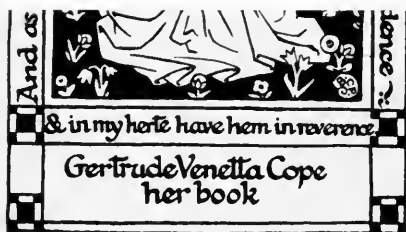




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MADRIGAL  
VERSE

1588-1632

*Edited from the Original  
Song Books*

by

E. H. FELLOWES

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## P R E F A C E

IT has for many years been recognized that the song-books of the great English musical composers who flourished for a brief but brilliant period at the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century contain a splendid collection of lyric poetry written in the golden age of English literature, some of it available from other sources and well known to lovers of poetry, but much of it forgotten and undiscovered except by the rare students of the song-books themselves. Several volumes of poems selected from these song-books have been published from time to time. A certain number of lyrics appeared in Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature*, in Brydges's *Censura Literaria*, and in the *British Bibliographer*; while Rimbault mentions a proposal made in 1816, but never carried out, for publishing a more complete collection of madrigal poetry. Another collection was that of Thomas Oliphant, the enthusiastic secretary of the Madrigal Society, whose *La Musa Madrigalesca* was published in 1837; and John Payne Collier's *Lyrical Poems selected from musical publications between the years 1589 and 1600* was printed for the Percy Society in 1844. Professor Arber did much more comprehensive work in this direction, though it was very far from covering the whole field; but among the shorter Elizabethan poems of *An English Garner* he included the complete words of Byrd's three Sets, Wilbye's First Set, *The Triumphs of Oriana*, Yonge's first collection of *Musica Transalpina*, together with the whole of the Sets of Campian and John Dowland, and that of Alison. In more recent times Mr. A. H. Bullen's *Lyrics from the Elizabethan Song-books* has done much to draw further public attention to this rich store of verse. Among other books of the same kind may be mentioned Mr. F. A. Cox's *Madrigals in the time of Shakespeare*, although Mr. Cox does not always appear to have consulted the original editions, and has rather rashly printed several known poems by Elizabethan writers as being

those employed by the madrigalists on no more evidence than the similarity of the first two or three words. Mr. Barclay Squire has printed in their entirety the lyrics of Robert Jones's *Muses Gardin for Delights*; and Campian's works have somewhat tardily been published in complete form both by Mr. A. H. Bullen and Mr. Percival Vivian. A comprehensive work by Herr Wilhelm Bolle entitled *Die gedruckten englischen Liederbücher bis 1600* was published in Berlin in 1908, and is the nearest approach to a complete edition of the English madrigal lyrics that has hitherto been achieved. But since it stops short at the year 1600 it leaves more than half the field untouched; and the fact that the notes and all other comment on the text are in German lessens its practical use for a section, at any rate, of English readers.

Apart from the purely literary interest which a complete collection of these poems should arouse, a definite need of such an edition is being felt by those, and they are no inconsiderable number, who are first brought into contact with the lyrics through musical channels. The names of the authors of the words were never given in the Elizabethan song-books, and, although the authorship of some few of the poems is definitely known, the identification of the greater number is a task beyond those who may become familiar with the words only through the medium of the music; for it must be remembered that only a small fraction of the madrigal music has as yet been reprinted in modern and accessible form,<sup>1</sup> and that in modern editions of the music the authorship of the words is not always recorded even when known. The complete edition of the lyrics now issued, which is based solely upon the original part-books, will, it is hoped, fill all these needs.

For neglecting to produce such an edition in the past the musicians of this country are far more blameworthy than are the students of literature; for it is due to their neglect of these

<sup>1</sup> In the English Madrigal School Series (Stainer and Bell) the writer has now reprinted the complete madrigal-writings of Morley, Gibbons, Wilbye, Weelkes, Byrd, and Farmer, the Series having reached its sixteenth volume, though much more has yet to be done.

song-books that only such of the lyrics are familiar as have come down to us from other and purely literary sources. Meanwhile it is a fact too little known to the ordinary man of letters or to people of average education, that English music at the close of the Elizabethan era stood in the forefront of the music of Europe. This indisputable truth not only deserves to be recognized as a matter of general interest, but ought to be inseparable from the ordinary course of general education. To those who take a reasonable pride in the past achievements of their own countrymen, the names of Byrd, Morley, Wilbye, Dowland, and many another ought to be at least as well known as are the names of the great national leaders in Poetry and Painting. Yet many people of wide culture would confess unashamed to ignorance of such English composers, although they would be covered with confusion if they had to admit unfamiliarity with the achievements of, say, Marlowe or Dryden, of Reynolds or Turner.

The Elizabethan song-books belong to two entirely separate classes, each with its own distinctive features, namely, those of the madrigal-composers proper, and those of the lutenists; and in the present edition the lyrics are arranged under these two headings. It is not proposed here to consider in much detail the subject of madrigals from a technical point of view, since it has been fully treated by the present Editor in his *English Madrigal-Composers*.<sup>1</sup> It will be sufficient to say that the madrigal took the form of unaccompanied song for at least three, and rarely for more than six, voice-parts. It was constructed mainly upon short musical phrases treated contrapuntally, while each voice-part had an equal share of melodic interest, the musical phrases being taken up consecutively rather than simultaneously by the various voice-parts, the verbal phrases being several times reiterated. Occasionally this method was varied by short periods in which all the voices moved together in blocks of harmony. The true madrigal was seldom set to more than one stanza of poetry; and indeed these

<sup>1</sup> *The English Madrigal-Composers*, by E. H. Fellowes, Clarendon Press.

composers studied their words so closely, and expressed themselves with such intimate regard for the particular meaning of each word and each phrase, that the exact repetition of their music to a fresh stanza of words was scarcely ever possible. Every kind of device was employed by the composers both to secure variety and to sustain interest ; and, above all other considerations, they strove to add meaning and point to the words which they had chosen to set. It is especially in this last detail that they proved themselves supreme. The poetry of the period is admittedly of the first rank, but the fine imagination of the greatest of the English madrigal-composers may be said without exaggeration to have been equal to that of the poets, with the result that the music added new beauty to the 'golden-vowelled' lyrics, and intensified their meaning, so that Elizabethan music was indeed 'married to immortal verse' in equal partnership.

Of the various kinds of madrigal it need only be said here in a general way that the canzonet and other such alternative terms, as used by the composers, do not imply any very material difference of constructive principles. The ballet is an exception ; it is founded upon much more regular rhythmic outlines, having originally been an art-form in which singing and dancing were combined ; and a distinctive feature of the ballet in the hands of the madrigalists was the introduction, at certain well-defined closes of the words, of a passage of music sung to no regular words but to the syllables *fa la la*. In music of a later date these passages have their counterpart in interludes for the pianoforte or orchestra, while the voices are silent. It is for this reason that the *fa la* refrains, which, with rare exceptions, have nothing to do with the poem, are omitted in the present edition, which purports to deal with the words alone ; but in the Notes reference will be given to each individual poem in which the *fa la* or any other similar refrain is to be found in the musical setting.

The music of the madrigals was printed in separate part-books, each of these books containing the music for one voice-part alone, and not simultaneously showing the music of the

composition as a whole, as in modern vocal score. The music was printed without bars of any kind ; and the singer, unhampered by any such obstacle as that of bar-lines placed at regular intervals, was allowed to sing his music with the true *ictus* of the words, in exact accordance with the design of the composer. A false tradition in this matter, which has its origin in the introduction of bars at regular intervals in all reprints of music of this class since the middle of the seventeenth century, has unfortunately led to the serious error of supposing that the Elizabethan musicians wantonly disregarded the laws of true accent as employed in speech, whereas the reverse was actually the case. When the madrigal music is properly rendered the *ictus* should fall exactly as it would do when the words are well spoken.

We turn now to the lute-song composers, who expressed themselves in a different type of musical composition. They commonly gave to their song the title of Air,<sup>1</sup> a term which was occasionally used by the madrigalists also for distinctively madrigalian compositions. The Airs of the lutenists usually took the form of solo-songs with several stanzas of words, for each of which, as a general rule, the same music was repeated ; the first stanza being set up with the music in the song-books, while the subsequent stanzas were printed in metrical form on another part of the page. When performed as solo-songs they were accompanied with the lute, reinforced by a bass viol or some such instrument, to add support and body to the general effect ; while occasionally, as in three of the songs of Dowland in *A Pilgrimes Solace*, more elaborate instrumental accompaniment was added. All the composers who published volumes of this kind were themselves eminent performers on the lute, and lute accompaniments form an invariable feature in their songs as contrasted with those of the madrigal writers. As

<sup>1</sup> There is no special virtue in retaining the Elizabethan spelling of this word when dealing with the lute-songs, especially as the modern word *Air* retains the old meaning of *tune* or *song*. It was the common practice to use *y* in place of *i*, and final *e* was in general use.

an alternative method of performance the lutenists frequently harmonized their melodies for four voices so that they could be sung without accompaniment, as were the madrigals ; but the style of treatment was very much simpler and lacked many of the essential features of the true madrigal. Sometimes again the lutenists' *Airs* were in the form of vocal duet ; and sometimes, too, the composer would arrange the music so as to admit of several different ways of performance. Thus, for instance, John Dowland's *First Book of Aires* in 1597 was ' so made that all the partes together or either of them severally may be sung to the Lute, Orpherion, or Viol de Gambo '. Another distinctive feature of the lutenists' song-books was their shape and size. The madrigal part-books were in quarto, the lute-song books almost invariably folio. When the solo-songs were adapted by the composer for alternative performance as part-songs, all the voice-parts were printed in one book, but were so arranged on the open page that the four performers could sing from the one book placed in the centre of the group.

The details of the composers' works to be treated under these two headings must next be discussed. We are fortunate in knowing with some degree of completeness what sets of compositions were published by these composers ; several of these sets are now represented by only one known exemplar, but very few seem to have perished entirely. One of the sets, for instance, that cannot be traced is Nathaniel Patrick's *Songes of Sundrye Natures*, 1597, the full title of which is given in Mr. Robert Steele's catalogue. The present editor would for various reasons take 1588, the year which saw the publication of William Byrd's *First Set*, as the date when the English Madrigal School may be said to have come into being. This leads to the exclusion of Thomas Whythorne's work from the present volume ; for his first publication was as many as seventeen years earlier, and contains nothing of quite first-rate interest, either as poetry or music, while his *Second Set*, published in 1590, is one of those music-books in which nothing more than the opening words are printed except of the compositions set to sacred



words. The great bulk of the wonderful output of madrigals was issued in the very short period covered by the subsequent twenty-five years, Bateson's *Second Set* in 1618 and that of Tomkins in 1622 being among the few really first-rate publications of a later date. The series actually closes with the younger Hilton's somewhat feeble volume of *Fa las*; but in a book dealing with the lyrics rather than with the music, it may be thought permissible to include the poems in the two volumes of Peerson's compositions, although the second volume was published as late as 1630, and in spite of the fact that Peerson's music cannot strictly be described as of madrigalian design. Furthermore, within this range of years, 1588 to 1630, such sets as John Amner's *Sacred Hymns of 3, 4, 5, and 6 Parts*, 1615, which deal solely with sacred music, are excluded; and Sir William Leighton's *Tears or Lamentacions of a Sorrowfull Soule*, 1614, consisting almost entirely of biblical or semi-religious words, appeared to be out of place in a collection of lyric verse. On the other hand, it was thought desirable, for the sake of completeness, not to omit the sacred words that are found interspersed among the secular compositions of Byrd, John Mundy, and others; and for the same reason translations from Italian madrigals, and even a few examples of Italian words, are not excluded when they form part of a genuine English Madrigal Set. Complete Sets of adaptations, even though of contemporary work, have been omitted. Thus such volumes as Thomas Watson's *Italian Madrigals Englished*, Yonge's two sets of *Musica Transalpina*, and Morley's volumes of Italian Madrigals with English words, fall outside the scope of the present volume. Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, *Deuteromelia*, and *Melismata* are excluded because they consist almost entirely of rounds and folk-songs, and neither from a literary nor a musical point of view come under the heading of madrigals. On the other hand, the same composer's examples in his *Brief Discourse of the true use of Charact'ring the Degrees . . . in Measurable Musicke* have been admitted, without, it may be hoped, undue inconsistency. Very few of the songs in this last-mentioned book of Ravenscroft's are really madrigalian; but some of the

lyrics are quite in keeping with the scheme of the present volume, and, though others in the set are in the nature of tavern songs, the sporting numbers are characteristic and full of interest, and some even of beauty. Greaves's *Songs of Sundrie Kindes*, which concludes with six madrigals, contains, for the most part, music with lute accompaniment; and as it seemed advisable not to divide the set, it is included in its entirety among the compositions of the lutenists. Cavendish's book is similar in design to that of Greaves.

The lute-song series begins with Dowland's *First Book* in 1597, and, strictly speaking, ends with Attey's book in 1622. But a point has, perhaps pardonably, been stretched in order to include Walter Porter's volume of 1632. This is certainly not accurately described by the composer as a set of 'madrigals', nor can it really be said to belong to the lute-song series; but the lute is actually named as one of the accompanying instruments, and this fact must serve as an excuse for including this volume, which certainly contains several beautiful lyrics. The incidental songs in the masques of the period are entirely outside the scope of the present collection; and Edward Filmer's *French Court Aires with their ditties Englished*, 1629, is passed over for reasons already stated.

No biographical details of the composers are given here, as the reader is referred to the Editor's *English Madrigal-Composers* and elsewhere, for information of that kind. But mention must be made here of the spelling of Thomas Campian's name, which has been deliberately adopted by the Editor in spite of the usual custom. There is authority both for *Campian* and *Campion* in books printed in his own time, but the title-pages of his books of *Airs* give *Campian*; and in a Latin epigram addressed to John Dowland and printed in the latter's first book of *Airs* (1597) he adopted the Latin form THO. CAMPIANI Epigramma, &c. The weight of contemporary evidence is certainly in favour of *Campian*.

The sets of lyrics are arranged under the names of the musical composers in alphabetical order. Any attempt to follow an exact chronological order would have involved some insur-

mountable difficulties, and would, moreover, necessitate the separation of individual composers' sets. But little, if any, advantage would be gained by a chronological arrangement, since the composers drew from literary sources which cover a comparatively wide period, while the poems have no actual relation to the dates of the musical publications.

The reconstruction of the poems from the words as given in the part-books can be carried out with no great difficulty in the large majority of cases. As regards the lutenists' song-books the task is but slight, because almost invariably one stanza or more of each poem is set up in metrical form apart from the music; so that in any case of doubt in dealing with those words that are fitted to the musical notation, the subsequent stanzas form a guide to metre and other details. Yet it must be mentioned that for economy of space, or for other reasons, the verses were seldom so well arranged metrically as in the contemporary editions of the works of the poets, and the arrangement of the song-books has been freely handled in the present edition.

But in dealing with the madrigal part-books, with some few exceptions, each lyric has to be separated from the music, and then arranged in metrical form, without any such indication as is provided in the lute-song books. That the scope of an editor's work in this connexion may be fully understood, it is necessary to explain how the musician usually dealt with his words in composing a madrigal. These compositions consisted largely of brief musical phrases, often requiring no more than half a line of verse at a time; and such a fragment of verse was repeated more than once by all the voice-parts before the introduction of a new musical phrase with further words. Very often the musical requirements of one or more of the voice-parts could not be exactly met by the verbal phrase as it stood in the poem, and this difficulty was sometimes overcome by the addition of fresh material, taking perhaps the form of some interjection—such as 'alas!' or 'ay me!'; while occasionally some fresh epithet or other unimportant word was introduced by the composer to satisfy his

needs. The elimination of words was also an obvious device when circumstances required the shortening of a phrase ; and it is not unusual to find a word of one syllable substituted for another of two syllables. Again, when a fragment of a line of verse was separated from its context for contrapuntal treatment, the real meaning of the words was sometimes rendered uncertain, and in such circumstances the composers did not hesitate to transpose words to make the meaning clear in its musical setting. Such methods of dealing with the text may be termed musical licences, and, although such licences were very much more the exception than the rule, it will be recognized that an editor's task of reconstructing even the simplest texts from the madrigal part-books involves much more than simple transcription.

Examples may here be quoted to illustrate the preceding statement :

The following are the opening lines of Morley's Three-part Canzonet ' What ails my darling ' (1593 Canzonets, No. 18) as they actually stand in the part-books with the music :

*Cantus.* What ails my darling, say what ails my darling, what ails my sweet pretty darling, what ails my sweet, what ails mine own sweet darling ? What ails my darling dear thus sitting all alone, sitting all alone, all alone so weary ? Say, why is my dear now not merry ?

*Altus.* What ails my darling, say what ails my darling, what ails my darling dear, what ails mine only sweet, mine only sweet darling ? What ails my darling, what ails my darling dear, sitting all alone, sitting all alone so weary ? Say what grieves my dear that she is not merry ?

*Bassus.* What ails my darling, say what ails my darling, what ails my darling, say what ails my dainty dainty darling, what ails mine own sweet darling ? What ails my dainty darling, my dainty darling so to sit alone, so to sit alone so weary, and is not merry ?

The problem of reconstructing the metrical form of these words is of course capable of several different solutions (that of the Editor will be found on p. 124). But this is an unusually difficult case, and similar examples are rare, and almost entirely confined to the earlier work of Thomas Morley. In madrigals of

this type the words and music are really in a sense inseparable, forming together one artistic whole, and when the music is taken away an integral part of the whole has been removed ; therefore, what is left—an incomplete thing in itself—must be rearranged to give it the semblance of a whole. And this rearrangement should attempt to trace backwards the several steps taken by the musician in the course of evolving his composition. The reconstruction of the poem must in just a few such cases be a little speculative ; yet even in these it is well worth attempting ; for if the words were literally transcribed as above, poetic feeling would be wholly eliminated. One other example may be quoted to show the kind of material upon which an editor has to work. The following is from Peerson's *Private Musick* (No. 24), the unique complete exemplar of which is in the Bodleian Library.

*Cantus.* See, see, O see, who is here, who comes a-maying. . . . And his sweet beauteous Orian. Why left we off our playing to gaze on them that gods as well as men amaze ? Jug, jug, jug, lark raise thy note and wing. All birds, all birds, their music bring . . . Record on every bush . . . whose like was never seen, for good and fair. Nor can be though fresh May should every day invite a several pair.

*Altus.* See, see, who is here come a-maying. The master of the Ocean. Why left we off our playing. To gaze on them that gods as men amaze ? Jug, jug, jug, thy note (*words missing here*) . . . Robin, Linnet, Thrush, the welcome of the king and queen whose like we (*sic*) never seen for good and fair, nor can be though fresh May should every day invite a several pair.

*Cantus secundus.* See O see, who is here come a-maying . . . Why left we off our playing . . . On them that gods as men amaze. Up Nightingale and sing jug, jug, jug. All birds their music bring. . . . The welcome of the King and Queen whose like were never seen for good and fair. Nor can be though fresh May should every day invite a several pair.

The Editor had the satisfaction of reconstructing this poem exactly as it stands in the present volume (see p. 166) before finding it among Ben Jonson's works.

And here it may be remarked that the text of poems of which the authorship has been ascertained, as given in the song-books,

usually shows many small variations from the accepted version. The textual differences are of two kinds, namely, those that are due to careless transcription or faulty memory on the part of the composer himself or of whoever gave him the copy of the words to set, and those that have been deliberately made by the composer for musical reasons. Moreover, it is possible that such variations sometimes had the sanction of the poet. Most of the song-books were contemporary with the lyrics, and it is probable that the poets themselves may sometimes have offered the musicians words on which to exercise their skill. A copy of his own verses written down by an author from memory may well show small variations from the accepted and considered text. The preservation of such textual differences as are exhibited in the music-books is therefore of no small literary importance. On the other hand, obvious transpositions made for musical reasons, as well as the variants that are clearly due to scribal error, may reasonably be rectified in a modern edition such as this; and this applies especially to rhyming words, which not infrequently are replaced in the song-books by words of similar meaning.

An illustration may be given here which will suffice to show one sort of mistake that sometimes finds its way into the composer's text. One of Robert Jones's madrigals begins with the line 'Stay, wandering thoughts, O whither do you haste?' (see p. 109), but the text of the cantus part-book is 'O whither do you fly', and, as no pair of words in the opening lines showed any semblance of a rhyme, the difficulty of reconstructing the lyric seemed insuperable until the Editor noticed that the bassus part-book had the variant 'haste' for 'fly', and this obviously supplied the necessary rhyming word for matching the line 'joy is at hand and sorrows past'. Again, in Corkine's setting of Sidney's 'The fire to see my woes' an obvious misprint occurs at the end of line 4 in the repetition of the word *turneth* with which line 3 also ends. The second line ends with the word *weepeth*; and there would have been no difficulty in conjecturing that *keepeth* is the correct reading in the fourth line, even if the text of the *Arcadia* had never survived to provide corroborative

evidence. It will be readily understood that slips of this kind would have more easily escaped detection in the music-books than when the words are set out in metrical form. The existence of errors of this kind which can be corrected with certainty from other versions is a reasonable ground for correcting similar errors which can be mended only by conjecture. Accordingly the Editor has, for instance, substituted 'grieving' for 'groaning' (Dowland's *Second Book*, No. 15); 'true' for 'fair' (Jones's *Second Book of Airs*, No. 14); 'seek' for 'find' (Gibbons's madrigals, No. 2). Corrections of this nature have been suggested throughout the present edition in a strictly conservative spirit, and textual alterations of any consequence are always made the subject of a note. It is important to state that, though small problems abound, it has been possible to reconstruct the great majority of the madrigal poems with absolute certainty.

After much careful consideration of the subject, modern spelling and punctuation have been adopted in this edition. It must be remembered by those who would prefer Elizabethan spelling for all reprints of the poetry of that period that the words of these song-books were often repeated several times in each of the voice-parts, so that individual words were sometimes spelt in every possible variety of ways in one single passage. In one madrigal by Robert Jones, for example, the word *old* is spelt in the same sentence of the bassus-part alone, *old*, *olde*, and *auld*, and it could not be claimed that the selection of any one of these variants would really represent the original text in preference to another; and, in dealing with the text as a whole, an editor would often have to make an arbitrary choice. As regards punctuation, it will be obvious that where short phrases and fragments of lines were constantly repeated by the composers, the punctuation that had to be employed in the part-books would be quite unsuitable to the text without the music. On these grounds alone, apart from other reasons, modern spelling and punctuation appeared to be a matter of necessity. At the same time, of course, obsolete words and curious variants of modern words have been retained, as well as certain Elizabethan forms,

such as, for instance, the form of the genitive in names such as *Orianaes*, *Dianaes*, &c., or again, the singular in place of the plural of the verb in such phrases as 'mine eyes presents me with a double doubting', wherever they occur in the original.

The Editor desires to express his sincerest thanks to Miss Evelyn Heaton-Smith for much valuable help in preparing this edition.

An expression of gratitude is also due to Mr. Percy Simpson for his helpful suggestions and criticisms; and to Lord Ellesmere and Mr. S. R. Christie-Miller for their kindness in enabling the Editor to transcribe the text of the unique exemplars in their possession; namely, Robert Jones's *The Muses Gardin for Delights* at Bridgewater House, and Walter Porter's *Madrigalls and Ayres* at Britwell Court, Burnham. Lord Ellesmere's book has since passed into the hands of Mr. Edward Huntingdon of New York, and Mr. Christie-Miller's copy of Porter's *Madrigalls and Ayres* is now in the British Museum. The unique exemplar of Morley's *First Booke of Aires*, 1600, is in the possession of Mr. Henry Clay Folger of New York, who has kindly promised to give the Editor an opportunity of making a transcription at some future date so that it may be added in a later edition of these poems.

In conclusion, the Editor will warmly welcome any information as to the authorship of any poems in these song-books that have not yet been identified by him, so that it may be added in any future edition; he is fully conscious that in this difficult matter his work must inevitably be far from complete.

EDMUND H. FELLOWES.

THE CLOISTERS, WINDSOR CASTLE.

July 8, 1917.

PS.—The delay in the publication of this volume has been necessitated by the abnormal conditions resulting from the Great War.

E. H. F.

December 31, 1919.



PART I  
THE MADRIGALISTS



## PART I: THE MADRIGALISTS

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## RICHARD ALISON

*An Howres Recreation in Musicke, apt for Instrumentes and Voyces. Framed for the delight of Gentlemen and others which are wel affected to that qualitie, All for the most part with two trebles, necessarie for such as teach in priuate families, with a prayer for the long preservation of the King and his posteritie, and a thankesgiuing for the deliuerance of the whole estate from the late conspiracie. 1606.*

*i-ii*

THE man of upright life,  
Whose guiltless heart is free  
From all dishonest deeds  
Or thoughts of vanity :

That man whose silent days  
In harmless joys are spent,  
Whom hopes cannot delude  
Nor sorrows discontent :

That man needs neither towers  
Nor armour for defence,  
Nor secret vaults to fly  
From thunder's violence.

He only can behold  
With unaffrighted eyes  
The horrors of the deep  
And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares  
That fate or fortune brings,  
He makes his heaven his book,  
His wisdom heavenly things.

Good thoughts his only friends,  
His wealth a well-spent age,  
The earth his sober inn  
And quiet pilgrimage.

*Thomas Campian*

*iii-vii*

O HEAVY heart whose harms are hid,  
 Thy help is hurt, thy hap is hard ;  
 If thou shouldst break, as God forbid,  
 Then should desert want his reward.  
 Hope well to have, hate not sweet thought ;  
 Foul cruel storms fair calms have brought.  
 After sharp showers the sun shines fairer,  
 Hope comes likewise after despair.

In hope a king doth go to war,  
 In hope a lover lives full long,  
 In hope a merchant sails full far,  
 In hope just men do suffer wrong,  
 In hope the ploughman sows his seed ;  
 Thus hope helps thousands at their need.  
 Then faint not, heart, among the rest,  
 Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

Though Wit bids Will to blow retreat,  
 Will cannot work as Wit would wish ;  
 When that the roach doth taste the bait,  
 Too late to warn the hungry fish.  
 When cities burn on fiery flame,  
 Great rivers scarce may quench the same.  
 If Will and Fancy be agreed,  
 Too late for Wit to bid take heed.

But yet it seems a foolish drift  
 To follow Will and leave the Wit.  
 The wanton horse that runs too swift  
 May well be stayed upon the bit ;  
 But check a horse amid his race,  
 And out of doubt you mar his pace.  
 Though Wit and Reason doth men teach  
 Never to climb above their reach.

I can no more but hope good heart,  
 For though the worst doth chance to fall,  
 I know a wile shall ease thy smart,  
 And turn to sweet thy sugared gall.  
 When thy good will and painful suit  
 Hath shaken the tree and wants the fruit,  
 Then keep thou Patience well in store,  
 That sovereign salve shall heal thy sore.

*viii*

WHO loves this life, from love his love doth err,  
 And choosing dross rich treasure doth deny,  
 Leaving the pearl, Christ's counsel to prefer  
 With selling all we have the same to buy.  
 O happy soul that doth disburse a sum  
 To gain a kingdom in the life to come.

*ix-x*

MY prime of youth is but a frost of cares ;  
 My feast of joy is but a dish of pain ;  
 My crop of corn is but a field of tares ;  
 And all my good is but vain hope of gain.  
 My life is fled, and yet I saw no sun ;  
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

The Spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung ;  
 The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves be green ;  
 My youth is gone, and yet I am but young ;  
 I saw the world, and yet I was not seen.  
 My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun ;  
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

*Chidiock Tichborne*

*xi-xii*

REST with yourselves, you vain and idle brains,  
 Which youth and age in lewdest lust bestow ;  
 And find out frauds and use ten thousand trains  
 To win the soil where nought but sin doth grow.  
 And live with me, you chaste and honest minds,  
 Which do your lives in lawful love employ,  
 And know no sleights but friends for virtue finds,  
 And loathe the lust which doth the soul destroy.

For lust is frail, where love is ever sound,  
 Lust outward sweet, but inward bitter gall,  
 A shop of shows where no good ware is found,  
 Not like to love where honest faith is all.  
 So that is lust where fancy ebbs and flows,  
 And hates and loves as beauty dies and grows ;  
 And this is love where friendship firmly stands  
 On virtue's rock and not on sinful sands.

*xiii-xiv*

SHALL I abide this jesting ?  
 I weep, and she 's a feasting.  
 O cruel fancy that so doth blind thee  
 To love one doth not mind thee.  
 Can I abide this prancing ?  
 I weep, and she 's a dancing.  
 O cruel fancy so to betray me,  
 Thou goest about to slay me.

*xv-xvi*

THE sturdy rock for all his strength  
 By raging seas is rent in twain ;  
 The marble stone is pierced at length  
 By little drops of drizzling rain ;  
 The ox doth yield unto the yoke,  
 The steel obeyeth the hammer stroke.  
 The stately stag that seems so stout  
 By yelping hounds at bay is set ;  
 The swiftest bird that flies about  
 At length is caught in fowler's net ;  
 The greatest fish in deepest brook  
 Is soon deceived with subtle hook.

*xvii-xviii*

WHAT if a day, or a month, or a year  
 Crown thy delights with a thousand sweet contentings ;  
 Cannot a chance of a night or an hour  
 Cross thy desires with as many sad tormentings ?  
 Fortune, honour, beauty, youth  
 Are but blossoms dying ;  
 Wanton pleasure, doting love  
 Are but shadows flying.  
 All our joys  
 Are but toys,  
 Idle thoughts deceiving.  
 None have power  
 Of an hour  
 In their lives bereaving.  
 Earth 's but a point to the world ; and a man  
 Is but a point to the world's compared centre.  
 Then shall a point of a point be so vain  
 As to triumph in a seely point's adventure ?



All is hazard that we have,  
 There is nothing biding ;  
 Days of pleasure are like streams  
 Through fair meadows gliding.  
 Weal and woe,  
 Time doth go,  
 Time is never turning.  
 Secret fates  
 Guide our states  
 Both in mirth and mourning.

*Thomas Campian*

*xix-xxi*

THERE is a garden in her face  
 Where roses and white lilies grow ;  
 A heavenly paradise is that place,  
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.  
 There cherries grow that none may buy,  
 Till 'cherry ripe' themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose  
 Of orient pearl a double row,  
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,  
 They look like rosebuds filled with snow.  
 Yet them no peer nor prince can buy,  
 Till 'cherry ripe' themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;  
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,  
 Threatening with piercing frowns to kill  
 All that approach with eye or hand  
 These sacred cherries to come nigh,  
 Till 'cherry ripe' themselves do cry.

*Thomas Campian*

*xxii*

BEHOLD, now praise the Lord, ye servants of the Lord ;  
 Ye that by night stand in the house of the Lord, even in the  
 courts of the house of our God ;  
 Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and praise the Lord.  
 The Lord that made both heaven and earth give thee blessing  
 out of Sion. Amen.

*Psalm cxxxiv*

## xxiii

*A Prayer for the long preservation of the King and his posteritie*

O LORD, bow down thine ear unto our prayers, which we make to thee in thy son's name. And for his sake preserve our gracious King and Queen from all their enemies. Continue, O Lord, their deliverance from the conspiracies of all such as rise up against them. Preserve also his royal progeny, prince Henry and the rest, even through the same our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, both now and ever. Amen.

## xxiv

*A Thanksgiving for the deliverance of the whole estate from the late conspiracie*

THE sacred choir of Angels sings  
 The praises of the living Lord,  
 That is the God and King of kings,  
 Protecting those that keep his word.  
 O well of grace, O spring of life,  
 To those that thirst thy truth to taste,  
 But unto them that live in strife  
 A terror that will ever last.

'Tis thou, O Lord, through strength of thy right hand alone,  
 That Satan's secrets hath revealed and bloody treasons over-  
 thrown.

We'll tune our voices to the lute  
 And instruments of sweetest sound ;  
 No tongue shall in thy praise be mute,  
 That doth thy foes and ours confound,  
 Who hath preserved our king and state  
 From ruin that was near at hand ;  
 While all good men rejoyce thereat,  
 Thy will no power can withstand.

'Tis thou, O Lord, through strength of thy right hand alone,  
 That Satan's secrets hath revealed and bloody treasons over-  
 thrown.



## THOMAS BATESON

*The first set of English Madrigales : to 3. 4. 5. and 6. voices.  
1604.*

WHEN Oriana walked to take the air,  
The world did strive to entertain so fair :  
By Flora fair and sweetest flowers were strewn  
Along the way for her to tread upon ;  
The trees did blossom, silver rivers ran,  
The wind did gently play upon her fan ;  
And then for to delight her grace's ear,  
The woods a temple seemed, the birds a choir.  
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
Long live fair Oriana.

*i*

BEAUTY is a lovely sweet  
Where pure white and crimson meet,  
Joined with favour of the face,  
Chiefest flower of female race.  
But if Virtue might be seen,  
It would more delight the eyne.

*ii*

LOVE would discharge the duty of his heart  
In Beauty's praise, whose greatness doth deny  
Words to his thoughts, and thoughts to his desert ;  
Which high conceit since nothing can supply,  
Love, here constrained through conquest to confess,  
Bids silence sigh that tongue cannot express.

*iii*

THE Nightingale, so soon as April bringeth  
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,  
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing, springeth,  
Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making.  
And mournfully bewailing,  
Her throat in tunes expresseth,  
What grief her breast oppresseth.

*Sir Philip Sidney*

## iv

AY me, my mistress scorns my love,  
 I fear she will most cruel prove.  
 I weep, I sigh, I grieve and groan,  
 Yet she regardeth not my moan.  
 Then Love, adieu, it fits not me  
 To weep for her that laughs at thee.

## v

COME, follow me, fair nymphs ; hie ! run apace ;  
 Diana hunting honoureth this chace ;  
 Softly, for fear her game we rouse,  
 Lodged in this grove of briars and boughs.  
 Hark how the huntsmen winds their horns,  
 See how the deer mounts o'er the thorns.  
 The *White*, the *Black*, Oho, he pinched thee there,  
*Gowen* ran well, but *I love* killed the deer.

## vi

YOUR shining eyes and golden hair,  
 Your lily-rosed lips most fair,  
 Your other beauties that excel,  
 Men cannot choose but like them well ;  
 But when for them they say they'll die,  
 Believe them not, they do but lie.

## vii

WHITHER so fast ? See how the kindly flowers  
 Perfume the air, and all to make thee stay.  
 The climbing woodbind, clipping all these bowers,  
 Clips thee likewise for fear thou pass away.  
 Fortune our friend, our foe will not gainsay.  
 Stay but awhile ; Phoebe no tell-tale is ;  
 She her Endymion, I'll my Phoebe kiss.

## viii

DAME Venus, hence to Paphos go,  
 For Mars is gone to the field ;  
 He cannot tend sweet love's embrace  
 In hand with spear and shield.  
 The roaring cannons thunder out  
 Such terrors as not fit  
 A tender imp of your regard,  
 Which dallying still doth sit.

*ix*

DOWN from above falls Jove in rain  
 Into fair Danæ's lap amain.  
 Thereat she starts, yet lamblike still  
 At last performeth all his will.  
 Both high and low such golden gifts  
 Will put their conscience to the shift.

*x*

ADIEU, sweet love ! O thus to part  
 Kills my bleeding heart,  
 Yet fates, alas, will have it so.  
 Cruel their doom so to decree,  
 At once to part two lovers true.  
 But since we needs must part,  
 Once again, adieu, sweet heart.

*xi*

IF Love be blind, how hath he then the sight  
 With beauty's beams my careless heart to wound ?  
 Or, if a boy, how hath he then the might  
 The mightiest conquerors to bring to ground ?  
 O no, he is not blind, but I, that lead  
 My thoughts the ways that bring to restless fears ;  
 Nor yet a boy, but I, that live in dread  
 Mixed with hope, and seek for joy in tears.

*xii*

PHYLLIS, farewell, I may no longer live ;  
 Yet if I die, fair Phyllis, I forgive.  
 I live too long ; come, gentle death, and end  
 My endless torment, or my grief amend.

*xiii*

THOSE sweet delightful lilies  
 Which nature gave my Phyllis,  
 Ay me, each hour makes me to languish,  
 So grievous is my pain and anguish.

*xiv*

AND must I needs depart, then ?  
 Can pity none come nigh her ?  
 Farewell, alas, desert, then.  
 O break asunder, heart, to satisfy her.

*xv-xvi*

SWEET Gemma, when I first beheld thy beauty,  
I vowed thee service, honour, love, and duty.

Oh then, I said; the best  
Is hither come to make me blest.

But thou, alas, sweet, thou  
Dost not regard my vow.

Go, go, let me not see  
Cruel, though fairest, thee.

Yet stay alway, be chained to my heart  
With links of love, that we do never part.  
Then I'll not call thee serpent, tiger cruel,  
But my sweet Gemma, and my dearest jewel.

*xvii*

STRANGE were the life that every man would like ;  
More strange the state that should mislike each one.

Rare were the gem that every one would seek,

And little worth that all would let alone.

Sweet were the meat that every one would choose,

And sour the sauce that all men would refuse.

*xviii*

ALAS, where is my love, where is my sweeting  
That hath stolen away my heart ? God send us meeting !  
That renewing my lament with friendly greeting,  
She may release my smart and all my weeping.

But if my sight she fly

Till heartless I die,

My grieved ghost with shrieks and dreadful crying,

Always about her flying,

Shall murmur out complaining,

To be revenged of all her deep disdainings.

*xix*

O FLY not, love, O fly not me ;  
Stay but awhile, O stay, stay thee.

O hear a wretch complaining  
His grief through thy disdainings.

O do not thus unfriendly use me,  
To kiss me once, and so refuse me.

xx

WHO prostrate lies at women's feet,  
 And calls them darlings dear and sweet,  
 Protesting love, and craving grace,  
 And praising oft a foolish face,  
 Are oftentimes deceived at last,  
 Then catch at nought and hold it fast.

xxi

SISTER, awake, close not your eyes,  
 The day her light discloses ;  
 And bright the morning doth arise  
 Out of her bed of roses.  
 See the clear sun, the world's bright eye,  
 In at our window peeping ;  
 Lo, how he blusheth to espy  
 Us idle wenches sleeping.  
 Therefore awake, make haste I say,  
 And let us without staying  
 All in our gowns of green so gay  
 Into the park a maying.

xxii

*Orianaes farewell*

HARK ! hear you not a heavenly harmony ?  
 Is't Jove, think you, that plays upon the spheres ?  
 Heavens ! is not this a heavenly melody,  
 Where Jove himself a part in music bears ?  
 Now comes in a choir of nightingales.  
 Mark how the nymphs and shepherds of the dales,  
 How all do join together in the praise  
 Of Orianaes life and happy days.

Then sing ye shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 In heaven lives Oriana.

xxiii

DEAR, if you wish my dying,  
 In vain your wish redounds, in vain your prayer,  
 For can he die that breathes not vital air ?  
 Then with those eyes that slew me,  
 Renew me, renew me.  
 So shall we both obtain our wished pleasure,  
 You my death joying, and I my life's sweet treasure.

## xxiv

FAIR Hebe when dame Flora meets,  
 She trips and leaps as gallants do,  
 Up to the hills and down again  
 To the valleys runs she to and fro.  
 But out, alas, when frosty locks  
 Begirds the head with cark and care,  
 Peace ! laugh no more, let pranks go by,  
 Slow crawling age forbids such ware.

## xxv

*The words are the same as those of No. 12 in this set.*

## xxvi

THYRSIS on his fair Phyllis' breast reposing  
 Sweetly did languish.  
 When she in love's sweet anguish  
 Him kissing gently said with sugared glosing :  
 Thyrsis, O tell me, thy true love approved,  
 Art not thou my best beloved ?  
 Then he, which to her heart was ever nearest,  
 Kissed her again and said : Yes, lady dearest.

## xxvii

MERRILY my love and I  
 Upon the plains were sporting ;  
 Cheerfully the nymphs and fauns  
 Oft-times to us resorting.  
 Sorrow did us not assail,  
 We tasted of each pleasure.  
 Happy those that may with us  
 Have part of love's rich treasure.

## xxviii

MUSIC some think no music is  
 Unless she sing of clip and kiss,  
 And bring to wanton tunes *fie fie*,  
 Or *ti-ha, ta-ha*, or *I'll cry*.  
 But let such rhymes no more disgrace  
 Music sprung of heavenly race.



*The Second Set Of Madrigales to 3. 4. 5. and 6. Parts :  
Apt for Viols and Voyces. 1618.*

*i*

LOVE is the fire that burns me ;  
The smokes are thoughts confused  
Which dims my soul and hath my sense abused.  
Though fire to ashes turn me,  
Yet doth the smoke more grieve me  
That dims my mind, whose light should still relieve me.

*ii*

MY mistress after service due  
Demanded if indeed my love were true.  
I said it was. Then she replied  
That I must hate whom she decide,  
And so myself above the rest,  
Whom she did most of all detest.  
In sooth, said I, you see I hate myself,  
Who sets my love on such a peevish elf.

*iii*

ONE woman scarce of twenty  
But hath of tears great plenty,  
Which they pour out like fountains  
That run down from the mountains.  
Yet all is but beguiling,  
Their tears and eke their smiling.  
I'll therefore never trust them,  
Since Nature hath so cursed them  
That they can weep in smiling,  
Poor fools thereby beguiling.

*iv*

IF I seek to enjoy the fruits of my pain,  
She careless denies me with endless disdain.  
Yet so much I love her  
That nothing can either remove me or move her.  
Alas ! why contend I ? why strive I in vain  
The water to mingle  
With oil that is air, and loves to be single ?  
'Tis not Love, but 'tis Fate, whose doom I abide.  
You powers and you planets, which destinies guide,  
Change your opposition ;  
It fits heavenly powers to be mild of condition.

*v*

PLEASURE is a wanton thing,  
 When old and young do dance and spring.  
 Pleasure it is that most desire,  
 And yet it is but a fool's hire.

*vi*

SWEET, those trammels of your hair  
 Golden locks more truly are,  
     My thoughts locking to your beauty.  
 Thus you do my captive mind  
 From my dying body bind  
     Only to you to do duty.

O, my dear, let it go free,  
 Or my body take to thee,  
     So your captive you shall cherish ;  
 For if parted thus they lie,  
 Or my thoughts, or I, must die.  
     'Twill grieve thee if either perish.

*vii*

LIVE not, poor bloom, but perish,  
     Whose Spring frosty Winter blasteth.  
 Other buds fresh Mays do cherish,  
     Hyems o'er thee his snow casteth,  
     And in withered arms thee graspeth.

Tyrants, nothing worse you can.  
     Now my lively body 's yoked  
 To the dead corse of a man,  
     Thus, with loathed burden choked,  
     Lingering death with tears invoked.

*viii*

THE nightingale in silent night  
 Doth sing as well as in the light.  
 To lull Love's watchful eyes asleep,  
 She doth such nightly sonnets keep.  
 Hey ho, hey ho, sing we withal  
 What fortune us so e'er befall.

*ix-x*

O WHAT is she whose looks like lightnings pierce  
 Thus suddenly my breast, scorching no skin ?  
 Yet O my heart burns with a fire fierce,  
 The flames ascending in my face are seen.  
 Yet courage, man, her speaking eye doth show  
 Some fire remains from whence those lightnings flew.

See, forth her eyes her startled spirit peeps,  
 Which now she on me, straight she off me, keeps ;  
 Not able long, looks off, looks on, doth blush, doth tremble ;  
 Sweet wretch, she would, but cannot, love dissemble.  
 Happy event, what 's lingering is but slight ;  
 Who ever loved that loved not at first sight ?

*xi*

WHEN to the gloomy woods,  
 When to the barren plain,  
 When to the stony rocks and sullen floods  
 I wailing often go, and of my love complain,  
 How senseless then, think I, by love I grow  
 To senseless things that tell my woe.  
 Yet these my piercing moans  
 Have touched oft so nigh,  
 That they to me reply ;  
 But cruel she, more senseless than hard stones,  
 Quite senseless of my pains  
 No answer gives, unmoved still remains.

*xii*

IF floods of tears could cleanse my follies past,  
 Or smokes of sighs might sacrifice for sin ;  
 If groaning cries might salve my faults at last,  
 Or endless moan for error pardon win,  
 Then would I cry, weep, sigh, and ever moan,  
 Mine errors, faults, sins, follies, past and gone.

*xiii*

HAVE I found her, (O rich finding !)  
 Goddess-like for to behold,  
 Her fair tresses seemly binding  
 In a chain of pearl and gold ?  
 Chain me, chain me, O most fair,  
 Chain me to thee with that hair.

*xiv*

DOWN the hills Corinna trips,  
 Fetching many wanton skips.  
 To the groves she doth go,  
 Where thousand birds in a row,  
 Sitting all upon a tree,  
 Came two by two and three by three,  
 Corinna coveting to see,  
 Tuning notes of her praise,  
 Do welcome her with roundelays.

*xv*

CAMILLA fair tripped o'er the plain.  
 I followed quickly after.  
 Have overtaken her I would fain,  
 And kissed her when I caught her.  
 But hope being past her to obtain,  
 Camilla loud I call.  
 She answered me with great disdain :  
 I will not kiss at all.

*xvi*

SADNESS, sit down, on my soul feed ;  
 Tear up thoughts, tomb a numbed heart ;  
 Make wounds to speak and scars to bleed ;  
 On withered strings tune springing smart,  
 And leave this farewell for posterity :  
 Life is a death where sorrow cannot die.

*xvii*

LIFE of my life, how should I live alas,  
 Since thou art thus resolved for to depart ?  
 Or, how should I disguise my secret smart,  
 Wanting the sweet fruition of thy face,  
 Where Beauty, Love, with Majesty and Grace  
 (Things sold or never meeting in one place)  
 Have all conspired to plague a plagued heart,  
 All always careless of my careful case ?  
 Then if thou wilt not have thy love to mourn,  
 Dear to my soul, I pray thee make no stay.  
 Go not at all, or else with speed return ;  
 Nay, rather far, my dear, go not away.  
 But thou must go ? Then, sweet, while I thee see,  
 Farewell, farewell, but bide or let me die.

*xviii*

I HEARD a noise and wished for a sight.  
 I looked aside and did a shadow see,  
 Whose substance was the sum of my delight ;  
 It came unseen, and so it went from me.  
 But yet conceit persuaded my intent,  
 There was a substance where the shadow went.  
 I did not play Narcissus in conceit,  
 I did not see my shadow in a spring ;  
 I knew my eyes were dimmed with no deceit,  
 I saw the shadow of some worthy thing ;  
 For as I saw the shadow passing by,  
 I had a glance of something in my eye.  
 Shadow, or she, or both; or choose you whether,  
 Blest be the thing that brought the shadow hither.

*xix*

WITH bitter sighs I heard Amyntas plaining,  
 For his chaste love he found but deep disdain.  
 As thus he sat, and in his grief did tremble,  
 To cheer his spirits the aerial choir assemble.  
 They sweetly sing, in doleful tunes he cries :  
 Griefs are long-lived and Sorrow seldom dies.

*xx*

WHY do I, dying, live and see my life bereft me ?  
 Why do I doubt to die and see death only left me ?  
 The enlargement of my better self by Nature's foe  
 Confines my hapless life to never-dying woe.  
 Immured in sorrow's hold, I only see the light  
 Of all my joys wrapped up in horror's blackest night.  
 Then like Meander swans before my death  
 In fatal notes I'll sigh my latest breath.

*xxi*

IN depth of grief and sorrow great  
 Oft have I myself bewailed  
 Of that same love, that late had seat  
 In my heart, but now is failed.  
 And, Sorrow, thou hast done the worst  
 That thou canst do to make me cursed.

*xxii-xxiii*

ALL the day I waste in weeping,  
 Grieved with my love's disdain.  
 All the night I lie complaining,  
 Sighs and sobs me watchful keeping  
 For thy loss, my love's bright jewel,  
 Once too kind, but now too cruel.

Why dost thou fly in such disdain?  
 Stay, or I die with endless pain.

Pity my plaint.

Alas, I faint,

Unhappy me!

Will 't never be?

Then yet at last glance back thy eye,  
 And see thy wretched lover die.

*xxiv*

COME, Sorrow, help me to lament,  
 For plaining now must ease my heart.  
 No pleasure can give me content,  
 For all delights doth breed my smart.  
 Only my love can yield relief,  
 Whose absence causeth all my grief.

*xxv-xxvi*

CUPID, in a bed of roses  
 Sleeping, chanced to be stung  
 Of a bee that lay among  
 The flowers where he himself reposes.

And thus to his mother, weeping,  
 Told that he this wound did take  
 Of a little winged snake,  
 As he lay securely sleeping.

Cytherea, smiling, said

That if so great sorrow spring

From a silly bee's weak sting,

As should make thee thus dismayed,

What anguish feel they, think'st thou, and what pain,  
 Whom thy empoisoned arrows cause complain?

*xxvii*

HER hair the net of golden wire,  
Wherein my heart, led by my wandering eyes,  
So fast entangled is that in no wise  
It can nor will again retire ;  
But rather will in that sweet bondage die,  
Than break one hair to gain her liberty.

*xxviii-xxix*

FOND Love is blind, blind therefore lovers be ;  
But I more blind, who ne'er my love did see.  
Pygmalion loved an image, I a name,  
I laughed at him, but now deserve like blame.  
Thus foolishly I leap before I look,  
Seeing no bait, I swallowed have the hook.

Ah, Cupid, grant that I may never see  
Her through mine ear, that thus hath wounded me.  
If through mine eyes another wound she give,  
Cupid, alas, then I no longer live ;  
But die, poor wretch, shot through and through the liver  
With those sharp arrows she stole from thy quiver.

*xxx*

SHE with a cruel frown  
Oppressed my trembling heart with deadly swoon.  
Yet pitying my pain,  
Restored with a kiss my life again.  
Thus let me daily be of life deprived,  
So I be daily thus again revived.





# JOHN BENNET

*Madrigalls To Fovre Voyces. 1599.*

*i*

I WANDER up and down and fain would rest me,  
Yet cannot rest, such cares do still molest me.  
All things conspire, I see, and this consent in,  
To find a place for me fit to lament in.

*ii*

WEEP, silly soul disdained,  
Thy hapless hap lamenting,  
That Love, whose passion pained,  
Wrought never thy contenting.  
And since thou art disdained  
By them thou most affected,  
Let them now be rejected.

*iii*

SO gracious is thy sweet self, so fair, so framed,  
That whoso sees thee without a heart enflamed,  
Either he lives not, or love's delight he knows not.

*iv*

LET go, let go ! why do you stay me ?  
I will for spite go run and slay me.  
O new-found tormenting, O strange disdaining,  
I die for love, yet feigned is my complaining.  
But you that say I feigned,  
Now see what you have gained.  
I will for spite go run and slay me,  
Let go, let go ! why do you stay me ?

*v*

COME, shepherds, follow me,  
Run up apace the mountain.  
See, lo, besides the fountain  
Love laid to rest, how sweetly sleepeth he.  
O take heed, come not nigh him,  
But haste we hence and fly him ;  
And, lovers, dance with gladness,  
For while Love sleeps is truce with care and sadness.



*vi*

I LANGUISH to complain me with ghastly grief tormented ;  
 I stand amazed to see you discontented.  
 Better I hold my peace and stop my breath,  
 Than cause my sorrows to increase and work my death.

*vii*

SING out, ye nymphs and shepherds of Parnassus,  
 With sweet delight your merry notes consenting,  
 Sith time affords to banish love relenting,  
 Fortune she smileth sweetly still to grace us.

*viii*

THYRSIS, sleepest thou ? Holla ! Let not sorrow slay us.  
 Hold up thy head, man, said the gentle Meliboeus.  
 See Summer comes again, the country's pride adorning,  
 Hark how the cuckoo singeth this fair April morning.  
 O, said the shepherd, and sighed as one all undone,  
 Let me alone, alas, and drive him back to London.

*ix*

YE restless thoughts, that harbour discontent,  
 Cease your assaults, and let my heart lament,  
 And let my tongue have leave to tell my grief,  
 That she may pity, though not grant relief.  
 Pity would help what Love hath almost slain,  
 And salve the wound that festered this disdain.

*x*

WHENAS I glance on my sweet lovely Phyllis,  
 Whose cheeks are decked with roses and with lilies,  
 I me complained that she me nought regarded,  
 And that my love with envy was rewarded.  
     Then wantonly she smileth,  
     And grief from me exileth.

*xi*

CRUEL, unkind, my heart thou hast bereft me,  
 And will not leave while any life is left me,  
     And yet still will I love thee.

*xii*

O SLEEP, fond Fancy, sleep, my head thou tirest  
 With false delight of that which thou desirest.  
 Sleep, sleep, I say, and leave my thoughts molesting,  
 Thy master's head hath need of sleep and resting.

*xiii*

WEEP, O mine eyes, and cease not,  
 These your springtides, alas, methinks, increase not.  
 O when, O when begin you  
 To swell so high that I may drown me in you ?

*xiv*

SINCE neither tunes of joy nor notes of sadness,  
 Cruel unkind, can move thee ;  
 I will go run away for rage and madness  
 Because I will not love thee.  
 O come again, thy fruitless labour waste not.  
 How wilt thou run, fool, when thy heart thou hast not ?

*xv-xvi*

O GRIEF, where shall poor grief find patient hearing ?  
 Footsteps of men I fly, my paths each creature baulking.  
 Wild and unhaunted woods seem tired with my walking.  
 Earth with my tears are drunk, air with my sighs tormented.  
 Heavens with my crying grown deaf and discontented.  
 Infernal cares affrighted with my doleful accenting,  
 Only my Love loves my lamenting.

O sweet grief, O sweet sighs, O sweet disdainings,  
 O sweet repulses, sweet wrongs, sweet lamenting.  
 Words sharply sweet, and sweetly sharp consenting ;  
 O sweet unkindness, sweet fears, sweet complaining.  
 Grieve then no more, my soul, those deep groans straining ;  
 Your bitter anguish now shall have relenting,  
 And sharp disdains receive their full contenting.

*xvii*

REST now, Amphion, rest thy charming lyre,  
 For Daphne's love, sweet love, makes melody.  
 Her love's concord with mine doth well conspire,  
 No discord jars in our love's sympathy.  
 Our concords have some discords mixed among ;  
 Discording concords makes the sweetest song.



## WILLIAM BYRD.

*Psalmes, Sonets, & Songs of Sadnes and Pietie, made into Musicke of five parts : whereof, some of them going abroade among diuers, in vnttrue coppies, are heere truely corrected, and th'other being Songs very rare and newly composed, are heere published, for the recreation of all such as delight in Musicke. 1588.*

*i*

O GOD, give ear and do apply  
To hear me when I pray :  
And when to thee I call and cry  
Hide not thyself away.

Take heed to me, grant my request,  
And answer me again :  
With plaints I pray full sore oppressed,  
Great grief doth me constrain.

Because my foes with threats and cries  
Oppress me through despite,  
And so the wicked sort likewise  
To vex me have delight.

For they in council do conspire  
To charge me with some ill :  
So in their hasty wrath and ire  
They do pursue me still.

*Psalm lv*

*ii*

MINE eyes with fervency of sprite  
I do lift up on high  
To thee, O Lord, that dwell'st in light,  
Which no man may come nigh.

Behold, e'en as the servants' eyes  
Upon their master wait,  
And as the maid her mistress' hand  
With careful eye and straight

Attends, so we, O Lord our God,  
Thy throne with hope and grief  
Behold, until thou mercy send  
And give us some relief.

O Lord, though we deserve it not,  
 Yet mercy let us find,  
 A people that despised are,  
 Thrown down in soul and mind.

The mighty proud men of the world,  
 That seeks us to oppress,  
 Have filled our souls with all contempts  
 And left us in distress.

*Psalm cxiii*

*iii*

MY soul, oppressed with care and grief,  
 Doth cleave unto the dust ;  
 O quicken me after thy word,  
 For therein do I trust.

My ways unto thee have I showed,  
 Thou answerest me again.  
 Teach me thy law and so I shall  
 Be eased of my pain.

The way of thy commandments, Lord,  
 Make me to understand ;  
 And I will muse upon the power  
 And wonders of thy hand.

My heart doth melt and pine away  
 For very pain and grief ;  
 O raise me up after thy word  
 And send me some relief.

All falsehood and false way, O Lord,  
 Do thou from me remove ;  
 And grant me grace to know thy law,  
 And only that to love.

Thy way of truth I choose to tread,  
 To keep my life in awe ;  
 And set before me as a mark  
 Thy sacred word and law.

I cleave, O Lord, unto all things  
 Witnessed by thy speech,  
 Whereof that I repent me not  
 I humbly thee beseech.

When that my heart thou shalt enlarge,  
To seek and run the ways  
Of thy precepts, I will not fail  
The length of all my days.

*Psalm cxix*

*iv*

HOW shall a young man prone to ill  
Cleanse his unbridled heart ?  
If that thy law, O Lord, he do,  
All frailty set apart,

Embrace with settled mind and learn  
Thy word with care to keep,  
And search to find with humble sprite  
Thy judgements that are deep.

With my whole heart I have thee sought,  
And searched out thy way ;  
O suffer not that from thy word  
I swerve and go astray.

Thy word, O Lord, within my heart,  
Lest I should thee offend,  
I have laid up as treasure great,  
For that shall me defend.

The Lord is blest, he shall me teach  
The judgements of his mouth,  
Thereby to rule and dress the ways  
Of my untamed youth.

Thy laws therefore in open place  
My lips shall ever sound,  
And never fail to show forth that  
To which thou me hast bound.

For in the way of thy precepts  
I set my whole delight,  
No wealth, no treasure of the world  
So precious in my sight.

What thou command'st I will think on  
With diligent respect,  
And to thy laws have due regard,  
For they shall me protect.

In thy precepts, O Lord, my soul  
 Her whole delight hath set.  
 Thy words therefore more pure than gold  
 I never will forget.

*Psalm cxix*

*v*

O LORD, how long wilt thou forget  
 To send me some relief ?  
 For ever wilt thou hide thy face  
 And so increase my grief ?

How long shall I with vexed heart  
 Seek counsel in my sprite ?  
 How long shall my malicious foes  
 Triumph, and me despite ?

O Lord my God, hear my complaint,  
 Uttered with woeful breath ;  
 Lighten mine eyes, defend my life,  
 That I sleep not in death.

Lest that mine enemy say : I have  
 Against him, lo, prevailed.  
 At my downfall they will rejoice  
 That thus have me assailed.

But in thy mercy, Lord, I trust,  
 For that shall me defend ;  
 My heart doth joy to see the help  
 Which thou to me wilt send.

Unto the Lord therefore I sing,  
 And do lift up my voice ;  
 And for his goodness showed to me  
 I will always rejoice.

*Psalm xiii*

*vi*

O LORD, who in thy sacred tent  
 And holy hill shall dwell ?  
 Even he that both in heart and mind  
 Doth study to do well ;

In life upright, in dealing just,  
And he that from his heart  
The truth doth speak with singleness,  
All falsehood set apart ;

With tongue besides that hurts no man  
By false and ill report,  
Nor friend nor neighbour harm will do  
Wherever he resort ;

That hates the bad and loves the good,  
And faith that never breaks,  
But keeps away, though to his loss,  
The word that once he speaks ;

Nor filthy gain by love that seeks,  
Nor wealth so to possess,  
Nor that for bribes the guiltless soul  
Doth labour to oppress.

Like as a mount so shall he stand ;  
Nothing shall him remove  
That thus shall do, the Lord hath said.  
No man can it disprove.

*Psalm xv*

*vii*

HELP, Lord, for wasted are those men  
Which righteousness embrace,  
And rarely found that faithful are  
But all the truth deface.

Each to his neighbour falsehood speaks,  
And them seeks to beguile  
With flattering lips and double heart  
When smoothest he doth smile.

All flattering lips the Lord our God  
In justice will confound ;  
And all proud tongues that vaunt great things  
He will bring to the ground.

Our tongues, say they, shall lift us up,  
By them we shall prevail ;  
Who should us let, or stop our course,  
That thereof we should fail ?

For the destruction of the just,  
 And such as be oppressed,  
 And for the mournings of the poor  
 That likewise be distressed,

I will rise up now, saith the Lord,  
 And ease their grief and care  
 Of those which he full craftily  
 Hath drawn into his snare.

Like silver fine that tried is  
 Seven times by heat of fire,  
 So are thy words, Lord, pure and clean  
 To such as them desire.

Thou, Lord, wilt keep and wilt defend  
 All such as in thee trust,  
 And from that cursed race of men  
 Save all such as be just.

When evil men exalted be,  
 The wicked gad about  
 Far from all fear of pain ; but thou,  
 O Lord, wilt root them out.

*Psalm xii*

*viii*

BLESSED is he that fears the Lord,  
 He walketh in his ways,  
 And sets his great delight therein  
 The length of all his days.

His seed and those which of him come  
 Mighty on earth shall be,  
 The race of such as faithful are  
 Men blessed them shall see.

Plenteousness within his house,  
 And want there shall be never ;  
 His righteous and upright dealing  
 Dure shall for ever.

In misty clouds of troubles dark  
 Which do the just oppress,  
 The Lord in mercy sends them light,  
 And easeth their distress.



The righteous man is merciful,  
 And lendeth where is need ;  
 He guides with judgement all his things,  
 Be it in word or deed.

Though storms do fall and tempests rise  
 The righteous shall stand fast,  
 A good remembrance of the just  
 For ever that shall last.

None evil tidings shall him fear,  
 His heart is fully set,  
 He trusteth and believes the Lord,  
 That will not him forget.

A stablished heart within his breast,  
 No fear where so he goes.  
 The Lord in justice will revenge  
 The malice of his foes.

A hand that doth relieve the poor,  
 For which he may be sure  
 A good report will follow him  
 That alway shall endure.

This shall the wicked see and fret  
 And waste away with ire,  
 Perish shall and consume to nought,  
 All that he doth desire.

*Psalm cxii*

*ix*

LORD, in thy wrath reprove me not,  
 Though I deserve thine ire,  
 Ne yet correct me in thy rage,  
 O Lord, I thee desire.

For I am weak ; therefore, O Lord,  
 Of mercy me forbear,  
 And heal me, Lord ; for why ? thou know'st  
 My bones do quake for fear.

*Psalm vi*

*x*

E'EN from the depth unto thee, Lord,  
 With heart and voice I cry ;  
 Give ear, O God, unto my plaint,  
 And help my misery.

*Psalm cxxx*

*Heere endeth the Psalmes, and beginneth the Sonets and Pastorales*

xi

I JOY not in no earthly bliss ;  
     I force not Croesus' wealth a straw ;  
 For care I know not what it is ;  
     I fear not Fortune's fatal law.  
 My mind is such as may not move  
 For beauty bright, nor force of love.  
 I wish but what I have at will ;  
     I wander not to seek for more ;  
 I like the plain, I climb no hill ;  
     In greatest storms I sit on shore,  
 And laugh at them that toil in vain  
 To get what must be lost again.  
 I kiss not where I wish to kill ;  
     I feign not love where most I hate ;  
 I break no sleep to win my will ;  
     I wait not at the mighty's gate.  
 I scorn no poor, nor fear no rich,  
 I feel no want, nor have too much.  
 The court and cart I like nor loathe ;  
     Extremes are counted worst of all ;  
 The golden mean between them both  
     Doth surest sit and fear no fall.  
 This is my choice ; for why ? I find  
 No wealth is like the quiet mind.

*Attributed to Sir Edward Dyer*

xii

THOUGH Amaryllis dance in green  
     Like fairy queen ;  
     And sing full clear  
 Corinna can, with smiling cheer.  
 Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,  
 Heigh ho, heigh ho, 'chill love no more.  
 My sheep are lost for want of food,  
     And I so wood,  
     That all the day  
 I sit and watch a herdmaid gay,  
 Who laughs to see me sigh so sore,  
 Heigh ho, heigh ho, 'chill love no more.

Her loving looks, her beauty bright  
 Is such delight,  
 That all in vain  
 I love to like and lose my gain,  
 For her that thanks me not therefor,  
 Heigh ho, heigh ho, 'chill love no more.

Ah wanton eyes, my friendly foes,  
 And cause of woes,  
 Your sweet desire  
 Breeds flames of ice and freeze in fire.  
 Ye scorn to see me weep so sore,  
 Heigh ho, heigh ho, 'chill love no more.

Love ye who list, I force him not,  
 Sith, God it wot,  
 The more I wail,  
 The less my sighs and tears prevail.  
 What shall I do but say therefore,  
 Heigh ho, heigh ho, 'chill love no more.

*xiii*

WHO likes to love, let him take heed.  
 And wot you why?  
 Among the gods it is decreed  
 That Love shall die.  
 And every wight that takes his part  
 Shall forfeit each a mourning heart.

The cause of this, as I have heard,  
 A sort of dames,  
 Whose beauty he did not regard  
 Nor secret flames,  
 Complained before the gods above  
 That gold corrupts the god of Love.

The gods did storm to hear this news,  
 And there they swore  
 That sith he did such dames abuse  
 He should no more  
 Be god of Love, but that he should  
 Both die and forfeit all his gold.

His bow and shafts they took away  
 Before their eyes,  
 And gave these dames a longer day  
 For to devise  
 Who should them keep, and they be bound  
 That love for gold should not be found.

These ladies, striving long, at last  
 They did agree  
 To give them to a maiden chaste,  
 Whom I did see,  
 Who with the same did pierce my breast.  
 Her beauty's rare, and so I rest.

*xiv*

MY mind to me a kingdom is ;  
 Such perfect joy therein I find,  
 That it excels all other bliss  
 Which God or Nature hath assigned.  
 Though much I want that most would have  
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely port, no wealthy store,  
 No force to win a victory,  
 No wily wit to salve a sore,  
 No shape to win a loving eye ;  
 To none of these I yield as thrall,  
 For why ? my mind despise them all.

I see that plenty surfeits oft,  
 And hasty climbers soonest fall.  
 I see that such as are aloft  
 Mishap doth threaten most of all.  
 These get with toil, and keep with fear,  
 Such cares my mind can never bear.

I press to bear no haughty sway.  
 I wish no more than may suffice.  
 I do no more than well I may.  
 Look what I want my mind supplies  
 Lo, thus I triumph like a king,  
 My mind content with anything.

I laugh not at another's loss,  
 Nor grudge not at another's gain.  
 No worldly waves my mind can toss ;  
 I brook that is another's bane.  
 I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend.  
 I loathe not life, nor dread mine end,

My wealth is health and perfect ease,  
 And conscience clear my chief defence.  
 I never seek by bribes to please,  
 Nor by desert to give offence.  
 Thus do I live, thus will I die ;  
 Would all did so as well as I.

*Attributed to Sir Edward Dyer*

*xv*

WHERE Fancy fond for Pleasure pleads,  
 And Reason keeps poor Hope in jail,  
 There time it is to take my beads  
 And pray that Beauty may prevail ;  
 Or else Despair will win the field  
 Where Reason, Hope, and Pleasure yield.

My eyes presume to judge this case,  
 Whose judgement Reason doth disdain.  
 But Beauty with her wanton face  
 Stands to defend, the case is plain ;  
 And at the bar of sweet Delight,  
 She pleads that Fancy must be right.

But Shame will not have Reason yield,  
 Though Grief do swear it shall be so,  
 As though it were a perfect shield  
 To blush and fear to tell my woe.  
 Where silence force Will at the last  
 To wish for Wit when Hope is past.

So far hath fond Desire outrun  
 The bond which Reason set out first,  
 That where Delight the fray begun  
 I would now say, if that I durst,  
 That in her stead ten thousand woes  
 Have sprung in field where Pleasure grows.

O that I might declare the rest  
 Of all the toys which Fancy turns,  
 Like towers of wind within my breast,  
 Where fire is hid that never burns.  
 Then should I try one of the twain  
 Either to love, or to disdain.

But fine Conceit dares not declare  
 The strange conflict of Hope and Fear,  
 Lest Reason should be left so bare,  
 That Love durst whisper in my ear  
 And tell me how my Fancy shall  
 Bring Reason to be Beauty's thrall.

I must therefore with silence build  
 The labyrinth of my delight,  
 Till Love have tried in open field  
 Which of the twain shall win the fight.  
 I fear me Reason must give place,  
 If Fancy fond win Beauty's grace.

*xvi*

O YOU that hear this voice,  
 O you that see this face,  
 Say whether of the choice  
 May have the former place.  
 Who dare judge this debate,  
 Though it be void of hate?

This side doth Beauty take,  
 For that doth Music speak,  
 Fit orators to make  
 The strongest judgements weak.  
 The bar to plead their right  
 Is only true delight.

Thus doth the voice and face,  
 These gentle lawyers, wage,  
 Like loving brothers, case  
 For father's heritage,  
 That each, while each contends,  
 Itself to other lends.

For Beauty beautifies,  
With heavenly hue and grace,  
The heavenly harmonies ;  
And in that faultless face  
The perfect beauties be  
A perfect harmony.

Music more lofty swells  
In phrases finely placed.  
Beauty as far excels  
In action aptly graced.  
A friend each party draws  
To countenance his cause.

Love more affected seems  
To Beauty's lovely light,  
And Wonder more esteems  
Of Music wondrous might.  
But both to both so bent  
As both in both are spent.

Music doth witness call  
The ear his truth to try.  
Beauty brings to the hall  
Eye witness of the eye.  
Each in his object such  
As none exceptions touch.

The common Sense, which might  
Be arbiter of this,  
To be forsooth upright  
To both sides partial is.  
He lays on this chief praise,  
Chief praise on that he lays.

Then Reason, princess high,  
Which sits in throne of mind,  
And Music can in sky  
With hidden beauties find,  
Say whether thou wilt crown  
With limitless renown.

*Sir Philip Sidney*

*xvii*

IF women could be fair and never fond,  
 Or that their beauty might continue still,  
 I would not marvel though they made men bond  
 By service long to purchase their goodwill ;  
 But when I see how frail these creatures are  
 I laugh that men forget themselves so far.

To mark what choice they make, and how they change ;  
 How, leaving best, the worst they choose out still ;  
 And how, like haggards wild, about they range,

Scorning after reason to follow will :  
 Who would not shake such buzzards from the fist,  
 And let them fly (fair fools) which way they list ?

Yet for our sport we fawn and flatter both,  
 To pass the time when nothing else can please,  
 And train them on to yield by subtle oath  
 The sweet content that gives such humour ease.  
 And then we say, when we their follies try,  
 To play with fools, O what a fool was I.

*Edward (Vere), Earl of Oxford*

*xviii*

AMBITIOUS Love hath forced me to aspire  
 The beauties rare which do adorn thy face.  
 Thy modest life yet bridles my desire,  
 Whose severe law doth promise me no grace.  
 But what ? May Love live under any law ?  
 No, no, his power exceedeth man's conceit,  
 Of which the gods themselves do stand in awe,  
 For on his frown a thousand torments wait.  
 Proceed then in this desperate enterprise  
 With good advice, and follow Love thy guide,  
 That leads thee to thy wished paradise.  
 Thy climbing thoughts this comfort take withal,  
 That if it be thy foul disgrace to slide,  
 Thy brave attempt shall yet excuse thy fall.

*xix*

WHAT pleasure have great princes  
 More dainty to their choice,  
 Than herdmen wild, who careless  
 In quiet life rejoice,  
 And Fortune's fate not fearing  
 Sing sweet in Summer morning.



Their dealings plain and rightful  
Are void of all deceit ;  
They never know how spiteful  
It is to kneel and wait  
On favourite presumptuous  
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth,  
At night they take their rest,  
More quiet than who sendeth  
His ship into the East,  
Where gold and pearl are plenty,  
But getting very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading  
They esteem it not a straw ;  
They think that honest meaning  
Is of itself a law ;  
Where conscience judgeth plainly  
They spend no money vainly.

O happy who thus liveth,  
Not caring much for gold,  
With clothing which sufficeth  
To keep him from the cold.  
Though poor and plain his diet,  
Yet merry it is and quiet.

xx

AS I beheld I saw a herdman wild  
With his sheep-hook a picture fine deface,  
Which he sometime, his fancy to beguild,  
Had carved on bark of beech in secret place ;  
And with despite of most afflicted mind  
Through deep despair of heart, for love dismayed,  
He pulled even from the tree the carved rind ;  
And weeping sore these woeful words he said :  
Ah, Phillida, would God thy picture fair  
I could as lightly blot out of my breast,  
Then should I not thus rage with great despite,  
And tear the thing sometime I liked best.  
But all in vain ! It booteth not, God wot,  
What printed is in heart on tree to blot.

*xxi*

ALTHOUGH the heathen poets did  
 Apollo famous praise,  
 As one who for his music sweet  
 No peer had in his days.

*xxii*

IN fields abroad, where trumpets shrill do sound,  
 Where glaives and shields do give and take the knocks,  
 Where bodies dead do overspread the ground,  
 And friends to foes are common butchers' blocks,  
 A gallant shot well managing his piece,  
 In my conceit deserves a Golden Fleece.

Amid the seas a gallant ship set out,  
 Wherein nor men nor yet munitions lacks,  
 In greatest winds that spareth not a clout,  
 But cuts the waves in spite of weather's wracks,  
 Would force a swain that comes of coward's kind  
 To change himself and be of noble mind.

Who makes his seat a stately stamping steed,  
 Whose neighs and plays are princely to behold,  
 Whose courage stout, whose eyes are fiery red,  
 Whose joints well knit, whose harness all of gold,  
 Doth well deserve to be no meaner thing  
 Than Persian knight whose horse made him a king.

By that bedside where sits a gallant dame,  
 Who casteth off her brave and rich attire,  
 Whose petticoat sets forth as fair a frame  
 As mortal men or gods can well desire,  
 Who sits and sees her petticoat unlaced,  
 I say no more, the rest are all disgraced.

*xxiii*

CONSTANT Penelope sends to thee, careless Ulysses.  
 Write not again, but come, sweet mate, thyself to revive me.  
 Troy we do much envy, we desolate lost ladies of Greece.  
 Not Priamus, nor yet all Troy can us recompense make.  
 Oh, that he had, when he first took shipping to Lacedaemon,  
 That adulter I mean, had been overwhelmed with waters.  
 Then had I not lain now all alone, thus quivering for cold,  
 Nor used this complaint, nor have thought the day to be so long.

## xxiv

LA virginella è simil' alla rosa  
 Ch' in bel giardin sulla nativa spina,  
 Mentre sola è, sicura si riposa.  
 Nè gregge, nè pastor, se le avvicina.  
 L'aura soave e l'alba rugiadosa,  
 L'acqua, la terra, al suo favor s'inchina :  
 Giovani vaghi e donn' innamorate  
 Amano haverne e seni e tempie ornate.

*Ludovico Ariosto*

## xxv

FAREWELL false Love, the oracle of lies,  
 A mortal foe and enemy to rest,  
 An envious boy, from whom all cares arise,  
 A bastard vile, a beast with rage possessed,  
 A way of error, a temple full of treason,  
 In all effects contrary unto reason.  
 A poisoned serpent covered all with flowers,  
 Mother of sighs, and murderer of repose,  
 A sea of sorrows from whence are drawn such showers  
 As moisture lend to every grief that grows ;  
 A school of guile, a net of deep deceit,  
 A gilded hook that holds a poisoned bait.  
 A fortress foiled, which reason did defend,  
 A Syren song, a fever of the mind,  
 A maze wherein affection finds no end,  
 A raging cloud that runs before the wind,  
 A substance like the shadow of the sun,  
 A goal of grief for which the wisest run.  
 A quenchless fire, a nurse of trembling fear,  
 A path that leads to peril and mishap,  
 A true retreat of sorrow and despair,  
 An idle boy that sleeps in pleasure's lap.  
 A deep mistrust of that which certain seems,  
 A hope of that which reason doubtful deems.

*Thomas Deloney*

## xxvi

THE match that 's made for just and true respects,  
 With evens both of years and parentage,  
 Of force must bring forth many good effects.  
*Pari jugo dulcis tractus.*

For where chaste love and liking sets the plant,  
 And concord waters with a firm good will,  
 Of no good thing can there be any want.

*Pari jugo dulcis tractus.*

Sound is the knot that chastity hath tied,  
 Sweet is the music unity doth make,  
 Sure is the store that plenty doth provide.

*Pari jugo dulcis tractus.*

Where chasteness fails, there concord will decay ;  
 Where concord fleets, there plenty will decrease ;  
 Where plenty wants, there love will wear away.

*Pari jugo dulcis tractus.*

I, Chastity, restrain all strange desires.  
 I, Concord, keep the course of sound consent.  
 I, Plenty, spare and spend as cause requires.

*Pari jugo dulcis tractus.*

Make much of us, all ye that married be ;  
 Speak well of us, all ye that mind to be ;  
 The time may come to want and wish all three.

*Pari jugo dulcis tractus.*

*Heere endeth the Sonets and Pastoralles, and beginneth Songes of  
 Sadnes and Pietie*

*xxvii*

PROSTRATE, O Lord, I lie,  
 Behold me, Lord, with pity ;  
 Stop not thine ears against my cry,  
 My sad and mourning ditty,  
 Breathed from an inward soul,  
 From heart heart'ly contrite,  
 An offering sweet, a sacrifice  
 In thy high heavenly sight.

Observe not sins, O Lord,  
 For who may then abide it ?  
 But let thy mercy cancel them,  
 Thou hast not man denied it.  
 Man melting with remorse,  
 And thoughts past repenting,  
 O lighten, Lord ; O hear our songs,  
 Our sins full sore lamenting.

The wonders of thy works  
 Above all reason reacheth,  
 And yet thy mercy above all  
 This us thy spirit teacheth.  
 Then let no sinner fall  
 In depth of foul despair,  
 Since never soul so foul there was  
 But mercy made it fair.

*xxviii*

ALL as a sea the world no other is,  
 Ourselves are ships still tossed to and fro.  
 And lo, each man his love to that or this  
 Is like a storm that drives the ships to go.  
 That thus our life in doubt of shipwreck stands,  
 Our wills the rocks, our want of skill the sands.  
 Our passions be the pirates still that spoil,  
 And overboard casts out our reasons straight.  
 The mariners, that day and night do toil,  
 Be our conceits that do on pleasures wait.  
 Pleasure, master, doth tyrannize the ship,  
 And giveth virtue secretly the nip.  
 The compass is a mind to compass all,  
 Both pleasure, profit, place, and fame for nought.  
 The winds that blow, men overweening call,  
 The merchandize is wit full dearly bought.  
 Trial the anchor, cast upon experience,  
 For labour, life and all ado the recompense.

*xxix*

SUSANNA fair some time assaulted was  
 By two old men desiring their delight,  
 Whose false intent they thought to bring to pass,  
 If not by tender love, by force and might.  
 To whom she said : If I your suit deny,  
 You will me falsely accuse and make me die.  
 And if I grant to that which you request,  
 My chastity shall then deflowered be,  
 Which is so dear to me that I detest  
 My life, if it berefted be from me.  
 And rather would I die of mine accord  
 Ten thousand times, than once offend the Lord.

## xxx

IF that a sinner's sighs be angels' food,  
 Or that repentant tears be angels' wine,  
 Accept, O Lord, in this most pensive mood  
 These hearty sighs and tears of mine,  
 That went with Peter forth most sinfully,  
 But not with Peter wept most bitterly.

If I had David's crown to me beside,  
 Or all his purple robes that he did wear,  
 I would lay then such honour all aside  
 And only seek a sackcloth weed to bear.  
 His palace would I leave that I might show,  
 And mourn in cell for such offence and woe.

There should these hands beat on my pensive breast,  
 And, sad to death, for sorrow rend my hair ;  
 My voice to call on thee should never rest,  
 Whose grace I seek, whose judgement I do fear.  
 Upon the ground all grovelling on my face  
 I would beseech thy favour and good grace.

But since I have not means to make the show  
 Of my repentant mind, and yet I see  
 My sin to greater heap than Peter's grow,  
 Whereby the danger more it is to me,  
 I put my trust in his most precious blood  
 Whose life was shed to purchase all our good.

Thy mercy greater is than any sin ;  
 Thy greatness none can ever comprehend ;  
 Wherefore, O Lord, let me thy mercy win,  
 Whose glorious name no time can ever end.  
 Wherefore, I say, all praise belongs to thee,  
 Whom I beseech be merciful to me.

## xxxi

CARE for thy soul as thing of greatest price,  
 Made to the end to taste of power divine,  
 Devoid of guilt, abhorring sin and vice,  
 Apt by God's grace to virtue to incline.  
 Care for it so as by thy retchless train  
 It be not brought to taste eternal pain.

Care for thy corse, but chiefly for soul's sake ;  
 Cut off excess, sustaining food is best ;  
 To vanquish pride but comely clothing take ;  
 Seek after skill, deep ignorance detest.  
 Care so, I say, the flesh to feed and clothe  
 That thou harm not thy soul and body both.

Care for the world to do thy body right ;  
 Rack not thy wit to win thy wicked ways ;  
 Seek not to oppress the weak by wrongful might ;  
 To pay thy due do banish all delays.  
 Care to dispend according to thy store,  
 And in like sort be mindful of the poor.

Care for thy soul, as for thy chiefest stay ;  
 Care for thy body for thy soul's avail ;  
 Care for the world for body's help alway ;  
 Care yet but so as virtue may prevail.  
 Care in such sort that thou be sure of this :  
 Care keep thee not from heaven and heavenly bliss.

*xxxii*

LULLA la, lullaby !  
 My sweet little Baby  
 What meanest thou to cry ?

Be still, my blessed Babe, though cause thou hast to mourn,  
 Whose blood most innocent to shed the cruel king hath sworn.  
 And lo, alas, behold, what slaughter he doth make,  
 Shedding the blood of infants all, sweet Saviour, for thy sake.  
 A King is born, they say, which King this king would kill.  
 O woe, and woeful heavy day, when wretches have their will !

Lulla la, lullaby !  
 My sweet little Baby  
 What meanest thou to cry ?

Three kings this King of kings to see are come from far,  
 To each unknown, with offerings great, by guiding of a star.  
 And shepherds heard the song which Angels bright did sing,  
 Giving all glory unto God for coming of this King,  
 Which must be made away, king Herod would him kill.  
 O woe, and woeful heavy day, when wretches have their will !

Lulla la, lullaby !  
 My sweet little Baby  
 What meanest thou to cry ?

Lo, lo, my little Babe, be still, lament no more ;  
 From fury thou shalt step aside, help have we still in store.  
 We heavenly warning have some other soil to seek,  
 From death must fly the Lord of life, as Lamb both mild and  
 meek.

Thus must my Babe obey the king that would him kill.  
 O woe, and woeful heavy day, when wretches have their will !

Lulla la, lullaby !  
 My sweet little Baby  
 What meanest thou to cry ?

But thou shalt live and reign as Sibyls have foresaid,  
 As all the Prophets prophesy, whose Mother, yet a Maid  
 And perfect Virgin pure, with her breasts shall upbreed  
 Both God and man, that all hath made, the Son of heavenly seed,  
 Whom caitiffs none can 'tray, whom tyrants none can kill.  
 O joy, and joyful happy day, when wretches want their will !

*xxxiii*

WHY do I use my paper, ink, and pen,  
 And call my wits to counsel what to say ?  
 Such memories were made for mortal men,  
 I speak of saints whose names cannot decay.  
 An angel's trump were fitter for to sound  
 Their glorious death, if such on earth were found.

That store of such were once on earth pursued  
 The histories of ancient times record,  
 Whose constancy great tyrants' rage subdued,  
 Through patient death professing Christ the Lord.  
 As his Apostles perfect witness bare,  
 With many more that blessed martyrs were.

Whose patience rare and most courageous mind  
 With fame renowned perpetual shall endure,  
 By whose examples we may rightly find  
 Of holy life and death a pattern pure.  
 That we therefore their virtues may embrace,  
 Pray we to Christ to guide us with his grace.



*The funerall Songs of that honorable Gent. Syr Phillip Sidney,  
knight.*

xxxiv

COME to me, grief, for ever ;  
Come to me, tears, day and night ;  
Come to me, plaint, ah, helpless ;  
Just grief, heart tears, plaint worthy.  
Go from me, dread to die now ;  
Go from me, care to live more ;  
Go from me, joys all on earth ;  
Sidney, O Sidney is dead.

He whom the court adorned,  
He whom the country courtesied,  
He who made happy his friends,  
He that did good to all men.

Sidney, the hope of land strange,  
Sidney, the flower of England,  
Sidney, the spirit heroic,  
Sidney is dead, O dead.

Dead ? no, no, but renowned,  
With the Anointed oned ;  
Honour on earth at his feet,  
Bliss everlasting his seat.

Come to me, grief, for ever ;  
Come to me, tears, day and night ;  
Come to me, plaint, ah, helpless ;  
Just grief, heart tears, plaint worthy.

xxxv

O THAT most rare breast, crystalline, sincere,  
Through which like gold thy princely heart did shine.  
O sprite heroic, O valiant worthy knight,  
O Sidney, prince of fame and men's good will,  
For thee both kings and princesses do mourn.  
Thy noble tomb three cities strange desired ;  
Foes to the cause thy prowess did defend  
Bewail the day that crossed thy famous race.  
The doleful debt due to thy hearse I pay,  
Tears from the soul that aye thy want shall mourn,  
And by my will my life itself would yield,  
If heathen blame ne might my faith disdain.  
O heavy time that my days draw behind thee.  
Thou dead dost live, thy friend here living dieth.

*Songs of sundrie natures, some of grauitie, and others of myrth, fit for all companies and voyces. Lately made and composed into Musicke of 3. 4. 5. and 6. parts. 1589.*

## i

*Domine in furore. Psalm vi*

LORD, in thy rage rebuke me not  
 For my most grievous sin,  
 Nor in thine anger chasten me,  
 But let me favour win.  
 Have mercy, Lord, on me because  
 My state is weak to see,  
 Heal me, O Lord, for that my bones  
 Are troubled sore in me.

## ii

*Beati quorum. Psalm xxxii*

RIGHT blest are they whose wicked sins  
 By God remitted be,  
 And whose defaults are covered  
 Through his great clemency.  
 The man is blest to whom our Lord  
 Hath not imputed sin,  
 Nor in his sprite deceit is found,  
 Nor takes delight therein.

## iii

*Domine ne. Psalm xxxviii*

LORD, in thy wrath correct me not,  
 Nor in thy fury vex.  
 Give tears, give grace, give penitence  
 Unto my sinful sex.  
 For that the arrows of thy wrath  
 Are fixed in my heart,  
 And thou hast laid thine hand on me  
 For my most just desert.

## iv

*Miserere mei. Psalm v*

O GOD, which art most merciful,  
 Have mercy, Lord, on me ;  
 According to thy mercy great  
 Let me relieved be.

And put away my wickedness  
Which sundry ways hath been,  
According to the multitude  
Of thy compassions seen.

v

*Domine exaudi. Psalm cii*

LORD, hear my prayer instantly  
Which I before thee make ;  
And let my cry come unto thee,  
Do not the same forsake.  
Turn not away thy face from me,  
When troubles me oppress,  
Each day incline thine ear to me,  
And succour my distress.

vi

*De profundis. Psalm cxxx*

FROM depth of sin, O Lord, to thee  
I have made humble cry.  
Lord, hear my voice, make it ascend  
Unto thy throne so high.  
Unto the voice of my request  
Poured out before thy sight,  
Lord, let thine ears attentive be  
To hear me day and night.

vii

*Domine exaudi. Psalm cxliii*

ATTEND mine humble prayer, Lord,  
With thine attentive ear ;  
Even in thy truth and justice, Lord,  
Vouchsafe my suit to hear.  
And into judgement enter not  
With thy poor servant here,  
Because none shall be justified  
And stand before thee clear.

*Heere endeth the seaven Psalmes*

viii

SUSANNA fair some time assaulted was  
By two old men desiring their delight,  
Whose lewd intent they thought to bring to pass,  
If not by tender love, by force and might.  
To whom she said : If I your suit deny  
You will me falsely accuse and make me die.

And if I grant to that which you request,  
 My chastity shall then deflowered be,  
 Which is so dear to me that I detest  
 My life, if it berefted be from me.  
 And rather would I die of mine accord  
 Ten thousand times, than once offend the Lord.

*ix*

THE nightingale so pleasant and so gay  
 In greenwood groves delights to make his dwelling,  
 In fields to fly chanting his roundelay  
 At liberty, against the cage rebelling.  
 But my poor heart, with sorrows over-swelling,  
 Through bondage vile binding my freedom short,  
 No pleasure takes in these his sports excelling,  
 Nor in his song receiveth no comfort.

*x-xi*

WHEN younglings first on Cupid fix their sight,  
 And see him naked, blindfold, and a boy,  
 Though bow and shafts and firebrand be his might,  
 Yet ween they he can work them none annoy.  
 And therefore with his purple wings they play,  
 For glorious seemeth Love, though light as feather,  
 And when they've done, they ween to 'scape away,  
 For blind men, say they, shoot they know not whither.  
 But when by proof they find that he did see,  
 And that his wound did rather dim their sight,  
 They wonder more how such a lad as he  
 Should be of such surprising power and might.  
 But ants have galls, so hath the bee his sting.  
 Then shield me, heavens, from such a subtle thing.

*xii-xiii*

UPON a summer's day Love went to swim,  
 And cast himself into a sea of tears.  
 The clouds called in their light, the heaven waxed dim,  
 And sighs did raise a tempest causing fears.  
 The naked boy could not so wield his arms,  
 But that the waves were masters of his might,  
 And threatened him to work for greater harms,  
 If he devised not to 'scape by flight.  
 Then for a boat his quiver stood instead,  
 His bow unbent did serve him for a mast,  
 Whereby to sail his cloth of vail he spread,  
 His shafts for oars on either board he cast.  
 From shipwreck safe, this wag gat thus to shore,  
 And swore to bathe in lovers' tears no more.

*xiv*

THE greedy hawk with sudden sight of lure  
 Doth stoop in hope to have her wished prey.  
 So many men do stoop to sights unsure,  
 And courteous speech doth keep them at the bay.  
 Let them beware lest friendly looks be like  
 The lure, whereat the soaring hawk did strike.

*xv-xvi*

IS Love a boy? What means he then to strike?  
 Or is he blind? Why will he be a guide?  
 Is he a man? Why doth he hurt his like?  
 Is he a god? Why doth he men deride?  
 Not one of these, but one compact of all.  
 A wilful boy, a man still dealing blows,  
 Of purpose blind to lead men to their thrall,  
 A god that rules unruly, God He knows!  
 Boy, pity me that am a child again.  
 Blind, be no more my guide to make me stray.  
 Man, use thy might to force away my pain.  
 God, do me good and lead me to my way.  
 And if thou beest a power to me unknown,  
 Power of my life, let here thy grace be shown.

*xvii-xviii*

WOUNDED I am, and dare not seek relief  
 For this new stroke, unseen but not unfelt;  
 No blood nor bruise is witness of my grief,  
 But sighs and tears wherewith I mourn and melt  
 If I complain, my witness is suspect;  
 If I contain, with cares I am undone;  
 Sit still and die, tell truth and be reject;  
 O hateful choice, that sorrow cannot shun.  
 Yet of us twain, whose loss shall be the less?  
 Mine of my life, or you of your good name?  
 Light is my death, regarding my distress,  
 But your offence cries out to your defame.  
 A virgin fair hath slain for lack of grace  
 The man that made an idol of her face.

*xix-xxi*

FROM Cytheron the warlike boy is fled,  
 And smiling sits upon a virgin's lap,  
 Thereby to train poor misers to the trap,  
 Whom beauty draws with fancy to be fed.

And when desire with eager looks is led,  
     Then from her eyes  
     The arrow flies,  
 Feathered with flame, armed with a golden head.

There careless thoughts are freed of that flame,  
     Wherewith her thralls are scorched to the heart.  
 If Love would so, would God the enchanting dart  
 Might once return and burn from whence it came,  
 Not to deface of beauty's work the frame,  
     But by rebound  
     It might be found  
 What secret smart I suffer by the same.

If Love be just, then just is my desire.  
     And if unjust, why is he called a god ?  
     O god, O good, O just, reserve thy rod  
 To chasten those that from thy laws retire.  
 But choose aright, good Love, I thee require,  
     The golden head,  
     Not that of lead ;  
 Her heart is frost and must dissolve by fire.

## xxvii

O LORD my God, let flesh and blood thy servant not subdue ;  
 Nor let the world deceive me with his glory most untrue.  
 Let not, O Lord, O mighty God, let not thy mortal foe,  
 Let not the fiend with all his craft thy servant overthrow.  
 But to resist give fortitude, give patience to endure,  
 Give constancy, that always thine I may persevere sure.

## xxiii

WHILE that the sun with his beams hot  
     Scorched the fruits in vale and mountain,  
 Philon the shepherd, late forgot,  
     Sitting besides a crystal fountain  
 In shadow of a green oak tree,  
 Upon his pipe this song played he :  
     Adieu love, adieu love, untrue love,  
     Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight  
     I was your heart, your soul, your treasure ;  
 And evermore you sobbed, you sighed,  
     Burning in flames beyond all measure.

Three days endured your love to me,  
 And it was lost in other three.  
 Adieu love, adieu love, untrue love,  
 Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Another shepherd you did see,  
 To whom your heart was soon enchained.  
 Full soon your love was leapt from me,  
 Full soon my place he had obtained.  
 Soon came a third your love to win,  
 And we were out, and he was in.  
 Adieu love, adieu love, untrue love,  
 Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Sure you have made me passing glad,  
 That you your mind so soon removed,  
 Before that I the leisure had  
 To choose you for my best beloved.  
 For all my love was past and done  
 Two days before it was begun.  
 Adieu love, adieu love, untrue love,  
 Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

*xxiv*

*Chorus only of the Christmas Carol, No. xxxv (q. v.)*

*xxv*

*Chorus only of the Christmas Carol, No. xl (q. v.)*

*xxvi*

WEEPING full sore, with face as fair as silver,  
 Not wanting rose, nor lily white to paint it,  
 I saw a lady walk fast by a river,  
 Upon whose banks Dianaes nymphs all danced.  
 Her beauty great had divers gods enchanted,  
 Among the which Love was the first transformed,  
 Who unto her his bow and shafts had granted,  
 And by her sight to adamant was turned.  
 Alas, quoth I, what meaneth this demeanour,  
 So fair a dame to be so full of sorrow?  
 No wonder, quoth a nymph, she wanteth pleasure,  
 Her tears and sighs ne cease from eve to morrow.  
 This lady rich is of the gifts of beauty,  
 But unto her are gifts of fortune dainty.

*xxvii*

PENELOPE, that longed for the sight  
 Of her Ulysses, wandering all too long,  
 Felt never joy wherein she took delight,  
 Although she lived in greatest joys among.  
 So I, poor wretch, possessing that I crave,  
 Both live and lack by wrong of that I have.  
 Then blame me not, although to heavens I cry,  
 And pray the gods that shortly I might die.

*xxviii*

COMPEL the hawk to sit that is unmanned,  
 Or make the hound, untaught, to draw the deer,  
 Or bring the free against his will in band,  
 Or move the sad a pleasant tale to hear ;  
 Your time is lost, and you are ne'er the near.  
 So Love ne learns by force the knot to knit,  
 He serves but those that feel sweet Fancy's fit.

*Thomas Churchyard*

*xxix & xxxiv*

SEE those sweet eyes, those more than sweetest eyes,  
 Eyes whom the stars exceed not in their grace.  
 See Love at gaze, Love that would fain devise,  
 But cannot speak to plead his wondrous case.  
 Love would discharge the duty of his heart  
 In Beauty's praise, whose greatness doth deny  
 Words to his thoughts, and thoughts to her desert ;  
 Which high conceits since nothing can supply,  
 Love, here constrained through conquest to confess,  
 Bids silence sigh that tongue cannot express.

*xxx*

WHEN I was otherwise than now I am,  
 I loved more, but skilled not so much ;  
 Fair words and smiles could have contented then,  
 My simple age and ignorance was such.  
 But at the length experience made me wonder  
 That hearts and tongues did lodge so far asunder.  
 As watermen which on the Thames do row  
 Look to the east, but west keeps on their way,  
 My sovereign sweet her countenance settled so  
 To feed my hope, while she her snares might lay.  
 And when she saw that I was in her danger,  
 Good God, how soon she proved then a ranger.



I could not choose but laugh, although too late,  
 To see great craft deciphered in a toy.  
 I love her still, but such conditions hate  
 Which so profanes my paradise of joy.  
 Love whets the wits, whose pain is but a pleasure,  
 A toy by fits to play withal at leisure.

xxx*i*

WHEN first by force of fatal destiny  
 From Carthage town the Trojan knight did sail,  
 Queen Dido fair with woeful weeping eye  
 His strange depart did grievously bewail.  
 And when no sighs nor tears could ease her smart,  
 With sword full sharp she pierced her tender heart.

xxx*ii*

I THOUGHT that Love had been a boy  
 With blinded eyes ;  
 Or else some other wanton toy  
 That men devise,  
 Like tales of fairies often told  
 By doting age that dies for cold.

xxx*iii*

O DEAR life, when may it be  
 That mine eyes thine eyes may see,  
 And in them my mind discover  
 Whether absence hath had force  
 Thy remembrance to divorce  
 From the image of thy lover ?  
 O if I myself find not  
 Though my parting aught forgot,  
 Not debarred from beauty's treasure,  
 Let no tongue aspire to tell  
 In what high joys I shall dwell,  
 Only thought aims at the pleasure.  
 Thought therefore I will send thee,  
 To take up the place for me,  
 Long I will not after tarry.  
 There unseen thou may'st be bold  
 These fair wonders to behold,  
 Which in them my hopes do carry.

*Sir Philip Sidney*

*xxxiv**See No. xxix**xxxv & xxiv**A Carole for Christmas day*

FROM Virgin's womb this day, this day did spring  
 The precious seed that only saved man.  
 This day let man rejoice and sweetly sing,  
 Since on this day salvation first began.  
 This day did Christ man's soul from death remove  
 With glorious saints to dwell in Heaven above.  
 Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and voice,  
 In Christ his birth this day rejoice.

This day to man came pledge of perfect peace,  
 This day to man came love and unity,  
 This day man's grief began for to surcease,  
 This day did man receive a remedy  
 For each offence and every deadly sin  
 With guilty heart that erst he wandered in.  
 Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and voice,  
 In Christ his birth this day rejoice.

In Christ his flock let love be surely placed,  
 From Christ his flock let concord hate expel,  
 Of Christ his flock let love be so embraced,  
 As we in Christ and Christ in us may dwell.  
 Christ is the author of sweet unity  
 From whence proceedeth all felicity.  
 Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and voice,  
 In Christ his birth this day rejoice.

O sing unto this glittering glorious King ;  
 O praise his name let every living thing.  
 Let heart and voice like bells of silver ring  
 The comfort that this day to man doth bring.  
 Let lute and shalm with sound of sweet delight  
 These joys of Christ his birth this day recite.  
 Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and voice,  
 In Christ his birth this day rejoice.

*Francis Kindlemarsh*

*xxxvi-xxxvii*

OF gold all burnished, brighter than sunbeams,  
 Were those curled locks upon her noble head  
 Whose deep conceits my true deserving fled.  
 Wherefore mine eyes such store of tears outstreams.  
 Her eyes, fair stars ; her red, like damask rose ;  
 White, silver shine of moon on crystal stream ;  
 Her beauty perfect, whereon fancies dream.  
 Her lips are rubies ; teeth, of pearls two rows.  
 Her breath more sweet than perfect amber is ;  
 Her years in prime ; and nothing doth she want  
 That might draw gods from heaven to further bliss.  
 Of all things perfect this I most complain,  
 Her heart is rock, made all of adamant.  
 Gifts all delight, this last doth only pain.

*xxxviii-xxxix*

BEHOLD how good a thing it is  
 For brethren to agree,  
 When men amongst them do no strife  
 But peace and concord see.  
 Full like unto the precious balm  
 From Aaron's head that fell,  
 And did descend upon his beard  
 His garment skirts until.  
 And as the pleasant morning dew  
 The mountain doth relieve,  
 So God will bless where concord is  
 And life eternal give.

*Psalm cxxxiii**xl & xxv**A Carowle for Christmas day*

AN earthly tree a heavenly fruit it bare ;  
 A case of clay contained a crown immortal,  
 A crown of crowns, a King, whose cost and care  
 Redeemed poor man, whose race before was thrall  
 To death, to doom, to pains of everlasting,  
 By his sweet death, scorns, stripes, and often fasting.  
 Cast off all doubtful care,  
 Exile and banish tears,  
 To joyful news divine  
 Lend us your listening ears.

A Star above the stars, a Sun of light,  
 Whose blessed beams this wretched earth bespread  
 With hope of heaven and of God's Son the sight,  
 Which in our flesh and sinful soul lay dead.  
 O faith, O hope, O joys renowned for ever,  
 O lively life, that deathless shall persever.  
 Cast off all our doubtful care,  
 Exile and banish tears,  
 To joyful news divine  
 Lend us your listening ears.

Then let us sing the lullabies of sleep  
 To this sweet Babe, born to awake us all  
 From drowsy sin, that made old Adam weep,  
 And by his fault gave to mankind the fall.  
 For lo, this day, the birth day, day of days,  
 Summons our songs to give him laud and praise.  
 Cast off all doubtful care,  
 Exile and banish tears,  
 To joyful news divine  
 Lend us your listening ears.

## xli

*Dialogue between two Shepherds*

- 1st Shepherd.* WHO made thee, Hob, forsake the plough  
 And fall in love ?  
*2nd Shepherd.* Sweet Beauty, which hath power to bow  
 The gods above.  
*1st Shepherd.* What, dost thou serve a shepherdess ?  
*2nd Shepherd.* Aye, such as hath no peer, I guess.  
*1st Shepherd.* What is her name that bears thy heart  
 Within her breast ?  
*2nd Shepherd.* Sylvana fair, of high desert,  
 Whom I love best.  
*1st Shepherd.* O Hob, I fear she looks too high.  
*2nd Shepherd.* Yet love I must, or else I die.

## xlii-xliii

AND think ye, nymphs, to scorn at Love,  
 As if his fire were but of straws ?  
 He made the mighty gods above  
 To stoop and bow unto his laws ;  
 And with his shafts of beauty bright  
 He slays the hearts that scorn his might.

Love is a fit of pleasure  
 Bred out of idle brains.  
 His fancies have no measure,  
 No more than have his pains.  
 His vain affections, like the weather,  
 Precise or fond, we wot not whether.

*xliv*

IF in thine heart thou nourish will,  
 And give all to thy lust,  
 Then sorrows sharp and grief at length  
 Endure of force thou must.  
 But if that reason rule thy will,  
 And govern all thy mind,  
 A blessed life then shalt thou lead  
 And fewest dangers find.

*xlv*

UNTO the hills mine eyes I lift,  
 My hope shall never fade ;  
 But from the Lord I look for help,  
 That heaven and earth hath made.

Thy foot he will from slipping save,  
 And he that doth thee keep  
 With watchful eye will thee preserve  
 Without slumber or sleep.

The Lord thy keeper and shade is  
 And stands at thy right arm ;  
 The sun by day shall not thee burn,  
 Nor moon by night thee harm.

The Lord shall keep thee from all ill,  
 Thy soul he shall preserve,  
 And all thy ways both in and out  
 For ever shall conserve.

*Psalm cxxi**xlvi-xlvii*

CHRIST rising again from the dead dieth not. Death from henceforth hath no power upon him. For in that he died, he died but once to put away sin, but in that he liveth he liveth unto God. And so likewise count yourselves dead unto sin, but living unto God in Christ Jesus our Lord.—*Romans vi. 9.*

Christ is risen again, the first fruits of them that sleep. For seeing that by man came death, by man also cometh the resurrection of the dead. For as by Adam all men do die, so by Christ all men shall be restored to life. Amen.—1 *Corinthians* xv. 20.

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*Psalmes, Songs, and Sonnets: some solemne, others joyfull, framed to the life of the Word: Fit for Voyces or Viols of 3. 4. 5. and 6. Parts: and published for the delight of all such as take pleasure in the exercise of that Art. 1611.*

## i

THE eagle's force subdues each bird that flies.  
 What metal may resist the flaming fire?  
 Doth not the sun dazzle the clearest eyes,  
 And melt the ice, and make the frost retire?  
 Who can withstand a puissant king's desire?  
 The stiffest stones are pierced through with tools.  
 The wisest are with princes made but fools.

*Thomas Churchyard*

## ii

OF flattering speech with sugared words beware;  
 Suspect the heart whose face doth fawn and smile;  
 With twisting these the world is clogged with care,  
 And few there be can 'scape these vipers vile.  
 With pleasing speech they promise and protest,  
 When hateful hearts lie hid within their breast.

## iii-iv

IN Winter cold when tree and bush was bare,  
 And frost had nipped the roots of tender grass,  
 The ants with joy did feed upon their fare,  
 Which they had stored while Summer season was.  
 To whom for food a grasshopper did cry,  
 And said she starved if they did help deny.

Whereat an ant with long experience wise,  
 And frost and snow had many Winters seen,  
 Inquired what in Summer was her guise.  
 Quoth she, I sung and hopped in meadows green.  
 Then quoth the ant: Content thee with thy chance,  
 For to thy song thou art now like to dance.

v

WHO looks may leap and save his shins from knocks.  
 Who tries, may trust, else flattering friends shall find.  
 He saves the steed that keeps him under locks.  
 Who speaks with heed may boldly speak his mind.  
 But he whose tongue before his wit doth run,  
 Oft speaks too soon, and grieves when he hath done.

vi

SING ye to our Lord a new song, His praise in the church of  
 saints.

Let Israel be joyful in Him that made him, and let the daugh-  
 ters of Sion rejoice in their King.

*Psalm cxlix. 1-2*

vii

I HAVE been young, but now am old, yet did I never see the  
 righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.

*Psalm xxxvii. 25*

viii

IN crystal towers and turrets richly set  
 With glittering gems that shine against the sun,  
 In regal rooms of jasper and of jet  
 Content of mind not always likes to woon.  
 But often times it pleaseth her to stay  
 In simple cotes enclosed with walls of clay.

ix

THIS sweet and merry month of May,  
 While Nature wantons in her prime,  
 And birds do sing, and beasts do play  
 For pleasure of the joyful time,  
 I choose the first for holiday,  
 And greet Eliza with a rhyme :  
 O beauteous Queen of second Troy,  
 Take well in worth a simple toy.

*Attributed to Thomas Watson*

x

LET not the sluggish sleep  
 Close up thy waking eye,  
 Until with judgement deep  
 Thy daily deeds thou try.

He that one sin in conscience keeps,  
 When he to quiet goes,  
 More venturous is than he that sleeps  
 With twenty mortal foes.

*xi*

A FEIGNED friend by proof I find  
 To be a greater foe  
 Than he that with a spiteful mind  
 Doth seek my overthrow ;  
 For of the one I can beware,  
 With craft the other breeds my care.

Such men are like the hidden rocks  
 Which in the seas do lie,  
 Against the which each ship that knocks  
 Is drowned suddenly.  
 No greater fraud, nor more unjust,  
 Than false deceit hid under trust.

*xii*

AWAKE, mine eyes, see Phoebus bright arising,  
 And lesser lights to shades obscure descending.  
 Glad Philomel sits, tunes of joy devising,  
 Whilst in sweet notes  
 From warbling throats  
 The sylvan choir  
 With like desire  
 To her are echoes sending.

*xiii*

COME, jolly swains, come, let us sit around,  
 And with blithe carols sullen cares confound.  
 The shepherd's life  
 Is void of strife.  
 No worldly treasures  
 Distastes our pleasures ;  
 With free consenting  
 Our minds contenting,  
 We smiling laugh, while others sigh repenting.



*xiv*

WHAT is life or worldly pleasure ?  
 Seeming shadows quickly sliding.  
 What is wealth or golden treasure ?  
 Borrowed fortune never biding.  
 What is grace or princes' smiling ?  
 Hoped honour, time beguiling.

What are all in one combined, which divided so displease ?  
 Apish toys and vain delights, mind's unrest and soul's disease.

*xv Fantazia for strings alone**xvi*

COME let us rejoice unto the Lord ; let us make joy unto God  
 our Saviour.

Let us approach to his presence in confession, and in psalms  
 let us make joy to him. *Psalms xc. 1-2*

*xvii*

RETIRE, my soul, consider thine estate,  
 And justly sum thy lavish sins' account ;  
 Time's dear expense, and costly pleasures rate,  
 How follies grow, how vanities amount.  
 Write all these down in pale Death's reckoning tables,  
 Thy days will seem but dreams, thy hopes but fables.

*xviii*

ARISE, Lord, into thy rest, thou and the Ark of thy sancti-  
 fication.

Let the Priests be clothed with justice, and let the Saints  
 rejoice. *Psalms cxxxii. 8-9*

*xix*

COME, woeful Orpheus, with thy charming lyre,  
 And tune my voice unto thy skilful wire ;  
 Some strange chromatic notes do you devise,  
 That best with mournful accents sympathise ;  
 Of sourest sharps and uncouth flats make choice,  
 And I'll thereto compassionate my voice.

*xx-xxi*

SING we merrily unto God our Strength, make a cheerful  
 noise unto the God of Jacob.

Take the shawm, bring hither the tabret, the merry harp  
 with the lute.

Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, even in the time appointed, and upon our solemn feast-day.

For this was made a statute for Israel and a law of the God of Jacob.

*Psalm lxxxix. 1-4*

*xxii*

CROWNED with flowers I saw fair Amaryllis  
 By Thyrsis sit, hard by a fount of crystal,  
 And with her hand, more white than snow or lilies,  
 On sand she wrote 'My faith shall be immortal'.  
 And suddenly a storm of wind and weather  
 Blew all her faith and sand away together.

*xxiii*

WEDDED to Will is Witless,  
 And seldom he is skilful  
 That bears the name of wise and yet is wilful.  
 To govern he is fitless  
 That deals not by election,  
 But by his fond affection.  
 O that it might be treason  
 For men to rule by Will and not by Reason.

*xxiv*

MAKE ye joy to God, all the earth, serve ye our Lord in gladness. Enter ye in before his sight in jollity.

Know ye that our Lord he is God, He made us and not we ourselves.

*Psalm c. 1-2*

*xxv*

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness, and according to the multitude of thy mercies wipe away mine offences.

Wash me clean from my wickedness, and purge me from my sins. Amen.

*Psalm li. 1-2*

*xxvi*

*Fantazia for strings alone*

*xxvii*

*A Carroll for Christmas Day*

THIS day Christ was born.  
 This day our Saviour did appear.  
 This day the Angels sing in earth,  
 The Archangels are glad.  
 This day the just rejoice, saying:  
 Glory be to God on high. Alleluia.

*xxviii**A Carroll for New-yeares day*

O GOD, that guides the cheerful sun  
 By motions strange the year to frame,  
 Which, now returned whence it begun,  
 From heaven extols thy glorious name ;  
 This New Year's season sanctify  
 With double blessings of thy store,  
 That graces new may multiply,  
 And former follies reign no more.  
 So shall our hearts with heaven agree,  
 And both give laud and praise to thee.

Th'old year by course is past and gone,  
 Old Adam, Lord, from us expel ;  
 New creatures make us every one,  
 New life becomes the New Year well ;  
 As new-born babes from malice keep ;  
 New wedding garments, Christ, we crave,  
 That we thy face in heaven may see,  
 With angels bright our souls to save.  
 So shall our hearts with heaven agree,  
 And both give laud and praise to thee.

*xxix*

PRAISE our Lord, all ye Gentiles, praise him, all ye people ;  
 Because his mercy is confirmed upon us, and his truth remaineth for ever. Amen.

*Psalms cxvii**xxx*

TURN our captivity, O Lord, as a brook in the south.  
 They that sow in tears shall reap in joyfulness.  
 Going they went, and wept, casting their seeds ; but coming  
 they shall come with jollity, carrying their sheaves with them.

