

AYRES AND DIALOGUES,

For One, Two, and Three Voyces.

BY

Langham



HENRY LAWES Servant to his late Ma:^{ty}
in his publick and private Musick.

W. Faithorne fecit

The First Booke.

LONDON,

Printed by T. H. for John Playford, and are to be sold at his Shop, in the Inner
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THE MUSEUM OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
100 STATE STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

To the Right Honorable,

The two most Excellent Sisters,

A L I C E Countesse of *C A R B E R Y*,

And

M A R Y Lady *H E R B E R T* of *C herbury* and
Castle-Island,

Daughters to the Right Honorable, *John* Earle of *Bridgewater*;
Lord President of *W A L E S*, &c.



*N*eed not tell Your Ladiships, that since my Attendance on His late *M A J E S T Y* (my most Gracious Master) I have neglected the exercise of my Profession. Yet, to debarr Idleness (which, without vanity I may say, I was never passionately in love with) I have made some Compositions, which now I resolve to publish to the World. What Grounds and Motives lead me to this Publication, I conceive not so proper for your Ladiships notice, having elsewhere told it to the Reader. But no sooner I

thought of making these Publick, than of inscribing them to Your Ladiships, most of them being Compos'd when I was employ'd by Your ever Honour'd Parents to attend Your Ladishipp's Education in Musick; who (as in other Accomplishments fit for Persons of Your Quality) excell'd most Ladies, especially in Vocall Musick; wherein You were so absolute, that You gave Life and Honour to all I set and taught You; and that with more Understanding than a new Generation pretending to Skil (I dare say) are Capable of. I could therefore do nothing more becomming my Gratitude than a Dedication of These (so much Your own) to both Your Ladiships; and to manifest that Honour I bear to the Memory of Your deceased Parents, whose Favors it is impossible should ever be forgotten by

Your Ladiships most humbly devoted

Servant,

H E N R Y *L A W E S*.

To all Understanders or Lovers of
MUSICK.



*I*t is easie to say I have been much importun'd, by Persons of Quality, to Publish my Compositions: But though I could plead it (and without vain Pretensions) yet now I shall waive it. Nor was I drawn to it by any little thoughts of private Gain; though men of my Relations (as the world now goes) are justly presum'd not to overflow; and perhaps the matter will not reach that value, let the Stationer look to that, who himselfe hath undergone the Charge and Trouble of the whole Impression; who yet (by his favour) hath lately made bold to print, in one Book, above twenty of my Songs, whereof I had no knowledge till his Book was in the Presse; and it seems he found those so acceptable that he is ready for more. Therefore now the Question is not, whether or no my Compositions shall be Publick, but whether they shall come forth from me, or from some other hand; and which of the two is likeliest to afford the true correct Copies, I leave others to judge. In this Book I reprint none that were publish'd in the former, or ever in print before. I could tell ye also, I have often found many of mine that have walkt abroad in other mens names: how they came to lose their Relations and be Anabaptiz'd, I think not worth examining. Only I shall say, that some who so adopted and owned my Songs had greater kinnesse for the Children than for the Father: else sure they had not bestow'd some other late Ayres (which themselves could not own) upon Forrainers and Strangers, because I compos'd them to Italian and Spanish words. I should think such an Injury an unseasonable piece of Injustice, since now we live in so sullen an Age, that our Profession it selfe hath lost its Incouragement. But wise men have observ'd our Generation so giddy, that whatsoever is Native (be it never so excellent) must lose its taste, because themselves have lost theirs. For my part, I professe (and such as know me can bear me witnesse) I desire to render every man his due, whether Strangers or Natives. I acknowledge the Italians the greatest Masters of Musick, but yet not all. And (without depressing the Honour of other Countries) I may say our own Nation hath had and yet hath as able Musicians as any in Europe; and many now living (whose names I forbear) are excellent both for the Voyce and Instruments. But as in Musick the Unison and Diapason are the sweetest of all Chords, yet a Second and a Seventh, which stand next to them, are more Discordant from them than any other Notes [in all the Scale: So to Musicians, a man's next Neighbour is the farthest from him, and none give so harsh a Report of the English as the English themselves. We should not thinke Musick any stranger to this Island, since our Ancestors tell us that the Britains had Musicians before they had Books; and the Romans that invaded us (who were not too forward to magnifie other Nations) confesse what power the Druids and Bards had over the Peoples affections by recording in Songs the Deeds of Heroick Spirits, their very Laws and Religion being sung in Tunes, and so (without Letters) transmitted to Posterity; wherein it seems they were so dexterous, that their Neighbours out of Gaul came hither to learn it. How their Successors held it up I know not: But King Henry the Eight did much advance it, especially in the former part of his Reign, when his minde was more intent upon Arts and Sciences, at which time he invited all the greatest Masters out of Italy and other Countries, and Himselfe gave example by Composing with his own hand two intire Services, which were often sung in his Chappell, as the Lord Herbert of Cherbury (who writ his Life) hath left upon Record. Since whose time it prosper'd much in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and His late Majesty. I confesse the Italian Language may have some advantage by being better smooth'd and vowell'd for Musick, which I found by many Songs which I set to Italian words: and our English seems a little

little over-clogg'd with Consonants; but that's much the Composer's fault, who by judicious setting and right tuning the words may make it smooth enough. And since our palates are so much after Noveltyes, I desir'd to try the Greek, having never seen any thing Set in that Language by our own Musicians or Strangers; and (by Composing some of Anacreon's Odes) I found the Greek Tongue full as good as any for Musick; and in some particulars sweeter than the Latine, or those Moderne ones that descended from Latine. I never lov'd to Set or sing words which I do not understand; and where I cannot; I desir'd help of others who were able to interpret. But this present Generation is so sated with what's Native, that nothing takes their care but what's sung in a Language which (commonly) they understand as little as they do the Musick. And to make them a little sensible of this ridiculous humour, I took a Table or Index of old Italian Songs (for one, two, and three Voyces) and this Index (which read together made a strange medley of Non-sence) I set to a varied Ayre, and gave out that it came from Italy, whereby it hath passed for a rare Italian Song. This very Song I have now here printed. And if this First Book shall find acceptance, I intend yearly to publish the like; for I confess I have a sufficient Stock lying by me (and shall compose more) having had the Honour to Set the Verses of the most and chiefest Poets of our Times. As for those Copies of Verses in this Book, I have rendred their Names who made them, from whose hands I received them. These Reasons (with some other not here mentioned) drew me forth to this Publication, which if receiv'd with the same heart that I offer it, will be further Encouragement for

H. L.

To Mr. HENRY LAWES, who had then newly set a Song of mine in the Year, 1635.



Verse makes Heroick Vertue live,
But you can life to Verses give :
As when in open aire we blow
The breath (though strain'd) sounds flat and low,
But if a Trumpet take the blast,
It lifts it high, and makes it last :
So in your Ayres our Numbers drest
Make a shrill sally from the Brest
Of Nymphs, who singing what we pen'd,
Our Passions to themselves commend,
While Love Victorious with thy Art
Governs at once their Voyce and Heart.
You by the help of Tune and Time
Can make that Song which was but Rime.
NOY pleading, no man doubts the Cause,
Or questions Verses set by LAWES,
For as a window thick with paint
Lets in a light but dim and faint,
So others with Division hide
The Light of Sense, the Poets Pride,
But you alone may truly boast
That not a syllable is lost ;
The Writer's and the Setter's skill
At once the ravish't Eare do fill.
Let those which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a Song,
Content themselves with Ut, re, mi,
Let words and sense be set by Thee.

ED. WALLER, Esquire.

To his Honour'd F. Mr. *HENRY LAWES*,
on his *Ayres and Dialogues*.



Howe happy few who apprehend thy flight,
Ever above the Cloud, yet still in sight,
Cannot by all their Numbers and Adresse
Swell or advance thy praises, but confesse.
For thou art fix'd beyond the Power of Fate,
Since nothing that is Mortal can Create.
And is it possible that thou should'st dye
who can'st bestow such Immortality?

I have not sought the Rules by which yee try
when a Chord's broke, or holds in Harmony;

But I am sure Thou hast a Soul within
As if created for a Cherubin;
Brim full of Candour and wise Innocence,
And is not Musick a Resultance thence?
For sure the blunt-bill'd Swan's first fame to sing
Sprung from the motion of her Spotless Wing.

But sole Integrity winns not the Cause,
For then each honest man would be a *LAWES*:
Thou hast deep Iudgement, Phansie, and high Sence,
Old and new *Wit*, steady Experience;
A Soul unbrib'd by any thing but Fame,
Grasping to get nought but a good great Name.
Hence all thy Ayres flow pure and unconfin'd,
Blown by no Mercenary Lapland wind,
No stoln or plunder'd Phansies, but born free,
And so transmitted to Posteritie,
Which never shall their well-grown Honor blast,
Since they have Thy, that's the best, Iudgement past.

Yet Some, who forc'd t'admire Thee, must repine
That all Theirs are out-done by thy Each Line;
The Sence so humour'd, and those Humours hit,
Will call them acts of Fortune, not of Wit;
Hoping their want of Skill may be thy Brand
'Cause they have not the Luck to understand;
Cry up the Words to cry Thee down, and swear
Thou sett'st more Sence then they can meet elsewhere;
Concluding could themselves such Verses show
They could produce such Compositions too.

But is't thy fault if the great Witts whole *Quire*
Before all Others still prefer Thy Lyre?
They tasted All, and Thine among the rest,
But then return'd to Thee, 'cause Best was Best.
Bid such attach Thy Old Anacreon's Greek,
where the least Accent will cost Them a Week,
Six Months a Verse, and that Verse tun'd and scan'd
(Though short) twelve Years, an Age to Understand:
But thy Lute, like th'last Trump, hath rais'd His Head,
who, er'e the Græcian Empire born, was dead.

Then let all Poetts bring all Verse, which They
May on thy Desk as on an Altar lay,
where kindled by that Touch thy Hand hath given,
'Twill climb (whence Musick first came down) to Heaven.

FRANCIS FINCH, Esquire.

To the much honour'd Mr. *HENRY LAWES*,
on his Book of *Ayres*.



*Hat Princes dye not, they to Poetts owe ;
Poetts themselves do owe their Lives to You ;
whose Phansies soon would stifle, and declare
They could not breath unlesse you lent them Ayre.
'Tis that inspires their Feet, which else but crawl
As Judges walk th' old Measures round the Hall,*

*Untill the feather'd heels of Youth advance
And raise their dull pace up into a Dance :
Your Art such Motion to our Verses brings
We can but give them Feet, You give them wings.*

WILL, BARKER.



To his much honour'd F. Mr. *HENRY
LAWES*, on his Book of *Ayres*.

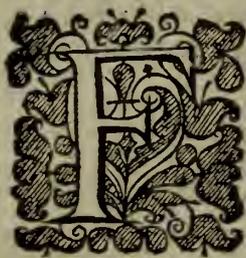


*Ather of Numbers, who hast still thought fit
To tune thy selfe, and then Set others wit ;
Forgive my Zeale, who with my Sprig of Bayes
Do crowd into the Chorus of thy Praise.
For Silence were, when LAWES is nam'd, a wrong,
The Subject and the Master of all Song ;*

*who ne'r dost dive for Pebbles, undermine
Mountains to make old rusty Iron shine :
But hast made Great things Greater, do'st dispense
Lustre to wit, by adding Sence to Sence.
For Passions are not Passions, 'till they be
Rais'd to that height, which they expect from Thee ;
And all this is thy selfe ; Thy Name's not grown
Broader by putting on a Cap or Gown ;
who like those Jockies that do often sell
An old worn Jade, because he's saddled well ;
No ; Thou can'st humour all that wit can teach,
which those that are but Note-men cannot reach :
Thou'rt all so fit, that some have pass'd their Votes,
Thy Notes beget the words, not words thy Notes.*

T. NORTON!

To my ever honour'd Friend & Father, Mr. HENRY
LAWES, on his Book of Ayres and Dialogues.



*Partner of Musick and Musicians too,
And Father of the Muses, All's thy due :
For not a drop that flows from Helicon
But Ay'r'd by thee grows streight into a Song.
So as when Light about the World was spread,
All kind of Colours, Black, white, Green, and Red,
Soon mixt with Substances, and grew to be
Plants, Grasse, and Flowrs, which All's but Harmony!*

*Thou mak'st the Grave and Light together chime,
Both joyntly dance, yet keep their own true time ;
The winning Dorick, that best loves the Harp ;
The Phrygian, thats as sweet, though far more sharp ;
The brisk Ionick, sober Lydian Mood,
which every eare sucks in, and cries, 'tis good :
Thou hitt'st them all ; their Spirit, Tone, and Pause,
Have all conspir'd to meet and honour LAWES.*

*No pointing Comma, Colon, halfe so well
Renders the Breath of Sense ; they cannot tell
The just Proportion how each word should go,
To rise and fall, run swiftly or march slow ;
Thou shew'st 'tis Musick only must do this,
which as thou handlest it can never miss ;
All may be Sung or Read, which thou hast dress'd,
Both are the same, save that the Singing's best.*

*Thy Muse can make this sad, raise that to Life,
Inflaming one, smoothing down th' others Strife,
Meer words, when measur'd best, are words alone,
Till quickned by their nearest Friend a Tone :
And then, when Sense and perfect Concords meet,
Though th' Story bitter be, Tunes make it sweet :
Thy Ariadne's Grief's so fitly shown
As bring's us Pleasure from her saddest Groan.*

*And all this is thine own, thy true-born Heir ;
Nor stoln at home, nor Forrain far-fetcht ware
Made good by Mountebanks, who loud must cry
Till some believe, and do as dearly buy ;
which when they've try'd, not better nor yet more
They find, than what does grow at their own door.
For when such Mountains swell with mighty Birth,
wee find some poor small petty thing creep forth.*

*But I'm too short to speak thee, I've no Praise
To give, but what I gather from thy Bayes :
My narrow Hive's supply'd from thy full Flow'r,
Nor does thy Ocean Praise know Bank or Shoar ;
Yet this I dare attest, that who shall look
And understand as well as read thy Book
Must say that here both Wit and Musick meet ;
Like the great Giant's Riddle Strong and Sweet.*



