



SELECT

*Musicall Ayres,*  
AND  
*DIALOGUES,*

For one and two Voyces, to sing  
to the *Theorbo, Lute, or Basse Violl.*

Composed by

*John Wilson,* } Doctours of  
*Charles Colman,* } Musick.  
*Henry Lawes,* }  
*William Webb,* } Gentlemen.

To which is added some few  
short *Ayres* or *Songs* for three  
Voyces, to an *Instrument.*

*London,* Printed for *John Playford,*  
and to be sold at his shop in the Inner  
Temple, neare the  
Church doore.

*Anno Domini, 1652.*

To the most Excellent, and accomplished Masters of Musick,

John Wilson, }  
Charles Colman, } Doctours in Musick. } { Henry Lawes, }  
 } { William Webb. } Gentlemen.



THE Philosophers held that the soule of man was *Musick*; not that the being thereof was framed of Numbers, as the *Pithagoreans* affirme: But for that it is the subject of all Harmoniall concerts; intimating heerby, the Dignity and High Renowne of that Art which discended from so Noble a Stem, seeking by all means to innoble the same, and that man to be unfit for the society of men, that honoureth not so worthy a Jewell, as *Musick*, which is such a Harmony, skilfully expressed by Instrument and Voyce, which stirs and raises the Affections to Admiration, and is most powerfull when joynd together. Hence grew the heavenly Art of *Linus*, *Orpheus*, and the rest, according to the number, and time

of their Poems, framed their number, and time of Musick: And *Plato* defines Melody to consist of Harmony, Number, and Words; Harmony of it selfe naked, Words being its Ornament, and Number the common Friend and Uniter of both: Yet alas! in these our dayes how little is this Worthy Science respected, nay rather scorned, none regarding the melodious Charms of *Orpheus*, or the enchanting Melody of *Arion*? Therefore for the preservation and expression of this Noble and Heavenly Science, I have heer collected of the Beauteous Flowers which grew in your fragrant Gardens, these sweet Ayres for Instrument and Voyce, hoping you will not conceive the Spiders Web to be the worse being woven out of her owne Bowels, nor is the Bees Hony the worse, though gathered of severall Flowers. The Worke is yours, You by whom Musick may thinke her selfe richly graced and beautified by your rare skill and knowledge in this Science, in which you are most richly blest, and by you is this most excellent Science preserved alive in this Nation: Therefore the praise belongs to you this Collection being the issue of some part of your excellent paines; it can then be no lesse then Justice and my Duty to present to your protection, that which is your owne. To you I owe the tribute of my paines, acknowledging my selfe deeply ingaged in the debt of Service and Respect for your willing condiscention to the powerfull perswasion of some Friends for the publication of these few Ayres and Dialogues; there is variety, it may be to please all. — *Non omnibus unum est. Quod placit, hic Spinis colligit, ille Rosas.* But above all my care has been not to displease you, having taken paines to bring this to light, without any prejudice to your Worth or Honour: The publication of these may be a meanes to bring forth more of this nature, to equallize other Nations, who dayly afford divers of this kinde. But for the present I shall desire the grace of these may attend upon your selves, and your loving acceptance afforded to him that is an admirer, and an honourer of your Virtues, and your

Most humble servant,

John Playford, Philo-Music.

# A Table of the Ayres contained in the first part of this Booke.

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C

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- Cloris fals love made Clora weep, Dr. Wils. 25
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- Come lovely Phillis, M. Hen. Lawes. 35

F

- Faith be no longer coy, M. Will. Lawes. 9
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- Fuggi Fuggi de luta, Italian. 41

G

- Go and bestride the wind, Mr. W. Webb. 40

H

- How cool and temperate, M. H. Lawes. 11
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- How am I chang'd from wha', Dr. Colman. 31

I

- I wish no more thou shouldst, Mr. Lancaire. 5
- I am confirm'd a woman can, M. H. Lawes. 10
- If any live that fain would prove, Mr. Caesar. 16
- If the quick spirit of your eye, M. H. Lawes. 19
- I love a Lass but cannot shew it, Dr. Wilson. 24

L

- Lay that sullen garland by, Mr. Joh. Taylor. 22
- Let not thy Beauty make thee proud, M. H. La. 34
- Little love serves my turn, M. H. Lawes. 36
- Like hermit power. N. Lancaire. - - -
- Neither sighs and tears, Mr. Lancaire. 12
- Never persuade me too't, Dr. Colman. 30
- No no fair Heretick, M. Hen. Lawes. 38

O

- O my Clarissa thou cruell fair, M. W. Law. 12
- O the kind Boy I ask no red. M. W. Webb. 14

P

- Phillis, why should we delay Mr. H. Lawes. 20

Q

- Quench insprightly wine, D. Colman. 44

S

- She which would not I would chuse, M. R. Smith. 4
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- Stay, o stay that heart I vow, Dr. Colman. 27
- Since love hath in thine and mine, Dr. Wils. 32

T

- Take, O take those lips away, Dr. Wilson. 2
- Thou art not fair for all thy, M. Lancaire. 8
- Tell me ye wandring spirits, M. H. Lawes. 17
- Tell me no more her eyes, M. W. Lawes. 19
- To Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, D. Colman. 42

V

- Victorious Beauty, Mr. William Webb. 21

W

- Why shouldst thou swear I am, French Ayre. 5
- When thou didst thinke I did not love. - 6
- Wert thou yet fairer then thou art. Gyt - 26
- Wake my Adonis. Dr. Colman. 28

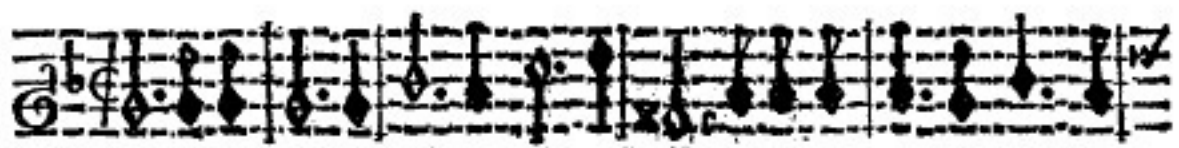
## A Table of the Dialogues and Songs of 3 parts contained in the second part of this Booke.

Dialogues.

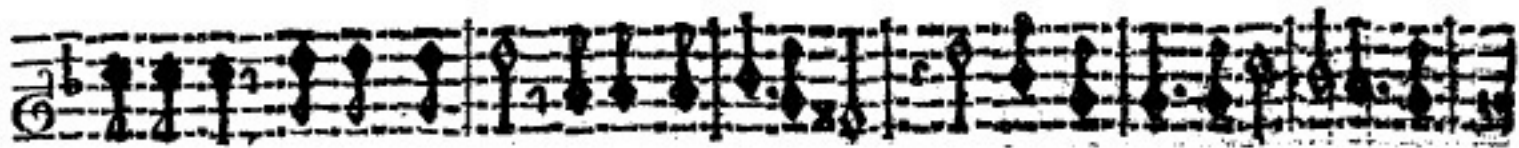
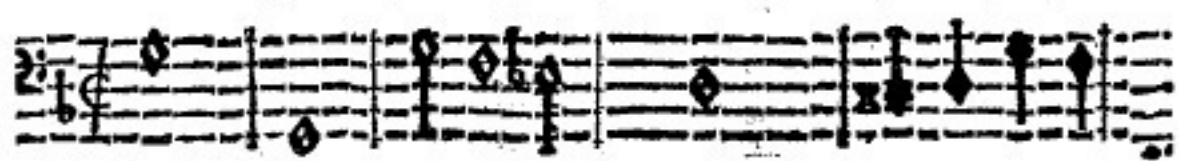
Ayres, or Songs for 3 voyces.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| I Preethe keep my sheep for me, M. Lancaire  | I wish no more, Mr. William Webb.                |
| Shepherd in faith I cannot stay, M. Lancaire | Tong and simple though I am, Mr. N. Lancaire.    |
| Come my Daphne come away, M. W. Lawes        | Though I am yong, and cannot tell, Mr. Lancaire. |
| Forbear fond swain, I cannot love, M. Caesar | Gather your Rose-buds, Mr. William Lawes.        |
| Dear Silva let thy Thirsis know, Dr. Colman  | Let her give her hand, Mr. William Webb.         |
| Did not you once Lucinda vow, Dr. Colman.    | Not that I wish my Mistresse, Mr. Will. Webb.    |
| Charon, O Charon draw thy Boat, M. H. La.    | As the sweet breath and gentle gales, Mr. Webb.  |
| Charon, O gentle Charon, M. Will. Lawes      | Tell me O Damon, canst thou, Mr. W. Webb.        |

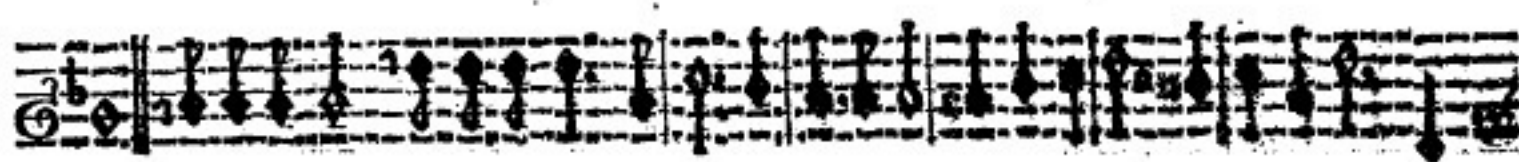
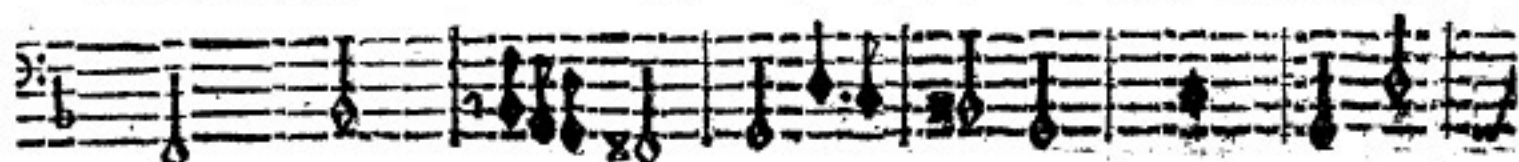
ALL sorts of Muscicall Books which have been printed in English, are sold by John Playford at his shop in the Inner Temple; but especially these, Mr. Childs set of Psal. for 3. voc. with a thorough Bass. Mr. East last set of Fancies for the Viols of 2. 3. & 4. parts; also Mr. Bards. Introduction to the skill of Songs, and All sorts of rul'd Paper for Musick, and rul'd Books ready bound up.



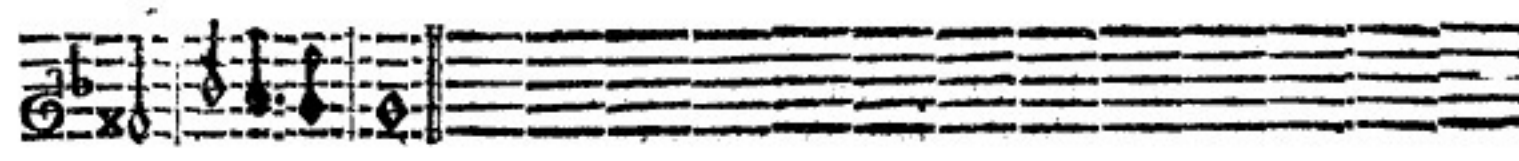
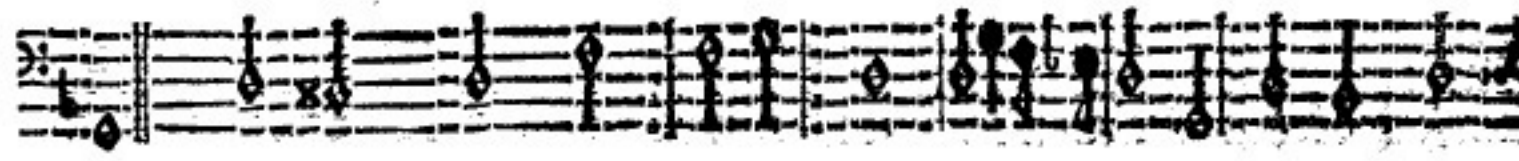
Ike hermit poor in pensive place obscure, I mean to spend my dayes of



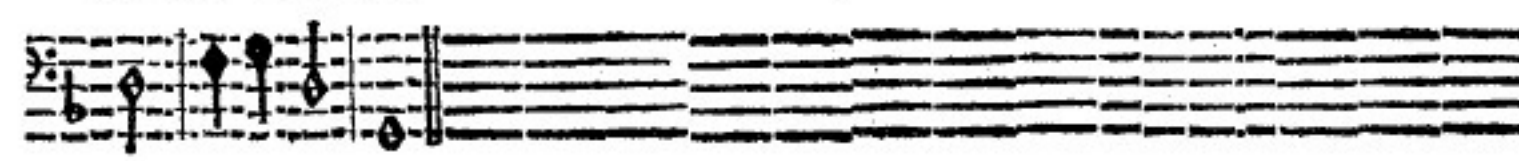
endles doubt, to wail such woes as time can not recure, where none but love shal ever find me



out. And at my gates, and at my gates despair shal linger stil, to let in death, to let in death when



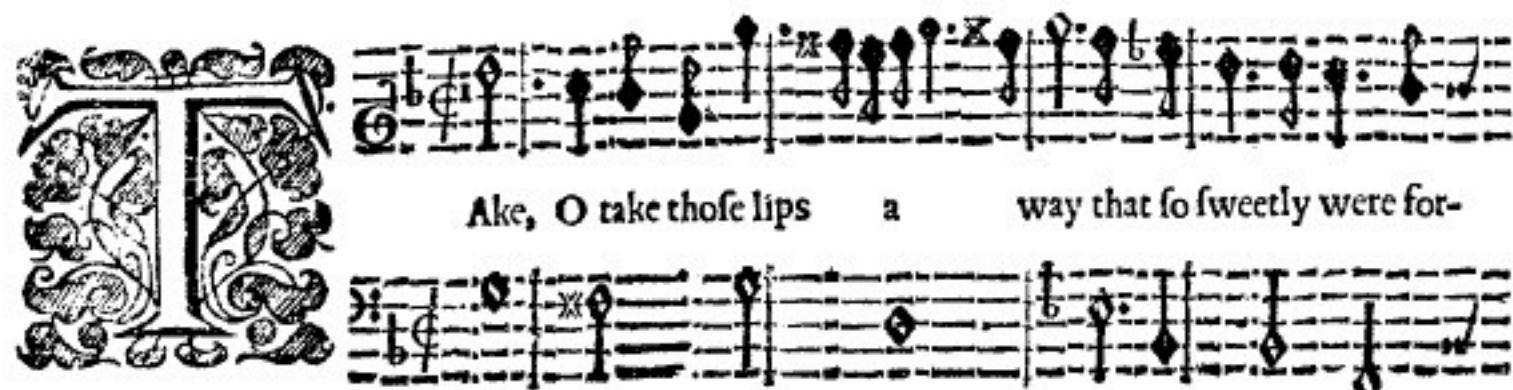
love and fortune will.



A Gown of gray my body shal attire,  
 My staffe of broken hope whereon Ile stay,  
 Of late repentance linkt with long dispaire,  
 The Couch is fram'd whereon my limbs I lay.  
 And at my gates, &c.

My food shal be of care and sorrow made,  
 My drinke nought else but teares faln from mine  
 And for my light in this obscure shade, (eyes,  
 The flame may serve, which from my heart arise.  
 And at my gates, &c.

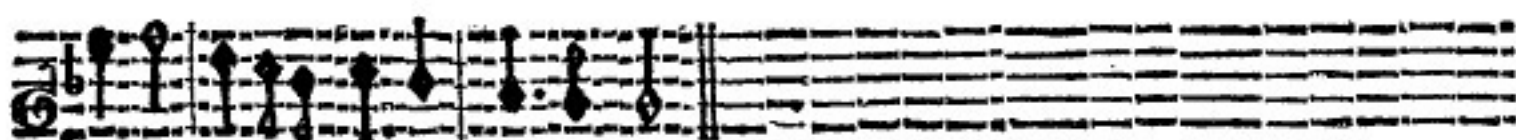
B



Ake, O take those lips a way that so sweetly were for-



sworn, & those eyes that breake of days, light that do mislead the morn, but my kisses bring

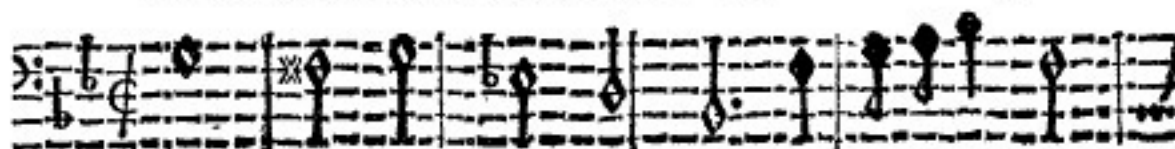
again seals of love though seals in vain.



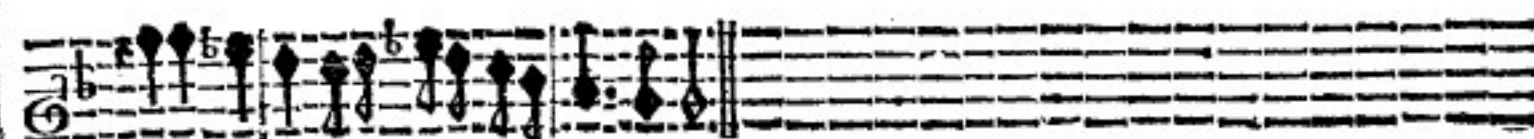
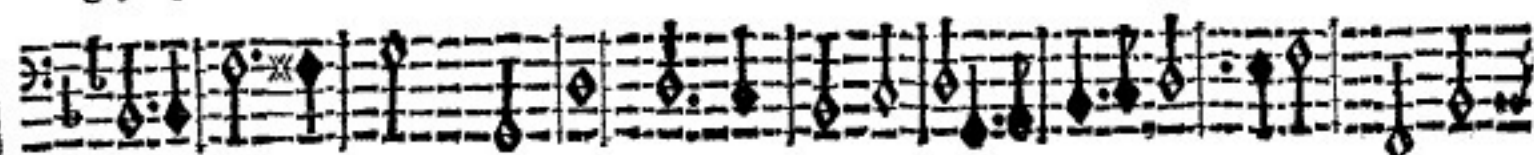
Hide, O hide those Hills of Snow  
 That thy frozen Blossome beares;  
 On whose tops the Pinks that grow,  
 Are yet of those that April weares;  
 But first set my poore heart free,  
 Bound in those Icy Chaines by thee.



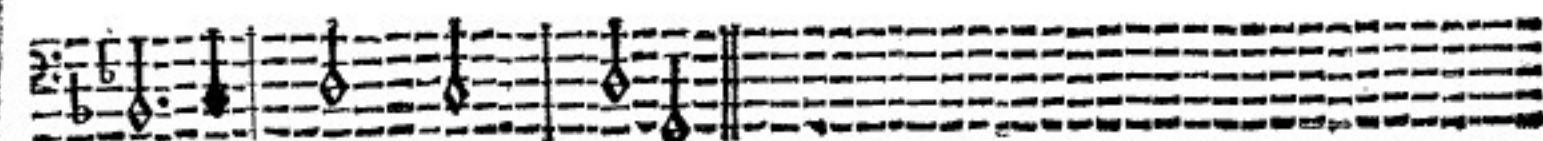
S I waikt forth one Summers day, to view the Meadows green &c



gay, a pleasant Bower I espi ed standing fast by the River side, and in't a mayden I heard cry,



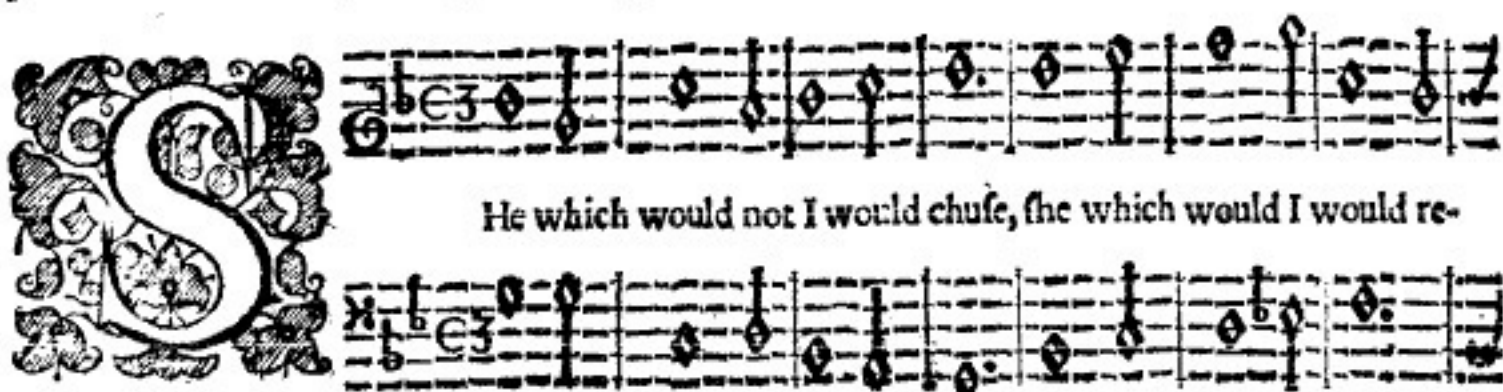
alas, a las, ther's none er'e lov'd as I.



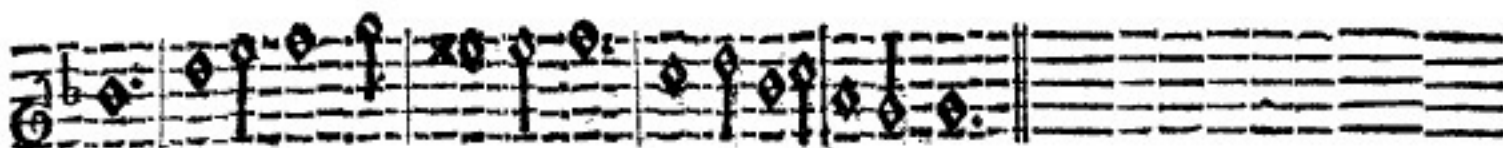
Then round the Meadow did she walk,  
Catching each Flowers by the stalk,  
Such Flowers as in the Meadow grew,  
The dead mans thumb, and heare all blew,  
And as she pul'd them still cri'd she,  
Alas, alas, there's none er'e lov'd like me.

