

CANTVS.

MADRIGALS
TO
five voyces.

*Selected out of the best approved
Italian Authors.*

BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman
of hir Maiesties Royall
CHAPPELL.



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.

1598.

To the Worshipfull

Sir Geruis Clifton

K N I G H T.



*G*OOD Sir, I euer held this sentence of the Poët, as a Canon of my Creede; That whom GOD loueth not, they loue not Musique. For as the Art of Musique is one of the most Heauenly gifts, so the very loue of Musique (without Art) is one of the best engrafed testimonies of Heauens loue towards vs. For your part, albeit I cannot easly tell, whether I may more commend in you, Art it selfe, or the Loue of Art: Yet I must needs say, that Art it selfe was neuer in any man so renoumed, as in you alone, the loue thereof is beclouded. And worthely. For it is not with you, as with manye others which for forme, affect it much: yet they but affect it, whereas your affects are best commended by the effects, your substantiall loue by your Reall allowance, and your Royall minde by your super substantiall maintenance thereof. Of whom therefore should I poore Student and deuoted seruant of Heauens Art, & Arts loue, make my wish for Patrone of this my Arts in artificiall choyce, but of your selfe alone, whome I cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patrone & Patrone, the choyce, Mitour & Mccenas of these your owne, and Heauens delights. To you then alone, in whose honorable brest is a continuall harmonie of well ordered designs, I commit the censure of these my selectaries, and the patrocine of these my paynes in them. Of the which if any part may finde with you the least fauorable acceptance, I perswade my selfe I haue done my part, & will endeouour my selfe in my more serious successiue labours, to merit that sweet fauour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupate with these slighter trauells.

Your worships many wayes obleged

THOMAS MORLET.

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in

these Bookes, with the names of their severall

Authors and Originalls.

S Vch pleasant boughes.
 Sweetly pleasing sing. ft thou.
 I thinck that if the hills.
 Come louers forth.
 Loe Ladies where my loue comes.
 As I walked.
 Delay breeds danger.
 My Ladie still abhors mee.
 Doe not tremble.
 Harkt and giue care.
 Life tell mee.
 Soden passions.
 If silent.
 O my louing sweet hart.
 I languish to complaine mee.
 Loe how my colour rangeth.
 Thirst on his faire Phillis.
 For verie grieft I dye,
 Th: Nightingale. The first part.
 O false deceit. The second part.
 As Mopsus went.
 Flora faire Nymph.
 My sweet Lays.
 Say sweet Phillis,

I Alfonso Ferabofco.
 II Battista Mosto.
 III Alfonso Ferabofco.
 IIII Giouanni Feretti.
 V Ruggero Giouanelli.
 VI Ruggero Giouanelli.
 VII Ruggero Giouanelli.
 VIII Giouanni Feretti.
 IX Horacio Vecchi.
 X Giulio Belli.
 XI Horacio Vecchi.
 XII Alessandro Orologio.
 XIII Alfonso Ferabofco.
 XIIIII Luca Merenzio.
 XV Alfonso Ferabofco.
 XVI Hippolito Sabino.
 XVII
 XVIII Ruggero Giouanelli.
 XIX Peter Phillips.
 XX Peter Phillips.
 XXI Stephano Venturi.
 XXII Giouanni Feretti.
 XXIII Giouanni di Macque.
 XXIIII Alfonso Ferabofco.

FINIS.

Of 5.

I. CANTVS.

Alfonso Ferabofco.



Vch pleasant boughs the world yet neuer vew-

ed, the world yet ne- uer vewed, such pleasant boughs

the world yet neuer vew- ed, Nor winde dyd e- uer moue such flowers ven-

dant. ||: As at the first vnto my sight were shew- ed, For

that I seeing those hir two Lamps ardent, For my refuge no better shade thyd espie,

Of any greene plant y grew vnder the skye. For my refuge no better shade thyd

espye, of any greene plant that grew vnder the skye, that grew vnder the

skye, Of a-ny greene plant that grew vnder the skie, that grew vnder the sky.

B.

Of 5.

II. CANTVS.

Bartista Mofco.

Weetly pleasing fingest thou, loudly sheper- dis, like a
 Cordial pear- sing, :||: Thou bringest, y bringest a world of blisse,
 stretch forth thy nimbleioynts & finely foote is, For y thate weare y gar-
 land, & dauce before vs, whilst y the bagpipe toot it: and dauce before vs, whilst &c.
 Setew Roses, Vio- lets, Lillis, Cowslips & Daf- fa- dil- la, What
 smites my loue, :||: thus to chage, with his hands wringing, :||:
 Help this thee faints, for verie grief the foundeth, :||: the more the
 morneth, the more my care aboun- deth, For verie griefe the foundeth, :||:
 The more thee morneth, the more my care aboundeth. the &c.

Of 5.

III. CANTVS.

Alfonso Ferrabosco.

Think that if the hills, the plaines and mountains,
 And woods and waters knew the great distemper, know
 the great distemper, the great distemper. Of this my lyfe, it should not bee concealed,
 :||: But thorow such by parties, and the
 uage fountains, and sauge fountaines, I know not how to search for trow loue foun-
 per, That by reason, :||: each one may bee reuea- led. That by rea-
 son, :||: each one may bee reuea- led.



Come louers foorth, ::|: addresss you to admyer, ad-

dresss you to admyer, to admyer, Come louers foorth, ::|:

addresss you to admyer, addresss you to admyer, to admyer, At his

whose locks are like the golden wyer, Curiously wrought to fet mens harts, mens harts

on fyer. ::|: mens harts on fyer. Curiously wrought to fet mens harts

mens harts on fyer, ::|: mens harts on fyer.

Empty musical staves for the first page.



Oe Ladies where my loue comes, all clad in greene and

youthfully she shows it, ::|: youthfully she

shows it ::|: Harts grieft noue feelcs, but shee that soundly knowes it, My

hart will break in sunder, ::|: And daunt my fences, more then booth of

Thunder, Rest sweet-ly, in his keeping, which causeth me to wake when he lies slee-

ping. Rest sweetly, in his keeping, ::|: in his keeping, ::|: which

causeth mee to wake when hee lyes slee- ping. lies sleeping.

Empty musical staves for the second page.

Of 5.

VI. CANTVS.

Rugiero Giottanelli.



S I walked, :||: :||: in greene
 Forrest, as I walked, :||:

in greene Forrest, Among the wilde beasts, I fodainly bee thought

mee, Among the wilde beasts, I fodainly be thought mee, of strange and most rare

left, for hir that fought mee. :||: for hir that fought mee : But my mynde

yeekles mee no rest, Nor can I con- sider certainly, what vilde monster,

surping in my rest- kiffe fences, So strangely moued, deadly to hate hir now

:||: Deadly to hate hir now, :||: whom

once I loved. :||:

Of 5.

VII. CANTVS:

Rugiero Giottanelli.



Ely breeds daunger, daunger, and how may that bee wrest-

ed, by slaight to shun delaying, :||: by slaight

to shun delay- ing, verie vile is that vice, :||: :||: c-

uer detested, Each louers sute bewray- ing, Thrice hap-pie men doe say is

that sweet wooing, :||: Where loue may still bee noted,

:||: :||: where loue may still be noted, :||:

Swift in doing. :||: Swift in dooing, :||: Swift in dooing.

Empty musical staves.

MY Lady still abhors mee, supposing by his flying, :||:

:||: Sometime to breed my

dy- ing. My Lady still abhors mee, supposing by his flying, :||:

:||: Sometime to breed my dy- ing, Slay mee, :||:

slay mee, :||: slay mee, :||: slay mee, :||: flye mee, flye mee, flye mee,

:||: yet your flight shall not destroy me. :||:

slay mee, :||: slay mee :||: slay me, :||: slay mee :||: flye mee, flye mee,

flye me, :||: yet your flight shall not destroy me. :||:

De not trem- ble but stand fast,

deare hart and faint not, Hope well, haue well, my sweeting,

my sweeting, Loe where I come to thee with friendly gree- ting, :||:

Now ioyne with mee, thy hand fast, :||:

Loe thy

true loue, :||: saluts thee, loe thy true loue, :||: saluts

thee, Whose Ierne thou art, and so hee still reputs thee. :||:

Whose Ierne thou art, and so hee still reputs thee, and so hee

still r-puts thee, and so hee still reputs thee.

Of 5.

X. CANTVS.

Giulio Belli.



Arke and giue care audientius, you louers, so befor-

ted, No lyfe no breath, and yet no death allotted: Phillis,

sayre gaue mee a flowre, Shee of that flowre beereft mee, all

comfort lesse thee left mee, all comfort lesse, and stealing fled, all comfortlesse thee

left mee, What pangs are these in louers, Twixt lyfe & death so struung, That

steales the hart, and giues the lyfe reui-
uing. :||:

Of 5.

XI. CANTVS.

Horacio Vecchi.



Ife tell mee, :||: what is the cause of each mans dying,

carefull grieft mixt with cri-

eng? No no hart stay thee, :||: Let no such thought or care of mind dif-

may thee, :||: or care of mind dismay thee, let no such thought

or care of mind dismay thee, Sweet hart content thee, :||:

Thy cares are so great, I can but lament thee. I can but lament thee, Thy

cares are so great, I can but la-ment thee.

Of 5.

XII. CANTVS.

92
Allesandro Orotorio.



Soden passions, :||: with strange & rare

tormen- ting, Increaseth griefe,& more,it breeds my

sorrow, The cause increas, doth bleare mine eyes with weeping,And daunts

my thoughts from euen vntill the morrow,In this vnrestfull paine, :||:

long must I languish, :||: long must I lan-

guish, Till death draw neere to rid my hart f^{ro} an-

guish. Till death draw neere to rid my hart from an- guish.

Of 5.

XIII. CANTVS.

93
Alfonso Feraboco.



F silent, then griefe torments

mee, If I speake,your patience mo-

ueth, :||: Haring him that loueth, :||: Haring him that lo-

ueth,your patience mo- ueth. But whē sweet hope appereth,My coūte-

nance it chea- reth, And knees in humble wise for pittie plea- ding: That

these my lines so pen- sine,May no way seeme offen-

sine,But rather work my ioye,by your sweet rea- ding,But rather work my

ioye,by your sweet rea- ding,But rather work my

ioye, by your sweet reading, by your sweet rea- ding.

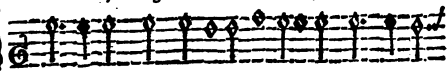
Of 5.

XIIII. CANTVS.

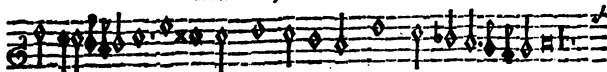
94. Luca Marenzio.



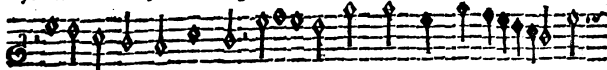
My louing sweet hart, leaue of thy mad- nesse,



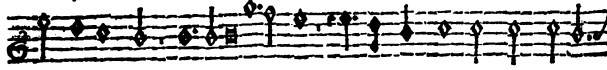
How can my woun-ded hart to lue be a-ble, That without



' your feruent loue, A- las, what grieft and fadneffe, what grieft and fad- nesse,



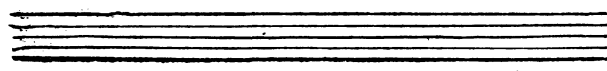
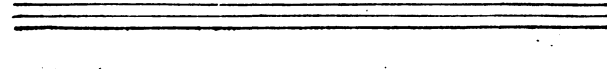
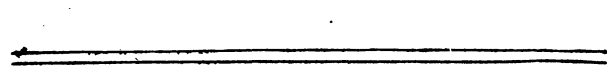
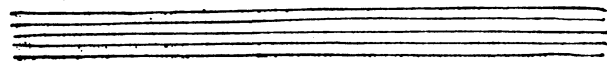
In my tormentt doe make mee mi-fe-rable, which from mine eies doe wting



fuch teares do grones, That vnto pittie moue, the hard rocks and ftones, hard rocks &



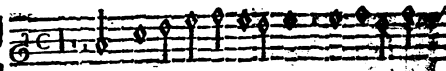
ftones, rocks and ftones, the hard rocks, :||: the hard rocks and' ftones.



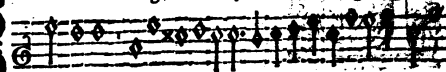
Of 5.

XV. CANTVS.

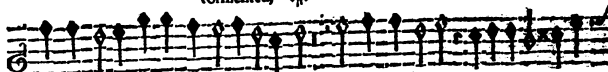
95. Alfonso Ferrabosco.



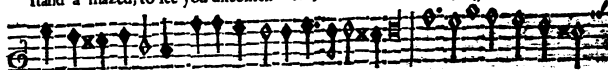
Languiſh to complaine mee, with galling paine,



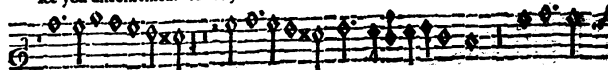
tormented, :||: I



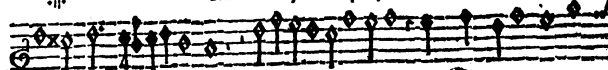
ſtand a mazed, to ſee you diſcontent- ted, I ſtand a mazed, :||: to



ſee you diſcontented. to ſee you diſcontent- ted. Better I to hold my peace,



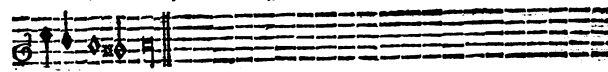
:||: And courteſly to ſtop my breath, And courteſ-



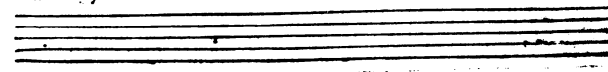
ly to ſtop my breath, :||: Then cauſe my ſorrow to



increaſe, and work my death. :||: to increaſe, and



worke my death.



XVI. CANTVS.

⁹⁶
Hippolito Sabino.

How my colour rangeth, And death to life ex-
chang- eth, :||: exchaungeth, Linc thou
deceitfull, And let me linc contrary, :||: :||: And
thus by lincing, wee linc both, wee linc both, :||: In linc wee va-
ry. in linc wee va-ry. :||:

Of 5.

XVII.

⁹⁷
CANTVS.

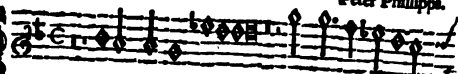
Hiris on his faire Phillis brest repo-ling, faire Phillis
brest repo- ling, Sweetly, sweetly did lan-
guish, when thee in loues sweet anguish, him kissing genely said (thus) with
sugred glosing, Thirsis ô tell mee, thy true loue best ap-proued, Then hee
then hee which to hir hart was o-uer ne- rest, Kist hir againe and said,
Kist hir againe and said, yes yes La-ly dearest, yes yes La-dy dear- est.

L OR verie grieft I dye, if that you ſhew not in
your fayre eyes, ſome ſigne of grace & pittie, For verie
grieft I dye, if that you ſhew not in your fayre eyes, ſome ſigne of grace and pit-
tie, Hate beares a ſway to mightie, :||: Hate beares a ſway to migh-
tie, That what to doe I know not, :||: But pine with outward an-
guilh, And for your owne ſweet ſake, :||: my hart doth lan- guilh.
That what to doe I know not, :||: But pine with outward anguiſh, And
for your owne ſweet ſake, :||: my hart doth lan- guilh. And
for your owne ſweet ſake, my hart doth languilh. doth languilh.

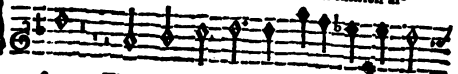
T HE Nightingale that ſweetly, :||: ſweetly doth com-
playne, :||: his
yong once loſt, or for his louing mate, To ſit the heauens and ſiſt his himſelf doth
frame, with ſweet and dolfull tunes, to ſhew his ſtate: So all the night, to doe I
am full fayne, Remembering my hard hap, and cruell payne, :||:
and cruell payne, Remembering my hard hap, & cru-ell paine, my
hard hap, and cru-ell paine, For I a lone, am cauſe of all my payne, :||:
That gods might dye, I learned to know to late. :||:
That gods might dye, I learned to know to late.
D.ii.

Of 7. The second part. XX. CANTVS.

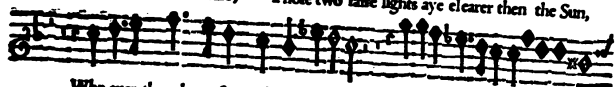
Peter Phillipps.



