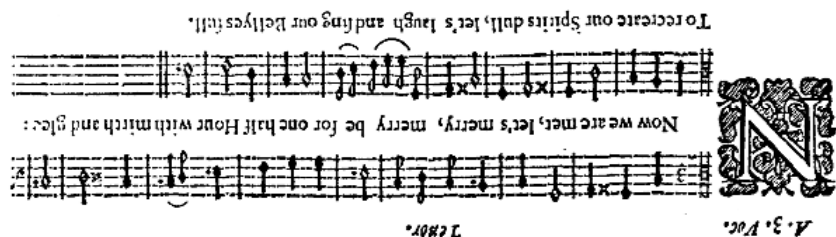
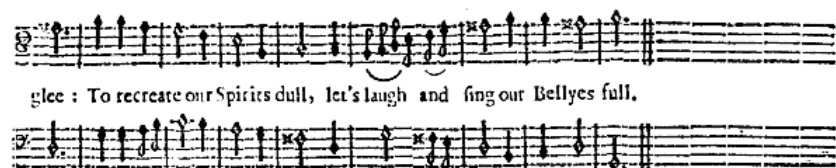
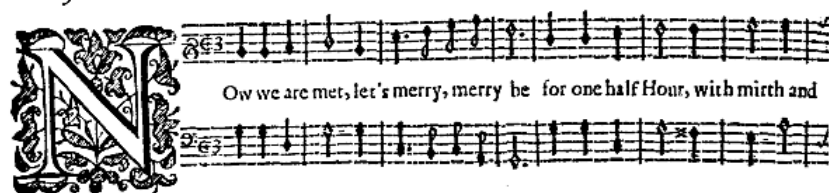


A. 3. Voc.

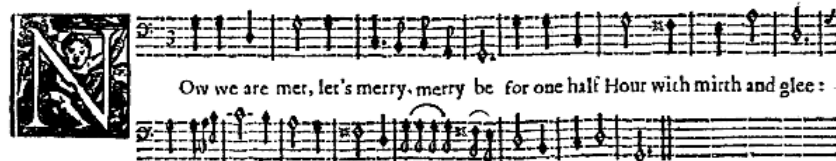
Cantus Primus.

Mr. Simon Ives.



A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellies full.

In praise of Musick.

Musick miraculous *Rhetorick* ! that speak'st 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.

P. H. Taverner

SELECT
A Y R E S
AND
D I A L O G U E S
To Sing to the
T H E O R B O - L U T E
OR
B A S S E - V I O L .

COMPOSED
By M^r HENRY LAWES, late Servant to His Majesty
in His Publick and Private Musick :
And other Excellent MASTERS.

The Second Book.



L O N D O N ,

Printed by William Godbid for John Playford, and are to be Sold at his Shop
in the Temple, near the Church Dore. 1669.

To all UNDERSTANDERS and LOVERS
OF
Vocal MUSICK.

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 Virtuous 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 Composed 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 my self, and remain their Well-wisher and Servant;

J. P.

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'Tis

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A Table of the Italian ATYS in this Book.

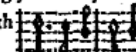
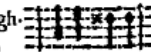
1	Dove Dove Corri mio Corri
2	Intenerite voi
3	Occhi Belleo've Imperai
4	Acche Lasso Credero
5	Sio moro, Chi dira
6	Amantea Consiglio
7	Si tocchi Tambuco
8	Si guarde che puo
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COURTEOUS FRIENDS;

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, 

ADVERTISEMENT.

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.

Also, if a Person desire to be furnished with good new Virginals and Harpicons, if they send to Mr. Playford's Shop, they may be furnished at reasonable Rates, to their Content.

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 incomplete
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 *Abstracts*'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 *Nomus* 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 *Cæsar* 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 Beloved 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 *Fingers* 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 *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 Friggery;
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 Wilson, Esq. in *Musick*.

Playford's *Musical Companion* is a book of *Ayres*

To my much Honoured 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 hung
Round thy Admirers (unobserv'd before)
As takes the newly-ravish'd ravish'd more:
For comprehend thee fully none can do
Till like thy *Mulick* th' are Eternal too.
'Tis Thou hast honour'd *Mulick*, done her right,
Fitted her for a strong and useful Flight;
Shee droop'd and flagg'd 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 lift'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 *Mulicks* 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 Comfort met,
Would only tell the World, *Our Sun is Set*.

Charles Colman, Doct. in *Musick*.

Playford's *Musical Companion* is a book of *Ayres*

A Catalogue of late Printed **MUSIC BOOKS**, Sold by
John Playford at his Shop in the *Temple*.

Books for Vocal MUSIC.

- Mr. *William Childs* Psalms for Three Voyces to the *Theorbo* or *Organ*, Engraved on Copper Plates.
- Mr. *Walter Porter* his Psalms for Two Voyces to the *Organ*.
- Mr. *Henry* and Mr. *William Lawes* Psalms for Three Voyces to the *Theorbo* or *Organ*.
- Mr. *Richard Deering* his Latin Hymns for Two and Three Voyces to the *Organ* with *Halleluiah's*.
- Mr. *John Wilsons* Ayrs or Ballads for Three Voyces to the *Theorbo*, lately Printed at *Oxford*.
- Select Ayres and Dialogues* to Sing to the *Theorbo*, fifth Volume.
- Select Ayres and Dialogues* to Sing to the *Theorbo*, second Volume.
- 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.
- A *Brief Introduction* to the skill of Musick, by *John Playford*, being a most plain and easie Method for the understanding the Principles and Grounds of Musick both *Vocal* or *Instrumental*.

Books for Instrumental MUSIC.

- Mr. *Michael East's* Fantases for Viols of Two, Three and Four parts.
- Mr. *Wil. Young* his Fantases for Viols of Three parts.
- Mr. *Matthew Leek's* Little Consorts of Three parts for Viols or Violins.
- Court Ayres* of Two parts, Treble and Bass, for Viols or Violins, Composed by several excellent *English* Masters.
- Musicks Recreation* on the *Lyra Viol*, containing easie and pleasant Lessons for Beginners, with Instructions for Learners, newly Reprinted.
- Mr. *Christopher Simpson's* Division Violist, or a Guide to play Division upon any Ground.
- The *Dancing-Master*, containing Rules for the Dancing *Country Dances*, with the Tunes to each Dance; to which is added the Tunes of the new *French Dances*, and other new and delightful Tunes for the *Treble Violin*.
- Musicks Salace*, containing Lessons and Instructions for the *Cithren*, newly Printed in a more easie Method than it was formerly.
- Musicks Handmaid*, presenting new and pleasant Lessons for the *Virginals* fitted for the Practice of young Beginners, Engraven on Copper Plates.

Books which are now fitted for the Press.

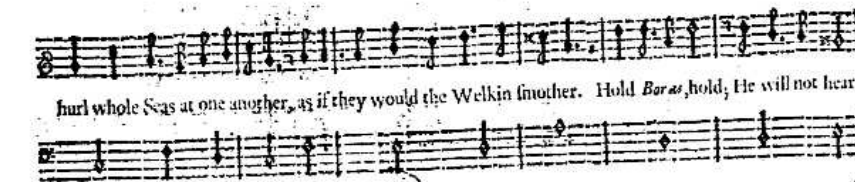
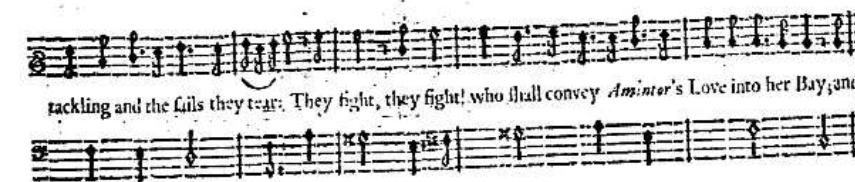
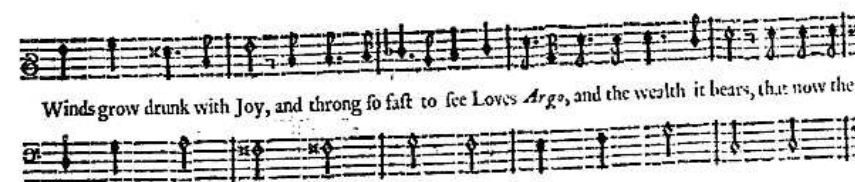
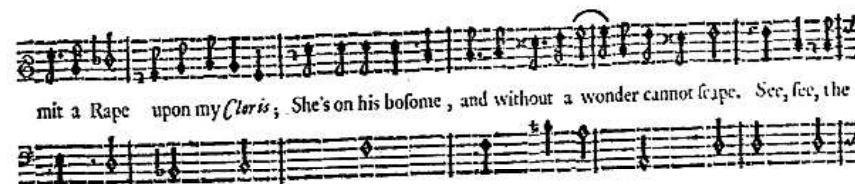
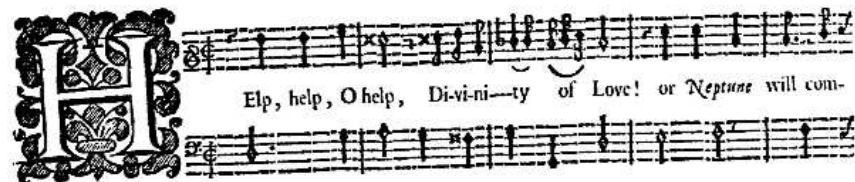
1. A Book for the Flagelet, containing many new and pleasant Tunes and Instructions for Learners.
2. A Book for the Treble Violin, containing all the late Tunes of the French Dances, and other new Theatre Tunes.
3. A Book of Divine Hymns and Dialogues, for One and Two Voyces to Sing to the Theorbo-Lute or Organ, Composed by Mr. Henry Lawes and others.

[1]

A STORM:

CLORIS at Sea, near the Land, is surprized by a Storm:
AMINTOR on the Shore, expecting her Arrival,

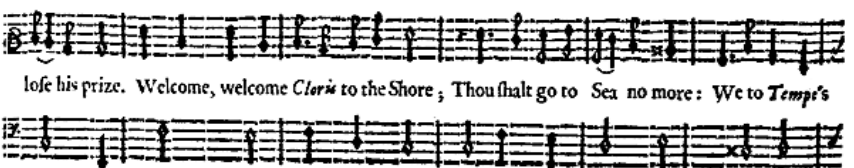
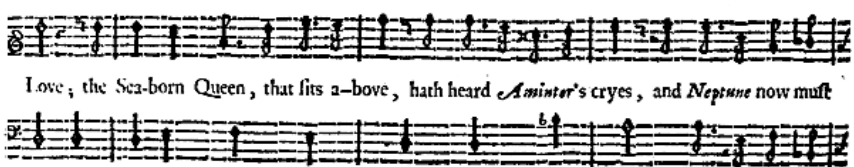
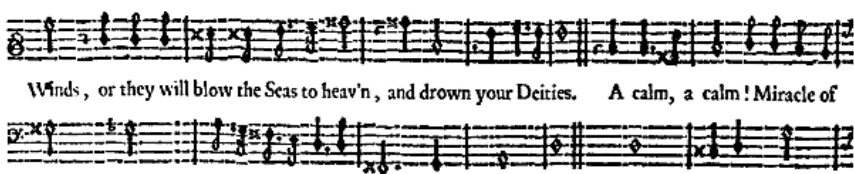
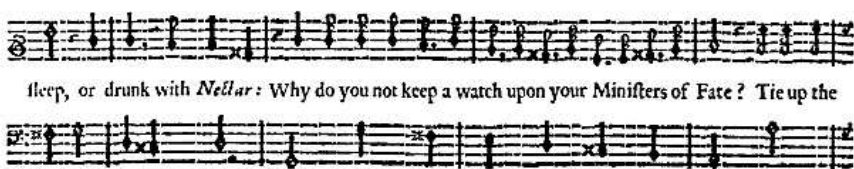
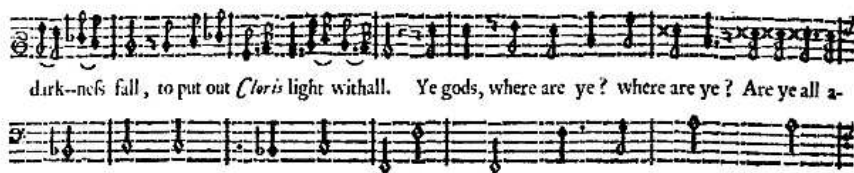
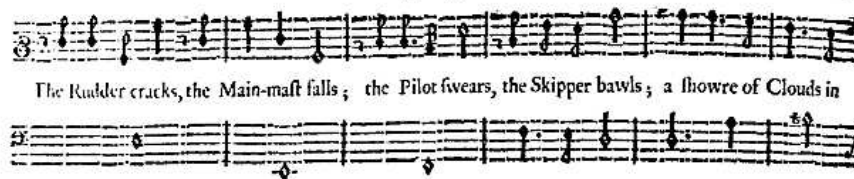
THUS COMPLAINS:



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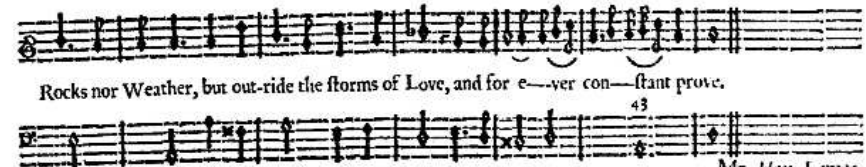
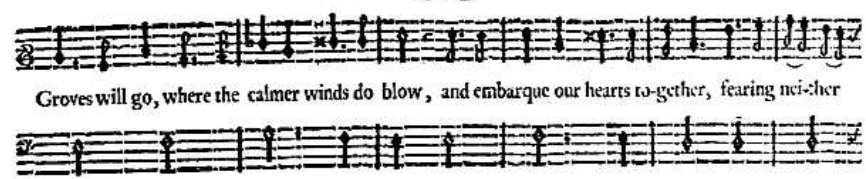
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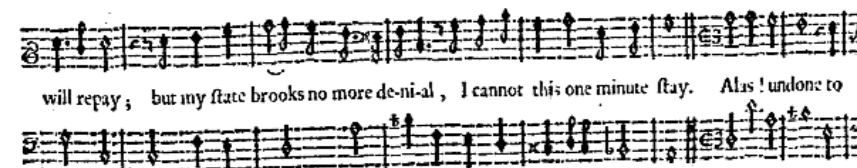
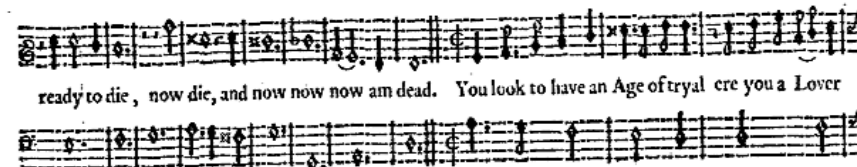
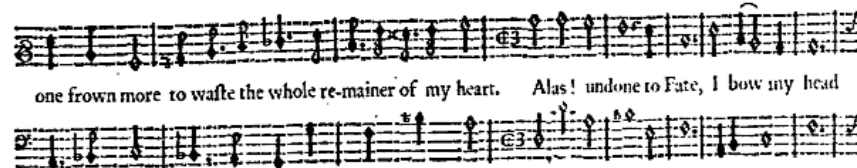
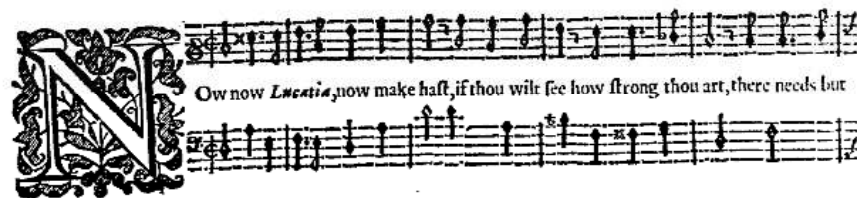
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[3]



Mr. Hen. Lamer.

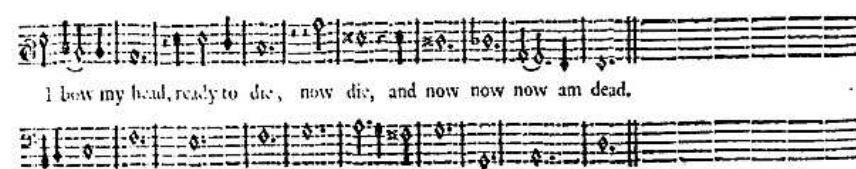
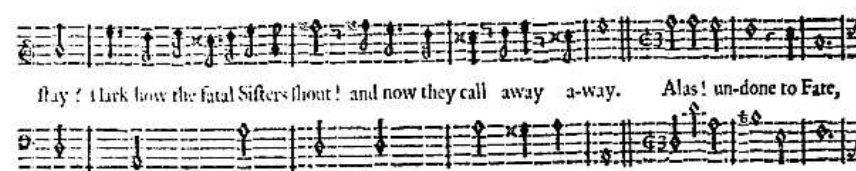
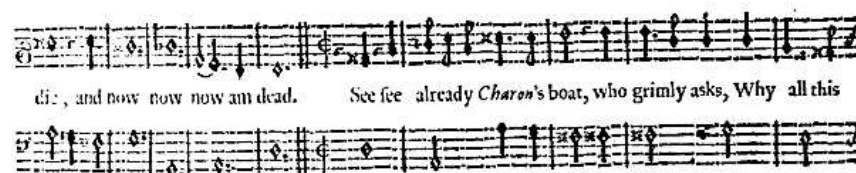
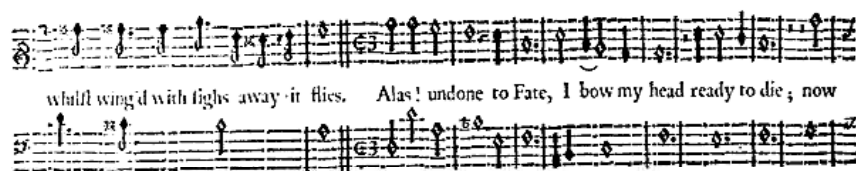
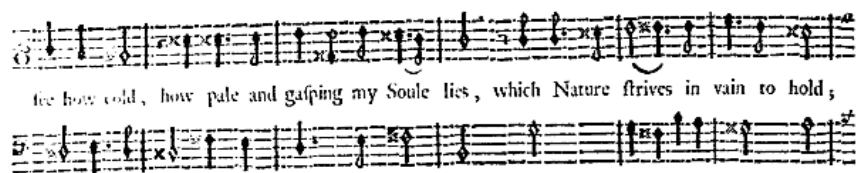
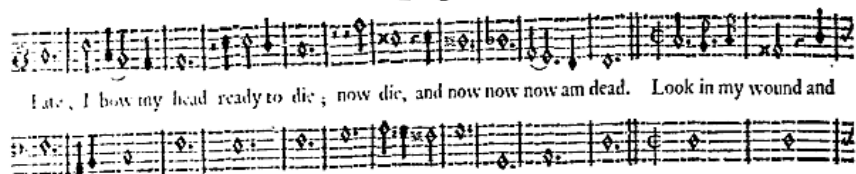
No REPRIEVE.



B 2

Fate,

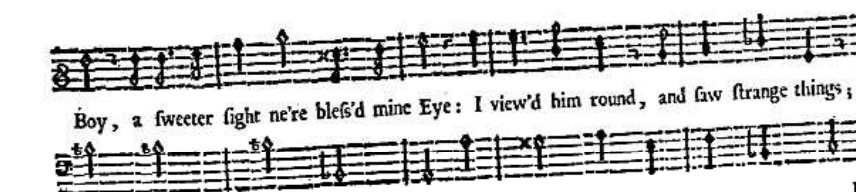
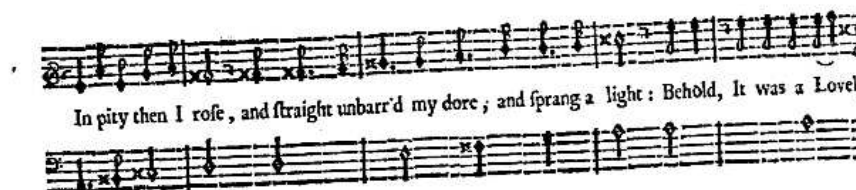
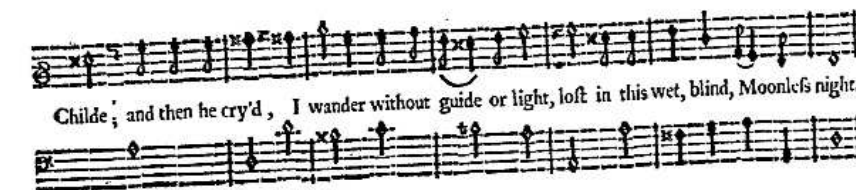
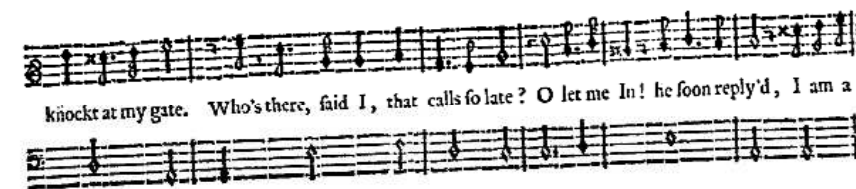
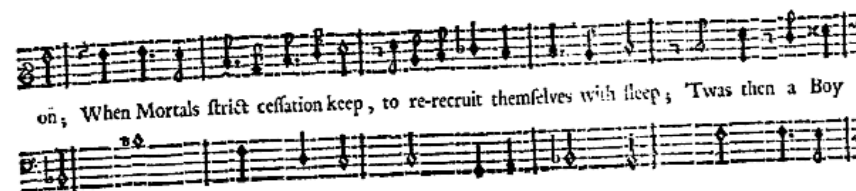
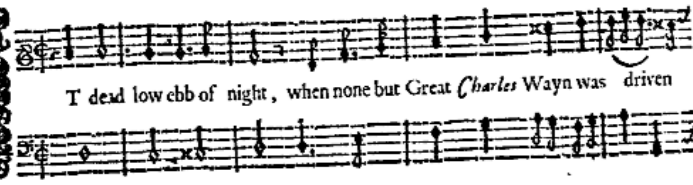
[4]



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

[5]

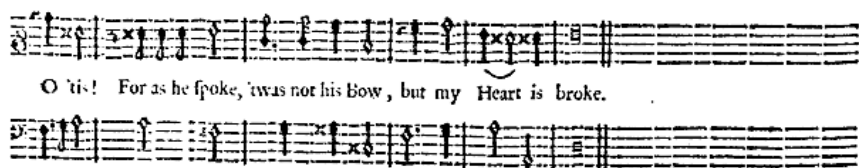
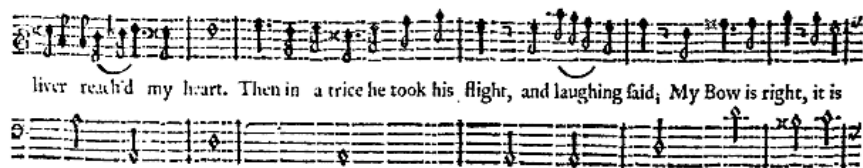
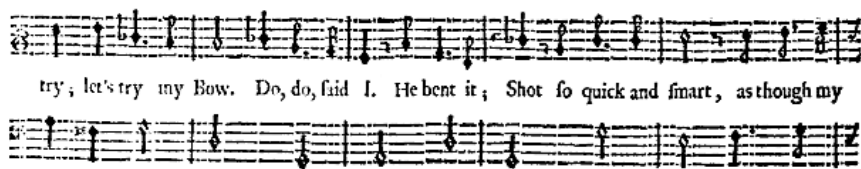
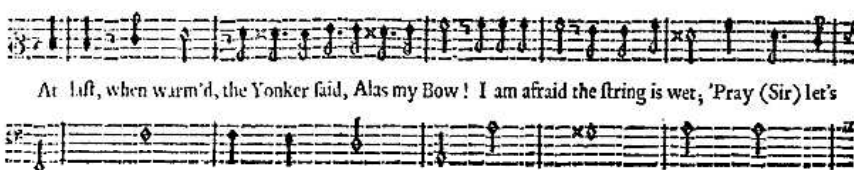
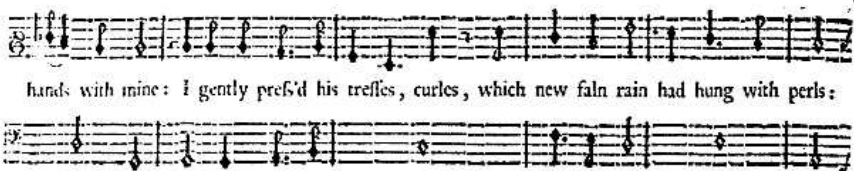
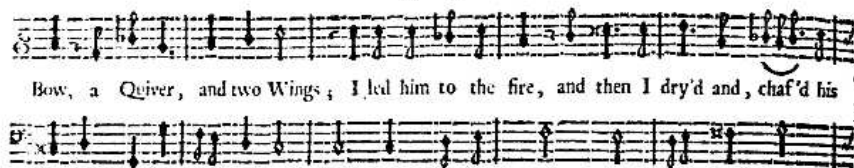
A TALE out of ANACREON.



