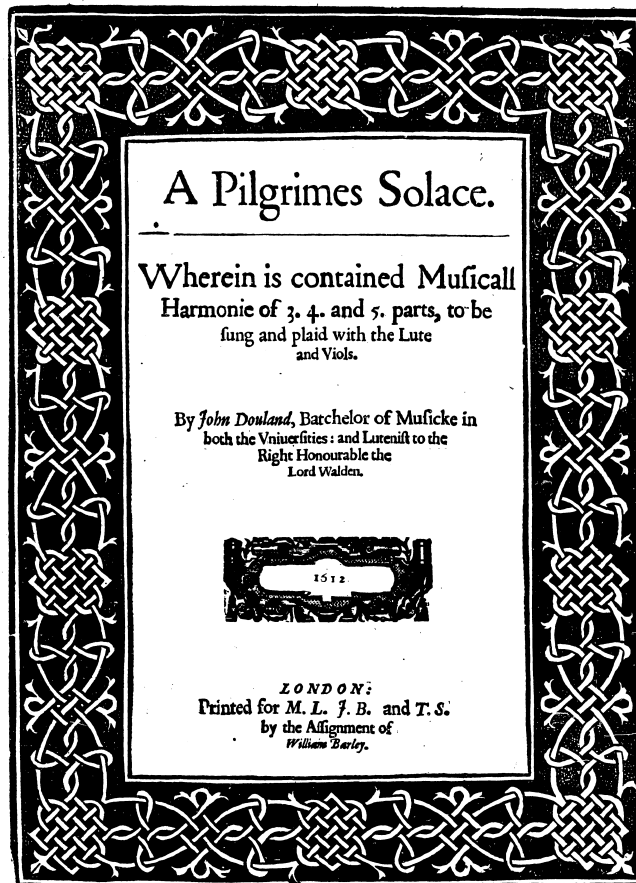


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T O T H E R I N G T H O^{norable,}
THEOPHILVS, LORD VV ALDEN, SONNE
AND HEIRE TO THE MOST NOBLE, THOMAS, BARON
OF WALDEN, EARLE OF SVFFOLKE, LORD CHAMBERLAINE
OF HIS MAIESTIES HOWSEHOLD, KNIGHT OF THE MOST
Noble Order of the Garter, and one of his Maicities most Honourable
Prime Counsell.

Most Honoured Lord:



S to excell in any qualitie is very rare, so is it a hard thing to finde out those that fauour Vertue and Learning, but such being found, men of Iudgment are drawne (I know not by what Sympatie) to loue and Honor them, as the Saints and Soueraignes of their affections and deuices: wherefore (most Worthy Lord) your Honor being of all men noted (as natural borne beire of your most Renowned father and mother) to be the onely and alone Supporter of goodnes and excellencie, knowne to none better (vnles I should be the most vngratefull of all others) then my selfe, who am held vp onely by your gracious hand; for which I can shew no other meanes of thankfulness then these simple fruits of my poore endeauor: which I most humbly present as a publike pledge from a true and deuoted heart, hoping hereafter to performe something, wherein I shall shew my selfe more worthy of your Honorable seruice. In the meane time you shall haue a poore mans praier for your Lordships continuall health and dayly increase of Honor.

Your Honour:

humble seruant

JOHN DOVLAND.

TO THE READER.



Orthy Gentlemen, and my louing Countrymen moued by your many and fore-tailed courtesies, I am constrained to appeare againe vnto you. True it is, I haue lien long obscured from your sight, because I receiued a Kingly entertainment in a forraine climate, which could not attaine to any (though neuer so meane) place at home, yet haue I held vp my head within this Horizon, and not altogether beeing vnaffected else where. Since some part of my poore labours haue found fauour in the greatest part of Europes, and beeing printed in eight most famous Cities beyond the Seas. viz: *Paris, Antwerpe, Collein, Nuremberge, Frankfort, Lipsig, Amsterdam, and Hamburge* (yea and some of

them also authorized vnder the Emperours royall priuiledge,) yet I must tell you, as I haue beene a stranger, so haue I againe found strange entertainment since my returne, especially by the opposition of two sorts of people that throude themselves vnder the title of Musicians. The first are some simple Cantors, or vocall singers, who though they seeme excellent in their blinde Diuision-making, are meere ignorant, euen in the first elements of Musicke, and also in the true order of the mutation of the *Hexachord* in the *Systeme*, (which hath ben approved by all the learned and skilfull men of Christendome, this 800 yeeres,) yet doe these fellows giue their verdict of me behinde my backe, and say, what I doe is after the old manner: but I will speake openly to them, and would haue them know that the proudest Cantor of them, dares not oppose himselfe face to face against me. The second are young men, professors of the Lute, who vaunt themselves, to the disparagement of such as haue beene before their time, (wherein I my selfe am a party) that there neuer was the like of them. To these men I say little, because of my loue and hope to see some deedes ensue their braue wordes, and also being that here vnder their owne noses hath beene published a Booke in defence of the Viol de Gamba, wherein not onely all other the best and principall Instruments haue beene abased, but especially the Lute by name, the words, to satisfie thee Reader I haue here thought good to insert, and are as followeth: *From hence forth, the statefull Instrument Gambo Violl, shall with ease yeeld full varions, and deuicfull Musike as the Lute: for here I present the Trinitie of Musicks, Partis, Passion, and Desision, to be as gratefully united in the Gambo Violl, as in the most reuerend Instrument that is, &c.* Which Imputation, me thinkes, the learned sort of Musicians ought not to let passe vnanswered. Moreover that here are and daily doth come into our most famous kingdome, diuers strangers from beyond the seas, which are ere before our owne faces, that we haue no true methode of application or fingering of the Lute. Now if these gallant yong Lutenists be such as they would haue the world beleue, and of which I make no doubt, let them remember that their skill lyeth not in their fingers ends: *Cucullus non facit Monachum*. I wish for the Honor therfore and generall benefit of our Countrie, that they vndertake the defence of their Lute profession, seeing that some of them aboute other, haue most large meanes, conuenient time, and such encouragement as I neuer knew any haue, beleue me if any of these objections had beene made when those famous men liued which now are thought worthy of no fame, not derogating from these skilfull men present dare affirme that these objections had beene answered to the full, and I make no doubt but that those few of the former time which liue yet, being that some of them are Bachelors of Musicke, and others which as time vnto themselves to be no lesse worthy, wilbe as forward to preferue their reputation. Perhaps you will aske me, why I that haue trauailed many countries, and ought to haue some experience, doth not vnder goe this busines my selfe? I answer that I want abilitie, being I am now entered into the fiftieth yeare of mine age: secondly because I want both meanes, leasure, and encouragement. But (Gentle Reader to conlude, although abruptly) this worke of mine, which I here haue published, containeth such things as I my selfe haue thought well of, as being in mine opinion furnished with varietie of matter both of Iudgement and delight, which willingly I refferre to the friendly censure, and approbation of the skilfull: hoping it will be no lesse delightfull to all in generall, then it was pleasing to me in the composition. Farewell.