*usick thou Soul of Verse, gently inspire
My untun'd Phanse with some sprightly Ayre,
'Tis fittest now that I thy ayd require
while I to sing thee and thy Lawes prepare:
For the high Raptures of a lofty strain
Charm equall with the Bow's Aonian,*

*'Twere in me rudeness, not to blazon forth
(Father in Musick) thy deserved praise,
who oft have been, to witness thy rare worth,
A ravish'd hearer of thy skilfull Lay's.*

*Thy Lay's that wont to lend a soaring wing,
And to my tardy Muse fresh ardour bring.*

*while brightest Dames, the splendour of the Court,
Themselves a silent Musick to the Eye,
woald oft to hear thy solemn Ayres resort,
Making thereby a double Harmony:*

*'Tis hard to judge which adds the most delight,
To th' Eare thy Charms, or theirs unto the Sight.*

*But this is sure, had Strada's Nightingale
Heard the soft murmurs of thy Ayry Lute,
She doubting lest her own sweet voyce should fail
To hear thy sweeter Ayres, had quite been mute.
Such Vertue dwels in Harmony divine
(Admired LAWES) and above all in thine!*

*The Dorick Sage, and the mild Lydian,
The sad Laconick unto wars exciting,
Th' Acolian Grave, the Phrygian mournfull strain,
The smooth Ionick carelessly delighting,
There calmly meet, and chearfully agree,
Various themselves, to make one Symphony.*

*If we long since could boast thy purest vain,
More then old Greece the Rhodopsian Lyre,
Or Latian Bowres of late Marenzo's strain,
How much must our applause advance thee higher &
when thy yet more harmonious birth shall bring
To us new Joyes, new Pleasures to the Spring.*

*The Woods wild Songsters, wonder will surprize
Hearing the sweet Art of thy well tun'd Notes,
what new unwonted chime? 'tis that outvies
The Native sweetness of their liquid throats,
which while in vain they strive to emulate
Anothers Musick's Duell they'l create.*

*whether pure Anthem's fill the sacred Quire,
Or Lady's Chambers the Lute's trembling voice,
Or Rurall Song's the Country Swains admire,
Thy large Invention still affords us choice;
'Tis to thy Skill, that we indebted are,
what ever Musick hath of neat and rare.*

*To thee the choycest Witts of England owe
The Life of their fam'd Verse, that ne'r shall dye,
For thou hast made their rich conceits to flow
In streams more rich to lasting memory,
Such Musick needs must steal our souls away,
where Voice and Verse do meet, where Love and Phanse play.*

To my Honour'd Friend, Mr. *Henry Lawes*, upon his Book of *Ayres*.

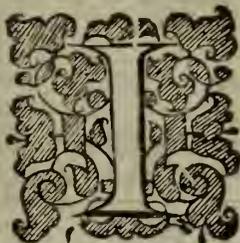


O calm the rugged Ocean, and assuage
The horrid tempests in their highest rage,
To tame the wildest Beasts, to still the winds,
And quell the fury of distemper'd minds,
Making the Pensive merry, th' overjolly
Composing to a sober Melancholy:
These are th' effects of sacred harmonie;
Which being an Art so well attain'd by thee,
(Most Honour'd Lawes) what can we less then number
Thy works with theirs who were the Ancients wonder?
And give thee equall praise; but I forget;
For we do owe thee a far greater debt,
The charming sweetness of whose shorter Lay's,
Not only we do hear with great amaze,
But they have low descended to the deep,
And wak'ned Theseus Queen from Stygian sleep;
Who slighting Orpheus, comes to beg of thee
To ayd her with thy pow'rfull harmonie,
Knowing thy strains more truly can expresse
Her sense of Theseus strange forgetfulness;
Which makes us here to double thy Renown;
Hereafter thou shalt wear fair Ariadne's Crown.

JOHN PHILLIPS.



To my Dear and Honour'd Friend, Mr. HENRY LAWES, upon his
Incomparable Book of Songs.



Am no Poet, yet I will rehearse
My Virgin Muse, though in unpolisht Verse:
Perhaps the immature and lib'rall fence,
(Yet better than those Ignorants commence,
Who boldly dare their scandalous censures throw,
And judge of things (I'll swear) they do not know)
Will be to some displeasing; but what then?
Must they not know their wild pretensions, when
Unnat'rally they'll raise a Forrain Name,
And blast the Honour of their Native Fame?
But stay; Will this reclaim them? No, th'are mad;
Their Reason is infatuate, and clad
In such a stupified ignorance:
Nothing will please that is not come from *France*
Or *Italy*; but let them have their will,
Whilst we unto thy Noble Art and Skill
Do sacrifice our admirations:
The tribute's just, and other Nations
Cannot but pay it too, when they shall see
Their best of Labours thus outdone by Thee;
Or else amaz'd to see thy *English* Ayre
Past imitation; they will dispaire,
And wonder we can surfeit with such meat,
So rare, so rich, so pleasant, so compleat.
Be happy then; Thou art above all hate;
Thy great abilities have out-grown thy Fate:
Thy Fortune soars aloft; thou art renown'd:
Thy Fame's with Judgements approbation crown'd:
And in this Verse, (as I disclaim all Wit)
So 'twas thy worth, oblig'd my fancy t'it;

JO. CARWARDEN

The TABLE, with the Names of those who were Authors of the Verses.

A.	A <i>Riadne</i> Am I dispis'd because you say <i>Amerantha</i> sweet and fair Ask me why I send you here	Pag. 1 19 15 24	- Mr. William Cartwright of Christ-Church Oxford, - Mr. Robert Horick, - Col. Richard Lovelace. - Mr. Herick,
B.	Be gone, be gone thou perjur'd man	35	- Henry Lawes.
C.	Careless of Love, and free from Fears <i>Chloris</i> your self you so excell <i>Celia</i> thy bright Angel's Face Canst thou love me, and yet doubt Come my <i>Lucasta</i> Come heavy Souls	11 14 17 23 25 28	- <i>Carew</i> Raleigh, Esquire. - Edmond Waller, Esquire. - Thomas Earle of Winchilsea. - William Earle of Pembroke. - Sir Charles Lucas. - Dr. William Stroud, Oratour of the University of Oxford.
	Come, come thou glorious Object Come my Sweet whilst every strain	30 32	- Sir William Killigrew. - Mr. Cartwright.
D.	Dearest do not now delay me	20	- Mr. Henry Harington, Son to Sir Henry Harington.
F.	Farewell fair Saint	10	- Mr. Tho. Cary, Son to the Earle of Monmouth, and of the Bedchamber to his late Majesty.
G.	Gaze not on Swann's Give me more Love or more Disdain	15 21	- Mr. Henry Noel, Son to the L. Viscount Cambden. - Mr. Tho. Carew, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and Sewer to his late Majesty.
H.	He that love's a Rosie Cheek	12	- Mr. Carew.
I.	I long to sing the Seidge of Troy If when the Sun at Noon It is not that I love you lesse <i>Imbre lacrymarum largo</i>	27 18 22 36	- Mr. John Berkenhead. - Mr. Carew. - Mr. Waller. - Mr. Thomas Fuller, Batch. Divinity,
L.	Ladies who gild the glitt'ring Noon Lately on yonder swelling Bush Lovely <i>Chloris</i> though thine eyes The Day's return'd	35 24 20 33	- Mr. Francis Lenton. - Mr. Waller. - Mr. Henry Reynolds. - Mr. Berkenhead.
T.	Till now I never did believe Till I beheld fair <i>Celia's</i> Face 'Tis true fair <i>Celia</i> Thou art so Fair and Yong 'Tis Wine that inspir's Two hundred minutes are run down	16 25 29 31 32 34	- Sir Thomas Nevill. - Francis Finch, Esquire. - Mr. Henry Bathurst. - Mr. Aurelian Townsbend; - Lord Breughall. - Mr. Berkenhead.
V.	<i>Venus</i> redress a wrong	7	- Mr. Cartwright.
W.	When thou poor Excommunicate When on the Altar of my hand While I listen to thy Voyce	8 9 13	- Mr. Carew - Mr. Carew. - Mr. Waller,
	Θάλω λήγειν Ἀτρείδας <i>Inquel gelato core (TAVOLA)</i> Last Pag. in the Book	26	- Anacreon's Ode, call'd the Lute. - By divers and sundry Authors.

Dialogues and Songs for two Voyces.

D istressed Pilgrim, A Dialogue betwixt <i>Cordanus</i> and an <i>Amoret</i>	Pag. 1	- Col. Francis Lovelace.
Aged man that mowes these Fields, A Dialogue betwixt <i>Time</i> and a <i>Pilgrim</i>	3	- Mr. Aurelian Townsbend.
As <i>Celia</i> rested in the shade, A Dialogue betwixt <i>Cleon</i> and <i>Celia</i>	5	- Mr. Tho. Carew.
<i>Bacchus</i> <i>Pacchus</i> fill our brains	9	- Mr. Townsbend.
Go thou Emblem of my heart	10	- Mr. Harington.
O the Fickle state of Lovers	12	- Mr. Francis Quarles.
Musick thou Queen of Souls	14	- Mr. Tho. Randolph of Trinity Colledge Cambridge.

Ayres and Songs for three Voyces.

C ome <i>Chloris</i> , hie we to the Bower	16	- Mr. Henry Reynolds.
Though my Torment far exceeds	17	- Mr. Harington.
If my Mistress fix her Eye	18	- Mr. Harington.
Keep on your Vaile	19	- Dr. Stroud.
Thou Shepheard whose intentive eye	20	- Mr. Townsbend.
O now the certain Cause I know	21	- Mr. Cartwright.
Sing Fair <i>Clorinda</i>	22	- Sr. William Davenant.
Grieve not Dear Love	24	- John Earle of Bristol.
Ladies whose smooth and Dainty Skin,	26	- Mr. Harington.

The Story of *Theseus* and *Ariadne*, as much as concerns the en-
suing Relation, is this.



Theseus going over into Crete to fight with the Minotaure, made his Father *Aegeus* this promise, that if he came off with Life and Victory, he would set up white sailes at his coming back, the Ship as he went out having black sailes in token of griefe: being come into Crete, *Ariadne* the Kings Daughter there fell in love with him, and gave him a Clew of thread, by which after he had slain the Minotaure he extricated himselfe out of that perplexed Labyrinth: having thus obtained the Victory, he carried her along with him into the Island *Naxos*, where he tooke occasion to leave her as she was a sleep, and so hastning homeward, forgot to hoist the white sailes; his Father *Aegeus*, therefore, who stood upon a Rock, expecting his return, as soon as he perceived the black sailes, cast himselfe headlong into the Sea, from whom it was called the *Aegean* Sea. In this while, *Ariadne* complaining of *Theseus* his Infidelity, resolving to destroy her selfe, having made her own Epitaph, was comforted by *Bacchus*, who coming thither was enamoured of her Beauty, and took her to his protection.

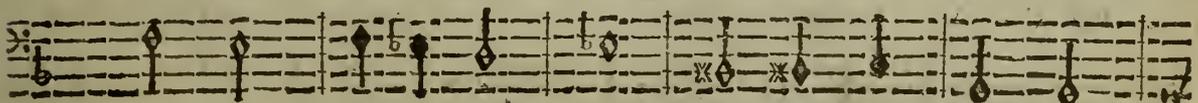
Ariadne sitting upon a Rock in the Island *Naxos*, deserted by *Theseus*, thus complains.



Theseus, O *Theseus*, hark! but yet in vain; A-las de-ser-ted I complain;



it was some neigh'ring Rock, more soft then he, whose hollow bowels pittye'd me, and beating



back that false & cruell name, did comfort and revenge my flame, then faithless whither wilt thou flye?

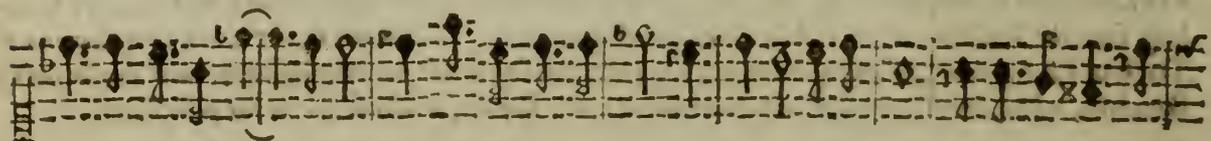
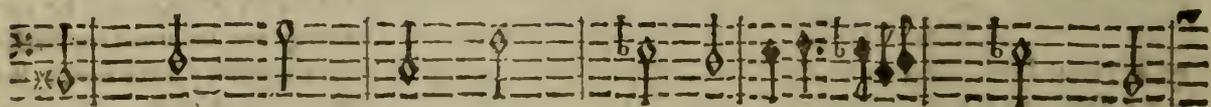




stones dare not harbour cruelty. Tell me ye Gods, who e're ye are, why, O why, made ye him so



faire? & tell me wretch why thou mad'lt not thy selfe more true? Beauty from him might copies take, &



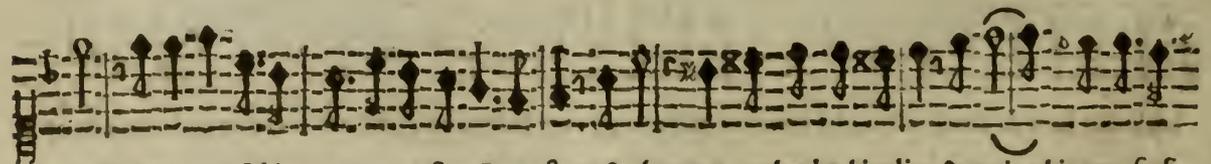
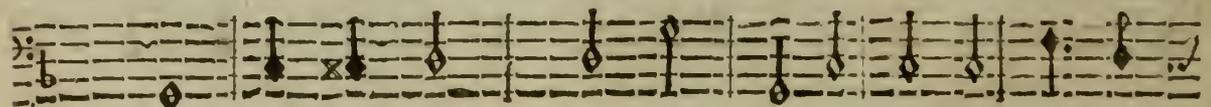
more majestick *Heroes* make, and falshood learn a wile from him too, to beguile: restore my Clue, 'tis



here most due, for 'tis a Labrinth of more subtile Art, to have so faire a face, so fowle a heart:



The rav'nous Vultur tear his breast, the row-ling stone disturbe his rest, let him next feele *Ix-i-ens*

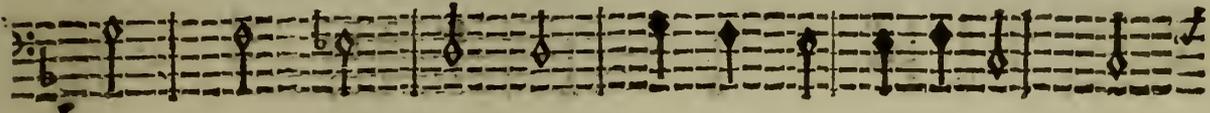


wheel, & add one fable more to, cursing Poets store, & then yet rather let him live & twine his woof of

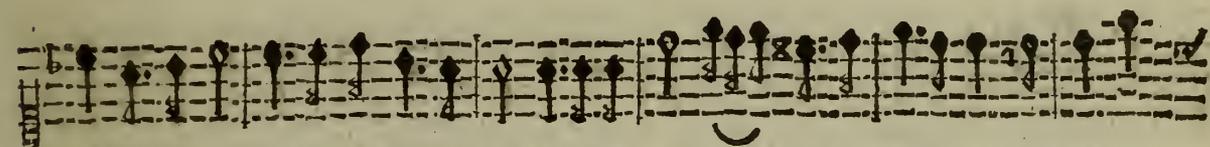




days with some thread stoln from mine; but if you'l torture him, how e're torture my heart, you'l find him



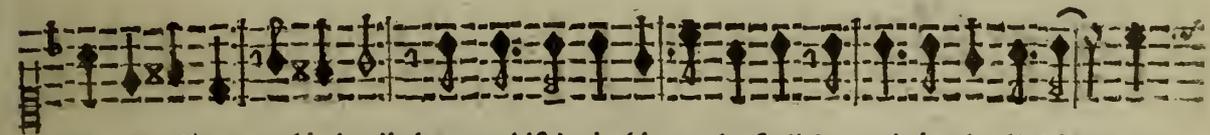
there : Till mine eyes drank up his, and his drank mine, I ne'r thought souls might kiss, & spirits joyne :



Pictures till then, took me as much as men, Nature and Art move-ing a—like my heart; but his faire



vifage made me find pleasures and fears, hopes, sighs and tears, as severall seasons of the mind. Should

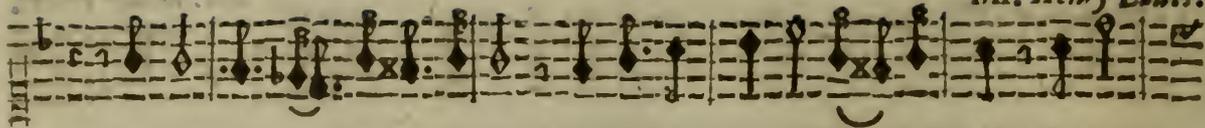


thine Eye *Venus* on his dwell, thou wouldst invite him to thy shell, & caught by that live jet, ven-

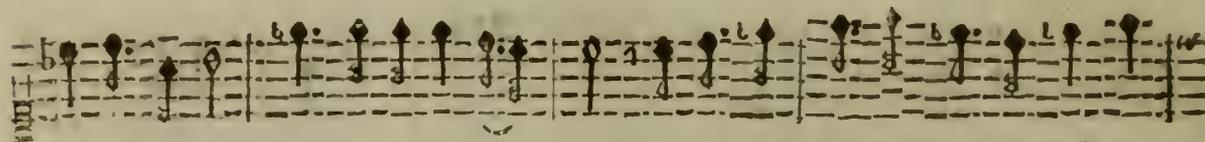


ture the second net, and after all thy dangers faithlesse he, shouldst thou but slumber, would forsake ev'n thee.

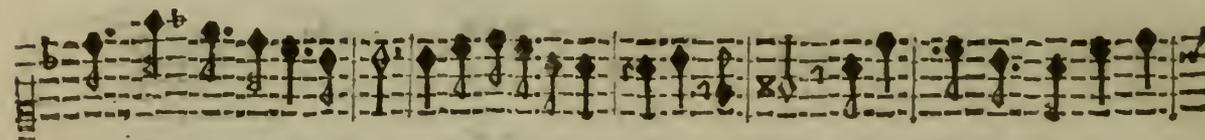
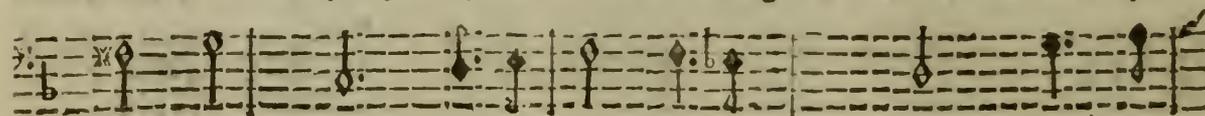




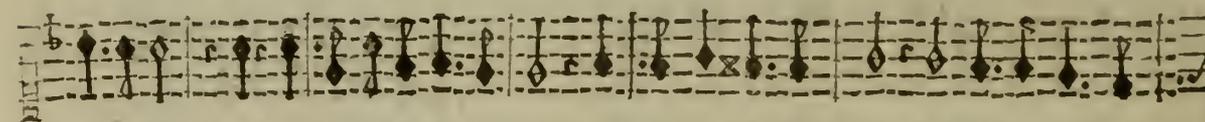
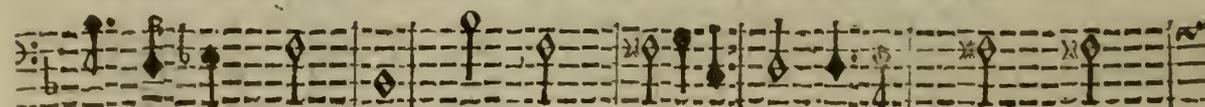
The streams so court the yielding banks, and gliding thence ne're pay their thanks, the winds



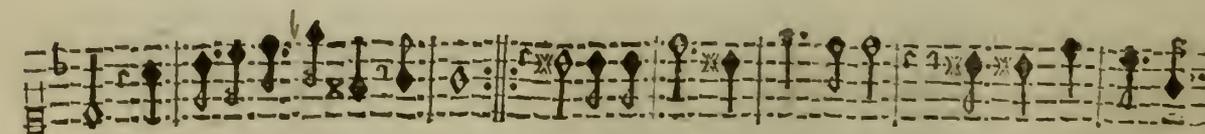
so woo the flowers, whisp'ring among fresh bowers, and having rob'd them of their smells, flye



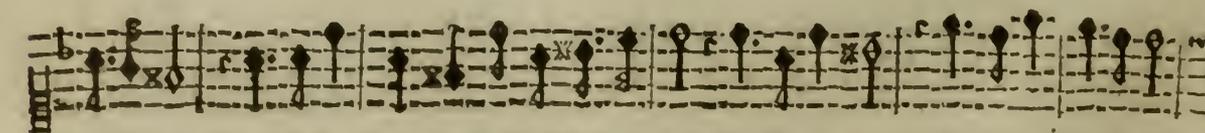
thence perfum'd to other Cels; this is familiar hate, to smile, & kill, though nothing pleas thee, yet my



ruine will: Death hover, hover, o're me then, waves let your christall womb, be both my fare and

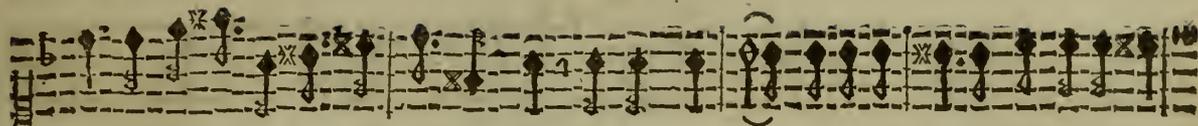


tomb, I'll sooner trust the sea then men. Yet for revenge to heav'n I'll call, and breath one curse be-



-fore I fall; proud of two Conquests, *Minotaur* and me, that by my faith, this by thy perjurie.





May'st thou forget to wing thy ships with white, that the black sails may to the longing sight of thy gray



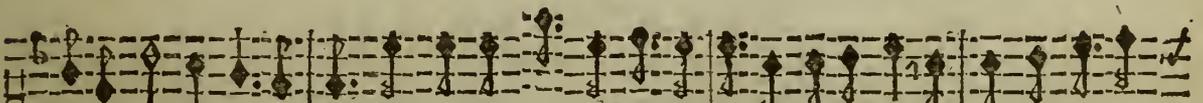
Father tell thy fate, and he bequeath that sea his name, falling like me. Nature & Love thus brand thee,



whilst I dye, 'cause thou forsak'st *Aegus*, 'cause thou draw'st nigh. And ye, O Nymphs below who



fit, in whose swift floods his vows he writ, snatch a sharp Diamond from your richer Mines, & in some



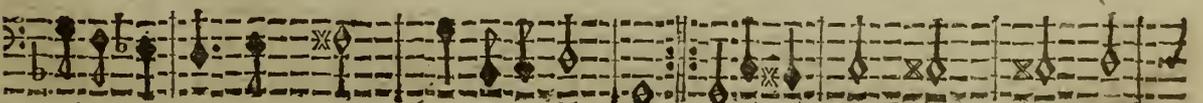
Mirror grave these sadder lines; which let some God convey to him, that so he may in that both read at



Her Epitaph.

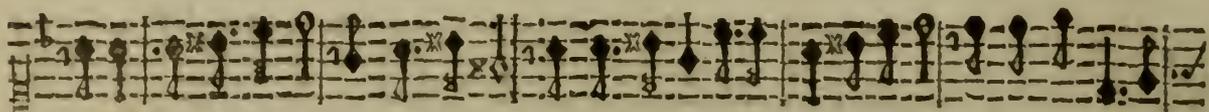
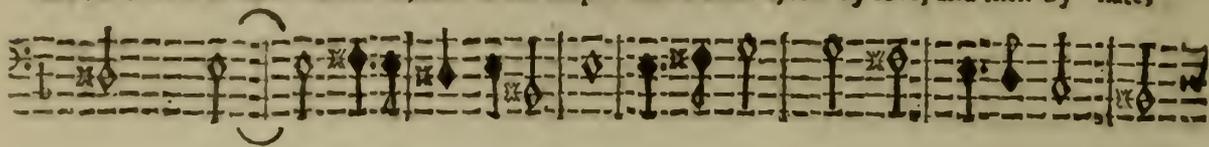


once and see those looks that caus'd my de-sti—ny. In *Thetis* Armes I *A-ri-ad-ne* sleep,

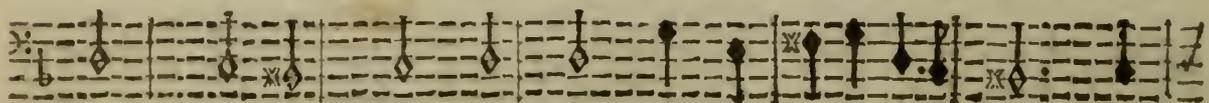




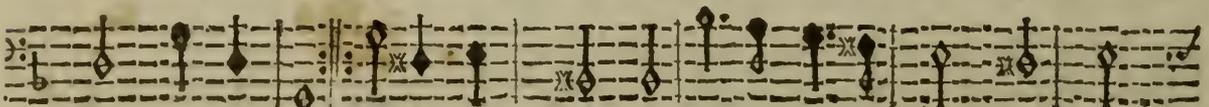
drown'd: First in mine own tears, then in the deep: Twice banish'd, first by love, and then by hate,



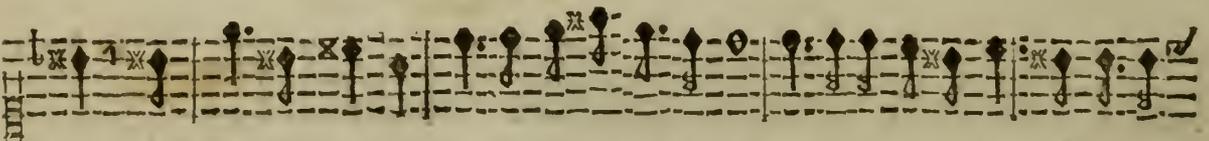
the life that I preserv'd became my fate, who leaving all was by him left alone, that from a Monster



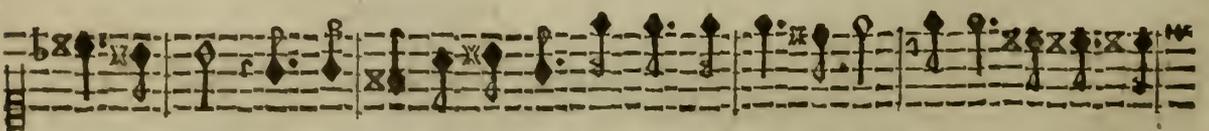
fre'd, himfelfe prov'd one: Thus then I F— but looke, O mine eyes, be now true spies, yonder,



yonder comes my dear, now my wonder, once my fear; see Satyrs dance along in a con-fu-sed



throng, whilst horns and pipes rude noise, do mad their lusty joyes; Roses his forehead crown, & that re-



-crows the flowers; where he walks up and down, he makes the Defarts Bowers; the I—vy and the

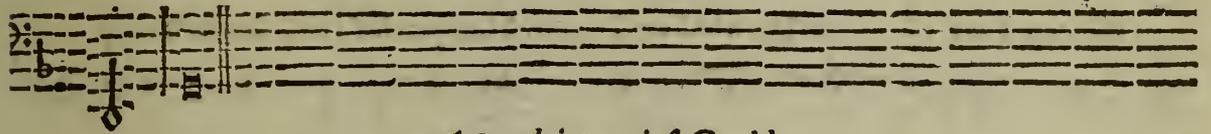




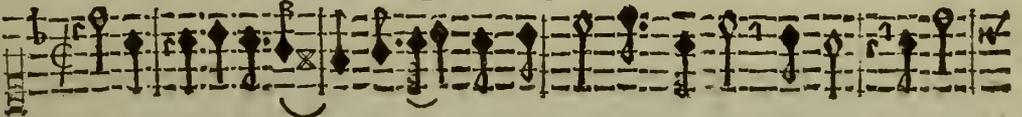
Grape hide not, adorne his shape, and green leaves cloath his waving Rod, 'tis he ; 'tis either *Theſeus,*



or ſome God.



