

273 FIRST Booke of Songs or Ayres
Of foure parts, with Tabliture for the
Lute, so made that all the Parts to-
gether, or either of them severally
may be sung to the Lute, Orpharian,
or Viol de Gambo. Composed by
John Dowland, Lutesist and Bache-
lourer of Musick in both the Uni-
uersities. Also an invention of the
said Author for two to play upon one
Lute, pp. 22, *finely engraved title,*
folio, *half-bound,* Imprinted at Lon-
don, by Humfrey Lowens, dwelling
on Breadstreet-hill at the signe of the
Starre, 1613
Each pp. 22. by Lord Chamberlaine his
galleys.



Ptolomaeus

Marinus

VIVERE VERITAS

Strabo

Aratus

Poliubus

Hipparchus

Geometria

Astronomia

Arithmetica

Musica

MERCURIUS



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR GEORGE CAREY, OF THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE GARTER Knight; Baron of Hunsdon, Captaine of her Maiesties Gentlemen Pensioners, Governour of the Isle of Wight, Lieutenant of the County of Southt: Lord Chamberlaine of her Maiesties most royall House, and of her Highnesse most Honorable Prisy Councell.



That harmony (right Honourable) which is skilfully exprest by Instruments, albeit, by reason of the variety of number and proportion, of it selfe, it easily stirres up the mindes of the hearers to admiration and delight, yet for higher authority and power hath bene euer worthily attributed to that kind of Musicke, which to the sweetnesse of Instrument applies the liuely voyce of man, expresing some worthy sentence or excellent Poeme. Hence (as all antiquity can witness) first grew the heavenly Art of Musicke: for *Linnæus Orpheus* and the rest, according to the number and time of their Poems, first framed the numbers and times of Musicke: So that *Plato* defines Melodie to consist of harmony, number, and words; harmony, naked of it selfe; words the ornament of harmony, number the common friend and writer of them both. This small Booke containing the content of speaking harmony, ioyned with the most musically instrument the Lute, being my first labour, I have presumed to dedicate to your Lordship, who for your vertue and Nobility are best able to protect it; and for your Honourable favours towards me, best deserving my duty and seruice. Besides, your noble inclination and loue to all good Artes, and namely the diuine science of Musicke, doth challenge the patronage of all learning, then which no greater title can be added to Nobility. Neyther in these your honors may I let passe the dutifull remembrance of your vertuous Ladie my honorable Mistrisse, whose singular graces towards me haue added spirit to my vnfortunate labours. What time and diligence I haue bestowed in the search of Musicke, what trauell in forraigne Countries, what successe and estimation euen amongst strangers I haue found, I leaue to the report of others. Yet all this in vaine, were it not that your honorable hands haue vouchsafed to vphold my poore fortunes: which I now wholly recommend to your gracious protection, with these my first endeouours, humbly beseeching you to accept and cherissh them with your continued favours.

Your Lordship: most humble seruant,

JOHN DOVVLAND.



To the courteous Reader.



How hard an enterprise it is, in this skilfull and curious age, to commit our private labours to the publike view, mine owne disability, and others hard successe doe too well assure me: and were it not for that loue I beare to the true louers of Musicke, I had concealed these my first fruits. Which how they will thrive with your taste I know not: howsoever, the greater part of them might have beene ripe enough by their age. The Courtly judgement I hope will not be seuer against them, being it selfe a party: and those sweet springs of humanity (I meane our two famous Vniuersities) will entertaine them for his sake, whom they haue already graced, and as it were, in-franchis'd in the ingenuous profession of Musick, which from my childhood I haue euer aymed at; sundry times leauing my native

Country, the better to attaine so excellent a science. About sixteen years past, I trauelled the chiefe parts of *France*, a Nation furnisht with great variety of Musicke: But lately, being of a more confirmed judgement, I bent my course toward the famous prouinces of *Germany*; where I found both excellent Masters, and most honorable Patrons of Musicke: Namely, those two miracles of this age for vertue and magnificence, *Henry iulius Duke of Brunswick*, and learned *Mauritius, Landzgrauo of Hessen* of whose Princely vertues and fauours toward me I can neuer speake sufficiently. Neyther can I forget the kindnesse of *Alexandro Horologio*, a right learned master of Musicke, seruant to the royall Prince the *Landzgrauo of Hessen*, and *Gregorio Hopew* Lutenist to the magnificent Duke of *Brunswick*: both whom I name as well for their loue to me, as also for their excellency in their faculties. Thus hauing spent some months in *Germany*, to my great admiration of that worthy Countrey, I past ouer the *Alpes* into *Italy*, where I found the Cities furnisht with all good Artes, but especially Musicke. What fauour and estimation I had in *Venice*, *Padua*, *Genoa*, *Ferrara*, *Florence*, and diuers other places, I willingly suppress, least I should any way seeme partiall in mine owne inductions: yet can I not dissemble the great content I found in the profered amitie of the famous *Luca Marenzio*, whose sundry letters I received from *Rome*: and one of them, because it is but short, I haue thought good to set downe; not thinking it any disgrace to be proud of the judgement of so excellent a man.



Multo Magnifico Signior mio offeruandissimo.

