

Nymph,

Eyes distill, from our swoln Eyes di - still : our tears our sighs are all in vain. *Can they not*

swoln Eyes distill, from our swoln Eyes di - still : our tears our sighs are all in vain.

*call her back again.*

*Shep.*

No, with the gods, with the gods, with the gods she must remain.

**CHORUS.**

*Chorus.* Cease mourning then, she shines above, she shines a-bove ; 'tis not lamenting, 'tis not la-menting can re-

Cease mourning then, cease mourning then, she shines above, she shines above; 'tis not lamenting, 'tis not lamenting

*Chorus.*

move, can remove, can remove or lessen Grief; but shew our Love, but shew our Love, but shew our Love.

can remove, can re--move, or lessen Grief; but shew our Love, but shew our Love, but shew our Love.

Mr. Simon Ice.

**FINIS.**

S E L E C T

# A Y R E S

AND

## D I A L O G U E S

To Sing to the

### THEORBO-LUTE

OR

### B A S S E - V I O L .

C O M P O S E D

By M<sup>r</sup> HENRY LAWES, late Servant to His Majesty  
in His Publick and Private MUSICK :

*The Third Book.*



L O N D O N,

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

*This is the genuine Book  
Lawses's 3<sup>d</sup> Playford's  
and the 3<sup>d</sup> Playford's  
Printed 1669*



To the Right Honourable

The LORD COLRANE.

MY LORD,



Had some thoughts to forbear in this kind any farther Publication: but though my Reasons were strong enough for my self, they were not able to conquer others; who (for all I could say) expect my Promise to give them yet more of my *Compositions*. I confess I have no fear of being exhausted: but though I am not tired, it became me to doubt I might tire others; whereof since I find there is less danger, I shall thankfully comply with the Publick Desire. And I wish those, who so warmly pretend the Common Benefit, would tread the same path, and not take upon them to mend the World, till they have some Call to it. This my Profession (as well as others) may fairly complain of; for none judge so sowerly on us and our labours, as they who were never born to be *Musicians*: For my own part, I send not these abroad to get a Name; Were that my Designe, I have other *Compositions*, fitter for such as are Masters in our Art, when the Season calls for them. My poor Talent never lay in a Napkin; nor make I any precarious use of this Publication; they were first begotten to gratifie my friends, and are now as freely conferr'd upon Strangers. But were all this otherwise, my chief and main Design would go on, which is a Thirst I have to tell the World how absolute a Votary I am to your *Lordship*. And were I a perfect stranger to your favours, I could do no less, since your excellent Understanding and great affection to this, as well as all other Arts and Sciences, would claim it from mee. Therefore I intended to offer unto your *Lordship* some of your own *Conceptions* tun'd by my *Notes*; as also some others writtea by that rare Gentleman Mr. *Henry Hare*, your *Lordship*'s most hopefull Son, who eminently expresses both your *Lordship* and your Brocher Mr. *Nicholas Hare*, whose Memory is still precious among all ingenious Souls. But those I preserve for a fairer opportunity, and in this Book present you with Others Poetry, especially of Doctor *Hughes*, who was Author of all these Single *Ayres*, and of many others, stoln into the Prefs without my Consent as well as his. Such as they are I humbly bring them before your *Lordship*, as a small but Gratefull Testimony of

(MY LORD)

Your Lordships most humble and

most faithful Servant

HENRY LAVVES.

*Some of these in the 2. volume of this work  
 it has perhaps most name were taken from  
 some of the editions of the Ayres, being the 7. book of 1658*



To his Honoured Friend Mr. HENRY LAWES,

Upon his Annual Book of AYRES.



RAVE LAWES! Thou art Return'd again: the Sun  
And You do thus your Emulous Courses Run.  
And whiles you both in different Orbes appear,  
He onely Makes, but Thou dost Crown the Year.  
That if the Old Philosophy were true,  
What his Spent Fires could not, thy Lyre would doe;  
Make Old Time Vigorous still, confessing more  
Thy Fame'd Lays now, then all his Beams before.

Nature her self should thus thy Learn'd Aid crave,  
From whose Stockt Brain all that we have, we have.  
Whose Yearly Spendings Shew, not wast thy Store,  
Who after Numerous Births can yet give more.  
Still whole, Unspent that when the Year doth cease  
( As Egypt Nile's ) We wait thy Next Encrease.  
Then High, and Rich as He Thou Flow'st: We see  
What all else cannot, and what Thou can'st be.  
And till We pass the Spheres, must still attend,  
To know what Height Musick hath yet t' ascend.

For Thou Grass'st all; We the rude Matter give,  
Thou into Verse breath'st Soul, and bid'st it Live.  
Endu'st it with that Plastick Pow'r to Spring  
What Thou would'st have it, This, That, any Thing.  
Dost in thy Mould our Wit new Shape, and Cast,  
Giv'st it New Salt, the Haut Gou'st, and Rich Tast.  
It Lives with us, doth Flourish in thy Ayre,  
Born from our Brains, but Educated there.  
Things that from us flat and inspid flow,  
Voic'd once by Thee, straight into Raptures grow.  
When from her Mint Invention Fancy brings,  
Thy composition a New Fancy Springs.  
Thus whiles all comes Exact, Watch'd, Humour'd, Hit,  
Thy Ayre's Ingenuous, and makes Musick Wit.

Nor dost Thou, Narrow, only dwell among  
The East Rhimes of thine own Time, and Tongue:  
Thy Reaching, Vem'ring Soul doth Wit pursue

Setting of  
anacreon's  
odes.

Thorough all Languages, and all times too;  
That which some Twenty Ages since first grew,  
Thou Retriv'st now, and we admire as New.  
Compar'st and tri'st how th' Ancients Pipes will sound,  
Mak'st Old wit stronger by the New Rebound:  
Who are, and who as: not, Obliged bee,  
Poet, and Poetry is self to thee.

What She suggests comes a mishapen Birth,  
Till Thou step'st in, and thence strik'st Musick forth.

Admired LAWES! thy Happy Ayres have knit  
Eternall Leagues 'twixt Harmony and wit:

Which

Which none but those thy Richer Robes will know,  
When she keeps State, or would in Triumph go:  
We drink in Thousand Pleasures from One Song,  
Which Charms us all, the Learned and the Throng.  
We are Transported, Lost! thy Notes betray,  
Drop on the Sense, and melt us quite away.  
And when we're Extasy'd, Expiring, then  
Thy Next Note Woos, and calls us back agen.  
At once Thou Steal'st, and can'st invade us too,  
Straight Rouze those pow'rs which were all Lodg'd but now.  
Thou like some Mighty Monarch dost controul,  
Dispencc, Rule, Work, and Reign o're all the Soul.  
Thou shoot'st New Beings: For we are no more,  
When we hear Thee, that which we were before.  
But as that Begger who in's Raving Fits,  
Got Crowns and Scepters when he lost his Wits;  
Cur'd, and him'self again, Griev'd straight to pass  
Into that poor, shrank Nothing that he was:  
So when thy Strains Feast our low Fancies high,  
We Trample Earth, and Mouning, Knock the Sky.  
But when They cease, All Moun that we have lost  
Those Tow'ring Thoughts our then Rapt Souls engross'd.  
Thou, like a Generall Influence, Sway'st in All,  
Dost Touch the Mind, and her glad Motions call.  
Whiles We our Constant Aclamations bring  
To the still New Choice Graces that You Sing.

Thus dost Thou Govern all ( Harmonious Soul! )  
And through the Great whole Orbe of Musick Rowl.  
Break'st from thy Belf, Scatt'ring Day every where,  
Not leaving one Dark Part in all the Sphere.  
All Native, Genuine, and Unborrow'd streams,  
The Sun and LAWES know not to owe their Beams:  
Who on the Wings Thou Imp'st Verse with, hast Spread  
Thy Fame far as the Roman Eagle fled.  
Those Judging Few who can Compare, admire,  
And find Thine Match the best Italian Lyre;  
Thou still Stand'st High; thy Rules so True, Severe!  
All by thy Card, Thou by thine Own dost Steere.  
Like the First Mover, Uncontrol'd dost Move,  
( He which makes peace, Turnes, and Tunnes all Above. )  
Even, and Just as he: whiles all doth shew  
What Harmony, that is, what LAWES can do.

And such! so Full! so Mighty is thy Vein,  
Thou hast scarce Thought when all flows from thy Brain.  
As Things first met in the Creation, All  
Dost of it self straight into Concord fall;  
Which issuing free as Springing Light from th' Morn,  
Shews Thee Musician, like the Poet Born.  
You Two do Wing it still in Noble Flights,  
Strive, Stretch, Mount, Soar, Match, and vie Heights with Heights:  
And we the while Admiring, doudyfall stand,  
Which shall at last the Bravest Place command.

With

With Words and Ayres our Ears are doubly fed,  
 What e're thou set'st is at once Sung and led.  
 Thou dost still Apt, Complying Notes dispense,  
 True to the Words, but truer to the sense.  
 The Tunes Rehearse: no Crowd of Graces throng,  
 And fustle all the Words out of the Song.  
 But are so scatter'd here, and there, so sowne,  
 It hath them all, and yet is vex'd with None.  
 Thy Jewels with such Art are plac'd and worne,  
 That they ne'r Cloud the part they should adorne.  
 Thus doth thy Equall Skill not more delight,  
 To do thy Self, then do the Poet Right.  
 Thou Maim'st not him to come forth Conquerour, Thine,  
 Steales none o'th Bullion when it adds the Coin.  
 No tedious, long, deviding tricks betray  
 His sense, and vapour all his Words away.  
 Yet when a Word comes fit e' Espouze a Grace,  
 Thou marri'st both, and know'st the Rises, and place.  
 Then Fancy humour'd shews the guilded Beam,  
 That Glitt'ring Plays, and Quavers on the stream.  
 Both Close, and Kind as Life and Spirit sit,  
 Thy Ayres still Quicken, never stifle Wit.  
 And as One Dram of Gold can ne'r be lost,  
 Though in a Thousand Fires Try'd, Vex'd, and Forc'd,  
 Dissolv'd, mix'd with all Elements, we see,  
 Expand'd to Infinite, what was will Bee.  
 So with the same Entireness Numbers do,  
 From all thy Artfull Compositions flow.  
 Which though through all thy Flats and Sharps express'd  
 In thy Rich Notes, and various humours dress'd.  
 Are still the same: if any Change appear,  
 Stamp'd now by Thee, they'r better than they were.  
 Where Words, Sense, Tunes Embrace, so Kisse, Twist Hit,  
 Thy whole Age hath not lost One Grain of Wit.  
 Go on Great Master of thy Art! Strike dumb,  
 And with thy Tones Calm the Tempestuous Drum.  
 Tune, Recollect, Please, and reform us; Thine,  
 Come at once Musick too, and Discipline.  
 Let thy soft Notes invite us, slide, and Steal,  
 Rock this Frow'd Age, and with their Balsam Heal.  
 Shew all the Miracles thy voice can do,  
 Our Orpheus and our Esculapius too.  
 And when these Revolutions make thy Shine  
 Compleat, and Thou hast weave thy great Designe:  
 Hast'd all our Noise, spread Calms made all serene,  
 And with thy Ayres at last shut up the Scene:  
 All Done, Thou shalt (though late, we hope) Remove,  
 And change thy Musick here for that Above.  
 Where thou shalt here how Saints their Anthems sing,  
 And shalt thy Self another Anthem bring.  
 Thou who did'st Tune the World, whiles Thou wert here,  
 Shall take an Angels place, and Tune a Sphere.