A Complaint againſt Cupid.



Enns, redreſs a wrong thats done by that yong ſprightful boy thy ſon ; he wounds,



and then laughs at the ſore, hatred it ſelf could do no more ; if I purſue, he's ſmal & light, both ſeen at



once, and out of ſight ; if I do flye, he's wing'd, & then at the firſt ſtep I'm caught again. Left one



day thou thy ſelfe may'ſt ſuffer ſo, or clip the wantons wings, or break his Bow.

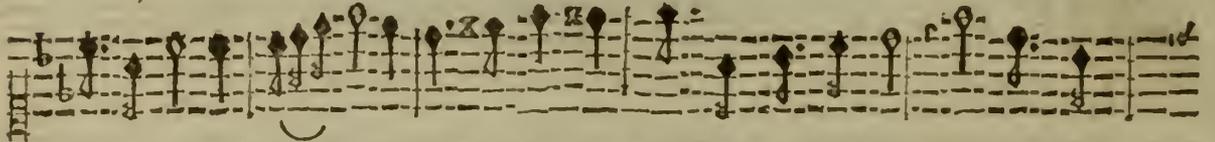


To his Inconstant Mistress.



Hen thou, poor Excommunicate from all the joyes of Love shalt see the

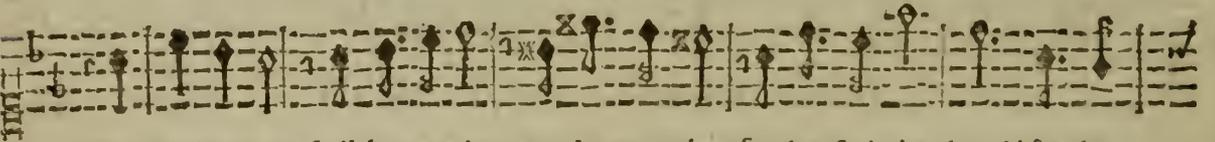
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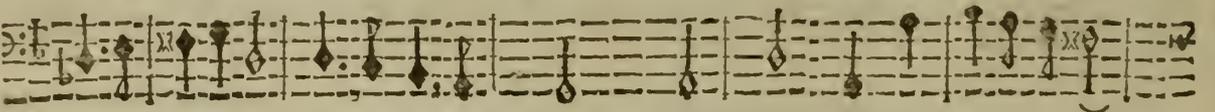
full reward and glo—ri—ous fate, which my strong faich hath purchas'd me, then curse thine



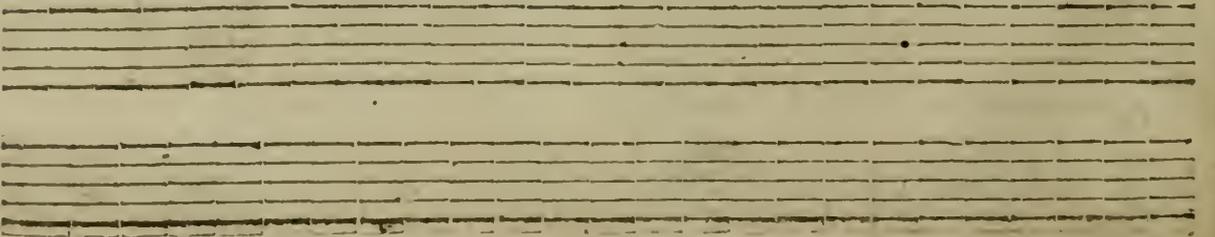
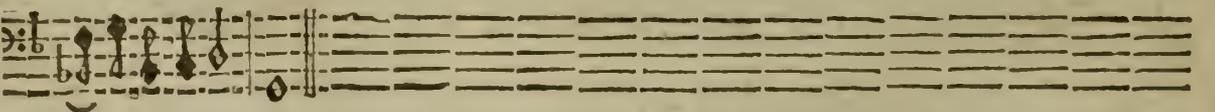
owne Inconstancy: for thou shalt weep, intreat, complaine to Love, as I did once to thee,

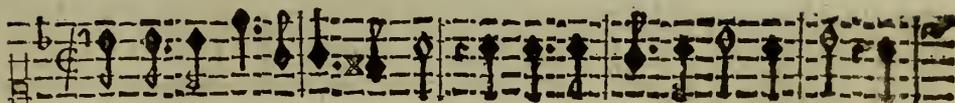


when all thy teares, shall be as vaine as mine were then, for thou shalt be damn'd for thy



falſe A-po-ſta-cy.



In the Person of a Lady to her inconstant servant.

Hen on the Alt-ar of my hand (bedew'd with many' a kisse and teare,) thy



now revolted heart did stand an humble Martyr, thou didst swear, thus, and the God of Love did hear ;



By those bright glances of thine eye, unlesse thou pittie me I dye.

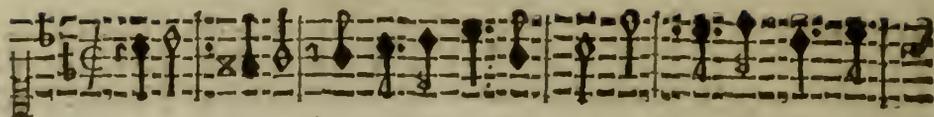


When first those perjur'd lips of thine,
 Bepal'd with blasting sighs, did scale
 Their violated faith on mine,
 From the bosome, that did heale
 Thee, thou my melting heart didst steale
 My soule inflam'd with thy false breath,
 Poyson'd with kisses, suck't in death.

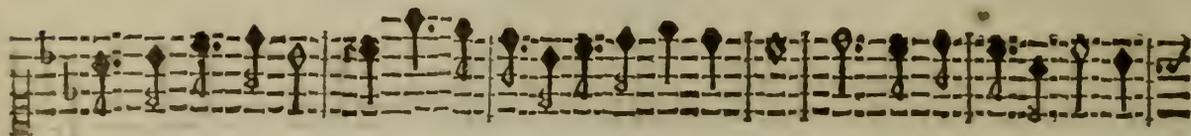
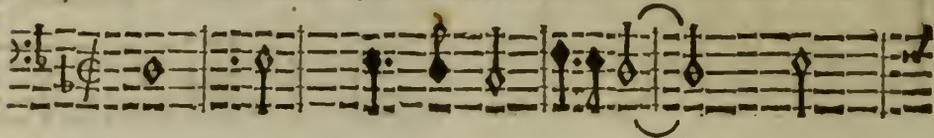
Yet I nor hand nor lip will move,
 Revenge or Mercy to procure
 From the offended God of Love;
 My curse is fatall, and my pure
 Love shall beyond thy scorn endure;
 If I implore the Godds, they'l find
 Thee too ingratfull, me too kind.

Henry Lawes.

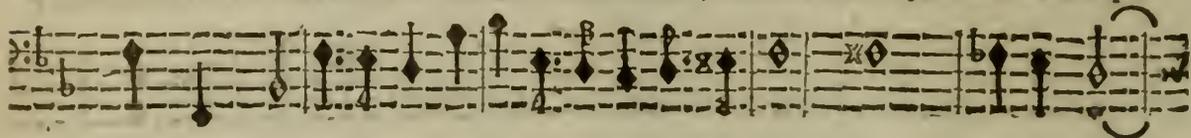
To his Mistress going to Sea.



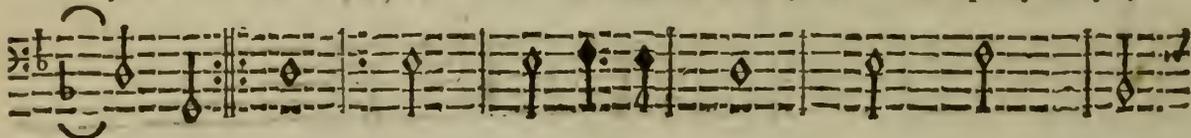
Arewell fair Saint, may not the sea and wind swell like the hearts and



eyes you leave behind, but calme and gentle as the looks you beare, smile in your face and whisper



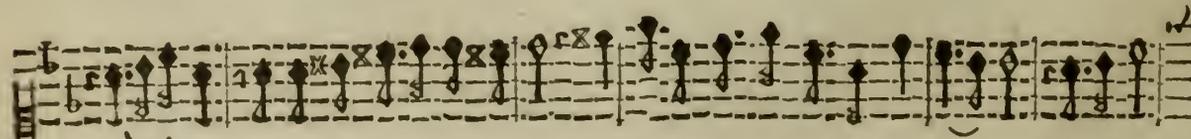
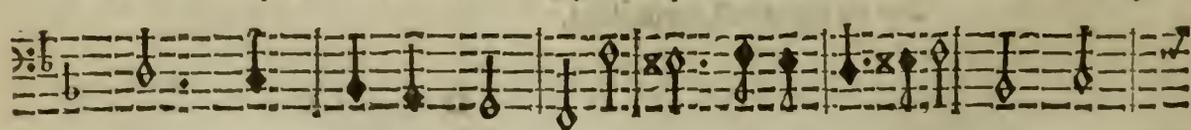
in your eare: Let no bold Billow offer to arise, that it may never look upon your eyes,



left winde and wave, enamour'd of your Forme, should throng and crowd themselves into a storme:



But if it be your Fate, vaste Seas, to love; of my becalmed breast learn how to move;



move then, but in a gentle Lovers pace, no furrows nor no wrinkles in your face; and ye fierce





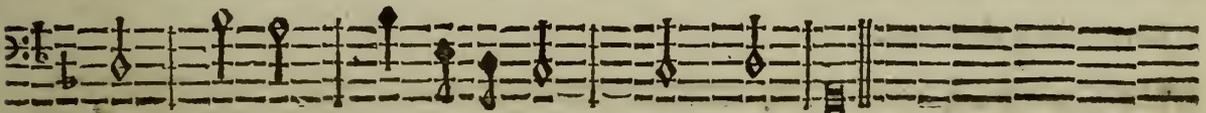
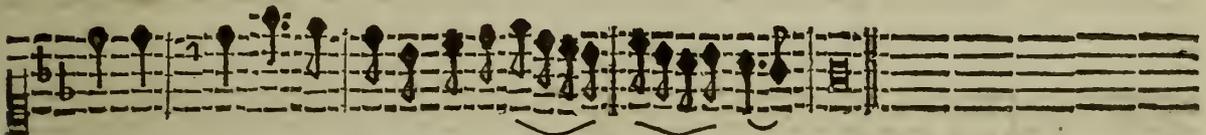
winds, see that you tell your tale in such a breath as may but fill her Sail : So whilst ye court her



each your sev'ral way, ye may her safe-ly to her Port convey; and lose but in a noble way of



wooing, whilst both contribute to your own undoing.



The Surprise.



Areless of Love & free from Fears, I fate & gaz'd on *Stee-la's*



eyes, thinking my Reason or my Years might keep me safe from all surprize.



But Love, that hath been long despis'd,
And made the Baud to others trust,
Finding his Deity surpriz'd,
And chang'd into degenerate Lust,

So that too late (alas) I finde
No steeld Armour is of proof,
Nor can the best resolv'd minde
Resist her Beauty and her Youth.

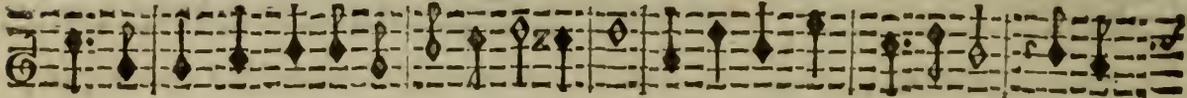
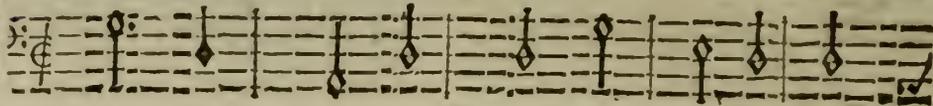
Summon'd up all his strength and power,
Making her face his Magazine,
Where Virtue's grace, and Beauty's flow're
He plac'd his Godhead to redeem.

But yet the folly to untwist,
That loving I deserve no blame;
Were it not Atheisme to resist
Where Gods themselves conspire her flame.

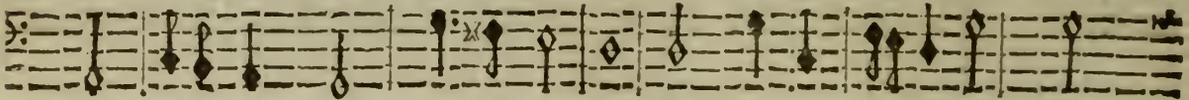
Disdaine returned.



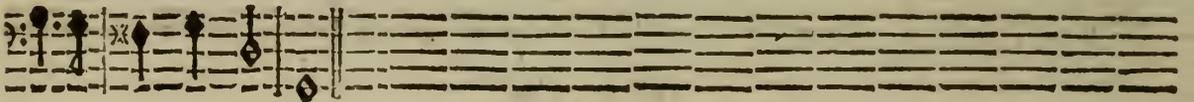
Et that love's a ro — sic cheek, or a Corall lip admires ; or from



Star-like eyes doth seek fu-ell to maintain his fires, as old time makes these de-cay , so his



flames must waste a-way.



But a smooth and steadfast minde,
Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,
Hearts with equall love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires :
Where these are not, I dispise
Lovely Checkes, or Lips, or Eyes.

Celia, now no tears can win
My resolv'd heart to return ;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn :
I have learn'd those Arts, and now
Can disdaine as much as thou.



Some God in my revenge con—vey that Love to her I east a-way.



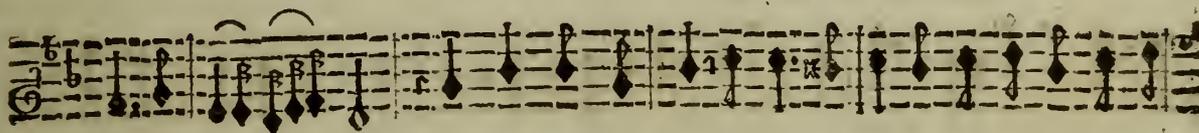
To a Lady singing.



