

45+ Playford (John). Select Ayres and Dialogues for One, Two and Three Voyces; to the Theorbo-Lute or Basse Viol. Composed by J. Wilson, C. Colman, Doctors in Musick, H. Lawes, W. Lawes, N. Laneare, W. Webb, Gentlemen . . . to his late Majesty in his Publick and Private Musick. And other Excellent Masters of Musick. London, W. Godbid for J. Playford: London, 1659.—Select Ayres and Dialogues To Sing to the Theorbo-Lute or Basse-Viol. Composed by Mr. Henry Lawes . . . and other Excellent Masters. The Second Book. (With a

Preface by John Playford). London, William Godbid for John Playford. 1669.—Choice Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues To Sing to the Theorbo-Lute, or Bass-Viol. Being Most of the Newest Ayres, and Songs. Sung at the Court, And at the Publick Theatres. Composed by several Gentlemen of His Majesties Musick, and others. The Second Edition, Corrected and Enlarged. Fine title vign., lady playing the lute). London, W. Godbid, 1675. £36
3 works in 1 contemporary calf vol. (binding shabby).

Ad 1: This is an enlarged edition of "Select Musickall Ayres and Dialogues" it was re-issued in 1669 as Book I. of the "Treasury of Musick." The composers named are: N. Laneare, J. Wilson, H. Lawes, W. Webb, C. Colman, E. Colman, J. Saevill, Lady Deering, T. Brewer, J. Playford, R. Johnson, Warner, J. Goodgroome, W. Caesor alias Smebergill, S. Ires, W. Tompkins, J. Cobb and Jenkins.

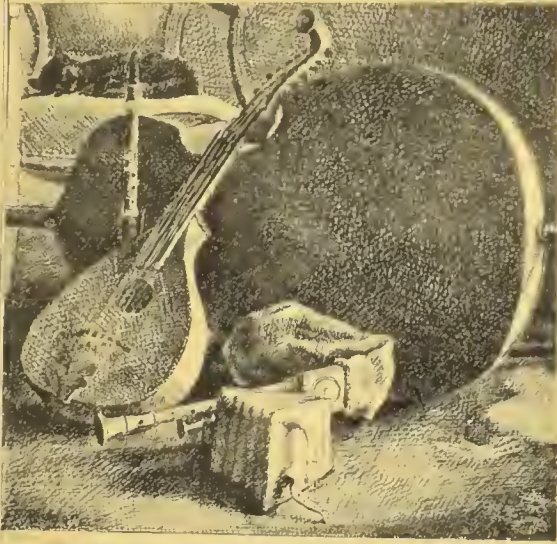
Ad 2: This is a selection from Lawes's First and Second Books of "Ayres and Dialogues," published respectively in 1653 and 1655. It was also issued under Lawes's name as the Second Book of "The Treasury of Musick." The composers named are: H. Lawes, J. Wilson, C. Colman, N. Laneare, J. Goodgroome, S. Ires, A. Marsh, W. Gregorie, R. Hill, J. Moss, J. Playford, J. Hilton, E. Colman, T. Blagrave, J. Jenkins and W. Lawes.

Ad 3: The composers added in this edition are: J. Playford, Purcell, R. Hill, J. Jackson, I. Blackwell, Turist and M. Locke.

Barclay Squire II., p. 279 & 281. The first work has a fine frontisp., representing a lady playing the lute. There is a mistake in numbering the pages 52 & 62 in the first work, as noted in the Advertisement on the 3rd leaf, but nothing is missing.

3 very important and rare works in one old volume
1 very good copy.

EX LIBRIS



FREDERICK SELCH





MUSIC.

Although the Cannon, and the Churlish Drum-
Have strooke the Quire mute, and the Organs Dumb:
Yet Musicks Art with Ayre and String, and Voyce
Makes glad the Sad, and Sorrow to Reioyce.

SELECT

AYRES AND DIALOGUES

For One, Two, and Three Voyces;

TO THE

THEORBO-LUTE or BASSE-VIOL.

Composed by { *John Wilson* } Doctors in Musick.
 { *Charles Colman* }

 { *Henry Lawes* }
 { *William Lawes* } Gentlemen and Servants to his late
 { *Nicholas Laneare* } Majesty in his Publick and Private
 { *William Webb* } Musick.

And other Excellent Masters of Musick.



LONDON,

Printed by *W. Godbid* for *John Playford*, and are to be sold at his Shop
in the *Inner Temple*, near the Church dore. 1659.

TO ALL LOVERS OF VOCALL MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN,



His Book hath found such generall welcome, that the Impression is all bought off, and I am called upon for more; which hath caused me to Reprint it, but with very large Additions: I have not given you all my store, but with good Advice Selected only such Ayres and Dialogues as are known to be Excellent, as well as now most in Request; and those so familiar and easie, as are usefull to the Teacher, and commodious for the Scholar, especially such as live Remote from London. The Musick is of Three Varieties, and is therefore printed distinct: First, those for One Voyce, next for Two, and then those for Three: The whole contains One hundred twenty foure choice Songs, and all (except very few) of late Compositions, In the setting forth of which, my care, pains, and charge hath not been small, by procuring true and exact Coppies, and dayly attending the oversight of the Presse, as no prejudice might redound either to the Authors or Buyer: And herein I resolve to meet with those Mistakers, who have taken up a new (but very fond) opinion, That Musick cannot as truely be Printed as Prick'd, (and which is more ridiculous) that no Choice Ayres or Songs are permitted by Authors to come in print, though 'tis well known that the best Musickall Compositions, either of our owne or Strangers, have been and are tendered to the World by the Printers hand; To convince the former, and to testifie my Gratitude to those Excellent Masters, from whose owne hands I received most of these Compositions; doe I say thus much, that this my present Endeavor and care in the true and exact publishing this Book will redound to Publick Benefit, and the Authors Reputation, as well as my owne Advantage; which may give yet further Incouragement to

A Faithfull Servant to all Lovers of Musick;

JOHN PLAYFORD.

An Alphabetical TABLE of the AYRES and DIALOGUES
in this BOOK.

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G		<i>See see, how careles men are grown of late</i>	36
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ADVERTISEMENT.

Courteous Sirs,
 Because I mean to deal very openly, and cover nothing (though never so small) I must beg the Buyer to take notice that the *Folia* from 52 to 62 are mistaken by the Printer; As for other Errata's in the Musick (whereof all Books have some) they are so very few, small and inconsiderable, that I hope I shall need onely to crave the Judicious to mend with their Pen.

A Catalogue of **MUSICK** Books sold by *John Playford* at his Shop in the *Temple*.

Books for Vocal **MUSICK**.

1. *Mr. Wilby's Madrigals of 3, 4, 5 and 6 Voyces.*
2. *Orlando Gibon's 5 Parts for Viols and Voyces.*
3. *Dr. Champian's Ayres for 1, 2, or 3 Voyces.*
4. *Mr. Walter Porter's first set of Ayres and Madrigals for 2, 3, 4, and 5 Voyces, with a Through Bass; for the Organ or Theorbo Lute, the Italian way: Printed 1639.*
5. *Mr. Walter Porter's second Set of Psalms or Anthems for two voyces to the Organ or Theorbo-Lute: Prin. ed 1657.*
6. *Mr. William Child (late Organist of his Majesties Chappel at Windsor) his Psalms for three voyces, after the Italian way, to be sung to the Organ, the which are Engraven on Copper plates: Printed 1656.*
7. *Select Ayres and Dialogues by Dr. Wilson, Dr. Colman, Mr. Henry Lawes, and others: Reprinted with large Additions 1659.*
8. *Ayres and Dialogues set forth by Mr. H. Lawes,*

viz. his }

First Book fol. Printed 1653.
Second Book fol. Printed 1655.
Third Book fol. Printed 1658.
9. *Mr. John Gamble his first and second book of Ayres and Dialogues, first printed 1657, second 1659.*
10. *A Book of Catches and Rounds collected and published by John Hilton 1651, and now with large additions by John Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.*
11. *An Introduction to the Skill of Musick, Vocall and Instrumentall, with Instructions for the Violin by J. Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.*
12. *The Art of Descant, or composing Musick in parts, written by Dr. Champian, and enlarged by Mr. Christopher Simpson, printed 1655.*

Books for Instrumental **MUSICK**.

1. *Mr. Eatt Set of Fancies for Viols, containing 6 Fantasies for two Bass-Viols, 9 Fantazies for two Trebles and a Bass, and 12 Fantazies of 4 parts.*
2. *Court Ayres, of two parts, Bass and Treble, Viols or Violins, containing 245 Ayres, Corants and Sarabands, Composed by Dr. Coleman, Mr. William Lawes, Mr. John Jenkins, Mr. Ben. Rogers of Windsor; Mr. Christopher Symphon, and others: Printed 1656.*
3. *Mr. Mathew Lock his Little Consort of Three parts, Pavans, Almains, Corants and Sarabands, for Two Trebles and a Bass, for Viols or Violins: Printed 1657.*
4. *Musicks Recreation on the Lyra Viol, Containing 100 Lessons, viz. Preludiums, Almains, Corants, Sarabands, and several new and pleasant Tunes for the Lyra Viol, with Instructions for beginners: printed 1656.*
5. *A Book of New Lessons for the Cithren and Gittern, containing many new and pleasant Tunes, with plain and easie Instructions for Beginners thereon: Printed 1659.*
6. *The Dancing Master, containing 132 New and choise Country Dances, Directing the Learner the manner how to understand the several Figures and Movements thereof; Also the Tunes set over each Dance, very usefull to such as Practise on the Treble Violin; In which Book is added 42 French Corants, and other Tunes to be plaid on the Treble Violin: printed 1657.*

All sorts of Rul'd Paper for Musick ready Ruled, also Books of several Sizes ready bound up of very good Ruled Paper; Also very good Inke to prick Musick.

Musick Books shortly to come forth.

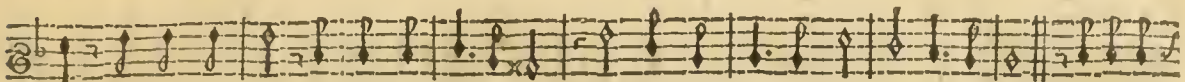
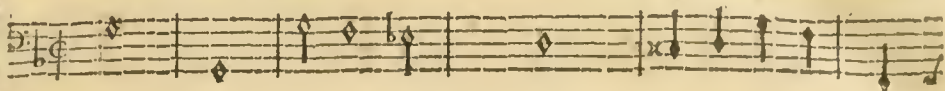
A most Excellent Treatise of Musick, Entitled, *The Violist*, or an *Introduction to play Division to a Ground*, Teaching all things necessary to the Knowledge of the *Viol*, as also the Rudiments of *Composition* by a Method more short and easie then hath been heretofore delivered. Written by the most Knowing Matter of that Instrument, *Mr. Christopher Simpson*.

Also a Book for the *Virginals*, containing variety of new and choise *Lessons*, also *Toys*, and *Jigs*, Fitted for the practice of young Learners.

A Lovers Melancholy Repose.



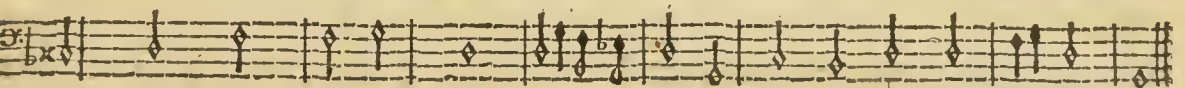
Ike Hermit poor in pensive place obscure, I mean to spend my days of endless



doubt, to wail such woes as *time* cannot 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* wil.

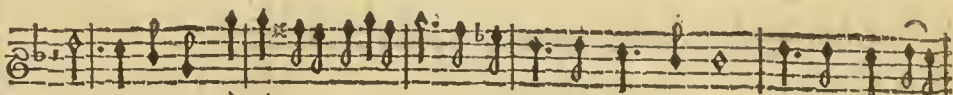


Mr. Nich. Lanearc.

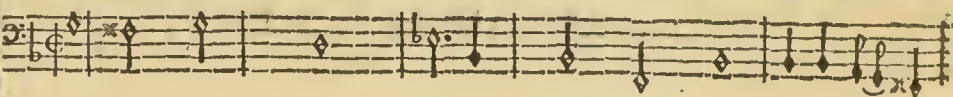
A Gowne of gray my body shall attire,
My staffe of broken hope whercon I'll stay,
Of late repentance linkt with long desire,
The Couch is fram'd whercon my limbs I lay,
And at my gates, &c.

My food shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drink nought else but tears faine from mine eyes,
And for my light in this obscure shade,
The flame may serve, whch from my heart arise,
And at my gates,

Loves ingratitude.



Ake, O take those *lips* a-----way, that so sweetly were forsworn, & those *eyes* that



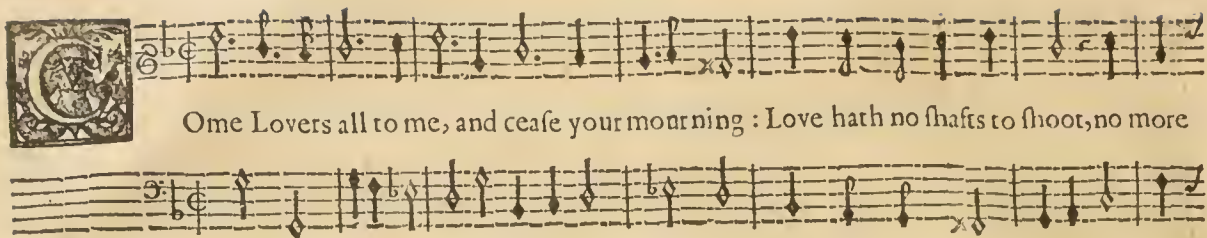
break of days, light that do mislead the morn, but my *kisses* bring again seals of love though seals in vain.



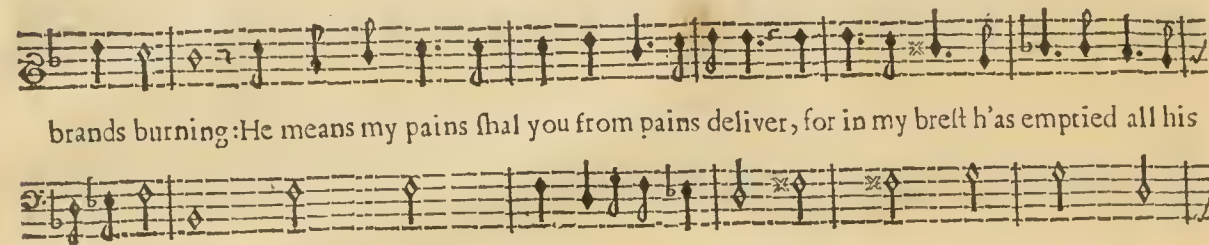
Dr. Wilson.

Hide, O hide those Hills of Snow
That thy frozen Blossome bears;
On whose tops the Pinks that grow,
Are yet of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those Icy Chaines by the e.

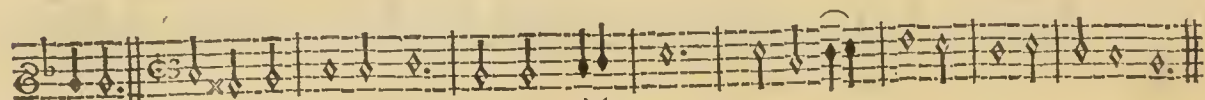
Cupid's weak Artillery.



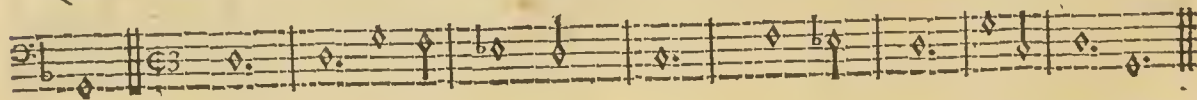
One Lovers all to me, and cease your mourning : Love hath no shafts to shoot, no more



brands burning: He means my pains shal you from pains deliver, for in my brest h'as emptied all his

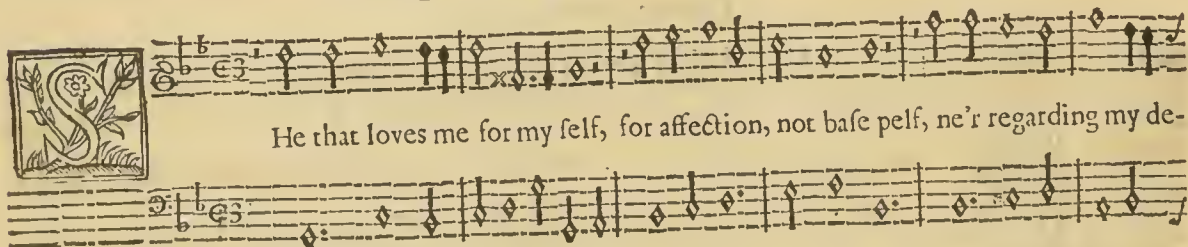


Quiver. Had he not been a childe he would have known, h'as lost a thousand servants to kill one.

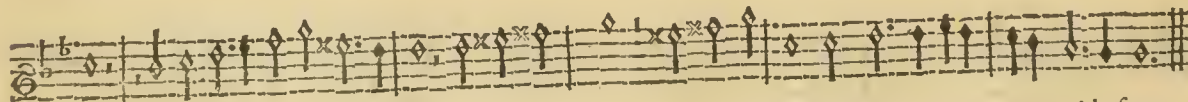


Mr. Henry Lawes.

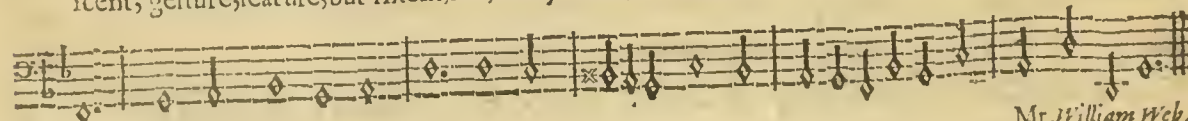
Love preferring Virtue above Wealth.



He that loves me for my self, for affection, not base pelf, ne'r regarding my de-



scent, gesture, feature, but intent, she, on-ly she, she, only she, deserves to be be-lov'd of me.

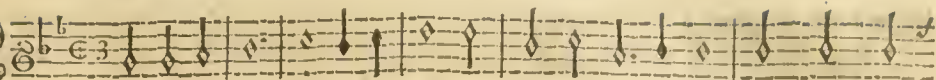


Mr. William Web.

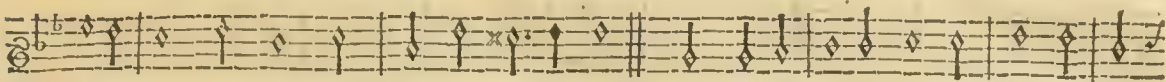
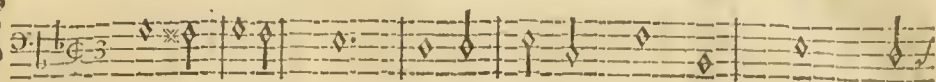
She that loves me for no end,
But because I am her friend ;
Never doubting my desire,
But believ'd it sacred fire ;
She, only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

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

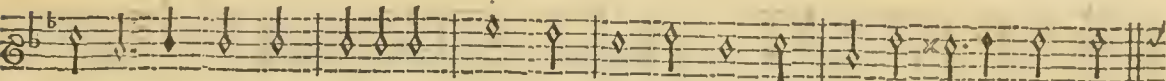
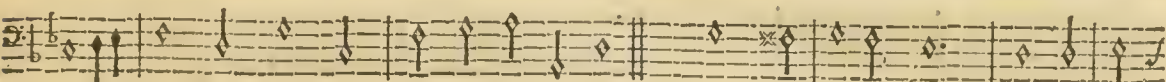
A strife betwixt two Cupids reconciled.



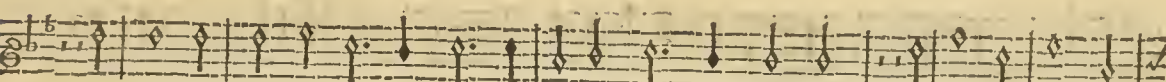
Out the sweet Bag of a Bee, two Cupids fell at odds; and whose the



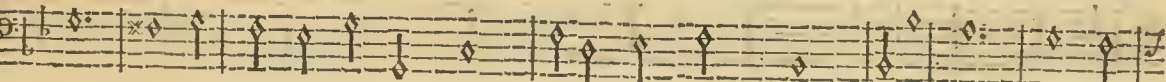
pretty prize should be, they vow'd to ask the gods: which *Venus* hearing thither came, and for



their boldness stript them, and taking thence from each his flame, with rods of Mirtle whipt them:

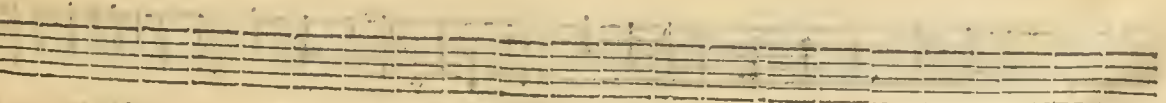


which done, to still their wanton cries, and quiet grown sh'ad seen them, she kist and dry'd their



dove-like eyes, and gave the Bag between them.

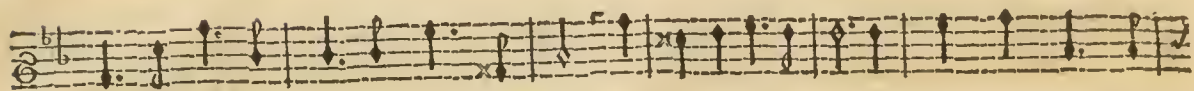
Mr. Henry Lawes.



Venus lamenting her lost Adonis.



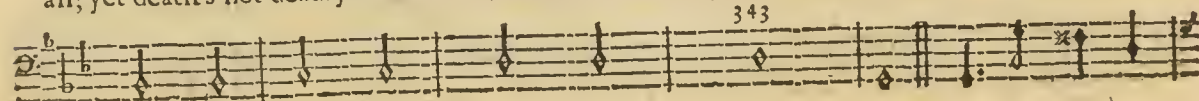
Ake my *Adonis*, do not die, one life's enough for thee and I; where are thy



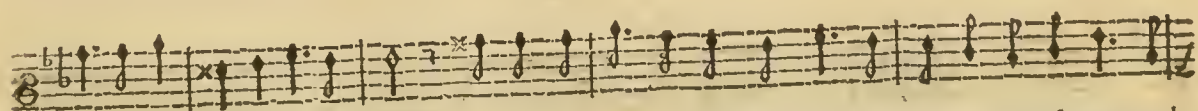
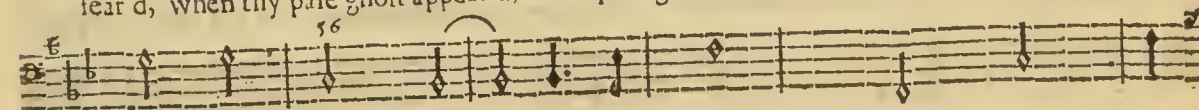
looks, thy wiles thy fears, thy frowns, thy smiles? a--las, in vain I call, one death hath snatcht them



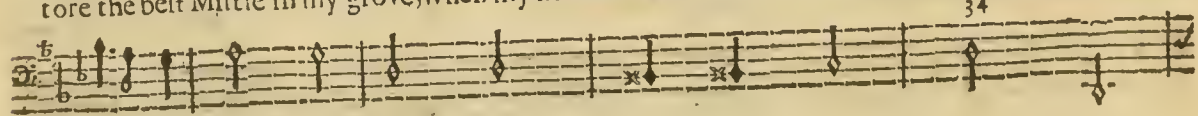
all; yet death's not deadly in that face, death in those looks it self hath grace; 'twas this, 'twas this I



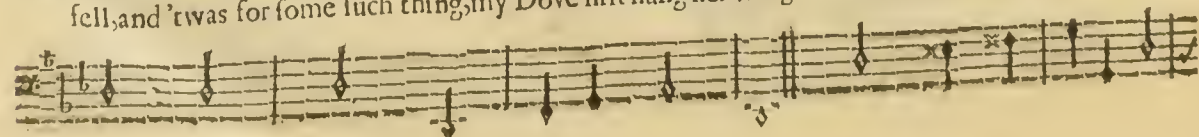
fear'd, when thy pale ghost appear'd, this I prefag'd, when thundring *Jove*



tore the best *Mirtle* in my grove, when my sick rose buds lost their smel, & from my temples untoucht



fell, and 'twas for some such thing, my Dove first hung her wing. Whither art thou my Deity gone?

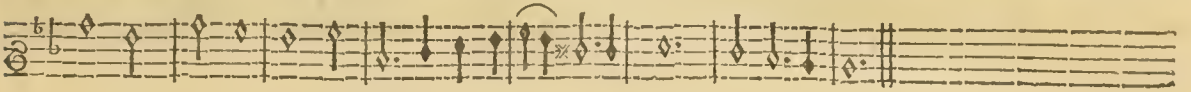
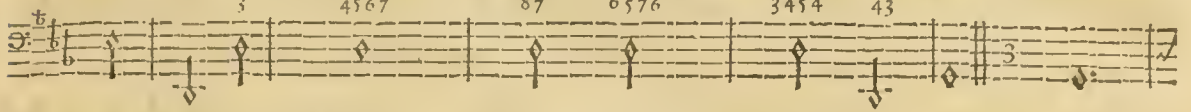




Venus in Venus there is none: in vain a gods now am I, only to grieve and not to die: but I wil



love my grief, make tears my tears relief, and sorrow shall to me a new *Adonis* be: And this the



fates shan't rob me of whilt I a gods am to grieve and not to die.

Dr. Colman.



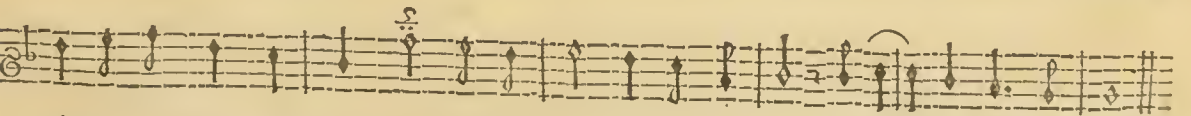
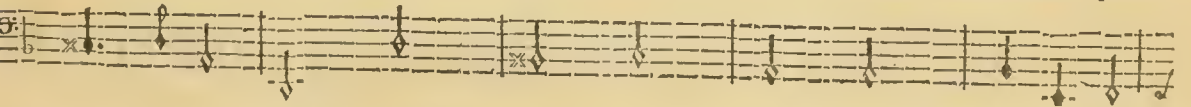
To his Love Answering No.



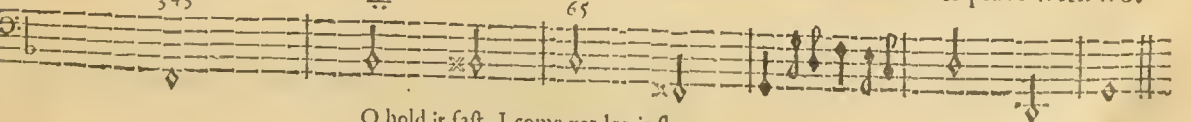
Tay, stay, O stay, that heart, I vow 'tis mine, ravish'd from hence by her whose parts divine;



words cannot fully speak, now seeks her cure, whose on--ly No, sent from her lips most pure,



makes it thus range from me, woe's me that No, lost me that heart, and fills its place with wo.



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 yea
 Give us a second life, treble our blifs;
 If nor, farewell my heart, I've pleas'd mine eyes,
 Since thou art lost, sees thee her sacrifice.

Dr. Colman.

On his Loves Absence.



Ring back my comfort and return, for well thou know'st that I in such a vigorous

passion burn, that missing thee I dye : return, return, insult no more, return, return, and me re-

flore to those sequestred joys I had before. Absence in most, that quenches love,
And cooles their warm desire ;
The ardor of my heat improves,
And makes the flame aspire :
The maxim therefore I deny,
And term it though a tyranny,
The Nurse to Faith, to Love, to Constancy.

Mr. Edward Colman.

Beauty clouded with grief.



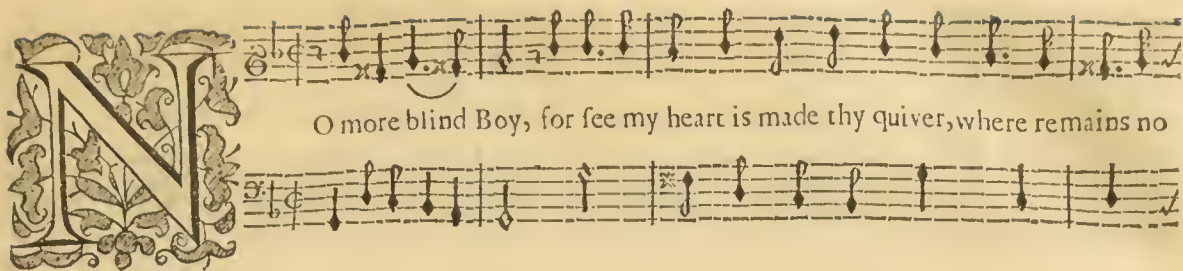
Hy dearest should you weep, when I relate the sto-ry of my woe ? let not the swarthy

mist of my black fate o'recast thy beauty so : For each rich pearl lost on that score adds to mis-

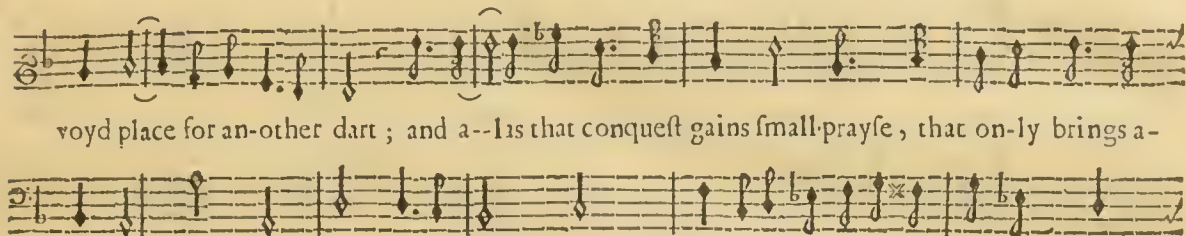
chance and wounds, and wounds your servant more. Quench not those stars that to Dy blifs should guide ;
O stay that precious teare !
Nor let those drops upon my deluge tyde
To drown thy beauty there ,
That cloud of sorrow makes it night,
You lose your Luster, but the World its Light.

Mr. Edward Colman.

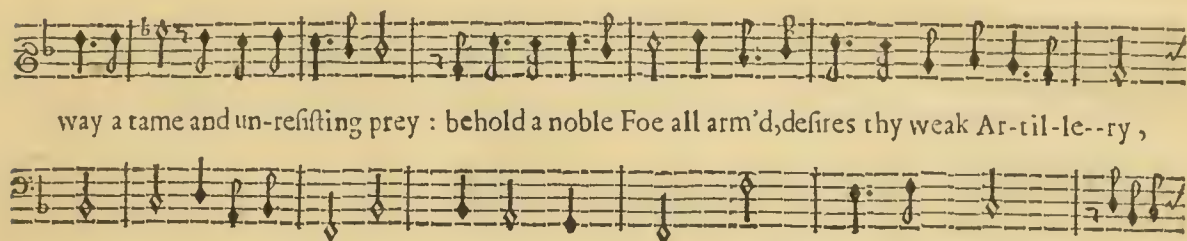
On Loves Artillery.



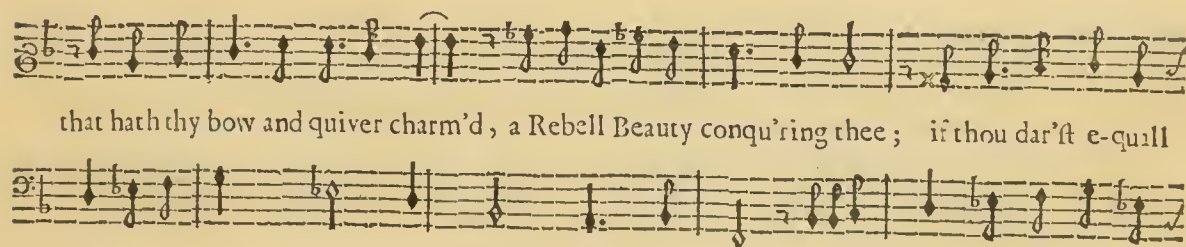
O more blind Boy, for see my heart is made thy quiver, where remains no



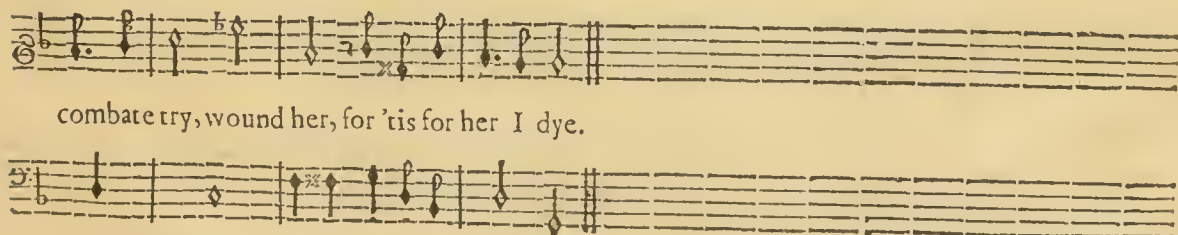
voyd place for an-other dart ; and a--lls that conquest gains small-prayse , that on-ly brings a-



way a tame and un-resisting prey : behold a noble Foe all arm'd, desires thy weak Ar-til-le--ry ,



that hath thy bow and quiver charm'd, a Rebell Beauty conqu'ring thee ; if thou dar'st e-quill



combate try, wound her, for 'tis for her I dye.

Mr. Jeremy Savil.

On the Vicissitudes of Love.



He that will not love, must be my Scholar, and learn this of me, there be in



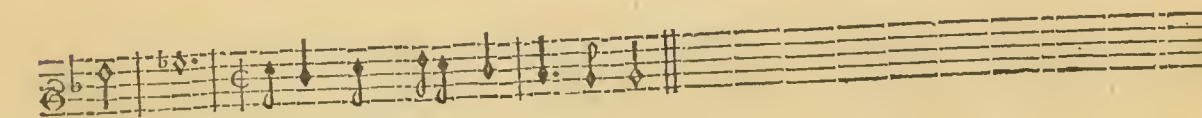
love as many fears as the Summer corn hath ears; sighs, and sobs, and troubles more than the



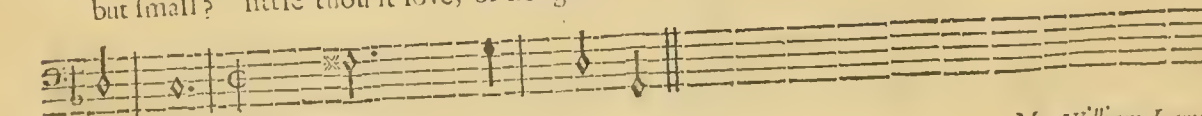
land that makes the shoar: Now an Ague, then a Fever, both tormenting Lovers e-ver. Wouldst



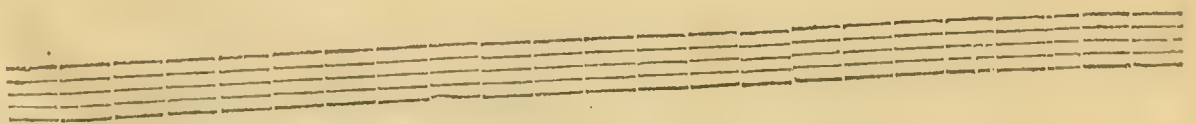
thou know besides all these, how hard a Woman 'tis to please? how high she's priz'd whose worth's



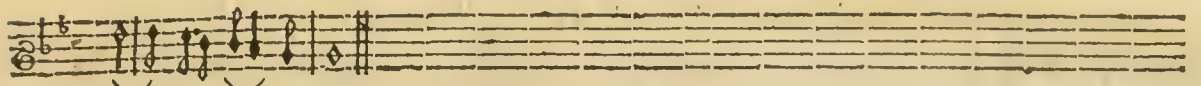
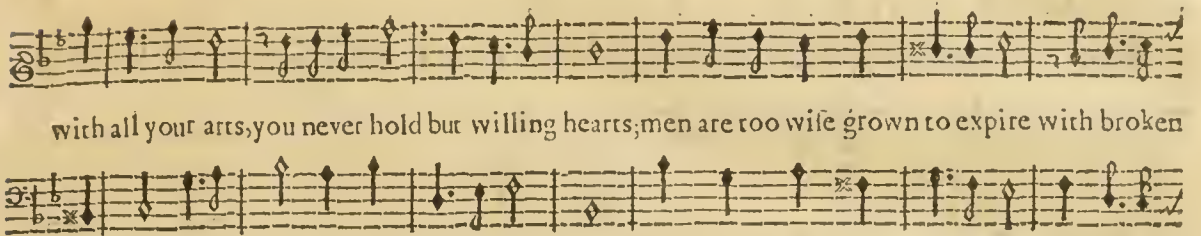
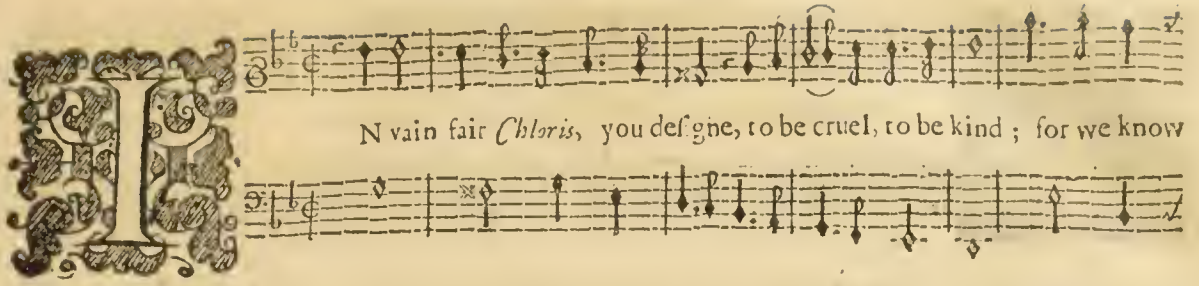
but small? little thou'lt love, or nought at all.



Mr. William Lawes.



A false designe to be cruel.



The Lady *Deerings*
Composing.

II.

And if among a thousand Swains
Some one of Love, or Fate complains;
And all the stars in heav'n desie,
With *Cloro's* lip, or *Celia's* eye:
'Tis not their love the Youth would chuse,
But the glory to refuse.

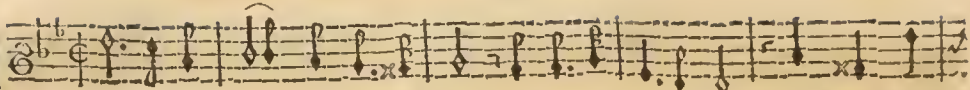
III.

Then wisely make your prize of those
Want wit, or courage to oppose;
But tempt me not that can discover
What will redeem the fondest Lover;
And flie the list, lest it appear
Your pow'r is measur'd by our fear.

IV.

So the rude wave securely shocks
The yeelding Bark, but the stiff rocks
If it atempt, how soon again
Broke and dissolv'd it fills the Main:
It foams and roars, but we deride
Alike its weakness, and its pride.

Constancy in Love.



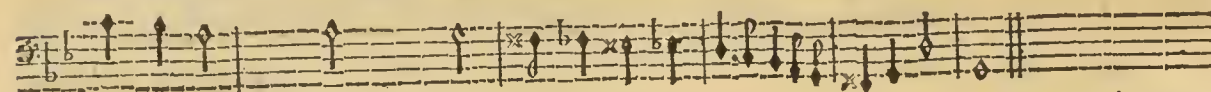
Is not it h' pow'r of all thy scorn or un-relienting hate, to quench my



flames, or make them burn with heat more temperate: still do I struggle with despair, and ever



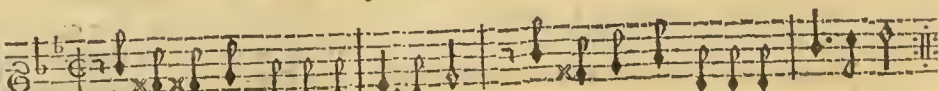
court disdain; and though you ne'r prove lesse severe, Ile dote up--on my pain.



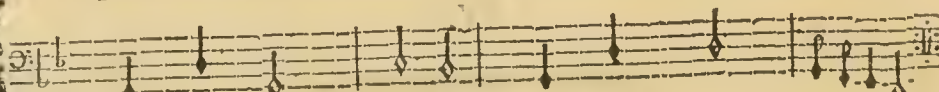
(2) Yet meaner beauties cannot claime
 In Love this tyranny,
 They must pretend an equal flame,
 Or else our passions die:
 You faire *Clarinda* you alone
 Are priz'd at such a rate,
 To have a Votary of one
 Whom you do reprobate.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

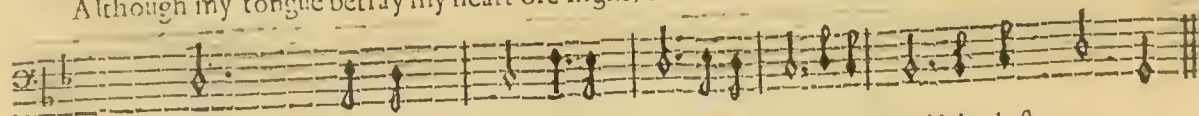
On Inconstancy.



Mistake me not, I am as cold as hot: Mistake me not, I am as cold as hot:



Although my tongue betray my heart ore'night, ere morn, ere morn, ere morn I'm alter'd quite.



II. Sometime I burn, and straight to Ice I turn,
 Ther's nothing so unconstant as my mind,
 I change ♪ ♪ with every wind.

III. Perhaps in jest, I said I lov'd thee best,
 But 'twas no more, then what not long before
 I vow'd ♪ ♪ to twenty more.

IV. Then prestee see, thou giv'st no heed to me,
 For when I cannot keep my word a day,
 What hope ♪ ♪ hadst thou to stay.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

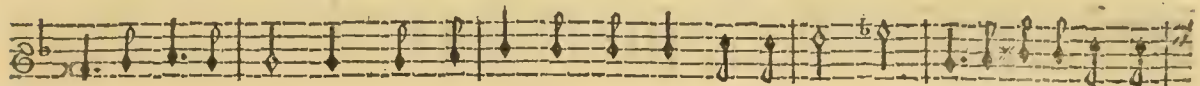
On Womens Inconstancy.



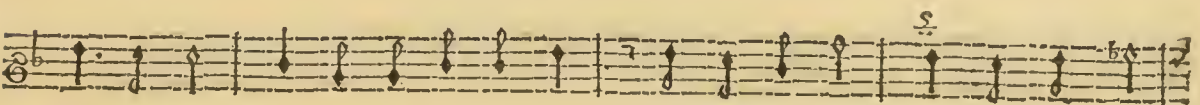
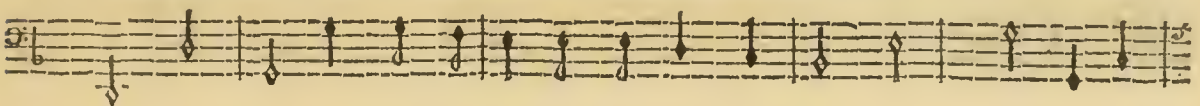
Arch me a Star that's fal-ling from the Skie, Cause an Immortall



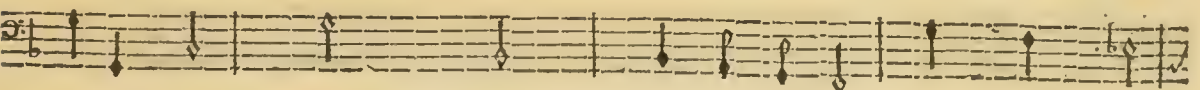
creature for to die; Stop with thy hand the Current of the Seas, Peirce the earths Center



to th' Antipodies; Cause Time return, and call back Yesterday, Cloath *Ja-nu-a-ry* like the

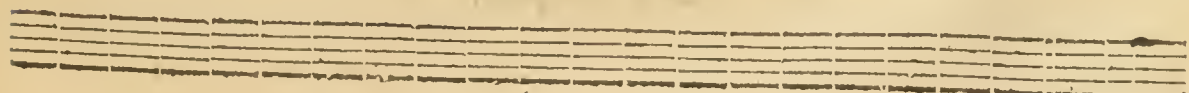
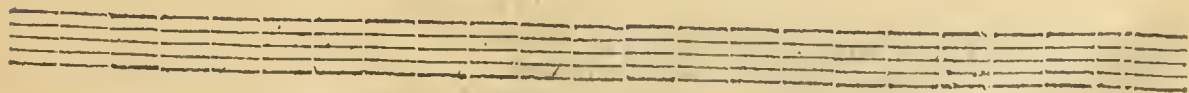
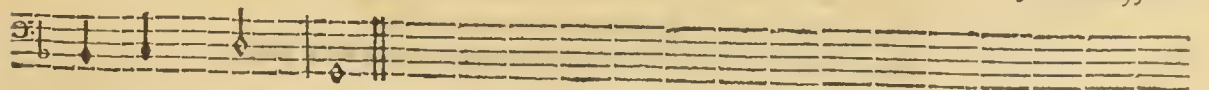


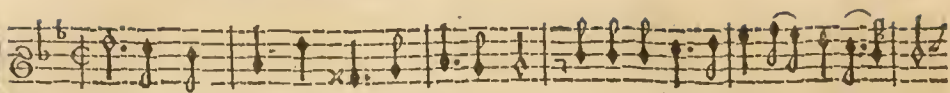
. moneth of *May*; Weigh me an ounce of Flame, Blow back the wind; Then hast thou found



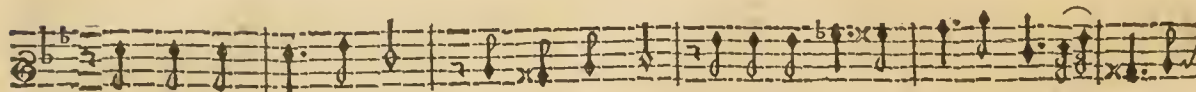
Faith in a Womans mind.

John Playford.

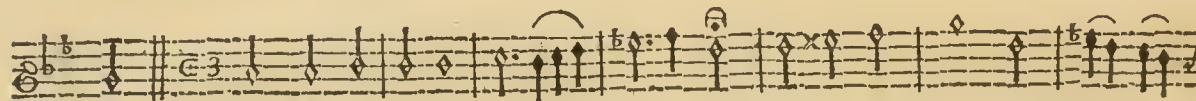
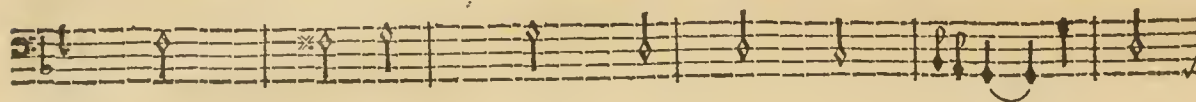


A Resolution not to Love.

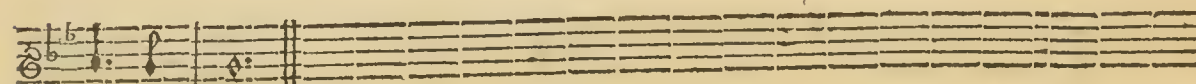
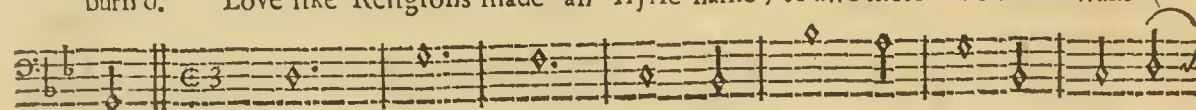
Ove I must tell thee, Ile no longer be a Victive to thy beardless Deitie ;



nor shall this heart of mine, now 'tis return'd, be offer'd at thy shrine, or at thy Altar



burn'd. Love like Religions made an Ayrie name, to awe those souls whom want of



wit makes tame.

John Playford.

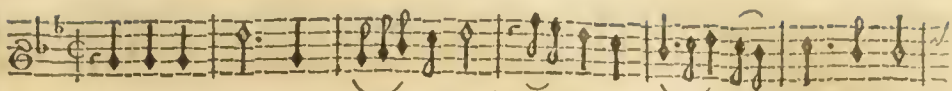
II.

There's no such thing as Quiver, Shaft, or Bow,
 Nor do's Love wound, but we Imagine so :
 Or if it do's perplex and grieve the mind,
 'Tis the poor masculine sect : women no sorrow find.
 'Tis not our parts or person that can move 'um,
 Nor is't mens worth, but wealth, makes women love 'um.

III.

Reason henceforth, not Love, shall be my guide,
 Our fellow Creatures shan't be deifide :
 Ile now a Rebell be, and so pull down
 That distaffe Hierarchy and females fanci'd crown.
 In these unbridled times who will not strive
 To free his neck from all prerogative.

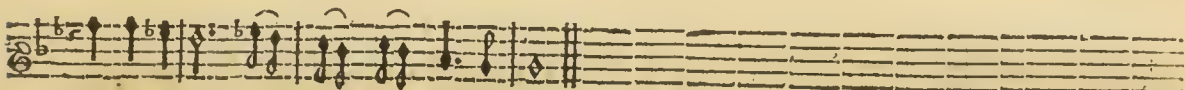
A Forsaken Lovers Complaint.



S I walk'd forth one Summers day, to view the Medows green and gay,

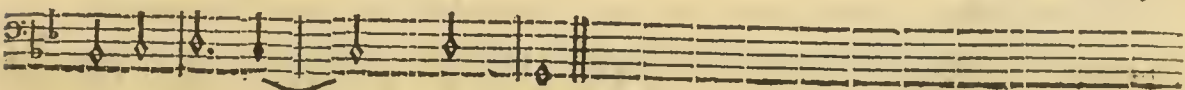


a pleasant Bower I espide standing fast by a river side; and in't a Maiden I heard cry,



Alas! Alas! ther's none e're lov'd as I.

Mr. Robert Johnson.



II.

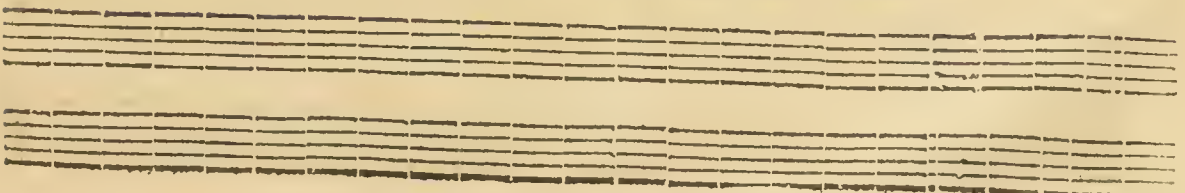
Then round the medow did she walk,
 Catching each flower by the stalk;
 Such flowers as in the medow grew,
 The *Dead-mans Thumb*, an Herb all blew.
 And as she pull'd them, still cry'd she,
 Alas! Alas! none e're lov'd like me.

III.

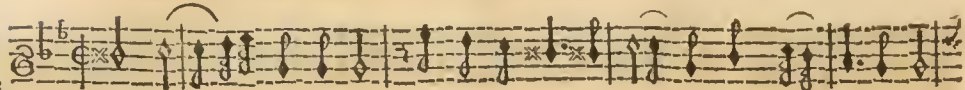
The Flowers of the sweetest sents
 She bound about with knotty Betts,
 And as she bound them up in Bands
 She wept, she sigh'd and wrung her hands,
 Alas! Alas! Alas! cry'd she,
 Alas! none was e're lov'd like me.

IV.

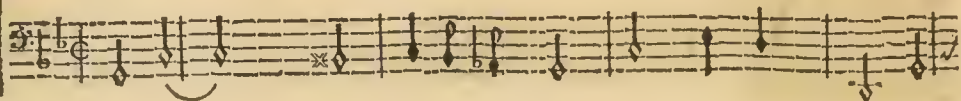
When she had fill'd her Apron full
 Of such green things as she could cull,
 The green leaves serv'd her for a Bed
 The Flowers were the Pillow for her head:
 Then down she laid, ne'r more did speak;
 Alas! Alas! with Love her heart did break.



At a Masque, to invite the Ladies to Dance.



Come come noble Nymphs & do not hide the joys for which you so provide;



If not to mingle with us men, what make you here? go home a-gen. Your dressings do confes



by what we see, so curious parts of *Pallas*, and *Aracknes* Arts, that you could mean no less.



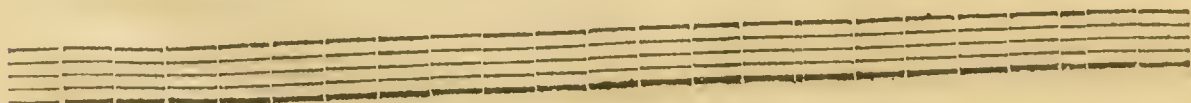
II.

Mr. William Webb.

Why do you were the Silk-worms toyls?
 Or glory in the Shel-fish spoils?
 Or strive to shew the grains of Ore
 That you have gathered long before?
 Whereof to make a Stock
 To graff the greener Emrauld on,
 Or any better water'd Srone,
 Or Ruby of the Rock.

III.

Why do you smell of Amber-greece,
 Whereof was formed *Neptunes* Neece,
 The Queen of Love? unlesse you can
 Like Sea-born-*Venus*, love a man?
 Try, put your selves unto't:
 Your Looks, and Smiles, and Thoughts that meet;
 Ambrosian-hands, and Silver-feet,
 Do promise you will do't.



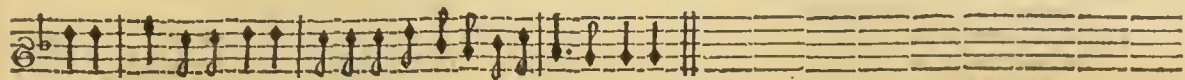
An Italian Ayre.



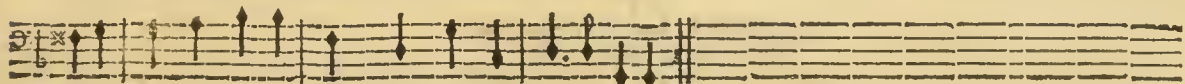
Ug-gi, fuggi, fuggi, da lieti aman-i empia dona cagion de-pi-an-ti.



Che non gia per essere Crudele ma per essere ingrata & infidele ogni core t'ha ni horrore, fuggi, fuggi,



fuggi, che chiti mira perche vivi pe-ange e sos pira.

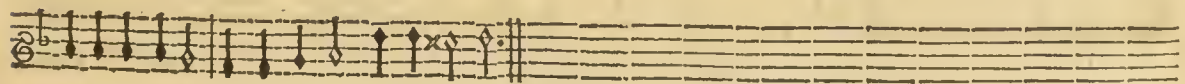


*Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, fallace fera
Frede in fernale empia ma gera
Che se bene hai di donna l' aspetto
Di furia un core nascendi nel petto
Tutta danno tutt' inganno
Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, ch'ogn un che t'ama
Il tuo ben piange, e il tuo mal brama.*

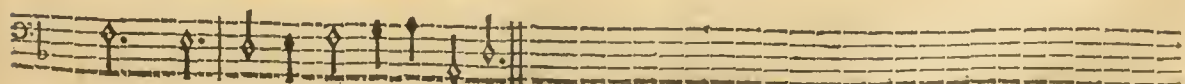
A French Ayre.



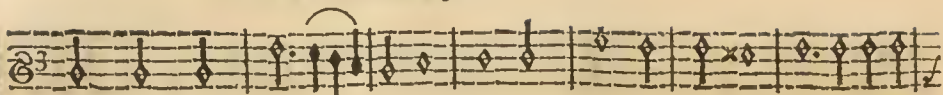
Mor merere, che d' amor merere, amor merere che d' amor merere; amor me fuge,



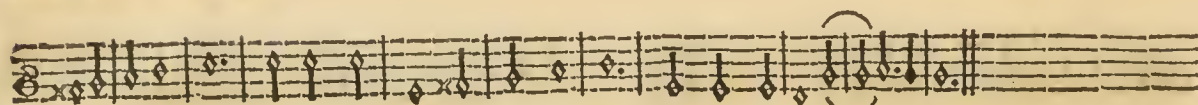
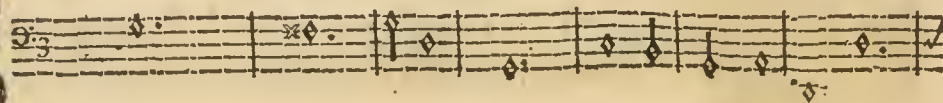
amor me struge, non pos a pue, non pos a pue.



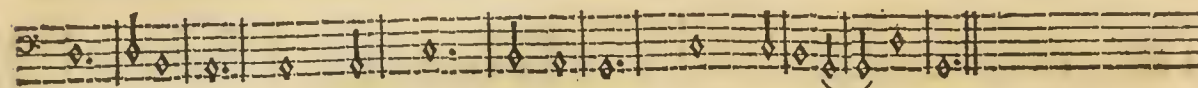
Loves Scrutiny.



Hy shouldst thou swear I am forsworn, since thine I vow'd to be? Lady it



is already morn, it was last night I swore to thee, this fond impos-si-bi-li-tie. Mr. Henry Lawes.



I I.

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

I I I.

Not that all Joyes in thy brown hair
By others may be found:
But I will search the black, the fair,
Like skillfull Mineralists that sound
For treasures in unplow'd ground.

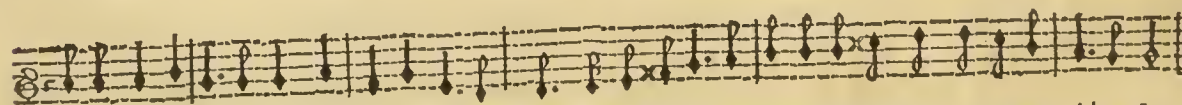
I V.

Then if when I have lov'd thee round,
Thou prove the pleasant she,
In spoyle of meaner Beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Ev'n sated with varietie.

No Beauty without Love.



Hou art not fayre for all thy red and white, for all those Rosie or-na-ments in thee.
Hou art not sweet nor made of meer delight, nor fair, nor sweet unless thou pity mee.



I will not, ♪ smooth thy fancy, thou shalt prove that Beauty is no Beauty without Love, no Beauty without Love.



I I.

Yet love not me, nor seek 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 if thou be a woman right,
Imbrace, and kisse, and love me in dispice.

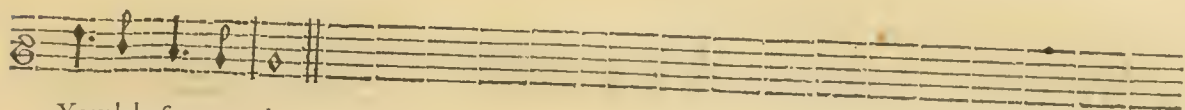
Mr. Nich. Lannere.

Delays in Love breeds Danger.

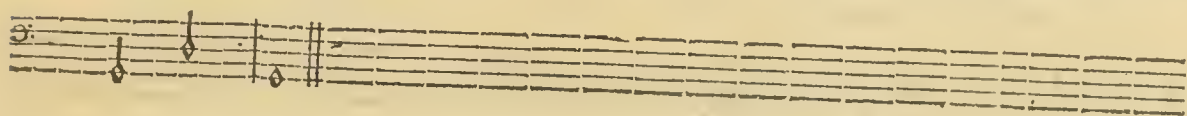
Phillis, why should we de-lay, plea-sures shorter than the day? Could we,



which we never car, stretch our lives beyond three span, Beauty like a Shadow flies, and our



Youth before us dyes.

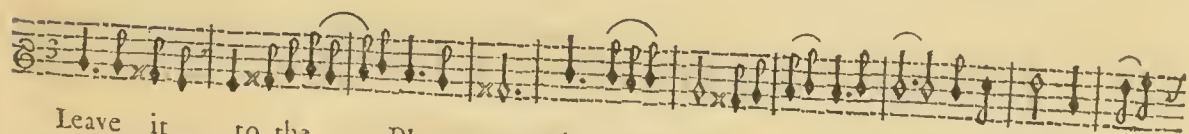


II.

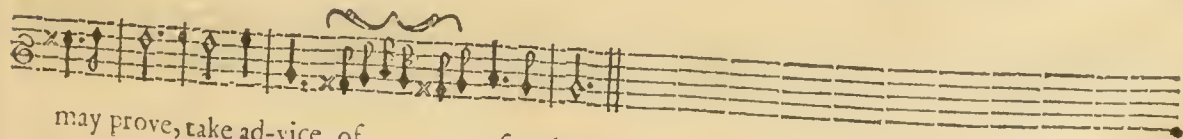
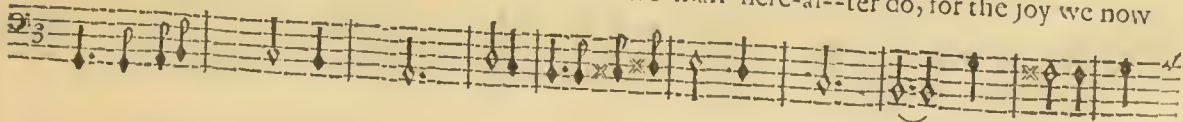
Or would Youth and Beauty stay,
Love ha's wings, and will away;
Love ha's swifter wings than time,
Change in love too oft do's chime;
Gods that never change their state,
Very oft their love and hate.

III.

Phillis, 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 Shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd.

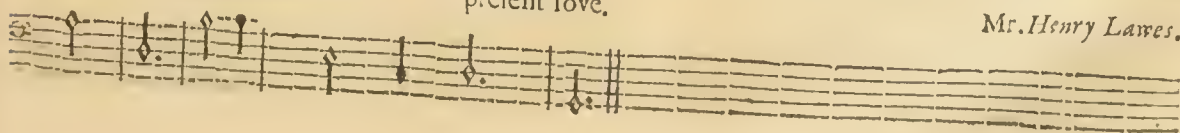


Leave it to the Planets two, what we shall here-after do, for the joy we now

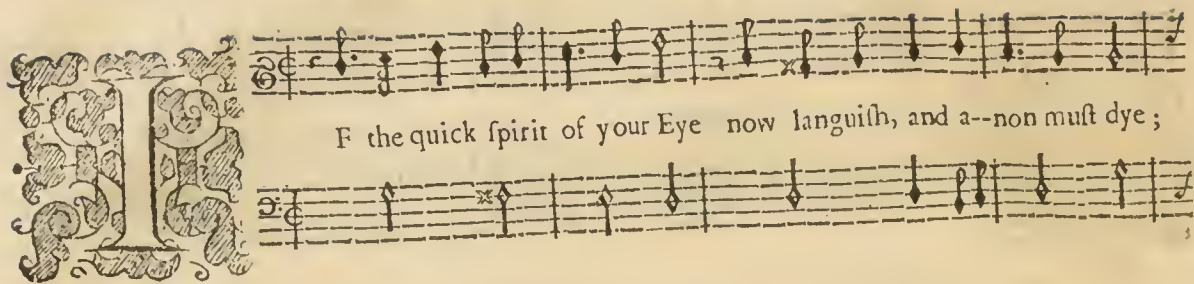


may prove, take ad-vice of present love.

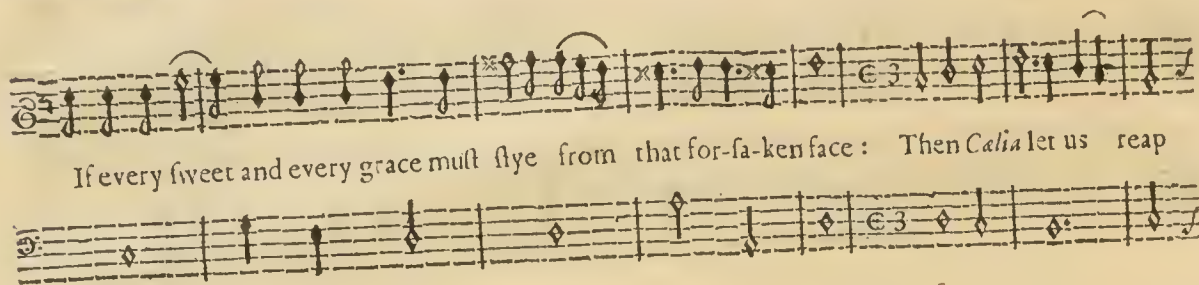
Mr. Henry Lawes.



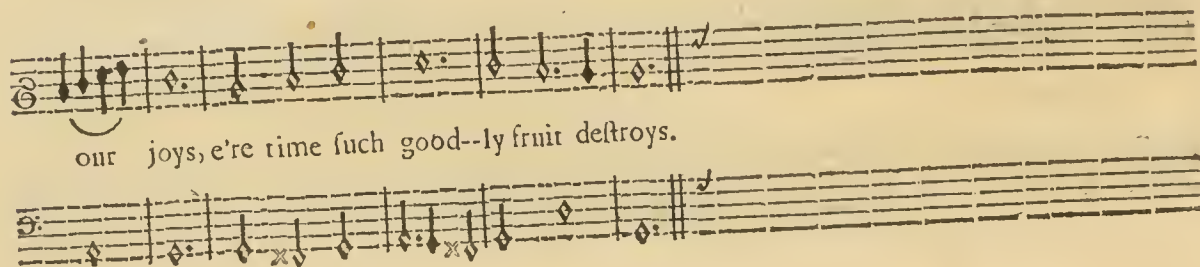
On Cælia's Coyneſſe.



I F the quick ſpirit of your Eye now languith, and a--non muſt dye ;



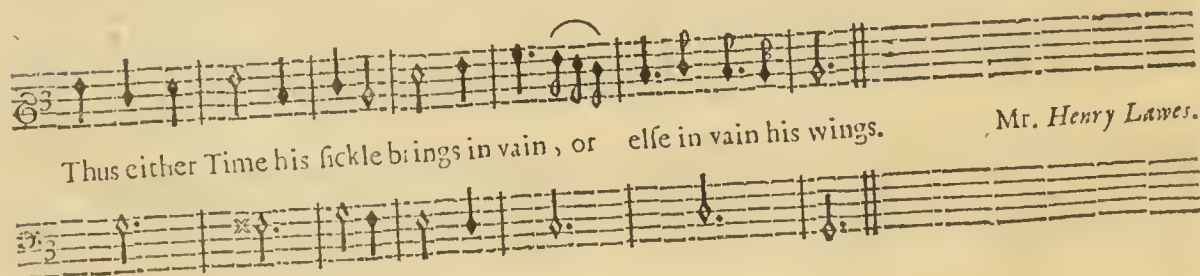
If every ſweet and every grace muſt flye from that for-fa-ken face : Then *Cælia* let us reap



our joys, e're time ſuch good-ly fruit deſtroys.

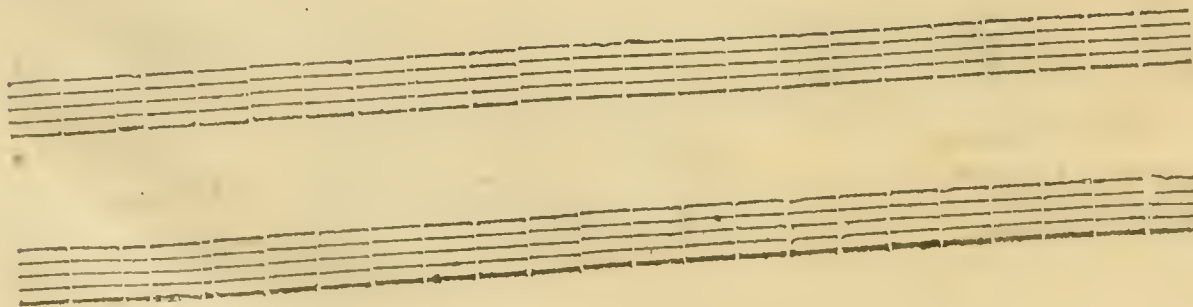
II.

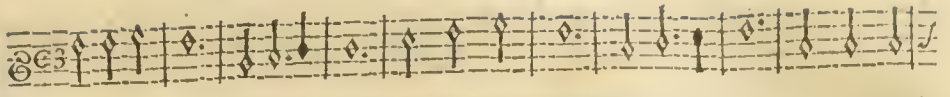
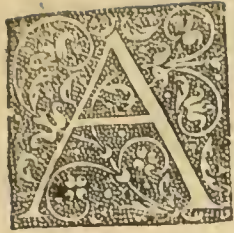
Or if that Golden Fleece muſt grow, for ever free from aged Snow ;
 If thoſe bright Suns muſt know no ſhade, nor your freſh Beauty ever fade ;
 Then *Cælia* feare not to beſtow,
 What ſill being gather'd, ſill muſt grow.



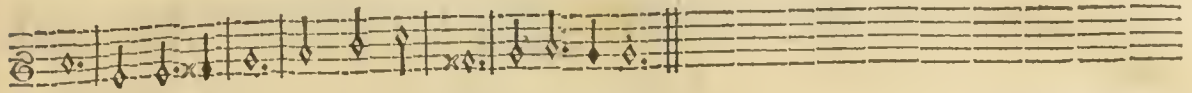
Thus either Time his ſickle brings in vain, or elſe in vain his wings.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



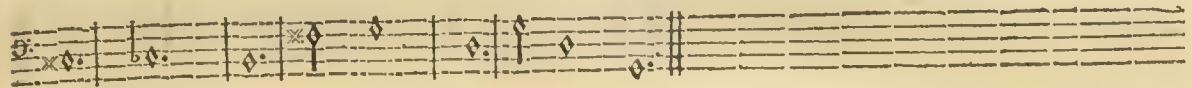
Loves sweet Repose.

Midst the Mirtles as I walk, Love and my Sighs thus enter talk; Tell me said



I, in deep distress, where I may find my Shepherds.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Then Fool (said Love) know'st thou not this,
In every thing that's good she is,
In yonder Tulip go and seek,
There thou shalt find her Lip and Cheek.

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

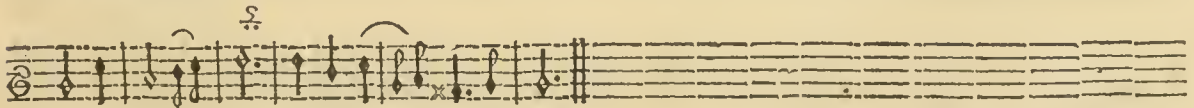
In that inamell'd Fancy by
There shalt thou find her curious Eye;
In bloom of Peach, in Roses bud
There wave the streams of her blood.

At which I stopt; said Love, these bee
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.

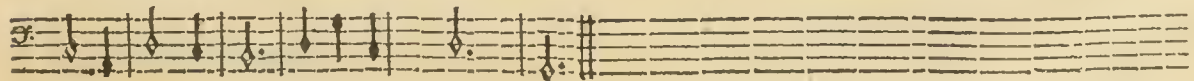
A Willow Garland sent for a Newyeers-gift.

Willow Garland thou didst send last day perfum'd to mee, which did but



only this portend, I was for--look of thee.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

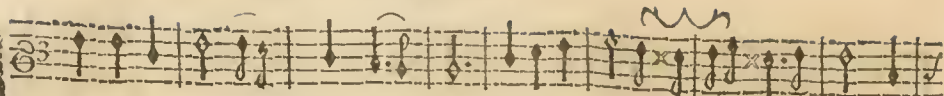


II.

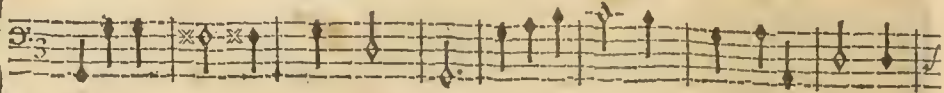
Since that it is, I'll tell the what,
To morrow thou shalt see
Me wear the Willow, after that
To dye upon the tree.

III.

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

Loves Victory.

Notorious Beauty! though your Eyes are able to sub—due an host, and



therefore are un—like to boast the ta-king of a lit-tle prize, do not a single heart despise.



Mr. William Webb.

II.

I came alone, but yet so arm'd
With former love I durst have sworn
That as that privy coat was worn,
With characters of beauty charm'd,
Thereby I might have escap'd unharm'd.

III.

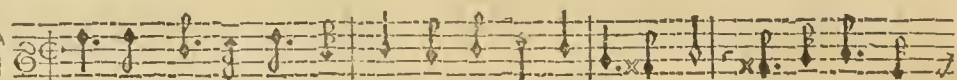
The Conquest in regard of me,
Alas is small! but in respect
Of her that did my Love protect,
Where it divin'd, deserv'd to be
Recorded for a Victorie.

IV.

But neither steel nor stony brasse
Are proofs against those looks of thine,
Nor can a beauty lesse divine,
By any heart be long posselt,
Where you intend an interest.

V.

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 steal a heart or two from you.

Diswasion from Presumption.

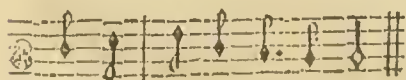
Ladies, you that seem so nice, and as cold in shew as Ice, and perhaps have



held out thrice, do not think but in a trice one or other may entice, and at last by some device



Mr. Henry Lawes.

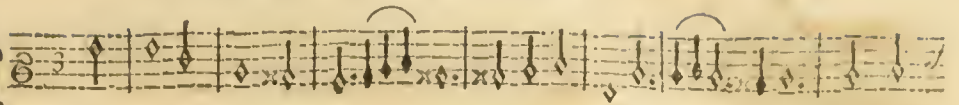


set your honours at a price.



You whose smooth and dainty skin,
Rose lips, or cheeks, or chin,
All that gaze upon you win;
Yet insult not, sparks within,
Slowly burn ere flames begin,
And presumption still hath bin
Held a most notorious sin.

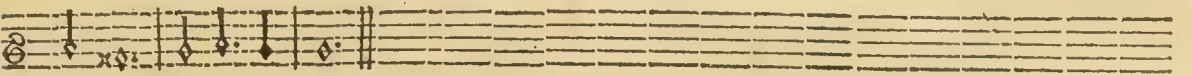
The Careless Lovers Resolution.



ET longing Lovers sit and pine, and the forsaken Willow wear Love shall



not blast this heart of mine, with ling'ring hope or killing fear: He never love till I enjoy, or lose



my time on her that's coy.

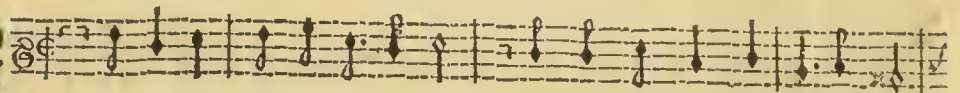
Mr. Henry Lawes.



If Ladies call us to the field,
And all their Colours there display,
Alas! they needs must to us yield,
Since we are better arm'd than they;
'Tis folly then to beg or whine
For us that are born Masculine.

Then Lovers learn your strength to know,
And you may overcome with ease,
Your enemy fights with a Bow
That cannot wound, unless you please;
And he that pines because shee's coy,
Wants wit, or courage, women say.

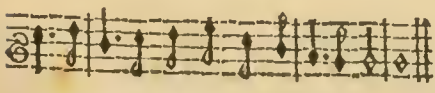
Disdain.



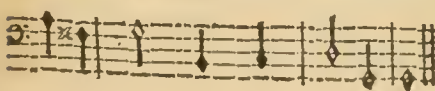
Ake heed fair *Chloris*, how you tame (with your disdain) *Amintor's* flame.



A noble heart, when once despis'd, swells unto such a height of pride, 'twil rather burst than



deign to be a worshipper of crueltye.



II.

You may use common shepherds so,
My flames at last to stoums will grow,
And blow such scorn upon thy pride,
Will blast all I have magnifi'd:
You are not fair when Love you lack,
Ingratitude makes all things black.

III.

O do not for a flock of sheep,
A golden showre when as you sleep;
Or for the tales ambition tells,
Forake the house where honor dwels.
In *Damons* palace you'l ne'r shine
So bright as in these armes of mine.

G

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Loves Fruition.

Tell me not I my time mispend, 'tis time lost to reprove me: Enjoy thou

thine, I have my End, so *Chlo-ris* one-ly love me. Mr. Henry Lawes.

Tell me not others flocks are full,
Mine poor, let them despise me
That more abound with Milk, and Wool,
So *Chloris* only prize me.

Try other easer eares with these
Unappertaining Stories;
He never feels the Worlds disease,
That cares not for her Glories.

For pity thou that wiser art,
Whose thoughts lies wide of mine;
Let me alone with my one heart,
And I'll ne'r envy thine.

Nor blame whoever blames my wit,
That seek's no higher prize
Then in unenvy'd Shades to sit,
And sing of *Chloris* Eyes.

Loves Drollery.

Love thee for thy Fickleness, and great Inconstancy; for had'st thou been a

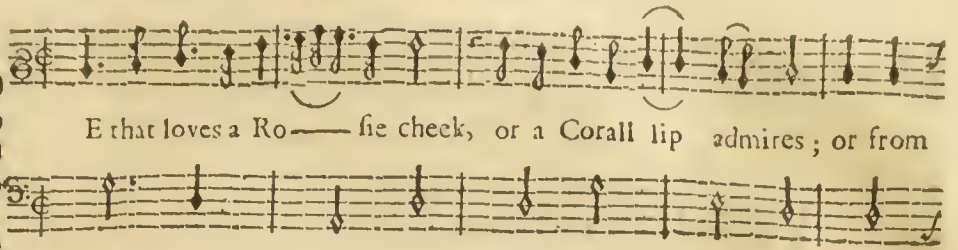
constant, Lads, then thou had'st ne'r lov'd mee. Mr. Henry Lawes.

I love thee for thy Wantoness,
And for thy Drollerie;
For if thou had'st not lov'd to sport,
Then thou had'st ne'r lov'd mee.

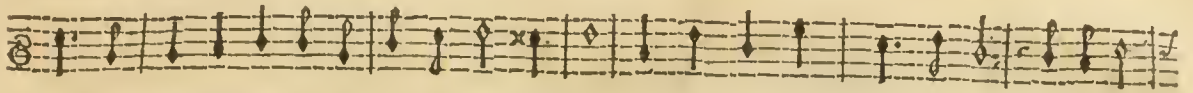
I love thee for thy Uglyness,
And for thy foolerie;
For if thou had'st been fair or wise,
Then thou had'st ne'r lov'd mee.

I love thee for thy poverty,
And for thy want of Coyne;
For if thou had'st been worth a Groat,
Then thou had'st ne'r been mine.

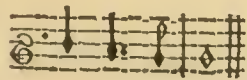
Then let me have thy heart a while,
And thou shalt have my mony;
Ile part with all the wealth I have,
T' enjoy a Lad so Bonny.

Disdain returned.

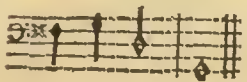
He that loves a Ro—sie cheek, or a Corall lip admires; or from



Star-like eyes doth seek fu-el to maintain his fires, as old Time makes these de-cay, so his flames



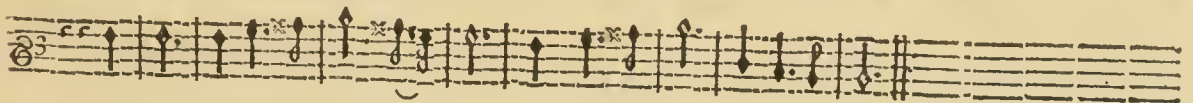
must waste a-way.



I I.
But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equall love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely Cheeks, or Lips or Eyes.

III.

Calia, now no tears can win
My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn:
I have learn'd those Arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.

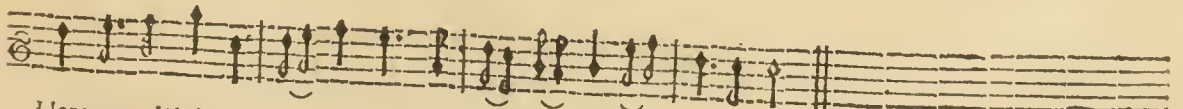
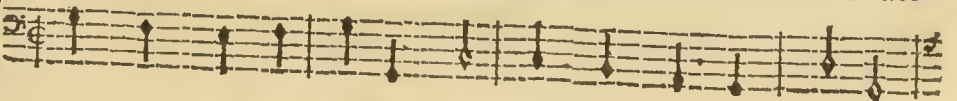


Some God in my revenge con--vey that Love to her I cast a-way.

Mr. Henry Lawe.

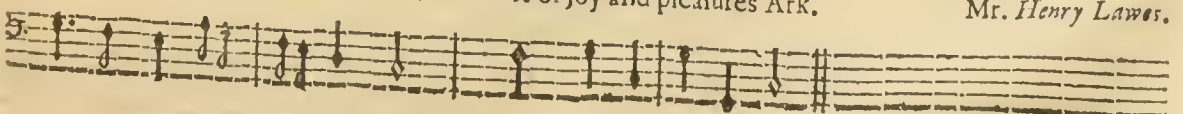
*Loves Content.*

Dear, leave thy home, and come with mee, that scorn the world for love of thee:

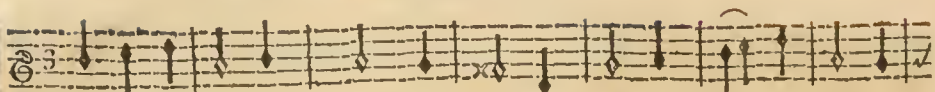
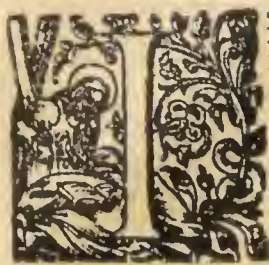


Here we will live within this Park, a Court of joy and pleasures Ark.

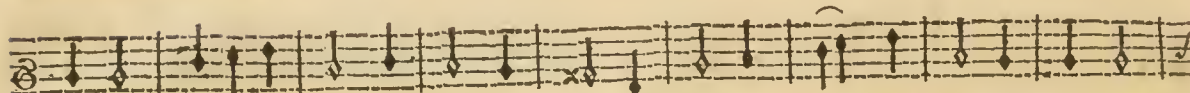
Mr. Henry Lawes.



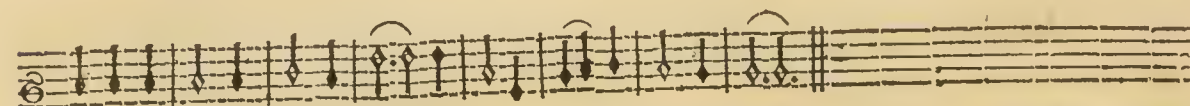
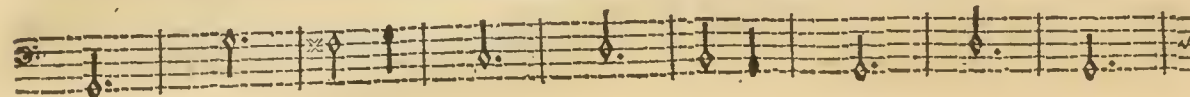
To his Forsaken Mistresse.



Do confels th'art smooth and fair, and I might ha' gon beer to

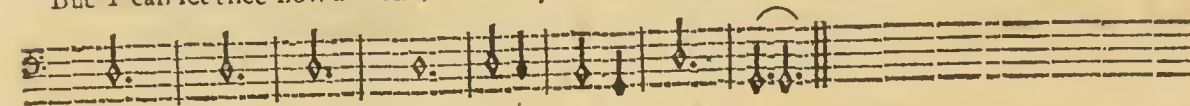


love thee, had I not found the sleightest pray'r that lip could move, had pow'r to move thee.



But I can let thee now a--lone, as worthy to be lov'd by none.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



II.

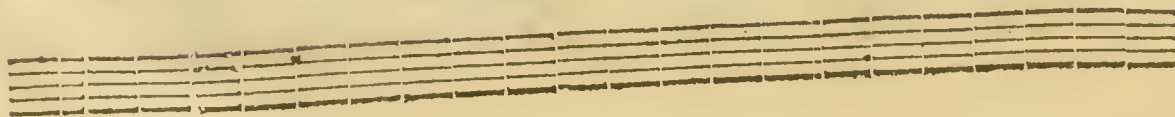
I do confels th'art sweet, yet find
Thee such an Unchrist of thy Sweets;
Thy favours are but like the wind,
Which kisseth ev'ry thing it meets:
And since thou canst with more than one,
Th'art worthy to be kifs'd by none.

III.

The morning Rose that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweet shee smells!
But pluck'd, and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells;
But Sent and Beauty both are gone,
And Leaves fall from her one by one.

IV.

Such Fate e're long will thee beride,
When thou hast handled been a while,
With fear Flow'rs to be thrown aside;
And I shall sigh when some will smile,
To see thy love to ev'ry one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.



To a Lady singing.



W hile I list---en to thy voice, *Chloris*, I feel my life de---cay, that pow'rfull noise

calls my fleeting soul away; O suppress that magick sound, which destroyes without a wound! Peace, peace, *Chloris*,

peace, or singing dye, that together thou and I to heav'n may go; for all we know of what the blessed do above,

is that they sing, and that they love.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

On a Bleeding Lover.



A lover once I did espy, with bleeding heart and weeping eye; he wept and cry'd, How

great's his pain, that lives in love, and loves in vain.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

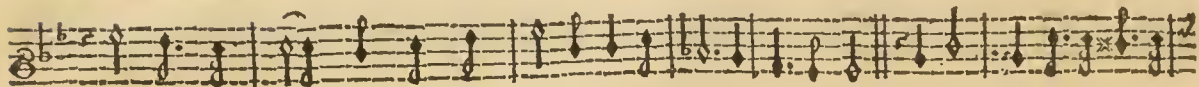
II.
Can there (says he) no cure be found,
But by the hand that gave the wound?
Then let me dye, which I'll endure,
Since she wants charity to cure.

III.
Yet let her one day feel the pain,
To wish she had cur'd, and wish in vain;
For wither'd cheeks may chance recover
Some sparks of love, but not a Lover.

Two Songs in the Play of The Royal Slave.



One from the Dungeon to the Throne, to be a King, and straight be none:

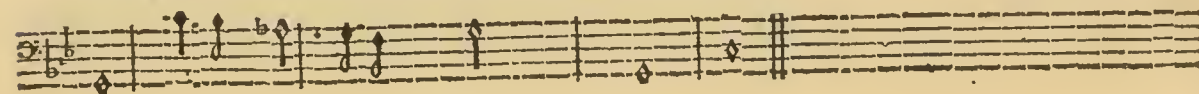


Reign then a while, that thou mayst be fitter to fall by majestie: So Beasts for sacrifice we

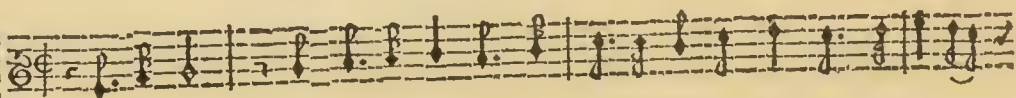


feed, first they are crown'd, and then they bleed, they bleed.

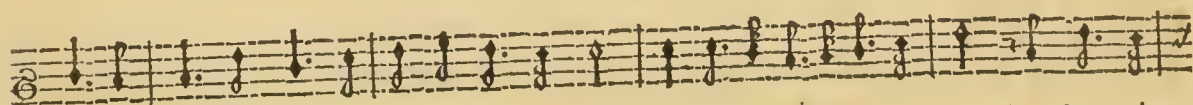
Mr. Henry Lawes.



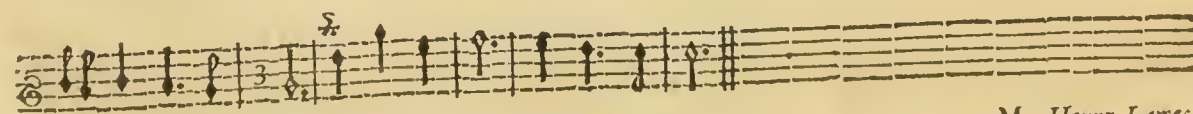
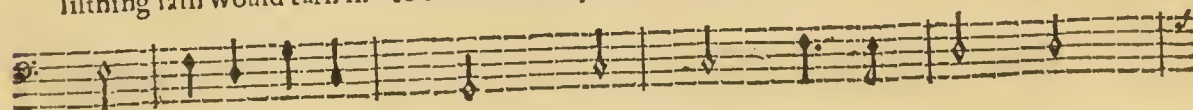
Love and Musick.



One my Sweet, whilest ev'ry Strain calls our Souls in-to the Ear, where the greedy



listning fain would turn in--to the sound they hear; left in desire to fill the quire, themselves they

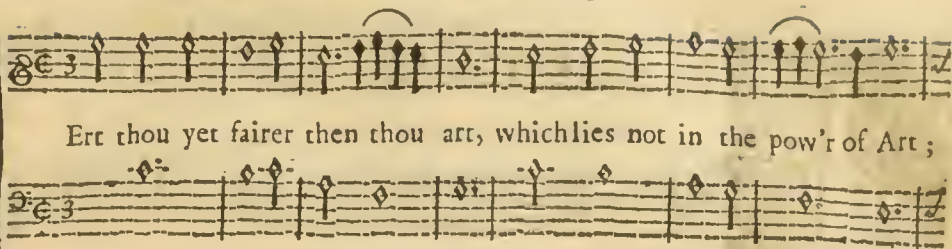


tie to harmo---ny, let's kifs and call them back a-gain.

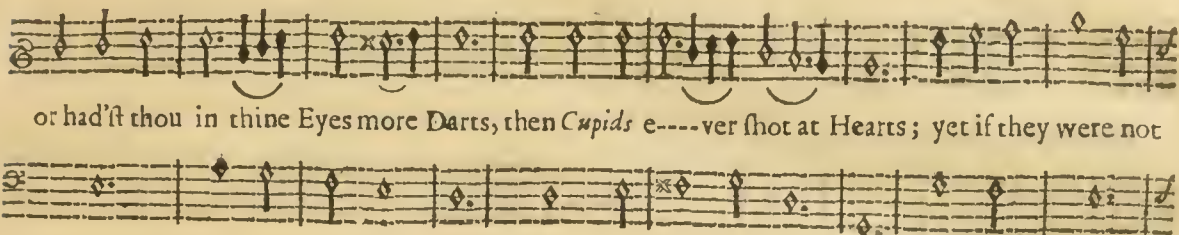
Mr. Henry Lawes.



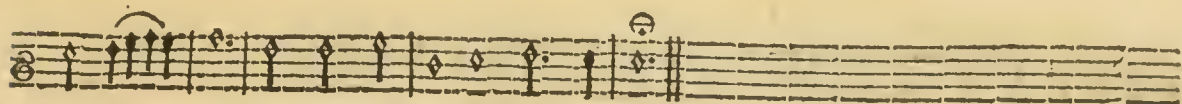
A Resolution in choice of a Mistresse.



Art thou yet fairer then thou art, which lies not in the pow'r of Art ;



or had'st thou in thine Eyes more Darts, then *Cupids* e---ver shot at Hearts ; yet if they were not



thrown at me, I would not cast a Thought at thee.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

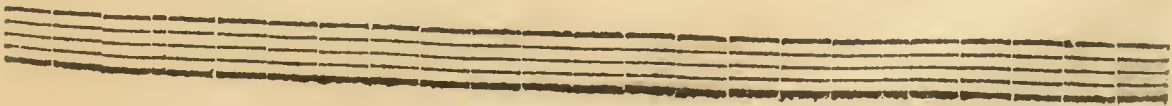
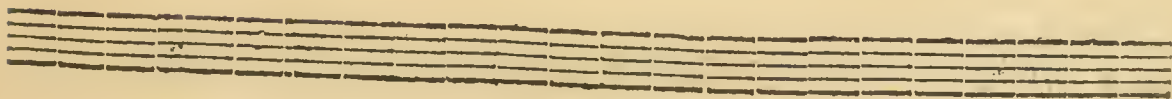


II.

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

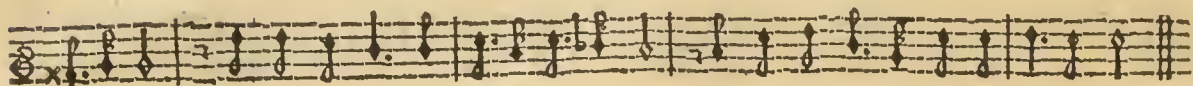
III.

I love thee not 'cause thou art fair,
Softer than down, smoother than air ;
Not for the *Cupids* that do lye
In either corner of thine Eye :
Would you then know what it might be ?
'Tis I love you 'cause you love me.

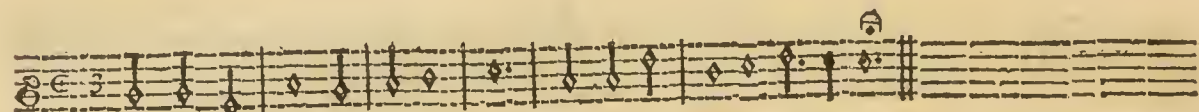
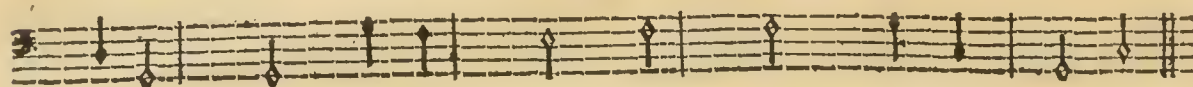


Inconstancy in Love.

O love thee without Flattery were a Sin, since thou art all Inconstan-

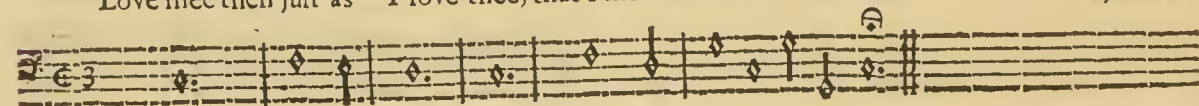


cy within; thy Heart is govern'd onely by thine Eyes, the Newest object is thy Richest prize:



Love mee then just as I love thee, that's till a fairer I can see.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

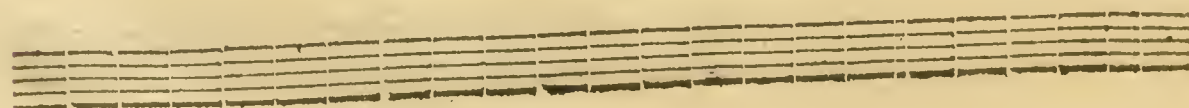
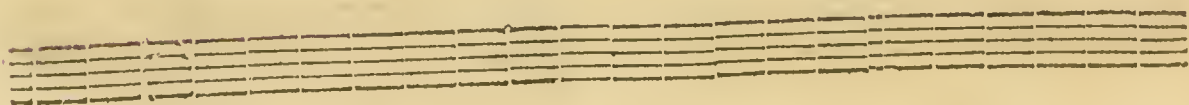


II.

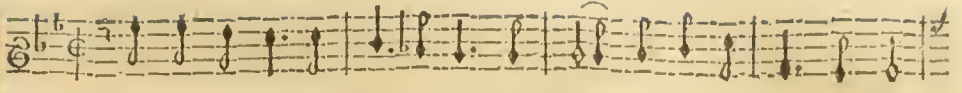
My thoughts are now at liberty, and can
 Love all that's fair, as you can all that's man;
 I never will hereafter think it strange
 To see thee please thy Appetite with change:
 No! love me just as I love thee,
 That's till a fairer I can see.

III.

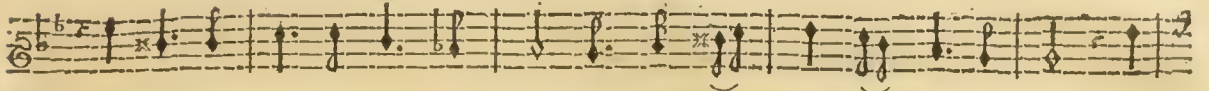
I hate this constant doting on a Face,
 Content ne're dwelt a Week in any place;
 Why then should you and I love one another
 Longer then we can be content together?
 Love mee then just as I love thee,
 That's till a fairer I can see.



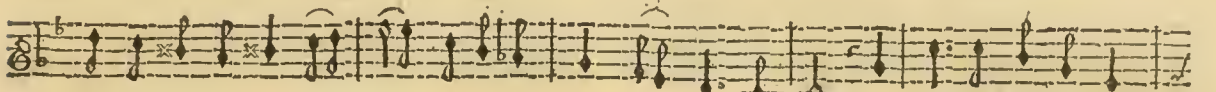
Discontent.



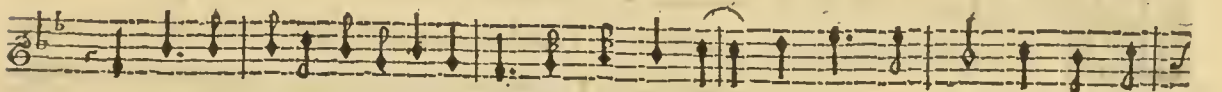
Prethee turn that Face away, whose splendor but benights the day ;



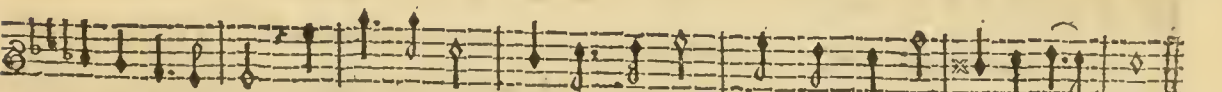
fad Eyes like mine, and wounded Hearts, shun the bright rays which Beauty darts ; Un-



welcome is the Sun that pries into those Shades where sorrow lies : Go shine on happy things,



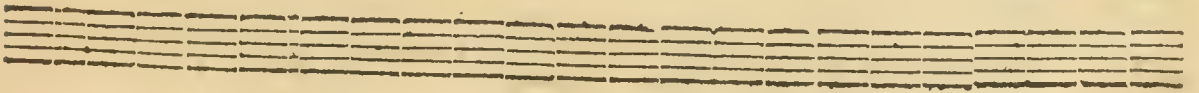
to me, that blessing is a miserie ; whom thy fierce Sun not warms but burns, like that the



Sooty *Indian* turns ; I'll serve the night, and there confin'd ; with thee less fair or else more kind :



Dr. John Wiljor.



Loves Votary.



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.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind, a heart as soundly free
As in the world thou canst not find, that heart I'll give to thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep, while I have eyes to see,
Or having none, yet I will keep a heart to weep for 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.

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.

To Aurelia.

Right *Aurelia*, I do owe all the woe I can know to those glorious looks alone, though

you are unrelenting stone; the quick lightning from your eyes, did sa-cri-fice, my unwise, my un-

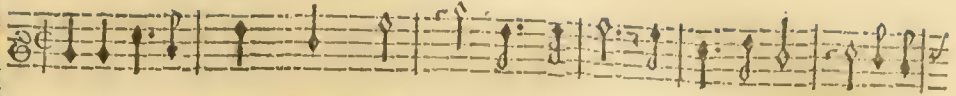
wary harmless heart, and now you glory in my smart.

How unjustly you do blame
That pure flame,
From you came,
Vext with what your selfe may burn,
Your scorns to tinder did it turn.

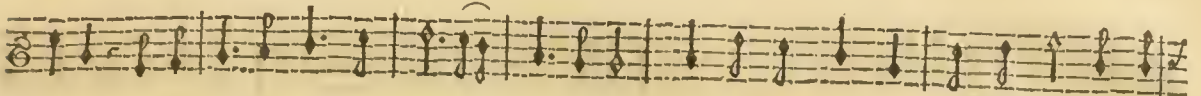
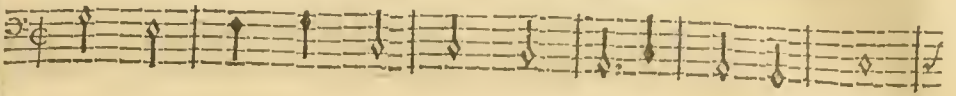
The least sparke now Love can call
That does fall
On the small
Scored remainder of my heart,
Will make it burn in every part.

Dr. Colman.

Loves Flattery.



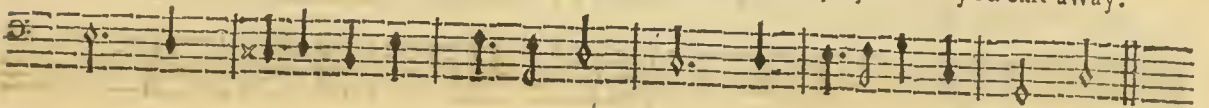
Adies fly from Loves smooth tale, oaths sleep in tears do oft prevail, grief is in-



fectious, and the air inflam'd with sighs wil blast the fair; then stop your ears when Lovers cry, lest your



felves weep, when no lost eye shall with a sorrowing tear repay that pity which you cast away.

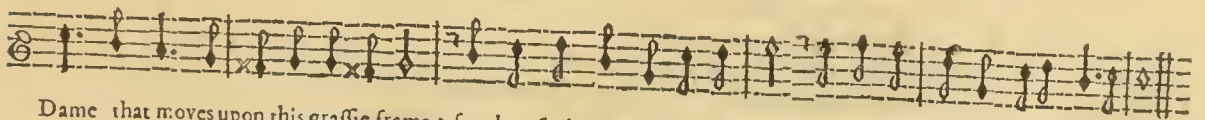
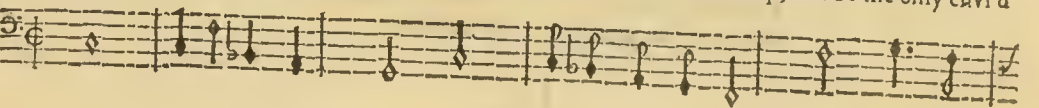


Mr. Henry Lawes.

To Chloris.



OME *Chloris* leave thy wandring sheep, thou shalt more amorous creatures keep; and be the only ravi'd



Dame that moves upon this grassie frame : for thou shalt Herds of *Cupids* have, and Love and I will be thy slave.



II.

Nymphs, Satyres, and the Sylvian Fawns,
Shall leave the Woods and narrow Lawns
To wait on *Chloris*, and adore
Their *Cytherea*; now no more
The name of *Chloris* shall create
A servitude in every state.

III.

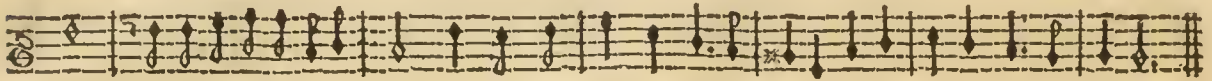
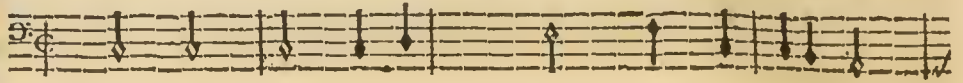
In yonder Mirtle grove wee'll dwell
With more content then tongue can tell,
Where hungry Moles shall not afright
Thy tender Lambs or thee by night :
There we the wanton theeves will play,
And steal each others hearts away.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

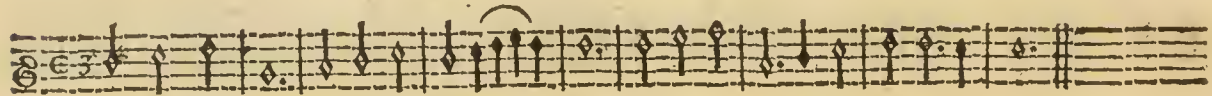
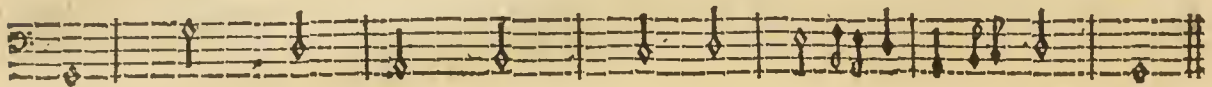
Seeming Coyneſs.



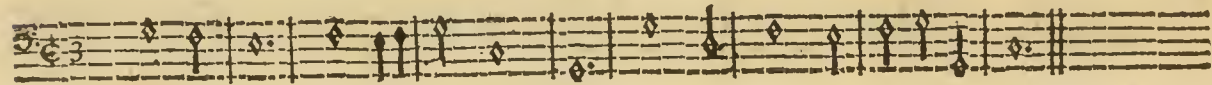
Ambitious Love, farwel; you are to troublesome a Guest to affect what doth ex-



cell; and to be ever at a Feast; is not the cheapeſt freeſt diet, leſs in joy and leſs in quiet:



Be proud who liſt Fetters of Gold to wear, I like no tedious ceremonious cheer.



II.

I'll take ſuch as I find,
So it be good, and handſome dreſt,
Pretty, looking freely, kinde,
To a good appetite is beſt.
If your Uſage do not pleaſe you,
Change is near you Change will eaſe you:
Tempeſt and Feaſts the wiſeſt diſaffect,
Let it ſuffice you find no diſreſpect.

Dr. Charles Colman.

III.

Seek not the highelt place,
'The lowelt commonly is moſt free
Leſs ſubject to diſgrace,
Others eyes, or your jealousies.
'Bold Freedome will improve your taſte,
When awe imbitters a repaſt:
A doating fancy is a fooliſh Gueſt,
The freeſt welcome makes the ſweeteſt Feaſt.

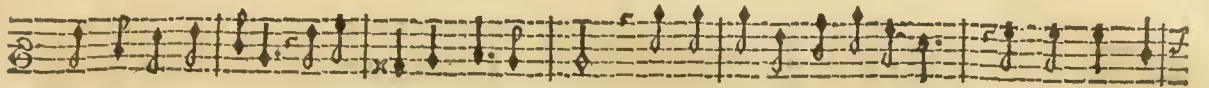
IV.

It is not Natures way,
She made Love no ſuch buſie thing,
She meant it a ſhort lay,
A Common-Weal without a King.
Her love on ev'ry edge doth grow,
Her Fruits are beſt in Taſte and Shew;
Her Sweets extend unto the meanelt Clown,
Often moſt fair, though in a Ruſſet Gown.

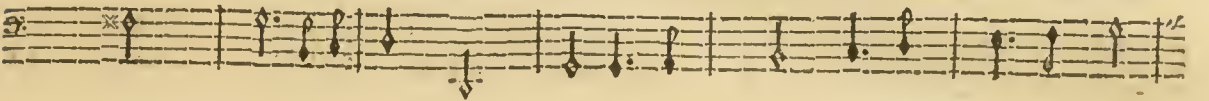
Loves Bachinall.



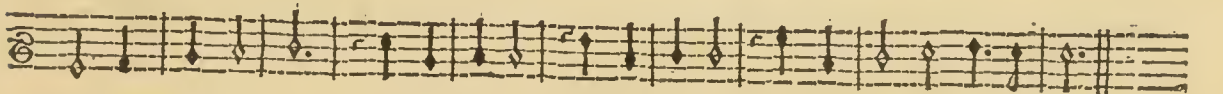
Ay that fullen Garland by thee, keep it for th' Elizium shades; take my



wreath of lusty I-vy, not of that faint Mirtle made; when I see thy soul descending to that cold uni-



fertile Plain of sad fools the Lake attending, thou shalt wear this Crown a-gain. Now drink



wine, and know the ods 'twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*, and the Gods.



Rouse thy dull and drowse spirits,
Here's the soul reviving streams,
The stupid Lovers brain inherits
Nought but vain and empty dreams.

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,
Ope thou vainly crossed armes;
Thou mayst as well call back the buried
As raise Love by such like charmes:

Think not thou these dismall trances,
Which our raptures can content,
The Lad that langhs, sings and dances,
Shall come soonett to his end.

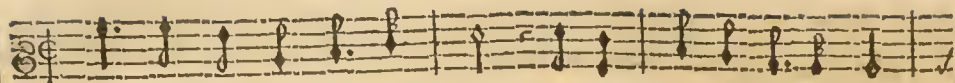
Sacrifice a glasse of Clarret
To each letter of her name;
Gods have oft descended for it,
Mortals must do more the same:

Cho.

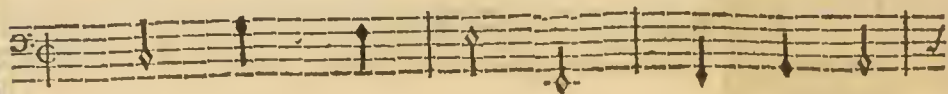
Sadneffe may some pity move,
Mirth and courage, mirth and courage,
Mirth and courage conquers love.

If she comes not at that flood,
Sleep will come, sleep will come,
Sleep will come and that's as good:

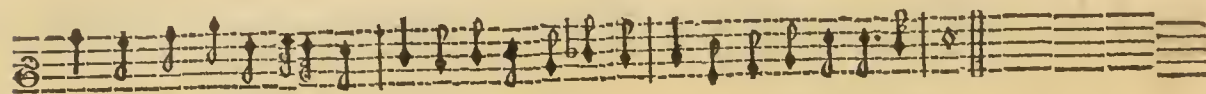
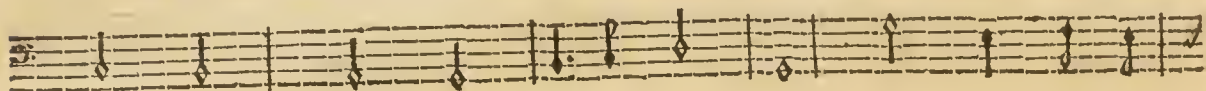
Platonick Love.



Hange Platonicks, change for shame, get your selves a-no-ther name.



This is bnt a thin disguise, and betray'd to common eyes: Dim and purblind though they



bee, your Philo-so-phy they see is but Lay Hypocrisie, and a kind of He-re-sie.



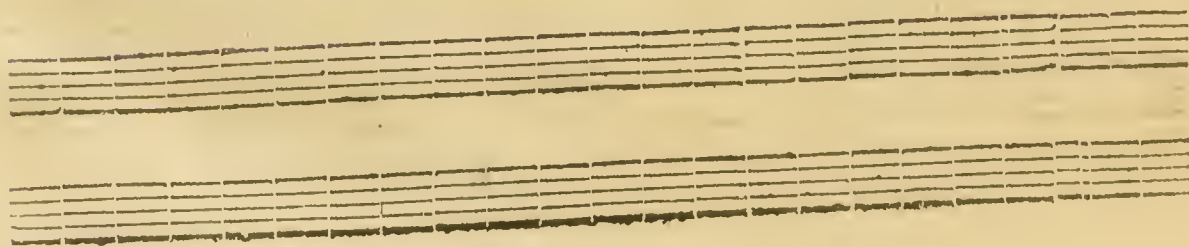
Dr. Colman.

II.

Plato ne'r allow'd a Kifs,
Nor the like fantaſtick bliſs,
All the day ſit and Ca Goll
Wich Sir Amorous La Fool;
Ne'r dreamt of that delight
Which a Ball preſents at night,
To apt you to what follows next,
Only you corrupt the Text.

III.

Yet muſt Plato juſtifie
All your wanton vanitie,
When indeed the truth to ſay,
'Tis Opinion that doth ſway.
Is a meer Court-Frippery,
You act but yet moſt formerly
What your Sex was wont to do
Many hundred years ago.



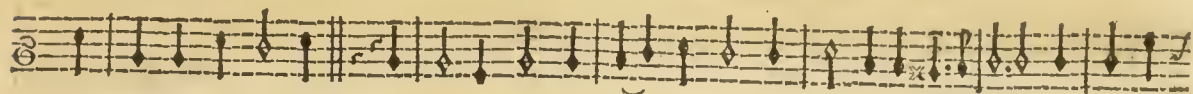
Love Neglected.



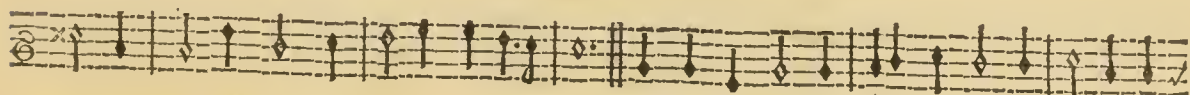
Little love serves my turn, 'tis so en--fla--ming, rather than I will burn
Beauty shall court it selfe, 'tis not worth speaking, Ile no more Amorous



I will leave ga--ming; for when I think upon't, O! 'tis so painful, 'cause Ladies have a
pangs, no more heart-breaking: those that ne'r felt the smart, let them go try it, I have redeem'd my



trick, to be disdainfull. No more, no more, I must give o're; for Beauty is so sweet, it makes me
heart now I de--fie it,

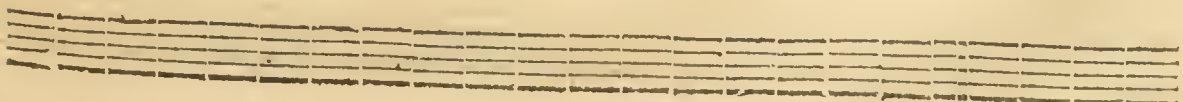
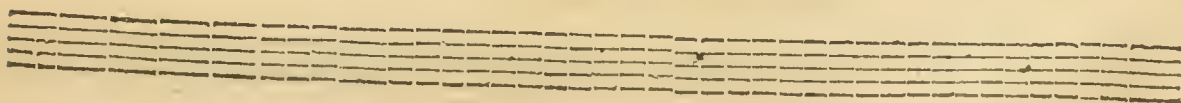
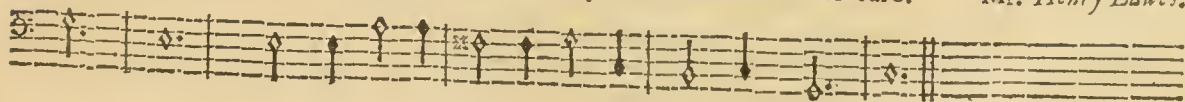


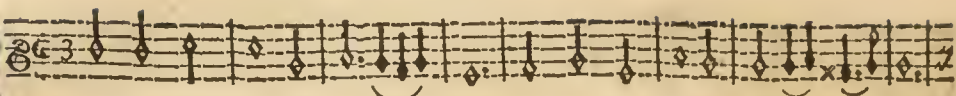
pine, distracts my mind, and surfeit when I see't. Forgive me Love, if I remove in-to some o-



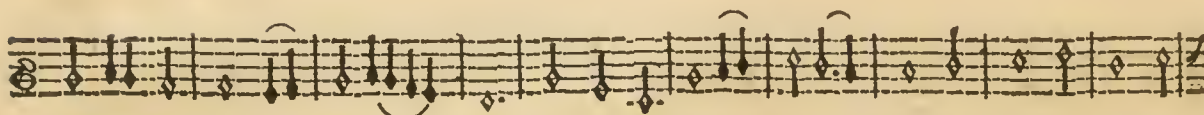
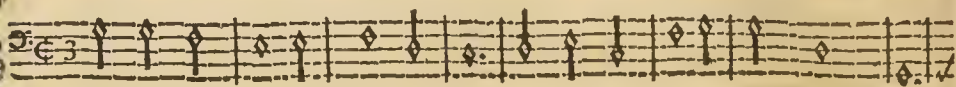
-ther shear, where I may keep a flock of sheep, and know no o-ther care.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

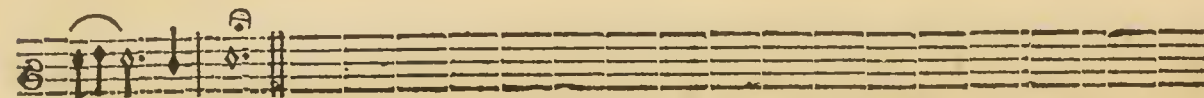
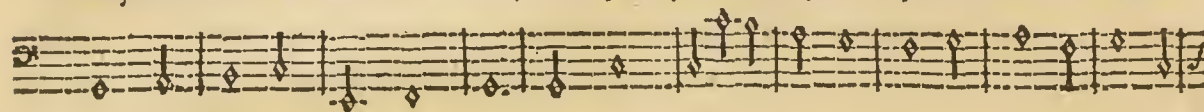


Lovers Wantonneſſe.

Ee, ſee, how careleſs men are grown of Love and Loving in our days,



Every ones Heart is now his owne; his Eyes upon no object ſtays, but baits a while and



goes his ways.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



II.

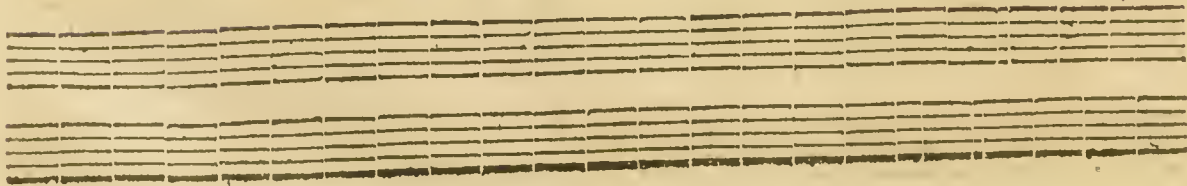
Shall Beauty that was wont to reign
Un-rivall'd in each noble breaſt,
Command by turns, or elſe in vain;
And by new faſhion'd minds depreſt,
Become an Inn, and love a Gueſt.

III.

Sure they ſuppoſe her of Claſſe,
And let her firſt on purpoſe fall,
Then peice-meal would pick up this Maſſe,
That for one Beauty bow to all,
And change of Fetters, Freedome call.

IV.

Though lowly minded, I will ſtand
With ſuch for place, and at no rate
Give Rebell Lovers th'upper hand,
That every day new Lords create;
I ſerve a Monarch, they a State.



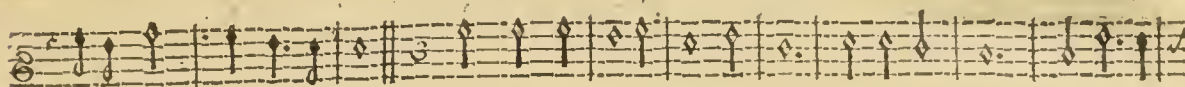
Venus to her Adonis.



Come *Adonis*, come away, what distaff could drive thee hence, where so



much delight doth reign, forting ev'n the soul of Sense? and though thou un-kind hast prov'd,

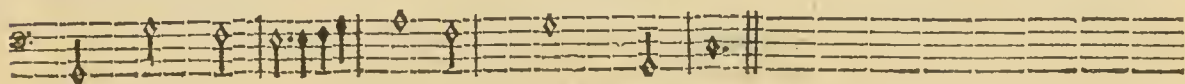


never Youth was so belov'd: Then lov'd *Adonis*, come away, for *Venus* brooks, so: *Venus*

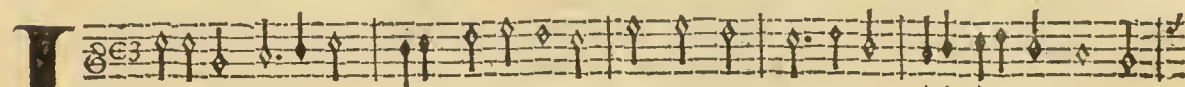


brooks not this de--lay, for *Venus* brooks not this delay.

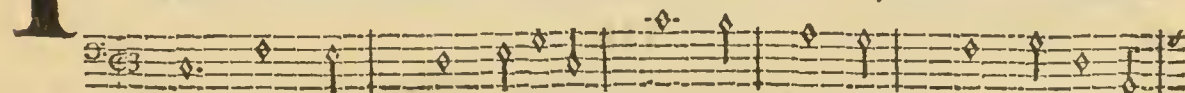
Mr. William Lawes.



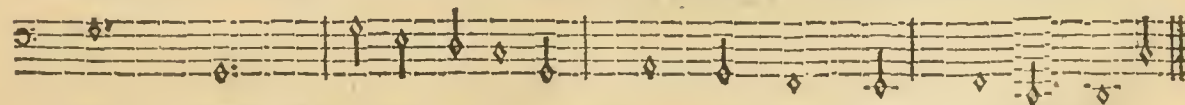
Loves Flattery.



Can love for an hour when I'm at leisure, he that loves half a day fools without measure:

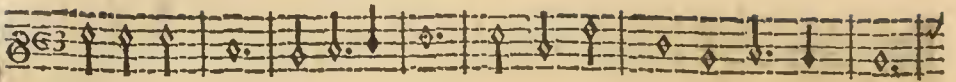
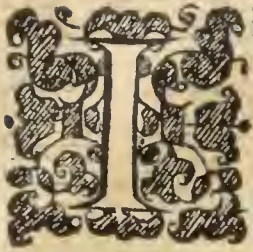


Cupid then tell me what art had thy mother, to make men love one face more than another?

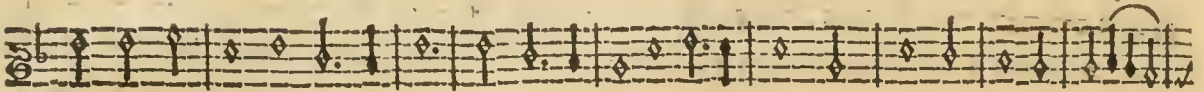
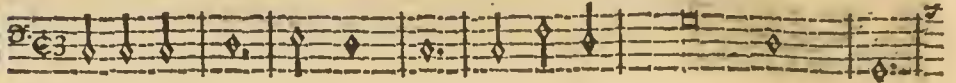


Some to be thought more wise daily endeavour
To make the World believe they can live for ever:
Ladies believe them not, they'll but deceive you,
For when they have their ends then they will leave you.

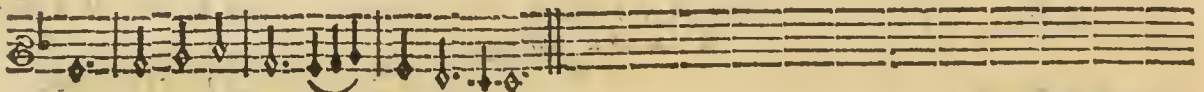
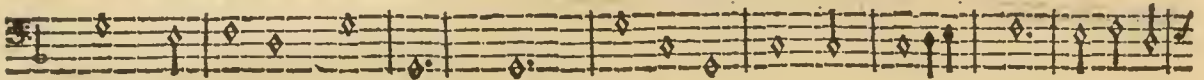
Men cannot tyre themselves on your sweet features,
They'll have variety of loving Creatures.
Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,
Though they can never dot, yet they'll be fooling.

Inconstancie in Women.

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



let her but an new object find, and she is of another mind: Then hang me Ladies at your



dore, If e're I dote up--on you more.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



II.

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

III.

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

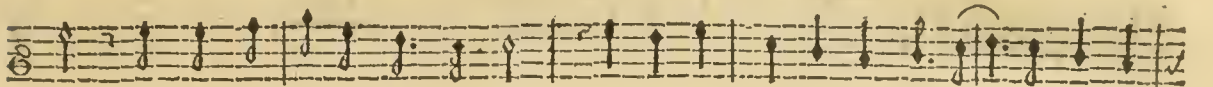
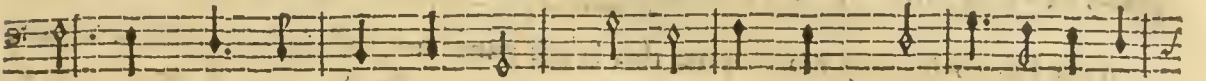
A Lovers Legacy.



Ain would I *Chloris* e're I die, bequeath you such a Legacie, as you might



say when I am gon, None has the like! My heart alone were the best gift I could be-



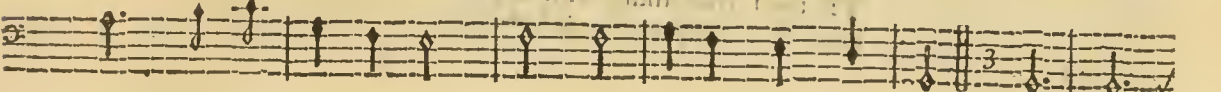
flow, but that's al-rea-dy yours you know: So that till you my Heatt resigne, or fill with



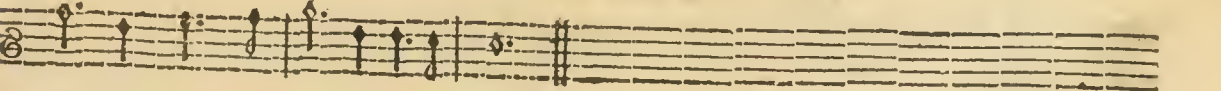
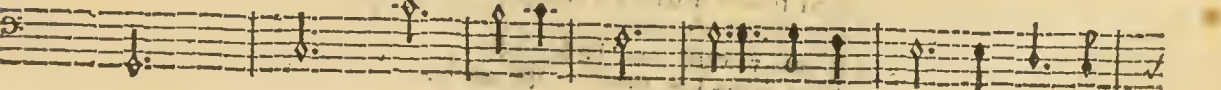
yours the place of mine; and by that grace my store renew, I shall have nought worth giving



you, whose Brest has all the wealth I have, save a faint Carcase, and a Grave: But had I as



many Hearts as Hairs, as many Loves as Love has Fears, as many Lives as Years have

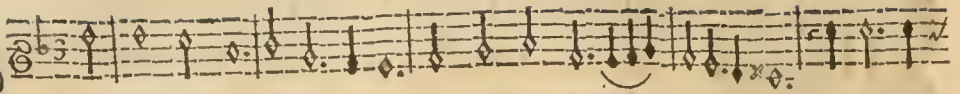


Hours, they should be all and only yours.

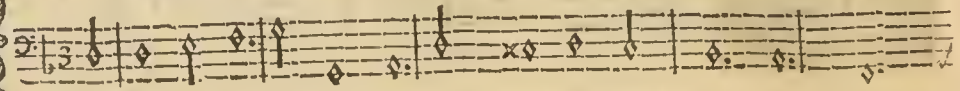


Mr. Henry Lawes.

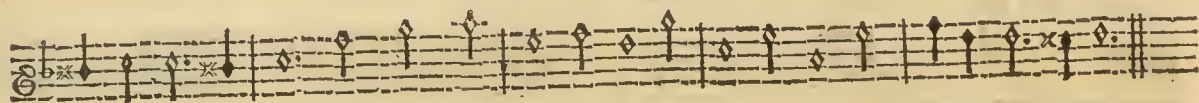
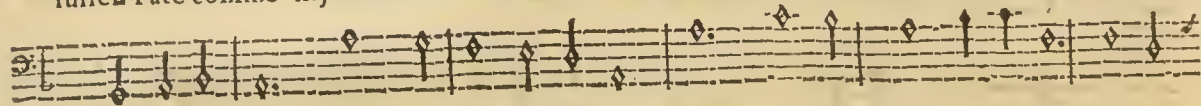
Loves Martyr.



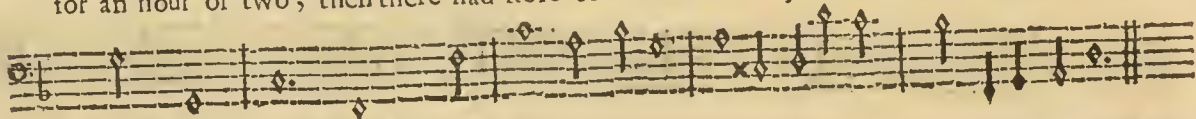
Ow long shall I a Martyr be to Love and Womans cru--el-ty? Or why doth



sullen Fate confine my heart to one that is not mine: had I er'e lov'd as others do, but only



for an hour or two, then there had store of reason bin why I should suffer for my sin.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

But Love, thou knowest with what a flame
I have ador'd my Mistress name:
How I ne'r offered other fires
But such as rose from chaste desires:
Nor have I ere prophaned thy shrine
With an inconstant fickle minde;
Yet thou combining with my Fate,
Hath forc'd my love and her to hate.

III.

O Love! if her supremacie
Have not a greater power then thee,
For pity sake then once be kind,
And throw a dart to change her mind:
Thy deity we shall suspect,
If our reward must be neglect.
Then make her love, or let me be
Inspir'd with scorn as well as she.

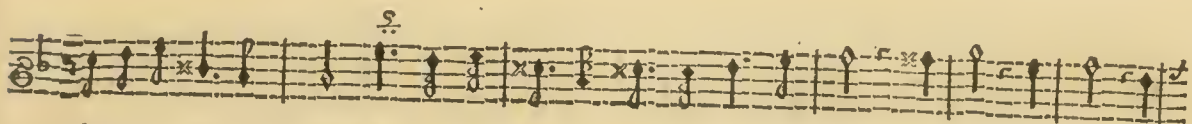
Amintor for his Chloris absence.



Ell me you wan-dering spirits of the Air, did you not see a Nymph



more bright, more fair rhan Beauties darling, or of parts more sweet than stolne content?

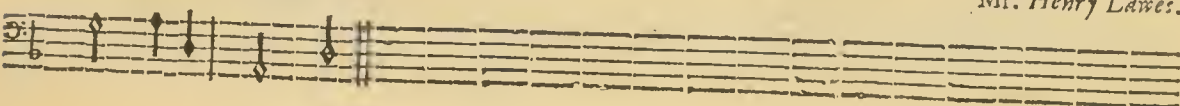


If such a one you meet, wait on her hourly where so e're she flies, and cry, and cry, A-



mintor for her absence dies.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

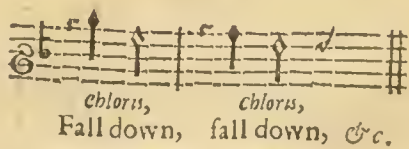


I I.

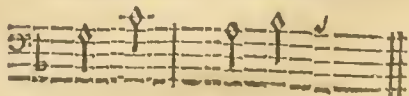
Go search the Vallies, pluck up every Rose,
You'll find a senr, a blush of her in rhose:
Fish, fish for Pearle, or Corall, there you'll see
How orientall all her colours bee.
Go call the Ecchoes to your aide, and cry,
Chloris, Chloris, for that's her name for whom I dy.

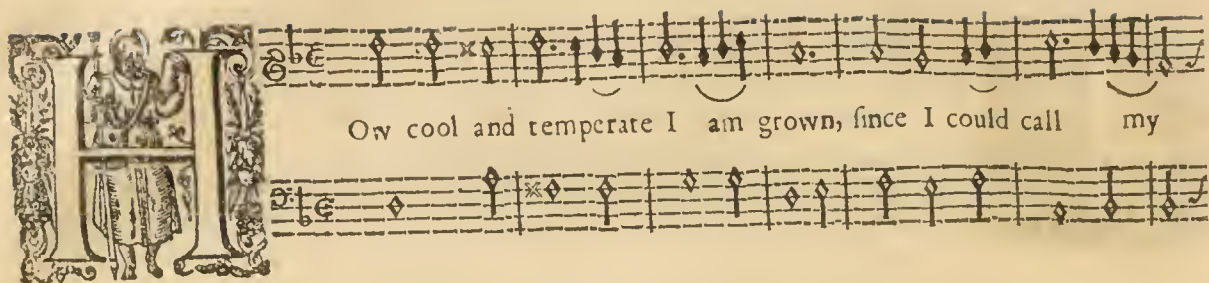
III.

But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill,
Were shee 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 bright'r than the Sun you see,
Fall down, fall down, and worship it, for that is shee.

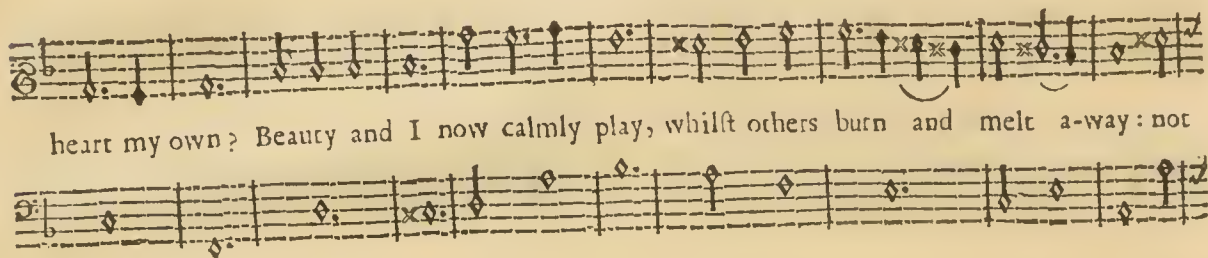


chloris, chloris,
Fall down, fall down, &c.

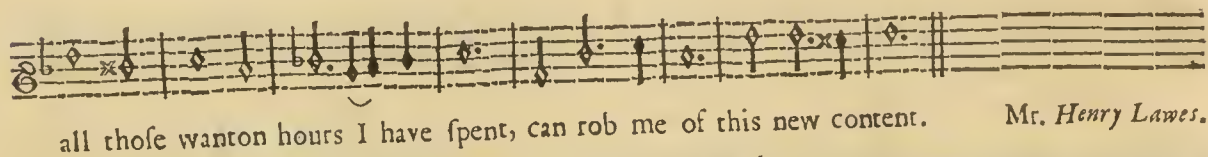


Love in a Calme.


How cool and temperate I am grown, since I could call my



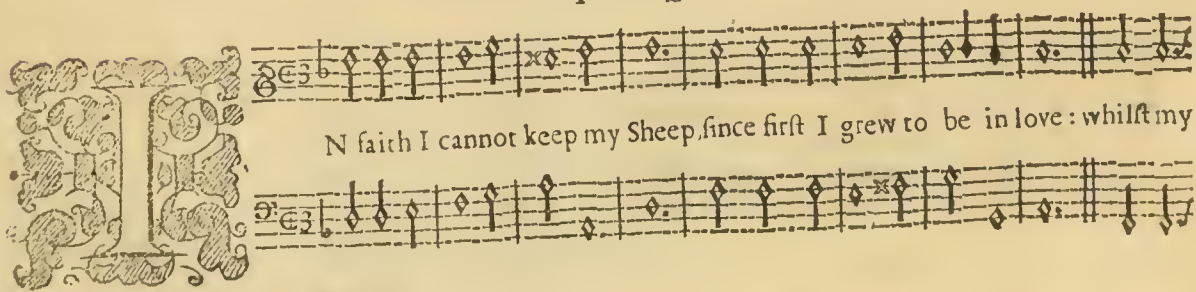
heart my own? Beauty and I now calmly play, whilst others burn and melt a-way: not



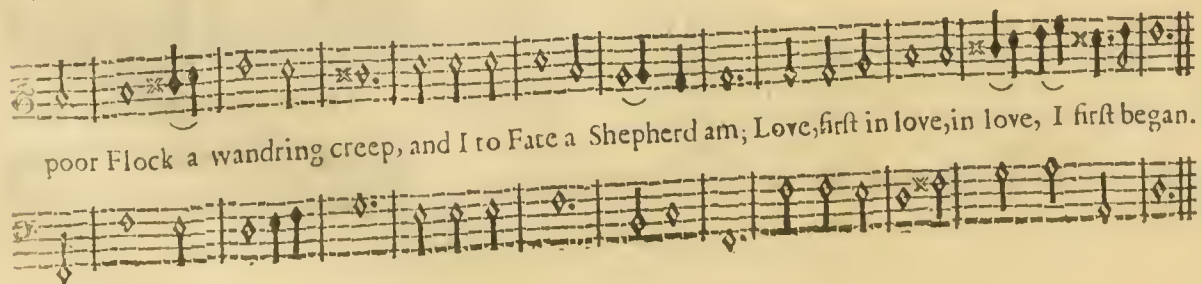
all those wanton hours I have spent, can rob me of this new content. Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.
 Loves mists are scattered from my sight,
 Which flattered 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'll no more
 Thine Altars or thy Shrine adore.

III.
 Farewell to all heart-breaking eyes,
 Farewell each look that can surprize,
 Farewell those curls and amorous spels,
 Farewell each place where *Cupid* dwels;
 And farewell each bewitching smile,
 I must enjoy my selfe a while.

Loves Shepherdesse.


N faith I cannot keep my Sheep, since first I grew to be in love: whilst my



poor Flock a wandering creep, and I to Fate a Shepherd am; Love, first in love, in love, I first began.

Love without Additional.

O F the kind boy I ask no red and white to make up my delight, no odd be-
coming graces, black eyes, or lit-tle know not what's in Faces; make me but mad enough,
give me good flore of Love, for her I court, I ask no more; 'tis Love in Love that
makes the sport.

Mr. William Webb.

II.

