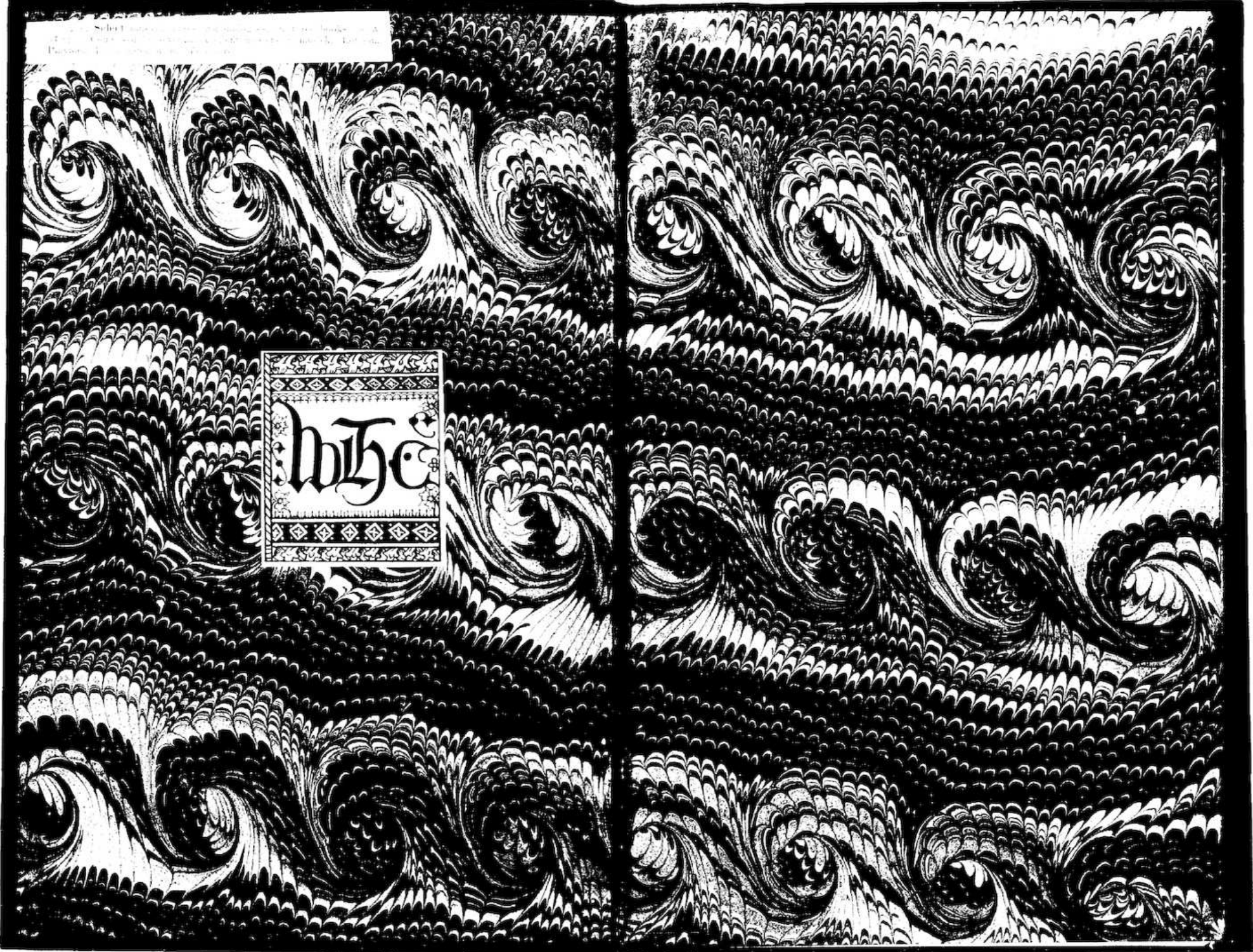


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SELECT  
Musicall Ayres  
AND  
DIALOGUES,  
*In Three BOOKES.*

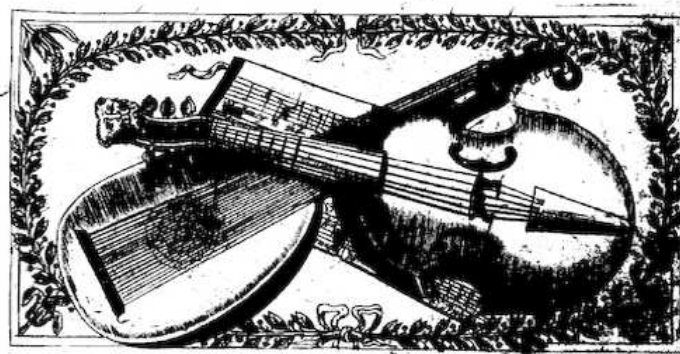
First Book, contains *AYRES* for a Voyce alone to the  
Theorbo, or Basse Violl.

Second Book, contains Choice *DIALOGUES* for two Voyces to the  
Theorbo or Basse Violl.

Third Book, contains short *AYRES* or *SONGS* for three Voyces,  
so Composed, as they may either be sung by a Voyce alone,  
to an Instrument, or by two or three Voyces.

Composed by these severall Excellent Masters in Musick, *viz.*

|   |                     |   |                        |
|---|---------------------|---|------------------------|
| { | Dr. John Wilson,    | } | Mr. Nicholas Lanncare, |
|   | Dr. Charles Colman, |   | Mr. William Smegergil  |
|   | Mr. Henry Lawes,    |   | alias Cesar,           |
|   | Mr. William Lawes,  |   | Mr. Edward Colman,     |
|   | Mr. William Webb.   |   | Mr. Jeremy Savile. x   |



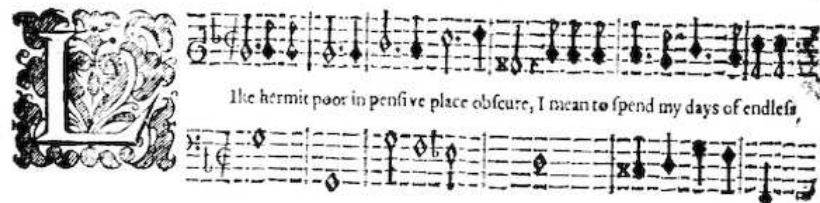
LONDON,

Printed by T. H. for John Playford, and are to be sold at his Shop, in the Inner  
Temple, neare the Church doore. 1653.

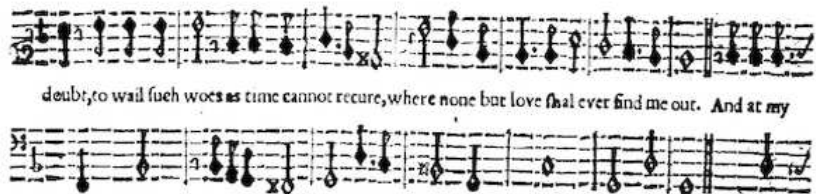
x also

Mr Charles  
Mr John Taylor  
Mr Tho. Brewer  
Mr Warner  
Mr Willm. Tompkins

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.



The hermit poor in pensive place obscure, I mean to spend my days of endless



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



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

Mr. Nich Langens

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

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

**N** Either sighs, nor tears, nor mourning, protestations, imprecations, moves not her,

nor quench my burning, she so frigid, & so frigid, that my love procures but scorning, that my love pro

When I follow her she flies me,  
Swiftly running  
With more cunning  
Then the Hare or Bird that spies me,  
Still distaining  
My complaining,  
And to heare my grieffe denies me.

Say alone, must it be so then?  
Shall the glory in my glory,  
In my glory,  
And I unrevenged go then?  
Prithee Cupid  
Be not stupid,  
Send in my defence thy Bow then.

curges but scorning.

Mr. Nich. Lanegare.

**T**hou art not faire for all thy red & white, for all those rolie or-naments in thee.  
Thou art not sweet nor made of meer delight, nor faire, nor sweet unless thou pity mee.

I wil not, smooth thy fancy, thou shalt prove that beauty is no beauty without love, no

Yet love not me, nor seeke thou to allure  
My thoughts with beauty, were it now divine;  
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot indure,  
I'll not be wrapt up in these armes of thine.

Mr. Nich. Lanegare.

How shew it if thou be a woman right,  
Embrace, and kisse, and love me in despite.

**W**hy shouldst thou sweare I am forsworn, since thine I vow'd to be, Lady is

is already mourn'd, it was last night: I swore to thee, this fond impossi-bi-li-ty.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,  
A tedious twelve houres space,  
I should all other Beauties wrong,  
And rob thee of a new embrace,  
Should I still dote upon thy face.

Not that all Joyes in thy browne haire  
By others may be found:  
But I will search the black, the faire,  
Like skillfull Mineralists that found  
For treasures in unplow'd ground.

Then if when I have lov'd thee round,  
Thou prove the pleasant thee,  
In spoyle of meaner Beauties' crown'd,  
I laden will return to thee,  
Evn' fated with variety.

**W**ith no more thou shouldst love me, my joys are full in loving thee;

my heart's too narrow to containe, my blisse if thou shouldst love me a-gaine.

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

Then shall I see for scorn or grace,  
A living ring life, or death embrace;  
Since one of these I needs must try,  
Love me but once; and let me die.

Such mercy more thy fame shall raise,  
Then cruell life can yield thee praise;  
It shall be counted who so dies,  
No murder, but a sacrifice.

B 2

Hen thou didst think I did not love, then didst thou fawn on me, now whē thou

find'st that I do prove as kinde, as kinde may be, love faints in thee.

What way to fix the Mercury of thy ill fixt mind,  
Me thinks it were good policy for me to turn unkinde,  
to make thee kinde.

Nor will I yet good nature stain to buy as fo great coft,  
She which before I did obtain, I make account almost  
my labour loſt.

And though I might my ſelfe excuse with imitating thee,  
Yet will I no example use that may betray in mee  
lightneſs to bee.

But ſince I gave thee once my heart my conſtancy ſhall ſhow,  
That though thou play the wondrous part & from a friend turn for,  
men do not ſee.

