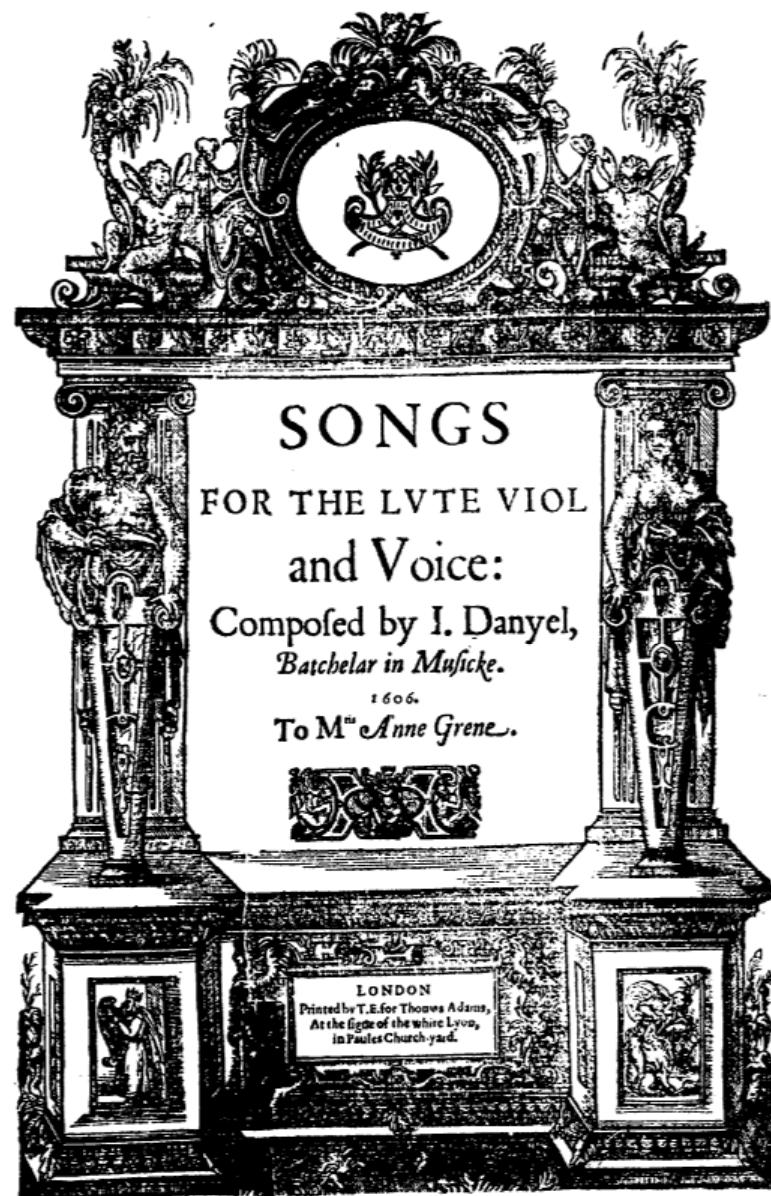


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To M<sup>r</sup> Anne Grene  
the worthy Daughter to  
S<sup>r</sup> William Grene of Milton  
Knight.

**T**hat which was onely priuately compos'd,  
For your delight, Faire Ornament of Worth,  
Is here, come, to bee publicly disclos'd:  
And to an vniuerfall view put forth.

Which hauing beene but yours and mine before,  
(Or but of few besides) is made hereby  
To bee the worlds: and yours and mine no more.  
So that in this sort giuing it to you,  
I giue it from you, and therein doe wrong,  
To make that, which in priuate was your due:  
Thus to the world in common to belong.  
And thereby may debase the estimate,  
Of what perhaps did beare some price before:  
For oft we see how things of slender rate,  
Being vndiuulg'd, are choisely held in store:  
And rarer compositions once expos'd,  
Are (as vnworthy of the world) condemn'd:  
For what, but by their hauing beene disclos'd  
To all, hath made all miseries contemn'd.


And therefore why had it not beene ynow,  
That Milton onely heard our melodie?  
Where *Baucis* and *Philemon* onely show,  
To Gods and men their hospitalitie:  
And thereunto a ioyfull care afford,  
In mid st of their well welcom'd company:  
Where wee (as Birds doe to themselves record)  
Might entertaine our priuate harmonic.  
But feareing least that time might haue beguild  
You of your owne, and me of what was mine,  
I did desire to haue it knowne my Child:  
And for his right, to others I resigne.  
Though I might haue beene warn'd by him, who is  
Both neare and deare to mee, that what we giue  
Vnto these times, we giue t'vnthankfulnesse,  
And so without vnconstant censures, liue.

But yet these humours will no warning take,  
Wee still must blame the fortune that wee make.  
And yet herein wee doe aduenture now,  
But Ayre for Ayre, no danger can accrew,  
They are but our refusalls wee bestow,  
And wee thus cast the old t'haue roome for new:  
Which I must still adresse t'your learned hand,  
Who mee and all I am, shall still command.

