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1282 FORBES (JOHN) CANTUS, SONGS AND FANCIES to 3, 4
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by T. Davidson, SECOND EDITION, morocco super extra,
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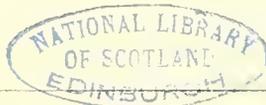
To ALEX. GARDNER,

Publisher.

To FORBES' Cantus, Songs and Fancies, No. 27 £1: 1: 0

Received Payment, *Alex Gardner* 1879.

Per *AG*



Alex Gardner



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CANTUS,
SONGS AND FANCIES,

TO THREE, FOUR, OR FIVE PARTS,

BOTH APT FOR VOICES AND VIOLS.

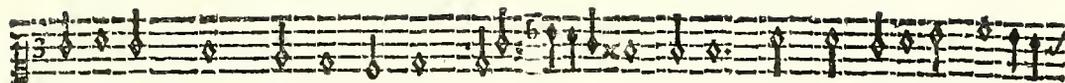
ABERDEEN.

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Forbes (John) Cantus, Songs and Fancies, to three
four or five parts, both apt for voices and Viols.
Reproduced by Photo-Lithography for the New Club Series
(The Songs Only) from the 3rd edition published 1682
M.H. Aberdeen 1879.





Prelusant beams before the day, before the day, the day. By thee Diana groweth



green, Through gladness of this lusty May, Through gladness of this lusty May.

Then Aurora that is so bright,
To woful hearts he casts great light,
Right pleasantly before the day, &c.
And shows and shads forth of that light,
Through gladness of this lusty May,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Birds on their boughs of every sort,
Sends forth their notes, and makes great mirth,
On banks that blooms on every bray, &c.
And fares and flies ov'r field and sith,
Through gladness, &c.

All Lovers hearts that are in care,
To their Ladies they do repare,
In fresh mornings before the day,
And are in mirth ay more and more,
Through gladness, &c.

Of every moneth in the year,
To mirthful May there is no peer ;
Her glistring garments are so gay, &c.
Your Lovers all, make merry cheer,
Through gladness of this lust May,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

F I N I S.



THE III. SONG.



Into a mirthfull May morning, As Phebus did upspring, I saw a May
C 2 both



both fair and gay, Most goodly for to see? I said to her be kind, To me that



was so pyn'd, For your love truly.

First therefore when I did you know,
You thint'd my heart so low
Unto your Grace: but now in case,
Banisht through false report:
But I hope, and I trow,
Once for to speak with you,
Which doth me comfort.

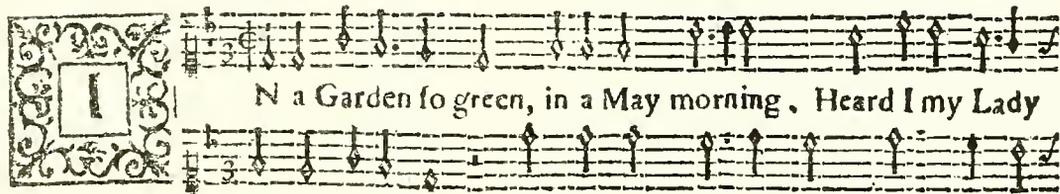
Wherefore, I pray, have mind on me,
True Love, where ever you be:
Where ever I go, both too and fro,
You have my heart alright.
O Lady! fast of hew,
I me commend to you,
Both the day and night.

Since Fortune false, unkind, untrue,
Hath exyld me from you;
By sudden chance I shall advance
Your honor and your fame.
Above all earthly wight,
To you my truth I plight,
In earnest, or gain.

F I N I S.

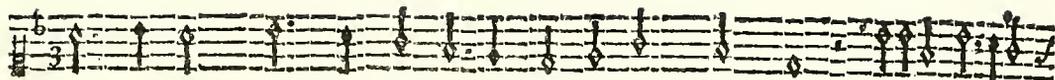


THE IV. SONG.



In a Garden so green, in a May morning, Heard I my Lady

pleen of paramours. Said she, my Love so sweet, come you not



yet; nor yet; Hight you not me to meet amongst the flowrs: Elore, Elore,



Elore, Elore, I love my lusty Love, Elore, Lo.

The skyes up springeth, the dew down dingeth,
The sweet Larks singeth their hours of prime.
Phebus up sprenteth, joy to rest wenteth,
So lost is mine intents, and gone's the time
Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore.
I love my lusty Love, Elore, Lo.

Danger my dead is, false fortune my feed is,
And languor my leed is: bur hope, I despair,
Disdain my desire is, so strangeness my fear is:
Deceit out of all ware. Adew, I fare.
Elore, Elore, &c.

Then to my Ladie blyth, did I my presence kyth;
Saying, My Bird, be glade: am I not yours?
So in my armes two, did I the lustie jo;
And kiſed her times mo, then night hath hours.
Elore, Elore, &c.

Live in hope, Ladie fair, and repel all despair:
Trust not that your true Love shal you betray.
When deceit and langor, banisht i from your bowr,
I'll be your paramour, and that you please.
Elore, Elore, &c.

Favour and dutie, unto your bright beaurie,
Confirmed hath lawrie, obltedg'd to truth:
So that your foverance, hearthe but variance,
Mark in your memorance, mercie and ruth.
Elore, Elore, &c.

Yet for your courtesie, banish all jealousie:
Love for love lustily, do me restore:
Then with us Lovers young true love shal rest and reign:
Solace shal sweetlie ling for evermore,
Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore.
I love my lustie Love, Elore, Lo.

F I N I S.

THE



THE V. SONG.



When as the Greeks did enterprise, To Troyes town in armes to go,
they choosed a counsel sage and wise: Appolos answer for to know,



How they should speed and have success, In that so great a business.

Then did they send the wisest Greeks,
Appolos answer for to know,
Who with the tears upon their cheeks,
But and the fiery flames of wood,
With all such rites as was the guise,
They did their great God sacrifice.

When they had done thus their request,
And solemnly their service done,
And drank the wine, and slew the beast,
Appollo gave them answer soon :

That Troy and Trojans have they should,
To use them fully as they would.

Which answer made them not so glad,
That they should thus victorious be,
As even the answer which I had,
Did also joy and comfort me.
For thus then said Appollo mine,
All that thou seeks, it shal be thine.

F I N I S.

THE



THE VI. SONG.

On Lovers all that love would prove, Come learn to know true

love indeed. First, love the Lord your God above, From whom

all goodness doth proceed: Pray to him faithfully, To grant his Sp'rit to

thee, Thy sins to mortific, And that with speed.

As love thy neighbour heartily,
Wishing his welfare night and day:
Dealing with all men faithfully,
As to thyself thou wouldst alway.
Beseech the Lord of might,
His Sp'rit to guide thee right:

His precepts day and night,
Forto obey.
Since that the time is here but short
That we in earth are to endure,
Rejoice in God and have comfort,

In Christ his Son that bought us
Pray to the Trinitie (dear,
One God, and Persons three,
To serve him faithfully,
With heart intire.

The sacrifice of laud and praise,
Sing to the Lord both day and night
With thanksgiving to him always,
For all his benefits so bright.

Thy time in vertue spend;
Remember on thy end;
See thou thy life amend,
With all thy might.

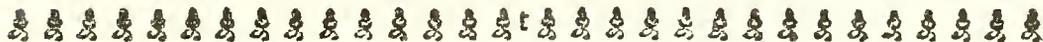
Then shalt thou at the latter day,
When Christ thee to account shall call,
Rejoice in God, and not affray
For fear of anie sudden fall.

Therefore live merrily
In Love and Charity,
Thanking thy God truly,
What may befall.

Now let us all still watch and pray,
Still waiting on that day and hour,
Whē Christ shall come without delay
To judge all earthly creature.

Then be prepar'd therefore,
With lamps and oyl in store,
To meet that King of glore,
That comes for ay.

F I N I S.



THE VII. SONG.



He thoughts of men do daily change, As fantasie breeds in their breasts,
And now their nature is so strange, That few can find where friendship rests;



For double dealing bears such sway, That honest meaning, that honest meaning



doth decay.

The

The stedfast faith that friends profess,
 Is fled from them, and seldom us'd :
 He who a faithful friend profess,
 Doth make his friendship now abus'd.
 Where one is found a friend indeed,
 A score there be, a score there be, that fail at need.

For barren trees will bloom right fair,
 As well as those that fruit will yeeld,
 Whose bark and branches seems as fair,
 As anie tree within the field.
 As simple looks the subtile man,
 As he that no, as he that no, kind falshood can.

A friend of words where deeds be dead,
 Is like a spring that water wants :
 And he that with fair words is fed,

Doth hope for fruit of wither'd plants :
 But who can judge by hew of eye, (should be.
 Since deeds are dead, since deeds are dead, where trust

The fairest way that I can find,
 Is first to try, and then to trust ;
 So shall affections not be blind,
 For proof will soon spy out the just :
 And tryal knows who means deceit,
 And bids us be, and bids us be-ware of their bait.

Without good proof be not too bold,
 If thou my counsel list to take ;
 In painting words there is no hold,
 They be but leaves that wind do shake :
 But where that words and deeds agree,
 Accept that friend, accept that friend, and credis me.

F I N I S.



THE VIII. SONG.



Hen chyle cold age shal cease upon thy blood, And hoary hairs do

show the winters fall: Thy joints which first in full perfection stood,

D

now



now sick and weak, makes thee thou mayst not crawl. O then, I say, for all thy



passed pleasure, A conscience clear is worth a world of treasure.

When on thy bed in anguish thou do'st ly,
In some hard fever, striving still for breath:
Thy wife and children then upon thee cry:
Some wishing life, yet most for goods thy death.
O then, I say, for all thy passed pleasure,
A conscience clear is worth a world of treasure.

When soul sin shal appear in its own weed,
Shal thy distracted senses so affright,
In recordation of thy former deed;
Nothing thou'lt have but dolor for delight.
O then, I say, for all thy passed pleasure,
A conscience clear is worth a world of treasure.

F I N I S.



THE IX. SONG.



Remember, O thou man, O thou man, O thou man, Remember,



O thou man, thy time is spent. Remember, O thou man, how
thou



thou was dead and gone, And I did what I can, therefore repent.

Remember Adams fall, O thou man, O thou man,
Remember Adams fall, from heaven to hell.
Remember Adams fall, how we were condemned all,
In hell perpetual, therein to dwell.

Remember Gods goodness, O thou man, O thou man,
Remember Gods goodness, his promise made.
Remember Gods goodness, how he sent his Son doubtless,
Our sins for to redress: be not afraid.

The Angels all did sing, O thou man, O thou man,
The Angels all did sing, on the shepherds bill.
The Angels all did sing praise to our heavenly King,
And peace to man living, with a good will.

The shepherds amaz'd was, O thou man, O thou man,
The shepherds amaz'd was, to hear Angels sing.
The shepherds amaz'd was, how it should come to pass,
That CHRIST our MESSIAS, should be our King.

To Bethlem did they go, O thou man, O thou man,
To Bethlem they did go, the shepherds three.
To Bethlem they did go, to see if it were so or no;
Whither Christ was born or no, to set man free.

As th' Angels before did say, O thou man, O thou man
As th' Angels before did say, so it came to pass.
As th' Angels before did say, they found a Babe where he
In a manger, wrapt in hay, so poor he was. (lay.

In Bethlem he was born, O thou man, O thou man,
In Bethlem he was born, for mankinds sake.
In Bethlem he was born, for us that was forlorn;
And therefore took no scorn, our flesh to take.

Give thanks to God always, O thou man, O thou man
Give thanks to God always, most joyfully.
Give thanks to God always, for this our happy day,
Let all now sing and say, Holy, Holy.

F I N I S.



THE X. SONG.



Now is the month of Maying, When merry Lads are playing, Fa la
la la



la la. Each with his bony Lafs, Upon the greeny



grafs. Fa la fa la.

The Spring clade all in gladnefs,
Doth laugh at Winters fadnefs, Fa la la, &c.
And to the Bag-pipes found,
The Maids tread out their ground, Fa la la, &c.

Fy then, why are we musing,
Youths sweet delight refusing; Fa la la, &c.
Say, dainty Nymphs, and fpeak,
Shal we play barley-break; Fa la la, &c.

F I N I S.



THE XI. SONG.



Et nor, I fay, the fluggifh fleep clofe up thy waking eye, Untill



that thou with judgement deep, thy daily deeds do try. He that

one



one sin in conscience keeps, while he to quyet goes; More venterous is then



he that sleeps with twenty mortal foes.

Wherefore at night call into mind,
how thou the day hath spent :
Praying to God, if ought thou find,
and then in time repent.
And since thy bed a patern is
of death and fatal tears,
Bedwart it that not be amis,
this to record in verse.

