

CANTO.

MADRIGALS
OF

5. and 6. parts, apt for the
Viols and voices.

Made & newly published

BY

*Thomas Weelkes of the Coledge
at Winchester,
Organist.*



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este, the assigne
of Thomas Morley.

1600.

TO THE TRVELY NOBLE

VERTVOVS AND HONORABLE, MY VERY

good Lord, Henry Lord Winlor, Baron
of Bradenham.



Y Lord, in the Coledge at Winchester, where I liue,
I haue heard learned men say, that some Philoso-
phers haue mistak:n the soule of man for an Harmo-
nie : Let the president of their error be a priuileage
for mine. I see not, if soules doe not partly consist of
Musicke, how it should come to passe, that so noble a
spirit as yours, so perfectly tuned to so perpetuall
a Tenor of excellencies as it is, should discend to the notice of a qualitie
lying single in so low a personage as my selfe. But in Musicke the Base part
is no disgrace to the best eares attendauncie. I confesse my conscience is vn-
tought with any other arts, and I hope, my confesion is unsuspected, many of
vs Musicians thinke it as much praise to be somewhat more then Musicians,
as it is for golde to bee somewhat more than golde, and, if lack Cade were
aliue, yet some of vs might liue : vnlesse we should think, as the Artisans in
the Vniuersities in Poland, and Germany thinke, that the Latin tongue
comes by reflection. I hope your Lordship will pardon this presumption of
mine, the rather, because I know before Nobilitie I am to deale sincerely ; and
this small facultie of mine, because it is alone in mee, and without the asis-
tance of other more confident sciences, is the more to bee fauored, and the ra-
ther to bee receiued into your honors protection, so shall I obserue you with
as humble and as true an heart, as hee, whose knowledge is as large as the
worlds creation, and as earnestly pray for you, to the worlds Creator.

Your honors in all
humble seruise

Thomas Weelkes.

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Your honors in all
humble seruice

Thomas Weelkes.

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FINIS.

3. 7. 66.

I.

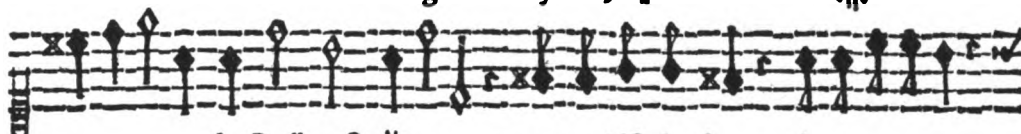
QUINTO.



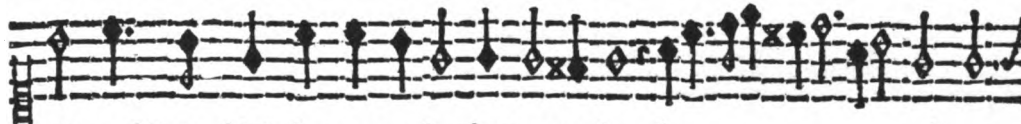
Old winters Ice is fled and gone, and



sommer brages on eu'ry tree, :||: :||:



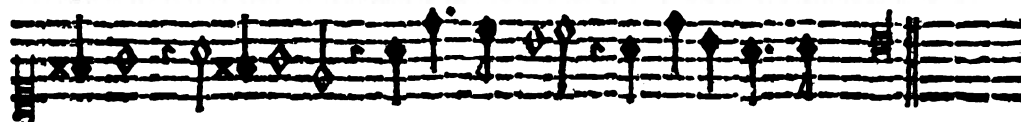
the Redbreast, :||: peepes amidst the throng, :||:



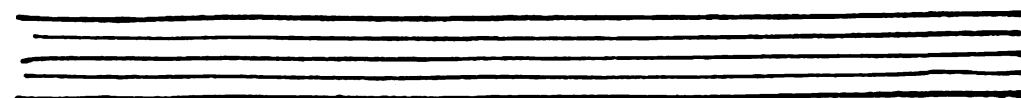
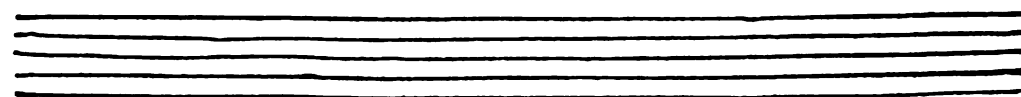
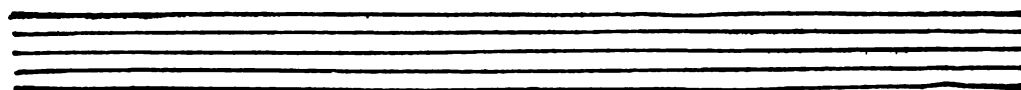
of wood borne birds that wanton be, that wanton be, :||: each one



forgets what they haue beene, what they haue beene, & so doth Phillis sommers



queene, sommers queene, and so doth Phillis, doth Phillis sommers queene.

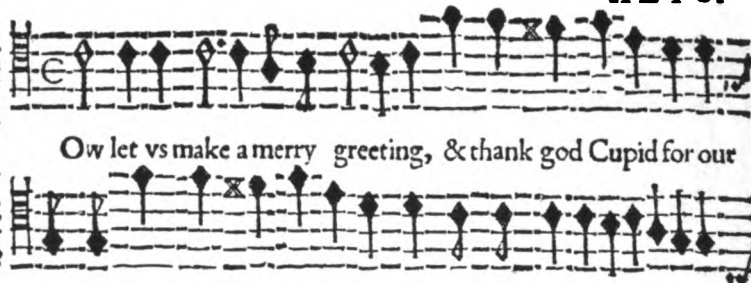


B.

S. VOC.

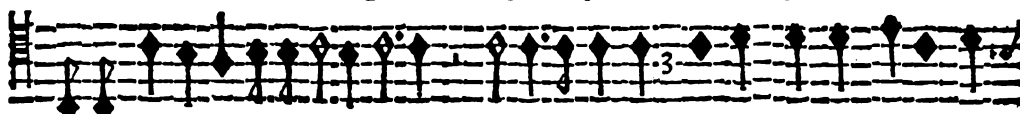
II.

ALTO.



Ow let vs make a merry greeting, & thank god Cupid for our

meeting, and thank god Cupid for our meeting, :||:



:||:

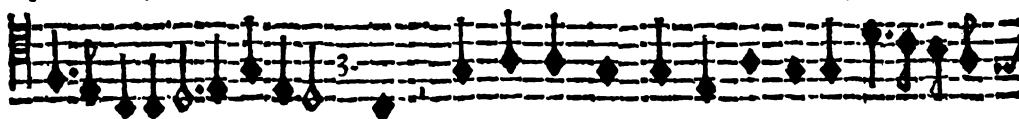
My hart is full of ioy and pleasure, of ioy and



pleasure, :||:

:||:

Since thou art heere mine onely treasure, :||:

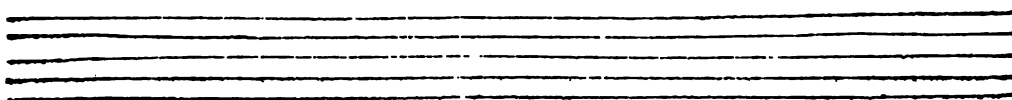


Now will we daunce & sport & play, & sing a merry



roundelay. :||:

a merry roundelay, roundelay, roundelay.