G

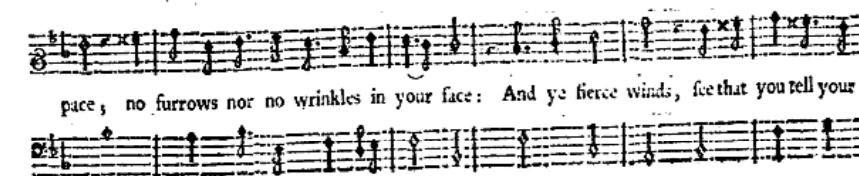
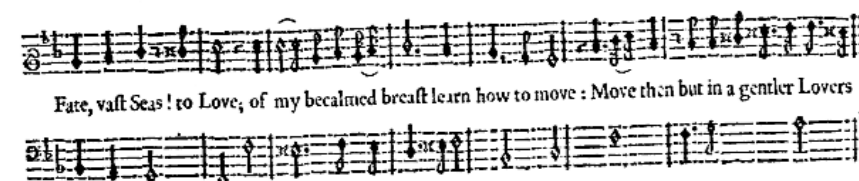
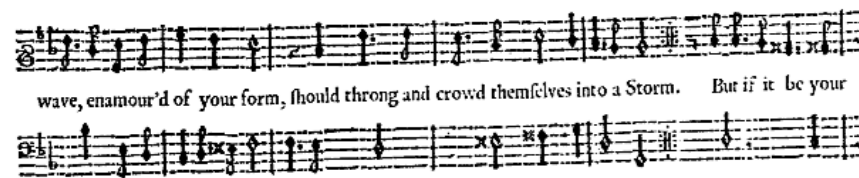
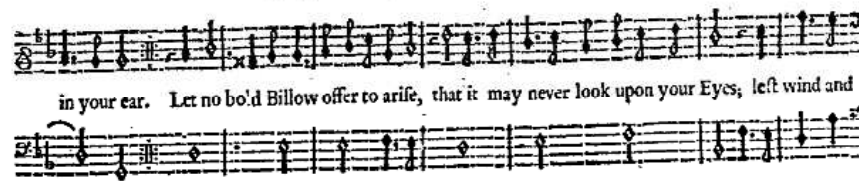
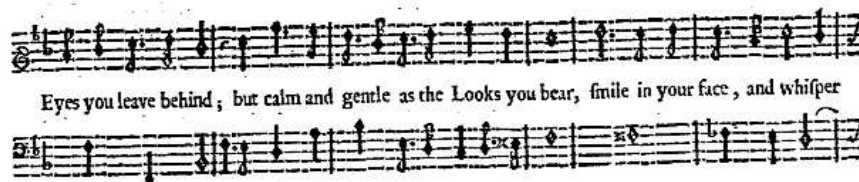
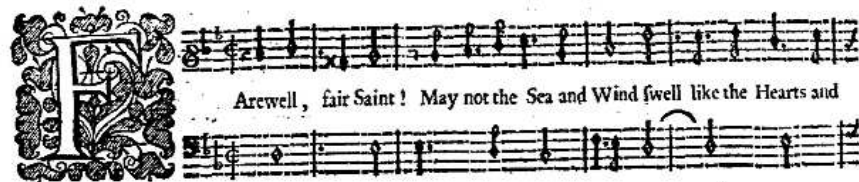
Bow,

[6]

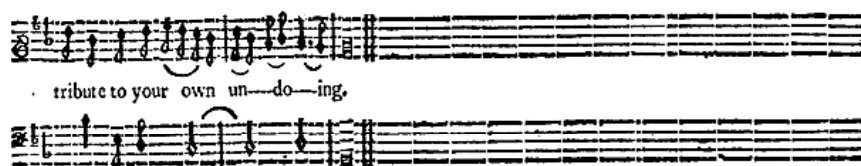
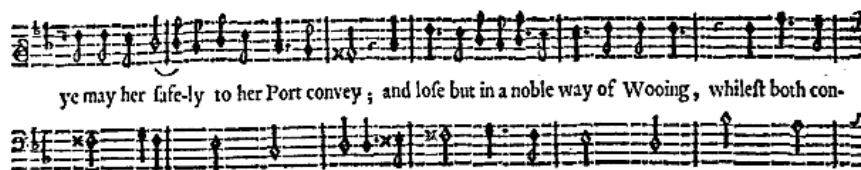
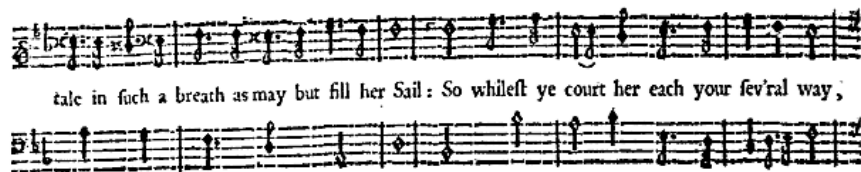


Mr. Hen. Lawes.

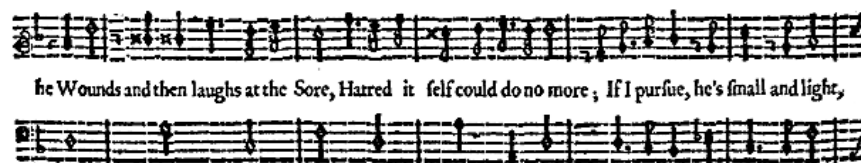
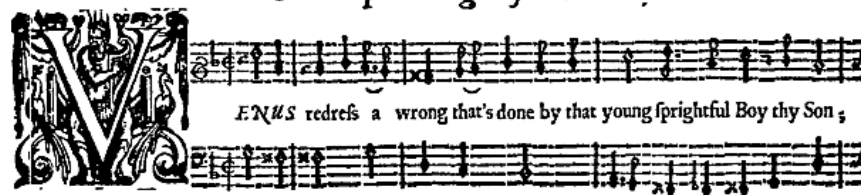
[7]

To his MISTRESS going to SEA.

[8]

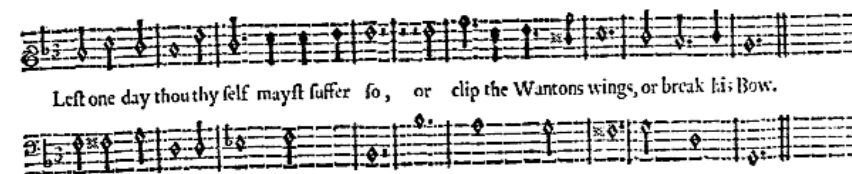
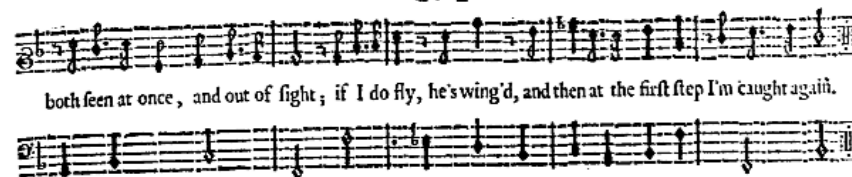


Mr. Hen. Lawes.

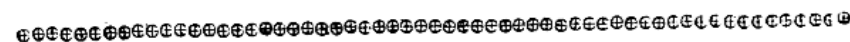
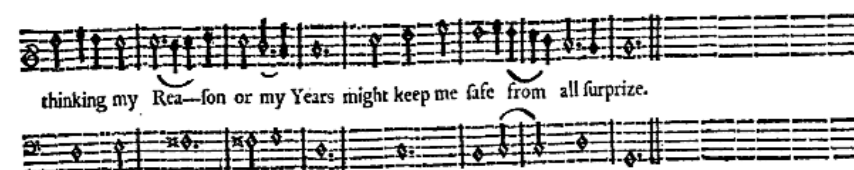
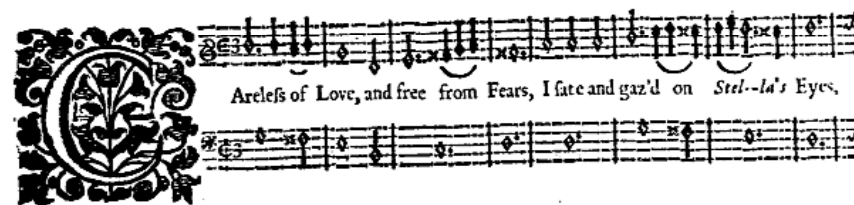
A Complaint against CUPID.

both

[9]



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

*The SURPRISE.*

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 steeld Armour is of proof,
Nor can the best resolv'd mind
Resist her Beauty and her Youth.

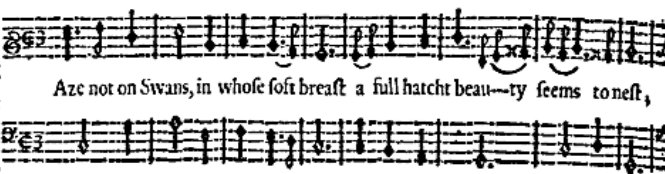
But yet the folly to untwist,
That loving I deserve no blame;
Were it not Atheisme to resist
Where Gods themselves conspire her flame.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

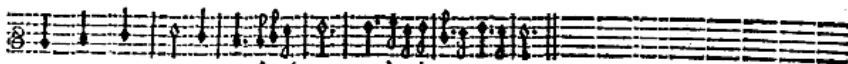
D

BEAUTY'S

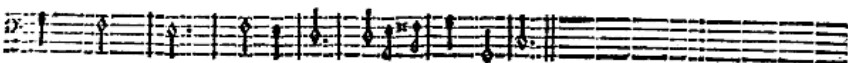
BEAUTIES Excellency.



Aze not on Swans, in whose soft breast a full hatcht beauty seems to nest,



nor Snow, which (falling from the Sky) hovers in its Virgini-ty.

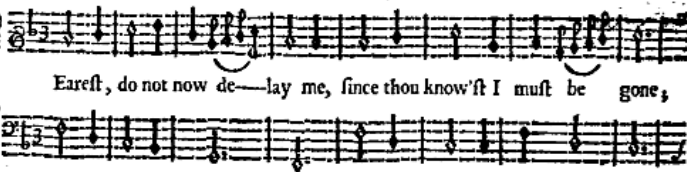


Gaze not on Roses, though new blown,
Gaze not on that pure Milky way
Where night uses splendour with the day;
Nor Pearl, whose silver walls confine
The Riches of an Indian Mine.

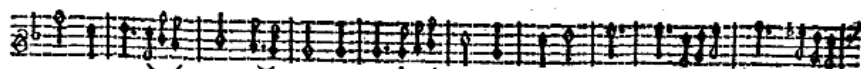
For if my Emp'res appears,
Swans moultring dye, Snow melts to tears;
Roses do bluth and hang their heads,
Pale Lillies shrink into their beds.
The Milky way rides post, to throud
Its baffled glory in a Cloud;
And Pearls do climb into her ear,
To hang themselves for Envy there.

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.

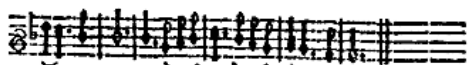
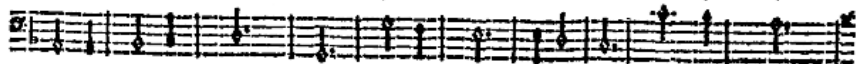
To his MISTRES upon his going to travel.



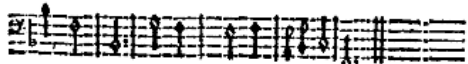
Earest, do not now de-lay me, since thou know'st I must be gone,



Wind and Tide 'tis thought doth stay me, but 'tis wind that must be blown from thy breath, whose



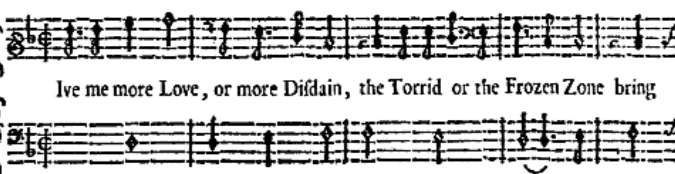
na-tive smell In-dian Odours doth ex-cel.



O then speak, my Dearest Fair!
Kill not him who vows to serve thee;
But perfume the Neighb'ring Air,
For dumb silence else will starve me:
'Tis a word is quickly spoken,
Which restrain'd, a heart is broken.

Mediocrity

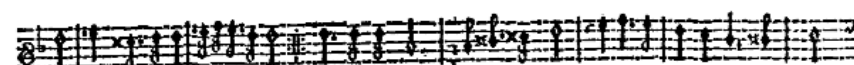
Mediocrity in Love rejected.



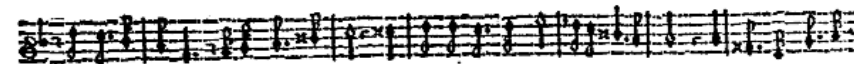
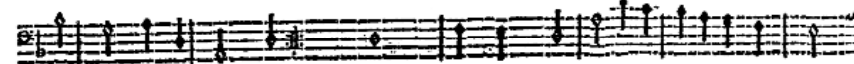
Ive me more Love, or more Disdain, the Torrid or the Frozen Zone bring



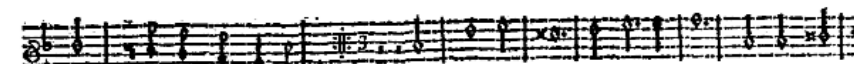
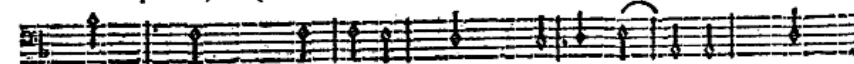
equal ease unto my pain, the Temperate affords me none; either extream of Love or Hate is



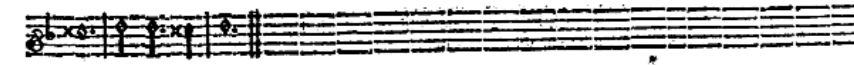
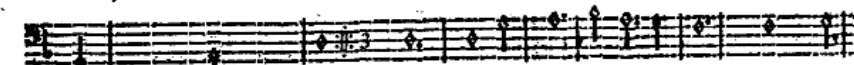
sweeter than a calm estate. Give me a storm, if it be Love, like Dana in that golden showre,



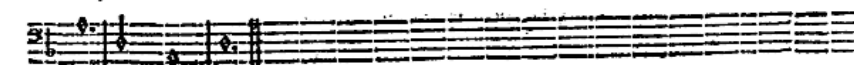
I swim in pleasure, if it prove Disdain, that torrent will devour my vulture hopes, and he's posselt of



Heav'n, that's but from Hell releas'd: Then crown my Joys, or cure my Pain, give me more



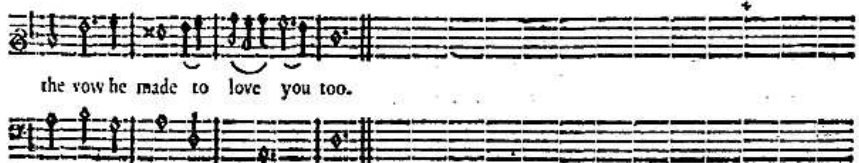
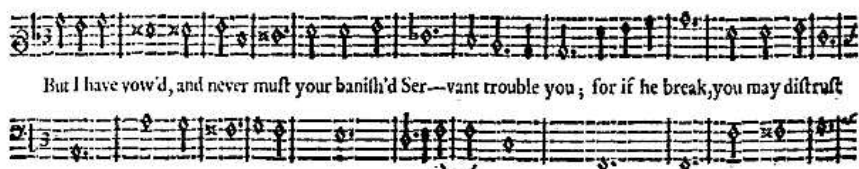
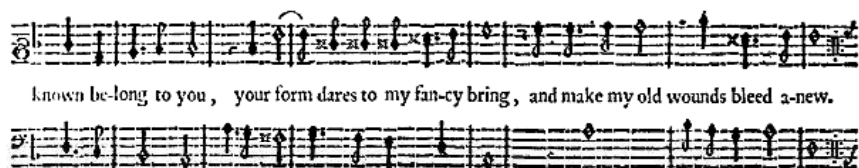
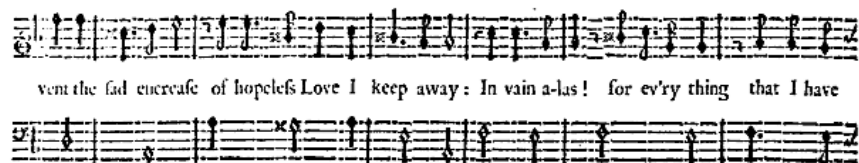
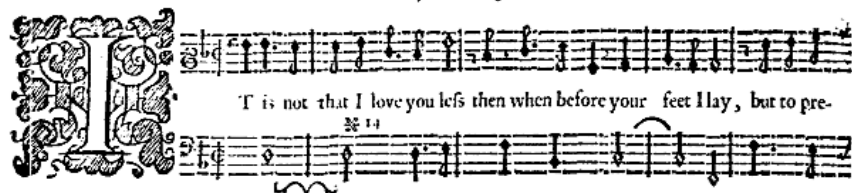
Love, or more Disdain.



D 2

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

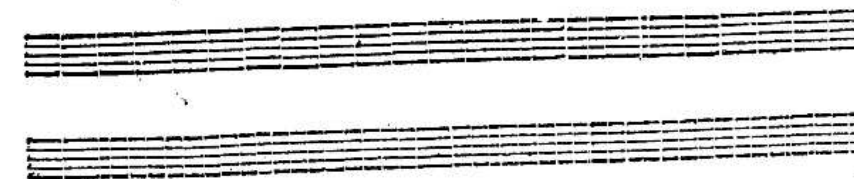
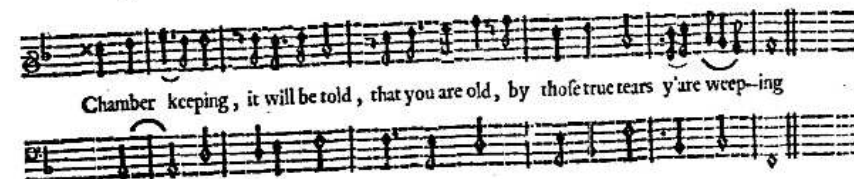
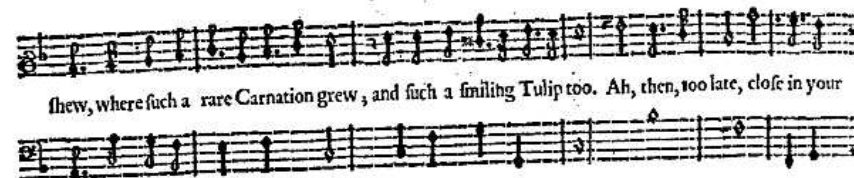
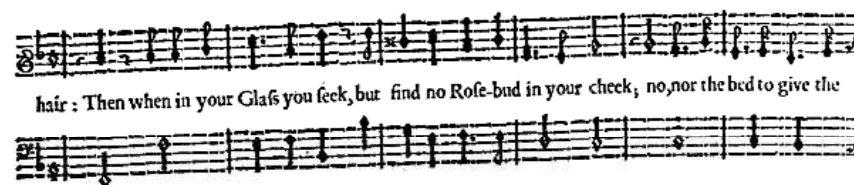
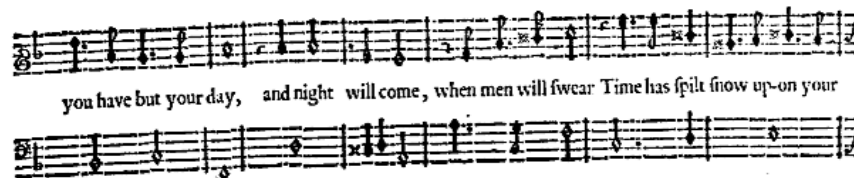
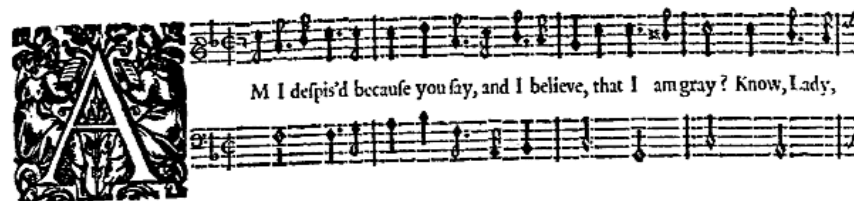
The Self-Banished.



Who in the Spring from the new Sun
 Already hath a Fever got,
 Too late begins those shafts to shun
 Which *Phabus* through his veins hath shot;
 Too late he would the pains assuage,
 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.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

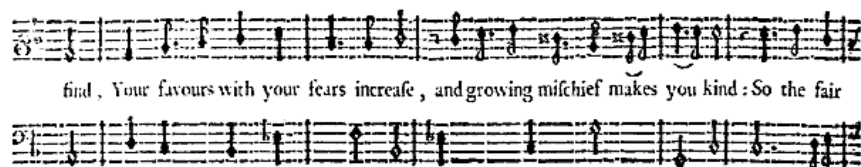
To his MISTRESS objecting his Age.



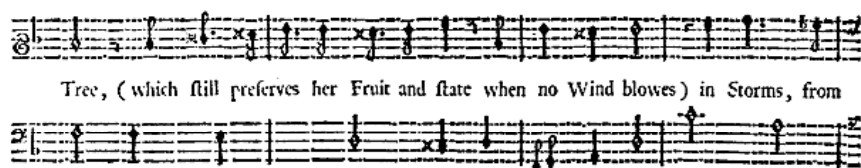
To a Lady, more affable since the War began.



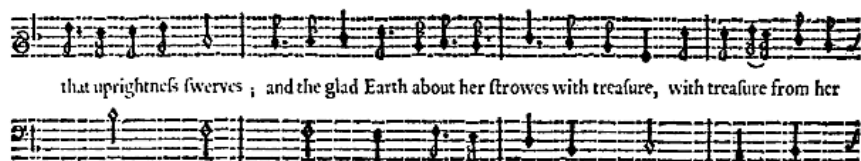
Cloris, since first our calm of Peace was frighted hence, this good we



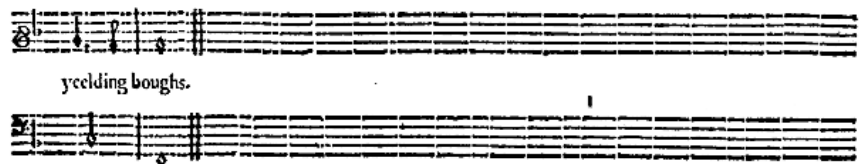
find, Your favours with your fears increase, and growing mischief makes you kind: So the fair



Tree, (which still preserves her Fruit and state when no Wind blowes) in Storms, from



that uprightness swerves; and the glad Earth about her strowes with treasure, with treasure from her



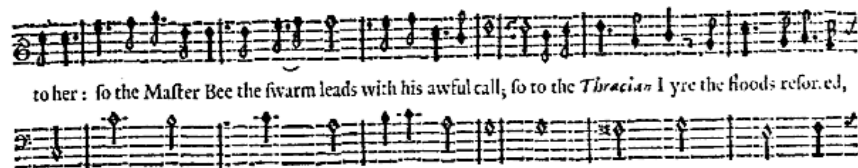
yeelding boughs.



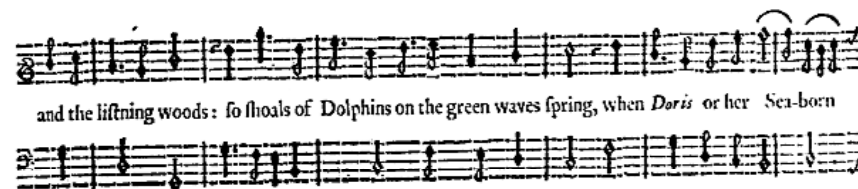
CLORIS Singing.



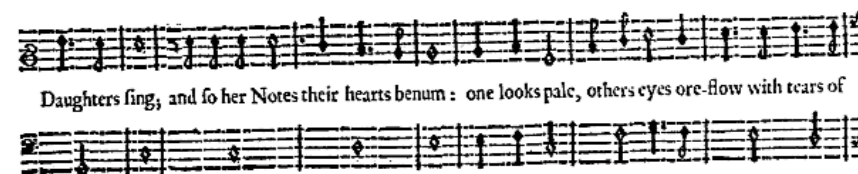
Es, yes, 'tis *Cloris* sings, 'tis she, Mark how the Nymphs and Shepherds all flock



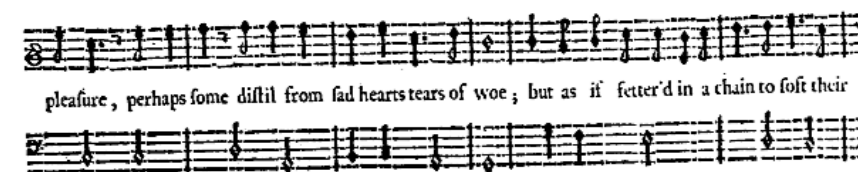
to her: so the Master Bee the swarm leads with his awful call, so to the *Thracian* I yre the floods reformed,



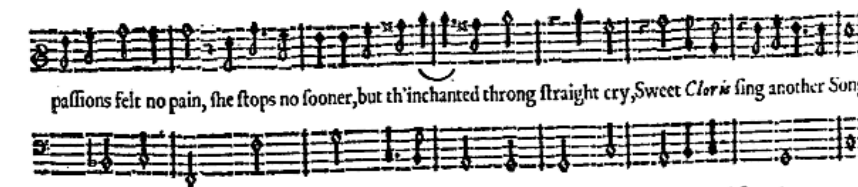
and the lifting woods: so shoals of Dolphins on the green waves spring, when *Doris* or her Sea-born



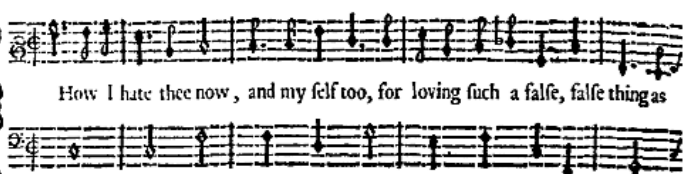
Daughters sing, and so her Notes their hearts benum: one looks pale, others eyes overflow with tears of



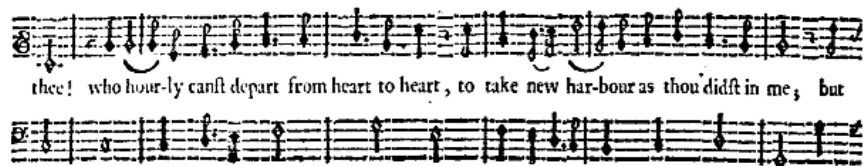
pleasure, perhaps some distil from sad hearts tears of woe; but as if fetter'd in a chain to fast their



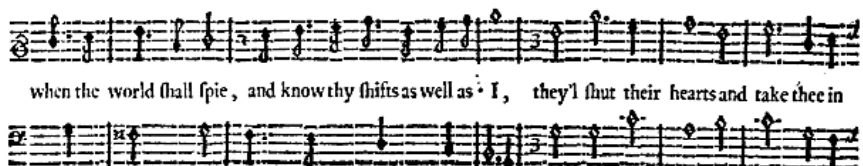
passions felt no pain, she stops no sooner, but th'enchanted throng straight cry, Sweet *Cloris* sing another Song.

The Unconstant Lover.