My bed is like the grave so cold ;
and sleep which steeks mine eye,
Rembleth death ; cloaths which me foid ,
declare the mould so dry :

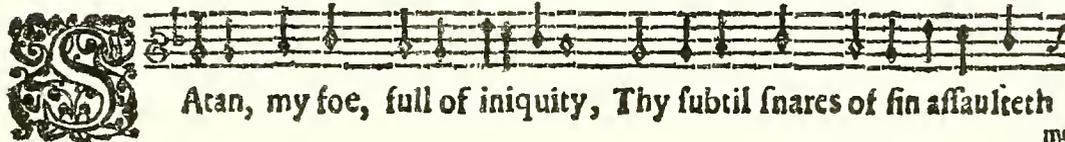
The frisking fleas, resembleth well
the wringing worm to me,
Which with me in the grave shal dwell,
when I no light shal see.

The mightie bell which I hear knel,
when I am laid in bed,
Most like a bitter trumpet fell,
ev'r shouting in my head :
My rising in the morn likewise,
when sleepy night is past,
Puts me in mind that I must rise
to Judgement at the last.

F I N I S.



THE XII. SONG.



Atan, my foe, full of iniquity, Thy subtil snares of sin assaulteth

me



me, Against my Lord and Maker to rebell. With sweet allurements leads



the way to hell.

C H R I S T.

O sinful man, since God hath creat thee
A living soul, to serve him faithfullie ;
And from the hell he thee redeem'd again ;
Obey my voice, and from thy sins refrain.

S I N N E R.

Alace ! Satan, the world, and flesh also,
All three in one conspired hath my woe,
Me to intrapt in sinful pleasures here,
Through sin and fathan, death and endles fear.

C H R I S T.

Believe my word, and in thy heart imprint
My sufferings for thy sake, and do repent.
Pray to our Father for the Sp'rit of grace ;
To mend thy life, God grant thee time and space.

S I N N E R.

Alace ! my fore-said foes fall craftily
Doth me entise from thy precepts to fly ;
And follow pleasures of my flesh and sin,
The which is sweet to pass my time therein.

C H R I S T.

O careless man ! that sweetness brings no gain,
But in the end eternal woe and pain.

Fly sin therefore, the Sabbath day thou keep ;
My Word will draw thee from that sinful sleep.

S I N N E R.

Alace ! my Lord, I fight continually
Against the Devil, the world, and flesh, all three ;
So that my wits and senses are grown dumb,
Clogged with worldly things, almost o'rtome.

C H R I S T.

Cast first thy care to conquer heaven above,
Through faith in me, and godly works in love ;
Thy Father who doth know thy present need ;
Will thee supply of worldly things with speed.

S I N N E R.

Prosperity makes me sometimes misknow ;
Adversity makes me despair and low.
Whiles with the one and other am torment,
Which marts my mind, and makes me mal-content.

C H R I S T.

If riches grow, set not thy heart thereon,
Lest that it make thee like the rich Glutton.
Riches well us'd, Gods blessing doth procure ;
If crost with want, then Lazarus was poor.

Betwixt

S I N N E R.

Betwixt these two, I crave to stand content,
 If so it please my God for to consent :
 Praying therefore I seek to please his will,
 And be brought home, thy flock and fold until.

C H R I S T.

Thou art not able for to run that race,
 To please his will, without his Sp'rit of grace :
 Therefore beseech his divine Majesty,
 To banish sin, and grant his Sp'rit to thee.

S I N N E R.

I shal beseech my Lord and God of might,
 The Father, Son and Sp'rit, to guide me tight,
 That I may walk in thy true fear and love,
 And at the last attain thy joyes above.

C H R I S T.

If so thou do thy prayer shal be heard,
 And in the heavens for thee a place prepar'd.
 Then serve thy God, and praise his holy Name :
 Obey my voice, and still with me remain.

F I N I S.



THE XIII. SONG.

Floods of tears could change my follies past, Or smoaks of sighs
 could sacrifice for sin : If groaning cryes could free my fault at last,
 or endless moan for ever pardon win; Then would I weep, sigh, cry, and ever
 groan,



groan, For follies, faults, faults, for sins and errors done.

I see my hopes are blasted in their bud,
And find mens favours are like fading flowers:
I find too late that words can do no good,
But loss of time, and languishing of hours.
Thus since I see, I sigh, and say therefore,
Hopes, favours, words, begone, begone, beguile no more.

Since man is nothing but a mass of clay,
Our days not else but shadows on the wall:
Trust in the Lord, who lives and lasts for ay;
Whose favour found will neither fade nor fail.
My God, to thee I resign my mouth and mind:
No trust in youth, in youth, nor faith in age I find.

F I N I S.



THE XIV. SONG.



Come Love, let's walk in yonder spring, Where we shall hear the



Black-bird sing, The Robin-red-breast and the Thrush; The Nigh-



tingale in thorny bush: The Mavis sweetly caroling, This to my Love,

this



this to my Love Content will bring.

In yonder dale grows fragrant flows,
With many sweet and shady bows :
A pearly brook, whose silver streams
Are beautifi'd with Phebus beams,
Still stealing through the trees so fair ;
Because Diana, because Diana,
Bartheth her there.

Behold the Nymph with all her train,
Comes tripping through the Park again :
And in this Grove she here will stay,
At Early-break to sport and play ;
Where we shall sit us down and see
Fair beautie mixt, fair beautie mixt
With Chastitie.

All her delight is, as you see,
Here for to sport, and here to be,
Delighting in this silver stream,
Only to bath her self therein :
Until Asteon her espy'd,
Then to the Thicket, then to the Thicket
She her hyed.

And there by Magick Art she wrought,
Which in her heart she first had thought,
By secret speed away to flee,
Whilst he a Hart was turn'd to be.

Thus whilst he view'd Dianas train,
His life he lost, his life he lost,
Her love to gain.

Another of the same.

Come, Lord, let's walk on Sion Hill,
There to remain for ever still ;
Where Prophets, 'potties, and just folk,
With Martyrs on a row do walk,
The Angels sweetly caroling :
This to my soul, this to my soul,
Content shal bring.

In Gods house manie mansions are,
Which Christ is gone for to prepare
For his Ele&t, and own dear friends ;
Where joy remains and never ends :
Gods Saints shal thither all repair ;
Because the Lamb, because the Lamb,
Of God reigns there.

We shal behold the Lord amain,
Come through the clouds with Angels train :
And in the twinkling of an eye,
We shal ascend up through the skie ;
Where we shal sit us down and sing
Sweet Psalms of praise, sweet Psalms of praise
To Jehovah King.
F I N I S.

E

THE



THE XV. SONG.



Ow should my feeble body sure, The double dolour that I indure :



The mourning and the great malure, cannot define. It doth my



balefull breast combure, To see another have in cure, that should be mine.

For well I wot was never wight,
That could inforce his mind & might
To love and serve his Ladie bright,
and want her line :
As I do inartyr day and night,
Without that onlie thing of right,
that should be mine.

Were I of puissance for to prove
My lowlie and my heartlie love,
I should her mind to mercie move,
with such propine,

Were all the world at my behove,
She should it have at here behove,
for to be mine.

Now who to that I make my moan)
For truth nor constancie is none ;
For all the faithful love is gone,
of feminine.

It would oppres an heart of stone
To see my loss, for her alone
that should be mine.

Who shal my dulled spirits raise,
Since not for love my Ladie goes ?
For if good service might her please,
she should incline.

I die in dolour and disease,
And others hath her as they please,
that should be mine.

I may perceive right well by this,
That all the blythness, joy and bliss,
The lustie wanton life I wish
of love, is mine,

What

What remedie since so it is :
But patience, suppose I miss
that should be mine.

For Nobles hath not ay renouvn,
Nor Gentles ay the gayest govvn :
They carie victuals to the tovvn

that worse doth dine.
So busily to busk I hovvn,
And others bears the berry dovn,
that should be mine.

Who can the rage of youthhood daut
Let him to Lovers Court go baunt,

And him as Venus subject grant,
and keep her trine ;
Perchance he shal find mercy skant,
And able his revvard not vvant,
as I do mine.

F I N I S.



THE XVI. SONG.



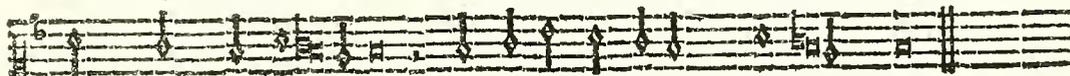
O wonder is suppose my weeping eyes, Be blinded with the rainy



cloud of wo, And with the sword of sharp adversties, My doolful



heart thus pierced been in two. Alace! sweet heart, all comfort is ago. Dispair is



Lord, good hope is in exile ; That e'r I lov'd alace ! this sory while,

As with the vvid opprest is the corn,
 The stone thirled vwith rainy drops great;
 And vwith the vvorrm the scarlet rent and shorn;
 So is my heart overthral'd and overset:
 My salt tears are mingled vwith bloody sweate,
 Pale is my face, and faded is my hevv,
 Of Loves lair, alace! that ever I knew.

I seek remead unto my deadly wound,
 As fire in yee, and heat in marble stone:
 I find a quadrant in a figure round,
 A deaf Sophist a probleme to expound;
 I seek the truth in heart vwhere there is none:
 As vwho vwould fish upon the mountains hie,
 Or go to gather berries in the sea.

Novv is my care through old occasion,
 Old is my vvound, my pains are very fore;
 The more I seek for consolation,
 My heaviness increaseth more and more:
 I love, alace! and all my love is lore,
 More vvo I vvish dread never man on eard:
 Such is my chance, such is my hapless vveard.

I have enough and more for to complean
 Of every care that may my dool distress:
 Howv may my tongue or hand expresse the pain;
 Because the truth unable is to guess,
 I love, alace! not vwith those cares expresse'd,
 My deadly ghost: but rather vwith the dart,
 Bereave my life, as thou hast done my heart.

F I N I S.



THE XVII. SONG.



What if a day, or a month, or a year, Crown thy delights with a
 May not the change of a night, or an hour, Cross thy delights with as



thousand wisht contentings. Fortune, honor, beaury, youth, Are but blossoms
 many sad tormentings. Wanton pleasures, doting love, Are but shadows
 dying



dying. All our joyes are but toys, Idle thoughts deceiving.
flying. None hath power of an hour, Of his lifes bereaving.

Th'earth's but a point of the vworld, and a man,
Is but a point of the Earths compared centure :
Shal then the point of a point be so vain,
As to triumph in a silly points adventure.

All is hazard that vve have,
Here is nothing byding :
Days of pleasure are as streams
Through fair meadowvs glyding,
Well or vvo, time doth go,
Time hath no returning.
Secret Fates guides one States,
Both in mirth and mourning.

What if a smile, or a beek, or a look
Feed thy fond thoughts vwith many vain conceivings :
May not that smile, or that beek, or that look,
Tell thee as vvell they are all but false deceivings,

Why should Beautie be so proud,
In things of no surmounting ?
All her vwealth is but a sure vvd,
Nothing of accounting.
Then in this, ther's no bliss,
Which is vain and idle,
Beauties flours have their hours,
Time doth hold the bridle.

What if the World with a lure of its wealth,
Raise thy degree to great place of his advancing -
May not the World by a check of that wealth,
Bring thee agsin to as low despised changing.

While the Sun of wealth doth shine,
Thou shalt have friends plentie ;
But come want, they repine,
Not one abides of twentie.
Wealth and friends holds and ends,
As thy fortunes rise and fall :
Up and down, smile and frown,
Certain is no state at all.

What if a grip, or a strain, or a fit,
Pinch thee with pain of the feeling pang of sickness :
May not that grip, or that strain, or that fit,
Show thee the form of thine own true perfect lickness.

Health is but a glance of joy,
Subject to all changes ;
Mirth is but a silly toy,
Which mishap estranges.
Tell me than, silly man,
Why art thou so weak of wit,
As to be in jeopardie,
When thou mayst in quiet sit.

F I N I S.

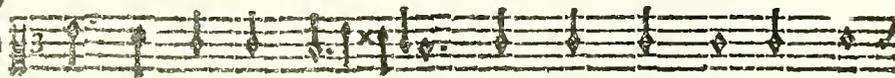
THE



THE XVIII. SONG.



Like as the dumb *Solsequium*, with care ov'rcome, Doth sorrow



when the Sun goes out of sight: Hangs down her head, and droups



as dead and will not spread; But lurks her leaves through langor of the night,



Till foolish Phaëton rise with whip in hand, To clear the cristal skyes, and



light the land. Birds in their bourn, waits for that hour; And to their King a
glad



glad good-morrow gives, From thence that flowr likes not to four But laughs



on Phebus op'ning out her Leaves.

So stands 't with me, except I be where I may see
 My lamp of light, my Ladie and my Love :
 When she departs, ten thousand darts from fundrie airts,
 Thirles through mine heart but rest or roove :
 My countenance declares mine inward grief,
 And Hope almost dispairs to find relief.
 I die, I dwine, love doth me pine :
 I loath on ev'rie thing I look, alace -
 Till Titan mine upon me shine,
 That I revive through favor of her grace.

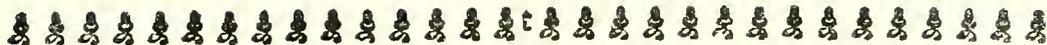
Fra she appear into her Sphear, begins to clear
 The dawning of my long desired day :
 Then Courage cryes on Hope to rise, fra she espyes
 The noy some night of absence went away :
 No wo can me awake, nor yet impish,

But on my stately stalk I flourish fresh.
 I spring, I sprout, my leaves break out ;
 My color changeth in an heartsom hew :
 No more I lout, but stands up stout,
 As glad of her, of whom I onlie grew.