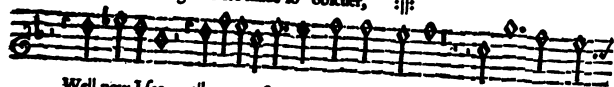
Falſe deceit, :||: who can himſelf af-



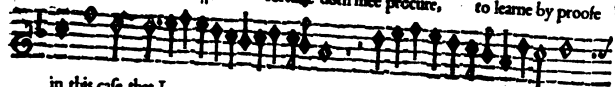
ſure, Thoſe two faire lights aye clearer then the Sun,



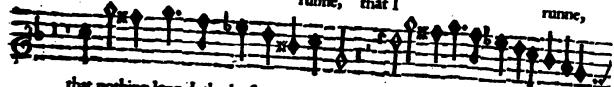
Who ever thought to ſee made ſo obſcuer, :||:



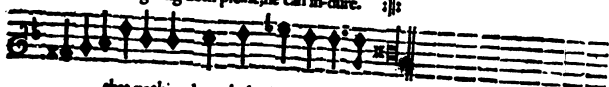
Well now I ſee, :||: fortune doth mee procure, to learne by prooſe



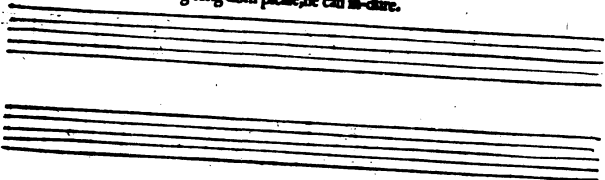
in this caſe that I runne, that I runne,



that nothing long doth pleaſe, ne can in-dure. :||:



that nothing long doth pleaſe, ne can in-dure.



Of 5.

XXI. CANTVS.

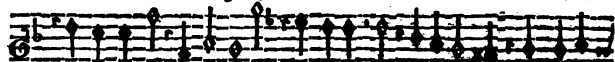
Stephano Venturi.



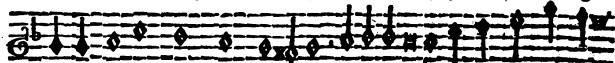
S Mop- ſus went his ſilly flock fourth lea-



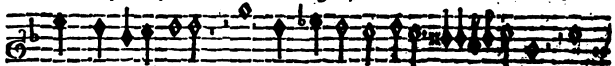
ding, By chance hee heard how Phe- be, ah,



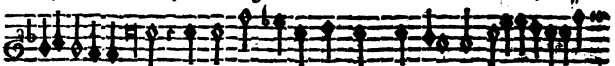
complayned, ah, complained, ah, complayned, ah, complay- ned, And traſing



ſtill his ſteps and pathes fourth lea- ding, :||: Sore then ſhee cried, and



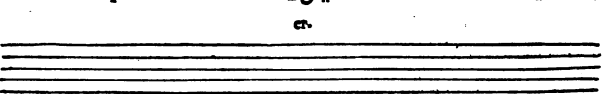
ſayde, ſhee was diſdayned, Long could hee not then endu- er, :||:



But proffered hir a falſe hir wound to cure. :||:



But proffered hir a falſe hir wound to cu-





Less faire Nymph whilst filly Lambs are feed-
 ding, :||: Grant my request in speed-

ding, :||: grant my request in speeding, For your sweet loue my filly

hart doth languish, :||: And dye I shall except you

quench the anguish For your sweet loue my filly hart doth languish, :||:

And dye I shall except you quench the Anguish.

Empty musical staves at the bottom of the page.



Y sweet Lay- is, Lady mistres, :||:
 Ladies, aye mee Ladies, aye mee, poore

hart, poore hart, ah poore hart, :||:

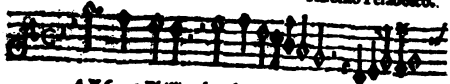
Daily tormented, and deadly malecontented, :||:

Since thou for true loue, :||: shalt bee so sore disgraced, so sore disgraced,

By foule enormity, in thee first plac- ed, :||: in thee first plac-

ced, By foule enormity in thee first plac- ed, in thee first plac-

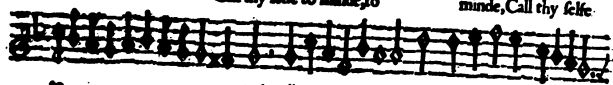
Empty musical staves at the bottom of the page.



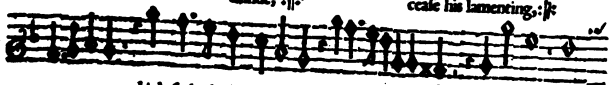
AY sweet Phillis, what thy will is, :||:



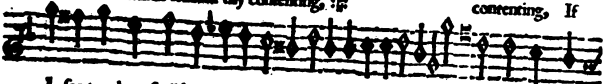
Call thy selfe no minde, so minde, Call thy selfe



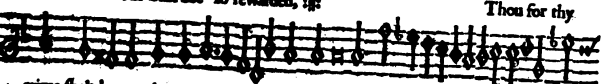
no minde, :||: cease his lamenting, :||:



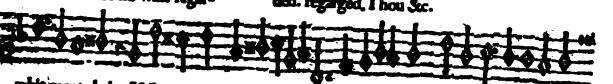
which teacheth thy contenting, :||: contenting, If



I for true love shall bee so rewarded, :||: Thou for thy



crime shalt be no whit regarded, Thou Sc.



whit regarded, If I for true love, :||: for true love shall be so rewarded,



Thou for thy crime shalt be no whit regarded, :||: Thou



for thy crime shalt be no whit regarded, then for thy crime shalt be no whit regarded.

F. R. L. S.

QVINTVS.

MADRIGALS TO five voyces.

Selected out of the best approved Italian Authors.

BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman of hir Maiesties Royall CHAPPELL.



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.

1598.

To the Worshipfull

Sir Geruis Clifton

K N I G H T.



GOOD Sir, I euer held this sentence of the Poët; as a Canon of my Creede; That whom GOD loueth not, they loue not Musique. For as the Art of Musique is one of the most Heauenly gifts, so the very loue of Musique (without Art) is one of the best engrafted testimonies of Heavens loue towards vs. For your part, albeit I cannot easily sell, whether I may more commend in you, Art it selfe, or the Loue of Art: Yet I must needs say, that Art it selfe was neuer in any man so renowmed, as in you alone, the loue thereof is becloued. And worthely. For it is not with you, as with manye others which for forme, affect it much: yet they but affect it, whereas your affects are best commended by the effects, your substantiall loue by your Reall allowance, and your Royall minde by your supersubstantiall maintenance thereof. Of whom therefore should I poore Student and devoted seruant of Heauenly Art, & Arts loue, make my wish for Patrone of this my Art in artificiall choyce, but of your selfe alone, whom I cannot but acknowledge the best. both Patrone & Patrone, the choyce, Mirtour & Meccenas of these your owne, and Heavens delights. To you then alone, in whose honorable breast is a continuall harmonie of well ordered signes, I commit the censure of these my selectaries, and the patrocinie of these my paymes in them. Of the which if any part may finde with you the least favorable acceptance, I perswade my selfe I haue done my part, & will endeavour my selfe in my more serious successiue labours, so merit that sweet fauour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupaue with these slighter trauels.

Your worships many wayes obliged

THOMAS MORLET.

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in

these Bookes, with the names of their severall

Authors and Originalls.

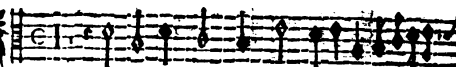
S Vch pleasant boughes.	I	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Sweetly pleasing sing. ft thou.	II	Battista Mosto.
I thunck that if the hills.	III	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Come louers forth.	IIIII	Giouanni Feretti.
Loe Ladies where my loue comes.	V	Rugiero Giouanelli.
As I walked.	VI	Rugiero Giouanelli.
Delay breeds danger.	VII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
My Ladie still abhors mee.	VIII	Giouanni Feretti.
Doe not tremble.	IX	Horacio Vecchi.
Harkie and giue care.	X	Giulio Belli.
Life tell mee.	XI	Horacio Vecchi.
Soden passions.	XII	Allessandro Orogio.
If silent.	XIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.
O my louing sweet hart,	XIIIII	Luca Merenzio.
I languish to complaine mee.	XV	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Loe how my colour rangeth.	XVI	Hippolito Sabino.
This is on his faire Phillis.	XVII	
For verie griefe I dye,	XVIII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
The Nightingale. The first part.	XIX	Peter Phillips.
O false deceit. The second part.	XX	Peter Phillips.
As Mopius went.	XXI	Stephano Venturi.
Flora faire Nimphe.	XXII	Giouanni Feretti.
My sweet Lays.	XXIII	Giouanni di Macque.
Say sweet Phillis,	XXIIIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.

FINIS.

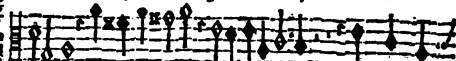
Of 5.

I. QVINTVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.

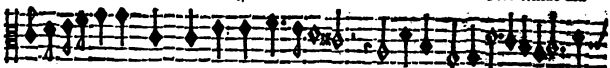


Vch pleasant boughs the world yet neuer view-

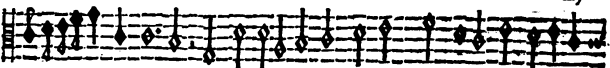


ed, ff:

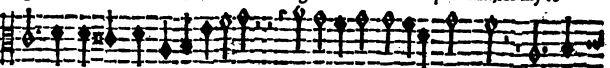
Nor winde did



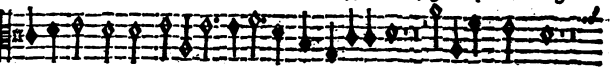
uer moue, such flowers verdant, As at the first vnto my



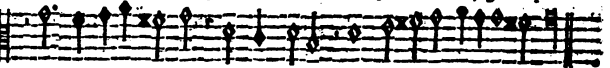
fight were shewed, For that I seeing those hir two Lamps ardent, for my re-



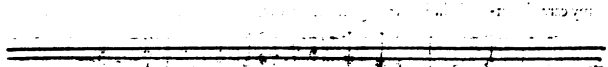
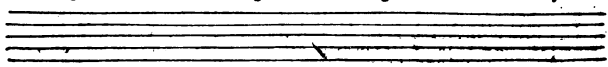
fuge no bet-ter shade I did espie, I dyd espye, Of any greene plant, that grew



vnder the skye, for my refuge no better shade I did espie, Of a-ny greene plant



that grew vnder the skye. that grew vnder, that grew vnder the skye.



B.

Of 5.

II. QUINTVS.

Battista Morbo.

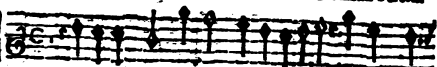
Sweetly: Lonely sheper- dis, like a Cordall pear-fing, Thou bringst a
 world of blisse, ||: Stretch forth thy nimble ioynts & finely foote it, thy
 nimble ioynts & finely foote it, For thou shalt weare the garland, and dauce be-
 fore vs, whilst that the bagpipe toot is: *Seruw Roses, Violets, Lillis, Cowslips &*
Daffodils, But aye mee, in the midst of misth & furing, What means my loue, ||:
 chage, with hir hands wringing, ||:
 For verie griefe she soudeeth, ||: The more they morneth, the more
 my care aboundeth. For verie griefe & sorrow, and sorrow, griefe and sorrow,
 The more they morneth, the more my care, my care aboundeth.

Of 5.

III. QUINTVS

Alfonso Ferrabosco.

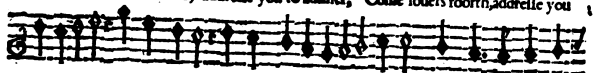
Think that if the hills, ||: the
 plaines and mountaines, ||: And woods & waters
 knew the great dissem- per, Of this my life, ||: it should not
 bee concealed, ||: But thorow such by pathes, and faine fountains,
 and faine foun- taines, I know not how to search for trew loue semper, ||:
 That by reason, ||: each one may be reuealed. That by re-
 son, ||: each one may be reuealed.



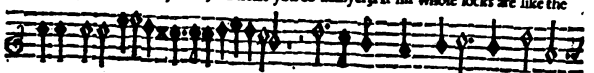
One louers foorth, adrefle you to admyer, adrefle you



to, adrefle you to admyer, Come louers foorth, adrefle you

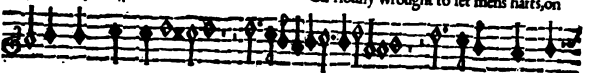


to admyer, adrefle you to, adrefle you to admyer, At his whole locks are like the



golden wyer, ::

Ca-riously wrought to fet mens harts, on

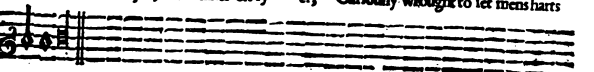


fy-er, mens harts ooe fy- er, ::

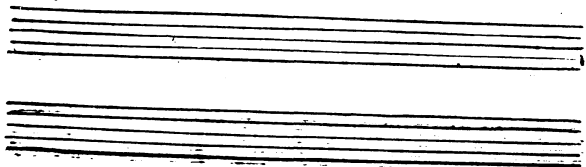
Curiously wrought to



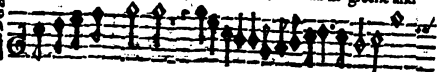
fet mens harts on fy-er, mens harts on fy- er, Curiously wrought to fet mens harts



on fy-er.

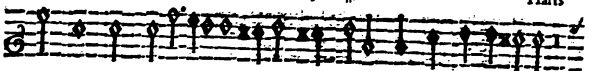


Oe Ladies where my lone comes, all clad in greene and

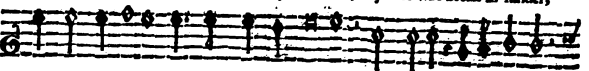


youthfully the shows it, ::

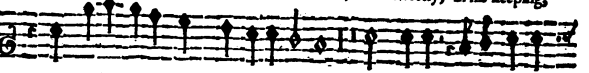
Harts



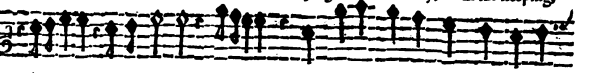
griefe none feeles, but shee that foundly knowes it, My hair will break in farder,



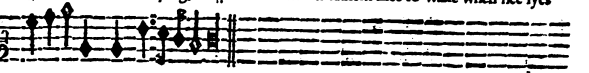
And daunt my fences more then bouls of Thunder, Rest sweetly, in his keeping,



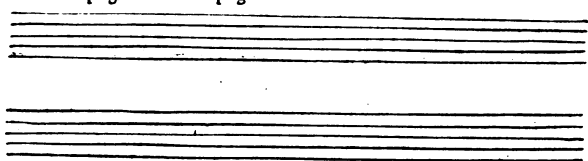
which caufeth me to wake when he lies sleeping, Rest sweetly, in his keeping,



in his keeping, :: which caufeth mee to wake when hee lyes



flee- ping, lies flee- ping.



Of 5.

VI. QUINTVS

Rugiero Giouanelli.



S I walked, in greene
 S I walked, in greene

sted, as I walked, in greene for-
 rest, Among the wilde beasts, I forjely be thought me, Among

of strange and rarest iests, for his that sougnt mee,
 But my mynde yeebles mee no rest, Nor can I coofter, certainly

whar vikle mon- ster, vsurping in my rest- kesse fences, Deadly to hate
 hir now, Sometime beclooud,

Deadly to hate his now, whom once I lou- ed.

ed.

ed.

ed.

Of 5.

VII. QUINTVS.

Rugiero Giouanelli.



Ely breeds danger, danger, & how may that be wrest-
 ed, by sleight to flun delaying, delaying,

verie vile is that vice, e-uer de-usted, Each
 louers sute bewraying, Thrice happie men doe say is that sweet woo-

ing, Where loue may still bee noted,
 where loue may still be noted, Swift in

doing, Swift in dooing, Swift in doo- ing.

ing.

ing.

ing.

ing.

VIII. QVINTVS.

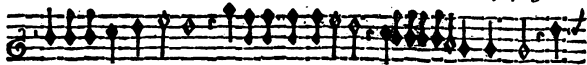
Giovanni Freschi.



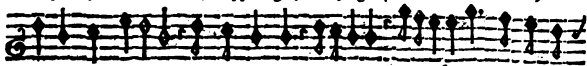
Y Lady still abhors mee, supposing by hir flying, :||:



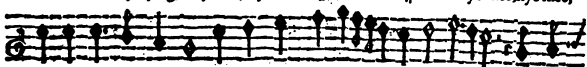
Sometime, sometime to breed my dying,



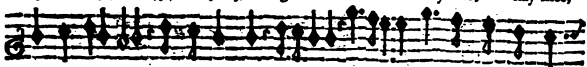
My Lady still abhors mee, supposing by hir flying, :||: Sometime, some-



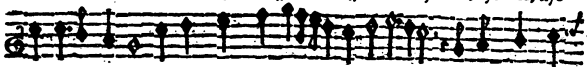
time to breed my dying, Slay mee, slay mee, :||: :||: flye mee, flye mee,



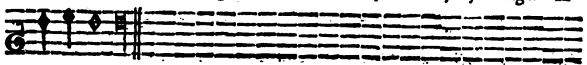
flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, yet your flight shall not destroy mee, slay mee,



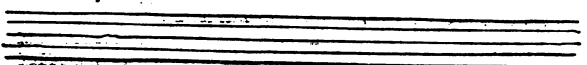
slay mee :||: :||: slay mee, slay mee, :||: :||: flye mee, flye mee, flye



me, flye me, flye me, yet your flight shall not destroy mee. yet your flight shall



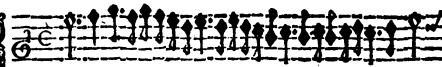
not destroy mee.



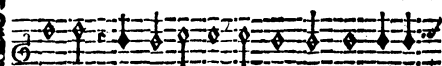
Of 5.

