

The Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Lisle, Lord Chamberlaine to the Queenes
 most excellent Maieftie, his Galliard.

The musical score consists of ten systems of five-line staves. Each system contains multiple staves of music, with various rhythmic values and note heads. Above the staves, there are numerous letters and symbols, likely representing a lute tablature or a specific rhythmic notation. The notation is dense and characteristic of early modern manuscript notation.

Printed by Iohn D. Island,
 Batchelar of Munch.



Y heauie sprite

prest with sorrowes might, Of wearied limbs the burthen soare sustaines,

With silent grones, With silent grones and hart teares

still complaines, Yet I breath still and

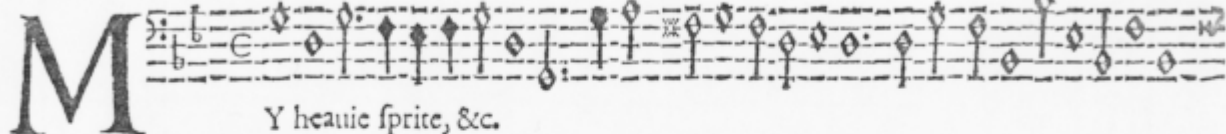
liue in lifes des-pight. Haue I lost thee? All fornes

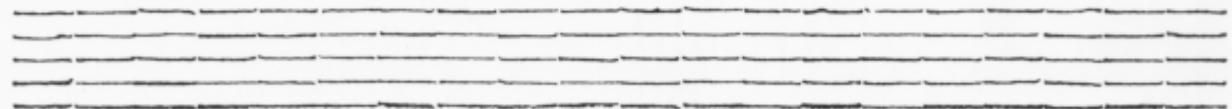
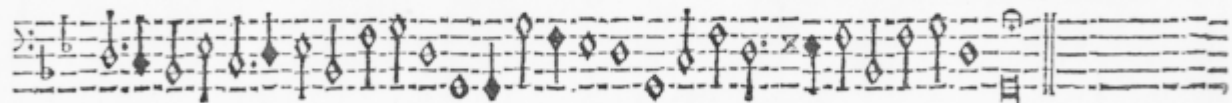
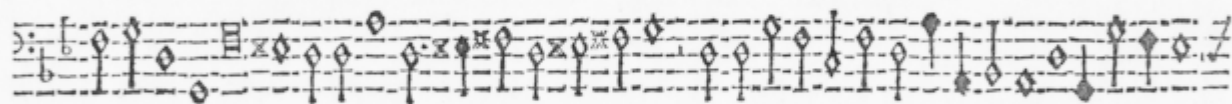
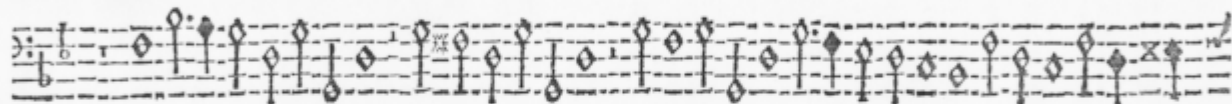
Iac- curle, bids thee fare-well, with thee all ioyes fare-well, And

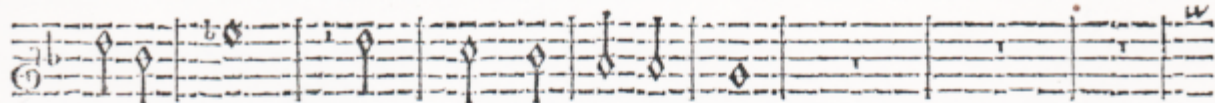
Anthony Holborne.

I.

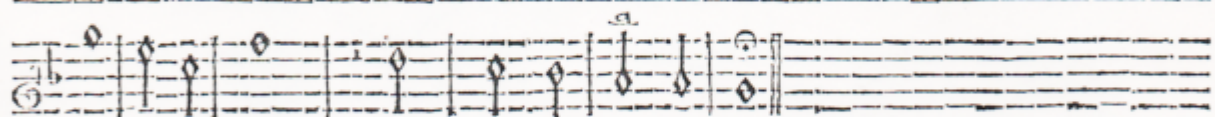
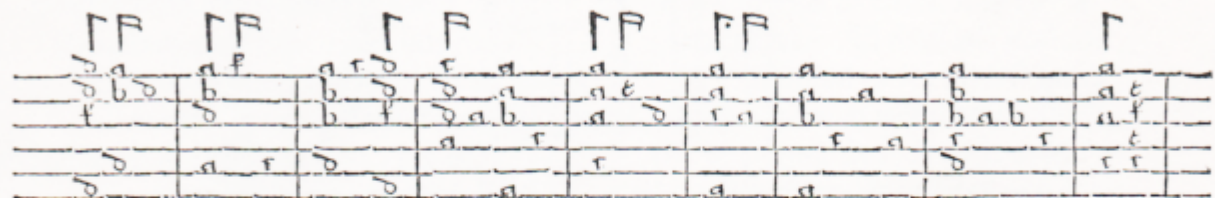
BASSVS.

M  Y heauie sprite, &c.

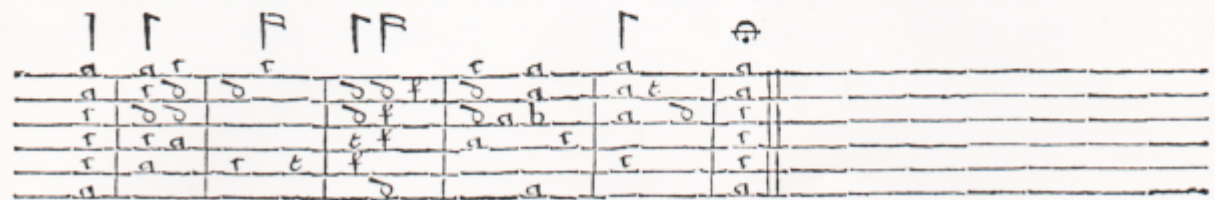




for thy fake this world be-comes my hell.



And for thy fake this world be-comes my hell.



a



Hange thy minde since she doth change, Let not Fancy
 Thy vn-truth can- not seeme strange, When her falshood

(Musical notation with lute tablature below)

(Musical notation with lute tablature below)

still abuse thee:
 doth excuse thee.

Loue is dead and thou art free, She doth liue but dead to thee.

(Musical notation with lute tablature below)

2 Whilst she lou'd thee best a while,
 See how she hath still delaid thee:
 Vsing shewes for to beguile,
 Those vaine hopes that haue deceiu'd thee,
 Now thou seest although too late,
 Loue loues truth which women hate.

3 Loue no more since she is gone,
 Shee is gone and loues another:
 Being once deceiu'd by one,
 Leaue her loue but loue none other.
 She was false bid her adew,
 She was best but yet vntue.

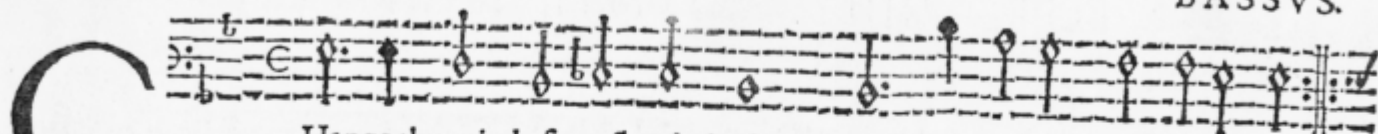
4 Loue farewell more deere to mee
 Then my life which thou preferuest:
 Life all ioyes are gone from thee,
 Others haue what thou deseruest.
 Oh my death doth spring from hence
 I must dye for her offence.