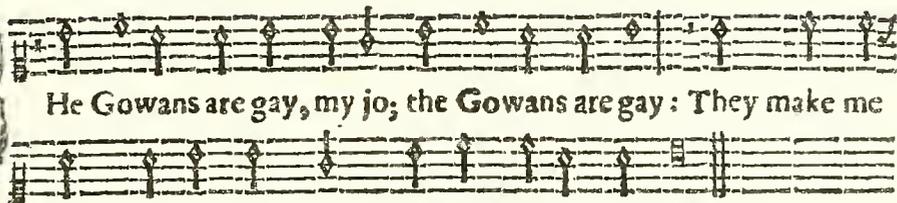
O happie day! go not away, Apollo stay
 Thy cart from going down into the VVest :
 Of me thou make thy Zodiack, that I may take,
 My pleasure to behold whom I love best.
 Her presence me restores to life from death,
 Her absence also shores to cut my breath :
 I wish in vain, thee to remain,
 Since *Primum mobile* doth say me nay.
 At least, my vane, haste soon again.
 Fare-well, with patience perforce, till day.

F I N I S

THE



THE XIX. SONG.



He Gowans are gay, my jo; the Gowans are gay : They make me
 wake when I should sleep, the first morning of May.

About the fields as I did pass,
 the Gowans are gay :
 I chanc'd to meet a proper Lass,
 the first morning of May.

Right busie was that bony Maid,
 the Gowans are gay :
 And I thereafter to her said,
 the first morning of May.

O Ladie fair, what do you here ?
 the Gowans are gay : (spear)
 Gathring the dew, what needs you
 the first morning of May.

The dew quoth I, what can that meñ;
 the Gowans are gay :

She said, To wash my Ladie clean,
 the first morning of May.

I asked farther at her sine,
 the Gowans are gay :
 To my will if she wvould incline,
 the first morning of May.

She said her errand vvas not there,
 the Gowans are gay :
 Her maiden-head on me to vvarre,
 the first morning of May

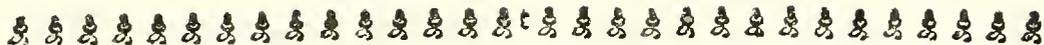
Thus left I her, and past my vvasy,
 the Gowans are gay :
 Into a garden me to play,
 the first morning of May.

Where there were birds singing full (sweet,
 the Gowans are gay :
 Unto me comfort was full meet,
 the first morning of May.

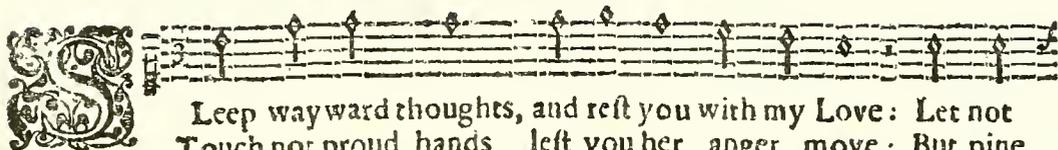
And thereabout I past my time,
 the Gowans are gay :
 VVhile that it was the hour of Prime,
 the first morning of May.

And then returned home again,
 the Gowans are gay :
 Pansing what Maiden that had been,
 the first morning of May.

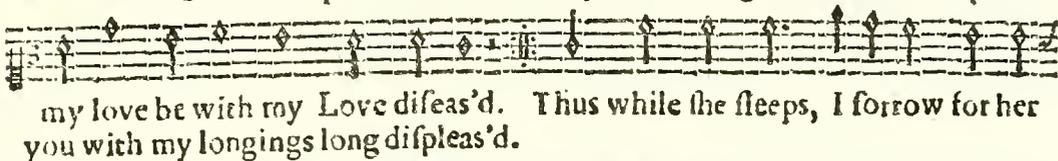
F I N I S.
 THE



THE XX. SONG.



Leep wayward thoughts, and rest you with my Love: Let not
Touch nor proud hands, lest you her anger move: But pine



my love be with my Love diseas'd. Thus while she sleeps, I sorrow for her
you with my longings long displeas'd.



fake: So sleeps my Love, my Love, and yet my Love doth wake.

But, O the fury of my restless fear!
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires
The glories and the beauties that appear
Betwixt her brows, near Cupids clost fires.
Thus while she sleeps moves sighing for her sake;
So sleeps my Love, my Love, and yet my Love doth wake

My Love doth rage, and yet my Love doth rest:
Fear in my Love, and yet my Love secure:
Peace in my Love, and yet my Love opprest
Impatient, yet of perfect temperatour.
Sleep, dainty Love, while I sigh for thy sake.
So sleeps my Love, my Love, and yet my Love doth wake

FINIS.

F

THE



THE XXI. SONG.



W

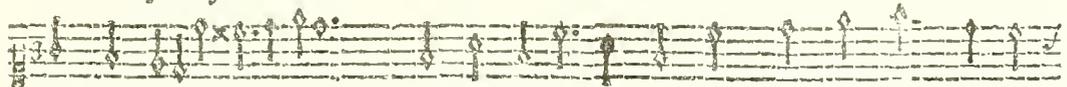
Hen Fa-ther A-dam first did flee, From presence of the
his cloaths was short scarce coverd his knee, The great God cry'd, and



Lord his face, Stay Adam \bar{y} faith the Lord, Where art thou, Adam?
held him in chace, I was a-raid to hear thy voice, And na-ked thus to



turn thee and stay: Who hath reveal'd to thee, That naked thou shouldst be, Or
come in thy way:



hast thou eaten of the tree, Which I cōmmded thee, It touch'd it should not be,



Therefore beginneth thy miserie, O Adam I poor Adam! I pity thee.

The Woman which thou gave to me
To be my helper, as I thought,
Did eat, and also counsel'd me,
Which now, alas! is dearly bought.
The Serpent false hath me beguil'd,
That rebel to thy Majesty;
Forth to have us and ours exyl'd,
With his rebellious company.

That is no excuse
To leave the Lord, and use
The counsel of thine enemy;
Blest freedom to refuse,
Soul and body to abuse:
Pity, O Adam! I pity thee:
O Adam! poor Adam! I pity thee.

Yet for thy fault thou punisht shalt be:
And in place of pleasure and ease,
Nothing but labor shall be to thee:
Thy meat win with sweat and disease.
And thou, O Eve! in stead of mirth,
And pleasant Paradise preclair,
In grievous pains shall be thy birth,
With many a sigh and groan full sair:
Yet from thine enemy,
And Satans crueltie,
I will surely ay set thee free,
If thou wilt turn to me,
Obey and thankful be:
Surely thou shalt be dear to me:
O Adam! poor Adam! dear shalt thou be.

But thou the Serpent that did go
So sliely up upon the field;
Shal on thy belly creep also;
The dust shall be thy meat and bield:
Curs'd shalt thou be for ever,
Enemy to the womans seed:
He shall prevail, but thou shalt never;
For he shall bruise thee on the head;
And shall restore again,
From death and endless pain,
My servant David to be with me,
Where he shall ay remain
With me his Sovereign,
In joy and blest eternally:
O Adam! O Adam! thus shall it be.

Away went Satan most discontent,
Christ being promised for to reign:
And metamorphos'd his intent,
Through power of his mightie King,
Our freedom, Lord, we have from thee,
That bowels of mercie powred out
Upon thy whole posterity,
Of thy free grace withoutten doubt.
Therefore we all humbly
Intreat thy Majesty,
That we may ever thankful be:
And for our sins contrite:
Praying to thee most sweet,
O Jesus! dear Jesus! have pity on me.
O Adam! dear Adam! I pity thee.

F I N I S.



THE XXII. SONG.



Y bailfull breast in blood all bruis't, And all my corpe, a lace! in



pain, Thae force nor strength have I no maughts, To use themselves



as they were mine. My body doth but dayly dwine in deadly wo,



without offence: My heart it hath no Medicine, Since I must pass from her



presence, Since I must pass from her presence.

Uncertain

Uncertain of the time and place,
 When that we two should meet again :
 No force of all yet gave her grace,
 VVould once relieve me of my pain.
 Alace ! fair words are but a train,
 And serves thy body but a space,
 VVithout good hope, time's spent in vain :
 I say no more, but oft, helas !

Alace that ever I saw her face,
 Or had it in remembrance ;
 Alace ! that ever I knew the place,
 VVhere first we made our acquaintance :
 VVo worth the love of ignorance,
 To love where no love can abide.
 VVo worth the framed ignorance,
 Since dol'rous death must be my guide.

Albeit as yet I suffer pain,
 Not all is vain, my time is spent :
 For she that hath my faithful heart,
 VVould heart out of my bowels rent:
 And alter many wits content,
 VVho lists to look on her a space,
 VVas never beautie more excellent,
 But may be seen into her face.

And yet suppose my heart were free
 At liberty but any pain,
 It were impossible to me,
 But it would soon return again
 To her with whom it did remain,
 Above all earthly wight alive.
 Sweet heart, relieve me of my pain :
 Relieve me, or I end my life.

F I N I S



THE XXIII. SONG.



A

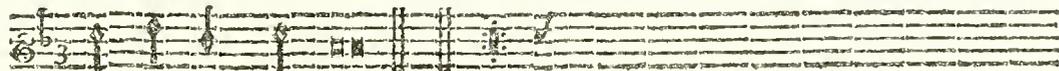
Wake, sweet Love, thou art return'd : My heart which long in
 Let Love which ne- ver absent dyes : Now live for e- ver



absence mourn'd, Lives now in perfect joy. Only her self hath seen
 in her eyes, Whence came my first annoy. Dispair did make me wish
med



med fair, She only I could love, She only drew me to dispair, When
to die, That I my joys might end. She only which did make me flee, My



the unkind did prove.
state may now a - mend.

If she esteem thee now ought worth,
She will not grieve thy love henceforth
Which so dispair hath prov'd.
Dispair hath proved now in me,
That love will not unconstant be,
Though long in vain I lov'd.
If she at last reward my love,
And all my harmes repair.

Thy happiness will sweeter prove,
Rais'd up from deep dispair:
And if that now thou welcome be,
When thou with her do'st meet;
She all this while but play'd with thee,
To make thy joyes more sweet.

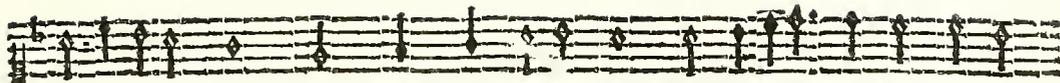
F I N I S.



THE XXIV. SONG.



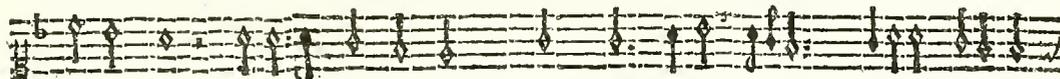
Even Death, behold I breath; My breath procures my pain; Else
dolor



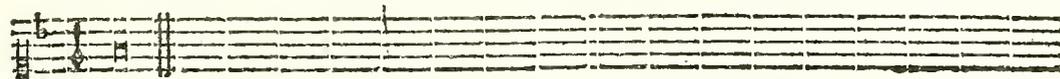
dolor after death, should slack when I am slain. But destinies disdain, so span



my froward threed, But mercy to remain a Martyr quick and dead. O cruell



deadly feed ! O rigor but remorse ! Since there is no remead, Come patience



perforce.

The Fates, my froward Fates,
With wicked vviards have vrought
My fate of all estates,
Unhappiest to be thought.
Have I offended ought,
Or wrought against their vwill ;
But mercie then they might
Conclude my corps to kill :
But as they have no skill,
Of reason, nor regard,
The innocent and ill,
Receive a like reyard.

My heart but rest or rove,
Reuth, reason or respect,
With fortunes death and love,
Is kepted under check,
That novv there is no neck,
Nor draught to make debate ;
But needs must burst and break,
For love must have his mate :
Relief, alace ! is late,
Since I am forc'd to flie ;
I stand in strang'e estate .
I love , I dvyn , I die.

Yet time shal try my truth ;
And painful patient part ;
Though love vwould rage but reuth,
And death vvith deadly dart
Should stay to cure my smart.
On fortunes sickle vvheel,
All shal not change my heart,
Which is as true as steel :
I am not like an Bel,
To slip avway and slide ;
Love, fortune, death, farevvel,
Where I am bound, I'll bide.

F I N I S.

T H E



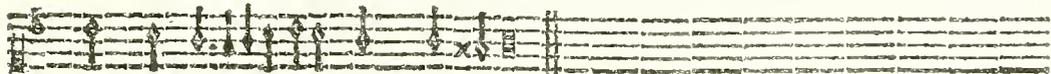
THE XXV. SONG.



Like as the Lark within the Marleons toot, With piteous voice doth

churk her yeelding lay; Even so do I, since is no other boor, Ren-

dring my Song unto your will obey.



dring my Song unto your will obey.