Soprano.

III.

ALTO.



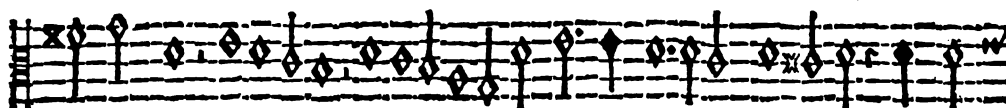
Ake heere my hart I giue it thee for e- uer, take



heere my hart, :||: I giue it thee for e- uer, :||:



No better pledge can loue to loue deliuer, Feare not my deare, feare



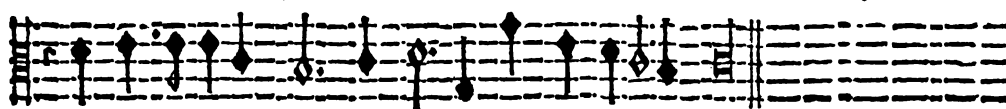
not my deare, :||: :||: it will not flye away, flye away, for hope



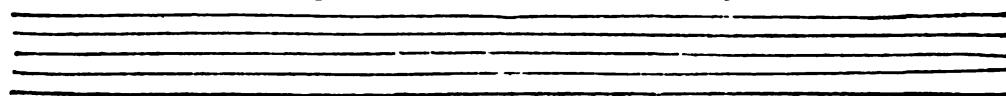
and loue command my hart to stay, but if thou doubt, thou doubt, desire will make it range,



desire will make it range, loue but my hart, :||: :||: loue but my hart,



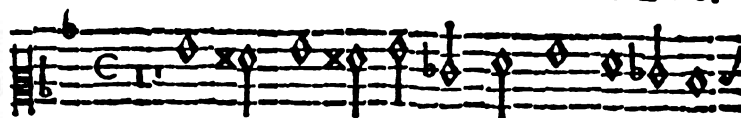
my hart will neuer change, my hart, my hart will neuer change.



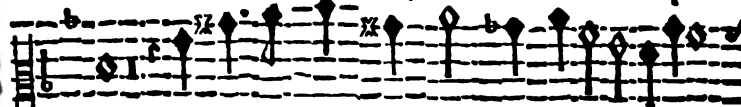
5. Voc. The first part.

IIII.

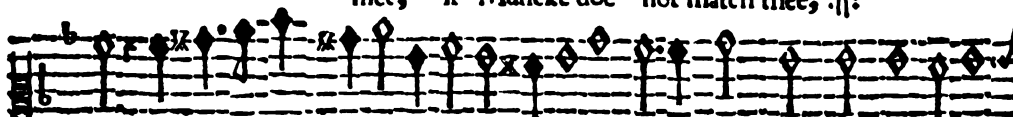
ALTO.



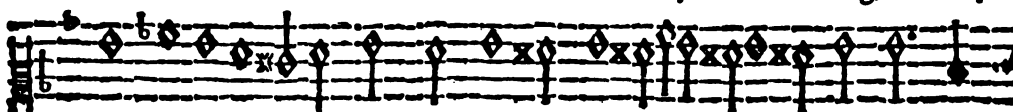
Care thou wilt dispatch mee, thou wilt dispatch



mee, if Musicke doe not match thee, ::



Fa la la la la la la la la, So deadly thou doest sting, so deadly



:: so deadly doest thou sting mee, ::

sting mee, mirth

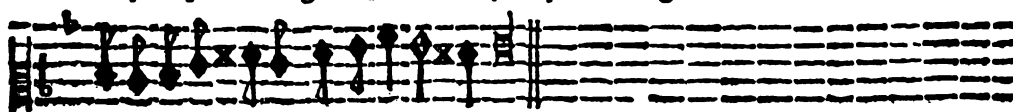


onely help can bring mee, ::

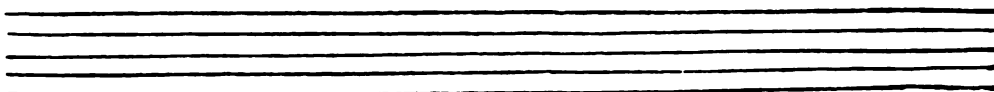
mirth onely help can bring, mirth



onely help can bring mee, mirth onely help can bring mee, Fa la la la la la, Fa



la la la la la la la la la la.



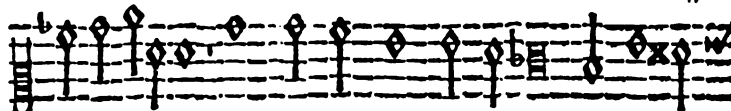
5. *Voc. The second part.*

V.

ALTO.



Ence care, thou art too cru-ell, thou art too cruell, :||:



Come Musick, come Musick lick mans Iew-



ell, Fa la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la la, His force had



well nigh slaine mee. slaine mee. :||:

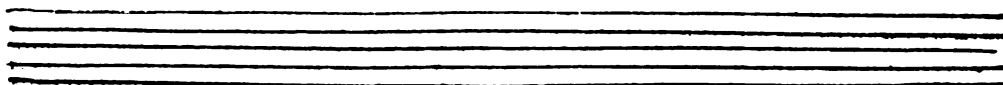
But thou must now sus-



taine mee, But thou must now sustaine mee, sustaine mee. But thou must



now sustaine mee. Fa la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la.



5. Voc.

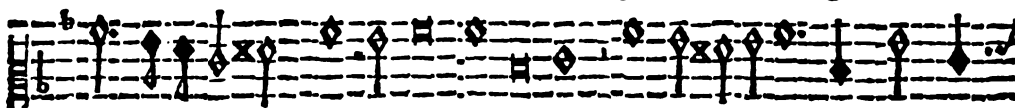
VI.

ALTO.

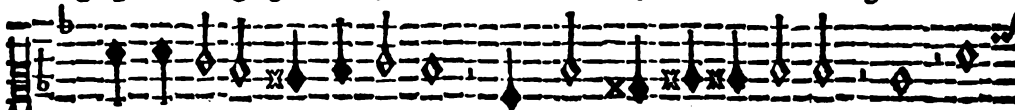


Ee where the maides are finging, are finging, See

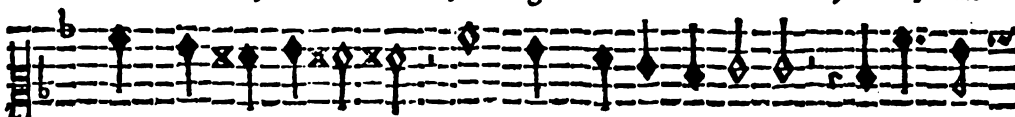
where the maides are finging, their louers garlands brin-