IX. QVINTVS

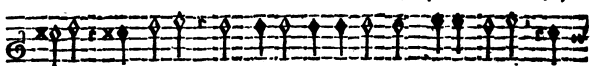
Horacio Vecchi.



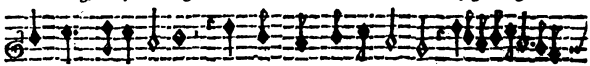
Oe not trem- bit but



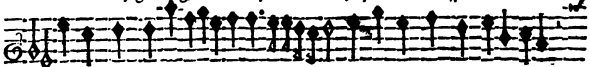
stand fast, deare hart and faint not, Hope well, haue well, my



sweeting, my sweeting, Loe where I come to thee with friendly greeting, to



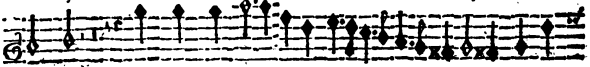
thee with friendly greeting, Now ioyne with mee, thy hand fast, :||:



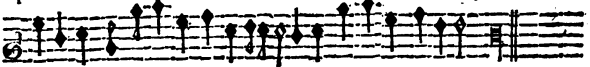
Loe thy true loue, :||: fauts thee, loe thy true loue :||:



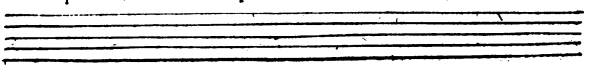
loe thy true loue fauts thee, Whose Ierke thou art, and so he still reputs thee. re-



puts thee. Whose Ierke thou art and so he still reputs thee, hee



still reputs thee, and so he still reputs thee, and so hee still reputs thee.

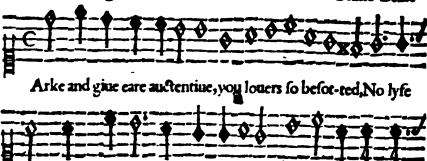


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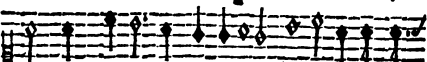
Of 5.

X. QVINTVS.

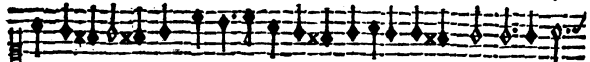
Giulio Belli.



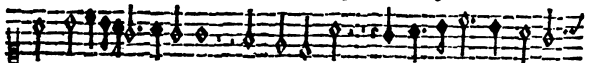
Arke and giue care auertentiu, you louers fo befo- red, No lyfe



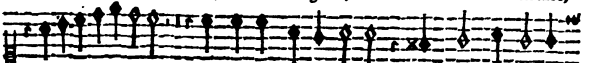
no breath, and yet no death allotted: Phillis, :||: fayre



goue mee a flow- er, wherein my hart was lodged, In a strong towre, thee of that



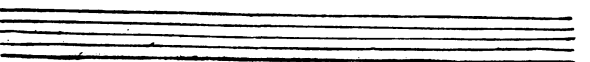
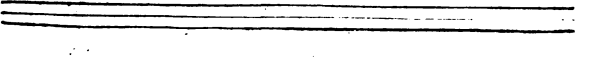
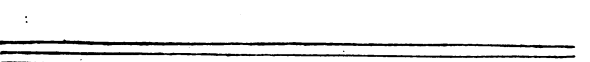
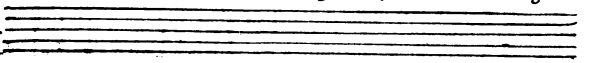
flowre becrest mee, And stealing fled, all comfortlesse thee left mee,



:||: Twixt lyfe and death fo straining, That steales the hart and



giues the lyfe retaining. That steales the hart, and giues the lyfe reti- uing.



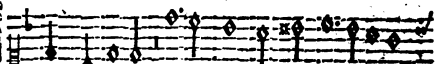
Of 5.

XI. QVINTVS.

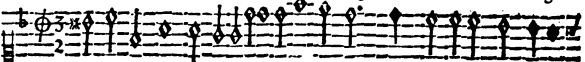
Horacio Vecchi.



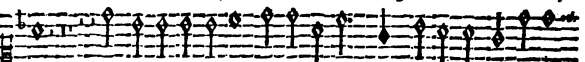
lfe tell mee :||: what is the cause of



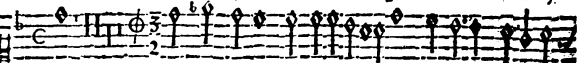
each mans dy- ing, carefull grieft mixt with cri- eng t



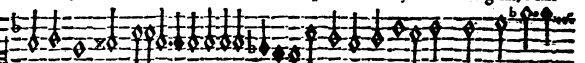
No no hart stay thee, :||: Let no fuch thought or care of mind difmay



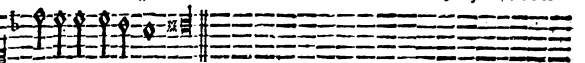
thee, or care of mind difmay thee, Let no fuch thought or care of mind difmay



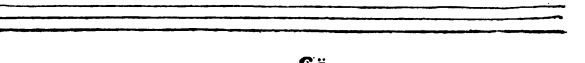
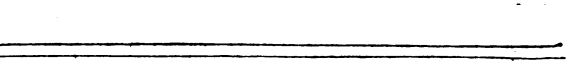
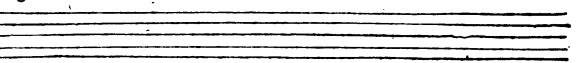
thee, Sweet hart content thee, :||: Thy cares are fo great, I can



but lament thee. :||: I can but lament thee, Thy cares are fo



great, I can but lament thee.



Of 5.

XII. QVINTVS.

Alessandro Orologio.



Oden passions, :||: with strange and rare tor-

menting, :||: Increaseth grief, &

more, it breeds my sorrow, The cause increaseth, doth bleas mine eyes with wee-

ping, :||: And daunt my thoughts from euen vntill the morrow,

In this vncertfull paine, :||: long must I lan-

guish, long must I lan- guish, I languish, Till death draw neere to

rid my heart from anguish. Till death draw neere to rid my heart from

an-

guish.

Of 5.

XIII. QVINTVS.

Alfonso Feraboco.



F si-lent, then grieftorments mee, If I

speak, your patience moueth, If I speake, your

patience moueth, :||: Hating him that loueth, :||: :||:

your wrath preuentis mee. But when sweet hope appeareth, My

countenance it cheareth, And knees in humble sute for pittie plea-

ding: That these my lines, :||: so pen- sive, my lynes so pensive, May

no way seeme offense, But rather work my ioye, by your sweet reading, by

your sweet reading. But rather work my ioye, by your sweet reading, by

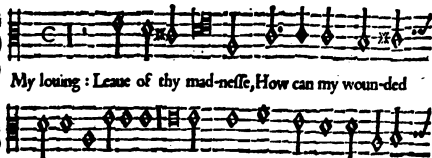
your sweet reading. But rather work my ioye, by your sweet reading, by

your sweet reading. But rather work my ioye, by your sweet reading, dy Sec.

Of 5.

XIII. QUINTVS.

Luca Marenzio.

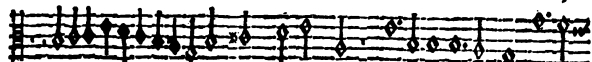


My losing: Leave of thy mad-ness, How can my wound-ed

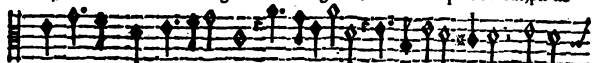
hart to live be a-ble, A-las, what griefe and sadnesse, :||



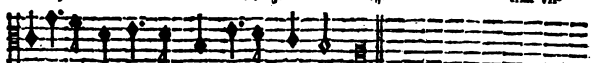
In my tormentes doe make mee mi-se-ra-ble, Which from mine eies,



:|| doe wing such teares & groanes, That vn-to pit-tie moue, pit-tie



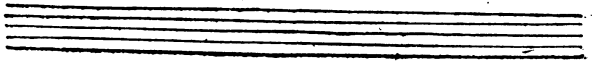
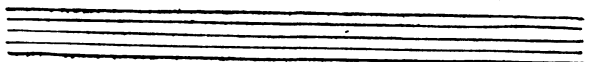
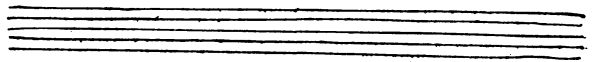
moue, the hard rocks and stones, :||



:||

that vn-

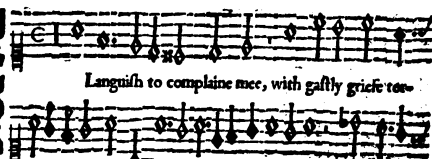
to pit-tie moue, the hard rocks, the hard rocks and stones.



Of 5.

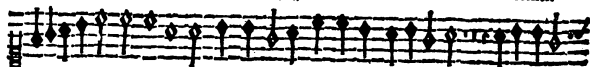
XV. QUINTVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.

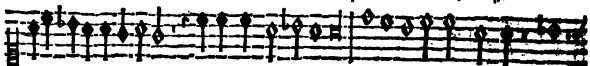


Languish to complaine mee, with gally griefe ree-

men- ted, :|| torment-



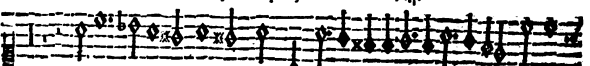
ted, tormented, I stand a mazed, to see you discontented, :||



to see you discontented. Better I to hold my peace, :||

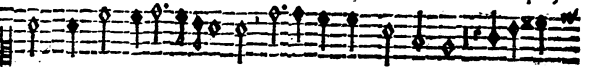


and courtly to stop my breath, :||

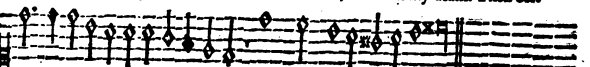


and courtly to stop my breath, :||

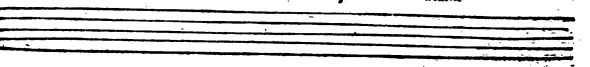
stop my



breath, Then cause my for- rows to increafe, and work my death. Then see.



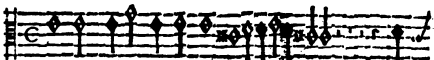
and worke my death.



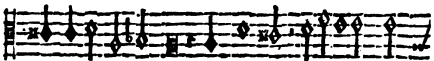
Of 5.

XVI. QVINTVS.

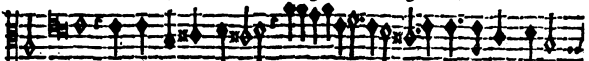
Hippolito Sabine.



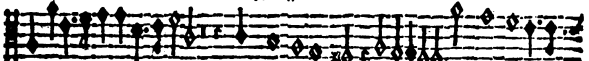
Ue how my colour rangeth, :: And



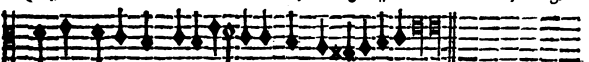
death to life exchaungeth, exchaung-eth, :: Live thou



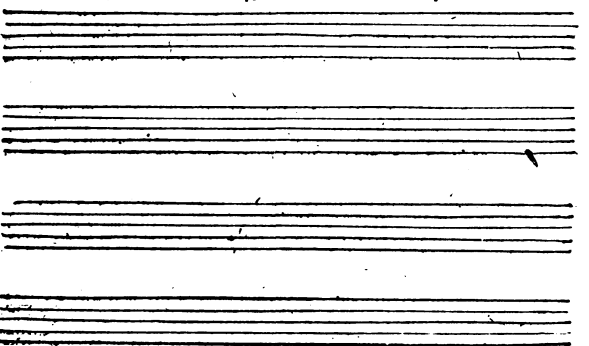
de-ceitfull, And let mee live contrary, :: and let mee live contra-



ry, :: And thus by li-ving, :: and thus by living,



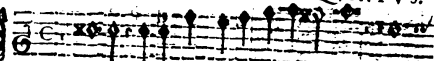
wee live both, In liues contra- ry, in liues contra- ry.



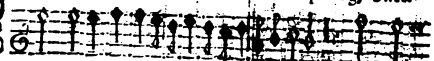
Of 5.

XVII.

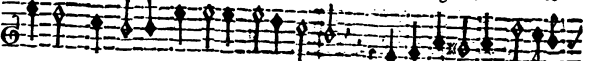
QVINTVS.



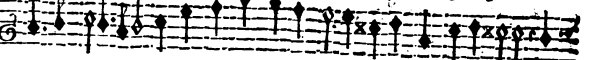
His, on his faire Phillis breast re- po- sing, Sweet-



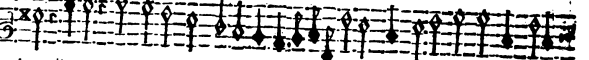
ly, sweetly did lan- guish, when mee



in loues sweet anguish, him killing gently said (thus) with sugred glossing, This is 6



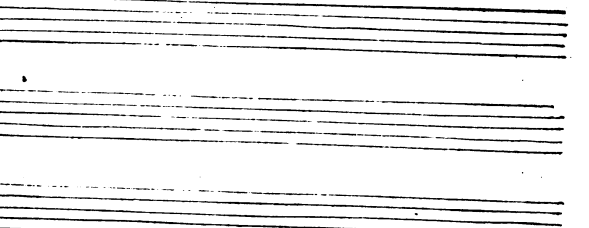
tell mee, tell mee, thy true loue best ap-roued, art not thou my be- loued, Then



hee, :: which to hir hart was e-uer ne- rest, Kist hir againe & said, ::



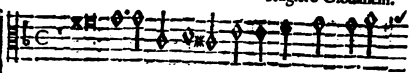
yes yes La- dy dea- rest, yes yes La- dy dea- rest.



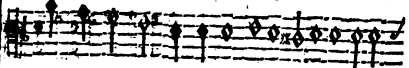
Of 5.

XVIII. QUINTVS.

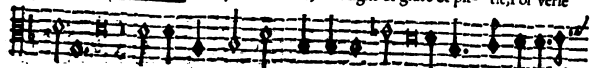
Rugiero Giouanelli.



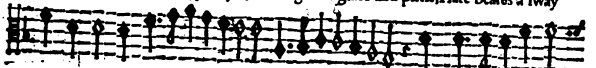
OR verie grieft I dye, if that you fhew not in



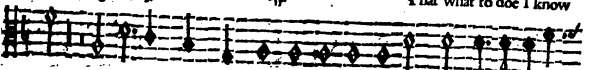
your faire eies, fome figne of grace & pit- tie, For verie



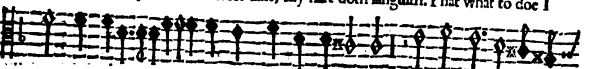
griefe I dye, in your faire eyes, fome figne of grace and pittie, Hate beares a way



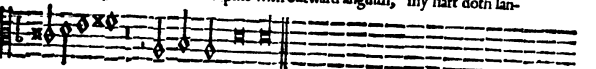
fo mightie, :||: That what to doe I know



not, And for your owne sweet fake, my hart doth languifh. That what to doe I



know not, :||: But pine with outward anguifh, my hart doth lan-



guifh. my hart doth languifh.

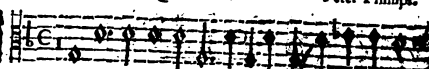


dye, I leard to know to late, That gods might dye, I leard to know to late.

Of 5. The first part.

XIX. QUINTVS.

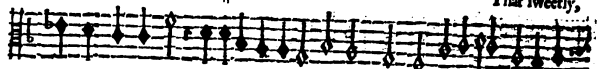
Peter Phillips.



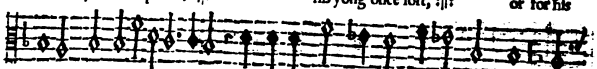
HE Nightingale that sweetly, :||: fweetly doth cōplaine.



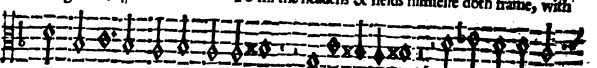
:||: That sweetly,



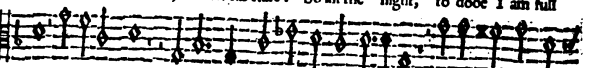
fweetly doth cōplaine, :||: his yong once loft, :||: or for his



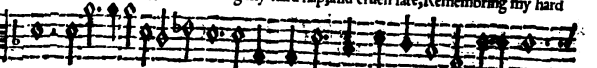
louing mate, :||: To fill the heauens & fields himfelfe doth frame, with'



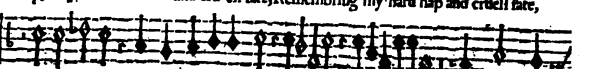
fweet and dolfull tunes, to fhew his ftate: So all the night, to dooe I am full



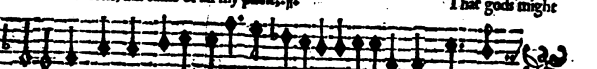
faine, I am full faine, Remembring my hard hap, and cruell fate, Remembring my hard



hap, :||: and cru-ell fate, Remembring my hard hap and cruell fate,



For I a lone, am caufe of all my paine, :||: That gods might



dye, I leard to know to late, :||: That gods might

D.ii.