Your vertue mounts above my force so hie,
That with your beauties seas'd I am so sure,
That there remains resistance none in me;
But patiently your pleasure to endure.

And in your will my fancie shal depend,
My life and death consists into your will:
I rather would my life vvere at an end,
Then in dispair this vray continue still.

Wounded I am, with deadly darts dint,
Fetter'd with fetters, despairing of relief;
Lying in langor as careful captive tint,
And ye the cause of all my wo and grief,

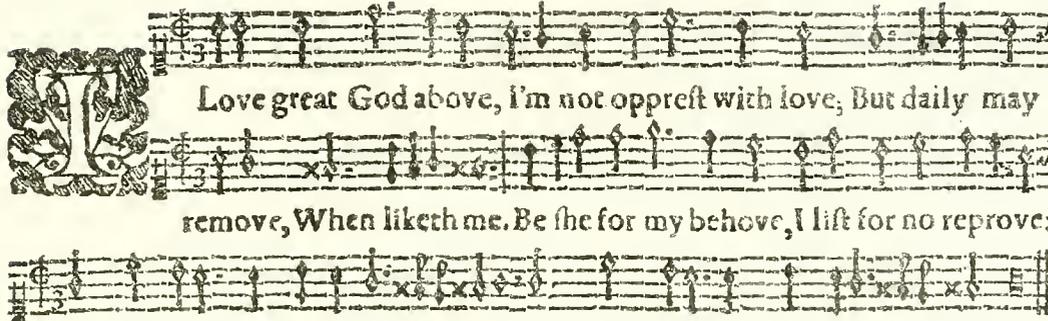
And since there is no pity more in place,
But that your cruelty doth thrust my blood:
I am content to have no other grace,
But let it out, if it may do you good.

F I N I S.

THE



THE XXVI. SONG.



Love great God above, I'm not oppress'd with love, But daily may
 remove, When liketh me. Be she for my behove, I list for no reprove:
 Ay when I list to love, I may let be, And choose another love that will love me.

I see Lovers anew,
 That are both true and true,
 For love changes hide and hew,
 And blaikned be,
 When she list's not to rew,
 Why should I more pursue?
 Ay when I list to love, I may let be,
 And choose another Love that will
 love me.
 Since wicked variance,
 And false distanlance,
 And double inconstance

Beareth the greet:
 Since faithful observance,
 Can get no recompence:
 Ay when I list to love, I may let be,
 And choose another Love that will
 love me.
 Since faith cannot be found,
 Nor pity can abound,
 Why should I run on ground,
 And cannot flee?
 As good lovee lost as found,
 Far better loofe then bound:

Ay when I list to love, I may let be,
 And choose another Love that will
 love me.
 Since I am nother meafe;
 She is so ill to please,
 Love doth her most diseafe,
 That cannot flee.
 Since as good comes as goes,
 My heart yet shal I raise:
 Ay when I list to love, I may let be,
 And choose another Love that will
 love me. FINIS.



THE XVII. SONG.



He lowest trees have tops, the anther gall, The flea her splen, the



little spark its heat: The slender hairs cast shadows, tho but small:



and bees have stings, although they be not great. Seas have their course, and

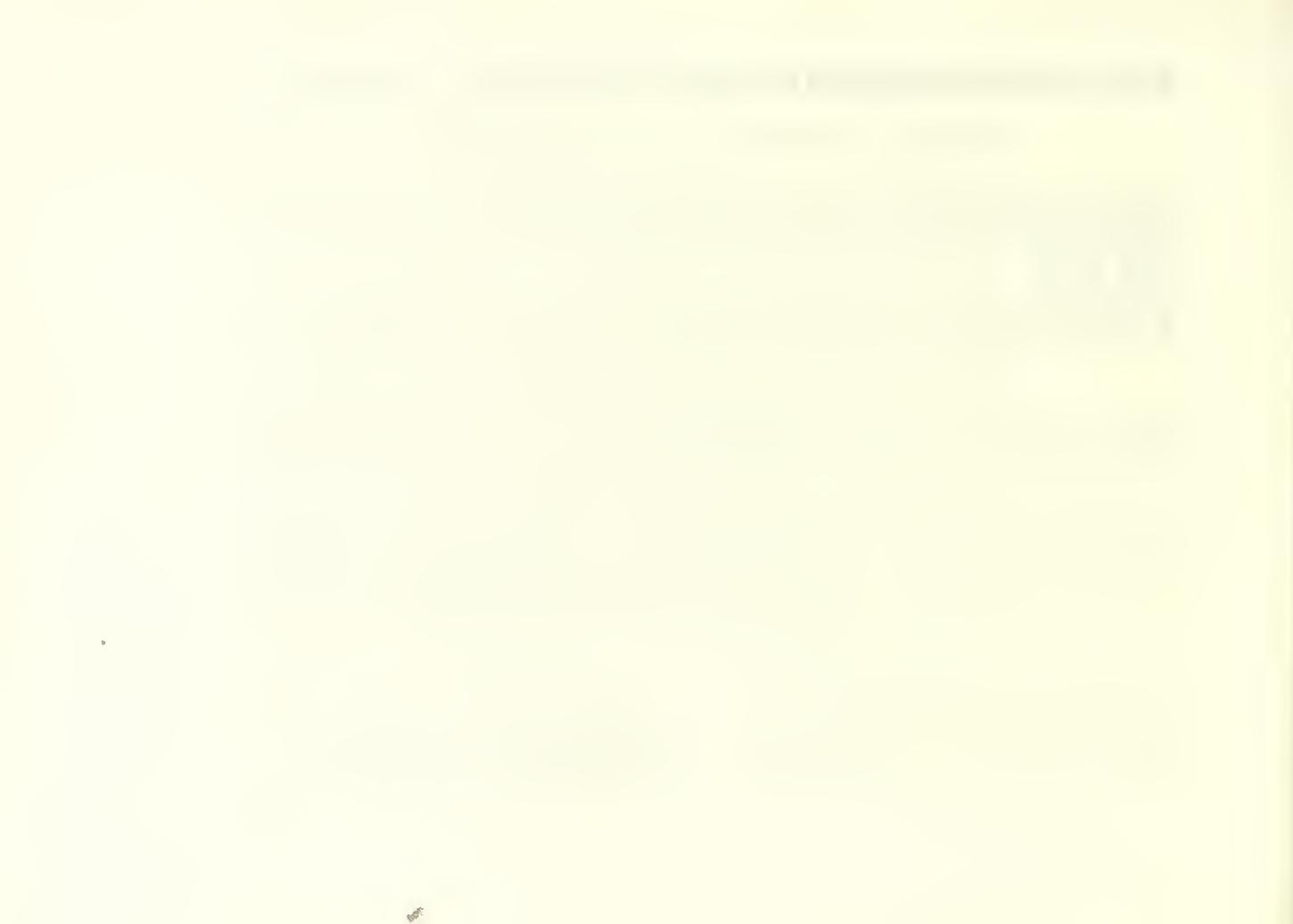


fo have little springs; And love is love in beggers as in Kings.

Where waters smoothest are, deep are the Fords:
The dyaksturs, yet none perceives it move:
The firmest faith is in the fewest words:
The turtles cannot sing, and yet they love:
True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongue to speak;
They hear, and see, and sigh, and then they break.

The Answer.

Bushes have tops, but the Cedar greater:
A hair casts shadow less then Pharaohs towr:
The spark casts heat, but greater heat the fire,
A bee can sting; not like a scorpions power,



Seas have their course, and so have little Springs:
So beggars love, but greater love have Kings.

Rough are deep seas, when smooth run shallow foords,
The ratt makes noise, before the dial move.

The firmest faith is still confirm'd with words,
And turtles mourn in losing of their love.
If hearts have eyes and ears, the tongue can speak:
They'll hear, and see, and sigh before they'll break.

F I N I S.



THE XXVIII. SONG.



W

Here art thou, hope, that promis'd me relief? Come hear my doom
Come, traitor hope, that all men doth mischief, Come here let see,



pronounced by disdain. Alace! sweet hope, where is thy scope? Or where
and ease me of my pain: Why flees thou me, to make me die? Wilt thou



shalt thou remain? Since hope is gone, and cannot me remead, In bondage thus
not come again?



I must bide fortunes fead, I must bide fortunes fead.

I had a heart, and now I heartlesse go:
I had a mind that dayly was opprest:
I had a friend that's now become my fo,
I had a will, yet can I get no rest.

What have I now? nothing I trow,
But spite where I had joy.

What am I then? a heartlesse man:
Should love me thus destroy?

I love and serve one whom I do regard,
Yet for my love, disdain is my reward.

If promis'd faith, and secret love intend,
And choose but doubt, I thought I had done well;

If fixed eye and inward heart do bind
A man in love, as now my heart doth feci;

What pain is love? O: what may move
A man for to despair?

Nothing so great as hie despite
Of his sweet Lady fair:

Such is my chance, as now I most confesse:
I love a love though she be mercilesse.

What pain can pierce a heart that I do want,
If love be pain that doth anie subdue?

What pain can force a bodie to be faint?
If love be pain, how can I pain eschew?

Since I am fast, knit to the mast,
This torment to endure,

And have no might, by law nor right,
My Lady to procure:

What shal I say, since will gain-stands the law?
I have a will, yet will makes me stand aw.

Where shal I go to hide my weary face?
Where shal I find a place for my defence?

Where is my love, who is the meekest place
Of all the earth that is my confidence:

She hath my heart, till I depart,
Let her do what she list;

I cannot mend, but still depend,
And dayly to insist.

To purchase love, if love my love deserve;
If not for love, let love my body sterve.

Come here, ye Gods, and judge my cause aright;
Hear my complaint before ye me condemn:

Take you before my Ladie most of might:
Let not the wolf devore the silly lamb.

If she may say, both night or day,
That ev'r I did her wrong,

My mind shal be, with cruelty,
To ly in prison strong;

Then shal ye save a sakelesse man from pain,
Tr, well my cause, and then remove disdain.

O Lady fair whom I do honor most,
Your name and fame within my breast I have:

Let not my love and labor thus be lost;
But still in mind, I pray you, to ingraff,

That I am true, and shal not rue
A word that I have said:

I am your man, do what ye can,
When all these playes are play'd;

Then save your ship unbroken on the sand,
Since man and goods are all at your command.

Then choose to keep or losse that ye have done,
Your friendly friend doth make you this request:

Let not friends come us Lovers two between,
Since late detastes caus'd you me to detaste.

Keep

Keep hope in store, you to deplore,
 Conquer your friend indeed :
 Remember ay, will come the day,

When friends a friend will need :
 You have a friend so friendlie and so true,
 Keep well your friend : If by no more, A due.

F I N I S.



THE XXIX. SONG.



O worth the time and eke the place. That she was to me known;



For since I did behold her face, My heart was never mine own, mine



own, mine own, My heart was never mine own.

Sometime I liv'd at libertie,
 But now I do not so :
 She hath my heart so faithfullie,
 That I can love no mo, no mo jo, no
 That I can love no mo.

To be refus'd of love, alas !
 All earthly things, a due.
 My Mistris she is mercieles,
 And will not on me rue, me rue jo, me
 And will not on me rue. (rue,

Now am I left all comfortles,
 And no remead can crave :
 My paine they are remeadiles,
 And all the wite you have, you have jo
 And all the wite you have. (you have

F I N I S,

THE



THE XXX. SONG.



Who doth behold my Mistris face, And seeth not good hap
Who hears her speak & marks her grace, Shal think none e-ver spake



hath she.
but she.

In short for to resound her praise, She is the fairest, the fairest,



the fairest; the fairest of her days.

Who knows her wit & not admires,
Shal think himself void of all skill:
Her vertues kindles strong desires,
In those who think upon her still.
In short, for to resound her praise,
She is the fairest, the fairest, the fairest,
the fairest of her days.

Her red is like unto the rose,
When from a bud unto the Sun:
Her comely colors doth disclose
The first degree of ripeness won.
In short, for to resound her praise,
She is the fairest, the fairest, the fairest,
the fairest of her days.

And with the red is mixt a white,
Like to the same of fair Moon-shine,
That doth upon the water light,
And makes the color seem divine.
In short for to resound her praise,
She is the fairest, the fairest, the fairest,
the fairest of her days.

I N I S.

THE



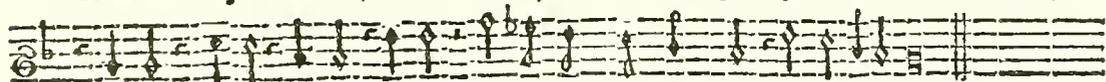
THE XXXI. SONG.



Though your strangeness frets my heart, Yet must I not complain:
You perswade me it's but Art, Which secret love must fain.



If another you affect, It's but a toy to avoid suspect; Is this fair excusing?



O no, O no, O no, O no, O no no, no, no, no, all is abusing.

When your wish't sight I desire,
Suspition ye pretend,
Causeless ye your self retire,
Whilst I in vain attend:
Thus a Lover, as you say,
Still made more eager by delay,
I this fair excusing;
O no, O no, O no, O no,
O no, no, no, no, no,
All is abusing.