Hile I list-en to thy voyce, *Chloris*, I feele my life de-cay,



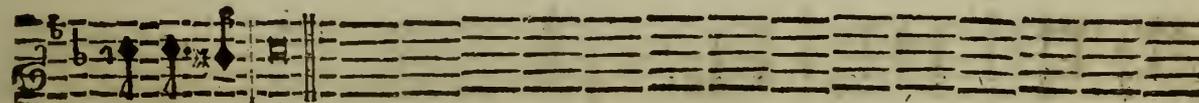
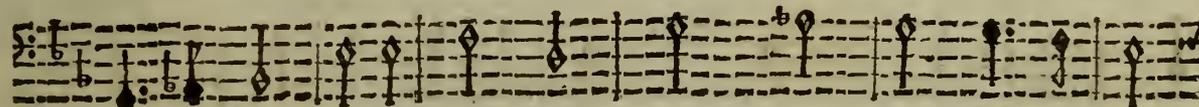
that pow'rfull noyse cal's my fleeting soul away; O suppress that magick sound, which de-



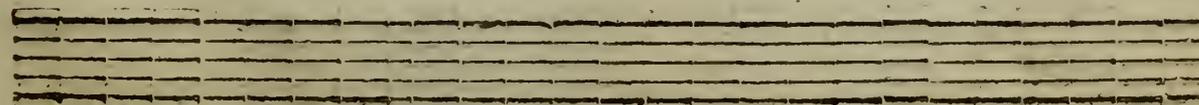
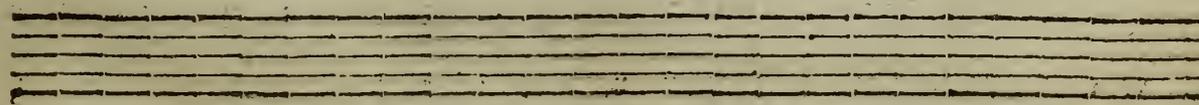
stroyes without a wound! peace! peace, *Chloris*, peace, or singing dye, that together thou and



I to heav'n may go; for all we know of what the blessed doe above, is that they sing,



and that they love.



To the same Lady, singing the former Song.



Lov' your selfe you so excell, when you vouchsafe to breath my thought,

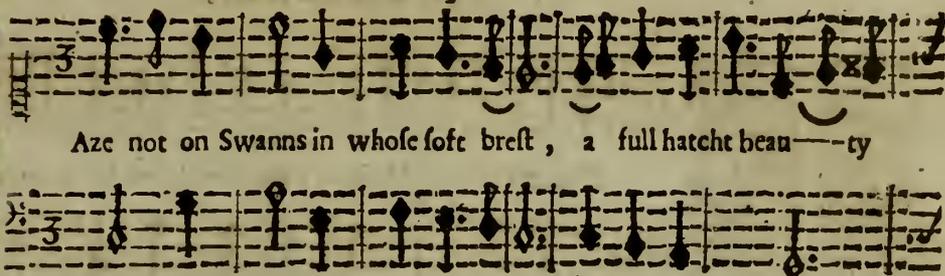
that like a spirit with this spell of mine own teaching I am caught. That Eagle's Fate and mine is

one, that on the shaft that made him dye, espy'd a Feather of his own, wherewith he went to

soare so high. Had Echo with so swete a grace, *Narcissus* lowd complaints return'd, not for re-

-flection of his face, but of his voyce the boy had mourn'd.

(15)
Beasties Excellency.



Aze not on Swanns in whose soft brest , a full hatcht bea—ty



seems to nest, nor snow which falling from the skye, hovers in it's virgini—ty.



Gaze not on Roses, though new blown,
Grac'd with a fresh complexion,
Nor Lillies which no subtle Bee
Hath rob'd by kissing Chymistry.

Gaze not on that pure milky way
Where night uses splendor with the day,
Nor Pearle whose silver walls confine
The Riches of an Indian Mine.

For if my Emp'ress appears,
Swanns moultring dyc, snow melts to tears,
Roses do blush and hang their heads,
Pale Lillies shrink into their beds.

The milky way Rides post, to shroud
It's baffled glory in a Cloud,
And Pearls do climb into her care,
To hang themselves for Envy there.

So have I seen Stars bigg with light
Preve Lanthorns to the Moon-ey'd night,
Which when Sol's Rayes were once display'd,
Sink in their Sockets, and decay'd.

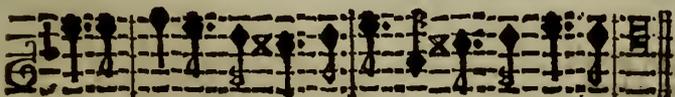
To Amarantha, To dishevell her haire.



Marantha sweet & fair, forbear to brade that shining hair, as my curious hand or



eye, hov'ring round thee let it flye; let it flye as unconfin'd, as it's calm ravisher the wind, who ha's



left his Darling the East, to wanton o're this spicy Nest.



Ev'ry Tress must be confest,
But neatly tangled at best,
Like a clew of golden thread
Most excellently ravelled ;
Do not then wind up that light
In Ribbands, and o're-cloud in Night,
Like the Sun in's early Ray,
But shake your head and scattter Day.



Ill now I never did believe a man could love for vertues sake; nor thought the

absence of one Love could grieve the man that freely might another take. But since mine eyes be-

-troth'd my heart to you, I find both true, thine Innocence hath so my Love refin'd, I mourn thy body's

absence for thy mind.

Tell now I never made an Oath
 But with a purpose to forswear,
 For to be fix'd upon one face were sloath;
 When every Ladies eye is Cupids spear;
 But if she merits faith from every brest
 Who is the best
 Of woman-kind? how then can I be free
 To love another, having once lov'd thee?

Such is the rare and happy pow'r
 Of Goodness, that it can dilate
 It selfe to make one vertuous in an hour;
 Who liv'd before, perhaps a reprobate;
 Then since on me this wonder thou hast done,
 Prithee work on
 Upon thy selfe, thy Sex doth want that grace
 My truth to love more than a better face.

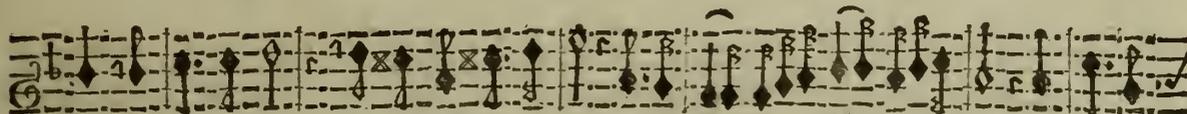
The Celestiall Mistresse.



Elia, thy bright Angels face may be cal'd a heav'nly place: the whiteness



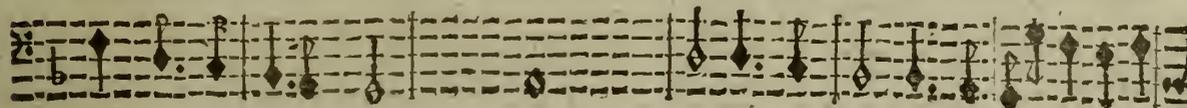
of the starry way nature did on thy forehead lay: but thine eyes have brightness won, not from



Stars, but from the Sun: the blushing of the Morn in thy Rosie cheek is worn, the Musick



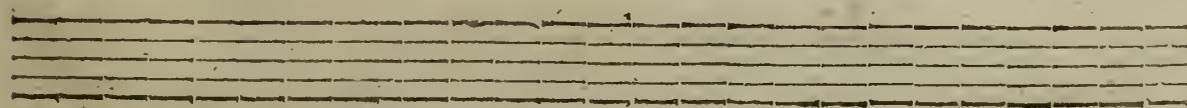
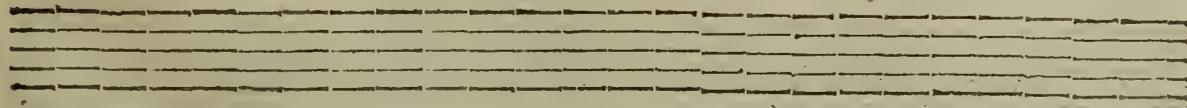
of the heav'nly Spears in thy soul's winning voyce appears: happy were I, had I (like Atlas) grace,



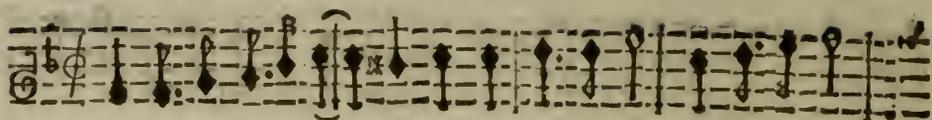
so faire a heav'n within mine Arms t' embrace.



Thomas Earle of Winchelsea



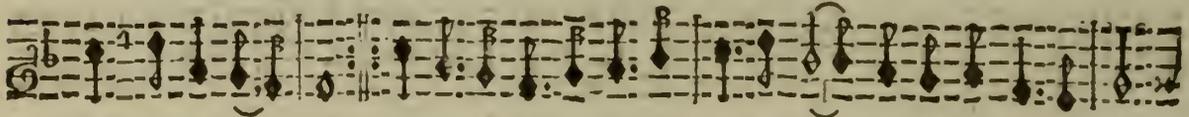
Night and Day to his Mistress.



When the Sun at Noon displays his brighter rays thou but appear;



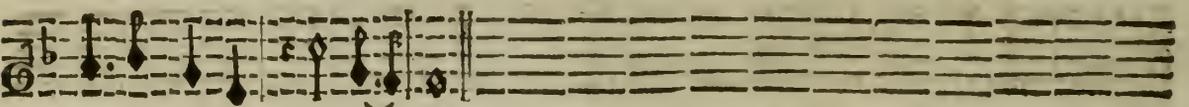
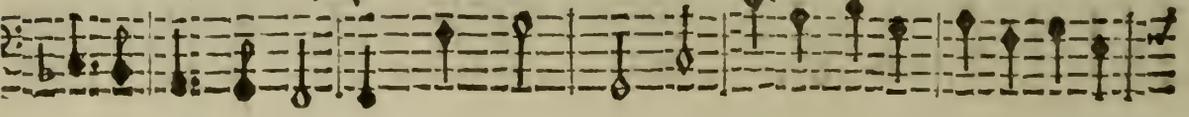
he then all pale with shame and fear, quencheth his light, and grows more dimne, compos'd to



thee, then Stars to him. If thou but show thy face again, when darkness doth at midnight reign;



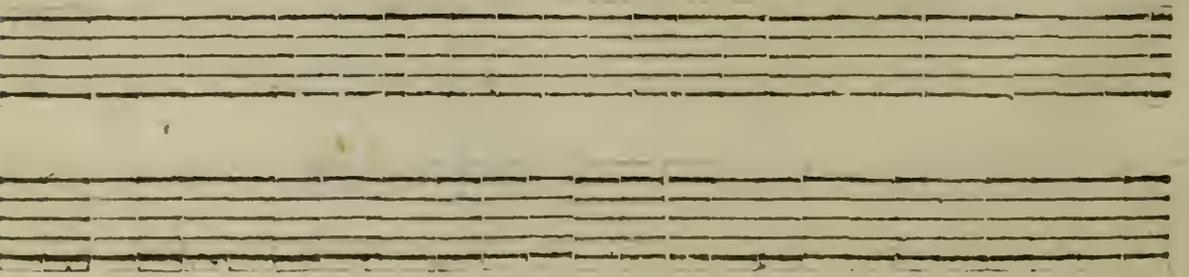
darkness fly's, and light is hurl'd round about the silent world; so as a-like thou driv'st away both



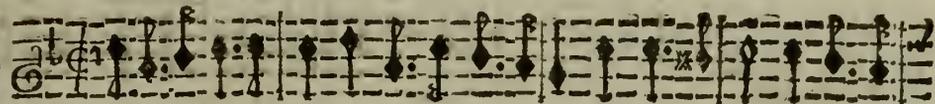
light and darkness, night and day.



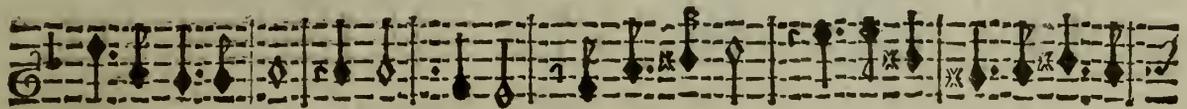
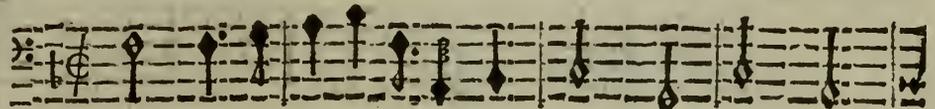
M^s Carver



To his Mistress objecting his Age.



M I dispis'd becaufe you say, and I believe, that I am gray? know, Lady,



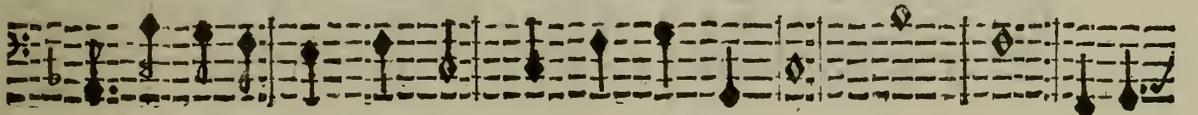
you have but your day, and night will come, when men will swear Time has spilt snow upon your



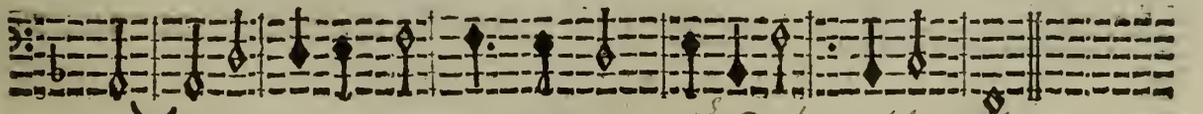
hair : Then when in your glafs you feek, but find no Rose-bud in your cheek, no, nor the bed to give the



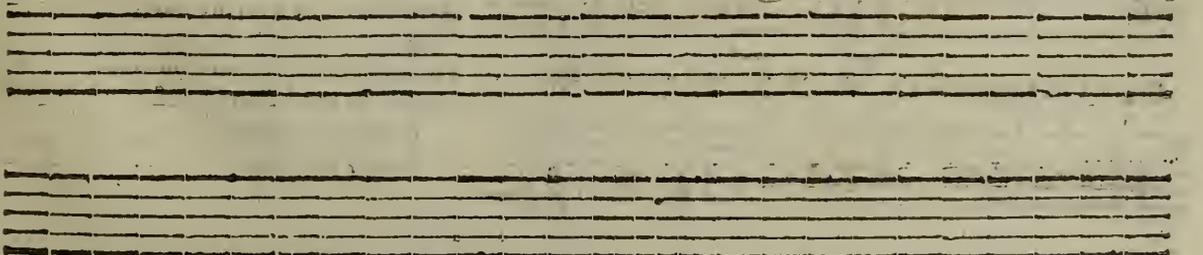
shew, where such a rare Carnation grew; and such a smiling Tulip too. Ah, then, too late, close in your



chamber keeping, it will be told, that you are old, by those true tears y'are weep-ing.



