

SPENSER'S AMORETTI.

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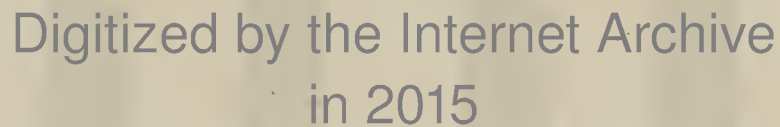
Doctor Greene

For the

VOICE, HARPSICHORD, AND VIOLIN.

LONDON:

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To her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle.
Madam,

As you have been pleas'd to honour me with your private Approbation of these Musical Trifles; I am now making the most agreeable advantage of it, by presenting them to your Grace as a publick Testimony of my Gratitude. The words are of SPENSER: a Person, in whom the characters of one of the best of Poets and best of Men were happily united. The greatness of his Reputation, and that Simplicity and easy Elegance, which recommend them so particularly to your Grace's Taste, ought to put me in pain for what I have presumed to add to them.

Yet, let the world call it vanity, I will flatter my self, there must be some merit where the Duchess of Newcastle approves. She is so universally allow'd a Mistress of Music, that under the cover of her Approbation, I cannot but think my self not only safe from Censure, but secure of some degree of Praise.

Madam,

I have always had so gratefull a sense of your Grace's long and continued Patronage, of the honour of those frequent attendances you have allow'd me to pay in your hours of Musical Amusement, and of the many Favours you have in the most obliging manner, conferr'd upon me, that it is with the utmost pleasure I take this first opportunity of Subscribing my self, in this Publick manner,

Madam, Your Grace's most

Oblig'd humble Servant,

Maurice Greene.

SONNET

I.

Af - ter so long a race: as I have runne Through Fae - ry land, which those fix

books com- pile, Give leave to rest me being half foredonne, And gather to my selfe new breath awhile, Give

leave to rest me being half foredonne, And gather to my selfe new breath a - while.

Allegro.

Then as a Steed refreshed after toile; Out of my prison I will breake a - new; And stout - ly

will that second worke asoile, With strong en - devour and at - tention due. Then as a Steed refresh - ed after toile, re - freshed after toile,

Out of my prison I will breake a - new; Out of my prison I will breake anew; And stoutly will that second worke asoile, With strong endeavour and attention due.

Affettuoso.

Till then give leave to me in pleasant mew To sport my muse, and sing my loves sweet
 praise - my loves sweet praise: The con - tem - plation of whose heavenly hew,
 My Spirit to an high - er pitch will raise. The con - tem - plation of whose heavenly hew, My Spirit to an
 high - er pitch will raise, My Spirit to an high - er pitch will raise.

Allegro.

But let her Praises yet be lowe and meane, Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene. But let her Praises
 yet be lowe and meane, Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene. Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

SONNET

II.

Happy ye leaves, when as those lil-ly hands, Which hold my life - in

their dead - doing might; Shall han - - dle you, and hold in loves soft bands, Like cap - - tives trem - bling at the victors fight.

And hap - py lines, on which with Starry light, Those lamp - ing eyes will deigne sometimes to looke, And reade the Sorrows

of my dying Spright, Writ - ten with teares in harts clofe bleeding hooke. And hap - - py rimes bathd in the Sacred

brooke Of HE - - LICON, whence she de - ri - ved is, When ye be - hold that Angels hlesfed looke, My

Soules long lacked foode, my hea - - vens blis. My Soules long lacked foode, my hea - - vens blis.

Vivace.

Leaves, lines, and rimes, feeke her to please a-lone, Whom if ye Please, I care for o-ther
 none. I care for o-ther none. Leaves, lines, and rimes, feeke her to please a-
 -lone, Whom if ye Please, I care for o-ther none. I care for o-ther nne.

SONNET III.

Andante Vivace.

Fai-re Eyes, the myrrour of my mazed hart, What wondrous wondrous vertue is containd in you, The
 which both life and death forth from you dart In-to the object of your mightie view your mightie view. For when ye mild-ly looke with
 lovely lovely hew, Then is my Soule with life and love in-spired: But when ye lowre, or looke on me askew, Then doe I die, as one with lightning

fi-red, But since that life is more than death de-fired, Looke ever love *holy* ever love *holy* as he comes you best That your bright beams of my weak eyes ad

-mired May kindle living fire within my breast May kindle living fire with-in my breast. May kindle living fire - with-in my breast. Such

Allegro.

life should be the honor of your light, Such death the sad en-fam-ple of your might, the sad enfam-ple of your might, Such life should be the honor of your

light, Such death the sad enfam-ple of your might, Such death, Such death the sad en-fam-ple of your might.

Andante.

SONNET

IV.