When another holds your hand,
You'll swear I hold your heart:
While my Rival clofs doth stand,
And I sit far apart,
I am nearer yet then they,
Hid in your bosom, as you say:
Is this fair excusing?
O no, O no, O no, O no,
O no, no, no, no, no,
All is abusing.

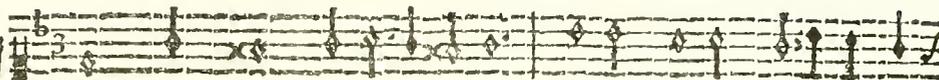
Would a Rival then I were,
Or else your secret friend;
So much less should I you fear,
And not so much attend:
They enjoy you everie one,
Yet must I seem your friend alone.
Is this fair excusing?
O no, O no, O no, O no,
O no, no, no, no, no,
All is abusing.

F I N I S.

THE



THE XXXII. SONG.



Come, sweet Love, let sorrow cease, Banish frowns, leave off dis-
Loves warr makes the sweetest peace, Hearts u - niting by con-



centration : Sun-shine follows after rain; Sorrows ceasing, this
tention : After sorrow cometh joy. Trust me, prove me, try



is pleasing, All proves fair again.
me, love me, This will cure annoy.

Winter hides his frostie face,
Blushing ever to be more moved :
Spring returns with pleasant grace :
Flora's treasures are renewed.
Lambs rejoyce to see the Spring ;
Leapping, skipping, spotting, tripping :
Birds for joy do sing.
Let your springs of joy renew :

Colling, clapping, kissing, blessing,
And give Love his due.

See this bright shine of thine eyes
Clouded now with dark disdain :
Shal such stormy tempests rise,
To set Loves fair day a raining ?
Men are glad the sky being clear,

Lightly

Lightly roying, sporting, joying
 With their lovely pier :
 But are sad to see the hour
 Sadly dropping, louring, pouting,
 Turning sweet to sour.

Then, sweet Love, disperss this cloud,
 Which procutes this woful toying :

When each creature sings aloud,
 Killing hearts with over-joying :
 Everie Dove doth seek her mate ;
 Jointlie billing, she is willing,
 Sweets of love to take.
 With such warrs let us contend,
 Wooing, doing, wedding, bedding,
 This our strife shal end.

F I N I S.



THE XXXIII. SONG.



Weet Kate, of late, ran away, and left me plaining, Tee; hee,
 Abide, I cry'd, or I die with thy disdainig. Never



hee, quoth she, gladely would I see, Any man to die for loving.
 any yet, d'y'd of such a fit, Neither have I fear of proving.

Unkind, I find, thy delights are in tormenting,
 Abide, I cry'd, or I die with thy disdainig.
 Tee, hee, hee, quoth she, make no fool of me ;
 Men, I know, will have oaths at pleasure :
 But their hopes at end , they bewray their fain'd,
 And their oaths are kept at leaseure.

Her words, like swords, cut my fory heart asunder.
 Her flouts with doubts, keep my heart affections under
 Tee, hee, hee, quoth she, what a fool is he
 Stands in aw of once denyng :
 Cause I had enough, to becoms more rough,
 So I did a happy trying.

H

T H E



THE XXXIV. SONG.



Oy to the person of my love, Although she me disdain:
Fixt are my thoughts & may not move, But yet I love in vain.



Shal I loose the sight, Of my joy & hearts delight? Or shal I leave my sute?
Shal I strive to touch? Oh! no, it were too much; She is the forbidden fruit.



Oh! wo is me, that ever I did see; The beauty that did me bewitch:
Yet out, alace! I must forgo that face, The treasure I esteem'd so much.

O! shal I range into some dale?
Or to the mountains mourn?
Sad echoes shal rebound my tale:
Or whether shal I turn?
Shal I buy that love,
No life to me will give,
But deeply wounds my heart?

If I flee away,
She will not to me say, stay,
My sorrows to convert.
O no, no, no, she will not once say so;
But comfortless I must be gone:
Yet though she be so thrwart unto me,
I'll love her, or I shal love none.

O! shal

O! that I might but understand
The reasons of her hate,
To him would be at her command,
In love, in life, in state :

Then should I no more
In heart be griev'd so sore,
Nor sad with discontent.
But since that I have lov'd
A Maid that so hath prov'd
Unworthie, I do repent.
Something unkind hath settled in her mind,
That caused her to leave me so :
Sweet, seem to me but half so kind to be,
Or let me the occasion know.

Thousand fortunes fall to her share,
Though she rejected me,
And fill'd my heart full of despair,
Yet shall I constant be.

For she is the Dame
My tongue shall ever name,
Fair branch of modestie,
Chaste of heart and mind.
Oh I were she half so kind,
Then would she pity me.
Sweet, turn at last, be kind as thou art chaste,
And let me in thy bosom dwell ;
So shall we gain the pleasure of loves pain :
Till then, my dearest Love, Farewell.

F I N I S.



THE XXXV. SONG.



Way, vain world, bewitcher of my heart : My sorrows shows my



finns makes me to smart: Yet will I not despair, But to my God
H 2 repair,



repair. He hath mercy ay, therefore will I pray : He hath mercy ay, and love,



me, Though by his humbling hand he proves me.

Avvay, avvay, too long thou hast me snar'd :
I vwill not spend more time : I am prepar'd.
Thy subtil slights so slye, they have deceived me :
Though they svweetly smile, sliely they beguile :
Though they svweetly smile, forget them :
The simple lily soul rejects them.

Once more, avvay, though loath the vworld to leave.
Biddeth oft avvay vvith that hellish slave.
Loath am I to forgo, that svveet alluring fo.
Though thy vvays be vain, shal I these retain ?
Though thy vvays be vain, I quite thee :
Thy pleasure shal no more delite me.

F I N I S



THE XXXVI. SONG.



When May is in her prime, Then may each heart rejoice, When May
the lively sap creeps up; Into the blooming thorn. The flowrs

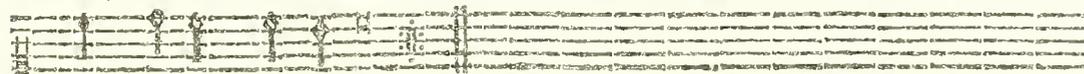
is



is busk'd with branches green, Each bird sets forth her voice; All natures imps
from cold is present kept, Doth laugh the frost to scorn,



triumphs while joyfull May doth last. Take May in time, when May is gone,



The pleasant time is past.

May makes the cheerful hew,
May breeds and brings new blood,
May marcheth throughout every limb
May makes the merry mood.
May pricketh tender hearts,
Their warbling notes to tune,
Full strange it is that some we see,
Do make their May in June.
Those things are strangely wrought,
While joyful May doth last,
Take May in time, when May is gone,
The pleasant time is past.
Take May in time, when May is gone,
The pleasant time is past.

All ye that live on earth,
And have your May at will,

Rejoice in May, as I do now,
And use your May with skill:
Use May when that ye may,
For May hath but a time;
When all the fruit is gone, it is
Too late the tree to climb.
Your liking and your lust,
Is fresh while May doth last,
Take May in time, when May is gone
The pleasant time is past.
Take May, &c.

The Second Part.

When time and space is spent,
Then may each heart be fear'd:
Whé beyôd time the Judge shal come
In wrath, what strength can bear't:

Then Judges all perverse,
Shal sigh that they were born,
When cast in everlasting fire,
Because the truth they scorn
All Natures imps shal mourn,
When wealth and ease is past;
Take time in time, when time is gone
Eternity comes last.
Take time in time, when time is gone
Eternity comes last.

In time well spent, rejoice,
For that's the way to rest;
Time is that point wherein the Lord
Hates evil, and loves the best.
Pray for a tender heart:
Bear here your grief and pain:

For

For time it is that many are,
 Who spend their life in vain.
 That things be strangely wrought,
 Before all time is past.
 Though time be now, it shal not be,
 Eternity comes last,
 Though time, &c.

All ye that be in time,
 And hath your time but short,
 Redeem your time, as God comand:
 I humbly you exhort:
 Use time while ye have time,
 For time will have an end:
 When all your life-time shal be spent,

It is too late to mend.
 Your liking and your lust
 Shal cease when time is past:
 Spend well your time, when time is
 Eternity comes last. (gone,
 Spend well your time, when time is
 Eternity comes last. (gone

F I N I S.



THE XXXVII. SONG.



B

Rave Mars begins to rouse, and he doth bend his brows. Ro-
 He that may loose the field, yet let him ne-ver yeeld, Though



reas bursts out in blows, great Etneas fire. When cannons are roaring, and
 thousands should be kill'd, let souldiers try it.



bullets are flying, He that would-honor win, must not fear dying.
 Though

Though *Constantin* be dead,
 who left us honor,
 And taught brave *Christian Kings*
 under his banner.
Pagans amazed stood,
 in a great wonder,
 To see brave *Christians* come,
 like claps of thunder.
 When *Canons*, &c.

Rais'd are the *Worthies* nyne,
 and now ascending ;
 Ev'n by a power *divyne* ,
 now peace is ending :
 So many *Christian Kings*
 with them to enter,
 Against their fiercest foes :
 that's brave adventure.
 When *Canons*, &c.

Souldiers with swords in hands,
 to the walls coming,
Horse-men about the streets,
 ryding and running :
Sentinells on the walls,
 arme, arme, a crying,
Pittards against the ports,
 wyld fire a flying.
 When *Canons*, &c.

Trumpets on turrets hye,
 these are a sounding,
Drums beating out aloud,
 echoes resounding :
Alarm-bells in each place,
 they are a ringing,
Women with stones in laps,
 to the walls bringing.
 When *Canons*, &c.

Captains in open fields,
 on their foes rushing,
Gentlemen seconds them,
 with their *Picks* pushing,
Logyniers in the trench
 earth, earth uprearing,
Gun-powder in the mynes,
Pagaus upblowing.
 When *Canons*, &c.

Portculzies in the ports
 they are down letting,
Burgers comes flocking by,
 too their hands setting :
Ladders against the wall,
 they are uprearing,
Women great timber bogs
 to the walls bearing.
 When *Canons*, &c.

F I N I S.



THE XXXVIII. SONG.



Jurie came to *Iebus-Salem* ; All the world was taxed then ; Blessed

Mary



Mary brought to Bethlehem, More than all the world again : A gift so blest, so



good, the best : That e're was seen, was heard, or done : A King, a Christ,



Propher, and Priest ; Iesus to us, to God a Son.

O, happy night ! a day was never
Half so happy, sweet and fair :
Singing souldiers, blessed ever,
Fill the skyes with sweetest air.

Amaz'd men fear, they see, they hear,
Yet doubt, and ask, How that was done ;
Twas hid, Be bold ; it is fore-told,
This night God hath himself a Son.

'Twas upon a Comets blazing,
Came to *Augustus* said,
This fore-shows an act amazing,
Of a mother, still a maid.

A Babe shal bear, which all must fear,
And suddenly it must be done.
Yea, Cesar thou, to him must bow ;
Hee's Iesus, God, a Man, a son.

Subtil *Herod* sought to find him,
With a purpose black as hell :
But a greater power combya'd him,
And his purpose did repell.

Who should betray, do all obry,
As fitting was it should be done.
They all adore, and kneel before
This Iesus, God, a Man, a Son.

There appear'd a golden Usher,
Kings attending on the train :
The bright Sun could not out-blush her,
Such a star ne're shone again.

Behold it says, seeming it says,
Go in and see what there is done :
A Babe, whose birth leagues heaven and earth :
Iesus to us, to God a Son.

Was not this a blessed wonder,
God was man, and Man was God :
Foolish Jews mistook the thunder
Should proclaim their King abroad.

Angels they sing, Behold the King,
In Bethlehém where this was done.
Then we as they, rejoice and say ;
We have a Saviour, God a Son.

The Second Part.

TURN your eyes that are affixed
On this worlds deceiving things,
And with joy and sorrow mixed,
Look upon the King of Kings ;

Who left his Thron, with joys unknown,
Took flesh like ours, like us drew breath :
For us to die, here fix your eye,
And think upon his precious death.

See him in the garden praying,
While his sad Disciples slept :
See him in the garden sweating
Drops of blood, and how he wept.

As man he was, he wept, alace !
And trembling fear'd to loose his breath ;
Yet to heav'ns will, he yeilded still :
Then think upon his precious death.

See him by the souldiers taken,
When with Ave, and a kiss,
He that heav'n had quite forsaken,
Had betray'd him, and with this:

Behold him bound, and guarded round,
To Caiphas brought to loose his breath :
There see the Jews, heav'ns King abuse,
And think upon his precious death.

See him in the hands of Pilate,
Like a base offender stript,
See the moan and tears they smile at,
While they see our Saviour whipt.

Behold him bleed, his purple weed,
Record while ye have life and breath :
His taunts and scorns, his crown of thorns :
O ! think upon his precious death.

See him in the hour of parting,
Hanging on the bloody Cross,
See his wounds, conceive his smarting,
And our gain, by his life's loss.