*Psalms cxxvi. 5-7**xxxi*

AH, silly soul, how are thy thoughts confounded  
 Betwixt two loves that far unlikely are.  
 Lust's love is blind, and by no reason bounded,  
 Heaven's love is clear and fair beyond compare.  
 No wonder though this love light not thy mind,  
 Whilst looking through false love thine eyes are blind.

. xxxii

HOW vain the toils that mortal men do take  
 To hoard up gold, that time doth turn to dross,  
 Forgetting him, who only for their sake  
 His precious blood did shed upon the Cross,  
 And taught us all in heaven to hoard our treasure,  
 Where true increase doth grow above all measure.



## RICHARD CARLTON

*Madrigals To Five voyces. 1601.**i*

THE love of change hath changed the world throughout ;  
 And what is counted good but that is strange ?  
 New things wax old, old new, all turns about,  
 And all things change except the love of change.  
 Yet find I not that love of change in me,  
 But as I am so will I always be.

*ii*

CONTENT thyself with thy estate ;  
 Seek not to climb above the skies ;  
 For often love is mixed with hate,  
 And 'twixt the flowers the serpent lies.  
 Where fortune sends her greatest joys,  
 There, once possessed, they are but toys.

What thing can earthly pleasure give  
 That breeds delight when it is past ?  
 Or who so quietly doth live  
 But storms of cares do drown at last ?  
 This is the love of worldly hire,  
 The more we have, the more desire.

Wherefore I hold him best at ease  
 That lives content with his estate,  
 And doth not sail in worldly seas  
 Where *mine* and *thine* do breed debate.  
 This noble mind even in a clown  
 Is more than to possess a crown.

*iii*

THE self-same things that gives me cause to die  
 Is only means for which I life desire ;  
 The self-same cold by which as dead I lie,  
 Is only means to kindle greater fire ;  
 The less I feel myself in hope to speed,  
 The more desire this want of hope doth breed.

*iv-v*

WHEN Flora fair the pleasant tidings bringeth  
 Of Summer sweet with herbs and flowers adorned,  
 The nightingale upon the hawthorn singeth,  
 And Boreas' blasts the birds and beasts have scorned.  
 When fresh Aurora with her colours painted,  
 Mingled with spears of gold, the sun appearing,  
 Delights the hearts that are with love acquainted,  
 And maying maids have then their time of cheering.  
 All creatures then with Summer are delighted,  
 The beasts, the birds, the fish with scale of silver ;  
 Then stately dames by lovers are invited  
 To walk in meads, or row upon the river.  
 I all alone am from these joys exiled ;  
 No Summer grows where love yet never smiled.

*vi-vii*

FROM stately tower King David sat beholding  
 Fair Bathshebe, who in a fountain, naked,  
 Her golden locks against the sun unfolding,  
 In crystal waves the same did wash and shaken.  
 Not Cynthia pale, though she be clad in lilies,  
 Nor whitest snow that lies upon the mountain,  
 Nor Venus bright, nor dainty Amaryllis,  
 Did show more fair than she did in the fountain.  
 With her sweet locks this king was so inflamed,  
 That he to wed this lady most desired,  
 By whose great might the matter so was framed,  
 That he possessed her beauty most admired.  
 Yet afterward that he to love consented  
 Ten thousand tears he wept when he repented.

*viii*

LIKE as the gentle heart itself bewrays  
 In doing gentle deeds with frank delight,  
 Even so the baser mind itself displays  
 In cankered malice and revengeful spite.

*ix-x*

NOUGHT under heaven so strongly doth allure  
 The sense of man, and all his mind possess,  
 As beauty's lovely bait that doth procure  
 Great warriors oft their rigour to repress.  
 And mighty hands forget their manliness  
 Drawn with the power of an heart-robbing eye,  
 And wrapped in fetters of a golden tress,  
 That can with melting pleasance mollify  
 Their hardened hearts, inured to blood and cruelty.

So whilom learned that mighty Jewish swain,  
 Each of whose locks did match a man of might,  
 To lay his spoils before his leman's train.  
 So also did that great Oëtean knight  
 For his love's sake his lion's skin undight.  
 And so did warlike Antony neglect  
 The world's whole rule for Cleopatra's sight.  
 Such wondrous power hath women's fair aspect  
 To captive men, and make them all the world reject.  
*Edmund Spenser*

*xi-xii*

*An Elegie in memoriall of the death of that honorable Knight  
 sir John Shelton*

SOUND saddest notes with rueful moaning ;  
 Tune every strain with tears and weeping ;  
 Conclude each close with sighs and groaning ;  
 Sing, but your song no music keeping  
 Save direful sound of dismal word :  
 Shelton is slain with fatal sword.

Let every sharp in sharp tune figure  
 The too sharp death he hath endured ;  
 Let every flat show flat the rigour  
 Of Fortune's spite to all inured.  
 And in his death and fortune tell  
 That neither Death nor Fates did well.

Say Death hath lost, by him devouring,  
 The chief of all his kingdom's glory.  
 Say Fortune, by her sudden lowering,  
 Hath hid her honour in Death's story.  
 Yet say, for all that they can do,  
 He lives where neither have to do.

He lives, although his loss lamented  
 Of prince and country (to both precious).  
 He lives, whose honour is imprinted  
 In Virtue's roll (foe to the vicious).  
 He lives at rest in heaven's high throne,  
 Whom here on earth his friends bemoan.

*xiii*

IF women can be courteous when they list,  
 And, when they list, disdainful and unkind ;  
 If they can bear affection in their fist,  
 And sell their love as they the market find,  
 'Twere not amiss, while Smithfield Fair doth hold,  
 That jades and drabs together all were sold.

*xiv*

NOUGHT is on earth more sacred and divine,  
 That gods and men do equally adore,  
 Than this same virtue that doth right define ;  
 For the heavens themselves, whence mortal men implore  
 Right in their wrongs, are ruled by righteous lore  
 Of highest Jove, who doth true justice deal  
 To his inferior gods, and evermore  
 Therewith contains his heavenly commonweal,  
 The skill whereof to princes' hearts he doth reveal.

*Edmund Spenser**xv*

YE gentle ladies, in whose sovereign power  
 Love hath the glory of his kingdom left,  
 And the hearts of men as your eternal dower,  
 In iron chains of liberty bereft,  
 Delivered hath into your hands by gift ;  
 Be well aware how you the same do use,  
 That pride do not to tyranny you lift ;  
 Lest if men you of cruelty accuse,  
 He from you take that chiefdom which you do abuse.

*Edmund Spenser*

*xvi*

THE witless Boy, that blind is to behold,  
 Yet blinded sees what in our fancy lies,  
 With smiling looks and hairs of curled gold  
 Hath oft entrapped and oft deceived the wise.  
 No wit can serve his fancy to remove,  
 For finest wits are soonest thrall'd to love.

*xvii*

WHO seeks to captivate the freest minds  
 By prayers, sighs, deep oaths, by vows and tears,  
 Showing affection in the truest kinds,  
 Swearing to free their loves from any fears,  
 Yet under show of these have them beguiled,  
 Let such be far from God and man exiled.

*xviii*

WHO vows devotion to fair beauty's shrine,  
 And leads a lover's life in pilgrimage ;  
 Or, that his constant faith may brighter shine,  
 Dwells days and nights in fancy's hermitage,  
 Shall find his truth's reward but loss of labour,  
 Although he merit never so much favour.

*xix*

THE heathen gods for love forsook their state,  
 And changed themselves to shape of earthly kind.  
 But my desire is of another rate,  
 That into heavenly grace transforms my mind.  
 Their often change by new desire  
 Declared they loved not what was best,  
 For they that to the best aspire  
 Do never change in hope of rest.

*xx*

O VAIN desire, wherewith the world bewitches  
 To covet still for more, the more is gotten ;  
 Sith when we die, we leave behind our riches,  
 And all we reap is but to be forgotten.  
 The virtuous life is only that which lasteth,  
 And all the rest with Time or Fortune blasteth.

*xxi*

E'EN as the flowers do wither  
 That maidens fair do gather,  
 So doth their beauty blazing,  
 Whereon there is such gazing.



As day is dimmed with night,  
 So age doth vade the red and white ;  
 And death consumes e'en in an hour  
 The virgin's weed, that dainty flower.

And unto them it may be told,  
 Who clothe most rich in silk and gold,  
 Ye dames, for all your pride and mirth  
 Your beauty shall be turned to earth.



## MICHAEL EAST

*Madrigales To 3. 4. and 5. parts : apt for Viols and voices. 1604.*

*i*

O COME again, my lovely jewel,  
 That we may kindly kiss and play,  
 And sweetly pass the time away ;  
 O go not, sweet, you are too cruel. -  
 What now, ye run away disdainig,  
 And leave me here alone complaining ?

*ii-iii*

IN the merry month of May,  
 In a morn by break of day,  
 Forth I walked by the woodside,  
 Whenas May was in her pride.  
 There I spied all alone  
 Phillida and Corydon.  
 Much ado there was, God wot,  
 He would love and she would not.  
 She said, never man was true.  
 He said, none was false to you.  
 He said, he had loved her long.  
 She said, love should have no wrong.  
 Corydon would kiss her then ;  
 She said, maids must kiss no men  
 Till they did for good and all.  
 Then she made the shepherd call  
 All the heavens to witness truth,  
 Never loved a truer youth.

Thus with many a pretty oath,  
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth,  
 Such as seely shepherds use,  
 When they will not love abuse,  
 Love which had been long deluded  
 Was with kisses sweet concluded.  
 And Phillida with garlands gay  
 Was made the Lady of the May.

*Nicholas Breton*

*iv*

YOUNG Cupid hath proclaimed a bloody war,  
 And vows revenge on all the maiden crew.  
 O yield, fair Cloris, lest in that foul jar  
 Thine after-penance make thy folly rue.  
 And yet I fear her wondrous beauty 's such,  
 A thousand Cupids dare not Cloris touch.

*v*

TO bed, to bed, she calls, and never ceaseth ;  
 Which words do pierce and grieve my heart full sore.  
 To bed, to bed, I say ; my pain increaseth,  
 Yet I'll to bed and trouble you no more.  
 Good-night, sweet heart, to bed I must be gone,  
 And being there I'll muse on thee alone.

*vi*

O DO not run away from me, my jewel.  
 Thou hast cast me to the ground, unkind and cruel.  
 Wilt thou away ? Then well I may repent the day I loved,  
 Since all so suddenly I feel thy love from me removed.

*vii*

IN an evening late as I was walking,  
 I saw fair Phillida where she was talking  
 With Corydon her love, who stood all sadly,  
 And ever he sighed but looked full badly.

*viii*

ALAS, must I run away from her that loves me,  
 And running curse the causers of my flight ?  
 Yet Wisdom saith it now behoves me  
 To depart from my heart and yield unto their spite.

*ix*

O STAY, fair cruel, do not still torment me  
 With frowns, disgraces, and disdainful deeds,  
 When every eye with pity doth lament me  
 That views my face and my misfortune reads.  
 O be not so hard-hearted still,  
 Your glory 's greater for to spare than to spill.

*x*

MY Hope a counsel with my Love  
 Hath long desired to be,  
 And marvels much so dear a friend  
 Is not retained by me.  
 She doth condemn my foolish haste  
 In passing the estate  
 Of my whole life into your hands  
 Who nought pays for't but hate.  
 And not sufficed with this, she says,  
 I did release the right  
 Of my enjoyed liberties  
 Unto your beauteous sight.

*xi*

PITY, dear love, my pity-moving words,  
 Fetched from the depth of grief and sad lament,  
 Whose thoughts before they speak no hope affords,  
 Saving that thus you know my discontent.

*xii*

MOPSIE, leave off to love, thy hopes are vain.  
 I have another that doth much excel thee,  
 Whose meanest graces thy perfections stain.  
 Yet Love himself to love cannot compel me.  
 Yet she is modest, virtuous, wise and chaste,  
 Of all which parts no little part thou hast.

*xiii*

SWEET love, I err, and do my error know.  
 As he that burns and nourisheth the fire,  
 My grief doth wax, and reason less doth grow ;  
 Yet want I power to bridle my desire.  
 Content is dead ; my joys are all distressed.  
 Ay, thus it is to be with love oppressed.

*xiv*

IN vain, my tongue, thou beggest to ease my care ;  
 In vain, mine eyes, you gaze and look for aid ;  
 In vain, mine ears, you listen after air ;  
 In vain, my thoughts, you think what hath been said.  
 In vain my faith serves where 'tis not regarded ;  
 In vain my hope when truth is not rewarded.

*xv*

WHEN on my dear I do demand the due  
 That to affection and firm faith belongeth ;  
 A friend to me, she saith, she will be true ;  
 And with this answer still my joys prolongeth.  
 But, dear, tell me what friendship is in this,  
 Thus for to wrong me and delay my bliss ?

*xvi*

JOY of my life, that hath my love in hold,  
 Vouchsafe to read these lines my heart doth send ;  
 And having read, some pity, dear, unfold  
 To these sad abstracts drawing to their end.  
 Let those sweet eyes that stellafy the light  
 Show equal power and dayify my night.

*xvii*

ALL ye that joy in wailing,  
 Come, seat yourselves a-row and weep besides me,  
 That, while my life is failing,  
 The world may see in love what ill betides me.  
 And after death do this in my behove,  
 Tell Cressid Troilus is dead for love.

*xviii-xix*

MY prime of youth is but a frost of cares ;  
 My feast of joy is but a dish of pain ;  
 My crop of corn is but a field of tares ;  
 And all my good is but vain hope of gain.  
 The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun ;  
 And now I live, and now my life is done.  
 The Spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung ;  
 The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves be green ;  
 My youth is gone, and yet I am but young ;  
 I saw the world, and yet I was not seen.  
 My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun ;  
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

*Chidiock Tichborne*

xx

FAIR is my love, my dear and only jewel ;  
 Mild are her looks, but yet her heart is cruel.  
 O that her heart were, as her looks are, mild ;  
 Then should I not from comfort be exiled.

xxi-xxii

SLY thief, if so you will believe  
 It nought or little did me grieve  
 That my true heart you had bereft  
 Till that unkindly you it left.  
 Leaving, you lose ; losing, you kill  
 That which I may forgo so ill.

What thing more cruel can you do  
 Than rob a man, and kill him too ?  
 Wherefore of Love I ask this meed—  
 To bring you where you did this deed,  
 That there you may for your amisses  
 Be damaged in a thousand kisses.

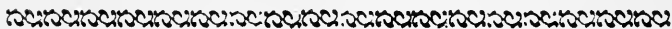
xxiii

YE restless cares, companions of the night,  
 That wrap my joys in folds of endless woes,  
 Tire on my heart, and wound it with your spite,  
 Since Love and Fortune proves my equal foes.  
 Farewell, my hopes, farewell my happy days,  
 Welcome, sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

*Robert Greene*

xxiv

YOU mournful gods and goddesses, defend  
 And aid my soul with sadness, and my sprite.  
 Sadness is fittest now for me to intend ;  
 Let heaviness and grief be my delight,  
 And pensive sorrow always in my sight.  
 I pray thee stand, and help me sing lamenting,  
 The powers divine to it are all assenting.



*The Second set of Madrigales to 3. 4. and 5. parts : apt for Viols  
and voices. 1606.*

*i*

I DO not love my Phyllis for her beauty,  
Yet it is such as praise of all it gaineth ;  
It is her love that stole my heart from me.  
Sweet is the cause of love that still remaineth.

*ii*

SEE Amaryllis shamed  
When Phyllis is but named,  
Who, though her heart be now untamed,  
Her like on earth was never framed.

*iii*

WHY smilest thou, sweet jewel,  
And art so full of gladness,  
When thou, to me most cruel,  
Dost cause me pine in sadness ?  
But since you joy to see me thus tormented,  
Even for thy love I am with grief contented.

*iv*

HOW merrily we live that shepherds be ;  
Still roundelays we sing with merry glee  
On pleasant downs whereas our flocks we see.  
We feel no cares, we fear not Fortune's frowns,  
We have no envy which sweet mirth confounds.

*v*

FOLLOW me, sweet love and soul's delight,  
Or else by my exile my soul is severed quite.  
My hand, my heart, my faith, my love, my life is thine.  
O save thine own, if thou wilt not do mine.

*vi*

ROUND about I follow thee,  
Yet thou fliest still from me,  
My jewel.  
O my sweet heart now return,  
Or else in flames of love I burn.  
Most cruel !  
Cease my grief by turning unto me,  
So shalt thou ease me of my misery.

*vii-viii*

IN dolorous complaining  
 I sat with tears bedewed  
 To see her deep disdain,ing,  
 Whom I with love pursued ;  
 And though I found no comfort of obtaining,  
 But my love still remaining.  
 Since tears could not obtain  
 Of her some small compassion,  
 Despair bid me refrain  
 Sad tears and lamentation ;  
 And though I still did see her deep disdain,ing,  
 But my love still remaining.

*ix-x*

WHY runs away my love from me, disdain,ing,  
 And too too cruel leaves me here complain,ing ?  
 Yet O ne'er think by flight me to remove,  
 Men are not where they live, but where they love.  
 Why do you seek by flight me to eschew,  
 Whom to yourself you with your beauty drew ?  
 If I did seek your love by subtle feign,ing,  
 Then might you run away from me disdain,ing.

*xi*

FAREWELL, false love, for so I find ;  
 Farewell, my hope mistaken ;  
 Farewell, the friend that proves unkind ;  
 Farewell, I end forsaken.

*xii*

SO much to give, and be so small regard,ed,  
 Is fault in you or folly great in me.  
 And when the richest gifts are not reward,ed,  
 What then for meaner can expect,ed be ?

*xiii-xiv*

SOUND out, my voice, with pleasant tunes record,ing  
 The new delight that love to me inspir,eth,  
 Pleased and content with that my mind desir,eth,  
 Thank,ed be love so heavenly joys afford,ing.  
 She that my plaints with rigour long reject,ed,  
 Bind,ing my heart with those her golden tress,es,  
 In recomp,ense of all my long distress,es  
 Said with a sigh : Thy grief hath me infect,ed.

*xv*

*The words are the same as those of No. iii in this Set*

*xvi*

DEAR, why do you joy and take such pleasure,  
 And still delight to see me lie and languish ?  
 O pity me, my joy and only treasure,  
 And cure my grief and bitter anguish.  
 And now at last regard me,  
 And with thy love for my true love reward me.

*xvii-xviii*

NOW Cloris laughs and swears how she affects me ;  
 And now she weeps, and even now rejects me.  
 By sad experience now at length I find  
 Women can weep and laugh both with a wind.  
 Forsaken Thyrsis, sighing, sings : Alas,  
 Unconstant Cloris is not as she was.  
 Their fading face shows their unconstant mind.  
 Women can weep and laugh both with a wind.

*xix*

I FALL, and then I rise again aloft ;  
 I sing and sigh, and all within a stound ;  
 I sleep on stones although my bed be soft ;  
 I climb full high, then tumble to the ground.  
 Thus my poor heart with Cupid's dart sore wounded  
 Doth tire itself, and thus sweet love is founded.

*xx*

WHAT doth my pretty darling ?  
 What doth my song and chanting  
 That they sing not of her the praise and vaunting ?  
 To her I give my violets,  
 And garlands sweetly smelling  
 For to crown her sweet locks, pure gold excelling.

*xxi*

HENCE stars ! too dim of light,  
 You dazzle but the sight,  
 You teach to grope by night.  
 See here the shepherds' star,  
 Excelling you so far.



Then Phoebus wiped his eyes,  
 And Zephyr cleared the skies;  
 In sweet accented cries  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.

*xxii*

O METAPHYSICAL tobacco,  
 Fetched as far as from Morocco,  
 Thy searching fume  
 Exhales the rheum,  
 O metaphysical tobacco.



*The Third Set Of Bookes : Wherein are Pastorals, Anthemes, Neopolitanes, Fancies, and Madrigales, to 5. and 6. parts : Apt both for Viols and Voyces. 1610.*

*i-iii*

SWEET Muses, nymphs, and shepherds sporting,  
 Sound your shrillest notes of joy consorting.

Fauns and satyrs, and thou, Echo,  
 Sing after me : Ta na na no.

Now join we altogether  
 To welcome Sylvia hither,

And sweetly sing : Ta na na no.

Ay me ! wherefore sighs fair Sylvia ?  
 Alas, for her Syrenio.

But why Rodanthe fairest ?

For her sweet Sylvio dearest.

Ay me, Echo, sweetly sing,  
 Nymphs and swains ' ay me ' reporting.

My peace and my pleasure,  
 Love and chiefest treasure,  
 Lady, thou goddess Pallas,  
 And all thy satyrs,

Sweet Muses, nymphs, and shepherds sporting,  
 Sound your shrillest notes of joy consorting.

Fauns and satyrs, and thou, Echo,  
 Sing after me : Ta na na no.

Now join we altogether  
 To welcome Sylvia hither,

And sweetly sing : Ta na na no.

*iv-v*

WHEN Israel came out of Egypt ; and the house of Jacob from among the strange children.

Judah was his sanctuary, and Israel his dominion.

The sea saw that, and fled ; Jordan was driven back.

The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like young sheep.

What aileth thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest, and thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back ?

Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams, and ye little hills like young sheep ?

Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob. *Psalm cxiv. 1-7*

*vi*

COME life, come death, I care not,

If I may only see my lovely fere.

But further, ah, I dare not !

When she but spies me,

She flies me,

She fools me,

She cools my desire.

*vii-xiv*

*These numbers are 'Fancies' for Instruments alone*

*xv*

POOR is the life that misses

The lover's greatest treasure,

Innumerable kisses,

Which end in endless pleasure.

O, then, if this be so

Shall I a virgin die ? Fie no !

*xvi-xvii*

TURN thy face from my wickedness, O Lord, and put out all my misdeeds.

Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy spirit from me.

O give me the comfort of thy help again, and stablish me with thy free spirit.

Then shall I teach thy ways unto the wicked, and sinners shall be converted unto the Lord. *Psalm li. 9-13*

*xviii*

DAINTY white pearl, and you fresh-smiling roses,  
 The nectar sweet distilling,  
 Oh, why are you unwilling  
 Of my sighs inly firing ?  
 Ah yet my soul herself in them discloses,  
 Some relief thence desiring.

*xix*

SAY, dear, when will your frowning leave,  
 Which doth my heart of joy bereave ?  
 To sing and play becomes you better,  
 Such pleasures makes my heart your debtor ;  
 But if you frown you wound my heart,  
 And kill my soul with double smart.

*xx*

LO, here I leave my heart in keeping  
 With her that laughs to see me weeping.  
 What comfort or what treasure  
 Is life with her displeasure ?  
 Break, heart, and die, that she which still doth pain me  
 May live the more content, when grief hath slain me.

*xxi*

LIFE, tell me, what 's the cause of each man's dying ?  
 Careful grief mixed with crying.  
 No no, heart stay thee,  
 Let no such thought or care of mind dismay thee.  
 Life, tell me how grief killeth, or how it woundeth ?  
 When it so sore aboundeth.  
 Sweet heart, content thee,  
 Thy cares are so great I can but lament thee.

*xxii*

NOW must I part, my darling,  
 Of life and soul deceased.  
 And love therewith is pleased.  
 O, what a death is parting !  
 But if the fates ordain it  
 Who can now refrain it ?  
 O what grief is lacking,  
 Yet needs I must be packing.  
 Farewell, sweet heart unfeigned,  
 I die, to part constrained.

*The Fourth Set Of Bookes, Wherein Are Anthemes for Versus and Chorus, Madrigals, and Songs of other kindes, to 4. 5. and 6. Parts: Apt for Viols and Voyces. 1619.*

*i*

THYRSIS, sleepest thou? Holla! Let not sorrow stay us.  
Hold up thy head, man, said the gentle Meliboeus.  
See Summer comes again, the country's pride adorning,  
Hark how the cuckoo singeth this fair April morning.  
O, said the shepherd, and sighed as one all undone,  
Let me alone alas, and drive him back to London.

*ii*

I DID woo her with my looks,  
Courting verses, and with books.  
Yet found I not myself neglected  
Till I saw my books rejected.

*iii*

WHY are our summer sports so brittle?  
The leaves already fall,  
The meads are drowned all;  
Alas, that Summer lasts so little.  
No pleasure could be tasted  
If flowery Summer always lasted.

*iv*

DEAR love, be not unkind to thy beloved,  
Who lies a-dying,  
In mournful crying.  
With a kiss revive me, O be thou moved.

*v*

WHENAS I glance on my sweet lovely Phyllis,  
Whose cheeks are decked with roses, pinks and lilies,  
I me complained that she me nought regarded,  
And that my love with envy was rewarded.  
Then wantonly she smileth,  
And grief from me exileth.

*vi*

YOUR shining eyes and golden hair,  
Your lily-rosed lips most fair,  
Your other beauties that excel,  
Men cannot choose but like them well.  
But when for them they say they'll die,  
Believe them not, they do but lie.

*vii*

WHEN I lament my light o' love, she smileth ;  
 Yet I must love, though she my love disdaineth.  
 For such is love, and so the heart beguileth,  
 That 'tis most sweet when most the heart it paineth.

*viii*

FAREWELL, sweet woods and mountains,  
 Green boughs and silver fountains,  
 Roses and cherries,  
 Grapes and strawberries,  
 Nymphs and shepherdesses,  
 Your garlands and your tresses,  
 Farewell, for Winter now returning  
 Turns all your sweets to black sad mourning.

*ix*

TO hear men sing I care not,  
 By them I fear no leasing.  
 Hear women sing I dare not,  
 Their voices are so pleasing.  
 For she that better singeth,  
 The greater danger bringeth.

*x-xi*

O CLAP your hands together, all ye people, O sing unto God with the voice of melody.

For the Lord is high and to be feared ; He is the greatest King upon all the earth.

He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet.

He shall choose out an heritage for us, even the worship of Jacob whom he loved.

God is gone up with a merry noise, and the Lord with the sound of the trumpet.

O sing praises, sing praises unto our God : O sing praises, sing praises unto our King.

For God is the King of all the earth. Sing praises with understanding. Amen.

*Psalm xlvii. 1-7*

*xii-xiii*

I HEARD three virgins sweetly singing,  
 And for the Muses them reputed,  
 Such sweetness from their lips was springing ;  
 But straight their number that confuted.  
 Then looking better on their faces,  
 I found they were the lovely Graces.

What heart such doubled force resisteth,  
 Or to be won by them refuses,  
 In whom such excellence consisteth,  
 For beauty, Graces, singing, Muses ?  
 Where Music looks and Beauty soundeth,  
 What heart so stony but it woundeth ?

*xiv*

FAIR Daphne, gentle shepherdess, sat weeping  
 Good Thyrsis' loss. The swains their flocks left keeping,  
 Attending all on Daphne's mournful lays,  
 Whose ditties were her griefs and Thyrsis' praise.

Thus she sat singing,  
 Her poor hands wringing :  
 Ah, Death hath slain  
 The gentlest swain.  
 Thyrsis is dead,  
 And wrapped in lead.  
 O heavy hearse,  
 O mournful verse.

*xv*

O LORD, of whom I do depend,  
 Behold my careful heart.  
 And when thy will and pleasure is,  
 Release me of my smart.

*xvi*

COME, shepherd swains, and on this cypress tree  
 Hang all your pipes.  
 Sing not a note of mirth, but sigh with me :  
 Adieu delights !  
 For she is dead, who while she lived was such  
 As in her praises none could sing too much.  
 But now her body lies full low,  
 The more her joy, the more our woe.

*xvii-xviii*

*A song made upon the Mariage of the Right worshipfull,  
 and my very good friend Edward Oldisworth of Lincolnes Inne  
 Esquire.*

BE nimble, quick, away !  
 Bells are ringing,  
 Maids are singing,  
 The priest for you doth stay.

An holiday, a happy day, a merry day !  
 The first of something,  
 The last of nothing.  
 Be nimble, quick, away !

No haste but good, yet stay !  
 A while of free  
 I bound must be,  
 But bound to him that 's bound to me ;  
 Such bondage makes me free.  
 An holiday, a happy day, a merry day !  
 The first of something,  
 The last of nothing.  
 With joy I come away !

*xix*

FLY away, Care, for Venus goes a-maying.  
 So, by her happy aid, together playing  
 We here may sweetly kiss, and fear no fraying.

*xx*

WHEN David heard that Absalom was slain he went up to his chamber over the gate and wept ; and thus he said : O my son Absalom, my son, my son ! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son !

2 Samuel xviii. 33

*xxi-xxii*

HASTE thee, O God, to deliver me ; make haste to help me, O Lord.

Let them be ashamed and confounded that seek after my soul ; let them be turned backward and put to confusion that wish me evil.

Let them for their reward be soon brought to shame that cry over me : There, there.

But let all those that seek thee be joyful and glad in thee ; and let such as delight in thy salvation say alway : The Lord be praised.

As for me I am poor and in misery ; make haste to help me, O Lord.

Thou art my helper and redeemer. O Lord, make no long tarrying. Amen.

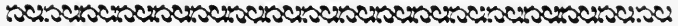
*Psalm lxx*

xxiii

WEEP not, dear love, but joy, I am a-dying.  
 O cease this crying.  
 For tears and sighs and moaning  
 No ways can help ; but Death will end my groaning.

xxiv

*The words are the same as those of No. 6*



*The Sixt Set of Bookes, Wherein are Anthemes for Versus and Chorus, of 5. and 6. Parts ; apt for Violls and Voyces. 1624.*

YOU meaner beauties of the night  
 That poorly satisfy our eyes  
 More by your number than your light ;  
 You common people of the skies,  
 What are you when the moon doth rise ?

You violets, which first appear  
 By those your purple mantles known,  
 Much like proud virgins of the year,  
 As if the Spring were all your own ;  
 What are you when the rose is blown ?

You wandering chanters of the wood  
 Who fill the ears with Nature's lays  
 Thinking your passions understood  
 By weaker accents ; what 's your praise  
 When Philomel her voice doth raise ?

So when my Princess shall be seen  
 In sweetness of her looks and mind  
 By virtue first, then choice a Queen ;  
 O tell if she were not designed  
 The eclipse and glory of her kind ?

*Sir Henry Wotton*







# JOHN FARMER

*The First Set Of English Madrigals: To Foure Voices. 1599.*

*i*

YOU pretty flowers, that smile for Summer's sake,  
Pull in your heads before my watery eyes  
Do turn the meadows to a standing lake,  
By whose untimely floods your glory dies.  
For lo, my heart resolved to moistening air,  
Feeding mine eyes, which doubles tear for tear.

*Henry Constable*

*ii*

NOW each creature joys the other,  
Passing happy days and hours ;  
One bird reports unto another  
By the fall of silver showers ;  
Whilst the earth, our common mother,  
Hath her bosom decked with flowers.

*Samuel Daniel*

*iii*

YOU'LL never leave still tossing to and fro,  
Till at the last you catch a fall ;  
For wavering minds doth always harbour woe,  
Losing true friendship, love and all.  
Be constant then, and thou shalt find it best  
To scorn the world in hope to live at rest.

*iv-v*

LADY, my flame still burning and my consuming anguish  
Doth grow so great that life I feel to languish.

O let your heart be moved

To end your grief and mine, so long time proved ;  
And quench the heat that my chief part so fireth,  
Yielding the fruit that faithful love requireth.

Sweet lord, your flame still burning and your continual anguish  
Cannot be more than mine in which I languish.

Nor more my heart is moved

To end my grief and yours, so long time proved.  
But if I yield, and so your flame decreaseth,  
I lose my life, and so our love then ceaseth.

*vi*

SOON as the hungry lion seeks his prey  
 In solitary range of pathless mountains ;  
 Soon as the passenger sets on his way ;  
 So soon as beasts resort unto the fountains ;  
 So soon mine eyes their office are discharging,  
 And I my griefs with greater griefs enlarging.

*B. Griffin**vii-viii*

O STAY, sweet love, see here the place of sporting.  
 These gentle flowers smiles sweetly to invite us,  
 And chirping birds are hitherwards resorting,  
 Warbling sweet notes only to delight us.  
 Then stay, dear love, for though thou run from me,  
 Run ne'er so fast, yet I will follow thee.

I thought, my love, that I should overtake you.  
 Sweet heart, sit down under this shadowed tree,  
 And I will promise never to forsake you,  
 So you will grant to me a lover's fee.  
 Whereat she smiled, and kindly to me said :  
 I never meant to live and die a maid.

*ix*

COMPARE me to the child that plays with fire,  
 Or to the fly that dieth in the flame,  
 Or to the foolish boy that did aspire  
 To touch the glory of high heaven's frame.  
 No man to these me fitly can compare ;  
 These live to die, I die to live in care.

*B. Griffin**x*

WHO would have thought that face of thine  
 Had been so full of doubleness ?  
 Or that within those crystal eyne  
 Had been so much unstableness ?  
 Thy face so fair, thy look so strange,  
 Who would have thought of such a change ?

*xi*

*For the love of his most dear friend, Edmund Keate*

SWEET friend, thy absence grieves my bleeding heart ;  
 Yet I do joy to hear of thy good health.  
 Ah, woe is me, that now I shall depart  
 From thee, more dear to me than Croesus' wealth.  
 But if on earth I may not see thy face,  
 I'll fly to heaven to seek thee in that place.

*xii*

THE flattering words, sharp glosses that men use  
 To trap poor silly women in their snares,  
 With feigned looks their gentle sex abuse,  
 Which yields nought else but grief and endless cares.  
 Sometimes they smile, and sometimes frown,  
 But never plead indeed,  
 Till time and place where they may watch  
 Their sorrows for to breed.

*xiii*

CEASE now thy mourning and thy sad lamenting,  
 For fair Aurora's lovely face doth light thee.  
 Thy mistress' heart is now upon relenting,  
 Vowing henceforth never more to spite thee.  
 Then harbour not those thoughts that still may grieve thee,  
 Since that thy mistress swears she will relieve thee.

*xiv*

A LITTLE pretty bonny lass was walking  
 In midst of May before the sun 'gan rise.  
 I took her by the hand and fell to talking  
 Of this and that, as best I could devise.  
 I swore I would, yet still she said I should not  
 Do what I would, and yet for all I could not.

*xv*

FAIR Phyllis I saw sitting all alone,  
 Feeding her flock near to the mountain side.  
 The shepherds knew not whither she was gone,  
 But after her lover Amyntas hied.  
 He wandered up and down, whilst she was missing.  
 O, when he found her, then they fell a-kissing.

*xvi*

TAKE time while Time doth last ;  
 Mark how Fair fadeth fast ;  
 Beware if Envy reign ;  
 Take heed of proud Disdain.  
 Hold fast now in thy youth ;  
 Regard thy vowed Truth ;  
 Lest when thou waxeth old  
 Friends fail and Love grow cold.

*xvii*

YOU blessed bowers, whose green leaves now are spreading,  
 Shadow the sunshine from my mistress' face.  
 And you, sweet roses, only for her bedding  
 When weary she doth take her resting-place,  
 You fair white lilies, and pretty flowers all,  
 Give your attendance at my mistress' call.



## G I L E S F A R N A B Y

*Canzonets To Fowre Voyces With a Song of eight parts. 1598.*

*i*

MY lady's coloured cheeks were like the roses,  
 Which clad in damask mantles spread the arbours.  
 But thrice more pleasant were her sweet supposes,  
 Proceeding from her lips where sweet love harbours.  
 For viewing those her cheeks and roses sprouting,  
 The judgement of the sweetest breeds a doubting.

*ii*

CARTERS now cast down your whips,  
 And shepherds put off your scrips,  
 Whilst that your sheep are grazing,  
 Behold the fair stars blazing ;  
 Ambrosia talking with Amaryllis,  
 And Corydon walking with fair Phyllis,  
 To set your eyes a gazing.

*iii*

PHILLIDA bewailed the want of Corydon ;  
 And Herpulus of Phillida complained ;  
 For Corinna often would she sigh and groan,  
 But Herpulus that loved her she disdained.  
 Poor Herpulus, why should not rigour move thee  
 To hate her thrice that once disdained to love thee ?

*iv*

DAPHNE on the rainbow riding  
 When all the gods were chiding,  
 Fell suddenly amazed,  
 Full ghastly then she gazed,  
 And presently the god of anger  
 Frowned, and in his fury down he flang her.

*v*

BLIND Love was shooting,  
 And loosing off his arrow  
 He killed his mother's sparrow.  
 And tracing forth his footing,  
 His mother Venus spied it,  
 Before the boy could hide it.

*vi*

PEARCE did love fair Petronel,  
 Because she sang and danced well,  
 And gallantly could prank it.  
 He pulled and he hauled her,  
 And oftentimes he called her  
 Primrose peerless, pricked in a blanket.

*vii*

PEARCE did dance with Petronella  
 La Siamise and La Duncella,  
 Pretty almains that were new ;  
 Such he danced and nothing true.  
 But when Parnel danced without him,  
 All the maids began to flout him.

*viii*

THE wavering planet most unstable,  
 Goddess of the waters flowing,  
 That bears a sway in each thing growing  
 And makes my lady variable.  
 Oft I seek to undermin her,  
 Yet I know not where to find her.

*ix*

LADY, the silly flea of all disdained  
 Because it hath complained,  
 I pity that poor creature,  
 Both black and small of stature.  
 Were I a flea in bed I would not bite you,  
 But search some other way for to delight you.

*x*

THRICE blessed be the giver  
 That gave sweet Love that golden quiver.  
 And live he long among the gods anointed  
 That made the arrow heads sharp pointed.  
 If either of them both had quailed,  
 She of my love, and I of hers had failed.

*xi*

THE curtain drawn, I saw my love lie sleeping ;  
 Thrice happy was that peeping.  
 For viewing her sweet lying  
 Preserves my life and keeps my soul from dying.  
 Of thousand joys her missing, I had missed all,  
 Whose sight revives me more than ruby, pearl, or crystal.

*xii*

SUSANNA fair, sometime of love requested  
 By two old men, whom her sweet looks allured,  
 Was in her heart full sad and sore molested,  
 Seeing the force her chastity endured.  
 To them she said : If I, by craft procured,  
 Do yield to you my body to abuse it,  
 I lose my soul ; and if I shall refuse it  
 You will me judge to death reproachfully.  
 But better 'tis in innocence to choose it,  
 Than by my fault to offend my God on high.

*xiii-xiv*

LOVE, shooting among many,  
 By chance he hit not any  
 Because the shaft rebounded  
 And Love himself was wounded.  
 When Psyche saw the dart had missed her,  
 She smiled and said that all the gods had blessed her,

Love, shooting at another,  
 He missed that mark and chanced to hit his mother ;  
 But as the lady fainted,  
 God Mars did start, and therewith was attainted.  
 When Vulcan saw the shot did fret him,  
 He cursed the boy and sware that he would beat him.

*xv*

AY me, poor heart !  
 Since Love hath played his part,  
 My senses all are lost,  
 My mind eke tossed,  
 Like waves that swell.  
 Sweet god of Love,  
 Thou dost excel !  
 Thy passions move  
 My mind to prove.  
 That turtle dove  
 She flies,  
 My love  
 She tries.  
 Help, gods that sit on high !  
 O, send me remedy.

*xvi*

SOMETIME she would, and sometime not ;  
 The more request, the more disdained.  
 Each woman hath her gift, God wot,  
 And ever had since Venus reigned.  
 Though Vulcan did to Venus yield,  
 I would have men to win the field.

*xvii*

AMONG the daffadillies  
 And fair white splendent lilies  
 The god of Love came creeping,  
 Where Dian's nymphs lay sleeping.  
 He bent his bow but missed his footing,  
 And loosing, lost both labour, shaft, and shooting.

*xviii*

SIMKIN said that Sis was fair  
 And that he meant to love her ;  
 He set her on his ambling mare ;  
 All this he did to prove her.

When they came home Sis floted cream,  
 And poured it through a strainer ;  
 But swore that Simkin should have none  
 Because he did disdain her.

*xix*

LADY, when I behold your passions,  
 So divers and so oft constrained  
 Upon such slight or no occasions,  
 As though you were with grief sore pained,  
 I enter into these persuasions :  
 A man might sail from Trent unto Danuby  
 And yet not find so strange a piece as you be.

*xx*

CONSTRUE my meaning, wrest not my method ;  
 Good will craves favour, witness the high God.  
 If I have meant well, good will reward me ;  
 When I deserve ill, no man regard me.  
 What shall I say more ? speech is but blasting.  
 Still will I hope for life everlasting.

*xxi*

WITNESS, ye heavens, I vow to love the fairest.  
 To love, but how ? For virtue, not for lust.  
 For virtue, why ? Because she is the rarest ;  
 Come life, come death, in her I only trust.  
 Hap death, hap life, I force not which betide me,  
 By her I live, from death I cannot hide me.







## ORLANDO GIBBONS

*The First Set of Madrigals And Mottets of 5. Parts : apt for Viols  
and Voyces. 1612.*

*i*

THE silver swan, who living had no note,  
When death approached unlocked her silent throat ;  
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,  
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more :  
Farewell, all joys ; O death, come close mine eyes ;  
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

*ii*

O THAT the learned poets of this time,  
Who in a love-sick line so well can speak,  
Would not consume good wit in hateful rhyme,  
But with deep care some better subject seek.  
For if their music please in earthly things,  
How would it sound if sung with heavenly strings ?

*iii-vi*

I WEIGH not fortune's frown nor smile,  
I joy not much in earthly joys,  
I seek not state, I reck not style,  
I am not fond of fancy's toys.  
I rest so pleased with what I have,  
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I tremble not at noise of war,  
I quake not at the thunder's crack,  
I shrink not at a blazing star,  
I sound not at the news of wrack.  
I fear no loss, I hope no gain,  
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased,  
I see some Tantals starve in store,  
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased,  
I see each Midas gape for more.  
I neither want nor yet abound,  
Enough's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship where I hate,  
 I fawn not on the great for grace,  
 I prize, I praise a mean estate,  
 Nor yet too lofty nor too base.  
 This, this is all my choice, my cheer,  
 A mind content, and conscience clear.

*Joshua Sylvester*

*vii-viii*

HOW art thou thrall'd, O poor despised creature,  
 Sith by creation Nature made thee free.  
 O traitorous eyes to gaze so on her feature,  
 That quits with scorn thy dear lost liberty.  
 Farewell all joys. O hell!  
 Now restless care's my pillow.  
 Sweet myrtle shades farewell,  
 Now come, sad cypress, and forlorn love's willow.  
 She smiles, she laughs, she joys at my tormenting.  
 Break then, poor heart, tossed on despair's black billow.  
 O let me die lamenting.

*ix*

DAINTY fine bird that art encaged there,  
 Alas, how like thine and my fortunes are.  
 Both prisoners be; and both singing, thus  
 Strive to please her that hath imprisoned us.  
 Only thus we differ, thou and I,  
 Thou liv'st singing, but I sing and die.

*x-xi*

FAIR ladies, that to love captived are,  
 And chaste desires do nourish in your mind,  
 Let not her fault your sweet affection mar;  
 Ne blot the bounty of all womankind,  
 'Mongst thousands good one wanton dame to find.  
 Amongst the roses grow some wicked weeds.  
 For this was not to love, but lust inclined.  
 For love doth always bring forth bounteous deeds,  
 And in each gentle heart desire of honour breeds.

*Edmund Spenser*

*xii*

NOW each flowery bank of May  
 Woos the streams that glides away ;  
 Mountains fanned by a sweet gale  
 Loves the humble looking dale ;  
 Winds the loved leaves do kiss ;  
 Each thing tasteth of love's bliss.  
 Only I, though blest I be  
 To be loved by destiny,  
 Love confessed by her sweet breath,  
 Whose love is life, whose hate is death.

*xiii*

LAIS now old, that erst attempting lass,  
 To goddess Venus consecrates her glass ;  
 For she herself hath now no use of one,  
 No dimpled cheeks hath she to gaze upon.  
 She cannot see her springtime damask grace,  
 Nor dare she look upon her winter face.

*xiv*

WHAT is our life ? a play of passion.  
 Our mirth the music of division.  
 Our mothers' wombs the tiring-houses be,  
 Where we are dressed for this short comedy.  
 Heaven the judicious sharp spectator is,  
 That sits and marks still who doth act amiss.  
 Our graves that hide us from the searching sun  
 Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.  
 Thus march we, playing, to our latest rest,  
 Only we die in earnest, that 's no jest.

*Sir Walter Raleigh*

*xv*

AH, dear heart, why do you rise ?  
 The light that shines comes from your eyes.  
 The day breaks not, it is my heart,  
 To think that you and I must part.  
 O stay, or else my joys will die  
 And perish in their infancy.

*xvi*

FAIR is the rose, yet fades with heat and cold.  
 Sweet are the violets, yet soon grow old.  
 The lily's white, yet in one day 'tis done.  
 White is the snow, yet melts against the sun.  
 So white, so sweet was my fair mistress' face,  
 Yet altered quite in one short hour's space.  
 So short-lived beauty a vain gloss doth borrow,  
 Breathing delight to-day, but none to-morrow.

*xvii-xix*

NAY, let me weep, though others' tears be spent ;  
 Though all eyes dried be, let mine be wet.  
 Unto thy grave I'll pay this yearly rent,  
 Thy lifeless corse demands of me this debt.  
 I owe more tears than ever corse did crave ;  
 I'll pay more tears than e'er was paid to grave.

Ne'er let the sun with his deceiving light  
 Seek to make glad these watery eyes of mine.  
 My sorrow suits with melancholy night ;  
 I joy in dole, in languishment I pine.  
 My dearest friend is set, he was my sun,  
 With whom my mirth, my joy, and all is done.

Yet if that age had frosted o'er his head,  
 Or if his face had furrowed been with years,  
 I would not so bemoan that he is dead,  
 I might have been more niggard of my tears.  
 But O the sun new-rose is gone to bed,  
 And lilies in their springtime hang their head.

*xx*

TRUST not too much, fair Youth, unto thy feature ;  
 Be not enamoured of thy blushing hue.  
 Be gamesome whilst thou art a goodly creature ;  
 The flowers will fade that in thy garden grew.  
 Sweet violets are gathered in their spring,  
 White primit falls without enpitying.





## JOHN HILTON

*Ayres, Or, Fa las For Three Voyces. 1627.*

*i*

TO sport our merry meeting  
We sing our pleasant greeting  
If consort will agree,  
Then everyone sing ye.

*ii-iii*

MY mistress frowns when she should play ;  
I'll please her with a Fa la la.  
Sometimes she chides, but I straightway  
Present her with a Fa la la.

You lovers that have loves astray  
May win them with a Fa la la.  
Quick music 's best, for still they say  
None pleaseth like your Fa la la.

*iv*

PHOEBE tells me when I woo,  
Fortune 's blind, and Cupid too,  
And that 's the cause she 's coy by light,  
Yet starts not from a kiss by night.

*v*

CELIA'S wound and mine were one.  
When Celia had blasphemed alone,  
I accused the god ; he said in time  
Still loyal be, and Celia 's thine.

*vi*

DEAR, may some other, since not I,  
Pull that flower ere it die.  
Flora would not have it kept ;  
The time once come it should be reaped.

*vii*

THOUGH me you did disdain to view,  
Yet give me leave to gaze on you.  
The sun as yet did never hide him  
When a Moor or Tartar eyed him.

*viii*

LOVE wounded me but did not touch  
 Cloris, that deserved as much.  
 Can a blind judge partial be ?  
 But he hath hands and those wronged me.

*ix*

THE woodbine, Flora, doth decay  
 If ne'er it be not stuck away ;  
 So maidens droop that live alone.  
 To cheer thee up choose therefore one.

*x*

I HEARD a withered maid complain,  
 Who wished that she were young again.  
 She would not then man's love despise.  
 In time be therefore, young ones, wise.

*xi*

LEAVE off, sad Philomel, to sing  
 Such doleful notes in merry spring.  
 The Winter's fittest for thy turn,  
 When every bird and tree doth mourn.

*xii*

O HAD not Venus been beguiled,  
 To lovers she had been more mild.  
 She now doth suitors' vows disdain  
 Because that she sued once in vain.

*xiii*

TELL me, dear, fain would I know,  
 Mean you Nay when you say No ?  
 Turn but No, and you'll discover,  
 'Tis On we mean unto a lover !

*xiv*

FAINT not, lovers, for denials ;  
 Women's Nays are but your trials.  
 From one or two or three they'll move  
 To try which is the constant love.

*xv*

GIFTS of feature and of mind  
Are in Flora both combined.  
Though Fate through time the first deface  
Nor Fate nor Time can the other rase.

*xvi*

AS Flora slept and I lay waking,  
I smiled to see a bird's mistaking,  
For from a bough it down did skip  
And for a cherry pecked her lip.

*xvii*

WHEN Flora frowns I hope for peace,  
Which, having got, my woes increase ;  
For then I fear her frowns again,  
And so 'twixt hope and fear remain.

*xviii*

LOVE laid his yoke upon me,  
Thinking to have undone me.  
I shook it off and did reply,  
That none but fools for love will die.

*xix*

NOW is the Summer springing  
And merry lads are singing.  
Harken how the May comes home  
Cheerfully with pipe and drum.

*xx*

COME, sprightly Mirth, like birds in the Spring  
We'll teach you lively notes to sing.  
No care nor grief shall you molest  
While thus your music is expressed.

*xxi*

COME, love, let 's crown this famous night  
With sportings and delight.  
The heavenly powers invite  
Thereto each mortal wight ;  
And they with curious art  
Herein will bear a part.

*xxii-xxiii*

HERO, kiss me or I die.  
 On thy lips my soul doth lie.  
 There I left it, for in kissing  
 Thee, I found my soul was missing.

Quickly send it then unto me  
 By a kiss, or you undo me.  
 If to send it you deny,  
     I needs must die,  
 And all the world shall know thy cruelty.

*xxiv*

IF it be love to sit and mourn,  
 To grieve and sigh and be forlorn,  
 I love. But if in 't joy there be  
 I do not, for there 's none in me.

*xxv*

FLY, Philomel, to deserts fly,  
 They'll better suit thy misery.  
 Leave Flora's garden to sweet joys,  
 Thy sighing her delight annoys ;  
 Or if thou wilt thy mansion keep,  
 Sing not but when she is asleep.

*xxvi*

WHO master is in music's art,  
 In this song come bear a part.  
 The best are set before, yet you shall find  
 This here is not the worst, though it comes behind.







## WILLIAM HOLBORNE

*The Cittharn Schoole, by Antony Holborne. . . Hereunto are added sixe short Aers Neapolitan like to three voyces, without the Instrument: done by his brother William Holborne. 1597.*

*i*

CHANGE then, for lo she changeth,  
And after new loves rangeth.  
I change and 'quite her ;  
No ! love and spite her.

*ii*

SINCE Bonny-boots was dead, that so divinely  
Could toot and foot it, (O he did it finely !)  
We ne'er went more a-Maying  
Nor had that sweet fa-laing.

*iii*

HERE rest, my thoughts. What needeth all this hasting  
To fry in pangs and torments everlasting ?  
Yet my heart is even to you as cruel,  
Her eye the flame, but my heart lends the fuel.

*iv*

SWEET, I grant that I am as black and homely  
As thou art fair and comely.  
But ah ! why dost thou fly me ?  
Were I a Moor thou couldst no less set by me.

*v*

GUSH forth my tears, and stay the burning either  
Of my poor heart or her eyes, choose you whether.  
O most peevish fond desire,  
For, out alas, my sighs still blow the fire.

*vi*

SIT still and stir not, lady,  
Here it is cool and shady.  
O no ! away ! I dare not.  
Let me then kiss and spare not.



## ROBERT JONES

*The First Set Of Madrigals, of 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. Parts, for Viols and  
Voices, or for Voices alone ; or as you please. 1607.*

*i*

THINE eyes so bright  
Bereft my sight,  
When first I viewed thy face.  
So now my light  
Is turned to night,  
I stray from place to place.  
Then guide me of thy kindness,  
So shall I bless my blindness.

*ii*

SHE only is the pride of Nature's skill ;  
In none but her all graces friendly meet.  
In all save her may Cupid have his will ;  
By none but her is Fancy under feet.  
Most strange of all, her praise is in her want ;  
Her heart that should be flesh is adamant.

*iii-iv*

WHEN I behold her eyes,  
Methinks I see where wanton Cupid lies.  
But when I look more near,  
'Tis but my shadow in her eyes so clear.  
Which with a wink she, like a peevish elf,  
Takes great delight to rob me of myself.  
But let her look in mine,  
And she shall seem to see a nymph divine ;  
Until she take more heed,  
When she would swear that she were there indeed,  
Where she may gaze her fill, and never doubt  
That any wink should rase her image out.

*v*

LOVE, if a god thou art,  
Then evermore thou must  
Be merciful and just.  
O wherefore doth thy dart  
Wound me alone, and not my lady's heart ?

*Francis Davison*

*vi*

O I do love, then kiss me ;  
 And after I'll not miss thee  
 With bodies' lovely meeting  
 To dally, pretty sweeting.  
 Though I am somewhat aged,  
 Yet is not love assuaged ;  
 But with sweet ardent clips,  
 I'll lay thee on the lips,  
 And make thee ever swear :  
 Farewell, old bachelor.

*vii*

SING, merry birds, your cheerful notes,  
 For Procne you have seen  
 To come from Summer's queen.  
 O tune your throats.  
 When Procne comes we then are warm,  
 Forgetting all cold Winter's harm.  
 Now may we perch on branches green,  
 And singing sit and not be seen.

*viii*

I COME, sweet birds, with swiftest flight,  
 Who never knew what was delight.  
 Still am I pressed  
 To take no rest,  
 Still must be flying.  
 Which I ever  
 Must endeavour  
 Till my dying.  
 It was assigned me by hard lot,  
 And you all see I break it not.

*ix*

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO, thus I begin,  
 And loudly crow when none doth sing.  
 All cocks that are abed,  
 Your hens look well you tread,  
 For why ? the morning grey  
 Calls up the cheerful day.

*x-xi*

SHRILL-sounding-bird, call up the drowsy morn ;  
 Proclaim black Morpheus thrice to loathsome cell ;  
 That Phoebus' face may the fair skies adorn,  
 Whose beams unwholesome vapours doth expel ;  
 That I may mount up to the clearest sky  
 And bear a part in heavenly harmony.

And when day 's fled, with slow pace I'll return  
 To meet dark Night attired in sable weed,  
 And dress myself in black with him to mourn,  
 For from like cause the like effects proceed.  
 He mourns because the sun doth shun his sight ;  
 I mourn 'cause darkness cuts off my delight.

*xii*

HERE is an end of all the songs  
 That are in number but four parts ;  
 And he loves music well, we say,  
 That sings all five before he starts.

*xiii*

COME, doleful owl, the messenger of woe,  
 Melancholy's bird, companion of despair,  
 Sorrow's best friend, and mirth's professed foe,  
 The chief discourser that delights sad care.  
 O come, poor owl, and tell thy woes to me,  
 Which having heard, I'll do the like for thee.

*xiv-xv*

SWEET, when thou singest I'll leave my careful nest.  
 Thou giv'st me warning that my foes do sleep.  
 The silent night befits our sorrows best,  
 The chattering day-birds can no counsel keep.

Thou tellest thy sorrows in a soft sweet note,  
 But I proclaim them with the loudest throat.  
 But we, poor fools, when the fair morn doth come,  
 Would faintest speak, but sorrow strikes us dumb.

*xvi-xvii*

WHEN to her lute Corinna sings,  
 Her voice revives the leaden strings,  
 And doth in highest notes appear  
 As any challenged echo clear ;  
 But when she doth of mourning speak,  
 E'en with her sighs the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die,  
 Led by her passions, so must I ;  
 For when of pleasure she doth sing,  
 My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring ;  
 But if she do of sorrow speak,  
 E'en from my heart the strings do break.

*Thomas Campian*

*xviii*

IF I behold your eyes,  
 Love is a paradise ;  
 But if I view my heart,  
 'Tis an infernal smart.

*Francis Davison*

*xix-xx*

SINCE your sweet cherry lips I kissed,  
 No want of food I once have missed ;  
 My stomach now no meat requires,  
 My throat no drink at all desires ;  
 For by your breath, which then I gained,  
 Chameleon-like my life's maintained.

Then grant me, dear, those cherries still,  
 O let me feed on them my fill ;  
 If by a surfeit death I get,  
 Upon my tomb let this be set :  
 Here lieth he whom cherries two  
 Made both to live and life forgo.

*Francis Davison*

*xxi*

STAY, wandering thoughts, O whither do you haste ?  
 Leave off your mourning,  
 Rest is returning,  
 Joy is at hand and heavy sorrows past.  
 Down fall your fears,  
 Hope highly rears.  
 Ah, then rejoice, and never cease to sing.

*xxii-xxiv*

YOUR presence breeds my anguish,  
 Your absence makes me languish,  
 Your sight with woe doth fill me,  
 And want of your sweet sight, alas, doth kill me.


If those dear eyes that burn me,  
 With mild aspect you turn me,  
 For life my weak heart panteth ;  
 If frowningly, my spirit and life-blood fainteth.

If you speak kindly to me,  
 Alas, kind words undo me ;  
 Yet silence doth dislike me,  
 And one unkind ill word stark dead will strike me.  
*Francis Davison*

*xxv-xxvi*

ARE lovers full of fire ?  
 How comes it then my verses are so cold ?  
     And how, when I am nigh her  
 And fit occasion wills me to be bold,  
 The more I burn, the more I do desire,  
     The less I dare require ?  
 Ah, Love, this is thy wondrous art,  
 To freeze the tongue and fire the heart.

*Francis Davison*



# GEORGE KIRBYE

*The first set Of English Madrigalls to 4. 5. and 6. voyces. 1597.*

*i*

LO, here my heart I leave with her remaining,  
That never yet did deign to do me pleasure.  
And when I seek to move her with complaining,  
She scorns my sighs and tears, alas, past measure.  
Sweet Love, O turn her heart at last and joy me,  
Or else her deep disdain will soon destroy me.

*ii*

ALAS, what hope of speeding,  
Where Hope beguiled lies bleeding ?  
She bade come when she spied me ;  
And when I came she flied me.  
Then when I was beguiled,  
She at my sighing smiled.  
But if you take such pleasure  
Of Hope and Joy, my treasure,  
By deceit to bereave me,  
Love me, and so deceive me.

*iii*

WHAT can I do, my dearest, of the sweet help deprived  
Of those thy fair eyes, by which I still have lived ?  
How can my soul endure, thus charged with sadness,  
Exile from thy dear sight, so full of gladness ?

*iv*

WOE am I ! when my heart dies,  
As that which on thy will relies.  
Since then I die, only in hope to please thee,  
No grief of death, though cruel, shall disease me.  
Yet, shall I be tormented,  
Cruel, to see thee pleased and contented.

*v*

FAREWELL, my love, I part contented,  
 Since 'tis ordained that I must leave thee.  
 O might I stay, although tormented,  
 The pain next death would little grieve me.  
 No greater torment can be proved  
 Than thus to part from my beloved.

*vi*

SLEEP now, my Muse, and henceforth take thy rest,  
 Which all too long thyself in vain had wasted.  
 Let it suffice, I still must live oppressed,  
 And of my pains the fruit must ne'er be tasted.  
 Then sleep, my Muse, Fate cannot be withstood ;  
 It 's better sleep, than wake and do no good.

*vii*

AH sweet, alas, when first I saw those eyes,  
 Those eyes so rich with crystal majesty,  
 Their wounding beauty 'gan to tyrannise,  
 And made mine eyes bleed tears full piteously.  
 I felt the wound, yet feared I not the deed,  
 Till ah ! I found my tears did inward bleed.

*viii*

MOURN now, my soul, with anguish of my pain ;  
 Crossed are my joys which hope did ever give ;  
 Dry are mine eyes with shedding tears in vain ;  
 Dead is my heart which never more can live.  
 Hard are my torments, living thus in grief,  
 Harder her heart, that yieldeth no relief.

*ix-x*

SOUND out, my voice, with pleasant tunes recording  
 The new delight that love to me inspireth,  
 Pleased and content with that my mind desireth,  
 Thanked be love, so heavenly joys affording.

She that my plaints with rigour long rejected,  
 Binding my heart with those her golden tresses,  
 In recompense of all my long distresses  
 Said with a sigh : Thy love hath me infected.



*xi*

WHAT? shall I part thus unregarded  
 From you, whom death could not dissever?  
 Is faithful service thus rewarded?  
 Why then, vain hope, adieu for ever!

*xii-xiii*

SORROW consumes me, and instead of rest  
 With folded arms I sadly sit and weep,  
 And if I wink, it is for fear to see  
 The fearful dreams' effects that trouble me.

O heavens, must I be murderer of myself?  
 Must I myself be forced to ope the way  
 Whereat my soul in wounds may sally forth?  
 Hard is my hap! and thus in grief I die.

*xiv*

WHY should I love since she doth prove ungrateful,  
 Since for reward I reap nought but disdain?  
 Love thus to be requited it is hateful;  
 And Reason would I should not love in vain.  
 Yet all in vain when all is out of season,  
 For Love hath no society with Reason.

*xv*

SWEET love, O cease thy flying,  
 And pity me now dying;  
 To ease my heart distressed  
 With haste make thy returning,  
 And quench my restless burning,  
 That I by you redressed  
 May be revived and honour you as blessed.

*xvi*

THAT Muse, which sung the beauty of thy face  
 In sweet well-tuned songs  
 And harmony that pleased,  
 If still I be diseased  
 Can carol of thy wrongs  
 And blaze these faults that will thy worth disgrace.  
 Yet if thou dost repent thee,  
 I will forgive; that mends shall well content thee.

*xvii*

SEE what a maze of error,  
 And labyrinth of terror,  
 My love hath traced.  
 I, wretched, whom love paineth,  
 And true faith only gaineth,  
 Hope utterly disgraced,  
 And by disdain defaced.

*xviii*

IF Pity reign with Beauty,  
 Then may I be assured  
 That what my harm procured  
 Will yield me help of duty ;  
 For wrongful she was never.  
 Then why should I still in despair persevere ?

*xix*

AH, cruel hateful fortune !  
 Now must I death importune,  
 Since that I am of all my hope deprived,  
 Nor but for sorrow hath my soul survived.  
 Only this hope doth rest for my contentment,  
 That fortune tired will yield me some amendment.

*xx*

I LOVE, yet am I not beloved.  
 My suits are all rejected,  
 And all my looks suspected.  
 Experience now too late hath proved,  
 That 'twas in vain that erst I loved.

*xxi*

O, MUST I part, my jewel,  
 Hapless from my fair sun whose beams me nourish ?  
 Who now comforteth me or doth me cherish,  
 Pained with grief so cruel ?  
 O, if so it needs must be,  
 How can my wicked Fortune further harm me ?

*xxii-xxiii*

UP then, Melpomene ! the mournfull'st Muse of nine  
Such cause of mourning never hadst afore.

Up grisly ghosts ! and up, my rueful rhyme !  
Matter of mirth now shalt thou have no more,  
For dead she is that mirth thee made of yore.

Dido, my dear, alas, is dead,  
Dead, and lieth wrapped in lead.

O heavy hearse !

Let streaming tears be poured out in store,

O careful verse !

Why wail we thus ? why weary we the gods with plaints,  
As if some evil were to her betight ?

She reigns a goddess now among the saints,  
That whilom was the saint of shepherds' light,  
And is installed now in heaven's height.

I see thee, blessed soul, I see,  
Walk in Elysian fields so free.

O happy hearse !

Might I once come to thee (O that I might)

O joyful verse !

*Edmund Spenser*

*xxiv*

*The words are the same as those of No. vi*





## HENRY LICHFIELD

*The First Set Of Madrigals of 5. Parts : apt for both Viols and  
Voyces. 1613.*

*i*

ALL ye that sleep in pleasure,  
Awake, awake, and lose not Time's fair treasure,  
For Time doth never cease his restless turning.  
O I repent  
The time I spent  
In love's sweet burning.

*ii*

SHALL I seek to ease my grief ?  
No, my sight is lost with eyeing.  
Shall I speak and beg relief ?  
No, my voice is hoarse with crying.  
What remains but only dying ?

*iii-iv*

THE shepherd Claius, seeing  
His lovely Daphne flying,  
He wept with deep lamenting,  
His poor poor heart tormenting.  
But O the shepherd, when they met together,  
To live or die for joy he knew not whether.

First with looks he lived and died,  
Then with sighs her faith he tried ;  
After sighs he sent his tears,  
All to show his trembling fears.  
At last he said : a truer heart was never ;  
O pity, Daphne, disdain me not for ever.

*v*

AY me, that life should yet remain,  
When heart and living spirits are bereft me.  
Ay me, than thus to live in pain,  
It better were no life at all were left me.  
Then die betimes, that when my heart return  
That may die too, and so I cease to mourn.

*vi*

O WERE my grief disclosed  
 To her that scorns my plaining,  
 Or were she but disposed  
 To turn her eyes disdainig  
 From me that sit in sadness,  
 My grief would turn to gladness.

*vii*

I ALWAYS loved to call my lady Rose,  
 For in her cheeks do roses sweetly glose ;  
 And from her lips she such sweet odours threw,  
 As roses do 'gainst Phoebus' morning view.  
 But when I thought to pull't, hope was bereft me,  
 My Rose was gone, and nought but prickles left me.

*viii*

O COME, shepherds, all together,  
 To meet fair Daphne coming hither.  
 Tell her poor Claius for her sake  
 Many woes did undertake.

*ix*

SWEET Daphne, stay thy flying,  
 And hark to my complaining.  
 Fly not, my dear, so fast away,  
 But suffer me with thee to play.  
 Which if thou shalt deny me,  
 Of life thou dost deprive me.

*x*

ALAS, my Daphne, but stay and hear my moaning,  
 Stay, or I faint with groaning.  
 You run away as if you meant to leave me,  
 I'll sit me down and die if thus you grieve me.  
 Adieu, my Daphne, for ever,  
 I'll tell Apollo how cruel you persever.  
 But if you by returning do revive me,  
 I'll sing again of Daphne.

*xi*

WHEN to the air I breath my plaining,  
 To merry fountains my disdainig ;  
 When to rude rocks and pleasant groves  
 I tell all my unhappy loves ;  
 They hear me whilst I thus condole,  
 And with their echo call me fool.

*xii*

ARISE, sweetheart, and come away to play.  
 With flowery garlands all the meads are gay.  
     The pretty birds are singing,  
     And echo sweetly ringing.  
 Then, Daphne, pity me, or else I die,  
 If with hard heart 'No, no, no, no,' you cry.

*xiii-xiv*

WHEN first I saw those cruel eyes,  
 Those eyes the authors of my cries,  
 Adoring them for saints divine,  
 Placed in such a heavenly shrine,  
     You told me then to prove me,  
     You would for ever love me.

If this be love to scorn my crying,  
 To laugh at me when I lie dying,  
 To kill my heart with too much grieving,  
 To fly, and yield me no relieving,  
     If love be thus to prove me,  
     O then I know you love me.

*xv*

CRUEL, let my heart be blessed ;  
 No life is sweet with heart oppressed.  
 For though my greater griefs be flying,  
 My smile is turned to sighing.  
 And when I would thy praise be singing,  
 Alas, my heart is sore with stinging.  
 Yet for this woe if thou dost languish,  
 O then I die with anguish.

*xvi-xvii*

A SEELY sylvan kissing heaven-born fire,  
 Scorched his lips for his so fond desire.  
 I, not so fond, but gazed whilst such fire burned,  
 And all my heart straight into flames was turned.

The sylvan justly suffered for his kiss,  
 His fire was stolen, and stolen things go amiss.  
 But I alas unjustly, for to have her,  
 Her heavenly fire the Gods and Graces gave her.

*xviii*

INJURIOUS hours, whilst any joy doth bless me,  
With speedy wings you fly, 'and so release me.  
But if some sorrow do oppress my heart,  
You creep as if you never meant to part.

*xix*

WHILST that my Daphne down from the hills came walking  
The nymphs of Diana in a shade sat talking.

    This shepherd's queen,  
    That there was unseen,

All suddenly intruded.

    Lord, how the nymphs then blushed !  
And all danced round about her with this sweet cry :  
    Long live my lovely Daphne.

*xx*

MY heart, oppressed by your disdain,  
Doth flow in tears by just complaining.  
All joys from me are quite exiled,  
Since of your love I am beguiled.





## THOMAS MORLEY

*Canzonets or Little Short Songs to Three Voyces. 1593.*

*i*

SEE, see what I have for mine own sweet darling,  
A little robin redbreast and a starling !  
Both these I give in hope at length to move thee,  
And yet thou sayest that I do not love thee.

*ii*

JOY, joy doth so arise and so content me,  
When I but see thee, O my life's fair treasure,  
That seeing makes me blind through too great pleasure.  
But if such blinding, love, doth so delight thee,  
Come, more and yet more blind me still and spite me.

*iii*

CRUEL, you pull away too soon your lips whenas you kiss me ;  
But you should hold them still, then should you bliss me.  
Now or ere I taste them,  
Straight away they haste them.  
But you perhaps retire them  
To move my thoughts thereby the more to fire them.  
Alas, such baits you need to find out never ;  
If you would let me, I would kiss you ever.

*iv*

LADY, those fair eyes of yours that shine so clearly  
Why do you hide from me that bought their beams so dearly ?  
Think not when thou exilest me,  
Less heat in me sojourneth.  
O no, then thou beguilest thee,  
Love doth but shine in thee, but O in me he burneth.

*v*

HOLD out, my heart, with joy's delights accloyed,  
Hold out, my heart, and show it,  
That all the world may know it,  
What sweet content thou lately hast enjoyed.  
She that 'Come, dear ' would say,  
Then laugh and run away,



And if I stayed her, thus would she then cry :  
 Nay fie, for shame, nay fie !  
 My true love not regarding  
 Hath given my love at length his full rewarding.  
 Unless I tell the joys that overflow me,  
 My joys kept in I know in time will kill me.

*vi*

GOOD morrow, fair ladies of the May !  
 Where is Cloris, my sweet cruel ?  
 See lo where she comes a Queen  
 All in green,  
 All in gaudy green arraying !  
 O how gaily goes my jewel !  
 Was never such a maying,  
 Since May delights decaying !  
 So was my Cloris sheen  
 Brought home for the May Queen.

*vii*

WHITHER away, so fast, so fast  
 Alone from your true love approved ?  
 What haste, I say, what haste, what haste,  
 Tell me, my darling dear beloved ?  
 Then will we try  
 Who best runs, thou or I.  
 See then, I come ! dispatch thee !  
 Hasten hence ! or else I catch thee.  
 No, think not thus away to 'scape without me.  
 But run ! You need not doubt me.  
 What ! faint you ? Of your feet forsaken ?  
 What ! are you down ? Well overtaken !

*viii*

BLOW, shepherds, blow your pipes with gladsome glee resounding.  
 See where the fair Eliza comes with love and grace abounding.  
 Run, nymphs, apace, go meet her,  
 With flowers and garlands greet her.  
 All hail, Eliza fair, the country's pride and goddess !  
 Long may'st thou live the shepherds' Queen and lovely mistress !

*ix*

DEEP lamenting, grief bewraying,  
 Poor Amyntas thus sat saying :  
 Glut now thine eyes while I lie dying,  
 Killed with disdain, and pity crying.  
 Now may'st thou laugh full merrily,  
 For dead is thy mortal enemy.

Weep not, I cannot bide this blindness,  
 All too late now, God wot, comes this your kindness.  
 But if you would that death should of life deprive me,  
 Weep not, lest you again thereby revive me.

Ah, cease to bewail me,  
 My life now doth fail me.

*x*

FAREWELL, disdainful, since no love avails me.  
 O sharp and bitter anguish !  
 What discord grief assails me !  
 Needs must I part, yet parting makes me languish.  
 But yet it pleaseth thee,  
 Therefore, unkind, adieu, there is no remedy.  
 O come again, return thee.  
 No, no, thy flames, false love, no more shall burn me.  
 Be still, content thee.  
 When I am gone, perhaps thou wilt repent thee.

*xi*

O FLY not ! O take some pity ! I faint, O stay her !  
 See how she flies. O stay, and hear my prayer !  
 With one sweet look you may of torment ease me.  
 I am no tiger fierce that seeks to spill thee.  
 No, no, I see thou dost but this to kill me ;  
 Lo then I die, I die and all to please thee.

*xii*

THYRSIS, O let some pity move thee.  
 Thou knowest thy Cloris well doth love thee.  
 O why, unkind, then dost thou fly me ?  
 I faint, alas. Here must I lie me.  
 Cry then for grief, since he is now bereft thee.  
 Up hill and down the dales I have not left thee.  
 Ah, can these trickling tears no whit procure love ?  
 What shepherd ever killed a nymph for pure love ?  
 See, cruel, see the beasts, their tears reward me,  
 Yet thou dost not regard me.

*xiii*

NOW must I die recureless, when faith is thus regarded,  
And thus poor love, alas, unkindly is rewarded.

O grief ! who may abide it !

O hold, O break not, heart, O hide it !

O Nature, cruel, witty,

Beauty so to make sans pity !

Farewell ! with this your love unfeigned

I die, through your disdain constrained.

*xiv*

LADY, if I through grief and your disdainning,  
Judged be to live in hell eternally remaining,

Of those my burning flames well shall I rest contented,

But you I wail, who there must be tormented.

For when I shall behold, your eyes will so delight me,

That no great pain can once affright me.

But this would quite have killed me, do not doubt you,

There to have been alone without you.

*xv*

CEASE, mine eyes, cease your lamenting.

In vain you hope of her hard heart's relenting.

Drop not so fast, O cease your flowing !

O drop not where no grace is growing !

She laughs, she smiles, she plays with joy and gladness

To see your grief and sadness.

O love, thou art abused !

Was ne'er true love so scornfully thus used !

*xvi*

DO you not know how Love first lost his seeing ?

Because with me once gazing

On those fair eyes, where all powers have their being,

She with her beauty blazing,

Which death might have revived,

Him of his sight, and me of heart deprived.

*xvii*

WHERE art thou, wanton ? and I so long have sought thee.

See where thy love his heart to keep hath brought thee.

O why then dost thou hide thee ?

Still I follow thee,

But thou fliest me,

Stay, unkind, and do no more deride me.

Where art thou, wanton ? and I so long have sought thee,

See where thy love his heart to keep hath brought thee.

*xviii*

WHAT ails my darling thus to sit alone so weary ?  
 Say why is my dear now not merry ?  
 O cease, alas, to grieve thee,  
 And here a kiss take to relieve thee.  
 Up now ! arise !—how can my love lie sleeping ?—  
 And see yon lusty leaping.

*xix*

SAY, dear, will you not have me ?  
 Then take your kiss you gave me.  
 You elsewhere perhaps would bestow it,  
 And I as loath would be to owe it.  
 Or if you will not so take the thing once given,  
 Let me, I say, kiss you, and we shall be even.

*xx*

ARISE, get up, my dear, make haste, begone thee !  
 Lo where the bride, fair Daphne, tarries on thee !  
 Hark ! yon merry wanton maidens squealing :  
 Spice-cake, sops in wine, are now a dealing !  
 Then run apace,  
 Get a bride-lace,  
 And a gilt rosemary branch while yet there is catching,  
 And then hold fast for fear of old snatching.  
 Alas, my love, why weep she ?  
 O fear not that the next day keep we.  
 Hark yon minstrels ! List, how fine they firk it !  
 And see how the maids jerk it !  
 With Kate and Will,  
 Tom and Jill.  
 Now a trip,  
 Then a skip,  
 Finely set aloft,  
 There again as oft.  
 Hey ho, fine brave holiday !  
 All for fair Daphne's wedding day !

*xxi*

LOVE learns by laughing first to speak,  
 Then slyly gains cares passing great.  
 But I will laugh without that care,  
 And bid Love touch me if he dare.

*xxii*

THIS Love is but a wanton fit,  
 Deluding every youngling's wit.  
 The winged boy doth never light  
 But where he finds an idle wight.

*xxiii*

THOUGH Philomela lost her love,  
 Fresh notes shè warbleth, yet again.  
 He is a fool that lovers prove,  
 And leaves to sing to live in pain.

*xxiv*

SPRING-TIME mantleth every bough,  
 And bowers make for shepherds' sport.  
 Birds and beasts are of consort.  
 Our hearts in true love we do vow  
 Unto that fairy shepherd's maid.  
 We with true love are repaid.

~~~~~  
*Madrigalls to Foure Voyces . . . the First Booke. 1594.*

*i*

APRIL is in my mistress' face,  
 And July in her eyes hath place,  
 Within her bosom is September,  
 But in her heart a cold December.

*ii*

CLORINDA false, adieu, thy love torments me.  
 Let Thyrsis have thy heart since he contents thee.  
 O grief and bitter anguish !  
 For thee, unkind, I languish !  
 Fain I, alas, would hide it,  
 O but who can ? I cannot, I, abide it.  
 Adieu, adieu, leave me, death now desiring.  
 Thou hast, lo, thy requiring.  
 Thus spake Philistus on his hook relying,  
 And sweetly fell a-dying.

*iii*

WHY sit I here complaining  
 With sobs and groanings my unjust disdainings ?  
 O this mirth contenteth  
 Whom grief of mind tormenteth.  
 Cease weeping, fool, she doth but this to prove thee.  
 Away, false comfort ! no, thou canst not move me !  
 Mine eyes that saw too much shall dearly buy it,  
 That made my heart believe I did espy it.  
 False comfort, hence ! in vain thou seek'st to ease me.  
 Away, I say, away ! thou canst not please me.

*iv*

SINCE my tears and lamenting,  
 False love, breed thy contenting,  
 Still thus to weep for ever  
 These fountains shall persevere,  
 Till my heart grief brim-filled,  
 Out alas, be distilled.

*v*

HELP ! I fall ! Lady, my hope doth, lo, betray me,  
 But you vouchsafe to slay me.  
 See a nymph unkind and cruel  
 To scorn her only jewel !

*vi*

LADY, why grieve you still me ?  
 O no, you love, if this be love to kill me.  
 O strange tormenting !  
 Break heart ! alas, her heart contenting.  
 And you that now disdain me,  
 Say then that grief hath slain me.

*vii*

IN dew of roses steeping  
 Her lovely cheeks, Lycoris thus sat weeping :  
 Ah, Dorus false, that hast my heart bereft me,  
 And now, unkind, hast left me.  
 Hear me, alas ! Cannot my beauty move thee ?  
 Pity me then, because I love thee.  
 Thou scorn'st the more I pray thee,  
 And this thou dost to slay me.  
 Ah, then kill me and vaunt thee,  
 Yet my ghost still shall haunt thee.

*viii*

IN every place fierce love, alas, assails me,  
 And grief doth so torment me,  
 That how can joy content me,  
 When hope and faith and all no whit avails me ?  
 O gentle love, O grant me less to grieve me,  
 Or grieve me more, and grief will soon relieve me.

*ix-x*

NOW is the gentle season freshly flowering,  
 To sing and play and dance, while May endureth,  
 And woo and wed, that sweet delight procureth.

The fields abroad with spangled flowers are gilded,  
 The meads are mantled, and closes,  
 In may each bush arrayed and sweet wild roses.  
 The nightingale her bower hath gaily builded,  
 And full of kindly lust and love's inspiring,  
 ' I love, I love ', she sings, her mate desiring.

*xi*

COME, lovers, follow me, and leave this weeping.  
 See where the lovely little god lies sleeping.  
 Softly ! for fear we wake him,  
 And to his bow he take him.  
 O if he but spy us,  
 Whither shall we fly us ?  
 And if he come upon us,  
 Out ! well away ! then are we woe-begone us.  
 Hence, follow me, away ! begone ! dispatch us !  
 And that apáce, ere he wake, for fear he catch us.

*xii*

O NO, thou dost but flout me.  
 Nay, thou canst live without me !  
 Since for me then you care not,  
 Spite me, and spare not !  
 O heavy parting !  
 Turn and cure this smarting.  
 Come then with comfort, pity my crying.  
 O help ! for now I lie a-dying.

*xiii*

I WILL no more come to thee,  
 That flout'st me when I woo thee.  
 Still ' tie hie hie ' thou criest,  
 And all my rings and pins and gloves deniest.  
 O say, alas, what moves thee,  
 To grieve him so that loves thee ?  
 Then leave awhile tormenting,  
 And give my burning yet some small relenting.

*xiv*

BESIDES a fountain of sweet briar and roses  
 Heard I two lovers talk in wanton gloses.  
 Say, dainty dear, quoth he, to whom 's thy liking tied ?  
 To whom but thee, my bonny love ? the gentle nymph replied.  
 I die, I die, quoth he.  
 And I, and I, said she.  
 Ah give me then, quoth he, but durst not say, some token.  
 And with his hands the rest he would have spoken.  
 Nay fie, away, then cried the nymph, alas, too well you know it !  
 Quoth he, sweetly come kiss me then and show it.

*xv-xvi*

SPORT we, my lovely treasure !  
 For why ? long love long serving  
 Asketh equal deserving.  
 Let be our sportful pleasure  
 To kiss the while we may, and that love's other token,  
 Joy more than can be spoken.

O sweet, alas, what say you ? Ay, that face discloses  
 The scarlet blush of sweet vermilion roses.  
 And yet, alas, I know not  
 If such a crimson staining  
 Be for love, or disdain !  
 But if of love it grow not,  
 Be it disdain conceived,  
 To see us of love's fruits so long bereaved.

*xvii*

HARK ! jolly shepherds, hark ! Hark you yon lusty ringing !  
 How cheerfully the bells dance, whilst the jolly lads are springing.  
 Go then, why sit we here delaying,  
 And all yon lads and merry lasses playing ?



How gaily Flora leads it,  
 And how she sweetly treads it !  
 The woods and groves they ring loudly resounding,  
 With echo sweet rebounding !

*xviii*

HO ! who comes here along with bagpiping and drumming ?  
 O 'tis the morris dance I see, the morris dance a-coming.  
 Come ladies out, come quickly !  
 And see about how trim they dance and trickly.  
 Hey ! there again ! how the bells shake it !  
 Hey ho ! now for our town ! and take it !  
 Soft awhile, piper, not away so fast ! They melt them.  
 Be hanged, knave ! see'st thou not the dancers swelt them ?  
 Stand out awhile ! you come too far ! I say, in !  
 There give the hobby-horse more room to play in !

*xix*

DIE now, my heart, from thy delight exiled,  
 Thy love is dead, and all our hope beguiled.  
 O Death, unkind and cruel  
 To rob the world so of her fairest jewel !  
 Now shoot at me and spare not,  
 Kill me, I care not !  
 O think not, Death, thy dart will pain me.  
 Why shouldst thou here against my will retain me ?  
 O hear a doleful wretch's crying,  
 Or I die for want of dying.

*xx*

SAY, gentle nymphs that tread these mountains,  
 Whilst sweetly you sit playing,  
 Saw you my Daphne straying,  
 Along your crystal fountains ?  
 If so you chance to meet her,  
 Kiss her and kindly greet her.  
 Then these sweet garlands take her,  
 And say from me, I never will forsake her.

*xxi*

ROUND, around, as about a wood I walked,  
 Late in the evening, so fair, so fresh, and gay,  
 Under a hawthorn tree I heard a maid that talked,  
 A pretty merry maid that long before had walked :  
 Hey ho ! trolly lo ! heavy heart ! quoth she,  
 My lovely lover hath disdained me !

*xxii*

ON a fair morning as I came by the way,  
 Met I with a merry maid in the merry month of May,  
 When a sweet love sings his lovely lay,  
 And every bird upon the bush bechirps it up so gay.  
 With an heave and ho,  
 Thy wife shall be thy master, I trow !  
 Hey, lustily, all in a row !  
 Sing care away, let the world go !



*The first booke of Canzonets to Two Voices. 1595.*

*i*

GO ye, my canzonets, to my dear darling,  
 And with your gentle, dainty, sweet accentings  
 Desire her to vouchsafe these my lamentings,  
 And with a crownet of her rays supernal  
 To adorn your locks and make your name eternal.

*ii*

WHEN, lo, by break of morning  
 My love herself adorning  
 Doth walk the woods so dainty,  
 Gath'ring sweet violets and cowslips plenty,  
 The birds enamoured sing and praise my Flora :  
 Lo, here a new Aurora !

*iii*

SWEET nymph, come to thy lover.  
 Lo here, alone, our loves we may discover,  
 Where the sweet nightingale with wanton gloses,  
 Hark ! her love too discloses.

*iv*

*Il Doloroso (for strings only)*

*v*

I GO before, my darling.  
 Follow thou to the bower in the close alley.  
 There we will together  
 Sweetly kiss each other,  
 And like two wantons dally.

vi

*La Girandola (for strings only)*

vii

MIRACULOUS love's wounding !  
 Even those darts, my sweet Phyllis,  
 So fiercely shot against my heart rebounding,  
 Are turned to roses, violets and lilies,  
 With odour sweet abounding.

viii

LO, here another love from heaven descended,  
 That with forces anew and with new darting  
 Doth wound the heart and yet doth breed no smarting.

ix

*La Bondinella (for strings only)*

x

LEAVE now, mine eyes, lamenting ;  
 Your tears do but augment this my tormenting.  
 Death, come thou relieve me.  
 Alas ! to live forsaken thus doth grieve me.  
 Ah ! see now where he lieth !  
 Then farewell, false unkind, thy Flora dieth !

xi

FIRE and lightning from heaven fall !  
 And sweetly enflame that heart with love arightful  
 Of Flora my delightful,  
 So fair, but yet so spiteful.

xii

*Il Grillo (for strings only)*

xiii

FLORA, wilt thou torment me  
 And yet must I content me ?  
 And shall I have no pleasure  
 Of that thy beauty's treasure ?  
 Ah, then I die, and dying thus complain me :  
 Flora gentle and fair, alas, hath slain me.

xiv

*Il Lamento (for strings only)*

xv

IN nets of golden wires,  
 With pearl and ruby spangled,  
     My heart entangled  
 Cries and help requires.  
 Sweet love, from out those briars  
 But thou vouchsafe to free me,  
 Ere long, alive, alas, thou shalt not see me.

xvi

*La Caccia (for strings only)*

xvii

O THOU that art so cruel,  
 My dainty lovely jewel,  
 Why thus in my tormenting  
 Dost thou still use relenting ?  
 Alas, right out come slay me,  
 Do not thus still from time to time delay me.

xviii

*La Sampogna (for strings only)*

xix

I SHOULD for grief and anguish die recureless,  
 That day I missed my Flora fair and sightly,  
 Clearer than is the sun that shines so brightly.

xx

*La Sirena (for strings only)*

xxi

*La Torella (for strings only)*

*The First Booke of Balletts to Fiue Voyces. 1595.**i*

DAINTY fine sweet nymph delightful,  
 While the sun aloft is mounting,  
 Sit we here our loves recounting  
 With sugared gloses  
 Among these roses.

Why, alas, are you so spiteful,  
 Dainty nymph, but O too cruel?  
 Wilt thou kill thy dearest jewel?  
 Kill then, and bliss me,  
 But first come, kiss me.

*ii*

SHOOT, false Love, I care not.  
 Spend thy shafts and spare not.  
 I fear not, I, thy might;  
 And less I weigh thy spite.  
 All naked I unarm me,  
 If thou canst, shoot and harm me.  
 So lightly I esteem thee,  
 As now a child I deem thee.

Long thy bow did fear me,  
 While thy pomp did blear me.  
 But now I do perceive  
 Thy art is to deceive;  
 And every simple lover  
 Thy falsehood can discover.  
 Then weep, Love, and be sorry,  
 For thou hast lost thy glory.

*iii*

NOW is the month of maying,  
 When merry lads are playing  
 Each with his bonny lass  
 Upon the greeny grass.

The Spring, clad all in gladness,  
 Doth laugh at Winter's sadness,  
 And to the bagpipe's sound  
 The nymphs tread out their ground.

Fie then ! why sit we musing,  
 Youth's sweet delight refusing ?  
 Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,  
 Shall we play barley-break ?

*iv*

SING we and chant it  
 While love doth grant it.  
 Not long youth lasteth,  
 And old age hasteth.  
 Now is best leisure  
 To take our pleasure.

All things invite us  
 Now to delight us.  
 Hence, care, be packing !  
 No mirth be lacking !  
 Let spare no treasure  
 To live in pleasure.

*v*

SINGING alone sat my sweet Amaryllis,  
 The satyrs danced, all with joy surprised.  
 Was never yet such dainty sport devised.

Come, love, again, sang she, to thy beloved.  
 Alas ! what fear'st thou ? Will I not persevere ?  
 Yes, thou art mine, and I am thine for ever.

*vi*

NO, no, Nigella !  
 Let who list prove thee,  
 I cannot love thee.  
 Have I deserved  
 Thus to be served ?  
 Well then, content thee,  
 If thou repent thee.

No, no, Nigella !  
 In sign I spite thee,  
 Lo, I requite thee.  
 Henceforth complaining  
 Thy love's disdainings,  
 Sit, thy hands wringing,  
 Whilst I go singing.

*vii*

MY bonny lass she smileth  
 When she my heart beguileth.  
 Smile less, dear love, therefore,  
 And you shall love me more.

When she her sweet eye turneth,  
 O how my heart it burneth !  
 Dear love, call in their light,  
 O else you'll burn me quite !

*viii*

I SAW my lovely Phyllis  
 Laid on a bank of lilies.  
 But when herself alone she there espieth,  
 On me she smileth, and home away she fieth.

Why flies my best beloved  
 From me her love approved ?  
 See, see what have I here ? fine sweet musk roses,  
 To deck that bosom where Love herself reposes.

*ix*

WHAT saith my dainty darling ?  
 Shall I now your love obtain ?  
 Long time I sued for grace,  
 And grace you granted me,  
 When time should serve and place.  
 Can any fitter be ?

This crystal running fountain  
 In his language saith : Come, love !  
 The birds, the trees, the fields,  
 Else none can us behold.  
 This bank soft lying yields,  
 And saith : Nice fools, be bold.

*x*

THUS saith my Galatea : Love long hath been deluded,  
 When shall it be concluded ?  
 The young nymphs all are wedded. O then why do I tarry ?  
 Or let me die, or marry.

*xi*

ABOUT the maypole new, with glee and merriment,  
 While as the bagpipe tooted it,  
 Thyrsis and Cloris fine together footed it.

And to the wanton instrument  
 Still they went to and fro and finely flaunted it,  
 And then both met again, and thus they chanted it :  
 Fa la la !

The shepherds and the nymphs them round enclosed had,  
 Wond'ring with what facility  
 About they turned them in such strange agility.  
 And still, when they unloosed had,  
 With words full of delight they gently kissed them,  
 And sweetly thus to sing they never missed them :  
 Fa la la !

*xii*

MY lovely wanton jewel,  
 To me at once both kind, alas, and cruel,  
 My hopeless words torments me,  
 And with my lips again straightway contents me.

If this you do to kill me,  
 Say, cruel nymph, why kiss not you then still me ?  
 So shall you ease my crying,  
 And I could never wish a sweeter dying.

*xiii*

YOU that wont to my pipe's sound  
 Daintily to tread your ground,  
 Jolly shepherds and nymphs sweet,  
 Here met together  
 Under the weather,  
 Hand in hand uniting, the lovely god come greet.

Lo, triumphing brave comes he,  
 All in pomp and majesty,  
 Monarch of the world and king !  
 Let whoso list him,  
 Dare to resist him,  
 We, our voice uniting, of his high acts will sing.



*xiv*

FIRE ! fire ! my heart !  
 O help ! Ay me ! I sit and cry me,  
 And call for help, but none comes nigh me !

O, I burn me ! alas !  
 I burn ! Ay me ! will none come quench me ?  
 Cast water on, alas, and drench me.

*xv*

THOSE dainty daffadillies,  
 Which gave to me sweet Phyllis,  
 To me, alas, of life and soul deprived,  
 My spirits they have revived.

As their fair hue excelleth,  
 In her so beauty dwelleth.  
 And ever to behold them they invite me,  
 So sweetly they delight me.

*xvi*

LADY, those cherries plenty,  
 Which grow on your lips dainty,  
 Ere long will fade and languish.  
 Then now, while yet they last them,  
 O let me pull and taste them.

*xvii*

I LOVE, alas, I love thee, dainty darling.  
 Come kiss me then, come kiss me, Amaryllis,  
 More lovely than sweet Phyllis.

*xviii*

LO, she flies when I woo her.  
 Nor can I get unto her.  
 But why do I complain me ?  
 Say, if I die, she hath unkindly slain me.

*xix*

LEAVE this tormenting and strange anguish,  
 Or kill my heart oppressed. Alas, it skill not !  
 For thus I will not,  
 Now contented,  
 Then tormented,  
 Live in love and languish.

xx

WHY weeps, alas, my lady love and mistress ?  
 Fear not, sweet heart, what though awhile I leave thee ?  
 My life may fail, but I will not deceive thee.

xxi. *A Dialogue.*

- Amyntas.* PHYLLIS, I fain would die now.  
*Phyllis.* To die O what should move thee ?  
*Amyntas.* For that you do not love me.  
*Phyllis.* I love thee ! plain to make it,  
 Ask what thou wilt and take it.  
*Amyntas.* O sweet, then this I crave thee,  
 Since you to love will have me,  
 Give me in my tormenting,  
 One kiss for my contenting.  
*Phyllis.* This unawares doth daunt me.  
 Else what thou wilt I grant thee.  
*Amyntas.* Ah Phyllis ! well I see then  
 My death thy joy will be then.  
*Phyllis.* O no, no, I request thee  
 To tarry but some fitter time and leisure.  
*Amyntas.* Alas, death will arrest me,  
 You know before I shall possess this treasure.  
*Both.* No, no, dear, do not languish,  
 Temper this sadness,  
 For time and love with gladness  
 Will provide ere long for this our anguish.

~~~~~

*Canzonets or Little Short Aers to five and sixe Voices. 1597.*

i

FLY, Love, that art so sprightly,  
 To Bonny-boots uprightly,  
 And when in heaven thou meet him,  
 Say that I kindly greet him,  
 And that his Oriana,  
 True widow maid, still followeth Diana.

ii

FALSE love did me inveigle,  
 And she, like to the eagle,  
 Upon my breast ay tiring,  
 Permits me no respiring.

Then would she once but bill me  
 By the lips, and so kill me !  
 O but Calisto teareth  
 My heart out, like the bear whose name she beareth !

*iii*

ADIEU, unkind and cruel.  
 And you mine own sweet jewel.  
 Thus said these lovers, and as they hands were shaking,  
 The groom his heart fell quaking,  
 And then fell down a-dying ;  
 And she sat by him crying.

*iv*

LOVE'S folk in green arraying,  
 At barley-break were playing.  
 Laura in hell was caught.  
 But, Lord, how Dorus laughed,  
 And said : Good mistress, sith you  
 Will needs have th'other with you !

*v*

LOVE took his bow and arrow,  
 And slew his mother's sparrow.  
 I know not how it chanced,  
 Perhaps his arrow glanced.  
 Away the wag him hied,  
 And then his mother cried :  
 Lord ! how I am a-paid !  
 My bird is dead, and now my boy is strayed !

*vi*

LO ! where with flowery head and hair all brightsome,  
 Rosy cheeked, crystal eyed, e'en weeping lightsome,  
 The fresh Aurora springeth !  
 And wanton Flora flingeth  
 Amorous odours to the winds delightsome !  
 Ah ! for pity and anguish !  
 Only my heart doth languish !

*vii*

O GRIEF ! even on the bud that fairly flowered  
 The sun hath lowered.  
 And at the breast which Love durst never venture,  
 Bold Death did enter.  
 Pity, O heavens, that have my love in keeping,  
 My sighs and weeping.

*viii*

SOVEREIGN of my delight, hear my complaining.  
 Fly to her, my sad thoughts, my cares containing.  
 Beauty by pleasure crowned  
 Now in herself lies drowned  
 By her unkind disdain.

*ix*

OUR Bonny-boots could toot it, yea and foot it.  
 Say, lusty lads, who now shall bonny-boot it ?  
 Who but the jolly shepherd, bonny Dorus ?  
 He now must lead the morris dance before us.

*x*

AY me ! the fatal arrow,  
 That drives e'en to the marrow,  
 Cupid from out his quiver  
 Hath plucked, and pierced my liver.  
 The blood, through which the venom fell close creepeth,  
 Alas, e'en through mine eyes my heart out weepeth.

*xi*

MY nymph, the dear, and her my dear, I follow.  
 Trussed is her hair in gold, than gold more yollow.  
 Say, did you see her, the divinest creature  
 That ever was of feature ?  
 O love, the world sweet maker,  
 Change her mood, and more humane minded make her.

*xii*

CRUEL, wilt thou persever  
 Peace to leave ever ?  
 Peace shalt thou have, and gladness.  
 But when in sadness ?  
 When thou the morn seest even  
 To fall from heaven.

*xiii*

SAID I that Amaryllis  
 Was fairer than is Phyllis ?  
 Upon my death I take it,  
 Sweet Phyll, I never spake it.  
 But if you think I did, then take and hang me.  
 Yet let more and more love and beauty pang me.

*xiv*

DAMON and Phyllis squared,  
 And to point her the place the nymph him dared.  
 Her glove she down did cast him,  
 And to meet her alone she bade him haste him.  
 Alike their weapons were, alike their smiting,  
 And little Love came running to the fighting.

*xv*

LADY, you think you spite me,  
 When by the lip you bite me.  
 But if you think it trouble,  
 Then let my pain be double,  
 Ay triple, but you bliss me,  
 For though you bite, you kiss me,  
 And with sour sweet delight me.

*xvi*

YOU black bright stars, that shine while daylight lasteth,  
 Ah ! why haste you away when night time hasteth ?  
 In darker nights the stars seem still the lighter.  
 On me then shine a-nights with your beams brighter.  
 Beams that are cause my heart hath so aspired,  
 Fire mounts aloft, and they my heart have fired.

*xvii*

I FOLLOW, lo, the footing  
 Still of my lovely cruel,  
 Proud of herself that she is beauty's jewel.  
 And fast away she flieth,  
 Love's sweet delight deriding,  
 In woods and groves sweet Nature's treasure hiding.  
 Yet cease I not pursuing,  
 But since I thus have sought her,  
 Will run me out of breath till I have caught her.

*xviii*

STAY, heart, run not so fast from him that loves thee  
 To her that deadly hates thee.  
 Her sharp disdain reproves thee,  
 And worse than ill still rates thee.  
 Then let her go and spare not.

Hold thou thyself contented, and I care not.  
 Up, gentle swains, we'll have a round tomorrow.  
 My love is gone, and with her go my sorrow !  
 O vile wretch, that so base a mind dost carry.  
 Thou lovedst her once, and why now dost thou vary ?  
 Then straight away I haste me,  
 And after her will run while life shall last me.  
 Ah ! Death his force now trieth.  
 Flora, farewell, for lo, thy shepherd dieth !

*xix*

GOOD love, then fly thou to her,  
 And see if thou canst woo her.  
 Go, sweet, and turn about her,  
 For sure I die without her.  
 But if she still abhor me,  
 And will do nothing for me,  
 Sweet love, this favour do me,  
 Return thou never to me.

*xx*

LADIES, you see time flieth,  
 And beauty too, it dieth.  
 Then take your pleasure,  
 While you have leisure.  
 Nor be so dainty  
 Of that which you have plenty.

*xxi*

*A reverend memoriall of that honourable true gentleman  
 Henry Noel Esquier*

HARK ! Alleluia cheerly  
 With angels now he singeth,  
 That here loved music dearly,  
 Whose echo heaven ringeth,  
 Where thousand cherubs hover  
 About the Eternal Mover.



*Madrigales. The Triumphes of Oriana, to 5. and 6. voices :  
composed by diuers seuerall' aucthors. 1601.*

MICHAEL EAST

HENCE stars ! too dim of light,  
You dazzle but the sight,  
You teach to grope by night.  
See here the shepherds' star,  
Excelling you so far.  
Then Phoebus wiped his eyes,  
And Zephyr cleared the skies ;  
In sweet accented cries  
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
Long live fair Oriana.

*i*

DANIEL NORCOME

WITH angel's face and brightness  
And orient hue fair Oriana shining,  
With nimble foot she tripped o'er hills and mountains,  
Hard by Diana's fountains.  
At last in dale she rested.  
This is that maiden Queen of fairyland  
With sceptre in her hand.  
The fauns and satyrs dancing  
Did show their nimble lightness.  
Fair Nais and the nymphs did leave their bowers,  
And brought their baskets full of herbs and flowers.  
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
Long live fair Oriana.

*ii*

JOHN MUNDY

LIGHTLY she whipped o'er the dales,  
Making the woods proud with her presence ;  
Gently she trod the flowers ;  
And as they gently kissed her tender feet  
The birds in their best language bade her welcome,  
Being proud that Oriana heard their song.  
The clove-foot satyrs singing  
Made music to the Fauns a dancing,

And both together with an emphasis  
 Sang Oriana's praises,  
 Whilst adjoining woods with melody  
 Did entertain their sweet harmony.  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live Oriana.

*iii*

ELLIS GIBBONS

LONG live fair Oriana !  
 Hark ! did you ever hear so sweet a singing ?  
 They sing young Love to waken.  
 The nymphs into the wood their Queen are bringing.  
 There was a note well taken !  
 O good ! O hark ! how joyfully 'tis dittied,  
 A Queen and song most excellently fitted !  
 I never heard a rarer,  
 I never saw a fairer.  
 Then sing ye shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.

*iv*

JOHN BENNET

ALL creatures now are merry, merry-minded.  
 The shepherds' daughters playing,  
 The nymphs are fa-la-laing,  
 Yond bugle was well winded.  
 At Orianaes presence each thing smileth.  
 The flowers themselves discover ;  
 Birds over her do hover ;  
 Music the time beguileth.  
 See where she comes with flowery garlands crowned,  
 Queen of all queens renowned.  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.

*v*

JOHN HILTON

FAIR Oriana, beauty's queen,  
 Tripped along the verdant green.  
 The fauns and satyrs running out  
 Skipped and danced round about.



Flora forsook her painted bowers,  
 And made a coronet of flowers.  
 Then sang the nymphs of chaste Diana :  
     Long live fair Oriana.

*vi*

GEORGE MARSON

THE nymphs and shepherds danced  
 Lavoltos in a daisy-tapstred valley.  
     Love from their face lamps glanced,  
     Till wantonly they dally.  
     Then in a rose-banked alley  
     Bright Majesty advanced,  
 A crown-graced Virgin, whom all people honour.  
     They leave their sport amazed,  
     Run all to look upon her.  
     A moment scarce they gazed  
 Ere beauty's splendour all their eyes had dazed,  
 Desire to see yet ever fixed on her.  
     Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
     Long live fair Oriana.

*vii*

RICHARD CARLTON

CALM was the air and clear the sky,  
 Fair Oriana passing by  
 Over the downs to Ida plains,  
 Where heaven-born sisters with their trains  
 Did all attend her sacred beauty,  
 Striving to excel in duty.  
 Satyrs and nymphs dancing together,  
 Shepherds triumphing flocking thither,  
 Seeing their sovereign mistress there,  
 That kept their flocks and them from fear,  
     With high-strained voice  
     And hearts rejoice.  
 Thus sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
     Long live fair Oriana.

*viii*

JOHN HOLMES

THUS Bonny-boots the birthday celebrated  
 Of her his lady dearest,  
 Fair Orian, which to his heart was nearest.  
 The nymphs and shepherds feasted  
 With clowted cream, and were to sing requested.  
 Lo here the fair created,  
 Quoth he, the world's chief goddess.  
 Then sing, for she is Bonny-boots' sweet mistress.  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.

*ix*

RICHARD NICOLSON

SING shepherds all, and in your roundelays  
 Sing only of fair Orianaes praise.  
 The gods above will help to bear a part,  
 And men below will try their greatest art.  
 Though neither gods nor men can well apply  
 Fit song or tune to praise her worthily.  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.

*x*

THOMAS TOMKINS

THE fauns and satyrs tripping  
 With lively nymphs of fresh cool brooks and fountains,  
 And those of woods and mountains,  
 Like roes came nimbly skipping,  
 By signs their mirth unripping.  
 My fair Queen they presented  
 In peace's arms with Amaltheas twenty,  
 Brimful of wealthy plenty ;  
 And still to give frequented,  
 With bare gifts not contented.  
 The demi-gods pray to the gods supernal,  
 Her life, her wealth, her fame may be eternal.  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.

*xi*

MICHAEL CAVENDISH

COME, gentle swains, and shepherds' dainty daughters,  
 Adorned with courtesy and comely duties,  
 Come, sing and joy and grace with lovely laughters  
 The birthday of the beautiest of the beauties.  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.

*xii*

WILLIAM COBBOLD

WITH wreaths of rose and laurel  
 Withdraw yourselves, ye shepherds, from your bowers,  
 And strew the path with flowers.  
 The nymphs are coming ;  
 Sweetly the birds are chirping, the swift beasts running.  
 And all amazed stand gazing  
 To see such bright stars blazing.  
 Lo, Dian bravely treading,  
 Her dainty daughter leading.  
 The powers divine to her do veil their bonnets.  
 Prepare yourselves to sound your pastoral sonnets.  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.

*xiii*

THOMAS MORLEY

ARISE, awake, awake,  
 You silly shepherds sleeping ;  
 Devise some honour for her sake  
 By mirth to banish weeping.  
 See where she comes, lo where,  
 In gaudy green arraying,  
 A prince of beauty, rich and rare  
 Pretends to go a-maying.  
 You stately nymphs draw near,  
 And strew your paths with roses  
 For her delighting, and with flowers.  
 In you her trust reposes.  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.

*xiv*

JOHN FARMER

FAIR nymph, I heard one telling,  
 Diana's train are hunting in this chace.  
     To beautify the place  
     The fawns are running,  
 The shepherds their pipes tuning  
     To show their cunning.  
 The lambs amazed leave off their grazing,  
     And blind their eyes with gazing,  
 Whilst the earth's goddess doth draw near your places,  
 Attended by the Muses and the Graces.  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
     Long live fair Oriana.

*xv*

JOHN WILBYE

THE Lady Oriana  
 Was dight all in the treasures of Guiana.  
 And on her Grace a thousand Graces tended.  
 And thus sang they : Fair Queen of peace and plenty,  
     The fairest Queen of twenty.  
 Then with an olive wreath for peace renowned  
     Her virgin head they crowned.  
     Which ceremony ended  
 Unto her Grace the thousand Graces bended.  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
     Long live fair Oriana.

*xvi*

THOMAS HUNT

HARK ! did you ever hear so sweet a singing ?  
     They sing young Love to waken.  
 The nymphs into the woods their Queen are bringing.  
     There was a note well taken !  
 O good ! O most divinely dittied !  
 A Queen and song most excellently fitted.  
     I never saw a fairer,  
     I never heard a rarer.  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
     Long live fair Oriana.

*xvii*

THOMAS WEELKES

AS Vesta was from Latmos hill descending,  
 She spied a maiden Queen the same ascending,  
 Attended on by all the shepherds' swain,  
 To whom Dianaes darlings, running down amain,  
 First two by two, then three by three together,  
 Alone their goddess leaving, hasted thither ;  
 And mingling with the shepherds of her train,  
 With mirthful tunes her presence did entertain.

Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.

*xviii*

JOHN MILTON

FAIR Orian in the morn,  
 Before the day was born,  
 With velvet steps on ground,  
 Which made nor print nor sound,  
 Would see her nymphs abed.  
 What lives those ladies led !  
 The roses blushing said :  
 O stay, thou shepherd's maid.  
 And on a sudden all  
 They rose and heard her call.

Then sang those shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.

*xix*

ELLIS GIBBONS

ROUND about her chariot with all-admiring strains  
 The Hyades and Dryades give sweetest entertains.

Lo ! how the gods in revels do accord,  
 Whilst doth each goddess melodies afford.

Now Bacchus is consorting,  
 Sylvanus falls to sporting,  
 Amphion's harp reporting.

To the shepherds' pipes sing the nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.

xx<sup>1</sup>

GEORGE KIRBYE

BRIGHT Phoebus greets most clearly  
 With radiant beams fair Oriana sitting.  
 Her apple Venus yields as best befitting  
 A Queen beloved most dearly.  
 Rich Pluto leaves his treasures.  
 And Proserpine glad runs in her best array.  
 Nymphs deck her crown with bay.  
 Her feet are lions kissing.  
 No joy can there be missing.  
 Now Thetis leaves the mermaids' tunes admired,  
 And swells with pride to see this Queen desired.  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.

xxi

ROBERT JONES

FAIR Oriana, seeming to wink at folly,  
 Lay softly down to sleeping.  
 But hearing that the world was grown unholy,  
 Her rest was turned to weeping.  
 So waked, she sighed, and with crossed arms  
 Sat drinking tears for others' harms.  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.

xxii

JOHN LISLEY

FAIR Cytherèa presents her doves, sweet Minerva singeth,  
 Jove gives a crown, a garland Juno bringeth.  
 Fame summoned each celestial power  
 To bring their gifts to Orianaes bower.  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.

xxiii

THOMAS MORLEY

HARD by a crystal fountain  
 Bright Orian lay sleeping.  
 The birds they finely chirped, the winds were stilled,  
 Sweetly with these accenting the air was filled.

<sup>1</sup> See note on p. 269.

This is that fair whose head a crown deserveth  
 Which Heaven for her reserveth.  
 Leave, shepherds, your lambs keeping  
 Upon the barren mountain,  
 And nymphs attend on her and leave your bowers,  
 For she the shepherds' life maintains and yours.  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.

xxiv

EDWARD JOHNSON

COME, blessed bird, and with thy sugared relish  
 Help our declining choir now to embellish,  
 For Bonny-boots that so aloft would fetch it,  
 O he is dead, and none of us can reach it.  
 Then tune to us, sweet bird, thy shrill recorder,  
 Begin and we will follow thee in order.  
 Elpin and I and Dorus  
 Will serve for fault of better in the chorus.  
 Then sang the wood-born minstrel of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.



## JOHN MUNDY

*Songs And Psalmes composed into 3. 4. and 5. parts, for the vse  
 and delight of all such as either loue or learne Mvsicke. 1594.*

i

PRAISE the Lord, O my Soul ; while I live will I praise the  
 Lord ; yea as long as I have any being, I will sing praise unto  
 my God. *Psalm cxlvi. 1*

Every day will I give thanks to thee, and praise thy name for  
 evermore. *Psalm cxlv. 2*

ii

SAVE me, O God, and that with speed,  
 The waters flow full fast ;  
 So nigh my soul do they proceed  
 That I am sore aghast.  
 I stick full deep in filth and clay,  
 Whereas I feel no ground ;  
 I fall into such floods I say  
 That I am like be drowned.

*Psalm lxi. 1-2*

## iii

O ALL ye nations of the Lord,  
 Praise ye the Lord always ;  
 And all ye people everywhere  
 Set forth his noble praise.  
 For great his kindness is to us,  
 His truth endures for aye ;  
 Wherefore praise ye the Lord our God,  
 Praise ye the Lord I say.

*Psalm cxvii*

## iv-v

BLESSED art thou that fearest God,  
 And walkest in his way,  
 For of thy labour thou shalt eat,  
 Happy art thou I say.  
 Like fruitful vines on thy house side  
 So doth thy wife spring out,  
 Thy children stand like olive plants  
 Thy table round about.

Thus art thou blest that fearest God,  
 And he shall let thee see  
 The promised Jerusalem  
 And his felicity.  
 Thou shalt thy children's children see  
 To thy great joy's increase ;  
 And likewise grace on Israel,  
 Prosperity and peace.

*Psalm cxxviii*

## vi

HEAR my prayer, O Lord, and consider my desire ; hearken unto me, and enter not into judgement with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

*Psalm cxliiii. 1-2*

## vii

YE people all with one accord  
 Clap hands and eke rejoice ;  
 Be glad and sing unto the Lord  
 With sweet and pleasant voice.  
 Sing praises to our God, sing praise,  
 Sing praises to our King,  
 For God is king of all the earth,  
 All thankful praises sing.

