



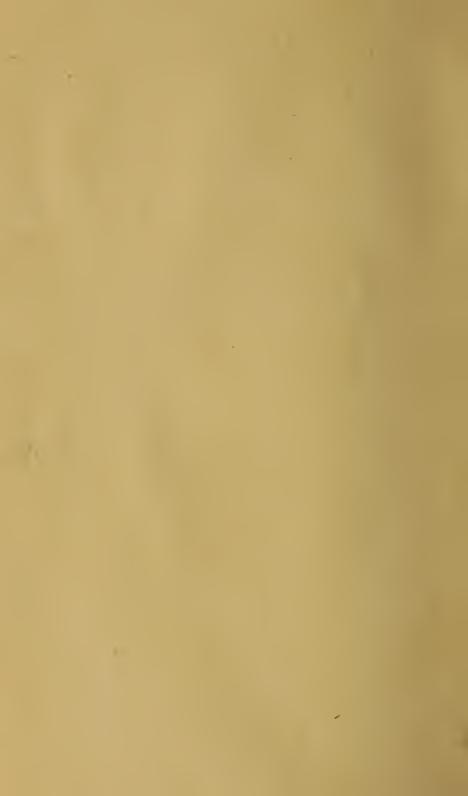
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MUSICAL BANQUET.

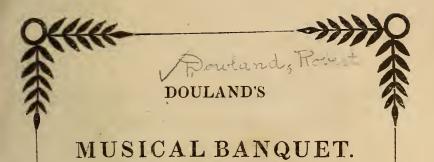
Chiswick Press:

BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM.

M DCCC XVII.

25 Copies only printed.





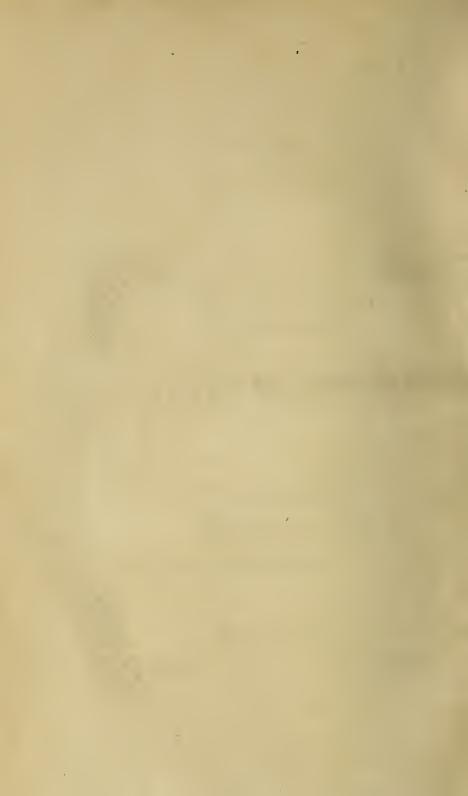
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MUSICAL BANQUET,

FURNISHED WITH VARIETIE OF DELICIOUS

AYRES,

COLLECTED OUT OF THE BEST AUTHORS; In English, French, Spanish, and Italian.

BY ROBERT DOULAND.

LONDON: PRINTED FOR THOMAS ADAMS. 1610.—FOLIO.

In the above curious, and I may add, very rare little volume, as it was unknown both to Hawkins and Burney, the reader will hail with pleasure some spirited and interesting verses by the unfortunate favourite of Elizabeth, which give him a better title to a place among the noble poets than any thing which has hitherto been printed by his biographers, or those who have mentioned his talent for verse. The gallant Earl of Cumberland, and Sir

Henry Lea, are, I believe, here also, for the first time, introduced to the notice of the poetical antiquary, as claiming their place in the list of poets of that golden age.

S. W. S.

Prefixed is a dedication to Sir Robert Sidney, in which Robert Douland calls him his Godfather, says he was named after him, and proceeds thus:—"The love that you beare to all excellent and good learning (which seem hereditarie above others to the noble family of the Sidneys) and especially to this excellent science of Musicke, a skill from all antiquity entertained with the most noble and generous dispositions."