On either side, a fellow dy'd,
The one derides him, leaving breath ;
The other prays, and humbly says,
Lord, save me by thy precious death.

See as in those pangs he thirsted,
And that to cool him he did call :
How these Jews, like Judas cursed,
Bring him vinegar and gall.
His Spirit then, to heav'n again,
Commending with his latest breath :
The world he leaves, which men deceives.
Lord, keep us hy thy precious death.

F I N I S.



THE XXXIX. SONG.



White as Lillies was her face, When she smiled, she beguiled, Quiting



faith with foul disgrace. Vertues service thus neglected, Heart with



sorrows hath infected, Quiting faith with foul disgrace. Vertues service thus



neglected, Heart with sorrows hath infected.

When I svore my heart her own,
She disdain'd, I complain'd,
Yet she left me overthrow'n;
Careless of my bitter groaning,
Ruehless bent to no relieving

Vovvs and oaths, and faith assur'd,
Constant ever, changing never,
Yet she could not be procur'd,
To believe my pains exceeding,
From hers kant neglect proceeding.

O! that Love should have the Atte
By surmises, and disguise,
To destroy a faithful heart;
Or that vwanton looking vwomen,
Should reward their friends as fo-men.

All

All in vain is Ladies love,
Quickly choosed, shortly loosed;
For their pride is to remove
Our, alace! their looks first vvins us
And their pride hath straight undone

To thy self, the sweetest fair,
Thou hast wounded, and confounded

Changeless faith vvith foul despair,
And my service hath envied,
And my succours hath denied.

By thine error thou hast lost
Heart unfained, truth unstained,
And the Swain that loved most:
More assured in love then they,

More despised in love then any.

For my heart, though set at nought,
Since you vvill it spoil, and kill it,
I vvill never change my thought:
But grieve that Beauty e're vvas born,
To banish love vvith froward scorn.

F I N I S.



THE XL. SONG.



Begone, I sweet night, and I shal call thee kind: Where dost thou



dwel, since not upon mine eyes? It's more then time that I my way



should find. Begone, and when the night shal come, come twice. Away away.



For I must go and meet my Love by the peep of day; But thou to death, thou



art too nigh of kin, To come or go, as thy desires have been.

Arise, bright Day, it's time to claim thy right;
Disperse the clouds, and with thy golden beams,
Both comfort me, and strik the churlish Night,
That would not go and yeeld me pleasant dreams.

Arise, arise.

And with thy rosie fingers point me where she lyes:
Teach me but once, and put me in her sight,
That I may know who gives the greatest light.

Stay, gentle Night, lest thou prove more unkind,
To leave us languish, who enjoys our love:
Go not away, but let us here confin'd,
Nor part us from these pleasures which we prove.

But stay, oh! stay:

For I must go, and love my Love, if you peep Day:
And if you do, you turn so soon again,
That our desires may feel no worlds disdain.

Let never rising Day bereave thee of thy right,
Who can betray thee with his golden beams.
Let us enjoy thee still, sweet gentle Night,
That we may lurk in those pleasant dreams.

Advise, advise:

And never let the light of Day shine where she eyes:
But if thou dost, or let me in her sight,
There is no doubt, she gives the greater light.

And if thou wilt to Day resign thy due,
And so divorce me from my sweetest Dear,
In secret silence shal my heart so rue,
Wishing the Day vvere done, if you vvere there;

That she, that she,

And I, may spend the silent Night where we would be;
Where prating Day dare never more appear,
Nor yet present to vvrong my dearest Dear.

F I N I S.



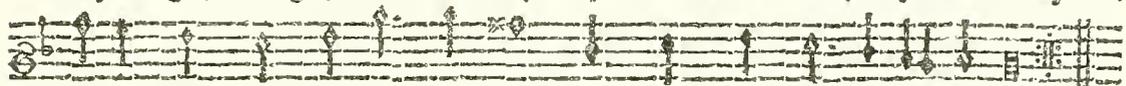
THE XLI. SONG.



Here is a thing that much is us'd, It's called Love, with men abus'd:
They



They wrigh, and sigh, and swear they die; When all is done, they know they lie.



But let them swear by faith and truth, I'le swear they care not for an oath.

They first must have a Miſtris fair,
And then her favor for to wear:
And so they go to flatteries ſchool,
And calls her wife, they know a fool:
But let them swear by faith and truth,
I'le swear they care not for an oath.

It is a practice in this Age,
To lay their credit into gage,
By wit, by vowes, by neat attire,
To conquest that they most desire.
But let them swear by faith and truth,
I'le swear they care not for an oath.

F I N I S



THE XLII. SONG.



My complaining is but faining, All my love is but in jest, Fa, la, la,



la, la.

And



And my courting is but sporting, In most showing, meaning least. La, la, la, la,



la, la.

Outward sadness, inward gladness,
Representing in my mind, Fa, la, la, &c.
In most fainting, most obtaining,
Such good faith in love I find, Fa, la, la, &c.

Towards Ladies this my trade is,
Two minds in one breast I wear, Fa, la, la, &c.
And my measure at my pleasure,
Yce and flame my face doth bear, Fa, la, la, &c.

F I N I S.



THE XLIII. SONG.



W ith my Love, my life was nested; In the Sun of happiness;
From my Love, my life was wrested, To a world of heaviness.



O let love my life remove; Sith I live not where I love.
O let love my life remove; Sith I live not where I love.

Where

Where the truth once was, and is not,
 Shadows are but vanities.
 Showing want, that help they cannot,
 Are but slaves of miseries.
 Painted meat no hunger feeds,
 Dying life each death exceeds.

O true Love, since thou hast left me,
 Mortal life is tedious:
 Death it is to live without thee:
 Death of all most odious.
 Turn again, and take me with thee,
 Let me die, or live you with me.

F I N I S.



THE XLIV. SONG.

BEhold a wonder here, Love hath receiv'd his sight, Which many
 hundred, hundred, hundred years, Hath not beheld the light.

Such beams infused be
 By Cynthia in his eyes,
 As first have made him see,
 And then have made him wise.

Love now no more will weep
 From them that laugh the while;

Nor wake for them that sleep,
 Nor sigh for them that smile.

So powerful is the Beautie,
 That Love doth now behold,
 As Love is turn'd to dutie,
 That's neither blind nor bold.

This Beautie shows her might
 To be of double kind,
 In giving Love his sight,
 And striking Folly blind.

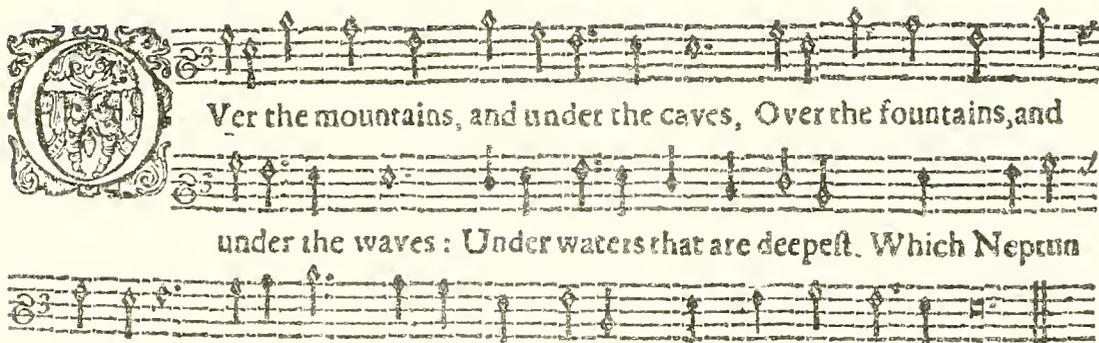
F I N I S.

THE





THE XLV. SONG.



Ver the mountains, and under the caves, Over the fountains, and

under the waves : Under waters that are deepest. Which Neptun

still obey : Over rocks that are the steepest, Love will find out his way.

Some may esteem him a childe by his force,
Or some they may deem him a coward, that's worse:
But if the whom he doth honor,

Be consenting to play,
Set twenty guards about her,
Love will find out his way.

Many do lose him by proving unkind ;
Or some may suppose him, poor heart, to be blind
But if ne're so clos's ye wall him,
Do the best that ye may :

Blind Love, if ye do call him,
He will grape out his way.

Well may the Eagle stoup down the fitt,
Or nets to inveagle the Phenix of the East :
With tears ye may move the Tyger
To give over his prey ;
But never stop a Lover :
Love will find out his way.

If th' earth doth part them, he's'l soon course it o're ;

If

If seas do thwart them, hee'l swim to the shore :
 If his Love become a swallow,
 In the air for to stay,
 Love will find wings to follow,
 And swift flee out his way.

Where is no place for the glow-worm to lye,
 Where is no trace for the feat of a flye,
 Where the goat dare never venture,
 Lest her self fall she lay :

But if Love come hee'l enter,
 And will find out his way.

There is no striving to crosse his intent,
 There is no contriving his plots to prevent ;
 For if once the message greet him,
 That his true Love doth stay,
 Though Demons come and meet him
 He will go on his way.

F I N I S.



THE XLVI. SONG.

When from my Love I look'd for love, and kind affections due, Too

well I found her vows to prove most faithles and untrue For when I

did ask her, Why : most sharply she did reply, That she with me did ne're

agree

K



agree to love, but jestingly.

Mark but the subtil policies
that female lovers find.

Who loves to fix their constancies,

like feathers in the vwind
Although they sweare and do protest
they love you chiefly best,

Yet by and by, they'l all deny,
and say, It vvvas but jest.

F I N I S.



THE XLVII. SONG.



Remember me, my Dear, I humbly you require, For my request



that loves you best, With faithful heart intire, My heart shal rest



within your breast, Remember me, my Dear.

Remember me, a lace!

And let all rigor pass,

That I may prove in you some love,

To my joy and solace.

True love to move, I must be hove;

Remember me, a lace!

Remember me in pain,

With unkindnets now slain:

That through delay of cruel way,

That

That in you doth remain,
Remit, I say, apace! avay:
Remember me in pain.

Remember on me, dear Heart,
That of pains hath my part:

Yor words unkind, sink in my mind
And doth increase my smart:
Yer shall ye find me true and kind,
Remember on me, dear Heart.

Remember on me in thrall,

Ready when I do call:
With true intent, I do consent,
Heart, mind, body, and all:
Never to repent, but to consent:
Remember on me in thrall.

F I N I S.



THE XLVIII. SONG.



Ow now, Shepherd, what means that? Why wearst thou willows



in thy hat? Are thy scarfs of red and yellow, Turn'd to branches



of green willow? They are changed, so am I; Sorrows lives when joys do dye:



It is Phylis only she, That makes me wear the willow tree.

Is't the Lass that lov'd thee long?
 Is it she that doth thee wrong?
 She who lov'd thee long and best,
 Is her love now turn'd to jest?
 She who lov'd me long and best,
 Bids me set my mind at rest:
 She loves a new Love, loves not me,
 Which makes me wear the willow tree.

Come now, Shepherd, let us join,
 Since thy Love is like to mine;
 For even she I thought most true,
 Hath also chang'd me for a new.
 Herds-man, if thy hap be so,
 Thou art partner of my wo;
 Thy ill hap doth mine appease,
 Company doth sorrow ease.

Is it she who lov'd thee now,
 And swore her oath with solemn vow?
 Faith and truth so truly plight,
 Cannot be so soon neglect.

Faith and truth, vows and oaths,
 Are forgot and broken both:
 Cruel Phylis false to me,
 Which makes me wear the willow tree.

Courage man, and do not mourn
 For he who holds thy love in scorn:
 Respect not them who loves not thee,
 But cast away the willow tree.
 For thee shal I live in pain;
 Phylis once was true Love mine,
 Which shal ne'er forgotten be,
 Although I wear the willow tree.

Shepherd be thou rul'd by me,
 Cast away the willow tree;
 For thy sorrow's her concert,
 And she is pleas'd if thou lament.
 Herds man, I'll be rul'd by thee,
 Here lyes grief and willow tree:
 Henceforth I will be as they,
 That loves a new Love every day.

F I N I S



THE XLIX. SONG.



W

ILL said to his Mammie, That he would go woo: Fain would he
 Soft a while, my Lammie, Stay and yet a-bide. He like a
 weed



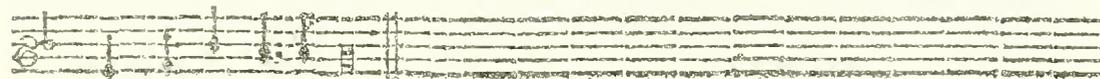
wedd, But he wist not how. Indeed I'll have a wife, a wife, a wife.
fool as he was, re-ply'd.



O what a life do I lead For a wife in my bed? I may not tell you. O thereto



have a wife, a wife, a wife, O! it's a smart to my heart, it's a rack to my back,



And to my belly too.

Scarcely vvas he vvedded
Full a four-nights space,
For that he was in a heavy case;
Largely vvas he headed,
And his cheeks look'd thin:
And to repent he did thus begin;
A fig for such a wife, a wife, a wife:
O! vvhhat a life do I lead,
With a vwife in my bed:
I may not tell you.

