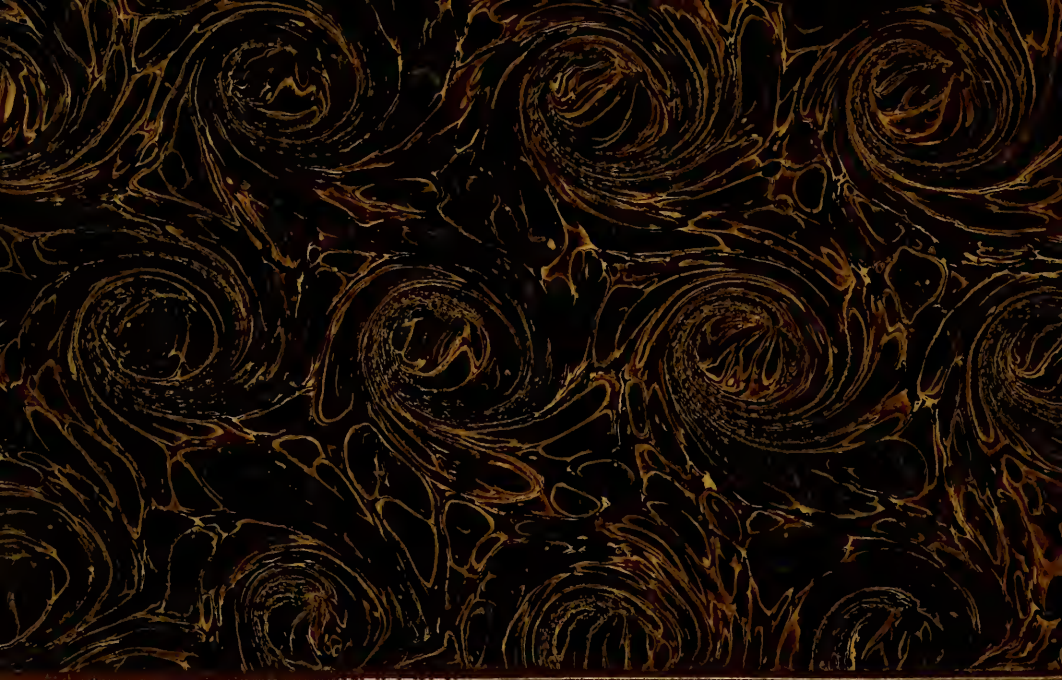
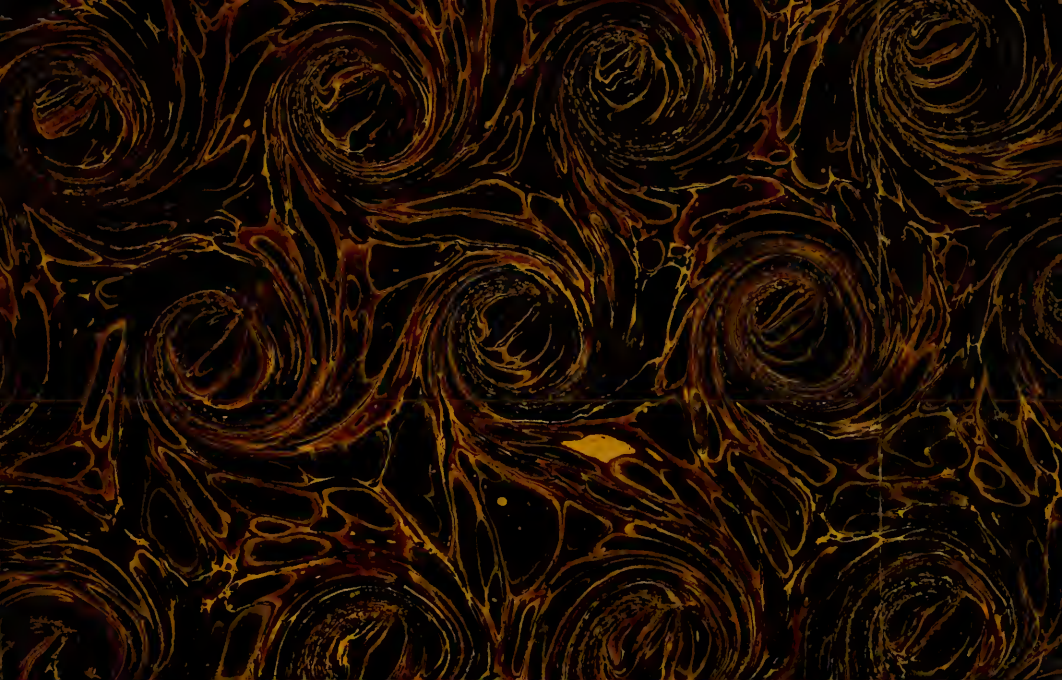




Inglis 37

4455765

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
National Library of Scotland

http://www.archive.org/details/musicksdelighton00ingl

Edmond F Rimbault

Organist of the

Eglise Suisse 1838

Musick's Delight
ON THE
CITHREN,

Restored and Refined to a more Easie and Pleasant Manner of Playing than formerly; And set forth with Lessons *Al a Mode*, being the Choicest of our late new *Ayres*, *Corants*, *Sarabands*, *Tunes*, and *Jiggs*.

To which is added several New Songs and Ayres to Sing to the Cithren.

By *John Playford* Philo-Musicæ.

London, Printed by *W. G.* and are sold by *J. Playford* at his Shop in the *Temple*. 1666.

Musick's Delight

ON THE

CITHREN,

Restored and Refined to a more Easie and Pleasant
Strain of Playing than formerly; And Fitted with
Lessons, Ballads, being the Choicest of our late new Ayres,
Corrants, Aumentas, Toans, and Jigs.

By John Playford Philo-Musick.

[illegible]

The PREFACE.

T is observed that of late years all Solemn *and* Grave Musick *is much laid aside, being esteemed too heavy and dull for the light Heels and Brains of this Nimble and wanton Age; Nor is* any Musick *rendred acceptable, or esteemed by many, but what is presented by Forreigners; Not a City Dame though a* Tap-wife, *but is ambitious to have her Daughters Taught by Mounsieur La* Novo Kicksha wibus *on the* Cittar, *which Instrument is but a new (old one) used in* London *in the time of* Q. Mary, *as appears by a Book Printed in English of Instructions and Lessons for the same, about the beginning of Qu.* Elizabeths *Reign, being not much different from the* Cithren, *only that was strung with* Gut-strings, *this with* Wyre, *which was accounted the more sprightly and Cheerful* Musick, *and was in more esteem*

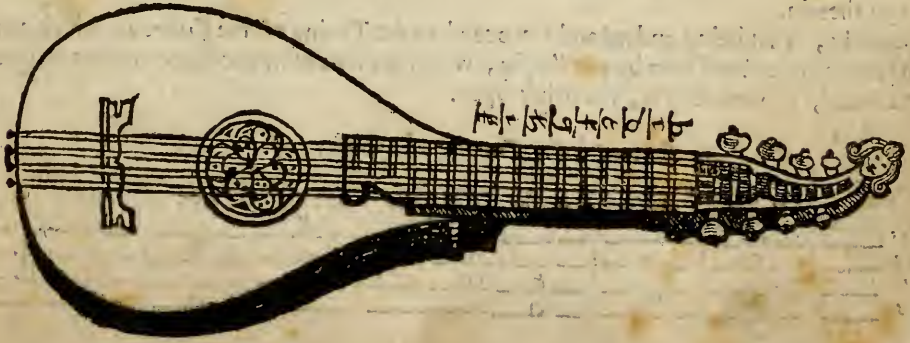
till

(till of late years) then the Gittar: Therefore to revive and restore this Harmonious Instrument, I have adventured to publish this little Book of Instructions and Lessons, making it my design and study to be useful for the practice of young Beginners, by a more plain and easie method then has been heretofore published, Omitting all those difficult full Stops which former Lessons were stuft with, whereby the Tune intended was quite lost, the Ear and Patience of the Practitioner Confounded; (yet to its old Tuning;) The Tunes herein are most of them New, and set after the manner of the Gittar way of Playing, which I hope will render it the more acceptable among our young Gallants, for whose delight is also added some short Ayres and Songs to sing to the Cithren, as a Taste of what may be done on the same; All which if it prove useful to any, I have the end of my Expectation, and remain a Well-wisher to all Lovers and Practitioners of Musick.

John Playford.

Brief Instructions to the Playing on the Cithren.

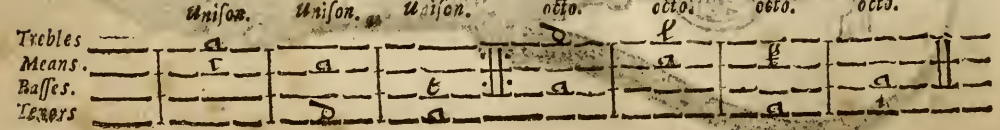
THE *Cithren* is strung with eight Wyre Strings, which are divided into four Course, two in a Course, Each Course hath his distinction and name according to the *four* several Parts of *Musick*: the first Course or smallest strings are called *Trebles*, the second *Means*, the third (which are usual of twisted Wyre) *Basses*, the fourth *Tenors*: the four double Courses do allude to the four single Rules or Lines on which all Lessons are written.



By this Example also is demonstrated the several *Frets* or *Stops* made on the Neck of the *Cithren*, and the Alphabetical Letters as they are assigned to each Fret or Stop, the Letter a omitted, that being set where the String is struck open and not stop'd, these several Letters in your Lessons you will find variously placed on the several Lines on which places and Strings you are to strike; the first *Preludium* or *Lesson* of this Book will lead your fingers to the Ascending and Descending of usual Notes on the *Cithren*, and your next being the *Changes on the Bells*, your Ear will guide your Hand, which by a little practice will perfect you therein.

Secondly, That being understood I proceed to the Tuning of the *Cithren*, which cannot be easier understood then by the *Unison*, which is to make two or more Strings to agree in one Sound, the one stop'd, the other open.

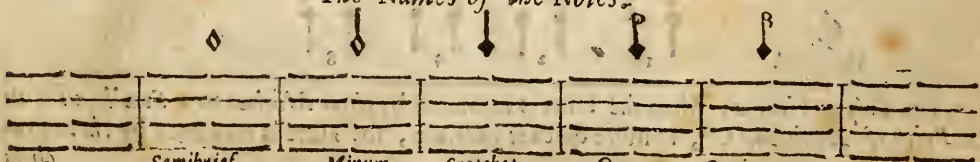
Example for Tuning the Cithren.



Begin first with the *Treble* winding up one of them as high as it will bear and not break, then wind up his Fellow, and make them two agree in Sound or Unison both alike; that done, turn up one of your *Means* and stop it in (ꝛ) and Tune it to agree in Unison or Sound with your *Trebles*, then Tune his Fellow to him: Next, Tune the *Tenors* in the same manner stopping them in (ɔ) and make them to agree in one Sound with your *Means*, last Tune your *Basses* as you did the other, stopping them in (ꝛ) to agree in Sound with your *Tenors*, by this Rule your *Cithren* will be in perfect Tune, which for the proof thereof, strike the *Octo's* of each string as is set in the former Example.

Thirdly, The next Rule you are to understand, The proportion of *Time* or *Measure*, which is expressed by several Notes or Characters which are placed over the *Tableture* or several Letters of your Lessons, there are 8 several Notes used in *Musick*, but 5 are only in the Lessons to the *Cithren* which are these,

The Names of the Notes.

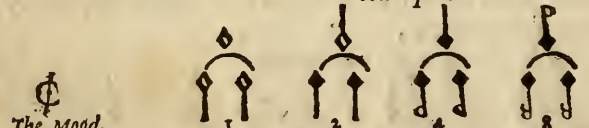


These five *Notes* are variously placed on the several Stops or Letters for the continuing of *Sounds* long or short, and are divided into two *Measures* or *proportions* the one called the *Semibrief* or *Common-Time*; the other *Tripla*; and are distinguished by two several Moods, one of which is usual put at the beginning of the Lesson.

The *Common-Time* Mood is thus marked ¢ The *Tripla* thus 3

The *Semibreve* or *Common-Time* is, when all Notes double their proportions by two to the *Semibreve*; that is, two *Minims* to the *Semibreve*, two *Crotchets* to the *Minim*, &c.

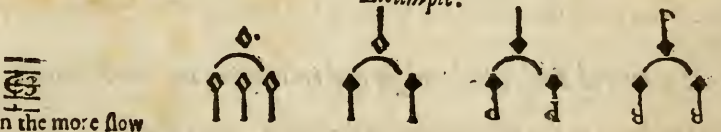
Example.



The *Tripla-Time* is, when the Time is measured by *three Minims* to a *Semibreve* with a *Prick of Addition*. Or, in more quicker Measure, the Time is measured by *three Crotchets*

chets to a *Minim* with a *Prick of Addition*, which *Prick* added to the *Semibreve*, or to a *Minim*, make his measure half so much longer then he was before: the *Semibreve* which was but two *Minims* is then three, and the *Minim* which was but 2 *Crochets* is then three *Crochets*.

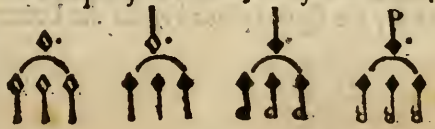
Example.



The *Mood* in the more slow *Tripla Time.*

The *Mood* in the more quicker *Tripla Time.*

Example of the Measure of the Prick Notes.



Those who desire a more full and large Accompt of the Notes, their Measures and Proportion, I Refer them to that Book of my *Introduction to the Skill of Musick*, lately printed *pag.* 22. But this observe in the Time or Notes set over your Lessons where you have a Note placed over a Letter, and more Letters follow with no Notes over them, those Letters are to be plaid to that Notes Measure till another of the contrary appear.

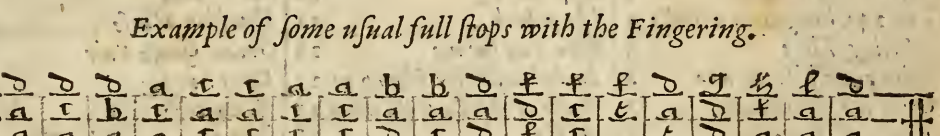
Some General Rules to be observed in Playing on the Cithren.

1. For your left hand in the right fingering the Stops, ever where you leave a Fret or Stop there to leave a finger; For Example, If your first Letter be (d) stop it with the third finger, then your first and second finger will be ready for (b & c) if they happen to follow: But when you have many Letters which run down to (e or f) there shift your first finger again to (f) the rest will follow with more ease.

For the true fingering or stopping of the full stops observe the four fingers on the left hand are thus accompted, the finger next the Thumb is the first, in order to the little finger the fourth; In this Example mark, the figures placed under the Letters are assigned to the Letters as they stand in order.

Example

Example of some usual full stops with the Fingering.



2. For your right hand, rest only your little finger on the belly of your *Cithren*, and so with your Thumb and first finger and sometimes the second strike your strings, as is used on the *Gittar*; that old Fashion of playing with a quil is not good, and therefore my advice is to lay it aside; and be sure you keep your Nails short on the right hand.

3. To strive to stop clear; Which to do, be sure not to stop short of the Fret, nor just upon it, but with the end of the finger as neer the Fret as you can, and the harder the better.

Thus leaving these few Rules to your Memory and Practice in the following Lessons, which I hope will merit your kind Acceptance, and be a further Encouragement to do you more Service in this Nature.

J. P.

A TABLE of the Lessons contained in this Book.

A short Preludium	1	*Step Stately*	20	*The Broom*	37
The 24 Changes on 6 Bells	1	*The Whisk*	21	*Hunsdon House*	38
Maying Time	3	*Blew Cap for me*	22	*Green-Goose Fair*	39
John come kiss me now	4	*Lady Banburies Hornpipe*	23	*Lady Spellor*	39
Over the Mountains	5	*Have at thy Coat old Wom.*	24	*Grimstock*	40
Light of Love	6	*A Jig*	24	*The Fryar and the Nun*	41
A la mode de France	7	*Thomas I cannot*	25	*Health to Betty*	42
What you please	8	*None shall plunder but I*	26	*Greenwood*	42
A Round	9	*Mardike*	27	*I have lost my love and I*	43
A Jigg	10	*The King's March*	28	*Upon a Summers day*	44
Wilsons Wild	11	*The King enjoyes his own*	29	*Vive la Roy*	45
The Hunt is up	12	*Duke of York's March*	30	*The Cyprus Grove*	45
Trip and goe	13	*Leshley's March*	31	*The Lady Nevils delight*	46
Porters Rant	14	*Bow Pells*	32	*Ay me or the Symphony*	47
Glory of the West	15	*Tom a Bedlam*	33	*The new Gavot*	48
Glory of the North	16	*Chirping of the Nighting*	34	*Willoby's Rant*	48
Maiden Fair	17	*The Spanish Gipsies*	35	*Singleton's Slip*	49
The Kings delight	18	*Bobing Joe*	35	*The Queens delight*	50
Parthenia	19	*A Symphony*	36		

Amarillis

A Table of the Lessons contained in this Book.

Amarillis	51
On the cold ground	52
New Mutar	53
New Marinet	54
The Running Boree	54
The Apes Dance	55
A Fassingalia	56
The new Figgary	57
The Hobby Horse Dance	58
Drive the cold winter away	59
La Cukeley a new dance	60
The Lady Savills delight	61
New Galliardo	62
The Healths	62
The Kings Boree	63
Rosalyna	64
A Saraband	64
Macbeth a Figg	65
The Highlanders March	66
Montrose's *March*	67
A Gavot	68
An Ayre by M. L.	69
A Saraband by M. L.	70
Saraband La Chamboneer	71
The Golden Grove	72
Coranto Mr. Will. Lawes	73
Symphony S. I.	74
Saraband S. I.	75
Ayre by C. C.	76
Saraband C. C.	77
An Ayre by C. C.	78
Corant by C. C.	79
Saraband by C. C.	80
A Figg	81
Corant by W. L.	82
Covant La Bovee	83
Corant La Londoneers	84

Table of the 17 SONGS.

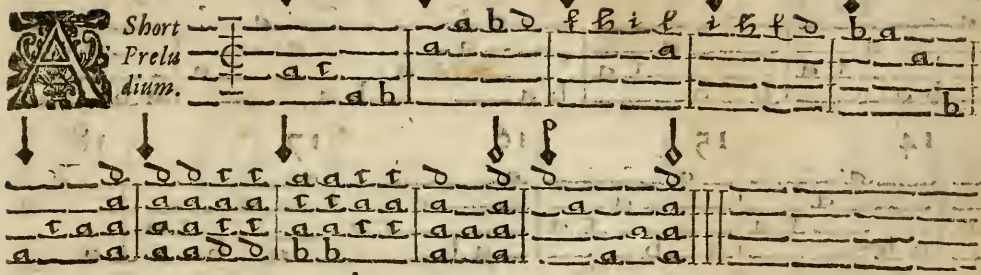
Gather your Rose buds	85
I am a young & harmless	86
I prethee send me back my	87
In the merry month of May	88
How happy art thou and I	89
O my Clarita! *thou*	90
Come, oh come! I brook	91
Silly heart forbear those	92
Clori now thou art fled	93
I am confirm'd a woman	94
Fie, be no longer coy,	95
I can love for an hour	96
He that will court Wench	97
Fond love what dost thou	98
Man's life is but vain,	99
The wisemen were but 7	100
A Boat, a Boat have to	111

Some few Errata's having passed by reason of my absence, and the Printer's want of Skill in Musick, I crave the judicious to mend with a Pen these especially;

Lesson 30, the third and fourth Letters a must be upon the third Rule; and in the second Strain ninth and tenth Letters a on the third Line also. 35 Lesson, Line the second, the sixth Letter d must be upon the lower or fourth Rule.

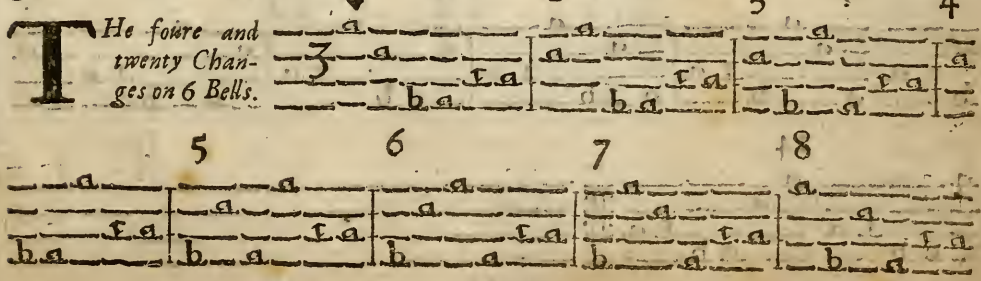
1

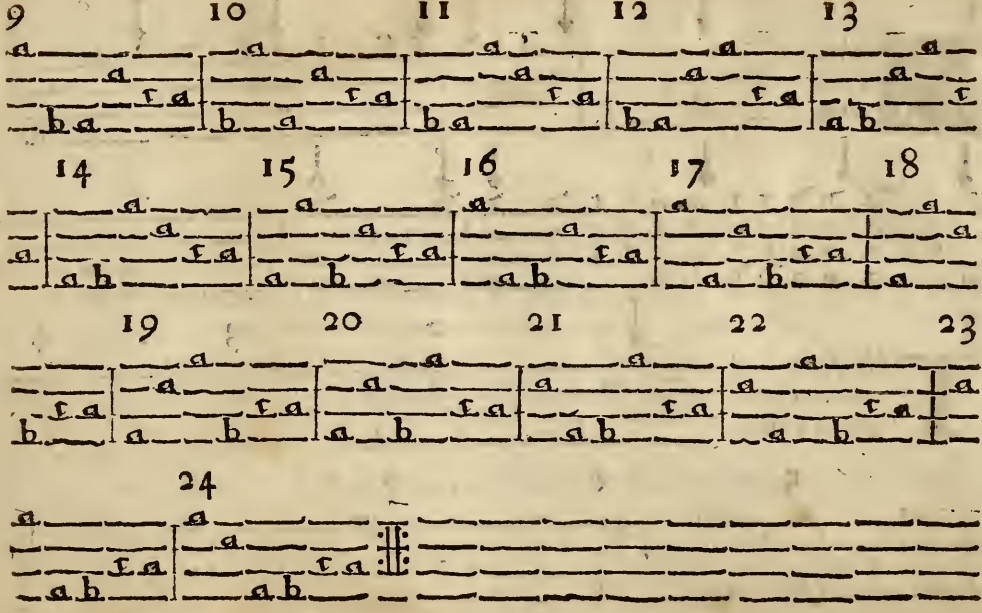
A Short Prelu dium.