John Danyel.

L

## CANTO.



Oy *Daphne* fled from *Phabus* hot pur- suite, Carelesse of  
 Pas- sion, tence- lesse of Remorse: Whil'd he com- plain'd his griefes, shee rested  
 mute, He beg'd her stay, Shee still kept on her course, But what re- ward shee had for this  
 you see, Shee rests transf- orm'd, a win- ter beaten tree. Shee rests transform'd,  
 ij. Shee rests transf- orm'd a winter bea- ten tree.



Oy *Daphne* fled:  
 BASSO. I

*Oy Daphne* fled from *Phabus* hot pursuit,  
 Carelesse of Passion, sencelesse of Remorse:  
 Whil't hee complain'd his griefes shee rested mute,  
 He beg'd her stay, shee still kept on her course.  
 But what reward shee had for this you see,  
 Shee rests transform'd a winter beaten tree.

*The Answer.*

Chast *Daphne* fled from *Phabus* hot pursuit,  
 Knowing mens passions idle and of course:  
 And though hee plain'd twas fit shee should be mute,  
 And honour would shee should keepe on her course.  
 For which faire deede her Glory still wee see,  
 Shee rests still *Greene*, and so wish I to bee.

II

BASSO

II. CANTO.

Thou pretty Bird how do I see, thy filly state and mine a-gree,

For thou a prisoner art, so is my hart, Thou sing'st to her and so doe I addressc my

Musicke to her care, that's mercie-lesse. But here-in doth, here-in doth the difference lie,

that thou art grac'd, so am not I: Thou sing'st liu'll, sing'st, sing'st, sing'st liu'll, and I must

sing- ing dye. But herein, &c.

Thou pretty Bird how doe I see,  
 Thy filly state and mine agree:  
 For thou a prisoner art,  
 So is my hart,  
 Thou sing'st to her and so doe I addressc,  
 My Musicke to her care that's mercielesse:  
 But herein doth the difference lie,  
 That thou art grac'd so am not I,  
 Thou sing'st liu'll, and I must sing'st dye.

BASSO

III

III. CANTO.

He whose de- fires are still are still a-broad I see,  
 And therefore now come back come back my hart to mee,

hath neuer any peace at home the while. Rest a- lone, rest a- lone  
 it is but for su- perfluous things we toyle. Honor wealth, honor wealth

with thy selfe be all with-in, For what with- out thou get'st, thou dost not  
 glo- ry fame are no such things, But that which from I- ma- gi- nation

win. High reaching powre that seemes to ou- er grow, doth creepe but  
 Springs

on the earth, lies base and low.

He whose desires are still abroad I see,  
 Hath neuer any peace at home the while:  
 And therefore now come back my hart to mee,  
 It is but for superfluous things we toyle.  
 Rest alone with thy selfe be all within,  
 For what without thou get'st thou dost not win.  
 Honour, wealth, glory, fame, are no such things,  
 But that which from imagination springs.  
 High reaching power that seemes to ouer grow,  
 Doth creepe but on the earth, lies base and low.

III.

CANTO.



like as the Lute delights, delights, or elfe, or

elfe like, as is his art that plies upon the Lute: So founds my Muse,

ij. it founds according as the strikes, On my hart strings high tun'd, high

tun'd vn- to her fame. Her touch doth cause the war- ble of the found, which

heere I yeeld in lamentable wife: ij. in lamentable wife: la- men-

ta- ble wife: A way- ling defant ij. on the

like as the Lute:

BASSO

III.

III.

CANTO.

faet- est ground, Whose due reports, ij. gives ho- nour to her eyes, Whose

due re- ports, ij. gives honour to her eyes, if a- ny plea- sing,

relish heere I vie, Judge then the world her beauty the fame,

III

CANTO.

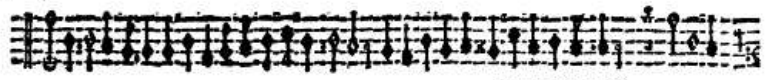
fame, Else harsh my stile, vnuna-ble my Muse hoarse founds, The voice that pray- seth  
 not her name, For no ground else, for no ground else could make the Musicke  
 such, Nor other hand could giue so sweet a touch, could giue so sweet a  
 touch. For no, &c.



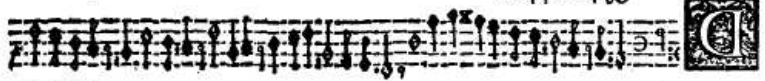
BASSO III

Like as the Lute delights or else dislikes,  
 As is his art that playes vpon the fame:  
 So founds my Muse according as thee strikes  
 On my hart strings, high tun'd vnto her fame.  
 Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,  
 Which here I yeeld in lamentable wise:  
 A wayling descant on the sweetest ground,  
 Whose due reports giues honour to her eyes.  
 If any pleasing relish here I vse,  
 Then Iudge the world her beautie giues the fame:  
 Else harsh my stile vnunabable my Muse,  
 Hoarse founds the voice that praiseth not her name.  
 For no ground else could make the Musicke such,  
 Nor other hand could giue so sweet a touch.