Of 5. The second part.

XX: QVINTVS.

Peter Phillips.

Falle de- ceit, who can himself af-

sure, himselfe assure, Those two faire lights ave clearer then y

Sum. ::

Who euer thought to see made so obscure, who euer

thought to see made so obscure, so obscure, well now I see Fortune doth me pro-

cure, Fortune doth mee procure, to learne, to learne by prooffe in this case that I

runne, that I runne, that I runne, that I runne, that nothing

long doth please, ne can indure. :: ne can indure.

that nothing long doth please, ne can indure. ::

Of 5.

XXI. QVINTVS.

Stephano Venturi.

S Mop- sus went his silly flock forth leading,

By chance hee heard how Phe- be,

by chance hee hard how Phe- be, ah, complayning, ah, complayning,

by chance hee heard how Phebe, ah, complayning, And trasing still hir steps and

pathes forth leading, :: Sore then shee cried, and sayd, shee was dis-

dayned, Long could he not then en-du-er, :: Long could he not

then enduer, :: en- duer, But proffered hir a false, hir

wound to cu- er. But proffered hir a false, hir wound to cu-

er.

D.iii.

Of 5.

XXII. QVINTVS.

Giouanni Eretati.



Musical notation for the first line of the song.

Lora faire Nimphe, whilst fil-ly Lambs are feeding,

Musical notation for the second line of the song.

fil-ly Lambes are feeding, Graunt my request in spee-

Musical notation for the third line of the song.

ding, :: ::

For your sweet loue my fil-ly hart doth

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song.

languish, And dye I shall except you quench the anguish. :: ::

Musical notation for the fifth line of the song.

For your sweet sake my fil-ly hart doth languish, And dye I shall except you

Musical notation for the sixth line of the song.

quench the Anguish. :: ::

Empty musical staff.

Empty musical staff.

Empty musical staff.

Empty musical staff.

123

41 3

Of 5.

XXIII. QVINTVS.

Giouanni di Macque.



Musical notation for the first line of the song.

Y sweet Lay- is, Lady mistres, :: ::

Musical notation for the second line of the song.

La- dy mist- res, Layis, aye mee Layis,

Musical notation for the third line of the song.

aye mee, ah poore

hart, ah poore

hart, ah

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song.

poore hart, :: ::

Dayly tormented, As one still discontented,

Musical notation for the fifth line of the song.

Since thou for true loue, :: ::

true loue, shalt bee so fore, so fore disconten-

Musical notation for the sixth line of the song.

ted, By foule enormi-ty, in thee first pla- ced, :: ::

By foule enormi-

Musical notation for the seventh line of the song.

ty, in thee first pla- ced, :: ::

in thee first pla- ced.

Empty musical staff.

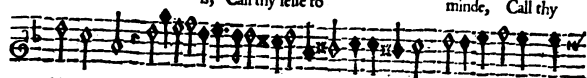
Empty musical staff.

Empty musical staff.

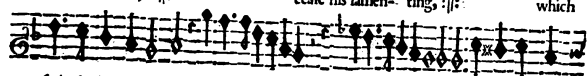


AY sweet Phil- is, ||: what thy will

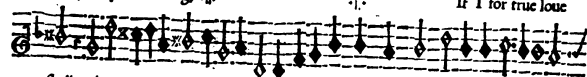
is, Call thy selfe to minde, Call thy



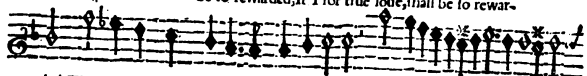
selfe to minde, ||: cease his lamening, ||: which



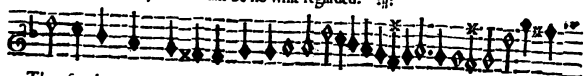
seeketh thy contenting, ||: ||: If I for true loue



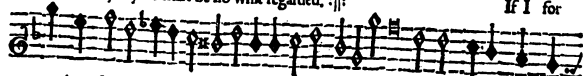
shall, ||: be so rewarded, If I for true loue, shall be so rewar-



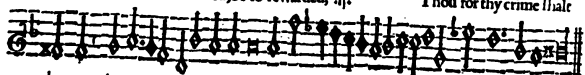
ded, Thou for thy crime shalt be no whit regarded. ||:



Thou for thy crime shalt be no whit regarded, ||: If I for



true loue, shall be so rewarded, be so rewarded, ||: Thou for thy crime shalt



bee no whit re- gar-ded, regarded. ||: ||: no whit regarded.

FINIS.

ALTVS.

MADRIGALS TO five voyces.

*Selected out of the best approued
Italian Authors.*

BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman
of hir Maiesties Royall
CHAPPELL.



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.

1598.

To the Worshipfull

Sir Geruis Clifton

K N I G H T.



*G*OOD Sir, I ever held this sentence of the Poët, as a Canon of my Creede; That whom GOD knoweth not, they love not Musique. For as the Art of Musique is one of the most Heavens gifts, so the very love of Musique (without Art) is one of the best engrafted testimonies of Heavens love towards vs. For your part, altho' I cannot easily sell, whether I may more commend in you, Art it selfe, or the Love of Art: Yet I must needs say, that Art it selfe was never in any man so renowned, as in you alone, the love thereof is beloved. And worthely. For it is not with you, as with manye others which for forme, affect it much: yet they but affect it, whereas your affects are best commended by the effects, your substantiall love by your Reall allowance, and your Royall minde by your super substantiall maintenance thereof. Of whom therefore should I poore Student and devoted servant of Heavens Art, & Arts love, make my wish for Patrone of this my Arts in artificiall choyce, but of your selfe alone, whom I cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patrone & Patrone, the choyce, Mitrou & Mecenas of these your owne, and Heavens delights. To you then alone, in whose honorable brest is a continuall harmonic of well ordered designs, I commit the censure of these my selectaries, and the patrocinie of these my paynes in them. Of the which if any part may finde with you the least favor able acceptance, I perswade my selfe I have done my part; & will endeavour my selfe in my more serious successefull labours, to merit that sweet favour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupate with these slighter travells.

Your worships many wayes obliged

THOMAS MORLET.

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in

these Bookes, with the names of their severall

Authors and Originalls.

S uch pleasant boughes.	I	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Sweetly pleasing suggest thou.	II	Battista Mosto.
I thinke that if the hills.	III	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Come lovers forth.	III	Giouanni Feretti.
Loe Ladies where my loue comes.	V	Rugiero Giouanelli.
As I walked.	VI	Rugiero Giouanelli.
Delay breeds danger.	VII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
My Ladie still abhors mee.	VIII	Giouanni Feretti.
Doe not tremble.	IX	Horacio Vecchi.
Harke and gae care.	X	Giulio Belli.
Life tell mee.	XI	Horacio Vecchi.
Soden passions.	XII	Allessandro Orologio.
If silent.	XIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.
O my louing sweet hart.	XIII	Luca Merenzio.
I languish to complaine mee.	XV	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Loe how my colour rangeth.	XVI	Hippolito Sabino.
Thursis on his faire Phillis.	XVII	
For verie grieft I dye.	XVIII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
The Nightingale. The first part.	XIX	Peter Phillips.
O false deceit. The second part.	XX	Peter Phillips.
As Mopsus went.	XXI	Stephano Venturi.
Elora faire Nimphe.	XXII	Giouanni Feretti.
My sweet Lays.	XXIII	Giouanni di Macque.
Say sweet Phillis.	XXIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.

FINIS.

91.

L. ALTVS. Alfonso Ferabosco.

Such ple-
asant boughes the world yet neuer view-
ed.

such ple-
asant boughes the world yet ne-
uer

viewed, Nor winde did e-
uer moue, such flowers verdant, As at the first vnto

my sight were shewed, For that I' seeing those hir two Lampe as-
tant, for my no-

fuge no better shade dyd espie, :||: that grew vnder

the skye, Vnder the skye, For my refuge no better shade I dyd e-
spie, Of any

greene plant, that grew vnder the skye, Of any greene plant that grew

vnder the skye, that grew vn-
der the skye. :||:

that grew vnder the skye.

B.

Of 5.

II. ALTUS.

Batista Morla.



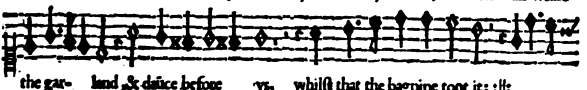
Swetly plea- sing singst thou, lowly she-



perdis, like a Cordall pear- sing, Thou bringst a world, thou bringst a world



of blisse, Stretch forth thy nimble ioynts & finely foote it, For thou shalt weare



the gar- land, & dance before vs, whilst that the bagpipe toot it: :||:



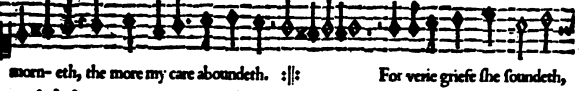
Strew Roses, Violets, Lillies, Cowslips & Daffadillis, But aye me, in the



midst of mirth & singing, What means my lose thus to change, with his hands wringing,



Help also these faints, for verie grief the foundeth, :||: the more the



morn- eth, the more my care aboundeth. :||: For verie griefe the foundeth,

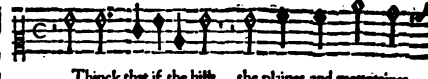


:||: The more the morn- eth, the more my care aboundeth. :||:

Of 5.

III. ALTUS.

Alfonso Ferrabuco.



Thank that if the hills, the plaines and mountaines,



And woods and waters knew the great diftemper, :||:



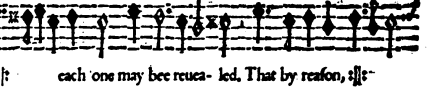
Of this my lyfe, it should :||: it should not bee con-



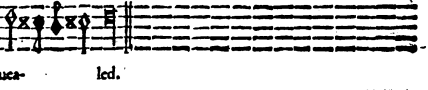
cea- led, :||: But throw such by pathes, & sauge foun-



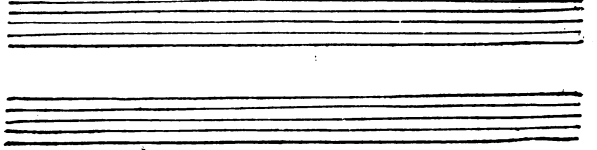
tains, I know not how to search for trew lose temper, :||:



That by reason, :||: each one may bee reuea- led, That by reason, :||:



each one may bee reuea- led.



Of 5. IIII. ALTVS. Giovanni Faverdi.

Come louers fourth addresse you to ad-my-cr, ¶||:

addresse you to ad- mi-er, Come louers fourth ad-
 raffe you to admyer, ¶||: addresse you to ad-my-cr. At hir whole
 locks are-like the golden wyer, ¶||: Cu-riously wrought to fet
 mens harts, ¶||: on fy-er. Curiously wrought to fet mens harts on
 fy- er. ¶||: Curiously wrought to fet mens harts on fy-er, ¶||:

Of 5. V. ALTVS. Rugiero Giomanni.

Oe Ladies: where my Loue comes, all clad in greene and
 youthfully she shewes it, ¶||: youthful-
 ly she shewes it, harts grieue none feces, but shee that fondly knows it, My hart will
 breake in funder, ¶||: And daunt my fen- ces more then bouls of
 Thun- der, Rest sweet life, in his keeping, which causeth thee to wake when
 hee lies sleeping. Rest sweetly, in his keeping, which causeth thee to wake when
 hee lies slee- ping, Rest sweetly, in his keeping, ¶||: ¶||: in his
 keeping, ¶||: which causeth thee to wake when he lies slee- ping.



S I walked, :||: as I walked, :||:

in greene Forrest, Among the wilde beasts, I fodaine-

ly be thought me, Among the wilde beasts, I fodaine-ly be thought mee, of strange

and sweet lefts, for hir that fought mee, for hir that fought

mee: But my mynde, :||: yerides mee no rest; Nor can I confter,

certainly what wilde monster, vsurping in my rest lesse fences,

So strangely mo-ued, Deadly to hate hir now, :||: :||:

Deadly to hate hir now, whom once I loued.



Ely breeds danger, danger, & how may that be wrested,

by flight to than delaying, :||: :||:

verie vile is that vice, :||: :||: e-uer de-lected,

Each louers sute bewraying, Thrice happie men doe say is that sweet wooing, :||:

Where loue may still beo noted, :||: :||:

where loue may still be noted, :||: Swift in doing, :||:

Swift in doing, :||: Swift in doing.

Of 5. **VIII. ALTUS.** Giovanni Ferretti.

Y Lady still abhors mee, supposing by his flying, :||:

Sometime to breed my dying, My Lady still abhors mee, supposing by his flying, :||:

Sometime to breed my dying, Slay mee, :||: slay mee

:||: slay mee, :||: slay mee, :||: flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, yet your

flight shall not destroy mee, slay mee, :||: slay mee :||: slay mee, :||: slay mee

slay mee, :||: slay mee, :||: slay mee, flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, yet your

flight shall not destroy mee. yet your flight shall not destroy mee.

Of 5. **IX. ALTUS.** Horacio Vecchi.

Oe not trem- ble but stand fast, deare

hart and faint not, Hope well, have well, my sweeting, my

sweeting, Loe where I come to thee with friendly greeting, Now soyme with

mee, thy hand fast, :||: Loe thy true love saluts thee, loe thy

true loue, :||: saluts thee, Whose lerne thou art, and so he still reputs

thee, :||: Whose lerne thou art, and so he still reputs thee,

hee still reputs thee, and so hee still reputs thee, and so hee still reputs thee.

Of 5.

X. ALTVS.

Giulio Bell.



Musical notation for the first line of the song, including a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one flat.

Arke and giue care aucteritie, you louers fo beforted, No lyfe

no breath, and yet no death al- lot- ted : Phillis, :||:

Musical notation for the second line of the song.

fyre gaue mee a flowre, wherein my hart was lodged, as in a strong towre, free of that

Musical notation for the third line of the song.

flowre beereff mee, And stealing fled, all comfort lesse thee left mee, :||:

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song.

what pang are these in louers, Twixt lyfe & death fo st- i-

Musical notation for the fifth line of the song.

ing, That steales the hart and giues the lyfe reuinting. That steales the hart, and

Musical notation for the sixth line of the song.

giues the lyfe reuinting.

Empty musical staves at the bottom of the page.

Of 5.

XI. ALTVS.

Horacio Vedit.



Musical notation for the first line of the song, including a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one flat.

Ife tell mee what is the caufe of each mans thy- ing,

carefull grieff mixt with cri- eng e No no hart stay

Musical notation for the second line of the song.

thee, :||: Let no such thought or care of mind dif- may thee, :||:

Musical notation for the third line of the song.

or care of mind difmay thee, let no such thought or care of mind dif- may

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song.

thee, Tell mee life, tell mee life how grieffe killeth or how it woundeth, when is

Musical notation for the fifth line of the song.

fo fore aboundeth, a- boundeth, :||: Sweet hart content thee, :||:

Musical notation for the sixth line of the song.

Thy cares are fo great, I can but lament thee. :||: great

Musical notation for the seventh line of the song.

I can but lament thee, Thy cares are fo great, I can but la- ment thee.

Empty musical staves at the bottom of the page.

Of 7.

XII. ALTUS.

Alessandro Orologio.



S Oden passions, :||: :||: with strange &

rare tormen-ting, :||: Increaseth grief,&

more, it breeds my sorrow, :||: The cause increaseth, doth

blare mine eyes with weeping, In this vncrestfull paine, :||: long

must I lin- guish, :||: Till death draw neere to rid, :||:

my heart from anguish. Till death draw neere to rid, :||:

my heart from anguish.

Of 5.

XIII. VLTVS.

Alfonso Ferrabesco.



F silent, then grieftorments

mee, torments mee, If I speake, your patience mo-

ueth, :||: :||: Hating him that loueth, :||:

your patience mo- ueth. But whē sweet hope appereth, My countenance is

chea- reth, And knees in humble wise for pit- tie plea-

ding: That these my lines so pen- sive, so pen- sive,

May no way seeme offen- sive, But rather work my ioye, :||:

:||: by your sweet reading. But rather work my ioye, by your sweet

reading, But rather work my ioye, by your sweet rea- ding.

Of 5.

XIII. ALTUS.

Luca Marenzio.



My losing sweet hart
leane of thy mad-nesse,

How can my woun-ded hart to linc be a-ble, That without

your feruent loue, A-las, what griefe and sad-nesse, In my torment

doe make mee mi-se-rable, which from mine eies doe wring such teares &

grones, & grones, That vnto pittie moue, the hard rocks and stones. :||:

hard rocks & stones, that vnto pit-tie moue, the hard rocks and stones.

Empty musical staves at the bottom of the page.

Of 5.

XV. ALTUS.

Alonso Ferrabosco.



Languish to complaine mee, :||: with

gast-ly griefe tormented, :||: :||:

I stand a mazed, to see you discontented, :||: I stand a

mazed, :||: to see you discontented, to see you discontented. Better I to hold

my peace, Better I to hold my peace, and co-uerly to stop my breath,

Then cause my forrowes to increafe, and worke my death, and couerly to stop

my breath. :||: Then cause my forrowes, to increafe, & work my

death. :||: Then cause my forrowes to increafe & worke

my death. Then cause my forrowes to increafe, and worke my death.