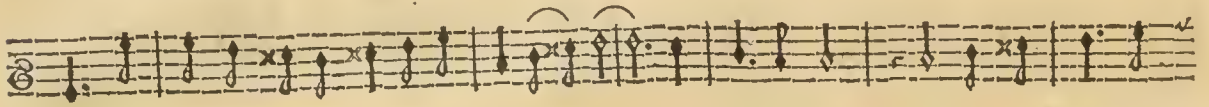
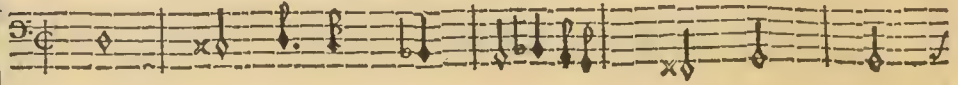
There's no such thing as that, we Beauty call,
It is meer couzenage all;
For though some long ago
Lik't certain colours mingled so and so,
That doth not tie me now from chusing new,
If I a fancy take
Too black and blew,
That fancy doth it Beauty make.

II.

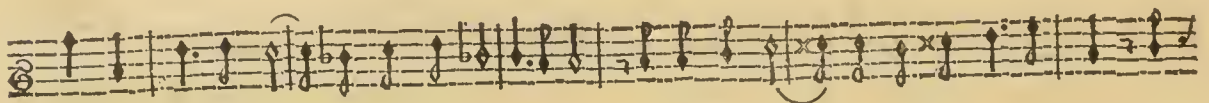
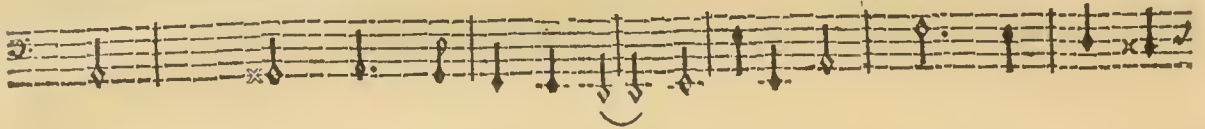
'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
Makes eating a delight;
And if I like one dish
More than another, that a Pheasant is:
What in our Matches, may in us be found,
So to the height, and nick
We up be bound,
No matter by what hand or trick,

A Frozen Heart made warm by Love.

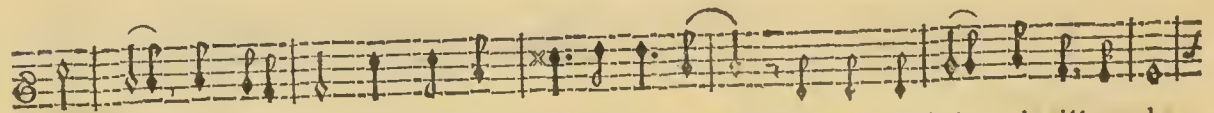
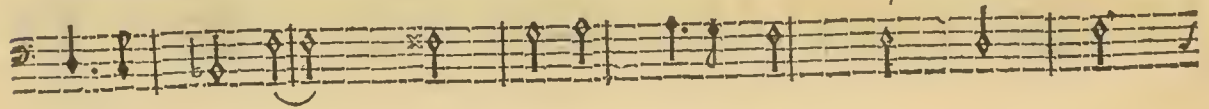
O, go, and bestride the Southern wind, fly, O forlorn! nor look be-



hind, till thou the glazed Ocean hast past and Climes unknown to man, laid on a snow-rai's'd



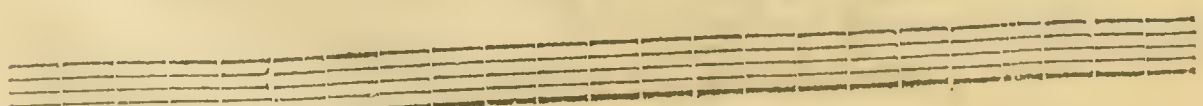
mountain, bear the bo-some to the freezing air; and if those colds be not so great to quench, but



they thaw with thy heat her far more cold disdain, apply thine own despair and will to dye;



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

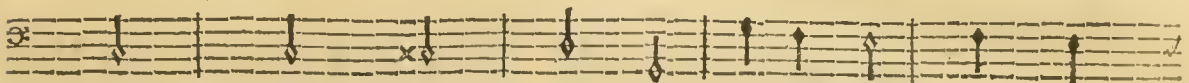


False Love reproved.

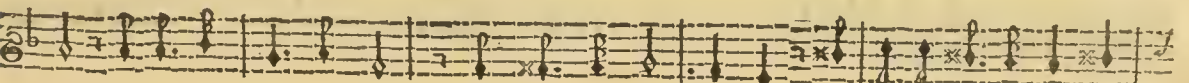
Y all thy Glories willingly I go, yet could have wish'd thee constant



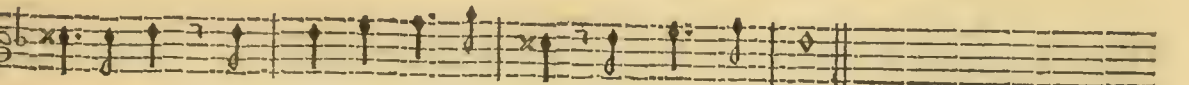
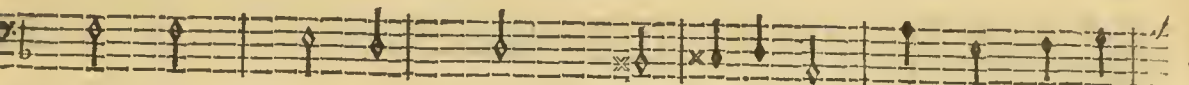
in thy love; but since thou needs must prove uncertain as is thy Beauty, or as the Glass that



shews it thee, my hopes thus soon to o-verthrow, shows thee more fickle; but my flames by



this are easier quencht than his, whom flattering smiles betray; 'tis tyrannous delay breeds



all the harm, and makes that fire consume, which should but warm.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



II.

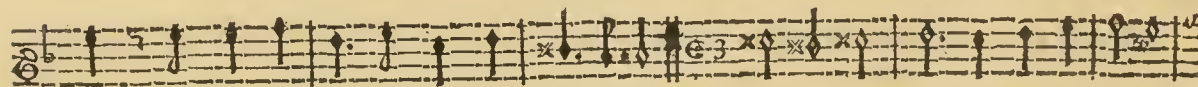
Till time destroy those blossomes of thy youth,
 Thou art our Idol-worship, at that rate,
 But who can tell thy fate?
 And say that when this Beauties done,
 This Lovers Torch shall still burn on;
 I could have serv'd thee with such truth
 Devourest Pilgrims to their Saints do show,
 'Departed long ago;
 And at this ebbing tyde,
 Have us'd thee as a Bride
 Who's only true
 Whilst you are fair, he loves himself, not you.

Loves torrid Zone.

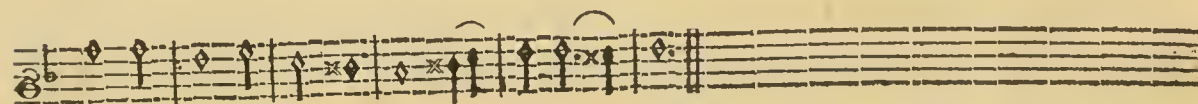
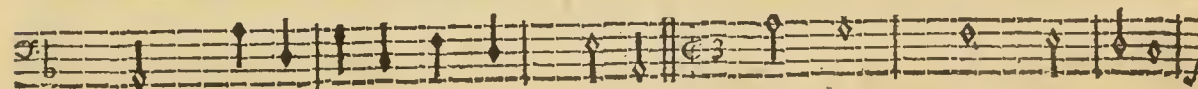
O, no, fair Heretick, it cannot be, but an ill love in mee, and



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

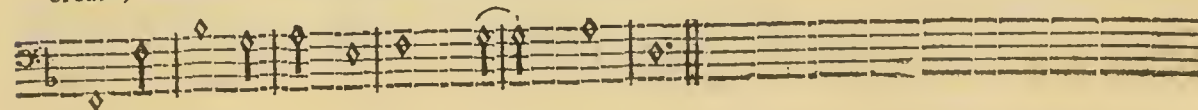


last, 'twould then so fall, I might not love at all: Love that can flow, and can admit en-



crease, admits as well an ebb, and may grow lesse.

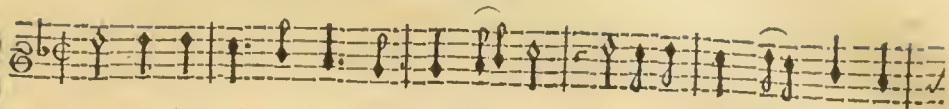
Mr. Henry Lawes.



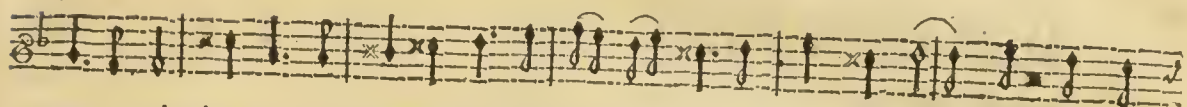
II.

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

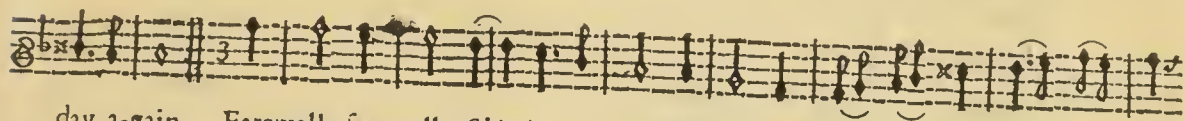
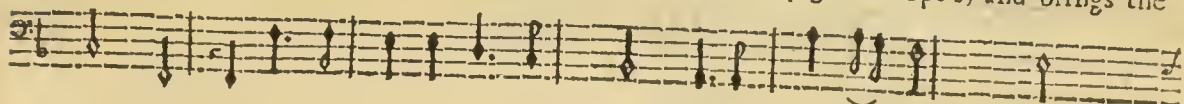
To his Chloris at Parting.



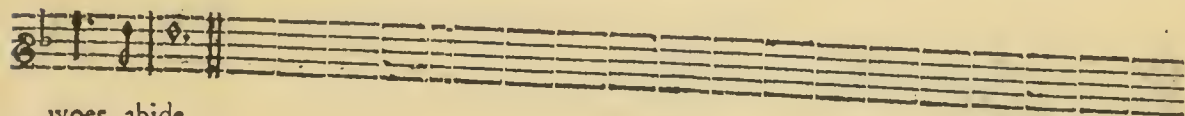
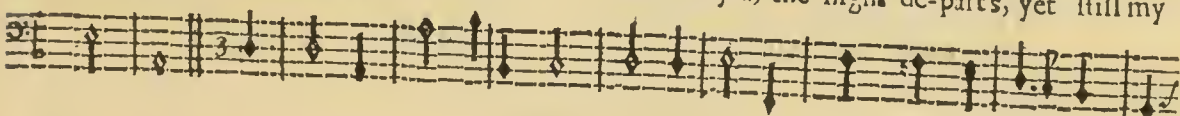
Ain would I *Chloris* whom my heart adores, longer a while between thine



arms remain; but loe, the jealous morn her Ro-sie dores to spight me ope's, and brings the

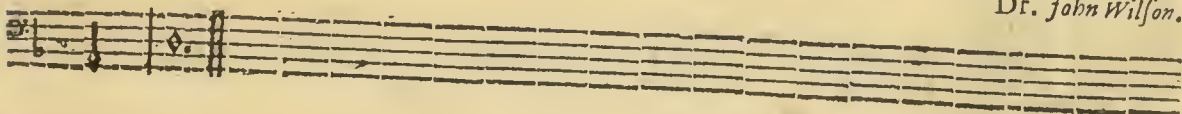


day a-gain. Farewell, farewell, *Chloris*, 'tis time I dy'd, the night de-parts, yet still my



woes abide.

Dr. John Wilson.



II.

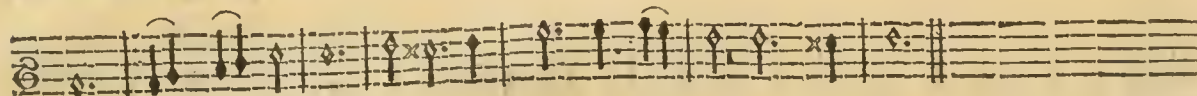
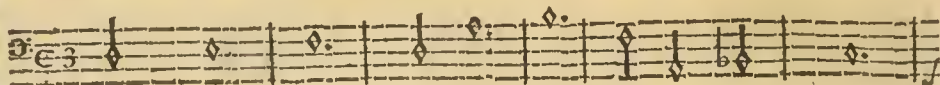
Hence saucy flaring Candle of the Skies,
 Let us alone we, have no need of thee:
 Our eyes are ever day, where *Chloris* eyes
 Shine, that a pair of brighter Tapers bee.
 Farewell, farewell, &c.

III.

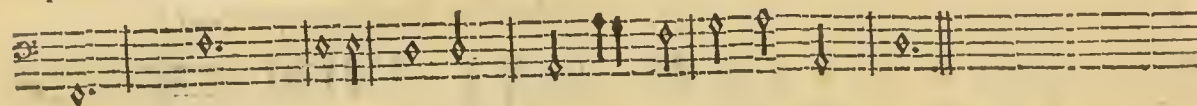
O night! whose sable vaile was wont to be
 More friend to Lovers, than the noisefull day:
 Wherefore, O wherefore do'st thou fly from me,
 And carry with thee all my joys away?
 Farewell, farewell, &c.

Coyneſs in Love.

Hat means this Strangeneſſe now of late? ſince Time doth Truth ap-



prove: this diſtance may conſiſt with State; it cannot ſtand with Love. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*



'Tis either cunning or diſtruſt,
That do ſuch ways allow:
The firſt is baſe, the laſt injuſt;
Let neither blemiſh you.

Speak but a word, or do but caſt
One Look that ſeems to frown,
I'll give you all the love that's paſt,
The reſt ſhall be mine own.

If you intend to draw me on,
You over act your part:
And if it be to have me gon,
You need not halfe this Art.

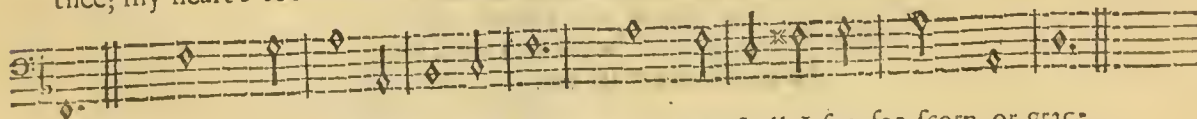
And ſuch a faire and equall way
On both ſides none can blame,
Since every man is bound to play
The faireſt of his Game.

Love poſſeſt.

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



thee; my heart's too narrow to contain my bliſſe, if thou ſhouldſt love me a-gain. *Mr. Warner.*



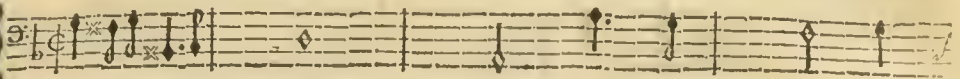
Thy ſcorn may wound me, but my fate
Leads me to love, and thee to hate;
Yet I muſt love while I have breath,
For not to love were worſe than death.

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

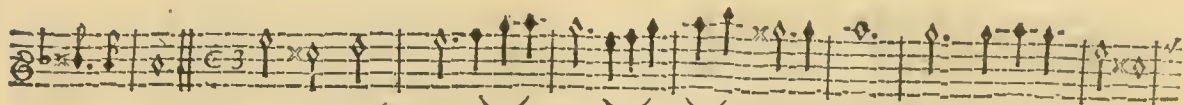
Such mercy more thy fame ſhall raiſe,
Than cruell life can yield thee praiſe;
It ſhall be counted who ſo dies,
No murder, but a ſacrifice,

A Lovers Resolution.

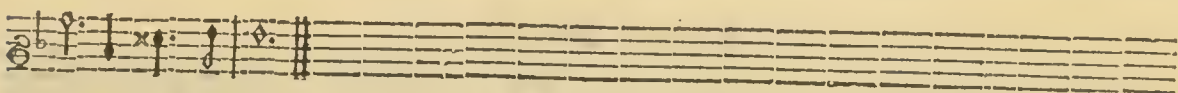
Ell not I dye, or that I live by thee, and as thou points my doo-
 re,



fo it must be: Or that my life (didst thou but leave to love,) would like a long disease, as



wearie prove: Since he whose mind is proof a---gainst his fate, makes himself happy



at the worst estate.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.



II.

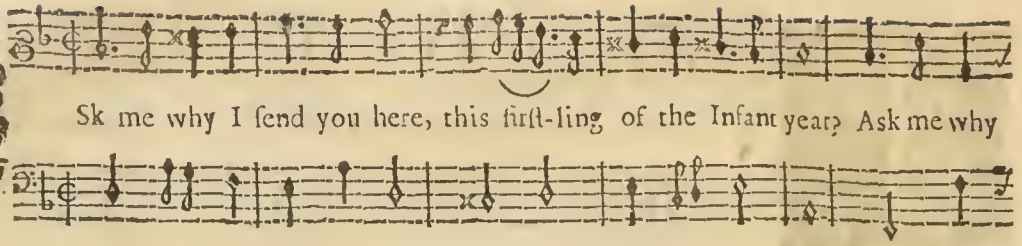
III.

'Tis vanity for a man to build his blisse
 On the frail favour of a womans kisse;
 And most unmanly to enthrall his eye,
 When Heaven and Nature gives it liberty:
 Since Womens fancies with their fashions change,
 To love for fashion to each face that's strange.

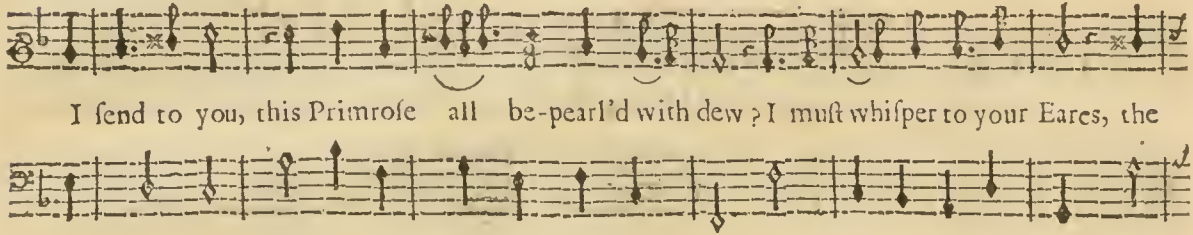
I know the humour of your Sex is such
 You ne'r could value any one thing much;
 For should thy breast with constant flames be fir'd,
 'Twere more then I expected, although desir'd:
 Then think me not so fond, although I love,
 But as thou stear't thy course, so mine shal move.

IV.

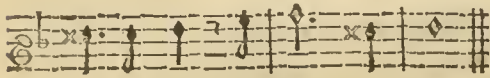
He that hath wealth, and can that wealth for-goe,
 Is his own man, not slave to any woe;
 Thus arm'd with resolution, I am free,
 Still o'recommen of my destinie:
 Yet know I love, thou I can leave the state,
 He best knows how to love, knows how to hate.

The Primrose.

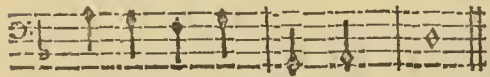
Ask me why I send you here, this first-ling of the Infant year? Ask me why



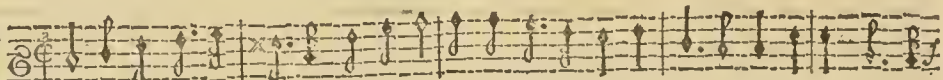
I send to you, this Primrose all be-pearl'd with dew? I must whisper to your Eares, the



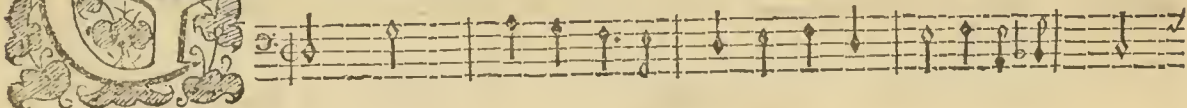
sweets of Love are wash'd with tears.



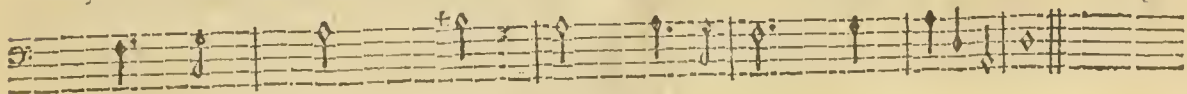
Ask me why this Rose doth show
All yellow, green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And yeelding each way, yet not break?
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

Cupid's Embassage.

O little winged Archer and convey a flaming dart into her heart, then steal a-



way as soon as thou hast set her all on fire, and left her burning in her chaste desire.



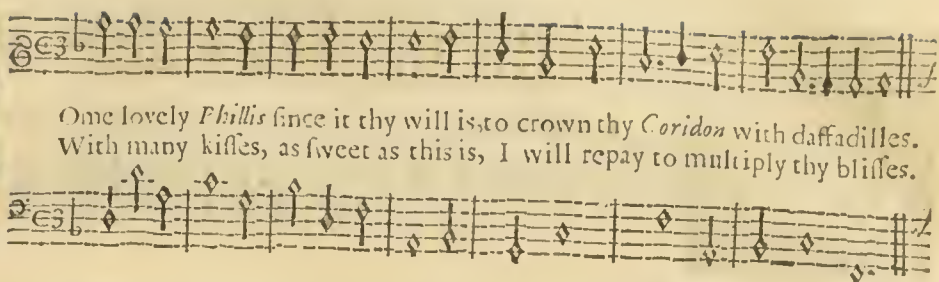
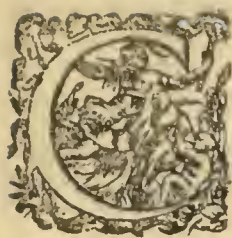
II.

Thus teach her what it is to love, that she
When that her eyes
Do tyrannize
May pity me;
And know the flame that hath my heart possess'd
By the diltemper of her scorched breath.

III.

And when she burns if she appease my flame
With smiles which fly,
Oft as her eye,
I'll do the same;
So may we love, and burn, but ne'r expire,
While we add fuell to each others fire.

Coridon to his Phillis.



One lovely *Phillis* since it thy will is, to crown thy *Coridon* with daffadilles.
With many kisses, as sweet as this is, I will repay to multiply thy blisses.

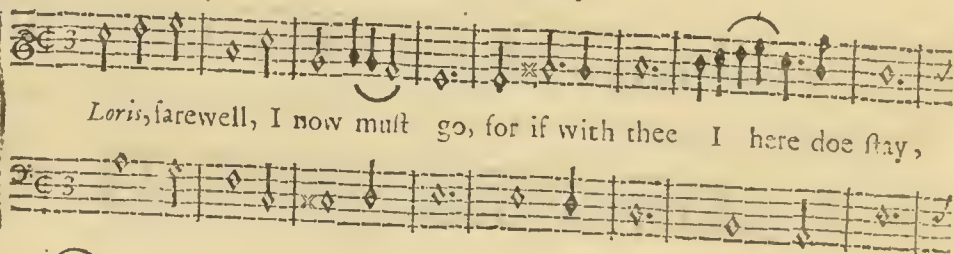


Here I will hold thee, and thus enfold thee, free from harms within these arms. Mr. *Henry Lawes*.

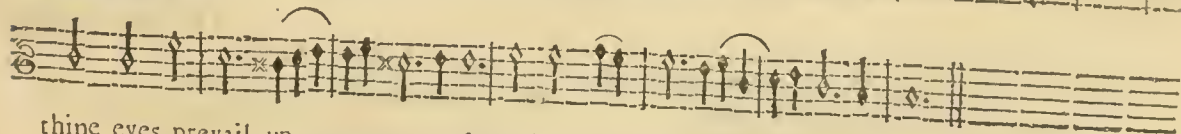


Sweet, still be smiling, 'tis sweet beguiling
Of tedious hours and sorrows best exiling;
For if you lowre, the banks no power
Will have to bring forth any pleasant flower;
Your eyes not granting
Their raies enchanting,
Mine may raine, but 'twere in vain.

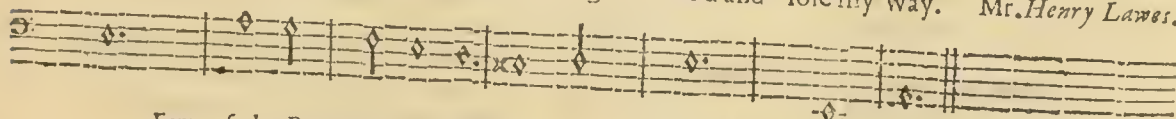
Thine eyes may wonder that mine asunder
Do from the Sun-thine draw thine to sit under;
Hold me unblam'd, to be enflam'd,
Where not to be so, youth were rather sham'd:
Since that the oldest
That thou beheldest
May feele fire of loves desire.

On *Chloris* attractive Beauty.

Loris, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I here doe stay,



thine eyes prevail up-----on me so, I shall grow blind and lose my way. Mr. *Henry Lawes*.



Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth
Amongst the rest me hither brought;
Finding this fame tall short of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought.

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

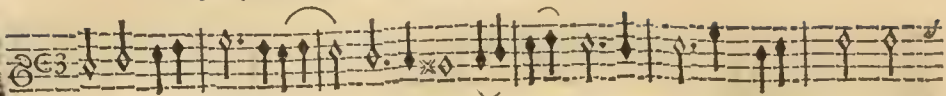
But what assurance can I take,
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,
For some more worthy Lovers sake,
Mys't leave me with so just excuse.

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

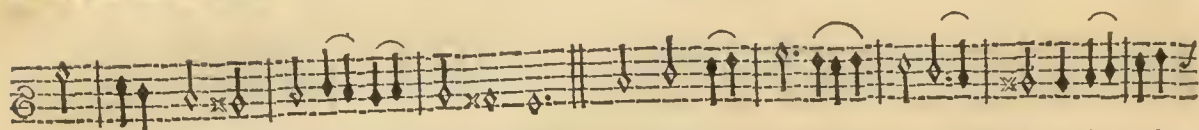
No *Chloris*, no, I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That Strangers shall at distance burn,
And the distrust me Reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

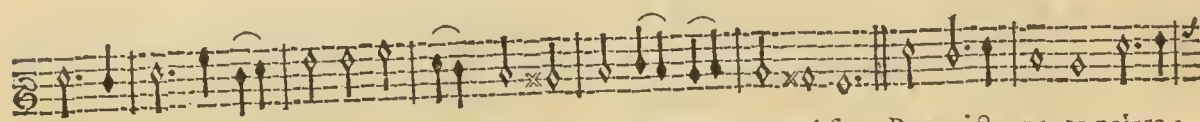
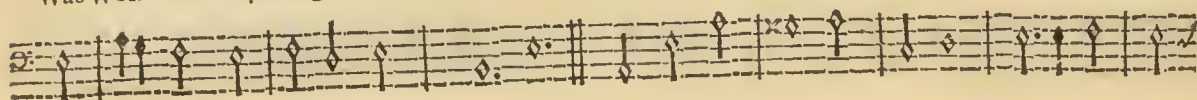
Clora forsaken, thus complains.



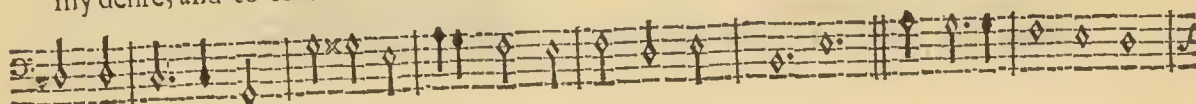
Hloris false love made *Clora* weep, and by a river side her flock which she



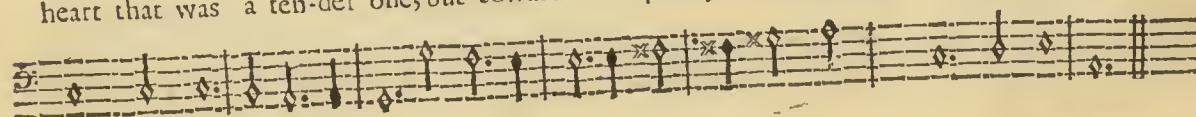
was wont to keep, neglecting thus she cry'd: Is't not In--ju--stice, O ye Gods! to kin--dle



my desire, and to leave his at so much odds, as there's no mutual fire. Poor victo--ry, to peirce a



heart that was a ten--der one, but cowardise to spare your dart from his that was a stone.



Dr. John Wilson.

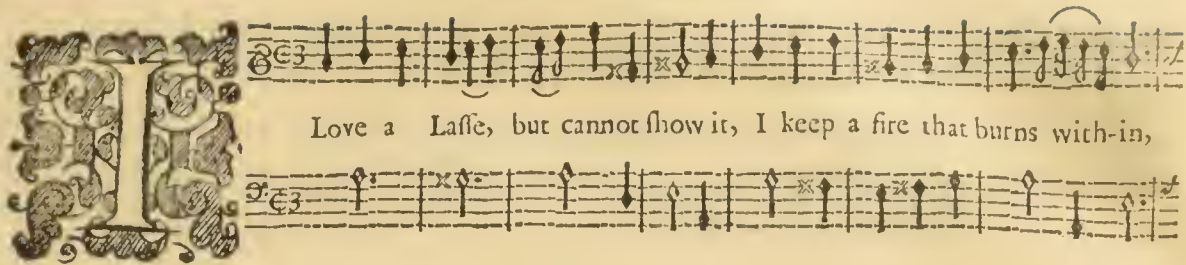
As she thus mourn'd, the tears that fell
Down from her love-sick eyes,
Did in the water drop and swell,
And into bubbles rise.

Wherein her blouard face appears,
Now out alas, said she,
How do I melt away in tears
For him that loves not me.

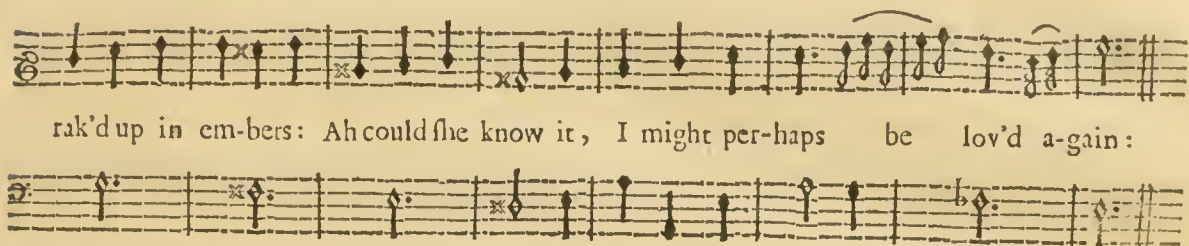
Yet as I lessen multiply,
But in lesse form appears,
Thus do I languish from mine eye,
And grow new in my tears.

Break not that Chrifall, circles me
Sweet streams by your fair side,
My love perhaps may walking be,
And I may be espi'd.

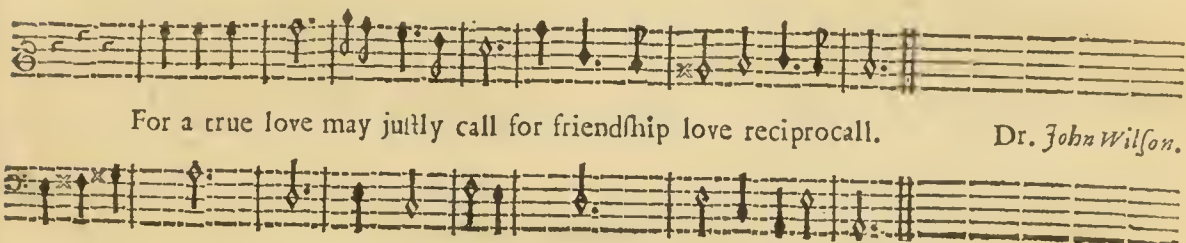
And thus in little drawn and drest
In sad tears attire,
May force such passions from his brest,
Shall equall my desire.

Reciprocal Love.


Love a Lasse, but cannot show it, I keep a fire that burns with-in,



rak'd up in em-bers: Ah could she know it, I might per-haps be lov'd a-gain:



For a true love may justly call for friendship love recipocall. Dr. John Wilson.

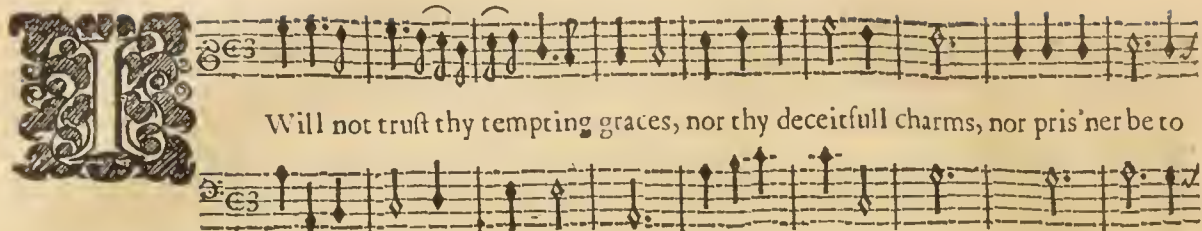
II.

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

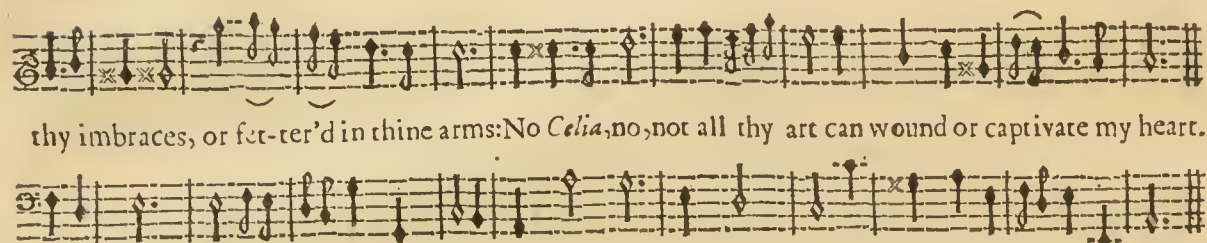
III.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
 That is already too too weak;
 No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,
 By writing what they cannot speak:
 Go then my Muse, and let this verse
 Bring back my Life, or else my Hearse.

On Loves deceitful Charmes.



Will not trust thy tempting graces, nor thy deceitfull charms, nor pris'ner be to



thy imbraces, or fet-ter'd in thine arms: No *Celia*, no, not all thy art can wound or captivate my heart.

II.

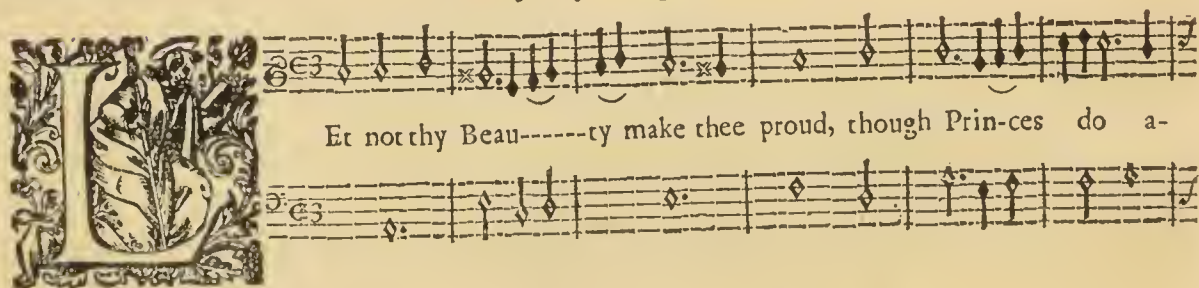
I will not gaze upon thine eyes,
 Nor wanton with thy haire,
 Left those should burn me by surprize,
 Or these my soul insnare:
 Nor with those smiling dangers play,
 Or fool my liberty away.

III.

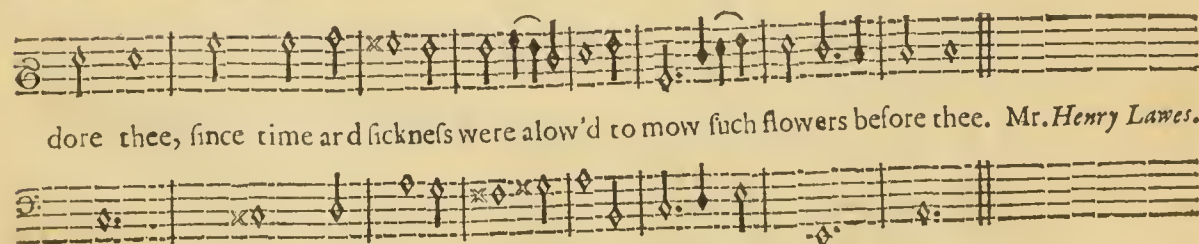
Mr. *Jeremy Savill*.

Since then my weary heart is free,
 And unconfin'd as thine;
 If thou would'st mine should captive be,
 Thou must thine own resigne:
 And Gratitude shall thus move more
 Than Love or Beauty could before.

Beauty a fading Ornament.



Et not thy Beau-----ty make thee proud, though Prin-ces do a-



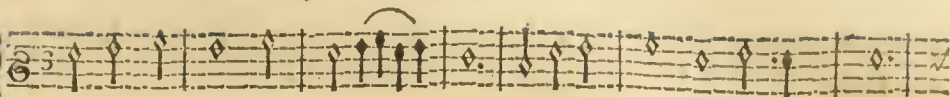
dore thee, since time and sickness were allow'd to mow such flowers before thee. Mr. *Henry Lawes*.

II.

Nor be not shy to that degree
 Thy friends may hardly know thee,
 Nor yet so coming, 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.

III.

And yet a state so sweetly mixt
 With an attractive mildness;
 It may like Vertue sit betwixt
 The extreames of pride and vileness.
 Then every eye that sees thy face
 Will in thy Beauty glory,
 And every tongue that wags will grace
 Thy vertue with a story.

Beauty in Eclipse.

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?

Mr. *William Lawes.*



Tell me no more her Breasts do grow
Like rising Hills of melting Snow;
For if 'twere so, how could they lye
So near the Sun-shine of her eye?

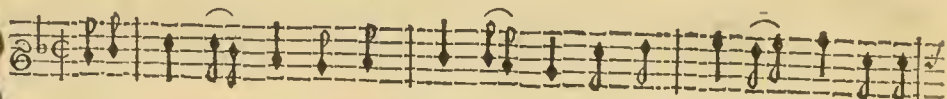
Tell me no more the feistless Spheares
Compar'd to her voyce, fright our ears;
For if 'twere so, how then could death
Dwell with such discord in her breath?

No, say her Eyes Portenders are
Of ruine, or some blazing starre,
Else would I feel from that fair fire
Some heat to cherish my desire.

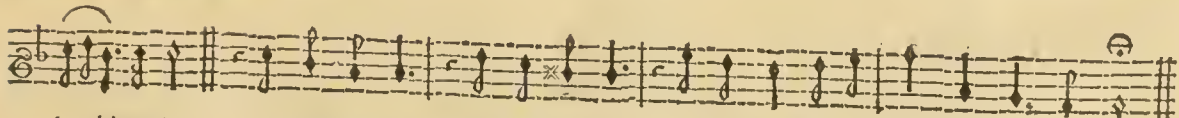
Say that her Breasts, though cold as Snow,
Are hard as Marble, when I wooe;
Else they would soften and relent
With sighs inflamed, from me sent.

Say that although like to the Moon.
She heavenly fair, yet chang'd as soon;
Else she would constant once remain
Either to pity or disdain.

That so by one of them I might
Be kept alive, or murder'd quite;
For 'tis no less cruell there to kill,
Where life doth but increase the ill.

Cupid detected.

Illy Heart forbear, those are murd'ring Eyes, in the which I swear *Cupid*

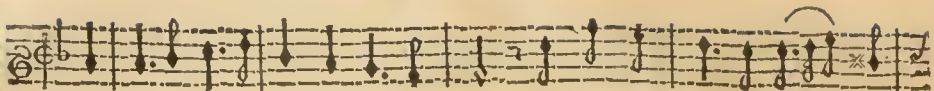


lur-king lies: See his Quiver, see his Bow; to see his Dart, fly, O fly! thou foolish Heart.

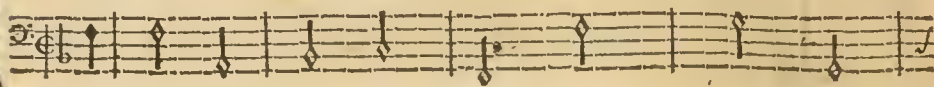


Greedy Eyes, take heed, they are scorching Beams
Causing Hearts to bleed, & your Eyes spring streams:
Love lies watching with his Bow bent, and his Dart
For to wound both Eyes and Heart,

Think and gaze your fill, foolish Heart and Eyes,
Since you love your ill, and your good despise:
Cupid Shooting, Cupid Darting, and his Band
Mortal powers cannot withstand.

Loves Flattery.

Hen *Calia* I in-tend to flatter you, and tell you lyes to make you



true, I swear there's none so fair, there's none so fair, and you beleave it too. *Dr. Colman.*

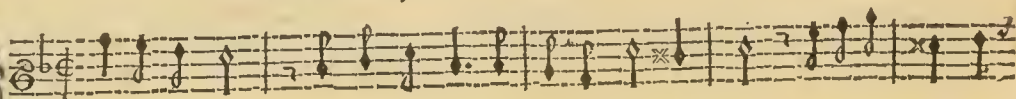


Oft have I matcht you with the Rose, and said
No twins so like hath nature made,
But 'tis
Only in this, ☞
You prick my hand and fade.

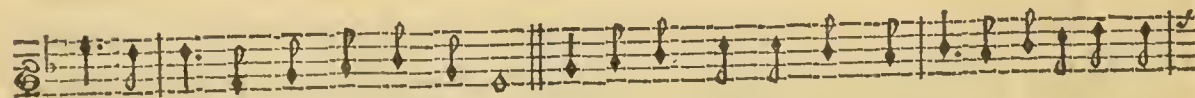
When I praise your skin I quote the wooll
That Silk-worms from their Entrailes pull,
And show
That new fallen snow, ☞
Is not more beautifull.

Oft have I said there is no precious stone
But may be found in you alone;
Though I
No stone espy, ☞
Unlesse your heart be one.

Yet grow not proud by such Hyperboles
Were you as excellent as these
Whilst I
Before you ly, ☞
They might be had with ease.

Loves Theft.

Ow am I chang'd from what I was be-fore I saw those Eyes? I had a heart, but



now a-las, that room is fill'd with sighs, for she that robb'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.

Dr. Colman.



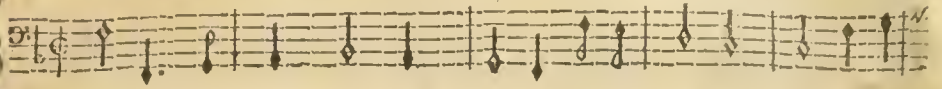
Thus am I left to court my grief,
For when she's out of sight,
There can on earth be no relief,
Or ought that's true delight.

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

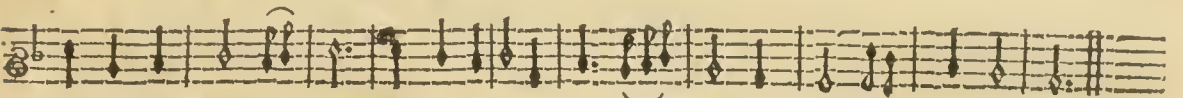
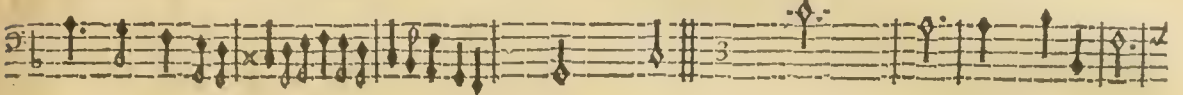
Power of Love.



Ince love hath in thine and mine eye kindled a holy flame, what pi-ty



'twere to let it dye, what sin to quench the same? The stars that seem ex-tin'd by day,



disclose their flames at night, and in a sable sence convey their loves in beams of light.



Dr. John Wilson.

II.

So when the jealous Eye and Ear
Are shut or turn'd aside,
Our Tongues, our Eyes, may talk sans fear
Of being heard or spi'd.
What though our Bodies cannot meet
Loves fuels more divine;
The fixt stars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never joyn.

III.

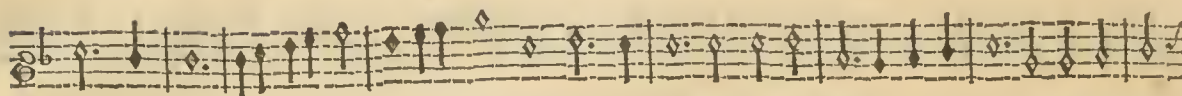
False Meteors that do change their place,
Though they shine fair and bright;
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall down and lose their light.
Thus while we shall preserve from waste
The flame of our desire,
No vestall shall maintain more chaste,
Or more immortal fire.

IV.

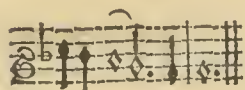
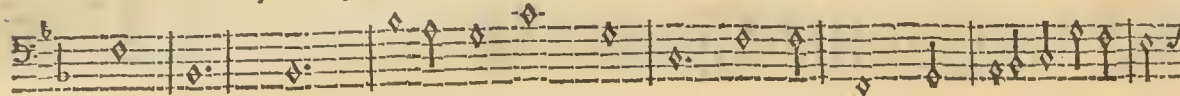
If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine Eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine waste away
I'll take new fire from thine.

A Motive to Love.

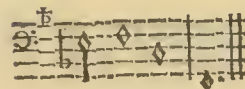
Aith be no longer coy, but let's enjoy what's by the world confest, Wo-



-men love best : thy Beauty fresh as May will soon decay, besides within a year or two I shal be old,

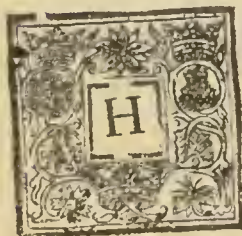


and cannot doe.

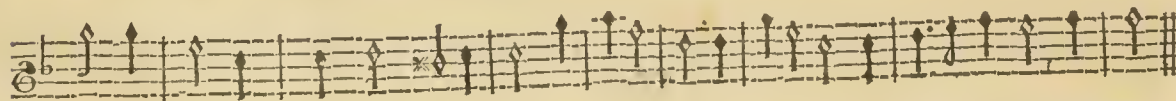
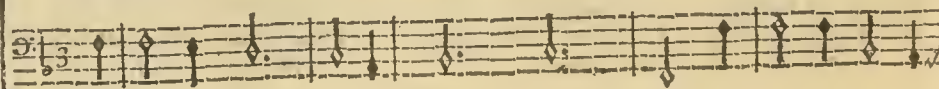


Do't think that nature can
For every man,
Had she more skill, provide
So fair a Bride?
Who ever had a Feast
For a single Guest?
No, without she did inrend
To serve the Husband and his friend.

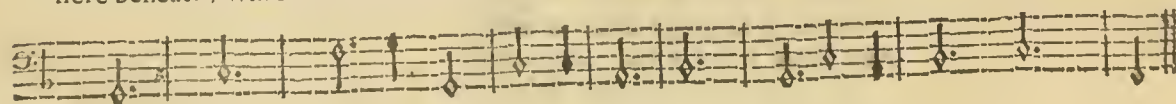
To be a little nice
Sets better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their Servants loves;
But on the riper years
It ill appears:
After a while you'l find this true,
I need provoking more then you.

On Liberty.

Ow happy'rt thou and I that never knew how to love? ther's no such blessing

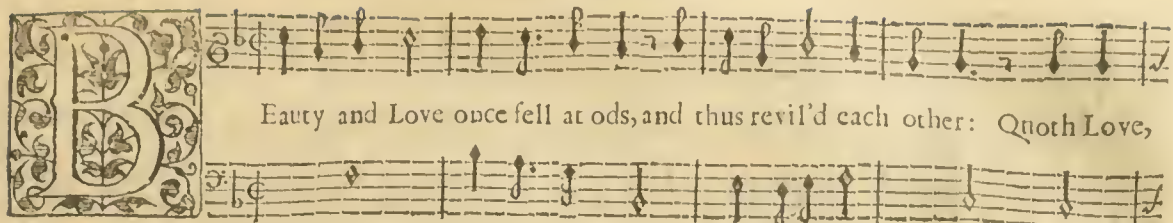


here beneath, what e're there is above; 'tis li-berty, 'tis liberty, that e-very wise man loves.

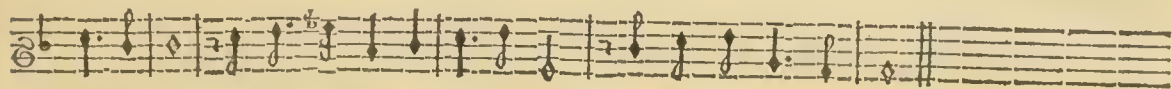


Out, out upon those Eyes, that think to murder mee,
And he's an Ass he believes her fair, that is not kind and free:
Ther's nothing sweet, ther's nothing sweet to man, but Liberty.

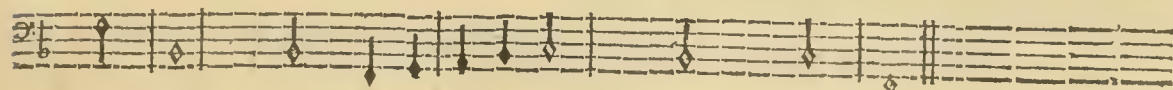
I'll tye my Heart to none, nor yet confine mine Eyes,
But I will play my Game so well, I'll never want a prize:
'tis liberty, 'tis liberty, has made me now thus wise.

Beauty and Love at ods.

I am one of the gods, and you wait on my mother; thou hast no pow'r ore man at all, but what I

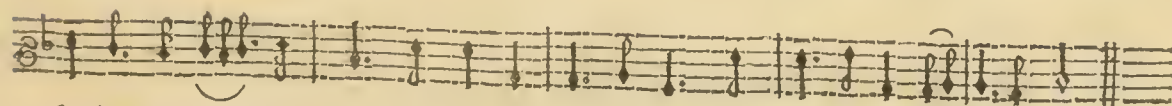
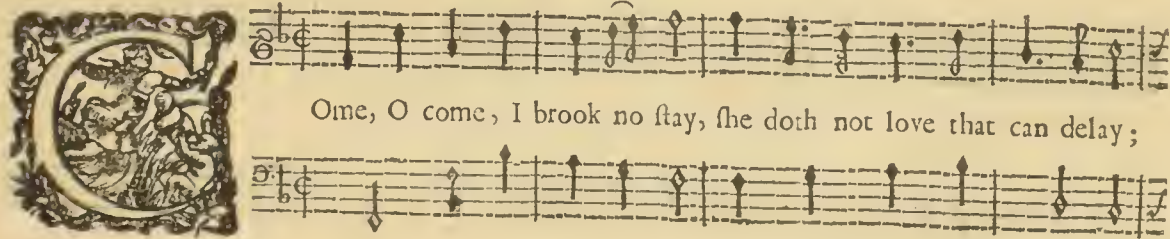


gave to thee; nor art thou longer fair or sweet, then men acknowledge me. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*

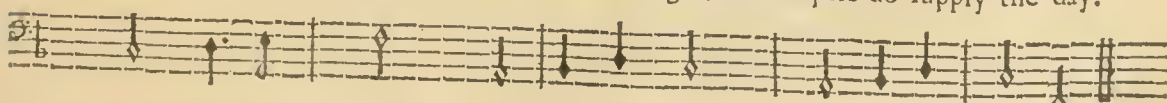


Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,
We see that thou art blind,
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find:
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
And call'd thee Blind desire;
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,
And Wings to kindle fire.

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

Love admits no Delay.

see how the stealing Night hath blotted out the light, and Tapers do supply the day.



To be Chaste is to be Old,
And that foolish Girl that's cold
Is fourscore at fifteen,
Desires do write us green;
And looser Flames our Youth unfold.

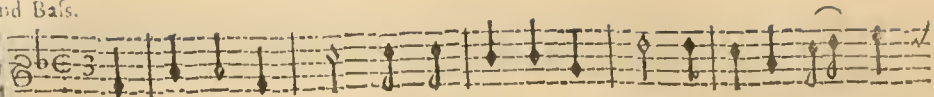
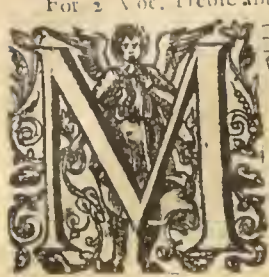
See the first Taper's almost gon,
Thy flame like that will straight be none,
And I as it expire,
Not able to hold fire;
She loseth Time that lyes alone,

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Let us cherish then these powers
Whiles we yet may call them curs;
Then we best spend our Time,
When no Dull Zealous Chime,
But sprightfull kisses strike the hour.

The Anglers Song.

For 2 Voc. Treble and Bass.



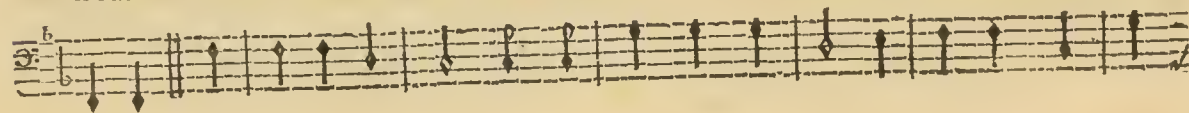
Ans Life is but vain, for 'tis subject to pain and sorrow, and short



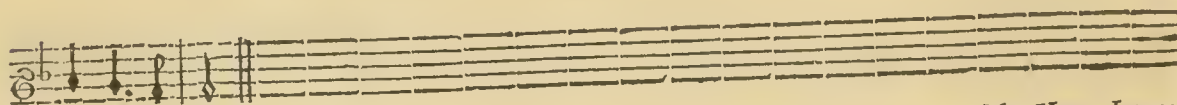
as a Bubble ; Tis a Hodg Podg of business, and Money and Care, and Care and Money, and



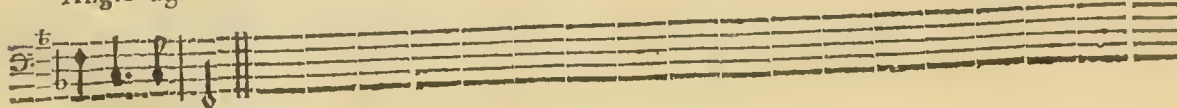
trouble. But we'll take no Care when the Weather proves Fair, nor will we Vex now



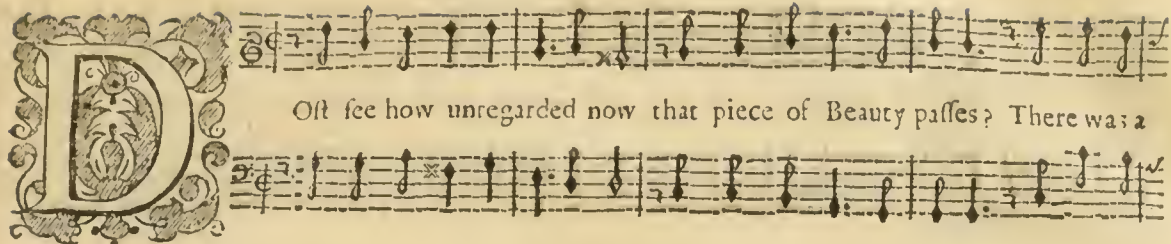
though it Rain; we'll banish all Sorrow, and Sing till to morrow, and Angle and



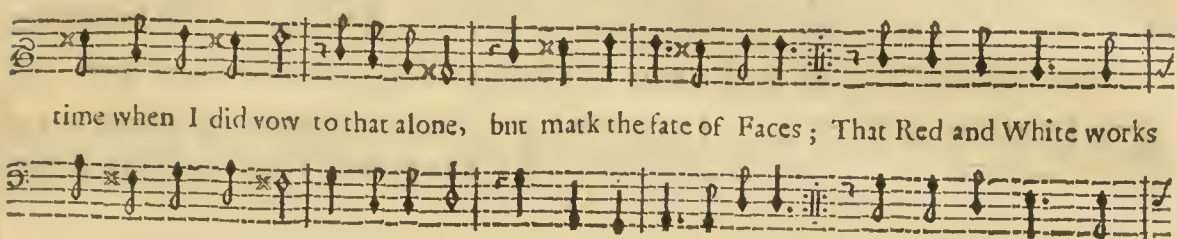
Angle again.



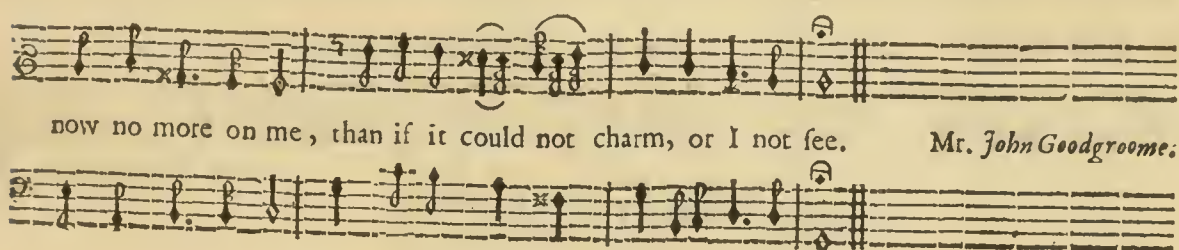
Mr. Henry Lawes.

On Attractive Beauty.


Dost see how unregarded now that piece of Beauty passes? There was a



time when I did vow to that alone, but mark the fate of Faces; That Red and White works



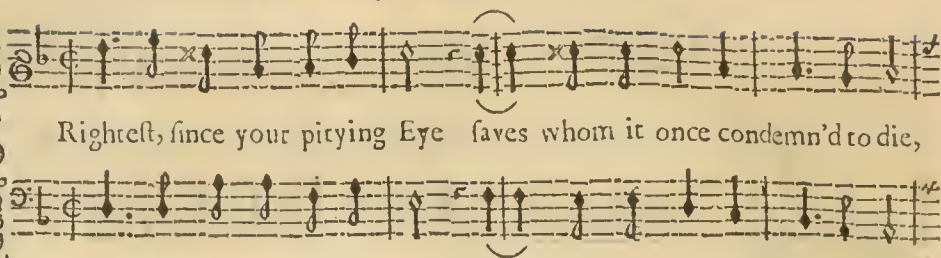
now no more on me, than if it could not charm, or I not see. *Mr. John Goodgroome.*

II.

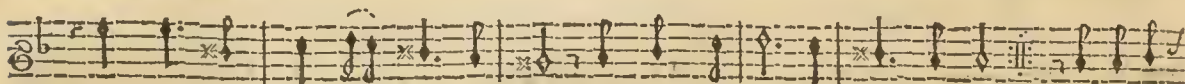
And yet the Face continues good,
 And I have still desires;
 Am still the self-same Flesh and Blood,
 As apt to melt, and suffer for those fires:
 Oh some kind power unriddle where it lyes,
 Whether my Heart be faultie or her Eyes.

III.

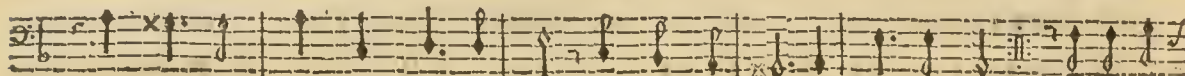
She every day her man doth kill,
 And I as often dye;
 Neither her Power then, nor my Will
 Can question'd be, what is the Myserie?
 Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States,
 Have certain Periods set, and Hidden Fates.

Power of Love.

Rightest, since your pitying Eye saves whom it once condemn'd to die,



whom lingering Time did long dismay, you have reliev'd in this short day: Propitious

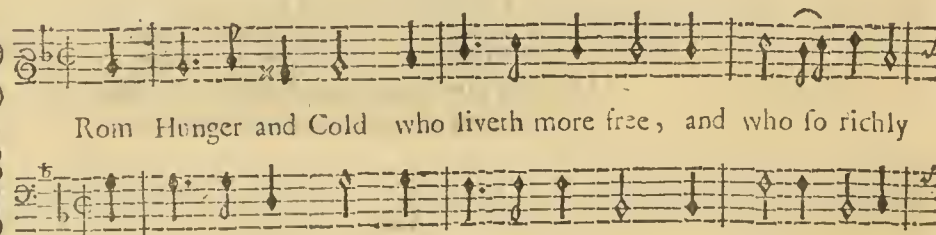


gods themselves can do no more; slow to Destroy, but active to restore.



From your Fair, but absent Look,
Cold Death her Pale Artilory took;
Till Gentle Love that Dart suppress,
And Lodg'd a Milder in your brest;
Like Fam'd *Acchillis* mythick spear, thus you
Both scatter Wounds, and scatter Balsame too.

Mr. J. Goodgroome.

The Jovial Begger.

From Hunger and Cold who liveth more free, and who so richly

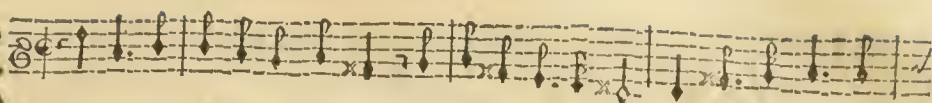


choiced as we? Our Bellies are full, and our Flesh it is Warm, and againt Pride our Rags is

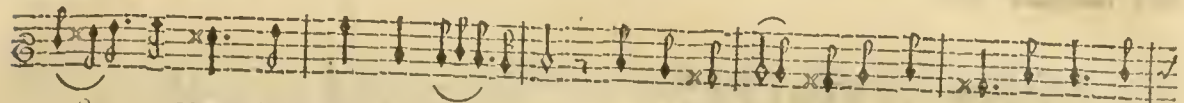


a Charm: Enough is a Fealt to Morrow, Let rich men take care, we feel no So row.

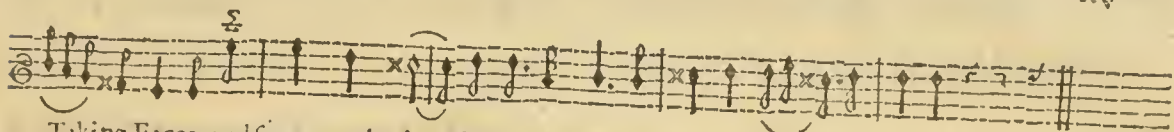
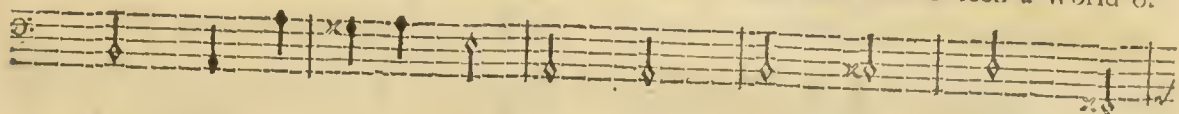


A Protest against Love.

O, no, I never was in Love, nor ever hope to be; I have an Art pro-



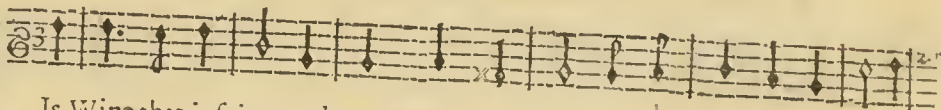
rects my Heart from that fond Lu-na-cie. And yet I know that I have seen a world of



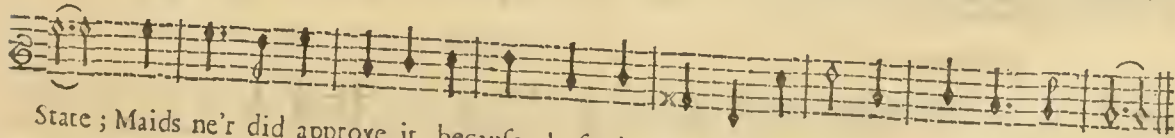
Taking Faces; and spent much time in finding out their several hidden Graces. *Mr. H. Lawes.*



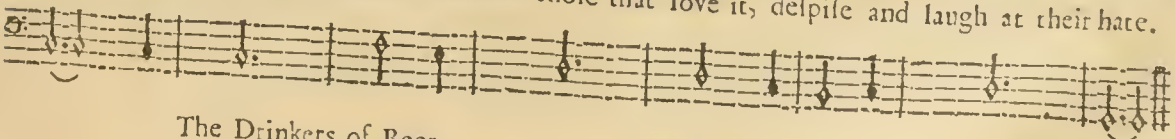
This Lady for her pretty Shape
I often have admir'd:
That for her Fancy and her Wit;
I sometimes have desir'd.
But yet I never was in Love,
Nor ever hope to be:
Unless some Stronger Influence
Do draw my heart to thee.

The Excellency of Wine.

Is Wine that inspires, and quencheth Love's fires, reaches fools how to rule a



State; Maids ne'r did approve it, because those that love it, despise and laugh at their hate.



The Drinkers of Beer,
Did ne'r yet appear,
In matters of any Weight;
'Tis he whose designe,
Is quickn'd by Wine,
That raises things to their height.

We then should it prize, *Mr. H. Lawes.*
For never black-Eyes
Made Wounds which this could not heal,
Who then doth refuse
To drink of this Juyce,
Is a Foe to the Common-Weal.

An Italian Ayre.



ictoria victoria victoria victori il miocore non Lagrimar piu non Lagri-

mar piu e scolta d' amore la servi--tu victoria victoria il miocore non Lagrimar piu e scol-ta da-

-mo--re la serviu e scol-----tu d' amore la serviu :

Gia L'empioa tuoi danni fra stuoli disguardi Con-ve-ri Bugiar-di di- spo-ve glin ganne le

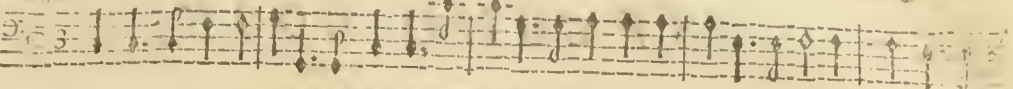
forde gl' affanno non hanno piu luo-----co dil Crudo su-o foso espect lar-- do-re.

An Italian Ayre for two Voyces.

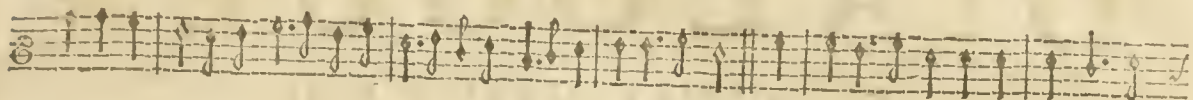
Cantus.



On bel se g. lla de se cretezza le ro-ca se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se



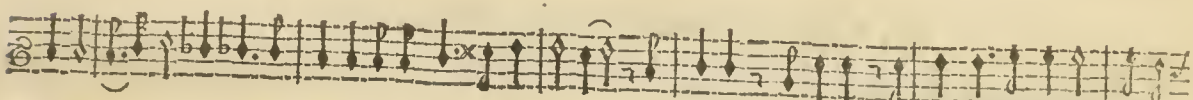
On bel se gella de se cretezza le ro-ca se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se



firma de li-ber-diti e de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



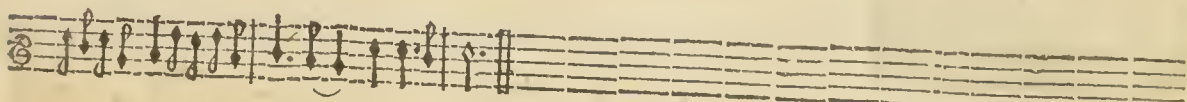
firma de li-ber-diti e de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



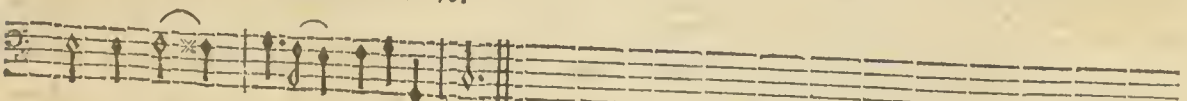
ta-ce e Jo-ve del core sensa crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e Jo-ve del co-re sensa



ta-ce e Jo-ve del core sensa crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e Jo-ve del co-re sensa



crezza da mo-re.



crezza da mo-re.

Here endeth the A Y R E S for One or two Voyces
to the Theorbo-Lute, or Basse-Viol.



SECOND BOOK:

CONTAINING

DIALOGUES

For TWO VOYCES:

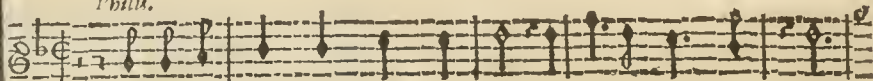
To be Sung to the *Theorboe-Lute* or *Basse-Viol*.

A Dialogue betwixt Phillis and Clorillo.

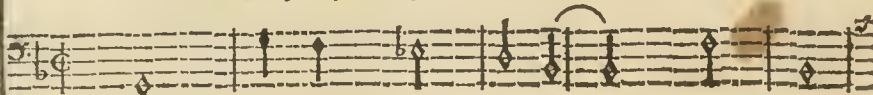
A. 2. Vol. Cantus & Bassus.



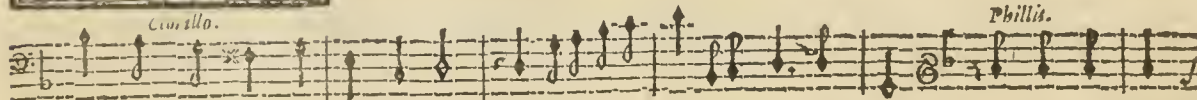
Phillis.



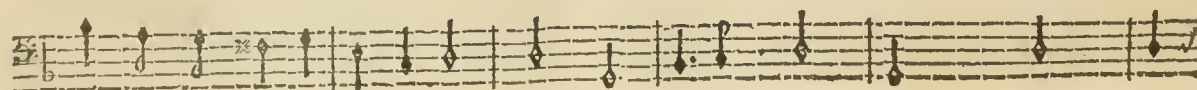
Prethee keep my sheep for me: *Clorillo*, wilt thou, tell?



Clorillo.



First, let me have a kifs of thee, and I — will keep them well. If thou a while



Phillis.

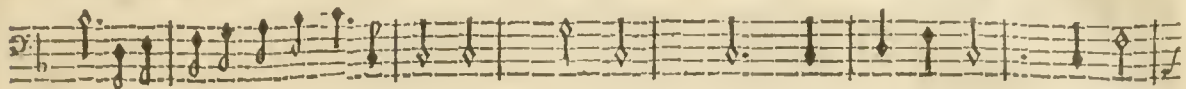


but to my little flock will look, thou shalt have this imbroidred skrip and silver hook.

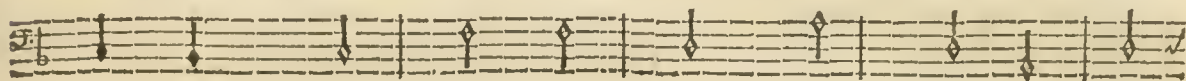




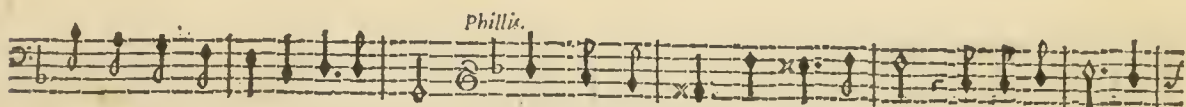
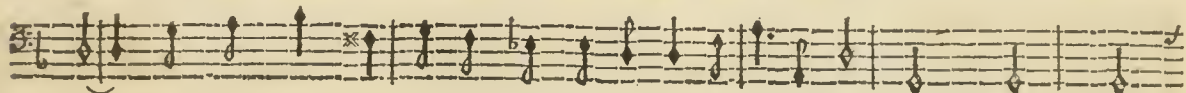
No other favour or reward I crave, but one poor kisse. A kisse thou must not have. And why?



Such enticements Maids must fly: this Garland thou shalt have of Roses and of Lil-lies.



Nor Skrip, nor Hook, nor Garland sweetest *Phillis*, do I require, to kisse thy fresh and



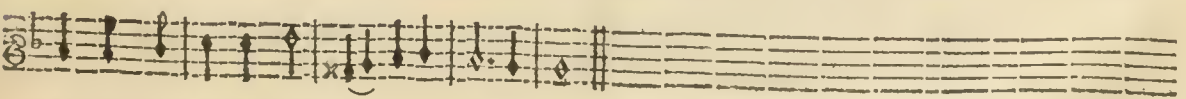
Ro-sie lip is onely my desire. Take then a kisse, and let me goe, till I return thy



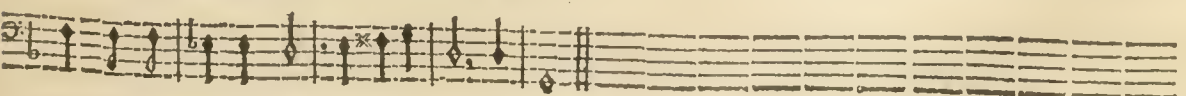
care upon my flocks below. Sweet sweet is that kisse that doth with true and just desire



Sweet sweet is that kisse that doth with true and just desire



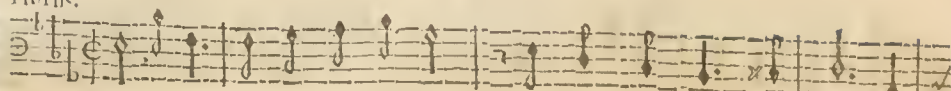
as much a-nother give, as to it self require.



as much a-nother give, as to it self require.

A Dialogue between Silvia and Thirsis.

For Bass and Tible. Thirsis.



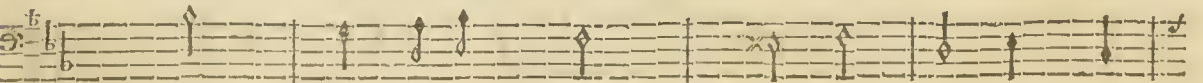
Ear Silvia, let thy Thirsis know what 'tis that makes those tears o're-

flow. Are the Kids that us'd to play and skip so nimbly gon astray? Are *Cloris* flowers

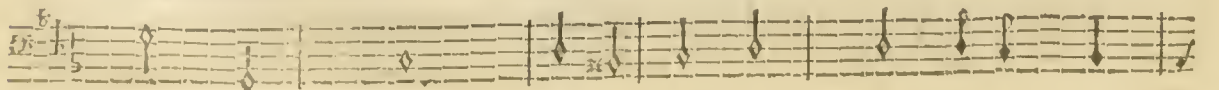
more fresh and green? Or is some other Nymph made Queen? Thirsis. do'st thou



think that I can grieve for this, when thou art by? What is it then? My father

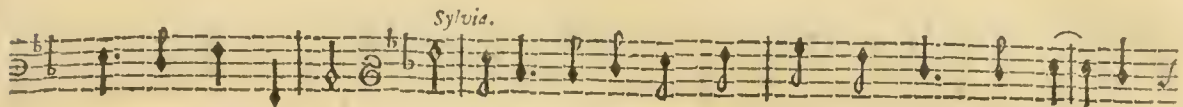
bids that I no longer feed my Kids with thine but *Coridons*, and wear none but his

Garlands on my haire. Why so? Why so my Silvia? Will he keep thy flocks more

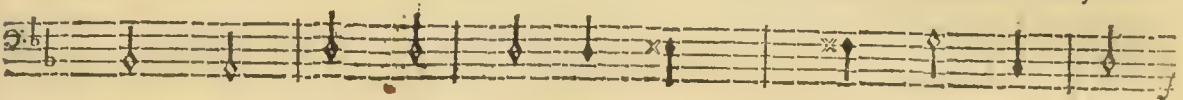




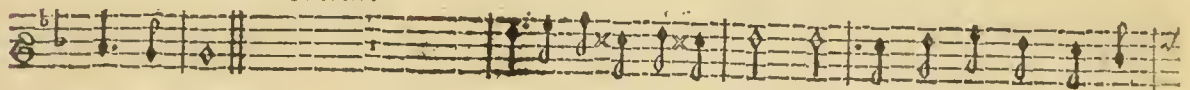
safe when thou dost sleep? Will the Nymphs envy more thy praise, when chanted



with his round delays? No *Thirsis*, I my flocks must joyn with his, 'cause they are

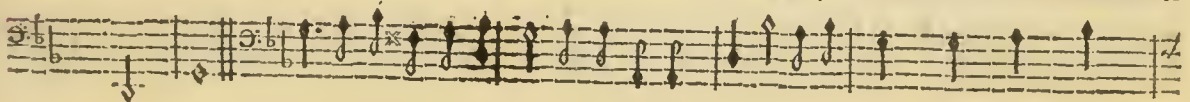


Chorus.



more than thine.

Fathers cruell as the Rocks, joyn not their children but their



Fathers cruell as the rocks, cruell as the rocks, joyn not their children but their



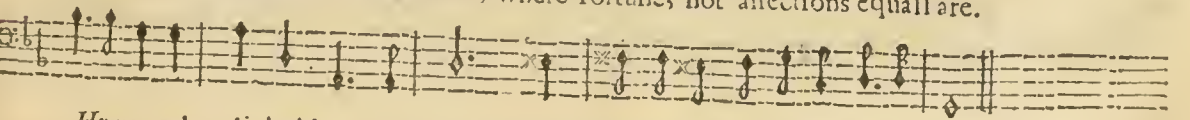
flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* calls to light his torches there, and *Hymen*



flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* calls, *Hymen* calls to light his torches there, and *Hymen* calls, and

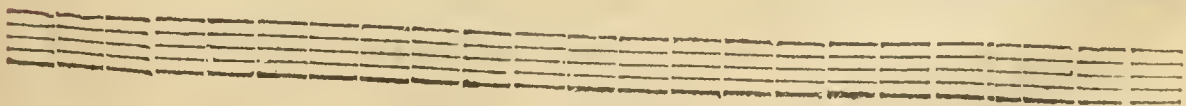


calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.



Hymen calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.

Dr. Charles Coleman.



A Dialogue between a Shepherd and Lucinda.



Shepherd. Lucinda.

Id not you once *Lucinda* vow, you would love none but me? I,

Shep.

but my mother tels me now I must love wealth, not thee. 'Tis not my fault, my sheep are

Luc.

lean, or that they are so few. Nor mine, I cannot love so mean, so poor a thing as you.

Shep. Luc.

Cruell, cruell thy love is in thy power, fortune is not in mine. But Shepherd, think how

Shep. Luc. Shep. Luc.

great my dower is in respect of thine. Ah me! ah me! Ah me! Mock you my grief? I

Shep.

pit-ty thy hard fate. Pity, for Love is poor relief, is poor relief, is poor relief, I'd

Luc. *Shep.* *Luc.* *Shep.* *Luc.*

rather chuse thy hate. But I must love thee. No. But I must love thee. No. Believe,

Shep. *Luc.* *Shep.* *Luc.*

No. Believe. No. I'll seal it with a kiss, and give thee no more cause to grieve then

what thou findest in this: I'll give thee no more cause to grieve, then what thou findest in this.

Chorus.

Be witnesses then, be witnesses then you powers above, and by these ho-ly bands let it appear that

Be witnesses then, be witnesses then you powers above, and by these ho-ly bands let it appear that

truest love grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on

truest love grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on

wealth grows not on wealth nor lands.

wealth grows not on wealth nor lands.

A Dialogue between Daphne and Strephon.

Strephon. Daphne.

Come my Daphne, come away, we do waste the critical day. 'Tis Strephon calls, what

Strephon.

would my Love? Come follow to the Mirtle Grove, where Venus shal prepare new chaplets for thy

Daphne.

hair. Were I shut up within a tree, I'd rend my bark to follow thee. My Shepherdes make

haste, the minutes slide so fast. In those cooler shades, will I blind as Cupid kisse your Eye.

Strephon.

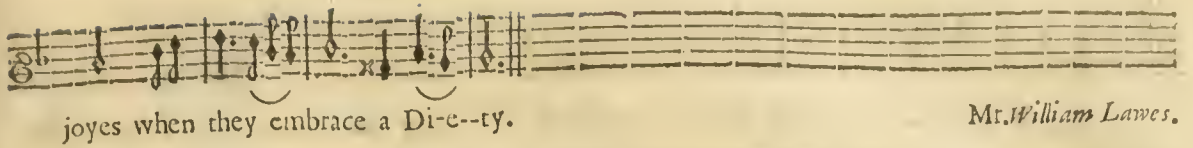
Chorus.

In thy bosome then I'll stray, in such warm snow, who would not lose his way? We'l laugh and

We'l laugh and

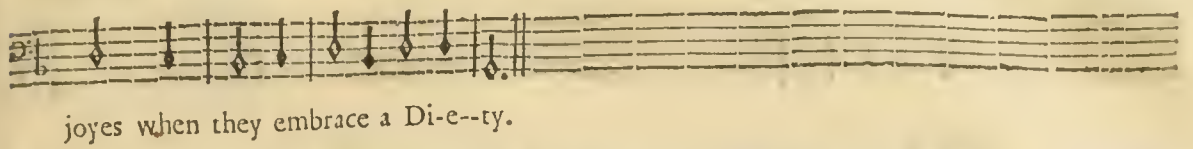
leave this world behind, and gods themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never find such

leave this world behind, and gods themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never find such



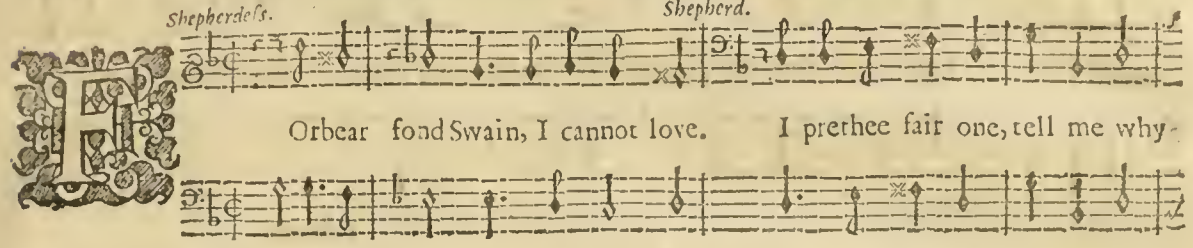
joyes when they embrace a Di-e--ty.

Mr. William Lawes.

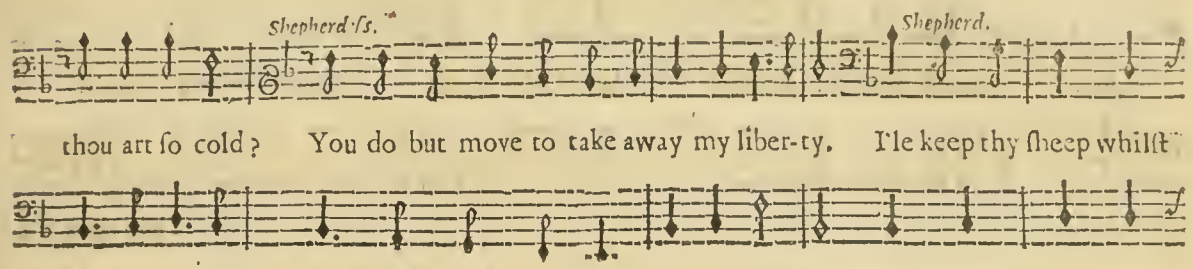


joyes when they embrace a Di-e--ty.

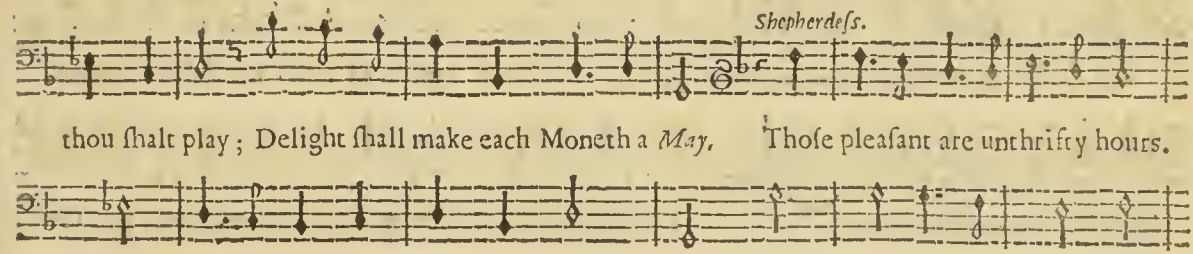
A Dialogue between Shepherd and Shepherdes.



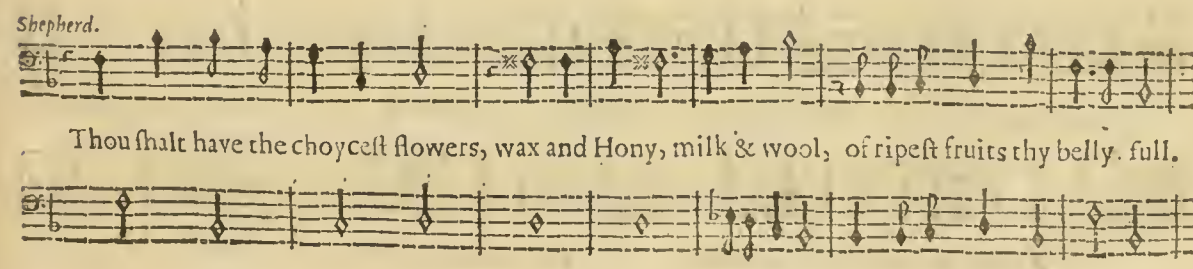
Shepherdes. Orbear fond Swain, I cannot love. *Shepherd.* I prethee fair one, tell me why-



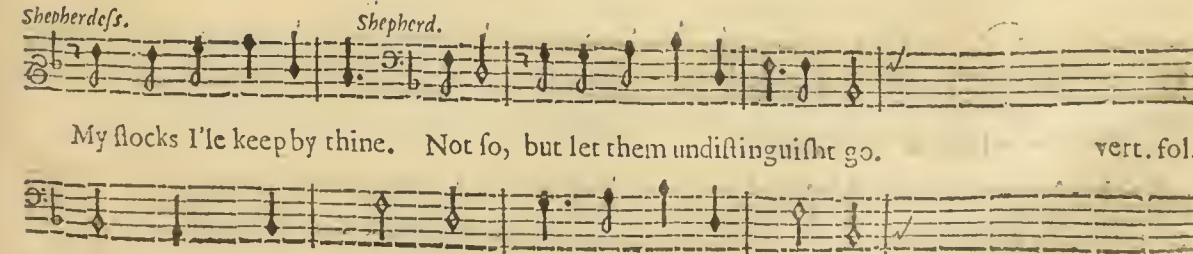
Shepherd's. thou art so cold? *Shepherd.* You do but move to take away my liber-ty. I'll keep thy sheep whilst



Shepherdes. thou shalt play; Delight shall make each Moneth a May, Those pleasant are unthrifty hours.

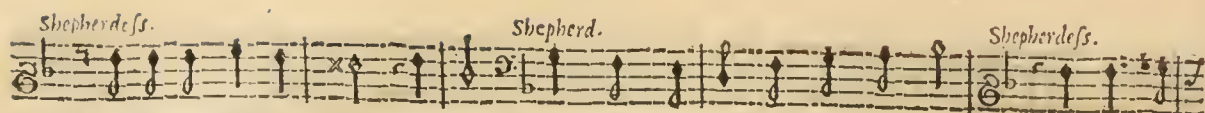


Shepherd. Thou shalt have the choycest flowers, wax and Hony, milk & wool, of ripest fruits thy belly. full.



Shepherdes. My flocks I'll keep by thine. *Shepherd.* Not so, but let them undistinguisht go.

vert. fol.



I can afford no more. Ah cease! Love come so far may yet increase. Each day I'll



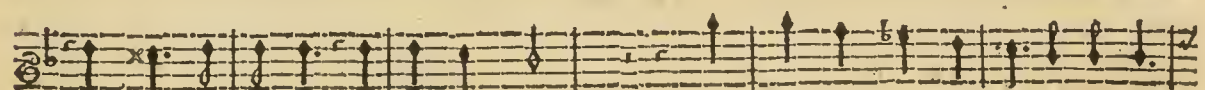
grant a kiss. Our blisses must not conclude, but spring from kisses. Then Shepherd love thy



fill. I shall, who knows how much loves not at all. Then draw we both



Then draw we



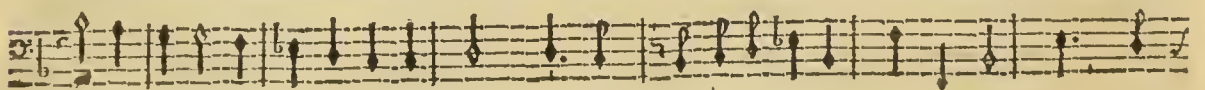
our flocks up hither, that we may pitch, That we may pitch our folds together,



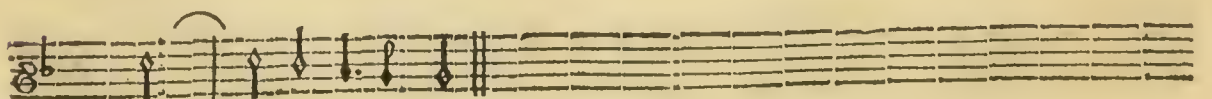
both our flocks up hither, That we may pitch, that we may pitch our folds together.



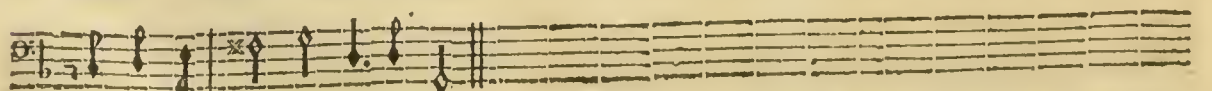
Amidst our chaste imbracements meet, our selves as blameless as our sheep, our selves as



Amidst our chaste imbraces meet, Our selves as blameless as our sheep,



blameless as our sheep.



Our selves as blameless as our sheep.

Mr. William Casar. alias Smegergill.

A Dialogue betwixt an Nymph and a Shepherd.



Nymph. *Shepherd.* *Nymph.*

Ell me *Shepherd* dost thou Love? Tell me *Nymph* why wouldst thou know? Thy wandering

Flocks that without guide doth Rove thy blubber'd Eyes, that still with teares doth flow, makes me to ask.

Shep. *Nymph.* *Shep.*

I do. Dear *Shepherd*, I tell me who? I Love a *Nymph*, from whose bright Eyes *Phæbe* doth her brightness borrow,

Chorus together.

where Love did first my heart surprize, where since hath sate my sorrow. Love sits in thron'd within the circle of bright

Love sits in thron'd within the circle of bright

Nymph. *Shep.*

Eyes. But tell me *Shepherd*, doth her Vertues Beauty equal? As She in Beauty doth all else excel, so are her Vertues

Eyes.

Nymph. *Shep.* *Nymph.* *Shep.*

without parallel; Doth She disdain thee? No. Why griev'st thou then? Because her love is only worthy of the

Chorus.

gods, not men. Loves chiefest joy is but a pleasing anguish, who lives in Love, doth dying live, and living languish.

gods not men. Loves chiefest joy is but a pleasing anguish, who lives in Love, doth dying live, and living languish.

A Dialogue between Strephon and Phillis.



Phillis. *Strephon.*

Hepherd in faith I cannot stay, my wandring flocks call me away. *Phillis*, I swear, since

Phillis.

I have caught thee now, upon thy rosie lips I'll pay my vow. Who lives in love, may not by force

Strephon. *Phillis.* *Strephon.*

constrain. Where imprecation false oaths must obtain. I prethee *Strephon* leave me. Dear *Phillis*,

Phillis. *Strephon.*

leave to condemn me. Nay, then I see, nay then I see, I must my selfe defend. Vain is all defence

Phillis. *Chorus.*

and art. Cruel, cruel, thou dost of breath bereave me. Since I have thee e're I part,

Since I have thee e're I part, I'll smother

I'll smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand such as this is.

thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand, &c. such as this is.

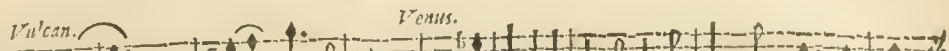
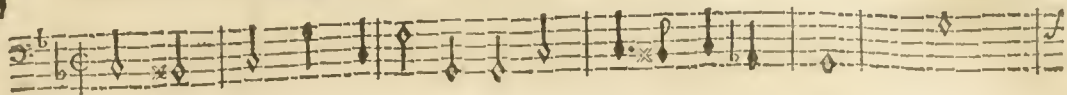
Thus *Strephon* bold laid down his lovely *Phillis*. And kist her breathless, and kist her breathless upon a bank of *Lillies*.

Thus *Strephon* bold laid down his lovely *Phillis*. And kist her breathless, and kist her breathless upon a bank of *Lillies*.
Mr. Nich. Laneare.

A Dialogue between Venus and Vulcan.



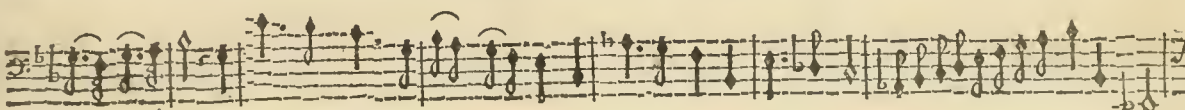
Vulcan, Vulcan, O Vulcan, my Love! Who calls? Who names me here, 'mongst flames? Sweet, hear my



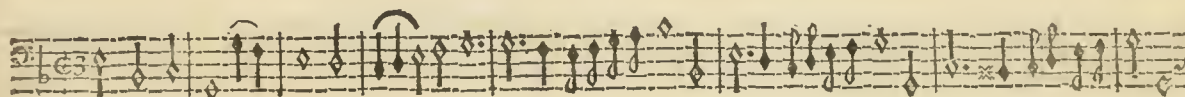
plaint, give sorrow ease. Thy sacred power who dares displease? A-las, forlorn *Cupid!* my wayward Son doth scorn



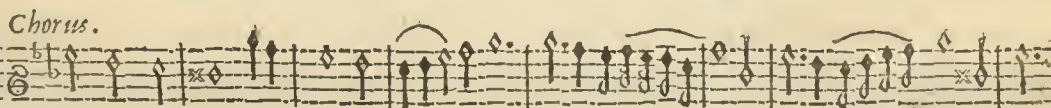
Loves just decree, my awfull heft and heavenly De-i-tie. Is he so bold & well, for thy sake, I that his Arrows heads have



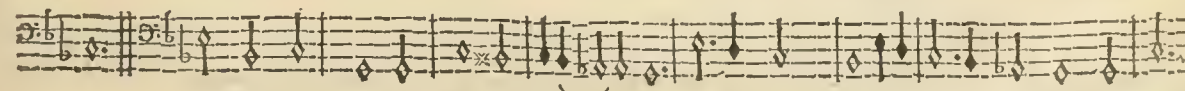
us'd to make of piercing steel, which Lo--vers feel, will temper lead, whose force is dull, and ——— stroke is dead.



So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ——— Toy, his Shaft no fearful



thing. So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ——— Toy, his Shafts

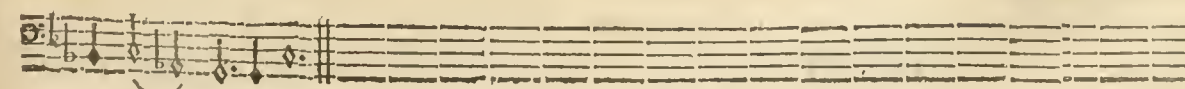


So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ——— Toy, his Shafts



no ——— fearful thing.


Mr. William Lawes.




no fearful thing.

A Dialogue between Charon and Philomel.


Phil.



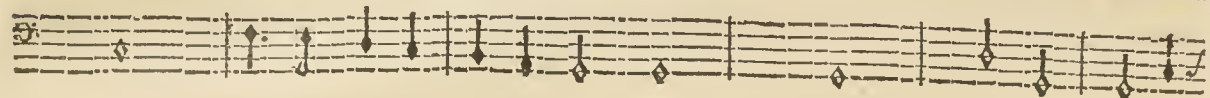
Charon, O gentle *Charon!* let me woo thee with tears, and pity now to come to me.



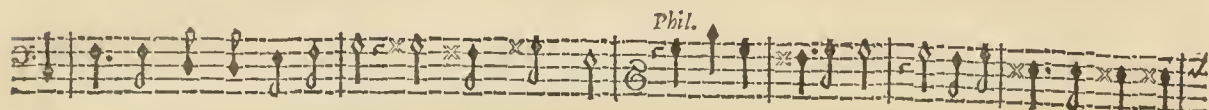
Char.



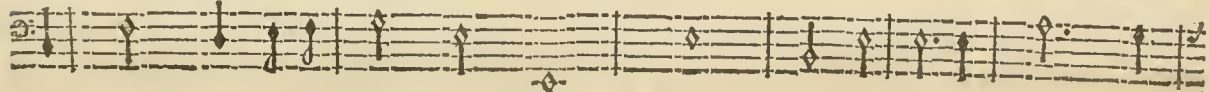
What voice so sweet and charming do I hear? Say what thou art? I prethee first draw near. A sound



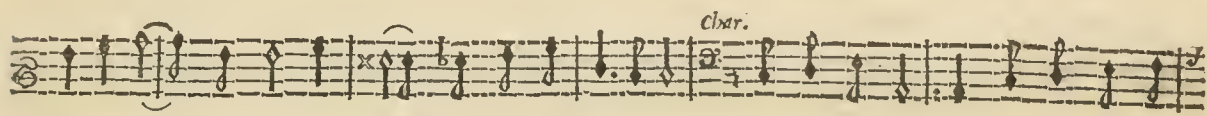
Phil.




I hear, but nothing yet I see: Speak where thou art? O *Charon,* pit-ty me! I am a shade, & though no



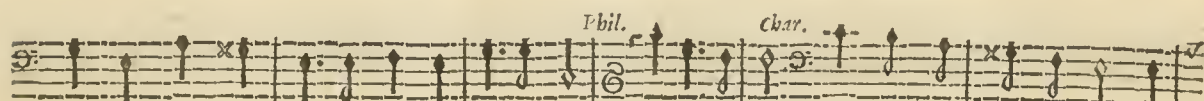
Char.




name I tell, my mournfull voice will say I'm *Philomel.* What's that to me? I waft, nor fish, nor




Phil. *Char.*



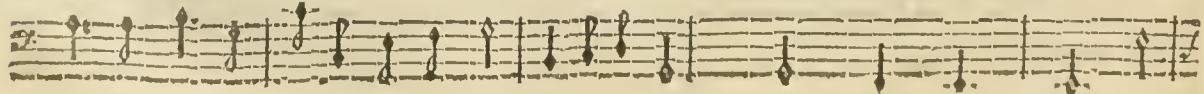
fowl, nor beast, Fond thing, but only humane souls. Alas for me! Shame on thy warbling note, that



Phil.

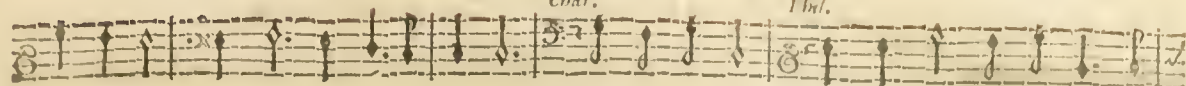


made me hoise my sail, and bring my boat, but He return: what mischief brought thee hither? A



Char.

Phil.



deal of love, and much, much grief together. What's thy request? That since she's now beneath that



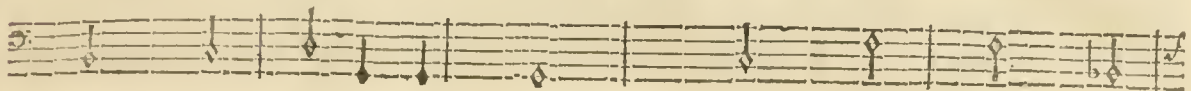
Char.

Phil.

Char.



fed my life, I follow her in death. And's that all? I'm gone. For love I pray thee. Talk not of love, all



Phil.

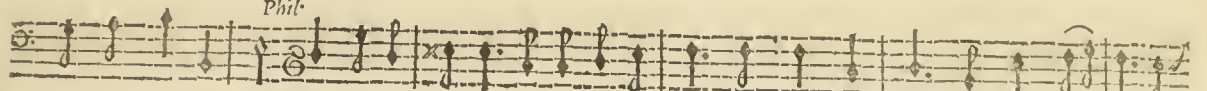
Char.



pray, but no souls pay me. I'll give thee sighs and tears. Can tears pay scores for patching sails, or



Phil.

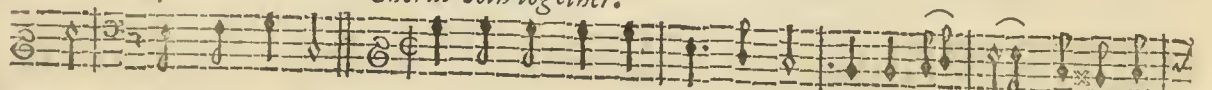


mending boat or oars? I'll beg a penny, or I'll sing so long, till thou shalt say I've pay'd thee in a



Char.

Chorus both together.



Song. Why, then begin. And all the while we make our sloathful passage o're the Stygian



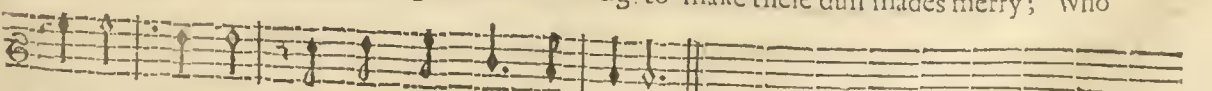
And all the while we make our sloathful passage o're the Stygian



Lake, thou and Ile sing, thou and Ile sing, to make these dull shades merry;

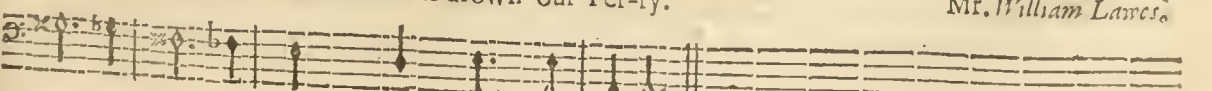


Lake, thou and Ile sing, thou and Ile sing, to make these dull shades merry; who



who else with tears will doubtless drown our Fer-ry.

Mr. William Lawes.



else with tears will doubtless drown our Fer-ry.

A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Damon.

Damon.



Thyrsis, kind Swain, come near, and lend a sigh, a tear, to thy sad Friend;



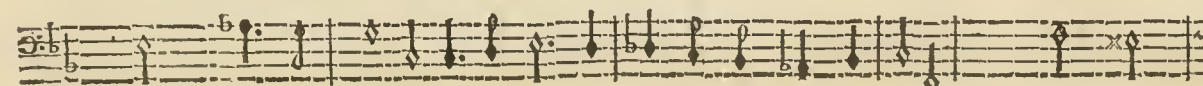
Thyrsis.



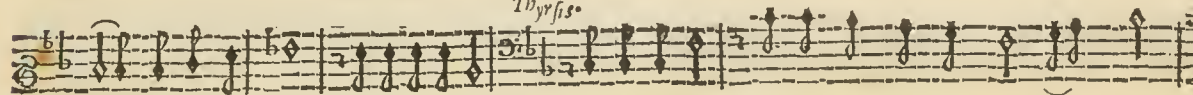
Forfaken *Damon* calls. Poor Wight, I come; But wherefore in this plight? Thine eyes are



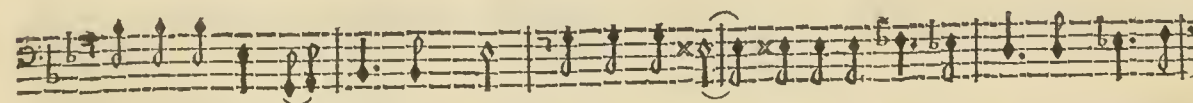
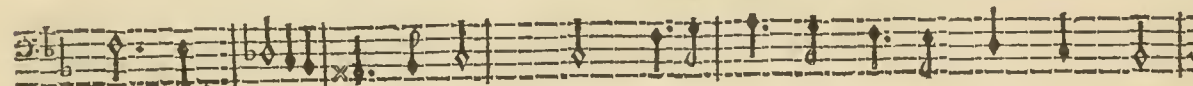
red, thy griefs are swel-ling: Tell them, Sorrow's half cur'd by telling. Take then the



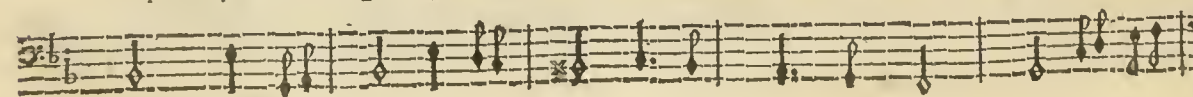
Thyrsis.



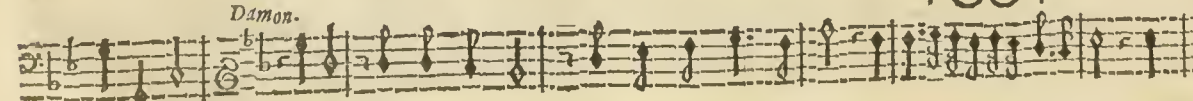
cause of all my woes, *Phyllis* is gone. Why, let her go, 'tis but with other Nymphs and Swains,



to sport upon the Neigh'ring Plains; she'l come again, be't but to find the Heart with thee she



Damon.

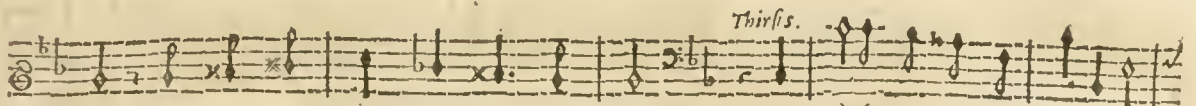


left behind. Alas, she's taken mine! Her's free as Ayre is gone un-chain--'d by me, though

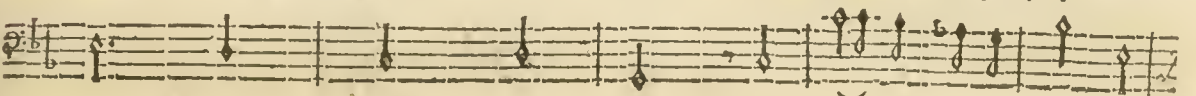




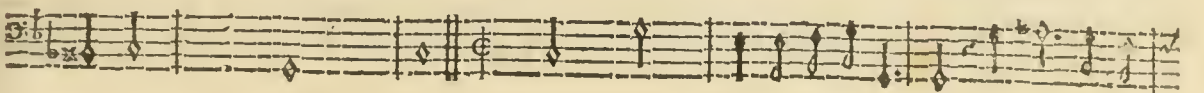
I with such devotion fought her love, as to great Pan I ought, whilst my pale look and scatter'd



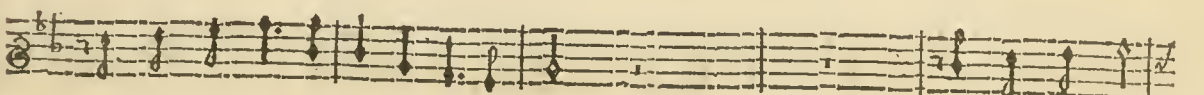
sheep show'd I, nor thoughts, nor flocks could keep. Chere up, and lightly by her set.



He never lov'd that could forget. Love is a Riddle, which he best unties,



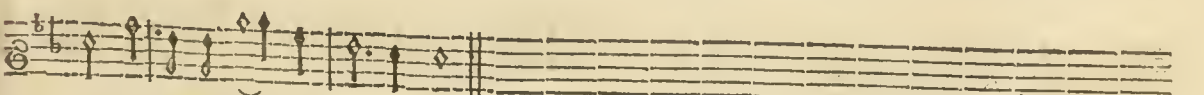
Love is a Riddle, which he best un-



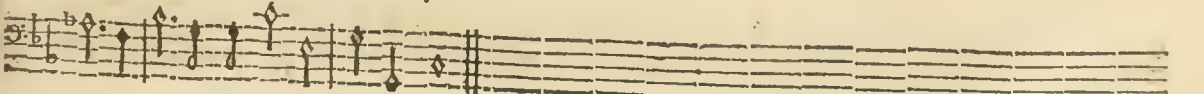
whose reason's not betray'd by his eyes, whose reason's not



ties, whose reason's not betrayed by his eyes, whose reason's



betray-ed, betray-ed by his eyes.

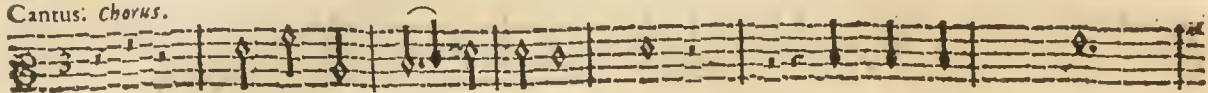


not betray'd, betray'd by his eyes.

Mr. William Caesar, alias Smegergilt.

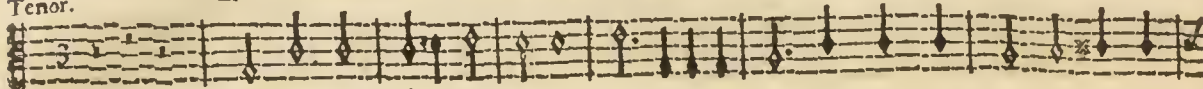
A Glee to Bacchus with Chorus for Three voices to be sung between every verse.

Cantus: Chorus.



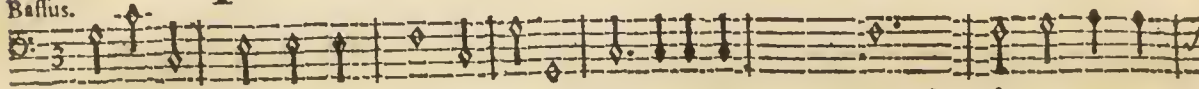
TO Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, with wine and mirth

Tenor.

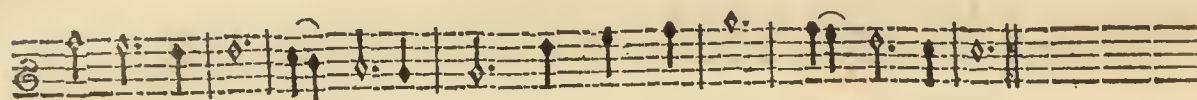


TO Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, with Wine and mirth with tr we'll conjure

Bassus.



TO Bacchus, to Bacchus, we to Bacchus sing, with Wine and mirth we'll conjure



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

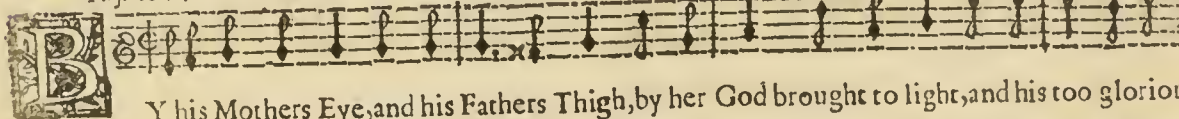


we'll conjure him, we'll conjure him, with wine and mirth we'll conjure him.

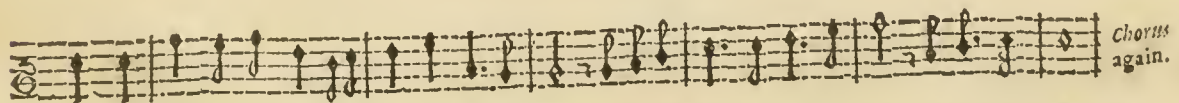


we'll conjure him, we'll conjure him, with wine and mirth we'll conjure him.

First verse.

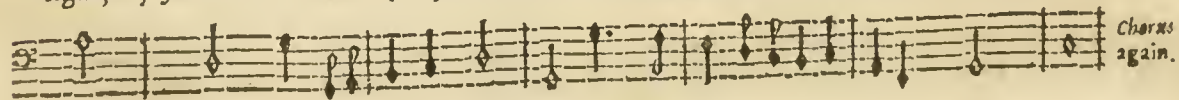


BY his Mothers Eye, and his Fathers Thigh, by her God brought to light, and his too glorious



Chorus again.

fight; By Junoes deceit, and by thy sad retreat, appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles here.

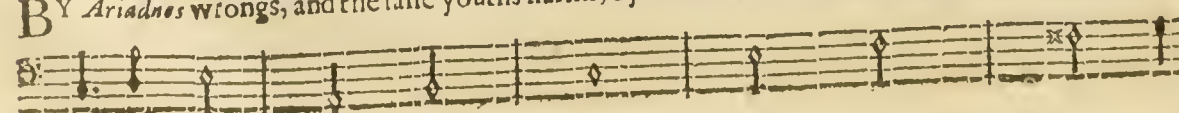


Chorus again.

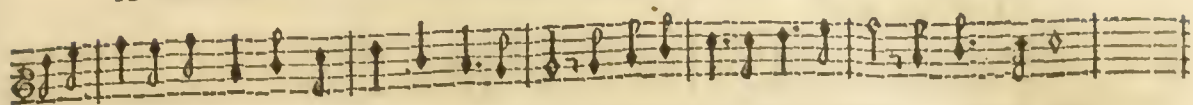
Second verse.



BY Ariadnes wrongs, and the false youths harms, by the Rock in his breast, and her tears fore opprest,



A Glee with Chorus for three voices to be sung to every verse.



By the Beauty she fled and the Pleasures of a bed, appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles here.



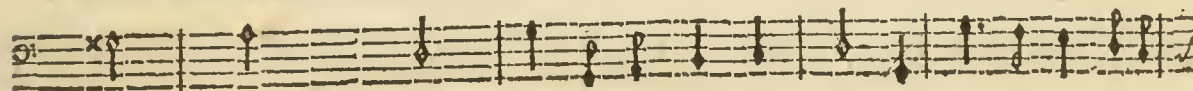
Third verse.



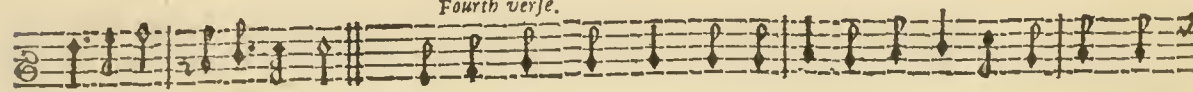
BY this purple Wine thus pour'd on the shrine; and by this Beer glasse to the next kind Lads; by a



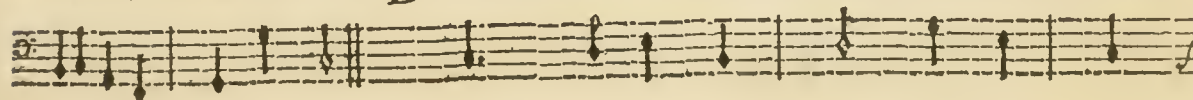
Girl twice nine, that will claspe like a Vine, that will claspe thee like a Vine, appear, appear, ap-



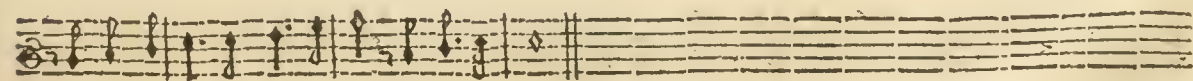
Fourth verse.



pear, appear, in Bottles here. **B**Y the men thou'st won, and the women undone; By the friendship

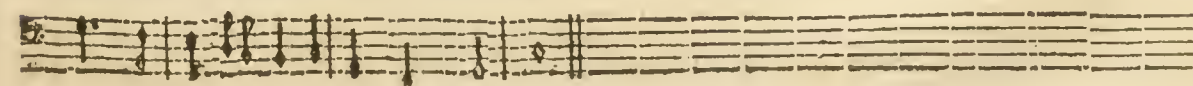


thou hast made, and the secrets betray'd; By the power over sorrow, thus charm'd till to morrow.



appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles Beer.

To Bacchus, &c.



A Glee to the Cook.

A. 3. Voc. First Treble.



Ring out the cold Chine, the cold Chine to mee, and how Ile Charge him

Bass alone.

Come and see. Brawn Tusked Brawn, well fowlt and fine, with a precious Cup of Muscadine.

Chorus for three Voyces.

How shall I sing?

How shall I sing?

How shall I sing?

How shall I sing?

How shall I sing? How shall I sing?

How shall wee looke in Honour in Honour of the Master Cooke?

How shall wee looke in Honour in Honour of the Master Cooke?

How shall wee looke in Honour in Honour of the Master Cooke?

First Treble.

The Pig shall turn Round, and Answer mee; Canst thou spare me a Sholder?

Second Treble. *First Treble.*

A-wy A--wy. The Duck, Goose, and Capon: Good fellows all three shall dance thee an

Antick, so shall the Turkey. But O! the cold Chine, the cold Chine for me.

Second Treble.

With Brew-is Ile 'noint thee from Head to th' Heel, shall make thee Run

Bass alone.

Nimble then the new oyled Wheel.

With Pye-crust wee'l make thee the

Eighth Wiseman to bee; but O! the cold Chine, the cold Chine, but O! the cold

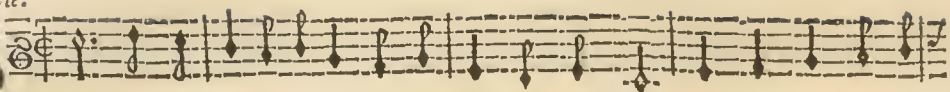
Chorus of three Voyces again.

Chine for mee. How shall, &c.

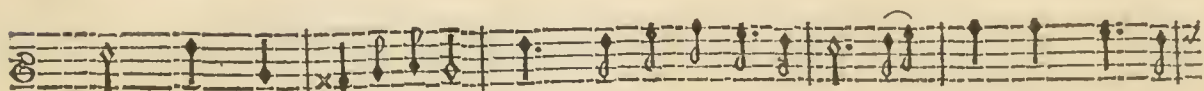
Dr. John Wilson

The Tinker.

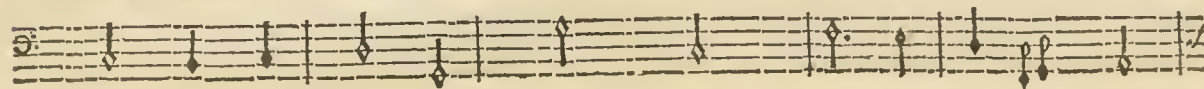
A 2 Voc. Bass and Treble.



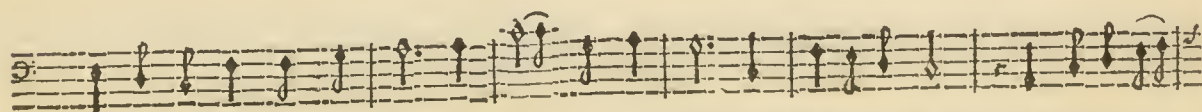
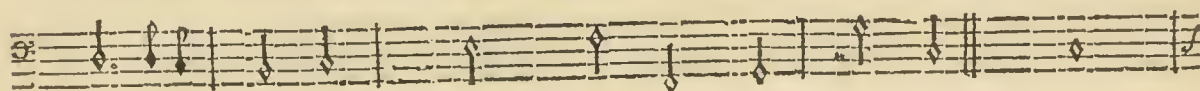
E that a *Tinker a Tinker a Tinker* would be, let him leave other



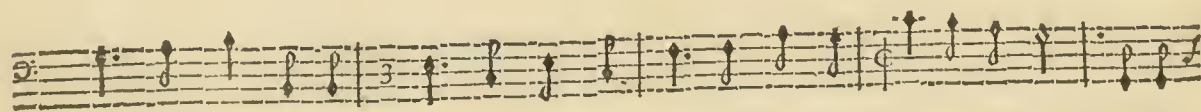
Loves, and come listen to me: Though he travel all the Day, he comes Home late at



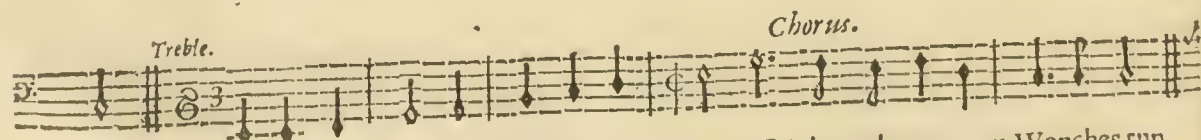
Night, and Dallies, and Dallies with his Doxey, and Dreams of Delight. His Pot and his



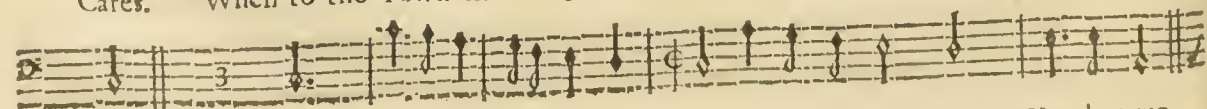
Toft in the Morning he takes and all the Day long good Musick he makes: He wanders the



World to Wakes and to Fairs, and casts his Cap, and casts his Cap at the Court and her



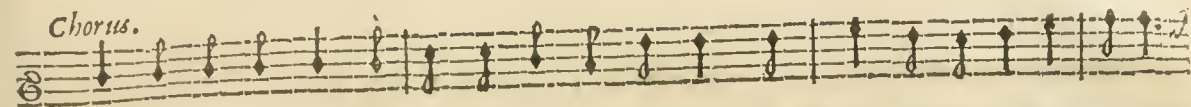
Cares. When to the Town the *Tinker* doth come, O! how the wanton Wenches run.



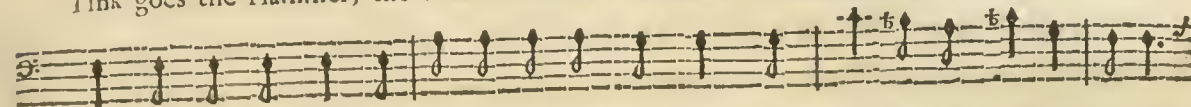
O! how the wanton Wenches run.



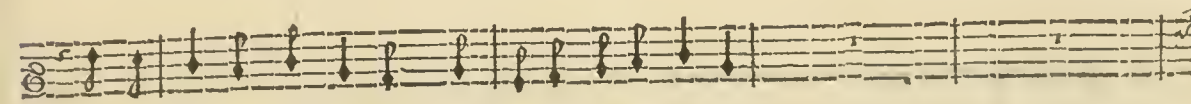
Solo.
Some bring him basons, some bring him boles; all Wenches pray him to stop up their holes.



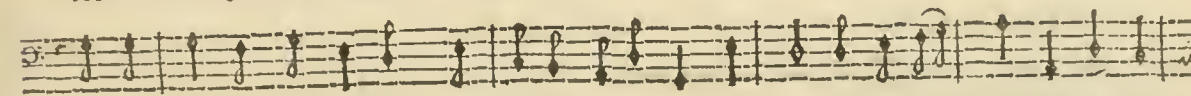
Chorus.
Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer. Come bring me the Copper Kettle



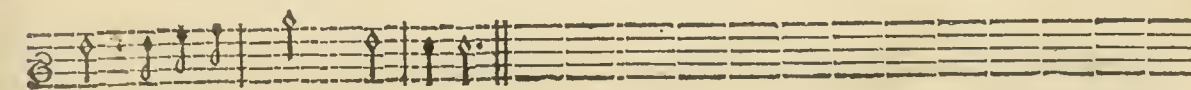
Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer. Come bring me the Copper Kettle



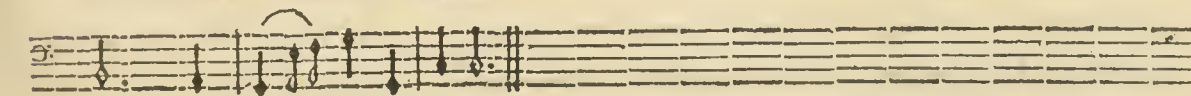
for the *Tinker*, the *Tinker*, the Merry Merry *Tinker*,



for the *Tinker*, the *Tinker*, the Merry Merry *Tinker*, O! he is the Man of Metle,

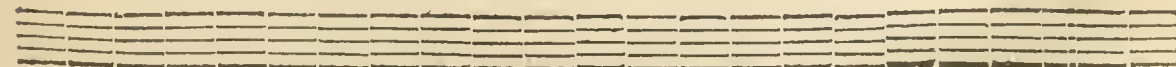
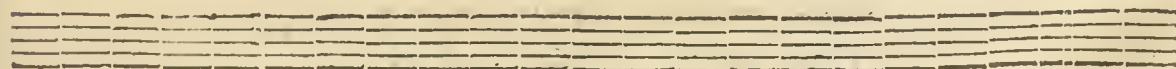
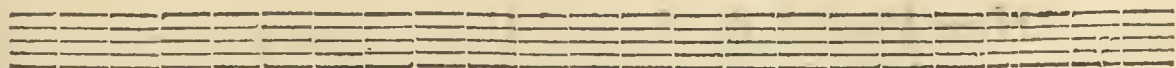
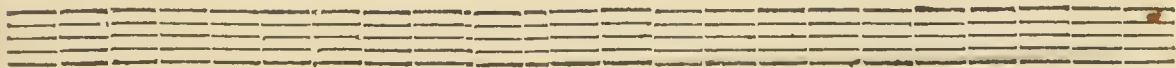


O! he is the Man of Metle.



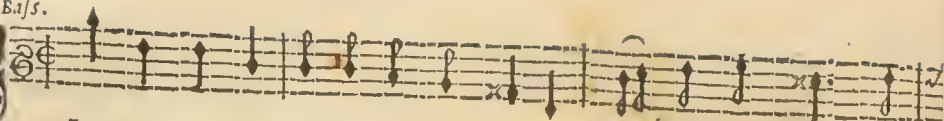
O! he is the Man of Metle.

Dr. John Wilson.



A Glee.

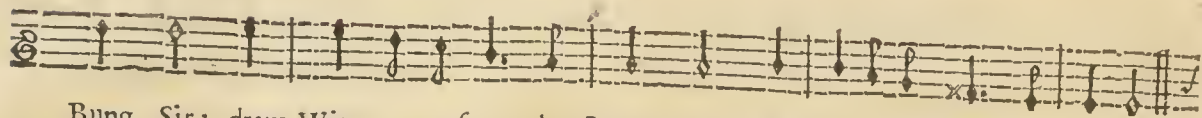
A. 2. Voc. Treble and Bass.



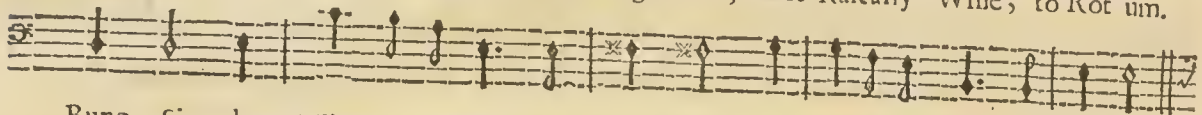
Ly Boy, Fly Boy to the Cellars bottome, view well your Quills and



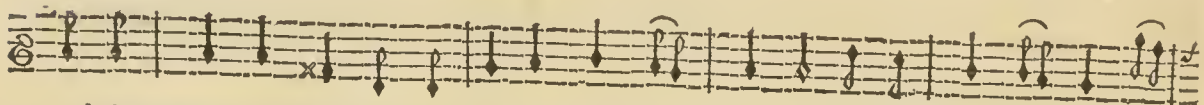
Fly Boy to the Cellars bottome, view well your Quills and



Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um.



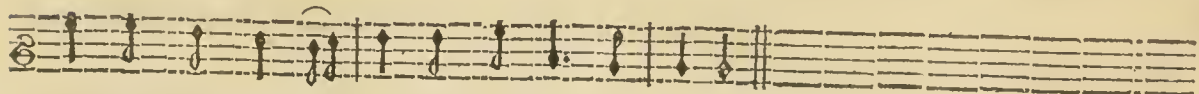
Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um.



If the Quills run foule, be a trusty Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an

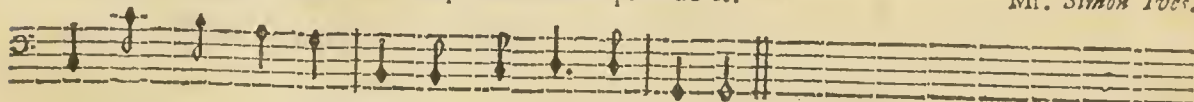


If the Quills run foule, be a trusty Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an



ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Mr. Simon Ives.



ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Here Endeth the Second Part of this Book;
 being *Dialogues* and *Glees* for two Voices,
 to the *Theorboe-Lute*, or *Bass-Viol*.



THIRD BOOK.

CONTAINING

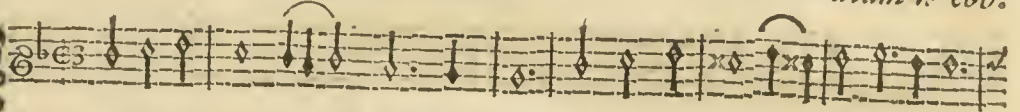
Short *AYRES* or *BALADS* for Three Voyces :

Which may be sung either by a Voyce alone, or by Two or Three Voyces.

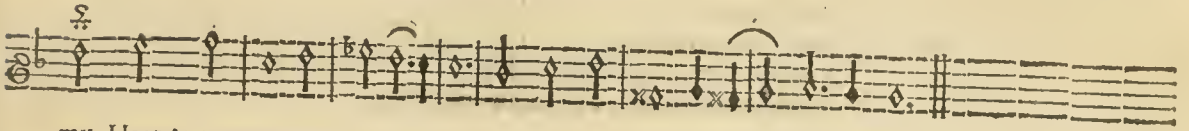
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

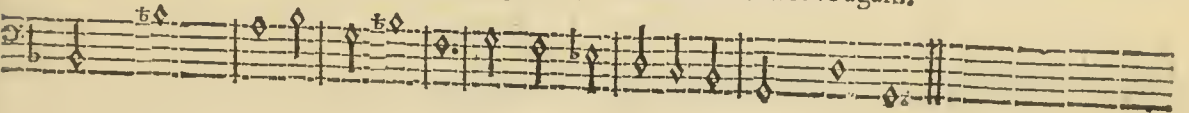
Mr. William Webb:



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



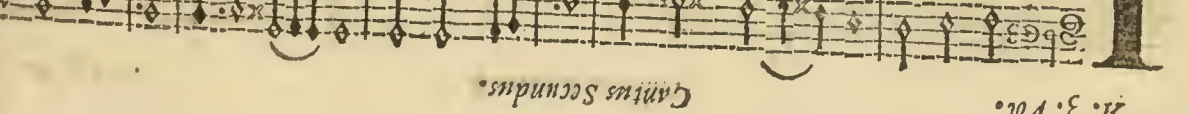
my Heart's too narrow to contain my blifs, if thou shouldst love again.



too narrow to contain my blifs, if thou shouldst love again.



With no more thou shouldst love mee, my joys are full in loving thee; my Heart's

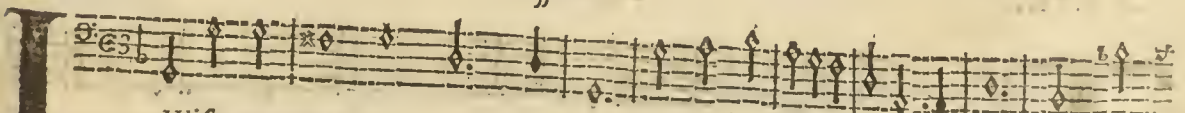


Cantus Secundus.

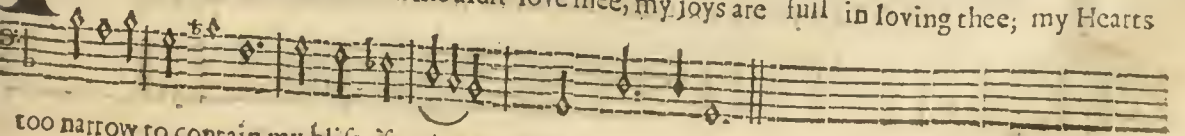
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



With no more thou shouldst love mee, my joys are full in loving thee; my Heart's

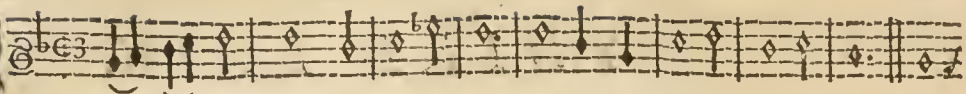


too narrow to contain my blifs, if thou shouldst love again.

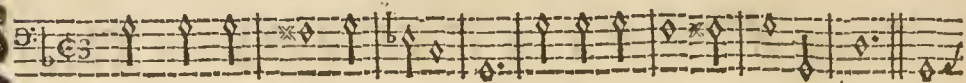
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

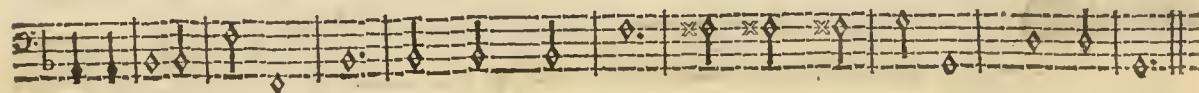
Mr. Nicholas Lanmeare.



Hough I am young and cannot tell, either what love or death is well; and

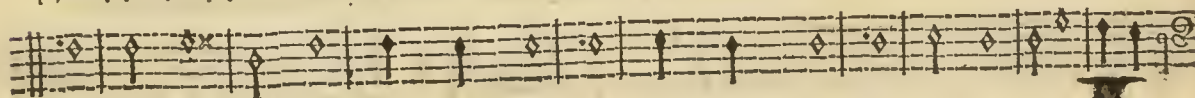


then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold

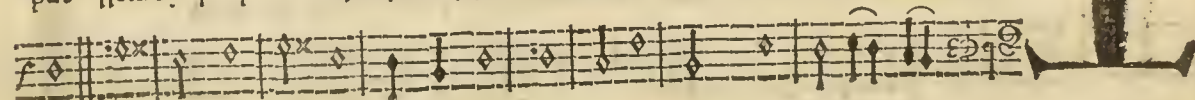


Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aime at humane hearts;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extreams to touch, and mean one thing.

then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold.



Hough I am young, and cannot tell, either what love or death is well, and



Cantus Secundus.

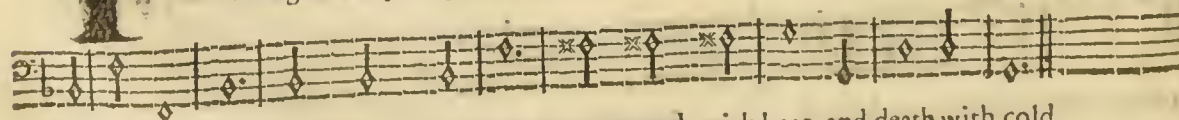
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Hough I am young, and cannot tell, either what love or death is well; and then again

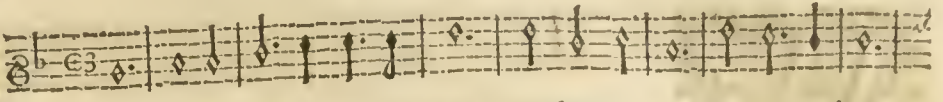


I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold,

Chloris taking the Ayre.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

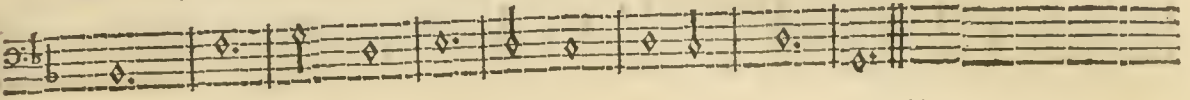
A. 3. Voc.



Ome Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to sport us ere the day be done ;



such is thy Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.



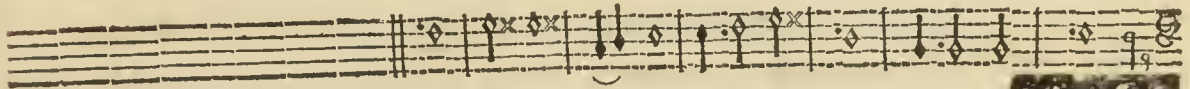
II.

III.