Ye tradefull. merchants, that with weary toyle, Doe seek most pre-cious things to make your

gaine: And both the Indias of their treasure spoile, What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine. so farre - in vaine.

Andante

For loe, my love doth in herselfe con - taine All this worlds rich - es that may farre be found, If

Vivace.

Saphyres, loe, her eyes be Saphyres plaine, If Rubies, loe, her lips be Rubies found: If Pearles,

her teeth be pearles, both pure and round: If I - vorie, her forehead Ivorie weene; If Gold, her locks are

fi - neft Gold on ground; If Sil - ver, her faire hands her faire hands are fil - ver Sheene:

Vivace.

But that which fairest is, but few but few behold, Her mind adorn'd with ver - tues ma - nifold. But

that which fairest is, but few but few behold, Her mind adorn'd with ver - tues ma - nifold, Her mind adorn'd with ver - tues ma - nifold.

(86)

Andante.

SONNET

V.

The rol - - ling wheel that run - - neth often round, The hard-est Steele in tract of
time doth teare: And driz - - ling drops that often oft - en doe redound, The firm-est flint doth in con - tin - uance
weare: Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare, And long in - treatie, soft - en her hard hart, That I
she will once vouch - safe my plaint to heare, Or looke with pit - ty on my painfull Smart, - - - Or looke with
pit - ty on my painfull Smart. But when I plead, she bids me play my part, And when I weep, she says
Teares are but water: And when I sigh, she says, I knowe the art, And when I wail, she turns herselfe to laughter.

Vivace.

So doe I weepe and waille, and plead in vaine Whiles she as Steele and flint doth still remaine, she as Steele and flint doth still remaine, - -

doth still remaine. So doe I weepe and waille, and plead in vaine Whiles she as Steele and flint doth still - - re-

maine, - - she as Steele and flint doth still re - maine, - - she as Steele and flint doth still remaine.

Vivace.

SONNET

VI.

The merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring His Trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded: That warns all

lo - vers waite upon their king, Who now is coming forth with girland Crown - ed, ed. With noyse whereof the quire of Birds re-

- founded Their anthems sweet de - vized of loves praise, That all the words their Echoes back rebounded, As if they knew the mean - ing of their layes.

(86)

Andante
But mongst them all, which did loves honour raise, No word was heard of her that most it ought, But she his precept proudly diso-
Vivace.
- bays, And doth his idle message set at nought: Therefore, O Love, unless she turne to thee, Ere Cuckow end, Ere Cuckow end, let her a Rebell be.

SONNET
VII.

Largo.
How long shall this like dying life en-dure, And know no end no
end of her own mis-erie. But waste and weare away in termes un-fure, Twixt feare and hope de-pend-ing
-doubtfully. Yet better were att once to let me die, And shew the last en-fam-ple of your pride: Then to tor-
-ment me thus with crueltie, To prove your powre, which I too well have tride, which I too well, too well have tride.

Andante

Vivace.

But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide A clofe in - tent at last to shew me grace: Then

all the woes and wrecks which I a - hide As meanes of blis I glad - ly will embrace, And wisth that more and

grea - ter they might be, That grea - ter meed at last may turne to me, And wisth that more and

grea - ter they might be That greater meed at last may turne to me.

SONNET

VIII.

Largo Andante.

The Laurell leafe, which you this day doe weare, Gives me great hope of your relenting mind: For

since it is the badge which I doe beare, Ye bearing it, doeseeme to me inclind: The Powre thereof, which oft in me I find,

let it likewise your gentle brest inspire With sweet infusion, and put you in mind Of that proud mayd, whom now those leaves attyre. whom now those

Allegro.

leaves, those leaves attyre. Proud DAPHNE scorning Phoebus lovely fire, On the Theffalian shore from him did flee: For which the gods in

their revengefull ire, Did her transforme into a Laurell tree. Proud DAPHNE scorning Phoebus lovely fire, On the Theffalian shore from

him did flee: For which the gods in their revenge - full ire, Did her transforme into a Laurell tree.

Andante. Then flie no more faire love from Phoebus chafe, But in your brest his leafe and love embrace. Then flie no more faire

love from Phoebus chafe, But in your brest, But in your brest his leafe and love embrace.

Largo.

SONNET

IX.

Like as a Ship that through the o - cean wide By conduct of some Starre doth make her way When

as a Storme hath dind her trusie guide Out of her cource doth wander far a - stray So I whose stare that wont with her bright ray

Me to direct with Cloudes is over - cast Doe wan - der now in darknesse and dismay Through hidden perils round a - bout me plait.

Andante.
Yet hope I well that when this Storme is past My HELICE the lodestar of my life Will shine againe and looke on me at last With love-ly

1 2 Largo Andante.
light to cleare my clou - dy grieve grieve Till then I wan - der careful comfortless In secret sorrow and sad

punitiveness Till then I wander in ferret for - row Till then I wander in ferret sorrow

Andante.

