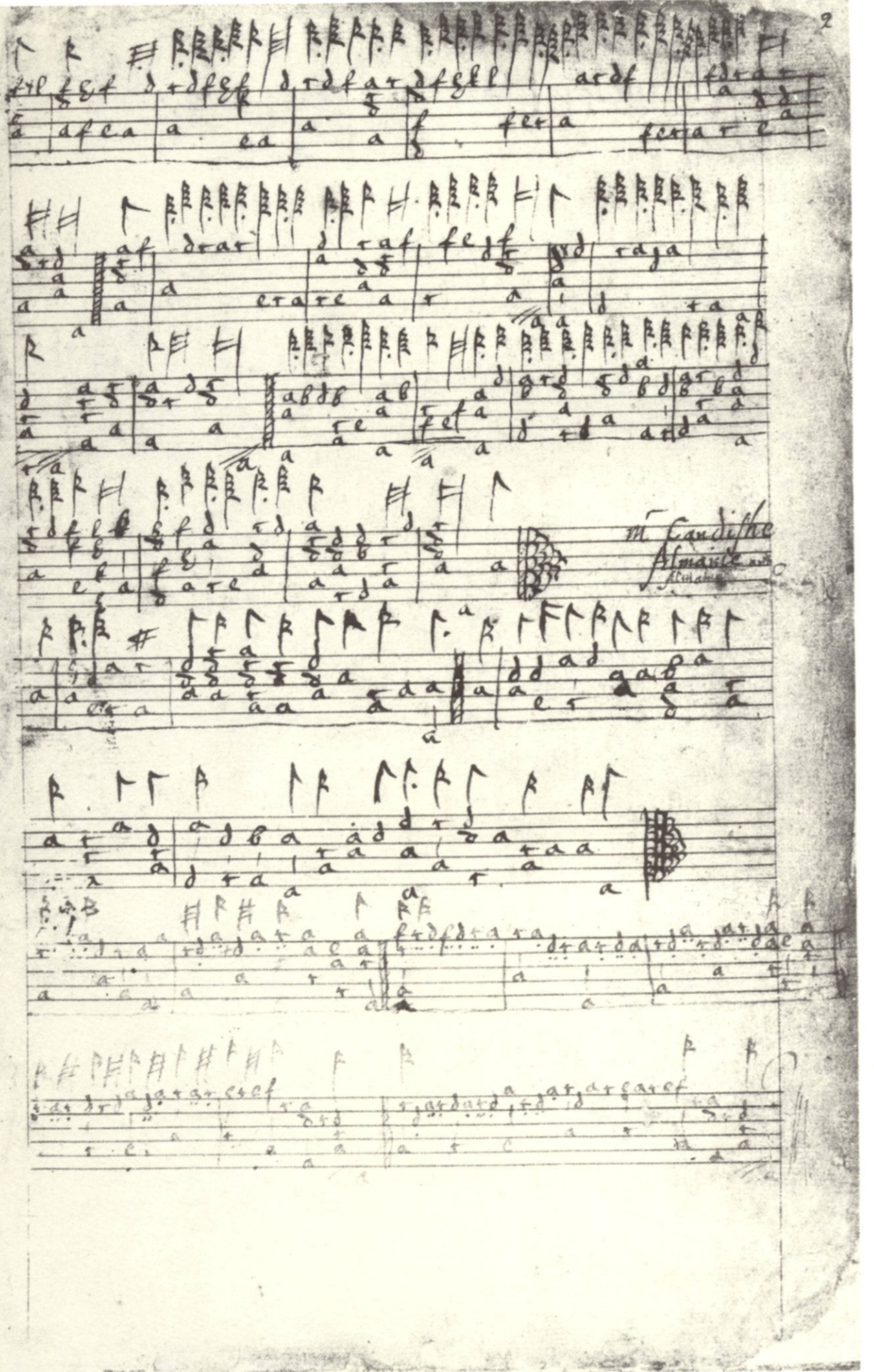
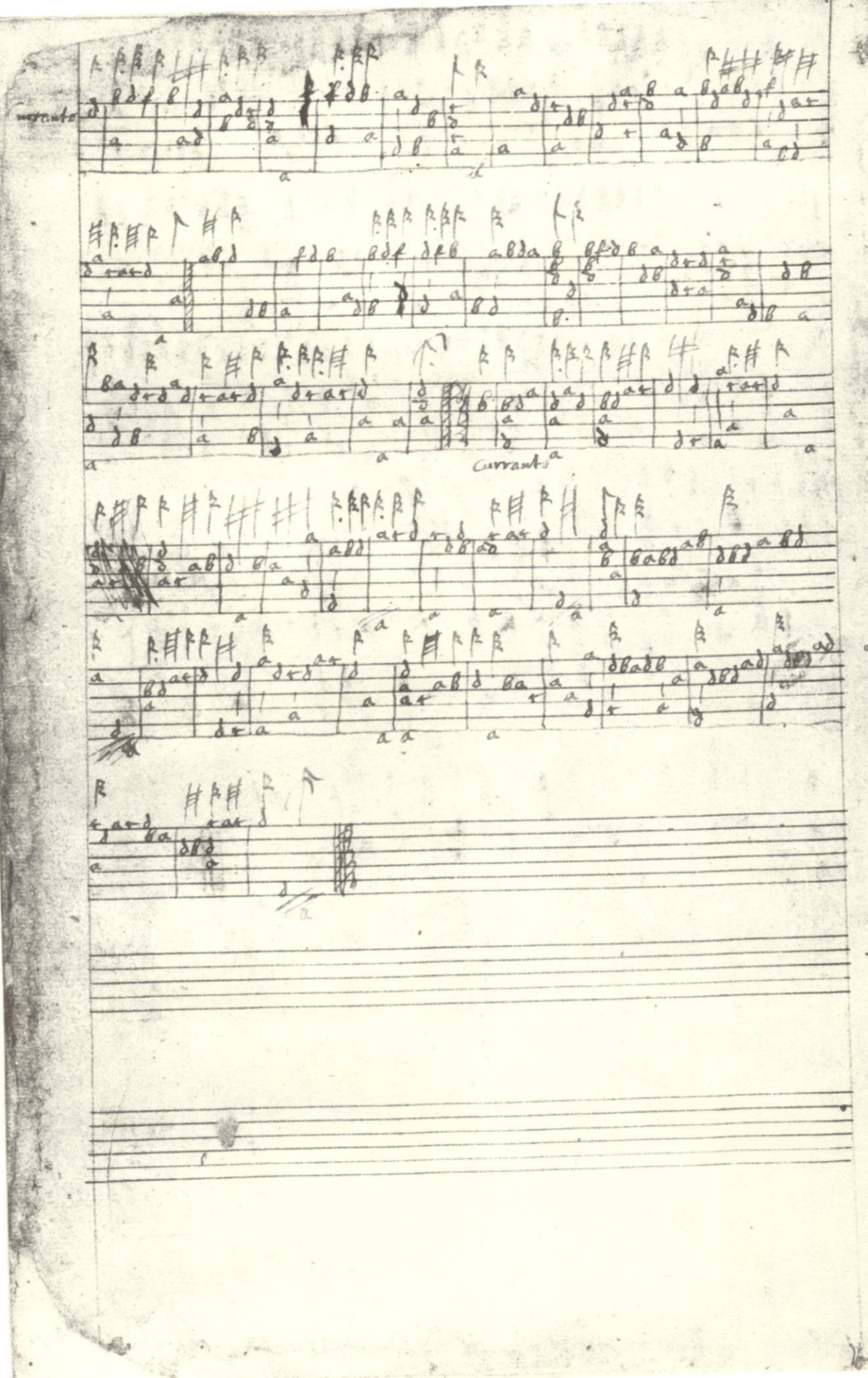
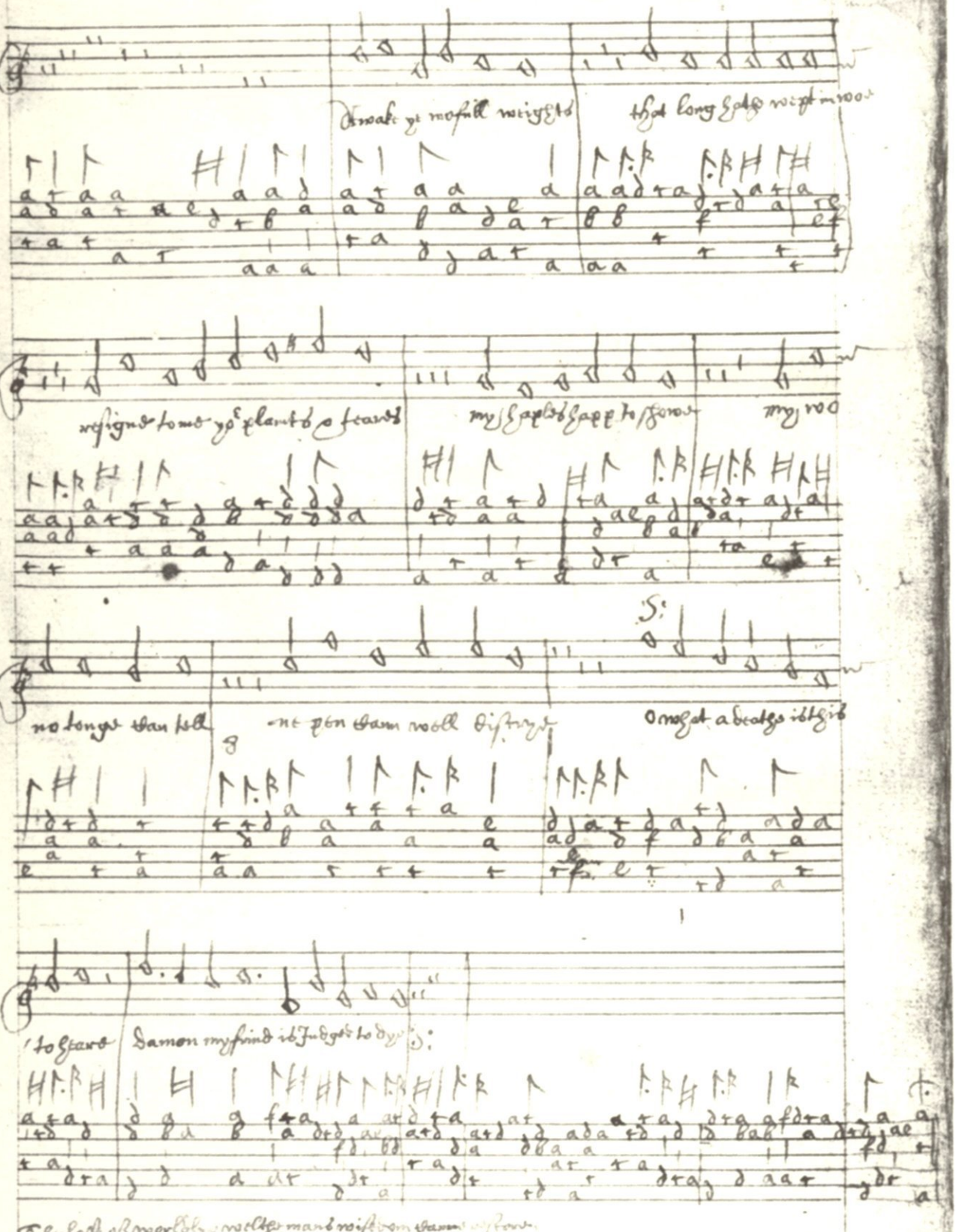
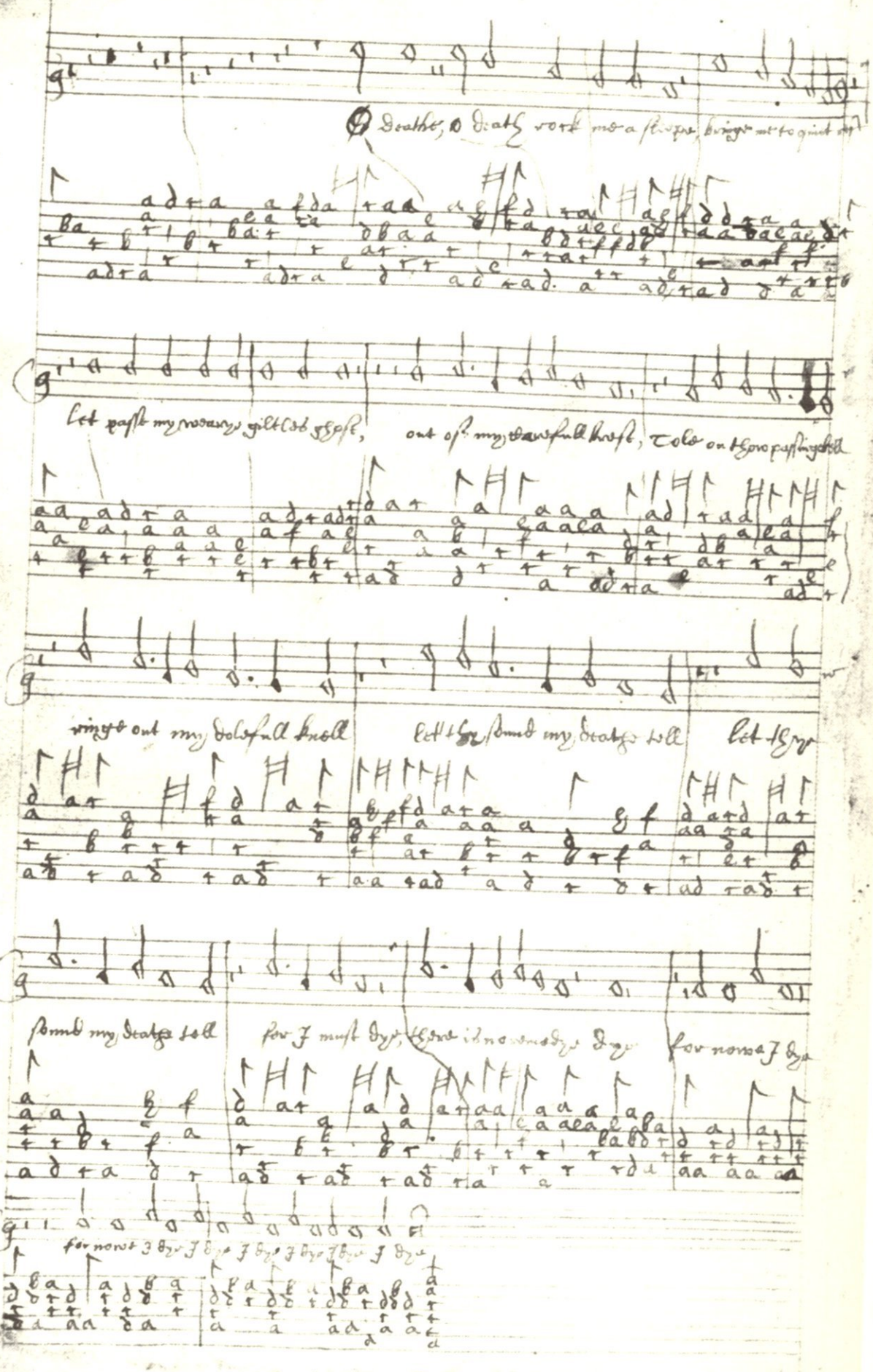
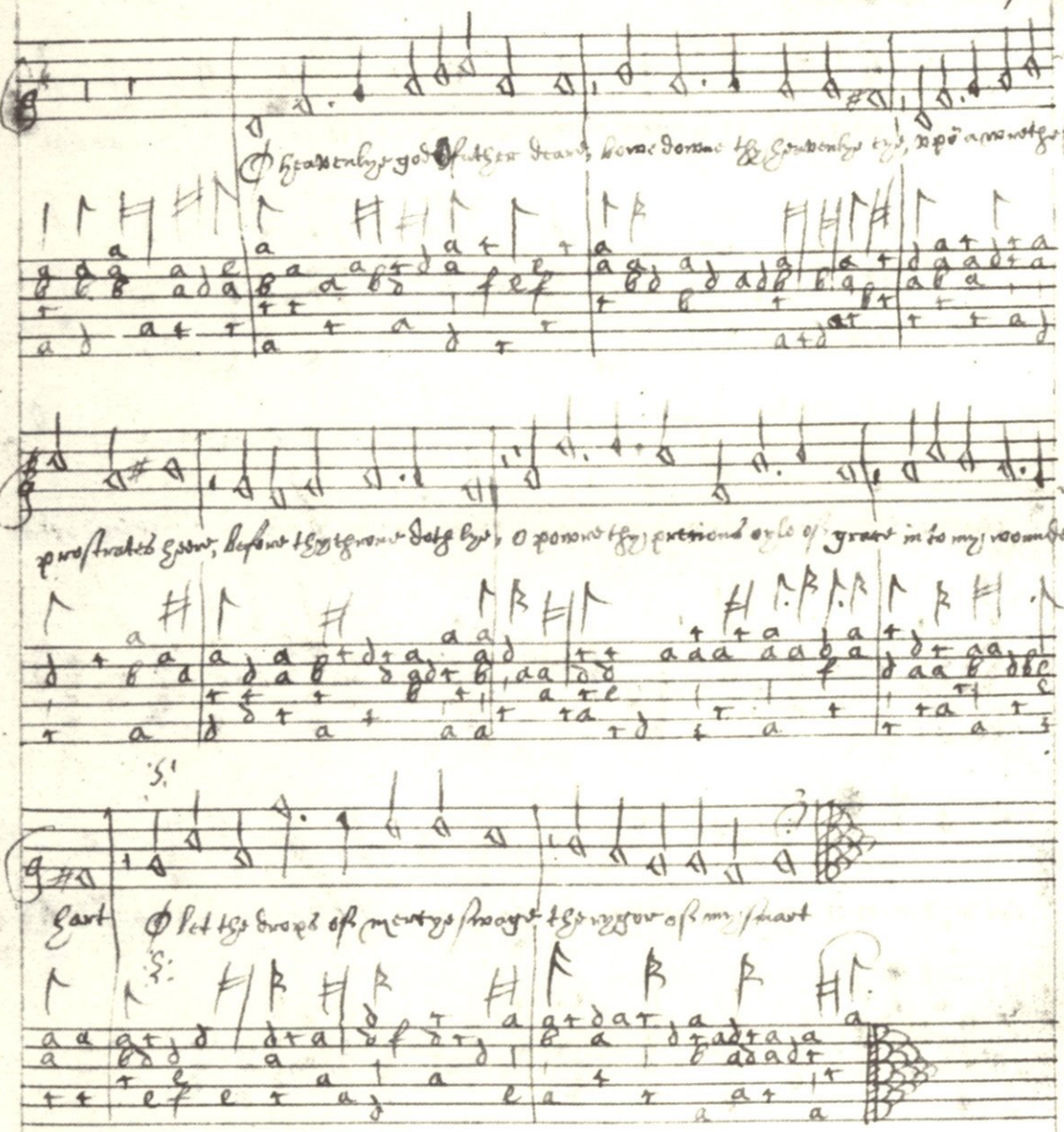

M. Candishe
Almaine


Courante


Awake ye wofull weights that long hath wept in woe
resigne to me yo^e plaints & teares my haples happ to showe my woe
no tonge than tell ne pen than well discrye O what a death is this
to heare Damon my friend is Judged to dye

The losse of worldly welthe mans wise dom thanne restore
and phyfeke hath provided dall a Salve for every sore.