Per una lettera del Signior Alberigo Maluexa ho inteso quanto con cortese affetto si mostri desideroso di essermi congiunto d'amicizia, doue infinitamente la ringrazio di questo suo buon animo, offerendo megli all'incontro se in alcuna cosa la posso seruire, poi che gli meriti delle sue infinite virtu, & qualita meritano che ogni uno & me l'ammirino & offermino, & per fine di questo le bacio le mani. Di Roma il 13 di Giuglio. 1595.

D.V.S. Affectionatissimo seruitore,
LVCIA MARENZIO.

Not so stand too long vpon my trauels, I will only name that worthy Master *Giouanni Croce*, Vicemaster of the Chappell of *S. Markes* in *Venice*, with whom I had familiar conference. And thus what experience I could gather abroad, I am now ready to practise at home, if I may but finde encouragement in my first assayes. There haue beene diuers Lute-lessons of mine lately printed without my knowledge, false and imperfect; but I purpose shortly my selfe to set forth the choicest of all my lessons in Print, and also an introduction for fingering, with other bookes of songs; whereof this is the first: and as this findes fauour with you, so shall I be affected to labour in the rest. Farewell.



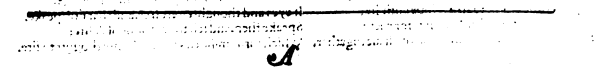
THO. CAMPIANI Epigramma de instituto Authoris.

*Famam, posteritas quam dedit Orpheo,
Dolandi melius Musica dat sibi,
Fugaces reprimens archetypis sonos;
Quas & delicias prebuit auribus,
Ipsis conspicuas luminibus facit.*



A Table of all the Songs contained in this Booke.

Vnquiet thoughts.	I.
Who euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue.	II.
My thoughts are wingd with hopes.	IIII.
If my companions could passions reue.	IIII.
Can the excuse my wrongs with vertues cloake.	V.
Now, O now I peech must part.	VI.
Deare if you change he neuer change againe.	VII.
Burll forth my state.	VIII.
Goe cry stall teares.	IX.
Thinkst thou then by thy fayning.	X.
Come away, come sweet loue.	XI.
Rest a while you cruell care.	XII.
Sleep wayward thoughts.	XIII.
All ye whom loue or fame hath betrayd.	XIIII.
Wilt thou vnkinde thus change of my heart?	XV.
Would my conceit that first enjoyt my woe.	XVI.
Come againe: sweet lotte doth now inuite.	XVII.
His golden locks time hath no filer curd.	XVIII.
Awake sweet loue thou art returnd.	XIX.
Come heauy sleepe.	XX.
Away with these self-lopping lads.	XXI.
A Galliard for to play vpon one Lute at the end of the Booke.	



CANTUS.

Quiet thoughts your ci- will slaughter stint, and wrap your
 wrongs within a penfive heart: And you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint, & stamps my
 thoughts to coine them words by art, Be still: for if you euer do the like, He cut the
 string, ii. that makes the ham-mer strike.

But what can stay my thoughts they may not stay,
 Or put my tongue in durance for to die?
 When as these eyes, the keys of truth and hart,
 Open the locke, & call my loue doth lie,
 He scale them up within their lids for euer:
 So thoughts, and words, and looks shall die together.

How shall I then gaze on my misfrest eyes?
 My thoughts must haue some vent: else hart will break.
 My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lie,
 If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not speake.
 Speake then, and tell the passions of desire,
 Which turns mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire.

CANTUS.

Quiet thoughts your ci- will slaughter stint, and wrap your
 wrongs within a penfive heart: And you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint, & stamps my
 thoughts to coine them words by art, Be still: for if you euer do the like, He cut the
 string, ii. that makes the ham-mer strike.

ALTS.

BASSVS.

Quiet thoughts your ci- will slaughter stint, and wrap your wrongs within
 a penfive hart, and you my tongue, that makes my mouth a mint, to coine
 them words by art, be still for if you do the like, He cut the string, ii.
 the string that makes the hammer strike.

TENOR.

Quiet thoughts your ci- will slaughter stint, and wrap your wrongs within
 a penfive hart: and you my tongue, ii. that makes my mouth a mint, & stamps my
 thoughts, my thoughts to coine, ii. them words by art, be still: for if you euer do the like,
 He cut the string, ii. that makes the hammer strike.

A 2

II.

CANTVS.



Ho euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue: or who be- lo' d

in Cupids lawes doth glory: Who ioyes in vovves, or vovves not to remoue: Who by this

light-god hath not been made fo- ry: Let him see me e- cliped from my sun, with

dark clouds of an earth, ii. Quite ouer- runne.

Who thinks that forrowes felt, desires hidden,
 Or humble faith in constant honour arm'd,
 Can keepe loue from the fruit that is forbidden,
 Who thinks that change is by iocose charmd,
 Looking on me let him know, loues delights
 Are treasures hid in causes, but kept by speights.

dark clouds of an earth, ii. Quite ouer- runne.

hath not bin made forie: Let him see me e- cliped from my sun, my sun with

lives doth glory, Who ioyes in vovves or vovves not to remoue, Who by this light-god

Ho euer thinks or hopes of Loue for Loue, Or who be- lo' d in Cupids

SALVO

Ho euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue,
 Or who be- lo' d in Cupids lawes doth glory, Who
 ioyes in vovves or vovves not to remoue, who by this
 light-god hath not bin made forie, Let him see me
 ecliped from my sun, With dark cloud of an
 earth ii. quite ouerun, cloud of
 an earth quite ouerun, let him see

TENOR.