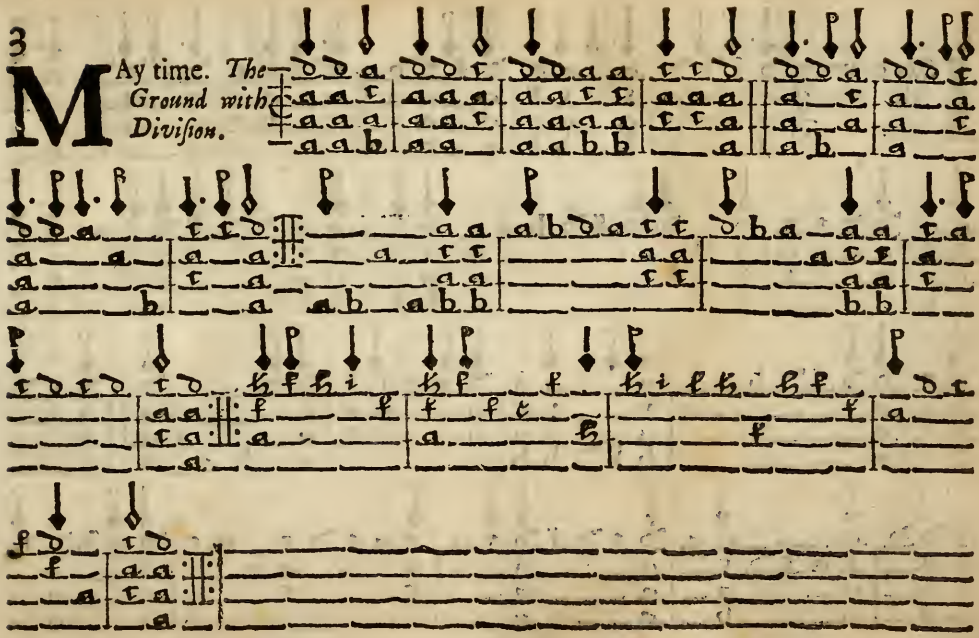
2

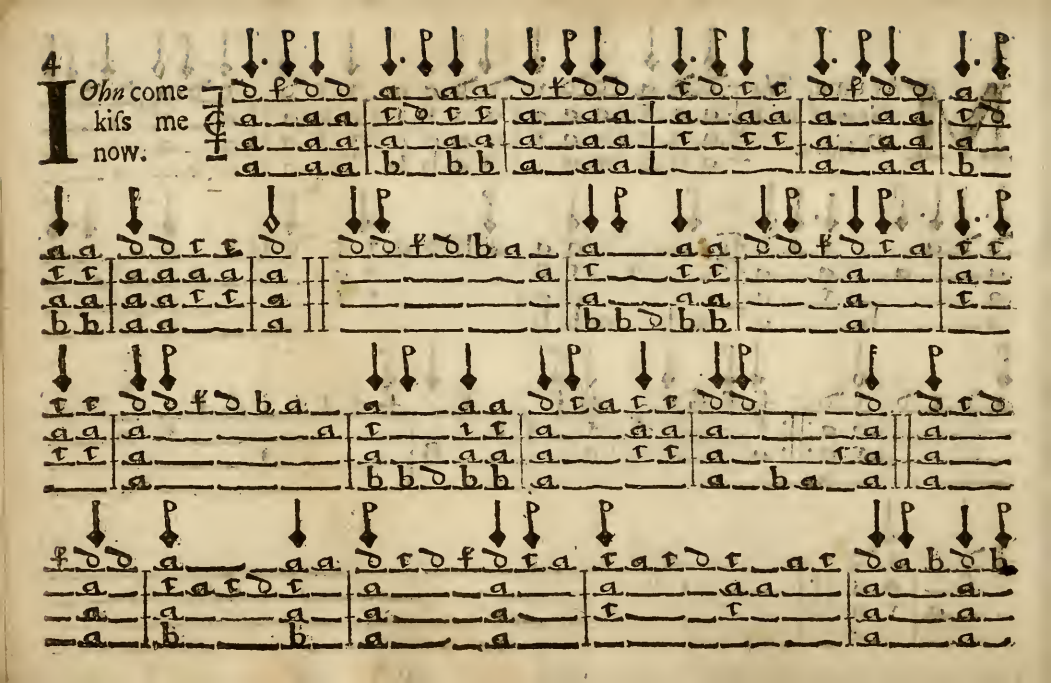
THe foure and twenty Changes on 6 Bells.

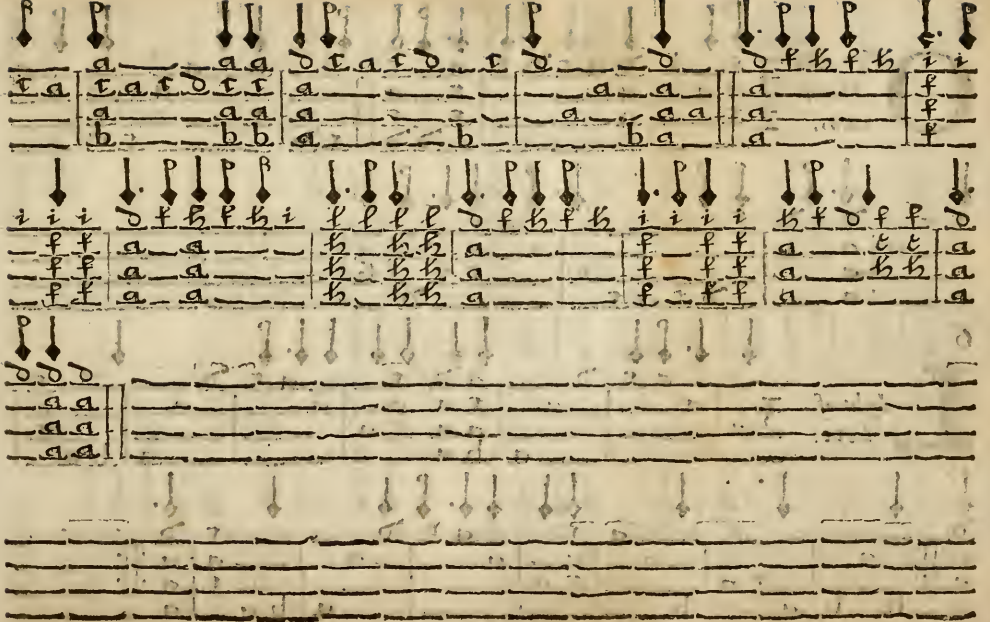



9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24

3

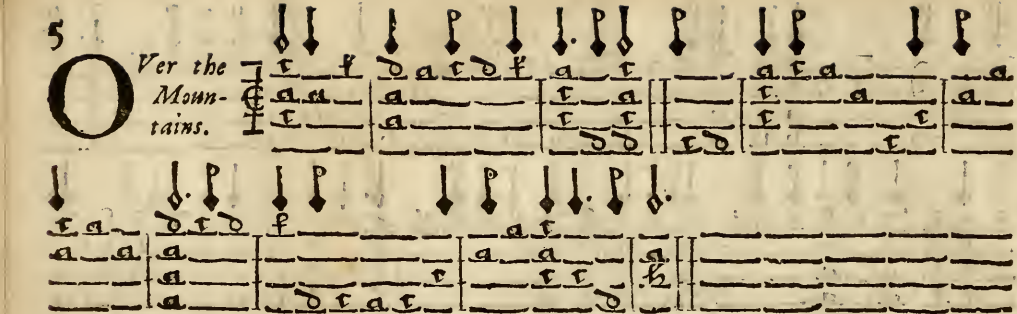



4
I Ohn come kiſs me now.



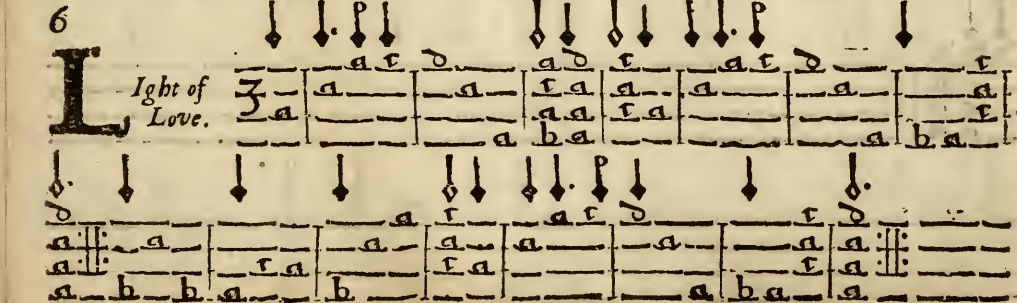
5

Over the Mountains.



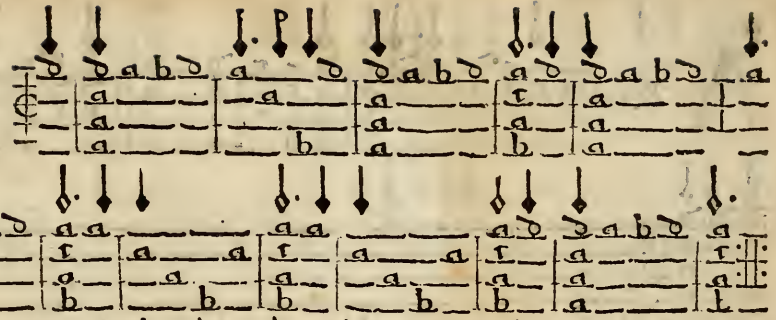
6

Light of Love.



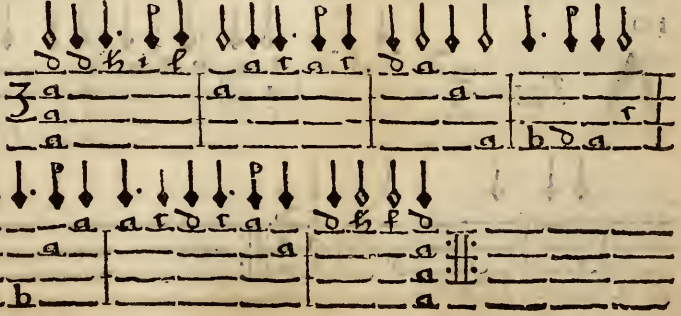
7

A *La Mode de France.*



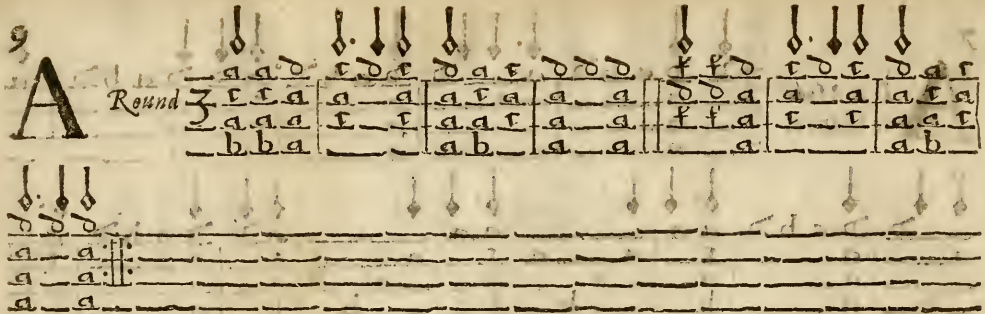
8

W *Hat you please.*



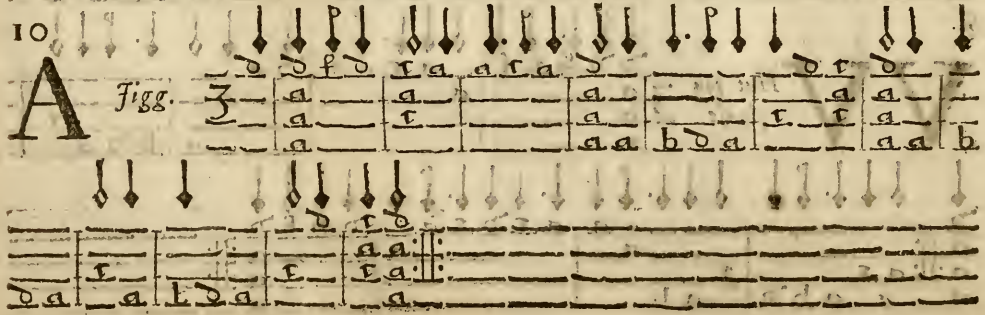
9

A *Round*



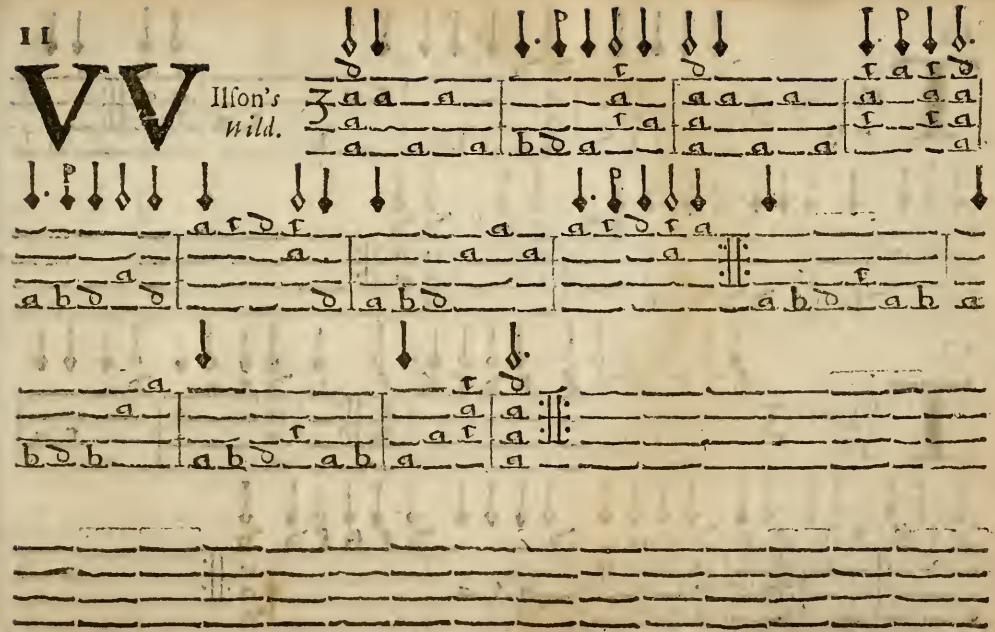
10

A *Figg.*



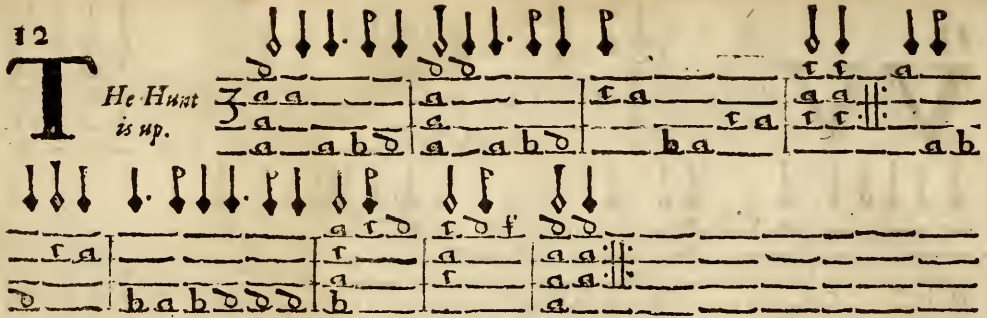
VV

Ilſon's *wild.*



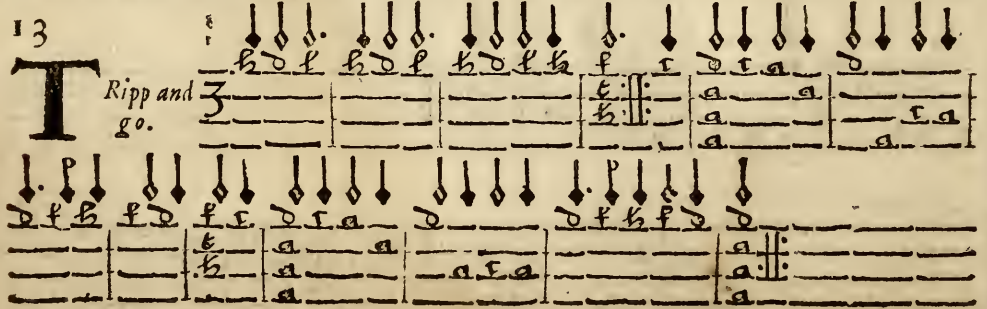
12

THe Hunt is up.

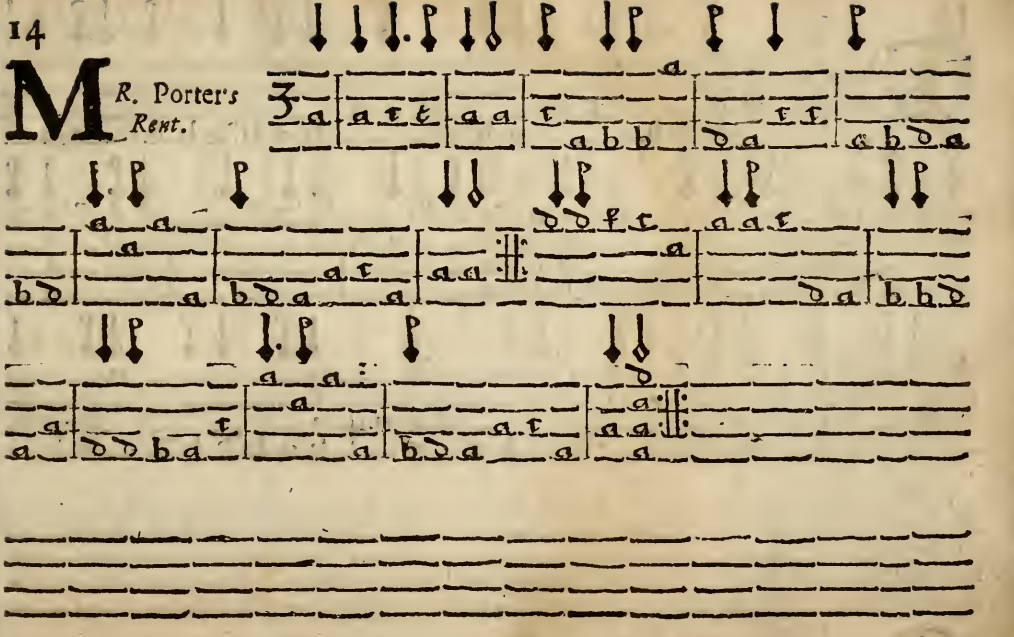


13

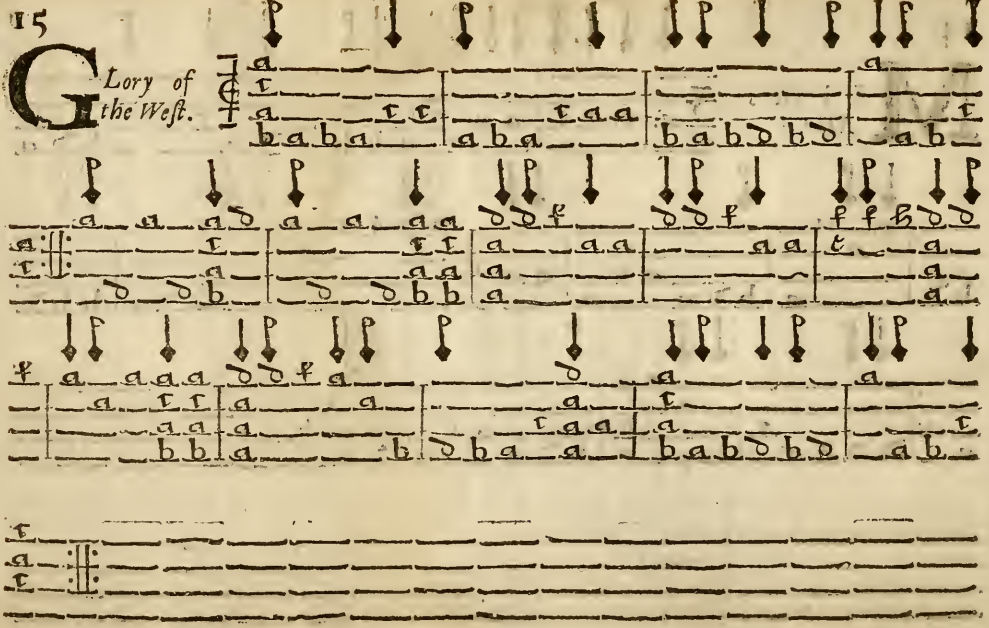
TRipp and go.



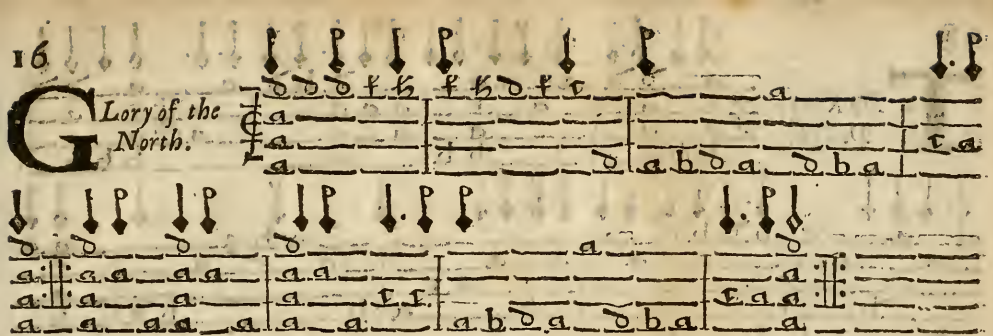
MR. Porter's Rent.



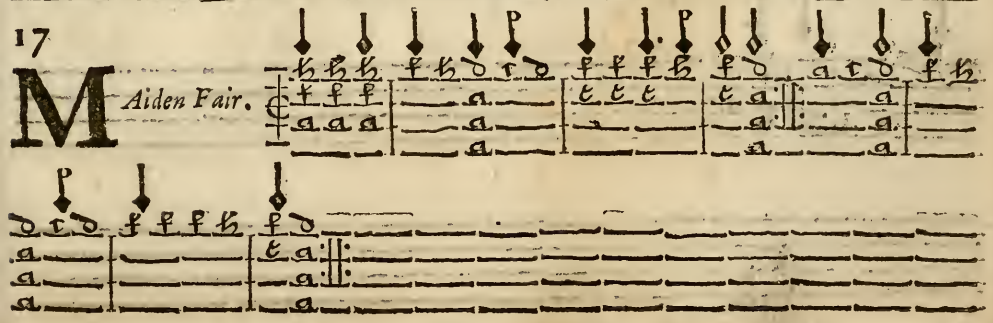
Glory of the West.



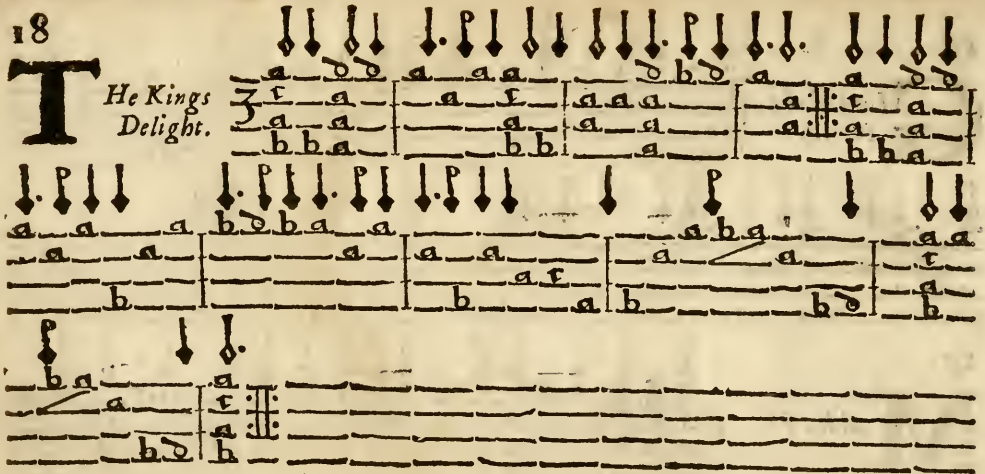
16



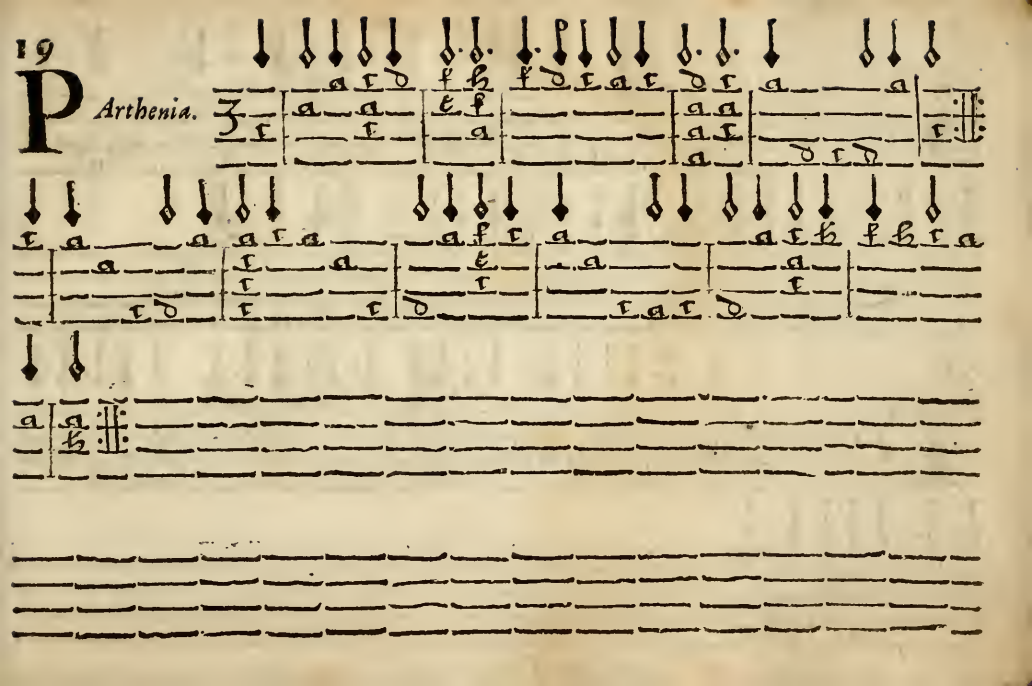
17



The Kings Delight.