SONNET

X.

WHAT guile is this that thofe her golden trefles She doth attyre un-der a net of Gold Andwithlie skill fo

cunningly them drefles That which is Gold or haire may scarce be told Is it that mens frayle eyes which gaze too bold She may en-

-tangle in that golden snare And beeing caught may craftily enfold Their weaker harts which are not well a-ware Take

heede take heede therefore mine eyes how ye do stare Henceforth too rashly on that guile-ful net In which if ever ye en-trap-ped

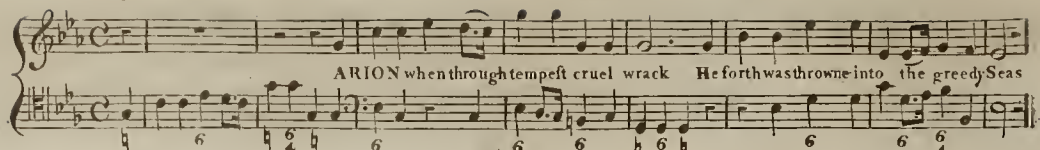
are Out of her hands Out of her hands ye by no means shall get Fondnes it were for any being

free To co - vet fetters to co - vet fetters though they golden bee - though they golden bee. bee.

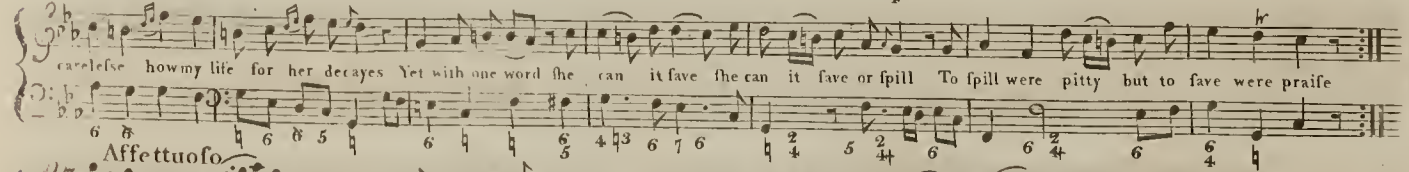
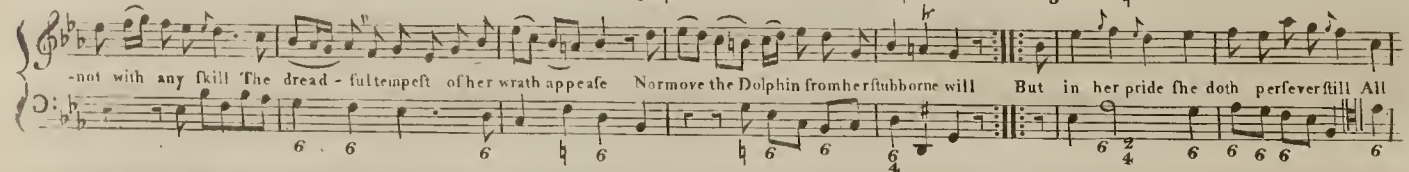
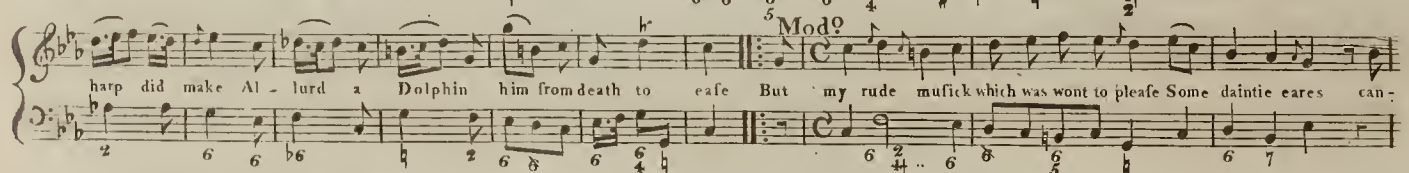
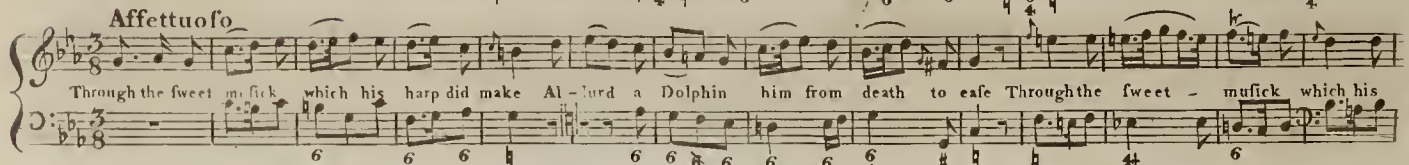
Adagio.