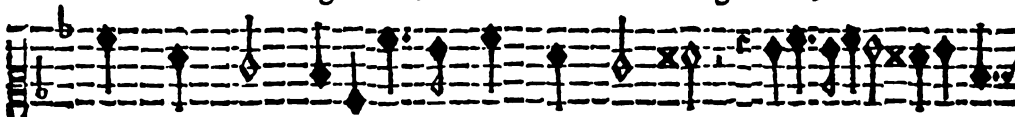
ging, brin- ging, Yet my loue, yet my loue, my tormen- ter, to grieue mee



doth absent hir, doth absent hir, to grieue mee doth absent hir, Ah, ah



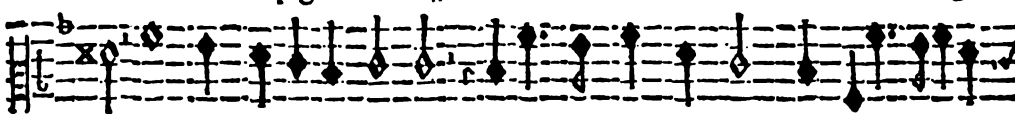
would shee but delight mee, Ah would shee but delight mee, I care not



who would spight mee. I care not who would spight mee. :||: I



care not who wold spight mee, :||: Ah, ah wold she but delight



mer, Ah wold she but delight mee, I care not who wold spight mee, :||:



I care not who wold spight mee. :||: :||:

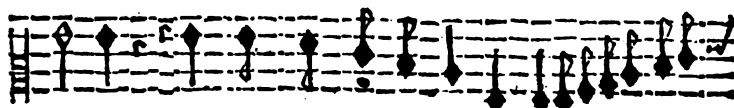
s. Voc. The first part.

VII.

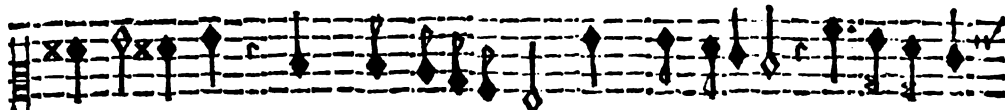
ALTO.



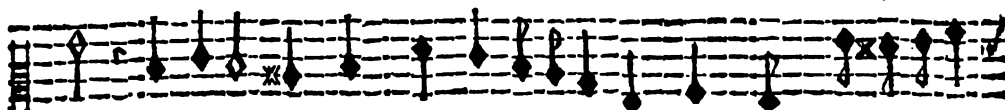
H Y are you La-dies stay-ing, Why are you Ladyes



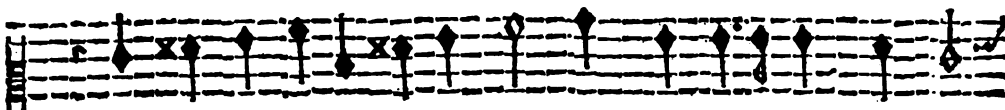
stay-ing, and your Lords gone a May-ing, :||:



a May-ing, Runne,runne a pace,runne,runne a pace, and :||: meete



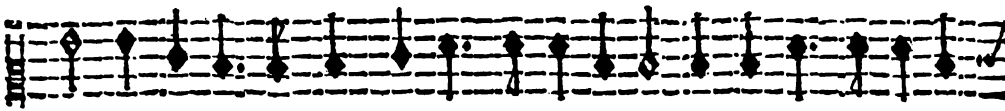
them, and meete them,And with your garlands greete them, your gar-lands



And wish your garlands, garlands greete them,I were pittie they should misse,



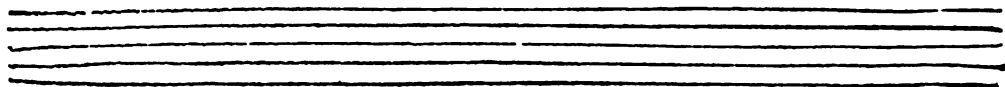
you, twere pittie they should misse you.For they will kisse,for they will sweetly



kisse you,For they will sweet,For they will sweetly kisse you.For they will sweetly



kisse, For they will sweetly, sweetly kisse you.





Arke,harke, I heare some daun- cing,some daun-



cing, And a nimble morris prauncing,:||:

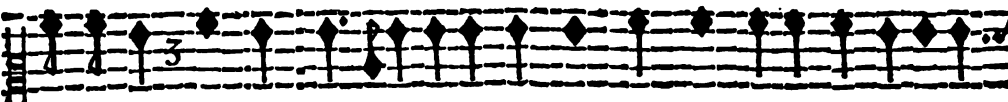


:||:

The bagpipe and the morris bells,that they are not farre



hence vs tells,that they are not far hence vs tells, vs tells,Come, come let vs all goe!



thether,and daunce like friends to gether,and daunce like friends to gether, :||:

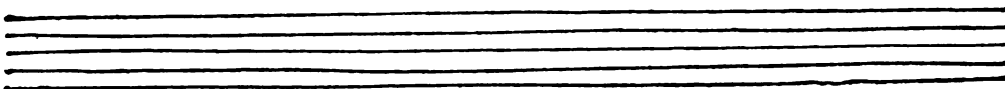


Come, come let vs all goe thether,and daunce like friends to



gether, :||:

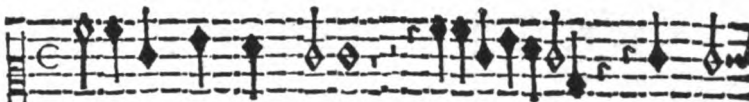
and daunce like friends to gether.



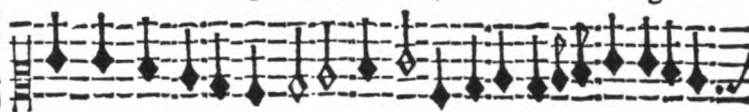
570c.

IX.

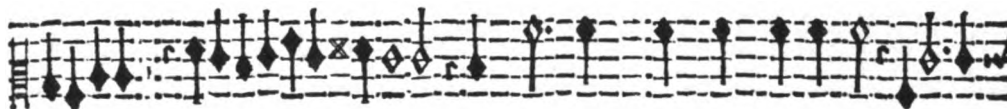
ALTO.



Ady the Birds right fairely, :||: right faire-



ly, Are singing e-uer carely, are singing euer care- ly, :||:



:||: carely, The Larke, the Thrush, the Nightingale, :||:



The make sport Cuckow, Cuckow, and the Quai-le, the make sport



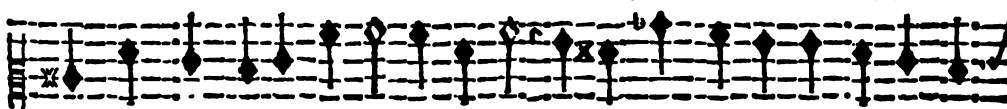
Cuckow, and the Quai-le, :||:

the make sport Cuckow, Cuckow, the

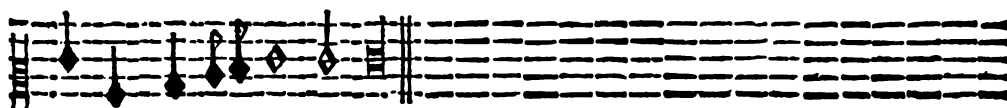


make sport Cuckow, & the

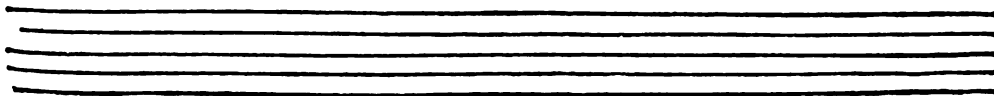
Quai-le, These sing of loue, then why sleepe yee, To



loue your sleepe it may not bee, may not bee, to loue your sleepe it may not bee, to



loue your sleepe it may not bee.