XVI. ALTUS.

Hippolito Sabino.

Ue how my colour rangeth, :||: And death to

life, and death to life exchaungeth, :||:

Line thou de-ceitfull, And let me live contrary, :||: and let me live con-

trary, :||: And thus by li-ving, :||: and thus by living, wee

live both, :||: In lues contrary, in lues con-tra-ry, in

lues contra-ry.

XVII.

ALTUS.

Hittis, on his faire Phillis brest reposing, :||:

Sweet-ly, sweetly did kisse

guish, when thee in louses sweet anguish, him kissing gently said (thus) with

fugred glofing, Thuris o tell mee, tell mee, thy true lous best approued, art

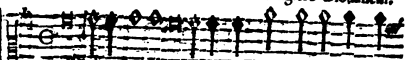
not thou my be-loued, Then hee, :||: which to his hart was e-uer nearest, Kiss

his a- gain and said, :||: yes yes La-dy dearest.

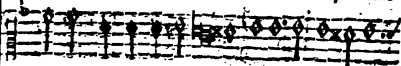
Of 7. 1. 2.

XVIII. AETVS.

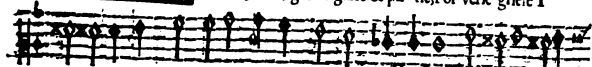
Rugiero Giopaneli.



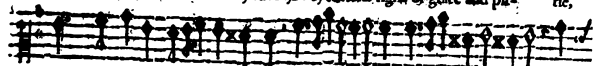
OH, verie grief I dye, if that you shew not in your faire



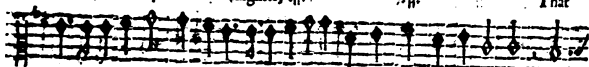
eyes, some signe of grace & pit-tie, For verie griefe I



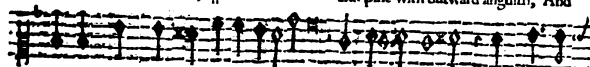
dye, if that you shew not in your faire eyes, some signe of grace and pit-



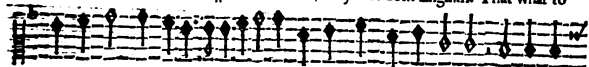
tie,
 : Hates beques a stray so mightie, :||: :||: That



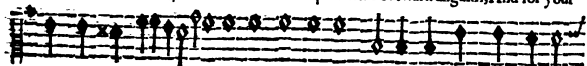
what to doe I know not, :||: But pine with outward anguish, And



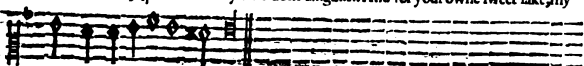
for your owne sweet sake, :||: my hart doth languish. That what to



doe I know not, :||: But pine with outward anguish, And for your



owne sweet sake, :||: my hart doth languish. And for your owne sweet sake, my

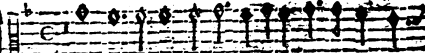


hart doth lan-
 guish.

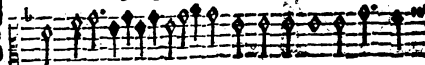
Of 5. The first part.

XIX. AETVS.

Peter Phillips.



HE Nightingale that sweetly, :||: sweetly doth com-



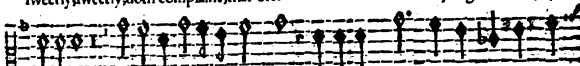
plaine, that &c.

The Nightingale that sweetly,

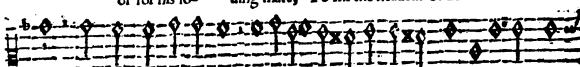


sweetly, sweetly, doth complaine, that &c.

his yong once lost, :||:

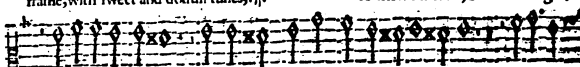


or for his lo- uing mate, To fill the heauens & fields himseffe doth

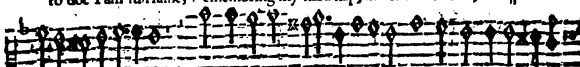


frame, with sweet and dolfull tunes, :||:

to shew his state, So all the night,



to doe I am full faire, Remembering my hard hap, and cru- ell fate, :||:

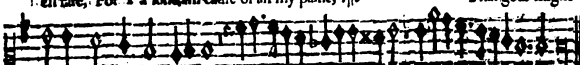


my hard hap & cru-



ell fate, For I a lone, am cause of all my paine, :||:

That gods might



dye, I leard to know to late. :||:

D.ii. #:

Of 4. The second part. XX. ALTVS. Peter Philippus.



Fake deceit, :||: who can himself af-

faire, :||: Those two faire lights eye

clearer then the Sun, Who euer thought to see made so obscure, :||:

who euer thought to see made so ob- fure, well now I see Fortune doth

me procure, :||: to learne by prooffe in this case that I runne,

that I runne, that I runne, that nothing long doth

please, ne can indure, ne can indure, that nothing long doth please, ne

can indure, ne can indure, that nothing long doth

please ne can in- dure.

Of 5. XXI. ALTVS. Stephano Venturo.



S Mopis: went his filly flock fourth leading, By chance hee

heard how Phebe, :||: ah, complaind, ah, complaind, ah, complaind, And traing

still hir steps and pathes fourth leading, fourth leading, and pathes fourth

lea- ding, Sore then she cried, and sayd, she was disdaind, Long could hee

not then en- duer, :||: But profferd hir a false, :||:

hir wound to cuer. But profferd hir a false, hir wound to cuer. :||:

But profferd hir a false, hir wound to ca-

er.

But profferd hir a false, hir wound to cuer. D.iii.

Of 5.

XXII. ALTVS.

Giouanni Peretti.



First line of musical notation with lyrics: *Lous faire Nimphe whitst fil-ly Lambes are feeding, fil-ly*

Lambes are feeding, Graunt my request in speeding, :||:

Second line of musical notation with lyrics: *grant my request in speed- ing. For your sweet loise my fil-ly hart doth*

Third line of musical notation with lyrics: *lan- guish, :||: And dye I shall, except you quench the an-*

Fourth line of musical notation with lyrics: *guish, :||: For your sweet loise my fil-ly hart doth lan- guish, :||:*

Fifth line of musical notation with lyrics: *And dye I shall except you quench the Anguish, :||:*

Sixth line of musical notation with lyrics: *Anguish, :||:*

Seventh line of musical notation with lyrics: *in thee first pla- ced.*

Eighth line of musical notation with lyrics: *in thee first pla- ced.*

Ninth line of musical notation with lyrics: *in thee first pla- ced.*

Tenth line of musical notation with lyrics: *in thee first pla- ced.*

Of 5.

XXIII. ALTVS.

Giouanni di Macque.



First line of musical notation with lyrics: *Y sweet Lay- is, La- dy most-*

res, Layis, aye mee, poore

Second line of musical notation with lyrics: *hart, poore hart, poore hart,*

Third line of musical notation with lyrics: *ah poore hart, Dayly tormen- ted, And deadly malecon- tented, :||:*

Fourth line of musical notation with lyrics: *Since thou for true loise, :||: shalt bee so fore dis- conten-*

Fifth line of musical notation with lyrics: *ted, :||: By foule enormi- ty, in thee first pla- ced. :||:*

Sixth line of musical notation with lyrics: *in thee first pla- ced.*

Seventh line of musical notation with lyrics: *in thee first pla- ced.*

Eighth line of musical notation with lyrics: *in thee first pla- ced.*

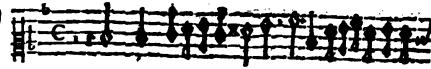
Ninth line of musical notation with lyrics: *in thee first pla- ced.*

Tenth line of musical notation with lyrics: *in thee first pla- ced.*

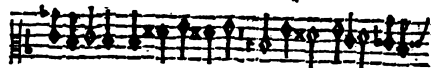
Of 5.

XXIII. LATVS.

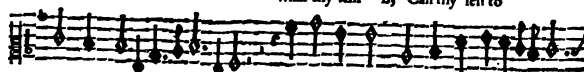
Alfonso Feraboco.



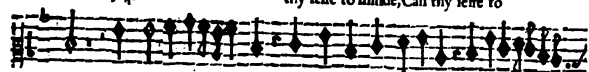
AY sweet Phil- is, :||:



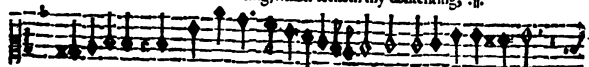
what thy will is, Call thy self to



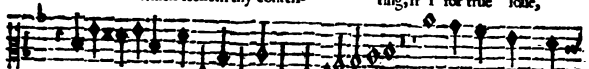
minde, :||: thy selfe to minde, Call thy selfe to



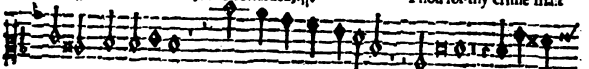
minde, cease his lamen- sing, which seeketh thy contenting, :||:



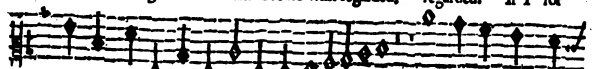
which seeketh thy conten- ting, If I for true loue,



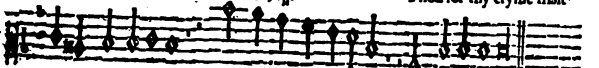
:||: shall be so rewarded, :||: Thou for thy crime shalt



bee no whit regarded. shalt bee no whit regarded, regarded. If I for



true loue, shall bee so re-wa- ded, :||: Thou for thy cryme shalt



bee. no whit regarded. shalt bee no whit regarded. no whit regarded.

FINIS.

TENOR.

MADRIGALS
TO
five voyces.

*Selected out of the best approved
Italian Authors.*

BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman
of his Maiesties Royall
CHAPELL.



AT LONDON
Printed by Thomas Este.
1598.

To the Worshipfull

Sir Geruis Clifton

K N I G H T.



GOOD Sir, I ever held this sentence of the Poët, as a Canon of my Creede; That whom GOD loueth not, they loue not Musique. For as the Art of Musique is one of the most Heauenly gifts, so the very loue of Musique (without Art) is one of the best engrafed testimonies of Heavens loue towards vs. For your part, albeit I cannot easly tell, whether I may more commend in you, Art it selfe, or the Loue of Art: Yet I must needs say, that Art it selfe was neuer in any man so renowned, as in you alone, the loue thereof is beeloued. And worthely. For it is not with you, as with manye others which for forme, affect it much: yet they but affect it, whereas your affects are best commended by the effects, your substantiall loue by your Reall allowance, and your Royall minde by your supersubstantiall maintenance thereof. Of whom therefore should I poore Student and devoted seruant of Heavens Art, & Arts loue, make my wish for Patrone of this my Arts in artificiall choyce, but of your selfe alone, whom I cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patrone & Patrone, the choyce, Mitrou & Mecenas of these your owne, and Heavens delights. To you then alone, in whose honorable brest is a continuall harmonie of well ordered designes, I commit the censure of these my selectaries, and the patrocinie of these my paynes in them. Of the which if any part may finde with you the least fauorable acceptaunce, I perswade my selfe I have done my part, & will endeouour my selfe in my more serious successiue labours, to merit that sweet fauour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupate with these slighter trauells.

Your worships many wayes obleged

THOMAS MORLET,

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in

these Bookes, with the names of their severall

Authors and Originalls.

S Vch pleasant bowghes.	I	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Sweetly pleasing fingerst thou.	II	Battista Mosto.
I think that if the hills.	III	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Come lovers forth.	III	Giouanni Feretti.
Loe Ladies where my loue comes.	V	Rugiero Giouanelli.
As I walked.	VI	Rugiero Giouanelli.
Delay breeds danger.	VII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
My Ladie still abhors mee.	VIII	Giouanni Feretti.
Doe not tremble.	IX	Horacio Vecchi.
Hark and giue care.	X	Giulio Belli.
Life tell mee.	XI	Horacio Vecchi.
Soden passions.	XII	Alessandro Orologio.
If silent.	XIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.
O my leuing sweet hart.	XIII	Luca Merenzio.
I languish to complaine mee.	XV	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Loe how my colour rangeth.	XVI	Hippolito Sabino.
Thursis on his faire Phillis.	XVII	
For verie grieie I dye.	XVIII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
The Nightingale. The first part.	XIX	Peter Phillips.
O false deceit. The second part.	XX	Peter Phillips.
As Mopius went.	XXI	Stephano Venturi.
Flora faire Nimphe.	XXII	Giouanni Feretti.
My sweet Lays.	XXIII	Giouanni di Macque.
Say sweet Phillis.	XXIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.

FINIS.

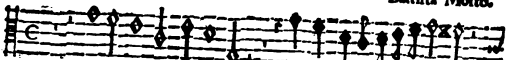
Vch pleasant: The world yet neuer vewed, Such pleasant
 bowghes y world yet neuer vewed, :||: No
 winde dyd e- uer none such flowers verdant, :||: As at the first vnto
 my sight were shew- ed, For that I seeing those hir two Lamps ardens,
 For my refuge no better, for my refuge no bet- ter shade dyd espye, Of
 any greene plant that grew vnder the skye. For my refuge no better shade dyd
 espye, Of any greene plant that grew vnder the skye. :||: Of
 any greene plant, of any greene plant, :||: Of any greene plant y grew
 vnder the sky.

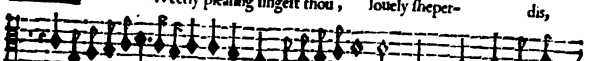
Of 5.

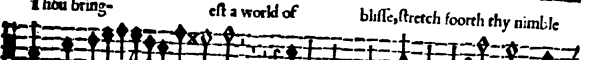
II. TENOR.

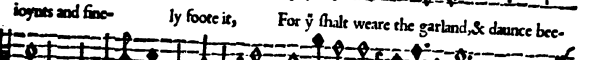
Battista Motta.

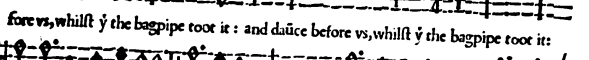


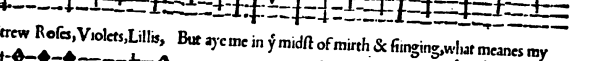


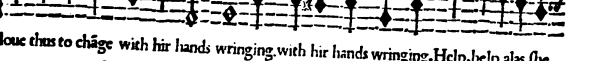
 Weety pleasing finger thou, lovely sheper- dis,


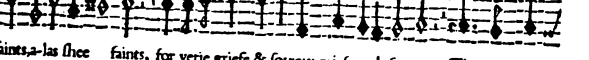
 Thou bring- est a world of blisse, stretch forth thy nimble



 ioynts and fine- ly foote it, For y shalt weare the garland, & daunce bee-


 fore vs, whilst y the bagpipe toot it: and daunce before vs, whilst y the bagpipe toot it:


 Strew Roses, Violets, Lillis, But aye me in y midst of mirth & finging, what meane my


 loue thus to chage with hir hands wringing, with hir hands wringing, Help, help alas she


 faints, a-las thee faints, for verie griefe & sorrow, griefe and sorrow, The more thee


 morneth, the more my care aboundeth. For verie grief & sorrow, griefe and sorrow,


 The more thee morneth, the more my care aboundeth. my care aboundeth.

Of 5.

III. TENOR.

Alfonso Ferabosco.





 Thinck that if the hills, the plaines and moun-


 taines, And woods and waters knew the great distemper, :||:


 Of this my lyfe, :||: it should not bee concealed, :||:


 But thorow such by pathes, and fauge fountains, :||:


 and fauge fountaines, I know not how to search for trew loue sem- per, :||:


 That by reason, :||: each one may bee reuca-


 led, That by reason, :||: each one may be reuealed. each one may be reuealed.

Bij.

Of the

THE TENOR.

Giouanni Feretti.

O One louers' foorth adresse you to admyer, to ad-

myer to admyer, admyer, Come louers foorth adresse you

to admyer, to admyer, to admyer, admyer, At hir whose locks are like the

golden wyer, :||: Curiously wrought to fet mens harts

on fyer, mens harts on fyer. Curiously wrought to fet mens' harts on fyer. :||:

mens harts on fy-er. Curiously wrought to fet mens harts on

mens harts on fy-er. Curiously wrought to fet mens harts on

mens harts on fy-er. Curiously wrought to fet mens harts on

Of the

THE TENOR.

Rugiero Giouanelli.

Oe Ladies when my loue comes, all clad in greene &

youthfully shee shows it, :||: Harts grieue

none feeles, but shee that soundly knowes it : My hart will break in sinder, :||:

And daunt my fen- ces, more then boult of Thunder, Rest sweet-

ly, in his keeping, which causeth me to wake when he lies slee- ping. Rest sweetly

:||: in his keeping, :||: in his keeping, which causeth mee to

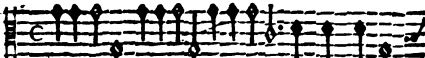
wake when hee lyes sleeping.

wake when hee lyes sleeping.