SONNET

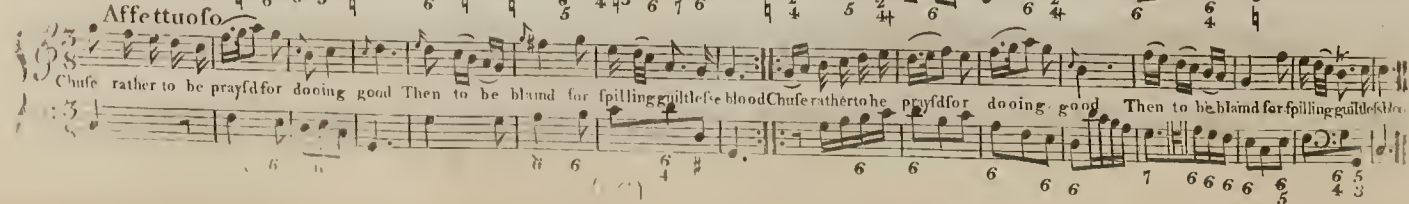
XI.



Affettuoso



Affettuoso



SONNET

XII.

Sweet smile, the daughter of the Queene of Love, Sweet smile, expressing all thy mothers powrefull

art, Sweet smile, with which she wents to temper angry JOVE, When all the gods he threatens with thundring dart, with thun-

- dring thundring. dart. Sweet smile, sweet is thy ver-tue, as thy selfe sweet

art. Sweet smile, for when on me thou shinedst late in sad-nesse, A mel- - - ting pleafance a melt - - - ing pleafance

ran through ev-ry part, ran through ev'ry ev-ry part, And me re - vi - ved with hart rob - - - ing gladness, And me re-

- vived with hart rob - - - ing glad - - - nesse.

(87)

Allegro.

Whilst rapt with joy resembling heavenly madnesse My soule was raviht quite as in a traunce And feeling thence
more her sorrowes sadnesse, Fed on the fullnesse of that chearefull glaunce, Fed on the fullnesse of that chearefull glaunce, that cheare - full
glaunce that chearefull glaunce, More sweet than Nectar, or Ambrosial meat, Seem'd every bit which thence - forth I did eate. More sweet then
Nec - tar or Ambrosial meat, Seemd evry bit which thence - forth I did eate, every bit which thence - forth I did eate.

Andante

Vivace.

Sweet smile, the daughter of the Queene of Love, Sweet smile, expresseing all thy mothers powrefull art, Sweet
smile, sweet smile, sweet is thy vertue, sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art, as thy selfe sweet art, as thy selfe sweet art.

Vivace.

SONNET
XIII.

Marke when the smiles with a - - miahle cheere, And tell me whereto can ye liken it. W n

on each eye - lid sweetly doe appeare An hundred gra - ces as in shade to fit. A hundred gra - ces in shade to fit.

Vivace.

Likest it fereyth in my simple wit, U - to the faire sunshine in Som - mers day That when a dreadfull forme a - way is fitt, Th - ighthe bright