The Flowers of the sweetest scent  
She bound about with knotty Bents,  
And as she bound them u p in Bands,  
She wept, she sight, and she wrong her hands :  
Alas, alas, alas, cri'd she,  
Alas, there's none er'e lov'd like me.

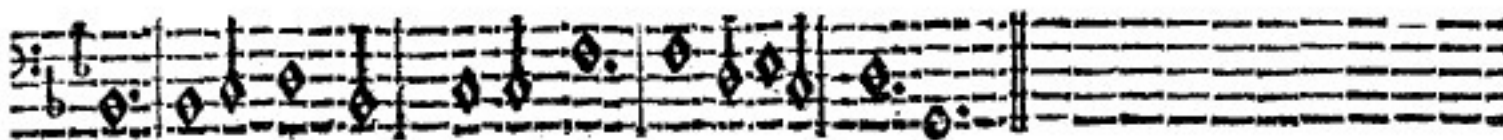
When she had fild her aporne full  
Of such green things as she could cull ;  
The green leaves serv'd her for her bed,  
The Flowers were the pillows for her head ;  
Then down she layd her, ne're word more did speak,  
Alas, alas, with love her heart did break.



He which would not I would chuse, she which would I would re-



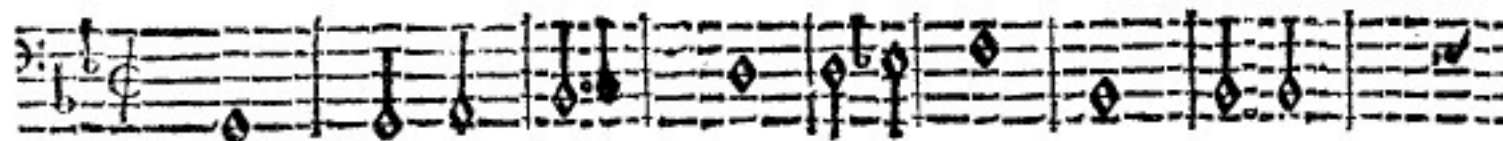
fuse, *Venus* could my minde but tame, but not satisfie the same.



Inticements offered I despise,  
And deny'd I slightly prize:  
I would neither glut my minde,  
Nor yet too much torment finde.



Thrice girt *Di ana* doth not take me, nor *Venus* naked joyfull make me, the first

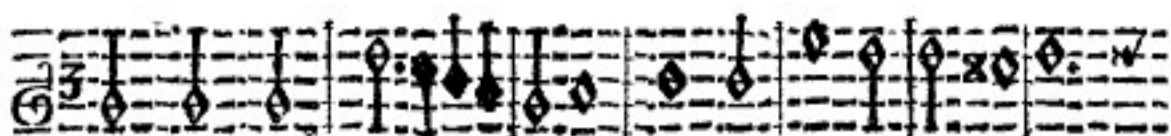



no pleasure hath to joy me, & the last enough to cloy me.

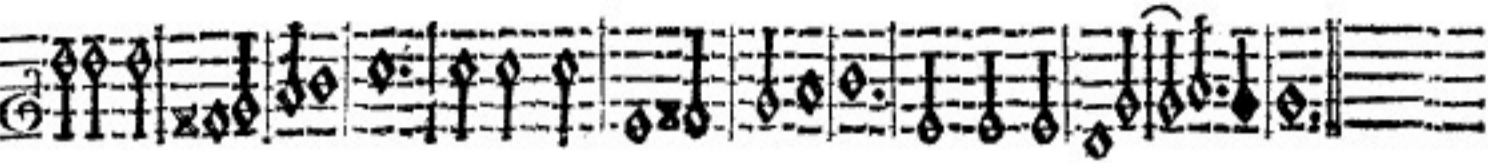


As the first strain.

But a crafty Wench I'de have,  
That can tell the art I crave,  
And joyne at one, in one these two,  
I will, and yet I will not doe.  
She which would not, &c.



Hy shouldst thou sweare I am forsworn, since thine I vow'd to be,



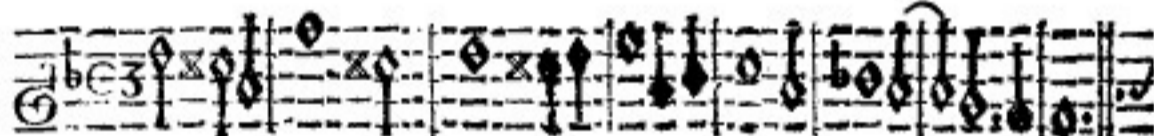
Lady it is already morn, it was last night I swor to thee, this fond impositi-  
li ty.



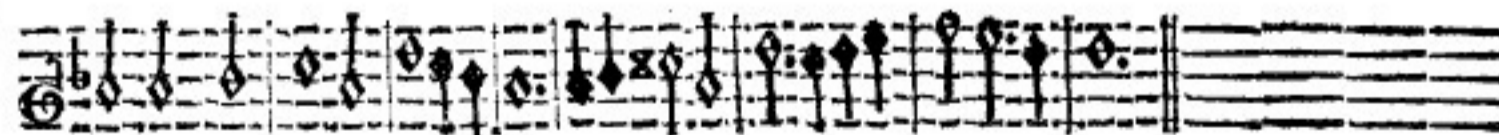
Have I not lov'd thee much and long,  
A tedious twelve houres space,  
I should all other Beauties wrong,  
And rob me of a new imbrace,  
Should I still dote upon thy face.

Not that all Joyes in thy browne haire  
By others may be found:  
But I will search the black, the faire,  
Like skilfull Miners that found  
For treasures in unplowed ground.

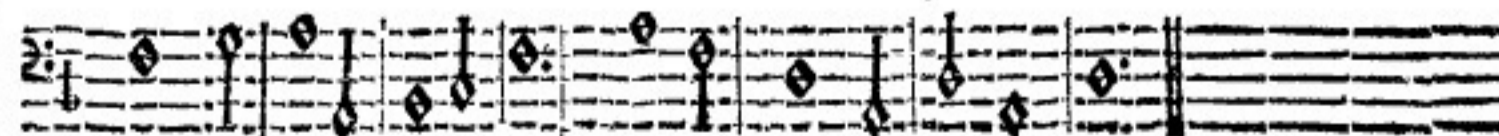
Then when I have lov'd thee round  
Thou prove the pleasant shee,  
In spoyle of meaner Beauties crown'd,  
I laden will return to thee.



With no more thou shouldst love me, my joys are full in loving thee,



my heart's too narrow to containe, my blifs if thou shouldst love me againe.



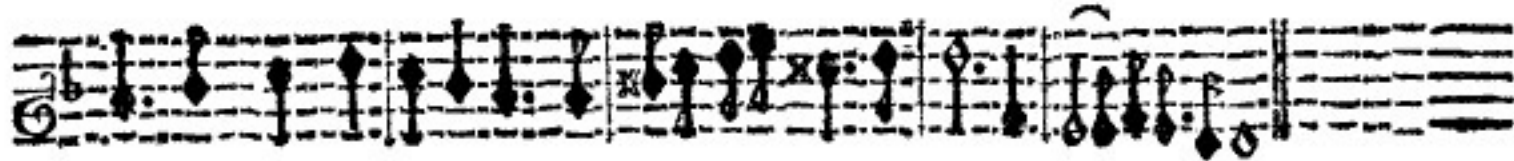
Thy scorne may wound me, but my fate  
Leads me to love, and thee to hate;  
Yet I must love while I have breath,  
For not to love were worse then death.

Then shall I sue for scorne or grace,  
A lingering life, or death embrace;  
Since one of these I needs must try,  
Love me but once, and let me dy.

Such mercy more thy fame shall raise,  
Then cruell life can yield thee praise;  
It shall be counted who so dies,  
No murder, but a sacrifice.



Hen thou didst think I did not love, then didst thou fawn on me, now



when thou find'st that I do prove as kinde, as kinde may be, love faints in thee.



What way to fix the Mercury of thy ill fixt minde,  
Me thinkes it were good policy for me to turn unkinde,  
to make thee kinde.

And though I might my selfe excuse with imitating thee,  
Yet will I no example use that may bewray in mee  
lightnesse to bee.

Nor will I yet good nature stain to buy at so great cost,  
She which before I did obtain, I make account almost  
my labour lost.

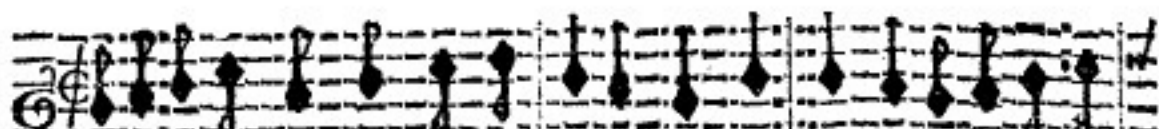
But since I gave thee once my heart my constancy shall show,  
That though thou play the womans part and from a friend turn foe,  
men doe not foe.

Ome Lovers all to me, & cease your mourning: Love hath no shafts to

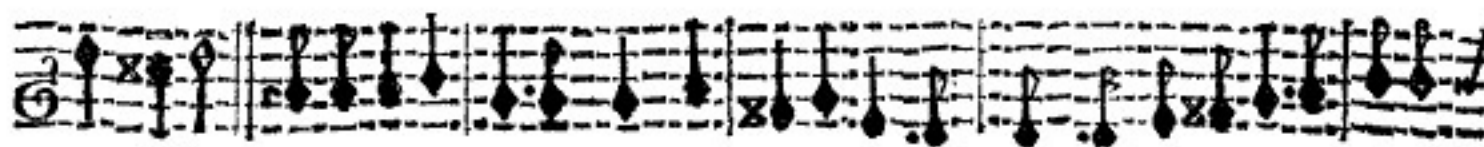
shoot, no more brands burning: He means my pains shal you from pains de liver, for in my

breast ha's emptied all his Quiver. Had he not been a child he would have known, ha's lost

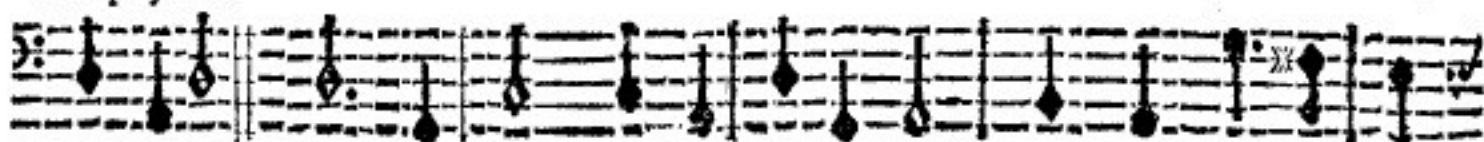
a thousand servants to kill one.



Hou art not faire for all thy red & white, for all those rosie or na-  
Hou art not sweet nor made of meer delight, nor faire, nor sweet, unlesse



ments in thee. I wil not, I wil not smooth thy fancy, thou shalt prove, that beauty is no beauty  
thou pity mee.



without love, no beauty without love.

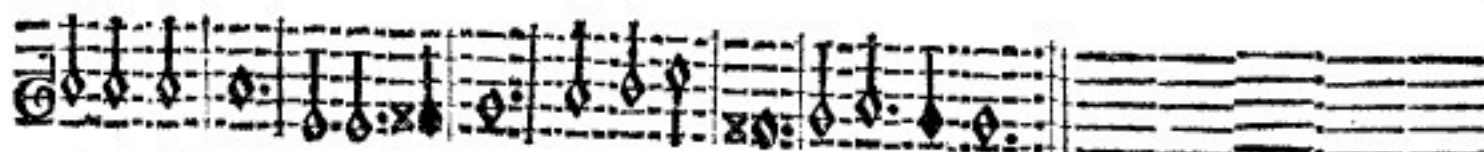


Yet love not me, nor seeke thou to allure  
My thoughts with beauty, were it now divine;  
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot indure,  
I'll not be wrapt up in those armes of thine.

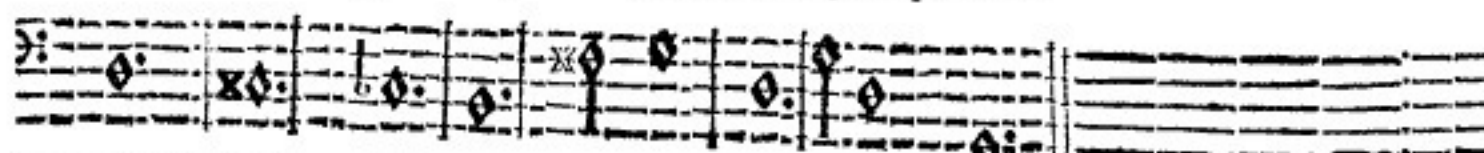
Now shew it if thou be a woman right,  
Imbrace, and kisse, and love me in despite.



Midst the Mirtles as I walke, love & my sighs thus enter talke,



tell me, said I, in deep distresse, where I may finde my shepardesse.



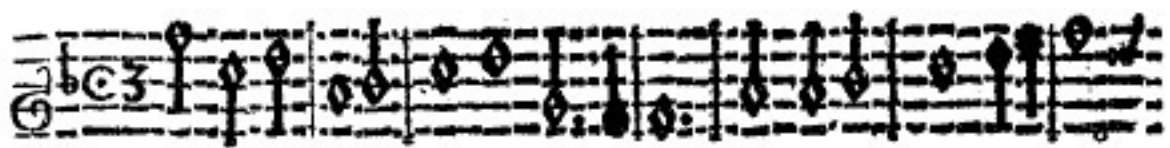
Then foole sayd love, know'st thou not this,  
In every thing that's good thee is,  
In yonder Tulip go and seeke,  
There thou shalt finde her lip and checke.

In that inamel'd Fancy by,  
There shalt thou finde her curious eye  
In bloom of Peach, in Roses bud  
There wawe the streames of her blood.

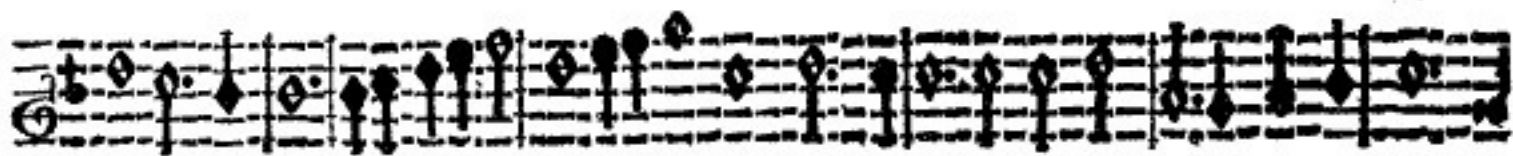
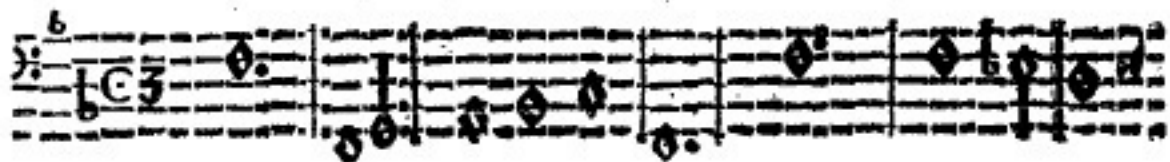
'Tis true said I, and thereupon,  
And went and pluckt them one by one  
To make a part a union,  
But on a suddaine all was gone.

At which I stop: said love, these bre  
Fond man resemblances of thee;  
For as these Flowers thy Joy must dye,  
Even in the turning of an eye.

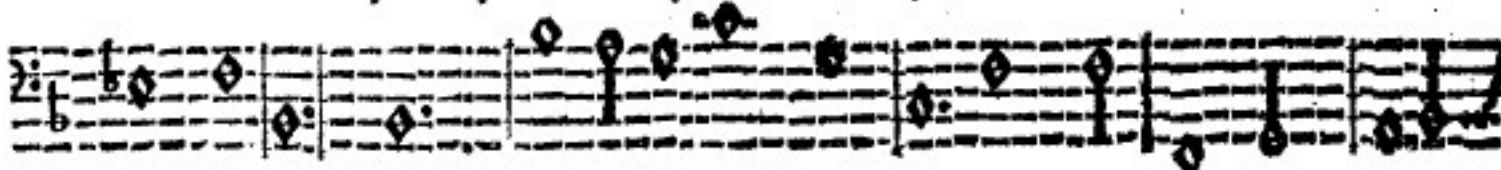
And all thy hopes of her must wither,  
As do those Flowers when knit together.



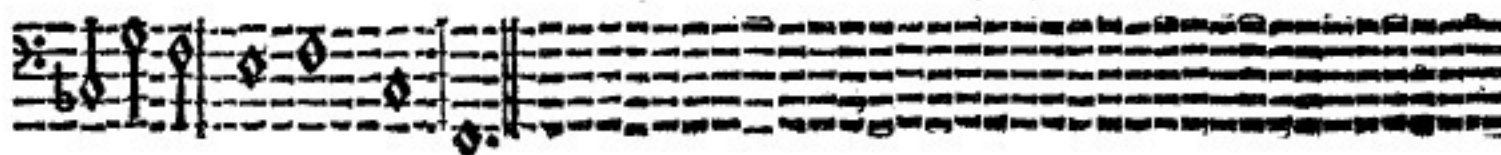
Aith be no longer coy, but let's enjoy what's by the world confest,



women love best: thy beauty fresh as May, will soon decay, besides with in a yeare or two

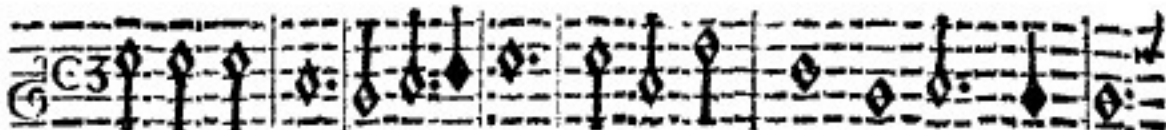


I shalbe old and cannot doe.

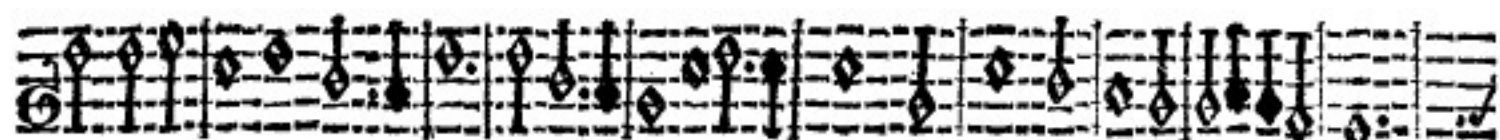
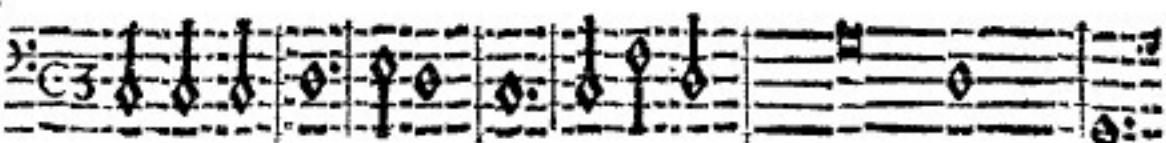


Do'st thinke that nature can  
 For every man,  
 Had sh. more skill, provide  
 So faire a Bride:  
 Who ever had a Feast  
 For a single Guest?  
 No, without she did intend  
 To serve the husband and his friend.

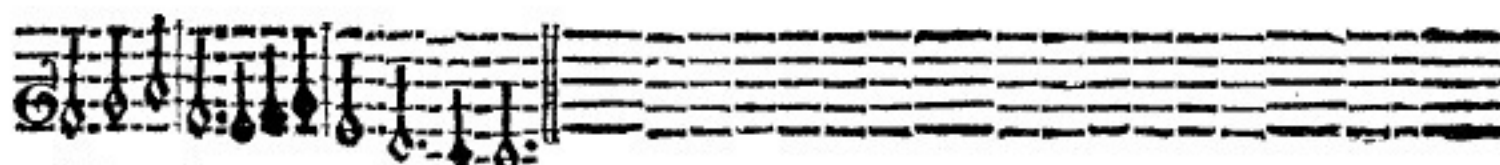
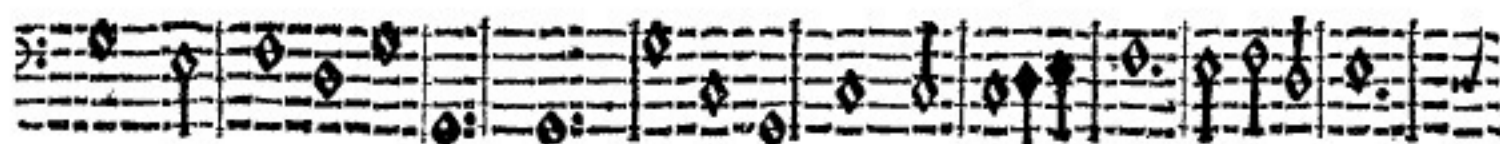
To be a little nice  
 Sets better price  
 On Virgins, and improves  
 Their servants loves,  
 But on the riper yeares  
 It ill appears:  
 After a while you'l finde this true,  
 I need provoking more then you.



Am confirm'd a woman can, love this, or that or a ny man,  
This day her love is melting hot, to morrow fwears she knows you not,



let her but an new object find, & she is of another mind, then hang me Ladies at your doore,



if e're I doat up on you more.

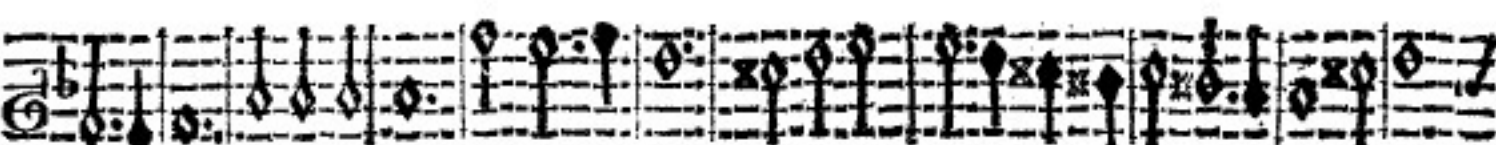
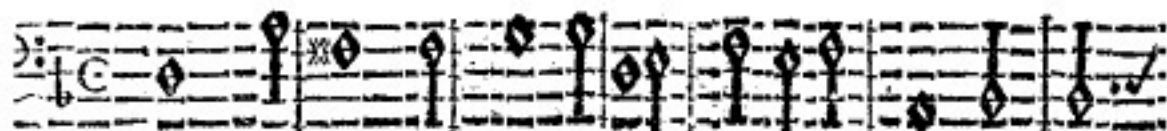


Yet still I'll love the faire one, why?  
For nothing but to please mine eye;  
And so the fat and soft skin'd Dame  
I'll flatter to appease my flame:  
For her that's musically I long,  
When I am sad to sing a Song:  
But hang me Ladies, &c

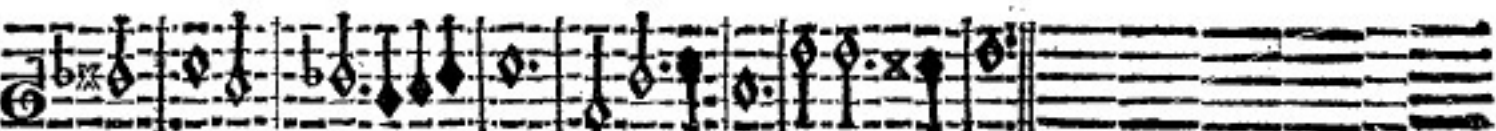
I'll give my fancy leave to range  
Through every face to finde out change:  
The black, the brown, the fair shall be  
But objects of varietie:  
I'll court you all to serve my turne,  
But with such flames as shall not burne:  
For hang me Ladies, &c.



