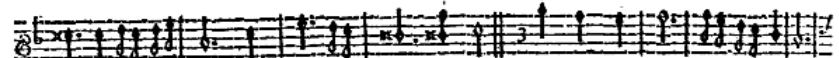
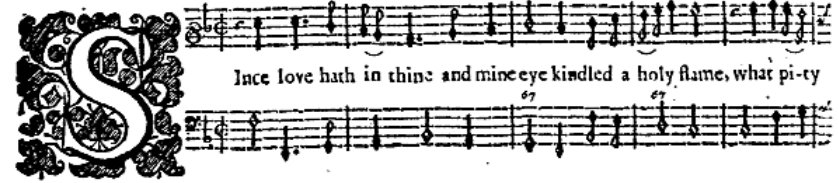
why she stol't or beg, she'd find some way this theft with hers t'supply. *Dr. Colman.*



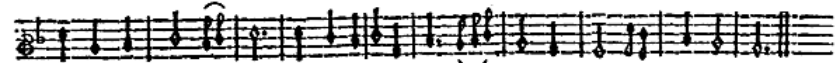
Thus am I left to court my grief,  
For when she's out of sight,  
There can on earth be no relief,  
Or ought that's true delight.

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.

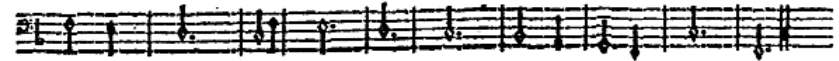
## Power of Love.



'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.

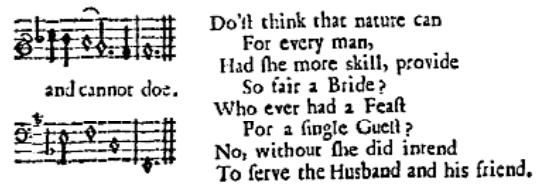
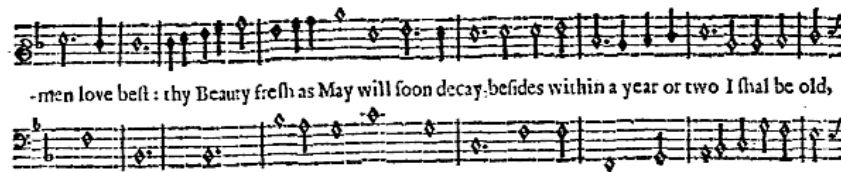
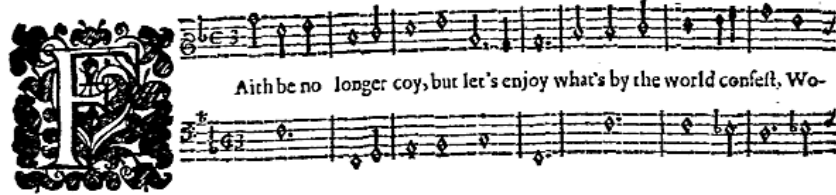
## III.

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.

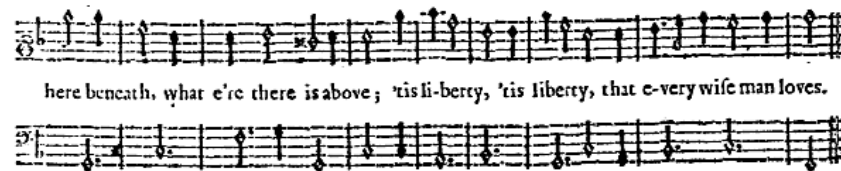
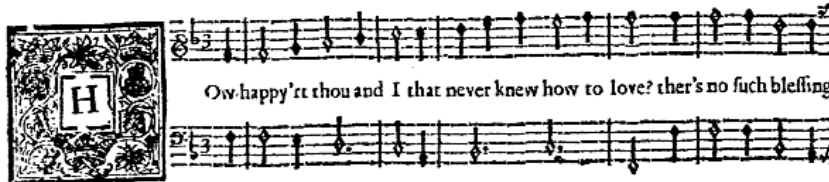
If thou perceive thy flame decay,  
Come light thine Eyes at mine;  
And when I feel mine waste away  
I'll take new fire from thine.

## A Motive to Love.



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.