Aith be no longer coy, but let's enjoy what's by the world conſeſt, wo-

-men love beſt: thy beau-ty freſh as May, wil ſoon decay, beſides with in a yeare or two I ſhall be old

Mr. William Lawes.

and cannot doe

Do't think that nature can  
For every man,  
Had ſhe more ſkill, provide  
So faire a Bride:

Who ever had a Feaſt  
For a ſingle Gueſt?  
No, without ſhe did intend  
To ſerve the huſband and his friend.

To be a little nice  
Sets better price  
On Virgins, and improves  
Their ſervants loves,

But on the riper yeares  
It ill appears:  
After a while you'll find this true,  
I need provoking more then you.

Behold my beauty, though your eyes are able to ſub—due an hoſt, &

therefore are un—like to heaſt the taſk maſt of a lit—tle prize, do not a ſin—gle heart diſpiſe.

I came alone, but yet ſo arm'd  
With former love, I durſt have ſworne  
That as that privy coat was worne,  
With characters of beauty charm'd,  
Therby I might have ſcap't unharm'd.

The Conqueſt in regard of me,  
Alas is ſmall, but in reſpect  
Of her that did my Love proteſt,  
Where it divid'd, deſerv'd to be  
Recorded for a Victorie.

Mr. William Webb.

But neither ſteel, nor ſtony braſſe  
Are proofes againſt thoſe locks of thine,  
Nor can a Beauty leſſe divine,  
By any heart be long poſſeſt,  
Where you intend an intereſt.

And ſuch a one, as chance to view  
Her lovely face, perhaps may ſay,  
Though you have ſtole my heart away;  
If all your ſervants prove not true,  
May ſteale a heart or two from you.

Eil me no more her eyes are like to riſing Suns, that wonder ſtrive, for if 'twere

ſo, how could it be, they could be thus eclips'd to me?

Mr. William Lawes.

Tell me no more her breſts do grow  
Like riſing Hills melting Snow;  
For if 'twere ſo, how could they lye  
So near the Sunſhine of her eye?

No, by her eyes Portenders are  
Of rain, or ſome blazing ſtarr,  
Elic would I feele from that faire fire  
Some heat to cheaſh my deſire.

Tell me no more the refleſſe ſpheres  
Compar'd to her royce, fright our eyes;  
For if 'twere ſo, how could death  
Dwell with ſuch diſcreet breath?

Say that although like to the Moone,  
She heavenly faire, yet chang'd as ſoon;  
Elic ſhe would continue once remaine,  
Eith' to pry, or diſdaine.

That ſo by one of them I might  
Be kept alive, or rather quite;  
For 'tis no leſſe cruel here to kill,  
Where life doth but increaſe the ill.

O, go, and bespide the feathered wind, fly, O forlorne not look behind, til

thou the glazed Ocean hast past and climes unknown to man, layd on a snow-rais'd mountain bear the

bo-some to the freezing ayre; and if those colds be not so great to quench, but they thaw with thy

heat, her far more cold disdain apply thine owne dispaire and will to dye, and when by these cun-

geal'd to stone, then will her heart and thine be one.

Mr. William Webb.

If the kind boy I aske no red & white to make up my delight, no od becoming

graces, black eyes, or lit-tle know not what's in faces, make me but mad enough, give me good store

of love for her I court, I aske no more, 'tis love in love that makes the sport.

Mr. William Webb.

There's no such thing as that, we Beauty call,  
It is meer courage all,  
For though some long ago  
I lik'd certain colours mingled to and fro,  
That doth now tie me now from chusing new,  
If it a fancy take  
Too black and blew,  
That fancy doth it Beauty make.

'Tis not the meate, but 'tis the appetite  
Makes eating a delight,  
And if I like one oyle  
More then another, that a Physicant is;  
What in our Market, may in us be found,  
Be to the height, and tick  
We us be bowd,  
No matter by what hand or tick.

Mr. William Webb.

He that loves me for my self, for affection not bafe self, ne'r regarding my def-

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

She that loves me with a friend,  
But because I am a friend;  
Never doubting my desire,  
But believ'd it sacred fire;  
She, only she, deserves to be be-lov'd of me,

She that loves me with resolve  
Ne're to alter till dissolve;  
Slighting all things, that seeme faste  
May hereafter seem to threaten;  
She, only she, deserves to be be-lov'd of me.





Out the sweet Bag of a Bee, two Cupids fill it rods, and whole the

pritty prize should bee, they vow'd to aske the Gods: which *Fenus* hearing, thither came, and for

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

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

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

Mr. Henry Lawes.



On I was all alone, till I was mourning Love had no shafts to shoot, no more

brands burning: He was my paine that you from paine to liver, for in my breast he's emptied all his

Quaver. Had I not beene so cold he would have knowne, he's left a thousand servants to kill one.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Lover once I did espy, with bleeding heart & weeping eye, he wept

and cry'd, how great's his pain, that lives in love, & loves in vain.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Can there (sayes he) no Cure be found,  
But by the hand that gave the wound?  
Then let me dye, which I'll indure,  
Since she wants Charity to cure.

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

**B**eauty and Love once fell at odds, and thus revild each other. Quoth Love,

I am one of the Gods, and you wait on my mother, thou hast no pow'r o're man at all, but what I

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

Away find by, then Beauty sayd,  
We see that thou art blind,  
But we have knowing eyes, and can  
My graces better find:  
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,  
And e' I'd thee blind o'f fire:  
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,  
And wings to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away,  
And brought to Malen prayd  
That he would tip his shafts with fowry,  
To punish this proud Mayd:  
So Beauty ever since hath bin  
But courted for an hour,  
To love a day is now a sin  
'Gainst Cupid and his power.

**B**id me but live, and I will live, thy Vo-tary to be, or bid me

love, and I will give a loving heart to thee. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*

A heart as soft, a heart as kind, a heart as soundly free  
As in the world thou canst not find, that heart I'll give to thee.  
Bid that heart fly, and it shall stay, and honour thy decree,  
Or bid it languish quite away, and it shall do't for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep, while I have eyes to see,  
Or having none, yet I will keep a heart to weep for thee.  
Thou art my love, my life, my heart, the very eye of mine,  
And hast command of every part, to live and dye for thee.

**B**y all thy Glories willingly I go, yet could have wish'd thee constant

in thy love, but since thou needs must prove uncertain as is thy beauty, or as the glass that shows it

thee, my hopes thus foone to o-verthrow, shows thee more fickle; but my flames by this are easer

quencht then his, whom flattering smiles betray, 'tis tyrannous delay breeds all the harme, and makes

that fire consume, which should but warme.

*Mr. Henry Lawes.*

Till time destroy those blossomes of thy youth,  
Thou art our Idoll worship, at that rate,  
But who can tell thy fate?  
And say that when this Beauties done,  
This Lovers Torch shall still burn on;  
I could have serv'd thee with such truth  
Devoutest Pilgrims to their Saints do thow,  
Debarred long ago;  
And at this ebbing tyde,  
Have us'd thee as a Bride  
Who's orly true  
Whilst you are fair, he loves himself, not you!

**N** O, no, faire Heretick, it cannot be, but an ill love is in me, and work for

thee; for were it in my pow'r to love thee now this houre, more then I did the last, 'twould thin

to fall, I might not love at all: Love that can flow and can admit encrease, admits as well an

eb, and may grow lesse.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

True love is still the same  
The Torrid Zones,  
And those more frigid ones  
It must not know:  
For love grown cold, or hot  
Is lust and friendship, not  
The thing we have, for that's a flame would dye,  
Held down, or up too high;  
Then think I love, more then I can expresse,  
And would know more, could I but love thee lesse;

**E**ll me you wan-dering spirits of the Ayre, did you not see a Nymph

more bright, more faire then beauties darling or of parts more sweet then stolne content? if such a

one you must wait on her houely where so e're she flies, and cry, and cry, *Amistat* for her absence

dies.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Go search the Vallies, pluck up every Rose,  
You'll find a scent, a blush of her in those:  
Fish, fish, for Pearle, or Corrall, there you'll see  
How orientall all her colours bee:  
Go call the Echoes to your ayde, and cry,  
*Cloris, Cloris*, for that's her name for whom I dy.

But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill,  
Were she on earth, she had been with me still:  
Go fly to Heaven, examine every Sphere,  
And cry what Star hath lately lighted there;  
If any brighter then the Sun you see,  
• Fall down, fall down, and worship it, for that is shee.

*Cloris Cloris*  
Fall downe, fall downe, &c.



Ow coole and temperate I am grown, since I could call my

heart my own, beauty and I now calmly play, whilst others burn and melt a-way: not all

those wanton humours I have spent, can rob me of this new content:

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Love's mulls are scotter'd from my sight,  
Which flattered me with new delight,  
And now I see 'tis but a face  
That stole my heart out of its place:  
Then Love forgive me, I'll no more  
Thine Altars or thy Shrine adore.

Farewell to all heart-breaking eyes,  
Farewell each look that can surprize,  
Farewell those Curles and amorous spels,  
Farewell each place where Cupid dwels;  
And farewell each bewitching smile,  
I must enjoy my selfe a while.



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

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

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Out, out upon those eyes, that think to murder mee,  
And he's an Ass that believes her hair, that is not kind and free:  
Ther's nothing sweet, ther's nothing sweet, to man, but liberty.

I'll tye my heart to none, nor yet confine mine eyes,  
But I will play my game so well, I'll never want a prize:  
'Tis liberty, 'tis liberty, ha's made me now thus wife.



Am confirm'd a woman can, love this, or that, or a—ny man, let her but  
This day her love is melting hot, to morrow swears she knows you not,

an new object find, and she is of another mind: then hang me Ladies at your doors, if ere

Yet still I'll love the fair one, why? 'Tis give my fancy leave to range  
For nothing but to please mine eye; Through every face to find out change  
And so the fat and soft skin'd Dame The black, the brown, the fair shall be  
I'll flatter to appease my flame; But objects of varietie:  
For her that's muscally I long, I'll court you all to serve my rurs,  
When I am fad to sing a Song: But with such flames as shall not burne,  
But hang me Ladies, &c. For hang me Ladies, &c.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

**P**hilis, why should we de-lay, plea-sures shorter then the day, could we,

which we never can stretch our lives beyond three span, beauty like a shadow flies, and our youth be-

Or would Youth and Beauty stay,  
Love ha's wings, and will away;  
Love ha's swifter wings then Time,  
Change in love too oft do's chime;  
Gods that never change their state,  
Very oft their love and hate.