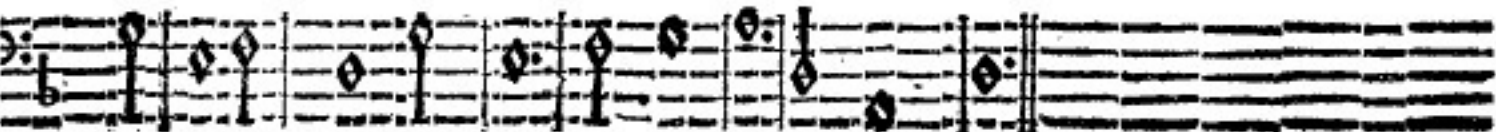
Ow coole & temperate I am grown, since I could call my



heart my own, beauty & I now calmly play, whilst others burn and melt a way, not all



those wanton houres I have spent, can rob me of this new content.



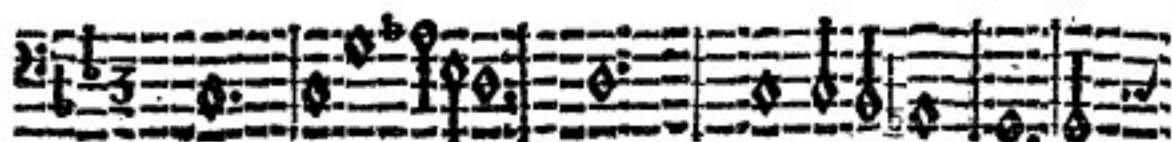
Loves mists are scatred from my sight,  
 Which flatred me with new delight,  
 And now I see 'tis but a face  
 That stole my heart out of its place :  
 Then love forgive me, I'le no more  
 Thine Altars or thy shrine adore.

Farwell to all heart breaking eyes,  
 Farwell each looke that can surprize,  
 Farwell those Curles and amorous spels,  
 Farwell each place where Cupid dwels ;  
 And farwell each bewitching smile,  
 I must enjoy my selfe a while.

D 2



Lover once I did espy, with bleeding heart & weeping eye, he



weept & cry'd, how great's his pain, that lives in love, & loves in vain.

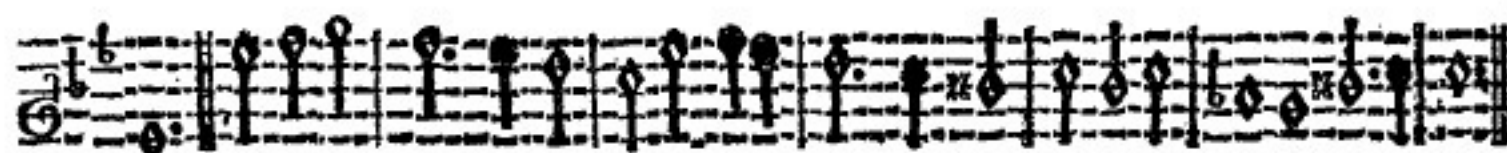


Can there (sayes he) no Cure be found,  
But by the hand that gave the wound?  
Then let me dye, which I'll endure,  
Since she wants Charity to cure :

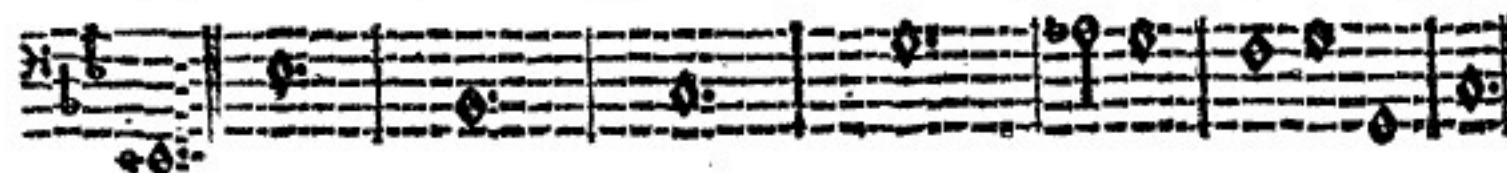
Yet let her one day feele the paine,  
To wish she had cur'd, but wish in vaine ;  
For wither'd cheeks may chance recover  
Some sparks of love, but not a Lover.



My *Clarisa*, thou cruell faire, bright as the morn, and soft as the



Ayre, fresher then flowers in May, yea far more sweet then they, love is the subject of my prayer

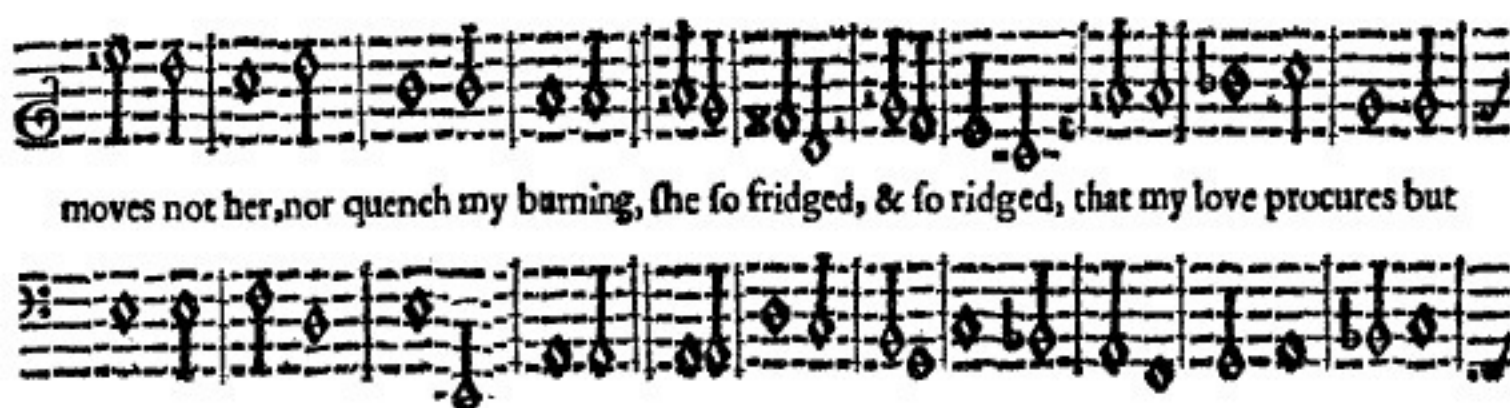


When first I saw thee, I felt a flame  
Which from thine eyes like lightning came ;  
Sure it was Cupids dart,  
It pierced so my heart :  
O could your brest once feele my paine.

Then would the God of love equall bee,  
Giving me ease, as by wounding thee ;  
Then would you never scorne,  
When like to me you burne :  
At least not prove unkind to mee.



**N** Either sighs, nor tears, nor mourning, protestations, imprecations,



moves not her, nor quench my burning, she so fringed, & so ridged, that my love procures but

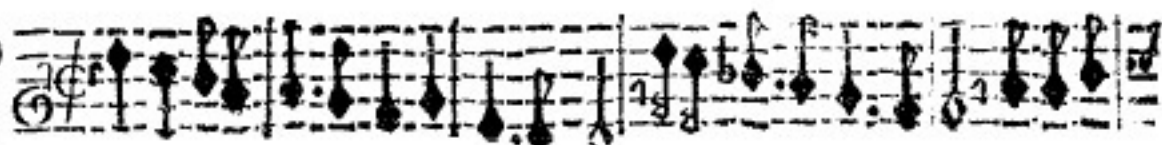


scorning, that my love procures but scorning.

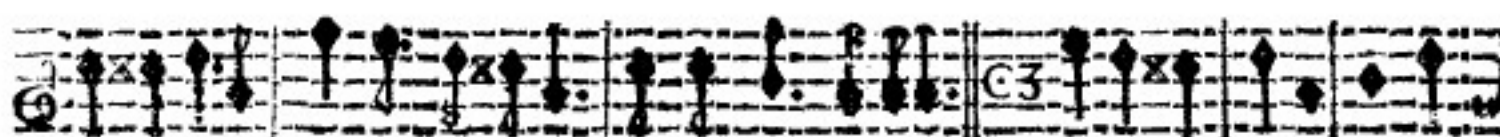
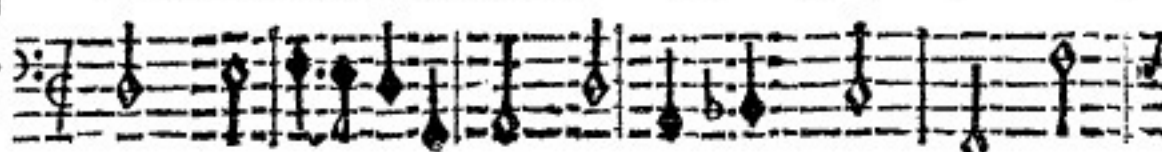


When I follow her she flies me,  
 Swiftly running  
 With more cunning  
 Then the Hare or Bird that spies me,  
 Still disdain  
 My complaining,  
 And to heare my grieffe denies me.

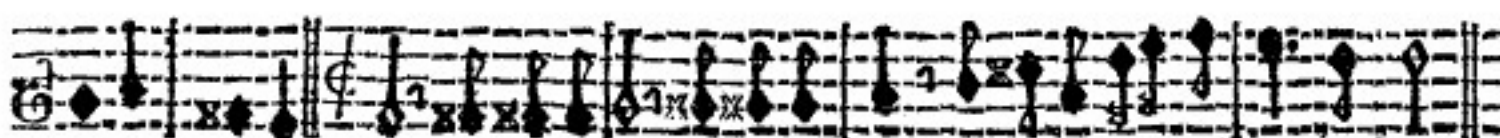
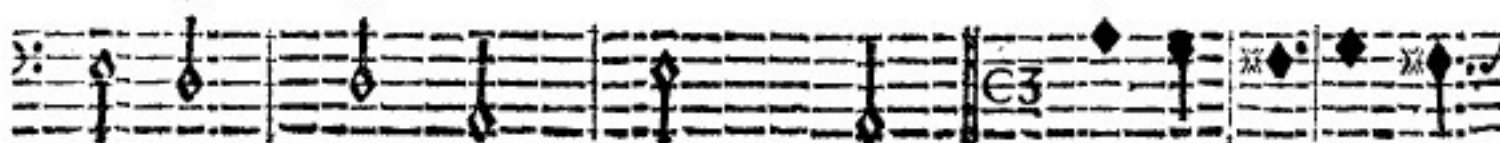
Say alone, must it be so then?  
 Shall she glory in my story,  
 In my story,  
 And I unrevenge'd go then?  
 Prithe Cupid  
 Be not stupid,  
 Bend in my defence thy Bow then.



F the kind boy I aske no red & white to make up my delight, no od be-



coming graces, black eyes, or lit tle know not what's in faces      make me but mad enough, give

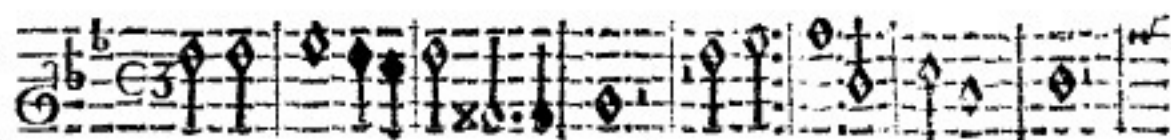


me good store of      love for her I court, I aske no more, 'tis love in love that makes the sport.

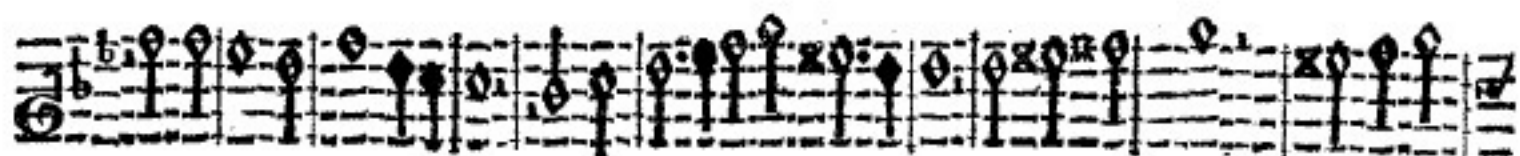
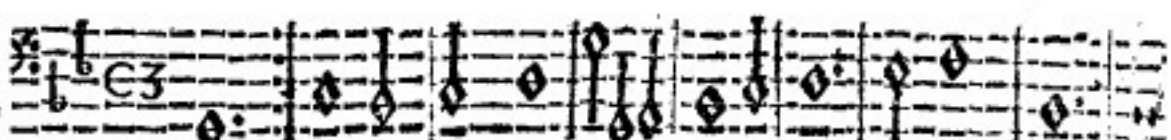


There's no such thing as that, we Beauty call,  
 It 'tis meere couzenage all;  
 For though some long ago  
 Lik't certaine colours mingled so and so,  
 That doth not tie me now from chusing new,  
     If I a fancy take  
     Too black and blew,  
 That fancy doth it Beauty make.

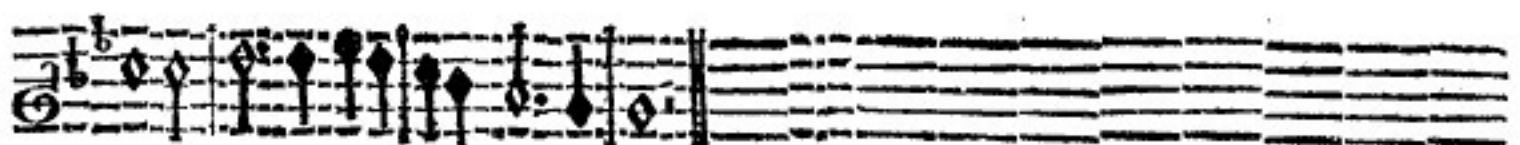
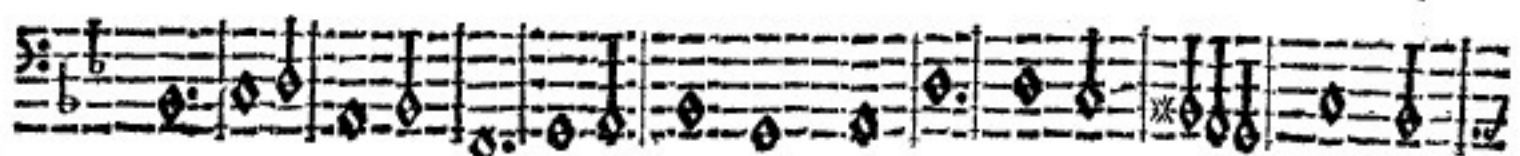
'Tis not the meate, but 'tis the appetite  
 Makes eating a delight;  
 And if I like one dish  
 More then another, that a Phezant is,  
 What in our Matches, may in us be found,  
     So to the height, and nick  
     We up be bound,  
 No matter by what hand or trick.



He that loves me for my selfe, for affection, not base pelfe,



here regarding my decent, gesture, feature, but intent, she on ly she, she, on ly

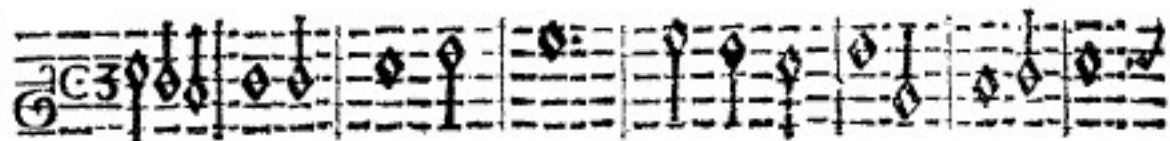


she, deserves to be be lov'd of me.

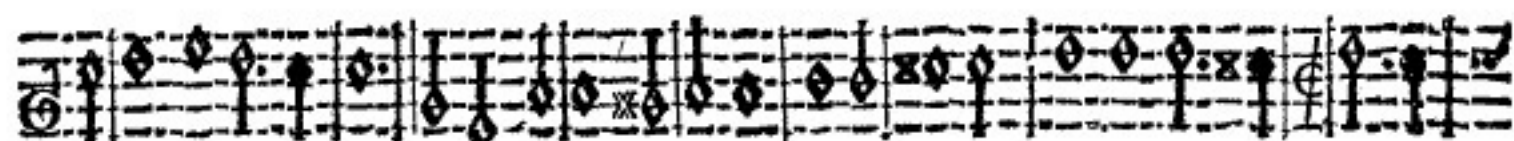
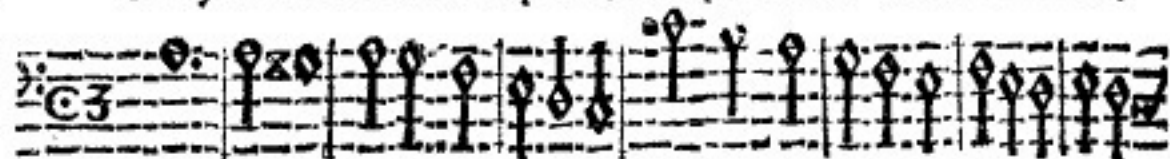


She that loves me for no end,  
 But because I am her friend;  
 Never doubting my desire,  
 But believ'd it sacred fire:  
 She only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

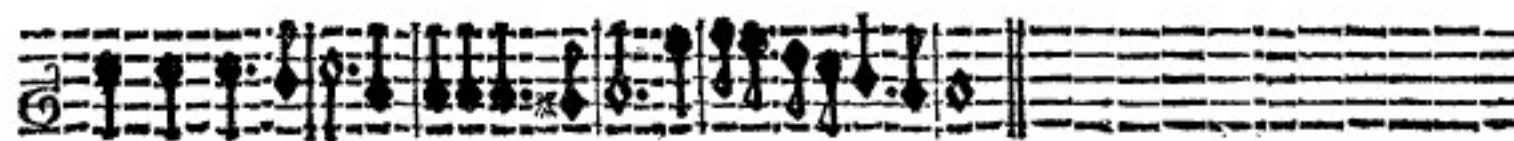
She that loves me with resolve  
 Ne're to alter till dissolve;  
 Slighting all things, that sterne fate  
 May hereafter seeme to threat:  
 She only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.



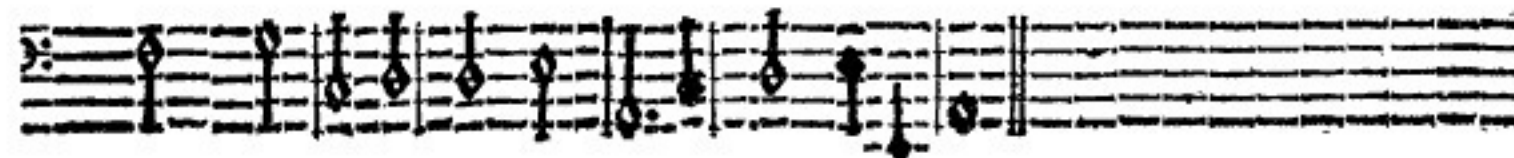
F any live that fain would prove, how powerful is the God of love,



& yet himselfe goe free, let him on me but fix his eyes, & he shall read loves tyranies, and



soon shall perfect be, in his Ana to mie, in his An a to mie.



So many Stars, are not it<sup>h</sup> skies,  
 Nor yet in burning Autumne flies,  
 Or Birds in Ayre doe hover;  
 The Spring hath not so many Buds,  
 Nor drops are in the Ocean Flouds  
 As griefes you may discover  
 In me poore Constant Lover.

Long paine and sorrow short, injoying  
 A dying life, lifes good destroying,  
 Fond hope desires vaine,  
 Small thanks, lesse faith, but great tormentings,  
 False smiles, true teares, and true lamentings;  
 These (if y<sup>e</sup> observe) you'le gaine  
 Experience by my paine.

Ell me you wandring spirits of the Ayre, did you not see a Nymph

more bright, more faire then beauties darling, or of parts more sweet then stolne content, if

such a one you meet wait on her hourly, where so ere she flies, and cry, and cry, *A minute* for

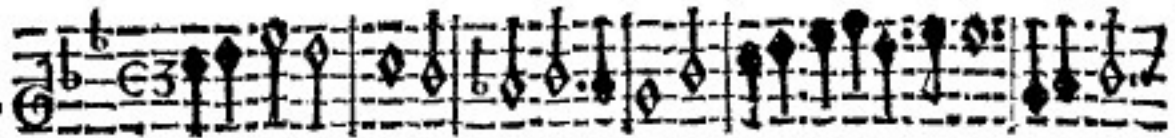
her absence dies.

Go search the Vallies, pluck up every Rose,  
 You'l finde a scent, a blush of her in those :  
 Fish, fish, for Pearle, or Corral, there you'l see  
 How orientall all her Colours be ;  
 Go call the Ecchoes to your ayde, and cry,  
*Cloris, Cloris,* for that's her name for whom I dye.

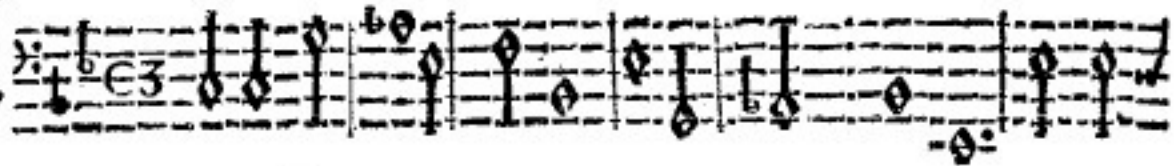
But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill,  
 Were she on earth, she had been with me still :  
 Go fly to Heaven, examine every Sphere,  
 And try what Star hath lately lighted there ;  
 If any brighter then the Sun you see,  
 \*Fall downe, fall downe, and worship it, for that is shee.