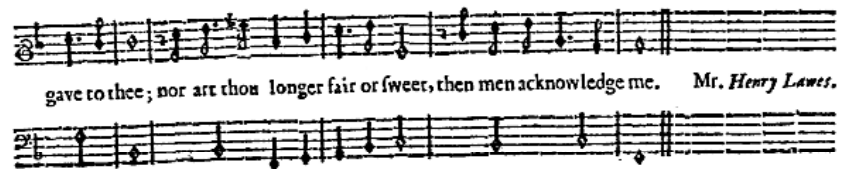
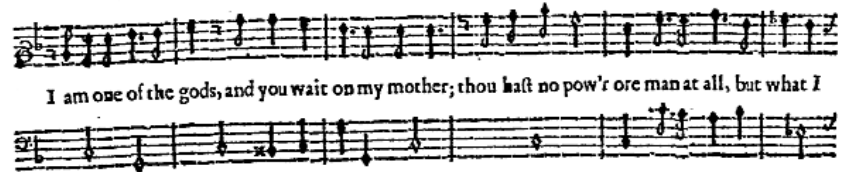
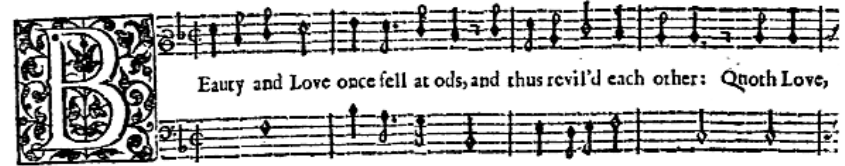
## On Liberty.



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.

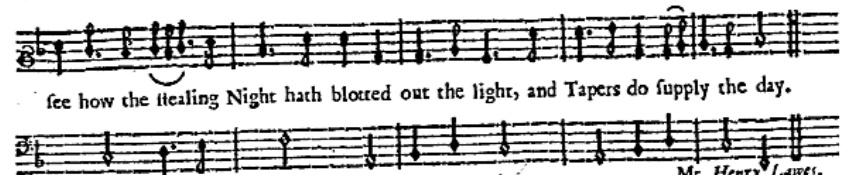
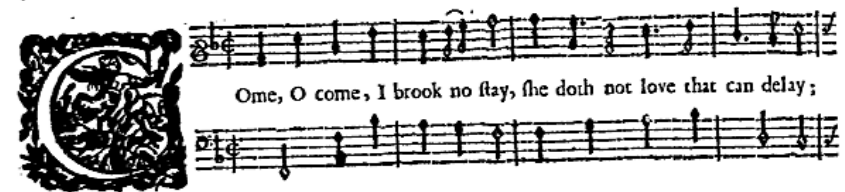
## Beauty and Love at ods.



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.



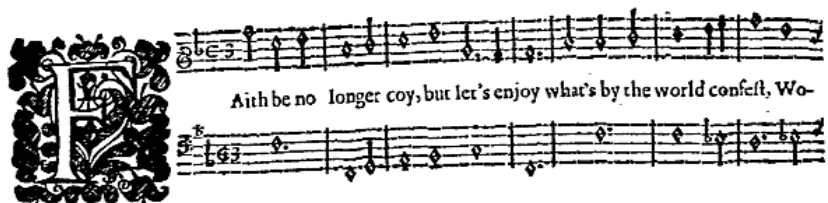
To be Chaste is to be Old,  
And that foolish Girl that's cold  
Is fourscore at fifteen,  
Desires do write us green;  
And looser Flames our Youth unfold.

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.

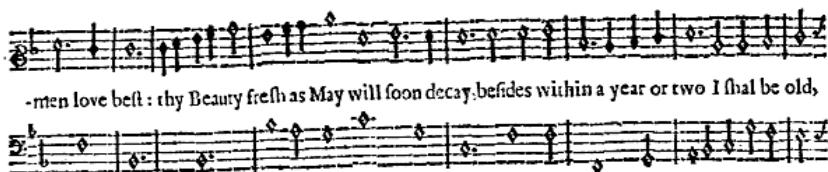
Let us cherish then these powers,  
Whiles we yet may call them ours;  
Then we best spend our Time,  
When no Dull Zealous Chime,  
But sprightfull kisses strike the hour.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

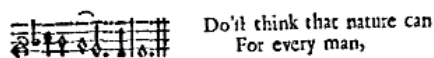
## A Motive to Love.