Ho euer thinks or hopes of Loue for Loue, Or who be- lo' d in Cupids

lawes doth glory, Who ioyes in vovves or vovves not to remoue, Who by this light-god

hath not bin made forie, Let him see me ecliped from my sun, ecliped from my sun, With

dark clouds of an earth, ii. quite ouer- runne, of an earth quite ouerun.

III.

CANTUS.

Y thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with loue. Mount loue vn-
 to the Moone in cleereft night, And fay as ſhe doth in the hea-uens
 moue, In earth ſo wanes and wax-eth my de- light: And whiſper this but ſoftly
 in her eares, Hope oft doth hang the head, and truſt thead teares.

And you my thoughts that ſome miſtruſt do carry,
 If for miſtruſt my miſtreſſe do you blame,
 Say though you alter, yet you do not varie,
 As ſhe doth change, and yet remaine the ſame:
 Diſtruſt doth enter hearts, but not infect,
 And loue is ſweetſelfe ſeaſoned with ſuſpect.

If ſhe, for this, with clouds doe make her eyes,
 And make the heauens darke with her diſdaine,
 With windy ſighes, diſperſe them in the ſkies,
 Or with thy teares diſſolue them into raine,
 Thoughts, hopes, & loue return to me no more
 Till Cynthia ſhine as ſhe hath done before.

Y thoughts are wingd with hopes, my
 hopes with loue. Mount loue vn- to the Moone
 in cleereft night, & fay as ſhe doth in the he-
 uens moue, In earth ſo wanes and wax-eth
 my delight: And whiſper this but ſoftly
 in her eares, her eares, Hope oft doth hang the
 head, and truſt thead teares.

SALVO

Y thoughts are wingd with hopes, my
 hopes with loue. Mount loue vn- to the Moone
 in cleereft night, & fay as ſhe doth in the he-
 uens moue, In earth ſo wanes and wax-eth
 my delight: And whiſper this but ſoftly
 in her eares, her eares, Hope oft doth hang the
 head, and truſt thead teares.

TENOR.

Y thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with loue. Mount loue
 vn- to the Moone in cleereft night, And fay as ſhe doth in the heauens moue, In
 earth ſo wanes ſo wanes and wax-eth in my delight: And whiſper this, ii. but ſoftly
 in her eares, ſoftly in her eares, Hope oft doth hang the head, and truſt thead teares.

III.

CANTUS.



F my complaints could passi- ons moue, or make loue
My passions were e- nough to proue, that my de-

see wherein I suf- fer wrong: O loue, I liue and die in
spaire had gouernd mee too long. Thy wounds doe fresh- ly bleed in

thee, thy griefe in my deepe sighes still speaks: Yet thou dost
mee, my heart for thy vn- kind- nesse breakes: Thou faillt thou

hope when I de- spaire, and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
canst my harmes re- paire, yet for redresse, thou lest me still com-
plaine.

Can loue be rich, and yet I want?
Is loue my Iudge, and yet I am condemnd?
Thou plenty haist, yecme dost scant:
Thou made a God, and yerthy power contemnd.
That I do liue, it is thy power:
That I desire it is thy worth:

If loue doth make mens liues too swete,
Let me not loue, nor liue henceforth.
Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
That thou that of my fall may hoerers be
May heered of paire, which truly saith,
I was more true to loue than loue to me.

hope thou makst me hope in vaine.
dresse thou lest me still complaine.

in my deepe sighes, deepe sighes still speaks, Yet thou dost hope when I despaire, and when I
forthy vn- kind vn- kind-nesse breakes, Thou faillt thou canst my harmes re- paire, yet for re-
dresse thou lest me still complaine.

BASSVS.

F my complaints could passio moue,
My passions were enough to proue,
or make loue see wherein I suffer wrong,
that my despaires had gouernd me too long.

O loue I liue and die in thee, thy griefe
Thy wounds doe freshly bleed in my hart, it
in my deepe sighes still speaks:
for thy vn- kind- nesse breakes:
and when I hope thou makst me
yet for redresse thou lest me
hope in vaine,
still complaine.

TENOR.

F my complaints could passi- ons moue, could passions moue, or make loue see
My passions were e- nough to proue, e- nough to proue, that my despaires
wherein I suffer wrong. O loue I liue and die, I liue and die in thee, thy griefe
had gouernd me too long. Thy wounds doe fresh- ly bleed do freshly bleed in me, my hart
in my deepe sighes, deepe sighes still speaks, Yet thou dost hope when I despaire, and when I
forthy vn- kind vn- kind-nesse breakes. Thou faillt thou canst my harmes re- paire, yet for re-
dresse thou makst me hope in vaine.
dresse thou lest me still complaine;

VI. CANTVS.



Ow, O now, I needs must part, parting though I absent
While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is

mourn. Absence can no ioy im- part: ioy once fled can- not re- turne.
gone. Now at last despaire doth proue, loue di- uided louch none.

Sad de- spair doth driue me heace, this despaire vnkindnes fend. If that

parting bee of- fence, it is shee which then of- fends.

parting bee of- fence, it is shee which then of- fends.

parting bee of- fence, it is shee which then of- fends.

Deare, when I from thee am gone,
Gone are all my ioyes at once.
I loued thee and thee alone,
In whose loue I ioyed once.
And although your sight I leaue,
Sight wherein my ioyes doe lie,
Till that death doth sense bereaue,
Neuer shall affection die.