HORATIO MOORE.

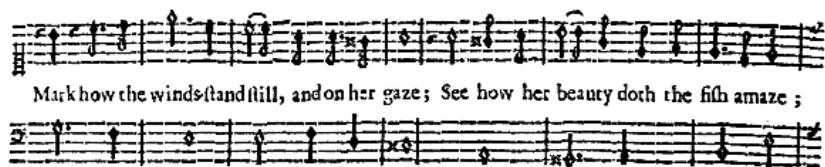
[1]

Amintor.

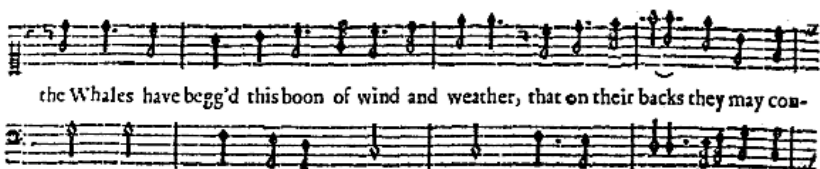
Chloris landing at Berlington.

See, see! my Chloris, my Chloris comes in yonder Bark: Blow gently  
 winds, for if ye sink that Ark, you'll drown the world with tears, and at one breath, give to us  
 all a universal death: Hark, hark how Arion on a Dolphin playes, to my sweet Sheepherdes his  
 roundelays: See how the Sirens flock to wait upon her, as Queen of Love, and they her  
 Maids of honor. Behold, Great Neptune's rifen from the deep with all his Tritons, and be-  
 gins to sweep the rugged waves into a smoother form, not leaving one small wrinkle of a storm:

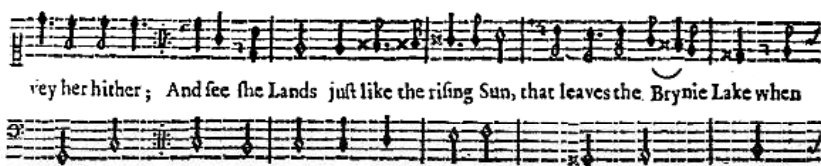
B



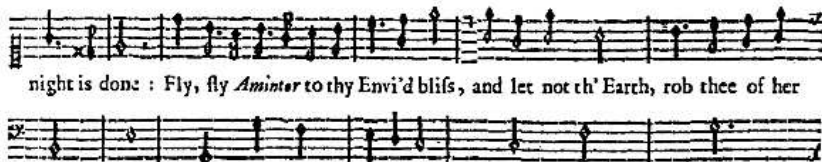
Mark how the winds stand still, and on her gaze; See how her beauty doth the fish amaze;



the Whales have begg'd this boon of wind and weather, that on their backs they may con-



vey her hither; And see the Lands just like the rising Sun, that leaves the Brynie Lake when



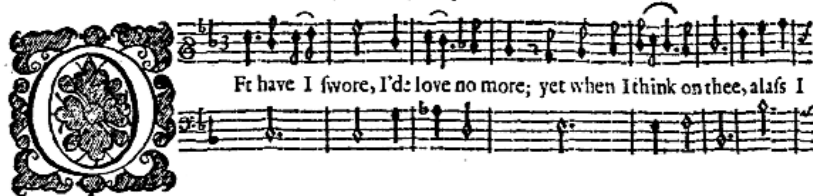
night is done: Fly, fly *Aminor* to thy Envi'd blifs, and let not th' Earth, rob thee of her



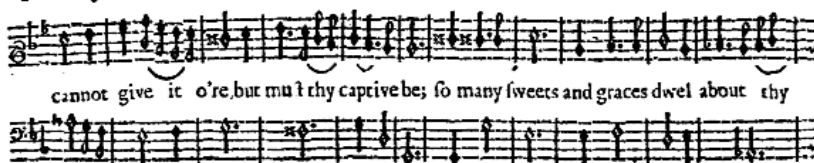
greeting kifs.



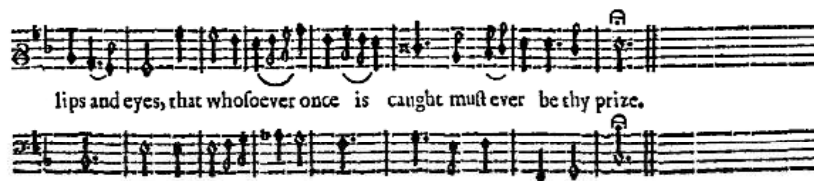
*Constancy protested.*



For have I swore, I'd love no more; yet when I think on thee, alas I



cannot give it o're, but must thy captive be; so many sweets and graces dwell about thy



lips and eyes, that whosoever once is caught must ever be thy prize.

(2)

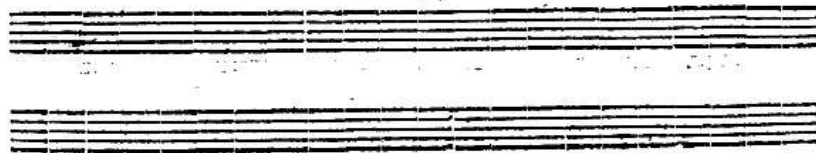
Sure thou hast got some cunning net  
Made by the god of Fire,  
That doth not only catch mens hearts -  
But fixeth their desire.

For I have laboured to get loose  
Some dozen years and more,  
And when I think to be releas'd  
I'me faster than before.

(3)

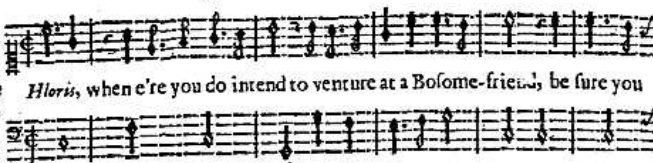
Then welcome sweet captivity,  
I see there's no relief,  
Yet though she steal my liberty,  
I'll honor still the thief.

And when I cannot hope to see  
Thee Mistress of my pain,  
My comfort is that I do love  
Where I am lov'd again.

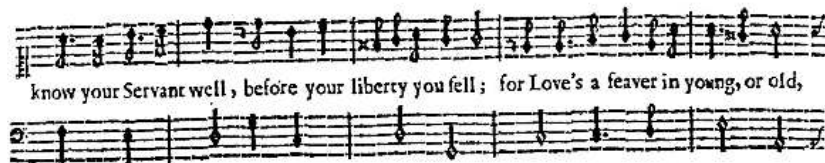


[4]

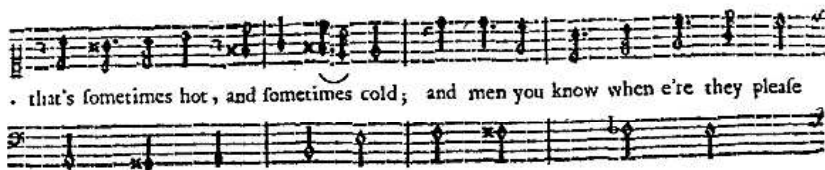
## Counsel to a Maid.



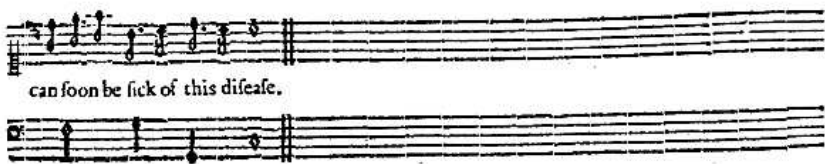
*Horis*, when e're you do intend to venture at a Bosome-friend, be sure you



know your Servant well, before your liberty you sell; for Love's a fever in young, or old,



that's sometimes hot, and sometimes cold; and men you know when e're they please



can soon be sick of this disease.

(2)

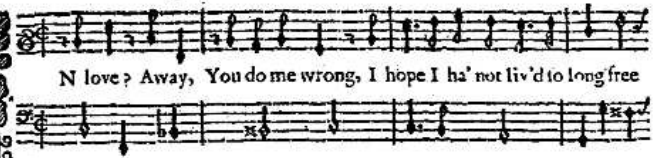
Then wisely chuse a Friend that may  
Last for an age, not for a day;  
Who loves thee not for Lip or Eye,  
But from a mutual Sympathie :

To such a Friend this heart ingage,  
For he will court thee in old age,  
And kifs thy shallow, wrinkl'd brow  
With as much joy as he doth now.

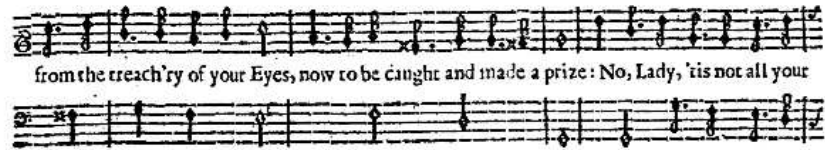


[5]

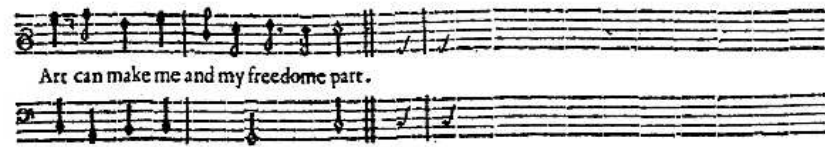
## Love despis'd.



N love? Away, You do me wrong, I hope I ha' not liv'd so long free



from the treach'ry of your Eyes, now to be caught and made a prize: No, Lady, 'tis not all your



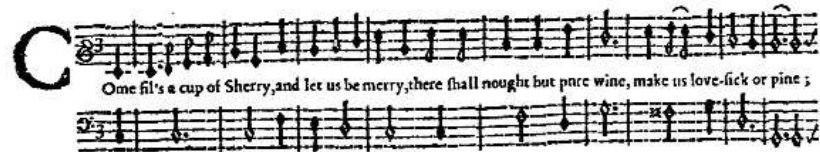
Art can make me and my freedom part.