With 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 shall be old,

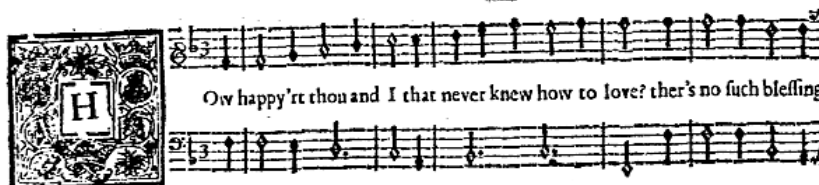


Do't think that nature can  
For every man,

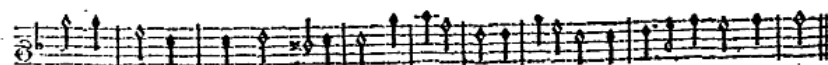
IRREGULAR

PAGINATION

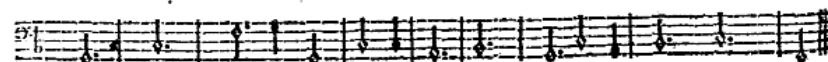
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Sets better price  
On Virgins, and improves  
Their Servants loves;  
But on the riper years  
It ill appears:  
After a while you'll find this true,  
I need provoking more then you,



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



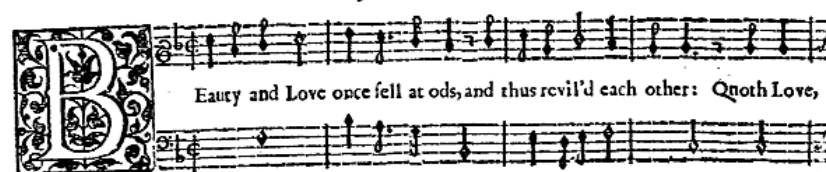
here beneath, what e're there is above; 'tis li-berty, 'tis liberty, that e-very wife man loves.



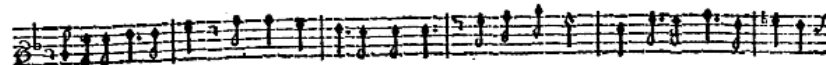
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But I will play my Game so well, I'll never want a prize:  
'tis liberty, 'tis liberty, has made me now thus wife.

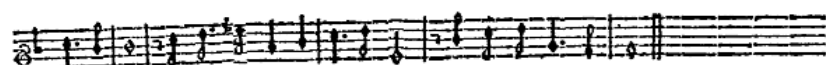
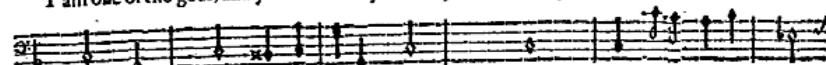
## Beauty and Love at ods.



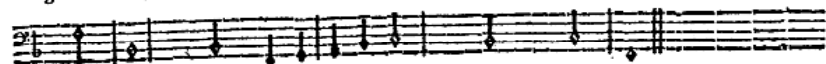
Beauty and Love once fell at ods, and thus revil'd each other: Quoth Love,



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



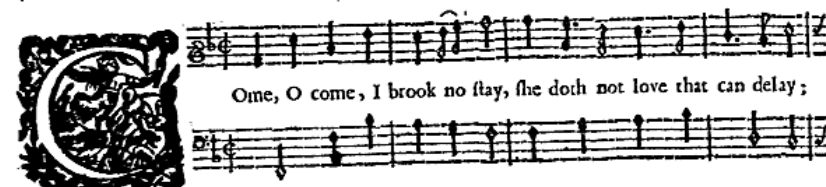
gave to thee; nor art thou longer fair or sweet, then men acknowledge me. Mr. Henry Lawes.



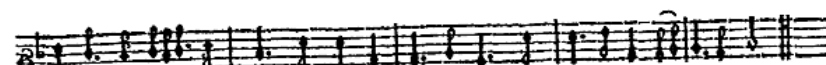
Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,  
We see that thou art blind,  
But men have knowing eyes, and can  
My graces better find:  
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,  
And call'd thee Blind desire;  
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,  
And Wings to kindle fire.

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.

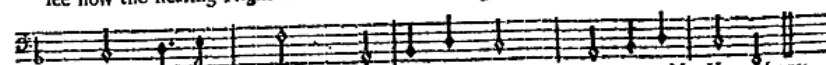
## Love admits no Delay.



Come, 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.

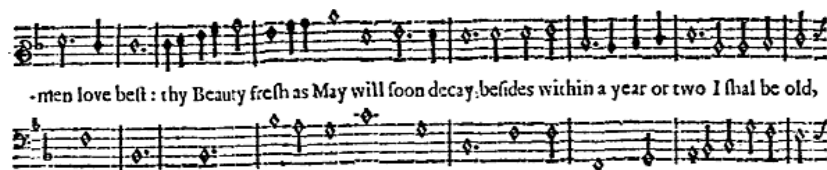
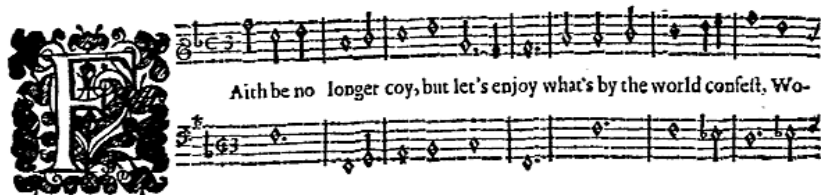


To be Chaste is to be Old,  
And that foolish Girl that's cold  
Is fourscore at fifteen,  
Desires do write us green;  
And looser Flames our Youth unfold.