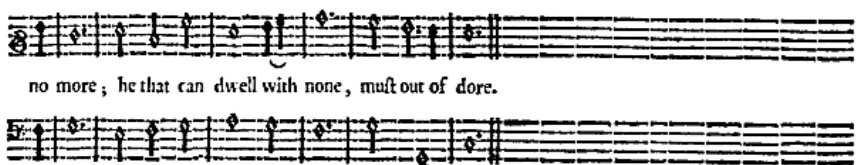
How I hate thee now, and my self too, for loving such a false, false thing as



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

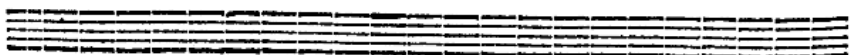
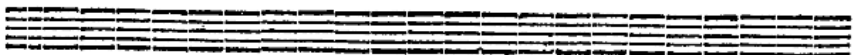
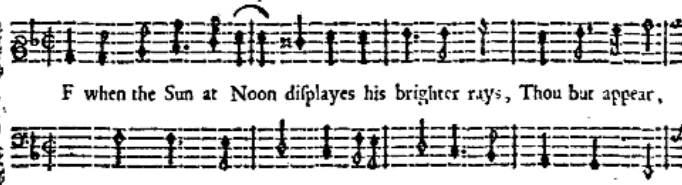


no more; he that can dwell with none, must out of dore.

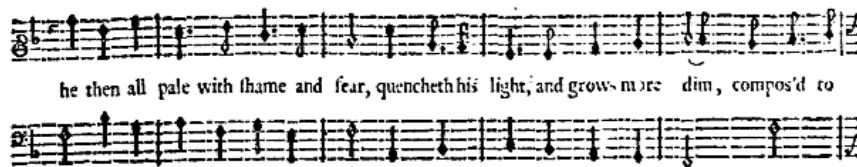
II.

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

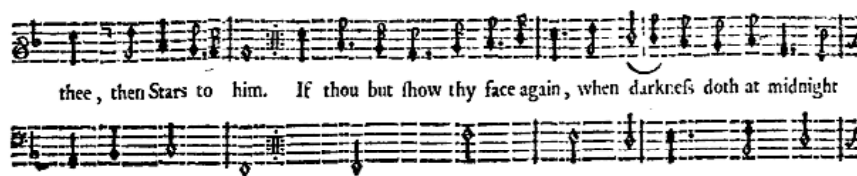
Which shifts, and turn, almost as oft as thou,
But to express thee by,
There's not an object low, or high,
For 'twill be found, when ere the measures tride,
Nothing can read thy falshood, but thy pride.

*Night and day to his MISTRES.*

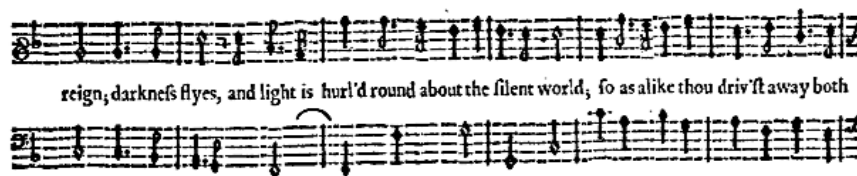
F when the Sun at Noon displays his brighter rays, Thou but appear,



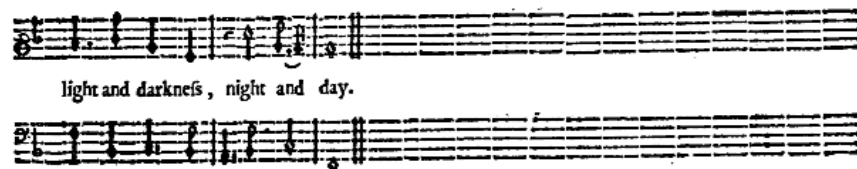
he then all pale with shame and fear, quencheth his light, and grows more dim, compos'd to



thee, then Stars to him. If thou but show thy face again, when darknes doth at midnight

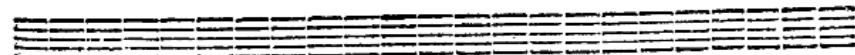
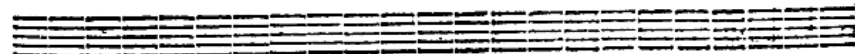


reign, darknes flies, and light is hurl'd round about the silent world, so as alike thou driv'st away both

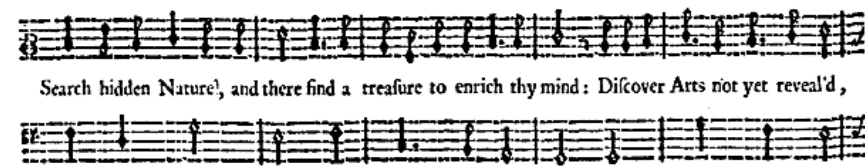
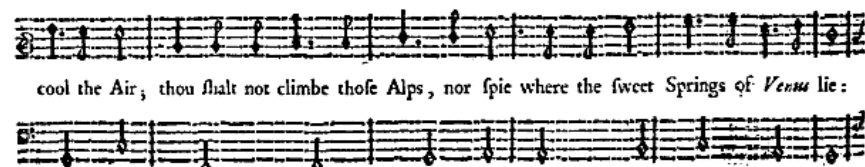
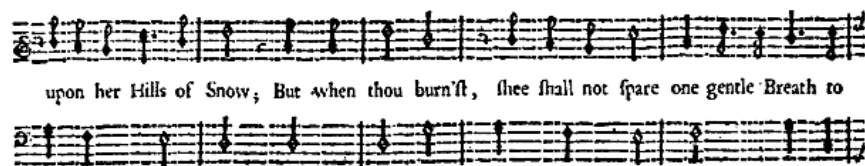
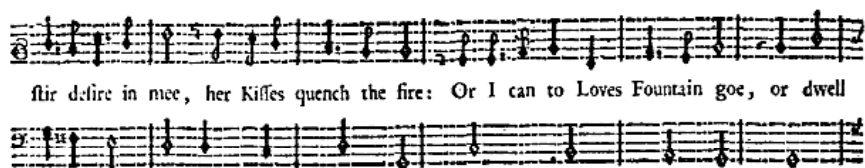
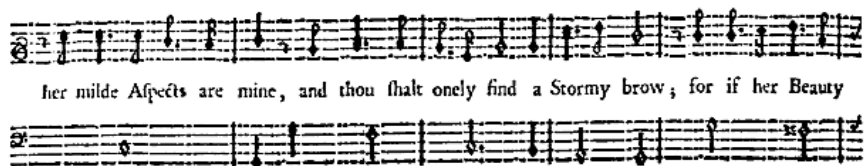
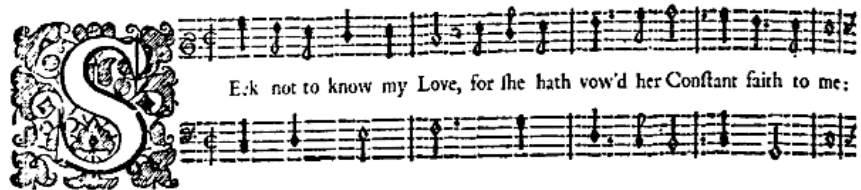


light and darknes, night and day.

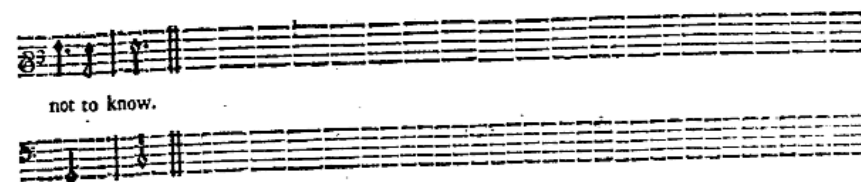
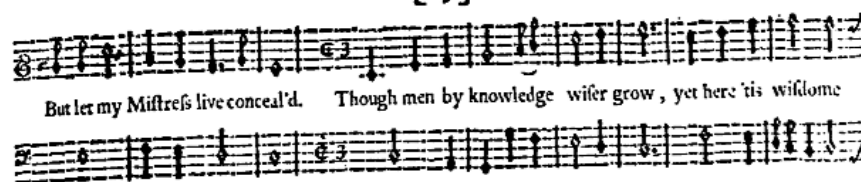
Mr. Hen. Lawes.



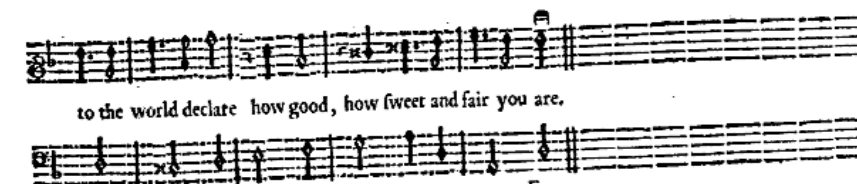
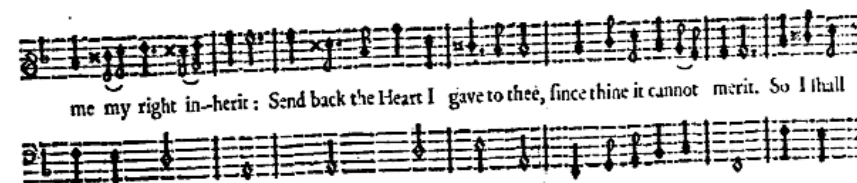
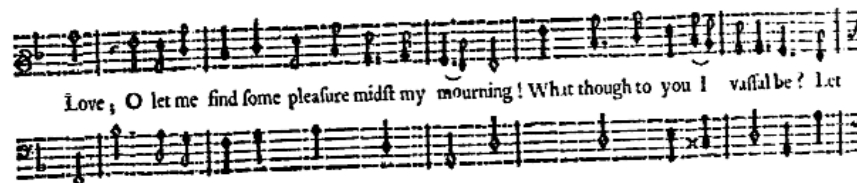
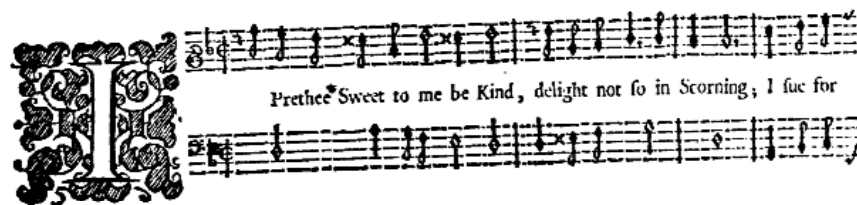
To his RIVALL.



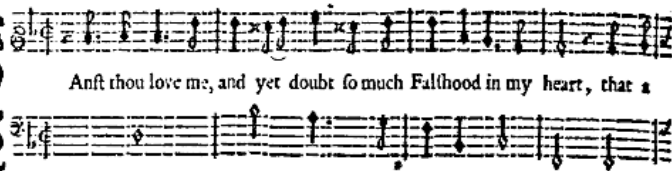
But



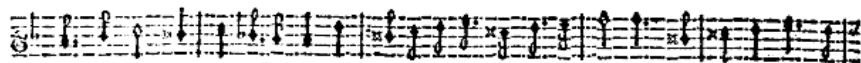
To his MISTRES.



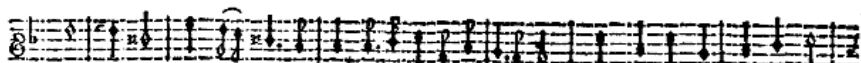
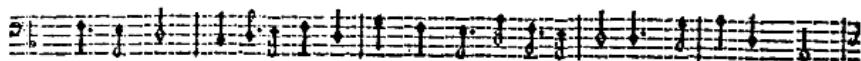
F 2

The Heart Intire.

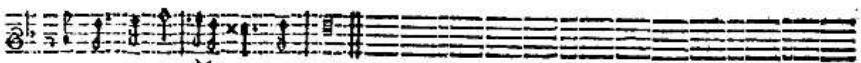
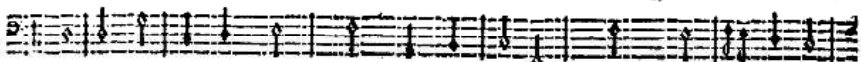
And thou love me, and yet doubt so much Falshood in my heart, that a



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,

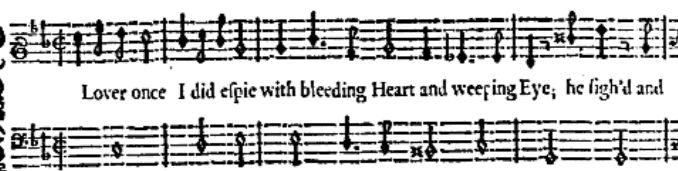


the Love that lasteth knows no Wars.

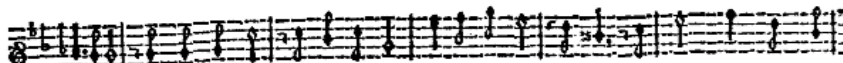


There Belief begets Delight,
And so satisfies Desire,
That in them it shines as Light
No more Fire,
All the burning Qualities appeas'd,
Each in others joying pleas'd;
Not a whisper, not a thought
But 'twixt Both in common's brought;
Even to seem Two they are loath,
Love being only Soul to both.

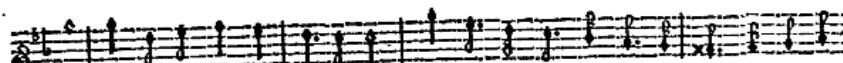
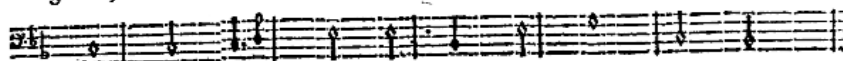
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Love in Despair.

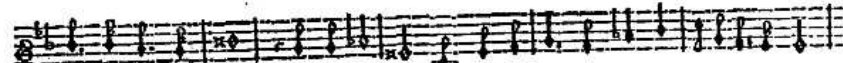
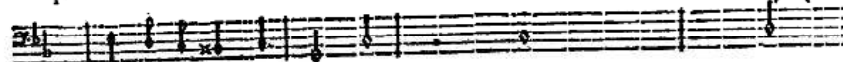
Lover once I did espie with bleeding Heart and weeping Eye; he sigh'd and



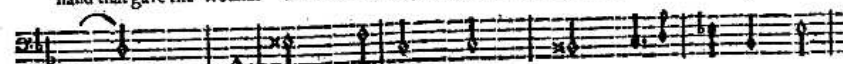
groan'd, and curst the Boy that planted woe, supplanted joy; he wept and cry'd, How great's his



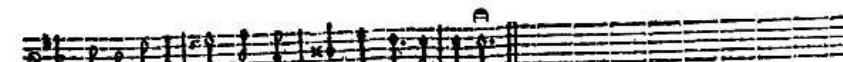
pain that lives in Love, and loves in vain! Can there (says he) no Cure be found, but by the



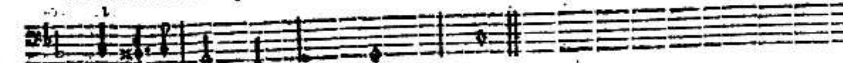
hand that gave the wound. Then let me die, which Ile endure, since she wants Charity to Cure:



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.



Come 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 Confrancy: How they croud to behold what our Arms do unfold! How all do

envy our Felicities, 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

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

Jove from a-bove to descend and re-main amongst Mortals again.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Love in the Spring.



Pleasure, Beauty, Youth attend ye, Love and Melting thoughts befriend ye:

While the spring of Nature lasteth use your time ere Winter hasteth.

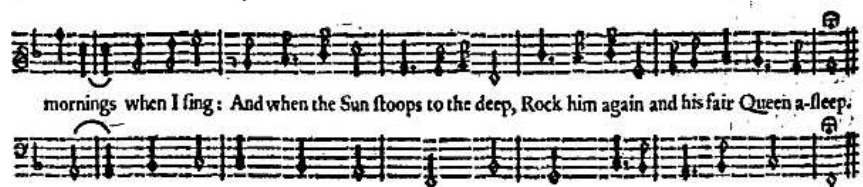
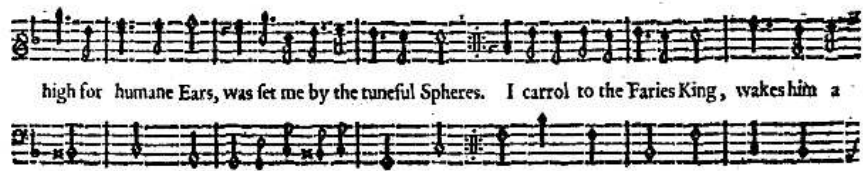
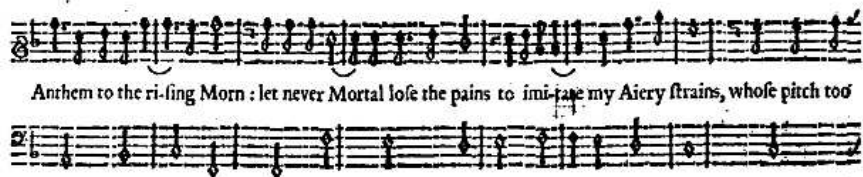
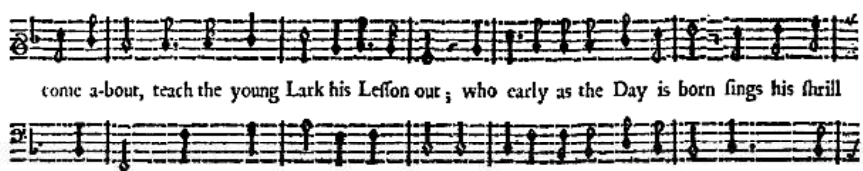
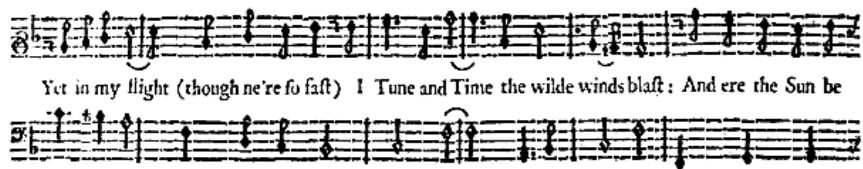
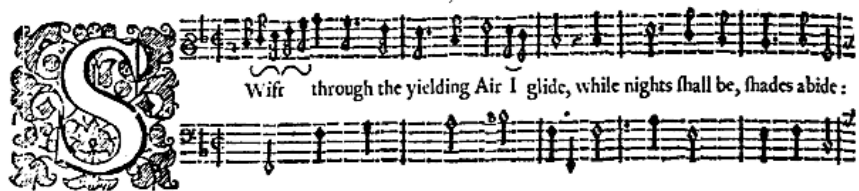
II.
Active blood and free delight,
Place and Privacy invite:
O be kind as you are fair,
Lose no advantage got for Air.

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 Blis
Where each Whisper proves a Kiss:
In the Gain are felt no pains,
For still in all the Loser gains.

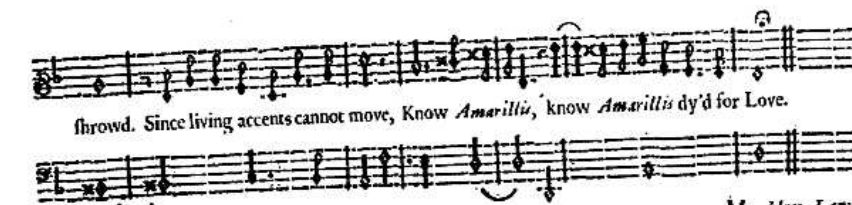
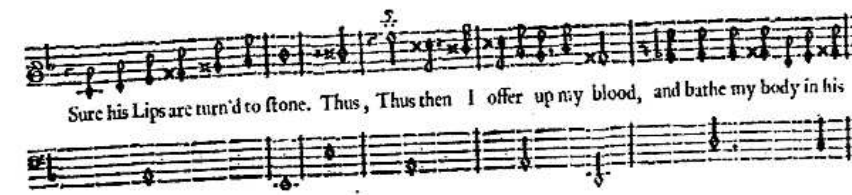
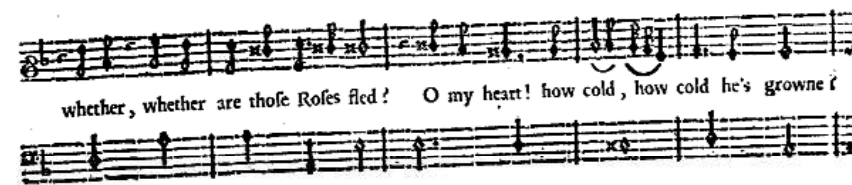
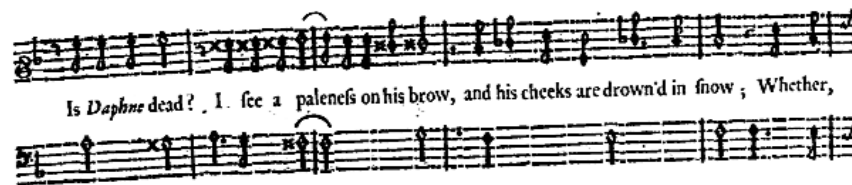
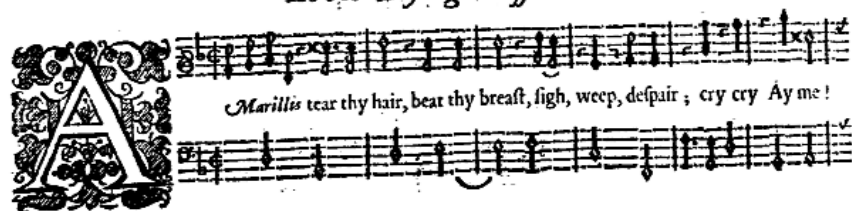
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

The LARK.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Loves Dying Passion.



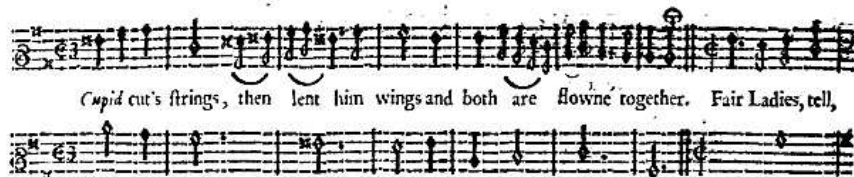
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

[26]

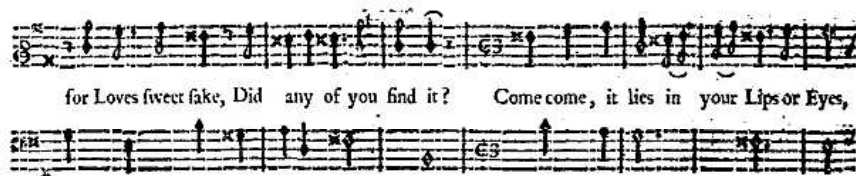
On a lost Heart.



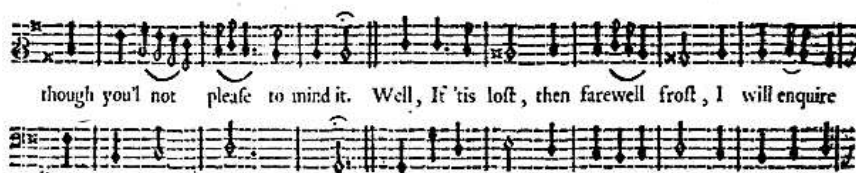
What shall I do? I've lost my Heart, 'tis gone I know not whether:



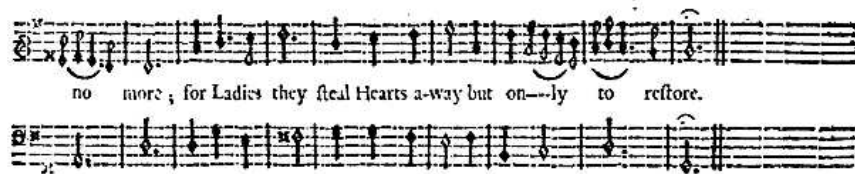
Cupid cut's strings, then lent him wings and both are flowne together. Fair Ladies, tell,



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.

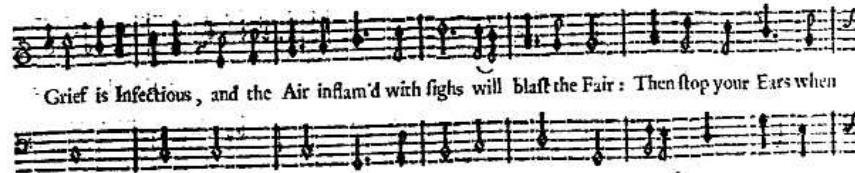


[27]

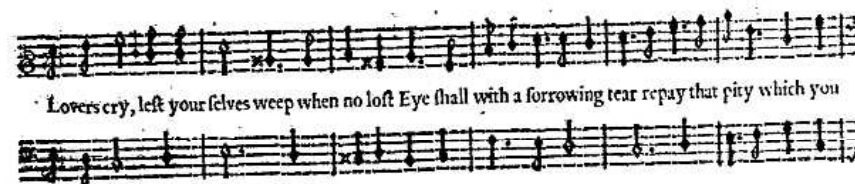
Loves Flattery.