II.

In Love! 'tis true, with Spanish wine,  
Or the French juice Incarnadine,  
But truly not with your sweet face,  
This dimple, or that hidden grace;  
There's far more sweetnesse in pure wine,  
Then in those lips or eyes of thine.

III.

Your god you say can shoot so right  
Hee'l wound a heart i'th darkeit night;  
Pray let him throw away a dart,  
And try if he can hit my heart:  
No *Cupid*, if I shall be thine,  
Turn *Ganimed*, and fill us wine.



One fill's a cup of Sherry, and let us be merry, there shall nought but pure wine, make us love-sick or pine;



wee'l hug the cup and kifs it, wee'l sigh when e're we miss it, for 'tis that that makes us jolly, and sing Hy trolly lolly.

C

*Hopelesse love cur'd by derision.*

**V** hat wilt thou pine, or fall away, because thy *Daphne* says thee may? Wilt

cross thine arms, or willow wear, because that Shee is so severe? Eye Shepherd,

Eye, this must not bee, thy *Daphne* then will laugh at thee.

(2)

No, if She needs will be unkind,  
On somewhat else divert thy mind:  
Go sport with wanton *Amarillis*,  
And dance with lovely nut-brown *Phillis*:  
For Love's a shadow will deny  
To follow thee, until thou fly.

(3)

Then *Choridon*, do not despair  
For *Daphne*, whom we all know fair;  
Let no proud Beauty on our Plains  
Destroy thy youth with her disdain:  
But if thou find her scorning thee,  
Think thus, She was not born for mee.

*A young Maids Resolution.*

**G** Oe young man, let my heart alone, 'twil be a pris'ner unto none; nor

will I *Cupid's* shackles wear, since Lovers laws are so severe: Love is my slave, while I de-

spise; but once content, hee'l ty-ran-nise.

II.

'Tis onely Beauty you admire,  
And that's the object of Desire,  
Which by degrees burns to a flame,  
And hence Love first receiv'd its name.  
Then young man give me leave to doubt  
Since Love's a fire, and fires will out.

*Cupid no god.*

**P**rethee Love take heed or else I shall blaspheme, and swear that thy

great deity is nothing but a dream.

II.

How canst thou be a god,  
When subtle womens hearts  
Are grown so wise  
To blind thine eyes  
And rob thee of thy darts.

III.

See where a Lady stands  
With Quivers in her Eyes,  
And swears that shee  
Hath conquer'd thee,  
And sold thee for a prize.

IV.

If thou be Womens prize,  
Alas, then what are wee  
Who borrow light  
From thy blind sight,  
And know not what we see.

## Inconstancy return'd.

**D**id I once say that thou wert fair, and swear thy breath perfum'd the air ?

Did I commit I-do-la-try, and court thee as a deity ? Ah *Celia* ! sure then I was blind, or

else it was when thou wert kind.

I I.  
Did I once beg a wanton kiss,  
And thought there was no higher bliss ?  
Did I all other objects flye  
To live i'th sun-shine of thine eye ?  
'Tis true I did, but *Celia* then  
Return'd as much to me agen.

I II.  
Now *Celia*'s chang'd and so am'I,  
Love feeds upon variety,  
My constant thoughts could never find  
The pleasures of a Fickle mind,  
Till thy example did invite  
My appetite to new delight.

## His Rivals danger.

**A**ke heed bold Lover, do not look upon my *Chloris* Eyes, for every

dart is tipp'd with death that from her glances flies.

I I.  
Nor do not think to save thy self  
From danger, or from harmes,  
By any virtue in her smiles,  
Or other secret charmes.

I II.  
Love hath commnded her to cure  
No other heart but mine,  
There is no hope that Shee can be  
So mercifull to thine.

I V.  
For though her Eyes be Murderers,  
She hath reserv'd for me,  
A Balsam in her Coral lips  
That gives Eternitie.

## To his Platonic Mistris.

**B**eauty once blatted with the frost of Age or Sicknefs, is quite lost :

he who loves that, and on it can, dore till he be no longer Man, hath neither Intellect or Eyes

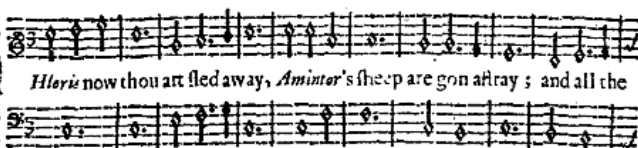
to judge where womans beauty lies : No, let him court your better part, your virtues and

your loyal heart.

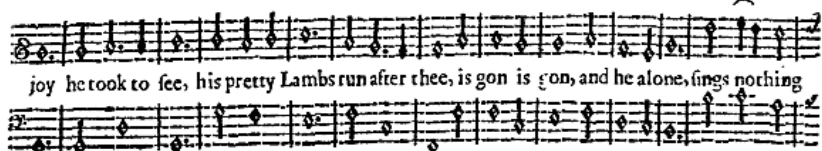
I I.  
If nought but beauty in you be,  
Your Picture seems as fair to me ;  
He that admires your red and white,  
Is Traytor to his own delight ;  
And with those shadows growes so blind  
He never can your sweetnesse find.  
Then let me court your better part,  
Your vertues, and your loyall heart.

I II.  
Yet do I never hope to see  
Goodnesse lodg'd in desermite ;  
Though devils oft take shapcs divine,  
Angels take none but such as thine ;  
This made me make my choice of thee  
The emblem of divinitie ;  
That I might court your better part,  
Your vertues, and your loyall heart.

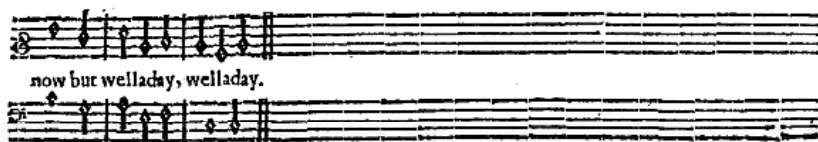


*Amintors welladay.*

*Chloris* now thou art fled away, *Amintors* sheep are gon astray ; and all the



joy he took to see, his pretty Lambs run after thee, is gon is gon, and he alone, sings nothing



now but welladay, welladay.

## II.

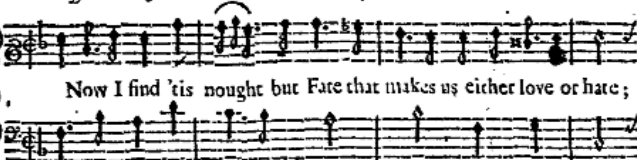
His Oaten pipe that in thy praise  
Was wont to play such roundelays,  
Is thrown away, and not a swain  
Dares pipe, or sing, within his plain;  
'Tis death for any now to say  
One word to him but welladay.

## II.

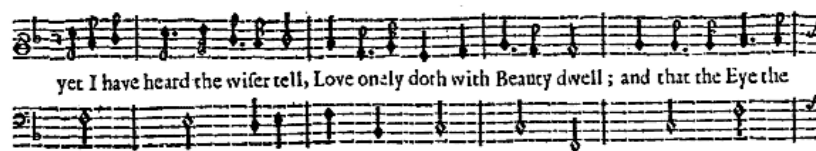
The Maypole where thy little feet  
So roundly did in measures meet,  
Is broken down, and no content  
Comes near *Amintors* since you went.  
All that I ever heard him say  
Was *Chloris, Chloris*, welladay.

## IV.

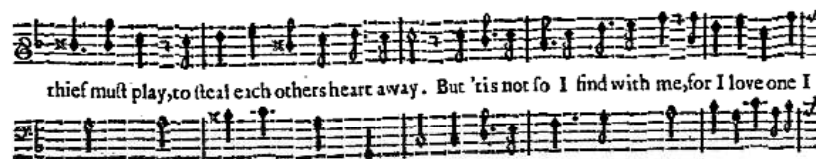
Upon those Banks you us'd to tread  
He ever since hath laid his head,  
And whisper'd there such pining woe,  
As not a blade of grafs will grow ;  
O *Chloris ! Chloris !* come away,  
And hear *Amintors*'s welladay.

*Affection for a Lady he never saw.*

Now I find 'tis nought but Fate that makes us eicher love or hate ;



yet I have heard the wifer tell, Love onely doth with Beauty dwell ; and that the Eye the



thief must play, to steal each others heart away. But 'tis not so I find with me, for I love one I



ne're did see.

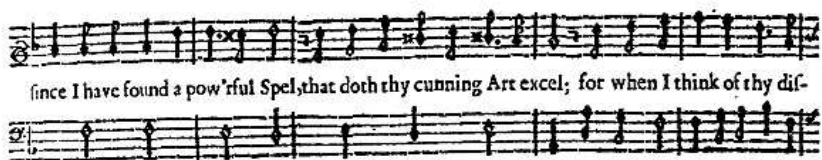
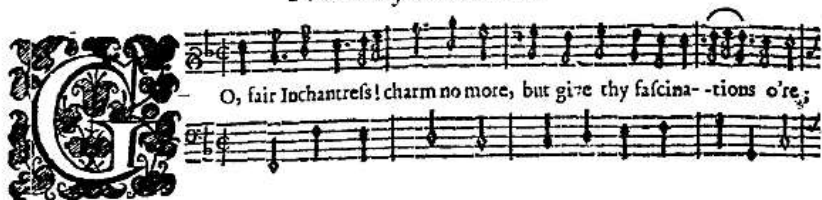
## II.

There's a Divinity in Love,  
That doth inspire us from above ;  
Which needs no tutoring from the eyes,  
To make our hearts to Sympathize.  
Such Noble and Platonick fires,  
Will know no Object for desires :  
But Love's the good that dwells with thee,  
Although thy self they ne're did see.

## III.

Thy soul, not this, or t'other part,  
Hath sent her Cupids to my heart ;  
And there like little Angels tell,  
What hidden vertues in thee dwell,  
Prompting my reason to suppose  
Thy Shape's Angelicall like those ;  
Which I shall pray I ne're may see,  
Lest I should more distracted be.

