

PASTORALL DIALOGUES.

A Dialogue betwixt Cordanus and Amoret, on a Lost Heart.

For two Trebles.

Cord.



Istressed Pilgrim whose dark clouded eyes speaks thee a Martyr to Love's

Am.

Cord.

cruelties; whither away? What pit-tying voyce I hear calls back my flying steps? Prithee draw near

Am.

I shall but say kind Swain what doth become of a lost heart, e're to *E-li-xi-um* it wounded

Cord.

walks? First, it does free-ly fly in-to the pleasures of a Love—ers eye, but once condemn'd to

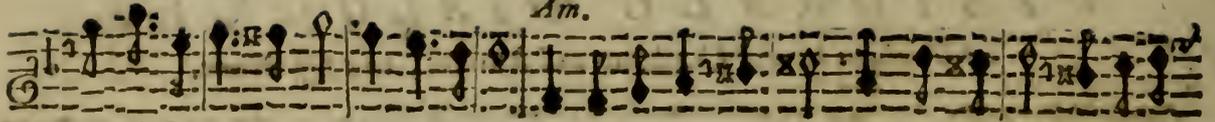
Am.

scorn, it fetter'd lies an ever bowing slave to tyrannies. I pit-ty its sad Fate, since its of-

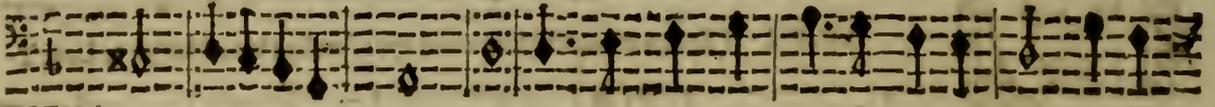
Cord.

fence was but for Love, can't tears recall it thence? O no, such tears as do for pit—ty call,

Am.



She proudly scorns, & glories at their fall. Since neither sighs nor tears, kind Shepherd tell, will not a

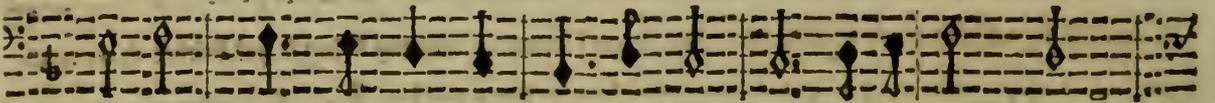


Cord.

Am.



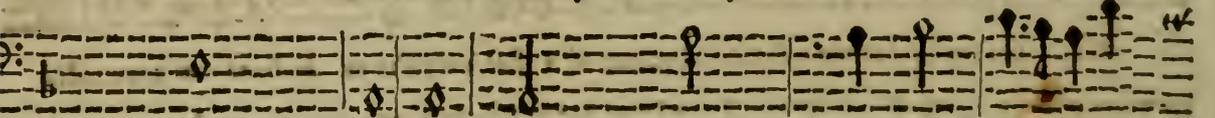
kisse prevaile? Thou may'st as well court Ec-cho with a kisse. Can no Art move a sacred



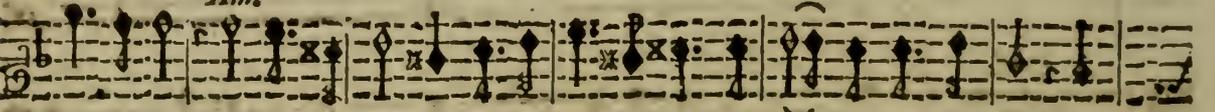
Cord.



vi--olence to make her love? O no, 'tis on-ly De-sti-ny and Fate fashions our Wils. Either to



Am.



love or hate. Then captive heart, since that no humane spell hath pow'r to graspe thee his fare-



Am.

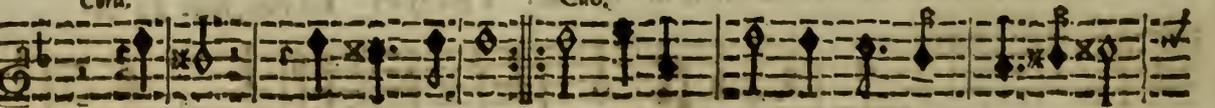
Cho.



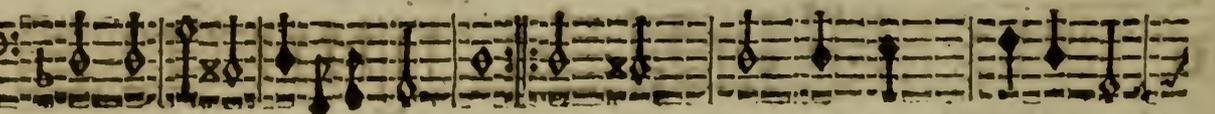
well. Farewell, farewell, farewell. Lost hearts like Lambs drove from their Folds by fears,

Cord.

Cho.



farewell. Farewell, farewell. Lost hearts like Lambs drove from their Folds by fears,





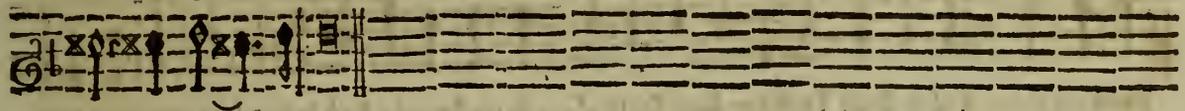
may back returne by chance, may back returne, may back re—turne by chance



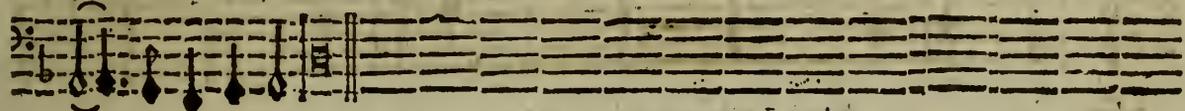
may back returne by chance, may back return by chance, may back returne By



but ne'r by tears.



chance, but ne'r by tears.



A Dialogue betwixt Time and a Pilgrime;



ged man that moves these fields. Pilgrime speak, what is thy will ?



Pilgr.



Whose soile is this that such sweet Pasture yields? or who art thou whose Foot stands ne—ver still ?



Time.

Pilgr.

Time.



or where am I? In love. His Lordship lies above. Yes and below, and round about where





in all sorts of flow'rs are growing which as the early Spring puts out, Time falls as fast a mowing.



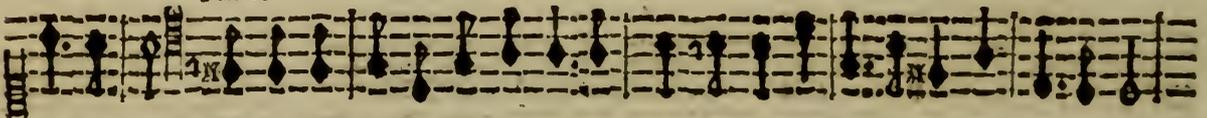
Pilgr.



If thou art Time, these Flow'rs have Lives, and then I fear, under some Lilly she I love may now be



Time.



growing there. And in some Thistle or some spyre of grasse, my 4th thy stalk before hers come may passe.



Pilgr.

Time. Pilgr.

Time.



Wilt thou provide it may ? No. Allege the cause. Because Time cannot alter but obey Fates Laws.



Cho.



Then happy those whom Fate that is the stronger, together twist their threds, & yet draws hers the longer.

Cho.



Then happy those whom Fate that is the stronger, together twist their threds, & yet draws hers the longer.



A Pastoral Dialogue betwixt Cleon and Cælia.

Cho. Cælia.

