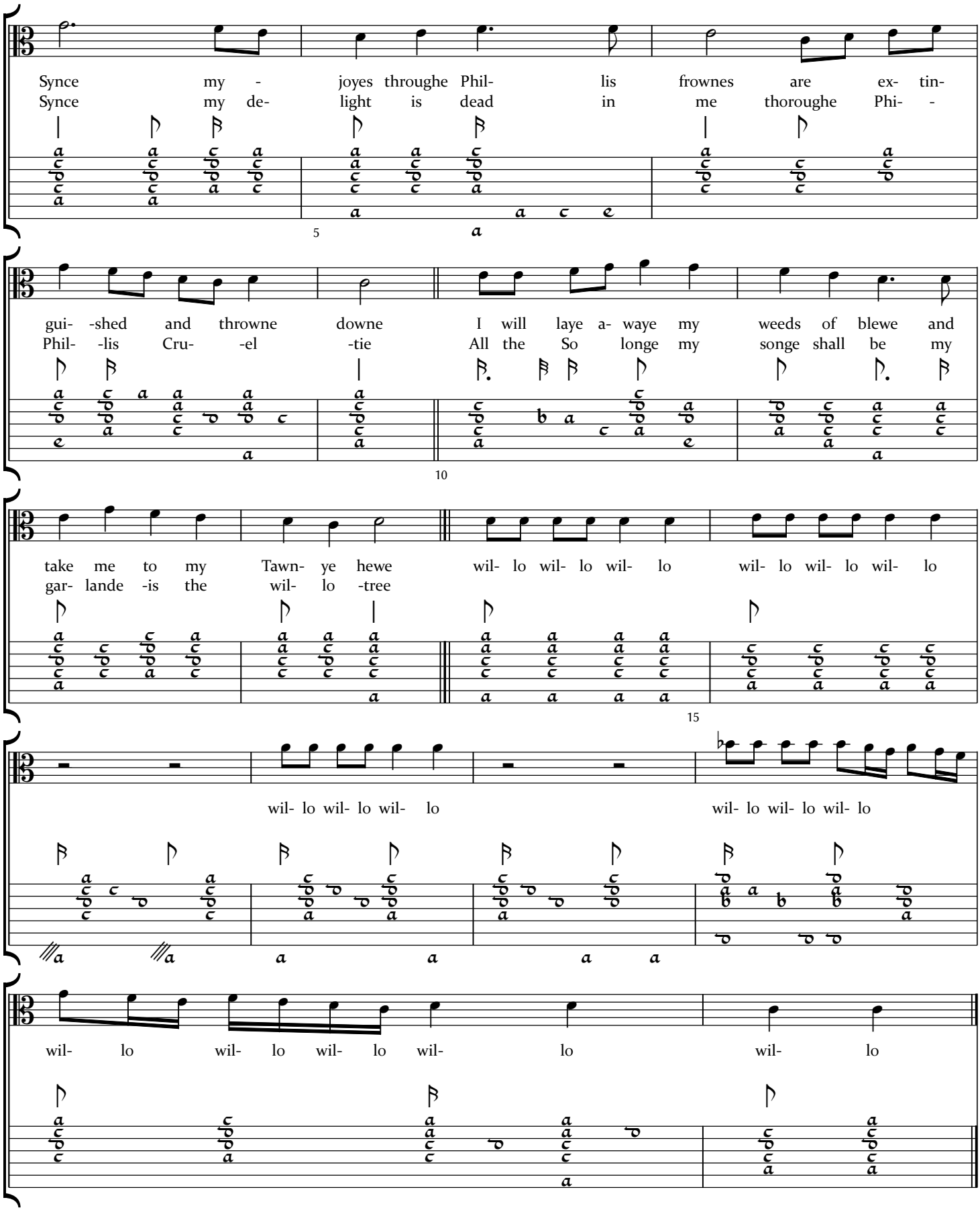
Willo Willo

British Library MS 15117 - p.16

Anonymous

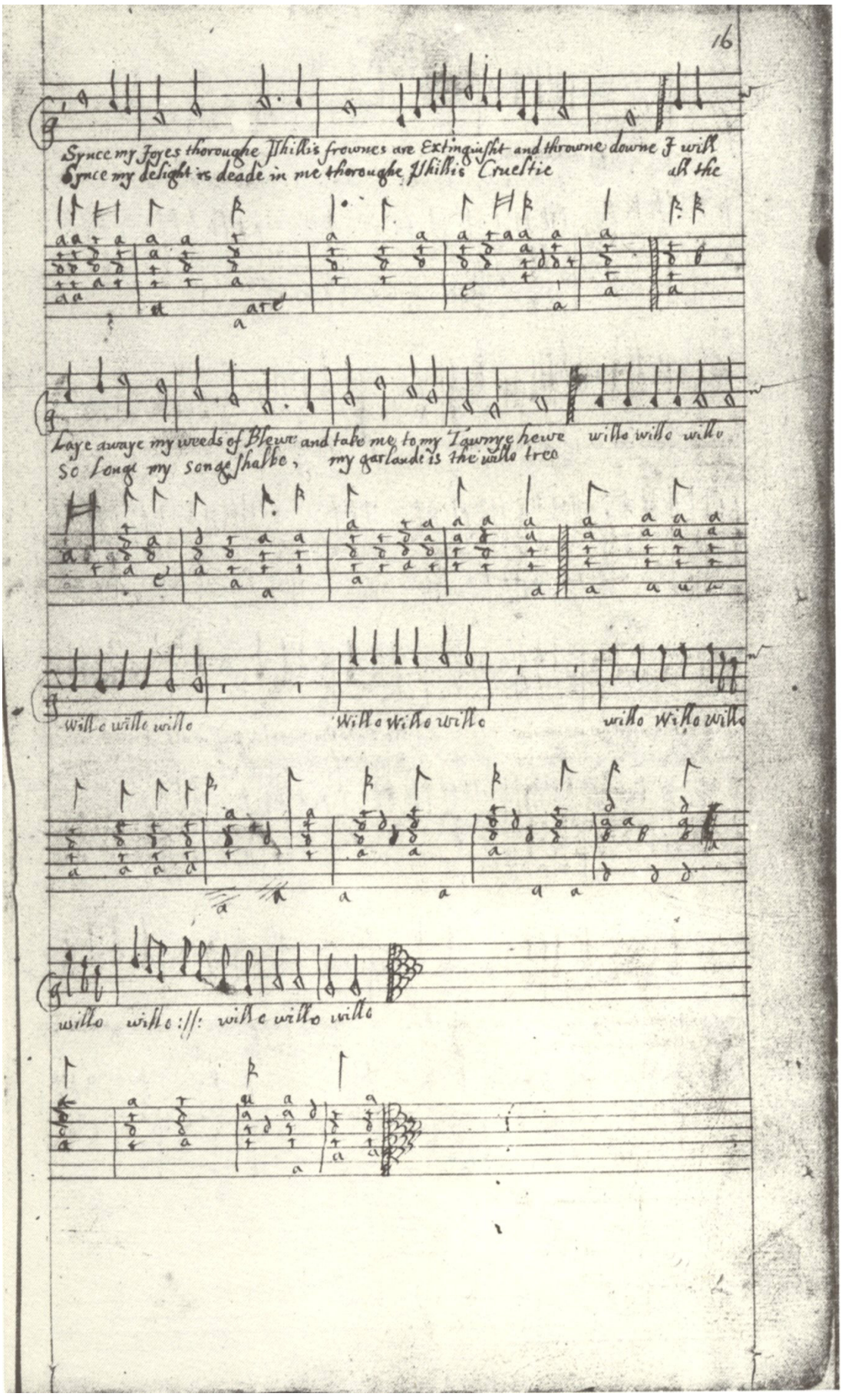


Synce my Joyes thoroughe Phillis frownes are Extinguisht and throwne downe I will
Synce my delight is deade in me thoroughe Phillis Cruelstie all the

Laye awaye my weeds of Blewe and take me to my Tawnye hewe willo willo willo
So Longe my songe shalbe, my garlande is the willo tree