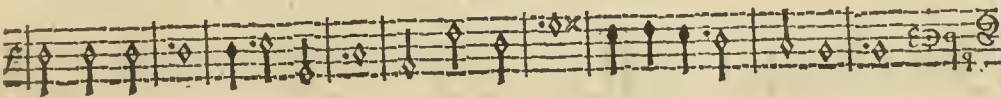
And if a Flow'r but chance to dye
With my sighs blasts, or mine Eyes rain,
Thou can't revive it with thine Eye,
And with thy breath mak't sweet again.

The wanton Suckling and the Vine
Will strive for th' honour, who first may
With their green Arms incircle thine,
To keep the burning Sun away.

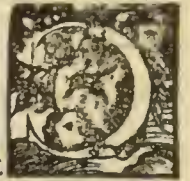
Pow'r that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.



Ome Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to sport us ere the day be done ; such is thy



Cantus Secundus.



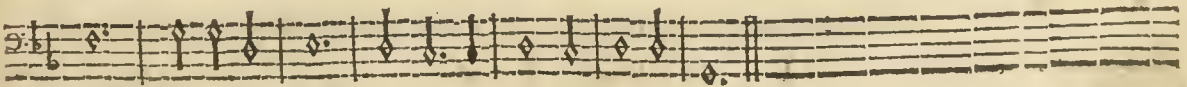
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ome Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to sport us ere the day be done ; such is thy



Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Hen Troy Town for ten years Wars withstood the *Greeks* in manful wise,

y et did their Foes encrease so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Wals that

were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy* Town stood.

were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy* Town stood.

y et did their Foes encrease so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Wals that

Hen *Troy* Town for ten years Wars, withstood the *Greeks* in manful wise,



Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Hen *Troy* Town for ten years Wars, withstood the *Greeks* in manful wise

y et did their Foes increase so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Wals that

were so good, and Corn now grow where *Troy* Town stood,

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

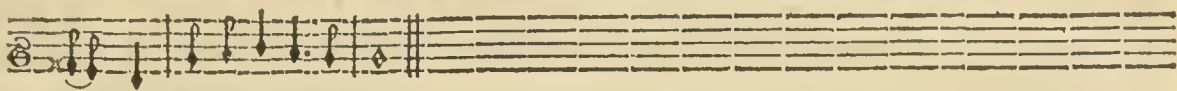
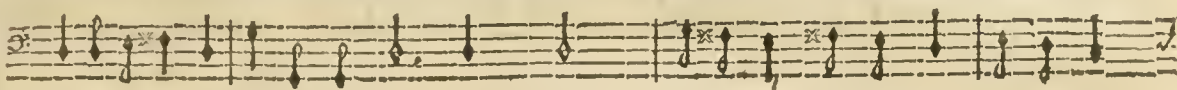
Dr. John Wilson.



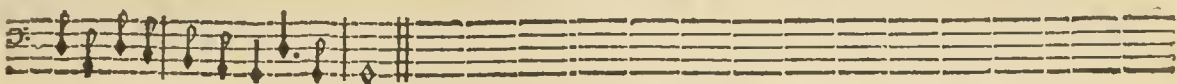
From the fair *Lavinian* Shore, I your Markets come to store.
Muse not though so far I dwell, and my Wares come here to sell.



Such is the sacred hunger of Gold; then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack, what d' ye



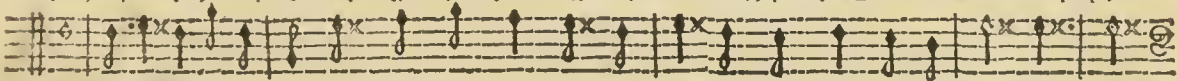
buy, for here it is to be sold.



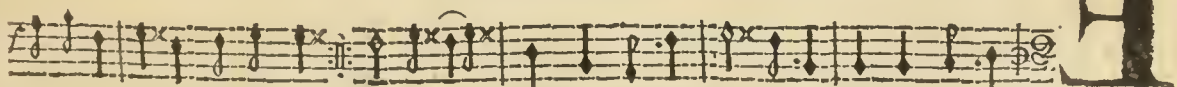
I have Beauty, Honour, Grace,
Fortune, Favour, Time, and Place;
And what else thou would'it request,
Even the Thing thou likest best.
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,
Then come to me Lad
Thou shalt have what thy Dad
Never gave, for here it is to be sold.

Maddam, come see what you lack,
Here's Complexion in my Pack;
White and Red you may have in this place,
To hide your old ill wrinkled Face;
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,
Then thou shalt seem
Like a Wench of Fifteen,
Although thou be threescore Years old.

gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack, what d' ye buy, for here it is to be sold.



Muse not though so far I dwell, and my wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred hunger of
From the fair *Lavinian* Shore, I your Markets come to store.

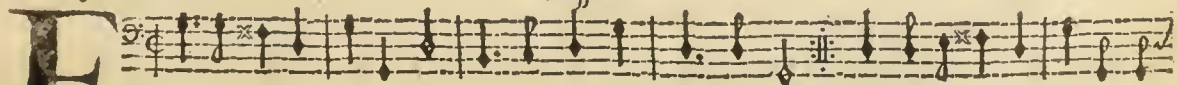


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



From the fair *Lavinian* Shore, I your Markets come to store.
Muse not though so far I dwell, and my wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred hunger of

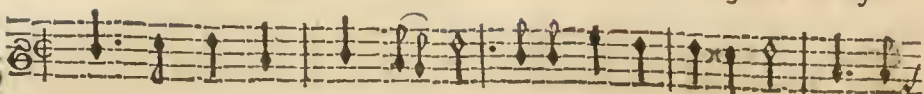


gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry, What d' ye lack, what d' ye buy? For here it is to be sold.

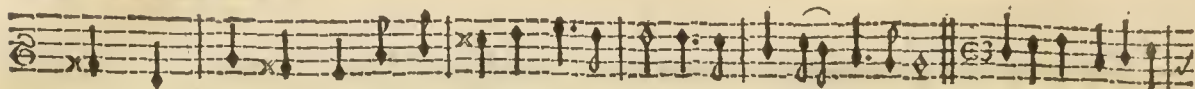
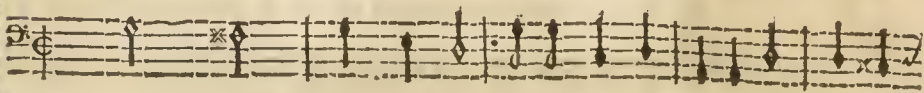
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

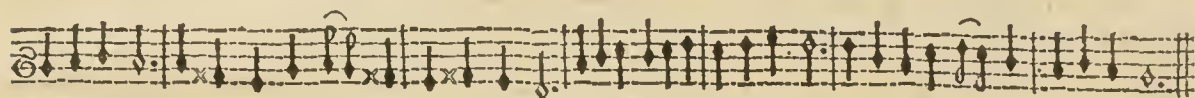
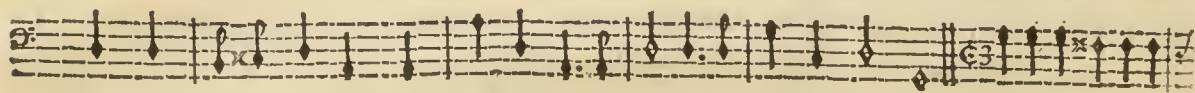
Dr. John Wilson.



Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I



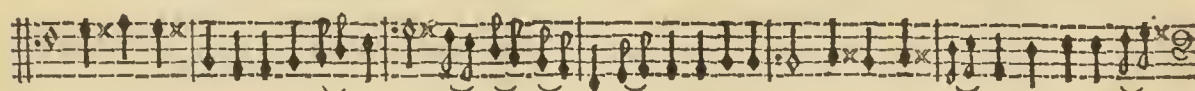
cowch when *Owles* do crie, on the *Batts* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie



shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow. Merily merily shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow.



under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow



Owles do cry, on the *Batts* back I do fly after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now



Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when

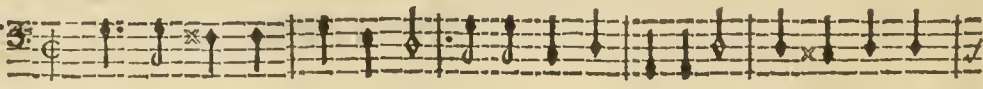


Cantus Secundus.

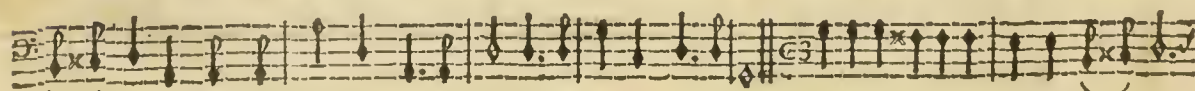
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when



Owles do cry, on the *Batts* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now

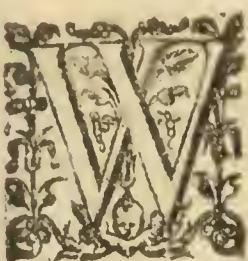


under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Musical staff with notes and lyrics: Hen Love with uncon-fi-ned wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine

Hen Love with uncon-fi-ned wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: Althea brings to whisfer at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd

Althea brings to whisfer at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: the--a brings to whisfer at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fet--ter'd

the--a brings to whisfer at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fet--ter'd

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: Hen Love with unconfined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-

Hen Love with unconfined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: Hen Love with unconfined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-



Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Musical staff with notes and lyrics: Hen Love with unconfined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-

Hen Love with unconfined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: Althea brings to whisfer at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd with her

Althea brings to whisfer at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd with her

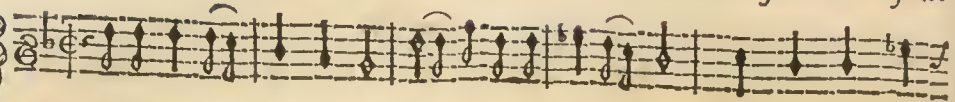
Musical staff with notes and lyrics: Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



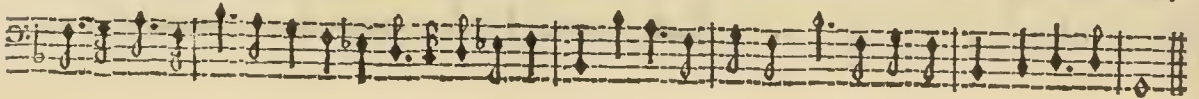
O not fear to put thy feet naked in the Ri-ver sweet, think not Neute, nor



Leech, nor Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters, rising high, nor let the



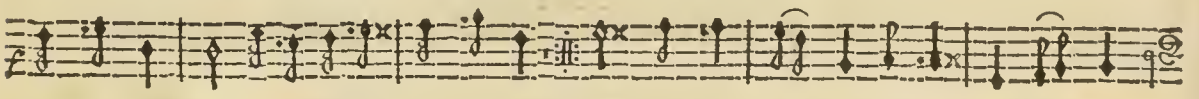
waters, rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee.



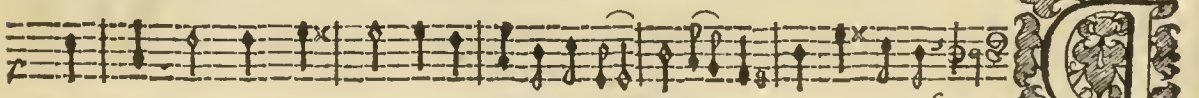
waters, rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee.



nor Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the



O not fear to put thy feet naked in the River sweet, think not Neute, nor Leech



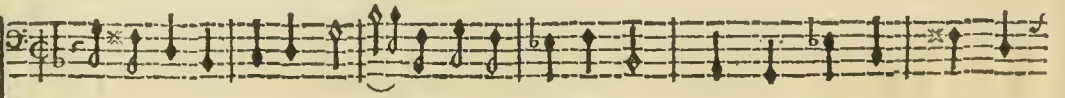
Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.



A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



O not fear to put thy feet naked in the Ri-ver sweet, think not Neut, nor Leech, nor



Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the waters



rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.

N the merry month of *May*, on a morn by break of day, forth I walkt the Wood

so wide, when as *May* was in her pride; There I spy'd all alone all alone *Philida* and *Co-ri-don*.

Much adoe there was, God wot,
He did love, but she could not;
He said his love was to woo,
She said none was false to you;
He said, he had lov'd her long,
She said, love should take no wrong.

Coridon would have kist her then,
She said, Maids must kisse no Men,
Till they kisse for good and all;
Then she bad the Shepherd call
All the Gods to witness truth,
Ne'r was loved so fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
Such as silly Shepherds use
When they would not love abuse;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And *Phillida* with Garlands gay
Was Crowned the Lady *May*.

wide, when as *May* was in her pride; there I spy'd all alone all alone *Phil-ida* and *Coridon*.

N the merry month of *May*, on a morn by break of day, forth I walkt the Wood so

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

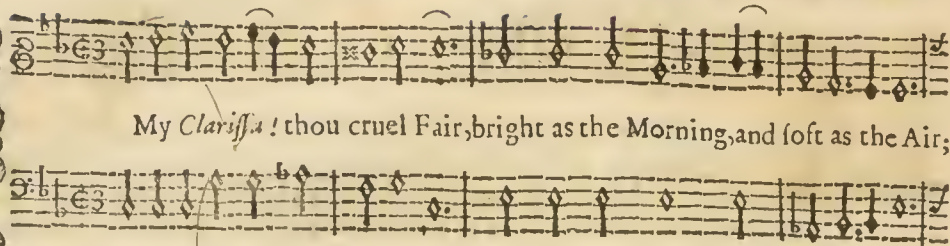
N the merry month of *May*, on a morn by break of day, forth I walkt the Wood so

wide, when as *May* was in her pride; there I spy'd all alone all alone *Phi-li-da* and *Co-ri-don*.

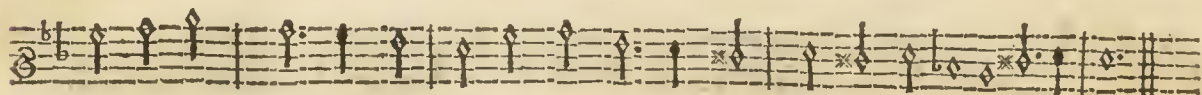
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

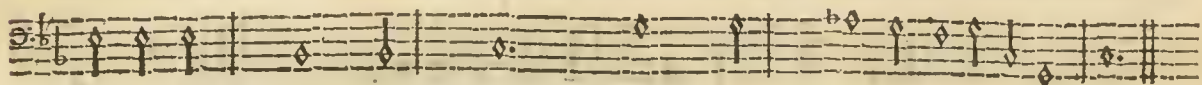
Mr. William Lawes.



My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air,



Fresher than Flow'rs in *May*, yet far more sweet than 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 Cupid's Dart,
It peirc'd quite through my heart;
Oh, could thy breast once feele the same!

Let not such Fortune my Love betide ;
Oh, let your rocky breast be mollifi'd !
Send me not to my Grave
Unpittied like a slave ;
How can love such usage abide ?

A wound so powerfull would urge thy soule,
Spight of a froward heart, coynefs controule,
And make thy love as fixt
As is the heart thou prik'st,
Forcing thee with me to condole.

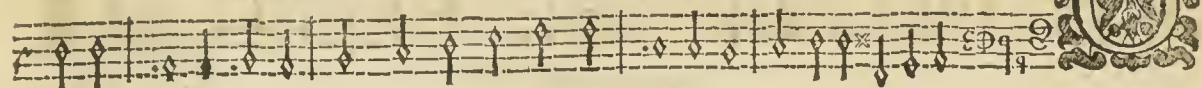
Symphatize with me a while in grief,
This passion quickly will find out relief ;
Cupid wil from his Bowers
Warm these chill hearts of ours,
And make his power rule there in chief.

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

than flowers in *May*, yet far more sweet than they ; Love is the subject of my prayer.



My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air : Fresher

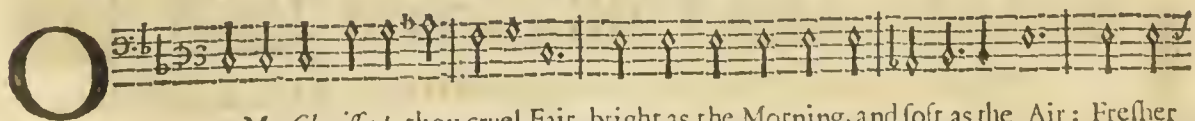


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air : Fresher

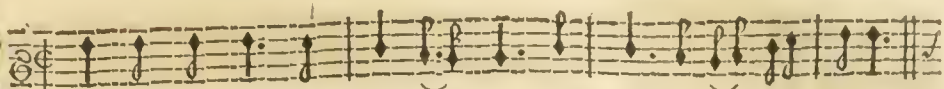


than flowers in *May*, yet far more sweet than they ; Love is the subject of my prayer.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Lawes.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying;



And that same Flow'r that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

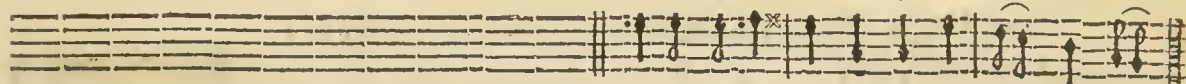


The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he is getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

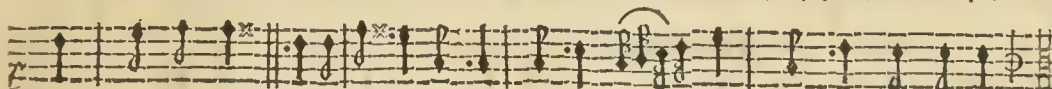
That Age is best that is the first,
While your' and blood are warmer;
Expect not the last and worst,
Time still succeeds the former.

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

that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying; And that same Flow'r



Cantus Secundus.

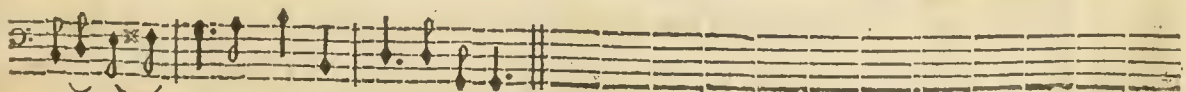
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, old Time is still a flying; And the same Flow'r that

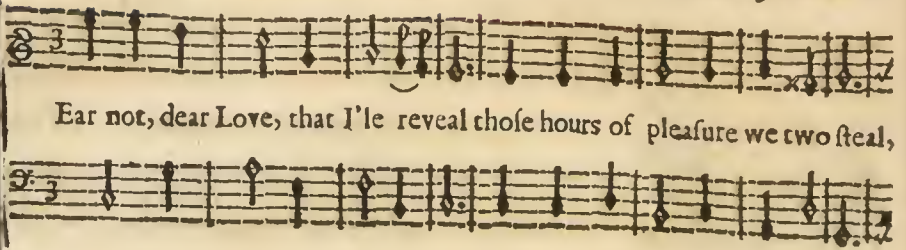


smiles to day to morrow will be dying.

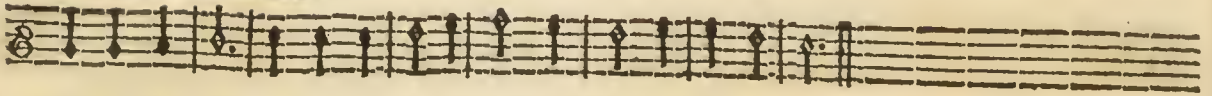
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

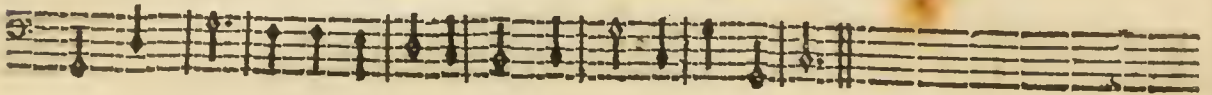
Mr. Henry Lawes.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal,



no Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

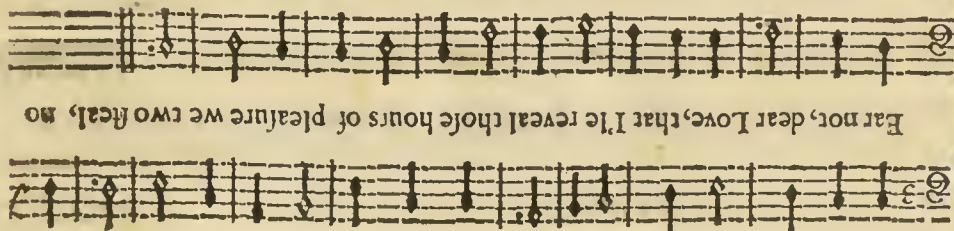


No ear shall hear our Love, but we
As silent as the night will be,
The God of Love himself, (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart.)

Shall never know that we can tell,
What sweets in stoln embraces dwell;
This onely means may find it out,
If when I die, Physicians doubt.

What caus'd my death, and then to view
Of all their judgments which was true;
Rip up my heart, O then I fear
The world will see thy picture there.

Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal, no

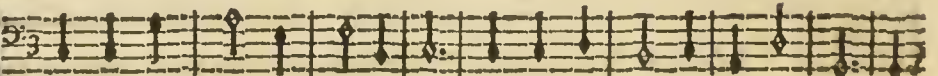
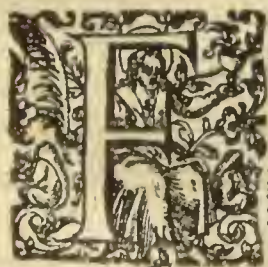


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal, no



Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Tompkins.

Ine young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear yet you ne'r could

reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to fool, y'r not worth our serious part.

When I sigh and kifs your hand,
 Crosse mine Armes, and wondring stand,
 Holding fairly with your eye;
 Then dilate on my desires,
 Swear the Sun ne'r shot such fires,
 All is but a handsome lye.

Wherefore, Madam, wear no cloud,
 Nor to check my flames grow proud;
 For insooth I much do doubt,
 'Tis the powder in your hair,
 Not your breath perfumes the Air,
 And your cloaths that set you out.

When I eye your Curles or Lace,
 Gentle soul, you think your face
 Straight some murder doth commit;
 And your conscience doth begin
 To be scrup'lous of my sin,
 When I court to shew my wit,

Yet though truth hath this confest,
 And I swear I love in jest,
 Courteous soul, when next I court,
 And protest an amorous flame
 You I vow, I in earnest am,
 Bedlam, this is pretty sport.

reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to fool, y'r not worth our serious part.

Ine young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear yet you ne'r could

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Ine young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear yet you ne'r could

reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to fool, y'r not worth our serious part.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

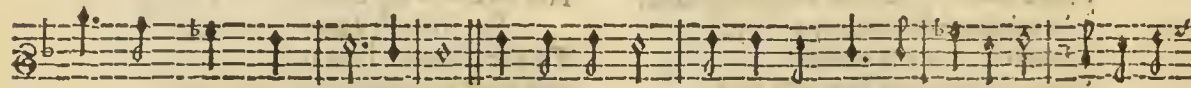
Mr. Henry Lawes.



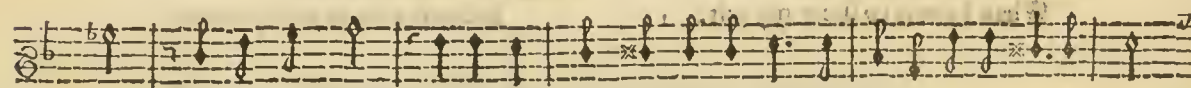
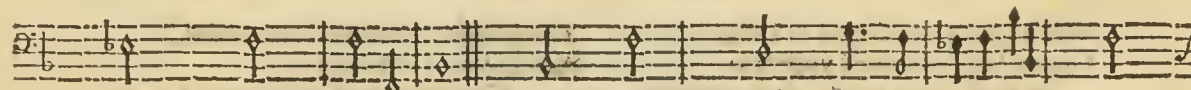
Ing fair *Clorinda*, fair *Clorinda* sing, whilst you move those that attend the



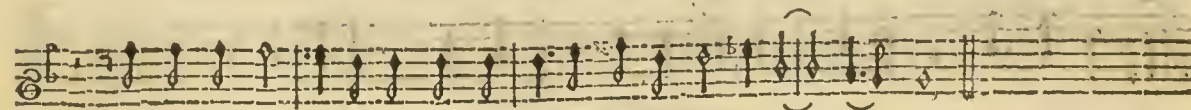
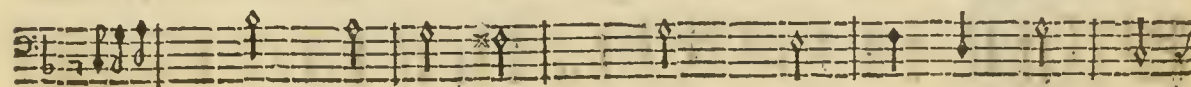
throne, the throne above, to leave their holy business there; shall so much harmony attend to



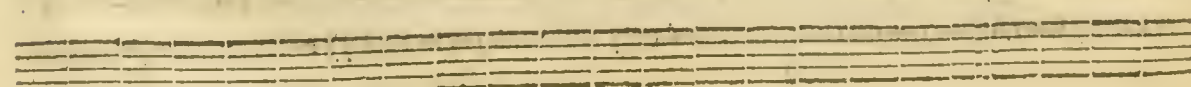
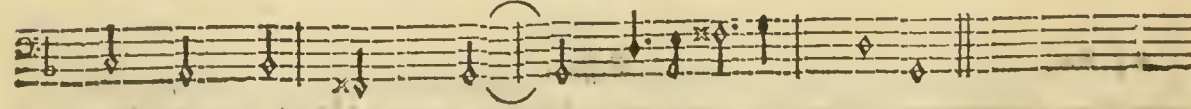
think the spears were made in vain? Since here's a voyce quickens the sloth of natures age, it comforts



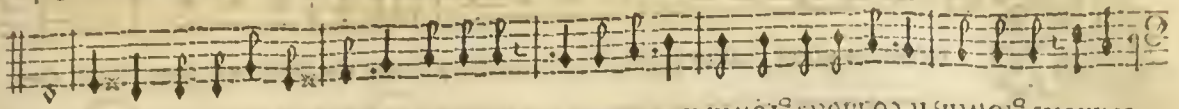
growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake,



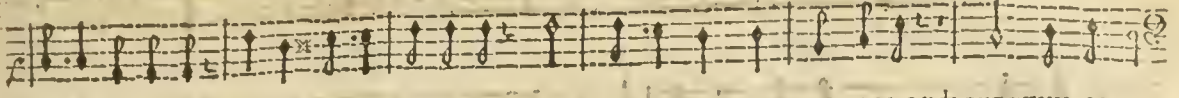
and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.



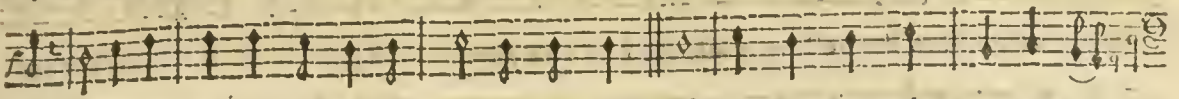
Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake,



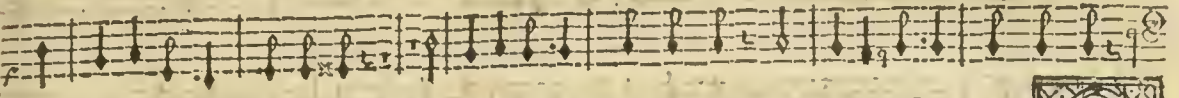
comforts growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke a



to think the spears were made in vain: Since here's a voyce quickens the sloth of natures age, it



to leave their holy busines there; till each with his obedient ear shall so much harmony at-tain.



Ing fair *Clorinda*, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above,



Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

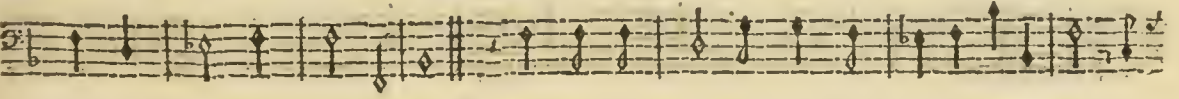
Bassus.



Ing fair *Clorinda*, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above, to



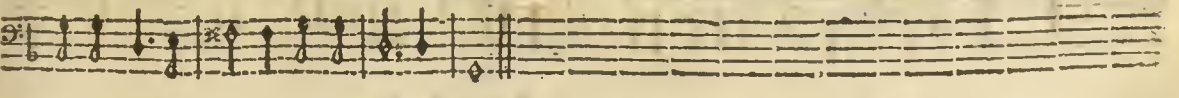
leave their ho-ly busines there; till each with his obédient ear shall so much harmony at-tain. to



think the spears were made in vain: Since here's a voyce quickens the sloth of natures age, it



comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly and can provoke a Lil-ly, and



can provoke a Lil-ly to out-live an Oake.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. John Cobb.

Miths are good Fellows, good Fellows, they Blow the Bellows, they Blow the

Bellows, they Blow the Bellows while the Iron's hot, though there gains be small, Thy pot and

my pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.

Hallow, Hallow, Hallow is the White Mare Fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast,

stand fast with a Winion: Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot and thy pot, sure

'tis but opinion Ale hurts the sight, For continually con-ti-nu-al---ly, Thy pot and my pot, come

thy pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot their Hammers call.

come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call.



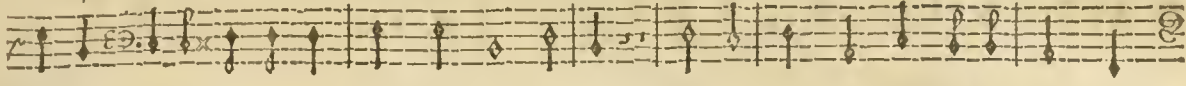
hurts the Sight for continually. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot,



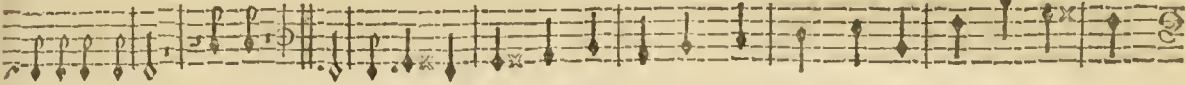
and my pot, come thy pot, and my pot, and thy pot come sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Ale



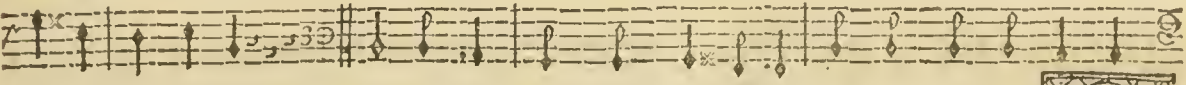
white Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winion. Thy pot,



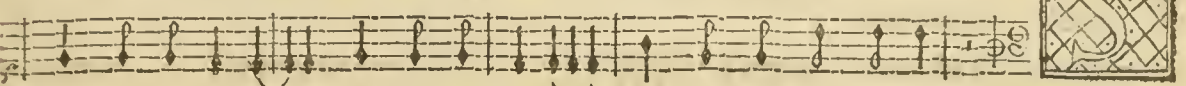
come thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow is the



blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small. Thy pot, and my pot,



Miths are good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows, they

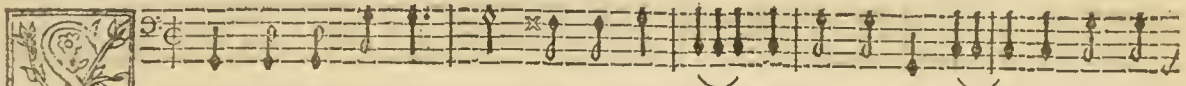


Cantus Secundus.

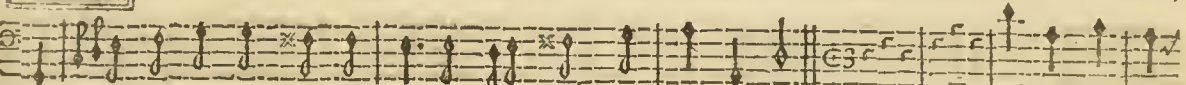
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Miths are good Fellows, good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows,



they blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small.

Thy pot, and my



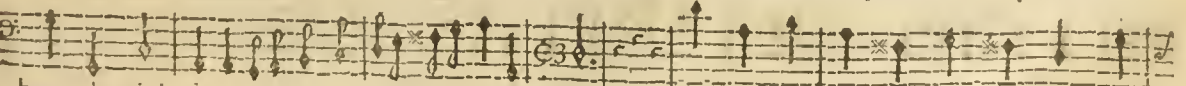
pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow, is the white



Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winion.

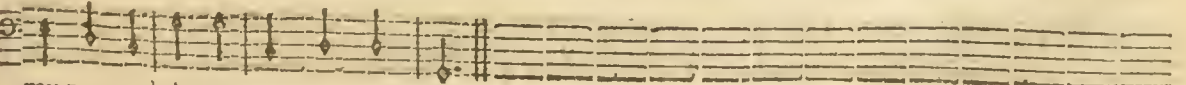


Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot come; sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Ale



hurts the Sight for continually, for con-ti-nu-al-ly.

Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come



my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.

E e

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.



Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of souls get up, get up, & string thy powerful Lute, & some

fad, some sad Requiem sing, til Cliffs requite thy Echo with a grone, and the dull Rocks

Alius alone.

Then on a suddain, &c.

repeat the duller tone,

Bissus alone.

The Oake her Roo. s, &c.

Verse alone.

Chorus.

Mirtles shall caper, lofty Cedars run, & call the courtly palme to make up one: . Then

Slow.

in the midst of all their jolly strain, then in the midst of all their jol-ly strain, strike a sad note,

strike a sad note, strike a sad note and fix 'um Trees again.

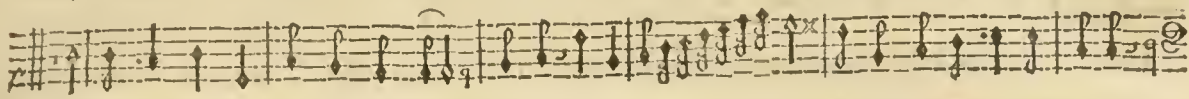
jol-ly, jol-ly strain, strike a sad note, strike a sad note, and fix 'um Trees again.



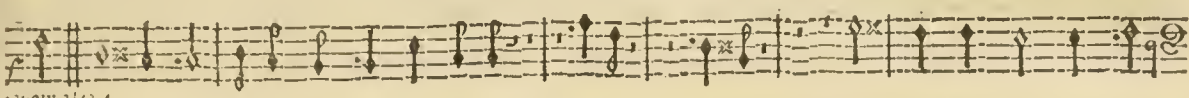
Then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly strain, then in the midst of all their



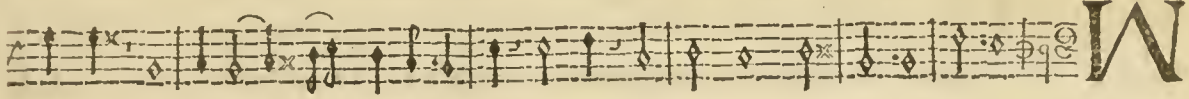
on a luddain, with a nimble hand, run gently o're the Cords, and to command the Pine to dance:



fad, some sad Requium sing, Echo, Echo, and the dull Rocks repeat thy duller tone: Then



Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls get up, get up & string thy powerfull Lute, and some



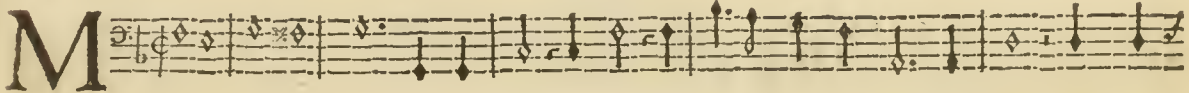
M

A. 3. Voc.

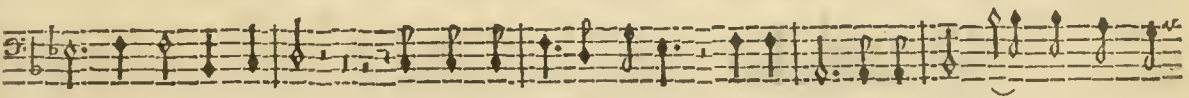
Alus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

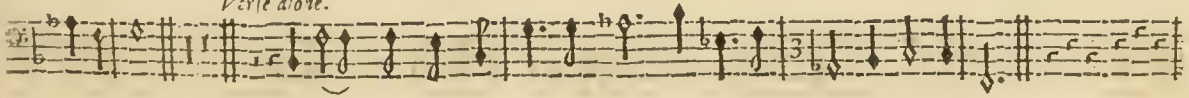


Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls get up get up & string thy powerfull Lute, and some

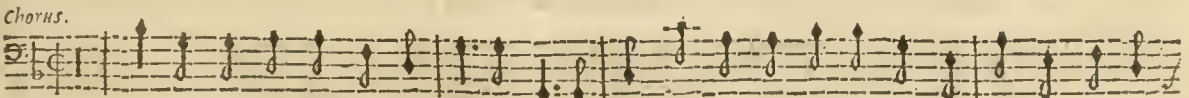


fad some sad Requium sing, till Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone & the dull Rocks repeat thy

Verse alone.

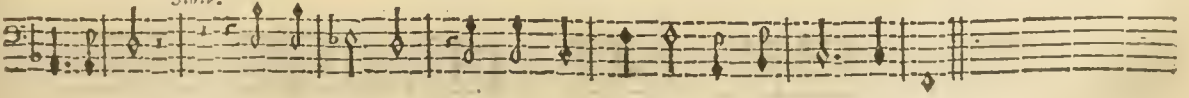


duller tone: The Oak her roots forego, the Palm and aged Elme to foot it too:



Then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly strain, then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly

Slow.

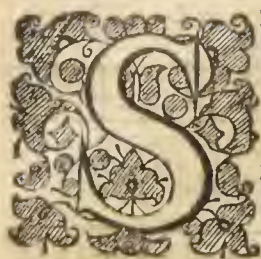


jol-ly strain, strike a sad note, strike a sad note, and fix 'um Trees again.

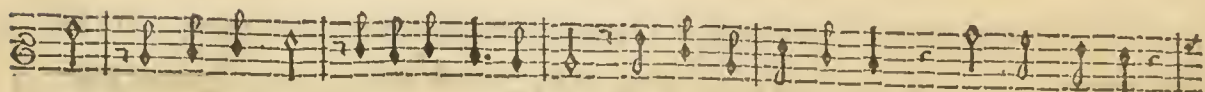
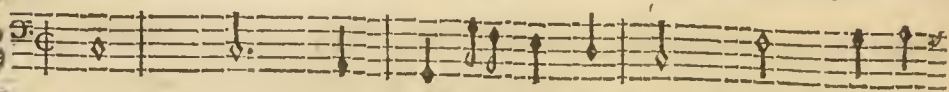
A. 2. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Jenkins.



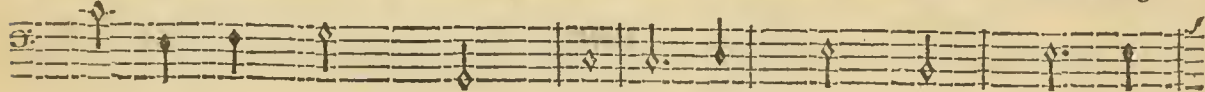
See, see, see the bright Light shine, and day doth rise; shot from my Mistress



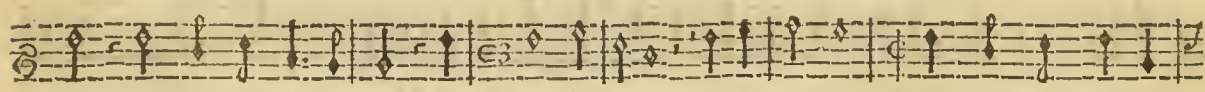
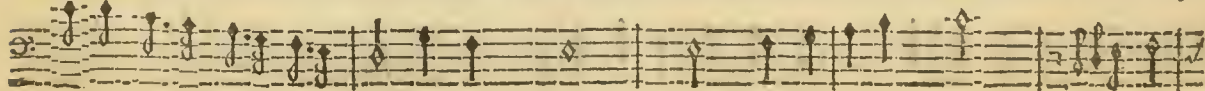
Eyes like Beams divine; her Glory doth appear and; view the purer light, Stream from her Sight



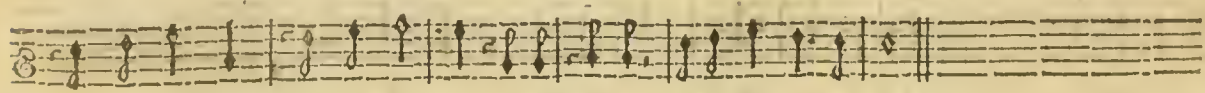
Stream from her Sight, when she shines clearly here: But vail her leads; Ah then you'll find how night is



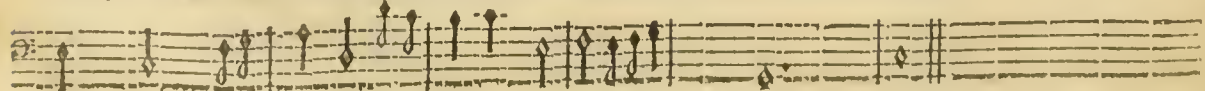
hurl'd about the silent world; and we left blind that darkness seems to prove, for ought we see 'tis only



She make night and day to move, Then shine fair *Celia* left our borrowed light; when your Sun sets,



when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets, perish, perish, perish in shades of Night.



A. 2. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Jenkins.



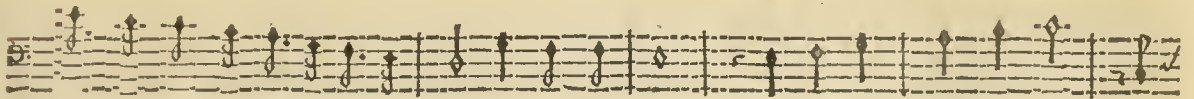
See, see the bright, bright Light shine, and day doth rise; shot from my



Mistress Eyes, like Beams divine her Glories doe appear; and view the purer light Stream



from her Sight, whilst she shines clearly here: But veil her lids: Ah then you'll find how



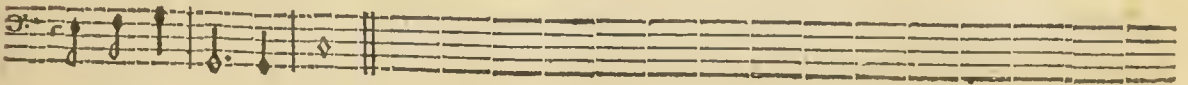
Night is hurl'd about the silent World, and we left blind; that Darkness seems to prove, for



ought we see, 'tis only She makes Night and Day to move. Then shine fair *Celia*, left our



borrow'd Light, when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets; Perish, perish,

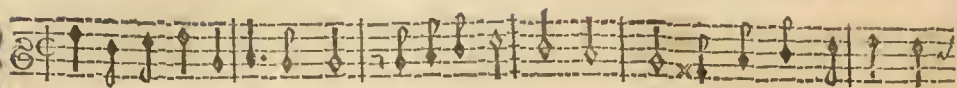
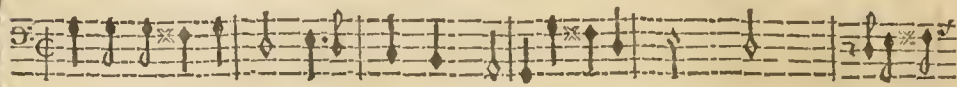
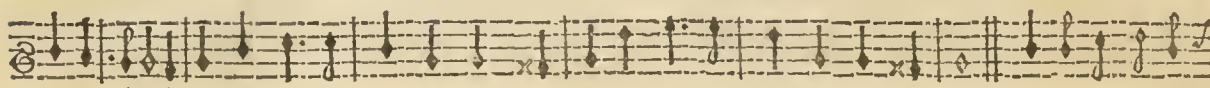
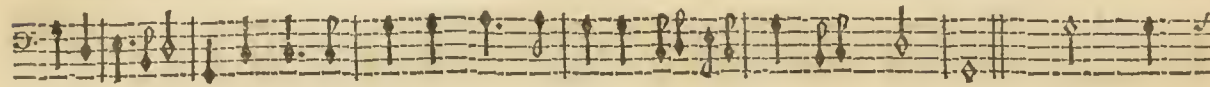


perish in Shades of Nighr.

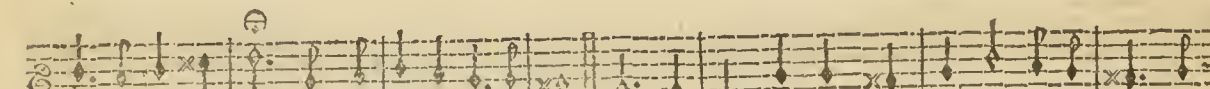
A. 2. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

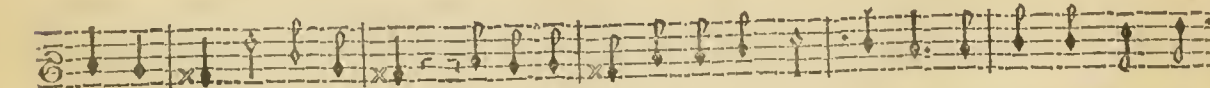
Mr. Tho. Brewer.

Urn *Amarillis* to thy Swain, turn *Amaril-lis* to thy Swain, turn *Amarillis*to thy Swain, thy *Damon* calls thee back again, thy *Damon* calls thee back again: Here is a pretty,pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Arbour by, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*,cannot cannot spy. where *Apollo* cannot spy. Here let's sit, and whilst I play, sing to my Pipe, sing

to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay; sing to my



Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay.



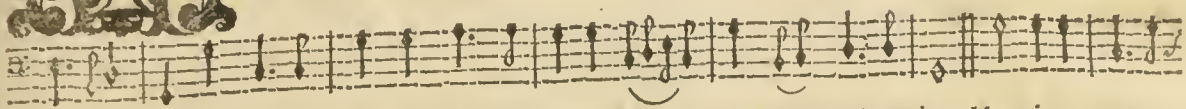
Bassus.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

A. 2. Voc.



Ur*n* *Amarillis* to thy Swain, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Amarillis*



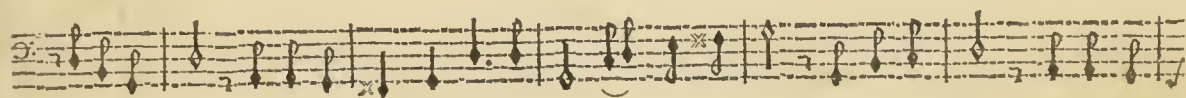
to thy Swain, thy *Damon* calls thee back again, thy *Damon* calls thee back again : Here is a pretty,



Arbour by, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo* cannot spy : where *Apollo*



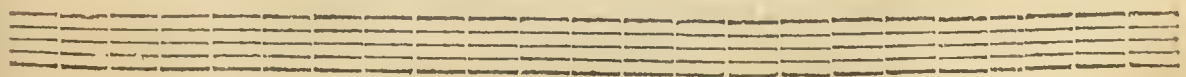
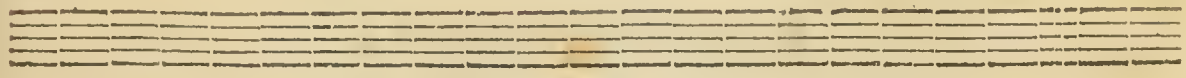
cannot spy : There let's sit, and whilst I play, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe,



sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my

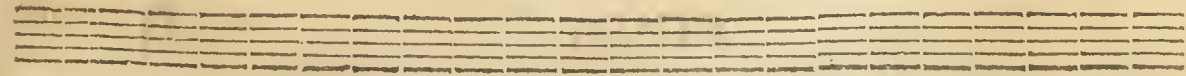


Pipe a Rounddelay.



Reader.

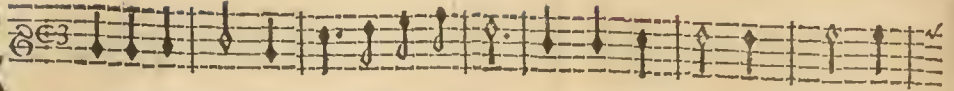
Here thou hast this Song, for Two Voyces ; as it was first Compos'd by my Friend the Author, though of late Years, two Inward Parts have been added to it. J. P.



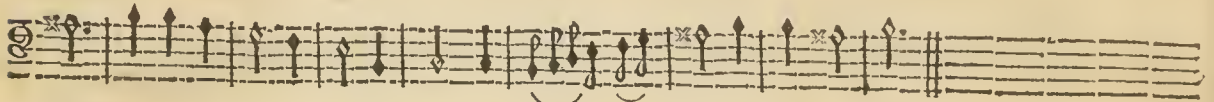
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Simon Ives.



Ow we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour, with mirth and



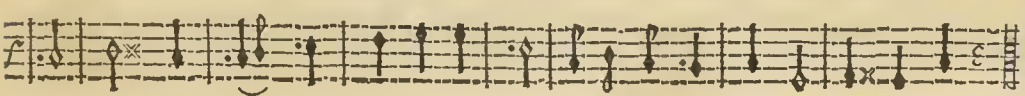
glee : To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellies full.



To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellies full.



Now we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour with mirth and glee :

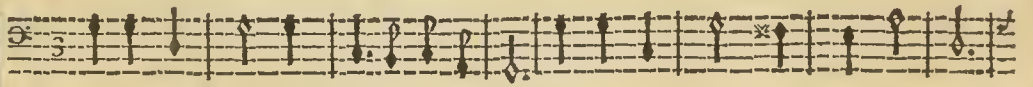


Tenor.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ow we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour with mirth and glee :



To recreate our Spirits dull, let's lau--gh and sing our Bellies full.

In praise of Musick.

Musick miraculous *Rhetorick* ! that speak't Sence
Without a Tongue, excellent Eloquence:
The love of thee in wild Beasts have been known,
And Birds have lik'd thy Notes above their own.

How easie might thy Errors be excus'd,
Wert thou as much beloved, as th'art abus'd ;
Yet although dull Souls thy Harmony disprove,
Mine shall be fixt in what the Angels love.

FINIS.

W. D. Knight.

SELECT
AYRES
AND
DIALOGUES
To Sing to the
THEORBO-LUTE
OR
BASSE-VIOL.

COMPOSED

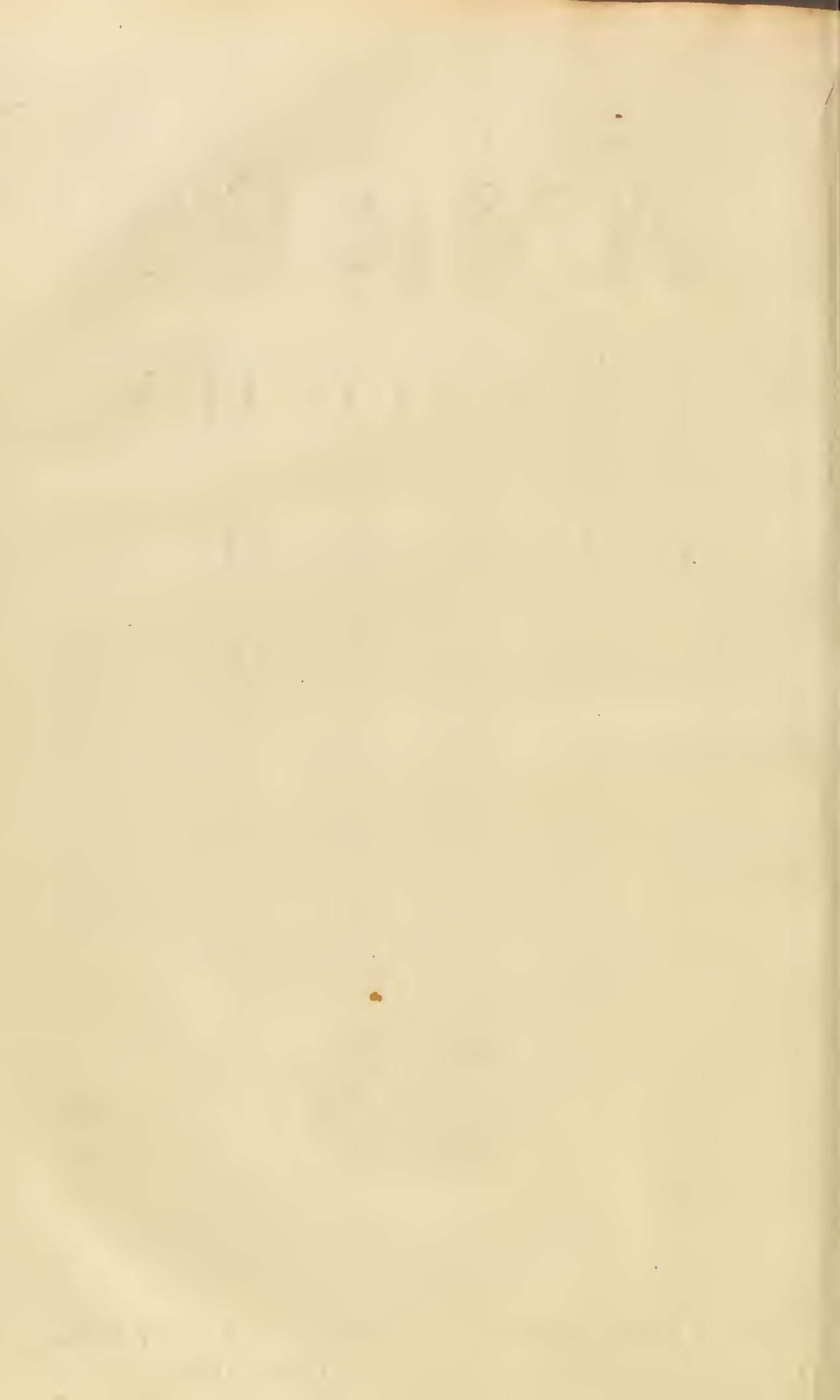
By M^r. HENRY LAWES, late Servant to His Majesty
in His Publick and Private MUSICK:
And other Excellent MASTERS.

The Second Book.



LONDON,

Printed by *William Goebid* for *John Playford*, and are to be Sold at his Shop
in the *Temple*, near the *Church Dore*. 1669.



To all UNDERSTANDERS and LOVERS

O F

Vocal M U S I C K.

GENTLEMEN,



His second Book of SELECT AYRES doth chiefly consist of Mr. Henry Lawes Composition, being Transcribed from his Originals, a short time before his Death, and with his free consent for me to Publish them, if occasion offer'd: I need not make any Apology for their Excellency, the Authors Name is enough, having (while he liv'd) Published three several Books of this Nature with great Esteem and Approbation; and the Impressions of the two first, being long since Sold off, many have since sought to have them, for some particular Songs in them; but considering, that to Reprint them both again would not answer the expectation either of Buyer or Seller, I have therefore selected out of them both the best and most desired Songs, and added them to those many other in this Book of Mr. Lawes and other Authors, which were never Printed till now, together with some few Italian Ayres which have formerly passed with good Fame among our English Masters. And since it is so stored with variety, I hope it will and may please most Ears, though, I fear, not all; for our new A la mode Gallants will Object, They are old, and after the English Mode; had I fill'd it with the light Ayres of the French, or the wanton Songs of the Stage, it would have liked their Humour much better: But I study not to please such. But with sober and judicious Understanders of Musick, it will (I doubt not) gain Credit and Repute. Those are the true Lovers of Musick, who do embrace it for the Excellency therein, moving the Passions to Noble and Virtuons Ends; but others there are, who affect it for no other ends but to stir their Minds to Wantonness and Lasciviousness. Mr. Owen Feltham's Expression in his Resolves, is worth our observation, Musick (says he) is an helper both to good and ill; and therefore I honour it when it moves to Virtue, and will beware of it when it would flatter into Vice. To conclude, My intent is to bind many of these with my first Book of Select Ayres and Mr. Lawes his third Book together; which will be an intire Volume of the most choice Songs that have been Compos'd for Forty Years past, and I doubt not but will retain their Fame for many more to come. I must confess when I began this Book, my design was to have it comprized in fewer Sheets; but finding my Stock was large, and my resolution to make this Book the last that ever I intend to Publish of this Nature, hath swell'd it into so large a Volume. And if my pains herein, may be advantageous and acceptable to any, it will further encourage me to proceed in things of this Nature, for the publick benefit of all sober and judicious Lovers of Musick; To whose Service I devote myself, and remain their Well-wisher and Servant,

J. P.

A TABLE of the SONGS and DIALOGUES
in this BOOK.

<p>A <i>AT Dead low Ebb of Night.</i> <i>Am I despis'd because you say</i> <i>A Lover once I did espie</i> <i>Amarillis tear thy Hair</i> <i>Art thou in Love it cannot be</i> <i>Ab Cloris would the gods allow</i> <i>Admit thou Darling of mine Eyes</i> <i>Awake my Lute, arise my String</i> <i>Ab Mighty Love what power unknown</i> <i>And must our Tempers ever be at War</i></p>	<p>A. fol. 5 13 21 25 45 63 66 69 82 86 36 49 50 59 75 42 9 14 20 22 35 42 44 66 70 81 91 100 31 41 88 7 56 58 64 78 10 11 43 1 38</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">I</p> <p><i>It is not that I Love the less</i> <i>If when the Sun at Noon</i> <i>I prethe Sweet to me be kind</i> <i>I laid me down upon a Pillow</i> <i>I Lov'd thee once I'le Love no more</i> <i>I was foretold your Rebel Sex</i> <i>If you will Love know this to be</i> <i>Indeed I never was but once so Mad</i> <i>I never knew what Cupid meant</i> <i>If still Theora you wear this Disguise</i> <i>I had a Cloris my delight</i> <i>If thou wilt know the reason why</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">L</p> <p><i>Ladies fly not from Loves smooth Tales</i> <i>Love me no more or else with scorn</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">M</p> <p><i>Mark how the blushful Morn</i> <i>Madam your Beauty I confess may</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">N</p> <p><i>Now, now Lucatia now</i> <i>No more of Tears</i> <i>No more shall Meads be deckt</i> <i>No more will I contemplate Love</i> <i>Not that I wish my Mistress</i> <i>No more fond Love give o're</i> <i>No, no, I tell thee no though from thee</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">O</p> <p><i>Oh how I hate thee now</i> <i>On this swelling bank</i> <i>O King of Heaven and Hell</i> <i>O fairest lights whose clear aspect</i> <i>Oft have I searcht both Court and Town</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">P</p> <p><i>Pleasure, Beauty, Youth attend ye</i> <i>Poor Celia once was very fair</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">S</p> <p><i>Seek not to know my Love</i> <i>Swift through the yielding Ayr</i> <i>Still to be neat still to be dress'd</i> <i>Stay silly Heart and do not break</i> <i>Sure 'twas a Dream how long fond Man</i> <i>She which would not I would chuse</i> <i>Strike Sweet Licoris strike</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">T</p> <p><i>That flame is born of earthly fire</i> <i>Transcendent Beauty thou that art</i> <i>Tell me no more 'tis Love</i></p>	<p>fol. 12 17 19 28 30 33 62 65 76 79 85 92 27 90 53 88 3 37 54 67 72 73 57 16 41 46 87 63 23 96 18 24 51 57 61 68 83 38 40 43</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">B.</p> <p><i>B. hold and listen whilst the fair</i> <i>Black Maid complain not</i> <i>Boast not Blind Boy</i> <i>Be not Proud pretty One for I must Love</i> <i>Beauty have you seen a Toy</i> <i>Eut that I knew before</i></p>	<p>C. 9 14 20 22 35 42 44 66 70 81 91 100 31 41 88 7 56 58 64 78 10 11 43 1 38</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">C</p> <p><i>Careless of Love and free from Fear</i> <i>Cloris since first our Calm</i> <i>Canst thou love me and yet doubt</i> <i>Come, Come thou glorious Object</i> <i>Come, Come sad Turtle</i> <i>Come my Lucatia</i> <i>Can so much Beauty own a Mind</i> <i>Cloris 'twil be for eithers rest</i> <i>Cruel Cloris did you know</i> <i>Clear stream who do with equal pace</i> <i>Cupid's no god a wanton Child</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">D</p> <p><i>Dearest do not now delay me</i> <i>Death cannot extinguish</i> <i>Delicate Beauty why should you disdain</i> <i>Disdain not fair one since we know</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">F</p> <p><i>Farewel fair Saint may not the Sea</i> <i>Fire, loe here I burn</i> <i>For that one glance I wounded lye</i> <i>Fall Dew of Slumbers in a gentle Stream</i> <i>Farewel despairing hope I'le Love no more</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">G</p> <p><i>Gaze not on Swans on whose</i> <i>Give me more Love or more Disdain</i> <i>Go lovely Rose tell her that wasts</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">H</p> <p><i>Help, Help O Divinity of Love</i> <i>Hark how the Nightingale</i></p>	<p>fol. 12 17 19 28 30 33 62 65 76 79 85 92 27 90 53 88 3 37 54 67 72 73 57 16 41 46 87 63 23 96 18 24 51 57 61 68 83 38 40 43</p>

A TABLE of the Songs and Dialogues.

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- 1 Dove Dove Corri mio Corri
- 2 Intencrite voi
- 3 Occhi Belleo've Imperai
- 4 Acche Lassò Credero
- 5 Sio moro, Chi dira
- 6 Amantea Configlio
- 7 Si tocchi Tambuco
- 8 Si garde che puo
- 9 Fugite, Fugite
- 10 De quei Belleocchi

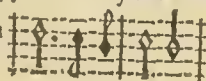
A TABLE of the *DIALOGUES* in this B O O K.

Sweet Lovely Nymph	Treble and Bass	105
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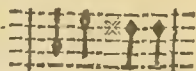
COURTEOUS FRIENDS,

I Was not negligent in overseeing the Press, yet notwithstanding all my Care some Faults are committed, but they are small, and by the skilful may be easily mended, as happening most in the Through-Bass; two whereof, being too great to pass, I beg you with your Pen to mend,

Page 48 the two last Bars of the fourth line in the Bass, must be thus,



And Page 89 in the Through-Bass the third Bar must be thus,



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AT Mr. Playford's Shop is Sold all sorts of Rul'd Paper for Musick, and Books of all sizes ready Bound for Musick.

Also the Excellent Cordial called *ELIXIR PROPRIETATIS*, a few drops of which drank in a glass of Sack or other Liquors, is admirable for all Coughs and Consumptions of the Lungs and inward Distempers of the Body, a Book of the manner of the taking of it is given also to those who buy the same.

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To my much Ingenious Friend Mr. JOHN PLAYFORD,
upon his late Publication of two Excellent Books for VOCAL MUSICK,

VIZ.

SELECT AYRES and DIALOGUES,

AND,

The MUSICAL COMPANION.

Treasurer of *Musick*, how much we
Do Owe unto thy industrie!
Th' unhappy Science ne'r did sound
In a full Chord, 'till thou hadst bound
Up in one Book, the whole Consent
Of scatter'd *Musick's* Ornament.
The Choice Composers of our Age
Did each one in a private Page
Whisper unto his Muse, till now
They're made a Publick Quire by you;
Where, like to joyful Birds by th' Spring
Call'd to a pleasant Grove, they sing
Not more their own felicitie,
And Notes, than just Applause to thee.
For why? *Musick* ('tis true) has been
Dispos'd to Harmony, but when
Were the Musicians so much like
To be a Body Politique?
Their Corporation incompleat
Appear'd, before thou did'st the feat:
The Order of thy Book shall be
The List of their Societie,
And none shall dare t' intrude himself,
But such into their Common-wealth.
Dispers'd *Absyrthus's* useles Parts
Might be reduc'd with half the Arts
That thou hast exercis'd upon
Thy *Musical Companion*;
A Piece so choice, so trim, so drest,
Who would not covet such a Guest?
Nor let vain *Momus* Carp and Cry
This Work speaks thee a *Plagiary*,
For don't we know thy depth, and skill
In *Musick*? Thou dost change, or fill
What pleaseth not, or where it wants,
And regulate the false Descants.
Thou art as ready to translate,
As to transcribe, thy Book can say't.
Thy Composition too doth raise
Equal Advantage to thy praise,

And though thy bashful Muse holds forth
Too small a taste of her own worth,
It shews enough what thou canst do,
And to thy Commendation too,
That in a thing so rare thou art
Content thy Friends should share a part;
When some like *Caspar* so high flown,
Resolve t' have all or none their own.
If pity'd *Ign'rance* yet should cast
Spite at thy Name, Oh! let him hast
For better Knowledge and Instruction
To *Playford's* famed *Introduction*.
If nimble Wits begin to play,
Thou'rt full of *Catches* too, as they,
And more than they can prove, or sing,
Thy Notes give Life to what they bring.
Th' Ingenious Lover, when he looks
For Am'rous pastime in thy Books,
He'l Court thy *Ayres* with all Respect,
Thou countenanc'st none, but are *Select*.
And when the *Virtuosi* come,
For that sage Train thou fittest some
Good Entertainment, then set on
Thy *Musical Companion*.
A Man against the World, what shall
I say? How shall I *Playford* call?
The Field's too large, *Helicon's* too scant
To pay a drop to every plant
That sprouteth forth: And then I hear
(Methinks) thy *Genius* drawing near,
To check my vain attempt, and tell
Thy self does only speak thee well.
I will not therefore Gaul with Baies
Thy tender Brows, nor clog with Praise
Thy fertile Merit, only here
Take leave to pay my thanks, for fear
I tempt thy Native Modesty
To flush into too deep a Dye.

Cha. Pigeon. Soc. Gra. In.

To my Belov'd Friend and Fellow
Mr. HENRY LAWES,
On his Books of *AYRES*,
lately Published.

NOW I have view'd this Book of thine,
And find sweet Language, Notes more
And see thy *Fuges* wrought in the chime, (fine
Thy Weaving far excels the Rhime;
And still thy choice of Lines are good,
Not like to those who get their Food
As Beggars Rags from Dunghills take,
(Such as comes next) ill Songs to make;
Who by a witty blind pretence
Take words that creep half way to sense;
Hippocrates or *Galen's Feet*,
And sing them too with Notes as meet;
Songs as all th' way to *Gammut* tend,
But in *F Fa ut* make an end;
With killing notes which ever must [**Coriat.*]
**Squeez the Spheres, and intimate the Dust*:
These with their brave *Chromaticks* bring
Noise to the Ear, but mean No-thing:
Yet these will censure, when indeed
Shew them good Lines, They cannot read;
Or read them so, that in the close
You'll hardly judge them Rhime from Prose.
But why do I write this to Thee?
This is for shop-sale Frippery;
Thy richer store hath truly hit
The whole Age for their want of wit:
Live freely, and thy Phansie please,
We shall be censur'd by such Things as these.

John Wilfon, Doct. in *Musick*.

To my much Honour'd Friend,
Mr. HENRY LAWES,
On his Books of *AYRES*,
lately Published.

Things that are thus, thus excellently good,
Are hardly prais'd, 'cause hardly understood:
For though at the first hearing all admire,
Yet when into the severals men inquire,
(which make up the *Composure*) they are lost,
Such *Ayr*, *Wit*, *Spirit*, *Harmony engross'd*
In every piece, as makes each piece the best;
And yet (as good as 'tis) a Foyl to th' rest.
How greedily do the best judgements throng
To hear the Repetition of thy Song?
Which they still beg in vain; for when Re-sung
So much new Art and Excellence is flung
Round thy Admirers (unobserv'd before)
As makes the newly-ravish'd ravish'd more:
For comprehend thee fully none can do
Till like thy *Musick* th'are Eternal too.
'Tis Thou hast honour'd *Musick*, done her right,
Fitted her for a strong and useful Flight;
Shee droop'd and flaggd before, as *Hawks* complain
Of the sick *Feathers* in their *Wing* and *Train*:
But thou hast imp'd the *Wings* She had before.
Musick does owe Thee much, the *Poet* more;
Thou list'st him up, and dost new *Nature* bring,
Thou giv'st his noblest *Verse* both *Feet* and *Wing*.
Live then above our *Praise*, immortal here,
The *Atlas*, the Support of *Musicks* Sphere:
To what a darkness would our Art decline,
Robb'd of thy glorious and diurnal Shine?
These fixed *Tapers* cannot do Thee right,
Nor fully speak thy *Rays* which gave them *Light*,
But as small *Stars* by *Night* in *Confort* met,
Would only tell the World, *Our Sun is Set*.

Charles Colman, Doct. in *Musick*:

A Catalogue of late Printed **MUSIC BOOKS**, Sold by
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The *Musical-Companion* in two Books, the First contains *Catches* and *Rounds* for Three Voyces, the Second, *Dialogues* and *Ayres* for Two Three and Four Voyces.

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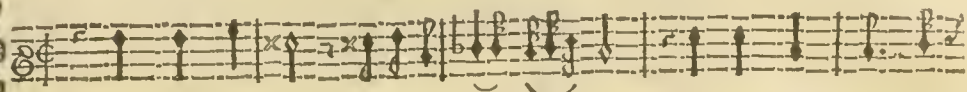
2. *A Book for the Treble Violin*, containing all the late Tunes of the *French Dances*, and other new Theatre Tunes.

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A S T O R M :

CLORIS at Sea, near the Land, is surpriz'd by a Storm ;
 AMINTOR on the Shore, expecting her Arrival,

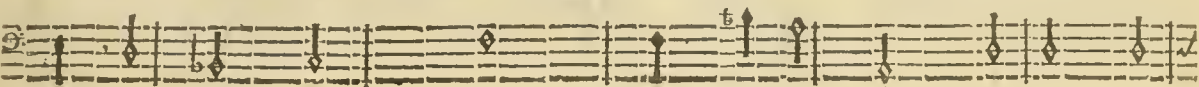
THUS COMPLAINS:



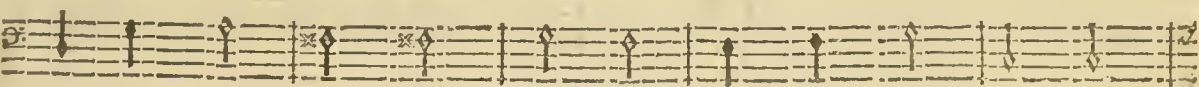
Elp, help, O help, Di-vi-ni—ty of Love! or Neptune will com-



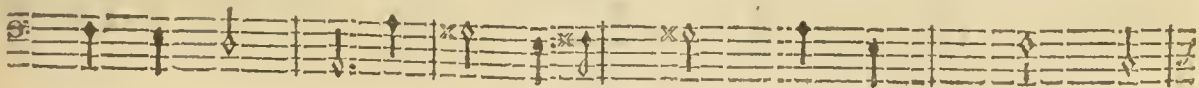
mit a Rape upon my *Cloris*; She's on his bofome, and without a wonder cannot fcape. See, fee, the



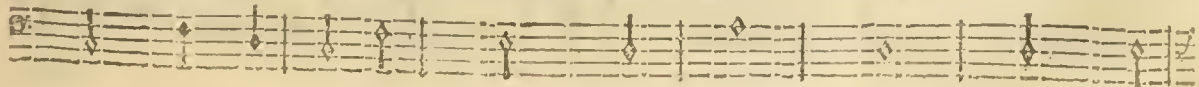
Winds grow drunk with Joy, and throng fo faft to fee Loves *Argo*, and the wealth it bears, that now the

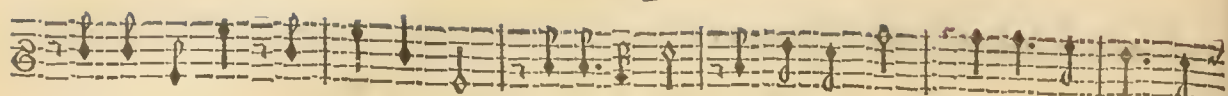


rackling and the fails they tear: They fight, they fight! who fhall convey *Amintor's* Love into her Bay; and

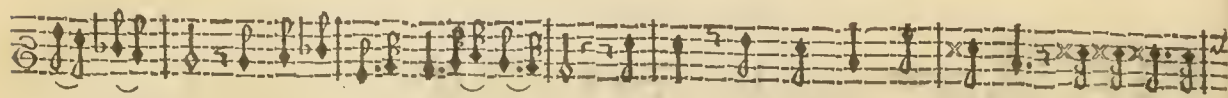


hurl whole Seas at one another, as if they would the Welkin finother. Hold *Boras*, hold; He will not hear;

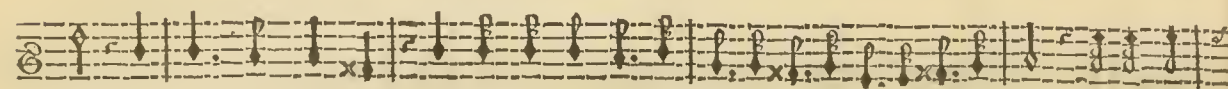
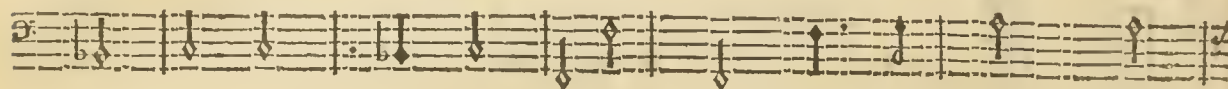




The Rudder cracks, the Main-mast falls ; the Pilot swears, the Skipper bawls ; a showre of Clouds in



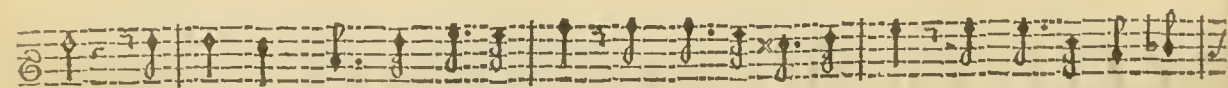
dark-ness fall , to put out *Cloris* light withall. Ye gods, where are ye ? where are ye ? Are ye all a-



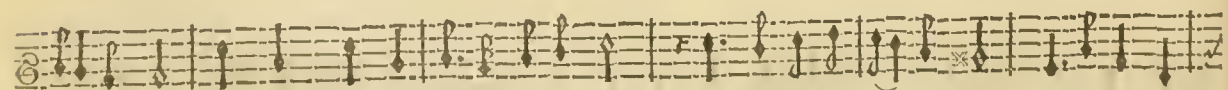
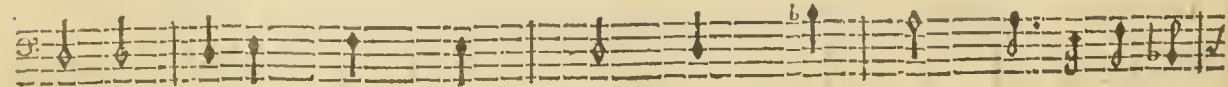
sleep, or drunk with *Nectar* : Why do you not keep a watch upon your Ministers of Fate ? Tie up the



Winds , or they will blow the Seas to heav'n , and drown your Deities. A calm, a calm ! Miracle of



Love ; the Sea-born Queen , that sits a-bove , hath heard *Amintor's* cries , and *Neptune* now must

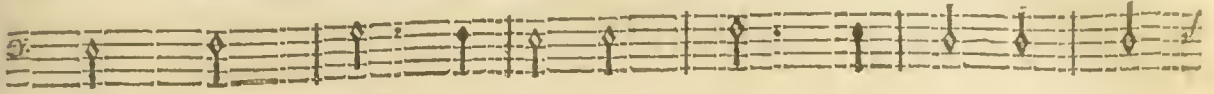


lose his prize. Welcome, welcome *Cloris* to the Shore ; Thou shalt go to Sea no more : We to *Temp's*

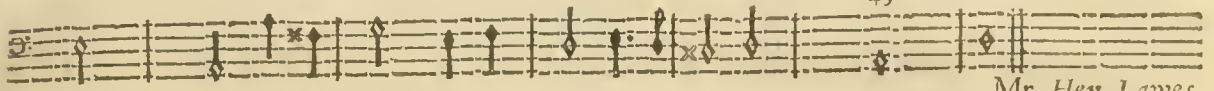




Groves will go, where the calmer winds do blow, and embarque our hearts to-gether, fearing nei-ther

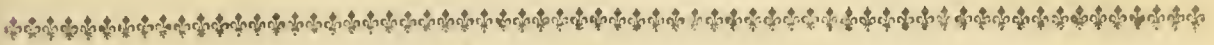


Rocks nor Weather, but out-ride the storms of Love, and for e---ver con---stant prove.



43

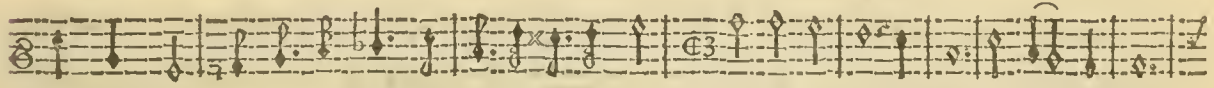
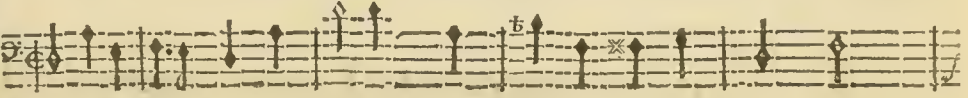
Mr. Hen. Laves,



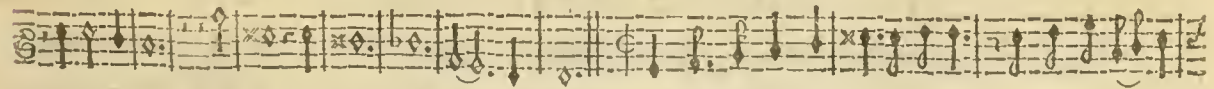
No REPRIEVE.



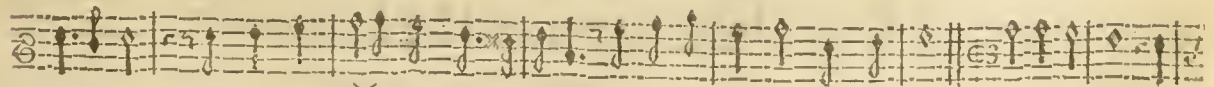
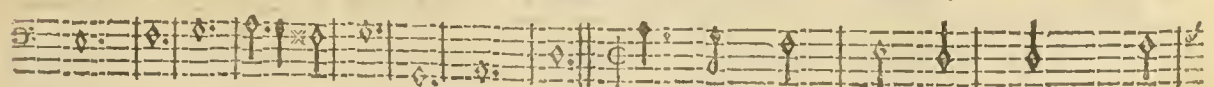
Now now *Lucatia*, now make hast, if thou wilt see how strong thou art, there needs but



one frown more to waste the whole re-mainer of my heart. Alas! undone to Fate, I bow my head



ready to die, now die, and now now now am dead. You look to have an Age of tryal ere you a Lover

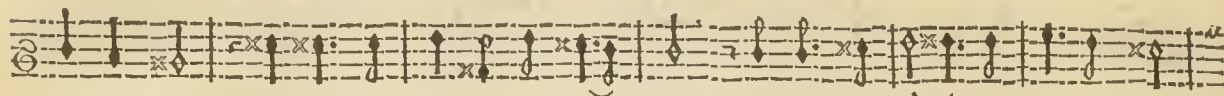
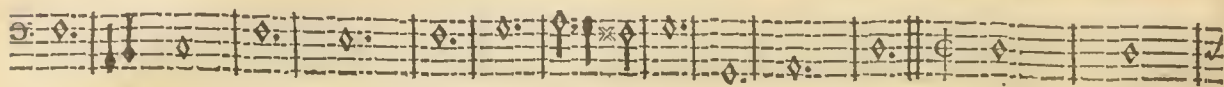


will repay; but my state brooks no more de-nial, I cannot this one minute stay. Alas! undone to

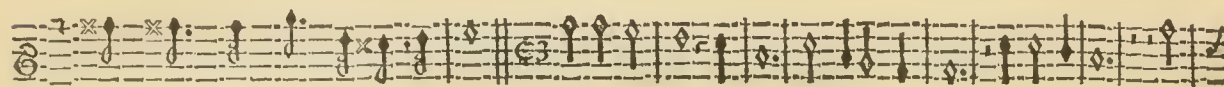
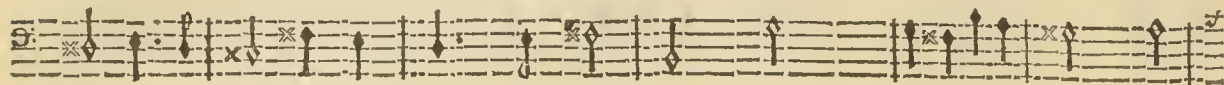




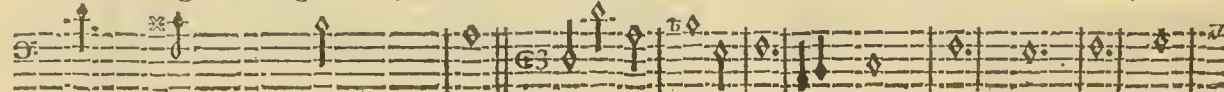
Fate, I bow my head ready to die ; now die, and now now now am dead. Look in my wound and



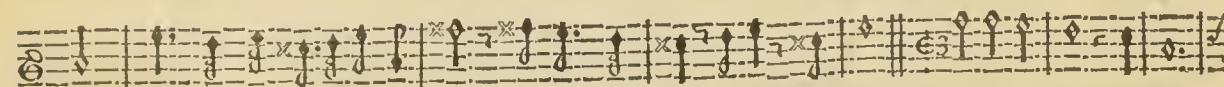
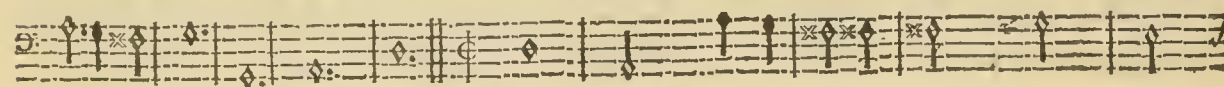
see how cold, how pale and gasping my Soule lies, which Nature strives in vain to hold ;



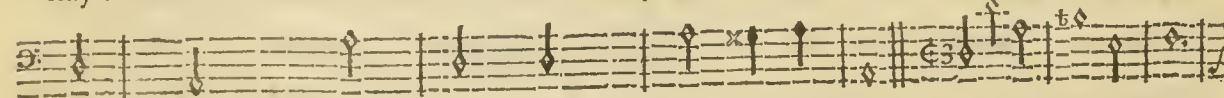
whilst wing'd with sighs away it flies. Alas ! undone to Fate, I bow my head ready to die ; now



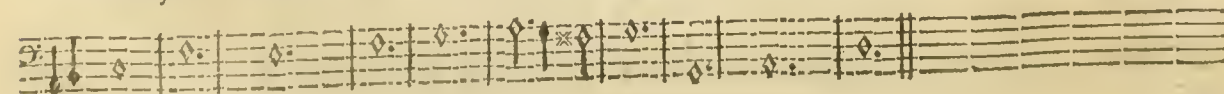
die, and now now now am dead. See see already *Charon's* boat, who grimly asks, Why all this



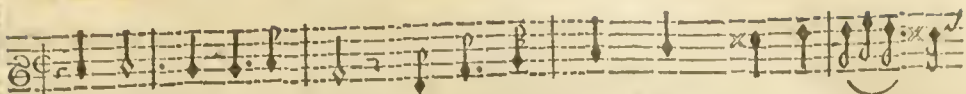
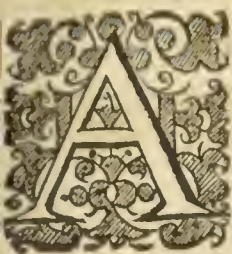
stay ? Hark how the fatal Sisters shout ! and now they call away a-way. Alas ! un-done to Fate,



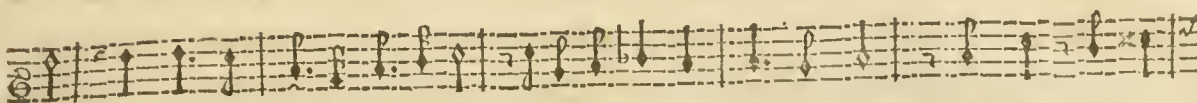
I bow my head, ready to die, now die, and now now now am dead.



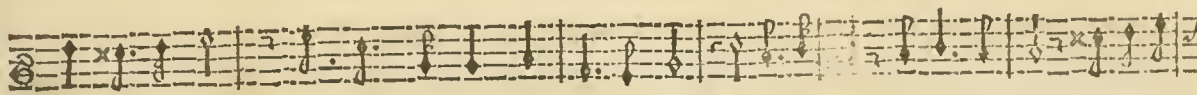
A TALE out of ANACREON.



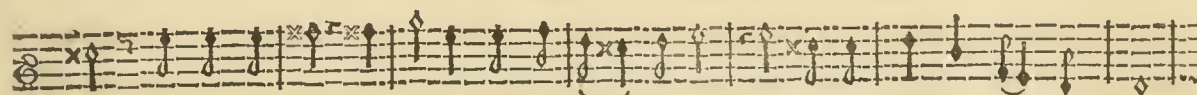
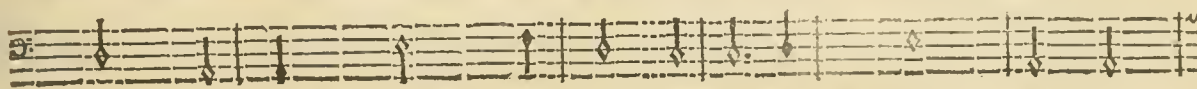
T dead low ebb of night, when none but Great *Charles* Wayn was driven



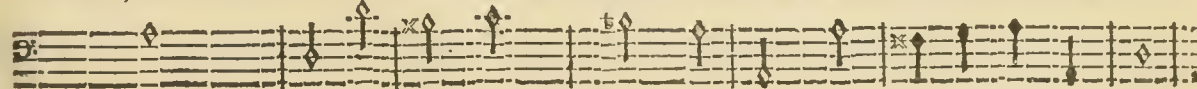
on; When Mortals strict cessation keep, to re-recruit themselves with sleep; 'Twas then a Boy



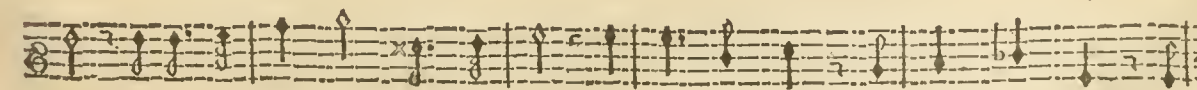
knockt at my gate. Who's there, said I, that calls so late? O let me know he soon reply'd, I am a



Childe; and then he cry'd, I wander without guide or light, lost in this wet, blind, Moonless night.

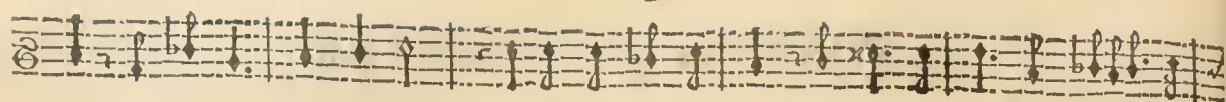


In pity then I rose, and straight unbarr'd my dore, and sprang a light: Behold, It was a Lovely

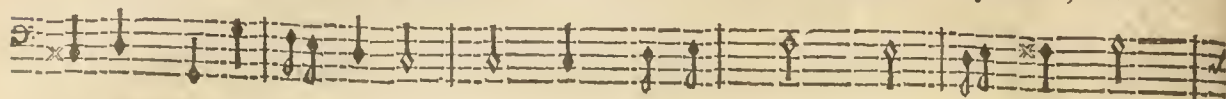


Boy, a sweeter sight ne're blest mine Eye: I view'd him round, and saw strange things; a

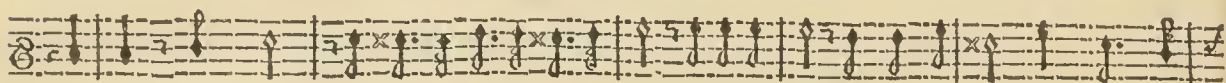




Bow, a Quiver, and two Wings; I led him to the fire, and then I dry'd and, chaf'd his



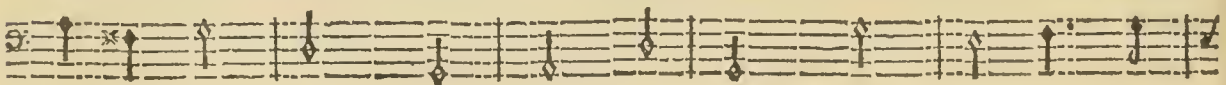
hands with mine: I gently press'd his tresses, curls, which new fallen rain had hung with pearls:



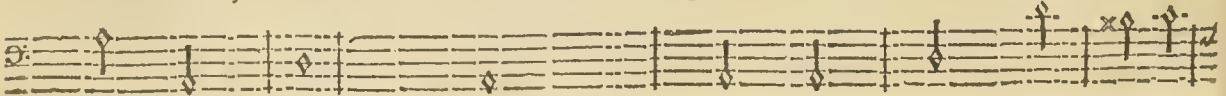
At last, when warm'd, the Yonker said, Alas my Bow! I am afraid the string is wet, 'Pray (Sir) let's



try; let's try my Bow. Do, do, said I. He bent it; Shot so quick and smart, as though my



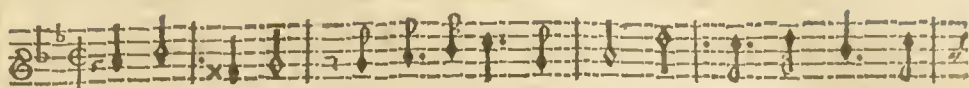
liver reach'd my heart. Then in a trice he took his flight, and laughing said, My Bow is right, it is



O 'tis! For as he spoke, 'twas not his Bow, but my Heart is broke.



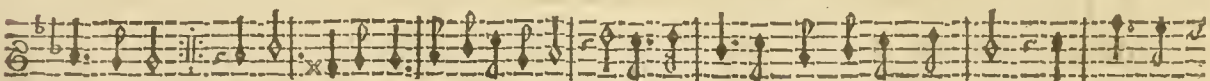
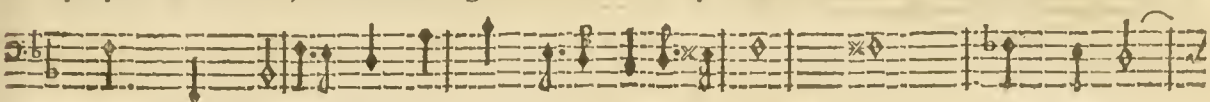
To his MISTRES going to S E A.



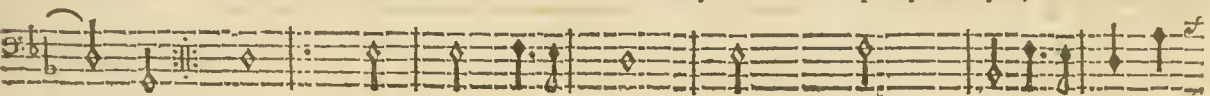
Arewell, fair Saint ! May not the Sea and Wind swell like the Hearts and



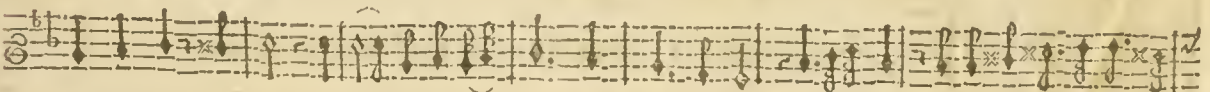
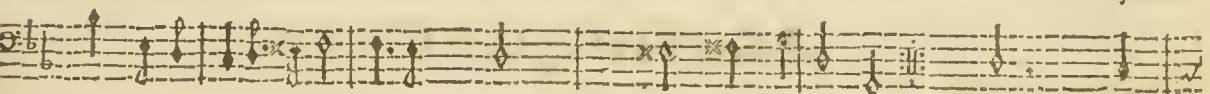
Eyes you leave behind ; but calm and gentle as the Looks you bear, smile in your face , and whisper



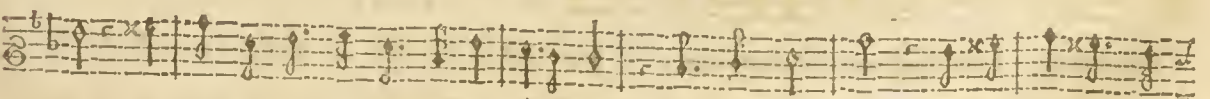
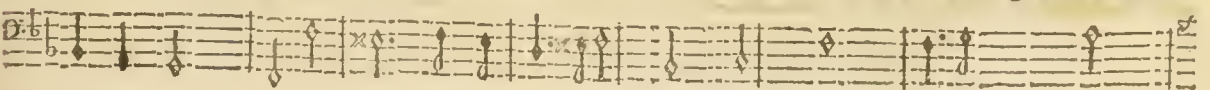
in your ear. Let no bo'd Billow offer to arise, that it may never look upon your Eyes, lest wind and



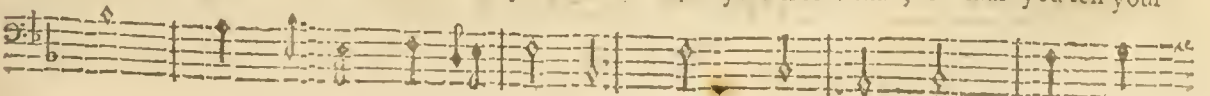
wave, enamour'd of your form, should throng and crowd themselves into a Storm. But if it be your

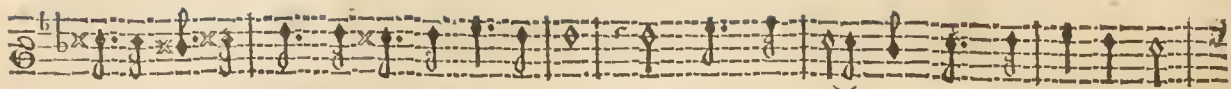


Fate, vast Seas ! to Love; of my becalmed breast learn how to move : Move then but in a gentler Lovers

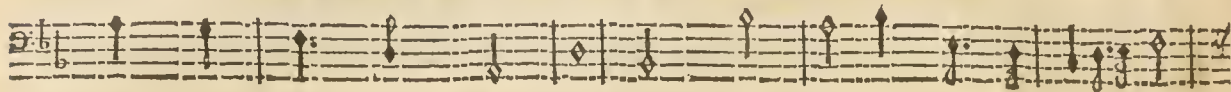


pace ; no furrows nor no wrinkles in your face : And ye fierce winds, see that you tell your

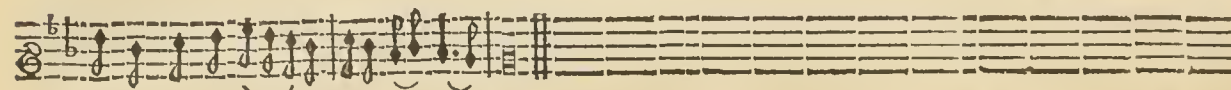




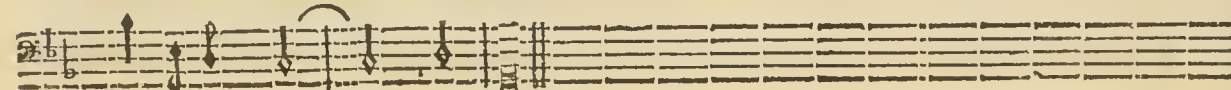
tale in such a breath as may but fill her Sail : So whilest ye court her each your sev'ral way ,



ye may her safe-ly to her Port convey ; and lose but in a noble way of Wooing , whilest both con-



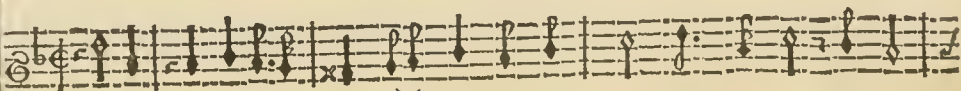
tribute to your own un--do--ing.



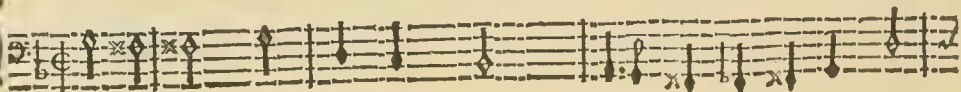
Mr. Hen. Lawes.



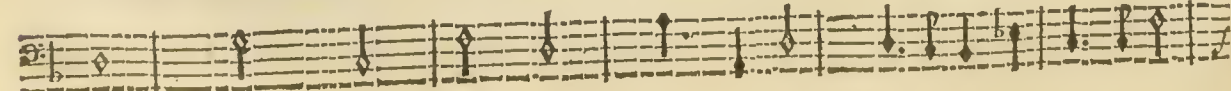
A Complaint against CUPID.



VENUS redrefs a wrong that's done by that young sprightful Boy thy Son ;

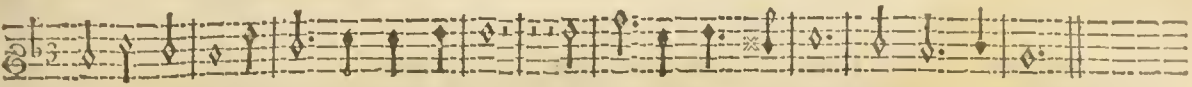
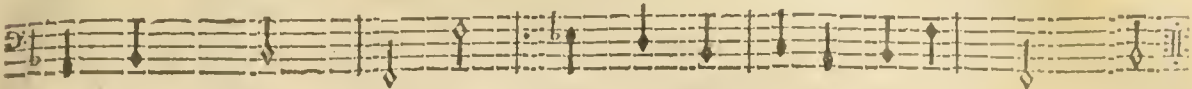


he Wounds and then laughs at the Sore, Hatred it self could do no more ; If I pursue, he's small and light,

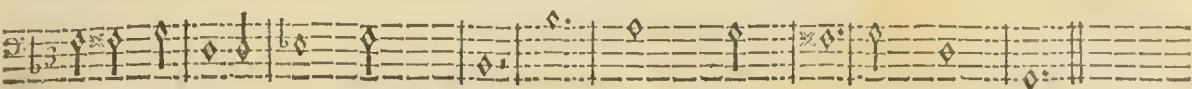




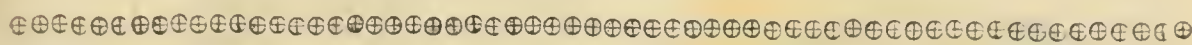
both seen at once, and out of sight; if I do fly, he's wing'd, and then at the first step I'm caught again.



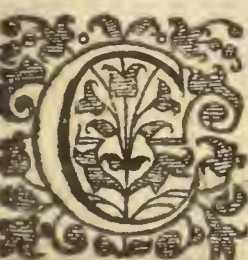
Left one day thou thy self mayst suffer so, or clip the Wantons wings, or break his Bow.



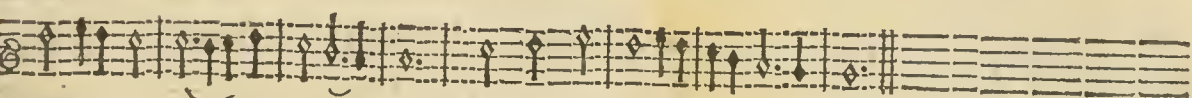
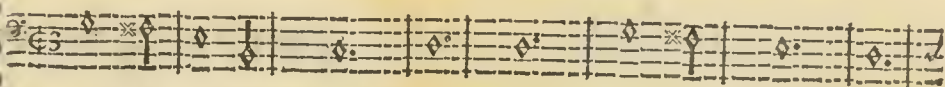
Mr. Hen. Lawes.



The SURPRISE.



Careless of Love; and free from Fears, I fate and gaz'd on *Stel-la's* Eyes,



thinking my Rea—son or my Years might keep me safe from all surprize.



But Love, that hath been long despis'd;
And made the Baud to others trust,
Finding his Deity surpriz'd,
And chang'd into degenerate Lust;

Summon'd up all his strength and power;
Making her Face his Magazine,
Where Virtue's grace, and Beauty's flower
He plac'd his Godhead to redeem.

So that too late (alas!) I find
No steeled Armour is of proof,
Nor can the best resolv'd mind
Resist her Beauty and her Youth.

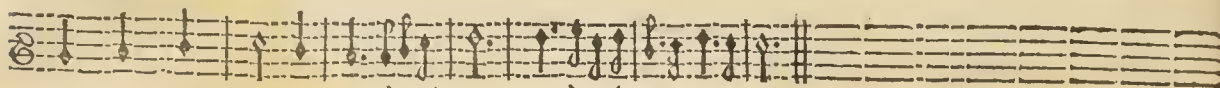
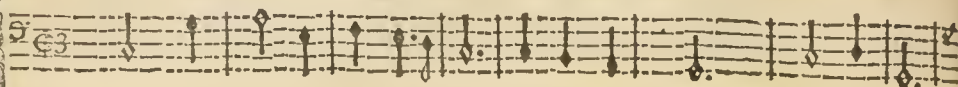
But yet the folly to untwist,
That loving I deserve no blame;
Were it not Atheisme to resist
Where Gods themselves conspire her flame.

Mr. Hen. Lawes,

BEAUTIES Excellency.



Aze not on Swans, in whose soft breast a full hatcht beau—ty seems to nest ;



nor Snow, which (falling from the Sky) hovers in its Virgini-ty.



Gaze not on Roses, though new blown,
Grac'd with a fresh complexion ;
Nor Lillies, which no subtle Bee
Hath rob'd by kissing Chymistrie.

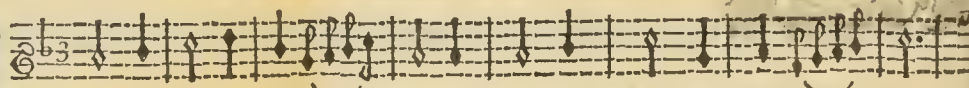
Gaze not on that pure Milky way
Where night uses splendour with the day ;
Nor Pearl, whose silver walls confine
The Riches of an Indian Mine.

For if my Emp'ress appears,
Swans moultring dye, Snow melts to tears,
Roses do blush and hang their heads,
Pale Lillies shrink into their beds.

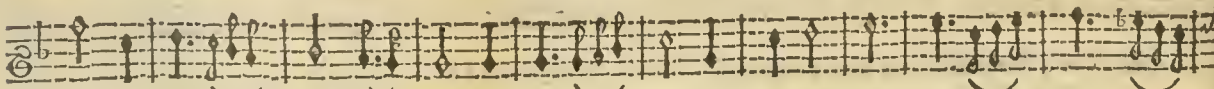
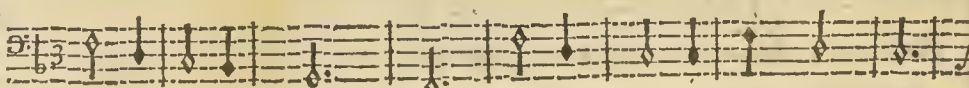
The Milky way rides post, to shroud
Its baffled glory in a Cloud ;
And Pearls do climb into her ear,
To hang themselves for Envy there.

So have I seen Stars big with light
Prove Lanthorns to the Moon-ey'd night,
Which when Sol's Rays were once display'd,
Sink in their Sockets, and decay'd.

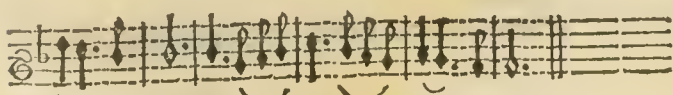
To his MISTRES upon his going to travel.



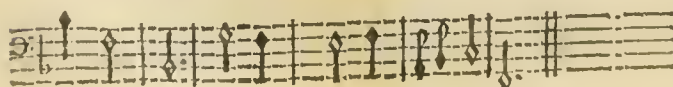
Eareft, do not now de—lay me, since thou know'ft I must be gone ;



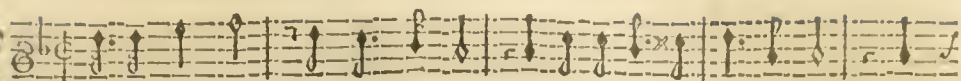
Wind and Tide 'tis thought doth stay me, but 'tis wind that must be blown from thy breath, whose



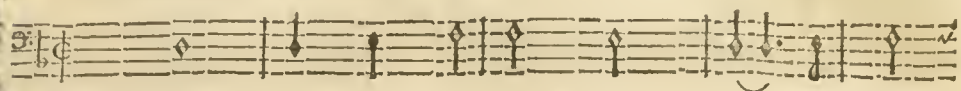
na-tive smell In-dian Odours doth ex-cel.



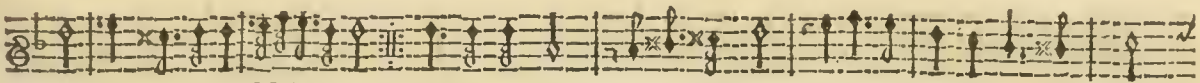
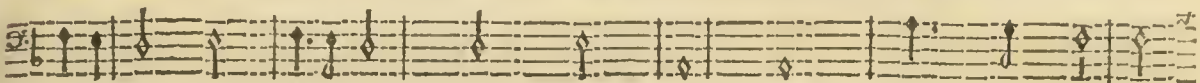
O then speak, my Dearest Fair!
Kill not him who vows to serve thee ;
But perfume the Neigh'ring Air,
For dumb silence else will starve me:
'Tis a word is quickly spoken,
Which restrain'd, a heart is broken.

Mediocrity in Love rejected.

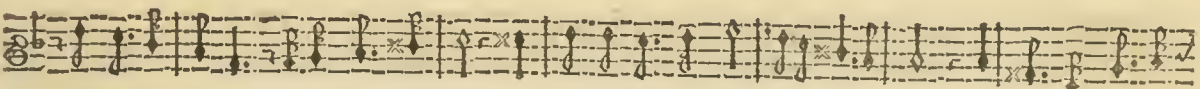
Ive me more Love, or more Disdain, the Torrid or the Frozen Zone bring



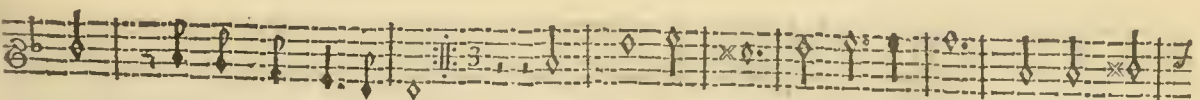
equal ease unto my pain, the Temperate affords me none; either extream of Love or Hate is



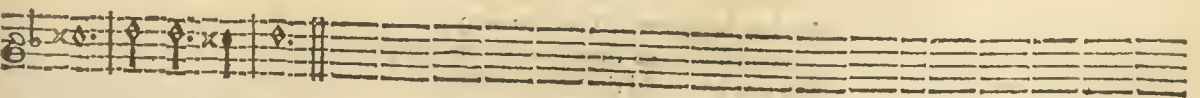
sweeter than a calm estate. Give me a storm, if it be Love, like *Dana* in that golden showre,



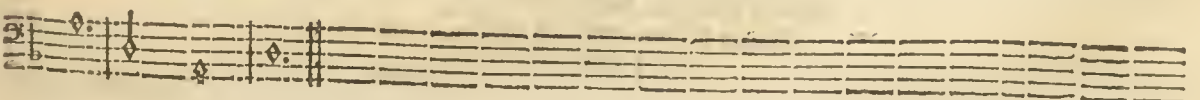
I swim in pleasure; if it prove Disdain, that torrent will devour my vulture hopes, and he's possesst of



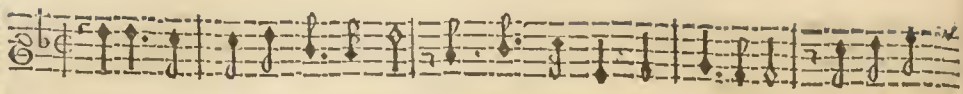
Heav'n, that's but from Hell releas'd: Then crown my Joys, or cure my Pain; give me more



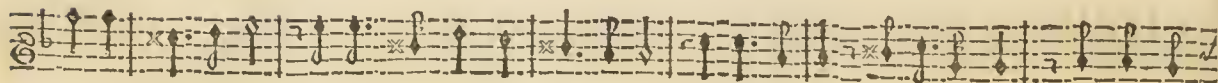
Love, or more Disdain;



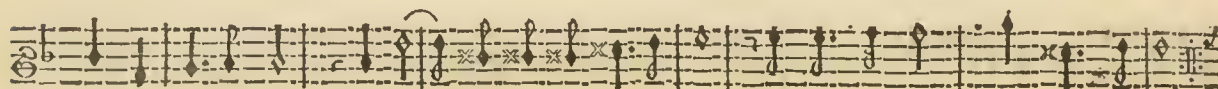
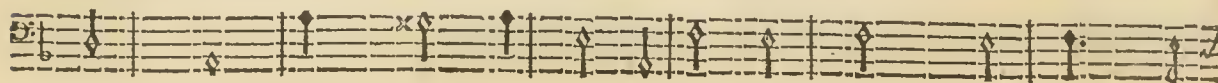
The Self-Banished.



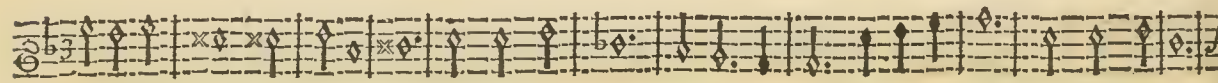
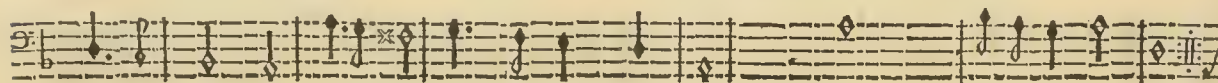
It is not that I love you less then when before your feet I lay, but to pre-



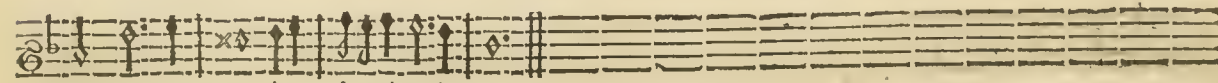
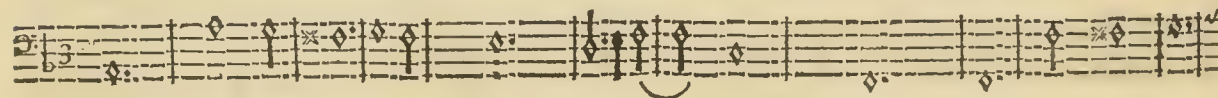
vent the sad encrease of hopeless Love I keep away: In vain a-las! for ev'ry thing that I have



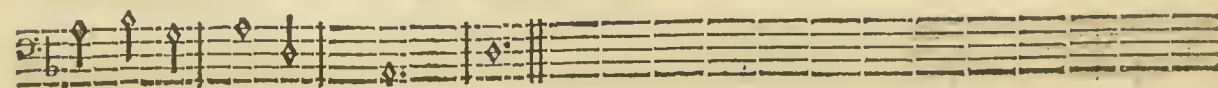
known be-long to you, your form dares to my fan-cy bring, and make my old wounds bleed a-new.



But I have vow'd, and never must your banish'd Ser--vant trouble you; for if he break, you may distrust

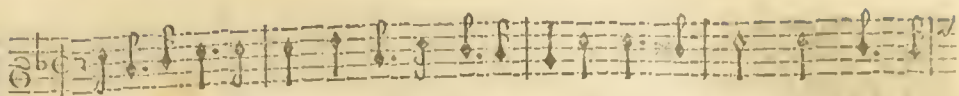


the vow he made to love you too.

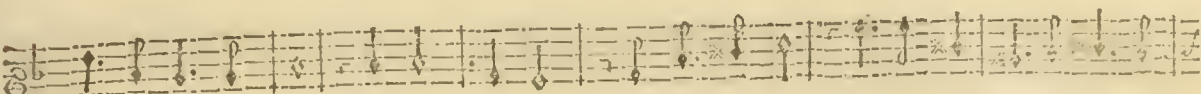


Who in the Spring from the new Sun
 Already hath a Fever got;
 Too late begins those shafts to shun
 Which *Phæbus* through his veins hath shot;
 Too late he would the pains aswage,
 And to thick shadows does retire,
 About with him he bears the rage,
 And in his tainted blood the fire.
 But I have vow'd, &c.

To his MISTRES objecting his Age.



M I despis'd because you say, and I believe, that I am gray? Know, Lady,



you have but your day, and night will come, when men will swear Time has split flow up-on your



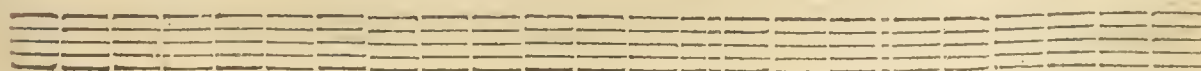
hair: Then when in your Glafs you seek, but find no Rose-bud in your cheek; no, nor the bud to give the



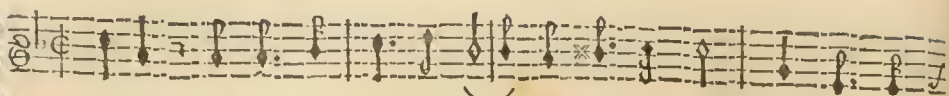
shew, where such a rare Carnation grew; and such a smiling Tulip too. Ah, then, too late, close in your



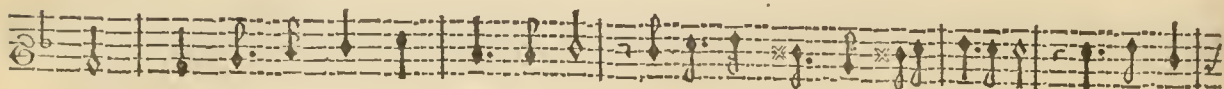
Chamber keeping, it will be told, that you are old, by those true tears y'are weep-ing



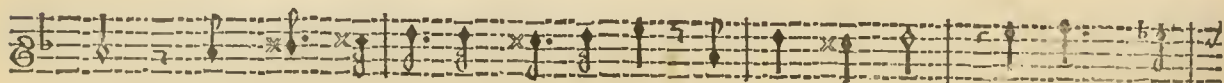
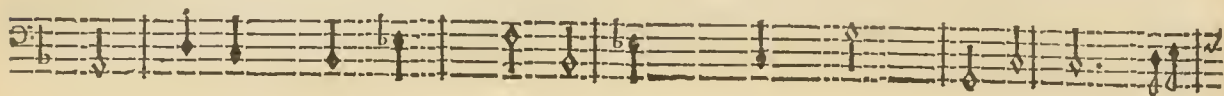
To a Lady, more affable since the War began.



Coris, since first our calm of Peace was frighted hence, this good we



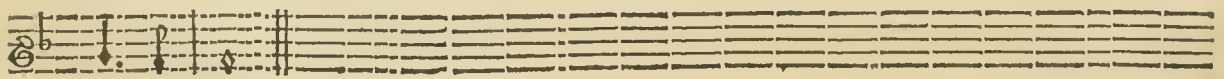
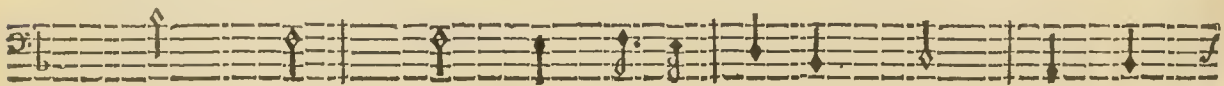
find, Your favours with your fears increase, and growing mischief makes you kind: So the fair



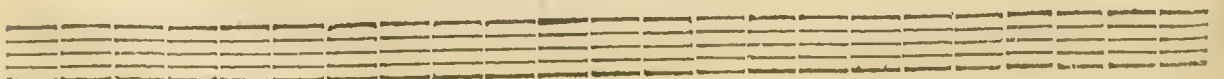
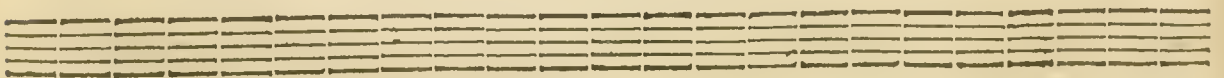
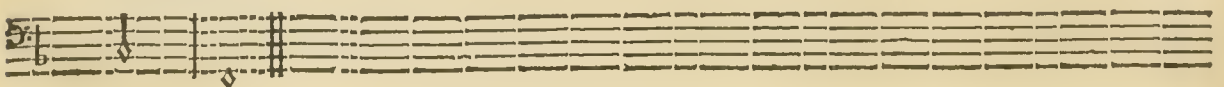
Tree, (which still preserves her Fruit and state when no Wind blows) in Storms, from




that uprightnes swerves; and the glad Earth about her strowes with treasure, with treasure from her



yeelding boughs.



CLORIS *Singing.*


Es, yes, 'tis *Cloris* sings, 'tis she ; Mark how the Nymphs and Shepherds all flock

to her : so the Master Bee the swarm leads with his awful call, so to the *Thracian* Lyre the floods reformed,

and the lifting woods : so shoals of Dolphins on the green waves spring, when *Doris* or her Sea-born

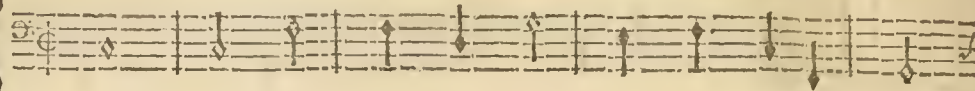
Daughters sing, and so her Notes their hearts benum : one looks pale, others eyes ore-flow with tears of

pleasure, perhaps some distil from sad hearts tears of woe ; but as if fetter'd in a chain to soft their

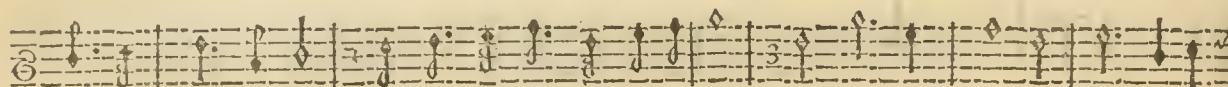
passions felt no pain, she stops no sooner, but th'enchanted throng straight cry, Sweet *Cloris* sing another Song.

The Unconstant Lover.

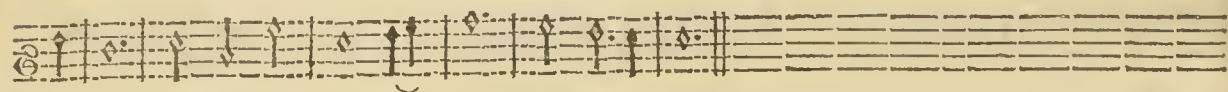
How I hate thee now , and my self too, for loving such a false, false thing as



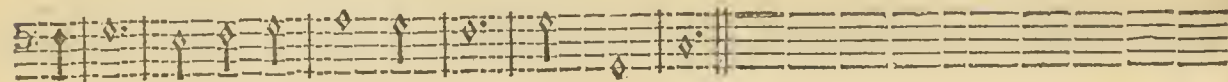
thee ! who hour-ly canst depart from heart to heart , to take new har-bour as thou didst in me ; but



when the world shall spie , and know thy shifts as well as I , they'l shut their hearts and take thee in



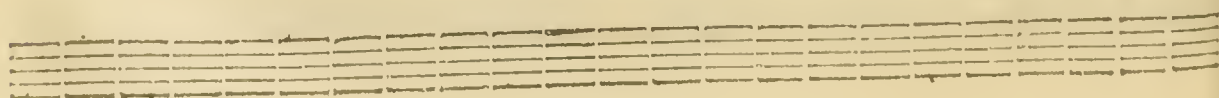
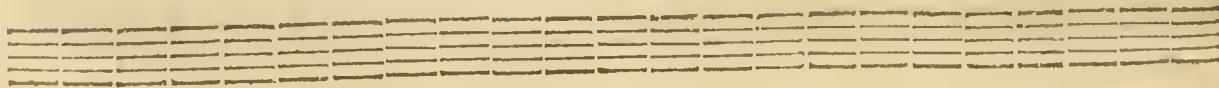
no more ; he that can dwell with none , must out of dore.



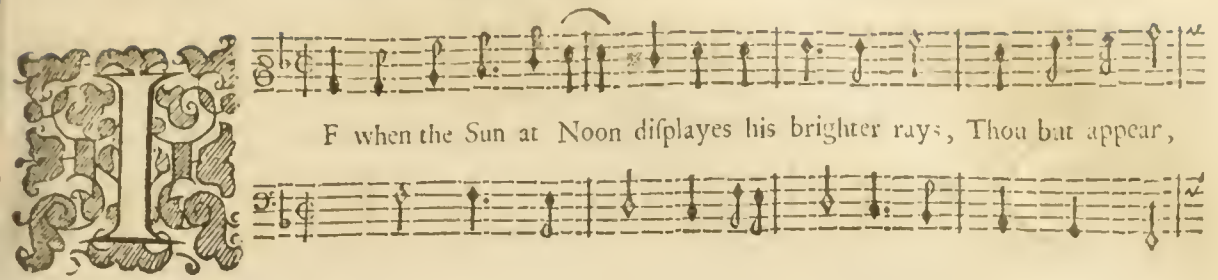
II.

Thy pride hath overgrown
 All this great Town
 Which stoops, and bowes as low as I to you ;
 Thy falshood might support
 All the new Court

Which shifts, and turn , almost as oft as thou.
 But to express thee by ,
 There's not an object low, or high,
 For 'twill be found, when ere the measures tride ;
 Nothing can read thy falshood, but thy pride.



Night and day to his MISTRES.



L F when the Sun at Noon displays his brighter rays, Thou but appear,

he then all pale with shame and fear, quencheth his light, and grow more dim, compos'd to

thee, then Stars to him. If thou but show thy face again, when darknes doth at midnight

reign, darknes flies, and light is hurl'd round about the silent world, so as alike thou driv'st away both

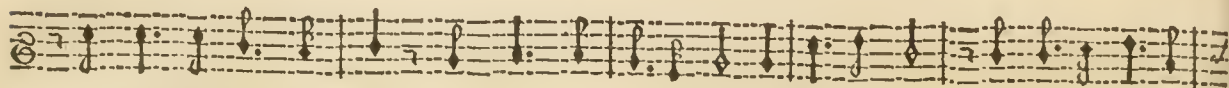
light and darknes, night and day.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

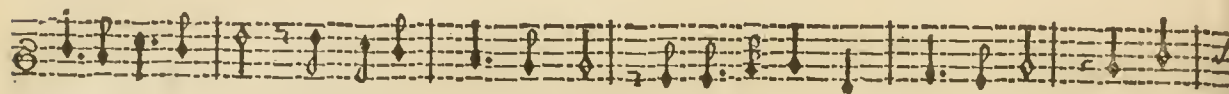
To his RIVALL.



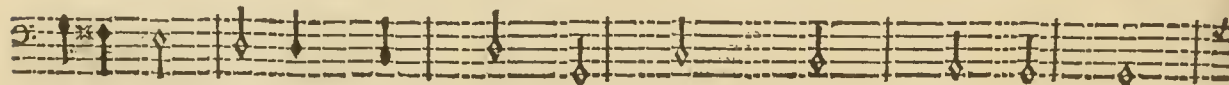
Eek not to know my Love, for she hath vow'd her Constant faith to me:



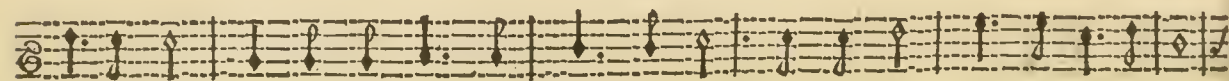
her milde Aspects are mine, and thou shalt onely find a Stormy brow, for if her Beauty



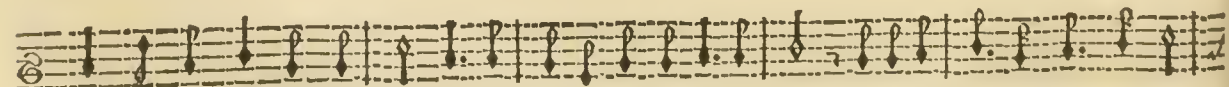
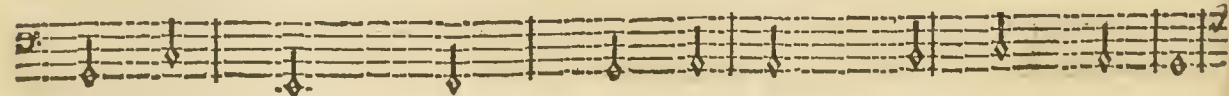
stir desire in mee, her Kisses quench the fire: Or I can to Loves Fountain goe, or dwell



upon her Hills of Snow; But when thou burn'st, shee shall not spare one gentle Breath to



cool the Air; thou shalt not climbe those Alps, nor spie where the sweet Springs of *Venus* lie:



Search hidden Nature, and there find a treasure to enrich thy mind: Discover Arts not yet reveal'd,



But let my Mistrefs live conceal'd. Though men by knowledge wifer grow, yet here 'tis wisdom

not to know.

To his MISTRES.

Prethee Sweet to me be Kind, delight not so in Scorning; I sue for

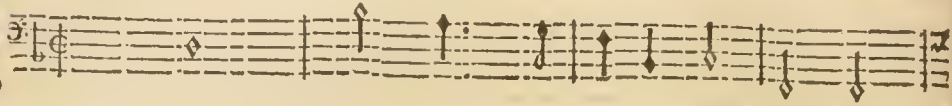
Love; O let me find some pleasure midst my mourning! What though to you I vassal be? Let

me my right in-herit: Send back the Heart I gave to thee, since thine it cannot merit. So I shall

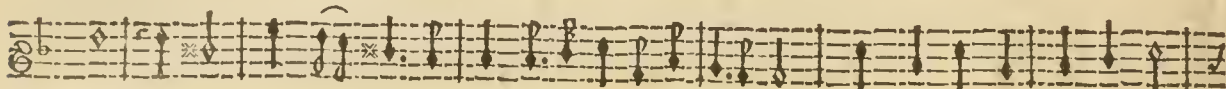
to the world declare how good, how sweet and fair you are.

The Heart Intire.

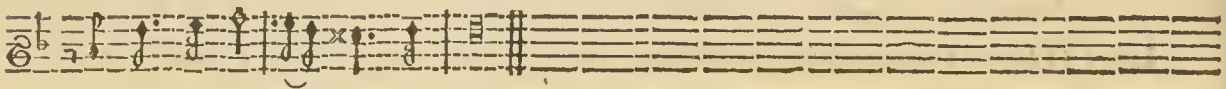
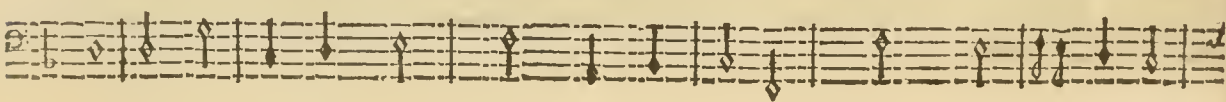
Ans't thou love me, and yet doubt so much Falshood in my heart, that a



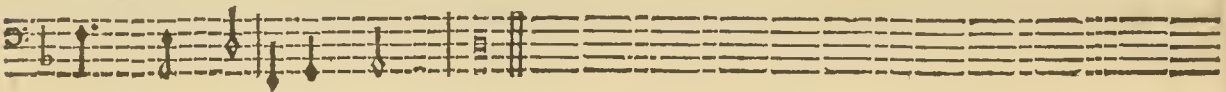
way I should find out to impart fragments of a broken Love to you, more then all b'ing left then



due: O, no ! Love must clear Distrust, or be eaten with that Rust ; short Love liking may find Jars ,



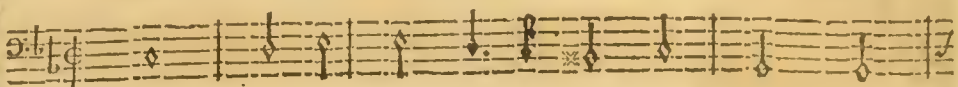
the Love that lasteth knows no Wars.



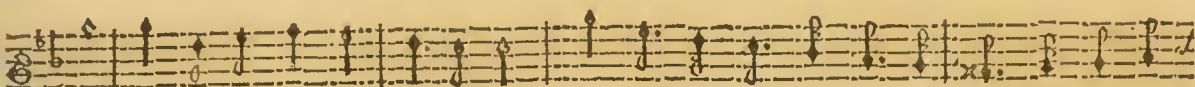
There Belief begets Delight,
 And so satisfies Desire,
 That in them it shines as Light
 No more Fire ;
 All the burning Qualities appeas'd,
 Each in others joying pleas'd ;
 Not a whisper, not a thought
 But 'twixt Both in common's brought ;
 Even to seem Two they are loath,
 Love being only Soul to both.

Love in Despair.

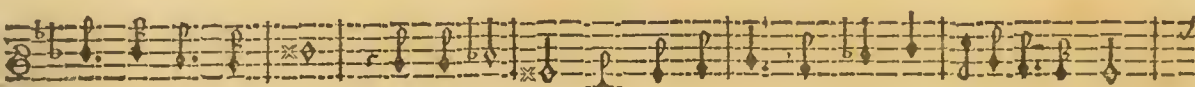
Lover once I did espie with bleeding Heart and weeping Eye; he sigh'd and



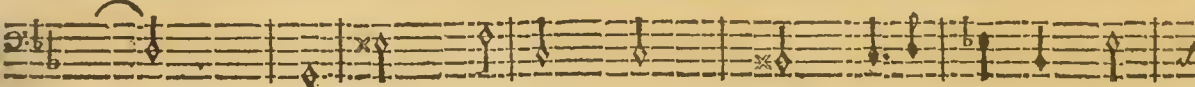
groan'd, and curst the Boy that planted woe, supplanted joy; he wept and cry'd, How great's his



pain that lives in Love, and loves in vain! Can there (says he) no Cure be found, but by the



hand that gave the wound. Then let me die, which Ile endure, since she wants Charity to Cure:



Yet let her one day feel the pain to wish sh' had cur'd, but wish in vain, for wither'd cheeks may



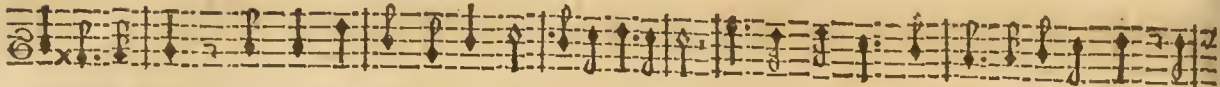
chance recover some sparks of Love, but not a Lover.



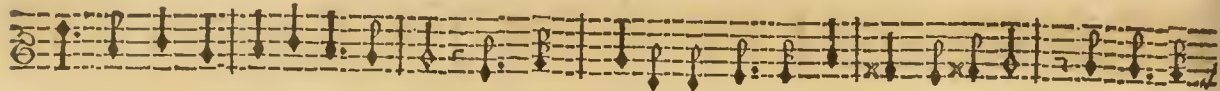
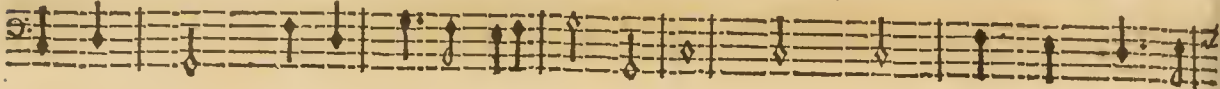
Loves Fruition.



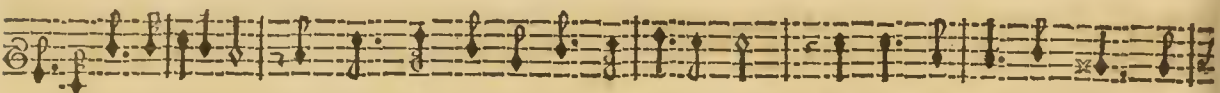
Ome come, thou glorious object of my sight : O my Joy, my Life, my



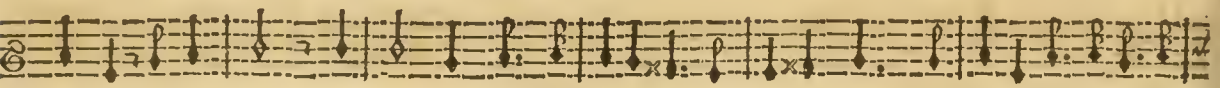
only Delight ! May this glad Minute be blest to Eternitie. See how the glim'ring Tapers of the Sky do



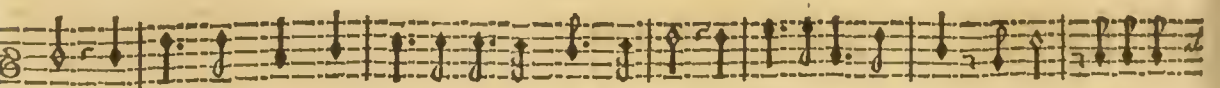
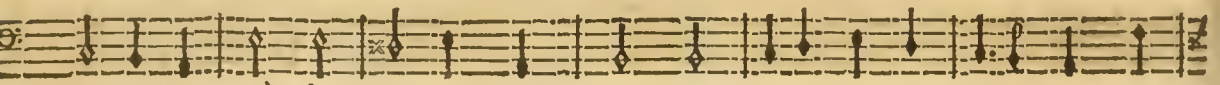
gaze and wonder at our Constancy : How they croud to behold what our Arms do unfold ! How all do



envy our Fe-licities , and grudge the Triumph of *Se-lindras* Eyes ! How *Cynthia* seeks to shroud her



Crescent in yon Cloud, where sad Night puts her fable Mantle on thy Light ; mistaking hasteth to be

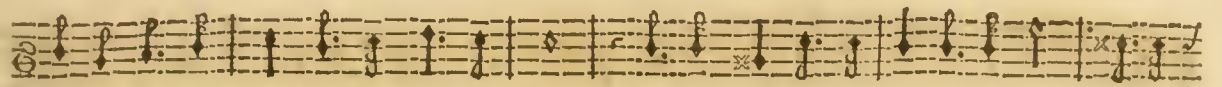


gone, her gloomy Shades give way as at th'approach of Day, and all the Planets shrink for fear to be ec-

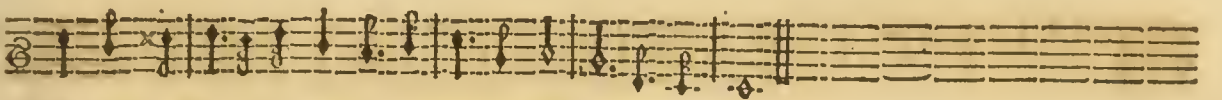
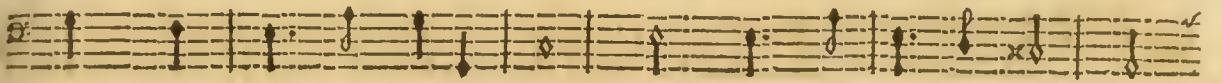




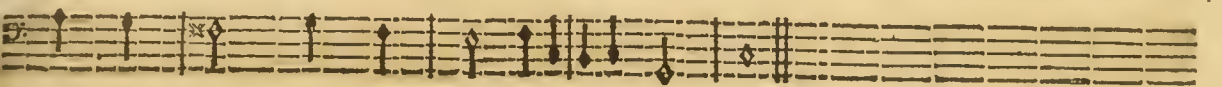
clips'd by a brighter De-i-tie. Look, O look, how the small Lights do fall and adore what before the



Heavens have not shown, nor their godhead known. Such a Faith, such a Love as may move Mighty



Joys from a-bove to descend and re-main amongst Mortals again.

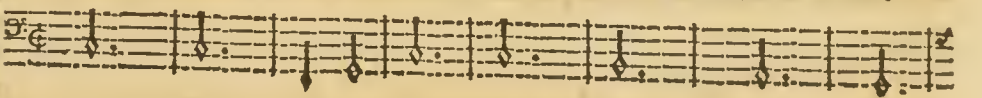


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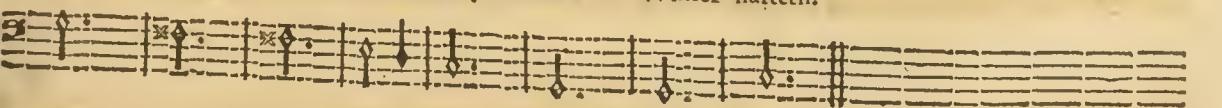
Love in the Spring.