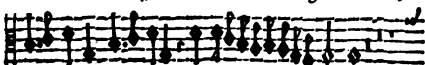
Of 5.

VI. TENOR.

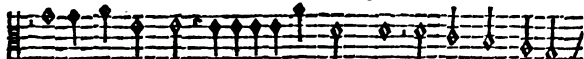
Rugiero Giouanelli.



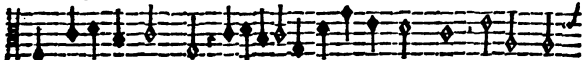
S I walked, :: as I walked in greene Forreft,



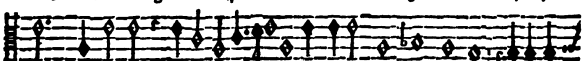
as I walked, :: in greene Forreft,



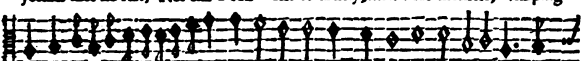
Among the wilde beafts, I fodainely bee thought mee, of ftrange and moft rare



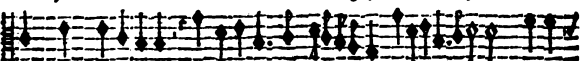
iefts, for hir that fought mee : :: for hir that fought mee : But my mynde



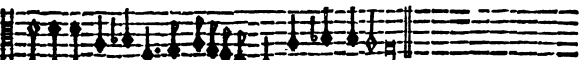
yeeldes mee no reft, Nor can I coo- fter certainly, what vilde monfter, vfarping



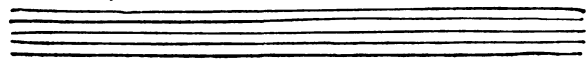
in my reft- leffe fences, So ftrangely moued, deadly to hate hir



now, whom once I loued. Deadly to hate hir now, :: whom once I



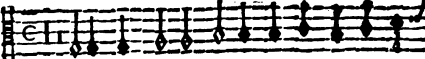
loued. Deadly to hate hir now, whom once I loued.



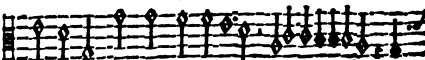
Of 5.

VII. TENOR.

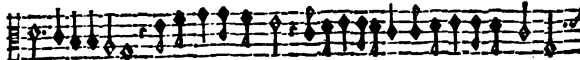
Rugiero Giouanelli.



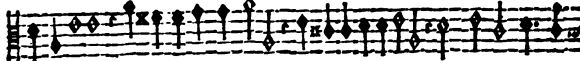
Ely breeds danger, danger, and how may that bee



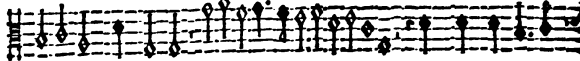
wreffed, by flaight to fun delaying, :: ::



verie vile is that vice, :: verie vile is that vice, e-



uer deteeted. Each louers fute bewraying, :: Thrice happie men doe



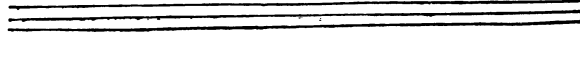
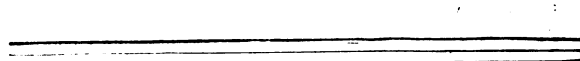
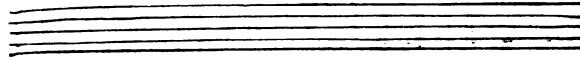
lay, is that sweet wooing, :: Where loue may ftill bee



noted, :: where loue may ftill be noted, :: Swift in do-



ing, :: Swift in doing, :: Swift in doo- ing.



Of 7.

VIII. TENOR.

Giottanni Fesetti.



Y Lady still abhors mee, abhors mee, supposing by hir fly-

ing, :||:

Sometime to breed my

dy-

ing, My Lady still abhors mee, abhors mee, supposing by hir fly-

ing, :||:

Sometime to breed my dy-

ing, Slay mee, :||:

slay mee, :||: slay mee, :||: flye mee flye mee, flye mee, :||:

yet your flight, yet your flight shall not destroy mee, shall not destroy mee,

slay mee, :||: slay mee :||: slay me, :||: fly mee, fly mee, fly mee, :||:

yet your flight, yet your flight shall not destroy mee, shall not destroy mee.

Of 5.

IX. TENOR.

Horacio Vecchi.



Oe not tremble but stand fast, deare hart & faint not, Hope

well, haue well, my sweeting, my sweeting, Loe wher I come to

thee with friendly greet- ing, Now ioyne with mee, thy hand fast, :||:

:||:

Loe thy true loue saluts thee, :||:

Whose Ierne thou art, and so he still reputs thee, :||:

and so he still reputs thee, he still reputs thee, and so he

still reputs thee.

C.

Of 5.

X. TENOR.

Giulio Belli.

no breath, and yet no death allotted: Phillis wherein my

me, And stealing fled, all comfortlesse thee left mee, all comfort- lesse the

lyfe remainig. That steales the heart, and gies the lyfe remainig.

Of 5.

XI. TENOR.

Horacio Vecchi

ing, carefull grieffe mixt with crieng, No no hart stay

Let no such thought or care of minde dismay thee, Tell mee

life, tell mee life how grieffe killeth or how it woundeth, when it so sore a-bound-

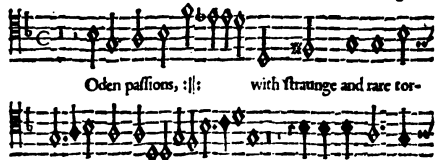
great, I can but lament thee. :||: Thy cares are so great,

I can but lament thee.

Of 5.

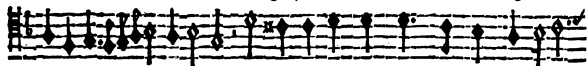
XII. TENOR.

Alessandro Orologio.

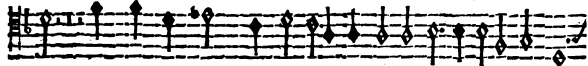


Oden passions, :: with strange and rare tor-

men- ting, :: Increaseth grief, and



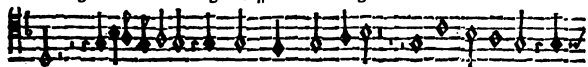
more, it breeds my sorrow, The cause increaseth, doth beare mine eyes with wee-



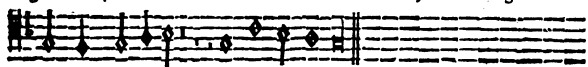
ping, And daunt my thoughts from euen vntill the morrow, In this vncrestfull paine,



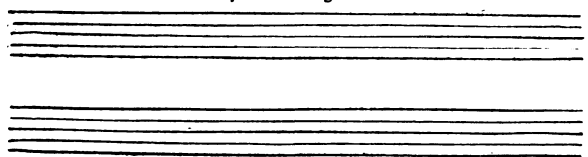
long must I lan- guish, :: long must I lan-



guish, :: Till death draw neere to rid my hart from anguish. Till



death draw neere to rid my hart from anguish.



Of 5.

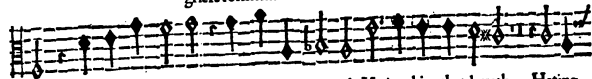
XIII. TENOR.

Alfonso Ferabosco.

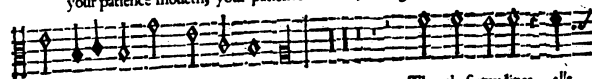


E si- lence, then griefe torments mee, :: then

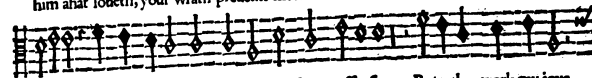
griefe torments mee, If I speake, ::



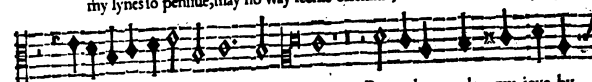
'your patience moueth, your patience moueth, Hating him that loueth, Hating



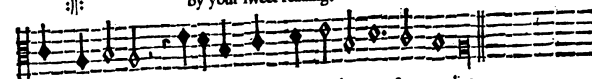
him that loueth, your wrath preuentes mee. That these my lines, ::



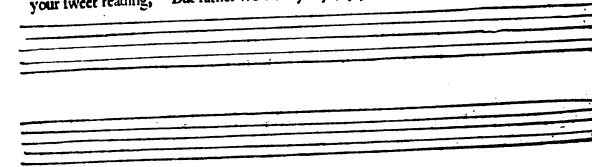
my lynes so pensue, may no way seeme offensue, But rather worke my ioye,



:: by your sweet reading. But rather worke my ioye, by



your sweet reading, But rather worke my ioye, by your sweet reading.



Of 5.

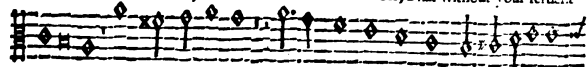
XIII. TENOR.

Luca Marenzio.

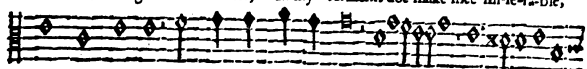


My louing sweet hart, leaue of thy madnesse, How can

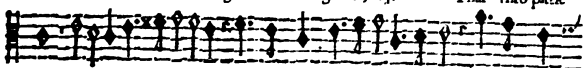
my wounded hart to lue be able, That without your feruent



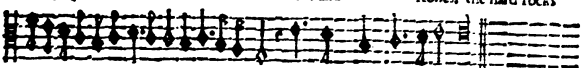
loue, A-las, what greife and sadnesse, In my torments doe make mee mi-se-ra-ble,



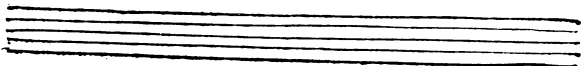
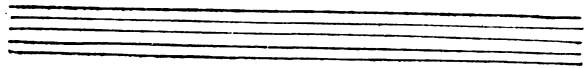
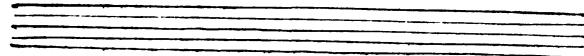
Which from mine eyes, doe wring such teares & groones, :||: That vnto pittie



meane, :||: the hard rocks and stones, the hard rocks



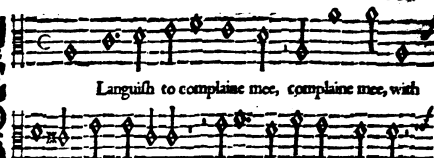
and stones, the hard rocks and stones.



Of 5.

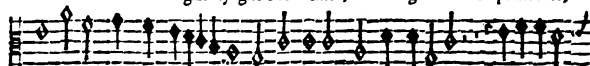
XV. TENOR.

Alfonso Feraboco.

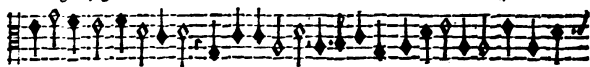


Languish to complaine mee, complaine mee, with

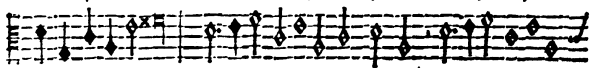
gast-ly griefe tormented, I languish to complaine mee,



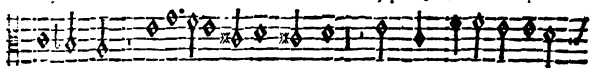
with gastly griefe tormen- ted, tormented, I stand a mazed, :||:



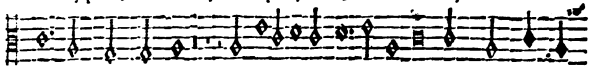
to see you discontented, I stand a mazed, to see you discontented, to see you, to



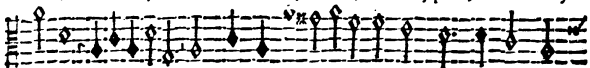
see you disconten- ted. Bet- ter I to hold my peace, Bet- ter I to



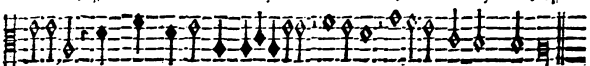
hold my peace, and couertly to stop my breath, Then cause my sorrows to in-



crease and worke my death. and couertly to hold, to hold my peace, Then cause my



sorrows, :||: Then cause my sorrows to increafe, and worke my death, :||:



Then cause my sorrows, :||: to increafe, :||: & worke my death.

Of 5.

XVI. TENOR.

Hippolito Sabino.

L Oe how my colour rangeth, :: And death to

life exchaungeth, :: :: ex-

changeth, Line thou decriitfull, And let me line contrary, :: &c

let me line contrary, :: And thus by liuing, wee line both, ::

we line both, In lines wee va-rie, :: in

lines wee va-rie...

Empty musical staff

Empty musical staff

Empty musical staff

Of 5.

XVII.

TENOR.

T Hiris, on his faire Phil- lis breast reposing Sweet-

ly, sweetly did lan- guish, :: when

shee in loues sweet anguish, him kissing gently said (thus) with sugred glofing,

Thuris o tell mee, art not thou my be-loued, Then hee, :: which to hir

hart (still) was neereft, nee- rest, Kist hir againe and said, Kist

hir againe and said, and said, yes La-dy dearest. yes yes La-dy dearest.

Empty musical staff

Empty musical staff

Of 5.

XVI. TENOR.

Hippolito Sabino.

Ue how my colour rangeth, :||: And death to

life exchangeth, :||: :||: ex-

changeth, Live thou deersfull, And let me live contrary, :||: &

let me live contrary, :||: And thus by living, wee live both, :||:

we live both, In lives wee varie, :||: in

lives wee varie.

Of 5.

XVII.

TENOR.

T'hiris, on his faire Phil- lis breast repofing Sweet-

ly, sweetly did languish, :||: when

hee in loves sweet anguish, him kissing gently said (thus) with figned glowing,

T'hiris ô tell mee, art not thou my be-loued, Then hee, :||: which to his

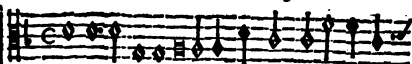
hart (still) was nearest, nee- rest, Kist hir againe and said, Kist

hir againe and said, and said, yes La-dy dearest. yes yes La-dy dearest.

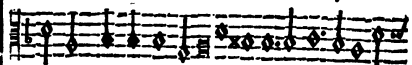
Of 5.

XVIII. TENOR.

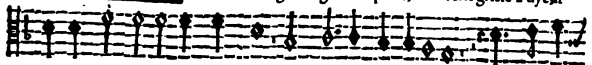
Rugiero Giouanelli.



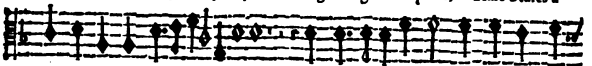
OR verie grief I die,if that you shew not in your faire



eyes,some signe of grace & pittie, For verie grieft I dye,if

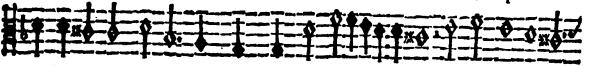


that you shew not in your fayre eyes, some signe of grace & pittie, Hate beares a



fway so mightie, :||

That what to doe I know not, But pine with



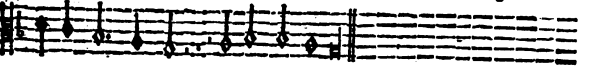
outward anguish, And for your owne sweet fate, :||

my hart doth lan-

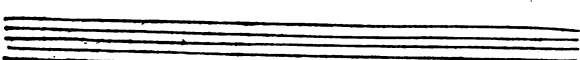
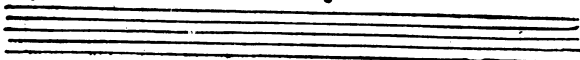


guish. And for your owne sweet fate, :||

my hart doth languish. And



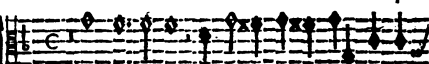
for your owne sweet fate, my hart doth languish.



Of 5. The first part.

XIX. TENOR.

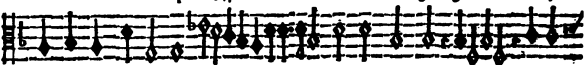
Peter Phillips.