*Psalm xlvi. 1, 6, 7*



*viii*

O LORD, turn not away thy face  
 From him that lies prostrate,  
 Lamenting sore his sinful life,  
 Before thy mercy gate ;  
 Which gate thou openest wide to those  
 That do lament their sin,  
 Shut not that gate against me, Lord,  
 But let me enter in.

*ix*

O COME, let us lift up our voice  
 And sing unto the Lord,  
 In him, our Rock of health, rejoice  
 Let us with one accord.  
 Yea, let us come before his face  
 To give him thanks and praise ;  
 In singing psalms unto his grace  
 Let us be glad always.

*Psalm xcvi. 1-2**x*

OF all the birds that I have heard,  
 The nightingale doth bear the bell,  
 Whose pretty fine sweet pleasing tunes  
 All other birds doth far excel.  
 But if such voices were not dear,  
 I would my Mistress sung so clear.

*xi*

AS I went walking  
 In the month of May,  
 Merrily talking,  
 I thus began to say :  
 Where dwelleth Love, that lively boy,  
 How might I see his face,  
 That breedeth pain and bringeth joy,  
 That altereth every case ?  
 Then with a sigh I did refrain,  
 And to the world let it remain.

*xii*

TURN about and see me,  
 How lustily I spring,  
 As joyfully as may be,  
 As glad as anything.  
 If you will ask the cause and why,  
 I mean to tell you by and by.

She lives that I do honour most,  
 Far passing all the rest,  
 A mighty Prince and excellent,  
 Sweet Eglantine the best.  
 Then joy with me, both great and small,  
 Her life brings joy unto us all.

*xiii*

LORD, to thee I make my moan  
 When dangers me oppress ;  
 I call, I sigh, I plain, I groan,  
 Trusting to find release.  
 Hear now, O Lord, hear my request,  
 For it is full due time,  
 And let thine ears be ever pressed  
 Unto this prayer of mine.

*Psalm cxxx. 1-2**xiv*

O LORD of whom I do depend,  
 Behold my careful heart,  
 And when thy will and pleasure is  
 Release me of my smart.  
 Thou seest my sorrows what they are,  
 My grief is known to thee ;  
 And there is none that can remove  
 Or take the same from me.

*xv*

SING ye unto the Lord our God  
 A new rejoicing song ;  
 And let the praise of him be heard  
 His holy saints among.

Let Israel rejoice in him  
 That made him of nothing,  
 And let the seed of Sion eke  
 Be joyful of their king.

*Psalm cxlix. 1-2*

*xvi*

I LIFT my heart to thee  
 My God and guide most just,  
 Now suffer me to take no shame  
 For in thee do I trust.  
 Let not my foes rejoice,  
 Nor make a scorn of me,  
 And let them not be overthrown  
 That put their trust in thee.

*Psalm xxxv. 1-2*

*xvii*

MY prime of youth is but a frost of cares ;  
 My feast of joy is but a dish of pain ;  
 My crop of corn is but a field of tares ;  
 And all my goods is but vain hope of gain.  
 The day is past, and yet I saw no sun ;  
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

*Chidiock Tichborne*

*xviii*

IN deep distress to live without delight,  
 Were such a life as few I think would crave.  
 In pangs and pains to languish day and night,  
 Were too too much for one poor soul to have.  
 If weal and woe will thus continue strife,  
 A gentle death were good to cut off such a life.

*xix*

THE longer that I live,  
 The more offence doth flow.  
 The more offence I give,  
 The more account I owe.  
 The more account I make,  
 The harder it will be ;  
 Wherefore to live my heart doth shake,  
 Death is a gain to me,

*xx-xvi*

THE shepherd Strephon loved fair Dorida,  
 The finest shepherdess in all our field ;  
 Whose loyal love when she would not obey,  
 Ne by entreaties forced once to yield,  
 All on his knees unto that seemly saint,  
 In woeful wise thus 'gan he make his plaint :

Witness ye heavens, the palace of the gods,  
 Witness ye gods, which hold your seats therein,  
 Witness hell furies with revengeful rods,  
 Witness fond love, and all that love can win,  
 Witness the air, fire, water, earth and all,  
 How I have lived a vassal at thy call.

*xxii*

HEIGH ho ! 'chill go to plough no more.  
 Sit down and take thy rest.  
 Of golden groats I have good store  
 To flaunt it with the best.  
 I love, I love,—and who think you ?  
 The finest lass that ere you knew,  
 Which makes me sing when I should cry,  
 Heigh ho, heigh ho, for love-I die.

*xxiii*

LORD, arise and help thy servant, which only trusteth in thee, for I am in misery.

*xxiv*

HAVE mercy on me, O Lord, and grant me my desire. Let truth and righteousness dwell with me for ever.

*Psalm cxliii. 1*

So shall I always praise thy name, and sing to thee O my God.

*Psalm cxlv. 1-2*

*xxv*

UNTO thee lift I up mine eyes, thou that dwellest in the heavens.

*Psalm cxxiii. 1*

Do well, O Lord, to those that are true of heart, for only in thee do I trust.

*Psalm cxxv. 4*

*xxvi*

WERE I a king I might command content.

Were I obscure, unknown should be my cares.

And were I dead, no thoughts should me torment,

Nor words, nor wrongs, nor hopes, nor loves, nor fears.

A doubtful choice, of three things one to crave,

A kingdom, or a cottage, or a grave.

*Edward (Vere) Earl of Oxford*

*xxvii-xxviii*

IN midst of woods or pleasant grove

Where all sweet birds do sing,

Methought I heard so rare a sound,

Which made the heavens to ring.

The charm was good, the noise full sweet,

Each bird did play his part ;

And I admired to hear the same ;

Joy sprung into my heart.

The blackbird made the sweetest sound,

Whose tunes did far excel,

Full pleasantly and most profound

Was all things placed well.

Thy pretty tunes, mine own sweet bird,

Done with so good a grace,

Extols thy name, prefers the same

Abroad in every place.

Thy music grave, bedecked well

With sundry points of skill,

Bewrays thy knowledge excellent,

Engrafted in thy will.

My tongue shall speak, my pen shall write,

In praise of thee to tell.

The sweetest bird that ever was,

In friendly sort, farewell.

*xxix*

PENELOPE that longed for the sight

Of her Ulysses, wandering all too long,

Felt never joy wherein she took delight,

Although she lived in greatest joys among,

So I, poor wretch, possessing that I crave,

Both live and lack by wrong of that I have.

Then blame me not although to heavens I cry,

And pray the gods that shortly I might die.

xxx

WHO loves a life devoid of quiet rest,  
 And seeks content in dens of cruel care :  
 Who most triumphs when most he is oppressed,  
 And weens him free when fast he is in snare :  
 Who in the sweet doth find the sourest taste,  
 His life is love, his food is vain repast,



## MARTIN PEERSON

*Private Musicke, Or The First Booke of Ayres and Dialogues, Contayning Songs of 4. 5. and 6. parts, of severall sorts, and being verse and Chorus is fit for Voyces and Viols. And for want of Viols, they may be performed to either the Virginall or Lute, where the proficient can play upon the Ground, or for a shift to the Base viol alone. All made and composed according the rules of art. 1620.*

i

OPEN the door, who 's there within ?  
 The fairest of thy mother's kin.  
     O come, O come abroad,  
     And hear the shrill birds sing,  
     The air with tunes that load.  
 It is too soon to go to rest,  
 The sun not midway yet to west.  
     The day doth miss thee,  
 And will not part until it kiss thee.

Were I as fair as you pretend,  
 Yet to an unknown sild-seen friend  
     I dare not ope the door.  
     To hear the sweet birds sing  
     Oft proves a dangerous thing.  
 The sun may run his wonted race,  
 And yet not gaze on my poor face.  
     The day may miss me.  
 Therefore depart, you shall not kiss me.

ii

RESOLVED to love, unworthy to obtain,  
 I do not favour crave ; but humble-wise  
 To thee my sighs in verse I sacrifice,  
 Only some pity and no help to gain.

Much sorrow in myself my love doth move ;  
 More my despair to love a hopeless bliss ;  
 My folly most to love when sure to miss.  
 O help me but this last grief to remove.

All pain, if you command it, joy shall prove  
 And wisdom to seek joy. Then say but this :  
 Because my pleasure in thy torment is,  
 do command thee without hope to love.

## iii

AH, were she pitiful as she is fair,  
 Or but so mild as she is seeming so,  
 Then were my hopes greater than my despair,  
 Then all the world were heaven and nothing woe.

But beauty being pitiless and stern,  
 Cruel in deed though mild in outward show,  
 Will neither hopes or my despairs discern,  
 But leads me to a hell of endless woe.

*Robert Greene*

## iv

DISDAIN that so doth fill me,  
 Hath surely sworn to kill me,  
 And I must die.  
 Desire that still doth burn me,  
 To life again will turn me,  
 And live must I.  
 O kill me then, Disdain,  
 That I may live again.  
 Thy looks are life unto me,  
 And yet those looks undo me,  
 O death and life !  
 Thy smile some rest doth show me,  
 Thy frown with war o'erthrow me,  
 O peace and strife !  
 Nor life nor death is either ;  
 Then give me both, or neither.  
 Life only cannot please me ;  
 Death only cannot ease me,  
 Change is delight.  
 I live that death may kill me,  
 I die that life may fill me,  
 Both day and night.  
 If once despair decay,  
 Desire will wear away.

*v*

O PRECIOUS Time, created by the might  
 Of his blest word that made all comely features,  
 And wisely parted into day and night  
 For his best use and service of the creatures.  
 O woe is me, that have mis-spent this treasure  
 In vain delight and fond and wicked pleasure.

*vi*

CAN a maid that is well bred,  
 Hath a blush so lovely red,  
 Modest looks, wise, mild, discreet,  
 And a nature passing sweet,  
 Break her promise, untrue prove,  
 On a sudden change her love,  
 Or be won ere to neglect  
 Him to whom she vowed respect ?

Such a maid, alas, I know.  
 O that weeds 'mongst corn should grow,  
 Or a rose should prickles have,  
 Wounding where she ought to save !  
 I that did her parts extol,  
 Will my lavish tongue control.  
 Outward parts do blind the eyes,  
 Gall in golden pills oft lies.

Reason, wake and sleep no more ;  
 Land upon some safer shore ;  
 Think on her and be afraid  
 Of a faithless fickle maid.  
 Of a faithless fickle maid  
 Thus true love is still betrayed.  
 Yet it is some ease to sing  
 That a maid is light of wing.

*vii*

O I do love, then kiss me,  
 And after I'll not miss thee  
 With bodies' loving meeting  
 To dally, pretty sweeting.



Though I am somewhat aged,  
 Yet is not love assuaged ;  
 But with sweet ardent clips,  
 I'll lay thee on the lips,  
 And make thee ever swear :  
 Farewell old bachelor.

*viii*

SINCE just disdain began to rise,  
 And cry revenge for spiteful wrong,  
 What erst I praised I now despise,  
 And think my love was all too long.  
 I tread in dust that scornful pride  
 Which in thy looks I have descried.  
 Thy beauty is a painted skin  
 For fools to see their faces in.

Thine eyes that some as stars esteem,  
 From whence themselves, they say, take light,  
 Like to the foolish fire I deem,  
 That leads men to their death by night.  
 Thy words and oaths are light as wind,  
 And yet far lighter is thy mind.  
 Thy friendship is a broken reed  
 That fails thy friend in greatest need.

*ix*

AT her fair hands how have I grace entreated  
 With prayers oft repeated ;  
 Yet still my love is thwarted.  
 Heart, let her go, for she'll not be converted,  
 Say, shall she go ?  
 O no, no, no !  
 She is most fair, though she be marble-hearted.

How often have my sighs declared mine anguish,  
 Wherein I daily languish !  
 Yet doth she still procure it.  
 Heart, let her go, for I cannot endure it.  
 Say, shall she go ?  
 O no, no, no !  
 She gave the wound, and she alone must cure it.

*Walter Davison*

x

NOW, Robin, laugh and sing,  
 Thy master's sheep-shearing,,  
 When pies and custards smoke  
 Then Robin plies his poke,  
 And playing the merry cater,  
 My teeth doth run a-water.  
 And when the bagpipes play  
 For this the merry day,  
 Then comes in little Joan  
 And bids strike up the drone.

And while the drone doth play  
 Upon this merry day,  
 The country lasses throng  
 With timbrels to their song  
 In praise of lusty Bobin,  
 The town's chief jolly Robin,  
 Who foots it o'er the downs,  
 Not caring for such clowns  
 As scorn his little Joan ;  
 Then strike up still the drone !

xi

HEY, the horn, the horn-a  
 To Vulcan doth belong.  
 And Venus, for she gave it,  
 Is mistress of my song.  
 If Vulcan should not have it,  
 Then Vulcan should have wrong.

If Vulcan have the horn-a,  
 Then Venus is to blame,  
 And Mars that did entice her  
 Unto that wanton game.  
 Yet Vulcan needs must keep it,  
 To set all well in frame.

xii

UPON my lap my sovereign sits  
 And sucks upon my breast.  
 Meantime his love maintains my life,  
 And gives my sense her rest.  
 Sing lullaby, my little boy,  
 Sing lullaby, my only joy.

When thou hast taken thy repast,  
 Repose, my babe, on me ;  
 So may thy mother and thy nurse  
 Thy cradle also be.  
     Sing lullaby, my little boy,  
     Sing lullaby, my only joy.

I grieve that duty doth not work  
 All what my wishing would,  
 Because I would not be to thee  
 But in the best I should.  
     Sing lullaby, my little boy,  
     Sing lullaby, my only joy.

Yet as I am, and as I may,  
 I must and will be thine,  
 Though all too little for thyself,  
 Vouchsafing to be mine.  
     Sing lullaby, my little boy,  
     Sing lullaby, my only joy.

*Robert Verstegan*

*xiii*

LOCK up, fair lids, the treasure of my heart ;  
 Preserve those beams, this age's only light.  
 To her sweet sense, sweet sleep, some ease impart,  
 Her sense too weak to bear her spirit's might.  
 And while, O sleep, thou closest up her sight,  
 Her light where Love did forge his fairest dart,  
 O harbour all her parts in easeful plight,  
 Let no strange dream make her fair body start.  
 But yet, O dream, if thou wilt not depart  
 In this rare subject from thy common right,  
 But wilt thyself in such a seat delight,  
 Then take my shape, and play a lover's part ;  
 Kiss her from me, and say unto her sprite,  
 Till her eyes shine I live in darkest night.

*Sir Philip Sidney*

*xiv*

LOVE her no more, herself she doth not love.  
 Shame and the blackest clouds of night  
 Hide her for ever from thy light.  
 O day, why do thy beams in her eyes move.

Fly her, dear honoured friend, do so ;  
 She'll be the cause of much much woe.  
     Alas, she will undo thee,  
     Her love is fatal to thee.  
 Curse her then, and go !

*xv-xvi*

COME, pretty wag, and sing ;  
 The sun's all-ripening wing  
 Fans up the wanton spring.  
     O let us both go chant it,  
 Dainty, dainty flowers  
 Sprout up with April showers  
 And deck the summer bowers ;  
     O how fresh May doth flaunt it.

Then with reports most sprightly  
 Trip with thy voice most lightly.  
 O sing so prettily, for now  
 The cuckoo sings cuckoo, cuckoo,  
     That echo doth rebound,  
 And dally with the sound.

*xvii*

PRETTY wantons, sweetly sing  
 In honour of the smiling Spring.  
 Look how the light-winged chirping choir  
 With nimble skips the Spring admire.  
 But O, hark how the birds sing, mark that note,  
     Jug, jug, tereu, tereu,  
 Prettily warbled from a sweet throat.

*xviii*

SING, Love is blind.  
 So now is Love's lady. Yet in the dark  
     Love light can find.  
     Love 's a good clerk,  
 Reads perfectly and puts together.  
     Then tell me whether  
 He 's not a fool that cries to hit the mark ?  
 O no, though Cupid's young and blind withal,  
     Yet he can make the strongest fall.  
     With a hey nonny nonny no.

*xix*

WHAT need the morning rise,  
Seeing a sun in both thine eyes ?

What need a sun to shine,  
Seeing a clearer light in thine ?

{ O, 'tis on thee to gaze. }  
{ No, 'tis on thee to gaze. }

Strike them into amaze  
By thy more golden rays.

Let no eye dare to see

{ How thus I challenge thee. }  
{ How thus I yield to thee. }

Let no hate never  
Our white hands sever.

*xx-xxi*

GAZE not on Youth ; let Age contain  
Thy wandering eye from objects vain.

No, I must look about and see  
In love what heavenly objects be.

But when the eye is in the face,  
The mind is in another place.

True pleasure is in chastity.

I only seek to please mine eye.

I must be chaste, yet gaze my fill.

No, learn of me, and sing this still :

She, only she, is ever chaste,  
That is with every look outfaced.

*xxii*

THE spring of joy is dry  
That ran into my heart ;  
And all my comforts fly.

My love and I must part.

Farewell, my love, I go,  
If fate will have it so.

Yet to content us both

Return again, as doth  
The shadow to the hour,

The bee unto the flower,

The fish unto the hook,

The cattle to the brook,

That we may sport our fill,

And love continue still.

*xxiii*

IS not that my fancy's queen,  
 In the brightness of her rays  
 Passing Summer's cheerest days,  
 That comes tripping o'er the green ?

Is not that my shepherd's swain,  
 Sprightly clad in lovely blue,  
 Fairest of the fairest crew  
 That comes gliding o'er the plain ?

'Tis my love, and thus we meet.  
 'Tis my love, and thus we greet.  
 Happier than the gods above,  
 Meeting, may we ever love.  
 Meeting, may we love for ever,  
 Never, never, never sever.

*xxiv*

SEE, O see, who comes here a-maying ?  
 The Master of the Ocean  
 And his sweet beauteous Orian.  
 Why left we off our playing ?  
 On them to gaze  
 That gods as well as men amaze.  
 Up, nightingale, and sing  
 Jug, jug, jug, jug.  
 Lark, raise thy note and wing,  
 All birds their music bring.  
 Robin, linnet, thrush,  
 Record on every bush  
 The welcome of the King and Queen,  
 Whose like was never seen  
 For good and fair ;  
 Not can be ; though fresh May  
 Should every day  
 Invite a several pair.

*Ben Jonson*



*Motets Or Grave Chamber Musique. Containing Songs of five parts of severall sorts, some full, and some Verse and Chorus. But all fit for Voyces and Vials, with an Organ Part; which for want of Organs, may be performed on Virginals, Base-Lute, Bandora, or Irish Harpe. Also, A Mourning Song of sixe parts for the Death of the late Right Honorable Sir Fulke Grevil, Knight of the Honourable order of the Bath, Lord Brooke, Baron Brooke of Beauchamps-Court in the Countie of Warwick, and of his Maiesties most honourable priuie Councill &c. Composed according to the Rules of Art. 1630.*

## i-iii

LOVE, the delight of all well-thinking minds ;  
 Delight, the fruit of Virtue dearly loved ;  
 Virtue, the highest good that Reason finds ;  
 Reason, the fire wherein men's thoughts be proved,  
 Are from the world by Nature's power bereft,  
 And in one creature for her glory left.

Beauty, her cover, is the eyes' true pleasure ;  
 In Honour's fame she lives, the ear's sweet music ;  
 Excess of wonder grows from her true measure ;  
 Her worth is passion's wound and passion's physic,  
 From her true heart clear springs of wisdom flow,  
 Which imaged in her words and deeds men know.

Time fain would stay, that she might never leave her ;  
 Place doth rejoyce that she must needs contain her ;  
 Death craves of Heaven that she may not bereave her ;  
 The heavens know their own and do maintain her.  
 Delight, Love, Reason, Virtue, let it be  
 To set all women light but only she.

*Fulke (Greville) Lord Brooke*

## iv-v

MORE than most fair, full of all heavenly fire  
 Kindled above to show the maker's glory.  
 Beauty's first-born, in whom all powers conspire  
 To write the Graces' life, the Muses' story,  
 If in my heart all nymphs else be defaced,  
 Honour the shrine where you alone are placed.

Thou window of the sky, and pride of spirits,  
 True character of honour in perfection,  
 Thou heavenly creature, judge of earthly merits,  
 And glorious prison of men's pure affection,  
 If in my heart all nymphs else be defaced,  
 Honour the shrine where you alone are placed.

*Fulke (Greville) Lord Brooke*

*vi-vii*

YOU little stars that live in skies,  
 And glory in Apollo's glory,  
 In whose aspect conjoined lies  
 The heavens' will and Nature's story,  
 Joy to be likened to those eyes,  
 Which eyes makes all eyes glad or sorry.  
 For when you force thoughts from above,  
 Those over-rule your force by love.

And thou, O Love, which in those eyes  
 Hast married Reason with Affection,  
 And made them saints of beauty's skies,  
 Where joys are shadows of perfection,  
 Lend me thy wings, that I may rise  
 Up, not by worth but thy election.  
 For I have vowed in strangest fashion  
 To love and never seek compassion.

*Fulke (Greville) Lord Brooke*

*viii-ix*

O LOVE, thou mortal sphere of powers divine,  
 The paradise of Nature in perfection,  
 What makes thee thus thy kingdom undermine,  
 Veiling thy glories under woe's reflection?  
 Tyranny counsel out of fear doth borrow,  
 To think her kingdom safe in fear and sorrow.

If I by nature, wonder and delight  
 Had not sworn all my powers to worship thee,  
 Justly mine own revenge receive I might,  
 And see thee, tyrant, suffer tyranny.  
 See thee thyself despair and sorrow breeding  
 Under the wounds of woe and sorrow bleeding.

*Fulke (Greville) Lord Brooke*



x

CUPID, my pretty boy, leave off thy crying,  
 Thou shalt have bells or apples, be not peevish.  
 Kiss me, sweet lad. Beshrew her for denying !  
 Such rude denials do make children thievish.  
 Did Reason say that boys must be restrained ?  
 What was it to tell that cruel Honour chidden ?  
 Or would they have thee from sweet Myra weaned ?  
 Are her fair breasts made dainty to be hidden ?  
 Tell me, sweet boy, doth Myra's beauty threaten ?  
 Must you say grace when you should be a playing ?  
 Doth she make thee make faults to make thee beaten ?  
 Is Beauty's pride in Innocence betraying ?  
 Give me a bow, let me thy quiver borrow,  
 And she shall play the child with love and sorrow.

*Fulke (Greville) Lord Brooke*

xi

LOVE is the peace whereto all thoughts do strive,  
 Done and begun with all our powers in one ;  
 The first and last in us that is alive,  
 End of the good, and therewith pleased alone.  
 Perfection's spirit, goddess of the mind,  
 Passed through hope, desire, grief and fear,  
 A simple goodness in the flect refined,  
 Which of the joys to come doth witness bear.

*Fulke (Greville) Lord Brooke*

xii

SELF-PITY'S tears, wherein my hope lies drowned,  
 Sighs from thought's fire, where my desires languish,  
 Despair by humble love of beauty crowned,  
 Furrows not worn by Time, but wheels of anguish,  
 Dry up, smile, joy, make smooth, make smooth and see  
 Furrows, despair, sighs, tears in beauty be.

*Fulke (Greville) Lord Brooke*

## xiii

WAS ever man so matched with a boy ?  
 When I am thinking how to keep him under,  
 He plays and dallies me with every toy,  
 With pretty stealths he makes me laugh and wonder.  
 When with the child, the child-thoughts of wisdom  
 Do long to play and toy as well as he,  
 The boy is sad and melancholy grown  
 And with one humour cannot long agree,  
 Straight do I scorn and bid the child away.  
 The boy knows fury, and soon showeth me  
 Calliaes sweet eyes, where love and beauty play ;  
 Fury turns into love of that I see.  
 If these mad changes do make children gods,  
 Women and children are not far at odds.

*Fulke (Greville) Lord Brooke*

## xiv

O FALSE and treacherous Probability,  
 Enemy of Truth and friend to Wickedness,  
 With blear-eyed opinion learn to see  
 Truth's feeble pity here and barrenness.  
 When thou hast thus misled humanity,  
 And lost obedience in the pride of wit,  
 With reason durst thou judge the Deity,  
 And in thy flesh make bold to fashion it.  
 Vain thought ! the word of power a riddle is,  
 And till the veils be rent, the flesh new-born,  
 Reveals no wonders of that inward bliss,  
 Which is where faith is, everywhere finds scorn.  
 Who therefore censures God with fleshly sprite,  
 As well in Time may wrap up Infinite.

*Fulke (Greville) Lord Brooke*

## xv-xvi

MAN, dream no more of curious mysteries ;  
 As what was here before the world was made,  
 The first man's life, the state of Paradise,  
 Where heaven is, or hell's eternal shade ;  
 For God's works are, like him, all infinite,  
 And curious search but crafty Sin's delight.

The flood that did, and dreadful fire that shall  
 Drown and burn up the malice of the earth ;  
 The divers tongues, or Babylon's downfall,  
 Are nothing to the man's renewed birth.  
 First let the Law plough up thy wicked heart,  
 That Christ may come, and all those types depart.

When thou hast swept the house that all is clear,  
 When thou the dust hast shaken from thy feet,  
 When God's Almighty doth in thy flesh appear,  
 Then seas with streams above the skies do meet ;  
 For God doth only goodness comprehend,  
 Knows what was first, and what shall be the end.

*Fulke (Greville) Lord Brooke*

*xvii-xviii*

WHO trusts for trust, or hopes of love for love ;  
 Or who, beloved, in Cupid's laws doth glory ;  
 Who joys in vows, and vows not to remove ;  
 Who, by this light god hath not been made sorry :  
 Let him see me eclipsed from my sun  
 With shadows of an earth quite over-run.

Who thinks that sorrow felt, desires hidden,  
 Or humble faith with constant honour armed,  
 Can keep love from the fruit that is forbidden.  
 Change I do mean by no faith to be charmed :  
 Looking on me let him know love's delights  
 Are treasures hid in caves but kept with sprites.

*Fulke (Greville) Lord Brooke*

*xix*

*The words are the same as those of No. xv, 1st stanza*

*xx*

FAREWELL, sweet Boy, complain not of my truth,  
 Thy mother loved thee not with more devotion ;  
 For to thy boy's play I gave all my youth.  
 Young master, I did hope for your promotion.

While some sought honours, princes' thoughts observing,  
 Many wooed Fame, the child of Pain and Anguish,  
 Others judged inward good a chief deserving,  
 I in thy wanton visions joyed to languish.  
 I bowed not thy image for succession,  
 Nor bound thy bow to shoot reformed kindness ;  
 Thy plays of hope and fear near my confession ;  
 The spectacles to my life was thy blindness.  
 But, Cupid, now farewell, I will go play me  
 With thoughts that please me less, and less betray me.

*Fulke (Greville) Lord Brooke*

*xxi*

UNDER a throne I saw a virgin sit,  
 The red and white rose quartered in her face ;  
 Star of the North, and for true guards to it,  
 Church, Princes, States, all pointing out her grace.  
 The homage done her was not born of wit,  
 Fear did admire, Zeal took Ambition's place,  
 State in her eyes taught Order how to sit  
 And fix Conclusion's unobserving race.  
 Fortune can here claim nothing truly great  
 But that this princely creature is her seat.

*Fulke (Greville) Lord Brooke*

*xxii-xxiii*

WHERE shall a sorrow great enough be sought  
 For this sad ruin which the Fates have wrought,  
 Unless the Fates themselves should weep and wish  
 Their curbless powers had been controlled in this ?  
 For thy loss, worthiest lord, no mourning eye  
 Has flood enough ; no Muse nor elegy  
 Enough expression to thy worth can lend ;  
 No, though thy Sidney had survived his friend.  
 Dead, noble Brooke shall be to us a name  
 Of grief and honour still, whose deathless fame  
 And virtue purchased as makes us to be  
 Unjust to Nature in lamenting thee,  
 Wailing an old man's fate, as if in pride  
 And heat of youth he had untimely died.

*xxiv-xxv*

*The words are the same as in the preceding numbers, xxii-xxiii*



## FRANCIS PILKINGTON

*The First Set Of Madrigals And Pastorals of 3. 4. and 5. Parts.  
1613.*

*i*

SEE where my love a-maying goes, with sweet Dame Flora  
sporting,  
She most alone with nightingales in woods' delights consorting.  
Turn again, my dearest, the pleasant'st air's in meadows,  
Else by the rivers let us breathe, and kiss amongst the willows.

*ii*

I FOLLOW, lo, the footing  
Still of my lovely cruel,  
Proud of herself that she is beauty's jewel ;  
And fast away she flieth,  
Love's sweet delight deriding,  
In woods and groves sweet Nature's treasure hiding.  
Yet cease I not pursuing,  
But since I thus have sought her,  
Will run me out of breath till I have caught her.

*iii*

POUR forth, mine eyes, the fountains of your tears ;  
Break, heart, and die, for now no hope appears.  
Hope, upon which before my thoughts were fed,  
Hath left me quite forlorn and from me fled.  
Yet see, she smiles ; O see, some hope appears.  
Hold, heart, and live ; mine eyes, cease off your tears.

*iv*

STAY, nymph, the ground seeks but to kiss thy feet.  
Hark, hark, how Philomela sweetly sings ;  
Whilst water-wanton fishes, as they meet,  
Strike crotchet time amidst these crystal springs,  
And Zephyrus 'mongst the leaves sweet murmur rings.  
Stay but a while, Phoebe no tell-tale is,  
She her Endymion, I'll my Phoebe kiss.

*v*

DORUS, a seely shepherd swain,  
 Whilst he his flock was keeping  
 Upon the vast Arcadian plain,  
 Found Amoretta sleeping,  
 And fearing lest she had been slain,  
 His eyes burst forth a-weeping.  
 Yet feeling her pure pulses beat,  
 Not minding to molest her,  
 He viewed her most admired parts,  
 And so most kindly kissed her.

*vi*

IS this thy doom, and shall thy shepherd die,  
 Wounded with love, stabbed with affection's eye ?  
 Say then, sweet saint, what breast shall be thy shrine,  
 When thou hast slain the heart that erst was thine ?  
 Pity, O pity, life for love me give,  
 And sweetly say to me : Kind shepherd, live.

*vii*

AMYNTAS with his Phyllis fair in height of Summer's sun  
 Grazed arm in arm their snowy flock ; and scorching heat to shun  
 Under a spreading elm sat down, where love's delightments done,  
 Down dillie, down, thus did they sing, there is no life like ours,  
 No heaven on earth to shepherds' cells, no hell to princely bowers.

*viii*

HERE rest, my thoughts. What meaneth all this hasting  
 To fry in pangs and torments everlasting ?  
 And yet her heart is even to me as cruel,  
 Her eye the flame, but my heart lends the fuel.

*ix*

WHY should I grieve that she disdains my love,  
 Or seek for love, since love's a grief ?  
 A noble mind his tortures ill behave.  
 He spoils, thralls, murders like a thief,  
 Debarring beauty's bar all loved relief.

x

THE messenger of the delightful Spring,  
 The cuckoo, proud bird mocking man,  
 On lofty oaks and every under-spring  
 To chant out cuckoo, scarce began,  
 Whenas Menalcas, soote as swan  
 His Winter cloak cast off, did nimbly spring ;  
 And as the cuckoo, cuck, did sing,  
 The shepherd's down was farra diddle dan.

xi

HAVE I found her, (O rich finding!)  
 Goddess-like for to behold,  
 Her fair tresses seemly binding  
 In a chain of pearl and gold ?  
 Chain me, chain me, O most fair,  
 Chain me to thee with that hair.

xii

WHAT though her frowns and hard entreaties kill,  
 I will not cease to love, affect her still.  
 Still will I love her beauty, hate her scorn,  
 Love her for beauty at her beauty's morn.

xiii

LOVE is a secret feeding fire that gives all creatures being,  
 Life to the dead, speech to the dumb, and to the blind man seeing.  
 And yet in me he contradicts all these his sacred graces,  
 Sears up my lips, my eyes, my life, and from me ever flying,  
 Leads me in paths untracked, ungone, and many uncouth places,  
 Where in despair I beauty curse. Curse love and all fair faces !

xiv

WHY do I fret and grieve,  
 Since she denies and will no comfort give ?  
 O fatal foul decree.  
 She stops her ears and smiles at my complaint ;  
 Whilst wounded with disdain,  
 I seek all means I can to set me free.  
 And yet it will not be.  
 O bitter pain !

*xv*

ALL in a cave a shepherd's lad met wanton Thestalis.  
 Where he, unskilled in better sports, begged only for a kiss.  
 Alas, quoth she, and take thee this, and this, and this, and this.  
 But knowest thou not, fair boy, in love a more contented sweet ?  
 Oh no, he said, for in a kiss our souls together meet.

*xvi*

SING we, dance we on the green,  
 And fill these valleys with melodious strains,  
 That for joy our Summer's queen,  
 Environed with all the country swains,  
 Fairly trips it o'er the plains.  
 Let us about these daffadillies sweet  
 Tread a ring dance with our feet.

*xvii*

UNDER the tops of Helicon,  
 Not far from Parnasse stately towers,  
 Springs forth the fountain Hippocrene  
 With banks beset with fragrant flowers.  
 The hill is it my Muses use,  
 The fountain which my heart doth choose.

*xviii*

SWEET Phillida, my flocks as white and pure as snowy down  
 Sit mourning for thy sake.  
 Come when thou wilt, I never mean to frown.  
 Thy love I will partake.  
 Come, quickly come, I sigh for thee my sweet.  
 I'll turn my flocks away,  
 And with them I'll not stay,  
 So thee and I most lovingly in love each other meet.

*xix*

MY heart is dead within me,  
 For that my love forsakes me.  
 Yet why should I shed tears in vain ?  
 She will not once respect my pain.  
 I'll therefore joy, and sing, and dance,  
 In hope to cast a better chance.



xx

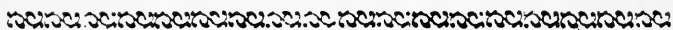
NO, no, no, it will not be,  
 Your labour is in vain.  
 I stay you not, but set you free ;  
 Why do you then complain  
 And wail conceited wrongs as done to me ?  
 No, no, I tell you once again  
 You have your travail for your pain.

xxi

WHEN Oriana walked to take the air,  
 The world did strive to entertain so fair.  
 By Flora fair the sweetest flowers were strewn  
 Along the way for her to tread upon.  
 The trees did blossom, silver rivers ran,  
 The wind did gently play upon her fan.  
 And then for to delight her Grace's ear,  
 The woods a temple seemed, the birds a choir.  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 In heaven lives Oriana.

xxvii

NOW I see thou floutest me,  
 And disdains the gifts I offer thee.  
 Then since thou scorn'st to accept it  
 On Cloris' head I'll set it.  
 For her I'll gather dainty posies  
 Of gillyflowers and purple roses.  
 With her on each holiday  
 I'll dance the merry roundelay.  
 And this I know will move thee,  
 To say, I do not love thee.



*The Second Set Of Madrigals, and Pastorals, of 3. 4. 5. and 6. Parts ;  
 Apt for Violls and Voyces. 1624.*

i

SOVEREIGN of my delight, hear my complaining.  
 Fly to her my sad thoughts my cares containing.  
 Beauty by pleasure crowned  
 Now in herself lies drowned  
 By her unkind disdainng.

*ii*

YOND hill-tops Phoebus kissed  
 At his last night's farewell.  
 This morn the same he blisssed  
 In homage to her cell.  
 The nymphs and wood-gods cried :  
 Lord Phoebus, go your way ;  
 We her, she us, will have,  
 You are too hot to play.

*iii*

WAKE, sleepy Thyrsis, wake  
 For Love and Venus' sake.  
 Come, let us mount the hills,  
 Which Zephyrus' cool breath fills ;  
 Or let us tread new alleys  
 In yonder shady valleys.  
 Rise, rise, rise,  
 Lighten thy heavy eyes ;  
 See how the streams do glide,  
 And the green meads divide.  
 But stream nor fire shall part  
 This and this joined heart.

*iv*

STAY, heart, run not so fast from him that loves thee  
 To her that deadly hates thee.  
 Her sharp disdain reproves thee,  
 And worse than ill still rates thee.  
 Then let her go and spare not.  
 Hold thou thyself contented and I care not.  
 My love is gone, and with her go my sorrow.

Vile wretch, thou lovedst once, and why now dost thou vary ?  
 Then straight away I haste me,  
 And after thee will run while life shall last me.  
 Ah, Death his force now trieth ;  
 Flora farewell, for lo, thy shepherd dieth.

*v*

YE bubbling springs that gentle music makes  
 To lovers' plaints, with heart-sore throbs immixed,  
 Whenas my dear this way her pleasure takes,  
 Tell her with tears how firm my love is fixed ;

And Philomel report my timorous fears,  
 And Echo sound my ' heigh-hos ' in her ears ;  
 But if she ask if I for love will die,  
 Tell her, indeed good faith, not I.

*vi*

YOUR fond preferments are but children's toys,  
 And as a shadow all your pleasures pass ;  
 As years increase, so waning are your joys ;  
 Your bliss is brittle like a broken glass.  
 Death is the salve that ceaseth all annoy.  
 Death is the port by which we sail to joy.

*vii*

MENALCAS in an evening walking was  
 With Daphne his beloved lovely lass.  
 She weeps, and doth of Cupid oft complain ;  
 But, ' Comfort, Daphne ', said the jolly swain,  
 ' Come kiss me, sweet, and let us merry be.  
 The gods are crossed in love as well as we.'

*viii-ix*

COY Daphne fled from Phoebus' hot pursuit,  
 Careless of passion, senseless of remorse.  
 Whilst he complained his griefs, she rested mute ;  
 He begged her stay, she still kept on her course.  
 But what reward she had for this you see,  
 She rests transformed, a winter-beaten tree.  
 Chaste Daphne fled from Phoebus' hot pursuit,  
 Knowing men's passions idle and of course.  
 And though he plained, 'twas fit she should be mute ;  
 And honour would she should keep on her course.  
 For which fair deed her glory still we see ;  
 She rests still green. And so wish I to be.

*x*

IF she neglect me,  
 I do wail and cry.  
 If she affect me,  
 Straight for grief I die.  
 For though our sorrow, joy, and death one be,  
 Yet we in one shall ne'er be joined, I see.  
 So that I cry :  
 I die, I die.  
 O dismal fate !  
 Whether she love, affect, neglect, or hate.

## xi

PALAEEMON and his Sylvia forth must walk,  
 Of passions past and divers things to talk.  
 He sighs, she weeps, they kiss, and both complain,  
 And both of them would something utter fain.  
 But voice and words were to them both denied,  
 For they had nought to say that was not said.

## xii

YOU gentle nymphs that on these meadows play,  
 And oft relate the loves of shepherds young,  
 Come sit you down, for if you please to stay,  
 Now may you hear an uncouth passion sung !  
 A lad there is, and I am that poor groom,  
 That 's fallen in love, and cannot tell with whom.  
*George Wither*

## xiii

CHASTE Syrinx fled, fear hasting on her pace,  
 With loosed hair and tear-bedewed face,  
 Weary, God wot, and Pan behind her nigh ;  
 She fills the woods with many a dreary cry.  
 The gods did see, and seem her ease to mourn,  
 And into reeds her dainty limbs transform.  
 So now she makes most joyous melody  
 For joy she kept her loved virginity.

## xiv

COME, shepherds' weeds, attend my woeful cries ;  
 Disuse yourselves from sweet Menalcas voice ;  
 For other be those tunes which sorrow ties  
 From those clear notes which freely may rejoice.  
 Then pour out plaint, and in one word say this :  
 Helpless his plaint who spoils himself of bliss.  
*Sir Philip Sidney*

## xv

CROWNED with flowers I saw fair Amaryllis  
 By Thyrsis sit, hard by a fount of crystal.  
 And with her hand, more white than snow or lilies,  
 On sand she wrote ' My faith shall be immortal ' .  
 But suddenly a storm of wind and weather  
 Blew all her faith and sand away together.

## xvi

*An Elegie on the death of his Worshipfull friend, Master Thomas  
Purcell of Dinthill, Esquire, in Salop*

WEEP, sad Urania, weep, for thou hast lost thy dear,  
And now must fix thy sacred love elsewhere.  
For he that lately made thy numbers even,  
Forsaking earth, is now possessed of heaven.  
Where he, though dead, still lives with God on high.  
He found, we lost ; he sings, we sigh and die.

## xvii

O GRACIOUS God, pardon my great offence,  
Increase my faith, renew thy spirit of grace ;  
Invest me with thy Christ his innocence,  
And from me, Lord, turn not away thy face ;  
Let not my sins foul, many though they be,  
Make a divorce between thy grace and me.

## xviii

GO, you skipping kids and fawns,  
Exercise your swift career  
Over pleasant fields and lawns,  
Rousing up the fearful deer.  
Greet them all with what I sing,  
Endless love eternizing.

## xix

CARE for thy soul as thing of greatest price,  
Made to the end to taste of power divine,  
Devoid of guilt, abhorring sin and vice,  
Apt by God's grace to virtue to incline.  
Care for it so as by thy retchless train  
It be not brought to taste eternal pain.

## xx

DROWN not with tears, my dearest love,  
Those eyes, which my affections move.  
Do not with weeping those lights blind  
Which me in thy subjection bind.  
Time, that hath made us two of one,  
And forced thee now to live alone,  
Will once again us reunite,  
To show how she can Fortune spite,

*xxi-xxii*

DEAR shepherdess, thou art more lovely fair  
 Than the both roses in the prime of May.  
 Thou art more tender sweet without compare  
 Than the bright morning at the break of day.  
 But unto me, that do thy praise declare,  
 More cold and dead than the most cold dismay.  
 Cruel Pabrilla, with thine angry look  
 Thou ever holdst my soul in alteration.  
 And of the pleasure that I whilome took  
 In my fair flocks, thy threats are deprivation.  
 Thee I more love than hill or valley-brook,  
 Or thrifty shadow, my flocks' delectation.  
 But yet my sight more hateful is to thee  
 Than thorns or nettles to thy white feet be.

*xxiii**A Fancy for the viols**xxiv*

O SOFTLY singing Lute,  
 See with my tears thou time do keep.  
 Yet softly, gentle strings,  
 Agree with Love that cannot sleep.  
 Sorrow hist whenas it sings.  
 When tears do fall then sighs arise.  
 So grief oft shines in most sad eyes,  
 Yea love through heart it dies, it dies.

*xxv*

O PRAISE the Lord, all ye heathen ; praise him all ye nations.

For his merciful kindness is evermore towards us, and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. O praised be the Lord.

*Psalm cxvii. 1-2*

*xxvi**A Dialogue for the Violls and Voyces, and the Lute*

SURCEASE, you youthful shepherdesses all,  
 Fond folly breeding love so sensual.  
 Peace, Malediction, stop thy yawning jaws,  
 Love's gods, though partial, will protect his laws.  
 Stint then our strife, contention be content.  
 Love in itself maintains an argument.

See Summer's lady, savour-scenting May,  
Ties Terraes temples in a garland gay ;  
And we that erst with Hyems did condole,  
Now dance about Sylvanus summer-pole.

Love, be propitious. Shepherdesses, sing.  
Olympus likes and loves our carolling.

xxvii

*A. Pavin for the Orpharion*



## THOMAS RAVENSCROFT

*A Briefe Discourse of the true (but neglected) use of Charact'ring the Degrees, by their Perfection, Imperfection, and Diminution in Measurable Musicke, against the Common Practise and Custome of these Times. Examples whereof are exprest in the Harmony of 4. Voyces, Concerning the Pleasure of 5. usuall Recreations. 1. Hunting, 2. Hawking, 3. Dauncing, 4. Drinking, 5. Enamouring.*

1614.

### I. FOR HUNTING

*i*

*A hunt's up.—John Bennet*

THE hunt is up, the hunt is up !  
Sing merrily we, the hunt is up !

The birds they sing ;  
The deer they fling ;  
Hey nonny, nonny no !  
The hounds they cry ;  
The hunters they fly.  
Hey trolilo, trololilo !

The woods resounds  
To hear the hounds,  
Hey nonny nonny no !  
The rocks report  
This merry sport,  
Hey trolilo, trololilo !

Then hie apace  
 Unto the chace.  
 Hey nonny nonny no !  
 Whilst everything  
 Doth sweetly sing  
 Hey trolilo, trololilo !

The hunt is up, the hunt is up !  
 Sing merrily we, the hunt is up !

## ii

*A hunting Song—The Hunting of the Hare.—Edward Peirs*

HEY trola, trola !  
 There boys, there !  
 Hoicka, hoick, whoop !  
 Cry there they go.  
 They are at fault.  
 Boy, wind the horn !  
 Sing tive tive tive now in full cry  
 With yeeble yabble, gibble gabble, hey !  
 The hounds do knock it lustily  
 With open mouth and lusty cry.

## -II. FOR HAWKING

## iii

*A Hawk's up, for a Hunt's up.—Thomas Ravenscroft*

AWAKE, awake,  
 The day doth break.  
 Our spaniels couple them.  
 Our hawks shall fly  
 Low, mean or high,  
 And truss it if they can.  
 Hey trolly loly lo !  
 And truss it if they can.

Then rise, arise,  
 For Phoebus dyes  
 In gold the dawn of day,  
 And coveys lie  
 In fields hard by.  
 Then sing we care away :  
 Hey trolly loly lo !  
 Then sing we care away !



iv

*Hawking for the Partridge.—Thomas Ravenscroft*

SITH sickles and the shearing scythe  
 Hath shorn the fields of late,  
 Now shall our hawks and we be blithe.  
 Dame Partridge ware your pate !  
 Our murdering kites  
 In all their flights  
 Will sold or never miss  
 To truss you ever and make your hale our bliss.

|           |                                   |           |                                        |
|-----------|-----------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------------------|
| Whurr ret | { Duty<br>Quando<br>Travel<br>Jew | Whurr ret | { Beauty<br>Nimble<br>Trover<br>Damsel |
|-----------|-----------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------------------|

Hey dogs hey !

|                |                                          |     |                                     |     |                                    |
|----------------|------------------------------------------|-----|-------------------------------------|-----|------------------------------------|
| Ware haunt hey | { Wanton<br>Sempster<br>Callis<br>Dancer | ret | { Sugar<br>Faver<br>Dover<br>Jerker | ret | { Mistress<br>Minx<br>Sant<br>Quoy |
|----------------|------------------------------------------|-----|-------------------------------------|-----|------------------------------------|

|     |                                        |     |                                      |     |                                          |                 |
|-----|----------------------------------------|-----|--------------------------------------|-----|------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| ret | { Tricker<br>Dido<br>Cherry<br>Stately | ret | { Crafty<br>Civil<br>Carver<br>Ruler | ret | { Minion<br>Lemmon<br>Courtier<br>German | whurr! let fly! |
|-----|----------------------------------------|-----|--------------------------------------|-----|------------------------------------------|-----------------|

O well flown, eager kite, mark !  
 We falconers thus make sullen kites  
 Yield pleasure fit for kings,  
 And sport with them in those delights,  
 And oft in other things.

v

*For the Hearne and Duck.—John Bennet*

LURE, Falconers ! give warning to the field !  
 Let fly ! let fly ! make mounting hearnes to yield.  
 Die, fearful ducks, and climb no more so high ;  
 The nyas-hawk will kiss the azure sky.  
 But when our soar-hawks fly and stiff winds blow,  
 Then long too late we Falconers cry hey ho !

## III. FOR DANCING

*vi**The Fairies' Dance.—Thomas Ravenscroft*

DARE you haunt our hallowed green ?  
None but fairies here are seen.

Down and sleep !

Wake and weep !

Pinch him black

And pinch him blue

That seeks to steal a lover true.

When you come to hear us sing

Or to tread our fairy ring,

Pinch him black

And pinch him blue !

O thus our nails shall handle you !

*vii**The Satyrs' Dance.—Thomas Ravenscroft*

ROUND, around, and keep your ring,  
To the glorious sun we sing.

Ho, ho ! Ho, ho !

He that wears the flaming rays

And the imperial crown of bays,

Him with shouts and songs we praise,

Ho, ho ! Ho, ho !

That in his bounty would vouchsafe to grace

The humble sylvans and their shaggy race.

*viii**The Urchins' Dance.—Thomas Ravenscroft*

BY the moon we sport and play,

With the night begins the day.

As we frisk the dew doth fall.

Trip it, little urchins all,

Lightly as the little bee,

Two by two, and three by three,

And about, about go we.

ix

*The Elves' Dance.—John Bennet*

ROUND about, round about  
 In a fair ring a,  
 Thus we dance, thus we dance  
 And thus we sing a,  
 Trip and go, to and fro  
 Over this green a,  
 All about, in and out  
 Over this green a.

## IV. OF DRINKING

x

*Of Beer.—Thomas Ravenscroft*

TRUDGE away quickly, and fill the black bowl  
 Devoutly as long as we bide.  
 Now welcome, good fellows, both strangers and all,  
 Let madness and mirth set sadness aside.

Of all reckonings I love good cheer  
 With honest folks in company ;  
 And when drink comes my part for to bear,  
 For still methinks one tooth is dry.  
 Trudge away quickly, &c.

Love is a pastime for a king,  
 If one be seen in phisnomie.  
 But I love well this pot to wring,  
 For still methinks one tooth is dry.  
 Trudge away quickly, &c.

Masters, this is all my desire,  
 I would no drink should pass us by.  
 Let us now sing and mend the fire,  
 For still methinks one tooth is dry.  
 Trudge away quickly, &c.

Master Butler, give us a taste  
 Of your best drink so gently ;  
 A jug or twain to make no waste,  
 For still methinks no tooth is dry.  
 Trudge away quickly, &c.

Master Butler, of this take part,  
 Ye love good drink as well as I ;  
 And drink to me with all your heart,  
 For still methinks one tooth is dry.  
 Trudge away quickly, &c.

## xi

*Of Ale.—Thomas Ravenscroft.*

TOSS the pot, toss the pot, let us be merry,  
 And drink till our cheeks are as red as a cherry

We take no thought, we have no care,  
 For still we spend and never spare  
 Till of all money our purse is bare,  
 We ever toss the pot.

Toss the pot, &c.

We drink, carouse with heart most free,  
 A hearty draught I drink to thee,  
 Then fill the pot again to me,  
 And ever toss the pot.

Toss the pot, &c.

And when our money is all spent,  
 Then sell our goods and spend our rent,  
 Or drink it up with one consent,  
 And ever toss the pot.

Toss the pot, &c.

When all is gone, we have no more,  
 Then let us set it on the score,  
 Or chalk it up behind the door,  
 And ever toss the pot.

Toss the pot, &c.

And when our credit is all lost,  
 Then may we go and kiss the post,  
 And eat brown bread instead of roast,  
 And ever toss the pot.

Toss the pot, &c.

Let us conclude as we began,  
 And toss the pot from man to man,  
 And drink as much now as we can,  
 And ever toss the pot.

TOSS the pot, toss the pot, let us be merry,  
 And drink till our cheeks are as red as a cherry !

xii

*Of Ale and Tobacco.—Thomas Ravenscroft*

TOBACCO fumes

Away all nasty rheums ;

But health away it never lightly frets.

And nappy ale makes mirth

As April rain doth earth,

Spring like the pleasant spring where'er it soaking wets.

But in that spring of mirth

Such madness high doth grow

As fills a fool by birth

With crotchets, with ale and tobacco.

One clears the brain,

The other glads the heart,

Which they retain

By nature and by art.

The first by nature clears ;

By art makes giddy will.

The last by nature cheers,

By art makes heady still.

So we whose brains else low

Swells high with crotchet rules,

Feed on these two as far

As heady giddy fools.

## V. OF ENAMOURING

xiii

*Three fools.—John Bennet*

WHAT seek'st thou, fool, what seek'st thou, in this place ?

What seek'st thou, fool, a woman's stubborn will ?

What seek'st thou, fool, gay clothes and a purse of gold ?

What seek'st thou, fool, whom a woman sets to school ?

xiv

*The servant of his mistress.—John Bennet*

MY mistress is as fair as fine,

Milk-white fingers, cherry nose.

Like twinkling day-stars look her eyne,

Lightening all things where she goes.

Fair as Phoebe, though not so fickle,

Smooth as glass, though not so brickle.

My heart is like a ball of snow  
 Melting at her lukewarm sight ;  
 Her fiery lips like night-worms glow,  
 Shining clear as candle-light.  
 Neat she is, no feather lighter ;  
 Bright she is, no daisy whiter.

xv

*The mistress of her servant.—Edward Peirs*

LOVE for such a cherry lip  
 Would be glad to pawn his arrows.  
 Venus here to take a sip  
 Would sell her doves and team of sparrows.  
 But she shall not so,  
 Hey nonny, nonny, no !  
 None but I this lip must owe,  
 Hey nonny, nonny, no !

Did Jove see this wanton eye,  
 Ganymede should wait no longer.  
 Phoebe here one night to lie  
 Would change her face and look much younger.  
 But she shall not so,  
 Hey nonny, nonny, no !  
 None but I this lip must owe,  
 Hey nonny, nonny, no !

*Thomas Middleton*

xvi

*Their marriage solemnized.—Thomas Ravenscroft*

LEAVE off, Hymen, and let us borrow  
 To bid the sun good morrow !  
 See the sun cannot refrain  
 But doth rise and give again  
 That which you of Hymen borrow,  
 And with smiling bid'st good morrow  
 To the sun and to our brides.  
 Good night to your sweet beauties,  
 Sweet beauties touch your side.  
 Leave off, Hymen, and let us borrow  
 To bid the sun good morrow.

## xvii

*Hodge Trillindle to his Zweet hort Malkyn.—Thomas Ravenscroft*

COAME, Malkyn, hurle thine oyz at Hodge Trillindle,  
 And zet azide thy Distave and thy Zpindle.  
 A little tyny let a ma brast my minde  
 To thee which I have vound as ghurst as ghinde.  
 Yet loave ma, Zweet, a little tyny vit,  
 And wee a little tyny Wedelocke wooll gommit.  
 Y vaith wooll wee, that wee wooll y vaith lo !

## xviii

*Malkinz anzwewer to Hodge Trillindle.—Thomas Ravenscroft*

YO tell ma zo ; but, Roger, I cha vound  
 Your words but wynde ; thon not for vorty bound  
 Wooll I beeleave yo vurther thon Ich zee  
 Your words and deeds loyke beens and bacoan gree.  
 But if yol loave ma long a little vit  
 Thon wedlocke Ich a little wool gommit.  
 Y vayth wooll I, thot ich wooll, i vayth lo !

## xix

*Their Goncluzion.—Thomas Ravenscroft*

- Roger.* ICH con but zweare, ond thot I chill,  
 Unbonably to loave a tha ztill.  
 Thot wool I lo !
- Malkyn.* Thon, Roger, zware  
 Yo wooll be virmer thon yo weare.  
 Zo, Roger, zware an oape ; hold Hodge,  
 O hold, oie to wyd yo gape,  
 O hold, thowlt byte I zware my wozen.
- Roger.* By thease ten Boans, by Jaby,  
 Whay thou beleave ma whon ich zware.  
 Zo do thou.
- Malkyn.* Ich do, good Hodge, thon zware no more,  
 Ich wooll bee thoyne and God a bee vore.
- Chorus.* Thon geat wee Growds and Boagpipes, Harbs ond  
 Dabors,  
 To lead us on to eand ower loaves great labors.

xx

*Their Wedlocke.—John Bennet*

A BORGENS a borgen, cha hord long agoe.  
 Be merry, be merry, ond a vig vor woe.  
 Zing gleare, zing zweet and zure, our zong shall bee but zhort,  
 Muzicke, foice ond daunzing, O tis faliant zport !  
 Then let this burden zweetly zung be still :  
 A borgens a borgen, bee't good, be it ill.  
 A borgens a borgen, vor weale or vor woe,  
 So ever led dis bleasing borden goe.



## THOMAS TOMKINS

*Songs Of 3. 4. 5. and 6. parts. 1622.*

i

OUR hasty life away doth post  
 Before we know what we have lost.  
 Hours into days, days into years are gone,  
 Years make a life, which straight is none.  
 Thus soon is Man's short story told,  
 We scarce are young, when we are waxed old.

ii

NO more I will thy love importune,  
 Or curse my fortune.  
 No more I will thy hate accuse,  
 Or pity use.  
 Only thus much of love I will require :  
 Since I can never hope, I never may desire.

iii

SURE, there is no god of Love,  
 Cupid's but an idle name ;  
 Only men his forces prove ;  
 Women never feel his flame.  
 Is he then of gods' descent  
 Whose power is not omnipotent ?



*iv*

FOND men that do so highly prize  
 A woman's forehead, lips, and eyes,  
 And look not to the better part,  
 What virtues dwelleth in the heart ;  
 Such kind of loving showeth plain,  
 You please the sense and not the brain.

*v*

HOW great delight from those sweet lips I taste,  
 Whether I hear them speak or feel them kiss.  
 Only this want I have, that being graced  
 With one of them, the other straight I miss.  
 Love, since thou canst do wonders, heap my blisses,  
 And grant her kissing words, or speaking kisses.

*vi*

LOVE, cease tormenting,  
 My lady is relenting.  
 How can it be so precious a jewel  
 Should harbour thoughts so pitiless and cruel ?  
 O no, that breast so dainty  
 Doth not enclose a heart of stone or flinty.

*vii-viii*

O LET me live for true love !  
 Yet let me live no longer  
 Than that my life may make my love the stronger.  
 O let me die for true love !  
 Let not Hope or old Time come to end my woe.

*ix*

OYEZ ! Oyez !  
 Has any found a lad  
 With purple wings fair painted,  
 In naked beauty clad  
 With bow and arrows tainted ?  
 Here, alas ! here close he lieth ;  
 Take him quick before he flieth.

*x-xi*

WEEP no more, thou sorry boy,  
 Love 's pleased and angered with a toy.  
 Love a thousand passions brings,  
 Laughs and weeps, and sighs and sings.  
 If she smiles, he dancing goes,  
 Not thinking on his future woes ;  
 If she chide with angry eye,  
 Sits down and sighs, ' Ay me, I die ' .  
 Yet again, as soon revived,  
 Joys as much as late he grieved.  
 Change there is of joy and sadness,  
 Sorrow much, but more of gladness.  
 Then weep no more, thou sorry boy,  
 Turn thy tears to weeping joy;  
 Sigh no more, ' Ay me, I die ' .  
 But dance and sing, and cry ' ty hy ' .

*xii*

WAS ever wretch tormented  
 In midst of heaven retiring ?  
 Was ever soul contented  
 In midst of hellish firing ?  
 Yet I with flames requited  
 Am in my hell delighted ;  
 And in my heavens do languish  
 With pining grief and anguish.

*xiii*

TO the shady woods now wend we,  
 And there the mid-day spend we ;  
 There Phoebus' self is colder,  
 And we may be the bolder.

*xiv*

TOO much I once lamented,  
 While Love my heart tormented.  
 Alas, and Ay me, sat I wringing ;  
 Now chanting go, and Fa la singing,

*xv*

COME, shepherds, sing with me  
 Thrice happy might we be  
 If we should never see  
 Love and his misery.

Love, now we hate thy lore,  
 More than we loved before.  
 From hence we all have sworn  
 To love false love no more.

*xvi*

CLORIS, whenas I woo,  
 Why still repliest thou No ?  
 If as a maid you use it,  
 Say No, and ne'er refuse it.

*xvii*

SEE, see the shepherds' queen,  
 Fair Phyllis all in green,  
 The shepherds home her bringing  
 With piping and with singing.  
 Then dance we on a row,  
 And chant it as we go.

*xviii*

PHYLLIS, now cease to move me,  
 For I shall never love thee.  
 Content thee, I have sworn  
 To love false love no more.

*xix*

WHEN David heard that Absalom was slain, he went up to his chamber over the gate and wept ; and thus he said : O my son Absalom, my son, my son ! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son !

*2 Samuel xviii. 33*

*xx*

PHYLLIS, yet see him dying,  
 Who by thy oft denying  
 Love, life, and thee is flying,  
 His life too wretched hateful,  
 Phyllis and love ungrateful.  
 Yet when thine eyes have slain,  
 Thine eyes can raise again.

*xxi*

FUSCA, in thy starry eyes  
 Love, in black still mourning, dies,  
 That among so many slain,  
 Thou hast loved none again.

*xxii*

ADIEU, ye city-prisoning towers ;  
 Better are the country bowers.  
 Winter is gone, the trees are springing ;  
 Birds thus on every hedge sit singing.  
 Hark, how they chirp, Come, love, delay not,  
 Come, sweet love, O come and stay not.

*xxiii*

WHEN I observe those beauty's wonderments,  
 Mine eyes, how do you burn !  
 But when those ears, so deaf at my laments,  
 Mine eyes, how do you mourn !  
 Then for my torment, Love, this help devise,  
 Or open her deaf ears, or close mine eyes.

*xxiv*

MUSIC divine, proceeding from above,  
 Whose sacred subject oftentimes is love,  
 In this appears her heavenly harmony,  
 Where tuneful concords sweetly do agree.  
 And yet in this her slander is unjust,  
 To call that love which is indeed but lust.

*xxv*

OFT did I marle how in thine eyes  
 Water and fire did dwell together,  
 Seeing 'tis known in contraries  
 Each seeks the hurt and spoil of either ;  
 But fire and water there may mell  
 Where love and hate together dwell.

*xxvi*

WOE is me that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech, and  
 to have my habitation among the tents of Kedar.

*Psalm cxx. 4*

*xxvii*

IT is my well-beloved's voice  
 That soundeth in my ear.  
 My heart hereat doth much rejoice  
 To see him draw so near.

See, see, on yonder mountain top,  
 On yon same hill so tall,  
 How hitherward my Love doth hop,  
 My heart doth skip withal.

*Canticles ii. 8*

*xxviii*

TURN unto the Lord our God. *Joel ii. 13*  
 For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting, and his  
 truth endureth from generation to generation. *Psalm c. 4*



## THOMAS VAUTOR

*The First Set: Beeing Songs of diuers Ayres and Natures, of Fiue  
 and Sixe parts: Apt for Vyols and Voyces. 1619.*

*i*

COME forth, sweet nymph, and play thee ;  
 Thy true love here doth stay thee ;  
 Dallida makes me sing, Fa la.  
 Come, lull thee in mine arms,  
 I'll keep thee safe from harms.

*ii*

SING on, sister, and well met,  
 Lovely Mabel and fair Bet.  
 Younglings must have a beginning ;  
 Virtues they are hard of winning.

But we will spare for no pains,  
 If we win contents or gains,  
 Which if we attain unto  
 We shall do that few can do.

*iii*

AH sweet, whose beauty passeth all my telling,  
 To thee my love all others are excellling.  
 By thee I live and have mine only pleasure,  
 Thou art my life, and eke my whole heart's treasure.  
 Let not unkindness then eclipse my gladness,  
 But let sweet smiles expel the clouds of sadness ;  
 For if my love sweet looks and liking reapeth,  
 O happy I, my heart for joy it leapeth.

*iv*

MOTHER, I will have a husband,  
 And I will have him out of hand.  
     Mother, I will sure have one,  
     In spite of her that will have none.

John a Dun should have had me long ere this,  
 He said I had good lips to kiss.  
     Mother, I will sure have one,  
     In spite of her that will have none.

For I have heard 'tis trim when folks do love,  
 By good Sir John I swear I'll prove.  
     Mother, I will sure have one,  
     In spite of her that will have none.

To the town therefore I will gad,  
 To get me a husband good or bad.  
     Mother, I will have a husband,  
     And I will have him out of hand.  
     Mother, I will sure have one,  
     In spite of her that will have none.

*v*

FAIREST are the words that cover deep'st conceit,  
 As next sweet honey lies the poisoned stings.  
 The crooked hook is hid in pleasantest bait,  
 Which unforeseen too late repentance brings.  
 Sinon's sweet speech, the outside of untruth,  
 Thick laid with art, procured the Trojans' ruth.

*vi*

CRUEL madam, my heart you have bereft me,  
 And to myself no whole part have you left me,  
 For yours all wholly Love hath fast infeoffed me.  
     Wherefore thus plain I must for ever.

My woeful heart both night and day bewaileth ;  
 My death draws on, and my poor life it faileth ;  
 I sue for mercy where no tears availeth.  
     Wherefore thus plain I must for ever.

Yet if your eyes did see how you torment me,  
 Alas, poor man, it would the more content thee,  
 But now in absence, ah, do I lament me.  
     Wherefore thus plain I must for ever.

*vii*

NEVER did any more delight to see his enemy,  
 Than I, more fool, finding no remedy.  
 It was because I loved her in my heart,  
 Although, alas, she loved to make it smart.  
 What shall I say then but bid her adieu,  
 Because unkind to him that is most true.

*viii-ix*

LOCK up, fair lids, the treasures of my heart ;  
 Preserve those beams, this age's only light.  
 To her sweet sense, sweet sleep, some ease impart,  
 Her sense too weak to bear the spirit's might.  
 And while, O sleep, thou closest up her sight,  
 Her sight, where Love doth forge his fairest dart,  
 O harbour all her parts in easeful plight,  
 Let no strange dream make her fair body start.  
 And yet, O dream, if thou wilt not depart  
 From this rare subject of thy common right,  
 But wilt thyself in such a seat delight,  
 Then take my shape and play a lover's part ;  
 Kiss her from me, and say unto her sprite,  
 Till her eyes shine I live in darkest night.

*Sir Philip Sidney*

*x*

O MERRY world, when every lover with his mate  
 Might walk from mead to mead and cheerfully relate  
 Sour pleasures and sweet griefs, following a wanton state.  
 Those days knew no suspect, each one might freely prate,  
 And dance and sing and play with his consociate.  
 Then lovers used to kiss like turtles lovingly,  
 O honey days and customs of antiquity.  
 The world is now so full of so fond jealousy,  
 That we count charity wanton iniquity.

*xi*

SWEET thief, when me of heart you reft,  
 You did a murder and a theft.  
 And could you ought more cruel do  
 Than rob a man and kill him too ?  
 Wherefore of love I crave this meed—  
 To bring you where you did the deed,  
 That there you may for him disgracing,  
 Suffer in chains in my embracing.

## xii

SWEET Suffolk owl, so trimly dight,  
 With feathers like a lady bright,  
 Thou singest alone, sitting by night,  
     Te whit, te whoo, te whit, te whit.  
 Thy note, that forth so freely rolls,  
 With shrill command the mouse controls,  
 And sings a dirge for dying souls,  
     Te whit, te whoo, te whit, te whit.

## xiii-xiv

THOU art not fair for all thy red and white,  
     For all those rosy ornaments in thee.  
 Thou art not sweet though made of mere delight,  
     Nor fair nor sweet unless thou pity me.  
 I will not sooth thy fancies. Thou shalt prove  
 That beauty is no beauty without love.

Yet love me not, nor seek not to allure  
     My thoughts with beauty, were it more divine.  
 Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,  
     I'll not be wrapped up in those arms of thine.  
 Now show it, if thou be a woman right,  
 Embrace, and kiss, and love me in despite.

*Thomas Campian*

## xv

MIRA cano : sol occubuit, nox nulla secuta est.

## xvi

*An Elegie, on the death of his right worshipfull Master, Sir Thomas  
 Beaumont, Knight, of Stoughton in Leicestershire.*

WEEP, weep, mine eyes, salt tears due honour give ;  
     With sighs deplore my grief and mourning state,  
 Since he is dead by whom I still do live ;  
     Beaumont is dead, O cursed, cruel fate.  
 Beaumont, farewell ! The earth doth sweetly sleep  
 To hold thy corse, though heaven thy soul doth keep.

## xvii

BLUSH, my rude present, blushing yet say this,  
     That he that sent thee meant a better thing.  
 Best meaners oft of their best purpose miss,  
     Best runners sometime fail to hit the ring.  
 Tell my sweet mistress, saint of womankind,  
 What wants in show, he doth supply in mind.



*xviii*

DAINTY sweet bird, who art encaged there,  
 Alas, how like thine and my fortunes are.  
 Both prisoners, both sing, and singing thus  
 Strive to please her, who hath imprisoned us.  
 Only in this we differ, thou and I,  
 Thou livest singing, but I singing die.

*xix*

UNKIND, is this the meed of lover's pain ?  
 Doth loyal faith no better guerdon gain ?  
 Adieu, thy looks are coy, thy fancy strange.  
 O stay, my heart relents and will not change,  
 But rather die than from my saint once swerve.  
 My life she gave, my love she doth deserve.

*xx-xxi*

MELPOMENE, bewail thy sisters' loss,  
 In tragic dumps their dolours deep display.  
 Curse cruel death, that so their bliss did cross,  
 And music's peerless patron took away.  
 Though they do sleep, yet thou alone mayest sing :  
 Prince Henry's dead, farewell the Muses' king.

Whilst fatal sisters held the bloody knife,  
 A peerless prince on earth he did remain.  
 Too soon sad death ensued his blissful life,  
 And now he with the King of kings doth reign.  
 No earthly music doth he more desire,  
 Such joy he hath to hear the heavenly choir.

*xxii*

SHEPHERDS and nymphs, that trooping  
 Were wont to fetch home May with hey and whooping,  
 Why sit you dead and drooping ?  
 Up, up, for shame, and leave this heavy mourning,  
 For Oriana is not dead, but lives renowned  
 Beyond all human honour, base earth scorning.  
 Orian now a saint in heaven is crowned.  
 Both bonfires and bell-ringers  
 She left us, and good singers.  
 Sing then, ye shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Farewell, fair Oriana.



## JOHN WARD

*The First Set of English Madrigals To 3. 4. 5. and 6. parts apt  
both for Viols and Voyces. With a Mourning Song in memory of  
Prince Henry. 1613.*

### *i-ii*

MY true love hath my heart, and I have his,  
By just exchange one for the other given.  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss ;  
There never was a better bargain driven.  
His heart in me keeps me and him in one,  
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides ;  
He loves my heart, for once it was his own ;  
I cherish his because in me it bides.  
His heart his wound received from my sight,  
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart ;  
For as from me on him his heart did light,  
So still methought in me his heart did smart.  
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss,  
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

*Sir Philip Sidney*

### *iii*

O SAY, dear life, when shall these twin-born berries,  
So lovely ripe, by my rude lips be tasted ?  
Shall I not pluck (sweet, say not nay,) those cherries ?  
O let them not with Summer's heat be blasted.  
Nature, thou know'st, bestowed them free on thee,  
Then be thou kind, bestow them free on me.

### *iv*

IN health and ease am I ;  
Yet, as I senseless were, it nought contents me.  
You sick in pain do lie ;  
And, ah, your pain exceedingly torments me.  
Whereof I can this only reason give,  
That, dead unto myself, in you I live.

*Francis Davison*

v

GO, wailing accents, go  
 To the author of my woe.  
 Why hide you so from him your blessed eyes,  
 Where he beholds his earthly Paradise,  
 Since he hides not from you  
 His heart, wherein love's heaven you may view ?

*Francis Davison*

vi

FLY not so fast, my only joy and jewel ;  
 Pity at last my tears, O be not cruel.  
 Ay me, alas, ay me, she 's gone and left me ;  
 Die, die, my heart, all joy is now bereft me.

vii

A SATYR once did run away for dread  
 At sound of horn which he himself did blow ;  
 Fearing and feared, thus from himself he fled,  
 Deeming strange ill in that he did not know.

*Sir Philip Sidney*

viii

O MY thoughts, my thoughts, surcease ;  
 Thy delights my woes increase ;  
 My life melts with too much thinking.  
 Think no more, but die in me,  
 Till thou shalt revived be,  
 At her lips my nectar drinking.

*Sir Philip Sidney*

ix

SWEET pity, wake, and tell my cruel sweet  
 That if my death her honour might increase,  
 I would lay down my life at her proud feet,  
 And willing die and, dying, hold my peace ;  
 And only live and, living, mercy cry,  
 Because her glory in my death will die.

x

LOVE is a dainty, mild and sweet,  
 A gentle power, a feeling fine and tender.  
 So that those harms and pains unmeet  
 Which I do pass, thou only dost engender.  
 Only to him his torments Love deviseth  
 That scorns his laws, his rites, and Love despiseth.

*xi*

FREE from love's bonds I lived long.  
 But now to love I change my song  
 With discords sweet in every strain,  
 And of my joy and pleasing pain.  
 But, out alas, my wounded heart  
 Can neither rest nor end my smart.

*xii*

HOW long shall I with mournful music stain  
 The cheerful notes these pleasant valleys yields,  
 Where all good haps a perfect state maintain.  
 O cursed hap ! and cursed be these fields  
 Where first mine eyes were causers of my pain !

*xiii-xiv*

SWEET Philomel, cease thou thy songs awhile,  
 And will thy mates their melodies to leave.  
 And all at once attend my mournful style,  
 Which will of mirth your sugared notes bereave.  
 If you desire the burthen of my song,  
 I sigh and sob, for Phyllis I did wrong.

Ye sylvan nymphs, that in these woods do shroud,  
 To you my mournful sorrows I declare.  
 You savage satyrs, let your ears be bowed,  
 To hear my woe your sacred selves prepare.  
 Trees, herbs and flowers, in rural fields that grow,  
 While thus I mourn, do you some silence show.

*xv*

FLORA, fair nymph, whilst silly lambs are feeding,  
 Grant my request in speeding.  
 For your sweet love my silly heart doth languish,  
 And die I shall, except you quench the anguish.

*xvi*

PHYLLIS the bright, when frankly she desired  
 Thyrsis, her sweet heart, to have expired ;  
 Sweet, thus fell she a-crying,  
 Die, for I am a-dying.

## xvii

HOPE of my heart,  
 O wherefore do the words,  
 Which your sweet tongue affords,  
 No hope impart ?  
 But, cruel without measure,  
 To my eternal pain  
 Still thunder forth disdain  
 On him whose life depends upon your pleasure.

## xviii

UPON a bank with roses set about,  
 Where pretty turtles, joining bill to bill,  
 And gentle springs steal softly murmuring out,  
 Washing the foot of pleasure's sacred hill  
 There little Love sore wounded lies,  
 His bows and arrows broken,  
 Bedewed with tears from Venus' eyes ;  
 O grievous to be spoken !

*Michael Drayton*

## xix

RETIRE, my troubled soul ; rest and behold  
 Thy days of dolour, dangers manifold.  
 See Life is but a dream, whose best contenting,  
 Begun with hope, pursued with doubt, enjoyed with fear, ends  
 in repenting.

## xx

OFT have I tendered tributary tears,  
 Mixed with grief and melancholy fears ;  
 And sometime frolic Hope, sad woes beguiling,  
 Hath shined on my desires. O but from smiling  
 Of late she changed, my sorrows not resenting,  
 Bade me despair, sigh, groan, and die lamenting.

## xxi

OUT from the vale of deep despair  
 With mournful tunes I fill the air,  
 To satisfy my restless ghost,  
 Which Daphne's cruelty hath lost.  
 O'er hills and dales in her dull ears  
 I'll send my notes with bitter tears.

*xxii*

O DIVINE Love, which so aloft can raise  
 And lift the mind out of this earthly mire,  
 And doth inspire us with so glorious praise  
 As with the heavens doth equal man's desire ;  
 Who doth not help to deck thy holy shrine  
 With Venus' myrtle and Apollo's tree ?  
 Who will not say that thou art most divine,  
 At least confess a deity in thee ?

*Michael Drayton**xxiii-xxiv*

IF the deep sighs of an afflicted breast  
 O'erwhelmed with sorrow, or the rector eyes  
 Of a poor wretch with miseries oppressed,  
 For whose complaints tears never could suffice,  
 Have not the power your deities to move,  
 Who shall e'er look for succour from above ?  
 From whom too long I tarried for relief,  
 Now ask but death, that only ends my grief.

There 's not a grove that wonders not my woe,  
 Nor not a river weeps not at my tale,  
 I hear the echoes wandering to and fro  
 Resound my grief through every hill and dale.  
 The birds and beasts, yet in their simple kind,  
 Lament for me ; no pity else I find.  
 And tears I find do bring no other good,  
 But as new showers increase the rising flood.

*Michael Drayton**xxv*

DIE not, fond man, before thy day.  
 Love's cold December  
 Will surrender  
 To succeeding jocund May.  
 And then, O then, sorrow shall cease ;  
 Comforts abounding  
 Cares confounding  
 Shall conclude a happy peace.

## xxvi

I HAVE entreated, and I have complained,  
 I have dispraised, and praise I likewise gave.  
 All means to win her grace I tried have,  
 And still I love, and still I am disdained.  
 O could my sighs once purchase my relief,  
 Or in her heart my tears imprint my grief !  
 But cease vain sighs ! cease, cease, ye fruitless tears !  
 Tears cannot pierce her heart, nor sighs her ears.

*Walter Davison*

## xxvii

COME, sable night, put on thy mourning stole,  
 And help Amyntas sadly to condole.  
 Behold, the sun hath shut his golden eye,  
 The day is spent, and shades fair lights supply.  
     All things in sweet repose  
     Their labours close ;  
 Only Amyntas wastes his hours in wailing,  
 Whilst all his hopes do faint, and life is failing.

## xxviii

*In memory of Prince Henry*

WEEP forth your tears, and do lament. He 's dead  
 Who living was of all the world beloved.  
 Let dolorous lamenting still be spread  
     Through all the earth, that all hearts may be moved  
     To sigh and plain,  
 Since death Prince Henry hath slain.  
 O, had he lived, our hopes had still increased ;  
 But he is dead, and all our joys deceased.





# THOMAS WEE L K E S

*Madrigals To 3. 4. 5. and 6. voyces. 1597.*

*i*

SIT down and sing.  
Amyntas joys, his little lambs rejoyce  
To see the Spring.  
Each chirping bird records a piping voice.

Sweet be the fruits that Nature first do yield,  
Where Winter's cold not long before hath killed.  
Pan with his pipe resounds his roundelays,  
And Flora's name adorns with worthy praise.  
Each living thing full gladly takes the Spring,  
Both nymphs and shepherds pleasantly do sing.

*ii-iv*

MY flocks feed not,  
My ewes breed not,  
My rams speed not,  
All is amiss.  
Love is dying,  
Faith's defying,  
Heart's denying,  
Causer of this.

All our merry jigs are quite forgot ;  
All my lady's love is lost, God wot ;  
Where our faith was firmly fixed in love,  
There annoy is placed without remove.

One seely cross  
Wrought all my loss,  
O frowning Fortune, cursed fickle dame !  
For now I see  
Inconstancy  
More in women than in many men to be.

In black mourn I,  
All fear scorn I,  
Love hath forlorn me,  
Living in thrall.



Heart is bleeding,  
 All help needing,  
 O cruel speeding  
 Fraught with gall !

My shepherd's pipe will sound no deal ;  
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;  
 My curtall dog that wont to have played,  
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid.

My sighs so deep  
 Procures to weep  
 With howling noise to see my doleful plight.  
 How sighs resound  
 Through harkless ground,  
 Like thousand vanquished men in bloody fight.

Clear wells spring not,  
 Sweet birds sing not,  
 Loud bells ring not  
 Cheerfully.

Herds stand weeping,  
 Flocks all sleeping,  
 Nymphs back creeping  
 Fearfully.

All our pleasures known to us poor swains,  
 All our merry meetings on the plains,  
 All our evening sports from us are fled,  
 All our loves are lost, for Love is dead.

Farewell, sweet lass,  
 The like ne'er was  
 For sweet content, the cause of all my woe.  
 Poor Corydon  
 Must live alone,  
 Other help for him I know there's none.

v

A COUNTRY pair were walking all alone  
 And wantonly were talking to each one.  
 Quoth she : I will not hate nor love thee.  
 Ay me, said he, what wilt thou do ?  
 Take time, quoth she, and thou shalt prove me  
 Quoth he : Alas, I know not how.  
 What though I wed, I am thy friend.  
 Then kiss me, Kate, and so an end.

*vi*

CEASE, sorrows, now, for you have done the deed.  
 Lo, Care hath now consumed my carcase quite.  
 No hope is left, nor help can stand instead,  
 For doleful Death doth cut off pleasure quite.  
 Yet whilst I hear the knolling of the bell,  
 Before I die, I'll sing my faint farewell.

*vii*

NOW every tree renews his Summer green,  
 Why is your heart in Winter's garments clad?  
 Your beauty, says my love, is Summer's queen,  
 But your cold love like Winter makes me sad.  
 Then either spring with buds of love again,  
 Or else congeal my thoughts with your disdain.

*viii*

YOUNG Cupid hath proclaimed a bloody war,  
 And vows revenge on all the maiden crew.  
 O yield, fair Cloris, lest in that foul jar  
 Thine after-penance makes thy folly rue.  
 And yet I fear her wondrous beauty's such,  
 A thousand Cupids dare not Cloris touch.

*ix*

AY me, my wonted joys forsake me,  
 And deep despair doth overtake me.  
 I whilome sung, but now I weep;  
 Thus sorrows run when joy doth creep.  
 I wish to live, and yet I die,  
 For love hath wrought my misery.

*x*

THREE virgin nymphs were walking all alone,  
 Till rude Sylvanus chanced to meet them.  
 Ravished with joy, he leapt and snatched at one,  
 But missing her, thus rudely greets them  
 Nymphs of the wood, come back to kiss me;  
 Sylvanus calls, come back and bliss me.

*xi*

OUR country swains in the morris dance  
 Thus woo and win their brides:  
 Will for our town! For Kate the next prance!  
 The hobby horse at pleasure frolic rides.  
 I woo with tears, and ne'er the near.  
 I die in grief, and live in fear.

*xii*

LO, country sports that seldom fades,  
 A garland of the Spring,  
 A prize for dancing, country maids,  
 With merry pipes we bring.  
 Then all at once ' For our town ' cries,  
 ' Pipe on, for we will have the prize.'

*xiii*

YOUR beauty it allureth,  
 And wanton love procureth,  
 Which makes me always wait on you,  
 Though tired with grief I know not how.

*xiv*

IF thy deceitful looks have chained my heart,  
 O be not cruel to procure my smart.  
     Rather love,  
     Pretty dove,  
 Thy true and loving friend,  
 Than so hasten my end.  
 For if by thee I suffer pain  
 Right reason would thou help my heart again.

*xv*

THOSE sweet delightful lilies  
 Which Nature gave my Phyllis,  
 Each hour makes me to languish,  
 So grievous is my pain and anguish.

*xvi*

LADY, your spotless feature  
 Noteth a heavenly creature ;  
 And heavenly things by course of kind  
 Both live and love desire to find.

*xvii*

MAKE haste, ye lovers plaining,  
 To see my sighs and her disdainings.  
 My heart his grief espying,  
 Comfortless is dying.

*xviii*

WHAT haste, fair lady? leave me not behind thee.  
 I faint ! O stay, or else return and kill me.  
 For thus will I explain me,  
 O heavens, she doth disdain me.

*xix*

RETIRE, my thoughts, unto your rest again,  
 Your proffered service may incur disdain.  
 The dice are cast, and if the gamesters please,  
 I'll take my chance and rest myself at ease.

*xx*

SAY, dear, when will your frowning leave,  
 Which doth my heart of joy bereave?  
 To sing and play becomes you better,  
 Such pleasures makes my heart your debtor.  
 But when you frown, you wound my heart,  
 And kill my soul with double smart.

*xxi*

THOSE spots upon my lady's face appearing,  
 The one of black, the other bright carnation,  
 Are like the mulberries in dainty gardens growing,  
 Where grows delight and pleasures of each fashion.  
 They grow too high, and warely kept from me,  
 Which makes me sing : Ay me 'twill never be.

*xxii*

IF beauty be a treasure,  
 Sweet heart, enjoy your pleasure.  
 You need not fear the wasting  
 Of beauty everlasting,  
 For yours exceeds the measure  
 Of any earthly treasure.

*xxiii*

MY tears do not avail me,  
 And hope doth ever fail me.  
 Wherefore my comfort's treasure  
 Shall be to live in pleasure.  
 The more I spend, the more I may ;  
 Then welcome, pleasure, every day.

*xxiv*

MY Phyllis bids me pack away,  
 And yet she holds me in delay.  
 I, weeping, cry my heart will break ;  
 She tells me, no, I need not speak.  
 Then if my fortune fall not wrong  
 I need not sing another song.

*Balletts And Madrigals To five voyces, with one to 6. voyces. 1598.*

*i*

ALL at once well met, fair ladies,  
Sing we now : our love repaid is.  
Sweet hearts, do not forsake us  
Till night to sleep betake us.

Fair Cytherea shall requite you  
With delight, lest sorrow fright you.  
Then help, ye dainty ladies,  
To sing : our love repaid is.

*ii*

TO shorten Winter's sadness,  
See where the nymphs with gladness  
Disguised all are coming  
Right wantonly a mumming.

Though masks encloud their beauty,  
Yet give the eye her duty.  
When heaven is dark it shineth,  
And unto love inclineth.

*iii*

SWEET love, I will no more abuse thee ;  
Sweet love, nor with my voice accuse thee ;  
But tune my notes unto thy praise,  
And tell the world love ne'er decays.  
Sweet love doth concord ever cherish,  
What wanteth concord soon doth perish.

*iv*

WHILST youthful sports are lasting,  
To feasting turn our fasting ;  
With revels and with wassails  
Make grief and care our vassals.

For youth it well beseemeth  
That pleasure he esteemeth.  
And sullen age is hated  
That mirth would have abated.

*v*

ON the plains  
 Fairy trains  
 Were a-treading measures ;  
 Satyrs played,  
 Fairies stayed,  
 At the stops set leasures.

Nymphs begin  
 To come in,  
 Quickly, thick and threefold ;  
 Now they dance,  
 Now they prance,  
 Present there to behold.

*vi*

SWEET heart, arise, why do you sleep,  
 When lovers wanton sports do keep ?  
 The sun doth shine, the birds do sing,  
 And May delight and joy doth bring,  
 Then join we hands and dance till night,  
 'Tis pity Love should want his right.

*vii*

GIVE me my heart, and I will go,  
 Or else forsake your wonted 'no'.  
 But since my dear doth doubt me,  
 With 'no' I mean to flout thee.

Now is there hope we shall agree,  
 When double 'no' imparteth 'yea'.  
 If that be so, my dearest,  
 With 'no' my heart thou cheerest.

*viii*

HARK, all ye lovely saints above,  
 Diana hath agreed with Love  
 His fiery weapon to remove.  
 Do you not see  
 How they agree ?  
 Then cease, fair ladies ; why weep ye ?

See, see, your mistress bids you cease,  
 And welcome Love, with love's increase ;  
 Diana hath procured your peace.  
     Cupid hath sworn  
     His bow forlorn  
 To break and burn, ere ladies mourn.

*ix*

SAY, dainty dames, shall we go play,  
 And run among the flowers gay,  
 About the valleys and high hills,  
 Which Flora with her glory fills ?  
 The gentle heart will soon be won  
 To dance and sport till day is done.

*x*

PHYLLIS, go take thy pleasure !  
 My heart thou now hast broken,  
 So frolic there sans measure ;  
 Those wounds thy looks laid open.  
 Engraven there Phyllis may find :  
 Phyllis is fair, but too unkind !

*xi*

IN pride of May  
 The fields are gay,  
 The birds do sweetly sing.  
 So Nature would  
 That all things should  
 With joy begin the Spring.

Then, lady dear,  
 Do you appear  
 In beauty like the Spring.  
 I well dare say  
 The birds that day  
 More cheerfully will sing.

*xii*

SING we at pleasure,  
 Content is our treasure.  
 Sweet Love shall keep the ground,  
 While we his praises sound.  
 All shepherds in a ring  
 Shall, dancing, ever sing.

*xiii*

NOW is the bridals of fair Choralis,  
 Where every shepherd tunes his roundelays ;  
 And I in honour of my Thoralis  
 Will not forget to sing her gentle praise.  
 For ere the sun his journey doth renew  
 Sweet love shall act that now I wish were true.

*xiv*

SING, shepherds, after me,  
 Our hearts no longer disagree.  
 No war can spoil us of our store,  
 Our wealth is ease, we wish no more ;  
 Black are our looks, we go not brave,  
 A merry heart is all we have.

*xv*

WELCOME, sweet pleasure,  
 My wealth and treasure ;  
 To haste our playing  
 There 's no delaying.  
 This mirth delights me,  
 When sorrows frights me.  
 Then sing we all Fa la la.

Sorrow, content thee ;  
 Mirth must prevent thee ;  
 Though much thou grievest,  
 Thou none relievest.  
 Joy, come delight me,  
 Though sorrow spite thee.  
 Then sing we all Fa la la.

Grief is disdainful,  
 Sottish and painful.  
 Then wait on pleasure,  
 And lose no leisure.  
 Heart's ease it lendeth,  
 And comfort sendeth.  
 Then sing we all Fa la la.



*xvi*

LADY, your eye my love enforced,  
 And your proud look my heart divorced.  
 That now I laugh and now I cry,  
 And thus I sing before I die.

*xvii*

WE shepherds sing, we pipe, we play,  
 With pretty sport we pass the day.  
 We care for no gold,  
 But with our fold  
 We dance  
 And prance  
 As pleasure would.

*xviii*

I LOVE, and have my love regarded,  
 And sport with sport as well rewarded ;  
 Which makes me laugh when others weep,  
 And play with love when others sleep.

My love with love hath me requited,  
 With twenty kisses me delighted ;  
 Which makes me laugh when others weep,  
 And play with love when others sleep.

Sweet heart, thou hast my love for ever,  
 That sweetly didst my heart deliver ;  
 Which makes me laugh when others weep,  
 And play with love when others sleep.

*xix-xx*

COME, clap thy hands, thou shepherd swain,  
 Phyllis doth love thee once again.  
 If thou agree, then sing with me :  
 Phyllis my choice of choice shall be.

Phyllis hath sworn she loves the man  
 That knows what 's love, and love her can.  
 Philemon then must needs agree  
 Phyllis my choice of choice shall be.

*xxi*

FAREWELL, my joy ;  
 Adieu, my love and pleasure !  
 To sport and toy  
 We have no longer leisure.  
 Adieu ! adieu !  
 Unto our next consorting  
 Sweet love be true.  
 And thus we end our sporting.

*xxii*

NOW is my Cloris fresh as May,  
 All clad in green and flowers gay.  
 O might I think August were near,  
 That harvest joy might soon appear.  
 But she keeps May throughout the year,  
 And August never comes the near.  
 Yet I will hope, though she be May,  
 August will come another day.

*xxiii*

UNTO our flocks, sweet Corolus,  
 Our bagpipe song now carol thus.  
 Whilst flocks and herds be grazing,  
 Let us our rest be praising.

To teach our flocks their wonted bounds,  
 Our bagpipes play the shepherds' grounds.  
 The tender lambs with bleating  
 Will help our joyful meeting.

*xxiv*

*An Elogie in remembrance of the Ho: the Lord Borough*

CEASE now, Delight ; give Sorrow leave to speak  
 In floods of tears bewailing his decease,  
 Whose timeless death a stony heart would break.  
 Sweet Borough's life was music's life increase.  
 Borough is dead. Great Lord of greater fame  
 Live still on earth by virtue of thy name.

*Madrigals Of 5. (and 6.) parts, apt for the Viols and voices. 1600*

*i*

COLD Winter's ice is fled and gone,  
 And Summer brags on every tree ;  
 The redbreast peeps amidst the throng  
 Of wood-born birds that wanton be.  
 Each one forgets what they have been,  
 And so doth Phyllis, Summer's queen.

*ii*

NOW let us make a merry greeting,  
 And thank god Cupid for our meeting.  
 My heart is full of joy and pleasure  
 Since thou art here, mine only treasure.  
 Now will we dance and sport and play,  
 And sing a merry roundelay.

*iii*

TAKE here my heart, I give it thee for ever ;  
 No better pledge can love to love deliver.  
 Fear not, my dear, it will not fly away,  
 For hope and love command my heart to stay ;  
 But if thou doubt, desire will make it range.  
 Love but my heart, my heart will never change.

*iv-v*

O CARE, thou wilt despatch me,  
 If music do not match thee.  
 So deadly thou dost sting me,  
 Mirth only help can bring me.

Hence, Care, thou art too cruel,  
 Come, music, sick man's jewel.  
 His force had well nigh slain me,  
 But thou must now sustain me.

*vi*

SEE where the maids are singing,  
 Their lovers garlands bringing.  
 Yet my love, my tormenter,  
 To grieve me doth absent her.  
 Ah, would she but delight me,  
 I care not who would spite me.

*vii-viii*

WHY are you ladies staying,  
 And your lords gone a-maying ?  
 Run, run apace and meet them,  
 And with your garlands greet them.  
 'Twere pity they should miss you,  
 For they will sweetly kiss you.

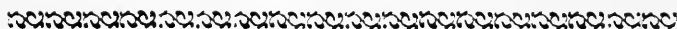
Hark ! hark ! I hear some dancing  
 And a nimble morris prancing.  
 The bagpipe and the morris bells  
 That they are not far hence us tells.  
 Come let us all go thither,  
 And dance like friends together.

*ix*

LADY, the birds right fairly  
 Are singing ever early.  
 The lark, the thrush, the nightingale,  
 The make-sport cuckoo and the quail :  
 These sing of love, then why sleep ye ?  
 To love your sleep it may not be.

*x*

AS wanton birds, when day begins to peep,  
 With chirping notes salute the sun's arise,  
 So I, whom love had lately lulled asleep,  
 Do now with joy pay tribute to her eyes,  
 Whose save bright beams presage a happy day.  
 Long may he live that honours Phillida !



*Madrigals Of 6. parts, apt for the Viols and Voices. 1600.*

*i*

LIKE two proud armies marching in the field,  
 Joining a thund'ring fight, each scorns to yield ;  
 So in my heart your Beauty and my Reason,  
 One claims the crown, the other says 'tis treason.  
 But O your Beauty shineth as the sun,  
 And dazzled Reason yields as quite undone.

*ii*

WHEN Thoralis delights to walk,  
 The fairies do attend her.  
 They sweetly sing, and sweetly talk,  
 And sweetly do commend her.  
 The satyrs leap and dance around,  
 And make their congés to the ground ;  
 And evermore their song it is :  
 Long mayst thou live, fair Thoralis !

*iii-iv*

WHAT, have the gods their comfort sent from heaven,  
 To charm my senses with heaven's harmony ?  
 Care they for me, of all my joys bereaven ?  
 Send they heaven's choir to make me melody,  
 Blessing me with music's felicity ?  
 If it be so, great may your godheads be,  
 And greater still to ease my misery.

Methinks I hear Amphion's warbling strings,  
 Arion's harp distilling silv'ring sound,  
 Orpheus' mean lute, which all in order brings,  
 And with soul-pleasing music doth abound,  
 Whilst that old Phemius softly plays the ground,  
 O sweet consort, great may your comfort be,  
 And greater still to ease my misery.

*v*

THREE times a day my prayer is,  
 To gaze my fill on Thoralis.  
 And three times thrice I daily pray  
 Not to offend that sacred may.  
 But all the year my suit must be  
 That I may please, and she love me.

*vi*

MARS in a fury 'gainst love's brightest queen  
 Put on his helm and took him to his lance ;  
 And marching to the mount this warrior was seen,  
 And there his ensigns did the god advance ;  
 And by heaven's greatest gates he stoutly swore  
 Venus should die, for she had wronged him sore.

*Robert Greene*

*vii-viii*

THULE, the period of Cosmography,  
 Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphurious fire  
 Doth melt the frozen clime and thaw the sky ;  
 Trinacrian Ætnaes flames ascend not higher.  
 These things seems wondrous, yet more wondrous I,  
 Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andalusian merchant, that returns  
 Laden with cochineal and China dishes,  
 Reports in Spain how strangely Fogo burns  
 Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes.  
 These things seem wondrous, yet more wondrous I,  
 Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry.

*ix*

A SPARROW-HAWK proud did hold in wicked jail  
 Music's sweet chorister, the Nightingale ;  
 To whom with sighs she said : O set me free,  
 And in my song I'll praise no bird but thee.  
 The Hawk replied : I will not lose my diet  
 To let a thousand such enjoy their quiet.