Your friend
John Dowland.

THE TABLE.

D	If daime me still, that I may euer loue.	I
	Sweete stay a while, why will you?	II
	To aske for all thy loue.	III
	Loue those beames that breede:	IIII
	Shall I strue with wordes to moue.	V
	VVere euery thought an eye.	VI
	Stay time a while thy flying.	VII
	Tell me true Loue.	VIII
	Goe nightly, cares the enemy to rest.	IX
	From silent night, true register of moanes.	X
	<i>Lasso vitam, mi fa morire.</i>	XI
	In this trembling shadow.	XII
	If that a Sinners sighs be Angels food.	XIII
	Thou mighty God : 1. part.	XIIII
	VVhen Davids life by Saul. 2. part.	XV
	VVhen the poore Cripple. 3. part.	XVI
	VVhere Sinne fore wounding.	XVII
	My heart and tongue were twinned.	XVIII
	Vp merry Mates, to Neptunes praile.	XIX
	VVelcome blacke night.	XX
	Cease these false sports.	XXI
	A Galliard to Lachryme.	XXII

F f N f S.

CANTUS.

I.

D Ildaine me still that I may euer loue, For who his Loue enioyes, can loue,
can loue no more. The warre once past with ease men co- wards proue: And ships returnde, doe rot vp-
pon the shore. And though thou frowne, Ile say thou art most faire, most faire:
And still Ile loue, and still Ile loue, Ile loue, though still, though, still I must de- spayre.

As heere to life is desire to loue,
and there once quench'd both life and loue are gone.
Let not any flighes nor teares thy vertue moue,
like baser mettals doe not melt too soone.
Laugh at my woes although I euer mourne,
Loue surfeits with reward, his nurse is scorne.

D Ildaine me still that I may euer loue: For who his Loue enioyes can loue, can loue no more.
The warre once past, with ease men cowards proue: And ships returnde, doe rot vpon the shore. And though thou
frowne, thou frowne, Ile say thou art most faire, most faire, And still Ile loue, Ile loue, though still I must de- spayre.

ALIVS.

BASSVS. I.
D Ildaine me still that I may euer loue: For who his
Loue enioyes, can loue can loue no more. The war once
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rot vpon the shore. And though thou frowne Ile say thou
art most faire, most faire, And still Ile loue, though still I
must de- spayre.

TENOR.

I.

D Ildaine me still that I may euer loue: For who his Loue enioyes can loue, can loue no more. The
warre once past, with ease men cowards proue: And ships returnde doe rot vpon the shore. And though thou frowne, Ile say,
Ile say, thou art most faire, most faire, And still Ile loue, and still Ile loue, and still Ile loue, Ile loue, though still,
still I must de- spayre, de- spayre.

CANTVS.

To my worthy friend Mr. William Iewel of Exeter Colledge in Oxford.

II.

Weete flay a while, why will you rife? The light you see comes from your eyes:
 The day breakes not, it is my heart, To thinke that you and I must part,
 O flay, O flay, or else my ioyes, my ioyes, my ioyes must dye, And perish
 in their in-fan-cie.

Deare let me dye in this faire breast,
 Farre sweeter then the Phoenix nest.
 Love raise desire by his sweete charmes
 Within this circle of thine armes:
 And let thy blissefull kisses cherish
 Mine infant ioyes, that else must perish.

Weete flay a while, why will you rife? The light you see comes from your eyes:
 The day breakes not, it is my heart, To thinke that you and I must part, O flay, O flay, or else my ioyes, my ioyes must dye, And perish in their in-fan-cie.

Weete flay a while, why will you rife?
 The light you see comes from your eyes: The day
 breakes not, it is my heart, To thinke that you, that
 you and I must part, O flay, O flay, or
 else my ioyes, my ioyes must dye, and perish
 in their in-fan-cie.

TENOR.

II.

Weete flay a while, why will you rife? The light you see comes from your eyes: The day breakes
 not, it is my heart, To thinke that you, that you, that you and I must part, O flay, flay, flay; O flay, flay, flay, or else my
 ioyes, my ioyes must dye, must dye, dye, my ioyes must dye, And perish in their in-fan-cie.

C

CANTUS

III

O aske for all thy lone, and thy whole heart t'were madnesse, I doe not sue, nor
can admit (fai- rest) from you to haue all, yet who giueth all hath nothing to im-
part, but fadnesse.

He that receiueth all, can haue no more
then feeling.

My Loue by length
of euery houre,
Gathers new strength,
new growth, new flower.
You must haue daily new rewards in store,
still being.

You cannot euery day giue me your heart
for merit :

Yet if you will,
when yours doth goe,
You shall haue still
one to bestow :

For you shall mine when yours doth part
inherit.

Yet if you please, he finde a better way,
then change them :

For so alone
desert we shall
Be one and one,
another all-

Let vs so ioyne our hearts that nothing may
estrangle them.

O aske for all thy lone and thy whole heart, t'were madnesse: I doe not sue, nor can admit
(Fayrest, Fayrest) from you to haue all, Yet who giueth all, giueth all, hath nothing to impart but fadnesse.

O aske for all thy lone, and thy whole heart, t'were madnesse: I doe not sue nor can admit
(Fairest) from you to haue all, Yet who giueth all, hath nothing to impart but fadnesse.