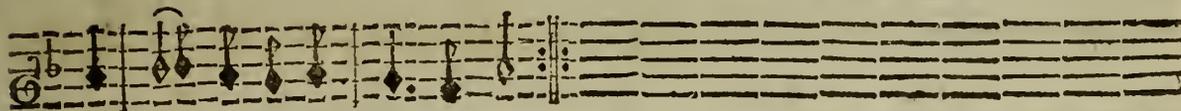


S Cælia rested in the shade with Cleon by her side, the Swain thus courted the

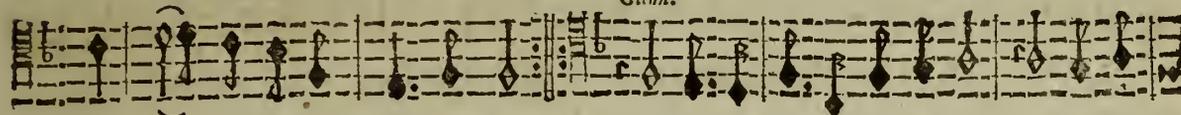
Cho. Cleon.



S Cælia rested in the shade with Cleon by her side, the Swain thus courted the



young Mayd, and thus the Nimph reply'd.



young Mayd, and thus the Nimph reply'd.

Cleon.

Sweet let thy captive fetters wear made by thine



arms & hands, 'till such as thraldome scorn, or fear, envy those happy bands. Then thus my willing



arms I wind about thee, and am so thy pris'ner, for my selfe I bind untill I let thee go.



Cle.

Cælia.



Happy that slave whom the fair foe ties in so soft a chain. Far happier I, but that I know thou

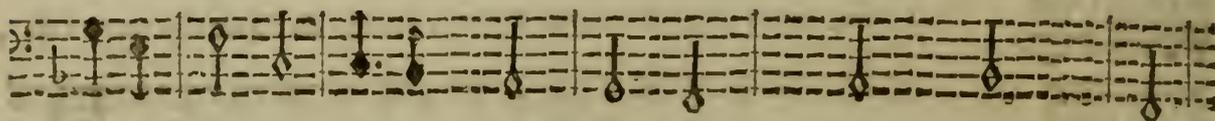


Cle.

Cal.



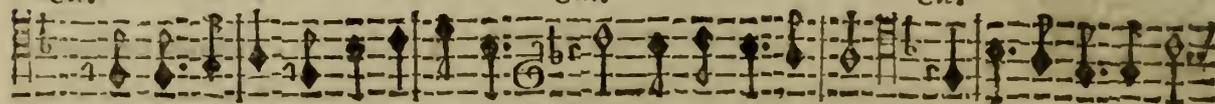
wilt break loofe again. By thy immortall Beauties never. Fraile as thy Love's thine Oath.



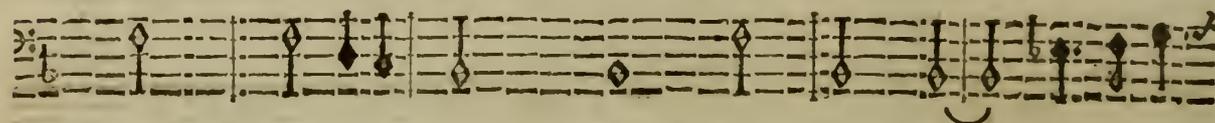
Cle.

Cal.

Cle.



Though beauty faile my faith lasts ever. Time will destroy them both. I doat not on that snow-

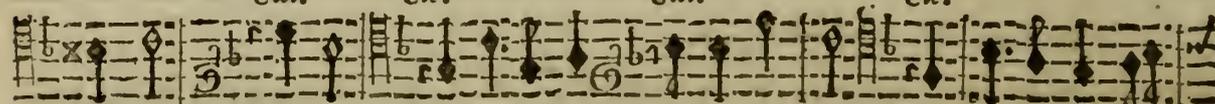


Cal.

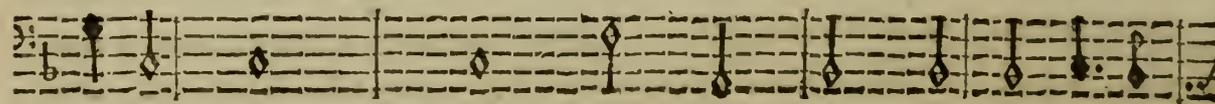
Cle.

Cal.

Cle.



white skin. What then? Thy purer mind. It lov'd too soon. Thou hadst not been so



Cal.

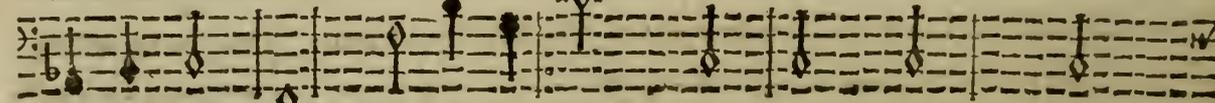
Cle.

Cal.

Cle.



fair, if not so kind. O strange vain fancy! But yet true. Prove it. Then make a



Cal.

Cle.



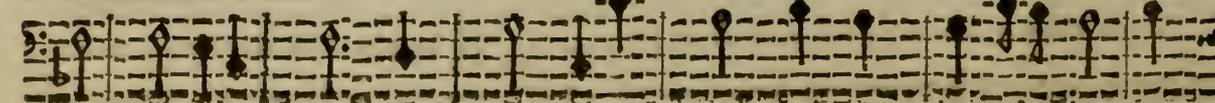
Brade of those loofe flames which circle you, my Sun's & yet your shade. 'Tis done. Now give it

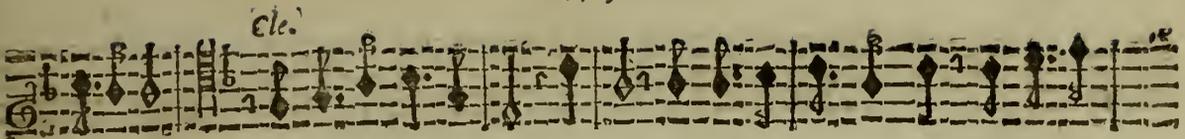


Cal.



me. Thus thou shalt thine own error find; if these were Beauties, I am now lesse fair, because





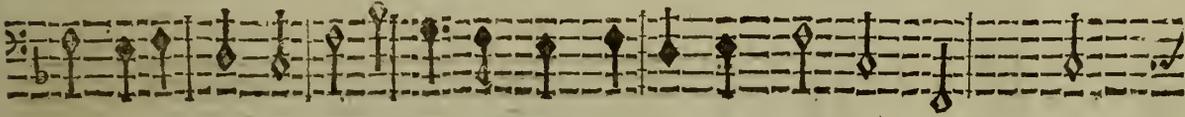
more kind. You shall confesse you erre, that hair, shall it not change the hew, or leave the



golden Mountain bare? Aye me, it is too true. But this small wreath shall ever stay



in the first native prime, and smiling when the rest decay, the Triumph sing of Time. Then let



me cut from thy fair Grove one branch, and let that be an Emblem of Eternall Love, for such is



Both together.



Thus are vve both redcem'd from Time.

Thus are vve both redcem'd from Time.

mine to thee.

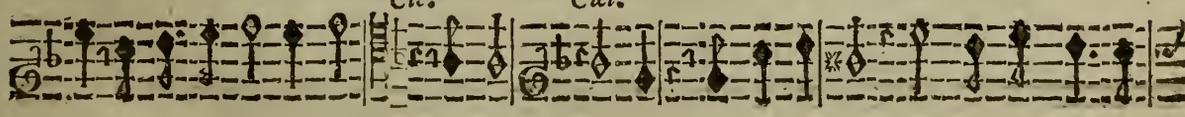
I, by thy grace;

And I, shall live in thy immortall



Cle.