Deare, if I do not returne,
Loue and I shall die together.
For my absence neuer mourne,
Whom you might haue ioyed euer:
Part we must though now I die,
Die I do to part with you.
Him despaire doth cause to lie,
Who both liued and dieth true.

kindnes lends. If that parting be offence, it is shee which then offends.

loy im- part, ioy once fled cannot re- turne. Sad despaire doth driue me hence: this despaire-
proue, loue di- uided louch none.

While I liue, I needs must loue: loue liues not when hope is gone. Now at last de-
spaire doth proue, loue di- uided louch none.

SALVS.

Ow, O now, I needs must part, parting though I absent mourn, absence can no ioy im-
While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is gone. now at last despaire doth

part: ioy once fled cannot re- turne. Sad despaire
proue, loue di- uided louch none.

doth driue me hence, nee hence this despaire vnkind-
nes sends. If that parting be offence, it is shee which
then offends.

TENOR.

Ow, O now, I needs must part, parting though I absent mourn, absence can no ioy im-
While I liue, I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is gone. now at last despaire doth

part: ioy once fled cannot re- turne. Sad despaire doth driue me hence: this despaire despaire vnkind-
proue, loue di- uided louch none.

nes sends. If that parting be of- fence, it is shee which then offends.

VII. CANTUS.

Dear, if you change, ile neuer chufe againe. Sweet, if you
 shrinke, ile neuer thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile iudge all beaurie vaine. Wife, if
 too weake, moe wits ile neuer proue. Deare, sweet, faire, wife, change,
 shrink, nor be not weake: and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- uer breake.

Earth with her flowers shall sooner heauen adorne,
 becauen her bright starres through earths dim globe shall moe,
 Fire heare shall lose, and frosts of flames be borne,
 Ayre made to thine as blacke as hell shall proue;
 Earth, heauen, fire, ayre, the world transform'd shall view,
 Ere I proue false to faith, or strange to you.

Dear, if you change, ile neuer chufe againe. Sweet, if you shrink, you shrink, ile neuer
 thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile iudge all beaurie vaine. Wife, if too weake, moe wits ile
 neuer proue. Deare, sweet, faire, wife, change, shrink
 not weake: and on my faith, il- my faith shall neuer breake.

BASSVS.

Dear, if you change, ile neuer chufe
 againe. Sweet, if you shrink, you shrink, ile
 neuer thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile
 iudge all beaurie vaine. Wife, if too weake, moe
 wits ile neuer proue. Deare, sweet, faire,
 wife, change, shrink, nor be not weake:
 and, on my faith, my faith shall neuer breake.

TENOR.

Dear, if you change, ile neuer chufe againe. Sweet, if you shrink, you shrink, ile neuer
 thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile iudge all beaurie vaine. Wife, if too weake, moe wits ile
 neuer proue, moe wits ile ne- uer proue. Deare, sweet, faire, wife, il- change, shrink
 not weake: and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- uer breake.

VIII.

CANTVS.



Vest ii. forth my tears, asist my forward grieſe,

And ſhow what pain im- perious loue prouokes. Kinde tender lambes,

lament loues ſcant re- liefe, And pine, ſince penſiue care my freedome yokes.

O pine, to ſee mee pine ii. my tender flockes.

Sad pining care, that neuer may haue peace,
 At beauties gate in hope of pittie knocks,
 But mercy ſleepes while deep diſdaine increaſe,
 And beautie hope in her faire boſome yokes.
 O grieue to heare my grieſe, my tender flockes,
 Like to the winds my ſighs haue winged beenes,
 Yet are my ſighes and ſutes repaid with mockes:
 I pleaſe, yet the reperieth at my teene,
 O ruthleſſe rigour harder then the rocks,
 Thath both the ſhepheard kills, and his poore flocke.

O pine, ſee mee pine, O pine to ſee mee pine, my tender flockes.

ment ii. loues ſcant re- lieſe, & pine, ſince penſiue care my freedome yokes.

paine ii. imperious loue prouokes ii. Kind tender lambes, la-

Vest ii. forth my tears, asist my forward grieſe, And ſhow what

Vest ii. forth, And ſhow what pain

imperious loue ii. prouokes. Kinde

tender lambes, lament loues ſcant re- lieſe,

And pine, ſince penſiue care my freedome my

freedoms yokes. O pine, to ſee mee pine, to ſee mee

pine, my tender my tender flockes.

TENOR.

Vest ii. forth my tears: asist, asist my forward grieſe, and ſhow what paine,

paine, imperious loue prouokes ii. Kind tender lambes, lament ii. loues ſcant

reliefe, reliefe, And pine, ſince penſiue care, ſince penſiue care, my free- dome yokes. O pine

to ſee mee pine, to ſee mee pine, O pine to ſee mee pine, my tender flockes.

IX. CANTUS.



O crysfall teares, like to the morning flowers,
 And sweetly weep in- to thy Ladies breast. And as the dewes re- uise the
 drooping flowers, so let your drops of pitee be adrest, to quicken vp the thoughts
 of my de- fert, which sleeps too found, whilst I from her de- part.