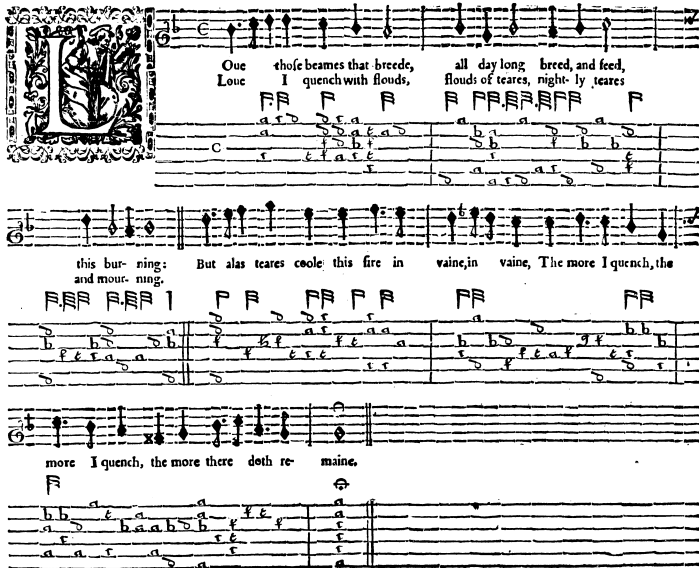
TENOR

III

O aske for all thy lone, and thy whole heart, t'were madnesse: I doe not sue, nor can admit
(Fayrest, Fayrest) from you to haue all: Yet who giueth all, giueth all, hath nothing to impart but fadnesse.

CANTUS.

IIII.

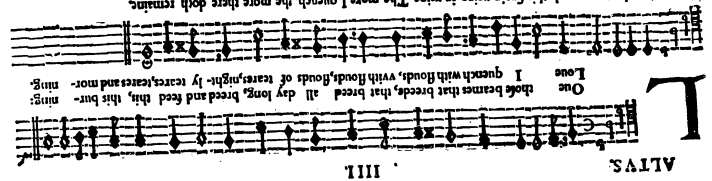


One those beames that breede, all day long breed, and feed,
 Loue I quench with floods, floods of teares, night-ly teares
 this bur-ning: But alas teares coole this fire in vaine, in vaine, The more I quench, the
 and mour-ning:
 more I quench, the more there doth re- maine,
 more there doth remaine.

Hee goe to the woods, and alone, make my moane, oh cruell:
 For I am deceiu'd and bereau'd of my life, my ieuell,
 O but in the woods, though Loue be blinde,
 Hee hath his spies, my secret haunts to finde,

Loue then I must yeeld to thy might, might and spight oppress'd,
 Since I see my wrongs, woe is me, cannot be redress'd,
 Come at last, be friendly Loue to me,
 And let me not, endure this miserie.

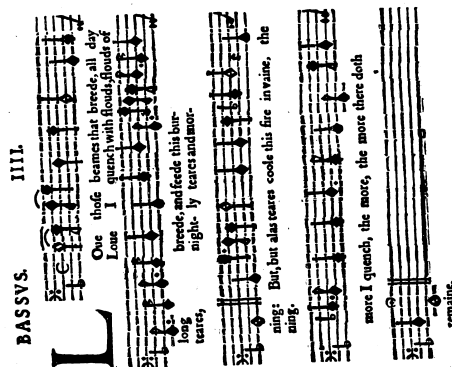
But alas teares coole this fire in vaine, in vaine, The more I quench, the more there doth remaine.



One those beames that breede, all day long breed, and feed, and feed this burning:
 Loue I quench with floods, floods of teares, night-ly, night-ly teares & morning.
 But alas teares coole this fire in vaine, in vaine, The more I quench, the more there doth remaine.

BASSVS.

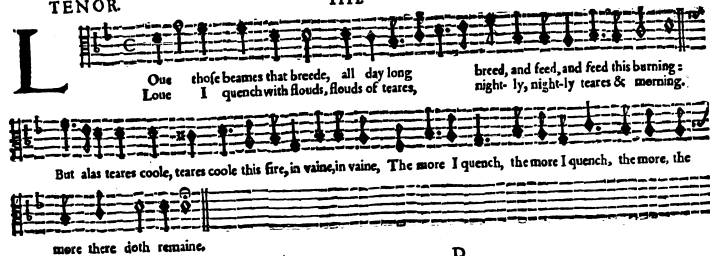
IIII.



One those beames that breede, all day long breed, and feed, and feed this burning:
 Loue I quench with floods, floods of teares, night-ly, night-ly teares & morning.
 But alas teares coole this fire in vaine, in vaine, The more I quench, the more there doth remaine.

TENOR.

IIII.



One those beames that breede, all day long breed, and feed, and feed this burning:
 Loue I quench with floods, floods of teares, night-ly, night-ly teares & morning.
 But alas teares coole this fire in vaine, in vaine, The more I quench, the more there doth remaine.

D

CANTUS.

V.

S Hall I strive with wordes to moue, when deedes re-cuise not due re-gard? Griefe a-las though all in vaine, her rest-lesse an-guish must re-ueale:

Shall I speake, and ney-ther please, nor be free-ly heard? All woes haue end, though shee a-lone my wound shall know, though shee will not heale. Stormes calme at last, and a while de-laid, our pa-tience pro-uing, O that times why may not shee leaue off her frow-ning? Sweet Loose,

strange ef-fects could but make, but make her lo-uing. I woe'd her, I lou'd her, help her hands my af-fe-ct on crow-ning.

and none but her ad-mire. O come deare ioy, and an-swere my de-fire.

S Hall I strive with wordes to moue, when deedes re-cuise not due re-gard? Griefe a-las though all in vaine, her rest-lesse an-guish must re-ueale: Shall I speake, and ney-ther please, nor be free-ly heard? All woes haue end, though shee a-lone my wound shall know, though shee will not heale. Stormes calme at last, and why may not shee leaue off her frow-ning? Sweet Loose, strange ef-fects could but make, but make her lo-uing. I woe'd her, I lou'd her, help her hands my af-fe-ct on crow-ning.

but her ad-mire. O come deare ioy, and an-swere my de-fire.

V.

ALIAS.

BASSVS. V. **S** Hall I strive with wordes to moue, when deedes re-cuise not due re-gard? Griefe a-las though all in vaine, her rest-lesse an-guish must re-ueale: Shall I speake, and ney-ther please, nor be free-ly heard? All woes haue end, though shee a-lone my wound shall know, though shee will not heale. Stormes calme at last, and why may not shee leaue off her frow-ning? Sweet Loose, strange ef-fects could but make, but make her lo-uing. I woe'd her, I lou'd her, help her hands my af-fe-ct on crow-ning.

but her ad-mire. O come deare ioy, and an-swere my de-fire.

TENOR.

V.