*x*

NOEL, adieu, adieu, thou Court's delight,  
 Upon whose locks the Graces sweetly played ;  
 Now thou art dead our pleasure dies outright,  
 For who can joy when thou in dust art laid ?  
 Bedew, my notes, his death-bed with your tears.  
 Time helps some grief, no time your grief outwears.

~~~~~

*Ayeres Or Phantasticke Spirites for three voices. 1608.*

*i*

COME, let's begin to revel't out,  
 And tread the hills and dales about,  
 That hills and dales and woods may sound  
 An echo to this warbling round.

Lads merry be with music sweet,  
 And fairies trip it with your feet.  
 Pan's pipe is dull, a better strain  
 Doth stretch itself to please your vein.

*ii*

JOCKIE, thine horn pipe's dull ;  
 Give wind, man, at full.  
 Fie on such a sad gull,  
 Like an hoody doody  
     All too moody.  
     Pipe it up thicker,  
     I'll tread it the quicker.  
 Why then about it roundly,  
 And I will foot it soundly,  
 I'll take my steps the shorter,  
 As if I trampled mortar.

Darité grows so grave,  
 I may not her have  
 In a round, when I crave.  
     With a hoop, sir, hoy day !  
     O you hurt me !  
     Set me thy work by,  
     And come to me smurkly:  
 Then if she chance to glance in,  
 Give us two room to dance in.  
 Though my green jerkin bare is,  
 Us two to all the parish !

*iii*

SOME men desire spouses  
 That come of noble houses.  
 And some would have in marriage  
 Ladies of courtly carriage.  
     But few desire, as I do,  
     The maidenhead of a widow.

Some think fair youth will cherish  
 Strength that begins to perish.  
 I'll have no colts to taming,  
 Let me be young'st at gaming.  
     I'll get or I'll go nigh to  
     The maidenhead of a widow.

*iv*

TO-MORROW is the marriage day  
 Of Mopsus and fair Phillida.  
 Come, shepherds, bring your garlands gay.

If Love lie in so foul a nest,  
 And foulness on so fair a breast,  
 What lover may not hope the best ?

O do not weep, fair Bellamoure,  
 Though he be gone there 's many more,  
 For Love hath many loves in store.

*v*

UPON a hill the bonny boy,  
 Sweet Thyrsis, sweetly played ;  
 And called his lambs their master's joy,  
 And more he would have said ;  
 But Love, that giveth lovers wings,  
 Withdrew his mind from other things.

His pipe and he could not agree,  
 For Milla was his note.  
 This silly pipe could never get  
 This lovely name by rote.  
 With that they both fell in a sound,  
 He fell asleep, his pipe to ground.

*vi*

COME, sirrah Jack, ho !  
 Fill some tobacco.  
 Bring a wire  
 And some fire !  
 Hast away,  
 Quick I say !  
 Do not stay !  
 Shun delay !  
 For I drank none good to-day.

I swear that this tobacco  
 It 's perfect Trinidado.  
 By the Mass  
 Never was  
 Better gear  
 Than is here.  
 By the rood  
 For the blood  
 It is very very good.



Fill the pipe once more,  
My brains dance trenchmore.

It is heady,  
I am giddy.  
Head and brains,  
Back and reins,  
Joints and veins  
From all pains

It doth well purge and make clean.

For those that do condemn it,  
Or such as not commend it,  
Never were so wise to learn  
Good tobacco to discern ;

Let them go  
Pluck a crow,  
And not know,  
As I do,

The sweet of Trinidado.

*vii*

TAN ta ra : cries Mars on bloody rapier.  
Fa la la : cries Venus in a chamber.

Toodle loodle loo :  
Cries Pan, that cuckoo,  
With bells at his shoe,  
And a fiddle too.

But I, alas, lie weeping,  
For Death has slain my sweeting,  
Which hath my heart in keeping.

*viii*

THE gods have heard my vows,  
Fond Lyce, whose fair brows  
Wont scorn with such disdain  
My love, my tears, my pain.

But now those Spring-tide roses  
Are turned to Winter posies,  
To rue and thyme and sage,  
Fitting that shrivelled age.

Now, youths with hot desire,  
See, see that flameless fire,  
Which erst your hearts so burned,  
Quick into ashes turned.

*ix*

THOUGH my carriage be but careless,  
 Though my looks be of the sternest,  
 Yet my passions are compareless ;  
 When I love, I love in earnest.

No, my wits are not so wild,  
 But a gentle soul may yoke me.  
 Nor my heart so hard compiled,  
 But it melts if Love provoke me.

*x*

THE Ape, the Monkey and Baboon did meet,  
 And breaking of their fast in Friday Street,  
 Two of them sware together solemnly  
 In their three natures was a sympathy.  
 Nay, quoth Baboon, I do deny that strain,  
 I have more knavery in me than you twain.

Why, quoth the Ape, I have a horse at will  
 In Paris garden for to ride on still,  
 And there show tricks. Tush, quoth the Monkey, I  
 For better tricks in great men's houses lie.  
 Tush, quoth Baboon, when men do know I come,  
 For sport, from city, country, they will run.

*xi*

NO, No !  
 Though I shrink still,  
 Yet I think still  
 That a wink will  
 Do what lovers best know.  
 Till then I will be glad,  
 And then I will be mad.  
 Hang up all love that 's sad.

What, what ?  
 If she fain so,  
 Then I plain go  
 In a vein to  
 Overthrow her, that 's flat  
 O but she loved me well.  
 No, but I cannot tell.  
 Who dares trust women or hell ?

*xii*

AY me, alas, heigh ho, heigh ho !  
Thus doth Messalina go  
Up and down the house a-crying,  
For her monkey lies a-dying.  
Death, thou art too cruel  
To bereave her of her jewel,  
Or to make a seizure  
Of her only treasure.  
If her monkey die,  
She will sit and cry,  
Fie fie fie fie fie !

*xiii*

LATE is my rash accounting  
My fortune was amounting.  
And now is all undone,  
All courses backward run.

Hearts greedy in desiring,  
Are speedy in aspiring,  
But this female sex  
Make stout hearts break their necks.

You ladies fair and fickle,  
Whose climbing thoughts do tickle,  
Shall most deeply repent,  
And find a base descent.

*xiv*

FOUR arms, two necks, one wreathing,  
Two pairs of lips, one breathing.  
Two hearts that multiply  
Sighs interchangeably.

The thought of this confounds me,  
And as I speak it wounds me.  
It cannot be expressed.  
Good help me, whilst I rest.

Bad stomachs have their loathing,  
And, O, this all is nothing.  
This us with griefs doth prove,  
Report oft turns in love.

*xv*

LORD ! when I think what a paltry thing  
 Is a glove or a ring  
 Or a top of a fan to brag of ;  
 And how much a noddy  
 Will triumph in a busk-point  
 Snatched with the tag off.  
 Then I say,  
 Well fare him that hath ever used close play.

And when I see what a pitiful grace  
 Hath a frown in the face,  
 Or a No in the lips of a lady ;  
 And when I had wist  
 She would be kissed  
 When she away did go with hey ho ;  
 I end so :  
 Never trust any woman more than you know.

*xvi*

SAY, wanton, will you love me ?  
 I love no long delaying.  
 Whilst that you strive to prove me,  
 I fear your love's decaying.

Fear not my love's decaying,  
 Whilst that you strive to prove me.  
 I love no long delaying,  
 Come, wanton, then and love me.

*xvii*

I BEI ligustri e rose  
 Ch'in voi natura pose,  
 Donna gentil, mi fanno ogn' hor morire,  
 Si grave è la mia pena e 'l mio martire.

*xviii*

STRIKE it up, Tabor,  
 And pipe us a favour !  
 Thou shalt be well paid for thy labour.  
 I mean to spend my shoe sole  
 To dance about the may-pole !

I will be blithe and brisk,  
 Leap and skip,  
 Hop and trip,  
 Turn about  
 In the rout,  
 Until weary joints can scarce frisk !

Lusty Dick Hopkin,  
 Lay on with thy napkin,  
 The stitching cost me but a dodkin.  
 The morris were half undone  
 Were't not for Martin of Compton.  
 O well said, jiggling Al'ce !  
 Pretty Jill  
 Stand you still !  
 Dapper Jack  
 Means to smack.  
 How now ? fie, fie ! you dance false.

## xix

HA ha ! ha ha ! This world doth pass  
 Most merrily I'll be sworn,  
 For many an honest Indian ass  
 Goes for a unicorn.  
 Fara diddle dyno,  
 This is idle fyno.

Tie hie ! tie hie ! O sweet delight !  
 He tickles this age that can  
 Call Tulliaes ape a marmasyte  
 And Ledaes goose a swan.  
 Fara diddle dyno,  
 This is idle fyno.

So so ! so so ! Fine English days !  
 For false play 's no reproach,  
 For he that doth the coachman praise  
 May safely use the coach.  
 Fara diddle dyno,  
 This is idle fyno.

## xx

SINCE Robin Hood, Maid Marian,  
 And Little John are gone,  
 The hobby horse was quite forgot,  
 When Kempe did dance alone.  
     He did labour  
     After the tabor.  
     For to dance  
     Then into France  
     He took pains  
 To skip it in hope of gains.  
 He will trip it on the toe,  
 Diddle diddle diddle doe.

## xxi

O NOW weep, now sing !  
 For this is love : in frost to fry,  
     In tears to sing,  
     In life to die,  
 And never to have ending.

I die willingly,  
 And yet I live in spite of love,  
     In hope of gain,  
     And think to prove  
 Some pleasure mingled with pain.

## xxii

ALAS ! O tarry but one half hour,  
 Until an opportunity fit my power,  
 Then will I look and sigh out all my sorrow.  
 Now everybody looketh on,  
 And you know I must be gone  
 To-morrow.

Adieu ! Why did I aspire high,  
 When I see my ruinous end so nigh ?  
 Yet now I will prolong my last farewell.  
 Else in sudden sort to part  
 Will go near to break my heart,  
 That doth swell.

## xxiii

AS deadly serpents lurking,  
 So envy lieth working  
 Still to disgrace those men  
 Which do strive by virtue's fame  
 To augment their height of name  
 By labour, art and pen.

But let all carping Momi,  
 And idle foolish Zoili,  
 Whatso'er they will, report ;  
 I put myself in venture  
 To judgement's learned censure  
 And men of better sort.

## xxiv

DONNA, il vostro bel viso  
 Apr' a chi mir' ogn' hor il paradiso,  
 Ma 'l mio misero core  
 Sen' viv' ogn' hor in lagrim' e dolore.

## xxv

THE nightingale, the organ of delight,  
 The nimble lark, the blackbird, and the thrush,  
 And all the pretty quiristers of flight,  
 That chant their music notes in every bush,  
 Let them no more contend who shall excel ;  
 The cuckoo is the bird that bears the bell.

## xxvi

*A Remembrance of my Friend Mr. Thomas Morley*

DEATH hath deprived me of my dearest friend ;  
 My dearest friend is dead and laid in grave.  
 In grave he rests until the world shall end.

The world shall end, as end all things must have.  
 All things must have an end that Nature wrought ;  
 That Nature wrought must unto dust be brought.

*John Davies of Hereford*





## JOHN WILBYE

*The First Set Of English Madrigals To 3. 4. 5. and 6. voices. 1598.*

*i*

FLY, Love, aloft to heaven and look out Fortune ;  
Then sweetly her importune  
That I from my Calisto best beloved,  
As you and she set down, be never moved.  
And, Love, to Carimel see you commend me,  
Fortune for his sweet sake may chance befriend me.

*ii*

AWAY, thou shalt not love me.  
So shall my love seem greater,  
And I shall love the better.  
Shall it be so ? what say you ?  
Why speak you not, I pray you ?  
Nay, then I know you love me,  
That so you may disprove me.

*iii*

AY me, can every rumour  
Thus start my lady's humour ?  
Name ye some gallant to her,  
Why straight forsooth I woo her !  
Then burst she forth in passion :  
You men love but for fashion.  
Yet sure I am that no man  
Ever so loved a woman.  
Yet, alas, Love, be wary,  
For women be contrary.

*iv*

WEEP, O mine eyes, and cease not ;  
Your spring-tides, out alas, methinks increase not.  
O when, O when begin you  
To swell so high that I may drown me in you ?



*v*

DEAR Pity, how, ah how wouldst thou become her,  
 That best becometh Beauty's best attiring?  
 Shall my desert deserve no favour from her,  
 But still to waste myself in deep admiring?  
 Like him that calls to Echo to relieve him  
 Still tells and hears the tale, O tale that grieves him.

*vi*

YE restless thoughts that harbour discontent,  
 Cease your assaults and let my heart lament;  
 And let my tongue have leave to tell my grief,  
 That she may pity, though not grant relief.  
 Pity would help what Love hath almost slain,  
 And salve the wound that festered this disdain.

*vii-viii*

WHAT needeth all this travail and turmoiling,  
 Shortening the life's sweet pleasure  
 To seek this far-fetched treasure  
 In those hot climates under Phoebus broiling?  
 O fools, can you not see a traffic nearer  
 In my sweet lady's face, where Nature showeth  
 Whatever treasure eye sees or heart knoweth?  
 Rubies and diamonds dainty,  
 And orient pearls such plenty,  
 Coral and ambergris sweeter and dearer  
 Than which the South Seas or Moluccas send us,  
 Or either Indies, East or West, do lend us.

*ix*

ALAS, what hope of speeding  
 Where Hope beguiled lies bleeding?  
 She bade come when she spied me;  
 And when I came she fled me.  
 Thus when I was beguiled,  
 She at my sighing smiled.  
 But if you take such pleasure  
 Of Hope and Joy, my treasure,  
 By deceit to bereave me,  
 Love me, and so deceive me.

*x*

LADY, when I behold the roses sprouting,  
 Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours,  
 And then behold your lips where sweet Love harbours,  
 My eyes presents me with a double doubting.  
 For, viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes  
 Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.

*xi*

THUS saith my Cloris bright  
 When we of love sit down and talk together :  
 Beware of Love, Love is a walking sprite,  
 And Love is this and that,  
 And O I wot not what,  
 And comes and goes again, I wot not whither.  
 No, no, these are but bugs to breed amazing,  
 For in her eyes I saw his torchlight blazing.

*xii*

ADIEU, sweet Amaryllis,  
 For since to part your will is,  
 Adieu ! O heavy tiding,  
 Here is for me no biding.  
 Yet once again, ere that I part with you,  
 Amaryllis, sweet, adieu.

*xiii*

DIE, hapless man, since she denies thee grace ;  
 Die and despair, sith she doth scorn to love thee.  
 Farewell, most fair, though thou dost fair deface  
 Sith for my duteous love thou dost reprove me.  
 Those smiling eyes that sometimes me revived,  
 Clouded with frowns, have me of life deprived.

*xiv-xv*

I FALL, I fall, O stay me !  
 Dear love, with joys ye slay me ;  
 Of life your lips deprive me ;  
 Sweet, let your lips revive me.  
 O whither are you hasting,  
 And leave my life thus wasting ?  
 My health on you relying,  
 'Twere sin to leave me dying.

And though my love abounding  
 Did make me fall a-sounding,  
 Yet am I well contented  
 Still so to be tormented.  
 And Death can never fear me  
 As long as you are near me.

*xvi-xvii*

I ALWAYS beg, yet never am relieved ;  
 I grieve because my griefs are not believed.  
 I cry aloud in vain, my voice outstretched,  
 And get but this : mine Echo calls me wretched.

Thus Love commands that I in vain complain me,  
 And Sorrow will that she shall still disdain me.  
 Yet did I hope, which hope my life prolonged,  
 To hear her say : Alas, his love was wronged.

*xviii*

LADY, your words do spite me ;  
 Yet your sweet lips so soft kiss and delight me ;  
 Your deeds my heart surcharged with over-joying,  
 Your taunts my life destroying.  
 Since both have force to spill me,  
 Let kisses sweet, Sweet, kill me.  
 Knights fight with swords and lances,  
 Fight you with smiling glances.  
 So like swans of Leander  
 Singing and dying my ghost from hence shall wander.

*xix*

ALAS, what a wretched life is this, nay, what a death,  
 Where the tyrant Love commandeth.  
 My flowering days are in their prime declining,  
 All my proud hope quite fallen and life untwining.  
 My joys each after other in haste are flying,  
 And leave me dying for her that scorns my crying.  
 O she from hence departs, my love refraining,  
 Heartless, alas, for whom I die complaining.

*xx*

UNKIND, O stay thy flying ;  
 And if I needs must die, pity me dying.  
 In thee my heart is lying ;

And no death can assail me  
 Alas, till life doth fail thee.  
 O therefore, if the Fates bid thee be fleeting,  
 Stay for me, whose poor heart thou hast in keeping.

## xxi

I SUNG sometimes my thoughts and fancy's pleasure  
 Where then I list, or time served best and leisure ;  
 While Daphne did invite me  
 To supper once, and drank to me to spite me.  
 I smiled ; yet still did doubt her,  
 And drank where she had drank before, to flout her.  
 But O while I did eye her,  
 Mine eyes drank love, my lips drank burning fire.

## xxii

FLORA gave me fairest flowers,  
 None so fair in Flora's treasure.  
 These I placed on Phyllis' bowers,  
 She was pleased, and she my pleasure  
 Smiling meadows seem to say :  
 Come, ye wantons, here to play.

## xxiii

SWEET Love, if thou wilt gain a monarch's glory,  
 Subdue her heart, who makes me glad and sorry.  
 Out of thy golden quiver  
 Take thou thy strongest arrow,  
 That will through bone and marrow,  
 And me and thee of grief and fear deliver.  
 But come behind, for if she look upon thee,  
 Alas, poor Love, then thou art woebegone thee.

## xxiv

*The words are the same as those of No. x*

## xxv

WHEN shall my wretched life give place to death,  
 That my sad cares may be enforced to leave me ?  
 Come, saddest shadow, stop my vital breath,  
 For I am thine. Then let not Care bereave me  
 Of thy sad thrall, but with thy fatal dart  
 Kill Care and me, while Care lies at my heart.

*xxvi-xxvii*

OF joys and pleasing pains I late went singing,  
 O joys with pains, O pains with joys consenting ;  
 And little thought as then of now repenting,  
 But now think of my then sweet bitter stinging.  
 Alas, all day long I my hands go wringing,  
 The baleful notes of which my sad tormenting  
 Are ruth and moan, frights, sobs and loud lamenting,  
 From hills and dales in my dull ears still ringing.  
 My throat is sore, my voice is hoarse with skriking,  
 My rests are sighs deep from the heart-root fetched ;  
 My song runs all on sharps, and with oft striking  
 Time on my breast I shrink with hands outstretched.  
 Thus still and still I sing, and ne'er am linning,  
 For still the close points to my first beginning.

*xxviii*

CRUEL, behold my heavy ending.  
 See what you wrought by your disdainning.  
 Causeless I die, love still attending  
 Your hopeless pity of my complaining.

Suffer those eyes, which thus have slain me,  
 With speed to end their killing power ;  
 So shall you prove how love doth pain me,  
 And see me die still yower.

*xxix*

THOU art but young, thou say'st,  
 And Love's delight thou weigh'st not.  
 O take time while thou may'st,  
 Lest when thou would'st, thou may'st not.

If Love shall thus assail thee,  
 A double double anguish will torment thee ;  
 And thou wilt wish—but wishes all will fail thee—  
 O me, that I were young again ! and so repent thee.

*xxx*

WHY dost thou shoot, and I seek not to shield me ?  
 I yield, sweet Love, spare then my wounded liver,  
 And do not make my heart thy arrow's quiver.  
 O hold ! What needs this shooting, when I yield me ?

*The Second Set Of Madrigales To 3. 4. 5. and 6. parts : apt for both  
Voyals and Voyces. 1609.*

## i

COME, shepherd swains, that wont to hear me sing,  
Now sigh and groan.

Dead is my love, my hope, my joy, my spring,  
Dead, dead and gone.

O she that was your Summer's Queen,  
Your day's delight,  
Is gone and will no more be seen ;  
O cruel spite !

Break all your pipes that wont to sound  
With pleasant cheer,  
And cast yourselves upon the ground  
To wail my dear.

Come, shepherd swains, come, nymphs, and all a-row,  
To help me cry :  
Dead is my Love. And, seeing she is so,  
Lo now I die.

## ii

FLOURISH, ye hillocks, set with fragrant flowers,  
So graced with her deity,  
Whose eyes bedew you with their pearled showers,  
Bewailing Love's impiety.

Happy are ye, be prodigal disposed,  
Disdain not Love's lamenting ;  
Let me but kiss those steps where she reposed  
To ease my heart's tormenting.

Then while she flies me, here I lie and languish,  
Sounding my sorrows tuned in notes of anguish.

## iii

AH, cruel Amaryllis, since thou tak'st delight  
To hear the accents of a doleful ditty,  
To triumph still without remorse or pity,  
I loathe this life ; Death must my sorrows right.  
And, lest vain Hope my miseries renew,  
Come quickly, Death,  
Reave me of breath.  
Ah cruel Amaryllis, adieu, adieu.

*iv*

SO light is Love in matchless beauty shining,  
 When she revisits Cypris' hallowed bowers,  
 Two feeble doves, harnessed in silken twining,  
 Can draw her chariot midst the Paphian flowers.  
 Lightness to Love, how ill it fitteth,  
 So heavy on my heart she sitteth !

*v*

AS fair as morn, as fresh as May,  
 A pretty grace in saying Nay,  
 Smil'st thou sweet heart ? Then sing and say  
     Ta na na no.  
 But O that love-enchanting eye !  
 Lo here my doubtful doom I try :  
 Tell me, my sweet, live I or die ?  
 She smiles. She frowns. Ay me, I die.

*vi*

O WHAT shall I do, or whither shall I turn me ?  
 Shall I make unto her eyes ? O no, they'll burn me.  
 Shall I seal up my eyes and speak my part ?  
 Then in a flood of tears I drown my heart.  
 For tears being stopped will swell for scope,  
 Though they o'erflow love, life and hope.  
     By Beauty's eye  
     I'll choose to die.

At thy feet I fall, fair creature rich in beauty ;  
 And for pity call ; O kill not love and duty.  
 Let thy smooth tongue fan on my sense thy breath,  
 To stay thine eyes from burning me to death.  
     But if mercy be exiled  
     From a thing so fair compiled,  
     Then patiently  
     By thee I'll die.

*vii-viii*

I LIVE, and yet methinks I do not breathe.  
 I thirst and drink ; I drink and thirst again.  
 I sleep, and yet I dream I am awake.  
 I hope for that I have ; I have and want.  
 I sing and sigh ; I love and hate at once.  
 O tell me, restless soul, what uncouth jar  
 Doth cause such want in store, in peace such war ?

There is a jewel which no Indian mines  
 Can buy, no chemic art can counterfeit.  
 It makes men rich in greatest poverty ;  
 Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,  
 The homely whistle to sweet music's strain.

Seldom it comes, to few from Heaven sent,  
 That much in little, all in nought, Content.

*ix*

WHEN Cloris heard of her Amyntas dying,  
 She grieved then for her unkind denying.  
 Oft sighing sore, and with a heart unfeigned,  
 I die, I die, I die, she thus complained.

Whom when Amyntas spied,  
 Then both for joy out-cried :  
 I love, I love sweet Cloris' eye,  
 And I Amyntas till I die.

*x*

HAPPY streams, whose trembling fall  
 With still murmur softly gliding,  
 Happy birds, whose chirping call  
 With sweet melody delighting  
 Hath moved her flinty and relentless heart  
 To listen to your harmony,  
 And sit securely in these downs apart,  
 Enchanted with your melody.  
 Sing on and carol forth your glee,  
 She grants you leave her rays to see.  
 Happy were I, could I but so delight her,  
 But, ay alas, my love doth still despite her.

*xi*

CHANGE me, O heavens, into the ruby stone  
 That on my love's fair locks doth hang in gold.  
 Yet leave me speech to her to make my moan,  
 And give me eyes her beauties to behold.  
 Or if you will not make my flesh a stone,  
 Make her hard heart seem flesh that now seems none.

*xii*

LOVE me not for comely grace,  
 For my pleasing eye or face,  
 Nor for any outward part,  
 No nor for my constant heart ;



For those may fail or turn to ill,  
 So thou and I shall sever.  
 Keep therefore a true woman's eye,  
 And love me still, but know not why,  
 So hast thou the same reason still  
 To dote upon me ever.

*xiii*

FLY not so swift, my dear, behold me dying.  
 If not a smiling glance for all my crying,  
 Yet kill me with thy frowns.  
 The satyrs o'er the lawns full nimbly dancing  
 Frisk it apace to view thy beauty's glancing.  
 See how they coast the downs.  
 Fain wouldst thou turn and yield them their delight,  
 But that thou fear'st lest I should steal a sight.

*xiv*

I LOVE, alas, alas, yet am not loved,  
 For cruel she to pity is not moved.  
 My constant love with scorn she ill rewardeth,  
 Only my sighs a little she regardeth ;  
 Yet more and more the quenchless fire increaseth,  
 Which to my greater torment never ceaseth.

*xv*

AS matchless beauty thee a Phoenix proves,  
 Fair Leonilla, so thy sour-sweet loves.  
 For when young Acon's eye thy proud heart tames,  
 Thou diest in him, and livest in my flames.

*xvi*

HAPPY, O happy he, who not affecting  
 The endless toils attending worldly cares,  
 With mind reposed, all discontents rejecting,  
 In silent peace his way to heaven prepares,  
 Deeming his life a scene, the world a stage  
 Whereon man acts his weary pilgrimage.

*xvii-xviii*

SWEET honey-sucking bees, why do you still  
 Surfeit on roses, pinks and violets,  
 As if the choicest nectar lay in them  
 Wherewith you store your curious cabinets ?  
 Ah, make your flight to Melisuviaes lips ;  
 There may you revel in ambrosian cheer,

Where smiling roses and sweet lilies sit,  
 Keeping their Spring-tide graces all the year.  
 Yet, sweet, take heed, all sweets are hard to get.  
 Sting not her soft lips, O beware of that ;  
 For if one flaming dart come from her eye,  
 Was never dart so sharp, ah, then you die !

*xix*

ALL pleasure is of this condition,  
 It pricks men forward to fruition ;  
 But if enjoyed, then, like the humming bee  
 The honey being shed, away doth flee,  
 But leaves a sting that wounds the inward heart  
 With gnawing grief and never-ending smart.

*xx*

OFT have I vowed how dearly I did love thee,  
 And oft observed thee with all willing duty.  
 Sighs have I sent, still hoping to remove thee,  
 Millions of tears I tendered to thy beauty.

Yet thou, of sighs and silly tears regardless,  
 Suff'rest my feeble heart to pine with anguish,  
 Whilst all my barren hopes return rewardless,  
 My bitter days do waste and I do languish.

*xxi-xxii*

DOWN in a valley as Alexis trips,  
 Daphne sat sweetly sleeping.  
 Soon as the wanton touched her ruddy lips,  
 She nicely falls a-weeping.  
 The wag full softly lifts her,  
 And to and fro he sifts her.  
 But when nor sighs nor tears could move her pity,  
 With plaints he warbles forth this mournful ditty :  
 Hard destinies are Love and Beauty parted,  
 Fair Daphne so disdainful.  
 Cupid, thy shafts are too unjustly darted ;  
 Fond Love, thy wounds be painful.  
 But sith my lovely jewel  
 Is proved so coy and cruel,  
 I'll live and frolic in her beauty's treasure,  
 But languish, faint and die in her displeasure.

*xxiii*

WEEP, weep, mine eyes, my heart can take no rest.  
 Weep, weep, my heart, mine eyes shall ne'er be blest.  
 Weep eyes, weep heart, and both this accent cry :  
 A thousand deaths, Flamminia, I die.

Ah cruel Fortune ! now, Leander, to die I fear not.  
 Death, do thy worst ! I care not !  
 I hope when I am dead in Elysian plain  
 To meet, and there with joy we'll love again.

*xxiv*

THERE, where I saw her lovely beauty painted,  
 Where Venus-like my sacred goddess shineth,  
 There with precellent object mine eyes fainted,  
 That fair but fatal star my dole divineth.  
 As soon as morning in her light appeareth,  
 Her sweet salute my mind o'erclouded clear eth.  
 When night again the day's delight bereaveth,  
 My heart's true sacrifice she quick receiveth.  
 But night and day she craftily forsakes me,  
 To tedious day, to loathesome night betakes me.

*xxv*

YE that do live in pleasures plenty,  
 And dwell in Music's sweetest airs,  
 Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are dainty,  
 Not clogged with earth or worldly cares,  
 Come sing this song made in Amphion's praise,  
 Who now is dead, yet you his fame can raise.

Call him again, let him not die,  
 But live in Music's sweetest breath.  
 Place him in fairest memory,  
 And let him triumph over death.  
 O sweetly sung, his living wish attend ye.  
 These were his words : The mirth of heaven God send ye.

*xxvi*

A SEELY sylvan, kissing heaven-born fire,  
 Scorched his lips for his so fond desire.  
 I, not so fond, but gazed whilst such fire burned,  
 And all my heart straight into flames was turned.

The sylvan justly suffered for his kiss,  
 His fire was stolen, and stolen things go amiss.  
 But I, alas, unjustly, for to have her,  
 Her heavenly fire the Gods and Graces gave her.

*xxvii*

O WRETCHED man, why lov'st thou earthly life,  
 Which nought enjoys but cares and endless trouble ?  
 What pleasure here but breeds a world of grief ?  
 What hour's ease that anguish doth not double ?  
 No earthly joys but have their discontents ;  
 Then loathe that life which causeth such laments.

*xxviii-xxix*

WHERE most my thoughts, there least my eye is striking ;  
 Where least I come, there most my heart abideth ;  
 Where most I love, I never show my liking ;  
 From what my mind doth hold, my body flydeth.  
 I careless seem where most my care dependeth,  
 A coy regard, where most my soul attendeth.  
 Despiteful thus unto myself, I languish ;  
 And in disdain myself from joy I banish.  
 These secret thoughts enwraps me so in anguish,  
 That life I hope will soon from body vanish,  
 And to some rest will quickly be conveyed,  
 That on no joy, while so I lived, hath stayed.

*xxx*

AH, cannot sighs, nor tears, nor aught else move thee  
 To pity me, who more than life do love thee ?  
 O cruel fates, see now away she 's flying ;  
 And fly she will, alas, and leave me dying.  
 Farewell, most fair, farewell, yet more disdainful,  
 Was never grief like mine, nor death more painful.

*xxxi*

DRAW on, sweet Night, best friend unto those cares  
 That do arise from painful melancholy.  
 My life so ill through want of comfort fares,  
 That unto thee I consecrate it wholly.  
 Sweet Night, draw on ! My griefs when they be told  
 To shades and darkness, find some ease from paining.  
 And while thou all in silence dost enfold,  
 I then shall have best time for my complaining.

*xxxii*

STAY, Corydon, thou swain,  
 Talk not so soon of dying.  
 What though thy heart be slain ?  
 What though thy love be flying ?  
 She threatens thee but dares not strike.  
 Thy nymph is light and shadow-like ;  
 For if thou follow her, she'll fly from thee,  
 But if thou fly from her, she'll follow thee.

*xxxiii*

SOFTLY, O softly drop, my eyes, lest you be dry ;  
 And make my heart with grief to melt and die.  
     Now pour out tears apace ;  
     Now stay ! O heavy case,  
     O sour-sweet woe !  
 Alas, O grief, O joy, why strive you so ?  
 Can pains and joys at once in one poor heart consent ?  
     Then sigh and sing, rejoice, lament.  
 Ay me, O passions strange and violent !  
     Was ne'er poor wretch so sore tormented.  
 Nor joy nor grief can make my heart contented ;  
     For while with joy I look on high,  
     Down, down I fall with grief, and die.

*xxxiv*

LONG have I made these hills and valleys weary  
 With noise of these my cries that fill the air.  
     She only who should make me merry,  
     Hears not my prayer  
 That I, alas, Misfortune's son and heir,  
 Hope in none other hope but in despair.  
     Cruel, if thus my death may please thee,  
     Then die I will to ease thee.  
 Yet if I die the world will thee control,  
 And write upon my tomb : O sweet departure.  
     Lo here lies one, alas poor soul,  
     A true love's martyr.





# HENRY YOULL

*Canzonets To Three Voyces. 1608.*

*i*

EACH day of thine, sweet month of May,  
Love makes a solemn holiday ;  
I will perform like duty,  
Since thou resemblest every way  
Astræa, Queen of Beauty.

*Sir John Davies*

*ii-iv*

COME, love, let 's walk into the Spring,  
Where we may hear the blackbird sing,  
The robin redbreast and the thrush,  
The nightingale in thorny bush,  
The mavis sweetly carolling,  
'These to my love content will bring.

In yonder dale there are fine flowers,  
And many pleasant shady bowers,  
A purling brook whose silver streams  
Are beautified by Phoebus' beams,  
Which stealing through the trees for fear,  
Because Diana bathes her there.

See where this nymph with all her train  
Comes tripping o'er the park amain,  
And in this grove here will she stay,  
At barley-break to sport and play ;  
Where we may sit us down and see  
Fair beauty mixed with chastity.

*v*

PIPE, shepherds, pipe full merrily,  
Let sweetest music sound on high,  
Till all the valleys ring.  
This is the joyful bridal day  
Of Corydon and Phillida,  
Sing, shepherds, sweetly sing.

*vi*

ONLY joy, now here you are,  
 Fit to hear and ease my care.  
 Let my whispering voice obtain  
 Sweet reward for sharpest pain.  
 Take me to thee and thee to me.  
 No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

*Sir Philip Sidney*

*vii*

OF sweet and dainty flowers  
 A garland I have dight ;  
 And many shady bowers  
 For my true love's delight,  
 Adorned with roses and sweet lilies,  
 Violets and daffadillies ;  
 Where she may sit and sing,  
 Like Flora in her pride,  
 And welcome in the Spring,  
 By her thus beautified.

*viii*

SLOW, slow, fresh fount ; keep time with my salt tears.  
 Yet flower, O faintly flower, gentle springs.  
 List to the heavy part the music bears ;  
 Woe weeps out her division when she sings.  
 Droop, herbs and flowers.  
 Fall, grief, in showers.  
 Our beauties are not ours.  
 O could I still,  
 Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,  
 Drop, drop, O drop,  
 Since Nature's pride is now a withered daffadill.

*Ben Jonson*

*ix*

IN pleasant Summer's morning,  
 Close shrouded in a grove,  
 Amyntas thus sat mourning  
 For Scylla, his fair love :  
 O cruel fates and spiteful,  
 Her absence I lament,  
 Whose presence so delightful  
 Did yield such sweet content.

*x*

ONCE I thought to die for love,  
 Till I found that women prove  
     Traitors in their smiling.  
 They say men unconstant be,  
 But themselves love change we see,  
 Till new grows old, and old grows stale, and all is but beguiling.

*xi*

AWAKE, sweet love, 'tis time to rise ;  
 Phoebus is risen in the East,  
 Spreading his beams on those fair eyes,  
     Which are enclosed with Nature's rest.  
 Awake, awake from heavy sleep,  
 Which all thy thoughts in silence keep.

*xii*

PITY, O pity me, mine own sweet jewel,  
 Be not still unkind and too too cruel.  
 Come, sit by me, let us together sing,  
 And thou shalt be my bonny sweet darling.

*xiii*

CEASE, restless thoughts, to vex my careful mind,  
 And bid adieu to vain delights of love,  
 Since Phyllis, she, alas, is proved unkind,  
     Whom my complaints could not to pity move.  
 Farewell, unkind, my silly sheep and I  
 Henceforth will join in equal sympathy.

*xiv*

SWEET Phyllis, stay, O let some pity move thee ;  
 O come again, O come and take me with thee.  
 Be not still unkind and too too cruel,  
     My only best beloved jewel.

*xv-xvi*

THE shepherds' daughters are all gone,  
 Leaving their flocks to feed alone,  
 From the greenwood fresh May to bring.  
     So sweetly they play,  
     And sing all the way,  
 That fields and groves with heavenly music ring.



Behold where they return along  
 With Daphne fair their virgin troops among,  
 Upon whose golden locks they all have set  
 Of fragrant flowers a seemly coronet,  
     Sounding on high in Daphne's praise  
     Pleasant songs and roundelays.

*xvii-xviii*

SAY, shepherd, say, where is fair Phyllis gone,  
 Thus carelessly to leave her flock distressed ?  
 See how they wander up and down alone,  
 And mourn her absence whom they loved best ;  
 While she forgetful of her silly sheep,  
 Love stole her heart and all her thoughts doth keep.

But though poor sheep fair Phyllis thus do mourn,  
 Yet willingly help thou their weak estate ;  
 For she though careless may again return,  
 And love neglected may convert to hate ;  
 When she rejoicing in her freedom's gain,  
 That wanton boy despised shall remain.

*xix*

IN the merry month of May  
 The fields are decked with flowers gay ;  
 The woods and groves, where birds do sing,  
 Redoubling echoes, sweetly ring.

*xx*

COME, merry lads, let us away,  
 For Phillida, our shepherds' queen,  
 About the maypole there doth stay,  
 With all her virgins clad in green.  
 Hark, hark, I heard the bagpipe's sound,  
 While they dance lightly on the ground.

*xxi*

WHILES joyful Springtime lasteth,  
 Each thing of pleasure tasteth,  
 And with delights abound ;  
 The birds so sweetly singing,  
 The flowers so freshly springing,  
 With Nature's beauty crowned.

*xxii*

EARLY, before the day doth spring,  
 Let us awake, my Muse, and sing,  
     It is no time to slumber ;  
 So many joys this time doth bring,  
     As time will fail to number.

*Sir John Davies**xxiii-xxiv*

WHERE are now those jolly swains,  
 That were wont to grace these plains,  
 And in their merry, merry veins,  
     Sing fa la ?

Now they have time and leisure,  
 They're gone to take their pleasure,  
 Each one to dance his measure,  
     And sing fa la.

Now the country lasses hie them,  
 And these merry lads they spy them,  
 And still as they come nigh them,  
     Sing fa la.

This is a merry greeting,  
 Each one doth kiss his sweeting,  
 And this is their first meeting.  
     Sing fa la !





## NOTES

### *Alison's Hour's Recreation*

I-II. Campian, the author of this poem, also set it to music twice (First Book, No. 2; and Campian and Rosseter Set, No. 18). Alison follows the text of the Campian-Rosseter Set, but the poet's other version differs from this in many details. But Alison alone has *upright life* for *life upright* in line 1.

IX-X. These two stanzas were also set by East (First Set, Nos. 18 and 19) and the first stanza also by Mundy (No. 17). Chideock Tichborne, the author of the poem and a member of the Hampshire family of Tichborne, was executed for his participation in Babington's Plot in 1586. The poem was printed in *Reliquiae Wottonianae* (p. 379 of the fourth, 1685, edition), where it is stated to have been written by 'Chidick Tychborn, being young and then in the Tower, the Night before his Execution'. The third and final stanza, which was not set by any of the above-named musicians, ran as follows:

I sought my death, and found it in my womb;  
I looked for life, and saw it was a shade;  
I trod the Earth, and knew it was my tomb;  
And now I die, and now I am but made.  
The glass is full, and now my glass is run,  
And now I live, and now my life is done.

XV-XVI. The first two stanzas of a poem printed in Davison's *Paradise of Dainty Devices* with the signature M.T. (see Collier's Reprint, p. 31).

XVII-XVIII. See Vivian's *Campian*, p. 229. Additional stanzas are found in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delights*. The poem is based on a fifteenth-century ballad.

XIX-XXI. Campian himself also set this lyric to music (Fourth Book, No. 7).

XXIII-XXIV. Both these numbers were written in reference to Gunpowder Plot.



### *Bateson's First Set of Madrigals*

The first madrigal in this Collection was Bateson's contribution to the *Triumphs of Oriana*. Like East's Oriana madrigal it arrived too late for inclusion in the body of that volume; and subsequently it was printed here as an extra and unnumbered item, with the note: 'This song should have bene printed in the set of *Orianaes*.' The same words were also set to music by that other Chester Cathedral musician, Francis Pilkington (*First Set of Madrigals*, No. 21).

II. Also set by Byrd (1589 Set, No. 34).

III. The eighth line of this stanza (see Grosart's *Sidney*, vol. i, p. 183) was omitted by Bateson and ran thus:

For Tereus force on her chaste will prevailing.

VI. Also set twice by East (Fourth Set, Nos. 6 and 24).

VII. The first stanza of a poem set in full by Pilkington in his lute-song Set (No. 5). The second stanza with some textual alterations was also set separately by Pilkington in his first Madrigal Set (No. 4).

line 3. *woodbind*. The original form of the modern *woodbine*.

x. It would seem that the original form of this poem has been much modified in the hands of the composer, and a satisfactory reconstruction cannot be achieved.

XI. line 5. *lead*. The original part-books have *leese*, a word derived from the Old English *liesan*, meaning to *set free, unloose*; it was already almost obsolete in the early seventeenth century. The word in this place appears to be a scribal error for *lead*, which meets the requirements of the rhyme.

XVIII. A translation of Luca Marezzio's madrigal *Ohimè! dov' è mio ben*, which was included in Watson's *Italian Madrigals Englished* (No. 13).

line 7. *shrikes*. An obsolete dialect form of the modern *shrieks*.

XXII. line 2. *spheres*. A reference to the Elizabethan belief in the music of the spheres. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, Act V, Sc. 1.

XXVI. A translation of a madrigal by an anonymous composer included in Morley's Italian collection of 1598 (No. 17).

XXVII. line 4. *resorting*. The original has *resorted*, which is possibly a scribal error. It is, however, equally possible that the second line has been subjected to some alteration by the composer, and that, with some epithet of one syllable such as *fair*, it may have run: 'Upon the fair plains sported'.

XXVIII. Cf. this lyric with 'O that the learned poets' (Gibbons's Set, No. 2).



### *Bateson's Second Set of Madrigals*

VII. line 7. *lively*: in the sense, now obsolete, of *living*, or *alive*.

line 8. *corse*. Mediaeval English has two forms of this word: *corse* from the old French *cors*, and *corps* from the later French *corps* with the *p* of the Latin *corpus* restored. Until the sixteenth century the pronunciation of the two forms was apparently identical, the *p* of the later form being mute. *Corse* would, no doubt, represent the word as it sounded in Bateson's ear, not the modern *corpse*.

IX-X. line 12. A quotation from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, also used by Shakespeare in *As You Like It* (Act III, Sc. 5). Marlowe's poem was so popular at the time that the quotation would have been immediately recognized.

XII. Also set with an additional stanza by Dowland (Second Book, No. 11).

XIII. Also set by Pilkington (*First Set of Madrigals*, No. 11).

XIV. Line 6. Cf. Weelkes's Oriana madrigal (*Triumphs*, No. 17).

XXV-XXVI. Mr. Bullen states that this poem is a translation of Anacreon's ode Ἔρωσ ποτ' ἐν βύδοισι,

*Bennet's Madrigals*

III. A translation of Giovanni Feretti's madrigal *Sei tanto gratiosa* which was included in *Musica Transalpina* (First Set, No. 25).

v. This lyric may be compared with Morley's 'Come lovers follow me' (1595 Madrigals, No. 11).

VI. A translation of a madrigal by Alfonso Ferrabosco, printed with English words in Morley's 1598 Italian Collection (No. 15).

VIII. Also set by East (Fourth Set, No. 1).

line 1. *slay*. East has the variant *stay*.

IX. Also set by Wilbye (First Set, No. 6).

X. These words, with some variants, were also set by East (Fourth Set, No. 5).

XI. A translation of Feretti's madrigal *Donna crudel*, which was included in *Musica Transalpina* (First Set, No. 26). Cf. also Vautor, No. 6.

XII. Also set by Morley as a canzonet for three voices among the examples printed in his *Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practical Musicke*. This is the sole example in Morley's book of a setting of secular English words.

XIII. These words with slight differences, probably due to the individual requirements of either of the composers, were also set by Wilbye (First set, No. 4).

xv-xvi. Although there is not the usual indication in the part-books, it seems probable that these two madrigals together form one single poem. It is possible that emendations have crept into the text of the first part and that the fourteen lines were originally in sonnet-form. As the text stands in the part-books there is no rhyme to the first line and several lines have the appearance of having been lengthened, while an epithet of two syllables seems to be missing in line 7.

*Byrd's Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadness, &c.*

XI. This poem is generally attributed to Sir Edward Dyer. It may be compared with Sylvester's poem as set to music by Gibbons (Nos. 3-6).

line 2. *force*. An obsolete use of this verb meaning *regard* or *care for*. Cf. Shakespeare's *Lucrece*, 'I force not argument a straw'.

XII. This lyric was printed in *England's Helicon* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 173). The important omission of the words *Corinna can* in line 4 give an entirely different sense to the words. Mr. Bullen's punctuation of this line, which gives the modern meaning to the word *cheer*, was no doubt influenced by the version in *England's Helicon*.

line 4. *cheer*. In the old meaning, now obsolete, of *countenance* or *aspect*, from Old French *chere*. It is used by Tennyson in *The Poet's Mind*.

line 6. '*chill*: sc. *I will*; from the mediaeval English *ich*, which was still used for *I* in the south in the sixteenth century, especially

when conjoined with such words as *have, am, will, &c.*, in the forms '*chave, 'cham, and 'chill*. Cf. Ravenscroft's *Brief Discourse*, Nos. 17-20.

line 8. *wod*: or *wode*, an obsolete word meaning *mad* or *distracted*, from the Old English *wōd*. Cf. Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, I. v. 20.

xiii. line 8. *sort*: a collective word meaning a *group*, corresponding to the similar terms *flock* and *herd*.

xiv. This poem is generally attributed to Sir Edward Dyer (see Grosart's *Dyer*, p. 21). Compare John Davies of Hereford, 'My mind to me a mighty kingdom is', *Wittes Pilgrimage*, 43 (see Grosart's *Davies of Hereford*, vol. ii, p. 12).

xvi. This poem is the sixth song from Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*. The version used by Byrd shows several slight variants from the accepted text. See Grosart's edition of Sidney's works (i. 55).

xvii. The words are by Edward (Vere) Earl of Oxford (Rawlinson MSS. 85, fol. 16).

line 9. *haggard*. The term used for a hawk caught after it had become fully grown, and therefore particularly wild and intractable to tame.

line 11. *buzzard*. An inferior kind of hawk useless for falconry; thus the word came to be used as a term of contempt or reproach.

xviii. It is noteworthy that this sonnet, early as it is, has not the final couplet of the Italian sonnet-form more generally used in England at this time, but shows the last six lines with interweaved rhymes.

xix. Printed in *England's Helicon* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 162).

xx. Printed in *England's Helicon* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 177).

line 9. *fair*. There is obviously a scribal error either at the end of line 9 or line 11, where the musical text has *despite*. In *England's Helicon* this word was corrected to *despair*, but possibly a better emendation would be *bright* for *fair*.

xxi. A curiously incomplete fragment both of words and music. It is difficult to explain why Byrd included it here in this form, if, as seems probable, there was a second part belonging to it.

xxii. line 2. *glaiues*. An obsolete word for *swords*, derived from the Latin *gladius* through Old French *glaiue*.

line 6. *Golden Fleece*. A reference to the Order of the Golden Fleece.

xxiii. The subject of Penelope and the suitors was very popular at the time; cf. Byrd, 1589 Set, No. 27, and Mundy, No. 29. These lines provide an example of classical hexameters, rare in madrigal literature, and are a translation of Ovid's First Epistle 'Hanc tua Penelope lento tibi mittit Ulysse'.

xxiv. These words are from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, Canto 1. v. 42. Byrd also set to music an English translation of this and the following stanza of Ariosto's words and it was included in *Musica Transalpina* (First Set, Nos. 44 and 45). Nicholas Yonge specially mentions them in his title-page, and Peacham quotes them in the *Compleat Gentleman* (1620) as evidence of Byrd's excellence in this class of composition.

xxv. This poem, with its heaped-up metaphors, is very charac-

teristic of the Elizabethan wealth of imagination. It occurs in Thomas Deloney's *Garland of Good Will* (Part iii, No. 6). It is ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh in a seventeenth-century manuscript quoted by Mr. Bullen.

xxix. These words with some slight variants were used again by Byrd (1589 Set, No. 8) and also by Farnaby (No. 12); with further textual differences; and by Ferrabosco (*Musica Transalpina*, First Set, No. 20). They were, no doubt, a translation of those used by Orlando di Lasso in his *Susanne un jour* included in *Musica Transalpina* (First Set, No. 19), and they were, of course, based upon the Apocrypha story.

xxx. Also set by John Dowland (*Pilgrim's Solace*, No. 13), and by John Milton, the father of the poet (*Leighton's Tears or Lamentations*, No. 50).

xxxvi. The first stanza of this poem was also set by Pilkington (*Second Set of Madrigals*, No. 19).

line 5. *retchless*. An obsolete form of *reckless*. The modern form with the *k* is of northern origin, and was rarely used in the south till the end of the sixteenth century.

xxxiv. line 18. *oned*: sc. *made one*. The use of *one* as a verb is very rare and now obsolete.



### Byrd's Songs of Sundry Natures

viii. See note on Byrd's 1588 Set, No. 29.

ix. These words are a translation of Orlando di Lasso's madrigal *Le rossignol* which was included in *Musica Transalpina* (First Set, No. 32).

xix-xxi. line 1. *Cytheron*. A common Elizabethan variant for *Cythera*.

line 3. *misers*. Used with its original meaning of *wretched*, or *unhappy persons*.

xxiii. This poem was printed in *England's Helicon* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 180).

xxiv and xxv. Byrd included these two choruses, as being set to music for four voices, here among the other compositions of that class. They belong respectively to Nos. 35 and 40.

xxvii. Also set by Mundy (No. 29).

xxviii. This stanza is from Churchyard's 'Shore's Wife' in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1562.

line 1. *unmanned*. A term employed in falconry. To man a hawk was to accustom it to man's presence, and so to tame it.

line 5. *ne'er the near*: sc. *never any nearer to an aim*. A common Elizabethan phrase. *Near* here retains its old comparative sense—Old English *neah*, comparative *near*.

xxix and xxxiv. It is not easy to explain why Byrd separated these two lyrics in numbering and arranging his compositions in this Set, especially as he notes that the two belong to each other as the first and second parts of one whole. The same music, with very

slight differences, is put to lines 5-8 as to lines 1-4, new musical material being introduced in lines 9-10 alone. The last six lines were also set by Bateson (First Set, No. 2).

xxx. line 11. *in her danger*: sc. *in her power*.

xxxiii. This lyric is the tenth song in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*. Byrd's version shows some variants as compared with the text as given in the 1598 edition, p. 561. See also Grosart, vol. i, p. 97.

xxxv and xxiv. The words of this carol are by Francis Kindlemarsh and were printed in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices* (Collier's Reprint, p. 17). The refrain was printed separately by Byrd, as No. 24 in this Set, among the four-voice compositions.

xxxvi-xxxvii. An exact transcription of the words as set to music by the composer points unmistakably to his having interpolated in most of the lines some small word for the express purpose of his musical treatment. The poem must evidently be a sonnet; but lines 2 and 13 alone in the composer's version conform to the strict rules of sonnet-form, and the remaining 12 lines do not properly scan. Some kind of reconstruction is clearly demanded by the laws of sonnet-writing, and, although most of the presumed interpolations are unimportant and fairly obvious, the reconstruction must necessarily be speculative to some degree. Lines 7, 11, and 14 are the most difficult to deal with satisfactorily.

The composer's version runs thus:

Of gold all burnished and brighter than sunbeams  
 Were those curled locks upon her noble head,  
 From whose deep conceits my true deserving fled;  
 Wherefore those mine eyes such store of tears outstreams.  
 Her eyes are fair stars; her red like damask rose;  
 Her white silver shine of moon on crystal stream;  
 Her beauty perfect whereon my fancies dream:  
 Her lips are rubies; her teeth of pearls two rows;  
 Her breath is more sweet than perfect amber is;  
 Her years are in prime, and nothing doth she want  
 That might draw angels from heaven to further bliss.  
 Of all things perfect this do I most complain,  
 Her heart is rock, made all of adamant.  
 Which gifts all delight this last doth only pain.

xl. Byrd printed the refrain or chorus separately as No. 25 among the four-voice compositions in the Set.

xlvi and xlvii. These two scripture passages form part of the Anthem in the Book of Common Prayer to be used in the place of the *Venite* on Easter Day.



### *Byrd's Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets*

i. This stanza is from Churchyard's 'Shore's Wife' in the *Mirror for Magistrates*.

viii. line 4. *woon*: sc.  *dwell, abide*, from the Old English *wunian* or *wonian*.

line 6. *cotes*: sc. *cots, or cottages*.



ix. These words were set twice by Byrd—once for four and once for six voices. Only the four-part setting was included by him in his own collections, but both were printed by Thomas Watson as Nos. 8 and 28 of his *Italian Madrigals Englished*, and they are mentioned on the title-page in the following terms: 'There are also heere inserted two excellent Madrigalls of Master William Byrds, composed after the Italian vaine, at the request of the sayd Thomas Watson.' The words obviously recall those of the *Triumphs of Oriana*. From a comparison with Thomas Watson's poem set by Pilkington (Lute Set, No. 20) and printed in *England's Helicon* (Collier's Reprint, p. 54), it seems more than probable that the lyric set by Byrd was also written by Watson.

xii. line 3. *Philomel*. The substitution of *Philomela* for *Philomel* is a typical musician's modification of the text. *Philomela* will not scan in this line; but 'Glad Philomela sits' is clearly more serviceable as a short phrase taken by itself for the purposes of musical setting.

xix. In a very fine setting of these words Byrd makes full use of the musical opportunities suggested by the words 'strange chromatic notes', 'sourest sharps', and 'uncouth flats'.

xxii. Also set by Pilkington (*Second Set of Madrigals*, No. 15). The poem may be compared with Spenser's sonnet, 'One day I wrote her name upon the sand'.

xxvii. A translation of the ancient Latin hymn *Hodie Christus natus est*.

xxviii. The opening line may be compared with that of Barnabe Googe's Fourth Eclogue: 'O God that guides the golden globe.' But the two poems are otherwise wholly dissimilar.



### Carlton's Madrigals

i. The first stanza of a poem printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 121). Carlton's version shows some textual variants from that of Davison.

ii. line 11. *love*: printed *lone* in the original part-books; no doubt the *v*, printed always as *u*, was accidentally inverted by the printer.

ix-x. Two stanzas from Spenser's *Fairy Queen* (Bk. V, c. viii, st. 1 and 2).

line 18. *captiue*. The use of this word as a verb, here meaning to *enthrall*, is now practically obsolete, though common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

xi-xii. line 3. *close*: The technical term for a musical cadence. Sir John Shelton, in whose memory this elegy was composed, was second son of Sir Ralph Shelton of Shelton in Norfolk. He was present at the sacking of Cadiz and was knighted shortly afterwards. His younger brother married a daughter of Sir Robert Jermyn of Rushbrook, the patron of Kirbye the madrigal composer.

xiii. line 5. *Smithfield Fair*. The famous Bartholomew Fair. This was instituted about the year 1123 by Rahere, formerly the king's jester, and subsequently founder and first Prior of St. Bartho-

lomew's Priory. It was originally a trading fair, but by the beginning of the seventeenth century had lost its business character and was devoted entirely to sports, shows, and feasting. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, *passim*. The fair was not abolished until 1855.

xiv. From Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Bk. V, c. vii, st. 1.

xv. From Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Bk. VI, c. viii, st. 1.

xviii. This would appear to be a stanza from the same poem as No. 17.

xxi. line 6. *vade*. This Elizabethan word, now obsolete, is generally found as an intransitive verb—to *vanish* or *pass away*. In this sense Spenser uses it in the *Ruins of Rome* (line 279): 'Her power dispersed, through all the world did vade.'



### *East's First Set of Madrigals*

ii-iii. This poem by Nicholas Breton was first printed in an 'Entertainment given to the Queen's Majesty at Elvetham by the Earl of Hertford' in 1591. It was also included in *England's Helicon* in 1600 (Collier's Reprint, p. 31). Nichols reprinted the words of the Entertainment at Elvetham in his *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*. In the first folio it is entitled 'The Plowman's Song'. This was probably a printer's error, for there is no allusion to any ploughman in the Entertainment. In the third folio, also 1591, it is entitled, no doubt correctly, 'The three mens song, sung the third morning under her maiesties Gallerie window'. The three men were 'Three Excellent Musitians who being disguised in ancient Country attire, did greete hir with a pleasant song of *Coridon* and *Phillida* made in three partes of purpose'. Nichols notes this among other textual differences between the two folios, but it seems to have been overlooked by more than one modern commentator upon Breton's poem.

iv. Also set by Weelkes (1597 Set, No. 8).

vi. The words of line 2 seem to have been freely expanded by the composer, who employed independent variants of an apparently interpolated phrase: 'Tarry till I rise' (in the Cantus-part), 'Lift me up, else cruel' (in the Quintus-part), and 'else thou art most cruel' (in the Bassus-part). The reconstruction of the second line of the lyric necessarily remains a little uncertain.

x. The legal phraseology of this poem recalls several in Byrd's Sets where terms of the law courts are also used.

xvii. A translation of Nanino's madrigal *Morir non può 'l mio core*, which was included by Watson as No. 20 of his *Italian Madrigals Englished*.

xviii-xix. Also set by Alison and Mundy. See note under Alison, Nos. 9 and 10.

xxi-xxii. These lines were set by Cavendish (Nos. 19 and 20) and also, with many important variants, by Vautor (No. 11).

xxiii. The first of the five stanzas of Menaphon's 'Song in his bed' from Greene's *Menaphon* (See Grosart's *Greene*, vol. vi, p. 103).

line 3. *tire on*: sc. *feed upon, prey upon*. From the French *tirer*.

*East's Second Set of Madrigals*

XIII-XIV. Also set by Kirbye (Nos. 9 and 10); the words are a translation of Palestrina's madrigal *Vestiv' i colli*, which was printed in *Musica Transalpina* (First Set, No. 30).

XVI. The reconstruction of this lyric is somewhat uncertain. As printed here, line 4 apparently lacks an adjective of two syllables, and a repetition of *O pity me* in line 5 is a possible suggestion for completing the full measure of that line. An alternative reconstruction seemed to the Editor more drastic, but to be worth consideration and at the same time to be quite consistent with the principles upon which the madrigal composers frequently handled their literary material:

Why do you joy and take such pleasure,  
 And still delight to see me languish?  
 O pity me, my joy and treasure,  
 And cure my grief and bitter anguish;  
 And now at last regard me,  
 And with thy love for my true love reward me.

XIX. line 2. *stound*. A small space of time. The word is now obsolete.

line 3. *sleep*. The part-books have *slept*, but this is almost certainly a scribal error.

XXI. This poem was previously set by East as his contribution to the *Triumphs of Oriana*. In this later setting much of the same musical material is employed but in somewhat elaborated form.

XXII. Compare Ravenscroft's tavern song in his *Brief Discourse* (No. 12). Weelkes also set some doggerel verses in praise of tobacco (1608 Set, No. 6). The craze at the time was incredibly extravagant, and fully justified the pamphlet of anathemas written by King James I.

*East's Third Set of Books*

In this collection, more miscellaneous in character than East's previous two sets of madrigals, Nos. 1-3 are styled *Pastorals*, Nos. 6, 15, and 18 *Neapolitans*, and Nos. 19-22 *Madrigals*.

VI. line 2. *fere*. An obsolete word meaning *companion*, *mate*, or *consort*; from the Old English *geféra*.

XVIII. A translation of a madrigal by Antonio Bicci printed in *Musica Transalpina* (Second Set, No. 23).

XIX. Also set by Weelkes (1597 Set, No. 20).

XXI. A translation of a madrigal by Orazio Vecchi included by Morley in his 1598 Set of Italian Madrigals (No. 11).

*East's Fourth Set of Books*

I. Also set by Bennet (No. 8) with the variant *slay* for *stay* in line 1.

V. Also set by Bennet (No. 10) with some textual variants.

VI. These words, which were also set by Bateson (First Set, No. 6), were set again by East as No. 24 in this same volume.

ix. line 2. *leasing*: *lying, falsehood*, from the Old English *læsung*. Cf. Psalm v, verse 6.

xiv. lines 11 and 12. Cf. Kirbye, Nos. 22 and 23, lines 8 and 10.

xv. These words form the opening lines of 'The humble suit of a sinner' printed at the end of the Sternhold and Hopkins metrical version of the Psalms of David. They were also set by Mundy (see note on Mundy, No. 14).

xx. Also set by Tomkins (No. 19) and by Weelkes, as recently edited by Dr. Alan Gray from a manuscript.



### *East's Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Set of Books*

East's Fifth Set offers a problem the solution of which still remains to be discovered. The contents of the volume are described by the composer as 'apt for viols and voices', and the songs themselves as 'full of spirit and delight'. It is evident therefore that he regarded them as being available for singing, as well as for instrumental use, just as they stood. But only a fragment of the opening line of the words is printed at the beginning of each composition—just as it is in those part-books where the music of that part is intended for instrumental accompaniment to a solo voice, or to other voice-parts (which have the words and music set out in complete form): e.g. in the last two numbers of Byrd's 1611 Set and throughout Peerson's *Private Music*. The complete words are given nowhere in this Set of East's, nor indeed have they survived at all; while if they had been printed separately it is difficult to imagine that even an Elizabethan singer could have sung them unless they had been set out in detail with the musical notation.

It is noteworthy that this is by no means a unique example of this peculiar arrangement. East himself repeated it in the secular vocal part of his Seventh Set, and strangely enough Thomas Whythorne in his songs for two voices, published in 1590, followed exactly the same course as did East in later years in printing the secular part with the first words only, though the words of the sacred songs were set out in full detail with the musical notation.

The opening words of his Fifth Set are as follows:

- |                           |                         |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Trip it lightly.       | 11. White as lilies.    |
| 2. Turn round about.      | 12. Do what you can.    |
| 3. Fly not away.          | 13. Mourning I die.     |
| 4. Softly for falling.    | 14. Stay yet awhile.    |
| 5. My lovely Phyllis.     | 15. Come let's be gone. |
| 6. And I as well as thou. | 16. I cannot stay.      |
| 7. Love is a toy.         | 17. Fear not the end.   |
| 8. Sweet lady stay.       | 18. Lively my hearts.   |
| 9. What art thou.         | 19. My time is spent.   |
| 10. No haste but good.    | 20. Smooth and soft.    |

No. 11 is no doubt identical with Dowland's 'White as lilies was her face' (*Second Book of Aires*, No. 15) and with Morley's Lute-song Set, No. 15.

East's Sixth Set consists entirely of church music; but there is also 'added on a vacant page, before these other Songs, an Aire of a Canzo, Composed in honour of the most illustrious Princesse, the *Ladie Elizabeth*, &c.' The words of this song are by Sir Henry

Wotton: see *Reliquiae Wottonianae* (1685, fourth edition, p. 279), where it is printed with the heading 'On his Mistress the Queen of Bohemia'.

East's Seventh Set opens with eight 'duos' and ends with twelve 'Fancies of four parts'. It would appear from the description on the title-page that the *duos* were not intended to be sung, although the opening words of each number are similar in character to those of the Fifth Set of Books. On the other hand the *Ayerie Fancies*, as the last twelve are styled, were intended to 'be as well sung as plaid'. These opening words, which are, again, all that survive from these songs, are of a trivial nature and do not need to be printed here.

No. x. These words were presumably the same as No. 18 of East's Fourth Set.



### Farmer's Madrigals

i. From Constable's *Diana Sonnets* (Decade V, No. 4).

ii. From Daniel's *Delia Sonnets* (final ode).

iv-v. These anonymous words are printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 179). The same words were also set by the younger Ferrabosco and printed in *Musica Transalpina* (Second Set, Nos. 13 and 14).

vi. From Griffin's *Fidessa Sonnets* (No. 46).

ix. From Griffin's *Fidessa Sonnets* (No. 13)

xii. line 1. *glosses*. The word *gloss* meaning *lustre*, and so, figuratively, *fair semblance* or *pretext*, only appeared in English in the sixteenth century. In this place the word may be intended for *glose* or *gloze* (Old French *glose* and Latin *glossa*) meaning *flattery*. Cf. Morley's 1594 Set, No. 14, *wanton glosses*.



### Farnaby's Canzonets

i. These words are a translation of Celiano's madrigal *Quand' io miro le rose*. They provide an interesting comparison with another translation of this madrigal, used twice for musical setting by Wilbye, 'Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting' (First Set, Nos. 10 and 24).

iii. line 3. *Corinna*. The part-books read *Corine*, but three syllables are required by the *mètre*.

vi. line 6. *primrose*. Occasionally used in the sixteenth century with a superlative sense, meaning *first* or *best*, as we now use *flower* or *pearl*: e.g. *flower of the flock*, or *pearl of jesters*.

line 6. *pricked*. Used here in the sense, now obsolete, of *dressed* or *attired*.

vii. line 2. *La Siamise* and *La Duncella*. Fancy names of old dance-tunes. Two dance-tunes so named, and spelt *La shy myze* (sc. *la chemise*) and *La doune cella* (sc. *donniceffa*), with a third called *La Bounette* (sc. *bounette*), occur in juxtaposition as Nos. 13, 14, and 15 in Thomas Mulliner's organ book (Brit. Mus. Add. MSS. 30513), circa 1564. It would seem from this coincidence that Farnaby knew of the Mulliner book.

line 3. *almains*. An old country dance. The term is synonymous with *allemande*.

VIII. line 1. *wavering planet*. The reference is to the moon, which regulates the tides.

IX. Compare a sonnet sometimes attributed to Donne, 'Madam that flea' (Grierson's *Donne*, vol. i, p. 459).

XII. See note on Byrd's 1588 Set, No. 29.

XVI. The musical setting of line 5 offers a fine example of the pictorial methods of the madrigal composers in setting words to music. The combined effect of all the voice-parts in representing the strokes of Vulcan's hammer on the anvil will become evident on referring to the music.

XVIII. line 5. *floled*. An obsolete word of uncertain derivation, meaning *skim*, perhaps from the Old English *flēt* meaning *cream*.

A somewhat extravagant example of the pictorial methods mentioned above is provided by Farnaby's setting of the line, and poured it through a strainer.

XIX. line 6. *Danuby*: i.e. the river *Danube*. In three out of four part-books it is mis-spelt *Daunby*; it is treated in the music as a word of three syllables.

XXI. line 5. *force*. See note on Byrd's 1588 Set, No. 11.



### Gibbons's Madrigals

II. Grosart in his edition of Sylvester's works (vol. i, p. xxx) accepts Rimbault's statement that these lines were by Sylvester, and suggests that they were specially written for Gibbons as a preliminary stanza to 'I weigh not Fortune's frown nor smile'. No authority for Rimbault's statement is cited either by Grosart or Rimbault. Compare Campian's Address to the Reader in his *Fourth Book of Aires*, and also the dedication in Tomkins's *Songs* (1622).

line 4. *seek*. The original text has *find*, which has clearly been substituted by some scribal error.

III-VI. From Sylvester's *Epigrams and Epitaphs*. The version used by Gibbons shows several variants from that given by Grosart in his edition of the poet (ii, p. 341). These verses may be compared with those set by Byrd (1588 Set, No. 11).

line 3. *reck*. The part-books have *reek*, probably a variant of the old form *reke*.

line 10. *sound*: sc. *swound* or *swoon*.

IX. Also set by Vautor with some variants (No. 18). The lines set by John Danyel (No. 2) have evidently a common origin with these.

x-xI. From Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Bk. III, c. i, st. 49.

XII. Compare this lyric with Shelley's 'Love's Philosophy': 'The fountains mingle with the river.'

XIII. These words are an imitation of Plato's epigram (*Anthol. Graec.* vi. 1): 'Ἡ σοβαρὸν γέλασσαι καθ' Ἑλλάδους, ἢ τὸν ἔραστῶν. Cf. also Ausonius' translation (Epig. lv in Walker's *Corpus Poet. Lat.*, edition 1894) 'Lais anus Veneri speculum dico; dignum habeat se.'

xiv. These words are attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, and are sometimes said to have been written on the night before his execution, but as Gibbons's set of madrigals was published in 1612 that statement is manifestly incorrect. The poem occurs in several manuscripts of the time; among others in Sir Henry Wotton's commonplace book. Harl. MS. 733 gives the ascription to Raleigh.

xv. This lyric is sometimes attributed to Donne. Grierson's text has some variants from Gibbons's version. See Grierson's *Donne*, i, p. 432. The words with some variants were also set by Dowland (*Pilgrim's Solace*, No. 2). There is no evidence whatever to support the suggestion that Dowland wrote the words.

xx. The words were evidently suggested by Virgil's *Second Eclogue*, lines 17 and 18:

O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori!  
alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.

line 6. *primit*: sc. *privet*.

„ *expity*: sc. to touch with compassion, now obsolete.



### Hilton's *Airs*

The *fa-la* refrain, which occurs in nearly all the compositions in this Set at the end of every couplet, has here been omitted, as throughout this edition, for reasons fully explained in the preface. It has, however, been retained by exception in Nos. 2-3, where it forms an actual part of the text.



### Holborne's *Canzonets*

This little set of compositions by William Holborne was printed by his brother Anthony in a publication entitled *The Ciththarn Schoole*. The *fa-la* refrain occurs in Nos. 1 and 6 of these canzonets and is omitted in this edition.

ii. line 1. *Bonny-boots*. See note on Morley's 1597 *Canzonets*, No. 1.

iii. Set also by Pilkington (*First Set of Madrigals*, No. 8) with slight differences of text.



### Jones's *Madrigals*

i. These anonymous lines are printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 114).

ii. These anonymous lines are also printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 119).

v. These words are sometimes attributed to Donne (see Grierson's *Donne*, vol. i, p. 448). They are also printed as the work of Francis Davison in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 53). As is so frequently the case, the musician's version has several textual differences when compared with the accepted text of the poet.

vi. Also set by Peerson (*First Set*, No. 7).

xii. This doggerel verse is simply an expansion of the formula commonly employed by the madrigalists at the conclusion of each group of compositions written for a certain number of vocal parts: i.e. 'Here endeth the songs of (so many) parts.' There are five compositions for four voices in this volume.

xvi-xvii. Also set by Campian as No. 6 of the book which he produced jointly with Rosseter. The poem was printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 179).

xviii. Printed as 'Madrigal No. 9' in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 72).

xix-xx. Printed as 'Madrigal No. 4' in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 55).

line 6. *chameleon-like*. The chameleon was supposed by mediaeval writers to live upon air.

xxi. line 1. *haste*. The bassus part-book gives *haste*, but the cantus book has the variant *fly* repeated several times. This provides a good example of how an important rhyming word in the text may be replaced in the madrigal books by some word which does not rhyme; and the correct word cannot always be supplied as it can in the present case. Yet any attempt to reconstruct the metrical form of the poem, if the variant *fly* had found its way into all the part-books, would necessarily have been a matter of great difficulty.

xxii-xxiv. This lyric, with one further stanza, was printed as 'Ode No. 2' in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 56).

line 12. *will*. Some part-books have the alternative *would*.

xxv-xxvi. Printed as 'Madrigal No. 10' in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 73).



### Kirbye's Madrigals

ii. Also set by Wilbye (First Set, No. 9).

ix-x. Also set by East. See note under East, Second Set, Nos. 13 and 14.

xii-xiii. line 1. *rest*. It is possible that this word has crept into the text as an error for *sleep*. See note on Jones's *Madrigals*, No. 21.

line 5. The composer would seem to have expanded this line considerably in order to intensify the emotional effect. It is impossible to suppose that in the poem, as it originally stood, such expressions could have found a place as: 'O heavens what shall I do, what shall I do? Alas must I? must I myself also be murderer of myself? must I be forced . . .'

xvi. line 4. *diseased*: in the obsolete sense of *lacking ease*, i.e. *troubled or annoyed*.

line 8. *mends*: sc. *reparation*, the same as *amends* in modern usage.

xvii. line 3. It would appear as if some adjective of two syllables had been omitted before *love*. This may have been deliberately done by the composer, or it may have been due to a scribal error.

xx. Contrast these words with No. 14 of Wilbye's second Set.



XXII-XXIII. From the November eclogue of Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*. In lines 14 and 15 the words *light* and *height* have been transposed in the cantus part-book though they are correctly printed in the other parts—a good example of this type of textual corruption in the madrigal books.

XXIV. The words set as No. 6 for four voices were here used again by Kirbye for a six-part setting.



### *Lichfield's Madrigals*

II. The first stanza of a poem set by the two lutenists Ferrabosco (No. 17) and Jones (Ultimum Vale, No. 4).

VII. line 2. *glose*. This use of the verb meaning to *shine* or *gleam* is rare (see note on Farmer, No. 12, line 1).

XI. This madrigal opens with a beautiful musical phrase, and the exclamation *Ay me* would seem to be the composer's interpolation.

XV. line 6. There can be little doubt that the phrase 'I change my note and say' which occurs in the musical text between lines 5 and 6 is an interpolation by the composer; it entirely interferes with the metre and the general rhythm of the lyric, but on the other hand forms a suggestive subject for a musician's imagination. The Editor has on these grounds omitted it from the text.

XVI-XVII. Also set by Wilbye (Second Set, No. 26).

XVIII. Compare Donne's song 'Sweetest love I do not go', verse 3 (Grierson's Edition, i, p. 19).

line 1. *injurious hours*. Drayton uses the expression *Injurious Time* in the 'Legend of Cromwell', stanza 19, line 1.



### *Morley's Canzonets (1593)*

A characteristic feature of Morley's method of setting words to music, in marked contrast to that of the rest of the English madrigalists, was the peculiar freedom with which he treated the actual text of the poems. It was his constant practice, more particularly in his early work, to interpolate a large variety of epithets and exclamations, and in other ways to provide himself with more verbal material than was to be found in the original lines. These interpolations were not consistently or simultaneously introduced in all the voice-parts alike, and indeed the individual voice-parts frequently provide numerous and varied groups of textual differences.

The first twenty canzonets in the 1593 Set are typical examples of Morley's work in this direction.

Meanwhile it is probably true that no two persons would produce identical results in their attempt to reconstruct some of these lyrics. It is important to remember that such an attempt does not always postulate the inclusion of as many as possible of the words that are to be found in the various voice-parts; the reverse is sometimes the case.

All such attempts must necessarily be of a tentative nature, and as such the Editor has here set out the result of his own endeavours. The subject is dealt with at full length in the Preface; but it may here be repeated that it is essentially true, in the case of Morley in particular, that the music and words are frequently inseparable,

and the reader is therefore invited to refer to the original text, as reprinted with scrupulous attention to accuracy, both as regards notes and words, in the Editor's *English Madrigal School Series*.

The textual variants in the Morley Sets will not be noted here in detail.

xiii. line 1. *recureless*: sc. *incurable*, now obsolete.

xx. line 6. *bride-lace*. A piece of gold silk, or other lace used to bind up the sprigs of rosemary worn at Elizabethan weddings.

line 11. *firik*: sc. to *move briskly, jig or dance*, derived from the Old English *fercian*, to bring. The word, though long since obsolete elsewhere, still survives at Winchester College with the meaning to *send*.

xxi-xxiv. These four numbers were added to the Set in the second edition in 1606 shortly after Morley's death. Each of them has the *fa-la* refrain at the close of each section, but this has been omitted here, as throughout the present edition of the words alone.

xxiii. line 2. *yet*: the part-books read *yeas*, but the meaning of this word is obscure.



### *Morley's Madrigals (1594)*

i. These lines are closely reminiscent of the first four lines of a poem in Greene's *Perimedes* (see Grosart's *Works of Greene*, vol. vii, p. 90). Greene's poem opens thus:

Fair is my love for April is in her face;  
Her lovely breasts September claims his part;  
And lordly July in her eyes takes place  
But cold December dwelleth in her heart.

line 2. *July*: always pronounced *Jūly* at this time.

ii. Printed in *England's Helicon* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 156). Although some of the lines are there very literally transcribed from the part-books, there are also some striking variants which point to Morley's freedom of usage.

iv. Translated from a madrigal by Giulia Eremita (*Musica divina*, 1588). Oliphant was in error in giving Orlando di Lasso as the composer.

vii. These lines were printed in *England's Helicon* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 182).

xiv. line 1. *gloses*: sc. *flattering words*. Cf. Farmer, No. 12, line 1.

xvii. Printed in *England's Helicon* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 229). The version there given as a reconstruction from Morley's musical text is clear evidence of the free treatment of the words by the composer.

xviii. This madrigal is treated by the composer with superb imagination, the whole gay scene being vividly suggested by the musical colouring. Especially noticeable is the bell-passage. The words are handled with a freedom which even exceeds Morley's ordinary measure, so that the reconstruction of the lyric is more than usually tentative. At one point Morley makes the tenor voice represent the piper with the reply 'Who calls, who calls?'; this and other obvious interpolations all go to depict the general excitement of dancers and onlookers.

line 2. *morris*: a variant of *Moorish*. The morris dance was

a grotesque dance of persons in fancy costume, usually characters from the Robin Hood story. The hobby-horse was the clown of the party, to whom great licence was allowed; he wore a frame of wicker-work with deep housings supposed to imitate a horse. One of these frames still survives at Minehead in Somerset.

line 6. *now for our town*. This was apparently a kind of formula shouted by the onlookers to encourage their own representatives in the dance. Cf. Weelkes's 'Then all at once *for our town* cries' (1597 Set, No. 12).

XXI-XXII. These two madrigals were added to the Set in the second edition, published in 1600.



### Morley's Canzonets (1595)

The words of several of these canzonets are translated or adapted from similar works by Felice Anerio in his 'Canzonette a quattro voci'. The numbers in the following list of Anerio's works are those of the canzonets in Morley's Set to which they correspond.

- No. 1. Gitene, Canzonette, al mio bel sole.  
 „ 2. Quando la vaga Flori.  
 „ 7. Miracolo d'amore.  
 „ 11. Caggia fuoco dal cielo.  
 „ 13. Flori, morir debb' io.  
 „ 17. O tu che mi dai pene.  
 „ 19. I'morirò d'affanno e di dolore.

English versions of No. 2, by Anerio, and of No. 7, by Giovanni Croce, were included by Morley in his 1597 Italian Collection as Nos. 16 and 14 of that Set.

xix. line 1. *recureless*. See note on Morley's 1593 Canzonets, No. 13.



### Morley's Ballets

The *fa-la* refrain which occurs at the close of each section in Nos. 1 to 15 of this Set (the remaining six compositions are, strictly speaking, madrigals, not ballets) is not reproduced in this edition of the words apart from the music. It forms no inherent part of the poetry and was a purely musical addition of the nature of an interlude such as might be supplied by instruments alone; but obviously in unaccompanied vocal music an interlude of such a kind had of necessity to be vocalized to some syllabic material, and hence the *fa-la*.

Michael Drayton has been suggested as the compiler of the poems of this Set. Several of the ballets are translated from similar works by Gastoldi of which the following is a list:

- No. 1. Vezzozette ninfe.  
 „ 2. Viver lieto voglio.  
 „ 4. A lieta vita.  
 „ 6. Possa morir.  
 „ 7. Questa dolce sirena.  
 „ 9. Piacer, gioia e diletto.  
 „ 10. Al piacer, a la gioia.  
 „ 11. Al suon d'una sampogna.  
 „ 13. Ninfa bell' e voi pastor.  
 „ 14. A la strada.

III. line 12. *barley-break*. An old country game somewhat on the lines of 'Prisoners' Base'. It was played by three couples holding hands. One couple in the den, which was called 'hell', had to catch the remaining four players, who were allowed to *break* and change partners if hard pressed. It is frequently mentioned in the literature of this period. Cf. Morley's 1597 Canzonets, No. 4. See also Sidney's *Arcadia* (x, lines 180 et seq.), and at a later period Suckling's lines (No. 24 of his poems 1646).

XI. The final *fa la* to each stanza has here been retained by the Editor as forming part of the poem.

XIII. The vocalized refrain in this ballet is *lirum lirum* instead of *fala*.

XVI. It would appear as if a sixth line to this lyric had been omitted by the composer.

XIX. line 2. *it skill not*: sc. *it avails not*.

XXI. This dialogue was set to music by Morley for seven voices, of which the three upper are labelled 'Phyllis Quier', and the lower four 'Amintas Quier'.



### Morley's Canzonets (1597)

I. line 2. *Bonny-boots*. This personage has never been identified, but was evidently a dancer and singer in considerable favour with Queen Elizabeth. Hawkins (*Hist. of Music*, iii. 406) suggested that one Hale, known to have been a court singer of the time, may be meant. See also Segar's *Honours Milit. and Civil* (Bk. III, ch. 54) for another mention of Hale. The Queen's favourite, Essex, has also been suggested, but there seems to be no evidence to support this.

IV. line 2. *Barley-break*. See note on Morley's Ballets, No. 3.

line 6. *th'other*. The original version has *thither*, but the allusion to the game makes this reading obvious.

V. Compare Farnaby, No. 5.

VIII. Also set by Pilkington (*Second Set of Madrigals*, No. 1).

IX. line 1. *Bonny-boots*. See note on No. 1.

XI. line 2. *yellow*: an obsolete form of *yellow*.

line 6. *humane*: sc. *human*, as opposed to *the divinest* of line 3, though perhaps also in the sense of *kind*. This was the usual spelling at the time.

XIII. line 6. *pang*. This use as a verb meaning to *afflict with pain* is now very rare.

XVII. Also set by Pilkington (*First Set of Madrigals*, No. 2).

XVIII. Also set by Pilkington (*Second Set of Madrigals*, No. 4), but with some omissions.

XXI. Set by Morley in memory of Henry Noel, who held some office in the Court of Queen Elizabeth.

line 6. *Eternal Mover*. Cf. Sir Henry Wotton's 'Eternal Mover whose diffused Glory', *Reliquiae Wottonianae* (fourth, 1685, edition), p. 389.



### Morley's Triumphs of Oriana

This famous collection of madrigals, 'composed by divers several authors', is placed here next after Morley's Sets for the reason that it was edited by him. These madrigals were all written in honour of Queen Elizabeth.

The names printed at the head of each poem in the present volume are those of the composers of the music.

Michael East's contribution to this Set arrived too late to be printed and numbered with the rest of the madrigals; it was therefore eventually printed on the back of the title-page of the volume with the following note: 'This song being sent to late, and all my other printed, I plast it before the rest, rather then leave it out.' The practice, so generally adopted in modern reprints, of numbering East's madrigal as No. 1 of the Set and altering the original numbers of all the rest of the collection is much to be deprecated. Bateson's contribution arrived even later (see note on Bateson's First Set).

II. This lyric is largely composed of unrhymed lines. It is quite possible that the original words have been freely treated by the composer; the repetition of the word *gently* in lines 3 and 4 is suggestive, and it is tempting to imagine that *bade her welcome* replaced *did her greet*.

III. These words were also set by Hunt (No. 16 of this Set), who, however, did not use the first line. It may, therefore, be presumed that Gibbons added this on his own initiative. Ellis Gibbons was an elder brother of the more famous Orlando.

VI. line 2. *Lavolto* was a lively dance for two persons.

VIII. line 1. *Bonny-boots*. See note on Morley's 1597 Canzonets No. 1.

XI. Cavendish's madrigal was the only one of this Set which had already been published elsewhere. It appeared as No. 24 of his Set published in 1598, three years before the *Triumphs of Oriana*. It is not unlikely that the idea of making the complete set of Oriana madrigals had its origin in Cavendish's composition.

XV. line 2. *dight*: sc. *decked, dressed*.

XVI. Set also by Ellis Gibbons (No. 3 above).

XVII. The musical setting of line 5 is a good example of the pictorial method of the madrigal-composers. Thus, one pair of voices sings *first two by two*; three other voices follow with *then three by three*, while a single voice-part has *all alone*, the word *all* being evidently added by the composer to enable him to make his point.

XVIII. John Milton, the composer of this madrigal, was the father of the poet.

XX. These words appear in the first edition of this Collection; but in the second edition, which was published in the same year (1601), Kirbye had changed the words to those used by Norcome in No. 1 of this Set, beginning *With angel's face and brightness*. The music, however, remained exactly as set to *Bright Phoebus*. A close comparison of various minor details in the printing of these two editions of the *Triumphs of Oriana* point clearly to that containing *Bright Phoebus* being the earlier one. The differences in these two editions had until lately been overlooked.

XXIV. line 3. *Bonny-boots*. See note on Morley's 1597 Canzonets, No. 1.

line 5. *recorder*. A wind instrument of the flute family, now obsolete.

### John Mundy's Songs

II. From Sternhold and Hopkins's version of Psalm 69 signed 'J. H.' (Hopkins); but Mundy's text differs from this in several details.

III. With slight variants these words are from Sternhold and Hopkins, signed 'N'.

line I. *Lord*: evidently a scribal error for *world*.

IV-V. This is Sternhold's version with unimportant variants.

VII. Hopkins's version with some minor differences.

VIII. The first stanza of 'The Lamentation of a sinner', printed at the end of Sternhold and Hopkins's metrical version of the Psalms of David. After the appearance of Tate and Brady's 'New Version' of the Psalms in 1696 it became known as the 'Old Version'. One or other of these two versions was frequently printed and bound with the Book of Common Prayer in the eighteenth century, but in no sense did they form any part of the Prayer Book.

IX. Hopkins's version.

X. line 2. *bear the bell*: sc. *take first place*; from the custom of hanging a bell round the neck of the leader of a flock of animals. Cf. Weelkes, 1608 Set, No. 25.

XII. line 9. *Prince*: this lyric evidently refers to Queen Elizabeth.

XIII. With slight differences this is the Sternhold and Hopkins version, signed 'W. W.'

XIV. The first stanza of 'The humble suit of a sinner', printed at the end of the Sternhold and Hopkins version of the Psalms (see note on No. 8). The first four lines were also set by East (Fourth Set, No. 15).

XV. This is the Sternhold and Hopkins version, signed 'N'. The second verse differs considerably from that used by Mundy.

XVII. Also set by Alison and by East. See note on Alison, Nos. 9 and 10.

XXII. line I. *'chill*: sc. *I will*. See note on Byrd, 1588 Set, No. 12.

XXIII. These words appear to be freely adapted from scripture passages without any exact reference being possible.

XXIV. Apparently a free rendering of Psalm cxliiii. 1 and cxlv. 1 and 2.

XXVI. This epigram is by Edward (Vere) Earl of Oxford. Grosart in his edition of this poet (p. 78) gives a reference to Lord Oxford's *Works*, vol. i, p. 551, and he prints Sidney's well-known reply.

XXIX. Also set by Byrd (1589 Set, No. 27).



### Peerson's Private Music

The two sets of Peerson's works are included here, although, as musical compositions, they cannot strictly be termed madrigals.

The 1620 volume consists almost exclusively of vocal duets, the four-part harmony being completed by stringed instruments, while several of the pieces conclude with a short refrain or chorus in four-part vocal harmony.

I. line II. *sild*: sc. *seldom*.

III. These lines appear to be from Greene's *Pandosto*. In Dyce's edition they are headed, 'Dorastus in a love passion writes these few lines in praise of his loving and best beloved Fawnia'. The poem is, however, not to be found in *Pandosto* in Grosart's Works of Greene.

IV. These anonymous words were printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 133). They were also set by Jones in his *Ultimum Vale* (No. 16).

line 7. *disdain*: *despair* in the original is clearly an error for *disdain*.

VII. Also set by Jones (Madrigals, No. 6).

VIII. Also set by Jones (*Ultimum Vale*, No. 18); these lines were printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 152).

IX. Printed with four more stanzas in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 87). This poem was also set by Jones in his *Ultimum Vale* (No. 19).

line 4. *heart*. The original part-books have *harke*, which is obviously a scribal error.

x. line 5. *cater*. An early form of the word *caterer*.

line 10. *drone*. The bass-pipe, or *pedal*, of a bagpipe; sometimes used of the instrument itself. The bagpipe was not exclusively a Scotch or Irish instrument; it was in equally common use in England at this time.

XII. Four stanzas selected from a poem by Robert Verstegan and printed in a book of odes by that poet in 1601. See Mr. Orby Shipley's *Carmina Mariana*, p. 406. It is also printed in full by Dr. Arber in his *Anthology* (vol. iv, p. 103).

XIII. This sonnet, from Sidney's *Arcadia* (Book III, p. 350, 1598 edition) was also set by Vautor (Nos. 8 and 9). Peerson's version shows some variants on the text of the *Arcadia*, notably *light* for *sight* in line 6. See also Grosart's *Sidney*, ii. 132.

xv-xvi. line 11. *prettily*: the other voice-part reads *wittily*.

xvii. line 6. *jug, jug, tereu, tereu*. It is possible that this is a composer's interpolation.

xviii. The refrain at the conclusion was probably added by the composer.

xix. This composition being a duet between two lovers, alternative lines occur in two instances to express the complementary sentiments of the two parties.

xx-xxi. This lyric is in the form of a dialogue.

xxiii. The two final lines appear to have been added by the composer.

xxiv. These lines by Ben Jonson are from the 'Entertainment of the King and Queen' at the house of Sir William Cornwallis at Highgate on May Day 1604. It is interesting to note that Peerson must have composed this piece at least sixteen years before he published it. No doubt many of the Madrigalists' Sets represent work spread over a number of years.

line 8. *jug, jug, &c.* This was perhaps originally the composer's interpolation, and may have been subsequently accepted by the poet; it is printed in the first, 1616, edition of Jonson's works, p. 881.

*Peerson's Motets*

These 'Mottects or Grave Chamber Musique' are of a considerably later date than the rest of the madrigal school, as strictly defined. Moreover, an instrumental accompaniment forms an essential part of the music of this Set, in contrast with the principles of strict madrigal writing. The words are drawn entirely from the *Caelica* Sonnets of Sir Fulke Greville, first Lord Brooke, with the exception of the two elegies in memory of this poet, with which the volume concludes. Both the elegies are set to the same words. Greville died in 1628.

I-III. No. 1 of the *Caelica* Sonnets.

IV-V. No. 3 of the *Caelica* Sonnets.

VI-VII. No. 4 of the *Caelica* Sonnets.

VIII-IX. No. 9 of the *Caelica* Sonnets.

X. No. 25 of the *Caelica* Sonnets.

XI. No. 86 of the *Caelica* Sonnets.

line 7. *flect*: the meaning is obscure; perhaps in the sense of *hamlet* or *small village*, thus emphasizing the idea of simplicity in the context.

XII. No. 8 of the *Caelica* Sonnets.

XIII. No. 26 of the *Caelica* Sonnets.

XIV. No. 104 of the *Caelica* Sonnets.

XV-XVI. No. 89 of the *Caelica* Sonnets.

XVII-XVIII. No. 5 of the *Caelica* Sonnets. This poem was also set by Dowland (Bk. I, No. 2).

XIX. The same words as the first stanza of No. 15.

XX. No. 85 of the *Caelica* Sonnets.

XXI. No. 82 of the *Caelica* Sonnets.

*Pilkington's First Set of Madrigals*

II. Also set by Morley (1597 Set, No. 17).

IV. The second stanza of a poem set by Pilkington in full in his lute-song Set (No. 5). The first stanza was also set by Bateson (First Set, No. 7).

line 1. *Stay, nymph*. Pilkington's other version has *Fear not*.

line 3. *Water-wanton*. The part-books read *wanton wanton*, but reference to Pilkington's lute version would seem to reveal a scribal error.

X. line 3. *under-spring*: sc. *undergrowth*. The recurrence of *spring* as a rhyme is designed to carry out the imitation of the cuckoo-song. Cf. Shakespeare's song, 'When daisies pied' (*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V, Sc. 2).

line 5. *soote*: sc. *sweet*. Of persons, as here, *agreeable, gentle, pleasant*.

XI. Set also by Bateson (Second Set, No. 13).

XXI. These words were also set by Bateson and intended by him to be his contribution to the *Triumphs of Oriana*. They were prefixed to his first Set of Madrigals (q.v.). Pilkington belonged to a generation later than the contributors to the *Triumphs*.



*Pilkington's Second Set of Madrigals*

- i. Also set by Morley (1597 Canzonets, No. 8).
- iv. Also set by Morley (1597 Canzonets, No. 18) with two additional lines. This is a good example of the freedom with which a composer sometimes treated a lyric, for Pilkington, by omitting these two lines, left two unrhymed lines in the poem.
- v. Also set by Greaves (No. 3).
- viii-ix. Also set by Danyel (No. 1).
- xiv. From Sidney's *Arcadia* (Book I, p. 65, 1598 edition); see also Grosart's *Sidney*, vol. ii, p. 4.  
line 1. *weeds*: sc. *dress*; now rare except in *widow's weeds*.
- xii. This poem by George Wither is from *Fair Virtue*, lines 4273-8 (see Sidgwick's edition).
- xv. Also set by Byrd (1611 Set, No. 22).
- xvi. Thomas Purcell, in whose honour this elegy was composed, belonged apparently to the same family which was later made famous by the composer Henry Purcell.
- xix. Also set by Byrd (1588 Set, No. 31). In Byrd's volume the remaining three stanzas of the poem were also printed.  
line 5. *retchless*: sc. *reckless*. See note under Byrd.
- xx. line 8. *she*. It is rare to find Time accredited with the feminine gender.
- xxiv. line 5. *hist*: sc. *summoned silently*, or, perhaps, the intransitive use: *is silent*. Cf. Milton's use of the word in *Il Penseroso* (55), 'And the mute silence hist along'.
- xxvii. This instrumental piece was not composed by Pilkington, but by his friend and patron the sixth Lord Derby, father of the 'loyal Earl', and is thus described: 'A Pavin made for the Orpharion, by the Right Honorable, William Earle of Darbie and by him consented to be in my bookes placed.' The Stanleys at this time were constantly in residence at Stanley Palace, built in 1591, and certainly the finest Tudor building now remaining in the city of Chester; they were thus fellow-citizens of Pilkington and Bateson.

*Ravenscroft's Brief Discourse*

This book was primarily a treatise on the theory of music, but the examples form an important contribution to the musical literature of the period. Though the words of these examples are included here, the volume cannot properly be described as a collection of madrigals. The charming little fairy dances are for unaccompanied voices and might indeed be so described, but the rest are for the most part of the nature of tavern songs and are set for solo voices and chorus with viol accompaniment.

The names given on the same line as the original titles of the poems in this Set are those of the composers of the music.

iii. line 6. *truss it*. A technical term in hawking. Trussing is the act of striking in the air as contrasted with striking to the

ground. Some hawks bunch themselves up and fall from above on a flying bird, but others, as e. g. the merlin, hunt a partridge following it on the same level. The term is not to be found in Dame Juliana Berners's *Treatise on hawking* (1496).

iv. line 7. *seld*: sc. *seldom*.

line 8. *truss*, see note on No. 3, line 6.

In each of the four voice-parts simultaneously a different name appears, probably with the object of introducing the names of a complete pack of hounds.

line 1. *Lure*. The lure was an apparatus used by falconers to recall their hawks; it was constructed of a bunch of feathers to which a long cord was attached. The intransitive verb, as used here, means to call to a hawk while casting the lure.

line 4. *nyas-hawk*: a corrupted form of *an eyas-hawk*, a term for a young hawk. The following extract may be quoted from Dame Juliana Berners's treatise, referred to above. 'Ye shall understonde that the fyrste yere of an hawke: whether she be callyd<sup>d</sup> Brauncher or Eyesse, that fyrste yere is callyd her Soore aege. And all y' yere she is callyd a Soore hawke.' . . . 'An hake is callyd an Eyesse of her eyen. For an hawke that is brought up under a bussarde or a puttocke: as many ben have watry eyen. For when they ben dysclosed and kepte in ferme tyll they ben full sommyd: ye shall knowe theym by theyr watry eyes. And also her loke woll not be soo quycke as a Braunchers is. And so by cause the beste knowlege is by the eye: they ben callyd Eyesses.'

line 5. *stiff*. The Tenor part has the variant *swift*.

viii. From the anonymous Play, *The Maid's Metamorphosis* (1600), Act II, with some small variants.

ix. From *The Maid's Metamorphosis*, Act II. In the text of the Play the last line reads *For our brave Queen a*.

x-xi. The refrains in these two tavern-songs were, according to the prevailing custom, printed before the solo part in the original part-books. In the present edition this arrangement has been followed because the first line of the refrain has been used as the index line in the original editions as well as in reprints.

xvii-xx. This set of songs in dialect is reproduced here with the original spelling. In the original part-books the employment of the dialect is carried to an absurdly extravagant length; thus the tenor part-book is headed 'Denor' and such terms as 'Zegond bart' are used.



### Tomkins's Songs

In the dedication of this Set Tomkins says, 'For the lightness of some of the words, I can only plead an old (but ill) custom which I wish were abrogated'. With this apology it is interesting to compare No. 2 of Gibbons's Set, and also Campian's address to the Reader in his *Fourth Book of Aires*.

These songs have a dedication in verse by John Tomkins, the composer's brother. The *fa-la* refrain which occurs in Nos. 7-8, 13-18, and 21, is here omitted, as throughout this edition.

iv. line 6. The Cantus and Altus books read *your* sense, and *your* brain, but the reading of the Bassus, *the* for *your*, is preferable. Possibly the true original reading was 'you please your sense and not the brain'.

v. line 1. *taste*. The Altus and Bassus part-books read *find*. The Cantus reading *taste* is obviously the original text of the poem. Variants of this kind are not uncommon in the music books. See note on Jones's Madrigals, No. 21.

vii-viii. It would seem that a line has been omitted in the second part of this song.

ix. line 1. *Oyez!* The call of the town crier repeated three times, and still in use in some parts of England. In connexion with the context it has here a modern flavour in publicly advertising the loss of personal property. The original spelling in the part-books is *Oyes*; this provides interesting evidence as to the pronunciation of the word at the period, but it has been found to mislead modern singers as to its meaning when thus reprinted.

xiv. line 4. *Fa la singing*. *Fa la* is clearly part of the text, but the composer omitted the term before the word *singing*, merging it in the refrain.

xviii. Cf. No. 15.

xix. Also set by East (Fourth Set, No. 20). A setting of the same words by Weelkes was recently edited by Dr. Alan Gray. Tomkins's setting was reprinted in *Musica Deo Sacra*, a collection of his church compositions published in 1668, twelve years after his death.

xxv. The first line of this poem may be compared with Daniel's *Delia* Sonnet No. 34, 'Oft do I marvel whether Delia's eyes'.

line 1. *marle*: an obsolete contraction of *marvel*.

line 5. *mell*. The original text reads *dwel*, but the repetition of the same word in the following line points clearly to some scribal error. There is scarcely room to doubt that *mell*, the old form of *mingle*, from Old French *mesler*, was the original reading.

xxvii. A free paraphrase of Canticles, ii. 8.



### Vautor's Songs

i. lines 1-2. *thee*. This word may possibly be an addition in both lines; in which case *stay* and *play* would rhyme with *fa la*. The *fa-la* refrain is for this reason retained in this instance. Or it is possible that a sixth line, rhyming with the third, was omitted by the composer.

ii-iii. The *fa-la* refrain in these two numbers is omitted, as throughout this edition.

v. line 1. *conceit*. It is possible that this word has crept into the text as a variant for *deceit*.

vii. line 1. *Never did any*. The scansion and metre of the lyric suggest that this phrase was the composer's variation of the text from *none e'er did*.

viii-ix. From Sidney's *Arcadia* (Book III, p. 350, 1598 ed.); also set by Peerson (1620 Set, No. 13).

A comparison with the text of the 1598 edition of the *Arcadia* shows that a somewhat careless transcription had come into Vautor's hands. See also Grosart's *Sidney*, ii. 132.

xI. These words evidently have a common origin with those beginning 'Sly thief, if so you will believe' set by East (First Set, Nos. 21-22) and by Cavendish (Nos. 19-20).

xIII-xIV. Also set by Campian in the Rosseter and Campian Set (No. 12).

xvi. Sir Thomas Beaumont of Stoughton Grange, to whom this elegy is inscribed, was third son of Sir Nicholas Beaumont of Cole Orton. He owned the Stoughton property in right of his wife Catharine, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Farnham. Beaumont died November 27, 1614.

xvIII. These words were also set by Gibbons (No. 9) with some variants, including that in the opening phrase 'Dainty *fine* bird'. Cf. also John Danyel's 'Thou pretty bird' (No. 2), which evidently has a common origin with those set by Vautor and Gibbons.

xx-xxI. An elegy on Henry, Prince of Wales, who died in 1612 at the age of 18. In spite of his youth the Prince had been a great patron of the Arts.

xxII. Apparently an elegy on Queen Elizabeth constructed on the lines of the lyrics in the *Triumphs of Oriana*. This is by far the latest in date of the Oriana madrigals, and ranks with that of Pilkington (*First Set of Madrigals*, No. 21) as a kind of posthumous composition.



### Ward's Madrigals

I-II. From Sidney's *Arcadia* (Book III, p. 344, 1598 ed.); see also Grosart's *Sidney*, ii. 128. This sonnet has been frequently printed with the last six lines omitted, and is to be found in that form even in the Golden Treasury edition.

iv. Printed as 'Madrigal No. 2' in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 54). Lines 5 and 6 give some variants from the text used by Ward.

v. Printed as 'Madrigal No. 12' in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 75).

vII. The first four lines of a sonnet by Sidney, No. 13 of 'Pansies from Penshurst and Wilton'. Sidney wrote the lines as a reply to Dyer's 'Prometheus when first from heaven high' (see Grosart's *Sidney*, i. 205; and his *Dyer*, pp. 37-8).

line 4. *ill*. The musical text has *evil*.

vIII. The final stanza of the tenth song in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*. The variants of Ward's text and of that used in Robert Dowland's *Musical Banquet* (No. 5), compared with that of the early editions of Sidney's works, are of much interest.

xI. line 3. This is a phrase such as Elizabethan musicians loved to illustrate.

xIII-xIV. line 9. *bowed*: the part-books read *bound*.

xvIII. The first stanza of a poem in the second eclogue of Michael Drayton's *Shepherd's Garland*. The text of the song-book offers, as usual, an interesting comparison with that of the original edition

of Drayton's works. The poem was also printed in *England's Helicon*, but with the variant 'Near to a bank' (see Collier's Reprint, p. 192).

xxii. The first and third stanzas of a poem in the second eclogue of Drayton's *Shepherd's Garland*. There are several interesting variants in Ward's text.

xxiii-xxiv. This poem, as it stands here, is almost certainly Drayton's work. The first six lines closely resemble the fifth stanza of the ninth eclogue of the *Shepherd's Garland*, while lines 9-12 are identical with the first four lines of stanza eleven in the same eclogue. It may be inferred that Drayton and Ward were personal friends and that the poet adapted the lines for the composer's use.

line 2. *rected*: sc. *up-lifted*, an obsolete form of *erected*.

xxvi. Printed as 'Sonnet No. 9' in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 89). Ward has omitted six lines, although not consecutive lines, from the middle of the sonnet, and this offers a characteristic example of the freedom with which poetry was often handled by the musicians.

xxviii. Henry, Prince of Wales, in whose memory this number was written, died in 1612. In the musical setting the name is both spelt and scanned in three syllables. The transposition of the words in the sixth line, which in the musical text runs 'Since death hath slain Prince Henery', is obviously the work of the composer.



### Weelkes's Madrigals (1597)

ii-iv. This poem was included in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, the miscellany compiled by Barnefield, and was at one time attributed to Shakespeare. It is noteworthy that Weelkes's madrigal was published in 1597, two years before Barnefield's miscellany appeared. The lines were printed again in 1600 in *England's Helicon* and subscribed there *Ignoto* (see Collier's Reprint, p. 64).

line 13. *seely*: sc. *innocent, harmless*.

line 29. *curtall*: sc. *with docked tail*. The curtall was also a musical instrument of the bassoon type, and a play on the double meaning was perhaps intended.

viii. Also set by East (First Set, No. 4).

xi. Compare Morley's morris-dance madrigal (1594 Set, No. 18).

line 3. *Will for our town!* See note on Morley's madrigal; and cf. No. 12, line 5.

line 5. *ne'er the near*. See note on Byrd's 1589 Set, No. 28.

xii. line 5. *for our town*. See note on Morley's 1594 Set, No. 18 and cf. No. 11, line 3.

xv. These words were also set by Bateson (First Set, No. 13). They are a free translation of *I bei ligustri*, which Weelkes also set to the Italian words in his *Airs or Fantastic Spirits* (No. 17).

xvi. line 3. *kind*: sc. *nature*, a meaning of the word now obsolete.

xx. Also set by East (Third Set, No. 19).

xxi. line 1. *spots*: *patches* were fashionable in Elizabethan days as well as in the eighteenth century.

line 2. *bright*. The composer has introduced a musical progression very unusual at this early date, in order to emphasize this word.

*Weelkes's Ballets*

The *fa-la* refrain, which occurs in all the pieces in this Set with the exception of Nos. 3, 6, 7, 10, 19-20, and 24, has been here omitted, as throughout this edition for reasons already stated.

xi. Among many madrigals which read like forerunners of Herrick, the second stanza here almost inevitably recalls 'Corinna going a-maying'.

Rise and put on your foliage and be seen  
To come forth like the spring time . . .

xii. line 3. *ground*. A play on the word is no doubt intended here. *Ground* as a musical term originally denoted a melody; thus the *ground bass* of a generation later implied a recurring melody in the bass part upon which a variety of harmonies was superimposed. It was occasionally used to mean a bass.

xiii. line 2. *roundelays*: a short simple song with a refrain.

xiv. line 5. *black*. Not in the modern sense of black looks, implying ill-temper, but *soiled* or *dirty*, or perhaps merely *swart* or *sunburnt*.

xviii. Sidney has a couplet in the *Arcadia* (Book I, 1598 ed., p. 73) which may have suggested the opening lines of this lyric:

We love and have our loves rewarded,  
We love and are no wit regarded.

xxii. line 6. *ne'er the near*. See note on Byrd (1589 Set, No. 28).

xxiii. line 2. *bagpipe*. The use of the bagpipe was as general throughout England as in Scotland at this period.

line 6. *grounds*. See note on No. 12.

xxiv. Thomas Lord Borough died in Ireland in 1597. He was a Knight of the Garter, and had figured as one of the peers who conducted the trial of the Duke of Norfolk in 1573.

line 3. *timeless*: sc. *untimely*. Cf. Shakespeare's *timeless grave* (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act III, Sc. 1).

*Weelkes's Five-part Madrigals (1600)*

i. line 2. *brags*: sc. *makes a fine display*.

ii. The refrain *toodle toodle* after line 5 is omitted as being equivalent to a *fa-la* refrain.

iv-v. The superb setting of these lines provides one of the best examples in madrigal literature of the music illustrating the meaning of the words in every detail. The *fa-la* refrain of the music is here omitted.

x. line 5. *save*. An obsolete meaning as an adjective denoting *health-giving*, from the verb *salve*. Thus 'God *save* (or *salve*) the King' is a petition for the health and prosperity of the Sovereign, and should not suggest rescue from danger, in the sense in which *save* is commonly used.

*Weelkes's Six-part Madrigals (1600)*

II. line 6. *congés*: sc. *salutations* or *bows*.

III-IV. line 10. *mean lute*. *Mean* was applied to voices or instruments which took an inner part (Latin, *medius*). In the case of the lute it simply denotes the scheme of compass and stringing—as compared e. g. with the *bass-lute* or *treble-lute*.

IV. line 5. *ground*. See note on Weelkes's Ballets, No. 12.

line 6. *consort*: the *combination* of instruments.

v. line 4. *may*: sc. *maid*. Cf. Spenser's November eclogue in the *Shepherds' Calendar*, 'The fairest May she was that ever went'.

VI. These lines are the first strophe of a poem in Robert Greene's *Ciceronis Amor* (see Grosart's *Greene*, vii. 133).

The original text of lines 3 and 4 in *Ciceronis Amor* ran thus:

On Erecynus Mount was Mavors seen,  
And there his ensigns did the god advance.

VII-VIII. The music of these words, which express the Elizabethan curiosity and delight in the New World and the eagerness of all men at that time to hear of and see new or distant lands, is treated by the composer with remarkable imagination.

line 1. *Thule*: sc. *Iceland*, the most northern land known to cosmographers of that day, and thus the *period* or *limit* of cosmography.

line 4. *Trinacria*: sc. Sicily.

line 6. *fry*. This use, in the sense of to *glow* with the emotion of love, was common in Elizabethan literature.

line 8. *China dishes*: dishes brought in fact from China. The modern use of the word to mean *porcelain* was quite unknown at this time.

line 9. *Fogo*. The volcano in Tierra del Fuego, then only recently discovered.

x. line 1. *Noel*. This was the same personage to whom Morley addressed his elegy 'Hark Alleluia' (1597 Canzonets, No. 21), q. v. for note.

*Weelkes's Airs or Fantastic Spirits*

Both the words and music in this Set are light in character, and often of the nature of skits, political or otherwise. Many are obviously tavern songs such as might have delighted Sir Toby Belch.

The *fa-la* refrain which occurs in Nos. 3, 8, 11, 13, 14, and 21 of this Set is here omitted, as throughout this edition of the words only.

II. line 3. *gull*: sc. *booby*.

line 4. *hoody doody*. Perhaps a *hoodie-crow* to carry on the allusion to birds. *hoody-doody* or *hoddy-doddy* was a common term of contempt at the time.

line 11. *trampled mortar*. Mortar was mixed by trampling with the feet. Shakespeare uses the same metaphor, 'I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar', *King Lear*, Act II, Sc. 2.

v. line 11. *sound*: sc. *swound* or *swoon*.

VI. line 20. *trenchmore*. An old English country-dance of a lively kind.

VIII. A free rendering of Horace's ode *Audivere Lyce*.

x. These lines appear to be a political or literary skit.

line 2. *Friday Street*. This is evidently an allusion to the Mermaid Tavern, which stood between Bread Street and Friday Street. It is extremely likely that some of the madrigal-composers were members of the famous literary club which met at the Mermaid; and the identification of the Ape, the Monkey, and Baboon would probably have offered no difficulty to any habitué of the Mermaid at this date.

line 8. *Paris Garden*. A popular place of amusement at the end of the sixteenth century just as Vauxhall was two centuries later. Bull-baiting and bear-baiting both went on there. Paris Garden was principally owned by Henslowe and Alleyn at this period, and was situated close to the Globe Theatre.

xv. line 4. *noddy*: sc. *fool*.

line 5. *busk-point*. A busk was the strip of whalebone fastened in front of a corset where it was laced up. Cf. Attey's *Airs*, No. 2.

xvii. Weelkes also set an English version of these words (1597 Set, No. 15).

xviii. Compare Morley's morris-dance madrigal (1594 Set, No. 18).

line 13. *napkin*. The morris-dancers had handkerchiefs either tied to their shoulders or wrists, or held in their hands with which to gesture. In Kempe's *Nine Days Wonder* (1600) he tells of a maiden at Chelmsford who danced with him and 'would have the old fashion with napkin on her arms'. In the reprint of Kempe's pamphlet (*Collectanea Adamantæa*, edited by Edmund Goldsmid) the original wood-cut is reproduced, showing the full equipment of a morris-dancer with napkins, bells, &c.

line 14. *dodkin*. A name for the *doit*, a small Dutch coin; used consequently of any coin of very small value.

xix. line 9. *marmasyte*: sc. *marmoset*, used loosely of any kind of small monkey.

xx. line 4. *Kempe*. William Kemp was a famous dancer and actor at the time. He played Dogberry at the first production of *Much Ado*, and his name is accidentally substituted, in both Quarto and Folio texts (Act V, Sc. 2) for that of Dogberry. His remarkable morris-dance from London to Norwich is described by himself in his *Nine Days Wonder* mentioned above. His fame extended to France.

xxv. line 3. *quiristers*: sc. *choristers*. The word in this old form is still in use at Winchester College, where Weelkes was organist.

xxvi. The words of this elegy, composed in honour of the famous musician, were originally written as 'a Dump upon the death of the most noble Henrie, late Earle of Pembroke', by John Davies of Hereford and appeared in his *Witte's Pilgrimage* in 1590 (see Grosart's *Davies of Hereford*, ii. 49).



### *Wilbye's First Set of Madrigals*

iv. Also set by Bennet (No. 13).

vii-viii. Compare these words with Spenser's sonnet (No. 15) 'Ye tradeful merchants that with weary toil'. Mr. A. H. Bullen points out that Spenser's lines and those of this madrigal were both imitated from a French sonnet by Desportes: *Marchans qui traversez tout le rivage More*.



ix. These words were also set by Kirbye (No. 2).

x. Wilbye used these words again for No. 24 of this Set; they are translated from Celiano's madrigal *Quand' io miro le rose*. Another translation was set by Farnaby (No. 1). Mr. Bullen states that there is another version of this madrigal in Lodge's *William Longbeard*.

xi. This is a translation of a madrigal by Marenzio printed with English words, beginning: 'So saith my fair' in *Musica Transalpina* (Second Set, No. 21).

line 7. *bugs*: sc. *bugbears* or *bogeys*. Possibly from the Welsh *bwg*, a *ghost*; thus in a general sense, anything inspiring horror or fear. The old sense survives in *bugbear*.

line 7. *amazing*: sc. *bewilderment*.

xiv-xv. line 10. *sounding*: sc. *swooning*.

xviii. This lyric with many variations appears also in Robert Dowland's *Musical Banquet* (No. 9).

line 9. *Leander*. Evidently a scribal error for *Maeander*.

line 10. *singing and dying*. The composer for obvious musical reasons reserved this phrase for the end.

xix. Translated from Marenzio's madrigal *Ahi! dispietata* which was included in Watson's *Italian Madrigals Englished* (No. 7).

line 7. *refraining*: in a sense now obsolete: *checking* or *curbing*.

xx. Translated from Marenzio's madrigal *Crudel, perchè*, which was included in Watson's *Italian Madrigals Englished* (No. 25).

xxvi-xxvii. line 9. Compare Sidney's line: 'Long since my voice is hoarse, my throat is sore' (*Arcadia*, Book II, 1598 edition, p. 147).

line 9. *skriking*. An obsolete form of *shriek*, from the Norse *skrika*.

line 13. *linning*. An obsolete verb meaning to *cease*.

xxviii. line 3. *attending*: sc. *awaiting*.

line 8. *yoiwer*: sc. *yours*.



### *Wilbye's Second Set of Madrigals*

xiv. Very similar words were set by Kirbye (No. 20) and cf. also Ferrabosco's *Airs*, No. 10.

xvi. This is another example of the favourite Elizabethan metaphor of 'the world's a stage'. Cf. also Gibbons, No. 14. Wilbye has set these words with a wealth of imaginative beauty.

xvii-xviii. Adapted from one of the *Basia* of the Dutch poet and statesman Everaerts, also called Johannes Secundus.

xxi-xxii. line 4. *nicely*: in the obsolete sense of *cooly*.

line 7. *tears could move*. This line is capable of being reconstructed in two ways from the text of the part-books, which show some variants here. The alternative to that printed by the Editor is 'But when nor sighs nor kisses moved her pity'.

xxiii. The reconstruction of the latter part of this lyric involves some difficulty. The name *Flamminia* in line 4 is only used once

in any of the voices, presumably owing to its awkwardness for musical setting without obtruding it unduly. *Leander* in line 5 apparently should scan as two syllables as in some other instances in the madrigal lyrics. *Ay me* before *Ah cruel fortune* is evidently the composer's interpolation: its retention would make the line unwieldy.

xxiv. line 3. *precellent*: an obsolete word meaning *surpassing*.

xxv. Oliphant suggested that this madrigal was written in memory of Thomas Morley; but there is no actual evidence to support the theory.

xxvi. Also set by Lichfield (No. 16).

lines 2-3. *fond*: sc. *foolish*.

xxviii-xxix. line 4. *flydeth*. The verb *fly* occasionally formed a weak past tense *flyde*, used as a rule merely for the sake of rhyme, but cf. Wilbye's First Set, No. 9, line 4 'And when I came she *flied* me'. The word *flydeth* is here employed as though it were the present tense of a verb *flyde*.

xxxiv. The reconstruction of two lines in this lyric remains slightly uncertain. Line 2 might read: 'With these my shrieks and cries that fill the air.' To retain all the material in the part-books would make the line a little unwieldy, and such an expansion on the part of the composer was not unusual. In line 7 the phrase 'O unkind and cruel' seems to be the composer's interpolation, but it is possible to retain either or both of the adjectives without spoiling the line.



### Youll's Canzonets

i. The first stanza of Davies's *Fourth Hymn to Astraea*. These hymns were all written in the form of an acrostic, the three stanzas giving *Elisabetha Regina*. Youll's stanza gives *Elisa* only.

ii-iv. line 16. *barley-break*. See note on Morley's Ballets, No. 3.

vi. The first stanza of Sidney's fourth Song in *Astrophel and Stella*.

vii. line 2. *dight*: sc. *make ready* or *deck*.

viii. From Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, Act I, Sc. 2.

xiv. It would seem as if these words formed the second part of No. 12.

xix-xxi. The *fa-la* refrain in these numbers is here omitted, as throughout this edition.

xxii. The first stanza of Davies's *First Hymn to Astraea*. See note on No. 1 above. The *fa-la* refrain is omitted; but we have here an example which proves definitely that the *fa-la* refrains were added to the poems by the composers.

xxiii-xxiv. The *fa-las* are retained in this instance as forming an integral part of the poem.



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THE LUTENISTS



## PART II: THE LUTENISTS

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## JOHN ATTEY

*The First Booke Of Ayres Of Fovre Parts, With Tableture for the Lute: So made, that all the parts, may be plaide together with the Lute, or one voyce with the Lute and Base-Vyoll. 1622.*

*i*

ON a time the amorous Silvy  
Said to her shepherd : Sweet, how do ye ?  
Kiss me this once and then God be wi' ye,  
My sweetest dear ;  
Kiss me this once and God be wi' ye,  
For now the morning draweth near.

With that, her fairest bosom showing,  
Opening her lips, rich perfumes blowing,  
She said : Now kiss me and be going,  
My sweetest dear ;  
Kiss me this once and then be going,  
For now the morning draweth near.

With that the shepherd waked from sleeping,  
And spying where the day was peeping,  
He said : Now take my soul in keeping,  
My sweetest dear ;  
Kiss me and take my soul in keeping,  
Since I must go now day is near.

*ii.*

THE Gordian knot, which Alexander great  
Did whilom cut with his all-conquering sword,  
Was nothing like thy busk-point, pretty peat,  
Nor could so fair an augury afford ;  
Which if I chance to cut or else untie,  
Thy little world I'll conquer presently.

*iii*

WHAT is all this world but vain ?  
What are all our joys but pain ?  
What our pleasures but a dream  
Passing swiftly like a stream ?

Like a flower now we grow,  
 Like the sea we ebb and flow,  
 Still uncertain is our change ;  
 Like the wind so do we range.

No contented joy we have  
 Till within the silent grave  
 Our frail flesh be laid to sleep ;  
 Then we cease to mourn and weep.

Who would trust to worldly things,  
 Which beguile the greatest kings ?  
 I will set my heart on high,  
 And contented so will die.

*iv*

IN a grove of trees of myrtle  
 Venus met fair Myrrha's child.  
 Kiss, quoth she, my pretty turtle !  
 But her hopes he did beguile  
 With no, no, no, no, no.

Come, O come, my dearest treasure,  
 And look babies in my eyes ;  
 Cull and kiss, enjoy the pleasure.  
 But her kindness he denies  
 With no, no, no, no, no.

Loutish lad, come learn to venture  
 On the ivory breast of love ;  
 I dare stay thy worst encounter,  
 But her words as wind did prove  
 With no, no, no, no, no.

Shall then love be thus abused  
 By the beauty of a boy ?  
 Shall my temple be refused ?  
 Will Adonis still be coy  
 With no, no, no, no, no ?

Then I vow that beauty ever  
 Shall neglected be of love ;  
 Let the foolish boy persevere ;  
 He the folly now shall prove  
 With no, no, no, no, no.

v

SHALL I tell you whom I love ?  
 Hearken then awhile to me,  
 And, if such a woman move  
 As I now shall versify,  
 Be assured 'tis she or none  
 That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right  
 As she scorns the help of art,  
 In as many virtues dight  
 As e'er yet embraced a heart.  
 So much good so truly tried,  
 Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath without desire  
 To make known how much she hath ;  
 And her anger flames no higher  
 Than may fitly sweeten wrath ;  
 Full of pity as may be,  
 Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,  
 And her virtues grace her birth ;  
 Lovely as all excellence,  
 Modest in her most of mirth ;  
 Likelihood enough to prove  
 Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is, and if you know  
 Such a one as I have sung,  
 Be she brown, or fair, or so  
 That she be but somewhat young,  
 Be assured 'tis she or none  
 That I love, and love alone.

*William Browne*

vi

MY dearest and divinest love,  
 Imagine my distress  
 When thou retir'st from my desires  
 And sorrows me oppress ;

For my sense sees no other sun  
 But that which in thine eyes,  
 That in another sphere doth run,  
 And clouds thy native skies.  
 Then come again, then come again,  
 Display thy pleasing beams,  
 Else all my pleasures are but pain,  
 My comforts are but dreams.

*vii*

BRIGHT star of beauty, on whose temples sit  
 Apollo's wisdom and Dame Pallas' wit ;  
 O what fair garland worthy is to fit  
 Thy fair blest brows, that compass in all merit ?

Thou shalt not crowned be with vulgar bays,  
 Because for thee it is a crown too base.  
 Apollo's tree can yield thee but small praise,  
 It is too stale a vesture for that place.

The birds, the beasts their goddess do thee call ;  
 Thou art their keeper, thou preserv'st them all.  
 Thy skill doth equal Pallas, not thy birth,  
 She to the heavens yields music, thou to the earth.

*viii*

THINK not 'tis I alone that sing her praise.  
 No, all regard her whom my Muse respects ;  
 Each sweetly singing Syren in her lays  
 Deserved trophies of her worth erects ;  
 And Philomela on her thorny perch  
 Her neatest notes to note her praise doth search.

*ix*

JOY, my Muse, since there is one  
 Deserves best admiration  
 Of all that e'er did heed her.  
 Let all the deities yield their places  
 To her still well-deserving graces,  
 Since none of them exceeds her.

x

MY days, my months, my years I spend  
 About a moment's gain,  
 A joy that in the enjoying ends,  
 A fury quickly slain.

A frail delight, like that wasp's life,  
 Which now both frisks and flies  
 And in a moment's wanton strife  
 It faints, it pants, it dies.

And when I charge my lance in rest,  
 I triumph in delight,  
 And when I have the ring transpierced,  
 I languish in despite.

Or like one in a lukewarm bath  
 Light-wounded in a vein,  
 Spurts out the spirits of his life,  
 And fainteth without pain.

xi

MADAM, for you I little grieve to die,  
 In and to whom I live because I love.  
 For if my ill do please your dainty eye,  
 It cannot me displease nor greatly move,  
 Unless a mind in you do cruel be  
 To kill yourself to make an end of me.

Only I grieve that all my life is you,  
 Who by my death must needs in danger be ;  
 For if I die it cannot be but true,  
 The sweetest of my life must die with me,  
 If that a mind in you so cruel be  
 To kill yourself to make an end of me.

Wherefore, if of my life you have no care,  
 Which I esteem but only for your sake,  
 Yet of your own, which death itself would spare,  
 I am in hope you will some pity take,  
 Unless a mind in you so cruel be  
 To kill yourself to make an end of me.

*xii*

RESOUND my voice, ye woods that hear me plain,  
 Both hills and dales causing reflection ;  
 And rivers eke, record ye of my pain  
 That oft hath forced you to compassion ;  
 'Mongst whom I find pity doth yet remain,  
 But where I seek, alas, there is disdain.

Ye wandering rivers oft to hear me sound  
 Have stopped your course, and plainly to express  
 Your griefs have cast tears on the wailing ground ;  
 The earth hath mourned to hear my heaviness,  
 Whose dull and senseless nature I do find  
 Far more relenting than a woman's mind.

When that my woes I do reiterate,  
 The mighty oaks have roared in the wind ;  
 And in the view of this my wretched state  
 Each living thing bemoans me in their kind,  
 Save only thee, that most my plaints should rue,  
 Upon my o'ercharged heart doth griefs renew.

*Sir Thomas Wyatt*

*xiii*

VAIN Hope, adieu ! thou life-consuming moth,  
 Which frets my soul in pieces with delay ;  
 My well-spun threads will make no cloth  
 To shroud me from the tempest of decay ;  
 For storms of fortune drench me like a flood,  
 Whilst rancour's frost nips merit in her bud.

*xiv*

SWEET was the song the Virgin sung,  
 When she to Bethlehem was come  
 And was delivered of her Son,  
 That blessed Jesus hath to name.  
 Sweet Babe, quoth she, lull-lullaby,  
 My Son and eke a Saviour born,  
 Who hath vouchsafed from on high  
 To visit us that were forlorn.  
 Lull-lullaby Sweet Babe, sang she  
 And sweetly rocked him on her knee.



## WILLIAM BARLEY

*A new Booke of Tabliture, Containing sundrie easie and familiar  
Instructions. 1596.*

*i*

THOUGHTS make men sigh, sighs make men sick at heart ;  
Sickness consumes, consumption kills at last ;  
Death is the end of every deadly smart,  
And sweet the joy where every pain is past.  
But O the time of death too long delayed,  
Where tried patience is too ill apaid !

Hope harps on heaven but lives in half a hell ;  
Heart thinks of life but finds a deadly hate ;  
Ears hark for bliss but hears a doleful bell ;  
Eyes look for joy but see a woeful state.  
But eyes and ears and heart and hope deceived,  
Tongue tells a truth how is the mind conceived.

Conceited thus to think but say no more,  
To sigh and sob till sorrow have an end,  
And so to die till death may life restore,  
Or careful faith may find a constant friend,  
That patience may yet in her passion prove  
Just at my death I found my life of love.

*ii*

LOVE is a spirit high presuming,  
That falleth oft ere he sit fast.  
Care is a sorrow long consuming,  
Which yet doth kill the heart at last.  
Death is a wrong to life and love,  
And I the pains of all must prove.

Words are but trifles in regarding  
And pass away as puffs of wind.  
Deeds are too long in their rewarding  
And out of sight are out of mind,  
And through so little favour feed  
As finds no fruit in word or deed.

Truth is a thought too long in trial  
 And known but coldly entertained.  
 Love is too long in his denial  
 And in the end but hardly gained,  
 And in the gain the sweet so small,  
 That I must taste the sour of all.

But O the death too long enduring,  
 Where nothing can my pain appease ;  
 And O the care too long in curing,  
 Where patient hurt hath never ease ;  
 And O that ever love should know  
 The ground whereof a grief doth grow.  
 But heavens, relieve me of this hell,  
 Or let me die and I am well.

*iii*

YOUR face, your tongue, your wit,  
 So fair, so sweet, so sharp,  
 First bent, then drew, so hit  
 Mine eye, mine ear, my heart.

Mine eye, mine ear, my heart  
 To like, to learn, to love,  
 Your face, your tongue, your wit  
 Doth lead, doth teach, doth move.

Your face, your tongue, your wit,  
 With beams, with sound, with art  
 Doth blind, doth charm, doth rule  
 Mine eye, mine ear, my heart.

Mine eye, mine ear, my heart,  
 With life, with hope, with skill  
 Your face, your tongue, your wit  
 Doth feed, doth feast, doth fill.

O face, O tongue, O wit,  
 With frowns, with checks, with smart  
 Wrong not, vex not, wound not  
 Mine eye, mine ear, my heart.



This eye, this ear, this heart  
Shall joy, shall bend, shall swear  
Your face, your tongue, your wit  
To serve, to trust, to fear.

*Sir Walter Raleigh*

*iv*

FLOW forth, abundant tears,  
Bedew this doleful face,  
Disorder now thy hairs,  
That lives in such disgrace.

Ah ! death exceedeth far  
This life which I endure,  
That skill keeps me in war  
Who can no peace procure.

I love whom I should hate.  
She flies ; I follow fast.  
Such is my bitter state,  
I wish no life to last.

Alas, affection strong  
To whom I must obey,  
My reason so doth wrong  
As it can bear no sway.

My field of flint I find ;  
My harvest vain desire ;  
For he that sowed wind  
Now reapeth storm for hire.

Alas, like flowers of Spain  
Thy graces rosy be ;  
I prick these hands of mine  
For haste to gather thee.

But now shall sorrow slack ;  
I yield to mortal strife.  
To die thus for thy sake  
Shall honour all my life.

*v*

THOSE eyes that set my fancy on a fire ;  
 Those crisped hairs which hold my heart in chains ;  
 Those dainty hands which conquered my desire ;  
 That wit which of my thought doth hold the reins.  
 Those eyes for clearness doth the stars surpass ;  
 Those hairs obscure the brightness of the sun ;  
 Those hands more white than ever ivory was ;  
 That wit even to the skies hath glory won.  
 O eyes that pierce our hearts without remorse ;  
 O hairs of right that wears a royal crown ;  
 O hands that conquer more than Caesar's force ;  
 O wit that turns huge kingdoms upside-down.  
 Then Love be judge what heart may there withstand  
 Such eyes, such head, such wit and such a hand.

*vi*

SHORT is my rest, whose toil is over long ;  
 My joys are dark, but clear is seen my woe ;  
 In safety small, great wracks I bide through wrong ;  
 Whose time is swift, and yet my hope but slow.  
 Each grief and wound in my poor soul appears  
 That laugheth hours and weepeth many years.  
 Deeds of the day are fables for the night ;  
 Sighs of desire are smokes of thoughtful tears ;  
 My steps are false although my path is right ;  
 Disgrace is bold, my favour full of fears.  
 Disquiet sleep keeps audit of my life,  
 Where rare content doth make displeasure rife.  
 The doleful clock, which is the voice of Time,  
 Calls on my end before my hap is seen ;  
 Thus falls my hopes, whose harms have power to climb,  
 Not come to have which long in wish have been.  
 I trust your love, and fear not others' hate ;  
 Be you with me and I have Caesar's fate.

*vii*

HOW can the tree but waste and wither away  
 That hath not sometime comfort of the sun ?  
 How can the flower but fade and soon decay  
 That always is with dark clouds over-run ?  
 Is this a life ? Nay, death I may it call  
 That feels each pain and knows no joy at all.

What foodless beast can live long in good plight ?  
 Or is it life where senses there be none ?  
 Or what availeth eyes without their sight ?  
 Or else a tongue to him that is alone ?  
 Is this a life ? Nay, death I may it call  
 That feels each pain and knows no joy at all.

Whereto serves ears if that there be no sound ?  
 Or such a head where no device doth grow ?  
 But all of plaints since sorrow is the ground  
 Whereby the heart doth pine in deadly woe.  
 Is this a life ? Nay, death I may it call  
 That feels each pain and knows no joy at all.

*Thomas, Lord Vaux*



## JOHN BARTLET

*A Booke Of Ayres With a Triplicite of Mvsicke, Whereof The First Part is for the Lute or Orpharion, and the Viole de Gambo, and 4. Partes to sing, The second part is for 2. Trebles to sing to the Lute and Viole, the third part is for the Lute and one Voyce, and the Viole de Gambo. 1606.*

*i*

O LORD, thy faithfulness and praise  
 I will with viol sing,  
 My harp shall sound thy laud and praise,  
 O Israel's holy King.  
 My mouth will joy with pleasant voice  
 When I shall sing to thee,  
 And eke my soul will much rejoyce,  
 For thou hast made me free.

*ii*

IF ever hapless woman had a cause  
 To breathe her plaints into the open air,  
 And never suffer inward grief to pause,  
 Or seek her sorrow-shaken soul's repair :  
 Then I, for I have lost my only brother,  
 Whose like this age can scarcely yield another.

Come therefore, mournful Muses, and lament ;  
 Forsake all wanton pleasing motions ;  
 Bedew your cheeks. Still shall my tears be spent,  
 Yet still increased with inundations.  
 For I must weep, since I have lost my brother,  
 Whose like this age can scarcely yield another.

The cruel hand of murder cloyed with blood  
 Lewdly deprived him of his mortal life.  
 Woe the death-attended blades that stood  
 In opposition 'gainst him in the strife  
 Wherein he fell, and where I lost a brother,  
 Whose like this age can scarcely yield another.

Then unto Grief let me a temple make,  
 And, mourning, daily enter Sorrow's ports,  
 Knock on my breast, sweet brother, for thy sake.  
 Nature and love will both be my consorts,  
 And help me aye to wail my only brother,  
 Whose like this age can scarcely yield another.

*Mary, Countess of Pembroke*

*iii*

WHEN from my love I looked for love  
 And kind affection's due,  
 Too well I found her vows to prove  
 Most faithless and untrue.  
 For when I did ask her why,  
 Most sharply she did reply  
 That she with me  
 Did ne'er agree  
 To love but jestingly.

Mark but the subtle policies  
 That female lovers find,  
 Who loves to fix their constancies  
 Like feathers in the wind.  
 Though they swear, vow and protest  
 That they love you chiefly best,  
 Yet by and by  
 They'll all deny,  
 And say 'twas but in jest.

*iv*

WHO doth behold my mistress' face  
 And seeth not, good hap hath he.  
 Who hears her speak and marks her grace,  
 Shall think none ever spake but she.  
 In short for to resound her praise,  
 She is the fairest of her days.

Who knows her wit, and not admires,  
 Shall know himself devoid of skill.  
 Her virtues kindle strange desires  
 In those that think upon her still.  
 In short for to resound her praise,  
 She is the fairest of her days.

Her red is like unto the rose  
 When from a bud unto the sun  
 Her tender leaves she doth disclose,  
 The first degree of ripeness won.  
 In short for to resound her praise,  
 She is the fairest of her days.

And with her red mixed is a white  
 Like to that same of fair moonshine  
 That doth upon the water light  
 And makes the colour seem divine.  
 In short for to resound her praise,  
 She is the fairest of her days.

*v*

IF there be any one whom love hath wounded  
 And of the hurt is near his death ;  
 If there be any one in grief confounded  
 And still with sighs doth fetch his breath,  
 Such is my case. Come, let him sit with me and mourn  
 Whom grief doth grip, and Cupid blind doth overturn.

If there be any one which hath been racked,  
 And joint from joint is all too torn ;  
 If there be any one these pangs have smacked,  
 And in his heart with love doth burn,  
 Such is my case. Come, let him sit with me and mourn,  
 For I am racked and scorched with love, and left forlorn.

If there be any one in ship oppressed  
 At pinch of wrack to drowned be ;  
 If there be any one with waves betossed,  
 Or blinded that he cannot see,  
 Such is my case. Come, let him sit with me and mourn,  
 Whom shipwrack spoils, and eyes put out as lovers' scorn.

If there be any one whom fraud hath perplexed,  
 Or burst his heart at love's command ;  
 If there be any one whom all griefs have vexed,  
 Or in hell's pains do daily stand,  
 Such is my case. Come, let him sit with me and mourn,  
 That feels hell's pain and lover's grief with love's great scorn,

*vi*

I HEARD of late that Love was fallen asleep ;  
 Too late, alas, I find it was not so.  
 Methought I saw the little villain weep ;  
 But, thief, he laughs at them that wail in woe.  
 I dreamt his bow was broke and he was slain ;  
 But, lo, awaked, I see all whole again.

His blinking eyes will ever be awake ;  
 His idle head is full of laughing toys ;  
 His bow and shafts are tickle things to take ;  
 It is no meddling with such apish boys,  
 For they shall find that in his fetters fall,  
 Love is a deadly thing to deal withal.

Yet where the wretch doth take a happy vein,  
 It is the kindest worm that ever was ;  
 But let him catch a coy conceit again,  
 In frantic fits he doth a fury pass.  
 So that, in sum, who hopes of happy joy,  
 Take heed of Love, it is a parlous boy !

*vii*

ALL my wits hath will enwrapped ;  
 All my sense desire entrapped ;  
 All my faith to fancy fixed ;  
 All my joys to love a-mixed.  
 All my love I offer thee,  
 Once for all yet look on me.

Let me see thy heavenly feature.  
 O heavens ! what a heavenly creature !  
 All the powers of heaven preserve thee ;  
 Love himself is sworn to serve thee.  
 Princess in a goddess' place,  
 Blessed be that angel's face.

Look how Love, thy servant, dieth ;  
 Hark how Hope for comfort crieth.  
 Take some pity on poor Fancy ;  
 Let not Fancy prove a frenzy.  
 Comfort this poor heart of mine ;  
 Love and I and all are thine.

*viii*

GO, wailing verse, the issue of thy sire,  
 Begot on sighs which vent from my torn heart.  
 Tell thou thy parent's never quenched desire ;  
 Tell of his griefs and of his endless smart ;  
 Tell of his passions and his sad laments,  
 How still he sues hard, she yet ne'er relents.

Deep sobs, the silent orators of Love ;  
 Sad sighs, the muttering echoes of my pain ;  
 Heart-renting groans, the agent which would move  
 Compassion with that cheek-bedewed rain ;  
 Rain which doth trickle from my watery eyes,  
 Hoping at length she'll hear my doleful cries.

But O, would that sweet fair had been the butt  
 For Cupid to have aimed at with his shafts !  
 Then had not these my passions bolted out,  
 Blazing my follies into wise men's hates ;  
 Then could not I, deciphering my harms,  
 Sought to have gained that fair with my rude charms.

But why wish I to Cupid so much good,  
 When he hath broke his shafts and silver bow,  
 And finds a flame enkindled in my blood,  
 Which neither ice can quench nor mountain snow ?  
 And sure no marvel if he conquer men,  
 When gods so fair a saint have never seen.

Her eyes like globes contain a thousand orbs,  
 Her ruby lips, her pearly teeth in number,  
 With that sweet tongue such harmony affords,  
 As with applause makes all the world to wonder,  
 To wonder at her only, and no other,  
 Since Cupid did mistake her for his mother.

## ix

A PRETTY duck there was that said :  
 To whom shall I make moan ?  
 I have been long a pretty maid,  
 And yet I lie alone.

Alone I lie in deep despair,  
 Which kills my lovely heart,  
 For none will my sweet joys repair,  
 Or play a lover's part.

A tickling part that maidens love,  
 But I can never get ;  
 Yet long have sought, and still do crave,  
 At rest my heart to set.

## x

OF all the birds that I do know,  
 Philip my sparrow hath no peer ;  
 For sit she high, or sit she low,  
 Be she far off, or be she near,  
 There is no bird so fair, so fine,  
 Nor yet so fresh as this of mine ;  
 For when she once hath felt a fit,  
 Philip will cry still : yet, yet, yet.

Come in a morning merrily  
 When Philip hath been lately fed ;  
 Or in an evening soberly  
 When Philip list to go to bed ;  
 It is a heaven to hear my Phipp,  
 How she can chirp with merry lip,  
 For when she once hath felt a fit,  
 Philip will cry still : yet, yet, yet.



She never wanders far abroad,  
 But is at home when I do call.  
 If I command she lays on load  
 With lips, with teeth, with tongue and all.  
 She chants, she chirps, she makes such cheer,  
 That I believe she hath no peer.  
 For when she once hath felt the fit,  
 Philip will cry still : yet, yet, yet.

And yet besides all this good sport  
 My Philip can both sing and dance,  
 With new found toys of sundry sort  
 My Philip can both prick and prance.  
 And if you say but : fend cut, Phipp !  
 Lord, how the peat will turn and skip !  
 For when she once hath felt the fit,  
 Philip will cry still : yet, yet, yet.

And to tell truth he were to blame,  
 Having so fine a bird as she,  
 To make him all this goodly game  
 Without suspect or jealousy ;  
 He were a churl and knew no good,  
 Would see her faint for lack of food,  
 For when she once hath felt the fit,  
 Philip will cry still : yet, yet, yet.

*xi*

THE Queen of Paphos, Ericine,  
 In heart did rose-cheeked Adone love.  
 He mortal was, but she divine,  
 And oft with kisses did him move.  
 With great gifts still she did him woo  
 But he would never yield thereto.

Then since the Queen of Love by love  
 To Love was once a subject made,  
 And could thereof no pleasure prove  
 By day, by night, by light or shade,  
 Why, being mortal, should I grieve,  
 Since she herself could not relieve ?

She was a goddess heavenly  
 And loved a fair-faced earthly boy,  
 Who did contemn her deity  
 And would not grant her hope of joy ;  
 For Love doth govern by a fate  
 That here plants will, and there leaves hate.

But I a hapless mortal wight  
 To an immortal beauty sue.  
 No marvel then she loathes my sight,  
 Since Adone Venus would not woo.  
 Hence, groaning sighs ! Mirth, be my friend !  
 Before my life my love shall end.

*xii*

I WOULD thou wert not fair, or I were wise.  
 I would thou hadst no face, or I no eyes.  
 I would thou wert not wise, or I not fond,  
 Or thou not free, or I not so in bond.

But thou art fair, and I cannot be wise.  
 Thy sun-like face hath blinded both mine eyes.  
 Thou canst not but be wise, nor I but fond,  
 Nor thou but free, nor I but still in bond.

Yet am I wise to think that thou art fair.  
 Mine eyes their pureness in thy face repair.  
 Nor am I fond that do thy wisdom see,  
 Nor yet in bond because that thou art free.

Then in thy beauty only make me wise,  
 And in thy face thy grace guide both mine eyes ;  
 And in thy wisdom only see me fond,  
 And in thy freedom keep me still in bond.

So shalt thou still be fair, and I be wise.  
 Thy face shines still upon my cleared eyes.  
 Thy wisdom only see how I am fond,  
 Thy freedom only keep me still in bond.

So would I thou wert fair, and I were wise.  
 So would I thou hadst thy face, and I mine eyes.  
 So would I thou wert wise, and I were fond,  
 And thou wert free and I were still in bond.

*xiii*

UNTO a fly transformed from human kind,  
 Methought I ranged on a sunshine day ;  
 When, for to ease my sad afflicted mind,  
 Upon my mistress' robe I 'gan to play.  
 At length I mounted up her dainty breast,  
 From whence I sought my solace and my rest.

Yet, not content with these aspiring toys,  
 Changing my seat into her curled hair,  
 By seeking to increase my new-found joys  
 I turned my sweet applause to sudden fear,  
 For, chancing on her eyes of flame and fire,  
 I burnt my wings whereby I did aspire.

Thus falling to the ground in my decay,  
 With mournful buzzings craving her relief,  
 Methought she moved with ruth my heavy lay  
 And crushed me with her foot to end my grief,  
 And said : Lo, where the silly wretch doth lie,  
 Whose end was such because he flew so high.

*xiv*

WHAT thing is love, I pray thee tell ?  
 It is a prickle, it is a sting,  
 It is a pretty, pretty thing,  
 It is a fire, it is a coal  
 Whose flame creeps in at every hole ;  
 And as my wits can best devise,  
 Love's darling lies in ladies' eyes.

*George Peele**xv*

FORTUNE, Love and Time hath made me happy ;  
 Happy I was by Fortune, Love, and Time.  
 My hap at highest the gods began to vary  
 And threw me down that caused me first to climb.  
 They proved their wings, and took their flight in rage,  
 Fortune to fool's, Love to youth, Time to age.

*xvi*

POETS to love such power ascribe,  
 As no power else can circumscribe ;  
 True love by true desire refined  
 Can never be by bounds confined.

It first did kindle in mine eye,  
 And thence stole inward presently,  
 Possessed my breast, my heart and soul,  
 And doth my better parts control.

The more I seek it to expel,  
 The more it doth my thoughts compel.  
 Since then it hath such power within,  
 To let it burn still were a sin.

*xvii-xviii*

WHITHER runneth my sweet heart ?  
 Stay, and take me with thee ;  
 Merrily I'll play my part ;  
 Stay, and thou shalt see me.  
 O, have I ketched thee, hey ding a ding !  
 This ketching is a pretty thing !

Tarry ! are you gone again ?  
 What, no longer liking ?  
 I will ketch thee once again ;  
 Stay, while I am rising.  
 Do you then tarry, pretty little one ? I thought  
 I should please thee ere we did part.

*xix-xxi*

SURCHARGED with discontent,  
 To Sylvane's bower I went  
 To ease my heavy grief-oppressed heart,  
 And try what comfort winged creatures  
 Could yield unto my inward troubled smart,  
 By modulating their delightful measures  
 To my ears pleasing ever.  
 Of strains so sweet, sweet birds deprive us never.  
 The thrush did pipe full clear,  
 And eke with merry cheer  
 The linnet lifted up her pleasant voice.  
 The goldfinch chirped and the pie did chatter,  
 The blackbird whistled and bade me rejoice,  
 The stockdove murmured with a solemn flatter.  
 The little daw, ka-ka, he cried ;  
 The hic-quail he beside  
 Tickled his part in parti-coloured coat.  
 The jay did blow his hautboy gallantly.

The wren did treble many a pretty note.  
 The woodpecker did hammer melody.  
 The kite, tiw-whiw, full oft  
 Cried, soaring up aloft,  
 And down again returned presently.  
 To whom the herald of cornutos sung cuckoo  
 Ever, whilst poor Margery cried : Who  
 Did ring night's 'larum bell ?  
 Withal all did do well.  
 O might I hear them ever.  
 Of strains so sweet, sweet birds deprive us never.  
 Then Hesperus on high  
 Brought cloudy night in sky,  
 When lo, the thicket-keeping company  
 Of feathered singers left their madrigals,  
 Sonnets and elegies, and presently  
 Shut them within their mossy severals,  
 And I came home and vowed to love them ever.  
 Of strains so sweet, sweet birds deprive us never.



## THOMAS CAMPIAN

*Two Bookes Of Ayres. The First Contayning Diuine and Moral Songs : The Second, Light Conceits of Louers. To be sung to the Lute and Viols, in two, three, and foure Parts : or by one Voyce to an Inströment. (Undated.)*

i

AUTHOR of light, revive my dying sprite ;  
 Redeem it from the snares of all-confounding night.  
 Lord, light me to thy blessed way,  
 For blind with worldly vain desires I wander as a stray.  
 Sun and moon, stars and underlights I see,  
 But all their glorious beams are mists and darkness being compared to thee.  
 Fountain of health, my soul's deep wounds recure.  
 Sweet showers of pity rain, wash my uncleanness pure.  
 One drop of thy desired grace  
 The faint and fading heart can raise, and in joy's bosom place.  
 Sin and death, hell and tempting friends may rage ;  
 But God his own will guard, and their sharp pains and griefs  
 in time assuage.

*ii*

THE man of life upright,  
 Whose cheerful mind is free  
 From weight of impious deeds  
 And yoke of vanity :

The man whose silent days  
 In harmless joys are spent,  
 Whom hopes cannot delude  
 Nor sorrows discontent :

That man needs neither towers  
 Nor armour for defence,  
 Nor vaults his guilt to shroud  
 From thunder's violence.

He only can behold  
 With unaffrighted eyes  
 The horrors of the deep  
 And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares  
 That fate or fortune brings,  
 His book the heavens he makes,  
 His wisdom heavenly things.

Good thoughts his sweet friends,  
 His wealth a well-spent age,  
 The earth his sober inn  
 And quiet pilgrimage.

*iii*

WHERE are all thy beauties now, all hearts enchaining ?  
 Whither are thy flatterers gone with all their feigning ?  
 All fled ; and thou alone still here remaining.

Thy rich state of twisted gold to bays is turned.  
 Cold as thou art are thy loves that so much burned.  
 Who die in flatterers' arms are seldom mourned.

Yet in spite of envy this be still proclaimed,  
 That none worthier than thyself thy worth hath blamed ;  
 When their poor names are lost, thou shalt live famed.

When thy story long time hence shall be perused,  
 Let the blemish of thy rule be thus excused :  
 None ever lived more just, none more abused.

*iv*

OUT of my soul's depth to thee my cries have sounded.  
 Let thine ears my plaints receive on just fear grounded.  
 Lord, should'st thou weigh our faults, who 's not confounded ?

But with grace thou censurest thine when they have erred ;  
 Therefore shall thy blessed name be loved and feared.  
 Even to thy throne my thoughts and eyes are reared.

Thee alone my hopes attend, on thee relying ;  
 In thy sacred word I'll trust, to thee fast flying,  
 Long ere the watch shall break the morn describing.

In the mercies of our God who live secured,  
 May of full redemption rest in him assured,  
 Their sin-sick souls by him shall be recured.

*v*

VIEW me, Lord, a work of thine ;  
 Shall I then lie drowned in night ?  
 Might thy grace in me but shine,  
 I should seem made all of light.

But my soul still surfeits so  
 On the poisoned baits of sin,  
 That I strange and ugly grow,  
 All is dark and foul within.

Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel  
 At thine altar pure and white ;  
 They that once thy mercies feel,  
 Gaze no more on earth's delight.

Worldly joys like shadows fade  
 When the heavenly light appears ;  
 But the covenants thou hast made,  
 Endless, know nor days nor years.

In thy word, Lord, is my trust.  
 To thy mercies fast I fly.  
 Though I am but clay and dust,  
 Yet thy grace can lift me high.

*vi*

BRAVELY decked, come forth, bright day,  
 Thine hours with roses strew the way  
     As they well remember.  
 Thou received shalt be with feasts,  
 Come, chiefest of the British guests,  
     Thou fifth of November.  
 Thou with triumph shalt exceed  
     In the strictest ember ;  
 For by thy return the Lord records his blessed deed.

Britons, frolic at your board,  
 But first sing praises to the Lord  
     In your congregations.  
 He preserved your State alone ;  
 His loving grace hath made you one  
     Of his chosen nations.  
 But this light must hallowed be  
     With your best oblations.  
 Praise the Lord, for only great and merciful is he.

Death had entered in the gate,  
 And ruin was crept near the State,  
     But heaven all revealed.  
 Fiery powder hell did make,  
 Which ready long the flame to take  
     Lay in shade concealed.  
 God us helped of his free grace ;  
     None to him appealed.  
 For none was so bad to fear the treason or the place.

God his peaceful monarch chose,  
 To him the mist he did disclose,  
     To him and none other.  
 This he did, O king, for thee,  
 That thou thine own renown might'st see,  
     Which no time can smother.  
 May blest Charles thy comfort be,  
     Firmer than his brother.  
 May his heart the love of peace and wisdom learn from thee.



*vii*

TO music bent is my retired mind,  
 And fain would I some song of pleasure sing.  
 But in vain joys no comfort now I find ;  
 From heavenly thoughts all true delight doth spring.  
 Thy power, O God, thy mercies to record  
 Will sweeten every note and every word.

All earthly pomp or beauty to express  
 Is but to carve in snow, on waves to write.  
 Celestial things, though men conceive them less,  
 Yet fullest are they in themselves of light.  
 Such beams they yield as know no means to die ;  
 Such heat they cast as lifts the spirit high.

*viii*

TUNE thy music to thy heart ;  
 Sing thy joy with thanks, and so thy sorrow.  
 Though devotion needs not art,  
 Sometime of the poor the rich may borrow.

Strive not yet for curious ways ;  
 Concord pleaseth more the less 'tis strained.  
 Zeal affects not outward praise,  
 Only strives to show a love unfeigned.

Love can wondrous things effect,  
 Sweetest sacrifice all wrath appeasing.  
 Love the highest doth respect ;  
 Love alone to him is ever pleasing.

*ix*

MOST sweet and pleasing are thy ways, O God,  
 Like meadows decked with crystal streams of flowers.  
 Thy paths no foot profane hath ever trod,  
 Nor hath the proud man rested in thy bowers.  
 There lives no vulture, no devouring bear,  
 But only doves and lambs are harboured there.  
 The wolf his young ones to their prey doth guide ;  
 The fox his cubs with false deceit endues ;  
 The lion's whelp sucks from the dam his pride ;  
 In hers the serpent malice doth infuse.  
 The darksome desert all such beasts contains,  
 Not one of them in Paradise remains.

x

WISE men patience never want,  
 Good men pity cannot hide.  
 Feeble spirits only vaunt  
 Of revenge, the poorest pride.  
 He alone forgive that can  
 Bears the true soul of a man.

Some there are debate that seek,  
 Making trouble their content ;  
 Happy if they wrong the meek,  
 Vex them that to peace are bent.  
 Such undo the common tie  
 Of mankind, society.

Kindness grown is lately cold.  
 Conscience hath forgot her part.  
 Blessed times were known of old,  
 Long ere Law became an art.  
 Shame deterred, not statutes, then.  
 Honest love was law to men.

Deeds from love and words that flow  
 Foster like kind April showers ;  
 In the warm sun all things grow,  
 Wholesome fruits and pleasant flowers.  
 All so thrives his gentle rays  
 Whereon human love displays.

xi

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,  
 Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,  
 Than my weary sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast.  
 O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.

Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven's high Paradise.  
 Cold age deafe not there our ears, nor vapour dims our eyes ;  
 Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the blessed only see.  
 O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee.

*xii*

LIFT up to heaven, sad wretch, thy heavy sprite.

What though thy sins thy due destruction threat ?  
The Lord exceeds in mercy as in might.

His ruth is greater, though thy crimes be great.  
Repentance needs not fear the heaven's just rod.  
It stays even thunder in the hand of God.

With cheerful voice to him then cry for grace.

Thy faith and fainting hope with prayer revive.  
Remorse for all that truly mourn hath place.

Not God, but men of him themselves deprive.  
Strive then and he will help. Call him, he'll hear.  
The son needs not the Father's fury fear.

*xiii*

LO, when back my eye  
Pilgrim-like I cast,  
What fearful ways I spy,  
Which blinded I securely passed.

But now heaven hath drawn  
From my brows that night ;  
As when the day doth dawn,  
So clears my long-imprisoned sight.

Straight the caves of hell  
Dressed with flowers I see,  
Wherein false pleasures dwell,  
That winning most, most deadly be.

Throngs of masked fiends  
Winged like angels fly ;  
Even in the gates of friends  
In fair disguise black dangers lie.

Straight to heaven I raised  
My restored sight ;  
And with loud voice I praised  
The Lord of ever-during light.

And since I had strayed  
From his ways so wide,  
His grace I humbly prayed  
Henceforth to be my guard and guide.

*xiv*

AS by the streams of Babylon  
 Far from our native soil we sat,  
 Sweet Sion thee we thought upon,  
 And every thought a tear begat.

Aloft the trees that spring up there  
 Our silent harps we pensive hung.  
 Said they that captived us : Let's hear  
 Some song which you in Sion sung.

Is then the song of our God fit  
 To be profaned in foreign land ?  
 O Salem, thee when I forget,  
 Forget his skill may my right hand.

Fast to the roof cleave may my tongue,  
 If mindless I of thee be found ;  
 Or if when all my joys are sung,  
 Jerusalem be not the ground.

Remember, Lord, how Edom's race  
 Cried in Jerusalem's sad day :  
 Hurl down her walls, her towers deface,  
 And stone by stone all level lay.

Cursed Babel's seed, for Salem's sake  
 Just ruin yet for thee remains.  
 Blest shall they be thy babes that take  
 And 'gainst the stones dash out their brains.

*xv*

SING a song of joy,  
 Praise our God with mirth.  
 His flock who can destroy ?  
 Is he not Lord of heaven and earth ?

Sing we then secure,  
 Tuning well our strings,  
 With voice as echo pure  
 Let us renown the King of kings.

First who taught the day  
 From the East to rise ;  
 Whom doth the sun obey  
 When in the seas his glory dies.

He the stars directs  
 That in order stand.  
 Who heaven and earth protects  
 But he that framed them with his hands ?

Angels round attend,  
 Waiting on his will.  
 Armed millions he doth send  
 To aid the good or plague the ill.

All that dread his name,  
 And his hests observe,  
 His arm will shield from shame,  
 Their steps from truth shall never swerve.

Let us then rejoice,  
 Sounding loud his praise,  
 So will he hear our voice,  
 And bless on earth our peaceful days.

*xvi*

AWAKE, awake, thou heavy sprite,  
 That sleep'st the deadly sleep of sin.  
 Rise now and walk the ways of light,  
 'Tis not too late yet to begin.  
 Seek heaven early, seek it late ;  
 True faith still finds an open gate.

Get up, get up, thou leaden man,  
 Thy tracks to endless joy or pain  
 Yields but the model of a span,  
 Yet burns out thy life's lamp in vain.  
 One minute bounds thy bane or bliss ;  
 Then watch and labour while time is.

*xvii*

COME, cheerful day, part of my life, to me ;  
 For whilst thou view'st me with thy fading light,  
 Part of my life doth still depart with thee,  
 And I still onward haste to my last night.  
 Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly,  
 So every day we live a day we die.

But ye, O nights, ordained for barren rest,  
 How are my days deprived of life in you ;  
 When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossessed  
 By feigned death life sweetly to renew.  
 Part of my life in that you life deny ;  
 So every day we live a day we die.

*xviii*

SEEK the Lord and in his ways persever.  
 O faint not, but as eagles fly,  
 For his steep hill is nigh,  
 Then striving, gain the top and triumph ever.  
 When with glory there thy brows are crowned  
 New joys shall so abound in thee,  
 Such sights thy soul shall see,  
 That worldly thoughts shall by their beams be drowned.  
 Farewell world, thou mass of mere confusion,  
 False light with many shadows dimmed,  
 Old witch with new foils trimmed,  
 Thou deadly sleep of soul and charmed illusion.  
 I the King will seek, of kings adored,  
 Spring of light, tree of grace and bliss,  
 Whose fruit so sovereign is  
 That all who taste it are from death restored.

*xix*

LIGHTEN, heavy heart, thy sprite,  
 The joys recall that thence are fled ;  
 Yield thy breast some living light ;  
 The man that nothing doth is dead.  
 Tune thy temper to these sounds,  
 And quicken so thy joyless mind ;  
 Sloth the worst and best confounds,  
 It is the ruin of mankind.  
 From her cave rise all distastes,  
 Which unresolved despair pursues,  
 Whom soon after violence hastes  
 Herself ungrateful to abuse.  
 Skies are cleared with stirring winds,  
 The unmoved water moorish grows.  
 Every eye much pleasure finds  
 To view a stream that brightly flows.

xx

JACK and Joan they think no ill,  
 But loving live, and merry still ;  
 Do their weekdays' work, and pray  
 Devoutly on the holy day :  
 Skip and trip it on the green,  
 And help to choose the Summer Queen.  
 Lash out at a country feast  
 Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,  
 And tell at large a winter tale.  
 Climb up to the apple loft,  
 And turn the crabs till they be soft.  
 Tib is all the father's joy,  
 And little Tom the mother's boy,  
 And their pleasure is content,  
 And care to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows,  
 And deck her windows with green boughs.  
 She can wreaths and tutties make,  
 And trim with plums a bridal cake.  
 Jack knows what brings gain or loss,  
 And long his flail can stoutly toss ;  
 Make the hedge which others break,  
 And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now you courtly dames and knights,  
 That study only strange delights,  
 Though you scorn the home-spun grey  
 And revel in your rich array,  
 Though your tongues dissemble deep  
 And can your heads from danger keep,  
 Yet for all your pomp and train,  
 Securer lives the silly swain.

xxi

ALL looks be pale, hearts cold as stone,  
 For Hally now is dead and gone.  
     Hally in whose sight,  
     Most sweet sight,  
 All the earth late took delight.  
     Every eye weep with me,  
     Joys drowned in tears must be.

His ivory skin, his comely hair,  
 His rosy cheeks so clear and fair,  
 Eyes that once did grace  
 His bright face,  
 Now in him all want their place.  
 Eyes and hearts weep with me,  
 For who so kind as he ?

His youth was like an April flower,  
 Adorned with beauty, love, and power.  
 Glory strewed his way,  
 Whose wreaths gay  
 Now are all turned to decay.  
 Then again weep with me,  
 None feel more cause than we.

No more may his wished sight return.  
 His golden lamp no more can burn.  
 Quenched is all his flame,  
 His hoped fame  
 Now hath left him nought but name.  
 For him all weep with me,  
 Since more him none shall see.



*The Second Booke of Ayres. Containing Light Conceits of Louers.  
 To be sung to the Lute and Viols, in two and three Parts : or by  
 one Voyce to an Instrument. (Undated.)*

i

VAIN men, whose follies make a god of Love,  
 Whose blindness beauty doth immortal deem,  
 Praise not what you desire but what you prove ;  
 Count those things good that are, not those that seem.  
 I cannot call her true that 's false to me,  
 Nor make of women more than women be.

How fair an entrance breaks the way to love,  
 How rich of golden hope and gay delight.  
 What heart cannot a modest beauty move ?  
 Who seeing clear day once will dream of night ?  
 She seemed a saint that brake her faith with me,  
 But proved a woman, as all other be.



So bitter is their sweet that true content  
 Unhappy men in them may never find.  
 Ah ! but without them none ! Both must consent,  
 Else uncouth are the joys of either kind.  
 Let us then praise their good, forget their ill.  
 Men must be men, and women women still.

*ii*

HOW easily wert thou chained,  
 Fond heart, by favours feigned.  
 Why lived thy hopes in grace  
 Straight to die disdained ?  
 But since thou'rt now beguiled  
 By Love that falsely smiled,  
 In some less happy place  
 Mourn alone exiled.

My love still here increaseth,  
 And with my love my grief ;  
 While her sweet bounty ceaseth  
 That gave my woes relief.  
 Yet 'tis no woman leaves me,  
 For such may prove unjust.  
 A goddess thus deceives me,  
 Whose faith who could mistrust ?

A goddess so much graced,  
 That Paradise is placed  
 In her most heavenly breast,  
 Once by love embraced.  
 But love that so kind proved  
 Is now from her removed,  
 Nor would he longer rest,  
 Where no faith is loved.

If powers celestial wound us,  
 And will not yield relief,  
 Woe then must needs confound us,  
 For none can cure our grief.  
 No wonder if I languish  
 Through burden of my smart,  
 It is no common anguish  
 From Paradise to part.

*iii*

HARDEN now thy tired heart with more than flinty rage ;  
 Ne'er let her false tears henceforth thy constant grief assuage.  
 Once true happy days thou saw'st, when she stood firm and kind ;  
 Both as one then lived, and held one ear, one tongue, one mind.  
 But now those bright hours be fled, and never may return.

What then remains but her untruths to mourn ?

Silly traitress, who shall now thy careless tresses place ?  
 Who thy pretty talk supply ? Whose ear thy music grace ?  
 Who shall thy bright eyes admire ? What lips triumph with thine ?  
 Day by day who'll visit thee, and say : thou'rt only mine ?  
 Such a time there was, God wot, but such shall never be.

Too oft, I fear, thou wilt remember me.

*iv*

O WHAT unhop'd-for sweet supply !  
 O what joys exceeding !  
 What an affecting charm feel I  
 From delight proceeding !  
 That which I long despaired to be,  
 To her I am, and she to me.

She that alone in cloudy grief  
 Long to me appeared,  
 She now alone with bright relief  
 All those clouds hath cleared.  
 Both are immortal and divine,  
 Since I am hers, and she is mine.

*v*

WHERE she her sacred bower adorns  
 The rivers clearly flow,  
 The groves and meadows swell with flowers,  
 The winds all gently blow.  
 Her sun-like beauty shines so fair,  
 Her Spring can never fade ;  
 Who then can blame the life that strives  
 To harbour in her shade ?

Her grace I sought, her love I wooed.  
 Her love though I obtain,  
 No time, no toil, no vow, no faith  
 Her wished grace can gain.

Yet truth can tell my heart is hers,  
And her will I adore ;  
And from that love when I depart,  
Let heaven view me no more.

Her roses with my praise shall spring,  
And when her trees I praise,  
Their boughs shall blossom ; mellow fruit  
Shall straw her pleasant ways.  
The words of hearty zeal have power  
High wonders to effect.  
O why should then her princely ear  
My words or zeal neglect ?

If she my faith misdeems, or worth,  
Woe-worth my hapless fate.  
For though time can my truth reveal,  
That time will come too late.  
And who can glory in the worth  
That cannot yield him grace ?  
Content in everything is not,  
Nor joy in every place.

But from her bower of joy since I  
Must now excluded be,  
And she will not relieve my cares,  
Which none can help but she :  
My comfort in her love shall dwell,  
Her love lodge in my breast,  
And though not in her bower, yet I  
Shall in her temple rest.

*vi*

FAIN would I my love disclose,  
Ask what honour might deny ;  
But both love and her I lose  
From my motion if she fly.  
Worse than pain is fear to me,  
Then hold in fancy though it burn.  
If not happy, safe I'll be,  
And to my cloistered cares return.

Yet, O yet in vain I strive  
 To repress my schooled desire.  
 More and more the flames revive,  
 I consume in mine own fire.  
 She would pity, might she know  
 The harms that I for her endure.  
 Speak then and get comfort so,  
 A wound long hid grows most recure.

Wise she is, and needs must know  
 All th' attempts that beauty moves.  
 Fair she is and honoured so  
 That she sure hath tried some loves.  
 If with love I tempt her then,  
 'Tis but her due to be desired ;  
 What would women think of men  
 If their deserts were not admired ?

Women courted have the hand  
 To discard what they distaste.  
 But those dames whom none demand  
 Want oft what their wills embraced.  
 Could their firmness iron excel,  
 As they are fair, they should be sought.  
 When true thieves use falsehood well,  
 As they are wise they will be caught.

*vii*

GIVE beauty all her right.  
 She 's not to one form tied.  
 Each shape yields fair delight,  
 Where her perfections bide.  
 Helen I grant might pleasing be,  
 And Rosamund was as sweet as she.

Some the quick eye commends,  
 Some smelling lips and red ;  
 Pale looks have many friends,  
 Through sacred sweetness bred.  
 Meadows have flowers that pleasure move,  
 Though roses are the flowers of love.

Free beauty is bound  
 To one unmoved clime.  
 She visits every ground,  
 And favours every time.  
 Let the old loves with mine compare,  
 My sovereign is as sweet and fair.

*viii*

O, DEAR, that I with thee might live  
 From human trace removed ;  
 Where jealous care might neither grieve,  
 Yet each dote on their loved.  
 While fond fear may colour find, love 's seldom pleased,  
 But much like a sick man's rest, it 's soon diseased.

Why should our minds not mingle so,  
 When love and faith is plighted,  
 That either might the other know,  
 Alike in all delighted ?  
 Why should frailty breed suspect when hearts are fixed ?  
 Must all human joys of force with grief be mixed ?

How oft have we even smiled in tears,  
 Our fond mistrust repenting !  
 As snow when heavenly fire appears,  
 So melts love's hate relenting.  
 Vexed kindness soon falls off and soon returneth :  
 Such a flame the more you quench, the more it burneth.

*ix*

GOOD men, show if you can tell,  
 Where doth human pity dwell.  
 Far and near her would I seek,  
 So vexed with sorrow is my breast.  
 She, they say, to all is meek,  
 And only makes the unhappy blest.

O if such a saint there be,  
 Some hope yet remains for me.  
 Prayer or sacrifice may gain  
 From her implored grace relief  
 To release me of my pain,  
 Or at the least to ease my grief.

Young am I, and far from guile,  
 The more is my woe the while.  
 Falsehood with a smooth disguise  
     My simple meaning hath abused,  
 Casting mists before mine eyes,  
     By which my senses are confused.

Fair he is, who vowed to me  
 That he only mine would be.  
 But, alas, his mind is caught  
     With every gaudy bait he sees ;  
 And too late my flame is taught  
     That too much kindness makes men freeze.

From me all my friends are gone,  
 While I pine for him alone.  
 And not one will rue my case,  
     But rather my distress deride,  
 That I think there is no place  
     Where pity ever yet did bide.

x

WHAT harvest half so sweet is  
 As still to reap the kisses  
     Grown ripe in sowing ;  
 And straight to be receiver  
 Of that which thou art giver,  
     Rich in bestowing ?  
 Kiss then, my harvest Queen,  
     Full garners heaping.  
 Kisses, ripest when they're green,  
     Want only reaping.

The dove alone expresses  
 Her fervency in kisses.  
     Of all most loving,  
 A creature as offenceless  
 As those things that are senseless  
     And void of moving.  
 Let us so love and kiss,  
     Though all envy us ;  
 That which kind and harmless is,  
     None can deny us.

*xi*

SWEET, exclude me not, nor be divided  
 From him that ere long must bed thee.  
 All thy maiden doubts law hath decided ;  
 Sure we are, and I must wed thee.  
 Presume then yet a little more,  
 Here 's the way, bar not the door.

Tenants to fulfil their landlord's pleasure  
 Pay their rent before the quarter.  
 'Tis my case, if you it rightly measure.  
 Put me not then off with laughter.  
 Consider then a little more.  
 Here 's the way to all my store.

Why were doors in love's despite devised ?  
 Are not laws enough restraining ?  
 Women are most apt to be surprised  
 Sleeping, or sleep wisely feigning.  
 Then grace me yet a little more.  
 Here 's the way, bar not the door.

*xii*

THE peaceful western wind  
 The winter's storms hath tamed ;  
 And Nature in each kind  
 The kind heat hath inflamed.  
 The forward buds so sweetly breathe  
 Out of their earthy bowers,  
 That heaven, which views their pomp beneath,  
 Would fain be decked with flowers.

See how the morning smiles  
 On her bright eastern hill ;  
 And with soft step beguiles  
 Them that lie slumbering still.  
 The music-loving birds are come  
 From cliffs and rocks unknown  
 To see the trees and briars bloom,  
 That late were over-flown.

What Saturn did destroy,  
 Love's queen revives again ;  
 And now her naked boy  
 Doth in the fields remain,

Where he such pleasing change doth view  
 In every living thing,  
 As if the world were born anew  
 To gratify the Spring.  
 If all things life present,  
 Why die my comforts then ?  
 Why suffers my content ?  
 Am I the worst of men ?  
 O Beauty, be not thou accused  
 Too justly in this case ;  
 Unkindly if true love be used,  
 'Twill yield thee little grace.

*xiii*

THERE is none, O none but you,  
 That from me estrange your sight,  
 Whom mine eyes affect to view,  
 Or chained ears hear with delight.  
 Other beauties others move,  
 In you I all graces find.  
 Such is the effect of love  
 To make them happy that are kind.  
 Women in frail beauty trust.  
 Only seem you fair to me ;  
 Yet prove truly kind and just,  
 For that may not dissembled be.  
 Sweet, afford me then your sight ;  
 That, surveying all your looks,  
 Endless volumes I may write,  
 And fill the world with envied books,  
 Which when after ages view,  
 All shall wonder and despair :  
 Woman to find man so true,  
 Or man a woman half so fair.

*xiv*

PINED I am, and like to die,  
 And all for lack of that which I  
 Do every day refuse.  
 If I musing sit, or stand,  
 Some puts it daily in my hand  
 To interrupt my muse.  
 The same thing I seek and fly,  
 And want that which none would deny.



In my bed, when I should rest,  
 It breeds such trouble in my breast  
     That scarce mine eyes will close.  
 If I sleep, it seems to be  
 Oft playing in the bed with me,  
     But, waked, away it goes.  
 'Tis some spirit sure I ween,  
 And yet it may be felt and seen.

Would I had the heart and wit  
 To make it stand, and conjure it  
     That haunts me thus with fear.  
 Doubtless 'tis some harmless sprite,  
 For it by day as well as night  
     Is ready to appear.  
 Be it friend or be it foe,  
 Ere long I'll try what it will do.

*xv*

SO many loves have I neglected,  
 Whose good parts might move me,  
 That now I live of all rejected,  
 There is none will love me.  
 Why is maiden heat so coy?  
 It freezeth when it burneth,  
 Loseth what it might enjoy,  
 And having lost it, mourneth.

Should I then woo, that have been wooed,  
 Seeking them that fly me?  
 When I my faith with tears have vowed,  
 And when all deny me?  
 Who will pity my disgrace  
 Which love might have prevented?  
 There is no submission base,  
 Where error is repented.

O happy men, whose hopes are licensed  
 To discourse their passion,  
 While women are confined to silence,  
 Losing wished occasion.  
 Yet our tongues than theirs, men say,  
 Are apter to be moving.  
 Women are more dumb than they,  
 But in their thoughts more roving.

When I compare my former strangeness  
 With my present doting,  
 I pity men that speak in plainness,  
 Their true hearts devoting.  
 While we with repentance jest  
 At their submissive passion,  
 Maids, I see, are never blest  
 That strange be but for fashion.

*xvi*

THOUGH your strangeness frets my heart,  
 Yet may not I complain.  
 You persuade me 'tis but art  
 That secret love must feign.  
 If another you affect,  
 'Tis but a show to avoid suspect.  
 Is this fair excusing?  
 O no, all is abusing.

Your wished sight if I desire,  
 Suspicious you pretend.  
 Causeless you yourself retire,  
 While I in vain attend.  
 This a lover whets, you say,  
 Still made more eager by delay.  
 Is this fair excusing?  
 O no, all is abusing.

When another holds your hand,  
 You swear I hold your heart.  
 When my rivals close do stand,  
 And I sit far apart,  
 I am nearer yet than they,  
 Hid in your bosom, as you say.  
 Is this fair excusing?  
 O no, all is abusing.

Would my rival then I were,  
 Some else your secret friend.  
 So much lesser should I fear,  
 And not so much attend.  
 They enjoy you every one,  
 Yet I must seem your friend alone.  
 Is this fair excusing?  
 O'no, all is abusing.

*xvii*

COME away, armed with love's delights,  
 Thy spriteful graces bring with thee ;  
 When love's longing sights  
 They must the sticklers be.

Come quickly, come ! The promised hour's well nigh spent,  
 And pleasure being too much deferred, loseth her best content.

Is she come ? O how near is she ?  
 How far yet from this friendly place ?  
 How many steps from me ?  
 When shall I her embrace ?

These arms I'll spread, which only at her sight shall close,  
 Attending as the starrý flower that the sun's noontide knows.

*xviii*

COME, you pretty false-eyed wanton,  
 Leave your crafty smiling.  
 Think you to escape me now  
 With slippery words beguiling ?  
 No, you mocked me the other day,  
 When you got loose, you fled away.  
 But since I have caught you now,  
 I'll clip your wings for flying ;  
 Smothering kisses fast I'll heap,  
 And keep you so from crying.

Sooner may you count the stars,  
 And number hail down-pouring,  
 Tell the osiers of the Thames,  
 Or Goodwin's Sands devouring,  
 Than the thick-showered kisses here,  
 Which now thy tired lips must bear.  
 Such a harvest never was,  
 So rich and full of pleasure.  
 But 'tis spent as soon as reaped,  
 So trustless is love's treasure.

Would it were dumb midnight now,  
 When all the world lies sleeping.  
 Would this place some desert were,  
 Which no man hath in keeping.

My desires should then be safe,  
 And when you cried, then would I laugh.  
 But if ought might breed offence,  
     Love only should be blamed.  
 I would live your servant still,  
 And you my saint unnamed.

*xix*

A SECRET love or two, I must confess,  
 I kindly welcome for change in close playing.  
 Yet my dear husband I love ne'er the less,  
     His desires, whole or half, quickly allaying,  
 At all times ready to offer redress.  
     His own he never wants but hath it duly,  
 Yet twits me I keep not touch with him truly.

The more a spring is drawn, the more it flows.  
 No lamp less light retains by lightening others.  
 Is he a loser his loss that never knows?  
 Or is he wealthy that waste treasure smothers?  
 My churl vows no man shall scent his sweet rose.  
     His own enough and more I give him duly,  
 Yet still he twits me I keep not touch truly.

Wise archers bear more than one shaft to field.  
 The venturer loads not with one ware his shipping.  
 Should warriors learn but one weapon to wield?  
 Or thrive fair plants e'er the worse for the slipping?  
 One dish cloy, many fresh appetite yield.  
     Mine own I'll use, and his he shall have duly.  
 Judge then what debtor can keep touch more truly.

*xx*

HER rosy cheeks, her ever-smiling eyes,  
 Are spheres and beds where love in triumph lies.  
 Her rubine lips, when their pearl unlock,  
     Make them seem as they did rise  
     All out of one smooth coral rock.  
 O that of other creatures' store I knew  
     More worthy and more rare;  
 For these are old, and she so new,  
     That her to them none should compare.

O could she love, would she but hear a friend,  
 Or that she only knew what sighs pretend !  
 Her looks inflame, yet cold as ice is she.  
     Do or speak, all 's to one end ;  
     For what she is, that will she be.  
 Yet will I never cease her praise to sing,  
     Though she gives no regard ;  
     For they that grace a worthless thing  
     Are only greedy of reward.

xxi

WHERE shall I a refuge seek, if you refuse me ?  
 In you my hope, in you my fortune lies,  
 In you my life ; though you unjust accuse me,  
     My service scorn, and merit underprise.  
 O bitter grief, that exile is become  
 Reward for faith, and pity deaf and dumb !

Why should my firmness find a fear so wavering ?  
 My simple vows, my love you entertained,  
 Without desert the same again disfavouring ;  
     Yet I my word and passion hold unstained.  
 O wretched me, that my chief joy should breed  
 My only grief, and kindness pity need !

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*The Third Booke Of Ayres : Composed . . . So as they may be  
 expressed by one Voyce, with a Violl, Lute, or Orpharion.  
 (Undated.)*

i

OFT have I sighed for him that hears me not,  
 Who, absent, hath both love and me forgot.  
 O yet I languish still through his delay.  
 Days seem as years when wished friends break their day.

Had he but loved as common lovers use,  
 His faithless stay some kindness would excuse.  
 O yet I languish still, still constant mourn  
 For him that can break vows but not return.

*ii*

NOW let her change and spare not.  
 Since she proves strange, I care not.  
 Feigned love charmed so my delight,  
 That still I doted on her sight.  
 But she is gone, new joys embracing;  
 And my desires disgracing.

When did I err in blindness,  
 Or vex her with unkindness ?  
 If my cares served her alone,  
 Why is she thus untimely gone ?  
 True love abides to the hour of dying.  
 False love is ever flying.

False, then farewell for ever.  
 Once false proves faithful never.  
 He that boasts now of thy love  
 Shall soon my present fortunes prove.  
 Were he as fair as bright Adonis,  
 Faith is not had where none is.

*iii*

WERE my heart as some men's are,  
 Thy errors would not move me ;  
 But thy faults I curious find,  
 And speak because I love thee.  
 Patience is a thing divine,  
 And far, I grant, above me.

Foes sometimes befriend us more,  
 Our blacker deeds objecting,  
 Than the obsequious bosom guest  
 With false respect affecting.  
 Friendship is the glass of Truth,  
 Our hidden stains detecting.

While I use of eyes enjoy  
 And inward light of reason,  
 Thy observer will I be,  
 And censor, but in season.  
 Hidden mischief to conceal  
 In State and Love is treason.

*iv*

MAIDS are simple, some men say.  
 They forsooth will trust no men.  
 But should they men's wills obey,  
 Maids were very simple then.

Truth a rare flower now is grown,  
 Few men wear it in their hearts.  
 Lovers are more easily known  
 By their follies than deserts.

Safer may we credit give  
 To a faithless wandering Jew,  
 Than a young man's vōws believe,  
 When he swears his love is true.

Love they make a poor blind child,  
 But let none trust such as he.  
 Rather than to be beguiled  
 Ever let me simple be.

*v*

SO tired are all my thoughts that sense and spirits fail.  
 Mourning I pine, and know not what I ail.  
 O what can yield ease to a mind,  
 Joy in nothing that can find ?

How are my powers forespoke ? What strange distaste is this ?  
 Hence cruel hate of that which sweetest is !  
 Come, come, delight, make my dull brain  
 Feel once more heat of love again.

The lover's tears are sweet, their mover makes them so.  
 Proud of a wound the bleeding soldiers grow.  
 Poor I alone, dreaming, endure  
 Grief that knows no cause nor cure.

And whence can all this grow ? Even from an idle mind  
 That no delight in any good can find.  
 Action alone makes the soul blest.  
 Virtue dies with too much rest.

*vi*

WHY presumes thy pride on that that must so private be,  
 Scarce that it can good be called, though it seems best to thee  
 Best of all that Nature framed, or curious eye can see ?

'Tis thy beauty, foolish maid, that like a blossom grows,  
 Which who views no more enjoys than on a bush a rose,  
 That by many's handling fades, and thou art one of those.

If to one thou shalt prove true and all beside reject,  
 Then thou art but one man's good, which yields a poor effect,  
 For the commonest good by far deserves the best respect.

But if for this goodness thou thyself wilt common make,  
 Thou art then not good at all. So thou canst no way take  
 But to prove the meanest good, or else all good forsake.

Be not then of beauty proud, but so her colours bear  
 That they prove not stains to her that them for grace should  
     wear ;  
 So shalt thou to all more fair than thou wert born appear.

*vii*

KIND are her answers,  
 But her performance keeps no day ;  
     Breaks time, as dancers  
 From their own music when they stray.  
     All her free favours  
 And smooth words wing my hopes in vain.  
 O did ever voice so sweet but only feign ?  
 Can true love yield such delay,  
     Converting joy to pain ?

Lost is our freedom  
 When we submit to women so.  
     Why do we need them  
 When in their best they work our woe ?  
     There is no wisdom  
 Can alter ends by Fate prefixed.  
 O why is the good of man with evil mixed ?  
 Never were days yet called two,  
     But one night went betwixt.



*viii*

O GRIEF, O spite, to see poor Virtue scorned,  
 Truth far exiled, false Art loved, Vice adored,  
 Free Justice sold, worst causes best adorned,  
 Right cast by Power, Pity in vain implored.  
 O who in such an age could wish to live,  
 When none can have or hold but such as give ?

O times, O men, to Nature rebels grown,  
 Poor in desert, in name rich, proud of shame ;  
 Wise but in ill, your styles are not your own ;  
 Though dearly bought, honour is honest fame.  
 Old stories only goodness now contain,  
 And the true wisdom that is just and plain.

*ix*

O NEVER to be moved,  
 O beauty unrelenting !  
 Hard heart, too dearly loved,  
 Fond love, too late repenting !  
 Why did I dream of too much bliss ?  
 Deceitful hope was cause of this.  
 O hear me speak this and no more :  
 Live you in joy, while I my woes deplore.  
 All comforts despaired,  
 Distaste your bitter scorning.  
 Great sorrows unrepaired  
 Admit no mean in mourning.  
 Die, wretch, since hope from thee is fled.  
 He that must die is better dead.  
 O dear delight, yet ere I die  
 Some pity show, though you relief deny.

*x*

BREAK now, my heart, and die. O no, she may relent.  
 Let my despair prevail. O stay, hope is not spent.  
 Should she now fix one smile on thee, where were despair ?  
 The loss is but easy which smiles can repair ;  
 A stranger would please thee if she were as fair.  
 Her must I love or none, so sweet none breathes as she.  
 The more is my despair, Alas, she loves not me.  
 But cannot Time make way for Love through ribs of steel ?  
 The Grecian enchanted all parts but the heel,  
 At last a shaft daunted which his heart did feel.

*xi*

IF Love loves Truth, then women do not love.  
 Their passions all are but dissembled shows.  
 Now kind and free of favour if they prove,  
 Their kindness straight a tempest overthrows.  
 Then as a seaman the poor lover fares ;  
 The storm drowns him ere he can drown his cares.

But why accuse I women that deceive ?  
 Blame then the foxes for their subtle wile.  
 They first from Nature did their craft receive ;  
 It is a woman's nature to beguile.  
 Yet some I grant in loving steadfast grow ;  
 But such by Use are made, not Nature, so.

O why had Nature power at once to frame  
 Deceit and Beauty, traitors both to Love !  
 O would Deceit had died when Beauty came  
 With her divineness every heart to move !  
 Yet do we rather wish, whate'er befall,  
 To have fair women false than none at all.

*xii*

NOW winter's nights enlarge  
 The number of their hours,  
 And clouds their storms discharge  
 Upon the airy towers.  
 Let now the chimneys blaze,  
 And cups o'erflow with wine.  
 Let well-tuned words amaze  
 With harmony divine.  
 Now yellow waxen lights  
 Shall wait in honey love,  
 While youthful revels, masks, and courtly sights  
 Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense  
 With lovers' long discourse.  
 Much speech hath some defence  
 Though beauty no remorse.  
 All do not all things well :  
 Some measures comely tread,  
 Some knotted riddles tell,  
 Some poems smoothly read.

The Summer hath his joys,  
 And Winter his delights.  
 Though Love and all his pleasures are but toys,  
 They shorten tedious nights.

*xiii*

AWAKE, thou spring of speaking grace, mute rest becomes not thee.

The fairest women, while they sleep, and pictures, equal be.

O come and dwell in love's discourses,

Old renewing, new creating.

The words which thy rich tongue discourses

Are not of the common rating.

Thy voice is as an echo clear, which music doth beget ;

Thy speech is as an oracle which none can counterfeit.

For thou alone, without offending,

Hast obtained power of enchanting ;

And I could hear thee without ending,

Other comfort never wanting.

Some little reason brutish lives with human glory share ;

But language is our proper grace, from which they severed are.

As brutes in reason man surpasses,

Men in speech excel each other.

If speech be then the best of graces,

Do it not in slumber smother.

*xiv*

WHAT is it all that men possess, among themselves conversing ?

Wealth or Fame or some such boast scarce worthy the rehearsing.

Women only are men's good, with them in love conversing.

If weary, they prepare us rest ; if sick, their hand attends us.

When with grief our hearts are pressed, their comfort best  
 befriends us.

Sweet or sour, they willing go to share what Fortune sends us.

What pretty babes with pain they bear, our name and form  
 presenting.

What we get, how wise they keep ; by sparing, wants preventing.

Sorting all their household cares to our observed contenting.

All this of whose large use I sing in two words is expressed :

' Good wife ' is the good I praise, if by good men possessed.

Bad with bad in ill suit well, but good with good live blessed.

*xv*

FIRE that must flame is with apt fuel fed.  
 Flowers that will thrive in sunny soil are bred.  
 How can a heart feel heat that no hope finds ?  
 Or can he love on whom no comfort shines ?

Fair, I confess there 's pleasure in your sight.  
 Sweet, you have power, I grant, of all delight.  
 But what is all to me if I have none ?  
 Churl that you are to enjoy such wealth alone.

Prayers move the heavens but find no grace with you,  
 Yet in your looks a heavenly form I view.  
 Then will I pray again, hoping to find,  
 As well as in your looks, heaven in your mind.

Saint of my heart, Queen of my life and love,  
 O let my vows thy loving spirit move !  
 Let me no longer mourn through thy disdain,  
 But with one touch of grace cure all my pain.

*xvi*

IF thou long'st so much to learn, sweet boy, what 'tis to love,  
 Do but fix thy thought on me, and thou shalt quickly prove.

Little suit at first shall win  
 Way to thy abashed desire ;  
 But then will I hedge thee in,  
 Salamander-like, with fire.

With thee dance I will and sing, and thy fond dalliance bear ;  
 We the grovy hills will climb and play the wantons there.

Otherwhiles we'll gather flowers,  
 Lying dallying on the grass,  
 And thus our delightful hours  
 Full of waking dreams shall pass.

When thy joys were thus at height my love should turn from  
 thee ;

Old acquaintance then should grow as strange as strange might  
 be ;

Twenty rivals thou should'st find  
 Breaking all their hearts for me ;  
 When to all I'll prove more kind  
 And more forward than to thee.

Thus thy silly youth enraged would soon my love defy.  
 But alas, poor soul, too late ; clipped wings can never fly.  
     Those sweet hours which we had passed,  
     Called to mind thy heart would burn ;  
 And could'st thou fly ne'er so fast,  
     They would make thee straight return.

*xvii*

SHALL I come, sweet love, to thee  
     When the evening beams are set ?  
 Shall I not excluded be ?  
     Will you find no feigned let ?  
 Let me not, for pity, more  
 Tell the long hours at your door.

Who can tell what thief or foe  
     In the covert of the night  
 For his prey will work my woe,  
     Or through wicked foul despite ?  
 So may I die unredressed,  
 Ere my long love be possessed.

But to let such dangers pass,  
     Which a lover's thoughts disdain,  
 'Tis enough in such a place  
     To attend Love's joys in vain.  
 Do not mock me in thy bed,  
 While these cold nights freeze me dead.

*xviii*

THRICE toss these oaken ashes in the air.  
 Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair.  
 Then thrice three times tie up this true love's knot,  
 And murmur soft : She will, or she will not.

Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,  
 These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling briar,  
 This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave,  
 That all thy fears and cares an end may have.

Then come, you fairies, dance with me a round ;  
 Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound.  
 In vain are all the charms I can devise ;  
 She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

*xix*

BE thou then my beauty named,  
 Since thy will is to be mine.  
 For by that am I inflamed,  
 Which on all alike doth shine.  
 Others may the light admire,  
 I only truly feel the fire.

But if lofty titles move thee,  
 Challenge then a sovereign's place.  
 Say I honour when I love thee,  
 Let me call thy kindness grace.  
 State and love things diverse be,  
 Yet will we teach them to agree.

Or if this be not sufficing,  
 Be thou styled my goddess then ;  
 I will love thee, sacrificing,  
 In thine honour hymns I'll pen.  
 To be thine, what canst thou more ?  
 I'll love thee, serve thee, and adore.

*xx*

FIRE ! Fire ! Fire ! Fire !  
 Lo, here I burn in such desire,  
 That all the tears that I can strain  
 Out of mine idle empty brain  
 Cannot allay my scorching pain.  
 Come Trent and Humber and fair Thames,  
 Dread Ocean haste with all thy streams,  
 And if you cannot quench my fire,  
 O drown both me and my desire !

Fire ! Fire ! Fire ! Fire !  
 There is no hell to my desire.  
 See all the rivers backward fly,  
 And the Ocean doth his waves deny,  
 For fear my heat should drink them dry.  
 Come heavenly showers then pouring down,  
 Come you that once the world did drown.  
 Some then you spared, but now save all  
 That else must burn and with me fall.

*xxi*

O SWEET delight, O more than human bliss,  
 With her to love that ever loving is !  
 To hear her speak whose words so well are placed,  
 That she by them, as they in her, are graced ;  
 Those looks to view that feast the viewer's eye,  
 How blest is he that so may live and die !

Such love as this the golden times did know,  
 When all did reap, yet none took care to sow.  
 Such love as this an endless summer makes,  
 And all distaste from frail affection takes.  
 So loved, so blest in my beloved am I,  
 Which till their eyes ache, let iron men envy.

*xxii*

THUS I resolve, and time hath taught me so,  
 Since she is fair and ever kind to me,  
 Though she be wild and wanton-like in show,  
 Those little stains in youth I will not see.  
 That she be constant, heaven I oft implore.  
 If prayers prevail not, I can do no more.

Palm-tree the more you press, the more it grows ;  
 Leave it alone, it will not much exceed.  
 Free beauty, if you strive to yoke, you lose,  
 And for affection strange distaste you breed.  
 What Nature hath not taught, no art can frame.  
 Wild-born be wild still, though by force made tame.

*xxiii*

COME, O come, my life's delight,  
 Let me not in languor pine.  
 Love loves no delay ; thy sight  
 The more enjoyed the more divine.  
 O come, O come, and take from me  
 The pain of being deprived of thee.  
 Thou all sweetness dost enclose  
 Like a little world of bliss.  
 Beauty guards thy looks. The rose  
 In them pure and eternal is.  
 Come then, come then, and make thy flight  
 As swift to me as heavenly light.

*xxiv*

COULD my heart more tongues employ  
 Than it harbours thoughts of grief ;  
 It is now so far from joy  
 That it scarce could ask relief.  
 Truest hearts by deeds unkind  
 To despair are most inclined.

Happy minds that can redeem  
 Their engagements how they please,  
 That no joys or hopes esteem  
 Half so precious as their ease.  
 Wisdom should prepare men so  
 As if they did all foreknow.

Yet no art or caution can  
 Grown affections easily change.  
 Use is such a lord of man  
 That he brooks worst what is strange.  
 Better never to be blest  
 Than to lose all at the best.

*xxv*

SLEEP, angry Beauty, sleep, and fear not me.  
 For who a sleeping lion dares provoke ?  
 It shall suffice me here to sit and see  
 Those lips shut up that never kindly spoke.  
 What sight can more content a lover's mind  
 Than beauty seeming harmless, if not kind ?

My words have charmed her, for secure she sleeps,  
 Though guilty much of wrong done to my love.  
 And in her slumber, see, she close-eyed weeps.  
 Dreams often more than waking passions move.  
 Plead, Sleep, my cause, and make her soft like thee,  
 That she in peace may wake, and pity me.

*xxvi*

SILLY boy, 'tis full moon yet, thy night as day shines clearly.  
 Had thy youth but wit to fear, thou couldst not love so dearly.  
 Shortly wilt thou mourn when all thy pleasures are bereaved ;  
 Little knows he how to love that never was deceived.



This is thy first maiden flame that triumphs yet unstained.  
 All is artless now you speak, not one word yet is feigned.  
 All is heaven that you behold, and all your thoughts are blessed.  
 But now no Spring can want his Fall, each Troilus hath his  
 Cressid.

Thy well-ordered locks ere long shall rudely hang neglected ;  
 And thy lively pleasant cheer read grief on earth dejected.  
 Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint, that made thy heart so  
 holy ;

And with sighs confess in love that too much faith is folly.

Yet be just and constant still, Love may beget a wonder,  
 Not unlike a Summer's frost, or Winter's fatal thunder.  
 He that holds his sweetheart true unto his day of dying,  
 Lives of all that ever breathed most worthy the envying.

*xxvii*

NEVER love unless you can  
 Bear with all the faults of man.  
 Men sometimes will jealous be,  
 Though but little cause they see,  
 And hang the head as discontent,  
 And speak what straight they will repent.

Men that but one saint adore  
 Make a show of love to more.  
 Beauty must be scorned in none,  
 Though but truly served in one.  
 For what is courtship but disguise ?  
 True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men when their affairs require  
 Must awhile themselves retire ;  
 Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,  
 And not ever sit and talk.  
 If these and such like you can bear,  
 Then like and love and never fear.

*xxviii*

SO quick, so hot, so mad is thy fond suit,  
 So rude, so tedious grown in urging me,  
 That fain I would with loss make thy tongue mute,  
 And yield some little grace to quiet thee.  
 An hour with thee I care not to converse,  
 For I would not be counted too perverse.

But roofs too hot would prove for men all fire ;  
 And hills too high for my unused pace.  
 The grove is charged with thorns and the bold briar ;  
 Gray snakes the meadows shroud in every place.  
 A yellow frog, alas, will fright me so  
 As I should start and tremble as I go.  
 Since then I can on earth no fit room find,  
 In heaven I am resolved with you to meet.  
 Till then for hope's sweet sake rest your tired mind,  
 And not so much as see me in the street.  
 A heavenly meeting one day we shall have,  
 But never, as you dream, in bed or grave.

## xxix

SHALL I then hope when faith is fled ?  
 Can I seek love when hope is gone ?  
 Or can I live when love is dead ?  
 Poorly he lives that can love none.  
 Her vows are broke, and I am free,  
 She lost her faith in losing me.  
 When I compare mine own events,  
 When I weigh others' like annoy,  
 All do but heap up discontents  
 That on a beauty build their joy.  
 Thus I of all complain, since she  
 All faith hath lost in losing me.  
 So my dear freedom have I gained  
 Through her unkindness and disgrace.  
 Yet could I ever live enchained,  
 As she my service did embrace.  
 But she is changed, and I am free.  
 Faith failing her, love died in me.