## Freedom from Charms.



## II.

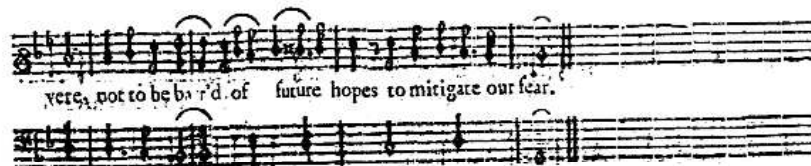
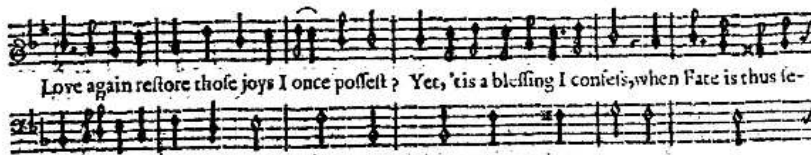
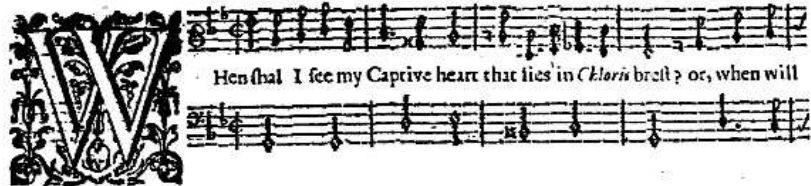
When I was young and unbetray'd,  
 All then was Oracle you said;  
 So innocent I was of guile,  
 I thought love dwelt in every smile:  
 But now that cloud of youth is spent,  
 I find you'r all but complement.

## III.

I'll love no more, I'll learn to hate,  
 I'll study to equivocate,  
 And all my pleasures now shall be  
 To cozen those would cozen me;  
 For Loves best musick runs ( I find )  
 On fickle changes of the mind.



## Future Hope.



## II.

The Tyrant Love would be depos'd,  
 And from this Empire thrown,  
 Were not his subjects fool'd with hope  
 That mercy would be shown.  
 Then Captive heart contented lye,  
 And banish all despair,  
 Since there is hope that she may be  
 As kind as she is faire.



*On a Black Ribbon.*

**B**lack as thy lovely Eyes and Hair, this Ribbon for thy sake I wear, to

rye rebellious passions in, lest they on other objects sin; thus I Love's pris'ner am, and

may expect my sentence ev'ry day; my heart fore-tells me now that I am doom'd a slave to

constancy.

## II.

How easie 'tis for to confine  
 An am'rous and a willing minde!  
 Soft Silk from your fair hands I feel  
 Binds faster far than chains of Steel:  
 O let me still thy Bond-man be!  
 I'll never sue for libertie;  
 Let others boast that freedom have,  
 'Tis my content to be thy slave.

*A Resolution to love no more.*

**L**et me alone, I'll love no more, nor will I that fond God adore;

all your perfections cannot move one am'rous thought in me to love: yet I'm not old,

nor yet dis-eas'd, but onely with your Sex displeas'd; nor that I e're was scorn'd by any,

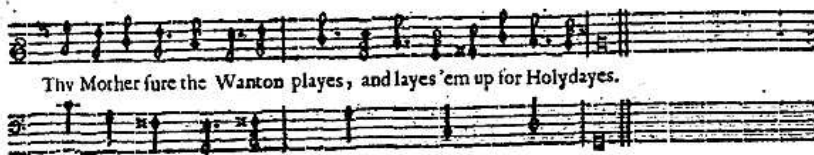
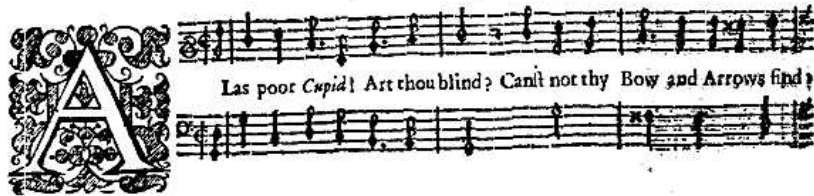
but because you can love too many.

## II.

Alas, where lies that great delight  
 Men fancy in your rea and white?  
 The common Lilly and the Rose  
 Are far more beautifull then those;  
 And many objects in the Skies  
 Outshine the lustre of your Eyes,  
 Though Poets please sometimes to say  
 Your Eyes are brighter than the Day.

What wonder is there then in thee, when thou hast lost thy constancy?

## Cupid's Artillery.

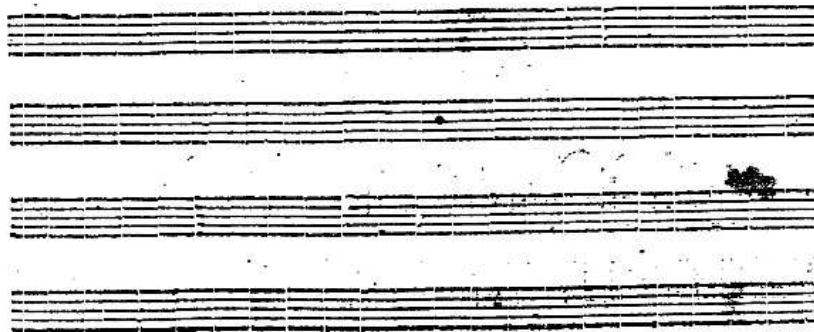
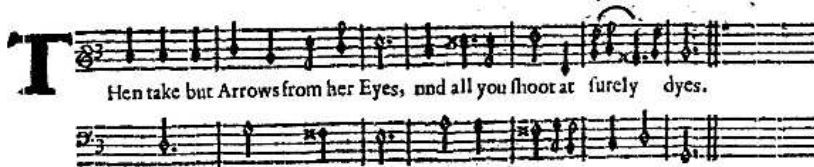


## II.

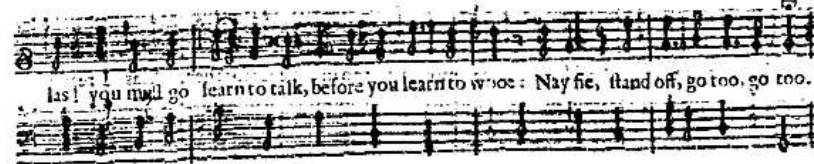
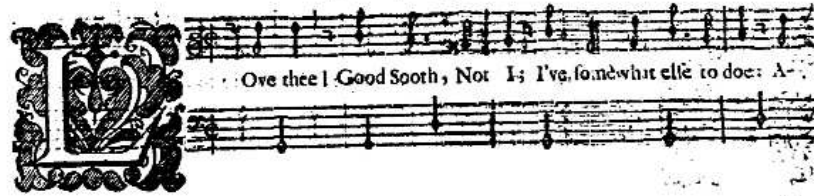
Then *Cupid* mark how kind I'll be,  
Because thou once wert so to me;  
I'll arm thee with such powerful darts,  
Shall make thee once more god of hearts.

## III.

My *Chloris* Armes shall be thy bow,  
Which none but Love can bend you know;  
Her precious Haires shall make the String,  
Which of themselves wound every thing.



## A Lady to a young Courtier.



## II.

Because you'r in the fashion;  
And newly come to Court;  
D'ye think your Clothes are Orators  
I'll invite us to the Sport?  
Ha ha, who will not jeer thee for't!

## III.

Ne'r look so sweetly Youth;  
Nor fiddle with your Band,  
We know you trimme your borrow'd Carles  
To shew your pretty Hind;  
But 'tis too young for'to command.

## IV.

Go practise how to jeer,  
And think each word a Jest,  
That's the Court wit: Alas! you'r out  
To think when finely drest,  
You please me or the Ladies best.

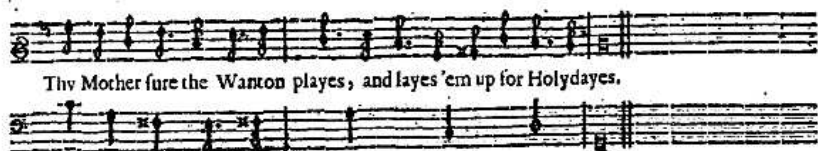
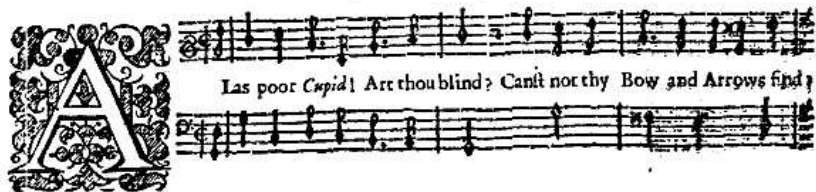
## V.

And why so confident!  
Because that lately we  
Have brought another lofty word  
Unto our pedigree?  
Your inside seems the worse to me.

## VI.

Mark how Sir *Whacham* fools;  
I marry there's a Wit  
Who cares not what he sayes or sweares  
Sir Ladies laugh at it;  
Who can deny such blades a li?

## Cupids Artillery.

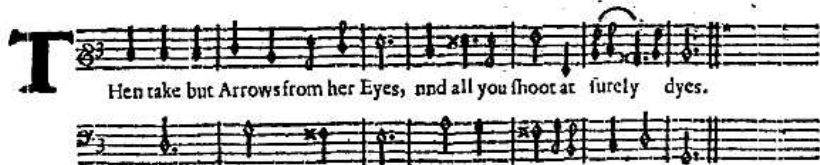


## II.

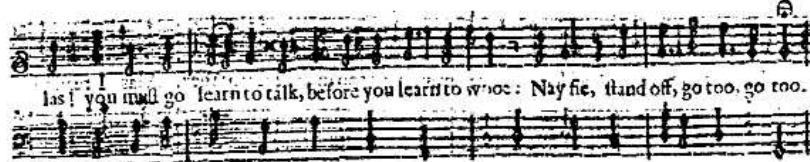
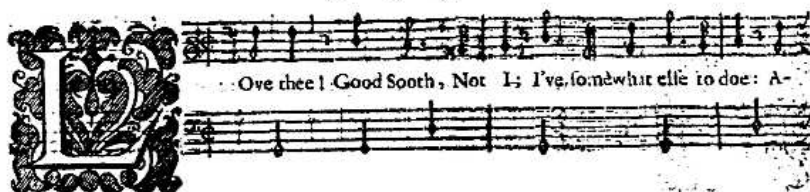
Then Cupid mark how kind I'le be,  
Because thou once wert so to me;  
I'le arm thee with such powerful darts,  
Shall make thee once more god of hearts.

## III.

My Chloris Armes shall be thy bow,  
Which none but Love can bend you know;  
Her precious Haires shall make the String,  
Which of themselves wound every thing.



## A Lady to a young Courtier.



## II.

Because you'r in the fashion,  
And newly come to Court;  
D'ye think your Clothes are Orators  
T'invite us to the Sport?  
Ha ha, who will not jeer thee for't!

## III.

Ne'r look so sweetly Youth,  
Nor fiddle with your Band,  
We know you trimme your borrow'd Curles  
To shew your pretty Hand;  
But 'tis too young for'to command.