S Hall I strive with wordes to moue, when deedes re-cuise not due re-gard? Shall I speake, and ney-ther please, Griefe a-las though all in vaine, her rest-lesse an-guish must re-ueale: Shee a-lone my wound shall know, nor be free-ly heard? All woes haue end, though a while de-laid, our pa-tience, patience pro-uing: though shee will not heale. Stormes calme at last, and why may not shee leaue off her frow-ning? O, O that times, that times, strange, strange times, strange ef-fects could make her lo-uing. I, I woe'd O, O sweet Loose, sweet Loose help, help Loose, help her hands my af-fe-ct on crow-ning.

her, I lou'd her, and none but her ad-mire, O come deare ioy and an-swere, and an-swere my de-fire.

V Ere eue-ry thought an eye, and all those eyes could see, Her sub-ill
Her fire doe in-ward burne, they make no out-ward show, And her de-

wiles their fights would be-guile, and mocke their ielou- sie. De- fire liues in her heart, De-
lights a- mid the dark shades, which none dif- couer, grow. The flowers growth is vn- ferne, yet

a- as in her eyes. T'were vaine to with women true, 'tis well, if
every day it growes. So where her fan- cy is set it thrives, but

they proue wife, how none knowes; Such a Loue deserues more grace, Then a truer heart that hath no conceit, To make

vie both of time and place, When a wit hath need of all his sleight.

When a wit hath need of all his sleight,
ferues more grace, Then a truer heart that hath no conceit, To make vie both of time and place, and place.
her eyes, in her eyes, T'were vaine to with women true, 'tis well, if they proue wife, Such a Loue de-
it growes, it growes, So where her fan- cy is set it thrives, but how none knowes.
dark shades, which none dif- couer, grow. The flowers growth is vn- ferne, yet
be- guile, and mocke their ielou- sie. De- fire liues in her heart, De-
lights a- mid the dark shades, which none dif- couer, grow. The flowers growth is vn- ferne, yet

W Ere eue-ry thought an eye, and all those eyes could see, Her sub-ill wiles their fights would be-guile, and
Her fire doe in-ward burne, they make no out-ward show, And her de- lights a- mid the dark shades, which none dif- couer, grow.

BASSVS. VI
Ere eue-ry thought an eye, and all
Her fire doe in-ward burne, they make
those eyes could see, Her sub-ill wiles their fights would be-guile, and mocke their ielou- sie. De- fire liues
no out-ward show, And her de- lights a- mid the dark shades, which none dif- couer, grow. The flowers growth
in her heart, in her heart, De- as in her eyes, in her eyes. T'were vaine to with women true, 'tis well, if they proue
So where her fan- cy is set it thrives, but how none
wife. Such a Loue deserues more grace, Then a truer heart
knowes.
that hath no conceit, To make vie both of time and place,
and place, When a wit hath need of all his sleight.

TENOR. VI
Ere eue-ry thought an eye, and all those eyes could see, Her sub-ill wiles their fights would be-guile, and
Her fire doe in-ward burne, they make no out-ward show, And her de- lights a- mid the dark shades, which
mocke their ielou- sie. De- fire liues in her heart, her heart, De- as in her eyes, in her eyes. T'were vaine
none dif- couer, grow. The flowers growth is vn- ferne, yet eue-ry day it growes, it growes. So where
to with women true, 'tis well, if they proue wife. Such a Loue de- serues more grace, Then a truer heart, that hath no
her fan- cy is set, it thrives, but how none knowes.
conceit, To make vie both of time and place, When a wit hath neede of all his sleight.

CANTUS.

VII.

Tay time a while thy fly-ing, Stay and pit-tie me dy-ing.
For fates and friends haue left mee, And of fort be-reft mee.

Come, come close mine eyes, bet-ter to dye blessed, Then to liue, to liue

thus dis-tref-sed,

To whom shall I complaine me,
When thus friends doe disdain mee?
Tis time that must befiead me,
Drown'd in sorrow to end mee.
Come, come close mine eyes, better to dye blessed,
Then to liue thus distressed.

Tears but augment this fell,
I feede by night, (oh cruell)
Light griefes can speake their pleasure,
Mine are dumbe passing measure.
Quicke, quick, close mine eyes, better to dye blessed,
Then here to liue distressed.

Tay time a while thy fly-ing, Stay and pit-tie me dy-ing.
For fates and friends haue left mee, And of fort be-reft mee.

Come, come close mine eyes, bet-ter to dye blessed, Then to liue, to liue

BASSVS.

VII.

Tay time a while thy fly-ing, Stay and pit-tie me dy-ing.
For fates and friends haue left mee, And of fort be-reft mee.

Come, come close mine eyes, bet-ter to dye blessed, Then to liue, to liue

TENOR

VII

Tay time a while thy fly-ing, Stay, stay and pit-tie, pit-tie me dy-ing. Come,
For fates and friends haue left me, And of com-fort com-fort be-reft me.

Come, come close mine eyes, better to dye blessed, Then to liue, to liue thus distressed.

CANTUS.

VIII.

I'll me true Love where shall I feeke thy being. In thoughts or words, in vowes or promise making, In reason, looks, or passion, i. neuer seeing, In men on earth, or wo mens minds partaking. Thou canst not dye, and therefore li-ving, therefore living tell me where is thy feate, is thy feate, thy feate, Why why, doth this age expell thee?

2 When thoughts are still vnscene and words disguised,
vowes are not sacred held, nor promise debt:
By passion reafens glory is surpris'd,
in neyther feare is true lottie firmly fet.
Thoughts fainde, words false, vowes and promise broken
Made true Love flye from earth, this is the token.

3 Mount then my thoughts, here is for thee no dwelling,
since truth and falshood live like twins together:
Believe not sense, eyes, eares, touch, taste, or smelling,
both Art and Nature's forc'd: put trust in neyther.
One onely shee doth true Love captiue binde
In fairest brest, but in a fairer minde.

O fairest minde, enrich'd with Loves residing,
retaine the belts in hearts let fowle foode fall,
In stead of weeds Loves fruits may haue abiding,
at Haruest you shall reape enclose of all.
O happy Love, more happy man that findes thee,
Most happy Saint, that keepses, restores, vnbindes thee.

I'll me, tell mee, where is thy feate, i. why doth this age expell thee? Thou canst. Thou, thou canst not dye, and there-fore, therefore living. Ell me.

I'll me true Love. Thou, thou canst not dye, and therefore living tell me, where is thy feate, i. feate, where is thy feate, why doth this age expell thee?