~~~~~  
*The Fourth Booke Of Ayres : Composed . . . So as they may be expressed by one Voyce, with a Violl, Lute, or Orpharion. (Undated.)*

## i

LEAVE prolonging thy distress ;  
 All delays afflict the dying.  
 Many lost sighs long I spent,  
 To her for mercy crying.  
 But now, vain mourning, cease,  
 I'll die, and mine own griefs release.

Thus departing from this light  
 To those shades that end all sorrow,  
 Yet a small time of complaint,  
 A little breath I'll borrow.  
 To tell my once delight  
 I die alone through her despite.

*ii*

RESPECT my faith, regard my service past ;  
 The hope you winged, call home to you at last.  
 Great prize it is that I in you shall gain,  
 So great for you hath been my loss and pain.  
 My wits I spent, and time, for you alone,  
 Observing you and losing all for one.

Some raised to rich estates in this time are,  
 That held their hopes to mine inferior far.  
 Such scoffing me or pitying me say thus :  
 Had he not loved, he might have lived like us.  
 O then, dear sweet, for love and pity's sake  
 My faith reward, and from me scandal take.

*iii*

THOU joyest, fond boy, to be by many loved,  
 To have thy beauty of most dames approved.  
 For this dost thou thy native worth disguise,  
 And playest the sycophant to observe their eyes.  
 Thy glass thou counsel'st more to adorn thy skin,  
 That first should school thee to be fair within.

'Tis childish to be caught with pearl or amber,  
 And woman-like too much to cloy the chamber.  
 Youths should the field affect, heat their rough steeds,  
 Their hardened nerves to fit for better deeds.  
 Is't not more joy strongholds to force with swords  
 Than women's weakness take with looks or words ?

Men that do noble things all purchase glory.  
 One man for one brave act hath proved a story.  
 But if that one ten thousand dames o'ercame,  
 Who would record it if not to his shame ?  
 'Tis far more conquest with one to live true,  
 Than every hour to triumph, lord of new.

*iv*

VEIL, Love, mine eyes. O hide from me  
 The plagues that charge the curious mind.  
 If beauty private will not be,  
 Suffice it yet that she proves kind.  
 Who can usurp heaven's light alone ?  
 Stars were not made to shine on one.

Griefs past recure fools try to heal,  
 That greater harms on less inflict.  
 The pure offend by too much zeal ;  
 Affection should not be too strict.  
 He that a true embrace will find,  
 To beauty's faults must still be blind.

*v*

EVERY dame affects good fame, whate'er her doings be ;  
 But true praise is Virtue's bays, which none may wear but she.  
 Borrowed guise fits not the wise ; a simple task is best ;  
 Native grace becomes a face, though ne'er so rudely dressed.  
 Now such new-found toys are sold these women to disguise,  
 That before the year grows old the newest fashion dies.

Dames of yore contended more in goodness to exceed,  
 Than in pride to be envied for that which least they need.  
 Little lawn then served the Pawn, if pawn at all there were.  
 Homespun thread and household bread then held out all the year.  
 But the attires of women now wear out both house and land,  
 That the wives in silks may flow, at ebb the goodmen stand.

Once again, Astraea, then from heaven to earth descend,  
 And vouchsafe in their behalf these errors to amend.  
 Aid from heaven must make all even, things are so out of frame ;  
 For let man strive all he can, he needs must please his dame.  
 Happy man content that gives, and what he gives enjoys.  
 Happy dame content that lives, and breaks no sleep for toys.

*vi*

SO sweet is thy discourse to me,  
 And so delightful is thy sight,  
 As I taste nothing right but thee.  
 O why invented Nature light ?  
 Was it alone for beauty's sake,  
 That her graced words might better take ?

No more can I old joys recall,  
 They now to me become unknown,  
 Not seeming to have been at all.  
 Alas, how soon is this love grown  
 To such a spreading height in me,  
 As with it all must shadowed be.

*vii*

THERE is a garden in her face,  
 Where roses and white lilies grow ;  
 A heavenly paradise is that place,  
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.  
 There cherries grow that none may buy,  
 Till 'cherry-ripe' themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose  
 Of orient pearl a double row,  
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,  
 They look like rosebuds filled with snow.  
 Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,  
 Till 'cherry-ripe' themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;  
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,  
 Threatening with piercing frowns to kill  
 All that attempt with eye or hand  
 Those sacred cherries to come nigh,  
 Till 'cherry-ripe' themselves do cry.

*viii*

TO his sweet lute Apollo sung the motions of the spheres,  
 The wondrous order of the stars whose course divides the years,  
 And all the mysteries above.  
 But none of this could Midas move,  
 Which purchased him his ass's ears.

Then Pan with his rude pipe began the country-wealth to advance,  
 To boast of cattle, flocks of sheep, and goats on hills that dance,  
 With much more of this childish kind,  
 That quite transported Midas' mind,  
 And held him wrapped as in a trance.

This wrong the God of Music scorned from such a sottish judge,  
And bent his angry bow at Pan, which made the piper trudge.

Then Midas' head he did so trim,  
That every age yet talks of him  
And Phoebus' right-revenged grudge.

## ix

YOUNG and simple though I am,  
I have heard of Cupid's name.  
Guess I can what thing it is,  
Men desire when they do kiss.  
Smoke can never burn they say,  
But the flames that follow may.

I am not so foul or fair  
To be proud, nor to despair.  
Guess I can what thing it is,  
Men desire when they do kiss.  
Smoke can never burn they say,  
But the flames that follow may.

Faith, 'tis but a foolish mind.  
Yet methinks a heat I find,  
Like thirst longing that doth bide  
Ever on my weaker side,  
Where they say my heart doth move.  
Venus, grant it be not love !

If it be, alas, what then ?  
Were not women made for men ?  
As good 'twere a thing were past,  
That must needs be done at last.  
Roses that are overblown  
Grow less sweet, then fall alone.

Yet nor churl nor silken gull  
Shall my maiden blossom pull.  
Who shall not, I soon can tell ;  
Who shall, would I could as well !  
This I know, who'er he be,  
Love he must or flatter me.

*x*

LOVE me or not, love her I must, or die.  
 Leave me or not, follow her needs must I.  
 O that her grace would my wished comforts give !  
 How rich in her, how happy should I live.

All my desire, all my delight should be  
 Her to enjoy, her to unite to me.  
 Envy should cease, her would I love alone ;  
 Who loves by looks is seldom true to one.

Could I enchant, and that it lawful were,  
 Her would I charm softly that none should hear.  
 But love enforced rarely yields firm content,  
 So would I love that neither should repent.

*xi*

WHAT means this folly now to brave it so,  
 And then to use submission ?  
 Is that a friend that straight can play the foe ?  
 Who loves on such condition ?

Though briars breed roses, none the briar affect,  
 But with the flower are pleased.  
 Love only loves delight and soft respect,  
 He must not be diseased.

These thorny passions spring from barren breasts,  
 Or such as need much weeding.  
 Love only loves delight and soft respect  
 But sends them not home bleeding.

Command thy humour, strive to give content,  
 And shame not love's profession.  
 Of kindness never any could repent,  
 That made choice with discretion.

*xii*

DEAR, if I with guile would guild a true intent,  
 Heaping flatteries that in heart were never meant,  
 Easily could I then obtain  
 What now in vain I force ;  
 Falsehood much doth gain,  
 Truth yet holds the better course.

Love forbid that through dissembling I should thrive,  
Or in praising you myself of truth deprive.

Let not your high thoughts debase

A simple truth in me.

Great is beauty's grace,

Truth is yet as fair as she.

Praise is but the wind of pride if it exceeds.

Wealth prized in itself no outward value needs.

Fair you are and passing fair,

You know it, and 'tis true.

Yet let none despair,

But to find as fair as you.

*xiii*

O LOVE, where are thy shafts, thy quiver and thy bow ?

Shall my wounds only weep, and he unaged go ?

Be just and strike him too that dares contemn thee so.

No eyes are like to thine, though 'men suppose thee blind ;

So fair they level when the mark they list to find.

Then strike, O strike the heart that bears the cruel mind.

Is my fond sight deceived, or do I Cupid spy

Close aiming at his breast, by whom despised I die ?

Shoot home, sweet Love, and wound him that he may not fly.

O then we both will sit in some unhaunted shade,

And heal each other's wound, which Love hath justly made.

O hope ! O thought too vain ! how quickly dost thou fade !

At large he wanders still, his heart is free from pain ;

While secret sighs I spend and tears, but all in vain.

Yet, Love, thou know'st by right I should not thus complain.

*xiv*

BEAUTY is but a painted hell.

Aye me ! aye me !

She wounds them that admire it ;

She kills them that desire it.

Give her pride but fuel,

No fire is more cruel.



Pity from every heart is fled.  
 Aye me ! aye me !  
 Since false desire could borrow  
 Tears of dissembled sorrow,  
 Constant vows turn truthless ;  
 Love cruel, Beauty ruthless.

Sorrow can laugh and Fury sing.  
 Aye me ! aye me !  
 My raving griefs discover  
 I lived too true a lover.  
 The first step to madness  
 Is the excess of sadness.

*xv*

ARE you what your fair looks express ?  
 O then be kind !  
 From law of nature they digress,  
 Whose form suits not their mind.  
 Fairness seen in the outward shape  
 Is but the inward beauty's ape.

Eyes that of earth are mortal made,  
 What can they view ?  
 All 's but a colour or a shade,  
 And neither always true.  
 Reason's sight that is eterne  
 Even the substance can discern.

Soul is the man : for who will so  
 The body name ?  
 And to that power all grace we owe  
 That decks our living frame.  
 What or how had housen been  
 But for them that dwell therein ?

Love in the bosom is begot,  
 Not in the eyes.  
 No beauty makes the eye more hot,  
 Her flames the sprite surprise.  
 Let our loving minds then meet,  
 For pure meetings are most sweet.

*xvi*

SINCE she, even she for whom I lived,  
 Sweet she, by fate from me is torn,  
 Why am not I of sense deprived,  
 Forgetting I was ever born ?  
 Why should I languish, hating light ?  
 Better to sleep an endless night.

Be it either true or aptly feigned  
 That some of Lethe's waters write,  
 'Tis their best medicine that are pained,  
 All thought to lose of past delight.  
 O would my anguish vanish so !  
 Happy are they that neither know.

*xvii*

I MUST complain, yet do enjoy my love.  
 She is too fair, too rich in lovely parts.  
 Thence is my grief ; for Nature, while she strove  
 With all her graces and divinest arts  
 To form her too too beautiful of hue,  
 She had no leisure left to make her true.

Should I, aggrieved, then wish she were less fair ?  
 That were repugnant to mine own desires.  
 She is admired, new lovers still repair,  
 That kindles daily love's forgetful fires.  
 Rest, jealous thoughts, and thus resolve at last :  
 She hath more beauty than becomes the chaste.

*xviii*

THINK'ST thou to seduce me then with words that have no  
 meaning ?

Parrots so can learn to prate, our speech by pieces gleaning.  
 Nurses teach their children so about the time of weaning.

Learn to speak first, then to woo ; to wooing much pertaineth.  
 He that courts us, wanting art, soon falters when he feigneth ;  
 Looks asquint on his discourse, and smiles when he complaineth.

Skilful anglers hide their hooks, fit baits for every season.  
 But with crooked pins fish thou, as babes do that want reason.  
 Gudgeons only can be caught with such poor tricks of treason.

Ruth, forgive me, if I erred from human hearts' compassion,  
When I laughed sometimes too much to see thy foolish fashion.  
But, alas, who less could do, that found so good occasion ?

*xix*

HER fair inflaming eyes,  
Chief authors of my cares,  
I praised in humblest wise  
With grace to view my tears.  
They beheld me broad awake,  
But, alas, no ruth would take.  
Her lips with kisses rich,  
And words of fair delight,  
I fairly did beseech  
To pity my sad plight.  
But a voice from them brake forth,  
As a white wind from the North.  
Then to her hands I fled,  
That can give heart and all ;  
To them I long did plead,  
And loud for pity call.  
But, alas, they put me off  
With a touch worse than a scoff.  
So back I straight returned,  
And at her breast I knocked,  
Where long in vain I mourned,  
Her heart so fast was locked.  
Not a word could passage find,  
For a rock enclosed her mind.  
Then down my prayers made way  
To those most comely parts,  
That make her fly or stay,  
As they affect deserts.  
But her angry feet, thus moved,  
Fled with all the parts I loved.  
Yet fled they not so fast  
As her enraged mind.  
Still did I after haste,  
Still was I left behind.  
Till I found 'twas to no end  
With a spirit to contend.

## xx

TURN all thy thoughts to eyes ;  
 Turn all thy hairs to ears ;  
 Change all thy friends to spies,  
 And all thy joys to fears ;  
 True love will yet be free  
 In spite of jealousy.

Turn darkness into day,  
 Conjectures into truth ;  
 Believe what the envious say ;  
 Let age interpret youth ;  
 True love will yet be free  
 In spite of jealousy.

Wrest every word and look ;  
 Rack every hidden thought ;  
 Or fish with golden hook ;  
 True love cannot be caught ;  
 For that will still be free  
 In spite of jealousy.

## xxi

IF any hath the heart to kill,  
 Come rid me of this woeful pain.  
 For while I live I suffer still  
 This cruel torment all in vain.  
 Yet none alive but one can guess  
 What is the cause of my distress.

Thanks be to heaven, no greivous smart,  
 No maladies my limbs annoy ;  
 I bear a sound and sprightful heart ;  
 Yet live I quite deprived of joy,  
 Since what I had in vain I crave,  
 And what I had not now I have.

A love I had, so fair, so sweet,  
 As ever wanton eye did see.  
 Once by appointment we did meet.  
 She would, but ah ! it would not be.  
 She gave her heart, her hand she gave.  
 All did I give, she nought could have.

What hag did then my powers forespeak,  
 That never yet such taint did feel ?  
 Now she rejects me as one weak,  
 Yet am I all composed of steel.  
 Ah ! this is it my heart doth grieve.  
 Now though she sees she'll not believe.

*xxii*

BEAUTY, since you so much desire  
 To know the place of Cupid's fire,  
 About you somewhere it doth rest,  
 Yet never harboured in your breast,  
 Nor gout-like in your heel or toe.  
 What fool would seek Love's flame so low ?  
 But a little higher,  
 There, O there lies Cupid's fire.

Think not, when Cupid most you scorn,  
 Men judge that you of ice were born.  
 For though you cast Love at your heel,  
 His fury yet sometime you feel.  
 And whereabouts, if you would know,  
 I'll tell you still, not in your toe,  
 But a little higher  
 There, O there lies Cupid's fire.

*xxiii*

YOUR fair looks urge my desire.  
 Calm it with sweet love.  
 Stay, O why will you retire ?  
 Can you churlish prove ?  
 If love may persuade,  
 Love's pleasures, dear, deny not.  
 Here is a grove secured with shade.  
 O then be wise and fly not.

Hark, the birds delighted sing,  
 Yet our pleasure sleeps.  
 Wealth to none can profit bring,  
 Which the miser keeps.  
 O come while we may,  
 Let's chain love with embraces.  
 We have not all times time to stay,  
 Nor safety in all places.

What ill find you now in this,  
Or who can complain ?  
There is nothing done amiss  
That breeds no man pain.  
'Tis now flowery May,  
But even in cold December,  
When all these leaves are blown away,  
This place shall I remember.

*xxiv*

FAIN would I wed a fair young man, that day and night could  
please me,  
When my mind or body grieved that had the power to ease me.  
Maids are full of longing thoughts that breed a bloodless sickness,  
And that, oft I hear men say, is only cured by quickness.

Oft I have been wooed and praised, but never could be moved.  
Many for a day or so I have most dearly loved.  
But this foolish mind of mine straight loathes the thing resolved.  
If to love be sin in me, that sin is soon absolved.

Sure, I think I shall at last fly to some holy Order ;  
When I once am settled there then can I fly no farther.  
Yet I would not die a maid, because I had a mother ;  
As I was by one brought forth, I would bring forth another.





## MICHAEL CAVENDISH

*14. Ayres in Tabletorie to the Lute expressed with two voyces and the base Violl or the Voice & Lute only. 6. more to 4. voyces and in Tabletorie. And 8. Madrigalles to 5. voyces. 1598.*

*i*

STAY ! Glycia stay !  
And carry not my heart away.  
I will not leave my jewell  
To one unkind and cruel,  
But if thereto thou have a mind  
To buy it of me being kind.

*ii*

WHY should my muse, thus restless in her woes,  
Summon records of never-dying fears,  
And still revive, fresh springing in my thoughts  
The true memorial of my sad despairs,  
Who, forced to love, to those fair eyes am thrall,  
Where eyes nor thoughts grant one respect at all ?  
Endless my griefs, since endless is her course  
Still to inflict more torments on my griefs  
Without remorse of poor hearts scalding sighs,  
When heaven in tears bewails my no reliefs.  
A hard regard where true devoted love  
Can merit nought but still these crosses prove.  
Cease, world's bright sun, from henceforth once to shine,  
But in my death now suffer springs to perish ;  
Forbear to grace earth's glory with thy beams,  
Her richest treasure now forbid to flourish,  
Since that her eyes, the sunshine of my life,  
Affords no grace but torments, death, and strife.

*iii*

HAVE I vowed and must not break it ?  
Fondly vowed is wisely broken.  
Do I love and dare not speak it ?  
Silence doth not love betoken.  
Thus I bind in this my breaking,  
And I am in silence speaking.

Love is bound though I seem free,  
 Wrapped in deep affections' snare.  
 Love I must how so e'er it be.  
 Too late men say : Come, beware !  
 Then vow no more sith vows are vain,  
 Wrapped in deep affections' chain.

*iv*

MOURN, Marcus, mourn ! and mourning wish to die,  
 Since she is gone on whom my hopes rely,  
 Sith Marcus' faith deserved with the best,  
 Yet of her love another is possessed.  
 Who doth forbid fair Cleopatra smiling  
 On his poor soul, for her sweet sake still dying ?

*v*

FINETTA, fair and feat,  
 Star of our town ;  
 Her beauty, bright as jet,  
 Makes me sing down  
                   a down down.  
 Grief and I both are one,  
 Love pulls me down  
                   a down down.

*vi*

LOVE is not blind, but I myself am so ;  
 With free consent blind-folded by desire,  
 That guides my will along the paths of woe  
 To seek refreshing for a needless fire.

Love is no boy, as fools in fancy feign ;  
 It is myself that play the child so right ;  
 I hope and fear, I weep and laugh again,  
 And use no sense against so weak a might.

Love hath no fire yet is mine ; only lust  
 Doth raise the flame which makes my thoughts to fry ;  
 Vain hope and fond conceits, in which I trust,  
 Are the only wings that bear him up so high.

Love hath no bow nor shafts to shoot withal ;  
 He hath no bands wherewith to tie us fast ;  
 He hath no power, those that be free to thrall,  
 More than we give, nor can no longer last.



Love is a poet's lie, a beggar's store,  
 A madman's dream, an ignorant idol great.  
 In brief, this god whom we so much adore  
 Of manners strange doth find as strange a feat.

*vii*

LOVE, the delight of all well-thinking minds,  
 Delight, the fruit of virtue dearly loved,  
 Virtue, the highest good that reason finds,  
 Reason, the forge on which men's thoughts are proved,  
 Are from the world by Nature's proverb reft,  
 And in one creature for her glory left.

Beauty, her cover is the eye's true pleasure ;  
 In honour's fame she lives, the ear's true music.  
 Excess of wonder grows from her just measure ;  
 Her inward parts are passion's only physic.  
 From her clear heart the springs of virtue flow,  
 Which imaged in her words and deeds men know.

Time fain would stay that he might never leave her,  
 Place doth rejoice that he must needs contain her,  
 Death craves of heaven that he may not bereave her,  
 The heavens know their own and do maintain her.  
 Delight, Love, Reason, Virtue, let it be  
 To hold all women light but only she.

*viii*

THE heart to rue the pleasure of the eye,  
 The eye to wound the heart with his delight ;  
 What may be said that own them both hereby  
 But both two serve unto his own despite.  
 O save and win them both by one desert :  
 Please still the eye, but pity on the heart.

The eye beholds as much as much may be  
 In beauty, grace, and honour to require ;  
 The heart conceives more than the eye can see,  
 And slays himself to feed his wound's desire.  
 O save and win them both by one desert :  
 Please still the eye, but pity on the heart.

*ix*

SYLVIA is fair, yet scorning love unseemly,  
 Plaguing my soul with torments too untimely ;  
 Sylvia, Nature's perfection, bids me love her,  
 But for love's merits she forbids me move her.  
 Sweet Sylvia, yet commandress of my thought,  
 Reward me so I may not love for nought.

*x*

CURSED be the time when first mine eyes beheld  
 Those rare perfections all men's thoughts admire ;  
 And lustly may a shepherd's swain bewail  
 Those fatal hours which caused him first desire  
 Love's sweet consent, that makes so deep impression,  
 As heart and soul will witness in confession.

Why should those eyes, born traitors to my rest,  
 Command my thoughts to yield to this presumption—  
 To love a nymph whose beauty all surpassing  
 To all men's thoughts breeds still a strange confusion ?  
 Heavens forbid that I should dare to move  
 A face that gods solicit still in love.

Phyllis, sweet Phyllis, the shepherd's only Queen,  
 Scorns to admit a swain into her love ;  
 He pipes and sings and pleads to her for grace,  
 His sons and sonnets her can nothing move.  
 He sighs and vows and prays with true devotion,  
 But vows and prayers work in her no motion.

Then Corydon must yield to this his curse  
 Sith that his love cannot her love importune,  
 For fear despairs convert this ill to worse,  
 And by disgrace add more plagues to fortune.  
 Poor man, sit down, pour out thy plaints amain,  
 Phyllis thee scorns and holds in high disdain.

*xi*

FAIR are those eyes, whose shine must give me light ;  
 Sweet is that grace commands my heart to love ;  
 Heavens her thoughts, if they once yield consent  
 To that reward affection's truth doth move.  
 But if my faith cannot his merit gain,  
 Weep, eyes ! break, heart ! and end this restless pain.

*xii*

WANDERING in this place, as in a wilderness,  
 No comfort have I nor yet assurance,  
 Desolate of joy, replete with sadness.  
 Wherefore I may say : O deus, deus,  
 Non est dolor sicut dolor meus.

*xiii*

EVERY bush new springing,  
 Every bird now singing,  
 Merrily sat poor Nicho,  
 Chanting troli lo loli lo,  
 Till her he had espied  
 On whom his hope relied,  
 Down a down, with a frown,  
 O she pulled him down.

*xiv*

DOWN in a valley  
 Shady vales are pleasant ports,  
 Meet for merry lads' resorts.  
 Such was our hap to catch a swain,  
 O happy the valley !  
 With flowers to spangle Floraes train,  
 Nor did we dally ;  
 The flowers we took all dyed in grain,  
 Dyed was the valley.  
 Shady vales are pleasant ports  
 Meet for merry lads' resorts.  
 Of them we made a garland green,  
 O green was the valley !  
 To crown fair Lelia shepherds' Queen,  
 Fair as a lily,  
 She sitting in a shade unseen.  
 O shady the valley !  
 Shady vales are pleasant ports  
 Meet for merry lads' resorts.

*xv*

WANTON, come hither !  
 O stay, why do you stay me ?  
 Why do you fly me ?  
 My suit though you deny me,  
 Yet let us walk together.

Sweet nymph, such haste why make you ?  
 Well could I overtake you.  
 But since words will not move thee,  
 Farewell ! I did but this to prove thee.  
 With that the nymph she stayed,  
 And, deeply sighing, said :  
 Sweet shepherd, how I love thee !

*xvi*

SAY, shepherds, say, where is your jolly swain ?  
 Or what hath bred his anguish ?  
 On idle bank he restless doth remain  
 For love doth make him languish.  
     Idle lad,  
     His wit is bad  
     There, alone,  
     To make such moan,  
 To the weeping fountains,  
     While she plays  
     Roundelays  
 Up and down the mountains.

*xvii*

*The words are the same as those of No. xi.*

*xviii*

FAREWELL, despair ! sith love hath reconciled  
 Those strange delays fond modesty commanded,  
 And banished now those idle superstitions  
 Fear of offence caused her to be estranged.  
 Prescribing time this privilege affords ;  
 Sweet trespasses love pardons, not vain words.

*xix-xx*

SLY thief, if so you will believe  
 It nought or little did me grieve  
 That my true heart you had bereft,  
 Till that unkindly you it left.  
 Leaving, you lose ; losing, you kill  
 That which I may forgo so ill.

What thing more cruel can you do  
 Than rob a man and kill him too ?  
 Wherefore of Love I ask this meed—  
 To bring you where you did the deed,  
 That there you may for your amisses  
 Be damaged in a thousand kisses.

*xxi*

IN flower of April springing,  
 When pleasant birds to sport them  
 Among the woods consort them,  
 Warbling with cheerful notes, and sweetly singing  
 For joy that Clore the fair her song was chanting,  
 Of her and her Elpin the sweet loves vaunting.

*xxii*

ZEPHYRUS brings the time that sweetly scenteth  
 With flowers and herbs, and winter's frost exileth ;  
 Now Progne chirpeth and Philomel lamenteth,  
 Flora the garlands white and red compileth.  
 Fields do rejoice, the frowning sky relenteth ;  
 Jove, to behold his dearest daughter, smileth.  
 The air, the water, the earth to joy consenteth,  
 Each creature now to love him reconcileth.

*xxiii*

MUCH it delighted  
 To see Phyllis smiling ;  
 But it was her beguiling.  
 Ah ! she my faith new-plighted  
 Scorned with disdain reviling.  
 But sith thy feigned looks faithful I proved not,  
 False, adieu ! for I loved not.

*xxiv*

COME, gentle swains, and shepherds' dainty daughters  
 Adorned with courtesy and comely duties ;  
 Come, sing, and joy, and grace with lovely laughters  
 The birthday of the beautiest of the beauties.  
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana :  
 Long live fair Oriana.

*xxv*

TO former joy now turns the grove, the fountain,  
 The jolly fresh April loden with flowers  
 The seas are calm, hoar-frost falls from the mountain  
 Shepherds and nymphs walk to their wanton bowers.  
 But I, all night in tears my pillow steeping,  
 Soon as the sun appears renew my weeping.

*xxvi*

FAUSTINA hath the fairer face,  
 And Phillida the feater grace ;  
 Both have mine eye enriched.  
 This sings full sweetly with her voice,  
 Her fingers make as sweet a noise ;  
 Both have mine eye bewitched.  
 Ay me ! sith Fates have so provided,  
 My heart, alas, must be divided.

*xxvii*

*The words are the same as those of No. xiii.*

*xxviii*

*The words are the same as those of No. xii.*





## JOHN COOPER (COPRARIO)

*Fvneral Teares. For the death of the Right Honorable the Earle of Deuonshire. Figured in seauen songes, whereof sixe are so set forth that the wordes may be exprest by a treble voice alone to the Lute and Base Viole, or else that the meane part may be added, if any shall affect more fulnesse of parts. The Seauenth is made in forme of a Dialogue, and can not be sung without two voyces. 1606.*

*i*

OFT thou hast with greedy ear  
Drunk my notes and words of pleasure ;  
In affection's equal measure  
Now my songs of sorrow hear,  
Since from thee my griefs do grow,  
Whom alive I prized so dear.  
The more my joy, the more my woe.

Music, though it sweetens pain,  
Yet no whit impairs lamenting,  
But in passions like consenting  
Makes them constant that complain,  
And enchants their fancies so  
That all comforts they disdain,  
And fly from joy to dwell with woe.

*ii*

O SWEET flower, too quickly fading,  
Like a winter sunshine day.  
Poor pilgrim tired in the midway,  
Like the earth itself half shading.  
So thy picture shows to me  
But only the one half of thee.

O dear joy, too swiftly flying  
From thy love's enchanted eyes,  
Proud glory spread through the vast skies  
Earth of more than earth envying.  
O how wondrous hadst thou been,  
Had but the world thy whole life seen !

*iii*

O THE unsure hopes of men, the brittle state,  
 The vain contentions that unluckily  
 Oft in the midst of the race fall ruinate,  
 And in their course long overwhelmed be,  
 And swallowed up ere they the port could see.

O women's fruitless love, unquiet state,  
 Too dear affections that spitefully  
 Even in their height of bliss prove desolate,  
 And often fall far from all hope of joy  
 Ere they have time to dream on their annoy.

*iv*

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 in my tomb,  
 O let me dying live till death do come.

My dainties grief shall be, and tears my poisoned wine ;  
 My sighs the air through which my panting heart shall pine ;  
 My robes my mind shall suit exceeding blackest night ;  
 My study shall be tragic thoughts sad fancy to delight.  
 Pale ghosts and frightful shades shall my acquaintance be.  
 O thus, my hapless joy, I haste to thee.

*v*

MY joy is dead and cannot be revived ;  
 Fled is my joy and never may return ;  
 Both of my joy and of myself deprived,  
 Far from all joy I sing, and singing mourn.  
 O let no tender heart or gentle ear  
 Partake my passions or my plainings hear.

Rude flinty breasts that never felt remorse ;  
 Hard craggy rocks that death and ruin love ;  
 Those, only those, my passions shall enforce  
 Beyond their kind and to compassion move.  
 My grief shall wonders work, for he did so  
 That caused my sorrows, and these tears doth owe.



*vi*

DECEITFUL Fancy, why delud'st thou me,  
 The dead alive presenting ?  
 My joy's fair image carved in shades I see.  
 O false, yet sweet, contenting !  
 Why art thou not a substance like to me,  
 Or I a shade to vanish hence with thee ?

Stay, gentle object, my sense still deceive  
 With this thy kind illusion.  
 I die through madness if my thoughts you leave.  
 O strange, yet sweet, confusion !  
 Poor blissless heart, that feels such deep annoy  
 Only to lose the shadow of thy joy !

*vii. A Dialogue*

*1st Voice.* FOE of mankind, why murderest thou my love ?

*2nd Voice.* Forbear, he lives !

*1st Voice.* O where ?

*2nd Voice.* In heaven above.

*1st Voice.* Poor wretched life, that only lives in name.

*2nd Voice.* Man is not flesh but soul ; all life is fame.

*1st Voice.* That is true fame which living men enjoy.

*2nd Voice.* That is true life which death cannot destroy.