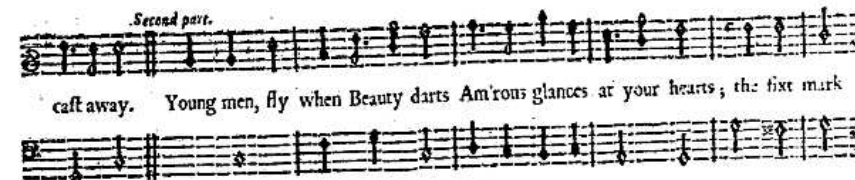
Ladies, fly from Loves smooth Tale, Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevail:



Grief is Infectious, and the Air inflam'd with sighs will blast the Fair: Then stop your Ears when

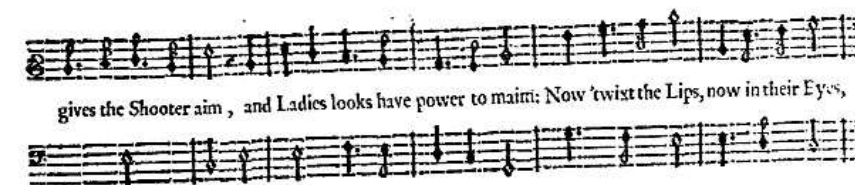


Lovers cry, lest your selves weep when no lost Eye shall with a forrowing tear repay that pity which you

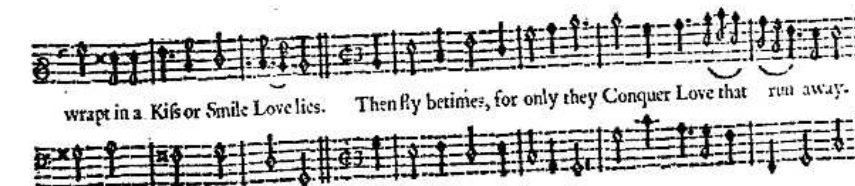


Second part.

cast away. Young men, fly when Beauty darts Am'rous glances at your hearts; the fixt mark



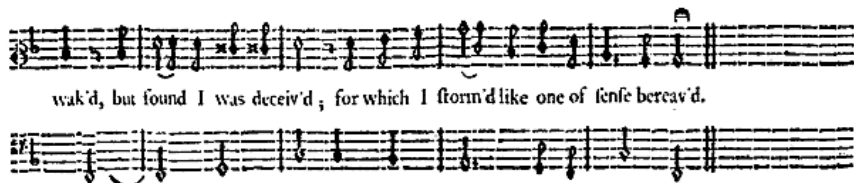
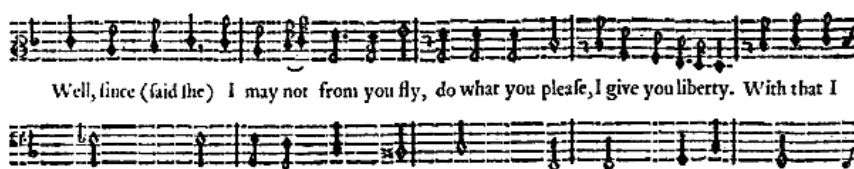
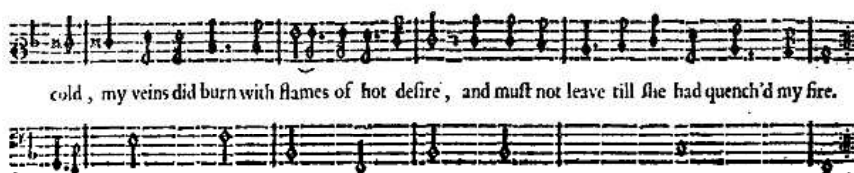
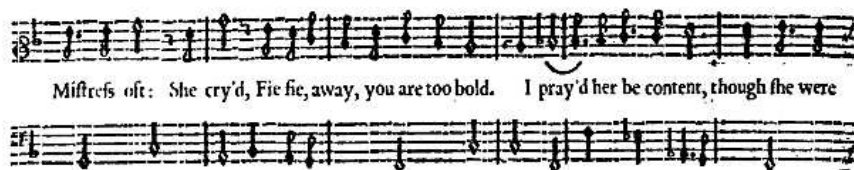
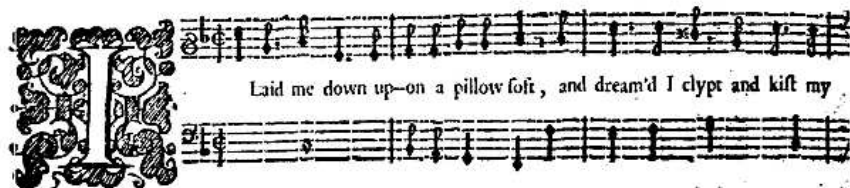
gives the Shooter aim, and Ladies looks have power to maim: Now 'twist the Lips, now in their Eyes,



wrapt in a Kiss or Smile Lovelies. Then fly betimes, for only they Conquer Love that run away.

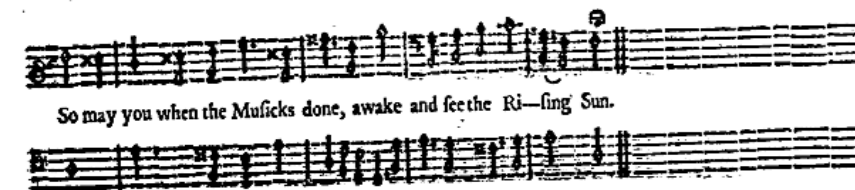
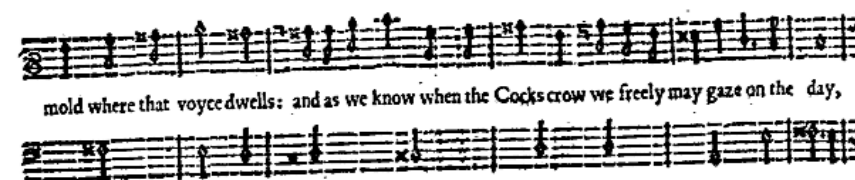
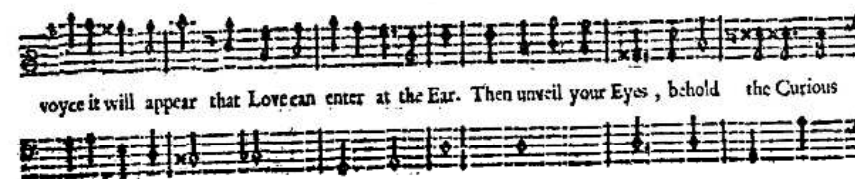
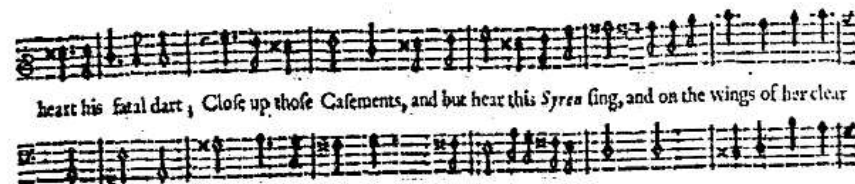
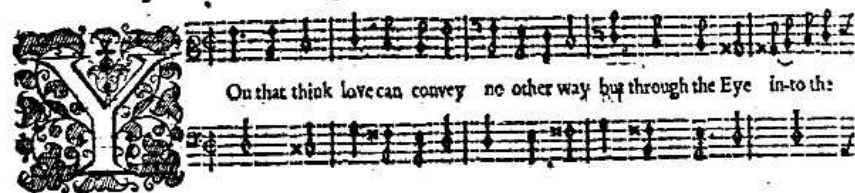
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

A DREAM.

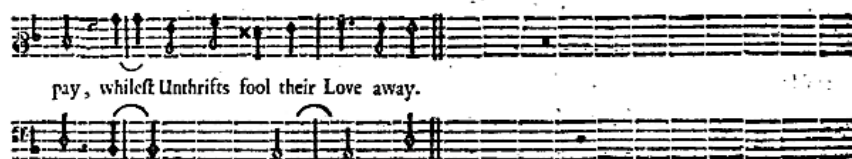
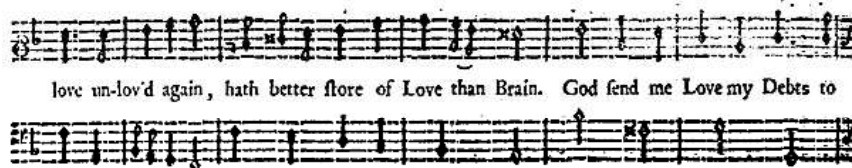
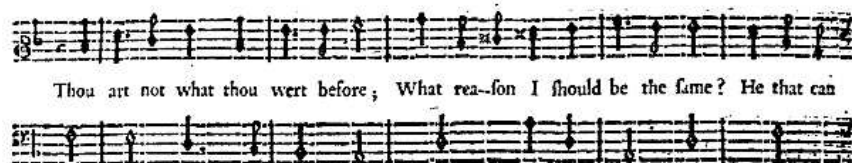
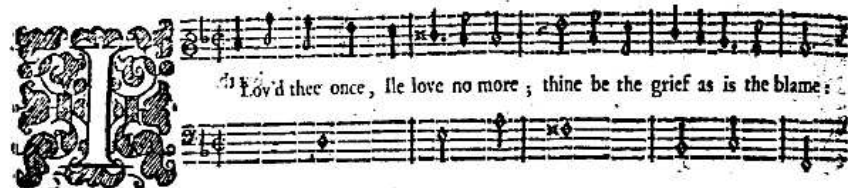


Mr. Hen. Lawes.

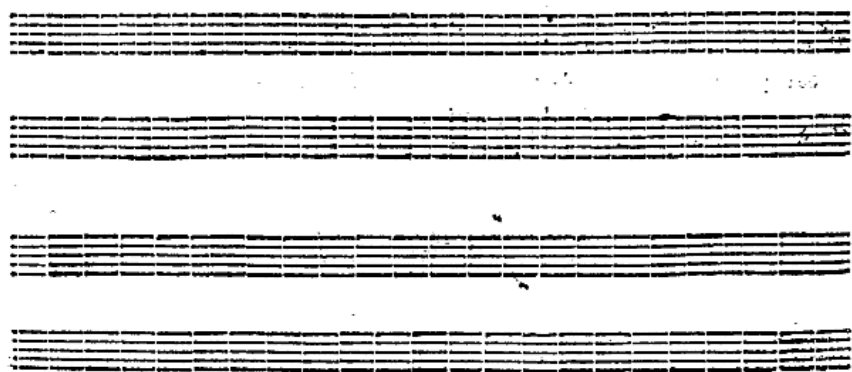
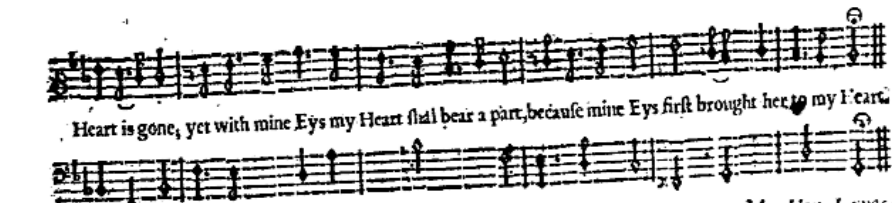
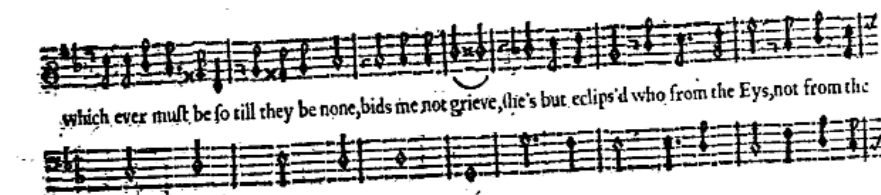
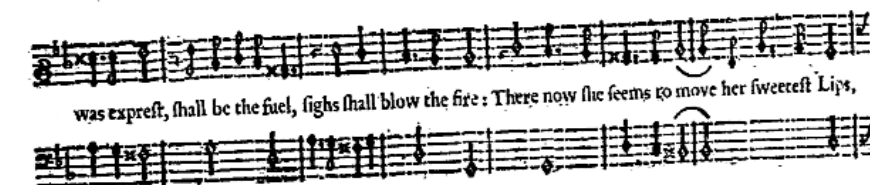
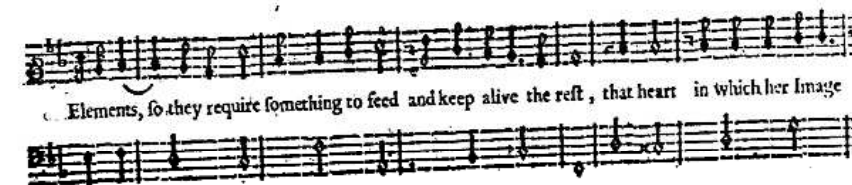
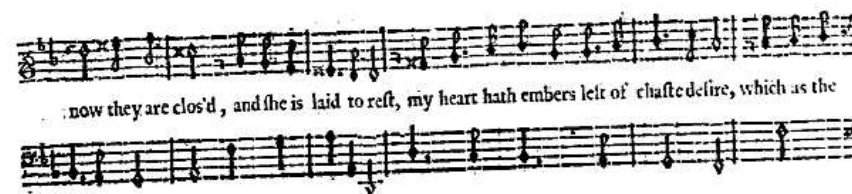
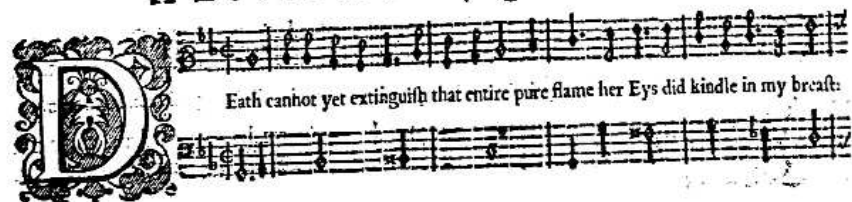
Upon the Hearing Mrs. MARY KNIGHT Sing.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

The Thrifty Lover.

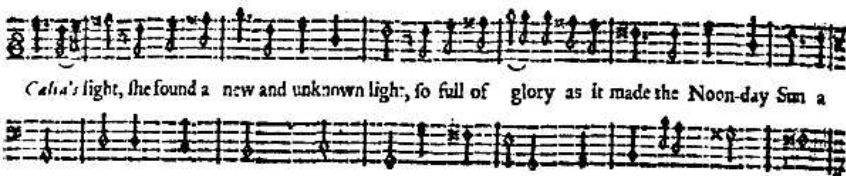
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

*A Lover on his Dying MISTRESS.*

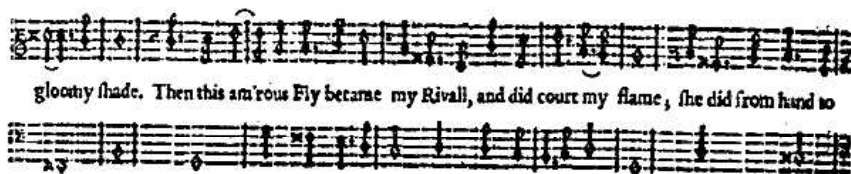
The FLY.



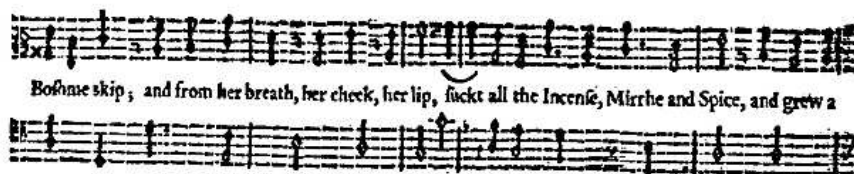
Hence this Fly liv'd she us'd to play in the Sunshine all the day, till coming near my



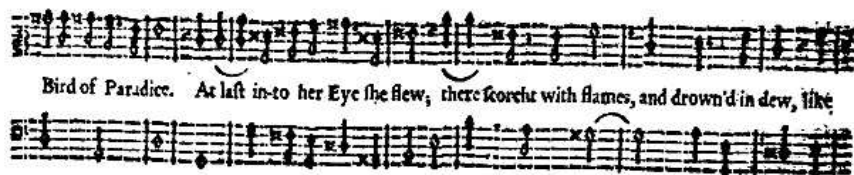
Celia's light, she found a new and unknown light, so full of glory as it made the Noon-day Sun a



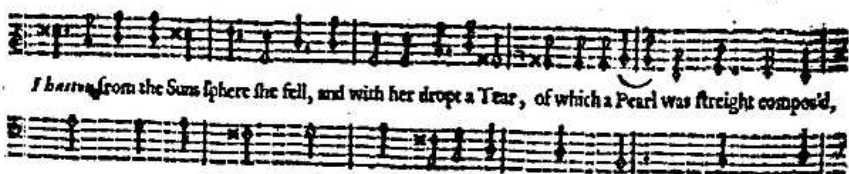
gloomy shade. Then this am'rous Fly became my Rival, and did court my flame, she did from hand to



Bohnie skip, and from her breath, her cheek, her lip, suckt all the Incense, Mirrhe and Spice, and grew a

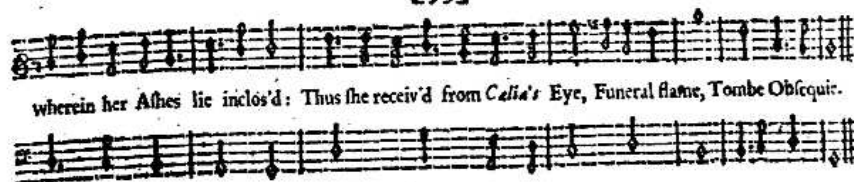


Bird of Paradise. At last in-to her Eye she flew, there scorcht with flames, and drown'd in dew, like



I burst from the Sun's Sphere she fell, and with her dropt a Tear, of which a Pearl was straight compos'd,

wherein

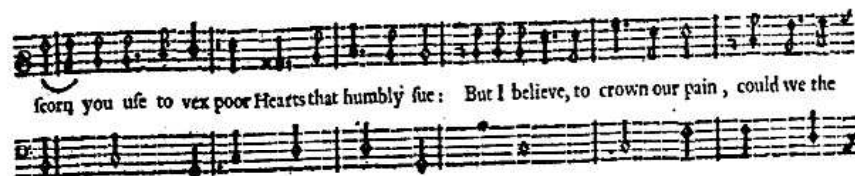


wherein her Ashes lie inclos'd: Thus she receiv'd from *Celia's* Eye, Funeral flame, Tombe Obscure.

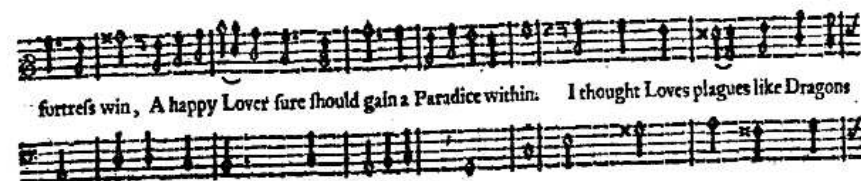
Loves Torment.



Was foretold your Rebel Sex nor love nor play 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 Kifs, and Sport, and Toy, and taste those Sweets of Love:
Or had they but a lasting fate, or if in *Celia's* breast,
Or of Love might not abate, Love 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 posselt as Victor of a Heart,
Achiev'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 deposted Kings can know.

Love Unveil'd.

Then thou, Fair Celia! like the Setting Sun, shalt blush to see thy Day

done: And I a Martyr in thy Virgin flame, though dead bespot thy living fame, and tall thee

Murder's, Then thou shalt see thou hast deceiv'd thy self, not me: When from my constant Ashes

Truth shall rise, and silence thy intended Obscures. 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.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

The Mournful Lovers.

Ome, come, sad Turtle, mateless moaning; droop no more for want of

Owning: Here's a Breast for your Nest, like an Altar Cypress drest, fa-cri-E-ing grievous groaning.

Come, sad Turtle, O come hither, our fate's a-like, let's die to-ge-ther. Come come, and

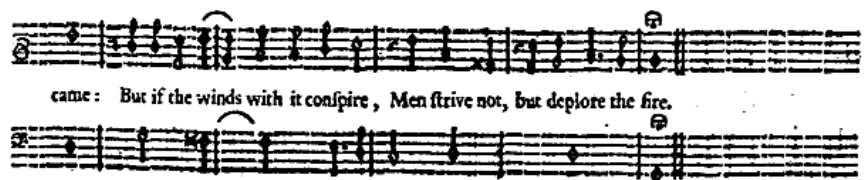
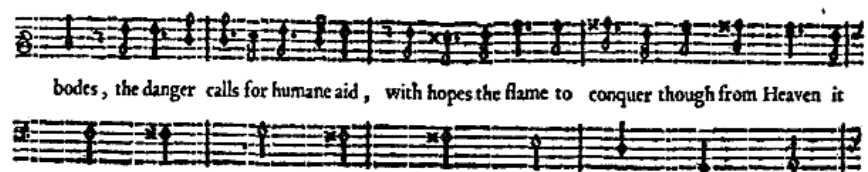
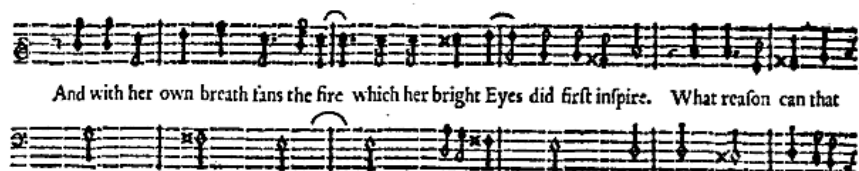
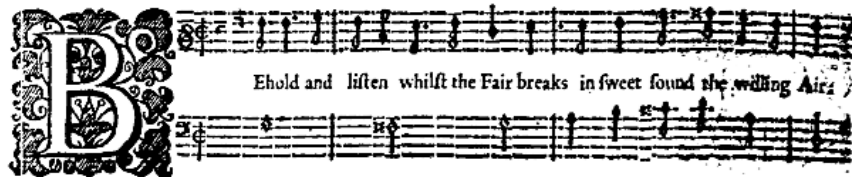
use sigh-foothing skill, and with Loving gently kill, soon as Asps fatal clasps, whilst your sad glad

feeder gasps, feed on woe, and feast your fill. Come, sad Turtle, O come hither, our Fate's alike,

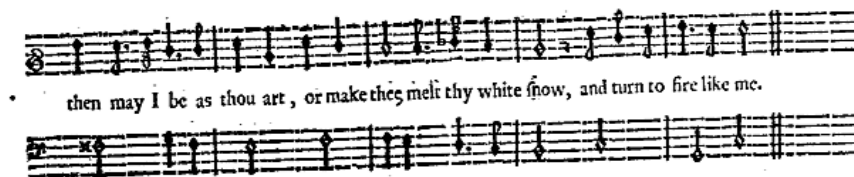
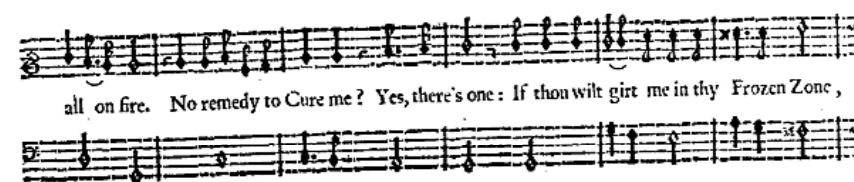
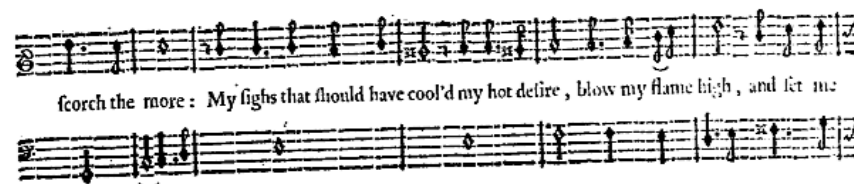
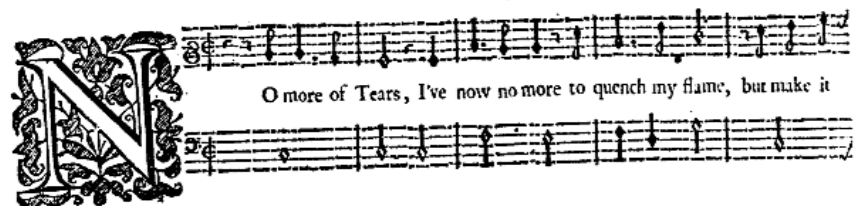
Let's die to-ge-ther.

K 2

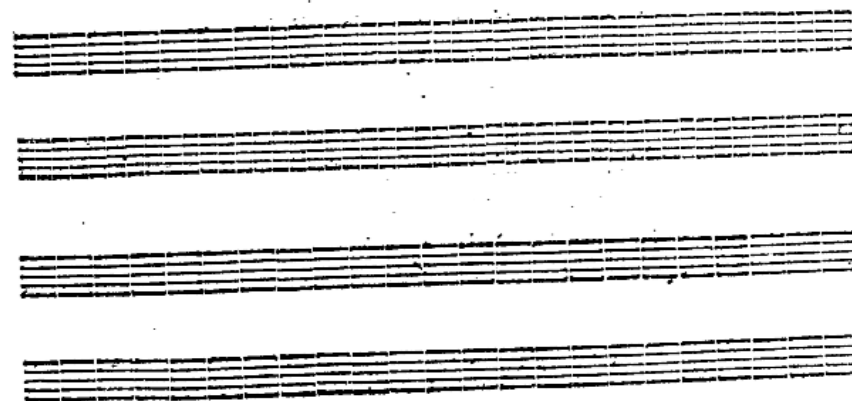
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Loves Power.

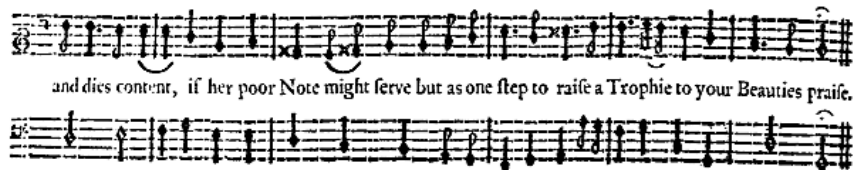
Mr. Hen. Laves.

Loves Ardency.

Mr. Hen. Laves.



The NIGHTINGALE.



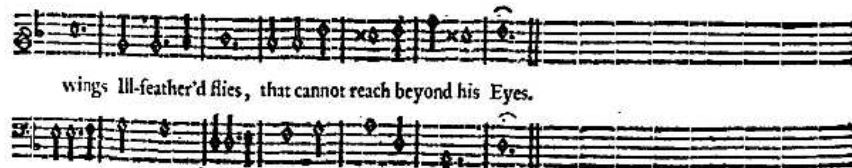
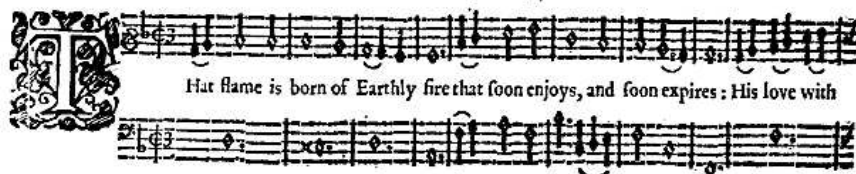
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

The Rose, in whose rich Odours lie
The perfum'd Treasures of the Year,
Doth blith 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 spight,
Vows ne're to Revel but with Night.

The faucy 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.

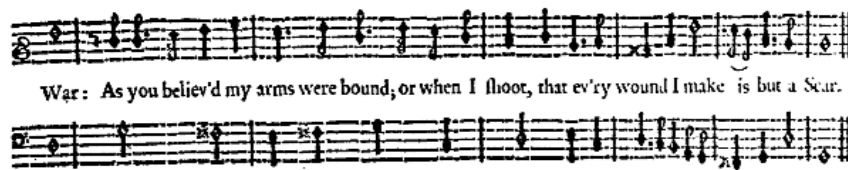
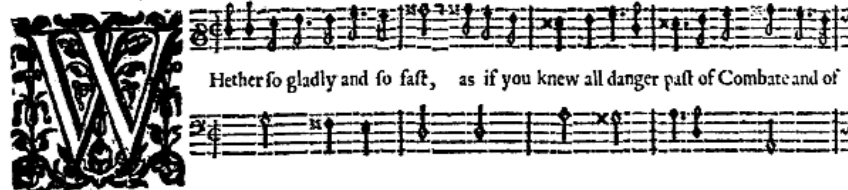
Loves Constancy.