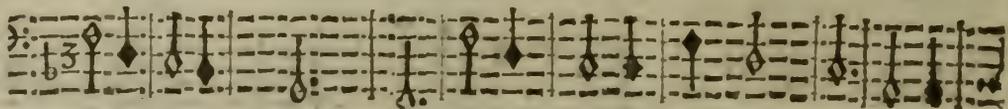
M^s Robert Herick



To his Mistress upon his going to travell.



Dearest do not now de—lay me, since thou knowst I must be—gone; Wind &



tyde 'tis thought doth stay me, but 'tis wind that must be blown from thy breath, whose na-tive



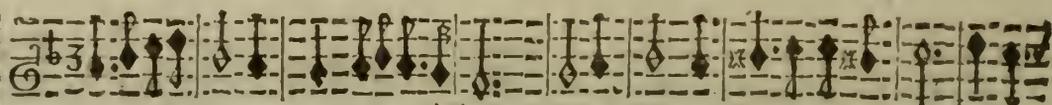
smell Indi—an Odours doth ex-cell.

O then speak, my Dearest Fayre,
Kill not him who vowes to serve thee,
But perfume the Neigh'ring Ayre,
For dumb silence else will starve me
'Tis a word is quickly spoken,
Which restrain'd, a heart is broken.

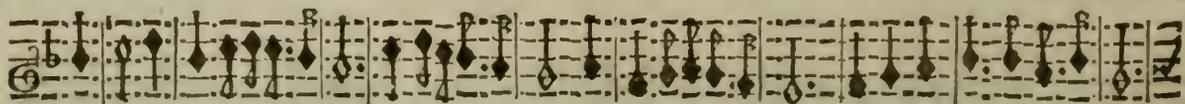


M^s Henry Harrington

Love above Beauty.



Ove—ly Chloris though thine eyes far out shine the jewels of the skies; that grace



which all admire in thee, no nor the beauties of thy brest, which far out-blaze the rest, u



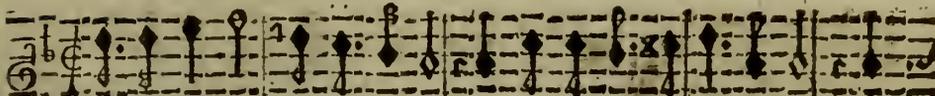
might e're compared be to my fi—de—li—ty.

Those alluring smiles that place
An eternall April on thy face;
Such as no Sun did ever see,
No, nor the Treasures of thy brest,
Which far out-blaze the rest,
Might e're compared be
To my Fidelitie.



M^s Henry Harrington

Mediocrity in Love rejected.



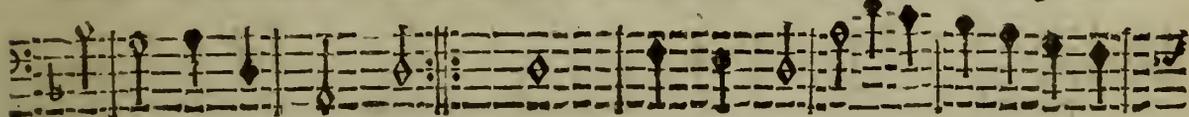
Ive me more Love, or more Disdain, the Torrid or the Frozen Zone bring



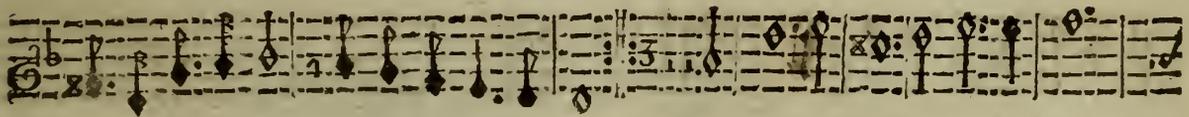
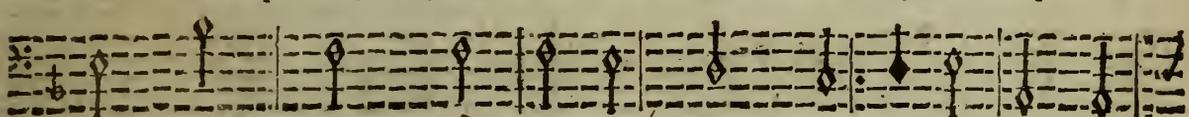
equall ease unto my pain, the Temperate affords me none ; either extream of Love or Hate is



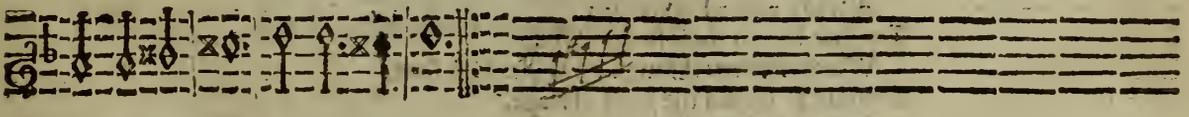
sweetet then a calme Estate. Give me a storm, if it be Love, like *DANA* in that golden



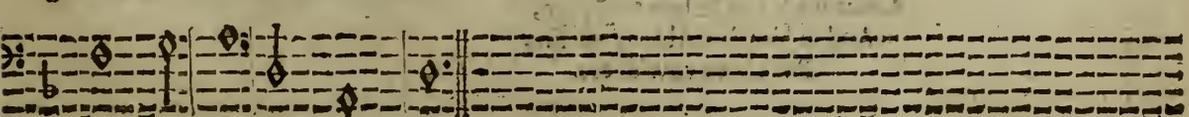
showre, I swim in pleasure ; if it prove Disdain, that torrent will devour my vulture hopes, and

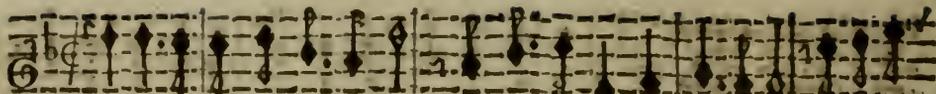


he's posselt of Heav'n, that's but from hell releast ; then Crown my joyes or Cure my pain,

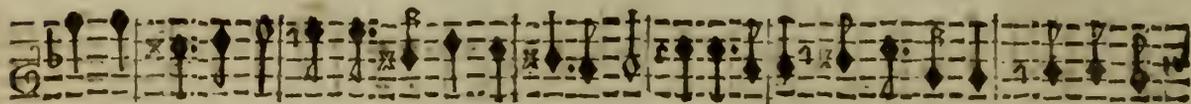
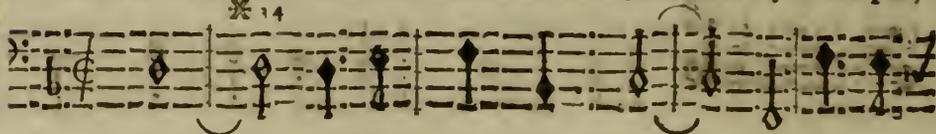


give me more Love or more Disdain.

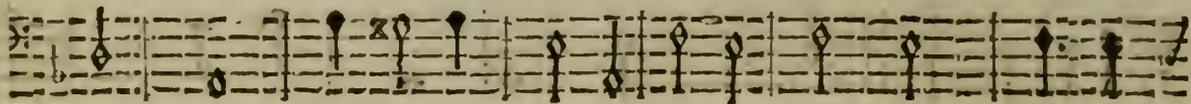


The selfe Banished.

T is not that I love you lesse, then when before your feet I lay, but to pre-
 ✕ 14



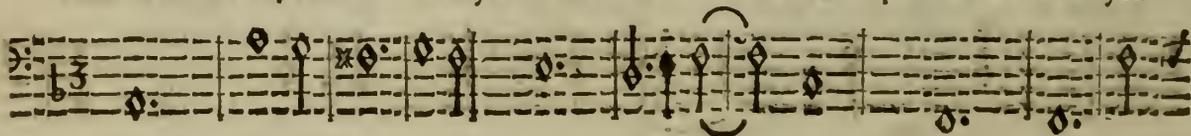
-vent the sad encrease of hopeles Love I keep away : In vain a-las for ev'ry thing that I have



known belong to you, your form dares to my fan-cy bring, and make my old wounds bleed a--new.



But I have vow'd, and never must your banish'd ser— vant trouble you for if he break you



may distrust, the vow he made to love you too.



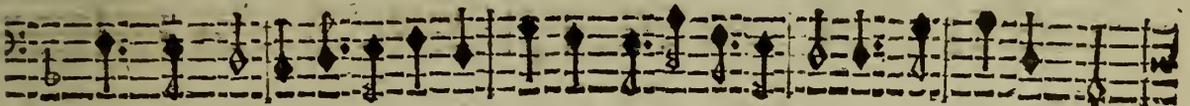
Who in the Spring from the new Sun
 Already hath a Feaver got;
 Too late begins those shafts to shun
 Which *Phobus* through his veins hath shot,
 Too late he would the pains aswage,
 And to thick shadows does retire,
 About with him he bears the rage,
 And in his tainted blood the fire.
 But I have vow'd, &c.

The Heart entire.

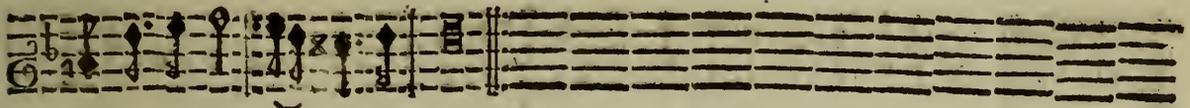
And thou love me and yet doubt so much Falshood in my heart, that a



way I should find out to impart fragments of a broken Love to you, more then all b'ing lesse then ?



due : O, no! Love must clear Distrust, or be eaten with that Rust; short Love liking may find Jarrs,



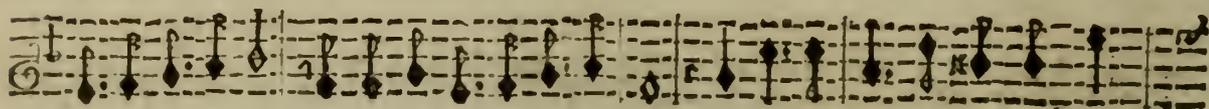
the Love that lasteth knows no Warrs.



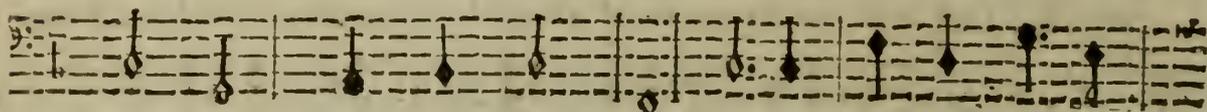
There, Beliefe begets Delight,
 And so sates Desire,
 That in them it shines as Light
 No more Fire ;
 All the burning Qualities appeas'd,
 Each in others joying pleas'd,
 Not a whisper; not a thought
 But 'twixt Both in comon's brought,
 Even to seem Two they are loath,
 Love being only Soul to both.

The Bud.

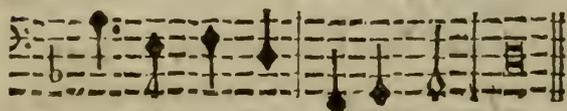
Aruly on yonder swell-ing Bush, big with many a comming Rose, this early



Bud began to blush, and did but halfe it selfe disclose : I pluckt it though no bet-ter Grow'n,



yet now you see how full 'tis blow'n.

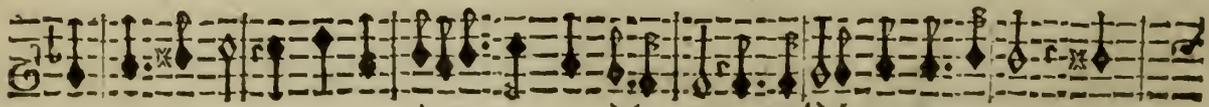


Still as I did the Leaves Inspire
With such a purple Light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so would flame anon,
All that was meant by Ayre, or Sun,
To this yong Flow'r, my breath ha's done.

If our loose Breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of Love ?
Of purest Love and Musick too,
When *Flavia* it aspires to move :
When hat which liveless Buds perswades
To wax more soft, her youth invades.

The Primrose.

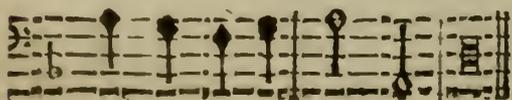
Ske me why I send you here, this first-ling of the Infant yeere; aske me why



I send to you, this Primrose all be-pearl'd with dew, I must whisper to your Eares, the



sweets of Love are wash'd with teares.



Aske me why this Rose doth show
All yellow, green, and sickly too ?
Aske me why the stalk is weak,
And yielding each way, yet not break ?
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears, are in a Lover;

(25)
Coelia singing.



ill I beheld fair *Coelia's* face, where perfect Beauty keeps her Court;



a Lovers passion found no place in me, who counted Love a sport: I thought the whole world



could not move a well re-sol-ved heart to love.