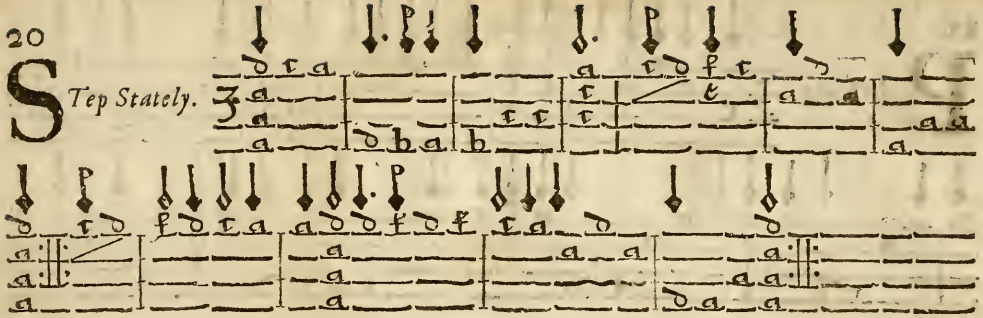


Parthenia.



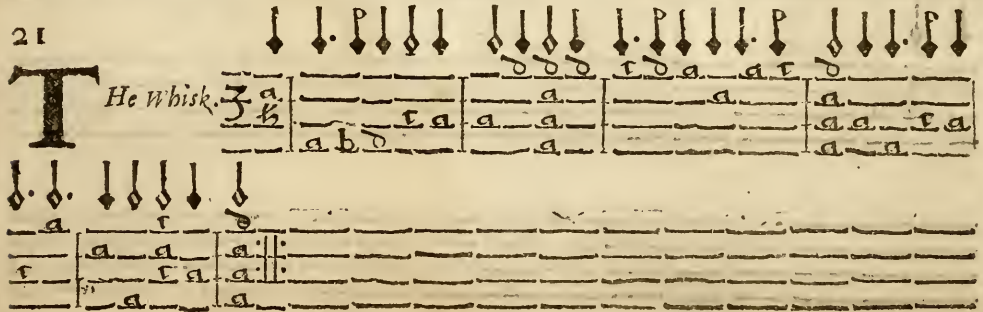
20

STep Stately.

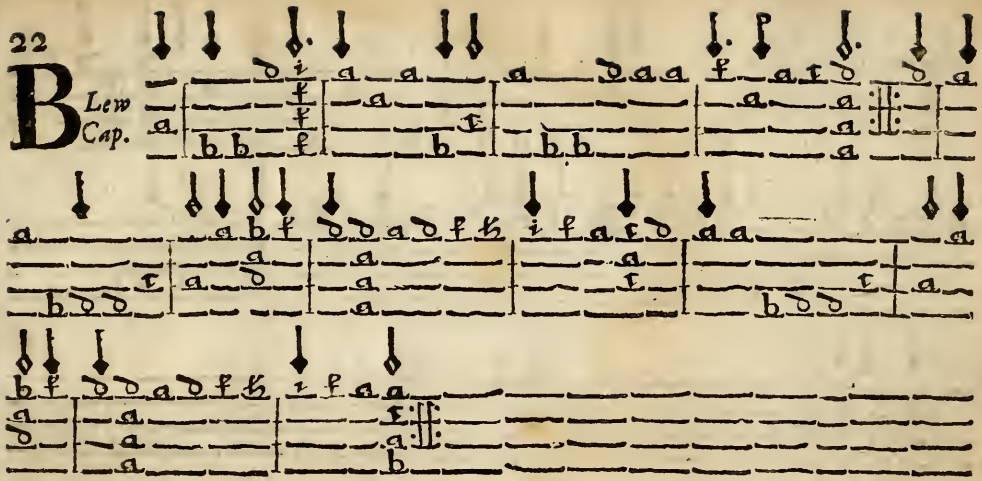


21

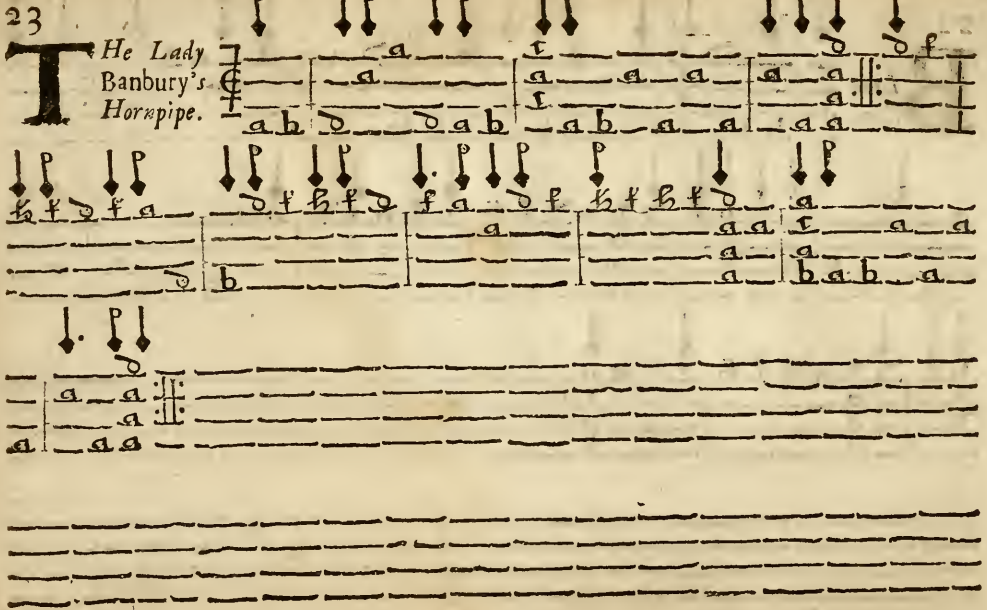
THe Whisk.



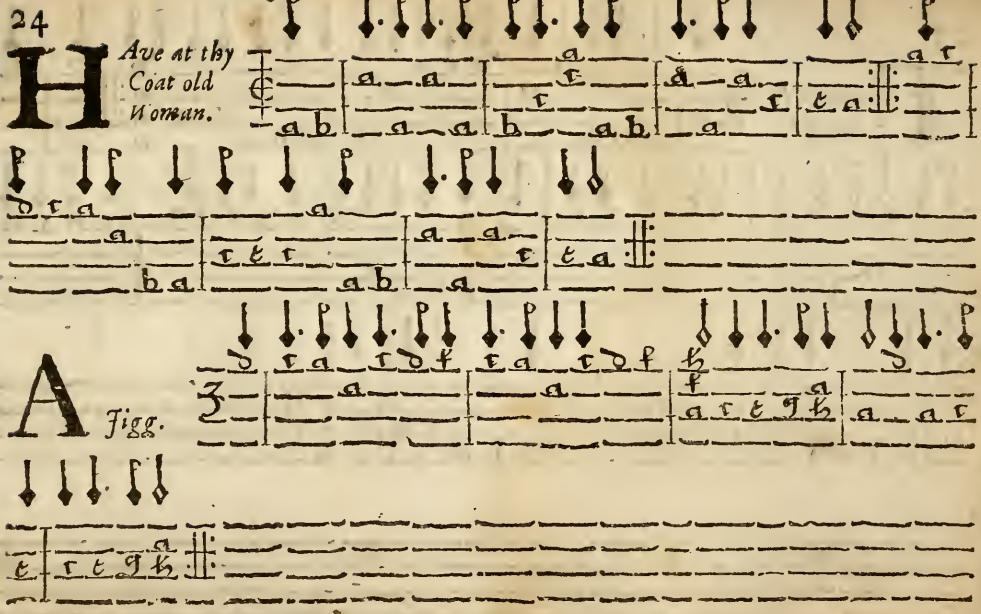
B *Lew Cap.*



The Lady Banbury's Hornpipe.

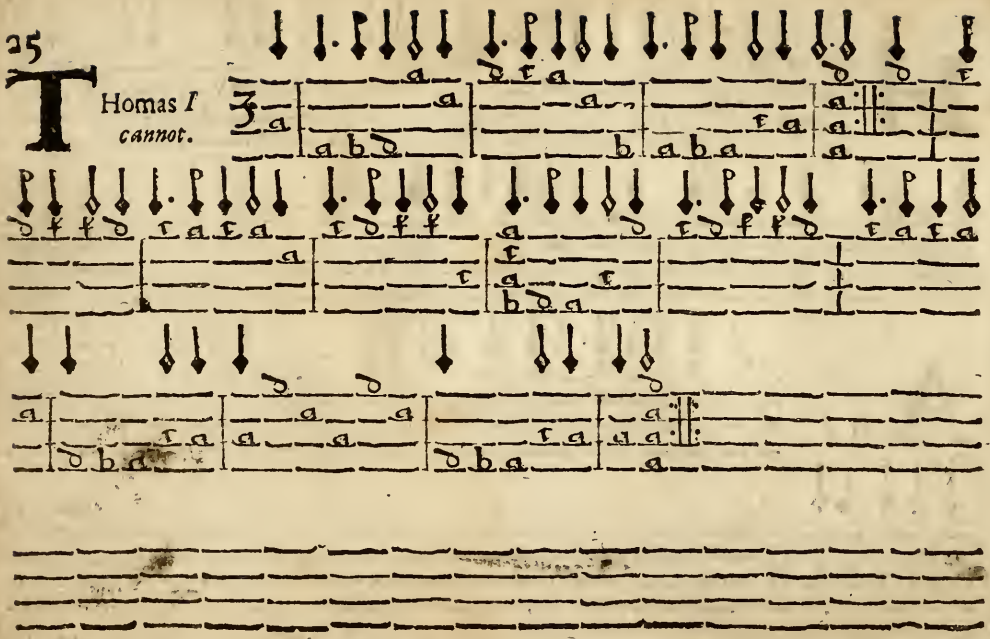


Have at thy Coat old Woman.

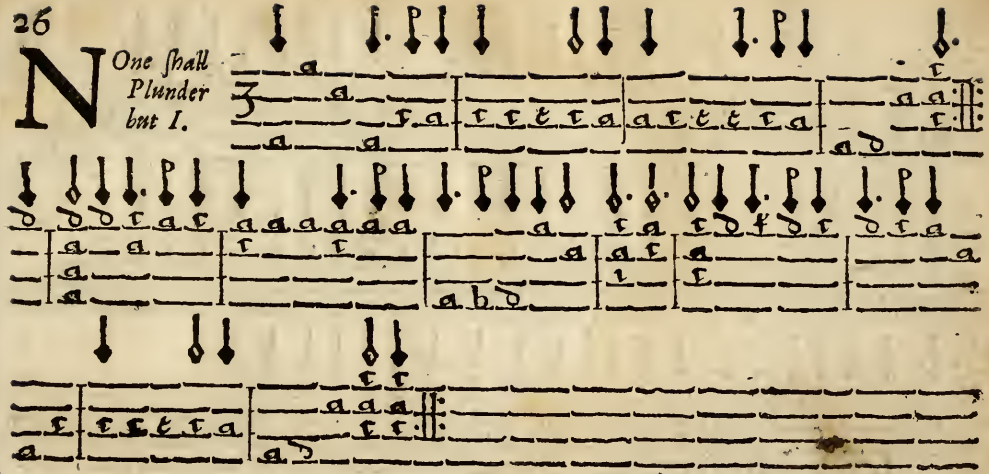


A Jigg.

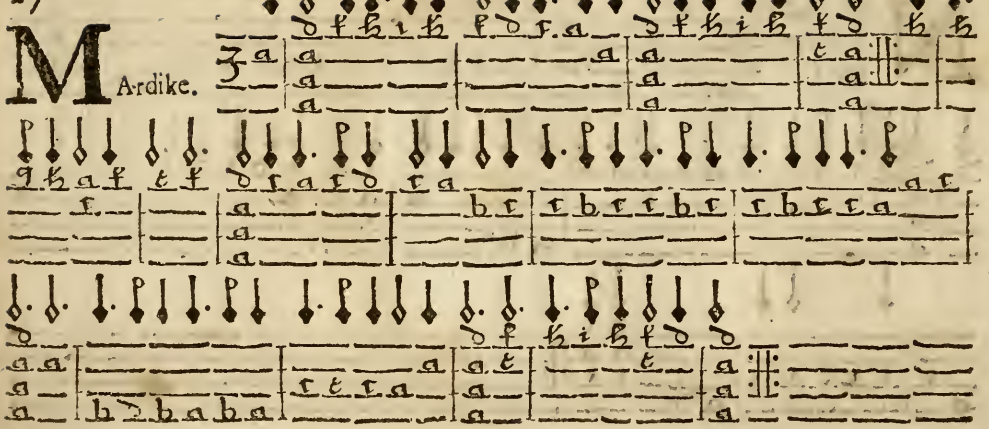
THomas *I*
cannot.



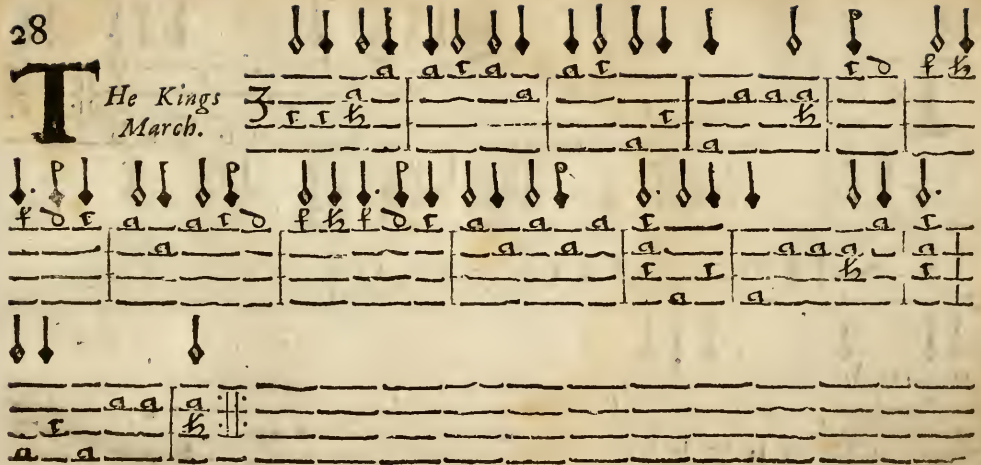
None shall Plunder but I.



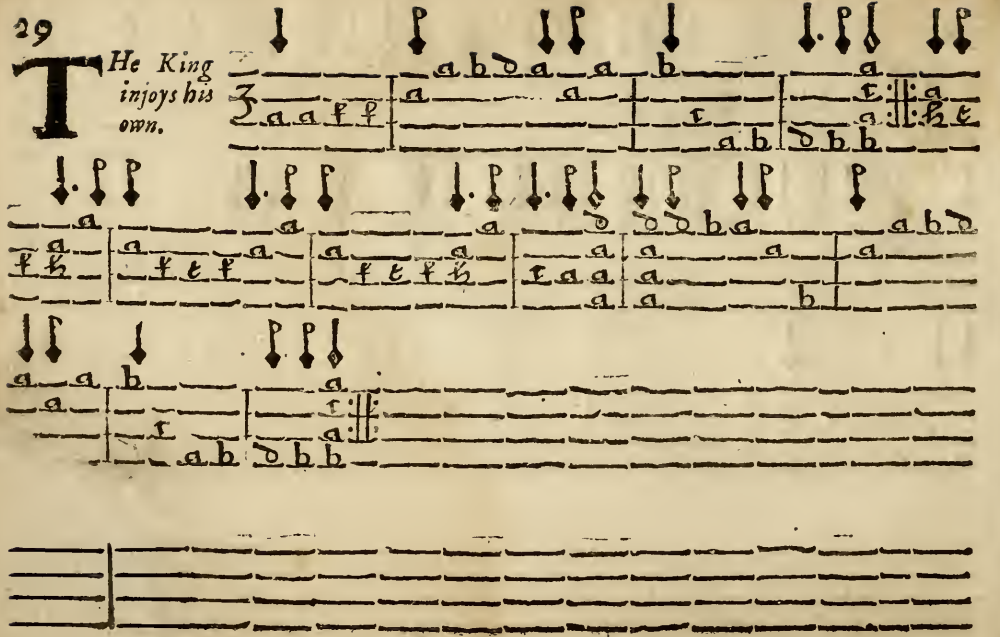
Mardike.



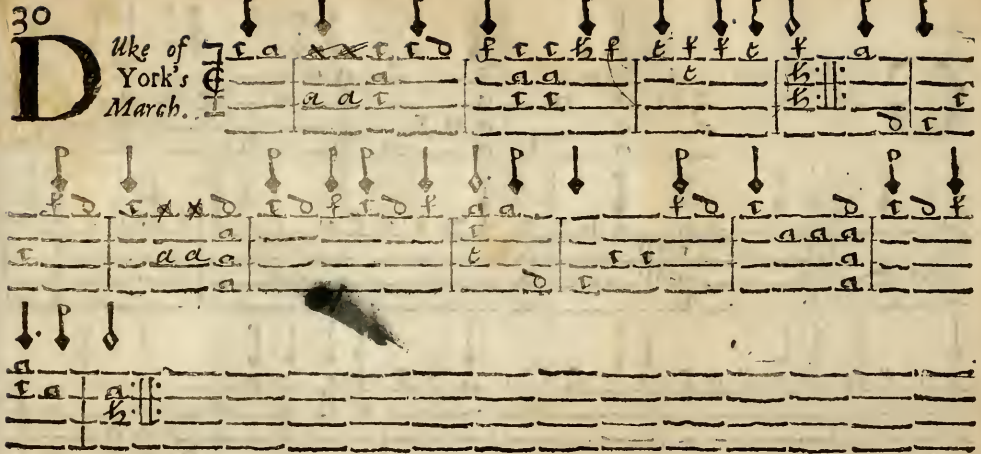
The Kings March.



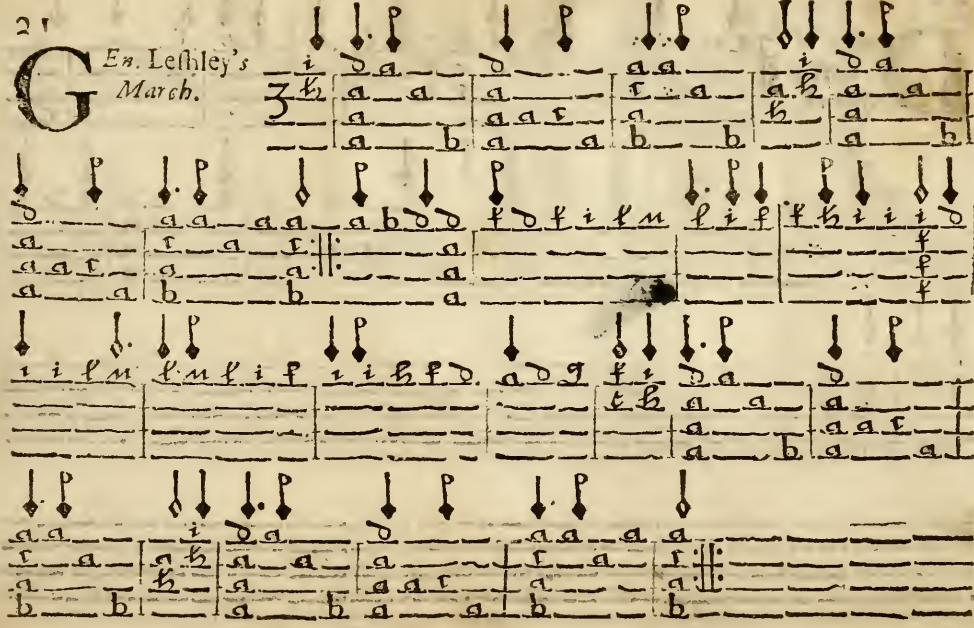
The King injoys his own.



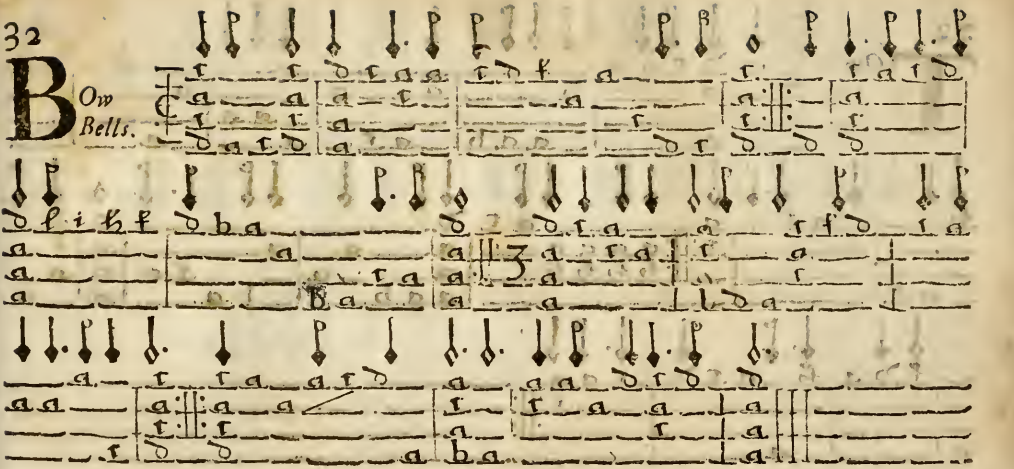
Duke of York's March.



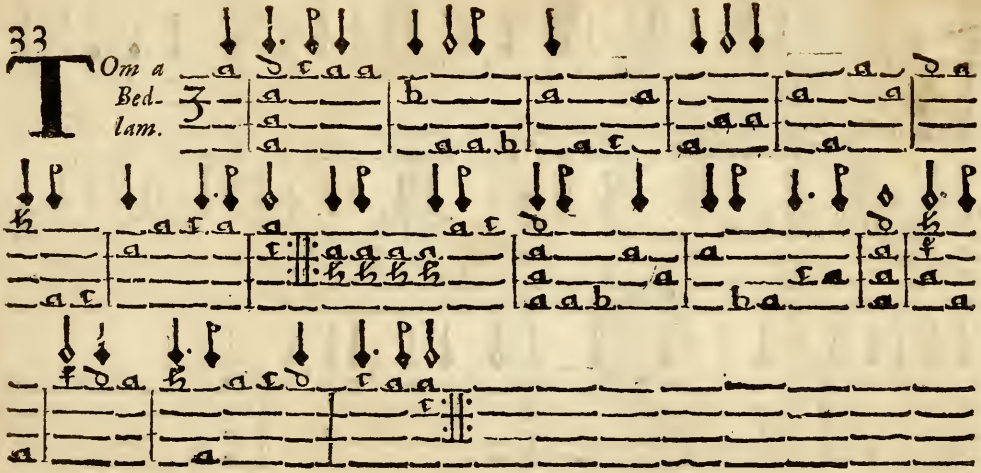
Gen. Leſhley's March.



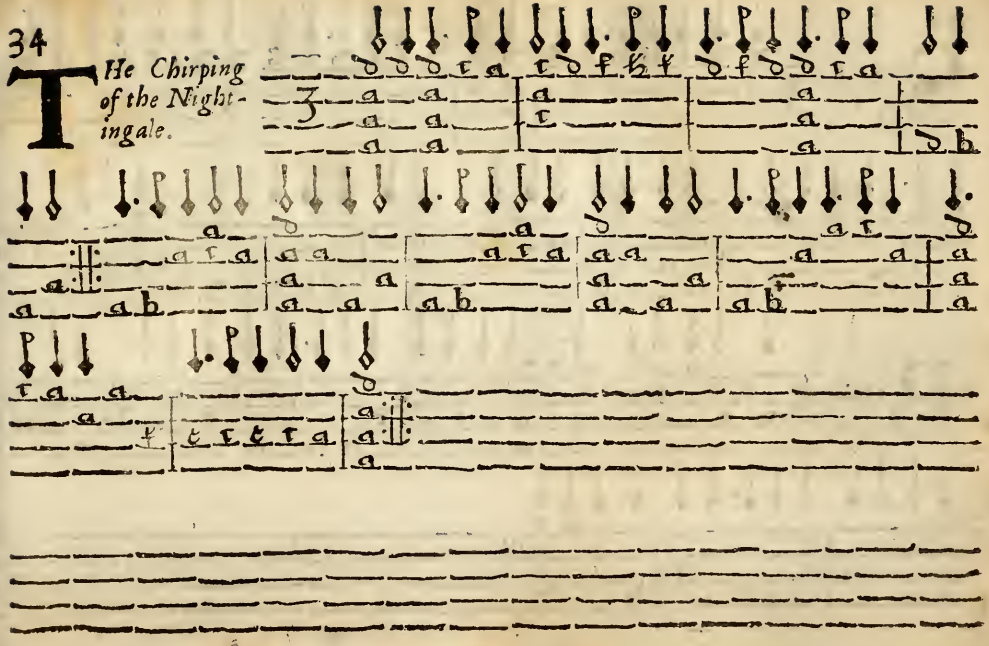
Bow Bells.