Haste, restless sighes, and let your burning breath
 Dissolve the ice of her indurate heart,
 Whose frozen rigour like forgetfull death,
 Feels neuer any touch of my desires
 Yet sighes and teares to her I sacrifice,
 Both from a spotless heart and patient eyes.

whilst I from her, from her depart, from her depart: to quicken
 pitee be adrest, to quicken vp the thoughts of my desert, which sleeps too found
 as thy Ladies breast and as the dewes reuise the drooping flowers, so let your drops of
 O crysfall teares, like to the morning flowers, and sweetly weep in-

BASS V. S.
 O crysfall teares, and sweetly weep,
 into thy Ladies breast: and as the dewes
 reuise the drooping flowers, so let your
 drops of pitee be adrest, to quicken
 vp the thoughts of my desert, which
 sleeps too found, whilst I from her depart,
 from her depart.

TENOR.
 O crysfall teares, like to the morning flowers, and sweetly weep in-
 to thy Ladies breast, and as, the dewes reuise the drooping flowers, so let your
 drops of pitee be adrest, to quicken vp the thoughts, the thoughts of my desert, which sleeps
 too found, whilst I from her from her depart, it from her depart. To quicken-

X. CANTUS.



Hinkst thou then by thy fayning sleepe with a proud

disdayning, To drive me from thy fight, when sleepe yeelds more delight, such
reposing, And while sleepe fayned is, may not I steale a kisse, Thy

harmlesse beautie gracing,
quiet armes embracing.

O that my sleepe dissembled,
Were to a rance resembled,
Thy cruell eyes deceainging,
Of liuely sense bereauing:
Then should my loue requite
Thy loue vnkind despite,
While fury triumphs boldly
In beauties sweet disgrace:
And liv'd in sweet embrace
Of her that lov'd so coldly.

Should then my loue aspiring,
Forbidden ioyes desiring,
So farre exceed the duty
That vertue owes to beautie?
No, Loue seeks not thy blisse,
Beyond a simple kisse,
For such deceits are harmlesse,
Yet kisse a thousand fold.
For kisses may be hold
When lously sleep is armelesse.

BASSES

XI. CANTUS.

fight, when sleepe yeelds more delight, such harmlesse beautie gracing?
is, may not I steale a kisse, thy quiet armes embracing?

F

XI. CANTUS.

Once away, come sweet loue, the golden morning breakes.
All the earth, all the ayre, of loue and pleasure speaks.

Teach thine armes then to embrace, and sweet ro- sic lips to kisse, and mix our
Eyes were made for beauties grace, Viewing ru- ing loue long pains, procur'd by

foles in mutuell blisse.
beauties rude dicitaine.

Once away, come sweet loue, the golden morning breakes. Teach thine armes then
All the earth, all the ayre, of loue and pleasure speaks. Eyes were made for
beauties grace, Viewing ru- ing loue long pains, procur'd by beauties
mutuell blisse, rude dicitaine.

Once away, come sweet loue, the golden morning breakes. Teach thine armes then
All the earth, all the ayre, of loue and pleasure speaks. Eyes were made for
beauties grace, Viewing ru- ing loue long pains, procur'd by beauties
mutuell blisse, rude dicitaine.

Come away, come sweet loue,
The golden morning waffles,
While the Sunne from his sphere,
His fiery arrowes calls:
Making all the shadowes flee,
Playing, flaying in the groue,
To entertaine the flesh of loue.
Thither sweet loue let vs hie,
Flying, dying in desire,
Wingd with sweet hopes and heau'nly fire.

Come away, come sweet loue,
Doe not in vaine adorne
Beauties grace that should rise,
Like to the naked mome:
Lillies on the riuers side,
And faire Cyprian flowers new blowne,
Desire no beauties but their owne.
Ornament is nurse of pride,
Pleasure measure loues delight:
Haste then sweet loue our wilhed flight;

to embrace, and sweet ro- sic lips to kisse, and mix our
beauties grace, Viewing ru- ing loue long pains, procur'd by beauties rude dicitaine.

Once away, come sweet loue, the golden morning breakes. Teach thine armes then
All the earth, all the ayre, of loue and pleasure speaks. Eyes were made for

SALVO

Once away, come sweet loue, the golden morning breakes. Teach thine armes then
All the earth, all the ayre, of loue and pleasure speaks. Eyes were made for
beauties grace, Viewing ru- ing loue long pains, procur'd by beauties
mutuell blisse, rude dicitaine.

TENOR.

Once away, come sweet loue, the golden morning breakes. Teach thine armes then
All the earth, all the ayre, of loue and pleasure speaks. Eyes were made for
beauties grace, Viewing ru- ing loue long pains, procur'd by beauties
mutuell blisse, rude dicitaine.

to embrace, and sweet ro- sic lips to kisse, and mix our
beauties grace, Viewing ru- ing loue long pains, procur'd by beauties
mutuell blisse, rude dicitaine.

XII.

CANTUS.

Est a while you cru-ell cares, be not more seuer then
 loue. Beautie kills and beaurty spares, & sweet smiles sad sighes re-
 moue: Laura, faire queene of my delight, come grant me loue, in Loues de-
 spite, And if I euer faile to
 honor thee: Let this heauen-ly light I see, bee as darke as hell to me,

If I speake, my words want waite,
 Am I mute, my heart doth breake,
 If I sigh, the feares deceit,
 Sorrow then for me must speake:
 Cruell, vnkind, with fauour view
 The wound that first was made by you:
 And if my torments fayned be,
 Let this heauenly light I see,
 Be as darke as hell to mee.