HE Nightingale that sweetly, sweetly, :|| doth com-

plaine, :||

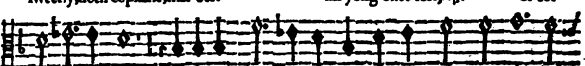
The Nightingale that sweetly,



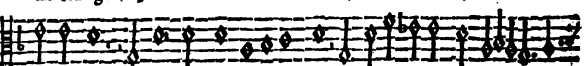
sweetly, doth com-plaint, that &c.

his yong once lost, :||

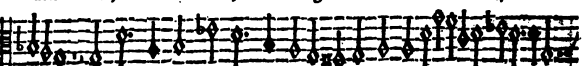
or for



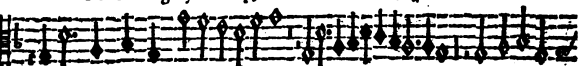
his louing mate, To fill the heauens & fields himselfe doth frame, with sweet and



dofull tunes, to shew his fate, So all the night, to doe I am full faire, :||

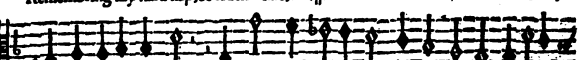


Remembering my hard hap, and cru- ell fate, :||



Remembering my hard hap, & cruell fate, :||

For I a lone,



am cause of all my paine, That gods might dye, I leard to know to late, :||



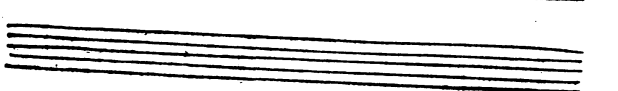
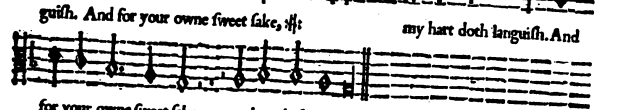
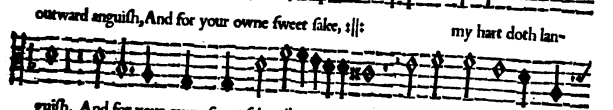
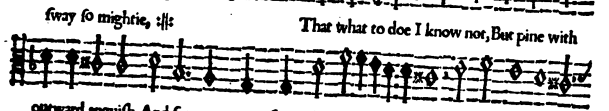
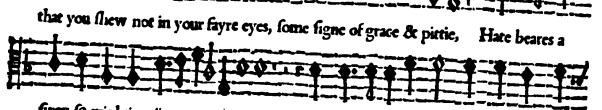
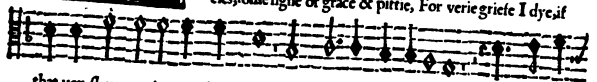
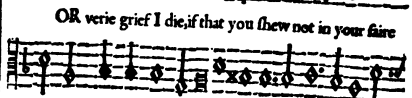
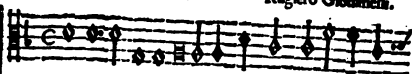
That gods &c.

That gods &c.

D.ii.

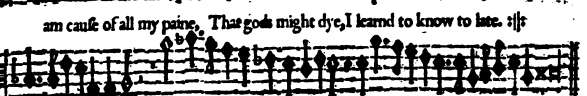
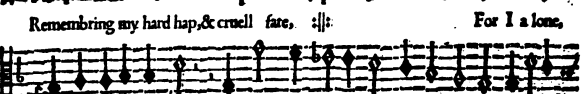
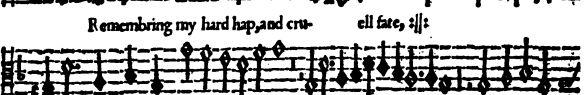
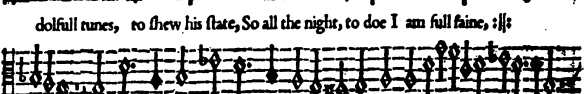
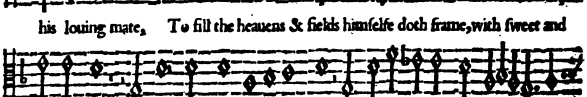
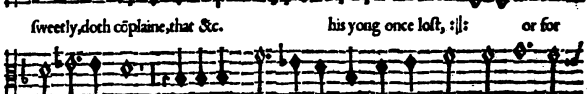
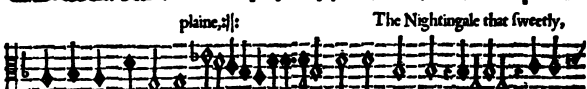
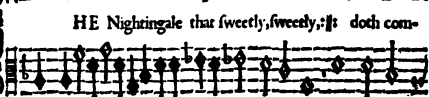
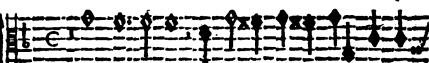
XVIII. TENOR.

Rugiero Giouanelli.



XIX. TENOR.

Peter Phillips.



That gods &c.

That gods &c.

D.ii.

Of 5. The second part.

XX. TENOR.

Peter Phillipps.



False deceit, :||: who can him-

self assure, him-self assure, Those two faire lights aye clearer

then the Sun, Who ever thought to see made so obscure, :||:

who e-uer thought to see made so obscure, Well now I see, Fortune doth

me procure, :||: To learne by prooffe in this case that I

runne, that I runne, That nothing long doth please, ne can in-

dure. ne can in- dure. That nothing long doth please, ne can in- dure, :||:

Of 5.

XXI. TENOR.

Stephano Venturi.



S Mopfus: By chance hee heard how Phe- be,

:||: by chance hee heard how

Phe- be, ah, complay- ned, ah, complayned, And traifing

still hir steps and pathes forth leading, and pathes forth leading, Long could he

not then enduer, :||: But proffered hir a false, hir wound

to cuer. :||: But proffered hir a false, hir wound to

cuer. :||:

Lora faire Nymph, faire Nymph, Flora faire Nymph whilst

fil-ly Lambes are feeding, Graunt my request in speeding,

||:

For your sweet loue my fil-ly hart doth languish, :||

And dye I shall, except you quench the an- guish. :||

For your sweet loue my fil-ly hart doth languish, :||

And dye I shall except you quench the An- guish. :||

Y sweet Lay- is, La- dy mi- fire,

Layis, aye mee, Layis, aye mee,

ah poore

hart, ah poore hart, :||

Dayly tor-

mented, And deadly maloon-tented, :||

Since thou for true loue,

||:

shalt bee so fore disgra-

ced, so fore disgra-

ced, By foule enormitie, in thee first pla- ced. In thee first pla-

ced. By foule enormitie, in thee first pla- ced.

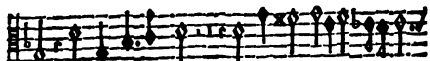
Or 5.

XXIIII. TENOR.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



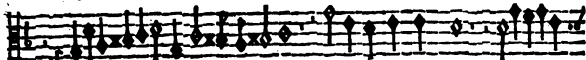
AY sweet Phil- is, what thy will



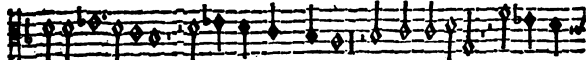
is, Call thy selfe to minde, Call thy selfe to



minde, thy selfe to minde, cease his lamenting. :||: which seeketh thy contenting,



:||: If I for true loue shall, :||:



bee so rewarded, Thou for thy crime shalt bee no whit regarded. Thou for thy



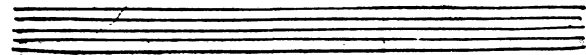
crime shalt bee no whit regarded. If I for true loue shall, :||: bee



so rewarded, Thou for thy crime shalt bee no whit regarded. :||:



Thou for thy crime, shalt bee no whit regarded.



BASSVS.

MADRIGALS TO five voyces.

*Selected out of the best approued
Italian Authors.*

BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman
of hir Maiesties Royall
CHAPPELL.



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.

1598.

To the Worshipfull

Sir Geruis Clifton

K N I G H T.



GOOD Sir, I ever held this sentence of the Poët, as a Canon of my Creede; That whom GOD loueth not, they loue not Musique. For as the Art of Musique is one of the most Heauenly gifts, so the very loue of Musique (without Art) is one of the best engrafted testimonies of Heauens loue towards vs. For your part, albeit I cannot easily tell, whether I may more commend in you, Art it selfe, or the Loue of Art: Yet I must needs say, that Art it selfe was neuer in any man so renowned, as in you alone, the loue thereof is beeloued. And worthely. For it is not with you, as with manye others which ser forme, affect it much: yet they but affect it, whereas your affects are best commended by the effects, your substantiall loue by your Reall allowance, and your Royall minde by your supersubstantiall mayntenance thereof. Of whom therefore should I poore Student and devoted seruant of Heauens Art, & Arts loue, make my wish for Patrona of this my Arts in artificiall choyce, but of your selfe alone, whom I cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patrone & Paterne, the choyce, Mirtour & Mecenas of these your owne, and Heauens delights. To you then alone, in whose honorable breast is a continuall harmonic of well ordered designs, I commit the censure of these my selectarics, and the patrocinie of these my paynes in them. Of the which if any part may finde with you the least fauorable acceptance, I perswade my selfe I haue done my part, & will endeavour my selfe in my more serious successiue labours, to merit that sweet fauour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupate with these slighter trauells.

Your worships many wayes obliged

THOMAS MORLEY.

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in

these Bookes, with the names of their severall

Authors and Originalls.

S uch pleasant boughes.	I	Alfonso Ferabofco.
Sweetly pleasing finger thou.	II	Bartista Mosto.
I thinck that if the hills.	III	Alfonso Ferabofco.
Come lovers fourth.	IIII	Giouanni Feretti.
Loe Ladies where my loue comes.	V	Rugiero Giouanelli.
As I walked.	VI	Rugiero Giouanelli.
Dehy breeds danger.	VII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
My Ladie still abhors mee.	VIII	Giouanni Feretti.
Doe not tremble.	IX	Horacio Vecchi.
Marke and give care.	X	Giulio Belli.
Life tell mee.	XI	Horacio Vecchi.
Soden passions.	XII	Allessandro Orologio.
If silent.	XIII	Alfonso Ferabofco.
O my louing sweet hart.	XIIII	Luca Merenzio.
I languish to complaine mee.	XV	Alfonso Ferabofco.
Loe how my colour rangeth.	XVI	Hippolito Sabino.
Thirfis on his faire Phillis.	XVII	
For verie grieft I dye,	XVIII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
The Nightingale. The first part.	XIX	Peter Phillips.
O false deceit. The second part.	XX	Peter Phillips.
As Mopfis went.	XXI	Stephano Venturi.
Flora faire Nymphic.	XXII	Giouanni Feretti.
My sweet Lays.	XXIII	Giouanni di Macque.
Say sweet Phillis,	XXIIII	Alfonso Ferabofco.

FINIS.

Of 5.

I. BASSVS.

Alfonso Ferabofco.



Vch pleasant boughs the world yet neuer new-

ed, ||:

Nor winde did

uer moue, such flowers verdant, As at the first vnto my sight were shew-

ed, For my refuge no better shade I did espie, no better shade I dyd espie,

Of a-ny greene plant, For my refuge no better shade did espie, Of a-ny greene

plant, that grew vnder the skye. Of a-ny greene plant, that grew vnder the skye.

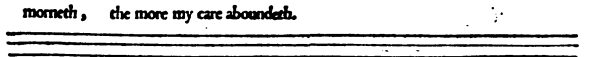
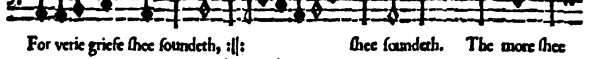
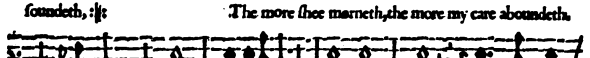
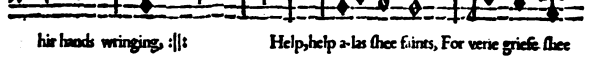
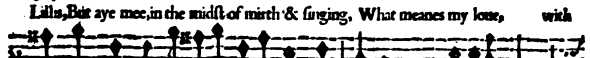
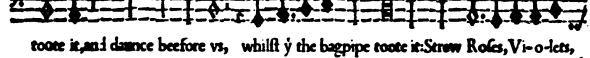
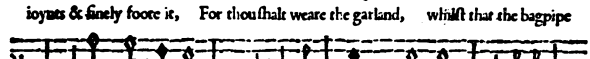
B.

T.

Of 5.

II. BASS V.S.

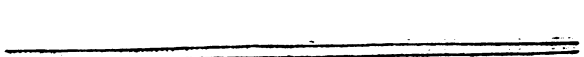
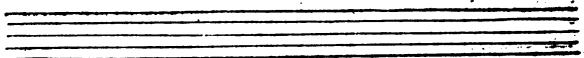
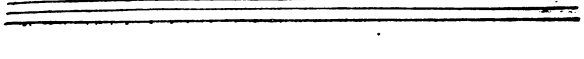
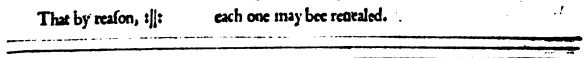
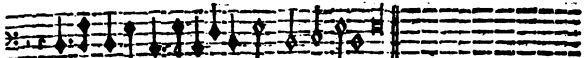
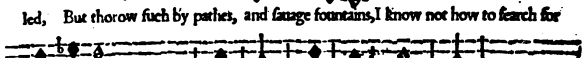
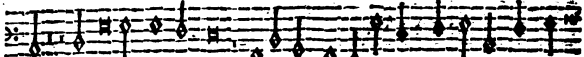
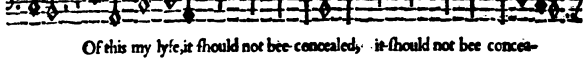
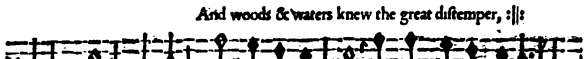
Bartista Motta.



Of 5.

III. BASS V.S.

Alfonso Ferrabesco.



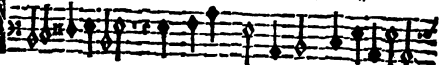
Of 5.

III. BASSVS.

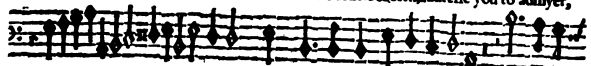
Giovanni Feretti.



Come louers foorth, adresse you to admyer, :||:

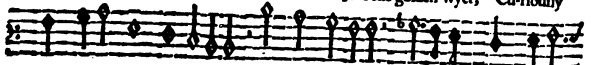


Come louers foorth, adresse you to admyer,

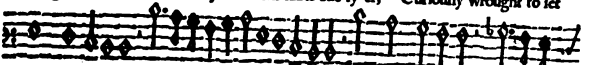


:||:

At hir whole locks are like the golden wyer, Curiously

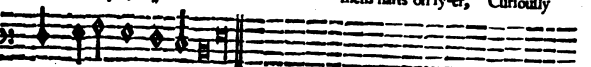


wrought to fet mens harts on fy-er. mens harts one fy-er, Curiously wrought to fet

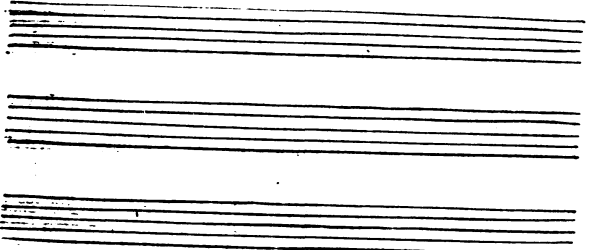


mens harts on fy-er, :||:

mens harts on fy-er, Curiously



wrought to fet mens harts on fy-er.



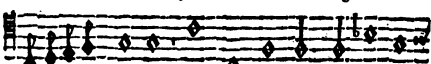
Of 5.

V. BASSVS.

Rugiero Giottanelli.



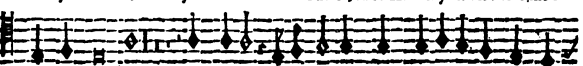
Oe Ladies where my loue comes, all clad in greene and



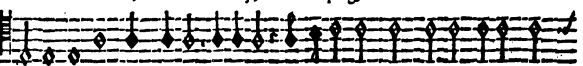
youthfully the shows it, Harts grieft none fees, but thee that



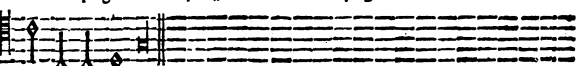
soundly knowes it, My hart will break in funder, And daut my fences more then



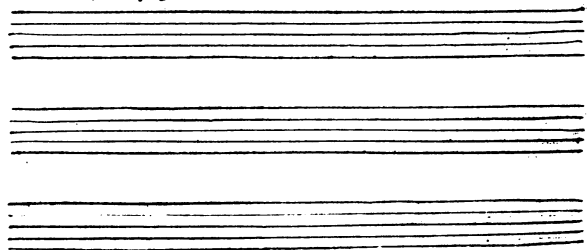
boulds of Thunder, Rest sweetly, in his keeping, which causeth me to wake when



he lies sleeping. Rest sweetly, :||: in his keeping, which causeth mee to wake



when hee lyes sleeping.



Of 5.

VI. BASSVS.

Rugiero Giouanelli.



Musical staff with notes and lyrics: S I walked, :||: in greene

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: forrest, Among the

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: wilde beasts, I (schinely) bee thought one, Of strange and most rare iests, for hir that

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: sought mee, :||: :||: But my myde yeeldes mee no rest, Nor

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: can I con- fess, certainly what wilde monster, vsurping in my rest-

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: lesse fauces, so stragely moued, deadly to hate hir now, whom once I loued, whom

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: once I loued.

Empty musical staff

Empty musical staff

Of 5.

VII. BASSVS.

Rugiero Giouanelli.



Musical staff with notes and lyrics: -Elay breeds daunger, daunger, & how may that be wreft-

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: ed, by sleight to shun delaying, :||: verie

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: vile is that vice, :||: e-uer detested, Each louers sure bewraying, :||:

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: Thrice happie merr doe say is that sweet wooing. Where lous may still bes

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: noted, :||: Swift is doing, :||: Swift in dooing.

Empty musical staff

Empty musical staff

Empty musical staff

Empty musical staff

Of 5.

VIII. BASSVS.

Giottanni Feretti.