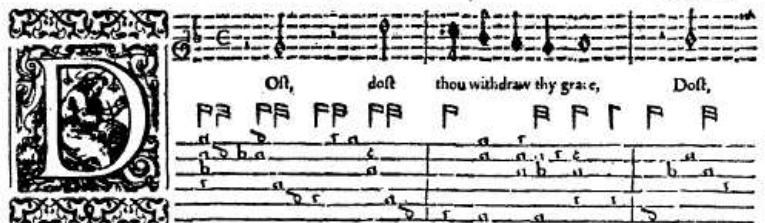
Off thou withdraw



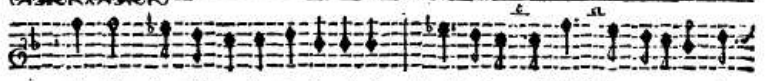
BASSO

V.

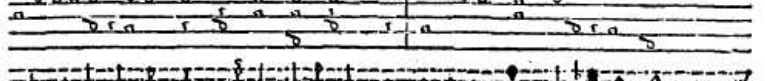
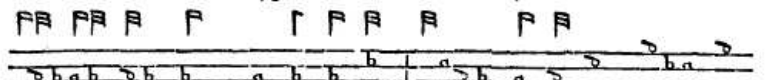
CANTO.



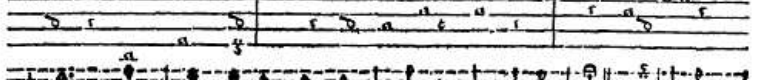
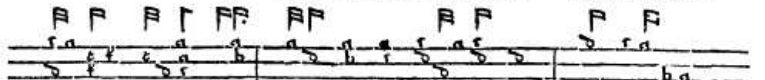
Off, dost thou withdraw thy grace, Dost,



O dost thou withdraw thy grace, Because I should not love, and think it thou to remove mi-



fections with thy face? As if that love did hold no part, But where thy beauty lies: Ah yes tis more, more is de-fire, There where it wounds and



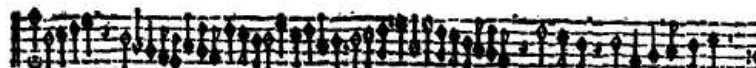
lies: And were not in my hart, Greater then in thy faire eyes? Ah yes tis, &c. pines, As fire is far more fire, Where it burnes then where it shines.



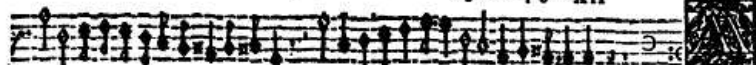
Dost thou withdraw thy grace,  
For that I shou'd not love:  
And think it thou to remove,  
M'affections with thy face?

As if that love did hold no part,  
But where thy beauty lies:  
And were not in my hart,  
Greater then in thy faire eyes?

Ah yes tis more, more is desire,  
There where it wounds and pines:  
As fire is far more fire,  
Where it burnes then where it shines?



HY canst thou not

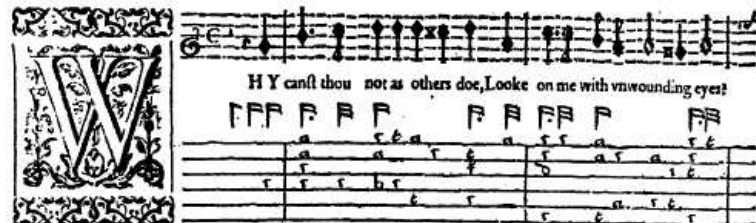


BASSO

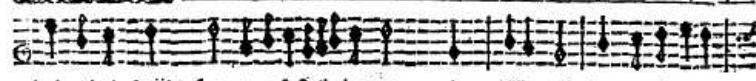
VI

VI

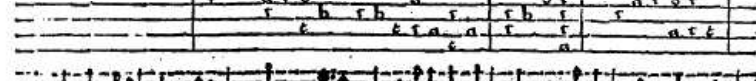
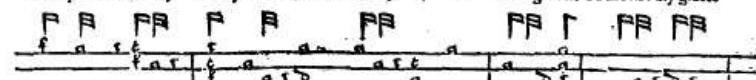
CANTO.



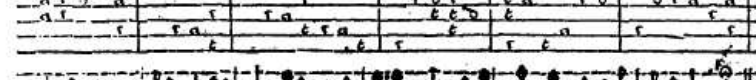
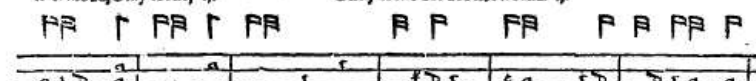
HY canst thou not as others doe, Looke on me with unwounding eyes?



And yet looke sweet; but yet not so, Smile but not in killing wise. Arme not thy graces



to confound, Only looke, ij. Only looke but doe not wound. ij.