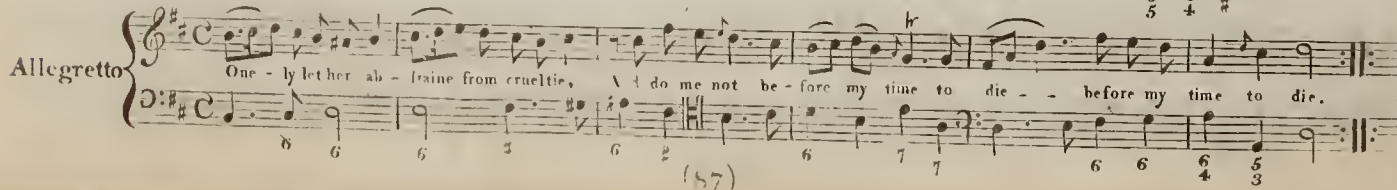
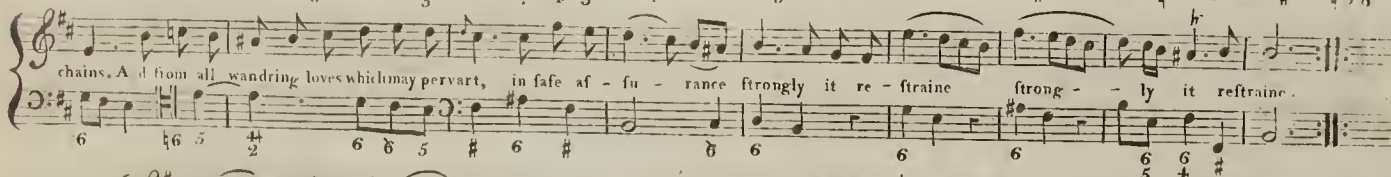
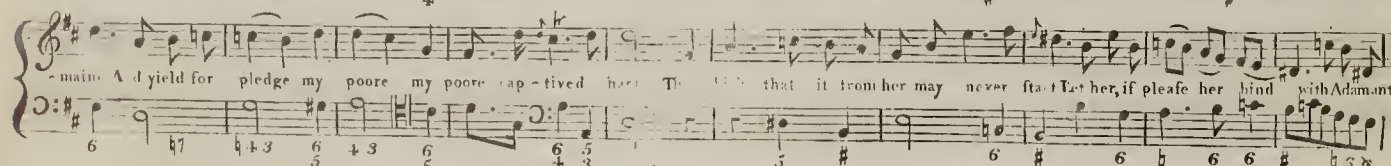
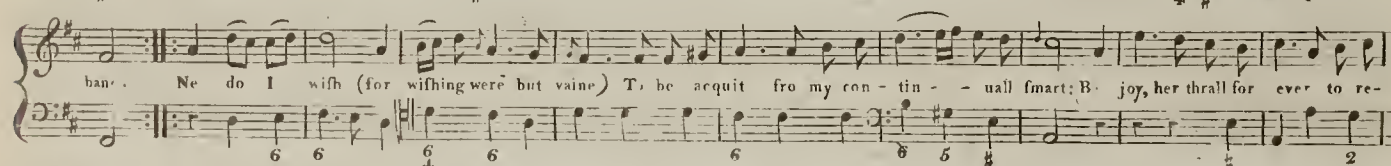
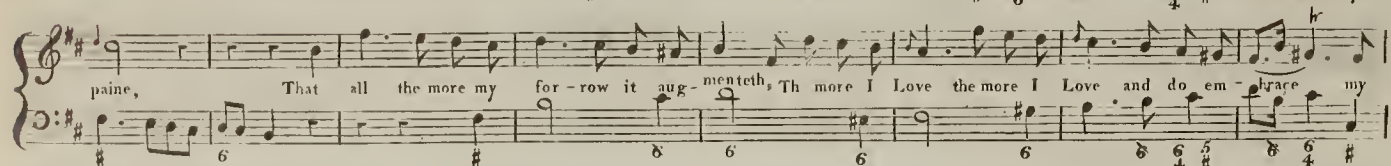
world doth spred his goodly ray A - fight whereof, each bird that sits on spray And ev - ry beast that to his den was fleo Comes forth afresh out of their late dif -

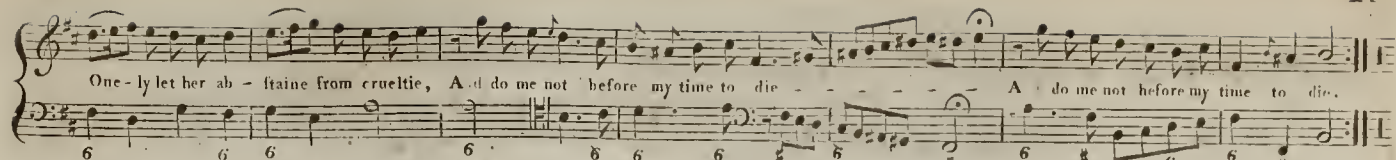
Allegro.

may, And to the light lift up their drouping hed. And to the light lift up their drouping hed. So my formebeaten hart likewise is cheare With that sunshine when cloudy

lookes are cleared. So my formebeaten hart likewise is cheare With that sunshine when cloudy lookes are cleared when clou - dy lookes are clear - ed.