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

Leave it to the Planets two, what we shall here-after doe, for the joy we now

may prove, take ad-vice of present love.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

**L**et the quick spirit of your eye, now languish and a—non must dye,

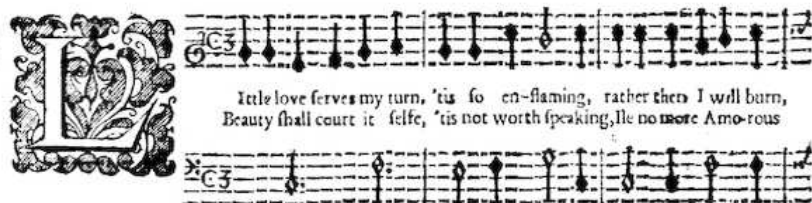
if every sweet and every grace must flye from that for-sa-ken face. Then *Celia* let us resp

our joyes, e're time such good—ly fruit destroyes.

Or if that Golden Fleece must grow, for ever free from aged Snow,  
If those bright Suns must know no shade, nor your fresh Beauty ever fade;  
Then *Celia* feare not to bestow,  
What still being gather'd, still must grow.

Thus either time his fields brings in vaine, or else in vain his wings.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



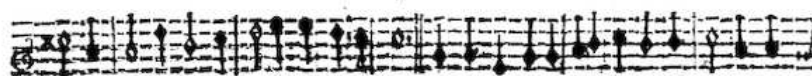
Little love serves my turn, 'tis so en-flaming, rather then I will burn,  
Beauty shall court it selfe, 'tis not worth speaking, Ile no more Amo-rous



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



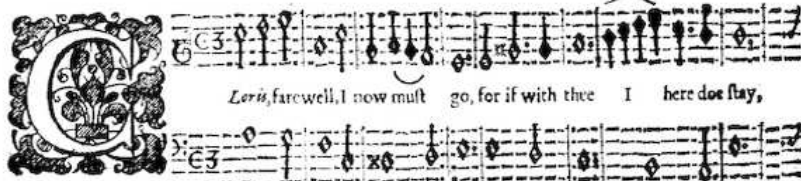

trick, to be disdainfull. No more, no more, I must give o're, for beauty is so sweet, it makes me  
heart, now I de—sic it.

pine, distracts my mind, & surfeit when I see't. Forgive me love if I remove in—to some o—



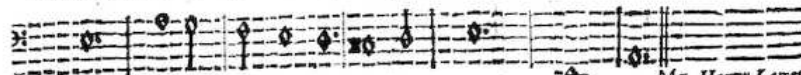

ther sheat, where I may keep a flock of sheep, & know no o—ther care. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*

Let's, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I here doe stay,



thine eyes prevaile up—on me so, I shal grow blind and lose my way.



Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth  
Among the rest me rather brought,  
Finding this fame full short of truth,  
Made me stay longer then I thought.  
For I'm engag'd by word and oath  
A servant to anothers will;  
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,  
Could I be sure to keep it still.  
But what assurance can I take,  
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,  
For some more worthy Lovers sake,  
Mayst leave me with so just excuse.

For thou mayst say 'twas not thy fault  
That thou dost thus unconflant prove;  
Thou wert by my example taught  
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.  
No *Clara*, no, I will return,  
And raise thy story to that height,  
That strangers shall at distance burn,  
And the distrust me ite probate.  
Then shall my love this doubt displace,  
And gain full trust, that I may come  
And banquet sometimes on thy face,  
But make my constant meales at home.

*Mr. Henry Lawes.*



Et not thy beau—ry make thee proud though Prin—ces do a—



dore thee, since time and sickness were allow'd to mow flush flowers before thee. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*



Nor be not thy to that degree,  
Thy friends may hardly know thee,  
Nor yet so coming or so free,  
That every fly may blow thee.  
A state in every Princely brow,  
As decent is requir'd  
Much more in thine, to whom they bow  
By Beagles lightnings fir'd.

And yet a state so sweetly mixt  
With an attractive mildness;  
It may like Vertue sit betwixt  
The excrements of pride and vileness.  
Then every eye that sees thy face  
Will in thy Beauty glory,  
And every tongue that wags will grate  
Thy vertue with a story.



Orne lovely *Phoebe*, since it thy will is, to crown thy *Corridon* with daffidiles:  
With many kisses, as sweet as this is, I will repay to multiply thy blisses.

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

Sweet, still be smiling, 'tis sweet beguiling  
Of tedious houres and sorrows best exiling;  
For if you lowre, the banks no power  
Will have to bring forth any pleasant flower;  
Your eyes not granting  
Their raies enchanting,  
Mine may raine, but 'twere in vaine.

Thine eyes may wonder, that mine asunder  
Do from the Sun-shine draw thing to sit under;  
Hold me unblam'd, to be enflam'd,  
Where not to be so, youth were rather sham'd:  
Since that the oldest  
That thou beholdest  
May feele fire of loves desire.



Willow Garland thou didst send last day perfum'd to me, which did but

only this portend, I was for--looke of thee.

*Mr. Henry Lawes.*

Since thus it is, I'll tell thee what,  
To morrow thou shalt see  
Me wear the Willow, after that  
Todye upon the tree.

As Beasts unto the Alter go  
With Garlands, so I  
Will with my Willow wreath also  
Come forth, and sweetly dye.



Adieu from Loves furrows take, with sighs in teares do oft prevail, grieve is in-

fectious, and the ayre inflam'd with sighs will blast the fair, then stop your ears when Lovers cry, left your

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

*Mr. Henry Lawes.*



Midst the Mirrles as I walk, love & my sighs thus enter talk, tell me said

I, in deep distresse, where I may finde my shepheardesse.

*Mr. Henry Lawes.*

Then Foole sayd Love know'st thou not this,  
In very thing that's good she is;  
In yander Tulip go and seek,  
There thou shalt find her lip and cheek:  
In that enamell'd Fancy by,  
There shalt thou find her curious eye  
In bloom of Peach, in Roses bud  
There wawe the streams of her blood.

'Tis true sayd I, and thereupon,  
And went and pluckt them one by one  
To make a party's amon,  
But on a suddain all was gone.

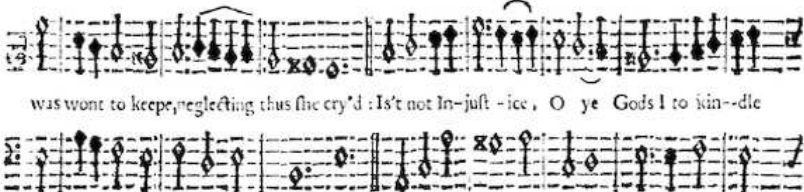
At which I stop; sayd Love, these bee  
Fond man resemblances of thee;  
For as these Flowers thy Joy must dye  
Even in the turning of an eye.

And all thy hopes of her must wither,  
As do those Flowers when knit together.

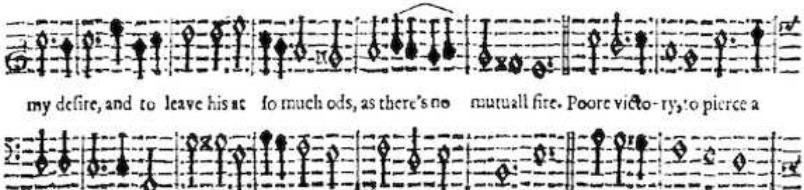
G



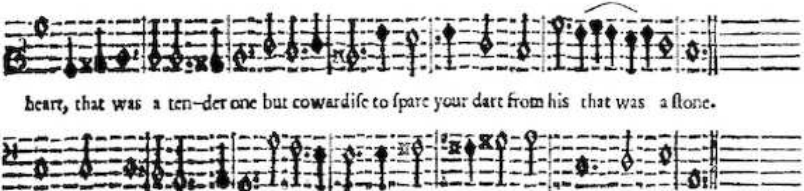
**L**et us false love made *Clara* weepe, and by a river side, her flock which she



was wont to keepe, neglecting thus she cry'd: Is't not In-just-ice, O ye Gods I to kin-dle



my desire, and to leave his at so much odds, as there's no mutuall fire. Poore victo-ry's to pierce a



heart, that was a ten-der one but cowardife to spare your dart from his that was a stone.

Doctour Wilson.

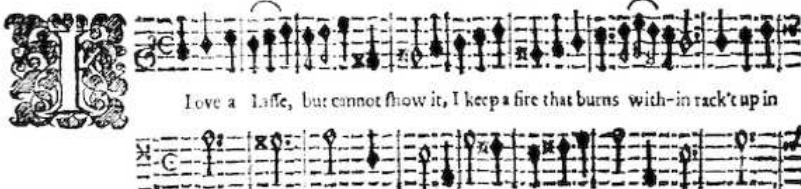
As she thus mourn'd, the tears that fell  
Down from her love-sick eyes,  
Did in the water drop and swell,  
And into bubbles rise.

Wherein her blousard face appears,  
Now out alas, sayd she,  
How do I melt away in tears  
For him that loves not me.

And thus in little drawn and drest  
In sad tears attire,  
May force such passions from his breast,  
Shall equall my desire.

Yet as I lessen multiply,  
But in little form appears,  
Thus do I languish from mine,  
And grow new in my tears.

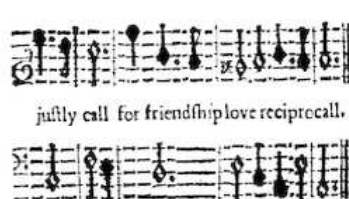
Break not that Chrifall, circles me  
Sweet streams by your fair side,  
My Love perhaps may walking be,  
And I may be cspid.