Y Lady still abhors mee, supposing by hir flying,

Sometime to breed my dying, My Lady still abhors mee,

supposing by hir flying, Sometime to breed my dying, Slay me, ::|: slay mee,

::|: flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, ::|: yet your flight shall not destroy

mee, slay mee, ::|: slay mee ::|: flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, ::|:

yet your flight shall not destroy mee.

Of 5.

IX. BASSVS.

Horacio Vecchi.



Oe not : Deare hart and faire not, hope well, hate well, my sweet-

ing, ::|: Loe where I come to thee with friendly greet-

ing, Now ioyne with mee, thy hand fast, thy hand fast, ::|:

saluts thee, Whose Ieme thou art, and so he still, and so he still repurs thee.

and so hee still repurs thee, and so he still repurs thee.

C.

v.

Of 7.

X. BASSVS.

Giulio Belli.



Arke & gaue care: Phillis fayre gaue mee a flower, wherein my
 hart was lodged in a strong tower. Shee of that flower bee-

ref mee, and stealing fled, all comfortlesse shee left mee, :||:

:||: What panges are these in louers, twixt lyfe and death so stinging,

That steales the heart, and giues the lyfe reuuing. That steales the heart and giues the

lyfe reuuing.

Empty musical staves for the continuation of the piece.

Of 7.

XI. BASSVS.

Horacio Vecchi.



Ife tell mee: No no hart stay thee, :||:
 Let no such thought or care of mind dismay thee,

Tell mee life :||: how grieft killeth or how it
 woundeth, when it so fore a-boundeth, :||:

Sweet hart content
 thee, :||: Thy cares are so great, I can but lament thee. Thy cares are so

great, I can but lament thee.

Empty musical staves for the continuation of the piece.



S Oden passions, with strange and rare tormenting,

Increase th griefe, and more, it breeds my sorrow,

The cause increast doth beare myne eyes with weeping, And daunt my thoughts

from euen vntill the morrow, In that vntrestfull payne, long must I

lan- guish. long must I lan- guish, Till death

draw nere to rid my hart from anguish. Till death draw nere to rid my

hart from anguish.



F silent, if silent, then griefe tormentes mee, If I

speake, your patience mo- ueth, Hating him that lo-

ueth, your wrath preuents mee. That these my lmes, so

pen- sive, so pen- sive, may no way seeme offen- sive,

But rather worke my ioye, by your sweet reading, reading.

But rather worke my ioye, by your sweet reading, reading.

Ofs.

XIII. BASSVS.

Luca Marciano



Musical staff with notes and lyrics: My louing sweet hart, how can my wounded hart

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: to lue be able, that without your feruent loue, A-las, ¶: what

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: greife and sadnesse, In my. torments doe make mee mi-se-ra-ble, which from mine eies

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: do wring such teares & grones, ¶ vnto pittie moue, pittie moue, the hard rocks

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: and stones, pi-tie moue, the hard rocks and stones, the hard rocks and

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: stones, the hard rocks and stones.

Empty musical staff

Empty musical staff

Empty musical staff

Ofs.

XV. BASSVS.

Alfon Ferrabesio



Musical staff with notes and lyrics: Languish to complaine mee, with gaitly griefe tor-

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: mented, ¶: with gaitly griefe tormented,

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: I stand a mazed to see you discontented, I stand a mazed to see you discon-

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: tented. ¶ Better I to hold my peace, and co-uertly to stop my breth, ¶ Then

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: cause my sorrows to increafe, & worke my death, and co-uertly to stop my

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: breth, ¶ Then cause my sorrows, ¶: to increafe, and worke my death.

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: Then cause my sorrows to increafe, and worke my death,

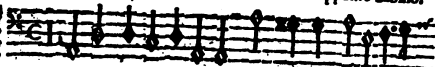
Empty musical staff

Empty musical staff

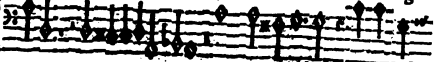
Of 5.

XVI BASSVS.

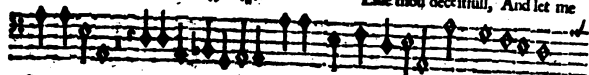
Hippolito Sabino.



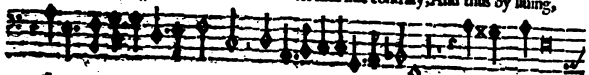
On how my colour rangeth, And death to life exchanging



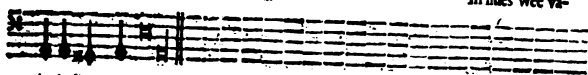
th. :||: Live thou deceitfull, And let me



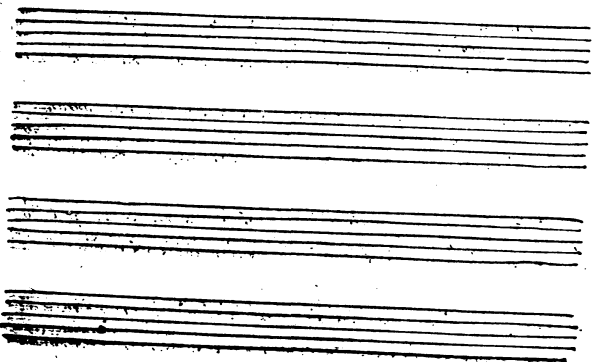
live contrary, :||: and let mee live contrary, And thus by living,



wee both live, :||: In lives wee va-



rie, in lives wee varie.



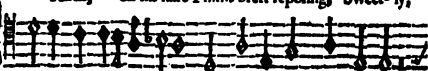
Of 5.

XVII.

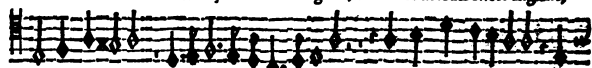
BASSVS.



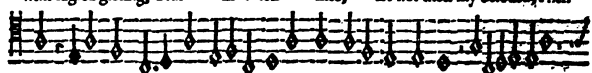
Hiris, on his faire Phillis brest reposing, Sweet-ly,



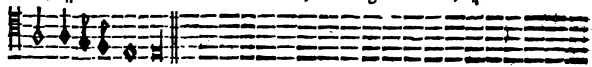
sweetly did languish, when shee in lous sweet anguish,



with sugred glossing, Thir- us ô tell mee, art not thou my beloved, Then



hee, :||: which to hir hart was ever neereff, Kist hir againe and said, :||:



yes yes La-dy dearest.



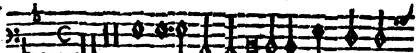
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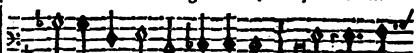
Of 5.

XVIII. BASSVS.

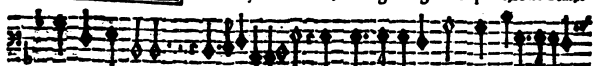
Rugiero Giouanelli.



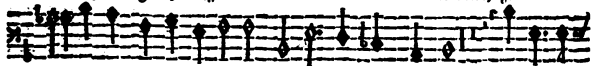
OR verie grieft I die, if that you fhew not



in your faire eyes, fome figne of grace & pittie, Hate beares



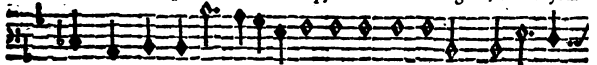
a fway fo mightie, ¶ That what to do I know not, ¶:



But pine with outward anguifh, And for your owne fweet fake, That what to



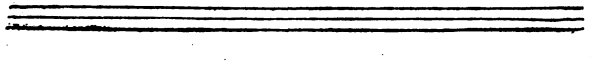
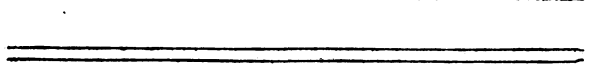
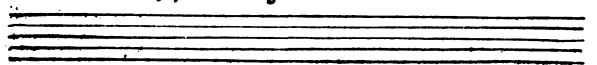
doe I know not, ¶: But pyne with outward anguifh, And for your



owne fweet fake, ¶: my heart doth languifh. And for your



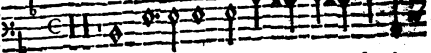
owne fweet fake, my hart doth languifh.



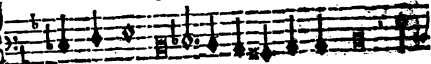
Of 5. The first part.

XIX. BASSVS.

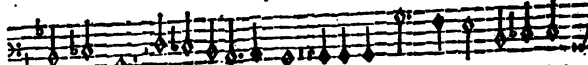
Peter Phillips



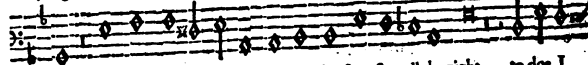
HE Nightingale that fweetly, fweetly, fweetly



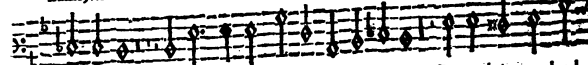
doth complaine, that fweetly, fweetly doth complaine, his



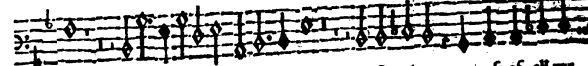
yong once loft, or for his loosing mate, To fill the heauens & fields himfelfe doth



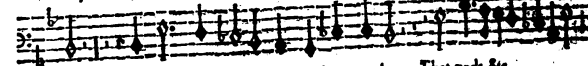
frame, with fweet and dolfull tunes, fo fhew his fate, So all the night, to doe I



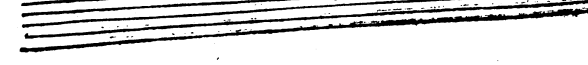
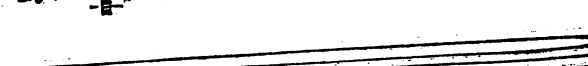
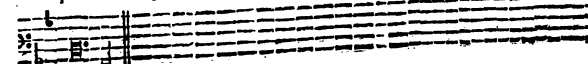
am full faine, Remembering my hard hap, and cru-ell fate, Remembering my hard



hap, ¶: and cruell fate, For I a lone, am caufe of all my



paine, That gods might dye, I leard to know to late. That gods See.



69. The second part.

XX. BASSVS.

Peter Philippa.



False deceit, who can him self
 af- fire, Those two faire lights aye clearer then the

Sun, Who euer thought to see made so obscure, to
 see made so obscure, Well now I see, Fortune doth me procure, To learne by

prooffe in this case that I runne, that I
 runne, That nothing

king doth please, ne can indure. That nothing
 long doth please, ne can in- dure.

king doth please, ne can indure. That nothing

long doth please, ne can in- dure.

king doth please, ne can indure. That nothing

long doth please, ne can in- dure.

Of 3.

XXI. BASSVS.

Stephano Venturi.



S Mopius: By chance hee heard how Pha- be,
 ah, complaind, and pathes forth leading, Sore then

hee cried, and said she was disdaind, Long could he not then endue, But prof-

fered hir a false, hir wound to cure. But proffered hir a false, hir wound to

cu- er.

cu- er.

cu- er.

cu- er.

cu- er.

Of 5.

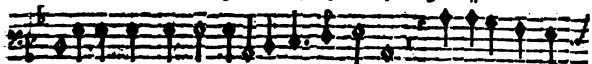
XXII. BASSVS.

Giouanni Feretri.

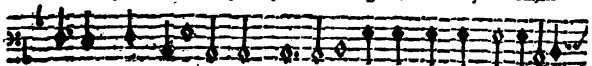


Less faire Nymphs, whilst fil-ly Lambes are feed-

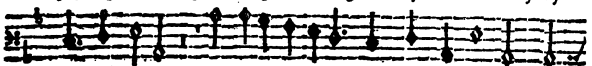
ing, Grant my request in spending, :||:



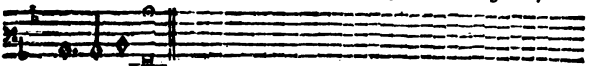
For your sweet loue my fil-ly hart doth languish, And dye I shall, ex-



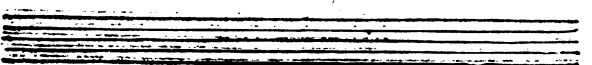
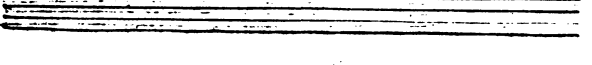
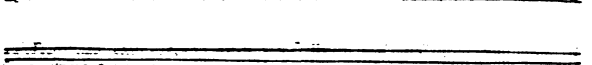
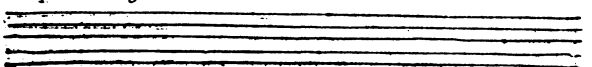
cept you quench the anguish, you quench the anguish. For your sweet loue my filly



hart doth languish, And dye I shall except you quench the Anguish, you



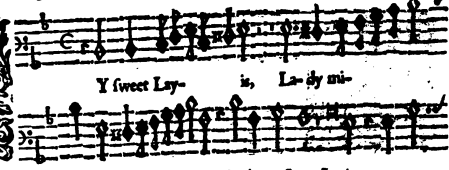
quench the anguish.



Of 5.

XXIII. BASSVS.

Giouanni di Macque.

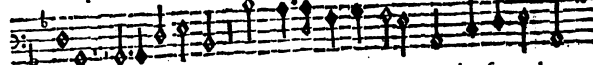


Y sweet Lay- is, La- dy mi-

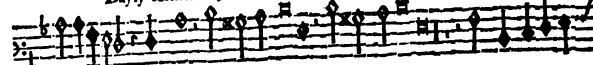
stres, :||: Ladie mistress, Layis, aye mee,



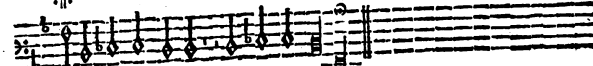
poore hart, poore hart, ah: poore hart, :||:



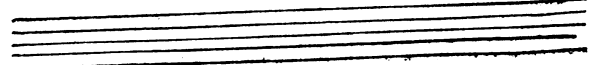
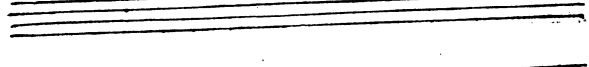
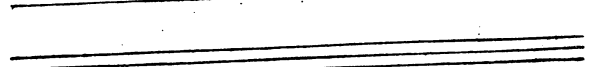
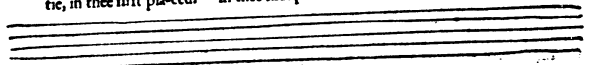
Dayly tormented, And deadly malecon-tented, Since thou for true loue,



:||: shalt bee so sore disgraced, so sore disgraced, By fault enormi-



tie, in thee first pla- ced. in thee first pla- ced.



Of 5.

XXII. BASSVS.

Giouanni Feretti.

M Lam sine Nuptie, whilst fil-ly Lambes are feeding, Grant my request in speeding, :||:

For your sweet loue my fil-ly hart doth languish, And dye I shall, except you quench the anguish, you quench the anguish. For your sweet loue my filly

hart doth languish, And dye I shall except you quench the Anguish, you quench the anguish.

quench the anguish.

quench the anguish.

Of 5.

XXIII. BASSVS.

Giouanni di Marco.

M Y sweet Lay- is, La- dy mi- stres, :||: Ladie mistress, Layis, aye mee,

poore hart, poore hart, ah: poore hart, :||:

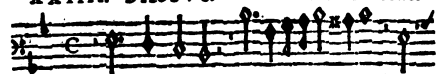
Dayly tormented, And deadly malecon-tented, Since thou for true loue,

:||: shalt bee so fore disgraced, so fore disgraced, By fault enormi-

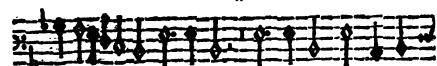
tic, in thee first pla-ced. in thee first pla-ced.

XXIIII. BASSVS.

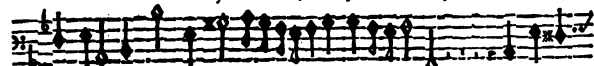
Alfonso Perabosca.



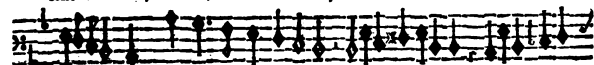
AY sweet Phillis, :||: what



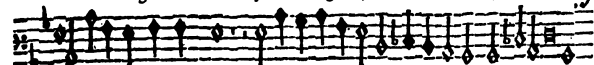
thy will is, Call thy selfe, Call thy selfe, Call thou thy



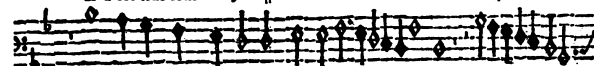
selfe to minde, so minde, call thou thy selfe to minde, cease his la-



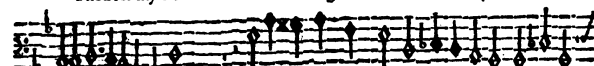
men- ting, which seeketh thy contenting, :||: :||:



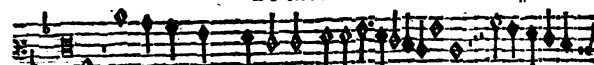
If I for true loue shall, :||: bee so rewarded, :||:



Thou for thy crime shalt bee no whit regar- ded. :||:



If I for true loue shall bee so rewarded, :||:



Thou for thy crime shalt bee no whit regar- ded. :||:



FINIS.