Only looke, ij. ij. ij. but do not wound. Only looke but doe not wound.

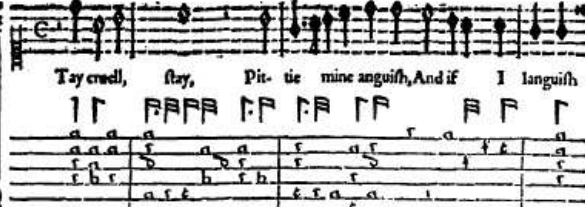


Why canst thou not as others doe?  
Looke on mee with unwounding eyes:  
And yet looke sweet but yet not so,  
Smile but not in killing wise.  
Arme not thy graces to confound,  
Only looke but doe not wound.

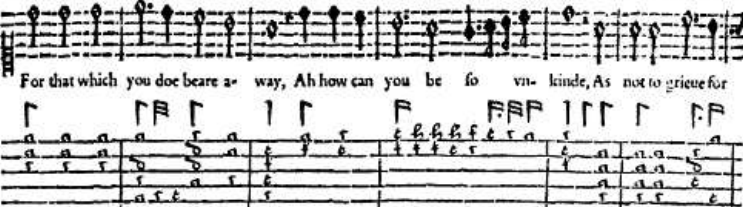
Why should mine eyes see more in you,  
Then they can see in all the rest:  
For I can others beauties view,  
And not finde my hart oppressit.  
O bee as others are to mee,  
Or let mee, bee more to thee.



Tay cruell, stay, Pit- tie mine anguish, And if I languish



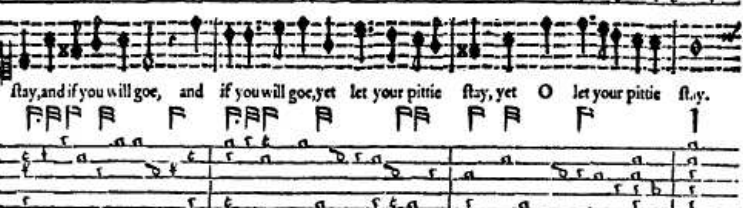
For that which you doe beare a- way, Ah how can you be so vn- kinde, As not to grieue for



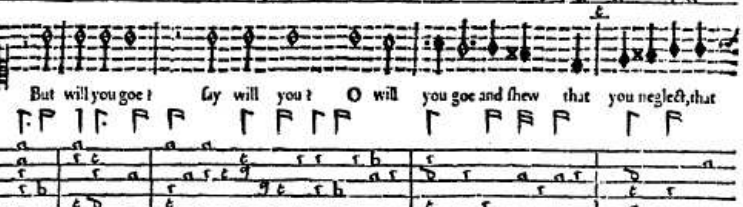
that you leaue behind, And if you'll goe ij. yet let your pittie stay, yet let your pity




stay, and if you will goe, and if you will goe, yet let your pittie stay, yet O let your pittie stay.





But will you goe? say will you? O will you goe and shew that you neglect, that



you neg- lect me, Yet say farewel, ij. ij. farewel, ij. ij.




Tay Cruell stay:

BASSO.

VII

Stay Cruell stay,  
Pittie myne anguish,  
And if I languish  
For that which you do beare away,  
Ah, how can you be so vnkind,  
As not to grieue for that you leaue behind,  
And if you'll goe, yet let your pittie stay,  
But will you goe and shew that you neglect mee?  
Yet say farewell, and seeme but to respect mee.



Duo.



**T**ime cru-ell Time canst thou sub- due that Brow?  
Or art thou growne in league with those faire eyes?

That conquers all but thee and thee too stayes? as if thee were ij.  
That they might aide thee to con- sume our dayes, or dost thou loue ij.

exempt from Scieth or Bow, From Loue and yeeres vn-sub- iect  
her for her cru- el- ties, Being mer- ci- lesse like thee that

to de- cayes? Then doe so still although she makes no  
no man wayes? And doe so still although she no- thing

steeme, Of dayes nor yeeres but lets them runne in vaine, Hould still thy swift  
cares, Do as I doe loue her al-though vn- kinde, Hould still yet O

Time cruell tyme:  
BASSO. VIII

Tyme cruell tyme canst thou subdue that brow,  
That conquers all but thee, and thee too stayes:  
As if thee were exempt from scyeth or bow,  
From Loue and yeeres vnsubiect to decayes,  
Or art thou growne in league with those faire eyes,  
That they might help thee to consume our dayes,  
Or dost thou loue her for her cruelties,  
Being mercilesse like thee that no man wayes?  
Then doe so still although she makes no steeme,  
Of dayes nor yeeres, but lets them run in vaine:  
Hould still thy swift wing'd hours that wondring seeme  
To gafe on her, euen to turne back againe.  
And doe so still although she nothing cares,  
Doe as I doe, loue her although vnkinde,  
Hould still, yet O I feare at vnawares,  
Thou wilt beguile her though thou seem'st so kinde.

wing'd hours that wondring seeme, To gafe on her euen to turne  
I feare at vn- wares, Thou wilt beguile her though thou  
back seem'st so kinde. And doe so, &c.