**L**ove a Lasse, but cannot show it, I keep a fire that burns with-in rack't up in



em-bers; Ah could she know it, I might perhaps be lov'd a-gain: For a true love may

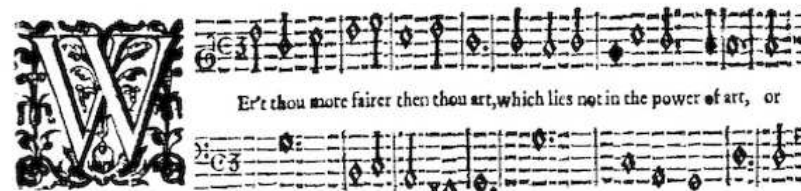


justly call for friendship love reciprecall.

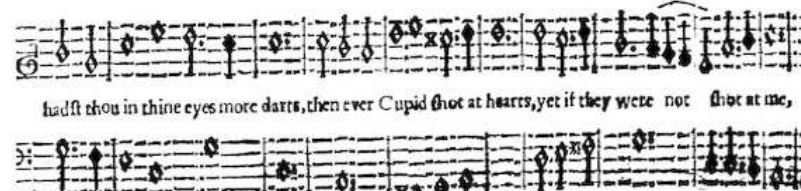
Some gentle courteous wind berry me,  
A sigh by whispering in her eare,  
Or let some pious shower convey me,  
By dropping on her breast a tear,  
Or two, or more, the hardest sin,  
By silce drops recover a dunc.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,  
That is already too too weak't  
No, no, they say, Lovers may send us  
By writing what they cannot speake;  
Go then my Mute, and let this Verse  
Bring back my L. K. or else my Theate.

Dr. Wilson.



**V**er't thou more fairer then thou art, which lies not in the power of art, or



hadst thou in thine eyes more darts, then ever Cupid shot at hearts, yet if they were not shot at me,



I should not cast a thought on thee.

Dr. Wilson.

I'd rather marry a dunc,  
Then court the thing I cannot please;  
She that would shew my desire  
Must court my flame with second fire:  
What pleasure so there is in this  
To him that doubts the bees' nest his

I love thee not because thou art faire;  
Soft're thou downe, smoother than ayre;  
Not for the Cupids shot by  
To enare corners of thine eyes;  
Would you then know what it might be  
'Tis I love you, 'mafe you love me.

G 2



**H** Ain would I *Cloris* whom my heart adores, longer a while between thine arms re-

main, but loe the jealous morn her Ro-sie doors to spight me op's & brings the day a-gain. Fare-

well, farewell, *Cloris*, 'tistime I did, the night de-parts, yet fill my woes a-bide. Dr. *Wilson*.

Hence saug' leaving Canst not the Skies,  
Let us loose, or have no need of thee;  
Our eye, and ever stay, where *Cloris* eyes  
Shine, that a race of Angles Tapers bee,  
Farewell, farewell, &c.

O'gin' whole table vaine was wont to be  
More to end in Lovers, then the noisett day,  
Wherefore, O' wherefore do'st thou fly from me,  
And carry with thee all my joys away?  
Farewell, farewell, &c.

**T** Ake, O take those lips a way, that so sweetly were forsworn, & those eyes that

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

Hide, O hide those Hills of Snow  
That thy frozen Blossome beares;  
On whose tops the Pinks that grow,  
Ate yet of those that April weares;  
But first set my poore heart free,  
Bound in those icy Chaines by thee.

Dr. *Wilson*.

**L** Ay that fallen Garland by thee, keepe it for th' *Elizium* shades, take my

wreath of luffy I-vy not of that faint Mirtle, made when I see thy soule descending, to that cold un-

fertile plain, of sad fools the lake attending, thou shalt weare this Crown a-gain. Now drink wine &

know the ods 'twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*, and the Gods.  
Mr. *John Taylor*.

Rouse thy dull and drowfie spirits,  
Here's the soule reviving streams,  
The stupid Lovers brain inherits  
Nought but vaine and empty dreams.

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

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

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,  
Ope thou vainly crossed armes;  
Thou mayst as well call back the buried  
As raise love by such like charmes.

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

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

H



Alas my *Adonis* doe not dye, one life's enough for thee & I, where are thy

looks, thy wiles, thy fears, thy frowns, thy smiles, a—las in vain I call, one death hath fratcht them

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

fear'd, when thy pale Ghost appear'd, this I preferr'd, when than ——— de-ring *Teere*

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

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

*Venus* in *Venus* there is none: in vaine a Goddess now am I, only to grieve & not to dye: but I will

love my griefe, make teares my teares reliefe, & sorrow shall to me a new *Adonis* be: And this the

fates shall'nt rob me of whilst I a Goddess am to grieve, and not to dye. Dr. Colman.

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

words cannot fully speake, now seekes her cure, whose on-ly No, sent from her lips must parte,

makes it thus range from me, woes me that No, left me that heart, and fills its place with wo.

O hold it fast, I come, yet see it fly,  
I cannot move, tis pry backe should dye,  
Perhaps she may returne, and with one yce  
Give us a seasond life, treble our blisse:  
If not, farewell my heart, I've pleas'd my eyes,  
Since thou art lost, seee thee her sacrifice.

Change Platonicke, change for flame, get your felves another name. This is but a thin dif-

guise, and betray'd to common eyes: Dim and purblind though they be, your Philo-phy they see is but

lay H, pueritie & a kind of Humilitie.

There ne'er allow'd a kisse,  
Nor he like fantastick in love,  
At the Altar and Church  
W their Amorous La Poesie  
Not content of that delight  
Which a Ball presents at sight  
To see you to what follows next,  
Only you corrupt the Text.

Dr. Colman.

You must Flee; flie  
All your wits on vantage,  
When needed the truth to see,  
To speake in that courtly way  
Is a great Court Favour;  
You sh but yet must flatter  
What your Sex was wont to use  
Many hundred years ago.

hen *Celia* I intend to flatter you, and tell you lies to make you true, I

I swear ther's none so faire, ther's none so faire, and you believe it too.

Dr. Colman.

Off have I matcht you with the Rose, and said  
No twins so like both nature made,  
But 'tis  
Only in this, ---  
You prick my hand and fade!

Off have I sayd there is no precious stone  
But may be found in you alone;  
Though I  
No stone espy, ---  
Unless your heart be one.

When I praise your skin I quote the wooll  
That Silk-worms from their Entrails pull  
And show  
That new fallen snow, ---  
Is not more beautifull.

Yet grow not proud by such Hyperboles  
Were you as excellent as these  
Whilſt I  
Before you ly, ---  
They might be had with ease.

Right *Aurelia* I see owe, all the woe I can know, to those glorious looks a-lone, though

you are unrelenting faine, the quick lightning from your eyes, did fa-cti-fice, my un-wife, my un-

wary, harmles heart, and now you glory in my sinar.

How unjustly you do blame  
That pure flames  
From you came,  
Vext with what your selfe made burne,  
Your scorn to noder did it turne.

The lead spake now love can call,  
That does fall  
On the soul,  
Scorcht remaines of my heart,  
Will make it burne in every part.

Dr. Char. Colman.

ow am I chang'd from what I was before I saw those eyes? I had a heart, but now a-

las, that room is fill'd with sighs; for she that rob'd me, would not stay to let me ask her why she stol't or

beg, she'd find some way this theft with hers t'supply.

Thus am I left to court my griefe,  
For when she's out of sight,  
There can no search, be no reliefe,  
Or ought that's true delight.

I'll therefore on some Ruse ride,  
Wander to break my woe,  
And ask those Muses how *Hylo* did,  
That I might do it too.

Dr. Colman.  
I

**N** Ever persuade me to't, I vow I live not, how canst thou expect a life in me,

since my soule is fled to thee You suppose because I walk, & you think talk, I therefore breath, alas you

Yum y argue I have hear,  
My pulses beat,  
My sight have in them living fire,  
And my eyes speake with desire,  
know shades as well as men do fo.

Grant your argument be truth, a  
Such he as my youth  
Ere long, as payson do only prepare  
To make death their followers,  
Dr. Colman.

\* Truth, such heats my youth en-

**I** prethee send me back my heart, since I cannot have thine, for if from

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

Yet now I think on't let it lye  
To send it me were vaine,  
For th'halt a thiefe in either eye  
Will steale it back againe.

Why should two hearts in one breast lye,  
And yet not lodge together?  
O Love! where is thy sympathy,  
If thus our hearts thus sever?

But love is such a mystery,  
I cannot finde it out,  
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,  
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,  
I will no longer pine,  
But I'll believe I have her heart,  
As much as she hath mine.

**R**ing back my comfort and return, for well thou know'st that I in such a vigorous

passion burn, that missing thee I dye: return, return, insult no more, return, return, and me re-

Absence in most that quenches love,  
And cooles their warm desire;  
The ardor of my heat improves,  
And makes the flame aspire:  
And makes the flame aspire:  
The maxim therefore I deny,  
And teare it though a tyranny,  
The Nurse to Faith, to Love, to Constancy.

Edward Colman.

store to those sequestred joys I had before.

**W**hy dearest should you weep, when I relate the story of my woe? let not the swartthy

mist of my black fate o'recast thy beauty fo: For each rich pearle left on that score adds to mis-

chance and wounds, and wounds your servant more.

Quench not those fires that in my bliss should guide;  
O! by that pious rite  
Nor let these drops upon my deluge lye  
To drown thy beauty there,  
That cloud of sorrow makes it night,  
You lose your Luster, but the World its Light.

Edward Colman.

Ince love hath in thine & mine eye kindled a ho-ly flame, what pi-ty 'twere to let

it dye, what sin to quench the same. The stars that seem ex-tinct by day, disclose their

flames at night, & in a fable fence convey their loves in beams of light. Dr. Wilson.

Se when the jealous eye a d case  
Are shut on sun's desire,  
Our compass eyes may talk sans fear  
Of being tread on spide.

What though our bodies cannot meet  
Loves jewels more diving,  
The fixt stars by their twinkling greets  
And yet they never joynes

Faire Mirrors that do change their place,  
Though they shine fast and bright;  
Yet when they cover so our faces,  
Fall down and lose their light.

If thus perceive thy flame decay,  
Come by thine eyes at mine,  
And when I feele mine wail away  
I'll take new fire from thine.

Thus while we shall preleve from waste  
The flame of our desire,  
No Vellat shall us in more challe,  
Or more immovall fire.