After which follows a short Address "To the Reader."—Gentlemen: Finding myself not deceived in the hope I had of your kinde entertayning my collection of Lute Lessons which I lately set foorth, I am further encouraged to publish unto your censure these Ayres, being collected and gathered out of the

labours of the rarest and most judicious Maisters of Musick that either now are or have lately lived in Christendome, whereof some I have purposely sorted to the capacitie of young practitioners, the rest by degrees are of greater depth and skill, so that like a carefull confectionary, as neere as might be I have fitted my Banquet for all tastes; if happily I shall be distasted by any, let them know what is brought unto them is drest after the English, French, Spanish, and Italian manner: the assay is taken before, they shall not need to feare poisoning. You gentlemen and friends that come in good will, and not as promooters into a country market, to call our viands into question, whatsoever here is, much good may it doe you, I would it were better for you: for the rest I wish their lips such lettuce as Silenus Asse, or their owne harts would desire.

Thine,

ROBERT DOULAND.

AD ROBERTUM DOULANDUM

Joannis * Filium de Musico suo convivio.

Ergonè divini genitoris pleetra resumis, Reddat ut attonitos iterum tua Musa Britannos? Ut nimia totum rapias dulcedine mundum, Doulandi & resonet nomen nemus omne, superbam Quà mundi dominam vaga Tibridis alluit unda; Littora quà rutilis verrit Paetolus arenis, Aut sese immiscet glaciali Vistula ponto, Vincere quem nequeat Linvs, nee Thracius Orphevs, Credo cquidem, ut nostras demulect Entheus aures. Somnio Threicidum voces, & murmura cœli Antiquosque modos, redivivaque; Dorica castra, Illius ut vario eantillet gutture Musa, Macte animo Roberte tuo, charique parentis Pergito eandorem, moresque imitarier artes Auspiciisque bonis celebret te fama per orbem Funcra post Patris Phœnixque renascitor alter.

HENRICUS PEACHAMUS.

^{*} It was to John Douland the verses in Shakspeare's Passionate Pilgrim were addressed; and Peacham, in his Minerva, has a device, and verses both English and Latin inscribed to him.

For the satisfaction of the Reader I here subjoin "The Table of Contents" of this Rare Volume.

Sir Robert Sidney, his Galliard.

John Douland.

* My heavy sprite, opprest with sorrow's Antony Holborne. The words by the Rt. Hon. George Earl

of Cumberland.

* Change my mind since she doth change. Richard Martin. The words by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Essex, Earl Marshall.

* O eyes leave off your weeping. Author of the words unknown.

Robert Hales.

Goe my flocke, get you hence. The words by Sir Philip Sidney.

D'Incerto.

O deere life when shall it be. The words by Sir Philip Sidney.

Ditto.

Ditto.

* To pleade my faith, where faith hath no Daniel Batchelar. reward.

The words by Robert, Earl of Essex.

Tesseir. In a grove most rich of shade. The words by Sir Philip Sidney.

John Douland. * Farre from triumphing court, The words by Sir Henry Lea.

* Lady, if you so spight me. Author of the words unknown.

* In darknesse let me dwell. Ditto. Author of the words unknown.

FRENCH AIRES.

* Si le parler et le silence. Airs du Court.
Ce penser qui sans fin tiraunise ma vie. Ditto.
Vous que le bonheur r'apelle. Ditto.

SPANISH.

Passava amor su arco dessarmado Sta notte mien yava Vestros ojos tienen d'Amor.

D'Incerto.

ITALIAN.

Se di farmi morire Dovrò dunque morire? Amarilli mia bella O bella più più. Dominico Maria Megli Guilio, Cacciori detto Romano. Ditto. Ignoto.

^{*} Those pieces marked with a Star are given in the following pages.

BY

GEORGE, EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

My heavy sprite, opprest with sorrow's might, Of wearied limbs the burthen sore sustains, With silent groans and heart's tears still complains, Yet I breathe still and live in life's despight.

Have I lost thee? all fortunes I accurse, Bids thee farewell, with thee all joys farewell; And for thy sake this world becomes my hell.

BY

ROBERT, EARL OF ESSEX.

Earl Marshal of England

CHANGE thy mind since she doth change,
Let not Fancy still abuse thee:
Thy untruth cannot seem strange,
When her falsehood doth excuse thee;
Love is dead and thou art free,
She doth live, but dead to thee.

Whilst she lov'd thee best awhile
See how she hath still delay'd thee:
Using shews for to beguile,
Those vain hopes that have deceiv'd thee;
Now thou seest, although too late,
Love loves truth, which women hate.