O! there to have a wife a wife, a wife
O! it's a smart to my heart;
It's a rack to my back,
And to my belly too.

All you that be Batchelors,
Be learn'd by crying VVill:
When ye are vvell, to remain so still.
Better for to tarry,
And alone to ly,

then like a fool vwith a fool to cry,
A fig for such a wife, a wife, a wife:
O! vvhhat a life do I lead,
With a vwife in my bed:
I may not tell you.
O! there to have a wife, a wife, a wife
It's a smart to my heart,
It's a rack to my back,
And to my belly too.

F I N I S.

THE



THE L. SONG.

C Are, away, go thou from me; For I am not fit match for thee
Thou bereaves me of my wits: Wherefore I hate thy frantick fits.

Therefore I will care no more, Since that in cares comes no restore: But I

will sing, Hey down a down, a die, And cast care away, away, from me.

If I want, I care to get:
The more I have, it doth me fret:
Have I much, I care for more:
The more I have, I think I'm poor:
Thus doth grief my mind oppress,
In wealth or wo, finds no redress.
Therefore I'll care no more, no more in vain,
For care hath cost me mickle grief and pain.

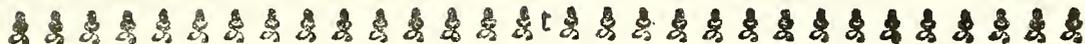
Is not this world a slippery ball?
And think'st men strange to catch a fall.
Doth not the sea both eb and flow?
And hath not Fortune a painted show?
Why should men take care or grief,
Since that in care comes no relief?
There's none so wise but may be o'rathrown,
The careless may reap what the careful hath sown.

Well

Well then, learn to know thy self,
And care not for this worldly pelf:
Whether thine estate be great or smal,
Give thanks to God, what e're befall;

So shalt thou then live at ease,
No sudden grief shall thee displease!
Then mayst thou sing, Hey down, a down, a die,
When thou hast cast all care and grief from thee.

F I N I S.



THE LI. SONG.



Here was a time when silly Bees did speak; And in that time, I was



a silly Bee, Who fed on Time, until my heart did break, Yet never found



that Time would favor me, Of all the swarm, I only did not thrive; Yet



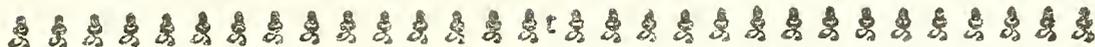
brought I wax and honey to the hyve,

Thus

Thus still I hiss'd yet Time no sap would give:
 Why should this blessed Time, to me be dry,
 Since by the same the laisie dron doth live,
 The wasp, the worm, the gnat, the butter-flie:
 Matted with grief, I kneeled on my knees,
 And thus complained to the King of Bees.

My Liedge, God grant thy Time may never end,
 And now vouchsafe to hear my plaint of Time:
 The fruitless flies are found to have a friend,
 Yet I cast off, while atomies do climb.
 The Prince reply'd, and said, Peace, pievish Bee,
 Thou'rt made to serve the Time, the Time not thee.

F I N I S.



THE LII. SONG.

Shepherd, saw thou not my fair lovely Phylis, Walking on yon
 She is gone this way to Dianæs fountain, And hath left me

mountain, or on yonder plain, Ay, she is so fair, and without compare:
 wounded with her high disdain. Love is full of fear, love is full of care:

Sorrow comes to sit with me. Thus my passions pains me, And my Love hath
 Love without this cannot be. Pray to Cupids mother, For I know none

stain



slain me, Gentle Shepherd play a part.
 other, That can ease me of my smart,

Shepherd, I have seen thy fair lovely Phylis,
 Where her flocks are feeding by the river side :
 Ah ! I much admire, she is fair exceeding,
 In surpassing beauty, should surpass in pride :
 But, alace ! I find they are all unkind :
 Beauty knows her power too well :
 When they list they love, when they please they move ;
 Thus they turn their heaven to hell :
 Where their fair eyes glancing,
 Like to Cupids dancing,
 Rules well for to deceive us,
 With vain hopes deluding,
 Still their praise concluding,
 Thus they love, thus they leave us.

Thus I do despair, love her I shal never,
 If she be so coy, lost is all my love :
 But she is so fair, I will love her ever.
 All my pain is joy, which for her I prove.
 If I should her love, and she should deny,
 Heavy heart with me would break :
 Though against my will, tongue thou must be still
 For she will not hear thee speak :
 Then with kisses move her,
 They shal show I love her :
 Lovely Love, be thou my guide :
 But I'll fore complain me,
 She will still disdain me ;
 Beauty is so full of pride.

F I N I S.



THE LIII. SONG.



F

Ain would I wed a fair young Maid, that day and night could please me,
 When my mind or bodie's griev'd, that had the power to ease me.

L

Maids



Maids are full of longing thoughts, which breeds a pain = ful sickness:
 And that oft I hear men say, is on = ly cur'd through quickness.

Oft I have been wooed, and pray'd, yet never could
 be moved.
 Many for a day or two, I have most dearly loved:
 But this foolish mind of mine, straight loathes the thing
 resolv'd.
 If to love be sin in me, that sin is soon absolv'd.

Surely, I think, I shal at last flie to some holy Order;
 When I am once settled there, I then can flie no farther:
 Yet I would not die a Maid, because I had a mother;
 As I was by one brought forth, I would bring forth
 another.

F I N I S.



THE LIV. SONG.



Y ou minor beauries of the night; Which poorly satisfies our eyes,



More by your number then your light, As common Officers in the skies;



What are you? what are you? What are you, when the Moon doth rise?

You

You wandring Chanters of the wood,
 That fills mine ears with natures layes,
 Thinking your passions understood
 In weaker accents, what's your praise?
 What's your praise? what's your praise,
 When Philomel her notes doth raise?

But, ah! pure light, pure voice, pure smell,
 What are you when my Mistis shine?
 Moon, Violet, and Philomel,
 Adore her all, cause she's divine,
 She's divine, she's divine,
 The quintessence of women kind.

You Violets that first appear
 Your pride in purple garments shown,
 Taking possession of the year,
 As if the Spring were all your own;
 What are you, what are you?
 What are you, when the roses bloom?
The Second Part.

YOU minor beauties of the night,
 That shows your signs celestial;
 More is your number than your light,

Although you were terrestrial;
 What are you? what are you?
 What are you when the Moon doth rise.

You erring stars, what do you mean
 To rob bright Phebus of his shine?
 Or to obscure his princely light,
 Turning his day in darkness night?
 Leave off in time, learn to be wise,
 Leave off your foolish enterprise.

You mustur number as the sand,
 And some clear light you do command;
 But what are you when that your Queen
 With borrowed light begins to shine?
 What are you both when Phebus plays?
 Upon the centre of his rays?

Should little streams command great seas?
 Or little ants the stinging bees?
 Should little birds with eagles fear?
 Or little beasts with Lyons roar?
 No, no, not so, it is not meet,
 The head should stoop down to the feet.

F I N I S.

THE LV. SONG.



F

Low my tears, fall from your springs; Exil'd for ever let me,
 Down vailights, shine you no more. Nonights are dark enough for

L 2

mourn



mourn, Where nights black bird her sad infamy sings; There let me live forlorn.
those That in dis - pair their last fortunes deplore, Light doth but shame disclose.



Never may my woes be re - lie - ved, since pity is fled; And tears, and
From the highest Sphear of contentment, my fortune is thrown; And fear, and



sighs and groans, my weary days, my weary days, of all joys have deprived:
grief and pain, for my deserts, for my deserts, are my hopes, since hope is gone



Heark you shadows that in darkness dwell, learn to contemn light. Happy, happy



they that are in heaven, feel not the worlds despight.

F I X I S,

Severall

Severall of the Choicest

ITALIAN SONGS

COMPOSED BY

GIOVANNI GIACOMO CASTOLDI DA CARRAVAGGIO.

Together also, with some of the Best

new English=Ayres.

Collected from their chiefest Authors,

All in Three Parts,

Viz. Two TREBLES and a BASS.

CANTUS PRIMUS.

A. 3. Voc.



She that loves me for my self, For affection, not base self, Onely she,



onely she, yea onely she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

BASSVS.

Di Gio. Giac. Castoldi.



She that loves me for my self, For affection, not base self, Onely she,



onely she, yea onely she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

Di Gio. Giac. Castoldi.

She

A. 3 *Vos.*

CANTUS SECVNDVS.



She that loves me for my self, For affection not base self, Onely she,



onely she, yea onely she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

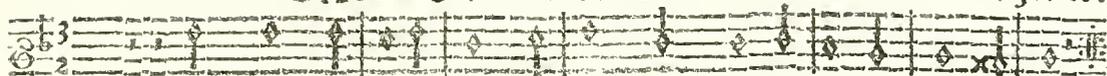
Di Gio. Giac. Castoldi.

*She that loves me with resolve,
Nere to alter, till dissolve,
Onely she, onely she, yea onely she,
Deserves to be belov'd of me.*

Wert

CANTUS PRIMUS.

A. 3. Voc.



V VERT thou yet fairer then thou art, which lies not in the power of Art,



Or hadst thou in thine eyes more darts, Then *Cupid* ever shot at hearts,



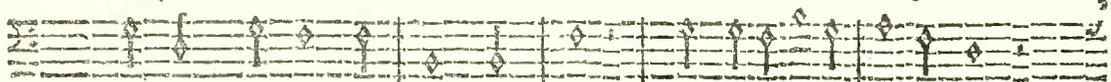
Yet if they were not thrown at me, I would not cast a thought on thee.

BASSVS.

Di Gio. Gio. Castoldi.



V VERT thou yet fairer then thou art, which lies not in the power of Art,



Or hadst thou in thine eyes more darts, Then *Cupid* ever shot at hearts.



Yet if they were not thrown at me, I would not cast a thought on thee.

Wert

A. 3. Voc.

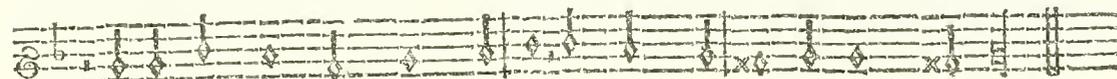
CANTUS SECVNDVS.



VV^ert thou yet fairer then thou art, which lies not in the power of Art,



Or hadst thou in thine eyes more darts, Then *Cupid* ever shot at hearts,



Yet if they were not thrown at me, I would not cast a thought on thee.

Di Gio. Giac. Castoldi.

*I'd rather marry a disease
Then court a thing I cannot please,
She that would cherish my desires,
Must court my flames with equal fires,
Would you know what that will be,
I'll then love you when you love me.*

M

Bring

CANTUS PRIMVS.

A. 3. Vol.



BRing back my comfort and re - - turn, For well thou knowest that I in such a vig'rous passion



burn, That missing thee I die, Return, return, insult no more, Return, return, insult no more,



Return, return and me restore, To those sequestred joys I had before.

BASSUS.

Di Gio. Giac Castoldi.



BRing back my comfort and return, For well thou knowest that I, in such a vig'rous passion



burn, That missing thee I die, Return, return, insult no more, Return, return, insult no more,



Return, return and me restore, To those sequestred Joys I had before.

Bring

A. 3. Voc.

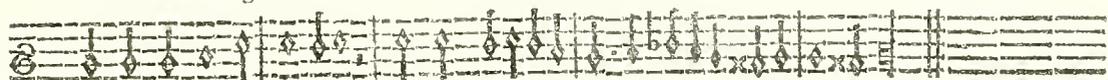
CANTUS SECVNDVS.



BRing back my comfort and re--turn, Forwell thou knowest that I in such a vig'rous passion



burn. That missing thee I die, Return, return, insult no more, Return, return, insult no more.



Return, return and me restore, To those sequestred joys I had before.

Di Gio. Giac. Castoldi.

*Absence in most, that quengeth love,
And cools this warm desire,
The ardour of my heart improve,
And make the flame aspire,*

*The Maxime therefore I deny,
The Maxim therefore I deny,
And term it though a Tyranny;
The Nurse to Faith, to Love, to Constancy.*

M 2

Phillis

CANTUS PRIMUS.

A. 3. Voc.



PHillis why should we delay, Pleasures shorter then the day, Could we



which we never can, Stretch our life beyond three span, Beauty like a



shadow flies, and our youth before us dies.

BASSUS.

Di Gio. Giac Castoldi.



PHillis why should we delay, Pleasures shorter then the day, Could we



which we never can, Stretch our life beyond three span. Beauty like a



shadow flies, and our youth before us dies.

Phillis

A. 3. Voc.

CANTUS SECVNDVS.



PHillis why should we delay, Pleasures shorter then the day, Could we



which we never can, Stretch our life beyond three span, Beauty like a



shadow flies, and our youth before us dies.

Di Gio. Giac. Castoldi.

*Or would Youth and Beauty stay
Love has wings and will away.
Love has swifter wings than time,
Changing Love too oft does chime.
Gods that never change their state.
Very oft their love and hate.*

Stay,

CANTUS PRIMVS.