O heavenlye god & father deare, bowe downe thy heavenlye eye, vpō a wrethe that
prostrates heere, before thy throne doth lye, O powre thy pretious oyle of grace in to my wounded
hart O let the drops of mercye swage the rygor of my smart

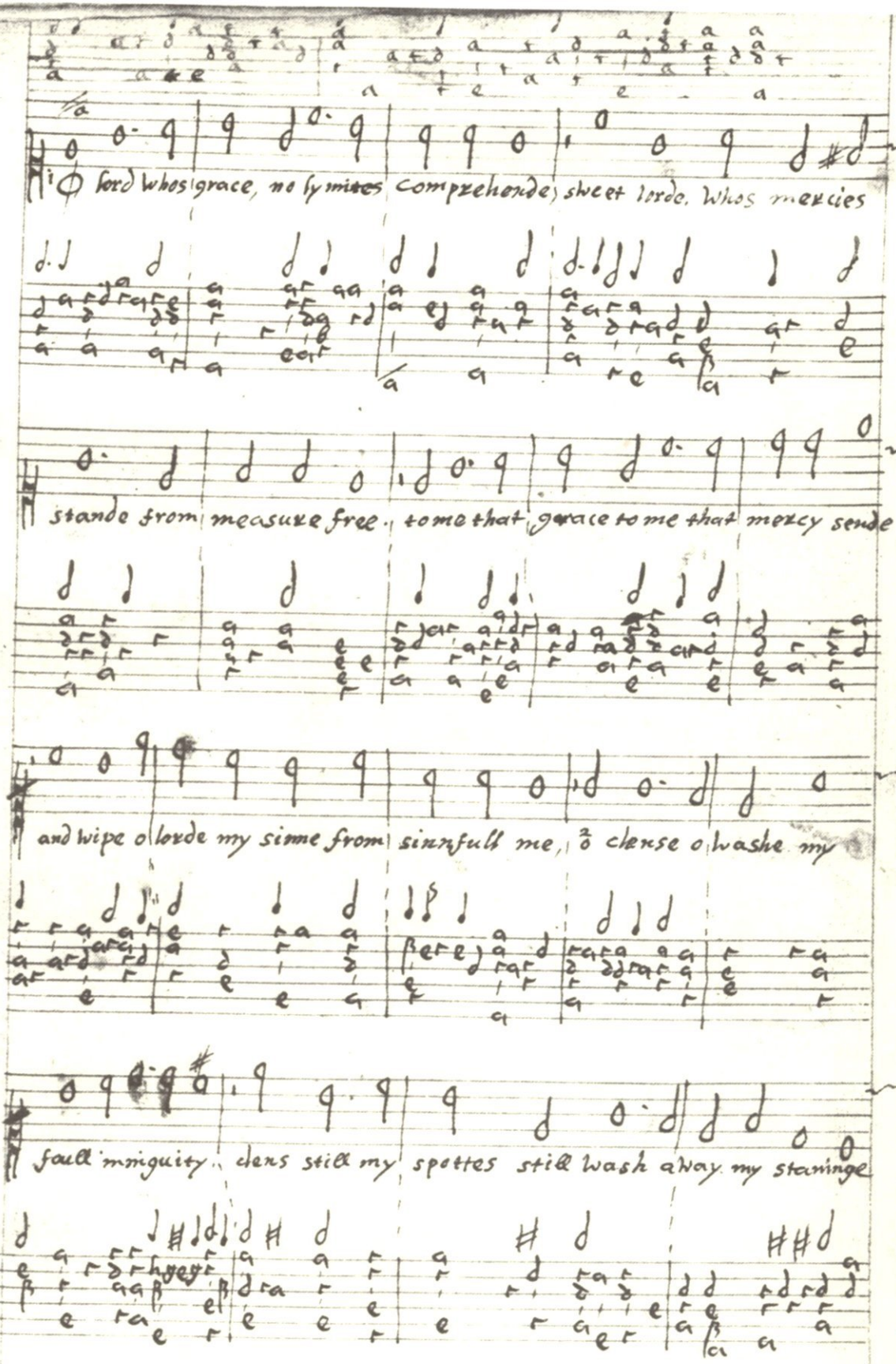
2 my sinfull soule oppressed sore, wth tarefull Gloge of Tyme,
In humble wise submitts it selfe thy mercye lord to wyme,
graunt mercye oh my Savior sweete to me most wofull thrall
whose mindefull Grye to thee alone doth still for mercye Gall.

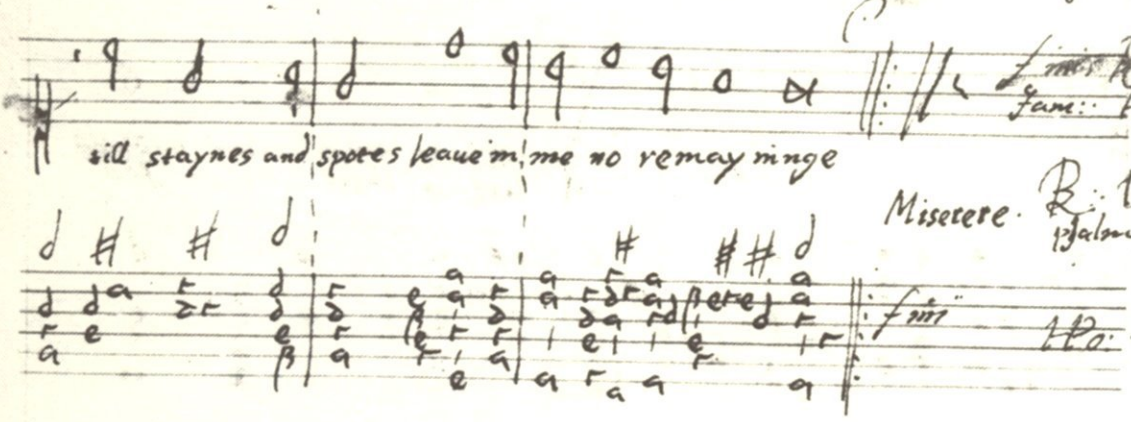
3 Thy blessed will I have dispisde vpon a stoborne mynde,
and to the swaye of Earthelye things, my lyfe I have inclyned,
forgettinge heaven & heavenlye powers, where god & Saincte do dwell
my lyfe did like to treade the pathes & waye yt leades to hell.

4 But oh my lord & loade starre bright, I will no more do soe
to thinke vpō my former lyfe my harte doth me it for woe
alas I sigge alas I sobbe, alas I do repente
that ever my lyfe ontions will so wickedlye was bente.

5 Guyer thus therefore wth yearnefull plaints I do thy mercye Grave
good lord for thy greate mercies sake let me thy mercye have
restore to life that wretched soule that ells is like to dye
so shall my voyce vnto thy name singe prayse Eternallye.

6 Nowe blessed be the father fyrst & blessed be the Sonne
and blessed be the holye ghost by whom all things are done
Blesse me o blessed Trynitie wth thyne Eternall grace
that after deathe my soule maye have in heaven a dwellinge place.


O lord whos grace, no lymites comprehende, sweet lorde. Whos mercies
stande from measure free, to me that grace to me that mercy sende
and wipe o lorde my sinne from sinnfull me, O clense o washe my
fault iniquity, clens still my spottes still wash away my staininge



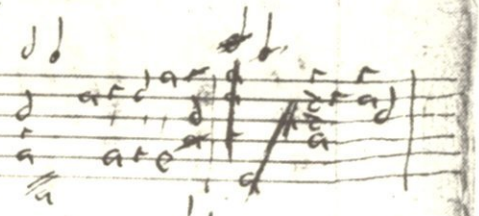
3 for i alas acknowlegeinge do knowe
my sinfull ~~filthy~~ ~~faltie~~, my ~~falty~~ filthynes
to my ~~soules~~ eye, vnsesantly doth shew.
which done to thee, to thee & thee confess.
4 Just iudge, trew wittnes, that for righteousnes
thy doome may pass against my ~~fa~~ gilt awarded.
thy euidence for truth may be regarded.

18 Lastly o lorde how so I stande or fall
leaue not thy loued sion to imbrace · wall
but with thy fauoure biulde up saleme, = place
and still in peace mayntayne thy peasfull
then shalt thou turne a well accepting fat
to sacrede fiers, with ofered giftes performed
tell euen whole Caulfes on alltors be Consumed

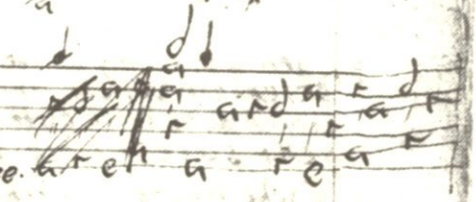
5 My mother lo: whan I begane to bee.
~~Conceuinge me with me did sinne Conceaue~~
and as with liuinge heate she cherished me.
~~Corruption did like cherishing receaue~~
6 but lo thy lande to puriste goode doth cleaue.
and inwarde truth, which hardly els diserned.
~~my truande soulle, in thy hide schole hath learned~~

fems mayde
of the Coun:
of pembr:

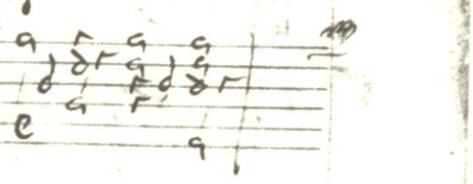
7 ~~then as thy selfe to leppers hast assignde~~
~~with Ysop, lord thy Ysop purge me soe~~.
and that shall cleane the leprye of my minde.
make ouer me thy mercies streames to flow.
8 so shall my whitnes scorne the whittest snow.
to eare and harte sende soundes and thoughtes of gladnes
that brused bones, may dance away ther sadnes.



9 ~~thy ill pleased eye from my misdeed Cauerite~~
Cancell the regester ~~my sinnes~~ Contayne.
Create in me a pure Cleane spottes harte.
10 Inspire a sprite wher loue of right may rayne
11 Ah. Cast me not from thee. take not agayne
12 thy breathing grace, agayne thy Comfort send me.
~~and lette the garde of thy free sprit attende me~~

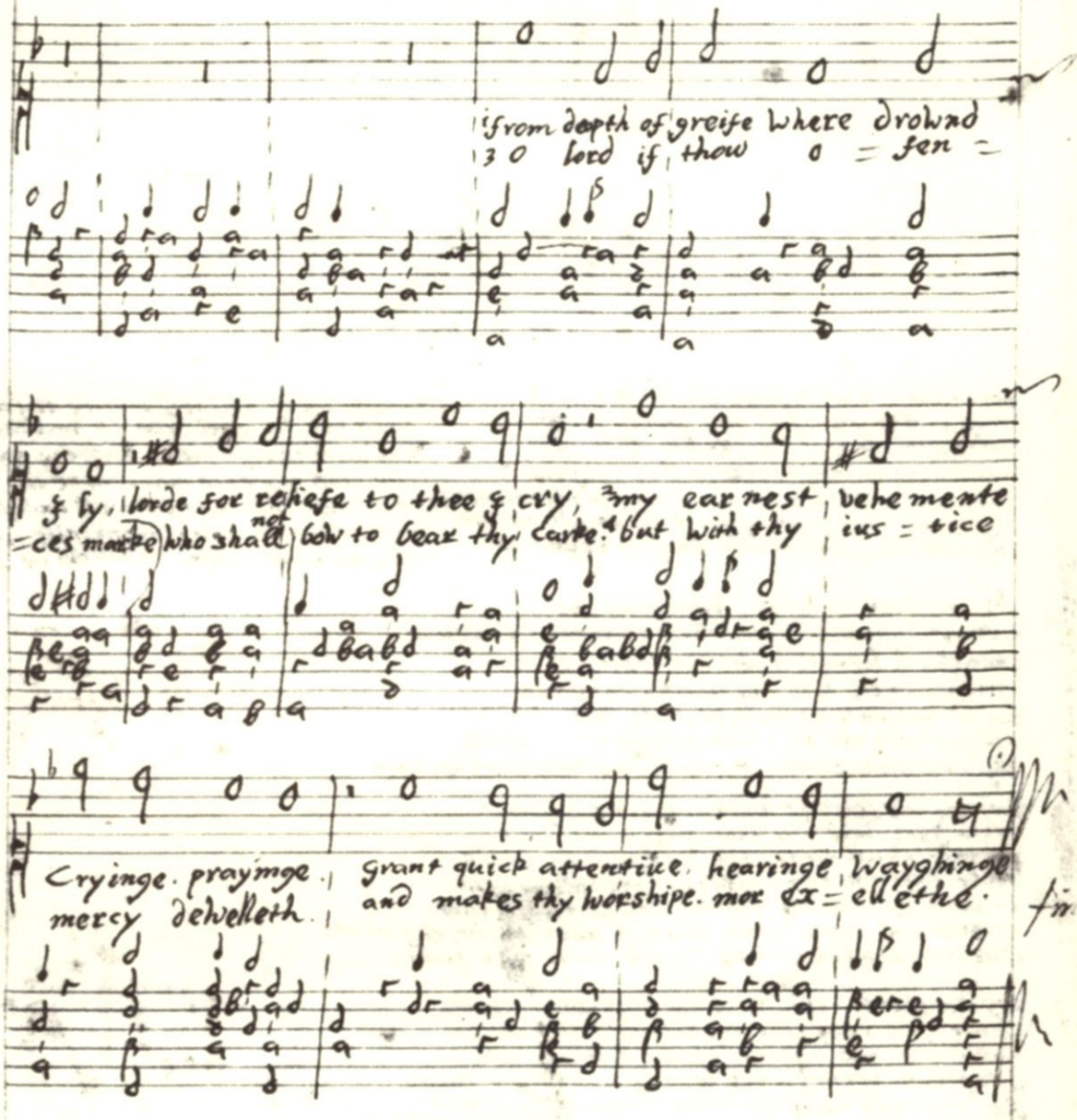


13 So I to them a guydinge hande will bee.
whos fatty feett haue wandrede from thy way
and turnde frome ~~thee~~ sinne will make returne to thee.
whom turnde from thee sinne erst had lede awaye
14 O god. god of my healthe, o doe away
my bloodye crime, so shall my tounge be raysede
to prayse thy truth, enough cannot be prayesede.



15 Vnlocke my lippes shut up with sinnfull shame.
then shall my mouth ~~o~~lorde thy honore singe
16 for bleedinge fewell for thy alteres flame.
to gayne thy grace, what bootes it me to bringe.
burnt offrynges ~~is~~ are to thee no pleasante thinge.
17 the sacryfies that gode will houlde respectede.
is, the harte-broken soulle the spritt dejectede.

De profundis psalme 130



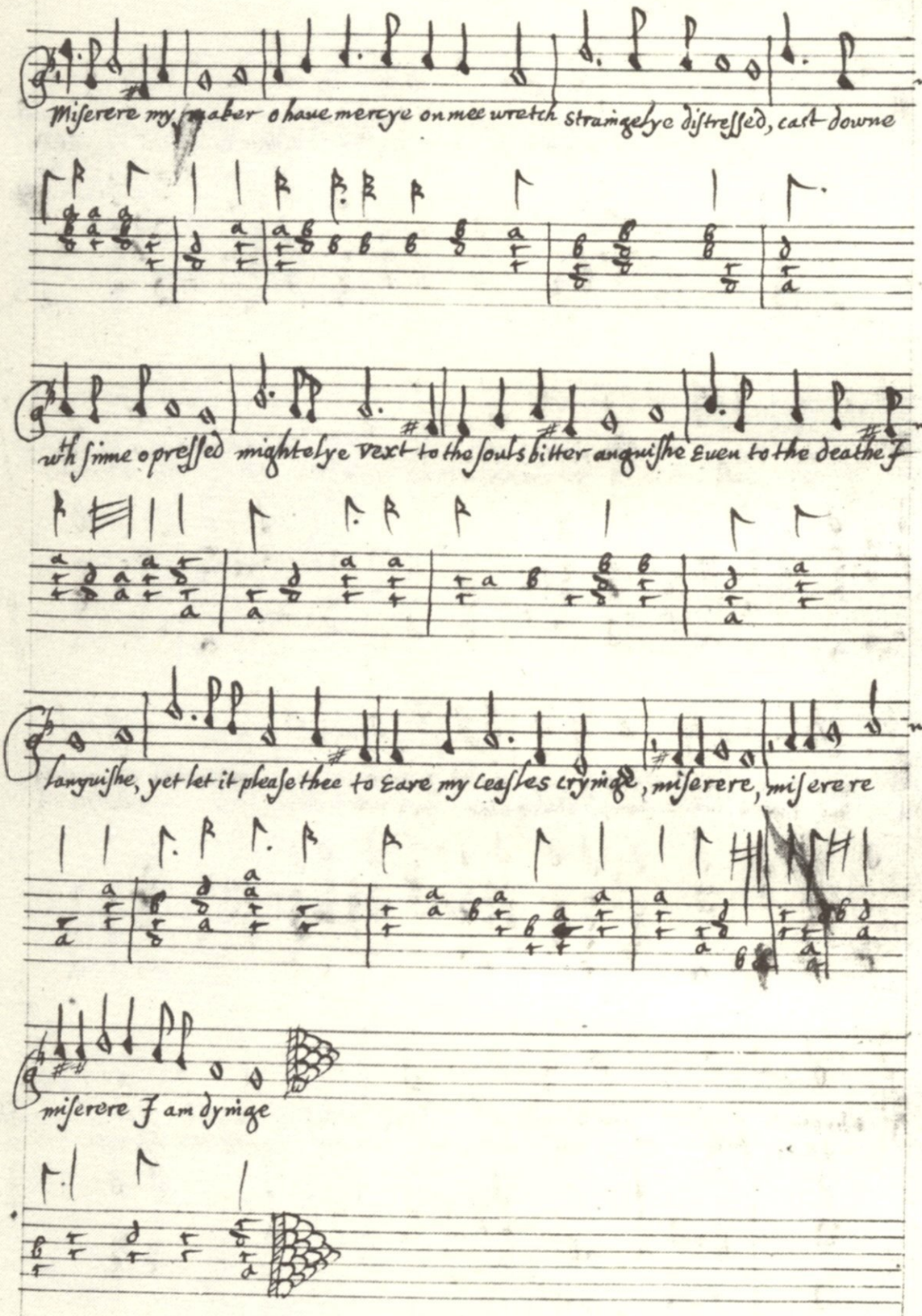
3 yea makes my soule on thee o lorde
dependeth wholl, and on thy worde
though sore with blott of sinne defaced
yet surest hope hath seemely placed

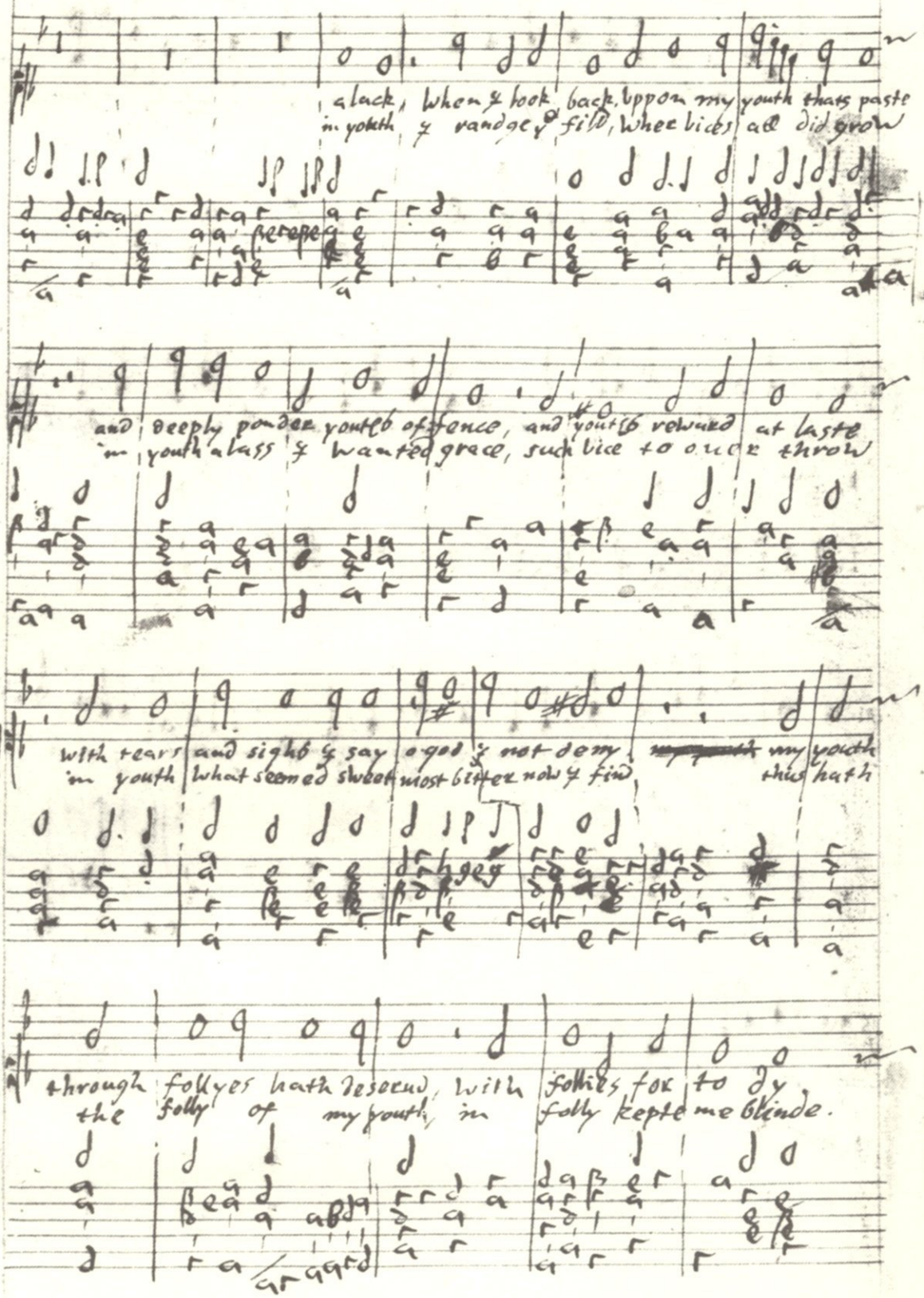
4 6 who longest watche who someste rise.
can nothinge matche thy earth eyse.
the greedy eye (my soull) expectethe
whill gode tru promise it expectethe.