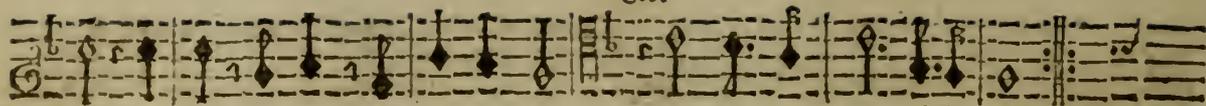
Cal.



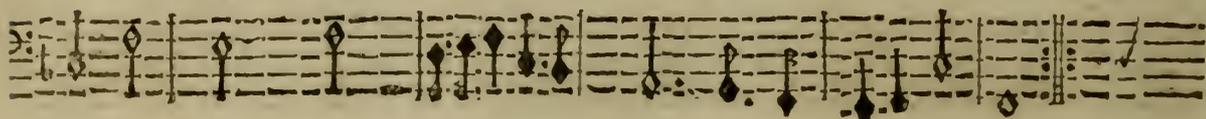
Rimes untill the Muses dy. By Heav'n. Swear not, if I must weep, love shall not laugh at



Cle.



me, this kisse, my heart, and thy faith keep. This breath's my soule to thee.



Cho.

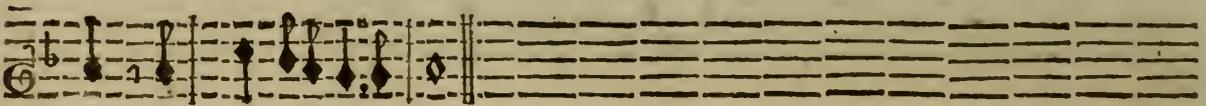


Then forth the thicket *Thirs* rusht, where he saw all the play, the Swain stood still, and smil'd, and

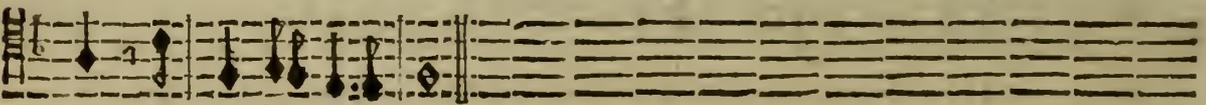
Cho.



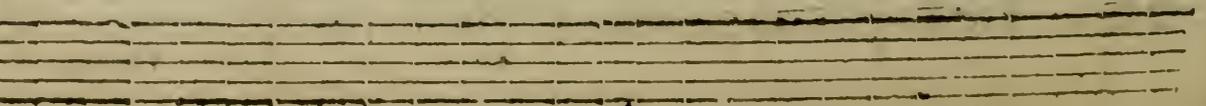
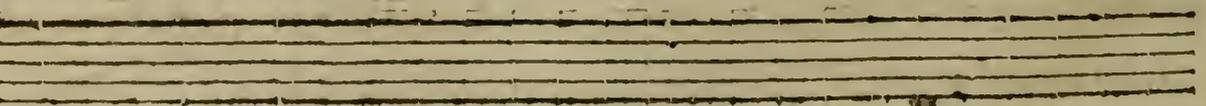
Then forth the thicket *Thirs* rusht, where he saw all the play, the Swain stood still, and smil'd, and



blush'd, the Nimph fled fast a-way.



blush'd, the Nimph fled fast a-way.



A Bacchanall.

For one or two Voyces.



Bacchus, I-acchus, fill our Brains as well as Bowls with sprightly strains: Let Souldiers



Bacchus, I-acchus, fill our Brains as well as Bowls with sprightly strains: Let Souldiers



fight for pay or praise, and many be the Misers wish, poor Schollers study all their dayes,



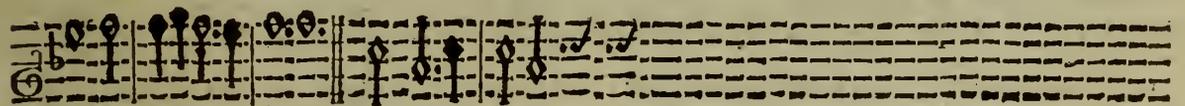
fight for pay or praise, and many be the Misers wish, poor Schollers study all their dayes,



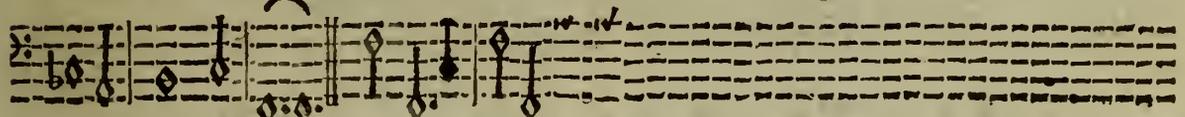
and Gluttons glo-ry in their dish: 'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls, therefore give



and Gluttons glo-ry in their dish: 'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls, therefore give



us the cheer in Bowls. *Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.*



us the cheer in Bowls. *Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.*

Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.

Let Minions Marshall ev'ry hair,
Or in a Lovers lock delight,
And Artificial colours wear,
We have the Native Red and White:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.

Take Pheasant Poults, and calved Sammon,
Or how to please your pallats think,
Give us a salt West-phalia Gammon,
Not meat to eat, but meat to drink:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.

Some men want Youth, and some want health,
Some want a Wife, and some a Punke,
Some men want wit, and some want wealth,
But they want nothing that are drunke:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.

Some have the Ptisick, some the Rhume;
Some have Palsie, some the Gout,
Some swell with fat, and some consume,
But they are found that drink all out:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.

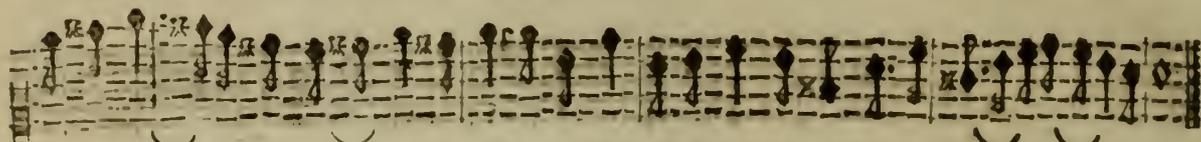
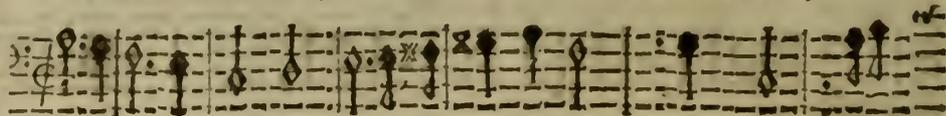
The backward spirit it makes brave,
That forward which before was dull;
Those grow good fellows that were grave,
And kindness flows from cups brim full:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

A. 2. Voc. Bass. & Cant.

Upon a Crown'd Heart sent to a Cruel Mistress.



O thou Emblem of my heart, tell my Mistress whose thou art ;



if with Love she do re—ceive thee, happy then, happy then, happy then thou art to leave me :



But if she do chance to Frown, let her only spoyl that Crown, and all wounded home re-



turn thee, where no o—ther flame shall burn thee ; for em-pa-led in my brest, though thou break my



peacefull rest ; yet I vow in thy defence, Love no more shall fire thee hence, yet I vow in thy de-



-fence, Love no more, no more shall fire thee hence.



BASSUS.