*Cloris Cloris*

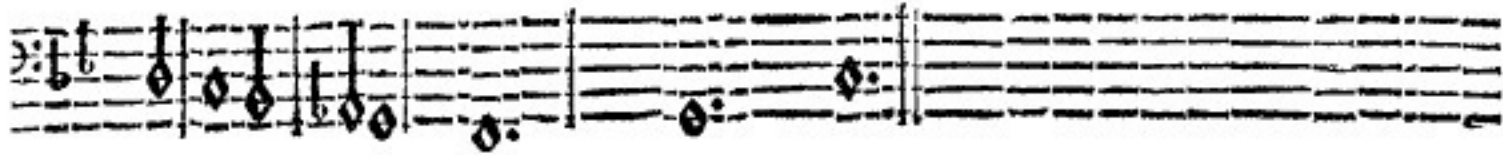
Fall downe, fall downe.



Id me but live, and I will live, thy Vo ta ry to be or bid



me love, and I will give a loving heart to thee.



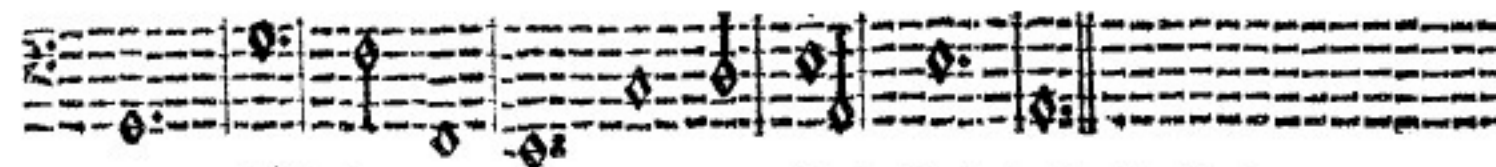
A heart as soft, a heart as kinde, a heart as foundly free  
 As in the world thou can't not finde, that heart I'le give to thee.  
 Bid that heart stay, and it shall stay, and honour thy decree,  
 Or bid it languish quite away, and it shall do't for thee.  
 Bid me to weepe, and I will weepe, while I have eyes to see,  
 Or having none, yet I will keepe a heart to weepe for thee.  
 Thou art my love, my life, my heart, the very eye of mee,  
 And hast command of every part, to live and dye for thee.



Ell me no more her eyes are like to rising Suns, that wonder strike,



for if 'twere so, how could it be, they could be thus eclips'd to me.

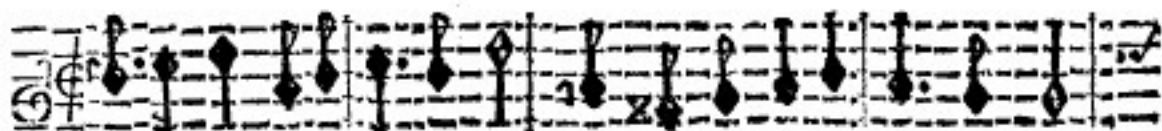


Tell me no more her breasts doe grow  
 Like rising Hills of melting Snow;  
 For if 'twere so, how could they lye  
 So neare the sun-shine of her eye?  
 Tell me no more the reflexse Spheres  
 Compar'd to her voyce, fright our cares;  
 For if 'twere so, how then could death  
 Dwell with such discord in her breath?  
 No say her eyes Portenders are  
 Of ruine, or some blazing starre,  
 Else would I feele from that faire fire  
 Some heat to cherish my desire.

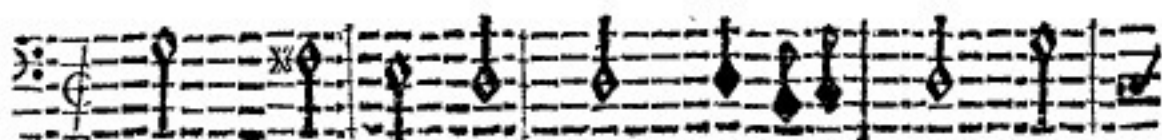
Say that her breasts, though cold as snow,  
 Are hard as Marble, when I wooe,  
 Else they would soften and relent  
 With sighs inflam'd, from me sent.

Say that although like to the Moone,  
 she heavenly faire, yet chang'd as soone;  
 Else she would constant once remaine,  
 Either to pity, or disdaine.

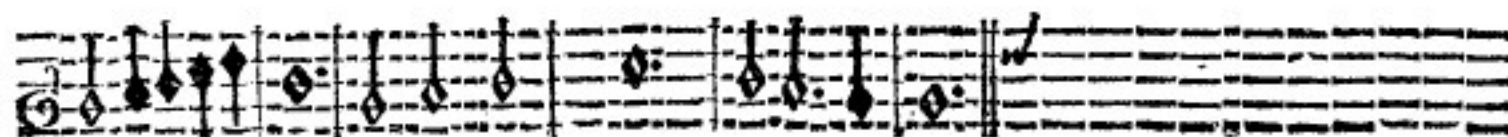
That so by one of them I might  
 Be kept alive, or murder'd quite;  
 For 'tis lesse cruel there to kill,  
 Where life doth but increase the ill.



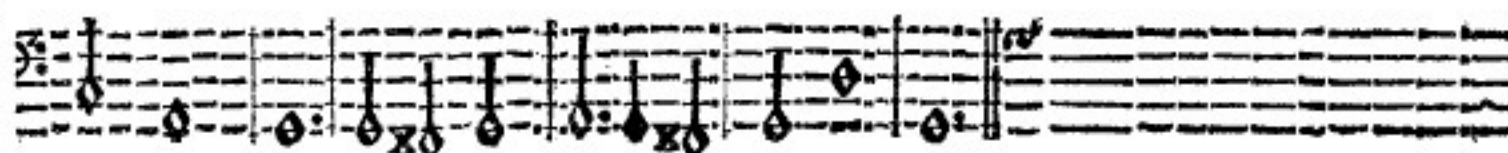
F the quick spirit of your eye, now languish and a non must dye,



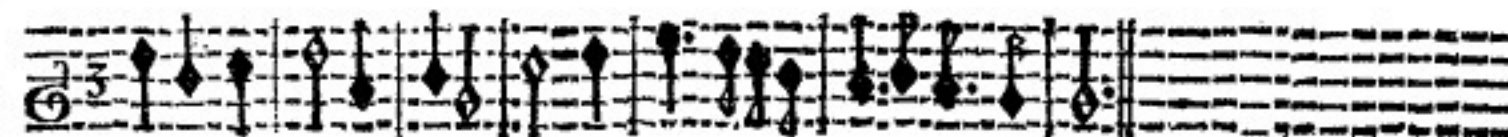
if every sweet & every grace must flye from that forsa ken face. Then *Celia* let us



reape our joyes, ere time such good ly fruit destroyes.

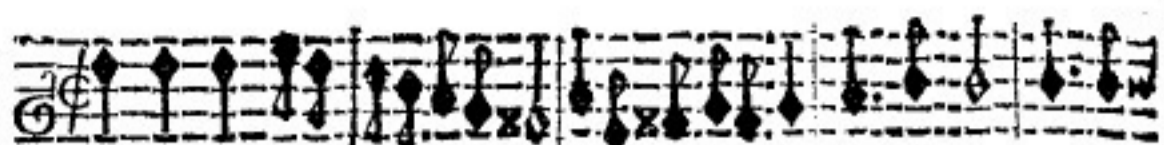


Or if that Golden Fleece must grow, for ever free from aged Snow  
 If those bright Suns must know no shade, nor your fresh Beauty ever fade ;  
 Then *Celia* feare not to bestow,  
 What still being gather'd, still must grow.

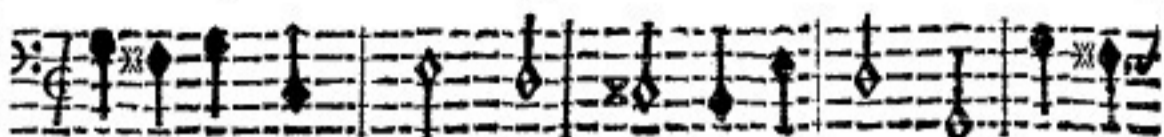


Thus either time his sickle brings in vaine, or else in vaine his wings.

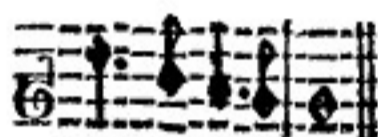
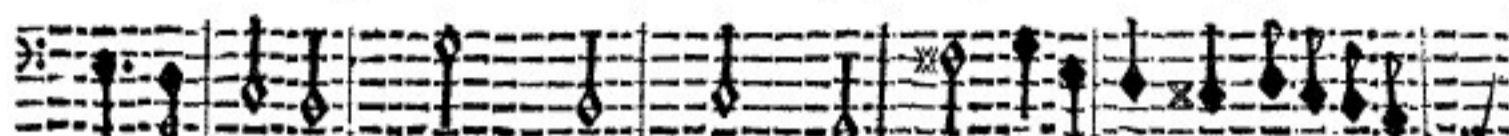




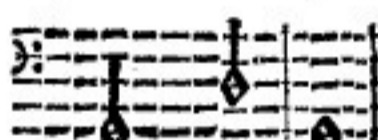
*Philis*, why should we de lay, pleasures shorter then the day, could we,



which we never can, stretch our lives beyond three span, beauty like a shadow flies, and our



youth before us dyes.

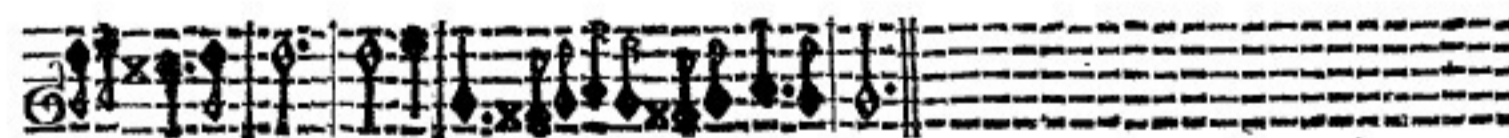


Or would Youth and Beauty stay,  
Love ha's wings, and will away;  
Love ha's swifter wings then Time,  
Change in love too oft do's chime;  
Gods that never change their state,  
Very oft their love and hate.

*Philis*, to this truth we owe  
All the love betwixt us now;  
Let not you and I require  
What ha's been our past desire;  
On what Sheephards you have smil'd,  
Or what Nimphs I have beguil'd.

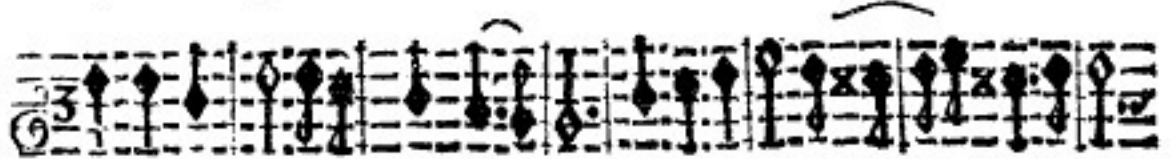


Leave it to the Planets two, what we shall heere af ter doe, for the joy we

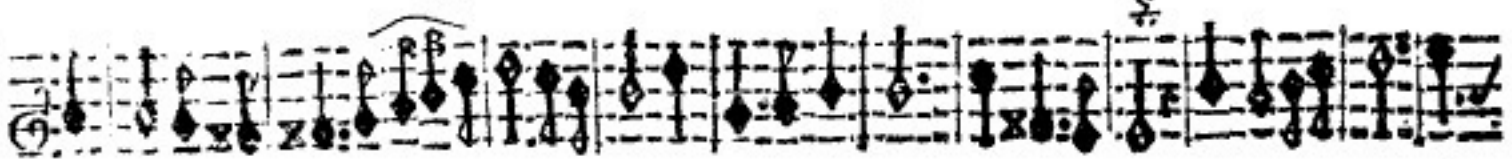
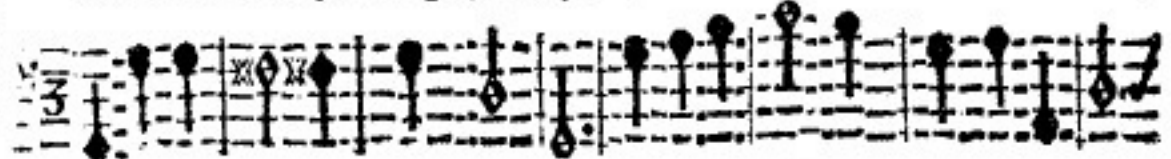


now may prove take ad vice of present love.

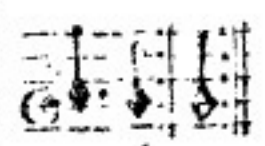




Victorious beauty, though your eyes are able to sub- due an host,



and therefore are un like to boast the tak ing of a lit tle prize, do not a sin gle

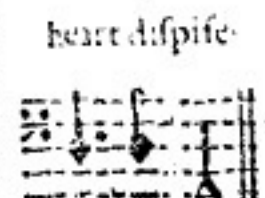


I came alone, but yet so arm'd  
With former love, I durst have sworne  
That as that privy coat was wo- ne,  
With characters of beauty charm'd,  
Thereby I might have scape unharm'd.

But neither steele, nor stony brasse  
Are proofes against those lookes of thine,  
Nor can a Beauty lesse divine,  
By any heart be long possesst,  
Where you intend an interest.

The Conquest in regard of me,  
Alas is small, but in respect  
Of her that did my Love protect,  
Where it devulg'd, deserv'd to be  
Recorded for a Victory.

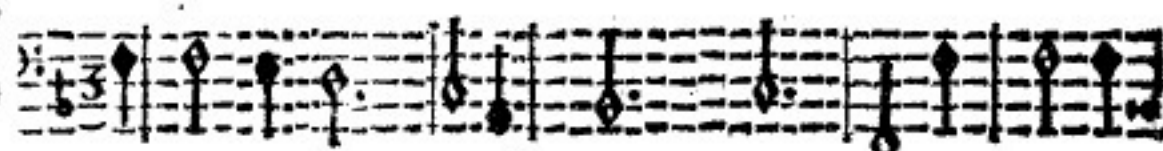
And such a one, as chance to view  
Her lovely face, perhaps may stay,  
Though you have stole my heart away;  
If all your servants prove not true,  
May steale a heart or two from you.



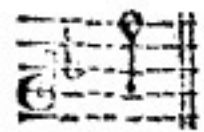
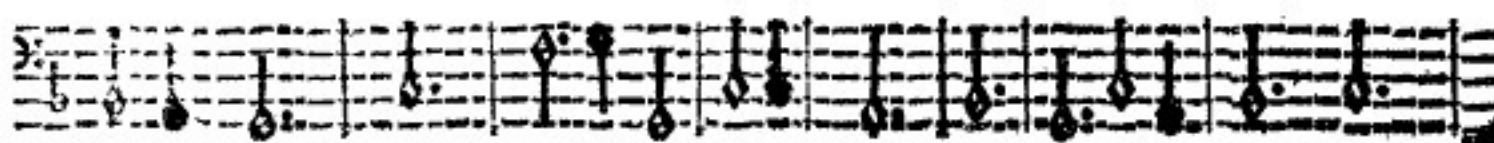
heart despise.



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

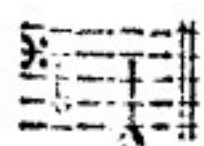


blissing heer beneath, what ere there is above; 'tis li ber ty, 'tis li ber ty, that e very wise man



Out, out upon those eyes, that thinke to murder mee,  
And he's an Assc believes her faire, that is not kinde and free &  
There's nothing sweet, there's nothing sweet, to man, but liberty.

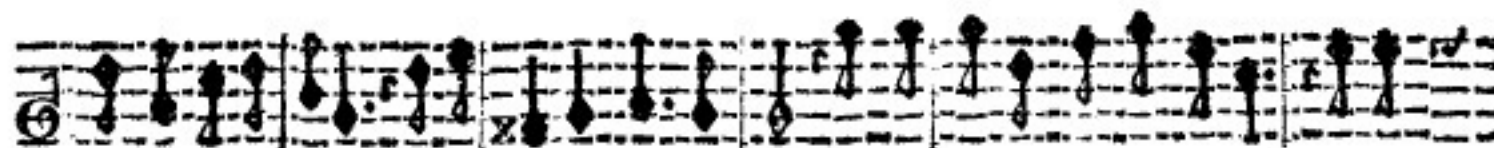
loves.



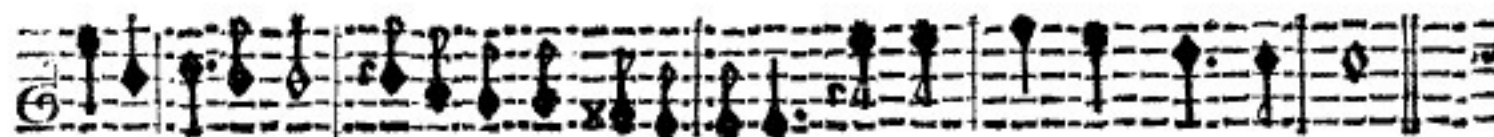
I'll tye my heart to none, nor yet confine mine eyes,  
But I will play my game to well, I'll never want a prize &  
'Tis liberty, 'tis liberty, ha's made me now thus wise.



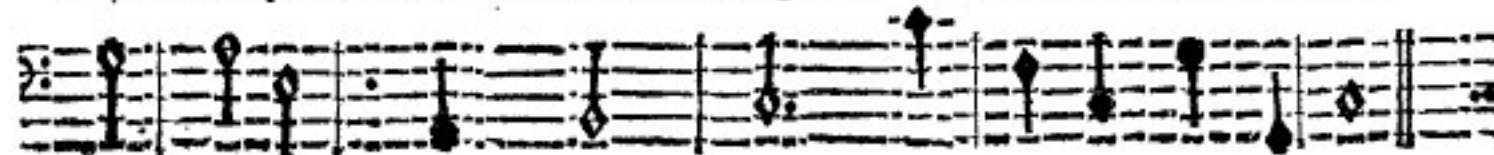
Ay that fallen Garland by thee, keep it for th' Elizium shades, take my



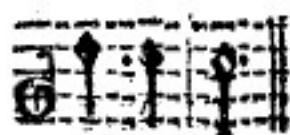
wreath of lusty Ivy not of that faint mirtle made when I see thy soule descending, to that



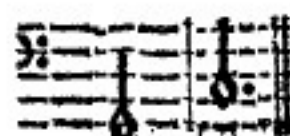
cold unfertile plain, of sad fools the lake attending, thou shalt weare this Crowne a gain.



Now drink wine and know the ods, 'twixt that *Letbe*, 'twixt that *Letbe*, 'twixt that *Letbe*,



and the Gods.



Rouse thy dall and drowfie spirits,  
Here's the soule reviving streames,  
The stupid Lovers braine inherits  
Nought but vain and empty dreames.

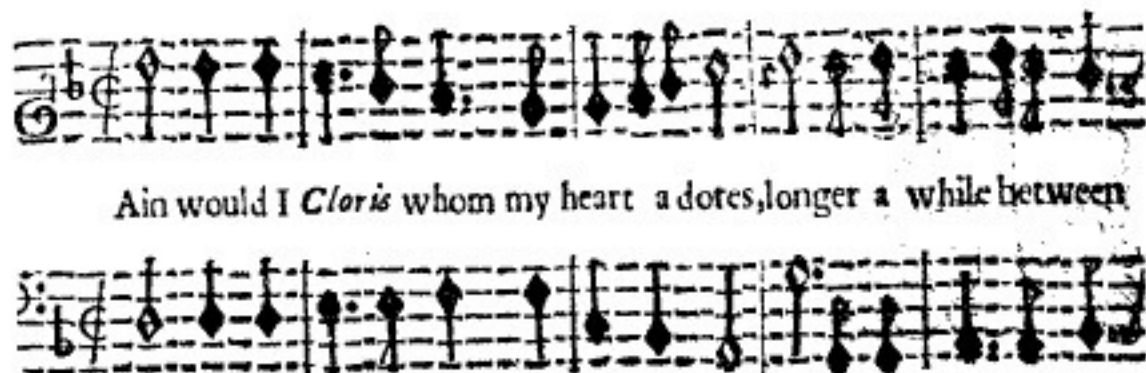
Thinke not thou these dismall trances,  
Which our raptures can content,  
The Lad that laughs, sings and dances,  
Shall come soonest to his end

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,  
Ope thou vainly crossed armes;  
Thou mayst as wel cal back the buried  
As raise love by such like charmes.

Sacrifice a glasse of Clarret  
To each letter of her name;  
Gods have oft descended for it,  
Mortals must do more the same.

Cho. Sadnesse may some pittie move,  
Mirth and courage, mirth and courage,  
Mirth and courage conquers love

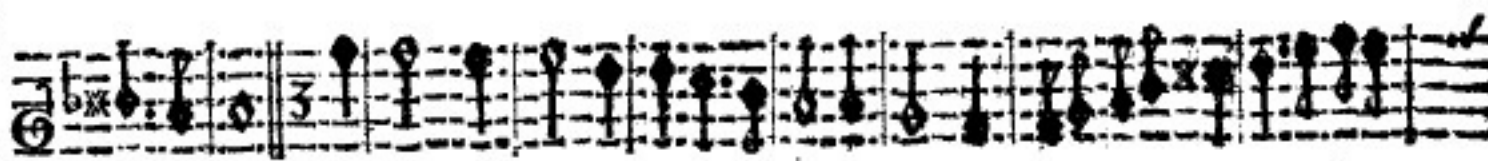
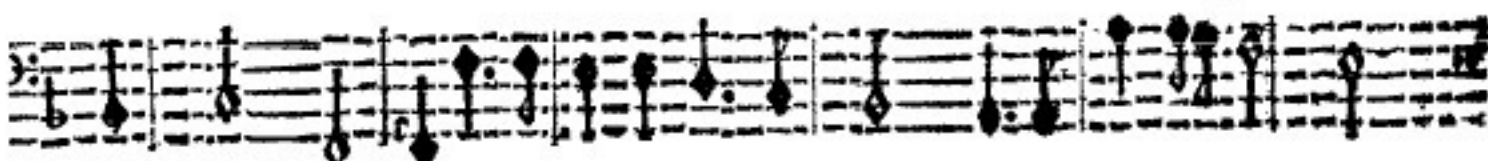
If she comes not at that flood,  
Sleepe will come, sleepe will come,  
Sleepe will come, and that's as good.