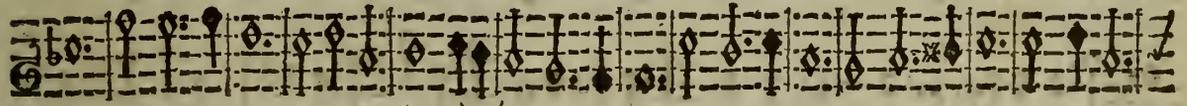
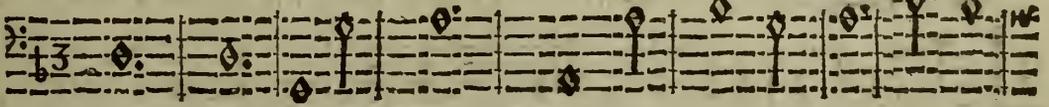


Wounded by her I now adore
 Those pow'rs of Love I have def'd,
 I court the flames I scorn'd before,
 And am repayd with Scorn and Pride:
 In such unpitty'd Flames to dwell,
 Is not a Martyrdome, but Hell.
 Cupid can't help me, nor wound her,
 He'l rather prove my Rivall hence,
 Though blind he'l turn Idolater,
 For she hath Charms for ev'ry sence;
 Should he her voyce's musick heare,
 Soft Love would enter Love's own Eare.

Love and Loyalty.



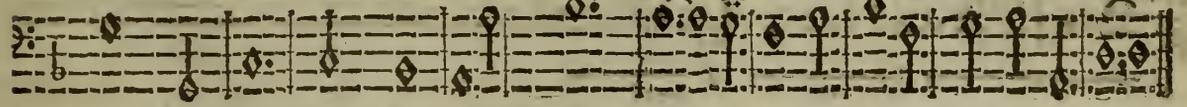
ome my *Luce-sta* heer's the Grove, where Nightingales perfume the Ayre; why dost thou



start? O'tis not Love, for perfect Lo--vers dare not fear. No dangers in this Arbour ly, our courage



keeps all others hence, ther's none shal dare approach but I, the strongest Love is best de-fence.



Here we'l discourse, and think, and smile;
 Let guilty men seek how to scape;
 He cannot love that can beguile,
 And none but Foes commit a Rape.

This Evening's worth Ten Thousand yeere,
 Then let's resolve since thou must go,
 We'l meet again to morrow here,
 Would Kings and Queens might do so too;

Τῶν ἈΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ εἰς Λύρα. α.



Εἴ—λα λῆγειν Ἀγρί—δαε, Θεί—λιω δὲ Κρό—δμον ᾄ—δων, Ἐ—λάρ Γι—θη δὲ

Χρ—δαῖς Εἴρω—τα μῦ—ρον ἠ—χῆ. Ε—γὼ δ' ἔχων νό—μα Ἄβυ—λον, ἐκ ἐ—πί—θω.

Ἡ—μει—ψα νεῦρα παρῶ—λι, Καὶ πῶ λυ—ρω ᾄ—πα—σαι Κἀγὼ μὲ ἤ—δον ᾄ—δων Ἡερ—κλί—υε.

λυ—ρη δὲ Ἐ—ρω—τας ἀν—τι—φῶ—σαι. Καί—εσι—θε χρι—εσι—θε λοι—πὸν ἠ—μῖν Ἡ—ρω—

εε. ἠ—λυ—ρη γδ Μό—νος ἔ—ρω—τας μῶ—νος ἔ—ρω—τας μῶ—νος ἔ—ρω—τας ἐ—ρω—

—τας ἔ—ρω—τας ᾄ—δων.

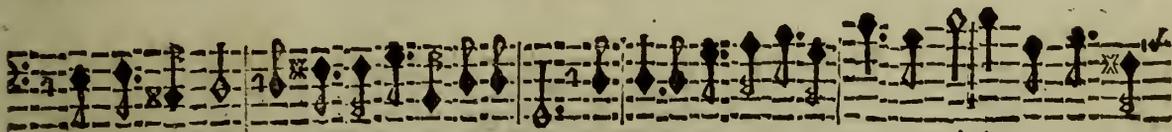
Anacreon's Ode, call'd, *The Lute*, Englished and to be sung by a Bass alone.



Long to sing the seidge of *Troy*; or *Thebe's* which *Cadmus* rear'd so high;



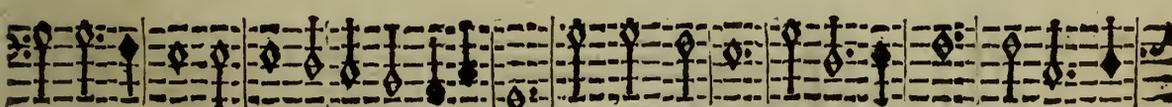
but though with hand & voice I strove, my Lute will sound nothing but *Love*. I chang'd the strings,



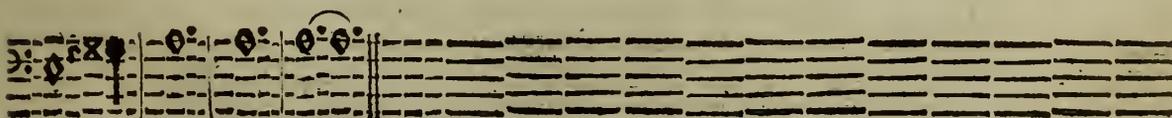
but 'twould not do't; at last I took an other Lute; & then I tri'd to sing the praise of All-performing



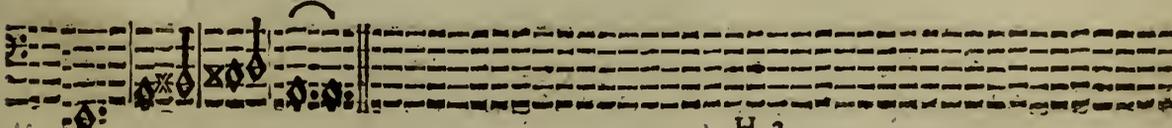
Hercules. But when I sung *Alcide's* name, my Lute rebounds *Love, Love* again. Then farewell all



ye *Gracian* Peers, and all true *Trojan* Cavalleers: Nor Godds nor men my Lute can move; 'Tis dumb to



all but *Love, Love, Love*.

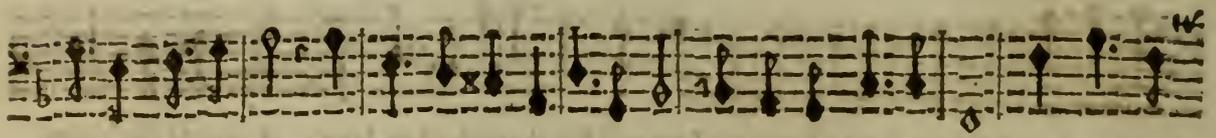
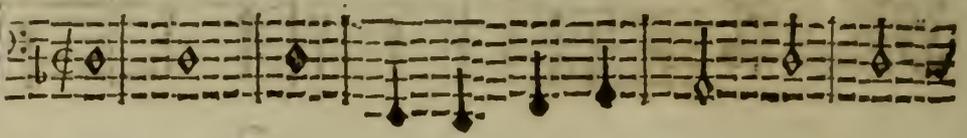


Desperato's Banquet.

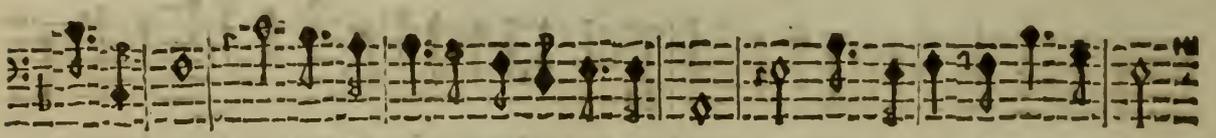
For a Bass Voice.



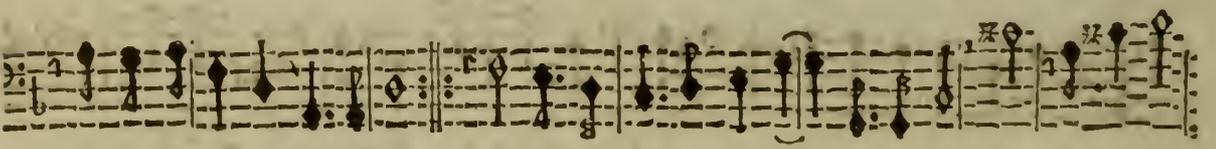
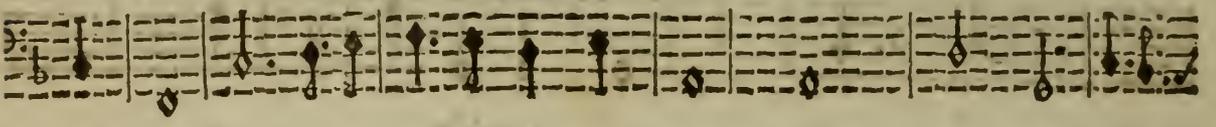
Come hea—vy Souls, oppressed with the weight of crimes, and pangs, or



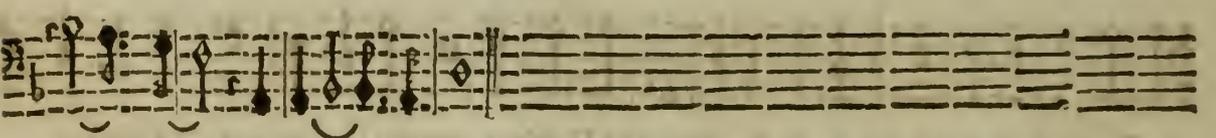
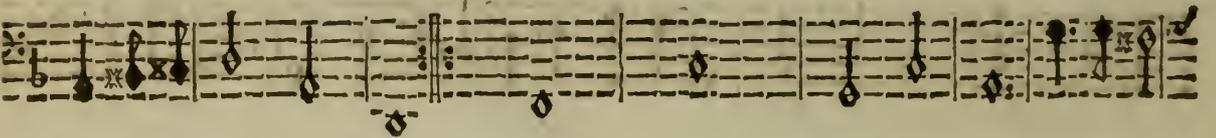
want of your delight; come drown in *Leshes* sleepy Lake, what ever makes you ake; drink healths from



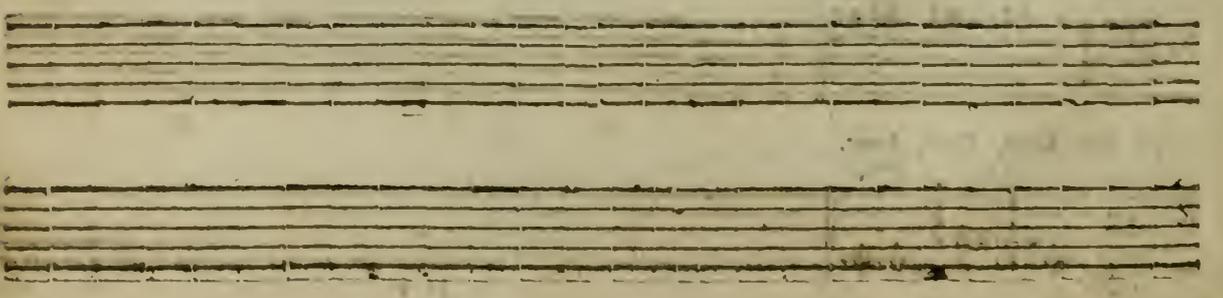
poys'ned bowls, breath out your cares together with your Souls; cool death's a salve that all may have,



ther's no distinction in the Grave. Lay down your loads before death's Iron door; sigh, and sigh out,



groan once, and groan no more.



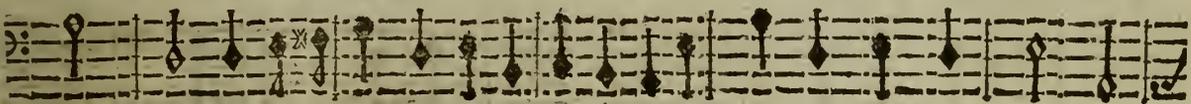
To Cælia, inviting her to Marriage.



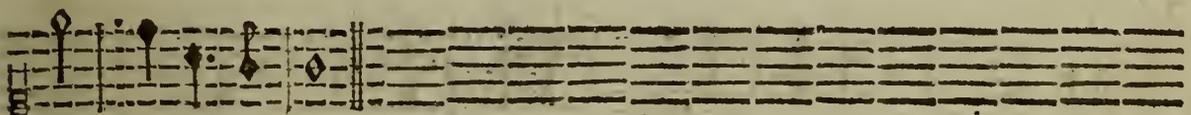
Is true (Fair Celia) that by thee I live, that every kisse, and every



fond embrace form's a new Soul within me, and doth give a balsome to the wound made by thy face :



Yet still me thinks I misse that blisse which Lovers dare not name, and only then described is, when



flame doth meet with flame.



Those favours which do blisse me every day,
Are yet but Empty, and Platonicall.
Think not to please your servants with halfe pay,
Good Gamesters never stick to throw at all.
Who can endure to misse

That blisse

Which Lovers dare not name,
And only then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame ?

If all those sweets within you must remaine
Unknown, and ne'r enjoy'd, like hidden treasure,
Nature, as well as I, will lose her name ;
And you, as well as I, your youthfull pleasure.

We wrong our selves to misse

That blisse

Which Lovers dare not name,
And only then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.

Our Souls, which long have peep'd at one another
Out of the narrow Casements of our Eyes,
Shall now, by Love conducted, meet together
In secret Cavern's, where all pleasure lyes.

There, there we shall not misse

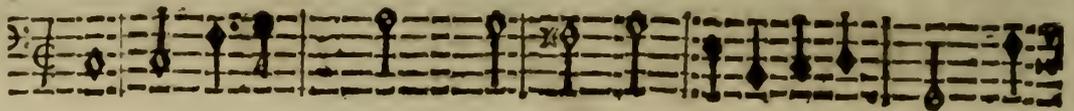
That blisse

Which Lovers dare not name,
And only then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.

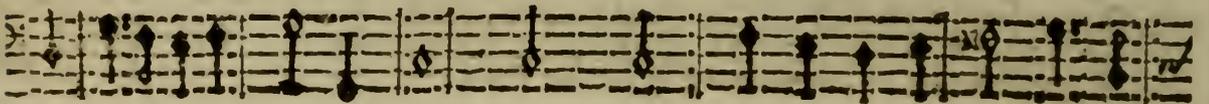
Beauty Paramount.