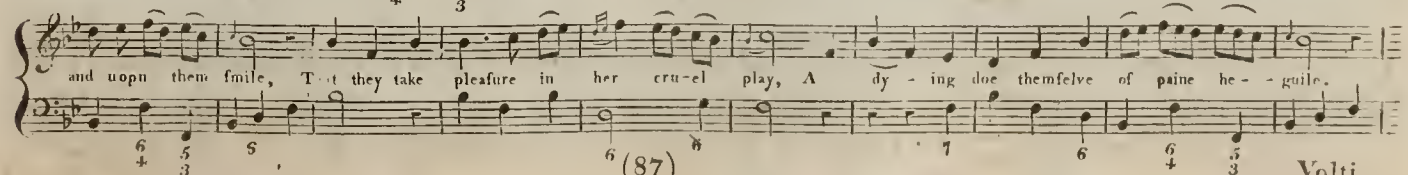
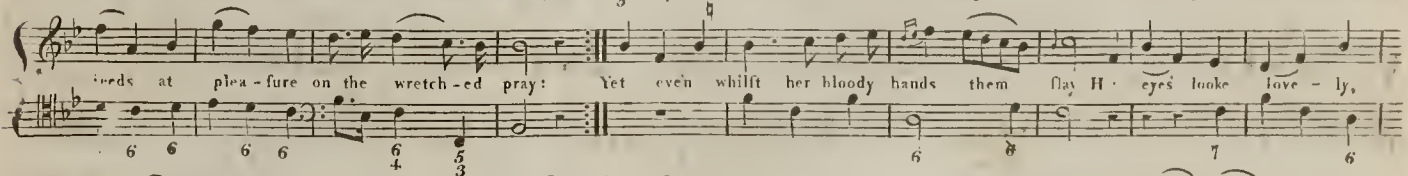
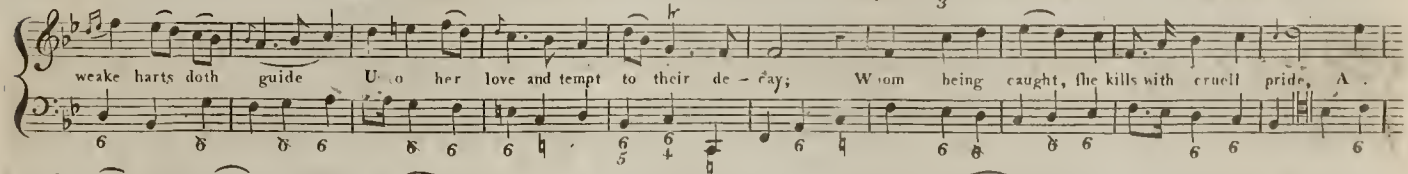
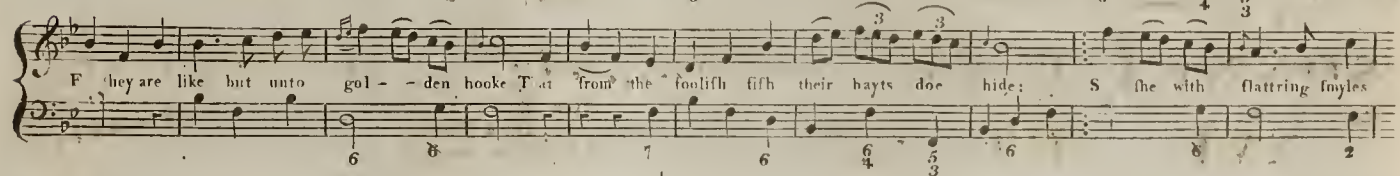
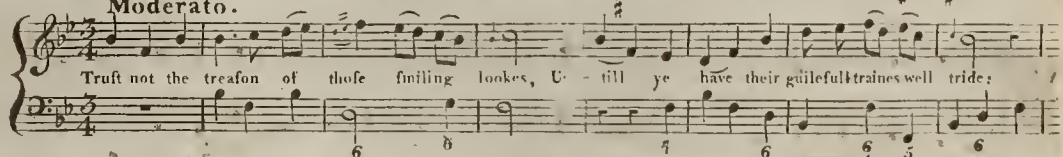
Largo Andante.

SONNET
XIV.



SONNET
XV.

Moderato.



O mightie charme which makes men love their bane, And think they die with plea-sure, live with paine. O mightie charme which makes men love their bane, And think they die with pleasure, live with paine.

Adagio. *Ande.*

SONNET

XVI.

Fayre cru-ell, Fay-re cru-el why are ye so fierce so fierce and cruell. is it because your eyes have powre to kill, have powre to kill. Then know that mercy is the mighties jewell, And greater glory think to save then kill.

Andante.

But if it be your pleasure and pained will, To show the powre of your imperious eyes; Then not on him that never thought you ill, But bend your force your force against your Enemies, Let them feeble thut most thutmost of your cruelties, And kill with looks and kill with looks as cockatrices doe;

Allegro.

Andante.

But him that at your footstool humbled lies, With mercifull regard, give mercy to, give mer - cy to, give mercy to.

Such mercy shall you make admyrd to be, So shall you live by giving life to me, Such mercy shall you make admyrd to be,

So shall you live So shall you live by giving life to me, So shall you live by giving life to me.

SONNET

XVII.

Largo.

Faire yee be sure but cruell and unkind As is a Tygre that with greedines Hunts after blood when

he by chance doth find A feeble beast doth felly him oppresse doth felly him oppresse Faire he ye sure but proud and pittifull

A. is a storme that all things doth kepe frome finding a tree a lone all comfortlesse B-ats on it strong-ly it to ruinate.