I'll me. Thou canst. Thou, thou canst not dye, and there-fore living, there-fore li-ving tell me, tell mee, where is thy feate, thy feate, why doth this age, i. expell, ex-pell thee?

ALTUS.

IX.

G Oe nightly cares, Goe nightly cares, the
enemy to rest, Forbear, forbear a while to vex my griev'd spirit,
So long, so long your weight, so long, ij. your weight hath lye upon my breast,
that loe I live, that loe I live, of life bereaved quite,
O give me time to draw my weary breath, Or
let me dye, as I de- fire the death.

Oe nightly cares

XI.

CANTUS.

G Oe nightly cares.

Welcome sweete death, ij. ij.
sweet death wel-come, Oh life, no life, A hell, Then thus, and thus I bid the world fare- well.
Fare world farewell the enemy to rest,
now doe thy worst, I doe not weigh thy spight:
Free from thy cares I live for ever blest,
Enjoying peace and heavenly true delight.

Delight, whom woes nor forrowes shall amate,
nor feares or teares disturbe her happy state.
And thus I leave thy hopes, thy loves vntrue,
and thus, and thus vaine world againe adue.

CANTVS. To my louing Country-man Mr. Iohn Forster the younger, Merchant of Dublin in Ireland. X



From silent night, true register of moanes,

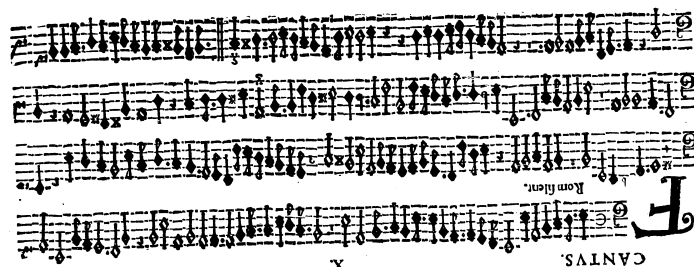
From saddest Soule confunde with deepest finnes,

From hart quite rent with sighes, with sighes and heauie groanes, My way- ling

Mute her woe, her woe, her wofull woike begins.

And to the world brings tunes of sad despayre,

And to the world brings tunes of sad despayre, Sounding nought else but



From silent night, true register of moanes,

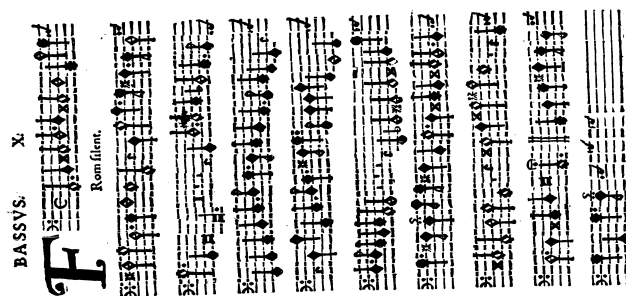
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And to the world brings tunes of sad despayre, Sounding nought else but



From silent night, true register of moanes,

From saddest Soule confunde with deepest finnes,

From hart quite rent with sighes, with sighes and heauie groanes, My way- ling

Mute her woe, her woe, her wofull woike begins.

And to the world brings tunes of sad despayre,

And to the world brings tunes of sad despayre, Sounding nought else but

2 Sorrow to see my forrowes cause augmented,
and yett less forrowfull were my forrowes more:
Griefe that my griefe with griefe is not preuented,
for griefe it is my ease my grieued sore.
Thus griefe and forrow cares but how to grieue,
For griefe and forrow must my cares relieue.

3 If any eye therefore can spare a teare
to fill the well-spring that must wet my cheekes,
O let that eye to this sad fast draw neere,
refuse me not my humble soule beseeches:
For all the teares mine eyes haue euer wept
Were now too little had they all bene kept.
G

ALTUS.

XI.

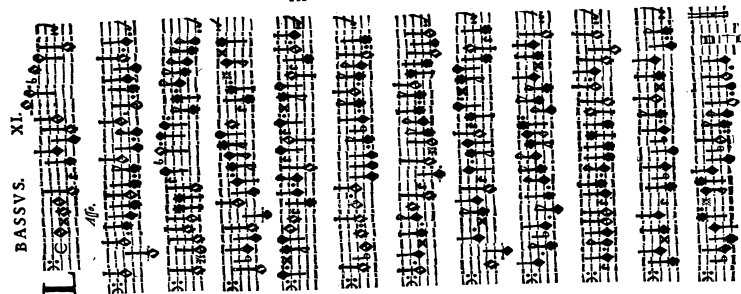


Alfa vita mia, mi fa morire, Lassa vita mia
mi fa, mi fa morire, Cradel, cradel amor mio cor con-
fume, Da mille, mille, mille ferite, y. mille, mille ferite,
Che mi fa y. y. morir, morir, Ah! me, Ah! me, Deb, che non mi
fa morire, morire, Deb, che non mi fa morire, mi fa morire, Cradel, y. a-
mor, cradel, cru. del, y. amor, mi fa soffrir mille mar-



IX.

CANTUS.

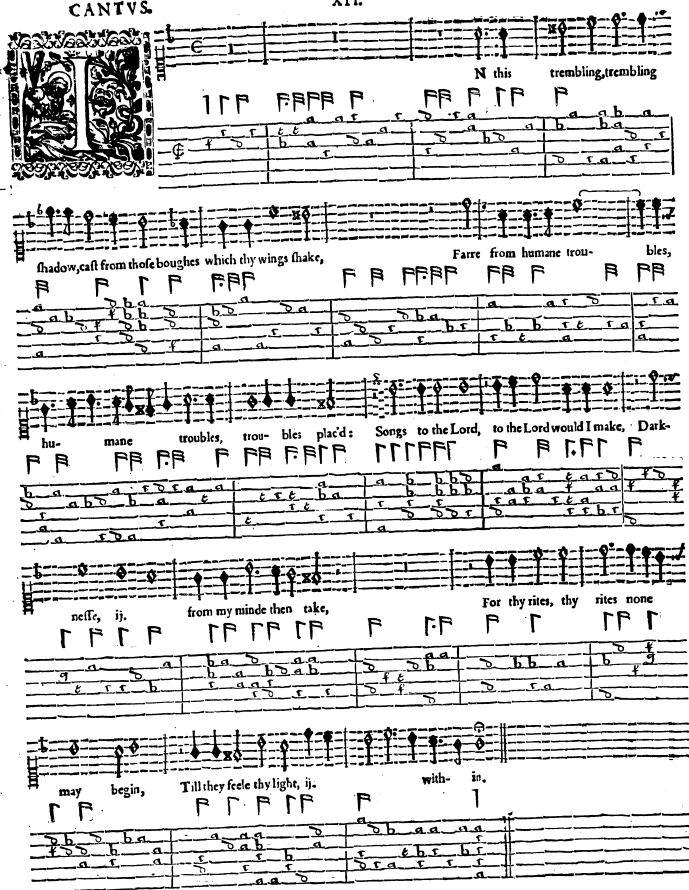


BASSES. XI.