Leasure, Beauty, Youth attend ye ; Love and Melting thoughts befriend ye :



While the spring of Nature lasteth use your time ere Winter hasteth.



II.

Active blood and free delight,
Place and Privacy invite :
O be kind as you are fair,
Lose no advantage got for Air.

III.

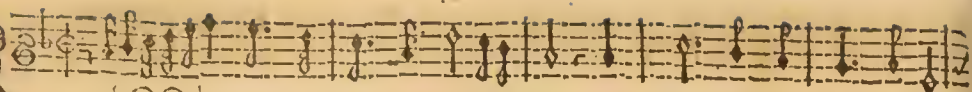
She is cruel that denies it,
Stealth of sport in love supplies it:
Bounty best appears in granting,
Else the Ears of Love are wanting.

IV.

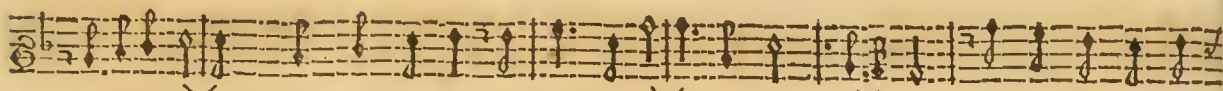
There's the sweet Exchange of Bliss
Where each Whisper proves a Kiss :
In the Gain are felt no pains,
For still in all the Loser gains.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

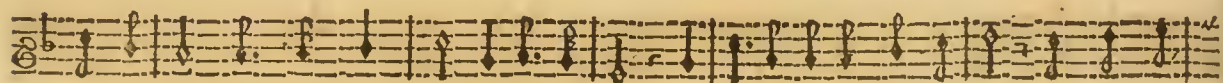
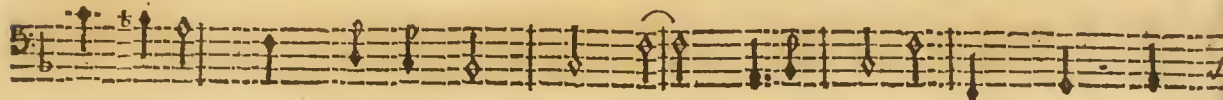
The LARK.



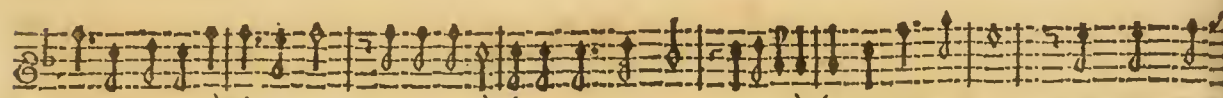
With through the yielding Air I glide, while nights shall be, shades abide :



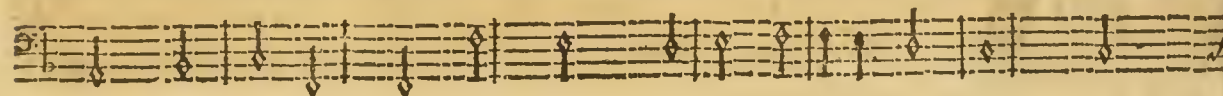
Yet in my flight (though ne're so fast) I Tune and Time the wilde winds blast : And ere the Sun be



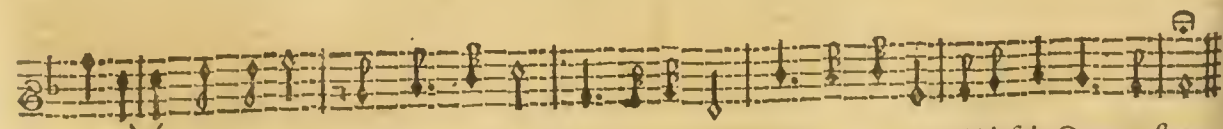
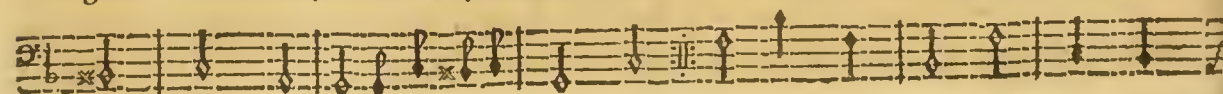
come a-bout, teach the young Lark his Lesson out ; who early as the Day is born sings his shrill



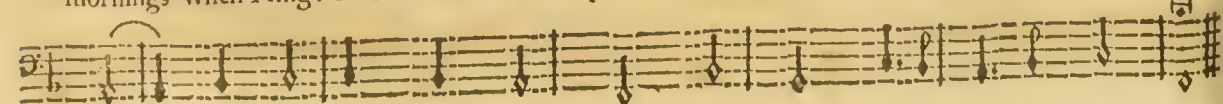
Anthem to the ri-sing Morn : let never Mortal lose the pains to imi-tate my Aiery strains, whose pitch too



high for humane Ears, was set me by the tuneful Spheres. I carrol to the Faries King, wakes him a



mornings when I sing : And when the Sun stoops to the deep, Rock him again and his fair Queen a-sleep.



Loves Dying Passion.

Marillis tear thy hair, beat thy breast, sigh, weep, despair; cry cry Ay me!

Is *Daphne* dead? I see a paleness on his brow, and his cheeks are drown'd in snow; Whether,

whether, whether are those *Roses* fled? O my heart! how cold, how cold he's grown?

Sure his Lips are turn'd to stone. Thus, Thus then I offer up my blood, and bathe my body in his

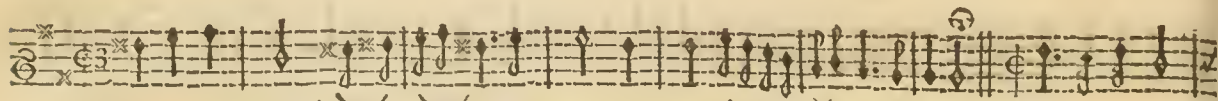
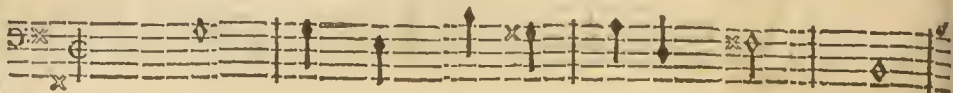
shroud. Since living accents cannot move, Know *Amarillis*, know *Amarillis* dy'd for Love.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

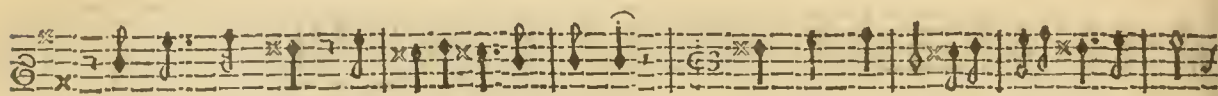
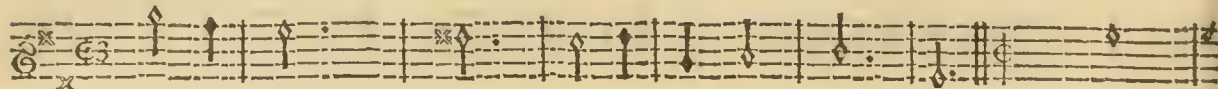
On a lost Heart.



What shall I do? I've lost my Heart; 'tis gone I know not whether:



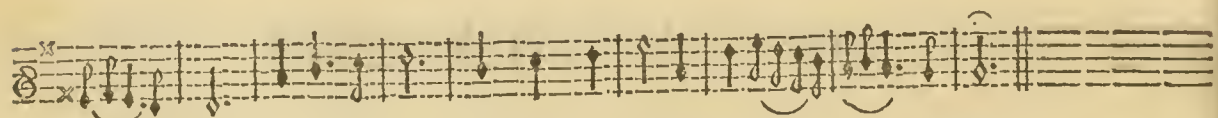
Cupid cut's strings, then lent him wings and both are flowne together. Fair Ladies, tell,



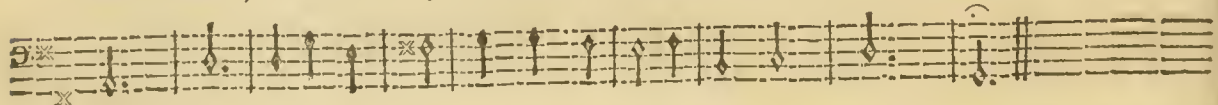
for Loves sweet sake, Did any of you find it? Come come, it lies in your Lips or Eyes,



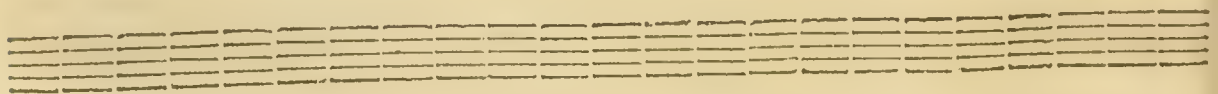
though you'll not please to mind it. Well, If 'tis lost, then farewell frost, I will enquire



no more; for Ladies they steal Hearts a-way but on---ly to restore.

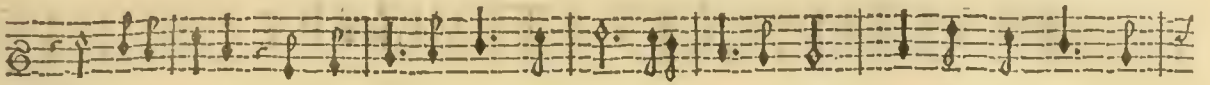
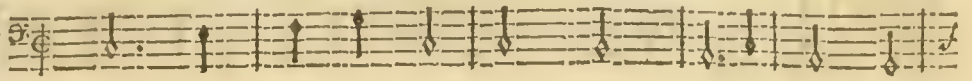


Mr. Hen. Lawes.

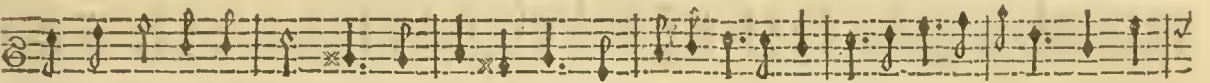
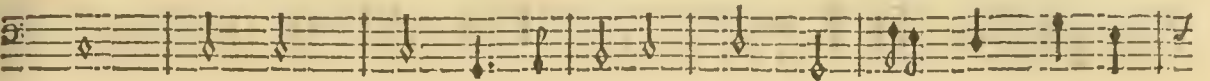


Loves Flattery.

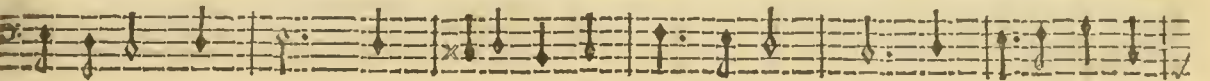
Adies, fly from Loves smooth Tale, Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevaile :



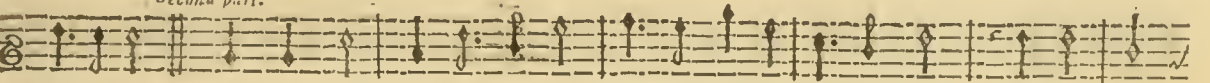
Grief is Infectious, and the Air inflam'd with sighs will blast the Fair : Then stop your Ears when



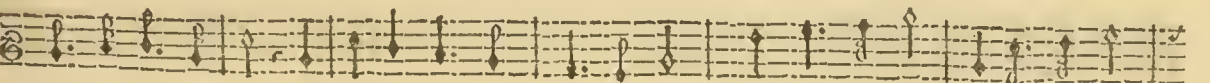
Lovers cry, lest your selves weep when no lost Eye shall with a sorrowing tear repay that pity which you



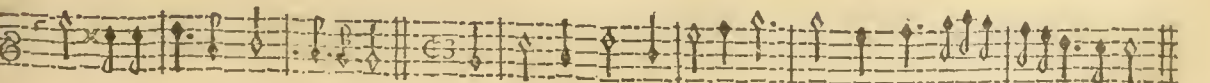
Second part.



cast away. Young men, fly when Beauty darts Am'rous glances at your hearts, the fixt mark



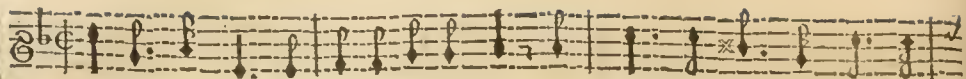
gives the Shooter aim, and Ladies looks have power to maim: Now 'twixt the Lips, now in their Eyes,



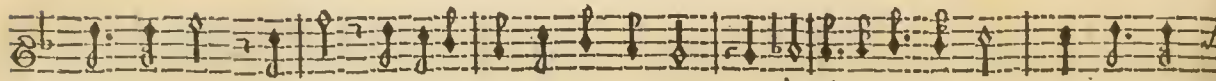
wrapt in a Kifs or Smile Love lies. Then fly betimes, for only they Conquer Love that run away.



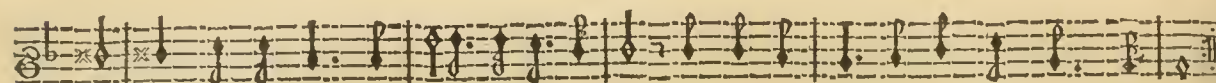
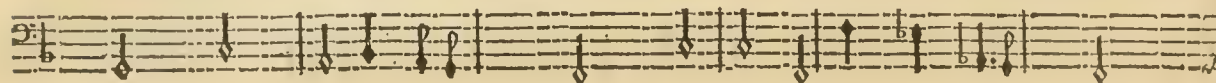
A D R E A M.



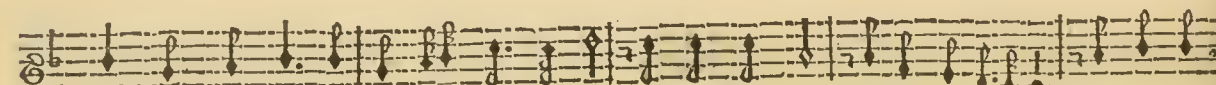
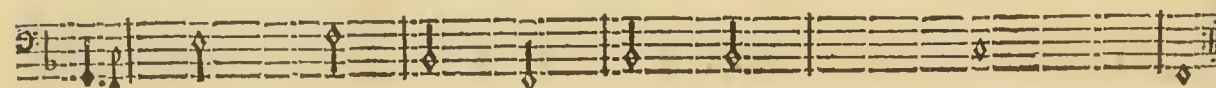
Laid me down up-on a pillow soft, and dream'd I clypt and kist my



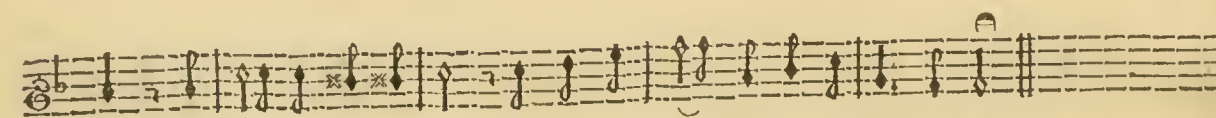
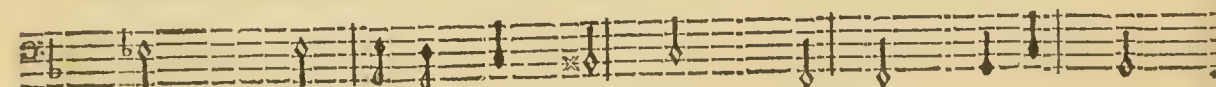
Mistress oft: She cry'd, Fie fie, away, you are too bold. I pray'd her be content, though she were



cold, my veins did burn with flames of hot desire, and must not leave till she had quench'd my fire.



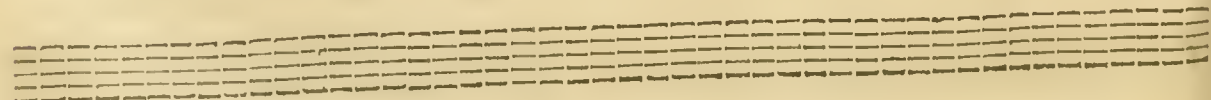
Well, since (said she) I may not from you fly, do what you please, I give you liberty. With that I





wak'd, but found I was deceiv'd, for which I storm'd like one of sense bereav'd.





Mr. Hen. Lawes.



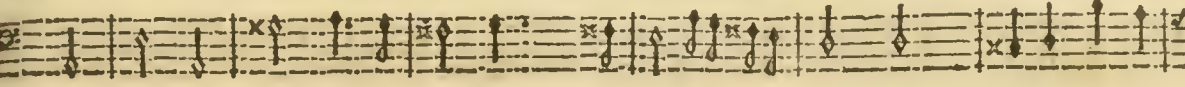
Upon the Hearing Mrs. MARY KNIGHT Sing.

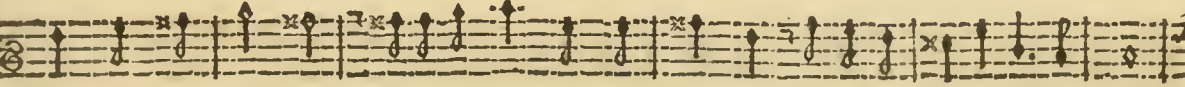
On that think love can convey no other way but through the Eye in-to the



heart his fatal dart ; Close up those Casements, and but hear this *Syren* sing, and on the wings of her clear



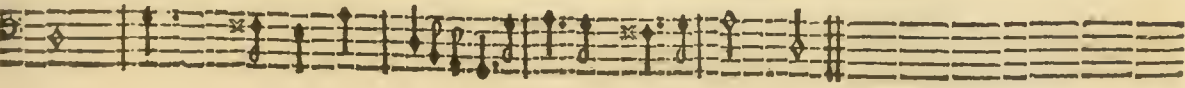

voice it will appear that Love can enter at the Ear. Then unveil your Eyes , behold the Curious

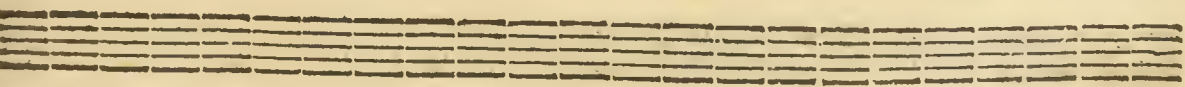
mold where that voice dwells : and as we know when the Cocks crow we freely may gaze on the day,

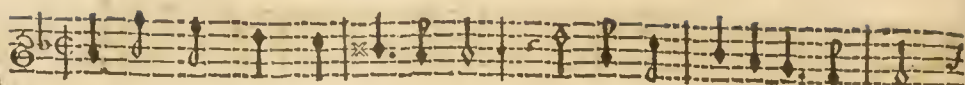



So may you when the Musicks done, awake and see the Ri--sing Sun.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.




The Thrifty L O V E R.

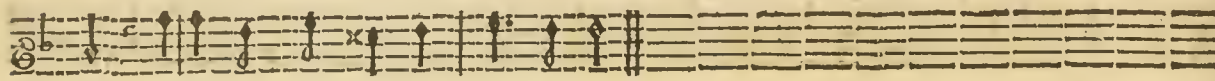
Lov'd thee once, Ile love no more ; thine be the grief as is the blame :



Thou art not what thou wert before ; What rea-son I should be the same ? He that can



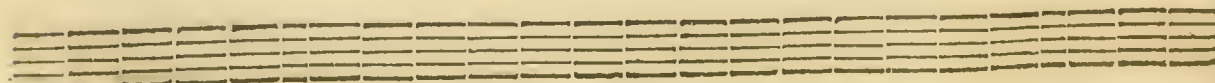
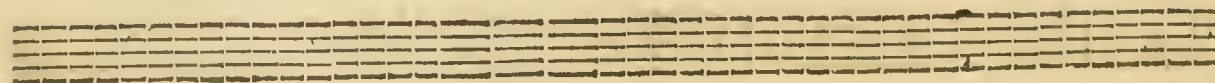
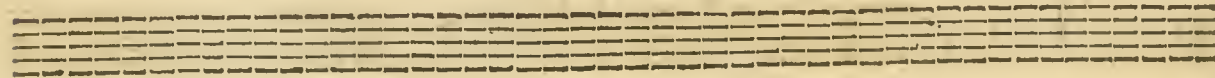
love un-lov'd again, hath better store of Love than Brain. God fend me Love my Debts to



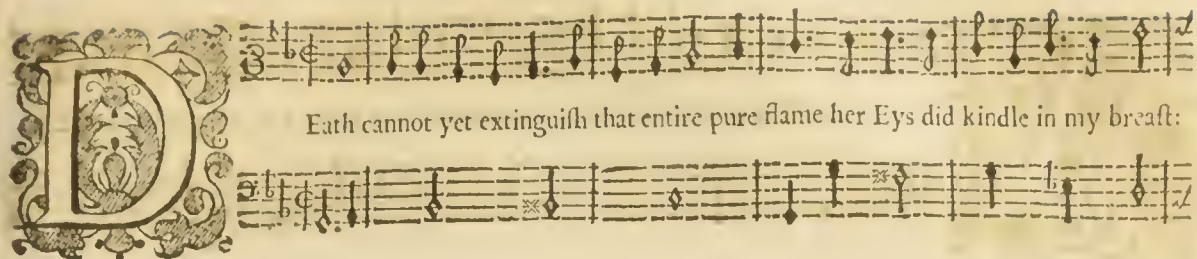
pay, whilst Unthrifts fool their Love away.



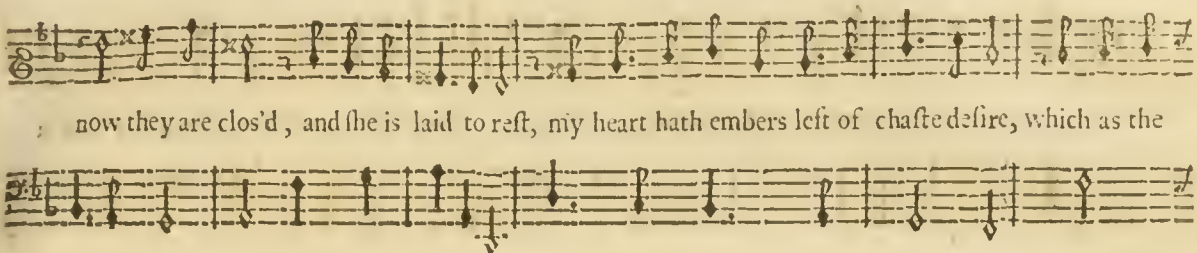
Mr. Hen. Lawes.



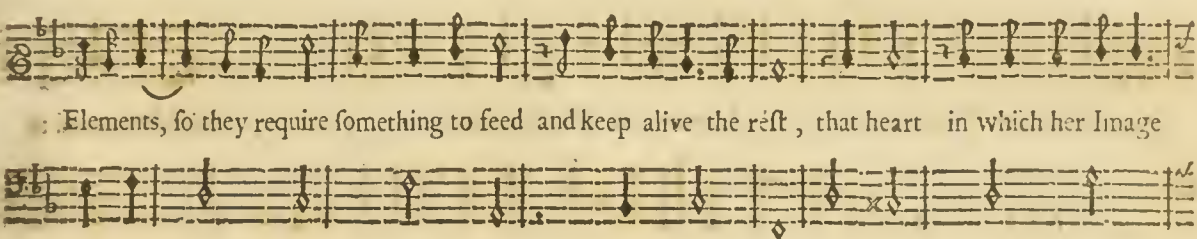
A LOVER on his Dying MISTRES.



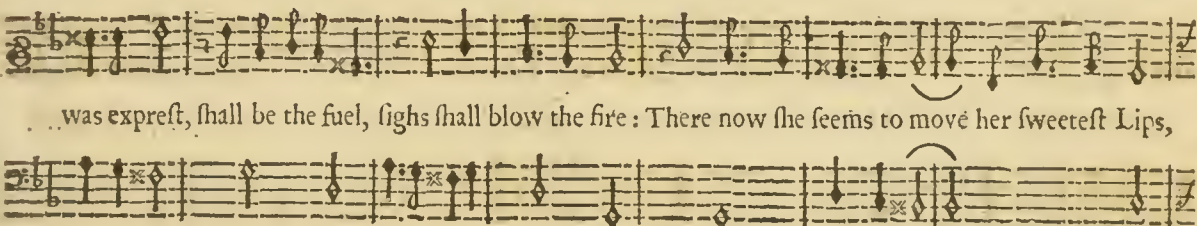
D Eath cannot yet extinguish that entire pure flame her Eys did kindle in my breast:



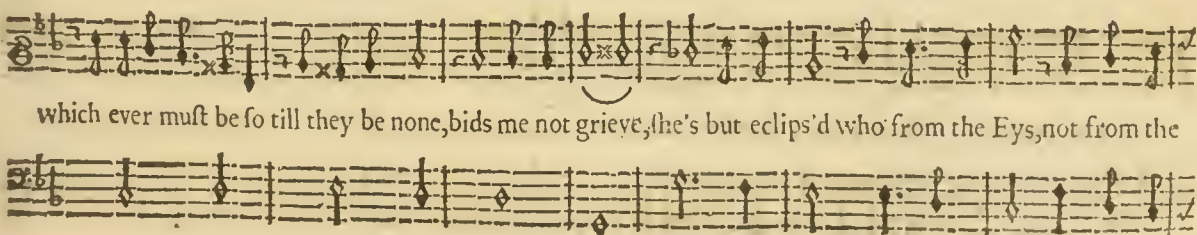
now they are clos'd, and she is laid to rest, my heart hath embers left of chaste desire, which as the



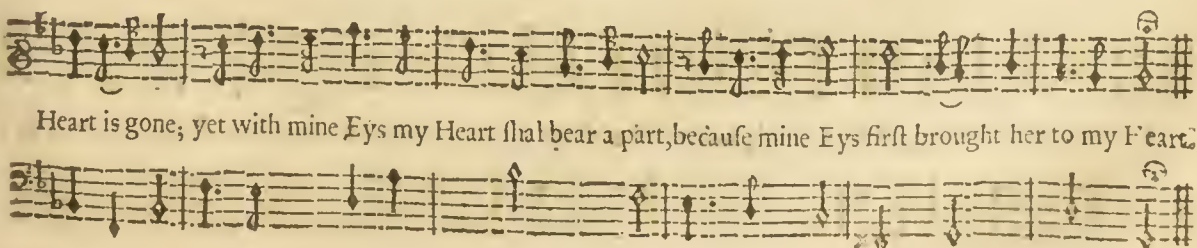
Elements, so they require something to feed and keep alive the rest, that heart in which her Image



was express, shall be the fuel, sighs shall blow the fire: There now she seems to move her sweetest Lips,

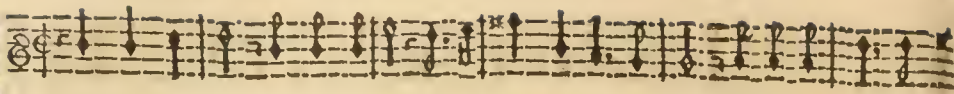


which ever must be so till they be none, bids me not grieve, she's but eclips'd who from the Eys, not from the

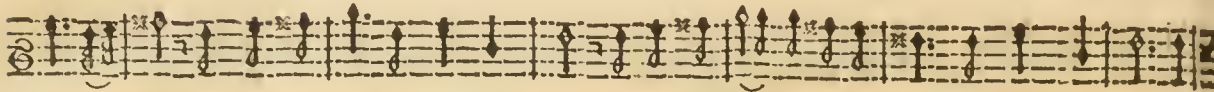


Heart is gone, yet with mine Eys my Heart shal bear a part, because mine Eys first brought her to my Heart.

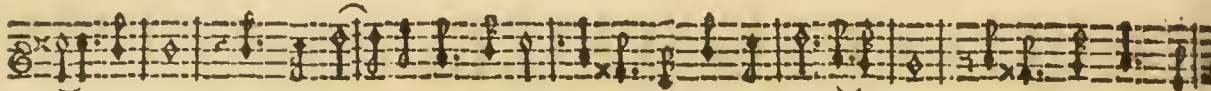
The FLY.



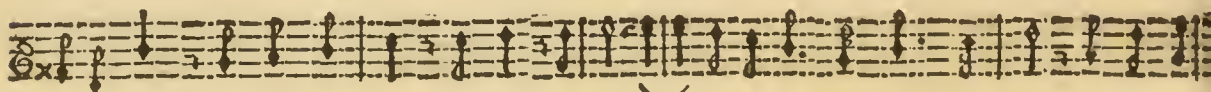
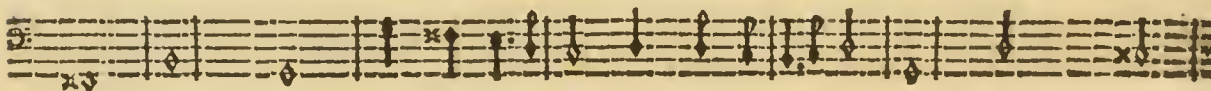
Hen this Fly liv'd she us'd to play in the Sunshine all the day, till coming neer my



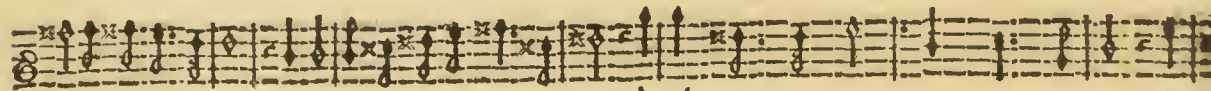
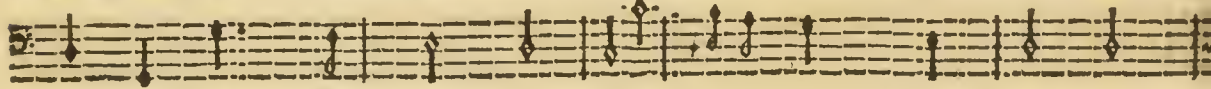
Calia's sight, she found a new and unknown light, so full of glory as it made the Noon-day Sun a



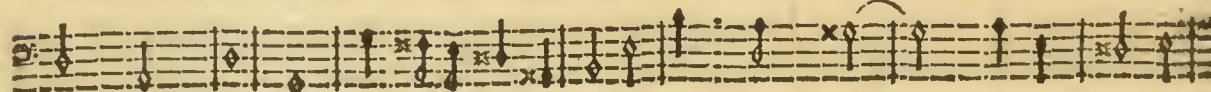
gloomy shade. Then this am'rous Fly became my Rivall, and did court my flame, she did from hand to



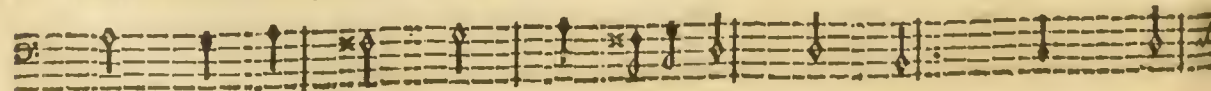
Bosome skip, and from her breath, her cheek, her lip, suckt all the Incense, Mirrhe and Spice, and grew a



Bird of Paradiſe. At laſt in-to her Eye ſhe flew, there ſcorcht with flames, and drown'd in dew, like



Fhaeton from the Suns ſphere ſhe fell, and with her dropt a Tear, of which a Pearl was ſtreight compos'd,



wherein her Allies lie inclos'd: Thus she receiv'd from *Calia's* Eye, Funeral flame, Tombe Obsequie.



Loves Torment.

T Was foretold your Rebel Sex nor love nor pi-ty knew, and with what

scorn you use to vex poor Hearts that humbly sue: But I believe, to crown our pain, could we the

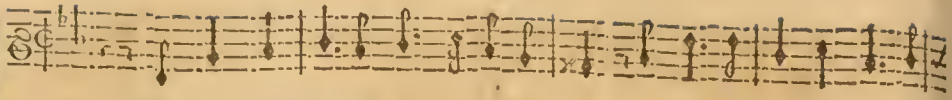
fortress win, A happy Lover sure should gain a Paradise within. I thought Loves plagues like Dragons

fate, only to fright us at the Gate.

If I did enter and enjoy what happy Lovers prove,
 I would Kiss, and Sport, and Toy, and taste those Sweets of Love:
 Or had they but a lasting fate, or if in *Calia's* breast,
 Or of Love might not abate, *Jove* was too mean a Guest:
 But now her breach of faith far more
 Afflicts than did her Scorn before.

Hard Fate! to have been once possess'd as Victor of a Heart,
 Archiev'd with labour and unrest, and then forc'd to Depart.
 If the stout foe will not resign when I besiege a Town,
 I lose but what was never mine; but he that is cast down
 From Injoy'd Beauty, feels a woe
 Only deposed Kings can know.

Love Unveil'd.



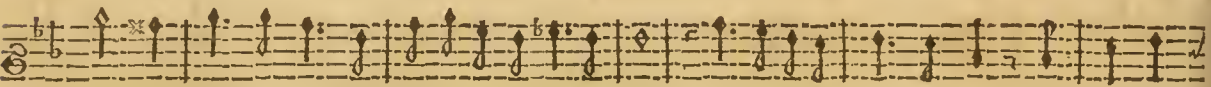
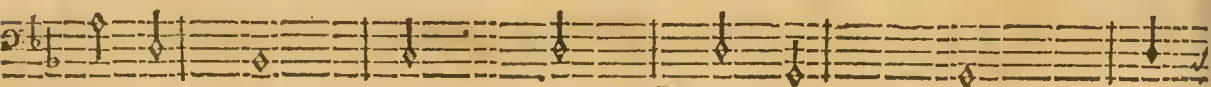
Hen thou, Fair *Caliz!* like the Setting Sun, shalt blush to see thy Day is



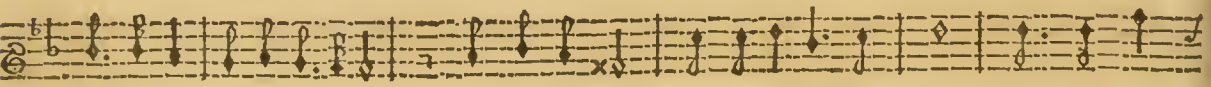
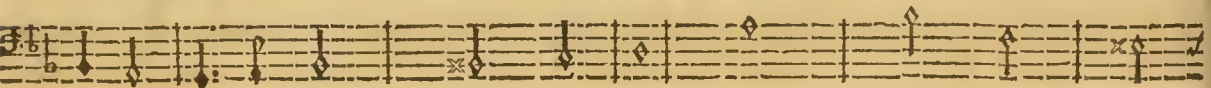
done: And I a Martyr in thy Virgin flame, though dead bespot thy living fame, and call thee



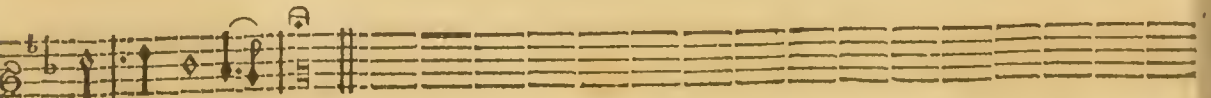
Murdres; Then thou shalt see thou hast deceiv'd thy self, not me: Where from my constant Ashes



Truth shall rise, and silence thy intended Obsequies. Then unpitied thou shalt fall, and we both



die by each others Cruelty. Yet, pitious Fates! will not I die un-mourn'd, though we both

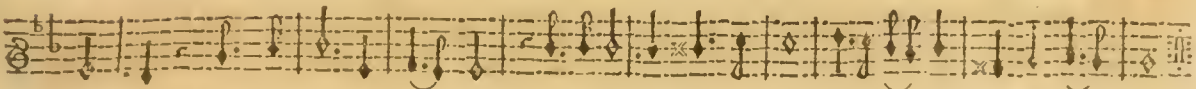
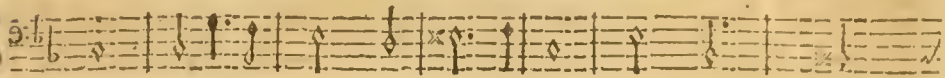


die, and both die scorn'd.

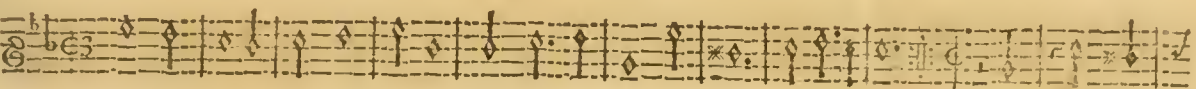


The Mournful Lovers.

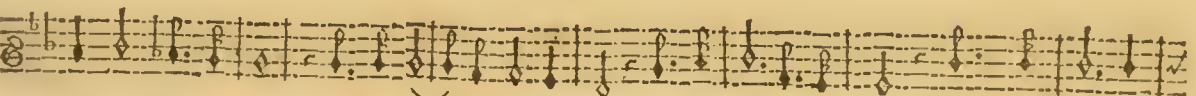
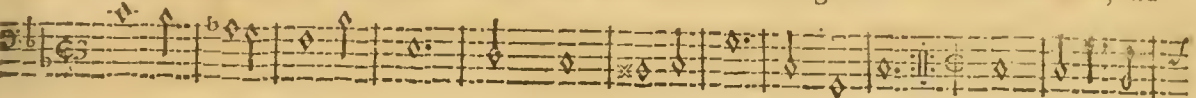
Ome, come, sad Turtle, mateless moaning; droop no more for want of



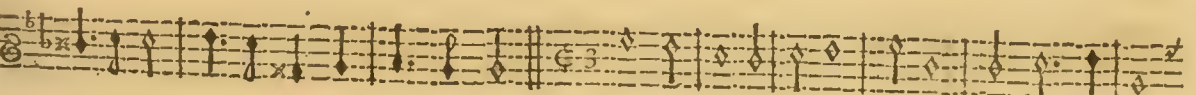
Owing: Here's a Brest for your Nest, like an Altar Cypress drest, sa-cri-f-cing grievful groaning.



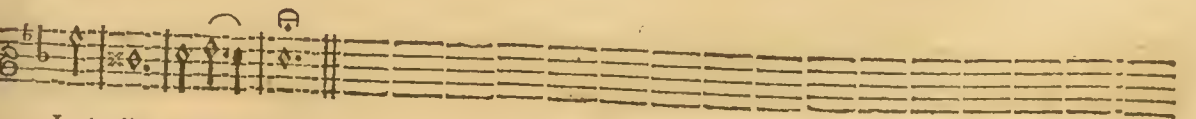
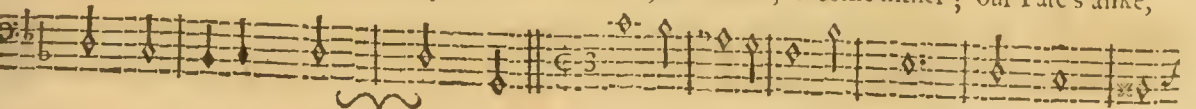
Come, sad Turtle, O come hither, our fate's a-like, let's die to-ge-ther. Come con e, and



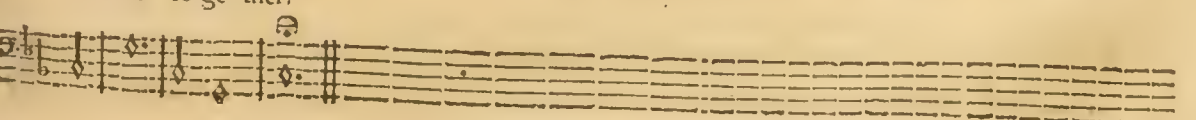
use sigh-foothing skill, and with Loving gently kill, soon as Asps fatal clasps, whilest your sad glad



feeder gasps, feed on woe, and feast your fill. Come, sad Turtle, O come hither; our Fate's alike,



Let's die to-ge-ther.



Loves Power.

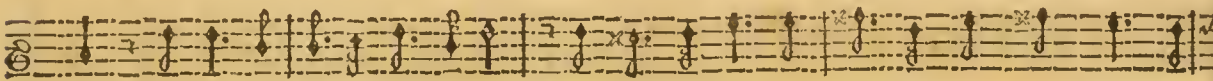
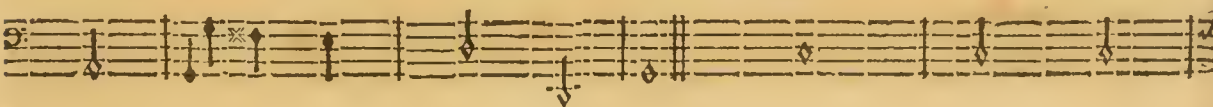
Ehold and listen whilst the Fair breaks in sweet sound the willing Air:



And with her own breath fans the fire which her bright Eyes did first inspire. What reason can that



Love controll which two such ways commands the Soul. So when a flash of Lightning falls on our a-



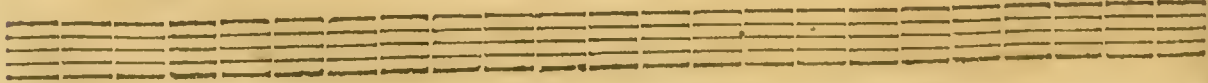
bodes, the danger calls for humane aid, with hopes the flame to conquer though from Heaven it

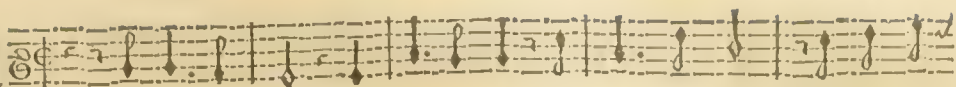


came: But if the winds with it conspire, Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

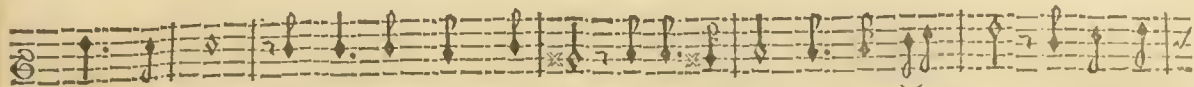
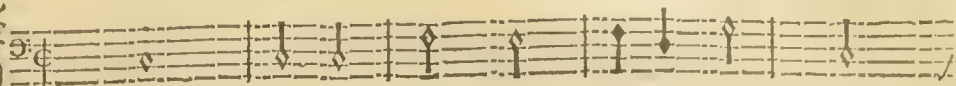


Mr. Hen. Laves.

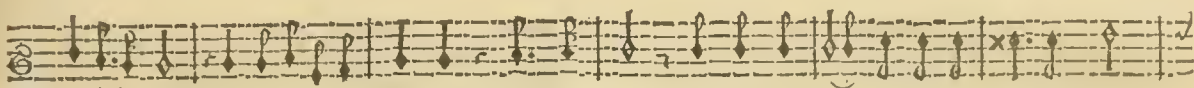


Loves Ardency.

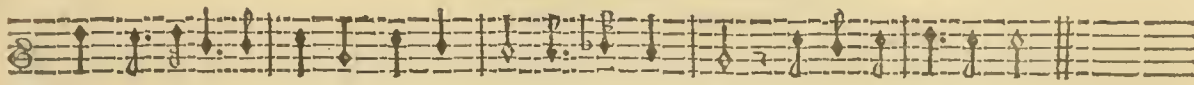
O more of Tears, I've now no more to quench my flame, but make it



scorch the more : My sighs that should have cool'd my hot desire , blow my flame high , and set me



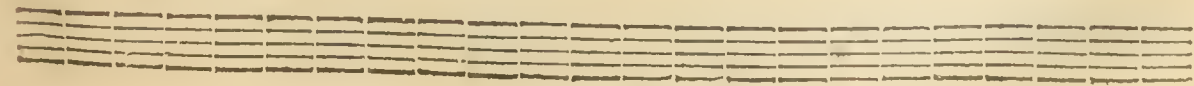
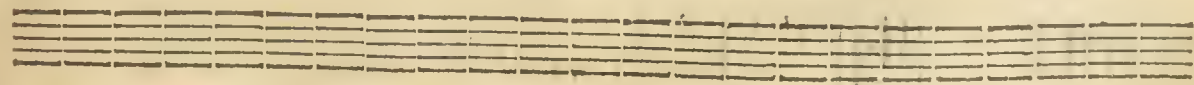
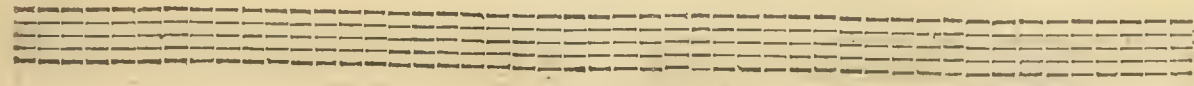
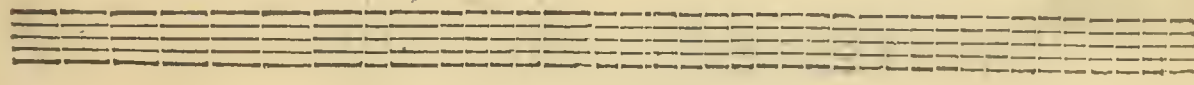
all on fire. No remedy to Cure me ? Yes, there's one : If thou wilt girt me in thy Frozen Zone ,



then may I be as thou art , or make thee melt thy white snow, and turn to fire like me.



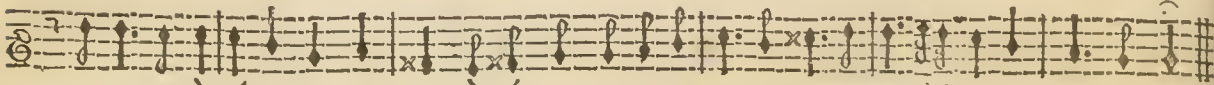
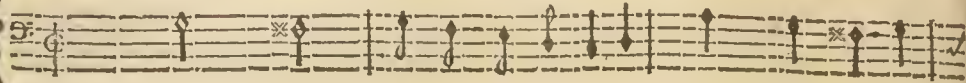
Mr. Hen. Lawes.



The NIGHTINGALE.



Ark how the *Nightingale* displays the latest pleasures of her throat,



and dies content, if her 'poor Note might serve but as one step to raise a Trophie to your Beauties praise.



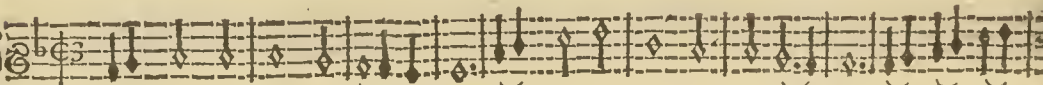
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

The Rose, in whose rich Odours lie
The perfum'd Treasures of the Year;
Doth blush to death when you appear,
And Martyr-like towards you doth fly,
To wear your Cheeks fresh Livery.

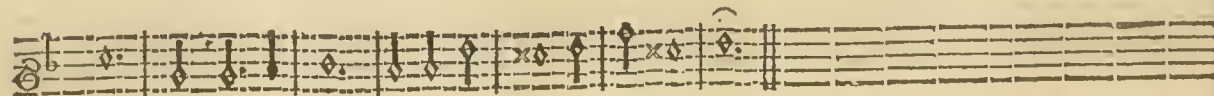
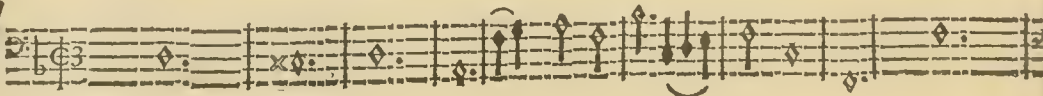
Aurora weeps to see a light
Outvie her splendour in your Eyes;
The Sun's asham'd to walk the skies;
And th' Envious Moon, grown pale for spite,
Vows ne're to Revel but with Night.

The saucy Wind with senseless care
(Seeming to feel soft sense of bliss)
Steals through your hair, your lips to kiss,
So Rivals me, who now despair
To touch your Lip, Cheek, Eye or Hair.

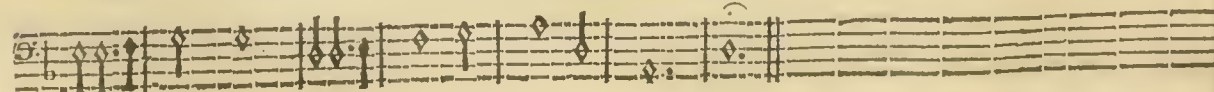
Loves Constancy.



That flame is born of Earthly fire that soon enjoys, and soon expires: His love with



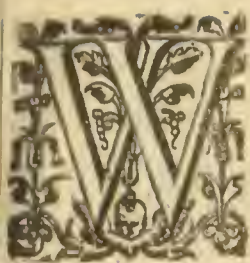
wings Ill-feather'd flies, that cannot reach beyond his Eyes.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Where Hope doth fan the Idle fire
'Tis easie to Maintain desire;
But that's the Noble Love that dare
Continue Constant in Despair.

CUPID'S Alarm.



Hether so gladly and so fast, as if you knew all danger past of Combate and of



War: As you believ'd my arms were bound; or when I shoot, that ev'ry wound I make is but a Scar.



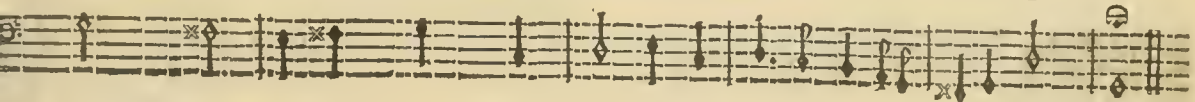
The Second part.



Arm now your breasts with shields of Steel, and plates of Brass; yet you shall feel my Arrows are so keen,

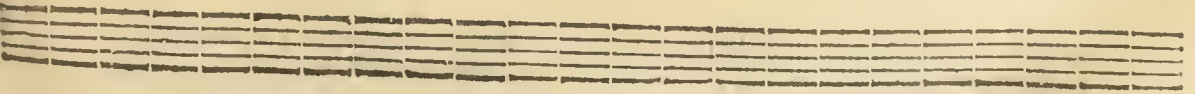
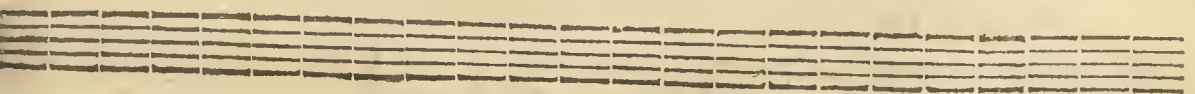


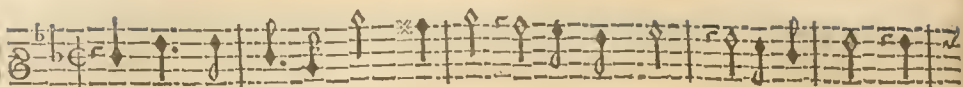
like Lightning that not hurts the skin, yet melts the solid parts within; they'l wound although unseen.



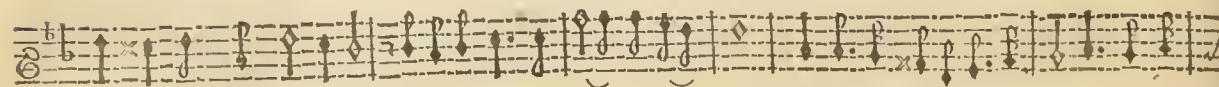
Mr. Henry Lawes.

My Mother taught me long ago
 To aim my Shafts, and draw my Bow;
 When She did *Mars* subdue:
 And now you must resigne to Love
 Your warlike Shafts, that She may prove
 Those Antique stories true.

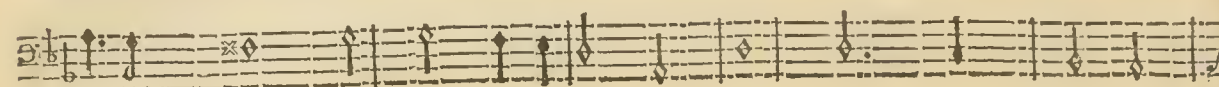


Beauties Excellency.

Ranscendent Beauty ! thou that art light to mine Eyes, life to my Heart : And



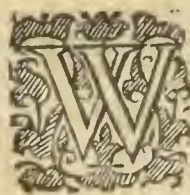
in whose Virtue rests alone the only true Phi-lo-so-phers Stone: For as th' Elixir can restore Nature de-



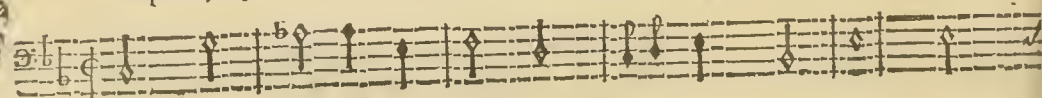
cay'd as 'twas before , thy power hath wrought a stranger thing , by changing Autumn to a Spring.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Sympathy in Love.

Weep not, my dear for I shall go loaden enough with my own woe ; Add not thy



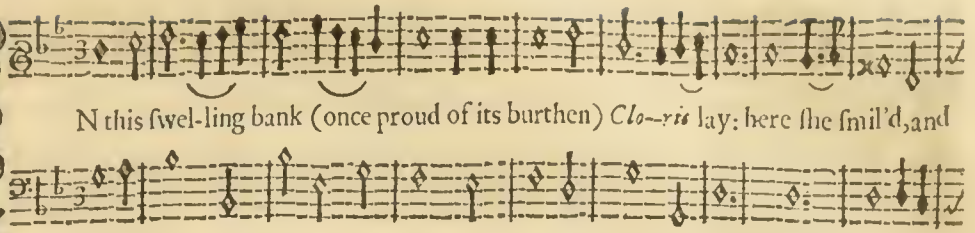
heaviness to mine , since Fate our Pleasures must dis—joyn.



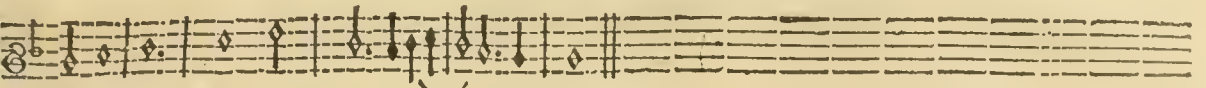
Why should our Sorrows meet, if I
Must go and leave thy Company ?
I wish not there's it shall relieve
My Heart, to think thou dost not grieve.

Yet grieve and weep, that I may bear
Every Sigh and every Tear ;
And it shall glad my Heart to see
Thou wert thus loth to part from mee.

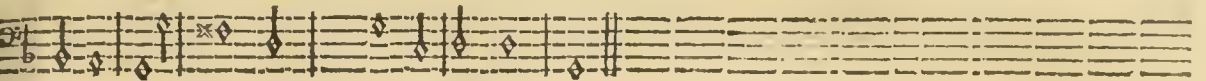
A Remembrance.



N this swel-ling bank (once proud of its burthen) *Clo-ris* lay: here she smil'd, and



did uncloud those bright Suns ec—clipse the day.



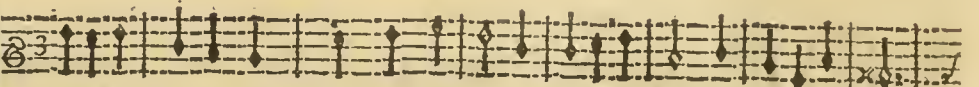
(2)
Here we fate, and with kind art
She about me twin'd her arms,
Clasp'd in hers my hand and heart
Fetter'd by those pleasing charms.

(3)
Here my love and joys she crown'd
Whil'st the hours stood before me,
With a killing glance did wound
'And a melting kiss restore me.

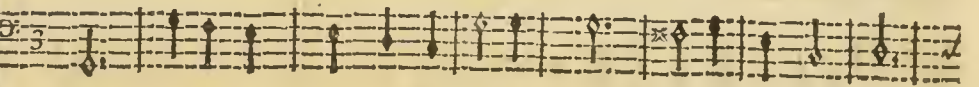
(4)
On the doun of either breast
Whil'st with joy my soul retir'd,
My resigning heart did rest
Till her lips new life inspir'd.

(5)
The renewing of these sights,
Doth with grief and pleasure fill me;
And the thought of those delights
Both at once revive and kill me.

Sufferance.



Elicate Beauty, why should you disdain with pity at least, to lessen my pain?



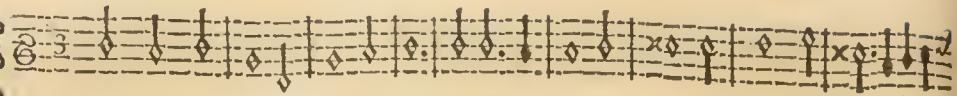
Yet if you purpose to render no cause, Will, and not Reaon, is judge of those Laws.



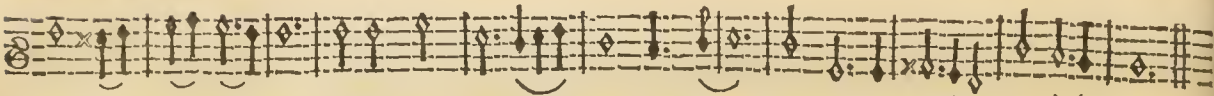
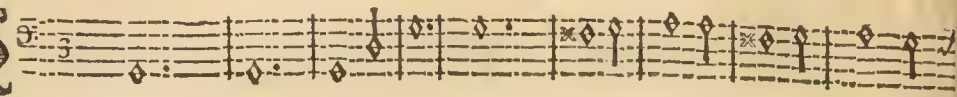
(2)
Suffer in silence I can with delight
Courting your anger to live in your sight;
Inwardly languish, and like my disease,
Always provided my sufferance please.

(3)
Take all my comforts in present away,
Let all but the hope of your favour decay;
Rich in reversion I'll live as content,
As he to whom Fortune her fore-lock hath lent.

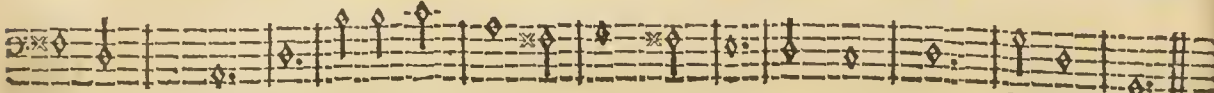
Mutual affection between ORINDA and LUCATIA.



Come, my *Lucatia*, since we see that miracles mens faith do move by wonder



and by prodigie: to the fierce an—gry world let's prove there's a Re-li-gi-on in our Love.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

For though we were design'd t'agree,
That Fate no liberty destroys,
But our Election is as free
As Angels, who with greedy choice
Are yet determin'd to their joys.

We court our own captivity,
Then Thrones more great and innocent;
'Twere banishment to be set free,
When we wear fetters, whose intent
Not bondage is, but ornament.

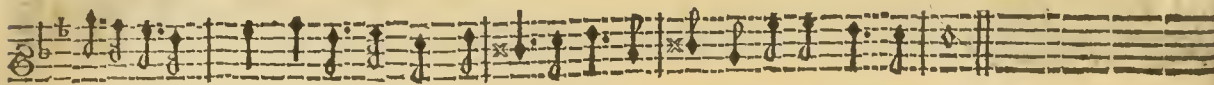
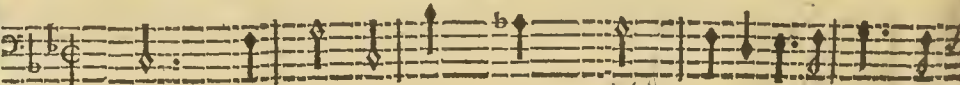
Our hearts are doubled by their loss,
Here mixture is addition grown,
We both diffuse, and both ingross,
And we whose minds are so much one;
Never, yet ever are alone.

Divided joys are tedious found,
And griefs united easier grow,
We are our selves but by rebound;
And all our titles shuffl'd so,
Both Princes, and both Subjects too!

Loves Parting.



But that I knew before we met, the hour would come that we must part, and so had



fortifi'd my heart, I hardly could escape the net, my Passions for my Reason fet.




But why should Reason hope to win
A Victory that's so unkind,
And so unwelcom to my mind;
To yield is neither shame nor sin,
Besieg'd without, betray'd within.

And though that night be ne're so long,
In it they either sleep or wake:
And either way enjoyments take,
In Dreams or Visions which belong
Those to the old: these to the young.

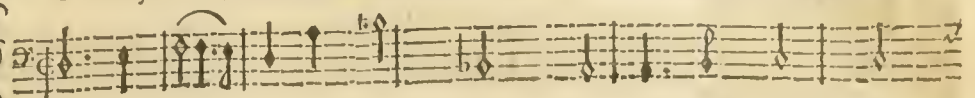
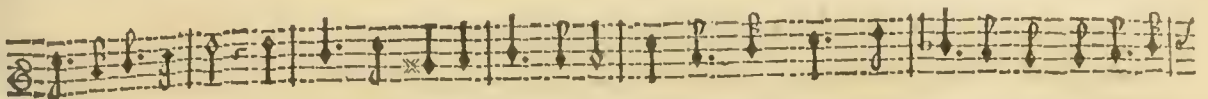
But Friends ne're part (to speak aright)
For who's but going is not gone;
Friends like the Sun must still move on,
And when they seem most out of sight,
Their absence makes at most but night.

I'm old when going; gone 'tis night;
My Parting then shall be a Dream,
And last till the auspicious Beam
Of our next meeting gives new light,
And the best Vision that's your sight.


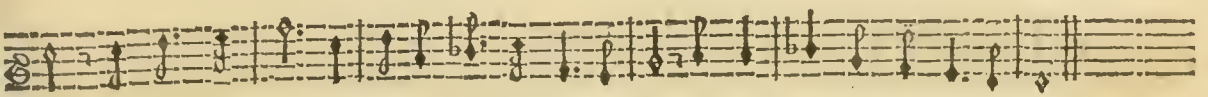
The R O S E.



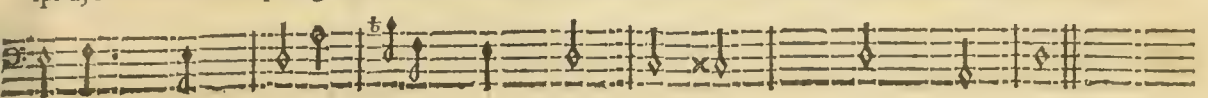
O lovely Rose, tell her that wasts her time and me, that now she knows when I re-

semble her to thee, how sweet and fair she seems to be. Tell her that's young, and shuns to have her graces

spi'd, that hadst thou sprung in Desarts where no men abide, thou must have uncommended dy'd.

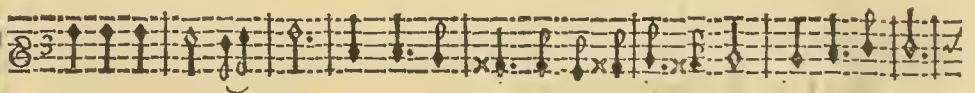


Mr. Hen. Lawes



Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd,
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her self to be desir'd,
And not blush to be admir'd.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share;
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

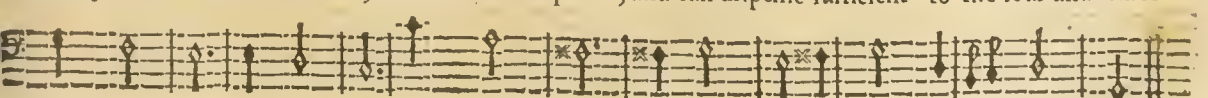
Active Love.



Ell me no more 'tis Love your passions move in a fantastick sphere, and only there:

Thus you confine what is divine, when Love hath pow'r, and can dispense sufficient to the soul and sense.



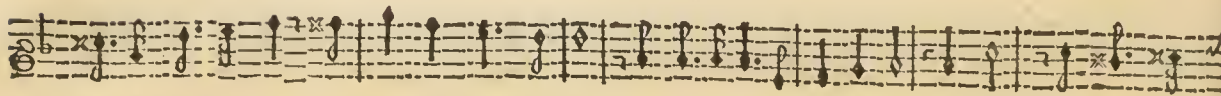
'Tis Love the sense informs,
And cold blood warms;
Nor gives the soul a Throne
To us alone,

But bids them bend
Both to one end;
And then 'tis Love when thus design'd
They make another of their kind.

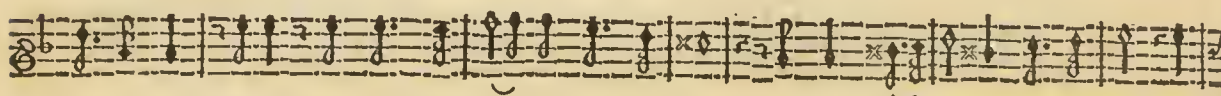
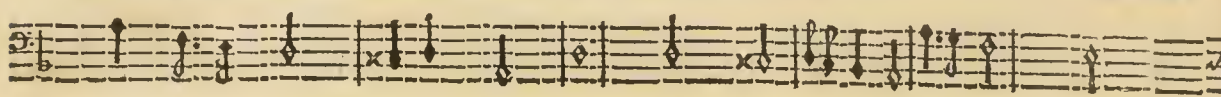
Not to be altered from Affection.



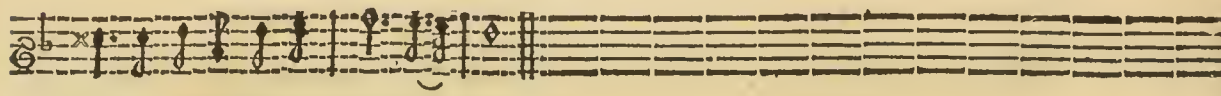
An so much Beauty own a mind? orefway'd by tyranny, as new af-



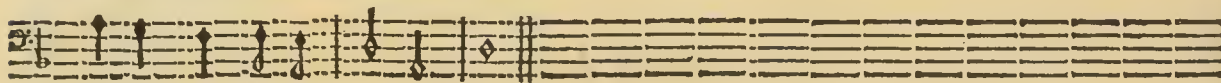
fliting ways to find a doubtless faith to try, and ali example to out-do, to scorn and make me



jealous too: Alafs! she knows my fires are too too great; and though she be stone ice to me, her



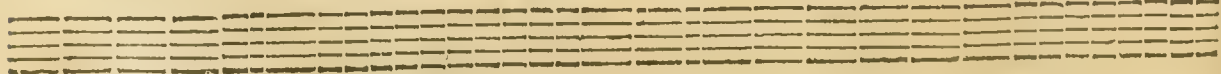
thaw to others cannot quench my heat.



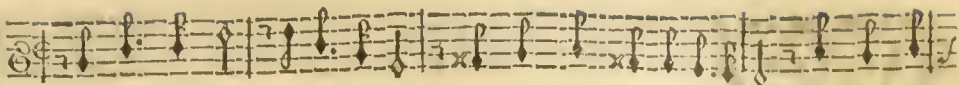
Mr. Henry Lawes.

That Law which with such force o're-ran
The Arnies of my heart,
When no one thought I could out-man,
That durst once take my part.
For by assault she did invade,
No composition to be made:
Then, since all must yield as well as I
to stand in aw
of Victors Law'
There's no prescribing in captivity.

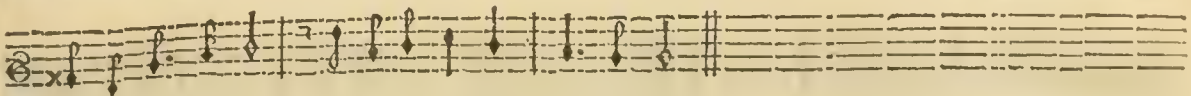
That Love which loves for common ends,
Is but self-loving love;
But nobler conversation tends
Soul mysteries to prove.
And since Love is a passive thing,
It multiplies by suffering.
Then, though she throw life to the waning Moon,
on him her shine,
the dark part mine,
Yet I must love her still when all is done.



Policy in Love.



Rt thou in Love? It cannot be; 'twill prove too great a Raritie: For Love is



banisht from the mind, and every Creature proves unkind.



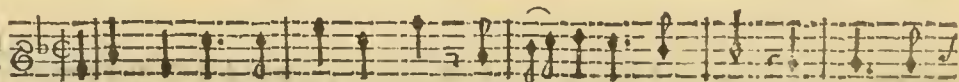
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Your sex we know hath too much power
To be confin'd above an hour,
And Ladies are become so wise
They'l please their own, not others Eyes.

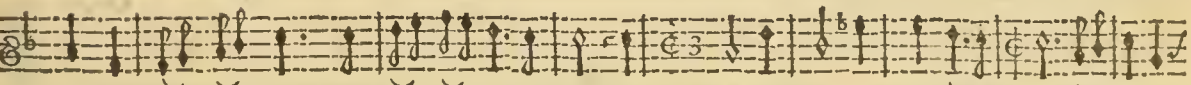
No Archers from above are sent
Poor *Cupid's* Bow lies now unbent,
And Women boast that they can find
A nearer way to please the mind.

Yet still you sigh and keep adoe
Only to tempt poor men to woove:
But sure if thou a Lover be
'Tis of thy Self, but not of Me.

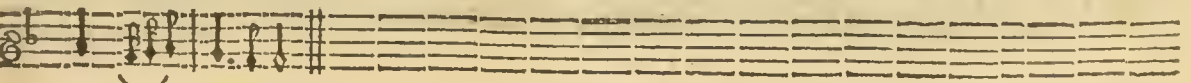
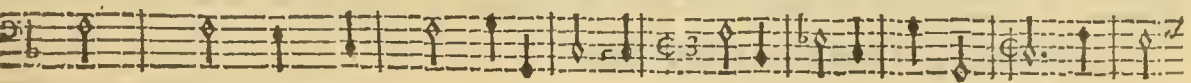
A Glee at CHRISTMAS.



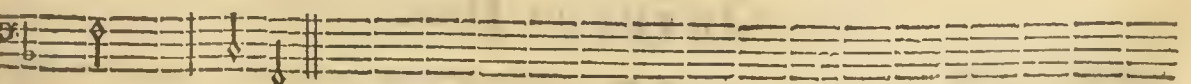
Is *Christmas* now, 'tis *Christmas* now, when *Cato's* self would laugh, and smoothing



forth his wrinkled brow, gives li--ber-ty to Quaff, to Dance, to Sing, to Sport and Play, for ev'ry



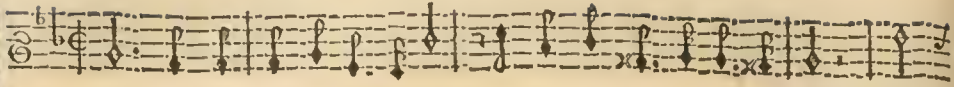
hour's a Holy-day.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

And for the Twelve days, let them pass
In mirth and jollity:
The Time doth call each Lad and Lass
That will be blithe and merry
Then Dance, and Sing, &c.

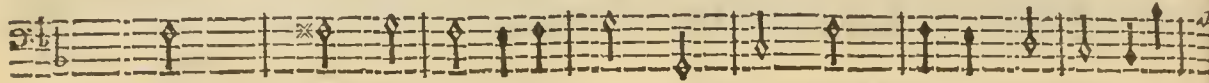
And from the Rising of the Sun
To th' Setting cast off Cares;
'Tis time enough when Twelve is done
To think of our Affairs.
Then Dance, and Sing, &c.

The Power of Love.

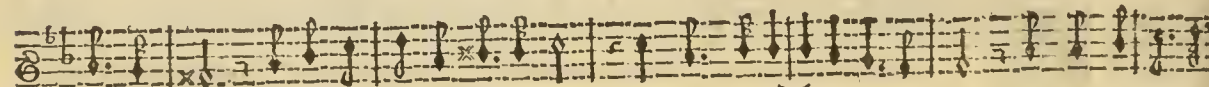
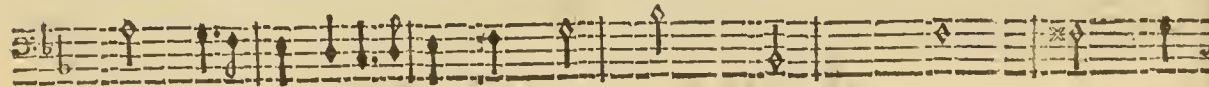
Here shall a man an object find that may preserve a quiet mind? Sad



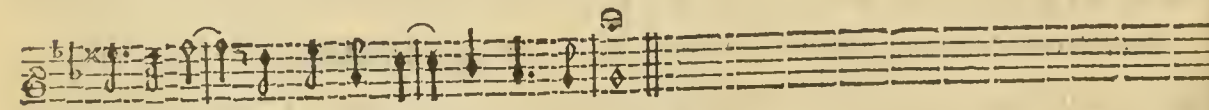
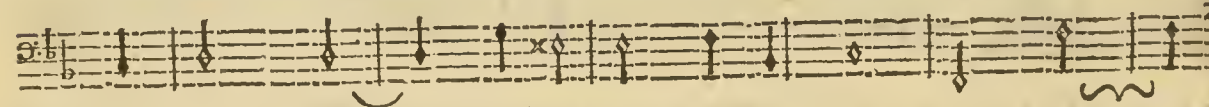
forrow dwells in Loves fair Eyes, and Beauty stirs up Jealousies : A Lovers Hopes are mixt with Fears,



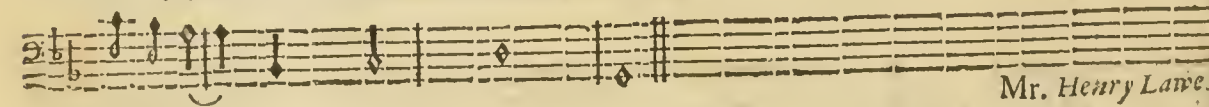
and all his Joys, and all his Joys do end in Tears : Yet I must love, though't be my fate to be rewarded



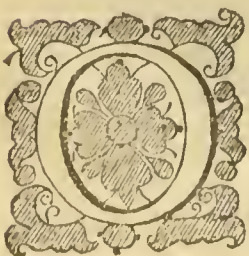
still with hate, for by experience now I feel Loves Darts are all Magnetick steel : For when I fly to



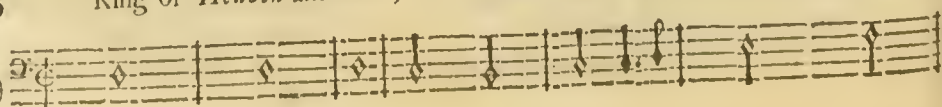
ease my pain, an Arrow draws me back again.

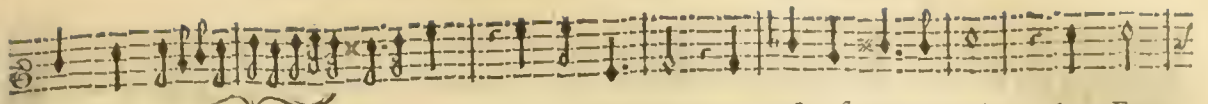


Mr. Henry Lawes.

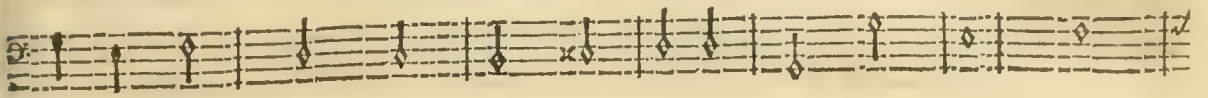
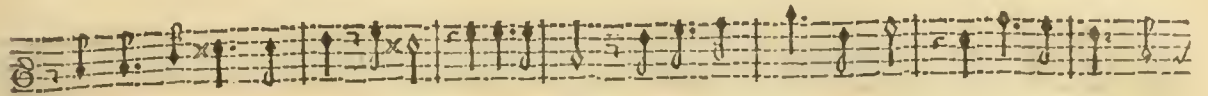
ORPHEUS Hymn.

King of Heaven and Hell, of Sea and Earth! who shak'st the world when


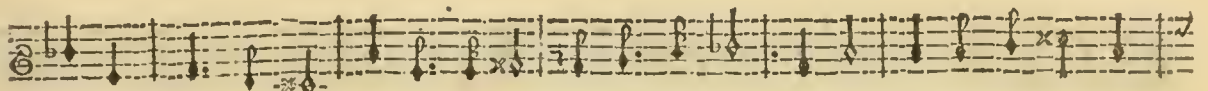




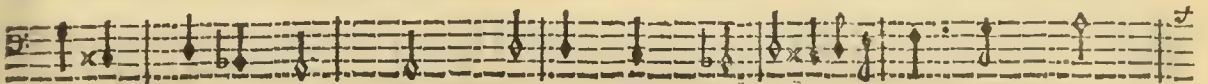
thou shout'ft Thun ——— der forth ; whom Devils dread, and Hofts of Heaven praife ; whom Fate

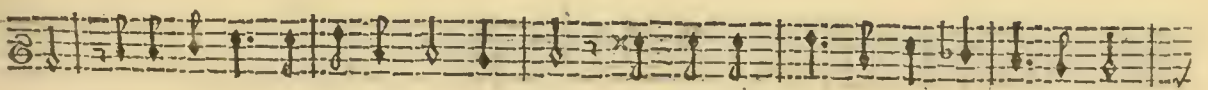
(which masters all things elfe) obeys: Eternal Caufe ! who on the Winds doft ride, and Natures face with

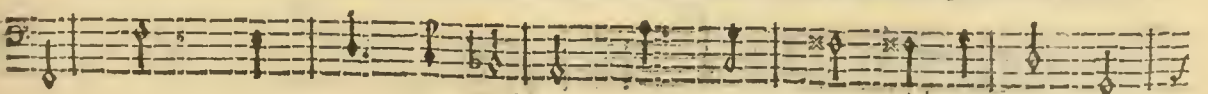
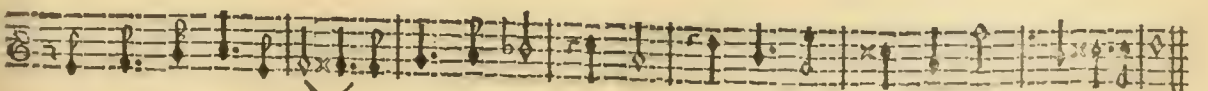
thick dark Clouds doft hide ; Cleaving the Air with Balls of dreadful Fire ; Guiding t the Stars which



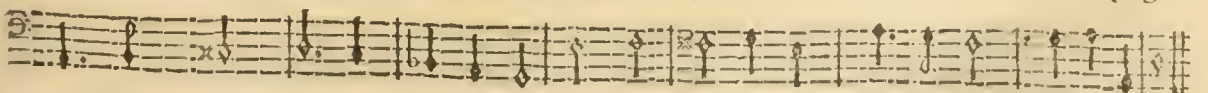

run, and never tire. About thy Throne bright Angels stand, and Bow to be difpatch'd to Mortals here be-

low. Thy early *Spring* in Purple robes comes forth : Thy *Summers South* does conquer all the *North* :

And though thy *Winter* freeze the Hearts of Men, glad wine, glad wine from *Autumn* cheers them up agen.

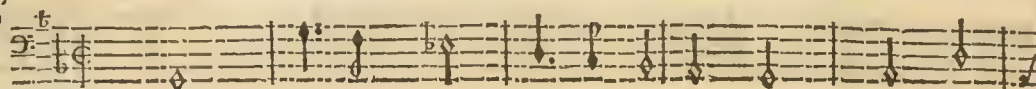


Here endeth the *AYRES* of Mr. HENRY LAVVES.

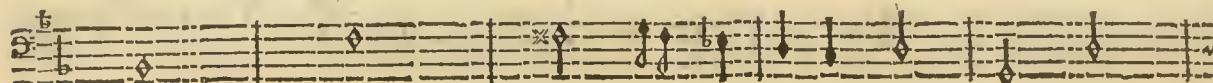
A Blackmore Maid wooing a Fair Boy.



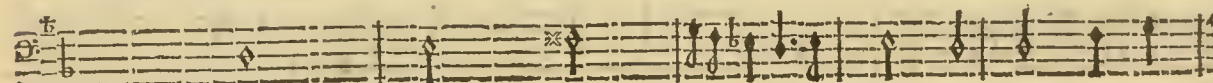
Hy, Lovely Boy, why fly'st thou me, that languish in these flames for thee?



I'm Black, 'tis true; why, so is Night, and Love doth in Dark shades de-light. The whole



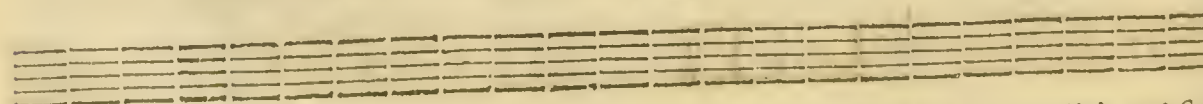
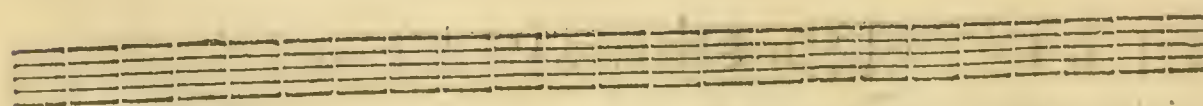
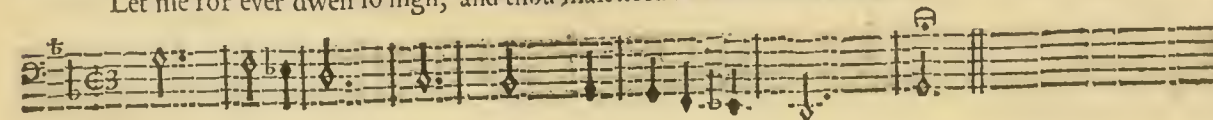
world, do but close thine eye, will seem to thee as Black as I; or op't, and see what a Black shade



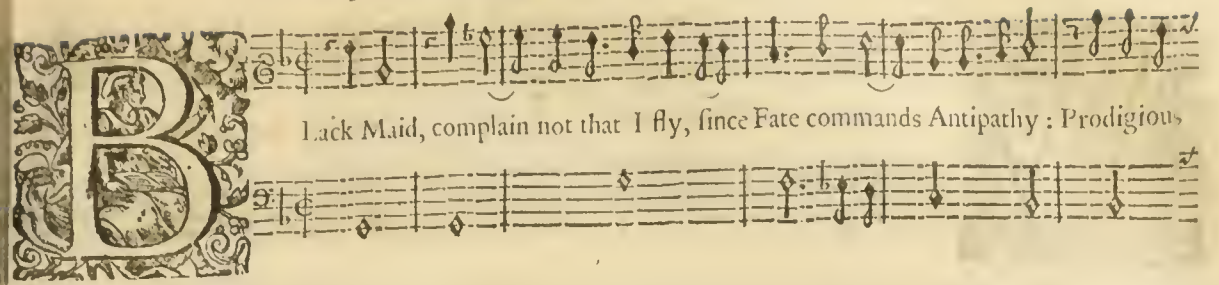
is by thine own fair body made, that follows thee where ere thou go: O who allow'd would not do so?



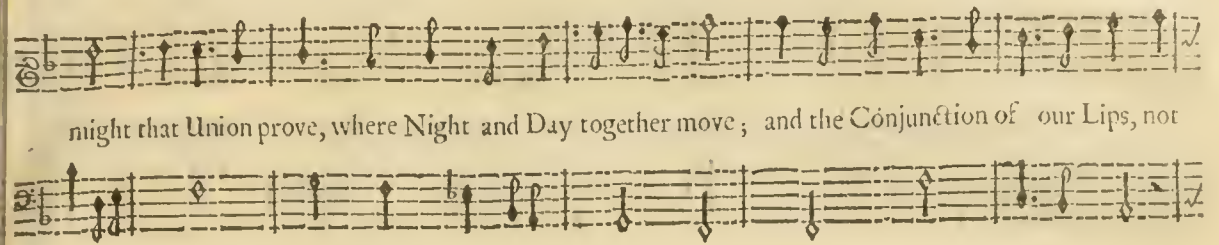
Let me for ever dwell so nigh, and thou shalt need no other Shade than I.



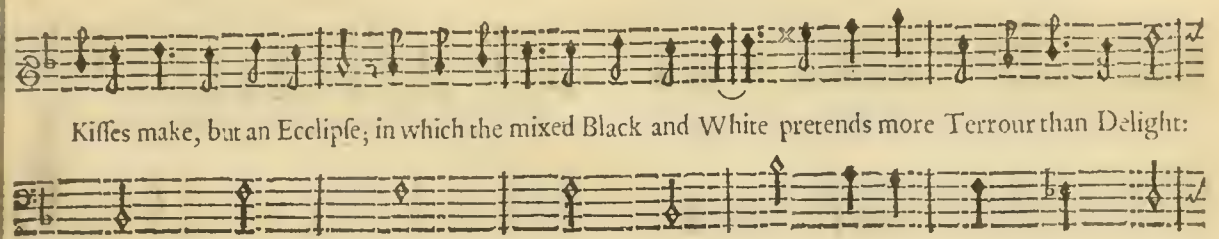
The Boys Answer to the Blackmore Maid.



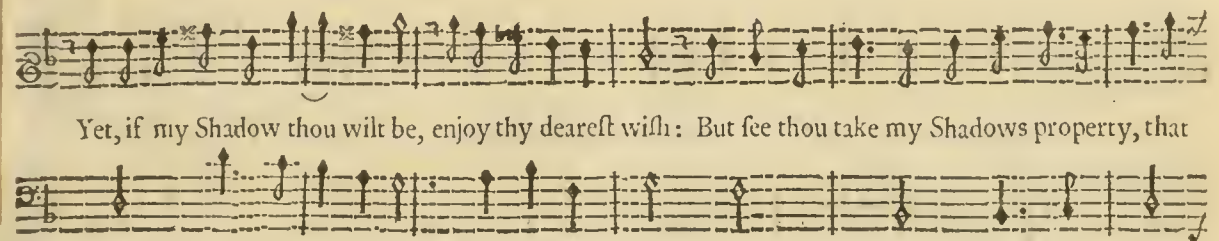
Lack Maid, complain not that I fly, since Fate commands Antipathy : Prodigious



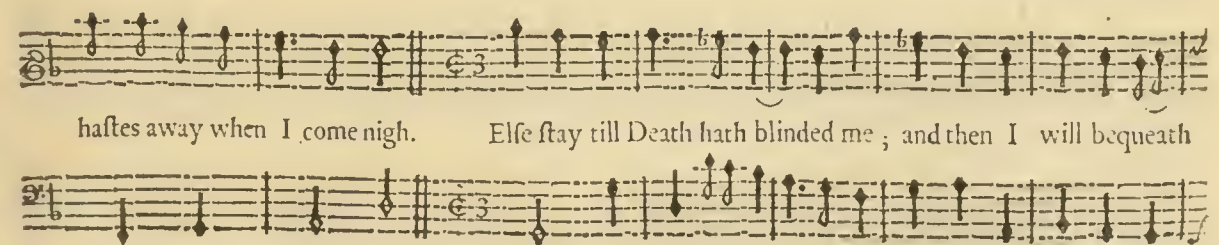
night that Union prove, where Night and Day together move ; and the Conjunction of our Lips, not



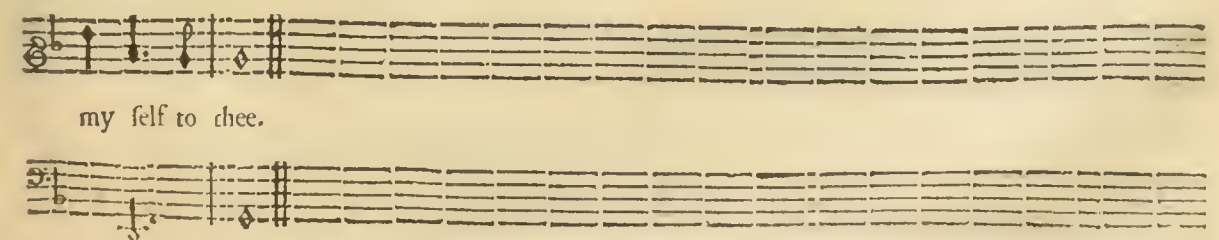
Kisses make, but an Ecclipse; in which the mixed Black and White pretends more Terrour than Delight:



Yet, if my Shadow thou wilt be, enjoy thy dearest wish : But see thou take my Shadows property, that

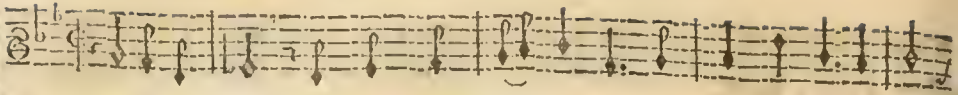


haftes away when I come nigh. Else stay till Death hath blinded me ; and then I will bequeath

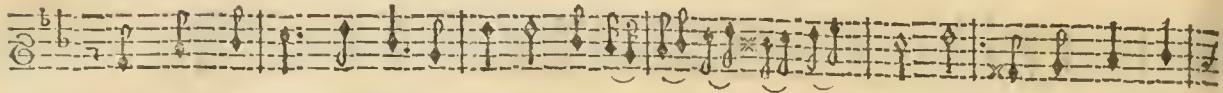


my self to thee.

A Sacrificed Heart.



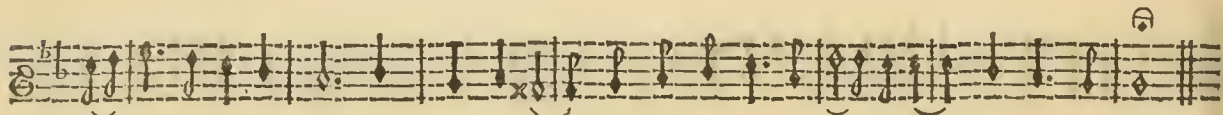
When I am Dead, and thou wouldst try the truth of Loves great Myserie,



When thou a Sparkle dost espie Dancing before thy brighter Eye, O! do not doubt that



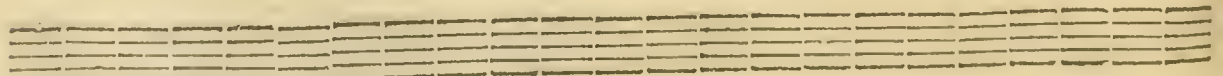
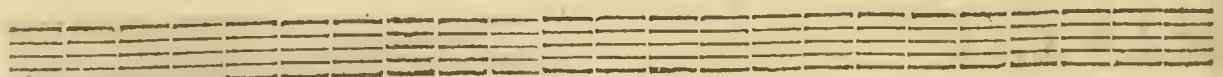
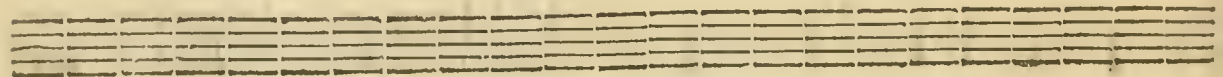
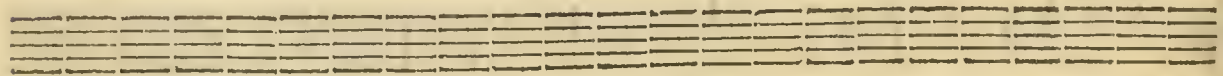
Sparkle came from the Fervour of my Hearts flame; which thus to prove, open the Urn wherein



my restless Ashes burn: Then rake that Dust, and thou shalt see the Fire remains that burns for thee.



Dr. John Wilson.



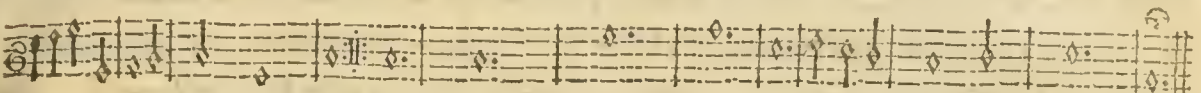
CUPID Scorned.



Oaft not, Blind Boy, that I'm in thy prize; 'twas not thy Darr, but thefe that feather'd



with her Eys firft took my heart. Th' ill tutor'd Shafts, and childifh Bow on faintly Lo--ving hearts beftow.

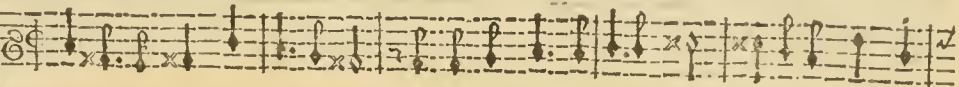


Dr. John Wilfon.

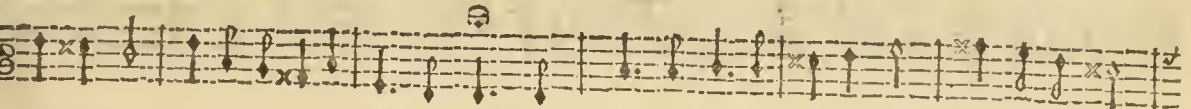
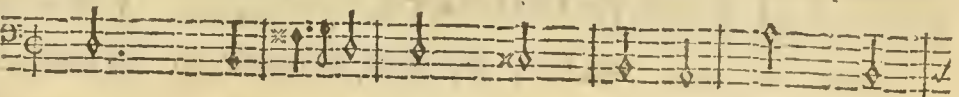
I vaunt my Flames, and dare defce
 Thofe Bug-bear Fires
 Which only ferve to fatisfie
 Fools fond Defires;
 Hord up for fuch thy Painted flame
 As tremble when they hear thy Name.

My Heart thy Fires nor Shafts could peiree,
 But holy Flathes
 Swifter than Lightnings, or more fierce,
 Burnt mine to Afhes;
 Where let them fleep in unknown reft,
 Since Fate concludes thy Urn her Breaft.

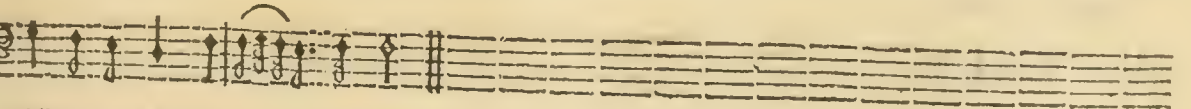
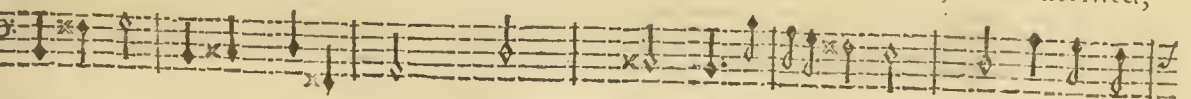
On a Proud Lady.



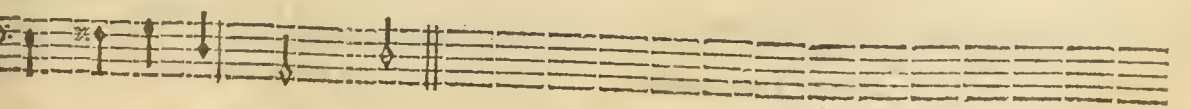
Till to be Neat, ftill to be Dreft as you were going to a Feaft: Still to be powder'd



ftill perfum'd! Lady, it is to be prefum'd, Though Arrs hid Caufes are not found, All is not fweet,

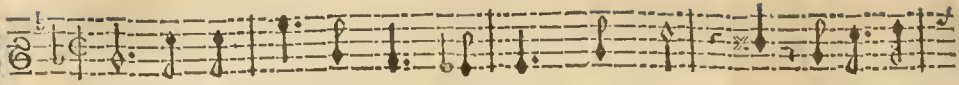


All is not fweet, All is not found.

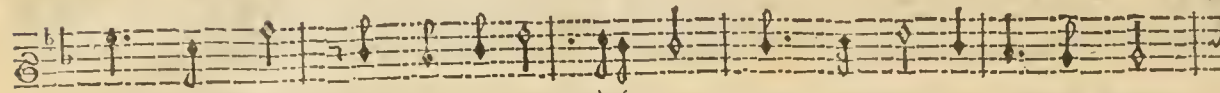
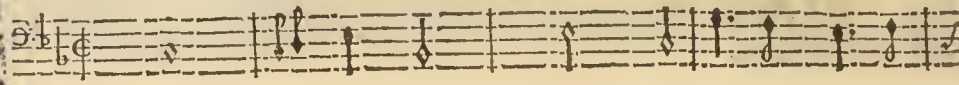


Give me a Look, give me a Face
 That makes Simplicity a Grace;
 Robes Loolly flowing, Hair as Free;
 Such fweet neglects more taketh me
 Then all th' Adult'ries of Art;
 They ftrike my Eyes, but not my Heart.

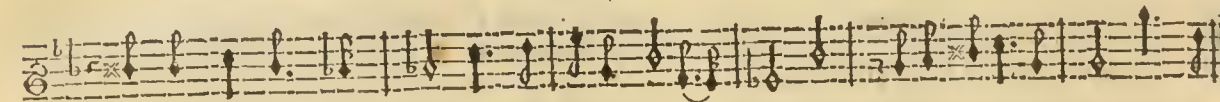
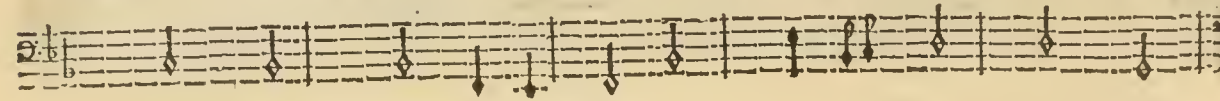
To an Inconstant Lover.



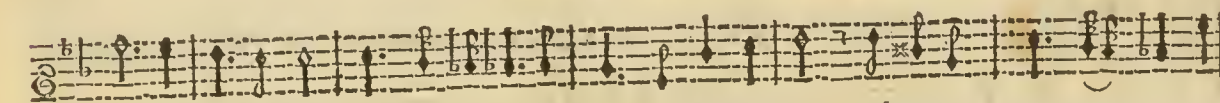
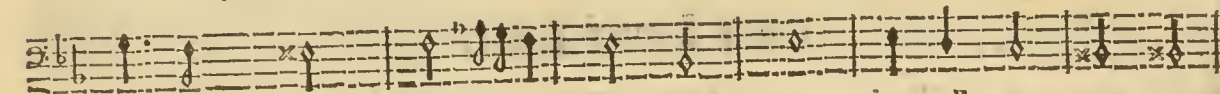
Wilt thou be gone, thou Heartless man? Here's none seeks to do thee



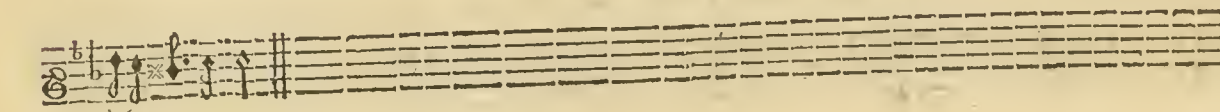
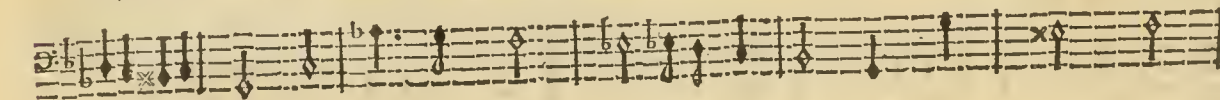
wrong: Here's food would warm the Coldest blood, Joys would make an old man young:



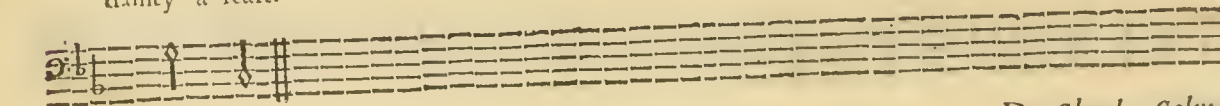
Here are Eyes that would move Stones to pity, Rocks to Love, Cheeks of a Vermilion hue sweet as



Roses in a dew. Who but a silly Swain, or foolish Guest, for homely Cates would leave for



dainty a feast.

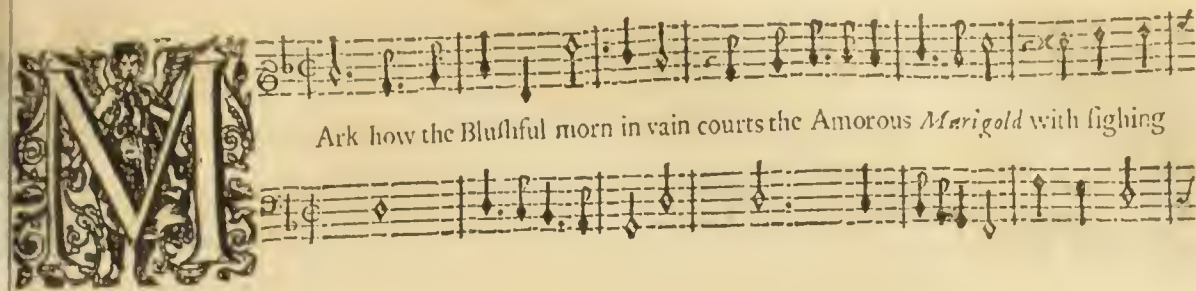


Dr. Charles Colman

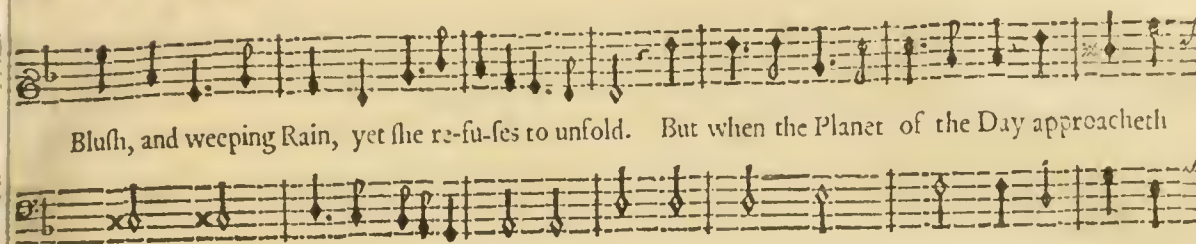
Wilt thou begone, thou Frosty man,
Is not Beauty a fair prize;
Dost rate thy self with true Loves wealth:
Foolish man, where are thine Eyes?
Here are Lips both fresh and fair,
Red as Cherries in their prime,
Globe-like Breasts both smooth and white,
Full of pleasure and delight:
Who but Ass would leave such dainty store
To feed on Thistles, when better meat's before.

Go get thee gone, thou Senseless man,
And make Marts with such as the
Who, both in Kind and Curious mind
Ev'ry way's as base as thee,
That hath Eyelids like some Witch,
Wrinkled Cheeks as black as pitch,
Lips as pale; and for her Breast,
Lank and loathsome as the rest:
May she disgrace her Sex, and thee so far
That thou mayst languish t' death with Loathing!

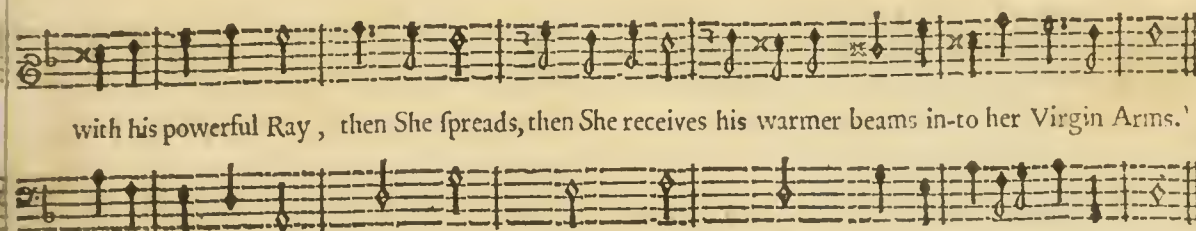
The MARI GOLD.



Mark how the Blushful morn in vain courts the Amorous *Marigold* with sighing



Blush, and weeping Rain, yet she re-fu-ses to unfold. But when the Planet of the Day approacheth



with his powerful Ray, then She spreads, then She receives his warmer beams in-to her Virgin Arms.'

Mr. Nich. Lanneare.

2.

So may'st thou thrive in Love, fond Boy,
 If silent tears and sighs discover
 Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
 The just reward of a bold Lover.

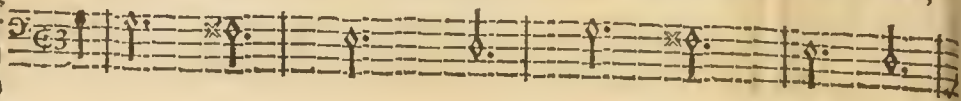
3.

But when with moving accent thou
 Shalt constant Faith and Service vow,
 Thy *Celia* shall receive those charms
 With open Ear, and with unfolded Arms.

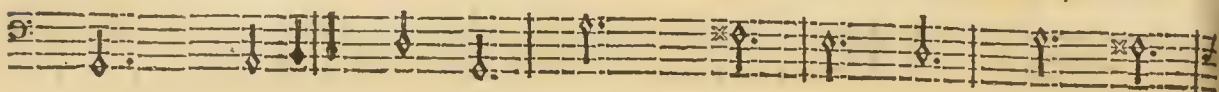
Loves Constancy.



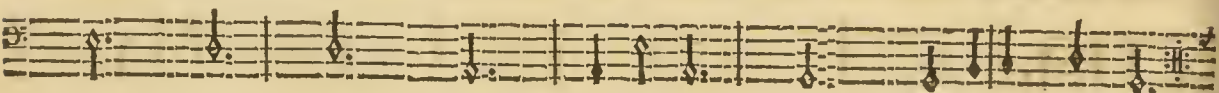
O more shall Meads be deckt with flowers, nor Sweetnes live in Rosie Bowers;



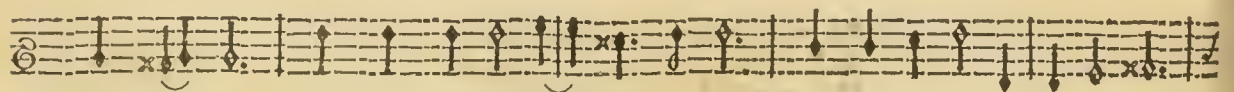
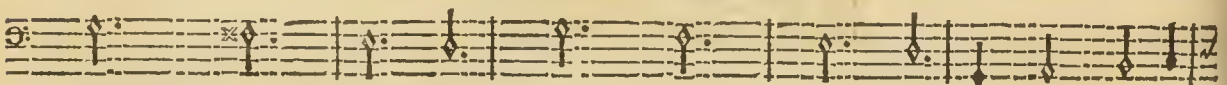
nor greenest Buds on Branches spring, nor warbling Birds delight to sing; nor *A-pril* Violets



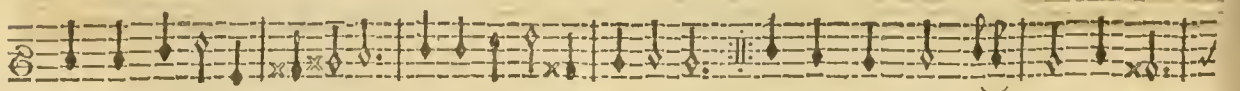
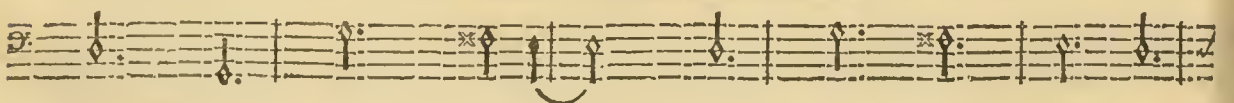
paint the Grove, when once I leave my *Calia's* Love, when once I leave my *Calia's* Love.



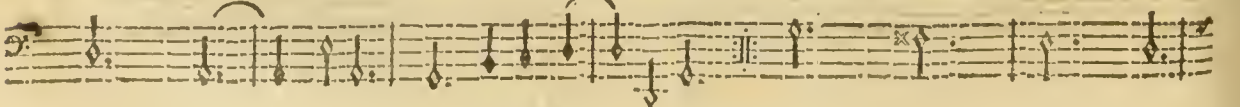
THE Fish shall in the Ocean burn, and Fountains sweet shall bitter turn; the humble Vail no



Floods shall know, when Floods shall highest Hills ore-flow: Black *Larbe* shall Ob-li-vion leave;

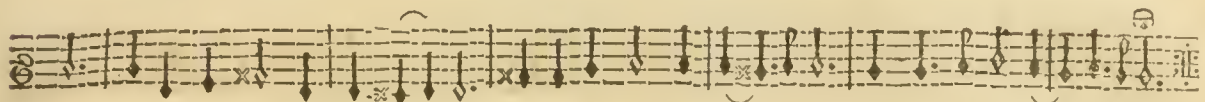
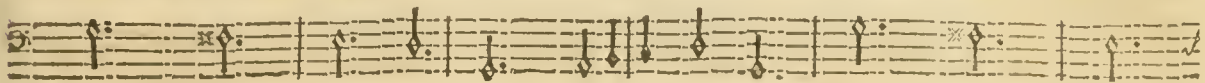


before my *Calia* I deceive, before my *Calia* I deceive. LOVE shall his Bow and Shafts lay by,

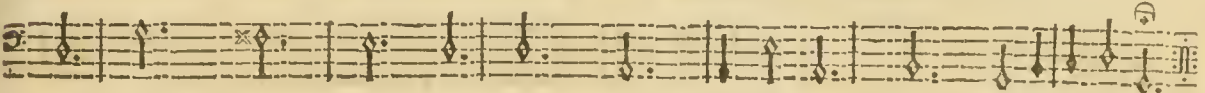




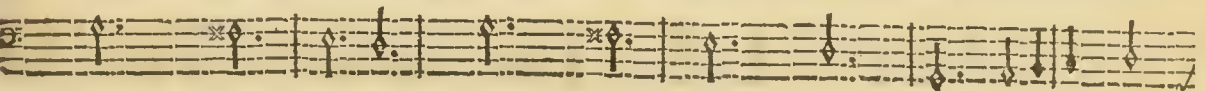
and *Venus* Doves want wings to fly: The Sun refuse to show his Light, and Day shall then be turn'd to



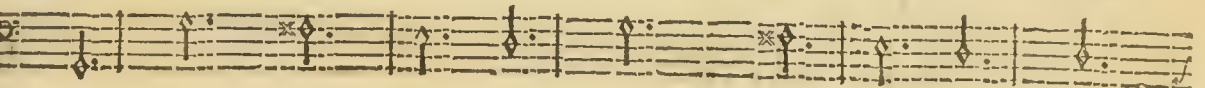
Night, and in that Night no Star ap-pear, when ere I leave my *Ca-lia* dear, when ere I leave my *Ca-lia* dear.



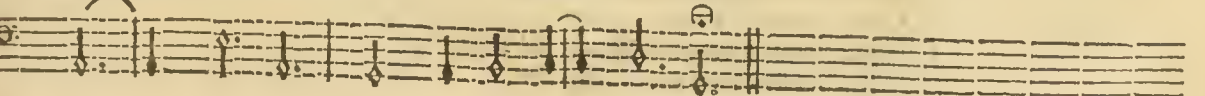
LOVE shall no more inhabit Earth, nor Lovers more shall love for Worth; nor Joy above in Heaven



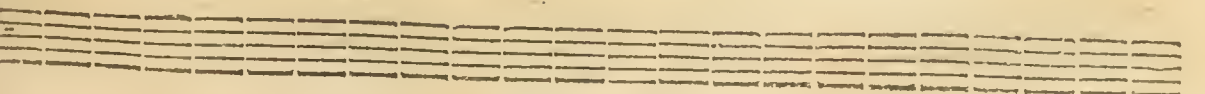
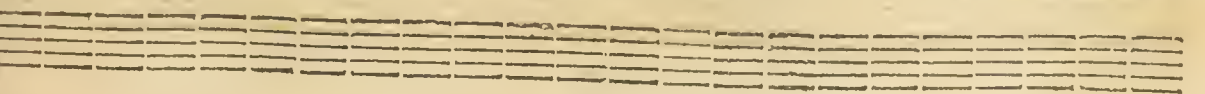
dwell, nor pain torment poor Souls in hell: Grim Death no more shall horrid prove, when ere I



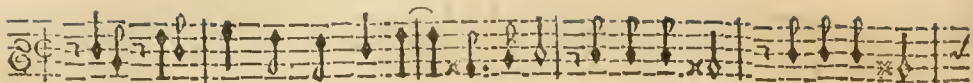
leave bright *Ca-lia's* Love, when ere I leave bright *Ca-lia's* Love.



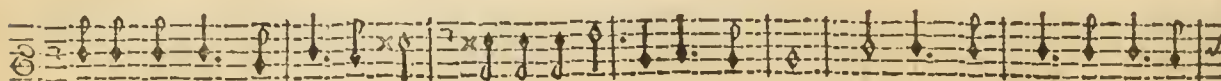
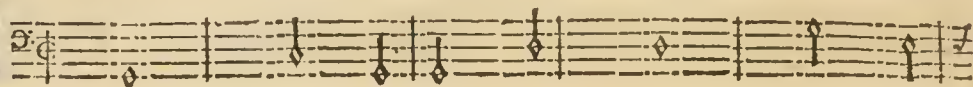
Mr. Nich. Lanncare.



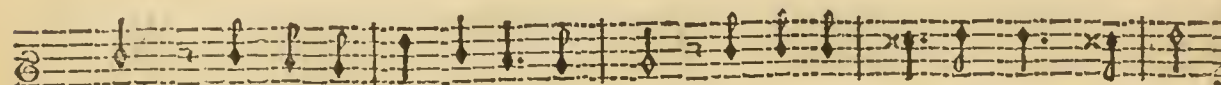
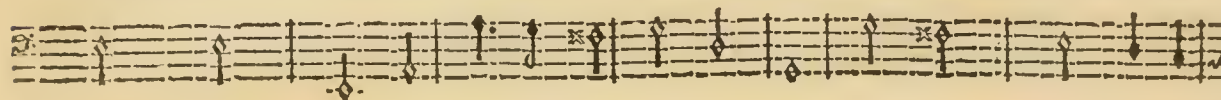
Love Enflamed.



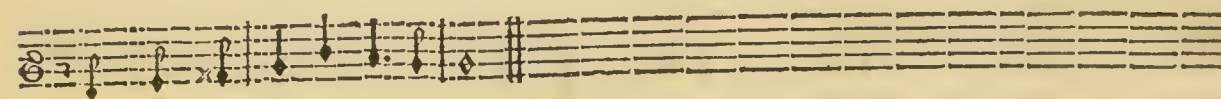
Fire, Fire; Lo here I burn in such desire, that all the tears that I can strain



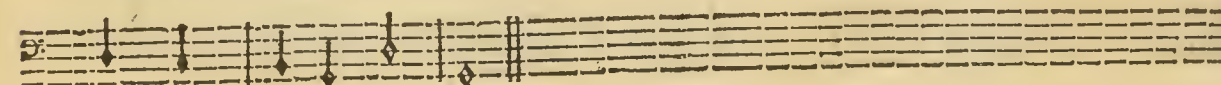
out of my Love-sick empty brain, cannot allay my scorching pain: Come *Humber, Trent,* and silver



Thames: Dread Ocean haste with all thy Streams, and if thou canst not quench my Fire,



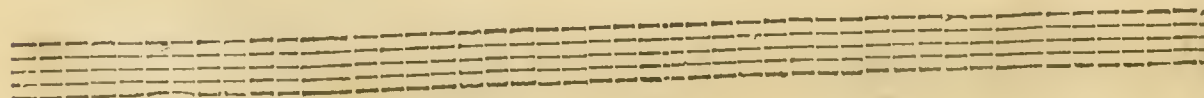
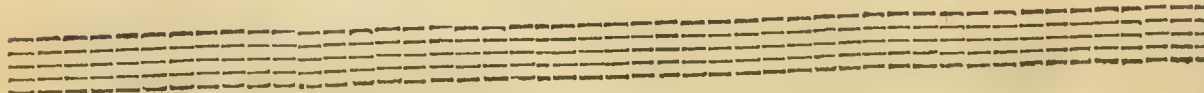
O drown both me and my Desire.



Mr. Nich. Lanneare.

2.

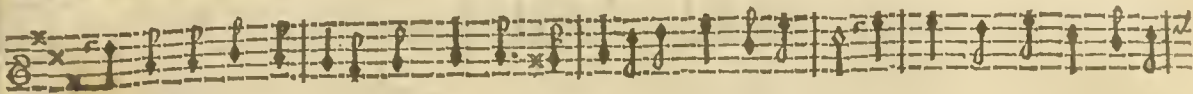
Fire, Fire, there is no Hell to my desire;
 See all the Rivers backward fly,
 For fear my Heart should drink them dry;
 Come Heavenly showers, come pouring down,
 Come you that once the World did Drown,
 And if you cannot quench my Fire,
 O Drown both me and my Desire.



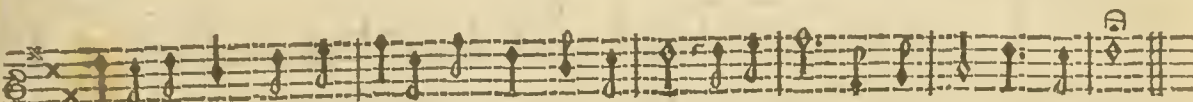
Unwilling Parting.



O no, I tell thee no; though from thee I must go, yet my Heart says not so :



It swears by *Stella's* eyes, in whose daz'ling surprize it in Loves fetters lies: It swears by those Roses and

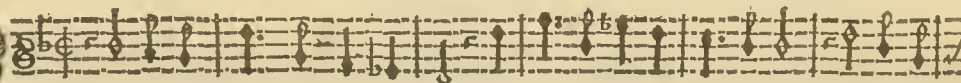


Lillies so white, and those Rubies so bright, ne'r to part, ne'r to part from my dear dear Delight.



Mr. Nich. Lanneare.

The Dying Lover.



Tay, Silly Heart, and do not break, but give a Lover leave to speak, to tell a



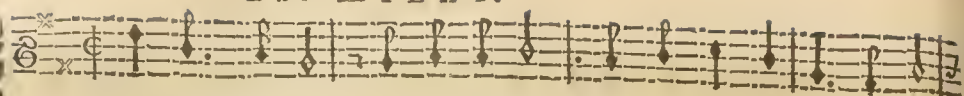
Tale that Stones may move to pity me that dies for Love.



Mr. Nich. Lanneare.

2. Thy Heart is harder far than flint,
And will not suffer *Cupid's* print;
But beats his Arrows back to *Jove*,
By which, alas! I die for Love.
3. When I am gone, true Lovers mourn,
Deck all your heads with Wither'd Corn;
Wear on your Hand a Sable Glove,
To testify I dy'd for Love.
4. Then bear me softly by her dore,
And there with Mourning Heads deplore,
Cry loud, look down you Pow'rs above,
On her that slew me for her Love.
5. Then in an unfrequented Cave
Where Fairies haunt, prepare my Grave
Among wilde Satyrs in a Grove,
That they may sing, I dy'd for Love.
6. Last, build my Tombe of Lovers bones,
Set round about with Marble-stones;
My Scutch'on bearing *Venus Dove*;
My Epitaph, I dy'd for Love.

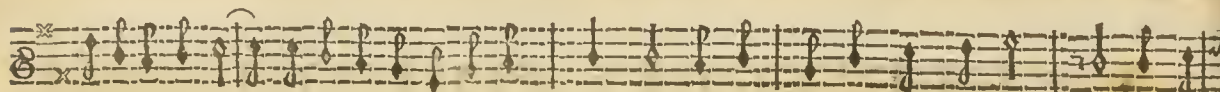
The LILLY.



Hite though you be, yet Lil-lies know from the first ye were not so :



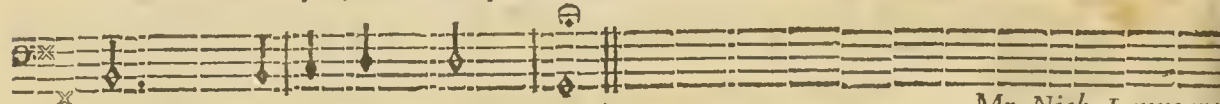
But Ile tell ye what be-fell ye ; *Cupid* and his Mother lay in a Cloud while both did play : He with his



prety finger prest the Ruby Nipple of her Breast ; out of the which the Cream of Light like to a

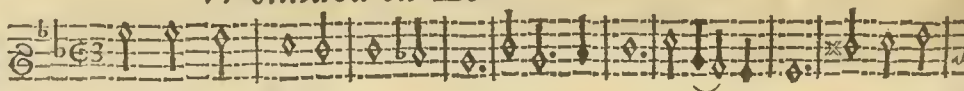


dew fell down on you, and made you White.

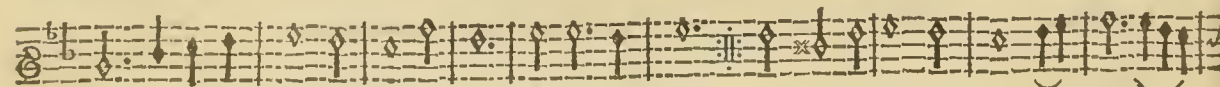
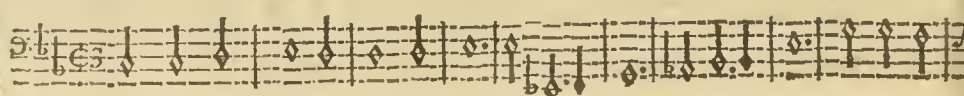


Mr. Nich. Lanneare.

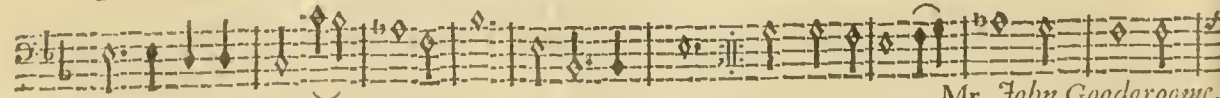
Wounded in Love.



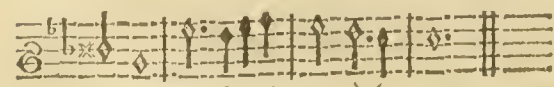
Or that one glance I wounded lie, O look again, and let me die : Kill me out-



right ; I cannot brook to live like one that's Planet strook. Bles me again with those bright rays that



Mr. John Goodgroome.

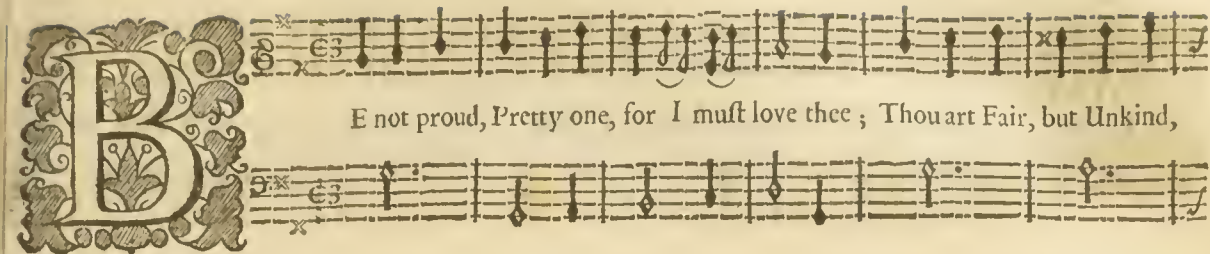


shorten, yet make sweet my days.

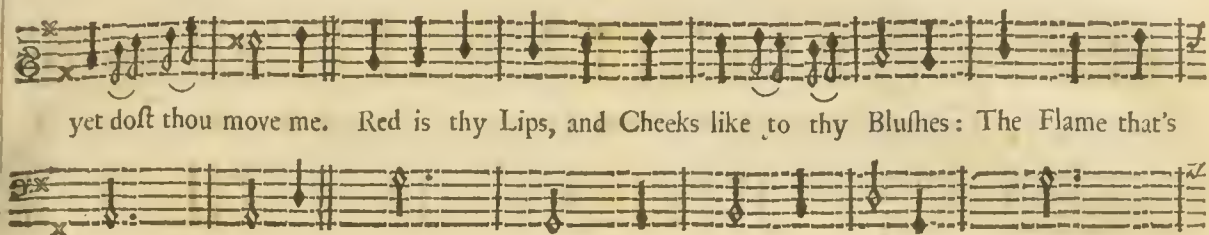


O shoot more Glances with thine Eyes
To shew th' accept't the Sacrifice
Of my poor Heart, which now doth burn
Whilest I both Priest and Offering turn.
Ile blame no more those Eyes that prove
My ruin, since they caus'd my Love.

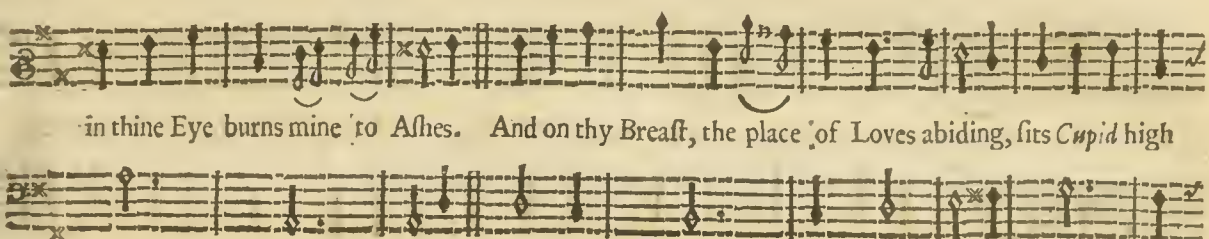
Loves Affection.



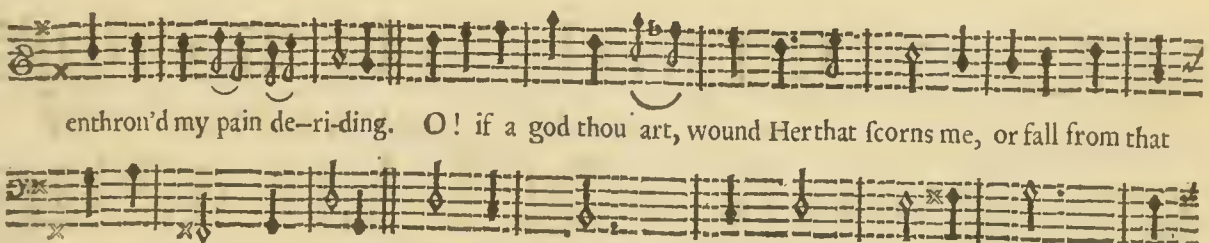
B E not proud, Pretty one, for I must love thee ; Thou art Fair, but Unkind,



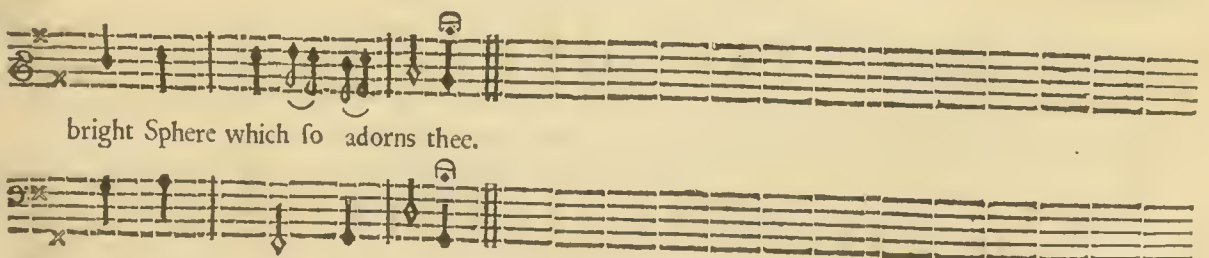
yet dost thou move me. Red is thy Lips, and Cheeks like to thy Blushes : The Flame that's



in thine Eye burns mine to Ashes. And on thy Breaſt, the place of Loves abiding, ſits *Cupid* high



enthron'd my pain de-ri-ding. O ! if a god thou art, wound Her that ſcorns me, or fall from that

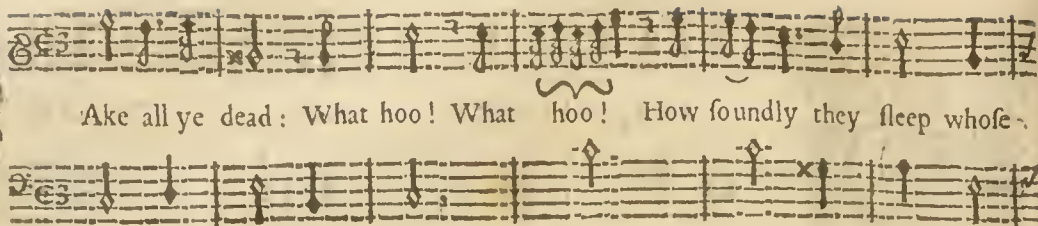


bright Sphere which ſo adorns thee.

Then might my Sighs and Tears move her Compaſſion ;
 And on her Heart of Flint make ſome Impreſſion ;
 Knowing her Beauty hath ſo far inſnar'd me,
 And all the Joys of Peace hath quite debarr'd me.

Mr. *Simon Ives*.

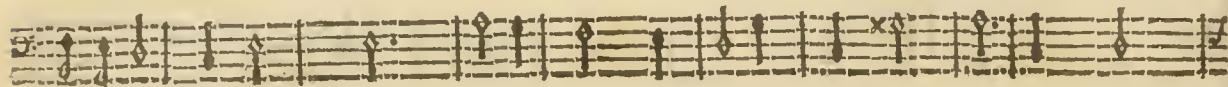
O Gentle Nymph ! thy Frown now would deſtroy me,
 Having liv'd but in hope Once to enjoy Thee ;
 And ſure my Death would add nought to thy Glory ;
 But rather all your Fame die in the Story.

CUPID'S *Doomsday*.

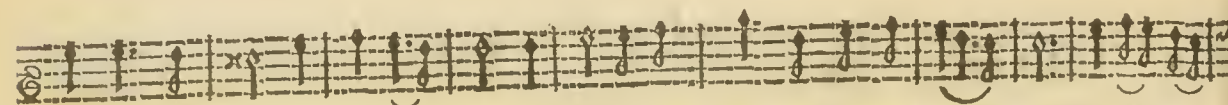
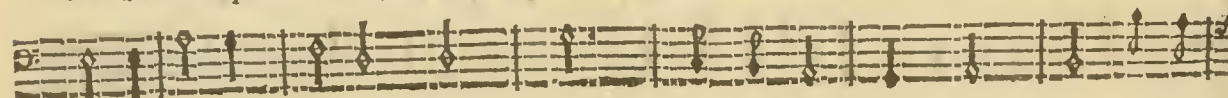
Ake all ye dead: What hoo! What hoo! How soundly they sleep whose



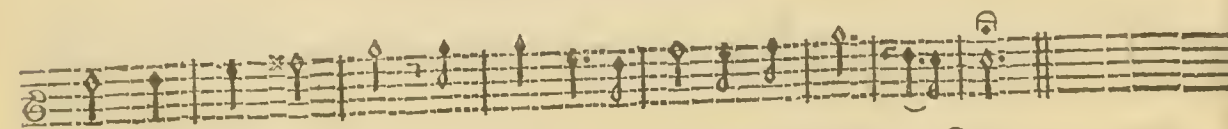
pillows lie low? They mind not poor Lovers who walk above on the Decks of the world in storms of



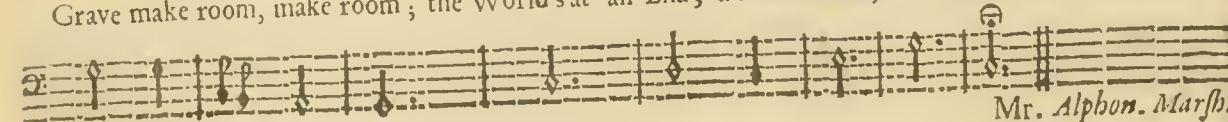
Love: No whisper now or Glance can pass through Wickets, or through Panes of Glafs; for our



Windows and Dores are shut and barr'd, lie close in the Church, and in the Church-yard: In e-v'ry



Grave make room, make room; the World's at an End, and we Come, we Come.



Mr. Alphon. Marfb.

The State is now Loves Foe, Loves Foe;
 T'has seiz'd on his Arms, his Quiver and Bow;
 T'has pinion'd his Wings, and fetter'd his Feet;
 Because he made way for poor Lovers to meet:
 But oh sad chance! his Judge was old;
 Hearts cruel grow, when blood grows cold:
 No Man being young, his Process would draw;
 Oh Heav'ns! that Love should be subject to Law;
 Lovers go Wooe the Dead, the Dead!
 Lye two in a Grave, and to Bed, to Bed.

Madness in Love.

Use 'twas a Dream : How long, Fond Man, have I been lull'd into Captivi-

ty ? My *Newgate* was my Want of Wit , I did my Self commit, my Bonds I Knit : I my own

Gaoler was , my only Foe that did my freedome difallow : I was a Prifoner 'cause I would be fo.

Mr. *Alph. M. Arsb.*

II.

'Twas a fine life I liv'd when I did drefs
 My self to Court your peevifhnefs ;
 When I did at your foot-stool lye ,
 Expecting from your eye to live or dye.

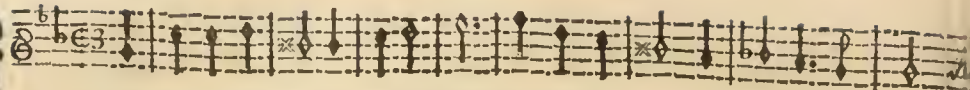
Now frowns or smiles, I care not which I have ;
 Nay, rather than I'll be your slave,
 I'll Court the Plague to fend me to my grave.

III.

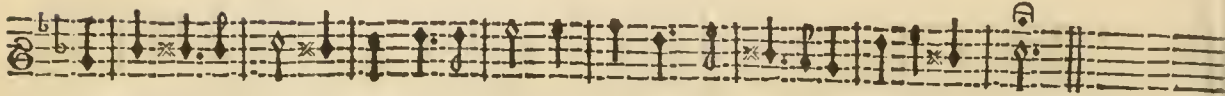
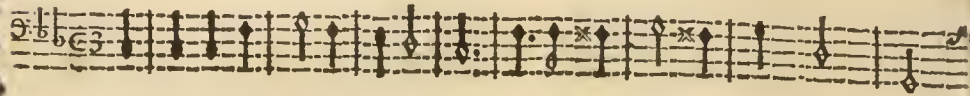
And now I will shake off my chains, and prove
 Opinion built the Gaol of Love ;
 Made all his Bonds, gave him his Bow ,
 His bloody Arrows too which murder fo.

May all the Oaths which idle Lovers dream ,
 Be all contriv'd to make a Theam
 For some carousing Poets drunken Flame.

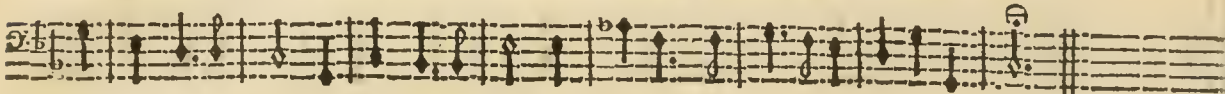
LOVE and HONOUR.



Hat Herald he was but a dull Ass who before Love gave Honour the place ;



for Nature and Love are both of a date , and Honour but yesterday set up her State.



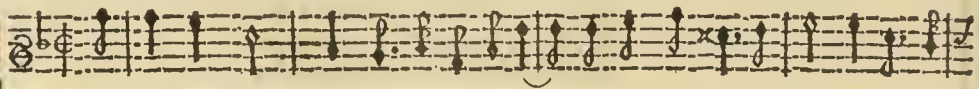
Mr. Alph. Marsh.

Honour we grant's the Daughter of Love ,
And this doth them their Precedess prove ;
For Honour's but Heat, 'tis Love is the Fire ;
This may Preserve, but that Kindles Desire.

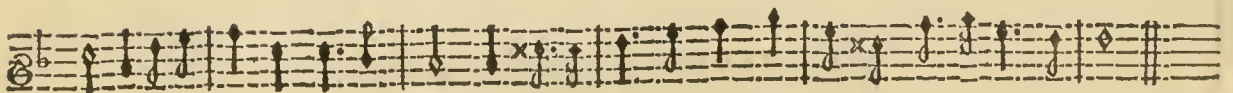
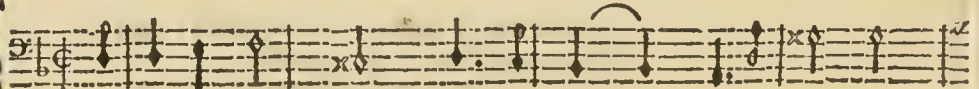
If you take away Love, then Dame Honour must
Come down a degree, and lie in the Dust :
'Tis a Green-sickness fancy to famish Love,
And feed upon Honour, which fatal may prove.