Faire he ye sure, but hard and obstinate, As is a rocke amidst the ra - ging floods; Gainst which a ship of

5 6 7 6 5 6 6 6

luc - cour deso - late, Doth suf - fer wreck both of her selfe and goods. Doth suf - fer wreck both of her selfe and goods.

6 8 4 8 6 6 8 6 4 6 4 2 4 6 6 4

Allegro. That ship, that tree, and that same beast am I. Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine and destroy. That ship, that tree, and that same beast am

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 4 3 6 6 6

I, Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine and destroy. Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine and destroy - - - Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine and destroy.

6 6 6 6 8 6 6 4 6 8 6 6 4

SONNET
XVIII.

Vivace. Thrife happy she, that is so well assur'd Un-to her selfe, and settled so in hart: That neither will for

6 8 6 6 6 6 6 6

better be al - lurd, No feare with worse to a - ny chance to start. But like a steddie ship doth strong - ly part The ra - ging waves, and

8 6 8 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 8 6

pos her course along No ought for tempest doth from it de-part. No ought for sayre wea - thers false delight, Such felle as - surance

need not feare the spight Of grudging foes, ne favour seeke of friends: But in the stay of her owne steadfast might. Nether to one herself nor other hands

Vivace. Most happy she that most assur'd doth rest, But he most happy who such one loves best. Most happy she that most assur'd doth rest, But

he most happy who such one loves best. Most happy she that most assur'd doth rest But he most happy who such one loves best. he most happy who such one loves best

SONNET **XIX.** **Andante Vivace.** After long stormes and tempests sad as - say, Which hardly I en - du - red here - tofore

dread of death, and dangerous dismay, With which my silly harke was tossed fore: I doe at length desery the happy shore.

I due at length de-fer-ry the happy fiore, In which I hope ere long for to arrive for to arrive: Faire foyle it seemes from far, -and

fraught with fiore O all that deare & daintie is alive, Faire foyle it seemes from far, and fraught with fiore Of all that deare & daintie is alive.

Vivace.

Most hap-py he, that can at last atchive, The joy-ous fasetie of to meet a rest; Whole

least de-light suf-fi-ceth to deprive R-emem-brance of all painis which him opprest, All paines are

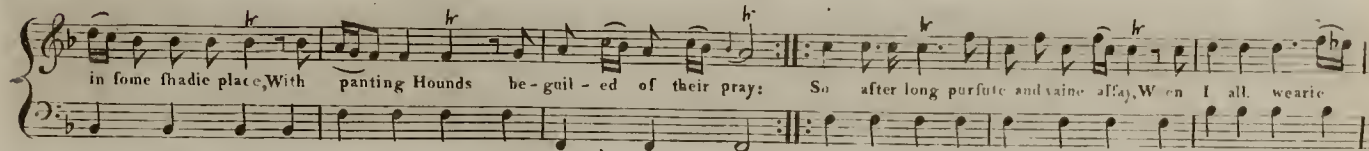
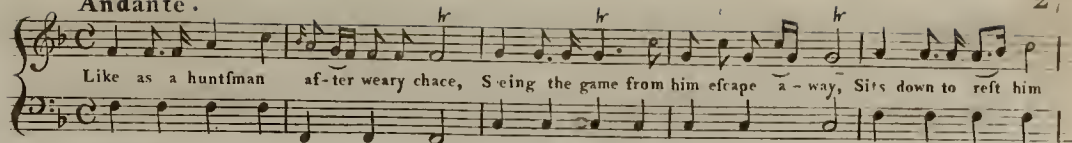
nothing in respect of this, All for-rows short that gaine e-ternal blis. All paines are nothing

in respect of this, All forrowes short that gaine e-ter-nall blis, - - - All forrowes short that gaine e-ternal blis.