CANTUS.

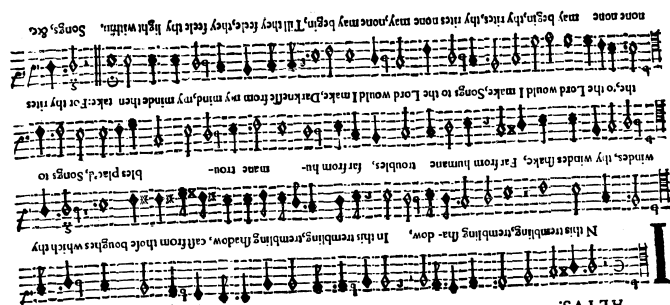
XII.



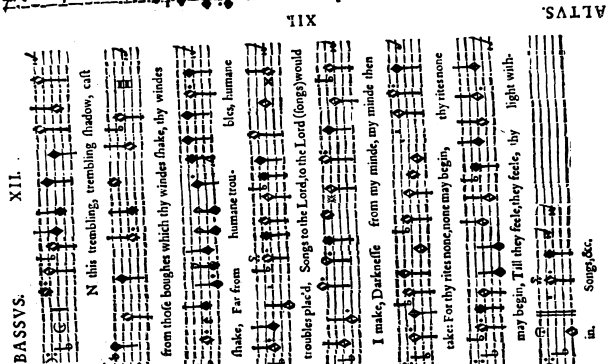
N this trembling, trembling
shadow, cast from those boughes which thy wings shake,
Farre from humane troubles,
hu- mane troubles, trou- bles plac'd: Songs to the Lord, to the Lord would I make, Dark-
ness, I, from my minde then take, For thy rites, thy rites none
may begin, Till they feele thy light, I, with- in.

As I sing, sweete flowers Ile strow,
from the fruitfull vallies brought:
Praising him by whom they grow,
him that heaven and earth hath wrought,
him that all things framde of nought,
him that all for man did make,
But made man for his owne sake.

Musicke all thy sweetnesse lend,
while of his high power I speake,
On whom all powers else depend,
but my breitt is now too weak,
trumpets thrill the ayre should breake,
All in vaine my founds I raise,
Boundlesse power asks boundlesse praise.



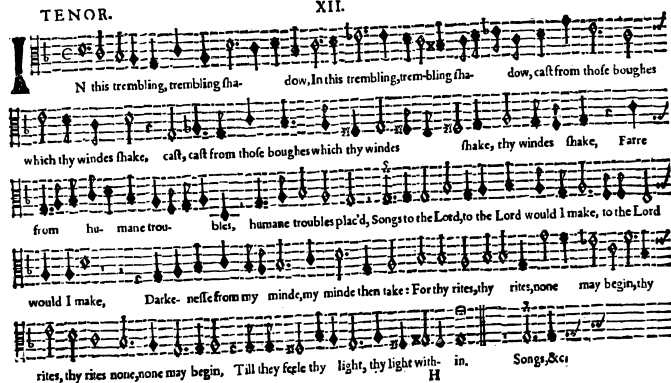
N this trembling, trembling
shadow, cast from those boughes which thy wings shake,
Farre from humane troubles,
hu- mane troubles, trou- bles plac'd: Songs to the Lord, to the Lord would I make, Dark-
ness, I, from my minde then take, For thy rites, thy rites none
may begin, Till they feele thy light, I, with- in.



N this trembling, trembling
shadow, cast from those boughes which thy wings shake,
Farre from humane troubles,
hu- mane troubles, trou- bles plac'd: Songs to the Lord, to the Lord would I make, Dark-
ness, I, from my minde then take, For thy rites, thy rites none
may begin, Till they feele thy light, I, with- in.

TENOR.

XII.



N this trembling, trembling sha-
dow, In this trembling, trem- bling sha-
dow, cast from those boughes
which thy windes shake, cast, cast from those boughes which thy windes
shake, thy windes shake, Farre
from hu- mane trou- bles, humane troubles plac'd, Songs to the Lord, to the Lord would I make, to the Lord
would I make, Darke- nesse from my minde, my minde then take: For thy rites, thy rites, none may begin, thy
rites, thy rites none, none may begin. Till they feele thy light, thy light with- in. Songs, &c.

XIII

[illegible]

BASSV

TENOR.

F that a finners' fighes, a finners' fighes be Angels foode, fighes be Angels foode, Or that repentant teares, pe-
penant teares be Angels, Angels wine, Accept O Lord, accept O Lord in this most penfins moode, this moft,
moft penfins moode, Thefe hearty fighes, and dolefull, dolefull plaints of mine, That went with Pe- ter forth,
with Pe- ter forth moft finfully, finfully : But not as Pe- ter, not as Peter did, Peter did, weepe,
Peter did, weepe, weepe bitterly, weepe bitter- ly. That went, &c.

Hou mightie God, that rightest every wrong,
Listen to patience, Listen to patience, Listen to patience,
patience in a dying, a dying, i. song, When Ie had lost his Children, Lands, and goods,
Patience, patience a- swa- ged his excessive paine,
And when his sorrowes, his for- rowes, for- rowes came as fast as flouds, as flouds,
hope kept his hart, his heart, his heart, till com- fort came againe, till comfort came a- gaine, came a- gaine.

BASSVS. XIII.

Thou mighty God that rightest
every wrong, every wrong, Listen to patience, to
patience, li- listen to patience in - dying,
dying Song. When I had had left his Children,
Lands, and goods, Patience, pa- tience af- fice.
god, patience allwaged his ex-er- tise paine :
And when his sorrowes came, sorrowes came as
fast as flowers, Hope kept his heart, till
comfort came againe. And when &c.