Willo willo willo Willo Willo willo willo Willo willo

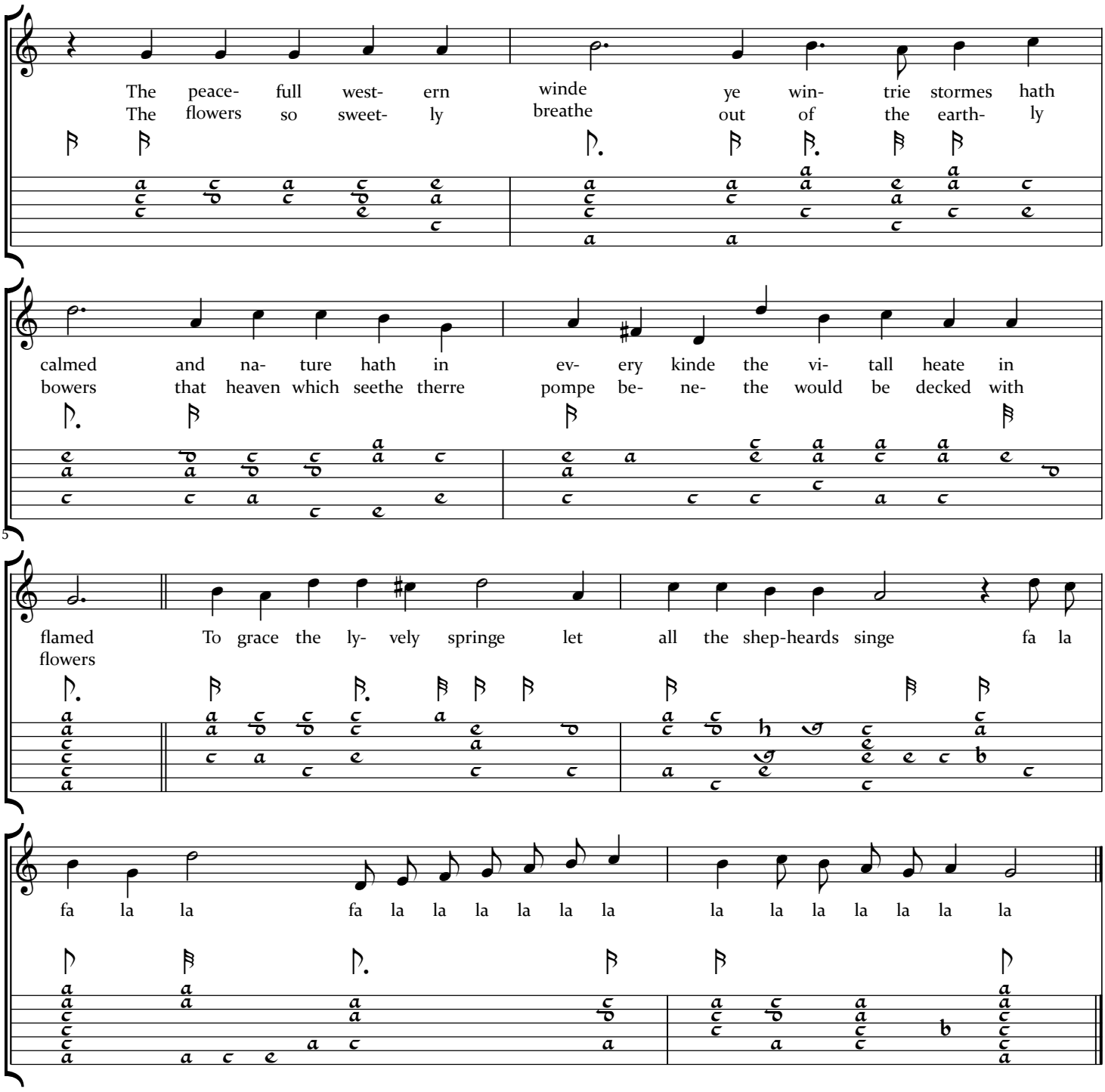
willo willo :||: willo willo willo



The peacefull westerne winde

British Library MS 15117 - p.10
[See: The Second Booke of Ayres]

Thomas Campion.



See how the morning smiles
On her bright easterne hill,
And with soft steps beguiles
Them that lie slumbring still.
The musicke-louing birds are come
From cliffes and rocks vnknowne,
To see the trees and briers blome
That late were ouerflowne.

What Saturne did destroy,
Loues Queene reuiues againe ;
And now her naked boy
Doth in the fields remaine,
Where he such pleasing change doth view
In eu'ry liuing thing,
As if the world were borne anew
To gratifie the Spring.

If all things life present,
Why die my comforts then ?
Why suffers my content ?
Am I the worst of men ?
O, beautie, be not thou accus'd
Too iustly in this case :
Vnkindly if true loue be vs'd,
'Twill yeeld thee little grace.

but in her hart :||: her hart a cold December

The peacefull westerne winde, ye wintrye stormes hath calmde & nature hath
the flowers so sweetlye breath out of the Earthlye bowers, that heaven wh seethe

in Everye kinde the vitall heate inflamde To grace the lyvelye springe,
theire pompe benethe would faine be decte wh flowers) ~~To Cynthia then let us~~

let all the shepheards singe, fa la lla fa la lllllll
~~recorde our musicke thus~~ fa la lla fa :||: :||:

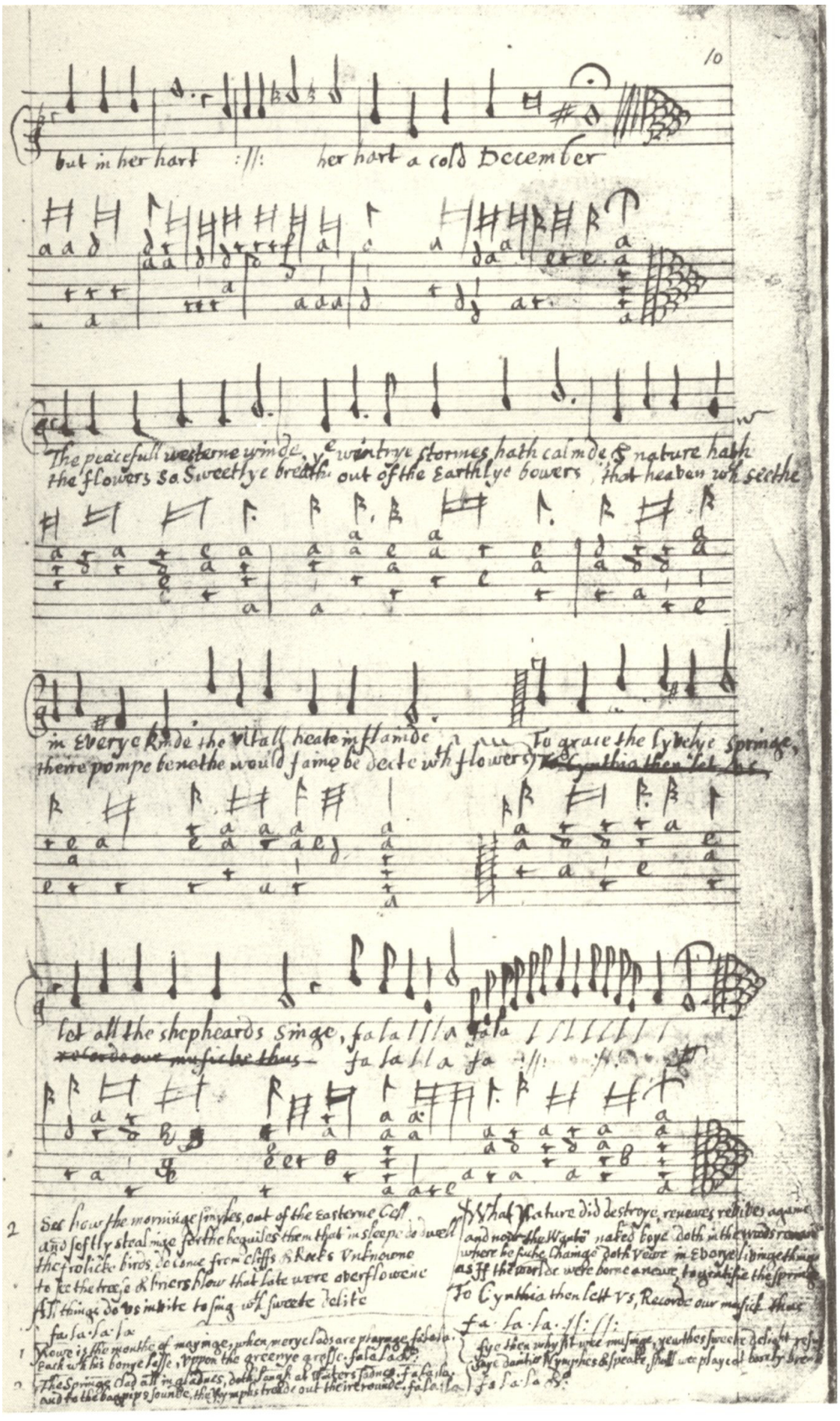
2 See how the morninge smyles, out of the easterne Cell
and softly stealinge forthe beguiles them that in sleepe do dwell
the frolicke birds do come from cliffs & Rocks Vnknowne
to see the treese & briers blow that late were overflowene
All things do vs invite to sing wh sweete delite
fa la la la

1 Rowe is the monthe of mayinge, when merye lads are playinge fa la la.
Each wh his bonye lasse, vppon the greenye grasse. fa la la &c.

2 The Springe clad all in gladnes, doth laugh at winters sadnes. fa la la.
and to the bagpips sounde, the Nymphs treade out theire rounde. fa la la.

What Nature did destroye, reneaves revives againe
and now the Wanton naked boye doth in the woods remaine
where he suche chainge doth veiwe in Everye livinge thinge
as If the worlde were borne a newe, to gratifie the springe
To Cynthia then lett vs, Recorde our musick thus
fa la la :||: ||:

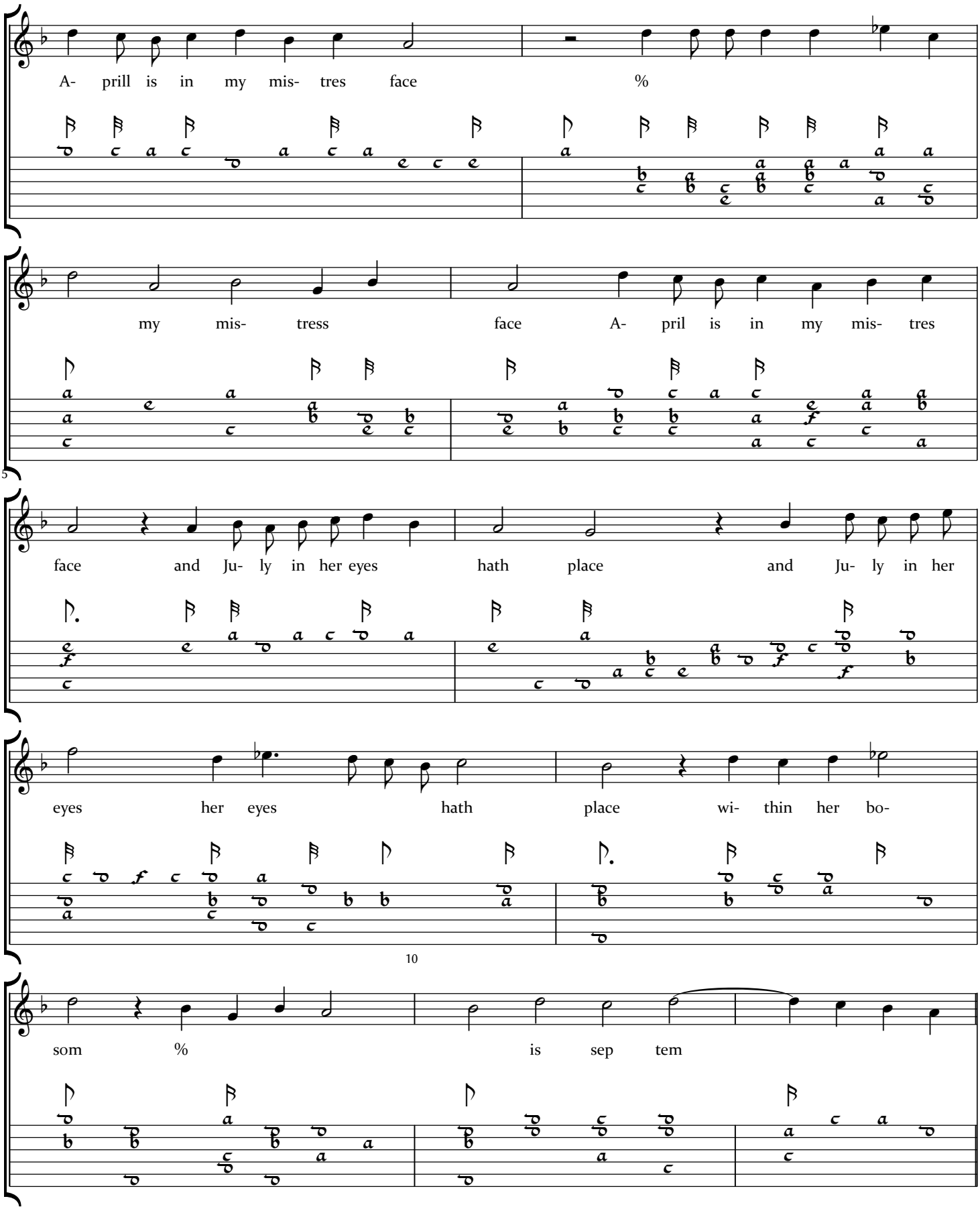
fye then why sit wee musinge, yeathes sweete delight resuse
saye daintie Nymphes & speake, shall wee playe at barely breake
fa la la &c.