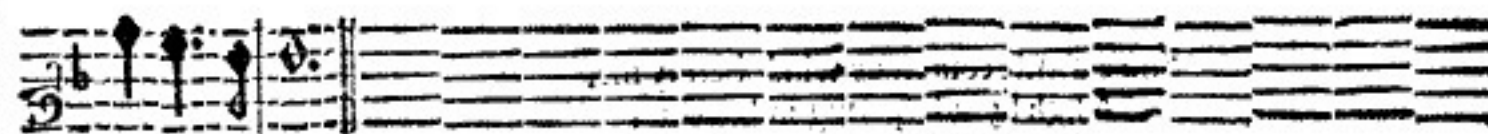
Ain would I *Cloris* whom my heart adores, longer a while between



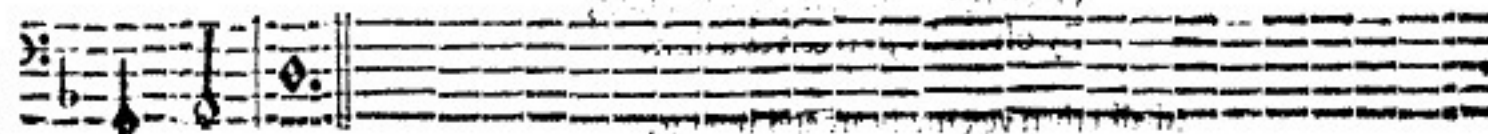
thine armes remaine, but loe the jealous morn her Ro sic doors, to spite me ope's & brings the



day againe. Farewell, farewell, *Cloris*, 'tis time I di'd, the night departs, yet still



my woes a bide.

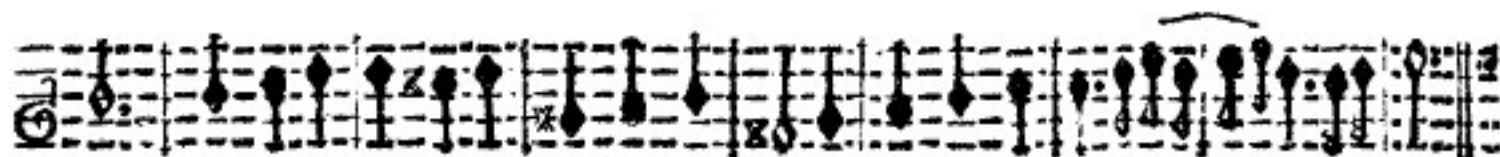
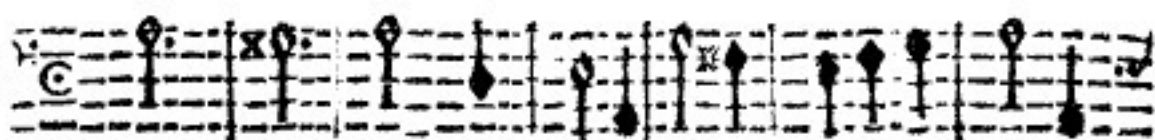


Hence faucy fearing Candle of the Skies,  
Let us alone, we have no need of thee;  
Our eyes are ever day, where *Cloris* eyes  
Shine, that a paire of brighter Tapers bee.  
Farewell, farewell, &c.

O night I whole sable vaile was wont to be  
More friend to Lovers, then the noicefull day:  
Wherefore, O wherefore do'st thou fly from me,  
And carry with thee all my joyes away.  
Farewell, farewell, &c.



Love a Lasse, but can not show it, I keepe a fire that burnes wi.h



in rack't up in em bers; Ah could she know it, I might perhaps be lov'd a- gaine:

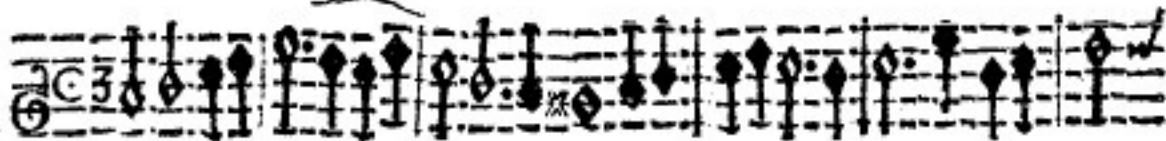


For a true love may justly call for friendship love reciprocally.

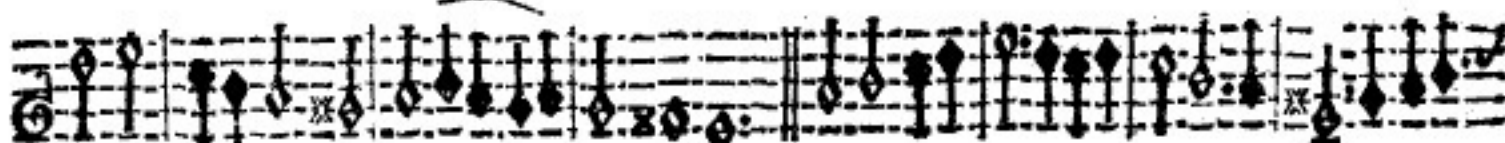


Some gentle courteous winde betray me,  
 A sigh by whispering in her eare,  
 Or let some pitious shower convey me,  
 By dropping on her breast a teare,  
 Or two, or more, the hardest flint,  
 By often drops receives a dint.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,  
 That is already too too weake?  
 No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,  
 By writing what they cannot speake;  
 Go then my muse, and let this verse  
 Bring back my life, or else my Hearse.



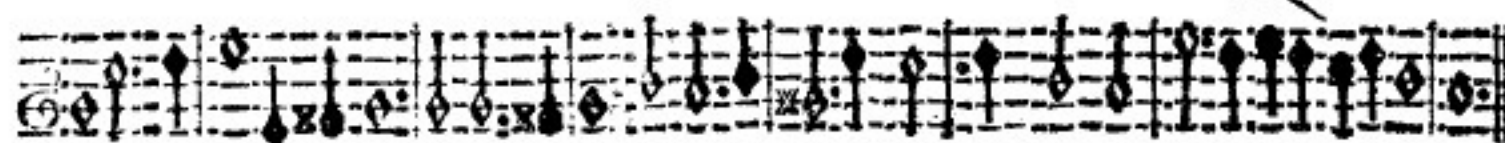
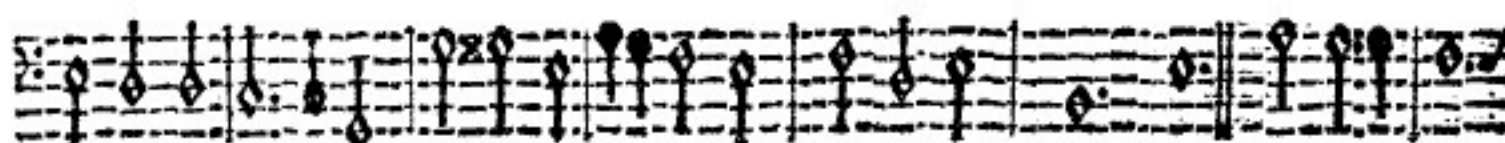
*Loris*, false love made *Clora* weepe, and by a river side, her flock which



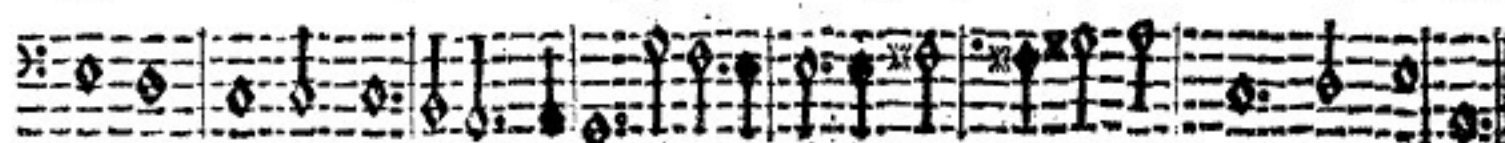
she was wont to keepe, neglecting thus she cry'd, Is't not Injust-ice O ye Gods to kin-



-dle my desire, and to leave his at so much odds, as there's no mutuall fire Poore victo ry



to pierce a heart, that was a tender one, but cowardise to spare your dart from his that was a stone:



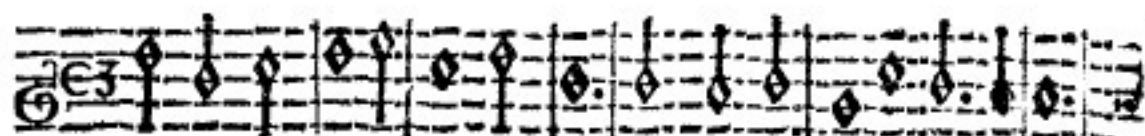
As she thus mourn'd, the teares that fell  
Downe from her love sick eyes,  
Did in the water drop and swell,  
And into bubbles rise.

Wherein her blouard face appeare,  
Now out alas sayd she,  
How doe I melt away in teares  
For him that loves not me.

Yet as I lessen multiply,  
But in lesse forme appeares,  
Thus doe I languish from mine eye,  
And grow new in my teares.

Breake not that Christall, circles me  
Sweet streames by your faire side,  
My Love perhaps may walking be,  
And I may be espi'd.

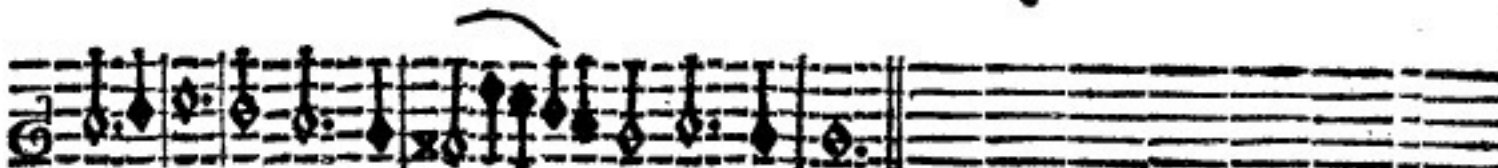
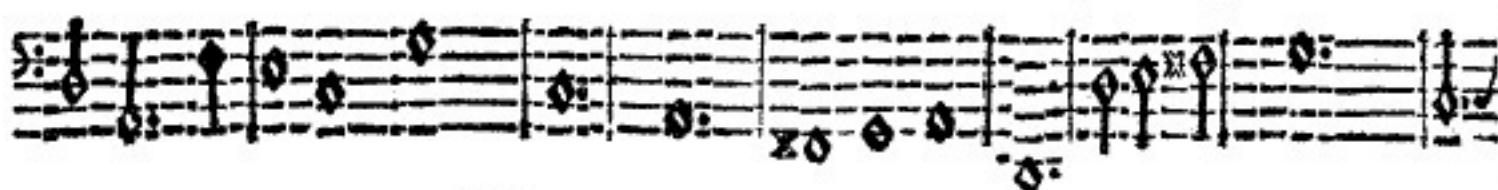
And thus in little drawne and drest  
In sad teares attire,  
May force such passions from his brest,  
Shall equall my desire.



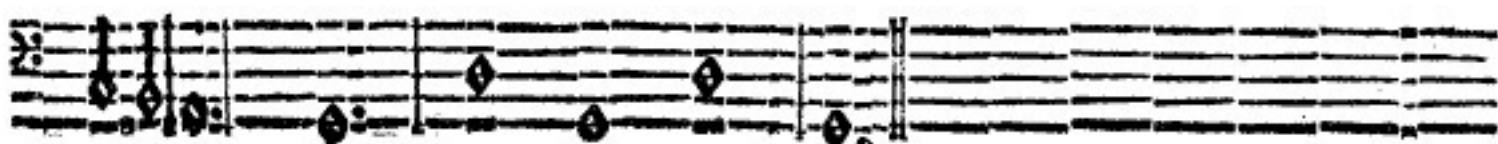
Er't thou more fairer then thou art, which lies not in the power of art,



or hadst thou in thine eyes more darts, then ever Cupid shot at hearts, yet if they were not



shot at me, I should not cast a thought on thee.

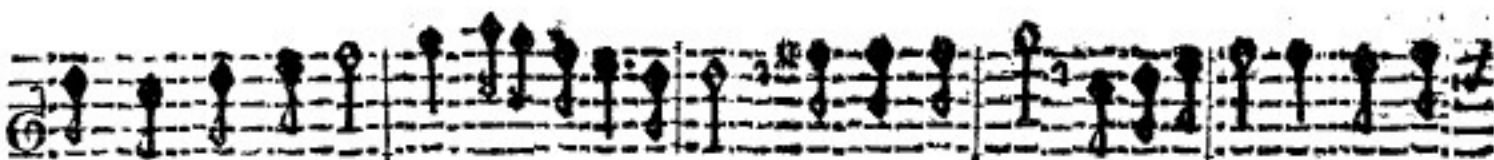


I'de rather marry a disease,  
 Then court the thing I cannot please ;  
 She that would cherrish my desires  
 Must court my flames with equall fires :  
 What pleasure is there in a kisse  
 To him that doubts the heart's not his ?

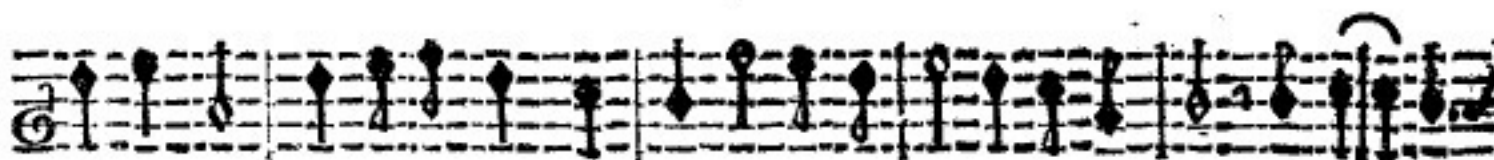
I love thee not because thou art faire,  
 Softer then downe, smoother then ayre ;  
 Not for the Cupids that lye  
 In either corner of thine eye :  
 Would you then know what it might be ?  
 'Tis I love you, 'cause you love me.



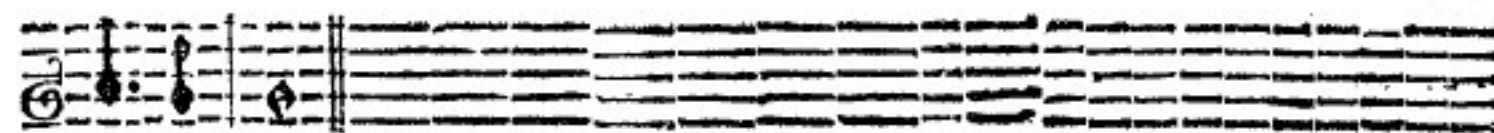
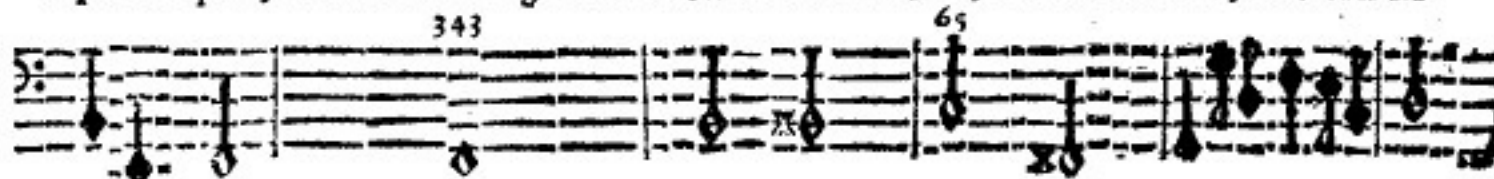
Tay, stay, O stay, that heart I vow 'tis mine, ravish'd from hence by



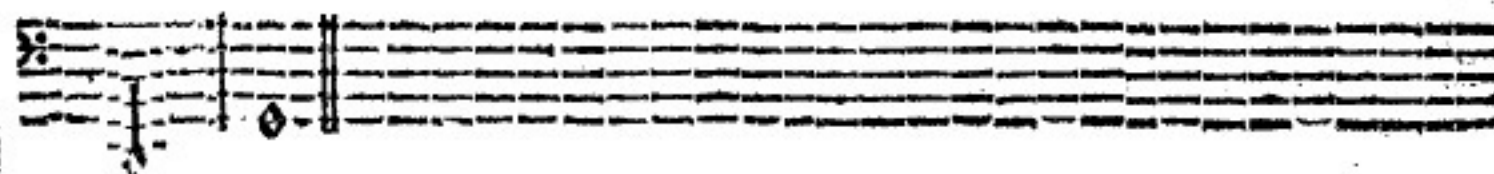
her whose parts divine, words cannot fully speak, now seeks her cure, whose only No, sent from her



lips most pure, makes it thus range from me, woes me that Noe, lost me that heart, and fills its



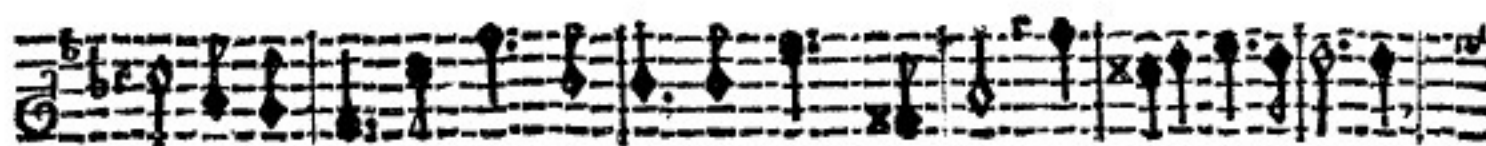
place with woe.



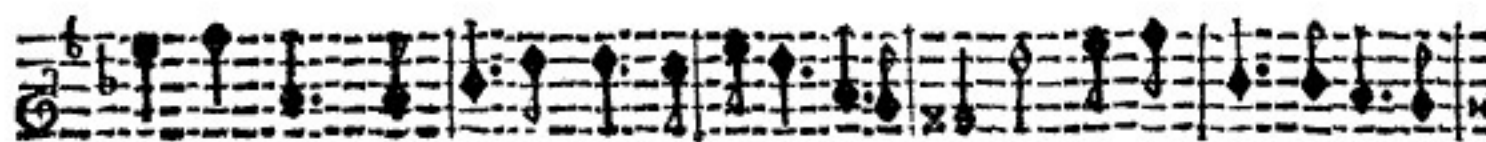
O hold it fast, I come, yet let it fly;  
 I cannot move, 'tis pity both should dy;  
 Perhaps she may relent, and with one yes  
 Give us a second life, treble our blisse:  
 If not, farewell my heart, I've pleas'd my eyes,  
 Since thou art lost, sees thee her sacrifice.



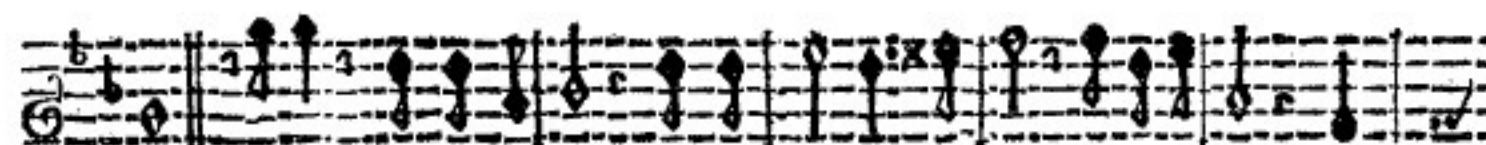
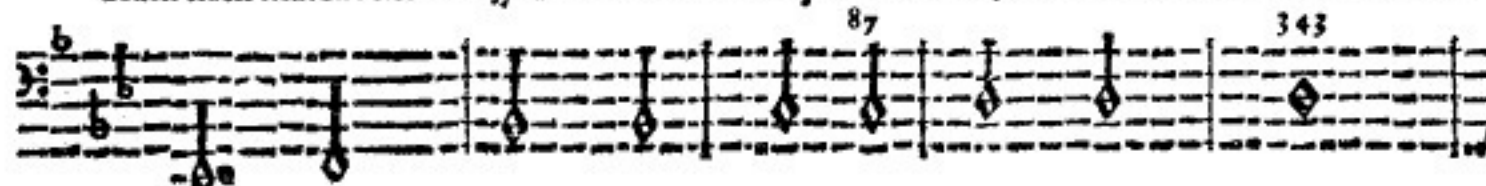
Ake my *A donis*, doe not dye, one life's enough for thee and I,



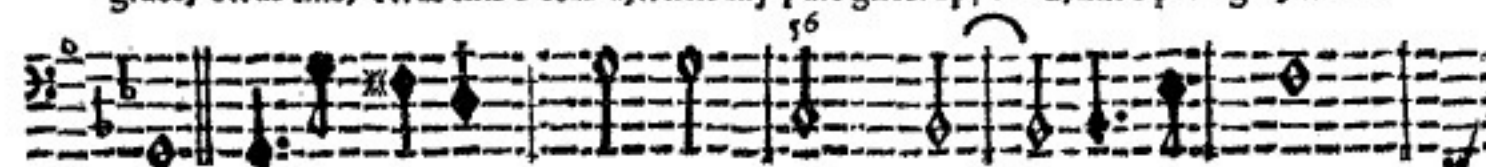
where are thy looks, thy wiles, thy feares, thy frowns, thy smiles, a- -las in vain I call, one



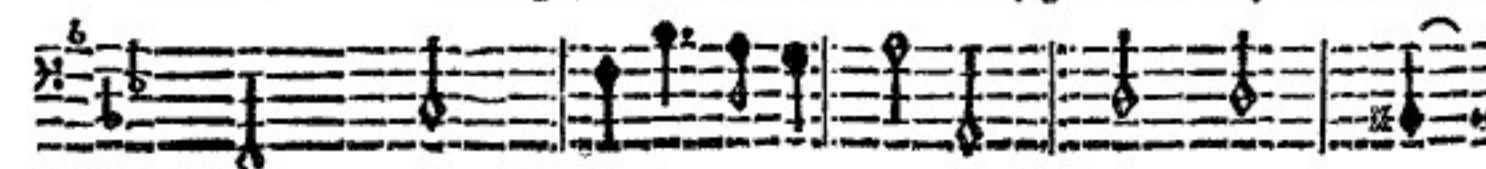
death hath snatcht them all, yet death's not deadly in that face, death in those looks it self hath

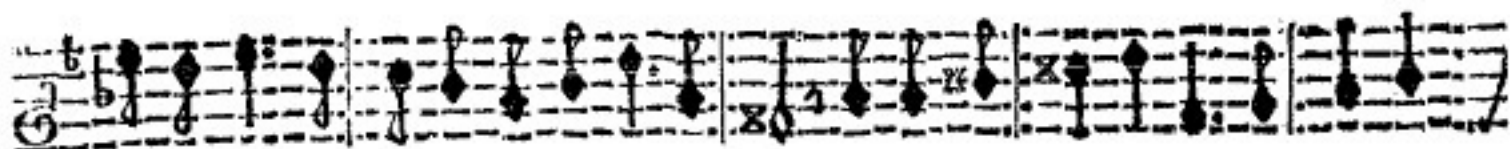


grace, 'twas this, 'twas this I fear'd, when thy pale ghost appear'd, this I presag'd, when