5 ¶ then Israell on god attende
attende him well who still thy ffrende
in kindnes hath thee dear esteemede
and often often earst estemede

6 8 now as befor vnchangede he
will thee restore thy stat will free
all wickednes from Jacobe driuinge.
forgettinge follies faulte forgiuinge.

¶ finis


Miserere my maker o have mercye on mee wretch straingelye distressed, cast downe
wth sinne oppressed mightelye vext to the soules bitter anguishe Euen to the deathe I
languishe, yet let it pleasethee to Eare my ceasles crymge, miserere, miserere
miserere I am dymge



alack, when ꝑ look back, uppon my youth thats paste
in youth ꝑ randge ye fild, wher vices all did grow

and deeply ponder youth's offence, and youth's reward at laste
in youth a lass ꝑ wanted grace, such vice to ouer throw

with tears and sighs ꝑ say o god ꝑ not deny ~~my youth~~ my youth
in youth what seemed sweet most bitter now ꝑ find thus hath

through follyes hath deserud, with follies for to dy
the folly of my youth, in folly kepte me blinde.

but yett if euer sinfull man, myght mercy moue to ruth
but as the eyell casts her bill wher by her adge renewth

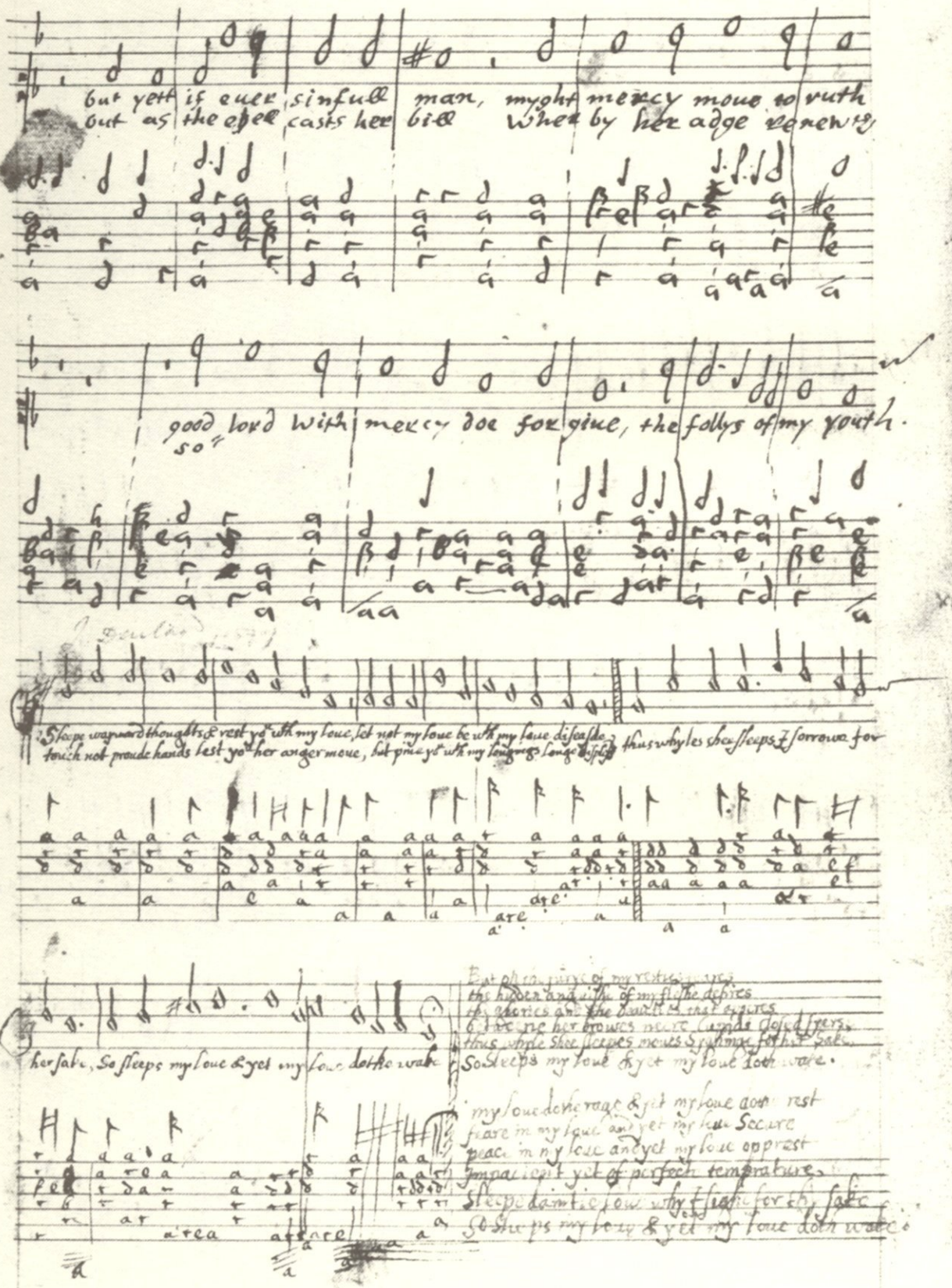
good lord with mercy doe forgiue, the follys of my youth.
so

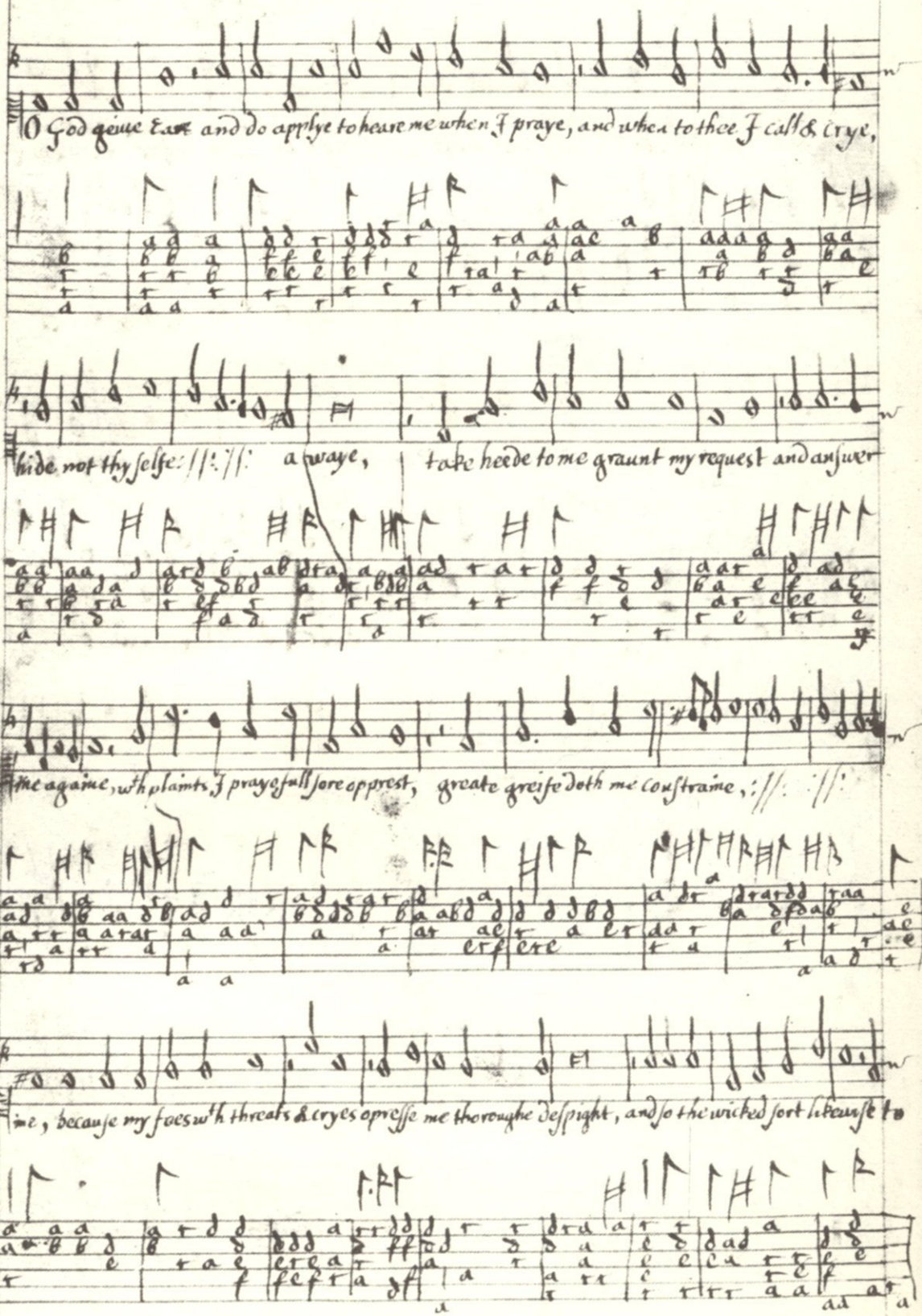
Sleepe wayward thoughts & rest yo^u wth my loue, let not my loue be wth my loue diseasde
touch not proude hands lest yo^u her anger moue, but pine yo^u wth my longings longe displeas thus whyles shee sleeps I sorrowe for

her sake, So sleeps my loue & yet my loue doth wake

But oh the furye of my restles feares
the hidden anguishe of my fleshe desires
the glories and the beauties that appeares
betweene her browes neere Cupids closed fyers.
thus whyle shee sleepes moues Syghinge for her sake.
So sleeps my loue & yet my loue doth wake.

my loue doth rage & yet my loue doth rest
feare in my loue and yet my loue secure
peace in my loue and yet my loue opprest
Impacient yet of perfect temprature.
Sleepe daintie loue why I sighe for thy sake
So sleeps my loue & yet my loue doth wake.



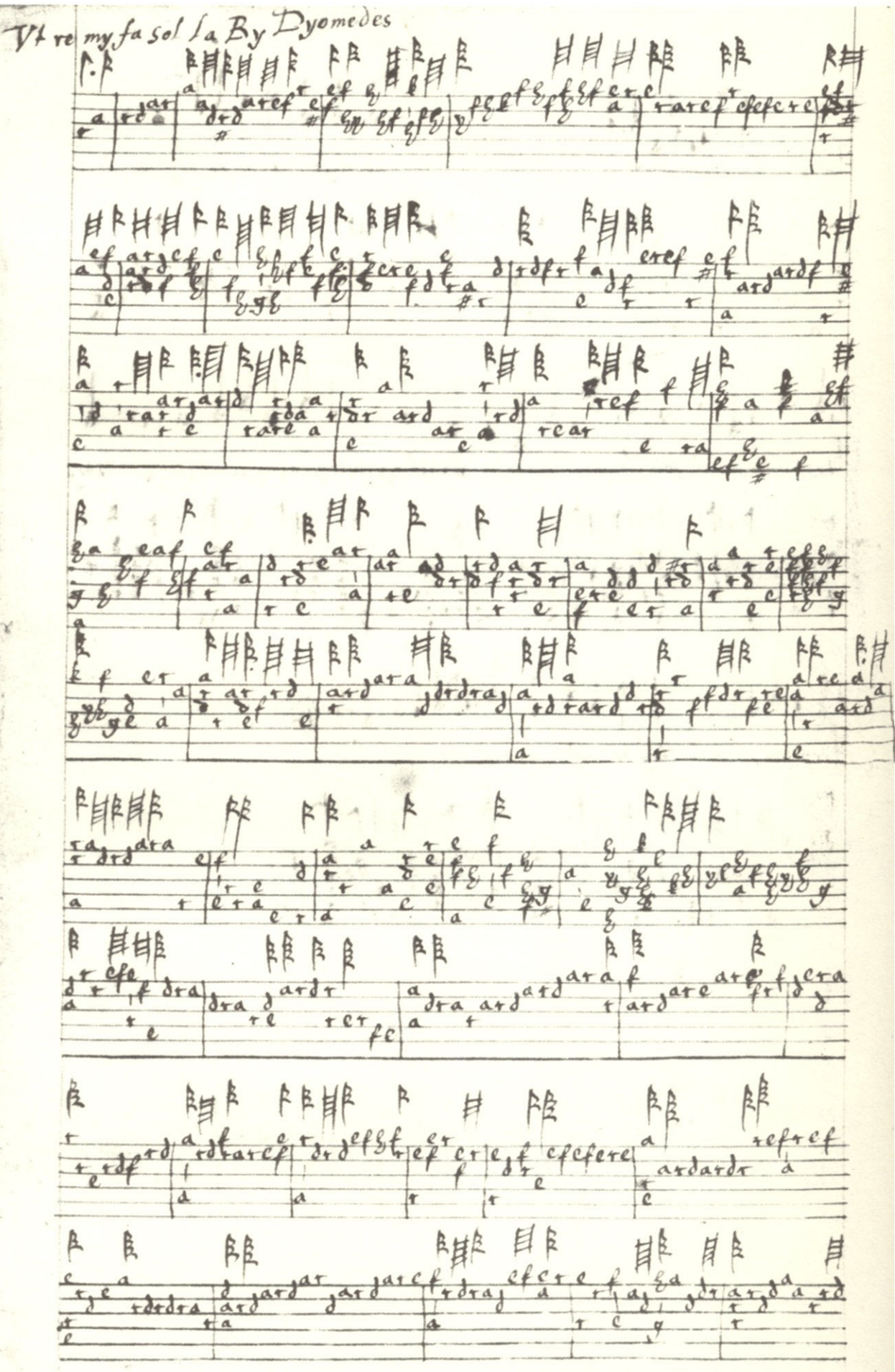

O God geiue eare and do applye to heare me when I praye, and when to thee I call & crye,
hide not thy selfe: /:/: /:/: a waye, take heede to me graunt my request and answer
me againe, wth plaints I praye full sore oppresst, greate greife doth me constraine, :/: :/:
me, because my foes wth threats & cryes oppresse me throughe despight, and so the wicked sort because to

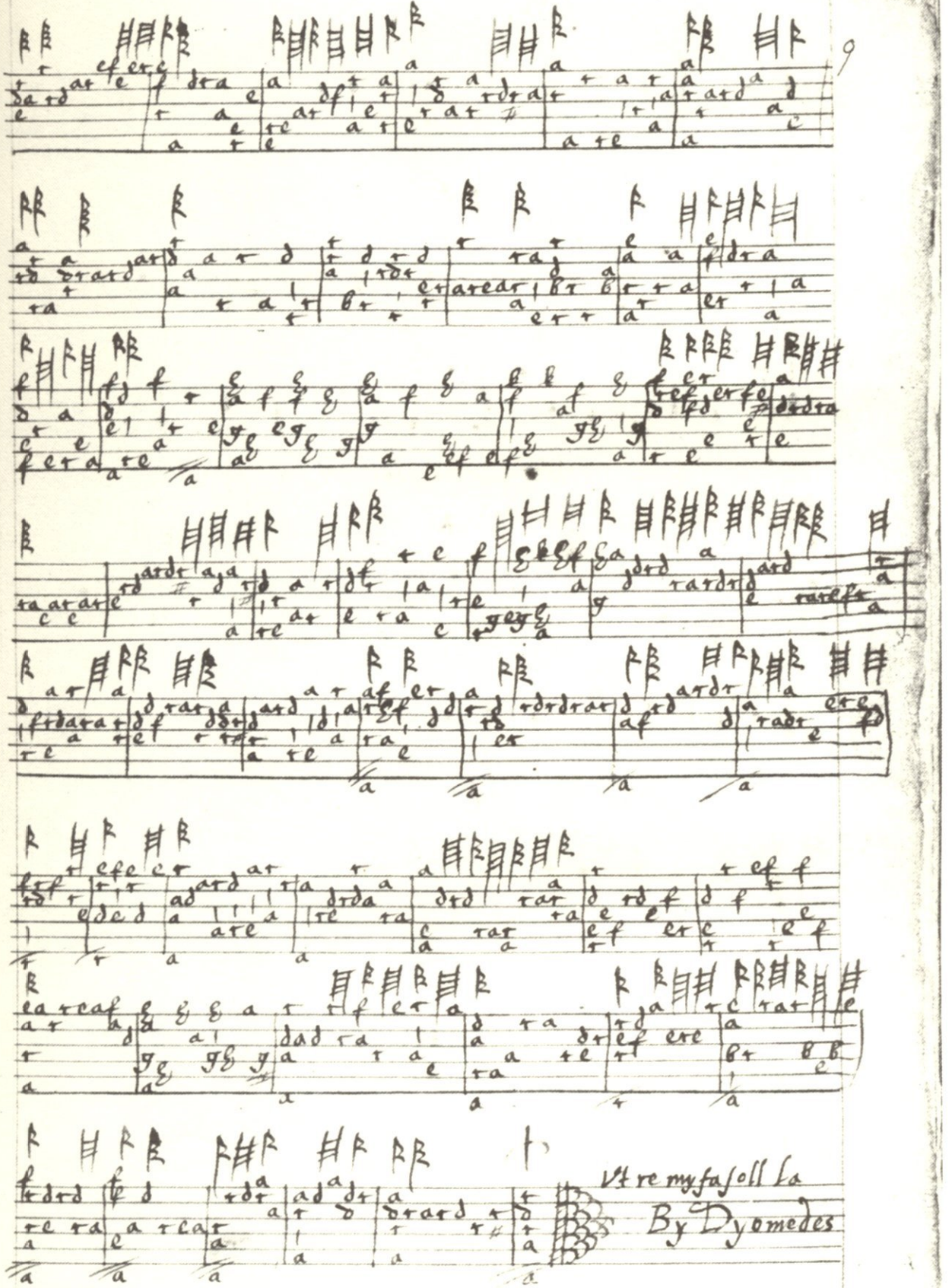
vex me haue delight :||: for theye in counsel do conspire