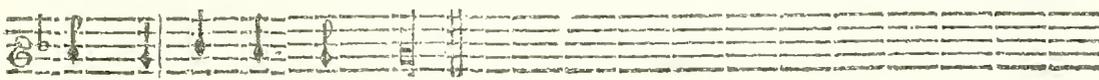
A. 3. Voc.



Stay, stay, O stay that heart I vow 'tis mine, ravish'd from hence by her



whose parts divine, Incharmed it and sent the woful No: which took't away,



and fill'd it's place with woe.

BASSVS.

Di Gio. Giac. Casoldi.



Stay, stay, O stay that heart I vow 'tis mine, ravish'd from hence by her



whose parts divine, Incharmed it, and sent this fatal No: which took't away,



and fill'd its place with wee,

Stay,

A. 3. VOC.

CANTUS SECVNDVS.



Stay, stay, O stay, that heart I vow 'tis mine, ravish'd from hence by her



whose parts divine, Incharmed it and sent this woful No : which took't away,



and fill'd its place with woe.

Di Gio. Giac. Castoldi.

*O hold it fast, I come, yet let it fly,
I cannot move 'tis pity both should dye,
Farewel, Farewel my heart I've pleas'd mine eyes,
Thou being lost, sees thee her Sacrifice.*

O So

CANTUS PRIMVS.

A. 3. Voc.



○ Sovereign of my joy, triumpher of anoy, Star of my desire, and sweet fire,



For in whose shining eyes, ar lights of *Cupid's* skies, And whose voice whē it speaks



all sense afunder breaks, Whose heav'nly voice is such, that hearts doth touch.

BASSVS.

Di Gio. Giac. Castoldi.



○ Sovereign of my joy, triumpher of anoy, Star of my desire, and sweet fire,



For in whose shining eyes, ar lights of *Cupid's* skies, And whose voice whē it speaks



all sense afunder breaks, Whose heav'nly voice is such, that hearts doth touch.

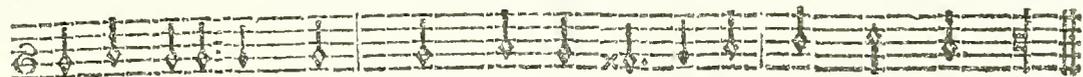
CANTUS SECVNDVS.



○ Sovereign of my joy, triumpher of anoy, Star of my desire, and sweet fire



For in whose shining eyes, ar lights of *Cupid's* skies, And whose voice whē it speaks



all sense asunder breaks, Whose heav'nly voice is such, that hearts doth touch.

Di Gio. Giac. Castoldi.

*And in whose body is, Each character of Bliss,
Full of true delight, Pure and bright,
My Dear when shall it be, That t' thine eyes shall see,
And that my greedy ear, thy heavenly voice may hear,
Let be betwixt thee and me, A Harmony.*

N

How

CANTUS PRIMVS.

A. 3. Voc.



How happy art thou and I, that never knew how to love, there's no such



Blessings here beneath, what e're there is a - bove: 'Tis liberty, 'tis



liber - ty, that every Wise Man loves.

A. 3. Voc.

BASSVS.

Mr. Henry Lewis



How happy art thou and I, that never knew how to love, there's no such



Blessings here beneath, what e're there is a - bove: 'Tis li - ber - ty, 'tis

How

A. 3. Voc.

CANTUS SECVNDVS.



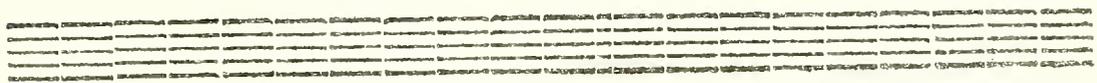
How happy art thou and I, that never knew how to love, there's no such



Blessings here beneath, what e're there is a - bove: 'Tis li-ber-ty, 'tis



li-ber-ty, that e-ve-ry Wife Man loves.



A. 3. Voc.

BASSVS

Mr. Henry Lewis.



li-ber-ty, that e-ve-ry Wife Man loves.

CANTUS PRIMUS.

A. 3. Voc.

Now we are met let's merry merry be, For one half hour with mirth and



glee, To recreate our Spirits dull, Let's laugh and sing our bellies full.

A. 3. Voc.

CANTUS SECUNDUS.

Mr. Simon Ives.

Now are we met, let's merry merry be, For one half hour with mirth and

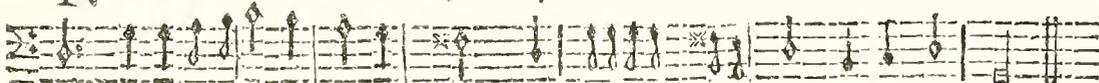


glee, To recreate our Spirits dull, Let's laugh and sing our bellies full.

BASSUS.

Mr. Simon Ives.

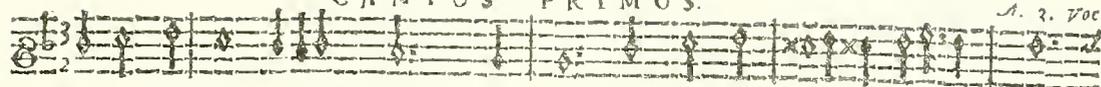
Now we are met let's merry merry be, For one half hour with mirth and



glee, To recreate our Spirits dull, Let's laugh and sing our bellies full.

CANTUS PRIMUS.

A. 2. Voc.



I wish no more thou should'st love me, My joys are full in loving thee,



My heart's too narrow to contain, My bliss, if thou should'st love again.

A. 3. Voc.

CANTUS SECUNDUS.

Mr Will. webb



I wish no more thou should'st love me, My joys are full in loving thee,



My heart's too narrow to contain, My bliss, if thou should st love again.

A. 2. Voc.

BASSUS.

Mr William webb.



I wish no more thou should'st love me, My joys are full in loving thee,



My heart's too narrow to contain, My bliss, if thou should'st love again.

Hail

CANTUS PRIMUS.

A. 3. 706



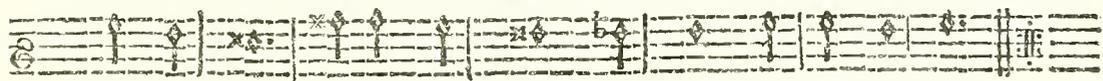
Hail happy day, now *Dorus* sit thee down, and sigh no more: see how the



sky, the sky is clearing, our King's return'd, return'd, and joyfull dayes



appearing; let Mirth appear, let Mirth appear, and chearfully let's sing, we



have our Lawes, we have our Lawes, our Lawes, we have our King.

BASS.



Hail happy day, now *Dorus* sit thee down, and sigh no more: see how the



sky, the sky is clearing, our King's return'd, return'd, and joyfull days ap-

CANTUS SECVNDVS.



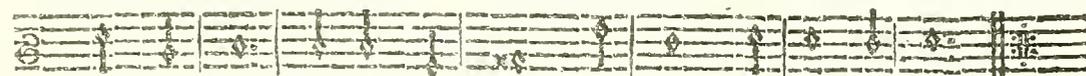
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sky, the sky is clearing, our King's return'd; return'd, and joyfull dayes



appearing; let Mirth appear, let Mirth appear, and chearfully let's sing, we



have our Lawes, we have our Lawes, our Lawes, we have our King.

BASSVS.



pearing; let Mirth appear, let Mirth appear, and chearfully let's sing, we



have our Lawes, we have our Lawes, our Lawes, we have our King.

Gather

CANTVS SECVNDVS.



Gather your Rose-buds whilst you may, old time is still a flying, And



that same Flower that smiles to day, to-morrow will be dying.

*The glorious lamp of Heaven the Sun,
The higher he is getting;
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.*

*That Age is best which is the first,
Whilst Youth and Blood are warmer,
Expect not then the last and worst,
Time still succeeds the former.*

*Then be not coy, but use your time,
And whilst you may go marry,
For having once but lost your prime,
You may for ever tarry.*

Her Answer.

*I gather where I hope to gain,
I know swift Time doth flie:
Those fading Buds me thinks are vain,
To morrow that may die.*

*The higher Phebus goes on high,
The lower is his fall;
But length of dayes gives me more light,
Freedom to know by thrall.*

*Then why do ye think I lose my time,
Because I do not marrie,
Vain fantasies makes not my prime,
Ner can make me miscarrie.*

CANTUS SECVNDVS.



Here's a Health unto his Majesty, with a Fa, la, la, &c.

Con-ver-si-on to his E-ne-mies, with a Fa, la, la, &c.

} And he that



will not pledge his Health, I wish him neither Wit nor Wealth, nor yet a



Rope to hang himself, with a Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, with a Fa, la, la, la, &c.



BASSVS.

Mr. John Savile



Rope to hang himself, with a Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, with a Fa, la, la, la, la, la.

CANTUS PRIMVS.

A. 3. Voc.



FRom the fair *Lavenian* Shore, I your Markets come to store
 Muse not though so far I dwell, And my wares come here to sell. } Such is the



Sacred hunger of Gold: Then come to my Pack, while I cry, what d'ye lack,



what d'ye buy, for here it is to be sold.

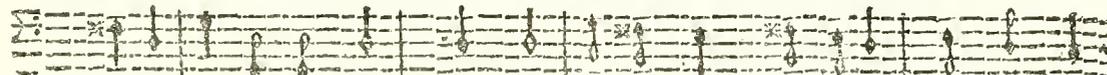
A. 3. Voc.

BASSUS.

Dr. Wilson



FRom the fair *Lavenian* Shore, I your Markets come to store
 Muse not though so far I dwell, And my wares come here to sell. } Such is the



Sacred hunger of Gold, Then come to my Pack, while I cry, what d'ye lack,

A. 3. Voc.

CANTUS SECVNDVS.



From the fair *Lavenian* Shore, I your Markets come to store }
Mufe not though fo far I dwell, And my wares come here to fell. } Such is the



Sacred hunger of Gold, Then come to my Pack while I cry, what d'ye lack,



what d'ye buy, for here it is to be fold.

BASSVS.

Dr. Wilson



what d'ye buy, for here it is to be fold.

*I have Beauty, Honour Grace, Fortune, Favour, Time and Place, Then come to me Lad,
And what else thou would'st request, Even the thing thou likest best. Thou shalt have what thy Dad
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold: Never gave, for here it is to be sold*



An Index of Table,

Of all the Songs contained in this Book.

A Wake, sweet Love	xxiii	F Air would I wed	liij
Away vain world	xxxv	Flow my tears	lv
B Brave Mars begins to rouse	xxxviij	H ow should my feeble body	xv
Begone, sweet night	xl	How now Shepherd	xlviij
Behold a wonder here	xliv	I f care do cause men cry	i
C ome Love let's walk	xiv	Intil a mirthful May	iiij
Come sweet Love	xxxij	In a garden so green	iv
Care away go thou from me	l	If floods of tears could	xiiij
E ven Death, behold I breath	xxiv	I love great GOD above	xxvj
		Joy to the person of my Love	xxxiv
		Jury came to Iebus-Salem	xxxviiij
		Let	

The Table.

L et not, I say, the sluggish	xj	The gowans are gay	xix
Like as the dumb Solsequium	xviiij	The lowest trees have tops	xxviij
Like as the Lark within	xxv	Though your strangeness	xxxj
M y bailful breast	xxij	There is a thing that much is	xlij
My complaining is but	xlij	There was a time when silly Bees	lj
N ow is the month of	x	V Vhen as the Greeks	v
No wonder is suppose	xvj	When chile cold age	viiij
O lusty May, with Flora	ij	What if a day, or a month	xviij
Over the mountains	xlv	When Father Adam	xxj
R emember, O thou Man	ix	Where art thou Hope	xxviij
Remember me, my Dear	xlvij	Who doth behold my Mistris	xxx
S athan, my foe, full of	xij	Wo worth the time	xxix
Sleep wayward thoughts	xx	When May is in her prime	xxxvj
Sweet Kate, of late, ran	xxxiiij	White as Lillies was her face	xxxix
Shepherd, saw thou not	lij	With my Love my life was	xliij
T he thoughts of men	vij	When from my Love I lookt	xlvi
		VVILL said to his Mamie	xlix
		Y ou Lovers all that love	vj
		You minor Beauties	liv
			A



A Table of the *Italian* Songs,
 Composed by GIOVANNI
 GIACOMO CASTOLDI DA
 CARRAVAGGIO, in three
 parts, (*viz*) two *Trebles* and
 a *Bass*, added to this Book.

*She that loves me for my self
 Wert thou yet fairer then thou art
 Bring back my comfort and return
 Phillis why should we delay
 Stay stay, O stay, that heart I now
 O! Sovereign of my joy*

A Table of some choise new
English Ayres, in three parts,
 (*viz*) two *Trebles* and a *Bass*
 which are also further add-
 ed to this Book.

*How happy art thou and I
 Now we are met, let's merry, merry be
 I wish no more thou shouldst love me
 Hail happy day, now Dorus sit thee down
 Gather your Rose-buds whilst you may
 Here's a Health unto his Majesty
 From the fair Lavenian shore.*



F I N I S.