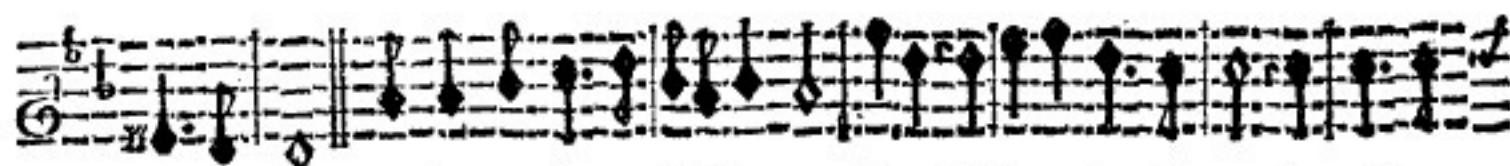
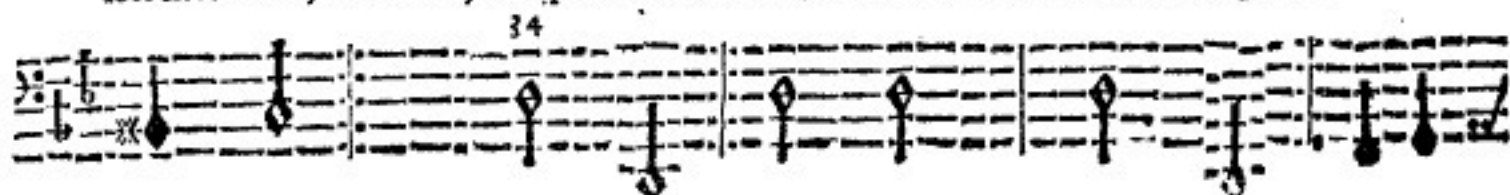


chun- - de-ring *love*, tore the best mirtle in my grove, when my sick rose buds

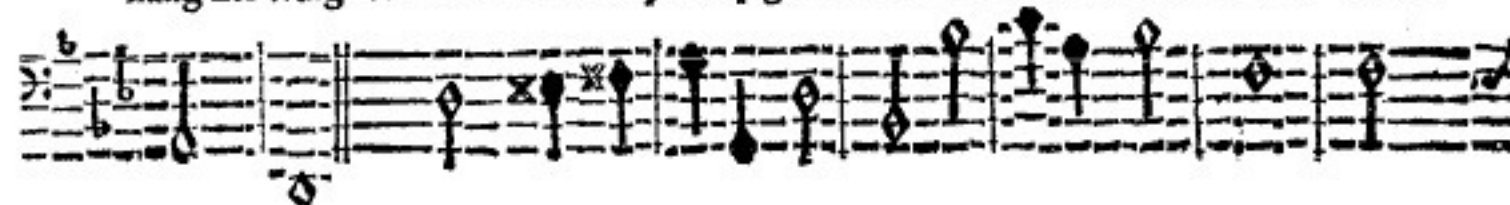




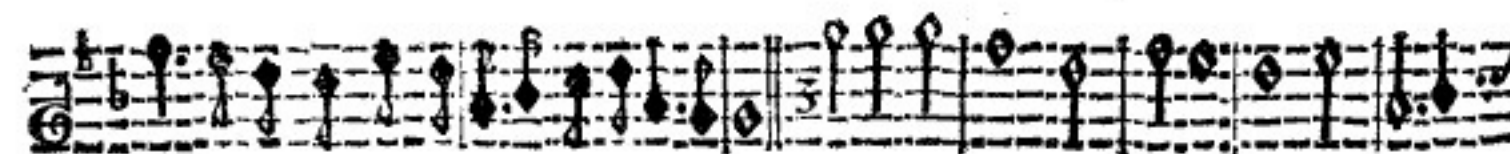
lost their smell, & from my temples untoucht fell, and 'twas for some such thing, my Dove first



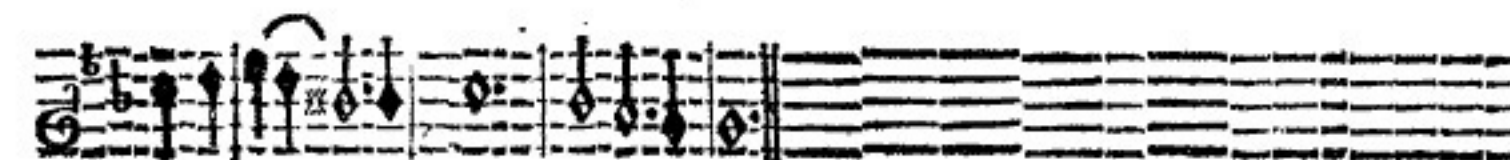
hung her wing. Whither art thou my Deity gone? *Venus* in *Venus* there is none: in vain a



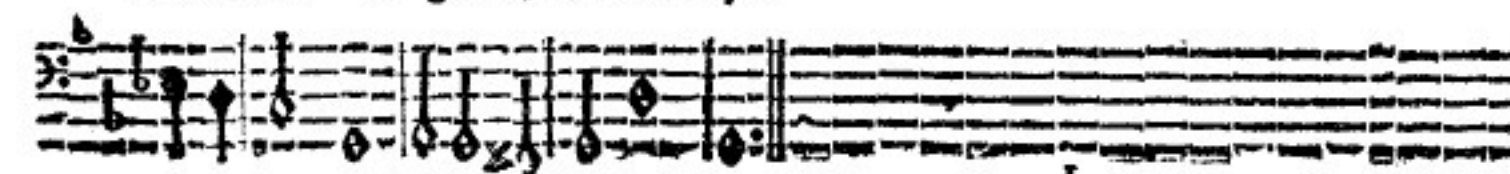
Gods now am I, only to grieve & not to dye: but I will love my grieve, make tears my tears re-

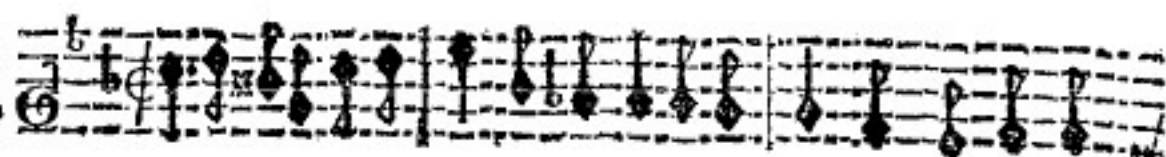


-lief, & sorrow shall to me a new *Adonis* be: And this the fates shan't rob me of whilst I a

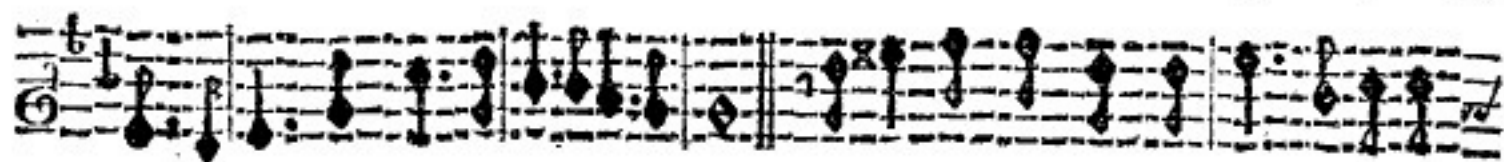
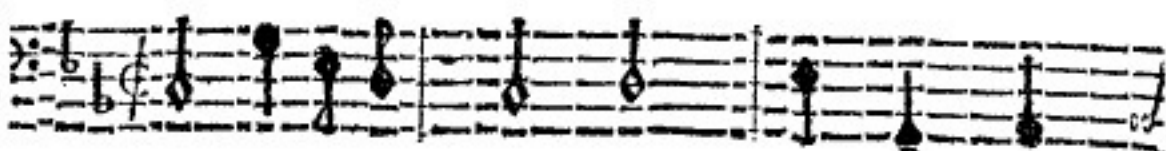


Gods am to grieve, and not to dye.

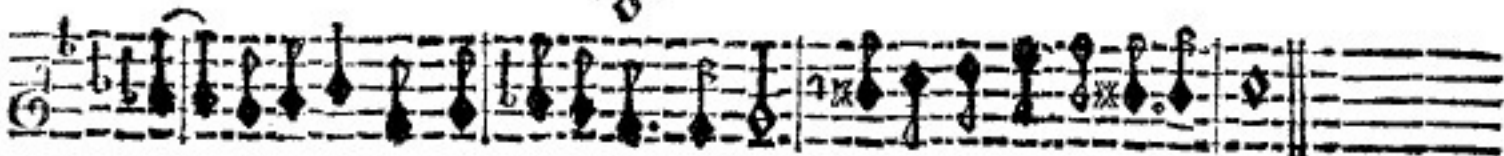




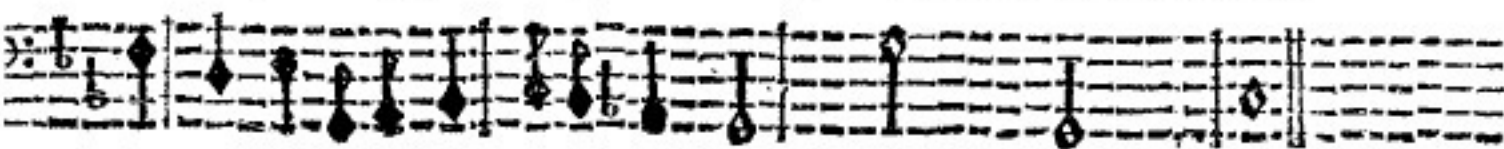
Right *Aurelia*, I doe owe, all the woe I can know, to those glorious



looks alone, though you are unrelenting stone, the quick lightning from your eyes, did sacri-



fice, my unwise, my un-wa-ry, harmles heart, and now you glory in my smart.



How unjustly you doe blame  
That pure flame,  
From you came,  
Vext with what your selfe made burne,  
Your scorns to tinder did it turne.

The least sparke now love can call,  
That does fall  
On the small,  
Scorch't remainder of my heart,  
Will make it burne in every part.



Ever perswade me to't, I vow I live not, how canst thou expect a

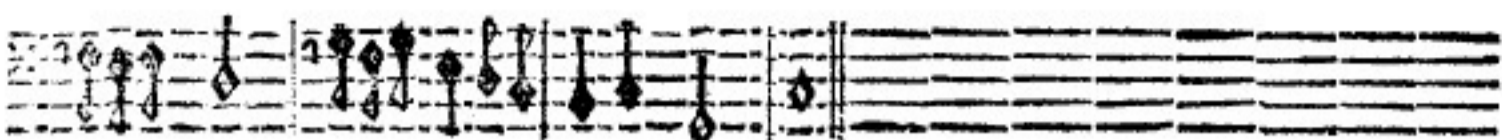


life in me, since my soule is fied to thee. You suppose because I walk, & you think talk, I therefore





breath, al a you know shades as well as men do fo.



You may argue I have heate,  
My pulses beate,  
My sighes have in them living fire,  
And my eyes sparke with desire.

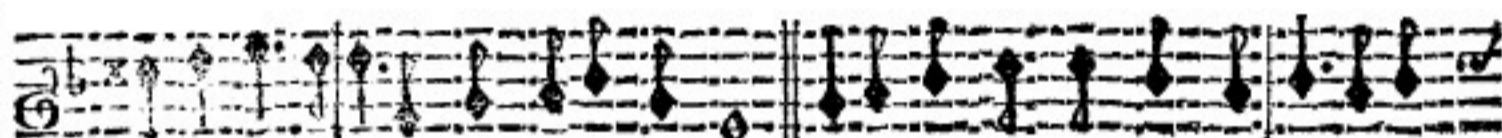
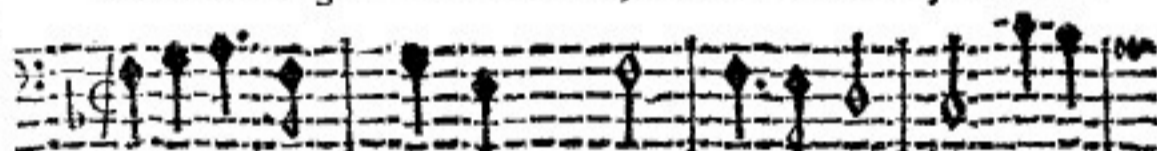


Grant your argument be truth,  
Such heats my youth  
Enflame, as poysons do only prepare  
To make death their follower.

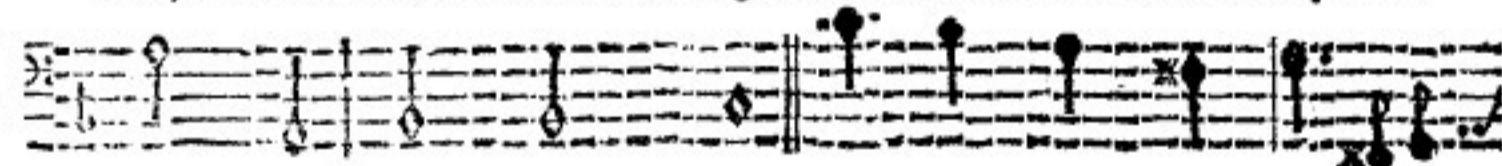
Truth, such heats my youth en



Ow am I chang'd from what I was, before I saw those eyes? I had a



heart, but now alas, that room is fill'd with sighs; for she that rob'd me would not stay to let

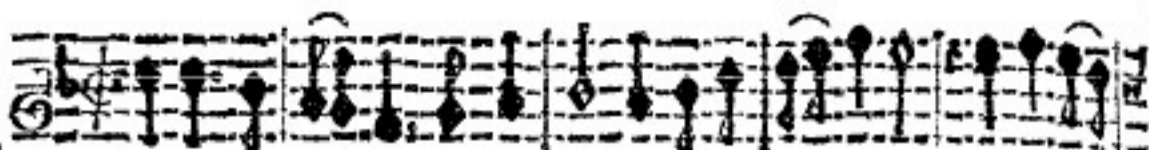


me ask her why she stol't. or beg, she'd find some way this theft with hers t'supply.



Thus am I left to court my grieffe,  
For when she's out of sight,  
There can on earth be no relieffe,  
Or ought that's true delight.

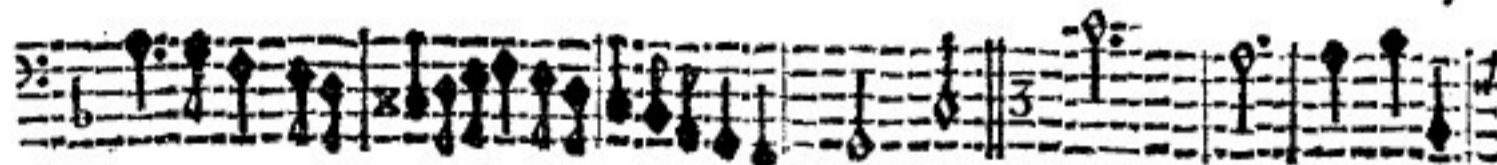
I'll therefore on some River side,  
Wander to breath my woe,  
And aske those Nimphs how *Hylas* dy'd,  
That I might doe so too.



Ince love hath in thine and mine eye kindled a holy flame, what pity



'twere to let it dye, what sin to quench the same. The stars that seem extinct by

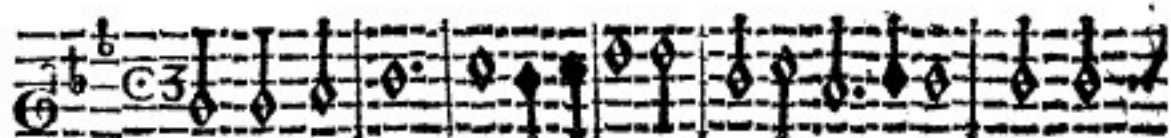


day, disclose their flames at night, & in a fable sence con vey their loves in beams of light.

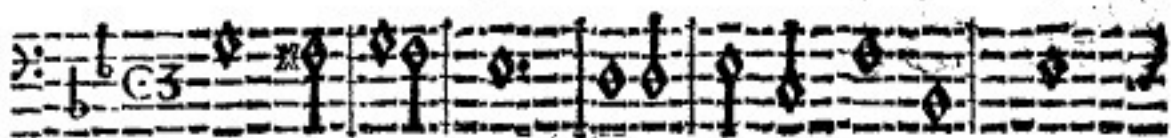


So when the jealous eye and eare  
 Are shut or turn'd aside,  
 Our tongues, our eyes, may talke sans feare  
 Of being heard or spi'd.  
 What though our bodies cannot meet  
 Loves fewels more divine,  
 The fixt stars by their twinkling greet,  
 And yet they never joyned  
 False Meateors that do change their place,  
 Though they shine faire and bright;  
 Yet when they covet to embrace,  
 Fall downe and lose their light.

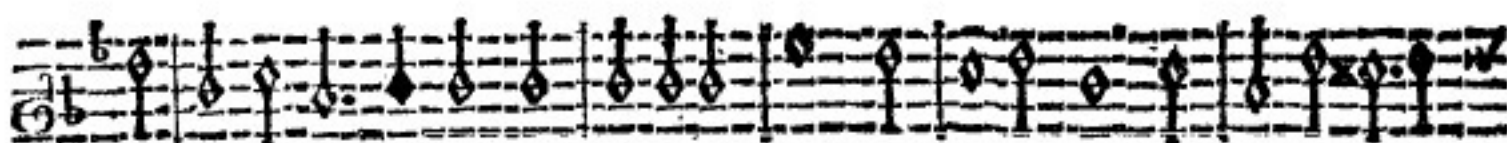
If thou perceive thy flame decay,  
 Come light thine eyes at mine,  
 And when I feele mine wast away,  
 Ile take new fire from thine:  
 Thus while we shall preserve from wast  
 The flame of our desire,  
 No Vestall shall maintaine more chaste,  
 Or more immortall fire.



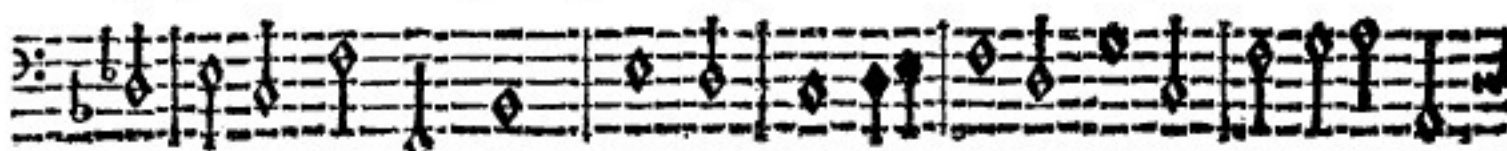
Bout the sweet bag of a Bee, two Cupids fell at ods, and whole



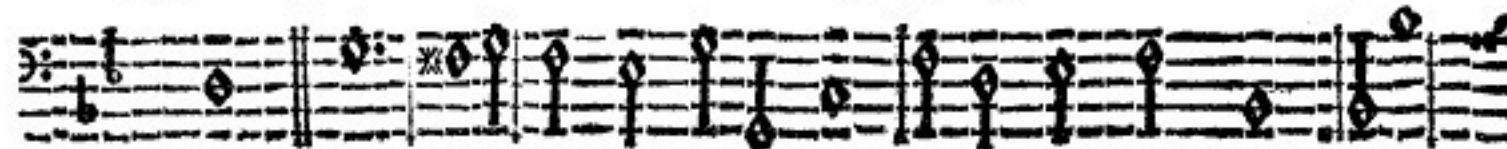
the pritty prize should bee, they vow'd to aske the Gods, which *Venus* hearing thither came,



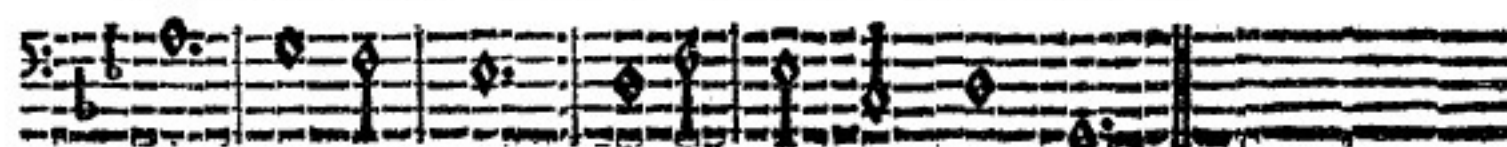
& for their boldnes stript them, and taking thence from each his flame, with rods of mirtle



whipt them, which love to still their wanton cries, & quiet grown sh'ad seen them, she

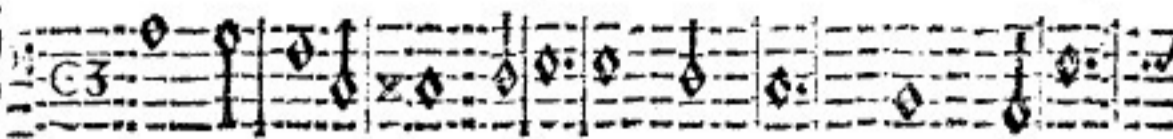


kist and dry'd their dove-like eyes, and gave the bag between them.

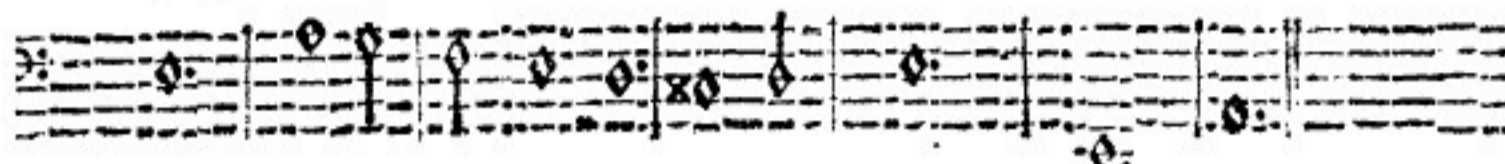




Lo*ve*, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I heere do stay,



thine eyes prevaile up- on me so, I shall grow blind and loose my way.



Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth  
Among the rest me hither brought,  
Finding this fame fall short of truth,  
Made me stay longer then I thought.