Then you may leave off , for 'tis Labour in vain
By Reason to Cure a True Lovers pain :
Then farewell dull Mortall, since it is most true
That with Honour and Love thou hast nothing to doe.

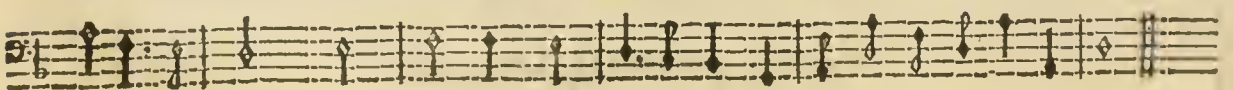
CUPID'S Monarchy.



If you will Love, know this to be the Laws of Cupid's Monarchy, That to Re-



fuse is to abuse Loves Government ; and I declare, that such Loves Rebels, not his Subjects are.

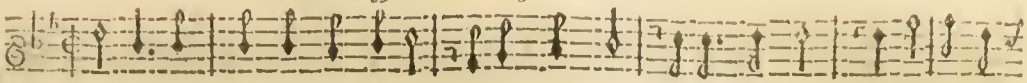


Mr. Alph. Marsh.

To Love is not to be your Owne ,
Love studies to please them alone
Whom it affects
With most respects
Of ought beside ; for Love confin'd
Is but by Usurpation Love defin'd.

If you did Love as true as I ,
You nothing would or cold deny,
But would conceive
That you receive
What you bestow : If this were true ,
Your Heart would dwell in me as I in you.

The Vicissitude of Love.



H! *Cloris*, would the Gods allow we still might Love as we Love now, what Joys had

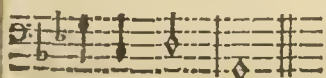


all the world in store, or Heav'n it self to give us more, for nothing sure so sweet can prove as pleasures

Mr. *Alphon. Marsh.*



of beginning Love.



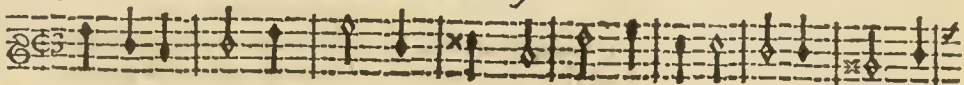
II.

But Love when to its height arriv'd
Of all our Joys is shortest liv'd ;
His Morning past, he Sets so soon
That none can find an Afternoon:
And of that little time is lent
Half in Unkindness is misspent.

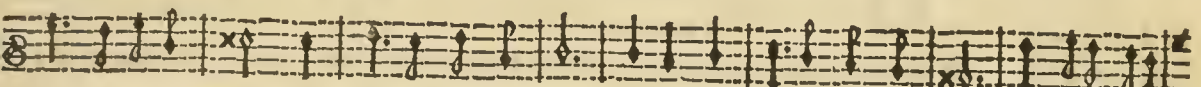
III.

Since Fate to Love such short Life gives
And Love so tender whilest he lives,
Let us remove Mean fears away,
So to prevent his first decay:
For Love, like blood, let out before,
Will lose his pow'r, and Cure no more.

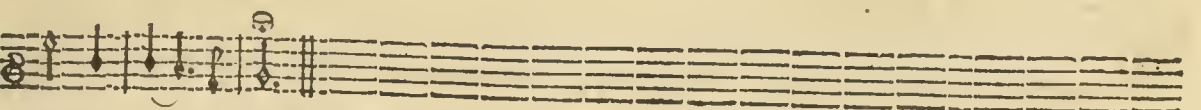
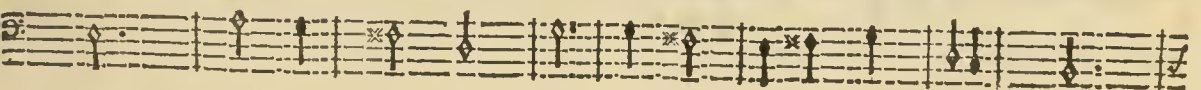
Loves Hue and Cry.



Et have I searcht both Court and Town, and Country Village too, the Black, the



Fair, the lovely Brown, Bold, Coy and Simple too; yet amongst all I ne'r could find one that's more



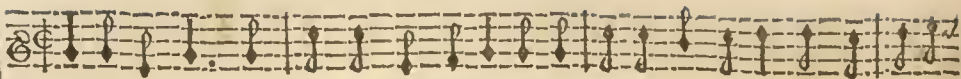
Constant than the Wind.



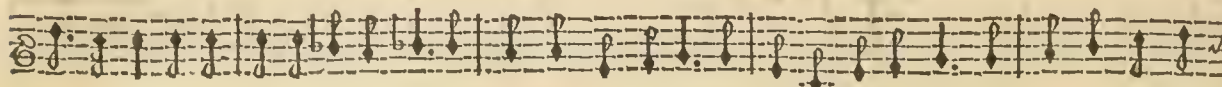
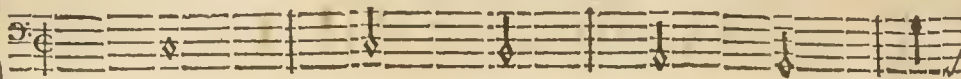
Mr. *Alphon. Marsh.*

If nobly born, She scorns to be Confined in her Love ;
If Riches make her melt, we see varietie she'l prove :
And She whom Want betrays, no less
Counts Change her only happiness.
Since all will try, Ile now no more court dangerous Constancy ;
But Ile change Objects, and adore this sweet Variety :
For, taught by their Example, I
Love nothing now but Liberty.

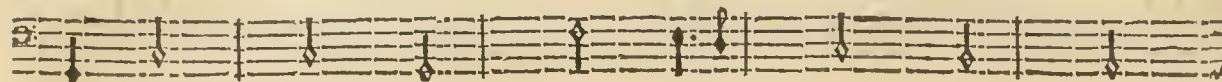
CUPID'S Progress.



P Ladies, Up; prepare your Taking faces; for *Cupid* rides a Hunting to day in



Secret places, his Bow is ready bent, to shew you his Intent, his Quiver full of Darts, to wound the chiefest



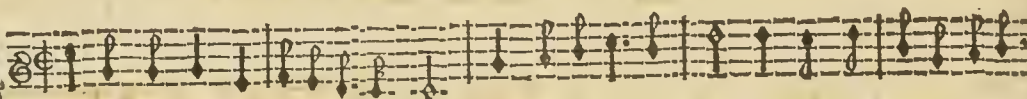
Hearts: Then follow follow me all you that Gamesome be.

Mr. *Alphon. Marsh.*

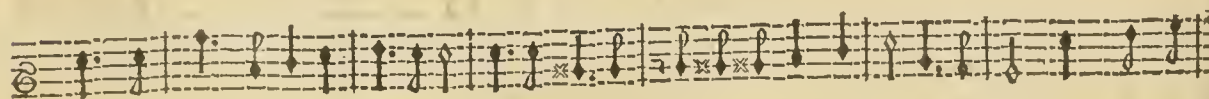
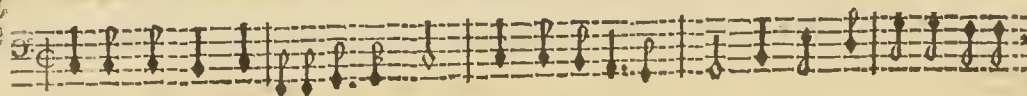


See where he comes with all his Am'rous Train!
 Mark how the Ladies do trip it or'e the Plain!
 His Gallants and his 'Squires, all clad in warm desires;
 And those that did retire, Come on with fresh desire:
 Then follow follow me, all you that Gamesome be.

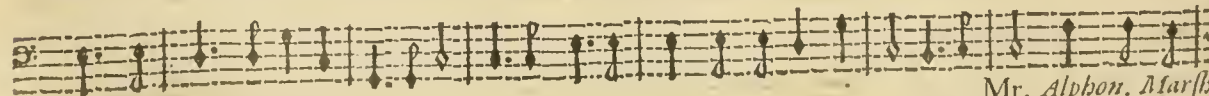
ENDYMION'S Dream.



All dew of Slumbers in a gentle Stream, and my *Endymion* blefs, that he i'the Banquet of a



Dream may taste his future Happines. Softly, softly; O let no rude affright as he lies! Break up his



Mr. *Alphon. Marsh.*

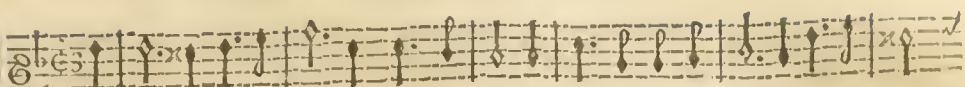


eyes, but open them to real new Delight.

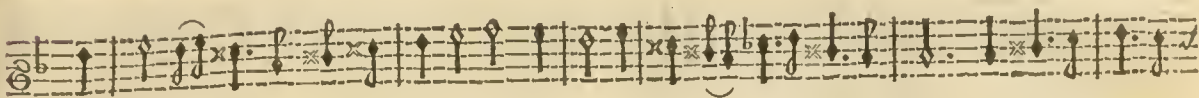
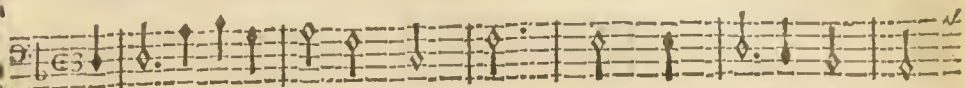


Drest Seraphins, put on your softest wings;
 Glide eas'ly from above:
 With blisses Heavens fruition brings
 Refresh the panting hopes of Love.
 Charm him, Charm him:
 Then with a Bee-like Hum
 Gently wake
 For *Hero's* sake
Leander from *Elizium*.

LOVE admits no Rivall.



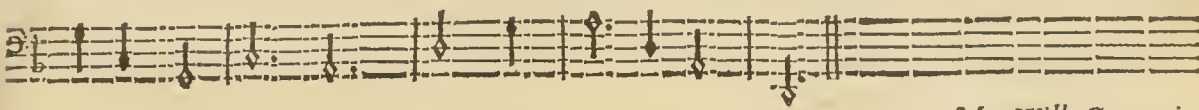
Ndeed, I never was but once so mad to dote upon the Beauty of a Face ;



and then, a--las ! my fortune was so bad, to see a--no-ther chosen in my place ; and yet I courted



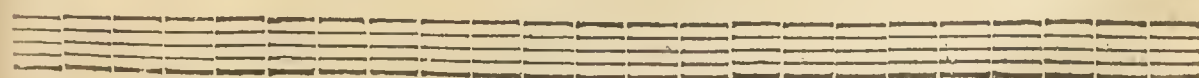
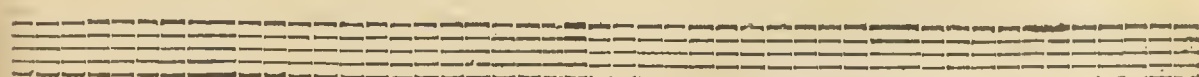
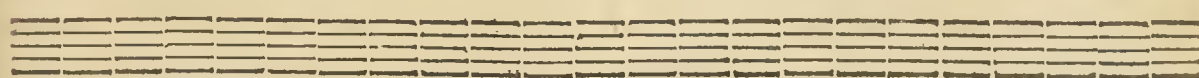
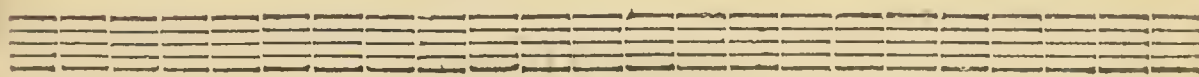
Her I'm very sure with Love as true as his, and full as pure.



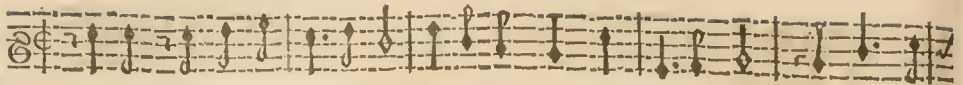
Mr. Will. Gregorie.

II.

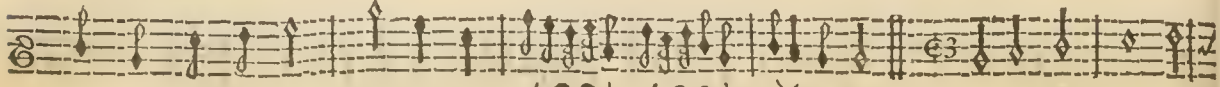
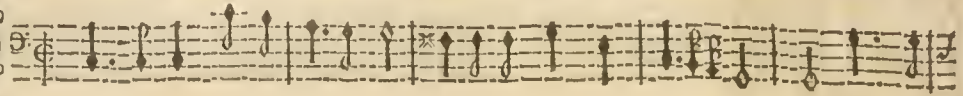
But if I ever be so fond again
 To undertake the second part of Love ;
 Or reassume that most unhappy pain,
 Or after Shipwrack do the Ocean prove :
 She shall be tender-hearted, kind and free ;
 Or I'll be as Indifferent as She.



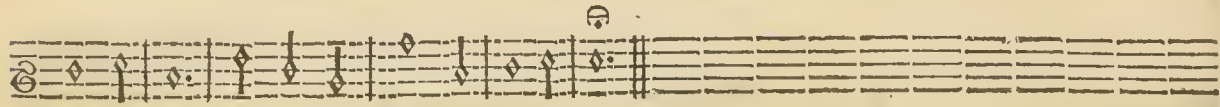
Transparent Love.



Cloris, 'twill be for eithers rest timely to know each others Breast: I'll make the



Obscure parts of mine Cleer as your Charm --- ing Beauty shine: And if you'll deal but



so with me, We soon shall part, or soon agree.

Mr. Roger Hill.



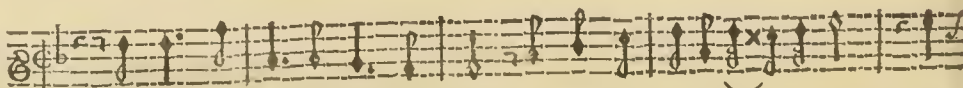
1. Know then, though you were twice as fair,
If it could be, as now you are;
Or if the Graces of the Mind
With a supplant Beauty shin'd;
Yet if you love me not, you'll see
I value those as you do me.

2. Though I a thousand times have sworn,
My Passion should transcend your Scorn;
Or that your bright triumphant Eyes
Creates a flame that never dyes;
Yet if to me you prove untrue,
Those Oaths should prove as false to you.

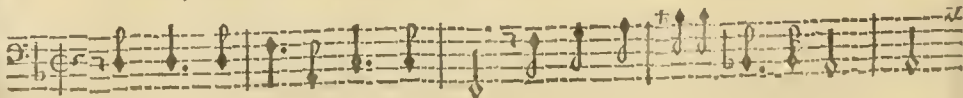
3. Though I should Love, and you should Hate,
'Twas (I confess) a meer Deceit;
And that my Flames should Deathless prove,
'Twas but to render so your Love.
I brag as, Cowards use to do,
Of Danger, they ne'r run into.

4. But now my Tenets I have told,
If you should them too rigid hold;
T'attempt the Change would be but vain,
The Conquest not being worth the pain:
With those I'll other Nymphs pursue,
Cloris too much to lose Time and You.

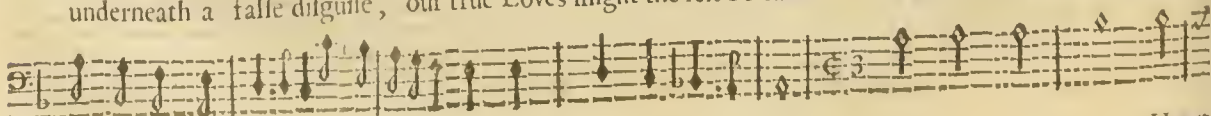
Love without Flattery.



Admit, thou Darling of mine Eyes, I serve some Idol late-ly fram'd, that



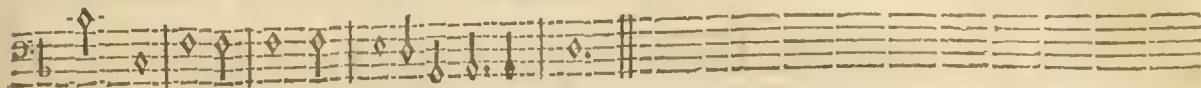
underneath a false disguise, our true Loves might the less be fam'd: Canst thou that know'st my



Heart



Heart suppose I fall from Thee to worship Those.



Mr. Roger Hill.

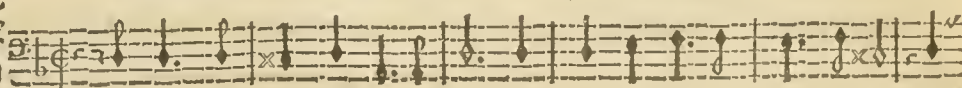
Remember Dear how loth and slow
I was to cast a Look or Smile ;
Or on Love, Lines to misbestow ,
Till thou hadst chang'd both Face and Stile :
And art thou now affraid to see
That Mask put on thou mad'st for mee.

I cannot call these Childish fears
That come from Love, much less from Thee ;
But wash away with frequent Tears
That Counterfeit Apostacie :
And henceforth kneel to ne'r a Shrine ,
To blind the World, but only Thine.

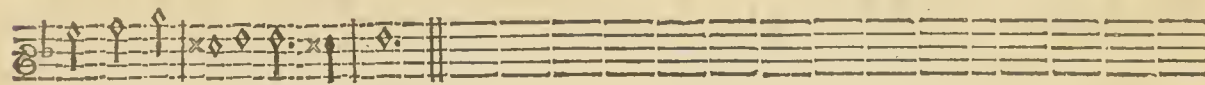
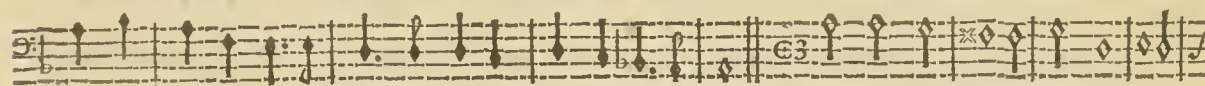
The Crafty Lover.



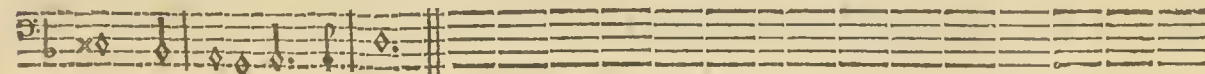
O more will I contemplate Love, nor yet implore the Pow'rs above to



cast their Influence on a Mind that can profess, and not be Kind. If good Examples will not do,



I must decline the Practice too.



Mr. Roger Hill.

My Mistres I'll no more admire,
Her Beauty or her Love desire ;
Though in proportion both agree,
When neither doth reflect on me :
I may without a guilty thought
Esteem those faculties from nought.

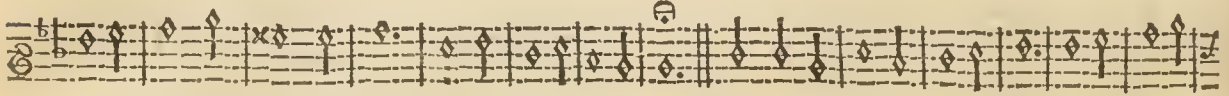
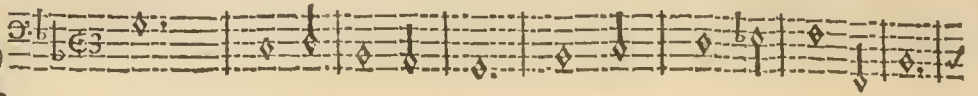
Let those who love to spend their days
In speaking Women, or their praise ;
Apply their Virtue to their use ,
As if 'twere real such abuse :
I can but scorn, 'twill never take ;
I honour Virtue for its sake.

I will no longer sacrifice
To such unfacred Miseries,
Nor yet contribute to a pow'r
Exacts Obedience ev'ry hour :
No no, my thoughts are too too free
To fancy Her that Loves not me.

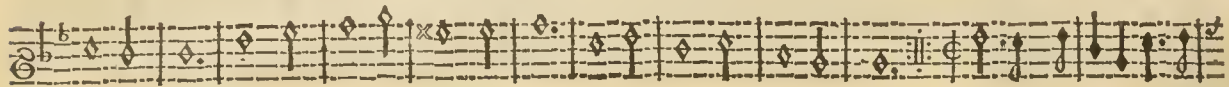
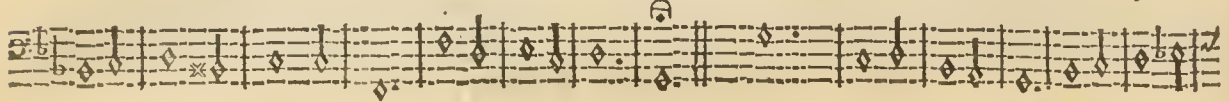
LOVE in a RIDDLE.



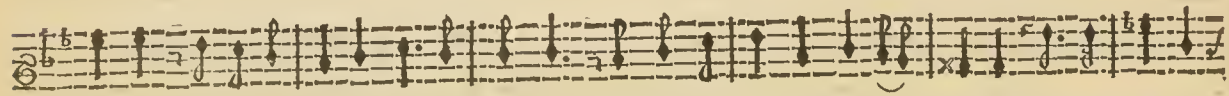
HE that would not , I would chuse ; She which would, I would refuse :



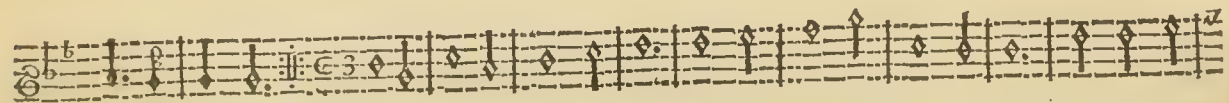
Venus could my Mind but Tame, but not fatisfie the same. Inticements offer'd I despise , and deny'd, I



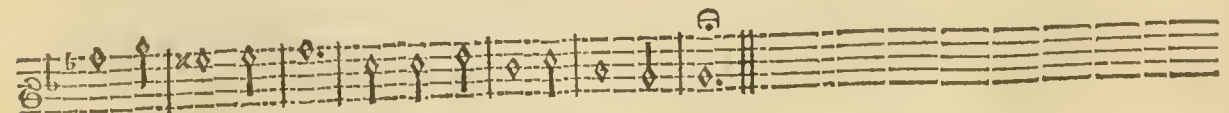
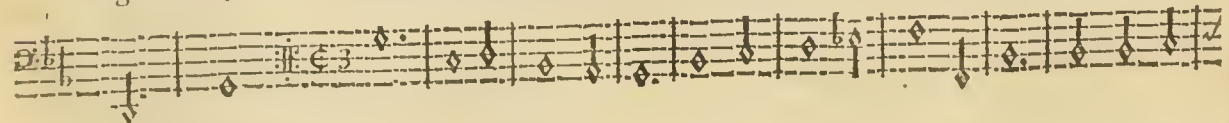
slightly prize : I would neither glut my mind, nor yet too much torment find. Thrice girt *Diana* do not



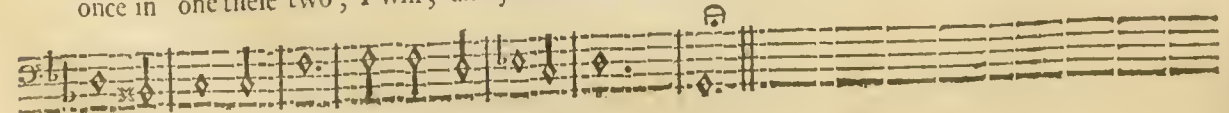
take me, nor *Venus* naked, Joyful make me : The first no pleasure hath to Joy me, and the last e-



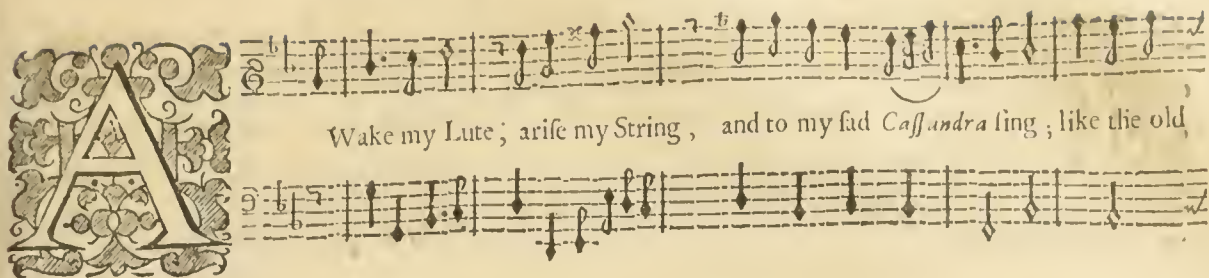
nough to Cloy me. But a Crafty Lads I'de have, that will grant the Love I crave ; and Joyn at



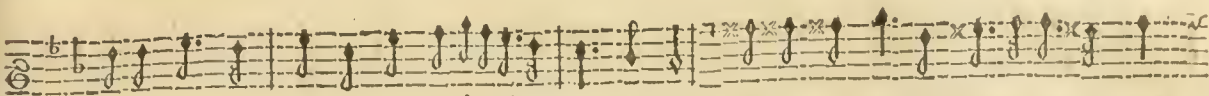
once in one these two , I will , and yet I will not doe.



CASSANDRA in Mourning.



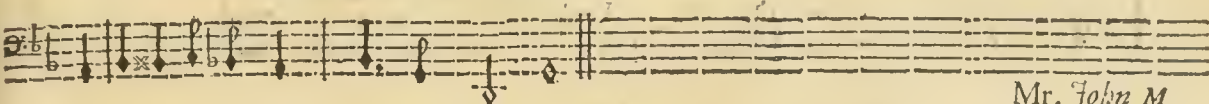
Wake my Lute ; arise my String , and to my sad *Cassandra* sing ; like the old



Poets, when the Moon had put her Sa-ble Mourning on , aloud they sounded with a merry strain,



until her brightness was re--stor'd again.



Mr. John M
of.

II.

Too well I know from whence proceeds
Thy wearing of these Mourning weeds ;
In cruel flames for thee I burn,
And thou for me do'st therefore mourn.
So sits a glorious Goddess in the Skies ;
Clouded i'th' Smoak of her own Sacrifice.

III.

Wear other Virgins what they will !
Cassandra loves her Mourning still :
Thus the milky way so white
Is never seen but in the Night ;
The Sun himself, although so bright he seem,
Is black as are the *Moors* that worship him

IV.

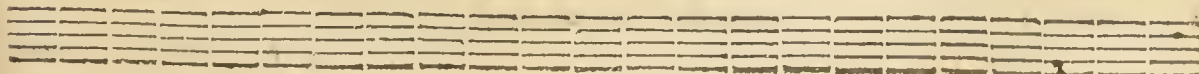
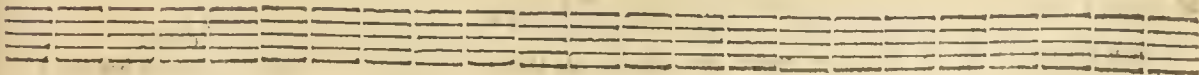
But tell me, thou deformed Cloud,
How dar'st thou such a Body shroud ?
So *Satyres* with black hideous Face
Of old did lovely Nymphs embrace ;
That Mourning e're should hide such glorious Maids
Thus Deities of old did live in shades.

V.

Her Words are Oracles, and come
(Like those) from out some dark'ned room :
And her Breath proves that Spices do
Only in Scorched Countries grow :
If she but speak, an *Indian* she appears ;
Though all o're black, at Lips She Jewels wears.

VI.

Methinks I now do *Venus* spy
As she in *Vulcan's* arms did lye ;
Such is *Cassandra* and her Shroud :
She looks like Snow within a Cloud :
Melt then, and yield ! throw off thy mourning Pall !
Thou never can'st look white, until thou Fall.



The Despairing Lover.



Ruel *Calia*, did you know, or at the least, but think my Woe, your fairer



Mind would prove so kind, that ev'ry Passion then would move to pi-ty, where you cannot love.



Mr. John Mosse.

II.

Could a Sigh, a Tear, a Grone,
Things pale Passion feeds upon;
A Midnight Grove,
Place fit for Love:

Could these but enter in your thought,
You'd then confess Love dearly sought.

III.

Cruel Fairest, there you sit
As unconcern'd, as if my Wit
To Mirth did move,
Not to plead Love:

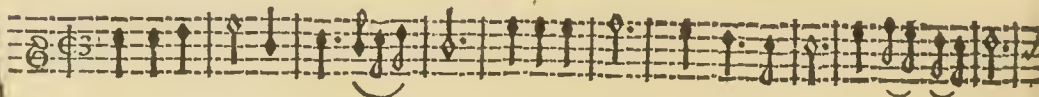
You'r like the Deer, which list'ning stand
To hear me Play, but slight the Hand.

IV.

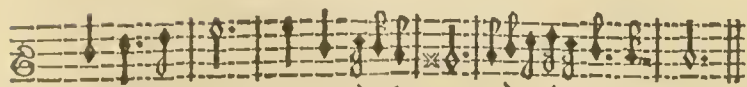
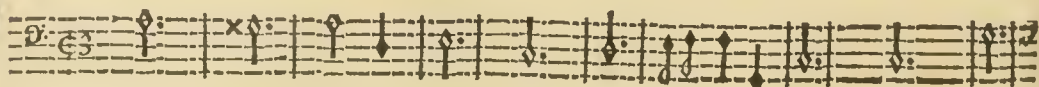
Fairest, like them, you admire
The Musick, but neglect the Fire,
The Air that beats
And gives me heat:

To tell you, Cruel Beauty, you
Have out-done Him that worships You.

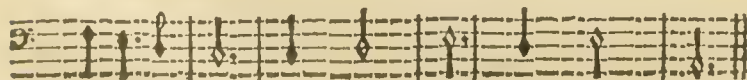
CLORIS Yielding.



Ill *Cloris* cast her Sun-bright Eye, upon so mean a Swain as I? can she affect



my Oaten Reed, or stoop to wear my Shepherds Weed.



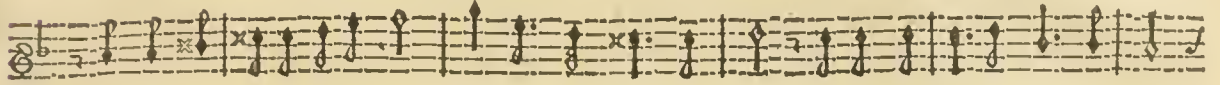
What Rural Sport can I devise
To please her Ears, to please her Eyes;
Fair *Cloris* sees, fair *Cloris* hears,
With Angels Eyes, and Angels Ears.

Mr John Goodgroome.

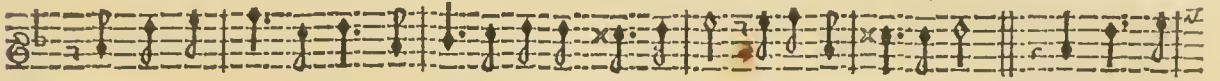
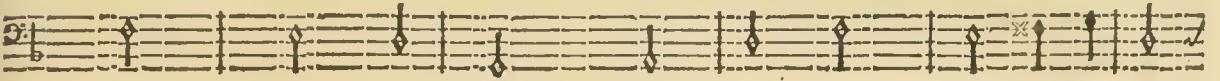
On a Crowned Heart.



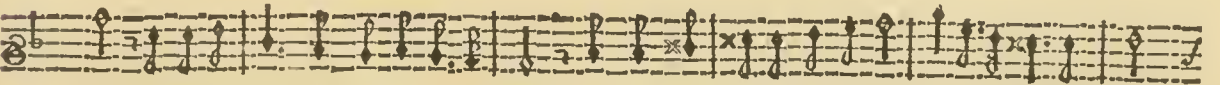
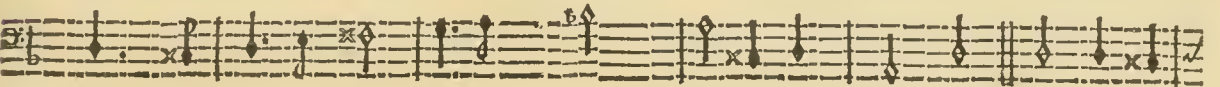
Hou sent'st to me a Heart was Crown'd, I thought it had been Thine ;



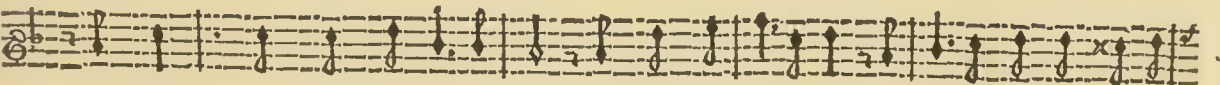
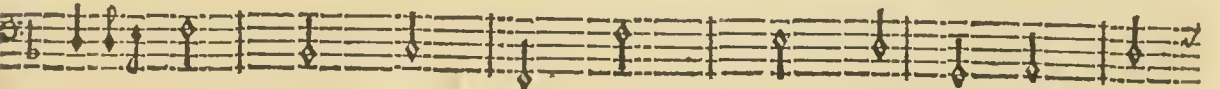
but when I saw it had a Wound , I knew that Heart was mine. A Bounty of a strange conceit ,



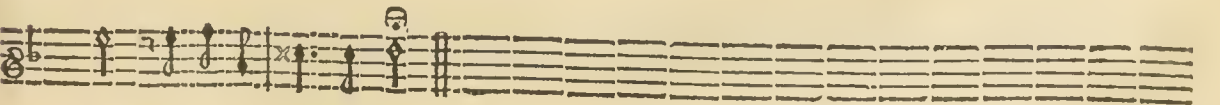
to send mine Own to me ; and send it in a worse estate than it was sent to Thee. The Heart I



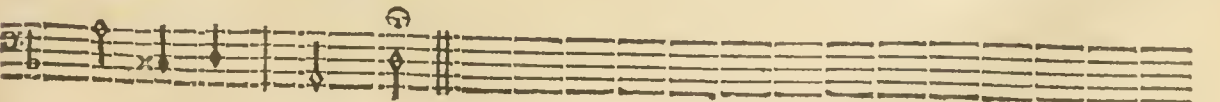
sent, it had no stain, but was entirely sound ; yet thou hast sent it back again sick of a deadly wound.



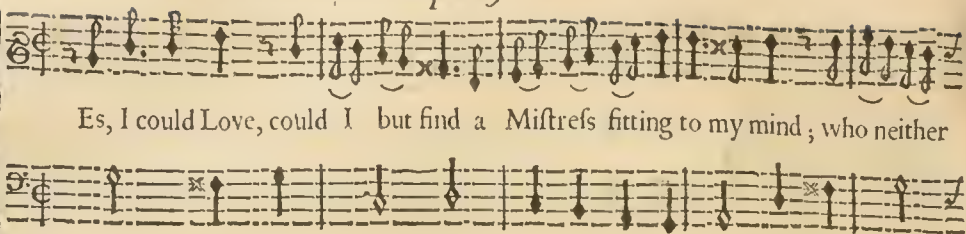
O Heav'ns ! How wouldst thou use a Heart that should Rebellious be , as thus to slay Him with a



Dart that ever honour'd Thee.



Love's Enquiry.



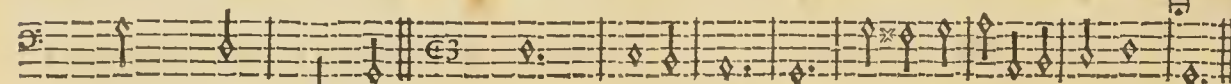
Es, I could Love, could I but find a Mistress fitting to my mind ; who neither



Pride nor Gold could move to buy her Beauty, sell her Love : Were Neat, yet car'd not to be Fine ;



and love me for my self, not mine : Not Lady proud, nor City coy ; but full of freedom, full of joy.

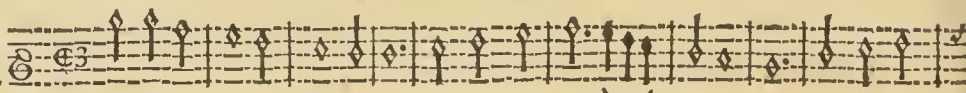


2. Not wise enough to rule a State,
Nor so much Fool to be laugh'd at ;
Nor Childish young, nor Beldam old,
Not Fiery hot, nor Icy cold ;

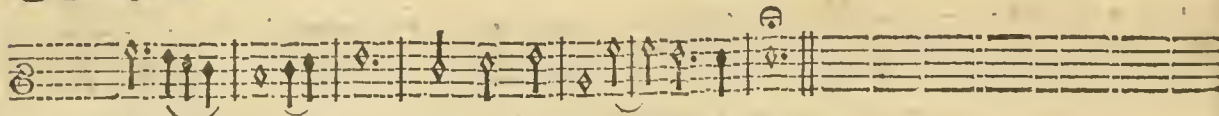
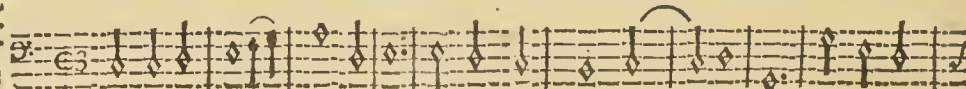
Not richly Proud, nor basely Poor ;
Not Chast, yet no reputed Whore.
If such a one I chance to find
I have a Mistress to my mind.

f. Playford.

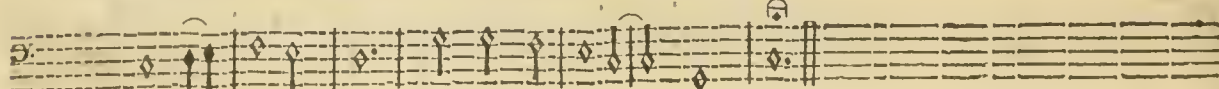
The Prudent Lover.



Or that I wish my Mistress or more, or less than what She is, write I these



Lines, for 'tis too late, Rules to prescribe unto my Fate.



2. But as the tender Stomachs call
For choice of Meats, yet brook not all ;
So queasie Love may here impart
What Mistress 'tis best takes the Heart.

4. Yet this alone will never win,
Unless some Treasure be within,
For where the Spoil's not worth the Prey,
Men raise the Siege and March away.

6. Then would I have her full of wit,
So she knows how to huswife it ;
For the whose insolence will dare
To cry her Wit, will shew her ware.

3. First, I would have her richly spread
With Natures Blossom, White and Red ;
For flaming heat will quickly dye,
Where is no Jewel for the Eye.

5. I care not much if she be proud,
A little pride may be allow'd ;
The amorous Youth will pray and prate
Too freely, where he finds no state.

7. Last, I would have her Loving be,
(Mistake me not) to none but me ;
She that loves one, and loves one more,
She'll love a Kingdom o're and o're.

The Humorous Lover.



Ell well, 'tis true, I now am fahn in Love, and 'tis with you: and now I plainly see

whilst y'are enthron'd by me above, You all your arts and pow'rs improve to tyrant over me, and make my

flames th'incentives of your scorn, whilst you rejoyce and feast your eyes to see me quite forlorn.

2. But yet be wife,
And don't believe that I did think your Eyes
More bright than the Stars can be;
Or that your Face Angels out-vies
In their Celestial Liveries:
'Twas all but Poetry:
I could have said as much by any She;
You are not Beautious of your Self,
But are made so by Me.

3. Though we (like Fools) J. Hilton.
Fathom the Earth, and drain the Schools
For Names t' express you by;
Out-rant the loudest Hyperboles
To dub you Saints and Deities,
By *Cupid's* Heraldry:
We know y'are flesh and blood as well as Men,
And when we please can Mortalize,
And make you so agen.

4. Yet since my Fate
Hath drawn me to that Sin which I did hate,
I'll not my labour lose,
But will love on, as I begin,
To th' purpose, now my hand is in,
Spight of the Art you use,
And let you know the world is not so bare,
There's things enough to love besides
Such Toys as Ladies are.

5. I love good Wine,
I love my Book, and Muse, nay all the Nine;
I love my real Friend;
I love my Horse; and could I chuse
One that would not my Love abuse,
To Her my Love should bend:
I will love those that laugh, and those that sing,
And scorn to pine away my self
For any Female thing.

Lukewarmness in Love.

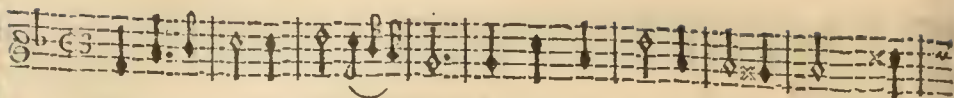


O more, no more, fond Love, give o're, Dally no more with me: Strike home and bold,

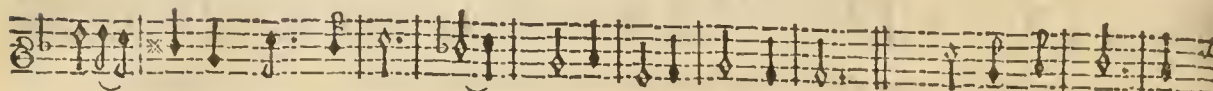
be hot or cold, or leave thy Deitie.

<p>II. In Love Lukewarm, Will do more harm, Then can Feavers heat: Cold cannot kill, So soon as will A fainting dying Sweat.</p>	<p>III. I cannot tell, When Sick or Well Phyick or Poyson give: Still in my Grief, There's no Relief, Oh let me Dye or Live!</p>	<p>IV. If I must be Thy Votarie, Be thou my Friend or Foe: If thou wilt have Me be thy Slave, Hold fast, or let me go.</p>
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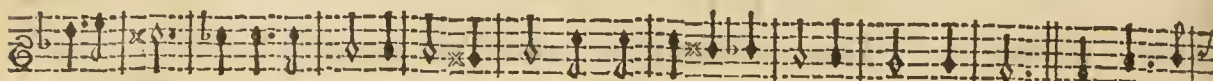
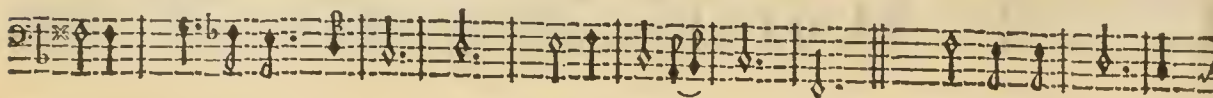
John Playford.

The Triumphs of Death.

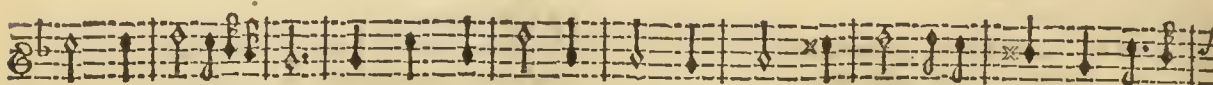
THE Glories of our Birth and State Are shadows, not substantial things; There



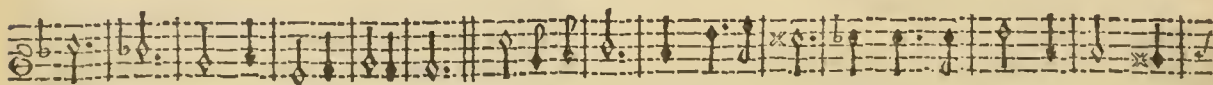
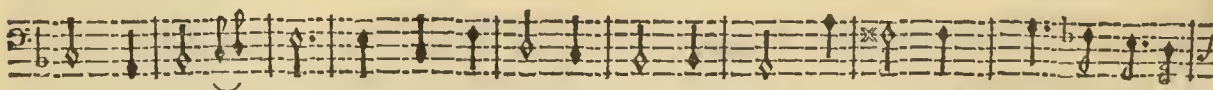
is no Armor 'gainst our fate; DEATH layes his Icy - hand on Kings: Scepters and Crowns must



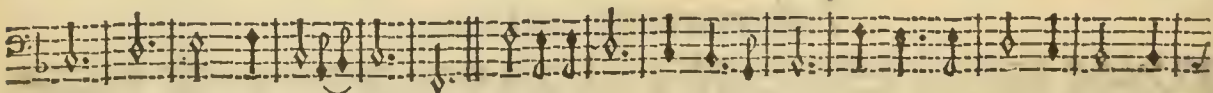
tumble down, And in the Dust be equall layd With the poor crooked Syth & Spade. Some men with



Swords may reap the Field, And plant fresh Lawrels where they kill'd; But their strong Nerves at last must



yield, They tame but one another still. Early or late they bend to fate, And must give up their murn'ring



breath While the pale Captive creeps to Death, The Garland withers on your brow, Then boast no more



your mighty deeds : Upon Death's purple Altar now, See where the Victor Victim bleeds. All heads must

come to the cold Tomb, Only the Actions of the Just Smell sweet, and B!offom in the Dust.

Mr. Edward Colman.

Venus Hue and Cry after Cupid.

Beauties, have ye seen a Toy, called, *Love a lit-tle Boy* ; almost Naked, Wanton, Blind,

Cruel ; now and then as kind : If he be amongst you, say, He is *Venus* run away.

(2) She that will now but now discover
Where this Winged-wag doth hover,
Shall to night receive a kiss,
How, or where her self would wish ;
But who brings him to his Mother,
Shall have that kiss and another.

(3) Marks he hath about him plenty,
You shall know him among twent ;
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That brings shot (like light'ning) in
Wounds the Heart but not the skin.

(4) Wings he hath which though you clip,
He will leap from Lip to Lip ;
Over Liver, Lips, and Heart,
But ne're stay in any part :
And if by chance his Arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

(5) He doth bear a golden Bow,
And a Quiver hanging low,
Full of Arrows that out-brave
Diana's Shafts ; what if he have
Any head more sharp than other?
With that kiss he strikes his mother.

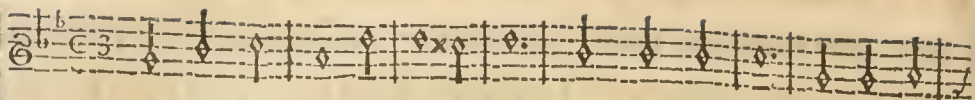
(6) Still the fairest are his fuel,
When his daies are to be cruel,
Lovers hearts are all his food,
And his Bath's their warmest Blood :
Nought but wounds his hands doth season,
And he hates none like to reason.

(7) Trust him not, his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet ;
All his practice is deceit,
Ev'ry gift is a bait,
Not a kiss but poyson bears,
And most treason in his tears.

(8) Idle minutes are his reign,
Them the stragler makes his gain,
By presenting Maids with toys,
And would have ye think 'em toys ;
'Tis the ambition of the Elfe,
To have all childish as himself.

(9) If by these you please to know him,
Beauties be not nice, but show him,
Though you had a will to hide him,
Now I hope ye'll not abide him :
Since ye hear his falser play,
And that he's *Venus* Run-away.

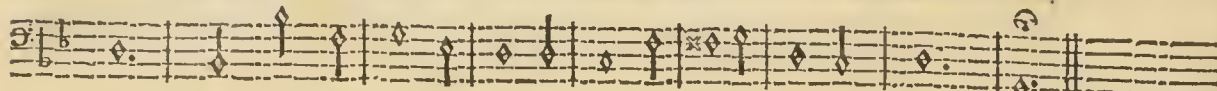
Youths Vanity.



Though you are young, and I am old : Though your veyns hot, and my blood



cold : Though Youth is Moist, and Age is Dry; yet Embers live when Flames do die.



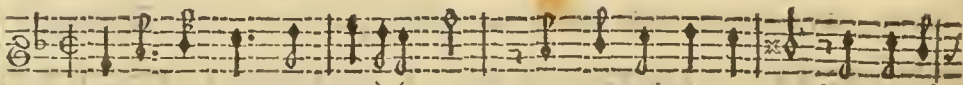
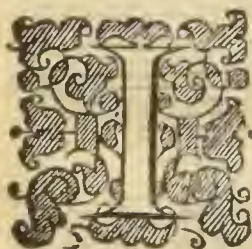
John Playford.

The tender Graff is Easly broke ,
But who shall shake the sturdy Oke ?
You are more Fresh and Fair than I ;
Yet Stubs do live when Flowers do die.

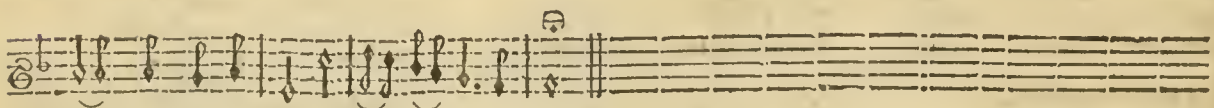
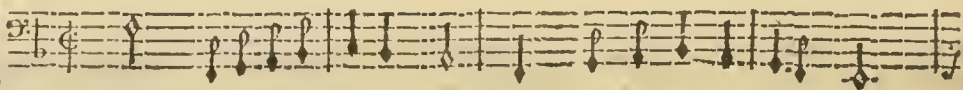
Thou that thy Youth dost vainly boast ,
Know Buds are sooner nipt with Frost :
Think that thy Fortune still doth cry ,
Fond Youth, To morrow thou must die.

And if to morrow thou Dy'st not,
To Die ere long will be thou lot :
Though thou of late didst Age deny ,
Must welcome Death, and learn to Die.

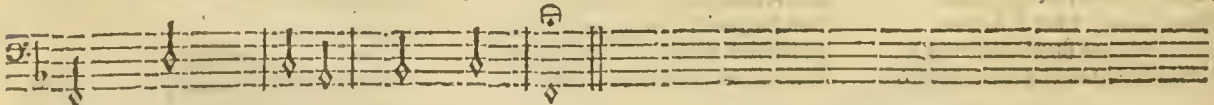
CUPID Embraced.



Never knew what *Cupid* meant ; nor what his Arrows were ; and yet I



have been Discontent, and shed many a Tear.



I have seen a Woman has been Fair,
And yet could never be
Caught in the Net-work of her Hair,
Or Faces Pagentry.

But then considering how in her
Virtue and Sweetness dwelt,
I wondred not at any stir,
That in my Heart I felt.

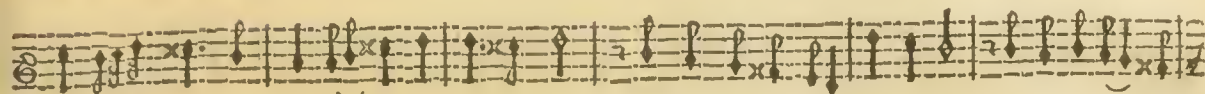
I wondred that my stubborn Heart,
That hath so long held out,
Should, by the piercing of his Dart
Unseen, be brought about.

But *Cupid* with a reverend Knee
I worship now, like those
That rank him as a Deity ;
And Thank him for my Blows.

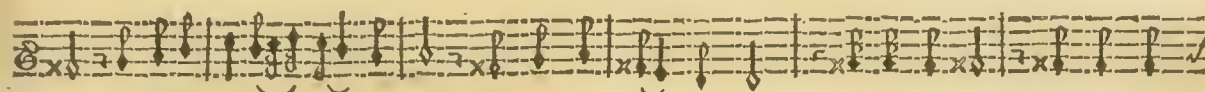
On a Stolen Heart.



Hat conscience say is it in Thee, when I've a Heart but one to take a-



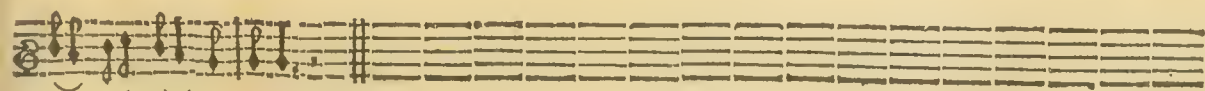
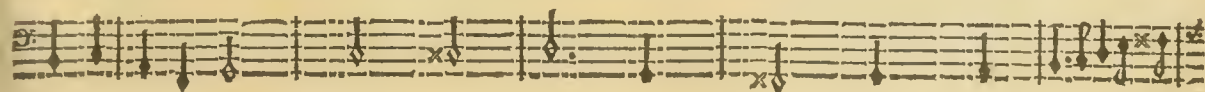
way that Heart from me, and so to leave me none : For shame or pi-ty now encline to act a loving



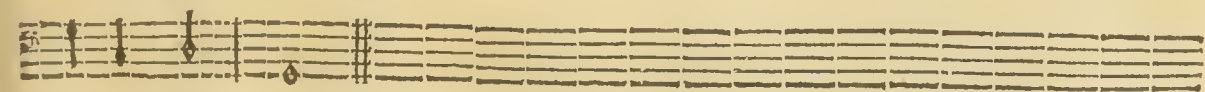
part, either to send me kindly Thine, or give me back my Heart : Covet not both : But if thou



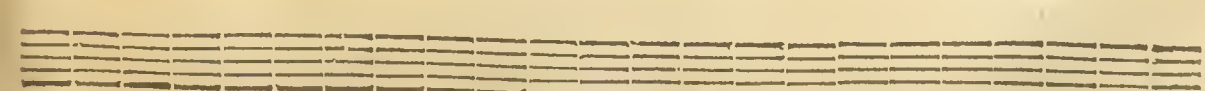
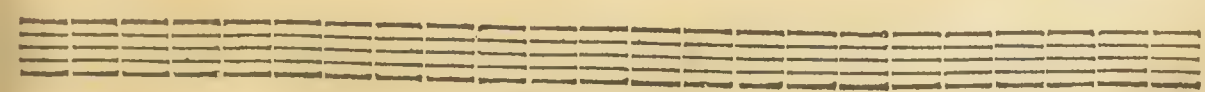
dost resolve to part with neither, why yet to shew that thou art Just, take Me take Me and Mine take



Me and Mine together.



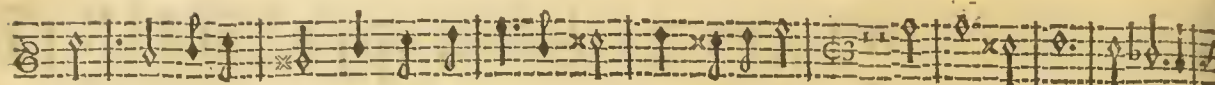
Tho. Blagrave.



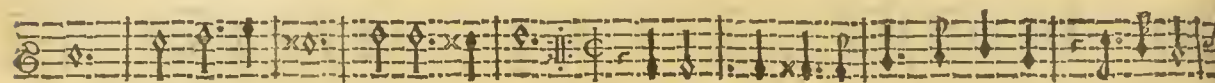
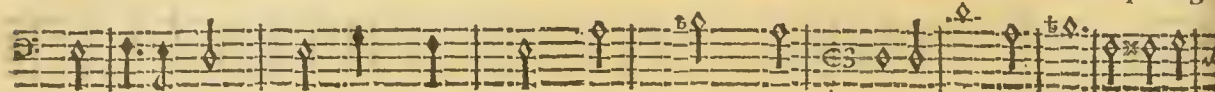
A Despairing Lover.



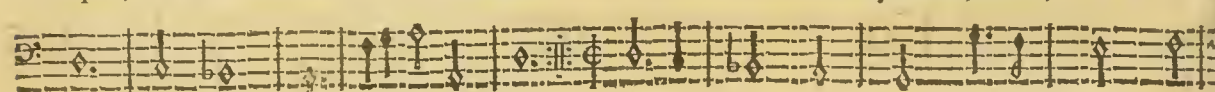
Farewell Despairing Hopes, I'll love no more; of Death I'm not afraid, my



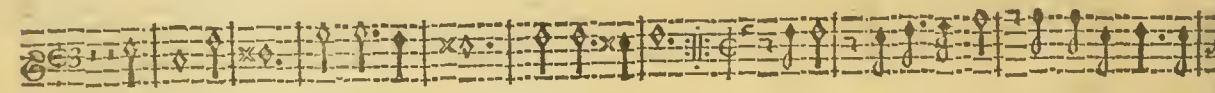
poor Heart is betray'd; She that disdains my Love, must I adore. Farewell, Farewell despairing



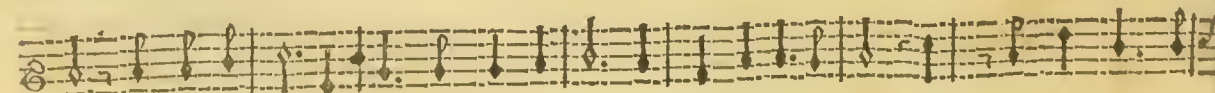
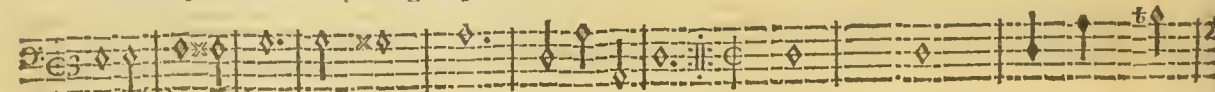
Hopes, I'll live no more, I'll love no more. To crave from Cruel Eyes compassion, 'tis in vain;



and with Laments and Cries to sob out Tears, the witness of my pain. No Death shall cure my Sore:

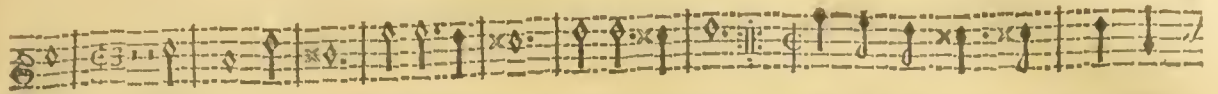


Farewell, Farewell Despairing Hopes, I'll live no more to see when I complain a Cruel Soul dis-

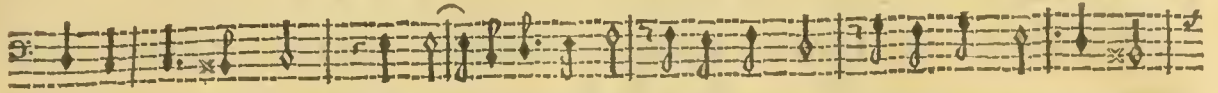


dain, that to my grief I love, when Her no tears can move, but rival tears: Ah! 'twas ne'er heard be-

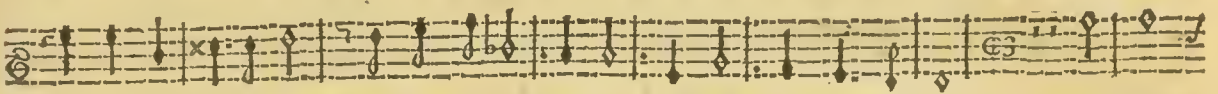




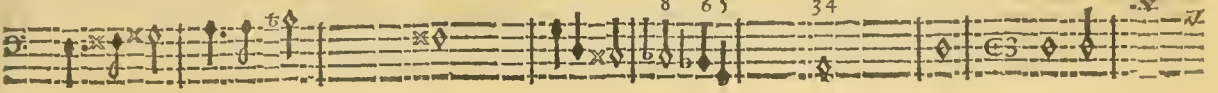
fore. Farewell, Farewell Despairing Hopes, I'll live no more: Ne'er flatter more my sense with



sweet and courteous Breath, 'twixt outrage and offence I am condemn'd, I am condemn'd to Death.



No more on Joys I dote, but with a dole-ful Note my Life and Death deplore. Farewell,



Farewell Despairing Hopes, I'll live no more, Ile live no more.

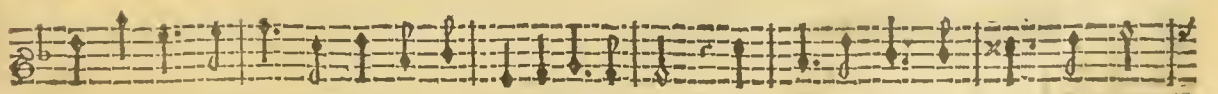


Mr. Hen. Lawes.

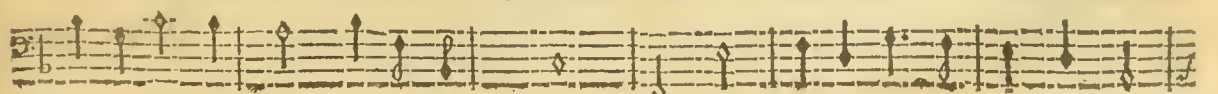
To his THEORA.



Still *Theora* you wear this disguise of Scorn up on your Eyes, and suffer



not one smile approve th'obedience of my Immortal Love: Two Hells at once my Soul must try;

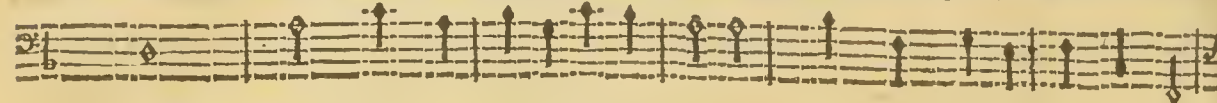




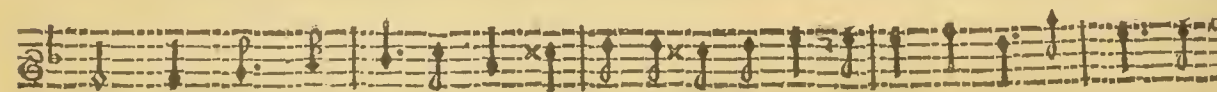
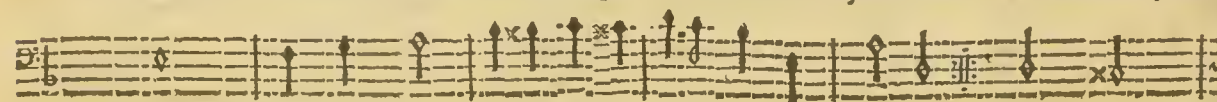
my own Affections, and your Cruel ty. But if some kinder Aspect shall encline your



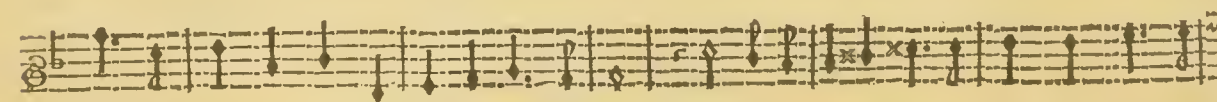
Heart to pi-ty mine, I'll breath such Joys no envious Fate shall blast with a surprize, or Time translate.



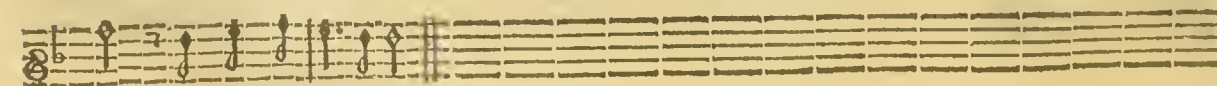
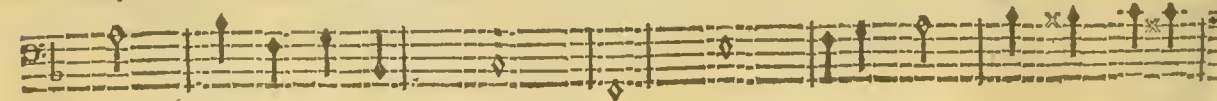
Strange Providence! that Lovers still find Lips to Kifs as well as Eyes to Kill, Thus have you



seen Waves chac'd by th' troubled Ayre, move nothing but Despair, till some more friendly WINDS do



stay their Murmers, and lead up a Beautious day. Great penances do make us prize (with greater



sense) our hopes of Paradiice.



To a Stream.

Leer Stream, who dost with equal pace both thy self fly, and thy self chase ;

forbear a while to flow, and listen to my woe : Then go and tell the Sea that all his Brine is fresh, com-

par'd to mine. Inform him that the gentle Dame who was the life of all my flame, i'th' glory of her

bud hath past the dismal flood: Death by this on-ly stroke Triumphs above the gentle pow'r of Love.

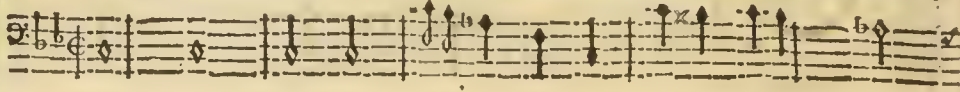
Alas, Alas! I must give o're, my sighs will let me add no more. Go on, cleer Stream, but rest no more my

trou - bled breast: And if my sad Complaint hath made thee stay, ther's Tears ther's Tears to mend thy way.

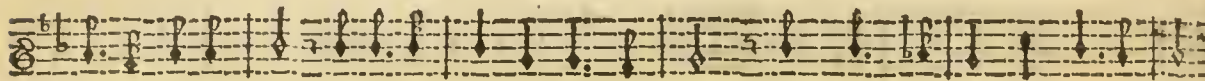
Loves Triumph.



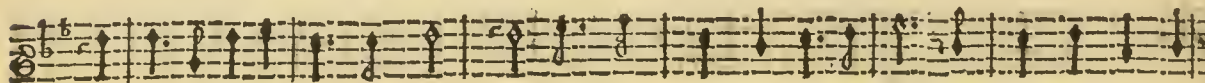
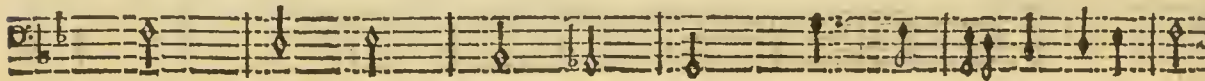
H, ah, mighty Love! what pow'r unknown hast thou now us'd more then thy



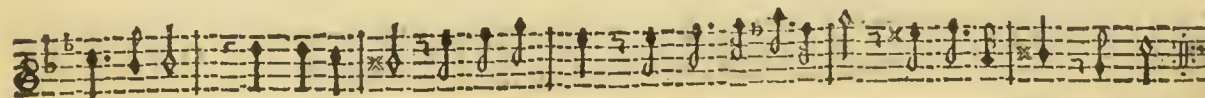
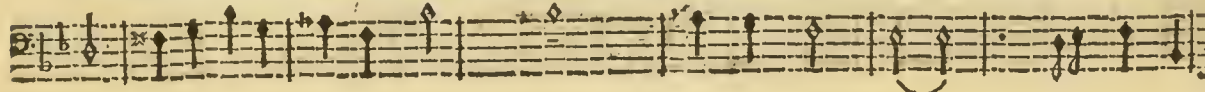
own? It was thy Conduct and Designe, but not thy Pow'r that vanquish'd mine: As a great



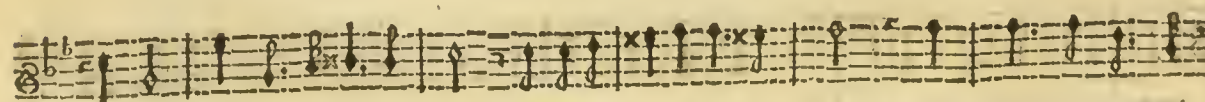
Captain to his Name of ev'ry Conquest joyns the Fame; though 'twas not by his Power got,



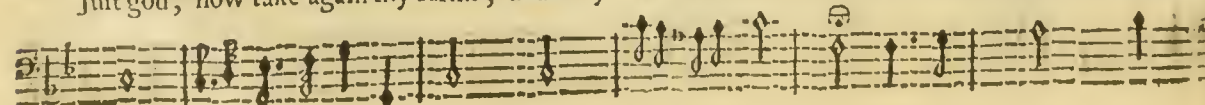
but Armies by his Conduct brought: So when thou could'st not do't alone, thou lead'st his troops of



Virtues on And I now feel by my surprize, thou hast not only Darts; not only Darts, but Eyes.

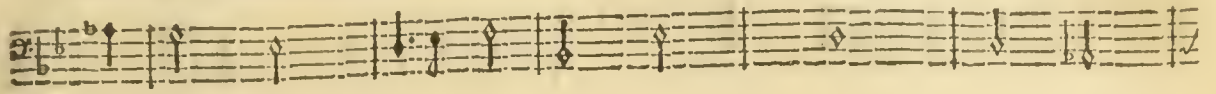


Just god, now take again thy Arms, and rally all I have of Charms: What Pow'r and Conduct

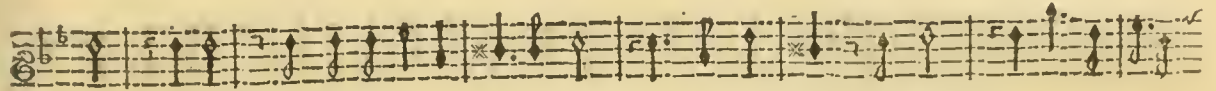




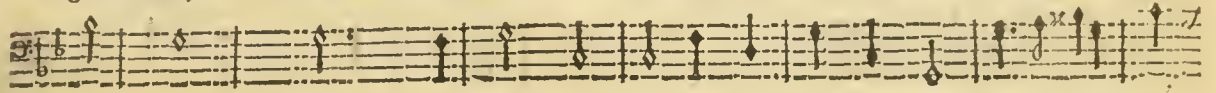
cannot doe, make his Belief contribute too: So when the Earth some promise shows that she does



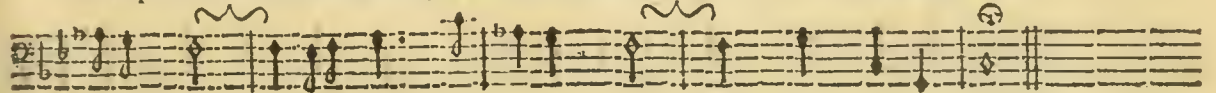
yet more Wealth enclose: Believing men search her rich Veins, and crown their hopes with unknown



gains: May he but at the first incline to Love, then by my Faith and Time, his Justice after

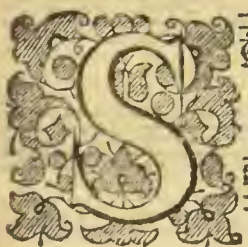


the surprize shall be more fetter'd, shall be more fet - - - - ter'd than his Eyes.

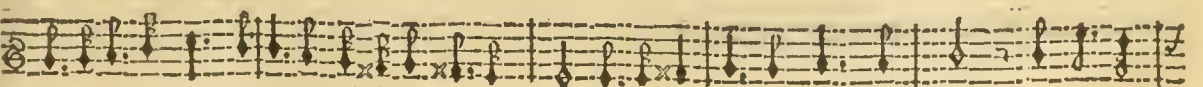
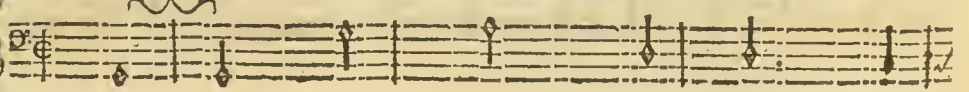


Mr. Hen. Lawes.

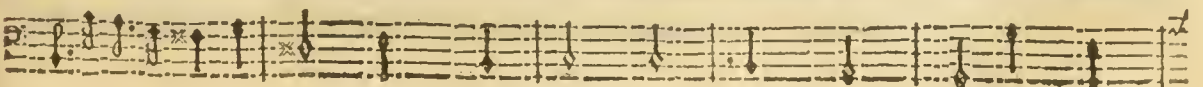
On the soft and gentle Motions of EUDORA.

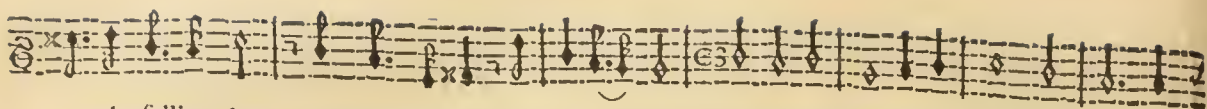


Strike, Strike sweet *Licoris*, strike th' harmonious Lute; but with a stroke so

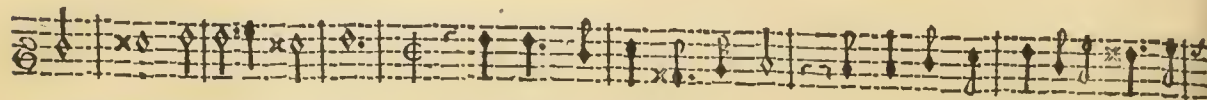


gentle as may sute the si-lent gly-ding of the Hours, or the yet calmer growth of Flow'rs, th' ascending

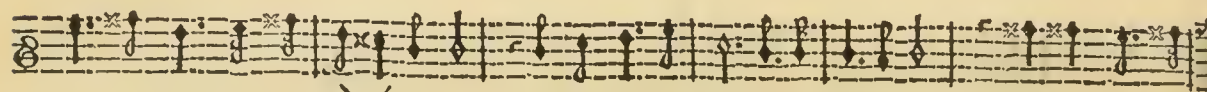
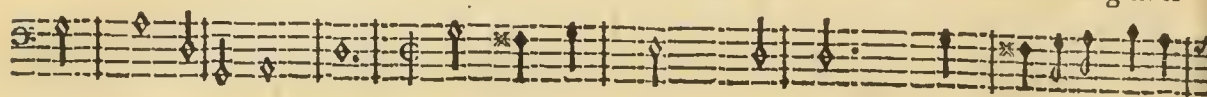




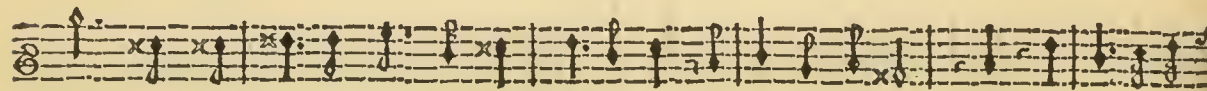
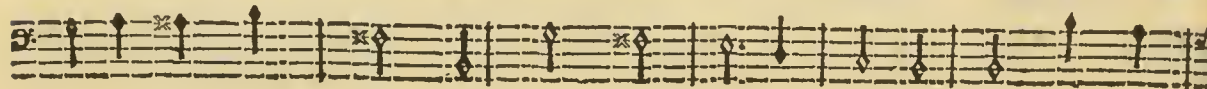
or the falling dew, which none can see, yet all find true. For thus a-lone can be shown how downy,



how smooth *Eudora* doth move. How Ev'n her Actions appear : the Air of her Face of a gentler



grace than these that do stroke the Ear : Her address so sweet, so becoming meet , that 'tis not the



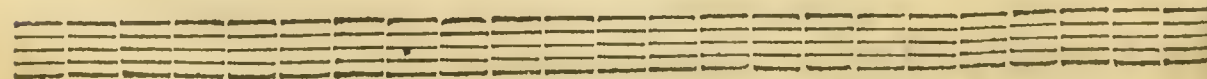
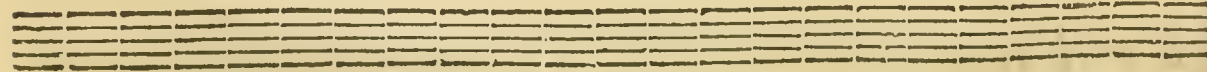
Loud, though Me-lodious string, can shew forth so soft , so noysless a thing. This, O this to ex-

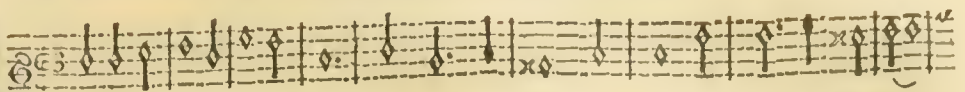
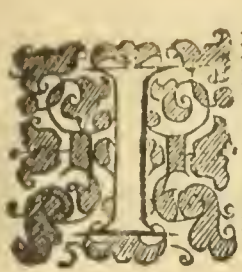


press from thy Hand must fall than Musicks self something more Mu-sicall.

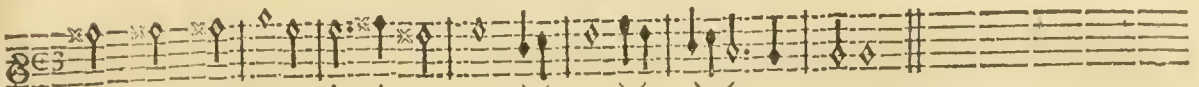
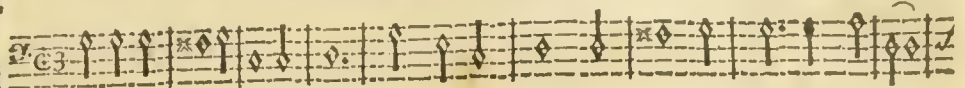


Mr. Hen. Lawes.

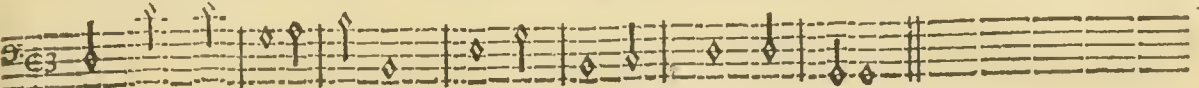


AMINTOR *Distracted, Complains.*

I had a *Cloris* my Delight, hey down hey down, with Hair as brown as Berries ;



her Cheeks like Roses red and white, her Lips more sweet than Cherries.



Mr. *Hen. Laws.*

II.

Though lovely Black dwelt in her Eyes,
Hey down hey down,
Like brightest Day that shin'd ;
And Hills of Snow upon her Breast,
Made me and all men blinde.

IV.

She fed her flock on yonder Plane ;
Hey down hey down,
'Tis wither'd now and dry ;
How can *Amintor* longer live
When such things for her die ?

VI.

She lov'd me without fraud or guile,
Hey down hey down,
But not for flocks or treasure ;
And I was happy all the while,
But now woe worth all pleasure.

VIII.

Where are those pretty Garlands now
Hey down hey down,
Of Ivy and of Bays,
Which *Cloris* platted on my Brow
For Singing in her praise ?

X.

For woe is me I should be warm ;
Hey down hey down,
Or any Comfort have,
As long as my dear *Cloris* lies
So cold within her Grave ;

III.

She was so sweet, so kind, so free ;
Hey down hey down,
To kiss, to sport, and play ;
But all this was with none but Me,
So Envy 't self will fay.

V.

Her wandring Kids look in my face,
Hey down hey down,
And with Dumb Tears Express
The want of *Cloris*, my True Love,
And their kind Shepherdess.

VII.

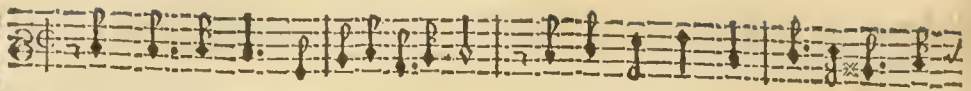
When she liv'd I went fine and gay,
Hey down hey down,
With Flowers and Ribbons deck'd ;
But now I am (as Shepherds say)
The Emblem of Neglect.

IX.

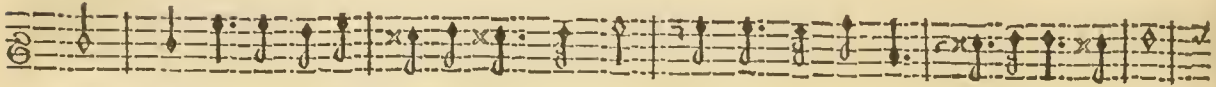
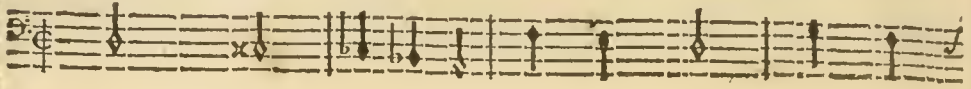
With naked Legs and Arms I go,
Hey down hey down,
For why the Clothes I wore,
With Bonnets, Scarfs, and many mo,
Upon her Grave lie tore.

XI.

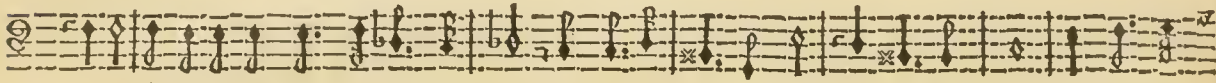
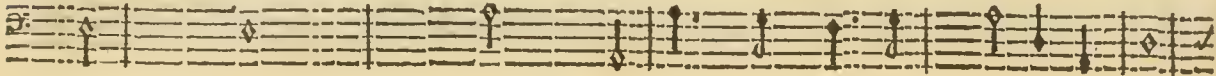
I'll gather sticks and make a fire,
Hey down a down ;
To warm her where she lies,
Of Mirtles, Cypress and Sweet-Bryer,
And then perhaps she'll rise.

Union in Love.

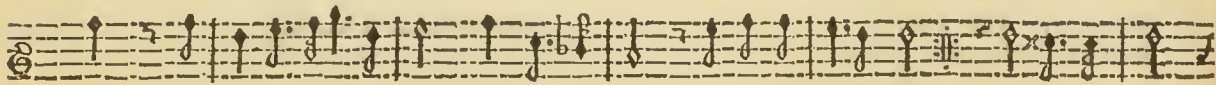
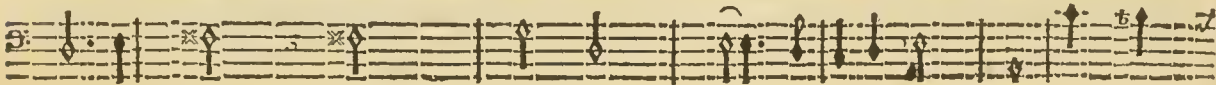
ND must our tempers ever be at war? must diff'rent Passions make us always



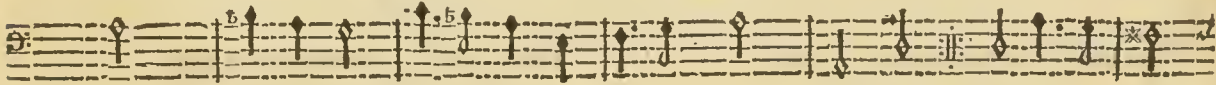
jar? Must neither of us find a temp'rate Zone, but She the Frigid, I the Torrid one?



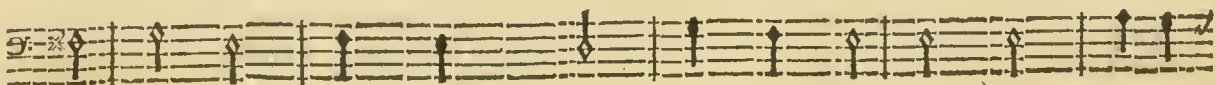
Can neither of our Breasts a Medium know, betwixt a Scorching Fire, and Chilling Snow. She like the



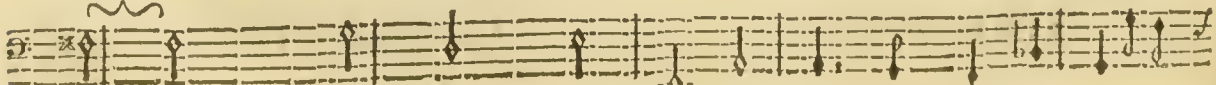
Alps, and I like *Aetna* am; She's all a Frost; and I am all a Flame. O Gentle Love!



Propitious be, and turn her Heart to Flames, that She as I may burn; or mine (like hers) to



Frost, that there may be 'twixt Us a mutual Sympathie: Then might I hope that Likeness



would prove Love, and so by Love we should to U-nion move.

Mr. Hen. Laves.

The Dying Lover.

Fairest Lights! whose clear Aspect taught me Loves lesson at first

fight, when on me those rays reflect, which awe my Love to deep respect; whilst Joy and Grief

whilst Joy and Grief dispute their Rights: Ah how I die, Ah how I die, crown'd

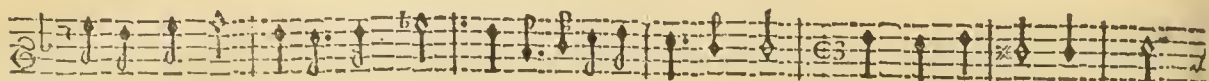
crown'd with Delight.

Mr. Hen. Laves.

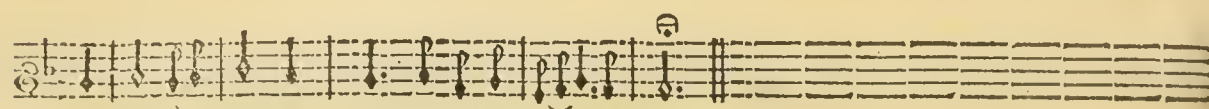
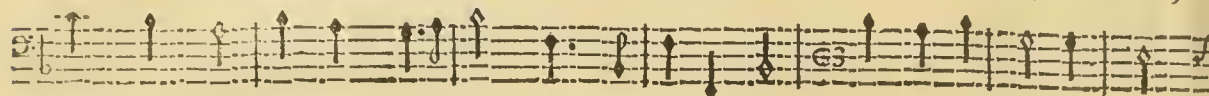
An old Knight to a young Lady.



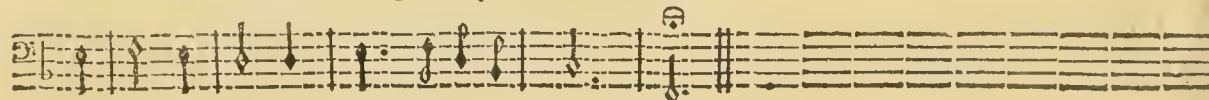
Adam, your Beauty (I confefs) may our young Gallants wound or blefs ;



but cannot warm my frozen Heart , not capable of Joy or Smart ; 'Cause neither Wit, nor Looks,



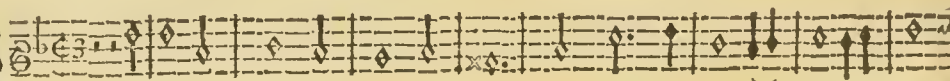
nor Kindness can make Young a Super-annuated man.



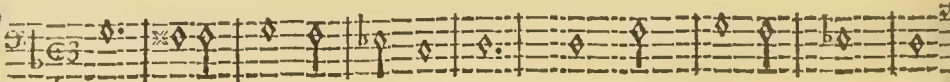
Those sparks that every minute fly
From your bright Eyes , do falling die ;
Not kindle flames, as heretofore,
Because old I can love no more :
Beauty on wither'd Hearts no Trophy gains ;
For Tinder over us'd , no Fire retains.

If you'll indure to be admir'd
By an old Dotard new Inspir'd ,
You may enjoy the Quintessence
Of my past Loves without Expence :
For I can wait, and prate, I thank my Fate,
I can do all, but no new Fire Create.

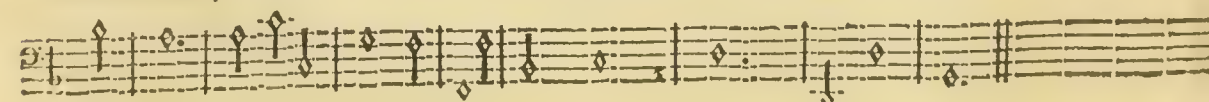
CUPID'S Power.



Ildain not , Fair one , since we know your Heart's a Mark for Cupid's Bow



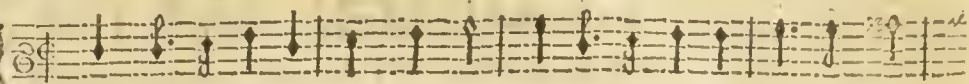
The Scorns you cast at Love will turn like Lightning back, and make you burn.



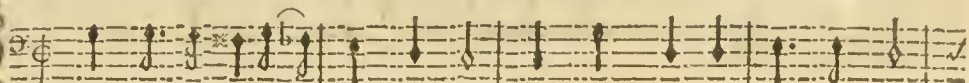
Let those whom Age hath set aside
To Court the Grave for their next Bride ;
Or let the frigid Matron say
They will no god of Love obey.

But you who want nor Youth, nor Fire
To kindle Altus of Desire ;
I doubt nor but ere long you'll be
Loves Profelitte as well as we.

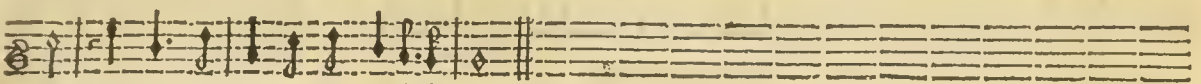
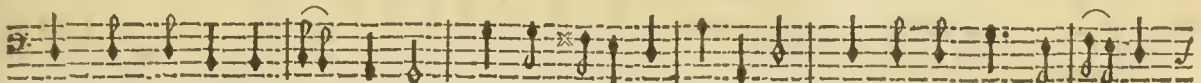
To a Friend who desired no more then to admire the Mind, and
the Beauty of SILVIA.



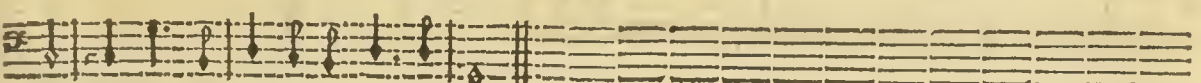
Hough *Silvas* Eyes a flame could raise more fit for wonder then for praise ;



and though her wit were cleer and high, that 'twere resistless as her Eye ; yet without Love she still shall



find I'm deaf to one, to the other blind.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

II.

Those Fools that think Beauty can prove
A cause sufficient for their Love,
I wish they never may have more,
To try how Looks can cure their fore :
'Tis such the Sex so high have set,
They take it not for gift, but debt.

IV.

The gods, who knew the noblest part
In Love, sought not the Mind, but Heart ;
And when hurt by the winged Boy,
What they admir'd, they did enjoy ;
Knowing a Kindness Love could prove
The hope, reward, and cure of Love.

VI.

The Frensie's less love to endure,
Then after to decline the Cure ;
Yet you do both, aiming no higher
Then for to see, and to admire,
An Idol you'l not only frame,
But you will too adore the same.

III.

If Love were unto Sight confin'd,
The god of it would not be Blind ;
Nor would the pleasure of it be
So often in obscuritie :
No, to know Joys each sense hath right,
Equal at least to that of Sight.

V.

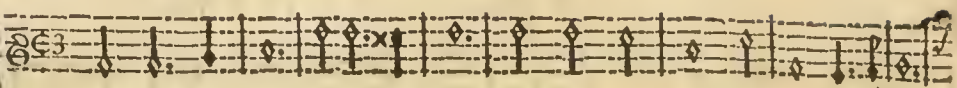
I'll rather my Affections keep
For Nymphs only enjoy'd in sleep,
Then cast away an hour of Care
On any, 'cause she's only fair :
Nay, Sleep more pleasing Dreams do move
Then are your waking ones of Love.

VII.

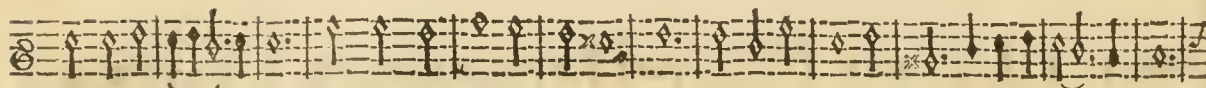
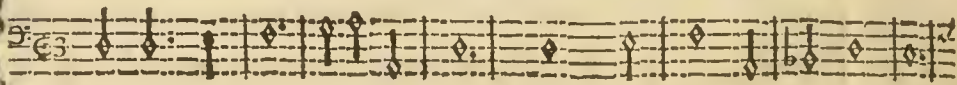
Had therein *Silvia* nothing shin'd
But the unseen charms of her Mind,
You would have had the like esteem
For her that I have still for them :
If flesh and blood your flame inspire,
Then make those only your desire.

VIII. And Friend, that you may cleerly prove
'Tis not her Mind alone you love ;
Let her 'twixt us her self impart,
Give you her Mind, and me her Heart :
As little cause then you will find
As I do now, to love her Mind.

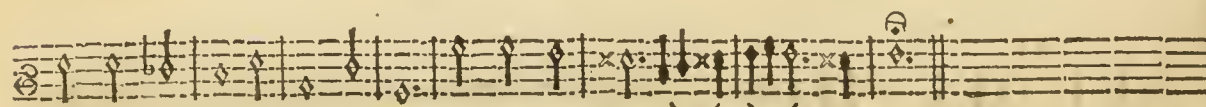
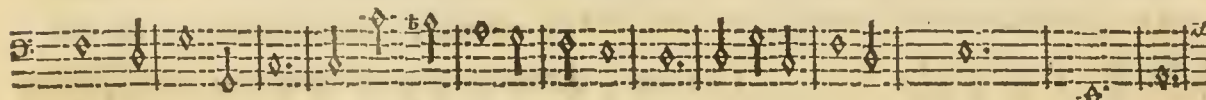
The Earl to the Countess of CARBERRY.



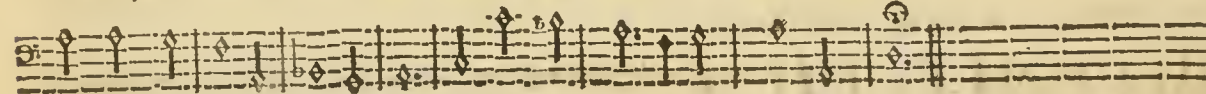
Ou ask, my Dear, if I be well ; feel thine own pulse, and that will tell :



Vain is all o--ther Art that beats the Temper of my Heart ; if I may call that mine is so entire-ly thine.



Dearest, then tell me how I doe ; for both my Health and Heart's in You.

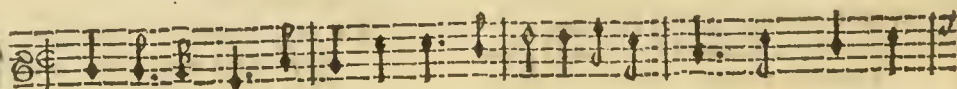


Mr. Hen. Laves.

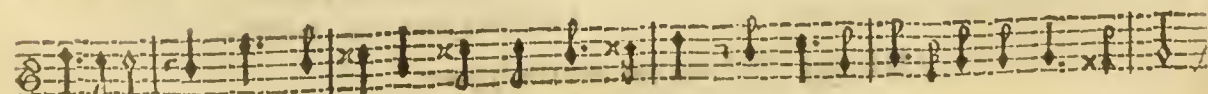
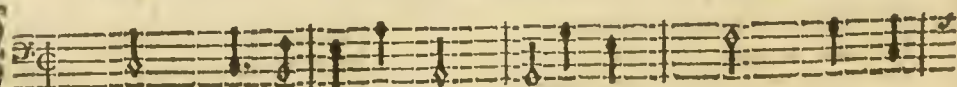
When first I view'd thee , I did spy
Thy Soul stand beck'ning in thine Eye ;
My Heart knew what it meant ,
And at the very first Kifs went,
Two Balls of Wax so run
When melted into one :
Mix'd now with thine, my Heart now lies ,
And much Loves Riddle as thy Prize.

For, since I can't pretend to have
That Heart, which I so freely gave ;
Yet now 'tis Mine the more ,
Because 'tis thine, then 'twas before :
Death will unriddle this ;
For when thou 'rt call'd to blifs ,
He needs not throw at me his Dart ,
'Cause piercing thine, he kills my Heart.

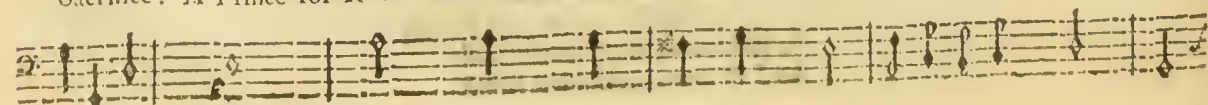
Constancy in Love.



Ove me no more, or else with scorn despise all other Loves, though made your

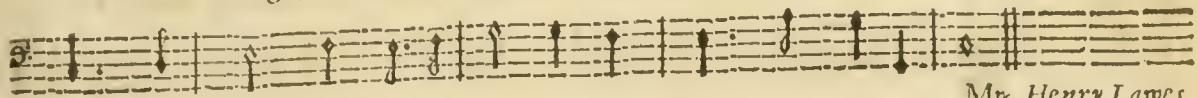


Sacrifice : A Prince for Rivall should not share a blifs , till Fate decide it either mine or his.





In Love and Courage, Titles has no Claim, Merit and Virtue give the highest Name.



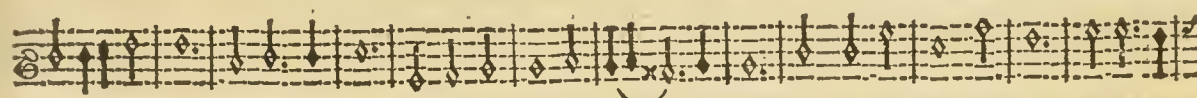
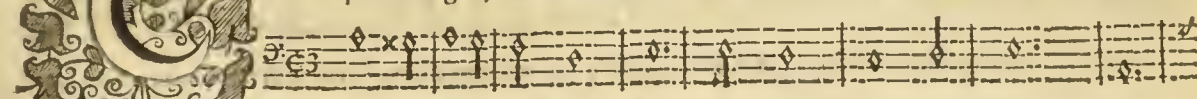
Mr. Henry Lawes.

Let then thy *Cupid* soar on Honours wings,
 Thy Constancy and Love appear like Twins;
 So shall thy Mind excell thy Shape much more
 Than thou all other Beauties didst before,
 Crowning with glory both thy self and me,
 And when thou dy'st be thought a Deitie.

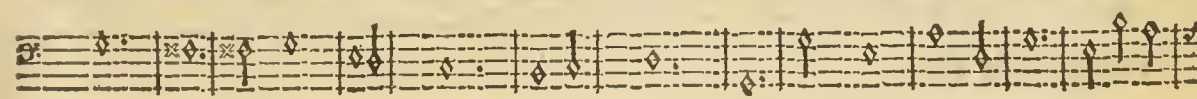
CUPID Discovered.



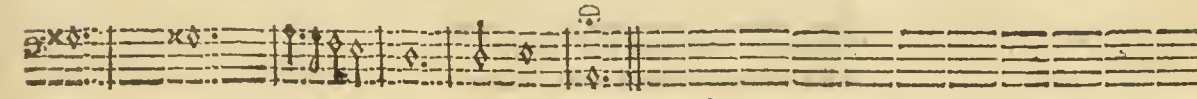
*U*pid's no god, a wanton Childe, his Arts are weak, his Pow'rs are milde;



no active heat or nobler fire feathers his Arrows with Desire: 'Tis not his Bow or Shaft, 'tis *Venus*

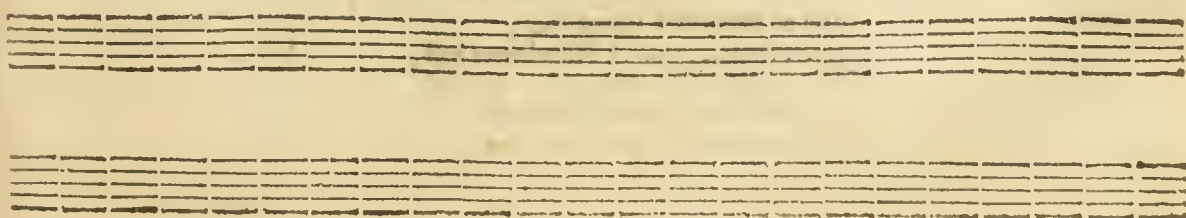


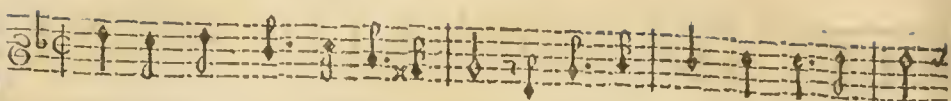
Eye makes him ador'd, and crowns his De-i-tie.



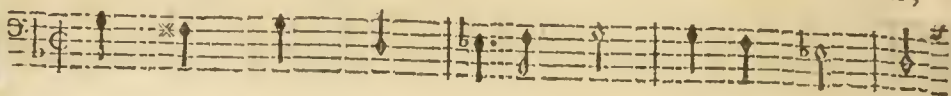
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Each Amorous glance creates this Fire,
 As Coyns dulls and chills Desire;
 'Tis then the Face and Eyes we see,
 Not the fond Boys Artillerie:
 'Tis the Consentive nimbler Sense creates
 Love's subtler piercing Fires, not the Fates.

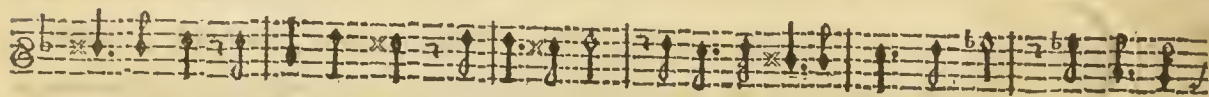
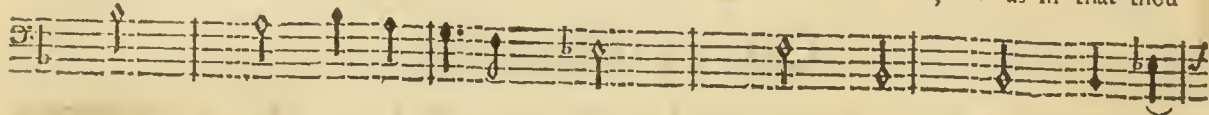


Inconstancy in Love.

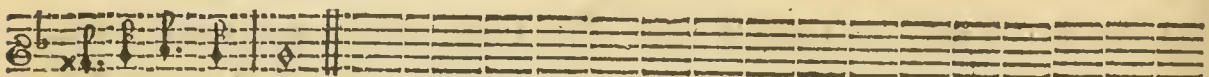
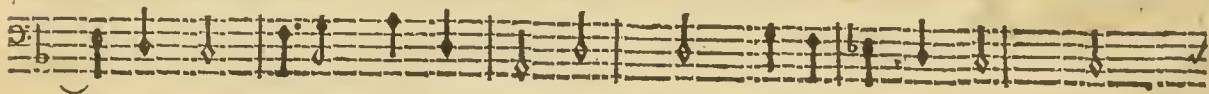
If thou wilt know the reason why I hate thee now once held so Dear,



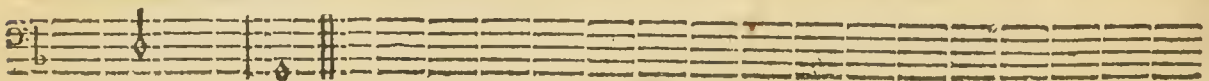
upon thy Glafs but cast thine Eye, and thou shalt find it written there; for as in that thou



mayst survey thy fair, false Eyes, and lovely Face; so nothing in thy Glafs will stay, when thou art



parted from the place.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

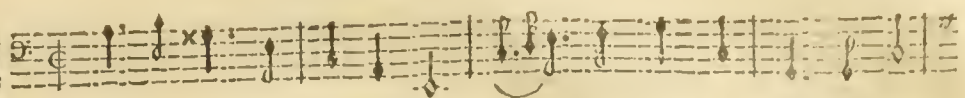
II.

So when my Love did first pretend,
 Me thought I saw my self in thee;
 And therefore chose thee for a Friend,
 That ought Anothers self to be:
 All Vows and Oaths I made to Love
 Thou shouldst repeat when I had done,
 And by a sweet reflection prove
 We were (though seeming Two) but One.

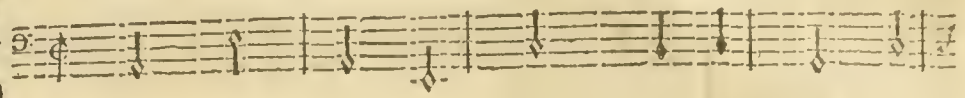
III.

But when I absent was a while,
 And others came to look in thee,
 As they would laugh, so wouldst thou smile,
 And no impression left of mee:
 Now, though to have a Friend were best,
 That might reflect thoughts as they pass,
 My Mind shall rather go ill-drest
 Than mind it self by such a Glafs.

For a Bass.



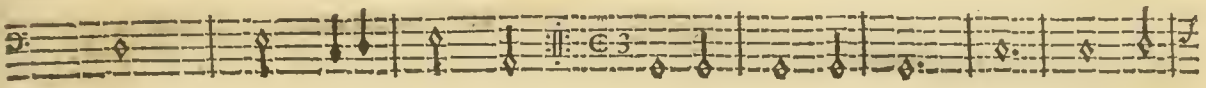
Hen I taste my Goblet deep, all my Cares are rock'd a Sleep:



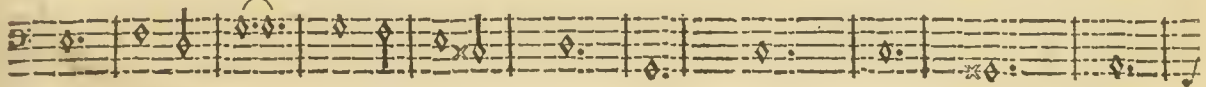
Then I'm Cræsus, Lord of th' Earth, Singing Odes of Wit and Mirth, and with I-vy Garlands



crown'd, I can kick the Globe round, round. Others Fight, but let me Drink; Boy, my



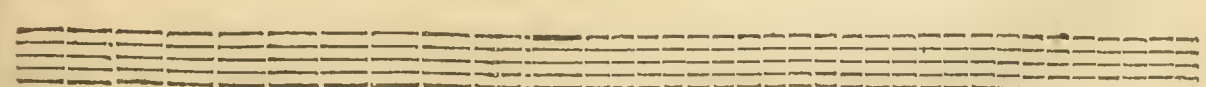
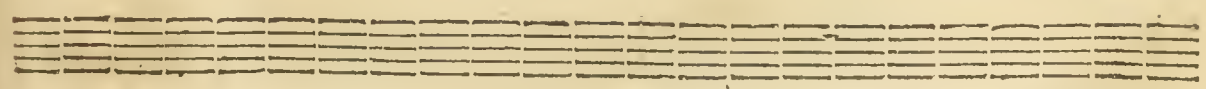
Goblet fill to th' brink; for when I lay down my head, better to be Drunk, better to be Drunk,



Dead Drunk, than Dead.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

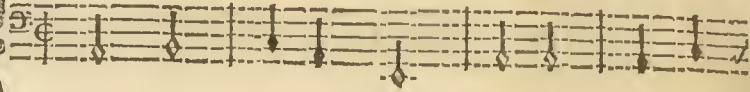


The GREEK'S Song.

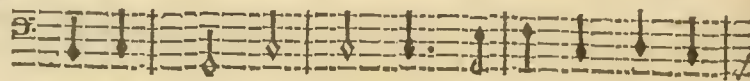
[For a Bass.]



HE thirsty Earth sucks up the Rain, and drinks, and



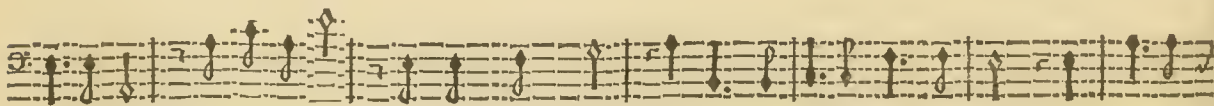
gapes for Drink again: The Plants suck in the Earth, and



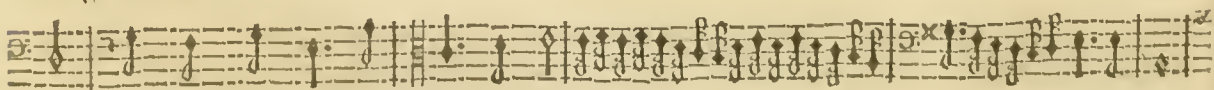
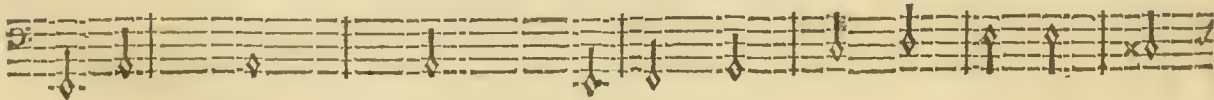
are with constant drinking fresh and fair: The Sea it self which one would think should have but little



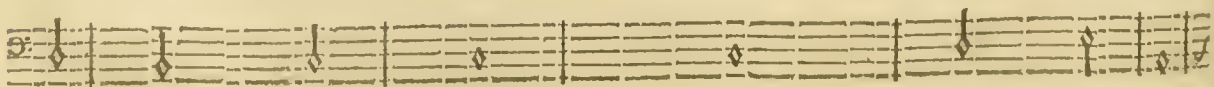
need to drink, drinks ten thousand Rivers up, so fill'd they over-flow - - - flow - - -

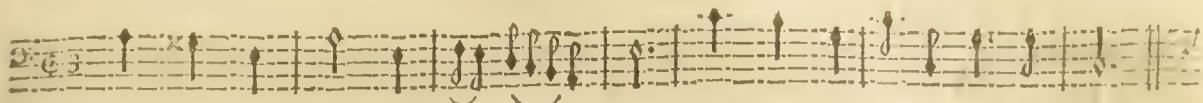


- the Cup: The buſie Sun, and one would gueſs by's drunken fiery Face no leſs, drinks up the



Sea, and when that's done, the Moon and Stars drin - - - - - kes up the Sun.

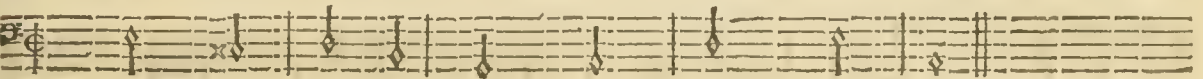




They Drink and Dance, by their own light, they Drink and Revel all the Night.



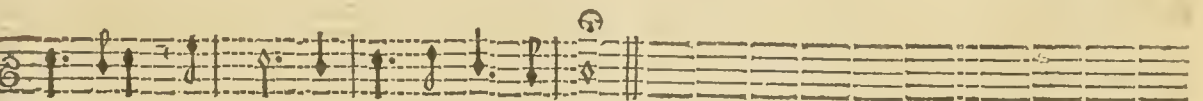
Nothing in Nature's sober found, but an Eter - - - nal Health goes Round.



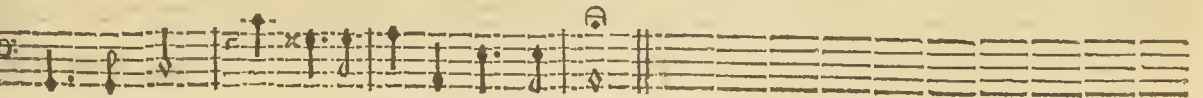
CHORDS.



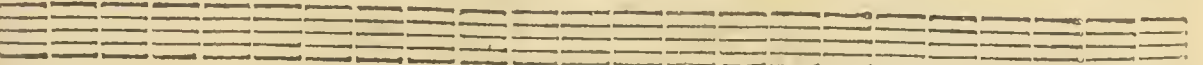
Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high; Fill all the Glasses there, for why should ev'ry Creature



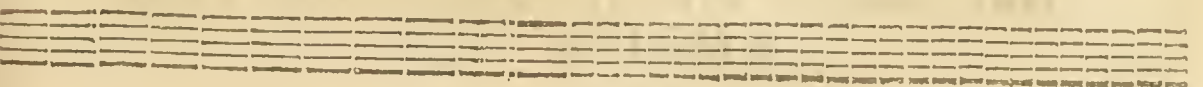
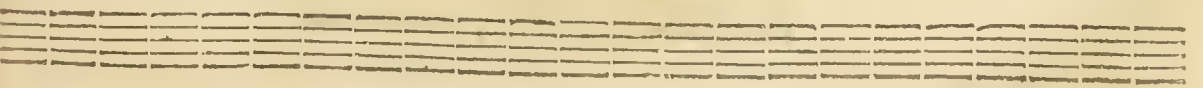
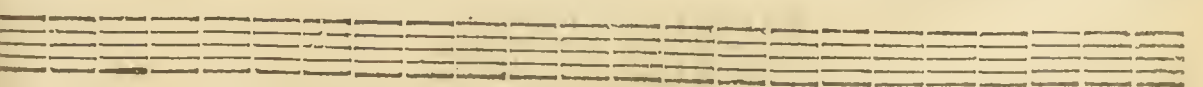
drink but I? Why Man of Mortals, tell me why?



drink but I? Why Man of Mortals, tell me why?



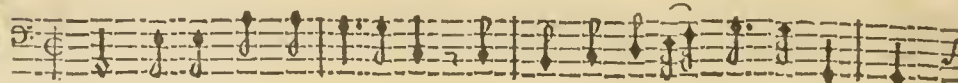
Mr. Roger Hill.



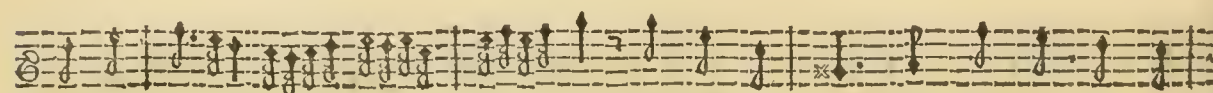
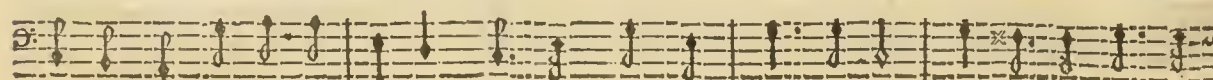
Calia's Complaint.



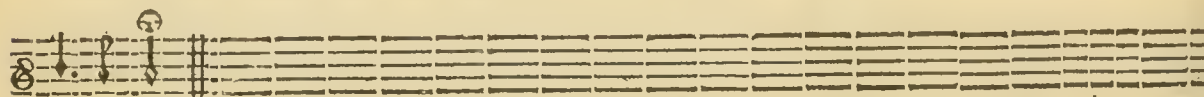
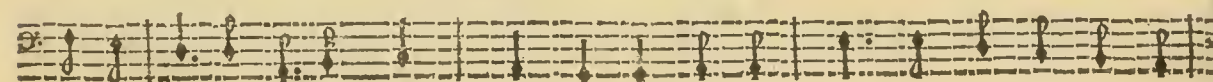
Oor *Ca'ia* once was very fair, a quick bewitching Eye she had; most



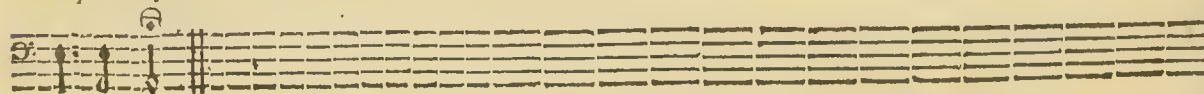
neatly look'd her braided Hair, her dainty Cheek would make you mad; up--on her Lips did



all the Gra-ces pla- - - - -y and on her Breasts ten Thousand Thousand



Cupids lay.



II.

Mr. Roger Hill.

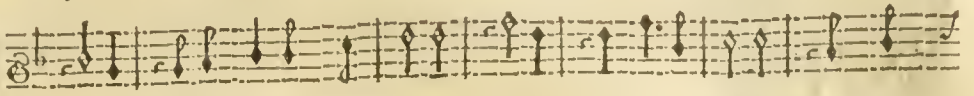
Then many a doting Lover came
From Seventeen till Twenty one;
Each told her of his mighty flame,
But She, forfooth, affected none:
One was not Handsome, th' other was not Fine;
This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

III.

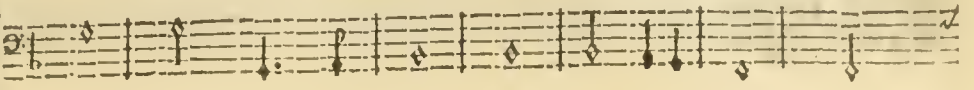
But t' other day it was my fate
To walk along that way alone;
I saw no Coach before her gate,
But at her dore I heard her moan:
She dropt a Tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
Young Ladies, Marry, Marry while you may.

Here Endeth the AYRES for One Voice to the Theorbo
or Bass Viol.

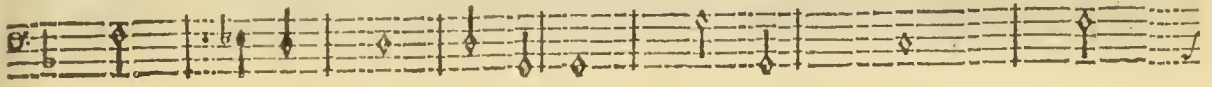
Select Italian Ayrs for One or Two Voices to the Theorbo Lute.



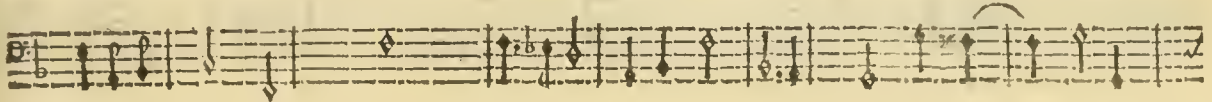
Ove Dove Corri mio Cori volgi de'l volgi passi que per



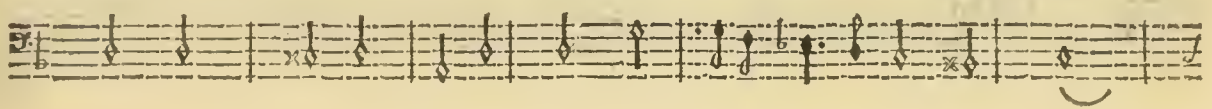
questo sentiera morte a morte vaffi sei dif-posito damare Eccho t'il vero amore il



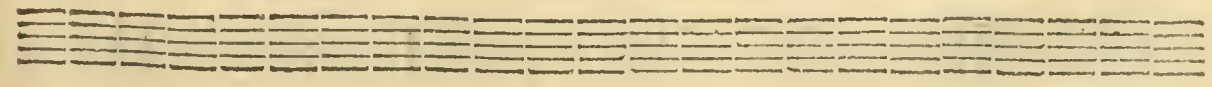
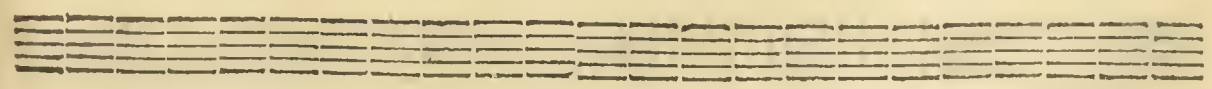
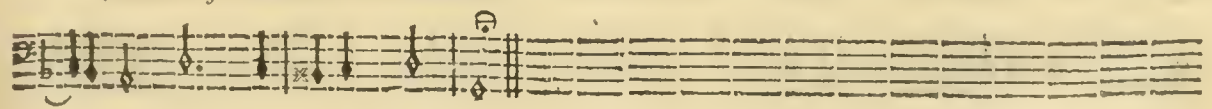
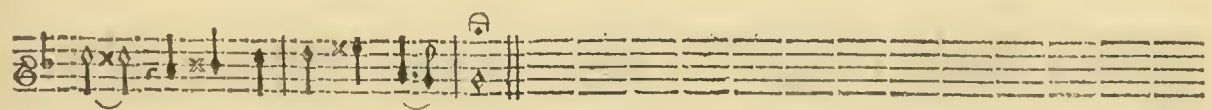
vero a mante Che cio cia il vero quel Palido sembe-an-te e quelle piage dolemente



amare spira-mo ad u-na vo-ce Soverchio a more Soverchio amore mi se mo-



rir mi se morir in Cro--ce.





Ntene-ri-te voi lagrime moi, Intenerite voi quel du-ro co-

re chi'n van percote'a mo-re ver-sate'a mile'a mil - le fa-te di piant'un mar dolenti stille.

O quel mio Vago Scoglio d'Altezz'e d'orgoglio ripercosso da voi men duro Si-a, O sen'

esca con voi, O sen esca con voi l'anima mea.

O chi Bell'o'ne imper'aj ad' Amor in un memento occhi bell'o'ne imper'aj ad' Amor in un memento.

Quando mira vost'ro raiche medan gio'ia Etormento Ah'chio moro, Ah'chio moro, Ah'chio moro di conten-to.

Quando mira vost'ro raiche medan gio'ia Etormento Ah'chio moro, Ah'chio moro, Ah'chio moro di conten-to.

Quando mira vost'ro raiche medan gio'ia Etormento Ah'chio moro, Ah'chio moro, Ah'chio moro di conten-to.

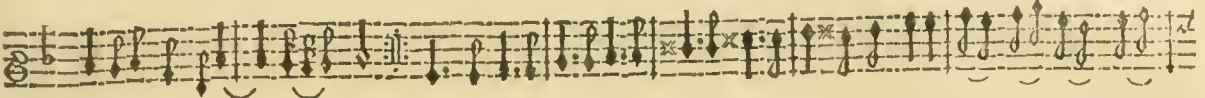
Quando mira vost'ro raiche medan gio'ia Etormento Ah'chio moro, Ah'chio moro, Ah'chio moro di conten-to.

Quando mira vost'ro raiche medan gio'ia Etormento Ah'chio moro, Ah'chio moro, Ah'chio moro di conten-to.

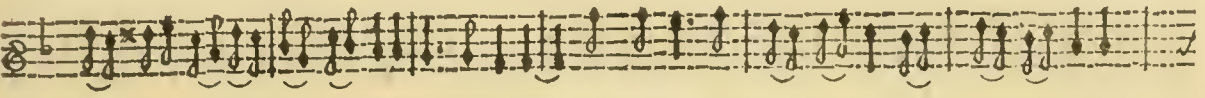
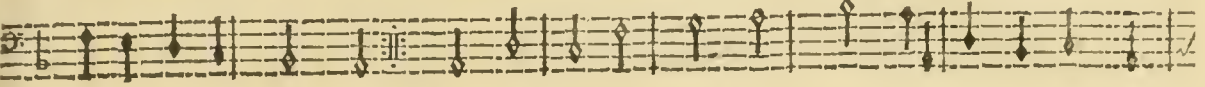
Quando mira vost'ro raiche medan gio'ia Etormento Ah'chio moro, Ah'chio moro, Ah'chio moro di conten-to.



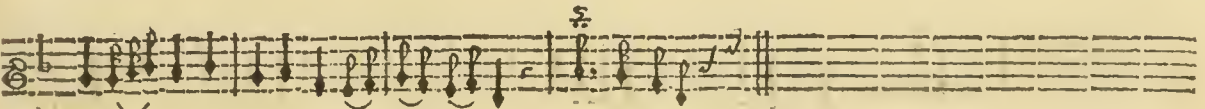
H che lasso credero voi belocci di di-- si si-- si ela mia fortuna no ro--



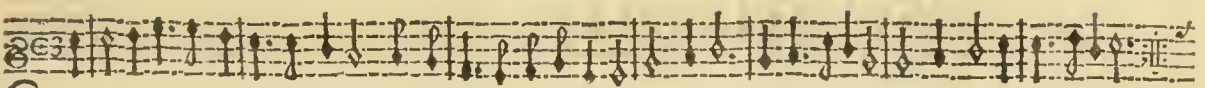
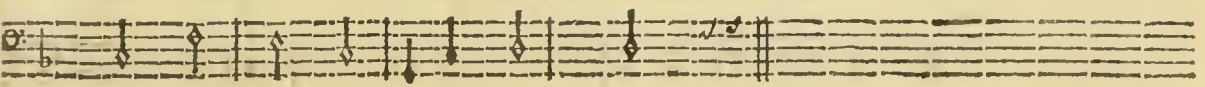
no ela mia for--tu--na no Ah che care lucè bella cose checco il cor bin vidi che nel chil mar



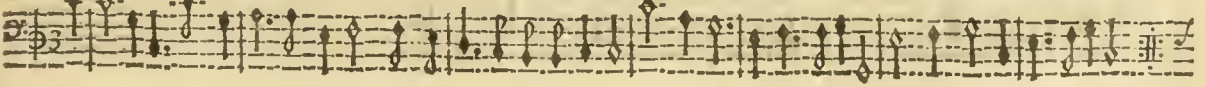
ca--ri--se fe--de si mentis ero le stelle mal regor mis be-go-te mis be-go-te di-



ro fat--ta no, no, no, no, o due non so. Ah che lasso, &c.



S *Io moro chi dira chi dira la crudel ne mica mea chil mio mal tanto desia chil mio mal tanto desia.*



Pangira sio moro si si si si si a me e spera col tempo che sa cho sa si moves una volta picca.





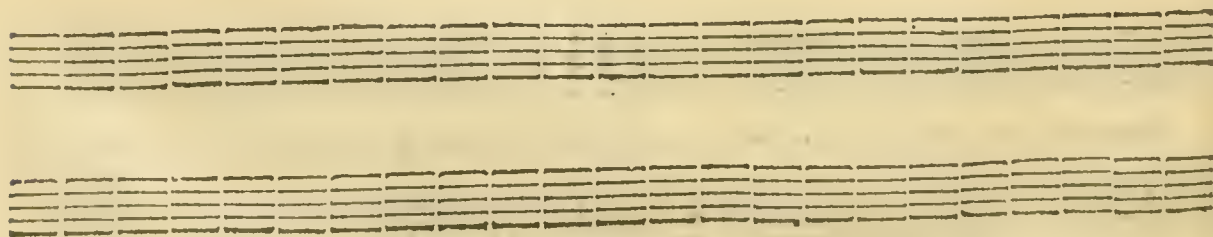
Mante'a con--fig--lio Amante'a con--fig--lio Si per fido

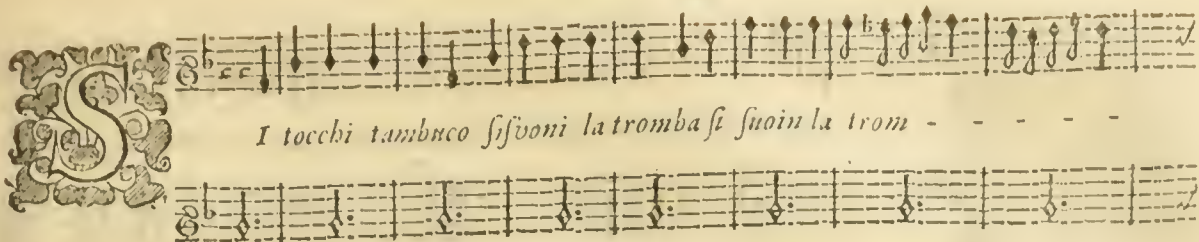
a'ncide si l'alma divide spreze'za bel volte fug--gitè un bel cig-li--o fug--gi-

te u'n bel cig--li--o. Che bella non'e au'vien che se vanta d'aver u-n'a

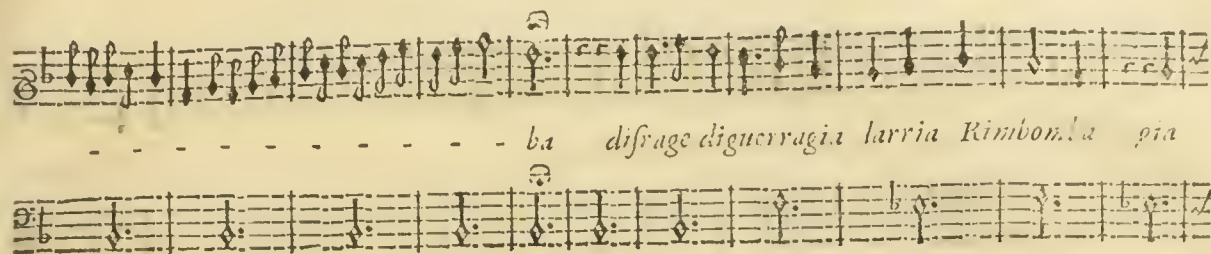
mante che L'a-mi con fe lo mira la letta con gioi In-fi-ni-ta a' mar questa

bella ne pena la vi--ta ne pena ne pena la vi--ta.

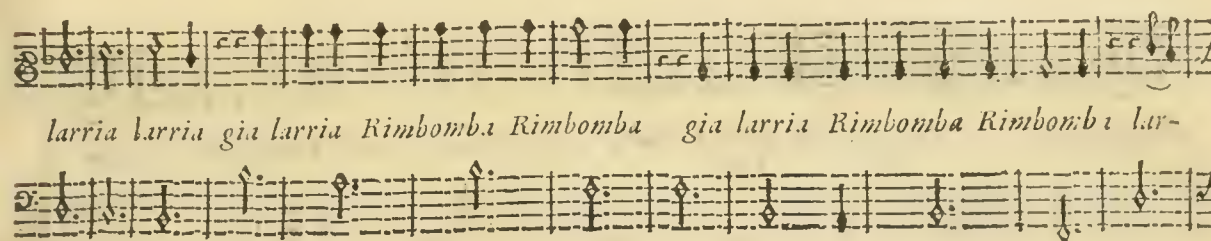




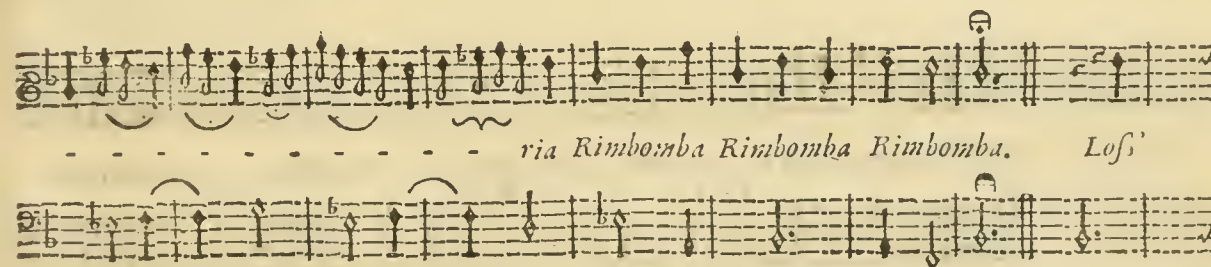
I tocchi tambuco sifvoni la tromba se suoin la trom - - - -



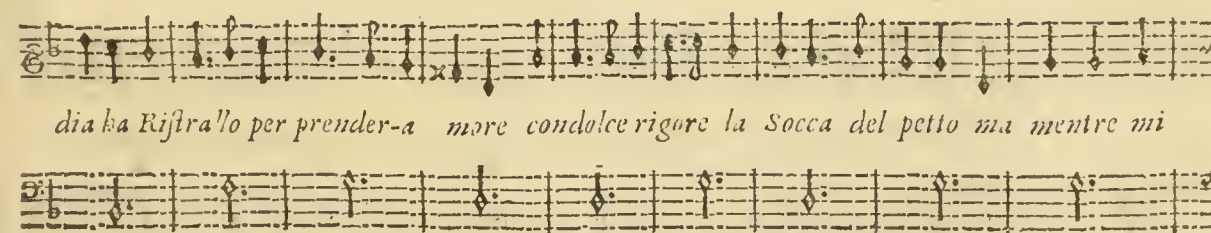
- - - - - ba disrage diguerragia larrria Rimbomba gia



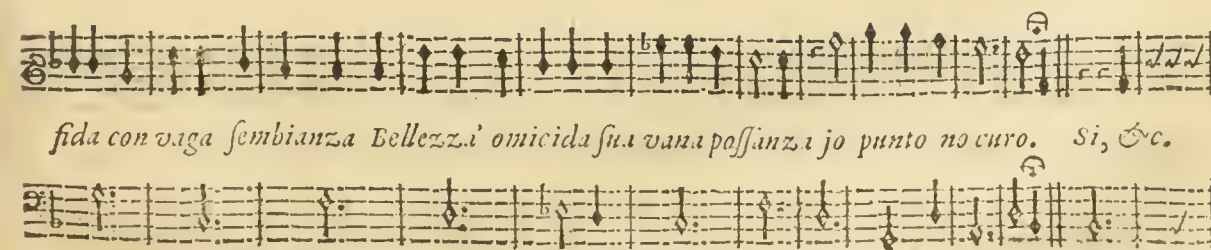
larrria larrria gia larrria Rimbomba Rimbomba gia larrria Rimbomba Rimbomba lar-



- - - - - ria Rimbomba Rimbomba Rimbomba. Los'



dia ka Ristrallo per prender-a more condolce rigore la Socca del petto ma mentre mi



fida con viga sembianza Bellezz.i omicida sua vana possanza jo punto no curo. Si, &c.



I guardi che puo Si guardi che puo la ma ga d' A-more ha tolt 'il

mio co-re poi dice di no Si guardi chi puo Si guar - - - di Si guar-

di chi puo. L' empia con dolci accenti, va lusingando ogn'ni durato petto ma poi di

tradimenti il miser amator lo fa ricetto lasso per prouo 'io'l dico piango l'errore antico fo-

spiro la cagion ch' a morte iono. Si guardi che, &c. Fugite nicant a' manti la spie tata ca-

gion d'aspri martiri Abi ch' in un mar di pianti vi sommerge tal' hor c'oi suoi sospiri Fugite

inezze' ei si guardj che son fint' e bugiardj fugite pur colci che n'ingano. Si guardj che, &c.

Fugite Fugite L'ingan-ni d'Amore scacia-te s'bandite quest

'empio dalcore un Amante tradi-ta un amante Schernito ui Vaglia d'es sempie Fu-gi-te fu-

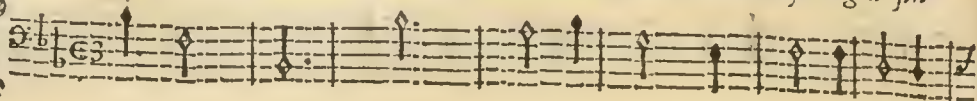
gite quest'empio fu-gite fu--gite fu-gite quest' em-pi-o.

*Lusinga Col canto d'angelico viso
Ma subit impianto si Cangia quell viso
Questi fuimi Correnti questilumi dolenti
Visigno d' esempio fugite, &c.*

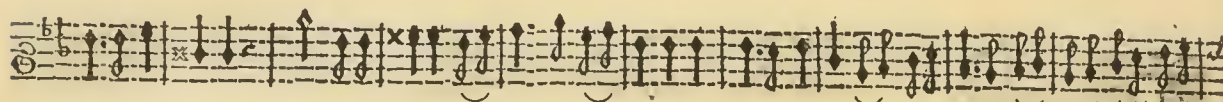
*Vi chiama Col guardo con occhio cheride
Pei scocca quel dardo che l'amim ancide
La mia grave ferita la mia doglia infinite
Vi vaglia d'esempio, &c.*



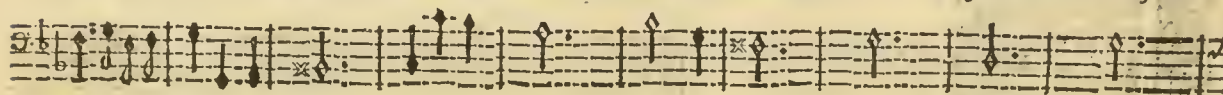
E quei begliocchi de quei begliocchi is guardi Amorosi digia sin-



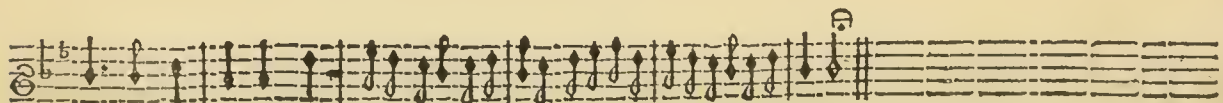
clina il fiore Epian piano le gratie sen vano le gratie sen vano se fug - - gi la bel-ta se



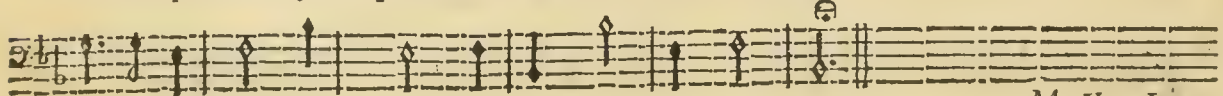
nuore lamore, deh Godiamo il giorno presente dimani retor-na ill sole Ca-den-te, di-



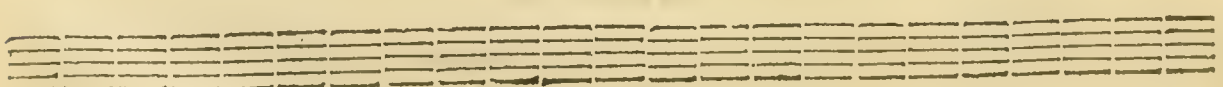
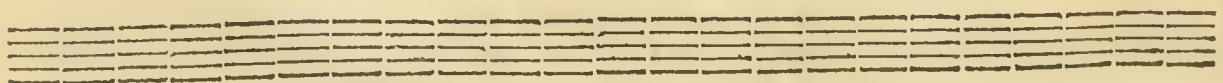
mani re-tor-na ill sole' Candente' Ma in vano in vano belezze' perdute' be-



lezze' perdute' s'as pet-te--ra---no s'as pet---te---rano.