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

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

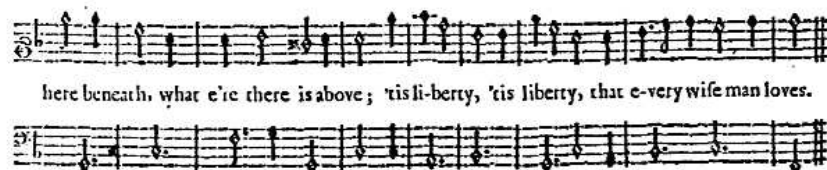
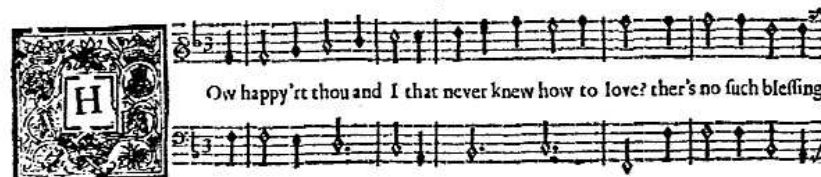
## A Motive to Love.



Do't think that nature can  
For every man,  
Had she more skill, provide  
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'll find this true,  
I need provoking more than you.

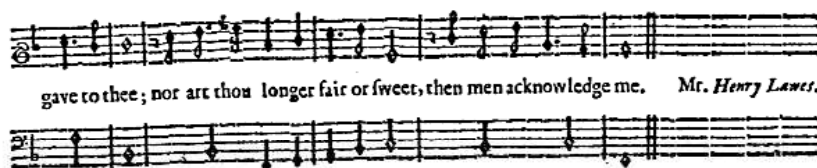
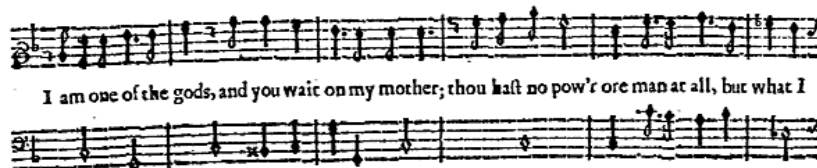
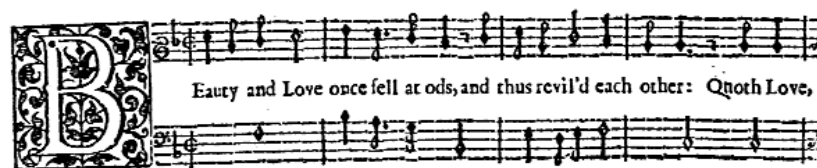
## On Liberty.



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

I'll 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.

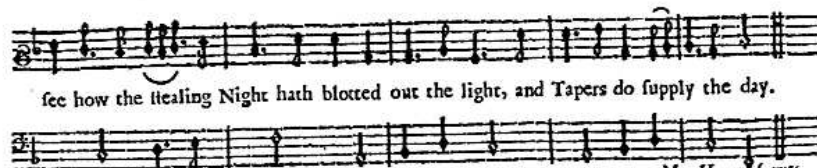
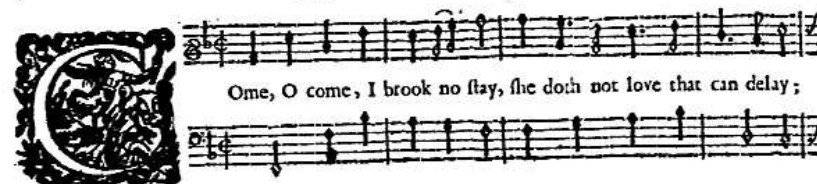
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But sprightfull kisses strike the hours.

## The Anglers Song.

For 2 Voc. Treble and Bass.

**M**Ans 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.

**D**ost 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 serui-tu e scol- tu d'amore la serui-tu:*

*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-ve.*

## 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*

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

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

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

*crezza da mo-re.*

*crezza da mo-re.*

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