A. 2. Voc. Basse & Cant.



Thou Emblem of my heart, tell my Mistres whole thou art, if with Love the

do receive thee, happy then, happy then, happy then thou art to leave me :

But if the chance to Frown, let her on-ly spoil that Crown, and all wounded,

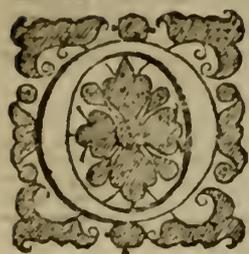
home return thee, where no other flame shall burn thee; for em-pa-led in my brest, though thou

break my peacefull rest; yet I vow in thy defence, Love no more shall fire thee hence, yet I

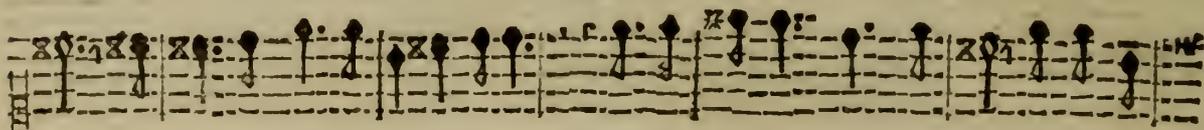
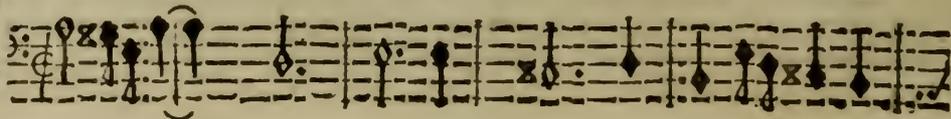
vow in thy defence, Love no more, no more shall fire thee hence

A. 2. Voc. Basse & Cant.

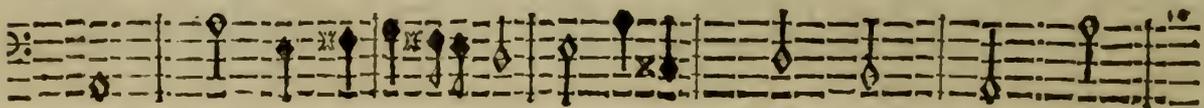
The fickle state of Lovers.



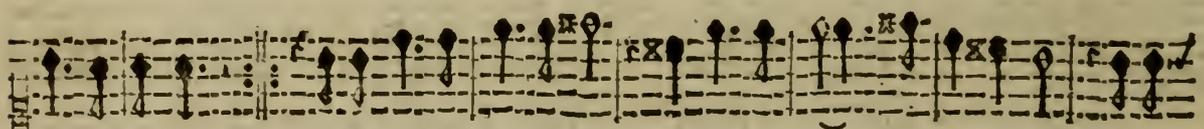
The fickle state of Lovers, a heart perplex with hopes and



fears; to day a world of Joy discover's, and to morrow's drown'd in tears : a Lovers



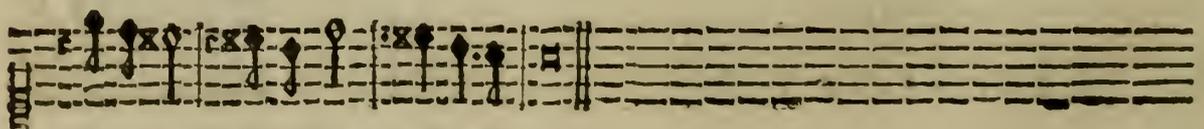
state's like April's, like April's weather, Rain and Sun-shine, Rain and Sun-shine, Rain and Sun-shine.



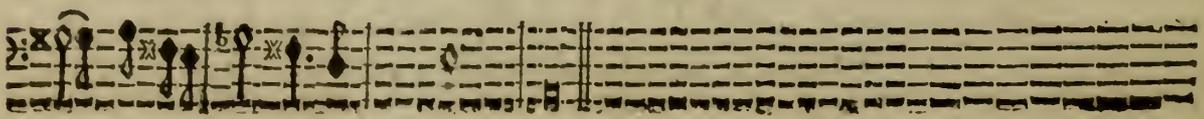
both to-gether : If his Mistress do but smile, a Heav'n of Joy is in his heart, if her



Brow but frown a while, Hell can send no greater smart; in a Lovers brest doth dwell



very Heav'n, very Heav'n, or very Hell.



Hear'n, or very Hell.

send no greater smart; in a Lovers brest doth dwell very Hear'n, or very Hell, very

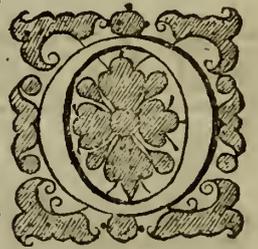
a Hear'n of Joy is in his heart, if her Brow but frown a while, He'll can

Rain and Sun shine, Rain and Sun-shine both to-gether: If his Mistrels do but smile,

morrow's drown'd in tears: a Lovers fate's like *Aprill's* weather, Rain and Sun-shine,

and Fears; to day a world of Joy dis-covers, and to-morrow, & to

The fickle fate of Lovers! a heart perplex with Hopes



The fickle fate of Lovers.

A. 2. Voc. Bass & Cant.

B A S S U S .



Ufick, Musick, thou Queen of souls, get up and string thy pow'rfull Late,

and some sad, some sad Requiem sing, 'till Mountains greet the Eccho's with a Groan, and the

broken Rocks repeat the dul-ler tone ; then on a suddain with a nimble, with a nimble hand,

Run ——— gently, run ——— gently o're the Cords, and so command the

Pyne to dance, the Oake his Roots for—go, the Holm and aged E'me to foot it too ;

Mirtles shall caper , lofty Cedars run, & call the courtly Palm to make up one; then in the

midst of all their jolly train, strike a sad note, and fix them Trees a-gain.

midst of all their jolly Train, strike a sad note, and fix them Trees a-gain.

to command the Pyne to dance, the Oake his Roots forgo, the Holme and A-ged Elme to foot it

a nimble hand Run — gently, Run — gently, gently, gently o're the Cords, and

a Croan, and the broken Rocks repeat the duller tone; then on a suddain with a nimble, with

Lute, and some sad Requeim sing, till Mountains greet the Echo's with

Uack, Mafick, thou Queen of souls, get up, get up, and string thy pow'r full

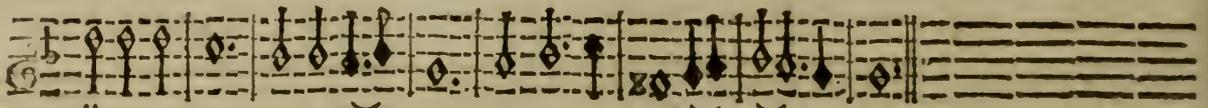
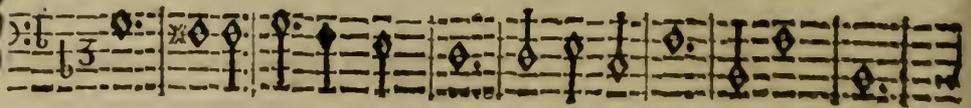


The Power of Music.
 B A S S U S .
 A. 2. The Bass of Cam.

Chloris taking the Ayre.



Ome Chloris hie we to the Bow'r to sport us e're the day be done;



such is thy Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.



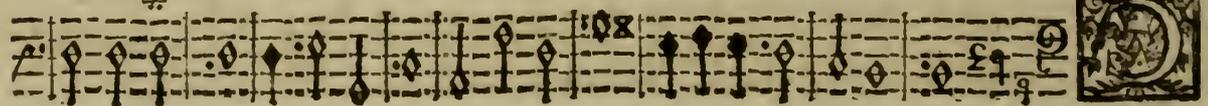
And if a Flow'r but chance to dye
With my sighs blasts, or mine eyes raine,
Thou can'st revive it with thine Eye.
And with thy breath mak't sweet again.