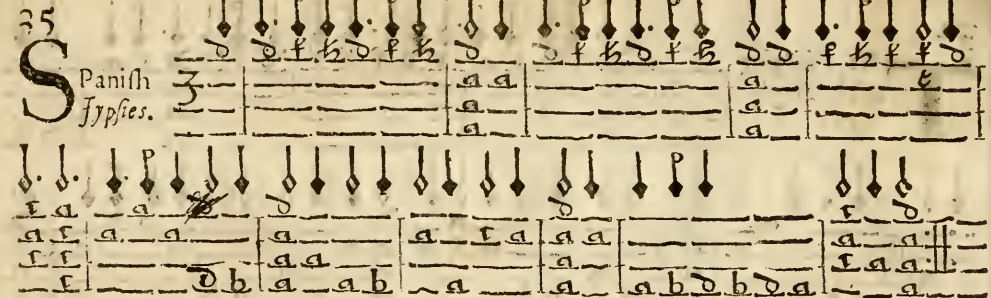
Tom a Bed-lam.



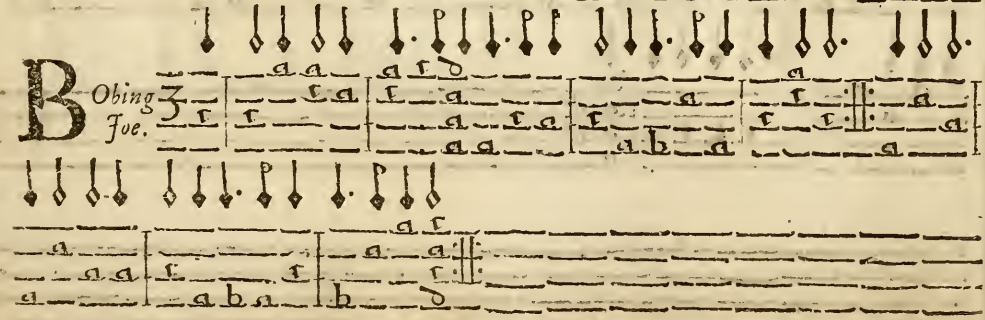
The Chirping of the Nightingale.



Spanish Gypsies.

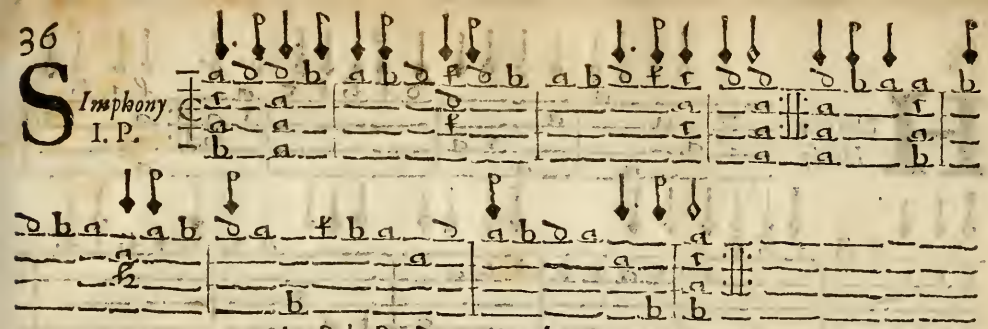


Bobing Joe.



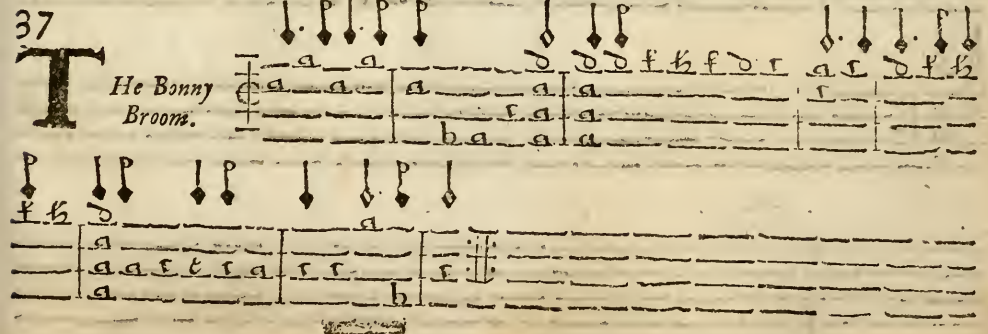
36

Symphony. I. P.

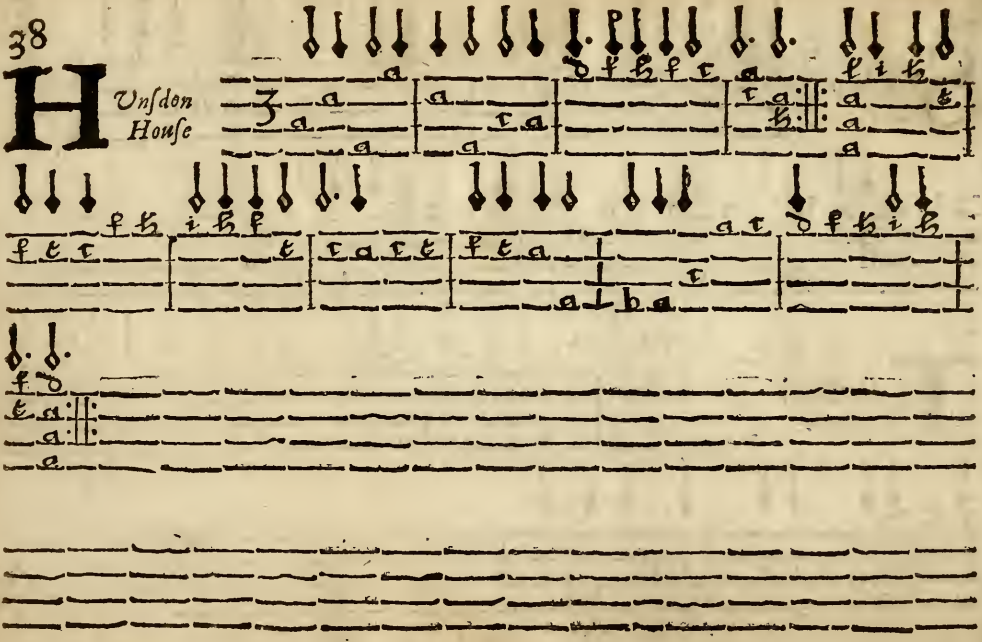


37

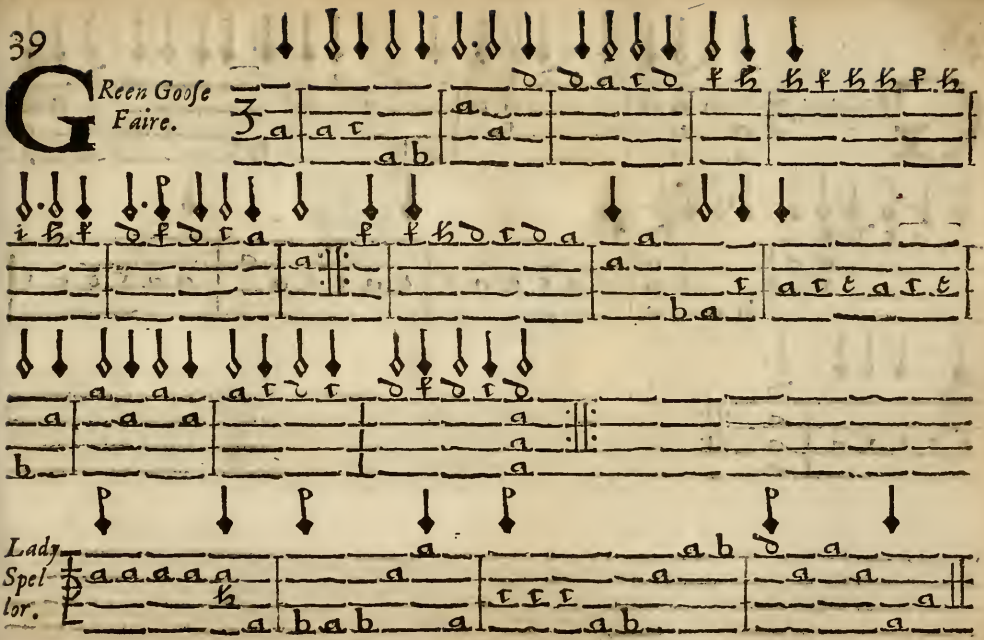
The Bonny Broom.



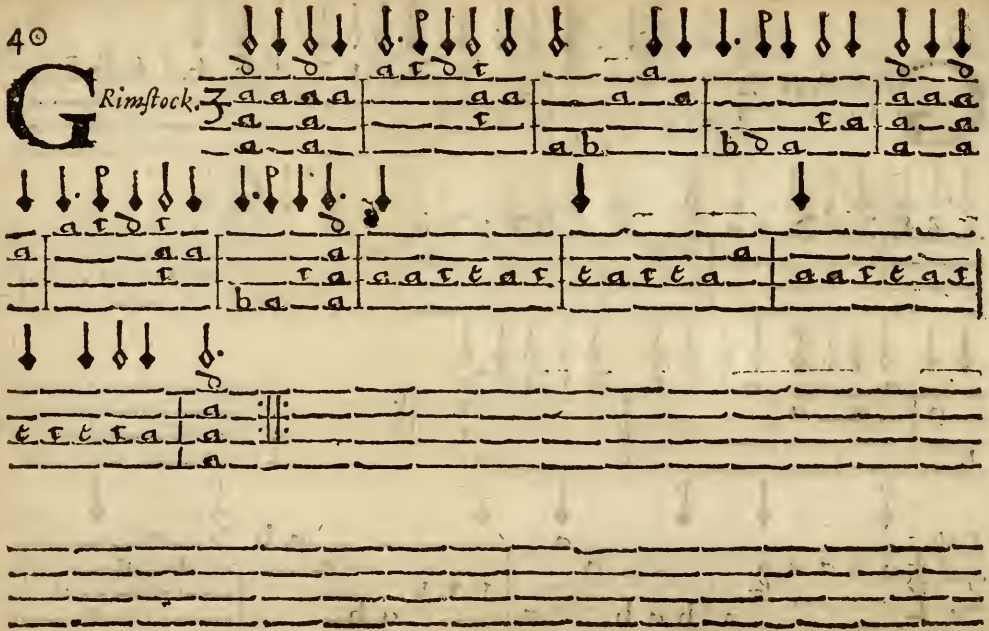
Hunsdon House



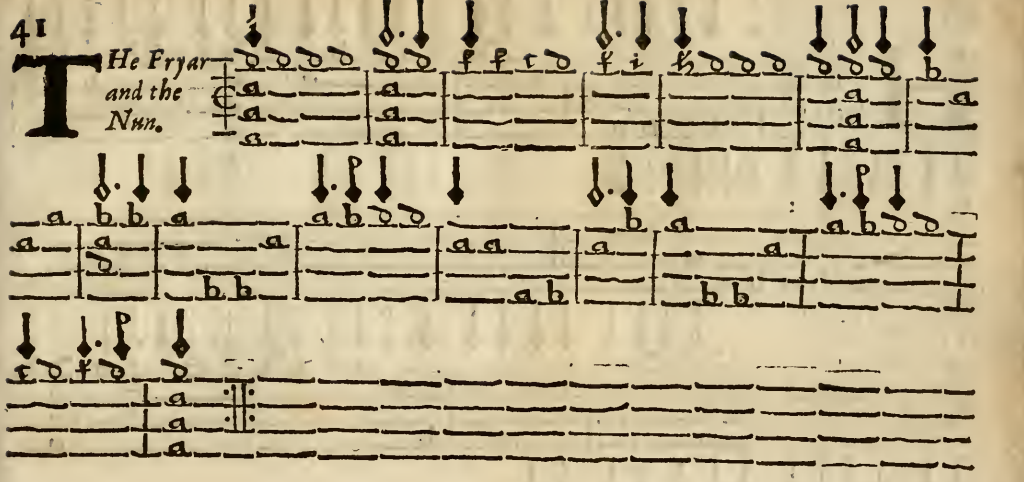
GReen Goose Faire.

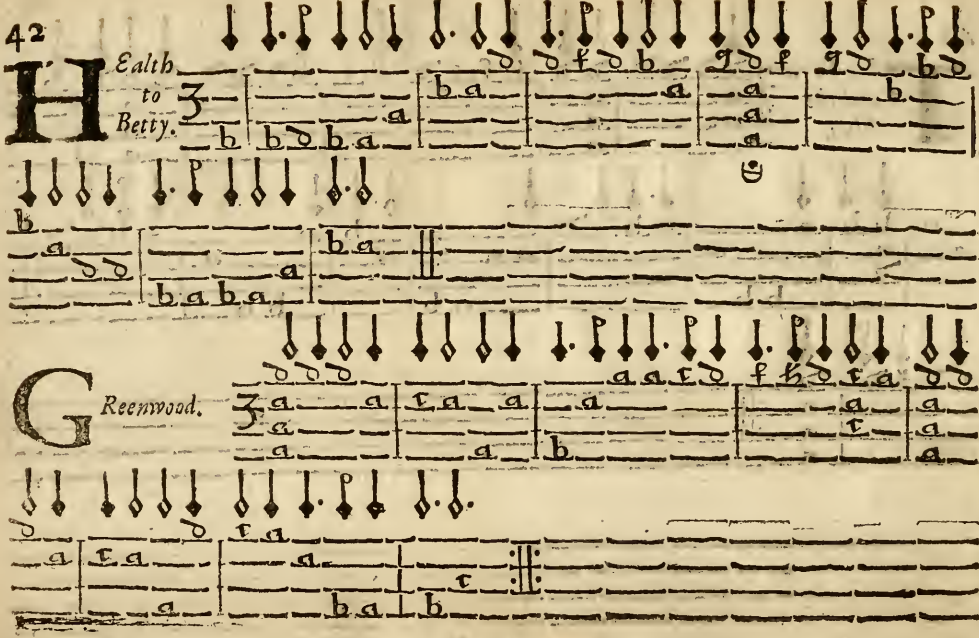


G Rimstock.

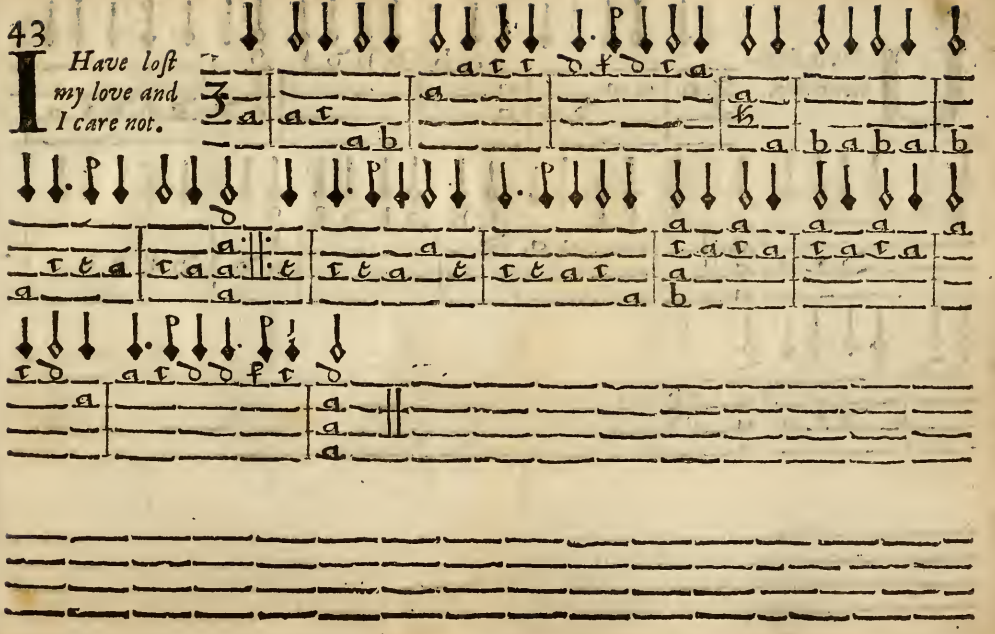


The Fryar and the Nun.

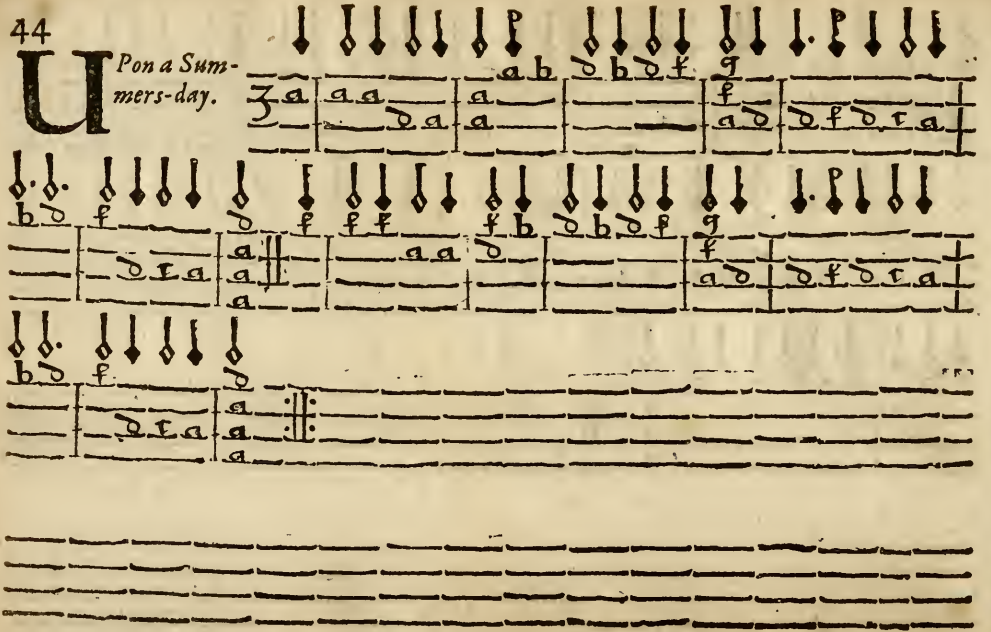



Ealth to Betty.
Reenwood.

I Have loſt my love and I care not.

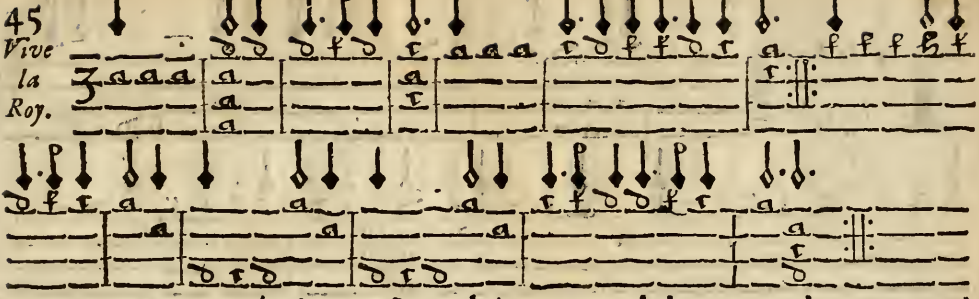


Upon a Summers-day.

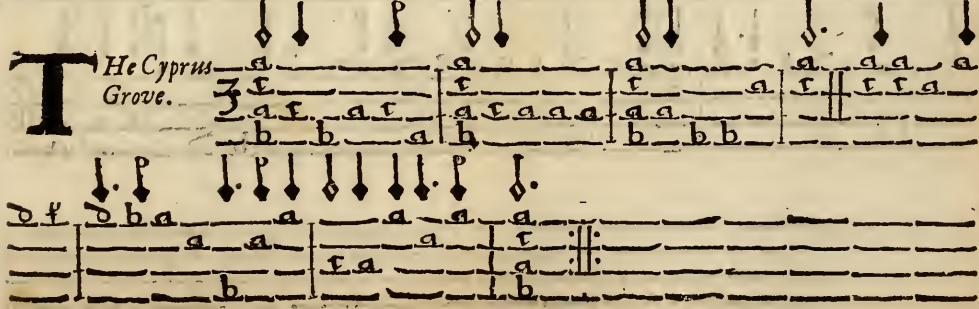


45

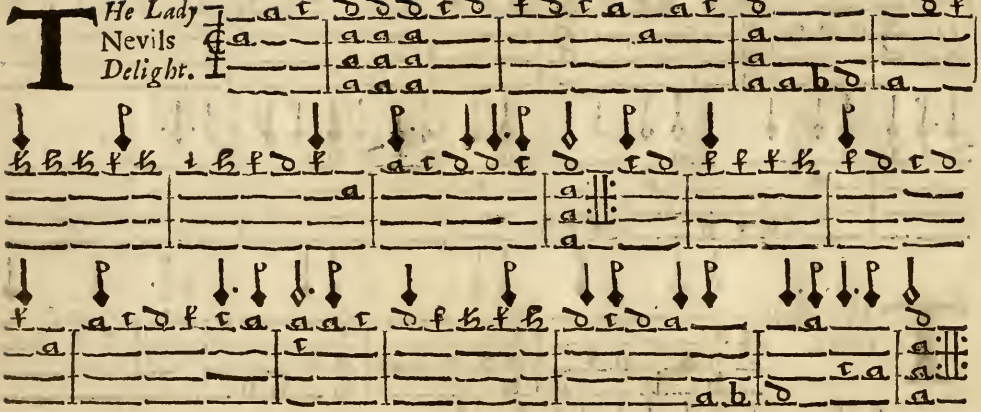
Vive la Roy.



THe Cyprus Grove.

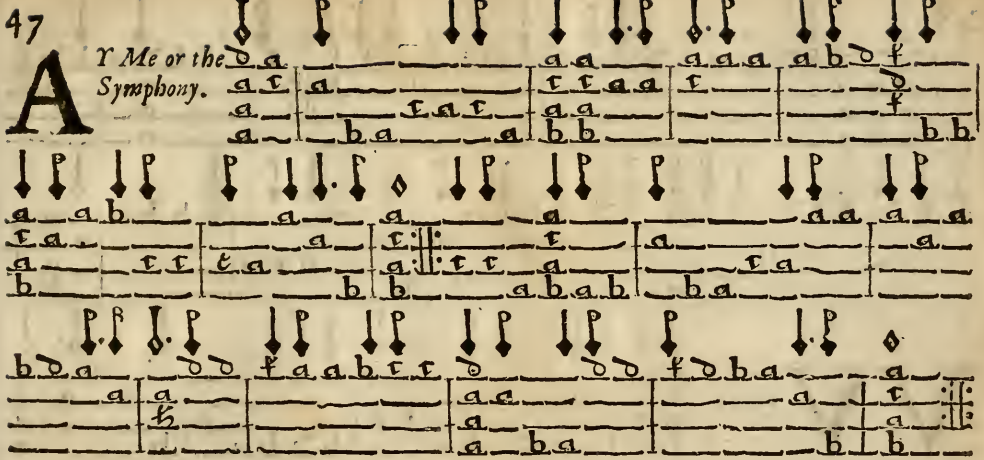


The Lady Nevils Delight.

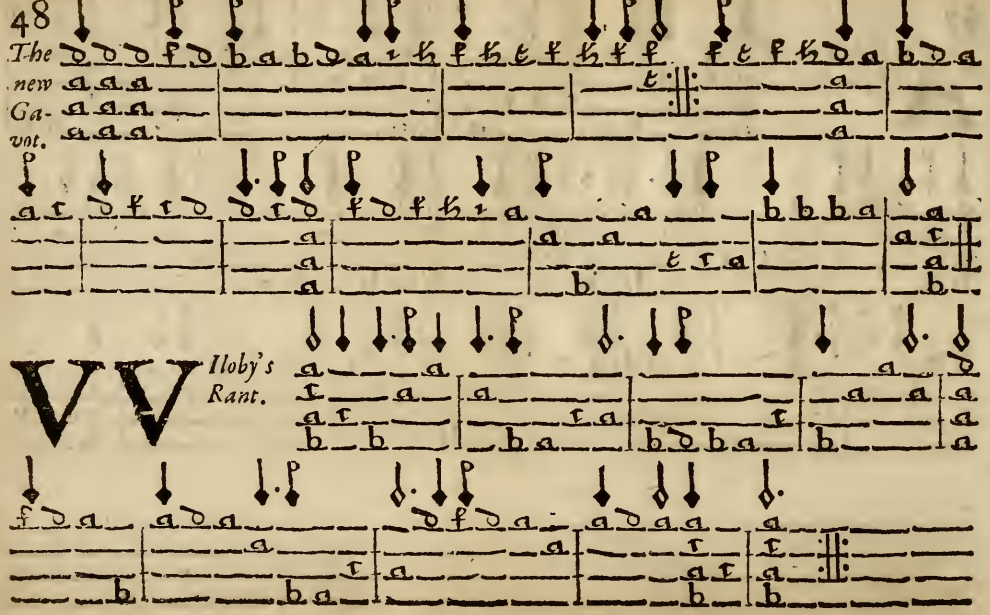


A

r Me or the Symphony.