M<sup>o</sup> M. E. her Funerall teares for the death of her husband. IX. The first part. CANTO.

**G**riefe, Griefe,

Griefe, Griefe, keepe within and scorne, to shew but teares,

Since Ioy can weepe as well as thou, Disdaine to sigh for so can slender cares, Which  
but from idle causes grow, Doe not looke forth vn- lesse thou didst know how

To looke with thine owne face, and as thou art, And onely let  
my hart, ij. my hart, ij. That knowes the rea- son why,

**D**ie, Fret, Con- sume, Swell, Burst and  
Dye. Swell, Burst and Dye.

BASSO.

XI.

**G**riefe keepe within and scorne to shew but teares,  
Since Ioy can weepe as well as thou:  
Disdaine to sigh for so can slender cares,  
Which but from Idle causes grow.  
Doe not looke forth vnlesse thou didst know how  
To looke with thine owne face, and as thou art,  
And onely let my hart,  
That knowes more reason why,  
Pyn, fret, consume, swell, burst and dye.

**D**ie, Fret, Con- sume, Swell, Burst and  
Dye. Swell, Burst and Dye.

Ed.

**D**rop, ij. ij. drop not, ij. O drop not mine eyes,  
 nor trickle, trickle, trickle downe so fast, nor trickle downe so fast, nor  
 trickle, trickle downe so fast, For so you could doe oft be- fore,  
 In our sad fare-wells and sweet meetings past, And shall his death, ah shall  
 his death now have no more? Can nig- gard for- row yeeld no o- ther  
 store, To shew the plentie of af- flic- tions smart, Then onely

**D**rop not myne eyes nor Trickle downe so fast,  
 For so you could doe oft before,  
 In our sad farewells and sweet meetings past,  
 And shall his death now have no more?  
 Can niggard sorrow yeeld no other store:  
 To shew the plentie of afflictions smart,  
 Then onely thou poore hart,  
 That knowst more reason why,  
 Pyne, Fret, Consume, Swell, Burst and Dye.

**D**rop not myne eyes nor Trickle downe so fast,  
 For so you could doe oft before,  
 In our sad farewells and sweet meetings past,  
 And shall his death now have no more?  
 Can niggard sorrow yeeld no other store:  
 To shew the plentie of afflictions smart,  
 Then onely thou poore hart,  
 That knowst more reason why,  
 Pyne, Fret, Consume, Swell, Burst and Dye.



Are all our passions;

Have all our passions certaine proper vents,

And forrow none that is her owne?

But she must borrow others complements, To make her inward feelings knowne,

Are ioyes, delights and deaths compassion showne, With one like face and one lamen-

ting part: and one lamenting, ij. one lamenting part: Then onely

BOSSA IX

Have all our passions certaine proper vents, Are ioyes delights and deaths compassion showne,  
 And forow none that is her owne? With one lyke face and one lamenting part?  
 But she must borow others complements, Then onely thou poore hart that know'lt more reason why,  
 To make her inward feelings knowne? Pine, Fret, Consume, Swell, Burst, and Dye.



Et not *Cloris* thinks be cause the hath in- vaf- said  
I was made to be the pray and boe-ry of her

mee, That her beauty can give lawes to o-thers that are free: Though others may her  
eyes, In my bofome fhe may lay her greateit kingdome lyes. I can de-cerne more

brow a- dore, Yet more muft I that there-in fee farre more, Then any  
fe- cret notes, That in the margine of her cheekes Loue quotes, Then any

others eyes haue powre to fee, She is to mee, More then to a- ny others fhe can  
elſe be fides haue art to read, No lookes proceed, From thoſe faire eyes but to me won- der

bee. O then why, Should ſhe flye, From him to whom her fight, Doth ad ſo  
breed.

Et not *Cloris* think:

BASSO.

XIX

Et not *Cloris* think because  
She hath vnvaſſald mee,  
That her bewtie can giue lawes,  
To others that are free.  
I was made to be the pray,  
And bootie of her eyes:  
In my bofome ſhe may lay,  
Her greateit kingdome lyes.

Though others may her brow adore,  
Yet more muſt I that therein fee far more,  
Then any others eyes haue powre to fee,  
Shee is to mee  
More then to any others ſhe can bee.  
I can decerne more ſecret notes,  
That in the margine of her cheekes Loue quotes:  
Then any elſe beſides haue art to read,  
No lookes proceed,  
From thoſe fayre eyes but to mee wonder breed.

O then why,  
Should ſhee fly,  
From him to whom her fight,  
Doth ad ſo much aboute her might:  
Why ſhould not ſhee,  
Still loy to raigne in mee?

much aboute her might, Why ſhould not ſhee, Still loy to raigne in mee:

An dolefull notes, &c.