*Chorus.* Live ever through thy merited renown,  
 Fair spirit, shining in thy starry crown.

~~~~~  
*Songs of Mourning: Bewailing the untimely death of Prince  
 Henry. Worded by Tho. Campion. And set forth to bee sung with  
 one voyce to the Lute, or Violl. 1613.*

*i**To the most sacred King James*

O GRIEF, how divers are thy shapes, wherein men languish !  
 The face sometime with tears thou fillest,  
 Sometime the heart thou killest  
 With unseen anguish.  
 Sometime thou smilest to see how Fate  
 Plays with our human state.  
 So far from surety here  
 Are all our earthly joys,  
 That what our strong hope builds when least we fear,  
 A stronger power destroys.

O Fate, why shouldst thou take from kings their joy and treasure?  
 Their image if men should deface  
     'Twere death, which thou dost rase  
     Even at thy pleasure.  
 Wisdom of holy kings yet knows  
     Both what it hath and owes.  
     Heaven's hostage which you bred  
     And nursed with such choice care,  
 Is ravished now, great King, and from us led  
     When we were least aware.

## ii

*To the most sacred Queene Anne*

'TIS now dead night, and not a light on earth  
 Or star in heaven doth shine.  
 Let now a mother mourn the noblest birth  
 That ever was both mortal and divine.  
 O sweetness peerless! More than human grace!  
 O flowery beauty! O untimely death!  
     Now music fill this place  
     With thy most doleful breath  
 O singing wail a fate more truly funeral  
 Than when with all his sons the sire of Troy did fall.

Sleep joy, die mirth, and not a smile be seen,  
 Or show of hearts content;  
 For never sorrow nearer touched a queen,  
 Nor were there ever tears more duly spent.  
 O dear remembrance, full of rueful woe,  
 O ceaseless passion, O unhuman hour!  
     No pleasure now can grow,  
     For withered is her flower.  
 O anguish! do thy worst and fury tragical,  
 Since fate in taking one, hath thus disordered all.

## iii

*To the most High and Mighty Prince Charles*  
 FORTUNE and glory may be lost and won,  
 But when the worth of Nature is undone  
     That loss flies past returning.  
     No help is left but mourning.

What can to kind youth more spiteful prove  
Than to be robbed of one sole brother ?

Father and mother

Ask reverence, a brother only love.

Like age and birth, like thoughts and pleasures move.

What gain can he heap up, though showers of crowns descend,  
Who for that good must change a brother and a friend ?

Follow, O follow yet thy brother's fame ;  
But not his fate. Let 's only change the name,  
And find his worth presented  
In thee, by him prevented.

Or past example of the dead be great  
Out of thyself begin thy story.

Virtue and glory

Are eminent being placed in princely seat.

O heaven, his age prolong with sacred heat,

And on his honoured head let all the blessings light

Which to his brother's life men wished, and wished them right.

*iv*

*To the most princely and vertuous the Lady Elizabeth*

SO parted you, as if the world for ever  
Had lost with him her light.

Nor could your tears hard flint to ruth excite.

Yet may you never

Your loves again partake in human sight.

O why should Love such two kind hearts dissever  
As Nature never knit more fair or firm together ?

So loved you as sister should a brother,  
Not in a common strain,

For princely blood doth vulgar fire disdain,  
But you each other

On earth embarked in a celestial chain.

Alas, for love ! that heavenly-born affection

To change should subject be and suffer earth's infection.

*v*

*To the most illustrious and mighty Fredericke the fift, Count  
Palatine of the Rhein*

HOW like a golden dream you met and parted,  
That pleasing, straight doth vanish.

O who can ever banish

The thought of one so princely and free-hearted ?

But he was pulled up in his prime by Fate,  
 And love for him must mourn, though all too late.  
 Tears to the dead are due. Let none forbid  
 Sad hearts to sigh. True grief cannot be hid.

Yet the most bitter storm to height increased  
 By heaven again is ceased.

O Time, that all things movest,  
 In grief and joy thou equal measure lovest.  
 Such the condition is of human life,  
 Care must with pleasure mix, and peace with strife.  
 Thoughts with the days must change ; as tapers waste,  
 So must our griefs. Day breaks when night is past.

*vi*

*To the most disconsolate Great Brittainè*

WHEN pale Famine fed on thee  
 With her unsatiate jaws ;  
 When civil broils set murder free,  
 Contemning all thy laws ;  
 When heaven enraged consumed thee so  
 With plagues that none thy face could know,  
 Yet in thy looks affliction then showed less  
 Than now for one's fall all thy parts express.

Now thy highest states lament  
 A son and brother's loss ;  
 Thy nobles mourn in discontent  
 And rue this fatal cross ;  
 Thy Commons are with passions sad  
 To think how brave a prince they had.  
 If all thy rocks from white to black should turn,  
 Yet couldst thou not in show more amply mourn.

*vii*

*To the World*

O POOR distracted world, partly a slave  
 To pagans' sinful rage, partly obscured  
 With ignorance of all the means that save,  
 And even those parts of thee that live assured,  
 O heavenly grace ! O how they are divided  
 With doubts late by a kingly pen decided !  
 O happy world, if what the sire begun  
 Had been closed up by his religious son.

Mourn all you souls oppressed under the yoke  
 Of Christian-hating Thrace ! Never appeared  
 More likelihood to have that black league broke,  
 For such a heavenly prince might well be feared  
 Of earthly fiends. O how is zeal inflamed  
 With power, when Truth wanting defence is shamed.  
 O princely soul, rest thou in peace while we  
 In thine expect the hopes were ripe in thee.



## WILLIAM CORKINE

*Ayres, To Sing And Play To The Lute And Basse Violl. With  
 Pavins, Galliards, Almainses, and Corantos for the Lyra Violl.  
 1610.*

*i*

SINK down, proud thoughts, your mounting hopes must now  
 descend.

Come grief and care. Hence joys ! your triumph now must  
 end.

Heavens now will smile no more, my light is shaded.

I pine without redress ; my life, my spirits like flowers are faded.

O Time, conceal my woe, in mine own tears drown my distress.

Griefs none should know, when none their anguish can redress.

Pale Death hath pierced my blood, and forth it streameth.

I sleep, and in my trance my head, my heart, of sorrow dreameth.

*ii*

SOME can flatter, some can feign ;

Simple truth shall plead for me.

Let not beauty truth disdain,

Truth is even as fair as she.

But since pairs must equal prove,

Let my strength her youth oppose,

Love her beauty, faith her love,

On even terms so may we close.

Cork or lead in equal weight

Both one just proportion yield.

So may breadth be payed with height,

Steepest mount with plainest field.

Virtues have not all one kind,  
 Yet all virtues merits be.  
 Divers virtues are combined,  
 Differing so deserts agree.

Let then love and beauty meet,  
 Making one divine consent,  
 Constant as the sounds, and sweet,  
 That enchant the firmament.

*iii*

SWEET, restrain these showers of kindness  
 From distrust proceeding.  
 Nurse not wrong-conceived blindness  
 By too much sigh breeding.  
 Love by error seems astray,  
 But dies if once suspected.  
 Women most believe when they  
 Most by men are neglected.

Some forged flatteries only venture,  
 Yet return true favours.  
 Just affection, like a centre  
 Once-fixed, never wavers.  
 Easily as the day from night  
 May women's eyes discover,  
 If they frame their minds aright,  
 From the false the true lover.

*iv*

IF streams of tears could lessen extreme grief,  
 Or cause a minute's truce to woe ;  
 If deepest sighs, sad plaints, might yield relief,  
 These sorrows to forgo,  
 Mine eyes, my heart, my tongue should ne'er refrain  
 To weep, to sigh, and to complain.  
 But sorrow such impression left,  
 Of sight, of speech it me bereft.  
 Only to sigh is left to me  
 In this my greatest misery.

*v*

SWEET, let me go ! Sweet, let me go !  
 What do you mean to vex me so ?  
 Cease, O cease your pleading force.  
 Do you think thus to extort remorse ?  
 Now no more ; alas, you overbear me ;  
 And I would cry, but some would hear, I fear me.

*vi*

HE that hath no mistress must not wear a favour.  
 He that woos a mistress must serve before he have her.  
 He that hath no bed-fellow must lie alone,  
 And he that hath no lady must be content with Joan.  
 And so must I, for why ? alas ! my love and I are parted.  
 False Cupid, I will have thee whipped, and have thy mother  
 carted.

*vii*

SWEET Cupid, ripen her desire,  
 Thy joyful harvest may begin ;  
 If age approach a little nigher,  
 'Twill be too late to get it in.

Cold winter storms lay standing corn,  
 Which once too ripe will never rise,  
 And lovers wish themselves unborn  
 When all their joys lie in their eyes.

Then, sweet, let us embrace and kiss.  
 Shall beauty shale upon the ground ?  
 If age bereave us of this bliss,  
 Then will no more such sport be found.

*viii*

VAIN is all the world's contention,  
 Fortunes frail and hopes deceiving.  
 Chance lays ambush of prevention,  
 Our attempts of end bereaving.  
 Future things are placed beyond  
 Our weak conceiving minds.  
 In every age new thoughts engender,  
 Till all to Fate we render.

## ix

BEAUTY sat bathing by a spring,  
 Where fairest shades did hide her.  
 The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,  
 The cool streams ran beside her.  
 My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye  
 To see what was forbidden ;  
 But better memory said Fie, fie !  
 So vain desire was chidden.

Into a slumber then I fell ;  
 But fond imagination  
 Seemed to see, but could not tell  
 Her feature or her fashion.  
 But even as babes in dreams do smile,  
 And sometime fall a-weeping,  
 So I awaked as wise the while  
 As when I fell a-sleeping.

*Anthony Munday.*

## x

NOW would chwore hong'd, zis, but thou most ma wrong.  
 Gods bors, I crie God mercy to zweare.  
 Hast not my rings and things and geare  
 With vaith and troth among,  
 And wout vorzake ma now ?  
 Nay, masse, ware that, vor if thou doo,  
 Chil take a knife and honge my zelfe vor one of thow.  
 Yea I woll, so I woll, that I woll, I vaith la !

Hadds voote, zweete zis, what aild tha woo ma now ?  
 I cham as like to zarve thy turne  
 As yer I was zince chos I borne,  
 And sha not I have thow ?  
 Lets zee who dare,  
 I chould but zee.  
 Huds lid, I zweare  
 Chill take a zweard, and make a yend of I or hee.  
 Yea I would, so I would, that I would, I vaith la.

Ha not I bought my kerzie wedding briche,  
 Hudds hate, cham angrie, thou makes ma vret.  
 And is not my bond redie zet,  
 Woold zarve ma zucha twich?



Chill break his brow,  
 I vaith I chill,  
 That shall love thou.

Then take a rop and drown thyzelf vor mere good will.  
 Yea I would, so I would, that I would, I vaith la !

## xi

THINK you to seduce me so with words that have no meaning ?  
 Parrots can learn so to speak, our voice by pieces gleaning ;  
 Nurses teach their children so about the time of weaning.

Learn to speak first, then to woo. To wooing much pertaineth.  
 He that hath not art to hide soon falters when he feigneth,  
 And, as one that wants his wits, he smiles when he complaineth.

If with wit we be deceived, our falls may be excused.  
 Seeming good with flattery graced is but of few refused.  
 But of all accursed are they that are by fools abused.

*Thomas Campian*

## xii •

SHALL a frown or angry eye,  
 Shall a word unfitly placed,  
 Shall a shadow make me fly,  
 As I were with tigers chased ?  
 Love must not be so disgraced.

Shall I woo her in despite ?  
 Shall I turn her from her flying ?  
 Shall I tempt her with delight ?  
 Shall I laugh out her denying ?  
 No ! Beware of lovers' crying.

Shall I then with patient mind  
 Still attend her wayward pleasure ?  
 Time will make her prove more kind.  
 Let her coyneess then take leisure.  
 Pains are worthy such a treasure.



*The Second Booke Of Ayres, Some, to Sing and Play to the Base-Violl alone: Others, to be sung to the Lute and Base Violl. With new Corantoes, Pauins, Almaines; as also diuers new Descants vpon old Grounds, set to the Lyra-Violl. 1612.*

## i

EACH lovely grace my lady doth possess  
 Let all men view, and in their view admire ;  
 In whose sweet breast all virtuous thoughts do rest,  
 Zealous to pity, chaste in her own desire ;  
 And to make up a rare and worthy creature,  
 Both wise and chaste and fair in form and feature,  
 Enter but into thought of her perfection ;  
 Thou wilt confess, and in confessing prove,  
 How none deserves like praise nor yet like love.

## ii

TRUTH-TRYING Time shall cause my mistress say,  
 My love was perfect, constant as the day.  
 And as the day when evening doth appear  
 Doth suffer doom to be or foul or clear,  
 So shall my last bequest make known to all  
 My love in her did rise, did live, did fall.

You gods of love who oft heard my desires,  
 Prepare her heart by your love-charming fires  
 To think on those sweet revels, peaceful sights,  
 Ne'er-changing custom taught at nuptial rites.  
 O guerdonize my prayers but with this,  
 That I may taste of that long wished-for bliss.

## iii

TWO lovers sat lamenting  
 Hard by a crystal brook,  
 Each other's heart tormenting,  
 Exchanging look for look.  
 With sighs and tears bewraying  
 Their silent thoughts delaying.  
 At last quoth one :  
 Shall we alone  
 Sit here our thoughts bewraying ?  
 Fie, fie, O fie !  
 It may not be.  
 Set looking by,  
 Let speaking set us free.

Then thus their silence breaking,  
 Their thoughts too long estranged  
 They do bewray by speaking,  
 And words with words exchanged.  
 Then one of them replied :  
 Great pity we had died  
     Thus all alone  
     In silent moan,  
 And not our thoughts descried.  
     Fie, fie, O fie !  
     That had been ill,  
     That inwardly  
 Silence the heart should kill.

From looks and words to kisses  
 They made their next proceeding  
 And as their only blisses  
 They therein were exceeding.  
 O what a joy is this,  
 To look, to talk, to kiss !  
     But thus begun  
     Is all now done ?  
 Ah ! all then nothing is !  
     Fie, fie, O fie !  
     It is a hell ;  
     And better die  
 Than kiss and not end well.

*iv*

'TIS true 'tis day. What though it be ?  
 And will you therefore rise from me ?  
 What ? will you rise because 'tis light ?  
 Did we lie down because 'twas night ?  
 Love, that in spite of darkness brought us hither,  
 In spite of light should keep us still together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye.  
 If it could speak as well as spy,  
 This were the worst that it could say,  
 That being well I fain would stay ;  
 And that I love my heart and honour so  
 That I would not from him that hath them go.

Is 't business that doth you remove ?  
 O that 's the worst disease of Love.  
 The poor, the foul, the false, Love can  
 Admit, but not the busied man.  
 He that hath business and makes love, doth do  
 Such wrong as if a married man should woo.

*John Donne*

*v*

DEAR, though your mind stand so averse  
 That no assaulting words can pierce,  
 Your swift and angry flight forbear.  
 What need you doubt ? what need you fear ?  
 In vain I strive your thoughts to move,  
 But stay and hear me yet, sweet love.

Words may entreat you, not enforce,  
 Speak though I might till I were hoarse.  
 Already you resolve, I know,  
 No gentle look or grace to show.  
 My passions all must hapless rove.  
 But stay and hear me yet, sweet love.

Sith here no help nor hope remains  
 To ease my grief or end my pains ;  
 I'll seek in lowest shades to find  
 Rest for my heart, peace for my mind.  
 Go thou, more cruel far than fair,  
 And leave me now to my despair.

*vi*

SHALL I be with joys deceived ?  
 Can Love's bands be sealed with kisses ?  
 Cupid, of his eyes bereaved,  
 Yet in darkness seldom misses.  
 Let not dallying lose these blisses.

Sleep hath sealed their eyes and ears  
 That our loves so long have guarded.  
 Hymen hides your maiden fears.  
 Now my love may be rewarded.  
 Let my suit be now regarded.

## vii

DOWN, down, proud mind ! thou soarest far above thy might.  
 Aspiring heart, wilt thou not cease to breed my woe ?  
 High thoughts meet with disdain ; Peace and Love fight.  
 Peace, thou hast won the field, Love shall hence in bondage go.

This fall from pride my rising is from grief's great deep  
 That bottom wants, up to the top of happy bliss.  
 In peace and rest I shall securely sleep  
 Where neither scorn, disdain, Love's torment, grief or an-  
 guish is.

*(Alternative words for the music of this song)*

STOOP, stoop, proud heart ! and mounting hopes down, down  
 descend !  
 Rise, spleen, and burst ! hence joys ! for grief must now ascend.  
 My stars conspire my soil, which is effected.  
 I die, yet live in death, of love and life at once rejected.  
 Then O descend, and from the height of hope come down.  
 My love and fates on me, aye me ! do jointly frown.  
 Then Death (if ever) now come, do thy duty  
 And martyr him, alas, that martyred is by love and beauty.

## viii

BEWARE, fair maids, of musky courtiers' oaths.

Take heed what gifts and favours you receive.  
 Let not the fading glose of silken clothes  
 Dazzle your virtues, or your fame bereave.  
 For lose but once the hold you have of grace,  
 Who will regard your fortune or your face ?

Each greedy hand will strive to catch the flower,

When none regards the stalk it grows upon.

Each creature seeks the fruit still to devour

And leave the tree to stand or fall alone.

Yet this advice, fair creatures, take of me :

Let none take fruit, unless he take the tree.

Believe no oaths nor much-protesting men ;

Credit no vows nor their bewailing songs.

Let courtiers swear, forswear, and swear again ;

Their hearts do live ten regions from their tongues.

For when with oaths they make thy heart to tremble,

Believe them least, for then they most dissemble.

Beware lest Caesar do corrupt thy mind,  
 And fond Ambition sell thy modesty.  
 Say though a king thou ever courteous find,  
 He cannot pardon thine impurity.  
 Begin with king ; to subject thou wilt fall ;  
 From lord to lackey, and at last to all.

*Joshua Sylvester*

*ix*

THE fire to see my woes for anger burneth.  
 The air in rain for my affliction weepeth.  
 The sea to ebb for grief his flowing turneth.  
 The earth with pity dull his centre keepeth.  
 Fame is with wonder blased.  
 Time runs away for sorrow.  
 Place standeth still amazed  
 To see my night of ills which hath no morrow.  
 Alas, all only she no pity taketh  
 To know my miseries, but, chaste and cruel,  
 My fall her glory maketh.  
 Yet still her eyes give to my flames their fuel.

Fire, burn me quite till sense of burning leave me.  
 Air, let me draw thy breath no more in anguish.  
 Sea, drowned in thee, of tedious life bereave me.  
 Earth, take this earth wherein my spirits languish.  
 Fame, say I was not born.  
 Time, hate my dying hour.  
 Place, see my grave upturn.  
 Fire, Air, Sea, Earth, Time, Place, show thy power.  
 Alas, from all their helps I am exiled,  
 For hers am I, and Death fears her displeasure.  
 Fie, Death, thou art beguiled,  
 Though I be hers, she sets by me no treasure.

*Sir Philip Sidney.*

*x*

GO, heavy thoughts, down to the place of woe,  
 Tell grief, tell pain, and torments how they used me.  
 Say unto sorrow, who is now my foe,  
 And fretfulness, which long time hath abused me,  
 Maugre them all in time they shall excuse me.  
 Till then my heart shall bear my wrongs so high,  
 Until the strings do burst, and then I die.

For, being dead, what grief can me offend ?  
 All pains do cease, all sorrows have their end.  
 Vexation cannot vex my flesh no more,  
 Nor any torments wrong my soul so sore.  
 All living will my lifeless corse abhor.  
 Yet thus I'll say, that Death doth make conclusion,  
 But yet with righteous souls there 's no confusion.

*xi*

MY dearest mistress, let us live and love,  
 And care not what old doting fools reprove.  
 Let us not fear their censures nor esteem,  
 What they of us and of our loves shall deem.  
 Old Age's critic and censorious brow  
 Cannot of youthful dalliance allow,  
 Nor never could endure that we should taste  
 Of those delights which they themselves are past.

*xii*

MAN, like a prophet of ensuing years,  
 Begins his life with cries ; he ends with pain.  
 The rest is so distract 'twixt hopes and fears,  
 That life seems but a loss and death a gain.  
 My hopeless love is like my hapless life,  
 Begun in pain and ends itself in grief.

Yet death in one 's an end of pain and fears ;  
 But cruel love, though ever-living, dies ;  
 And she that gives me death, when death appears,  
 Revives my dying hopes and death denies.  
 My hopeless love is like my hapless life,  
 Begun in pain and ends itself in grief.

*xiii*

AS by a fountain chaste Diana sat,  
 Viewing of Nature's pride, her beauteous face,  
 The waters boiled with love, she boils with hate,  
 Chastening their pride with exile from their place.  
 They, murmuring, ran to sea, and being there  
 Each liquid drop turned to a brinish tear.

*xiv*

AWAY, away ! Call back what you have said !  
 When you did vow to live and die a maid ?  
 O if you knew what shame to them befell  
 That dance about with bobtail apes in hell,  
 You'd break your oath, and for a world of gain  
 From Hymen's pleasing sports no more abstain.

Yourself your virgin girdle would divide,  
 And put aside the maiden veil that hides  
 The chiefest gem of Nature, and would lie  
 Prostrate to every peasant that goes by,  
 Than undergo such shame. No tongue can tell  
 What injury is done to maids in hell.

*xv*

WHEN I was born Lucina cross-legged sat.  
 The angry stars with ominous aspects  
 Frowned on my birth, and the fore-dooming Fate  
 Ordained to brand me with their dire effects.  
 The sun did hide his face, and left the night  
 To bring me to this world's accursed light.

*xvi*

SHALL a smile or guileful glance,  
 Or a sigh that is but feigned,  
 Shall but tears that come by chance  
 Make me dote that was disdained ?  
 No, I will no more be chained.

Shall I sell my freedom so,  
 Being now from love remised ?  
 Shall I learn (what I do know  
 To my cost) that love 's disguised ?  
 No, I will be more advised.

Must she fall ? And must I stand ?  
 Must she fly and I pursue her ?  
 Must I give her heart and land,  
 And for nought with them endue her ?  
 No, first I will find her truer !



*xvii*

WE yet agree, but shall be straightways out.

Thy passions are so harsh and strange to me  
That, when the concord's perfect, I may doubt

The time is lost which I have spent for thee.

Yet one the ground must be, which you shall prove  
Can bear all parts that descant on my love.

*xviii*

FLY swift, my thoughts, possess my mistress' heart,  
And as you find her love, plead my desert.

If she be somewhat wayward, happy my desires ;

A little coyeness doth but blow men's fires.

But will she needs forbid the baines I crave,

Retire and be buried in your master's grave.



## JOHN DANIEL

*Songs For The Lute Viol and Voice. 1606.*

*i*

COY Daphne fled from Phoebus' hot pursuit,

Careless of passion, senseless of remorse.

Whilst he complained his griefs, she rested mute.

He begged her stay, she still kept on her course.

But what reward she had for this you see,

She rests transformed, a winter-beaten tree.

*The Answere*

Chaste Daphne fled from Phoebus' hot pursuit,

Knowing men's passions idle and of course.

And though he plained, 'twas fit she should be mute,

And honour would she should keep on her course.

For which fair deed her glory still we see :

She rests still green ; and so I wish to be.

*ii*

THOU pretty bird, how do I see

Thy silly state and mine agree.

For thou a prisoner art.

So is my heart !

Thou sing'st to her ; and so do I address  
 My music to her ear that 's merciless.  
 But herein doth the difference lie,  
 That thou art graced, so am not I.  
 Thou singing liv'st, and I must singing die.

*iii*

HE, whose desires are still abroad, I see  
 Hath never any peace at home the while ;  
 And therefore now come back my heart to me.  
 It is but for superfluous things we toil.  
 Rest alone with thyself, be all within ;  
 For what without thou gett'st, thou dost not win.  
 Honour, wealth, glory, fame are no such things  
 But that which from imagination springs.  
 High-reaching power, that seems to overgrow,  
 Doth creep but on the earth, lies base and low.

*iv*

LIKE as the lute delights, or else dislikes,  
 As is his art that plays upon the same,  
 So sounds my Muse according as she strikes  
 On my heart strings, high tuned unto her fame.  
 Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,  
 Which here I yield in lamentable wise,  
 A wailing descant on the sweetest ground,  
 Whose due reports gives honour to her eyes.  
 If any pleasing relish here I use,  
 Then judge the world her beauty gives the same ;  
 Else harsh my style, untuneable my Muse.  
 Hoarse sounds the voice that praiseth not her name,  
 For no ground else could make the music such,  
 Nor other hand could give so sweet a touch.

*Samuel Daniel**v*

DOST thou withdraw thy grace  
 For that I should not love ?  
 And think'st thou to remove  
 My affections with thy face ?

As if that Love did hold no part  
 But where thy beauty lies,  
 And were not in my heart  
 Greater than in thy fair eyes.

Ah yes ! 'tis more ; more is Desire,  
 There where it wounds and pines,  
 As fire is far more fire  
 Where it burns than where it shines.

*vi*

WHY canst thou not, as others do,  
 Look on me with unwounding eyes,  
 And yet look sweet, but yet not so,  
 Smile, but not in killing wise ?  
 Arm not thy graces to confound ;  
 Only look, but do not wound.

Why should mine eyes see more in you  
 Than they can see in all the rest ?  
 For I can other beauties view  
 And not find my heart oppressed.  
 O be as others are to me,  
 Or let me be more to thee.

*vii*

STAY, cruel, stay ! pity mine anguish !  
 And if I languish  
 For that which you do bear away,  
 Ah ! how can you be so unkind  
 As not to grieve for that you leave behind ?  
 And if you'll go, yet let your pity stay.  
 But will you go and show that you neglect me ?  
 Yet say farewell, and seem but to respect me.

*viii*

TIME, cruel Time, canst thou subdue that brow  
 That conquers all but thee, and thee too stays,  
 As if she were exempt from scythe or bow,  
 From love and years, unsubject to decays ?  
 Or art thou grown in league with those fair eyes,  
 That they might help thee to consume our days ?  
 Or dost thou love her for her cruelties,  
 Being merciless like thee that no man weighs ?

Then do so still, although she makes no 'steem  
 Of days nor years, but lets them run in vain.  
 Hold still thy swift-winged hours, that wondering seem  
 To gaze on her, even to turn back again ;

And do so still, although she nothing cares.

Do as I do, love her although unkind.

Hold still. Yet, O I fear, at unawares

Thou wilt beguile her though thou seem'st so kind.

*Samuel Daniel*

*ix-xi*

*Mrs. M. E. her Funerall teares for the death of her husband.*

GRIEF, keep within and scorn to show but tears,

Since joy can weep as well as thou.

Disdain to sigh, for so can slender cares,

Which but from idle causes grow.

Do not look forth, unless thou didst know how

To look with thine own face and as thou art,

And only let my heart,

That knows more reason why,

Pine, fret, consume, swell, burst, and die !

Drop not, mine eyes, nor trickle down so fast,

For so you could do oft before

In our sad farewells and sweet meetings past ;

And shall his death now have no more ?

Can niggard sorrow yield no other store

To show the plenty of affliction's smart ?

Then only thou, poor heart,

That know'st more reason why,

Pine, fret, consume, swell, burst, and die.

Have all our passions certain proper vents,

And sorrow none that is her own ?

But she must borrow other complements

To make her inward feelings known ?

Are joy's delights and death's compassion shown

With one like face and one lamenting part ?

Then only thou, poor heart,

That know'st more reason why,

Pine, fret, consume, swell, burst, and die.

*xii*

LET not Cloris think because

She hath unvassalled me,

That her beauty can give laws

To others that are free.

I was made to be the prey  
 And booty of her eyes ;  
 In my bosom she may say  
 Her greatest kingdom lies.

Though others may her brow adore,  
 Yet more must I, that therein see far more  
 Than any others' eyes have power to see.

She is to me  
 More than to any others she can be.

I can discern more secret notes,  
 That in the margin of her cheeks love quotes,  
 Than any else besides have art to read.

No looks proceed  
 From those fair eyes but to me wonder breed.

O then why  
 Should she fly  
 From him to whom her sight  
 Doth add so much above her might ?  
 Why should not she  
 Still joy to reign in me ?

*xiii-xv*

CAN doleful notes to measured accents set  
 Express unmeasured griefs that time forget ?  
 No, let chromatic tunes, harsh without ground,  
 Be sullen music for a tuneless heart ;  
 Chromatic tunes most like my passions sound,  
 As if combined to bear their falling part.  
 Uncertain certain turns, of thoughts forecast  
 Bring back the same, then die, and dying last.

*xvi*

EYES, look no more, for what hath all the earth that 's worth  
 the sight ?  
 Ears, hear no more, for what can breathe the voice of true delight ?  
 Clothe thee my heart with dark black thoughts, and think but  
 of despair.  
 Silence, lock up my words and scorn these idle sounds of air.

Think glory, honour, joys, delights, contents  
 Are but the empty reports  
 Of unappropried terms that breath invents,  
 Not knowing what it imports.  
 But sorrow, grief, affliction, and despair,  
 These are the things that are sure ;  
 And these we feel not as conceits in the air,  
 But as the same we endure.

Joys, delights, and pleasures in us hold such doubtful part  
 As if they were but thrall,  
 And those were all in all.  
 For griefs, distrust, remorse, I see, must domineer the heart.

Joys, delights, and pleasures make grief to tyrannize us worse.  
 Our mirth brings but distastes,  
 For naught delights and lasts.  
 Grief, then take all my heart, for where none strive there needs  
 less force.

*xvii*

IF I could shut the gate against my thoughts,  
 And keep out sorrow from this room within,  
 Or memory could cancel all the notes  
 Of my misdeeds, and I unthink the sin,  
 How free, how clear, how clean my mind should lie,  
 Discharged of such a loathsome company.

Or were there other rooms without my heart,  
 That did not to my conscience join so near,  
 Where I might lodge the thoughts of sin apart,  
 That I might not their clamorous crying hear,  
 What peace, what joy, what ease should I possess,  
 Freed from their horrors that my soul oppress.

But, O my Saviour, who my refuge art,  
 Let thy dear mercies stand 'twixt them and me,  
 And be the wall to separate my heart,  
 So that I may at length repose me free,  
 That peace and joy and rest may be within,  
 And I remain divided from my sin.

*xviii*

I DIE whenas I do not see  
 Her that is life and all to me ;  
 And when I see her, yet I die  
 In seeing of her cruelty.  
 So that to me like misery is wrought  
 Both when I see and when I see her not.

Or shall I speak or silent grieve ?  
 Yet who will silency relieve ?  
 And if I speak, I may offend ;  
 And speaking not, my heart will rend.  
 So that I see to me it is all one,  
 Speak I or speak I not, I am undone.

*xix*

WHAT delight can they enjoy  
 Whose hearts are not their own,  
 But are gone abroad, astray,  
 And to others' bosoms flown ?  
 Seely comforts, seely joy,  
 Which fall and rise as others move,  
 Who seldom use to turn our way.  
 And therefore Cloris will not love.  
 For I will see  
 How false men be,  
 And let them pine that lovers prove.

*xx*

NOW the earth, the skies, the air,  
 And all things fair,  
 Seem new-born thoughts to infuse ;  
 Whilst the returning Spring  
 Joys each thing,  
 And blasted hopes renews.

When I, when only I, alone  
 Left to moan,  
 Find no times born for me.  
 No flowers, no meadow springs,  
 No bird sings  
 But notes of misery.



## JOHN DOWLAND

*The First Booke of Songes or Ayres of fowre partes with Tableture for the Lute : So made that all the partes together, or either of them seuerally may be song to the Lute, Orpherian or Viol de gambo . . . Also an inuention by the sayd Author for two to playe vpon one Lute.*

1597

*i*

UNQUIET thoughts, your civil slaughter stint  
And wrap your wrongs within a pensive heart ;  
And you, my tongue, that makes my mouth a mint  
And stamps my thoughts to coin them words by art,  
Be still, for if you ever do the like,  
I'll cut the string that makes the hammer strike.

But what can stay my thoughts they may not start,  
Or put my tongue in durance for to die,  
Whenas these eyes, the keys of mouth and heart,  
Open the lock where all my love doth lie ?  
I'll seal them up within their lids for ever,  
So thoughts and words and looks shall die together.

How shall I then gaze on my mistress' eyes ?  
My thoughts must have some vent, else heart will break.  
My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies,  
If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not speak.  
Speak then, and tell the passions of desire,  
Which turns mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire.

*ii*

WHO ever thinks or hopes of love for love,  
Or who, beloved, in Cupid's laws doth glory,  
Who joys in vows, or vows not to remove,  
Who by this light god hath not been made sorry,  
Let him see me eclipsed from my sun  
With dark clouds of an earth quite overrun.

Who thinks that sorrows felt, desires hidden,  
Or humble faith in constant honour armed  
Can keep love from the fruit that is forbidden,  
Who thinks that change is by entreaty charmed,  
Looking on me let him know love's delights  
Are treasures hid in caves but kept by sprites.

*Fulke (Greville) Lord Brooke*



*iii*

MY thoughts are winged with hopes, my hopes with love.

Mount, Love, unto the moon in clearest night,  
 And say, as she doth in the heavens move,  
 In earth so wanes and waxeth my delight.  
 And whisper this but softly in her ears :  
 Hope oft doth hang the head, and Trust shed tears.

And you, my thoughts, that some mistrust do carry,  
 If for mistrust my mistress do you blame,  
 Say, though you alter, yet you do not vary,  
 As she doth change and yet remain the same.  
 Distrust doth enter hearts but not infect,  
 And love is sweetest seasoned with suspect.

If she for this with clouds do mask her eyes,  
 And make the heavens dark with her disdain,  
 With windy sighs disperse them in the skies,  
 Or with thy tears dissolve them into rain,  
 Thoughts, hopes, and love return to me no more  
 Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before.

*iv*

• IF my complaints could passions move,  
 Or make Love see wherein I suffer wrong,  
 My passions were enough to prove  
 That my despairs had governed me too long.  
 O Love, I live and die in thee ;  
 Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks ;  
 Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me ;  
 My heart for thy unkindness breaks.  
 Yet thou dost hope when I despair,  
 And when I hope thou mak'st me hope in vain.  
 Thou say'st thou canst my harms repair,  
 Yet for redress thou let'st me still complain.

Can Love be rich, and yet I want ?  
 Is Love my judge, and yet I am condemned ?  
 Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant ;  
 Thou made a god, and yet thy power contemned.  
 That I do live it is thy power ;  
 That I desire, it is my worth.  
 If Love doth make men's lives too sour,  
 Let me not love nor live henceforth.

Die shall my hopes but not my faith  
 That you, that of my fall may hearers be,  
 May here despair, which truly saith,  
 I was more true to Love than Love to me.

*v*

CAN she excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak ?  
 Shall I call her good when she proves unkind ?  
 Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke ?  
 Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find ?

No, no. Where shadows do for bodies stand  
 Thou mayst be abused if thy sight be dim ;  
 Cold love is like to words written on sand,  
 Or to bubbles which on the water swim.

Wilt thou be thus abused still,  
 Seeing that she will right thee never ?  
 If thou canst not o'ercome her will  
 Thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

Was I so base that I might not aspire  
 Unto those high joys which she holds from me ?  
 As they are high, so high is my desire.  
 If she this deny, what can granted be ?

If she will yield to that which Reason is,  
 It is Reason's will that Love should be just.  
 Dear, make me happy still by granting this,  
 Or cut off delays if that die I must.

Better a thousand times to die  
 Than for to live thus still tormented.  
 Dear, but remember it was I  
 Who for thy sake did die contented.

*vi*

NOW, O now, I needs must part,  
 Parting though I absent mourn.  
 Absence can no joy impart,  
 Joy once fled cannot return.  
 While I live I needs must love ;  
 Love dies not when Hope is gone.  
 Now at last Despair doth prove  
 Love divided loveth none.

Sad despair doth drive me hence ;  
 This despair unkindness sends.  
 If that parting be offence  
 It is she that then offends.

Dear, when I am from thee gone,  
 Gone are all my joys at once.  
 I loved thee and thee alone,  
 In whose love I joyed once.  
 And although your sight I leave,  
 Sight wherein my joys do lie,  
 Till that death do sense bereave,  
 Never shall affection die.  
 Sad despair doth drive me hence ;  
 This despair unkindness sends.  
 If that parting be offence  
 It is she that then offends.

Dear, if I do not return,  
 Love and I shall die together ;  
 For my absence never mourn,  
 Whom you might have joyed ever.  
 Part we must, though now I die,  
 Die I do to part with you.  
 Him despair doth cause to lie,  
 Who both lived and dieth true.  
 Sad despair doth drive me hence ;  
 This despair unkindness sends.  
 If that parting be offence  
 It is she that then offends.

*vii*

DEAR, if you change, I'll never choose again ;  
 Sweet, if you shrink, I'll never think of love ;  
 Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain ;  
 Wise, if too weak, moe wits I'll never prove.  
 Dear, Sweet, Fair, Wise, change, shrink not ; be not weak ;  
 And, on my faith, my faith shall never break !

Earth with her flowers shall sooner heaven adorn ;  
 Heaven her bright stars through earth's dim globe shall move ;  
 Fire heat shall lose, and frosts of flames be born ;  
 Air, made to shine, as black as hell shall prove.  
 Earth, Heaven, Fire, Air, the world transformed shall view,  
 Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you.

*viii*

BURST forth, my tears, assist my forward grief  
 And show what pain imperious Love provokes.  
 Kind tender lambs, lament Love's scant relief,  
 And pine, since pensive Care my freedom yokes.  
 O pine to see me pine, my tender flocks !

Sad pining Care, that never may have peace,  
 At Beauty's gate in hope of pity knocks.  
 But Mercy sleeps while deep Disdain increase,  
 And Beauty Hope in her fair bosom locks.  
 O grieve to hear my grief, my tender flocks !

Like to the winds my sighs have winged been,  
 Yet are my sighs and suits repaid with mocks.  
 I plead, yet she repineth at my teen.  
 O ruthless rigour, harder than the rocks,  
 That both the shepherd kills and his poor flocks !

*ix*

GO, crystal tears, like to the morning showers,  
 And sweetly weep into my lady's breast ;  
 And as the dews revive the drooping flowers,  
 So let your drops of pity be addressed  
 To quicken up the thoughts of my desert,  
 Which sleeps too sound whilst I from her depart.

Haste, restless sighs, and let your burning breath  
 Dissolve the ice of her indurate heart,  
 Whose frozen rigour, like forgetful death,  
 Feels never any touch of my desert ;  
 Yet sighs and tears to her I sacrifice  
 Both from a spotless heart and patient eyes.

*x*

THINK'ST thou then by thy feigning  
 Sleep, with a proud disdain,  
 Or with thy crafty closing  
 Thy cruel eyes reposing,  
 To drive me from thy sight,  
 When sleep yields more delight,  
 Such harmless beauty gracing ?  
 And while sleep feigned is,  
 May not I steal a kiss,  
 Thy quiet arms embracing ?

O that thy sleep dissembled  
 Were to a trance resembled,  
 Thy cruel eyes deceiving  
 Of lively sense bereaving.  
 Then should my love requite  
 Thy love's unkind despise ;  
     While fury triumphed boldly  
 In beauty's sweet disgrace,  
 And lived in deep embrace  
     Of her that loved so coldly.

Should then my love aspiring,  
 Forbidden joys desiring,  
 So far exceed the duty  
 That virtue owes to beauty ?  
 No, love, seek not thy bliss  
 Beyond a simple kiss,  
     For such deceits are harmless.  
 Yet kiss a thousandfold,  
 For kisses may be bold  
     When lovely sleep is armless.

*xi*

COME away, come, sweet love ! The golden morning breaks ;  
 All the earth, all the air of love and pleasure speaks.  
     Teach thine arms then to embrace,  
         And sweet  
         Roseate  
     Lips to kiss,  
 And mix our souls in mutual bliss ;  
 Eyes were made for beauty's grace,  
     Viewing,  
     Rueing  
     Love-long pain  
 Procured by beauty's rude disdain.

Come away, come, sweet love ! The golden morning wastes,  
 While the sun from his sphere his fiery arrows casts  
     Making all the shadows fly,  
         Playing,  
         Staying  
     In the grove

To entertain the stealth of love.  
 Thither, sweet love, let us hie,  
     Flying,  
     Dying  
     In desire  
 Winged with hopes and heavenly fire.

Come away, come, sweet love ! Do not in vain adorn  
 Beauty's grace, that should rise like to the naked morn.  
     Lilies on the riverside  
     And fair  
     Cyprian  
     Flowers new-blown  
 Desire no beauties but their own,  
 Ornament is nurse of pride ;  
     Pleasure  
     Measure  
     Love's delight.  
 Haste then, sweet love, our wished flight !

*xii*

REST awhile, you cruel cares,  
 Be not more severe than love.  
 Beauty kills, and beauty spares,  
 And sweet smiles sad sighs remove.  
     Laura, fair queen of my delight,  
 Come grant me love in love's despite,  
     And if I fail to honour thee,  
     Let this heavenly light I see  
     Be as dark as hell to me.

If I speak, my words want weight ;  
 Am I mute, my heart doth break ;  
 If I sigh, she fears deceit ;  
 Sorrow then for me must speak.  
     Cruel unkind, with favour view  
 The wound that first was made by you ;  
     And if my torments feigned be,  
     Let this heavenly light I see  
     Be as dark as hell to me.

Never hour of pleasing rest  
 Shall revive my dying ghost,  
 Till my soul hath repossessed  
 The sweet hope which love hath lost.  
 Laura, redeem the soul that dies  
 By fury of thy murdering eyes ;  
 And if it proves unkind to thee,  
 Let this heavenly light I see  
 Be as dark as hell to me.

*xiii*

SLEEP, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my love.

Let not my Love be with my love diseased.  
 Touch not, proud hands, lest you her anger move,  
 But pine you with my longings long displeased.  
 Thus while she sleeps I sorrow for her sake,  
 So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

But O the fury of my restless fear ;  
 The hidden anguish of my flesh desires ;  
 The glories and the beauties, that appear  
 Between her brows near Cupid's closed fires.  
 Thus while she sleeps moves sighing for her sake.  
 So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

My love doth rage, and yet my Love doth rest.  
 Fear in my love, and yet my Love secure.  
 Peace in my Love, and yet my love oppressed,  
 Impatient yet of perfect temperature.  
 Sleep, dainty Love, while I sigh for thy sake.  
 So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

*xiv*

ALL ye whom Love or Fortune hath betrayed ;

All ye that dream of bliss, but live in grief ;

All ye whose hopes are evermore delayed ;

All ye whose sighs or sickness want relief ;

Lend ears and tears to me, most hapless man,

That sings my sorrows like the dying swan.

Care that consumes the heart with inward pain ;

Pain that presents sad care in outward view ;

Both, tyrant-like, enforce me to complain,

But still in vain, for none my complaints will rue.

Tears, sighs, and ceaseless cries alone I spend,

My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.

*xv*

WILT thou unkind thus reave me  
Of my heart, of my heart, and so leave me ?

Farewell ! Farewell !

But yet or ere I part, O cruel !

Kiss me, kiss me, sweet my jewel.

Hope by disdain grows cheerless,  
Fear doth love, love doth fear beauty peerless.

Farewell ! Farewell !

But yet or ere I part, O cruel !

Kiss me, kiss me, sweet my jewel.

Yet be thou mindful ever  
Heat from fire, fire from heat none can sever.

Farewell ! Farewell !

But yet or ere I part, O cruel !

Kiss me, kiss me, sweet my jewel.

If no delays can move thee  
Life shall die, death shall live still to love thee.

Farewell ! Farewell !

But yet or ere I part, O cruel !

Kiss me, kiss me, sweet my jewel.

True love cannot be changed  
Though delight from desert be estranged.

Farewell ! Farewell !

But yet or ere I part, O cruel !

Kiss me, kiss me, sweet my jewel.

*xvi*

WOULD my conceit that first enforced my woe,  
Or else mine eyes which still that same increase,  
Might be extinct, to end my sorrows so,  
Which now are such as nothing can release,  
Whose life is death, whose sweet each change of sour,  
And eke whose hell reneweth every hour.

Each hour amidst the deep of hell I fry ;  
Each hour I waste and wither where I sit ;  
But that sweet hour wherein I wish to die

My hope, alas, may not enjoy it yet,  
Whose hope is such bereaved of the bliss  
Which unto all save me allotted is.



To all save me is free to live or die ;  
 To all save me remaineth hap or hope ;  
 But all perforce I must abandon, I,  
 Sith Fortune still directs my hap a-slope.  
 Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I trust,  
 But to my thralls I yield, for so I must.

*xvii*

COME again !  
 Sweet love doth now invite  
 Thy graces, that refrain  
 To do me due delight,  
 To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die  
 With thee in sweetest sympathy.

Come again !  
 That I may cease to mourn  
 Through thy unkind disdain.  
 For now left and forlorn  
 I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die  
 In deadly pain and misery.

All the day  
 The sun that lends me shine  
 By frowns do cause me pine,  
 And feeds me with delay ;  
 Her smiles my springs that makes my joys to grow ;  
 Her frowns the winter of my woe.

All the night  
 My sleeps are full of dreams,  
 My eyes are full of streams ;  
 My heart takes no delight  
 To see the fruits and joys that some do find,  
 And mark the storms are me assigned.

Out alas !  
 My faith is ever true ;  
 Yet she will never rue,  
 Nor yield me any grace.  
 Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,  
 Whom tears nor truth may once invade.

Gentle Love,  
 Draw forth thy wounding dart,  
 Thou canst not pierce her heart ;  
 For I, that do approve  
 By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts,  
 Did tempt, while she for triumph laughs.

*xviii*

HIS golden locks Time hath to silver turned.  
 O Time too swift ! O swiftness never ceasing !  
 His youth 'gainst Time and Age hath ever spurned,  
 But spurned in vain ; youth waneth by increasing.  
 Beauty, strength, youth are flowers but fading seen ;  
 Duty, faith, love are roots and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,  
 And lover's sonnets turn to holy psalms.  
 A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,  
 And feed on prayers which are Age's alms.  
 But though from Court to cottage he depart,  
 His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,  
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song :  
 Blest be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well.  
 Curst be the soul that think her any wrong.  
 Goddess, allow this aged man his right  
 To be your bedesman now that was your knight.

*George Peele**xix*

AWAKE, sweet love, thou art returned.  
 My heart, which long in absence mourned,  
 Lives now in perfect joy.  
 Let love, which never absent dies,  
 Now live for ever in her eyes,  
 Whence came my first annoy.

Only herself hath seemed fair,  
 She, only, I could love,  
 She, only, drave me to despair  
 When she unkind did prove.  
 Despair did make me wish to die,  
 That I my joys might end.  
 She only, which did make me fly,  
 My state may now amend.

If she esteem thee now aught worth,  
 She will not grieve thy love henceforth,  
 Which so despair hath proved.

Despair hath proved now in me  
 That love will not unconstant be,  
 Though long in vain I loved.

If she at last reward thy love  
 And all thy harms repair,  
 Thy happiness will sweeter prove  
 Raised up from deep despair.  
 And if that now thou welcome be  
 When thou with her dost meet,  
 She all this while but played with thee  
 To make thy joys more sweet.

xxx

COME, heavy Sleep, the image of true Death,  
 And close up these my weary weeping eyes,  
 Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,  
 And tears my heart with Sorrow's sigh-swoll'n cries.  
 Come and possess my tired thought-worn soul,  
 That living dies, till thou on me be stole.

Come, shadow of my end, and shape of rest,  
 Allied to Death, child to the black-fast Night;  
 Come thou and charm these rebels in my breast,  
 Whose waking fancies doth my mind affright.  
 O come, sweet Sleep, come or I die for ever;  
 Come ere my last sleep comes, or come thou never.

xxi

AWAY with these self-loving lads,  
 Whom Cupid's arrow never glads!  
 Away, poor souls, that sigh and weep  
 In love of those that lie and sleep!  
 For Cupid is a meadow god  
 And forceth none to kiss the rod.

God Cupid's shaft, like destiny,  
 Doth either good or ill decree.  
 Desert is born out of his bow,  
 Reward upon his foot doth go.  
 What fools are they that have not known  
 That Love likes no laws but his own!

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise ;  
 I wear her rings on holidays,  
 On every tree I write her name,  
 And every day I read the same.  
 Where Honour Cupid's rival is  
 There miracles are seen of his.

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,  
 I blot her name out of the tree.  
 If doubt do darken things held dear,  
 Then well fare nothing once a year !  
 For many run, but one must win ;  
 Fools, only, hedge the cuckoo in.

The worth that worthiness should move  
 Is love, which is the bow of Love.  
 And love as well the foster can  
 As can the mighty nobleman.  
 Sweet saint, 'tis true you worthy be,  
 Yet without love naught worth to me.

*Fulke (Greville) Lord Brooke*



*The Second Booke of Songs or Ayres, of 2. 4. and 5. parts : With  
 Tableture for the Lute or Orpherian, with the Violl de Gamba . . .  
 Also an execlent lesson for the Lute and Base Viol, called Dowlands  
 adew. 1600.*

*i*

I SAW my lady weep,  
 And Sorrow proud to be advanced so  
 In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.  
 Her face was full of woe ;  
 But such a woe, believe me, as wins more hearts  
 Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,  
 And Passion wise, tears a delightful thing ;  
 Silence beyond all speech a wisdom rare.  
 She made her sighs to sing,  
 And all things with so sweet a sadness move  
 As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else  
 The world can show, leave off in time to grieve.  
 Enough, enough your joyful looks excels ;  
 Tears kills the heart, believe.  
 O strive not to be excellent in woe,  
 Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

*ii*

FLOW, my tears, fall from your springs !  
 Exiled for ever let me mourn ;  
 Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,  
 There let me live forlorn.

Down, vain lights, shine you no more !  
 No nights are dark enough for those  
 That in despair their lost fortunes deplore.  
 Light doth but shame disclose.

Never may my woes be relieved,  
 Since pity is fled ;  
 And tears and sighs and groans my weary days  
 Of all joys have deprived.  
 From the highest spire of contentment  
 My fortune is thrown ;  
 And fear and grief and pain for my deserts  
 Are my hopes, since hope is gone.  
 Hark ! you shadows that in darkness dwell,  
 Learn to contemn light.  
 Happy, happy they that in hell  
 Feel not the world's despite.

*iii*

SORROW, stay ! lend true repentant tears  
 To a woeful wretched wight.  
 Hence, Despair ! with thy tormenting fears  
 O do not my poor heart affright.  
 Pity, help ! now or never,  
 Mark me not to endless pain.  
 Alas, I am condemned ever,  
 No hope, no help there doth remain.  
 But down, down, down, down I fall,  
 And arise I never shall.

## iv

DIE not before thy day, poor man condemned,  
 But lift thy low looks from the humble earth.  
 Kiss not Despair and see sweet Hope contemned,  
 The hag hath no delight but moan for mirth.  
 O fie, poor fondling ! fie ! be willing  
 To preserve thyself from killing.  
 Hope, thy keeper, glad to free thee.  
 Bids thee go and will not see thee.  
 Hie thee quickly from thy wrong !  
 So she ends her willing song.

## v

MOURN ! mourn ! Day is with darkness fled.  
 What heaven then governs earth ?  
 O none but hell in heaven's stead  
 Chokes with his mists our mirth.  
 Mourn ! mourn ! look now no more for day  
 Nor night, but that from hell.  
 Then all must as they may  
 In darkness learn to dwell.  
 But yet this change must needs change our delight,  
 That thus the sun should harbour with the night.

## vi-viii

TIME'S eldest son, Old Age, the heir of Ease,  
 Strength's foe, Love's woe, and foster to Devotion,  
 Bids gallant youths in martial prowess please,  
 As for himself he hath no earthly motion,  
 But thinks sighs, tears, vows, prayers, and sacrifices  
 As good as shows, masks, jousts, or tilt devises.  
 Then sit thee down and say thy *Nunc dimittis*,  
 With *De profundis*, *Credo*, and *Te Deum*,  
 Chant *Miserere* ; for what now so fit is  
 As that, or this : *Paratum est cor meum* ?  
 O that thy saint would take in worth thy heart,  
 Thou canst not please her with a better part.  
 When others sings *Venite exultemus*,  
 Stand by and turn to *Noli aemulare* ;  
 For *Quare fremuerunt* use *Oremus*,  
*Vivat Eliza* for an *Ave Mary* ;  
 And teach those swains that lives about thy cell  
 To say *Amen* when thou dost pray so well.

## ix

PRAISE blindness, eyes, for seeing is deceit.

Be dumb, vain tongue, words are but flattering winds.

Break, heart, and bleed, for there is no receipt

To purge inconstancy from most men's minds.

And if thine ears, false heralds to thy heart,

Convey into thy head hopes to obtain,

Then tell thy hearing thou art deaf by art,

Now love is art that wanted to be plain ;

Now none is bald except they see his brains ;

Affection is not known till one be dead ;

Reward for love are labours for his pains ;

Love's quiver made of gold, his shafts of lead.

*L'envoi*

And so I waked amazed and could not move.

I know my dream was true and yet I love.

## x

O SWEET woods, the delight of solitariness,

O how much do I love your solitariness !

From Fame's desire, from love's delight retired,

In these sad groves a hermit's life I led ;

And those false pleasures which I once admired,

With sad remembrance of my fall I dread.

To birds, to trees, to earth impart I this,

For she less secret and as senseless is.

O sweet woods, the delight of solitariness,

O how much do I love your solitariness !

Experience, which repentance only brings,

Doth bid me now my heart from love estrange.

Love is disdained when it doth look at kings ;

And love, low-placed, base and apt to change.

There power doth take from him his liberty ;

Her want of worth makes him in cradle die.

O sweet woods, the delight of solitariness,

O how much do I love your solitariness !

You men that give false worship unto love,

And seek that which you never shall obtain,

The endless work of Sisyphus you prove,  
 Whose end is this : to know you strive in vain.  
 Hope and Desire, which now your idols be,  
 You needs must lose and feel despair with me.

O sweet woods, the delight of solitariness,  
 O how much do I love your solitariness !  
 You woods, in you the fairest nymphs have walked,  
 Nymphs at whose sight all hearts did yield to love.  
 You woods, in whom dear lovers oft have talked,  
 How do you now a place of mourning prove ?  
 Wanstead, my mistress saith this is the doom,  
 Thou art Love's childbed, nursery and tomb.

*xi*

IF floods of tears could cleanse my follies past,  
 And smokes of sighs might sacrifice for sin ;  
 If groaning cries might salve my fault at last,  
 Or endless moan for error pardon win,  
 Then would I cry, weep, sigh, and ever moan,  
 Mine errors, faults, sins, follies, past and gone.

I see my hopes must wither in their bud ;  
 I see my favours are no lasting flowers ;  
 I see that words will breed no better good  
 Than loss of time, and lightening but at hours.  
 Thus when I see, then thus I say therefore  
 That favours, hopes, and words can blind no more.

*xii*

FINE knacks for ladies, cheap, choice, brave and new !  
 Good pennyworths ! but money cannot move.  
 I keep a fair but for the fair to view ;  
 A beggar may be liberal of love.  
 Though all my wares be trash, the heart is true.

Great gifts are guiles and look for gifts again ;  
 My trifles come as treasures from my mind.  
 It is a precious jewel to be plain ;  
 Sometimes in shell the Orient's pearls we find.  
 Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain.



Within this pack pins, points, laces, and gloves,  
 And divers toys fitting a country fair.  
 But my heart lives where duty serves and loves,  
 Turtles and twins, court's brood, a heavenly pair.  
 Happy the heart that thinks of no removes !

*xiii*

NOW cease, my wandering eyes,  
 Strange beauties to admire.  
 In change least comfort lies ;  
 Long joys yield long desires.  
 One faith, one love  
 Makes our frail pleasures eternal, and in sweetness prove  
 New hopes, new joys  
 Are still with sorrow declining unto deep annoys.

One man hath but one soul  
 Which art cannot divide.  
 If all one soul must love  
 Two loves must be denied.  
 One soul, one love,  
 By faith and merit united cannot move.  
 Distracted sprites  
 Are ever changing and hapless in their delights.

Nature two eyes hath given  
 All beauty to impart  
 As well in earth as heaven ;  
 But she hath given one heart ;  
 That, though we see  
 Ten thousand beauties, yet in us one should be,  
 One steadfast love,  
 Because our hearts stand fixed although our eyes do move.

*xiv*

COME, ye heavy states of night,  
 Do my father's spirit right.  
 Soundings baleful let me borrow,  
 Burthening my song with sorrow.  
 Come, sorrow, come, her eyes that sings  
 By thee are turned into springs.

Come, you virgins of the night,  
 That in dirges sad delight,  
 Choir my anthems. I do borrow  
 Gold nor pearl, but sounds of sorrow.  
 Come, sorrow, come, her eyes that sings  
 By thee are turned into springs.

*xv*

WHITE as lilies was her face.  
     When she smiled  
     She beguiled,  
 Quitting faith with foul disgrace.  
 Virtue, service thus neglected,  
 Heart with sorrow hath infected.

When I swore my heart her own,  
     She disdained ;  
     I complained ;  
 Yet she left me overthrown,  
 Careless of my bitter grieving,  
 Ruthless, bent to no relieving.

Vows and oaths and faith assured,  
     Constant ever,  
     Changing never ;  
 Yet she could not be procured  
 To believe my pains exceeding,  
 From her scant neglect proceeding.

O that love should have the art  
     By surmises  
     And disguises  
 To destroy a faithful heart ;  
 Or that wanton-looking women  
 Should reward their friends as foemen.

All in vain is ladies' love,  
     Quickly choosed,  
     Shortly loosed ;  
 For their pride is to remove.  
 Out alas ! their looks first won us,  
 And their pride hath straight undone us.

To thyself, the sweetest fair,  
 Thou hast wounded  
 And confounded  
 Changeless faith with foul despair.  
 And my service hath envied  
 And my succours hath denied.  
 By thine error thou hast lost  
 Heart unfeigned,  
 Truth unstained,  
 And the swain that loved most,  
 More assured in love than many,  
 More despised in love than any.  
 For my heart, though set at naught,  
 Since you will it,  
 Spoil, and kill it,  
 I will never change my thoughts,  
 But grieve that Beauty ere was born.  
 And so I'll live as one forlorn.

*xvi*

WOEFUL heart with grief oppressed,  
 Since my fortunes most distressed  
 From my joys hath me removed,  
 Follow those sweet eyes adored,  
 Those sweet eyes wherein are stored  
 All my pleasures best beloved.  
 Fly my breast, leave me forsaken,  
 Wherein grief his seat hath taken,  
 All his arrows through me darting.  
 Thou mayest live by her sun-shining,  
 I shall suffer no more pining  
 By her loss than by her parting.

*xvii*

A SHEPHERD in a shade  
 His plaining made  
 Of love and lovers' wrong  
 Unto the fairest lass  
 That trod on grass,  
 And thus began his song :  
 Restore, restore my heart again,  
 Which love by thy sweet looks hath slain,  
 Lest that, enforced by your disdain, I sing :  
 Fie, fie on love, it is a foolish thing.

Since love and fortune will,  
 I honour still  
 Your fair and lovely eye.  
 What conquest will it be,  
 Sweet nymph, for thee  
 If I for sorrow die ?  
 Restore, restore my heart again,  
 Which love by thy sweet looks hath slain,  
 Lest that, enforced by your disdain, I sing :  
 Fie, fie on love, it is a foolish thing.

My heart where have you laid ?  
 O cruel maid !  
 'To kill, when you might save !  
 Why have ye cast it forth  
 As nothing worth,  
 Without a tomb or grave ?  
 O let it be entombed and lie  
 In your sweet mind and memory,  
 Lest I resound on every warbling string :  
 Fie, fie on love, that is a foolish thing.

*xviii*

FACTION, that ever dwells  
 In Court where wits excels,  
 Hath set defiance.  
 Fortune and Love hath sworn  
 'That they were never born  
 Of one alliance.

Fortune swears weakest hearts  
 The book of Cupid's arts  
 Turn with her wheel.  
 Senses themselves shall prove,  
 Venture her place in Love ;  
 Ask them that feel.

This discord it begot  
 Atheist, that Honour, not  
 Nature, thought good.  
 Fortune should ever dwell  
 In Court where wits excel,  
 Love keep the wood.

So to the wood went I  
 With Love to live and die,  
     Fortune forlorn.  
 Experience of my youth  
 Made me think humble Truth  
     In desert born.

My saint is dear to me,  
 And Joan herself is she,  
     Joan fair and true ;  
 Joan that doth ever move  
 Passions of love with love.  
     Fortune adieu !

*Fulke (Greville) Lord Brooke*

*xix*

SHALL I sue ? shall I seek for grace ?  
     Shall I pray ? shall I prove ?  
 Shall I strive to a heavenly joy  
     With an earthly love ?  
 Shall I think that a bleeding heart  
     Or a wounded eye,  
 Or a sigh can ascend the clouds  
     To attain so high ?

Silly wretch, forsake these dreams  
     Of a vain desire ;  
 O bethink what high regard  
     Holy hopes do require.  
 Favour is as fair as things are,  
     Treasure is not bought ;  
 Favour is not won with words,  
     Nor the wish of a thought.

Pity is but a poor defence  
     For a dying heart ;  
 Ladies' eyes respect no moan  
     In a mean desert.  
 She is too worthy far  
     For a worth so base,  
 Cruel and but just is she  
     In my just disgrace.

Justice gives each man his own.  
 Though my love be just  
 Yet will she not pity my grief,  
 Therefore die I must.  
 Silly heart, then yield to die,  
 Perish in despair.  
 Witness yet how fain I die  
 When I die for the fair.

xx

TOSS not my soul, O Love, 'twixt hope and fear.  
 Show me some ground where I may firmly stand  
 Or surely fall ; I care not which appear,  
 So one will close me in a certain band.

*L'envoi*

When once of ill the uttermost is known,  
 The strength of sorrow quite is overthrown.

Take me, Assurance, to thy blissful hold,  
 Or thou, Despair, unto thy darkest cell.  
 Each hath full rest, the one in joys enrolled.  
 The other, in that he fears no more, is well.

*L'envoi*

When once the uttermost of ill is known,  
 The strength of sorrow quite is overthrown.

xxi

CLEAR or cloudy, sweet as April showering,  
 Smooth or frowning, so is her face to me.  
 Pleased or smiling, like mild May all flowering,  
 When skies blue silk, and meadows carpets be,  
 Her speeches, notes of that night bird that singeth,  
 Who thought all sweet, yet jarring notes out-ringeth.

Her grace like June, when earth and trees be trimmed  
 In best attire of complete beauty's height.  
 Her love again like summer's days be dimmed  
 With little clouds of doubtful constant faith.  
 Her trust, her doubt, like rain and heat in skies  
 Gently thundering, she lightning to mine eyes.

Sweet summer-spring that breatheth life and growing  
 In weeds as into herbs and flowers,  
 And sees of service divers sorts in sowing,  
 Some haply seeming, and some being, yours ;  
 Rain on your herbs and flowers that truly serve,  
 And let your weeds lack dew, and duly starve.

*xxii. A Dialogue.*

*1st Voice.* HUMOUR, say what mak'st thou here  
 In the presence of a queen ?

*2nd Voice.* Princes hold conceit most dear,  
 All conceit in humour seen.

*1st Voice.* Thou art a heavy leaden mood.

*2nd Voice.* Humour is Invention's food.

*Both.* But never humour yet was true,  
 But that which only pleaseth you.

*1st Voice.* O I am as heavy as earth,  
 Say then, who is Humour now ?

*2nd Voice.* I am now inclined to mirth,  
 Humour I as well as thou.

*1st Voice.* Why then 'tis I am drowned in woe.

*2nd Voice.* No, no, Wit is cherished so.

*Both.* But never humour yet was true,  
 But that which only pleaseth you.

*1st Voice.* Mirth then is drowned in sorrow's brim.  
 O in sorrow all things sleep.

*2nd Voice.* No, no, fool, the light'st things swim.  
 Heavy things sink to the deep.

*1st Voice.* In her presence all things smile.  
 Humour frolic then awhile.

*Both.* But never humour yet was true,  
 But that which only pleaseth you.



*The Third And Last Booke Of Songs Or Aires. Newly composed to sing to the Lute, Orpharion, or viols, and a dialogue for a base and meane Lute with five voices to sing thereto. 1603.*

## i

FAREWELL, too fair, too chaste, but too too cruel,  
 Discretion never quenched fire with swords.  
 Why hast thou made my heart thine anger's fuel,  
 And now would kill my passion with thy words ?  
 This is proud beauty's true anatomy,  
 If that secure service in secrecy.

Farewell, farewell.

Farewell, too dear, and too too much desired,  
 Unless compassion dwelt more near thy heart.  
 Love by neglect, though constant, oft is tired  
 And forced from bliss unwillingly to part.  
 This is proud beauty's true anatomy  
 If that secure service in secrecy.

Farewell, farewell.

## ii

TIME stands still with gazing on her face.  
 Stand still and gaze for minutes, hours and years to give her  
 place.

All other things shall change but she remains the same,  
 Till heavens changed have their course and Time hath lost his  
 name.

Cupid doth hover up and down, blinded with her fair eyes,  
 And Fortune captive at her feet contemned and conquered lies.

When Fortune, Love, and Time attend on  
 Her with my fortunes, love, and time I honour will alone.

If bloodless Envy say Duty hath no desert,  
 Duty replies that Envy knows herself his faithful heart.  
 My settled vows and spotless faith no fortune can remove,  
 Courage shall show my inward faith, and faith shall try my love.

## iii

BEHOLD a wonder here,  
 Love hath received his sight,  
 Which many hundred years  
 Hath not beheld the light.



Such beams infused be  
 By Cynthia in his eyes,  
 As first have made him see  
 And then have made him wise.

Love now no more will weep  
 For them that laugh the while ;  
 Nor wake for them that sleep,  
 Nor sigh for them that smile.

So powerful is the beauty  
 That Love doth now behold,  
 As love is turned to duty  
 That 's neither blind nor bold.

This Beauty shows her might  
 To be of double kind,  
 In giving Love his sight  
 And striking Folly blind.

*iv*

DAPHNE was not so chaste as she was changing,  
 Soon-begun love with hate estranging.  
 He that to-day triumphs with favours graced,  
 Falls before night with scorns defaced.  
 Yet is thy beauty feigned, and every one desires  
 Still the false light of thy traitorous fires.

Beauty can want no grace by true love viewed ;  
 Fancy by looks is still renewed,  
 Like to a fruitful tree it ever groweth,  
 Or the fresh spring that endless floweth.  
 But if that Beauty were of one consent with Love,  
 Love should live free and true pleasure prove.

*v*

ME, me, and none but me, dart home, O gentle Death,  
 And quickly, for I draw too long this idle breath.  
 O how I long till I may fly to heaven above  
 Unto my faithful and beloved turtle-dove.

Like to the silver swan before my death I sing,  
 And yet, alive, my fatal knell I help to ring.  
 Still I desire from earth and earthly joys to fly.  
 He never happy lived that cannot love to die.

*vi*

WHEN Phoebus first did Daphne love,  
 And no means might her favour move,  
 He craved the cause. The cause, quoth she,  
 Is I have vowed virginity.  
 Then in a rage he sware and said :  
 Past fifteen none should live a maid.

If maidens then shall chance be sped  
 Ere they can scarcely dress their head,  
 Yet pardon them, for they be loath  
 To make good Phoebus break his oath.  
 And better 'twere a child were born  
 Than that a god should be foresworn.

*vii*

SAY, Love, if ever thou didst find  
 A woman with a constant mind ?  
     None but one.  
 And what should that rare mirror be ?  
 Some goddess or some queen is she ?  
     She, she, she, and only she,  
 She only Queen of love and beauty.

But could thy fiery poisoned dart  
 At no time touch her spotless heart,  
     Nor come near ?  
 She is not subject to Love's bow ;  
 Her eye commands, her heart saith No.  
     No, no, no, and only no !  
 One No another still doth follow.

How might I that fair wonder know  
 That mocks desire with endless no ?  
     See the moon  
 That ever in one change doth grow  
 Yet still the same ; and she is so ;  
     So, so, so, and only so.  
 From heaven her virtues she doth borrow.

To her then yield thy shafts and bow,  
 That can command affections so.  
     Love is free ;  
 So are her thoughts that vanquish thee.  
 There is no Queen of love but she,  
     She, she, she, and only she,  
 She only Queen of love and beauty.

*viii*

FLOW not so fast, ye fountains ;  
     What needeth all this haste ?  
 Swell not above your mountains,  
     Nor spend your time in waste.  
 Gentle springs, freshly your salt tears  
 Must still fall dropping from their spheres.

Weep they apace whom Reason  
     Or lingering Time can ease.  
 My sorrow can no Season,  
     Nor aught besides, appease. .  
 Gentle springs, freshly your salt tears  
 Must still fall dropping from their spheres.

Time can abate the terror  
     Of every common pain ;  
 But common grief is error,  
     True grief will still remain.  
 Gentle springs, freshly your salt tears  
 Must still fall dropping from their spheres.

*ix*

WHAT if I never speed ?  
     Shall I straight yield to despair,  
 And still on sorrow feed  
     That can no loss repair ?  
 Or shall I change my love ?  
     For I find power to depart,  
 And in my reason prove  
     I can command my heart.  
 But if she will pity my desire and my love requite,  
     Then ever shall she live my dear delight.  
 Come, come, while I have a heart to desire thee,  
 Come, for either I will love or admire thee.

Oft have I dreamed of joy,  
 Yet I never felt the sweet ;  
 But, tired with annoy,  
 My griefs each other greet.  
 Oft have I left my hope  
 As a wretch by fate forlorn ;  
 But love aims at one scope  
 And lost will still return.

He that once loves with a true desire never can depart,  
 For Cupid is the king of every heart.  
 Come, come, while I have a heart to desire thee,  
 Come, for either I will love or admire thee.

x

LOVE stood amazed at sweet Beauty's pain.  
 Love would have said that all was but in vain,  
 And gods but half divine.  
 But when Love saw that Beauty would die,  
 He all aghast to heavens did cry :  
 O gods, what wrong is mine !

Then his tears, bred in thoughts of salt brine,  
 Fell from his eyes like rain in sunshine,  
 Expelled by rage of fire.  
 Yet in such wise as anguish affords,  
 He did express in these his last words  
 His infinite desire :

Are you fled, fair ? where are now those eyes,  
 Eyes but too fair, envied by the skies ?  
 You angry gods do know.  
 With guiltless blood your sceptres you stain ;  
 On poor true hearts like tyrants you reign.  
 Unjust, why do you so ?

Are you false gods ? why then do you reign ?  
 Are you just gods ? why then have you slain  
 The life of Love on earth ?  
 Beauty, now thy face lives in the skies.  
 Beauty, now let me live in thine eyes,  
 Where bliss felt never death.

Then from high rock; the rock of despair,  
 He falls, in hope to smother in the air,  
     Or else on stones to burst,  
 Or on cold waves to spend his last breath,  
 Or his strange life to end by strange death,  
     But Fate forbid the worst.

With pity moved, the gods then change Love  
 To Phoenix shape, yet cannot remove  
     His wanted property.  
 He loves the sun because it is fair ;  
 Sleep he neglects, he lives but by air,  
     And would, but cannot, die.

*xi*

LEND your ears to my sorrow,  
 Good people that have any pity ;  
     For no eyes will I borrow,  
 Mine own shall grace my doleful ditty.  
 Chant then, my voice, though rude like to my rhyming,  
 And tell forth my grief, which here in sad despair  
     Can find no ease of tormenting.

Once I lived, once I knew delight,  
 No grief did shadow then my pleasure ;  
     Graced with love, cheered with beauty's sight,  
 I joyed alone true heavenly treasure.  
 O what a heaven is love firmly embraced !  
 Such power alone can fix delight  
     In fortune's bosom ever placed.

Cold as ice, frozen is that heart  
 Where thought of love could no time enter ;  
     Such of life reap the poorest part,  
 Whose weight cleaves to this earthly centre.  
 Mutual joys in hearts truly united  
 Do earth to heavenly state convert,  
     Like heaven still in itself delighted.

*xii*

BY a fountain where I lay,  
 All blessed be that blessed day !  
 By the glimmering of the sun,  
 O never be her shining done !

When I might see alone  
 My true love's fairest one,  
     Love's dear light,  
     Love's clear sight,  
 No world's eyes can clearer see,  
 A fairer sight none can be.

Fair with garlands all addressed,  
 Was never nymph more fairly blessed,  
 Blessed in the highest degree,  
 So may she ever blessed be !  
     Came to this fountain near  
     With such a smiling cheer,  
     Such a face !  
     Such a grace !  
 Happy, happy eyes that see  
 Such a heavenly sight as she !

Then I forthwith took my pipe,  
 Which I all fair and clean did wipe,  
 And upon a heavenly ground  
 All in the grace of beauty found,  
     Played this roundelay :  
     Welcome fair Queen of May !  
     Sing, sweet air,  
     Welcome fair,  
 Welcome be the shepherds' Queen,  
 The glory of all our green.

*xiii*

O WHAT hath overwrought  
 My all-amazed thought ?  
 Or whereto am I brought,  
 That thus in vain have sought ?  
 Till time and truth hath taught  
 I labour all for naught.  
 The day I see is clear,  
 But I am ne'er the near,  
 For grief doth still appear  
 To cross our merry cheer.  
 While I can nothing hear  
 But Winter all the year.

Cold, hold ! the sun will shine warm.  
 Therefore now fear no harm.  
 O blessed beams  
 Where beauty streams,  
 Happy, happy light to love's dreams.

*xiv*

FAREWELL, unkind, farewell ! to me no more a father,  
 Since my heart holds my love most dear.  
 The wealth which thou dost reap, another's hand must gather,  
 Though thy heart still lies buried there.  
 Then farewell, O farewell !  
 Welcome my love ! welcome my joy for ever !

'Tis not the vain desire of human fleeting beauty  
 Makes my mind to live, though my means do die.  
 Nor do I Nature wrong, though I forget my duty.  
 Love not in the blood but in the spirit doth lie.  
 Then farewell, O farewell !  
 Welcome my love ! welcome my joy for ever !

*xv*

WEEP you no more, sad fountains ;  
 What need you flow so fast ?  
 Look how the snowy mountains  
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste.  
 But my sun's heavenly eyes  
 View not your weeping,  
 That now lies sleeping  
 Softly, now softly lies  
 Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,  
 A rest that peace begets.  
 Doth not the sun rise smiling  
 When fair at ev'n he sets ?  
 Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,  
 Melt not in weeping  
 While she lies sleeping  
 Softly, now softly lies  
 Sleeping.

*xvi*

FIE on this feigning !  
 Is love without desire,  
 Heat still remaining,  
 And yet no spark of fire ?  
 Thou art untrue, nor wert with fancy moved,  
 For desire hath power on all that ever loved.

Show some relenting,  
 Or grant thou dost now love.  
 Two hearts consenting  
 Shall they no comforts prove ?  
 Yield and confess that love is without pleasure,  
 And that women's bounties rob men of their treasure.

Truth is not placed  
 In words and forced smiles,  
 Love is not graced  
 With that which still beguiles.  
 Love or dislike, yield fire or give no fuel ;  
 So mayest thou prove kind, or at the least less cruel.

*xvii*

I MUST complain, yet do enjoy my love.  
 She is too fair, too rich in beauty's parts.  
 Thence is my grief ; for Nature, while she strove  
 With all her graces and divinest arts  
 To form her too too beautiful of hue,  
 She had no leisure left to make her true.

Should I aggrieved then wish she were less fair ?  
 That were repugnant to my own desires.  
 She is admired, new suitors still repair  
 That kindles daily love's forgetful fires.  
 Rest, jealous thoughts, and thus resolve at last,  
 She hath more beauty than becomes the chaste.

*Thomas Campian*

*xviii*

IT was a Time when silly bees could speak,  
 And in that Time I was a silly bee,  
 Who fed on Time until my heart 'gan break,  
 Yet never found the Time would favour me.  
 Of all the swarm I only did not thrive,  
 Yet brought I wax and honey to the hive.



Then thus I buzzed when Time no sap would give :

Why should this blessed Time to me be dry,  
Sith by this Time the lazy drone doth live,

The wasp, the worm, the gnat, the butterfly.  
Mated with grief I kneeled on my knees,  
And thus complained unto the king of bees :

My liege, gods grant thy Time may never end,

And yet vouchsafe to hear my plaint of Time,  
Which fruitless flies have found to have a friend,

And I cast down when atomies do climb.

The king replied but thus : Peace, peevish bee,  
Thou'rt bound to serve the Time, the Time not thee.

*Ascribed to Robert, Earl of Essex .*

*xix*

THE lowest trees have tops, the ant her gall,

The fly her spleen, the little spark his heat.

And slender hairs cast shadows though but small ;

And bees have stings although they be not great.

Seas have their source, and so have shallow springs ;

And Love is Love in beggars and in kings.

Where waters smoothest run, deep are the fords ;

The dial stirs, yet none perceives it move.

The firmest faith is in the fewest words ;

The turtles cannot sing, and yet they love.

True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongues to speak ;

They hear and see and sigh, and then they break.

*Ascribed to Sir Edward Dyer*

*xx*

WHAT poor astronomers are they

Take women's eyes for stars ;

And set their thoughts in battle ray

To fight such idle wars.

When in the end they shall approve

'Tis but a jest drawn out of love.

And love itself is but a jest

Devised by idle heads,

To catch young fancies in the nest

And lay it in fools' beds.

That being hatched in beauty's eyes

They may be flidge ere they be wise.

But yet it is a sport to see  
 How Wit will run on wheels,  
 While Will cannot persuaded be  
 With that which Reason feels :  
 That women's eyes and stars are odd,  
 And Love is but a feigned god.

But such as will run mad with Will,  
 I cannot clear their sight,  
 But leave them to their study still  
 To look where is no light ;  
 Till time too late we make them try  
 They study false astronomy.

*xxi. Dialogue.*

*1st Voice.* COME when I call, or tarry till I come,  
 If you be deaf, I must prove dumb.

*2nd Voice.* Stay awhile, my heavenly joy, I come with wings of  
 love,

When envious eyes Time shall remove.

*1st Voice.* If thy desire ever knew the grief of delay  
 No danger could stand in the way.

*2nd Voice.* O do not add this sorrow to my grief,  
 That languish here wanting relief.

*1st Voice.* What need we languish ? Can Love quickly fly ?  
 Fear ever hurts more than jealousy.

*Both.* Then securely envy scorning  
 Let us end with joy our mourning.  
 Jealousy still defy,  
 And love till we die.



*A Pilgrimes Solace. Wherein is contained Musicall Harmonie  
 of 3. 4. and 5. parts, to be sung and plaid with the Lute and Viols.*

1612.

*i*

DISDAIN me still, that I may ever love ;  
 For who his love enjoys can love no more.  
 The war once past, with ease men cowards prove,  
 And ships returned do rot upon the shore.  
 And though thou frown I'll say thou art most fair,  
 And still I'll love, though still I must despair.

As heat to life, so is desire to love,  
 And these once quenched, both life and love are gone.  
 Let not my sighs nor tears thy virtue move ;  
 Like baser metals do not melt too soon.  
 Laugh at my woes, although I ever mourn ;  
 Love surfeits with reward, his nurse is scorn.

*Ascribed to William, Earl of Pembroke*

*ii*

SWEET, stay awhile ; why will you rise ?  
 The light you see comes from your eyes.  
 The day breaks not, it is my heart,  
 To think that you and I must part.  
 O stay, or else my joys must die  
 And perish in their infancy.

Dear, let me die in this fair breast,  
 Far sweeter than the Phoenix' nest.  
 Love raise desire by his sweet charms  
 Within the circle of thine arms ;  
 And let thy blissful kisses cherish  
 Mine infant joys that else must perish.

*Ascribed to John Donne*

*iii*

TO ask for all thy love and thy whole heart  
 'Twere madness.  
 I do not sue  
 Nor can admit,  
 Fairest, from you  
 To have all yet.  
 Who giveth all hath nothing to impart  
 But sadness.

He that receiveth all, can have no more  
 Than seeing.  
 My love by length  
 Of every hour  
 Gathers new strength,  
 New growth, new flower.  
 You must have daily new rewards in store,  
 Still being.

You cannot every day give me your heart  
 For merit.  
 Yet, if you will,  
 When yours doth go  
 You shall have still  
 One to bestow ;  
 For you shall mine when yours doth part  
 Inherit.

Yet if you please I'll find a better way  
 Than change them ;  
 For so alone,  
 Dearest, we shall  
 Be one and one  
 Another's all.  
 Let us so join our hearts that nothing may  
 Estrange them.

*iv*

LOVE, those beams, that breed  
 All day long,  
 Breed and feed  
 This burning,  
 Love, I quench with floods,  
 Floods of tears,  
 Nightly tears,  
 And mourning.  
 But alas ! Tears cool this fire in vain ;  
 The more I quench the more there doth remain.

I'll go to the woods  
 And alone  
 Make my moan,  
 O cruel !  
 For I am deceived  
 And bereaved  
 Of my life,  
 My jewel.  
 O but in the world, though Love be blind,  
 He hath his spies my secret haunts to find.

Love, then I must yield  
 To thy might,  
 Might and spite,  
 Oppressed,  
 Since I see my wrongs,  
 Woe is me,  
 Cannot be  
 Redressed.

Come at last, be friendly, Love, to me  
 And let me not endure this misery.

*v*

SHALL I strive with words to move  
 When deeds receive not due regard ?  
 Shall I speak and neither please  
 Nor be freely heard ?  
 All woes have end though awhile delayed,  
 Our patience proving.  
 O that Time's strange effects  
 Could but make her loving.  
 I wooed her, I loved her, and none but her admire ;  
 O come, dear joy, and answer my desire.

Grief, alas, though all in vain,  
 Her restless anguish must reveal.  
 She alone my wound shall know  
 Though she will not heal.  
 Storms calm at last, and why may not  
 She leave off her frowning ?  
 O sweet Love, help her hands,  
 My affection crowning.  
 I wooed her, I loved her, and none but her admire ;  
 O come, dear joy, and answer my desire.

*vi*

WERE every thought an eye  
 And all those eyes could see,  
 Her subtle wiles their sights would beguile  
 And mock their jealousy.  
 Desire lives in her heart,  
 Diana in her eyes.

'Twere vain to wish women true ; 'tis well  
 If they prove wise.  
 Such a love deserves more grace  
 Than a truer heart that hath no conceit  
 To make use both of time and place,  
 When a wit hath need of all his sleight.

Her fires do inward burn,  
 They make no outward show ;  
 And her delights amid the dark shades  
 Which none may discover, grow.  
 The flower's growth is unseen  
 Yet every day it grows ;  
 So where her fancy is set it thrives,  
 But how, none knows.  
 Such a love deserves more grace  
 Than a truer heart that hath no conceit  
 To make use both of time and place,  
 When a wit hath need of all his sleight.

*vii*

STAY, Time, awhile thy flying,  
 Stay, and pity me dying ;  
 For fates and friends have left me  
 And of comfort bereft me.  
 Come, close mine eyes, better to die blessed  
 Than to live thus distressed.

To whom shall I complain me  
 When thus friends do disdain me ?  
 'Tis Time that must befriend me,  
 Drowned in sorrow to end me.  
 Come, close mine eyes, better to die blessed  
 Than to live thus distressed.

Tears but augment this fuel.  
 I feed by night, O cruel.  
 Light griefs can speak their pleasure ;  
 Mine are dumb, passing measure.  
 Quick, close mine eyes, better to die blessed  
 Than here to live distressed.

*viii*

TELL me, True Love, where shall I seek thy being ?  
 In thoughts, or vows, or words, or promise-making ?  
 In reasons, looks, or passions never-seeing ?  
 In men on earth or women's minds partaking ?  
 Thou canst not die ; and therefore, living, tell me,  
 Where is thy seat ? why doth this age expel thee ?

When thoughts are still unseen, and words disguised ;  
 Vows are not sacred held, nor promise debt ;  
 By passion Reason's glory is surprised ;  
 In neither sex is True Love firmly set.  
 Thoughts feigned, words false, vows and promise broken  
 Made True Love fly from earth, this is the token.

Mount then, my thoughts, here is for thee no dwelling,  
 Since Truth and Falsehood live like twins together.  
 Believe not sense, eyes, ears, touch, taste, or smelling ;  
 Both Art and Nature's forced ; put trust in neither.  
 One only she doth True Love captive bind  
 In fairest breast, but in a fairer mind.

O fairest mind, enriched with Love's residing,  
 Retain the best ; in hearts let some seed fall ;  
 Instead of weeds Love's fruits may have abiding,  
 At harvest you shall reap increase of all.  
 O happy Love ! more happy man that finds thee !  
 Most happy saint, that keeps, restores, unbinds thee !

*ix*

GO, nightly Cares, the enemy to rest,  
 Forbear awhile to vex my grieved sprite.  
 So long your weight hath lain upon my breast  
 That I do live of life bereaved quite.  
 O give me time to draw my weary breath,  
 Or let me die, as I desire the death.  
 Welcome, sweet Death ! O Life no life, a hell !  
 Then thus and thus I bid the world farewell.

False world, farewell ! the enemy to rest,  
 Now do thy worst, I do not weigh thy spite ;  
 Free from thy cares I live for ever blest,  
 Enjoying peace, and heavenly true delight,

Delight whom woes nor sorrows shall amate ;  
 Nor fears nor tears disturb her happy state.  
 And thus I leave thy hopes, thy joys untrue ;  
 And thus and thus, vain world, again adieu.

## x

FROM silent night, true register of moans ;  
 From saddest soul, consumed with deepest sins ;  
 From heart quite rent with sighs and heavy groans  
 My wailing Muse her woeful work begins,  
 And to the world brings tunes of sad despair,  
 Sounding naught else but sorrow, grief and care.

Sorrow to see my sorrow's cause augmented,  
 And yet less sorrowful were my sorrows more ;  
 Grief that my grief with grief is not prevented,  
 For grief it is must ease my grieved sore.  
 Thus grief and sorrow cares but how to grieve,  
 For grief and sorrow must my cares relieve.

If any eye therefore can spare a tear  
 To fill the well-spring that must wet my cheeks,  
 O let that eye to this sad feast draw near,  
 Refuse me not, my humble soul beseeks.  
 For all the tears mine eyes have ever wept  
 Were now too little had they all been kept.

## xi

LASSO ! vita mia mi fa morire ;  
 Crudel' amor mio cor consume  
 Da mille ferite che mi fan morir.  
 Ahinè ! Deh ! chè non mi fan morire ?  
 Crudel' amor mi fa soffrir mille martire.

## xii

IN this trembling shadow cast  
 From those boughs which thy wings shake,  
 Far from human troubles placed  
 Songs to the Lord would I make.  
 Darkness from my mind then take ;  
 For thy rites none may begin  
 Till they feel thy light within.



As I sing, sweet flowers I'll strow  
 From the fruitful valleys brought ;  
 Praising Him by whom they grow,  
 Him that heaven and earth hath wrought,  
 Him that all things framed of naught ;  
 Him that all for man did make,  
 But made Man for his own sake.

Music, all thy sweetness lend  
 While of His high power I speak,  
 On whom all powers else depend :  
 But my breast is now too weak ;  
 Trumpets shrill the air should break.  
 All in vain my sounds I raise ;  
 Boundless power asks boundless praise.

*xiii*

IF that a sinner's sighs be angels' food,  
 Or that repentant tears be angels' wine,  
 Accept, O Lord, in this most pensive mood,  
 These hearty sighs and doleful plaints of mine,  
 That went with Peter forth most sinfully,  
 But not, as Peter, did weep bitterly.

*xiv-xvi*

THOU mighty God, that rightest every wrong,  
 Listen to Patience in a dying song.  
 When Job had lost his children, lands, and goods,  
 Patience assuaged his excessive pain ;  
 And when his sorrows came as fast as floods,  
 Hope kept his heart till Comfort came again.

When David's life by Saul was often sought,  
 And worlds of woes did compass him about,  
 On dire revenge he never had a thought,  
 But in his griefs Hope still did help him out.

When the poor cripple by the pool did lie  
 Full many years in misery and pain,  
 No sooner he on Christ had set his eye  
 But he was well, and comfort came again.  
 No David, Job, nor cripple in more grief,  
 Christ, give me patience and my hope's relief.

*xvii*

WHERE sin, sore-wounding,  
 Daily doth oppress me,  
 There grace abounding  
 Freely doth redress me,  
 So that resounding  
 Still I shall confess Thee  
 Father of mercy.

Though sin offending  
 Daily doth torment me,  
 Yet grace amending,  
 Since I do repent me,  
 At my life's ending  
 Will, I hope, present me  
 Clear to Thy mercy.

The wound sin gave me  
 Was of death assured  
 Did not grace save me,  
 Whereby it is cured.  
 So wilt thou have me  
 To thy love inured,  
 Free without merit.

Sin's stripe is healed  
 And his sting abated ;  
 Death's mouth is sealed  
 And the grave amated ;  
 Thy love revealed  
 And thy grace related  
 Gives me this spirit.

*xviii*

MY heart and tongue were twins at once conceived.  
 Th'eldest my heart, born dumb by destiny ;  
 The last, my tongue, of all sweet thoughts bereaved,  
 Yet strung and tuned to play heart's harmony.  
 Both knit in one and yet asunder placed,  
 What heart would speak, the tongue doth still discover ;  
 What tongue doth speak, is of the heart embraced,  
 And both are one to make a new found lover.  
 New found and only found in gods and kings,  
 Whose words are deeds, but words nor deeds regarded.  
 Chaste thoughts do mount and fly with swiftest wings,  
 My love with pain, my pain with loss rewarded.  
 Then this be sure, since it is true perfection,  
 That neither men nor gods can force affection.

*xix*

UP, merry mates ! To Neptune's praise  
Your voices high advance.

The watery nymphs shall dance ;  
And Aeolus shall whistle to your lays.

Steersman, how stands the wind ?

Full north-north-east.

What course ?

Full south-south-west.

No worse,

And blow so fair ?

Then sink despair !

Come solace to the mind,  
Ere night we shall the haven find.

O happy days !

Who may contain,

But swell with proud disdain

When seas are smooth, sails full, and all things please ?

Stay, merry mates ! Proud Neptune lowers !

Your voices all deplore you ;

The nymphs stand weeping o'er you ;

And Aeolus and Iris bandy showers.

Boatsman, haul in the boat.

Hark, hark ! the ratlings !

'Tis hale.

Make fast the tacklings.

Strike sail.

Make quick despatches ;

Shut close the hatches ;

Hold stern, cast anchor out,

This night we shall at random float.

O dismal hours !

Who can forbear

But sink with sad despair

When seas are rough, sails rent, and each thing lowers ?

The golden mean that constant spirit bears

In such extremes, that nor presumes nor fears.

*xx*

WELCOME, black Night, Hymen's fair Day !

Help Hymen Love's due debt to pay.

Love's due debt is chaste delight,

Which if the turtles want to-night

Hymen forfeits his deity,  
 And Night in love her dignity.  
 Help, help, black Night, Hymen's fair Day,  
 Help Hymen Love's due debt to pay.

*Chorus.* Hymen, O Hymen ! mine  
 Of treasures more divine,  
 What deity is like to thee  
 That freest from mortality ?

Stay, happy pair, stay but a while,  
 Hymen comes not Love to beguile.  
 These sports are alluring baits,  
 And sauce are to Love's sweetest cates.  
 Longing hope doth no hurt but this,  
 It heightens Love's attained bliss.  
 Then stay, most happy, stay awhile,  
 Hymen comes not Love to beguile.

*Chorus.* Hymen, O Hymen ! mine  
 Of treasures more divine.  
 What deity is like to thee  
 That freest from mortality ?

*xxi*

CEASE, cease those false sports, haste away !  
 Love's made a truant by your stay.

Good-night ! yet virgin-bride !  
 But look ere day be spied  
 You change that fruitless name,  
 Lest you your sex defame.

Fear not Hymen's peaceful war,  
 You'll conquer though you subdued are.  
 Good night ! and ere the day be old,  
 Rise to the sun a marigold.  
 Hymen, O Hymen, bless this night,  
 That Love's dark works may come to light.





## ROBERT DOWLAND

*A Musicall Banquet. Furnished with varietie of delicious Ayres,  
Collected out of the best Authors in English, French, Spanish, and  
Italian. 1610.*

*i. Anthony Holborne*

MY heavy sprite, oppressed with sorrow's might,  
Of wearied limbs the burden sore sustains,  
With silent groans and heart's tears still complains,  
Yet I breathe still and live in life's despite.

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.

*George, Earl of Cumberland*

*ii. Richard Martin*

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 loved thee best awhile,

See how she hath still delayed thee,

Using shows for to beguile

Those vain hopes that have deceived 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 deceived 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.

O my death doth spring from hence,

I must die for her offence.

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

*Robert, Earl of Essex*

*iii. Robert Hales*

O 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 lasting.  
 Time needs must be attended ;  
 Love must not be offended  
 With too much hasting.

But O 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 receive me.

*iv. D'incerto*

GO, my flock, go get you hence,  
 Seek some other place of feeding,  
 Where you may have some defence  
 From the storms in my breast breeding,  
 And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leave a wretch in whom all woe  
Can abide to keep no measure.  
Merry flock, such one forgo  
Unto whom mirth is displeasure,  
Only rich in measure's treasure.

Yet, alas, before you go,  
Hear your woeful master's story ;  
Which to stones I else would show.  
Sorrow only then hath glory  
When 'tis excellently sorry..

Stella, fairest shepherdess,  
Fairest but yet cruellest ever ;  
Stella, whom the heavens still bless,  
Though against me she persever,  
Though I bliss inherit never ;

Stella hath refused me,  
Stella who more love hath proved  
In this caitiff heart to be  
Than can in good to us be moved  
Towards lambkins best beloved.

Stella hath refused me.  
Astrophel, that so well served,  
In this pleasant Spring, must see,  
While in pride flowers be preserved,  
Himself only winter-starved.

Why, alas, then doth she swear  
That she loveth me so dearly,  
Seeing me so long to bear  
Coals of love that burn so clearly,  
And yet leave me hopeless merely ?

Is that love ? Forsooth I trow  
If I saw my good dog grieved,  
And a help for him did know,  
My love should not be believed  
But he were by me relieved.

No, she hates me, well-away,  
Feigning love somewhat to please me,  
Knowing if she should display  
All her hate, death soon would seize me,  
And of hideous torments ease me.

Then, my flock, now adieu !  
 But alas if in your straying  
 Heavenly Stella meet with you,  
 Tell her in your piteous blaying  
 Her poor slave is just decaying.

*Sir Philip Sidney*

*v. D'Incerto*

O, DEAR life, when shall it be  
 That mine eyes thine eyes may see,  
 And in them thy mind discover  
 Whether absence hath had force  
 Thy remembrance to divorce  
 From the image of thy lover ?

O if I myself find not  
 By thy absence oft forgot,  
 Nor debarred from beauty's treasure,  
 Let no tongue aspire to tell  
 In what high joys I shall dwell,  
 Only thought aims at the pleasure.

Thought, therefore, will I send thee  
 To take up the place for me,  
 Long I will not after tarry.  
 There unseen thou mayest be bold  
 Those fair wonders to behold,  
 Which in them my hopes do carry.

Thought, see thou no place forbear,  
 Enter bravely everywhere,  
 Seize on all to her belonging.  
 But if thou wouldest guarded be,  
 Fearing her beams, take with thee  
 Strength of liking, rage of longing.

O my thoughts, my thoughts, surcease,  
 Your delights my woes increase ;  
 My life fleets with too much thinking.  
 Think no more, but die in me  
 Till thou shalt received be,  
 At her lips my nectar drinking.

*Sir Philip Sidney*



*vi. Daniell Batchelar*

TO plead my faith, where faith hath no reward ;  
 To move remorse, where favour is not born ;  
 To heap complaints, where she doth not regard,  
 Were fruitless, bootless, vain and yield but scorn.  
 I loved her whom all the world admired.  
 I was refused of her that can love none ;  
 And my vain hope, which far too high aspired,  
 Is dead and buried and for ever gone.  
 Forget my name, since you have scorned my love,  
 And womanlike 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 loved I not more than I now despair.

*Robert, Earl of Essex*

*vii. Tesseir*

IN a grove most rich of shade  
 Where birds wanton music made,  
 May then in his pied weeds showing  
 New perfumes with flowers fresh growing,  
 Astrophel with Stella sweet  
 Did for mutual comfort meet ;  
 Both within themselves oppressed,  
 But either in each other blessed.  
 Him great harms had taught much care ;  
 Her fair neck a foul yoke bare ;  
 But her sight his care did banish ;  
 In his sight her yoke did vanish.  
 Wept they had, alas, the while,  
 But now tears themselves did smile,  
 While their eyes by love directed  
 Interchangeably rejected.  
 Sighed they had, but now betwixt  
 Sighs of woe were glad sighs mixed,  
 With arms crossed yet testifying  
 Restless rest and living dying.  
 Their ears hungry of each word  
 Which the dear tongue would afford ;  
 But their tongues restrained from walking  
 Till their hearts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speak,  
 Love itself did silence break.  
 Love did see his lips asunder  
 Thus to speak in love and wonder :

Stella, sovereign of my joy,  
 Fair Triumphress in annoy ;  
 Stella, star of heavenly fire,  
 Stella, lode-star of desire,

Stella, in whose shining eyes  
 Are the lights of Cupid's skies,  
 Whose beams when they are once darted  
 Love therewith is straight imparted.

Stella, whose voice when it speaks  
 Senses all asunder break ;  
 Stella, whose voice when it singeth  
 Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

Stella, in whose body is  
 Writ the characters of bliss,  
 Whose sweet face all beauty passeth,  
 Save the mind which it surpasseth.

Grant, O grant,—but speech alas  
 Fails me, fearing on to pass,  
 Grant to me,—what am I saying ?  
 But no fault there is in praying.

Grant, O dear, on knees I pray,  
 (Knees on ground he then did stay)  
 That not I but since I prove you  
 Time and place from me ne'er move you.

Never season was more fit,  
 Never room more apt for it ;  
 Smiling air allows my reason ;  
 These birds sing, now use the season.

This small wind which so sweet is,  
 See how it the leaves doth kiss ;  
 Each tree in his best attiring,  
 Sense of love to love inspiring.

Love makes earth the water drink,  
 Love to earth makes water sink,  
 And if dumb things be so witty  
 Shall a heavenly grace want pity ?

There his hands in their speech fain  
 Would have made tongue's language plain ;  
 But her hands his hands compelling  
 Gave repulse, all grace expelling.

Therewithal away she went,  
 Leaving him with passion rent,  
 With what she had done and spoken,  
 That therewith my song is broken.

*Sir Philip Sidney*

*viii. John Dowland*

FAR from triumphing Court and wonted glory  
 He dwelt in shady unfrequented places,  
 Time's prisoner now, he made his pastime story ;  
 Gladly forgets Court's erst-afforded graces.  
 That goddess whom he served to heaven 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 beams the world with fruit hath blest ;  
 Blest was the knight while he that light beheld.  
 Since then a star fixed on his head hath shined,  
 And a saint's image in his heart is shrined.

Ravished with joy, so graced by such a saint,  
 He quite forgot his cell and self denaid ;  
 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.  
 Ay me ! he cries, goddess, my limbs grow faint,  
 Though I Time's prisoner be, be you my saint.

*Sir Henry Lea*

*ix. John Dowland*

LADY, if you so spite me,  
 Wherefore do you so oft kiss and delight me,  
 Sure that my heart oppressed 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.

*x. John Dowland*

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,  
 O let me living, living die, till death do come.



## ALFONSO FERRABOSCO

*Ayres. 1609.**i*

LIKE hermit poor in place obscure  
 I mean to spend my days of endless doubt,  
 To wail such woes as Time cannot recure,  
 Where none but Love shall find me out;  
 And at my gates Despair shall linger still  
 To let in Death when Love and Fortune will.

*ii*

COME home, my troubled thoughts, stay and retire;  
 Call home, your erring fellows; make a stand.  
 Follow not still the colours of Desire;  
 False are her wishes, cruel her command.  
 Come then, obey this summons, come away,  
 For here vain hopes must serve you for your pay.

*iii*

COME away, come away,  
 We grow jealous of your stay.  
 If you do not stop your ear  
 We shall have more cause to fear  
 Sirens of the land, than they  
 To doubt the Sirens of the sea.

*Ben Jonson*

*iv*

DEAR, when to thee my sad complaint I make,  
 And show how oft love doth my death renew ;  
 And how afresh I suffer for thy sake,  
 I ever fear this answer to ensue :  
 Who would bewail the bird that 'scapes the snare,  
 And ever caught, and never can beware.

But my reply is just, that if the eye,  
 That sees the danger, yet obeys the heart,  
 That leads the sense, for his delight to die,  
 In that this prey prefers the better part,  
 The gainer should have mercy to forgive.  
 If beauty be a tyrant, who can live ?

*v*

FAIN I would, but O I dare not,  
 Speak my thoughts at full to praise her..  
 Speak the best, cries Love, and spare not ;  
 Thy speech can no higher raise her.  
 Thy speech than thy thoughts are lower,  
 Yet thy thoughts do not half know her.

*vi*

COME, my Celia, let us prove,  
 While we may, the sweets of Love.  
 Time will not be ours for ever ;  
 He at length our good will sever.  
 Spend not then his gifts in vain ;  
 Suns that set may rise again,  
 But if we once lose this light,  
 'Tis with us perpetual night.  
 Why should we defer our joys ?  
 Fame and Rumour are but toys.  
 Cannot we delude the eyes  
 Of a few poor household spies ?  
 Or his easier ears beguile  
 Thus removed by our wile ?  
 'Tis no sin Love's fruits to steal ;  
 But the sweet theft to reveal,  
 To be taken, to be seen,  
 These have crimes accounted been.

*Ben Jonson*

*vii*

SO, so, leave off this last lamenting kiss,  
 - Which sucks two souls and vapours both away.  
 Turn thou, ghost, that way ; and let me turn this ;  
 And let ourselves benight our happy day.  
 We ask none leave to love, nor will we owe  
 Any so cheap a death as saying Go !

Go, go ! and if that word have not quite killed thee,  
 Ease me with death by bidding me go too.  
 O, if it have, let my word work on me,  
 And a just office on a murderer do.  
 Except it be too late to kill me so,  
 Being double dead, going and bidding go.

*viii*

YOUNG and simple though I am,  
 I have heard of Cupid's name.  
 Guess I can what thing it is,  
 Men desire when they do kiss.  
 Smoke can never burn, they say ;  
 But the flames that follow may.

I am not so foul or fair  
 To be proud or to despair.  
 Yet my lips have oft observed  
 Men that kiss them press them hard,  
 As glad lovers use to do  
 When their new-met loves they woo.

Faith, 'tis but a foolish mind,  
 Yet methinks a heat I find,  
 Like thirst-longing that doth bide  
 Ever on my weaker side,  
 Where they say my heart doth move.  
 Venus grant it be not Love !

If it be, alas, what then ?  
 Were not women made for men ?  
 As good 'tis a thing were past,  
 That must needs be done at last.  
 Roses that are overblown  
 Grow less sweet, then fall alone.

Yet no churl nor silken gull  
 Shall my maiden blossom pull.  
 Who shall not, I soon can tell.  
 Who shall, would I knew as well !  
 This I know, who e'er he be,  
 Love he must or flatter me.

*Thomas Campian*

*ix*

DROWN not with tears, my dearest love,  
 Those eyes which my affections move.  
 Do not with weeping those lights blind,  
 Which me in thy subjection bind.  
 Time, that hath made us two of one,  
 And forced thee now to live alone,  
 Will once again us reunite  
 To show how she can Fortune spite.  
 Then will we our time redeem  
 And hold our hours in more esteem,  
 Turning all our sweetest nights  
 Into millions of delights,  
 And strive with many thousand kisses  
 To multiply exchange of blisses.

*x*

I AM a lover, yet was never loved.  
 Well have I loved and will, though hated ever.  
 Troubles I pass, yet never any moved ;  
 Sighs have I given and yet she heard me never.  
 I would complain and she would never hear me ;  
 And fly from love, but it is ever near me.  
 Oblivion only blameless doth beset me  
 For that remembereth never to forget me.

*xi*

WHY stays the bridegroom to invade  
 Her that would be a matron made ?  
 Good-night, whilst yet we may  
 Good-night to you a virgin say.  
 To-morrow rise the same  
 Your mother is, and use a nobler name.  
 Speed well in Hymen's war,  
 That what you are,  
 By your perfections we  
 And all may see.

*Ben Jonson*

*xii-xiv*

SING we then heroic grace,  
 So with lovely light adorning  
 That fair heaven of his face  
 As the star that leads the morning ;  
 Body brave for part and whole,  
 Purest seat of purer soul,  
 Where reposed lodge by nature  
 Princely strength and comely stature.

Sing the riches of his skill,  
 Long by studious toil provided ;  
 Wit that never guideth ill,  
 Will that never ill is guided ;  
 Judgement that can best discern,  
 Memory that needs not learn ;  
 Courage where such thoughts assemble  
 Justly may his haters tremble.

Sing the nobless of his race ;  
 Sing his power, his wealth, his glory,  
 Breaking all the bounds of place,  
 Endless ages' ageless story.  
 Peace that maketh one of two  
 More than ever war could do ;  
 Terror chased, Justice fixed,  
 Mercy still with Justice mixed.

*xv*

WITH what new thoughts should I now entertain  
 My mind, if I my sadness should forgo ?  
 What pleasing hopes have I not proved vain ?  
 Or what false show of joy do I not know ?  
 O partial love, there is no power in thee  
 To make her love, or else to set me free.

*xvi*

FLY from the world, O fly, thou poor distressed,  
 Where thy diseased soul infects thy soul,  
 And where thy thoughts do multiply unrest,  
 Tiring with wishes what they straight control.  
 O world, O world, betrayer of the mind !  
 O thoughts, O thoughts, that guide us, being blind.



Come therefore, Care, conduct me to my end,  
 And steer this shipwrecked carcass to the grave.  
 My sighs a strange and stedfast wind shall lend ;  
 Tears wet the sails, Repentance from rocks save.  
 Hail Death, hail Death, the land I do descry !  
 Strike sail, go soul, rest follows them that die.

*xvii*

SHALL I seek to ease my grief ?  
 No, my sight is lost with eyeing.  
 Shall I speak and beg relief ?  
 No, my voice is hoarse with crying.  
 What remains but only dying ?  
 Love and I of late did part,  
 But the Boy, my peace envying,  
 Like a Parthian threw his dart  
 Backward, and did wound me flying.  
 What remains but only dying ?  
 She whom then I looked on,  
 My remembrance beautifying,  
 Stays with me though I am gone,  
 Gone and at her mercy lying.  
 What remains but only dying ?  
 Thus my vital breath doth waste,  
 And my blood with sorrow drying,  
 Sighs and tears make life to last,  
 For a while his place supplying.  
 What remains but only dying ?

*xviii-xx*

IF all these Cupids now were blind  
 As is their wanton brother ;  
 Or play should put it in their minds  
 To shoot at one another ;  
 What pretty battle they would make,  
 If they their objects should mistake,  
 And each one wound his mother.  
 It was no policy of court,  
 Although the place be charmed,  
 To let, in earnest or in sport,  
 So many Loves in armed.  
 For say the dames should with their eyes  
 Upon the hearts here mean surprise,  
 Were not the men like harmed ?

Yes, were the Loves or false or straying ;  
 Or Beauty not their beauty weighing.  
 But here no such deceit is mixed ;  
 Their flames are pure, their eyes are fixed ;  
 They do not war with different darts,  
 But strike a music of like hearts.

*Ben Jonson*

*xxi*

SO Beauty on the waters stood,  
 When Love had severed earth from flood.  
 So when he parted air from fire,  
 He did with concord all inspire.  
 And then a motion he them taught  
 That elder than himself was thought ;  
 Which thought was yet the child of earth,  
 For Love is elder than his birth.

*Ben Jonson*

*xxii*

HAD those that dwell in error foul,  
 And hold that women have no soul,  
 But seen those move, they would have then  
 Said women were the souls of men ;  
 For they do move each heart and eye  
 With the world's soul, their harmony.

*Ben Jonson*

*xxiii*

IF all the ages of the earth  
 Were crowned but in this famous birth ;  
 And when that they would boast their store  
 Of worthy queens they knew no more ;  
 How happier is that age can give  
 A Queen in whom they all do live !

*Ben Jonson*

*xxiv*

UNCONSTANT love, why should I make my moan,  
 Or send sad sighs unto thy careless ear,  
 Since thy affection and thy faith is gone,  
 And all those virtues which I once held dear ?  
 Farewell, farewell, most false of all to me  
 That with affection dearly loved thee.

xxv

O EYES, O mortal stars,  
 The authors of my harms,  
 That in slumbering wage wars  
 To kill me with sweet charms ;  
 If closed you do annoy me,  
 Being open you'd destroy me.

xxvi

*A Dialogue betweene a Shepheard and a Nymph*

*Shepherd.* FAIR cruel nymph, why thus in grief and anguish  
 Makest thou him that adores thee pine and languish ?  
*Nymph.* Why, shepherd, dost thou me condemn as cruel,  
 Since thine own fancies are thy passions' fuel ?  
*Shepherd.* O but these fancies from thy beauty flow.  
*Nymph.* Then shall relief to thee from bounty grow.  
*Both.* O how I joy in  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{thee} \\ \text{this} \end{array} \right\}$  my happy choice ;  
 As thou in me, so I in thee rejoice ;  
 Then let us still together live and love,  
 And sing the joys that happy lovers prove.

xxvii

*A Dialogue*

*Shepherd.* WHAT shall I wish ? What shall I fly ?  
*Nymph.* True love I seek.  
*Shepherd.* False I defy.  
*Nymph.* Words have their truth.  
*Shepherd.* Such ever speak.  
*Nymph.* Deeds have their faith.  
*Shepherd.* Such never break.  
*Both.* Flattery yields pleasure.  
*Shepherd.* Only truth yields weight.  
*Both.* Happy are they that never knew deceit.

xxviii

*A Dialogue betweene a Shepheard and a Nymph*

*Shepherd.* TELL me, O love, when shall it be  
 That thy fair eyes shall shine on me,  
 Whom nothing now reviveth ?  
*Nymph.* I pray thee, shepherd, leave thy fears ;  
 Drown not thy heart and eyes with tears ;  
 Such sighs my sense depriveth.

- Shepherd.* Alas, sweet nymph, I cannot choose,  
Since thou estranged livest from me.
- Nymph.* O do not me for that accuse,  
My love, my life doth live in thee.
- Both.* Alas, what joy is in such love  
That ever lives apart,  
And never other comforts prove  
But cares that kill the heart?
- Shepherd.* O let me die !
- Nymph.* And so will I !
- Both.* Yet stay, sweet love, and sing this song with me :  
Time brings to pass what Love thinks could not be.



## THOMAS FORD

*Musicke Of Sundrie Kindes, Set forth in two Bookes. The First Whereof Are, Aries for 4. Voices to the Lute, Orphorion, or Basse-Viol, with a Dialogue for two Voices, and two Basse Viols in parts, tunde the Lute way. The Second Are Pauens, Galiards, Almaines, Toies, Iigges, Thumpes and such like, for two Basse-Viols, the Liera way, so made as the greatest number may serue to play alone, very easie to be performde. 1607.*

i

NOT full twelve years twice told, a weary breath  
I have exchanged for a wished death.  
My course was short, the longer is my rest,  
God takes them soonest whom he loveth best ;  
For he that 's born to-day and dies to-morrow,  
Loseth some days of mirth, but months of sorrow.  
Why fear we Death that cures our sicknesses,  
Author of rest and end of all distresses ?  
Other misfortunes often come to grieve us ;  
Death strikes but once, and that stroke doth relieve us.

ii

WHAT then is love, sings Corydon,  
Since Phillida is grown so coy ?  
A flattering glass to gaze upon ;  
A busy jest, a serious toy ;

A flower still budding, never blown ;  
 A scanty dearth in fullest store ;  
 Yielding least fruit where most is sown.  
     My daily note shall be therefore  
     Heigh ho ! heigh ho ! 'chill love no more.

'Tis like a morning dewy rose  
     Spread fairly to the sun's arise ;  
 But when his beams he doth disclose  
     That which then flourished quickly dies.  
 It is a self-fed dying hope,  
     A promised bliss, a salveless sore,  
 An aimless mark, an erring scope.  
     My daily note shall be therefore  
     Heigh ho ! heigh ho ! 'chill love no more.

'Tis like a lamp shining to all  
     Whilst in itself it doth decay ;  
 It seems to free whom it doth thrall  
     And leads our pathless thoughts astray.  
 It is the Spring of wintered hearts  
     Parched by the Summer's heat before.  
 Faint hope to kindly warmth converts.  
     My daily note shall be therefore  
     Heigh ho ! heigh ho ! 'chill love no more.

*iii*

UNTO the temple of thy beauty,  
     And to the tomb where Pity lies,  
 I, pilgrim-clad, with zeal and duty  
     Do offer up my heart, mine eyes.  
 My heart, lo, in the quenchless fire  
     On Love's burning altar lies,  
 Conducted thither by Desire  
     To be Beauty's sacrifice.

But, Pity, on thy sable hearse  
     Mine eyes the tears of sorrow shed.  
 What though tears cannot fate reverse,  
     Yet are they duties to the dead.  
 O mistress, in thy sanctuary  
     Why would'st thou suffer cold Disdain  
 To use his frozen cruelty,  
     And gentle Pity to be slain.

Pity, that to thy Beauty fled,  
 And with thy Beauty should have lived,  
 Ah ! in thy heart lies buried  
 And never more may be revived.  
 Yet this last favour, dear, extend,  
 To accept these vows, these tears I shed,  
 Duties, which I, thy pilgrim, send  
 To Beauty living, Pity dead.

*iv*

NOW I see thy looks were feigned  
 Quickly lost and quickly gained.  
 Soft thy skin like wool of wethers,  
 Heart unconstant, light as feathers ;  
 Tongue untrusty, subtle sighted ;  
 Wanton will with change delighted.  
     Siren pleasant, foe to reason,  
     Cupid plague thee for thy treason !

Of thine eye I made my mirror,  
 From thy beauty came my error ;  
 All thy words I counted witty,  
 All thy sighs I deemed pity ;  
 Thy false tears that me aggrieved  
 First of all my trust deceived.  
     Siren pleasant, foe to reason,  
     Cupid plague thee for thy treason !

Feigned acceptance when I asked,  
 Lovely words with cunning masked,  
 Holy vows but heart unholy.  
 Wretched man ! my trust was folly.  
 Lily-white and pretty winking,  
 Solemn vows but sorry thinking.  
     Siren pleasant, foe to reason,  
     Cupid plague thee for thy treason !

Now I see, O seemly cruel,  
 Others warm them at my fuel.  
 Wit shall guide me in this durance  
 Since in love is no assurance.  
 Change thy pasture, take thy pleasure,  
 Beauty is a fading treasure.  
     Siren pleasant, foe to reason,  
     Cupid plague thee for thy treason !

Prime youth lasts not, age will follow  
 And make white those tresses yellow ;  
 Wrinkled face for looks delightful  
 Shall acquaint the dame spiteful ;  
 And when time shall date thy glory  
 Then too late thou shalt be sorry.

Siren pleasant, foe to reason,  
 Cupid plague thee for thy treason !

*Thomas Lodge*

*v*

GO, Passions, to the cruel fair,  
 Plead my sorrows never ceasing ;  
 Tell her those smiles are empty air,  
 Growing hopes but not increasing,  
 Hasting, wasting, with swift pace,  
 Date of joy in dull disgrace.

Urge her but gently, I request,  
 With breach of faith and wrack of vows ;  
 Say that my grief and mind's unrest  
 Lives in the shadow of her brows,  
 Plying, flying, there to die  
 In sad woe and misery.

Importune pity at the last,  
 (Pity in those eyes should hover) ;  
 Recount my sighs and torments past  
 As annals of a constant lover  
 Spending, ending, many days  
 Of blasted hopes and slack delays.

*vi*

COME, Phyllis, come into these bowers ;  
 Here shelter is from sharpest showers.  
 Cool gales of wind breathes in these shades,  
 Danger none this place invades.  
 Here sit, and note the chirping birds  
 Pleading my love in silent words.

Come, Phyllis, come, bright heaven's eye  
 Cannot upon thy beauty pry.  
 Glad Echo, in distinguished voice  
 Naming thee, will here rejoice.  
 Then come and hear her merry lays,  
 Crowning thy name with lasting praise.

*vii*

FAIR sweet cruel, why dost thou fly me ?  
 Go not, O go not from thy dearest.  
 Though thou dost hasten I am nigh thee,  
 When thou seem'st far then am I nearest.  
 O tarry then and take me with you !  
 Fie, fie, sweetest, here is no danger.  
 Fly not, O fly not, Love pursues thee.  
 I am no foe nor foreign stranger,  
 Thy scorns with fresher hope renews me.  
 O tarry then and take me with you !

*viii*

SINCE first I saw your face I resolved  
 To honour and renown ye.  
 If now I be disdained I wish  
 My heart had never known ye.  
 What, I that loved and you that liked  
 Shall we begin to wrangle ?  
 No, no, no, my heart is fast,  
 And cannot disentangle.  
 If I admire or praise you too much,  
 That fault you may forgive me.  
 Or if my hands had strayed but a touch,  
 Then justly you might leave me.  
 I asked you leave, you bade me love,  
 Is 't now a time to chide me ?  
 No, no, no, I'll love you still  
 What fortune e'er betide me.  
 The sun whose beams most glorious are  
 Rejecteth no beholder ;  
 And your sweet beauty past compare  
 Made my poor eyes the bolder.  
 Where Beauty moves and Wit delights  
 And signs of kindness bind me,  
 There, O there, where'er I go,  
 I leave my heart behind me.

*ix*

THERE is a lady sweet and kind,  
 Was never face so pleased my mind ;  
 I did but see her passing by,  
 And yet I love her till I die.



Her gesture, motion and her smiles,  
 Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles ;  
 Beguiles my heart, I know not why,  
 And yet I love her till I die.

Her free behaviour, winning looks,  
 Will make a lawyer burn his books.  
 I touched her not, alas, not I,  
 And yet I love her till I die.

Had I her fast betwixt mine arms,  
 Judge you that think such sports were harms,  
 Wer't any harm ? No, no, fie, fie !  
 For I will love her till I die.

Should I remain confined there,  
 So long as Phoebus in his sphere,  
 I to request, she to deny,  
 Yet would I love her till I die.

Cupid is winged and doth range,  
 Her country so my love doth change ;  
 But change she earth, or change she sky,  
 Yet will I love her till I die.

x

HOW shall I then describe my love,  
 When all men's skilful art  
 Is far inferior to her worth  
 To praise the unworthiest part ?  
 She 's chaste in looks, mild in her speech,  
 In actions all discreet ;  
 Of nature loving, pleasing most,  
 In virtue all complete.

And for her voice a Philome ;  
 Her lip may all lips scorn.  
 No sun more clear than is her eye  
 In brightest summer morn.  
 A mind wherein all virtues rest  
 And takes delight to be ;  
 And where all virtues graft themselves  
 In that most fruitful tree.

A tree that India doth not yield,  
 Nor ever yet was seen,  
 Where buds of virtue always springs,  
 And all the year grows green.  
 That country's blest wherein she grows,  
 And happy is that rock  
 From whence she springs ; but happiest he  
 That grafts in such a stock.

xi

*A Dialogue*

*Ist Voice.* FLY not, dear heart, to find me all of snow.  
*2nd Voice.* Shut not, sweet breast, to see me all of fire.  
*Ist Voice.* And I desire Desire sweet flames to know.  
*2nd Voice.* Thy snow inflames these flames of my desire.  
 Thy snow will hurt me.  
*Ist Voice.* Nor thy fire will harm me.  
*2nd Voice.* This cold will cool me.  
*Ist Voice.* And this heat will warm me.  
*2nd Voice.* Take this chaste fire to that pure virgin snow.  
*Ist Voice.* Being now thus warmed I'll ne'er seek other fire.  
*2nd Voice.* Thou givest more bliss than mortal hearts may know.  
*Ist Voice.* More bliss I take than angels can desire.  
*Both.* Let one grief harm us,  
 And one joy fill us.  
 Let one love warm us,  
 And one death kill us.





## THOMAS GREAVES

*Songes Of sundrie kindes : First, Aires To Be Sung To the Lute,  
and Base Violl. Next, Songes of sadnesse, for the Viols and Voyce.  
Lastly, Madrigalles for five voyces. 1604.*

### I. AIRES TO BE SUNG TO THE LUTE AND BASE VIOLL

*i*

SHADED with olive trees sat Celestina singing,  
Than the warbling birds more sweet harmony ringing.  
With curious cost  
And gold embossed  
Her fingers duly placed ;  
Whiles voice and hand  
Both at command  
Each other truly graced.  
Thus using time,  
Not losing time,  
Right well a-paid,  
She closed her ditty  
With : O 'tis pretty  
To live a maid.

*ii*

FLORA, sweet wanton, be not over-coy.  
Nay then, in faith, if you will needs be gone,  
Farewell, sweet Flora, sweet Fancy, adieu !  
Farewell till Flora her fancy renew.

*iii*

YE bubbling springs that gentle music makes  
To lovers' plaints with heart-sore throbs immixed,  
Whenas my dear this way her pleasure takes,  
Tell her with tears how firm my love is fixed.  
And Philomel report my timorous fears ;  
And Echo sound my ' heigho-hos ' in her ears.  
But if she ask if I for love will die,  
Tell her : good faith, not I !

*iv*

I WILL not force my thoughts to yield to such desire,  
 Where light affection only swelleth the fire.  
     Though Cupid's a god,  
     I fear not his rod.  
     Cupid may hit,  
     But I do not fear it.  
 Cupid's arrow hurts but doth not kill.  
     Cupid allures me  
     But cannot procure me.  
 Cupid hath his might, and I my will.

*v-vi*

I PRAY thee, sweet John, away !  
     I cannot tell how to love thee.  
     In faith, all this will not move me.  
     I dare not before our marriage day.  
 If this will not move thee, gentle John,  
 Come, quickly kiss me, and let me be gone.

Nay, will ye? this is more than needs.  
     This fooling I cannot abide.  
     Leave off, or in faith I must chide.  
 See now, faith, here are proper deeds.  
 Have done then ! I now bewail my hap.  
 Repentance follows with an afterclap.  
 Aye me ! my joys are murdered with a frown,  
 And sorrow pulls untimely pleasure down.

*vii*

WHAT is beauty but a breath,  
 Fancy's twin at birth and death ;  
 The colour of a damask rose  
 That fadeth when the north wind blows.  
 'Tis such that though all thoughts do crave it ;  
 They know not what it is that have it.  
 A thing that sometimes stoops not to a king,  
 And yet most open to the commonest thing.  
     For that is most fair  
     Is open to the air.

*viii-ix*

STAY, Laura, stay ! do not so soon depart  
 From him whom thou hast robbed of a heart.  
 Hear my laments, view but my brinish tears ;  
 One will move pity, the other deaf thine ears.  
 Fly me not then, I know thou dost but jest  
 And will return thy theft with interest.

Inconstant Laura makes mē death to crave;  
 For, wanting her, I must embrace my grave.  
 A little grave will ease my malady  
 And set me free from love's fell tyranny.  
 Intomb me then, and show her where I lie,  
 And say I died through her inconstancy.

## II. SONGS OF SADNESS FOR THE VIOLS AND VOICE

*x*

WHEN I behold my former wandering way,  
 And dive into the bottom of my thought ;  
 And think how I have led that soul astray  
 Whose safety with so precious blood was bought ;  
 With tears I cry unto the God of Truth :  
 Forgive, O Lord, the errors of my youth.

A blessed Saviour left his heavenly throne  
 To seek my straying soul and bring it back,  
 Himself the way, the way I should have gone ;  
 The way I left and sought eternal wrack ;  
 Which makes me cry in depths of bitter ruth :  
 Forgive, O Lord, the errors of my youth.

Inestimable gain he did propose  
 To allure my erring fancy to retire ;  
 But idle fancy would have none of those,  
 Delighting still to wallow in the mire ;  
 Wherefore I cry unto the God of Truth :  
 Forgive, O Lord, the errors of my youth.

I saw the way, the way itself did clear it ;  
 I knew the way, the way itself did show it ;  
 I marked the way, but fondly did forbear it ;  
 I left the way because I would not know it.  
 But now I cry unto the God of Truth :  
 Forgive, O Lord, the errors of my youth.

Jesu, the only Way, most perfect true !  
 Jesu, the only Truth of heavenly life !  
 Jesu, the only Life that doth renew  
 My sin-sick soul half slain by Satan's strife,  
 With tears I beg, teach me the way of truth,  
 Forgive, O Lord, the errors of my youth.

*xi*

MAN first created was in single life  
 To serve his God in fruitful Paradise,  
 Till heavenly wisdom saw he lacked a wife  
 To comfort him and give him good advice ;  
 And from man's side a rib he did remove,  
 And woman made, which woe to man did prove.

With tender flesh the hollow place did fill,  
 Near to his heart, which made his heart relenting.  
 The stubborn rib makes woman full of will,  
 Hard bone, soft flesh, she rash, but he repenting.  
 Thus 'gainst poor man his own flesh did rebel,  
 And woman (woe to man) brought man to hell.

Yet from the flesh which to this bone did cleave,  
 A second came from whence a branch did spring,  
 Not woe to man, but wooing man to leave  
 His earthly state to serve the heavenly King.  
 Though woman (woe to man) made man to fall,  
 This Saviour's blood hath made amends for all.

*xii*

WHO keeps in compass his desires,  
 And calms his mind with sweet content,  
 Needs not to fear those furious fires  
 Whose force will all in smoke be spent;  
 Whiles proud ambition blows the coals  
 That yields no warmth to humble souls.

*xiii-xv*

LET dread of pain for sin in after-time,  
 Let shame to see thyself ensnared so,  
 Let grief conceived for foul accursed crime,  
 Let hate for sin, the worker of thy woe,  
 With dread, with shame, with grief, with hate enforce  
 To dew thy cheeks with tears of deep remorse.

So hate of sin shall cause God's love to grow ;  
 So grief shall harbour hope within thy heart ;  
 So dread shall cause the flood of joy to flow ;  
 So shame shall send sweet solace to thy smart ;  
 So love, so hope, so joy, so solace sweet  
 Shall make thy soul in heavenly bliss to fleet.

Woe, where such hate doth no such love allure !  
 Woe, where such grief doth make no hope proceed !  
 Woe, where such dread doth no such joy procure !  
 Woe, where such shame doth no such solace breed !  
 Woe, where no hate, no grief, no dread, no shame  
 Doth neither love, hope, joy, or solace frame !

### III. MADRIGALS FOR FIVE VOICES

#### *xvi*

ENGLAND, receive the rightful king with cheerful heart and hand,  
 The present joy, the future hope of this his loyal land.  
 His birth makes challenge to his right, his virtues to our love,  
 Both are his due, both are our debt, which nothing can remove.  
 Long have he life, long have he health, long have he happy reign ;  
 His seed possess his realms in peace till Christ shall come again.

#### *xvii-xviii*

SWEET nymphs that trip along the English lands,  
 Go meet fair Oriana, beauty's queen,  
 Virtue invites and chastity commands.  
 Your golden tresses trim with garlands green,  
 For such a sight hath not before been seen.  
 Then sing in honour of her and Diana :  
 Long live in joy the fair chaste Oriana.

Long have the shepherds sung this song before,  
 Propheying what should come to pass.  
 The gentle nymphs henceforth lament no more,  
 The times are changed, it is not as it was.  
 Dian shall flower, and Venus fade like grass.  
 Then sing in honour of her and Diana :  
 Long live in joy the fair chaste Oriana.

#### *xix-xx*

LADY, the melting crystal of your eye  
 Like frozen drops upon your cheeks did lie.  
 Mine eye was dancing on them with delight,  
 And saw Love's flames within them burning bright,

Which did mine eye entice  
 To play with burning ice.  
 But O my heart thus sporting with desire,  
 My careless eye did set my heart on fire.

O that a drop from such a sweet fount flying  
 Should flame like fire, and leave my heart a dying !  
 I burn ! I burn ! my tears can never drench it,  
 Till in your eyes I bathe my heart and quench it.  
 But there, alas, Love with his fire lies sleeping,  
 And all conspire to burn my heart with weeping.

xxi

COME away, sweet love, and play thee,  
 Lest grief and care betray thee.  
 Leave off this sad lamenting  
 And take thy heart's contenting.  
 The nymphs to sport invite thee,  
 And running in and out delight thee.



## TOBIAS HUME

*Musicall Humors. The First Part of Ayres, French, Pollish, and others together, some in Tabliture, and some in Pricke-Song : With Pauines, Galliards, and Almains for the Viole De Gambo alone, and other Musicall Conceites for two Base Viols, expressing five partes, with pleasant reportes one from the other, and for two Leero Viols, and also for the Leero Viole with two Treble Viols, or two with one Treble. Lastly, for the Leero Viole to play alone, and some Songes to bee sung to the Viole, with the Lute, or better with the Viole alone. Also an Inuention for two to play vpon one Viole. 1605.*

### i. The Souldiers Song

I SING the praise of honoured wars,  
 The glory of well-gotten scars,  
 The bravery of glittering shields,  
 Of lusty hearts and famous fields ;  
 For that is music worth the ear of Jove,  
 A sight for kings, and still the soldiers' love.



Look ! O methinks I see  
 The grace of chivalry ;  
 The colours are displayed,  
 The captains bright arrayed.  
 See now the battle's ranged,  
 Bullets thick are changed.  
 Hark ! shots and wounds abound,  
 The drums alarum sound.  
 Captains cry : za-za !  
 The trumpets sound ta-ra !  
 O this is music worth the ear of Jove,  
 A sight for kings, and still the soldier's love.

*ii. A Galliard for the Lute*

*iii*

TOBACCO, tobacco, sing sweetly for tobacco !  
 Tobacco is like love, O love it.  
 For you see, I will prove it.  
 Love maketh lean the fat men's tumour,  
 So doth tobacco.  
 Love still dries up the wanton humour,  
 So doth tobacco.  
 Love makes men sail from shore to shore,  
 So doth tobacco.  
 'Tis fond love often makes men poor,  
 So doth tobacco.  
 Love makes men scorn all coward fears,  
 So doth tobacco.  
 Love often sets men by the ears,  
 So doth tobacco.  
 Tobacco, tobacco,  
 Sing sweetly for tobacco.  
 Tobacco is like love, O love it.  
 For you see I have proved it.

*iv-cxi are pieces for the lute and other instruments*

*cxii*

FAIN would I change that note  
 To which fond love hath charmed me.  
 Long, long to sing by rote,  
 Fancying that that harmed me.

Yet when this thought doth come,  
 Love is the perfect sum  
 Of all delight.  
 I have no other choice  
 Either for pen or voice  
 To sing or write.

O love, they wrong thee much  
 That say thy sweet is bitter,  
 When thy riper fruit is such  
 As nothing can be sweeter.  
 Fair house of joy and bliss,  
 Where truest pleasure is,  
 I do adore thee.  
 I know thee what thou art,  
 I serve thee with my heart  
 And fall before thee.

*cxiii*

WHAT greater grief  
 Than no relief  
 In deepest woe ?  
 Death is no friend  
 That will not end  
 Such heart's sorrow.  
 Help do I cry ;  
 No help is nigh,  
 But wind and air,  
 Which to and fro  
 Do toss and blow  
 All to despair.  
 Sith then despair I must, yet may not die,  
 No man unhappier lives on earth than I.

'Tis I that feel  
 The scornful heel  
 Of dismal hate.  
 My gain is lost,  
 My loss dear cost,  
 Repentance late.  
 So I must moan,  
 Be moaned of none,

O bitter gall !  
 Death, be my friend,  
 With speed to end  
 And quiet all.

But if thou linger in despair to leave me,  
 I'll kill despair with hope, and so deceive thee.

*cxiv*

ALAS, poor men, why strive you to live long  
 To have more time and space to suffer wrong ?

Our birth is blind and creeping ;  
 Our life all woe and weeping ;  
 Our death all pain and terror.  
 Birth, life, death, what all but error ?

Alas, poor men, why strive you to live long  
 To have more time and space to suffer wrong ?

O World, Nurse of desires,  
 Fosteress of vain attires,  
 What reason canst thou render  
 Why man should hold thee tender ?

Alas, poor men, why strive you to live long  
 To have more time and space to suffer wrong ?

Thou pinest the pale-cheeked Muses,  
 And soldier that refuses  
 No wounds for country's safety.  
 He only thrives that 's crafty.

Alas, poor men, why strive you to live long  
 To have more time and space to suffer wrong ?

On crutches Virtue halts,  
 Whilst men most great in faults  
 Suffers best worth distressed,  
 With empty pride oppressed.

Alas, poor men, why strive you to live long  
 To have more time and space to suffer wrong ?

O Virtue, yet at length  
 Rouse thy diviner strength,  
 And make no music more.  
 Out, sad state that 's deplore !

Then alas, poor men, why strive you to live long  
 To have more time and space to suffer wrong ?

*Captain Humes Poeticall Musicke. Principally made for two Basse-Viols, yet so contriued, that it may be plaied 8. seuerall waies upon sundrie Instruments with much facilitie. 1. The first way or musicke is for one Bass-Viole to play alone in parts, which standeth alwaies on the right side of this Booke. 2. The second musicke is for two Basse-Viols to play together. 3. The third musicke, for three Basse-Viols to play together. 4. The fourth musicke, for two Tenor Viols and a Basse-Viole. 5. The fift musicke, for two Lutes and a Basse-Viole. 6. The sixt musicke, for two Orpherions and a Basse-Viole. 7. The seuenth musicke, to use the voyce to some of these musicks, but especially to the three Basse-Viols, or to the two Orpherions with one Basse-Viole to play the ground. 8. The eight and last musicke, is consorting all these Instruments together with the Virginals, or rather with a winde Instrument and the voice. 1607.*

## i

*A new Musicke made for the Queenes most Excellent Maiestie, and my New-yeeres Gift to her Highnes*

CEASE, leaden slumber, dreaming !

My genius presents  
The cause of sweet music's meaning  
Now which breeds my soul's content,  
And bids my Muse awake  
To hear sweet music's note,  
That cheerfully glads me, so cheerfully.

Methought, as I lay sleeping.

Dreams did enchant me  
With the praise of music and her worth  
And her eternished fame.  
But now I find indeed  
My leaden windows open  
That cheerfully comforts, full cheerfully.

Night, gloomy veil to the morn,

Dreams affright no more,  
Where sweet Music is now still appearing.  
Leave passions to perplex, for now my soul  
Delights in Music's harmony,  
Whose heavenly noise  
Glads souls with tongue and voice ;  
For now my soul delights in heavenly noise  
Of Music's sweetest joys.

xiv

*The words are the same as No. cxiii in Hume's Musicall Humors.*

xxv

*The Hunting Song*

COME, come, my hearts, a-hunting let us wend,  
That echoing cries the hills and heavens may rend  
With shouts and sounds  
Of horns and hounds.

Why then, my lads, uncouple  
Kill-buck, keen Ringwood and Roler,  
Chanter and Joler,  
Trouncer and Drummer,  
Bowman and Gunner.

Actaeon's hounds were ne'er like these I ween.

The hounds are now a hunting  
The stag is now roused, the game is on foot.

Hark ! hark ! beauty Dainty prates.  
The cry is full. Hark ! how they hold ;

But soft, the huntsman rates !

Clowder hunts counter

And so doth Mounter,

They're all at fault.

Hark ! Ringwood spends

And makes amends.

List of Joler,

That 's he, ho ! ho !

Joler crossed it,

Else we had lost it.

The buck is quite spent

Since to soil he went.

Why, heavenlier sport than this there cannot be.

See, Plowman hath pinched, ♪

And Joler ne'er flinched.

Now with full cry they all come, frowning, trowling to the fall.

Wind the morte !

O well done there, boys !

All other sports to these are but toys.

*Here endeth the hunting Song, which was sung before two Kings,  
to the admiring of all brave Huntsmen.*



## ROBERT JONES

*The First Booke Of Songes & Ayres Of foure parts with Tableture  
for the Lute. So made that all the parts together, or either of them  
seuerally may be song to the Lute, Orpherian or Viól de Gambo.  
1600.*

*i*

A WOMAN'S looks  
Are barbed hooks,  
That catch by art  
The strongest heart,  
When yet they spend no breath.  
But let them speak,  
And sighing break  
Forth into tears,  
Their words are spears  
That wound our souls to death.

The rarest wit  
Is made forget,  
And like a child  
Is oft beguiled  
With Love's sweet-seeming bait.  
Love with his rod  
So like a god  
Commands the mind  
We cannot find.  
Fair shows hide foul deceit.

Time, that all things  
In order brings,  
Hath taught me now  
To be more slow  
In giving faith to speech,  
Since women's words  
No truth affords,  
And when they kiss  
They think by this  
Us men to overreach.

*ii*

FOND wanton youths make Love a god,  
Which after proveth Age's rod.  
Their youth, their time, their wit, their art  
They spend in seeking of their smart ;  
And, which of follies is the chief,  
They woo their woe, they wed their grief.

All find it so who wedded are.  
Love's sweets, they find, enfold sour care :  
His pleasures pleasing'st in the eye,  
Which tasted once with loathing die.  
They find of follies 'tis the chief  
Their woe to woo, to wed their grief.

If for their own content they choose,  
Forthwith their kindred's love they lose.  
And if their kindred they content,  
For ever after they repent.  
O, 'tis of all our follies chief,  
Our woe to woo, to wed our grief.

In bed what strifes are bred by day  
Our puling wives do open lay.  
None friends, none foes we must esteem  
But whom they so vouchsafe to deem.  
O, 'tis of all our follies chief  
Our woe to woo, to wed our grief.

Their smiles we want, if aught they want ;  
And either we their wills must grant,  
Or die they will, or are with child.  
Their laughing must not be beguiled.  
O, 'tis of all our follies chief  
Our woe to woo, to wed our grief.

Foul wives are jealous, fair wives false.  
Marriage to either binds us thrall.  
Wherefore being bound we must obey,  
And forced be perforce to say :  
Of all our bliss it is the chief  
Our woe to woo, to wed our grief.

*iii*

SHE whose matchless beauty staineth  
 What best judgement fair'st maintaineth,  
 She, O she, my love disdaineth.

Can a creature so excelling  
 Harbour scorn in beauty's dwelling,  
 All kind pity thence expelling ?

Pity beauty much commendeth,  
 And the embracer oft befriendeth  
 When all eye-contentment endeth.

Time proves beauty transitory.  
 Scorn, the stain of beauty's glory,  
 In time makes the scorner sorry.

None adores the sun declining,  
 Love all love falls to resigning  
 When the sun of love leaves shining.

So when flower of beauty fails thee,  
 And age stealing on assails thee,  
 Then mark what this scorn avails thee.

Then those hearts, which now complaining  
 Feel the wounds of thy disdainings,  
 Shall contemn thy beauty waning.

Yea, thine own heart, now dear-prized,  
 Shall, with spite and grief surprised,  
 Burst to find itself despised.

When like harms have them requited,  
 Who in others' harms delighted,  
 Pleasingly the wronged are righted.

Such revenge my wrongs attending,  
 Hope still lives on Time depending,  
 By thy plagues my torments ending.

*iv*

ONCE did I love, and yet I live  
 Though love and truth be now forgotten.  
 Then did I joy, now do I grieve  
 That holy vows must needs be broken.



Hers be the blame that caused it so ;  
 Mine be the grief though it be little.  
 She shall have shame ; I cause to know  
 What 'tis to love a dame so fickle.

Love her that list ! I am content,  
 For that chameleon-like she changeth,  
 Yielding such mists as may prevent  
 My sight to view her when she rangeth.

Let him not vaunt that gains my loss,  
 For when that he and Time hath proved her,  
 She may him bring to weeping cross.  
 I say no more, because I loved her.

v

LED by a strong desire  
 To have a thing unseen,  
 Nothing could make me tire  
 To be where as I had been.  
 I got her sight, which made me think  
 My thirst was gone because I saw my drink.

Kept by the careful watch  
 Of more than hundred eyes,  
 I sought but could not catch  
 The thing she not denies.  
 'Tis better to be blind and fast  
 Than, hungry, see thy love and cannot taste.

But lovers' eyes do wake  
 When others are at rest ;  
 And in the night they slake  
 The fire of day's unrest.  
 Methinks that joy is of most worth  
 Which painful Time and passed fears brings forth.

Yet husbands do suppose  
 To keep their wives by art,  
 And parents will disclose  
 By looks their children's heart.  
 As if they which have will to do  
 Had not the wit to blind such keepers too.

Peace, then, ye aged fools,  
 That know yourselves so wise,  
 That from experience' schools  
 Do think wit must arise.  
 Give young men leave to think and say :  
 Your senses with your bodies do decay.

Love ruleth like a god,  
 Whom earth keeps not in awe,  
 Nor fear of smarting rod  
 Denounced by reason's law.  
 Give grave advice, but rest you there.  
 Youth hath his course and will ; and you youths were.

Think not by prying care  
 To pick love's secrets out ;  
 If you suspicious are  
 Yourselves resolve your doubt.  
 Who seeks to know such deed once done  
 Finds perjury before confession.

*vi*

LIE down, poor heart, and die awhile for grief.  
 Think not this world will ever do thee good.  
 Fortune forewarns that look to thy relief,  
 And sorrow sucks upon thy living blood.  
 Then this is all can help thee of thy hell,  
 Lie down and die, and then thou shalt do well.

Day gives his light but to thy labour's toil ;  
 And night her rest but to thy weary bones.  
 Thy fairest fortune follows with a foil,  
 And laughing ends but with their after groans.  
 And this is all can help thee of thy hell,  
 Lie down and die, and then thou shalt do well.

Patience doth pine, and pity ease no pain ;  
 Time wears the thoughts, but nothing helps the mind,  
 Dead and alive, alive and dead again,  
 These are the fits that thou art like to find.  
 And this is all can help thee of thy hell,  
 Lie down and die, and then thou shalt do well.

*vii*

WHERE lingering fear doth once possess the heart,  
 There is the tongue  
 Forced to prolong  
 And smother up his suit, while that his smart,  
 Like fire suppressed, flames more in every part.

Who dares not speak deserves not his desire.  
 The boldest face  
 Findeth most grace.

Though women love that men should them admire,  
 They slyly laugh at him dares come no higher.

Some think a glance expressed by a sigh,  
 Winning the field,  
 Maketh them yield ;  
 But while these glancing fools do roll the eye,  
 They beat the bush, away the bird doth fly.

A gentle heart in virtuous breast doth stay.  
 Pity doth dwell  
 In Beauty's cell.

A woman's heart doth not, though tongue say Nay.  
 Repentance taught me this the other day.

Which had I wist I presently had got  
 The pleasing fruit  
 Of my long suit ;  
 But Time hath now beguiled me of this lot,  
 For that by his foretop I took him not.

*viii*

HERO, care not though they pry,  
 I will love thee till I die.  
 Jealousy is but a smart  
 That torments a jealous heart.  
 Crows are black that were white  
 For betraying love's delight.

They that love to find a fault  
 May repent what they have sought.  
 What the fond eye hath not viewed,  
 Never wretched heart hath rued.  
 Vulcan then proved a scorn  
 When he saw he wore a horn.

Doth it then by might behove  
 To shut up the gates of love ?  
 Women are not kept by force  
 But by nature's own remorse.  
     If they list they will stray ;  
     Who can hold that will away ?

Love in golden shower obtained,  
 His love in a tower restrained.  
 So perhaps if I could do  
 I might hold my sweet love too.  
     Gold, keep out at the door,  
     I have love that conquers more.

Wherefore did they not suspect  
 When it was to some effect ?  
 Every little glimmering spark  
 Is perceived in the dark.  
     This is right ; owlets' kind  
     See by night, by day be blind.

*ix*

WHEN love and time and measure makes his ground,  
     Time that must end, though love can never die,  
 'Tis love betwixt a shadow and a sound,  
     A love not in the heart but in the eye.  
 A love that ebbs and flows, now up, now down.  
 A morning's favour and an evening's frown.

Sweet looks show love, yet they are but as beams,  
     Fair words seem true, but they are but as wind.  
 Eyes shed their tears, yet are but outward streams,  
     Sighs paint a sadness in the falsest mind.  
 Looks, words, tears, sighs show love when love they leave ;  
 False hearts can weep, sigh, swear, and yet deceive.

*x*

SWEET, come away, my darling,  
 And sweetly let me hear thee sing.  
     Come away and bring  
 My heart thou hast so fast in keeping.

O fie upon this long stay  
 That thus my loving hopes delay !  
 Come again and say :  
 Sweet heart, I'll never more say thee nay.

Dear, be not such a tyrant  
 Still to rejoice thee in my want.  
 Come, and do not scant  
 Me of thy sight so fair and pleasant.

Why hear'st thou not his sighing,  
 Whose voice all hoarse is with crying ?  
 Come and do something  
 That may revive thy true love dying.

This is the pride of women,  
 That they make beggars of all men.  
 We must sigh,  
 We must cry,  
 We must die, and then  
 Forsooth it may be they will hearken.

*xi*

WOMEN, what are they ? Changing weathercocks  
 That smallest puffs of lust have power to turn.  
 Women, what are they ? Virtue's stumbling-blocks,  
 Whereat weak fools do fall, the wiser spurn.  
 We men, what are we ? Fools and idle boys  
 To spend our time in sporting with such toys.

Women, what are they ? Trees whose outward rind  
 Makes shows for fair when inward heart is hallow.  
 Women, what are they ? Beasts of hyaenaes kind,  
 That speak those fairest whom most they mean to swallow.  
 We men, what are we ? Fools and idle boys  
 To spend our time in sporting with such toys.

Women, what are they ? Rocks upon the coast  
 Whereon we suffer shipwreck at our landing.  
 Women, what are they ? Patient creatures most  
 That rather yield than strive 'gainst aught withstanding.  
 We men, what are we ? Fools and idle boys  
 To spend our time in sporting with such toys.

*xii*

FAREWELL, dear love, since thou wilt needs be gone.  
 Mine eyes do show my life is almost done.

Nay, I will never die,  
 So long as I can spy.  
 There may be many moe  
 Though that she do go.  
 There be many moe, I fear not.  
 Why then, let her go, I care not.

Farewell, farewell, since this I find is true,  
 I will not spend more time in wooing you.

But I will seek elsewhere  
 If I may find her there.  
 Shall I bid her go ?  
 What and if I do ?  
 Shall I bid her go, and spare not ?  
 O no, no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thousand times farewell ! Yet stay awhile !  
 Sweet, kiss me once ; sweet kisses time beguile.

I have no power to move.  
 How now, am I in love ?  
 Wilt thou needs be gone ?  
 Go then, all is one.  
 Wilt thou needs be gone ? O hie thee !  
 Nay, stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more farewell ! I see loth to depart  
 Bids oft adieu to her that holds my heart.

But seeing I must lose  
 Thy love which I did choose,  
 Go thy ways for me  
 Since it may not be.  
 Go thy ways for me. But whither ?  
 Go, O but where I may come thither.

What shall I do ? My love is now departed.  
 She is as fair as she is cruel-hearted.

She would not be entreated  
 With prayers oft repeated.  
 If she come no more  
 Shall I die therefore ?  
 If she come no more, what care I ?  
 Faith, let her go, or come, or tarry.

*xiii*

O MY poor eyes, the sun whose shine  
 Late gave you light doth now decline,  
 And, set to you, to others riseth.  
 She who would sooner die than change,  
 Not fearing death delights to range,  
 And now, O now my soul despiseth.

Yet, O my heart, thy state is blest  
 To find our rest in thy unrest,  
 Since thou her slave no more remainest.  
 For she that bound thee sets thee free  
 Then when she first forsaketh thee.  
 Such, O such right by wrong thou gainest.

Eyes, gaze no more ! heart, learn to hate !  
 Experience tells you all too late  
 Fond woman's love with faith still warreth,  
 While true desert speaks, writes and gives,  
 Some groom the bargain nearer drives,  
 And he, O he, the market marreth.

*xiv*

IF fathers knew but how to leave  
 Their children wit, as they do wealth ;  
 And could constrain them to receive  
 That physic which brings perfect health,  
 The world would not admiring stand  
 A woman's face and woman's hand.

Women confess they must obey ;  
 We men will needs be servants still.  
 We kiss their hands, and what they say  
 We must commend be't never so ill.  
 Thus we like fools admiring stand  
 Her pretty foot and pretty hand.

We blame their pride, which we increase  
 By making mountains of a mouse.  
 We praise because we know we please.  
 Poor women are too credulous  
 To think that we admiring stand  
 Or foot, or face, or foolish hand.

*xv*

LIFE is a poet's fable,  
 And all her days are lies  
 Stolen from Death's reckoning table.  
 For I die, for I die, as I speak  
 Death times the notes that I do break.

Childhood doth die in youth,  
 And youth in old age dies.  
 I thought I lived in truth,  
 But I die, but I die, now I see.  
 Each age of Death makes one degree.

Farewell the doting score  
 Of world's arithmetic.  
 Life, I'll trust thee no more,  
 Till I die, till I die, for thy sake  
 I'll go by Death's new almanack.

This instant of my song  
 A thousand men lie sick,  
 A thousand knells are rung ;  
 And I die, and I die as they sing,  
 They are but dead and I dying.

Death is but Life's decay.  
 Lifetime Time wastes away,  
 Then reason bids me say  
 That I die, that I die, though my breath  
 Prolongs this space of lingering death.

*xvi*

SWEET Philomel in groves and deserts haunting  
 Oft glads my heart and ears with her sweet chanting.  
 But then her tune delights me best  
 When perched with prick against her breast,  
 She sings, ' fie, fie ', as if she suffered wrong,  
 Till seeming pleased, ' sweet, sweet ' concludes her song.

Sweet Jinny sings and talks and sweetly smileth,  
 And with her wanton mirth my griefs beguileth.  
 But then methinks she pleaseth best  
 When, while my hands move love's request,  
 She cries, ' fie, fie ', and seeming loth gainsays,  
 Till better pleased, ' sweet sweet ' content betrays.



*xvii*

THAT heart, wherein all sorrows doth abound,  
 Lies in this breast and cries aloud for death.  
 O blame not her when I am under ground,  
 That scorning wished to outlive my panting breath.  
     O do not her despise,  
     But let my death suffice  
     To make all young men wise.

My loving hopes prolonged my loathed life,  
 Till that my life grew loathsome to my loved ;  
 Till Death and I were at no longer strife,  
 And I was glad my death her wish approved.  
     O let her not be shent,  
     Yet let my precedent  
     Make woman's heart relent.

*xviii*

WHAT if I seek for love of thee ?  
     Shall I find  
     Beauty kind  
 To desert that still shall dwell in me ?  
 But if I sue and live forlorn,  
     Then alas,  
     Never was  
 Any wretch to more misfortune born.  
 Though thy looks have charmed mine eyes,  
     I can forbear to love.  
     But if ever sweet Desire  
     Set my woeful heart on fire,  
     Then can I never remove.

Frown not on me unless thou hate ;  
     For thy frown  
     Cast me down  
 To despair of my most hapless state.  
 Smile not on me unless thou love ;  
     For thy smile  
     Will beguile  
 My desires if thou unstedfast prove.  
 If thou needs wilt bend thy brows,  
     A while refrain, my dear.  
     But if thou wilt smile on me  
     Let it not delayed be,  
     Comfort is never too near.

*xix*

MY mistress sings no other song,  
 But still complains I did her wrong.  
 Believe her not ; it was not so,  
 I did but kiss her and let her go.

- And now she swears I did—But what ?  
 Nay, nay, I must not tell you that.  
 And yet I will, it is so sweet  
 As ' te-he, ta-ha ' when lovers meet.

But women's words they are heedless  
 To tell you more it is needless.  
 I ran and caught her by the arm,  
 And then I kissed her ; this was no harm.

But she, alas, is angry still,  
 Which showeth but a woman's will.  
 She bites the lip and cries ' fie, fie ' .  
 And kissing sweetly away she doth fly.

Yet sure her looks bewrays content,  
 And cunningly her brawls are meant,  
 As lovers use to play and sport  
 When time and leisure is too too short.

*xx*

PERPLEXED sore am I !

Thine eyes, fair love, like Phoebus' brightest beams  
 Doth set my heart on fire and daze my sight.

Yet do I live by virtue of those beams,  
 For when thy face is hid comes fearful night,  
 And I am like to die.

Then, since my eyes cannot endure so heavenly spark,  
 Sweet, grant that I may still feel out my love by dark.

So shall I joyful be.

Each thing on earth that liveth by the sun  
 Would die if he in glory still appear.

Then let some clouds of pity over-run  
 That glorious face, that I with lively cheer  
 May stand up before thee,

Or, since my eyes cannot endure so heavenly spark,  
 Sweet, grant that I may still feel out my love by dark.

xxi

CAN modest plain desire  
 To the joys of love aspire ?  
 Can worthiness procure  
 More than hardiness assure ?  
 No, no, where fear of each frown  
 Takes hope's height down, down, a-down.

Granting is so eschewed,  
 Lest the grant lies unpursued,  
 Lest suitors brag they might,  
 And account the grantors light.  
 'No, no,' is a weak defence grown  
 Till force bear down, down, a-down.

Yet who would stain love's seat  
 With a blot of such a feat ?  
 Or for so vile a toy  
 Join repentance with his joy ?  
 No, no, her virtue well known  
 Beats vain thoughts down, down, a-down.