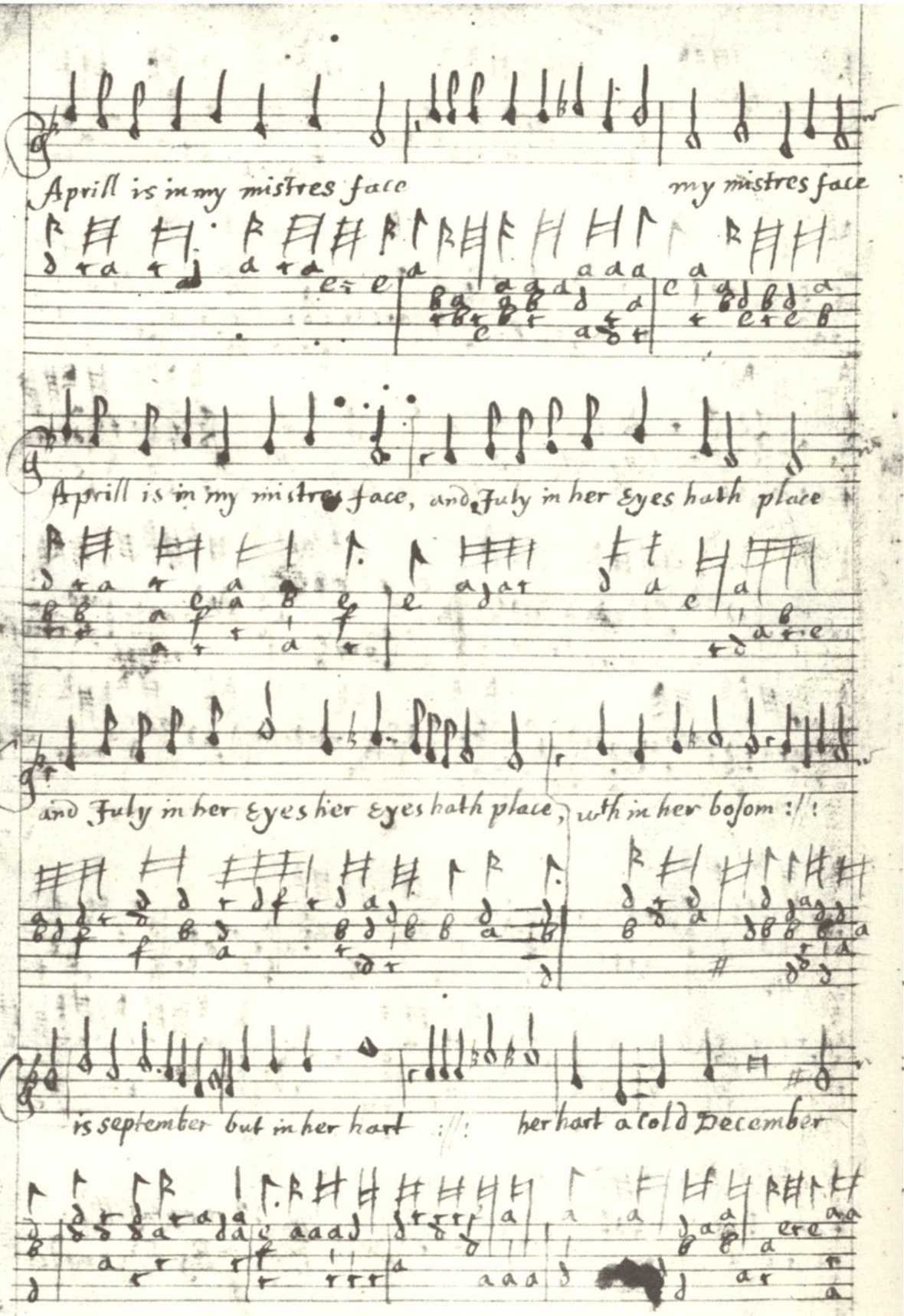
to chardge me wth som ill, som their hastye wrath & yre, they do pursue me still, they

do pursue me still, they do pursue me still :||:

thoughe ye are


Vt re my fa sol la By Dyomedes


Vt re my fa sol ll la
By Dyomedes

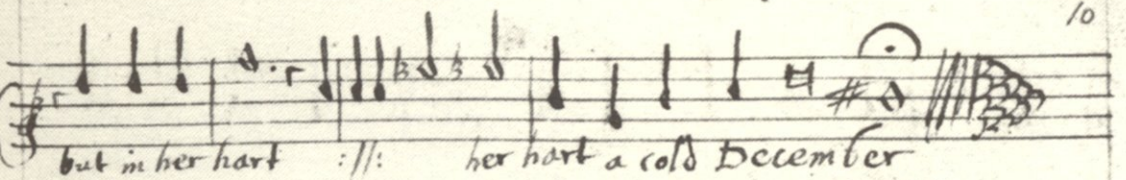

Aprill is in my mistres face my mistres face
Aprill is in my mistres face, and July in her Eyes hath place
and July in her Eyes hier Eyes hath place, with in her bosom : / / :
is september but in her hart : / / : her hart a cold December

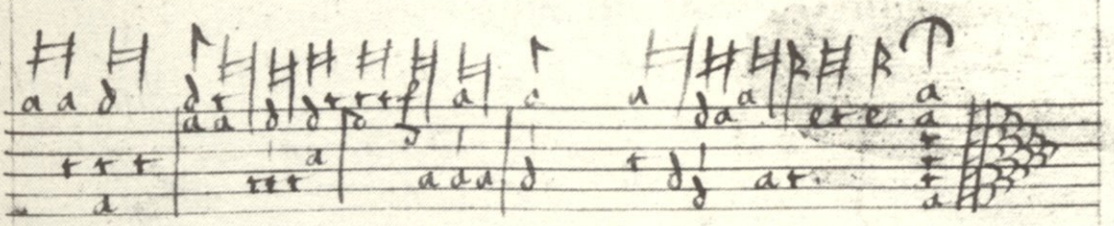
but in her hart :||: her hart a cold December

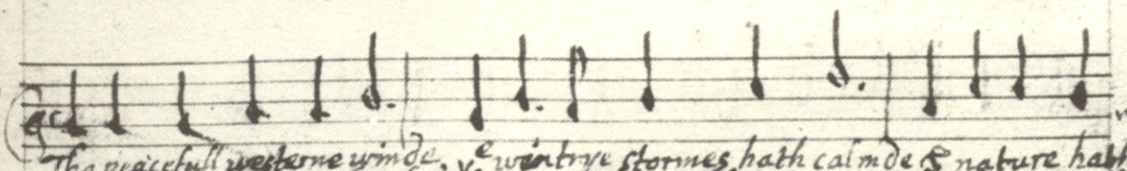
The peacefull westerne winde, ye wintrye stormes hath calmde & nature hath
the flowers so sweetlye breath out of the Earthlye bowers, that heaven wh seethe

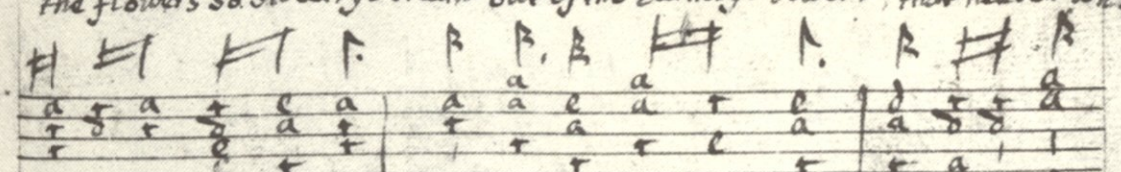
in Everye kinde the vitall heate inflamde To grace the lyvelye springe,
theire pompe benethe would faine be decte wh flowers) ~~To Cynthia then let us~~

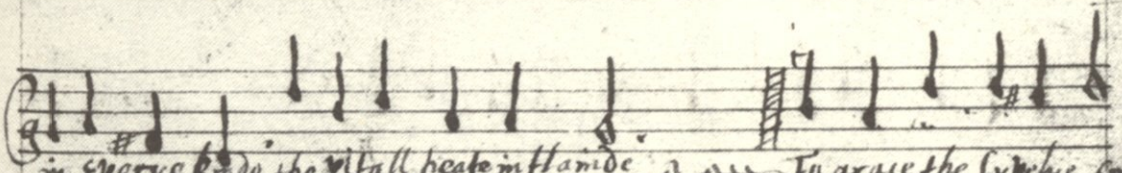
let all the shepheards singe, fa la ||| a fa la ||||||||
~~recorde our musicke thus~~ fa la ||| a fa :||: :||:

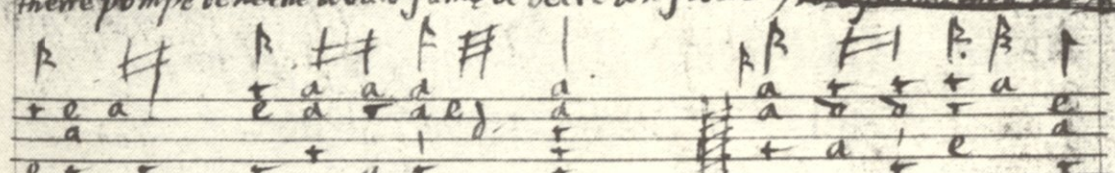


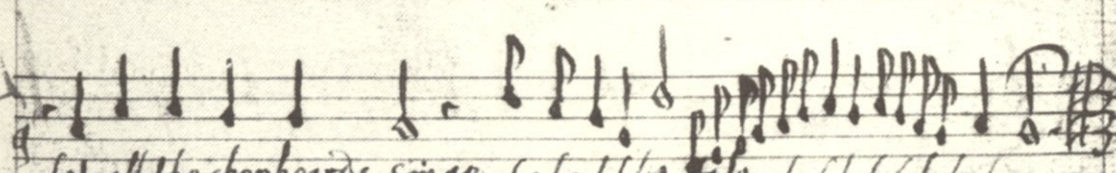


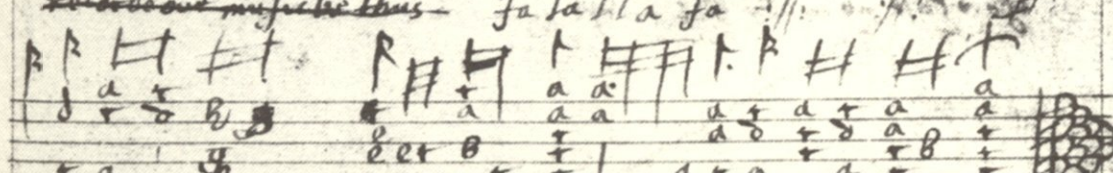












2 See how the morninge smyles, out of the Easterne Cell
and softly stealinge forthe beguiles them that in sleepe do dwell
the frolicke birds do come from cliffs & Rocks Unknowne
to see the treese & briers blow that late were overflowene
All things do us invite to sing wh sweete delite
fa la la la

1 Rowe is the monthe of mayinge, when meryelads are playinge fa la la.
Each wh his bonye lasse, uppon the greenye grosse. 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 us, Recorde our musick thus
fa la la ||: ||:

fye then why sit wee musinge, yeurthes sweete delight resu
saye dantier Nymphes & speake, shall wee playe at barely breake
fa la la &c.

a dialogue

Come gentle Hardman sitt wth me and tune thy pipe by myne

heare underneathe this willowe tree to sheild the hote sonne shyne.

Answer

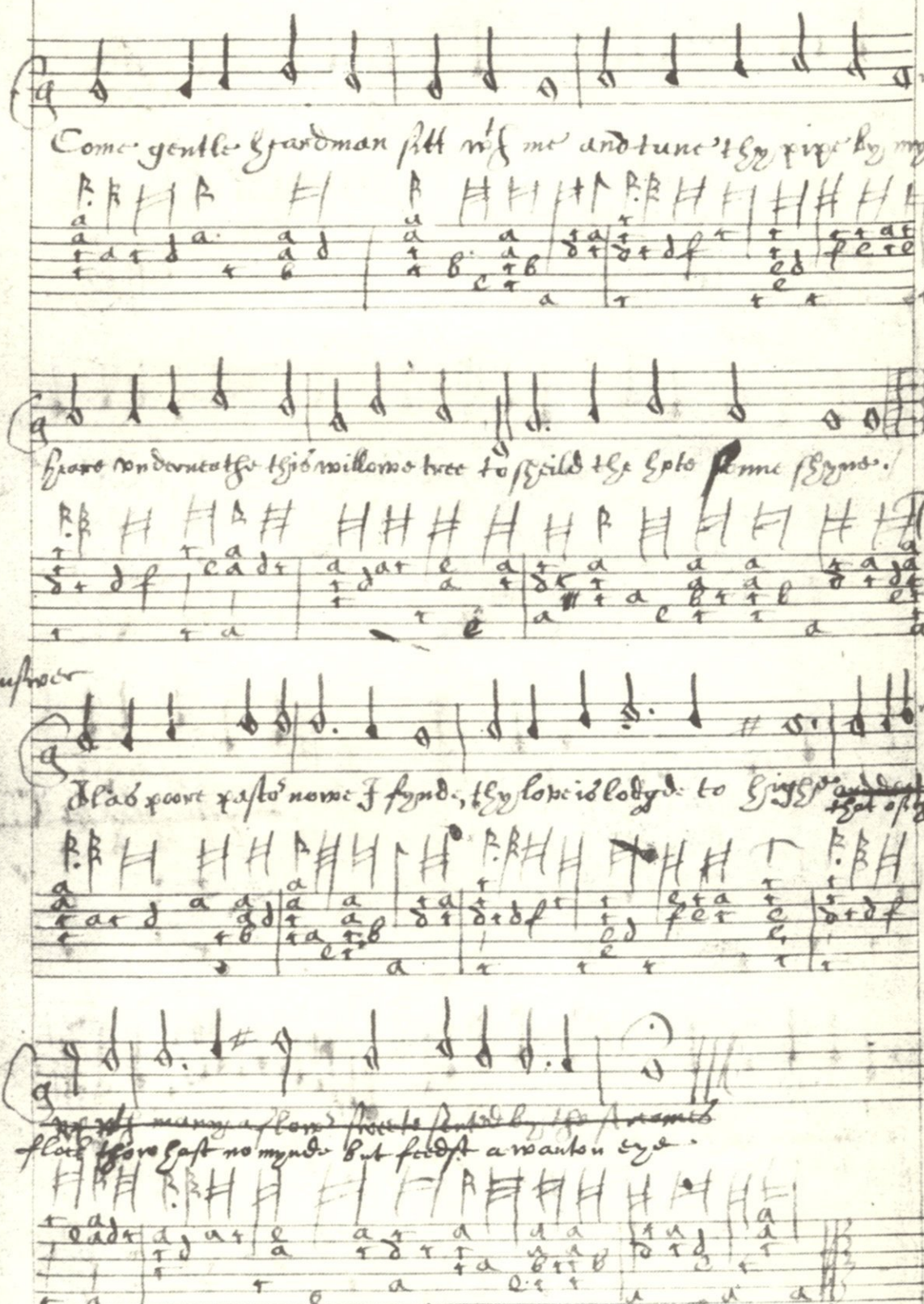
Alas poore pastor nowe I fynde, thy love is lodyde to highe ~~and dest it~~ that ostes

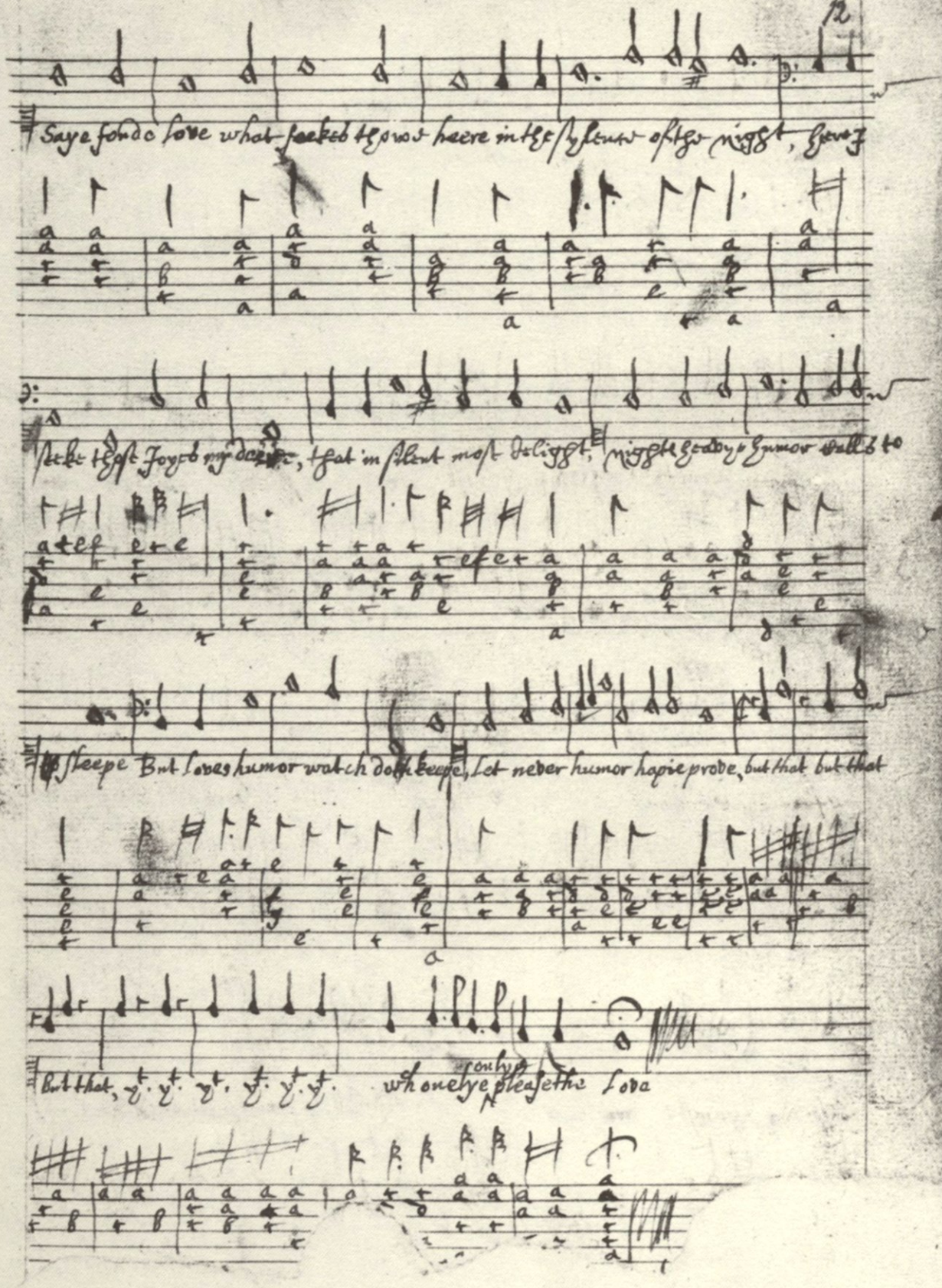
~~[illegible] many a flower sweete sented by the streames~~

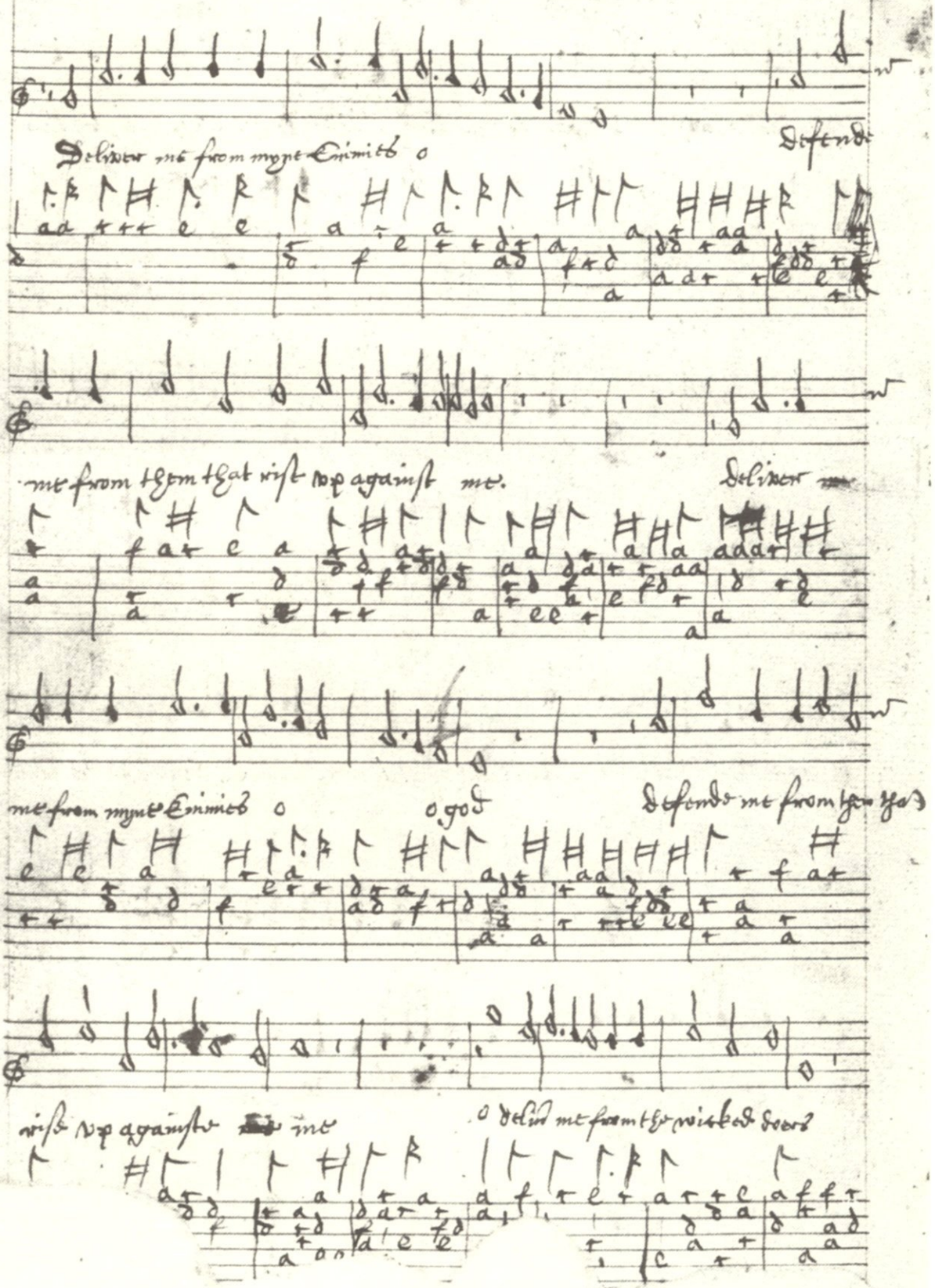
flock thow hast no mynde but feedst a wanton eye.