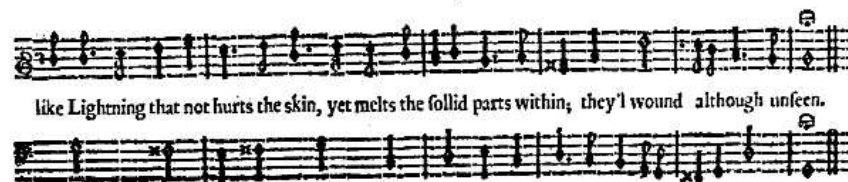
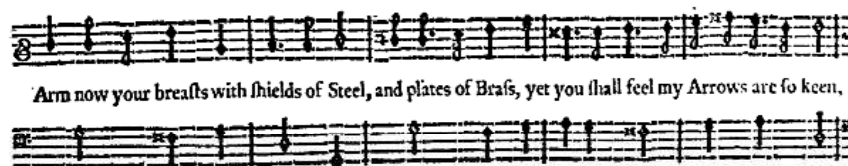
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Where Hope doth fan the Idle fire
Tis easie to Maintain desire;
But that's the Noble Love that dare
Continue Constant in Despaire.

CUPID'S Alarm.



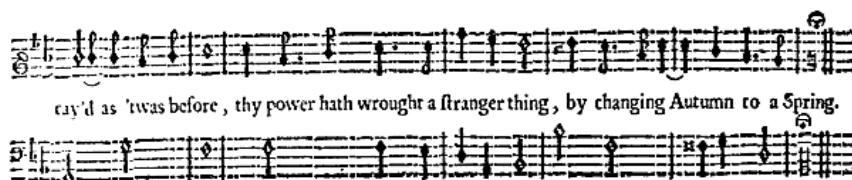
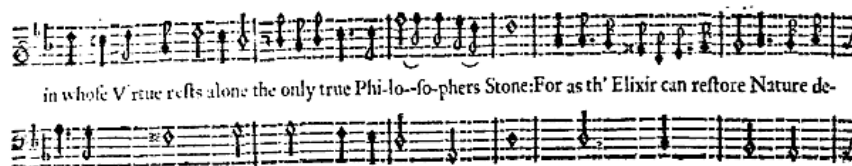
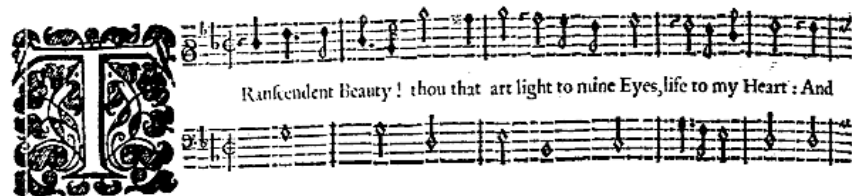
The Second part.



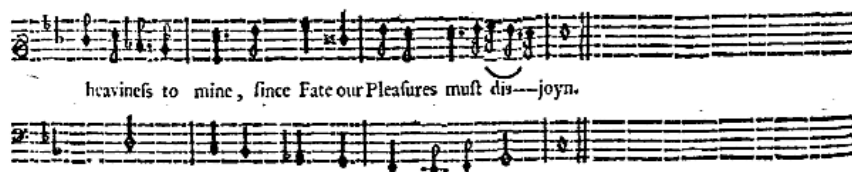
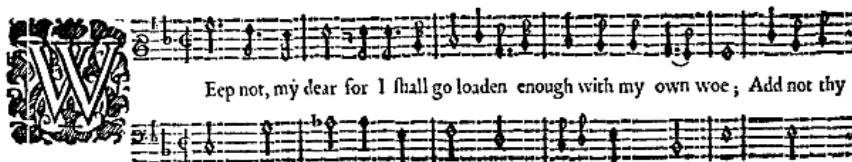
Mr. Henry Lawes.

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.

[40]

Beauties Excellency.

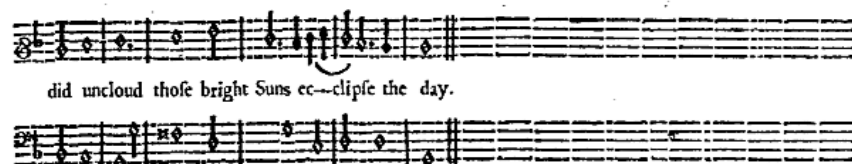
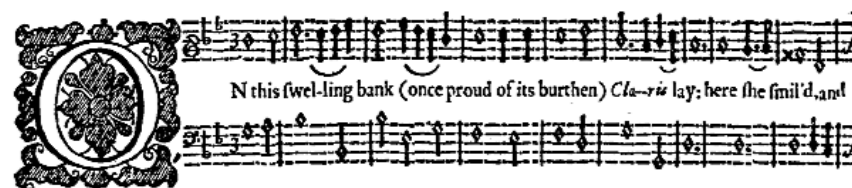
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Sympathy in Love.

Why should our Sorrows meet, if I
Must go and leave thy Company?
I with 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.

[41]

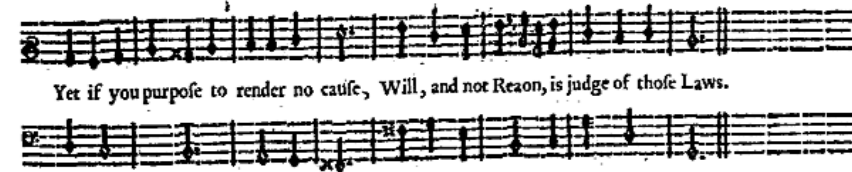
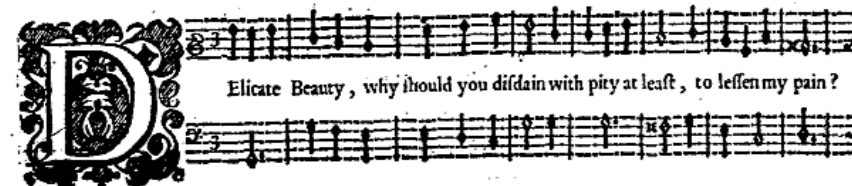
A Remembrance.

(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 the crown'd
Whil't 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't with joy my soul retir'd,
My resigning heart did rest
Till her lips new life inspir'd.

(5)
The renewing of these fights,
Doth with grief and pleasure fill me,
And the thought of those delights
Both at once revive and kill me.

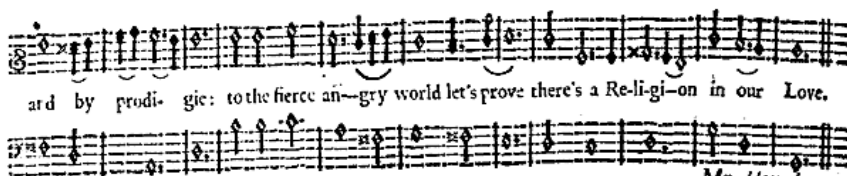
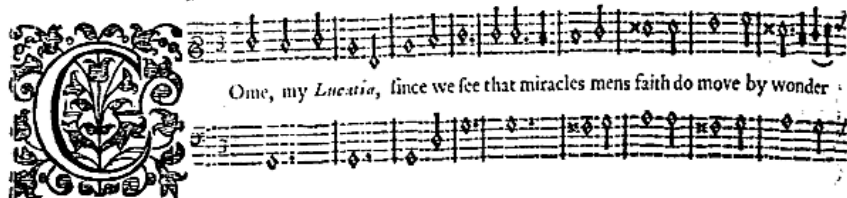
Sufferance.

(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-look hath lent.

M

Mutual affection between ORINDA and LUCATIA.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

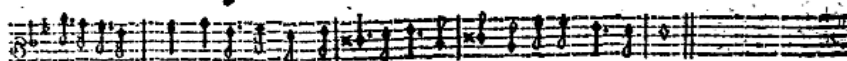
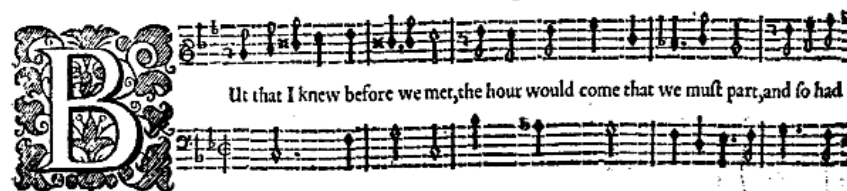
For though we were design'd agree,
That Fate no liberty destroys,
But our Election is as free
As Angels, who with greedy choice
Are yet determin'd to their joys.

We court our own captivity,
Then Throns more great and innocent,
I were 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 ingrofs,
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 shuff'd so,
Both Princes, and both Subjects too.

Loves Parting.



fortifi'd my heart, I hardly could escape the net, my Passions for my Reason set.

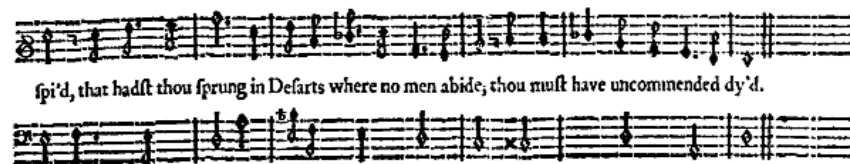
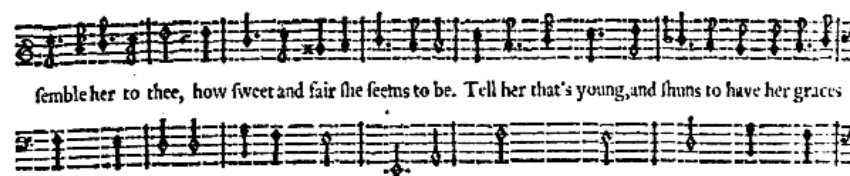
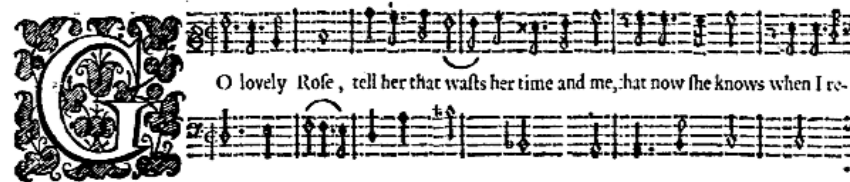
But why should Reason hope to win
A Victory that's so unkind,
And so unwelcome to my mind;
To yield is neither shame nor sin,
Believ'd without, betray'd within.

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
Thou to the old: thee 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,
There 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 ROSE.

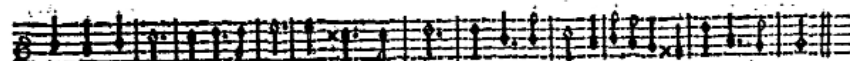
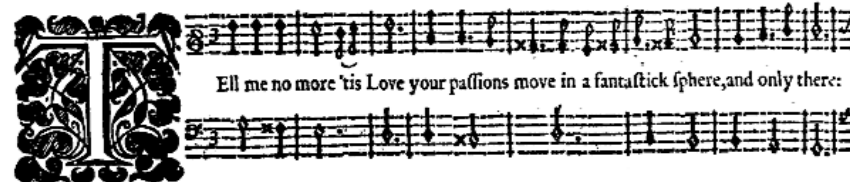


Mr. Hen. Lawes

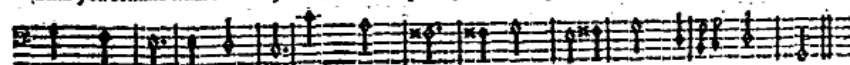
Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd,
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her self to be desir'd,
And not blush to be admir'd.

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.



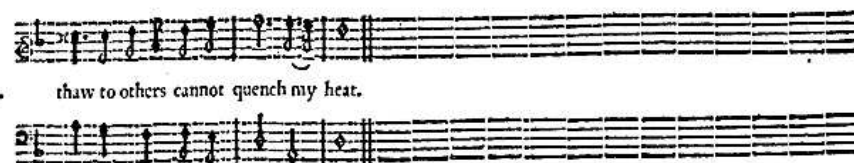
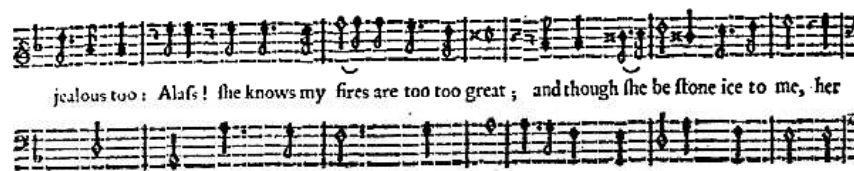
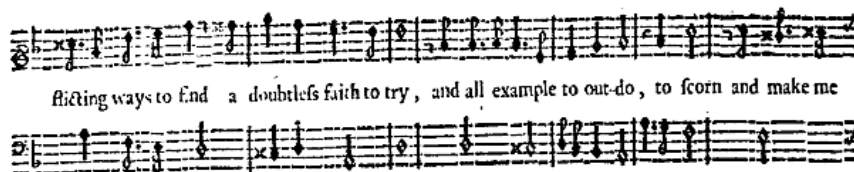
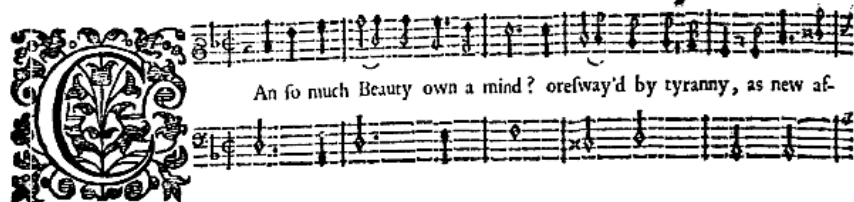
Thus you confine what is divine, when Love hath pow'r, and can dispense sufficient to the soul and sense.



'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.

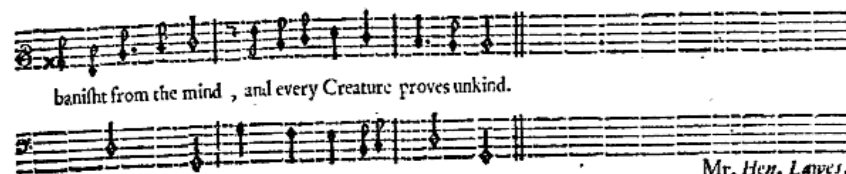
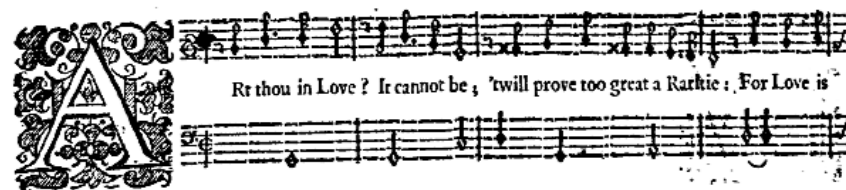


Mr. Henry Lawes.

That Law which with such force o're-ran
The Armies 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 awe
of Victors Law!
There's no precribing 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.



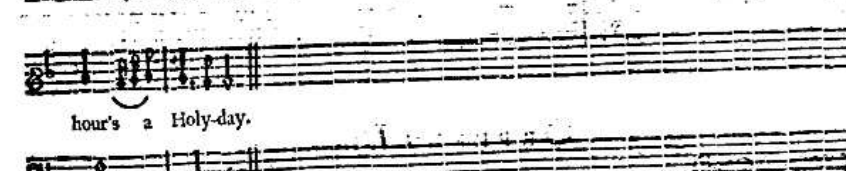
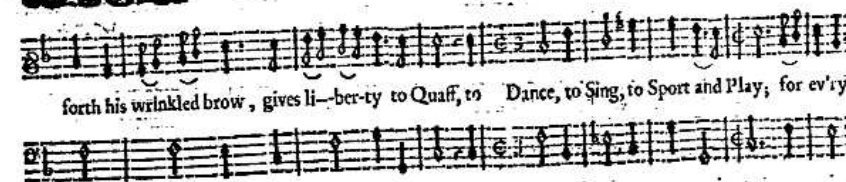
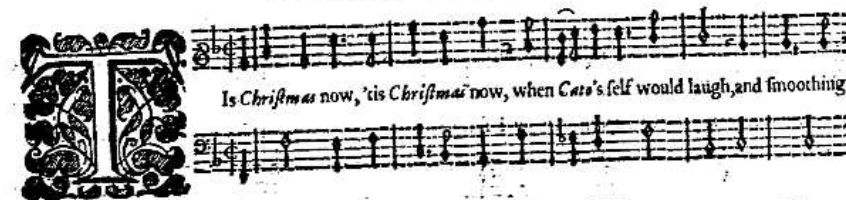
Your sex we know hath too much power
To be confin'd above an hour,
And Ladies are become so wise
They'll please their-own, not others Eyes.

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 wooe:
But sure if thou a Lover be
'Tis of thy Self, but not of Me.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

A Glee at CHRISTMAS.



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.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

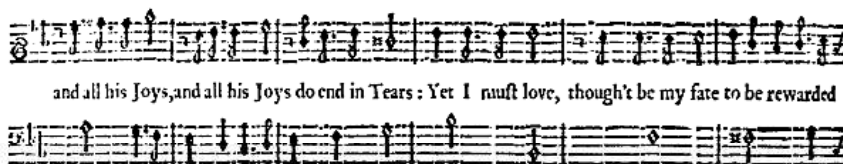
The Power of Love.



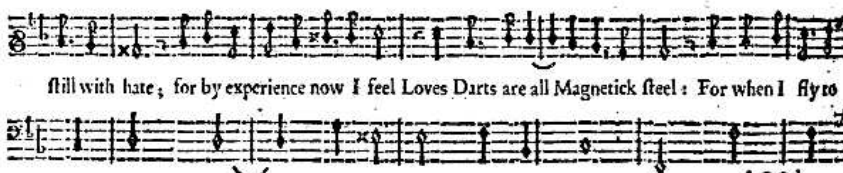
Here shall a man an object find that may preserve a quiet mind? Sad



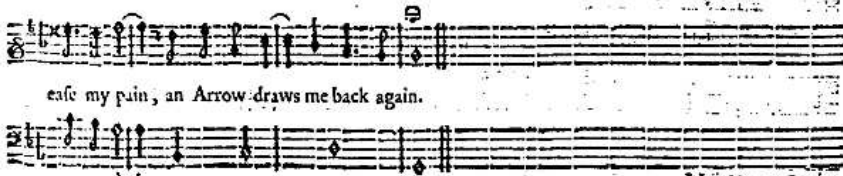
fellow dwells in Loves fair Eyes, and Beauty stirs up Jealousies: A Lovers Hopes are mixt with Fears,



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



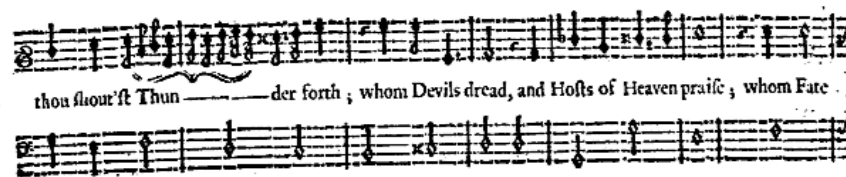
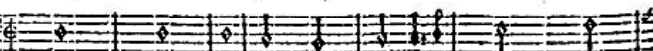
ease my pain, an Arrow draws me back again.

Mr. Henry Lavvy.

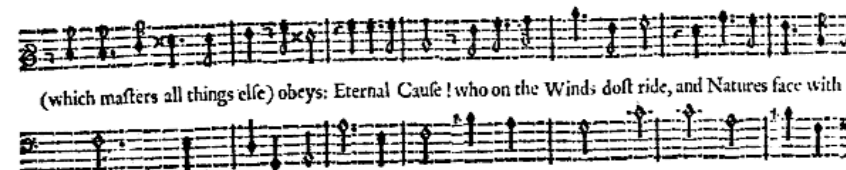
ORPHEUS Hymn.



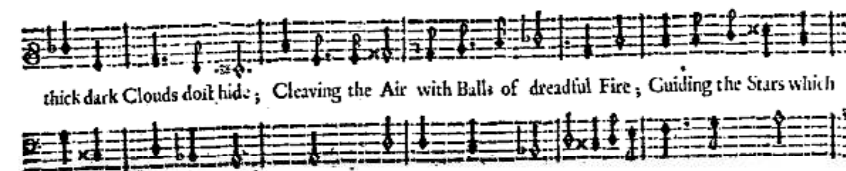
King of Heaven and Hell, of Sea and Earth! who shak'st the world when



thou shak'st Thun — der forth; whom Devils dread, and Hosts of Heaven praise; whom Fate



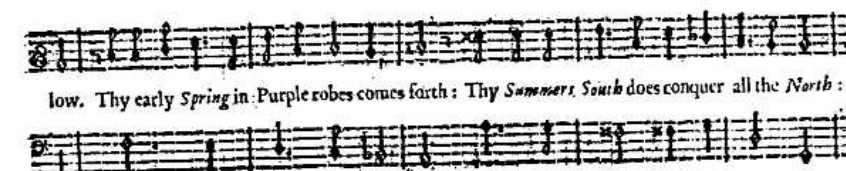
(which masters all things else) obeys: Eternal Cause! who on the Winds dost ride, and Natures face with



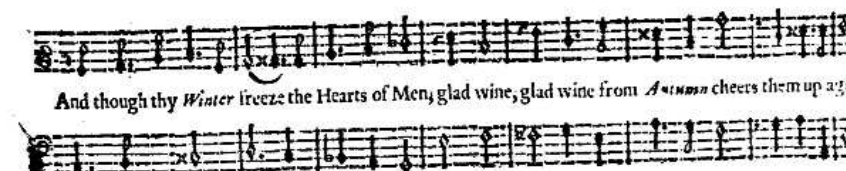
thick dark Clouds dost hide; Cleaving the Air with Balls of dreadful Fire; Guiding the Stars which



run, and never tire. About thy Throne bright Angels stand, and Bow to be dispatch'd to Mortals here be-

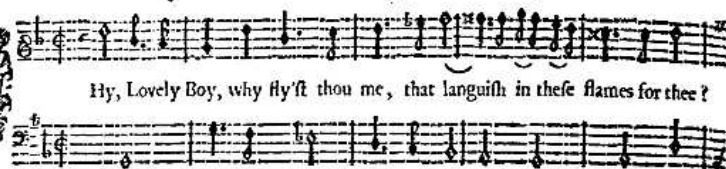


low. Thy early Spring in Purple robes comes forth: Thy Summers South does conquer all the North:



And though thy Winter freeze the Hearts of Men, glad wine, glad wine from Autumn cheers them up again.

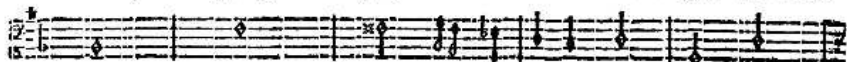
Here endeth the ATRES of Mr. HENRY LAVVES.

A Blackmore Maid wooing a Fair Boy.

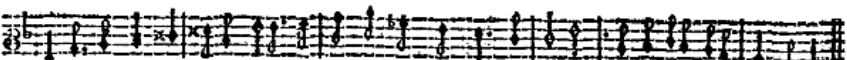
Hy, Lovely Boy, why fly'st thou me, that languish in these flames for thee?



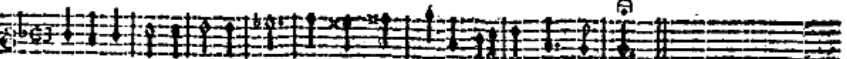
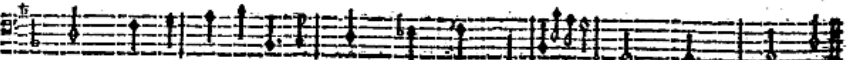
I'm Black, 'tis true; why, so is Night, and Love doth in Dark shades de-light. The whole



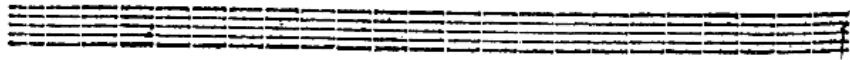
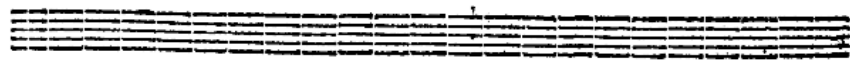
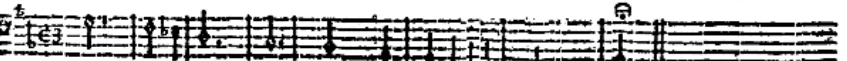
world, do but close thine eye, will seem to thee as Black as I; or op't, and see what a Black shade



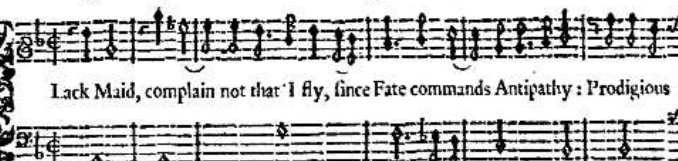
is by thine own fair body made, that follows thee where ere thou go: O who allow'd would not do so?



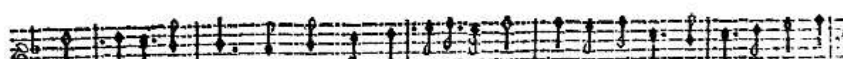
Let me for ever dwell so nigh, and thou shalt need no other Shade than I.



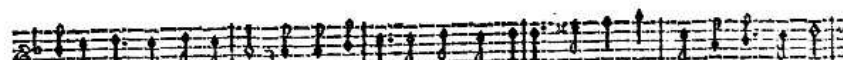
Dr. John Wilson.

The Boys Answer to the Blackmore Maid.