Mr Hen. Laws.



SELECT DIALOGUES

To Sing to the *LUTE* or *VIOL*.

A DIALOGUE. [Treble & Bass.]

Shepherd and Nymph.

Shepherd.

Weet Lovely Nymph! whose Eyes do move me above all other Swains to

Nymph.

Love thee. Shepherd, you feign; and I know there is no flattering Swain like you.

Shepherd.

Nymph.

O fair one! do not wrong me so, for if ever Shepherd Lov'd, I doe. May I believe thy

Shep.

CHORUS.

Vows unfained. Or may I die by you disdained. Hen let us Joy, then let us Joy each
Then let us Joy, then let us Joy each

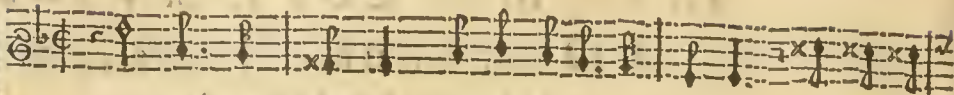
others Love, and strive and strive who shall most Constant prove.

others Love, and strive and strive who shall most Constant prove.

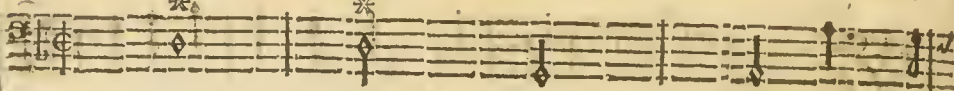
Mr. Hen: Lawes:

A DIALOGUE. [Treble & Bass.]
Nymph and Shepherd

Nymph.



Hy sighs thou, Shepherd? This passion is not common: Is't for thy

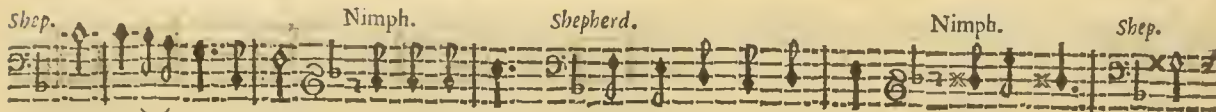


Shepherd.

Nymph.



Kids or Lambkins? For a Woman. How fair is She that on so sage a brow prints Lowring Looks?

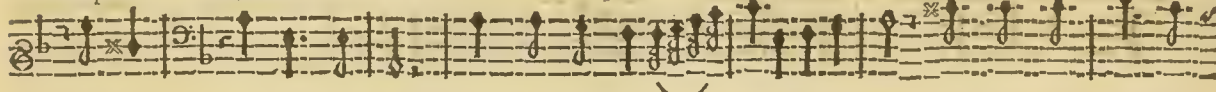


Iust such a toy as thou. Is she a Maid? What man can Answer that? Or Widow? No.



Nymph.

Shepherd.



What then? I know not what: Saint-like she looks, a Syren if she sing; her Eyes are Stones, her



Nymph.

Shep.



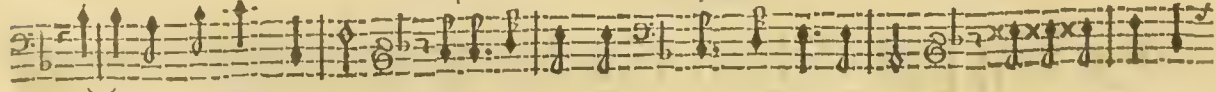
Mind, her Mind is ev'ry thing. If she be fickle, Shepherd leave to wooe, and fancy Me. No,



Nymph.

Shepherd.

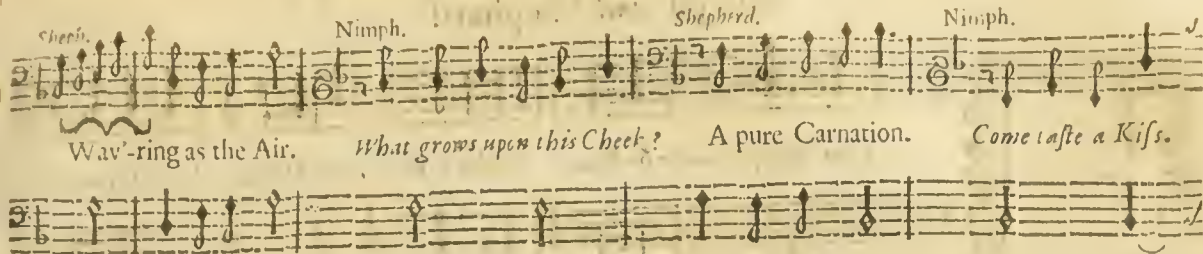
Nymph.



no, Thou art Woman too. But I am Constant. Then thou art not Fair. Bright as the morning.



Sheph. Nymph. Shephrd. Nymph.



Wav'-ring as the Air. What grows upon this Cheek? A pure Carnation. Come taste a Kiss.

Shep. Chorus.

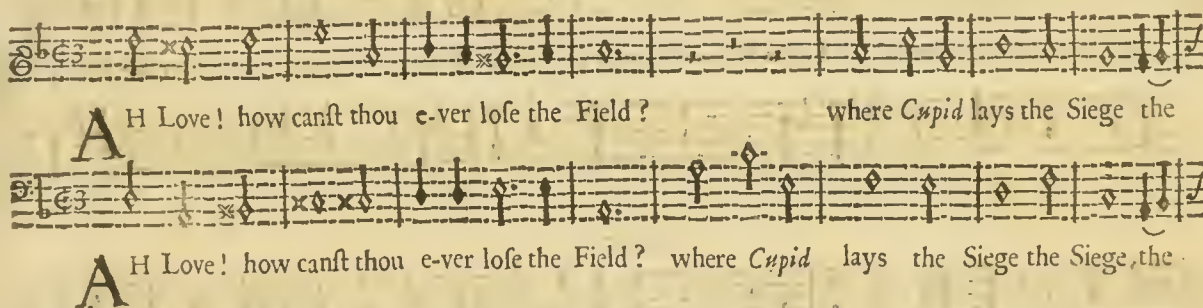


O sweet, O sweet, O sweet temptation! O sweet, O sweet temptation!

Chor.

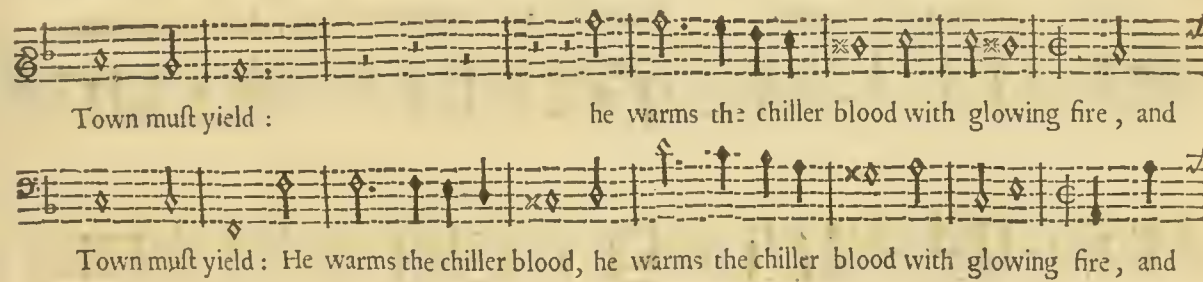
O sweet, O sweet temptation!

CHORUS.



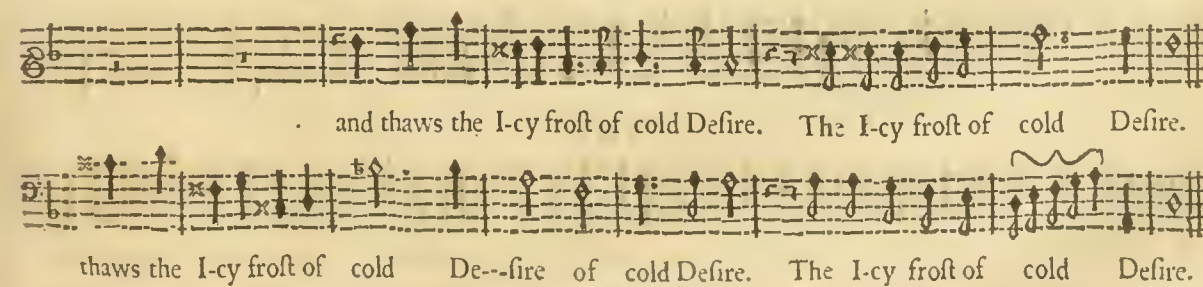
A H Love! how canst thou e-ver lose the Field? where Cupid lays the Siege the

A H Love! how canst thou e-ver lose the Field? where Cupid lays the Siege the Siege, the



Town must yield : he warms the chiller blood with glowing fire, and

Town must yield : He warms the chiller blood, he warms the chiller blood with glowing fire, and



and thaws the I-cy frost of cold Desire. The I-cy frost of cold Desire.

thaws the I-cy frost of cold De--fire of cold Desire. The I-cy frost of cold Desire.

Mr. John Jenkins.

A DIALOGUE. [Treble & Bass.]
Nymph and Shepherd.

Nymph.



*H*ast you Nymphs, make hast away, 'for this is Pan's high Holiday: Look, O look, the

Shepherd.

Swains appear. Fl - - - y not, Fl - - - y not, all are Lovers here, then do not fear.

Nymph.

Say, should we trust, mens Oaths are but words writ in Dust: O they can fain, cry they are slain;

Shepherd.

but when we yield, they scorn again. No, no, not so, we Men are Kind, but Women Cruel

Cruel as the Wind: Upon the wide Sea they seldome Save, but bring new woes with a new Wave.

CHORUS.

Nymphs and Swains make hast away, make hast away; For this is Pan's high Holiday, For this is Pan's high Holiday.

Nymphs and Swains make hast away, make hast away; For this is Pan's high Holiday, For this is Pan's high Holiday.

A DIALOGUE. [Treble & Bass.]

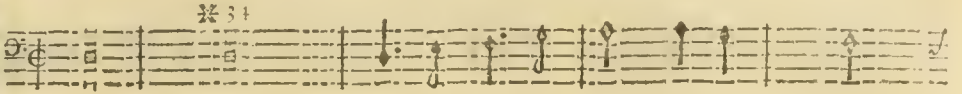
Occasioned by the Death of the young Lord HASTINGS, who dyed some few days before he was to have been Married to Sir Theodore Meibern's Daughter, in June, 1649.

Charon and Eucosmia.

Eucosmia.



Charon, O Charon, draw thy Boat to th' Shore; and to thy many, take in

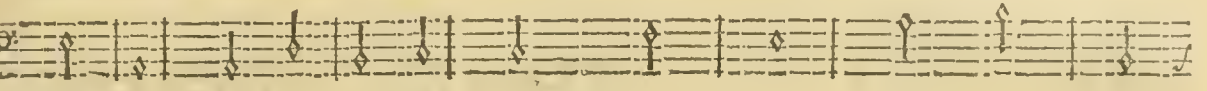


Charon.

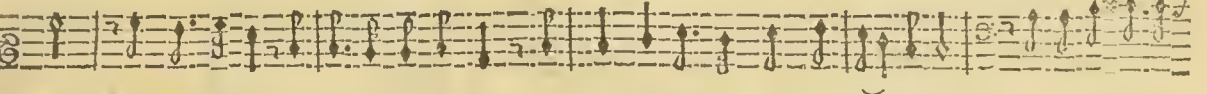
Eucosmia.



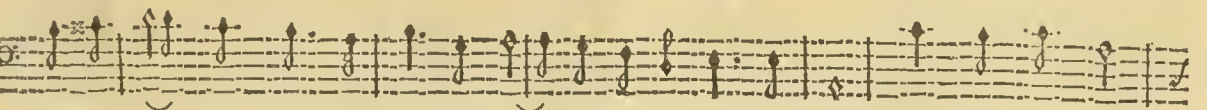
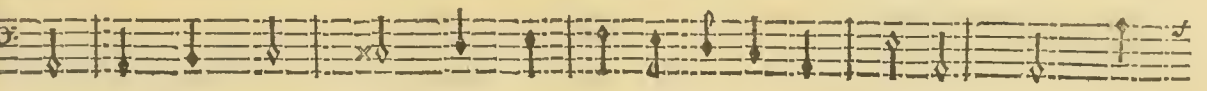
one soul more. *Who calls, who calls?* One o'whelm'd with ruth, have pi-ty either on my tears or



Charon.



youth, and take me in a Virgin in distrefs, but first cast off thy wonted churlishness. *I'd be as gentle*



as that Aire which yields a breath of Balm along the Elizium fields. *Tell what thou art.*



Eucosmia.

Char.



A Maid that had a Lover, then which thy self ne're wafted Sweeter over: He was. *Say what.*



Eucosmia.

Char.

Eucos.



Ah me! my woes are deep. *Prethee relate, while I give ear, and weep.* *Hastings, Hastings,* was his name,

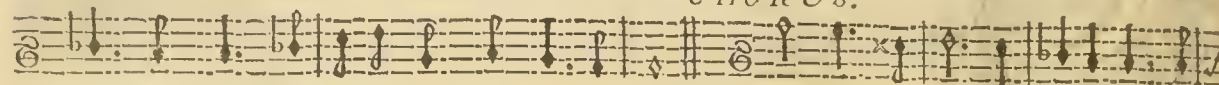




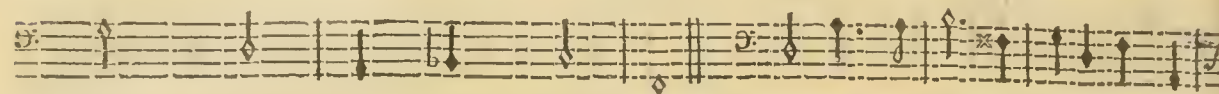
and that one name has in it all good that is, and ever was: He was my Life, my Joy, my Love; but



CHORUS.

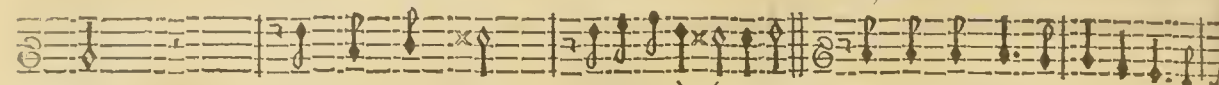


dy'd some houres before I should have been his Bride. Thus, thus the Gods cē-lestial still de-



Thus, thus the Gods ce-lestial still de-

Eucosmia.



cree to humane joys, contingent mi-se-rie. The hallow'd Tapers all prepared

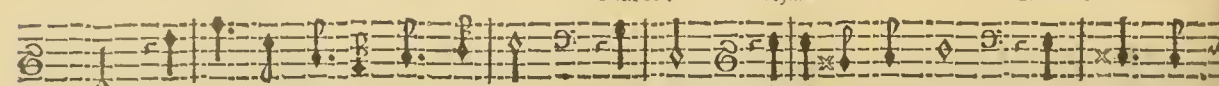


cree to humane joys, to humane joys, con-tingent mi - fe - rie.

Charon.

Eucosmia.

Charon.



were, and *Hymen* call'd to blefs the Rites. *Stop there.* Great are my woes. *And great must*



Eucosm.

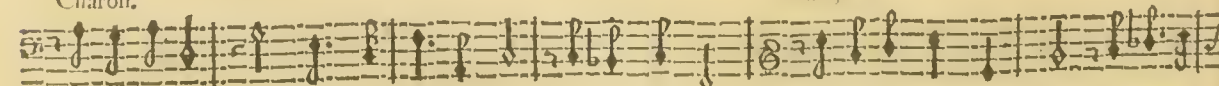


that grief be which makes grim Charon here to pi-ty thee: *But now come iz.* More I would yet relate.



Charon.

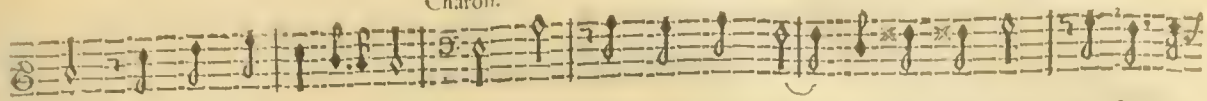
Fuofr.



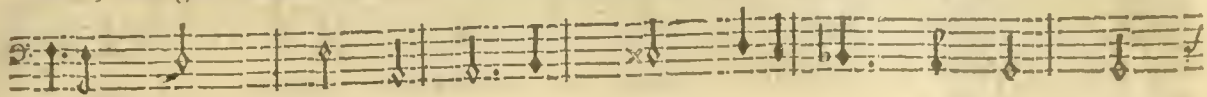
I cannot stay, more Souls for wasting wait, and I must hence. Yet let me thus nuch know departing



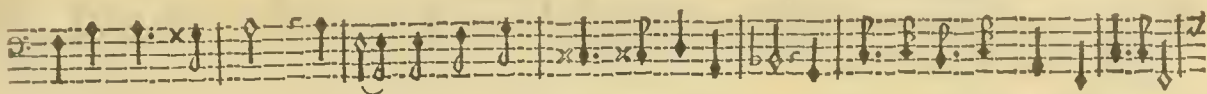
Charon.



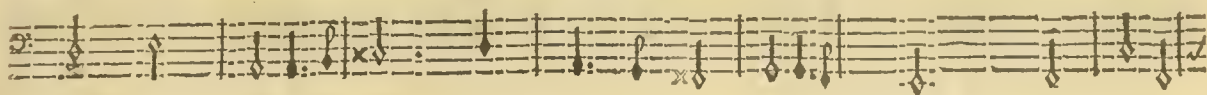
hence, where good and bad Souls go? Those Souls which ne're were drench'd in pleasures streams, the fields of



Phlox are reserv'd for them, where dress'd with garlands there they walk the ground, whose blessed Youth with



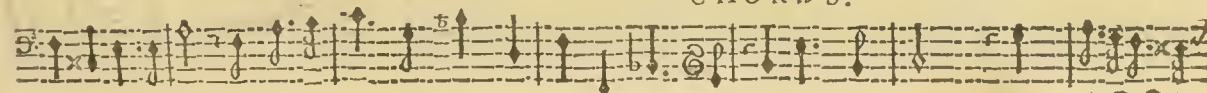
endless flowers is crown'd: But such as have been drown'd in the wilde sea, for those is kept the gulph of Hecate;



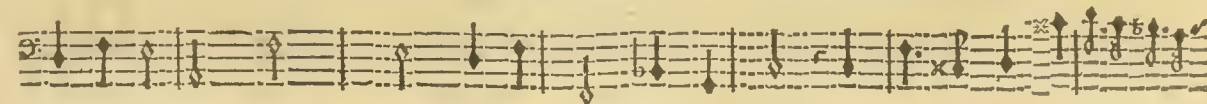
where with their own contagion they are fed; and there do punish, and are punish'd. This know, the rest of



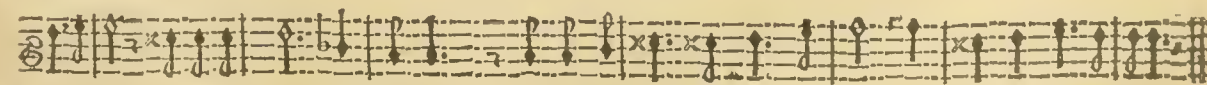
CHORUS.



thy sad story tell, when on the flood that nine times circles Hell. We, we sail from hence, we sail



We sail We sail from hence, we sail



from hence to visit mortals never, but there to live where love shall last, where love shall last for ever.

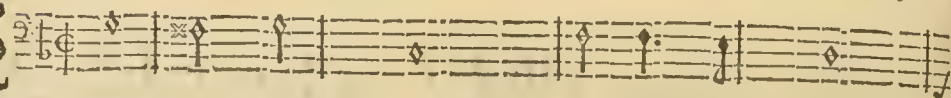


from hence to visit mortals never, but there to live where love shall last, where love shall last for ever.

A DIALOGUE. [Treble & Bass.]

Charon and Amintor.

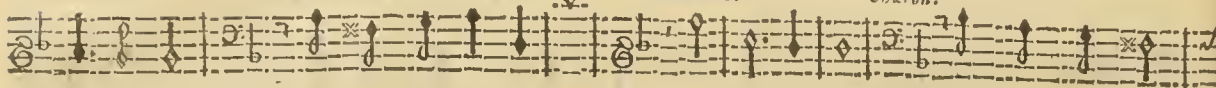
Amintor.

Charon, O Charon! *Hear a wretch oppress, and waite me ore to Shades of*

Charon.

Amintor.

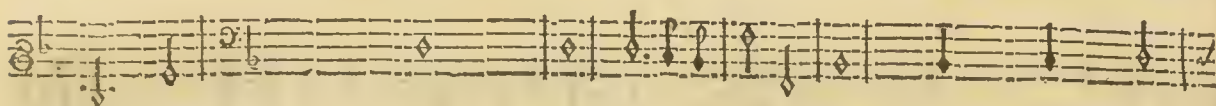
Charon.

*end. fs rest.*

What art that calls so loud?

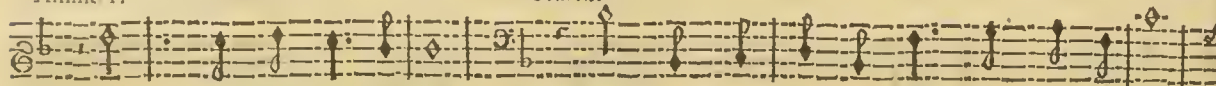
One full of care.

How cam'st thou here?

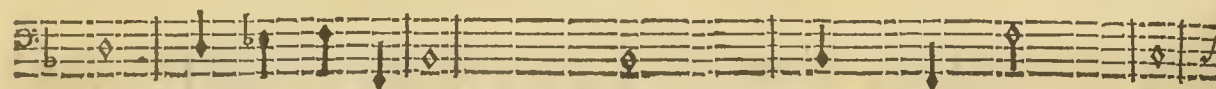


Amintor.

Charon.

*Through Shades of deep Despair.*

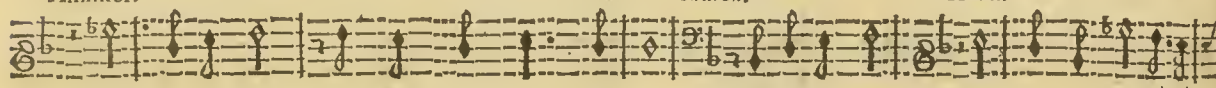
Why, from the Common path cam'st thou a-stray?



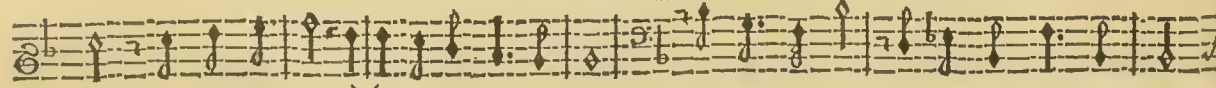
Amintor.

Charon.

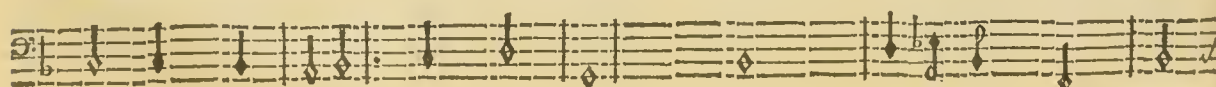
Amintor.

*Grief was my Guide, and Love taught Grief the way.* Where is thy Pass? *No Pass but Tears I*

Char.

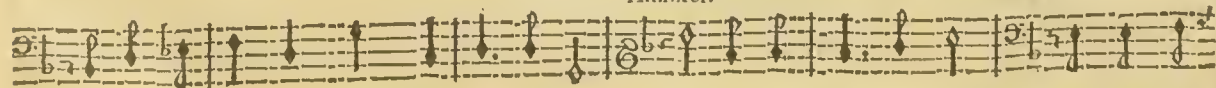
*have; so waite me o're is all the Pass I crave.*

Away, fond man, avoyd the Shades beneath;



Amintor.

Charon.

Here cometh none, but through the gates of Death. *My woes are worse than Death.* What's that to

Amintor. Charon.

me? I ne-ver pity humane miserie. *Hard hearted wresch.* Get hence, get hence; thou dost me wrong.

Amintor. Char.

In thy despite, in thy despite l'le pass e're it be long. Away away a-way away; Go see if Time can

Amintor.

Thee recover: If not, If not, bring Deaths black Seal, I'le waft thee over. *Grief, rain a Sea of*

Tears for me to sail: And Love thy Quiver lend a Boat to make, the storm of sighs with

C H O R U S.

speed will so prevail, that spite of Death we'll ferry o're the Lake. And being set up-on th' *Elizium*

Chorus.

And being set up-on th' *Elizium*

Shore, we'l sing such woes, such woes; we'l sing such woes, such woes, as ne'r cam: there before.

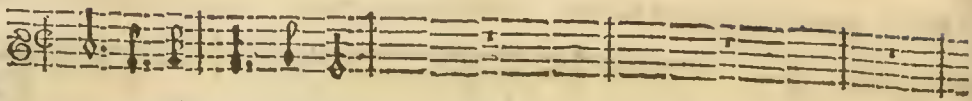
Shore, we'l sing such woes, such woes, such woes; we'l sing such woes, such woes, such woes, as ne'r came there before.

A DIALOGUE.

[Two Trebles or Tenors.]

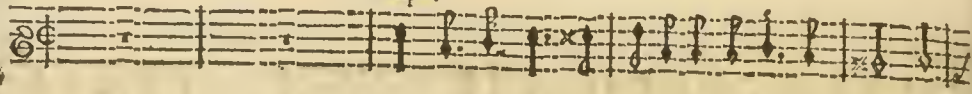
Shepherd and Nymph.

Shepherd.

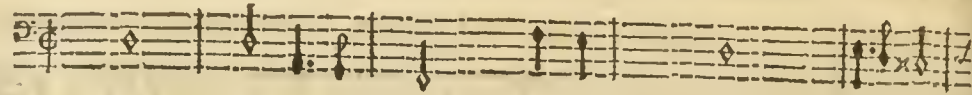


His Mossy-Bank they prest.

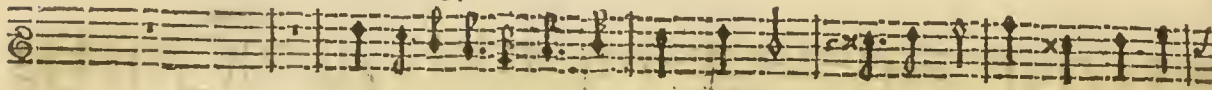
Nymph.



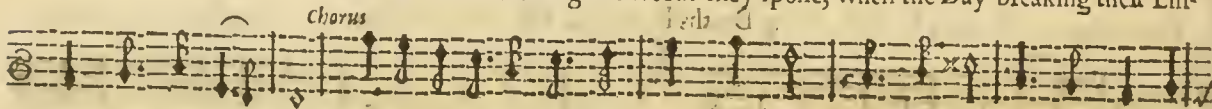
That Aged Oke did canopy the happy Pair all



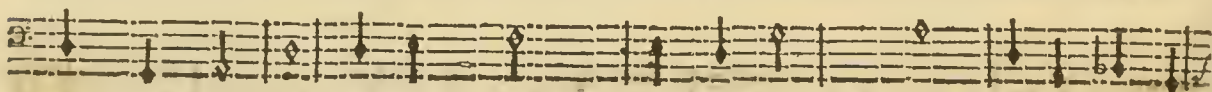
CHORUS.



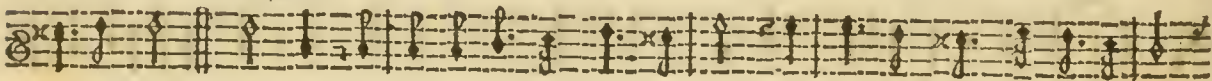
Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke, when the Day breaking their Em-



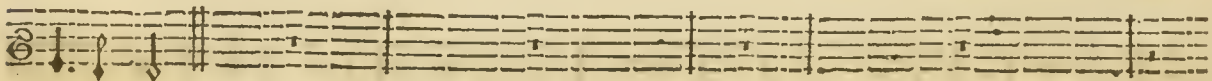
Night from the dark Air. Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke, when the Day breaking their Em-



Shepherd.



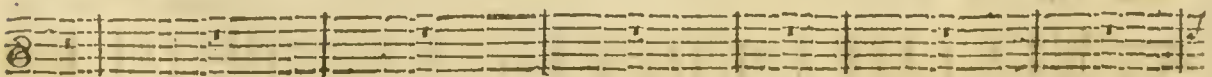
braces broke. See Love the blushes of the Morn appear, and now she hangs her pearly store



braces broke.

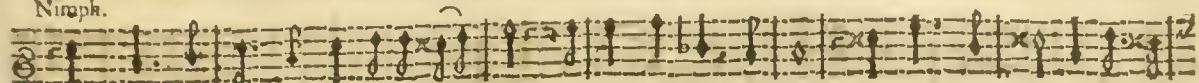


robb'd from the Eastern Shore, i'th Cowslips-bell and Roses ear: Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

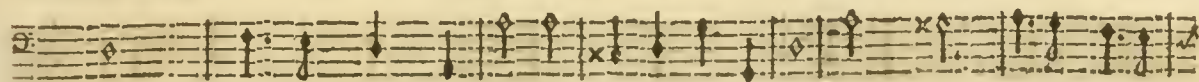




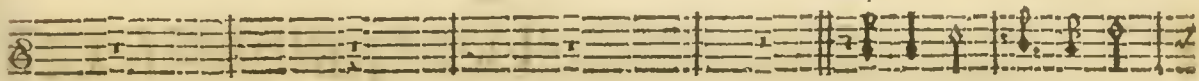
Nymph.



Those streaks of doubtful light usher not Day, but show my Sun must set, no Morn' shall shine till thy re-



Sheph.



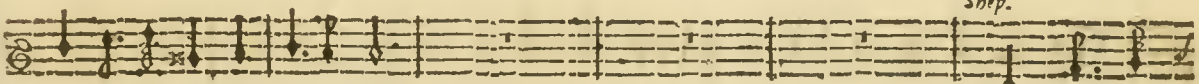
If thine Eyes gild my paths,



turn, the yellow Planet, and the grey Dawn shall attend thee on thy way.



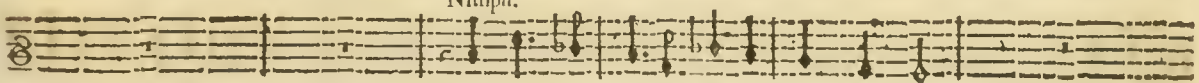
Shep.



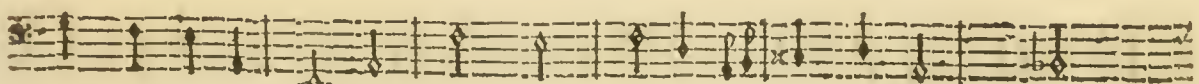
they may forbear their useles shine.

Those drops will

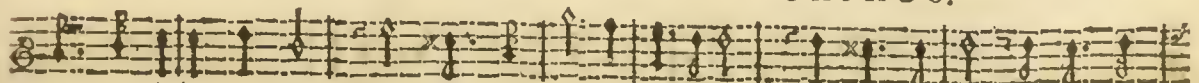
Nymph.



My tears will quite extinguish their faint light.



CHORUS.

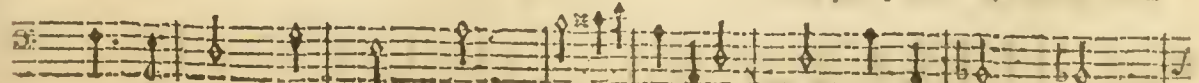


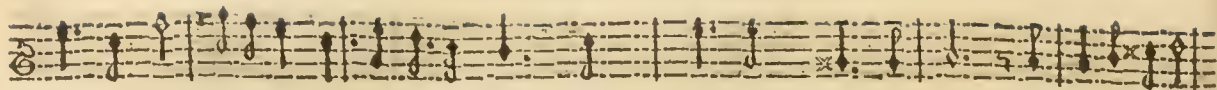
make their beams more clear : Loves flames will shine on ev'ry tear. They wept and kist, and from their

Chorus.



They wept and kist, and from their

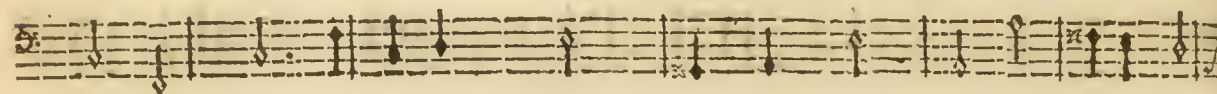




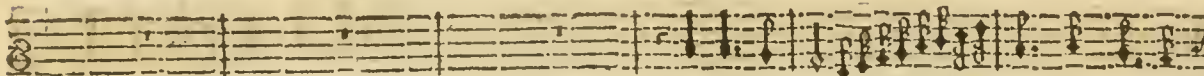
Lips and Eyes in a mixt dew of briny Sweet their Joys and Sorrows meet: But she cries out,



Lips and Eyes in a mixt dew of briny Sweet their Joys their Joys and Sorrows meet: But she cries out,

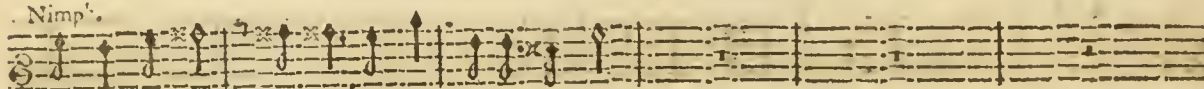


Shepherd.

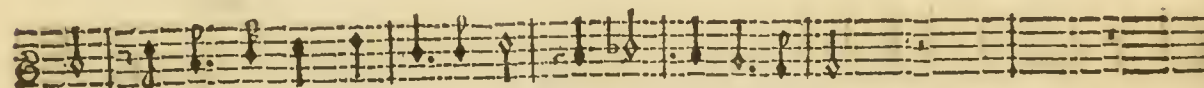
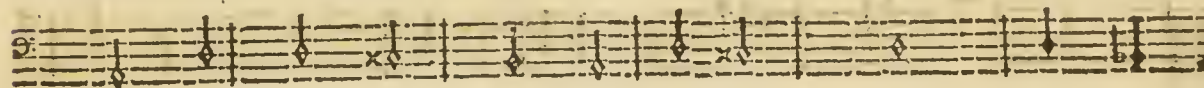


The winged hours fly fast whilst we em-

Nymph.

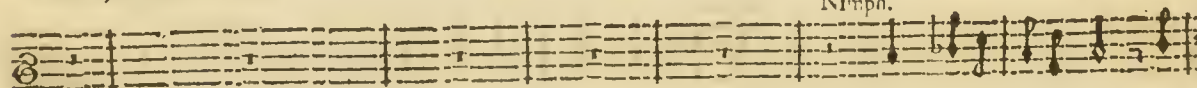


Shepherd a--rise, the Sun betrays us else to Spies.

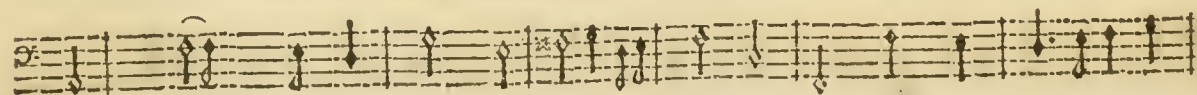


brace; but when we want their help to meet, they move with leaden feet.

Nymph.

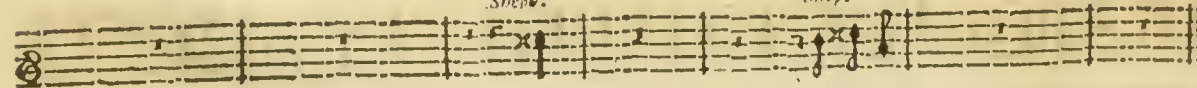


Thea let us pinion Time, and



Sheph.

Shep.

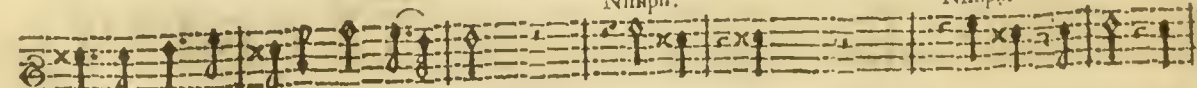


Heark!

For ever.

Nymph.

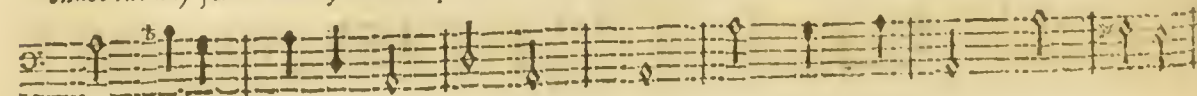
Nymph.



chace the day for e-ver from this place.

Ah me! Stay.

No no, a--rise, we



CHORUS.

Shepherd.



My Nest of Spice.

My Paradise.

Neither could say Farewell, but

Nymph.

Chorus.

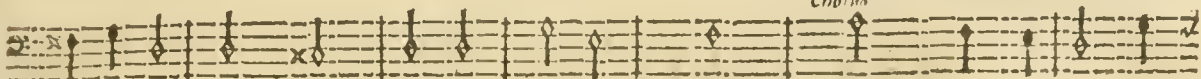


must be gone.

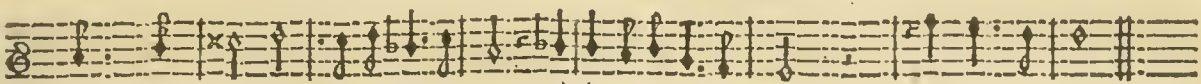
My Soul.

Neither could say Farewell, but

Chorus



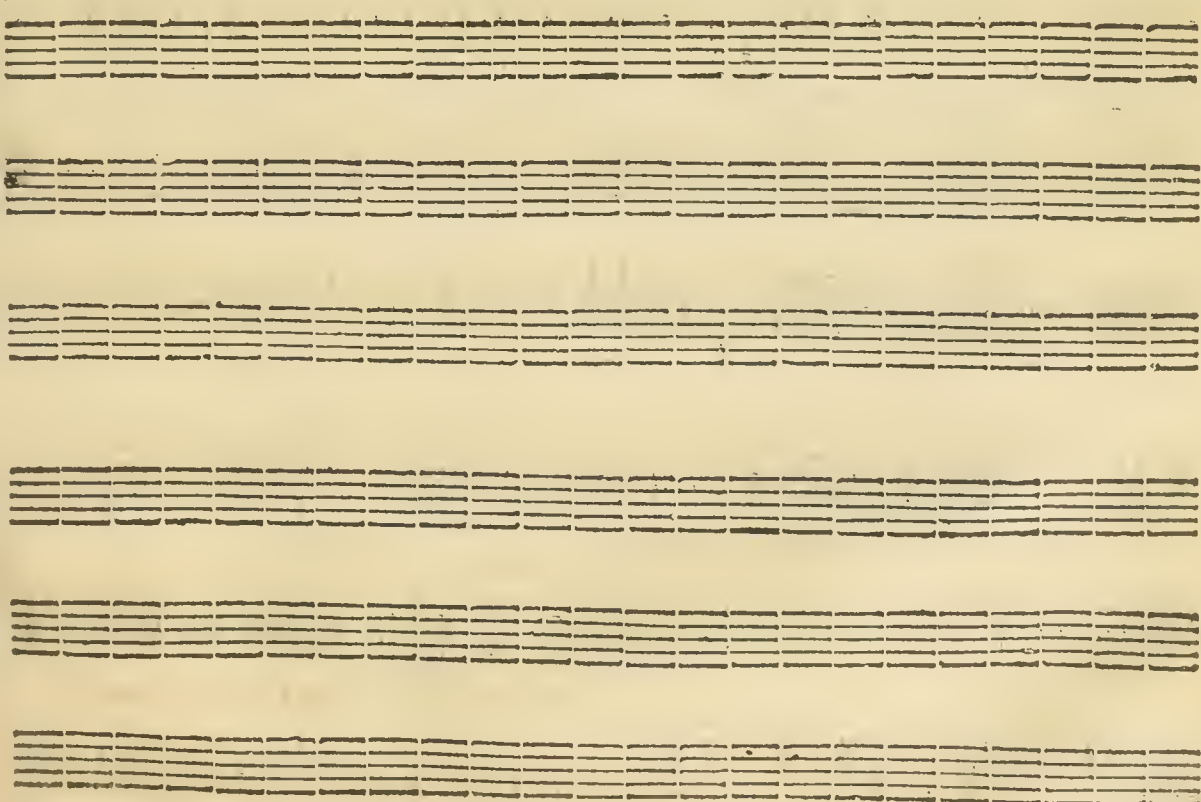
through their Eyes Grief interrupted Speech, Grief interrupted Speech, with Tears supplies.



through their Eyes Grief interrupted Speech, Grief interrupted Speech, with Tears supplies.

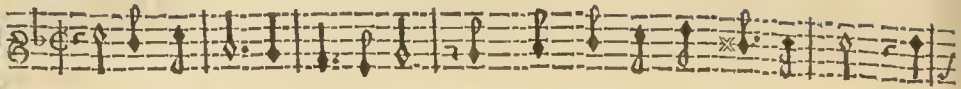


Mr. Henry Lawes:

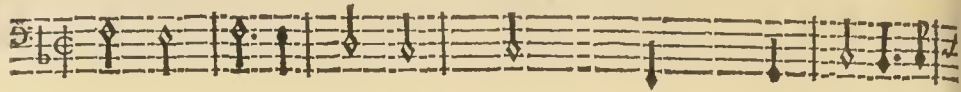
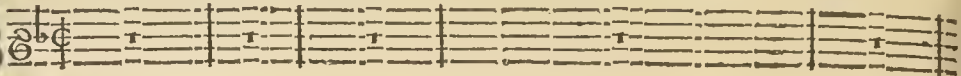


A DIALOGUE. [Two Trebles or Tenors.]
Shepherd and Nymph.

Nymph.



Shepherd well met, I pray thee tell, what makes thy blubber'd Eyes to swell? what



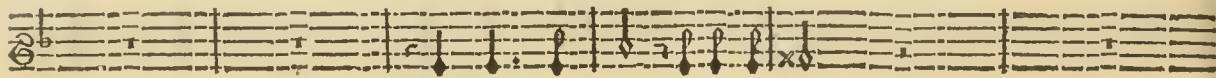
Nymph.



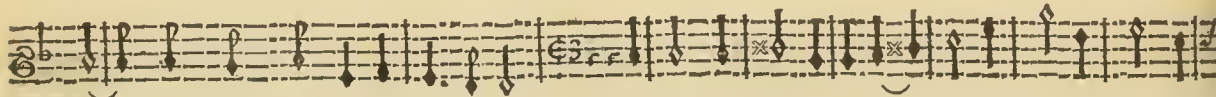
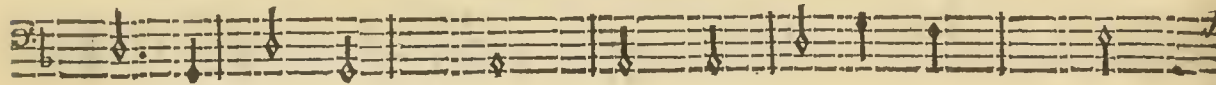
sadness in thy looks do dwell?

Good Shepherd tell me what ill

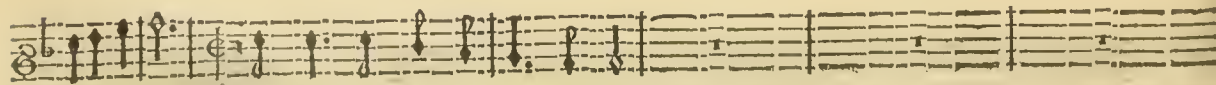
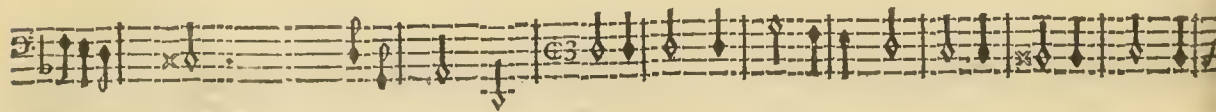
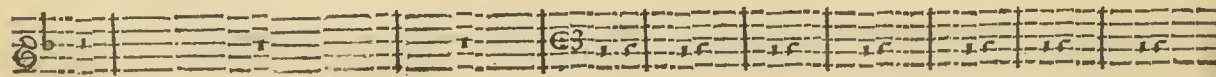
Shepherd.



My woe's too great for to relate.



fate hath brought thee to this doleful state? Thy Dancing bore away the bell, thy cheerful Pipe did



all excell: Why hast thou broke it, Shepherd tell?

Shepherd.



Ah! do not ask, for my sick heart panteth with



Nymph.

A part I'll bear most willingly.

such Infectious smart, thou canst not know but bear a part.

CHORUS.

Griefs jointly borne are eas'd thereby : Griefs jointly borne are eas'd thereby.

Shepherd.

Griefs jointly borne are eas'd thereby : Griefs jointly borne are eas'd thereby. Since th'art in love with

Miserie, know *Clarin's* dead : Now weep thy fill, weep thy fill ; now weep thy fill, weep thy fill.

Nymph.

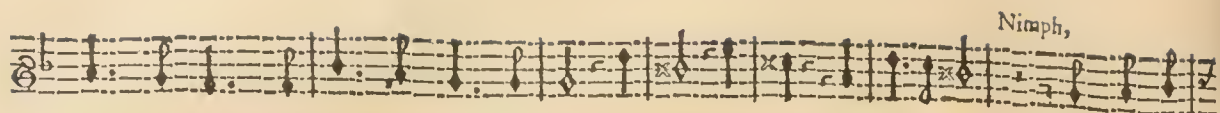
CHORUS.

Indeed I shall.

This story will all tears from our swolne Eyes di-still, from our swolne

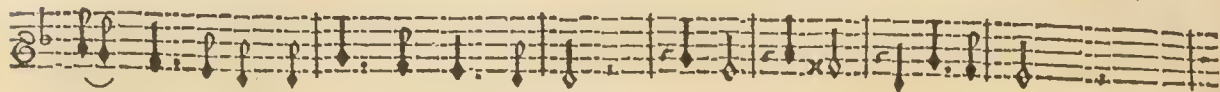
chorus.

This sto-ry will all tears from our swoln Eyes di - - stit, from our

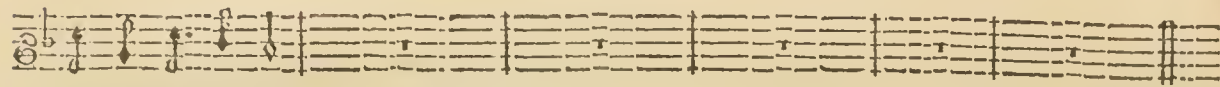
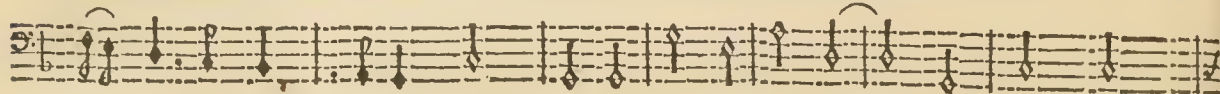


Nymph,

Eyes distill, from our swoln Eyes di - still : our tears our sighs are all in vain. *Can they not*

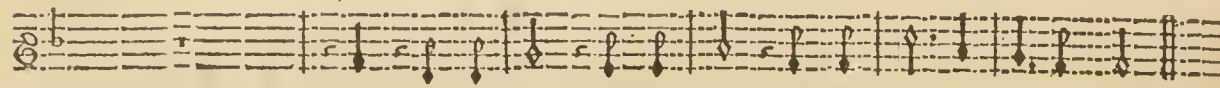


swoln Eyes distill, from our swoln Eyes di - still : our tears our sighs are all in vain.

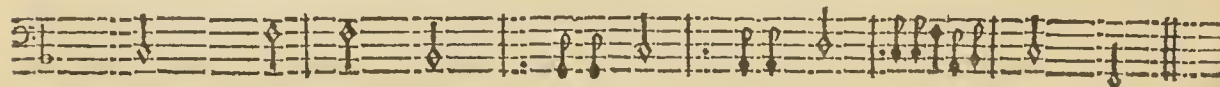


call her back again.

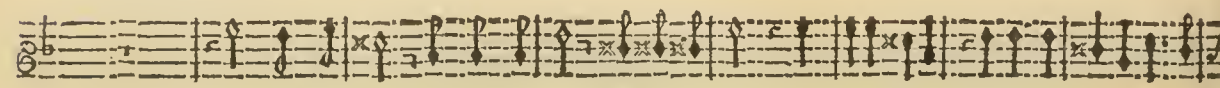
Shep.



No, with the gods, with the gods, with the gods she must remain.

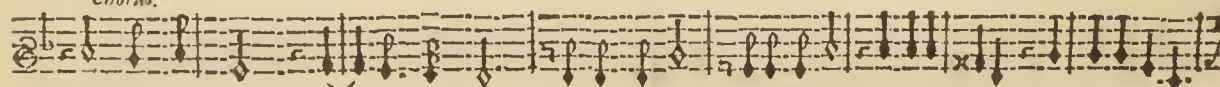


CHORUS.



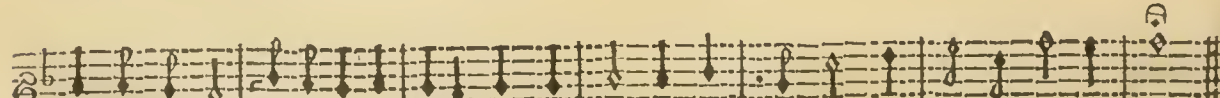
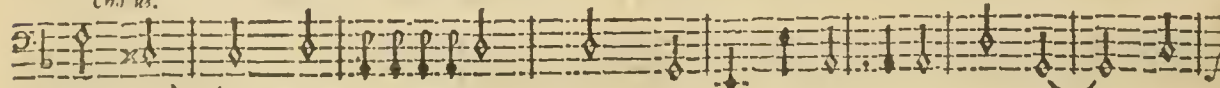
Cease mourning then, she shines above, she shines a-bove ; 'tis not lamenting, 'tis not la-menting can re-

Chorus.

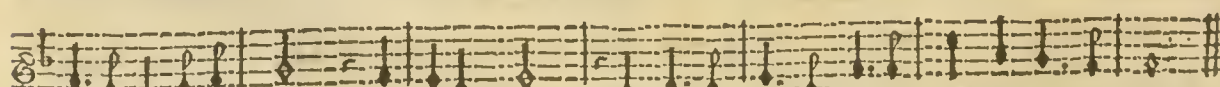


Cease mourning then, cease mourning then, she shines above, she shines above; 'tis not lamenting, 'tis not lamenting

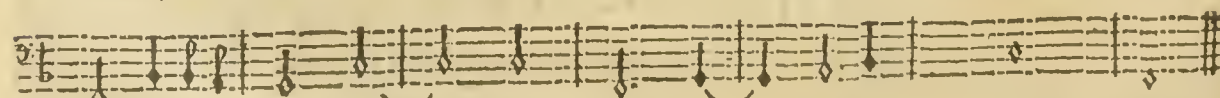
Chorus.



move, can remove, can remove or lessen Grief; but shew our Love, but shew our Love, but shew our Love.



can remove, can re—move, or lessen Grief; but shew our Love, but shew our Love, but shew our Love.



Mr. Simon Inc.

FINIS.

CHOICE

Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues

To SING to the

THEORBO-LUTE, or BASS-VIOL.

BEING

Most of the Newest *Ayres*, and *Songs*, Sung at *COURT*,
And at the Publick *THEATRES*.

Composed by several Gentlemen of His Majesties Musick, and others.

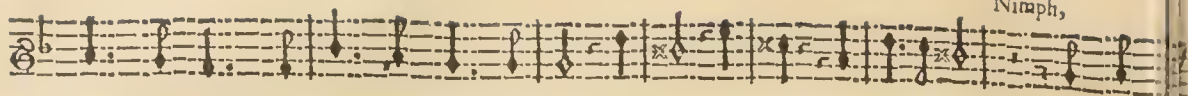
The *SECOND EDITION* Corrected and Enlarged.



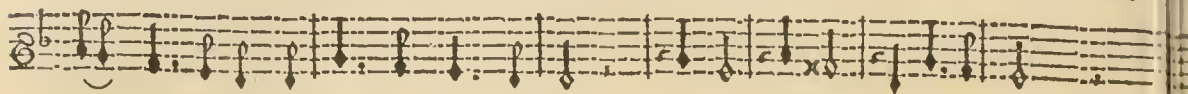
LONDON,

Printed by *W. Godbid*, and are to be sold by *John Playford*,
near the *Temple Church*, 1675.

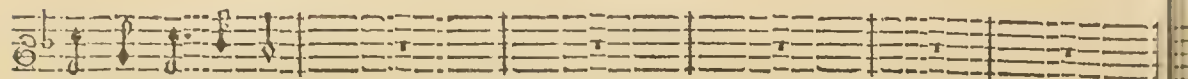
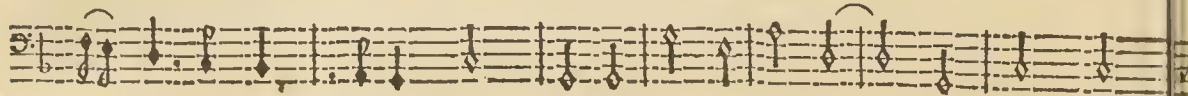
Nymph,



Eyes distill, from our swoln Eyes di - still : our tears our sighs are all in vain. *Can they*

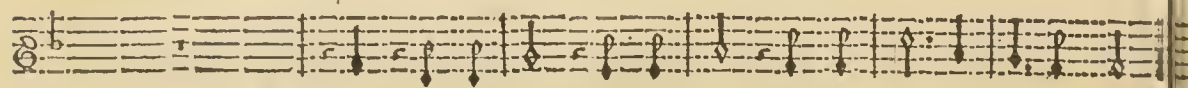


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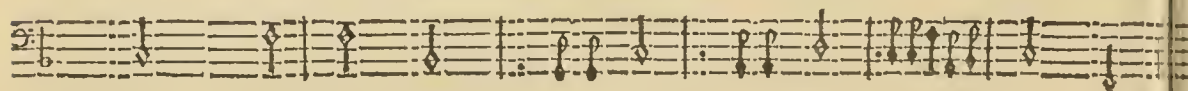


call her back again.

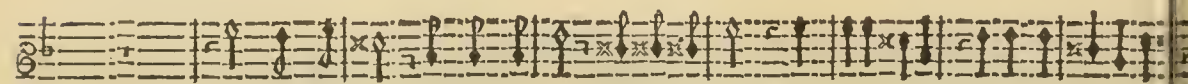
Shep.



No, with the gods, with the gods, with the gods she must remain.

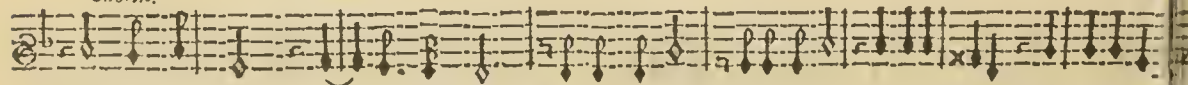


CHORUS.



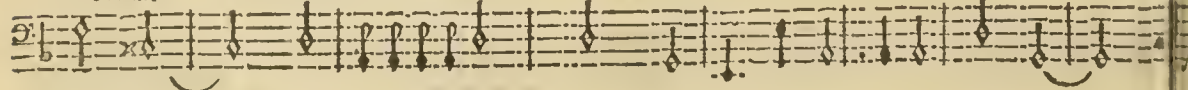
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Chorus.

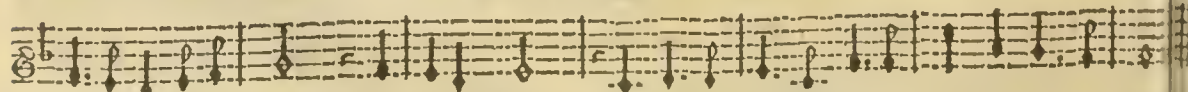


Cease mourning then, cease mourning then, she shines above, she shines above; 'tis not lamenting, 'tis not lamer-

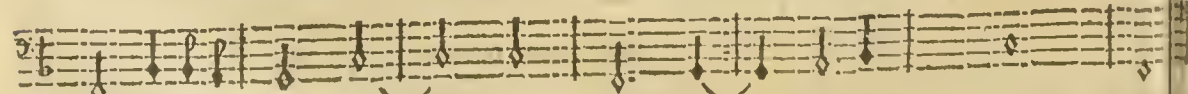
Chorus.



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Mr. Simon

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LONDON,
Printed by *W. Godbid*, and are to be sold by *John Playford*,
near the *Temple Church*, 1675.



To the LOVERS of

MUSICK.

Gentlemen & Ladies,

MUSICK is of different effects, and admits of as much variety of Fancy to please all Humours as any Science whatever. It moves the Affections sometimes into a sober Composure, and other-times into an active Jollity. These *Songs* and *Ayres* are such as were lately Composed, and are very suitable and acceptable to the *Genius* of these *Times*. Many of the *Words* have been already Published, which gave but little content to divers Ingenious Persons, who thought them as dead, unless they had the *Airy Tunes* to quicken them; to gratifie whom, was a great inducement to me for their Publication. Your kind acceptance and general good liking of the former Impression of this Book has both encouraged and obliged me to present you with a Second; wherein I have taken care to Correct those Errors that before escaped in the *Musick* untaken notice of; and have likewise added several *Stanza's* of Verses to the *Songs* that then wanted them; as also Thirty five new *Ayres*, *Songs*, and *Dialogues*, never till now Printed; most of which, (as well as those in the first Edition) were Transcribed from the Original Copies of the *Authors*, and by them allowed to be made publick. By your approbation of this, you will engage to the publication of more of this kind,

Your Servant,

J. P.

An Alphabetical Table of the Songs and Dialogues in this Book.

Those that are added in this Edition have this mark *

A	
<i>A</i> Lover I'm born and a Lover I'll be	14
<i>After the pangs of a desperate Lover</i>	4
<i>And I'll go to my Love, where he lies in the deep</i>	10
<i>At the sight of my Phillis,</i>	24
<i>Ah Coridon, in vain you boast</i>	16
<i>As I walk'd in the Woods, one evening of late</i>	36
<i>Ah, false Amintas, can that hour</i>	42
<i>Amintas led me to a Grove</i>	50
* <i>Amintas, that true hearted Swain</i>	53
* <i>Ah cruel Eyes that first inflam'd</i>	56
* <i>Away with the silly blind god</i>	ibid.
* <i>Ah Phillis, would the gods decree</i>	62
* <i>Ah fading Joy, how quickly art thou past</i>	70
* <i>Ah, what shall we do when our eyes are surrounded</i>	74
B	
<i>Beneath a Myrtle shade</i>	37
<i>Be jolly my Friends, for the Money we spend</i>	40
<i>Beauty no more shall suffer eclips</i>	49
C	
<i>Cheer up my Mates the wind doth fairly blow</i>	2
<i>Calm was the Ev'ning and clear was the Sky</i>	8
<i>Can Luciamira so mistake</i>	18
<i>Come lay by your care, and hang up your sorrow</i>	40
* <i>Come away, to ther Glass, he's a temperate Ass</i>	76
F	
<i>Farewel fair Armida, my joy and my grief</i>	9
<i>Fill round the Health good natur'd and free</i>	39
<i>Forth from the dark and dismal cell,</i>	75
<i>For my Love sleeps now in a warty Grave</i>	10
* <i>Fye Cloris, 'tis silly to sigh thus in vain</i>	64
* <i>Forgive me Jove</i>	55
G	
<i>Give o're foolish heart, and make hast to despair</i>	28
* <i>God Cupid for certain as foolish as blind</i>	45
H	
<i>Hark, hark, the Storm grows loud</i>	1
<i>How strangely severe and unjust are we grown</i>	22
<i>How severe is forgetful old age</i>	30
<i>How unhappy a lover am I</i>	32
<i>How pleasant is mutual love, if 'tis true</i>	38
<i>How bonny an brisk, ah how pleasant and sweet</i>	42
* <i>How oft have I bid defiance in vain</i>	59
I	
<i>I pass all my hours in a shady old Grove</i>	11
<i>I'll have no more dealing fond Cupid with thee</i>	21
<i>I languish all night, and sigh all the day</i>	26
* <i>I am no subject unto fate</i>	44
* <i>Insult not too much on thy fading success</i>	45
* <i>I languish for one that ne'er thinks of me</i>	57
* <i>If languishing Eyes without language can move</i>	74
L	
<i>Let Fortune and Phillis frown if they please</i>	27
<i>Let's Drink dear Friends lets Drink</i>	38
<i>Long betwixt hope and fear, Phillis tormented</i>	50
<i>Lo behind a Scaun of Seas</i>	52
* <i>Long since fair Clorinda my passion did move</i>	62
M	
<i>Mine own Sabina come along</i>	15

<i>My Youth I kept free from all sorts of care</i>	28
<i>Me-thinks the poor Town has been troubled too long</i>	41
N	
<i>Now affairs of the State are already decreed</i>	30
<i>Nay let me alone, I protest I'll be gone</i>	54
O	
<i>O Love! if ere thou't ease a heart</i>	1
<i>Of all the brisk Dames, Misselina for me</i>	2
<i>On the bank of a Brook, as I sat Fishing</i>	3
* <i>Oh name not the day, lest my senses reprove</i>	4
<i>Oh the time that is past, when she held me so fast</i>	5
* <i>Of all the gay Ladies that walk the brisk town</i>	6
<i>Oh how I abhor the tumult and smoak</i>	6
P	
<i>Phillis, for shame let us improve</i>	3
<i>Phillis, the time is come that we must sever</i>	2
* <i>Phillis, Oh turn that face away</i>	4
R	
<i>Run to Loves Lottery, run Maids and rejoice</i>	4
S	
<i>Since we poor slavish Women know our men</i>	1
<i>Some happy soul come down and tell</i>	1
* <i>Since Phillis we find we grow so inclin'd</i>	7
T	
<i>Thus Cupid commences his Rapes and Vagaries</i>	1
<i>Thus all our life long we frolick and gay</i>	1
<i>Too justly, alas, and yet so much in vain</i>	1
<i>The Nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind</i>	3
* <i>To what modest grief is a Lover confin'd</i>	4
<i>The day you wish'd arriv'd at last</i>	4
* <i>'Tis the Grape that discovers the passionate Lovers</i>	7
W	
<i>When Coridon a slave did lie</i>	1
<i>When Aurelia first I courted</i>	2
<i>Whilst Alexis lay prest in her arms</i>	2
<i>What fancies of pleasure doth love all alone</i>	2
<i>Where ever I am, and what ever I do</i>	2
<i>Why Phillis to me so untrue and unkind</i>	3
<i>Why should a foolish Marriage Vow</i>	3
* <i>When Thirsis did the splended Eye</i>	4
* <i>Why, O Cupid, so long hast thou slunn'd me</i>	4
* <i>When a woman that's buxom</i>	5
* <i>What madness it is to give over our drinking</i>	5
<i>When first my free heart was surpriz'd by desire</i>	6
* <i>Were Caelia but as chaste as fair</i>	6
* <i>When first I saw fair Caelia's face</i>	6
* <i>Wrong not your lovely eyes my fair</i>	6
* <i>What sighs and groans now fills my breast</i>	7
* <i>When I shall leave this clod of clay</i>	7

Dialogues.

<i>A Heart in Loves Empire</i>	<i>Two Shepherdesses.</i>	6
* <i>O Sorrow, Sorrow,</i>	<i>Nature and Sorrow.</i>	7
* <i>Celadon on Delias Singing</i>	<i>A Pastoral.</i>	7
* <i>When death shall part us</i>	<i>Thirsis and Dorinda.</i>	8
* <i>I charge thee Neptune</i>	<i>Apollo and Neptune</i>	8

The Storm.

[1]



Hark, hark, hark, the Storm grows loud, the day's wrap'd up in a sudden

loud: Hark, hark, the Tempest sings the Seaman's dirge, and flings the tost up Waves to fatal show'rs;

And those that never Pray'd before, call now upon some unknown Pow'rs. Hark, hark, the racking juffle,

the Seamen buffle, Crack, crack; down goes the Main-mast, down, down, down; hark how they groan:

ark, hark, amongst the rest, I hear some sighs like mine; 'tis from a Lover sure: Ye pow'rs Divine, calm,

calm this ungentle rage, the Storm asswage, pi---ty a Lo-vers woe, and let kind Neptune now his

Trident shew. See, it grows calm, the Storms now cease; and all the Ocean's face shews smiles of peace.

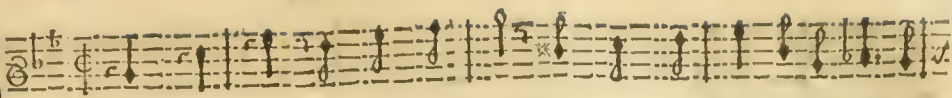
An Alphabetical Table of the Songs and Dialogues in this B

Those that are added in this Edition have this mark *

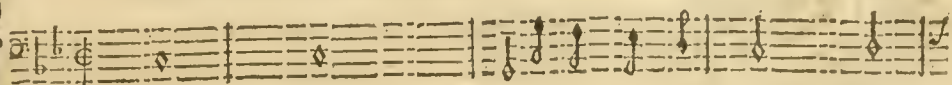
A		
<i>A</i> Lover I'm born and a Lover I'll be	14	<i>My Youth I kept free from all sorts of care</i>
<i>After the pangs of a desperate Lover</i>	4	<i>Me-thinks the poor Town has been troubled too late</i>
<i>And I'll go to my Love, where he lies in the deep</i>	10	N
<i>At the sight of my Phillis,</i>	24	<i>Now affairs of the State are already decreed</i>
<i>Ab Coridon, in vain you boast</i>	16	<i>Nay let me alone, I protest I'll be gone</i>
<i>As I walk'd in the Woods, one evening of late</i>	36	O
<i>Ah, false Amintas, can that hour</i>	42	<i>O Love! if ere thou't ease a heart</i>
<i>Amintas led me to a Grove</i>	50	<i>Of all the brisk Dames, Misselina for me</i>
* <i>Amintas, that true hearted Swain</i>	53	<i>On the bank of a Brook, as I sat Fishing</i>
* <i>Ah cruel Eyes that first inflam'd</i>	50	* <i>Oh name not the day, lest my senses reprove</i>
* <i>Away with the silly blind god</i>	ibid.	<i>Oh the time that is past, when she held me so fast</i>
* <i>Ah Phillis, would the gods decree</i>	62	* <i>Of all the gay Ladies that walk the brisk town</i>
* <i>Ah fading Joy, how quickly art thou past</i>	70	<i>Oh how I abhor the tumult and smook</i>
* <i>Ah, what shall we do when our eyes are surrounded</i>	74	P
B		<i>Phillis, for shame let us improve</i>
<i>Beneath a Myrtle shade</i>	37	<i>Phillis, the time is come that we must sever</i>
<i>Be jolly my Friends, for the Money we spend</i>	40	* <i>Phillis, Oh turn that face away</i>
<i>Beauty no more shall suffer eclips</i>	49	R
C		<i>Run to Loves Lottery, run Maids and rejoyce</i>
<i>Cheer up my Mates the wind doth fairly blow</i>	2	S
<i>Calm was the Evening and clear was the Sky</i>	8	<i>Since we poor slavish Women know our men</i>
<i>Can Luciamira so mistake</i>	18	<i>Some happy soul come down and tell</i>
<i>Come lay by your care, and hang up your sorrow</i>	40	* <i>Since Phillis we find we grow so inclin'd</i>
* <i>Come away, to ther Glass, he's a temperate Ass</i>	76	T
F		<i>Thus Cupid commences his Rapes and Vagaries</i>
<i>Farewel fair Armida, my joy and my grief</i>	9	<i>Thus all our life long we frolick and gay</i>
<i>Fill round the Health good natur'd and free</i>	39	<i>Too justly, alas, and yet so much in vain</i>
<i>Forth from the dark and dismal cell,</i>	75	<i>The Nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind</i>
<i>For my Love sleeps now in a watry Grave</i>	10	* <i>To what modest grief is a Lover confin'd</i>
* <i>Eye Cloris, 'tis silly to sigh thus in vain</i>	64	<i>The day you wish'd arriv'd at last</i>
* <i>Forgive me Jove</i>	55	* <i>'Tis the Grape that discovers the passionate L</i>
G		W
<i>Give o're foolish heart, and make hast to despair</i>	28	<i>When Coridon a slave did lie</i>
* <i>God Cupid for certain as foolish as blind</i>	45	<i>When Aurelia first I courted</i>
H		<i>Whilst Alexis lay prest in her arms</i>
<i>Hark, hark, the Storm grows loud</i>	1	<i>What fancies of pleasure doth love all alone</i>
<i>How strangely severe and unjust are we grown</i>	22	<i>Where ever I am, and what ever I do</i>
<i>How severe is forgetful old age</i>	30	<i>Why Phillis to me so untrue and unkind</i>
<i>How unhappy a lover am I</i>	32	<i>Why should a foolish Marriage Vow</i>
<i>How pleasant is mutual love, if 'tis true</i>	38	* <i>When Thirlis did the splended Eye</i>
<i>How bonny and brisk, ah how pleasant and sweet</i>	42	* <i>Why, O Cupid, so long hast thou shunn'd me</i>
* <i>How oft have I bid defiance in vain</i>	59	* <i>When a woman that's buxom</i>
I		* <i>What madness it is to give over our drinking</i>
<i>I pass all my hours in a shady old Grove</i>	11	<i>When first my free heart was surpriz'd by desire</i>
<i>I'll have no more dealing fond Cupid with thee</i>	21	* <i>Were Cælia but as chaste as fair</i>
<i>I languish all night, and sigh all the day</i>	26	* <i>When first I saw fair Cælia's face</i>
* <i>I am no subject unto fate</i>	44	* <i>Wrong not your lovely eyes my fair</i>
* <i>Insult not too much on thy fading success</i>	45	* <i>What sighs and groans now fills my breast</i>
* <i>I languish for one that ne're thinks of me</i>	57	* <i>When I shall leave this clod of clay</i>
* <i>If languishing Eyes without language can move</i>	74	
L		Dialogues.
<i>Let Fortune and Phillis frown if they please</i>	27	<i>A Heart in Loves Empire</i> Two Shepherdes
<i>Let's Drink dear Friends lets Drink</i>	38	* <i>O Sorrow, Sorrow,</i> Nature and Sorrow
<i>Long betwixt hope and fear, Phillis tormented</i>	50	* <i>Celadon on Delias Singing</i> A Pastorall
<i>Lo behind a Scaev of Seas</i>	52	* <i>When death shall part us</i> Thirlis and Dorin
* <i>Long since fair Clorinda my passion did move</i>	62	* <i>I charge thee Neptune</i> Apollo and Neptun
M		
<i>Mine own Sabina come along</i>	15	

The Storm.

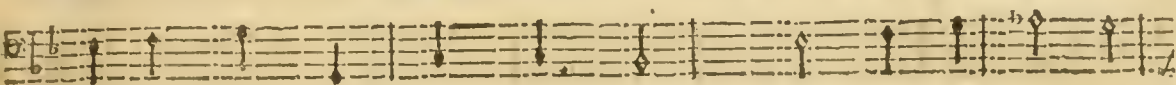
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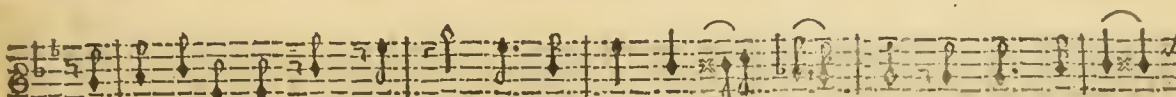
Ark, hark, hark, the Storm grows loud, the day's wrap'd up in a sullen



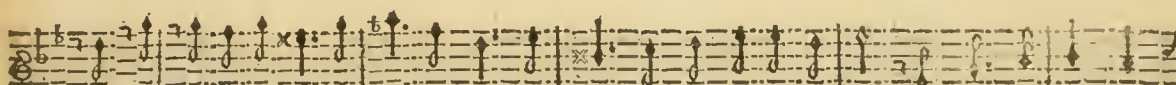
Cloud: Hark, hark, the Tempest sings the Seaman's dirge, and flings the tost up Waves to fatal show'rs;



And those that never Pray'd before, call now upon some unknown Pow'rs. Hark, hark, the rackling juffle,



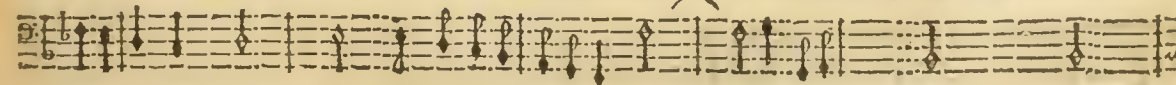
the Seamen buffle, Crack, crack; down goes the Main-mast, down, down, down; hark how they groan:



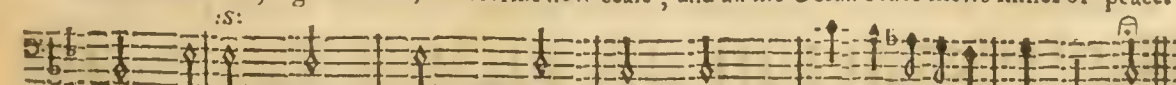
Hark, hark, amongst the rest, I hear some sighs like mine; 'tis from a Lover sure: Ye pow'rs Divine, calm,

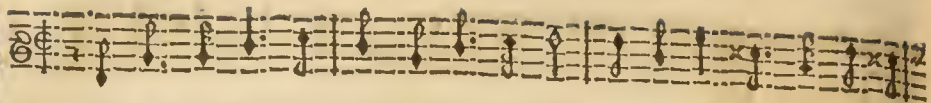


calm this ungentle rage, the Storm asswage, pi-----ty a Lo-vers woe, and let kind Neptune now his

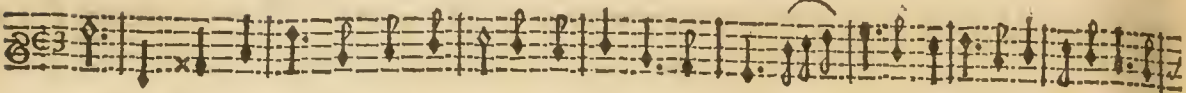


Trident shew. See, it grows calm, the Storms now cease; and all the Ocean's face shews smiles of peace.

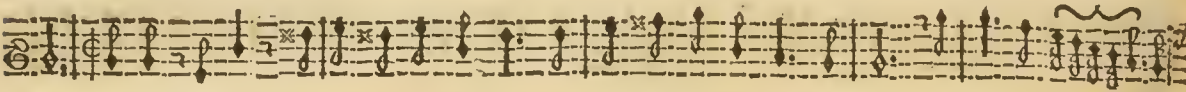




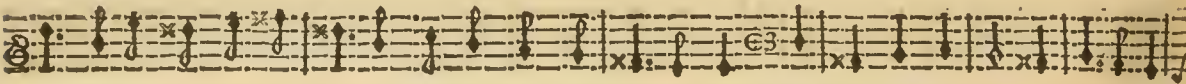
Heer up my Mates, the Wind doth fairly blow ; clap on more Sails, and never



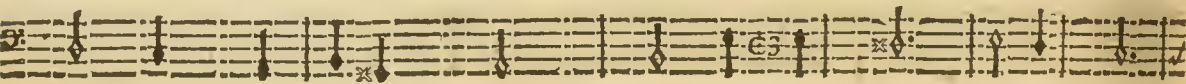
Spare. Farewell all Lands, for now we are in the wide Sea of Drink ; and merrily, merrily, merrily we



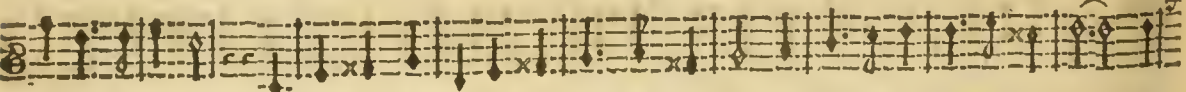
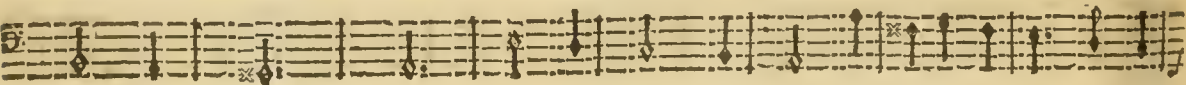
go. Bles me ! 'tis hot, another bowl of Wine, and we shall cut the burning Line : Hey boys she scudds a-



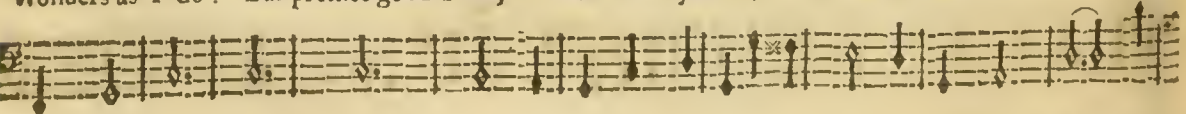
way, and by my head I know we round the World are failing now. What dull men are those that tarry at



home, when abroad they may wantonly rome ; and gain such experience, and spy to such Countries and



wonders as I do ! But prethee good Pilor, take heed what you do, and fail not to touch at *PERU* ; with



Gold there our Vessel we'll store, and never, never be poor, and never be poor any more.





Musical staff with notes and rests, including a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

Hus *Cupid* commences his rapes and vagaries, and sports himself with

Musical staff with notes and rests, including a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

Musical staff with notes and rests, including a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

female passions; A thousand times over he changes and varies their Fancies as oft as their Fashions: A

Musical staff with notes and rests, including a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

Musical staff with notes and rests, including a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

world of fine stratagems he exercises, his, pow'r to increase, and enlarge his Dominions; Though his

Musical staff with notes and rests, including a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

Musical staff with notes and rests, including a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

force be but feeble; by fraud he surprizes the Lord knows how many millions: With his Songs and his

Musical staff with notes and rests, including a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

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innets, his Tales and Romances, he works on the hearts of the poor silly Lover; Whose want of dis-

Musical staff with notes and rests, including a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

Musical staff with notes and rests, including a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

cretion his Trade so advances, since he none of his cheats can discover: But his greatest design, and where-

Musical staff with notes and rests, including a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

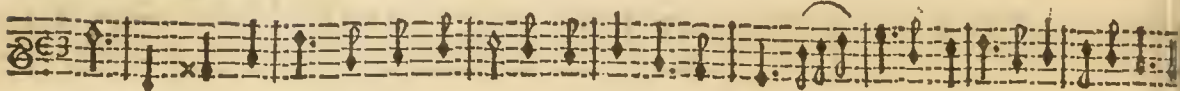
Musical staff with notes and rests, including a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

in he most glories, by which the whole world is so willingly cheated; Is to cog and dissemble, and

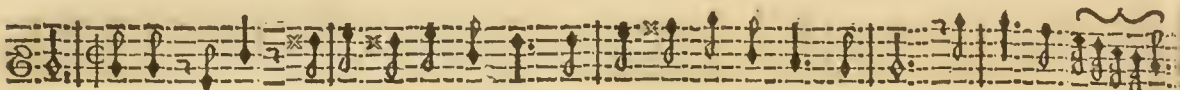
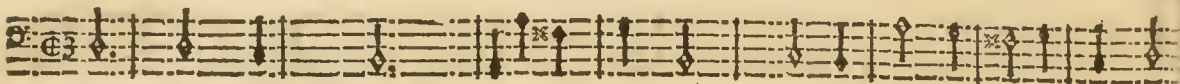
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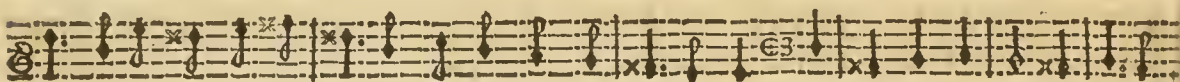
Heer up my Mates, the Wind doth fairly blow ; clap on more Sails, and never



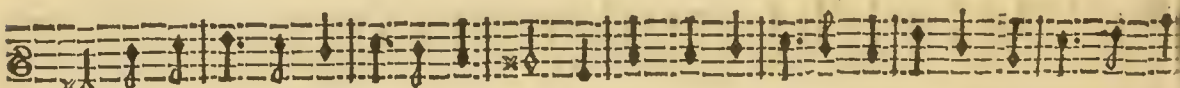
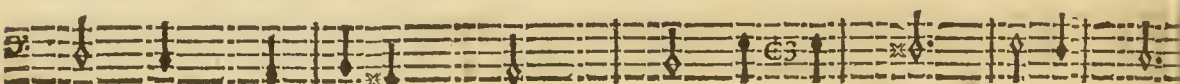
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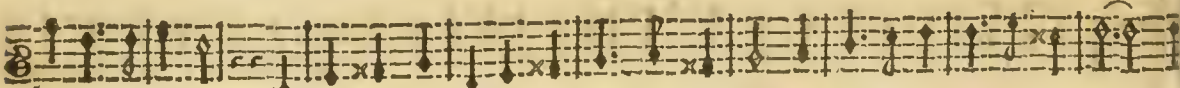
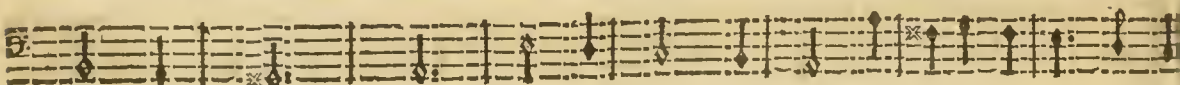
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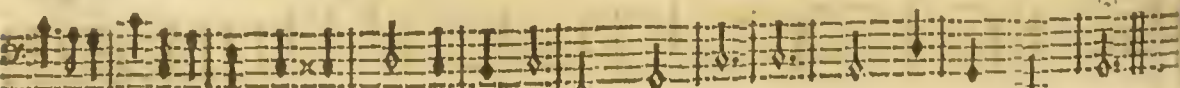
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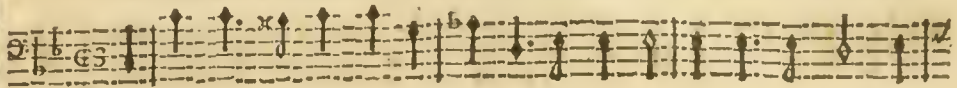


Gold there our Vessel we'll store, and never, never be poor, and never be poor any more.

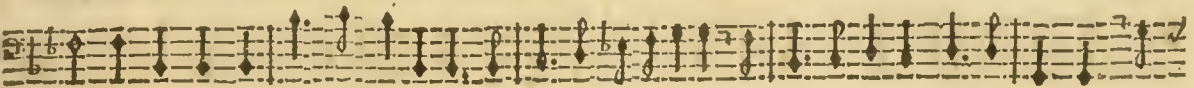




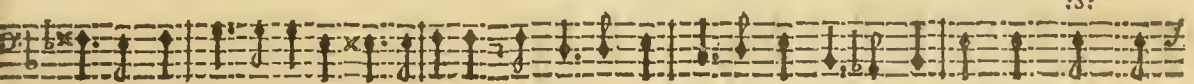
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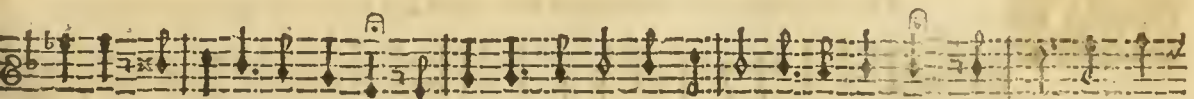
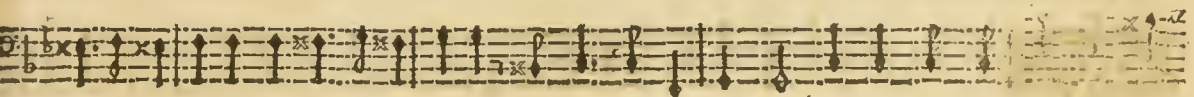
Female passions; A thousand times over he changes and varies their Fancies as oft as their Fashions: A



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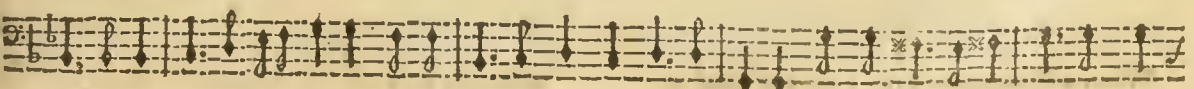
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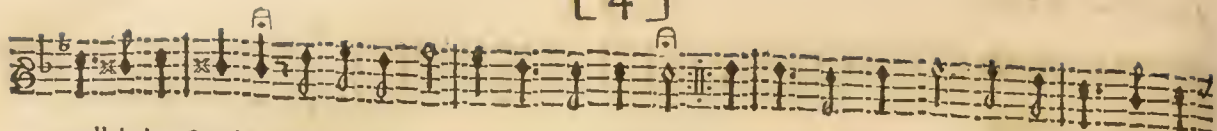


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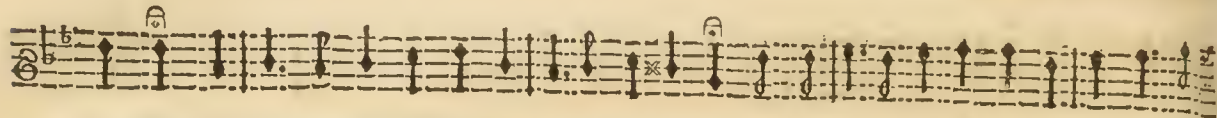


in he most glories, by which the whole world is so willingly cheated; Is to cog and dissemble, and

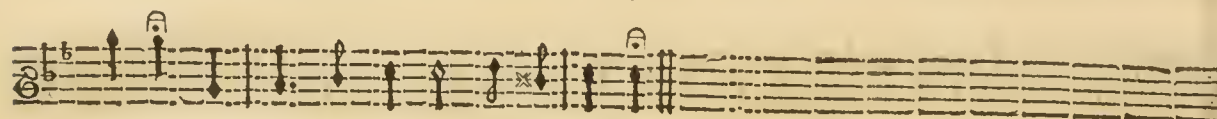
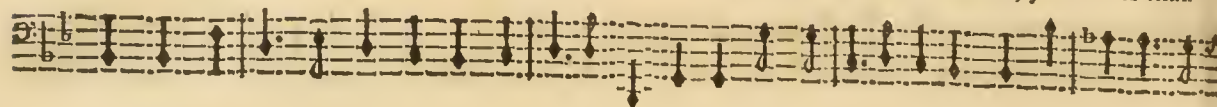




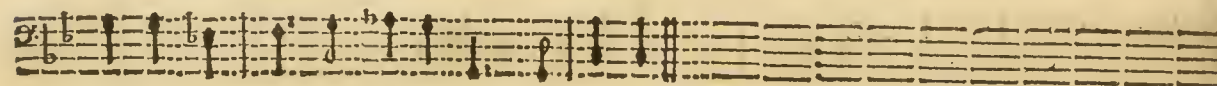
tell lying Stories, as Women love best to be treated. Now you that from Love are resolv'd to be



Free-man, take heart and be noble, be active, and jolly; for to pine for a Mistress, you never shall

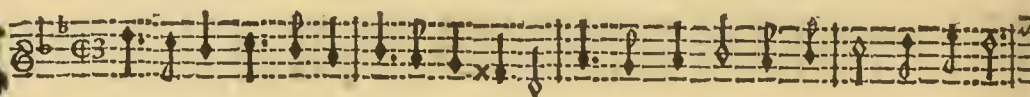


see man, who yields not to love Melan-chol-ly.

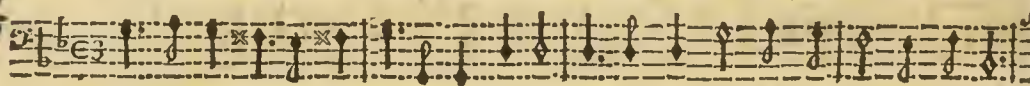


Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

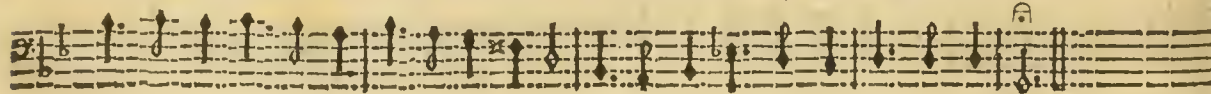
A 2 Voc. Cantata & Basses.



After the pangs of a desperate Lover, when day and night I have sigh'd all in vain;



Ah! what a pleasure it is to discover, in her Eyes Pi-ty who causes my Pain.



Mr. Alb. Marsh.

I.

When with unkindness our Love at a stand is,
And both have punish'd our selves with the pain;
Ah, what a pleasure the touch of her hand is!
Ah, what a pleasure to press it again!

II.

When the denial comes fainter and fainter;
And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny;
Ah, what a trembling I feel when I venture!
Ah, what a trembling does usher my Joy!

III.

When with a sigh, she accords me the blessing;
And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain:
Ah, what a Joy 'tis beyond all expressing!
Ah! what a Joy to hear, Shall we again?

Un to Loves Lottery, run Maids and rejoice ; whilst seeking your chance you

meet your own choice : And boast that your luck you help with design , by praying cross-legg'd to

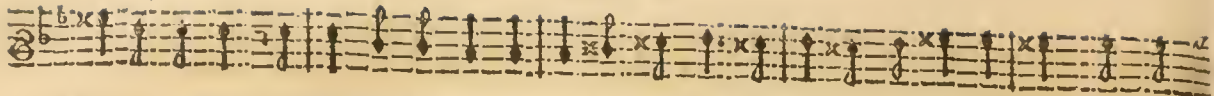
St. Va-len-tine. Hark, hark, a Prize is drawn, and Trumpets found, Tan ta ra ra ra, Tan ta ra

ra ra, Tan ta ra ra ra, hark Maids, more Lotts are drawn ; prizes abroad, Dub dub a dub a dub, the

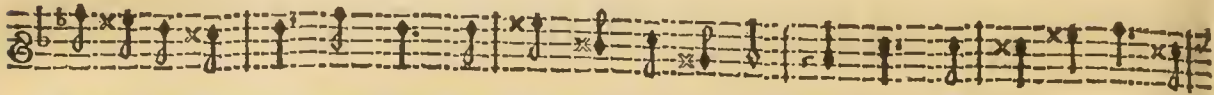
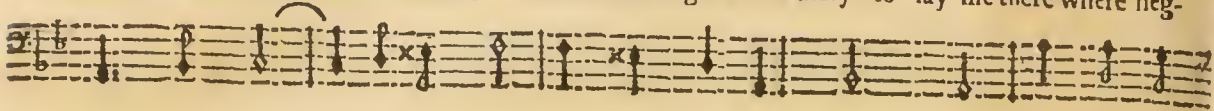
Drum now beats, and Dub a dub a dub Echo repeats ; as if at night the god of War had made

Loves Queen a skirmish for a Serenade. Haft,haft, fair Maids,and come away ; The Priestt attends your

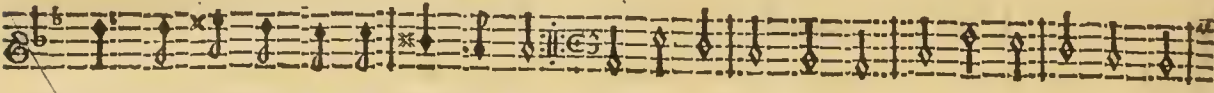
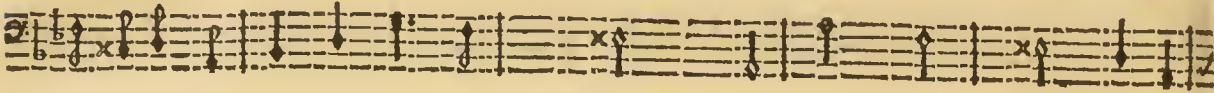
Bridegrooms stay : Roses & Pinks will be strown where you go,whilst I walk in shades of willow, willow.



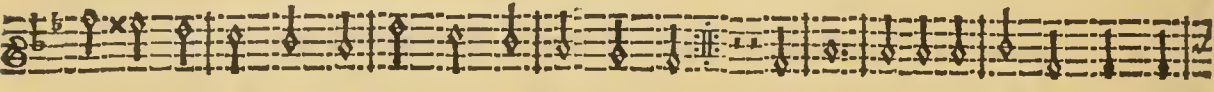
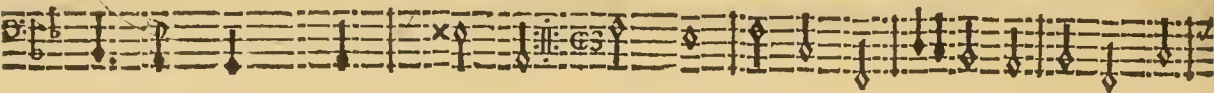
When I am dead, let him that did slay me, be but so good as kindly to lay me there where neg-



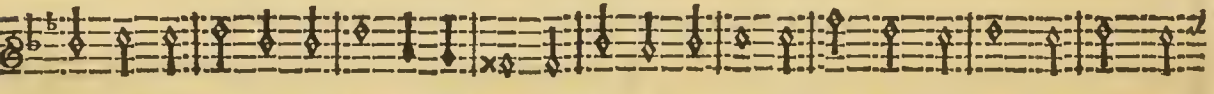
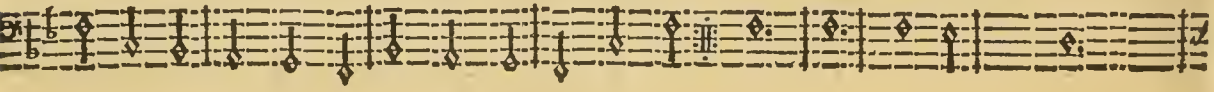
lected Lovers mourn, where Lamps and hallowed Tapers burn: Where Clerks in Quires sad Dirges



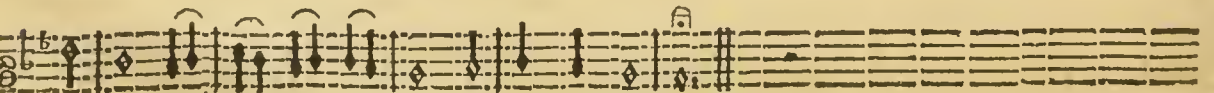
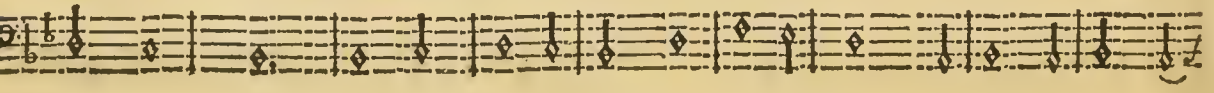
sing, where sweetly Bells at Burials ring. My rose of Youth is gone, with' red as soon as blown:



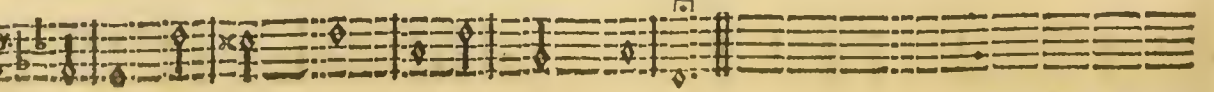
Lovers go ring my Knell, Beauty and Love farewell. And left Virgins forsaken should per-



haps be mistaken in seeking my Grave; Alas, let them know I lye near a shade of Willow



Willow: I lye near a shade of Willow, Willow.





Hen *Co-ri don*, a slave, did lye entangled in his *Phillis* Eye, how did he

ligh, how did he groan, how melancholly was his tone! He told his story to the Woods;

and wept his passion by the Floods: Yet *Phillis*, cruel *Phillis*, too to blame, regarded nor his

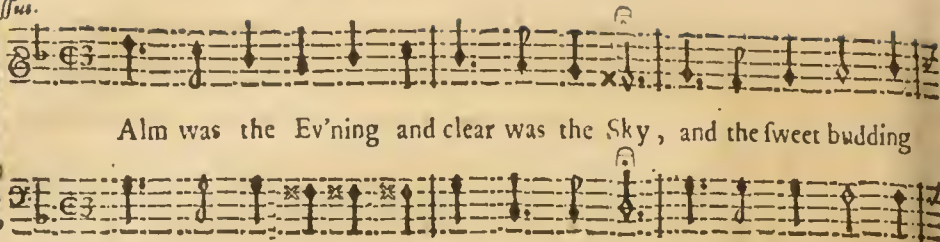
suffrings, nor his Flame. Then *Co-ri don* re--solv'd no more his Mi-strefs mer--cy to im-

plore; How did he laugh, how did he sing, how did he make the Forrest ring! He

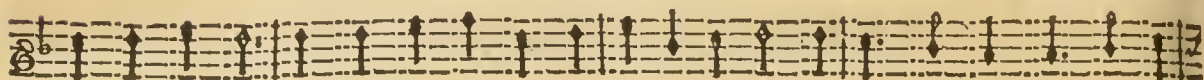
told his Conquest to the Woods; And drown his passion in the Floods: Then *Phillis*, cru-el

Phillis, less severe, would have had him; but he would none of her.

A 2 Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



Alm was the Ev'ning and clear was the Sky, and the sweet budding

Flowers did spring, when all a-lone went *A-min-tor* and I, to hear the sweet Nigh-tin-gale

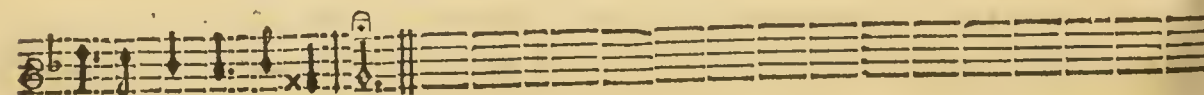
sing; I fate and he laid him down by me, and scarcely his breath he could draw: But



when with a fear he began to come near, he was dash'd with a Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha



ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.



Mr. Alb. Marsh.

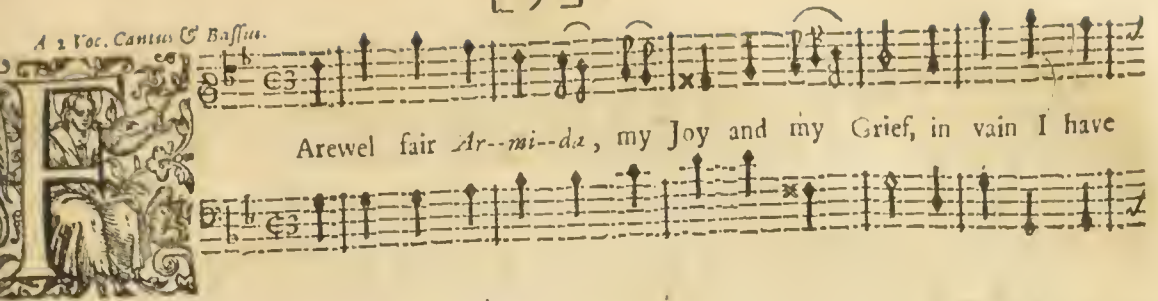
II.

He blush'd to himself, and laid still for a while,
 His modesty curb'd his desire;
 But strait I convinc'd all his fears with a smile,
 And added new flames to his fire:
 Ah, *Silvia*! said he, you are cruel,
 To keep your poor Lover in awe;
 Then once more he prest with his hand to my breast,
 But was dash'd with a Ha ha ha ha ha, &c.

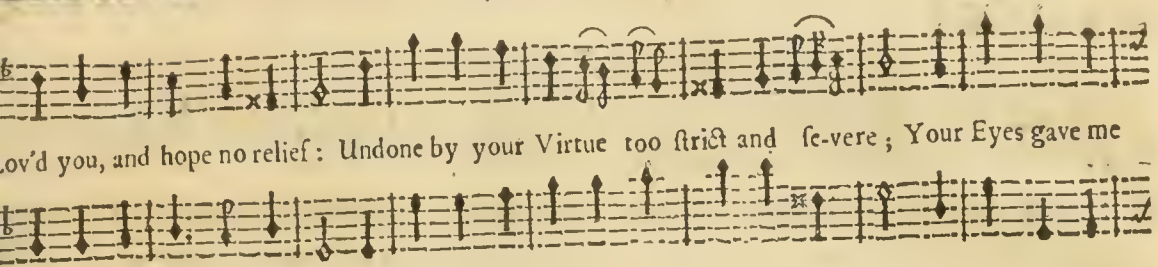
III.

I knew 'twas his Passion that caused his fear,
 And therefore I pitt'y'd his case;
 I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,
 And laid my Cheek close to his Face:
 But as we grew bolder and bolder,
 A Shepherd came by us and saw:
 And strait as our blifs, we began with a kiss,
 He laugh'd out with a Ha ha ha ha ha, &c.

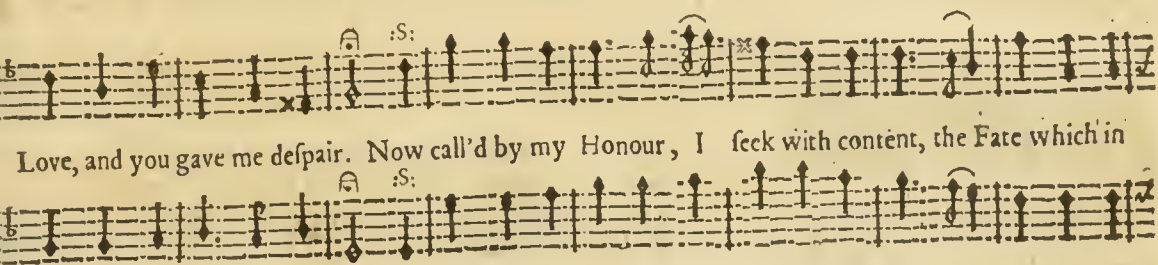
A 2 Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



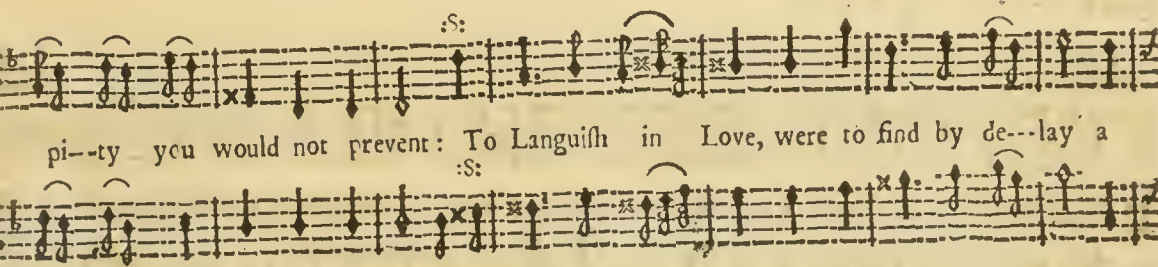
Arewel fair *Ar-mi-da*, my Joy and my Grief, in vain I have



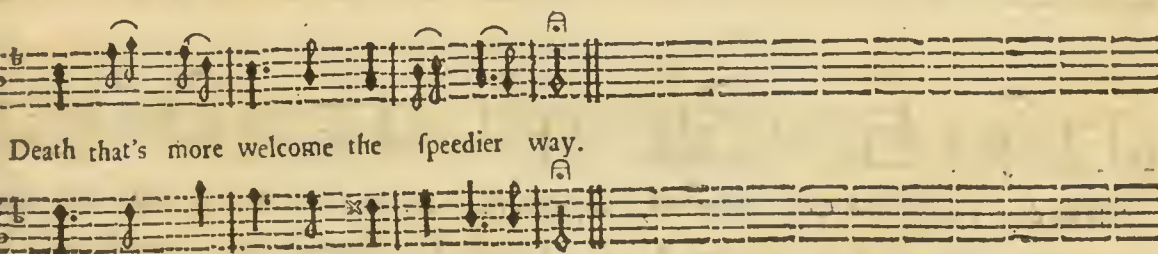
lov'd you, and hope no relief: Undone by your Virtue too strict and se-vere; Your Eyes gave me



Love, and you gave me despair. Now call'd by my Honour, I seek with content, the Fate which in



pi--ty you would not prevent: To Languish in Love, were to find by de---lay a



Death that's more welcome the speedier way.

Mr. Robert Smith.

I I.

On Seas and in Battles, 'mongst Bullets and Fire,
 The danger is less than in hopeless desire:
 My Deaths wound you gave me though far off I bear,
 My Fate from your sight not to cost you a Tear.
 But if the kind Floods on a Wave would convey,
 And under your Window my Body should lay:
 The Wound on my Breast, when you happen to see,
 You'll say with a sigh, it was given by me.

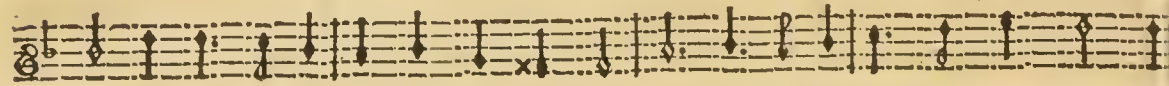
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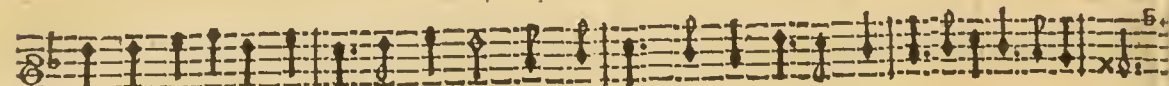
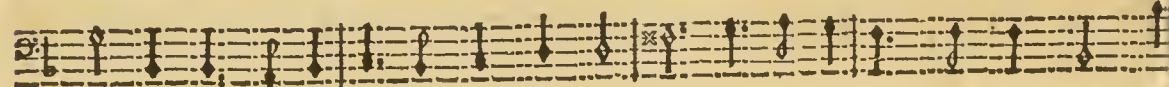
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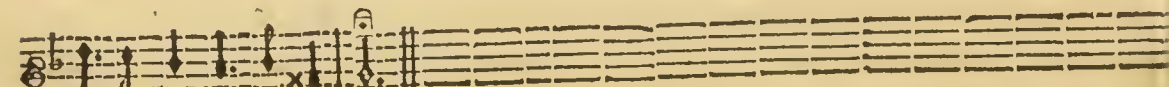
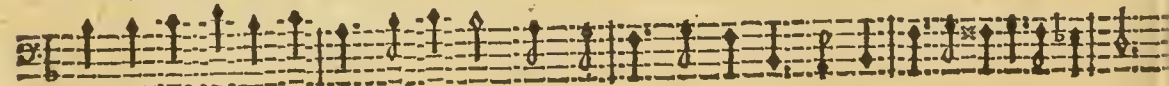
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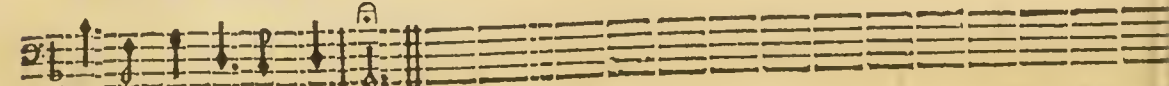
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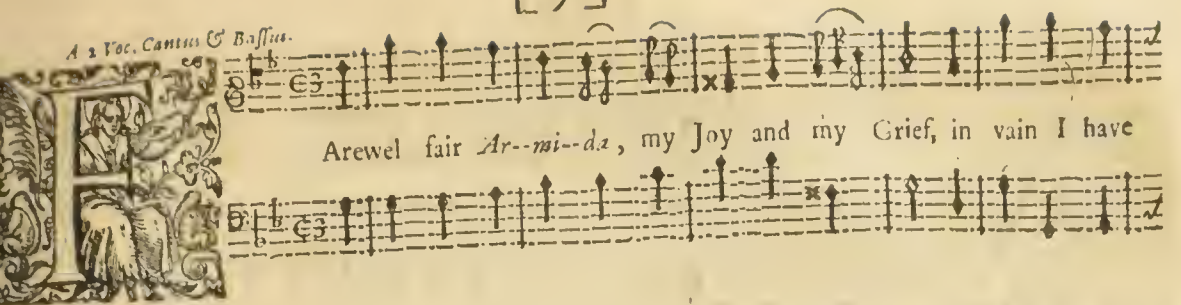
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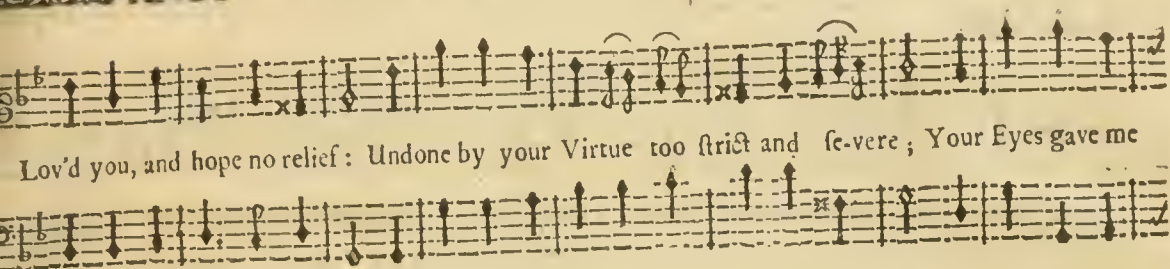
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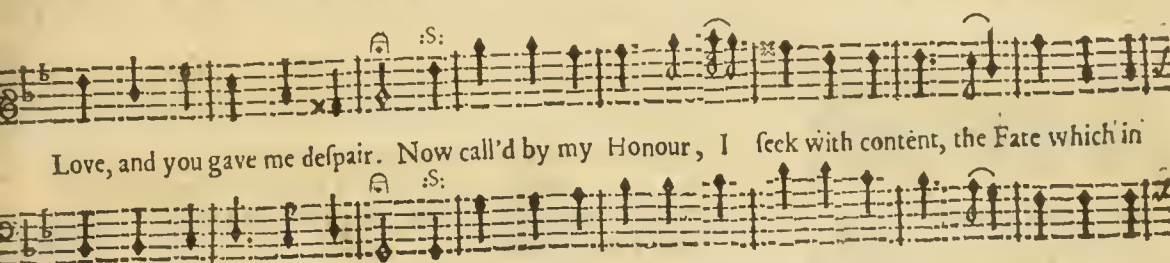
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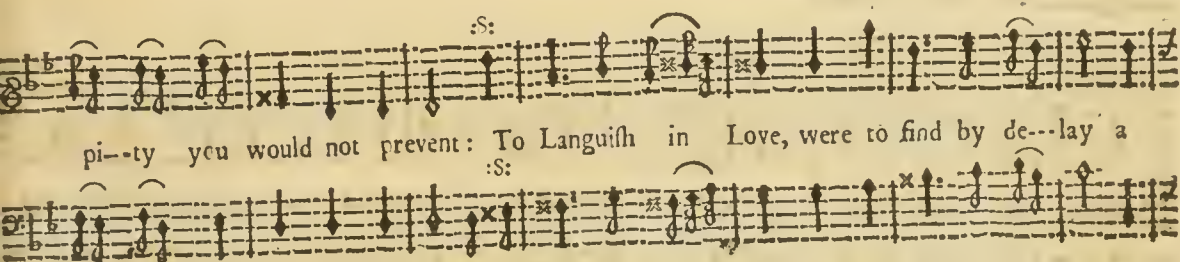
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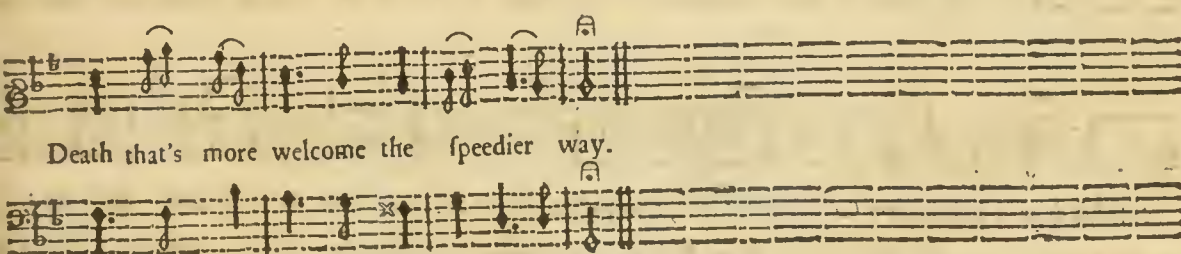
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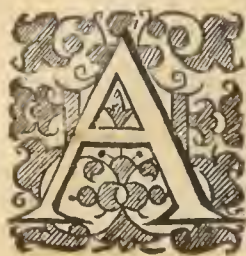
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 But if the kind Floods on a Wave would convey,
 And under your Window my Body should lay:
 The Wound on my Breast, when you happen to see,
 You'll say with a sigh, it was given by me.

Captain DIGBY's Farewel.

A 2 Voc. CANTUS & Bassus.



Dearest shall sleep : When we wake, the kind Dolphins to-gether shall throng, and in Chariots of

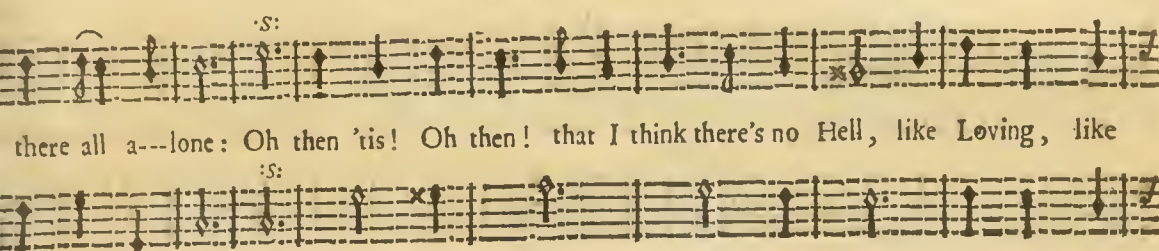
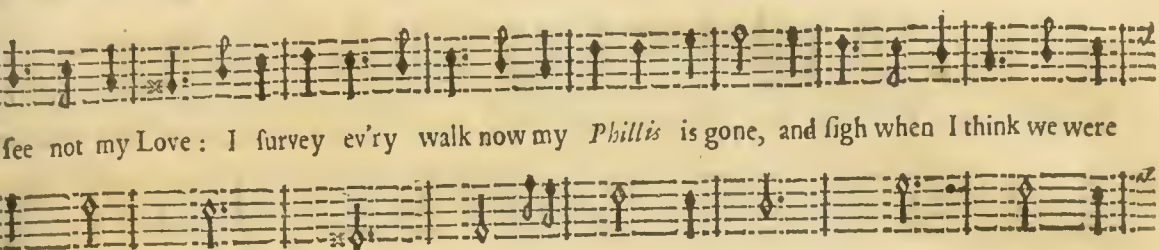
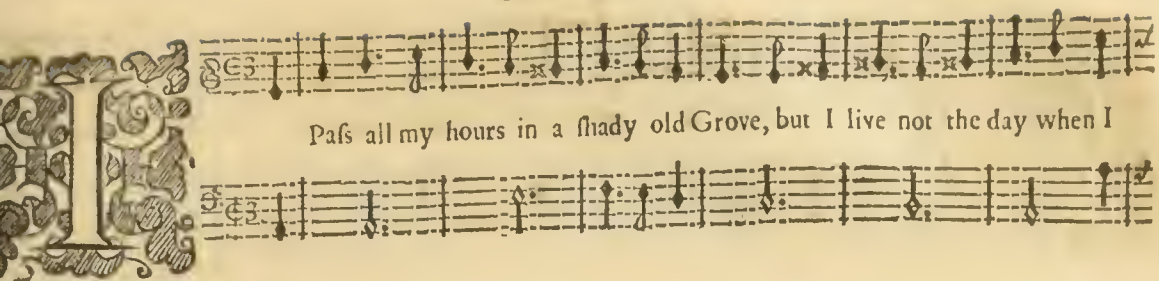
Shells shall draw us a-long.

The Orientest Pearl that the Ocean best owes
We'll mix with the Coral , and a Crown so compose :
The Sea Nimphs shall sigh , and envy our blifs ;
We'll teach them to Love , and Cockles to Kifs.

FOR my Love sleeps now in a Wat'ry Grave, and hath nothing to shew for his Tomb but a Wave : I'll

kifs his dear lips than the Coral more red, that grows where he lies in his Wat'ry bed. Ah! Ah!

Ah my Love's dead ! There was not a Bell, but a Triton's Shell to Ring, to Ring out his Knell.



Mr. Pelham Humphrey:

II. But each Shade and each conscious Bow'r, when I find
Where I once have been happy, and She has been kind :
When I see the print left of her shape in the Green,
And imagin the pleasure may yet come agen :

Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis, I think no Joys above
Like the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.

III. While alone to my self I repeat all her Charms,
She I love may be lockt in another mans arms ;
She may laugh at my Cares, and so false she may be ;
To say all the kind things she before said to me :

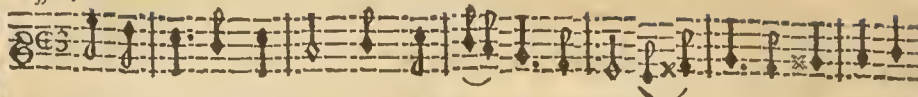
Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis, that I think there's no Hell
Like Loving, like Loving too well.

IV. But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent Passion, so kind without Art ;
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
So full of true love to be Jealous of me :

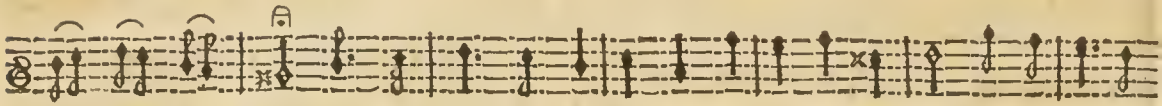
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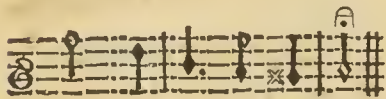
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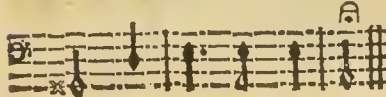
And I'll go to my Love where he lies in the Deep, and in my embraces



Dearest shall sleep: When we wake, the kind Dolphins together shall throng, and in Chariots



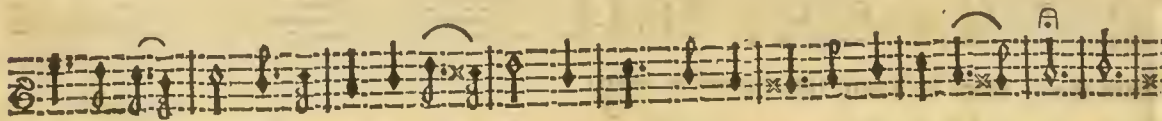
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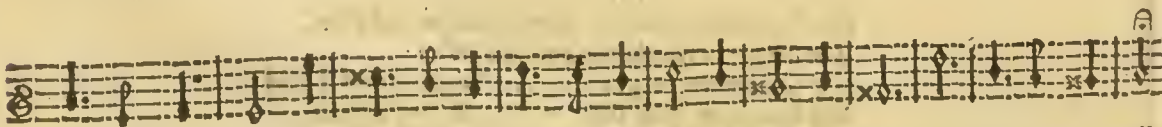
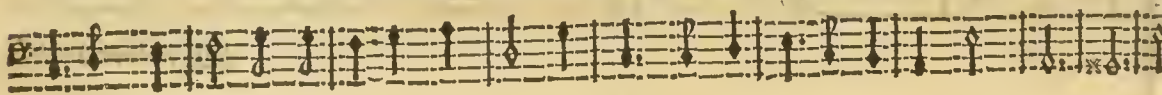
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We'll mix with the Coral, and a Crown to compose:
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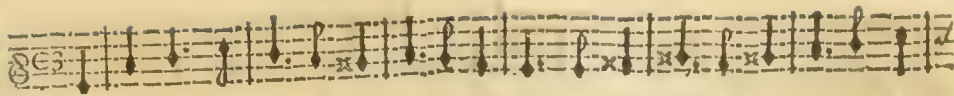
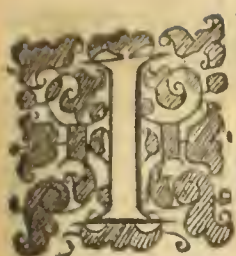


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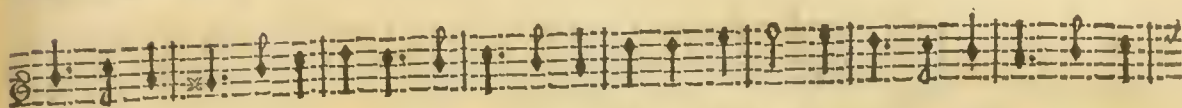
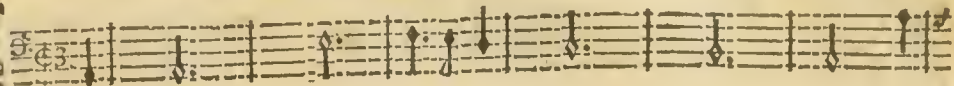


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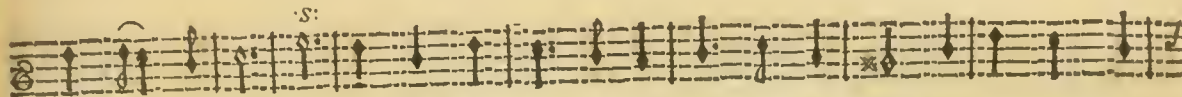
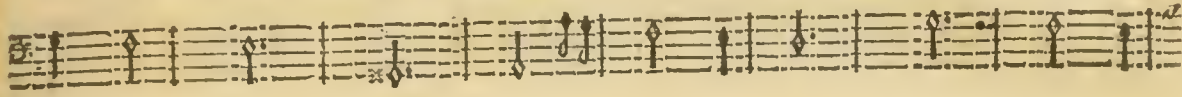




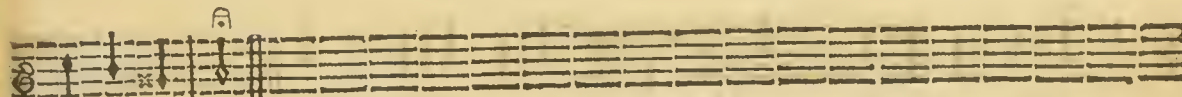
Pass all my hours in a shady old Grove, but I live not the day when I



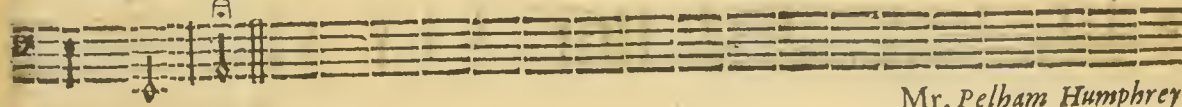
see not my Love: I survey ev'ry walk now my *Phyllis* is gone, and sigh when I think we were



there all a---lone: Oh then 'tis! Oh then! that I think there's no Hell, like Loving, like



Loving too well.

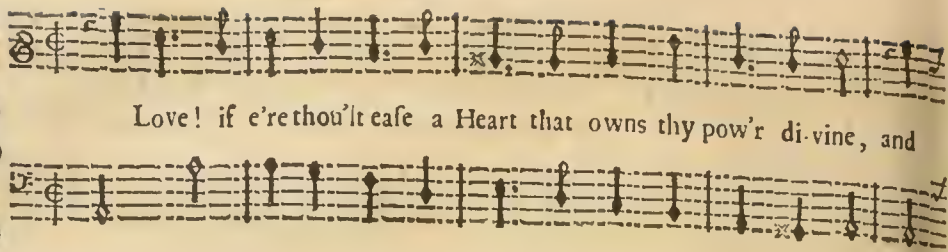


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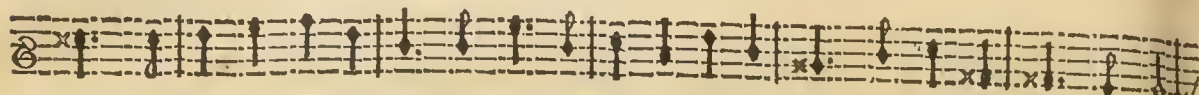
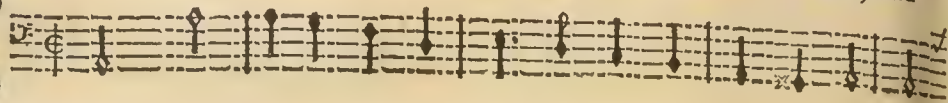
II. But each Shade and each conscious Bow'r, when I find
 Where I once have been happy, and She has been kind:
 When I see the print left of her shape in the Green,
 And imagin the pleasure may yet come agen:
 Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis, I think no Joys above
 Like the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.

III. While alone to my self I repeat all her Charms,
 She I love may be lockt in another mans arms;
 She may laugh at my Cares, and so false she may be,
 To say all the kind things she before said to me:
 Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis, that I think there's no Hell
 Like Loving, like Loving too well.

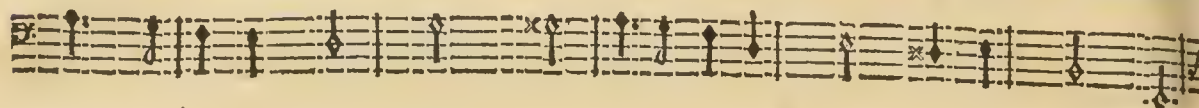
IV. But when I consider the truth of her heart,
 Such an innocent Passion, so kind without Art;
 I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
 So full of true love to be Jealous of me:
 And then 'tis, and then 'tis I think no Joys above
 Like the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.



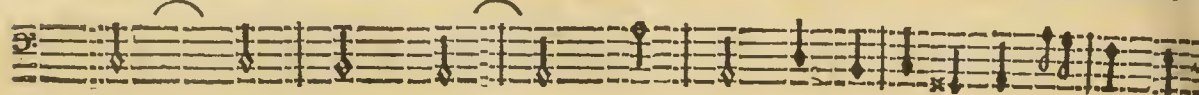
Love! if e're thou'lt ease a Heart that owns thy pow'r di-vine, and



bleeds with thy too cruel dart, and pants with never ceasing smart; take pi-ty now on mine.



Un-der thy shades I fainting lye; a thousand times I wish to dye: But when I find cold death too



nigh, I grieve to lose my pleasing pain, and call my wishes back again.



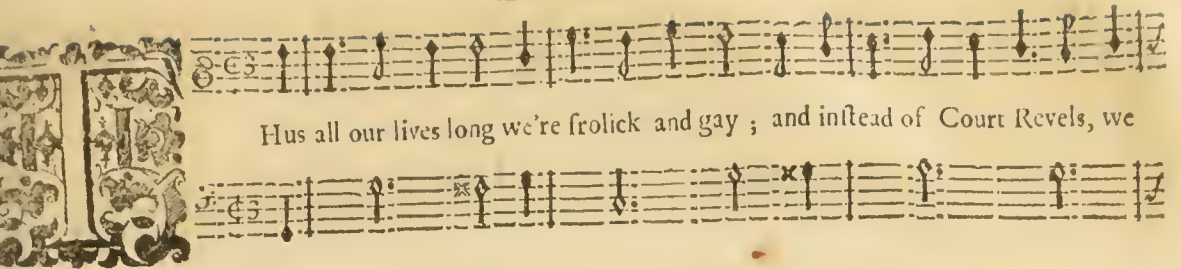
Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

II.

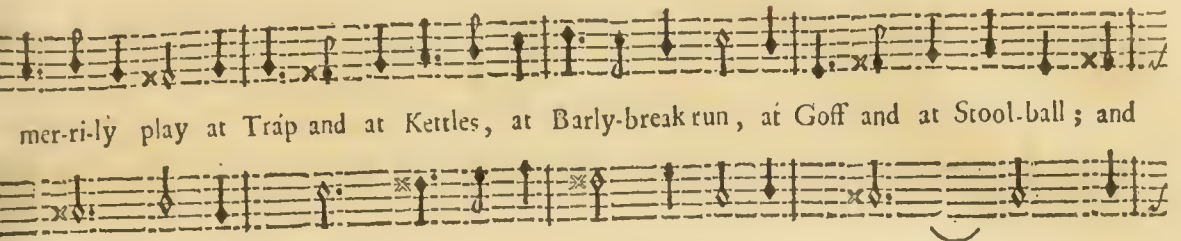
But thus, as I sat all alone
 In th' shady Mirtle Grove,
 When to each gentle Sigh and Moan,
 Some neighb'ring Eccho gave a Groan,
 Came by the Man I lov'd:
 Oh, how I strove my Grief to hide!
 I Panted, Blush'd, and almost Dy'd,
 And did each tatling Eccho chide,
 For fear some breath of moving Air
 Should to his Ears my sorrows bear.

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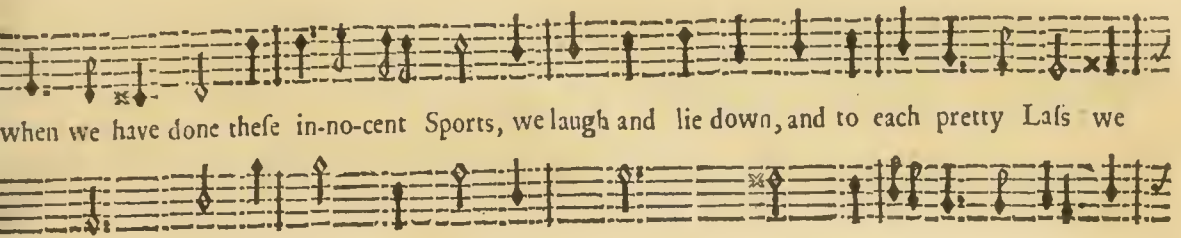
And, oh ye Pow'rs! I'de dye to gain
 But one poor parting Kifs;
 And yet I'le suffer wracks of pain,
 E're I'de one thought or wish retain
 That Honour thinks amifs:
 Thus are poor Maids unkindly us'd,
 By Love and Nature both abus'd;
 Our tender Hearts all ease refus'd:
 And when we burn with secret flame,
 Most bear the grief, or dye with shame.



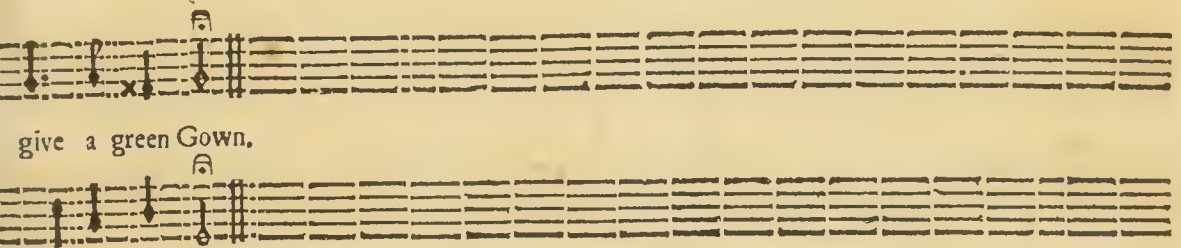
Hus all our lives long we're frolick and gay ; and instead of Court Revels, we



mer-ri-ly play at Trap and at Kettles, at Barly-break run, at Goff and at Stool-ball ; and



when we have done these in-no-cent Sports, we laugh and lie down, and to each pretty Lafs we



give a green Gown.

Mr. John Banister.

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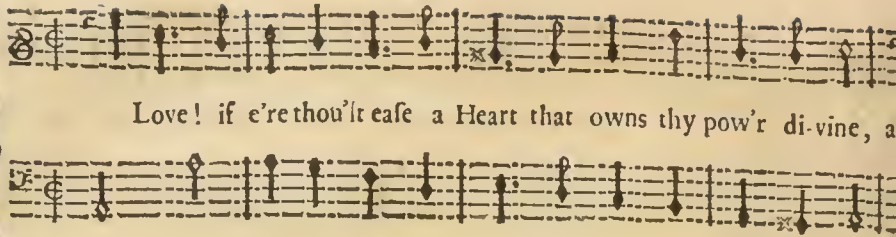
We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry ;
The Partridge, Hare, the Pheasant our Quarry ;
The nimble Squirrels with cudgel we chase,
And the little pretty Lark betray with a glafs
And when we have done, &c.

III.

About the May-pole we dance all a round,
And with Garlands of Pinks and Roses are crown'd ;
Our little kind tribute we merrily pay
To the gay Lad, and the bright Lady o'th' May.
And when we have done, &c.

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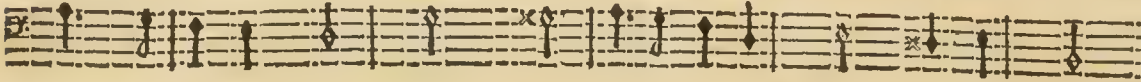
With our delicate Nimphs we kiss and we toy ;
What others but dream of we daily enjoy ;
With our Sweet-hearts we dally so long till we find
Their pretty Eyes say their Hearts are gown kind :
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And to each pretty Lafs we give a green Gown.