Can love for an houre when I'm at leasure, he that loves halfe a day fooles with-

out measure: Cupid then tell me what art had thy mother, to make men love one face more then an-other?

Some to be thought more wise dayly endeavour  
To make the World believe they can love ever:  
Ladies believe them nor, they'l but deceive you,  
For when they have their ends, then they will leave you.

Men cannot see themselves on your sweet features,  
They'l have variety of loving Creatures:  
Too much of any thing lets them a cooling,  
Though they can never do's, yet they'l be fooling.

W. Lawes

O more blind Boy, for see my heart is made thy quiver, where remains no

voyd place for an-other dart; and a-las that conquest gaines (small praye, that on-ly brings a-

way a tame and un-refilling pray: behold a noble Foe all arm'd, desires thy weake Ar-till-le-ry,

that hath thy bow and quiver charm'd, a Rebell Beauty conqu'ring thee, if thou dar'it e-qual

combate try, wound her, for 'tis for her I dye. Mr. Jeremy Savil.

Is but a frown I precher let me dye, one bended brow conclud's my

Tra-ge-dy: For all my love I aske but this of thee, thou wilt not be too long a killing me;

for if thou lov'st not, what avails thy smiles which only warms a bowl of snow, he whilst it receiv'd cora-

fort from thine eyes, that selfe same comfort melts away and dies? so in the end thy frowns and

smiles are one, and differ but in ex-ec-u-ti-on. *Mr. Jeremy Savil.*

will not trust thy tempting graces, nor thy deceitful charms, nor pris'ner be to

thy embraces, or fetter'd in thine arms. No *Celia*, no not all thy art can wound or captivate my heart

I will not gaze upon thine eyes,  
Nor waken with thy haire,  
Lest thole should burne me by surprise,  
Or thole my soule I leave;  
Nor will thole liming dangers play,  
Or foote my liberty away.

Since then my weary heart is free,  
And unconfin'd at home;  
If thou wouldst mine the old captiv' bee,  
Thou must thine owne refigne;  
And Grande Gall thus move more  
Then Love or Beauty could before.

*Mr. Jeremy Savil.*

Ell not I dye, or that I live by thee, & as thou points my doom, so it must be:

Or that my life didst thou but leave to love, would like a long disease, as weary prove: Since he whose

mind is proof against his fate, makes himself happy at the worst estate. *Mr. Tho. Brewer.*

'Tis vanity for a man to waste his blisse  
On the frail favour of a womans kisse,  
And most usually to entrall his eye,  
When Heaven and Nature gives it liberty:  
Since Womens Fancies with their Fashions change,  
To love for fashion to each face that's strange.

He that hath wealth, and can that wealth for-goe,  
Is his own man, nor slave to any woe;  
Thus arm'd with resolution, I am free,  
Still to remember of my libertie:  
Yet know I love, though I see leave the face,  
He best knows how to love, knows how to hate.

I know the humour of your Sex is such,  
You ne'r could value any one thing much;  
For should thy breast with coalesse flames be fir'd,  
'T were more then I expected, although desir'd:  
' Then think me not to fond, although I love,  
But as thou leav'st thy countie, so must I move.

*V*ittoria vittoria vittoria vittori il miocore non Lagrimar pia non Lagri-

mar pia e' scelta d'amore la servi-tu vittoria vittoria il miocore non Lagrimar pia e

scel-ta da-mo-re la servitu e' scol- tu

d'amore la servitu gia L'empioi tuoi danni fra suoi disguardi Con-ve-ri Bagiar-di di

po-ve glii ganne le forde gl'affanno non hanno piu luo- co di Crudo su-o fo-

co espel lar- do-re.

FINIS.

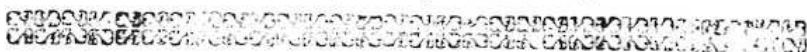


## The Second Booke,

Containing

## PASTORALL DIALOGUES

For two Voyces to sing to an Instrument.



*P*rethee keep my sheep for me: *Clorillo*, wilt thou, tell? First, let me have a kisse of

thee and I — will kee, p them well. If thou a while but to my little flock will look, thou shalt

have this imbroded skip & silver hook. No other favour or reward I crave, but one poor kisse.

A kisse thou must not have. And why? Such inticements Mids multiply: this Garland thou shalt

have of Roses and of Lil-lies. Nor skip, nor hook, nor Garland sweetest *Thine*, doe

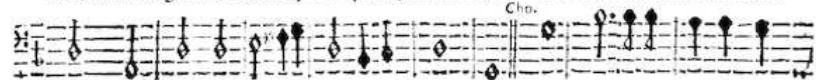
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I require, to kisse thy fresh and Rose lip is one-ly my desire. Take then a



kisse, and let me go, till I return, thy care upon my Rocks beslow. Sweet sweet is that kisse, that doth



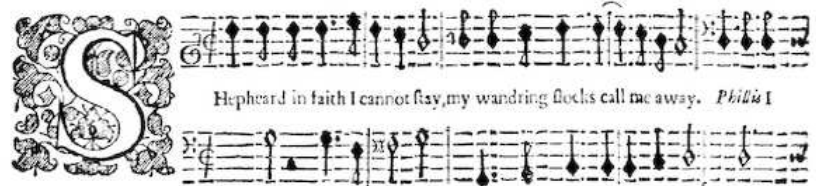
Sweet, sweet is that kisse, that doth



with true and just desire, as much a nother give, as to it selfe require.



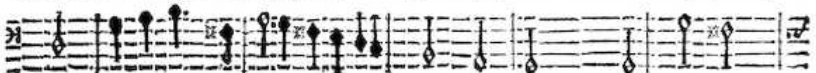
with true and just desire, as much a nother give, as to it selfe require. Mr. Nich. Lanere.



He heard in faith I cannot say, my wandering flocks call me away. Phillis I



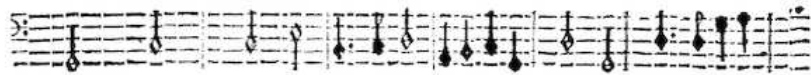
swear since I have caught thee now, upon thy rose lips, I'll pay my vow. Who lives in love, my not by



force constrain. Where imprecation false oaths must obtain. I prethee Stephen leave me. Dear Phillis



leave to contemn me. Nay, then I see, nay then I see, I must my selfe defend. Vaine is all de-



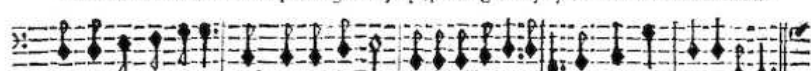
fence and art, Cruel, cruel, thou do'st of breath bereave me. Since I have thee ere I part,



Since I have thee ere I part, I'll



I'll smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips, a thousand such as this.



smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand, such as this.



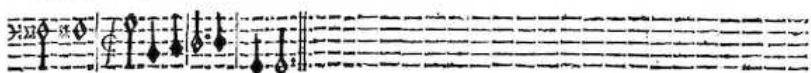
Thus Stephen bold layd downe his lovely Phillis. And kist her breathlesse, and kist her



Thus Stephen bold layd downe his lovely Phillis. And kist her breathlesse, and kist her

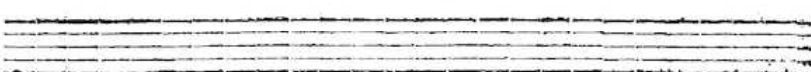
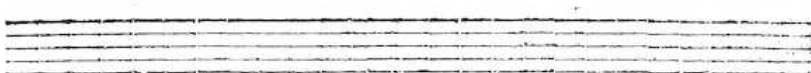


breathlesse upon a bank of Lillies-



breathlesse upon a bank of Lillies.

Mr. Nich. Lanere.







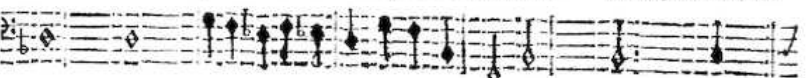
O, ne my *Daphne*, come away, we do wait the christall day. 'Tis *Straphon* calls, what



would my love? Come follow to the Mirtle Grove, where *Venus* shall prepare new chaplets for thy



haire. Were I shut up within a tree, I'd rend my bark to follow thee. My Shepherds make



haste, the minutes slide so fast. In those cooler shades, will I blind as *Cupid* kisse your eye.



In thy bosome then I'll stray, in such warm snow, who would not lose his way? We'll laugh and:



leave this world behinde, and gods themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never finde such



leave this world behinde, and gods themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never finde such



joyes when they embrace a *Di-o-ty*.

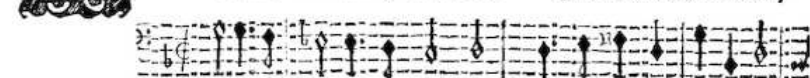
Mr. *William Lawes*.



joyes when they embrace a *Di-o-ty*.



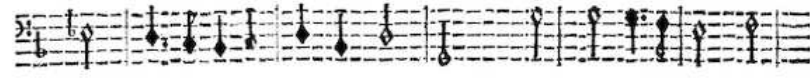
O, bette fond swaine, I cannot love. I prethee faire one, tell me why



thou art so cold? You do but move to take away my liber-ty. I'll keep thy sheepe whilst



thou shalt play. Delight shall make each Month a *May*. Those pleasant are unthrifty heures.



Thou shalt have the choicest flowers, wax and Hony, milke & woole, of ripest fruits thy belly full.



My flocks I'll keep by thine. Not so, but let them undistingisht go. vert. fol.

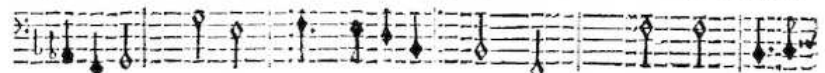




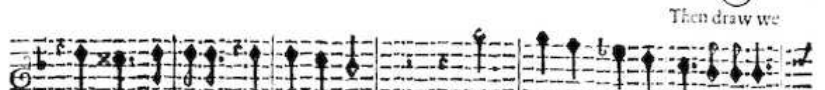
I can afford no more. Ah cease! Love come so far may yet encrease. Each day I'll



grant a kisse. Our blisses must not conclude, but spring from kisses. Then Shepheard love thy



fill. I shall who knows how much loves not at all. Then draw we both



our flocks up higher, that we may pitch. That we may pitch our folds together.



both our flocks up hither. That we may pitch, that we may pitch our folds together.