C.



Arke,harke, I heare some daun- cing,some daun-



cing, And a nimble morris prauncing, :||:

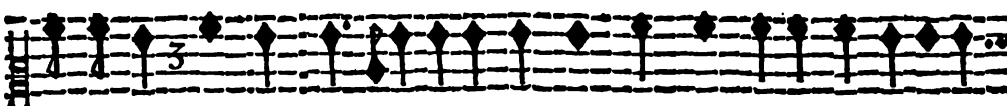


:||:

The bagpipe and the morris bells,that they are not farre



hence vs tells,that they are not far hence vs tells, vs tells,Come, come let vs all goe!



thether,and daunce like friends to gether,and daunce like friends to gether, :||:

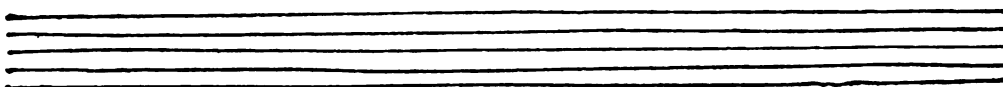


Come, come let vs all goe thether,and daunce like friends to



gether, :||:

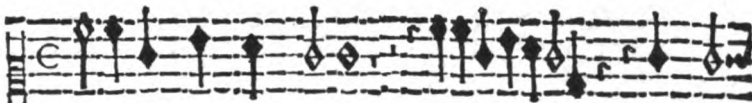
and daunce like friends to gether.



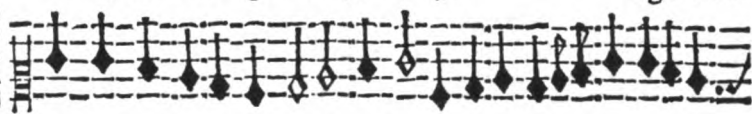
576c.

IX.

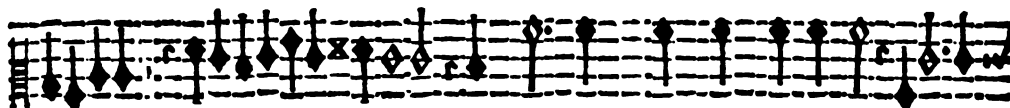
ALTO.



Ady the Birds right fairely, :||: right faire-



ly, Are singin e-uer earely, are singin euer eare- ly, :||:



:||: earely, The Larke, the Thrush, the Nightingale, :||:

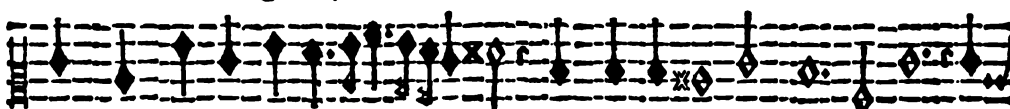


The make sport Cuckow, Cuckow, and the Quaille, the make sport



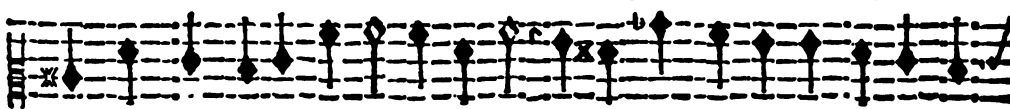
Cuckow, and the Quaille, :||:

the make sport Cuckow, Cuckow, the

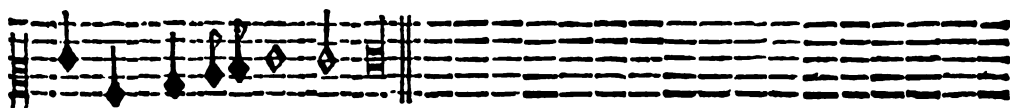


make sport Cuckow, & the

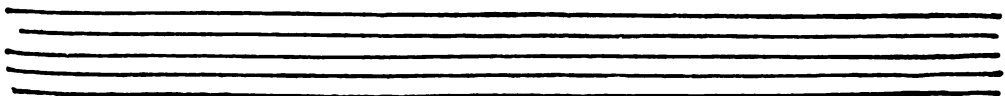
Quaille, These sing of loue, then why sleepe yee, To



loue your sleepe it may not bee, may not bee, to loue your sleepe it may not bee, to



loue your sleepe it may not bee.



C.

5. Part.

X.

ALTO.

A Swanton Birds when day begins to peepe, With chirping notes, salute the
 Sunsa- rise, salute the Suns arise, :: a- rise, So I, whom loue had lately
 luld a sleep, lately luld a sleep, do now with Ioy, :: pay tribute to hir eies, ::
 hir eies, Whose faue bright beames, perfadge a happy day, happie day, a happy
 day, :: Long may he liue that honors *Phillida*. :: ::
 Long may he liue that honors *Phillida*, :: that
 honors *Phil-li-da*. Long may hee liue that honors *Phillida*, that honors *Phillida*, Long
 may he liue that honors *Phill*, that honors *Phillida*, *Philli-da*, Long may hee liue that
 honors *Phillida*. Long may hee liue, that honors *Phil-lida*.

The end of the 5 parts.

ALTO.

MADRIGALS

OF

6. parts, apt for the Viols
and voices.

Made & newly published

BY

*Thomas Weelkes of the Colledge
at Winchester,
Organist.*



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este, the assigne
of Thomas Morley.

1600.

To the right noble minded, and most
vertuous gentleman, Maister George
Brooke Esquier.



Doe not doubt (most worthie Sir) but
that, as well in a genarall opinion, as in
your owne iudicious and approued cen-
sure, it may bee held for a part of little wit
and lesse manners, (vpon so weake a ground, neither
my selfe, nor my poore deseruings being knowne vn-
to you,) to present vnto you these slender labours, as
the fruits of my affected studies. But vnder the fauour
of your grauer wisedome, I humbly beseech both
your vertuous patience, and pardon heerein : for a
generall worlds report both of honour and your de-
light in this kind, hath so thoroughly possessed my
well pleased eares, as hath (forgetfully of my poore
selfe) enboldned my spirits, to make your onely selfe,
the true iudge, and patron of these my vnderferuing
papers. Humbly crauing heerein, your gracious accep-
tance, and in their litle worth to nourish them, as bee-
gotten for, and to your onely honorable selfe. Where-
in, my heereafter times shall euer bind me to acknow-
ledge it in all due & reuerent thankfulnessse, & in my
best wits, deserue it as I may. Euer resting, as best shall
become mee.

Your Worships in all seruice

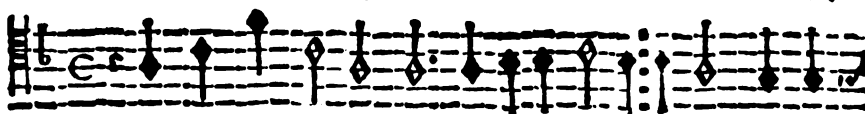
Thomas Weelkes.