The wanton Suckling and the Vine
Will strive for th' honour, who first may
With their green Arms incircle thine
To keep the burning Sun away.

Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.



Ome Chloris hie we to the Bow'r to sport us e're the day be done; such is thy

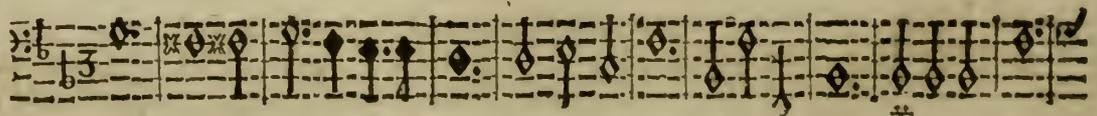


Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



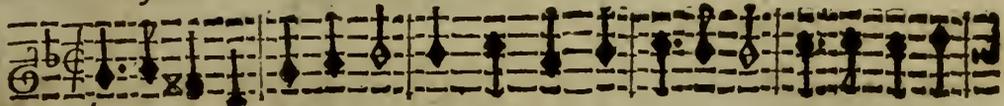
Ome Chloris hie we to the Bow'r, to sport us e're the day be done; such is thy Pow'r,



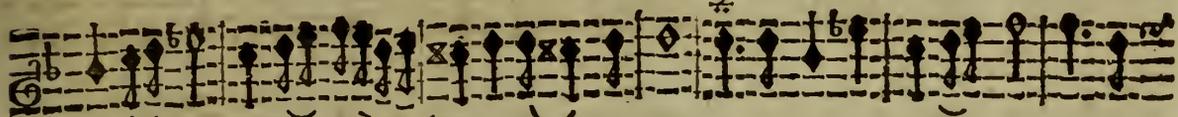
that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.

For one, two or three Voyces.

A Smile, or Frown.



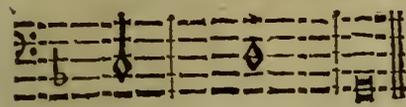
Hough my torment far exceeds his whole heart the Vulture feeds, and my endles



pains ex-cell his that rowls the stone in Hell; If my *Julia* do but smile, I can



laugh and sing the while.



Though my Fortunes greater were
Then the *Macedonians* Heire:
Could I boast of greater glory
Then the *Scishians* Shepherds story?
If my *Julia* do but frown,
All my Pompe were overthrow.

sing the while.



and ——— cell his that rowls the stone in Hell: If my *Julia* do but smile, I can laugh ——— and



Hough my torment far exceeds his whole heart the Vulture feeds, and my endles pains ex-

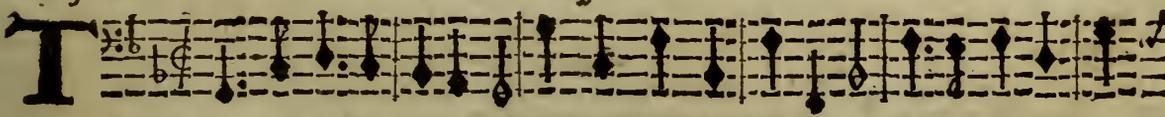


Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. voc.

a. 3. voc.

Bassus.



Hough my torment far exceeds his whole heart the Vulture feeds, and my endlesse pains



excell his that rowls the stone in Hell: If my *Julia* do but smile, I can laugh and



sing the while.

Ee

The Captive Lover.

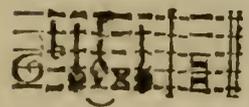
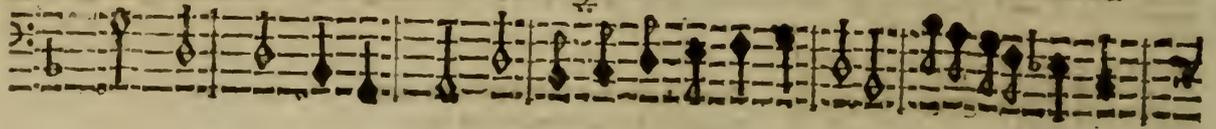
For one, two or three Voices.



F my Mistres fix her eye on these ruder lines of mine, let them tell her



how I ly fetter'd by her looks divine: Tell her it is on-ly she can re-lease and

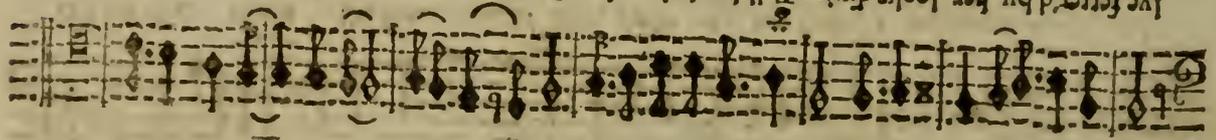


set me free.



Tell her yet 'tis my desire
To remain her Captive still;
Neither can I ayme at higher
Hope or Fortune then her Will:
So she will my thraldome pay
But with one good looke a day;

Iye fetter'd by her looks divine: Tell her is is only she can re-lease, re-lease, and set me free.



F my Mistres fix her eye on those ruder lines of mine, let them tell her how I

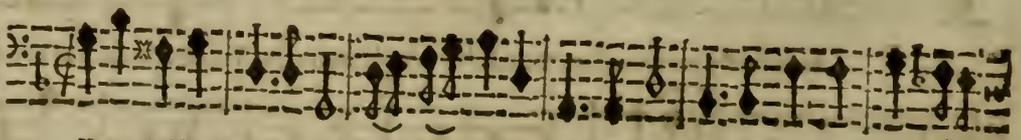


Cantus Secundus.

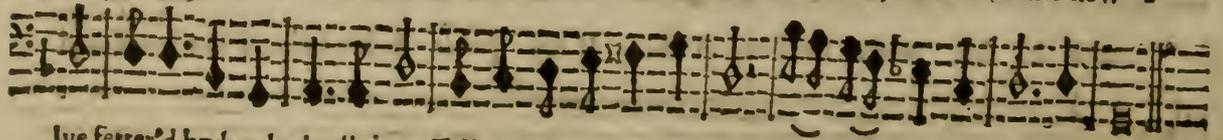
a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



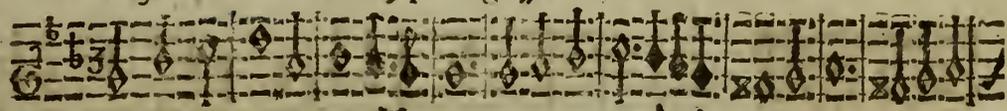
F my Mistres fix her eye on these ruder lines of mine, let them tell her how I



Iye fetter'd by her looks divine: Tell her it is on-ly she can re-lease, and set me free.

For one, two or three voices.

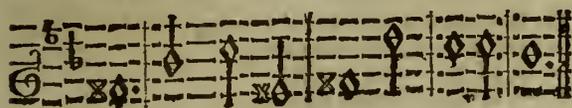
To a Lady putting off her veile.



Eep on your veile & hide your eye, for with behold-ing you I dye, your fatall



Beauty Gorgon like, dead with a-sto-nishment will strike, your piercing eyes, if them I



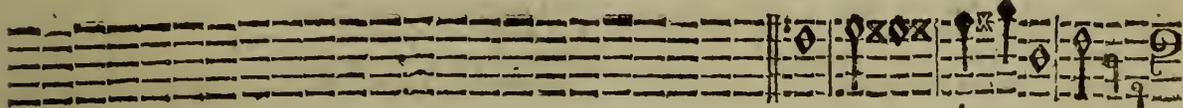
see, are worse then Ba-si-lisks to me.