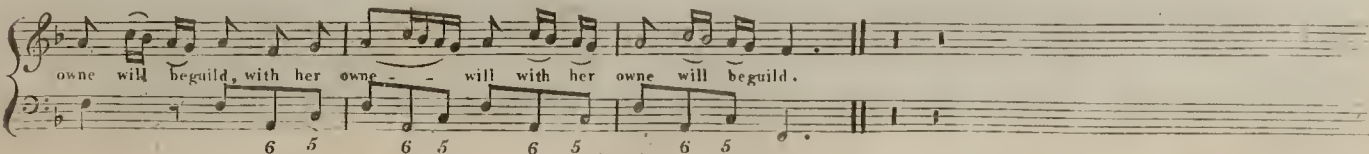
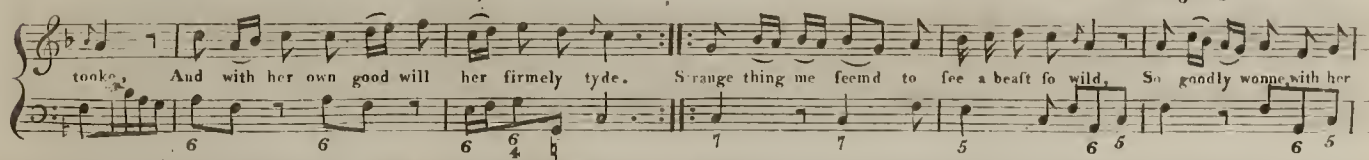
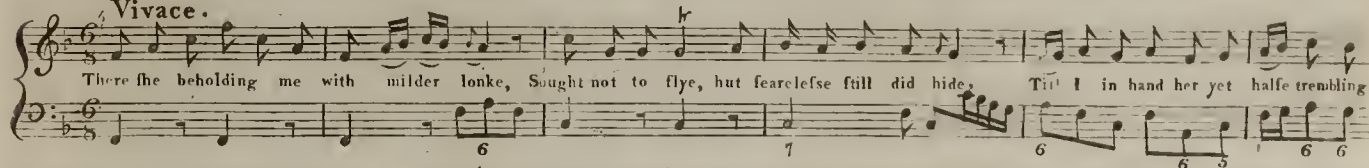
SONNET

XX.

Andante.



Vivace.



SONNET

XXI.

Fresh spring the herald of loves migh - tie king, In whole coat armor richly are displayd. All sorts of flowres,

Affettuofo.

all sorts of flowres the which on earth do spring, In good - ly colours gloriously arrayd - - - glo - riously arrayd. Goe to my love where he is

carlecke laid. Yes in her winters bowre not well awake: Tell her the joyous time will not be stand, Unless she doe him by the forelock take. Bid her

the Verdelille foone rea - dy make T waite on love among this lovely crew: Were every one that misseth then her make, Shall be by him amercd with penance

Vivace.

dew Shall be by him amercd with penance dew. Make hast therefore sweet love, whilst it is prime, For none can call againe the passed time.

Make haste therefore sweet love, whilst it is prime, For none can call a - gaine the pas - sed time. For none can call a - gaine the passed time.

SONNET

XXII.

Largo.

29

One day I wrote her name up-on the strand, But came the waves and washed it a-way;
 Again I wrote it with a second hand, But came the tyde, and made my paines his pray. Vaine man said he, that doost in vaine af-
 -fay, A mortall thing so to im-mortalize, For I my selfe shall like to this decay, And eke my name be wiped out likewise.

Allegro.

Not so, quoth I let baser things devile To die in dust, but you shall live by Fame shall live by Fame shall live by Fame. My
 verse your vertues rare shall eternize, And in the heavens write your glorious name, your glo- - - rious glorious name, Where when as death shall
 all the world subdue, Our love shall live and later life renew, O - love shall live and later life renew, O - love shall live and later life renew.

SONNET

XXIII.

Affettuoso.

Lacking my Love, I goe from place to place, Like a young fawne, that late hath lost the Hind: And

seeke each where, where last I saw her face, Whole image yet I car - ry fresh in mind. I seeke the fields with her

late footing fynd. I seeke her howre with her late presence dert, Yet nor in field nor howre I can her find: Yet

field and howre are full of her aspect: But when mine eyes I there un-to direct, - They i - dly backe re-

-turne to me againe, And when I hope to see their true ob - ject, I find my selfe but fed with fancies vaine.

Allegro.

Cease then mine eyes, to seeke herselfe to see, And let my thoughts behold her - selfe in mee.

Cease then mine eyes, to seeke herfelfe to see, And let my thoughts behold herfelfe in mee. Cease then mine eyes, to
 seeke herfelfe to see, And let my thoughts be- hold herfelfe in me. And let my thoughts behold herfelfe in mee.

SONNET XXIV.

Lento.

Since I did leave the presence of my love, My long wea- - rie

days I have out worne: And ma-ny nights, that flowely seemd to move Their sad pro- tract from evening untill

morne. For, when as day the heaven doth a- dorne, I wish that night the noyous day would end: And

when as night hath us of light for- lorne, I wish that day would shortly re- af- fend.

Andante.

Thus I the time with expec-ta-tion spend, And faine my grieffe with changes to beguile, That further
 seemes his terme full to ex-tend, And maketh evry mi-nute seeme a mile. So for-row fill doth
 seem too long to last, But joy-ous houres do flie a-way too fast. But joy-ous houres do flie away too fast.

SONNET

XXV.

Andante.

Like as the Cul-ver on the bared bough, Sits mourning for the absence of her mate;
 And in her songs sends many a wishfull vow, For his return that seems to lin-ger late, Like as the Culver on the bared bough, Sits
 mourning for the absence of her mate; And in her songs sends many a wishfull vow, For his re-turn that seems to lin-ger late.