Can? can dolefull notes, dolefull notes to

measur'd accents set, Can? can dolefull

notes, dole-full notes to measur'd accents set, Ex- presse vn-measur'd grieves,

Expresse vn-measur'd, vn-measur'd grieves which time for- get. Ex-

preffe vn-measur'd grieves which time for- get. which time, which time forget

An dolefull notes

BASSO.

XIII.

An dolefull Notes to measur'd accents set,  
Expresse vnmeasur'd grieves that tyme forget?

Expresse vnmeasur'd grieves which time euen all time forget.

G.ii.

The second part.

XIII

CANTO

O let Chromatique tunes

Chro- matique tunes hath without ground, Bee fullaine, Musique for a

tuneless hart,

Bee fullaine, &c.

Bee fullaine, &c.

Bee fullaine, &c.

Chro- matique

tunes most like my passions found,

Chro- matique tunes most like,

most like my passions found.

most like, &c.

still like, &c.

BASSO

XIIIX

NO let Chromatique Tunes hath without ground, Chromatique Tunes most lyke my passions found,  
Be fullayne Musique for a Tuneless hart: As if combynd to beare their falling part.

Chro- ma- tique tunes most like my passions found,

most like, &c.

still, &c.

Chromaticque tunes most like my

passions found,

As if com- binde to beare their falling

part.

As if combynd to beare their fal- ling part.

H

The third part.

XV.

CANTO.

N- certaine certaine turns, of thoughts fore-

cast, of thoughts fore- cast, Bring backe the

fame, then dye and dy- ing last. then dye and dy- ing last.

Bring backe the fame, then dye, then dye and dy- ing last, then dye and dy- ing,

and dy- ing last. and dying last. ij.

Ncertaine certaine turns, of thoughts forecast,  
Bring backe the fame, then dye and dying last.

BASSO.

XV.

Ncertaine certaine turns, of thoughts forecast,  
Bring backe the fame, then dye and dying last.

ij. and dy- ing last.

H.ii.



**L** Yes looke no more, for what hath all the earth that's  
Cloth thee my hart, with blacke darke thoughts and thinke but

worth the fight? Eares heare no more, for what can breath the voyce of true de-  
of dis- paire, Si- lence locke vp my words and skorne these I- die founds of

light, Thinke, thinke, Glo-ry, Honour, Ioyes, De- lights, Contents,  
ayre. But, but Sorrow, Griefe, Af- flic- tion, and Despaire,

are but the emp- tie re- ports, Of vna- pro- pri- ed termes that breath inuents, not knowing  
these are the things that are sure, And these wee feele not as con- ceits in th'aire, but as the

what it im- ports, Ioyes, Delights and Pleasures in vs hold  
same we en- dure. Ioyes, Delights and Pleasures makes griefe to

such a doub- full part, As if they were but thrall, and those were all in all,  
ti- ra- nize vs worfe, Our mirth brings but distastes for nought delights and lastes,

Yes looke no more

BASSO

XVII

**E** Yes looke no more, for what hath all the earth that's worth the fight?  
Eares heare no more, for what can breath the voyce of true Delight?  
Cloath thee my hart, with darke black thoughts, and think but of dispaire,  
Silence lock vp my words, and scorne these idle founds of Ayre.

Thinke Glory, Honour, Ioyes, Delights, Contents,  
Are but the empte reports  
Of vnappropried termes that breath inuents,  
Not knowing what it imports.

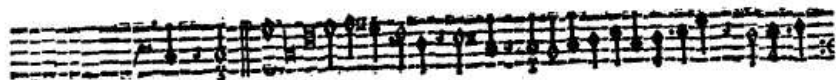
But Sorrow, Griefe, Affliction, and Despaire,  
These are the things that are sure,  
And these wee feele not as conceits in th'aire,  
But as the same wee endure.

Ioyes, delights, and pleasures in vs should such a doubtfull part,  
As if they were but thrall,  
And those were all in all,  
For Griefes, Distrusts, Remorse, I see must domineere the hart.

Ioyes, Delights, and Pleasures, makes griefe to tiranize vs worfe,  
Our mirth brings but distastes:  
For nought delights and lastes,  
Griefe then take all my hart, for where none striue there needs lesse force.

For Griefe, Distrusts, Remorse, I see must do- mi- neere the  
Griefe then take all my hart, for where none striue, there needs lesse

hart.  
force.