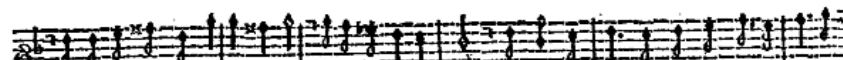
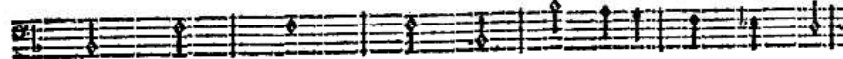
Lack Maid, complain not that I fly, since Fate commands Antipathy: Prodigious



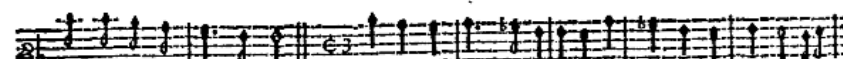
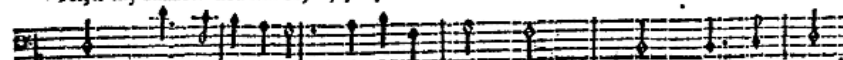
* night that Union prove, where Night and Day together move, and the Conjunction of our Lips, not



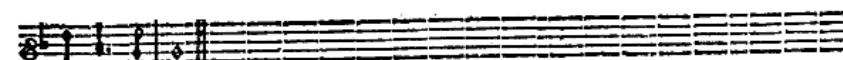
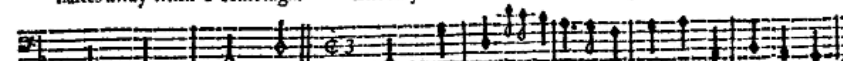
Kisses make, but an Eclipse; in which the mixed Black and White pretends more Terrour than Delight:



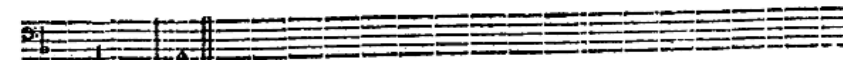
Yet, if my Shadow thou wilt be, enjoy thy dearest wish: But see thou take my Shadows property, that



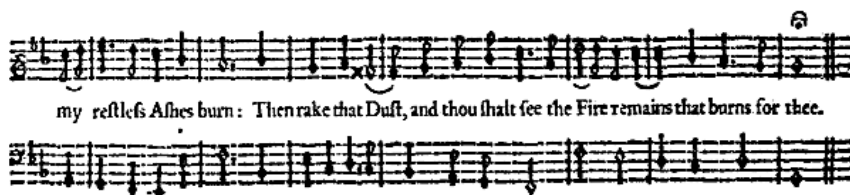
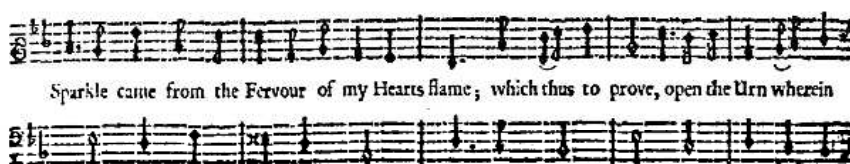
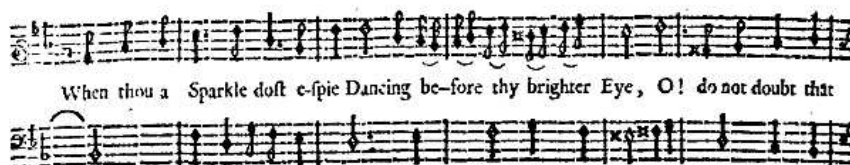
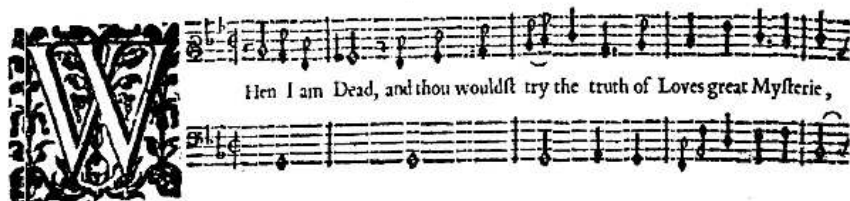
hastes away when I come nigh. Else stay till Death hath blinded me; and then I will bequeath



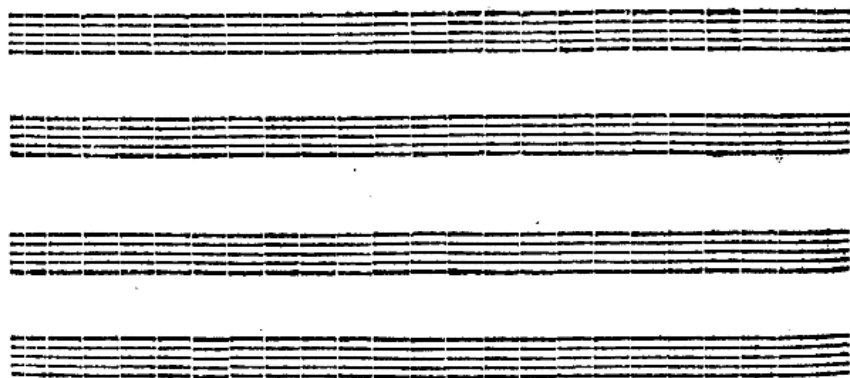
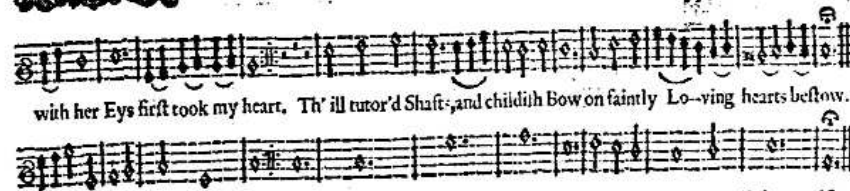
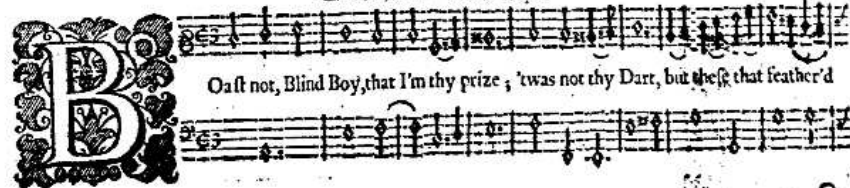
my self to thee.



Dr. John Wilson.

A Sacrificed Heart.

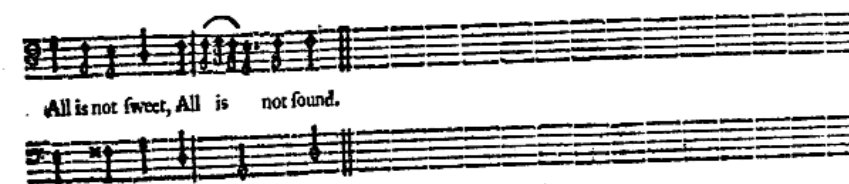
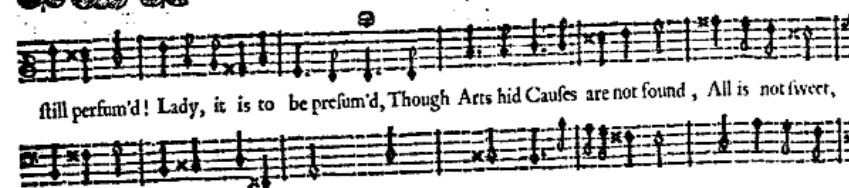
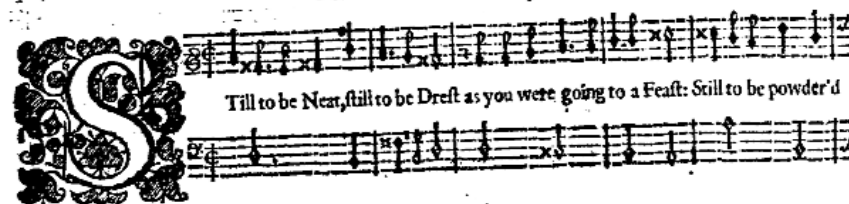
Dr. John Wilson.

*CUPID Scorned.*

Dr. John Wilson.

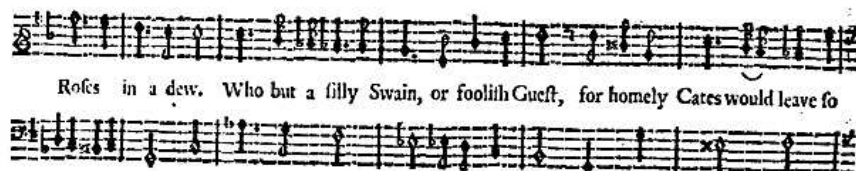
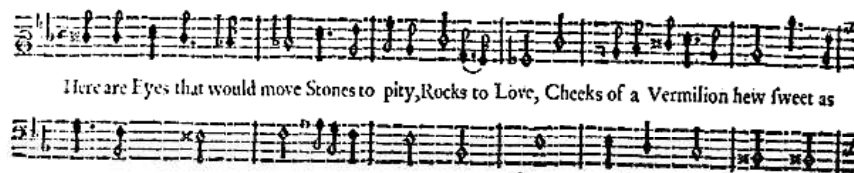
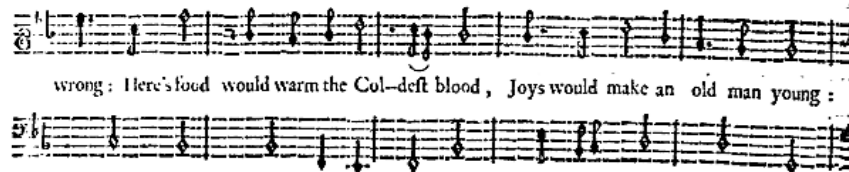
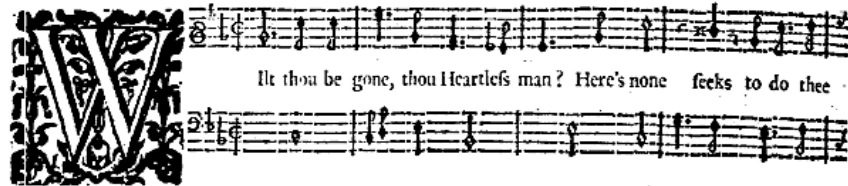
I vaunt my Flames, and dare defie
Those Bug-bear Fires
Which only serve to satisfie
Fools fond Desires:
Hord up for such thy Painted flame
As tremble when they hear thy Name.

My Heart thy Fires nor Shafts could peirce,
But holy Flashes
Swifter than Lightnings, or more fierce,
Burnt mine to Ashes,
Where let them sleep in unknown rest,
Since Fate concludes thy Urn her Breast.

On a Proud Lady.

Give me a Look, give me a Face
That makes Simplicity a Grace;
Robes Loosly flowing, Hair as Free;
Such sweet neglects more taketh me
Then all th' Adultries of Art;
They strike my Eyes, but not my Heart.

To an Inconstant Lover.

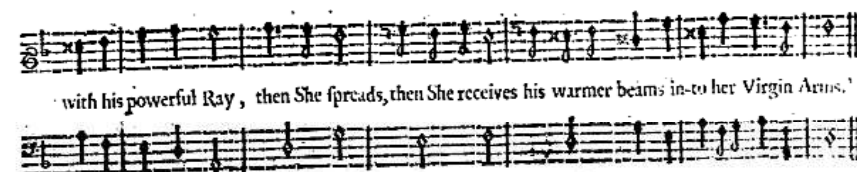
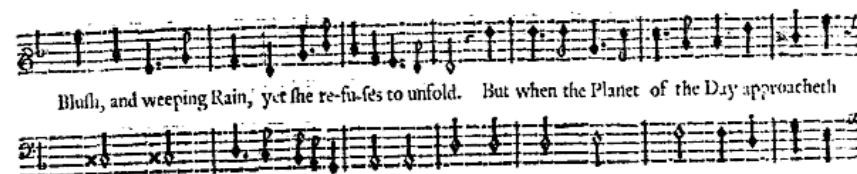
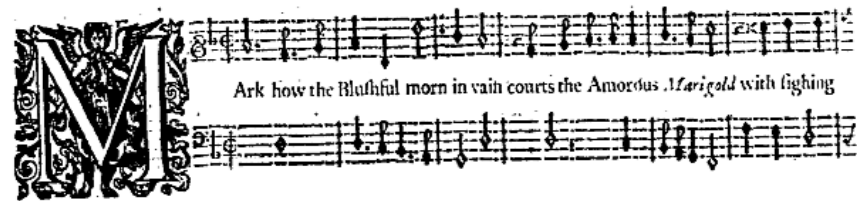


Wilt thou begone, thou Frothy man,
Is not Beauty a fair prize;
Dost rate thy self with true Loves wealth:
Foolish man, where are thine Eyes?
Here are Lips both fresh and fair,
Red as Cherries in their prime,
Globe-like Breasts both smooth and white,
Full of pleasure and delight:
Who but Afs would leave such dainty store
To feed on Thistles, when better meat's before.

Dr. Charles Colman.

Go get thee gone, thou Senseless man,
And make Marts with such as she
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 her.

The MARIGOLD.



Mr. Nich. Lamm.

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 Sweetness 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 Fifth 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 *Lache* shall Ob-li-vion leave,

before my *Calia* I deceive, before my *Calia* I deceive. LOVE shall his Bow and Shafes 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 *Calia* dear, when ere I leave my *Calia* dear,

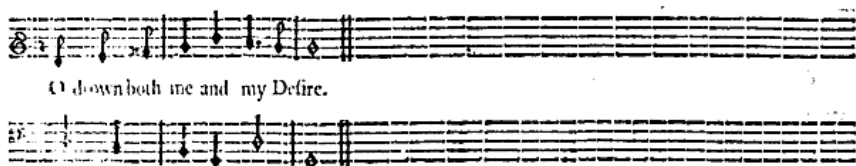
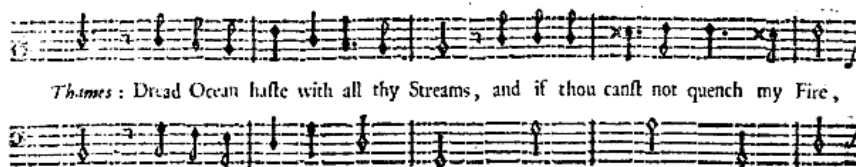
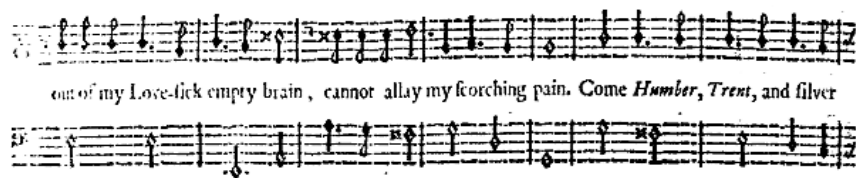
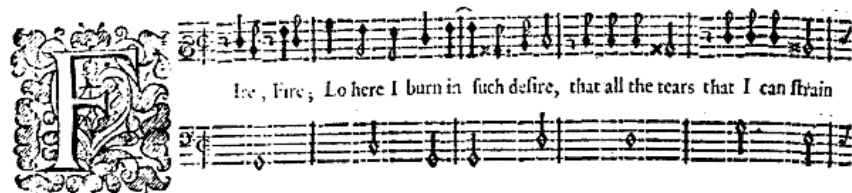
LOVE shall no more inhabit Earth, nor Lovers more shall love for Worth, nor Joy above in Heaven

dwell, nor pain torment poor Souls in hell: Grim Death no more shall horrid prove, when ere I

leave bright *Calia's* Love, when ere I leave bright *Calia's* Love.

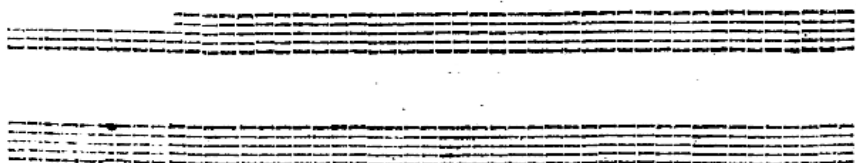
Mr. Nich. Lanneave.

Love Enflamed.

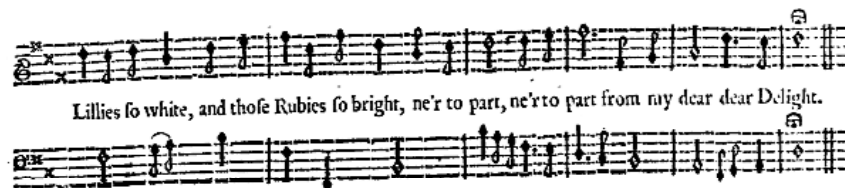
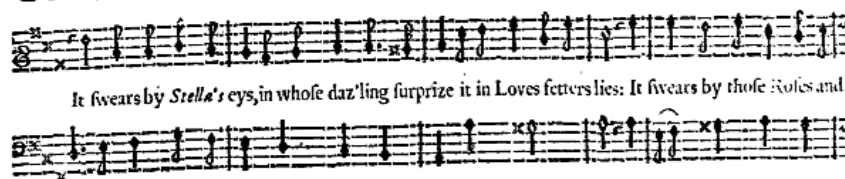
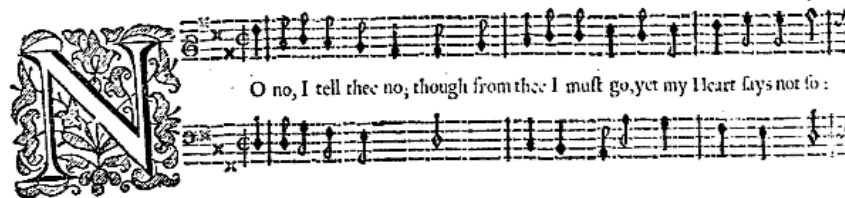


Mr. Nich. Lannear.

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.

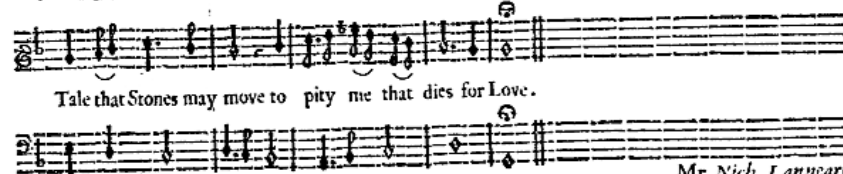
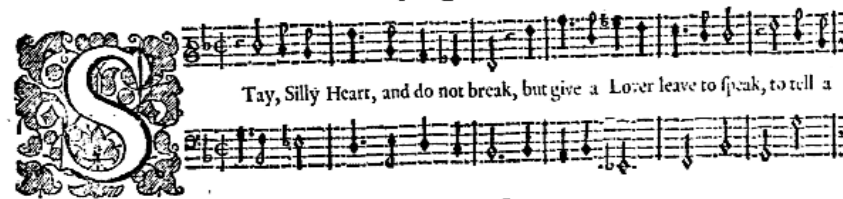


Unwilling Parting.



Mr. Nich. Lannear.

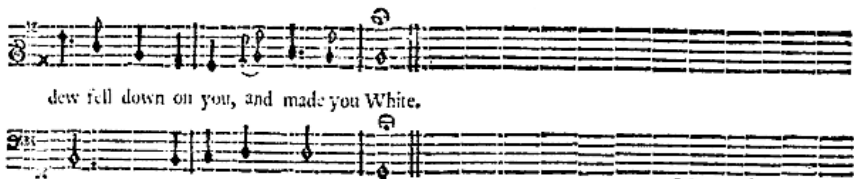
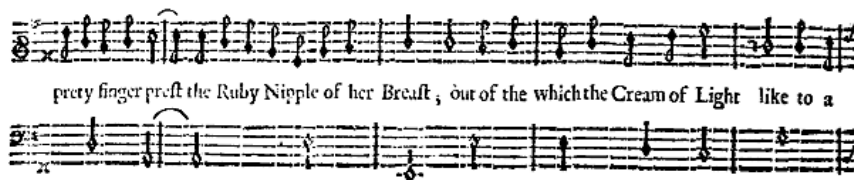
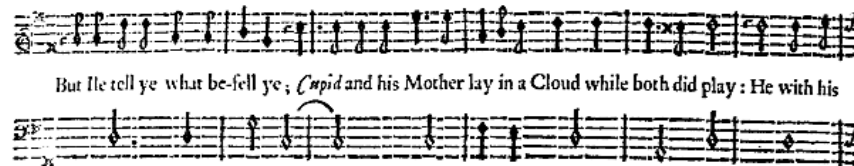
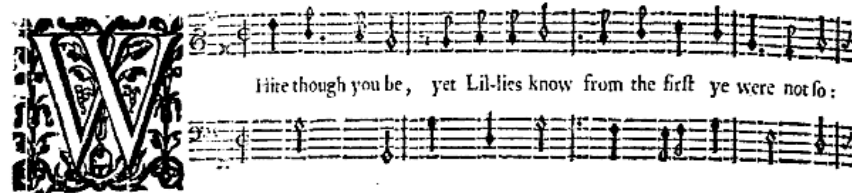
The Dying Lover.



Mr. Nich. Lannear.

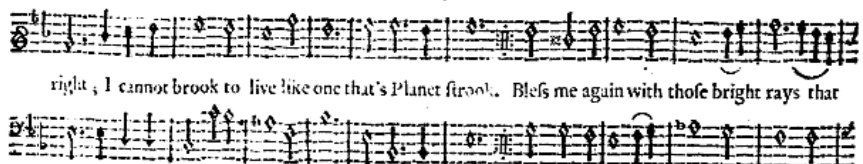
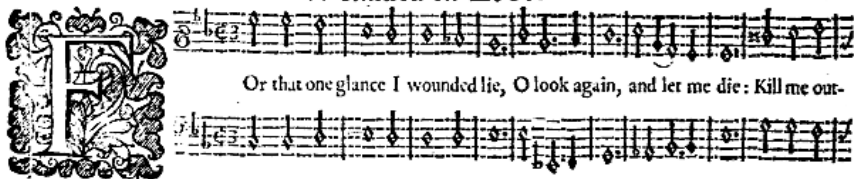
2. Thy Heart is harder far than flint,
And will not suffer *Cupid's* print;
But beats his Arrows back to *Jove*,
By which, alas! I die for Love.
3. When I am gone, true Lovers mourn,
Deck all your heads with Wither'd Corn;
Wear on your Hand a Sable Glove,
To testify I dy'd for Love.
4. Then bear me softly by her door,
And there with Mourning Heads deplore,
Cry loud, look down you Pow'rs above,
On her that flew 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.

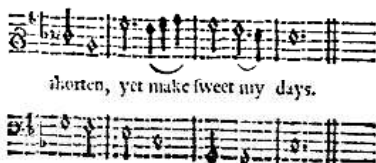


Mr. Ních. Lanneare.

Wounded in Love.

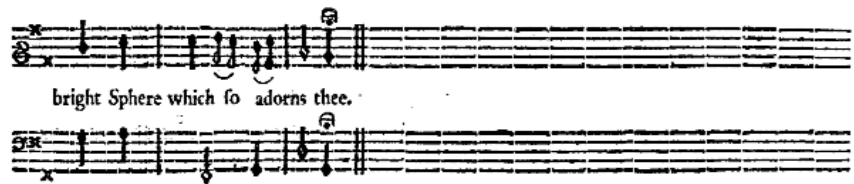
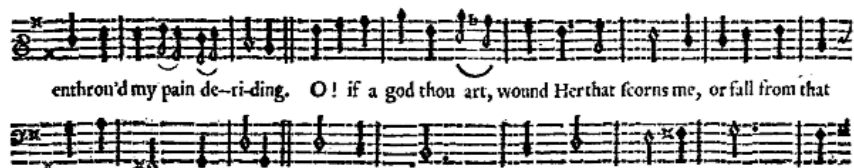
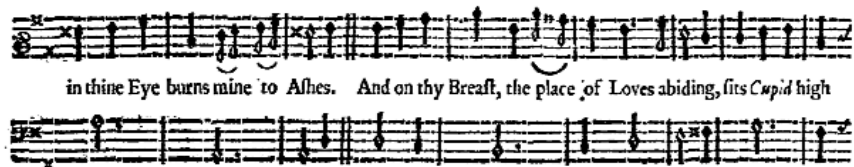
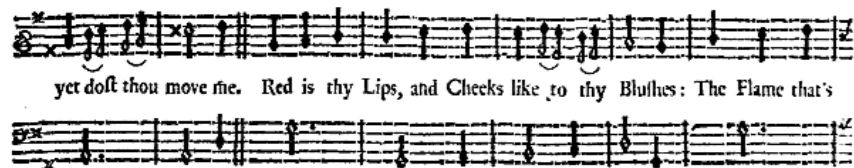
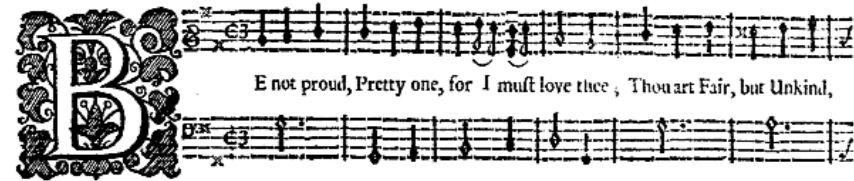


Mr. John Goodgroome.



O shoot more Glances with thine Eyes
To shew th' accept'ft the Sacrifice
Of my poor Heart, which now doth burn
Whilest I both resist and Offering turn.
He blame no more those Eyes that prove
My ruin, since they caus'd my Love.

Loves Affection.

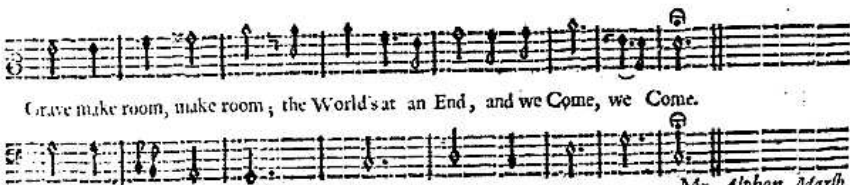
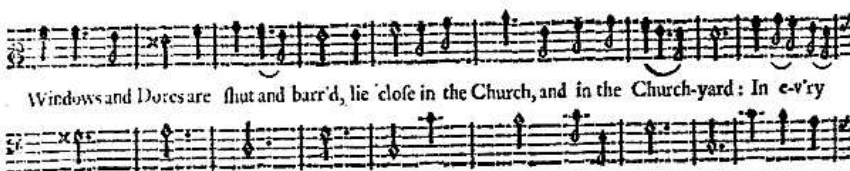
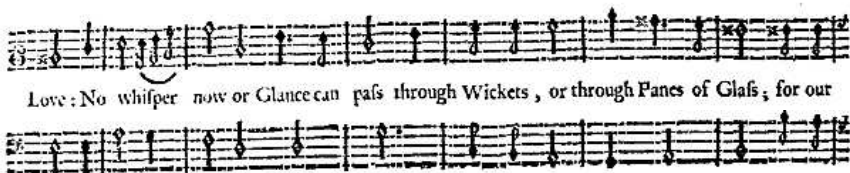
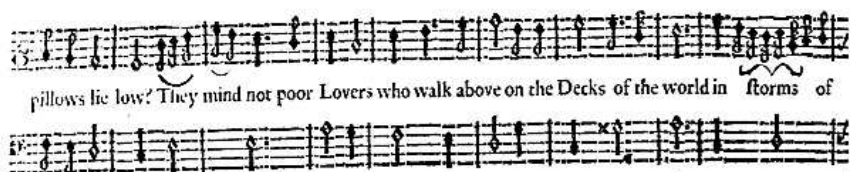
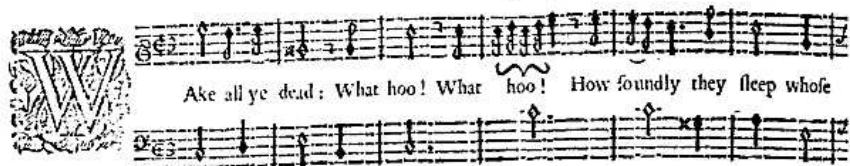


Mr. Simon Ives.