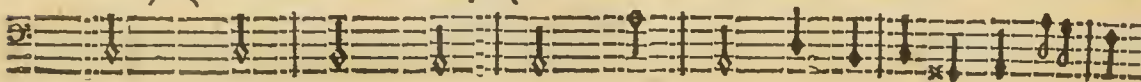
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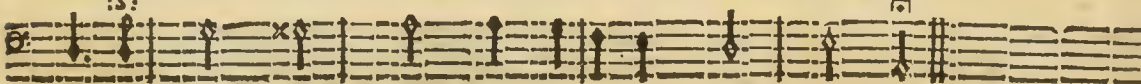
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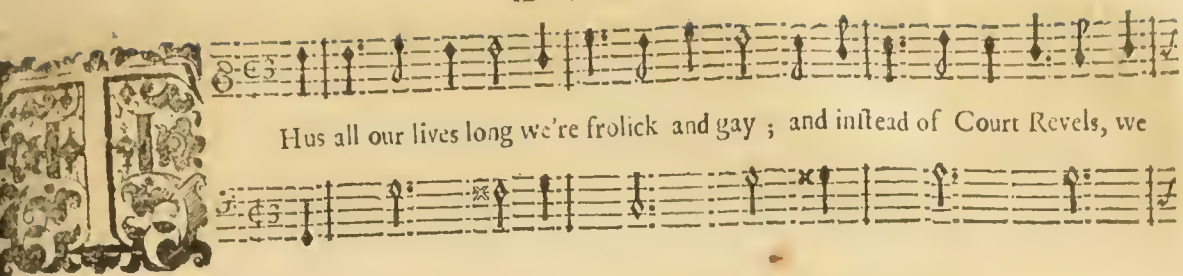
Mr. Pelham's Humour

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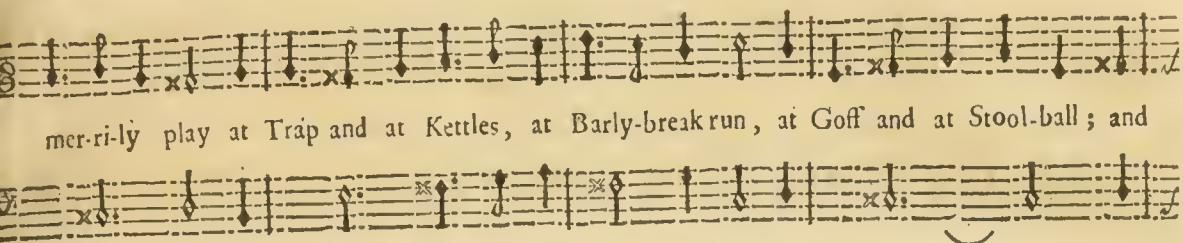
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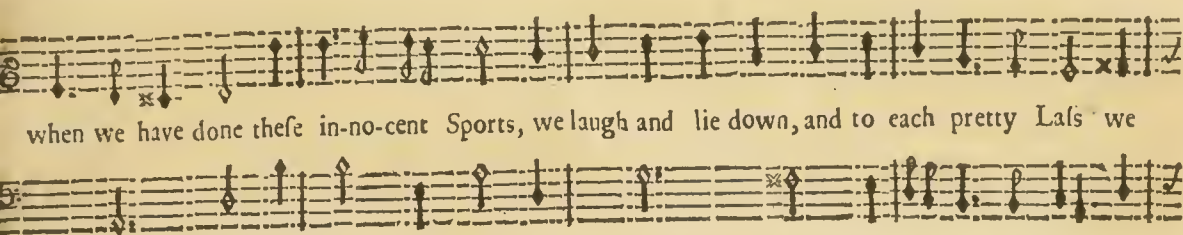
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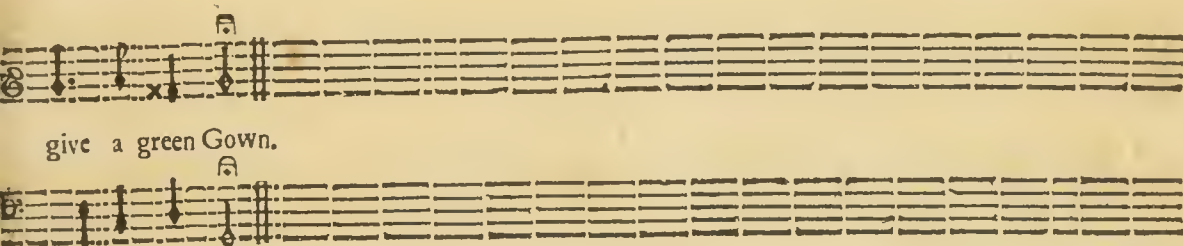
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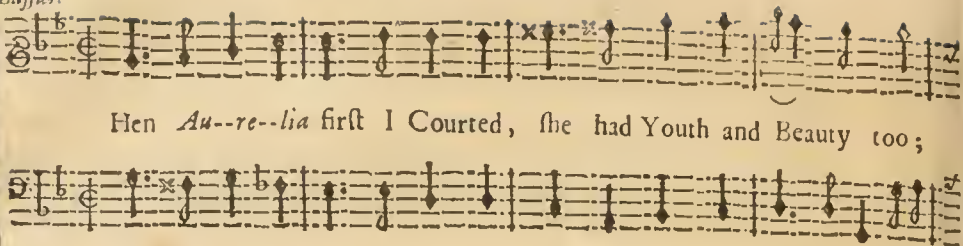
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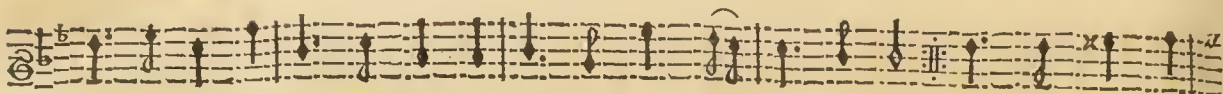
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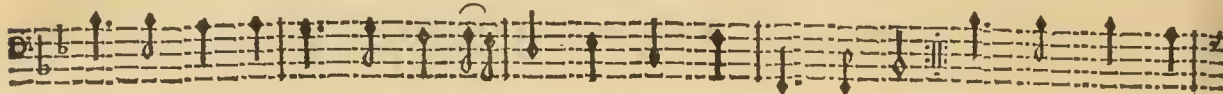
A 2 Voc. Cantus & Basses.



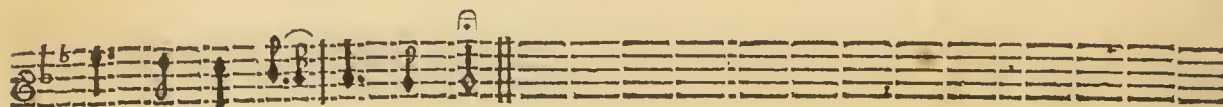
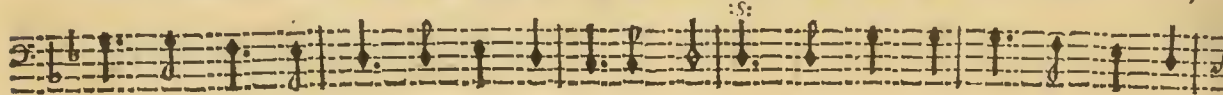
Hen *Au--re--lia* first I Courted, she had Youth and Beauty too;



killing Pleasures when she sported, and her Charms were e--ver new. Conqu'ring Time hath



now deceiv'd her; which her glories did uphold: All her Arts can ne're retrieve her;



poor *Au--re--lia* growing old.



Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

Those Airy Spirits which invited,
 Are return'd, and now no more;
 And her Eyes are now benighted,
 Which were Comets heretofore.
 Want of these abates her merits;
 Yet I have passion for her Name:
 Only kind and amorous Spirits,
 Kindle, and maintain the Flame.



Lover I'm Born, and a Lover I'll be; and hope from my Love I shall



ne-ver be free. Let wisdom abound in the grave Woman-hater; yet ne-ver to love is a

sign of ill Nature: But he who loves well, and whose Passion is strong, can ne-ver be wretched, but

e-ver be Young.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

II.

With hopes and with fears, like a Ship in the Ocean,
Our Hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion:
When our Passion is pall'd, and our Fancy would fail,
Some little quarrel supplies a fresh Gale:
But when the doubt's clear'd, and the jealousies gone,
How we Kiss and Embrace, and can never have done.

III.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

Mine own Sabina, come along, the subject of my Song, for thee I long:

Then know, my pretty Sweetest, know, since thou lovest mee, I'll fancy nothing in the World but

thee: I'll fancy nothing in the World but thee.

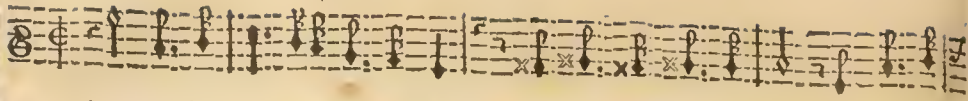
IV.

Unvail those Damask Cheeks of thine,
Where ev'ry beauteous line
is so Divine;
That were I to receive my Death by thy fair Eye;
I'de court it in the pits to buried lye.

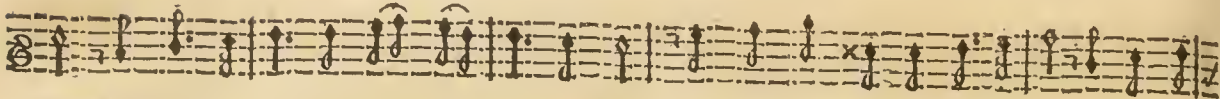
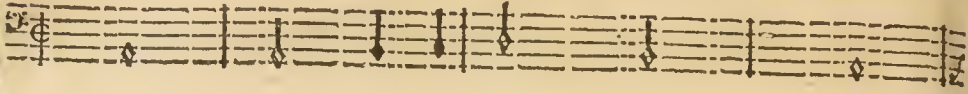
V.

Thus will we Live, thus will we Love;
When as the gods above
shall envious prove;
And after death, we'll toy as they; 'till that appear,
We'll have *Elizium* here, as they have there.

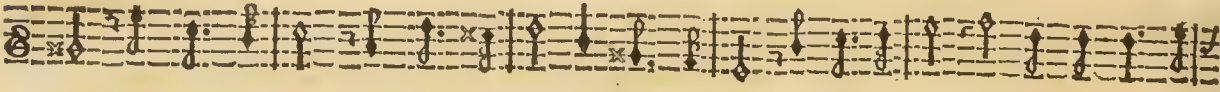
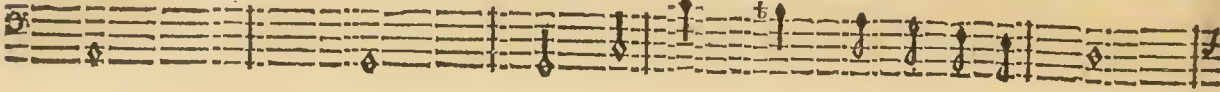
III.
Display thine Arms, thy Wealth unfold,
Then like to Jove of old,
in liquid Gold;
And we'll carouse it in Loves bowls to such a bliss,
Our Souls shall mingle, while our Bodies Kiss.



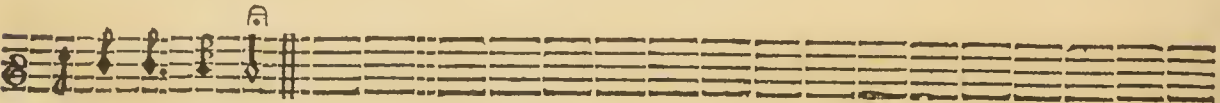
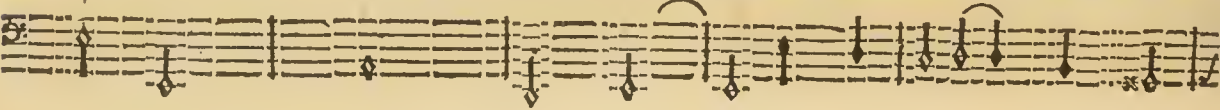
H, *Co-ri-don!* in vain you boast, you still do *Clor-is* Love; far better



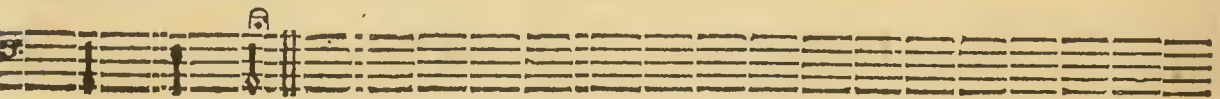
'tis your heart were lost, than thus sus-pi-tious prove: You then would kill me by disdain, but dying



thus, you blot my Name. For all will say, *Cloris* was false, and went astray: *Cloris* was false, and



did deserve her shame.



Mr. Robert Smith.

II.

For happy Shepherd, well you know
 Your Flame does mine excell;
 All generous *Coridon* doth know,
 But none my Tale will tell:
Cloris, though true, must lose her name;
 But *Coridon* will keep his fame:
 For all will say, *Cloris* was false,
 And went astray:
Cloris was false, and did deserve her shame.

III.

But cruel Shepherd, when you hear
 That I am dead indeed;
 I do believe you'll shed one Tear,
 Though now you have decreed,
 That *Cloris* true, must lose her Name,
 ' For *Coridon* to keep his Fame.
 For then you'll say, *Cloris* was true,
 And ne're did stray:
Cloris was true, and I deserve the shame-



Oo justly, alas! and yet so much in vain, of a fate too severe, may the

Lover complain; whose soul is di-vi-ded, and tort'ed like mine, when his Duty forbids what his

Love does injoy. Then patience in vain, doth a passion withstand; for we cannot obey, when we

cannot command.

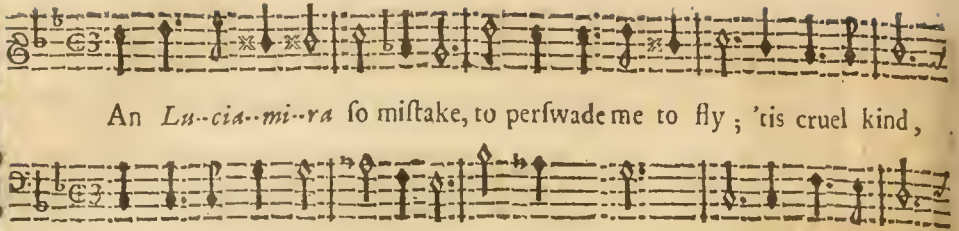
Mr. James Hart.

II.

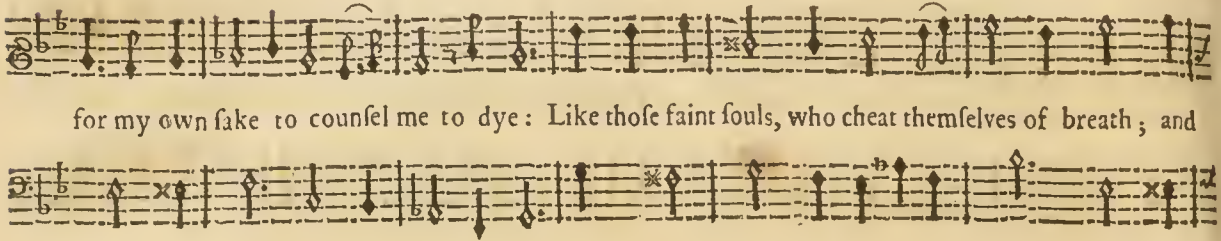
Sure Nature design'd us a blessed state;
 There's no other Creature but chuses a Mate:
 And the Turtles in pairs, through an Amorous grove,
 Do Love where they like, and injoy where they Love.
 What Tyrants are those who do seek to destroy
 The liberty we do by Nature enjoy.

III.

Yet since 'tis a blessing the Gods have ordain'd,
 That our wills should be free, though our pow'r be restrain'd:
 We'll Love while we live, for the constant at last
 Do the perfectest Joys of *Elizium* tast:
 O there, O there, we may Love out our fill,
 When to do and enjoy is the same as to will.



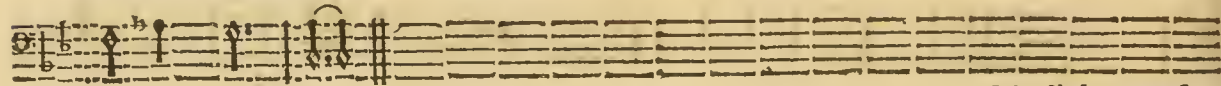
An *Lu-cia-mi-ra* so mistake, to perswade me to fly ; 'tis cruel kind,



for my own sake to counsel me to dye : Like those faint souls, who cheat themselves of breath ; and



dye, for fear of death.



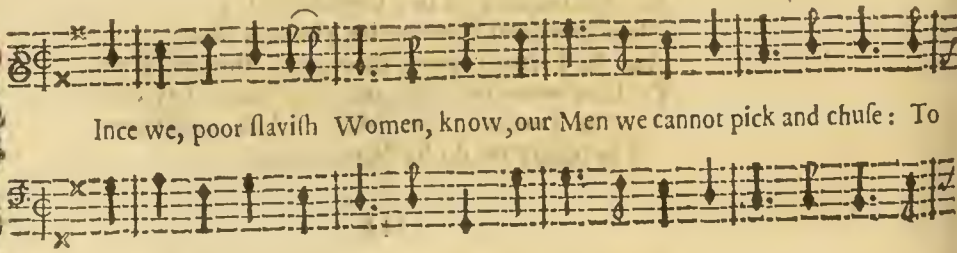
Mr. John Banister.

II.

Since Love's the principle of Life ;
 And you the object Lov'd ;
 Let's, *Luciamira*, end this strife,
 I cease to be remov'd :
 We know not what they do are gone from hence ;
 But here we Love by sense.

III.

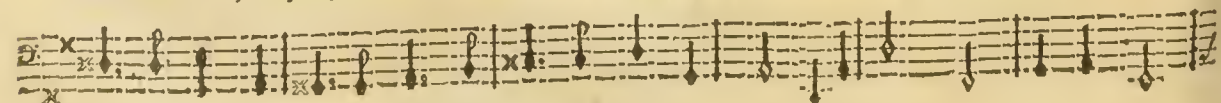
If the Platonicks, who would prove
 Souls without Bodies Love ;
 Had with respect, well understood
 The Passions of the Blood :
 They'd suffer Mortals to have had their part ;
 And seated Love i'th' Heart.



Ince we, poor slavish Women, know, our Men we cannot pick and chuse : To



him we Love, why say we, No ? and both our time and labour lose. By our put offs, and fond de-



lays a Lovers ap-pe-tite we pall ; and if too long the Gallant stays, his Stomachs gone for good and all.

Mr. John Banister.

II.
 Or our impatient amorous Guest,
 Unknown to us, away may steal ;
 And rather than stay for a feast,
 Take up with some course ready meal.
 When opportunity is kind,
 Let prudent Women be so to ;
 And if the Man be to her mind,
 Be sure she do not let him go.

III.
 The Match soon made, is happiest still ;
 For Love has only there to do :
 Let no one Marry 'gainst her will,
 But stand off, when her Parents woo :
 And to the Sutor be not coy ;
 For they whom Joynture can obtain,
 To let a Fop her Bed enjoy,
 Is but a lawful Wench for gain.

Some happy soul come down and tell what Joys are those with you do dwell :

If it be happinefs like ours below, which from our want of ills does only flow : Then, then 'tis

plain, that mighty theam of Im-mor--ta--li--ty is but a Dream.

Mr. Robert Smith.

II.
 'Tis Love, 'tis Love ! For nothing can
 Give real happinefs to man :
 But Joys like those that Lovers souls enjoy,
 Which here on Earth there's nothing can destroy.
 Ay, ay, 'tis Love can only be
 The happy souls felicitie.

III.
 Are your delights in what you see,
 Of wonderful varietie ?
 Or can your Joys arise from pleasant things ;
 Your tast, or smelling, to your fancy brings ?
 No, no, 'tis plain, if it were so,
 Eternity by gradual steps must go.



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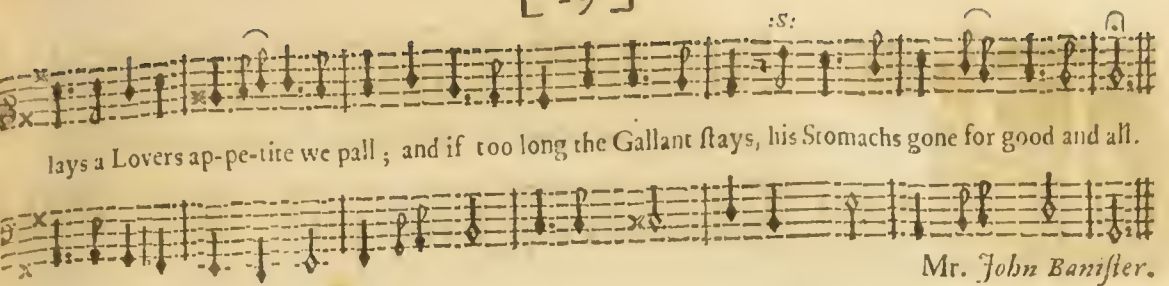
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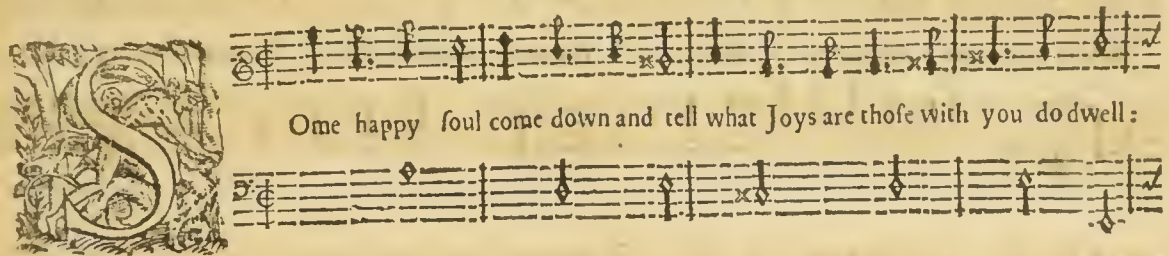
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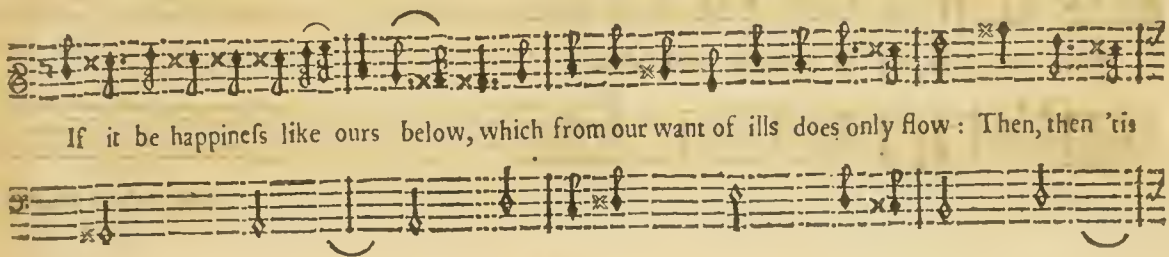
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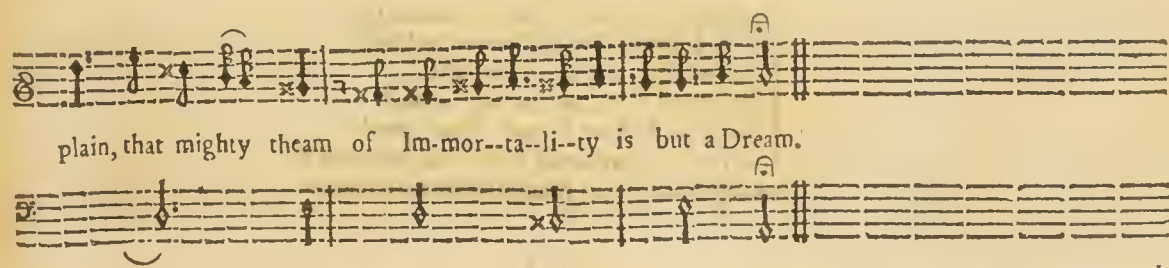
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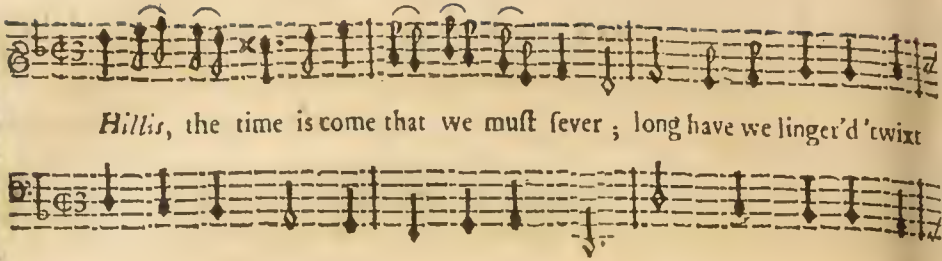
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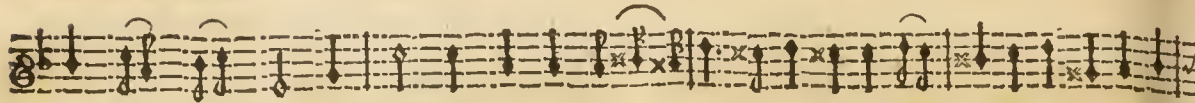
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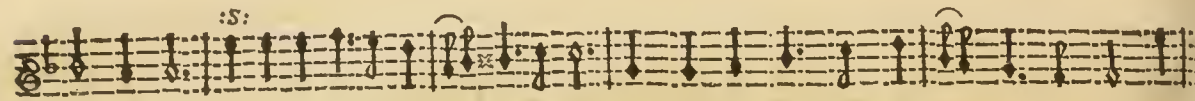
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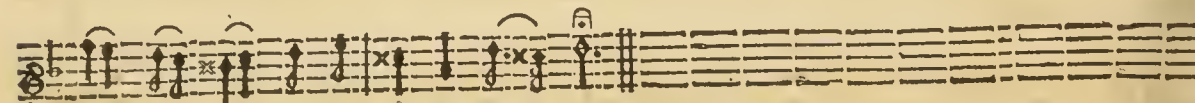
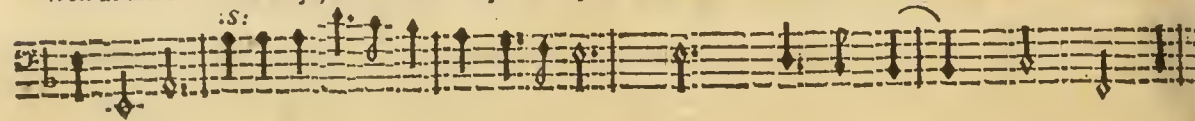
Hill's, the time is come that we must sever ; long have we linger'd 'twixt



kindness and strife : And though we promis'd our selves to love ever , there is a fate in Love, as



well as Life. So many jealousies daily we try, sometimes we freez, and then sometimes we 'ry ; that



Love in Colds, or in Feavers will dye.



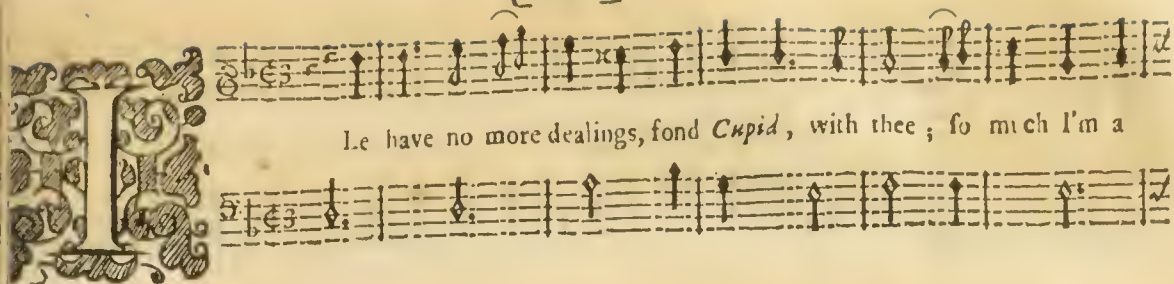
Mr. Robert Smith

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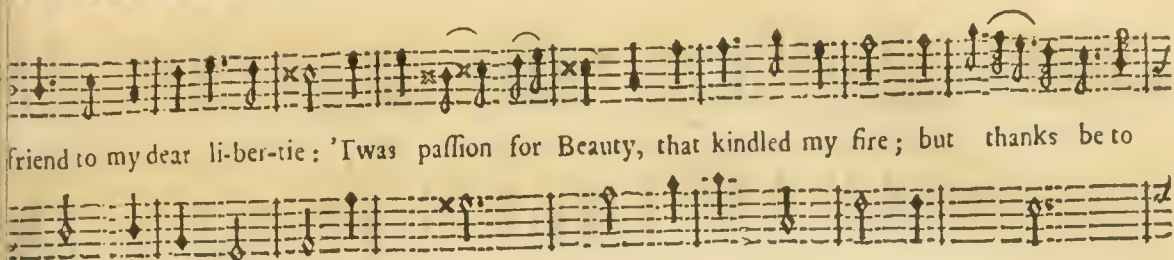
Both by our selves, and others tormented,
 Still in suspense betwixt Heaven and Hell :
 Ever desiring, and never contented ;
 Either not Loving, or Loving too well.
 Parting we still are in each others pow'rs ;
 Our Lov's a weather of Sun-shine, and show'rs :
 Its dayes are bitter, though sweet are its hours.

III.

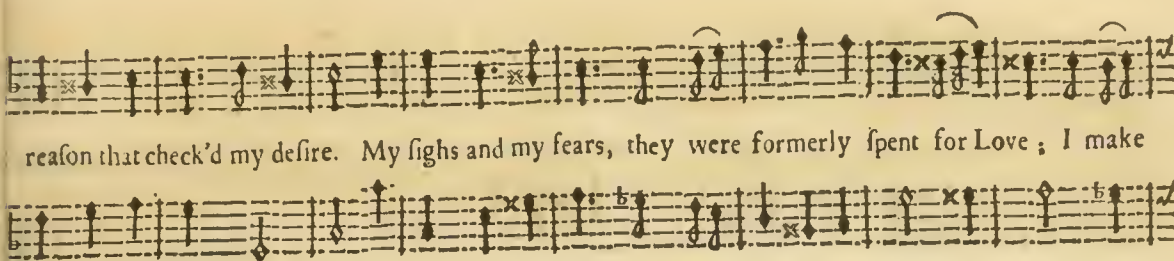
Why should we Fate any longer importune,
 Since to each other unhappy we prove :
 Like losing Gamesters, we tempt our ill Fortune ;
 Both might be luckier in a new Love.
 This were the way our reason bear sway ;
 But when we so pleasing a Passion destroy,
 We may be more happy, but less should enjoy.



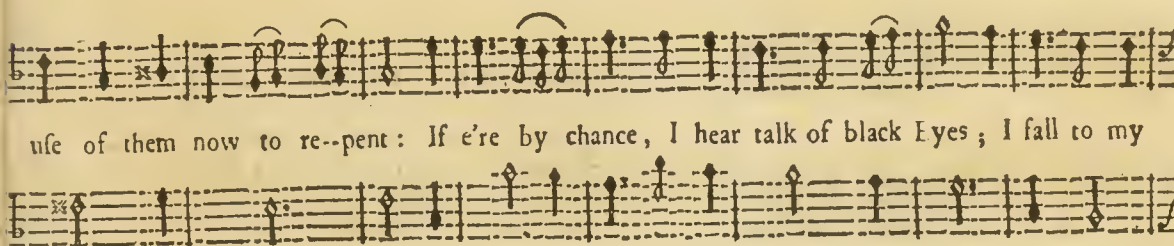
Le have no more dealings, fond *Cupid*, with thee ; so much I'm a



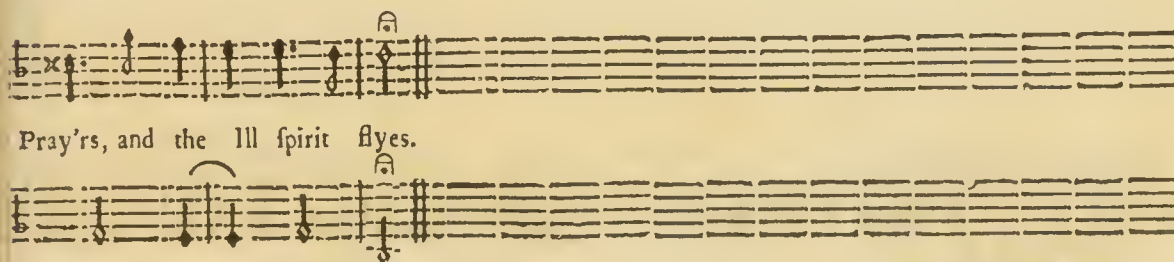
friend to my dear li-ber-tie : 'Twas passion for Beauty, that kindled my fire ; but thanks be to



reason that check'd my desire. My sighs and my fears, they were formerly spent for Love ; I make



use of them now to re-pent : If e're by chance, I hear talk of black Eyes ; I fall to my

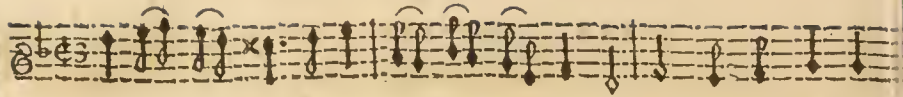


Pray'rs, and the Ill spirit flies.

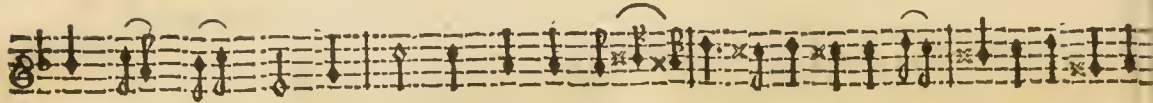
Mr. William Gregorie.

II.

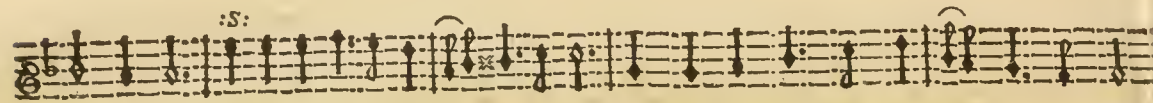
There's none in the world madder than he,
 That loves his own dangers, and will not be free :
 I'll ne'er be confin'd to the Devils black Rod,
 For serving in Love a fantastical God.
 Experience hath taught me the infallible Art,
 Of curbing my Eye-sight, to preserve my Heart :
 Where e're I encounter a Beautious face,
 I bless my self ! turn aside, and mend my pace.



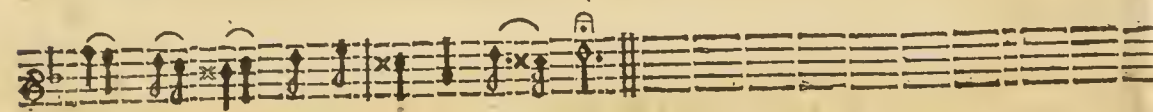
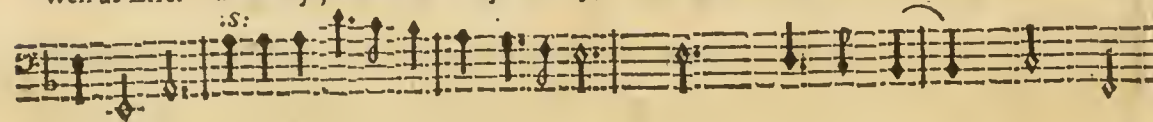
Hill's, the time is come that we must sever ; long have we linger'd 'twa



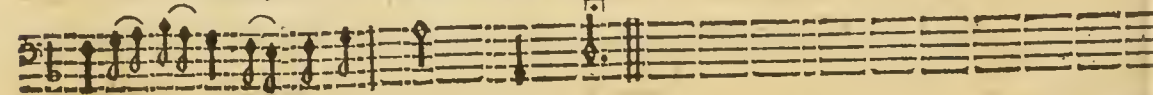
kindness and strife : And though we promis'd our selves to love ever , there is a fate in Love



well as Life. So many jealousies daily we try, sometimes we freez, and then sometimes we 'ry ;



Love in Colds, or in Feavers will dye.



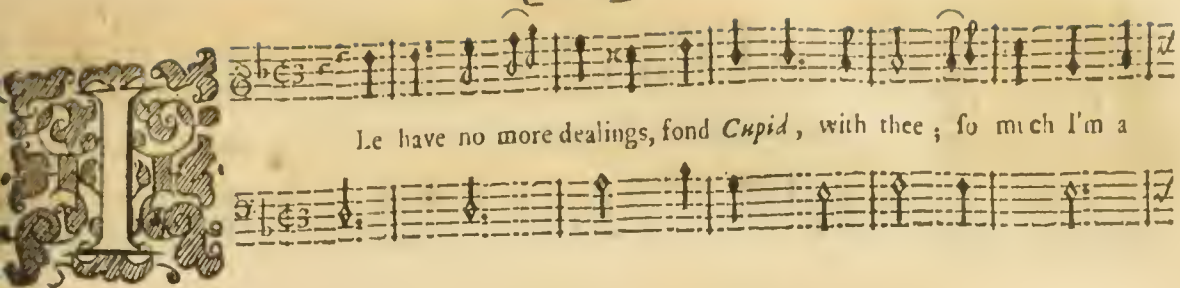
Mr. Robert S

II.

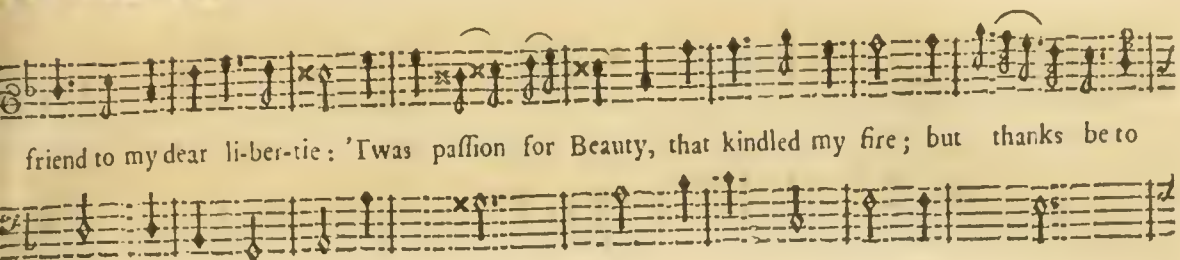
Both by our selves, and others tormented,
 Still in suspence betwixt Heaven and Hell :
 Ever desiring, and never contented ;
 Either not Loving, or Loving too well.
 Parting we still are in each others pow'rs ;
 Our Lov's a weather of Sun-shine, and show'rs :
 Its dayes are bitter, though sweet are its hours.

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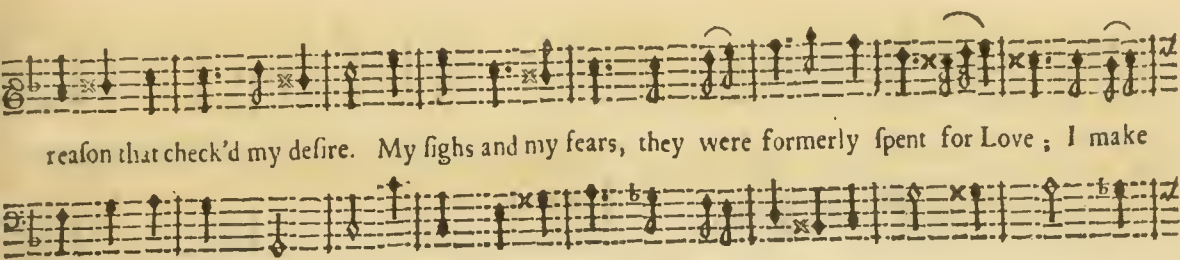
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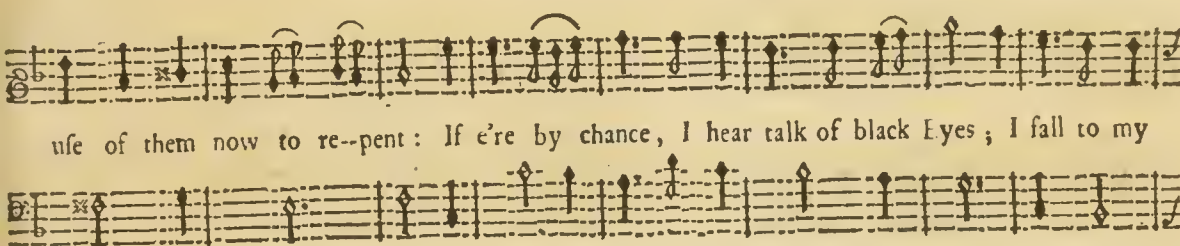
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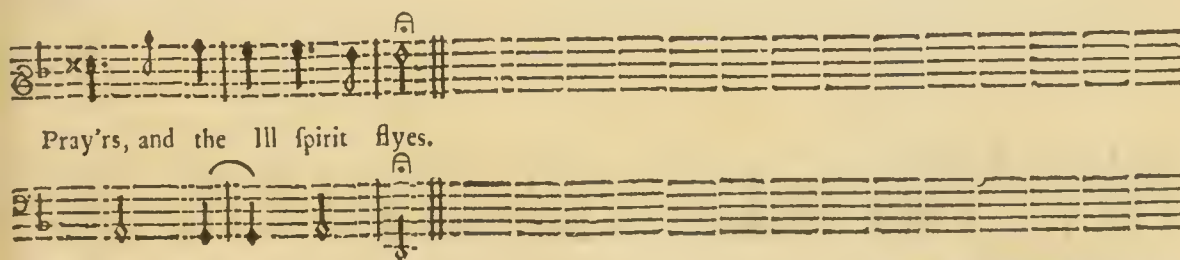
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reason that check'd my desire. My sighs and my fears, they were formerly spent for Love; I make



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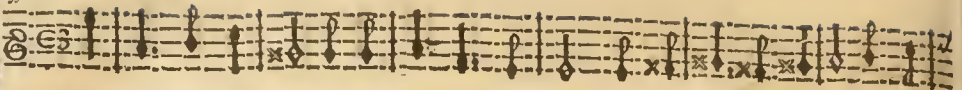
Pray'rs, and the Ill spirit Eyes.

Mr. William Gregorie.

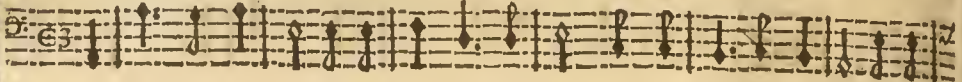
II.

There's none in the world madder than he,
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 I'll ne're be confin'd to the Devils black Rod,
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 Experience hath taught me the infallible Art,
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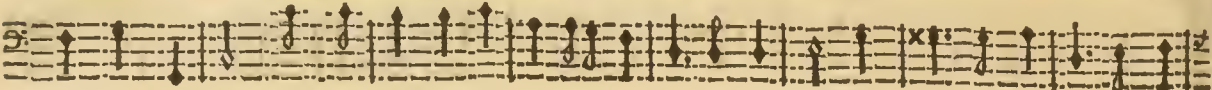
A 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



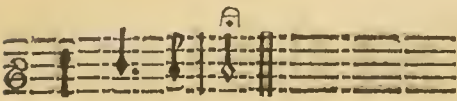
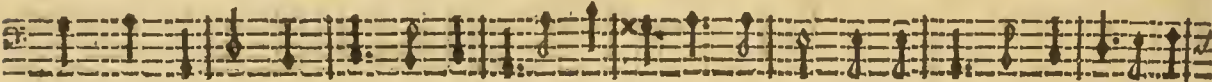
Ow strangely severe, and unjust are we grown ! For we punish in all the Of-



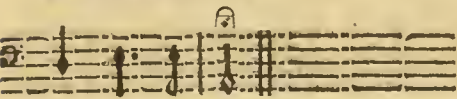
fences of one: While dissembling *Amintas*, a Passion did fain, I *Damon's* Affections re-



turn'd with disdain ; and gave more belief to the Shepherd that swore , than to him who did faithfully



Love and A--dore.

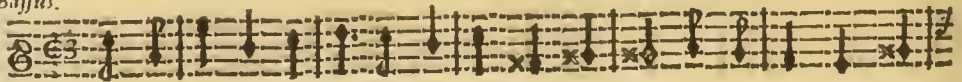


Mr. William Turner.

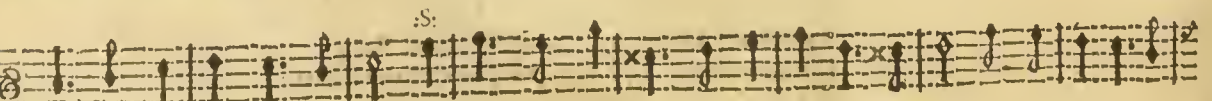
II.

Then how is it Just, O ye Powers divine !
That *Damon* should dye, when the error was mine :
Yet pardon me once, and if ever again
I'm deaf to the Voice of a Lover in pain ;
Then let me not prosper in what I've begun ,
But dye in despair, as may *Damon* has done.

A 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.

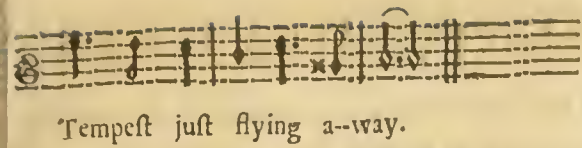


Hilt *A-lex-is* lay prest in her Arms he lov'd best, with his hand round her

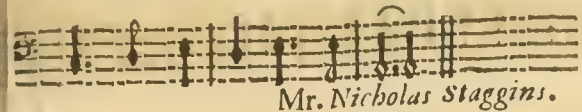


neck, and his head on her breast: He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay, and his soul in a





Tempest just flying a-way.



Mr. Nicholas Staggins.

II.

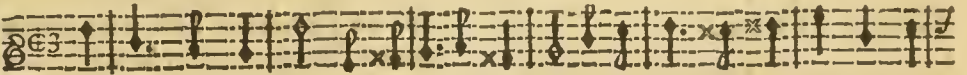
When *Celia* saw this, with a Sigh and a-Kiss,
She cry'd, O my Dear! I'm robb'd of my bliss:
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and dye all alone.

III.

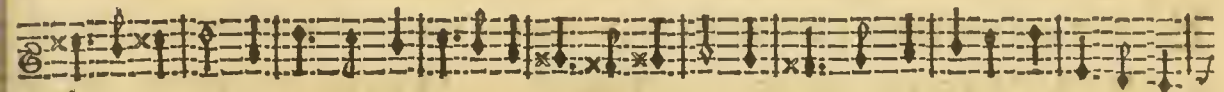
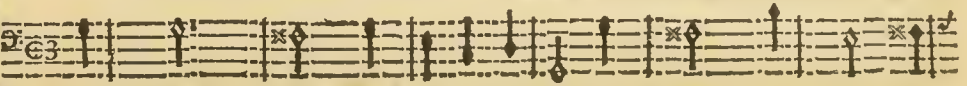
The Youth, though in hast, and breathing his last,
In pity dy'd slowly, whil'ft the dy'd more fast;
'Till at length she cry'd, now, my Dear, now
Let's go; Now dye, my *Alexis*, and I will dye too.

IV.

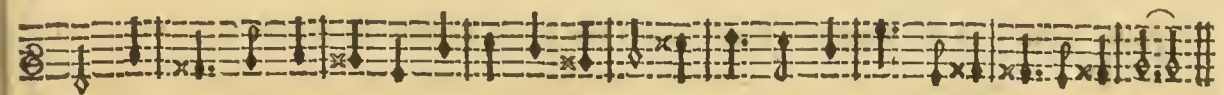
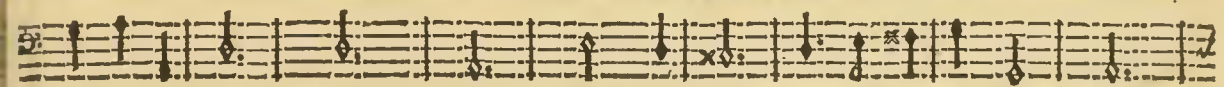
Thus intranc'd she did lye, while *Alexis* did try
To recover new breath, that again he might dye:
Then often they dy'd; but the more they did so,
The nymph di'd more quick, and the shepherd more slow



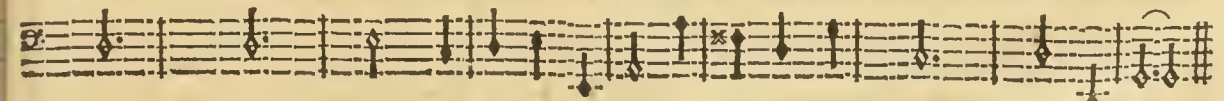
O' all the brisk Dames, *Misselina* for me; for I love not a woman un-



less she be free. The Affection that I to my Mistrefs do pay, grows weary, unless she does meet it half



way. There can be no pleasure 'till humours do hit; and jumping's as good in Affection as Wit.



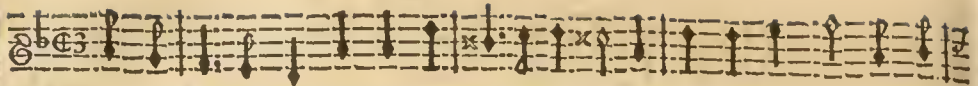
Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

II.

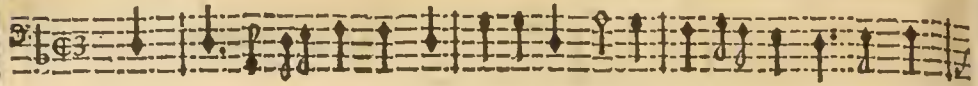
No sooner I came, but she lik'd me as soon;
No sooner I askt, but she granted my boon:
And without a Preamble, a Portion, or Joynture,
She promis'd to meet me, where e're I'de appoint her.
So we struck up a match, and embraced each other,
Without the consent of Father or Mother.

III.

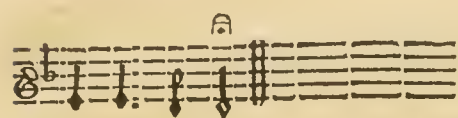
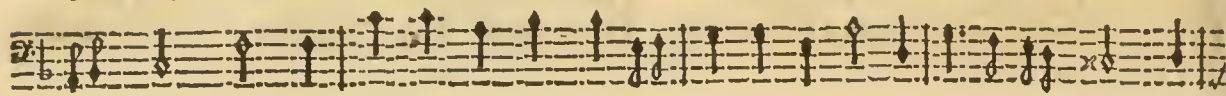
Then away with a Lady that's Modest and coy;
Let her ends be the pleasures that we do enjoy:
Let her tickle her fancy with secret delight,
And refuse all the day, what she longs for at night.
I believe my *Selina*, who thews they'r all mad
To feed on dry bones, when flesh may be had.



T the sight of my *Phillis*, through every part, a Spring-tide of Joy doth flow



up to my Heart; which quickens each Pulse, and swells e-ve-ry Vein, yet all my Delights are still



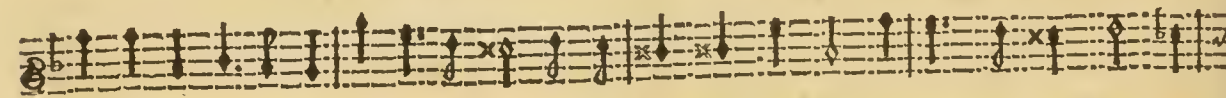
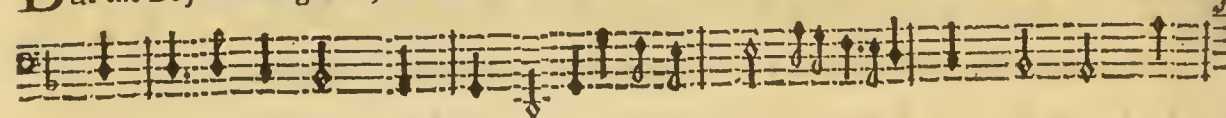
mingle'd with Pain,



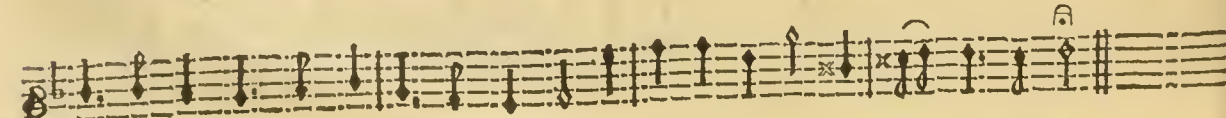
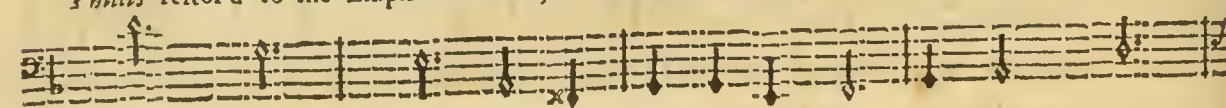
So strong a Distemper, sure Love cannot bring ;
To my Knowledge, Love was a quieter thing :
So gentle and tame, that he never was known
So much as to wake me, when I lay alone.



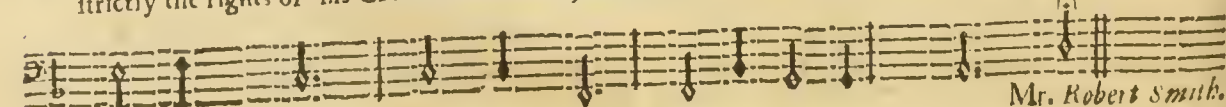
But the Boy is much grown, and so alter'd of late, he's become a more furious passion than hate; since by



Phillis restor'd to the Empire of hearts, he has new strung his Bow, and sharpen'd his Darts; and



strictly the rights of his Crown to maintain, he breaks ev'ry Heart, and turns ev'ry Brain.



Mr. Robert Smith.

My Madnefs, alas! I too plainly discover ;
For he is at least as much Mad-man as Lover ,
Who for one cruel Beauty, is ready to quit
All the Nymphs of the Stage, and those of the Pit :
The Joys of *Hide-park*, and the *Mall's* dear delight ,
To be Sober all day, and Chast all the Night.

A 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.

Y Youth I kept free from all thoughts of care, And guarded it safe from the

Black and the Fair ; So stubborn I was, that I laugh'd at the pains Men took to be wretched, and

loaded with Chains : But when I the Charms of my *Phil-lis* did see, I rendred my

Heart, and refus'd to be free.

Mr. *Alph. Marsh*, Junior.

II.

I Lov'd with a Zeal and Passion so strong,
 Forgot she was woman, and could not love long :
 I never consider'd the tricks and the arts
 She us'd to entangle and captivate hearts :
 At length I discover'd, and plainly I knew
 My *Phillis* was fickle, and could not be true.

III.

I curst my hard fate that kindled my flame ;
 I oft'ner my self than my *Phillis* did blame :
 Yet I bore such respect unto her, that I thought
 Want of merit in me, this humour had wrought.
 And then I resolv'd I never would be
 So bold as to Love, but would always be free.



Hat fancies of Pleasure doth Love all alone propose to it self, when the

Object is gone. But, alas! how vain is the strength of that Joy, which a word or a frown, has

pow'r to destroy.

II.
 For though the first venture prove calm in her Eyes,
 In the second access a storm may arise:
 Then with sighs and with grief are those spirits display'd,
 Who to cherish despair have given their aid.

III.
 Thus, Lovers with doubt, a fond kindness pursue,
 Whilst fate from their follies prove false and untrue:
 They're either possess'd with the thoughts of despair,
 Or else lay on Love a continual care.

IV.
 Then since we're endu'd with so gentle a soul,
 That every small signal our heart may controule;
 'Twere a sigh of Loves pity, our care to restrain,
 By making us free-men, without so much pain.

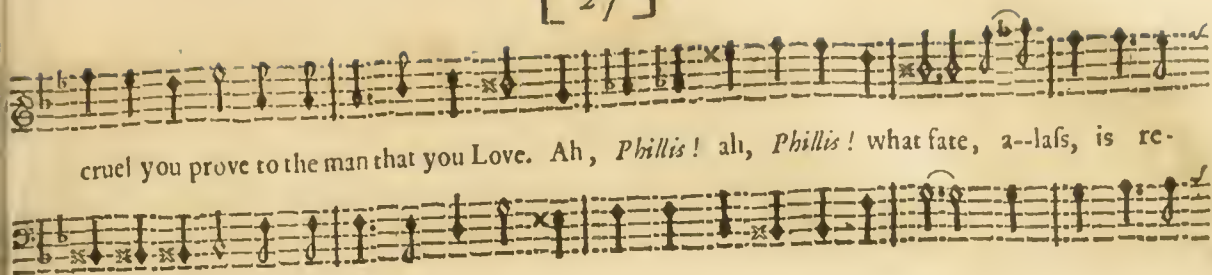
A 2 Voc. Cantata & Basses.



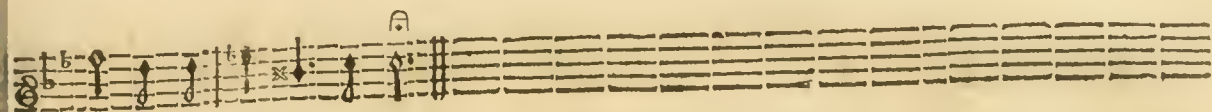
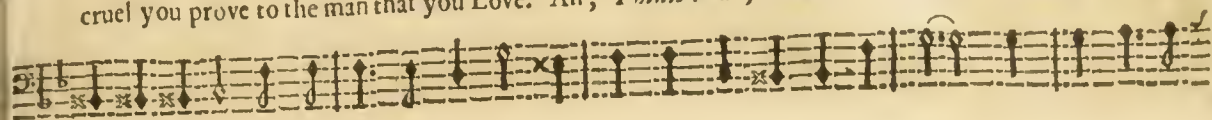
Languish all night, and sigh all the day, and much to be pity'd I

am: E're since your bright Eyes my Heart did surprize, I could not extinguish the flame. But

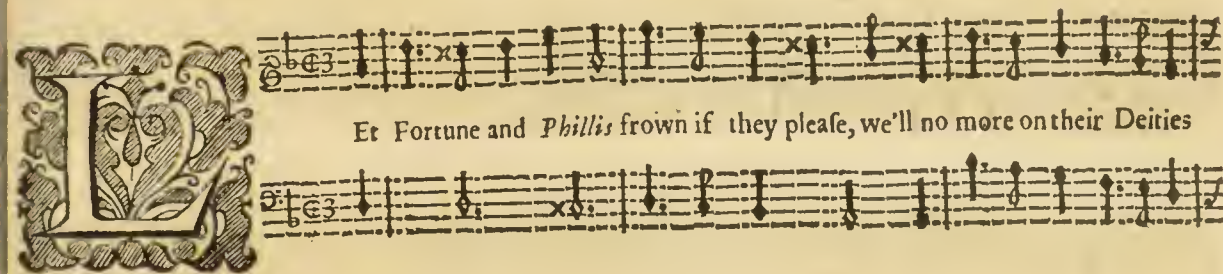
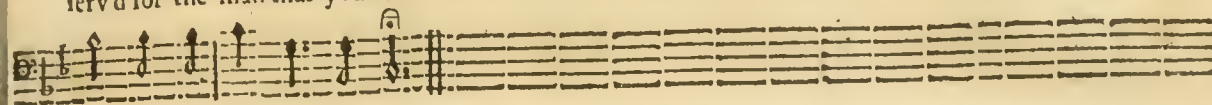
since you have known my heart is your own, that before was so kind, now scornful are grown: If so



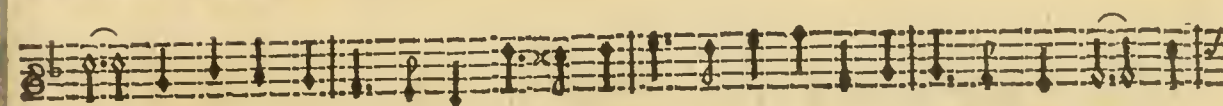
cruel you prove to the man that you Love. Ah, *Phyllis*! ah, *Phyllis*! what fate, a--lafs, is re-



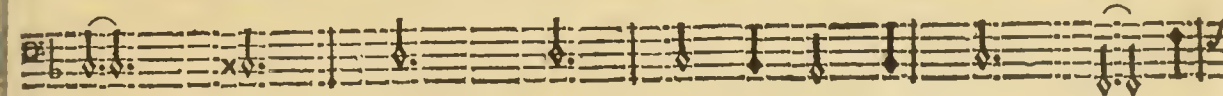
serv'd for the man that you hate.



Et Fortune and *Phyllis* frown if they please, we'll no more on their Deities



call: Nor trouble the Fates, but I'll give my self ease, and be happy in spite of them all, I



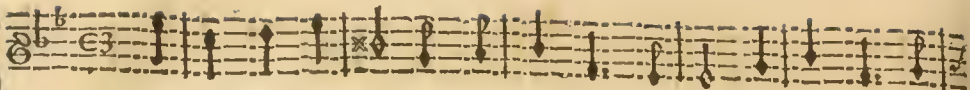
will have my *Phyllis*, if I once go about her; or if I have not, I live better without her.



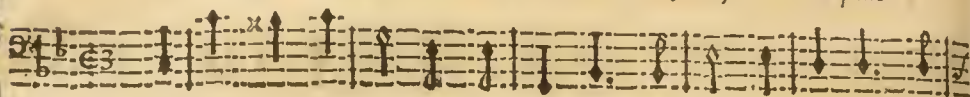
Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

II.

But If she prove Virtuous, Obliging, and Kind,
 Perhaps I'll vouchsafe to love her:
 But if Pride or Inconstancy in her, I find,
 I'de have her to know I'm above her.
 For at length I have learn'd, now my Fetters are gone,
 To Love, if I please, or to let it alone.



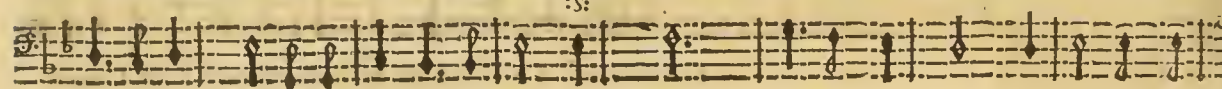
Ive o're foolish heart, and make hast to despair; For *Daphne* re-



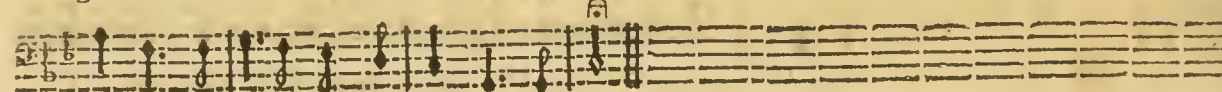
gards not thy Vows nor thy Pray'r: When I plead for thy passion, thy pains to prolong: She



courts her Gittar, and replies with a Song. No more shall true Lovers such beauties adore: Were the



gods so severe, men would worship no more.



Mr. Alph. Marfb.

II.


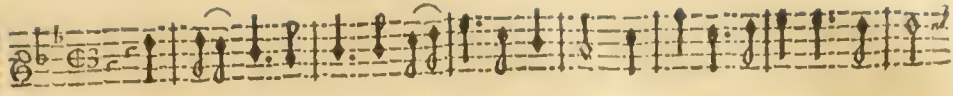
No more will I wait, like a Slave at your Dore,
 I'll spend the cold Night at your Window no more:
 My Lungs in long sighs, no more I'll exhale,
 Since your Pride is to make me grow fullen and pale.
 No more shall *Amintas* your pity implore,
 Were the gods so ingrate, men would worship no more.

III.


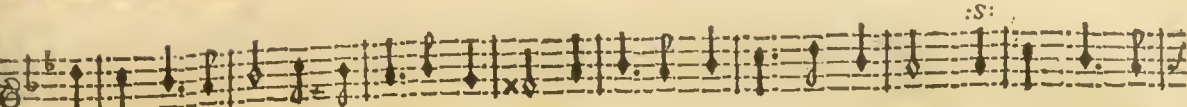
No more shall your frowns, or free humour persuade
 To court the fair Idol my Fancy hath made:
 When your saint's so neglected, your follies give o're,
 Your Deity's lost, and your beauties no more.
 No more shall true Lovers such Beautie's adore,
 Were the gods so severe, men would worship no more.

IV.


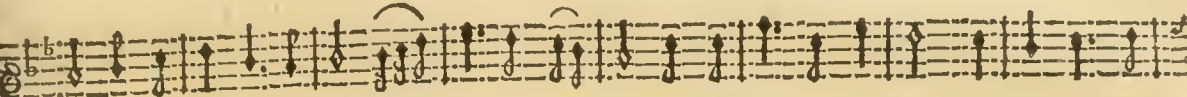
How weak are the Vows of a Lover in pain,
 When flatter'd with hope, or oppress'd with disdain:
 No sooner my *Daphne's* bright eyes I review,
 But all is forgot, and I vow all a new.
 No more, fairest Nymph, I will murmur no more;
 Did the gods seem so fair, men would ever adore.

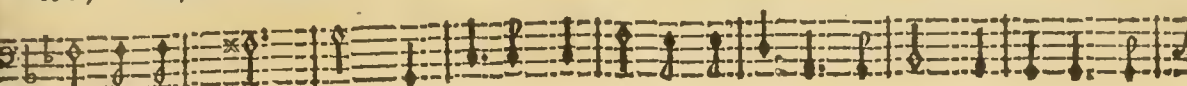
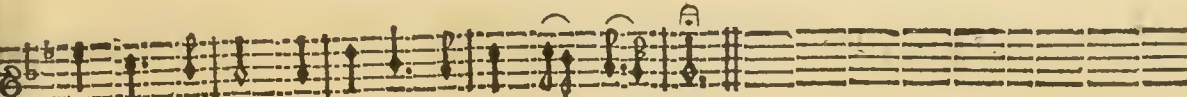
Here e--ver I am, or what e-ver I do, my *Phillis* is still in my mind :

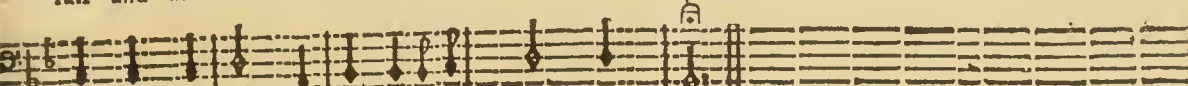
When angry, I mean not to *Phillis* to go ; my feet of themselves the way find. Unknown to my

self, I am just at her door ; and when I would rail, I can bring out no more. Then *Phillis*, too

fair and unkind : Then *Phillis* too fair and un--kind,



Mr. Alph. Marsh.

II.

When *Phillis* I see, my heart burns in my breast,
 And the Love I would stifle is show'n :
 But asleep or awake, I am never at rest,
 When from mine eyes *Phillis* is gone.
 Sometimes a sweet dream doth delude my sad mind ;
 But alas ! when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
 Then I sigh to my self all alone !
 Then I sigh to my self all alone !

III.

Should a King be my rival in her I adore ;
 He should offer his treasure in vain :
 O let me alone to be happy and poor,
 And give me my *Phillis* again.
 Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind,
 I could to a Defart with her be confin'd ;
 And envy no Monarch his reign :
 And envy no Monarch his reign.

IV.

Alas ! I discover too much of my Love ;
 And she too well knows her own pow'r :
 She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove ;
 And makes me grow jealous each hour.
 But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
 I had rather love *Phillis*, both false and unkind,
 Than ever be freed from her pow'r :
 Than ever be freed from her pow'r.



Ow affairs of the State are already decreed, make room for affairs of the

Cho.

Court: Implyment, and pleasure, each other succeed; because they each other support. Were

Cho.

Were, &c.

Princes confin'd from slacking their mind; when by care it is ruffled and curl: A Crown would ap-

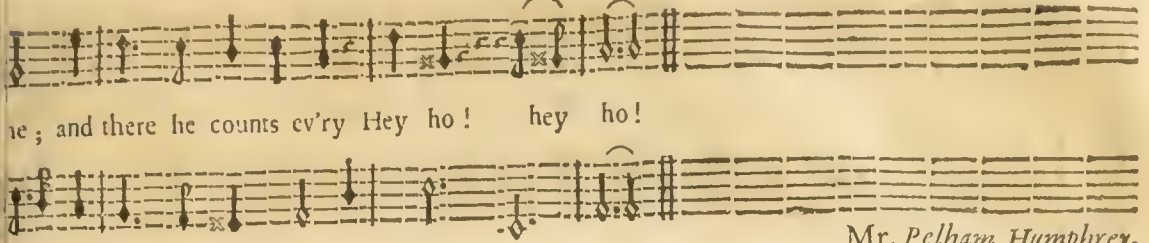
pear too heavy to wear; and no man would Govern the World.



Ow severe is forgetful old Age, to confine a poor Lover so! that I

almost despair to see even the Air; much more my dear *Damon*, hey ho! Though I whisper my

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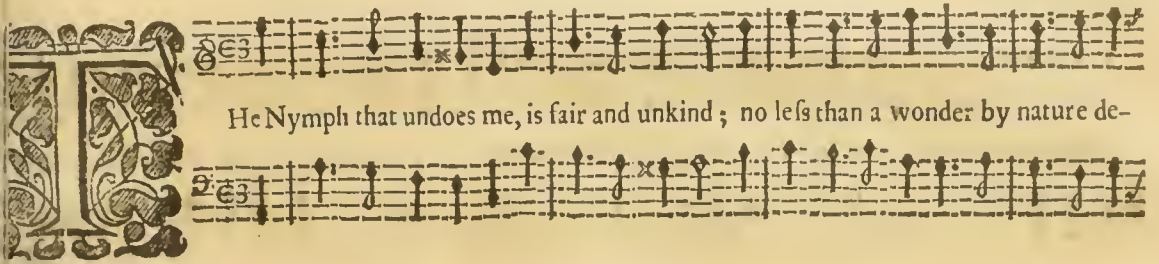
Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

II.

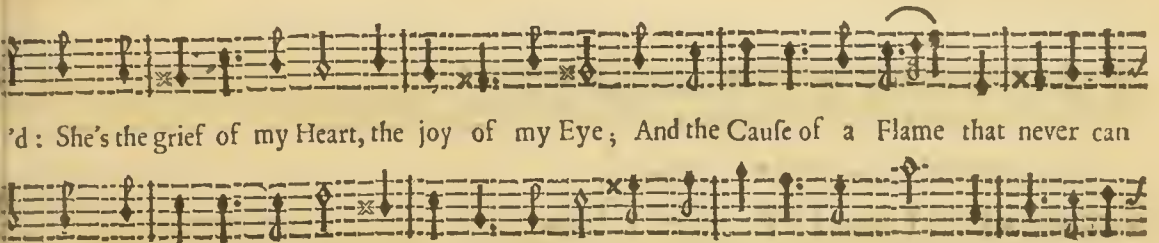
How shall I this Argus blind?
And so put an end to my wo;
For whilst I beguile
His Frowns with a Smile;
I betray my self with a Hey ho! hey ho!

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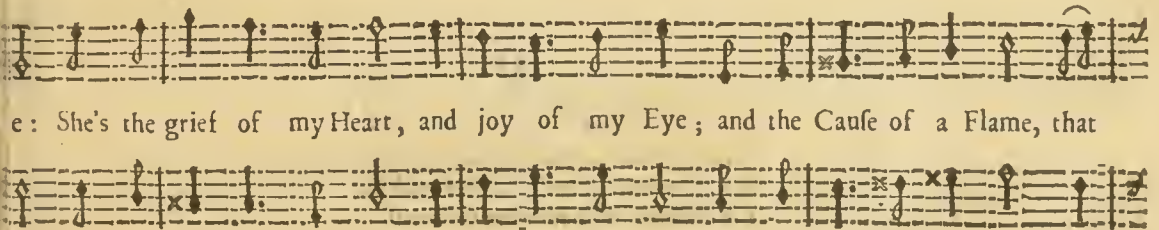
My restraint, then alas! must endure;
So that since my sad doom I know:
I'll pine for my Love
Like the Turtle-Dove;
And breath out my Life in Hey ho! hey ho!



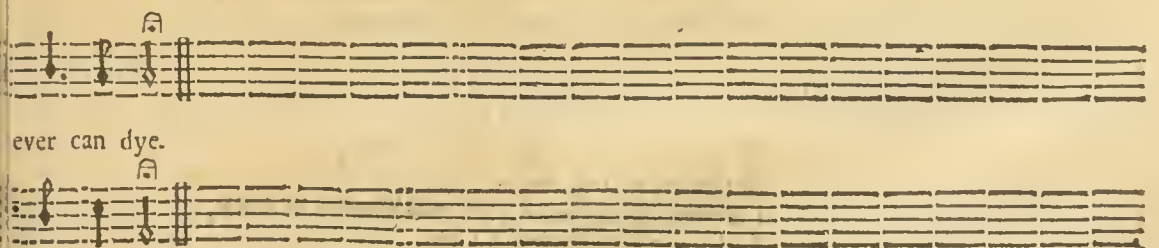
He Nymph that undoes me, is fair and unkind; no less than a wonder by nature de-



d: She's the grief of my Heart, the joy of my Eye; And the Cause of a Flame that never can



e: She's the grief of my Heart, and joy of my Eye; and the Cause of a Flame, that



ever can dye.

Mr. Stafford.

II.

Lips, from whence Wit obligingly flows,
The colour of Cherries, and smell of the Rose:
And Destiny both attends on her Will;
She smiles with a Smile, with a Frown she can Kill,

III.

The desparate Lover can hope no Redrefs;
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in excess:
In *Calia* they meet, so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must Love, who Loves her must dye.



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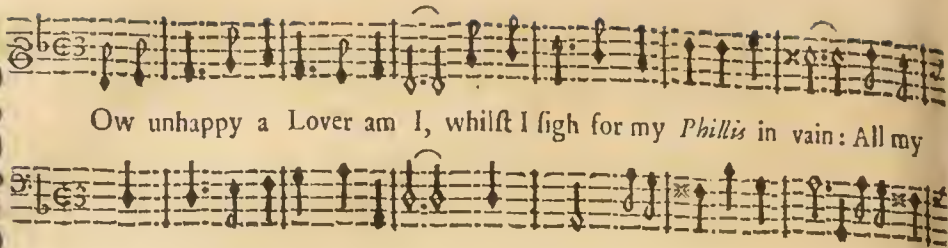
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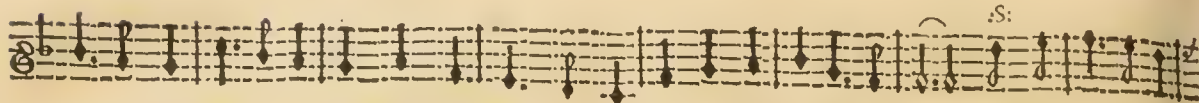
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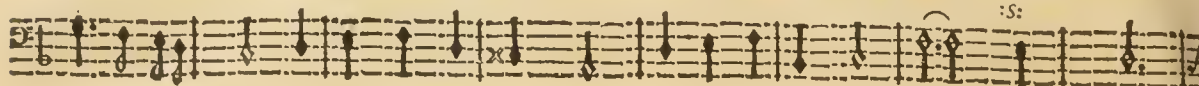
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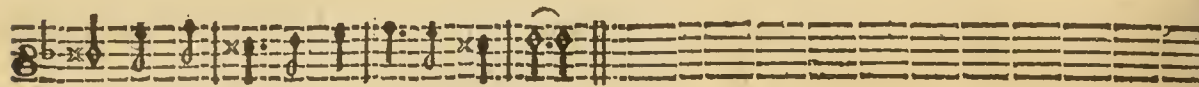
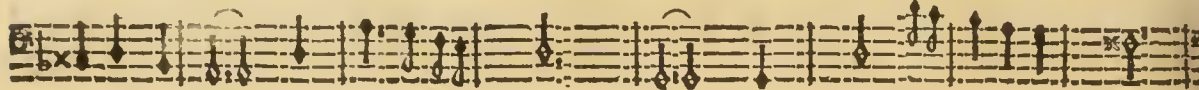
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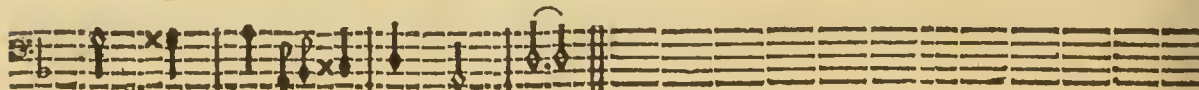
hopes of delight are a-nother man's right; who is happy, whilst I am in pain. Since her honour af-



fords no re-lief, but to pi-ty the pains which you bear: 'Tis the best of your fate in a hopeless e-



state, to give o're, and betimes to de--spair.



Mr. *Nicholas Staggins*.

II.

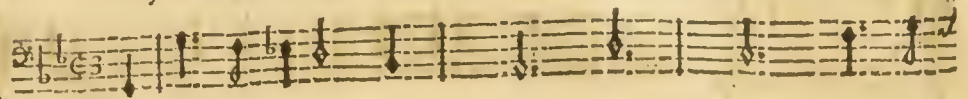
I have try'd the false Medicine in vain ;
 Yet I with what I hope not to win :
 From without my desire has no food to its fire ,
 But it burns and consumes me within.
 Yet at least, 'tis a comfort to know
 That you are not unhappy alone :
 For the Nymph you adore is as wretched or more ,
 And accounts all your suff'rings her own.

III.

O you pow'rs ! let me suffer for both ,
 At the feet of my *Phillis* I'll lye :
 I'll resign up my breath, and take pleasure in death ,
 To be pity'd by her when I dye.
 What her honour deny'd you in life ,
 In her death she will give to her love :
 Such a flame as is true, after fate will renew ,
 When the souls do meet closer above.



Hy *Phillis*, to me, so untrue and unkind? Remember the Vow which



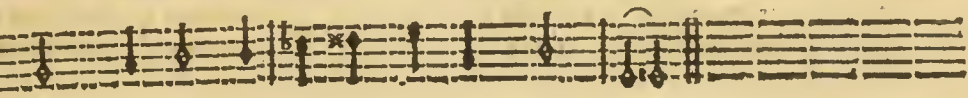
you made; Though Love cannot see, let not Honour be blind, whereon is the other betray'd.



Though, Sir, to your Bed, true Alleg'ance I vow'd: I am not oblig'd by that Oath: No longer than



you keep both constant and true: The same Vow ob-li-geth us both.



II.

Man.

Fair Nymph, did you feel
But those Passions I bear,
My Love you would never suspect:
An Heart made of steel
Sure must needs love the fair,
And what we love cannot neglect.

Woman.

Then since we love both,
Let us both be agreed;

Man.

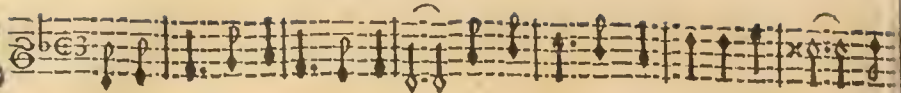
And seal both our Loves with a Kiss:

Woman.

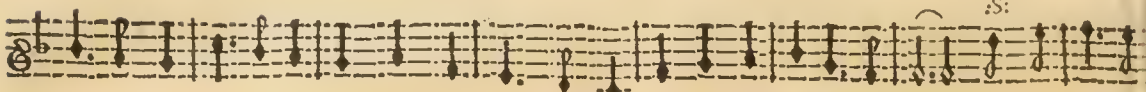
From breaking our Oath
We shall both then be freed;

Man.

And Princes will envy our blifs.



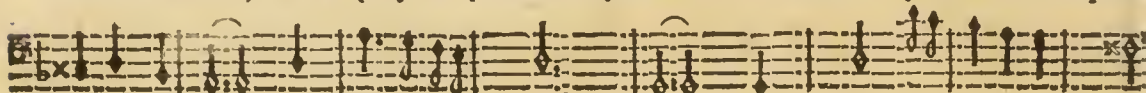
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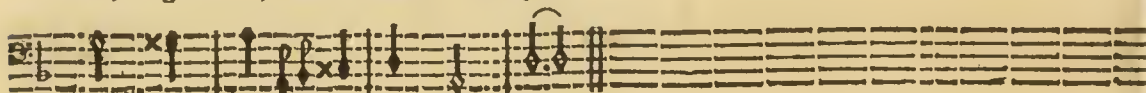
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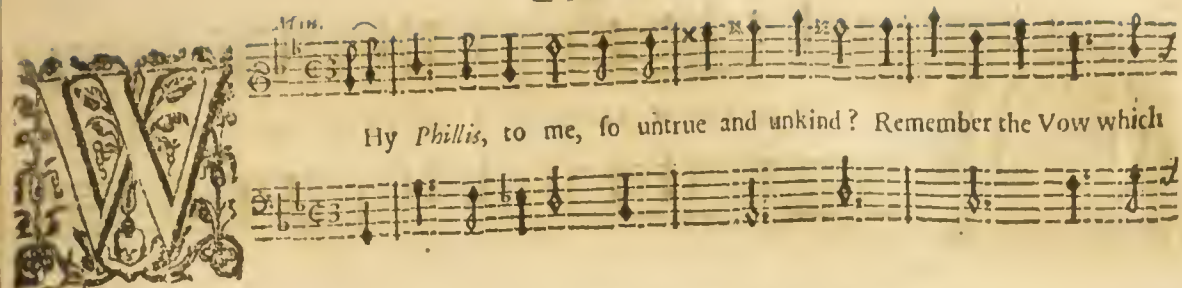
Mr. Nicholas Stag

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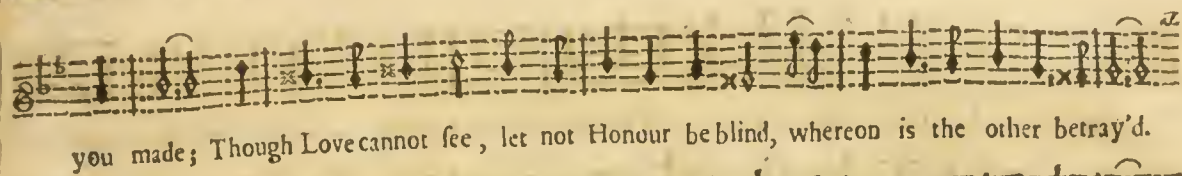
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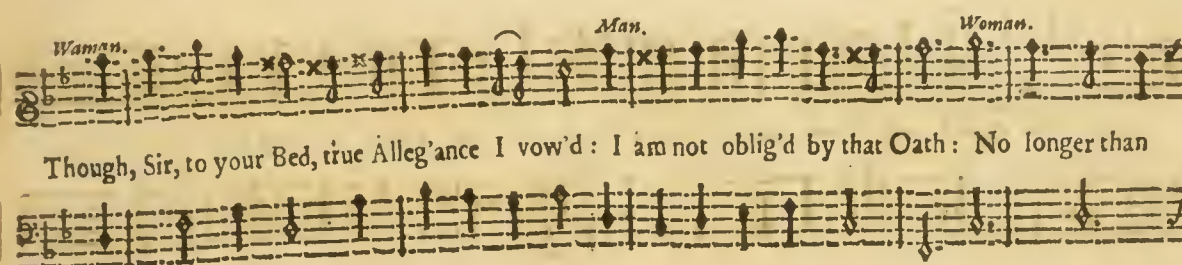
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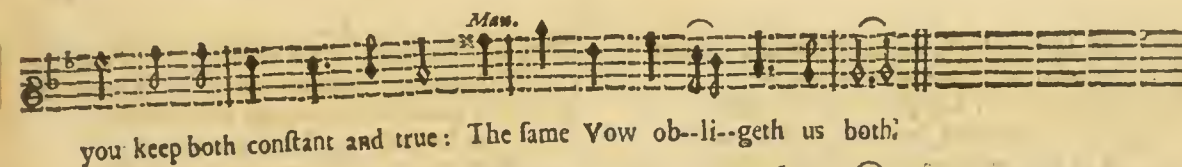
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Woman. *Man.* *Woman.*
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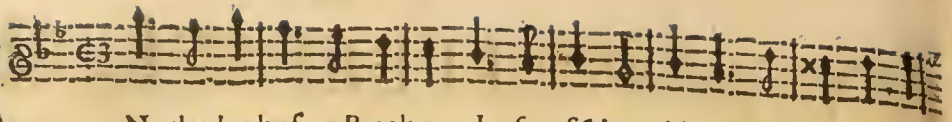
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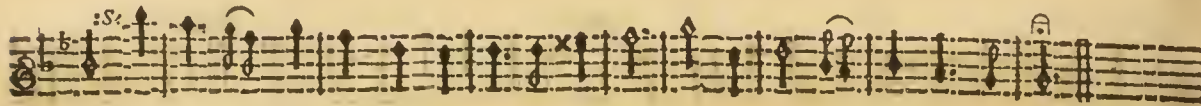
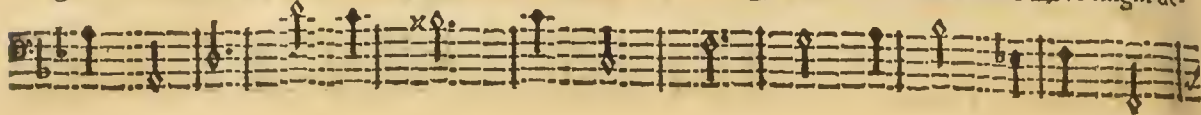
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N the bank of a Brook as I sat fishing; hid in the Officers that



grew on the side; I over-heard a Nymph and Shepherd wishing, no time or fortune their Love might de-



vide: To *Cupid* and *Venus* each offred a Vow, to Love e-ver as they love now,



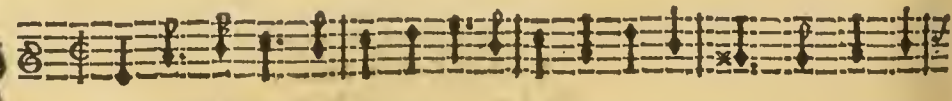
Mr. John Banister.

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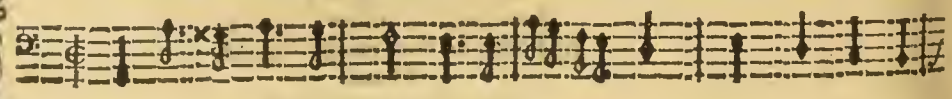
Oh! said the Shepherd, and sigh'd, what a pleasure
Is love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone?
Love must be secret kept, like Fairy treasure,
When 'tis discover'd, 'twill quickly be gone:
And envy or jealousie if it could stay,
Will too soon, alafs! make it decay.

III.

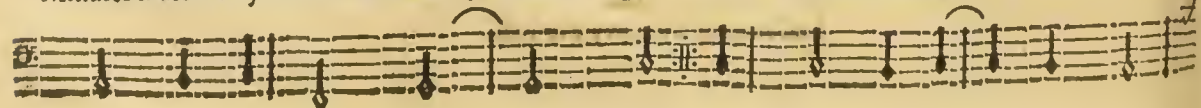
Then let us leave the world and care behind us;
Said the Nymph smiling, and gave him her hand;
All alone, all alone, where none shall finds us,
In some far desert we'll seek a new land:
And there live from envy or jealousie free,
And a world to each other we'll be.

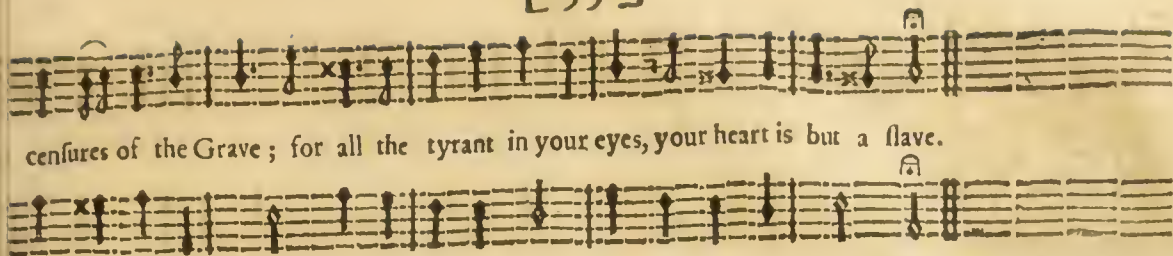


Hillie for shame let us improve a thousand sev'ral wayes, these few short



Minutes snatch'd by Love from ma--ny tedious days. Whilst you want courage to despise the





cenfures of the Grave; for all the tyrant in your eyes, your heart is but a flave.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

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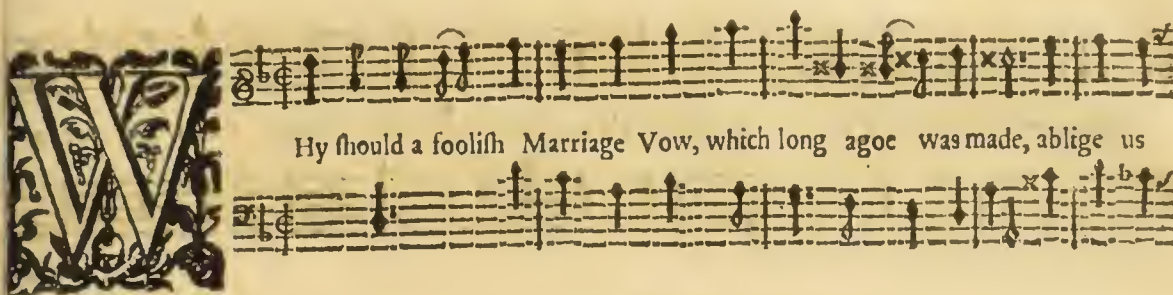
My Love is full of noble pride,
And never shall submit,
To let that Fop discretion ride
In triumph over wit.

III.

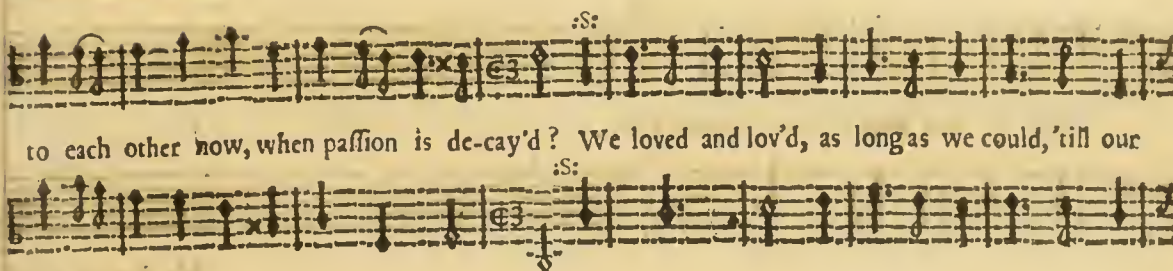
False friends I have as well as you,
Who daily counsel me,
Fame and ambition to purfue;
And leave of loving you.

IV.

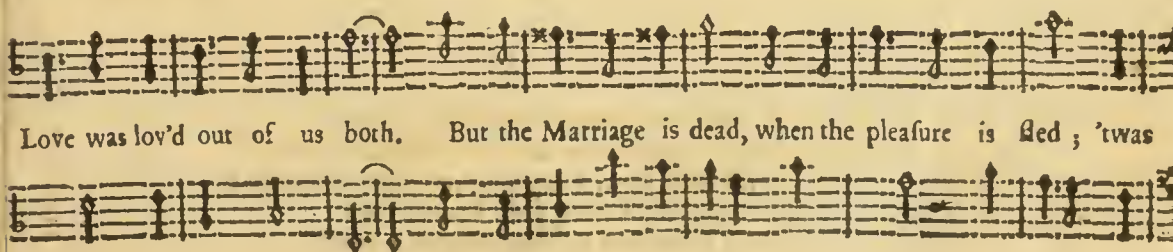
When I the leaft belief beftow
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May I be dull enough to grow
Moft miferably wife.



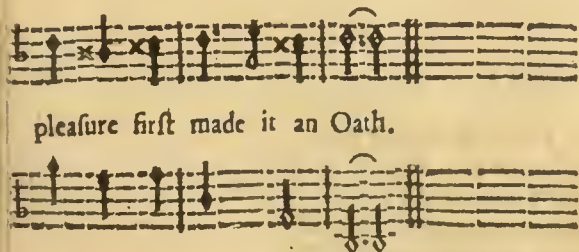
Hy fhould a foolifh Marriage Vow, which long agoe was made, ablige us



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Love was lov'd out of us both. But the Marriage is dead, when the pleafure is fled; 'twas

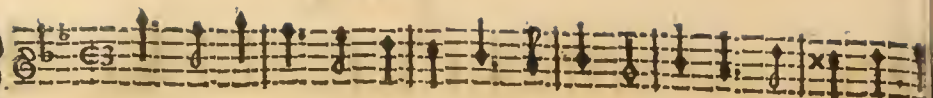


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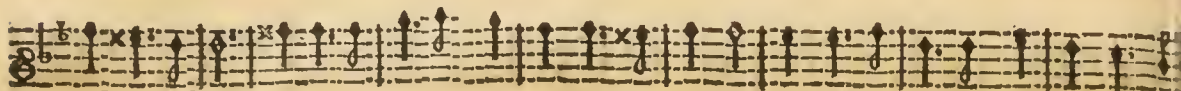
Mr. Robert Smith.

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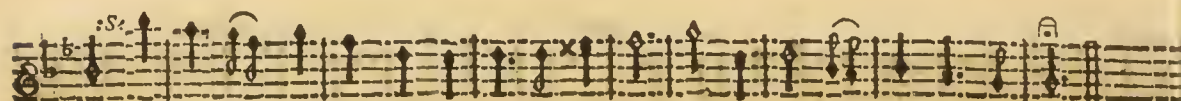
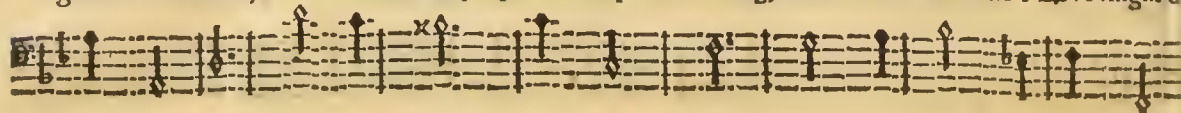
If I have pleafure for a friend;
And further joy in ftore,
What wrong has he whole joys did end;
And who could give no more?
It's a madnefs that he
Should be jealous of me,
Or that I fhould bar him of another;
When all we can gain
Is to give our felves pain;
And neither can hinder the other.



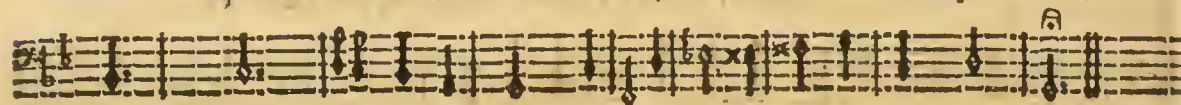
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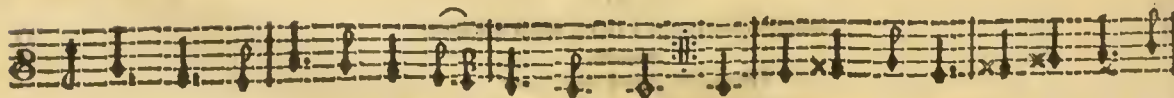
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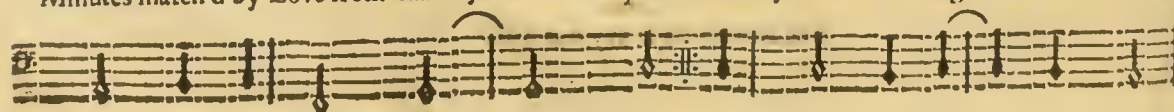
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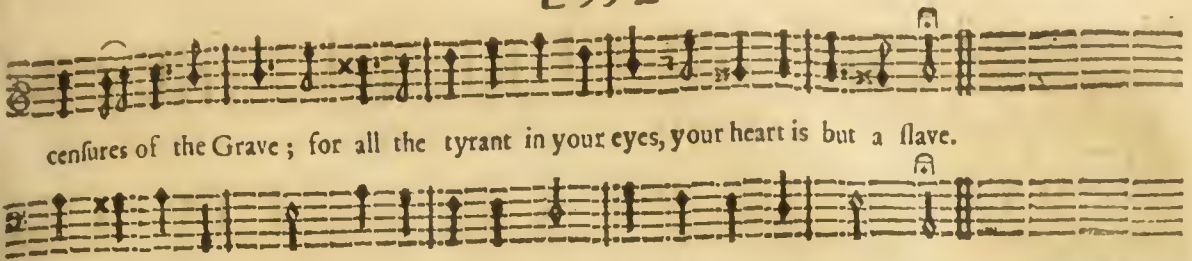


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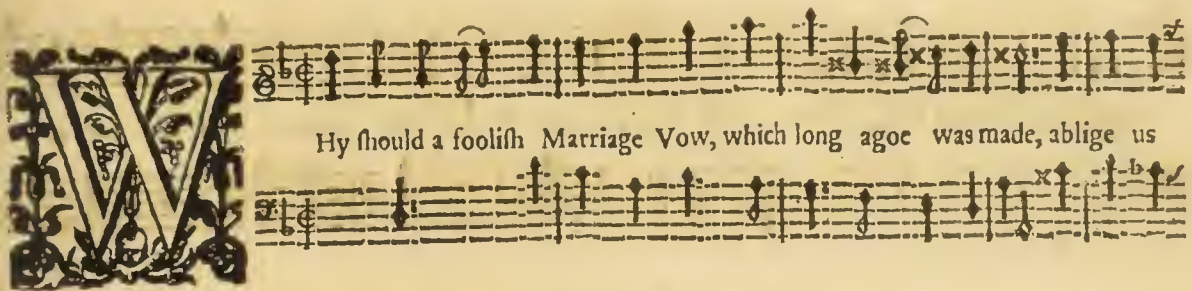
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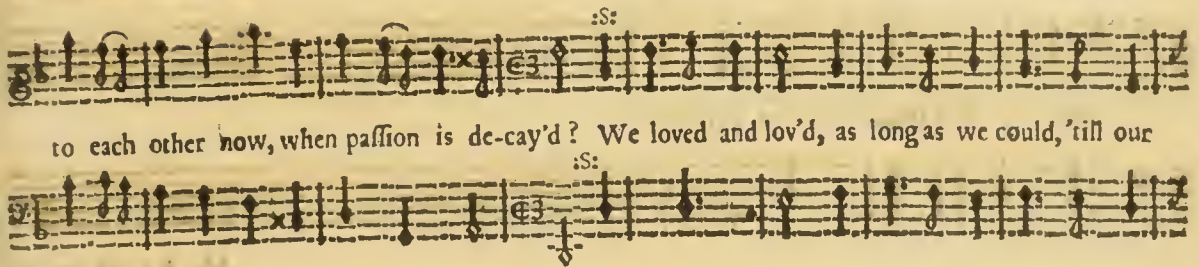
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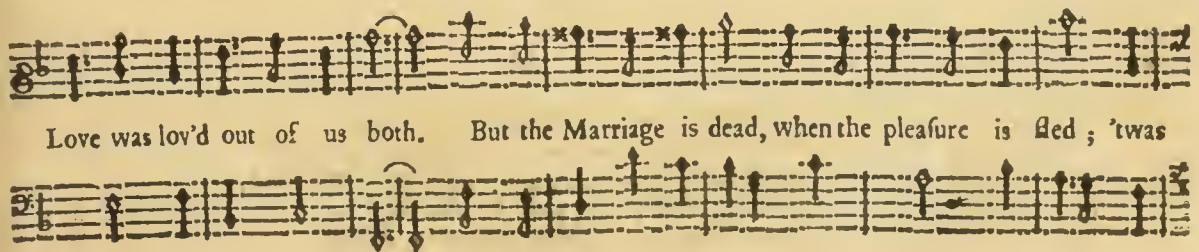
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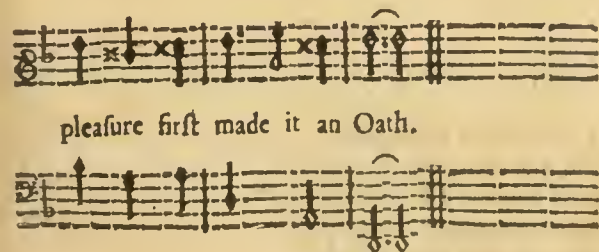
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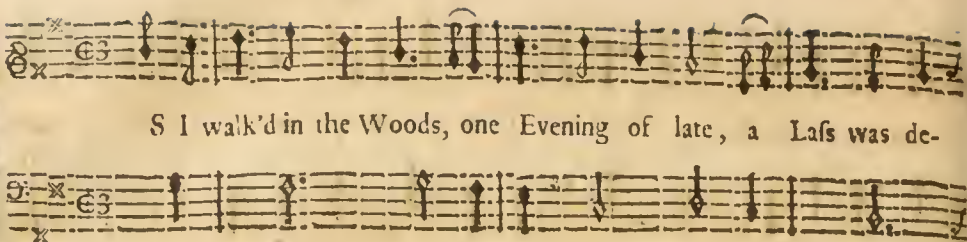


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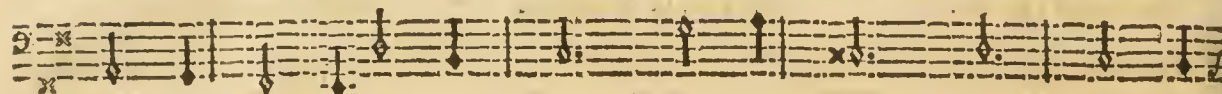
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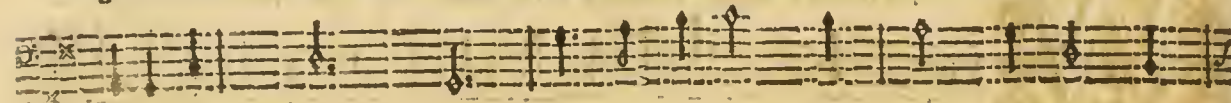
S I walk'd in the Woods, one Evening of late, a Lads was de-



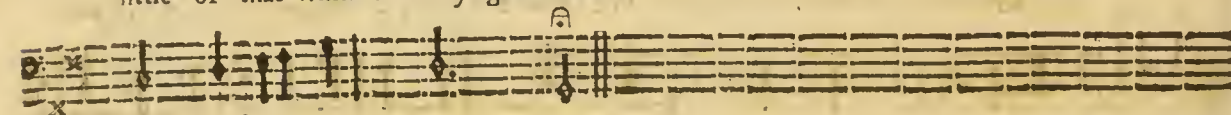
ploring her hapless estate ; In a languishing posture, poor Maid, she appears, all swell'd with her



Sighs, and blubb'd with her Tears. She Cry'd and she Sobb'd, and I found it was all, for a



little of that which *Har-ry* gave *Doll*.



Mr. Robert Smith.

II.

At last she broke out; Wretched, she said,
Will no Youth come succour a languishing Maid;
With what he with ease and with pleasure may give,
Without which, alas, poor I cannot live!
Shall I never leave sighing, and crying, and call,
For a little of that, &c.

III.

At first when I saw a Young man in the place,
My colour would fade, and then flush in my face;
My breath would grow short, and I shiver'd all o'er,
My Breast never popp'd up and down so before:
I scarce knew for what, but now I find it was all
For a little of that, &c.

Beneath a Mirtle shade, which Love for none but happy Lovers made ;

I slept, and streight my Love before me brought, *Phyllis*, the Object of my waking thought :

Undrest she comes, my flames to meet ; whilst Love straw'd flow'rs beneath her Feet, so prest by

her, became, became more sweet.

Mr. John Banister.

II

From the bright Visions head,
A careless vail of Lawn was loosely spread ;
From her white Temples fell her shaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown or fair :
Her Hands, her Lips, did Love inspire,
Her ev'ry Grace my Heart did fire ;
But most her Eyes, that languish'd with desire.

III.

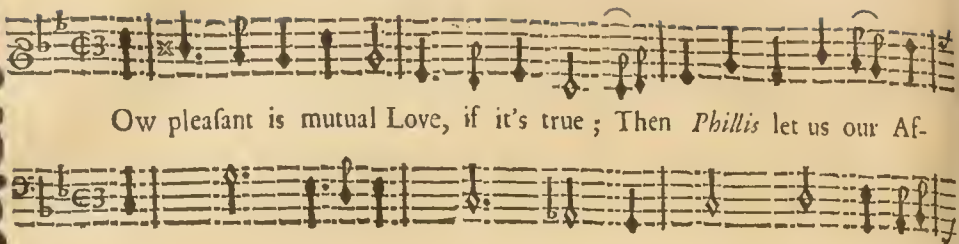
Ah, charming Fair, said I,
How long can you my bliss and yours deny :
By Nature and by Love this lovely shade
Was for revenge of suffering Lovers made.
Silence and shades with Love agree,
Both shelter you, and favour me ;
You cannot Blush, because I cannot see.

IV.

No, let me dye, she said,
Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid :
Faintly she spoke, me-thought, for all the while
She bid me not believe her with a smile.
Then dye, said I, she still deny'd ;
And is it thus ? thus, thus, she cry'd,
You us a harmless maid ? and so she dy'd.

V.

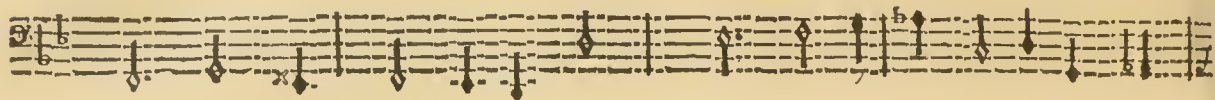
I wak't, and straight I knew
I Lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true :
Fancy the kinder Mistress of the two,
Fancy had done what *Phyllis* would not do.
Ah, cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,
While I can dream you scorn in vain,
Asleep, or waking, you must ease my pain,



Ow pleasant is mutual Love, if it's true ; Then *Phillis* let us our Af-



fections u-nite ; For the more you love me, and the more I love you, The more we contribute to each



others delight. But they who enjoy, without loving first, still Eat without Stomach and



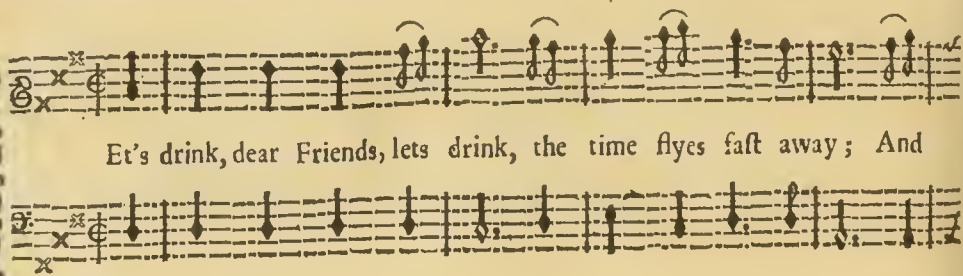
drink without thirst.



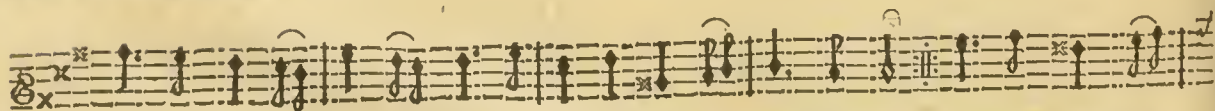
Mr. *Nicholas Staggins*.

II.

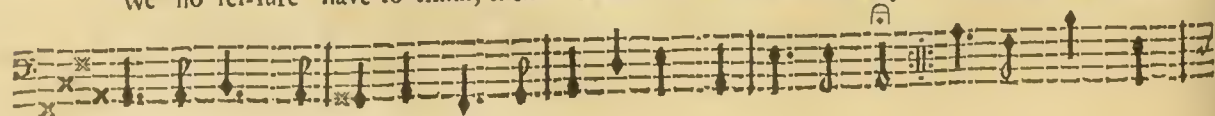
Such is the poor Fool, who loves upon duty ,
 Because a Canonick a Coxcomb hath made him :
 He ne're tastes the sweets of Love and of Beauty ;
 But drudges, because a dull Priest hath betray'd him.
 But who in enjoyment from love take their measure ,
 Are wrapt with delights, and still ravish'd with pleasure.



Et's drink, dear Friends, lets drink, the time flies fast away ; And



we no lei-sure have to think, then let's make use on't whilst we may. When the black Lake



we have past, farewell to Wine, to Love, and Pleasure ; to Drink, to Drink, let's then make
 hast, to Drink we always shan't have leasure. Let's Love, let's Drink, whilst we have
 breath ; no Love nor Drinking after Death.

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

Hill round the Health, good natur'd, and free ; Let the States-men po-li-tick
 be : No custum our joys shall deterr, this is blifs, Each Lady has her Gallant, each Man has his
 Mifs. On this side, and this, let us Kifs, let us Kifs, *Al-a-mode d' Angleter* : On this side, and
 this, let us Kifs, let us Kifs, *Al-a-mode d' Angleter*.

Mr. Robert Smith.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



Come lay by your Cares, and hang up your Sorrow, drink on he's a

Sot, that e're thinks of to Morrow : Great store of good Clarret suply's ev'ry thing; and the

man that is Drunk is as great as a King.

II.

Let none at Misfortunes or Losses repine,
But take a full dose of the Juice of the Vine:
Diseases and troubles are ne're to be found,
But in the damn'd place where the glass goes not round.

Mr. Robert Smith.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



Be Jolly my Friends, for the Money we spend, on Women and Wine, to our

selves we do lend : The Ladies Embraces, and our Carbuncled Faces, will gain us more credit than the

Muses or Graces.

II.

Then Sirrah be quicker, and bring us more Liquor,
We'll have nothing to do with Physician or Vicar:
We'll round with our Bowls, 'till our Passing-bell Tolls,
And trust no such Quacks with our Bodies or Souls.

Mr. Robert Smith.

A. 2 Vo. Cantus & Bassus.



I - thinks the poor Town has been troubled too long, with *Phillis* and

Clo-ris in e-ve-ry Song : By Fools, who at once can both Love and despair ; And will never leave

calling them Cruel and Fair. Which justly provokes me in Rhime to exprefs, The truth that I

know of bonny Black *Befs*.

John Playford.

II.

This *Befs* of my Heart, this *Befs* of my Soul,
 Has a Skin white as milk, but Hair black as a coal ;
 She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her Waist,
 But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd :
 Her Belly is soft, not a word of the rest,
 But I know what I mean, when I drink to the best.

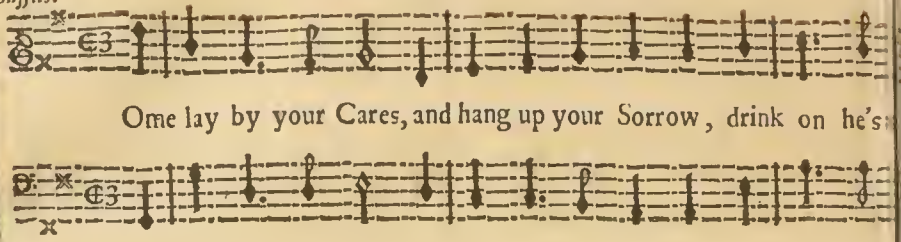
III.

The Plow-man and Squire, the erranter Clown,
 At home the subdu'd in her Paragon gown ;
 But now she adorns the Boxes and Pit,
 And the proudest Town Callants are forc'd to submit :
 All Hearts fall a leaping where-ever she comes,
 And beat day and night, like my Lord ——'s Drums.

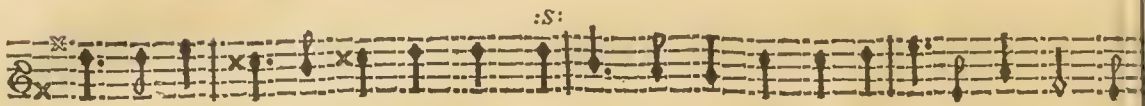
IV.

But to those who have had my dear *Befs* in their Arms,
 She's gentle, and knows how to soften her Charms ;
 And to every Beauty can add a new grace,
 Having learn'd how to lisse, and trip in her pace :
 And with head on one side, and a languishing Eye,
 To Kill us with looking as if she would dye.

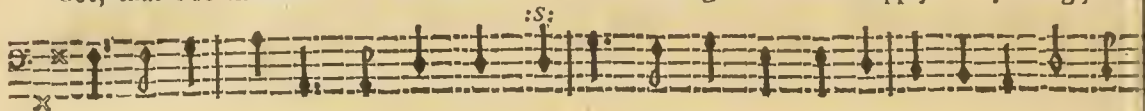
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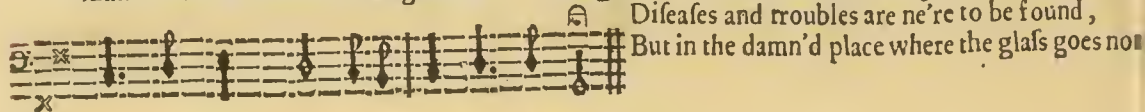
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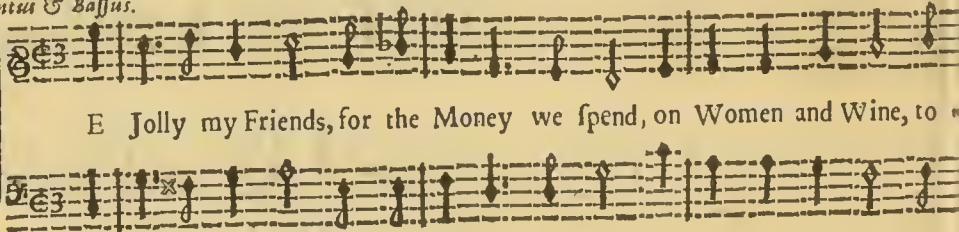
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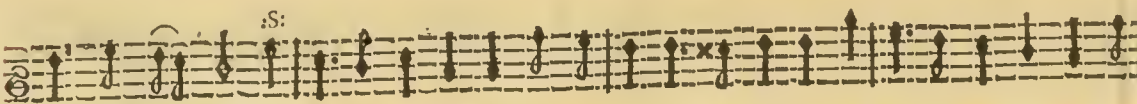
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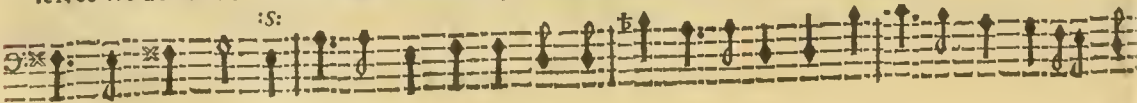
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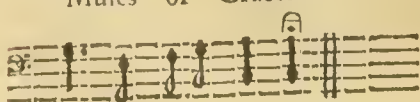
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And to every Beauty can add a new grace ,
Having learn'd how to lisse, and trip in her pace :
And with head on one side, and a languishing Eye ,
To Kill us with looking as if she would dye.



Ow bon-ny and brisk ; Ah ! how pleasant and sweet were *Jenny* and

I, Whilst my passion was strong ? So eager-ly each others flame we did meet, that a minutes de-

lay then appear'd to be long. The vows that I made her, she seal'd with a Kiss, 'till my Soul I had

lost in a rapture of Bliss.

Mr. Robert Smith.

II.

I Vow'd, and I thought I could ever have Lov'd,
Where Beauty and Kindness together I found,
So sweetly she lookt, and so sweetly she mov'd,
That I fancy'd my strength with my joyes to abound :
For the pleasure I gave, she did doubly requite,
By finding out ever new ways to delight.

III.

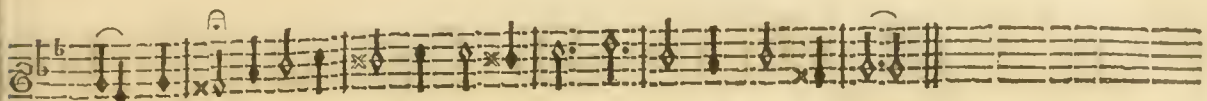
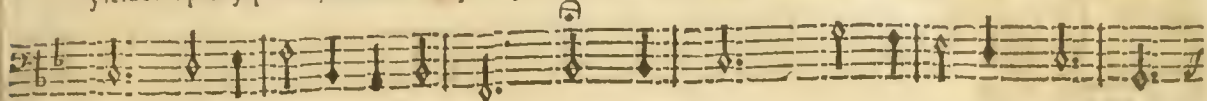
At last, when enjoyment had put out my Fire,
My Strength was decay'd, and my Passion was done ;
So pall'd was my Fancy, so tame my Desire,
That I from the Nymph, very fain would have gone :
Ah *Jenny* ! said I, we adore thee in vain ;
For Beauty enjoy'd does but burn to disdain.



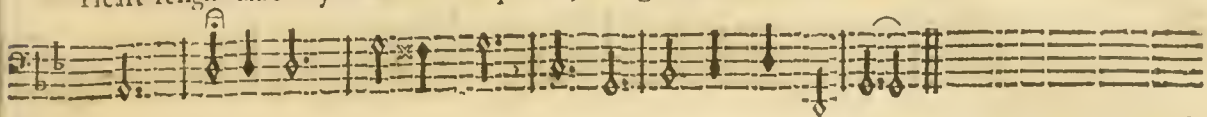
H, false *A-min-tas*, can that hour so soon forgotten be, when first I



yielded up my pow'r, to be betray'd by thee : Heav'n knows with how much Innocence, I did my



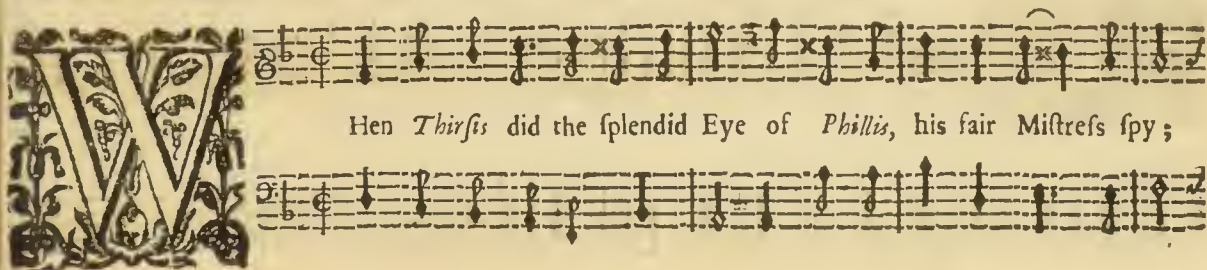
Heart resign unto thy faithless Eloquence, and gave thee what was mine.



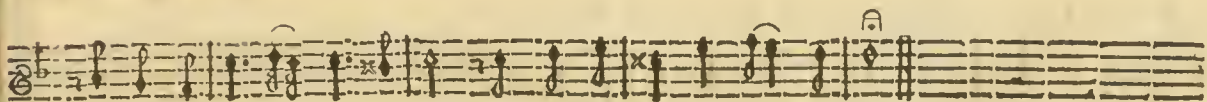
Mr. Robert Smith.

II.

I had not one Reserve in store,
But at thy feet I lay'd
Those Arms that conquer'd heretofore,
Though now thy Trophies made :
Thy Eyes in silence told their Tale
Of Love in such a way,
That 'twas as easie to prevail,
As after to betray.



Hen *Thirsis* did the splendid Eye of *Phillis*, his fair Mistress spy ;



Was ever such a glorious Queen, said he, unless in Heaven seen ?



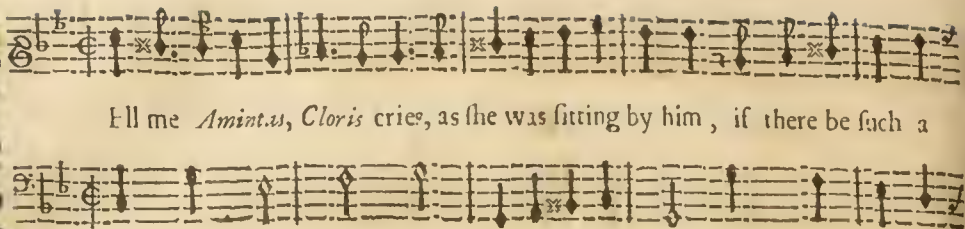
Mr. Purcell.

II.

Fair *Phillis*, with a blushing Air,
Hearing these words, became more Fair :
Away, said he, you need not take
Fretful Beauty, you more fair to make.

III.

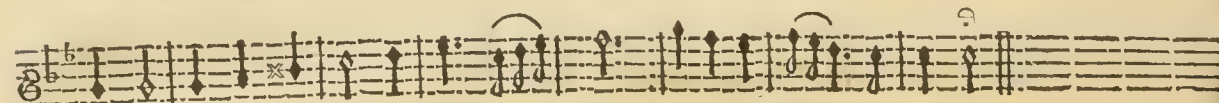
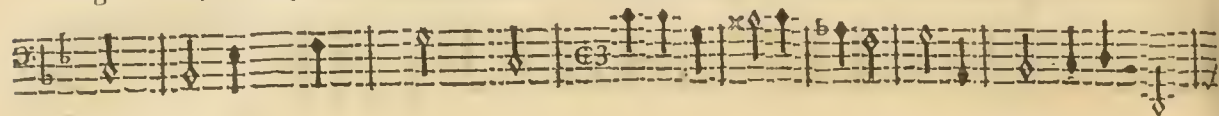
Then with a winning smile and look
His candid flatteries she took :
O stay, said he, 'tis done I vow,
Thirsis is Captivated now.



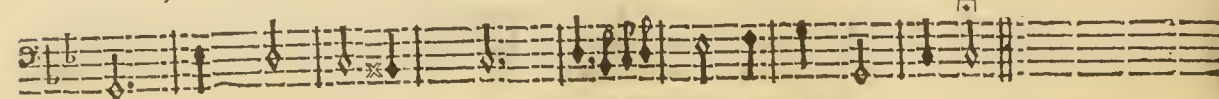
Tell me *Aminas*, *Cloris* cries, as she was sitting by him, if there be such a



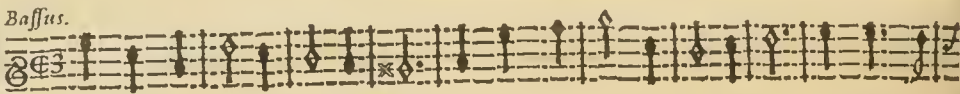
thing as Love, how happ'ft we cannot spy him? Because to see a god, quoth he, to Mer—tals is for-



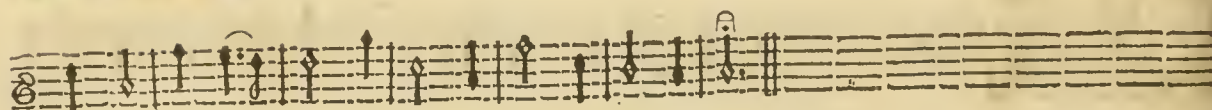
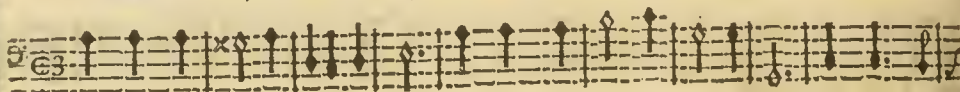
bidden, but in thine Eyes ev'n now he lyes, and in thy Bo-som hidden.



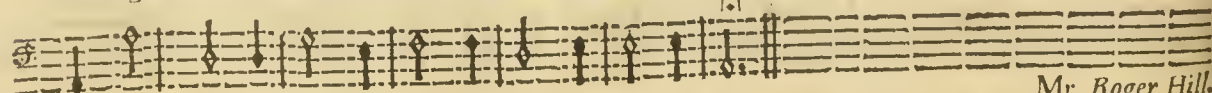
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



I Am no subject unto fate; the pow'r assum'd, I give to you: Whether re-



turning Love or Hate, which falls in storms or gentle dew.



Mr. Roger Hill.

II.

It is my Will which chuseth you;
Though Tyrant, yet, if I'll obey,
Obedience is truly due
To whom I give my self away.

I V.

The Worlds dimensions are wide;
My mind not Heaven can confine:
That outward worship is bely'd,
Who inward bows to other Shrine.

VI.

Thus fettered, I freely Love;
My choice doth make the conquest shine:
And 'twill thy power best improve,
That to thy Subject thou incline.

III.

I may be born under a Throne,
A slave, or free, without my Voice:
But Loving, and Religion,
Solely depends on my own choice.

V.

Force may be called Victory;
Yet only those are overcome,
Who yield unto an Enemy,
That is their certain fate and doom.

VII.

Who wisely Rules, deserves Command;
Then keep thee Loyal next thy Heart:
Elective Monarchs cannot stand,
Nor Loves without an equal dart.

Nsult not too much on thy fading success; for all that thou hast, I before did pos-

sefs: I know, my proud rival, how happy thou art; I know all thy Joys, and each thought of thy

Heart: To tempt thee, those pleasures were taken from me, to gain a new Beauty, he'll take them from thee.

Mr. *Alph. Marsh*, Junior.

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Od *Cupid* for certain, as foolish as blind, to settle his heart upon people un-

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And you'll find it for e-ver like O-ra-*cle* true, Love will fly the pursuer, the flyer pursue.

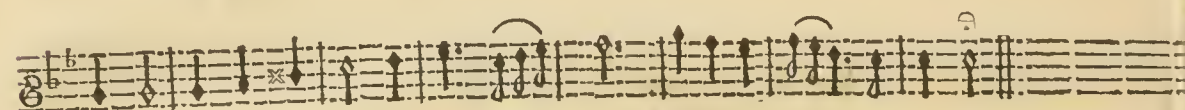
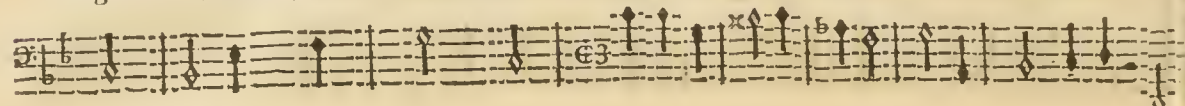
John Playford,



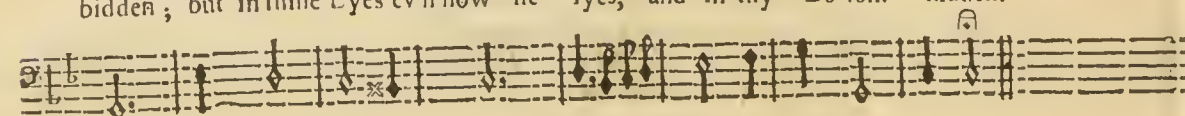
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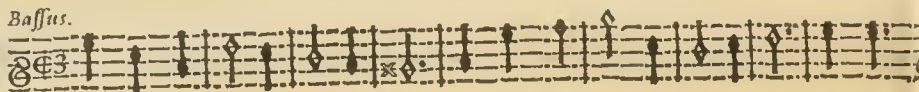
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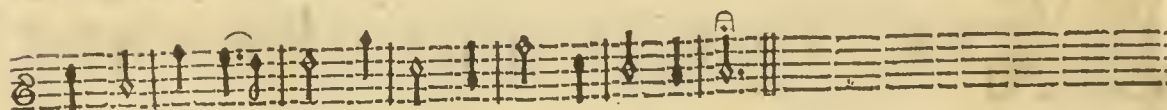
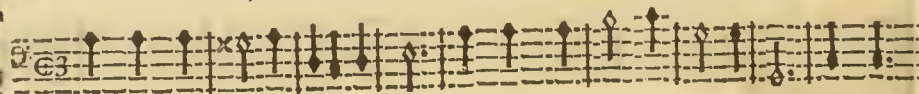
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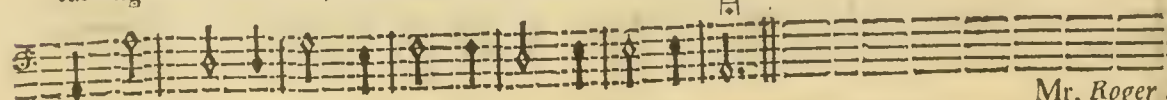
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John Playford,



H! name not the day, least my Senses re-prove, and curse my kind

Heart from the Knowledge of Love : Ah, the ignorant Fate of a fearful young Lover , when a

sign is return'd, not t' have Wit to discover. To delay a kind Nymph from her hour of design ,

is to digg for a Treasure , and sink in the Mine.

II.

The effect of a smile in a vein of discourse,
'Twixt fear and good will, ought to make a Divorce :
Such Items deserves to be well understood ,
Like a Vizardef, that peeps under her Hood.
Had I known but the minute her joys were upon her ,
She had bid me good-night, and adieu to her honour.

III.

I knew not, alas ! the Intrigue of her Art ;
I thought she design'd to make sport with my Heart :
It panted with fear, and leapt so with joy ,
Yet I thought to attempt all my hopes would destroy :
But since, I'm resolv'd, e're I prove such a sot ,
The Nymph I'le enjoy, though I dye on the spot.



O what modest grief is a Lover confin'd , when the Tongue dares not

utter the truth of the Heart : Yet it strengthens the force in a Generous mind, and makes him still

think what his Love would impart : For the more he loves on , the more happy 'twill prove, when he

comes to appearance , to plead for his Love.

<p>II. When our Hearts are new kindled to jump at a Beauty, as if like a <i>French</i> On-set, comes off with a Blast : We ought to wait leisure, 'tis civil and Duty, let's Love by degrees, and the longer 'twill last. He that jumbles his Love and Enjoyment together, takes 2 Months of Summer, and 10 of cold Weather.</p>	<p>III. Kind Love, like a tender and delicate Flower, Wants only Improvement to make it endure : But so oft 'tis transplanted, which makes it each hour So droop and decay, that 'tis almost past cure : Unless some fair Nymph, whose enchantments can bring To make it refresh, a perpetual spring.</p>
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He day you wish'd, arriv'd at last ; you wish as much that it were past :

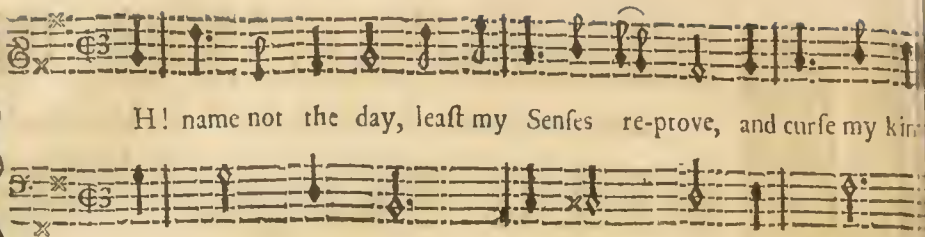
One Minute more, and night will hide the Bridegroom, and the blushing Bride. The

Virgin now to Bed does go ; take care, oh Youth ! she rise not so : She pants and trembles at her

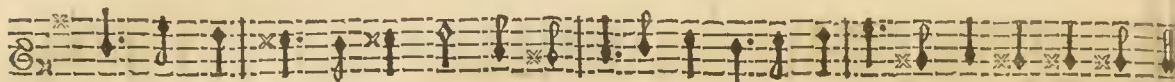
doom, and sighs and wishes thou wouldst come.

Mr. Robert Smith: V

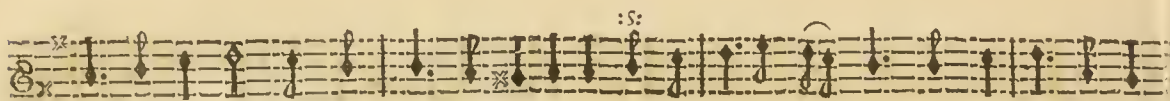
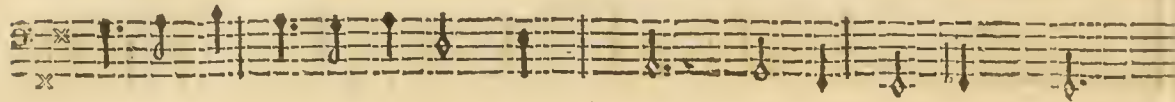
II.
The Bridegroom comes, he comes apace ,
With Love and Fury in his Face ;
She shrinks away, he close pursues,
And Prayers and Threats at once does use :
She softly sighing, begs delay,
And with her hand puts his away :
Now out aloud for help she cries,
And now despairing shuts her Eyes.



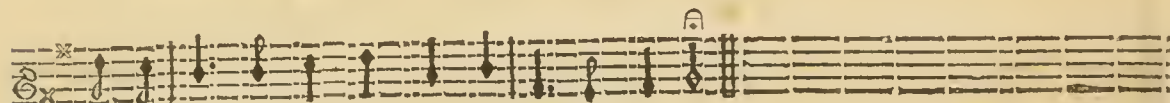
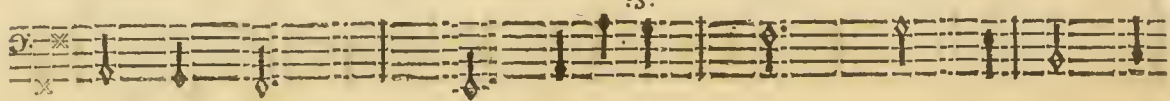
H! name not the day, leaft my Senfes re-prove, and curfe my kind



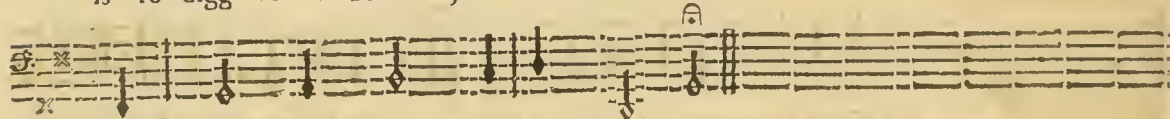
Heart from the Knowledge of Love: Ah, the ignorant Fate of a fearful young Lover, when



sign is return'd, not t'have Wit to discover. To delay a kind Nymph from her hour of defign



is to digg for a Treafure, and fink in the Mine.

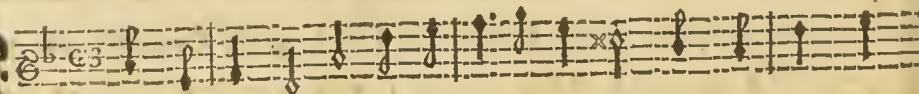


I I.

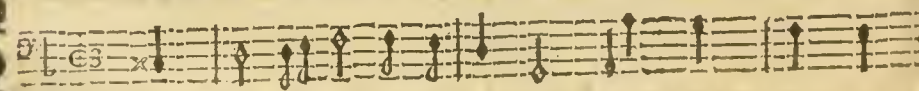
The effect of a fmile in a vein of difcourfe,
'Twi'x fear and good will, ought to make a Divorfe:
Such Items deserves to be well understood,
Like a Vizardes, that peeps under her Hood.
Had I known but the minute her joys were upon her,
She had bid me good-night, and adieu to her honour.

I I I.

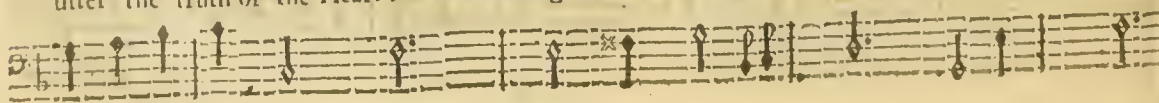
I knew not, alafs! the Intrigue of her Art;
I thought fhe design'd to make fport with my Heart;
It panted with fear, and leapt fo with joy,
Yet I thought to attempt all my hopes would deftr
But fince, I'm refolv'd, e're I prove fuch a fort,
The Nymph I'le enjoy, though I dye on the fpot.



O what modeft grief is a Lover confin'd, when the Tongue dares not



utter the truth of the Heart: Yet it ftrengthens the force in a Generous mind, and makes him fl



think what his Love would impart : For the more he loves on , the more happy 'twill prove, when he

comes to appearance, to plead for his Love.

II.

III.

When our Hearts are new kindled to jump at a Beauty,
 But like a *French* On-set, comes off with a Blast :
 We ought to wait leisure, 'tis civil and Duty,
 Let's Love by degrees, and the longer 'twill last.
 He that jumbles his Love and Enjoyment together,
 Makes 2 Months of Summer, and 10 of cold Weather.

Kind Love, like a tender and delicate Flower,
 Wants only Improvement to make it endure :
 But so oft 'tis transplanted, which makes it each hour
 So droop and decay, that 'tis almost past cure :
 Unless some fair Nymph, whose enchantments can bring
 To make it refresh, a perpetual spring.

He day you wish'd, arriv'd at last ; you wish as much that it were past :

One Minute more, and night will hide the Bridegroom, and the blushing Bride. The

Virgin now to Bed does go ; take care, oh Youth ! she rise not so : She pants and trembles at her

doom, and sighs and wishes thou wouldst come.

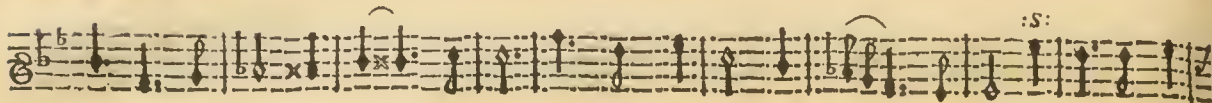
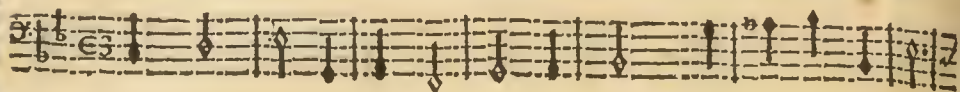
Mr. Robert Smith.

II.

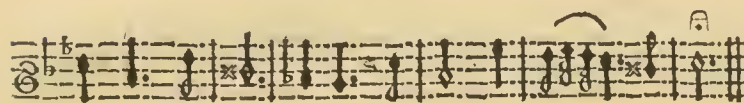
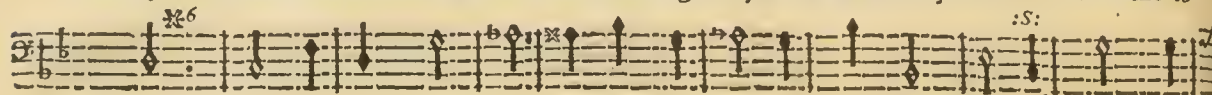
The Bridegroom comes, he comes apace ,
 With Love and Fury in his Face ;
 She shrinks away, he close pursues,
 And Prayers and Threats at once does use :
 She softly sighing, begs delay,
 And with her hand puts his away :
 Now out aloud for help she cries,
 And now despairing shuts her Eyes.



Hillis, oh! turn that Face away, whose splendor but benights my day :



Sad Eyes like mine, and wounded Hearts, shun the bright rayes which Beau-ty darts. Unwelcome is



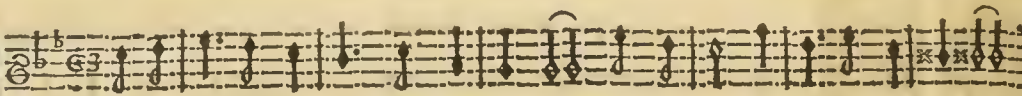
II.