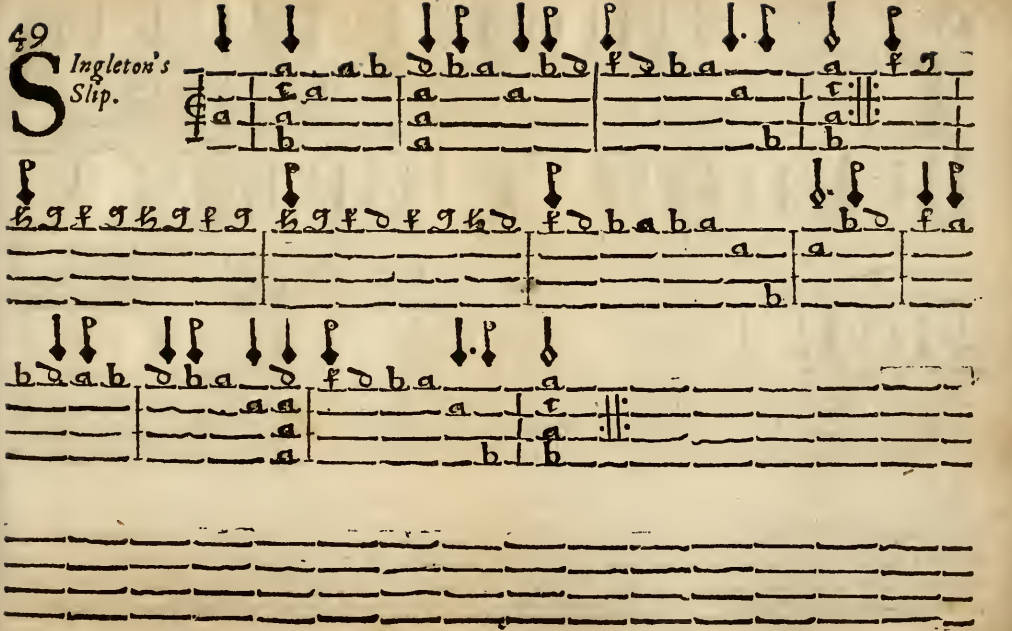


The new Gavot.

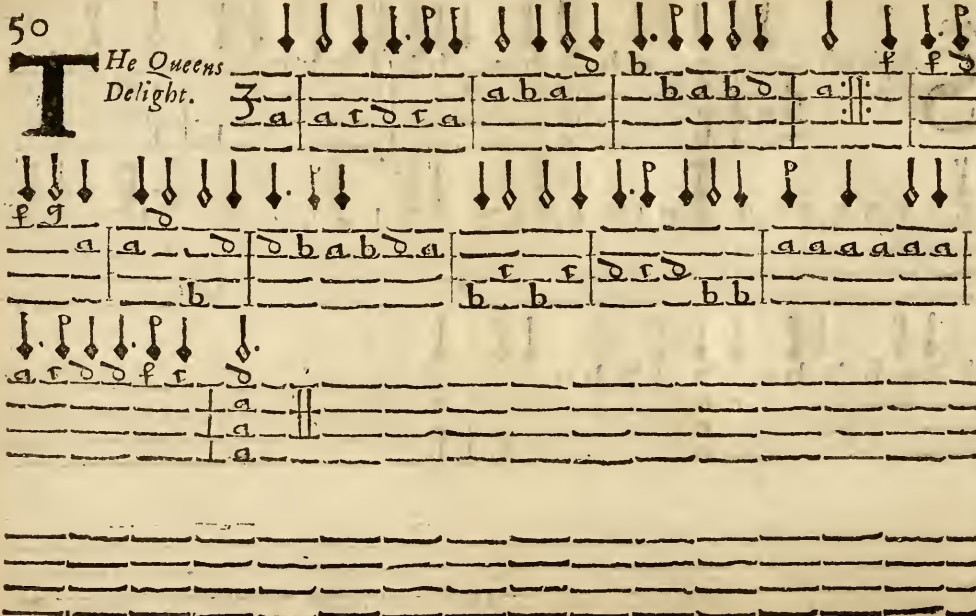


VV *Iloby's Rant.*

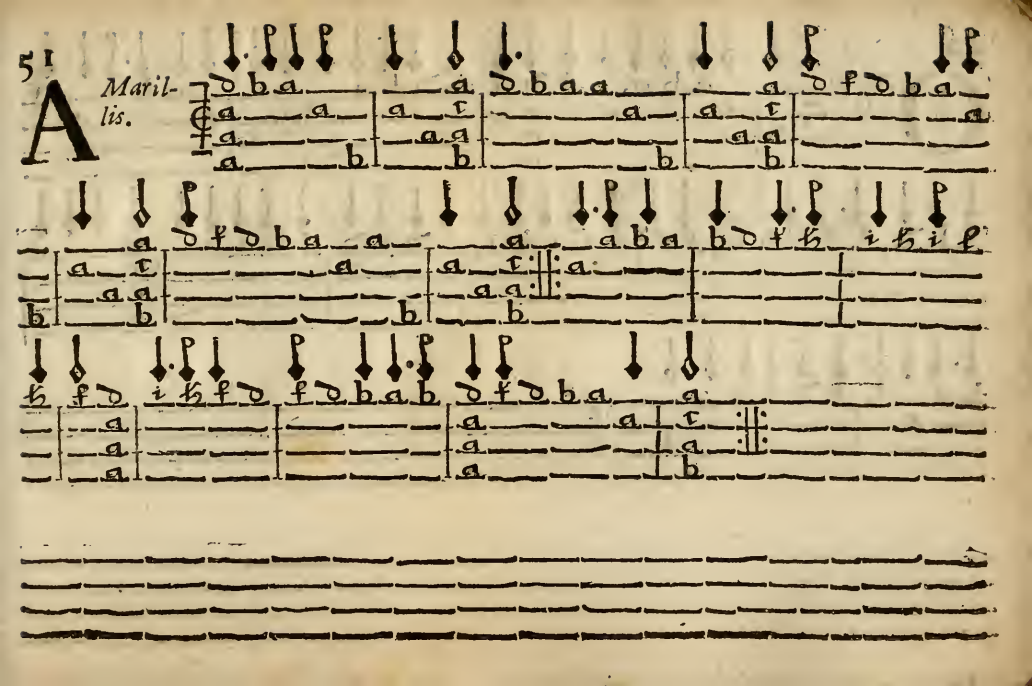
Ingleton's Slip.

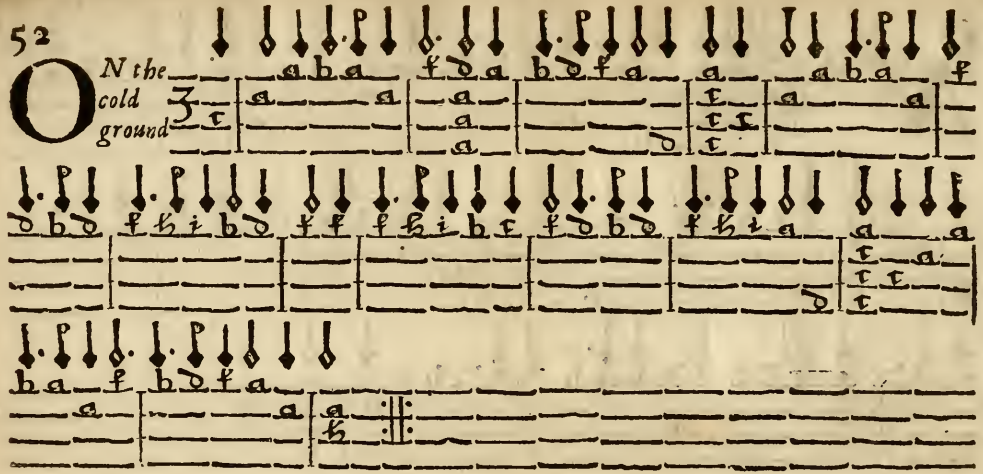


The Queens Delight.

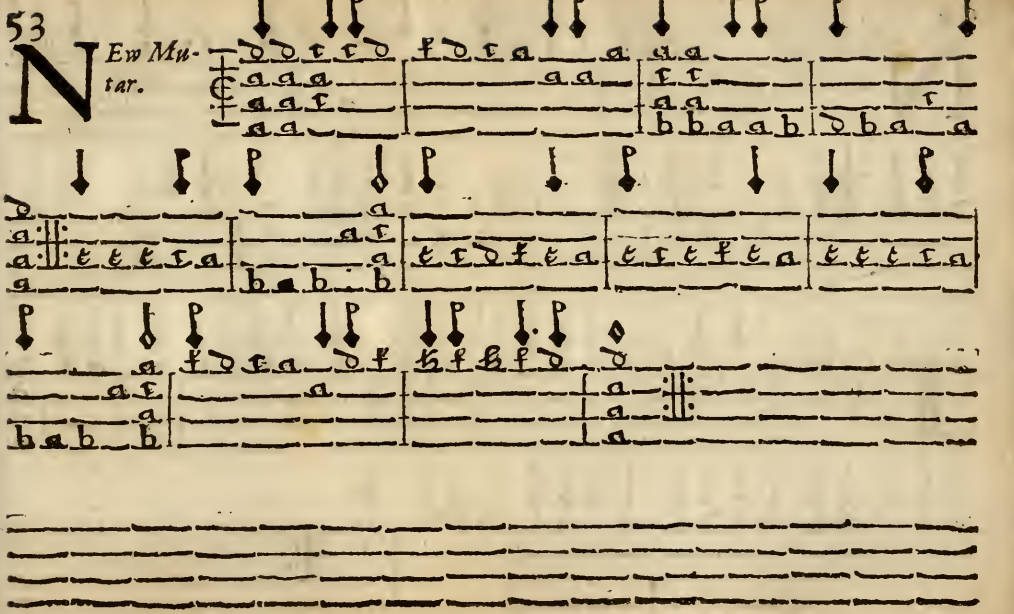


A *Maril-lis.*

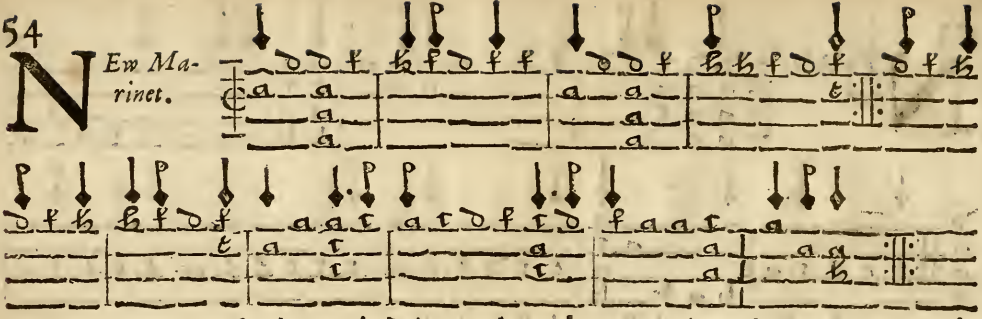



On the cold ground

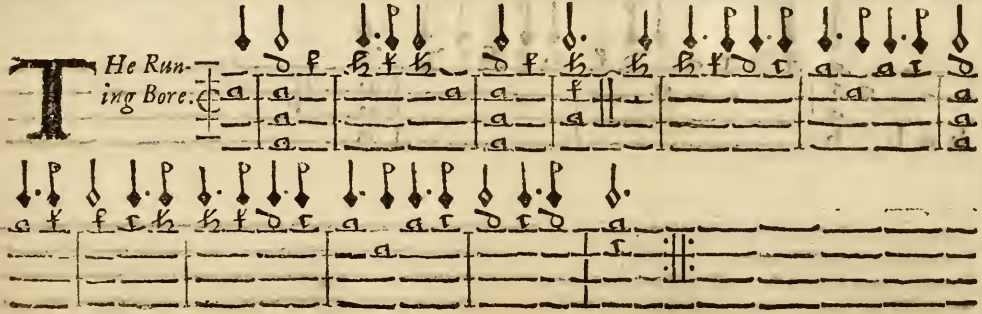
New Mu-tar.



New Marinet.

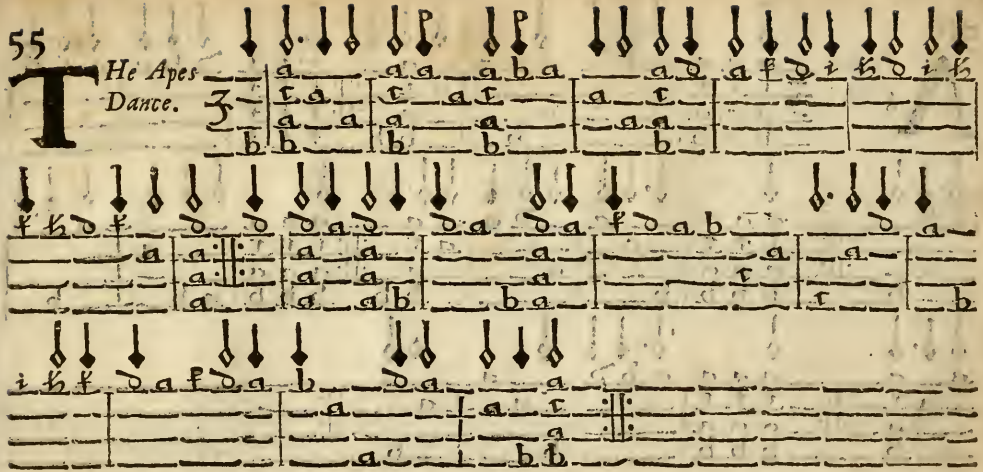


The Runing Bore.

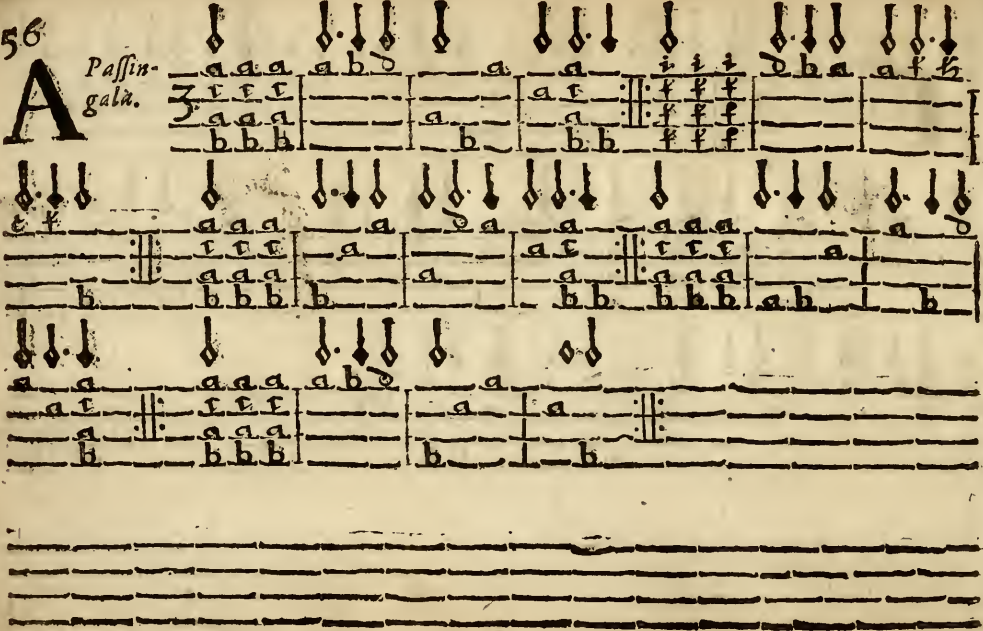


55

The Apes Dance.

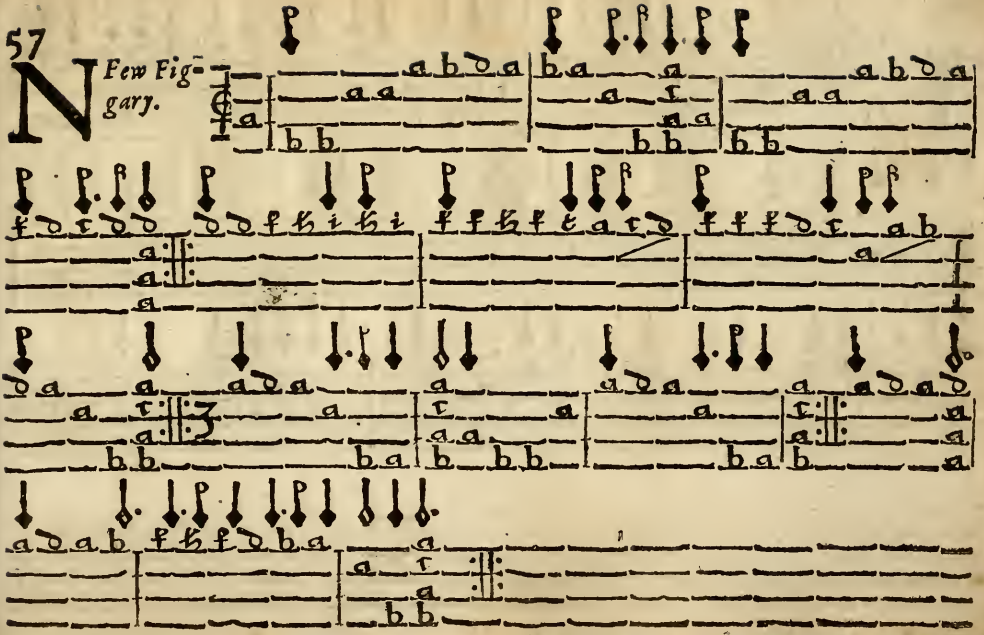


A *Passingalà.*

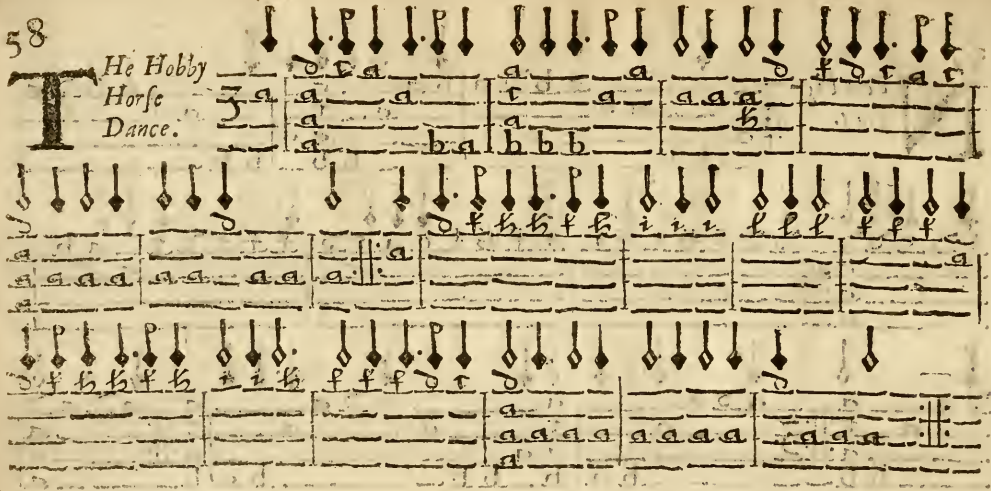


57

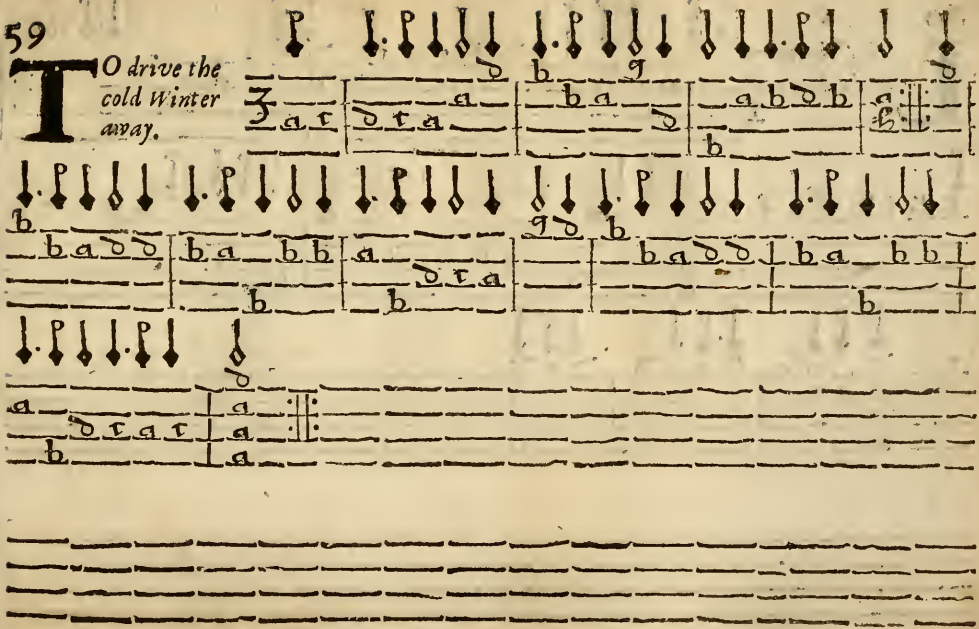
N Few Figgary.



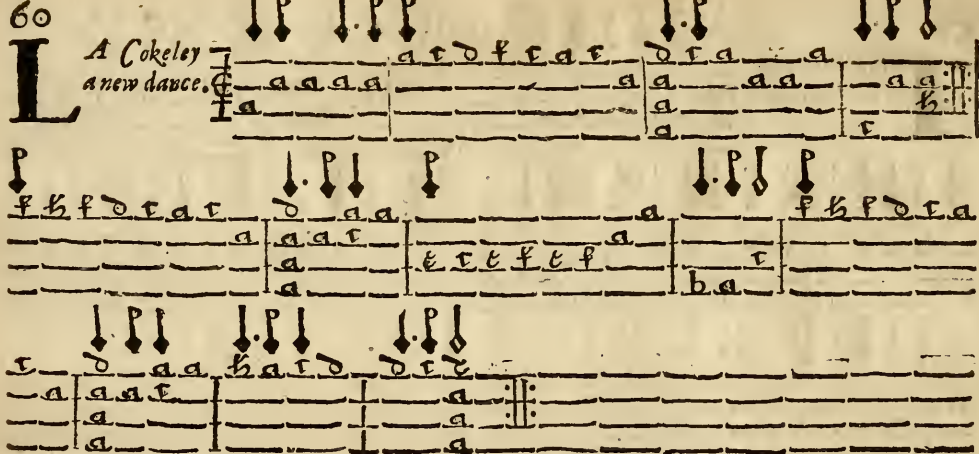
The Hobby Horse Dance.



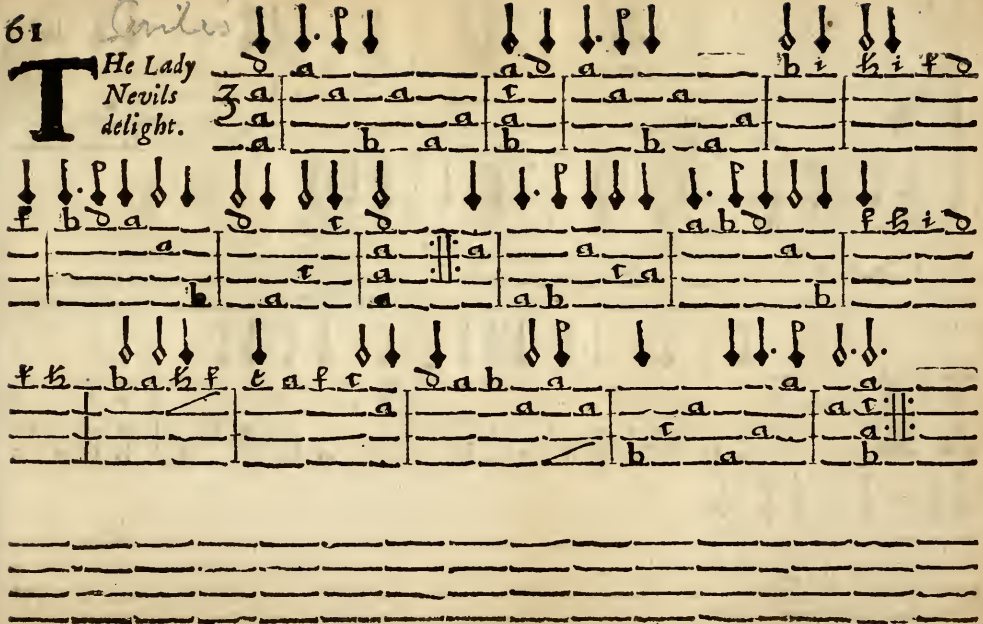
TO drive the cold Winter away.