## IV.

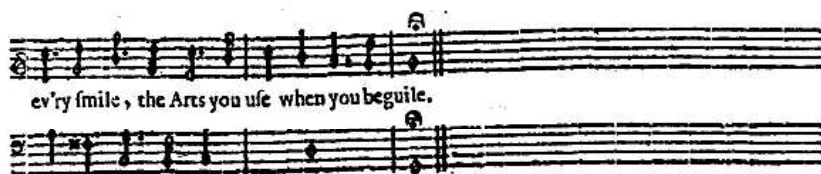
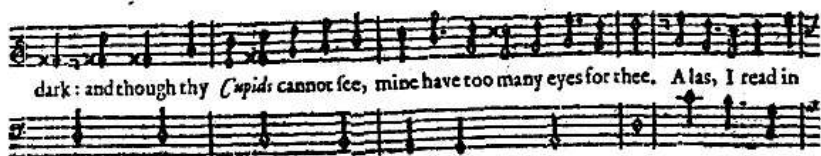
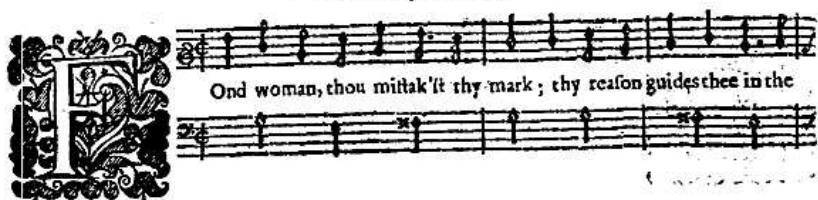
Go practise how to jeer,  
And think each word a Jest,  
That's the Court wit: Alas! you'r out  
To think when finely drest,  
You please me or the Ladies best.

## V.

And why so confident!  
Because that lately we  
Have brought another lofty word  
Unto our pedegree?  
Your inside seems the worse to me.

## VI.

Mark how Sir Whacham fools;  
I marry there's a Wit  
Who cares not what he says or swears  
So Ladies laugh at it:  
Who can deny such blades a ti:?

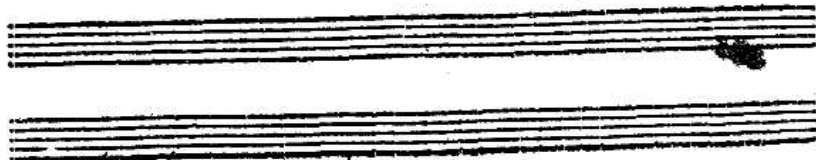
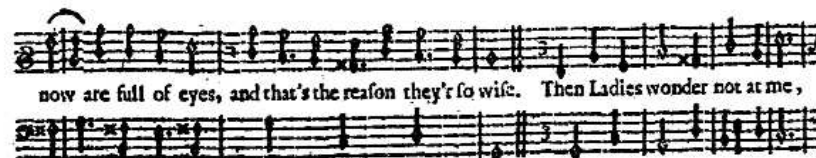
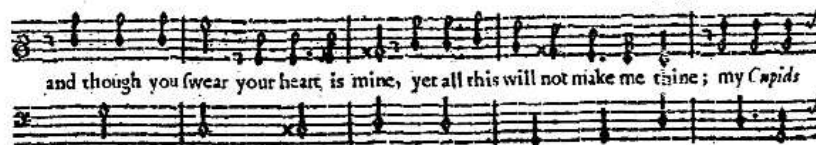
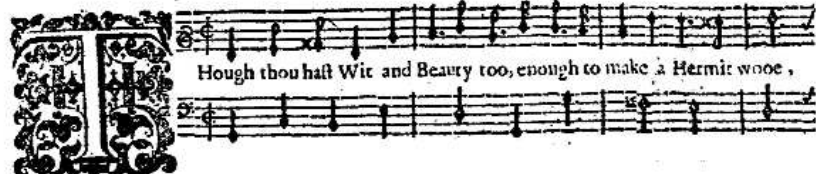
*Falsbood discovered.*

## II.

What though you swear to me, you love  
 With passions equal to the Dove;  
 And that your flames are blown no higher  
 Than to the Sphere of chaste desire?  
 Forgive me if I needs must say  
 This is the common womans way.

## III.

Your Eyes like Suns I know can be  
 As warm to any as to me,  
 And yet you blush not oft to say  
 You love but the Platonick way;  
 Love how you will, and when you please,  
 My heart shall sleep and take it's ease.

*Liberty.*

## II.

'Tis time to call my passions in,  
 That have so long in darkness bin;  
 For now I see you only play  
 To win a heart and so away;  
 She that can number all her stores  
 Of servants, now is very poor:  
 Then Ladies wonder not, &c.

## III.

Spring-garden is the Market-place  
 Where men are brought up for a face;  
 Some with their hands, some with their eyes,  
 Catch any new thing for a prize;  
 That Lady now grows poor and pines,  
 Who wants her slaves to dig her mines.  
 Then Ladies wonder not, &c.

## A Pot of Flowers presented to Chloris.

**S**ee Chloris, see, how Nature brings all what she owes to thee that  
springs; these Roses from your Checks did grow, those Lillies from your Bosomes snow;  
this various Tulip from your Eyes, from whence it bears so rich a prize.

## II.

Those purple streams in Azure set,  
Gave being to this Violet;  
These sprigs of Bayes we ne'r did see  
Till you taught Shepherds Poetrie:  
And all these flowers of purest red  
Sprung up where once your finger bled.

## III.

These Pansies which so low do creep,  
Grew up one Night where you did sleep;  
So did these Poppies, and from thence  
They have their sleepy influence;  
And all their leaves became thus green  
In hope by you they should be seen.

## IV.

And here I bring them in an kin  
Of water, which themselves do mourn,  
Fearing to wither and grow drye  
By too much Sun-shine of your Eye;  
For if your Beams the World inflame,  
Poor things, they needs must feel the same.

## A doubt resolv'd.

**F**ain would I love, but that I fear, I quickly should the willow wear,  
Fain would I marry, but men say, when Love is ry'd, he will away: Then tell me Love,  
what shall I doe, to cure these Fears when e're I wooe?

## II.

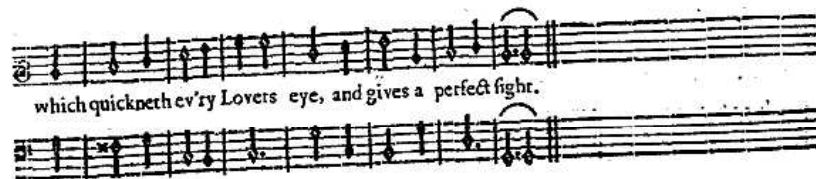
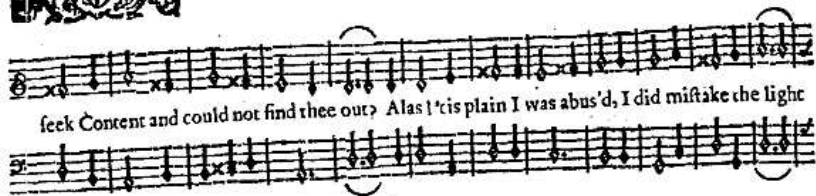
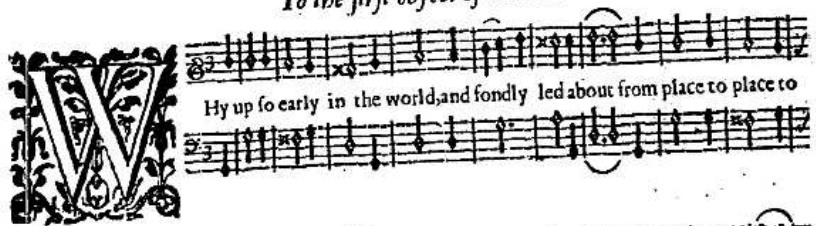
The Fair one she's a mark to all;  
The Brown one each doth Lovely call;  
The Black's a pearl in Fair mens Eyes,  
The rest will stoop to any prize.  
Then tell me love, &c.

## III.

Reply.

Young Lover, know it is not I  
That wound with Fear or calouise,  
Nor do men ever feel those smarts  
Until they have confia'd their hearts:  
Then if you'l cure your Fears, you shall  
Love neither Fair, Black, Brown, but all.

## To the first object of Content.

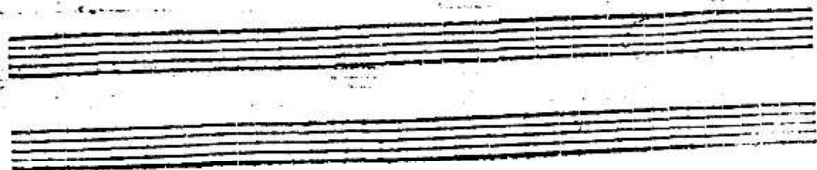


## II.

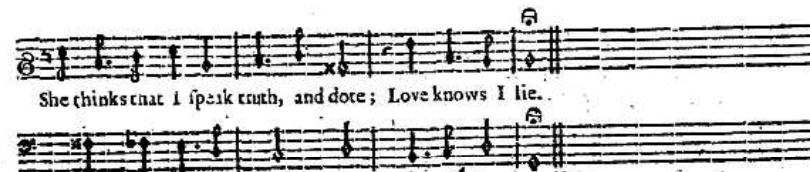
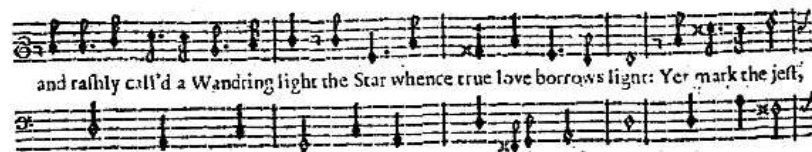
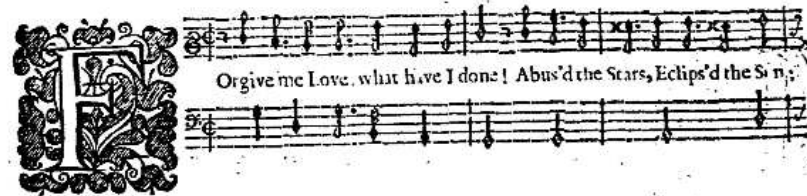
Thou art the only Star that can  
Direct us where to find  
The way which I so long have sought  
To ease a troubled mind;  
Each limb of thine's so full of grace  
They ravish ev'ry Eye,  
And all the Musick that we know  
Is from their Harmony.

## III.

'Tis You alone that do create  
The Beauties of the Spring,  
Those Shadows which from You reflect  
Adorneth ev'ry thing;  
Philosophers may govern Fools,  
But shall not tutor mee,  
For now I find that I was blind  
Until I found out thee.



## A Recantation.



## II.

Will you not give men leave to sport,  
Alas, my heart commands a fort,  
Whence all the artillery of your Eyes  
Can make no breach, much lesse a prize:  
How subtle Ladies now are grown!  
Yet caught in Engines of their own.