5 Dye, but yet before thou dye
 Make her know what she hath gotten:
 She in whom my hopes did lye,
 Now is chang'd, I quite forgotten.
 She is chang'd, but changed base,
 Baser in so vilde a place.

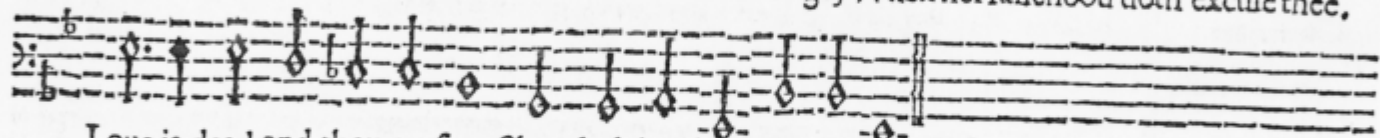
Richard Martin.

II.

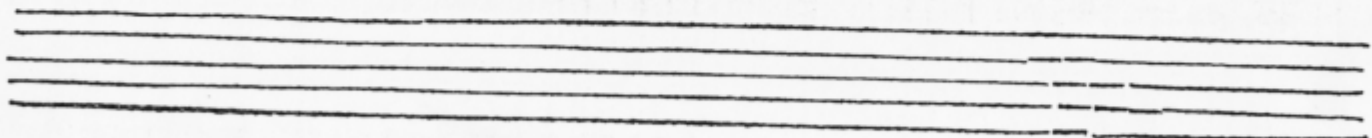
BASSVS.



Hange thy minde since she doth change, Let not Fancie still abuse thee:
Thy vn-truth cannot seeme strange, When her falsehood doth excuse thee.



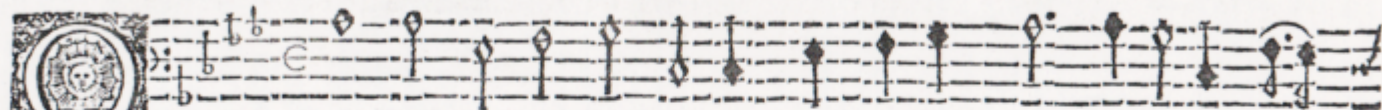
Loue is dead and thou art free, Shee doth liue but dead to thee.



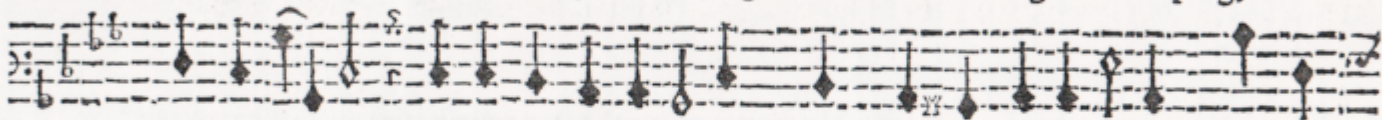
Robert Hales, Groome of her Maiesties Priuie Chamber.

III.

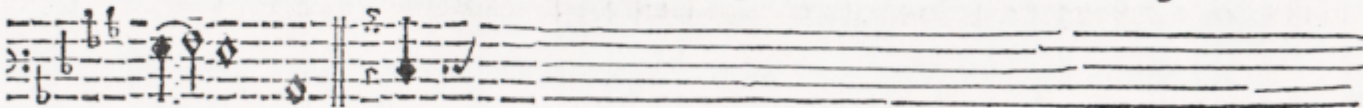
BASSVS.



Eyes leaue off your weeping, Loue hath the thoughts in keeping, That



may content you : Let not this misconceiuing, Where comforts are receiuing, Causelesse



torment you. Let &c.



OE my Flocke, goe get you hence, Seeke some other

1 | 1 | 1. F | 1. | 1 1 | 1. | 1

a a a a a r e a f f a

r e r r r e r a a r

place of feeding, Where you may haue some defence, Fro the stormes in my breast breeding,

F 1 | 1. | 1 1 1 1. | 1 F 1

r e e a a a d a r d d a a a a

e f r r d r d e e r r e a

e r e a r r l e e r r e r

a a

And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

F 1 F 1

a a a r e a

a e a d r a

b e r r

r e r a r r

r e a a

2 Leau a wretch in whom all woe
Can abide to keepe no measure.
Merry flocke such one forgoe,
Vnto whom Myrth is displeasure,
Onely rich in measures treasure,

3 Yet alas before you goe
Heare your wofull Maisters story,
Which to stones I else would shew,
Sorrow onely then hath glory
When tis excellently forry.

4 *Stella*, fayrest Shepherdesse,
Fayrest but yet cruellst euer.
Stella, whom the heau'ns still blesse,
Though against me she perseuer,
Though I blisse inherit neuer.

5 *Stella*, hath refused mee :
Stella, who more Loue hath proued
In this Catiffe hart to be
Then can in good to vs be moued
Towards Lambe-kins best beloued.

6 *Stella* hath refused mee
Astrophel, that so well serued,
In this pleasant spring (*Muse*) see
While in pride Flowers be prefer'd
Himselfe onely Winter-starued.

7 Why alas then doth she sweare
That she loueth mee so deere,
Seeing mee so long to beare
Coales of Loue that burne so cleere,
And yet leaue me hopelesse meere.

8 Is that Loue? forsooth I trow
If I saw my good Dogge griued
And a help for him did know
My Loue should not be belieued
But hee were by mee relieued.

9 No she hates mee (*well away*)
Fayning Loue, somewhat to please mee,
Knowing, if she should display
All her hate, Death soone would seize me,
And of hideous torments ease me.

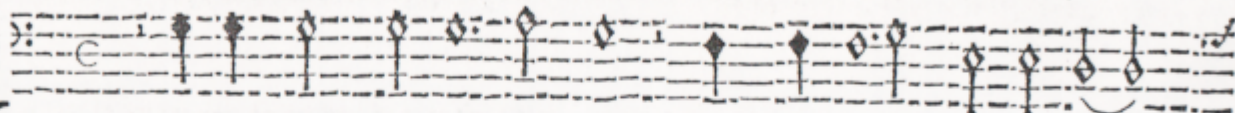
10 Then my flocke now adew,
But alas, if in your straying
Heauenly *Stella* meet with you,
Tell her in your pittious blaying,
Her poore slaues iust decaying.

D'incerto.

IIII.

BASSVS.

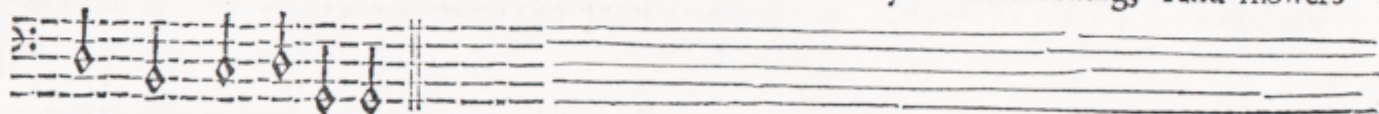
G



Oe my Flocke, goe get you hence, Seeke some other place of feeding,



Where you may haue some defence, Fro the stormes in my breast breeding, And showers



from mine eyes proceeding.

Deere life when shall it be, That mine eyes thine eyes may see,

And in them thy minde discover, Whether absence hath had force, Thy remembrance

to diuorce, From the Image of thy Louer?