G. F. M.

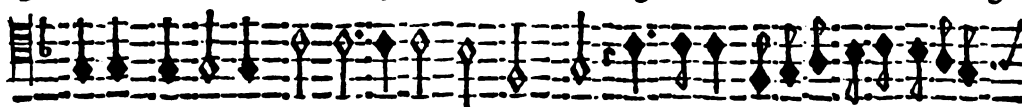
I.

TENORE.

L



Ike two proud Armies, marching in the field, in the field, marching

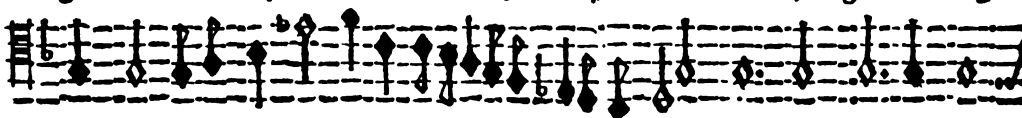


in the field, in the field, Ioyning a thundring fight, Ioyning a thundring



fight, Each scorns to yeeld, each scornes to yeeld, :||:

Ioyning a thundring



fight, thundring fight, Ioyning a thundring

fight, Each scorns to yeeld,



So in my hart, your beauty and my reason, The one claimes the crowne, the other



saies tis treason, But oh your beautie shineth as the Sunne, :||:

the

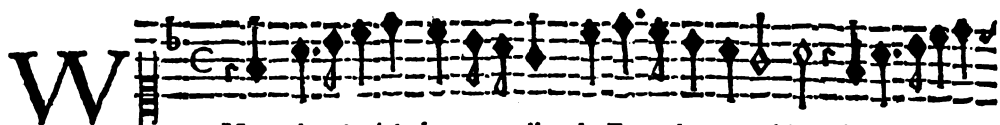


Sun, And dazled reason yeelds, as quite vndone. :||:

as quite vn-



done. as quite vn- done, as quite vn- done.



Hen *Thoralis* delights to walke, the Fairis doe attend hir, :||:



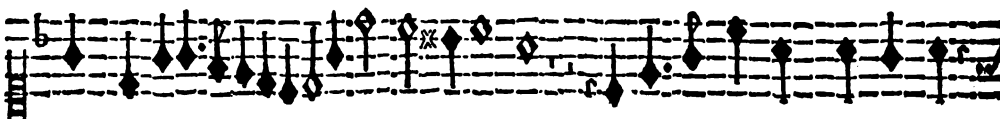
to walke, the Fairis doe attend hir :||:

They sweetly sing and



talke, they sweetly sing & sweetly talke, :||:

and sweetly doe com-



mend hir, :||:

doe commend hir,

The Satires leape & daunce the round,



and daunce the round, :||:

And make their Conges to the ground, And

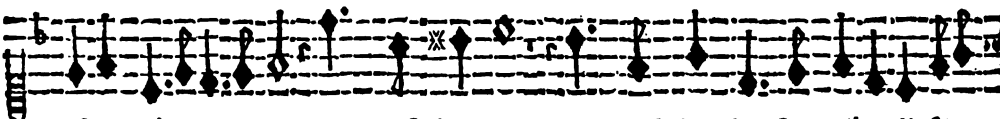


e-uer more their song it is, Long maist thou liue faire *Thoralis* faire *Thoralis*, :||:



faire *Thoralis*, :||:

Long maist thou liue, :||:



faire *Thora-* *lis*, long maist thou liue, long maist thou liue faire *Thoralis*, faire



Thoralis, :||:

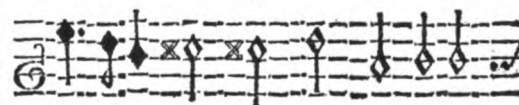
:||:

:||:

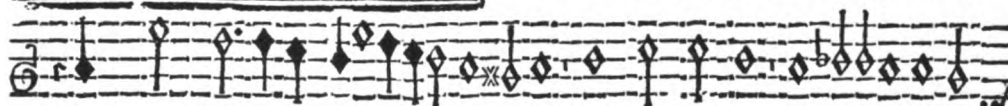
faire *Thoralis*.



sent from heauen, :||:



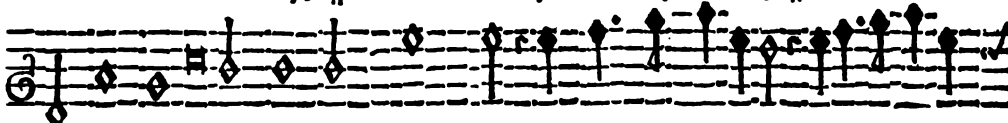
sent from heauen, To charme my fences,



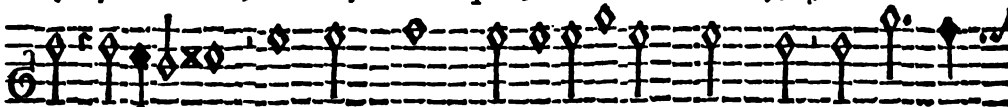
with heauens harmony, :||:

harmony, Care they for mee, :||:

of all

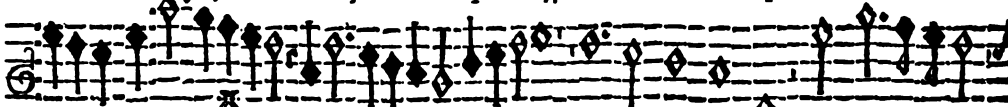


my ioyes bereauen, Send they heauens quire, to make mee melo-dy, :||:



melo-dy, Send they heauens quire, :||:

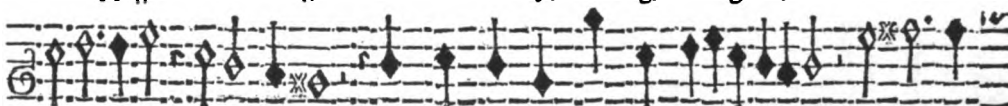
heauen quire, to make mee



melody, :||:

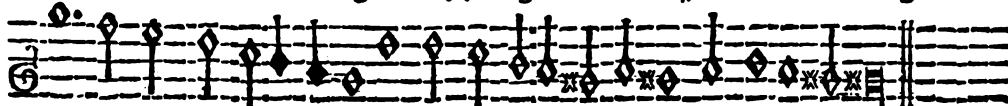
:||:

melo-dy, Blessing, blessing me, with Musickes

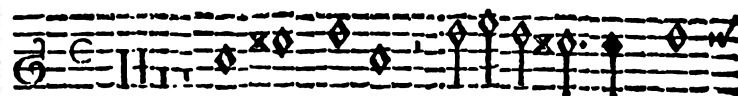


fe-li-ci-tie, If it bee so, great may your god-heads be, :||:

and greater



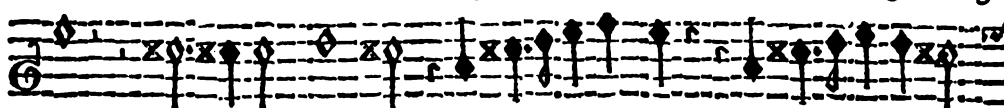
Still to ease my misfe- ry, to ease my misfe- ry, to ease my misfe- rie.