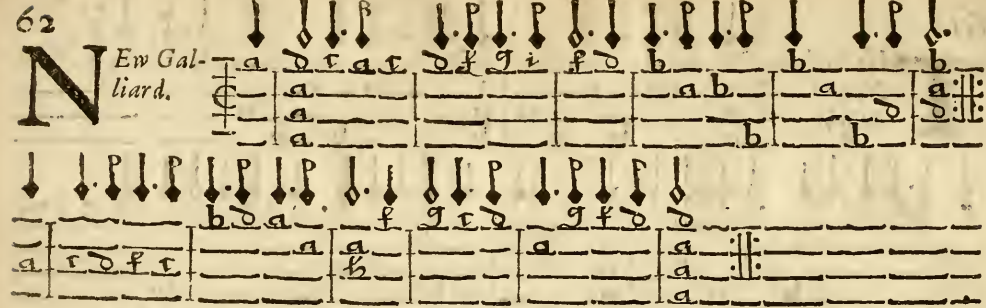
A Cokeley a new dance.



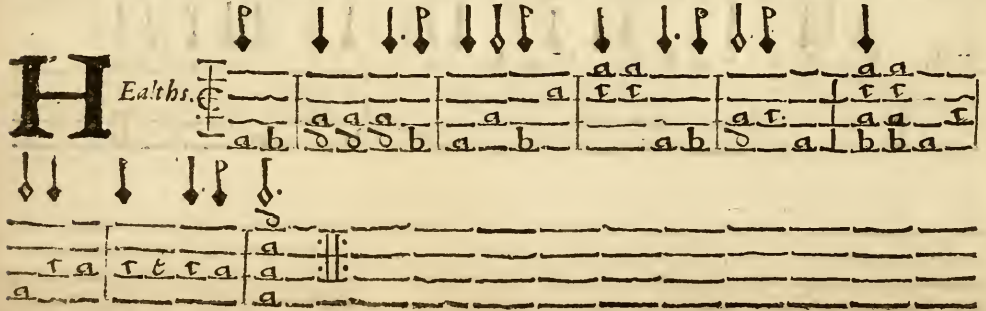
The Lady Nevils delight.



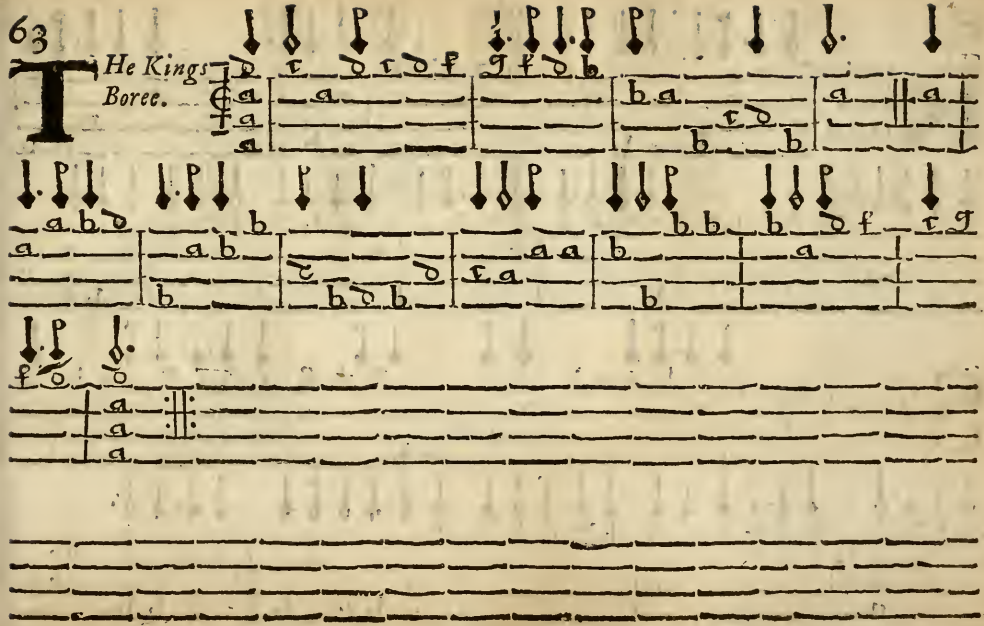
New Galliard.

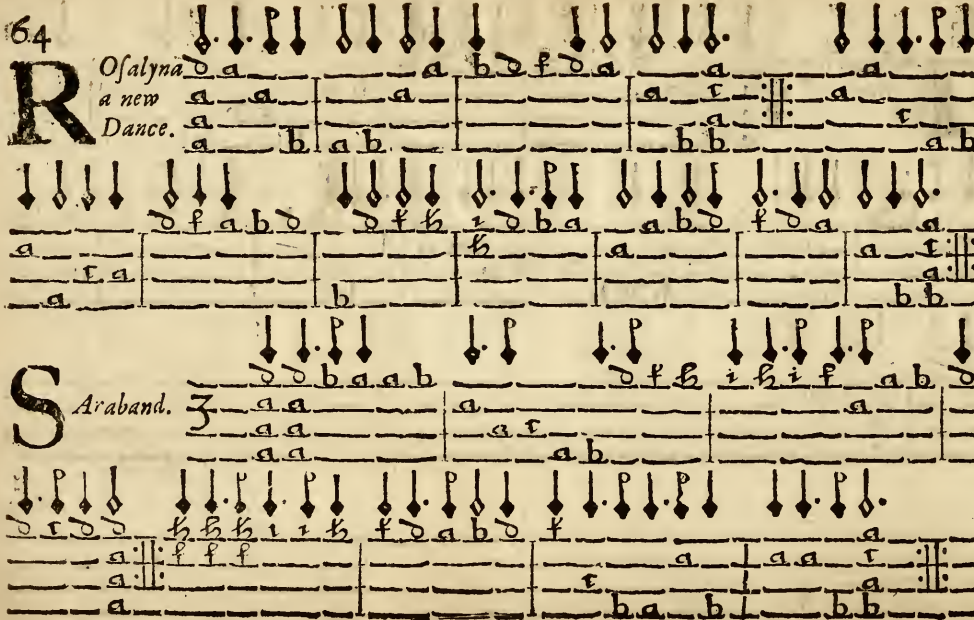


Healths.

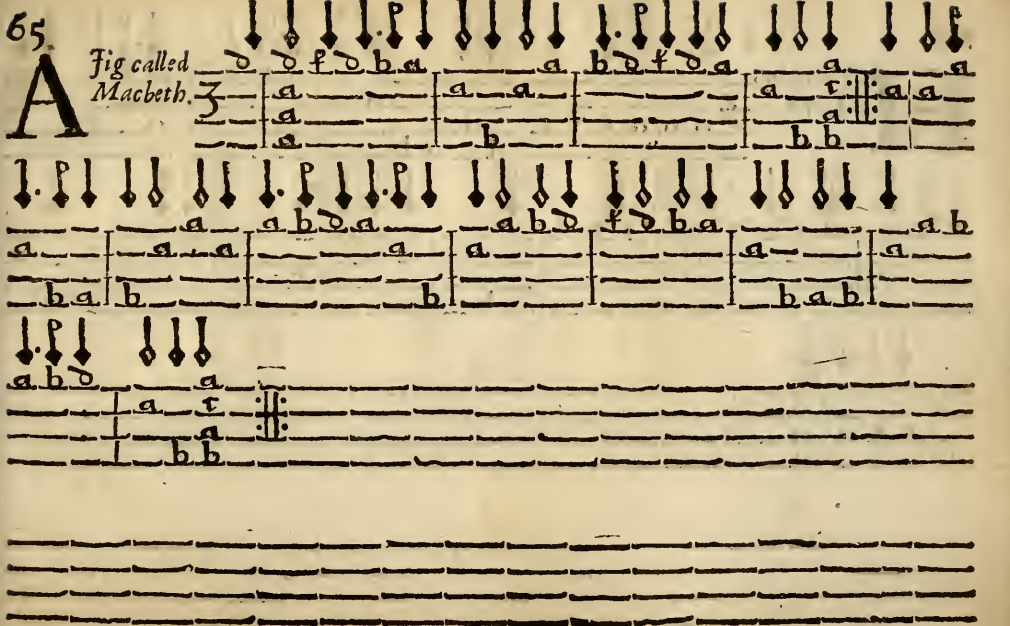


The Kings Boree.

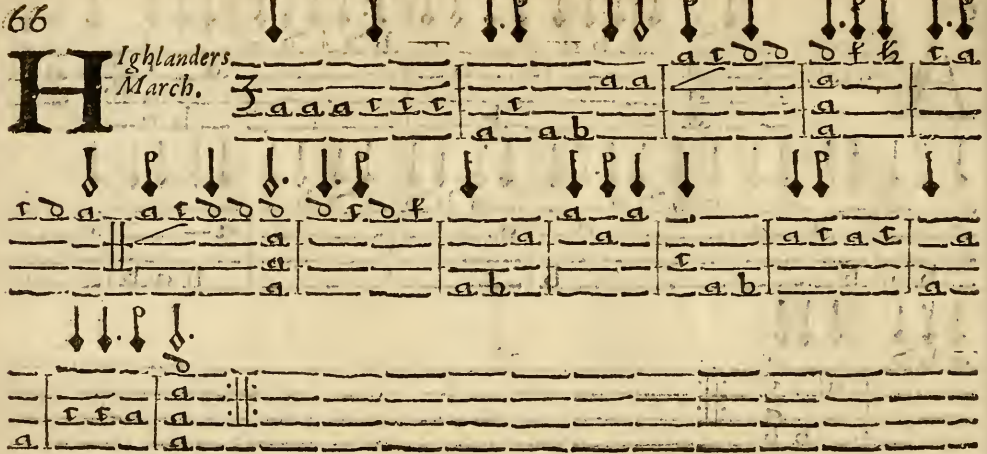



Ofalyna a new Dance.
Araband.

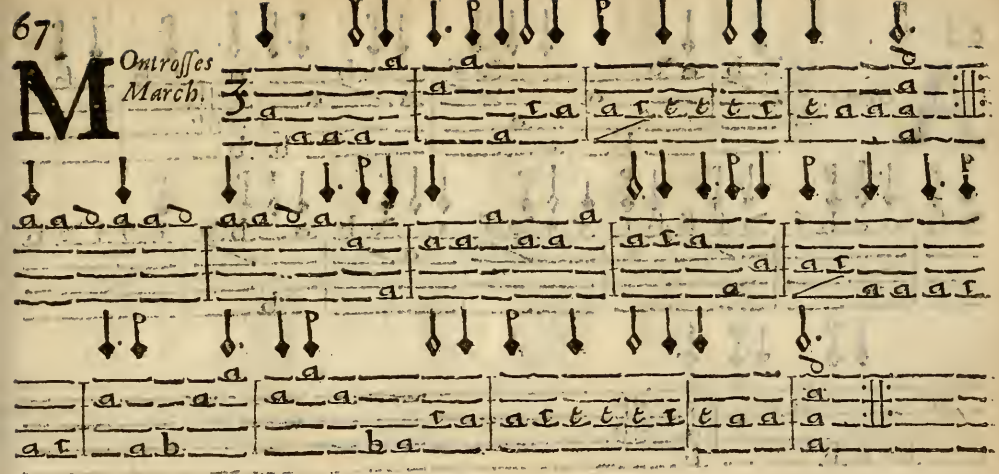
A Jig called Macbeth.



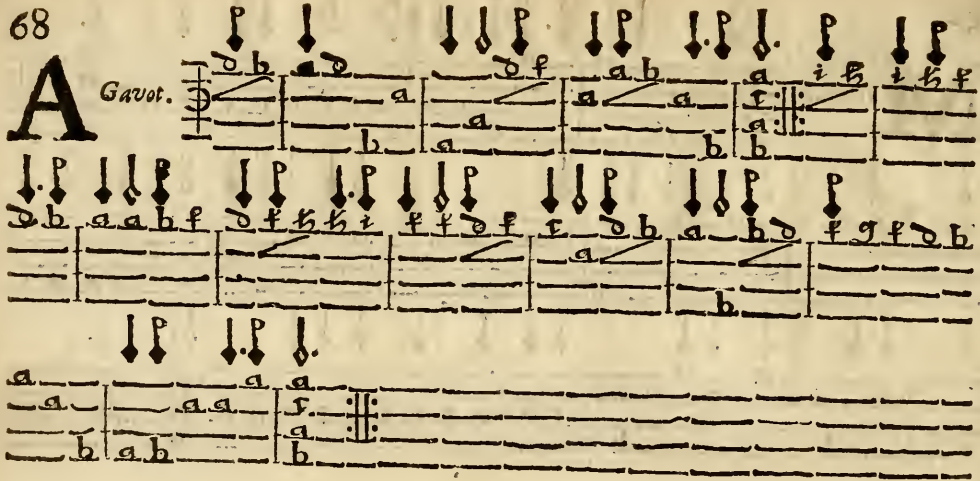
Highlanders March.



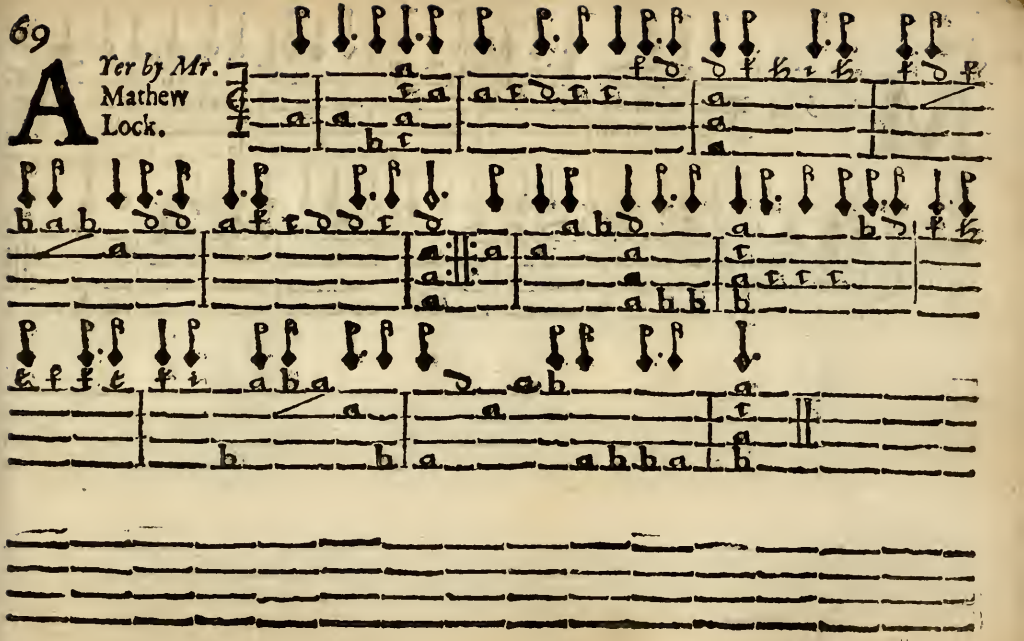
Montroſſes March.



A Gavot.

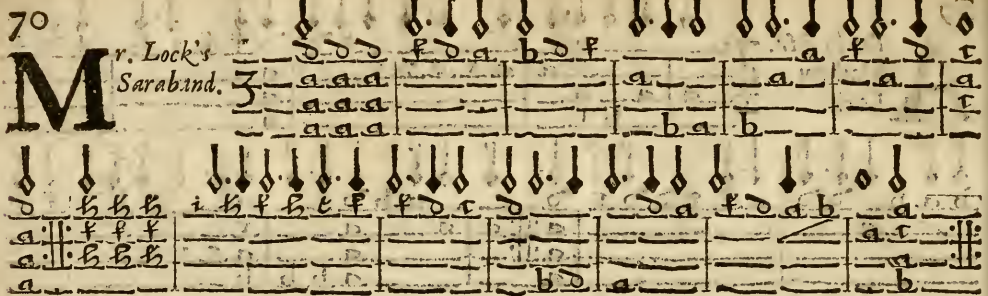


A Ver by Mr. Mathew Lock.

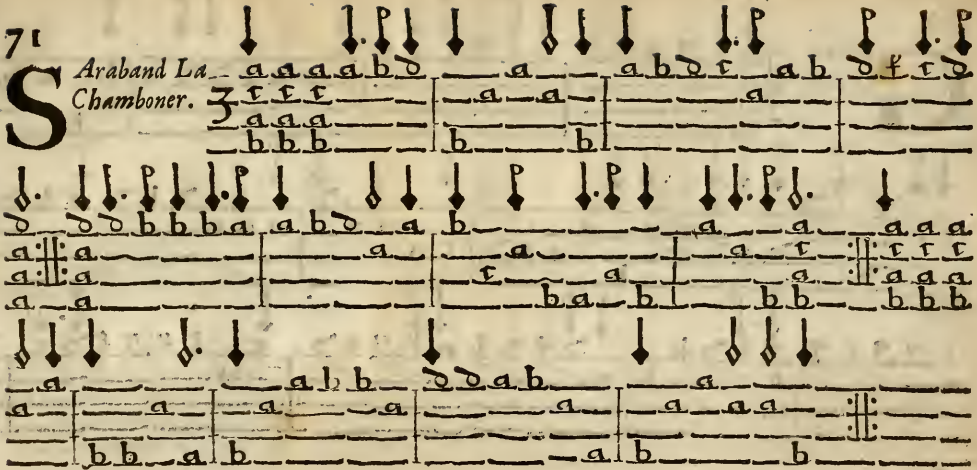


70

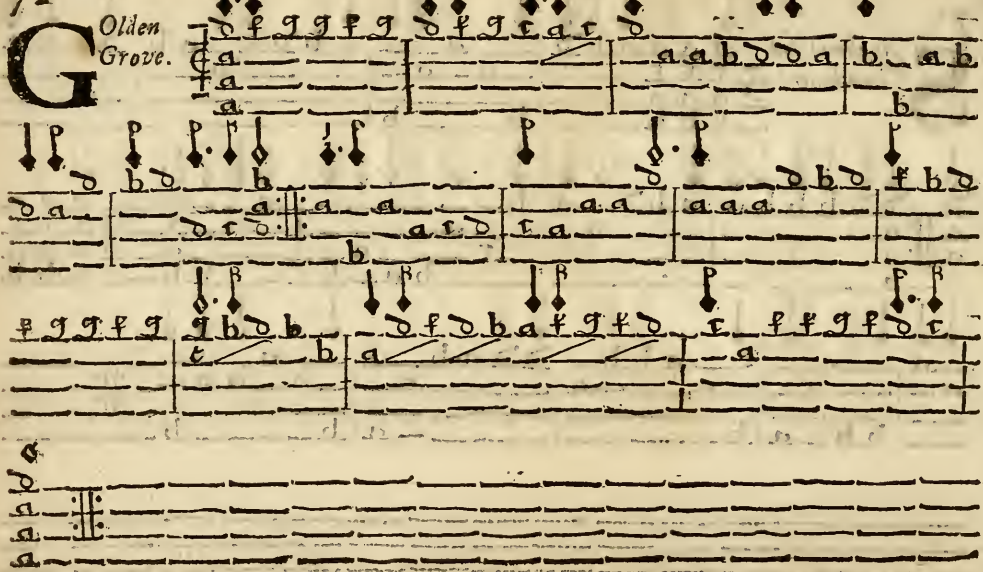
Mr. Lock's Sarabind.



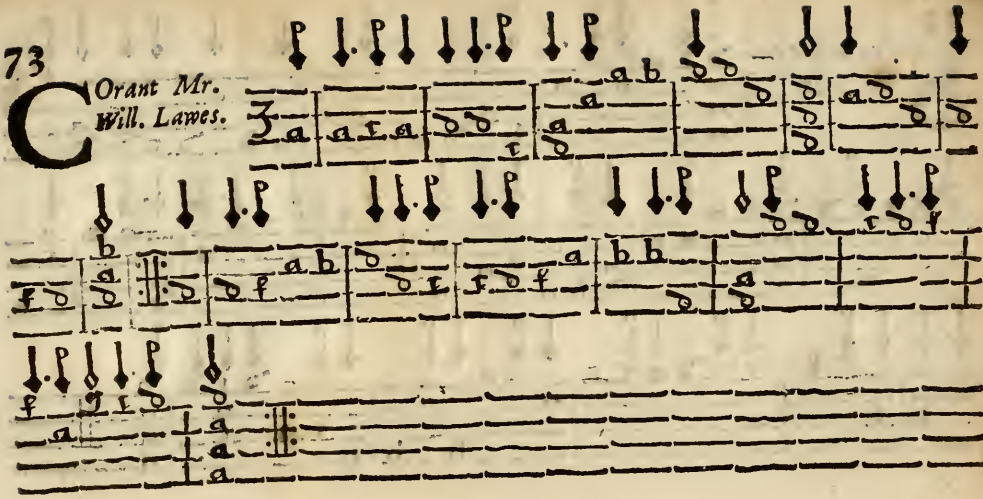
S *Araband La Chamboner.*



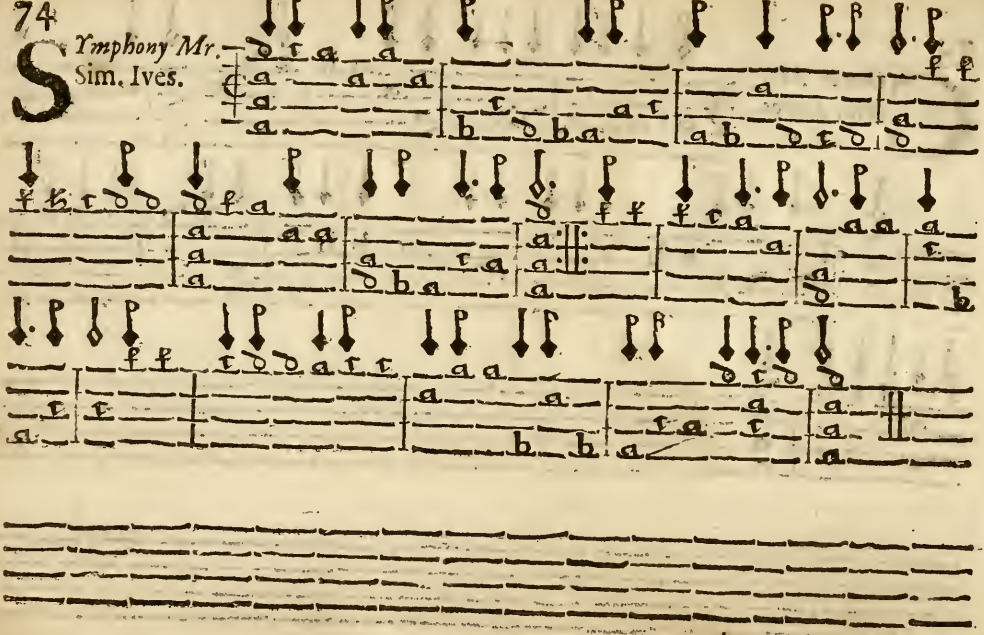
Olden Grove.



C*Orant Mr.*
Will. Lawes.

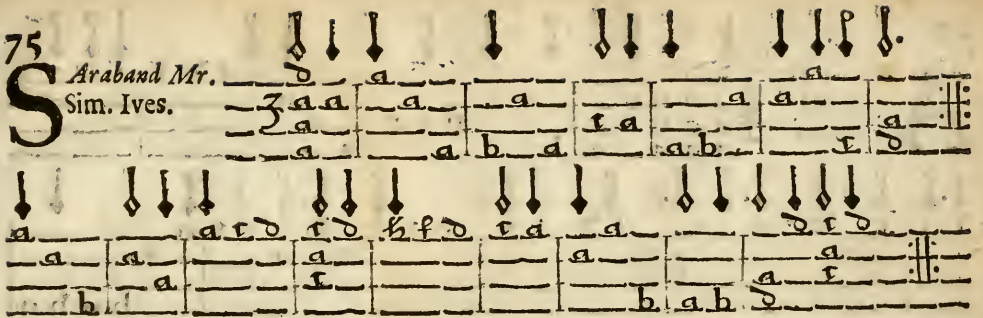


Symphony Mr. Sim. Ives.