2 O if I my selfe finde not,
 By thine absence oft forgot,
 Nor debarde from *Beauties* treasure:
 Let no Tongue aspire to tell
 In what high I shall dwell,
 Onely Thought aymes at the pleasure.

3 Thought therefore will I lend thee,
 To take vp the place for mee,
 Long I will not after tarry:
 There vnscene thou mayst be bolde
 Those fayre wonders to behold,
 Which in them my hopes doe carry.

4 Thought, see thou no place forbear,
 Enter brauely euery where,
 Seize on all to her belonging:
 But if thou wouldest guarded be,
 Fearing her beames, take with thee,
 Strength of liking, rage of longing.

5 O my Thoughts, my thoughts, surcease,
 Your delights my woes increase,
 My life fleetes with too much thinking:
 Thinke no more, but dye in mee
 Till thou shalt receiued be
 At her lips my *Nectar* drinking.

D'incerto.

V.

BASSVS.



O plead my faith where faith hath no re- ward,
 To heape complaints wher she doth not re- gard,

To moue re- morse where fa- uour is not borne: I lo- ued
 Were fruit- lesse, boote- lesse, vaine and yeeld but scorne. And my vaine

her whom all the world ad- mir'de. I was re- fus'de of her
 hopes which far too high af- spir'de Is dead and bu- ried and

that can loue none: For- get my name since you haue scornde my
 for e- uer gone. Since for your fake I doe all mischief

Loue, And woman- like doe not too late la- ment:
 proue. I none ac- cuse nor no- thing doe re- pent.

I plead my faith where faith hath no reward, To moue re-morse
 To heape complaints where she doth not regard, Were fruitlesse, boote-

where fa-our is not borne: I lo ued her whom all the world admir'de, I was
 lesse, vaine and yeeld but scorne. And my vaine hopes which far too high aspir'de, Is dead

refus'de of her that can loue none: For-get my name since you haue scorne'de my Loue,
 and bu-ri'd and for e-uer gone. Since for your sake I doe all mis-chiefe proue,

And womanlike doe not too late lament: I was as fonde as euer she was faire, Yet lou'd I
 I none accuse nor nothing doe repent

not more then I now dispaire.

I was as fonde as e-uer she was faire, Yet lou'd I
 not more then I now dis- pairc.



Na groue most rich of shade, Where Birds wanton musicke made,

May then in his pide weeds shewing, New perfumes with flowers fresh growing. May then in, &c.

2 *Astrophell* with *Stella* sweet
Did for mutuall comfort meet,
Both within themselues oppressed,
But either in each other blessed.

3 Him great harmes had taught much care
Her faire necke a foule yoke bare,
But her sight his care did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish.

4 Wept they had, alas the while,
But now teares themselues did smile,
While their eyes by Loue directed,
Interchangeably, reiected.

5 Sigh'd they had: but now betwixt
Sighs of woe were glad sighs mixt,
With Armes crost, yet testifying
Reflesse rest, and liuing dying.

6 Their cares hungry of each word
Which the deare tongue would afford:
But their tongues restrain'd from walking,
Till their harts had ended talking.

7 But when their tongues could not speake,
Loue it selfe did silence breake:
Loue did see his lips asunder,
Thus to speake in Loue and wonder.

8 *Stella*, soueraigne of my Ioy,
Faire Triumphres in annoy:
Stella, starre of heauenly fire,
Stella, load-starre of desire.

9 *Stella*, in whose shining eyes,
Are the lights of Cupids skyes,
Whose beames when they are once darterd,
Loue therewith is straight imparted.

10 *Stella*, whose voice when it speakes,
Senses all asunder breake:
Stella, whose voyce when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

11 *Stella*, in whose body is,
Writ the Characters of blisse:
Whose sweet face all beautie passeth,
Saue the minde which it surpasseth.

12 Graunt, O graunt, but speach (alas)
Failes me, fearing on to passe:
Graunt to me, what am I saying?
But no fault there is in praying.

13 Graunt (O deere) on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground hee then did stay)
That not I but since I proue you,
Time and place from mee nere moue you.

14 Neuer season was more fit,
Neuer roome apt for it:
Smiling ayre allows my reason,
These Birds sing, now vse the season.

15 This small winde which so sweet is,
Sec how it leaues leaues doth kisse,
Each tree in his best attyring,
Sence of Loue to Loue inspyring.

BASSVS.

VII.

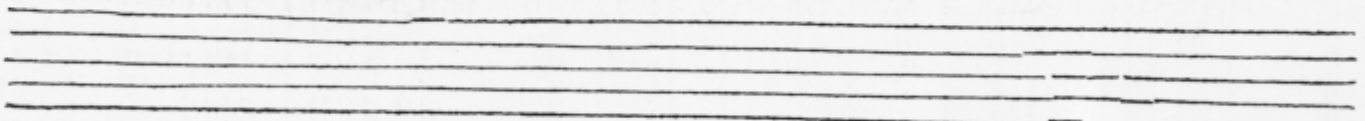
Tessir.



N a groue most rich of shade, Where Birds wanton Musicke made, May then in his



pide weeds shewing, New perfumes with flowres fresh growing. May then in, &c.



16 Loue makes earth the water drinke,
Loue to earth makes water sincke,
And if dumbe things be so wittie,
Shall a heauenly Grace want pittie?

17 There his Hands in their speech faine
Would haue made tongues language plaine
But her hands his hands compelling,
Gauē repulle, all Grace expelling.

18 Therewithall, away she went
Leaving him with passion rent
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

BASSVS.

VIII.

M. *John Douland* Batchelar of Musicke.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a large, ornate initial 'F' and a treble clef. The music is written in a style characteristic of the late 16th or early 17th century, with various note values and rests. The second and third staves continue the melody. The title 'Arre from triumphing Court, &c.' is written below the first staff.

Arre from triumphing Court, &c.

2 But loe a glorious light from his darke rest
 Shone from the place where erst this Goddesse dwelt
 A light whose beames the world with fruit hath blest
 Blest was the Knight while hee that light beheld :
 Since then a starre fixed on his head hath shinde,
 And a Saints Image in his hart is shrinde.

3 Raigne with ioy so gract by such a Saint,
 He quite forgot his Cell and selte denaid,
 He thought it shame in thankfullnesse to faime,
 Debts due to Princes must be duely paid :
 Nothing so hatefull to a noble minde,
 As finding kindnesse for to proue vnkinde.

4 But ah poore Knight though thus in dreame he ranged,
 Hoping to serue this Saint in forme of meete,
 Tyme with his golden locks to siluer changed
 Hath with age-letters bound him hands and feete,
 Aye mee, hee cryes, Goddesse my limbs grow faime,
 Though I times prisoner be, be you my Saint.

L
 Ady if you fo spight me, fo spight me, Wherefore do you fo oft, fo

ofe kisse, kisse and delight mee? Sure that my hart opprest, opprest,

Sure that my hart op-prest, opprest and ouer-cloyed, May breake, may breake thus ouerjoyde,

ouer-joyed, If you seeke to spill, to spill mee, Come kisse me sweet, :: Come

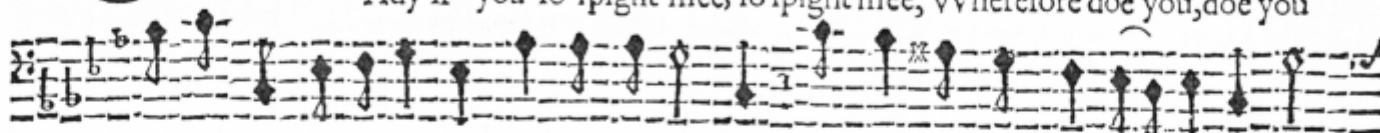
Kisse me sweet and kill mee, So shal your hart, your hart, :: be ca- fed,

And I shall rest content and dye, and dye well pleased.