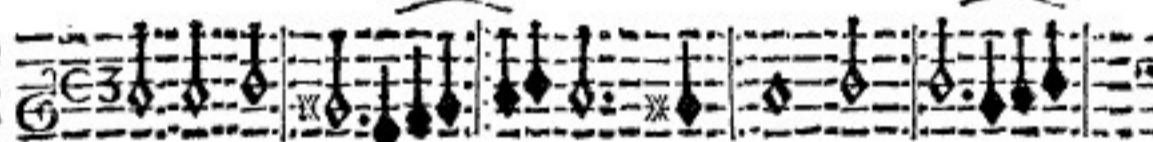
For I'm engag'd by word and oath  
A servant to anothers will;  
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,  
Could I be sure to keepe it still.

But what assurance can I take,  
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,  
For some more worthy Lovers sake,  
Might leave me with so just excuse.

For thou may'st say 'twas not thy fault  
That thou didst thus unconstant prove;  
Thou wert by my example taught  
To breake thy oath, to mend thy love.

No **C**OURTIS, no, I will returne,  
And raise thy story to that height,  
That strangers shall at distance burne,  
And see distrust me Reprobate.

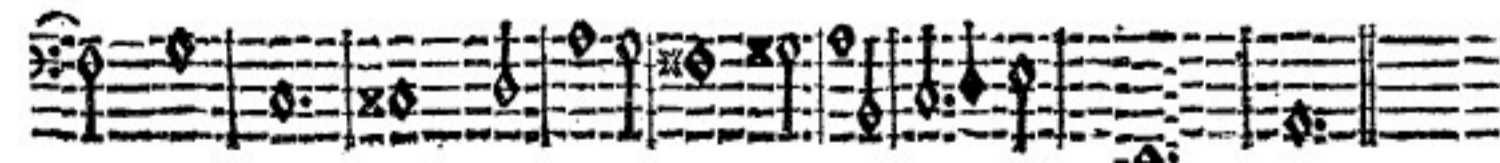
Then shall my love this doubt dis, lere,  
And gaine such trust, that I may come  
And banquet sometimes on thy face,  
But make my constant meales at home.



Et not thy beau- ty make thee proud though Prin- ces



do adore thee, since time & sicknes were allow'd to mow each flowers before thee.

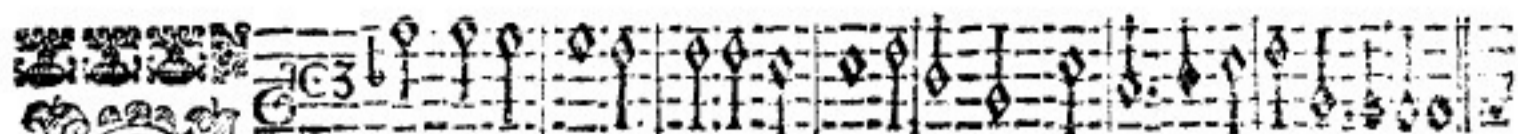


Nor be not shy to that degree,  
Thy friends may hardly know thee,  
Nor yet so comring or so free,  
That every fly may blow thee.

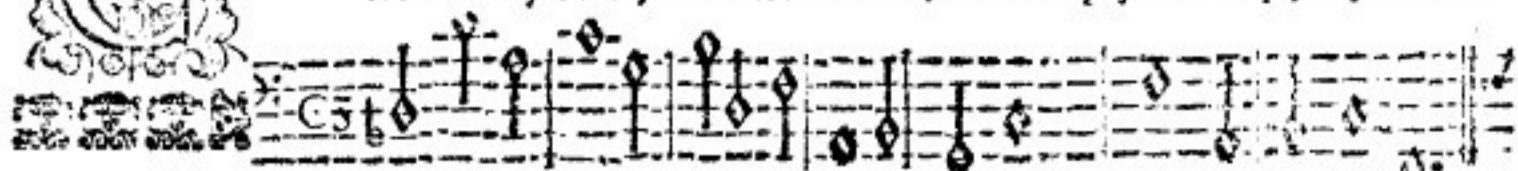
A state in every Princely brow,  
As decent is requir'd,  
Much more in thine, to whom they bow  
By Beauties lightnings fir'd.

And yet a state so sweetly mixt  
With an attractive mildnesse;  
It may like Vertue sit betwixt  
The extreams of pride and vilenesse.

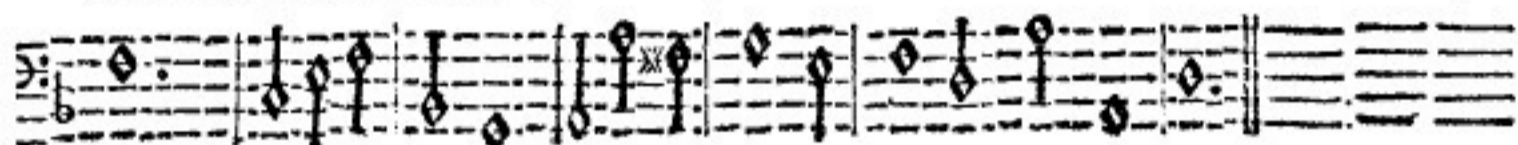
Then every eyes that see thy face  
Will in thy Beauty glory,  
And every tongue that wags will grace  
Thy vertue with a story.



One lovely *Phillis*, since it thy will is, to crown thy *Corridon* with daffodils.  
With many kisses, as sweet as this is, I will repay to multiply thy Bisses.



Heer I will hold thee, and thus enfold thee, free from harms within these arms.



Sweet, still besiriling, 'tis sweet beguiling  
Of tedious houres and sorrows best exiling;  
For if you lowre, the banks no power  
Will have to bring forth any pleasant flower;  
Your eyes not granting  
Their raies enchanting,  
Mine may raine, but 'twere in vaine.

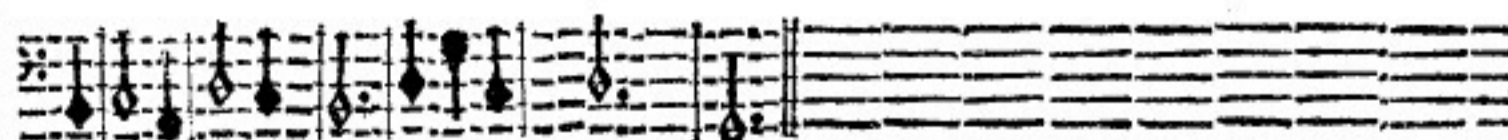
Thine eyes may wonder, that mine asunder  
Do from the Sun-shine draw thine to sit under;  
Hold me unblam'd, to be enflam'd,  
Where not to be so, youth were rather sham'd:  
Since that the old:st  
That thou beholdest  
May feele fire of loves desire.



Willow garland thou didst send last day perfum'd to me, which did



but only this protend, I was for . . . sooke of thee.



Since thus it is, I'll tell thee what,  
To morrow thou shalt see  
Me weare the Willow. after that  
To dye upon the tree.

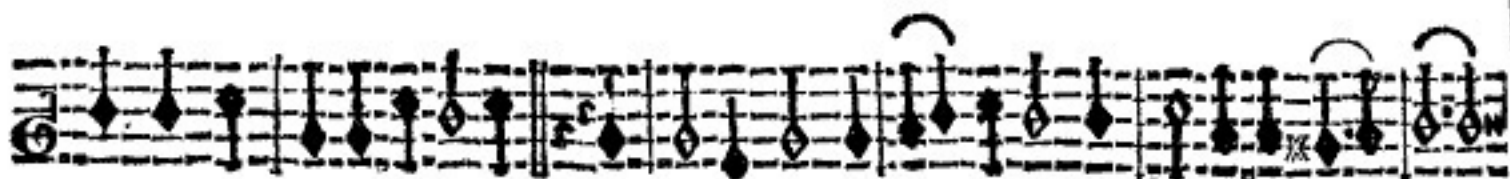
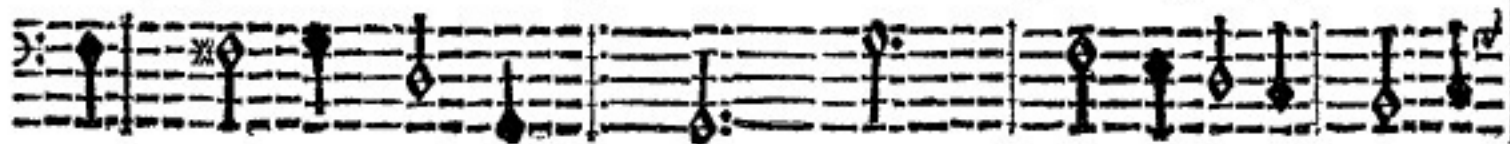
As Beasts unto the Altar go  
With Garlands, so I  
Will with my Willow wreath also  
Come forth, and sweetly dye.



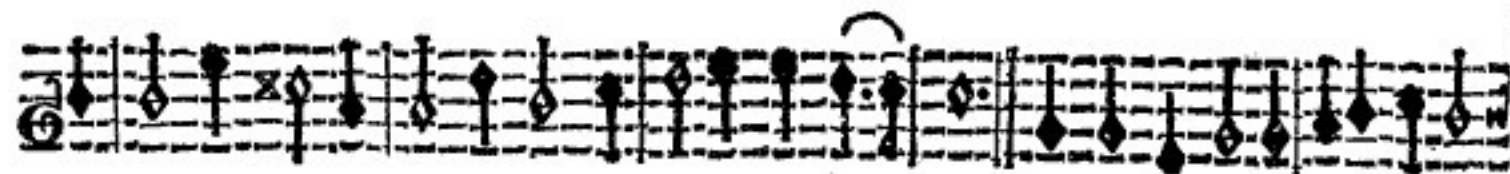
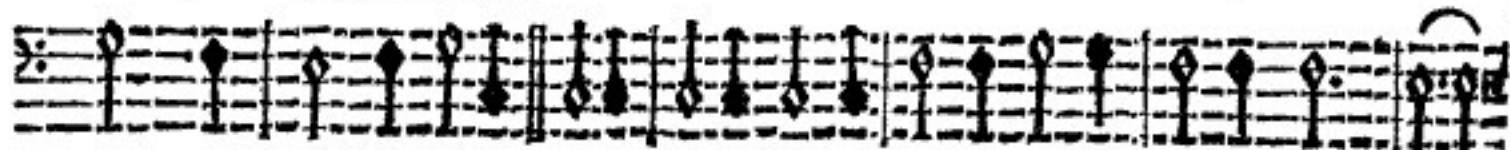
Little love serves my turn, 'tis so en- -flaming, rather then I will  
Beauty shall court it selfe, 'tis not worth speaking, Ile no more Amo-



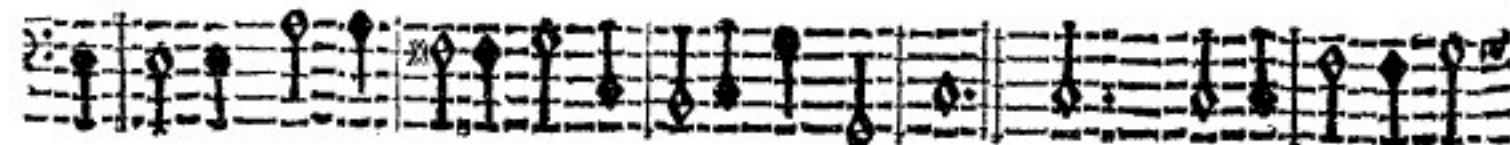
burn, I will leave ga- -ming, for when I think upon't, O 'tis so painfull, 'cause Ladies  
•rous pangs, no more heart breaking: those that nere felt the smart, let them go try it, I have re-



have a trick, to be disdainfull.  
•deem'd my heart, now I de-fie it. No more, no more, I must give o're for beauty is so sweet,



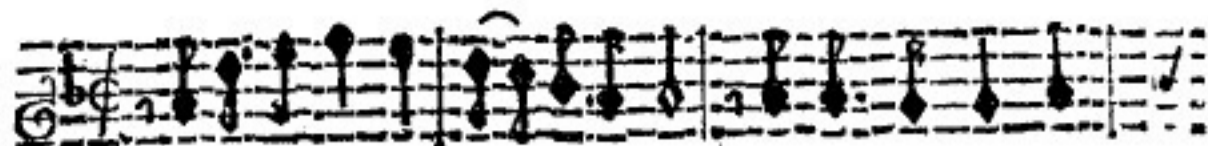
it makes me pine, distracts my mind, & surfeit when I see't. Forgive me love if I remove



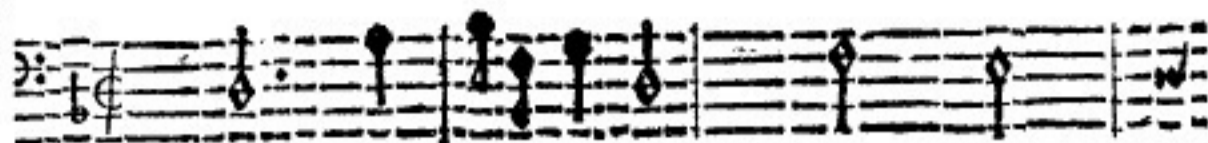
in to some o- -ther sphear, where I may keep a flock of sheep, & know no o- ther care.



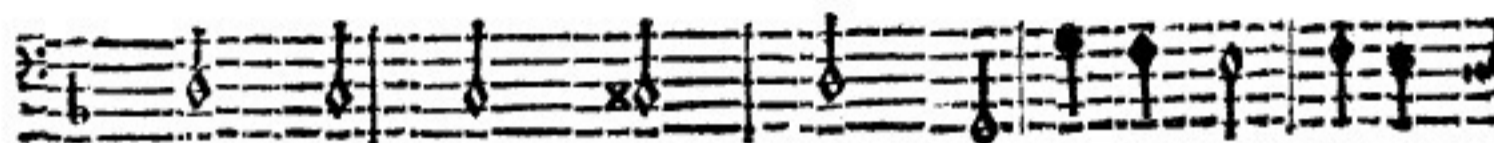
FINIS.



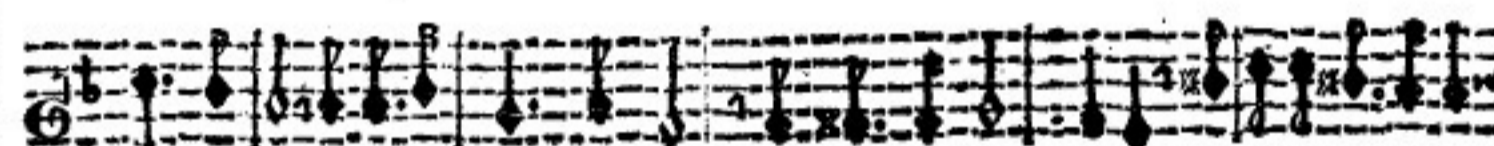
Y all thy Glories willingly I go, yet could have wish'd thee



constant in thy love, but since thou needs must prove uncertaine as is thy beauty, or as the



glasse that shewes it thee, my hopes thus soone to overthrow, shows thee more ficke; but my



flames by this are easier quencht then his, whom flattering smiles betray, 'tis tyrannous delay



breeds all the harme, and makes that fire consume, which should but warme.

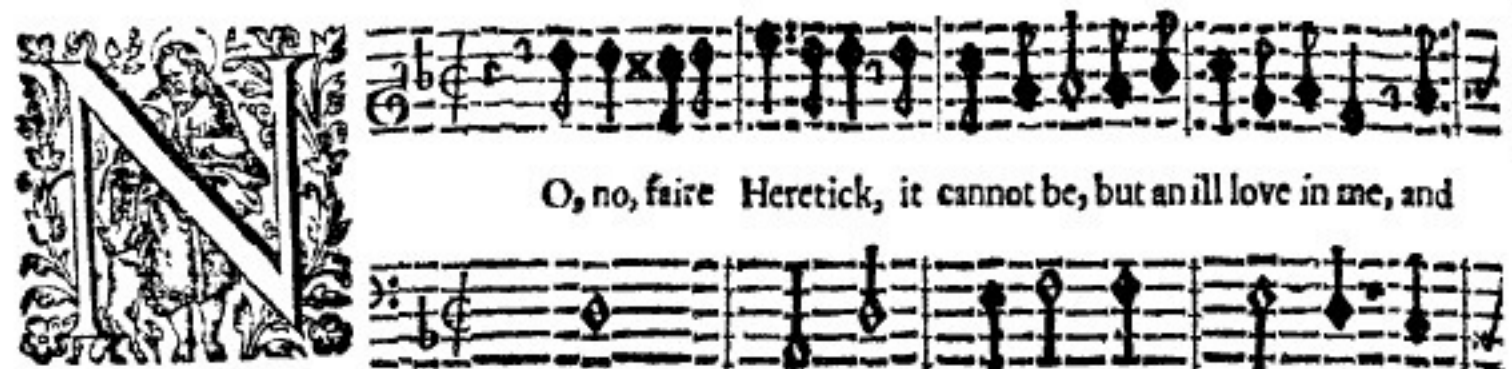


Till time destroy those blossoms of thy youth,  
Thou art our Idoll worship, at that rate,  
But who can tell thy fate?

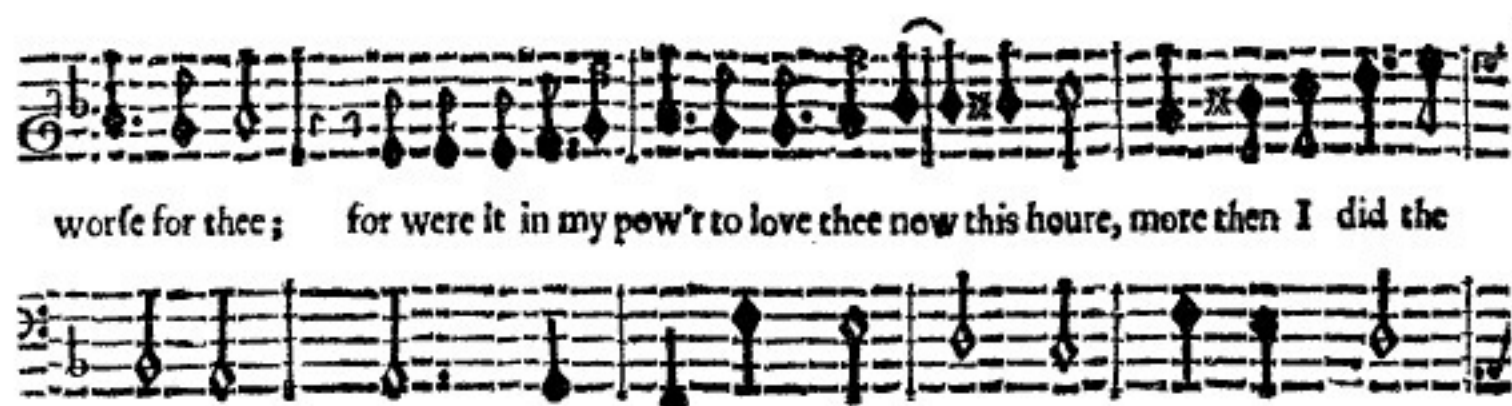
And say that when this beauties done,  
This Lovers torch shall still burne on;  
I could have serv'd thee with such truth  
Devoutest Pilgrims to their Saints doe show,

Departed long agoe;  
And at this ebbing tyde  
Have us'd thee as a Bride,  
Whose only true

Whilst you are faire, he loves himselfe, not you.



O, no, faire Heretick, it cannot be, but an ill love in me, and



worse for thee; for were it in my pow'r to love thee now this houre, more then I did the

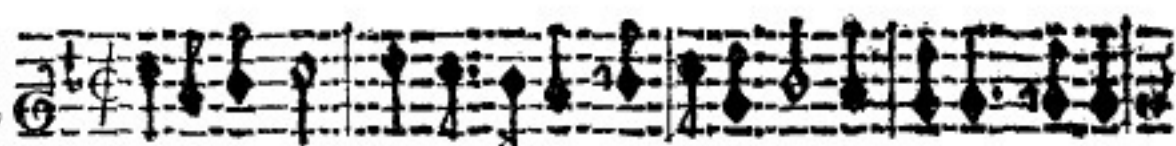


last, 'twould then so fall, I might not love at all: Love that can flow and can admit encrease,



admits as well an eb, and may grow lesse.

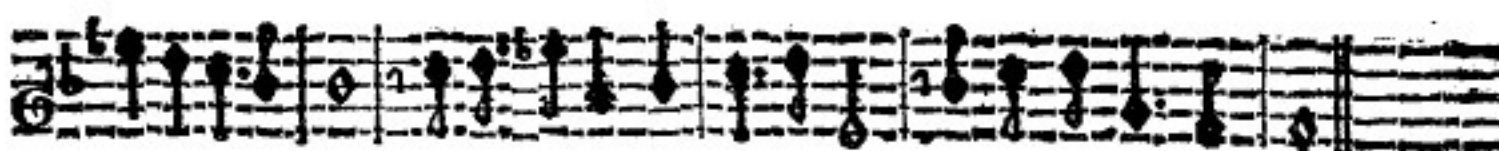
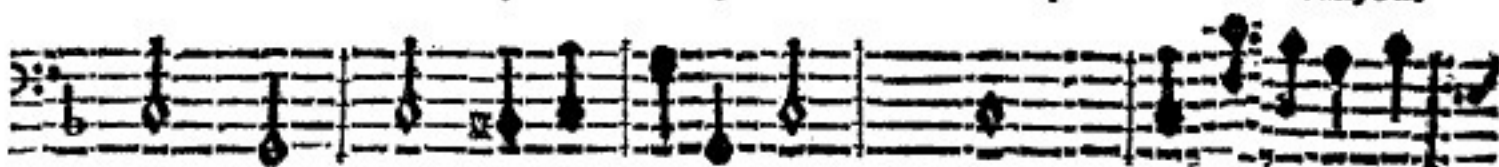
True love is still the same  
 The Torrid Zones,  
 And those more frigid ones  
 It must not know:  
 For love growne cold, or hot  
 Is lust and friendship, not  
 The thing we have, for that's a flame would dye,  
 Held downe, or up too high;  
 Then thinke I love, more then I can expresse,  
 And would love more, could I but love thee lesse.



Beauty and Love once fell at odds, and thus revil'd each other. Quoth Love,



I am one of the Gods, and you wait on my mother, thou hast no pow'r o're man at all, but



what I gave to thee; nor art thou longer faire or sweet, then men acknowledge me.