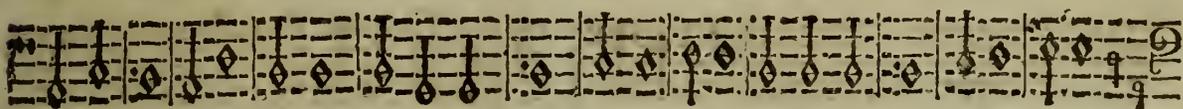
Hide from my sight those Hills of Snow,
Their melting Vally do not show;
Those Azure paths lead to dispair,
O vex me not, forbear, forbear;
For while I thus in torments dwell
The sight of Heav'n is worse then Hell.

Your dainty voice and warbling breath
Sounds like a sentence past for death,
Your dangling tresses are become
Like Instruments of sinall doome;
O if an Angell torture so!
When life is done, where shall I go!

then Ba-si-lisks to me.



Beauty Gorgon like, dead with astonishment will strike, your piercing eyes, if them I see, are worse



Eep on your veile and hide your eye, for with behold-ing you I dye, your fatall



Cantus Secundum.

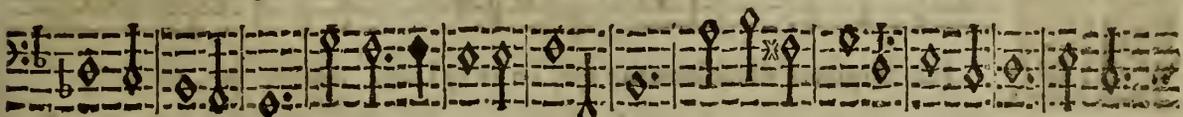
a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

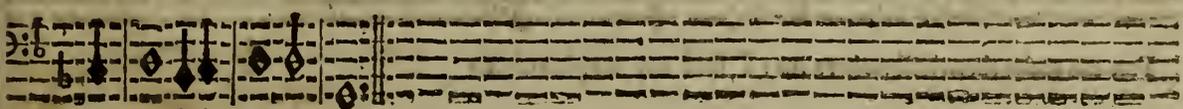
Bassus.



Eep on your veile and hide your eye, for with beholding you I dye, your fatall



Beauty Gorgon like, dead with astonishment will strike your piercing eyes, if them I see, or worse



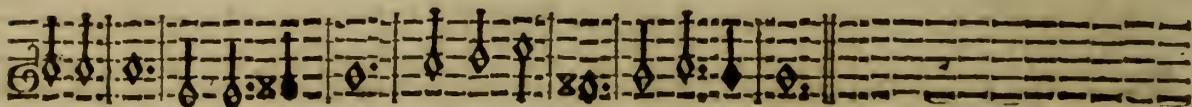
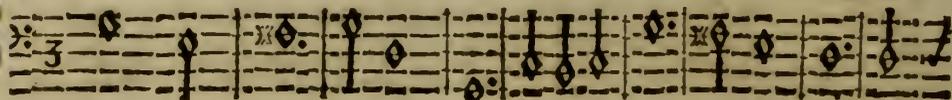
then Ba-si-lisks to me.

For one, two or three Voyces:

In praise of his Mistress!



Hou Shepheard whole intentive eye, on ev'ry Lamb is such a spy, no



wily Fox can make them lesse, where may I find my Shepheardes?



A little pausing then sayd hee,
How can that Jewell stray from thee
In Summers heat, in Winters cold,
I thought thy brett had been her fold?

That is indeed the constant place
Wherein my thoughts shall see her face,
And print her Image in my heart,
But yet my fond eyes crave a part.

With that he smiling sayd, I might
Of Chloris partly have a sight,
And some of her perfections meet
In ev'ry flow'r was flesh and sweet.

The growing Lilly bears her skin,
The Violet her blew veins within,
The blushing Rose new blown, and spread
Her sweeter cheek, her lips, the red.

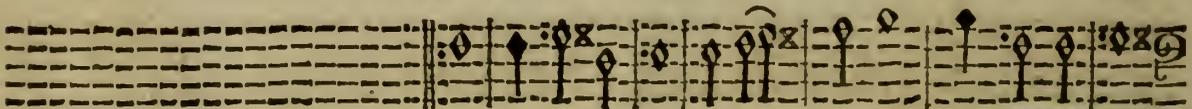
The Winds that wanton with the Spring,
Such Odours as her breathing bring,
But the resemblance of her eyes
Was never found beneath the skies.

Her charming voyce who strives to hit,
His Object must be higher yet;
For Heav'n and Earth, and all we see
Dispier'd, collect'd, is but shee.

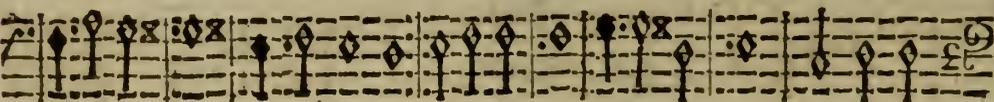
Amaz'd at this discourse, he thought
Love both Ambition in me wrought,
And made me covet to engrosse
A Wealth would prove a Publick losse.

With that I sigh'd a sham'd to see
Such worth in her, such want in mee;
And closing both mine eyes, forbid
The World my sight since she was hid.

Fox can make them lesse, where may I find my Shepheardes?



Hou Shepheard whole intentive eye, on ev'ry Lamb is such a spy, no wily



Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. voc.

a. 3. voc.

Bassus.



Hou Shepheard whole intentive eye, on ev'ry Lamb is such a spy, no wi-ly



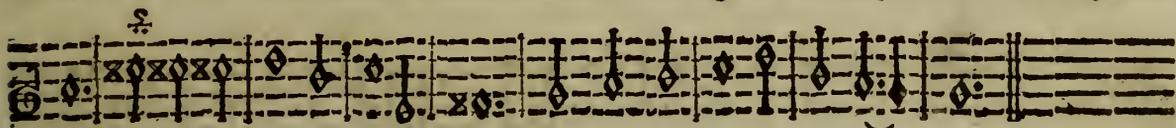
Fox can make them lesse, where may I find my Shepheardes?

For one, two or three Voices.

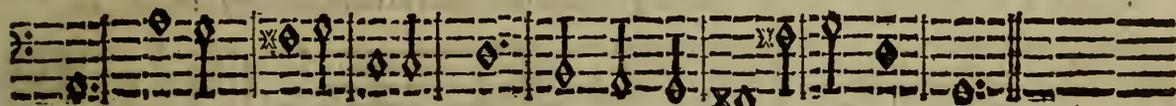
To a Lady weeping.



Now the cer—tain cause I know, whence the Rose and Lil—ly



grow in your fair cheeks, the often show'r's, which you thus weep do breed those Flow'r's.



If that the fionds could *Venus* bring,
Or warlike *Mars* from Flowers spring;
Why may not hence two Gods arise?
This from your Cheeks, that from your Eyes.

fair cheeks, the often show'r's which you thus weep do breed those Flow'r's.



Now the cer—tain cause I know, whence the Rose and Lilly grow, in your

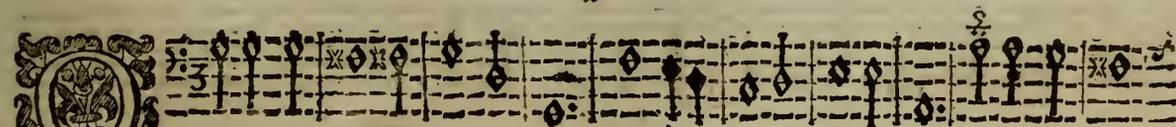


Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. rec.

a. 3. rec.