Love no more since she is gone,
She is gone, and loves another:
Being once deceiv'd by one,
Leave her love, but love none other.
She was false, bid her adieu,
She was best, but yet untrue.

Love, farewell—more dear to me
Than my life which thou preservest:
Life, all joys are gone from thee,
Others have what thou deservest;
Oh, my death doth spring from hence,
I must die for her offence.

Die! but yet before thou die
Make her know what she has gotten:
She in whom my hopes did lie,
Now is chang'd, I quite forgotten.
She is chang'd, but changed base,
Baser in so vilde a place.

BY THE SAME.

To plead my faith, where faith hath no reward, To move remorse, where favour is not borne; To heap complaints, where she doth not regard, Were fruitless, bootless, vain, and yield but scorn.

I loved her whom all the world admir'd,
I was refus'd of her that can love none,
And my vain hope, which far too high aspir'd,
Is dead and buried, and for ever gone.

Forget my name since you have scorn'd my love, And, woman like, do not too late lament, Since for your sake, I do all mischief prove, I none accuse, nor nothing do repent.

I was as fond as ever she was fair, Yet lov'd I not, more than I now despair.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN. SET BY ROBERT HALES.

EYES leave off your weeping,
Love hath the thoughts in keeping
That may content you;
Let not this misconceiving,
Where comforts are receiving
Causeless torment you.

Clouds threaten but a shower,
Hope hath his happy hour
Though long in tasting;
Time needs must be attended,
Love must not be offended
With too much hasting.

But oh the painful pleasure,
Where love attends the leisure
Of life's wretchedness:
Where hope is but illusion,
And fear is but confusion
Of Love's happiness.

But happy hope that seeth
How hope and hap agreeth,
Of life deprive me,
Or let me be assured
When life hath death endured,
Love will revive me.

AUTHOR OF THE WORDS UNKNOWN.

SET BY JOHN DOULAND.

Lady, if you so spite me,
Wherefore do you so oft kiss and delight me?
Sure, that my heart opprest and overcloyed
May break thus overjoyed;
If you seek to spill me
Come kiss me sweet and kill me:
So shall your heart be eased,
And I shall rest content, and die well pleased.

BY SIR HENRY LEA.

FAR from triumphing court and wonted glory, He dwelt in shady unfrequented places, Time's pris'ner now, he made his pastime-story, Gladly forgets courts erst afforded graces, That Goddess, whom he served, to heav'n is gone, And he on Earth in darkness left to moan.

But, lo, a glorious light from his dark rest Shone from the place where erst this Goddess dwelt,

A light whose beames the world with fruit hath blest;

Blest was the Knight while he that light beheld: Since then a star fix'd on his head hath shined And a Saint's image in his heart is shrined.

Ravish'd with joy so grac'd by such a Saint, He quite forgot his cell, and self denied He thought it shame in thankfulness to faint, Debts due to Princes must be duly paid: Nothing so hateful to a noble mind As finding kindness, for to prove unkind.

But ah, poor Knight, though thus in dream he ranged,

Hoping to serve this Saint in sort most meet, Time with his golden locks to silver changed Hath with age-fetters bound him hands and feet; Aye me, he cryes, Goddess my limbs grow faint, Though I times prisoner be, be you my Saint.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN. SET BY JOHN DOULAND.

In darkness let me dwell, the ground shall sorrow be

The roof despair, to bar all cheerful light from me, The walls of marble black, that moistened still shall weep,

My music, hellish jarring sounds to banish friendly sleep.

Thus wedded to my woes, and bedded to my tomb, Oh, let me living die, 'till death do come. I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the following elegant little French Song, which appears to have been taken from a collection intitled "Airs du Cour;" neither the author of the words or music appear to have been known to Douland.

Si le parler et le silence,
Nuit à notre heur également,
Parlons donc, ma chere espérance,
Du cœur et des yeux seulement:
Amour, ce petit Dieu volage,
Nous apprend ce muet langage.

Que le regard vole et revole

Messager de nos passions,

Et serve au lieu de la parole

Pour dire nos intentions.—Amour, &c.

Mais si quelque ame offencée
De nous voir discourir des yeux,
Nous parlerons de la pensée
Comme les anges dans les cieux.—Amour, &c.

Ainsi par un doux artifice
Nous tromperons les courtisans,
Et nous rirons de la malice
De mille facheux medisans,
Qui n'en scauront pas d'avantage
Ignorant ce muet langage.













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