Ee thinkes I heare, *Amphions* warbling strings,



Arions harpe, distilling silu'ring sou'd, distilling silu'ring



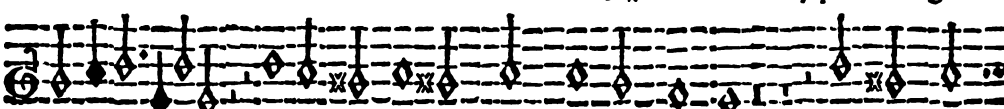
sound, *Orpheus* meane Lute, with all in order brings, with all in order brings,



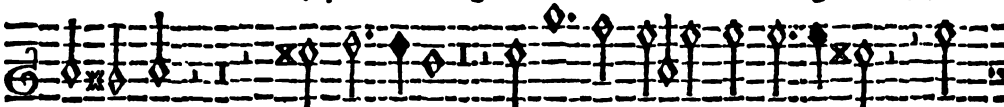
And with soule pleasing Musick doth a bound, doth a bound, abound,



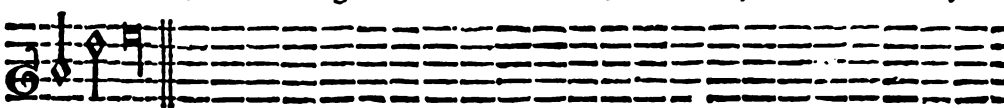
doth a bound, Whilst that olde *Phœmius*, softly plaies the ground,



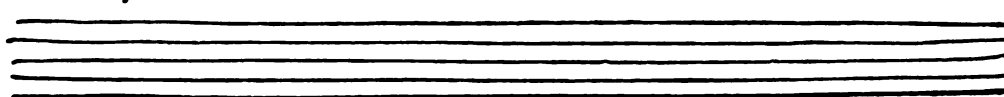
softly plaies the ground, O sweet comfort, great may your



comfort bee, and greater still, to ease my miserie. my mi-se-rie. my



mi-se-ry.



6. V. C.

V.

CANTO.

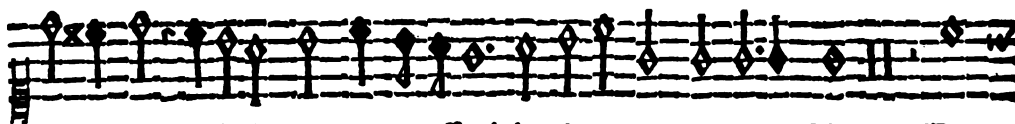


Hree times a day my praier is, Togaze my fill on *T'boralis*, on



T'boralis, And three times thrise I pray, :::

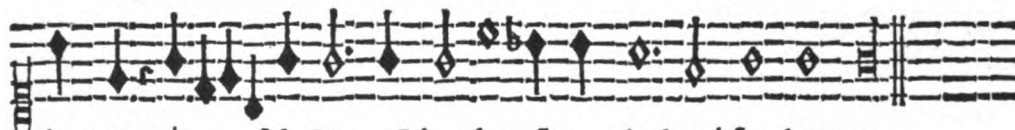
I



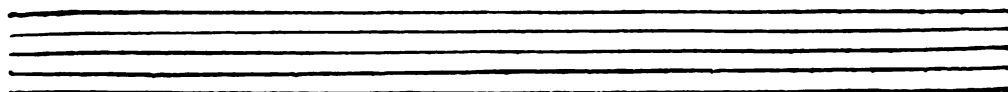
day-ly pray, I dayly pray, Not to offend that sacred May, that sacred May, That



I may please, And shee loue me, But all the yeere, :: my sute must be, but all



the yeere, :: My sute must bee, that I may please, and shee loue mee.

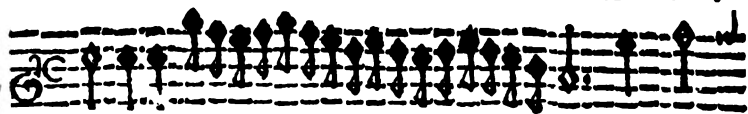


D.

6. Vol.

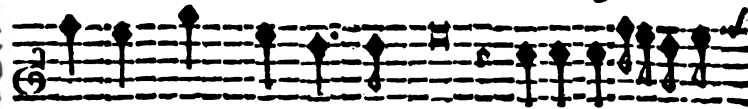
VI.

CANTO.



Ars in a fu-

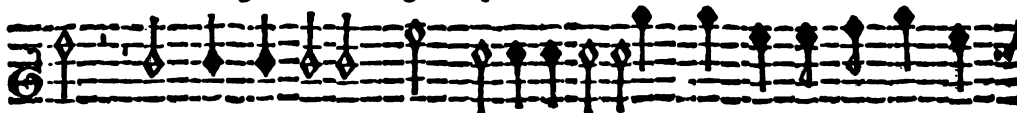
rie gainst loues



brightest queene, loues brightest queene, Mars in a fu-



rie gainst loues brightest queene, Put on his hearme, and toke him to his



launce, And marching to the mount, :||:

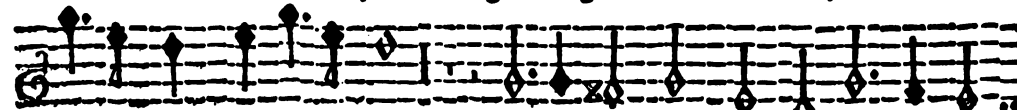
this wariour was seene, this



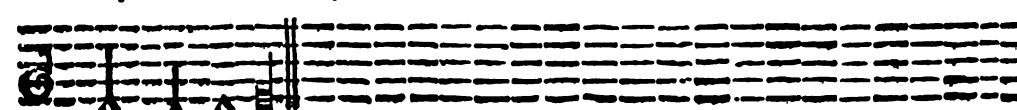
wariour was seene, And there his ensignes did the god aduance, dyd the god ad-



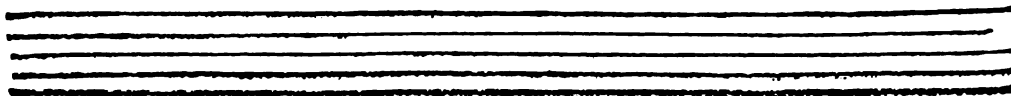
uance, ad- uance, And by heauens greatest gates, hee stoutly swore, hee