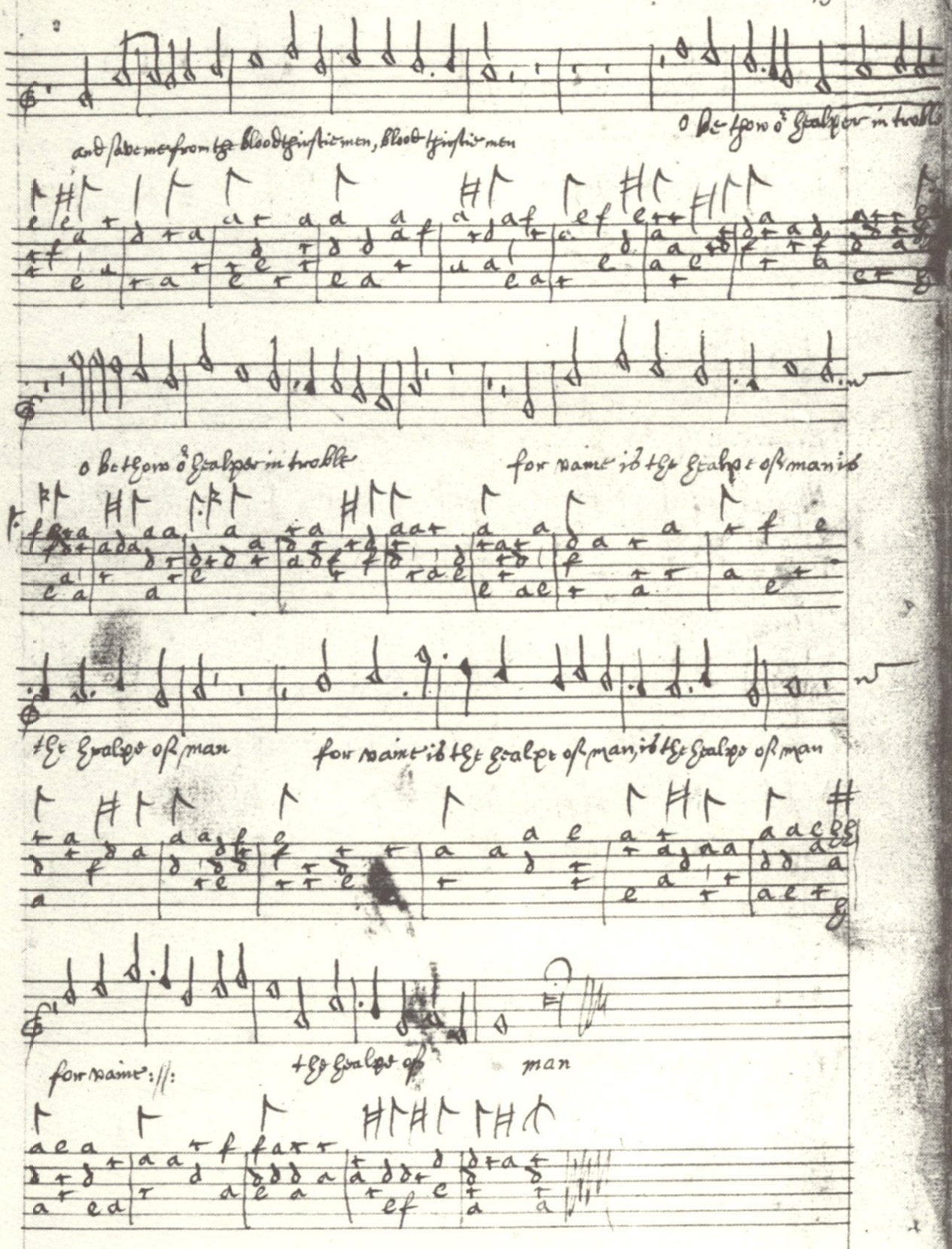
Where I haue framed my sommers bower, of proofe for thebus beames
and decke it up wth many a flower sweet seated by the streames
for daphne ever once a day these flowry banks doth walk
and in her bosom bears a way the pride of many a stalke
but leaves the humble hart behind yt would her garlands dight
and shee sweet soule the more unkeind to sett trewe love soe light
yet though that others bears the bell as in her favor blest
her shepher loveth her as well as those whom shee loves best

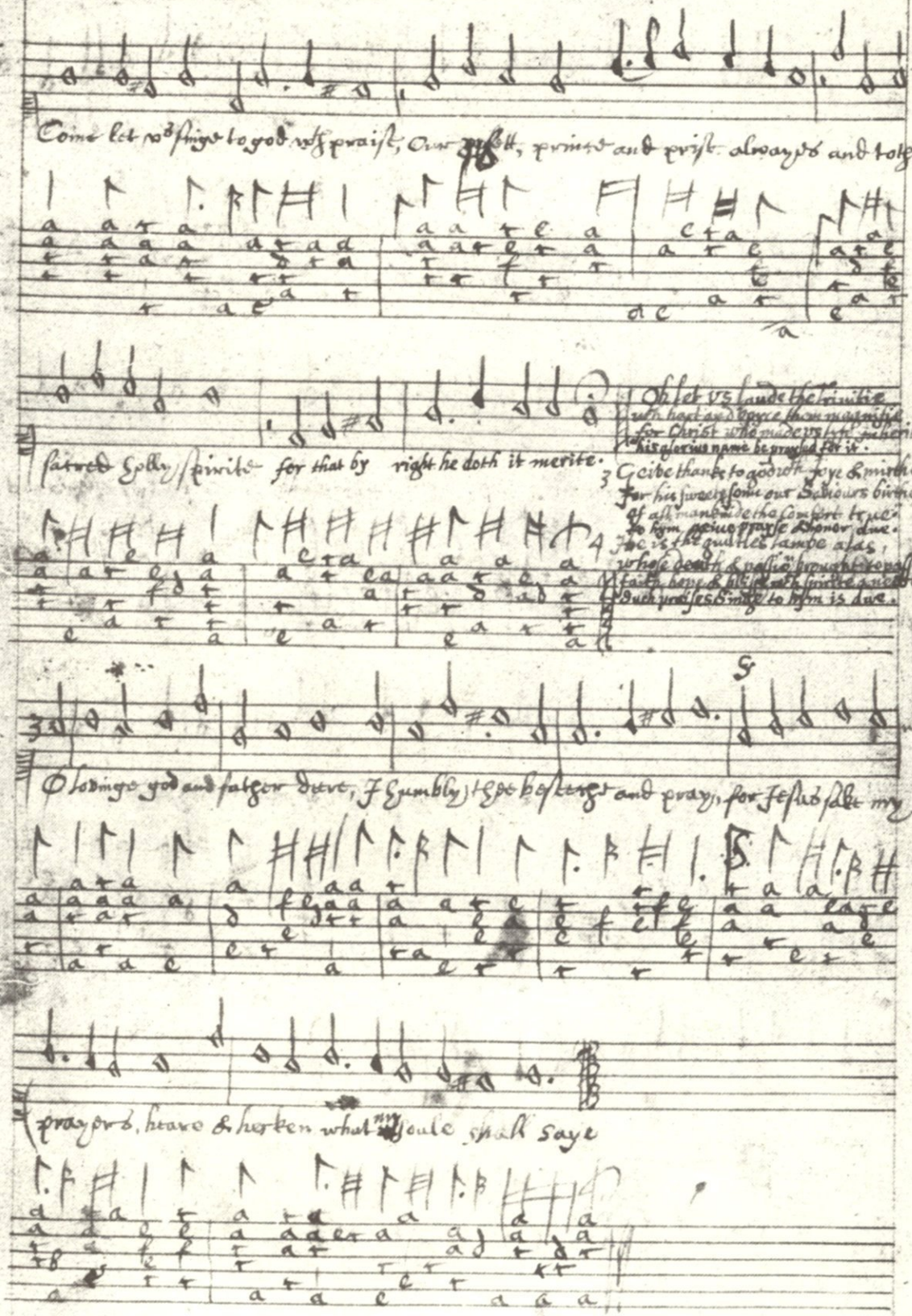
the answer on the other sid.




Saye fonde love what seekes thowe heere in the sylence of the night, here I
seeke those Joyes my deere, that in silent most delight, night heavye humor walls to
sleepe But loves humor watch doth keepe, Let never humor hapie prove, but that but that
But that, y.t. y.t. y.t. y.t. y.t. y.t. whonelye only pleasethe love


Deliuer me from myne Enimies o
Defende
me from them that rise vp against me.
Deliuer me
me from myne Enimies o
o god
Defende me from the yat
rise vp against me
o Deliu me from the wicked doers


and save me from the bloodthirstie men, bloodthirstie men
O be thou o' healpe in trobl
O be thou o' healpe in trobl
for vaine is the healpe of man is
the healpe of man
for vaine is the healpe of man, is the healpe of man
for vaine :||:
the healpe of man



Come let vs singe to god wth praise, Our [illegible], prince and prist alwayes and tothe

sacred holly spirite for that by right he doth it merite.

Oh let vs laude the trinitie
wth hart and voyce them magnifie
for Christ who made vs lyth inherite
his glorious name be prayed for it.

3 Geive thanks to god wth joye & mirthe
for his sweete sonne our Saviours birthe
of all mankinde the comfort true
to hym geive prayse & honor due.
He is the guiltles lambe alas,
whose death & passion brought to passe
faith hope & blisse wth spirite a neede
Duch praises singe to hym is due.

O lovinge god and father dere, I humbly thee besteche and pray, for Jesus sake my

prayers, heare & herken what my soule shall saye

An heart that's broken and contrite to god is a sweete, sweete sacrifice, repentant sinners

him delight, far more: then Just men in theire sight

what I have beene my god hathe knowne
what I now am the lord dothe see
what I shalbe to hym is shewne
from hym no secret kept can be.

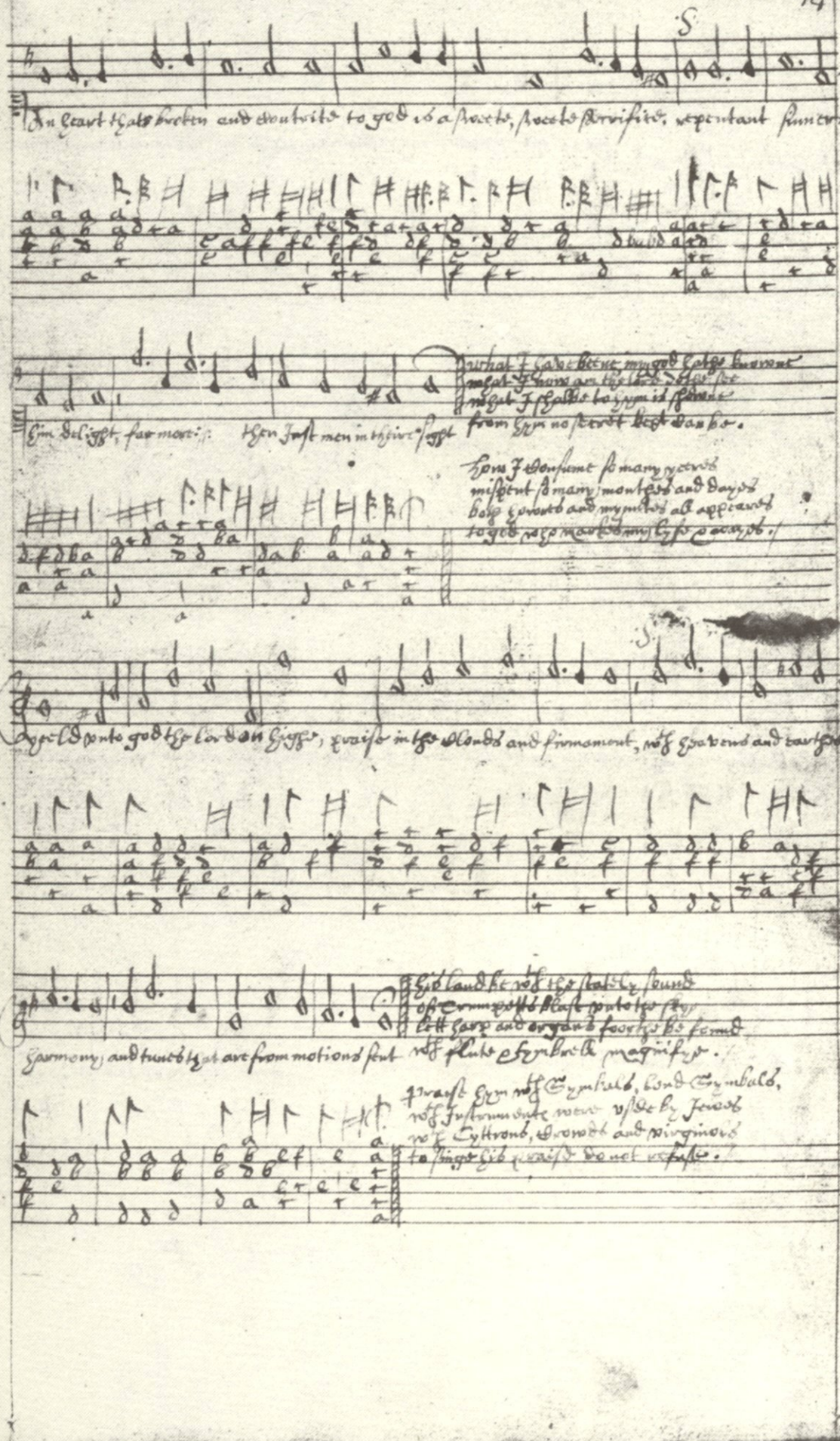
how I consume so many yeeres
mispent so many monthes and dayes
both hours and minutes all appeares
to god who markes my lyfe & wayes.

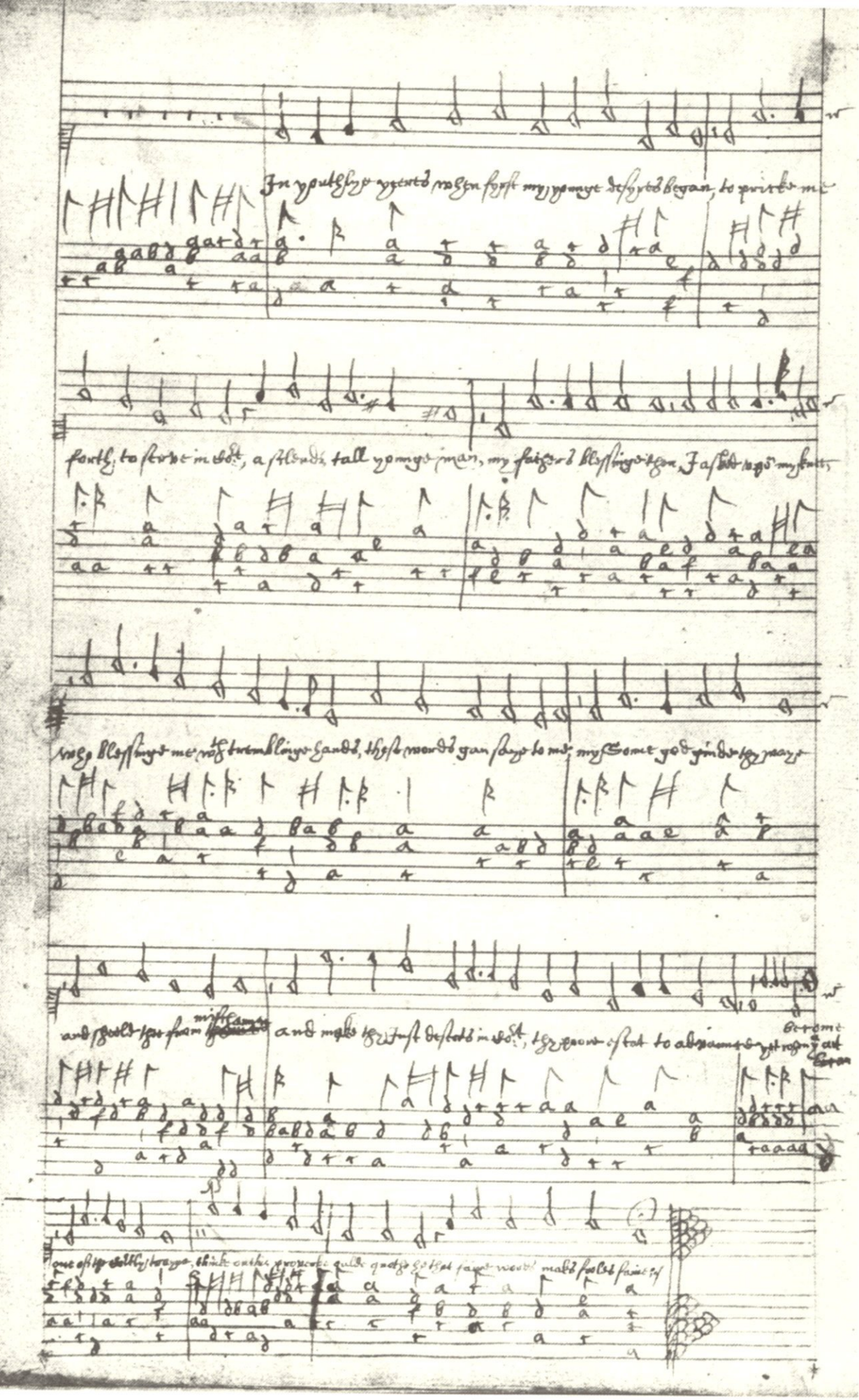
yeeld unto god the lord on highe, praise in the clouds and firmament, wch heavens and earthes sweete

harmony, and tunes that are from motions sent

his land be wch the stately sound
of trumpetts blast unto the skye
lett harp and organs foorthe be found
wch flute & tymbrell magnifye.

praise hym wch Symbals, lond Symbals,
wch Instruments were usde by Jewes
wch Cyttrons, crowds and virginals
to singe his praise do not refuse.