Bassus.



Now the cer—tain cause I know, whence the Rose and Lilly grow, in your fair cheeks,



the often show'r's, which you thus weep to breed those Flow'r's.

ff



Ing fair *Clorinda*, fair *Clorinda* sing, whilst you move those that attend the



Throne, the Throne above, to leave their holy businefs there; shall so much harmony attend to



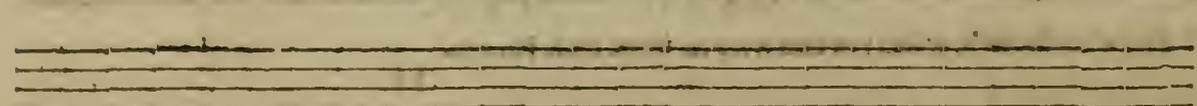
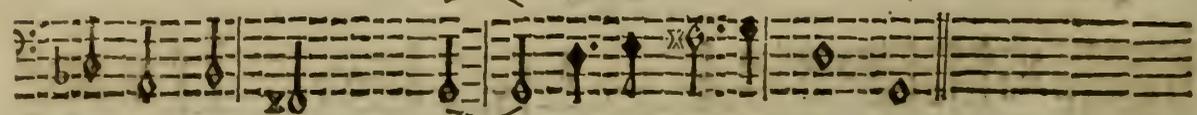
think the sphears were made in vain? since heer's a voyce quickens the sloth of natures age, it comforts



growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake,



and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.



Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.



comforts growth, it comforts growth in all her works, & can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke a



to think the spheres were made in vain : Since heer's a voyce quickens the sloth of natures age, it



to leave their holy busness there till each with his obedient eare shall so much harmony at-tain,



Ing fair *Clorinda*, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above,



Alluv.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ing fair *Clorinda*, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above, to



leave their holy busness there till each with his obedient eare shall so much har-mo-ny at-tain, to



think the spheres were made in vain : Since heer's a voyce quickens the sloth of natures age, it com-



forts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lil-ly, and can provoke a Lil-ly, and can pro-



voke a Lil-ly to out-live an Oake.



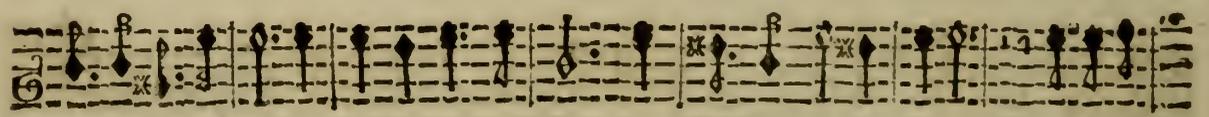
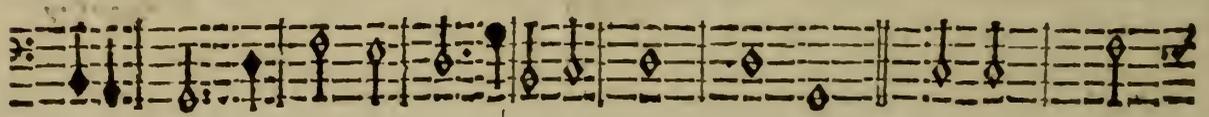
Rieve not, grieve not, dear Love, although we often part, but know that



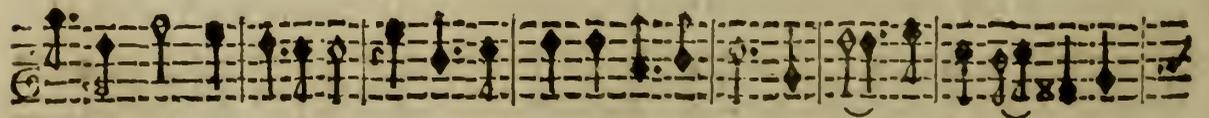
nature gently doth us sever, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up with tender Art, with



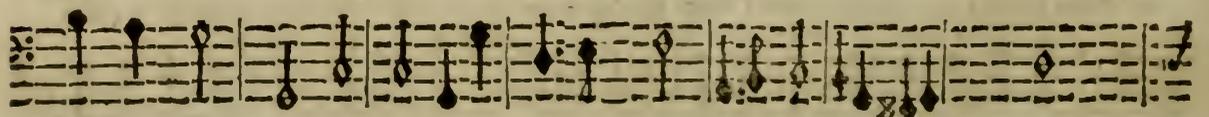
tender Art to brook the day when we, when we must part for ever : For nature doubting



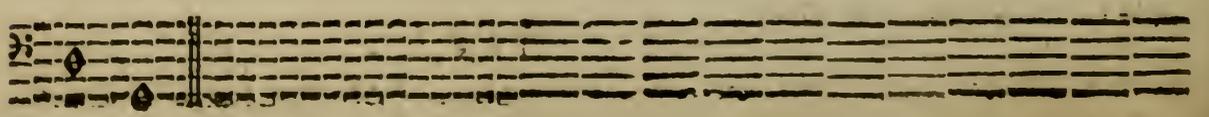
we should be surpriz'd by that sad day, whose dread, whose dread, doth chiefly fear us, doth keep us



dayly school'd and exercised, lest that the fright, lest that the fright, the fright thereof should over,



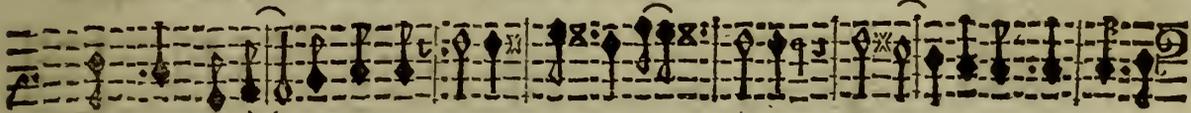
over bear us.



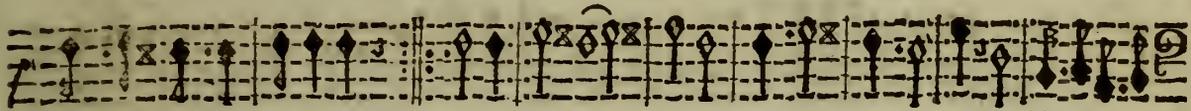
exercised, lest that the fright, lest that the fright thereof should o-ver bear us.



be surpris'd by that sad day, whose dread, doth chiefly fear us, doth keep us day-ly school'd and



ten—der Art to brook the day when we must part for ever : For nature doubting we should



that nature gently doth us sever, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up by



Rieve not, grieve not dear Love, although we often part, but know that nature, know



a. 3. Voc.