L



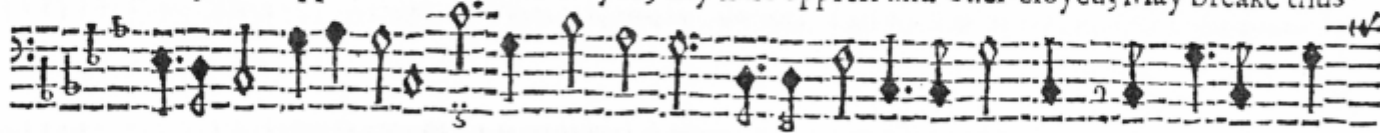
Ady if you so spight mee, so spight mee, Wherefore doe you, doe you



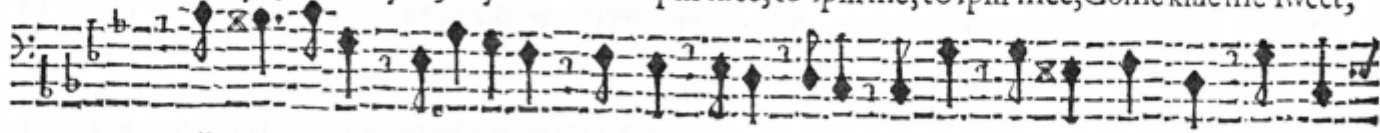
so oft, doe you so oft kisse, kisse and delight mee? Sure, sure that my hart, my hart opprest,



my hart opprest and o- uercloyed, my hart opprest and ouer-cloyed, May breake thus

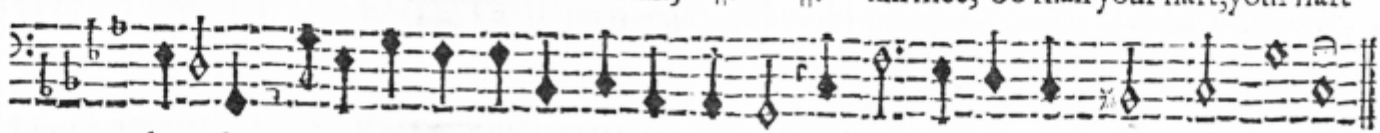


ouer-ioyd, ouer-ioyed, If you seeke to spill mee, to spill me, to spill mee, Come kisse me sweet,



:||:

and kill, :||: :||: kill mee, So shall your hart, your hart



be eased, And I shall rest content, content, and dye, and dye, and dye well pleas'd, well pleased.



to my woe,
And bedded
to my Tombe,
O Let me

I N darknesse let mee dwell, &c.

I N darknesse let mee dwell, &c.

This system contains the first eight staves of music. The first staff begins with a large, decorative initial 'I' and the text 'N darknesse let mee dwell, &c.' The music is written in a single melodic line on a five-line staff.

to my woes, And bedded to my Tombe, O Let me

This system contains the first three staves of music for the second system. It includes the lyrics 'to my woes, And bedded to my Tombe, O Let me'. The notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The music is written in a single melodic line.

living die, O let me living, let me living, living die, Till death, till death doe come,

This system contains the first three staves of music for the third system. It includes the lyrics 'living die, O let me living, let me living, living die, Till death, till death doe come,'. The notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The music is written in a single melodic line.

till death, till death doe come,

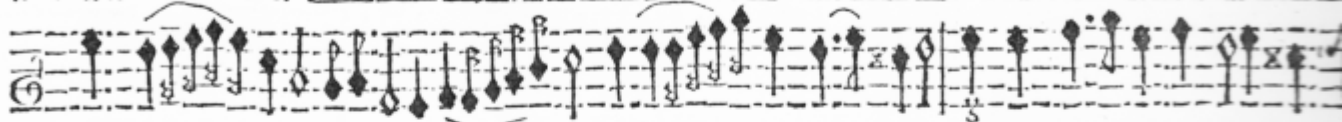
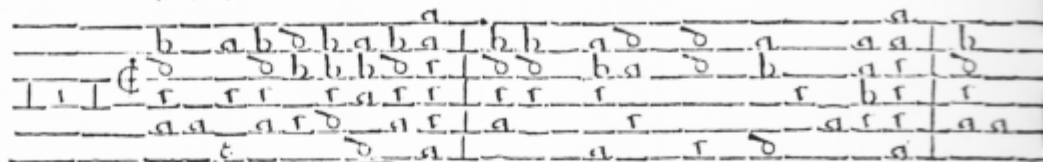
This system contains the first three staves of music for the fourth system. It includes the lyrics 'till death, till death doe come,'. The notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The music is written in a single melodic line.

This system contains the final three staves of music on the page. It includes the lyrics 'till death, till death doe come,'. The notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The music is written in a single melodic line.



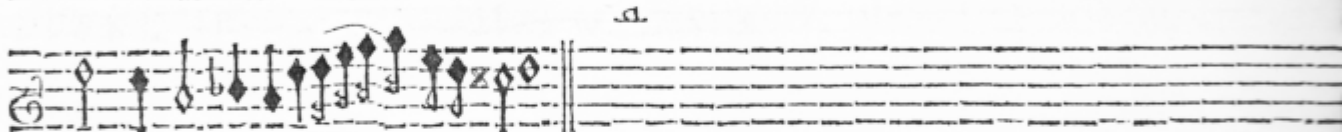
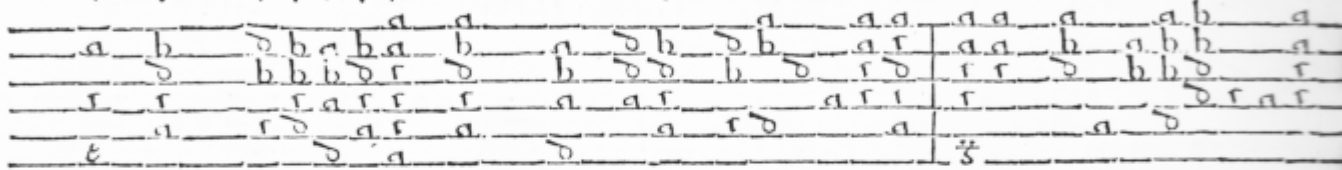
I le parler & le silence Nait à nostre heur esgalement, Parlons

♩ ♩



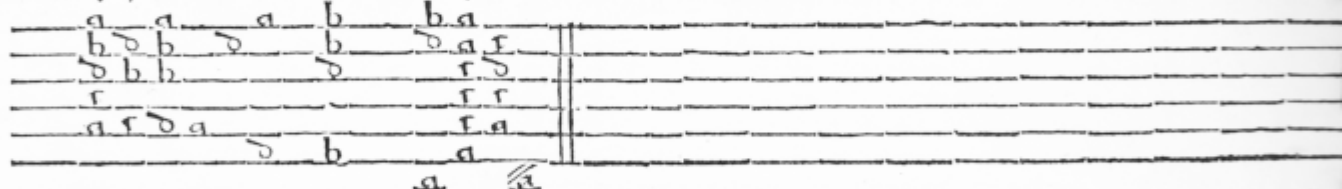
done ma chere esperance Du cœur & des yeux seulement: Amour ce petit dieu volage

♩ ♩



Nous apprend ce muet lan- gage.