Neuer houre of pleasing rest
 Shall reuise my dying ghost,
 Till my soule hath repocist,
 The sweet hope which loue hath lost:
 Laura redeeme the soule that dies,
 By furie of thy murdering eyes:
 And if it proue vnkinde to thee,
 Let this heauenly light I see,
 Be as darke as hell to mee.

this hea- uenly light I see, be as darke as hell to mee.

delight, come grant me loue, in Loues despite: And, if I euer faile to honour thee, let
 and beaurty spares: and sweet smiles sad sighes re- moue. Laura, faire queene of my
 Est a while you cruell cares: be not more seuer then loue. Beautie kills

BASS

Est a while you cruell cares:
 be not more seuer then loue. Beautie kills
 & beaurty spares: & sweet smiles sad sighes re-
 moue. Laura, faire queene of my delight,
 come grant me loue, in Loues despite: And,
 if I euer faile to honour thee, let
 this heauenly light I see, be
 as darke as hell to mee.

TENOR.

Est a while you cru- ell cares: be not more seuer then Loue. Beautie
 kills and beaurty spares: and sweet smiles sad sighes remoue. Laura, faire queene of my
 delight, come grant me loue, in Loues despite: And, if I euer faile to honour thee, let this
 heauenly light I see, be as darke as hell to mee.

XIII. CANTVS.



Leepe waiaard thoughts, and rest you with my loue: let not
Touch not proud hands, left you her an-ger moue: but pine

my loue bee with my loue dis-pleas'd. Thus, while she sleeps, I forrow for
you with my long-ings long dis-pleas'd.

her sake: So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

But, O the fury of my selfe feare!
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires!
The glories and the beauties that appeare,
Betwene her browes, neere Cupids closed fires,
Thus while she sleeps, moues fighting for her sake:
So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

My loue doth rage, and yet my loue doth rest:
Feare in my loue, and yet my loue secure:
Peace in my loue, and yet my loue opprest:
Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.
Sleeps, dainty loue, while I fight for thy sake:
So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

and yet, and yet my loue doth wake.

SALTV

BASSVS.

Leepe waiaard thoughts, and rest
Touch not proud hands, left you

you with my loue: let not my loue be with my
her an-ger moue: but pine you with my longings

long dis-pleas'd. Thus, while she sleeps, I forrow for
long dis-pleas'd.

her sake: So sleeps my loue, and yet my

loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

TENOR.

Leepe waiaard thoughts, and rest you with my loue: let not my loue be with my
Touch not proud hands, left you her an-ger moue: but pine you with my longings

long dis-pleas'd. Thus while she sleeps, I forrow for her sake: So sleeps my loue, and yet
long dis-pleas'd.

ii. my loue doth wake.

IX.

CANTUS.



L ye, whom loue or fortune hath betrayd; All ye, that dream of blisse but

lie in grieffe, All ye, whose hopes are e-uer more de-laid, All ye, whose sighes, li-ke

sicknesse wants re-liefe, Lend cares and teares so mee most haples

man, that sings my sorrowes il- like the dying Swanne.

Care that consumes the heart with inward paine,
 Paine that presents sad care in outward view,
 Both tyrant-like enforce me to complaine;
 But this in vaine: for none my plaints will rue,
 Teares sighes and ceaselesse cries alone I spend:
 My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.

my sorrowes, sorrowes, my sorrowes, like the dying Swan.

wants re- lief, lend cares and teares, to mee most haples man, that sings

blisse, but lie in grieffe, all ye whose hopes are e-uer more delayd, All ye whose sighes, li-

L ye, whom Loue or fortune hath betrayd, betrayd, All ye, that dream of



SALVO

BASS V S.

L ye, whom Loue or fortune hath

betrayd, but lie in grieffe, All ye, whose hopes

are e-uer more delayd; All ye, whose sighes

whose sighes or sicknesse wants re-liefe, lend cares

and teares, li- to mee, li-

most haples man, that sings my sorrowes,

my sorrowes, like the dying Swan.

TENOR.


L ye whom Loue or fortune hath betrayd; All ye that dream of blisse but

lie in grieffe, in grieffe, all ye whose hopes are e-uer more, e-uer more delaid, delaid, all ye

whose sighes or sicknesse wants re- lief, lend cares and teares to mee most haples man, most

haples man, that sings my sorrowes, sorrowes, my sorrowes, like the dying Swan.

XV. CANTVS.



It thou vnkind thus reauē me of my heart, ii.

RR RR R RR RR RR RR

and fo laue me? ii. Farewell: ii. but yet or ere I part (O cruell)

R RR R RR RR RR RR R

kisse me, sweet, ii. sweet, my Iewell.

R RR R RR RR R

2
Hope by disdaine growes cheerelesse,
fears doth loue, loue doth feare,
beauty peerlesse. Farewell.

4
Yet be thou mindfull euer,
heat from fire, fire from heat
none can feare. Farewell.

3
If no delayes can moue thee,
life shall die, death shall liue
till to loue thee. Farewell.

4
True loue cannot be changed,
though delight from desert
bee estranged. Farewell.

Farewell, ii. But yet or ere I part (O cruell) kisse me, sweet, ii. sweet, my Iewell.