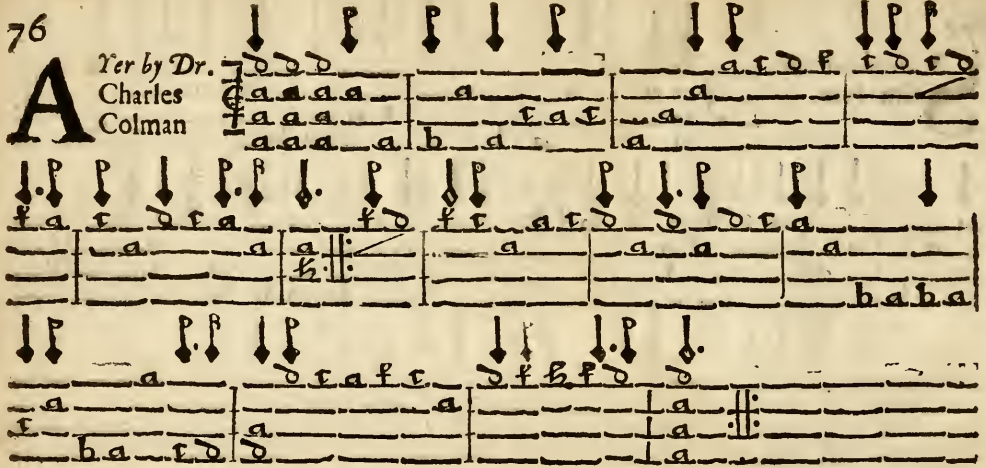


75

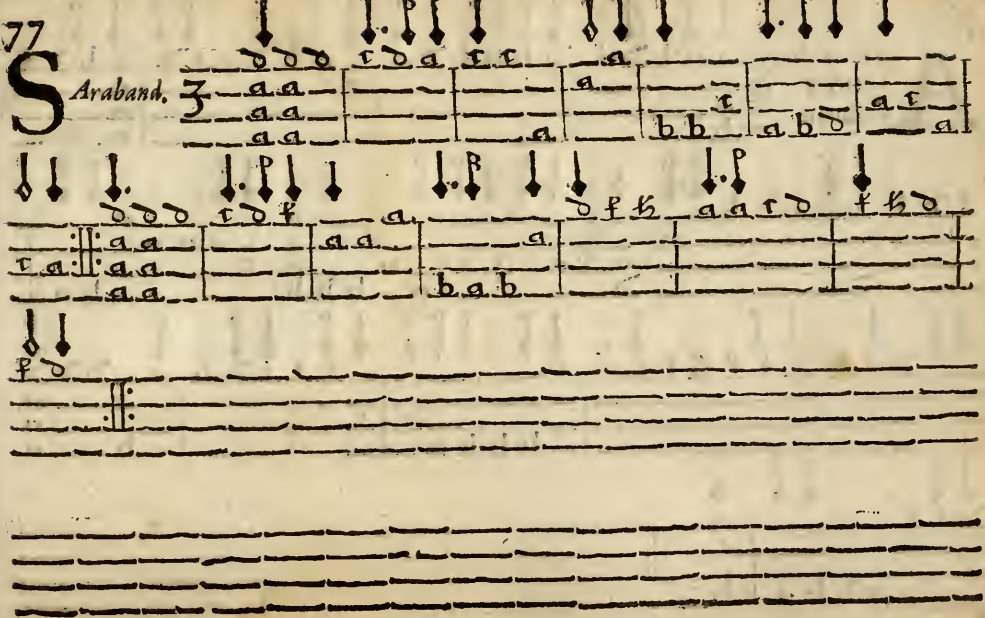
Araband Mr.
Sim. Ives.



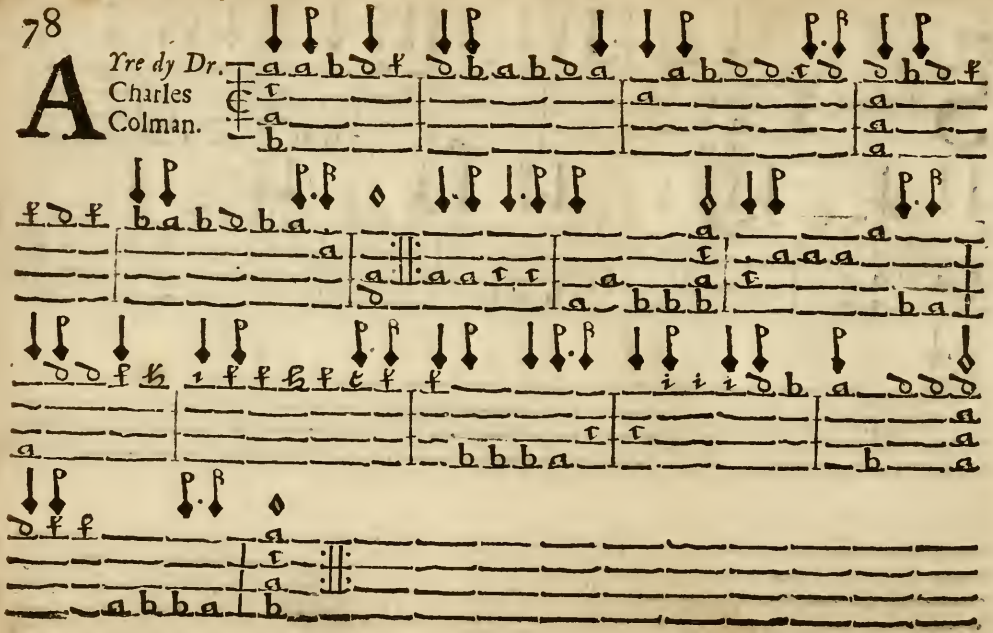
A Yer by Dr. Charles Colman



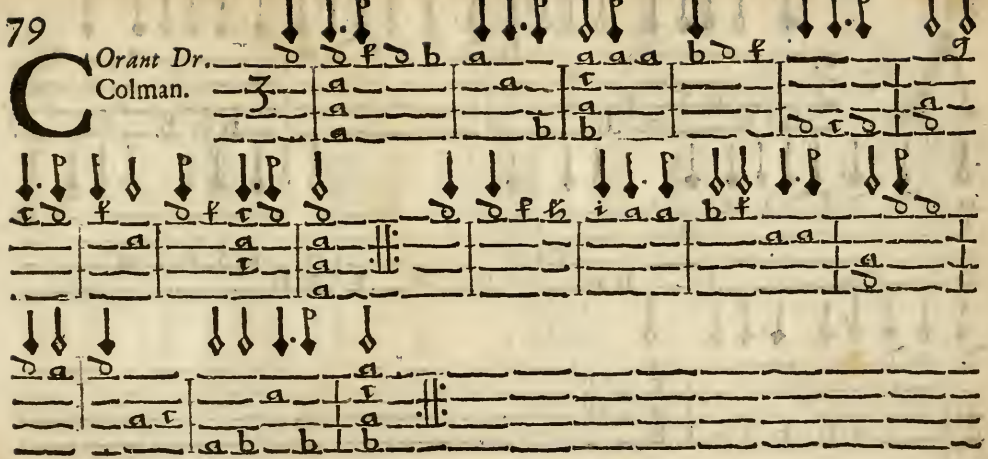
Saraband.



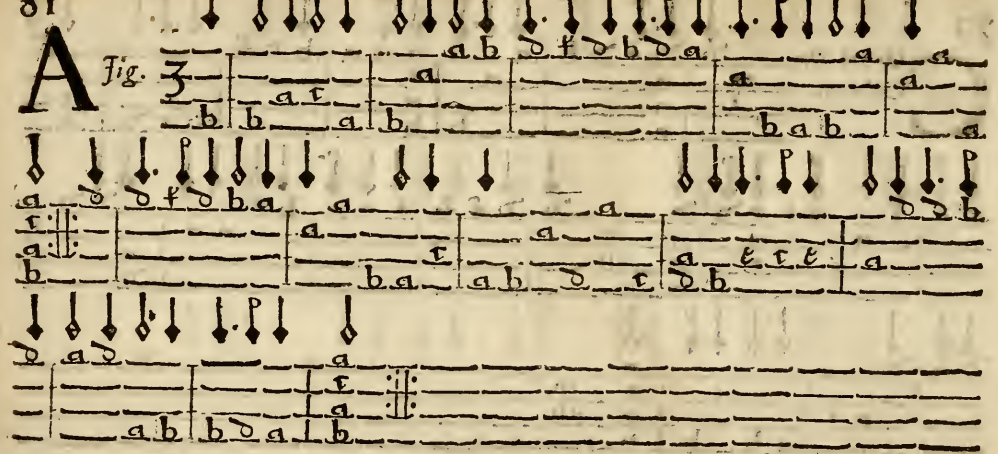
A Yre dy Dr. Charles Colman.



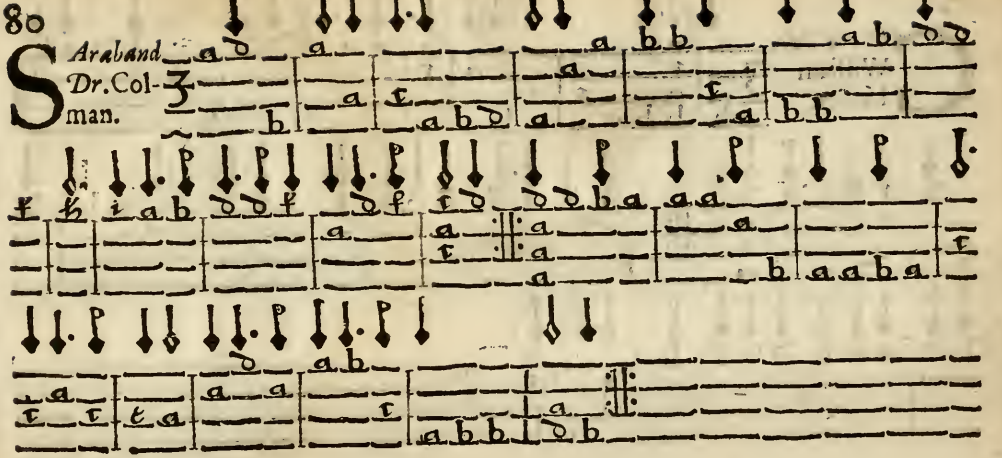
Orant Dr.
Colman.



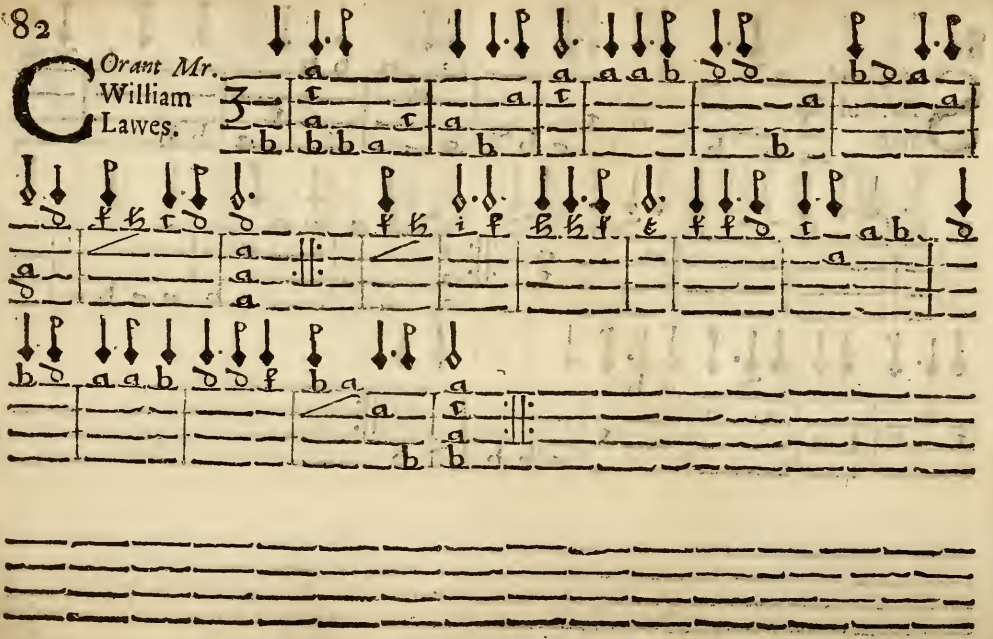
A *Fig.* 3



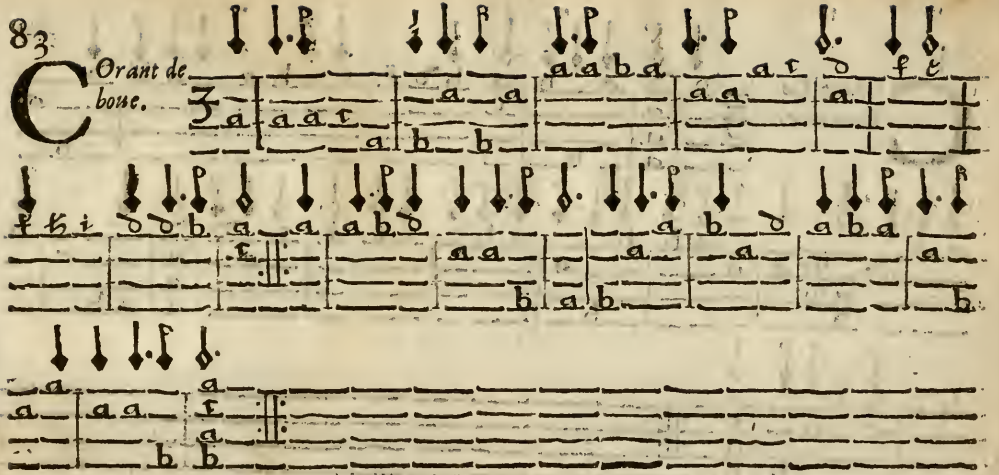
Araband Dr. Col-man.

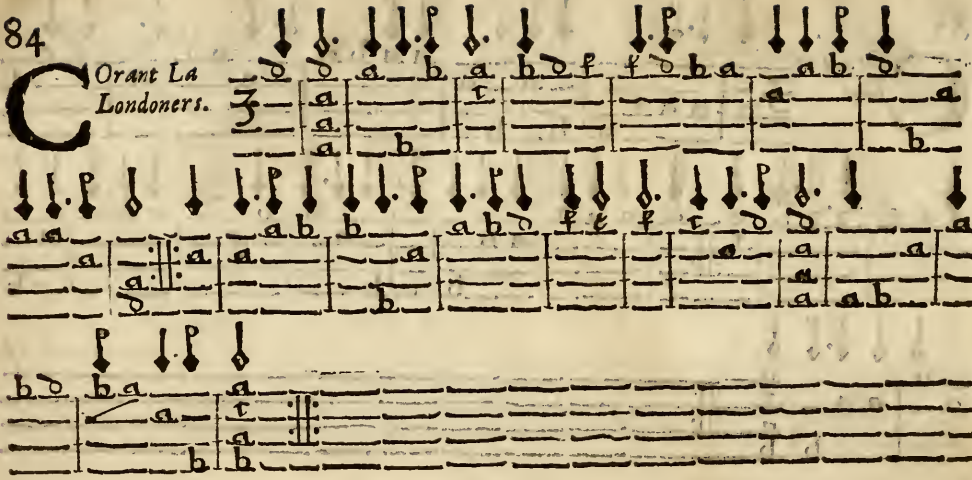


Corant Mr. William Lawes.



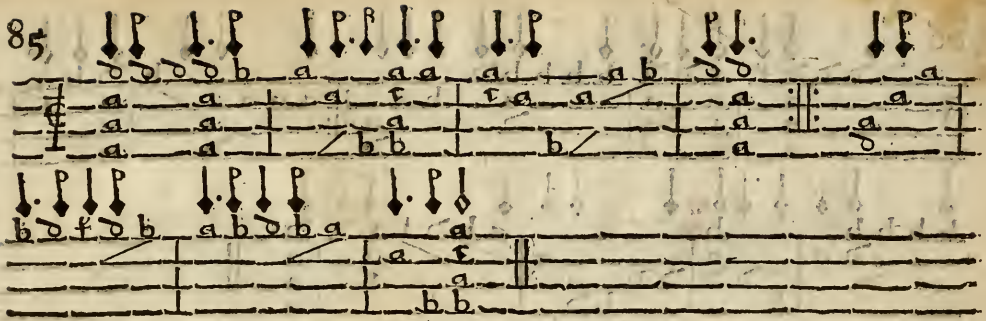
Orant de boue.





FINIS.

Here followeth Ten Short Ayres *or* Songs *to sing with the* CITHREN.



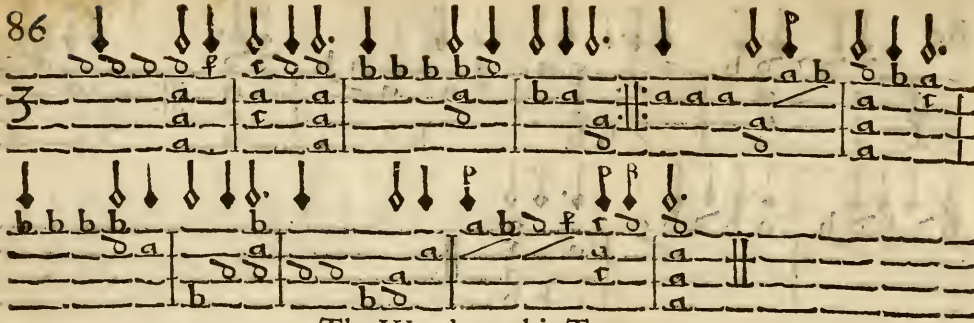
The Words to this Tune.

1. Gather your Roſe buds while you may,
Old time is ſtill a flying
And that ſame flower that ſmiles to day
To morrow will be dying.

2. The Glorious Lamp of Heaven the Sun
The higher he is a getting,
The ſooner will his race be run,
And neater he's to ſetting.

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

4. Then be not Coy but uſe your time,
And while you may go marry;
For having once but loſt your prime,
You may for ever tarry.



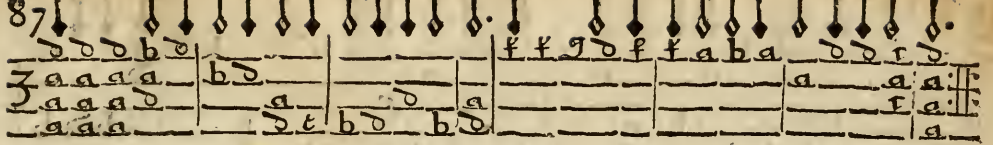
The Words to this Tune.

1. *I am a young and harmleſs Maid,*
And ſome are pleas'd to call me fair;
No man hath yet in Ambuſh laid
To catch me, but I broke the ſnare;
And though they ſtile me proud and coy,
Yet in my freedome is my joy.

2. *Yet could I quickly be in love,*
If men were not ſo falſly wiſe;
With ſighs and tears which daily prove,
To blind our tender hearts and eyes;
Yet raſh belief ſhall ne'r deſtroy
My freedome, which is all my joy.

3. *We are accurſt to be ſo fair,*
And men for their abuſing wit;
When we are wiſe then they deſpair,
And count our paſſion but a fit:
Then for a while I will be coy,
Since freedome is a womans joy.

4. *Yet I do hope this ſafe delay*
Shall make me live and never mourn;
And though my beauty paſs away,
Ile chooſe a Husband for my turn;
And he ſhall be a Lover true,
Then man, I am as wiſe as you.



The Words to this Tune.

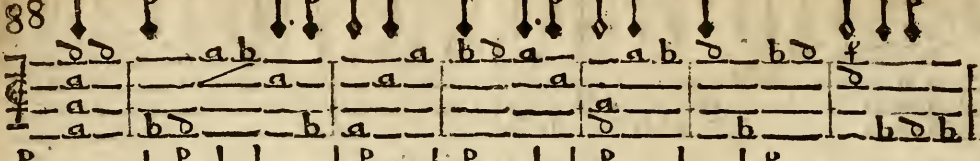
I prethee send me back my heart
Since I cannot have thine ;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should you keep mine ?

Yet now I think on't let it lye,
To send it me were vain ;
For th' hast a Thief in either eye
Will steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together ;
O Love, where is thy Sympathy ?
If thus our hearts thou sever.

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

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



The words o this Tune

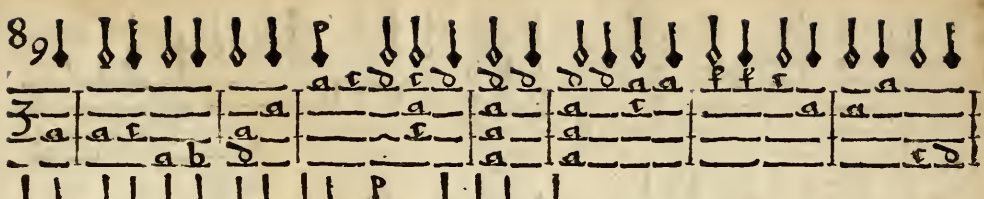
In the merry Month of May,
On a Morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd the wood so wide
When as May *was in her pride;*
There I spy'd all alone, all alone,
Philida *and* Coridon.

Mu h a do there was god wot,
He did love, but she could not;
He said his love was ever true;
She said, none was false to you;
He said, he had lov'd her long;
She said, love should take no wrong.

Coridon *would have kiss'd her then;*
She said, Maids must kiss no men,
Till they kiss for good and all;
Then she bad the shepheard call
All the Gods to witness truth,
Ne'r was lov'd so fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty oath,
As yea, and nay, and Faith, and Troth;
Such as silly Shepherds use
When they would not love abuse;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet Concluded.

Then Philida *with Garlands gay,*
Was crowned Lady of the May.

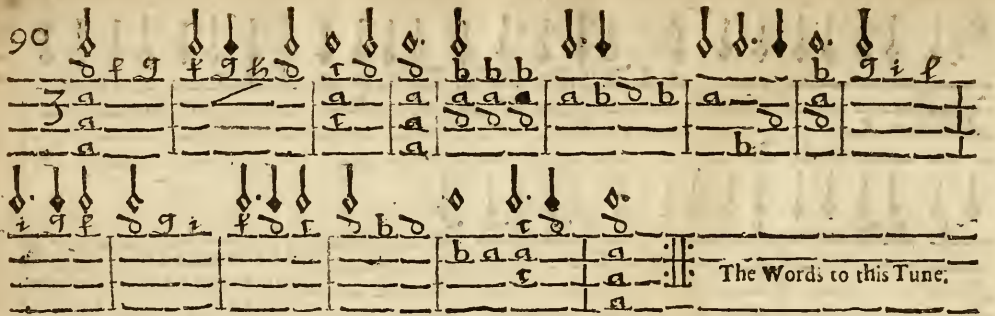


The Words to this Tune.

How happy art thou and I, that never knew how to love,
There's no such blessings here beneath, what e're there is above;
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty, that every wise man loves.

Out, out upon those eyes, that think to murther me,
And he's an Ass beleives her fair, that is not kind and free;
There's nothing sweet, there's nothing sweet, to man but Libertie.

Ile tye my heart to none, nor yet Confine mine eyes:
But I will play my Game so well, Ile never want a prize;
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty, has made me now thus wise.

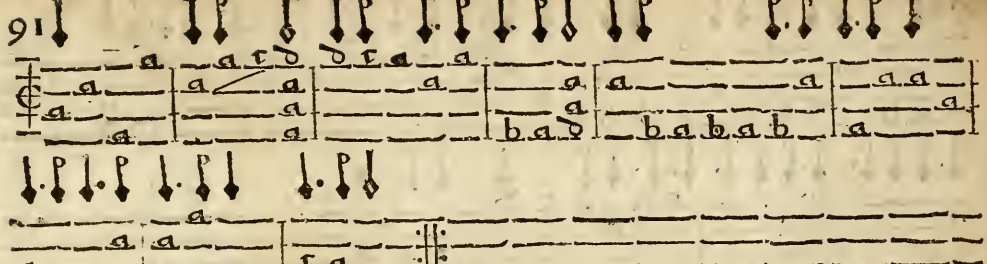


O my Clarisa ! *thou cruel fair*,
Bright as the morning, and soft as the air;
Fresher then Flowers in May,
Yet far more sweet then they;
Love is the Suject of my prayer.

Let not such fortune my love betide,
O let your rocky breast be mollified!
Send me not to my Grave,
Unpitied like a Slave;
How can Love such usage abide?

When I first saw thee, I left a flame,
Which from thine eyes like lightning came;
Sure it was Cupid's *dart*,
It peirc'd quite through my heart;
O could thy Breast once feel the same.

Sympathize with me a while in grief,
This passion quickly will find relief;
Cupid *will from his Bowers*,
Warm these chill hearts of ours;
And make his power Rule their in chief.