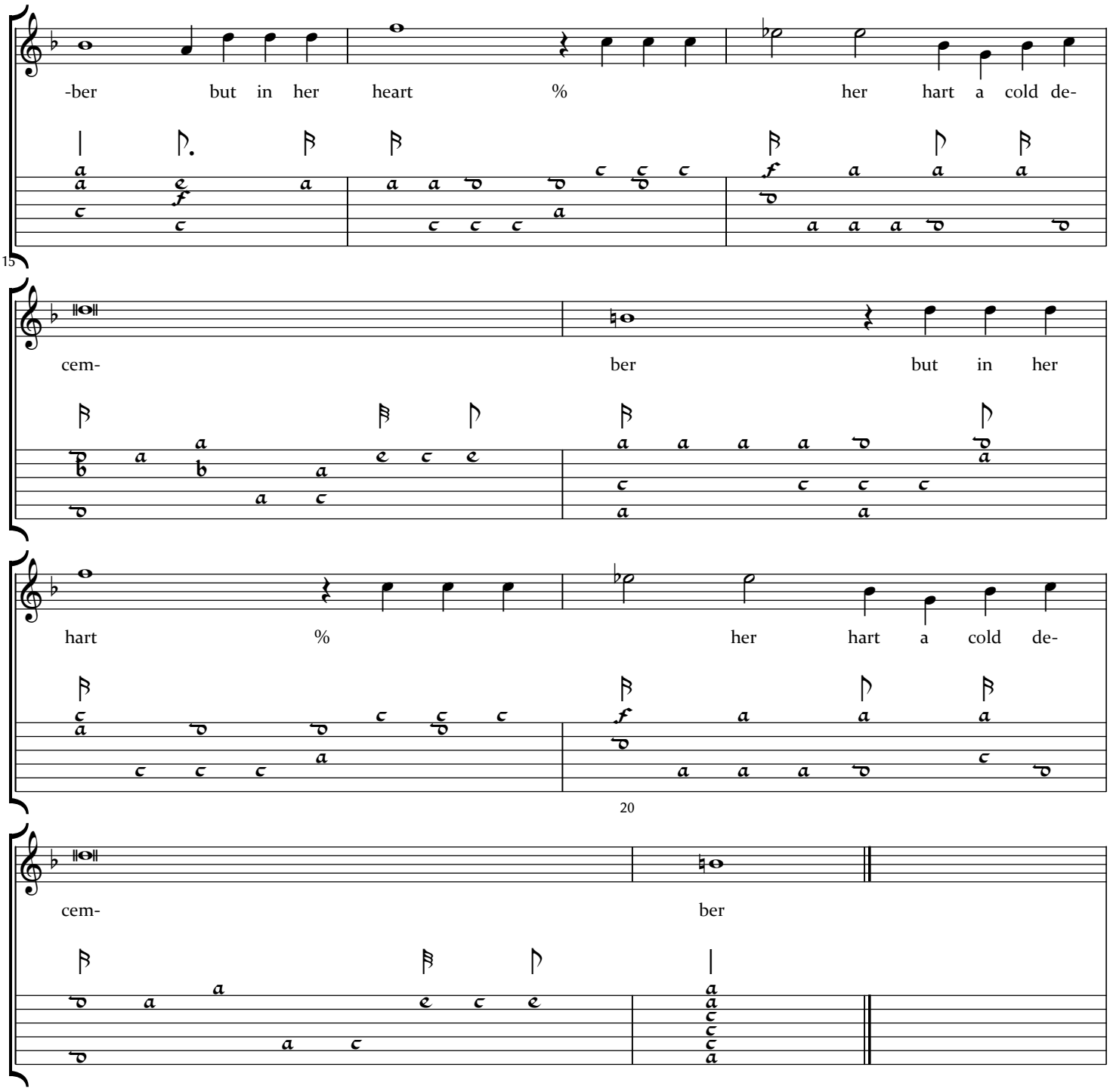


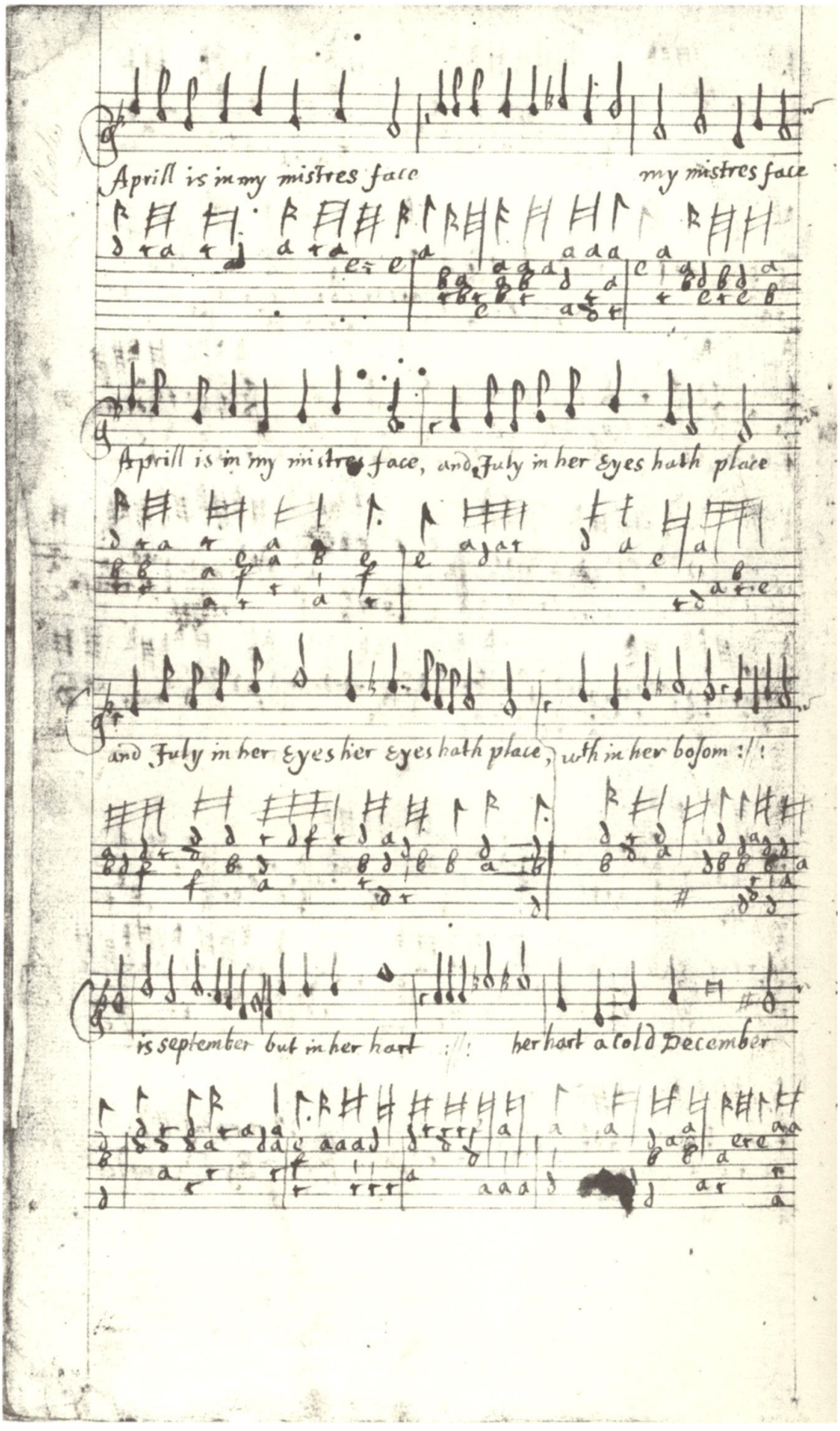
Aprill is in my mistress face

British Library MS 15117 - pp.9-10

Thomas Morley




-ber but in her heart % her hart a cold de-
15
cem- ber but in her
hart % her hart a cold de-
20
cem- ber