Go shine on happy things, to me
That Blessing is a Misetic ;
Whom thy fierce Sun not warms, but burns ;
Like that the footy *Indian* turns :

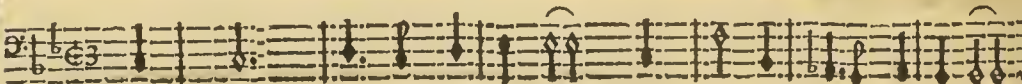


I'll serve your night, and there confin'd,
With thee, less fair, or else, more kind.

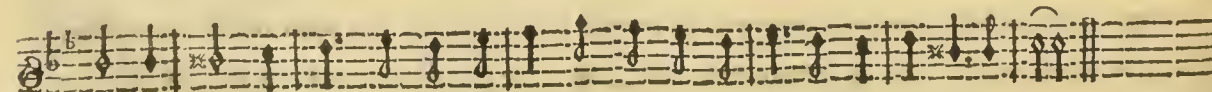
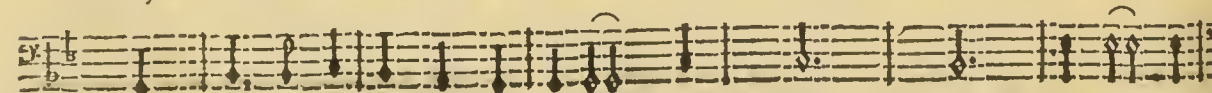
Mr. Jo. Jackson.



Hy, O *Cupid*! so long hast thou shun'd me? my disdains, alafs, have undone me :



Since you've left me to choofe at my Pleasure, I have robb'd my poor heart of it Treasure. And



now I Pine, and Mourn, and all in vain ; for the only man I love, alafs! is gone.



II.

Since you've wounded my heart thus in vain ;
Let my Sighs recal you again :
I lament my unfortunate hour ;
I blame, and at once bless thy pow'r.
If by sighs and tears, I may but once restore
Him into my Arms, or let me love no more.



Eauty no more shall suffer Eclips, nor jealousie dare to confine the

pow'r of those Eyes, or use of those Lips, which nothing but kindness design. Our Ladies shall

be as frolick as we ; nor shall Husband or Father repine : Our Ladies shall be as frolick as

we ; nor shall Husband or Father repine.

Mr. Robert Smith.

II.

We'll banish the stratagems us'd by the State,
 To keep the poor Lover in awe ;
 Henceforth they themselves shall rule their own fate,
 And desire shall be to them Law :
 Thus they being free from Padlock and Key,
 May with their Reformers withdraw.

III.

Where in private we'll teach them the Mysteries of love
 And practice that Lecture over ;
 'Till we the fond scruple of honour remove,
 And the end of our passion discover.
 No Maid shall complain, or Wife sigh in vain,
 For each may be eas'd by her Lover.

IV.

Away with all things that found like to Laws ;
 In this our New Reformation ;
 Let the Formalist prate the Good old Cause,
 'Tis a general Tolleration :
 From this time we're free from Vile Heresie,
 And a vizard Excommunication.



Hillis, oh! turn that Face away, whose splendor but benights my

Sad Eyes like mine, and wounded Hearts, shun the bright rayes which Beau-ty darts. Unwelcom

that Sun, which pries into those shades where Sor-row lies.

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A 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



Ong betwixt hope and fear, *Phillis* tormented, shun'd her own wish, yet at

last she consented: But loth that day should her blushes dis-co-ver; Come gentle night, she said,

Come quickly to my aid; And a poor shame-fac'd Maid hide from her Lover.

Mr. Robert Smith

II.

Now cold as Ice I am, now hot as Fire;
 I dare not tell my self my own desire:
 But let day fly away, and bid night hast her;
 Grant ye kind pow'rs above
 Slow hours to parting Love:
 But when to blifs we move, let them fly faster.

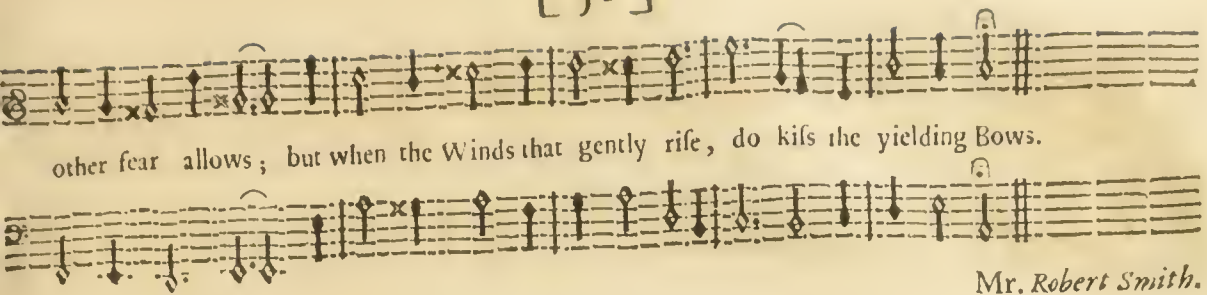
III.

How sweet is it to Love, when I discover
 Those flames that burn my Soul, warming my Lover
 'Tis pity Love so true, should be mistaken;
 If that this night he be
 False, or unkind to me:
 Let me dye, e're I see, That I'm forsaken.

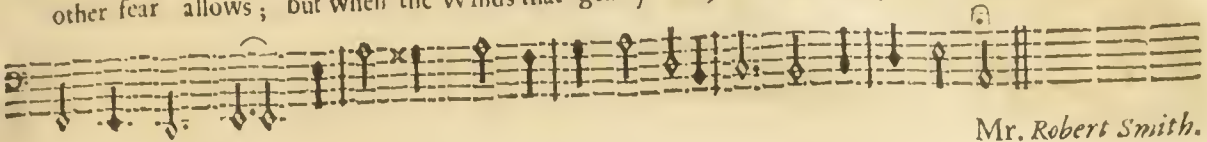


— *Mintas* led me to a Grove, where all the Trees did shade us; the Sun it

self, though it had strove, it could not have betray'd us: The place secur'd from humane Eyes, no



other fear allows ; but when the Winds that gently rise, do kiss the yielding Bows.



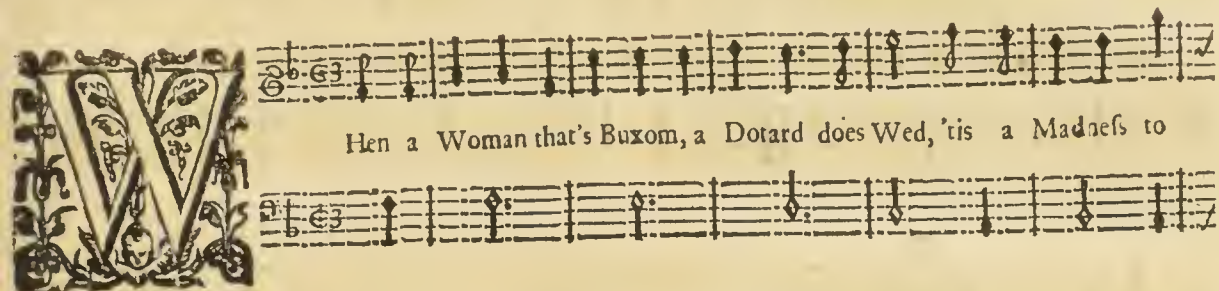
Mr. Robert Smith.

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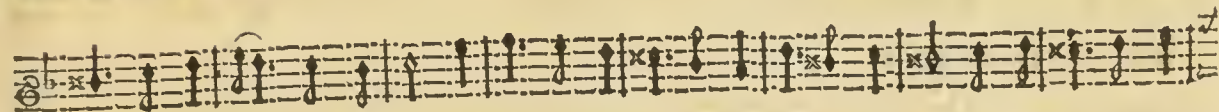
Down there we sat upon the Moss,
 And did begin to play
 A thousand wanton Tricks, to pass
 The heat of all the day :
 A-many Kisses he did give,
 And I return'd the same,
 Which made me willing to receive
 That which I dare not name.

III.

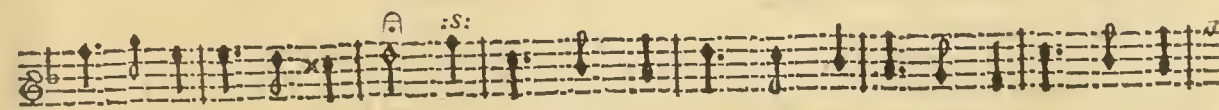
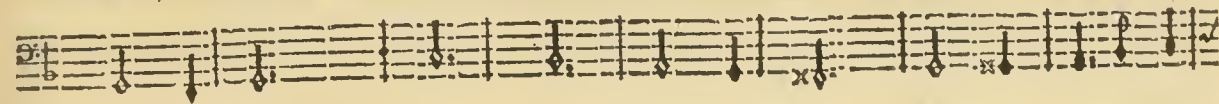
His charming Eyes no aid requir'd
 To tell his amorous Tale,
 On her that was already fir'd,
 'Twas easie to prevail :
 He did but Kiss, and clasp me round,
 Whilst those his thoughts exprest ;
 And laid me softly on the ground :
 Oh, who can guess the rest !



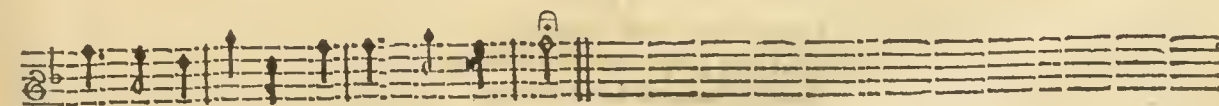
Hen a Woman that's Buxom, a Dotard does Wed, 'tis a Madness to



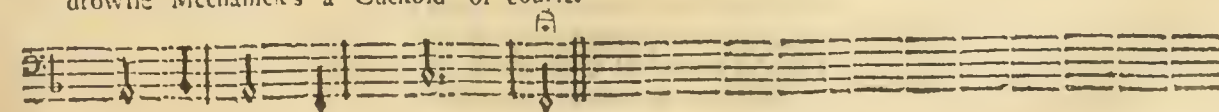
think she'll be ty'd to his Bed : For who can resist a Gallant that is Young, and a Man *A-la-*



mode in his Garb and his Tongue : His Looks have such Charms, and his Language such force ; that the



drowlie Mechanick's a Cuckold of course.



A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



O behind a Scene of Seas, under a Canopy of Trees, The fair new

golden world was laid sleeping, like a harmless Maid, 'till alas, she was betray'd: In such shades U-

rania lay, 'till Love discover'd out a way. And now she cries, some pow'r above, save me

from this Tyrant Love.

Mr. John Banister.

I I.

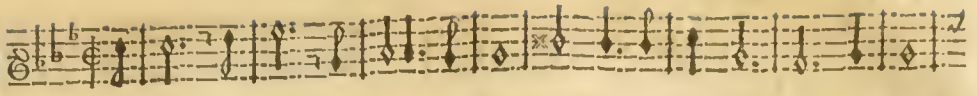
Her poor Heart had no defence,
But its Maiden innocence;
In each sweet retiring eye,
You might easily decry
Troops of yielding beauties fly;
Leaving rare unguarded treasure
To the Conquerors will and pleasure.
And now she cries, &c.

I I I.

Now and then, a straggling frown,
(Through the shade slips up and down)
Shooting such a piercing dart,
As would make the Tyrant smart,
And preserve her Lips and Heart:
But, alas, her Empires gone,
Throne, and Temples, all undone.
And now she cries, &c.

I V.

Charm aloft, those stormy winds,
That may keep these Golden Mines;
And let Spaniards Love be tore
On some cruel Rocky shore,
Where he'll put forth to Sea no more:
Least poor conquered Beauty cry,
Oh, I'm wounded! Oh, I dye!
And then, there is no pow'r above
Can save me from this Tyrant Love.



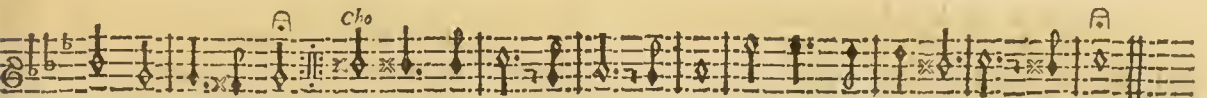
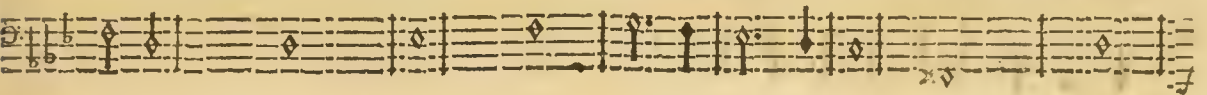
Min-tas that true hearted Swain, upon a Rivers Bank was laid ;



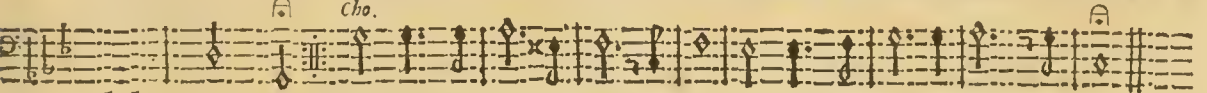
where to the pitying Streams he did complain, on *Sylvia*, that false charming Maid : But she was



still regardless of his Pain. O ! faithless *Sylvia*, would he cry, and when he said the



Eccho did re-ply, Be kind, or else I dye, I dye ; Be kind, or else I dye, I dye.



Be kind, or else I dye, I dye ; Be kind, or else I dye, I dye.

Mr. John Banister.

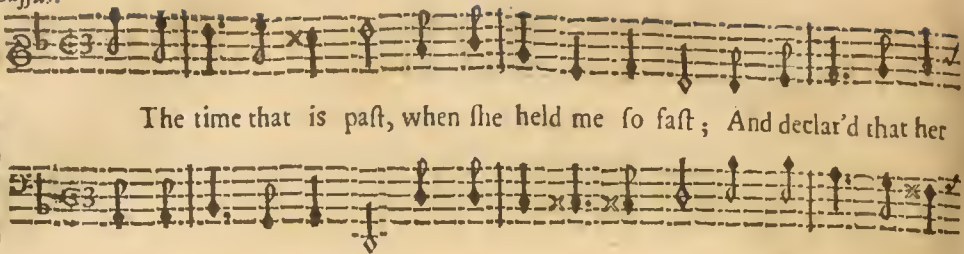
II.

A show'r of Tears his Eyes let fall ,
 Which in the River made impress ;
 Then Sigh'd, and *Sylvia* false would call ,
 O cruel, faithless Shepherdes !
 Is Love, with you, become a Criminal ?
 Ah ! lay aside this needless scorn ,
 Allow your poor Admirer some return :
 Consider how I burn, I burn : Consider, &c.

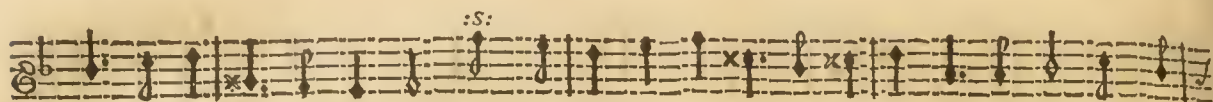
III.

Those Smiles and Kisses which you give ,
 Remember, *Sylvia*, are my due ;
 And all the Joys my Rival does receive ,
 He ravishes from me, not you :
 Ah ! *Sylvia*, can I live, and this believe ,
 Insensible are taught to see
 My Inguithments, and seems to pity me ;
 Which I demand of thee, of thee : Which I demand, &c.

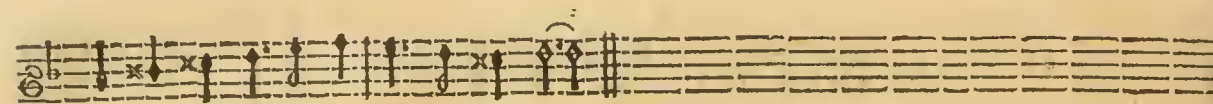
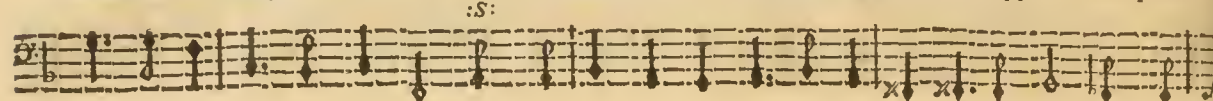
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



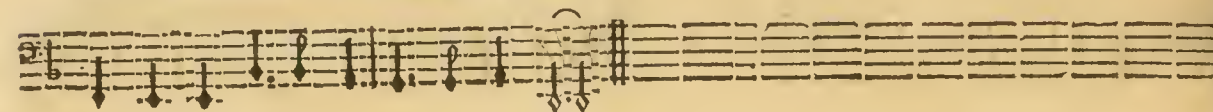
The time that is past, when she held me so fast; And declar'd that her



Honour no longer could last: When no light, but her languishing Eyes did appear, to pre-



vent all excuses of Blushes and Fear.



II.

When she sigh'd and unlac'd,
 With such trembling and haste,
 'As if she had long'd to be closer imbrac'd:
 My Lips the sweet pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd
 While my mind was in search of hid treasure employ'd

III.

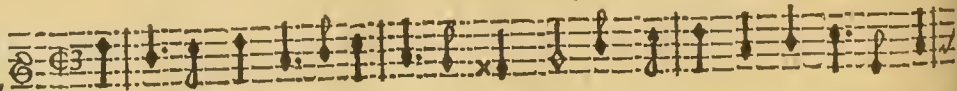
My heart set on fire
 With the flames of desire,
 I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to enquire:
 But she cry'd, For pi-ty-sake, change your ill mind;
 Pray *Amintas*, be civil, or I'll be unkind.

IV.

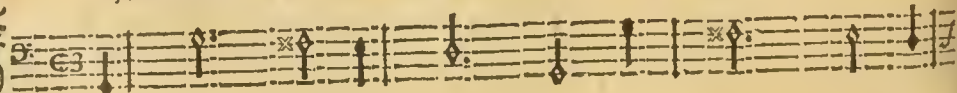
Dear *Amintas*, she cries,
 Then casts down her eyes;
 And in Kisses she gives, what in words she denies:
 Too sure of my Conquest, I purpose to stay,
 'Till her freer consent had more sweetned the pray.

V.

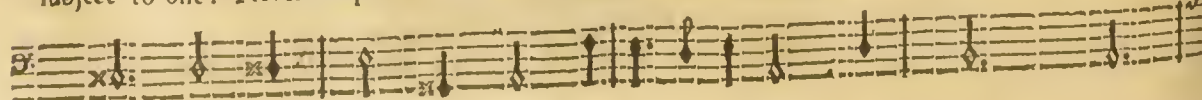
But too late I begun,
 For her passion was done;
 Now *Amintas*, she cries, I will never be won:
 Your tears and your courtship no pity can move,
 For you've slighted the critical minute of Love.

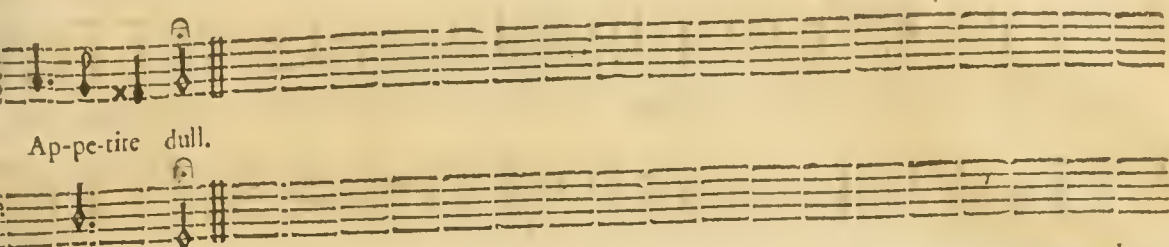
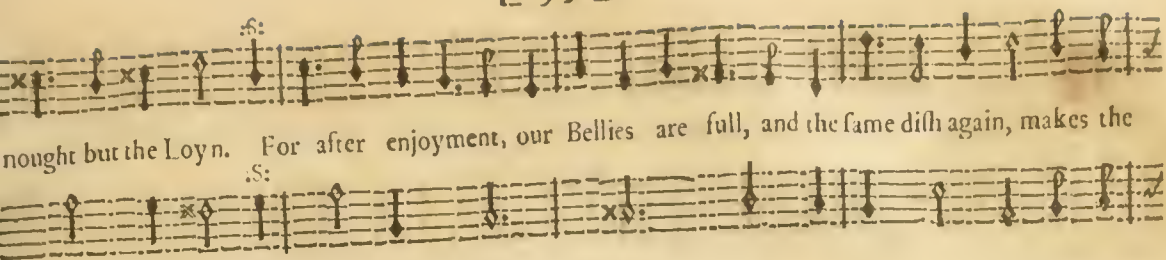


Ay, let me alone, I protest I'll be gone; 'Tis a folly to think I'll be



subject to one: Never hope to confine a young Gallant to Dine, like a Scholar of Oxford, on





Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

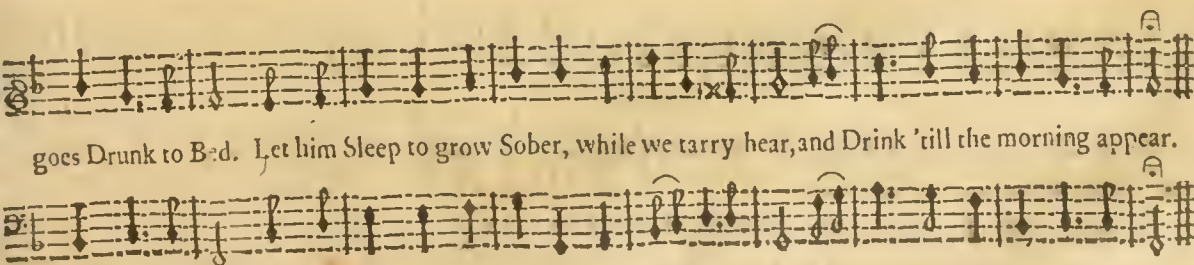
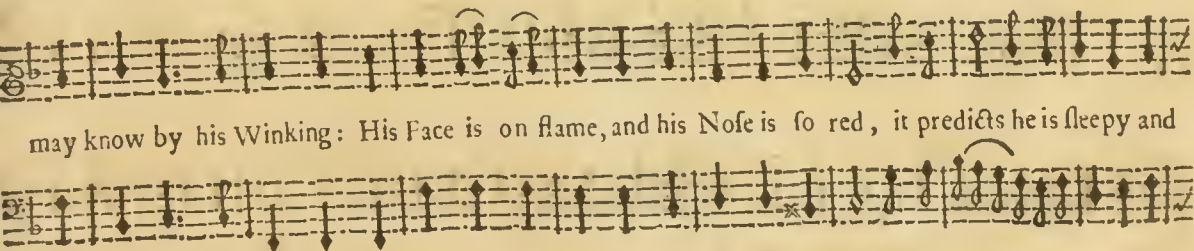
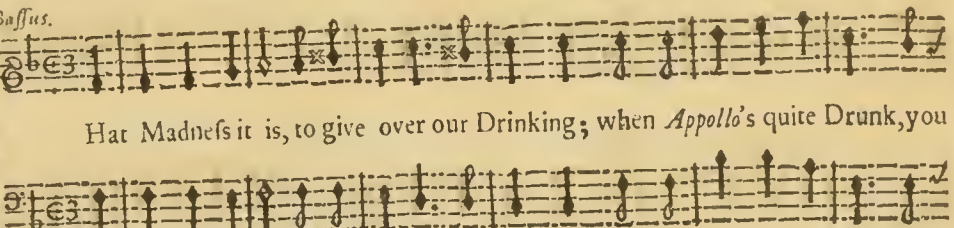
II.

your wantoning Art, of a Sigh and a Start,
 You endeavour in vain, to inveigle my Heart;
 or the pretty disguise of your languishing Eyes,
 Will never prevail with my Sinews to rise:
 And 'twas never the Mode, in an Amorous Treat,
 When a Lover has Din'd, to perswade him to Eat.

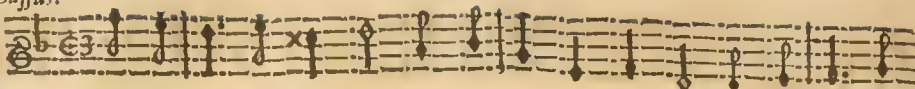
III.

Then, *Betty*, the Jest is almost at the best,
 'Tis only variety makes up the Feast:
 For when we've enjoy'd, and with pleasures are cloy'd,
 The Vows that we made, to Love ever, are void.
 And you know pretty Nymph, it was ever unfit
 That a Meal should be made of a Relishing bit.

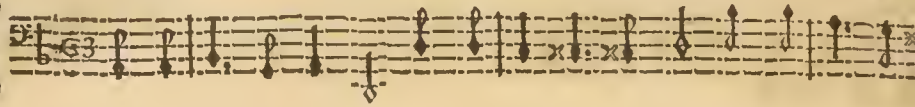
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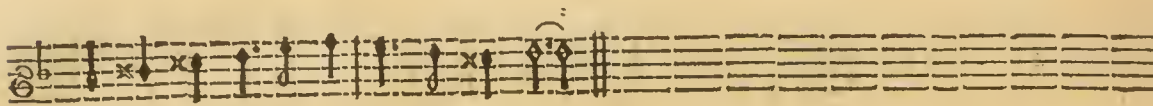
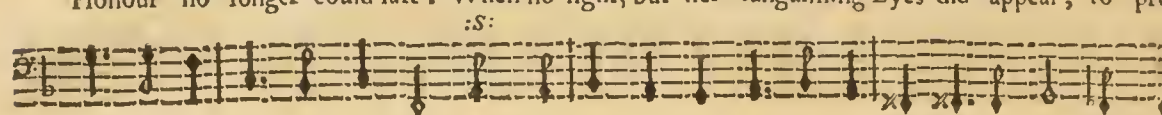
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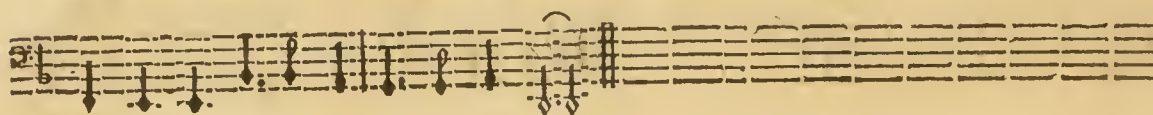
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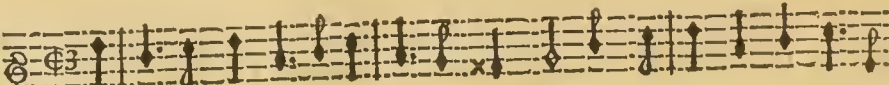
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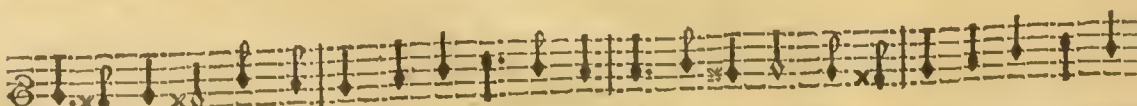
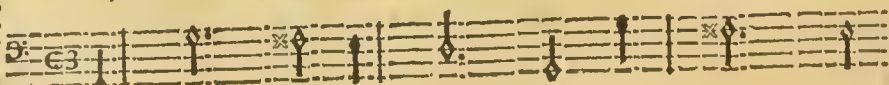
Dear *Amintas*, she cries,
Then casts down her eyes;
And in Kisses she gives, what in words she denys:
Too sure of my Conquest, I purpose to stay,
'Till her freer consent had more sweetned the pray.

V.

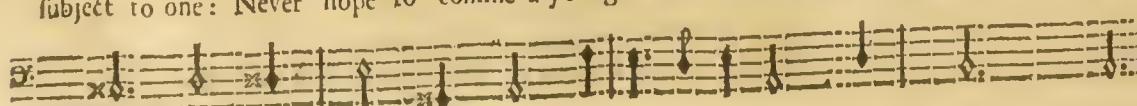
But too late I begun,
For her passion was done;
Now *Amintas*, she cries, I will never be won:
Your tears and your courtship no pity can move
For you've slighted the critical minute of Love.



Ay, let me alone, I protest I'll be gone; 'Tis a folly to think I'll



subject to one: Never hope to confine a young Gallant to Dine, like a Scholar of *Oxford*,



nought but the Loyn. For after enjoyment, our Bellies are full, and the same dish again, makes the

Ap-pe-tite dull.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

II.

III.

By your wantoning Art, of a Sigh and a Start,
 You endeavour in vain, to inveigle my Heart;
 For the pretty disguise of your languishing Eyes,
 Will never prevail with my Sinews to rise:
 And 'twas never the Mode, in an Amorous Treat,
 When a Lover has Din'd, to perswade him to Eat.

Then, *Betty*, the Jest is almost at the best,
 'Tis only variety makes up the Feast:
 For when we've enjoy'd, and with pleasures are cloy'd,
 The Vows that we made, to Love ever, are void.
 And you know pretty Nymph, it was ever unfit
 That a Meal should be made of a Relishing bit.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



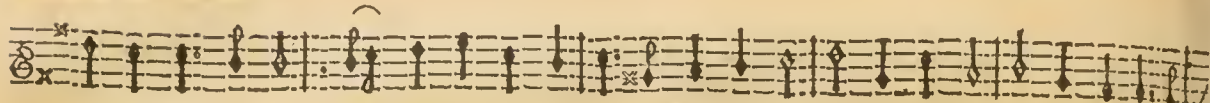
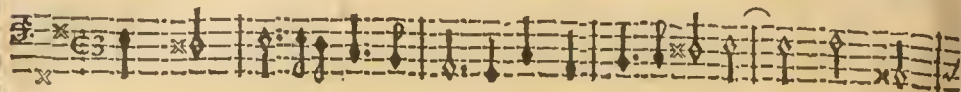
Hat Madnes it is, to give over our Drinking; when *Appollo's* quite Drunk, you

may know by his Winking: His Face is on flame, and his Nose is so red, it predicts he is sleepy and

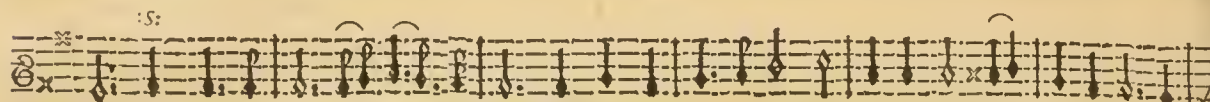
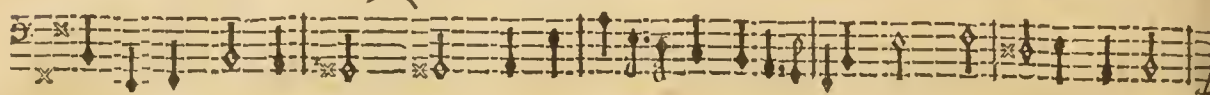
goes Drunk to Bed. Let him Sleep to grow Sober, while we tarry hear, and Drink 'till the morning appear.



Orgive me *Love!* or if there be a kinder god above, forgive a Re-bel



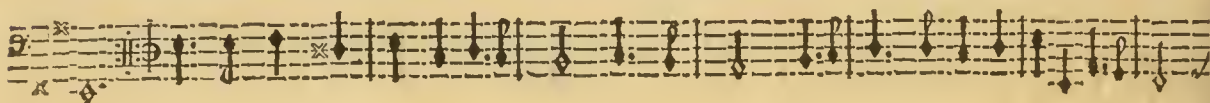
to the Pow'r of Love : Hear me, kind *Cupid*, and accept my Vow, mine, who devoutly at thine Altar



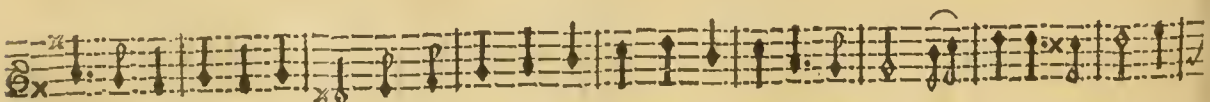
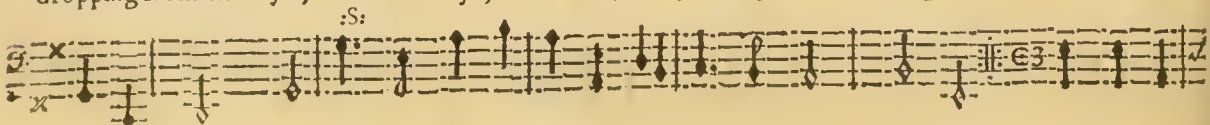
bow : O ! hear me now, *Dorinda*, hear ; and what I've done a misfs pardon, and seal that pardon with a



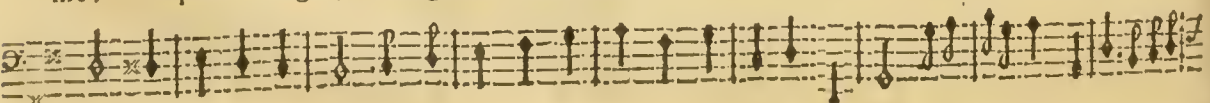
Kifs. Stay! me-thinks the melting Saint, kindly Eccho's my complaint : Look! I fancy, I descry pity



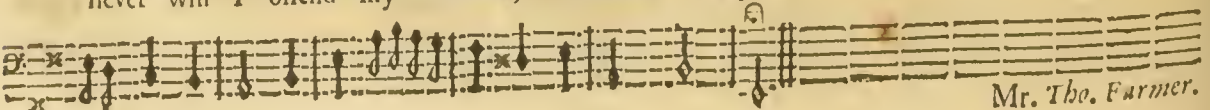
dropping from her Eye ; Hark! she says, *Philander*, live, all thy Errors I forgive : And now, ah

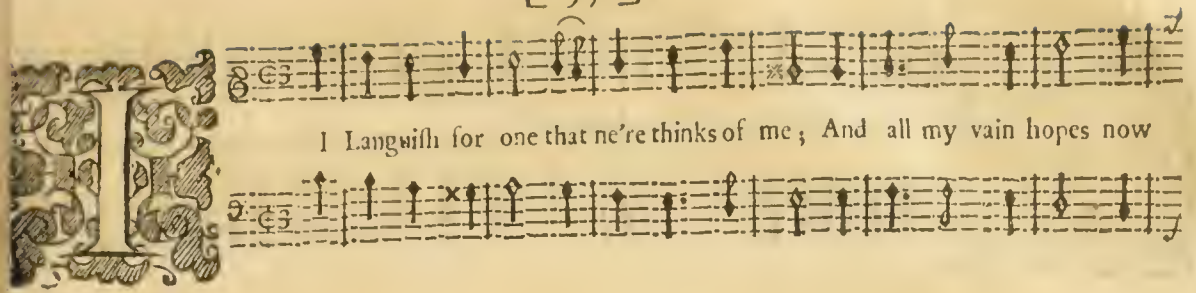


me! to repent I begin, that against so much goodness I e-ver should sin ; But never again, oh!

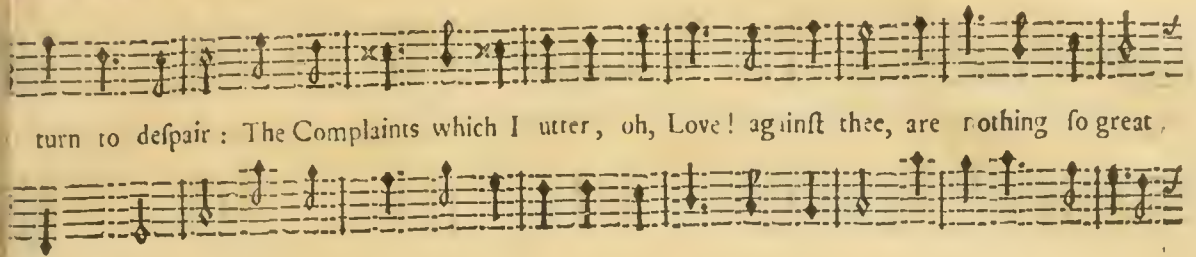


never will I offend my *Dorinda*, for sooner I'll dye.

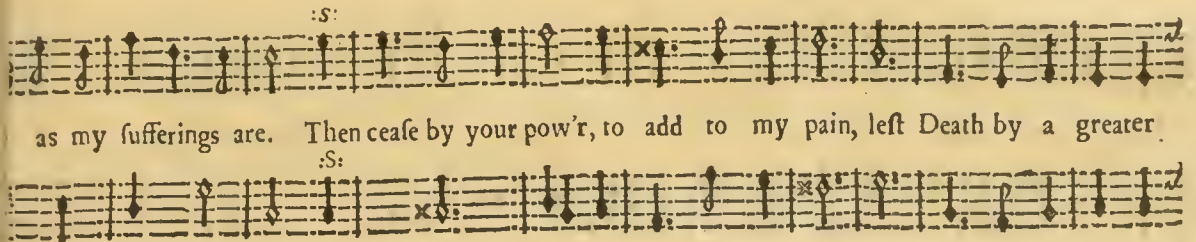




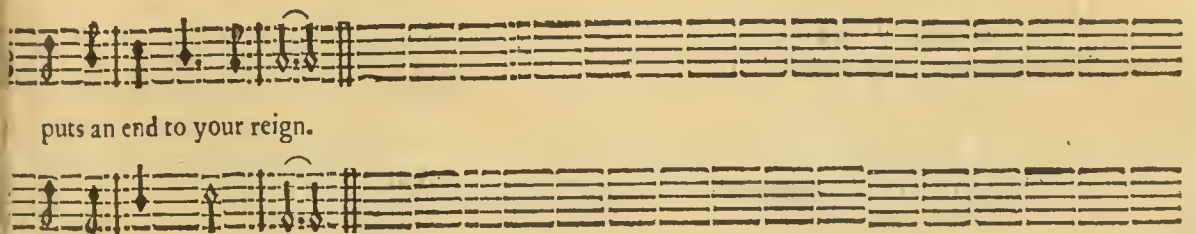
I Languish for one that ne're thinks of me; And all my vain hopes now



turn to despair: The Complaints which I utter, oh, Love! against thee, are nothing so great,



as my sufferings are. Then cease by your pow'r, to add to my pain, lest Death by a greater



puts an end to your reign.

Mr. John Banister.

II.

My Sighs and my Tears so privately I
Do give to a Passion, I ne're will impart;
That though I am vanquish'd, and conquer'd dye,
No one can e're say, that I first lost my Heart:
Since the torments I feel, I will not discover,
It ne're shall be said, There dyes a poor Lover.

III.

How strangely severe is fate, since I find
That with all my resistance, I cannot get free
From a slavery, by which I see I'm design'd,
My dearest *Philander*, thy Martyr to be:
O fate! so unkind, to make me esteem
My death to be welcome, cause given by thee.



Orgive me *fovt* ! or if there be a kinder god above, forgive a Re-
 to the Pow'r of Love : Hear me, kind *Cupid*, and accept my Vow, mine, who devoutly at thine All

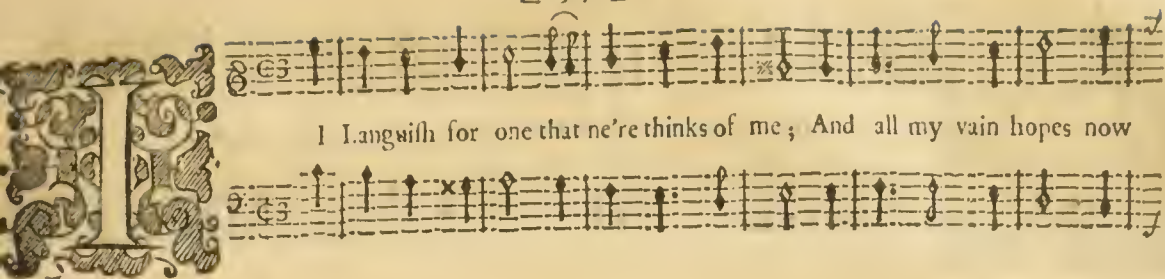
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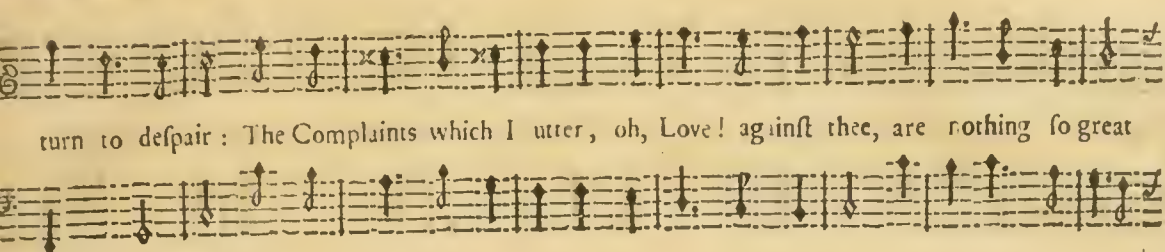
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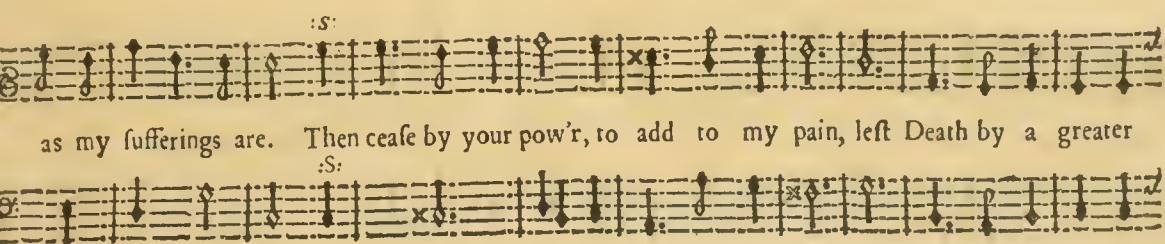
never will I offend my *Dorinda*, for sooner I'll dye.



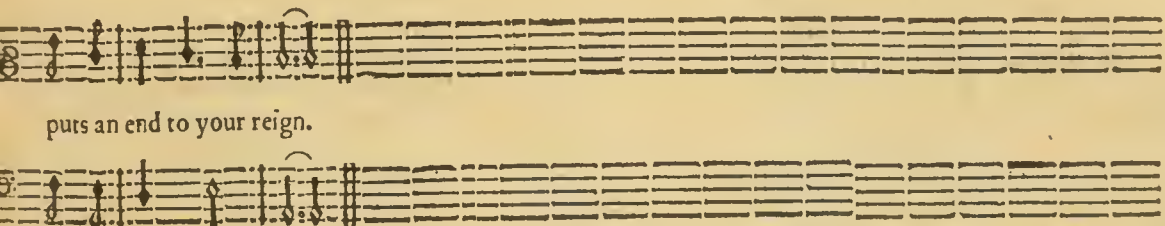
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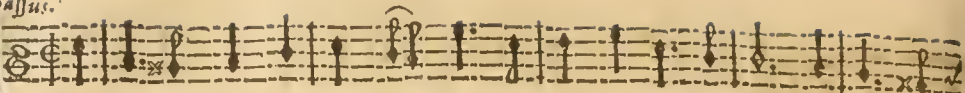
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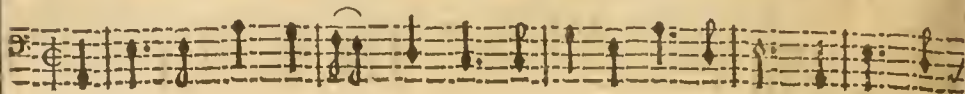
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That with all my resistance, I cannot get free
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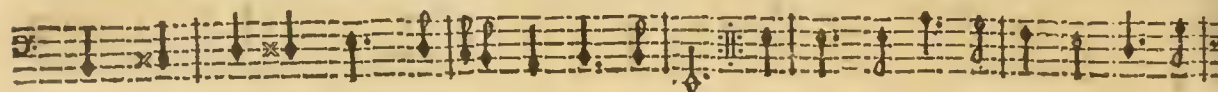
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



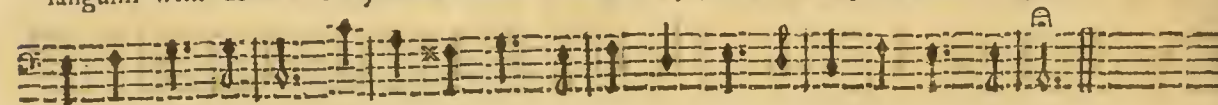
H, cruel Eyes! that first inflam'd my poor resistless heart; that when I



would my thoughts have blam'd, they still increase the smart: What pow'r above creates such Love to



languish with desire? May some disdain encrease my pain, or may the flame expire.

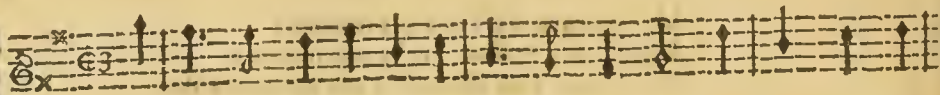


II.

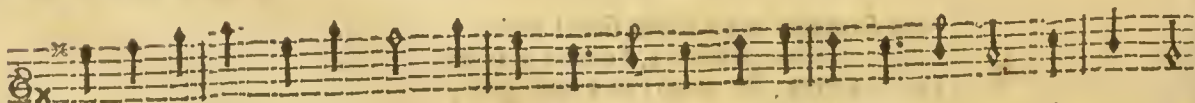
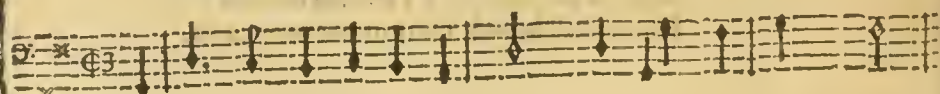
And yet I dye to think how soon
My wishes may return,
If slighted, and my hope once gone,
I must in silence mourn:
Then Tyrannels,
Do but express,
The Mystery of your pow'r;
'Tis as soon said,
You'll Love and Wed,
As studying for't an hour.

III.

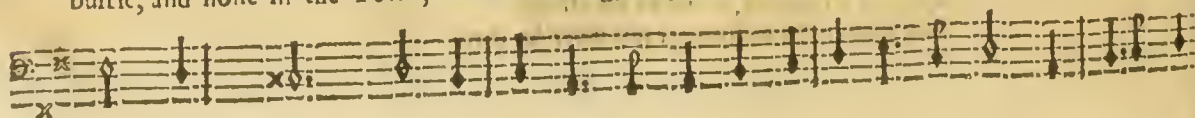
I yield to fate, though your fair Eyes
Have made the pow'r your own;
'Twas they did first, my heart surprize,
Dear Nymph! 'twas they alone:
For Honours sake,
Your heart awake;
And let your pity move:
Least in despair
Of one so fair,
I bid adieu to Love.

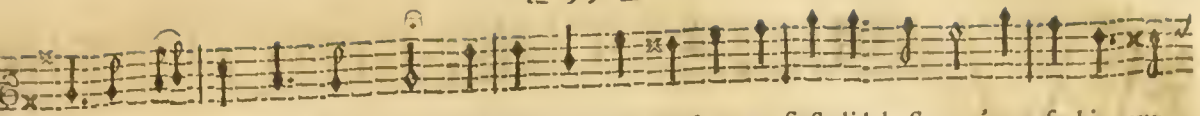


Way with the silly blind god, and his Darts, who makes such a

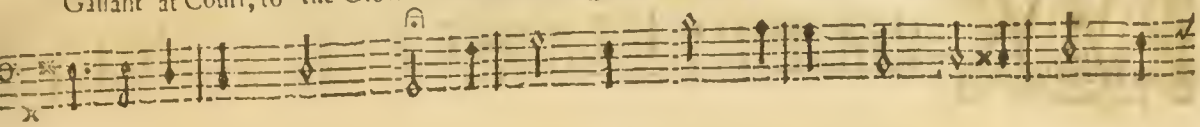


bustle, and noise in the Town, with Wounding, Surprizing, and Breaking of Hearts; from the proud

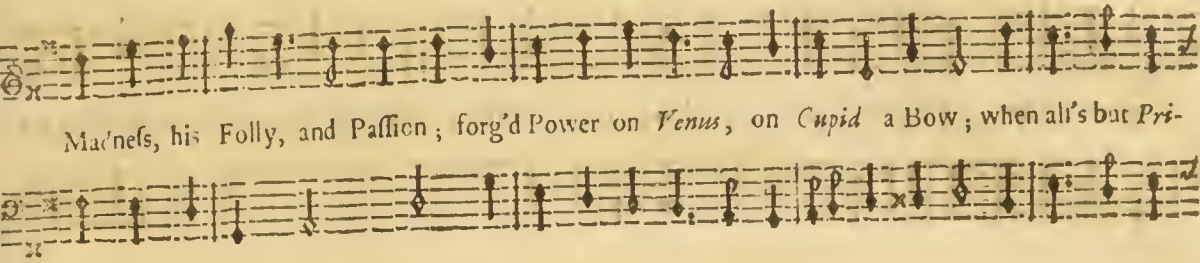




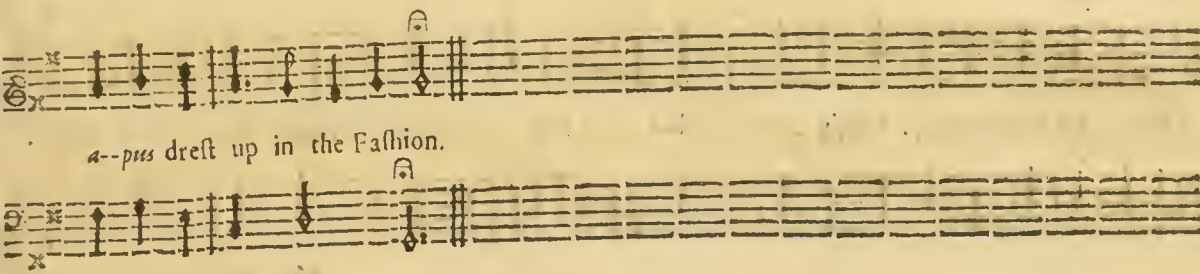
Gallant at Court, to the Clown: Some Rebel 'gainst reason, at first did bestow, t' excuse his own



Mac'nefs, his Folly, and Passion; forg'd Power on *Venus*, on *Cupid* a Bow; when ali's but *Pri-*



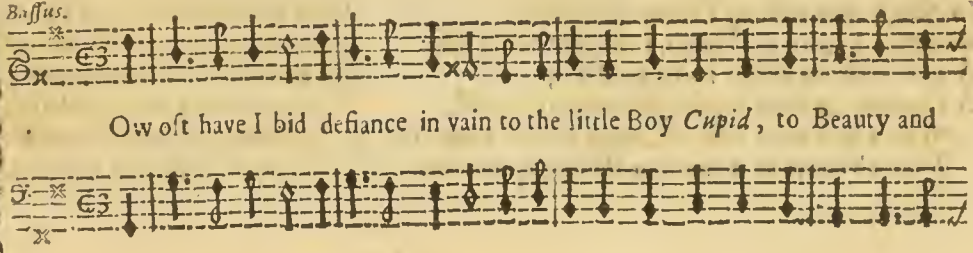
a--pus drest up in the Fashion.



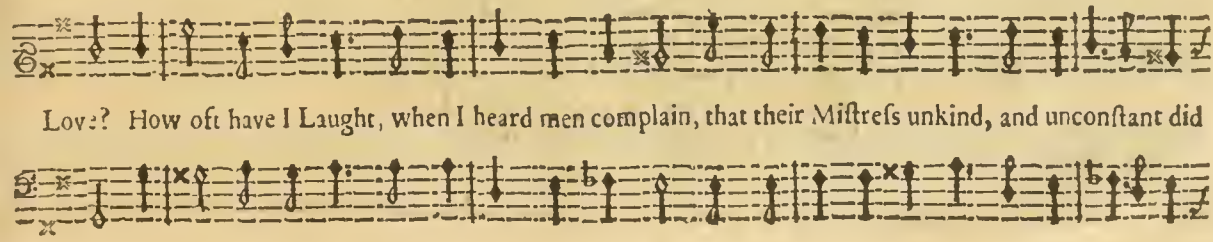
A 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



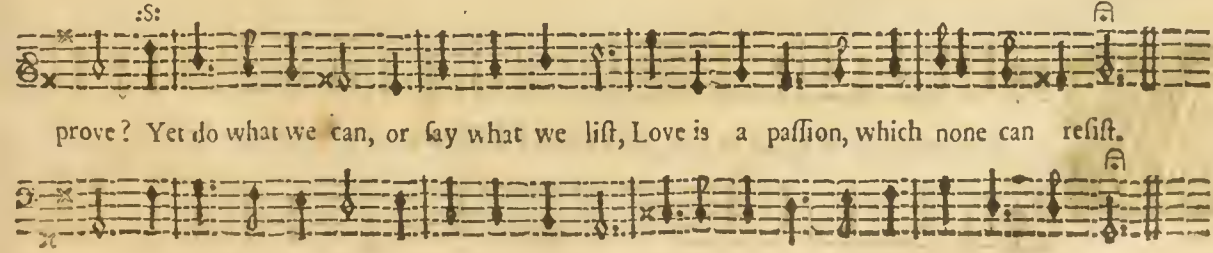
Ow oft have I bid defiance in vain to the little Boy *Cupid*, to Beauty and



Love? How oft have I Laught, when I heard men complain, that their Mistrefs unkind, and unconstant did

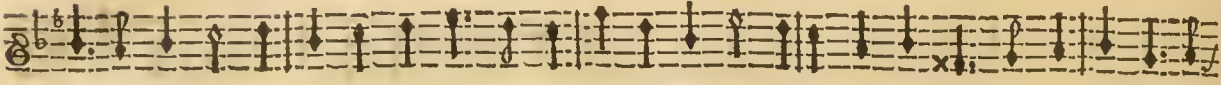


prove? Yet do what we can, or say what we list, Love is a passion, which none can resist.

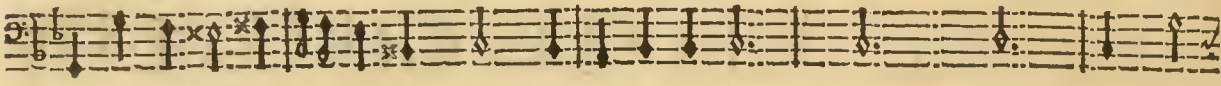




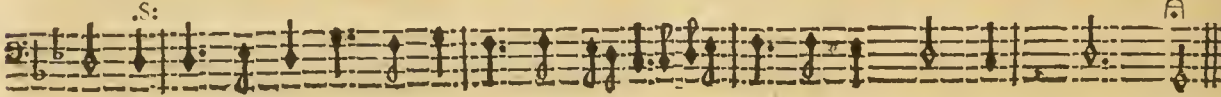
Hen first my free heart was surpriz'd by desire , so soft was the wound, and so



gentle the fire ; my sighs was so sweet, and so pleasant the smart, I pity'd the Slave, who had ne're lost his



Heart. He thinks himself happy and free , but alas ! he is far from that heaven which Lovers possess :



Mr. *Alpb. Marfb,* Junior.

II.

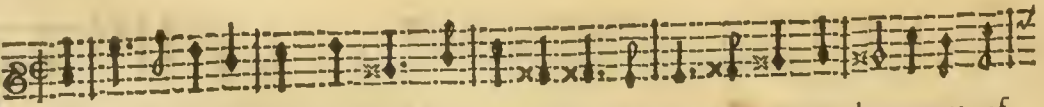
In Nature was nothing I found to compare
With the Beauty of *Phillis*, I thought her so fair :
A Wit so divine all her sayings did fill ;
A Goddes she seem'd, and I thought on her still :
With a zeal more inflam'd, and a passion more true
Than a Martyr in flames for Religion, can shew.

III.

More Virtues and Graces I find in her Mind ,
Then the Schools can invent, or gods e're design :
She seem'd to be mine, by each glance of her Eye ,
If Mortals may aim at a blessing so high.
Each day, with new favours, new hopes she did give :
But, alas ! what we wish, we too soon do believe.

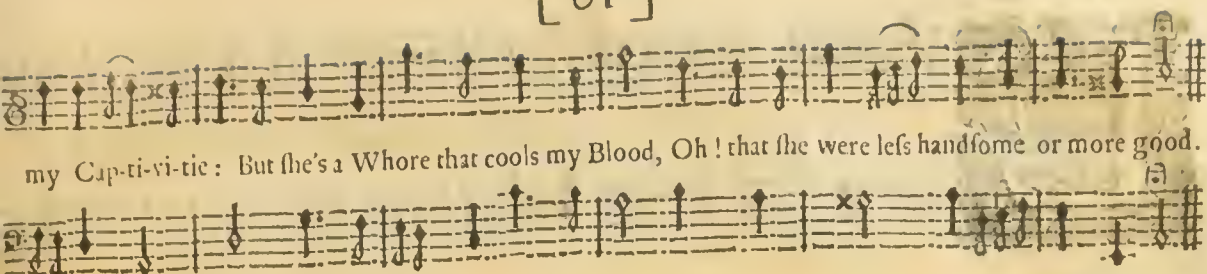
IV.

With awful respect while I lov'd and admir'd ,
But fear'd to attempt what I so much desir'd ;
In a moment the life of my hopes was destroy'd ,
For a Shepherd, more daring, fell on, and enjoy'd .
But in spite of my fate, and the pains I endure ,
I will try her again in a second Amour.



Ere *Calia* but as Chast as Fair, how could I kiss the Snare ; and never be weary of





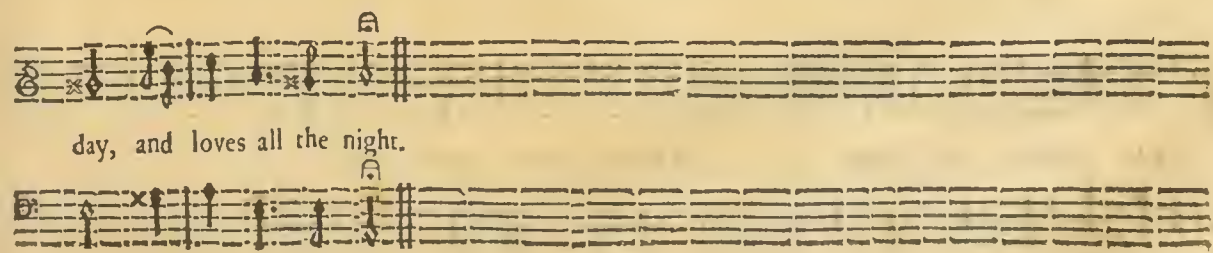
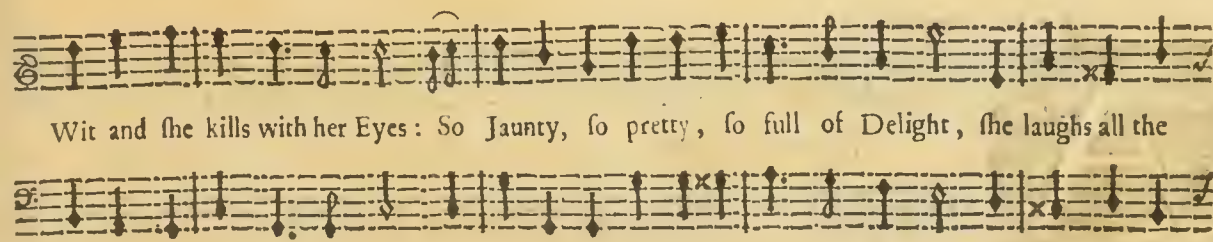
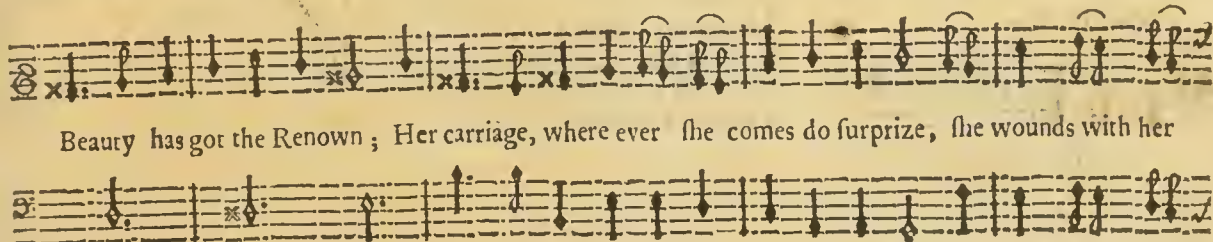
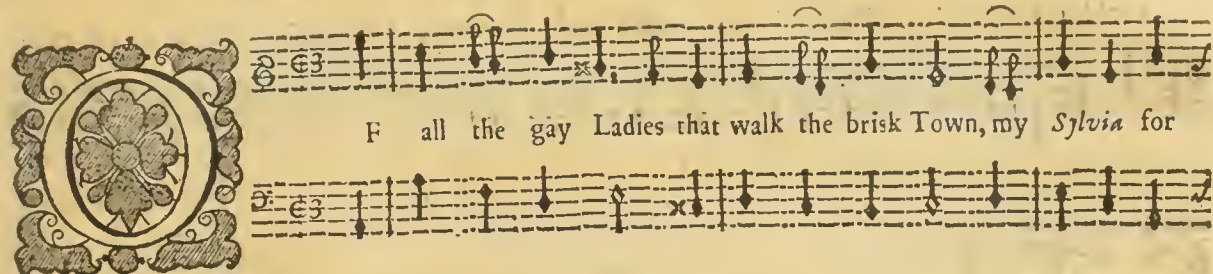
Mr. Isaac Blackwell.

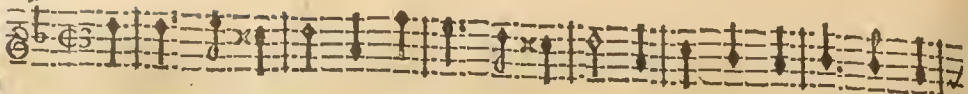
II.

Would you believe that there can rest
Deceit within that Breast ;
Or that those Eyes,
Which look like Friends, are only spies :
But she's a Whore ; yet sure I lye ;
May there not be, degrees of Chastity ?

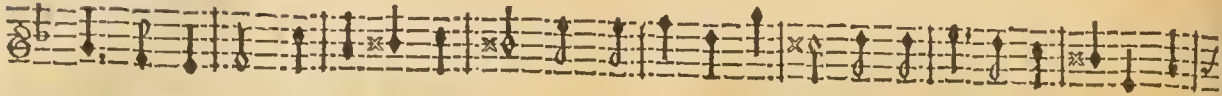
III.

No, no, what means that want on Smile,
But only to beguile ;
Thus did the first
Of Women, make all Men accurst :
I, for their sakes, give Women o're ;
The first was false, the fairest was a Whore.

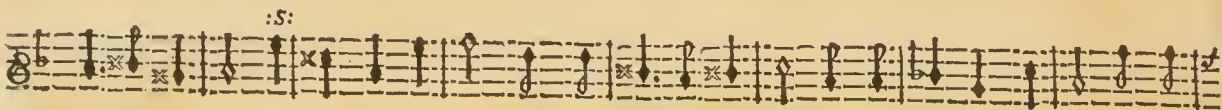
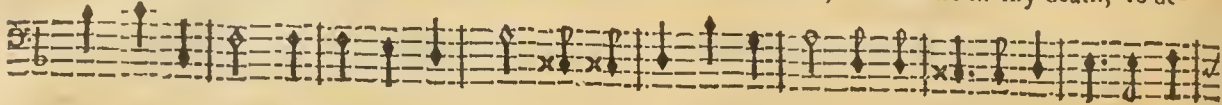




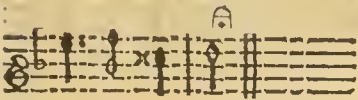
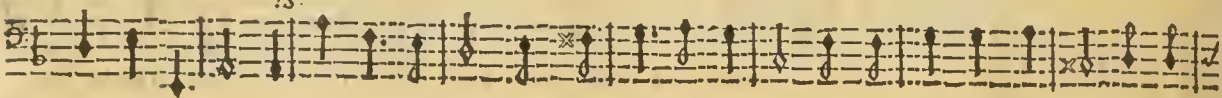
Ong since, fair *Clorinda*, my Passion did move, whilst under my friendship I



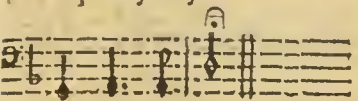
cover'd my Love ; but now I must speak, though I fear 'tis in vain ; 'tis to late in my death, to de-



semble my pain : In telling my Love, though I fear she'll deny ; I shall ease my sad heart, and more



quietly dye.



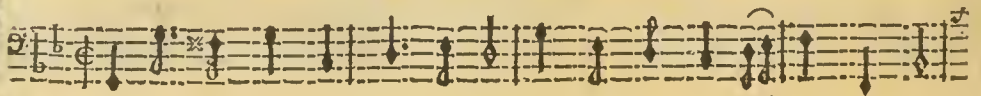
Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.

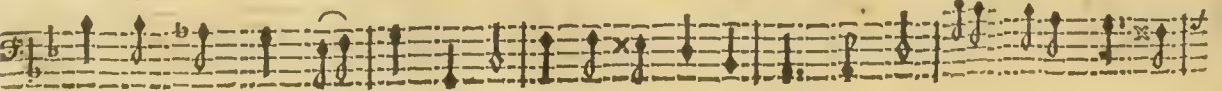
My Thoughts are so tender, my Tongue cannot tell
 What blifs would be yours, could you Love half so well :
 Let the thing with a title our property prove,
 Let him have the show, and let me have the Love.
 I've lov'd you so long, that if now you delay,
 You'l owe me so much as you never can pay.



H, *Phillis* ! would the gods decree, that you might Love, and none but me,



I'de quit what e're I lov'd before, and ne're importune Heaven more : Heaven a--bove, my



hopes would be , to be belov'd again by thee.

Mr. Twist.

II

Ah ! should my *Phyllis* cruel prove ,
 And with disdain receive my Love ;
 Though all my hopes were then in vain ,
 I'de look on you, and hope again ;
 And Martyr-like, charm'd with your cause ,
 Glory to suffer by your laws.

A. 2. Vcc. Cantus & Bassus

Hen first I saw fair *Celias* Face, so full of Majesty and Grace, As potent

Armies do attaque the place, which can't resistance make : So she by pow'r has made her way un-

to my heart, and there does stay , receiving homage, which I pay.

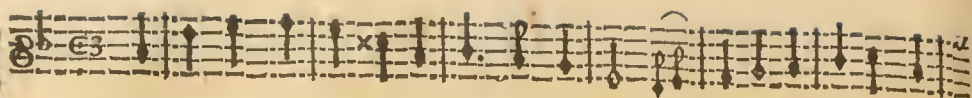
Mr. James Hart.

II.

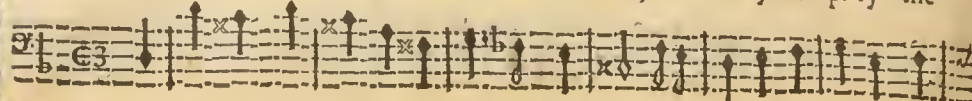
The force of Love, who can withstand ;
 It is in vain to countermand ,
 What envious, *Cupid*, has decreed ,
 Then my poor heart must ever bleed ,
 'Till you, fair Nymph, by pity mov'd ,
 My Passion having once approv'd ,
 Can Love, as now you are belov'd.

III.

It would be gallantry in Love ,
 If *Celia* would the act approve ;
 Where she so long has caus'd a smart ,
 There to bestow, at length, her heart.
 In doing this, fair Saint, you may ,
 From your blest name, derive a day ,
 When Lovers unto you shall pray.



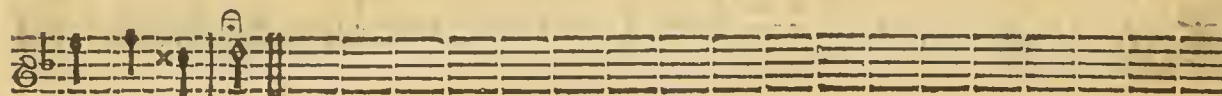
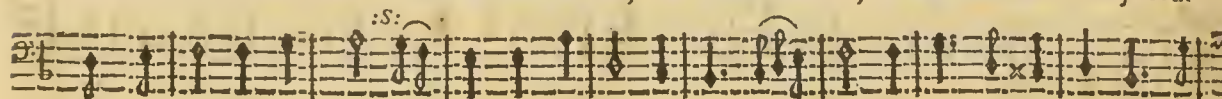
IE, *Clor*is, 'tis fil-ly to sigh thus in vain; 'tis fil-ly to pi-ty the



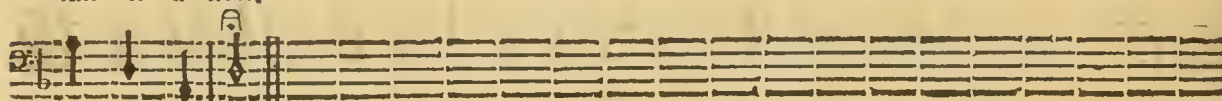
Lovers you've slain: If still you continue your Slaves to deride, the Compassion you feign,



will be taken for Pride: And sorrow for sin, can never be true, in one that does daily com-



mit it a new.



II.

If, while you are Fair, you resolve to be coy,
 You may hourly repent, as you hourly destroy;
 Yet none will believe you, protest what you will,
 That you grieve for the dead, if you daily do kill.
 And where are our hopes, when we zealously wooe,
 If you vow to abhor what you constantly doe.

III.

Then, *Cloris*, be kinder, and tell me my fate;
 For the worst I can suffer's to dy by your hate:
 If this you design, never fancy in vain
 By your Sighs and your tears, to recal me again:
 Nor weep at my Grave, for, I swear, if you do,
 As you now laugh at me, I will then laugh at you.



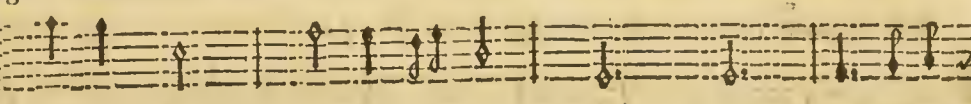
H, how I abhor the tumult and smook of the Town; the clamours of



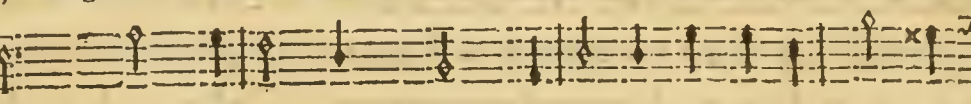
War, the glittering Court, the fraudulent gown: The Suburb Debauches, the Cheats of the



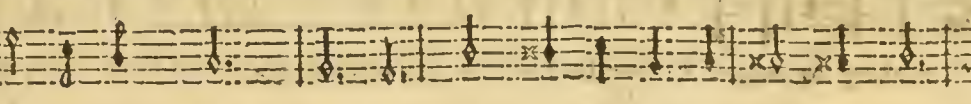
City, the rattling of Coaches, and the noise of the men th-y call Witty. But give me the man from all



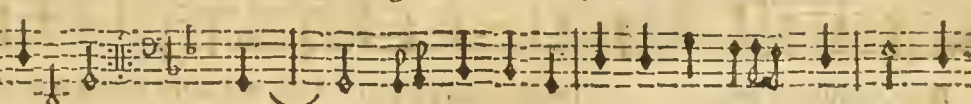
Vanity free; with good store of Land, and a Country command, who Honest dares be, who



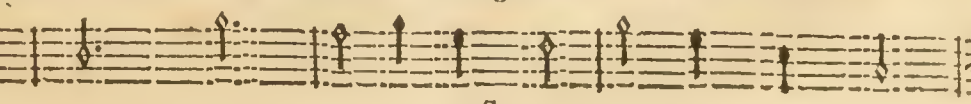
Justice dares do, and the Nation would serve, and ne're from his true Country Principles swerve;



This, this is the Man for me. Whilst the fluttering vain Gallant in *London* consumes his Estate in rich

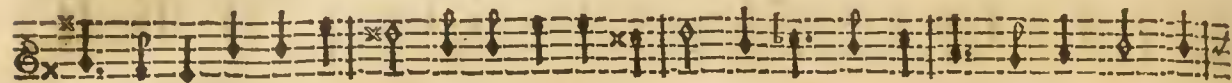
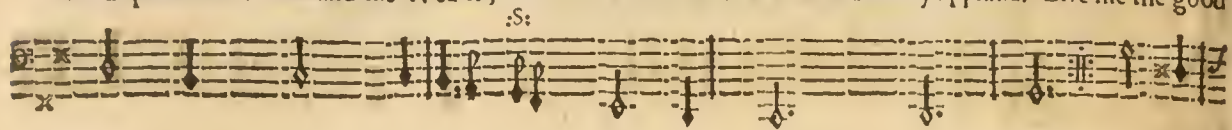


Cloaths and Perfumes, and makes his Face shine with Burgandine Wine, and on Punck or on

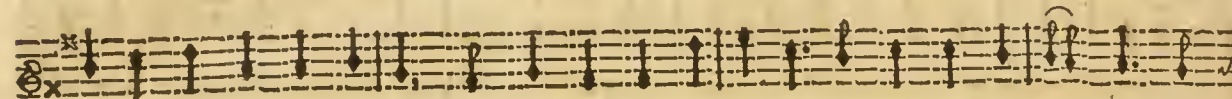
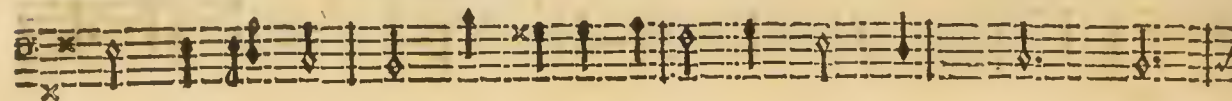




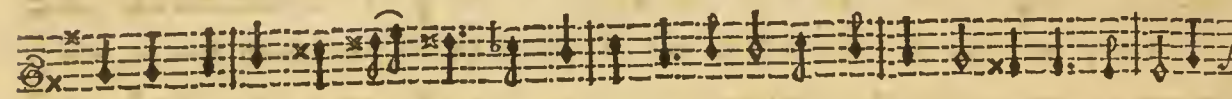
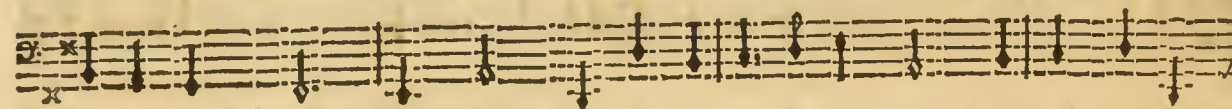
Baud spends his Youth and his Wealth, while such shall his Wit and his Bounty applaud. Give me the good



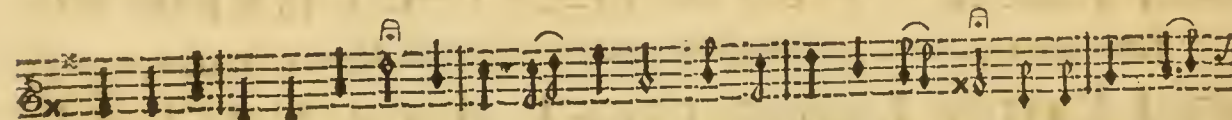
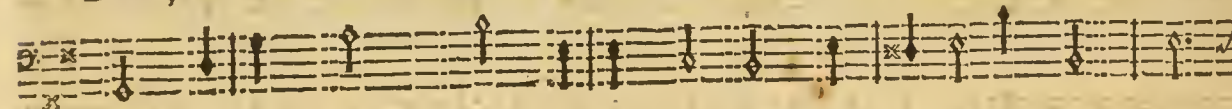
Man that lives on his own Grounds, and within his own bounds, h'as room for his Hawks and his Hounds, can



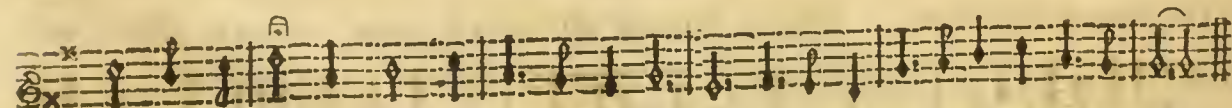
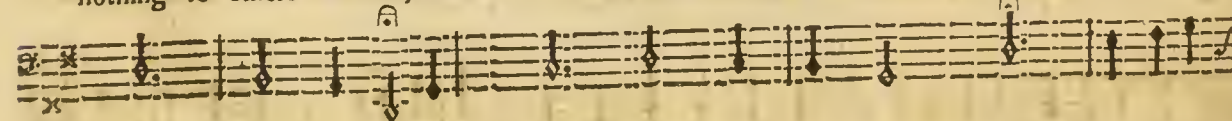
feast his own Tenants with Fowls and with Fishes, and from his own Plenty with good store of



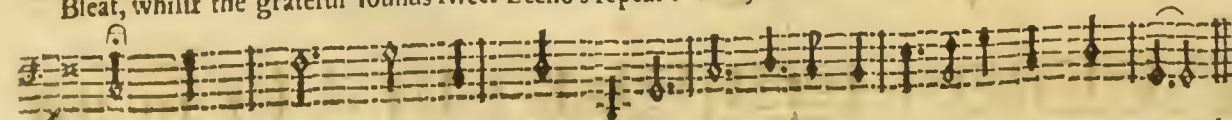
Dishes; and not with damn'd Wine, but with good *English* Ale, o're their faithful hearts can prevail, and



nothing to others do owe, but from his own Houfe hears his own Oxen Low, and his own Sheep



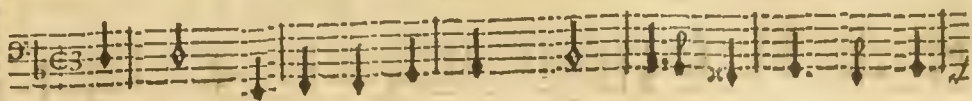
Bleat, whilst the grateful sounds sweet Eccho's repeat: This, this is the Man that is truly call'd Great.



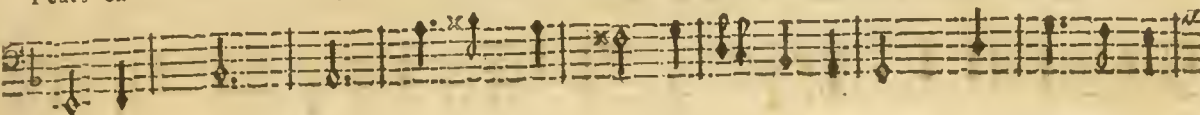
First Shepherds.



Heart in Loves empire, though Jocund and Blythe, from Cares and from



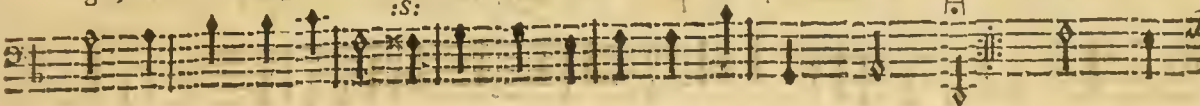
Fears can never be free; 'tis said that with Pleasure we Languish and Sigh : But for all can be



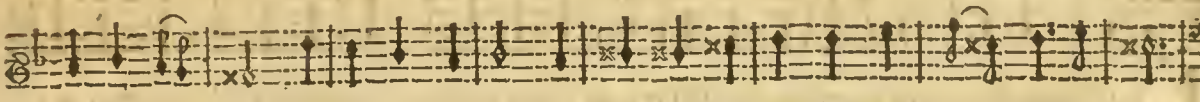
2d Shepherds.



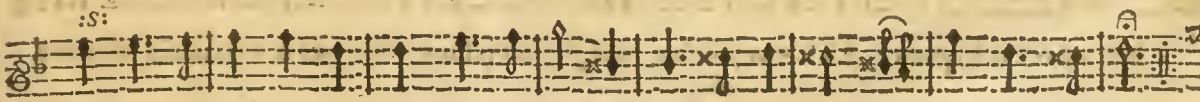
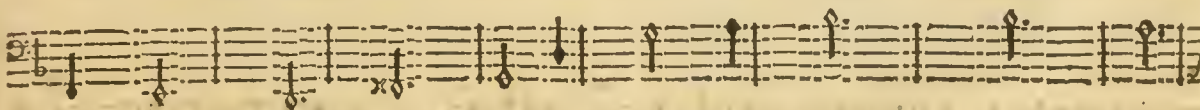
urg'd, there's nothing can be so pleasant, so pleasant as our Li--ber--tie. None are more



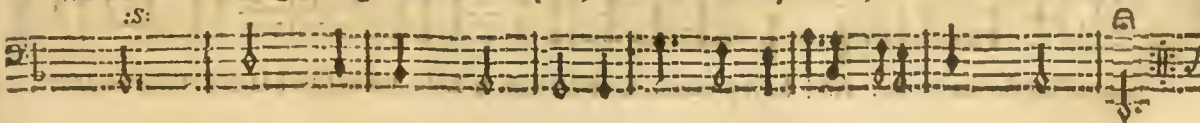
happy, nor none are more blest than whom Love does inspire with a gentle soft Fire ; when



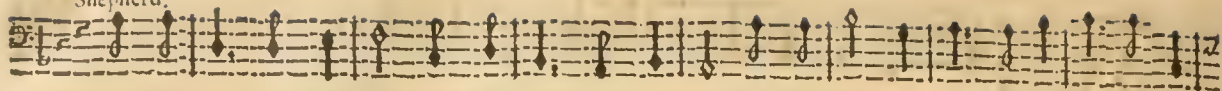
either do sigh, and neither can rest, how pleasant their Panting how sweet their desire.



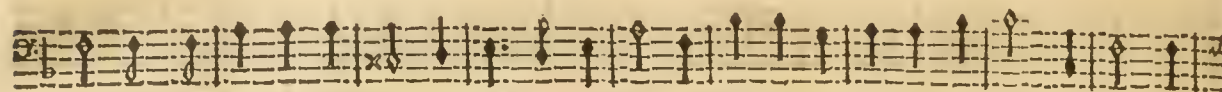
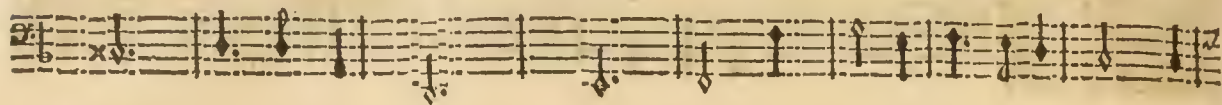
Love is a Blessing, though counted a pain, for take away Love, no Pleasures remain.



Shepherd.



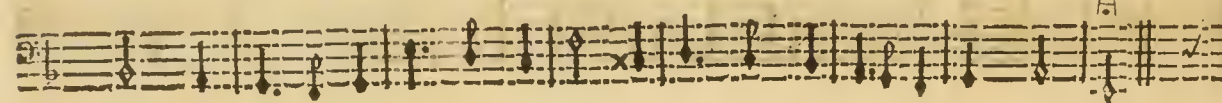
To submit to Loves Law, Ah! how sweet it would be; If in Love we could but fi--de--li--ty



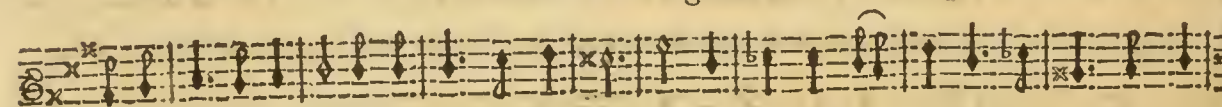
see: But O Rigour extream! O Fate too unkind! A Shepherdes faithful, no Man can find; and



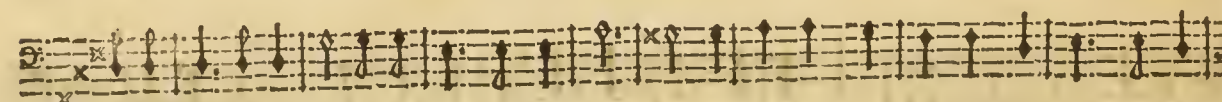
this faithless Sex so unconstant doth prove, they ought not to Live, or ought not to Love.



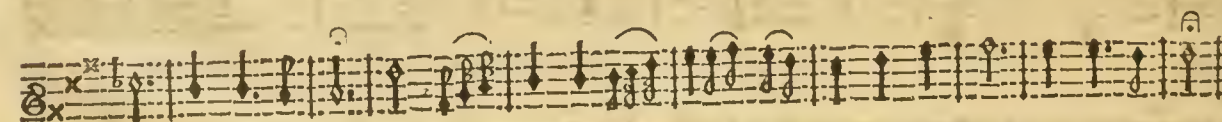
CHORUS together.



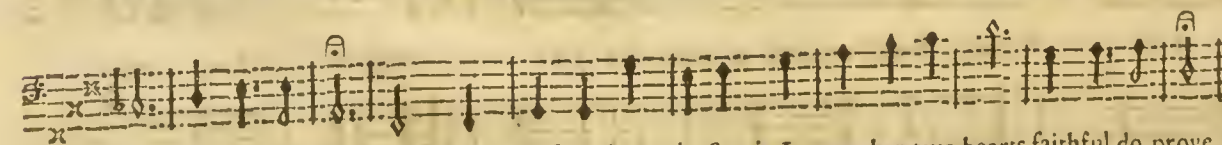
Let's permit the soft fire to enflame our Desire; Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love, when two



Let's permit the soft fire to enflame our Desire; Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love, when two



hearts faithful do prove: Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love, when two hearts faithful do prove.



hearts faithful do prove: Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love, when two hearts faithful do prove.

Mr. Robert Smith.



Wrong not your lovely Eyes! my Fair, so much as to suspect the charms that

on a--nothers are, can make me yours neglect: Wrong not, my Love! where

you a-dore, with such re-spect to say, that this respect is just no more than I to

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others pay.

Mr. Matthew Locke.

II.

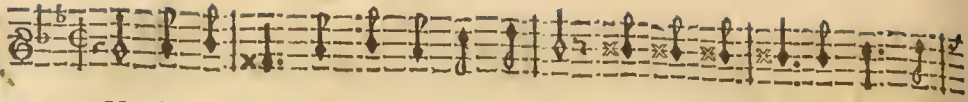
A general desire to please,
Dwells in all Humane kind;
Such, I am sure, would you confess,
In your own Heart you find:
And if the light of others Eyes,
To follow, I appear,
'Tis that to yours a Sacrifice
More worthy I may bear.

III.

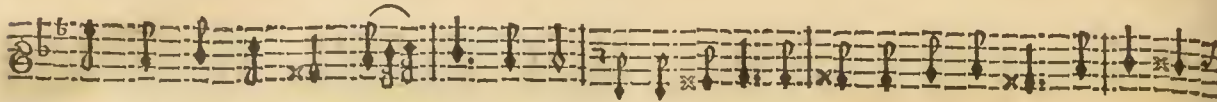
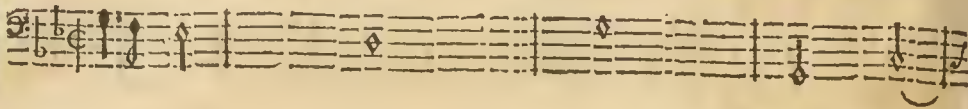
Your Beauty thus, more triumph gains,
I nothing from it take;
But only of your glorious Chains,
My self more worthy make:
Then is this fear of yours but vain,
You cannot be betray'd;
Whatever Trophies I can gain,
Must at your feet be laid.

IV.

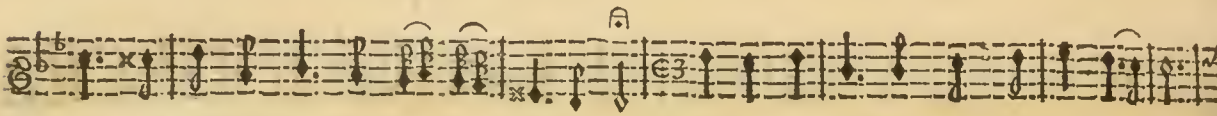
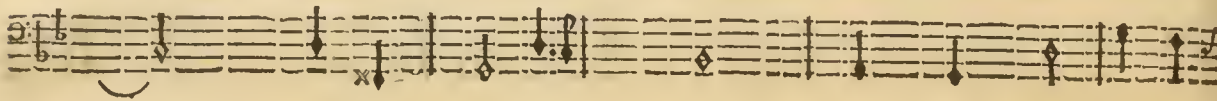
Let other Beauties apprehend
To lose their Lovers Heart;
But you have charms, that may pretend
To scorn Loves utmost art:
To others therefore, you, the show
Of Love may well endure;
Since only yours my heart, you know,
In your own Eyes secure.



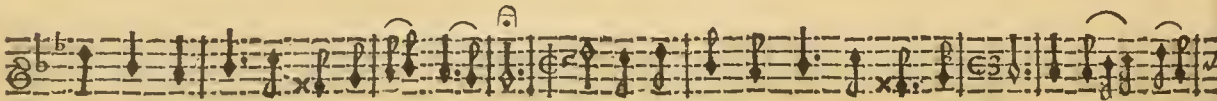
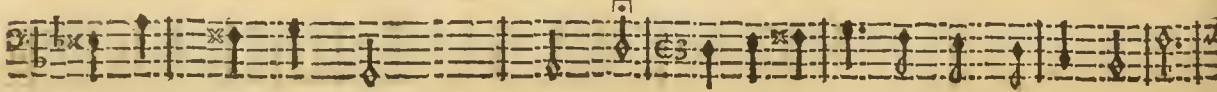
H, fading Joy! how quickly art thou past, yet we thy ruin hast? And



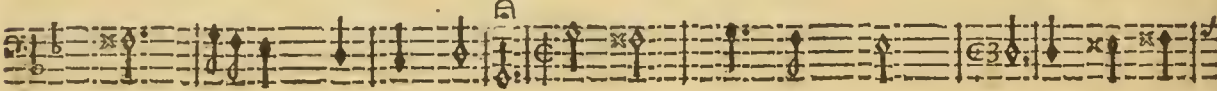
what too soon would dye, help to destroy; as if the cares of Humane life were free, we seek out



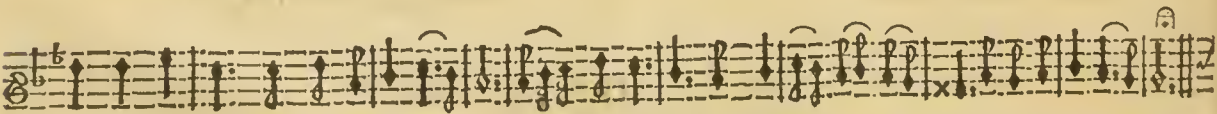
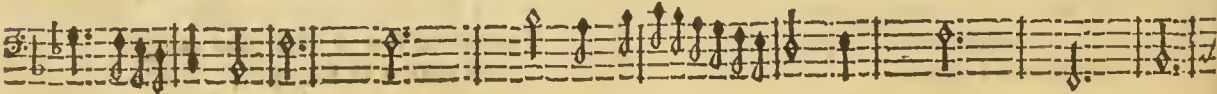
new, And follow Fate, which will too fast pursue. In vain does Natures bounteous hand supply



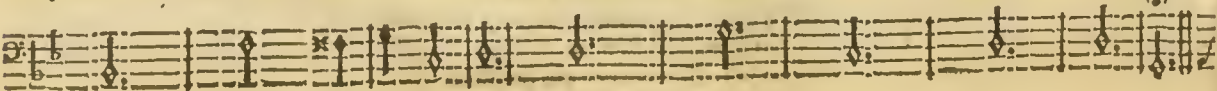
what peevish Mortals to themselves deny. See how, on ev'ry bough the Birds express in their wild



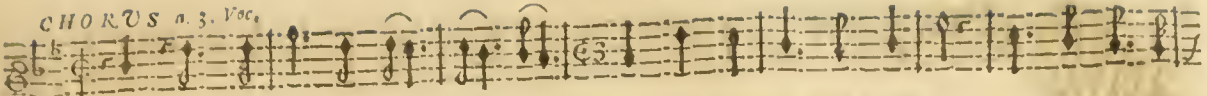
Notes, their happiness: Not anxious, how to get or spare, they on their Mother Nature lay their care.



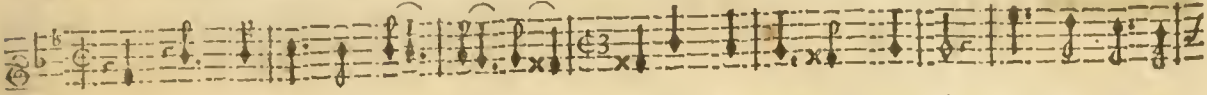
Why then should Man, the Lord of all below, such troubles chuse to know, as none of all his subjects undergo?



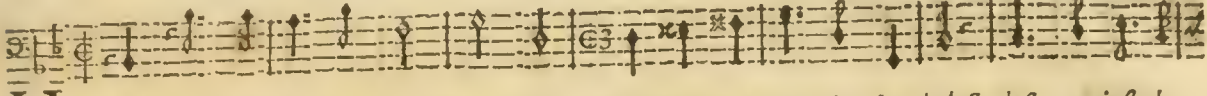
CHORUS n. 3. Voc.



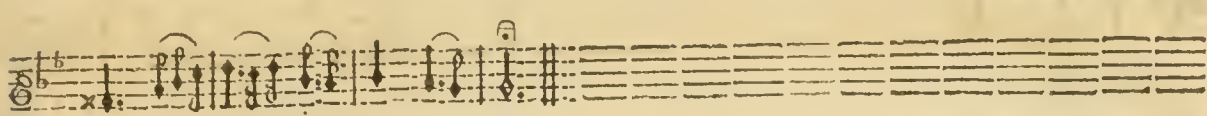
H Ark! bark! the Waters fall, fall, fall; and with a murmuring sound, dash, dash, against the



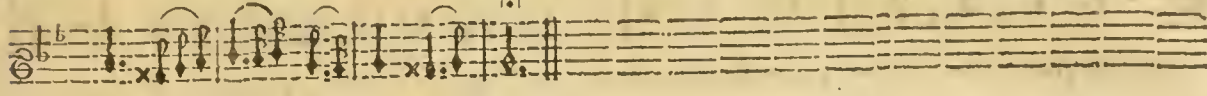
H Ark! bark! the Waters fall, fall, fall; and with a murmuring sound, dash, dash against the



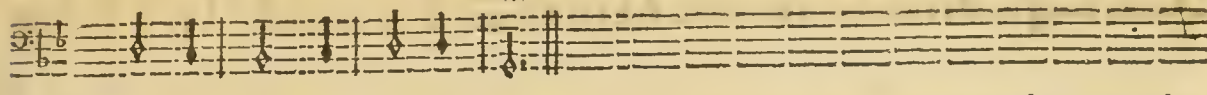
H Ark! bark! the Waters fall, fall, fall; and with a murmuring sound, dash, dash, against the



ground, to gen--tle Slumbers call.

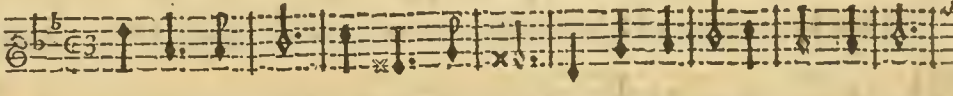


ground, to gen--tle Slumbers call.

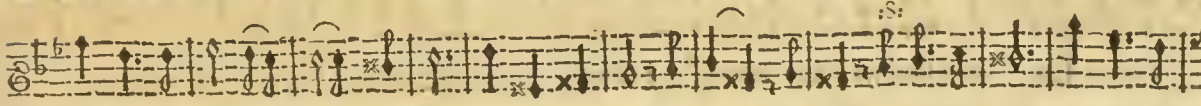
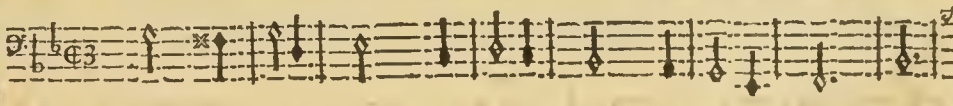


ground, to gen--tle Slumbers call.

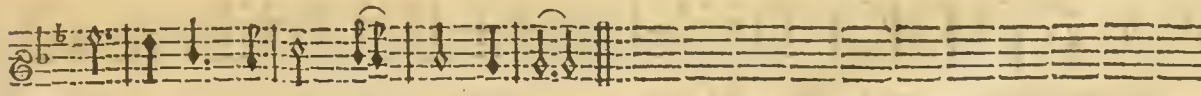
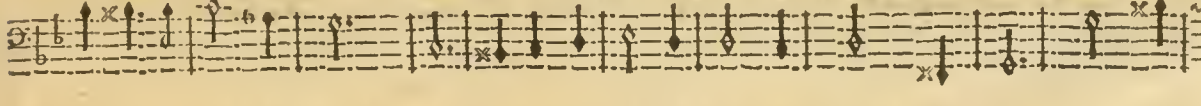
Mr. Pelham Humphry.



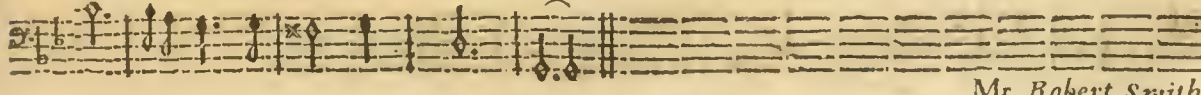
That Sighs and Groans now fills my breast, and suff'rs me to take no rest



for my *Carmelia*? Oh! she's gone, and left me here to Mourn alone: But, is she dead? then I'll go



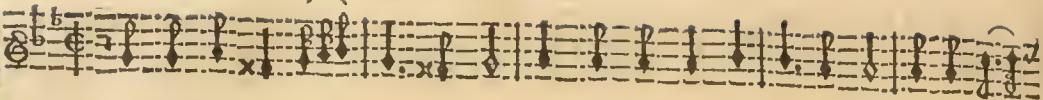
see, if in her Grave there's room for mee.



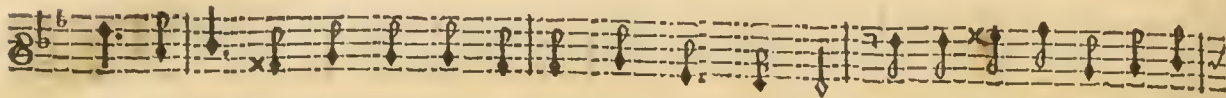
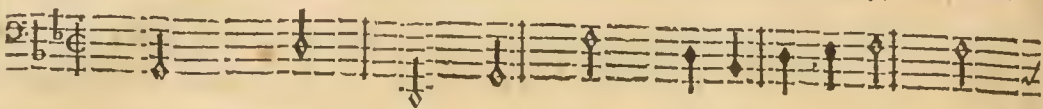
Mr. Robert Smith.

II. O cruel Fate! that so design'd
To take her, but leave me behind:
And you, O Death! whose quick Alarms
Hath snatch'd her rudely from my Arms,
Could you not find a way for mee
To my *Carmelia's* Breast to flee.

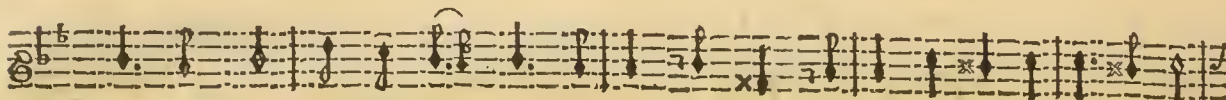
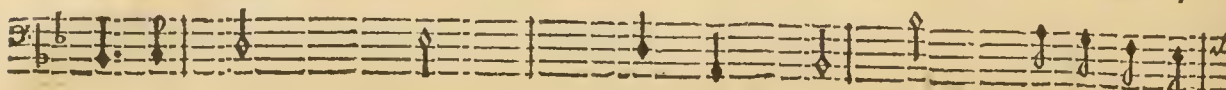
III. Dye, then *Anselmo*! why should'st stay,
Since 'tis *Carmelia* show'd the way?
O Dye, more faster, do not live
That dearest Nymph for to survive!
O now, dear soul, I come, I flye,
Always to live with you, I dye.



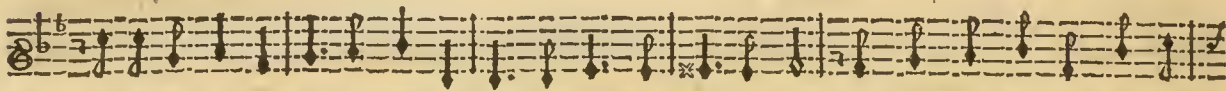
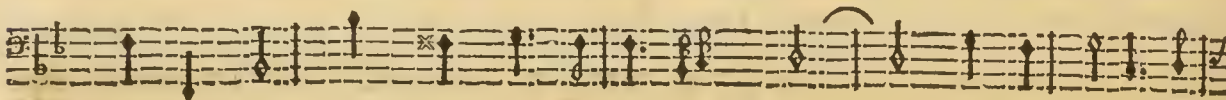
When I shall leave this clod of Clay ; when I shall see that happy day, that a cold



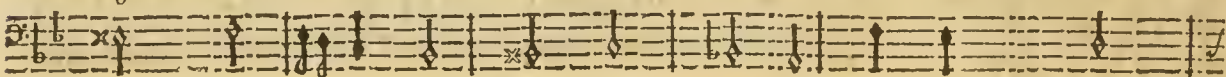
Bed, a winding Sheet, shall end my Cares, my Grievs, and Tears ; And lay me silent at my



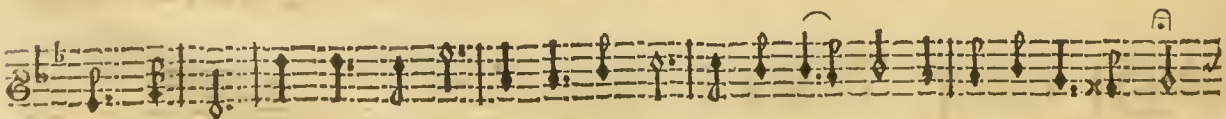
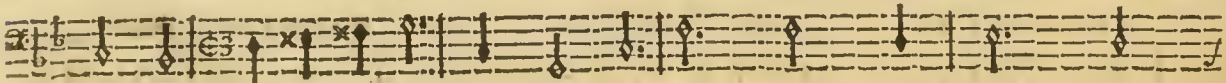
Conqu'rous feet : When a dear Friend shall say , He's gone , alafs ! he's left us all alone :



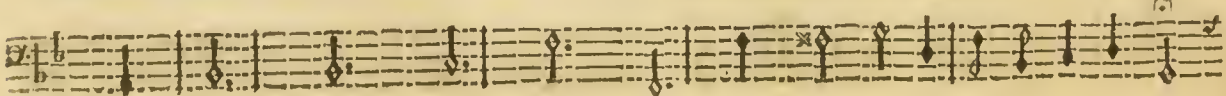
I saw him gasping, and I saw him strive in vain, amidst his pain ; His Eye-strings breaking, and his

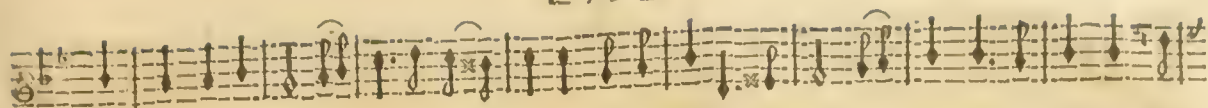


falling Jaw : Then shall no Tears bedew my Hearse, no sad uncomfortable Verse my unlamented

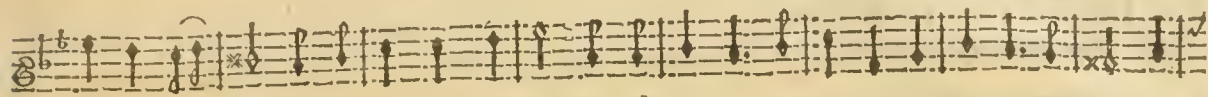
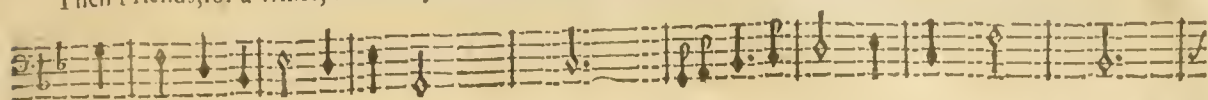


death shall shade : He, who alive, did never grieve, how can he be less merry in the Grave.

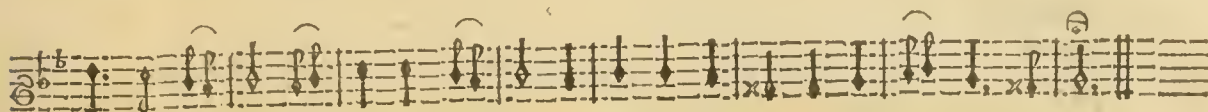




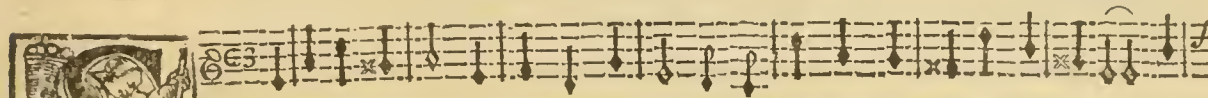
Then Friends, for a while, be Merry without me ; And as fast as you Dye, come flocking about me : In



Gardens and Groves, our day Revels we'll keep, and at night my Theorbo shall Rock you asleep : So



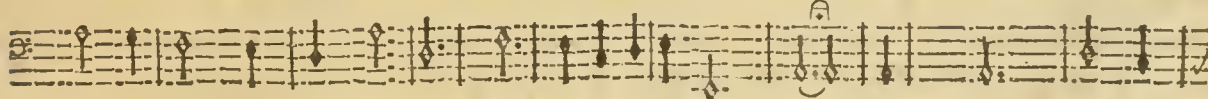
happy we'll prove, that Mortals a-bove, shall envy our Musick, shall en-vy our Love.



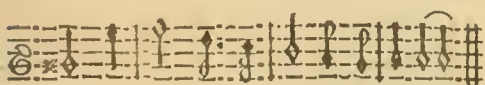
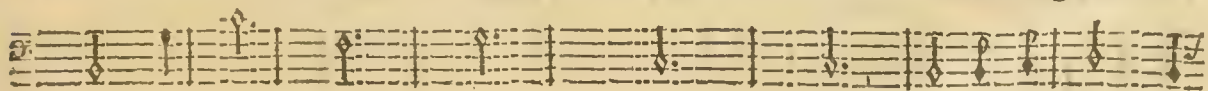
Ince, *Phillis*, we find we grow so inclin'd, that we dare not bid Love quite de-fiance ; Yet



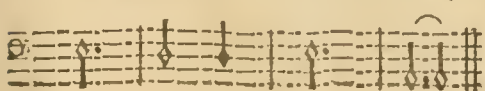
let us be wife, and with freedom advise. so to make up a triple alliance : For why should we lose, what



most Creatures use, the freedom of Natures great Charter ; Let us use Love as Chance, not as god of Ro-



mance, and dye like the Fool, or the Martyr.



II.
We'll use Love no more,
Than our humour or store
Will prove able to pay, or allow ;
He'll then scorn all dodging,

And fear no Goal made by a vow ;
Nor shall we be hurl'd,
Like the rest of the World,
Into Madness, by being so jealous.

III.
Let us laugh at all rumour,
And ne're spoil good humour,
Like Phanaticks, by seeming too zealous.
Love mean does appear,
When by vow or by fear
It seems fetter'd by Justice or Duty :
'Tis more glory for you
To keep Love still true,
By force of your Wit, and your Beauty.

I F languishing I yes, without language can move, I have long told my *Phyllis*, I dye for her Love :

Ah, pity that Passion, which words cannot speak ! could I tell what I feel, my poor heart would not break.

Mr. Isaac Blackwell.

I I.
I plead not desert, for the Beauty I serve ;
But 'tis nobler to give what none can deserve :
In the croud of my Rivals, who sigh and adore,
None merit you less, or can value you more.

I V.
All joys are so order'd by Nature's great doom,
That what e're we possess from another must come :
Then, *Phyllis*, what pleasure with me may you prove,
What's wanting in worth, is supply'd by my Love.

III.
To purchase a Smile, or a glance from your Eyes,
Both my Fortune and Life were too little a prize :
But if to desert you can only be kind,
Like Heaven, you must to your self be confin'd.

V
Our life is uneasy, and fullen our state,
E'ry Minute is angry, and full of debate :
But kind was the power, who, our quiet to keep,
Sent Love to relieve us, and lay us asle p.

VI.
In Oceans of Care, though against Tide we Sail,
Yet our Love from behind us supplies a fresh gale :
The passage is pleasant, but, ah ! 'tis too short ;
Let us live while we may, we must part at the port.

A H ! what shall we do, when our Eyes are surrounded with Beauties, like you ! our

Hearts must be wounded : If we flye from the War, your darts do o're-take us, and if we stay there, your

Captives you make us. Engaging or flying, we are sure to be slain ; then who is so mad such a

Fight to maintain ?

II.
And yet, Oh how sweet are the wounds of your glances !
Then Nobly we'll meet, though we fall by your Lances :
When your Smiles do evince, that our death will be pleasant,
Better Dye like a Prince, than Live like a Peasant,
If engaging or flying, we are certain to Dye,
'Tis Courage to Fight, and Folly to Fly.

TOM of Bedlam.

For a Bass alone.



Orth from the dark and dismal Cell, or from the deep abysses of Hell, Mad Tom is come to view the World again, to see if he can Cure his distemper'd Brain; Fears and Cares oppress my Soul; Hark, how the angry Furies howl; Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad, to see poor angry Tom of Bedlam Mad Through the World I wander night and day, to find my stragling Senses, in an angry mood I met Old Time with his Pentateuch of Tenises; when me he spies, away he flies, for Time will stay for no man; in vain with cries, I rend the Skies, for Pity is not common. Cold and comfortless I lye, Help, help, oh help, or else I dye! Hark, I hear Apollo's Team, the Carman 'gins to whistle; Chast Diana bends her Bow, and the Boar begins to bristle. Come Vulcan with Tools and with Tackles, to knock of my troublesome shackles: Bid Charles make ready his Wain, to bring me my Senses a-gain.

I I.

Last Night I heard the Dog-star bark,
Mars met *Venus* in the Dark;
 Lympling *Vulcan* heat an Iron Bar,
 And furiously made at the great God of War.
Mars with his Weapon laid about,
 Lympling *Vulcan* had got the Gout;
 His broad Horns did hang so in his light,
 That he could not see to aim his blows aright,
Mercury the nimble Post of Heaven
 Stood still to see the Quarrel;
 Correl-belly'd *Bacchus*, Gyant-like,
 Bestrid a Strong-beer Barrel:
 To me he Drank, I did him thank,

But I could drink no Sider;
 He drank whole Butts, 'till he burst his Guts,
 But mine was ne'r the wider.
 Poor Tom is very Dry;
 A little Drink, for Charity:
 Hark! I hear *Acteon's* Hounds,
 The Hunts-man Hoops and Hollows;
 Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
 All the Chace doth follow.
 The Man in the Moon drinks Clarret,
 Eats Powder'd-Beef, Turnep, and Carret.
 But a Cup of Malligo Sack
 Will fire the Bush at his Back.

4. 2. For Cantus & Bassus.



Ome away, to'ther Glas, he's a temperate As, that refuses his brimmer of

Rhenish ; while our Bottles go round, a new way we have found, both our Heads, and our Veins to re-

plenish: We'd be witty and brave, when our Noddles are full, whilst the Sober young Fop is but

prudently dull.

II.
 Thus with Wenches and Wine
 Our Hearts we'll refine
 From the Dross of the Melancholly City ;
 We care not a Loufe
 For the dull Coffee-house,
 'Tis the Tavern that makes a Man Witty :
 Then in spight of misfortunes ,
 Thus happy we are ,
 In a Jolly brave Soul,
 That's a stranger to care.



Is the Grape that dis-covers the Passionate Lovers, and makes the coy

Mis to resign: To the Rose then repair, to Canary, to cheer our Souls, and our Spirits refine.

A DIALOGUE between NATURE and SORROW.



Nature.

Sorrow.

Sorrow, Sorrow! say where dost thou dwell? *In the lowest Room of*

Nature.

Sorrow.

Nature.

Hell. Art thou Born of Humane Race? *No, no, I have a Furies Face.* Art thou in City, Town, or

Sorrow.

Nature.

Sorrow.

Court? *I to ev'ry place resort.* O Why into the World was Sorrow sent? *Men afflicted, best repent.*

Nature.

Sorrow.

Nature.

Sorrow.

What dost thou feed on? *Bro-ker sleep.* What tak'st thou pleasure in? *To weep, to*

sigh, to sob, to pine, to groan, to wring my hands, to sit alone. Oh when! Oh when shall

S: Sorrow.

Sorrow quiet have? *Ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, 'till she find a Grave.*

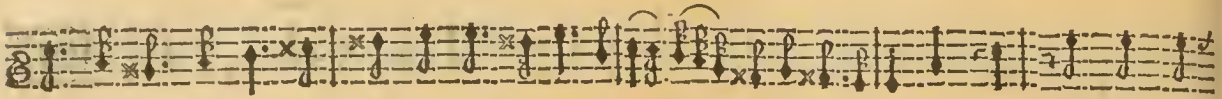
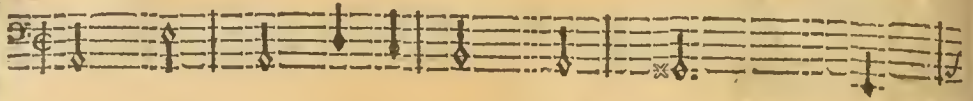
Mr. Robert Smith.

CELADON on DELIA'S Singing: A Pastoral.

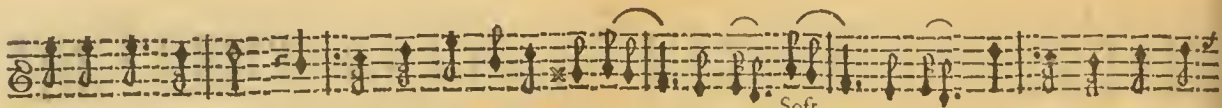
Celadon.



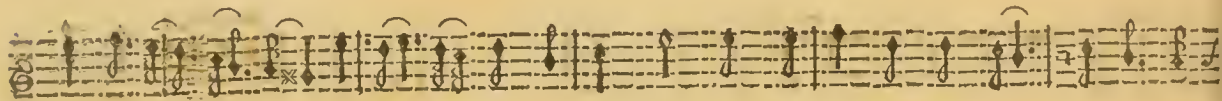
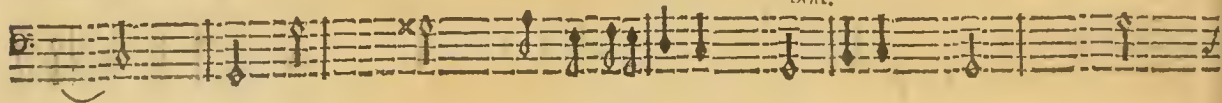
De-lia! for I know 'tis she, I know 'tis she; for nothing less could



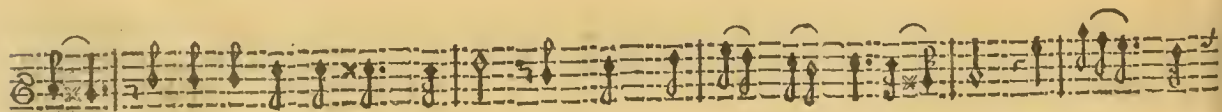
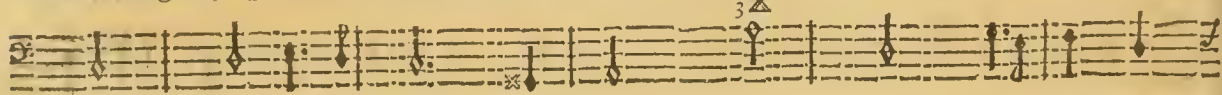
move my tuneless Heart, than something from above: I hate all earthly Harmony, Hark! hark! ye Nymphs and



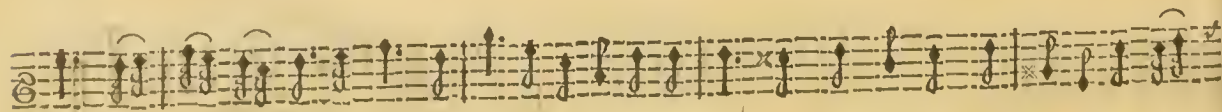
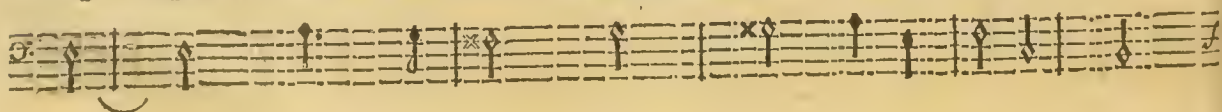
Satyrs all a round; Hark! how the baffled Echo faints, and dies, *Sofr.* and dies: See how the winged *Sofr.*



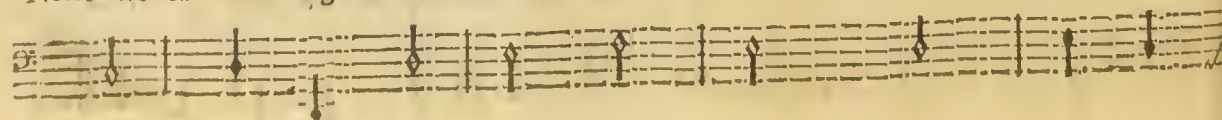
Quoires all gasping lies, at the Me-lo-dious Sound; Mark while she Sings, how they droop, and flag their

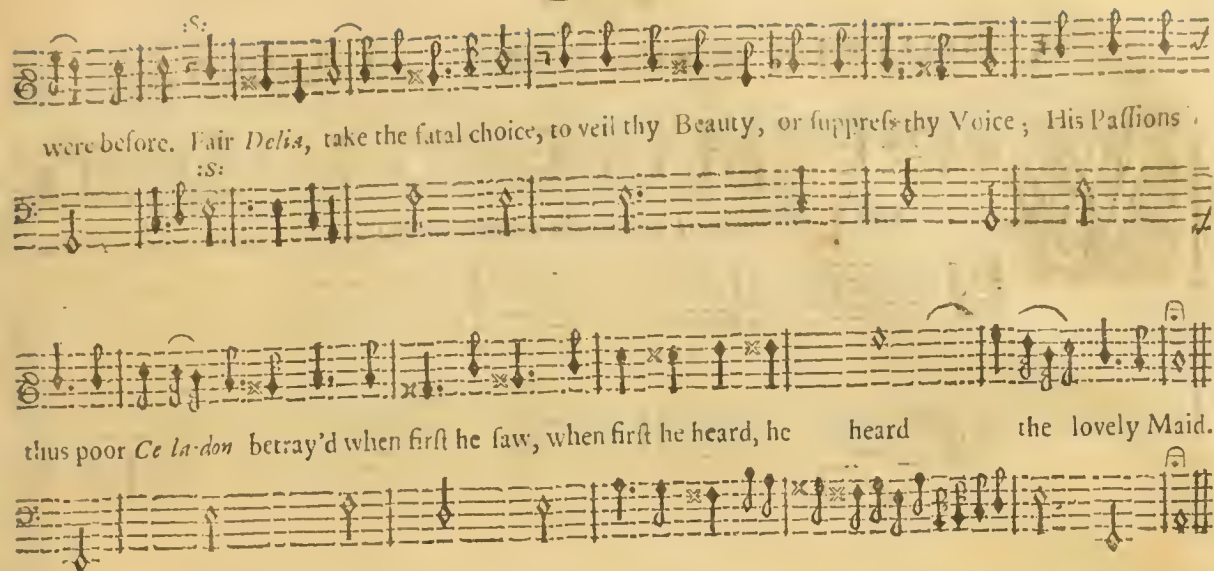


Wings. Angelick! *Delia*, Sing no more; Thy Song's too great for Mortal Ear; Thy charming



Notes we can no longer bear: O then in pity to the World, give o're, and leave us stupid, as we



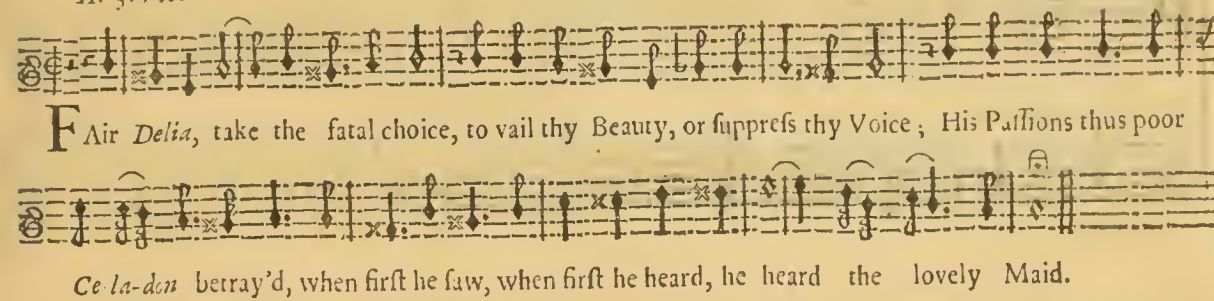


were before. Fair *Delia*, take the fatal choice, to veil thy Beauty, or suppress thy Voice; His Passions
 thus poor *Ce-la-don* betray'd when first he saw, when first he heard, he heard the lovely Maid.

CHORUS.

A. 3. Voc.

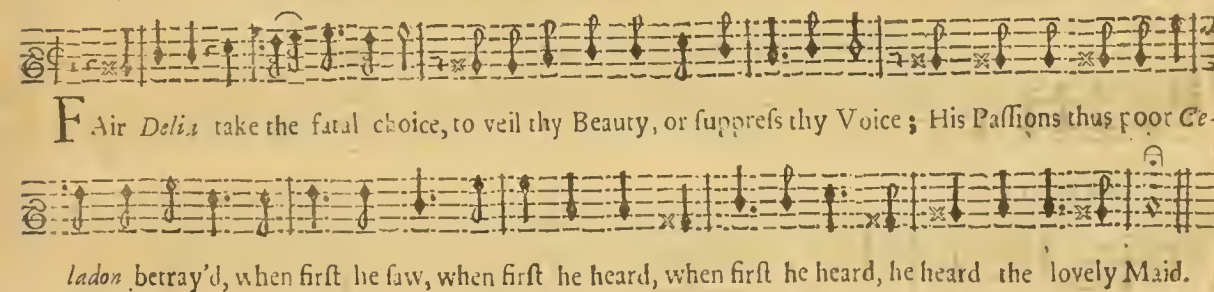
Cantus.



Fair *Delia*, take the fatal choice, to veil thy Beauty, or suppress thy Voice; His Passions thus poor
Ce-la-don betray'd, when first he saw, when first he heard, he heard the lovely Maid.

A. 3. Voc.

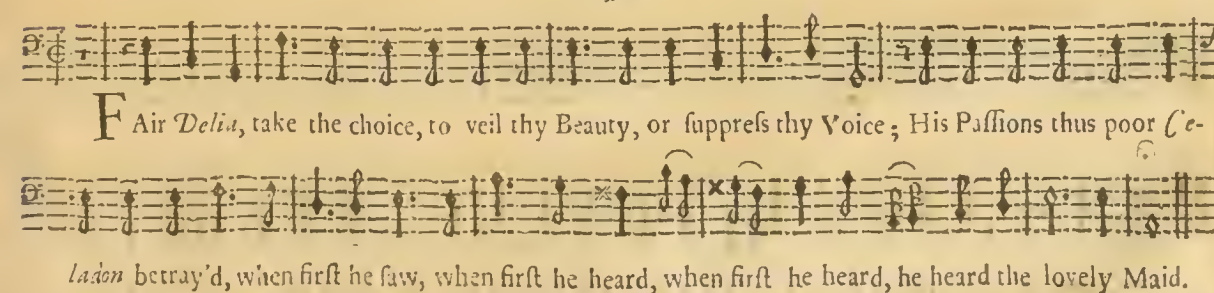
Medius.



Fair *Delia* take the fatal choice, to veil thy Beauty, or suppress thy Voice; His Passions thus poor *Ce-*
ladon betray'd, when first he saw, when first he heard, when first he heard, he heard the lovely Maid.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Fair *Delia*, take the choice, to veil thy Beauty, or suppress thy Voice; His Passions thus poor *Ce-*
ladon betray'd, when first he saw, when first he heard, when first he heard, he heard the lovely Maid.

Mr. William Gregorie.

A DIALOGUE between THIRSYS and DORINDA.

Dorinda.

Hen Death shall part us from these Kids, and shut up our divided Lids, Tell me,

Dorinda

Thirsis, prethee do, whether thou and I shall go? Ob! Where is't?

Thirsis. Thirsis.

To the E-li-zium. A Chast

75

Dorinda.

I know no way but one, our Home: Is our Cell E-li-zium?

Soul can never mis's't. Turn thine Eye to yonder

Thirsis.

43

Sky, there the *Milky-way* doth lye; 'Tis a sure, but rugged way that leads to E-ver-lasting day:

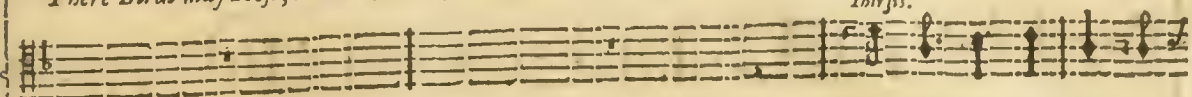
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Derinda.

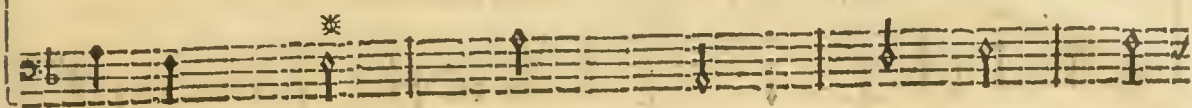


There Birds may Nest, but how shall I, that have no Wings, and cannot Fly!

Thirsis.



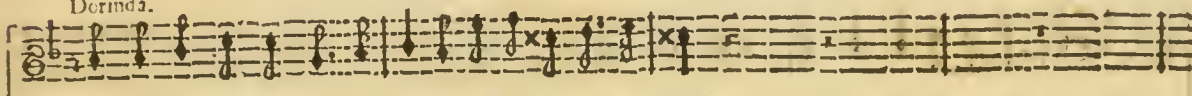
Do not sigh, fair Nymph, for



Fire has no Wings, yet doth aspire, 'till it hit against the Pole; Heav'ns the Center of the

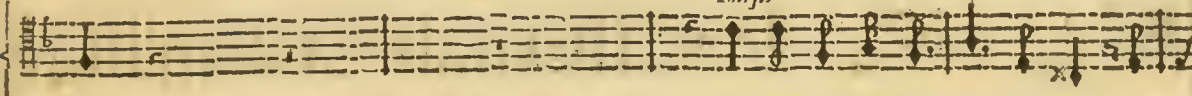


Derinda.



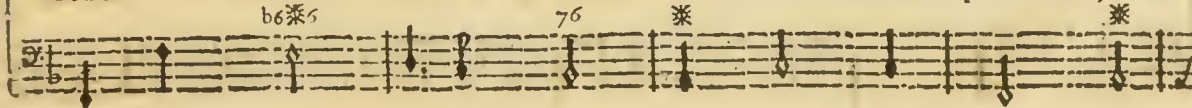
But in E-li-zium how do they pass E-ter-ni-ty a-way?

Thirsis.

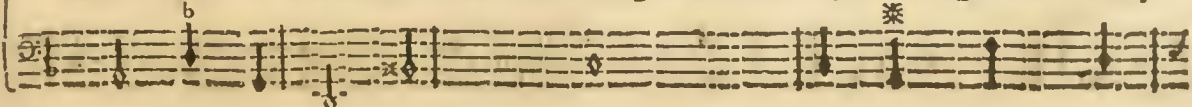


Soul.

Oh, there is neither Hope nor Fear; there



is no Woolf, nor Fox, nor Bear; No need of Dog to fetch our stray, our Light-foot we may



Dorinda,

Ob

give away; No Oat-pipe needful, There thy Ears may Sleep with Musick of the Sphears.

43 * * 6 *

sweet! Oh sweet! how I my future State, by silent thinking, antedate! I preshee let us spend our time to

* 76

come in talking of E-li-z-i-um.

Thirs

Then I'll go on. There Sheep are full of sweetest

Grafs, and softest Wool; There Birds sing Confort, Garlands grow, cool Winds do whisper

Springs do flow ; There always is a ri--sing Sun, and Day is e-ver but begun ; Shepherds

Dorinda.

Ah me! Ah

there bear e—qual sway ; And ev'ry Nymphs a Queen of *May*.

Dorinda.

me!

I'm Sick, I'm Sick, and fain would Dye ; Convince me now that this is

Thirfts.

Dorinda, Why dost cry ?

76

true, by bidding with me, all adieu.

Thirfts.

I cannot live without thee, I, I'le for thee, much more with thee Dye.

CHORUS together.

Dorinda.

T Hen let us give Clo-ril--lo charge o'th Sheep, and thou and I'll pick Poppies, and them steep in
Thirfis.

T Hen let us give Clo--ril---lo charge o'th Sheep, and thou and I'll pick Poppies, and them steep in

Wine, and drink on't even 'till we Weep, 'till we Weep ; So shall we smoothly pass a-

Wine, and Drink on't even 'till we Weep, we Weep ; So shall we smoothly pass a way, a—

way, a — way, a — way in Sleep.

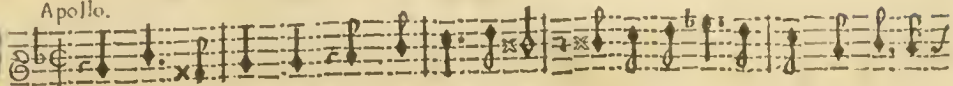
way, a — way, a — way in Sleep.

Mr. Matthew Locke

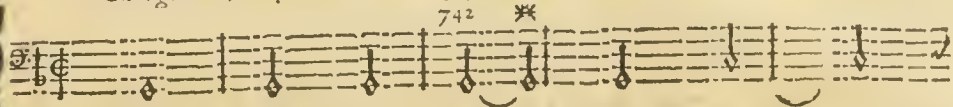
A DIALOGUE between APOLLO and NEPTUNE:

Occasioned by the unfortunate Death of the Right Honourable
EDWARD, Earl of Sandwich.

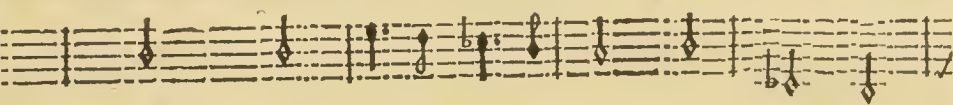
Apollo.



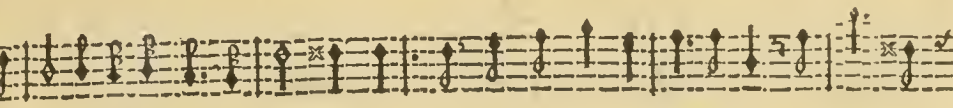
Charge thee, Neptune, as thou'rt just, resign the most Admired Sandwich, who is



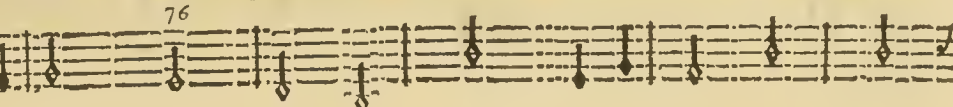
mine: Whose loss creates a Discord in the Spheres, and turns our Me-lo-dy to Groans, to Groans and



Neptune.

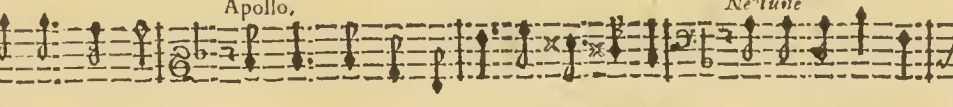


Tears. Forbear to ask what is unjust to grant, thy charge and my designs are dissonant; he's mine by

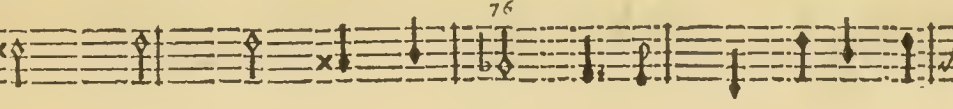


Apollo.

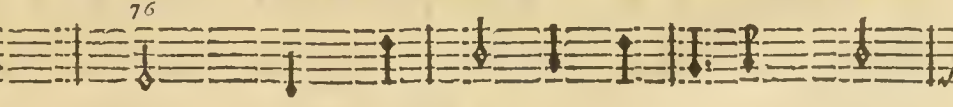
Neptune



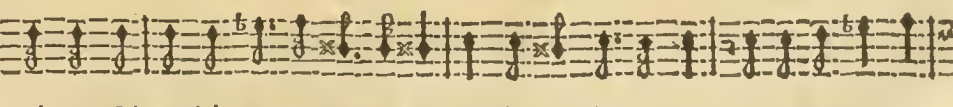
Conquest; What is thy pretence? In Musick, his un-equall'd excellence. Heroick Parts I



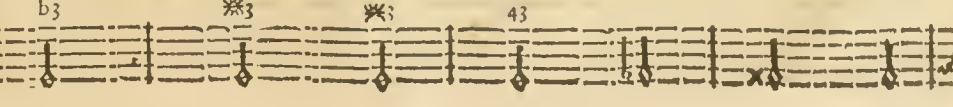
gave him, taught him how, with thundring Cannon, and a furrow'd Brow, to rule the surface of my



Apollo.



Realm. And I, by a Magnetick pow'r in Harmony, made him a Conquerour, to overcome all



Souls, that lov'd or like E-li-zi-um. Thy Seat is Pleasant, there all Sweets do dwell ; but

mine with Rage and Horrour on-ly swell, which lately is encreas'd, since Sandwich sent so many

Belgians to my E-ll-ement ; whose E-mu-lation to a Prince therefore, makes me keep

Sandwich, to maintain my store.

CHORUS together.

W E'll Sing his Re-qui-em by some murm'—ring Brook, on which, as th' emblem of our Neptune.

W E'll Sing his Re-qui-em by some murm'—ring Brook, on which, as

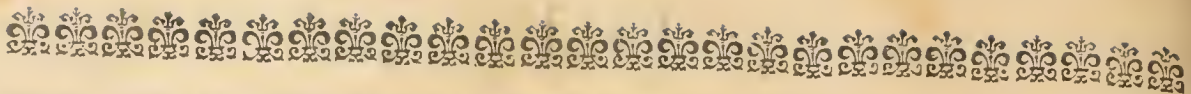
Grief we'll look; and with our Tears increafe it to a Main, then, then Sigh and Weep
 th' emblem of our Grief, we'll look; and with our Tears increafe it to a Main, then Sigh and Weep

Sigh and Weep, 'till Sandwich come again: Or else we ne-ver, ne-ver, ne---ver will refrain; or else we
 Sigh and Weep, 'till Sandwich come again: or else we never, never will refrain;

never, ne-ver, ne---ver will refrain, ne-ver will refrain.
 or else we never, never, never will refrain, never will refrain.

Mr. Matthew Locke.

FINIS.



 Books Printed and Sold by *John Playford*, at his Shop near the *Temple-Church*.

C*anticum Sacra*, First Sett, *Latin Hymns* for Two and Three Voices : Composed by Mr. *Richard Deering*; with a *Through-Bass* for the *Organ*, in 4 Volumes, *Folio*, price 3 s. 6 d.

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Nicholas Lanier

The name of Nicholas Lanier is to be found at the head of a list of the court Musicians dated 1641, & other similar lists. There is a portrait of Nicholas Lanier in the Music School at Oxford. His reputation as a singer has been immortalized by Herrick.

Spove says the date of Nicholas Lanier's death is unknown; that he was alive in 1665 & dead in 1670, but the following entry in the lists of English Court Musicians of the seventeenth Century fixes ~~his~~ his death, beyond a doubt, as occurring in February 1665-6.

"Pelham Humphrey for the Lute, in the place of Rich. Lanier
decd., Mar. 10, 1665."