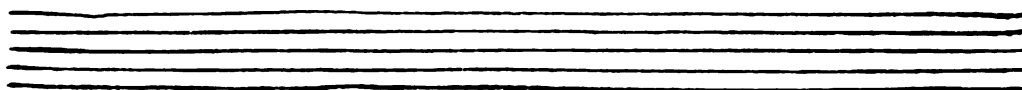
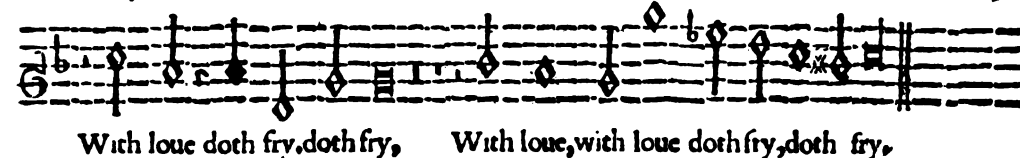
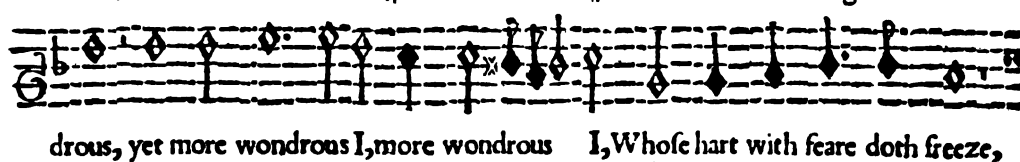
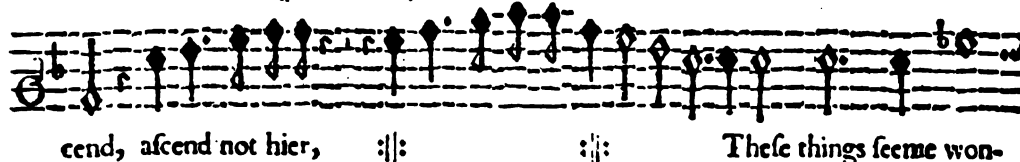
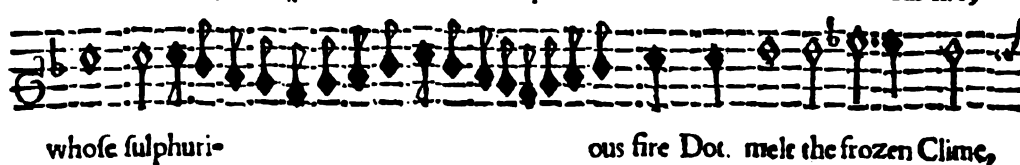
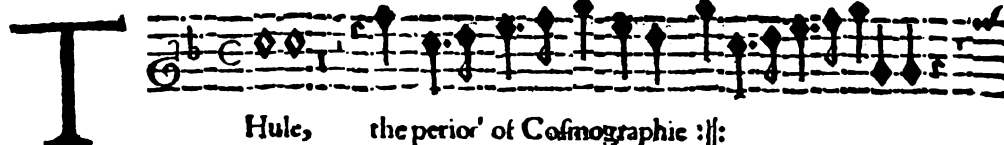


stoutly swore, hee stoutly swore, Venus should dye, should dye, for thee had



wrong'd him fore.



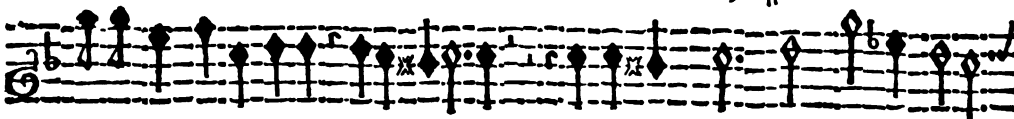




He Andelufian Merchant that re- turnes, that re- turnes,



Laden with Cutchinele and China dishes, and China dishes, :||:



and China dishes, :||:

Reports in Spaine how strangely Fogo

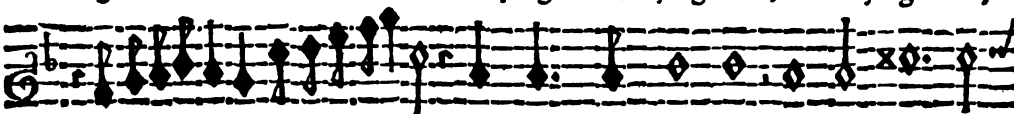


burnes, how strangely Fogo burnes, :||:

how strange, how strangely



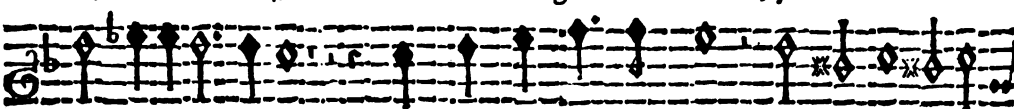
Fogo burnes, Amidst an Ocean full of flying fishes, flying fishes, full of flying fishes,



:||:

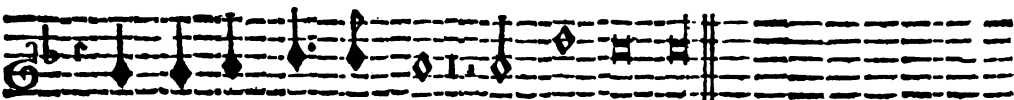
:||:

These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous

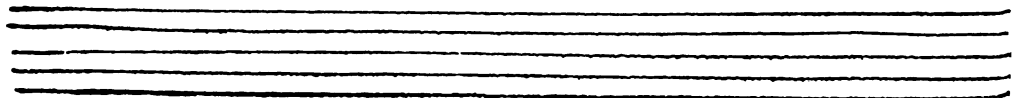


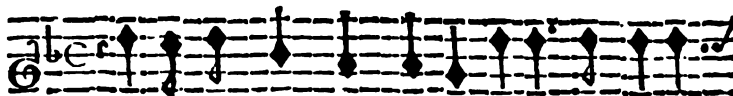
I, :||:

Whose hart with feare doth freeze, With loue doth frye.

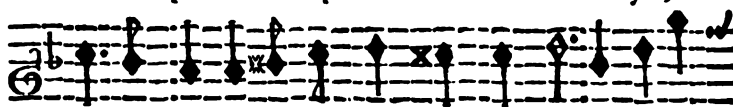


Whose hart with feare doth freeze, with loue doth frye.

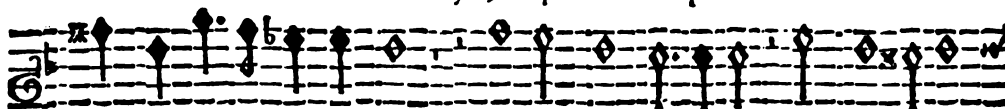




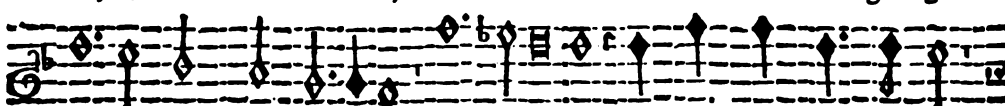
Sparow Hauke proude did hold in wicked Iayle,in



wicked Iayle,A Sparow hauke proud did hold in wicked



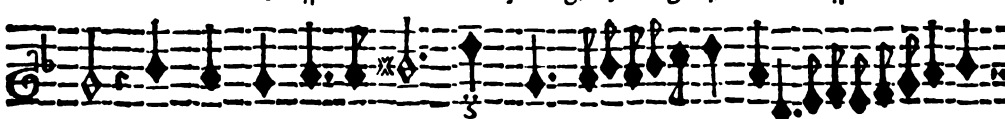
Iayle,did hold in wicked Iayle, Musickes sweet Chorister, The Nightingale,