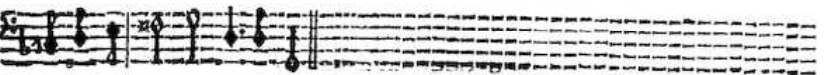
A midst our chaste imbracements meet, our selves as blame-lesse as our sheep, our selves as



A midst our chaste imbraces, meet Our selves as blameles as our sheep,

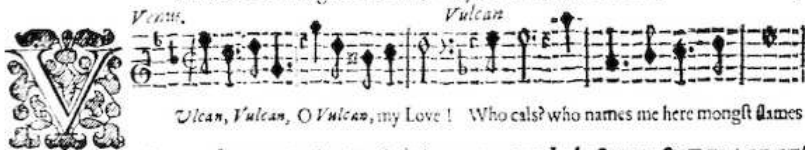


blame-lesse as our sheep.



Our selves as blameles as our sheep.

Mr. William Casar, alias Smiergill,



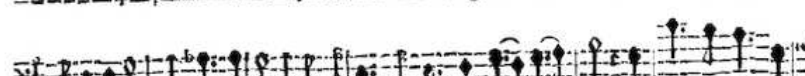
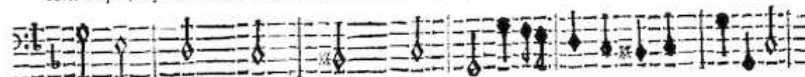
Dlean, Vulcan, O Vulcan, my Love! Who calls? who names me here mongst flames



Sweet, hear my plaint, give sorrow ease. Thy sacred power who dares displease? A-las, for-



lern Cupid, my waward son doth scorn Loves just decree, my awfull heft and heavenly De-i-ty.



Is he so bold? well, for thy sake, I that his arrows heads have us'd to make of piercing Steele which



Lo-vers feele, will temper lead, whose force is dull, and — stroke is dead, so that hence



forth all men may blith-ly sing, Cupid's no God, his bow a — Toy, his shaft no



Bb 2

Pastorall Dialogues for two Voyces to an Instrument.

Cho. *Vnna.*

fearfull thing. So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, Cupid's no God, his

Cho. *Mutan*

So that here forth all men may blith-ly sing, Cupid's no God, his

bow a — toy, his shafts no — fearfull thing.

Mr. William Lawes.

bc w a toy, his shafts no fearfull thing.

**D**ear Silvia, let thy *Thirs* know, what 'tis that makes those tears o'rflo w Are

the Kids that us'd to play, and slip so nimbly, gone astray? Are *Clo* flowers more fresh & green?

Or is some other Nymph made Queen? *Thirs*, do'st thou think that I can grieve for this, when

thou art by? What is it then? My father bids that I no longer feed my Kids with thine but

Pastorall Dialogues for two Voyces to an Instrument.

*Coridon*, and weare none but his Garlands on my haire. Why fo? Why fo my Silvia?

Will he keep thy flocks more safe when thou do'st sleepe? Will the Nymphs envy more thy praise,

when chanted with his round delights? No *Thirs*, I my flocks must joyne with his, cause they are

Cho.

more then thine.

Fathers cruell as the Rocks, joyne not their children, but their

Cho.

Fathers cruell as the Rocks, cruell as the rocks, joyne not their children, but their

flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* calls to light his torches there, and *Hymen*

flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* calls, *Hymen* calls to light his torches there, and *Hymen* calls, and

calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.

*Hymen* calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.

Dr. Charles Colman.





*Hyrta*, kind Swain come near, & lend a sigh, a tear, to thy sad friend, forsaken

*Damon* calls. Four wight I come, but wherefore in this plight? thine eyes are red, thy griefs are

swel- ling, tell them sorrow's half cur'd by telling. Take then the cause of all my woes,

*Phillis* is gone. Why, let her goe, 'tis but with other Nymphs & Swains, to sport upon the

Neighb'ring Plains, she'l come againe, he't but to find the heart with thee she left behind. Alas,

she's taken mine; her's free as Ayre is gone un-chain'd by me, though I with such devotion

fought her Love, vs to Great Pain I caught, whilst my pale look and fetter'd sheep show'd I, nor

thoughts, nor flocks could keepe. Chare up and lightly by her feet. He never

lov'd, that could forget. Love is a Riddle, which he best untries, whose reason's not be-

Love is a Riddle, which he best untries, \*

tray'd by his eyes, whose reason's not betray-ed, betray-ed by his eyes.

whof reason's not betrayed by his eyes, whof reason's not betrayed, betrayed by his eyes.

Mr. William Cajar, alias Smegergill.



*Haron*, O gentle *Charon*, let me woo thee with tears, & pity now to come un-

-to me. What voyce so sweet and charming do I hear? say what thou art? I prethee first draw near.



A found I hear, but nothing yet I see: Speak where thou art? O *Charon*, pit-ty me! I am a



shade, & though no name I tell my mournful voyce wil say I'm *Philomel*. What's that to me? I



wast, nor fish, nor fowl, nor beast, food thing, but only humane soules. Alas for me! Shame on thy



warbling note, that made me hoyse my saile, & bring my boar, but Ile return: what mischief brought thee



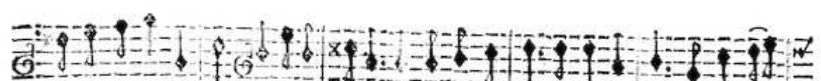
hither? A dæle of love, and much, much grief together. What's thy request? That since she's now be-



neath that fed my life, I follow her in de- th. And's that all? I'm gone. For love I pray thee. Talk not of



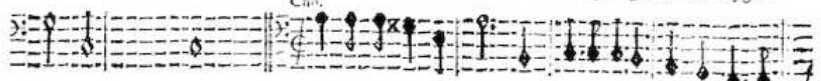
love, all pray, but no soules pay me. Ile give thee sighs & tears. Can tears pay fees for patching Gills,



or mending boat or ours? Ile beg a penny, or Ile sing so long, till thou shalt say I have payd thee



in a Song. Why, then begin. And all the while we make our sioathfull passage o're the Stygian



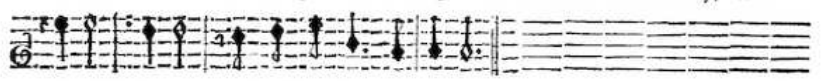
And all the while we make our sioathfull passage o're the Stygian



Lake, thou & Ile sing, thou & Ile sing, to make these dull shades merry;



Lake, thou & Ile sing, thou & Ile sing, to make these dull shades merry; who

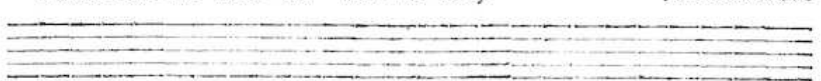


who else with teares will doubtless drown our Fer-ry.



else with teares, will doubtless drown our Fer-ry.

Mr. William Lawes.





a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.

Et her give her hand or glove, let her sigh and swear the dyes; he that

thinks he hath her love, I shall never I shall ne—ver count him wife. For be the

old love ne'r so true, yet she is e—ver for the new, yet she is ever for the new.

Mr. William Webb.

he hath her love, I shall never, I shall never shall ne-ver count him wife. For be the old love ne'r so

Et her give her hand or glove, let her sigh and swear the dyes; he that thinks

Cantus Secundus. a. 3. Voc. Bass.

Et her give her hand or glove, let her sigh and swear the dyes; he that thinks he hath her

love, I shall never, I shall never, never count him wife. For be the old love ne'r so true, yet she is

ever for the new, yet she is ever for the new. Mr. William Webb.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.

Loris, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I lon—ger stay, thine

eyes prevaile up—on me so, I shall grow blind and lose my way.

Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth  
 Amo'g't the rest me hither brought,  
 Finding this Fame full short of truth,  
 Made me stay longer then I thought.  
 For I'm engag'd by word and oath  
 A servant to anothers will;  
 Yet for thy love would forfeit both,  
 Could I be sure to keep it still.  
 But what assurance can I take,  
 When thou fore knowing this abuse,  
 For some more worthy Lovers sake,  
 May'st leave me with so just excuse.

For thou may'st say 'twas not thy fault  
 That thou didst thus unconstant prove;  
 Thou wert by my example taught  
 To break thy oath, to mend thy love.  
 No Cloris, no, I will return,  
 And raise thy story to that height,  
 That strangers shall at distance burn,  
 And the distrust me R. probate.  
 Then shall my love this doubt displace,  
 And gain such trust, that I may come  
 And banquet sometimes on thy face,  
 But make my constant meals at home.

Mr. William Webb.

Loris farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I longer stay, thine eyes pre-

Cantus Secundus. a. 3. Voc. Bass.

Loris, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I longer stay, thine eyes prevaile upon me

so, I shall grow blind and lose my way. Mr. William Webb.



a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.

Or that I wish my Mistresse, or more, or lesse then what she is, write

I these lines; for 'tis too late, rules to prescribe un—to my fate.

But as the tender stomack call  
 For choyce of meats, yet brooke not all;  
 So queasie love my here impare  
 What Mistresse 'tis best takes the heart.  
 First, I would have her richly spread  
 With natures blossome, white and red;  
 For flaming heat will quickly dye,  
 Where is no fuell for the eye.  
 Yet this alone will never win,  
 Unless some treasure be within;  
 For where the spoyl's not worth the prey,  
 Men raise their teige, and march away.

I care not much if she be proud,  
 A little pride may be allow'd;  
 The am'rous youth, will pray and prate  
 Too freely, where he finds no state.  
 Then I would have her full of wit,  
 So she knows how to huswife it;  
 For she whose insolence will dare  
 To cry her wit, will shew her wate.  
 Last, I would have her loving be,  
 (Mistake me not) to none but me;  
 She that loves one, and loves one more,  
 She'll love a Kingdome o're and o're.

Mr. William Webb.

for 'tis too late, rules to prescribe un—to my fate.