♩ ♩



*Que le regard vole & renole
Messager des nos passions,
Et serue au lieu de la parole
Pour dire nos intentions.
Amour.*

*Mais si quelque ame est offensée
De nous voir discourir des yeux,
Nous parlerons de la pensée
Comme les Anges dans les cieus.
Amour.*

*Ainsi par un doux artifice
Nous tromperons les courtisans,
Et nous rirons de la malice
De mille facheux mesdisans,
Qui n'en scauront pas d'auantage
Ignorans ce muet langage.*

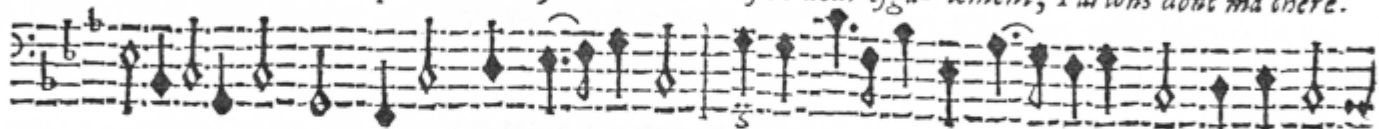
D'incerto.

XI.

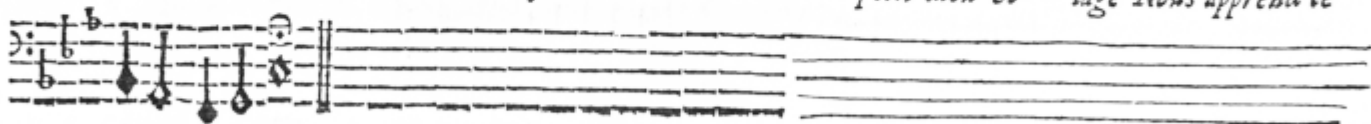
BASSO.

S 

I le parler & le silence Nuit à nostre heur esga- lement, Parlons donc ma chere.



esperance Du cœur & des yeux seu- lement : Amour ce petit dieu vo- lage Nous apprend ce



muet langage.



C penser qui sans fin tiranni-se ma vie, Se montre
tellement contre moy coniu-ré, Que tant plus ie m'effor-ce à dompter son enui-e,
Et tant moins à mon bien ie le voy pre-pa-ré.

*J'ay quitte la beauté dont il a pris naissance,
Esperant par l'oubly ses charmes decevoir
Mais ie trouue à la fin que la veüe & l'absence
Sont tous deux differends, & d'un mesme pouuoir.*

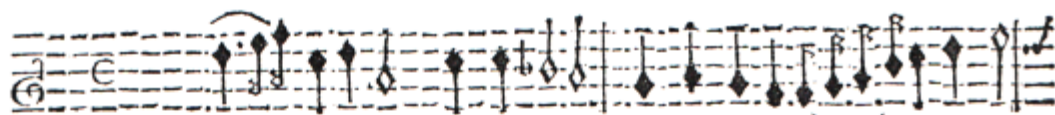
*J'ay main'esfois iuré du change faire esprouue
Pour faire qu'un dessein fust par l'autre dessait,
Mais à toutes les fois, aussi tost ie me treuue
Infidelle en parole, & fidelle en effect.*

*J'ay des plus fiers dedains la puissance empruntée
Pour repousser le trait dont j'ay le cœur atteint,
Mais plus ie recognois par leur force domptée
Ma douleur veritable & mon remede feint.*

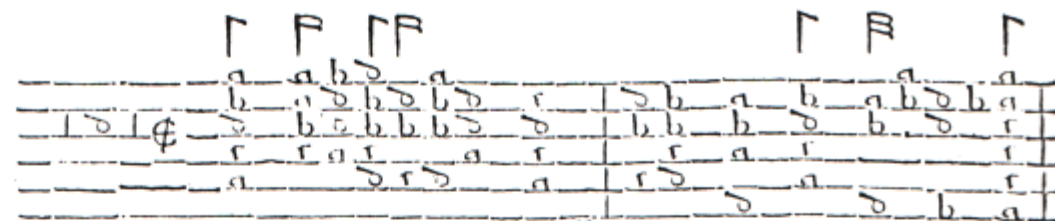
*Ainsi donc combatant le mal qui me possède
Sans voir par ces moyens ses tempestes calmer,
Je me voy consommant dans mon propre remede
Comme un vaisseau qui brusle au milieu de la Mer.*

*Voilà comme en viuant en toute seruitude
Je nourris vn penser dont l'impiteux effort,
Se monstre en mon endroit si plain d'ingratitude,
Qu'en luy donnant la vie il me donne la mort.*





 Ous que le bon heur r'appelle A vñ serua- ge ancien,





 Mou- rez aux peids de la belle Qui vous dai- gne faire sien.



Glorieuse en vostre perte
 Honorez vostre vainqueur,
 Qui vous a la porte ouuerte
 De la prison de son cœur.

Heureux venez vous donc rendre
 A celle qui vous a pris,
 C'est honneur de ce voir prendre
 A qui tient tout à mespris.

Ainsi vostre ame reprise,
 Finis toute liberté:
 Glorieuse est l'enterprise
 Qui guide à l'eternité.

D'incerto.

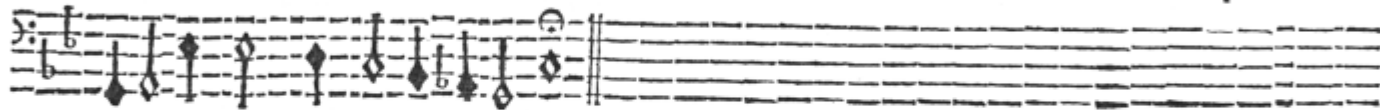
XIII.

BASSO.

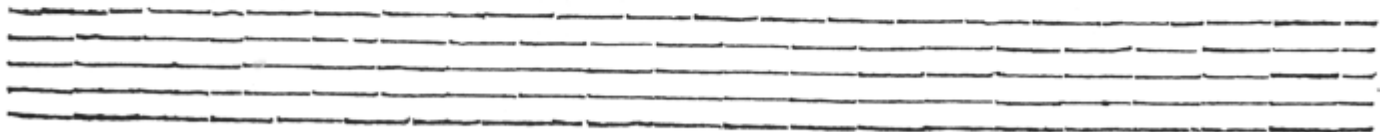
O



Ous que le bon heur r'appelle A un seruage ancien, Mourez aux peids de



la belle Qui vous daigne faire sien.

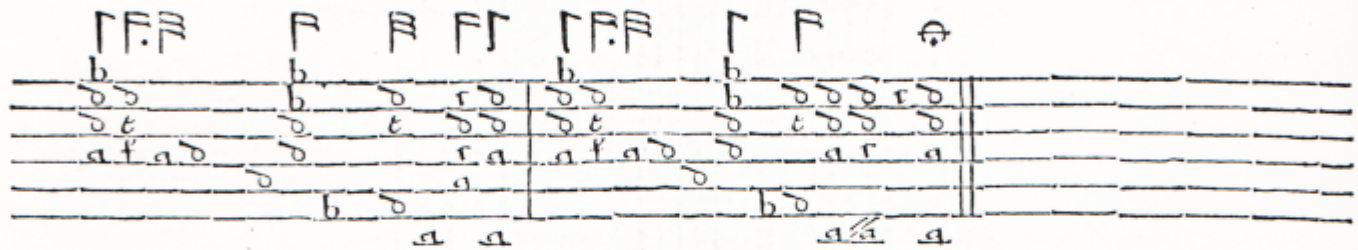




Affaua amor suar-co deffarmado, Los ojos baxos blando y muy modesto,



Dexaua m'ya atras muy descuidado. Dexaua. ij.