It thou, vnkind, thus reauē me of my heart, ii. and fo leaue me:

S'ALTS

BASSVS.

It thou, vnkind, thus reauē me
of my heart, ii. and fo leaue me?

Farewell, ii. But yet or ere I part (O cruell)

kisse me, sweet, ii. kisse me my Iewell.

TENOR.

It thou, vnkind, thus reauē me of my heart, ii. ii. and fo leaue
me? ii. Farewell: iii. But yet or ere I part (O cruell) kisse me, kisse me,
sweet, my Iewell.

XVI. CANTUS.



ould my conceit, first enforst my woe, or els
 mine eyes which still the same increafe, might be extinct, to end my sorrowes so,
 which now are such as nothing can release: Whole life is death, whose
 sweet each change of fowre, and eke whose hell re-neweth every hour.

Each houre amidst the deepe of hell I frie,
 Each houre I wast and wither where I lit:
 But that sweet houre wherein I wilth to die,
 My hope alas may not inioy it yet,
 Whole hope is such, bereaued of the blisse,
 Which vnto all faue mee allotted is.

To all faue mee is free to liue or die,
 To all faue mee remaineth hap or hope:
 But all perforce I must abandon, I,
 Sith Fortune still direct my hap aslope,
 Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I trust,
 But to my thralles I yeeld, for so I must.

of fowre, and eke whose hell re-neweth every hour.

now are such as nothing can release, whose life is death, whose sweet each change
 increafe, still the same increafe, might be extinct, to end my sorrowes so, which
 Ould my conceit, first enforst my woe, or els mine eyes which still the same

SALVO

BASSVS.
 Ould my conceit that first enforst
 my woe, or els mine eyes which still the same
 increafe, which now are such as nothing
 nothing can release, whose life is death
 and eke whose hell, whose hell re-nueth
 every hour.

TENOR.

Ould my conceit that first inforst my woe, or els the same which still which
 still the same increafe, the same increafe, might be extinct, extinct to end my sorrowes so, which
 now are such as nothing can release, whose life is death, whose death, whose sweet each
 change each change of fowre and eke whose hell, whose hell re-nueth every hour.

XVII. CANTVS.



One againe, sweet loue doth now inuite, thy gra-ces

that refraine, to do me due de- light, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse,

to die, with thee againe in sweetest sympa- thy.

2
Come againe that I may cease to mourne,
Through thy unkind disdaine:
For now left and forsorne,
I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die,
In deadly paine and endless miserie.

1
All the day the sun that lends me shine,
By frownes doth cause me pine,
And feeds mee with delay: (grow,
Her smiles, my springs, that makes my ioyes to
Her frownes the winters of my woe:

2
All the night my sleepes are full of dreames,
My eyes are full of streames.

My heart takes no delight,
To see the fruits and ioyes that some do find,
And mark the stormes are mee asside.

3
Out alas, my faith is euer true,
Yet will the neuer rue,
Nor yeeld me any grace:
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
Whom teares, nor truth may once invade.

4
Gentle loue draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart.
For I that doe approue,
By sighs and teares more hot then are thy shafts,
Did tempt while she for triumph laughs.

sweetest sympathy.

doe me due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, ii. with thee againe, in
One againe, sweet loue doth now inuite, thy gra-ces that refraine, to
that refraine, to do me due de- light, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse,

ALTS.

BASSVS.

One againe, sweet loue doth now
inuite, thy graces that refraine, to doe mee
due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse,
to die, ii. with thee againe in sweetest
sympathy.

TENOR.

One againe, sweet loue doth now inuite, thy graces that refraine, to do me due
delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, ii. with thee againe, ii. in sweetest
sympathic.

XVIII.

CANTVS.



Is golden locks time hath to siluer turnd.

O time too swift, O swiftace: ne-uer ceasing his youth gainst time & age hath euer

spurd, but spurd in vain, youth waneeth by in-creasing. Beautie, strength, youth are

flowers but fading seene: Dutie, Faith, Loue are roots and euer greene.

His helmet now shall make a hieue for Bees,
And louers Sonets turne to holy Psalmes:
A man at armes mull now serue on his knees,
And feed on prayers which are ages almes:
But though from Court to cottage he depart,
His Saint is iure of his vnspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely Cell,
Hee'l reach his swaines this Caroll for a song,
Blest be the heart that with my Soueraigne well,
Curst be the soule that thinks him any wrong.
Yee gods allow this aged man his right,
To be your Beadman now that was your Knight.

SALV

BASSVS.

TENOR.

K

XIX.

CANTVS.



Wake, sweet loue, thou art re- turnd: my hart, which long in
Let loue, which ne- ver abſent dies, now liue for e- uer

abſence moun- d, liues now in per- fect ioy. Only her ſelfe hath ſe- med
in her eyes, when ce came my firſt an- noy. Deſpaire did make me with to

faire: the only I could loue, the only drave me to de- ſpaire, when the vn- kind- lid proue.
die; that I my ioyes might end: the only, which did make me lie, my ſtate may now a- mend.

faire: the only I could loue, the only drave me to de- ſpaire, when the vn- kind- lid proue.
die; that I my ioyes might end: the only, which did make me lie, my ſtate may now a- mend.