Alm.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



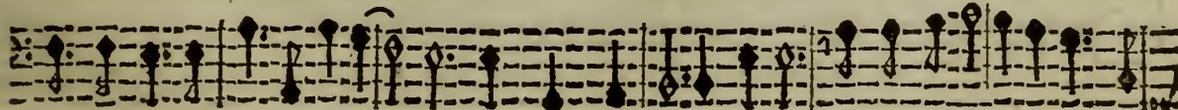
Rieve not, grieve not dear Love, although we often part, but know that nature gently



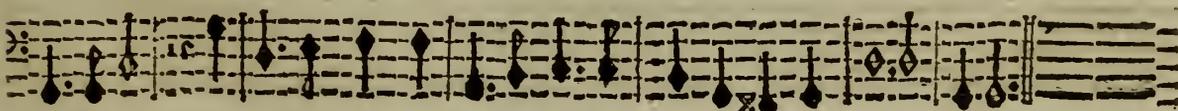
doth us sever, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up,



to train us up, with tender Art, to brook the day when we must part for ever : For nature doubting



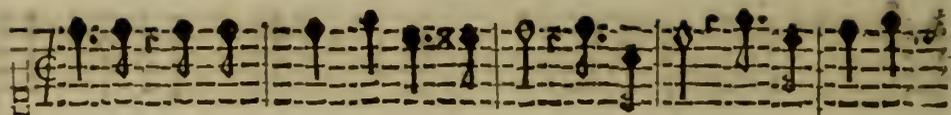
we should be surpris'd by that sad day, whose dread, doth chiefly fear us, doth keep us day-ly school'd &



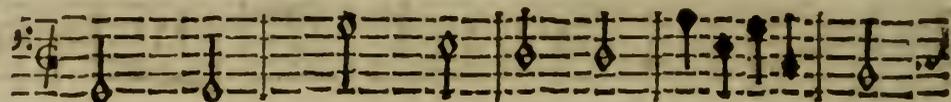
exercised, lest that the fright, lest that, lest that the fright thereof should o-ver bear us.

a. 3. Voc.

A caution to faire Ladies.



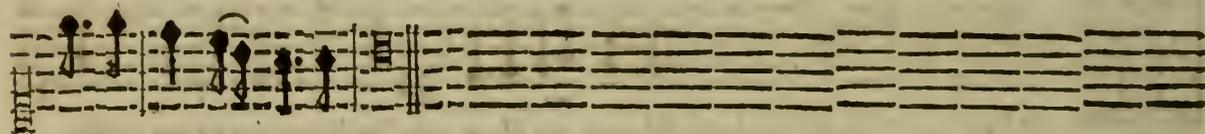
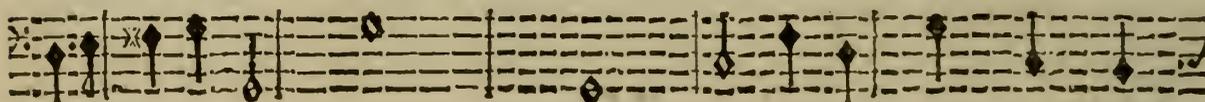
Adies, you whose smooth and dainty Skin, ro-sie Lips, ro-sie Lips, or



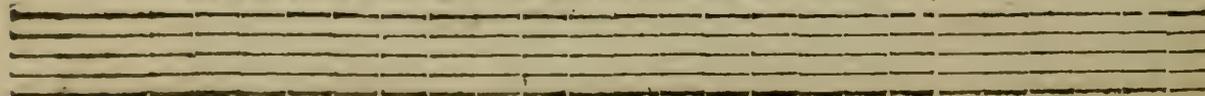
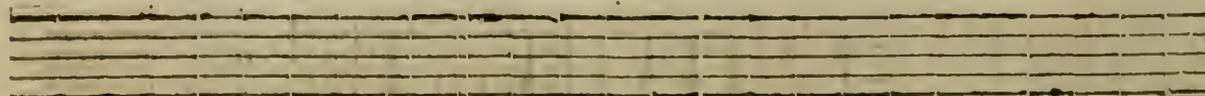
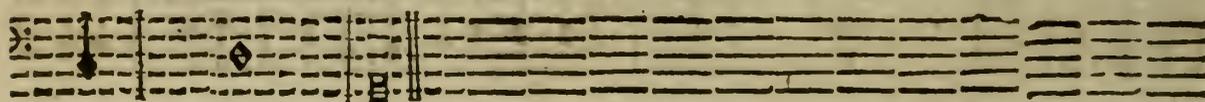
Checks or Chin , all that gaze upon you win , yet insu't not, sparks within flow—ly



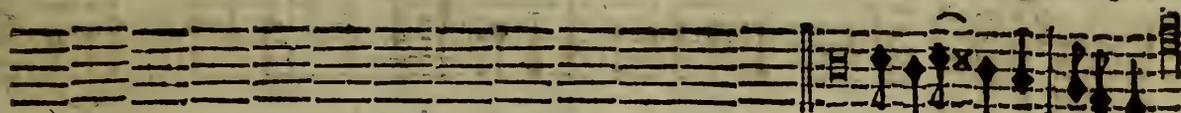
burn, sparks within slowly burn ere flames, ere flames be-gin, and presumption still hath been



held a most no-torious sin.



most, a most no-ri-ous sin.



burn, sparks within slowly burn, e're flames begin, and presumption still hath been held a



Chin, all that gaze upon you win, yet insult not, sparks within slowly



Adies, you whose smooth and dainty skin, ro-sie Lips, or Cheeks, or



Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. voc.

a. 3. voc.

Bassus.



Adies, you whose dainty skin, ro-sie Lips, or Cheeks, or Chin, all that



gaze up-on you win, yet insult not, sparks with-in slowly burn, e're



flames begin, and presumption still, hath been held a most no-ri-ous sin.

Tavola.



Nquel gela-to co-re Inquel ge-la-to co-re una vo—



-ce; piagne ma—do-na segl'occhi vaftri segl'occhi vaftri a due vo—ce. O



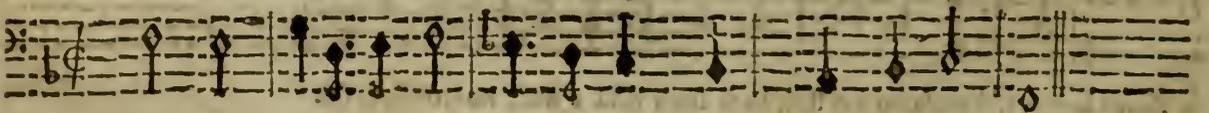
sempre equando, tudi falvar mi cirche, cer-te e scor—no, mi-se-ra non cre—da, obi



me de lu—mi gia, macche squallido dalli palli-da dalli pal—li—da labra



Cosmia vita, cosmia vita, cosmia vita a tre vo-ce, a tre vo—ce.



Musick Books Printed for *John Playford*, and are to be sold at his Shop in the Inner Temple near the Church Doore.

The first Set of Psalms for three Voyces, with a Thorough Basse for the Organ, or Theorbo Lute, Composed by Mr. William Child, late Organist of Windsor, the which are Engraven upon Copper.

Sets of Musickall Ayres and Dialogues in sol. for 1. 2. and 3. Voyces, Composed by Dr. John Wilson, Dr. Charles Colman, Mr. Henry Lawes, Mr. Nicolo Lanini, Mr. William Case, and others, newly re-printed with Large Additions.

Musicks Recreation, or a choice Collection of Excellent Lessons for the Lyra Violin, containing 117. Lessons, Composed to severall new Tunings, by the most Eminent Masters now living. Also Dr. Campian's Book of Ayres, for 2. 3. and 4. Voyces.

The first Book of Ayres and Dialogues in sol. for 1. 2. and 3. Voyces, by Mr. Henry Lawes.

Catch that Catch can, or an new Collection of Carols, Rounds, and Canons, containing 150. Published by Mr. John Hilton Bachelor in Musick.

Orlando Gibbons 3. Part Fantazies, for 2. Trebles and a Basse engraven upon Copper.

Mr. Michael Kuffers 7. Set of Fantazes for the Viols of 2. 3. and 4. Parts.

The Dancing Master, or plain and easie Rules for the Dancing of Country Dances, with the Tunes before each Dance to play on the Treble Violin, containing 112 Dances.

A New Book of Lessons with Instructions for the Cithern and Gittern.

Also all sorts of Ruled Paper and Ruled Books ready bound up, are sold at his Shop.

FINIS.