*Quam poco espacio pude gozar esto,
Fortuna deembidiosa dixo luego:
Teneos amor porque vays tam presto.*

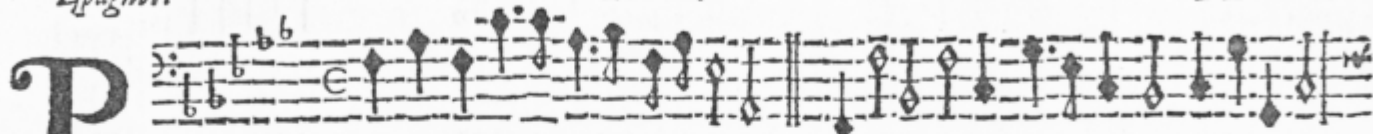
*Boluo de presto ami el niguo ciego,
Muy enoiado enuersé reprehendido
Que no ay reprehension do sta su fuego.*

*Ay prados, bosques, seluas, que criastes,
Tan libre coracon como ero el mio
Porque tan graue mal no te estoruastes.*

Espagnol.

XIII.

BASSO.



Assaua amor suar- co deffarmado, Los, oios baxos blando y muy mode- sto,



Dexaua m'ya atras muy descuidado. Dexaua. ij.



S Ta note mien

yaua, Call inferno meseta na my nan da na, Non per ly

me- i peccate, Ma per uider chi fanno ly-

ny, Ma per uider chi fanno

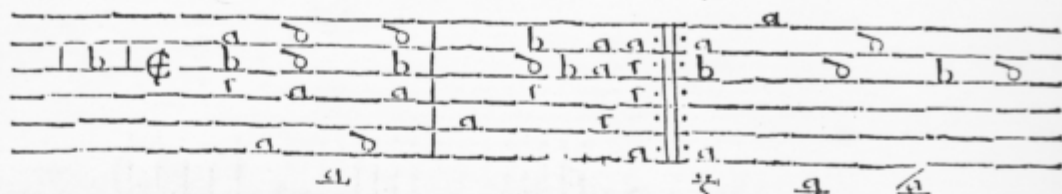
ly- ny.

Standola mi pareua
 Chi nel medso Plutone ses sedeva
 Tra qui Spiriti infernali
 Chi donno balma tanti stragi mali.



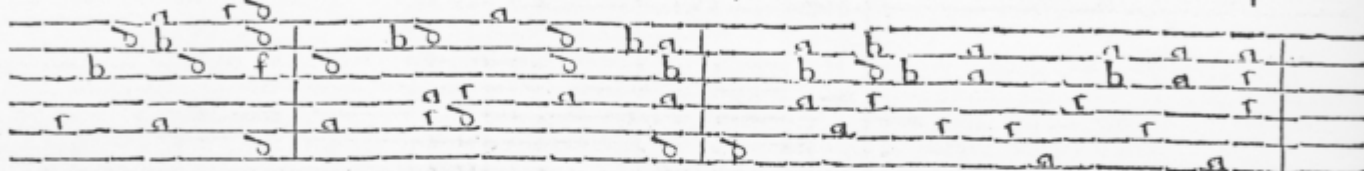
Estros oios tienen d'Amor no se que, Que me yelan me roban me

FF FFF F F F F



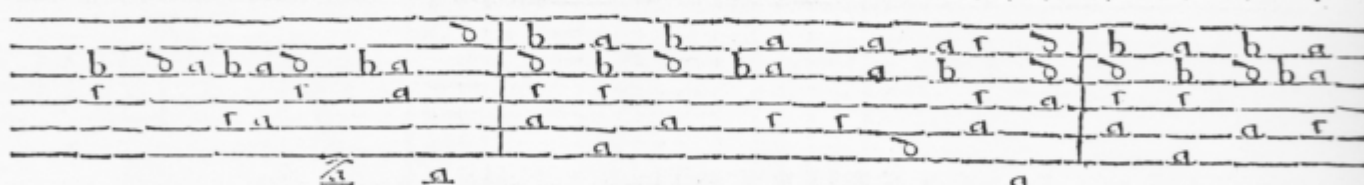
hieren me matan, Que me matan, me matan a fe, Que me matan, me matan a fe, a fe, a fe,

F F F F F



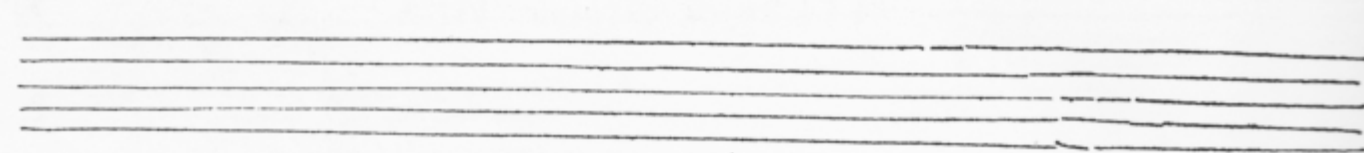
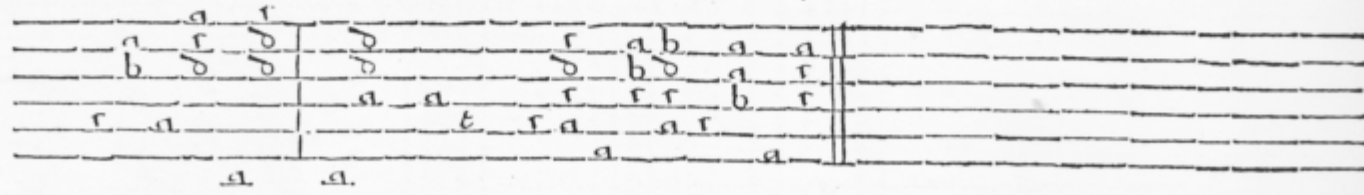
Que me matan, me matan a fe, Porque me mirays con ta a- sli- cion, y almi coracon

F FF F F F F F F F



me. priso- nys, Que si vos me mirays yo os a- cufare.