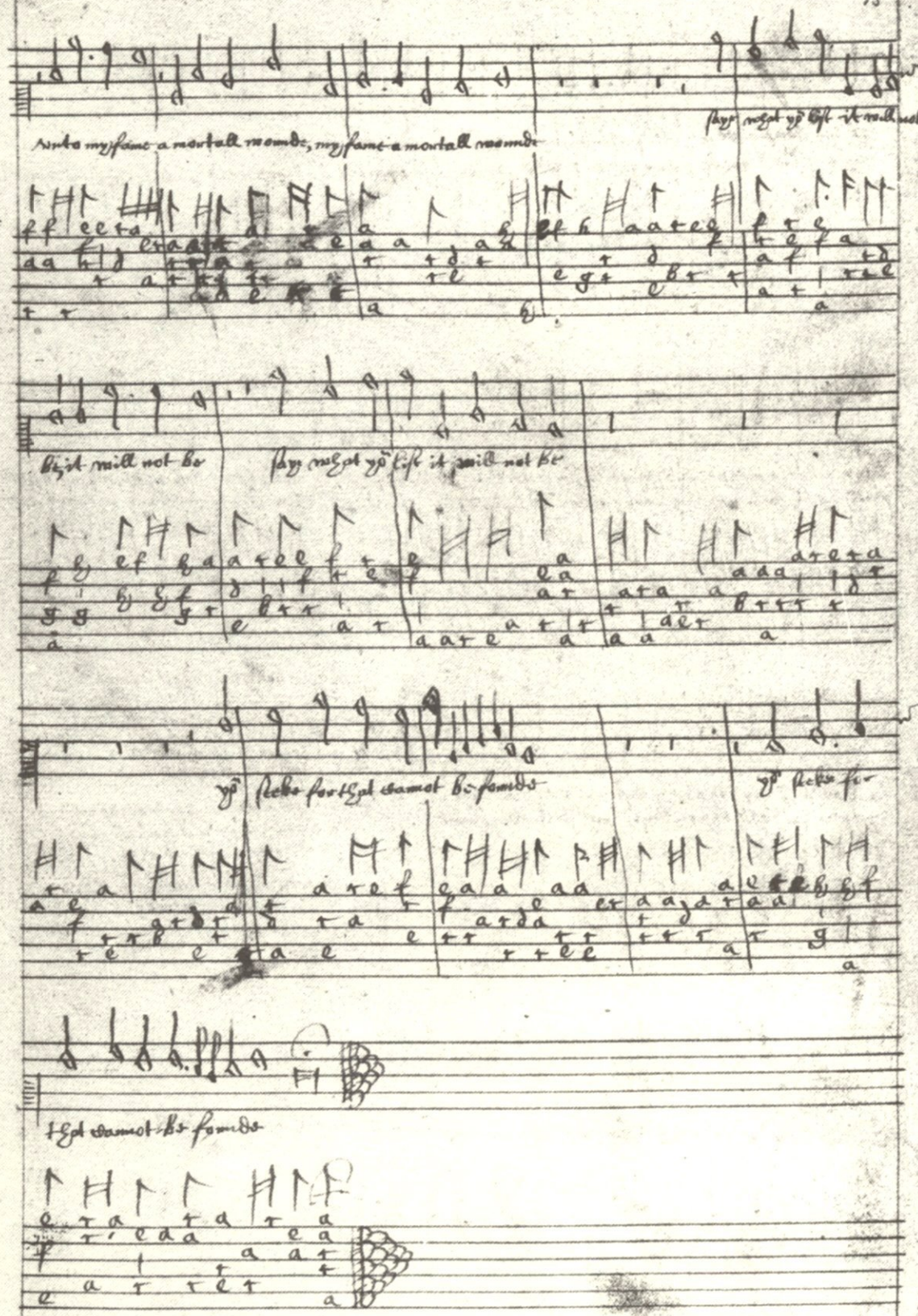
In youthlye yeeres when first my yonnge desyres began, to pricke me

forth, to serve in Govt, a stlendt tall yonnge man, my fathers blessinge then, I asked vpon my knee,

who blessinge me with trembling hands, these words gan saye to me, my Sonne god ginde thy waye

and shelde thee from mischance and make thy Just desertes in Govt, thy poore estat to advance yet rogny art become

one of the Goldly trayne, thinke on the proverbe calde quoth he that faine words makes fooles faine is


unto my fame a mortall wounde, my fame a mortall wounde
say what yo list it will not
be it will not be
say what yo list it will not be
yo seeke for that cannot be founde
yo seeke for
that cannot be founde

If my complaints, could passions move, or make love see wherein I suffer wronge, O love I
my passions were enoughe to prove, that my dispaires had governd me to longed thy wonds do

lyve and dye in thee, thy greife in my deepe sighes still speakes, yet thowe dost hope when I dispaire
fretshelye bleede in mee, my hart for thy unkindnes breakes, thowe saist thowe canst my harmes repaire

Can love be riche and yet I want?
Is love my judge and yet am I condemnde?
thow plentie hast, yet me dost scante
thow made a god and yet thy power contemnde
that I do lyve it is thy power.
that I desire it is thy worthe.

and when I hope thowe makest me hope in vaine,
yet for redresse thowe letst me still complaine,

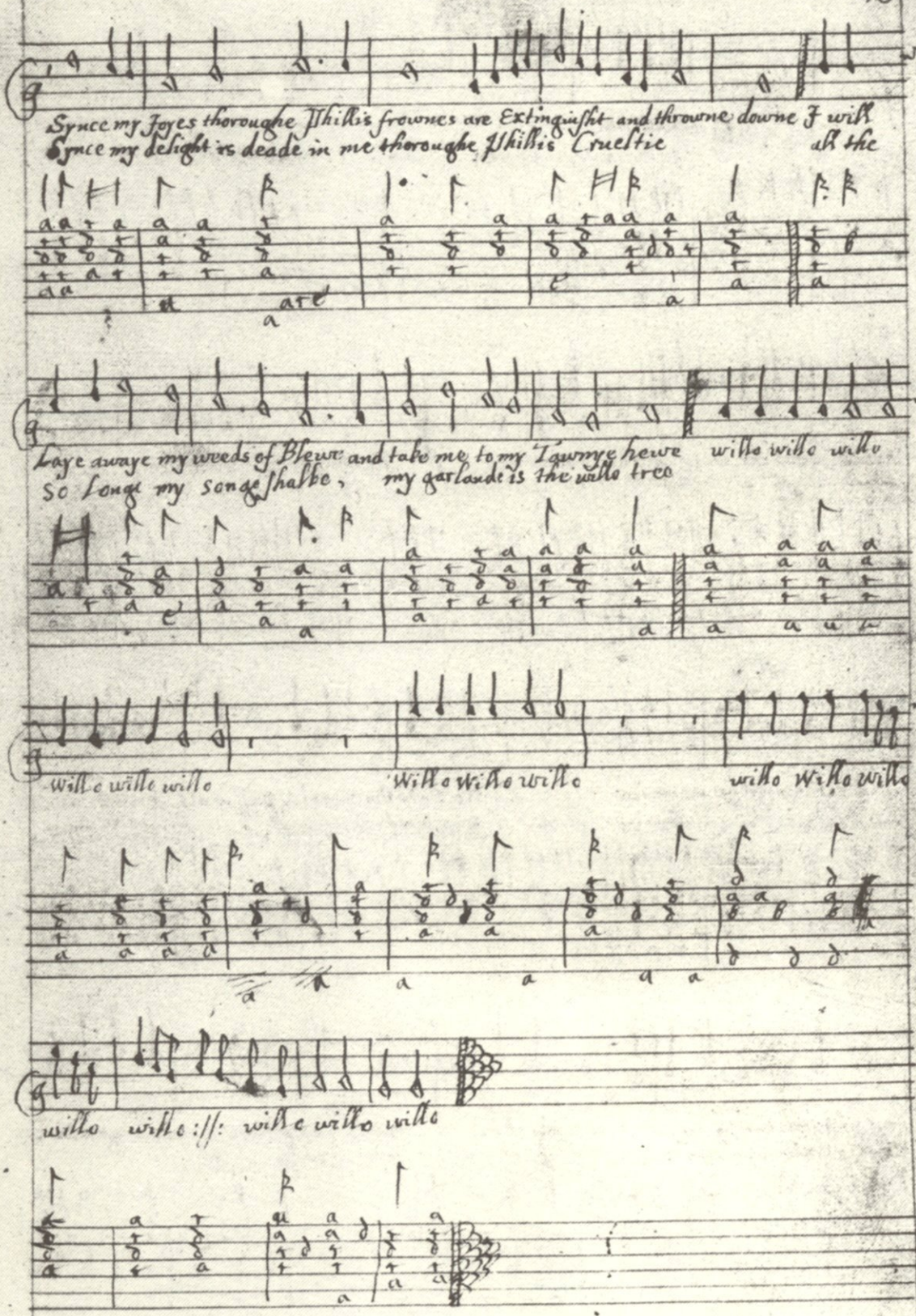
If love doth make mens lyves too sowre
Let me not love nor lyve henceforthe
Die shall my hopes, but not my faithe
that you that of my fall maye hearers be
maye heare dispaire wh truth ye saithe
I was more trow to love then love to me.

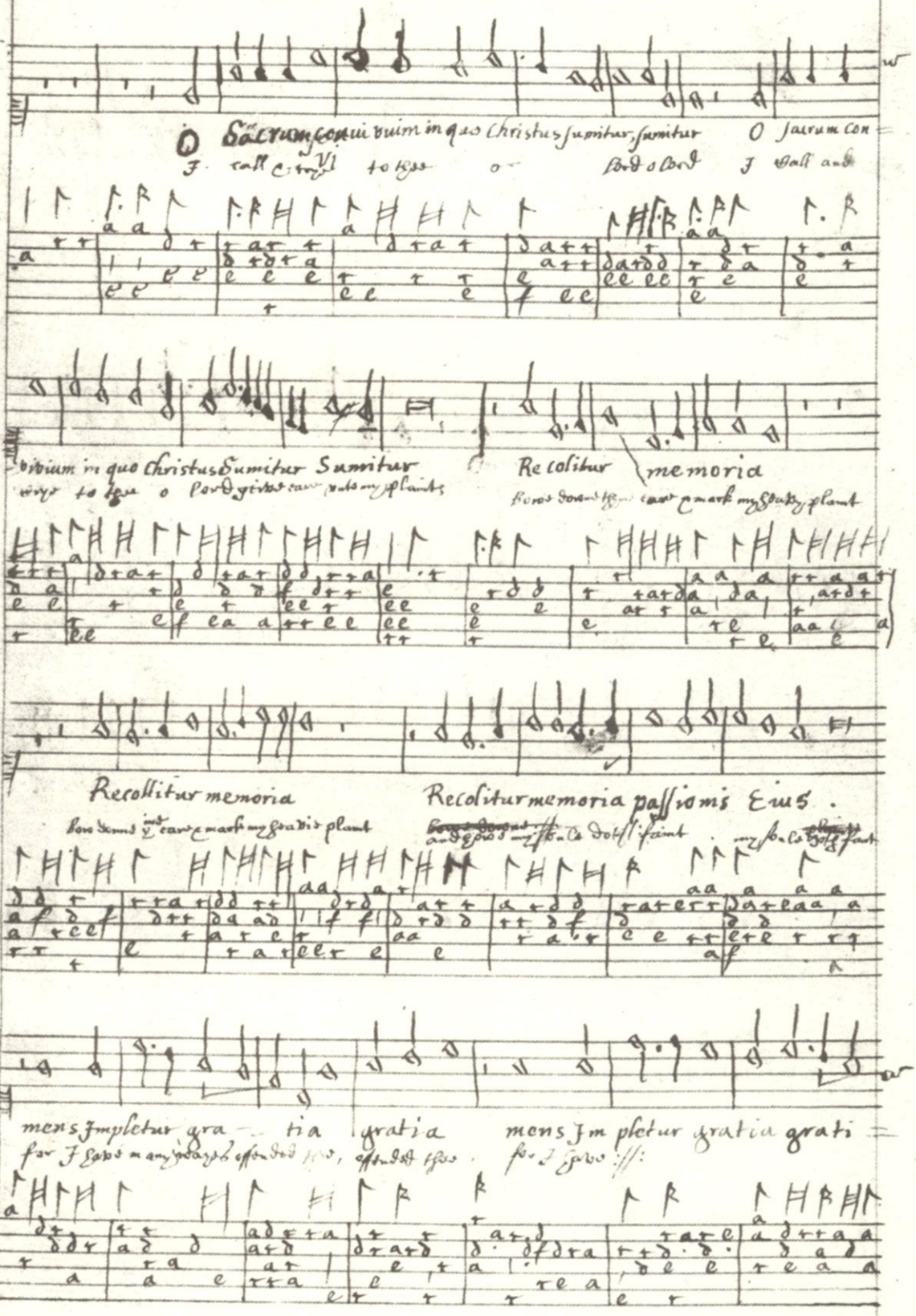
Treade Junos steps who list for me, I Joye in my virginitie and still a mayden will remaine atten=

dinge on Dianas trayne

Sylvanus wood & pleasant pringe
I will not leave to have a kinge
my virgins rate I vowed to have
Untouchte to bringe me to my grave.
What neede wee wedd & maye gee free
Dyana oft hath warned me
that many wares depende thereon
& therefore husbands will I non.

A ware the husband to content
I am now free Ile not consent
a ware lest he defraude his wife
I list not so to leade my lyfe.


Synce my Joyes thoroughe Phillis frownes are Extinguisht and throwne downe I will
Synce my delight is deade in me thoroughe Phillis Crueltie 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 willo


O Sacrum convivium in quo Christus sumitur, sumitur O sacrum con=
I call & trye to thee o lord o lord I call and
vivium in quo Christus Sumitur Sumitur Recolitur memoria
trye to thee o lord give care unto my plaints
Recollitur memoria Recolitur memoria passionis Eius.
mens Impletur gra tia gratia mens Im pletur gratia grati=
for I have many wayes offended thee, offended thee for I have :||:

gratia Et futuræ gloriæ nobis
thee, forgett my wickedness o lord

Et futuræ gloriæ nobis pignus datur
forgett :// :// o lord,

panem de cœlo præstitisti E = E = is Ale = luia omne delec =
forget I beseeth thee :o lord :// for I cannot manye ~~forget my wickedness~~

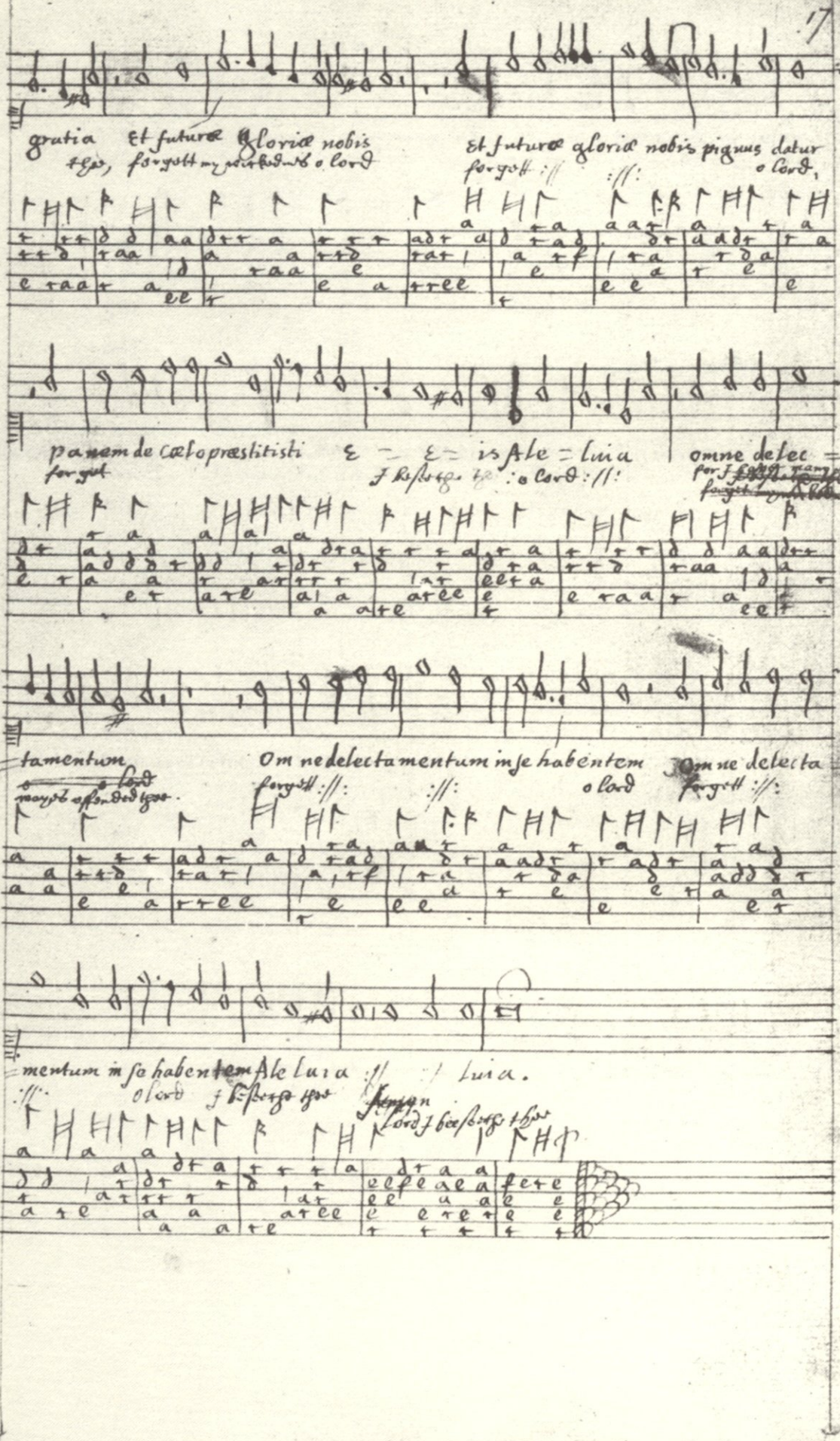
= tamentum
~~o lord~~ mayes offended thee.

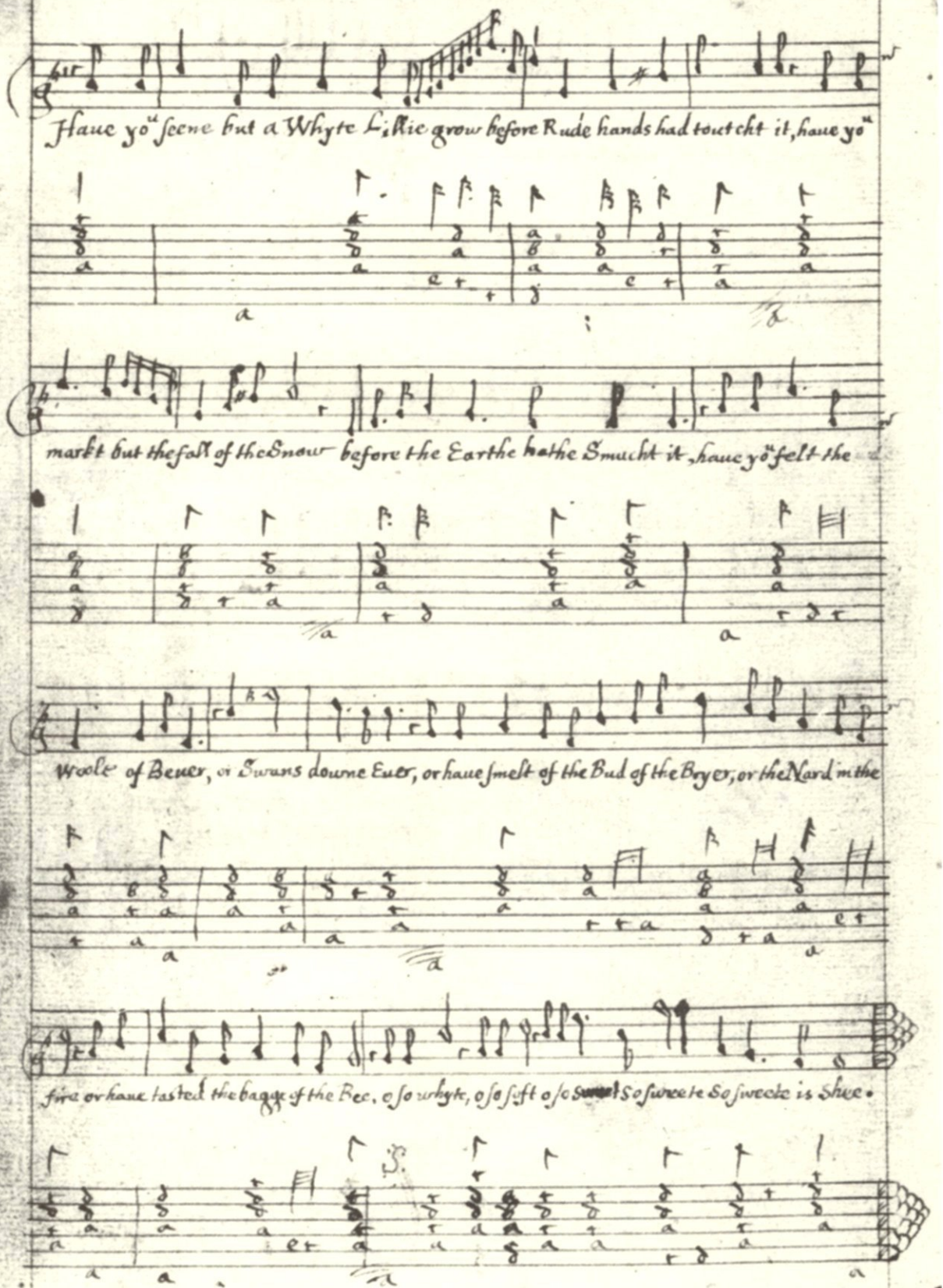
Om ne delectamentum in se habentem
forgett :// :// o lord

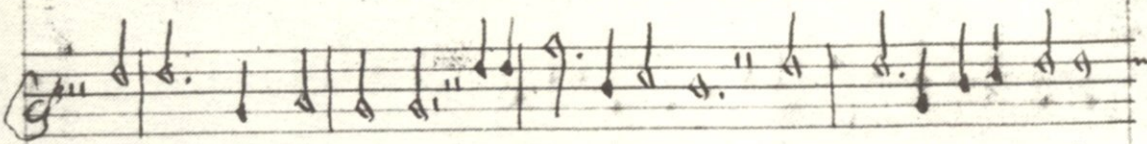
Omne delecta
forgett ://

= mentum in se habentem Ale luia :// :/ luia.
:// o lord I beseeth thee

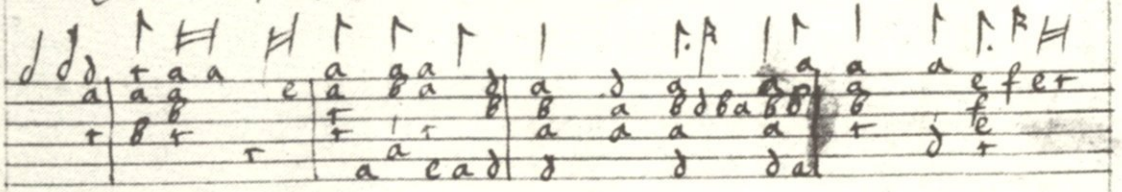
Amen
lord I beseeth thee



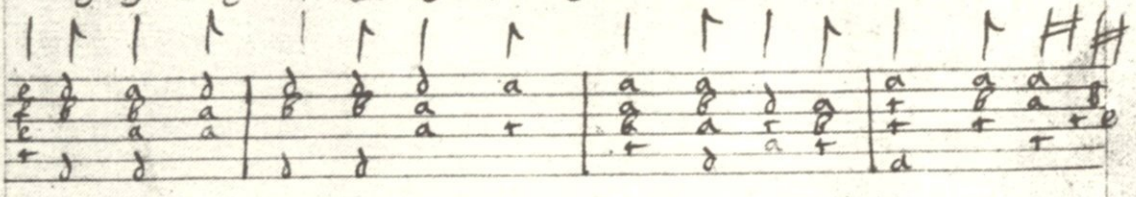

Haue yᵒᵘ seene but a Whyte Lillie grow before Rude hands had toutcht it, haue yᵒᵘ
marke but the fall of the Snow before the Earthe hathe Smucht it, haue yᵒᵘ felt the
Woole of Beuer, or Swans downe Euer, or haue smelt of the Bud of the Bryer, or the Nard in the
fire or haue tasted the bagge of the Bee. o so whyte, o so soft o so Sweete So sweete is Shee.