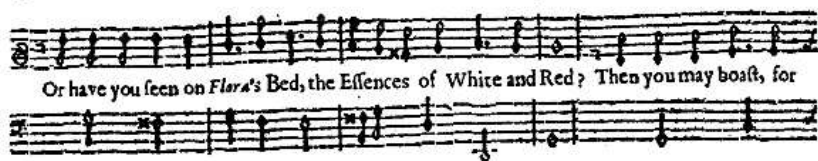
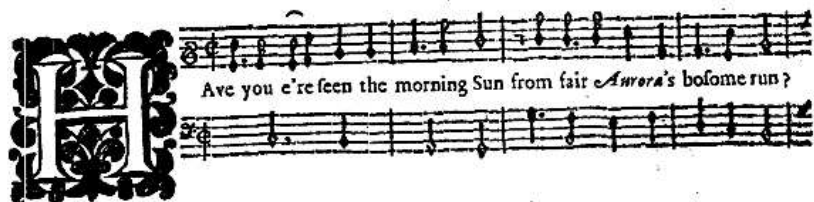
## III.

My heart's no Coward, you shall see,  
To yield, because you shot at mee;  
A man o're come so quickly may  
Be taken pris'ner every day:  
Then Lady boast not of your prize,  
My heart will in his cattle lyes.





## A description of Chloris.



## II.

Have you e're pleas'd your skilful eares  
With the sweet Musick of the Spheres?  
Have you e're heard, the Syrens sing,  
Or *Orpheus* play to Hells black King?  
If so, be happy and rejoyce,  
For thou' hast heard my *Chloris* voyce.

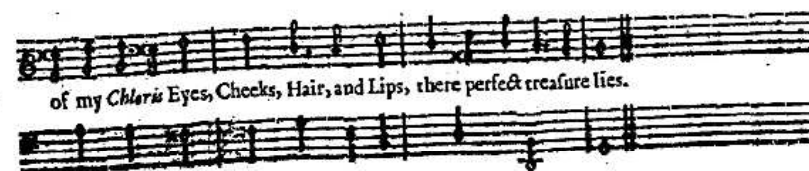
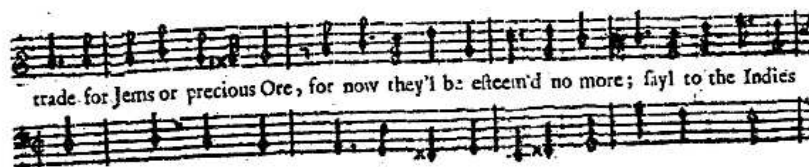
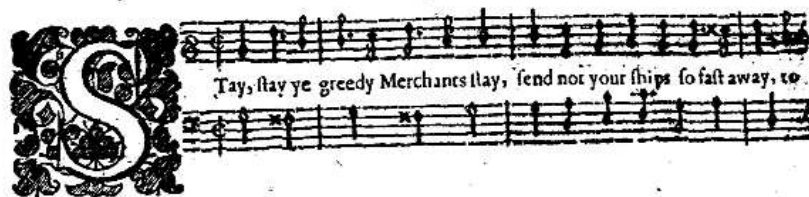
## III.

Have you e're smelt what Chymick skill  
From Rose or Amber doth distill?  
Have you been near that sacrifice  
The Phoenix makes before she dies?  
Then you can tell (I do presume)  
My *Chloris* is the worlds perfume.

## IV.

Have you e're tasted what the Bee  
Steals from each fragrant Flower or Tree?  
Or did you ever taste that meat  
Which *Pæon* say the Gods did eat?  
O then I will no longer doubt  
But you have found my *Chloris* out.

## Chloris a constant comfort.



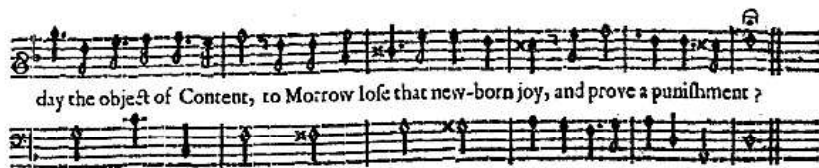
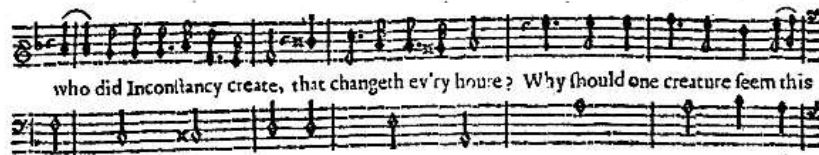
## II.

Come here Loves Hereticks that can  
Believe ther's no true joy for man,  
See what refined pleasure flies  
From ev'ry motion of her eyes;  
Gaze on my *Chloris* freely, then go tell  
To all th: world where true Content doth dwell.

## III.

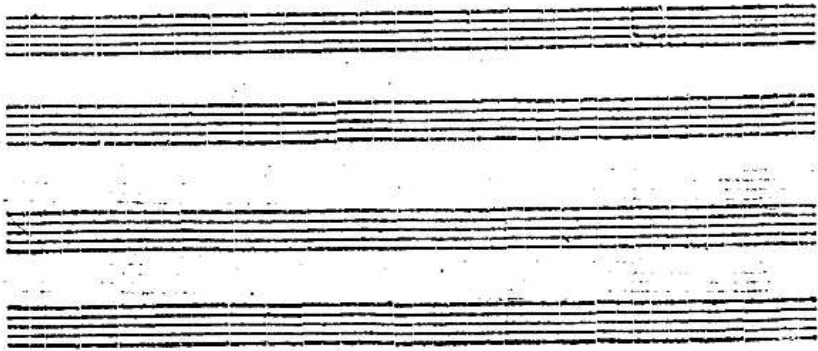
Forgive me Heavens if I adore  
Your Sun, or Moon, or Stars; or more;  
Those often are eclips'd, and can  
As soon destroy as cherish man:  
But *Chloris* like a constant comfort shines,  
Not only to our Bodies but our Mindes.

## Inconstancy.

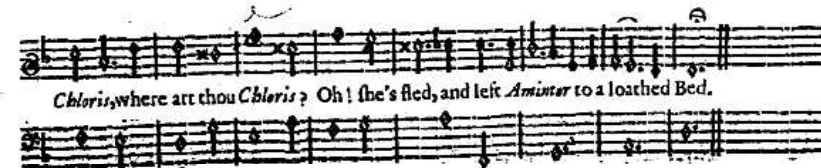
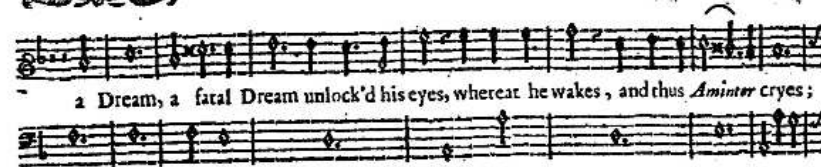
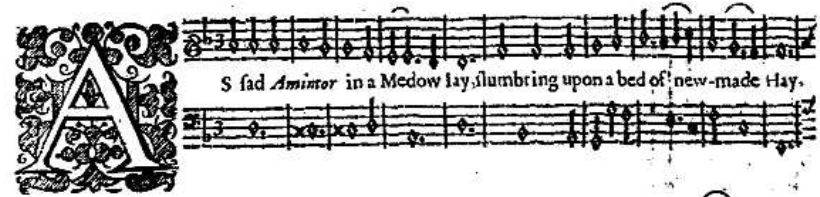


## II.

Fair Shapes and guiled Honours raise  
 Rebellion in our hearts;  
 Then blame not *Cupid* if he shoot  
 Such sev'ral sorts of darts:  
 Such sullen miseries as these  
 Will wait on fickle Love;  
 Be thou a Saint it is decreed  
 She must inconstant prove.



## Amintor's Dream.



## II.

Hark how the Winds conspire with storm and rain  
 To stop her course, and beat her back again:  
 Hark how the heavens chide her in her way  
 For robbing poor *Amintor* of his joy:  
 And yet she comes not. *Chloris*, O! she's fled,  
 And left *Amintor* to a loathed bed.

## III.

Come *Chloris* come, see where *Amintor* lies,  
 Just as you left him, but with ladder Eyes;  
 Bring back that heart which thou hast stoln from me,  
 That Lovers may record thy Constancie:  
 O no she will not. *Chloris*, O she's fled:  
 And left *Amintor*, &c.

## IV.

O lend me (Love) thy wings that I may flye  
 Into her bosome, take my leave, and dye:  
 What comfort have I now ith' world since she  
 That was my world of joy is gone from me,  
 My Love, my *Chloris*: *Chloris*, O she's fled  
 And left *Amintor* to, &c.

Awake *Amintor* from this dream, for she  
 Hath too much goodnesse to be false to thee:  
 Think on her Oathes, her Vows, her Sighes, her Tears,  
 And those will quickly satisfie thy fears.  
 No no, *Amintor*, *Chloris* is not fled,  
 But will return into thy longing Bed.

## Chloris dead, lamented by Amintor.

**M**ourn, mourn with me, all true Enamour'd hearts, and Shepherds  
 throw your pipes away: *Cupid* go burn thy Arrows and thy Darts, let Night for e--ver  
 another Day: for *Chloris* our bright Sun is dead, and with her all our joys are fled.

## II.

Love is with grief congeal'd into a Stone,  
 And o're my *Chloris* grave she lies;  
 Where round about the Graces sit and moan,  
 Neglecting other Deities:  
 The valleys where her flocks she fed  
 Are drown'd with tears since she is fled.

## III.

Then follow me, where comfort never shin'd;  
 Down, down into some darker Cell;  
 There see *Amintor* weep, till he grow blind  
 And comfortless for ever dwell:  
 The Gods I fear will soon repent  
 This universall punishment.

Here Endeth the AYRES for One Voyce  
 to the *Theorboe-Lute* or *Bass-Viol*.

## A Dialogue on a KISSE.

For two Trebles.

**A**mong thy Fancies tell me this, What is the thing we call a Kisse?

Refol.

I shall resolve you what it is: It is a creature born and bred betwixt the *Sps* all cherry-red, by love and

[Chorus both together.]

warm and warm desires fed; And makes more sweet, and makes more sweet, and makes more  
 And makes more sweet, and makes more sweet, and makes more

sweet the Bridal bed. It is an allive flame that fyes first to the Babies of the Eyes, and  
 sweet the Bridal bed.

charms is there, and charms is there, with lulla lulla-byes, lulla lulla lulla lulla lulla lulla byes.  
 and charms is there, and charms is there, with lulla lulla byes, with lulla lulla lulla lulla lulla lulla byes.

Chorus.