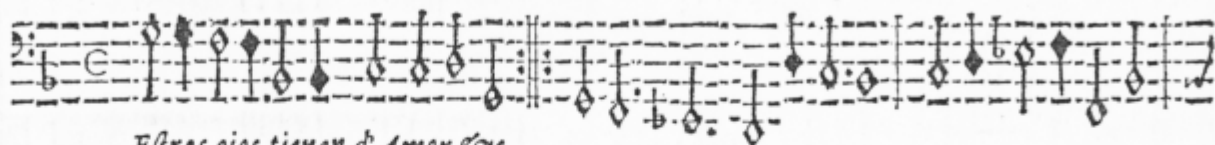
F F F F F F F



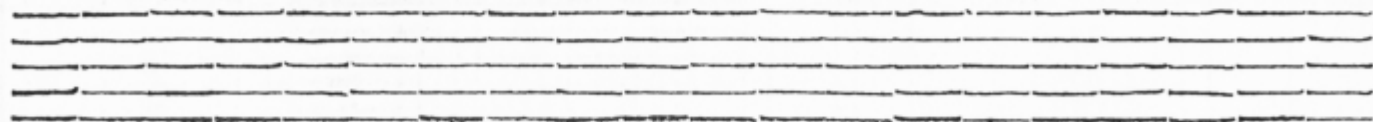
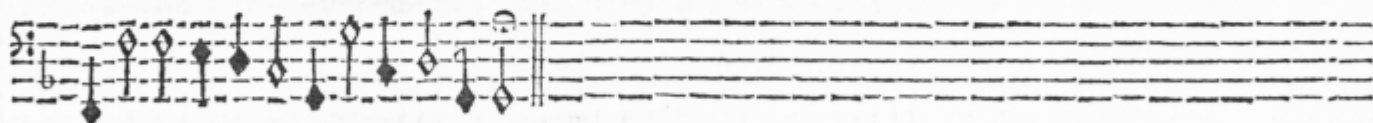
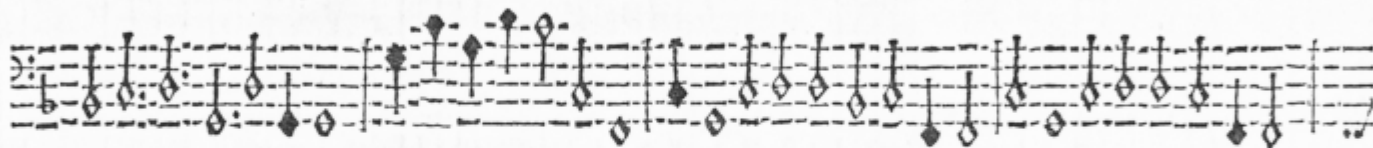
Español.

XVI.

BASSO.



Estros oios tienen d' Amor, &c.





E di farmi mo- ri re, Con crudeltà pen-

sate, Certo che u'inga- na- te. Che da la crudel- tà nascono li-

re, E da lire lo sdeg- no, Che scaccia Amor, Che scaccia A- mor,

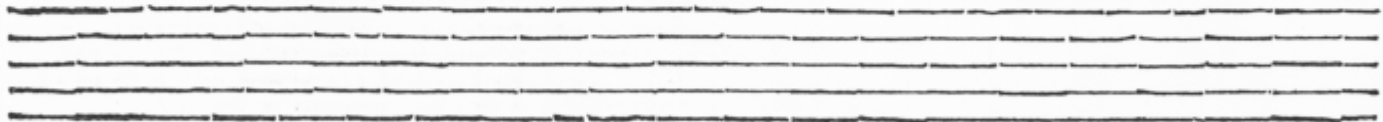
Dal suo superbo regno.

Italian. Domenico Maria Megli.

XVII.

BASSO.

S 
E di farmi morire, &c.





Ourò dun-que mo- ri- re? Priache di nuouo io miri, Voibra-

F F | F | F | F | F

a a e a e d r r a a

a a a a a e d r r a a

r e e r b r r e f d d b a e

e r r a r e

r a r

mata cagione de miei marti- ri mio perdu- to tesoro non potrò dirai pria ch'io mora io

F . F | F | F | F | F | F | F | F

a a a a a a e a a a

b a f e a f d d r d a a e a a a

r a f e r b f e r a r e b r r b

a e r r e r a r e r e a r

e r

moro? io mo- ro? O', O', mi- seria in audi- ta, Non poter dir a

F | F | F | F | F | F | F

a a a a a a a a a a

a a a a e r e a a a r a a e a a a r r

a r r a f r d a e a d r r r a

b r r e r r r r a r e r e b

r r r r a r e r a e b

a

voi mor- ro mia vita O miseria in au- di- ta.

F F | F | F | F | F | F | F

a a a a a a a a a a

a a a e r a e a a e a a a a a a e r e

a r r a a a d r a f r d r a a a f

r a r b e r b r r e b r e e r r

b r a a a r e e e r r

Non poter dir a voi moro mia vita. Non poter dir a voi mo- ro mia vi-

F F | F | F | F | F | F | F

a r a a a a a a a a

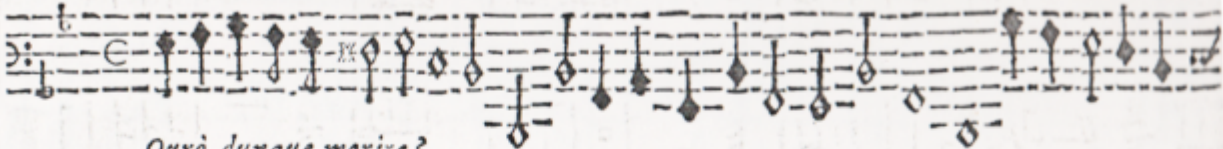
d r a d r a r a e a a r r a a a a e r a e

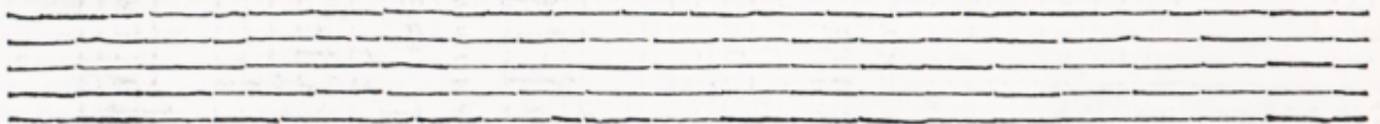
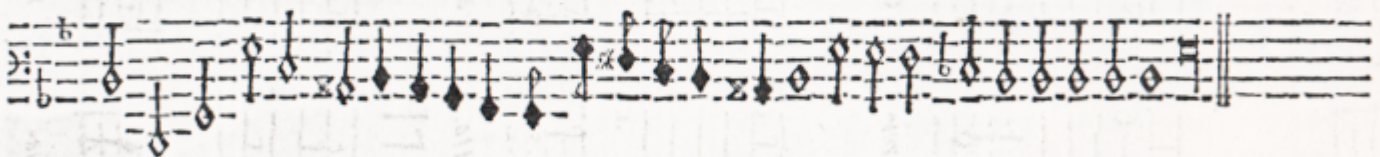
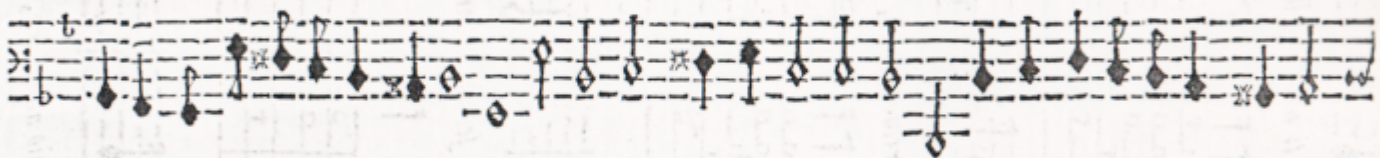
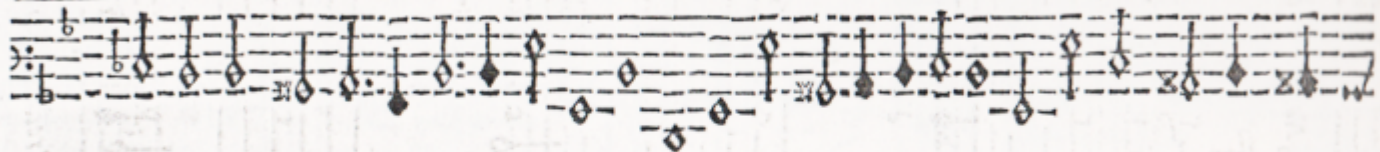
a d a a r r a a r r a a r r a a d

e e e r a a r e e b r a r h a a d

e a e r a e b r a e r b r

a

D  *Ovrò dunque morire?*



ta mo-ro mia vi-

ta.