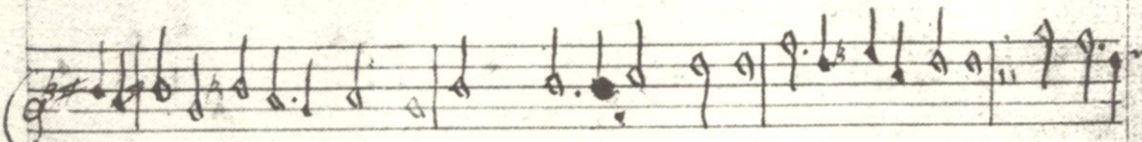


The poore soule sate sighinge by a Sickamore tree, Singe willo, willo, willo

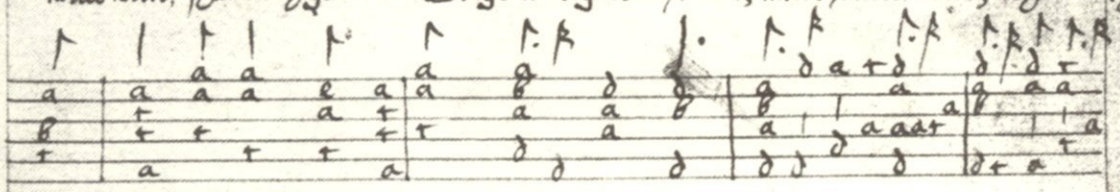


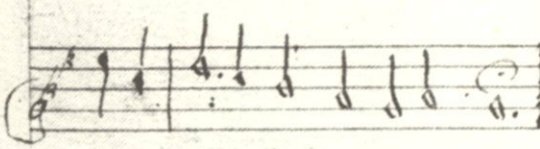
wth his hand in his bosom & his heade vpon his knee o willo willo :||: willo O willo willo



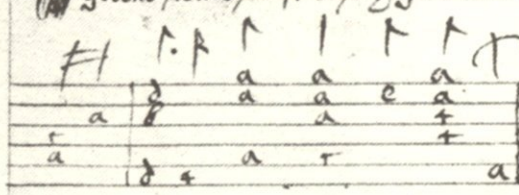


willo willo, shalbe my gare land Singe all a greene willo, willo, willo willo, dye me the



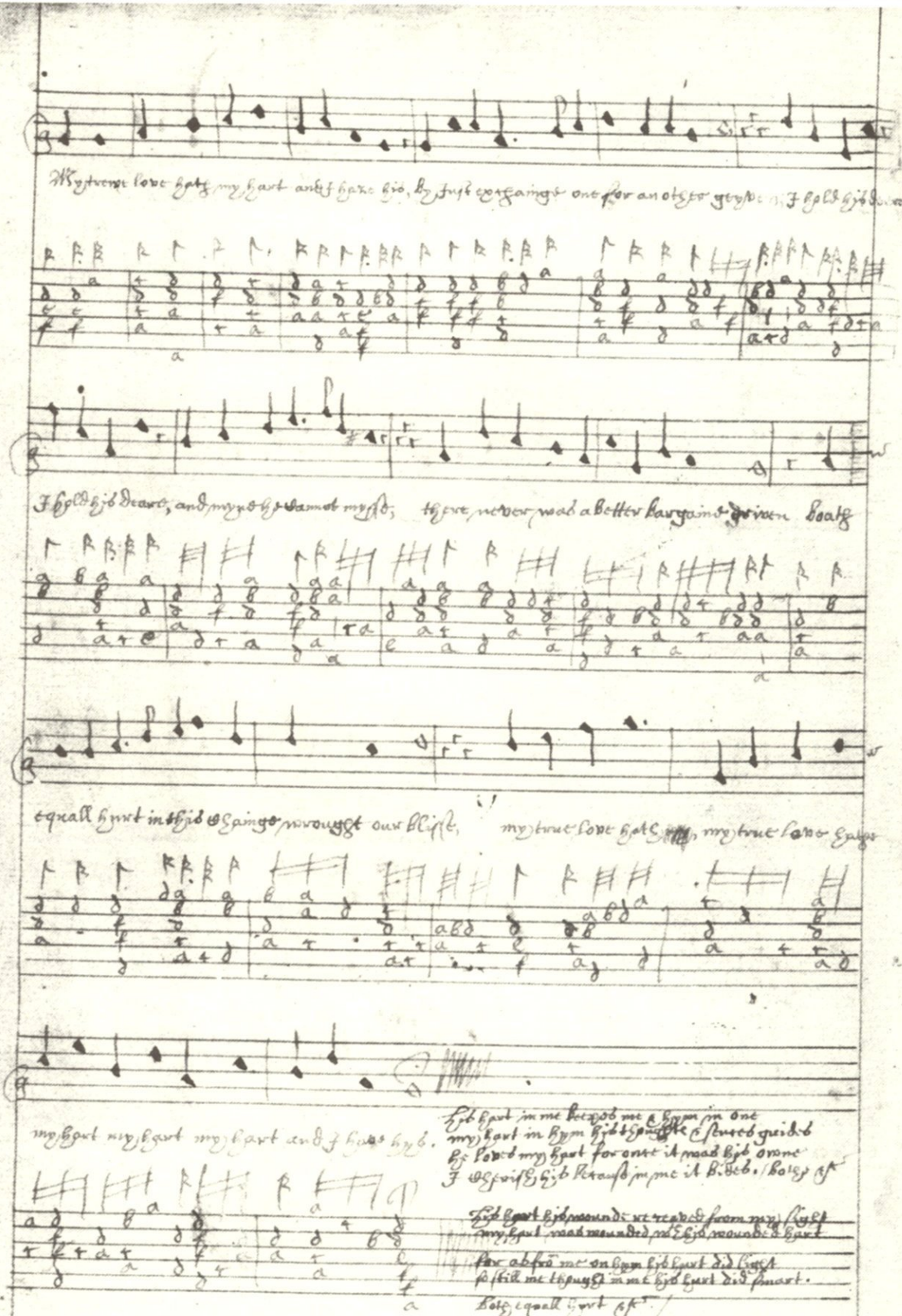


He sight in his singinge and made a greate moane, singe &c
I am deade to all pleasure, my trewe love he is gone, &c
The mute bird sate by him, was made tame by his moanes &c
The trewe teares fell from him would have melted thy stones, singe
Com all ye forsaken & mourne ye wth me
who speakes oss a false love, my nes falser then shee. singe &c



greene willo, must be my gare land

Let love no more boast her, in pallas nor bower
it budds but it blaste the, ere it be a flower. Singe &c
Thowe faire & more false, I dye wth thy wounde
~~thowe hast lost the truest lover that goes vpon the~~ gromd. singe
Let no body thyde her, her stornes I approve,
shee was borne to be false, and I to dye for love. Singe &c
Take this for my farewell and latest adewe,
write this on my tombe, that in love I was trewe. Singe &c



My trewe love hath my hart and I haze his, by just exchainge one for an other geyve, I hold his deare

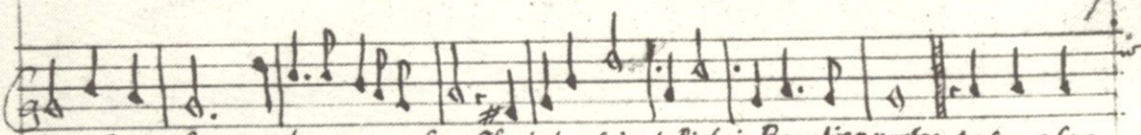
I hold his deare, and myne he cannot myse, there never was a better bargaine driven boath

equall hurt in this chainge wrought our blisse, my true love hath my true love hath

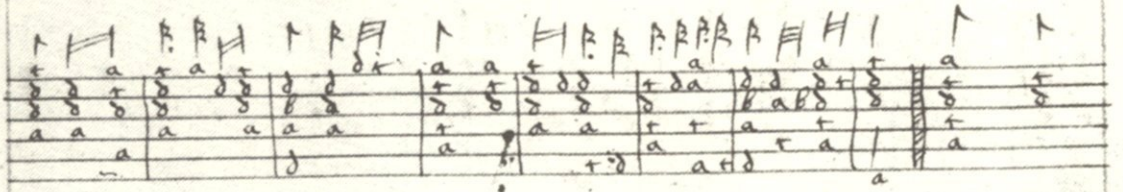
my hart my hart my hart and I have his.

His hart in me keeps me & hym in one
my hart in hym his thoughte & sences guides
he loves my hart for once it was his owne
I cherish his because in me it bides. / both &c

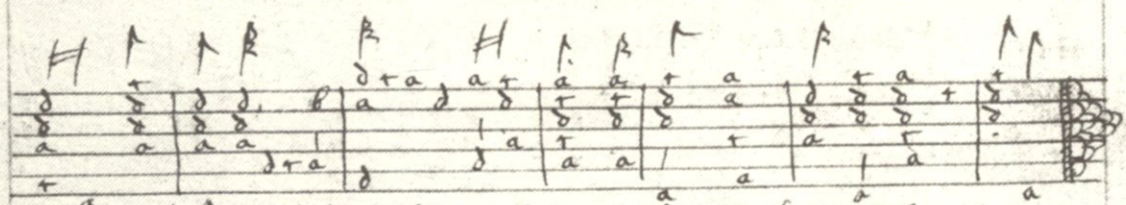
His hart his wounde re reaved from my sight
my hart was wounded wch his wounded hart
for as frō me on hym his hurt did light
so still me thought in me his hurt did smart.
both equall hurt &c



J muste complaine, yet do enioye my sove, Shee is two faire to liche in Beauties partes, to frame her
hence is my greefe, for Nature whyle shee strove, with all her graces & Deerest Artes.

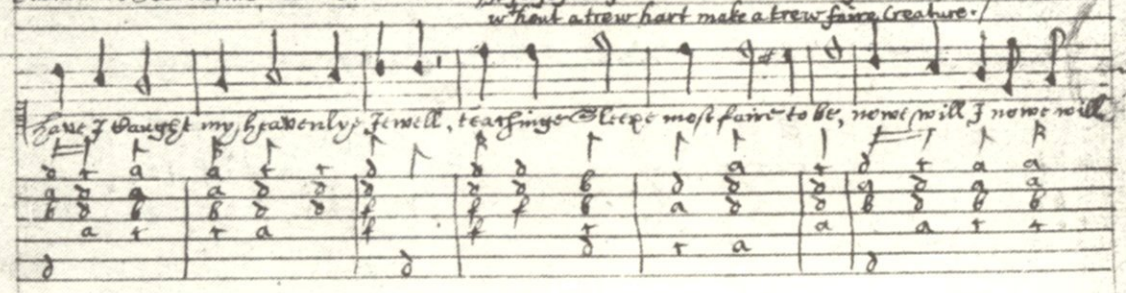


to to Beautifull of feature her to to Beautifull of hew, Shee had no seasure least to make her trewe./

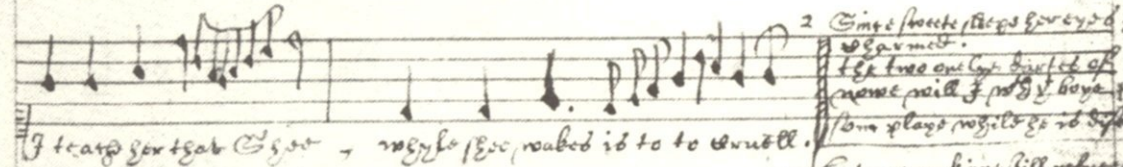


Should J haue greeued and wisht shee were lesse faire.
Shee where remaynant to my owne Desires
Shee is a myrrh J vew lovers still repaires
this Endles Daylye soves forgetfull friers,
rest Joyeless thoughts, and thus resolue at last
shee hath more Beautie, then becomes the chast.

Thus may J complaine from her Vntruthe aryse,
accusinge her of Nature loathe in one
for Beautie staynde is bodies false disguise,
a Comon Wonder with is quickelye gone,
A fasse faire face cannot with all her feature,
without a trew hart make a trew faire creature./



Sare J vaugt my heavenly Jewell, tearsinge Sleepe most faire to be, neuer will J neuer will

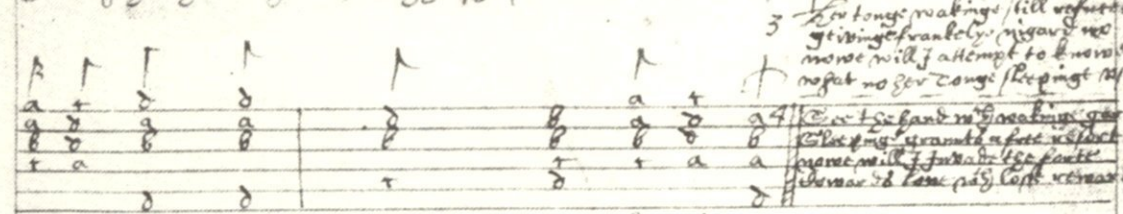


J teache yor teare Eyes weepe to weepe, waked is to to cruell.

2 Singe smoothe sleepe yor eyes & gaze
vpon me.
the tree on yor smoothe ofe loue
neuer will J prove yor boye proue
som playe while ye is asleepe.

3 Yor tonge makinge still refuse thee,
stringe franckely, niggard nee
more will J attempt to know a
noyse no yor tonge sleepinge misse.

4 Yor hande in hande sweetinge geve lettes
sleepinge graunte a free release
neuer will J inuade the sweete
wherein yor love may better



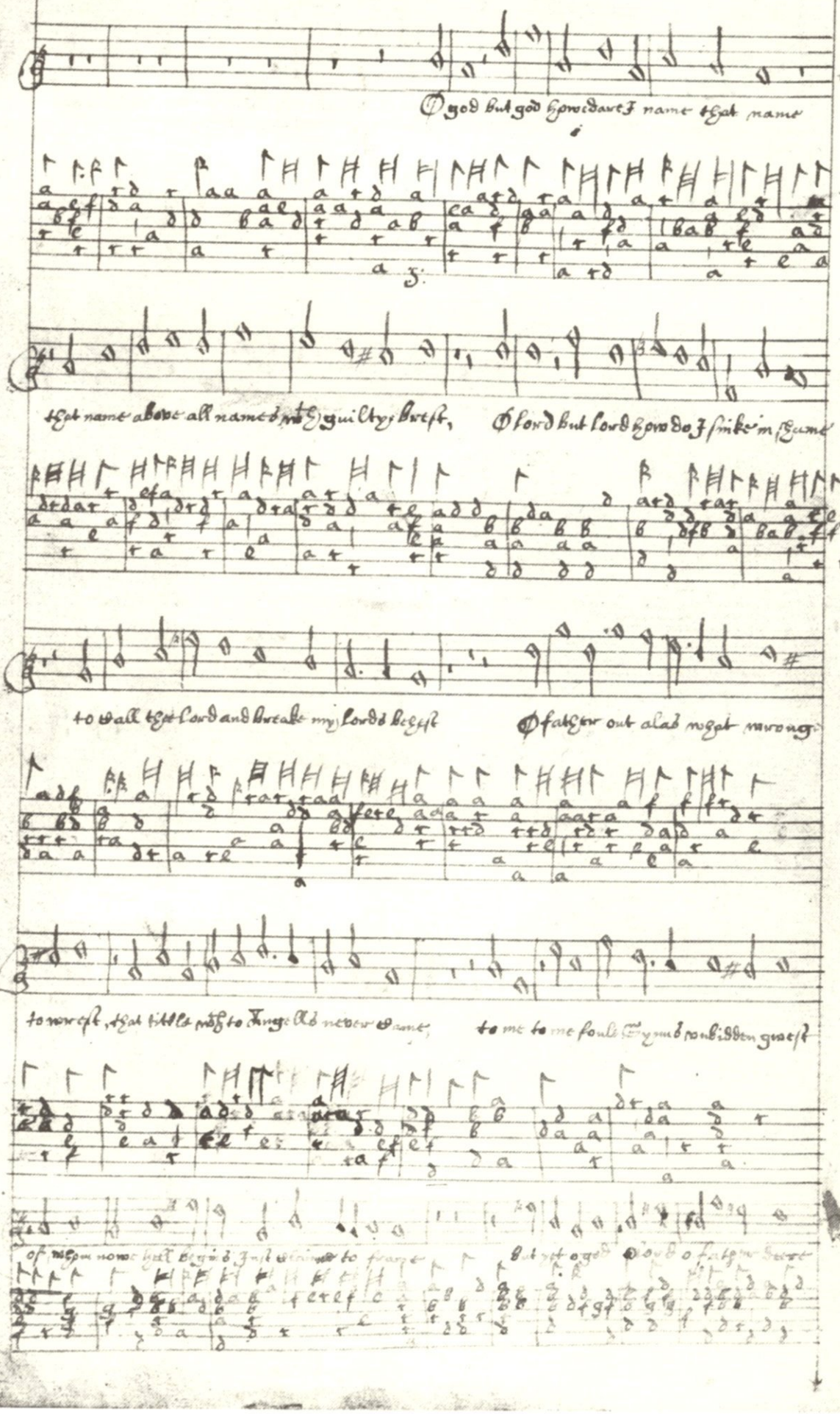
5 But oh foole thinke on the Dainger, after first a Sighe disdaine,
Neuer will J aloe refraine, loue feares nothinge elde but anger.