Hope kept his hart, his hart, til comfort came againe, till comfort, comfort came againe. And when his sorrows came as fast as flouds

CANTVS. The second Part. XV.

Hen *Dauid* life by *Saul* was often fought, *Da-* *nidi* life by *Saul*, by

Saul was of-ten fought, And worlds of woes, worlds of

woes, of woes did compasse, compasse him a- bout, about, On dire reuenge he neuer,

neuer had a thought, a thought, But in his griefes, but in his griefes, his

griefes, his griefes, Hope still did help him out, Hope still did help him, help him out.

help him out, but in his griefes, his griefes, Hope still did help him out, On dire, &c.

neuer, hee neuer had a thought, a thought, But in his griefes, his griefes, his griefes, Hope still did help him,

griefes, And worlds of woes did compasse him, i). compasse him about, On dire-

Hen *Dauid* life, *Da-* *nidi* life by *Saul*, by *Saul* was often fought, *Dauid* life by *Saul* was often

XV.

BASSVS. XV.

Hen *Dauid* life, *Da-* *nidi* life by

Saul was often fought, And worlds of woes, worlds of woes

did compasse him about, On dire reuenge he neuer had a

thought, But in his griefes, i). his griefes, Hope still did help him out, On dire, &c.

TENOR. XV.

W Hen *Dauid* life by *Saul*, *Dauid* life by *Saul* was often fought, was often fought, *Dauid* life by *Saul* was

often fought, often fought, And worlds of woes, of woes, did compasse him about, did compasse him about,

On dire reuenge, i). hee neuer had a thought, had a thought, hee neuer had a thought, But in his griefes,

in his griefes, but in his griefes, his griefes, but in his griefes, Hope still did help him out, Hope still did help, did

help, help him out. On dire, &c.

XVI.

When the poore Cripple by the Poole did lye,
Full many, many yerres in mi- fe- ry and paine, No foote hee on
Chrift had fet his eye, But hee was well, hee was well, was well
and comfort, comfort came a- gaine, a- gaine. No David, loe, nor Cripple in
more griefe, in more griefe, Chrift giue mee patience, patience, and my
Hopes reliefe.

And the poor, poor Cripple by the Pool did lay, Full many years, many, many years in misery and pain,
 No longer he on Christ, on Christ had laid his eyes, But he was well, he was well, but he was well and comfort came again, he
 was well, and comfort came again, No *Gaid, Dand, Job* nor Cripple, in more grief, in more grief, Christ giveth
 more patience, patience, and my hopes refresh, my hopes refresh.

SALT V.

BASSVS. XLV.

Hen the poor Ch-ry-ple by the Foole did

lys, full many yeres in misery and paine, and paine,

No longer he on Christ,

on Christ had let his eye,

But hee was well, hee was well, and comfort came agayne,

and comfort came agayne. No Doe-*and*, I'd not Cripple

in more griefe, Christ giue mee, giue mee pa-tience,

Christ giue mee patience, and my louest relief.

XVI:

W Hen the poore, poore Cripple by the Pools did lye, full many, many yeeres, ij, in mis-
ery and paine, ij. No sooner he on Christ had set his eye, ij. had set his eye, his eye, but
he was well, he was well, and comfort, comfort came a- gaine, comfort came a- gaine. No Da- uid, no Is-
cariot Cripple, nor
Cripple, Cripple in more griefe, in more griefe, Christ gave me patience, gave me patience, pa-
tience, and my hopes re- lief.

E

CANTUS.

XVII.

Here Sinne fore woun-

ding, daily doth oppresse me, There Grace a-bounding, Grace a-bounding

freely, freely doth redresse mee: So that refounding still I shall confesse thee,

Father, Fa-ther of mercy, Father of mercy, mercy Father of mer-cy.

Though Sinne offending daily doth torment mee,
Yet Grace attending, since I doe repent mee,
At my liues ending will I hope present mee
cleare to thy mercy.

The wound Sinne gave me was of Death assured,
Did not Grace issue mee, whereby it is cured:
So thou wilt haue mee to thy loue inuired,
free without merit.
Sinnes stripe is healed, and his sting abated,
Deaths mouth is sealed, and the Graue amated,
Thy Loue renewed, and thy Grace related
giues me this spirit.

of mercy, mer-cy: So that, &c.

me: So that refounding still I shall confesse thee, Father of mercy, mercy, Father of mer-cy, Father of mer-cy.

Grace a-bounding, Grace a-bounding, Grace a-bounding, Grace a-bounding, freely, freely doth redresse mee: So that refounding still I shall confesse thee, Father of mercy, mercy, Father of mer-cy.

Here Sinne fore wounding, Grace a-bounding, Grace a-bounding, freely, freely doth redresse mee: So that refounding still I shall confesse thee, Father of mercy, mercy, Father of mer-cy.

XVIII.

CANTUS.

Here Sinne fore wounding, wounding.

There Grace a-bounding, bounding, freely, freely doth redresse mee, freely, freely doth redresse mee: So that refounding still I shall confesse thee, Father of mercy, mercy, Father of mer-cy.

TENOR.

XVII.

Here Sinne, where Sinne fore wounding, fore wounding daily doth oppresse me, there

Grace a-bounding, Grace a-bounding, freely, freely doth redresse me, freely, freely doth redresse, death redresse mee: So that refounding still I shall confesse thee, Fa-ther of mercy, mer-cy, Father of mer-cy, Father of mercy, mercy. So that, &c.

CANTUS

XVIII

M Y heart and tongue were twines, at once con- ceived, Th' eldest was my heart, borne dumbe by deslinie, The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts be- rea- ued: Yet heart, borne dumbe by deslinie, The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts be- rea- ued: Yet

Conclution.

strung and tunde to play hearts har- mo- nie. Then this be sure, Conclution.

since it is true per- fection, That ney- ther men nor Gods, Conclution.

nor Gods can force af- fection, Conclution.

Both knit in one, and yet a funder placed:
what heart would speake the tongue doth still discover.
What tongue doth speake is of the heart embrac'd,
and both are one to make a new found Lover.
New found, and only found in Gods and Kings,
whose wordes are deedes, but wordes, not deedes regarded.
Chaste thoughts doe mount and flye with swiftest wings,
my loue with paine, my paine with losse rewarded.

neither men nor Gods, men nor Gods, that neither men nor Gods, nor Gods can force affection.