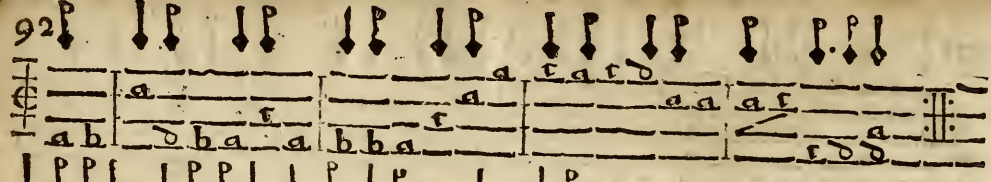
The Words to this Tune.

Come, oh come! I brook no stay,
She doth not love that can delay;
See how the stealing night,
Hath blotted out the light,
And Tapers do supply the day.

To be chast is to be old,
And that foolish Girl that's cold,
Is fourscore at fifteen;
Desires, do wright her green;
And looser flames our youth unfold.

See, the first Taper's almost gone,
Thy flame, like that, will straight be none;
And I as it expire,
Not able to hold fire;
She looseth time that lyes alone.

Let us then cherish these our powers,
Whiles we yet may call them ours;
Then we best spend our time,
When no dull zealous Chime:
But sprightful kisses strike the hours.

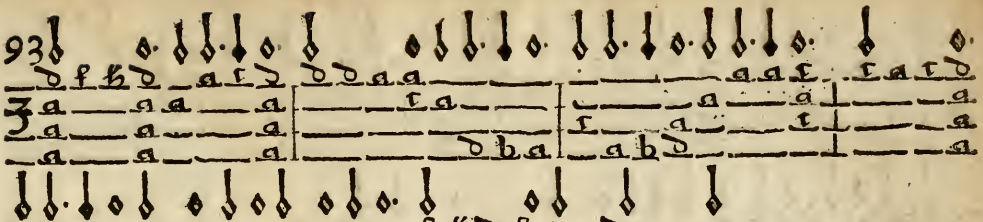


The Words to this Tune.

Silly heart forbear those are murdring Eyes,
In the which (I swear) Cupid lurking lyes;
See his Quiver, see his Bow too, see his Dart;
Fly, oh fly! thou foolish heart.

Greedy eyes take heed, they are scorching beams,
Causing hearts to bleed; and your eyes spring streams,
Love lyes watching, with his Bow bent, and his dart;
For to wound both eyes and heart.

Think and Gaze your fill, foolish heart and eyes,
Since you love your ill, and your good despise;
Cupid shooting, Cupid darting, and his band;
Mortal powers cannot with-stand.

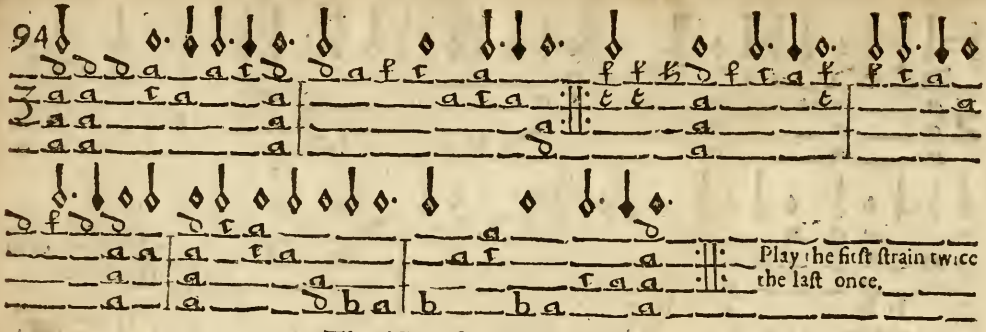


Cloris *now thou art fled away;*
Amintor's *sheep are gon astray;*
And all the joy he took to see,
His pretty Lambs run after thee;
Is gone, is gone, and he alone
Sings nothing now, but welladay.

His oaten pipe that in thy praise
Was wont to play such Roundelays;
Is thrown away, and not a Swain
Dares pipe, or sing, within this plain;
'Tis Death for any now to say
One word to him but welladay.

Upon those banks you us'd to tread,
He ever since hath laid his head,
And whisper'd there such pining woe,
As not a blade of grass will grow.
O Cloris! Cloris, *come away,*
And hear Amintor's *welladay, welladay.*

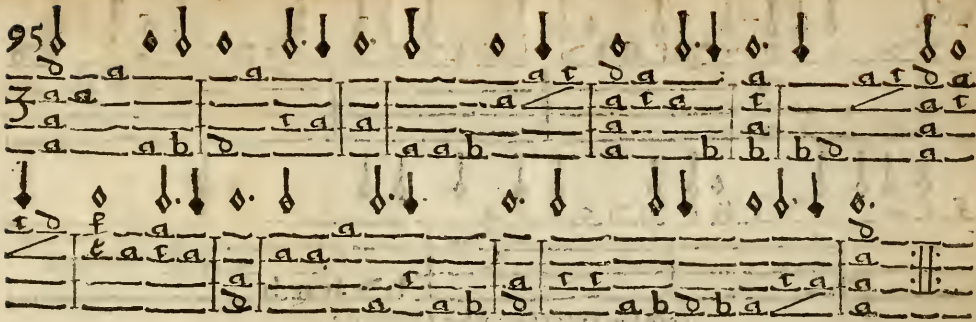
The May-pole *where thy little feet,*
So roundly in measures meet;
Is broken down, and no content
Comes neer Amintor *since you went;*
All that I ever heard him say
Was Cloris, Cloris, *welladay, &c.*



The Words to this Tune.

I am confirm'd a woman can,
Love this, or that, or any man;
This day her love is melting hot,
To morrow swears she knowes you not:
Let her but an new object find,
And she is of another mind.
Then hang me Ladies at your dore
If e're I dote upon you more.

Yet still I'le love the fair one, why?
For nothing but to please mine eye;
And so the Fat, and soft-skin'd dame,
Ile flatter to appease my flame:
For her that's Musical I long,
When I am sad to sing a song.
But hang me Ladies at your dore
If e're I dote upon you more.

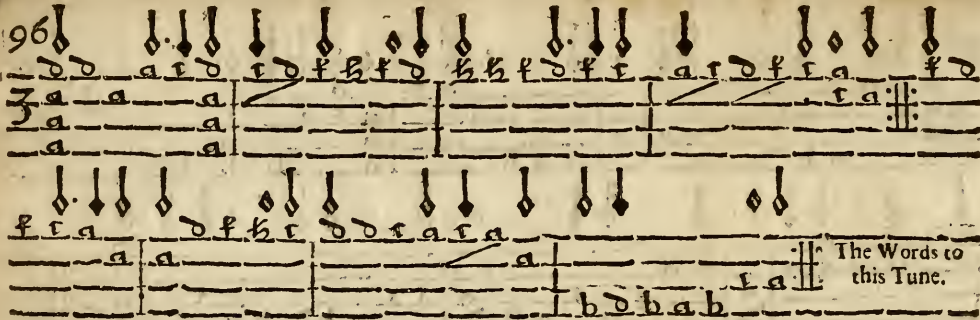


The Words to this Tune.

Fie, be no longer coy,
But let's enjoy
What's by the World confeſt
Women love beſt.
Thy Beauty freſh as May
Will ſoon decay:
Beſides within a year or two
I ſhall be old, and cannot do.

Do'ſt think that Nature can
For every man
(Had ſhe more skill) provide
So fair a Bride.
Who ever made a Feaſt
For ſingle gueſt?
No, without ſhe did intend
To ſerve the husband & his friend.

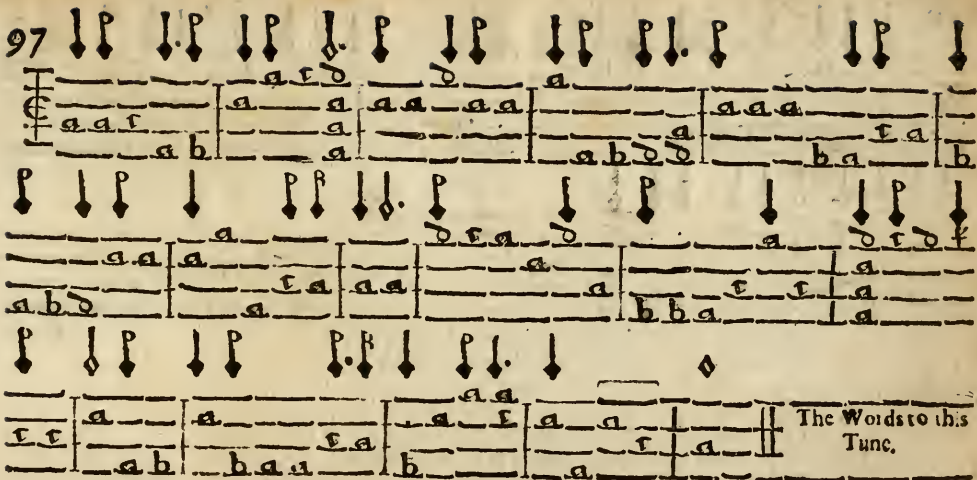
To be a little nice,
Sets better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their Servants loves.
But on the Riper years
It ill appears,
After a while you'l find this true.
I need provoking more then you.


The Words to this Tune.

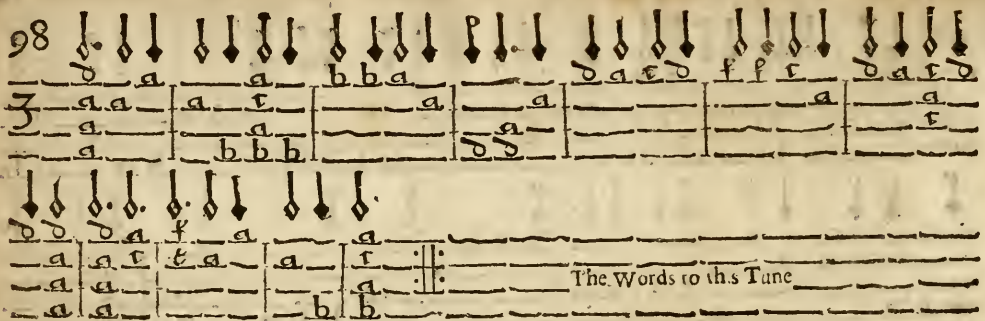
I can love for an hour when I am leisure,
He that loves half a day fools without measure;
Cupid *then tell me what Art had thy Mother*
To make men love one face more then another.

Some to be thought more wise daily endevour
To make the world believe they can love ever;
Ladies believe them not, they'll but deceive you,
For when they have their ends then they will leave you.

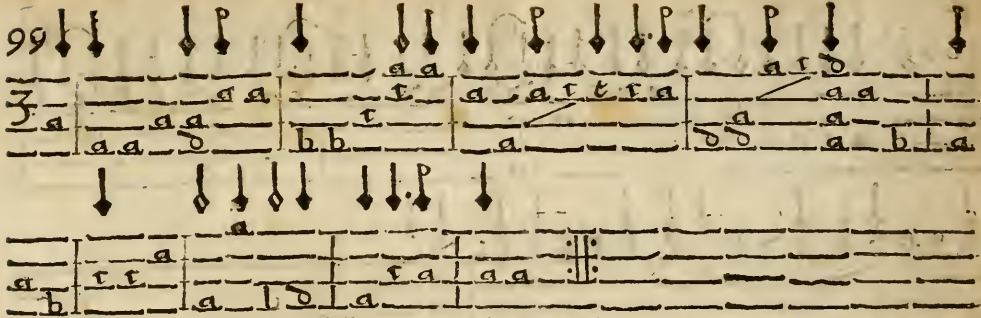
Men cannot tire themselves with your sweet features,
They'll have variety of loving Creatures;
Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,
Though they can never do't yet they'll be fooling.



He that will Court a Wench that is Coy, that is proud, that is Perviſh and Antick,
Let him be careleſs to ſport and to toy, and as wild as ſhe can be frantick;
Flatter her and ſlight her, laugh at her and ſpight her, rail and commend her agen,
'Tis the way to woe her, if you mean to do her, ſuch Girles love ſuch men.



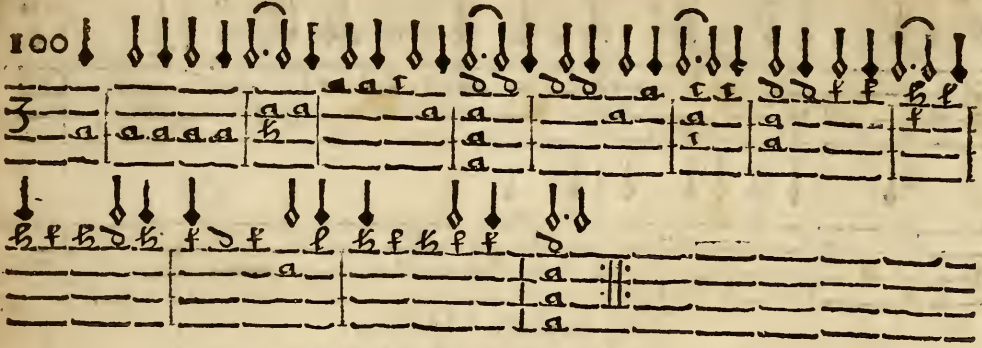
Fond love, what do'ſt thou mean to court an idle folly?
Platonick love is nothing elſe but meerly Melancholy.
'Tis Active love that makes us jolly.
What though I'm fond (they ſay) and apt to be in love,
I find it will no longer ſtay, then ſhe will conſtant prove;
Such Qualmes oft ſqueemiſh Stomachs move.
To dote upon a face, or Court a ſparkling eye,
Or to believe a Dimpl'd Cheek complete felicitie,
Is to betray a Libertie.
They care not for your ſighs, nor your erected eyes,
They hate to hear a fool lament, and crye he dyes he dyes;
O no! Love is a better prize.



The Angler's SONG.

Man's life is but vain, for 'tis Subject to pain
And sorrow, and short as a bubble;
'Tis a hodge of Business, and mony, and care,
And care, and mony, and trouble.

But we'll take no care when the weather proves fair,
Nor will we now vex though it rain;
We'll banish all sorrow, and sing till to morrow,
And Angle, and Angle again.

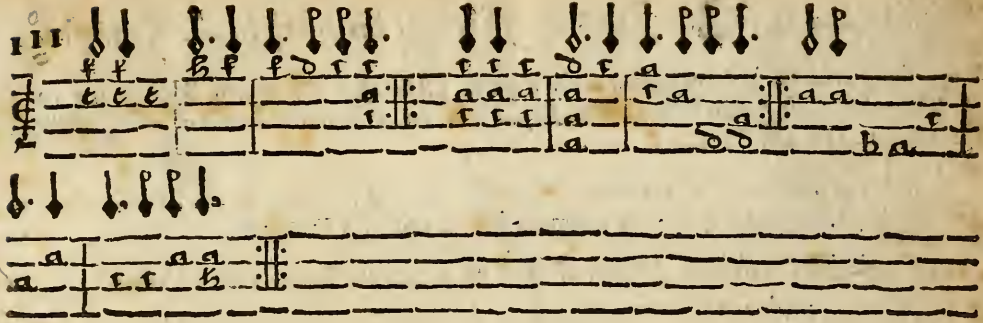


The Words to this Tune.

A CATCH.

The Wisemen were but seven, neer more shall be for me;
The Muses were but nine, the Worthies three times three;
And three merry Boyes, and three merry Boyes are we.

The Virtues were but seven, and three the greater be;
The Cæsars they were twelve, and the fatal Sisters three;
And three merry Girles, and three merry Girles are we.



A CATCH.

A Boate, a Boate have to the Ferry,
For we'll go over to be merry,
To laugh and sing and drink old Sherry.

FINIS.

Musick Books Sold by John Playford *at his Shop in the* Temple.

A *Brief and Plain Introduction to the Skill of Musick.* By which Book many have learn'd to *Sing*, and Play on the *Bass-Viol*, and also on the *Treble-Violin*, without the Assistance of any Teachers.

2. *Select Ayres and Dialogues* for 1, 2, and 3 Voices, to Sing to the *Theorbo-Lute* or *Bass-Viol.* Composed by several Eminent Masters of this Kingdom.

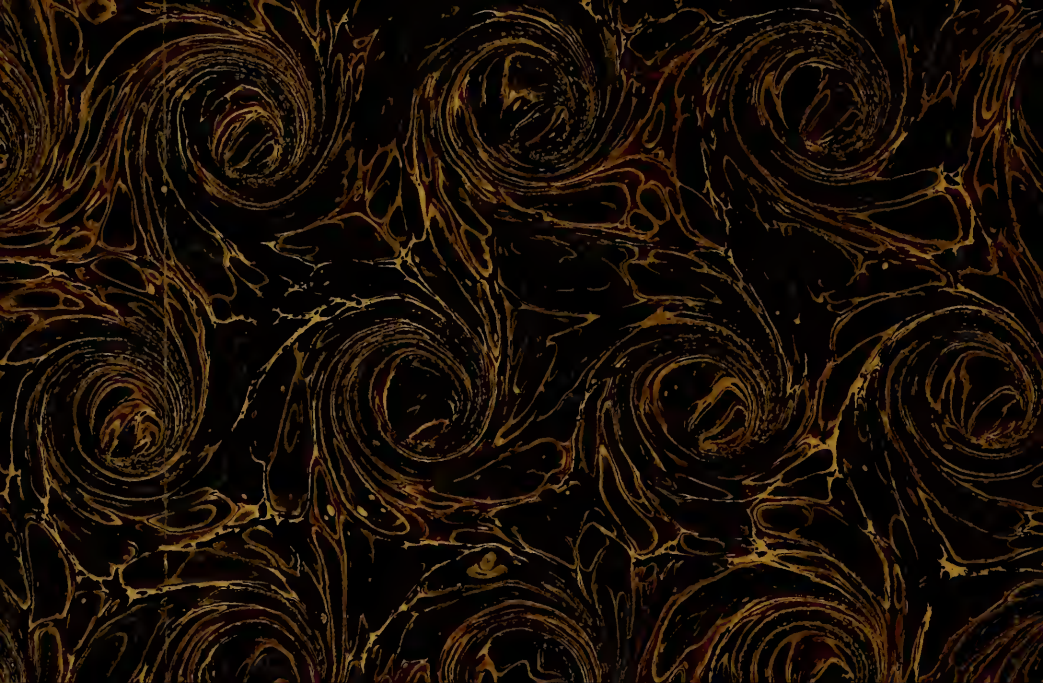
3. *Catch that Catch can.* A Book of merry Catches and Rounds for 3 Voices.

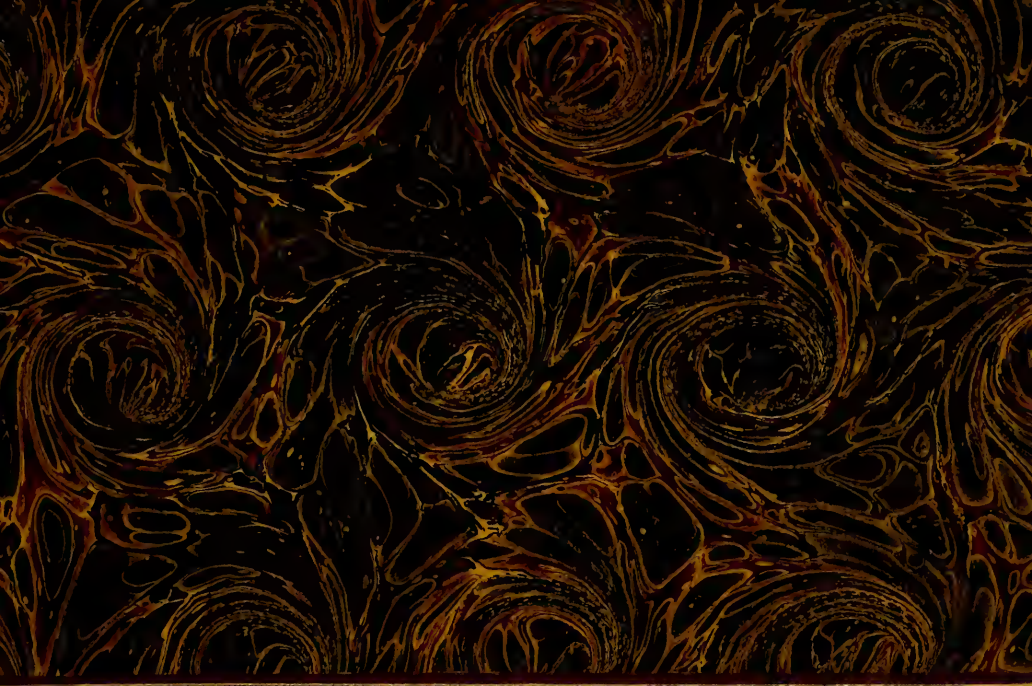
4. The *Dancing Master.* Or Directions for Dancing Country Dances with the Tunes to each Dance; and an 100 other New Tunes added to be plaid on the *Treble-Violin.*

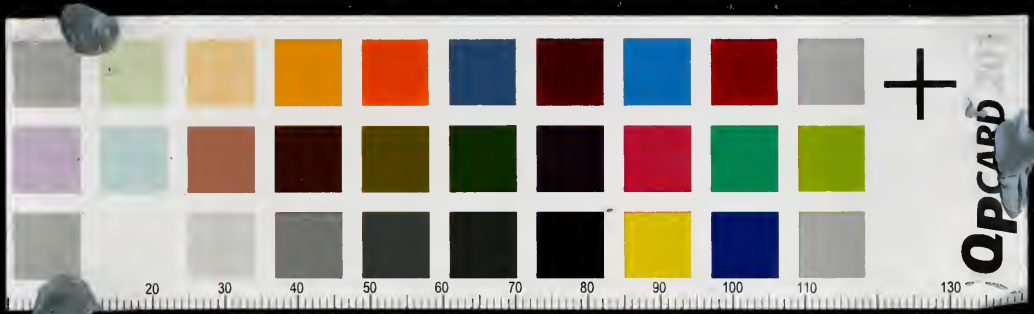
5. *Musicks Recreation on the Lyra-Viol.* Containing an 150 New and Choice Lessons of several Tunings, with Instructions for Beginners.

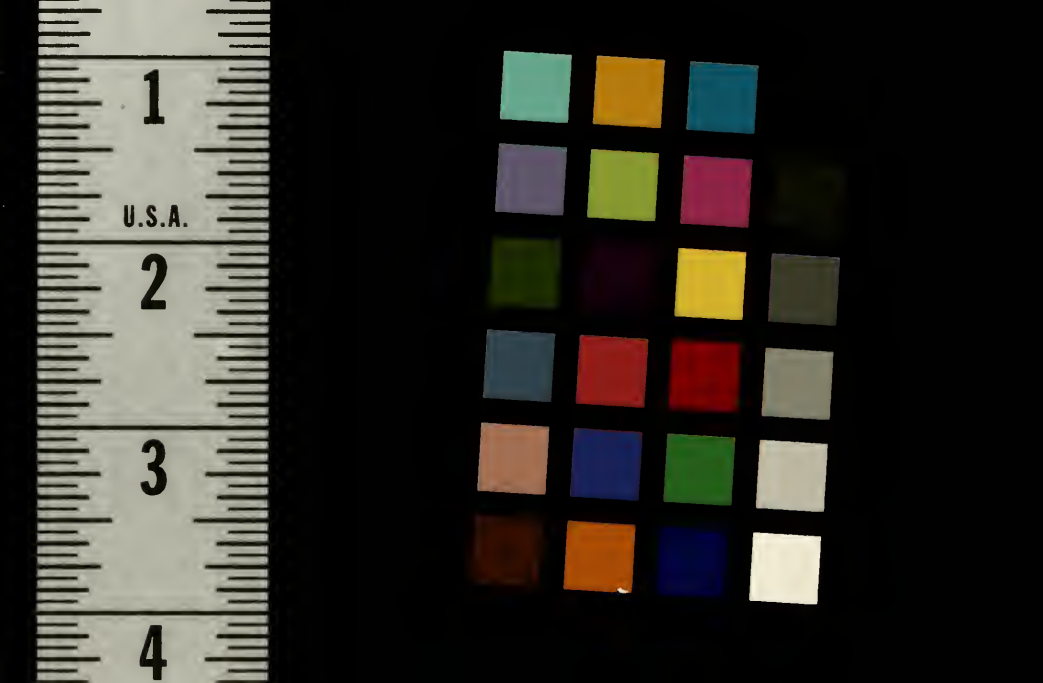
6. *Musicks Handmaid.* Presenting New and Pleasant Lessons for the *Virginals*, with Instructions for Beginners who practice by Book.

Also all sorts of Rul'd Paper, and Ruled Book for Musick ready bound of several Sizes, and very good Black Ink for Pricking of Musical Lessons.






20
30
40
50
60
70
80
90
100
110
130
QPCARD


1
U.S.A.
2
3
4