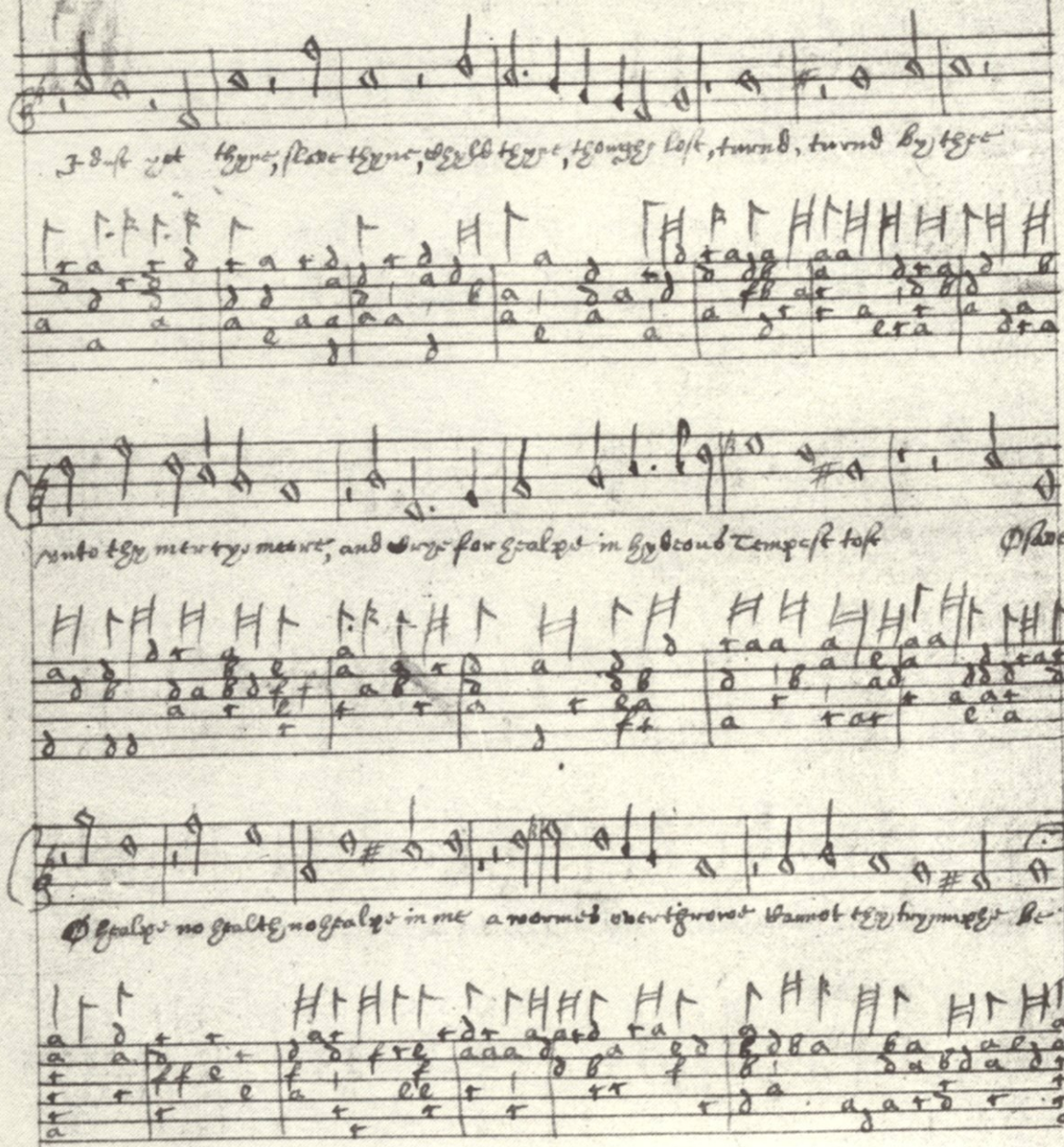
6 yet those lipes so sweetelye smellinge, do invite a stealinge kysse
Neuer will J but venter this, who will reape must first learne skillinge

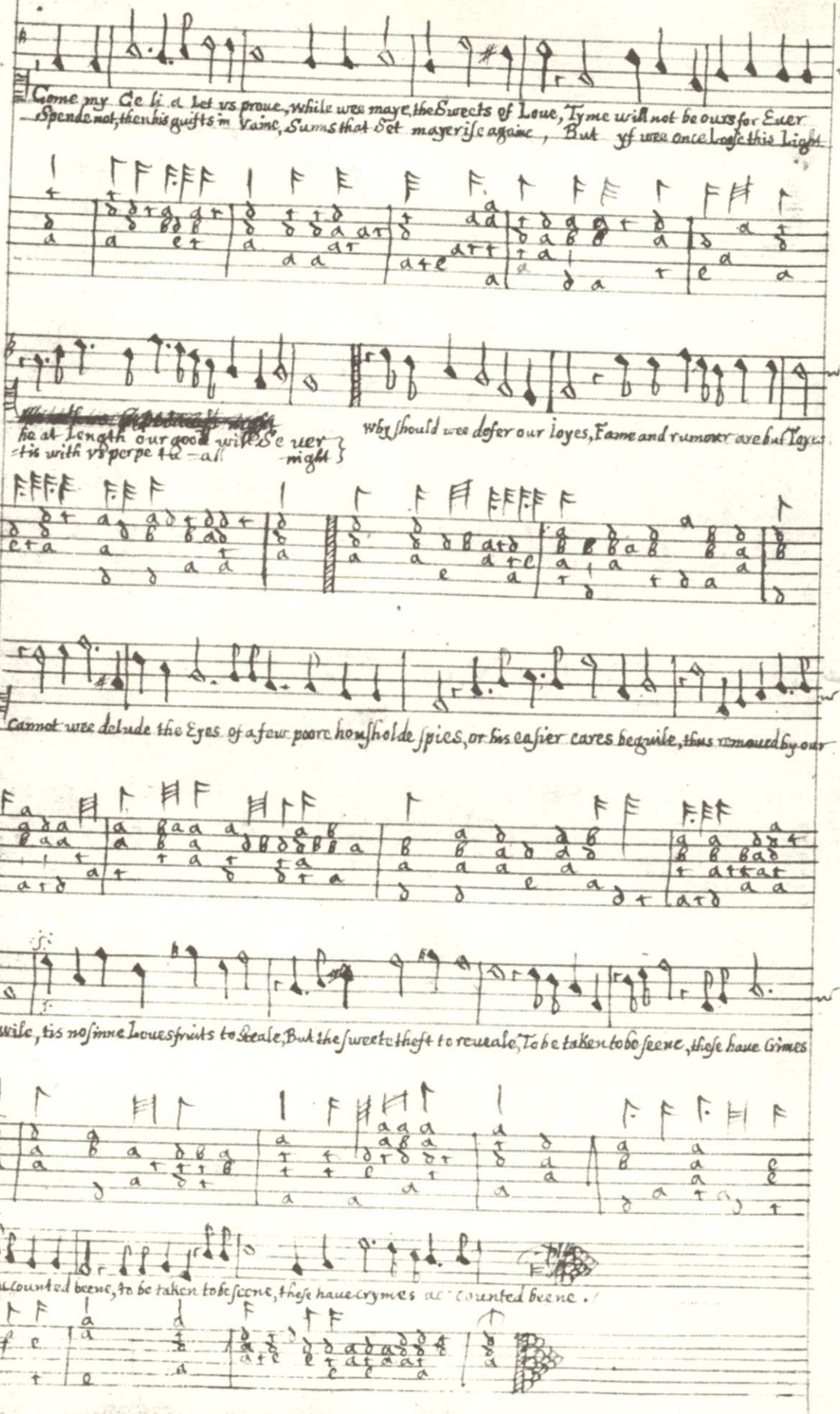
7 Oh sweete kisse, but oh yet it wakinge, lowringe heavye, oh restrayninge me
Neuer will J for feare greate fleet, fooles, never fooles for no more takinge.

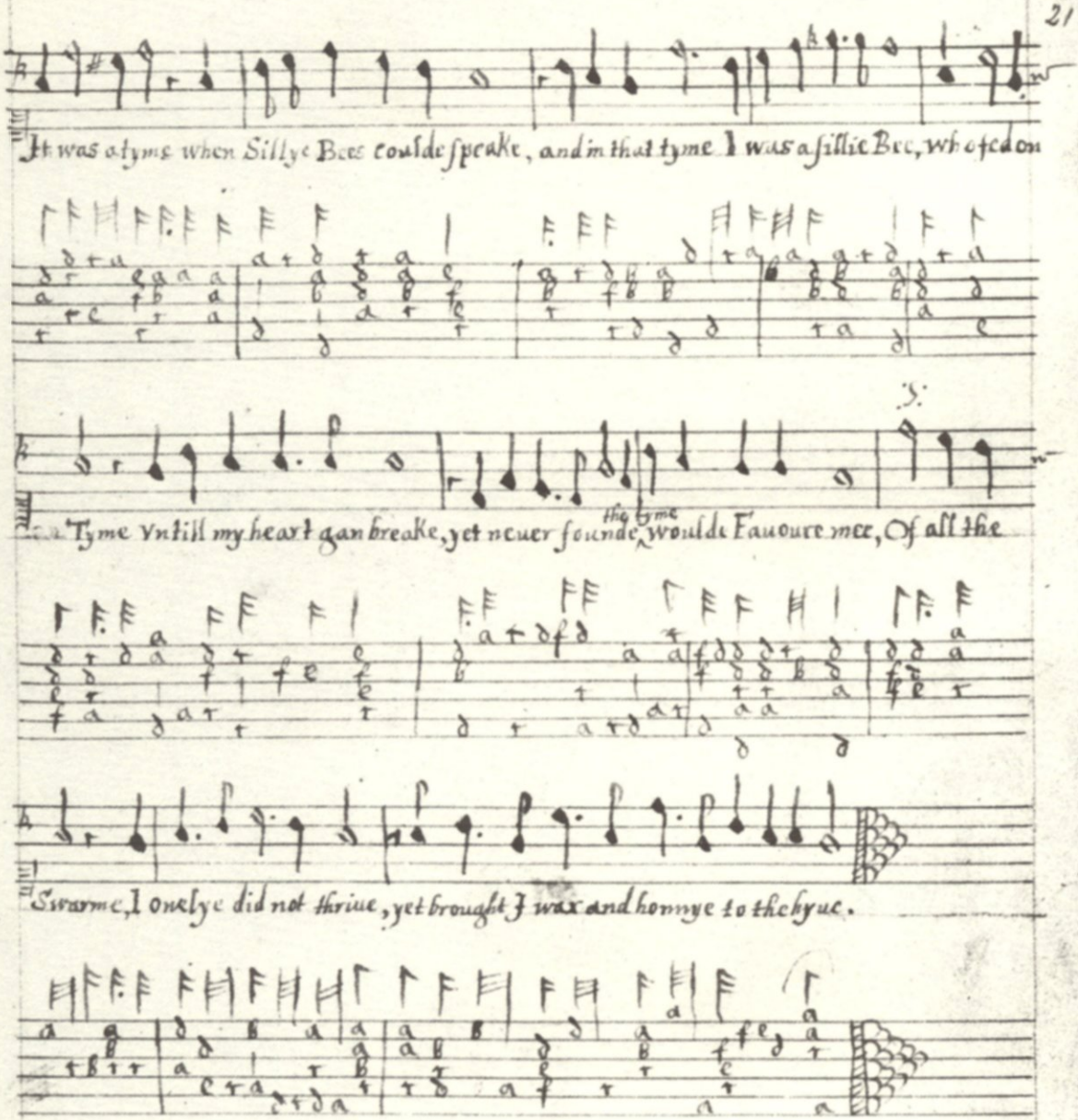
finis

Mr Birde


O god but god howedare I name that name
that name above all names wth guilty brest, O lord but lord howdo I sinke in shame
to wall the lord and breake my lords behest O father out alas what wrong
to wrest, that tittle wth to Angells never came, to me to me foule Eynus vnbidden guest
of whom nowe hell begins Just claime to frame But yet o god O lord o father deere

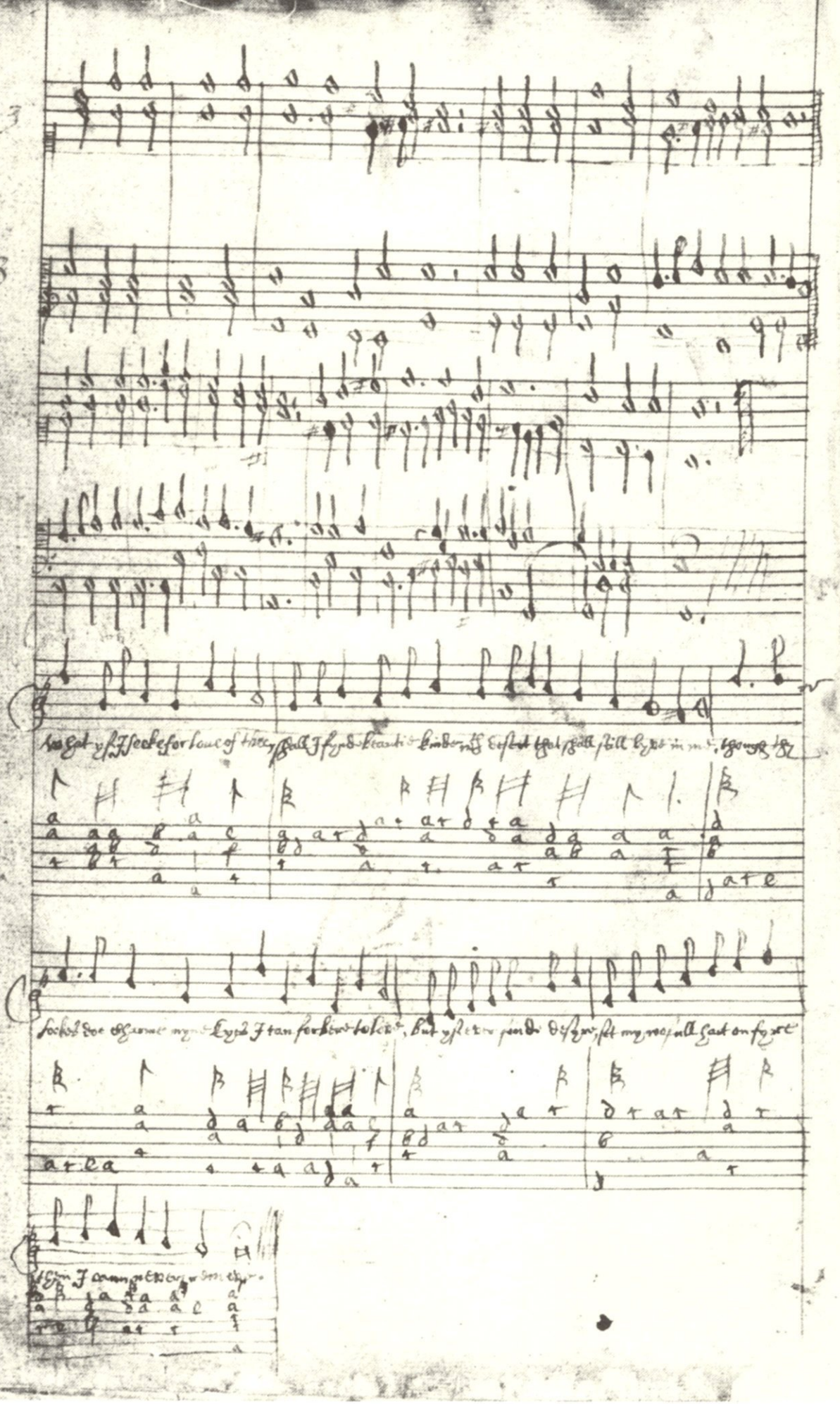

I dust yet thyne, slave thyne, shyld thyne, thoughe lost, turnd, turnd by thee
unto thy mercy meere, and crye for healpe in hydeous Tempest tost
O save
O healpe no health no healpe in me a wormes overthrowe Cannot thy trymphe be

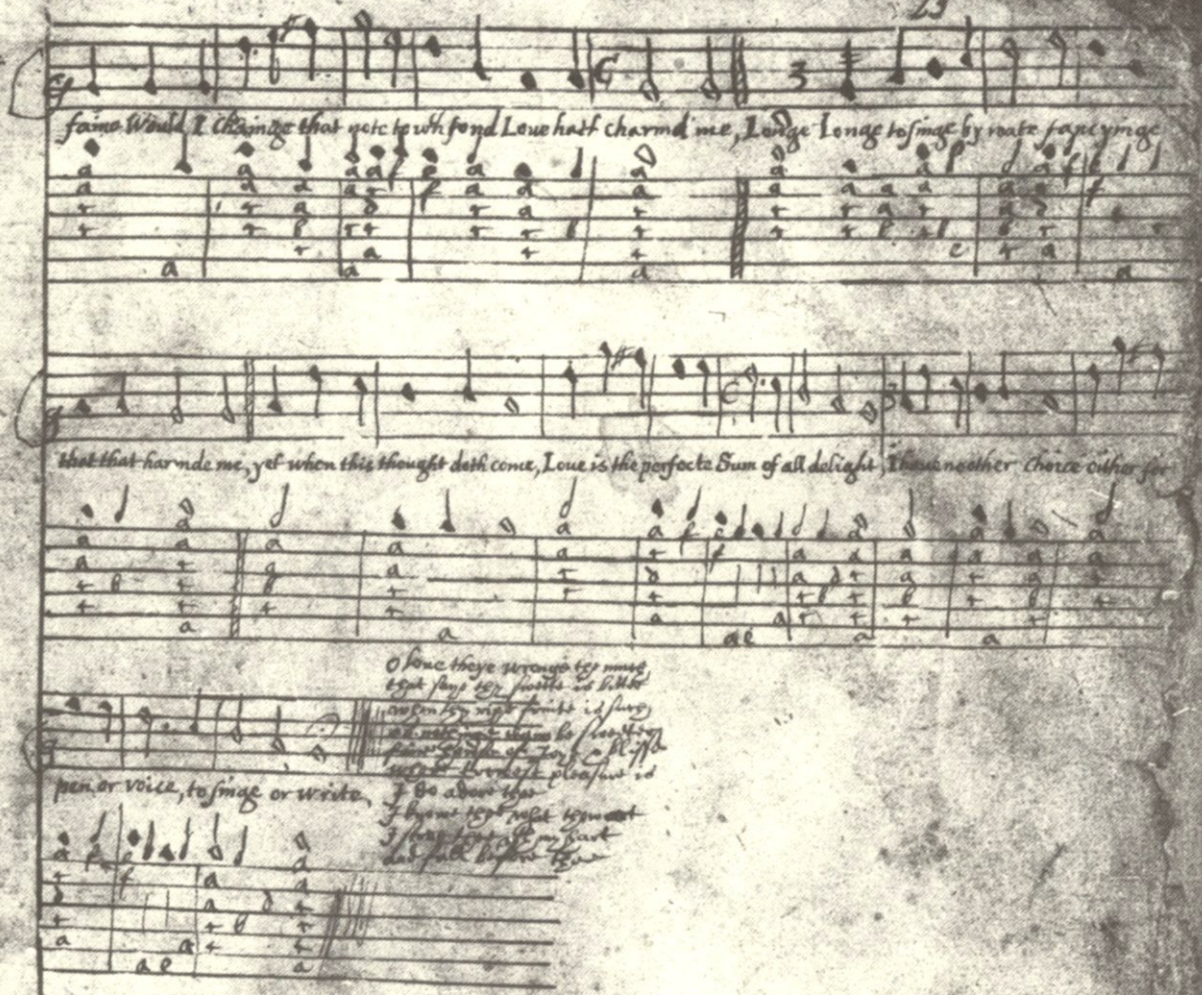

Come my Celia Let vs proue, While wee maye the Swects of Loue, Tyme will not be ours for Euer
Spende not, then his guifts in vaine, Sums that Set maye rise againe, But yf wee once loose this light
Why should wee defer our loyes, Fame and rumour are but Toyes
Cannot wee delude the Eyes of a few poore houshold spies, or his easier cares beguile, thus remooued by our
Wife, tis no sinne Louesfruits to steale, But the sweete theft to reueale, To be taken to be seene, these haue Crimes
accounted beene, to be taken to be seene, these haue crymes accounted beene.



Then thus I Buzd, when Tyme no Sap would geiue,
Why should this Blessed Tyme to me be dryue,
Syth by this tyme the Lazie Drone doth liue
The wespe, the Worme, the Quail, the Butterflie,
Mated wth greefe I Kneeled on my Knees.
And thus complayned vnte the Kinge of Bees.'

My liege Gods graunt thy Tyme maye neuer Ende,
And yet Vouchsafe to heare my plainte of Tyme.
W^th fruitles flyes haue founde to haue a frend,
And I cast downe when Stomies do clyme.
The kinge replyed but thus, peace peeuishe Bee
'Thart bounde to serue the tyme, the Tyme not thee.'




faine Would I Chainge that note to wh fond Loue hatt charmd me, Longe Longe to singe by roate fancyinge
that that harmde me, yet when this thought doth come, Loue is the perfecte Sum of all delight, I haue no other choice either for
pen or voice, to singe or write,

Trinitatis primo
die Julij 21° Jo
Rex numbr Pole
766 Trinitatis

Mr ffloyd I have searched the dogget
office according to yr desyre for a indgt ent
the suite of Steeven Thurger by Mr Dobey
but there not recorded there to be fou
entred neither in Bas 3° Trin 3° or Trin
Pole 756 Rx dismissio 5° die maij 20 Car
ffrettes

for the number pole
766 above written in
Trin 21 Jo I have
searched the dogget
to wesend o theris
neither myscoure not
indgt entred
4° Maij 1631 : Kirby

128 of No: 2630

Piggott versus Floyd Ro: 1608
Piggott versus Floyd Ro: 1608

Theare was aman and hee was Dead
Hee run three myls wthout his head
O Lie Lie Lie alie alie and is not
this a monstrous Lie &c &c &c

1633 / March the 29

This Booke Do
Hugh: ffloyd
Domm: 1