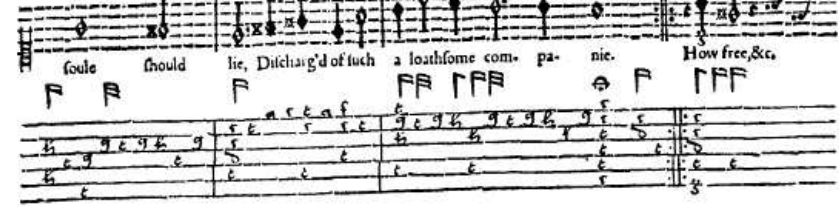
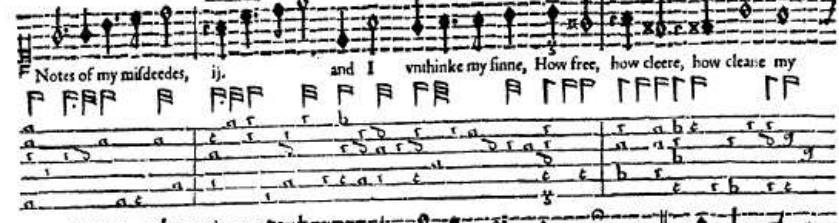
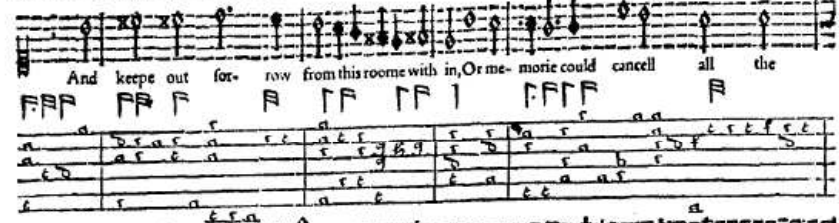
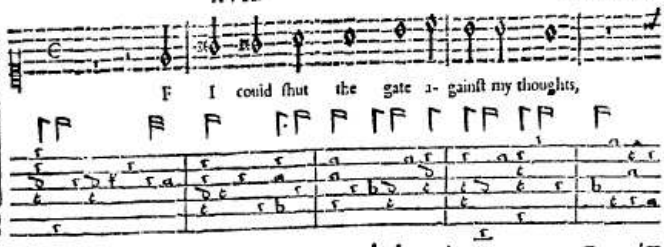


BASSO.

XVII

XVII

CANTO.

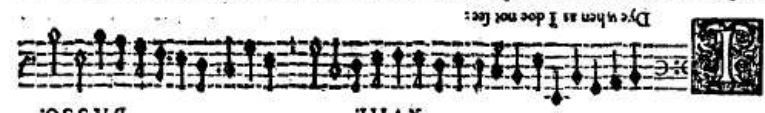


If I could shut the gate against my thoughts,  
 And keepe out sorrow from this roome with-in:  
 Or memory could cancell all the notes,  
 Of my misdeedes and I vnthinke my sinne,  
 How free, how cleere, how cleane my soule should lie,  
 Discharg'd of such a loathsome company.

Or were there other roomes with-out my hart,  
 That dyd not to my conscience ioyne so neare,  
 Where I might lodge the thoughts of sin a-part,

That I might not their clam'rous crying heare.  
 What peace, what ioy, what ease should I possesse,  
 Free'd from their horrors that my soule oppresse.

But O my Saviour, who my refuge art,  
 Let thy deare mercies stand twixt them and mee:  
 And be the wall to separate my hart,  
 So that I may at length repose mee free:  
 That peace, and ioy, and rest may be within,  
 And I remaine deuoted from my sinne.



BASSO.

XVIII

XVIII

CANTO.



Dye when as I doe not see  
 Her that is life and all to mee:  
 And when I see her yet I dye,  
 In seeing of her crueltie:  
 So that to mee like miserie is wrought,  
 Both when I see and when I see her not.

Or shall I speake or silent greeue,  
 Yet who will silencie releue:  
 And if I speake I may offend,  
 And speaking not, my heart will rend:  
 So that I see to mee it is all one,  
 Speake I or speake I not, I am vndone.

W Hat delight can they in- joy, whose harts are not their owne, But are  
gone, but are gone abroad a- stray, and to others becomes flowne, Seely Comforts, seely Ioy, which  
fall and rise, and rise as others moue, Who seldome vse, Who seldome vse to turne, to  
turne our way, And therefore *Clarie* will not loue, For well I see, How false men  
bee, And they must pine that louers proue.



W Hat delight can they enjoy,  
Whose harts are not their owne?  
But are gon abroade astray,  
And to others becomes flowne.

Seely comforts, seely Ioy,  
Which fall and rise as others moue,  
Who seldome vse to turne our way,  
And therefore *Clarie* will not loue:  
For well I see,  
How false men bee,  
And let them pine that Louers proue.

W Hat delight can they enjoy, whose harts are not their owne, But are gon, but are gon abroad a-  
stray, and to others becoms flowne. Silly comforts, Silly Ioy, which fall and rise, and rise, as others moue,  
who seldome vse, who seldome vse to turne, to turne our way, and therefore *Clarie* will not  
loue, for well I see, how false men bee, and they must pine that louers proue.

CANTO Secundo

XIX

W W Hat delight can they enjoy, whose  
harts are not, are not their owne, but are gon, but are gon a-  
brood, gon abroad astray, and to others becoms flowne.  
Silly comforts, Silly Ioy, which must fall & rise as others  
moue, who seldome vse, to turne our way, &  
therefore *Clarie* will not loue, for well I see, how false men  
bee, and they must pine that louers bee.