~~~~~  
*The Second Booke of Songs and Ayres, Set out to the Lute, the  
 base Violl the playne way, or the Base by tableture after the leero  
 fashion. 1601.*

i

LOVE winged my hopes and taught me how to fly  
 Far from base earth, but not to mount too high.  
 For true pleasure  
 Lives in measure,  
 Which, if men forsake,  
 Blinded they into folly run, and grief for pleasure take.

But my vain hopes, proud of their new-taught flight,  
 Enamoured, sought to woo the sun's fair light,  
 Whose rich brightness  
 Moved their lightness  
 To aspire so high,  
 That, all scorched and consumed with fire, now drowned in woe  
 they be.

And none but Love their woeful hap did rue ;  
 For Love did know that their desires were true.  
     Though Fate frowned,  
     And now drowned  
     They in sorrow dwell,  
 It was the purest light of heaven for whose fair love they fell.

*ii*

MY love bound me with a kiss  
 That I should no longer stay.  
 When I felt so sweet a bliss,  
     I had less power to part away.  
 Alas, that women doth not know  
 Kisses makes men loth to go.  
 Yes, she knows it but too well,  
     For I heard when Venus' dove  
 In her ears did softly tell  
     That kisses were the seals of love.  
 O muse not then that it be so,  
 Kisses makes men loth to go.  
 Wherefore did she thus inflame  
     My desires, heat my blood,  
 Instantly to quench the same,  
     And starve whom she had given food ?  
 Ay, ay, the common sense can show  
 Kisses makes men loth to go.  
 Had she bid me go at first,  
     It would ne'er have grieved my heart ;  
 Hope delayed had been the worst.  
     But ah ! to kiss and then to part !  
 How deep it struck, speak, gods, you know.  
 Kisses makes men loth to go.

*iii*

O HOW my thoughts do beat me,  
 Which by deep sighs entreat thee.  
 Hey ho, fie, what a thing is this  
 Thus to lie still when we might kiss  
     And play and fool  
     Here in the cool  
 Of the stillest, clearest, sweetest evening  
 Philomel did ever choose for singing.

See how my lips complain them,  
 Thy lips should just detain them.  
 Ay me, hark how the nightingales  
 In the dark each to other calls ;  
     Whilst thou, O thou  
     Dar'st not avow  
 The enjoying of the truest pleasure  
 Love did ever hoard up in his treasure.

*iv*

DREAMS and imaginations  
 Are all the recreations  
     Absence can gain me.  
 Dreams when I wake confound me,  
 Thoughts for her sake doth wound me,  
     Lest she disdain me.  
 Then sinking, let me lie,  
 Or thinking, let me die,  
     Since love hath slain me.

Dreams are but coward and do  
 Much good they dare not stand to,  
     Ashamed of the morrow.  
 Thought 's like a child that winketh,  
 He 's not beguiled that thinketh  
     Hath pierced me through ;  
     Both filling me with blisses ;  
     Both killing me with kisses,  
     Dying in sorrow.

Dreams with their false pretences  
 And thoughts confounds my senses  
     In the conclusion,  
 Which like a glass did show me  
 What came to pass and threw me  
     Into confusion.  
 She made me leave all other,  
 Yet had she got another ;  
     This was abusion.

*v*

METHOUGHT this other night  
 I saw a pretty sight  
     That pleased me much.  
 A fair and comely maid  
 Not squeamish nor afraid  
     To let me touch.

Our lips most sweetly kissing,  
 Each other never missing,  
 Her smiling lips did show content,  
 And that she did but what she meant.

And as her lips did move  
 The echo still was love,  
     Love, love me, sweet.  
 Then with a maiden blush,  
 Instead of crying pish  
     Our lips did meet.  
 With music sweetly sounding,  
 With pleasure all abounding,  
 We kept the burden of the song,  
 Which was that love should take no wrong.

And yet, as maidens use,  
 She seemed to refuse  
     The name of love ;  
 Until I did protest  
 That I did love her best,  
     And so will prove.  
 With that as both amazed  
 Each at the other gazed.  
 My eyes did see, my hands did feel  
 Her eyes of fire, her breast of steel.

O when I felt her breast  
 Where love itself did rest,  
     My love was such  
 I could have been content  
 My best blood to have spent  
     In that sweet touch.  
 But now comes that which vexed us,  
 There was a bar betwixt us,  
 A bar that barred me from that part,  
 Where nature did contend with art.

If ever love had power  
 To send one happy hour,  
     Then show thy might  
 And take such bars away,  
 Which are the only stay  
     Of love's delight.  
 All this was but a dreaming,  
 Although another meaning.  
 Dreams may prove true, as thoughts are free.  
 I will love you, you may love me.

*vi*

WHOSO is tied must needs be bound,  
 And he that 's bound cannot be free.  
 Whoso is lost is hardly found,  
 And he that 's blind is barred to see.  
 Whoso is watched with jealous eyes  
 Must sit up late and early rise.

He may well write that cannot come,  
 And send his eyes to plead his case.  
 He may well look that must be dumb,  
 Until he find both time and place.  
 He that is tied to hours and times,  
 Though not himself may send his rhymes.

What hap have they who doth abound  
 With all things that the earth doth bear,  
 And yet for want some time doth sound,  
 Breathing a life 'twixt hope and fear.  
 Alas, poor soul, my case is such  
 I want my will, yet have too much.

I would, but dare not what I would.  
 I dare, but cannot what I dare.  
 I can, but must not if I could.  
 I can, I must, I will not spare.  
 I write no more, but shall I come?  
 I say no more, but closely mum.

*vii*

FIE, fie, fie, what a coil is here!  
 Why strive you so to get a kiss?  
 Do what you will, you shall be ne'er the near.  
 Had I been willing  
 So to be billing  
 You had prevailed long ere this.  
 Sweet, stand away, let me alone,  
 Or else in faith I'll get me gone.  
 Come, come, come, do you not perceive  
 I am not yet disposed to yield?  
 Stay but awhile, my love will give you leave.  
 This my denial  
 Is but a trial  
 If faint desire will fly the field.  
 Whoop! look you now I pray be still.  
 Nay then, in faith, do what you will.

*viii*

BEAUTY, stand further !  
 Repine not at my blaming.  
 Is it not murder  
 To set my heart on flaming ?  
 Thus hopeless to take  
 Bare sight of such a glory  
 Doth tempt me to make  
 My death beget a story.  
 Then pity me, lest some worse thing ensue it.  
 My death's true cause will force the guilt to rue it.

Is it not better  
 To love thy friend in good sort,  
 Than to be debtor  
 For kindness name to report ?  
 If you had the less  
 For this rich mercy lending,  
 Then should I confess  
 No thrift were in such spending.  
 O pity me, the gain shall be thine own all ;  
 I would but live to make thy virtues known all.

*ix*

NOW what is Love, I pray thee tell ?  
 It is that fountain and that well  
 Where pleasures and repentance dwell.  
 It is perhaps that sauncing bell  
 That tolls all into heaven or hell.  
 And this is Love, as I hear tell.

Now what is Love, I pray thee say ?  
 It is a work on holy day.  
 It is December matched with May,  
 When lusty blood in fresh array  
 Hear ten months after of their play.  
 And this is Love, as I hear say.

Now what is Love, I pray thee fain ?  
 It is a sunshine mixed with rain.  
 It is a gentle pleasing pain ;  
 A flower that dies and springs again.  
 It is a No that would full fain.  
 And this is Love, as I hear sayen.



Yet what is Love, I pray thee say?  
 It is a pretty shady way  
 As well found out by night as day.  
 It is a thing will soon decay.  
 Then take the vantage whilst you may.  
 And this is Love, as I hear say.

Now what is Love, I pray thee show?  
 A thing that creeps, it cannot go;  
 A prize that passeth to and fro;  
 A thing for one, a thing for moe;  
 And he that proves shall find it so.  
 And this is Love, as well I know.

*Attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh*

x

LOVE'S god is a boy.  
 None but cowerds regard him;  
 His dart is a toy;  
 Great opinion hath marred him.  
 The fear of the wag  
 Hath made him so brag;  
 Chide him, he'll fly thee  
 And not come nigh thee.  
 Little boy, pretty knave,  
 Shoot not at random.  
 For if you hit me, slave,  
 I'll tell your grand-dam.

Fond Love is a child,  
 And his compass is narrow.  
 Young fools are beguiled  
 With the fame of his arrow.  
 He dareth not strike,  
 If his strike do mislike.  
 Cupid, do you hear me?  
 Come not too near me.  
 Little boy, pretty knave,  
 Hence, I beseech you;  
 For if you hit me, slave,  
 In faith I'll breech you.

The ape loves to meddle  
 When he finds a man idle.  
 Else is he a-flirting  
 Where his mark is a-courting.  
 When women grow true,  
 Come teach me to sue.  
 Then I'll come to thee,  
 Pray thee and woo thee.  
 Little boy, pretty knave,  
 Make me not stagger,  
 For if you hit me, slave,  
 I'll call thee beggar.

## xi

OVER these brooks, trusting to ease mine eyes,  
 Mine eyes even great in labour with her tears,  
 I laid my face, my face wherein there lies  
 Clusters of clouds which no sun ever clears.  
 In watery glass my watery eyes I see ;  
 Sorrow 's ill-eased, where sorrows painted be.

My thoughts imprisoned in my secret woes  
 With flamy breaths do issue oft in sound ;  
 The sound to this strange air no sooner goes  
 But that it doth with echo's force rebound,  
 And make me hear the plaints I would refrain ;  
 Thus outward helps my inward griefs maintain.

Now in this sand I would discharge my mind,  
 And cast from me part of my burdenous cares ;  
 But in the sand my tales foretold I find,  
 And see therein how well the waters fares.  
 Since streams, air, sand, mine eyes and tears conspire,  
 What hope to quench, when each thing blows the fire ?

*Sir Philip Sidney*

## xii

WHITHER runneth my sweet heart ?  
 Stay awhile, prithee.  
 Not too fast !  
 Too much haste  
 Maketh waste.  
 But if thou wilt needs depart  
 Take my love with thee.

Thy mind  
 Doth bind  
 Me to no vile condition ;  
 So doth  
 Thy truth  
 Prevent me of suspicion.  
  
 Go thy ways then where thou please,  
 So I am by thee.  
 Day and night  
 I delight  
 In thy sight.  
 Never grief on me did seize  
 When thou wast nigh me.  
 My strength  
 At length  
 That scorned thy fair commandings  
 Hath not  
 Forgot  
 The price of rash withstandings.  
  
 Now my thoughts are free from strife,  
 Sweet, let me kiss thee.  
 Now can I  
 Willingly  
 Wish to die,  
 For I do but loathe my life  
 When I do miss thee.  
 Come prove  
 My love,  
 My heart is not disguised.  
 Love shown  
 And known  
 Ought not to be despised.

*xiii*

ONCE did I love where now I have no liking.  
 Like can I not, for she was never loving.  
 Once did I prove, but then put by my striking.  
 Strike nill I now, though she were ever proving.  
 To prove or strike  
 It now rests at my will ;  
 To make me love or like  
 'Tis past her skill.

Rest in unrest was once my chiefest pleasure ;  
 Please will I now myself in her disquiet.  
 Bad for the best I chose at wanton leisure,  
 Ease bids me now to brook a better diet.  
     Rich in content I rest  
     To see her plaining  
 Whose best is bad at best,  
     Not worth the gaining.

*xiv*

FAIR women like fair jewels are,  
 Whose worth lies in opinion.  
 To praise them all must be his care  
     That goes about to win one.  
 And when he hath her once obtained  
     To her face he must her flatter ;  
 But not to others, lest he move  
     Their eyes to level at her.  
 The way to purchase truth in love,  
     If such way there be any,  
 Must be to give her leave to rove  
     And hinder one by many.  
 Believe thou must that she is true  
     When poisoned tongues do sting her ;  
 Rich jewels bear the self-same hue  
     Put upon any finger.  
 The perfectest of mind and shape  
     Must look for defamations.  
 Live how they will, they cannot 'scape ;  
     Their persons are temptations.  
 Then let the world condemn my choice,  
     As laughing at my folly ;  
 If she be kind the self-same voice  
     Is spread of the most holy.

*xv*

DAINTY darling, kind and free,  
 Fairest maid I ever see,  
 Dear, vouchsafe to look on me ;  
 Listen when I sing to thee  
     What I will do  
     With a dildo,  
 Sing do with a dildo.

Sweet, now go not yet, I pray ;  
 Let no doubt thy mind dismay.  
 Here with me thou shalt but stay  
 Only till I can display  
     What I will do  
     With a dildo,  
 Sing do with a dildo.

Quickly, prithee, be now still !  
 Nay, you shall not have your will.  
 Trow you men will maidens kill ?  
 Tarry but to learn the skill  
     What I will do  
     With a dildo,  
 Sing do with a dildo.

Pretty, witty, sit me by,  
 Fear no cast of any eye ;  
 We will play so privily  
 None shall see but you and I  
     What I will do  
     With a dildo,  
 Sing do with a dildo.

*xvi*

MY love is neither young nor old,  
 Not fiery hot, nor frozen cold ;  
 But fresh and fair as springing briar,  
 Blooming the fruit of love's desire.

Not snowy white nor rosy red,  
 But fair enough for shepherd's bed ;  
 And such a love was never seen  
 On hill or dale or country green.

*xvii*

LOVE is a babel ;  
 No man is able  
 To say 'tis this or 'tis that.  
 'Tis full of passions  
 Of sundry fashions ;  
 'Tis like I cannot tell what.

Love 's fair i' the cradle,  
 Foul in the sable ;  
 'Tis either too cold or too hot ;  
 An arrant liar,  
 Fed by desire ;  
 It is ; and yet it is not.

Love is a fellow  
 Clad oft in yellow ;  
 The canker-worm of the mind ;  
 A privy mischief ;  
 And such a sly thief  
 No man knows which way to find.

Love is a wonder  
 That 's here and yonder,  
 As common to one as to moe ;  
 A monstrous cheater ;  
 Every man's debtor.  
 Hang him, and so let him go !

*xviii*

ARISE, my thoughts, and mount you with the sun ;  
 Call all the winds to make you speedy wings ;  
 And to my fairest Maya see you run,  
 And weep your last while wantonly she sings.  
 Then if you cannot move her heart to pity,  
 Let ' O alas ! Ay me ! ' be all your ditty.

Arise, my thoughts, no more, if you return  
 Denied of grace, which only you desire ;  
 But let the sun your wings to ashes burn,  
 And melt your passions in his quenchless fire.  
 But if you move fair Maya's heart to pity  
 Let smiles and love and kisses be your ditty.

Arise, my thoughts, beyond the highest star,  
 And gently rest you in fair Maya's eye,  
 For that is fairer than the brightest are.  
 But if she frown to see you climb so high,  
 Couch in her lap, and, with a moving ditty  
 Of smiles and love and kisses, beg for pity.

*xix*

DID ever man thus love as I ?  
 I think I was made  
 For no other trade,  
 My mind doth it so hard apply,  
 And all fond courses else doth fly.

Undoing were a petty care,  
 Loosing my best hopes  
 In their largest scopes.  
 Two loving when I do compare,  
 Methinks I could as trifles spare.

All my sad thoughts, though wide begun,  
 In her still do meet,  
 Who makes thinking sweet;  
 And then to me again they run  
 To tell me all that they have done.

Thus do I spend my days and hours  
 In a pleasant round  
 Where true joys are found ;  
 And there alone my soul devours  
 All Love's dear food with longing powers.

A heaven on earth is love well met ;  
 There is more content  
 Than can be well spent  
 When in two fruitful hearts 'tis set,  
 Which will not be in either's debt.

*xx*

TO sigh or to be sad,  
 To weep, and wish to die,  
 Is it not to be mad,  
 If not hypocrisy ?  
 Men of this sort  
 Are women's sport.  
 Beauty's alluring looks rob wise men of their reason,  
 That they speak nought at all, or speak all out of season.

Have all men eyes to see,  
 And have none wit to know  
 Blossoms commend no tree,  
 Where never fruit did grow?  
 Desire doth blind  
 A lover's mind.

He sees and doth allow that vice in his beloved  
 From which no woman can be free or be removed.

Let every thought of love  
 Mixed with a world of fears,  
 At last themselves remove ;  
 Or let consuming tears,  
 Life blood distilled,  
 No more be spilled,  
 Since all that 'scape the fall of womanish rejecting  
 Must yet be subject to the pride of their neglecting.

*xxi*

COME, sorrows, come, sweet scale  
 By the which we ascend to the heavenly place,  
 Where Virtue sitteth smiling  
 To see how some look pale  
 With fear to behold thy ill-favoured face,  
 Vain shows their sense beguiling.  
 For mirth hath no assurance  
 Nor warranty of durance.

Hence, pleasures, fly, sweet bait,  
 On the which they may justly be said to be fools  
 That surfeit by much tasting ;  
 Like thieves you lie in wait,  
 Most subtly how to prepare silly souls  
 For sorrows everlasting.  
 Wise griefs have joyful turnings,  
 Nice pleasures end in mournings.





*Ultimum Vale, or the Third Booke of Ayres of I. 2. and 4. Voyces.  
1608.*

## i

DO not, O do not prize thy beauty at too high a rate.  
Love, be loved while thou art lovely, lest thou love too late.  
    Frowns print wrinkles in thy brows,  
    At which spiteful age doth smile ;  
Women in their froward vows  
    Glorying to beguile.

Wert thou the only world's-admired, thou canst love but one ;  
And many have before been loved, thou art not loved alone.  
    Couldst thou speak with heavenly grace,  
    Sappho might with thee compare.  
Blush the roses in thy face,  
    Rosamund was as fair.

Pride is the canker that consumeth beauty in her prime.  
They that delight in long debating feel the curse of Time.  
    All things with the time do change  
    That will not the time obey.  
Some even to themselves seem strange  
    Through their own delay.

## ii

BEAUTY sat bathing by a spring  
    Where fairest shades did hide her.  
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,  
    The cool streams ran beside her.  
My wanton thoughts enticed my eye  
    To see what was forbidden ;  
But better memory cried fie.  
    So vain delights were chidden.

Into a slumber then I fell.  
    But fond imagination  
Seemed to see, but could not tell  
    Her feature or her fashion.  
But even as babes in dreams do smile,  
    And sometime fall a-weeping,  
So I awaked as wise the while  
    As when I fell a-sleeping.

*Anthony Munday*

*iii*

GO to bed, sweet Muse, take thy rest.  
 Let not thy soul be so opprest.  
     Though she deny thee  
     She doth but try thee,  
     Whether thy mind  
     Will ever prove unkind.  
 O Love it is a bitter-sweet jest.

Muse not upon her smiling looks.  
 Think that they are but baited hooks.  
     Love is a fancy,  
     Love is a franzy.  
     Let not a toy  
     Then breed thee such annoy,  
 But leave to look upon such fond books.

Leave to forget such idle toys,  
 Fitter for youths and youthful boys.  
     Let not one sweet smile  
     Thy true love beguile.  
     Let not a frown  
     For ever cast thee down.  
 Then sleep and go to bed in these joys.

*iv*

SHALL I look to ease my grief ?  
     No, my sight is lost with eyeing.  
 Shall I speak and beg relief ?  
     No, my voice is hoarse with crying.  
     What remains but only dying ?

Love and I of late did part,  
     But the boy my peace envying,  
 Like a Parthian threw his dart  
     Backward, and did wound me flying.  
     What remains but only dying ?

She whom then I looked on,  
     My remembrance beautifying,  
 Stays with me though I am gone,  
     Gone and at her mercy lying.  
     What remains but only dying ?

Shall I try her thoughts and write ?  
 No, I have no means of trying.  
 If I should, yet at first sight  
 She would answer with denying.  
 What remains but only dying ?

Thus my vital breath doth waste,  
 And my blood with sorrow drying,  
 Sighs and tears make life to last  
 For a while their place supplying.  
 What remains but only dying ?

v

WHAT if I sped where I least expected ?  
 What shall I say ? Shall I lie ?  
 What if I must where I most affected ?  
 What shall I do ? Shall I die ?  
 No, no, I'll have at all.  
 'Tis as my game doth fall.  
 If I keep my meaning close  
 I may hit, how e'er it goes ;  
 For Time and I do mean to try  
 What hope doth lie in Youth.  
 The minds that doubt are in and out,  
 And women flout at Truth.

She whom above the skies I renowned,  
 She whom I loved, she,  
 Can she leave all in Lethe drowned ?  
 Can she be coy to me ?  
 Her passions are but cold ;  
 She stands and doth behold ;  
 She retains her looks estranged,  
 As if heaven and earth were changed.  
 I speak, she hears, I touch, she fears ;  
 Herein appears her wit.  
 I catch, she flies ; I hold, she cries ;  
 And still denies, and yet !

May not a wanton look like a woman ?  
 Tell me the reason why ?  
 And if a blind man chance of a bird's nest,  
 Must he be prattling ? Fie !  
 What mortal strength can keep  
 That 's got as in a sleep ?

The felony is his  
 That brags of a stolen kiss ;  
 For when well met, both in a net  
 That Vulcan set were hid.  
 And so, God wot, we did it not,  
 Or else forgot we did !

*vi*

SWEET, if you like and love me still,  
 And yield me love for my good-will,  
 And do not from your promise start,  
 When your fair hand gave me your heart ;  
     If dear to you I be  
     As you are dear to me,  
 Then yours I am and will be ever ;  
 No time nor place my love shall sever ;  
 But faithful still I will persever,  
     Like constant marble stone,  
     Loving but you alone.

But if you favour more than me,  
 Who loves thee still and none but thee,  
 If others do the harvest gain  
 That 's due to me for all my pain,  
     Yet that you love to range  
     And oft to chop and change ;  
 Then get you some new-fangled mate ;  
 My doting love shall turn to hate,  
 Esteeming you though too too late  
     Not worth a pebble stone,  
     Loving not me alone.

*Francis Davison**vii*

CEASE, troubled thoughts, to sigh,  
     Or sigh yourselves to death ;  
 Or kindle not my grief,  
     Or cool it with your breath.  
 Let not that spirit which made me live  
 Seek thus untimely to deprive  
     Me of my life ;  
     Unequal strife !  
 That breath, which gave me being,  
 Should hasten me to dying.

Cease, melting tears, to stream ;  
 Stop your uncessant course,  
 Which to my sorrow's child  
 Are like a fruitful nurse,  
 From whence Death living comfort draws,  
 And I myself appear the cause  
 Of all my woe.  
 But 'tis not so.  
 For she whose beauty won me  
 By falsehood hath undone me.

## viii

CYNTHIA, queen of seas and lands,  
 That fortune everywhere commands,  
 Sent forth Fortune to the sea  
 To try her fortune every way.  
 There did I Fortune meet, which makes me now to sing :  
 There is no fishing to the sea, nor service to a king.

All the nymphs of Thetis' train  
 Did Cynthia's Fortune entertain.  
 Many a jewel, many a gem  
 Was to Fortune brought by them.  
 Her Fortune sped so well, which makes me now to sing :  
 There is no fishing to the sea, nor service to a king.

Fortune, that it might be seen  
 That she did serve a royal queen,  
 A frank and royal hand did bear  
 And cast her favours everywhere.  
 Such toys fell to my lot which makes me now to sing :  
 There is no fishing to the sea, nor service to a king.  
*Sir John Davies*

## ix

BLAME not my cheeks, though pale with love they be ;  
 The kindly heat into my heart is flown  
 To cherish it that is dismayed by thee,  
 Who art so cruel and unstedfast grown.  
 For Nature, called for by distressed hearts,  
 Neglects and quite forsakes the outward parts.

But they whose cheeks with careless blood are stained,  
 Nurse not one spark of love within their hearts ;  
 And when they woo they speak with passion feigned,  
 For their fat love lies in their outward parts ;  
 But in their breast, where Love his court should hold,  
 Poor Cupid sits and blows his nails for cold.

*Thomas Campian*

x

THERE is a garden in her face  
 Where roses and white lilies grow ;  
 A heavenly paradise is that place,  
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.  
 There cherries grow which none may buy,  
 Till ' Cherry-ripe ' themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose  
 Of orient pearl a double row,  
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,  
 They look like rose-buds filled with snow ;  
 Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,  
 Till ' Cherry-ripe ' themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;  
 Her brows like bended bows do stand  
 Threatening with piercing shafts to kill  
 All that presume with eye or hand  
 Those sacred cherries to come nigh,  
 Till ' Cherry-ripe ' themselves do cry.

*Thomas Campian*

xi

SWEET love, my only treasure,  
 For service long unfeigned  
 Wherein I nought have gained,  
 Vouchsafe this little pleasure :  
 To tell me in what part  
 My lady keeps her heart.

If in her hair so slender  
 Like golden nets untwined,  
 Which fire and art have fined,  
 Her thrall my heart I render,  
 For ever to abide  
 With locks so dainty tied.

If in her eyes she bind it,  
 Wherein that fire was framed  
 By which it is inflamed,  
 I dare not look to find it:  
 I only wish it sight  
 To see that pleasant light.

But if her breast have deigned  
 With kindness to receive it,  
 I am content to leave it  
 Though death thereby were gained.  
 Then, lady, take your own  
 That lives for you alone.

*xii*

THINK'ST thou, Kate, to put me down  
 With a No or with a frown ?  
 Since Love holds my heart in bands,  
 I must do as Love commands.

Love commands the hands to dare  
 When the tongue of speech is spare,  
 Chiefest lesson in Love's school ;  
 Put it in adventure, fool.

Fools are they that fainting flinch  
 For a squeak, a scratch, a pinch.  
 Women's words have double sense,  
 Stand away, a simple fence.

If thy mistress swears she'll cry,  
 Fear her not ; she'll swear and lie.  
 Such sweet oaths no sorrow bring  
 Till the prick of conscience sting.

*xiii*

WHEN will the fountain of my tears be dry ?  
 When will my sighs be spent ?  
 When will Desire agree to let me die ?  
 When will thy heart relent ?  
 It is not for my life I plead,  
 Since death the way to rest doth lead.  
 But stay for thy content  
 Lest thou be discontent.

For if myself without thy leave I kill,  
 My ghost will never rest,  
 So hath it sworn to work thine only will,  
 And holds it ever best.  
 For since it only lives by thee,  
 Good reason thou the ruler be.  
 Then give me leave to die,  
 And show thy power thereby.

*xiv*

FLY from the world, O fly, thou poor distrest,  
 Where thy diseased sense infects thy soul,  
 And where thy thoughts do multiply unrest,  
 Troubling with wishes what they straight control.  
 O world, O world, betrayer of the mind !  
 O thoughts, O thoughts, that guide us, being blind !

Come therefore, Care, conduct me to my end,  
 And steer this shipwrack carcase to the grave.  
 My sighs a strong and stedfast wind will lend,  
 Tears wet the sail, repentance from rocks save ;  
 Hail Death ! hail Death ! the land I do descry !  
 Strike sail ! go soul ! rest follows them that die.

*xv*

HAPPY he

Who, to sweet home retired,  
 Shuns glory so admired,  
 And to himself lives free.

Whilst he who strives with pride to climb the skies  
 Falls down with foul disgrace before he rise.

Let who will  
 The active life commend,  
 And all his travels bend  
 Earth with his fame to fill.  
 Such fame so forced at last dies with his death,  
 Which life maintained by other's idle breath.

My delights,  
 To dearest home confined,  
 Shall there make good my mind,  
 Not awed with Fortune's spites.  
 High trees heaven blasts, winds shake, and honours fell,  
 When lowly plants long time in safety dwell.



All I can  
 My worldly strife shall be  
 They one day say of me :  
     He died a good old man.  
 On his sad soul a heavy burden lies  
 Who, known to all, unknown to himself dies.

*xvi*

DISDAIN that so doth fill me  
 Hath surely sworn to kill me,  
     And I must die.  
 Desire that still doth burn me  
 To life again will turn me,  
     And live must I.  
 O kill me then, Disdain,  
 That I may live again.

Thy looks are life unto me,  
 And yet thy looks undo me.  
     O death and life !  
 Thy smiles some rest do show me,  
 Thy frowns with war o'erthrow me,  
     O peace and strife !  
 Nor life nor death is either ;  
 Then give me both or neither.

Life only cannot ease me,  
 Death only cannot please me,  
     Change is delight.  
 I live that death may kill me ;  
 I die that life may fill me  
     Both day and night.  
 If once despair decay,  
 Desire will wear away.

*xvii*

NOW let her change and spare not.  
 Since she proves strange I care not.  
 Feigned love so bewitched my delight,  
 That still I doted on her sight.  
 But she is gone, new delights embracing,  
     And my deserts disgracing.

When did I err in blindness,  
 Or vex her with unkindness ?  
 If my heart did attend her alone,  
 Why is she then untimely gone ?  
 True love abides to the day of dying.  
     False love is ever flying.

Thou false, farewell for ever.  
 Once false proves faithful never.  
 He that now so triumphs in thy love  
 Shall soon my present fortunes prove.  
     Were he as fair as Adonis,  
     Faith is not had where none is.

*Thomas Campian*

*xviii*

SINCE first disdain began to rise  
 And cry revenge for spiteful wrong,  
 What erst I praised I now despise,  
 And think my love was too too long.  
 I tread in dirt that scornful pride  
 Which in thy looks I have descried.  
 Thy beauty is a painted skin  
 For fools to see their faces in.

Thine eyes that some as stars esteem,  
 From whence themselves, they say, take light,  
 Like to the foolish fire I deem  
 That leads men to their death by night.  
 Thy words and oaths are light as wind,  
 And yet far lighter is thy mind ;  
 Thy friendship is a broken reed  
 That fails thy friends in greatest need.

*xix*

AT her fair hands how have I grace entreated  
 With prayers oft repeated.  
 Yet still my love is thwarted.  
 Heart, let her go, for she'll not be converted.  
     Say, shall she go ?  
     O no, no, no !  
 She is most fair though she be marble-hearted.

How often have my sighs declared my anguish  
 Wherein I daily languish ;  
 Yet doth she still procure it.  
 Heart, let her go, for I cannot endure it.  
 Say, shall she go ?  
 O no, no, no !

She gave the wound and she alone must cure it.

The trickling tears that down my cheeks have flowed  
 My love hath often showed.  
 Yet still unkind I prove her.

Heart, let her go, for naught I do can move her.  
 Say, shall she go ?  
 O no, no, no !

Though she me hate, I cannot choose but love her.

But shall I still a true affection bear her,  
 Which prayers, sighs, tears do show her ?  
 And shall she still disdain me ?

Heart, let her go, if they no grace can gain me.  
 Say, shall she go ?  
 O no, no, no !

She made me hers, and hers she will retain me.

But if the love that hath and still doth burn me  
 No love at length return me,  
 Out of my thoughts I'll set her.

Heart, let her go ; O heart I pray thee let her !  
 Say, shall she go ?  
 O no, no, no !

Fixed in the heart how can the heart forget her ?

But if I weep and sigh and often wail me,  
 Till tears, sighs, prayers fail me,  
 Shall yet my love persever ?

Heart, let her go ; if she will right thee never.  
 Say, shall she go ?  
 O no, no, no !

Tears, sighs, prayers fail, but true love lasteth ever.

*Walter Davison*

## xx

OFT have I mused the cause to find  
 Why Love in ladies' eyes should dwell.  
 I thought because himself was blind,  
 He looked that they should guide him well.  
 And sure his hope but seldom fails,  
 For Love by ladies' eyes prevails.

But time at last hath taught me wit,  
 Although I bought my wit full dear ;  
 For by her eyes my heart is hit,  
 Deep is the wound though none appear.  
 Their glancing beams as darts he throws,  
 And sure he hath no shafts but those.

I mused to see those eyes so bright,  
 And little thought they had been fire.  
 I gazed upon them with delight,  
 But that delight hath bred desire.  
 What better place can Love require  
 Than that where grow both shafts and fire.

## xxi

NOW have I learned with much ado at last  
 By true disdain to kill desire.  
 This was the mark at which I shot, so fast  
 Unto the height I did aspire.  
 Proud Love, now do thy worst and spare not,  
 For thee and all thy shafts I care not.

What hast thou left wherewith to move my mind ?  
 What life to quicken dead desire ?  
 I count thy words and oaths as light as wind,  
 I feel no heat in all thy fire.  
 Go change thy bow and get a stronger ;  
 Go break thy shafts and bring thee longer.

In vain thou bait'st thy hook with beauty's blaze ;  
 In vain thy wanton eyes allure.  
 These are but toys for them that love to gaze.  
 I know what harm thy looks procure.  
 Some strange conceit must be devised,  
 Or thou and all thy skill despised.



*A Musicall Dreame. Or The Fourth Booke Of Ayres, the First part is for the Lute, two Voyces, and the Viole de Gambo; the Second part is for the Lute, the Viole and foure Voices to Sing: the Third part is for one Voyce alone, or to the Lute, the Basse Viole, or to both if you please, Whereof, two are Italian Ayres. 1609.*

## i

THOUGH your strangeness frets my heart,  
 Yet must I not complain;  
 You persuade me 'tis but art  
 Which secret love must feign.  
 If another you affect,  
 'Tis but a toy to avoid suspect.  
 Is this fair excusing?  
 O no, all is abusing.

When your wished sight I desire,  
 Suspicion you pretend;  
 Causeless you yourself retire,  
 Whilst I in vain attend.  
 Thus a lover, as you say,  
 Still made more eager by delay.  
 Is this fair excusing?  
 O no, all is abusing.

When another holds your hand,  
 You'll swear I hold your heart.  
 Whilst my rival close doth stand,  
 And I sit far apart,  
 I am nearer yet than they,  
 Hid in your bosom, as you say.  
 Is this fair excusing?  
 O no, all is abusing.

Would a rival then I were,  
 Some else your secret friend,  
 So much lesser should I fear,  
 And not so much attend.  
 They enjoy you every one,  
 Yet must I seem your friend alone.  
 Is this fair excusing?  
 O no, all is abusing.

*Thomas Campian*

*ii*

SWEET Kate  
 Of late  
 Ran away and left me plaining.  
 Abide !  
 I cried,  
 Or I die with thy disdaining.  
 Te-he !  
 Quoth she,  
 Gladly would I see  
 Any man to die with loving ;  
 Never any yet  
 Died of such a fit ;  
 Neither have I fear of proving.

Unkind !  
 I find  
 Thy delight is in tormenting.  
 Abide !  
 I cried,  
 Or I die with thy consenting.  
 Te-he !  
 Quoth she,  
 Make no fool of me !  
 Men I know have oaths at pleasure ;  
 But their hopes attained,  
 They bewray they feigned,  
 And their oaths are kept at leisure.

Her words  
 Like swords  
 Cut my sorry heart in sunder.  
 Her flouts  
 With doubts  
 Kept my heart affections under.  
 Te-he !  
 Quoth she,  
 What a fool is he,  
 Stands in awe of once denying !  
 Cause I had enough  
 To become more rough ;  
 So I did. O happy trying !

*iii*

ONCE did I serve a cruel heart  
 With faith unfeigned. I still importune  
 Her piercing looks that wrought my smart.  
 She laughs and smiles at my misfortune ;  
 And says : perhaps you may at last  
 By true desert Love's favour taste.

*iv*

WILL said to his mammy  
 That he would go woo ;  
 Fain would he wed, but he wot not who.  
 Soft awhile, my lammy,  
 Stay and yet abide !  
 He, like a fool as he was, replied :  
 In faith, 'chill have a wife.  
 O what a life  
 Do I lead  
 For a wife  
 In my bed  
 I may not tell ye.  
 'Tis a smart  
 To my heart ;  
 'Tis a rack  
 To my back,  
 And to my belly.

Scarcely was he wedded  
 Full a fortnight's space,  
 But that he was in a heavy case.  
 Largely was he headed,  
 And his cheeks looked thin,  
 And to repent he did thus begin :  
 A fig for such a wife !  
 O what a life  
 Do I lead  
 For a wife  
 In my bed  
 I may not tell ye.  
 'Tis a smart  
 To my heart ;  
 'Tis a rack  
 To my back,  
 And to my belly.

All you that are bachelors,  
 Be learned by crying Will,  
 When you are well to remain so still.  
 Better for to tarry,  
 And alone to lie,  
 Than like a fool with a fool to cry :  
 A fig for such a wife !  
 O what a life  
 Do I lead  
 For a wife  
 In my bed  
 I may not tell ye.  
 'Tis a smart  
 To my heart,  
 'Tis a rack  
 To my back,  
 And to my belly.

## v

HARK ! wot ye what ? nay faith, and shall I tell ?  
 I am afraid  
 To die a maid,  
 And then lead apes in hell.  
 O it makes me sigh and sob with inward grief ;  
 But if I can  
 But get a man,  
 He'll yield me some relief.  
 O it is strange how Nature works with me ;  
 My body is spent  
 And I lament  
 Mine own great folly.  
 O it makes me sigh, and pour forth floods of tears.  
 Alas, poor elf,  
 None but thyself  
 Would live having such cares.  
 O now I see that Fortune frowns on me.  
 By this good light  
 I have been ripe.  
 O it makes me sigh, and sure it will me kill.  
 When I should sleep  
 I lie and weep,  
 Feeding on sorrows still.



I must confess as maids have virtue store,  
 Live honest still  
 Against our wills,  
 More fools we are therefore.  
 O it makes me sigh, yet hope doth still me good,  
 For if I can  
 But get a man,  
 With him I'll spend my blood.

*vi*

MY complaining  
 Is but feigning ;  
 All my love is but in jest.  
 And my courting  
 Is but sporting  
 In most showing meaning least.

Outward sadness  
 Inward gladness  
 Representeth in my mind.  
 In most feigning  
 Most obtaining  
 Such good faith in love I find.

Towards ladies  
 This my trade is—  
 Two minds in one breast I wear.  
 And my measure  
 At my pleasure  
 Ice and flame my face doth bear.

*vii*

ON a time in summer season  
 Jockie late with Jenny walking,  
 Like a love made love with talking,  
 When he should be doing. Reason  
 Still, he cries, when he should dally :  
 Sweet Jenny, sweet, shall I, shall I ?

Jenny, as most women use it  
 Who say Nay when they would have it,  
 With a bold face seemed to crave it,  
 With a faint look did refuse it.  
 Jockie lost his time to dally,  
 Still he cries : Sweet, shall I, shall I ?

She who knew that backward dealing  
 Was a foe to forward longing,  
 To avoid her own heart's wronging,  
 With a sigh love's suit revealing,  
 Said : Jockie sweet, when you would dally,  
 Do you cry : Sweet, shall I, shall I ?

Jockie knew by her replying  
 That a ' no ' is ' aye ' in wooing,  
 That an asking without doing  
 Is the way to love's denying.  
 Now he knows when he would dally  
 How to spare : ' Sweet, shall I, shall I ? '

*viii*

FAREWELL, fond youth, if thou hadst not been blind  
 Out of my eye thou might'st have read my mind.  
 But now I plainly see  
 How thou wouldst fain leave me,  
 Sure I was accurst  
 Not to go at first.  
 Sure I was accursed. O fie no !  
 Sweet, stay, and I will tell thee why no.

Once more farewell, since first I heard thee speak  
 And had but sung farewell, my heart would break.  
 But now since I do find  
 Thy love is like the wind,  
 What a fool was I  
 To be like to die !  
 What a fool was I ! I was not.  
 Yet say I was a fool, I pass not.

Woe's me, alas ! why did I let him go ?  
 These be the fruits of idle saying ' no ' .  
 Now that he can disprove me,  
 How ever shall he love me ?  
 Nay, but he is gone,  
 Then I am undone !  
 Nay but he is gone ! O hold him !  
 Fie ! forty things are yet untold him.

## ix

HOW should I show my love unto my Love,  
 But hide it from all eyes save my Love's eyes ?  
 The way by pen or tongue I dare not prove,  
 Their drifts are oft discovered by the wise.  
 Looks are more safe, yet over them are spies.  
 Then what 's the way to cosen jealousy  
 Which martyrs love by marking narrowly ?

By all these ways may thy affections walk  
 Without suspicion of the jealous guard.  
 Thy whispering tongue to her closed ear shall talk,  
 And be importunate till it be hard.  
 Papers shall pass, looks shall not be debarred.  
 To look for love's young infants in her eyes,  
 Be frank and bold as she is kind and wise.

O who can be so frank as she is kind,  
 Whose kindness merits more than monarchies ?  
 Boldness with her mild grace Grace cannot find,  
 Only her wit o'er that doth tyrannize.  
 Then let her worth and thy love sympathize,  
 Sith her worth to thy love cannot be known,  
 Nor thy love to her worthiness be shown.

## x

O HE is gone, and I am here.  
 Ay me, why are we thus divided ?  
 My sight in his eyes did appear ;  
 My soul by his soul's thought was guided.  
 Then come again, my all, my life, my being,  
 Soul's zeal, heart's joy, ear's jester, eye's only seeing.

Come, sable Care, seize on my heart,  
 Take up the rooms that joys once filled.  
 Nature's sweet bliss is slain by Art ;  
 Absence black frost life's spring hath killed.  
 Then come again, my love, my dear, my treasure,  
 My bliss, my fate, my end, my hope's full measure.

*xi*

AND is it night ? Are they thine eyes that shine ?

Are we alone and here ? and here alone

May I come near ? May I but touch thy shrine ?

Is jealousy asleep or is he gone ?

O gods, no more silence my lips with thine,

Lips, kisses, joys, hap, blessings most divine.

O come, my dear, our griefs are turned to night,

And night to joys ; Night blinds pale Envy's eyes ;

Silence and sleep prepare us our delight.

O cease we then our woes, our griefs, our cries.

O vanish words ! words do but passions move.

O dearest life, joys sweet, O sweetest love !

*xii*

SHE hath an eye, ah me ! ah me !

An eye to see, that she hath too.

She hath an eye to see

Which makes me sigh as lovers do.

Heigh ho ! heigh ho !

Heigh ho ! Ah me, that an eye

Should make her live and me to die.

Wise men's eyes are in their mind,

But lovers' eyes are ever blind.

She hath a lip, ah, ah, alas !

Two lips which do themselves surpass.

Alas, two lips for kisses

Of earthly love the heavenly blisses !

Heigh ho ! heigh ho !

Alas, O woe, that a heaven

Should make us odds that make all even.

Ladies' kisses are a charm

That kill us ere they do us harm.

She hath a heart, ah me ! ah me !

A heart she hath which none can see.

Ah me, that I have none !

Which makes me sigh, yea sighing groan,

Heigh ho ! heigh ho !

Heigh ho ! ay me ! that I part

And live, yet leave with her my heart.

Heartless men may live by love.

This she doth know, and this I prove.

*xiii*

I KNOW not what, yet that I feel is much,  
 It came I know not when ; it was not ever ;  
 It hurts I know not how, yet is it such  
 As I am pleased, though it be cured never.  
 It is a wound that wasteth still in woe,  
 And yet I would not that it were not so.  
 Pleased with a thought that endeth with a sigh,  
 Sometimes I smile when tears stand in my eyes ;  
 Yet then and there such sweet contentment lieth  
 Both when and where my sweet sour torment lies.  
 O out alas, I cannot long endure it,  
 And yet alas, I care not when I cure it.  
 But well away, methinks I am not she  
 That wonted was these fits as foul to scorn ;  
 One and the same even so I seem to be,  
 As lost I live, yet of myself forlorn.  
 What may this be that thus my mind doth move ?  
 Alas, I fear, God shield it be not love.

*xiv*

GRIEF of my best love's absenting  
 Now, O now, wilt thou assail me ?  
 I had rather life should fail me  
 Than endure thy slow tormenting.  
 Life our grief and us do sever  
 Once for ever ;  
 Absence, grief, have no relenting.  
 Well be it foul absence spites me,  
 So far off it cannot send her  
 As my heart should not attend her.  
 O how this thought's thought delights me !  
 Absence, do thy worst and spare not ;  
 Know, I care not ;  
 When thou wrong'st me, my thoughts right me !  
 O but such thoughts prove illusions,  
 Shadows of a substance banished,  
 Dreams of pleasure too soon vanished ;  
 Reasons maimed of their conclusions.  
 Then since thoughts and all deceive me,  
 O life leave me !  
 End of life ends love's confusions.

*xv*

IF in this flesh where thou indrenched dost lie,  
 Poor soul, thou canst rear up thy limed wings,  
 Carry my thoughts up to the sacred sky,  
 And wash them in those heavenly hallowed springs:  
 Where joy and Requiem the holy angels sings,  
 Whilst all heaven's vault with blessed echoes rings.

Awaked with this harmony divine,  
 O how my soul mounts up her throned head,  
 And 'gins again with native glory shine.  
 Wash with repentance then thy days misled.  
 Then joys with Requiem mayest thou with angels sing,  
 Whilst all heaven's vault with blessed echoes ring.

*xvi*

O THREAD of life, when thou art spent  
 How are my sorrows eased !  
 O veil of flesh, when thou art rent  
 How shall my soul be pleased !  
 O earth, why tremblest thou at death,  
 That did receive both heat and breath  
 By bargain of a second birth,  
 That done, again to be cold earth ?  
 Come, Death, dear midwife to my life,  
 See Sin and Virtue hold at strife.  
     Make haste away,  
     Lest thy delay  
     Be my decay.  
 World of inanity,  
 School-house of vanity,  
     Minion of hell,  
     Farewell, farewell !

O coward of life, whose fear doth tie  
 Me in distasting senses,  
 Infused part, mount up on high,  
 Life gets on life offences.  
 O fly, immortal, fly away,  
 Be not immured in finite clay,  
 Where true love doth with self-love fight,  
 Begetting thoughts that do affright.  
 Courage, faint heart ! sound trumpet, Death !  
 I'll find it wind with all my breath.

O case of glass,  
Confusion's mass,  
A flowering grass !  
Temple of treachery,  
Sweet yoke to misery,  
Storehouse of hell,  
Farewell, farewell !

*xvii*

WHEN I sit reading all alone that secret book,  
Wherein I sigh to look  
How many spots there be,  
I wish I could not see,  
Or from myself might flee.

Mine eyes for refuge then with zeal befix the skies,  
My tears do cloud those eyes,  
My sighs do blow them dry ;  
And yet I live to die,  
Myself I cannot fly.

Heavens I implore, that knows my fault, what shall I do ?  
To hell I dare not go.  
The world first made me rue,  
Myself my griefs renew ;  
To whom then shall I sue ?

Alas, my soul doth faint to draw this doubtful breath ;  
Is there no hope in death ?  
O yes, Death ends my woes,  
Death me from me will loose.  
Myself am all my foes.

*xviii*

FAIN would I speak, but fear to give offence  
Makes me retire, and in amazement stand,  
Still breathing forth my woes in fruitless silence,  
Whilst my poor heart is slain by her fair hands.  
Fair hands indeed, the guiders of the dart  
That from her eyes were levelled at my heart.

Those eyes, two pointed diamonds, did engrave  
 Within my heart the true and lively form  
 Of that sweet saint whose pity most I crave,  
 Whose absence makes me comfortless to mourn,  
 And sighing say : Sweet, would she knew my love !  
 My plaints perhaps her mind may somewhat move.

But if she knew, what if she did reject ?  
 Yet better 'twere by her sweet doom to die,  
 That she might know my dear love's true effect,  
 Than thus to live in unknown misery.  
 Yet after death it may be she would say :  
 His too much love did work his life's decay.

*xix*

IN Sherwood lived stout Robin Hood,  
 An archer great, none greater.  
 His bow and shafts were sure and good,  
 Yet Cupid's were much better.  
 Robin could shoot at many a hart and miss,  
 Cupid at first could hit a heart of his.  
 Hey ! jolly Robin Hood !  
 Love finds out me  
 As well as thee  
 To follow me  
 To the green wood.

A noble thief was Robin Hood,  
 Wise was he could deceive him ;  
 Yet Marian in his bravest mood  
 Could of his heart bereave him.  
 No greater thief lies hidden under skies  
 Than Beauty closely lodged in women's eyes.  
 Hey ! jolly Robin Hood !  
 Love finds out me  
 As well as thee  
 To follow me  
 To the green wood.

An outlaw was this Robin Hood,  
 His life free and unruly ;  
 Yet to fair Marian bound he stood,  
 And love's debt paid her duly.



Whom curb of strictest law could not hold in,  
Love with obeyedness and a wink could win.

Hey ! jolly Robin Hood !

Love finds out me

As well as thee

To follow me

To the green wood.

Now wend we home, stout Robin Hood,

Leave we the woods behind us.

Love-passions must not be withstood,

Love everywhere will find us.

I lived in field and town, and so did he ;

I got me to the woods ; Love followed me !

Hey ! jolly Robin Hood !

Love finds out me

As well as thee

To follow me

To the green wood.

xx

ITE, caldi sospiri, al freddo core,

Rompete il ghiaccio che pietà contende ;

E se prego mortale al ciel s'intende,

Morte, O mercè, sia fine al mio dolore.

xxi

S'AMOR non è, che dunque è quel ch'io sento ?

Ma s'egli è amor, per Dio, che cosa è quale ?

Se buona, onde l'affetto aspro e mortale ?

Se ria, onde è sì dolce ogni tormento ?

S'a mia voglia ardo, onde è il pianto e'l lamento ?

S'a mal mio grado, il lamentar che vale ?

O viva morte, O diletto male,

Come puoi tanto in me, s'io no 'l consento ?



*The Muses Gardin for Delights, Or the fift Booke of Ayres, onely  
for the Lute Base-vyoll, and the Voyce. 1610.*

## i

LOVE is a pretty frenzy,  
A melancholy fire,  
    Begot by looks,  
    Maintained with hopes,  
And heightened by desire.

Love is a pretty tyrant  
By our affections armed.  
    Take them away,  
    None lives this day  
The coward boy hath harmed.

Love is a pretty idol,  
Opinion did devise him.  
    His votaries  
    Is sloth and lies,  
The robes that do disguise him.

Love is a pretty painter,  
And counterfeiteth passion.  
    His shadowed lies  
    Makes fancies rise  
To set belief in fashion.

Love is a pretty pedlar,  
Whose pack is fraught with sorrows,  
    With doubts and fears  
    With sighs and tears,  
Some joys—but those he borrows.

Love is a pretty nothing,  
Yet what a coil it keeps,  
    With thousand eyes  
    Of jealousies,  
Yet as one ever sleeps.

## ii

SOFT, Cupid, soft ! there is no haste,  
For all unkindness gone and past ;  
Since thou wilt needs forsake me so,  
Let us part friends before thou go.

Still shalt thou have my heart to use  
 When I cannot otherwise choose.  
 My life thou mayst command sans doubt,  
 Command, I say, and go without.

And if that I do ever prove  
 False and unkind to gentle Love,  
 I'll not desire to live a day,  
 Nor any longer than I may.

I'll daily bless the little god,  
 But not without a smarting rod.  
 Wilt thou still unkindly leave me ?  
 Now, I pray God, all ill go with thee !

*iii*

AS I the silly fish deceive,  
 So Fortune plays with me ;  
 Whose baits my heart of joys bereave,  
 And angles taketh me.  
 I still do fish, yet am I caught,  
 And, taken, am their taking taught.

The river wherein I do swim  
 Of streams of hope is made,  
 Where joys as flowers dress the brim,  
 And frowns do make my shade,  
 Whence smiles, as sunshine, gives me heat,  
 And shadow-frowns from showers beat.

Thus taken like an envious one  
 Who glads for others' care,  
 Since he himself must feel such moan,  
 Delights also should fare,  
 And strive to make them know like smart,  
 So make I this to bear a part.

*iv*

THE fountains smoke and yet no flames they show ;  
 Stars shine all night, though undiscerned by day ;  
 And trees do spring, yet are not seen to grow ;  
 And shadows move, although they seem to stay.  
 In Winter's woe is buried Summer's bliss,  
 And Love loves most where Love most secret is.

The stillest streams describes the greatest deep ;  
 The clearest sky is subject to a shower.  
 Conceit's most sweet whenas it seems to sleep ;  
 And fairest days do in the morning lower.  
 The silent grove sweet nymphs they cannot miss,  
 For Love loves most where Love most secret is.

The rarest jewels hidden virtue yield ;  
 The sweet of traffic is a secret gain ;  
 The year once old doth show a barren field,  
 And plants seem dead, and yet they spring again.  
 Cupid is blind. The reason why is this :  
 Love loveth most where Love most secret is.

v

WALKING by a river side  
 In prime of summer's morning,  
 Viewing Phoebus in his pride  
 The silver streams adorning,  
 And passing on, myself alone,  
 Methought I heard a woeful groan.

Still I stood as one amazed  
 To hear this woeful crying ;  
 Round about me then I gazed  
 In every meadow prying,  
 Yet could I not this wight surprise  
 Although the voice did pierce the skies.

Venus, thou hast killed my heart  
 And quite my soul confounded ;  
 Thy son Cupid with his dart  
 My vital parts hath wounded.  
 Shoot home, proud boy, and do thy worst,  
 That she may die that lives accursed.

Draw thy shaft unto the head,  
 And strongly it deliver ;  
 Draw, that thou mayest strike her dead  
 That lives a hopeless lover.  
 Let come, blind boy, to satisfy  
 His mind that most desires to die.

*vi*

I CANNOT choose but give a smile  
 To see how Love doth all beguile,  
 Except it be my frozen heart  
 That yields not to his fiery dart.

Belike I was Achilles like,  
 Drenched in that fatal hardening flood.  
 My flesh it fears no push of pike,  
 The spear against me doth no good.

Only my heel may Cupid hit  
 And yet I care not much for it,  
 Because the hurt I cannot feel  
 Unless my heart were in my heel.

*The Answer*

I cannot choose but needs must smile  
 To see how Love doth thee beguile,  
 Which did of purpose freeze thy heart  
 To thaw it to thy greater smart.

Suppose thou wert Achilles like,  
 Drenched in that fatal hardening flood,  
 That might avail 'gainst push of pike,  
 But 'gainst his dart 'twill do no good.

For if thy heel he do but hit,  
 His venom'd shaft will rankle it,  
 The force whereof the heart must feel  
 Conveyed by arteries from thy heel.

*vii*

JOY in thy hope, the earnest of thy love,  
 For so thou mayest enjoy thy heart's desire.  
 True hopes things absent do as present prove,  
 And keep alive love's still renewing fire.  
 But of thy hope let silence be thy tongue,  
 And secrecy the heart of loving fire ;  
 For hopes revealed may thy hopes prolong  
 Or cut them off in prime-time of desire.

Sweet are those hopes that do themselves enjoy  
 As vowed to themselves to live or die ;  
 Sweetest those joys and freest from annoy  
 That waken not the eye of jealousy.

*L'envoi*

Thy love is not thy love, if not thine own,  
 And so it is not if it once be known.

*viii*

HOW many new years have grown old  
 Since first your servant old was new.  
 How many long hours have I told  
 Since first my love was vowed to you.  
 And yet, alas, she doth not know  
 Whether her servant love or no.

How many walls as white as snow,  
 And windows clear as any glass,  
 Have I conjured to tell you so,  
 Which faithfully performed was.  
 And yet you'll swear you do not know  
 Whether your servant love or no.

How often hath my pale lean face  
 With true characters of my love  
 Petitioned to you for grace,  
 Whom neither sighs nor tears can move.  
 O cruel, yet you do not know  
 Whether your servant love or no.

And wanting oft a better token,  
 I have been fain to send my heart,  
 Which now your cold disdain hath broken,  
 Nor can you heal 't by any art.  
 O look upon 't and you shall know  
 Whether your servant love or no.

*ix*

THERE was a shepherd that did live  
 And held his thoughts as high  
 As were the mounts whereon his flocks  
 Did hourly feed him by.

He from his youth, his tender youth,  
 Which was unapt to keep  
 Or hopes or fears or loves or cares  
 Or thoughts of but his sheep,

Did with his dog as shepherds do ;  
 For shepherds wanting wit  
 Devise some sports, though foolish sports,  
 Yet sports for shepherds fit.  
 The boy that yet was but a boy  
 And so desires were hid,  
 Did grow a man, and men must love,  
 And love this shepherd did.

He loved much, none can too much  
 Love one so high divine,  
 As but herself none but herself  
 So fair, so fresh, so fine.  
 He vowed by his shepherd's weed,  
 An oath which shepherds keep,  
 That he would follow Phillida  
 Before a flock of sheep.

∞

THE sea hath many thousands sands,  
 The sun hath motes as many,  
 The sky is full of stars, and love  
 As full of woes as any.  
 Believe me, that do know the elf,  
 And make no trial by thyself.

It is in truth a pretty toy  
 For babes to play withal.  
 But, O, the honeys of our youth  
 Are oft our age's gall.  
 Self proof in time will make thee know  
 He was a prophet told thee so.

A prophet that Cassandra-like  
 Tells truth without belief,  
 For headstrong youth will run his race  
 Although his goal be grief.  
 Love's martyr, when his heat is past,  
 Proves Care's confessor at the last.

*xi*

ONCE did my thoughts both ebb and flow,  
 As passion did them move.  
 Once did I hope, straight fear again,  
 And then I was in love.

Once did I waking spend the night,  
 And told how many minutes move,  
 Once did I wishing waste the day,  
 And then I was in love.

Once by my carving true love's knot  
 The weeping trees did prove  
 That wounds and tears were both our lots,  
 And then I was in love.

Once did I breathe another's breath,  
 And in my mistress move ;  
 Once was I not mine own at all,  
 And then I was in love.

Once wore I bracelets made of hair,  
 And collars did approve,  
 Once were my clothes made out of wax,  
 And then I was in love.

Once did I sonnet to my saint,  
 My soul in number moved,  
 Once did I tell a thousand lies,  
 And then in truth I loved.

Once in my ear did dangling hang  
 A little turtle-dove,  
 Once, in a word, I was a fool,  
 And then I was in love.

*xii*

I AM so far from pitying thee  
 That wear'st a branch of willow tree,  
 That I do envy thee and all  
 That once was high, and got a fall.  
 O willow, willow, willow tree  
 I would thou didst belong to me.



Thy wearing willow doth imply  
 That thou art happier far than I,  
 For once thou wert where thou wouldst be,  
 Though now thou wear'st the willow tree.

O willow, willow, sweet willow,  
 Let me once lie upon her pillow.

I do defy both bough and root  
 And all the friends of hell to boot,  
 One hour of paradised joy  
 Makes purgatory seem a toy.

O willow, willow, do thy worst ;  
 Thou canst not make me more accursed.

I have spent all my golden time  
 In writing many a loving rhyme.  
 I have consumed all my youth  
 On vowing of my faith and truth.

O willow, willow, willow tree,  
 Yet can I not believed be.

And now, alas, it is too late,  
 Grey hairs, the messenger of fate,  
 Bids me to set my heart at rest,  
 For beauty loveth young men best.

O willow, willow, I must die,  
 Thy servant 's happier far than I.

*xiii*

AS I lay lately in a dream,  
 Methought I saw a wondrous thing.  
 A woman fair transformed was  
 Into a fiddle without a string.

A metamorphosis so rare  
 As almost made me wake for fear.

O this is rare, a wondrous thing,  
 So fair a fiddle should want a string !

Till honest neighbours dwelling nigh  
 Said they would all her wants supply ;  
 And said that they have strings in store  
 For such a fiddle and forty more.

For love they bear unto the sport,  
 They'll make her fit for the consort.  
 O this is rare, a wondrous thing,  
 So fair a fiddle should want a string.

They'll send her first to some that can  
 Put in the peg, and peg her then.  
 If that her bridge be broken, so  
 As that her fiddle cannot go,  
 They'll soon devise some other way  
 To make her sound the roundelay.  
 O this is rare, a wondrous thing,  
 So fair a fiddle should want a string.

When they have set her in the key,  
 You must not strain her strings so high  
 For fear the fiddle chance to crack ;  
 Nor let the strings be too too slack.  
 The diapason is her sound,  
 The lowest note is most profound.  
 O this is rare, a wondrous thing,  
 So fair a fiddle should want a string.

But note a discord in music,  
 To sound some note without the prick,  
 And then for keeping of your mood,  
 Sing three to one, that 's passing good.  
 Of all the notes in gamut scale  
 The long is that which must not fail.  
 O this is rare, a wondrous thing,  
 So fair a fiddle should want a string.

*xiv*

THERE was a wily lad  
 Met with a bonny lass.  
 Much pretty sport they had  
 But I wot not what it was.  
 He wooed her for a kiss,  
 She plainly said him No.  
 I pray, quoth he ;  
 Nay, nay, quoth she,  
 I pray you let me go.

Full many lovely terms  
Did pass in merry glee.  
He coll'd her in his arms  
And danced her on his knee.  
And fain he would have paid  
Such debts as he did owe.  
I pray, quoth he ;  
Nay, nay, quoth she,  
I pray you let me go !

Sweet, be you not so nice  
To gratify a friend.  
If kissing be a vice  
My suit is at an end.  
No, no, it is the rule  
To learn a man to woo.  
I pray, quoth he ;  
Nay, nay, quoth she,  
I pray you let me go !

For Cupid hath an eye  
To play a lover's part ;  
And swift his arrows fly  
To level at the heart.  
My beauty was my bane  
That brought me to his bow.  
I pray, quoth he ;  
Nay, nay, quoth she,  
I pray you let me go !

Good sir, alas, you feed  
Your fancy with conceit.  
Sweet, sweet, how should we speed  
If lovers could not speak ?  
I speak but what I wish,  
The spirit wills me so.  
I pray, quoth he ;  
Nay, nay, quoth she,  
I pray you let me go !

With that she swore an oath,  
And loth she was to break it,  
And so to please them both  
He gave, and she did take it.

There was no labour lost,  
 True amity to show.  
     Adieu, quoth he ;  
     Nay, stay, quoth she,  
 Let's kiss before you go !

*xv*

MY father fain would have me take  
 A man that hath a beard  
 My mother she cries : Out, alack !  
     And makes me much a-feared.  
 Forsooth ! I am not old enough.  
 Now surely this is goodly stuff.  
 Faith, let my mother marry me,  
 Or let some young man bury me.

For I have lived these fourteen years,  
     My mother knows it well.  
 What need she then to cast such fears,  
     Can anybody tell ?  
 As though young women do not know  
 That custom will not let them woo.  
 I would be glad if I might choose,  
 But I were mad if I refuse.

My mother bids me go to school,  
     And learn to do some good.  
 'Twere well if she would let the fool  
     Come home and suck a dug.  
 As if my father knew not yet  
 That maidens are for young men fit.  
 Give me my mind and let me wed,  
 Or you shall quickly find me dead.

How soon my mother hath forgot  
     That ever she was young,  
 And how that she denied not,  
     But sung another song.  
 I must not speak what I do think,  
 When I am dry, I may not drink,  
 Though her desire be now grown old,  
 She must have fire when she is cold.

You see the mother loves the son,  
 The father loves the maid.  
 What would she have me be a nun ?  
 I will not be delayed.  
 I will not live thus idle still ;  
 My mother shall not have her will.  
 My father speaketh like a man.  
 I will be married, do what she can.

*xvi*

MY love hath her true love betrayed.  
 Why, 'tis a fault that is too common.  
 Yet shall it not ever be said  
 My faith depended on a woman.  
 If she did to prove untrue  
 I shall do worse to change for new.  
 She hath some virtues, follow them,  
 Take not example by her lightness.  
 Be not amongst the vulgar men.  
 Though she be clouded, keep thy brightness.  
 Perhaps herself in time may prove,  
 What 'tis to wrong a constant love.  
 The many vows given by my fair  
 Were none of hers ; the wind did owe them.  
 Then were they breath, now are they air,  
 Whence first they came, there she bestows them.  
 Then marvel not, though women alter,  
 When all things turn to their first matter.

*xvii*

ALL my sense thy sweetness gained ;  
 Thy fair hair my heart enchained ;  
 My poor reason thy words moved,  
 So that thee like heaven I loved ;  
 While to my mind the outside stood  
 For messenger of inward good.  
 Now thy sweetness sour is deemed,  
 Thy hair not worth a hair esteemed ;  
 While to my mind the outside stood,  
 Finding that but words they proved ;  
 For no fair sign can credit win  
 If that the substance fail within.

No more in thy sweetness glory,  
 For thy knitting hair be sorry.  
 Use thy words but to bewail thee  
 That no more thy beams avail thee.  
 Lay not thy colours more to view  
 Without the picture be found true.

Woe to me, alas, she weepeth.  
 Fool, in me what folly creepeth !  
 Was I to blasphemy enraged  
 Where my soul I have engaged ?  
 And wretched I must yield to this,  
 The fault I blame her chasteness is.

Sweetness, sweetly pardon folly,  
 Tie my hair your captive solly.  
 Words, O words of heavenly knowledge,  
 Know my words their faults acknowledge,  
 And all my life I will confess,  
 The less I love, I live the less.

*xviii*

TO thee, deaf asp, with dying voice  
 Sadly I sing this heavy charm,  
 That if thy heart do ere rejoice  
 And set at nought my grievous harm,  
 This verse, writ with a dead man's arm,  
 May haunt thy senseless eyes and ears,  
 Turn joys to cares and hopes to fears.

By thy Creator's piety,  
 By her that brought thee to this light ;  
 By thy dear nurse's love to thee,  
 By love itself, heavens, day and night,  
 By all that can thy sense delight,  
 When I am cold and wrapt in lead  
 Remember oft thy servant dead.

So shall my shadow thee attend  
 Like calmest breath of western wind.  
 If not with groans it shall ascend  
 Like raven, owl, bear, or hellish fiend,  
 Rattling the chains which do it bind ;  
 And where thou art by silent night  
 It shall thy guilty soul affright.

Yet seamen tossed with stormy wind,  
 Void of all hope, resolved to die,  
 From powerful heavens oft mercy find ;  
 And so may I find grace with thee.  
 No, no, thou canst not pity me.  
 Asps cannot hear, nor live can I ;  
 Thou hearest not, unheard I die.

## xix

BEHOLD her locks, like wires of beaten gold ;  
 Her eyes like stars that twinkle in the sky ;  
 Her heavenly face not framed of earthly mould ;  
 Her voice that sounds the heavens' melody ;  
 The miracles of Time, the world's story,  
 Fortune's queen, Love's treasure, Nature's glory.

No flattering hopes she likes, blind Fortune's bait ;  
 Nor shadows of delight, fond Fancy's glass ;  
 Nor charms that do enchant, false Art's deceit ;  
 Nor fading joys which Time makes swiftly pass,  
 But chaste desires which beateth all these down.  
 A goddess' lock is worth a monarch's crown.

## xx

ALTHOUGH the wings of my desires be clipped,  
 And my love thoughts from mounting lowly bounded ;  
 Though sly suspect my joys with frost hath nipped,  
 So as my hopes with fears are still surrounded ;  
 Yet will I live to love, although through love I die,  
 And cumbers still do grow, and comforts from me fly,  
 No jealous thoughts shall force me to retire,  
 But I will hope to enjoy my heart's desire.

Which likes to love and yet the same conceal,  
 Remembrance chiefly working my relieving.  
 Though times of joy be short yet will I steal  
 Such times, to keep my heart from further grieving.  
 Force may remove my looks, but not expel my joy,  
 Though Cupid's shaft give cureless wounds, 'tis no annoy,  
 Whilst life endures I'll love, though seem to shun  
 That port of rest from whence my comforts come.

xvi

MIGHT I redeem mine errors with mine eyes,  
And shed but for each several sin a tear,  
The sum to such a great account should rise  
That I should never make mine audit clear ;  
The total is too big to pay the score,  
I am so rich in sin, in tears so poor.

O wretched wealth that doth procure such want ;  
Unhappy soul to be so rich in sin,  
The store whereof doth make all graces scant,  
And stops thy tears ere they do scarce begin.  
What once a famous poet sung before  
I find too true, my plenty makes me poor.

O might I prove in this a prodigal  
And bate my means by lessening of my stock,  
I should in grace grow great, in sins but small,  
If I could every day from forth the shock  
But pull one ear. O ten times happy want  
When tears increase and sins do grow more scant !

O that my God with such sweet strokes would strike,  
And by his grace so bank-route my estate  
That growing poor in sin, I, Lazar-like,  
Might daily beg for mercy at his gate,  
And crave, though not admittance to his feast,  
Some crumbs of grace to feed my soul at least.







# GEORGE MASON AND JOHN EARSDEN

*The Ayres That Were Sung And Played, at Brougham Castle in Westmerland, in the Kings Entertainment: Given by the Right Honourable the Earle of Cumberland, and his Right Noble Sonne the Lord Clifford. 1618.*

i

*A dialogue sung the first night, the King being at supper*

*1st voice.* TUNE thy cheerful voice to mine.

Music helps digesting.

*2nd voice.* Music is as good as wine,

And as fit for feasting.

*1st voice.* Melody now is needful here,

It will help to mend our cheer.

*Both.* Join then, one joy expressing.

*1st voice.* Here is a guest for whose content,

All excess were sparing.

*2nd voice.* All to him present

Hourly new delights preparing.

*Chorus.* Joy at thy board, health in thy dish,

And in thy bed soft sleep and pleasing rest we wish.

*1st voice.* Earth, and air, and sea consent

In thy entertaining.

*2nd voice.* All is old when they present,

Yet all choice containing.

*1st voice.* Music alone the soul can feast,

It being new and well expressed.

*Both.* Join then sweet chords enchaining.

*1st voice.* Could we our wished ends aspire,

Joy should crown thy dishes.

*2nd voice.* Proud is our desire,

If thou doth accept our wishes :

*Chorus.* Joy at thy board, health in thy dish,

And in thy bed soft sleep and pleasing rest we wish.

ii

*Another Dialogue, to be sung at the same time*

*1st voice.* NOW is the time, now is the hour

When joy first blessed this happy bower.

*2nd voice.* Here is a sight that sweetens every sour.

*Ist voice.* So shines the moon by night ;  
*2nd voice.* So looks the sun by day ;  
*Ist voice.* Heavenly is his light,  
*2nd voice.* And never shall decay.  
*Chorus.* There is no voice enough can sing  
 The praise of our great king.

*Ist voice.* Fall showers of sweet delight.  
*2nd voice.* Spring flowers of pleasant mirth.  
*Ist voice.* What heaven hath beams that shine more bright ?  
*2nd voice.* Here heaven is now, stars shine on earth.  
*Ist voice.* In one all honour groweth.  
*2nd voice.* From one all comfort floweth.  
*Both.* Duty saith that to this one  
 All it hath it oweth.  
*Chorus.* Let then that one of all be praised  
 That hath our fortunes raised.

## iii

*The King's Good-night*

WELCOME, welcome, king of guests  
 With thy princely train,  
 With joyful triumphs and with feasts  
 Be welcomed home again.  
 Frolic mirth,  
 The soul of earth  
 Shall watch for thy delight.  
 Knees shall bend  
 From friend to friend  
 While full cups do thee right.  
 And so, great king, good-night.

Welcome, welcome, as the sun  
 When the night is past.  
 With us the day is now begun,  
 May it for ever last !  
 Such a morn  
 Did ne'er adorn  
 The roses of the east,  
 As the north  
 Hath now brought forth,  
 The northern morn is best.  
 And so, best king, good rest !

*iv*

COME, follow me, my wandering mates,  
 Sons and daughters of the Fates,  
 Friends of night that oft have done  
 Homage to the horned moon ;  
 Fairly march and shun not light  
 With such stars as these made bright.  
 Yet bend low your curled tops,  
 Touch the hallowed earth, and then  
 Rise again with antic hops  
     Unused of men.

Here no danger is nor fear,  
 For true honour harbours here,  
     Whom grace attends,  
 Grace can make our foes our friends.

*v**A Ballad*

DIDO was the Carthage queen  
 And loved the Trojan knight,  
 That, wandering, many coasts had seen,  
     And many a dreadful fight.  
 As they on hunting rode, a shower  
 Drave them in a loving hour  
     Down to a darksome cave ;  
 Where Æneas with his charms  
 Locked Queen Dido in his arms,  
     And had what he could have.

Dido Hymen's rites forgot ;  
 Her love was winged with haste ;  
 Her honour she considered not,  
     But in her breast him placed ;  
 And when her love was new begun,  
 Jove sent down his winged son  
     To fright Æneas' sleep,  
 Bade him by the break of day  
 From Queen Dido steal away,  
     Which made her wail and weep.

Dido wept. But what of this ?  
 The gods would have it so.  
 Æneas nothing did amiss,  
     For he was forced to go.

Learn, lordlings, then no faith to keep  
 With your loves, but let them weep ;  
 'Tis folly to be true.  
 Let this story serve your turn,  
 And let twenty Didos burn  
 So you get daily new !

*vi*

*The Dance*

ROBIN is a lovely lad,  
 No lass a smoother ever had.  
 Tommy hath a look as bright  
 As is the rosy morning light.  
 Tib is dark and brown of hue,  
 But like her colour firm and true.  
 Jinny hath a lip to kiss  
 Wherein a spring of nectar is.  
 Simkin well his mirth can place  
 And words to win a woman's grace.  
 Sib is all in all to me,  
 There is no queen of love but she.  
 Let us in a lover's round  
 Circle all this happy ground.  
 Softly, softly trip and go,  
 The light foot fairies jet it so.  
 Forward then and back again,  
 Here and there and everywhere,  
 Winding to and winding fro,  
 Skipping high and louting low.  
 And like lovers hand in hand  
 March around and make a stand.

*vii*

*A Song*

THE shadows darkening our intents  
 Must fade and Truth now take her place,  
 Who in our right Egyptian race  
 A chain of prophecies presents,  
 Which with the starry sky consents,  
 And all the under-elements.

Thou that art divine give ear  
 And grace our humble songs,  
 That speak what to thy state belongs  
 Unmasked now and clear ;  
 Which we in several strains divide,  
 And heaven-born Truth our notes shall guide,  
 One by one while we relate  
 That which shall tie both Time and Fate.

*viii*

TRUTH sprung from heaven shall shine  
 With her beams divine  
 On all thy land,  
 And there for ever stedfast stand.  
 Lovely peace,  
 Spring of increase,  
 Shall like a precious gem  
 Adorn thy royal diadem.  
 Love that binds  
 Loyal minds  
 Shall make all hearts agree  
 To magnify thy state and thee.  
 Honour that proceeds  
 Out of noble deeds  
 Shall wait on thee alone,  
 And cast a sacred light about thy throne.

Long shall thy three crowns remain  
 Blessed in thy long-lived reign.  
 Thy age shall fresh youth appear,  
 And perpetual roses bear.  
 Many on earth thy days shall be ;  
 But endless thy posterity,  
 And matchless thy posterity.

Truth, peace, love, honour and long life attend  
 Thee and all those that from thy loins descend !  
 With us the angels in this chorus meet.  
 So, humbly prostrate at thy sacred feet,  
 Our nightly sports and prophecies we end.

ix

*The Farewell Song*

O STAY! Sweet is the least delay  
 When parting forceth mourning.  
 O joy, too soon thy flowers decay,  
 From rose to briar returning.  
 Bright beams that now shine here,  
 When you are parted,  
 All will be dim, all will be dumb,  
 And every breast sad-hearted.

Yet more, for true love may presume  
 If it exceed not measure.  
 O grief! that blest hours soon consume,  
 But joyless pass at leisure.  
 Since we this light must lose,  
 Our love expressing,  
 Far may it shine, long may it live  
 To all a public blessing.

x

*The Lords welcome, sung before the King's Good-night*

WELCOME is the word,  
 The best love can afford.  
 For what can better be?  
 Welcome, lords, the time draws near  
 When each one shall embrace his dear,  
 And view the face he longs to see.  
 Absence makes the hour more sweet  
 When divided lovers meet.

Welcome once again,  
 Though too much were in vain,  
 Yet how can love exceed?  
 Princely guests, we wish there were  
 Jove's nectar and ambrosia here  
 That you might like immortals feed,  
 Changing shapes, like full-fed Jove,  
 In the sweet pursuit of love.





## JOHN MAYNARD

*The XII Wonders Of The World. Set and composed for the Violl de Gambo, the Lute, and the Voyce to Sing the Verse, all three iointly, and none seuerall: also Lessons for the Lute and Base Violl to play alone, with some Lessons to play Lyra-wayes alone, or if you will, to fill vp the parts, with another Violl set Lute-way..*

1611.

i

### *The Courtier*

LONG have I lived in Court, yet learned not all this while  
To sell poor suitors smoke, nor where I hate to smile ;  
Superiors to adore, inferiors to despise ;  
To fly from such as fall, to follow such as rise ;  
To cloak a poor desire under a rich array ;  
Nor to aspire by vice, though 'twere the quicker way.

*Sir John Davies*

ii

### *The Divine*

MY calling is divine, and I from God am sent ;  
I will no chop-church be ; nor pay my patron rent ;  
Nor yield to sacrilege. But, like the kind true mother,  
Rather will lose all the child than part it with another.  
Much wealth I will not seek, nor worldly masters serve,  
So to grow rich and fat while my poor flock doth starve.

*Sir John Davies*

iii

### *The Souldiour*

MY occupation is the noble trade of kings,  
The trial that decides the highest right of things.  
Though Mars my master be, I do not Venus love ;  
Nor honour Bacchus oft ; nor often swear by Jove.  
Of speaking of myself I all occasion shun ;  
And rather love to do, than boast what I have done.

*Sir John Davies*

*iv**The Lawyer*

THE Law my calling is ; my robe, my tongue, my pen,  
 Wealth and opinion gain and make me judge of men.  
 The known dishonest cause I never did defend ;  
 Nor spun out suits in length, but wished and sought an end.  
 Nor counsel did bewray, nor of both parties take ;  
 Nor ever took I fee for which I never spake.

*Sir John Davies**v**The Phisition*

I STUDY to uphold the slippery state of man,  
 Who dies when we have done the best and all we can ;  
 From practice and from books I draw my learned skill,  
 Not from the known receipt or 'pothecaries' bill.  
 The earth my faults doth hide, the world my cures doth see ;  
 What Youth and Time effects is oft ascribed to me.

*Sir John Davies**vi**The Marchant*

MY trade doth everything to every land supply,  
 Discovers unknown coasts, strange countries doth ally.  
 I never did forestall, I never did engross,  
 Nor custom did withdraw though I returned with loss.  
 I thrive by fair exchange, by selling and by buying,  
 And not by Jewish use, reprisal, fraud, or lying.

*Sir John Davies**vii**The Country Gentleman*

THOUGH strange outlandish spirits praise towns, and countries  
 scorn,

The country is my home, I dwell where I was born.  
 There profit and command with pleasure I partake,  
 Yet do not hawks and dogs my sole companions make.  
 I rule, but not oppress ; end quarrels, not maintain ;  
 See towns, but dwell not there, to abridge my charge or train.

*Sir John Davies**viii**The Batchelar*

HOW many things as yet are dear alike to me :  
 The field, the horse, the dog, love, arms, or liberty.



I have no wife as yet which I may call mine own,  
 I have no children yet that by my name are known.  
 Yet if I married were, I would not wish to thrive  
 If that I could not tame the veriest shrew alive.

*Sir John Davies*

*ix*

*The Married man*

I ONLY am the man among all married men  
 That do not wish the priest to be unlinked again ;  
 And though my shoe did wring I would not make my moan,  
 Nor think my neighbour's chance more happy than my own.  
 Yet court I not my wife, but yield observance due,  
 Being neither fond, nor cross, nor jealous, nor untrue.

*Sir John Davies*

*x*

*The Wife*

THE first of all our sex came from the side of man,  
 I thither am returned from whence our sex began.  
 I do not visit oft, nor many when I do.  
 I tell my mind to few, and that in counsel too.  
 I seem not sick in health, nor sullen but in sorrow,  
 I care for somewhat else than what to wear to-morrow.

*Sir John Davies*

*xi*

*The Widdow*

MY dying husband knew how much his death would grieve me,  
 And therefore left me wealth to comfort and relieve me.  
 Though I no more will have, I must not love disdain,  
 Penelope herself did suitors entertain ;  
 And yet to draw on such as are of best esteem,  
 Nor younger than I am, nor richer will I seem.

*Sir John Davies*

*xii*

*The Maide*

I MARRIAGE would foreswear but that I hear men tell  
 That she that dies a maid must lead an ape in hell.  
 Therefore if fortune come I will not mock and play,  
 Nor drive the bargain on till it be driven away.  
 Titles and lands I like, yet rather fancy can  
 A man that wanteth gold, than gold that wants a man.

*Sir John Davies*



## FRANCIS PILKINGTON

*The First Booke Of Songs or Ayres of 4. parts: with Tableture  
for the Lute or Orpherian, with the Violl de Gamba. 1605.*

i

NOW peep, bo-peep, thrice happy blest mine eyes,  
For I have found fair Phyllis where she lies  
    Upon her bed,  
    With arms unspread,  
    All fast asleep,  
    Unmasked her face,  
    Thrice happy grace.  
    Farewell, my sheep,  
Look to yourselves, new charge I must approve ;  
Phyllis doth sleep, and I must guard my love.

Now peep, bo-peep, mine eyes, to see your bliss,  
Phyllis' closed eyes attracts you hers to kiss.  
    O may I now  
    Perform my vow,  
    Love's joy to impart.  
    Assay the while  
    How to beguile.  
    Farewell, faint heart.  
Taken she is, new joys I must approve ;  
Phyllis doth sleep, and I will kiss my love.

Now peep, bo-peep, be not too bold, my hand,  
Wake not thy Phyllis, fear she do withstand.  
    She stirs, alas,  
    Alas, alas !  
    I faint in sprite.  
    She opes her eye,  
    Unhappy I !  
    Farewell, delight !  
Awaked she is, new woes I must approve ;  
Phyllis awakes, and I must leave my love.

*ii*

MY choice is made, and I desire no change ;  
 My wandering thoughts in limits now are bound.  
 The deserts wild wherein my wits did range  
 Are now made easy walks and pleasant ground.  
 Let him that list soothe humours that be vain,  
     Till vanity all mean exceeds ;  
 Let passions still possess the idle brain,  
     And care consume whom folly feeds.  
 I rest resolved no fancy's fit can me estrange ;  
 My choice is made, and I desire no more to change.

Change they their voice to whose delicious sense  
 The strangest objects are of most esteem.  
 Inconstant liking may find excellence  
 In things which being not good yet best do seem.  
 Let gallant bloods still crown their sports with joy,  
     Whom honour, wealth and pleasure fills,  
 Let sweet contentment never find annoy  
     While Fortune frames things to their wills.  
 This stirs not me, I am the same I was before ;  
 My choice is made, and I desire to change no more.

Be my choice blamed, or be I thought unwise  
 To hold my choice by others not approved,  
 I say that to myself I fall or rise,  
     By fear or force I cannot be removed.  
 Let friends in pity doubt of my success,  
     Their pity gets no thanks at all ;  
 Let foes be glad to see my hopes grow less,  
     I scorn the worst that wish they shall.  
 Still stand I firm, my heart is set and shall remain,  
 My choice is made, and never will I change again.

*iii*

CAN she disdain, can I persist to love ?  
 Can she be cruel, I subjected still ?  
 Time will my truth, Compassion hers approve,  
     Release the thrall'd, and conquer froward will.  
 I love not lust, O therefore let her deign  
 To equal my desires with like again.

Am I not pleasing in her prouder eyes ?

O that she knew love's power as well as I.

Witty she is, but Love's more witty wise ;

She breathes on earth, he reigns in heaven on high.

I love not lust, O therefore let her deign

To equal my desires with like again.

Love scorns the abject earth. His sacred fires

Unites divided minds, dissevers none.

Contempt springs out of fleshly base desires,

Setting debate 'twixt love and union.

I love not lust, O therefore let her deign

To equal my desires with like again.

*iv*

ALAS, fair face, why doth that smoothed brow,

Those speaking eyes, rosed lips and blushing beauty,

All in themselves confirm a scornful vow

To spoil my hopes of love, my love of duty ?

The time hath been when I was better graced,

I now the same, and yet the time is past.