And stills the Bride, and stills the Bride, and stills the Bride too when she cries.  
 And stills the Bride, and stills the Bride, and stills the Bride too when she cries.

the Cheek, it frisks, now here, 'tis now far off,  
 Then to the Chin, the Ear, it flies now there, and now 'tis near.

Chorus.

'Tis here and there, 'tis here and there, 'tis here and there and ev'ry where.  
 'Tis here and there 'tis here and there 'tis here and there and ev'ry where.

Yes, do you but this, part your joy'nd lips then speak the kiss:  
 Has it a voycing v:rtue? How speaks it then?

Chorus.

And this Loves sweet, and this Loves sweet, and this Love, sweetest language is,  
 And this Loves sweet, and this Loves sweet, and this Loves sweetest language is.

It, and wings, with thousand various co-lourings, and as it flies it sweetly sings,  
 His it a Body? and as it flies it sweetly sings,

Chorus.

Love honey yields but never stings! And as it flies it sweetly sings, Love honey yields but never stings.  
 Love honey yields but never stings! And as it flies it sweetly sings, Love honey yields but never stings.

A Dialogue between a LOVER and his FRIEND.

For two Trebles. Lover. Friend. Lover.

**L**ove a Nymph. A lack a day! But dare not say I love her.

Friend. Lover.

Perhaps he may thy love repay; speak then thy thoughts, and prove her. If I reveal, and she re-

Friend.

ject my love, I'm quite undone. Women when we do least expect, we scarce often wrong.

Lover. Friend.

True, but her state great flocks requires, mine are but poor and small. Peace Fool, love onely

[Chorus for three together.]

love desires, and nothing else at all. They who do love for private gain, may suffer shipwrack, may  
 They who do love for private gain, may suffer  
 They who do love for private gain, may suffer shipwrack.

suffer shipwrack, may suffer shipwrack in the Main.  
 shipwrack in the Main, may suffer shipwrack in the Main.  
 in the Main, may suffer shipwrack in the Main.

A Dialogue. STREPHON — AMARYLLIS.

[For a Bass and Treble.] Stroph.

**C**ome come Ama-ryl-lis, I am ty'd by oath, which now I must fulfill;

let Fate my Soul from Earth divide, if Damon be not constant still: and the poor Swain,

Amar.

sits under yonder tree, with sighs bewailing your severitie. There let him sit sighing his fill,

and rake his labour for his hire; or piping go from hill to hill, till Sun-beams his false pipe do fire:

*It moves not me, this this I onely grieve, I e're did him, and cannot you believe.* *Strep.*

gather'd from a tree, and put into fair *Chloris* hand, symptomes of his Inconstancie? Is this a

breaking of Lovesband? No, no, he ne'r lov'd *Chloris*, heark, heark he cries, Come *Amaryllis*,

come *Amaryllis*, or your *Damon* dyes. *Amar.* *Ah Strephon, could I but be sure, that this unfeignedly were*

true, and that the tears he sheds were pure, I then could pity, I could pity more than you, and emmer-

tain the Echo of his cries, Come *Damon* come, Come *Damon* come, or *Amaryllis* dyes.

Chorus.

Thus *Amaryllis* to her *Damon* turn'd, whose Life was almost into *Cinders* burn'd.

Thus *Amaryllis* to her *Damon* turn'd, whose Life was almost into *Cinders* burn'd:

the gods will Lovers crown, though sooner we can kindle love, can kindle love, than

the gods will Lovers crown, though sooner we can kindle love, then quench love

quench loves jea-lou-sie.

jea-lou-sie.

A Dialogue. CLEANDER — FLORAMELL.

[For a Tenor and Treble.] *Clea.* Flor. *Clea.*

Wake, awake, fair Floramell. I do. But who freed thee from

*Flor.*

this enchanted spell? 'Twas you, such beau'ly Chymistry you taught, from earth sublim'd my

*Chorus both together.*

purser thoughts. Happy, thrice happy those who govern Fate, sub-  
Happy, thrice happy those who govern who govern Fate, subjecting

subjecting greater Mindes to meaner State. *Clea.*

jecting greater Mindes to meaner State. And how appears Earths glories now?

*Flor.* *Clea.* *Flor.*

They'r gone. Then on, fly, left they once more da---zel thee. I R— in an undi-

*Chorus.*

sturb'd my flocks Ile find, there guide them with a quiet mind. Happy, thrice happy  
Happy, thrice happy those can

those can see and try the worlds fond glories so, and pass them by.  
see can see and try the worlds fond glories glories so, and pass them by.

*Clea.* *Flor.* *Clea.*

But tell me, Canst thou thus retire? I can. But when? Will not those hasty

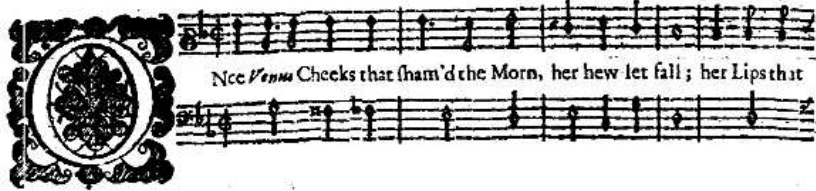
vows expire? Fond man, 'tis now the Souls affections more / Ethereal flames, diviner love.

*Chorus.*

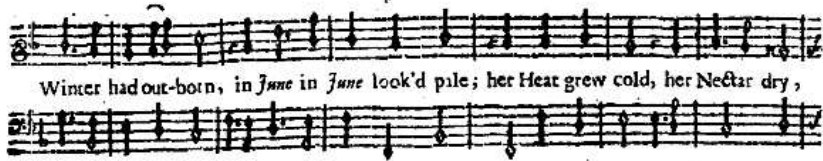
Happy thrice happy Soul that ravi'd so, en--joys a second Heaven here below.  
Happy thrice happy Soul that ravi'd that ravi'd so, enjoys a second a second Heaven here below.

Short AYRES for One, Two, or Three VOICES.

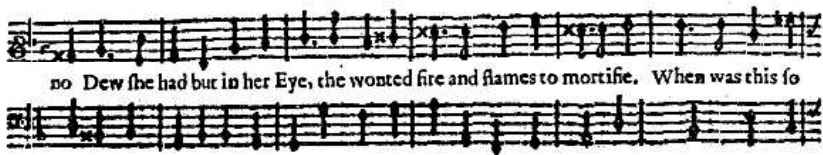
CANTUS PRIMUS.



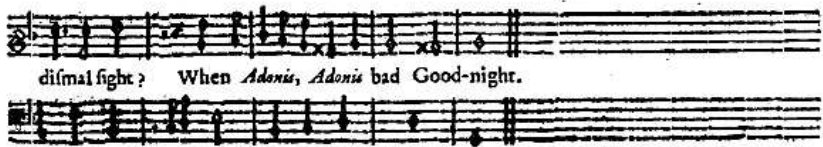
Nce Venus Checks that sham'd the Morn, her hew let fall; her Lips that



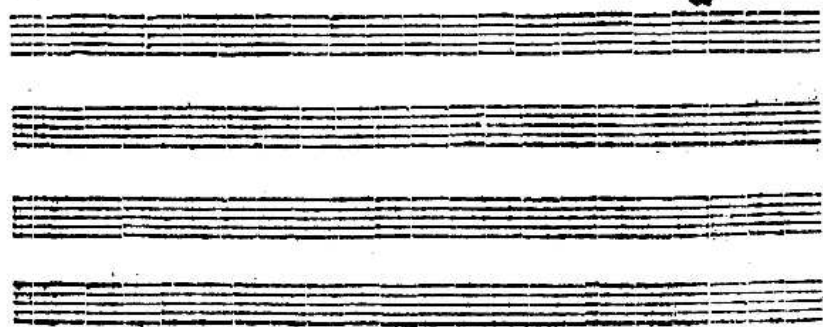
Winter had out-born, in June in June look'd pale; her Heat grew cold, her Nectar dry,



no Dew she had but in her Eye, the wonted fire and flames to mortifie. When was this so



dismal sight? When Adonis, Adonis had Good-night.



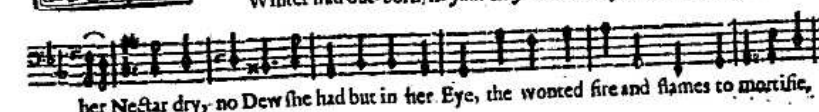

When was this so dismal sight? When Adonis Adonis had Good-night.

CANTUS SECUNDUS. 2. Voc.

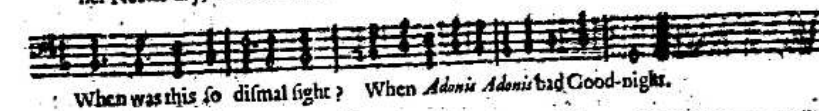
2. Voc. Bassus.



Nce Venus Checks that sham'd the Morn, her hew let fall; Lips that



Winter had out-born, in June in June look'd pale; her Heat grew cold,



her Nectar dry, no Dew she had but in her Eye, the wonted fire and flames to mortifie,



When was this so dismal sight? When Adonis Adonis had Good-night.



*Al. 2. or 3. Voc.*

*Cantus Primus.*



Have prais'd with all my skill each curious limb a-bout thee, so  
often, and yet do so still, that now each Swain can flout mee;  
and with nimble raunts can say, Sure this is some Bird of *May*.

Have prais'd with all my skill each curious limb a-bout thee, so often, and yet do so  
still, that now each Swain can flout mee; and with nimble raunts can say,  
Sure this is some Bird of *May*.

*Cantus Secundus.*

*Al. 3. Voc.*

*Bassus.*



Have prais'd with all my skill each curious limb a-bout thee, so often, and yet do so  
still, that now each Swain can flout mee; and with nimble raunts can say,  
Sure this is some Bird of *May*.

Sure this is some Bird of *May*.

*Al. 2. or 3. Voc.*

*Cantus Primus.*



Hen doth Love set forth Desire? In prime of Youth, men say,  
And when doth that again retire? When Beauty fades away! Then you in youth in  
youth that think on this, taste what the sweets, the sweets of Beauty is.

Hen doth Love set forth Desire? In prime of Youth, men say,  
And when doth that again retire? When Beauty fades away. Then you in  
youth that think on this, taste what the sweets, the sweets of Beauty is.

*Cantus Secundus.*

*Al. 3. Voc.*

*Bassus.*



Hen doth Love set forth Desire? In prime of Youth men, say. And when doth  
that again retire? When Beauty fades away! Then you in youth in youth that think on  
this, taste what the sweets, the sweets of Beauty is.

M

Cantus primus.

Rust the Form of Ayrie things, or a Syren when she sings: Trust the

Iye Hjerma's voyce; or of all, Disstrust make choyce. And believe these sooner then Truth in

Women, Faith in Men.