XIX BASSO

XIX

ALTO

W W Hat delight can they enjoy, whose harts are not their owne, But are gon, but are gon abroad a-  
stray, And to others becoms flowne. Silly comforts, Silly Ioy, which fall & rise, & rise, still as others moue,  
who seldome vse, i, vse to turne, doe seldome turne our way, and therefore *Clarie* will not loue,  
For well I see how false men bee, then pine that louers bee.

**N**ow the earth, &c.

Now the earth, the skies, the  
 Aire, All things faire, the Skies, Earth and Aire, the Earth, Skies, Aire, and all things faire, Now the  
 Earth, the Skies, the Aire, Earth, Skies, and Aire, all things faire, Seemes new borne thoughts t'infuse,

Whil't the returning spring, loyes each thing, Whil't the returning spring, loyes each

**N**ow the Earth, the Skies, the Aire,  
 All things faire, the Earth, the Skies, the  
 Aire, all things faire, all faire,  
 Seemes new borne thoughts t'infuse, Whil't  
 the returning spring, loyes each thing, th  
 the spring loyes each

XX CANTO Primo.

**N**ow the earth, &c.

Now the earth, the skies, the  
 Aire, All things faire, the Skies, Earth and Aire, the Earth, Skies, Aire, and all things faire, Now the  
 Earth, the Skies, the Aire, Earth, Skies, and Aire, all things faire, Seemes new borne thoughts t'infuse,

Whil't the returning spring, loyes each thing, Whil't the returning spring, loyes each

**N**ow the Earth, the Skies, the Aire,  
 All things faire, the Earth, the Skies, the  
 Aire, all things faire, all faire,  
 Seemes new borne thoughts t'infuse, Whil't  
 the returning spring, loyes each thing, th  
 the spring loyes each

XX CANTO Secundo.

**N**ow the Earth, the Skies, the Aire,  
 All things faire, the Skies and all things faire,  
 Seemes new borne thoughts t'infuse,  
 Whil't the re- turning spring,  
 loyes each

XX BASSO.

A direction for the tuning  
 of the Bass Lute.

Public Copy  
 Cantos  
 of the  
 Bass Lute

XX. TENORE

thing And blasted hopes, blasted hopes re- newes, When I a- lone, when only I a- lone, a- lone, Left to none, Finde no times borne, Finde no times borne for mee, No flowes, no Meadow, No Meadow springs, No Bird sings, ij. But notes of mi- se- ry, ij. No

XX. BASSO.

thing And blasted hopes re- newes, When only I a- lone, When only I alone, when only I alone, a- lone, Left to none, Finde no times borne, Finde no times borne for mee, No flowes, no Meadow, No Meadow springs, no Bird sings, but notes of mi- se- ry, ij. No flowes, no flowes, no Meadow springs, no Bird sings, but notes of mi- se- ry, ij. But notes of mi- se- ry, ij.

XX. TENORE.

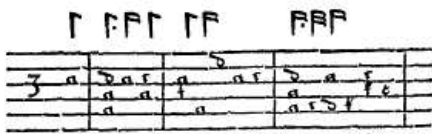
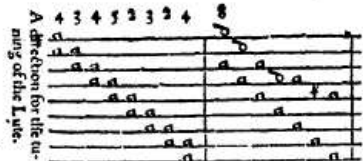
thing And blasted hopes, blasted hopes re- newes, When only I alone, when only I alone, a- lone, Left to none, Finde no times borne, Finde no times borne for mee, No flowes, no Meadow, No Meadow springs, No Bird sings, ij. But notes of mi- se- ry, ij. No

XX. CANTO Primo.

thing And blasted hopes, blasted hopes re- newes, When I a- lone, when only I a- lone, a- lone, Left to none, Finde no times borne, Finde no times borne for mee, No flowes, no Meadow, No Meadow springs, No Bird sings, ij. But notes of mi- se- ry, ij. No

XXI. M<sup>rs</sup> Anne Green her leaves bee greene.

A direction for the tuning of the Lute.





11

## THE TABLE.



OY <i>Daphne</i> fled :		I.
Thou pretie Bird :		II.
Hee whose desires :		III.
Lyke as the Lute :		III.
Stay cruell stay :		V.
Dost thou withdraw :		VI.
Why canst thou not :		VII.
Tyme cruell tyme :		VIII.
Griefe keepe within :	First part.	IX.
Drop not mine Eies :	Second part.	X.
Haue all our passions :	Third part.	XI.
Let not <i>Cloris</i> think :		XII.
Can dolefull notes :	First part.	XIII.
No, let Chromatique tunes :	Second part.	XIII.
Vncertaine certaine tunes :	Third part.	XV.
Eies looke no more :		XVI.
If I could shut the gate :		XVII.
I dye when as I doe not see :		XVIII.
What delight can they enjoy :		XIX.
Now the Earth, the Skies, the Ayre :		XX.
M <sup>rs</sup> <i>Anne Greene</i> her leaues bee greene.		XXI.

FINIS.