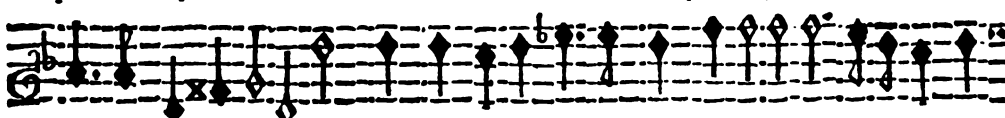
Musicks sweet,sweet Chorister, the Nightingale, To whom. with sighes she said,



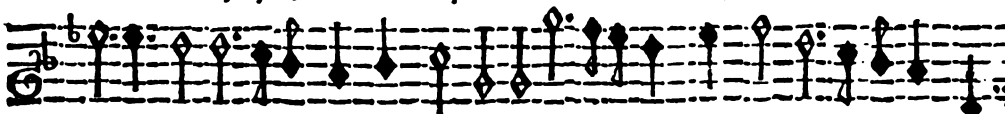
oh set mee free, :: and in my song,my song :: :: Ile



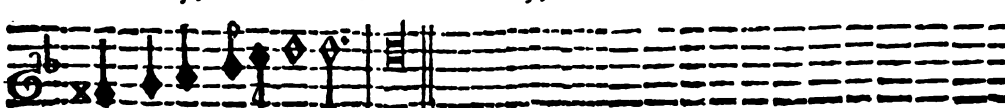
praise, ile praise no bird but thee:The Hauke re- plide, :: I



will not loose my dyet,the Hauke replide,I will not loose my dyet,To let a thousand

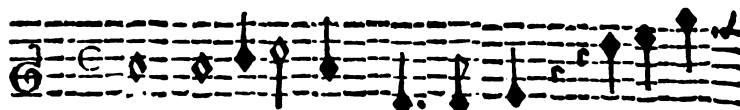


such enioy, to let a thousand such enioy,to let a thousand such,to let a thousand



such enioy their quiet.

D.iiij.



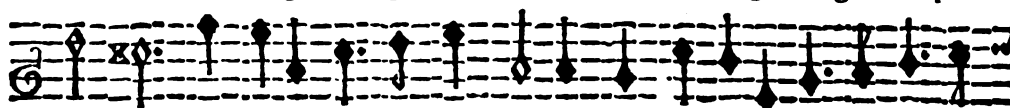
O E L L, adew thou Courts delight, adew, a



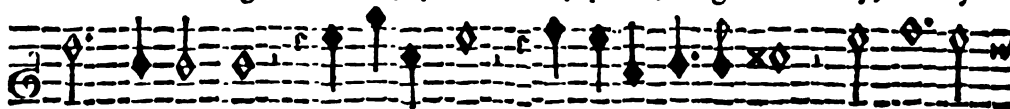
dew thou Courts delight, thou Courts delight, adew, a-



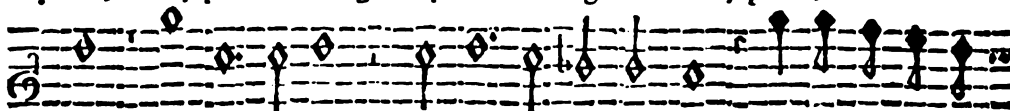
dew thou Courts delight, de- light, adew, adew thou Courts delight, delight, Vpon



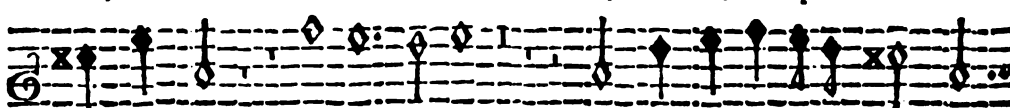
whose locks, the graces sweetly plaide, sweetly plaide, the graces sweetly, sweetly



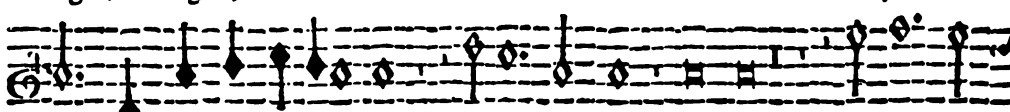
plaide, sweetly plaide, the graces plaide, the graces sweetly plaide, Now thou art



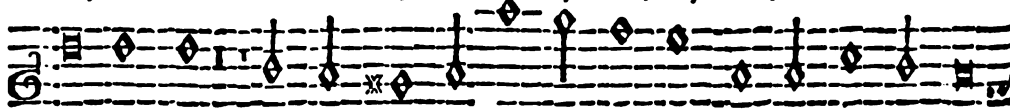
dead, now thou art dead, now thou art dead, art dead, our pleasure dies out



right, out right, For who can loy, when thou in dust art layde, art



laide, when thou in dust art laide, Bedew my notes, my notes, his death-bed



with your teares, with your teares, his death-bed with your teares, his death-bed with

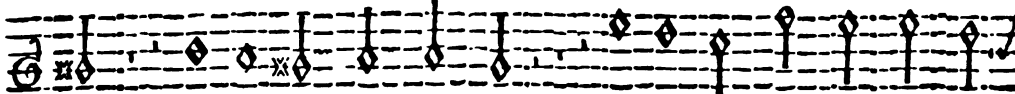
G. Voc.

x.

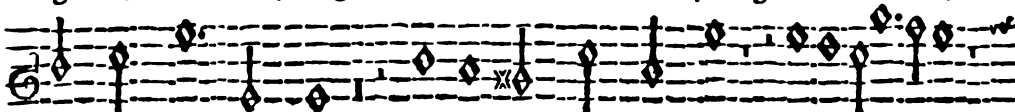
CANTO.



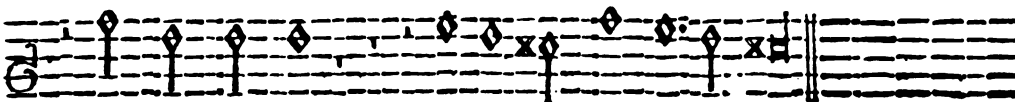
your teares, Time helps some griefe, time helps some griefe, time helps some



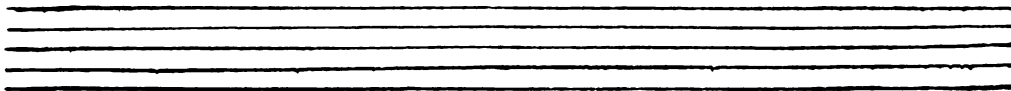
griefe, No time your griefes out weares, no time your griefes out weares, no



time your griefes out weares. no time your griefes out weares, :||:



your griefes out weares, no time your griefes out weares.



FINIS

THE TABLE.

L ike two proud Armies,marching in the field.	I
When <i>Thoralis</i> delights to walke,the Faires doe attend hir.	II
What haue the Gods,their consort sent from heauen. <i>The first part.</i>	III
Mee thinkes I heare, <i>Amphions</i> warbling strings. <i>The second part.</i>	IIII
Three times a day my prayer is,to gaze my fill on <i>Thoralis</i> .	V
Mars in a furie,gainst loues brightest Queene.	VI
<i>Thule</i> the period of Cosmographie. <i>The first part.</i>	VII
The <i>Andalusian</i> Merchant,that returnes. <i>The second part.</i>	VIII
A Sparow-hauck proud,did hold in wicked layle.	IX
NOBLL, adew thou Courts delight.	X

FINIS.