If the effeeme thee now aught worth,
She will not grieue thy loue henceforth,
Which lo deſpaire hath proued,
Deſpaire hath proued now in mee,
That loue will not vnconſtant be,
Though long in vaine I loued,
If ſhee at laſt reward thy ioue,

And all thy harmes repaire,
Thy happineſſe will ſweeter proue,
Raiſd vp from deep deſpaire,
And if that now thou welcom be,
When thou with her doeſt meet,
She all this while but playde with thee,
To make thy ioyes more ſweete.

I could loue, I could loue, the only drave me to deſpaire, when the vn- kind- lid proue.
Ioyes might end, ioyes might end, the only drave me to deſpaire, when the vn- kind- lid proue.
Ioyes might end, ioyes might end, the only drave me to deſpaire, when the vn- kind- lid proue.
Ioyes might end, ioyes might end, the only drave me to deſpaire, when the vn- kind- lid proue.

SALTV

Wake, sweet loue, thou art re- turnd:
Let loue, which ne- ver abſent dies,
now liue for e- uer in her eyes, when ce came my firſt an- noy,
Deſpaire did make me with to die, that I my ioyes might end, the only, which did make me lie, my ſtate may now a- mend.

TENOR.

Wake, sweet loue, thou art re- turnd: my hart, which long in abſence moun- d, liues
Let loue, which ne- uer abſent dies, now liue for e- uer in her eyes, when ce
now in perfect ioy. Only her ſelfe, her ſelfe hath ſe- med faire: ſhee onely I could loue, ſhee
came my firſt annoy. Deſpaire did make, did make, me with to die, that I my ioyes might end, ſhee
onely drave me to deſpaire, when the vn- kind- lid proue.
only, which did make me lie, my ſtate may now a- mend.



Om heauy sleepe the image of true death;

Γ B B B I R B B Γ P B Γ.

And clofe vp thefe my weary weeping eyes: whole fpring of teares doth ftop my

Γ B B B B R B B R P P B B Γ P

vitall breath, and teares my hart: with forrowes figh fwolne cries: com & poffe my tired thought

Γ B I Γ A Γ B R B I Γ A P R B P

worne foule, that liuing dies. ii. till thou on me be foule.

B. A Γ. P Γ A Γ B R B Γ Γ A Γ P P P P I

Come shadow of my end, and fhape of reft,
 Allied to death, child to his blacke fac't night:
 Come thou and charme thefe rebels in my breaft,
 Whofe waking fancies doe my mind affright.
 O come (wee) sleepe; come, or I die for euer;
 Come ere my laft fleepe comes, or come neuer.

with forrowes figh fwolne cries: Come & poffe my tired thoughts worn foule, that liuing

we-rie weeping eyes, whole fpring of teares doth ftop my vi- call breath, and teares my hart

Om heauy sleepe the image of true death, and clofe vp thefe my weary

BASSVS.

One heauy sleepe the I. image of true death, & clofe vp thefe my weary weeping eyes, whole fpring of teares doth ftop my vital breath, and teares, ii. my heart with forrowes figh fwolne cries: Come and poffe felicity thoughts worn foule, that liuing dies. ii. till thou, ii. on me on me be foule.

TENOR.

Om heauy sleepe, heauy sleepe, the image of true death, and clofe vp thefe my weary, ii. weeping eyes, whole fpring of teares doth ftop my vital breath, and

teares my hart with forrowes figh fwolne cries: Com and poffe my tired thoughts worn foule, that liuing dies ii. till thou on me on me be foule.



Way with these selfe-louing lads, whom Cupids arrow

neuer glads. A- way poore foules that sigh & weep, in loue of those that lie and sleepe. For

Cu- pid is a meadow God, and for- ceth none to kisse the rod.

2
God Cupids shaft, like destinie,
Doth eyther good or ill decree:
Desert is borne out of his bow,
Reward vpon his foot doth goe.
3
My songs they be of Cynthias praise,
I weare her rings on holy dayes,
On every tree I write her name,
And every day I reade the fame:
Where honor, Cupids riuall is,
There miracles are seene of his.

4
If Cynthia craue her ring of mee,
I blot her name out of the tree.
If doubt do darken things held deare,
Then we fare nothing once a yeare:
5
The worth that worthinesse should moue
Is loue, which is the bowe of loue;
And loue as well the Follies can,
As can the mighty Nobleman:
Sweet Saint, tis true you worthy be,
Yet without loue nought worth to mee.

Cupid is a meadow God, and for ceth none to kisse the rod.

A way poore foules that sigh and weepe, in loue of those that lie and sleepe. For

Way with these selfe-louing lads, whom Cupids arrow neuer glads.

ALTS.

BASSVS.

A Way with these selfe-louing lads, whom Cupids arrow neuer glads. A way poore foules that sigh and weepe, in loue of those that lie and sleepe. For Cupid is a meadow God, and for ceth none to kisse the rod.

TENOR.

Way with these selfe-louing lads, whom Cupids arrow neuer glads.

A- way poore foules that sigh and weepe, in loue of those that lie and sleepe. For

Cupid is a meadow God, and for ceth none to kisse the rod.

My Lord Chamberlaine his Galliard.

CANTVS.

Handwritten musical notation for the Cantus part, consisting of four staves. The notation includes rhythmic values (e.g., 3, 2, 1) and various note heads and stems.

BASSVS.

Handwritten musical notation for the Bassus part, consisting of four staves. The notation includes rhythmic values (e.g., 3, 2, 1) and various note heads and stems.