Then might my Sighs and Tears move her Compassion;
And on her Heart of Flint make some Impression;
Knowing her Beauty hath so far inhar'd me,
And all the Joys of Peace hath quite debarr'd me.

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.

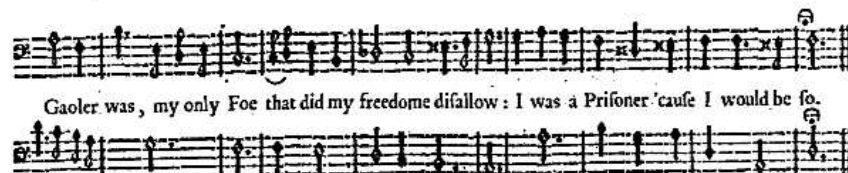
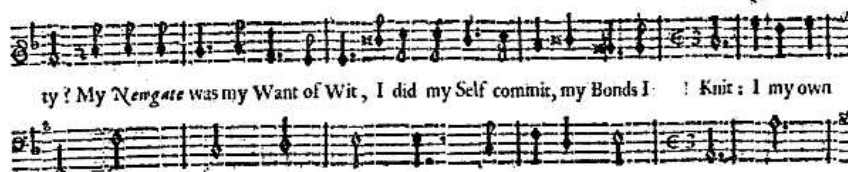
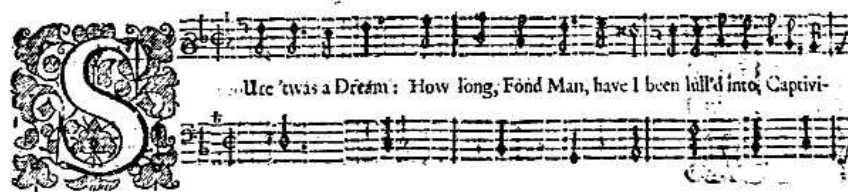
CUPID'S Doom/day.



Mr. Alphon. Marsh.

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.



Mr. Alph. Marsh.

II.

'Twas a fine life I liv'd when I did drefs
 My self to Court your peevishness;
 When I did at your foot stool lye,
 Expecting from your eye to live or dye.

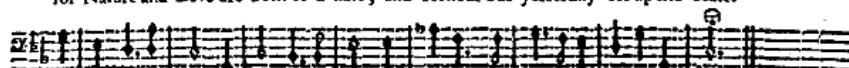
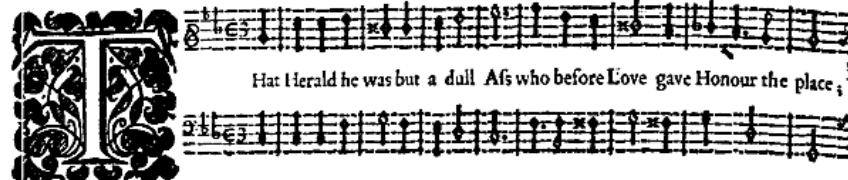
Now frowns or smiles, I care not which I have;
 Nay, rather than I be your slave,
 I'll Court the Plague to send me to my grave.

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 so.

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.



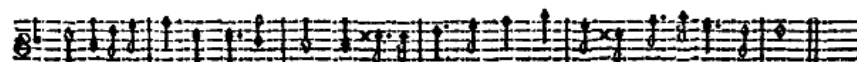
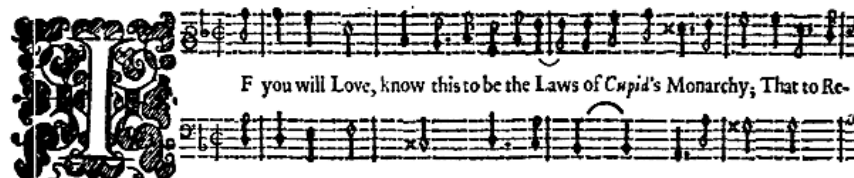
Mr. Alph. Marsh.

Honour we grant's the Daughter of Love,
And this doth them their Precededs prove;
For Honour's but Heat, 'tis Love is the Fire,
This may Preserve, but that Kindles Desire.

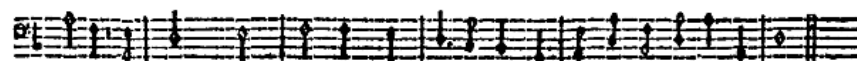
If you take away Love, then Dame Honour must
Come down a degree, and lie in the Dust:
'Tis a Green-sickness fancy to famish Love,
And feed upon Honour, which fatal may prove.

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.



fuse is to abuse Loves Government; and I declare, that such Loves Rebels, not his Subjects are.

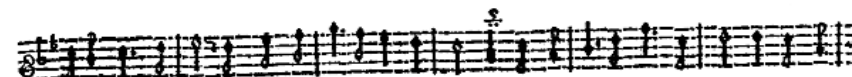
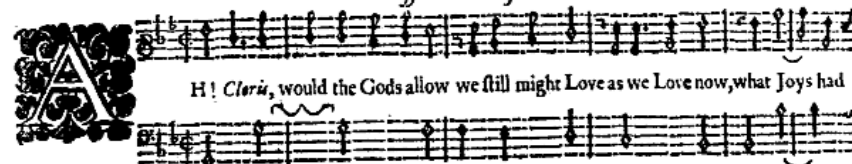


Mr. Alph. Marsh.

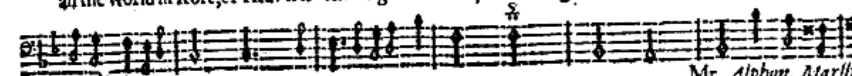
To Love is not to be your Owne,
Love studies to please them alone
Whom it affects
With most respects
Of ought beside; for Love confin'd
Is but by Usurpation Love defin'd.

If you did Love as true as I,
You nothing would or could deny,
But would conceive
That you receive
What you bestow: If this were true,
Your Heart would dwell in me as I in you.

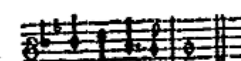
The Vicissitude of Love.



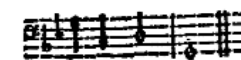
all the world in store, or Heav'n it self to give us more, for nothing sure so sweet can prove as pleasures



Mr. Alph. Marsh.



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 mispent.

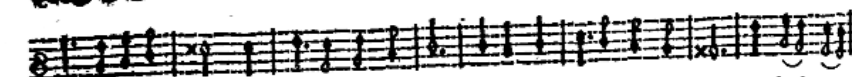
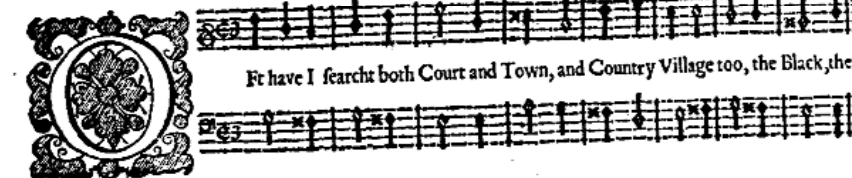


of beginning Love.

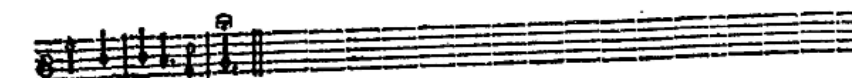
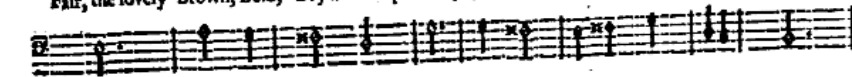
III.

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 our before,
Will lose his pow'r, and Cure no more.

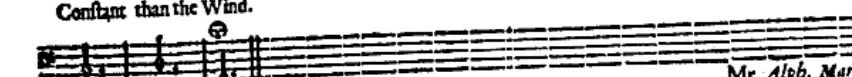
Loves Hue and Cry.



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. Alph. Marsh.

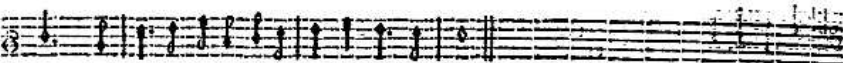
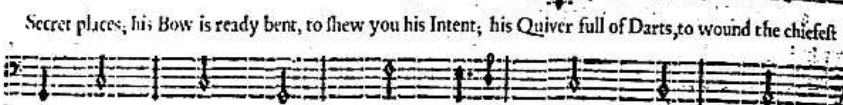
If nobly born, She seems to be Confined in her Love,
If Riches make her melt, we see varietie she'll prove:
And She whom Want betrays, no less
Counts Change her only happiness.
Since all will try, Ile now no more court dangerous Constancy;
But Ile change Objects, and adore this sweet Variety:
For, taught by their Example, I
Love nothing now but Liberty.

R 2

CUPID'S Progress.



P Ladies, Up, prepare your Taking faces, for Cupid rides a Hurding to day in



Hearts: Then follow follow me all you that Gamefome be.

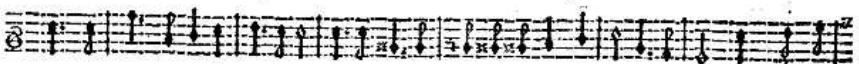
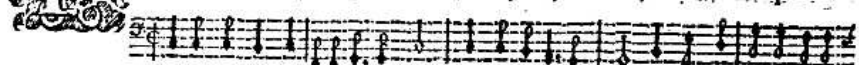
Mr. Alphon. Marsh.

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 Gamefome be.

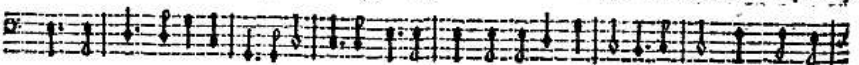
ENDYMION'S Dream.



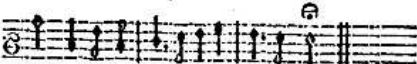
All d-w of Slumbers in a gentle Stream, and my Endymion blefs, that he i'the Banquet of a



Dream may taste his future Happinefs. Softly, softly, O let no rude affright as he lies! Break up his



Mr. Alphon. Marsh.



eyes, but open them to real new Delight.

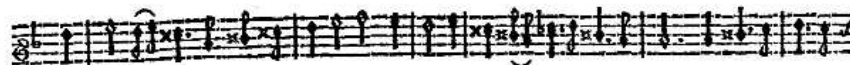
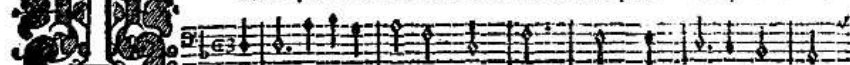


Drest Seraphins, put on your softest wings;
Glide eas'ly from above:
With blisses Heavens fruition brings
Refresh the panting hopes of Love.
Charm him, Charm him:
Then with a Bee-like Hum
Gently wake
For Here's sake
Leander from Elizium.

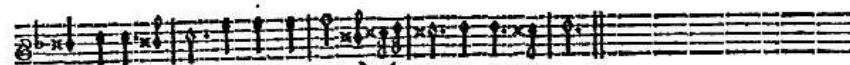
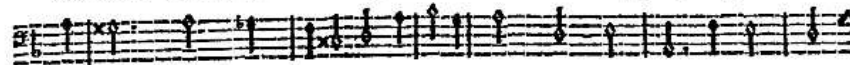
LOVE admits no Rivall.



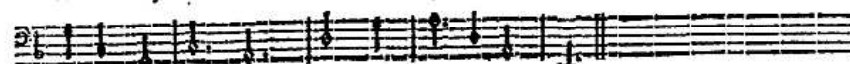
Ndeed; I never was but once so mad to dote upon t' beauty



and then, a--las! my fortune was so bad, to see a--no-ther chosen in my place; and yet I courted



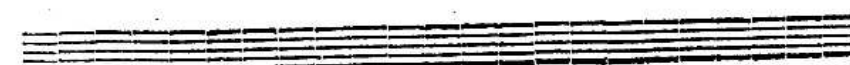
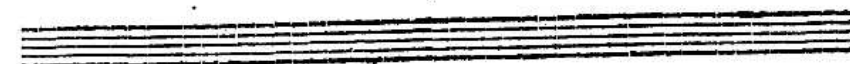
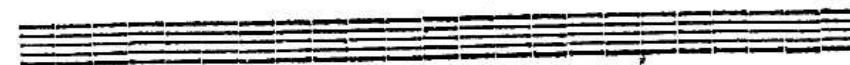
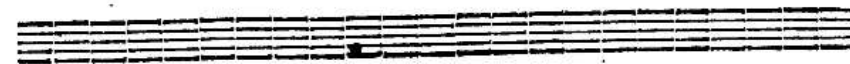
Her I'm very sure with Love as true as his, and full as pure.

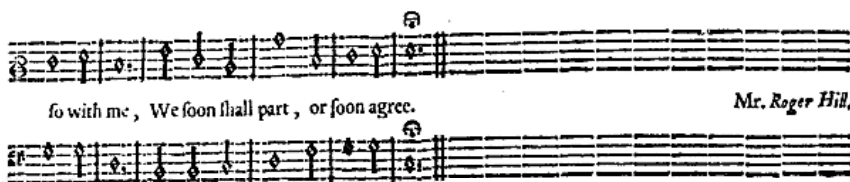
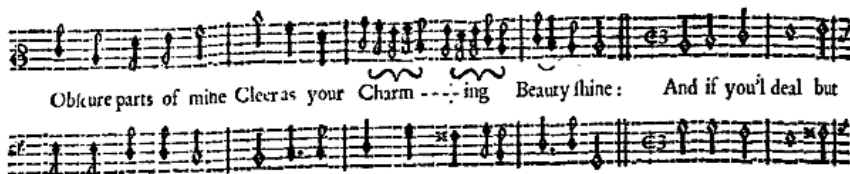
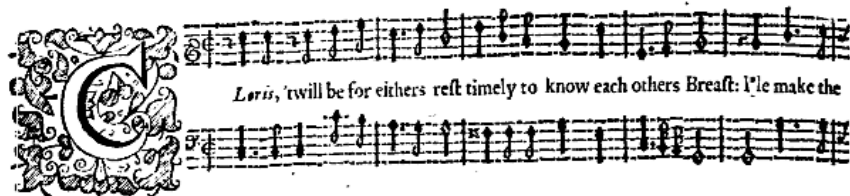


Mr. Will. Gregorie.

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.

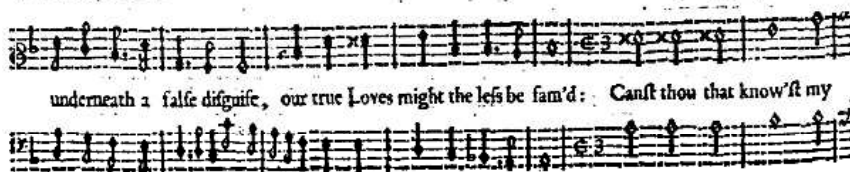
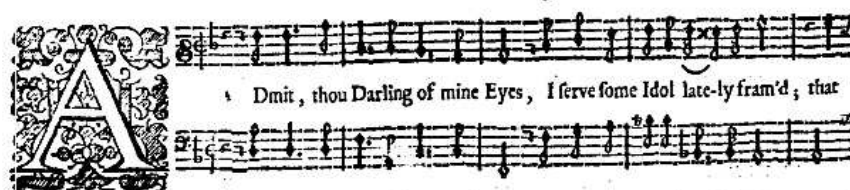
Mr. Roger Hill.

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 thin'd;
Yet if you love me not, you'll see
I value those as you do me.

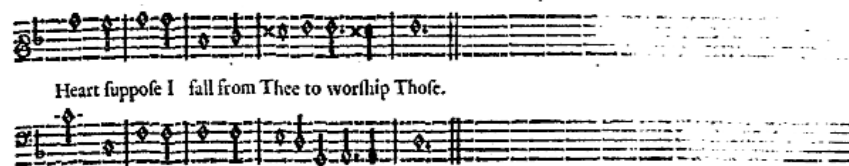
2. Though I a thousand times have sworn,
My Passion should transcend your Scorn;
Or that your bright triumphant Eyes
Creates a flame that never dyes;
Yet if to me you prove untrue,
Those Oaths should prove as false to you.

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 to 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,
C'loris too much to lose Time and You.

Love without Flattery.

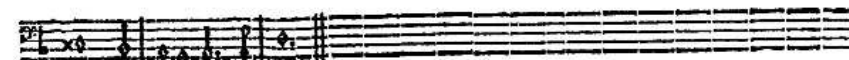
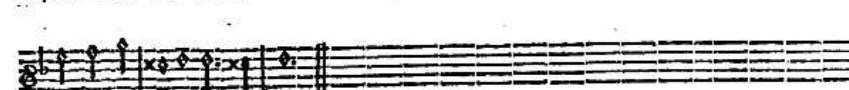
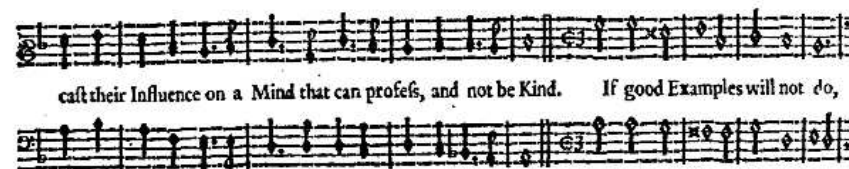
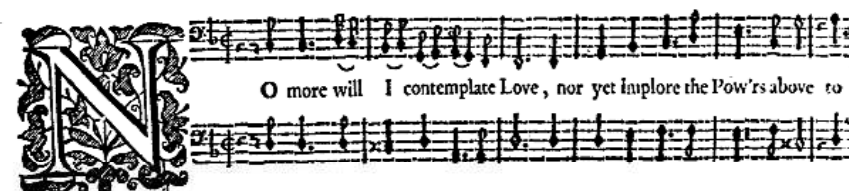
Heart



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 afraid 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 walk 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.

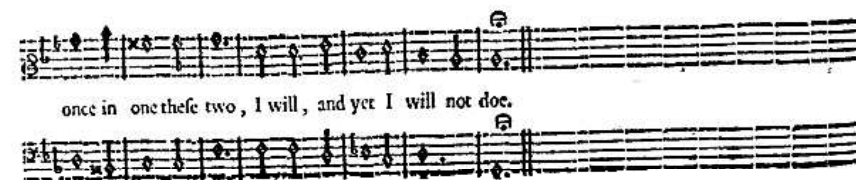
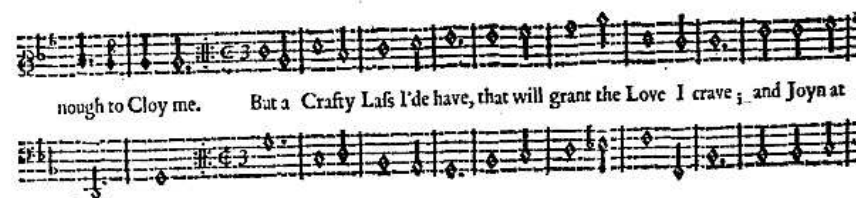
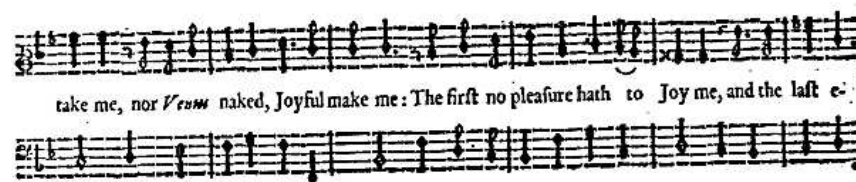
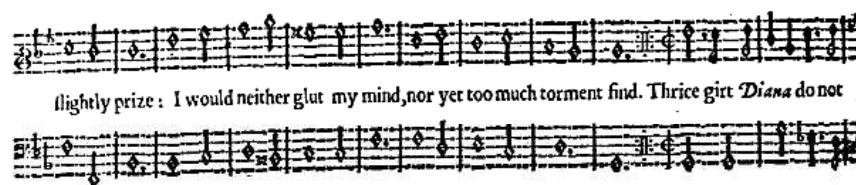
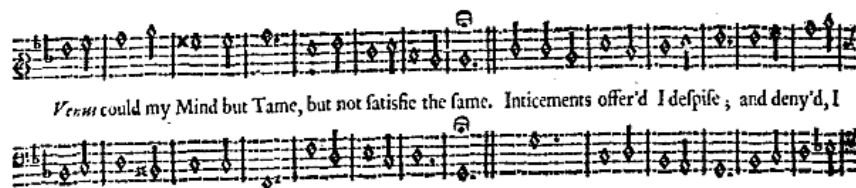
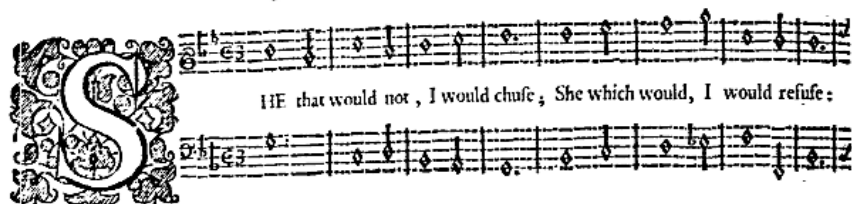
Mr. Roger Hill.

My Mistress 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.

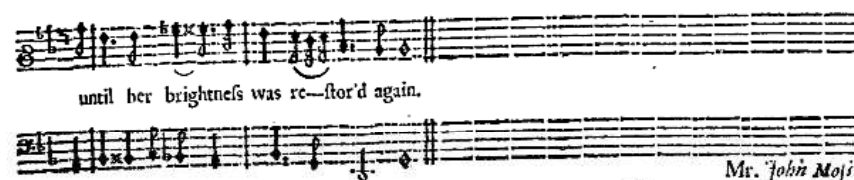
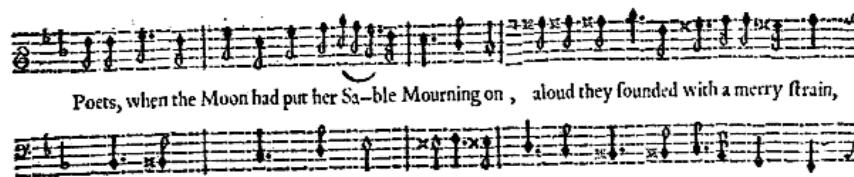
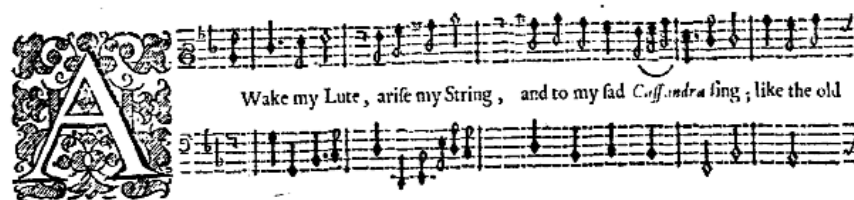
Let those who love to spend their days
In speaking Women, or their praise;
Apply their Virtue to their use,
As if 'twere real such abuse:
I can but scorn, 'twill never take;
I honour Virtue for its sake.

I will no longer sacrifice
To such unfacred Miseries,
Nor yet contribute to a pow'r
Exact Obedience ev'ry hour:
No no, my thoughts are too too free
To fancy Her that Loves not me.

LOVE in a RIDDLE.



CASSANDRA in Mourning.



Mr. John Moji.

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 dost therefore mourn.
So fits 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.

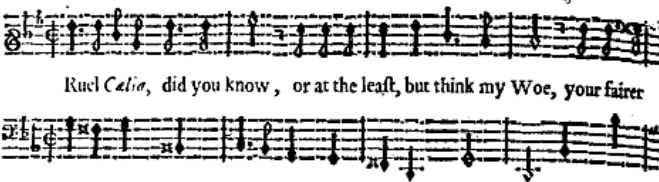
But tell me, thou deformed Cloud,
How dar'st thou such a Body throud?
So Satyres with black hideous Face
Of old did lovely Nymphs embrace:
That Mourning e're should hide such glorious Maids
Thus Deities of old did live in shades.

V.

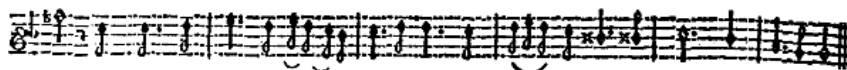
Her Words are Oracles, and come
(Like those) from out some dark'ned room:
And her Breath proves that Spices do
Only in Scorched Countries grow:
If she but speak, an Indian she appears;
Though all o're black, at Lips she Jewels wears.

VI.

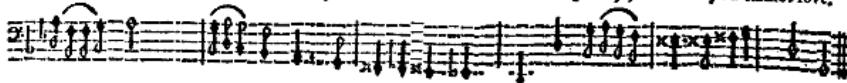
Methinks I now do Venus spy
As the in Vulcan's arms did lye;
Such is Cassandra and her Shroud:
She looks like Snow within a Cloud:
Melt then, and yield! throw off thy mourning Pall!
Thou never can'st look white, until thou Fall.

The Despairing Lover.

Ruel *Callia*, 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.

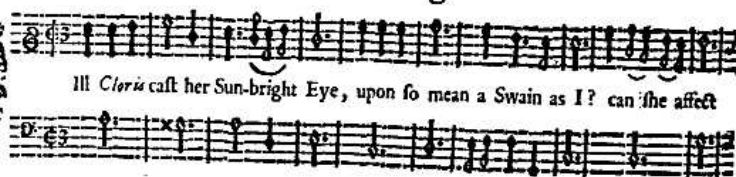


Mr. John Mosse.