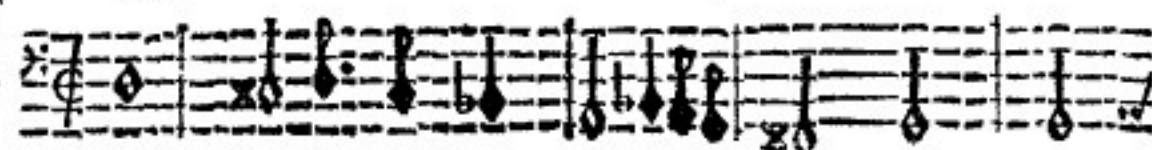


Away fond boy, then Beauty sayd,  
 We see that thou art blinde,  
 But men have knowing eyes, and can  
 My graces better finde:  
 'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,  
 And ca'd thee blinde desire;  
 I made thy Arrows, and thy bow,  
 And Wings to kindle fire.

Love heere in anger flew away,  
 And straight to *Vulcan* pray'd  
 That he would tip his shafts with scorne,  
 To punish this proud Mayd:  
 So Beauty ever since hath bin  
 But courted for an houre,  
 To love a day is now a sin  
 'Gainst Cupid and his power.



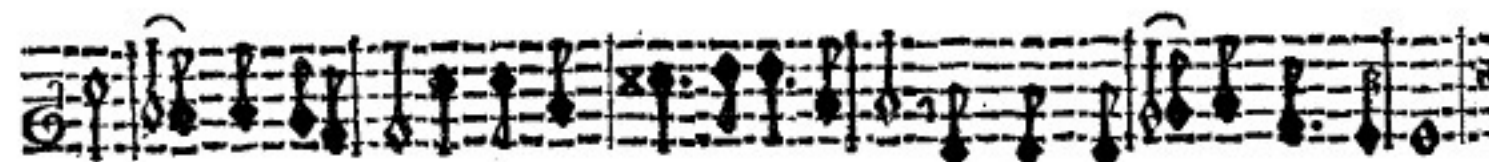
O, go, and bestride the southern wind, fly, O forlorn! nor look be-



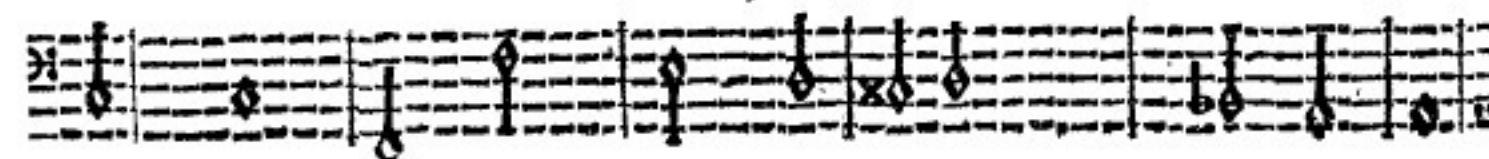
-hind, till thou the glazed Ocean hast past and climes unknowne to man, layd on a snow-rai'd



mountain, bare the bosome to the freezing ayre; and if those colds be not so great to quench, but



they thaw with thy heat, her far more cold disdain apply thine owne dispaite and will to dye,



and when by these congeal'd to stone, then will her heart and thine be one.





*Ug-gi, fuggi, fuggi, da lieti amanti empia donna cagion depi-*



*anti. Che non gia per essere Crudele ma per essere ingrata & infidele ogni core*



*i'ha ni borrore, fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, che chiti mira perche vivi peange e sos pira*



*Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, fallace fera  
 Frede in fernale empia ma gera  
 Che se bene hai di Donna l'aspetto  
 Di furia un core nascendi nel petto  
 Tutta danno tutt' inganno  
 Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, ch'ogn un che t'ama  
 Il tuo ben piange, e il tuo mal brama*

Cantus *Chorus.*

Tenor. **T** O *Bacchus* we to *Bacchus* sing, With wine and mirth

affus. **T** O *Bacchus* we to *Bacchus* sing, with wine & mirth with *we*'le conjure,

**T** O *Bacchus*, to *Bacchus*, we to *Bacchus* sing, with wine & mirth *we*'le conjure

*we*'le conjure him, *we*'le conjure him, with wine and mirth *we*'le conjure him.

*we*'le conjure him, *we*'le conjure him, with wine and mirth *we*'le conjure him

*we*'le conjure him, *we*'le conjure him with wine and mirth *we*'le conjure him.

V. etc.

**B**Y his mothers eye, and his fathers thigh, by her God brought to light, & his too glorious

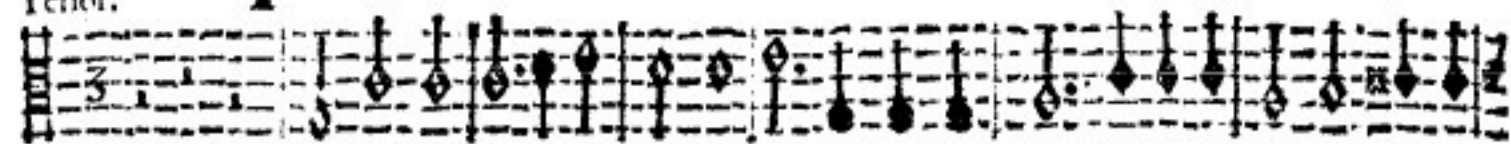
fight, by *Juno's* deceit, and by thy sad retreat, appear, appear, appear, appear, in bottles heere.

**B**Y *Ariadnes* wrongs & the false youths harms, by the rock in his breast, & her tears so oppress,

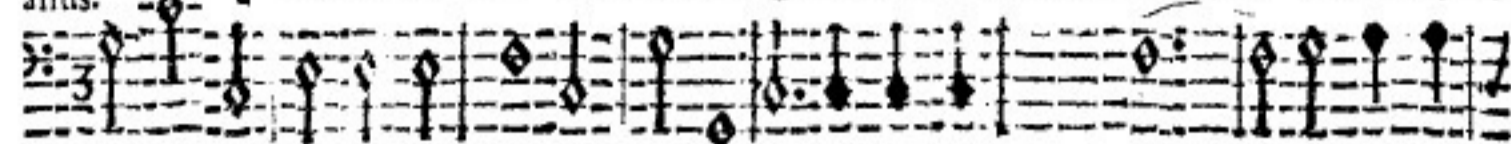


Cantus *Chorus*.

Tenor. **T** O *Bacchus* we to *Bacchus* sing, With wine and mirth



affus. **T** O *Bacchus* we to *Bacchus* sing, with wine & mirth with  $\text{trill}$  we'le conjure,



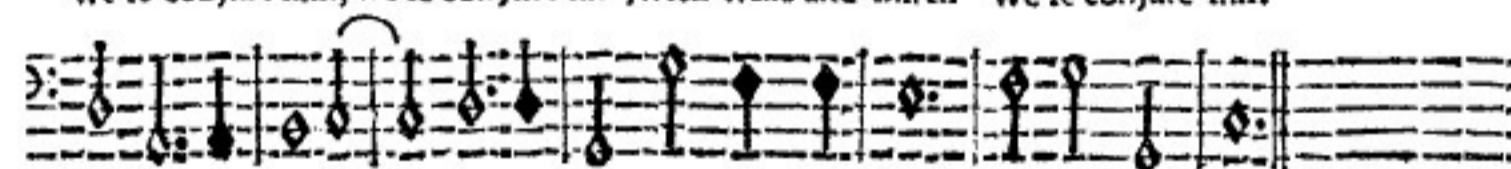
**T** O *Bacchus*, to *Bacchus*, we to *Bacchus* sing, with wine & mirth we'le conjure



we'le conjure him, we'le conjure him, with wine and mirth we'le conjure him.

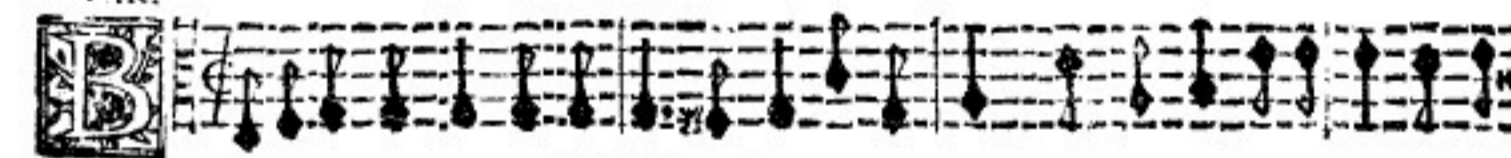


we'le conjure him, we'le conjure him, with wine and mirth we'le conjure him

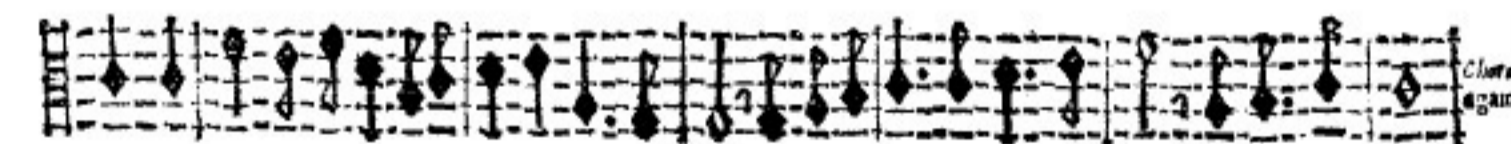


we'le conjure him, we'le conjure him with wine and mirth we'le conjure him.

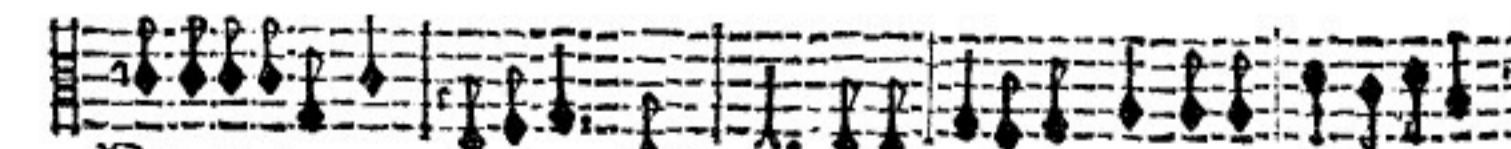
V. etc.



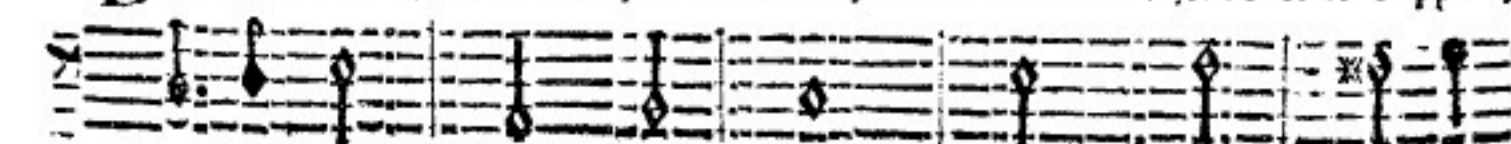
**B** Y his mothers eye, and his fathers thigh, by her God brought to light, & his too glorious

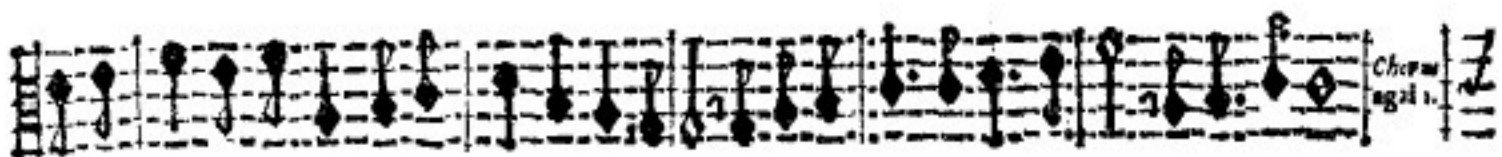


light, by *Juno's* deceit, and by thy sad retreat, appear, appear, appear, appear, in bottles here.

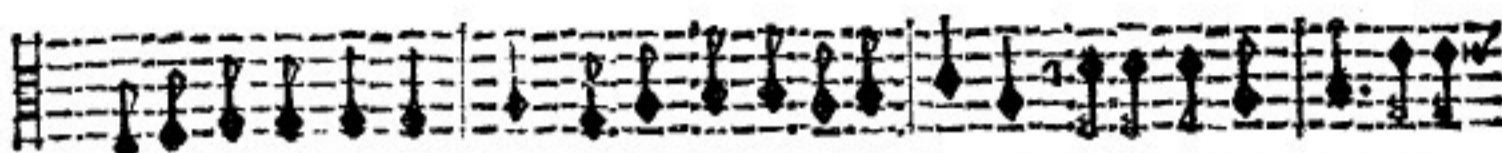
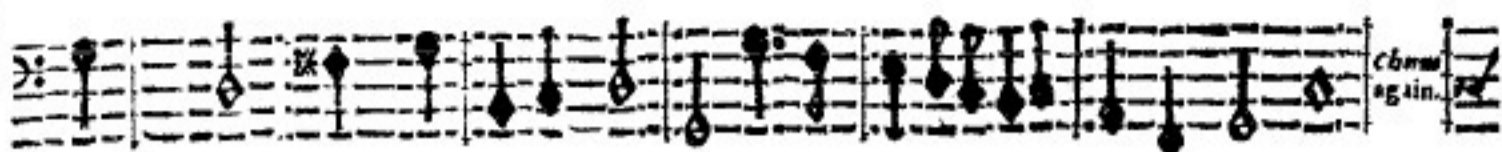


**B** Y *Ariadnes* wrongs & the false youths harms, by the rock in his breast, & her tears so oppress,

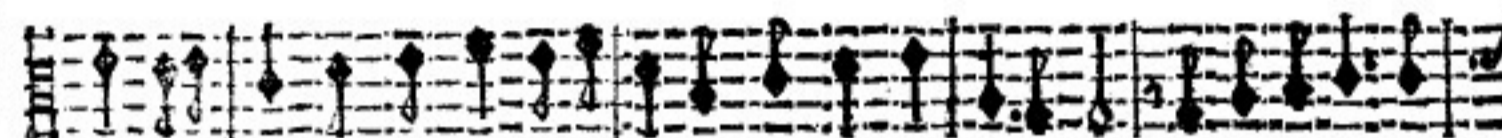




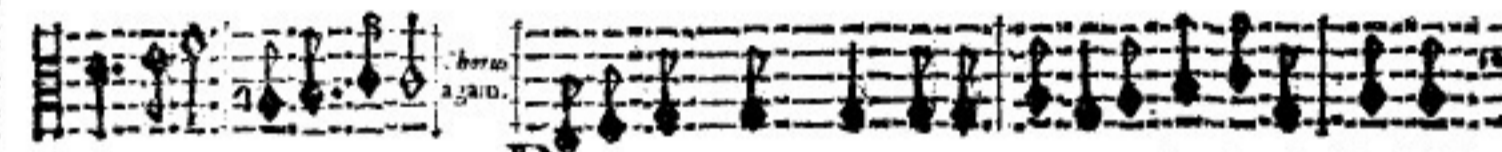
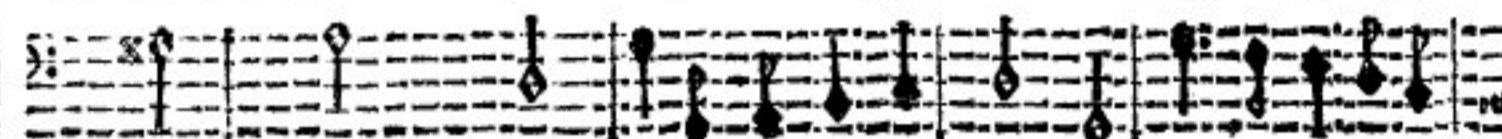
by the beauty she fled, & the pleasures of a bed, appear, appear, appear, appear, in bottles heer.



**B**Y this purple wine thus pour'd on the Shrin, & by this beer glasse to the next kind Lasse, by a



Girl twice nine, that will clasp like a Vine, that will clasp thee like a Vine, appear, appear, ap-



-pear, appear, in bottles heer.

**B**Y the men thou'lt won & the women undone, by the friendship

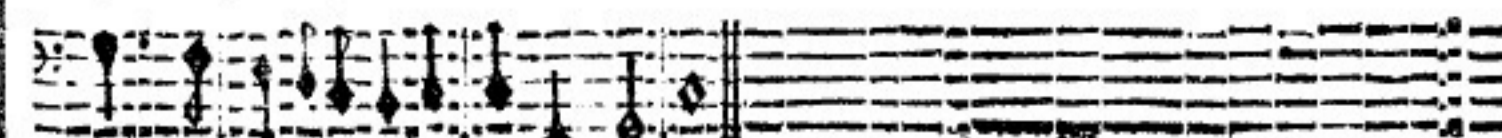


thou hast made, & the secrets betray'd, by the power over sorrow, thus charm'd till to morrow,



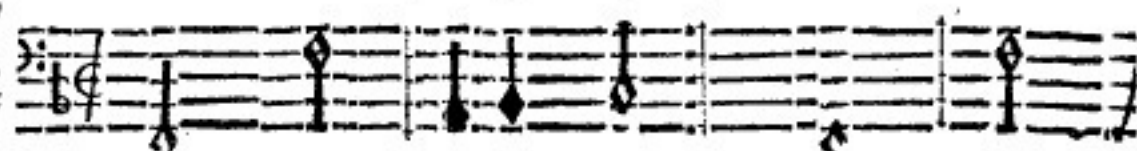
appear, appear, appear appear, in bottles heer.

*Chorus* againe.

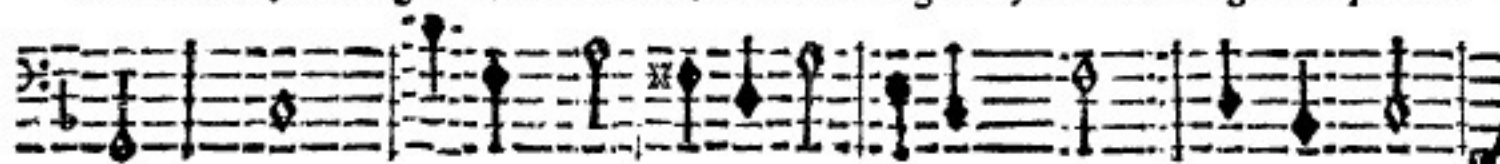




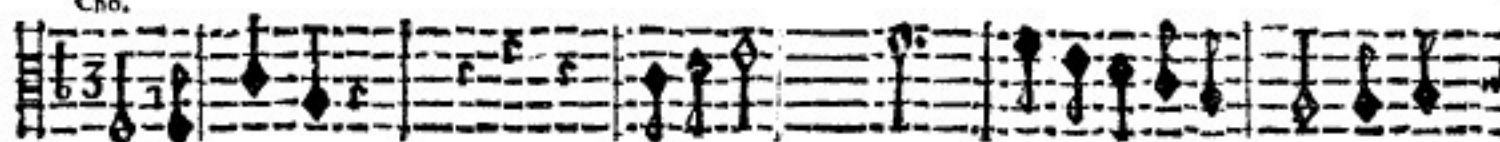
Uench, quench, in sprightly wine your grieffe, 'tis the true Pro-



methean fire, such as gives sad souls relief, cheers & strengthens, cheers & strengthens quick de-

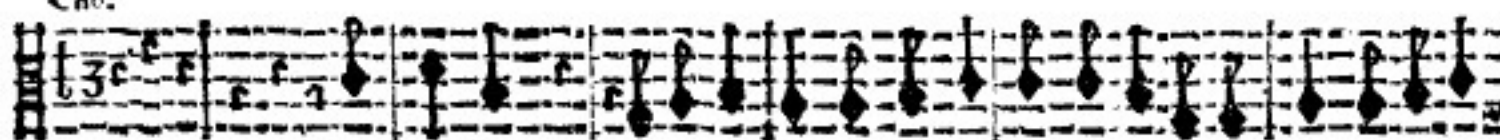


Cho.



fire, let's sup then, till the world flye round about as the glafs & the

Cho.

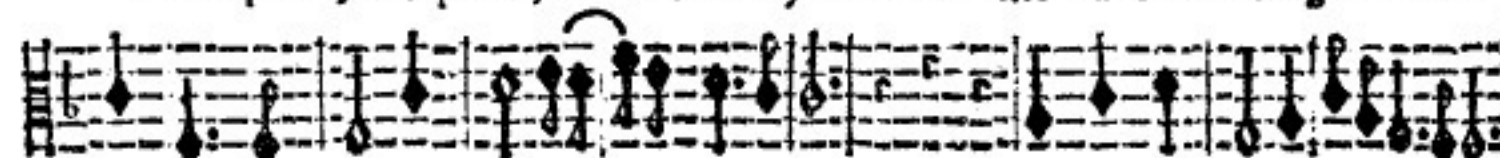


our cup then, till the world flye round about, round about as the glafs & the flam

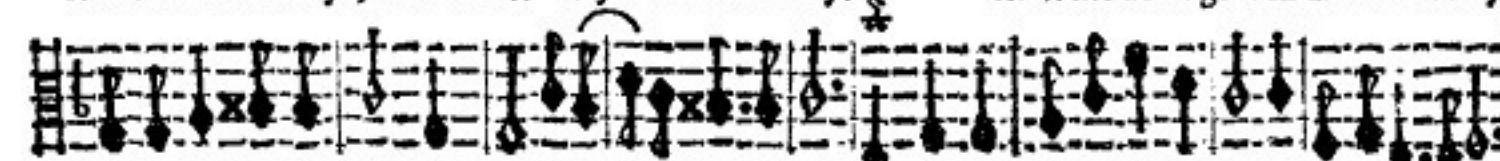
Cho.



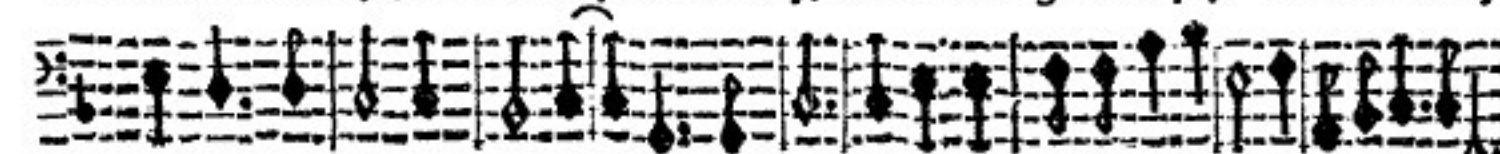
let's sup then, our cup then, till the world flye round about, round about as the glafs & the



flame from our eye, strike new day from the sky, 'tis wine must give us Im-mortality



& the flam from our eye, strik new day from the sky, 'tis wine must give 'tis us Im-mortality



flame from our eye, strike new day from the sky, 'tis wine must give, 'tis us Immortality.

No matter though through fields of bloud  
The Souldier 'gainst his foe doe swim;  
If when he hath past that floud,  
His cup doth flow, up to the brim.  
Let's sup then, &c.

FINIS.