Rust the Form of Ayrie things, or a Syren when she sings: Trust the

Iye Hjerma's voyce; or of all, Disstrust make choyce. And believe these

sooner then Truth in Women, Faith in Men.

Rust the Form of Ayrie things, or the Syren when she sings: Trust the

Iye Hjerma's voyce; or of all, Disstrust make choyce. And believe these

sooner then Faith in Women, Truth in Men.

Cantus Primus.

Eer, throw that Flatt'ring Glafs away, I have two truer for your turn;

these Eyes I mean, wherein you may see how you blaze, and how I burn.

II.

Ah I could you but as plainly there  
My Faith as your owne Face descry,  
You'd gaze your self no other where,  
And burn (perhaps) as well as I.

Eer, throw that Flatt'ring Glafs away, I have two truer for your turn;

these Eyes I mean, wherein you may see how I blaze, and how you burn.

Eer, throw that Flatt'ring Glafs away, I have two truer for your turn; these

Eyes I mean, wherein you may see how you blaze, and how I burn.

Cantus Primus.

O not delay me, though you have the pow'r ages to stay me, O do't in an

hour. Then do not slight me, O do not reject me! Say not what might be, since thus I affect thee.

II.  
 No bodies stirring, O none that can hear thee!  
 Then leave demurring, since I am so near thee.  
 This is the season each Bird is a building,  
 You that have reason, O be not unwilling!

might be, since thus I affect thee.

an hour. Then do not slight me, O do not reject me! Say not what

O not delay me though you have the pow'r ages to stay me, O do't in

Cantus Secundus. 4. 3. Voc.

4. 3. Voc. Bassus.

O not delay me though you have the pow'r ages to stay me, O do't in an

Then do not slight me, O do not reject me. Say not what might be, since thus

I affect thee.

A 1. 2. or 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

F you can find a heart (Sweet Love) to kill, yet grant me this, to read

my latest Will: May all things smite on you; may nothing cross your wish or will,

who e-ver bears the loss.

II.  
 May Fortunes wheel be ever in your hand,  
 That you may never Sue, but still Command;  
 And to these blessings, may your Beauty still  
 Be fresh, and pow'rfull, both to save, and kill.

May all things smite on you, may nothing cross your wish or will, who ever bears the loss.

F you can find a heart (Sweet Love) to kill, yet grant me this, to read my latest Will:

Cantus Secundus. 4. 3. Voc.

4. 3. Voc. Bassus.

F you can find a heart (Sweet Love) to kill, yet grant me this, to read my latest Will:

May all things smite on you, may nothing cross your wish or will, who ever bears the loss.

N

Cantus primus.

**S**ure thou framed wert by Art } for such looks were e-ver made onely  
 purposely to take my Heart }

for that Catching trade.

II.

All thy Oathes and folded Armes,  
 Sighing Blatts, bewitching Charms;  
 Ev'ry Thought thou tend'it that way  
 Was only lent me to betray.

III.

Falſe (alafs) they are that ſwear,  
 All Loves bargains are not dear.  
 Know then Flatterer that I muſt  
 Hear no more than I dare truſt.

IV.

You may promiſe, ſwear, and ſay,  
 What perhaps you mean to day;  
 But e're Morrows Sun be ſet,  
 You anochoer Love will get.

V.

Had'ſt thou left me then untide  
 Thou had'ſt never been denide,  
 And I wiſh (for Maidens ſake)  
 None e're better bargain make.

for that Catching trade.

**S**ure thou framed wert by Art } for ſuch looks were e-ver made onely  
 purposely to take my Heart }

Cantus Secundus. 4. 3. Voc.

4. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

**S**ure thou framed wert by Art } for ſuch looks were ever made onely  
 purposely to take my Heart }

for that Catching trade.

Al. 2. or 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

**G**O Phabus, cleer thy face, collect thy rayes; and from thoſe Stars which

to thee Tribute payes, draw back thy light, and in thy greateſt pride view my Love, a Star, a

Star not yet deſide.

VIEW MY LOVE, a Star, a Star not yet deſide.

to thee Tribute payes, draw back thy light, and in thy greateſt pride

**D**O Phabus, cleer thy face, collect thy rayes; and from thoſe Stars which

Cantus Secundus. 4. 3. Voc.

4. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

**G**O Phabus, cleer thy face, collect thy rayes; and from thoſe Stars which

to thee Tribute payes, draw back thy light, and in thy greateſt pride view my

Love, a Star, a Star not yet deſide.

Cantus primus.

Prethee send me back my heart, since I cannot have thine; for if  
from yours you will not part, why then should you keep mine?

II.

Yet now I think on't, let it lye,  
To send it me were vain,  
For th' hast a thief in either eye  
Will steal it back again.

yours you will not part, why then should you keep mine?

Prethee send me back my heart, since I cannot have thine; for if from

Cantus Secundus. a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Prethee send me back my heart, since I cannot have thine; for if from  
yours you will not part, why then should you keep mine?

FINIS.

A Table of the *Ayres* and *Dialogues* contained in this Book:  
With the Names of the Authors of the Words.

A.	As sad Amintor in a Meadow lay,	27
B.	Alas poor Cupid! art thou blind? Beauty once blasted with the frost, Black as thy lovely Eye or Hair,	16 9 14
C.	Chloris when e're you do intend, Chloris now thou art fled away,	4 10
D.	Did I once say that thou wert fair,	8
F.	Fond woman thou mistak'st the mark, Fain would I love but that I fear, Forgive me love what I have done,	18 21 23
G.	Go young man let my heart alone, Go fair Enchantress,	7 12
H.	Have you e're seen the morning Sun;	24
I.	In love, away, you do me wrong, I prethee Love take heed,	5 7
L.	Let me alone, He love no more, Love thee? Goodsooth not I,	15 17
M.	Mourn, mourn with me all times, &c.	28
O.	Oft have I sworn I'd love no more, O now I find tis nothing but false, O tell me love, O tell me fate,	3 11 26
S.	See, see my Chloris, (on the Queens land- ing at Buckingham.) See Chloris, see how Nature brings, Stay ye greedy Merchants, stay,	1 10 25 8
T.	Take heed hold lower, do not look Though thou hast Wit and Beauty,	8 19
W.	What with thou pine or fall away? When shall I see my Captive Heart? Why art so early in the World?	6 13 22

Dr. HENRY HUGHES.

Table of the *DIALOGUES*.

A.	Among the Pantheas tell me this, Awake fair Florissell,	26 36	-Mr. Robert Herrick. -Sir. John Mennes Knight.
C.	Come Amaryllis I am ty'd by Oath,	33	-Thomas Porter Esquire.
I.	I love a Nymph,	32	-Mr. Henry Reynolds.

A Table of the *best Ayres* for 1, 2, or 3. Voices.

Dear, throw that flattering glosse away,	43	-Mr. Henry Reynolds.
Do not delay though,	44	-Mr. Henry Harrington.
Go Phobus clear thy face,	47	-Dr. Henry Hughes.
I have pray'd with all my skill,	40	-Mr. Henry Harrington.
If you can find a heart (sweet Love,	45	-Sir. Patrick Abercromby.
I prethee send me back my heart,	48	-Dr. Henry Hughes.
Once Young Checks,	38	-Dr. William Stroud.
Sure thou framed wert by Art,	46	-Mr. John Grange.
Traff the Forme of Ayre things,	42	-Mr. Henry Harrington.
When doth love set forth desire,	41	-Mr. N. D.

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

Books for Vocal Musick.	Books for Instrumental Musick.
1. <i>Mr. Wilby's Madrigals of 3, 4, 5, and 6 Voyces.</i>	1. <i>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.</i>
2. <i>Orlando Gibon's Madrigals of 5 Voc.</i>	2. <i>Court Ayres, of two parts, Bass and Treble Viols or Violins, containing 145 Ayres Corants and Sarabands, Composed by Dr. Coleman, Mr. William Lawes, Mr. John Jenkins, Mr. Ben. Rogers of Windfor; Mr. Christopher Symphon, and others printed: 1656.</i>
3. <i>Dr. Champion's Ayres for 1, 2, or 3 Voc.</i>	3. <i>Mr. Matthew Lock his Little Consort of Three parts for Two Trebles and a Bass, for Viols or Violins, printed 1657.</i>
4. <i>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, print. 1639.</i>	4. <i>Musicks Recreation on the Lyra Viol, Containing 100 Ayres, Corants, and Sarabands, for the Lone Lyra Viol, with Instructions for beginners, printed 1656.</i>
5. <i>Mr. Walter Porter's second Set of Psalms or Anthems for two voyces to the Organ or Theorbo Lute: Printed 1657.</i>	5. <i>Cithren &amp; Gittern Lessons, with Plain &amp; easie Instructions for Beginners thereon.</i>
6. <i>Mr. William Child (late Organist of his Majesties Chapple at Windfor) his Psalms for three voyces, after the Italian way, to be sung to the Organ, the which are Engraven on Copper plates: Printed 1656.</i>	6. <i>The Dancing Master, containing 132 New and Choice and Country Dances, Directing the Learner the manner how to understand the severall 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 played on the Treble Violin, printed 1657.</i>
7. <i>Select Ayres &amp; Dialogues by D. Wilfon Dr. Coleman, Mr. Henry Lawes, and others: Printed 1652.</i>	All sorts 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.
8. <i>Ayres &amp; Dialogues by Mr Henry Lawes,</i> viz. his { First Book fol. printed 1653. { Second Book fol. printed 1655. { Third Book fol. printed 1658.	
9. <i>Mr. John Gamble his book of Ayres and Dialogues, printed 1657.</i>	
10. <i>A Book of Catches collected and published by J. Hilton, 1651. and now with large additions by J. P. printed 1658.</i>	
11. <i>An Introduction to the Skill of Musick, Vocal &amp; Instrumental, by J. Playford, the second Edition with additions printed 1658.</i>	
12. <i>The Art of Descant or composing Musick in parts, written by Dr. Champion, and enlarged by Mr Christopher Symphon, pr. 1655</i>	

Other Books sold at the same place worth Buying.

- King Charles his Tryal, with his speech on the Scaffold, to which is added severall other Speeches; viz. E. Scraftons, Ep. Canterbury, Dr. Hamilton, E. Holland, Lord Coppels, and severall others, in 8.
- The Messiah already come, or proofs of Christianity, made good against all unbelieving Jews and Atheists, written in the year 1610. by Dr. Harrison in Barbary when he lived there among the Jews, and now newly reprinted 1657. by the last Edition thereof, printed at Amsterdam, 1636. in 12.
- Drexelius His Right Use of Inventions, in Eng. 11. ———— Sir George Sands Paraphrase on the Song of Solomon, 4.