Then this be sure, since it is true perfection, I that

Conclution.

to play hearts harmonie.

nie, The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts be- rea- ued: Yet heart, borne dumbe by deslinie, The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts be- rea- ued: Yet

Conclution.

Y heart and tongue were twines, at once con- ceived, Th' eldest was my heart, borne dumbe by deslinie, The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts be- rea- ued: Yet

M

XIII

ALTI

M Y heart and tongue were twines at once con- ceived, Th' eldest was my heart, borne dumbe by deslinie, The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts be- rea- ued: Yet heart, borne dumbe by deslinie, The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts be- rea- ued: Yet

Conclution.

strung and tunde to play hearts har- mo- nie. Then this be sure, Conclution.

since it is true per- fection, That ney- ther men nor Gods, Conclution.

nor Gods can force af- fection, Conclution.

TENOR

XVIII

M Y heart and tongue were twines at once con- ceived, Th' eldest was my heart, my heart borne dumbe by deslinie, The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts, sweet thoughts be- rea- ued, Yet heart, borne dumbe by deslinie, The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts be- rea- ued: Yet

Conclution.

to play hearts harmonie. Then this be sure, this be sure, since it is true, it is true perfection,

That neyther men, ij. neither men nor Gods, nor Gods can force affection.

TENOR.

XIX.

V merry mates, to *Nymphs* prayle, Your voyces high advance: The watie Nymphs shall

dance, and E- she shall whistle to your layes. Stereman, how stands the winde? What course?

no worfe, and blow so faire, Then sincke, sincke, sincke, sincke de payre, Come solace to the minde,

ere night we shall, we shall the ha- ven finde. O happy, hap- py dayes, who may con-

taine, but swell with proud dif- daine, when seas are smooth, failes, failes full, and all things, all things please?

Conclu- sion. The golden meane that con- stant spi- rit beares, in such ex- tremes that nor pre- sumes nor feares.

Conclu- sion.

con- stant spi- rit beares, in such extremes, that nor preumes nor feares.

feares, when seas are smooth, failes full, and all things please?

The golden meane that

Conclu- sion. Happy, happy dayes, who may containe, but swell with proud diffidaine, when

ALTS.

Dialogue.

XIX.

BASSVS.

Dialogue.

XIX.

VII North, North-east, Full South South-west.

O happy dayes, happy dayes, who can containe, but swell with proud

diffidaine, when seas are smooth, failes full, and all things please?

Conclu- sion. The golden meane that constant spirit beares, in such

extremes that nor preumes nor feares.

Stay merry mates, ground *Nymphs* loweres,
Your voyces all deplore you,
The Nymphs stand weeping ere you:
And *Edd* and *Edna* stand weeping.
Mr. Boutevinne, make the Rone.
M. Tis haile.
S. Make full the tackling,
M. Strike saile.
Make quick dispatches,
Shut close the hatches,
Hold flame, out Avance out,
Till night we shall at randome float.
O God preserve us,
Who can forbear,
But sinke with sad depraire.
When seas are rough, failes full, and each thing loweres.

CANTVS.

XIX.

O Happy dayes, who may, who may containe, but swell with proud diffidaine, when seas are

smooth, failes full, and all things please?

Conclu- sion. The golden meane that constant spirit beares, in such

extremes, that nor preumes nor feares.

CANTUS PRIMUS. XX.

Tenor, O Hymen, myne of treasures more diuine, what di-e-tie is like to thee, that freest from mor-ta-li-tie.

CANTUS secundus. XX.

El- come, wel- come black night Hymen faire day, help, help, help Hymen Loues due debt to

pay, Loues due debts chaste de- light. which if the turtles, the turtles, the Turtles want to night,

Hymen forfets his Di-e-tie, and night in loue, in loue her dignitie, Help, help blacke night Hymen

faire day, Help Hymen, ij. Loues due debt to pay

Chorus.

Hymen, O Hymen myne of treasures more diuine, what di-e-tie is like to thee that freest from mor-ta-li-tie.

Chorus.

CHORUS. XX.

Tenor, O Hymen, myne of treasures more diuine, what di-e-tie is like to thee, that freest from mor-ta-li-tie.

CHORUS. XX.

BASSVS. XX.

Tenor, O Hymen, myne of treasures more diuine, what di-e-tie is like to thee, that freest from mor-ta-li-tie?

Stay (happy paine) stay but a while,
Hymen comes not, come to beguile,
Thy forswore alluring baits,
And twice are to Loues sweetest Cates:
Longing hope doth no hurt but this,
It beguile Loues amiable bliss,
First stay (most happy) stay a while,
Hymen comes not, come to beguile.

TENOR. XX.

Chorus.

Tenor, O Hymen, myne of treasures more diuine, what di-e-tie, what di-e-tie is like to thee, that freest from mor-ta-li-tie?

XXI

CANTUS PRIMUS.

Euse, cease, cease these false sports, Hast, hast, hast away, Loue's made a trewant by your flay, Good night,

Hymen, O Hymen, bleffe this night, that Loue's darke worker may come to light.

CANTUS secundus. XXI

Euse, cease, cease these false sports, Hast, hast, hast away, Loue's made a trewant by your flay, Good night,

good night yet virgin, virgin Bride, but looke ere day, ij. ere day be spide, You change that fruitlesse name, least

you your sex defame, Fear not *Hymen* peaceful war, you're conquer, ij. ij. thogh you subdued are, good

night, And ere the day be old, rise to the sun, ij. to the Sunne, ij. a Marigold,

Chorus.

Hymen, O Hymen, bleffe this night, this night, bleffe this night, that Loue's darke worker may come to light.

Chorus.

XXI

CHORUS.

Euse these false sports, that Loue's darke worker may come to light.

Hymen, O Hymen, bleffe this night, that Loue's darke worker, that Loue's darke worker may come to light.

BASSVS. XXI

Euse these false sports

Hymen, O Hymen, bleffe this night, that Loue's darke worker, that Loue's darke worker may come to light.

TENOR. XXI

Euse these false sports, that Loue's darke worker may come to light.

Hymen, O Hymen, bleffe this night, this night, that Loue's darke worker, that Loue's darke worker may come to light.

XXII

Galliard to
Lachrima.

Handwritten musical score for a piece titled "Galliard to Lachrima". The score is written on ten staves. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various rhythmic values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and dynamic markings such as "f" (forte) and "p" (piano). The piece concludes with the word "FINIS." written below the final staff.

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