Or that I wish my Mistresse or more or lesse then what she is, write I these lines;

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Or that I wish my Mistresse, or more, or lesse then what she is, write I these lines.

for 'tis too late rules to prescribe un—to my fate.

Mr. William Webb

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.

Tell me *Damon* canst thou prove, after thy many vowes of love, so false to

lose me with thy will? Though I am not so young and faire, as when thy Garlands crown'd my

haire, I am *Cyania* still.

How didst thou weare with sighs and teares,  
 To undoe me in my bloome of yeares?  
 Then worth the love of every swaine,  
 Who freely would on me bestowe,  
 Whole flocks, as white as Virgin snow,  
 But I did all disgrace.

Or if thou wert refus'd to wound  
 Me with thy loorn, could none be found  
 To be the darling of thine eyes,  
 But I were Merle, whose best fate  
 Was on my Rock, and me to wait,  
 Ah ill-bred Shepherds be!

O may that Charme upon her face  
 Beare thy heart to love disgrace,  
 And to her pride, thou shouldst be  
 Dye for her love, as I for shee.  
 No shepherds rest below thy flame  
 A jilt revenge for me.

Mr. William Webb.

my haire, I am *Cyania* still.

with thy will? Though I am not so young and faire, as when thy Garlands crown'd

Tell me *Damon*, canst thou prove after thy many vowes of love, so false to lose me

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Tell me *Damon*, canst thou prove, after thy many vowes of love, so false to lose me

with thy will? Though I am not so young and faire, as when thy Garlands crown'd my haire, I

haire, I am *Cyania* still.

Mr. William Webb

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus.

Mr. William Webb.

W<sup>h</sup>ert thou yet fair — er than thou art, which lies not in the power of  
 art; or had'st thou in thine eyes more Darts, than Cupid e — ver shot at hearts, yet if they  
 were not thrown at me, I could not cast one thought at thee.

Mr. William Webb.

W<sup>h</sup>ert thou yet fair — er than thou art, which lies not in the power of art; or  
 had'st thou in thine eyes more Darts, than Cupid e — ver shot at hearts, yet if they were not  
 thrown at me, I could not cast one thought at thee.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. William Webb.

W<sup>h</sup>ert thou yet fair — er than thou art, which lies not in the power of art; or had'st  
 thou in thine eyes more Darts, than Cupid e — ver shot at hearts, yet if they were not thrown at  
 me, I could not cast one thought at thee.

me, I could not cast one thought at thee.

Mr. William Webb.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus.

Mr. William Webb.

Y<sup>e</sup> O meaner Beauties of the night, that weakly fa-tis-fie our eyes, more by  
 your number than your light, like common peo-ple of the skies; what are you when the  
 Moon shall rise?  
 You Violets that first appear, and by your purple mantles known,  
 Like the proud Virgins of the year, as if the Spring were all your own;  
 What are you when the Rose is blown?  
 You lusty Chanters of the Wood, that fill the Ayre with natures layes,  
 Thinking your passions understood by Accents weak, what is your praise,  
 When *Philomel* her voyce shall raise?  
 So when my Princes shall be seen, in sweetnes of her looks and minde,  
 By Vertue first, then chuse a Queen, tell me if she were not design'd,  
 The Eclipse and Glory of her kinde?

Mr. William Webb.

Y<sup>e</sup> O meaner Beauties of the night, that weakly fa-tis-fie our eyes, more by your  
 number than your light, like common peo-ple of the skies; what are you when the Moon shall rise?  
 You Violets that first appear, and by your purple mantles known,  
 Like the proud Virgins of the year, as if the Spring were all your own;  
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 So when my Princes shall be seen, in sweetnes of her looks and minde,  
 By Vertue first, then chuse a Queen, tell me if she were not design'd,  
 The Eclipse and Glory of her kinde?

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. William Webb.

Y<sup>e</sup> O meaner beauties of the night, that weakly fatisfie our eyes, more by your number  
 than your light, like common peo-ple of the skies; what are you when the Moon shall rise?

than your light, like common peo-ple of the skies; what are you when the Moon shall rise?

Ff 2

Mr. William Webb.

A. 3. 200.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Nicholas Lanier.

Though I am young, & cannot tell, either what love or death is well, and

then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, & death with cold.

Yet I have heard they both beare darts,  
 And both doe aime at humane hearts;  
 So that I feare they doe but bring  
 Extrems to touch, and meane one thing.

Mr. Nicholas Lanier.

then againe I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, & death with cold.

Though I am young, & cannot tell, either what love or death is well, and

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. 200.

A. 3. 200.

Bassus.

Though I am young, & cannot tell, either what love or death is well, & then againe

I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, & death with cold.

Mr. Nicholas Lanier.

A. 3. 200.

Cantus.

Mr. William Lawes

My Clarissa! thou cruell faire, bright as the morning, and soft as the Ayre: Fresh-

er than flowers in May, yet far more sweet then they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

When first I saw thee, I felt a flame,  
 Which from thine Eyes like lightning came;  
 Sure it was Cupid's Dart,  
 It pierc'd quite through my heart,  
 Oh, could thy breath once feele the same!  
 A wound so deep would urge thy soule,  
 Spight of a frowne I heare, coyneles contoule,  
 And make thy love as fixe  
 As is the heart thou prik'st,  
 Forcing thee with me to condole.

Let not fuel, Fortune, my Love betyde;  
 Oh, let your rocky breast be mollifi'd!  
 Send me not to my Grave  
 Unpittyed, like a slave;  
 How can love such usage abide?  
 Sympathize with me a while I pray,  
 This passion quickly will find out reliefe;  
 Cupid will from his Bowers  
 Warm these chill hearts of ours,  
 And make his power rule there in childe.

Then would the God of love equall bee,  
 Giving me ease, as by wounding thee;  
 Then would you never scorne,  
 When like to me you burn;  
 At least not prove unkind to mee.

then flowers in May, yet far more sweet then they; Love is the subject of my prayer. Mr. W. Lawes.

My Clarissa! thou cruell faire, bright as the morning, and soft as the Ayre: Fresh-

Bassus.

A. 3. 200.

A. 3. 200.

Bassus.

My Clarissa! thou cruell faire, bright as the morning, and soft as the Ayre: Fresh-

er than flowers in May, yet far more sweet then they; Love is the subject of my prayer. Mr. William Lawes.

flowers in May, yet far more sweet then they; Love is the subject of my prayer. Mr. William Lawes.

4. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Lawes.

**G**Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying,

And that same Flower that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lampe of Heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he is getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That Age is best that is the first,  
While youth and blood are warmer,  
Expect not the last and worst,  
Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
While you may goe marry,  
For having once but lost your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

Mr. William Lawes.

that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying, And that same Flower

4. 3. Voc. Tenor.

4. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

**G**Ather your Rose buds while you may, old Time is still a flying, And the same Flower that

smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

Mr. William Lawes.

4. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. Wilson.

**I**n the merry month of *May*, on a morn by break of day, forth I walke the Wood

so wide, when as *May* was in her pride, there I spy'd all alone, *Philida* and *Co-ri-don*. & *Coridon*.

Much adoe there was God wot,  
He did love, but she could not;  
He sayd his love was ever true,  
She sayd, none was false to you;  
He sayd, he had lov'd her long.  
She sayd, love should take no wrong.

*Coridon* would have kill'd her then,  
She sayd, *Mays* must kisse no Men,  
Till they kisse for good and all,  
Then she bad the Shepheard call  
All the Gods to witness truch,  
Ne'e was loved so fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,  
As *Yea* and *Nay*, and *Faith* and *Troth*;  
Such as silly Shepheards use,  
When they would not love abuse;  
Love which had been long deluded,  
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And *Philida* with *Garland* gay  
Was Crowned the Lady of the *May*.

Dr. Wilson.

wide, when as *May* was in her pride, there I spy'd all alone, *Philida* and *Co-ri-don*.

**I**n the merry Month of *May*, on a morn by break of day, forth I walke the Wood so

Cantus Secundus.

4. 3. Voc.

4. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

**I**n the merry Month of *May*, on a morn by break of day, forth I walke the Wood so

wide, when as *May* was in her pride, there I spy'd all alone, *Philida* and *Co-ri-don*, and *Coridon*.

G g 2

Dr. Wilson.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus.

Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.



Elcom, welcome, to the Grove, these bowers, this embrodred bed of

flowers; here with a Song more sweet than long, we will beguile, we will beguile, the sliding houres :

See a new spring & every plant, which of perfection finds a want, doth from that cheek & from that eye

crave & receive a new supply,

Which the whole quire of birds desire to improve their

warb ——— ling from her voice : Then all must grant heer's to be seen, Beauties & Musicks Magazine.

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to be seen, Beauties and Musicks Magazine.

rejoyce, to improve their warb ——— ling from her voice : Then all must grant heer's

Vi-does drooping neare to death, take life and odour from her breath, whilst the whole quire of Birds

We will beguile, we will beguile, the sliding houres crave and receive a new supply : Those

Elcom, welcome, to the Grove, these flowers, here with a Song more sweet than long,

crave & receive a new supply,

Which the whole quire of birds desire to improve their

warb ——— ling from her voice : Then all must grant heer's to be seen, Beauties & Musicks Magazine.

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a. 3. Voc.

Cantus.

Mr. William Smegergill alias Cesar.



Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of soules, get up, get up, & string thy powerfull Lute, & some

fad, some fad Requium sing, till cliffs requite thy echo's with a grone, and the dull Rocks

repeat the duller tone,

Mirtles shall esper, lofty Ceders run, & call the courtly Palme to make up one: Then

in the midst of all their jolly straine, then in the midst of all their jol-ly straine, strike a fad note,

strike a fad note, strike a fad note and fix 'um Trees againe.

Mr. William Smegergill alias Cesar.

Then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly straine, strike a fad note, strike a fad note, and fix 'um Trees againe.

on a suddain, with a nimble hand, run gently o're the Cords and to command the Pine to dance:

fad, some fad Requium sing, Echo, Echo, and the dull Rocks repeat the duller tone: Then

Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of soules, get up, get up, & string thy powerfull Lute, and some

repeat the duller tone,

Mirtles shall esper, lofty Ceders run, & call the courtly Palme to make up one: Then

in the midst of all their jolly straine, then in the midst of all their jol-ly straine, strike a fad note,

strike a fad note, strike a fad note and fix 'um Trees againe.