Is it because that thou art only fair ?

O no, such graceful looks banish disdain.

How then ? to feed my passions with despair ?

Feed on, sweet love, so I be loved again ;

Well may thy public scorn and outward pride

Inward affections and best liking hide.

Breathe but a gentle air, and I shall live,

Smile in a cloud, so shall my hopes renew,

One kind regard and second seeing give,

One rising morn, and my black woes subdue.

If not, yet look upon the friendly sun

That by his beams my beams to thine may run.

*v*

WHITHER so fast ? See how the kindly flowers

Perfumes the air, and all to make thee stay.

The climbing woodbind, clipping all these bowers,

Clips thee likewise for fear thou pass away.

Fortune our friend, our foe will not gainsay.

Stay but awhile, Phoebe no tell-tale is ;

She her Endymion, I'll my Phoebe kiss.

Fear not, the ground seeks but to kiss thy feet.

Hark, hark, how Philomela sweetly sings ;

Whilst water-wanton fishes, as they meet,

Strike crotchet time amidst these crystal springs,

And Zephyrus 'mongst the leaves sweet murmur rings.

Stay but awhile, Phoebe no tell-tale is ;

She her Endymion, I'll my Phoebe kiss.

See how the heliotrope, herb of the sun,

Though in himself long since be gone to bed,

Is not of force thine eyes' bright beams to shun,

But with their warmth his goldy leaves unspread,

And on my knee invites thee rest thy head.

Stay but awhile, Phoebe no tell-tale is ;

She her Endymion, I'll my Phoebe kiss.

*vi*

REST, sweet nymphs, let golden sleep

Charm your star-brighter eyes,

Whiles my lute the watch doth keep

With pleasing sympathies.

Lullaby, lullaby !

Sleep sweetly,

Sleep sweetly,

Let nothing affright ye ;

In calm contentments lie.

Dream, fair virgins, of delight

And blest Elysian groves,

Whiles the wandering shades of night

Resemble your true loves.

Lullaby, lullaby !

Your kisses,

Your blisses,

Send them by your wishes

Although they be not nigh.

Thus, dear damsels, I do give

Goodnight, and so am gone.

With your hearts desires long live,

Still joy and never moan.

Lullaby, lullaby

Hath pleased you

And eased you,

And sweet slumber seized you.

And now to bed I hie !

*vii*

AY me, she frowns ! my mistress is offended.  
 O pardon, dear, my miss shall be amended.  
     My fault from love proceeded,  
     It merits grace the rather,  
     If I no danger dreaded  
     It was to win your favour.  
 Then clear those clouds, then smile on me,  
     And let us be good friends,  
 Come walk, come talk, come kiss, come see  
     How soon our quarrel ends.

Why lowers my love, and blots so sweet a beauty ?  
 O be appeased with vows, with faith and duty.  
     Give over to be cruel,  
     Sith kindness seems you better,  
     You have but changed a jewel  
     And love is not your debtor.  
 Then welcome mirth and banish moan,  
     Show pity on your lover.  
 Come play, come sport. The thing that 's gone  
     No sorrow can recover.

Still are you angry, and is there no relenting ?  
 O weigh my woes, be moved with my lamenting.  
     Alas, my heart is grieved,  
     Mine inward soul doth sorrow ;  
     Unless I be relieved  
     I die before to-morrow.  
 The coast is cleared, her countenance cheered,  
     I am again in grace.  
 Then farewell, fear, then come, my dear,  
     Let 's dally and embrace.

*viii*

NOW let her change and spare not.  
 Since she proves false I care not !  
 Feigned love so bewitched my delight,  
 That still I doated on her sight.  
 But she is gone, new desires embracing,  
     And my deserts disgracing.

When did I err in blindness  
 Or vex her with unkindness ?  
 If my care did attend her alone,  
 Why is she thus untimely gone ?  
 True love abides till the day of dying,  
     False love is ever flying.

Then, false, farewell for ever !  
 Once false proves faithful never.  
 He that now so triumphs in thy love  
 Shall soon my present fortunes prove.  
 Were I as fair as divine Adonis,  
     Love is not had where none is.

*Thomas Campian*

*ix*

UNDERNEATH a cypress shade the Queen of love sat  
 mourning,  
 Casting down the rosy wreath her heavenly brow adorning,  
 Quenching fiery sighs with tears, but yet her heart still burning.

For within the shady mourne the cause of her complaining,  
 Myrrha's son, the leafy bowers did haunt, her love disdainning,  
 Counting all her true desires in his fond thoughts but feigning.

Why is youth with beauty graced, unfeeling judge of kindness,  
 Spotting love with the foul report of cruelty and blindness,  
 Forcing to unkind complaints the Queen of all divineness ?

Stint thy tears, fair sea-born Queen, and grief in vain lamented ;  
 When desire hath burnt his heart that thee hath discontented,  
 Then too late the scorn of youth by age shall be repented.

*x*

*For his vnfortunate friend William Harwood*

SOUND, woeful plaints, in hills and woods.

    Fly, my cries,  
     To the skies ;  
     Melt, mine eyes,  
     And heart, languish.

Not for the want of friends or goods

    Make I moan ;  
     Though alone  
     Thus I groan

By soul's anguish.

Time friends, chance goods, might again recover.  
 Black woes, sad griefs o'er my life do hover,  
 Since my loss is with despair,  
 No blest star to me shine fair,  
 All my mirth turn to mourning.  
 Heart, lament, for hope is gone ;  
 Music leave, I'll learn to moan,  
 Sorrows the sads adorning.

Ay me, my days of bliss are done !  
 Sorrowing,  
 Must I sing,  
 Nothing  
 Can relieve me.  
 Eclipsed is my glorious sun !  
 And mischance  
 Doth advance  
 Horror's lance  
 Still to grieve me.

Poor heart, ill hap hath all joy bereft thee ;  
 Gone 's the sole good which the Fates had left me.  
 Whose estate is like to mine ?  
 Fortune doth my weal repine,  
 Envyng my one pleasure.  
 Patience must me assure,  
 Other plaster cannot cure,  
 Therefore in this my treasure.

*xi*

YOU that pine in long desire,  
 Help to cry ;  
 Come, love, quench this burning fire,  
 Lest through thy wound I die.

Hope, that tries with vain delay,  
 Ever cries :  
 Come, love, hours and years decay,  
 In time love's treasure lies.

All the day and all the night  
 Still I call :  
 Come love.—But my dear delight  
 Yields no relief at all.



Her unkindness scorns my moan  
     That still shrikes :  
 Come, love, beauty pent alone  
     Dies in her own dislikes.

*xii*

LOOK, mistress mine, within this hollow breast,  
     See here enclosed a tomb of tender skin.  
 Within fast locked is framed a phoenix' nest,  
     That, save yourself, there is no passage in.  
 Witness the wound that through your dart doth bleed,  
 And craves your cure since you have done the deed.

Wherefore, most rare, and phoenix-rarely fine,  
     Behold once more the harms I do possess ;  
 Regard the heart that through your fault doth pine,  
     Attending rest, yet findeth no redress.  
 For end, wave wings and set your nest on fire,  
 Or pity me and grant my sweet desire.

*xiii*

CLIMB, O heart, climb to thy rest,  
     Climbing yet take heed of falling.  
 Climbers oft even at their best  
     Catch love, down fall'th, heart appalling.

Mouñting yet, if she do call  
     And desire to know thy arrant,  
 Fear not, stay and tell her all,  
     Falling she will be thy warrant.

Rise, O rise, but rising tell  
     When her beauty bravely wins thee  
 To soar up where that she doth dwell,  
     Down again thy baseness brings thee.

If she ask what makes thee love her,  
     Say her virtue, not her face ;  
 For though beauty doth approve her,  
     Mildness gives her greater grace.

Rise then, rise, if she bid rise,  
 Rising say thou risest for her.  
 Fall, if she do thee despise,  
 Falling still do thou adore her.

If thy plaint do pity gain,  
 Love and live to her honour.  
 If thy service she disdain,  
 Dying yet complain not on her.

*xiv*

THANKS, gentle moon, for thy obscured light ;  
 My love and I betrayed thou set us free.  
 And, Zephyrus, as many unto thee,  
 Whose blasts concealed the pleasures of the night ;  
 Resolve to her thou gave, content to me.  
 But be those bowers still filled with serpents' hisses,  
 That sought by treason to betray our kisses.

And thou, false arbour, with thy bed of rose,  
 Wherein, whereon, touched equal with love's fire,  
 We reaped of either other love's desire,  
 Wither the twining plants that thee enclose !  
 O be thy bower still filled with serpents' hisses,  
 That sought by treason to betray our kisses.

Torn by the frame, for thou didst thankless hide  
 A traitorous spy, her brother and my foe,  
 Who sought by death our joys to undergo,  
 And by that death our passions to divide,  
 Leaving to our great vows eternal woe.  
 O be thy bowers still filled with serpents' hisses,  
 That sought by treason to betray our kisses.

*xv*

I SIGH, as sure to wear the fruit  
 Of the willow tree.  
 I sigh, as sure to lose my suit ;  
 For it may not be.  
 I sigh as one that loves in vain,  
 I sigh as one that lives in pain,  
 Very sorry,  
 Very weary  
 Of my misery.

I hate my thoughts which, like the fly,  
Flutter in the flame.

I hate my tears which drop and dry,  
Quench and frid the same.

I hate the heart which frozen burns,

I hate the heart which chosen turns

To and from me,

Making of me

Nothing but a game.

My thoughts are fuel to desire,  
Which my heart doth move ;

My tears are oil to feed the fire,  
Smart whereof I prove.

She laughs at sighs that come from me,

I sigh at laughs in her so free,

Who doth glory

In the story

Of my sorry love.

Her lovely looks and loveless mind

Do not well agree ;

Her quick conceit and judgement blind

As ill-suited be.

Her forward wit and froward heart,

That like to knit, this glad to part,

Makes so pretty

And so witty

Not to pity me.

The more I seek, the less I find

What to trust unto.

The more I hold, the less I bind,

She doth still undo.

I weave the web of idle love,

Which endless will and fruitless prove,

If the pleasure

For the measure

Of my treasure go.

*xvi*

DOWN A DOWN : thus Phyllis sung,

By fancy once oppressed ;

Who so by foolish love are stung,

Are worthily distressed.

And so sing I with a down a down down.

When Love was first begot,  
 And by his mother's will  
 Did fall to human lot  
 His solace to fulfil,  
 Devoid of all deceit,  
 A chaste and holy fire  
 Did quicken man's conceit,  
 And woman's breast inspire.  
 The gods that saw the good  
 That mortals did approve,  
 With kind and holy mood,  
 Began to talk of Love.

Down a down : thus Phyllis sung,  
 By fancy once oppressed ;  
 Who so by foolish love are stung,  
 Are worthily distressed.  
 And so sing I with a down a down down.

But during this accord  
 A wonder strange to hear ;  
 Whilst love in deed and word  
 Most faithful did appear,  
 False Semblance came in place  
 By Jealousy attended,  
 And with a double face  
 Both Love and Fancy blended ;  
 Which made the gods forsake,  
 And men from Fancy fly,  
 And maidens scorn a mate.  
 Forsooth, and so will I.

Down a down : thus Phyllis sung,  
 By fancy once oppressed ;  
 Who so by foolish love are stung,  
 Are worthily distressed.  
 And so sing I with a down a down down.

*Thomas Lodge*

*xvii*

DIAPHENIA, like the daffdowndilly,  
 White as the sun, fair as the lily,  
 Heigh ho, heigh ho, how I do love thee !  
 I do love thee as my lambs  
 Are beloved of their dams.  
 How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me.

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,  
 That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,  
 Fair sweet, fair sweet, how I do love thee !  
 I do love thee as each flower  
 Loves the sun's life-giving power,  
 For, dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed,  
 When all thy praises are expressed,  
 Dear joy, dear joy, how I do love thee !  
 As the birds do love the Spring,  
 Or the bees their careful king.  
 Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me.

*Henry Constable*

*xviii*

BEAUTY sat bathing by a spring  
 Where fairest shades did hide her.  
 The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,  
 The cool streams ran beside her.  
 My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye  
 To see what was forbidden,  
 But better memory said, fie.  
 So vain desire was chidden.  
 Hey nonny no, nonny nonny.

Into a slumber then I fell,  
 When fond imagination  
 Seemed to see, but could not tell  
 Her feature or her fashion.  
 But even as babes in dreams do smile,  
 And sometime fall a-weeping,  
 So I awaked as wise this while  
 As when I fell a-sleeping.  
 Hey nonny no, nonny nonny.

*Anthony Munday*

*xix*

MUSIC, dear solace to my thoughts neglected,  
 Music, time sporter to my most respected,  
 Sound on, sound on, thy golden harmony is such  
 That whilst she doth vouchsafe her ebon lute to touch,  
 By descant numbers I do nimbly climb from Love's secluse  
 Unto his courts, where I in fresh attire, attire my Muse.

I do compare her fingers swift resounding  
 Unto the heavens' spherical rebounding.  
 Hark, hark, she sings ! No forced but breathing sound I hear,  
 And such the concord diapasons she doth rear,  
 As when the immortal god of nature from his seat above  
 First formed words all, and fairly it combined, combined by  
 Love.

Divine Apollo, be not thou offended  
 That by her better skill thy skill's amended.  
 Scholars do oft more lore than masters theirs attain,  
 Though thine the ground, all parts in one though she contain,  
 Yet mayst thou triumph that thou hast a scholar only one  
 That can her lute to thine, and to thy voice her voice attone.

xx

WITH fragrant flowers we strew the way,  
 And make this our chief holiday.  
 For though this clime were blest of yore,  
 Yet was it never proud before.  
 O gracious king of second Troy,  
 Accept of our unfeigned joy.

Now the air is sweeter than sweet balm,  
 And satyrs dance about the palm.  
 Now earth with verdure newly dight  
 Gives perfect signs of her delight.  
 O gracious king of second Troy  
 Accept of our unfeigned joy.

Now birds record new harmony,  
 And trees do whisper melody,  
 Now everything that Nature breeds  
 Doth clad itself in pleasant weeds.  
 O gracious king of second Troy  
 Accept of our unfeigned joy.

*Thomas Watson*

xxi

*An Elogie in remembrance of his Worshipfull friend  
 Thomas Leighton Esquier*

COME, come, all you that draw heaven's purest breath,  
 Come, angel-breasted sons of harmony,  
 Let us condole in tragic elegy,  
 Condole with me our dearest Leighton's death.

Leighton, in whose dear loss Death blemisheth  
 Jove's beauty and the soul of true delight,  
 Leighton, heaven's favourite and the Muses' jewel,  
 Muses and heavens only herein too cruel,  
 Leighton to heaven hath ta'en his timely flight.

Come then with seas of tears, sith sighs and groans,  
 Sith mournful plaints, loud cries and deep laments  
 Have all in vain deplored these dreariments,  
 And Fate inexorable scorns our moans ;  
 Let us in accents grave and saddest tones  
 Offer up music's doleful sacrifice.  
 Let these accords which notes distinguished frame  
 Serve for memorial to sweet Leighton's name,  
 In whose sad death Music's delight now dies.



## WALTER PORTER

*Madrigales And Ayres of two, three, foure and fve Voyces, with the continued Base, with Toccatos, Sinfonias and Rittornellos to them, After the manner of Consort Musique. To be performed with the Harpesechord, Lutes, Theorbos, Base Violl, two Violins or two Viols. 1632.*

i

O PRAISE the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God :

Yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

*Psalm cxlvii. 1*

O let your songs be of him, and praise him : and let your talking be of all his wondrous works.

*Psalm cv. 2*

Praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that excel in strength.

*Psalm ciii. 20*

Praise the Lord, O my soul : and forget not all his benefits ;  
 Who forgiveth all thy sin : and healeth all thine infirmities ;  
 Who saveth thy life from destruction : and crowneth thee with  
 mercy and loving-kindness.

*Psalm ciii. 2-4*

Praise the Lord, O my soul : whilst I live will I praise the Lord.

*Psalm cxlvi. 1*

*ii*

HITHER we come into this world of woe,  
 And, feeling to what end we come, we cry.  
 In the morning of our age like flowers we blow,  
 And like God's figures seem too good to die.  
 But let afflictions touch us, and like clay  
 We fall to what we are, and end the day.

*iii*

HE that loves a rosy cheek,  
 Or a coral lip admires ;  
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
 Fuel to maintain his fires :  
 As old Time makes these decay,  
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
 Hearts with equal love combined  
 Kindles never dying fires.  
 Where these are not, I despise  
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

*Thomas Carew*

*iv*

SLEEP, all my joys, and only sorrow wake !  
 Let mirth to mourning, pleasure yield to plaint ;  
 Whilst I consume in sighing for her sake,  
 Whose loss to mind my heavy soul makes faint.  
 Her love my life, her lack my lingering death,  
 Yea, all my hopes are vanished as her breath.  
 Although she's dead, yet from this death she said :  
 I always lived and died a perfect maid.

*v*

WHO hath a human soul, and music hates,  
 Hates his own soul that's made harmoniously.\*  
 Then are they devils or right reprobates  
 To hate that without which men's spirits should die.  
 For if the joys of heaven be much in this,  
 Let him to hell to howl, that hates this bliss.



*vi*

SITTING once, rapt with delight,  
 In my fairest mistress' sight,  
 I took pleasure to compare  
 Her eyes' witness to the air.  
 That which compassed in the ball,  
 I did purest water call ;  
 And the pretty inward round,  
 I stiled earth. But I found  
 While some part I did desire  
 For to liken unto fire,  
 Ere I knew from whence it came,  
 I myself grew all aflame.

*vii*

'TIS but a frown, I prithee let me die,  
 On bended brow concludes my tragedy.  
 For all my love I crave but this of thee,  
 Thou wilt not be too long in killing me,  
 If that you love not, what avails your smiles ?  
 You only warm a ball of snow the whiles,  
 Which whilst it gathers comfort from your eyes,  
 With that same comfort melts away and dies.  
 Thus in the end your smiles, your frowns, are one,  
 And differs but in execution.

*viii*

LOOK on me ever, though thine eye  
 Murder where it glances.  
 If by so happy means I die,  
 My fortune it advances.  
 And if by chance a tear you shed  
 To show my death did move you,  
 It will revive me being dead,  
 And I again shall love you.  
 Redeem me from so deep despair ;  
 The power you have, now try it.  
 Think me but fair, and I am fair,  
 Although the world deny it.

*ix*

TELL me, you stars, that our affections move,  
 Why made you me that cruel one to love ?  
 Why burns my heart, her scorned sacrifice,  
 Whose breast is hard as crystal, cold as ice ?  
 God of desire, if all thy votaries  
 Thou thus repay, succession will grow wise.  
 No sighs for incense at thy shrine shall smoke ;  
 Thy rites shall be despised, thy altars broke.  
 O, or give her my flame to melt that snow,  
 That yet unthawed does on her bosom grow ;  
 Or make me ice, and with her crystal chains  
 Bind up all love within my frozen veins.

*x*

OLD poets, that in Cupid's hand  
 Put weapons first, did but allow  
 One bow, a chain, two shafts, a brand.  
 These then were all his arms in all his parts.  
 But now he finds in Celia's either brow,  
 In both her eyes, in all her parts,  
 Two bows, ten thousand fetters, flames, and darts.  
 Tell me the number of her hairs,  
 Count all the glances of her eyes,  
 The graces and the careless snares,  
 That in her looser beauty lies,  
 Sweet smiles, and sweeter airs that fly  
 Like lightning from her lips ; and then  
 Tell me how many ways Love murders men.

*xi*

THUS sung Orpheus to his strings,  
 When he was almost slain,  
 Whilst the winds, soft murmuring,  
 Answered all his woes again :  
 Ah, dear Eurydice, he cried ;  
 And so he died.  
 ' Eurydice ' the echoing winds replied.

*xii*

WHEN first I saw thee, thou didst sweetly play  
 The gentle thief, and stole my heart away.  
 Render it again, or else send me thine own,  
 Two is too much for thee, when I have none ;  
 Which if thou dost not, I will swear thou art  
 A sweet-faced creature with a double heart.

Yet pardon, fair one. I did freely give  
 To thee my heart, and yet without it live.  
 By powerful flames shot from thy conquering eye  
 To thee, sweet mansion, let it ever fly ;  
 And though I am of my poor heart bereft,  
 It may prove a happy union, not a theft.

*xiii*

END now my life ; with daily pains afflicted,  
 Since that for all that I have wept and grieved,  
 Since that for all, my tears are not requited,  
 And trusty faith not any whit believed.  
 I am in such a hapless state of sorrow  
 That I could be content, and so relieve me,  
 Unjust reward and scorns of her to borrow,  
 Only that she would credit and relieve me.

*xiv*

SINCE all things love, why should not we,  
 The best of creatures, be as free ?  
 The pearl-eyed fish in every water  
 Pursues his love, being taught by Nature.  
 The seely worm, the lamb, the harmless dove,  
 Which knoweth nothing, yet knows how to love.

All senseless things love's passions feel.  
 The stone attracts the unyielding steel ;  
 The ivy twines on every tree,  
 And loves it more than you love me,  
 And in the cold of Winter fresh is seen,  
 For heat of love is it that keeps it green.

Then learn by seeing what they do,  
 If they want eyes, hands, tongues, yet woo,  
 Can you, that have of each the best  
 Apt for that use, yet use them least ?  
 'Twere sin to think the world did ne'er yet show  
 So unkind a breast graced with so mild a brow.

The lass that loved the Idean swan  
 Thought it not base, nor found it vain.  
 Adone was loved, though proud and coy ;  
 Endymion too, that drowsy boy,  
 Whom for to please such care fair Cynthia took,  
 That ever since that time she pale doth look.

Then let us love whilst we are in youth,  
 You fraught with beauty, I with truth.  
 We'll make the world, being in our prime,  
 Wrinkled with Envy more than Time.  
 And, when too old to live, the fate draws nigh,  
 Our love shall make us too too young to die.

*xv*

FAREWELL, once my delight ! Farewell, the nearest  
 Part of my heart, and of the world the dearest !  
 I'll plain no more to love, no more to thee ;  
 But cease to mourn where none will pity me.

And though I hate my love since you hate me,  
 I'll cover it to hide your cruelty.  
 And since my love and me you disavow,  
 As if to love you were to injure you,

I'll mildly temporize with my unrest,  
 And fly the face I carry in my breast,  
 Nor farther seek. This only shall suffice me :  
 My love deserved you, though you did despise me.

Farewell ! farewell ! and may you ever be  
 Good as you are, though ne'er so bad to me.  
 Be you beloved of all, and lastly shine  
 As fair in heaven's eye as you are in mine.

*xvi*

COME, lovers all, to me, and cease your mourning.  
 Love has no shafts to shoot, no more brands burning.  
 He means my pains shall you from pains deliver,  
 For in my breast he has emptied all his quiver.  
 Had he not been a child he would have known  
 He has lost a thousand servants to kill one.

*xvii*

IN Celia's face a question did arise :  
 Which were more beautiful, her lips or eyes ?  
 We, said the eyes, send forth those pointed darts  
 Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts.  
 From us, replied the lips, proceed those blisses  
 Which lovers reap by kind words and sweet kisses.  
 Then wept the eyes and from their springs did pour  
 Of liquid oriental pearl a shower.

Whereat the lips, moved with delight and pleasure,  
 Through a sweet smile unlocked their pearly treasure ;  
 And bade Love judge whether did add more grace—  
 Weeping or smiling pearls,—to Celia's face ?

*Thomas Carew*

*xviii*

TELL me where the beauty lies—  
 In my mistress ? or in my eyes ?  
 Is she fair ? I made her so.  
 Beauty doth from liking grow.  
 Be she fairer, whiter than  
 Venus' doves or Leda's swan,  
 What's that Beauty if neglected,  
 Seen of all, of none respected ?  
 Then tell my mistress that I love her,  
 Think her fair, 'cause I approve her.

*xix*

LOVE in thy youth, fair maid. Be wise.  
 Old Time will make thee colder.  
 And though each morning new arise,  
 Yet we each day grow older.

Thou as heaven art fair and young,  
 Thine eyes like twin stars shining.  
 But ere another day be sprung,  
 All these will be declining.

Then Winter comes with all his fear,  
 And all thy sweets shall borrow.  
 Too late then wilt thou shower thy tears,  
 And I too late shall sorrow.

*xx-xxi*

HAIL ! Cloris, hail ! fair goddess of the Spring,  
 Youth of the year, of thee still will we sing.  
 Fresh queen of lakes, and of the lawns and bowers,  
 Fresh nursed of new loves and of new flowers.  
 Hail ! fairest of Jove's seed. Only of thee  
 That art earth's music, shall our music be.

The birds, the echo, and the wandering winds, that throw  
 Through the air life's sovereign balsam as they blow,  
 Shall with the lauds and zeal-begetting lays,  
 Breathed by us hourly in thy praise,  
 Feast the air, and teach the hills, rocks, woods to sing :  
 Hail ! Cloris, hail ! fair goddess of the Spring.

*xxii*

YOUNG Thyrsis lay in Phyllis' lap,  
 And gazing on her eye,  
 'Steemed life too mean for such good hap,  
 And fain the boy would die.

When Phyllis, who the force did prove  
 Of love as well as he,  
 Cried to him : Stay awhile, my love,  
 And I will die with thee !

So did these happy lovers die,  
 But with so little pain,  
 That both to life immediately  
 Returned to die again.

*xxiii*

THY face and eyes and all thou hast is fair,  
 And for their sakes most men affect thee.  
 But I perceive in thee something more rare  
 Than outward beauty, for which I affect thee.

Thy mind is fairer than thy face or eyes,  
 And that same beauteous outside which thou hast,  
 Is but a curious casket, in which lies  
 The treasures of a mind beauteous and chaste.

So keep them still, and let not youth deceive thee.  
 For when through age thy beauty shall decay,  
 Those that for beauty loved thee, then will leave thee ;  
 But worth will last until thy dying day.

But he that shall for both of these esteem thee,  
 And think thee fair, and know thy virtues too,  
 He cannot choose but ever dearly deem thee,  
 And much admire thee, as I swear I do.

*xxiv*

TELL me, Amyntas, Cloris cries,  
 As she was sitting by him,  
 If there be such a thing as Love,  
 How hap we cannot spy him?  
 A boy, quoth he, to mortals is forbidden.  
 Even there he lies,  
 But in thine eyes  
 And in my bosom hidden.

*xxv*

I SAW fair Cloris walk alone,  
 Whilst feathered rain came softly down,  
 And Jove descended from his tower  
 To court her in a silver shower.  
 The wanton snow flew in her breast  
 Like little birds unto their nest;  
 But overcome with whiteness there,  
 For grief it thawed into a tear;  
 Thence falling on her garments' hem,  
 To deck her, froze into a gem.

*William Strode**xxvi*

DEATH, there is no need of thee.  
 Love alone and constancy  
 Are enough without thy dart,  
 To tire upon an honest heart.  
 For Love no prize but love regards,  
 And with itself itself rewards,  
 And oft, in seeking it, is found  
 Glory that lives when we are under ground.

*xxvii*

LIKE the rash and giddy fly,  
 Fluttering about her eyes, I die.  
 Yet differs this, she burns away  
 Only by night, I by day.  
 She burns only when she brings  
 Near unto the flames her wings.  
 But my sun burns everywhere  
 At home, and she knows not ne'er  
 That the fire consumes. But I  
 Foresee my death, and like a desperate die.

xxviii

*An Elegie on the Right Honourable Lady, the  
Lady Arrabella Stewart*

WAKE, Sorrow, wake ! sith she is fallen asleep,  
Asleep in death, who was entomb'd in life.  
Eyes weep out sight, or see but still to weep,  
And weep for loss of a most constant wife  
Who now is dead. Ay me ! ay me ! she's dead.  
Then mind we still her name with hearts of lead.  
Arabella, farewell ! farewell, dear widow wife !  
Farewell in death that faredst so ill in life !  
Sole paragon for grace and princely parts,  
Thy vault still keeps our thoughts, thy chest our hearts.



PHILIP ROSSETER

*A Booke Of Ayres, Set foorth to be song to the Lute, Orpherian, and  
Base Violl. 1601.*

*(The first) halfe (of) the Songs contained in this Booke  
by T(homas) C(ampian).*

i

MY sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love.  
And, though the sager sort our deeds reprove,  
Let us not weigh them. Heaven's great lamps do dive  
Into their west, and straight again revive.  
But soon as once set is our little light,  
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.  
If all would lead their lives in love like me,  
Then bloody swords and armour should not be.  
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should move,  
Unless alarm came from the camp of Love.  
But fools do live and waste their little light,  
And seek with pain their ever-during night.  
When timely death my life and fortune ends,  
Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends.  
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come  
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb.  
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,  
And crown with love my ever-during night.



*ii*

THOUGH you are young and I am old,  
 Though your veins hot and my blood cold,  
 Though youth is moist and age is dry,  
 Yet embers live when flames do die.

The tender graft is easely broke,  
 But who shall shake the sturdy oak ?  
 You are more fresh and fair than I,  
 Yet stubs do live when flowers do die.

Thou, that thy youth dost vainly boast,  
 Know, buds are soonest nipped with frost.  
 Think that thy fortune still doth cry :  
 Thou fool, to-morrow thou must die.

*iii*

I CARE not for those ladies that must be wooed and  
 prayed.

Give me kind Amaryllis, the wanton country maid.  
 Nature Art disdaineth ; her beauty is her own.  
 Her when we court and kiss, she cries : forsooth, let go !  
 But when we come where comfort is, she never will say no.

If I love Amaryllis, she gives me fruit and flowers ;  
 But if we love these ladies, we must give golden showers.  
 Give them gold that sell love, give me the nut-brown lass,  
 Who when we court and kiss, she cries : forsooth, let go !  
 But when we come where comfort is, she never will say no.

These ladies must have pillows and beds by strangers wrought.  
 Give me a bower of willows, of moss and leaves unbought,  
 And fresh Amaryllis with milk and honey fed,  
 Who when we court and kiss, she cries : forsooth, let go !  
 But when we come where comfort is, she never will say no.

*iv*

FOLLOW thy fair sun, unhappy shadow.  
 Though thou be black as night,  
 And she made all of light,  
 Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow.

Follow her whose light thy light depriveth.  
 Though here thou liv'st disgraced,  
 And she in heaven is placed,  
 Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth.

Follow those pure beams whose beauty burneth,  
 That so have scorched thee,  
 As thou still black must be  
 Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.  
 Follow her while yet her glory shineth.  
 There comes a luckless night,  
 That will dim all her light ;  
 And this the black unhappy shade divineth.  
 Follow still, since so thy fates ordained.  
 The sun must have his shade,  
 Till both at once do fade,  
 The sun still proved, the shadow still disdained.

## v

MY love hath vowed he will forsake me,  
 And I am already sped.  
 Far other promise he did make me,  
 When he had my maidenhead.  
 If such danger be in playing,  
 And sport must to earnest turn,  
 I will go no more a-maying.  
 Had I foreseen what is ensued,  
 And what now with pain I prove,  
 Unhappy then I had eschewed  
 This unkind event of love.  
 Maids foreknow their own undoing,  
 But fear nought till all is done,  
 When a man alone is wooing.  
 Dissembling wretch, to gain thy pleasure,  
 What didst thou not vow and swear ?  
 So didst thou rob me of the treasure,  
 Which so long I held so dear.  
 Now thou prov'st to me a stranger,  
 Such is the vile guise of men  
 When a woman is in danger.  
 That heart is nearest to misfortune  
 That will trust a feigned tongue.  
 When flattering men our loves importune,  
 They intend us deepest wrong.  
 If this shame of love's betraying  
 But this once I cleanly shun,  
 I will go no more a-maying.

*vi*

WHEN to her lute Corinna sings,  
 Her voice revives the leaden strings,  
 And doth in highest notes appear  
 As any challenged echo clear.  
 But when she doth of mourning speak,  
 Even with her sighs the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die ;  
 Led by her passion, so must I.  
 For when of pleasure she doth sing,  
 My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring ;  
 But if she doth of sorrow speak,  
 Even from my heart the strings do break.

*vii*

TURN back, you wanton flyer,  
 And answer my desire  
     With mutual greeting.  
 Yet bend a little nearer,  
 True beauty still shines clearer  
     In closer meeting.  
 Hearts with hearts delighted  
 Should strive to be united,  
 Either others' arms with arms enchaining.  
     Hearts with a thought,  
     Rosy lips with a kiss,  
     Still entertaining.

What harvest half so sweet is,  
 As still to reap the kisses  
     Grown ripe in sowing :  
 And straight to be receiver  
 Of that which thou art giver,  
     Rich in bestowing ?  
 There's no strict observing  
 Of times or seasons changing ;  
 There is ever one fresh Spring abiding.  
     Then what we sow,  
     With our lips let us reap,  
     Love's gains dividing.

*viii*

IT fell on a summer day,  
 While sweet Bessy sleeping lay  
 In her bower on a bed,  
 Light with curtains shadowed,  
 Jamy came. She him spies,  
 Opening half her heavy eyes.

Jamy stole in through the door.  
 She lay slumbering as before.  
 Softly to her he drew near ;  
 She heard him, yet would not hear.  
 Bessy vowed not to speak ;  
 He resolved that dump to break.

First a soft kiss he doth take ;  
 She lay still and would not wake.  
 Then his hands learned to woo ;  
 She dreamed not what he would do,  
 But still slept, while he smiled  
 To see love by sleep beguiled.

Jamy then began to play ;  
 Bessy as one buried lay,  
 Gladly still through this sleight,  
 Deceived in her own deceit.  
 And since this trance begun,  
 She sleeps every afternoon.

*ix*

THE cypress curtain of the night is spread,  
 And over all a silent dew is cast.  
 The weaker cares by sleep are conquered.  
 But I alone with hideous grief aghast,  
 In spite of Morpheus' charms, a watch do keep  
 Over mine eyes to banish careless sleep.

Yet oft my trembling eyes through faintness close ;  
 And then the map of hell before me stands,  
 Which ghosts do see, and I am one of those,  
 Ordained to pine in sorrow's endless bands,  
 Since from my wretched soul all hopes are reft,  
 And now no cause of life to me is left.

Grief, seize my soul, for that will still endure  
 When my crazed body is consumed and gone ;  
 Bear it to thy black den, there keep it sure,  
 Where thou ten thousand souls dost tire upon ;  
 Yet all do not afford such food to thee,  
 As this poor one, the worsèr part of me.

## x

FOLLOW your Saint, follow with accents sweet ;  
 Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet.  
 There wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,  
 And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love.  
 But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,  
 Then burst with sighing in her sight, and ne'er return again.

All that I sung still to her praise did tend.  
 Still she was first, still she my songs did end.  
 Yet she my love and music both doth fly,  
 The music that her echo is, and beauty's sympathy.  
 Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight ;  
 It shall suffice that they were breathed, and died for her delight.

## xi

FAIR, if you expect admiring ;  
 Sweet, if you provoke desiring,  
 Grace dear love with kind requiting.  
 Fond, but if thy sight be blindness ;  
 False, if thou affect unkindness,  
 Fly both love and love's delighting.  
 Then when hope is lost, and love is scorned,  
 I'll bury my desires,  
 And quench the fires  
 That ever yet in vain have burned.

Fates, if you rule lovers' fortunes ;  
 Stars, if men your powers importune,  
 Yield relief by your relenting.  
 Time, if sorrow be not endless,  
 Hope made vain, and Pity friendless,  
 Help to ease my long lamenting.  
 But if griefs remain still unredressed,  
 I'll fly to her again and sue  
 For pity to renew  
 My hopes distressed.

*xii*

THOU art not fair, for all thy red and white,  
 For all those rosy ornaments in thee.  
 Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,  
 Nor fair nor sweet, unless thou pity me.  
 I will not soothe thy fancies. Thou shalt prove  
 That beauty is no beauty without love.

Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure  
 My thoughts with beauty, were it more divine.  
 Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,  
 I'll not be wrapped up in those arms of thine.  
 Now show it, if thou be a woman right,  
 Embrace and kiss and love me in despite.

*xiii*

SEE where she flies enraged from me.  
 View her when she intends despite.  
 The wind is not more swift than she.  
 Her fury moved such terror makes,  
 As to a fearful guilty sprite  
 The voice of heaven's huge thunder cracks.  
 But when her appeased mind  
 Yields to delight,  
 All her thoughts are made of joys,  
 Millions of delights inventing,  
 Other pleasures are but toys  
 To her beauty's sweet contenting.

My fortune hangs upon her brow,  
 For as she smiles or frowns on me,  
 So must my blown affections bow.  
 And her proud thoughts too well do find  
 With what unequal tyranny  
 Her beauties do command my mind.  
 Though, when her sad planet reigns,  
 Froward she be,  
 She alone can pleasure move,  
 And displeasing sorrow banish.  
 May I but still hold her love,  
 Let all other comforts vanish.

*xiv*

BLAME not my cheeks, though pale with love they be ;  
 The kindly heat unto my heart is flown,  
 To cherish it that is dismayed by thee,  
 Who art so cruel and unsteadfast grown.  
 For Nature, called for by distressed hearts,  
 Neglects and quite forsakes the outward parts.

But they whose cheeks with careless blood are stained,  
 Nurse not one spark of love within their hearts ;  
 And when they woo they speak with passion feigned,  
 For their fat love lies in their outward parts ;  
 But in their breasts, where Love his court should hold,  
 Poor Cupid sits and blows his nails for cold.

*xv*

WHEN the god of merry love  
 As yet in his cradle lay,  
 Thus his withered nurse did say :  
 Thou a wanton boy will prove,  
 To deceive the powers above ;  
 For by thy continual smiling  
 I see thy power of beguiling.

Therewith she the babe did kiss,  
 When a sudden fire out came  
 From those burning lips of his,  
 That did her with love enflame.  
 But none would regard the same.  
 So that to her day of dying  
 The old wretch lived ever crying.

*xvi*

MISTRESS, since you so much desire  
 To know the place of Cupid's fire,  
 In your fair shrine that flame doth rest,  
 Yet never harboured in your breast.  
 It bides not in your lips so sweet,  
 Nor where the rose and lilies meet,  
 But a little higher,  
 There, O there, lies Cupid's fire.

Even in those starry piercing eyes,  
 There Cupid's sacred fire lies.  
 Those eyes I strive not to enjoy,  
 For they have power to destroy.  
 Nor woo I for a smile or kiss,  
 So meanly triumphs not my bliss.  
     But a little higher  
 I climb to crown my chaste desire.

*xvii*

YOUR fair looks inflame my desire.  
 Quench it again with love.  
 Stay, O strive not still to retire ;  
 Do not inhuman prove.  
 If love may persuade,  
 Love's pleasures, dear, deny not.  
 Here is a silent grovy shade,  
 O tarry then, and fly not.

Have I seized my heavenly delight  
 In this unhaunted grove ?  
 Time shall now her fury requite  
 With the revenge of love.  
 Then come, sweetest, come,  
 My lips with kisses gracing.  
 Here let us harbour all alone ;  
 Die, die in sweet embracing.

Will you now so timely depart,  
 And not return again ?  
 Your sight lends such life to my heart  
 That to depart is pain.  
 Fear yields no delay,  
 Secureness helpeth pleasure.  
 Then till the time gives safer stay,  
 O farewell, my life's treasure.

*xviii*

THE man of life upright,  
 Whose guiltless heart is free  
 From all dishonest deeds  
 Or thoughts of vanity :



The man whose silent days  
 In harmless joys are spent,  
 Whom hopes cannot delude,  
 Nor sorrow discontent :

That man needs neither towers  
 Nor armour for defence,  
 Nor secret vaults to fly  
 From thunder's violence.

He only can behold  
 With unaffrighted eyes  
 The horrors of the deep  
 And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares  
 That fate or fortune brings,  
 He makes the heaven his book,  
 His wisdom heavenly things,

Good thoughts his only friends,  
 His wealth a well-spent age,  
 The earth his sober inn  
 And quiet pilgrimage.

*xix*

HARK, all you ladies that do sleep,  
 The fairy queen Proserpina  
 Bids you awake, and pity them that weep.  
 You may do in the dark  
 What the day doth forbid.  
 Fear not the dogs that bark ;  
 Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers moan,  
 The fairy queen Proserpina  
 Will send abroad her fairies everyone,  
 That shall pinch black and blue  
 Your white hands and fair arms,  
 That did not kindly rue  
 Your paramours' harms.

In myrtle arbours on the downs,  
 The fairy queen Proserpina  
 This night by moonshine, leading merry rounds,  
 Holds a watch with sweet Love,  
 Down the dale, up the hill,  
 No plaints or groans may move  
 Their holy vigil.

All you that will hold watch with Love,  
 The fairy queen Proserpina  
 Will make you fairer than Dione's dove.  
 Roses red, lilies white,  
 And the clear damask hue,  
 Shall on your cheeks alight.  
 Love will adorn you.

All you that love or loved before,  
 The fairy queen Proserpina  
 Bids you increase that loving humour more.  
 They that yet have not fed  
 On delight amorous,  
 She vows that they shall lead  
 Apes in Avernus.

xx

WHEN thou must home to shades of underground,  
 And there arrived a new admired guest,  
 The beauteous spirits do ingirt thee round,  
 White Iope, blithe Helen and the rest,  
 To hear the stories of thy finished love  
 From that smooth tongue, whose music hell can move.

Then wilt thou speak of banquetting delights,  
 Of masks and revels which sweet youth did make,  
 Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,  
 And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake.  
 When thou hast told these honours done to thee,  
 Then tell, O tell how thou didst murder me.

xxi

COME, let us sound with melody the praises  
 Of the kings' King, the Omnipotent Creator,  
 Author of number, that hath all the world in  
 Harmony framed.

Heaven is his throne, perpetually shining.  
 His divine power and glory thence he thunders.  
 One in all, and all still in one abiding,  
     Both Father and Son.

O sacred Sprite, invisible, eternal,  
 Everywhere, yet unlimited, that all things  
 Canst in one moment penetrate, revive me,  
     O holy Spirit.

Rescue, O rescue me from earthly darkness.  
 Banish hence all these elemental objects.  
 Guide my soul that thirsts to the lively fountain  
     Of thy divineness.

Cleanse my soul, O God, thy bespotted image,  
 Altered with sin so that heavenly pureness  
 Cannot acknowledge me but in thy mercies,  
     O Father of grace.

But when once thy beams do remove my darkness,  
 O then I'll shine forth as an angel of light,  
 And record with more than an earthly voice thy  
     Infinite honours.

*The rest of the Songs contained in this Booke, made by Philip  
 Rosseter.*

*i*

SWEET, come again !  
 Your happy sight so much desired,  
 Since you from hence are now retired  
     I seek in vain.  
 Still must I mourn  
 And pine in longing pain,  
 Till you, my life's delight, again  
     Vouchsafe your wished return.

If true Desire  
 Or faithful vow of endless love  
 Thy heart inflamed may kindly move  
     With equal fire,  
 O then my joys,  
 So long distraught, shall rest  
 Reposed soft in thy chaste breast,  
     Exempt from all annoys.

You had the power  
 My wandering thoughts first to restrain,  
 You first did hear my love speak plain.  
     A child before,  
     Now it is grown ;  
 Confirmed do you it keep,  
 And let it safe in your bosom sleep  
     That ever made your own.

And, till we meet,  
 Teach absence inward art to find,  
 Both to disturb and please the mind  
     Such thoughts are sweet,  
     And such remain  
 In hearts whose flames are true.  
 Then such will I retain till you  
     To me return again.

*ii*

AND would you see my mistress' face ?  
 It is a flowery garden place  
 Where knots of beauties have such grace  
 That all is work and nowhere space.

It is a sweet delicious morn  
 Where day is breeding, never born.  
 It is a meadow yet unshorn  
 Whom thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heavens' bright reflex,  
 Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex ;  
 It is the Idaeia of her sex,  
 Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of death that smiles,  
 Pleasing though it kills the whiles,  
 Where death and love in pretty wiles  
 Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth,  
 It is the feigned Elysium's truth,  
 The Spring that wintered hearts reneweth ;  
 And this is that my soul pursueth.

*iii*

NO grave for woe, yet earth my watery tears devours ;  
 Sighs want air, and burnt desires kind pity's showers ;  
 Stars hold their fatal course, my joys preventing,  
 The earth, the sea, the air, the fire, the heavens, vow my  
 tormenting.

Yet still I live and waste my weary days in groans,  
 And with woeful tunes adorn despairing moans ;  
 Night still prepares a more displeasing morrow ;  
 My day is night, my life is death, and all but sense of sorrow.

*iv*

IF I urge my kind desires,  
 She unkind doth them reject.  
 Women's hearts are painted fires  
 To deceive them that affect.  
 I alone love's fires include,  
 She alone doth them delude.

She hath often vowed her love,  
 But, alas, no fruit I find.  
 That her fires are false I prove,  
 Yet in her no fault I find.  
 I was thus unhappy born  
 And ordained to be her scorn.

Yet if human care or pain  
 May the heavenly order change ;  
 She will hate her own disdain  
 And repent she was so strange ;  
 For a truer heart than I  
 Never lived, or loved, to die.

*v*

WHAT heart's content can he find,  
 What happy sleeps can his eyes embrace,  
 That bears a guilty mind ?  
 His taste sweet wines will abhor ;  
 No music's sound can appease the thoughts  
 That wicked deeds deplore.  
 The passion of a present fear  
 Still makes his restless motion there,  
 And all the day he dreads the night,  
 And all the night, as one aghast, he fears the morning light.

But he that loves to be loved,  
 And in his deeds doth adore heaven's power,  
 And is with pity moved,  
 The night gives rest to his heart,  
 The cheerful beams do awake his soul  
 Revived in every part.  
 He lives a comfort to his friends,  
 And heaven to him such blessing sends  
 That fear of hell cannot dismay  
 His stedfast heart that is enured the truth still to obey.

*vi*

LET him that will be free and keep his heart from care,  
 Retired alone remain, where no discomforts are ;  
 For when the eye doth view his grief, or hapless ear his sorrow  
 hears,  
 The impression still in him abides, and ever in one shape  
 appears.

Forget thy griefs betimes, long sorrow breeds long pain,  
 For joy far fled from men will not return again.  
 O happy is the soul which heaven ordained to live in endless  
 peace,  
 His life is a pleasing dream and every hour his joys increase.

You heavy sprites that love in severed shades to dwell,  
 That nurse despair and dream of unrelenting hell,  
 Come sing this happy song and learn of me the art of true  
 content ;  
 Load not your guilty souls with wrong, and heaven then will  
 soon relent.

*vii*

REPROVE not love ; though fondly thou hast lost  
 Greater hopes by loving.  
 Love calms ambitious spirits, from their breasts  
 Danger oft removing.  
 Let lofty humours mount up on high,  
 Down again like to the wind,  
 While private thoughts vowed to love  
 More peace and pleasure find.

Love and sweet beauty make the stubborn mild  
 And the coward fearless.  
 The wretched miser's care to bounty turns,  
 Cheering all things cheerless.  
 Love chains the earth and heaven, turns the spheres,  
 Guides the years in endless peace ;  
 The flowery earth through his power  
 Receives her due increase.

*viii*

AND would you fain the reason know  
 Why my sad eyes so often flow ?  
 My heart ebbs joy when they do so  
 And loves the moon by whom they go.

And will you ask why pale I look ?  
 'Tis not with poring on my book.  
 My mistress' cheek my blood hath took,  
 For her mine own hath me forsook.

Do not demand why I am mute.  
 Love's silence doth all speech confute.  
 They set the note, then tune the lute ;  
 Hearts frame their thoughts, then tongues their suit.

Do not admire why I admire.  
 My fever is no other's fire,  
 Each several heart hath his desire,  
 Else proof is false, and truth a liar.

If why I love you should see cause,  
 Love should have form like other laws.  
 But fancy pleads not by the clause,  
 'Tis as the sea still vexed with flaws.

No fault upon my love espy,  
 For you perceive not with my eye ;  
 My palate to your taste may lie,  
 Yet please itself deliciously.

Then let my sufferance be mine own,  
 Sufficeth it these reasons shown.  
 Reason and love are ever known  
 To fight till both be overthrown.

## ix

WHEN Laura smiles, her sight revives both night and day ;  
 The earth and heaven views with delight her wanton play ;  
 And her speech with ever-flowing music doth repair  
 The cruel wounds of sorrow and despair.

The spirits that remain in fleeting air  
 Affect for pastime to untwine her tressed hair ;  
 The birds think sweet Aurora, Morning's queen, doth shine  
 From her bright sphere, when Laura shows her looks divine.

Diana's eyes are not adorned with greater power  
 Than Laura's, when she lifts awhile for sport to lure.  
 But when she her eyes encloseth, blindness doth appear  
 The chiefest grace of beauty sweetly seated there.

Love hath no fire but what he steals from her bright eyes.  
 Time hath no power but that which in her pleasure lies.  
 For she with her divine beauties all the world subdues,  
 And fills with heavenly spirits my humble Muse.

## x

LONG have mine eyes gazed with delight,  
 Conveying hopes untó my soul,  
 In nothing happy but in sight  
 Of her that doth my sight control.  
 But now mine eyes must lose their light.

My object now must be the air,  
 To write in water words of fire,  
 And teach sad thoughts how to despair.  
 Desert must quarrel with desire.  
 All were appeased were she not fair.

For all my comfort this I prove,  
 That Venus on the sea was born.  
 If seas be calm, then doth she love,  
 If storms arise I am forlorn,  
 My doubtful hopes like wind doth move.

## xi

THOUGH far from joy, my sorrows are as far,  
 And I both between.  
 Not too low, nor yet too high  
 Above my reach would I be seen.  
 Happy is he that is so placed,  
 Not to be envied, nor to be disdained or disgraced.



The higher trees the more storms they endure ;  
 Shrubs be trodden down.

But the mean, the golden mean,  
 Doth only all our fortunes crown.

Like to a stream that sweetly slideth  
 Through the flowery banks and still in the midst his course  
 guideth.

*xii*

SHALL I come if I swim ? Wide are the waves you see.

Shall I come if I fly, my dear love, to thee ?

Streams Venus will appease, Cupid gives me wings ;

All the powers assist my desire

Save you alone, that set my woeful heart on fire.

You are fair, so was Hero that in Sestos dwelt.

She a priest, yet the heat of love truly felt ;

A greater stream than this did her love divide,

But she was his guide with a light ;

So through the streams Leander did enjoy her sight.

*xiii*

AY me, that love should Nature's works accuse,

Where cruel Laura still her beauty views ;

River, or cloudy jet, or crystal bright,

Are all but servants of her self-delight.

Yet her deformed thoughts she cannot see ;

And that 's the cause she is so stern to me.

Virtue and duty can no favour gain,

A grief, O death, to live and love in vain.

*xiv*

SHALL then a traitorous kiss or smile

All my delights unhappily beguile ?

Shall the virtue of feigned love receive so rich regard,

When true service dies neglected and wants his due reward ?

Deeds meritorious soon be forgot,

But one offence no time can ever blot ;

Every day it is renewed and every night it bleeds,

And with bloody streams of sorrow drowns all our better deeds.

Beauty is not by desert to be won,

Fortune hath all that is beneath the sun ;

Fortune is the guide of Love, and both of them be blind,

All their ways be full of errors which no true feet can find.

*xv*

IF I hope, I pine ; if I fear, I faint and die ;  
 So between hope and fear I desperate lie,  
 Looking for joy to heaven from whence it should come ;  
 But hope is blind, joy deaf, and I am dumb.

Yet I speak and cry, but alas with words of woe ;  
 And joy conceives not them that murmur so.  
 He that the ears of joy will ever pierce  
 Must sing glad notes or speak in happier verse.

*xvi*

UNLESS there were consent 'twixt hell and heaven  
 That grace and wickedness should be combined,  
 I cannot make thee and thy beauties even,  
 Thy face is heaven, and torture in thy mind.  
 For more than worldly bliss is in thy eye,  
 And hellish torture in thy mind doth lie.

A thousand cherubins fly in her looks,  
 And hearts in legions melt upon their view ;  
 But gorgeous covers wall up filthy books ;  
 Be it sin to say that so your eyes do you ?  
 But sure your mind adheres not with your eyes,  
 For what they promise, that your heart denies.

But O, lest I religion should misuse,  
 Inspire me, thou that ought'st thyself to know,  
 Since skillless readers reading do abuse,  
 What inward meaning outward sense doth show.  
 For by thy eyes and heart chose and contemned,  
 I waver whether saved or condemned.

*xvii*

IF she forsake me, I must die ;  
 Shall I tell her so ?  
 Alas, then straight will she reply :  
 No, no, no, no, no.  
 If I disclose my desperate state,  
 She will but make sport thereat,  
 And more unrelenting grow.

What heart can such long pains abide ?  
 Fie upon this love !  
 I would adventure far and wide  
 If it would remove.  
 But love will still my steps pursue,  
 I cannot his ways eschew.  
 Thus still helpless hopes I prove.

I do my love in lines commend,  
 But alas in vain.  
 The costly gifts that I do send,  
 She returns again.  
 Thus still is my despair procured,  
 And her malice more assured.  
 Then come, death, and end my pain.

*xviii*

WHAT is a day, what is a year of vain delight and pleasure ?  
 Like to a dream it endless dies,  
 And from us like a vapour flies ;  
 And this is all the fruit that we find which glory in worldly  
 treasure.

He that will hope for true delight with virtue must be graced.  
 Sweet folly yields a better taste  
 Which ever will appear at last ;  
 But if we still in virtue delight, our souls are in heaven placed.

*xix*

KIND in unkindness, when will you relent  
 And cease with faint love true love to torment ?  
 Still entertained, excluded still I stand,  
 Her glove still hold, but cannot touch the hand.

In her fair hand my hopes and comforts rest.  
 O might my fortunes with that hand be blest !  
 No envious breaths then my deserts could shake,  
 For they are good whom such true love doth make.

O let not beauty so forget her birth,  
 That it should fruitless home return to earth.  
 Love is the fruit of beauty ; then love one  
 Not your sweet self, for such self-love is none.

Love one that only lives in loving you,  
 Whose wrongs deserts would you with pity view ;  
 This strange distaste which your affections sways  
 Would relish love and you find better days.

Thus till my happy sight your beauty views,  
 Whose sweet remembrance still my hope renews,  
 Let these poor lines solicit love for me,  
 And place my joys where my desires would be.

xx

WHAT then is love but mourning ?  
 What desire but a self-burning ?  
 Till she that hates doth love return,  
     Thus will I mourn,  
     Thus will I sing :  
 Come away, come away, my darling.

Beauty is but a blooming,  
 Youth in his glory entombing.  
 Time hath a while which none can stay.  
     Then come away  
     While thus I sing :  
 Come away, come away, my darling.

Summer in winter fadeth ;  
 Gloomy night heavenly light shadeth ;  
 Like to the morn are Venus' flowers,  
     Such are her hours.  
     Then will I sing :  
 Come away, come away, my darling.

xxi

WHETHER men do laugh or weep,  
 Whether they do wake or sleep,  
 Whether they die young or old,  
 Whether they feel heat or cold,  
 There is underneath the sun  
 Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest ;  
None are worst and none are best.  
Grief and joy and hope and fear  
Play their pageants everywhere ;  
Vain opinion all doth sway,  
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in clouds do sit  
Mocking our poor apish wit,  
That so lamely with such state  
Their high glory imitate.  
No ill can be felt but pain,  
And that happy men disdain.





## NOTES

### *Attey's Airs*

i. Mr. Bullen states that this poem is a rendering of Pierre Guedron's *Un jour l'amoureuse Silvie*.

line 2, et seq. *ye*. The original text has *you*, which, as being a more suitable word for musical setting, was no doubt substituted for *ye* by the composer throughout the stanza.

ii. line 3. *busk-point*. A busk was the strip of whale-bone fastened in front of a corset where it was laced up. Cf. Weelkes's *Airs or Fantastic Spirits*, No. 15.

line 3. *peat*. A word of uncertain origin, but in common use, circa 1570-1640, as a term of endearment.

iv. line 7. Compare Michael Drayton's 'Fair love rest thee here', printed in *England's Helicon* (Collier's Reprint, p. 120).

v. This poem by William Browne is from *Britannia's Pastorals*, Bk. II, Song 2.

vii. The opening line closely resembles that of Drayton's sonnet 'To the lady L. S.', but the rest of the poem is entirely different (see Chalmers's *Drayton Addenda*, p. xix).

xii. The text of Wyatt's words, as printed in Tottel's *Miscellany* (Collier's Reprint, p. 57), differs in many important respects from that used by Attey.

xiii. line 3. It would appear that a word of two syllables has been dropped out of this line. It is not improbable that the line began with *Adieu*, and that the composer did not wish to repeat this word.



### *Barley's Book of Tablature*

The poems in Barley's book are included in the present volume, although they were not actually set to music and do not consequently come under the heading of Lutenists' Airs. It seemed undesirable to omit them, and sufficient excuse for not doing so may be found in the fact that Barley's book was a treatise on the lute, and that he perhaps printed these poems as examples suitable for setting as songs with lute accompaniment.

iii. Four stanzas of this poem were printed, with some variants, in the *Phoenix' Nest* (Collier's Reprint, p. 93), and a rather different version again is given in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 184). The poem was also printed in *The Lover's Maze* with the signature W. R., and is, consequently, generally attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh.

iv. line 22. *rosy*: misprinted *rorie* in the original edition.

v. Mr. Bullen states that this sonnet is a free translation from the French of Desportes. Lines 13 and 14 were placed by Barley after line 4; no doubt his intention was to suggest the musical setting of these six lines by themselves.

vi. Printed in the *Phoenix' Nest* (Collier's Reprint, p. 118), where there are several small differences in the text. The author is unknown.

vii. The first three stanzas of a poem by Lord Vaux (see Grosart's *Vaux*, p. 23).



### *Bartlet's Airs*

i. This paraphrase of Psalm cxxi. 23, 24 is that of John Hopkins in the Sternhold and Hopkins metrical version of the Psalms of David.

ii. Written by Mary, Countess of Pembroke, on the death of her brother Sir Philip Sidney.

vi. line 14. *worm*. Used in the sense of a harmless or powerless creature.

line 18. *parlous*: a syncopated form of *perilous*, spelt *perlous* in the original song-book.

viii. Compare Samuel Daniel's 'Go wailing verse, the Infants of my love', *Delia* Sonnet-Sequence, Sonnet II.

line 16. *Blazing*: sc. *proclaiming*, derived from the old Norse *blása*, to blow.

x. line 2. *sparrow*. The term was often employed for any small bird.

line 19. *lays on load*. A phrase in frequent use in the sixteenth century, meaning primarily to *deal heavy blows*, and so, in a figurative sense, to do anything with vehemence and energy.

line 29. *fend cut*. The word *fend* is a shortened form of *defend*, and used in the sense of to *ward off*. Thus the phrase in this passage is a fencing challenge similar to *parry thrust*.

line 30. *peat*. A term of endearment of uncertain origin, occasionally applied to pet animals.

xii. line 14. *thy*: misprinted *the* in the original song-book.

xiii. line 10. *fear*. The original text reads *fears*.

xiv. From George Peele's pastoral, 'The Hunting of Cupid', known only in fragments. See Bullen's *Peele*, vol. ii, p. 366.

xvii-xviii. The first line is the same as that of Jones's Second Book, No. 12, but the rest of the lyric is entirely different.

line 5. *ketched*: sc. *caught*. The verb *ketch* is an obsolete form of *catch*; similarly in line 6, *ketching* for *catching*.

line 11. This line would seem to have been lengthened by the composer and may have run 'Then tarry, little one! I thought'.

xix-xxi. line 14. *flatter*: the song-book has *flat*. Possibly the rhyming word two lines earlier should be *chat* instead of *chatter* as printed in the original text.



### *Campian's First Book of Airs*

The date of the publication of this volume containing the *First and Second Book of Airs* is uncertain. It must have been later than 1612, for Nos. 6 and 21 were obviously written after the death of Henry, Prince of Wales.

Campian's name is here so spelt instead of *Campion*, since the spelling with an *a* is to be found on the title-pages of all his four books of Airs as well as in the dedications and prefaces of those books.

It is spelt with an *o* in the preface of Rosseter's book, and on the title-page of Cooper's *Songs of Mourning*. The Latinized form of his name, as it appears in Dowland's *First Book of Aires*, is Campianus.

The verses set to music by this composer are generally held to have been written by him, and the reader is referred to Mr. Percival Vivian's admirable edition of the poet's works, where ample annotation of the text will be found.

II. These words were set again by Campian in the Campian-Rosseter volume (No. 18), but with some interesting textual variants.

IV. A free paraphrase of Psalm cxxx.

VI. The poem refers, of course, to Gunpowder Plot.

line 8. *ember*. Used here with the old English meaning of *course* or *revolution of time*.

XIII. line 23. *humbly*: printed *humble* in the original edition.

XIV. A paraphrase of Psalm cxxvii.

line 16. *ground*. Used with the technical meaning of *melody* or *subject*.

XIX. line 14. *moorish*: sc. *sluggish*; used of water found in boggy soil. Cf. Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Bk. IV, c. xi. 29, 'The chalky Kennet . . . the moorish Cole'.

XX. line 19. *tutties*. A dialect word found in many of the southern counties of England, meaning *bouquets* or *nosegays*; the phrase *all of a tutty* was applied to trees in full bloom. See Wright's *English Dialect Dict.*

line 32. *silly*: sc. *simple*.

XXI. line 2. *Hally*. The subject of this elegy is Henry, Prince of Wales. *Hal*, or *Hally*, was a familiar form of Henry.



### Campian's Second Book

III. line 7. *traitress*: spelt *Tray-tresse* in the original song-book in order to draw attention to the play on the words.

VI. line 16. *recure*. A rare obsolete adjective meaning *beyond hope of recovery*. Cf. *recureless* as used in Morley's 1595 Canzonets, No. 19.

VII. line 8. *smelling*. Both Bullen and Vivian read *swelling* as an emendation, but the text is probably correct as it stands; the word would have implied *sweetly perfumed*.

VIII. line 12. *of force*: sc. *of necessity*.

XV. line 24. *roving*. The original text reads *moving*, but the repetition of this word is evidently a printer's error.

XVI. Also set by Jones (*Musical Dream*, No. 1), with several small variants in the text.

line 26. Mr. Vivian's suggested emendation *Or else* for *Some else* destroys the whole meaning of the passage.

XX. line 3. *rubine*: sc. *of ruby colour*.



### Campian's Third Book

The date of the publication of the *Third and Fourth Books of Aires*, issued in one volume, is unknown. Campian's dedicatory address to Sir Thomas Monson in the third book opens:—

Since now those clouds, that lately overcast  
Your Fame and Fortune, are dispersed at last.



This would seem to refer to Monson's connexion with the Overbury Plot in 1615. Monson's innocence was not established until early in 1617, so that the publication of Campian's Third and Fourth Books cannot have been earlier than that date.

II. Set also with several variants by Jones (*Ultimum Vale*, No. 17) and Pilkington (Lute Set, No. 8).

x. line 10. *daunted*. The intransitive use of this obsolete verb is extremely rare. With this use it sometimes means *to dally* or *to toy*, and thus in the present instance the phrase comes to mean *a shaft flew* or *was shot*.

XIII. line 3. *discourses*. The repetition of this word might possibly be due to a scribal or printer's error, but it is difficult to suggest any emendation.

XIV. line 1. *conversing*. The repetition of this word in line 3 suggests a textual error; as a possible emendation *dispersing* may be suggested in the first line.

XVII. line 4. *let*: sc. *hindrance*.

XVIII. This poem appeared in the 1633 edition of Sylvester's poems, but it is certain that Campian was its author. Another version is to be found in Harl. MS. 6910, fol. 150, where two extra lines are given, making a complete sonnet. Grosart wrongly attributed the authorship of this poem and also of 'Thou art not fair for all thy red and white' to Sylvester (see his works of Sylvester, vol. i, p. xxvii).

XXII. line 7. *press*: sc. *force*.

XXVI. line 10. *cheer*: sc. *countenance*. See note on Byrd's 1588 Set, No. 12, line 4.

XXVIII. line 15. There is a foot too many in this line; possibly the word *sweet* was interpolated.



### Campian's Fourth Book

IV. line 7. *recure*: sc. *cure*. Cf. the use of the adjective *recure* in Campian's Second Book, No. 6, line 16.

V. This poem might well be set out on an alternative plan of sixteen short lines to each stanza.

line 9. *the Pawn*. A corridor in the Royal Exchange which served as a bazaar, where at this time fashionable ladies made their purchases.

VII. Set as a madrigal by Alison (Nos. 19-21) and as a lute-song by Jones (*Ultimum Vale*, No. 10).

IX. Set also by Ferrabosco (No. 8). By a printing error in the Campian song-book, lines 3-6 of the second stanza are identical with those of stanza one. The correct text can be supplied from the Ferrabosco version, but the editor has left the text as it stands in the Campian song, as it could not have been corrected but for the accident of the poem being set by Ferrabosco, and there is no certainty that Ferrabosco's text is free from variants.

XI. line 11. By a printing error line 3 of the second stanza was repeated here in the original song-book. There is no means of ascertaining the right text of the line. This error is similar to that in No. 9 of this Set.

XIII. line 2. *ungaged*: sc. *unbound*, by formal promise, or otherwise; a rare use of this obsolete verb, the converse of *gage*, also obsolete. Cf. *engage*.

xv. line 17. *housen*. An interesting example of the old English plural in *en*.

xvii. Set also by Dowland (Bk. III, No. 17).

xviii. This poem, with many differences in the text, was also set by Corkine (Bk. I, No. 11). No doubt Corkine's version is an example of the use of incorrect transcriptions of his words of which Campian complained.

xxii. This poem, like the following one, had been already set by Campian in the Campian-Rosseter volume (No. 16), but the second stanza differs considerably in the two versions.

xxiii. The first stanza, with several variants, had been previously set by Campian in the Campian-Rosseter volume (No. 17); the second and third stanzas are quite dissimilar. Seeing that Campian was both author and composer of these songs the variants are especially noteworthy.



### *Cavendish's Airs*

This book, like that of Greaves, contains both Madrigals and Airs, but it is included here among the lutenists' song-books because the greater number of the songs belong to that class. Nos. 1-20 are Airs, and the last 8 are Madrigals. The numbering of the songs has been confused in the original edition, but the true consecutive numbering is here given.

v. line 1. *feat*: sc. *graceful, pretty*. The word was used in more modern times by Burns in *Halloween*, iii, 'Lasses feat an' cleanly neat.'

x. line 16. *sons*: sc. *songs*. This is a very early use of the word in English, although it appears as a Scottish form at an earlier date.

xiv. line 8. *dyed in grain*: *grain* (from Old French *graine*) was the kermes, or scarlet grain; the term was also applied to cochineal and to the dye made from either of these. The expression *dyed in grain* meant dyed in the fibre, or thoroughly; hence the word *ingrained*. So here, as applied to flowers, it means of intense or brilliant colour.

xix-xx. These lines were set as a madrigal by East (Set I, Nos. 21 and 22), and with several important variants by Vautor (No. 11).

xxiv. This poem was set again by Cavendish with certain differences in the music as No. 11 of the *Triumphs of Oriana* (q.v.). It was the earliest of the Oriana madrigals, and the idea of the famous Set may have originated with Cavendish's madrigal.

xxv. line 2. *loaden*. An obsolete variant of *laden*.

xxvi. Printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 182).

line 2. *feater*. See note on No. 5, line 1.



### *Cooper's Funeral Tears*

John Cooper was an Englishman who spent many years of his early life in Italy, and, following the fashion of the time, he adopted an Italian form of his surname, Coprario or Coperario. Though he retained this name on his return to England, it seems more suitable that he should now be known and spoken of under his real name of Cooper.

### Cooper's Songs of Mourning

Henry, Prince of Wales, in whose memory this set of songs was written, was the eldest son of James I. He died in 1612, at the early age of 18, but he had already shown himself a keen patron of the Arts and particularly of Music. Cooper was musical instructor to all the children of James I, and among the musicians on the Prince's staff was Thomas Ford, the lutenist and composer.

Thomas Campian was the author of all the verses in this Set, and his name is here spelt, by exception, with an *o*.

iv. line 6. *Love*. If the god of Love is understood by this word, there seems to be no necessity for emending the text, as has been done by both Bullen and Vivian, following an early manuscript note in the margin of the British Museum copy of the original edition, which gives *fate* for *love*.



### Corkine's First Book of Airs

ii. line 11. *payسد*: *payse* is a variant of the obsolete verb *peise*, meaning to *weigh* or to *measure*; so, as here, to *bring into* or *hold in mutual equilibrium*. The mediaeval English *peise* represented the stem-stressed form of Old French *peser* (3rd sing. pres. *peise*). In the fourteenth century *peise* often became *poise*. Cf. the modern English *poise*.

vi. line 3. A word of two syllables is apparently missing; possibly *forsooth* followed the word *bed-fellow*.

line 5. The song-book reads *am* for *are*.

vii. line 10. *shale*. A very rare use of this obsolete verb in the intransitive sense of seed or grain dropping out of the husk and so being scattered abroad. Thus the line here means: shall beauty *waste itself away*?

viii. line 5. *things*. The *s* is omitted in the original edition.

ix. These words by Anthony Munday were printed in *England's Helicon* (Collier's Reprint, p. 32) with the signature *The Shepheard Tonie*. The song is also found in Munday's 'The Famous and Renowned History of Primaleon of Greece. Translated out of French and Italian into English by A.M.' 1619—a fact that proves the identity of the *Shepheard Tonie*. The lyric was also set by Jones (*Ultimum Vale*, No. 2) and Pilkington (Lute Set, No. 18).

x. This dialect song may be compared with those in Ravenscroft's *Brief Discourse*. The original spelling has been reproduced in this instance.

The metre of lines 5 and 6 in the first stanza differs from that in the corresponding place in the second and third stanzas; it is possible that the text of the first stanza, which alone is set out with the music in the original edition, was altered by the composer.

xi. This version of Campian's words differs considerably from that set to music by Campian himself (Bk. IV, No. 18); the third stanza in Corkine's text does not appear at all in the Poet's version (see note on Campian, Bk. IV, No. 18).

The remaining numbers in this Book are instrumental pieces for the 'lyra-viol'.

### *Corkine's Second Book of Airs*

- i. A line appears to be missing as a pair to line 7.
- iii. lines 5 and 6. The words *bewraying* and *delaying* seem to have been transposed by a printer's error; and the repetition of *bewraying* in line 9 also points to some error.
- iv. Corkine's text differs in several details from that printed by Grierson in his edition of Donne's Works, vol. i, p. 23.
- viii. Printed among the epigrams in Sylvester's *Posthumi*. (See Grosart's *Sylvester*, vol. ii, p. 341.)
- line 1. *musky*: sc. *perfumed with musk*. Grosart reads *mighty*.
- line 3. *glose*: or *gloze*, used here in the rare sense of *pretence* or *false show*.
- ix. From the *Arcadia*, Bk. III (1598 ed., p. 289). Several small differences of text appear in Corkine's version. This poem was also printed in Nicholas Breton's *Arbor of Amorous Devises* (1597) without any mention of Sidney's name. This seems to have been overlooked by Mr. Grosart in his edition of Breton's Works (vol. i).
- line 4. *keepeth*: *turneth* in the original edition is a printer's error, which is corrected here from the text of the *Arcadia*.
- x. line 5. *maugre*: sc. *notwithstanding, in spite of*, from Old French *maugré*, later *malgré*.
- xi. The opening couplet compares very closely with that of Campian's *My sweetest Lesbia*, the first song in the Campian-Rosseter volume, q.v.
- xvi. line 7. *remised*. An obsolete verb meaning to *release*, *remove*.
- line 14. *endue*. In the sense of to *endow* or *invest*.
- xvii. These lines afford a good example of the play on musical terms so often found in these song-books. The *perfect concord* was the harmonic combination of a note with its octave or fifth. *Time* at this date had a limited meaning in connexion with the relative values of the breve, semibreve, and minim. *Ground* was the principal melody, not always to be found in the top part.
- The *parts* are the several voice or instrumental parts performed simultaneously in harmonic combination. And *descant* applied to any melody or melodies performed in simultaneous combination with the principal melody, or *ground*.
- xviii. line 5. *baines*: a once common form of *banns* (of marriage).
- Fresh dedications occur in this book after Nos. 8 and 15; and No. 18 is followed by eight instrumental compositions.



### *Danyel's Songs*

- i. Set also as a madrigal by Pilkington (Second Set, Nos. 8 and 9).
- ii. Compare the lines set by Gibbons (No. 9) and by Vautor (No. 18). The three versions differ materially, but evidently have a common origin.

iv. This sonnet is by Samuel Daniel, who is thought to have been a brother of the composer. It is No. 57 of the *Delia* Sonnets. In Grosart's edition of the poet (vol. i, p. 75) lines 9 and 10 follow those which John Danyel gives as 11 and 12.

v. When compared with the other two stanzas, there seems to be a word of two syllables missing in the first line of the lyric.

viii. The first eight lines are those of Samuel Daniel's *Delia* Sonnet, No. 23 (Grosart's *Daniel*, vol. i, p. 52). The second stanza, however, is not to be found among the poet's works, and it may have been specially written by him for his brother's use.

xiii-xv. line 3. *ground* : sc. *melody*.

xviii. line 8. *silency*. A rare form of the word *silence*.

xxi. This number, which completes the Set, is a composition for the lute alone and has no words. It bears the curious title, 'Mrs Anne Grene her leaves be greene'.



### *Dowland's First Book of Airs*

It has been thought that Dowland was the author of several of the poems which he set to music, but no actual evidence can be cited in proof of this.

ii. No. 5 of Lord Brooke's *Caelica* Sonnets. There are several variants from the text of the early editions of Brooke's works. The poem was also set by Peerson in his *Grave Motets* (Nos. 17 and 18).

iii. Printed in *England's Helicon* (Collier's Reprint, p. 185). The initials 'W S' have been found attached to an early manuscript copy of these lines, but there is no reason to suppose that they imply the authorship of Shakespeare.

viii. Printed in *England's Helicon* (Collier's Reprint, p. 182).  
line 9. *locks*. The original text in the song-book reads *yokes*, and this reading was followed in *England's Helicon*, but there can be little doubt that it is a printer's error for *locks* and has crept in from the first stanza. Cf. similar printers' errors in Campian's *Fourth Book*, Nos. 9 and 11.

line 13. *teen* : sc. *sorrow*. Derived from the Anglo-Saxon *teóna*, meaning *injury*. Cf. Shakespeare, *Richard III*, Act iv, Sc. 2, 'Each hour's joy wrecked with a week of teen'.

ix. line 2. *my* : *thy* in the original text is evidently a misprint.

line 8. *induratè* : sc. *hardened*.

xi. Printed in *England's Helicon* (Collier's Reprint, p. 183).

line 5. *Roseate*. It is difficult to resist the suggestion that this word stood here in the original poem, though the song-book has *rosy*.

lines 28 and 29. The absence of the rhyme here points to some textual alteration having found its way into the song-book.

xii. line 7. The text with the music reads *And if I ever fail to honour thee*; but comparison with the corresponding line in the other two stanzas shows clearly that *ever* was interpolated by the composer.

line 8. *light*. Misprinted *sight* in the first stanza, but correctly in the subsequent stanzas.

xiii. line 2. *diseased*. Used in its original sense *dis-eased*, or *made ill at ease*.

xv. Professor Arber and others who have printed this lyric appear not to have understood that the whole of the refrain follows the words Farewell Farewell at the end of each verse. The music leaves no room whatever for uncertainty on this point.

line 1. *reave*: sc. *bereave*.

xvii. The last line in each of the first two stanzas contains two syllables more than the corresponding line in each of the three subsequent stanzas. It would seem that the composer interpolated a word, for musical purposes, to match the metre of the previous line, and that he had not anticipated more than two stanzas being sung. The lines in the original edition run respectively:

With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

and

In deadly pain and endless misery.

xviii. Printed at the end of Peele's *Polyhymnia* and described as a sonnet, a term in common use for any short poem at that date. The poem refers to Sir Henry Lea, who was for many years Queen Elizabeth's personal champion. The song was introduced at 'the annual exercises in arms' held in the Queen's presence at the Tilt-yard in Westminster on November 17, 1590, when it was 'pronounced and sung by M. Hales, her Maiesties servant, a gentleman in that art excellent, and for his voice both commendable and admirable' (see Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. iii, p. 197). It is doubtful whether on this occasion Dowland's setting of the song was used; if this singer is to be identified with Robert Hales it is likely that he set it to music himself. Robert Hales held office in Queen Elizabeth's Court, and a composition of his was included by Robert Dowland in his *Musical Banquet* (No. 3).

xx. line 5. The song-book reads: *possess my tired thoughts, worn soul*. It would seem that the composer, or whoever made the transcription for him, misunderstood the meaning of the line and, taking *worn soul* for the vocative, added the *s* to *thought*. There can be little doubt as to the true construction of the line.

line 6. *be stole*. The original has *bestoul*.

xxi. No. 52 of Lord Brooke's *Caelica* Sonnets. It was printed in *England's Helicon* (Collier's Reprint, p. 184).



### *Dowland's Second Book of Airs*

v. line 7. Two feet seem to be missing in this line, which may originally have run:

Then all men must as best they may.

x. The couplet which forms the refrain to each verse appears at the beginning of the poem in accordance with the usual practice

in these song-books. This arrangement has been followed in the present edition because the first line constitutes the Index-line in the original edition as well as in reprints and books of reference.

This couplet, with a variant in the second line, is from the *Arcadia* (1598 ed., p. 232), where it is employed by Sidney as a refrain; but the rest of the poem set to music by Dowland is entirely different from that in the *Arcadia*, though it is possibly also the work of Sidney.

line 21. *prove*. Misprinted *procure* in the original edition.

line 31. *Wanstead*. Spelt *Wansted* in the song-book, is on the borders of Epping Forest—the woods to which the poet addressed these lines. At Wanstead Manor House Lord Chancellor Rich entertained Queen Elizabeth in 1561, and for this occasion Sidney wrote a dramatic interlude which was printed at the end of the volume in the early editions of the *Arcadia* (1598 ed., p. 570 et seq.).

XI. The first stanza was also set as a madrigal by Bateson (Second Set, No. 12).

XII. line 13. *lives*. A word of one syllable is missing in the original edition, and this must almost certainly be the word required.

xv. line 11. *grieving*. Misprinted *groaning* in the original edition. In the final stanza of this lyric a line is missing. It is supplied here from a MS. addition in a contemporary hand in the copy in the library of St. Michael's College, Tenbury.

XVIII. From Lord Brooke's *Caelica* Sonnets, No. 29. Dowland omitted the second stanza, and in the final stanza he substituted the name Joan for Myra, with other slight consequent emendations for the requirements of the metre.

line 13. *begot*. Misprinted *beget* in the original edition.

xx. In lines 5 and 11 the variant position of the words occurs in the original edition as printed here. Line 5 may have been altered by the composer for musical reasons; the second stanza was printed in metrical form.

Dowland changed the words of this song on the eve of publication. He added the marginal note, 'For Finding in fields you shall find here a better dittie'. This change was overlooked in the Table of Contents, where No. 20 is 'Finding in fields my Sylvia all alone'.

This Set ends with an instrumental piece for the lute entitled 'Dowland's Adew for Master Oliver Cromwell'.



### *Dowland's Third Book of Airs*

I. line 6. *service*. The original text reads *severe*, which would seem to be a misprint for *service*. The repetition of the *farewell* at the end may be the work of the composer.

vi. line 6. The song-book has *none but one*, but it would seem that *but one* is the composer's interpolation.

viii. Compare No. 15 of this Set. The first four lines of the two poems correspond so closely as to suggest a common origin, or possibly a common author.

x. line 30. *forbid*: sc. *forbade*. An old form of the past tense.

xI. line 5. *rude like to my rhyming*. This phrase is illustrated by the poet by the express avoidance of rhyme in the last three lines of the stanza, although the two following stanzas are treated regularly.

xII. line 16. *cheer*: sc. *countenance*. From Old French *chere*. Cf. Byrd's 1588 Set, No. 12, line 4.

line 23. *ground*. Used in the technical musical sense of *melody* or *subject*; it must be remembered that the melody was not necessarily to be found in the highest part in the music of this period, but frequently in the tenor and sometimes in the bass.

xIII. line 8. *ne'er the near*. A phrase in common use at this period and meaning *never any nearer to an aim*. *Near* here retains its old comparative sense.

xv. Compare No. 8 of this Set, and see Note.

xvII. Campian, the author of this poem, also set it to music (Bk. IV, No. 17).

xvIII. The ascription to Essex is not improbable. See the evidence in Warwick Bond's *Lyly*, vol. iii, p. 446.

line 3. *who fed on Time*. There is, of course, a play on the words *Thyme* and *Time* throughout this lyric (see also line 7). The spelling *Time* has been retained here for both senses of the word, as in the original edition.

line 16. *atomies*: sc. *small insignificant creatures*.

xIx. Printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 159), and there subscribed *Incerto*; but in the Rawlinson MS. Poet. 148, fol. 50, it is ascribed to Dyer.

line 1. *gall*: sc. *venom, poison*.

xx. Mr. Bullen states that there is no evidence to support Grosart's suggestion that Nicholas Breton was the author of these lines (see Grosart's *Breton*, vol. i, *Gleanings*, p. 9).

line 10. *it*. Possibly a misprint for *them*.

line 15. *Will*. The original text reads *Wit*, but this is almost certainly a misprint for *Will*, *Wit* having crept in from the previous line.

line 12. *flidge*: variant of the obsolete adjective *fledge* = fledged.

xxI. line 7. *O do not*. The original edition has *O die not* followed by a comma; but this must be a scribal error.



### Dowland's *A Pilgrim's Solace*

I. Though ascribed to Lord Pembroke in the 1660 edition of the Poems of Pembroke and Ruddier, the authorship of this lyric remains uncertain.

II. This poem, which has sometimes been attributed to Donne, may be the work of Dowland himself (see Grierson's *Donne*, vol. i, p. 432). In the Stowe MS. 961 and in the 1669 edition of Donne's Works, the first stanza was prefixed to his poem '*Tis true 'tis day. What though it be ?*', a poem that was set to music by the lutenist Corkine (Bk. II, No. 4). In Dowland's *A Pilgrim's Solace* a second stanza is given. The first stanza, with some noteworthy differences of text, was set as a madrigal by Orlando Gibbons, beginning *Ah, dear heart!* (No. 15).



Dowland dedicated this song 'To my worthy friend Mr. *William Jewel* of Exceter Colledge in Oxford'. The name is spelt *Juell* in the University registers (see Foster's *Alumni Oxon.*, pt. i, p. 835). Dowland's friend matriculated in 1603 at the age of 17, and subsequently became Vicar of Rodmersham in Kent.

III. line 23. There appears to be a word of two syllables missing in this line when compared with the corresponding line in the other three stanzas. The line may read: *For you shall mine, when yours doth hence depart.*

IV. This poem, as set out here, follows a very clearly marked rhythm in Dowland's music. And in this form the three stanzas are exactly symmetrical, so that there is no difficulty or irregularity in setting the last two to the music of the first. Yet it may be doubted whether the poem in its original form followed these lines. It may have stood somewhat as follows:

Love, those beams that all day breed  
 Breed and feed this burning,  
 Love, I quench with floods of tears  
 Nightly tears and mourning.  
 But, alas, tears cool this fire in vain,  
 The more I quench the more there doth remain.

I'll go to the woods alone  
 And make my moan, O cruel.  
 For I am of my life bereaved  
 And deceived, my jewel.  
 O, but in the woods though Love be blind  
 He hath his spies my secret haunts to find.

Love, then I must to thy might  
 Yield, and spite oppressed  
 Since I see my wrongs, woe's me,  
 Cannot be redressed.  
 Come at last be friendly, Love, to me,  
 And let me not endure this misery.

VI. line 20. The song-book has *but none knows how*. There can be little doubt that the words of this line have become transposed. For there is an exact symmetry in the two stanzas as regards the rhyming words.

VIII. line 8. *debt*: sc. *binding*, in the sense of being *legally owing*.

IX. line 13. *amate*: sc. *dismay*, *dishearten*. This verb became obsolete in the eighteenth century. It was, however, used by Keats (*Rem.* I. 12 (1848)), 'A half-blown flow'ret which cold blasts amate'.

X. Inscribed by Dowland 'To my loving Countryman Mr. John Forster the younger, Merchant of Dublin in Ireland'. Dowland was an Irishman and connected with the Forster family.

line 16. *beseeks*. An obsolete form of the verb *beseech*.

XIII. Set also by Byrd (1588 Set, No. 30) and by John Milton, the poet's father, in Leighton's *Tears or Lamentations*, No. 50.

xvii. line 25. *amated*: sc. *disappointed*. See Note on No. 9.

xviii. Printed in *England's Helicon* with some variation of text (Collier's Reprint, p. 141). The second line, as set out with the music in the song-book, has a syllable too many. It is suggested that the word *was* was inserted before *my heart* by the composer.

xx. line 16. *cates*: sc. *delicacies*, more usually applied to food.



### *Robert Dowland's Musical Banquet*

This collection includes the work of various composers, whose names, together with those of the authors of the verses, were given in each instance at the beginning of the song. In the present edition the composer's name is printed at the beginning of each poem, and the author's at the end. The author of Nos. 3, 9, and 10, and the composer of Nos. 4 and 5 are unknown. The French, Spanish, and Italian sections of this volume are not reprinted here.

i. The reconstruction of the latter part must be left in some uncertainty.

ii. From the Rawlinson MS. 85, fol. 126, and printed in Grosart's *Essex*, p. 92, with several differences from Dowland's text.

line 30. *vilde*. An obsolete variant of *vile*.

iii. Robert Hales, the composer of this song, is described as 'Groome of hir Maiesties Privie Chamber'. Nothing else is known of him, but it is just possible that he was identical with the Hales who sang at the Tilt-yard, Westminster, November 17, 1590 (see Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. iii, p. 197).

iv. The ninth song in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*. There are some textual differences as compared with the 1598 edition, notably in stanza 4, which in that edition reads:

Stella, fiercest shepherdess,  
Fiercest, but yet fairest ever;  
Stella, whom, O heavens, do bless.

It was also set by Byrd (1589 Set, No. 33), and a comparison with his text is interesting.

line 24. *to us*. Printed *ewes* in the 1598 edition of Sidney (p. 558) and *by us* in *England's Helicon* (Collier's Reprint, p. 17).

line 28. *must*. Printed *Muse* in the song-book. This is an interesting error typical of many in the song-books of both classes, because, with the object of attempting to make sense of the passage, the word *Muse* is printed in brackets.

line 46. The word *dear* before *flock* has been omitted in Dowland's version.

line 49. *blaying*: sc. *bleating*.

v. The first four and the final stanza of the tenth song in *Astrophel and Stella*. See p. 57 for a version in Byrd.

line 11. *joys*. By a printer's error this word was omitted in the original song-book.

line 29. *received*. This word has at least two variants. In the 1598 edition *revived* is given. In the text used by Ward, who set the final stanza as a madrigal (No. 8), the word is *revived*, which seems to be the best reading. Grosart (vol. i, p. 99) reads *ruined*.

VI. Daniel Batchelar, the composer of this song, held a similar Court appointment to Hales. See Grosart's edition of Essex's poems, p. 96.

VII. The first seventeen and the final stanza of the eighth song in *Astrophel and Stella*.

Tesseir's name without any initial, is printed as the composer ; nothing at all is known about him.

VIII. Sir Henry Lea, whose name appears in the song-book as the author of this poem, is, no doubt, to be identified with the Sir Henry Lee who was Master of the Ordnance and a Knight of the Garter. He was a nephew of Sir Thomas Wyatt. Lee was accepted by Queen Elizabeth as her Champion, and he became president of a society of Knights Tilters. He resigned the office of Queen's Champion in 1590, and on this occasion probably spoke the 'supplication of an old knight' printed in Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth* (iii. 197), and set to music by John Dowland (Bk. I, No. 18). These facts bear with a good deal of interest on the poem in Dowland's *Musical Banquet*.

line 14. *denaid*. The verb *denay* is an obsolete variant of *deny*.

IX. Set also with considerable variation of the text by Wilbye (Set I, No. 18).

Nos. XI-XIII are French airs.

Nos. XIV-XVI are Spanish airs.

Nos. XVII-XX are Italian airs.



### *Ferrabosco's Airs*

Ferrabosco belonged to a family of Italian musicians who were for several generations settled in England, and he is said to have been born at Greenwich. He was son of Alphonso Ferrabosco, who enjoyed a high reputation in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The younger Ferrabosco's *Book of Airs* may therefore reasonably be included in the present volume, especially as the verses which he set to music are of the purest English origin.

I. The first four and last two lines of a sonnet printed in the *Phoenix' Nest* (Collier's Reprint, p. 90). Ferrabosco's version, which shortens lines 1 and 3, affords a good example of the free manner in which composers occasionally treated the words of their songs ; he evidently felt himself in no way bound to preserve the measure of even so strict a form of poetry as the sonnet.

The sonnet is sometimes ascribed to Raleigh.

II. In the British Museum copy of this song-book a second stanza has been written in an eighteenth-century hand with the words 'added from an Anc' MS':

Beauty and Love die even as they were born ;

Time is their foe, the weakest sex their guard.

Ambitious ends, Death's power or Fortune's scorn

Like timeless fruit withers without reward.

Come then obey this summons, come away

For here vain hopes must serve you for your pay.

III. From Ben Jonson's *Masque of Blackness*.

v. The opening line is identical with that of a poem by Sir Walter Raleigh, but the rest of the verse is entirely different (see Hersey's edition of Raleigh's works, p. 9).

VI. From Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, Act III, Sc. 7, and printed also in *The Forest*.

VIII. Set also by Campian, the author of the poem (Bk. IV, No. 9). The printer's error in the second stanza in Campian's book can be corrected from Ferrabosco's text.

line 25. *gull*: sc. *booby*.

XI. The fifth stanza of the Epithalamion at the conclusion of Ben Jonson's *Masque at Lord Haddington's Marriage*.

XII-XIV. Apparently written as a compliment to Henry, Prince of Wales, on whose staff of musicians Ferrabosco held an important position.

XVI. line 2. *diseased*: sc. *ill at ease, troubled*.

XVII. Set also, with one more stanza, by Jones (*Ultimum Vale*, No. 4). The first stanza alone was set as a madrigal by Lichfield (No. 2).

XVIII-XX. From Ben Jonson's *Masque of Beauty*.

XXI. From the *Masque of Beauty*.

XXII. From the *Masque of Beauty*.

XXIII. From Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*. The reference is to Queen Anne, consort of James I.



### *Ford's Music of Sundry Kinds*

II. line 9. *'chill*: sc. *I will*; from the mediaeval English *ich* which was still used for *I* in the South in the sixteenth century, especially when conjoined with *have, am, will, &c.*, in the forms *'chave, 'cham, and 'chill*.

line 15. *salveless*: sc. *that cannot be healed*.

IV. Printed between Nos. 39 and 40 of Lodge's *Phillis Sonnets*, and also in the *Phoenix' Nest*, where it is signed 'T. L. gent' (Collier's Reprint, p. 73).

VII. lines 5 and 10. *you*. The song-book has *you*, but it would seem that either *ye* or *thee* was the original reading.

XI. line 5. *nill*: sc. *will not*.

The rest of the music in Ford's book is instrumental.



### *Greaves's Songs of Sundry Kinds*

This somewhat miscellaneous Set is included here because the larger portion of the book contains songs with lute accompaniment. The last six numbers are madrigals, but they are printed here rather than with the works of the madrigal composers so that the words as a complete Set might be kept together. Cf. Cavendish's Set.

- III. Set as a madrigal by Pilkington (Set II, No. 5).  
 XVI. A song of welcome to King James I.  
 XXI. The *fa-la* refrain in this ballet is here omitted.



### *Hume's Musical Humours*

Hume's two volumes consist almost entirely of instrumental pieces. The songs are for the most part of a convivial character.

I. This song bears some points of resemblance to Clément Jannequin's *La Bataille de Marignan*.

III. Compare the tobacco songs in Ravenscroft's *Brief Discourse*, and in Weelkes's *Airs or Fantastic Spirits*.

CXIII. Set to music again by Hume in his *Poetical Music*, No. 14.

CXIV. Written apparently in the form of a mock Litany. The composer gives special directions for making the instruments represent an organ accompaniment.



### *Hume's Poetical Music*

I. line 11. *eternished*. An obsolete word meaning *made eternal* or *perpetual*.

XIV. Another setting by Hume of the words 'What greater grief', see No. 113 of his *Musical Humours*.

No. xv of this Set is another example of the opening words alone being printed in the music-book. Rimbault, in his notice of Hume's *Poetical Music* in *Bibliotheca Madrigaliana*, implied that this song was set out to words in full. It has been conjectured that the opening words of this song, *Sweet music*, refer to a poem by Edmund Bolton, beginning :

Sweet music sweeter far  
 Than any song is sweet.



### *Jones's First Book of Airs*

VI. line 5. *thy*. Printed *this* in all four voice-parts, but *thy* in both the other stanzas.

VIII. line 29. *owlets'*. Spelt *howlets* in the original song-book, as usually at that period.

XI. line 1. *women*. Spelt *weemen* in the original edition, with the object of emphasizing the play on the words. Cf. Greaves, No. 11.  
 line 8. *hallow*. An obsolete dialectical form of *hollow*.

XII. The words of this song are quoted by Shakespeare in *Twelfth Night*, Act II, Sc. 3.

line 5. *moe* : sc. *more*.

xvii. line 12. *To be shent*: originally, to be put to shame, be disgraced; hence, to suffer for one's deeds.

xx. line 13. *cheer*. The use of this word is here ambiguous. It may either be taken in the more usual sense of *cheerfulness* or with the obsolete meaning of *countenance* or *aspect* as derived from Old French *chere*. Cf. Byrd's 1588 Set, No. 12, line 4.



## *Jones's Second Book of Airs*

ii. The first stanza was printed among the poems of 'Sundry other Noblemen and Gentlemen' in the 1591 edition of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*.

v. line 15. *push*. The original reading, which would fit with the rhyme, was probably the alternative form of this exclamation, *push* or possibly *tush*.

vi. line 24. *mum*. This obsolete verb used intransitively means to make an inarticulate sound with closed lips indicating inability to speak; hence to *keep silence*.

vii. line 3. *ne'er the near*. See note on Dowland, Bk. III, No. 13.

ix. Printed in *England's Helicon* with the signature S. W. R., and usually attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh (see also Harl. MS. 280, fol. 99). There are many variants in the text as compared with that of Jones (see Collier's Reprint, p. 96).

A version printed in the *Phoenix' Nest* (Collier's Reprint, p. 115) is much nearer to Jones's text.

line 1. *England's Helicon* version begins 'Shepherd what 's love'.

line 4. *sauncing bell*. Another form of *saunce-* or *sanctus-bell*.

line 28. *moe*: sc. *many*.

x. line 2. *cowherds*: sc. *cowards*. Cf. Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Bk. VI, c. vi. 26, 'That craven cowherd knight'.

xi. From Sidney's *Arcadia* (1598 edition, p. 166). See also Grosart's *Sidney*, vol. ii, p. 65.

line 8. *flamy*: sc. *flame-like*.

xii. line 1. This line is the same as the first line of Bartlet's Set, Nos. 17-18, but the rest of the poem is different.

line 6. *depart*. The original reading is *be gone*, which, judging from the rhyme, is evidently a scribal error of which many similar examples occur in these song-books; e. g. Jones's Madrigal Set, No. 21, line 1, where the cantus-part has *fly* in place of the rhyming word *haste*, which is correctly given in the bassus-part.

xiii. line 4. *nill*. A contracted form of *ne will*, meaning *will not*.

xiv. line 13. *true*. The original edition reads *fair*; the emendation makes better sense in addition to conforming to the rhyme.

xvii. line 8. *sable*. Used here with the obsolete meaning, *darkness*.

line 12. *Is*. Misprinted *It* in the original edition.

line 21. *moe*: sc. *the majority*.

xviii. line 10. *melt*. Misprinted *meet* in the original edition.

*Jones's Ultimum Vale*

I. Mr. Vivian suggests that Campian was the author of this lyric; see Vivian's *Campion*, p. 247.

II. Also set by Corkine (Book I, No. 9) and Pilkington in his Lute Set (No. 18). See Note on Corkine, Book I, No. 9.

III. line 11. *franzzy*. An obsolete variant form of *frenzy*.

IV. Also set by Ferrabosco (No. 17); and the first stanza as a madrigal by Lichfield (No. 2).

line 8. *threw*: the song-book reads *drew*.

V. The last four lines of each stanza of this poem might well be set out in eight short lines following the rhymes. The *fa-la* refrain of the song-book is here omitted.

VI. Printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 67).

VIII. A song in a 'Lottery' presented to Queen Elizabeth in 1601 at York House, the residence of the Lord Keeper Egerton (see Grosart's *Poems of Sir John Davies*, p. 290). The stage direction at the York House entertainment was 'A Marriner with a box under his arme, containing all the severall things following, supposed to come from the Carricke, came into the presence singing this song'. The refrain in the song was cited as 'an olde saying' when introduced into the Queen's entertainment at Cowdray in 1591 (see Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. ii).

IX. These words by Campian were also set to music by the author (No. 14 of the Set produced with Rosseter). They were printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 178).

X. Set also by the author in his *Fourth Book of Airs* (No. 7), and as a madrigal by Alison (Nos. 19-21).

XI. Printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 109), with the signature A. W.

XIII. Printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 126).

XV. line 24. This line is translated from Seneca (*Thyestes*):

qui, notus nimis omnibus,  
ignotus moritur sibi.

XVI. Printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 133). Also set by Peerson (First Set, No. 4).

XVII. Also set by the author (Campian's Third Book, No. 2), and by Pilkington (Lute Set, No. 8). The three versions show considerable variety of text.

XVIII. Printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 152), and also set by Peerson (First Set, No. 8).  
line 1. *first*. The other versions of this lyric read *just*.

XIX. Printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 87), and also set by Peerson (First Set, No. 9).

XX. Printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 116).

### Jones's Musical Dream

i. Also set by Campian (Bk. II, No. 16).

iii. line 3. *piercing*. Some of the voice-parts read *smiling*, the others *piercing*.

iv. line 7. *'chill*: sc. *I will*. See note on Ford, No. 2, line 9.

v. A line is apparently missing after line 19 in the song-book.

vi. The *fa-la* refrain in this song is here omitted.

x. line 10. *absence*. The *b* was omitted in the original edition.

xiii. line 3. *It*. Misprinted *Yet* in the original edition.

xv. line 1. *indrenched*: sc. *immersed*, so here *imprisoned*.  
line 2. *limed*: sc. *smeared with bird-lime*.



### Jones's Muses' Garden

iii. line 4. *angles*. Printed *angels* in the original edition.

line 16. *fare*. Possibly used here with the obsolete meaning of *die* or *perish*.

xiii. The various musical terms employed in this poem call for no detailed explanation.

line 4. *fiddle*. A term formerly applied to all instruments of the viol kind, though now unfortunately only employed in familiar and contemptuous use, and limited to the violin. The origin of the word is obscure, but it may be derived from the mediaeval Latin *vitula* or *vidula*, from which *viol* is certainly derived.

xiv. line 12. *coll'd*: sc. *embraced*.

xv. line 4. *a-featured*. The song-book reads *afraid*.

xvii. The *fa-la* refrain, in this case expanded into 'Fa la la lere deri dan', and occurring after the fourth line of each stanza, is omitted in the present edition.

line 26. *solly*. A variant of *selly*, sc. a *marvel*; used here no doubt as a term of endearment.

xix. line 12. *lock*. The song-book reads *look*.

xx. line 14. *cureless*: sc. *incurable*.

xxi. line 20. *bank-route*: sc. *bankrupt*.

line 21. *Lazar-like*: sc. *like Lazarus* at the gate of Dives.



### Mason and Earsden's Airs

Nothing is known about either of these two composers. The songs are included here, although, having regard to their purpose, they are necessarily of a cruder and lighter type than the songs of the lutenists as a general rule. Mr. Vivian attributes the authorship of these songs to Campian; he admits that they are inferior



to Campian's best work, but states that they exhibit similarities of style.

vi. line 16. *jet*. An obsolete verb meaning to *caper*, to *trip*. Cf. Nash's *Pierce Penilesse* (ed. 2, p. 106), 'Mistress Minx . . . jets it as gingerly as if she were dancing the Canaries'.

viii. lines 22 and 23. *posterity*. The repetition of this word has all the appearance of a misprint; in line 22 the correct reading may be *prosperity*.



### Maynard's Twelve Wonders

This is another set of songs of the less serious kind. The words of the entire Set are by Sir John Davies (see Grosart's edition of that poet's works, p. 266). The songs are followed in Maynard's volume by a number of lessons for the lute.



### Pilkington's Airs

iii. line 10. *he breathes*: *she* in the original appears to be a misprint.

v. The second stanza was also set by Pilkington as a madrigal (First Set, No. 4), with the substitution of *Stay nymph for Fear not* as the opening words. The first stanza was set by Bateson (First Set, No. 7).

viii. Set also by Campian (Bk. III, No. 2), and by Jones (*Ultimum Vale*, No. 17). The text varies in each case.

line 14. *proves*: the song-book reads *prove*.

ix. line 4. *mourne*. The meaning of this word, as used here, is obscure, and it is probable that the text is corrupt.

line 7. *kindness*. The song-book reads *unkindness*.

x. Nothing is known of William Harwood, the subject of this elegy.

xiii. This song bears the dedication, 'Inscribed to his loving friend M. Holder M. of Arts'.

line 4. Possibly the text of this line is corrupt.

xiv. A line appears to be missing in the original text after line 4 of the second stanza.

xv. line 13. *frid* is perhaps a misreading of *frie*.

xvi. Printed in *England's Helicon* (Collier's Reprint, p. 69). Lodge's words compare very closely with the poem, 'Hey down a down did Dian sing', also printed in *England's Helicon* (Collier, p. 140) and subscribed *Ignoto*.

xvii. Printed in *England's Helicon* and subscribed H. C. (Collier's Reprint, p. 111).

xviii. Also set by Jones (*Ultimum Vale*, No. 2) and by Corkine (First Book, No. 9). Munday's lyric was printed in *England's Helicon* with the signature *The Shepheard Tonie* (Collier's Reprint, p. 32). Pilkington alone adds 'Hey nonny no, nonny nonny'.

xix. line 5. *descant*. A technical musical term used here for *combined melody* as contrasted with *harmony* in line 3.

line 5. *secluse*. A rare use of this word as a substantive meaning *a secluded place*.

line 18. *attone*. The spelling belongs strictly to the word *atone*, but the meaning is that of *attune*.

xx. Printed in *England's Helicon* (Collier's Reprint, p. 54). Pilkington has varied Watson's text in some small details, but noticeably in substituting *King* for *Queen* in the refrain. This refrain was also used in Byrd's two settings of 'This sweet and merry month of May' (1611 Set, No. 9, and see note). The song was first printed in the *Queen's Entertainment at Elvetham* in 1591, when it was 'sung by the Graces and Howres at hir maiesties first arrivall'. The refrain on that occasion gave 'O beauteous Queen of second Troy'.

xxi. Thomas Leighton, the subject of this elegy, belonged no doubt to the old Shropshire family of that name, another member of which was Sir William Leighton, the composer and poet, and editor of the volume entitled *Tears or Lamentacions of a Sorrowfull Soule*, published in 1614.

line 12. *dreariments*. A Spenserian irregular formation from *dreary*, similar to *merriment* from *merry*. Cf. *The Shepherd's Calendar*, November Eclogue: 'Sing of sorrow and death's dreariment.'



### *Porter's Madrigals and Airs*

The compositions in this collection cannot, in any strict sense, be described as madrigals, since they are all intended for performance with instrumental accompaniment. They also differ in many respects from the airs of the lutenist composers. Yet the Set does in a sense belong to the series with which the present volume is treating; and the presence of lutes among the instruments named by the composer suggests its inclusion among the lutenists' Sets rather than among those of the pure madrigalists.

III. The first two stanzas of a short poem by Thomas Carew. Printed in Chalmers's *British Poets*, vol. v, p. 595.

vii. line 6. *whiles*: printed *whilst* in the song-book.

xvii. Printed in Chalmers's *British Poets*, vol. v, p. 592.

xix. An early copy of this song is in the Ashmole MS. 38, No. 188.

xxvii. The opening lines compare very closely with Francis Davison's 'Madrigal' printed in his *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 72):

Like to the seely fly  
To the dear light I fly  
Of your disdainful eyes,  
But in a diverse wise;

She with the flame doth play  
By night alone; and I by night and day.

And Davison's final line runs:

But I my burning and my death foresee.

xxviii. Lady Arabella Stewart, the subject of this elegy, died 17 years before Porter published his volume. It is unlikely that any elegy would have been composed long after the date of death, and from this it may be assumed that these musicians were in the habit of publishing in their collections compositions that may have accumulated during many years. The inclusion by Byrd in his 1611 Set of 'This sweet and merry month of May,' which was certainly written before the year 1590, points to the same conclusion.



## Rosseter's Book of Airs

### PART I

All the poems as well as the music in the first part of this book are attributed to Campian.

i. Mr. Bullen states that this lyric is suggested by and partly translated from the 'Vivamus mea Lesbia atque amemus' of Catullus. Compare the version of the words set by Corkine (Bk. II, No. 11).

ii. line 8. *stubs*. The thick short stock of a tree left when the rest is cut off.

iv. line 20. *proved*: 'sc. *approved*.

vi. Also set as a madrigal by Jones (Nos. 16 and 17), and printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 179).

vii. Mr. Vivian has a note admiring the ingenuity of Mr. Quiller-Couch's arrangement of this song. The arrangement in the present edition was made from the original text without any reference to the arrangements either of Mr. Bullen, Mr. Quiller-Couch, or Mr. Vivian; and, although it coincides with the latter, the present Editor is unable to recognize any claim to special ingenuity in carrying out so simple and straightforward a task.

line 19. *changing*. Mr. Bullen suggests the emendation *swerving*. It is evident that the original rhyming word in this couplet has been replaced, as is so frequently found in these song-books, but it seems more probable that *changing* should be retained and that the word *observing* is corrupt.

viii. line 12. *dump*. A word of obscure origin, here used to mean a fit of *abstraction* or *musings*.

xii. Also set as a madrigal by Vautor (Nos. 13 and 14). This poem has erroneously been attributed both to Donne and to Sylvester (see note in Grosart's *Sylvester*, i, p. xxvii). Mr. Bullen points out that there are two other versions given as early as *circa* 1596 in Harl. MS. 6910, fol. 150.

xiv. Printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 178).

xvi. Compare Campian's Fourth Book, No. 22.

xvii. Compare Campian's Fourth Book, No. 23, and see note on that poem.

xviii. Set again by Campian in his *First Book of Airs* (No. 2), and as a madrigal by Alison (Nos. 1-2). It is interesting to observe that the two versions used by the poet himself show considerable variety of text.

xix. This song was among the poems of 'Sundrie other Noblemen and Gentlemen', printed at the end of the surreptitious edition of Sidney's *Arcadia* in 1591. The second line of each stanza should perhaps be set out in two short lines:—

The fairy queen  
Proserpine

xx. Mr. Bullen mentions that this poem is an imitation of Propertius (ii. 28).

xxi. This poem was referred to by Campian in his address 'To the Reader' at the beginning of this volume as follows: 'The lyric poets among the Greeks and Latins were first inventors of airs, tying themselves strictly to the number and value of their syllables: of which sort you shall find here, only one song in Sapphic verse: the rest are after the fashion of the time, ear-pleasing rhymes, without art.'



## Rosseter's Book of Airs

### PART II

The poems in this Set are also generally accepted as the work of Thomas Campian, but the music is by Rosseter.

ii. Printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (Collier's Reprint, p. 177).

v. Part of the last line is indecipherable in the British Museum copy, owing to a printing accident. The last six words are supplied here from Mr. Vivian's edition (see Vivian's *Campion's Works*, pp. 22 and 358). Mr. Vivian was fortunate enough, after a long search, to find another copy of this very rare book in which the fault had not occurred. The copy of Rosseter's *Book of Airs*, until recently belonging to Mr. Christie-Miller, does not contain Part II.

xvi. line 7. *cherubins*. It has not been thought advisable to substitute the more grammatical *cherubim* for the poet's text,





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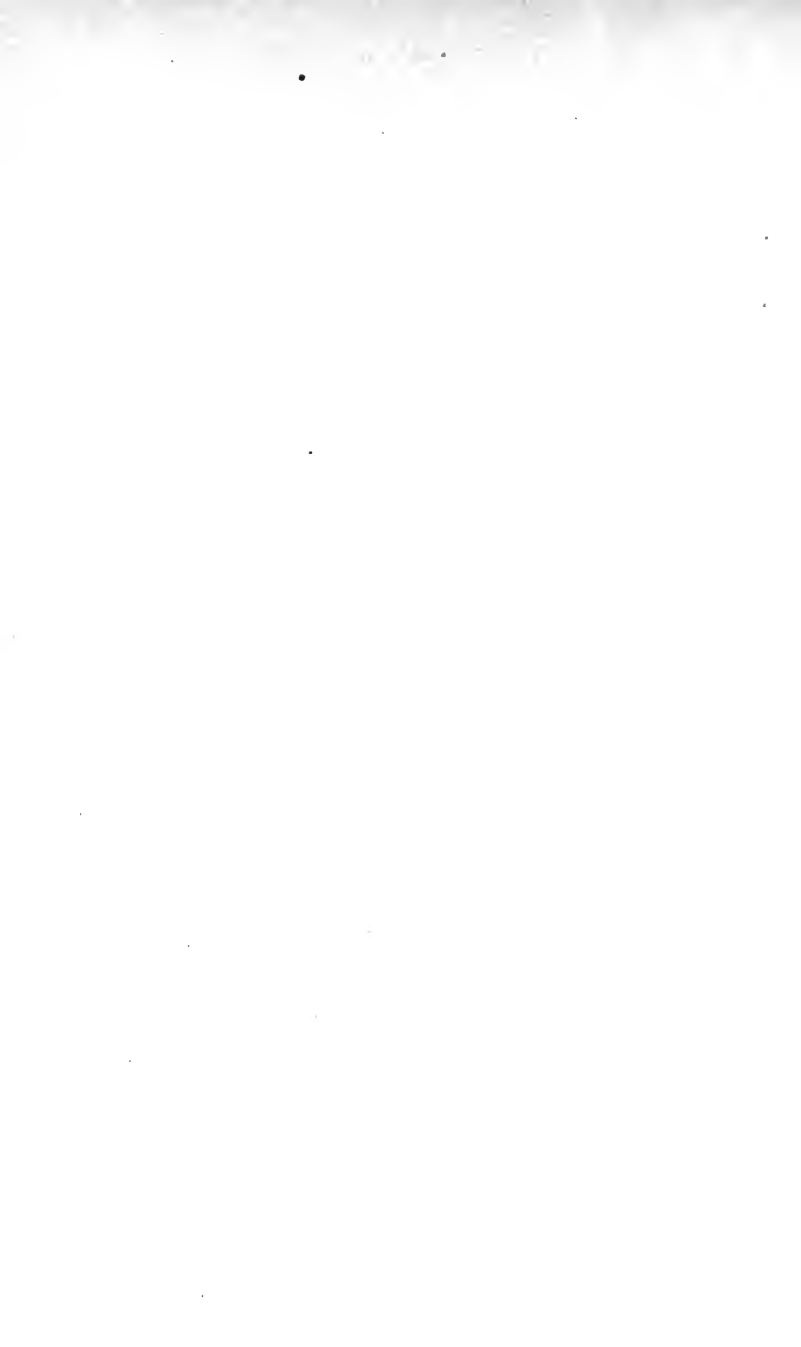
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