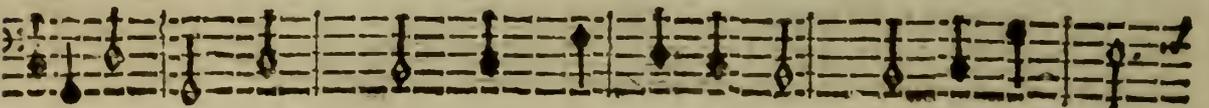
Ome, come, thou glorious object of my sight, O my Joy, my life, my only delight! thy this



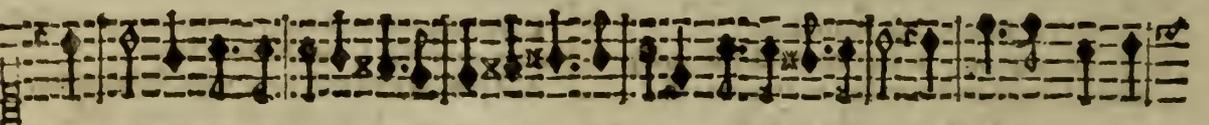
glad minute be blest to e-ter-ni-ty. See how the glim'ring Tapers of the sky do gaze and wonder



at our constancy! how they crowd to behold what our Arms do enfold! how all do envy our fe-li-ci-



-ty, and grudge the triumph of *Selindras* eyes! how *Cynthia* seeks to throwd her crescent in yond cloud,



where sad night puts her sable mandle on, thy light mistaking, hasteth to be gone, her gloomy shades give



way as at th' approach of day, and all the Planets shrink for fear to be eclips'd by a brighter Dei-ty.

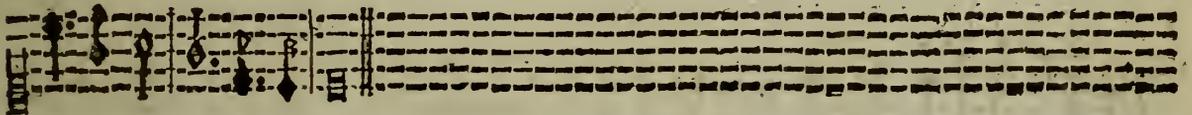
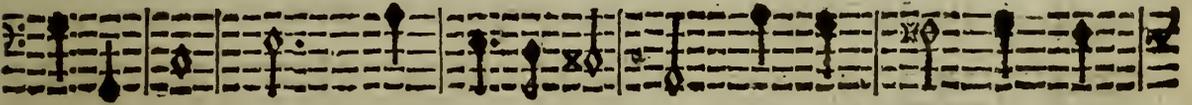




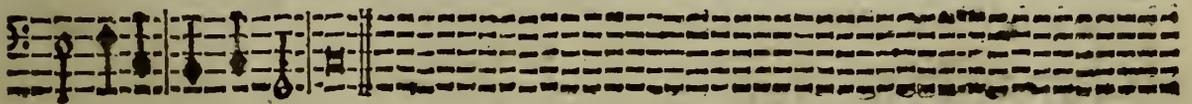
Look, O look how the pale lights do fall & adore what before the Heavens have not shown, nor their



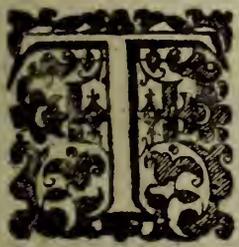
God-head known, such a faith, such a love, as may move mighty *Jove* from above, to descend and re-



-tain among Mortals a-gain.



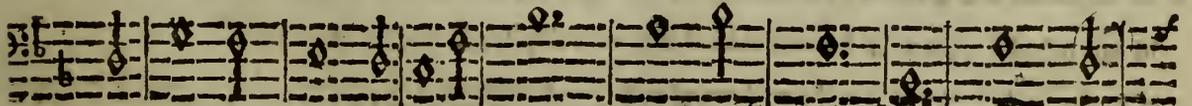
Youth and Beauty.



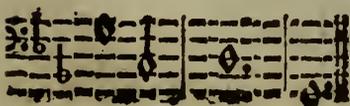
Thou art so fair, and yong withall, thou kind'lt yong desires in me, restore-



-ing life to leaves that fall, and sight to Eyes that hard-ly see, halfe those fresh



Beauties bloom in thee.

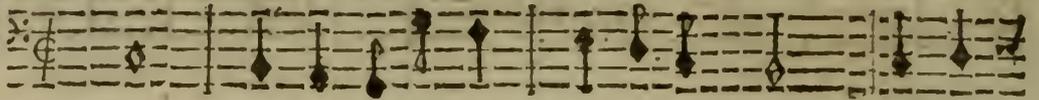


Those under sev'ral Herbs and Flowr's
Disquis'd, were all *Medea* gave,
When the recal'd Times flying bows,
And aged *Aeson* from his grave,
For Beauty can both kill and save.
Youth it enflames, but age it cheers,
I would go back, but not return,
To twenty but to twice those yeers;
Not blaze, but ever constant burn,
For fear my Cradle prove my Urn.

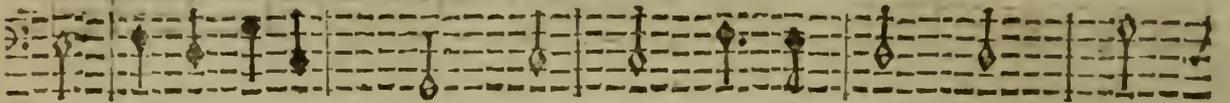
Love and Musick.



Come my Sweet, whilst ev'ry strain calls our souls in-to the Eare, where the greedy



listning faim would turn into the sound they heare; lest in desire to fill the quire themselves they rye to



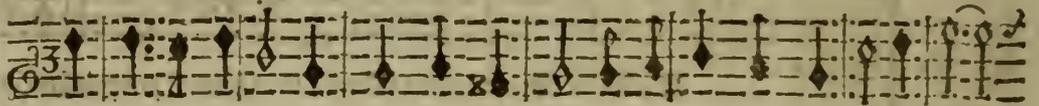
harmony, let's kifs & call them back a-gain.



Now let's orderly convey
Our Souls into each other's Brest,
Where enterchanged let them stay
Slumbring in a melting rest :
Then with new fire
Let them retire,
And fill present
Sweet fresh content
Youthfull as the early day.

Then let us a Tumult make,
Shuffling to our souls, that we
Careless who did give o' take,
May not know in whom they be,
Then let each for other
And taste the other,
Till we expire
In gentle fire,
Scorning the forgetfull Lake.

The Excellency of wine.



Is Wine that inspires, and quencheth Lov's fires, teaches fools how to rule a State,



M. yds ne'r did approve it, because those that love it dispise and laugh at their hare.



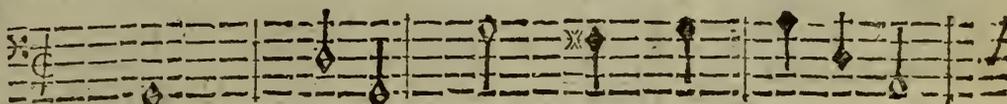
The Drinkers of Beer
Did ne'r yet appear
In matters of any weight ;
'Tis he whose designe
Is quickn'd by Wine
That raises things to their height.

We then should it prize,
For never black eyes
Made wounds which this could not heale ;
Who then doth refuse
To drink of this Juice,
Is a Foe to the Common-weale.

An Anniversary on the Nuptials of John Earle of Bridgewater, July 22. 1652.



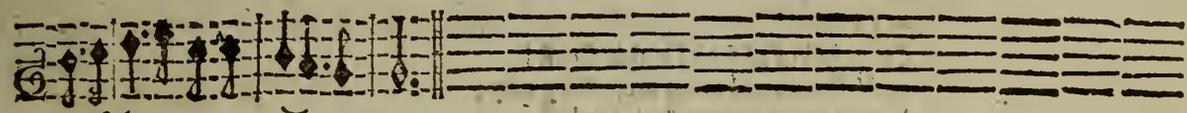
He Day's return'd, and so are we, to pay our Offering on this great *Thanksgiving*.



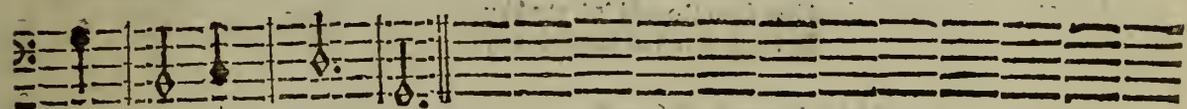
day. 'Tis His, 'tis Her's, 'tis Both, 'tis All; Though now it rise, it ne'r did fall; Whose Honour shall as



lasting prove, as our Devotion or Their Love : Then let's rejoyce; and by our Joy appear, In this



one Day we offer all the Year.

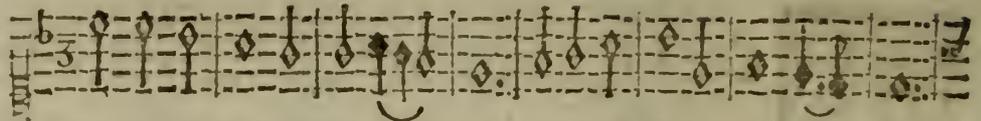


2
See the bright Pair, how amiably kind,
As if their Souls were but this Morning Joyn'd :
As the same Heart in Pulses cleft,
This for the Right Arme, that the Left ;
So His and Her's in sever'd parts
Are but two Pulses, not two Hearts :
Then Let's, &c.

3
Let no bold Forraign noise their Peace remove,
Since nothing's strong enough to shake their Love,
Blesse Him in Her's, Her in His Arms,
From suddain (true or fals) Alarms ;
Let ev'ry Year fill up a score,
Born to be One, but to Make more :
Then let's, &c.

4
This Day Ten years to Him and Her did grant
What Angels Joy, and Joyes which Angels want :
Our Lady-Day, and our Lord's too,
'Twere sin to rob it of its due,
'Tis of both Genders, Her's and His,
We stay'd twelve Months to welcome this.
Then let's rejoyce, and by our Joy appear
In this one Day we offer all the Year.

Staying in London after the Act for Banishment, and going to meet a Friend who sail'd
the hour appointed.



Wo hundred minutes are run down, since I and all my Grief fare here;



(Whom yet you will nor save nor drown) In a long Gasp 'twixt Hope and Fear: Thus *Lucian's*



tor tur'd Fool did cry, He could not live, and durst not dye.



How full of Mischief is this Coak !
Villains and Fooles peep every way ;
If once these *Seekers* find, I'm lost ;
I dare not go, I dare not stay :
Here I am Rooted 'till the Sky
Be hung as full of Clouds as I,

All Islanders are prisoners Born,
We, Slaves to Slaves, in Five-mile Chaines ;
I Theirs, and Yours, but most forlorn
Where Purgatory Hell out-pain's :
I'm in a new third Dungeon here,
Shackles on Shackles who can wear ?

Sad and unseen I view the Rowt
Which through this Street do ebb and flow ;
Some few have Busines, most without ;
Their Pace this trundling Rithm does go :
O tear me hence, for I am grow'n
As empty-bafe as all this Town !

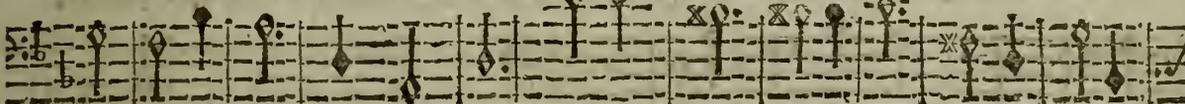
No Constancy in Man.



E gone, be gone thou perjur'd man, and never more re—turn, For know that thy In-



constancy hath chang'd my Love to Scorn: Thou hast awak'd me, and I can see cleerly ther's no



My Love to thee was chaste and pure,
As is the Morning dew,
And 'twas alone like to endure,
Hadst thou not prov'd untrue;
But I'm awak'd, and now I can
See cleerly ther's no Truth in Man.

Truth in Man.



Thou mayst perhaps prevail upon
Some other to believe thee,
And since thou canst love more then one,
Ne'r think that it shall grieve me;
For th' hast awak'd me, and I can
See cleerly ther's no Truth in Man.

By thy Apostasie I find
That Love is plac'd amiss,
And can't continue in the mind
Where Vctue wanting is:
I'm now resolv'd, and know there can
No constant Thought remain in Man.

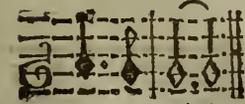
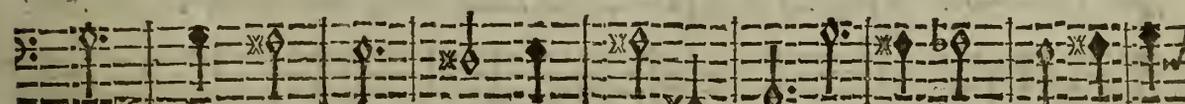
Beauties Eclyps'd.



Adies who gild the glit—t'ring Noon, and by reflecti—on mend it's Ray, whose lustre

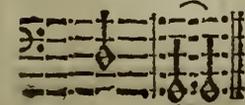


makes the spright—full Sun to dance as on an East—er Day: What are ye? what are ye now the



Queen's a—way?

Couragious Eagles which have whet
Your Eyes upon Majestick light,
And thence deriv'd such martiall heat
As still your Looks maintain'd the fight.
What are ye since the King's good night.



As an obstructed Fountain's head
Cut's the Intaile off from the streams,
All Brooks are Disinherited,
Honour and Beauty are but Dreams,
Since Charles & Mary lost their Beams.



Mbre lachrymarum largo Genas spargo, quavis aurora; De-us

6⁴ 5 4 3

ciò tu ve-ni-to, nunc nunc sine morâ, Ora: Hoc non valet, semper o-ro, semper plo-ro,

cor de-fi-cit do-len-do; Te te a-me, ad te cla-mo, da-to finem flen-do En-do,

Pecca-to-rum primus ego, hoc non nego, fateor ve-ro: sed tu De-us esto meu, in te solum

spe-ro, e-ro: vox pergrata satis, sa-tis, jam cedam fa-tis; mor-tu-us; vi-vam tamen:

Hic cum mori-or, calo orior, magnum magnum hoc so-la-men. A-men.