L



Maril- li mia bella, Non credi ò del mio cor dolce

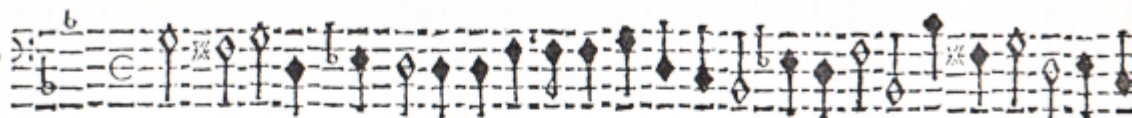
o, D'esser tu l'amor mio, Credi-lo pur, è se ti- mor l'assa le,

questo mio strale Aprimi il petto, è vedrai scritto il core Ama- ril- li,

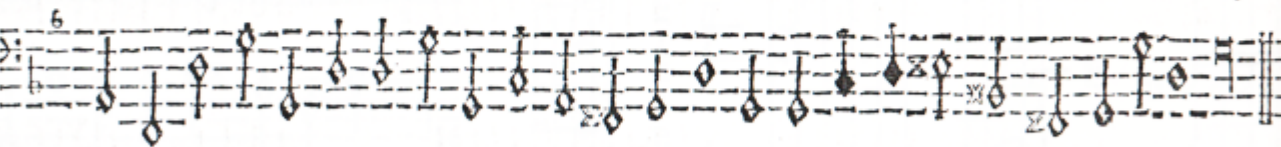
ril- li, Ama- rilli è'l mio amo- re, Credilo pur, è se timor l'assa-

prendi questo mio strale Aprimi il petto, è vedrai scritto il co- re, Amaril-

A

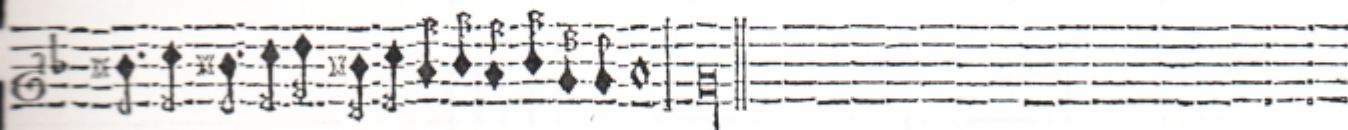
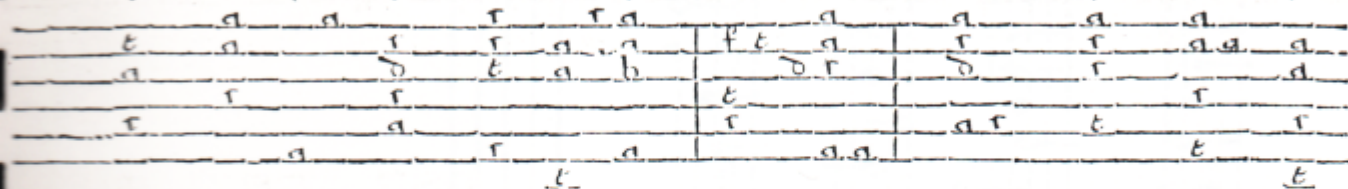


Marilli mia bella, &c.

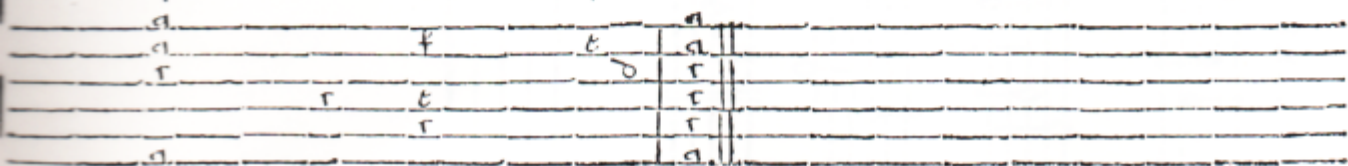




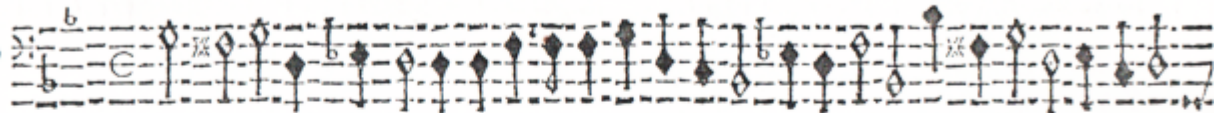
Ama-ril li, Amarilli c'è'l mio a-mo-re. Ama-ril- li c'è'l mio a-



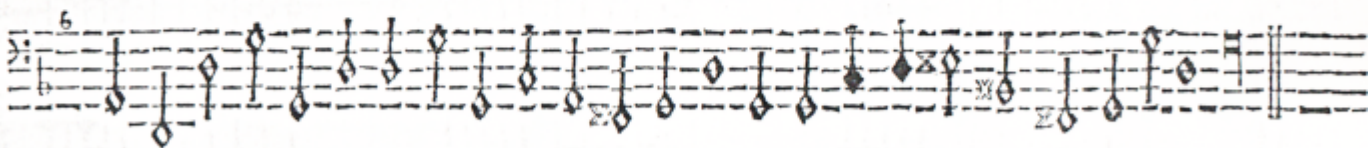
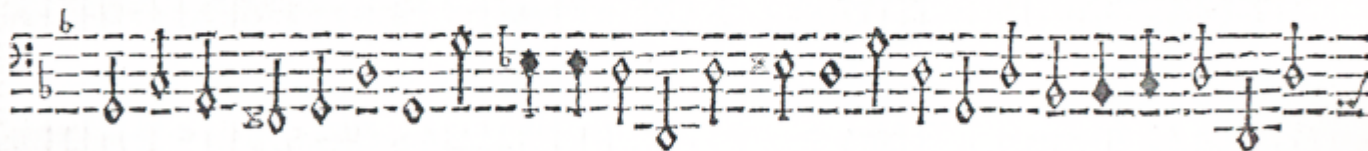
mo- re.



A



Marilli mia bella, &c.



Ama-ri-li
li,
Amarilli el mio a-mo-ri. Ama-ri-li.
li el mio a-

mo-
ri.

Giulio Caccini detto Romano.

XIX.

BASSO.

A

Marilli mia bella, &c.



tu se la mala morte mio la frets a chi mi pas il co-

re.

A set of six horizontal lines representing a lute fretboard. Above the lines are rhythmic symbols: a pair of eighth notes, a quarter note, a pair of eighth notes, a quarter note, a pair of eighth notes, a quarter note, a vertical bar, a quarter note, a vertical bar, and a quarter note. Below the lines are letters (a, r, t, f) and rhythmic symbols (vertical lines with flags) indicating fret positions and timing. The letters 'a' and 'r' are placed on the first line, 't' and 'f' on the second, and 'a' and 'r' on the fifth. The letters 'a', 'r', 'a', 'a', 't', 'r' are placed on the sixth line. The tablature ends with a double bar line.

FINIS.

M