Then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly straine, then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly

strike a fad note, strike a fad note, and fix 'um Trees againe.

Mr. William Smegergill alias Cesar.

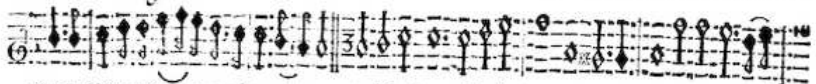
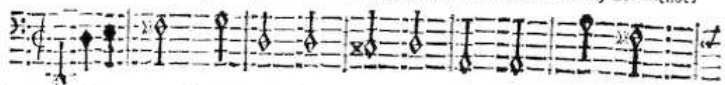
A. 3. 200.

Cantus Primus.

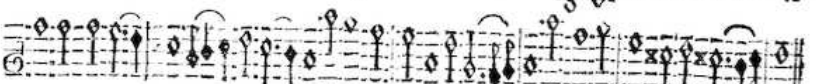
Mr. William Webb.



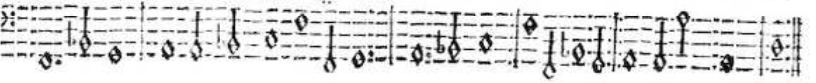
The sweet breath and gentle gales of our Parnassus glads the vales whose resounding Ecchoes



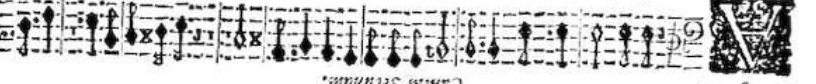
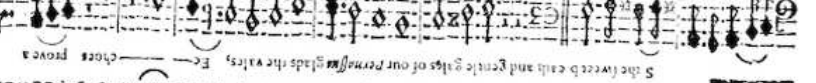
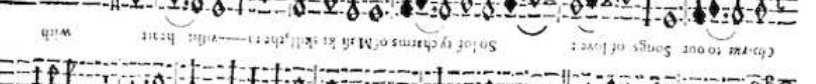
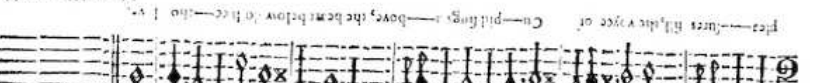
prove a Chorus to our Songs of love: So lousy charms, so lousy charms, of Musicks skill, the ra-villit



heart with pleasures fill, with pleasures fill, the voice of Cupid sings above, the heart below doth Eccho love.

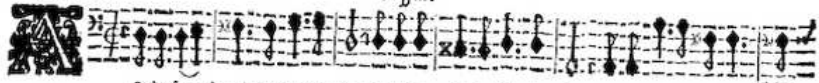


Mr. William Webb.



A. 3. 200.

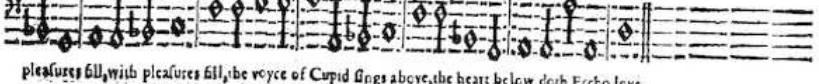
Bassus.



The sweet breath and gentle gales of our Parnassus glads the vales, whose resounding Ecchoes, Ec-



choes, prove a Chorus to our Songs of love: So lousy charms, so lousy charms of Musicks skill, the ra-villit heart with



pleasures fill, with pleasures fill, the voice of Cupid sings above, the heart below doth Eccho love.

Mr. William Webb.

A. 3. 200.

Cantus.

Mr. William Tompkins.



The young folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear, yet you ne'r could



reach my heart, for we courtiers learn to school only with your sex to fool, y'ar not worth our serious part.

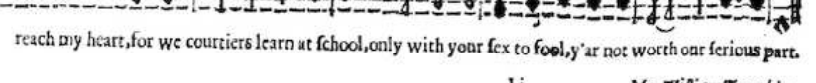
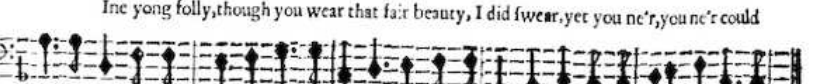
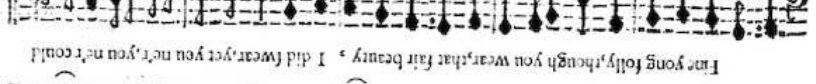
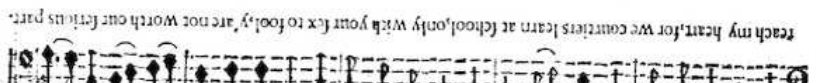


When I sigh and kisse your hand,  
Cross me Armes and wondring stand,  
Holding fairly with your eye:  
Then dilate on my desires,  
Sweet the Sun ne'r shot such fires,  
All is but a handsome lye.

When fore, Madam, wear no Cloud,  
Nor to check my flames grow proud,  
For insooth I much do doubt;  
'Tis the powder in your hair,  
Not your breath perfumes the Ayre,  
And your cloaths that set you out.

When I see your Curls or Lace,  
Gentle soule, you think your face  
Straight, some murder doth commit  
And your conscience doth begin  
To be scupulous of my sin,  
When I court to shew my wit.

Yet though truth hath this confest,  
And I swear I love in jest,  
Courteous soule, when next I court,  
And protest an amorous flame,  
You I vow I in earnest am,  
But dam, this is pritty sport.



FINIS.

ii

Mr. William Tompkins.

The Table to the first Book of Ayres, for a Voice alone to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.

|   |    |  |    |
|---|----|--|----|
| <b>A</b> Bout the sweet Bag of a Bre,           | 8  | <b>L</b> ike Hermit poore,                   | 1  |
| A Lover once I did espy,                        | 9  | Little love serves my turn,                  | 18 |
| A Willow Garland thou didst fend,               | 20 | Let not thy beauty make thee proud,          | 19 |
| Amidst the Myrtles as I walkt,                  | 21 | Ladies fly from loves smooth tale,           | 21 |
| <b>B</b> eautey and Love once once fell at ods, | 10 | Lay that fullen Garland by thee,             | 25 |
| Bid me but live,                                | 10 | <b>N</b> either sighs nor tears,             | 2  |
| By all the Glories,                             | 11 | No, no, fair Heretick,                       | 12 |
| Bright <i>Aurelia</i> I do love,                | 29 | Nor persuade me to't,                        | 30 |
| Bring back my Comfort and return,               | 31 | No more blind Boy, for see my heart,         | 33 |
| <b>C</b> ome Lovers all to me,                  | 9  | Of the kind boy,                             | 7  |
| <i>Cloris</i> farewell I now must go,           | 19 | <i>Phillis</i> why should we delay,          | 16 |
| Come lovely <i>Phillis</i> ,                    | 20 | <b>S</b> he that loves me for my selfe,      | 7  |
| <i>Cloris</i> his love made <i>Clora</i> weep,  | 22 | Stay, O stay that heart,                     | 27 |
| Change Patronicks, change for shame,            | 28 | Since love hath in thine and mine eyes,      | 32 |
| <b>F</b> aith be no longer coy,                 | 4  | <b>T</b> hou art not fair,                   | 2  |
| Fain would I <i>Cloris</i> ,                    | 24 | Tell me no more her eyes,                    | 5  |
| Goe and bestride the Wind,                      | 6  | Tell me ye wandring spirits,                 | 13 |
| <b>H</b> ow coole and temperate am I grown      | 14 | Take, O take those lips away,                | 24 |
| How happy art thou and I,                       | 15 | 'Tis but a frown, I pritheer let me die,     | 34 |
| How am I chang'd from what I was,               | 29 | Tell not that I die, or that I live by thee, | 35 |
| <b>I</b> With no more,                          | 3  | <b>V</b> ictorious Beauty,                   | 5  |
| I am confirm'd a woman ere,                     | 15 | <i>Victori, Victoria, il mio core,</i>       | 36 |
| If the quick spirit of your eye,                | 17 | <b>W</b> hy shouldst thou swear,             | 3  |
| I love a L-f, but cannot shew it,               | 23 | When thou didst think I did not love,        | 4  |
| I pritheer send me back my heart,               | 30 | Wer't thou more fairer then thou art,        | 23 |
| I can love for an hour when I am at leisure,    | 32 | Wake my <i>Adonis</i> do not die,            | 26 |
| I will not trust thy tempting Graces,           | 35 | When <i>Celia</i> I intend to flatter you,   | 21 |
|   |    | Why dearest should you weep,                 | 38 |

The Table of the second Book, containing Pastorall Dialogues for two Voyces.

|  |   |   |    |
|--|---|---|----|
| I pritheer keep my Sheep for me,         | 1 | Dear <i>Silvia</i> let thy <i>Thirsi</i> know,          | 8  |
| Shepherd in faith I cannot stay,         | 2 | Did not you once <i>Lucinda</i> vow,                    | 10 |
| Come my <i>Daphne</i> , come away,       | 4 | <i>Thirsi</i> kind Swain come near,                     | 12 |
| Forbear fond swain, I cannot love,       | 5 | <i>Charon</i> , O gentle <i>Charon</i> let me woo thee, | 13 |
| <i>Fulcan</i> , O <i>Vulcan</i> my Love, | 7 | <i>Con bel se gella</i> , Ital. Aire for two voc.       | 16 |

The Table to the third Book, containing short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces.

|   |    |   |    |
|---|----|---|----|
| IWith no more thou shouldst love me,        | 17 | O my <i>Clarissa</i> thou cruell faire, | 25 |
| Let her give her hand or glove,             | 18 | Gather your Rose buds,                  | 26 |
| <i>Cloris</i> farewell, I now must go,      | 19 | In the merry month of May,              | 27 |
| Nor that I with my <i>Miltris</i> ,         | 20 | Welcome to the Grove,                   | 28 |
| Tell me, O <i>Damen</i> , canst thou prove, | 21 | Musick thou Queen of souls,             | 30 |
| Wer't thou yet fairer then thou art,        | 22 | As the Sweet breath and gentle gales,   | 32 |
| You meaner beauties of the night,           | 23 | Fine yong folly,                        | 33 |
| Though I am young and cannot tell,          | 24 |   |    |

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