Aprill is in my mistres face my mistres face
Aprill is in my mistres face, and July in her Eyes hath place
and July in her Eyes her Eyes hath place, with in her bosom : ||:
is september but in her hart :||: her hart a cold December

but in her hart :||: her hart a cold December

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the flowers so sweetlye breath out of the Earthlye bowers, that heaven wh seethe

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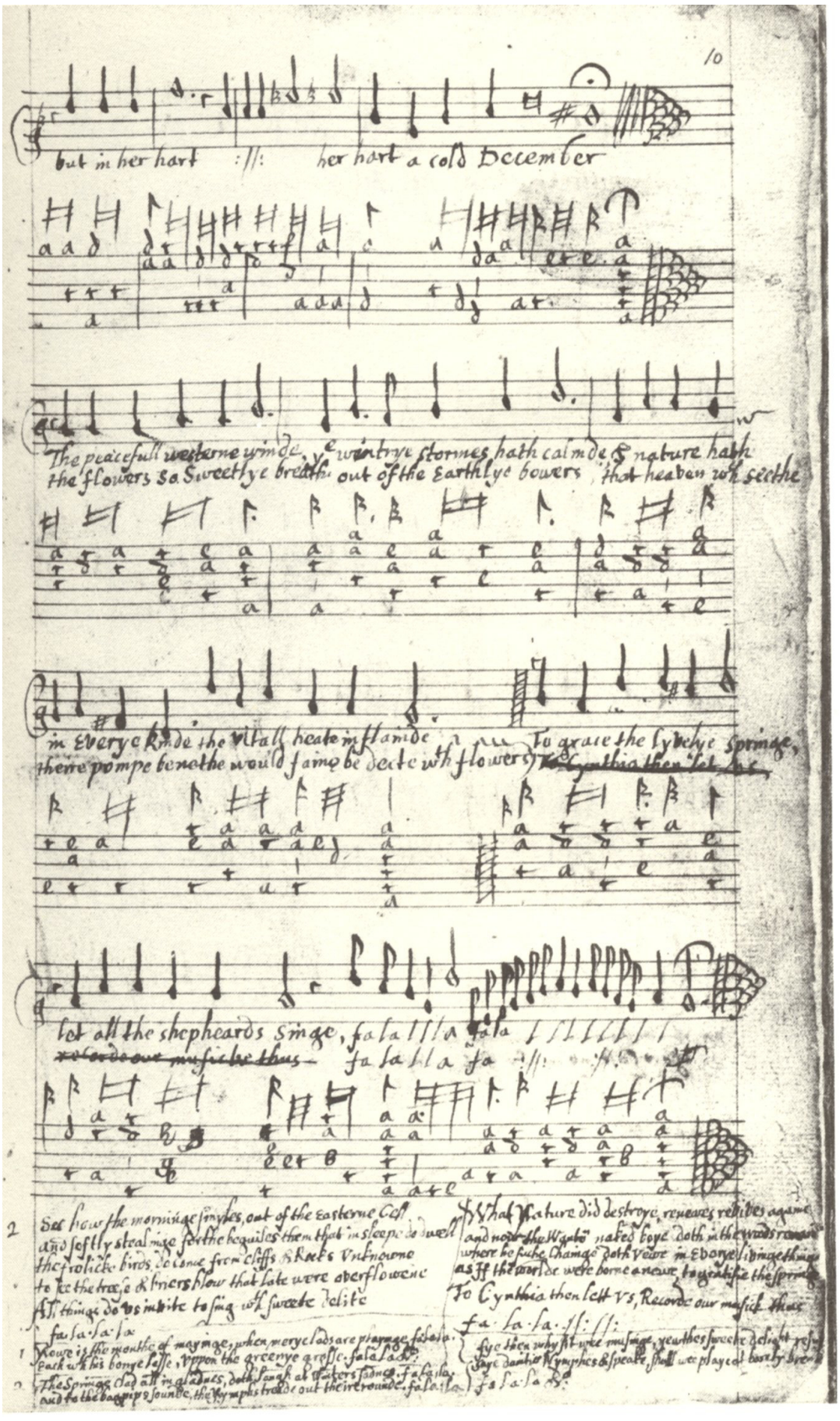
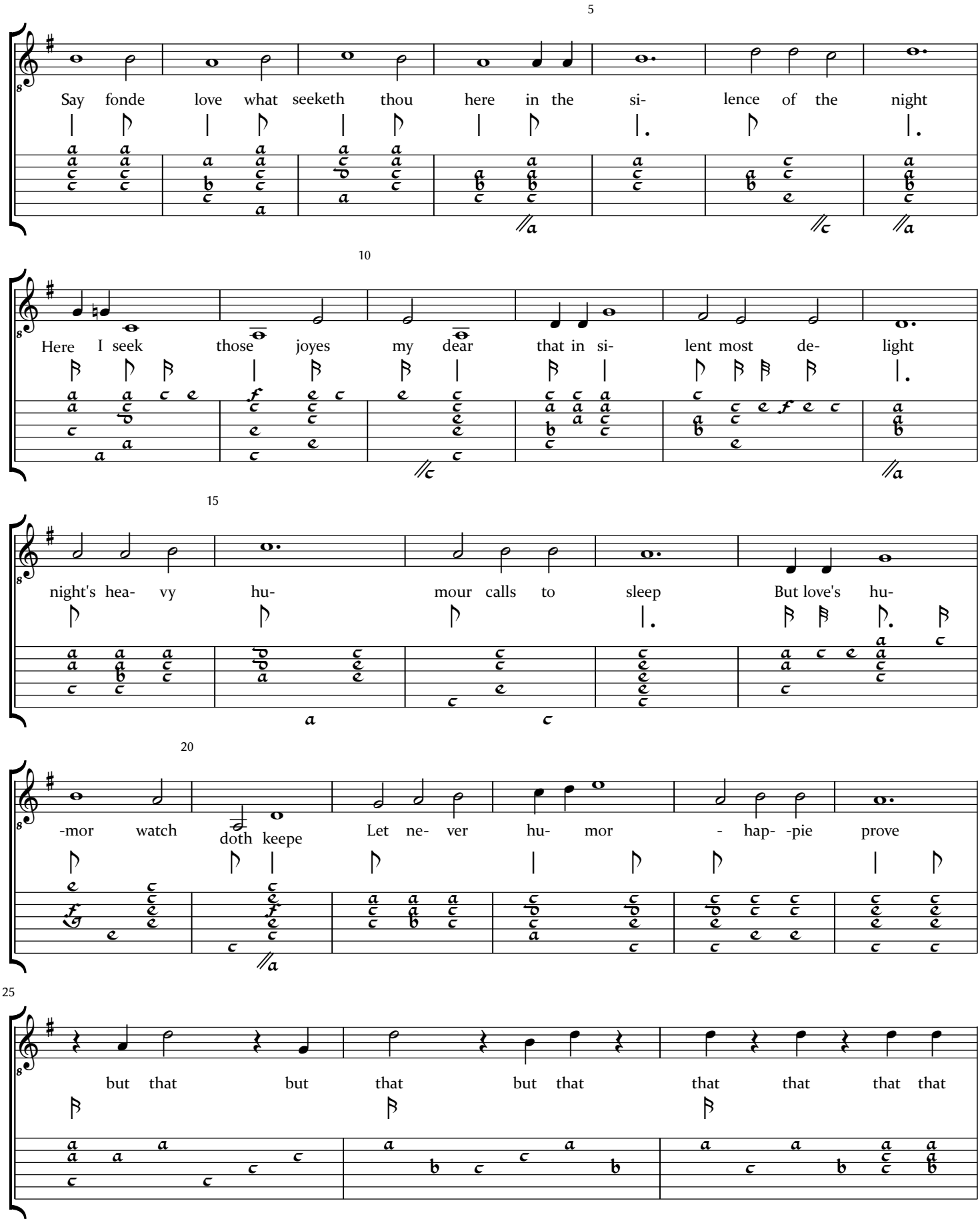
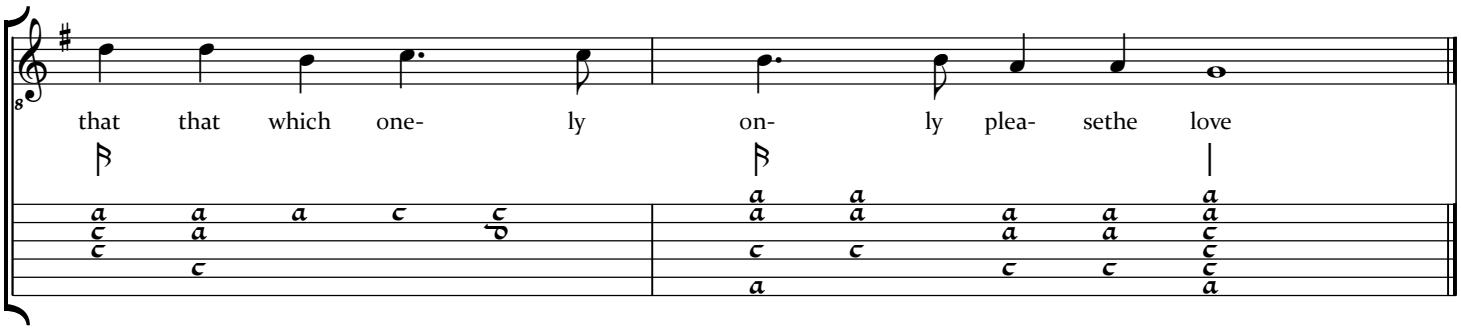


A dialogue: Say fonde love

British Library MS 15117 - p.12

Anonymous




that that which one- ly on- ly plea- sethe love