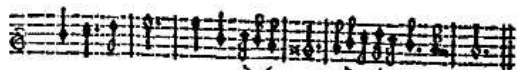
II.
Could a Sigh, a Tear, a Grone,
Things pale Passion feeds upon;
A Midnight Grove,
Place fit for Love;
Could these but enter in your thought;
You'd then confess Love dearly fought.

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.

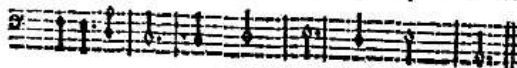
IV.
Fairest, like them, you admire
The Musick, but neglect the Fire;
The Air that beats
And gives me heat:
To tell you, Cruel Beauty, you
Have out-done Him that worships You.

CLORIS Yielding.

III *Cloris* cast her Sun-bright Eye, upon so mean a Swain as I? can she affect

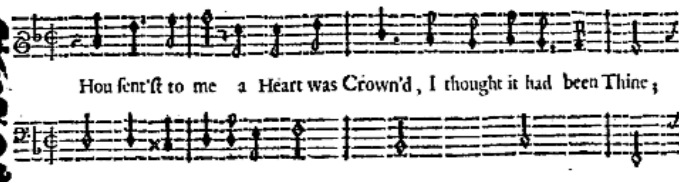


my Oaten Reed, or stoop to wear my Shepherds Weed.

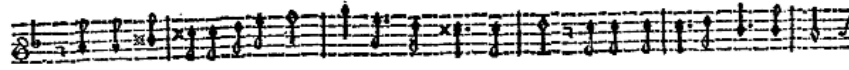


What Rural Sport can I devise
To please her Ears, to please her Eyes;
Fair *Cloris* sees, fair *Cloris* hears,
With Angels Eyes, and Angels Ears.

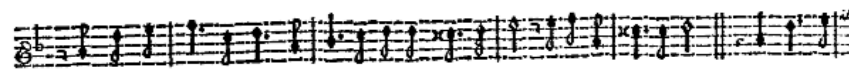
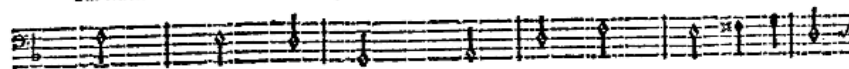
Mr John Goodgroome.

On a Crowned Heart.

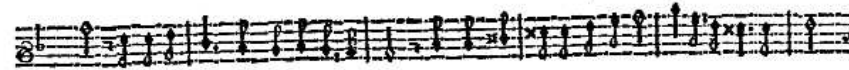
Hou sent't to me a Heart was Crown'd, I thought it had been Thine;



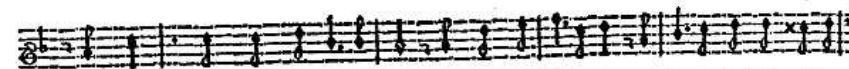
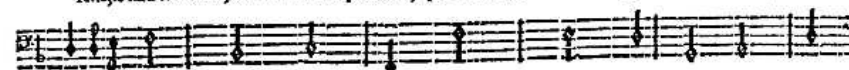
but when I saw it had a Wound, I knew that Heart was mine. A Bounty of a strange conceit,



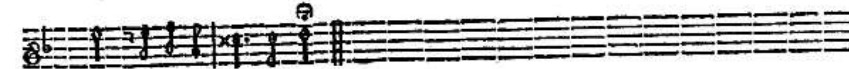
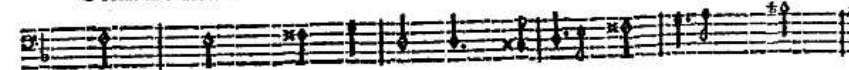
to send mine Own to me; and send it in a worse estate than it was sent to Thee, The Heart I



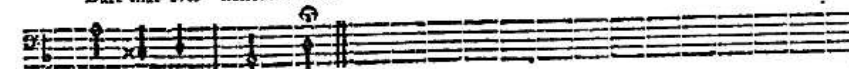
sent, it had no stain, but was entirely sound; yet thou hast sent it back again sick of a deadly wound.



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.



John Playford.

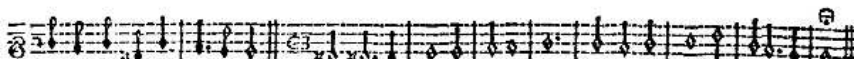
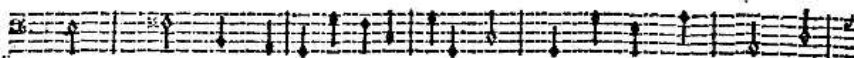
Loves Enquiry.



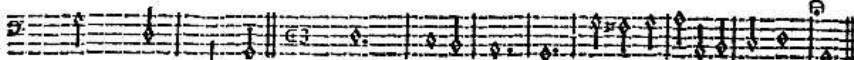
Es, I could Love, could I but find a Mistress fitting to my mind; who neither



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.

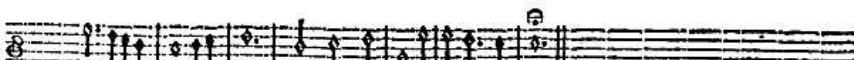
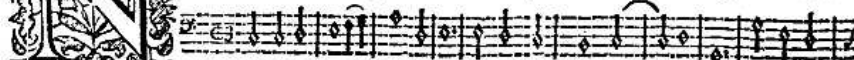


2. Not wise enough to rule a State,
Nor so much Fool to be laugh'd at;
Nor Childish young, nor Beldam old,
Nor Fiercy hot, nor icy cold;
- Not richly Proud, nor basely Poor;
Not Chast, yet no reputed Whore.
If such a one I chance to find
I have a Mistress to my mind.
- J. Playford.

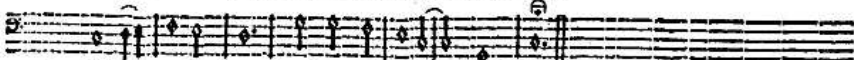
The Prudent Lover.



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.

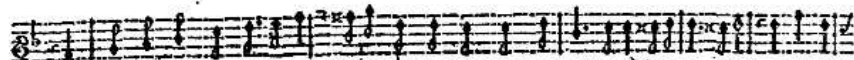
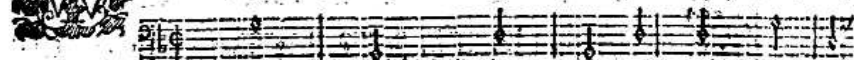


2. But as the tender Stomachs call
For choice of Meats, yet brook not all,
So peevish Love may here impart
What Mistress 'tis best takes the Heart.
3. First, I would have her richly spread
With Natures Blossom, White and Red,
For flaming heat will quickly dye,
Where is no Jewel for the Eye.
4. Yet this 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.
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.
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.
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.

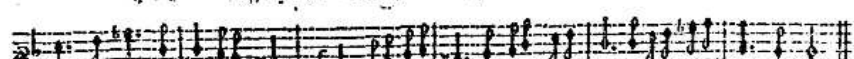
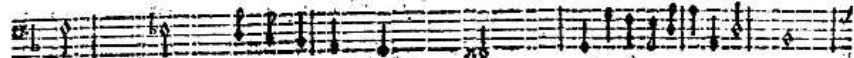
The Humorous Lover.



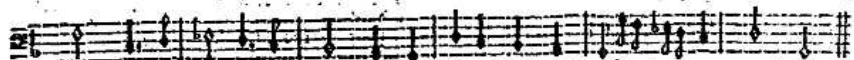
Ell well, 'tis true, I now am fain in Love, and 'tis with you: and now I plainly see



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 wise,
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)
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.
- J. Playford.

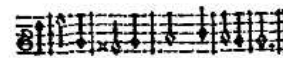
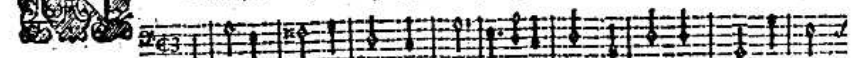
4. Yet since my Fate
Hath drawn me to that Sin which I did hate,
I'll not my labour lose,
But will love on, as I begin,
To th' purpose, now my hand is in,
Spight of the Art you use,
And let you know the world is not so bare,
There's things enough to love besides
Such Toys as Ladies are.

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.

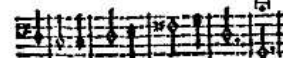
Lukewarmness in Love.



O more, no more, fond Love, give o're, Dally no more with me: Strike home and hold,

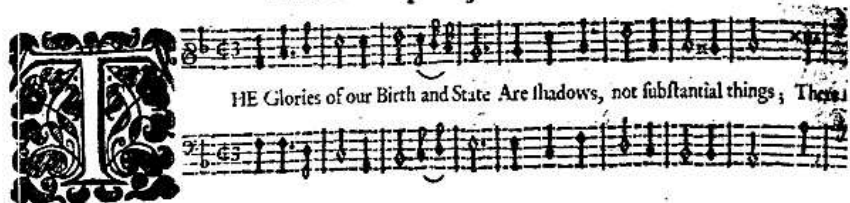


be hot or cold, or leave thy Deitie.

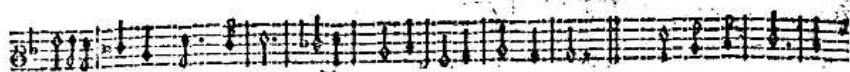


- II. In Love Lukewarm,
Will do more harm,
Then can Fences heat:
Cold cannot kill,
So soon as will
A fainting dying Sweat.
- III. I cannot tell,
When Sick or Well
Physick or Poyson give:
Still in my Grief,
There's no Relief,
Oh let me Dye or Live!
- IV. If I must be
Thy Viceroy,
Be thou my Friend or Foe:
If thou wilt have
Me be thy Slave,
Hold fast, or let me go!
- John Playford.

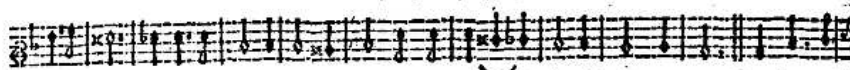
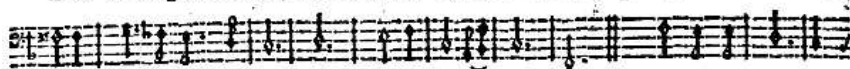
The Triumphs of Death.



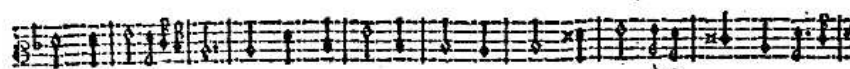
THE Glories of our Birth and State Are shadows, not substantial things; There



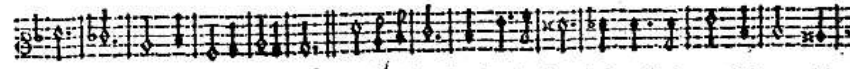
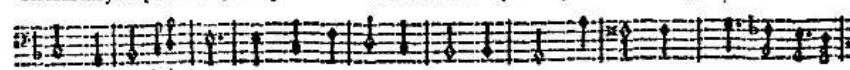
is no Armor 'gainst our fate; DEATH layes his Icy-hand on Kings: Scepters and Crowns must



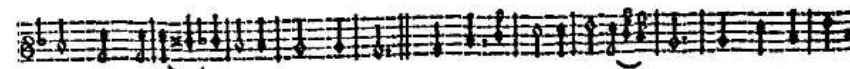
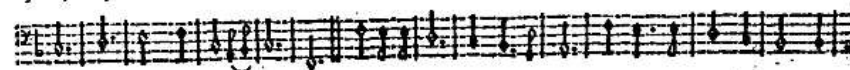
tumble down, And in the Dust be equall layd With the poor crooked Syth & Spade, Some men will



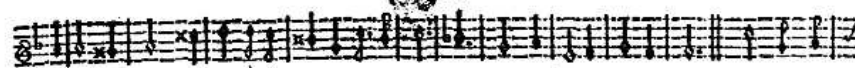
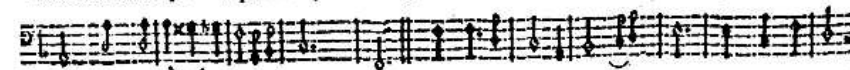
Swords may reap the Field, And plant fresh Lawrels where they kill'd; But their strong Nerves at last must



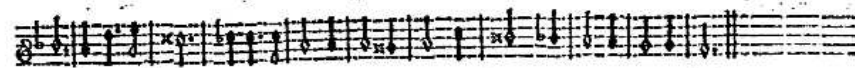
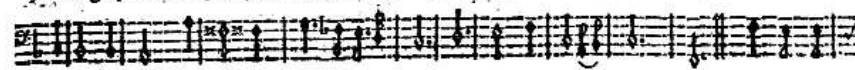
yield, They tame but one another still. Early or late they bend to fate, And must give up their murmur'ing



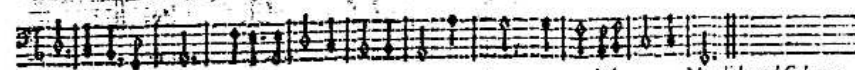
breath While the pale Captive creeps to Death. The Garland withers on your brow, Then boast no more



your mighty deeds: Upon Death's purple Altar now, See where the Victor Victim bleeds. All heads must

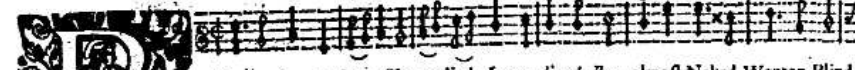


come to the cold Tomb, Only the Actions of the Just Smell sweet, and B'looming in the Dust.

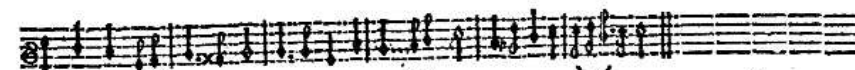
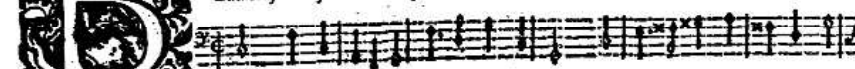


Mr. Edward Colman.

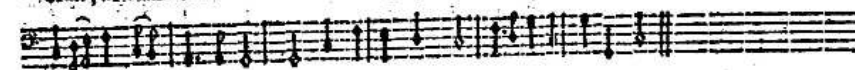
Venus Hue and Cry after Cupid.



Beauties, have ye seen a Toy, called, *Love a little Boy*; almost Naked, Wanton, Blind,



Cruel; now and then as kind: If he be amongst you, say, He is *Venus* run away.



(1) 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.

(2) Marks he hath about him plenty,
You shall know him amongst twenty;
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That hangs shot (like light'ning) in
Wounds the Heart but not the skin.

(3) Wings he hath which though you clip,
He will leap from Lip to Lip;
Over Lover, Lips, and Heart,
But ne're stay in any part:
And if by chance his Arrow milks,
He will show himself in kisses.

(4) He doth bear a golden Bow,
And a Quiver hanging low,
Full of Arrows that out-brave
Deaf Shafes; what if he have
Any head more sharp than other?
With that kiss he strikes his mother.

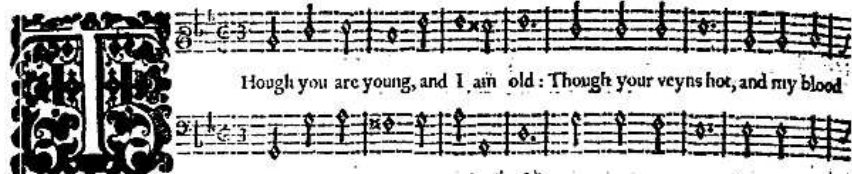
(5) Still the fairest are his fuel,
When his daies are to be cruel,
Lovers hearts are all his food,
And his Bath's their warmest Blood:
Nought but wounds his hands doth season,
And he hates none like to reason.

(6) Trust him not, his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet;
All his practice is deceit,
Every gift is a bait,
Not a kiss but poison bears,
And most treason in his tears.

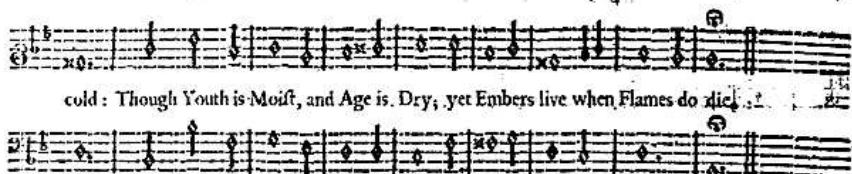
(7) Idle minutes are his reign,
Then the fragler makes his gain,
By presenting Maids with toys,
And would have ye think 'em toys:
'Tis the ambition of the Elf,
To have all childish as him self.

(8) 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 alide 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 veins hot, and my blood



cold: Though Youth is Moist, and Age is Dry, yet Embers live when Flames do die.

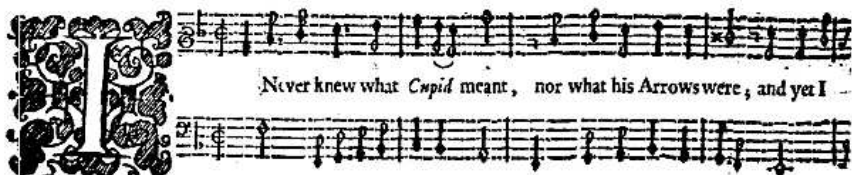
John Playford.

The tender Grass is Easily broke,
But who shall shake the sturdy Oke?
You are more Fresh and Fair than I;
Yet Stubs do live when Flowers do die.

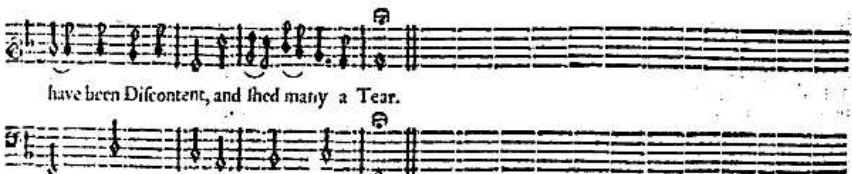
Thou that thy Youth dost vainly boast
Know Buds are sooner nipt with Frost
Think that thy Fortune still doth flourish
Fond Youth, To morrow thou must die.

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.

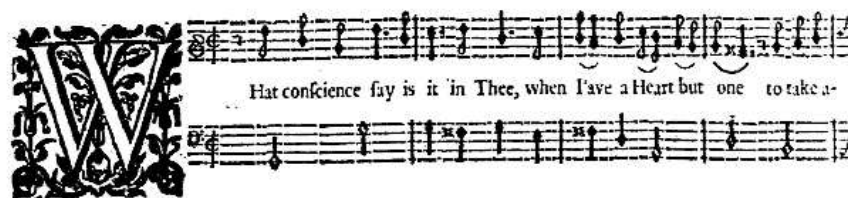
I have seen a Woman has been Fair,
And yet could never be
Caught in the Net-work of her Hair,
Or Faces Pagentry.

I wondred that my stubborn Heart,
That hath so long held out,
Should, by the piercing of his Dart
Unseen, be brought about.

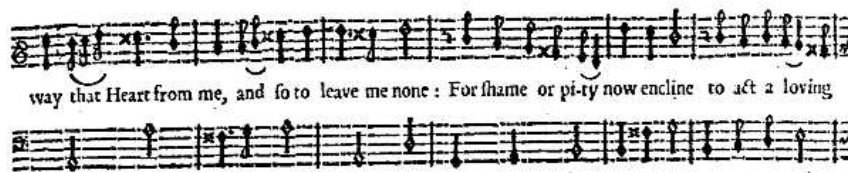
But then considering how in her
Virtue and Sweetness dwelt,
I wondred not at any stir,
That in my Heart I felt.

But Cupid with a reverend Knee
I worship now, like those
That rank him as a Deity,
And Thank him for my Blows.

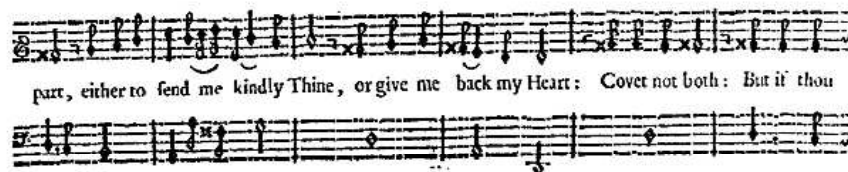
On a Stolen Heart.



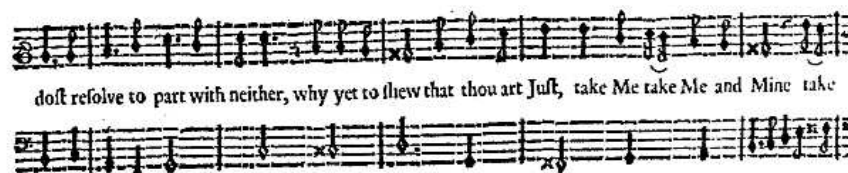
Had conscience say is it in Thee, when I have a Heart but one to take a



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 fob 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 doleful Note my Life and Death deplore. Farewell,

Farewell Despairing Hopes, I'll live no more, I'll live no more.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

To his THEORA.



Till Theora you wear this disguise of Scorn up on your Eyes, and suffer

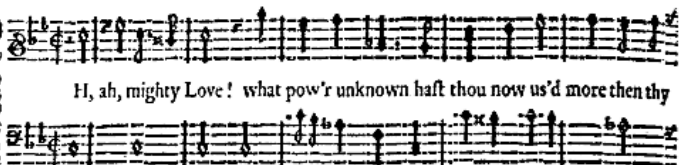
not one smile approve th'obedience of my Immortal Love: Two Hells at once my Soul must try;

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 Murmurs, and lead up a Beautious day. Great penances do make us prize (with greater
sense) our hopes of Paradise.

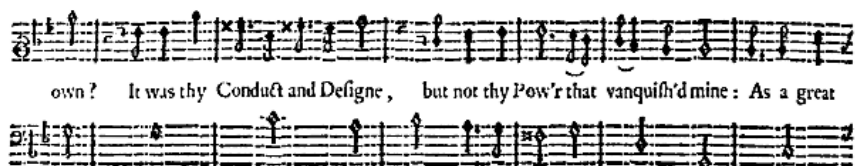
Mr Hen. Laws.

To a Stream.

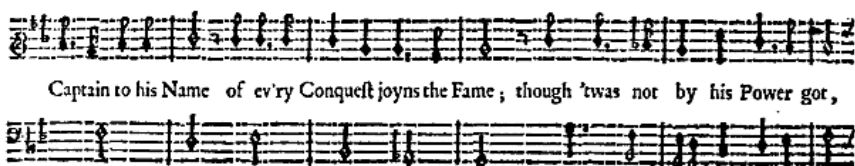
Leer Stream, who dost with equal pace both thy self fly, and thy self chase,
forbear a while to flow, and listen to my woe: Then go and tell the Sea that all his Brine is fresh, com-
par'd to mine. Inform him that the gentle Dame who was the life of all my flame, i'th' glory of her
bud hath past the difmal 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.

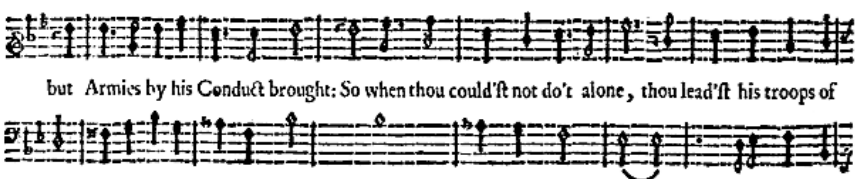
H, ah, mighty Love! what pow'r unknown hast thou now us'd more then thy



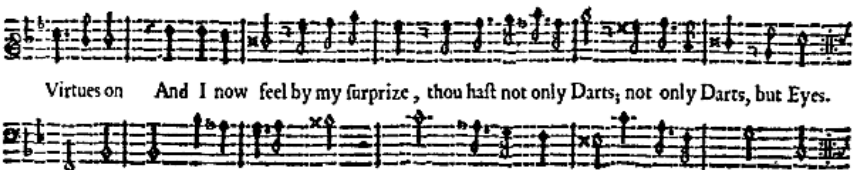
own? It was thy Conduct and Designe, but not thy Pow'r that vanquish'd mine: As a great



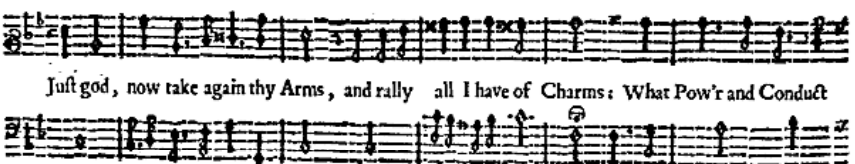
Captain to his Name of ev'ry Conquest joyns the Fame; though 'twas not by his Power got,



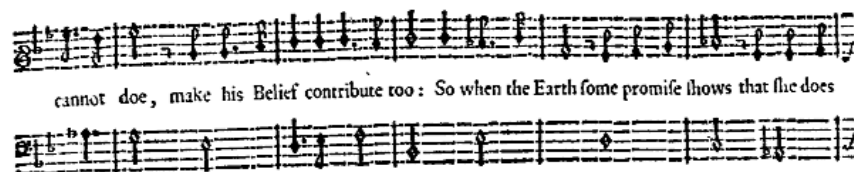
but Armies by his Conduct brought; So when thou could'st not do't alone, thou lead'st his troops of



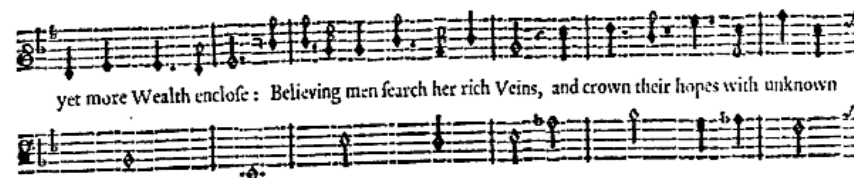
Virtues on And I now feel by my surprize, thou hast not only Darts, not only Darts, but Eyes.



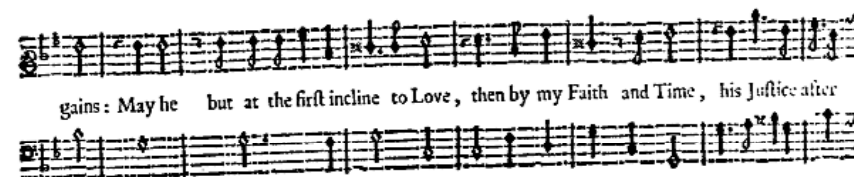
Just god, now take again thy Arms, and rally all I have of Charms: What Pow'r and Conduct



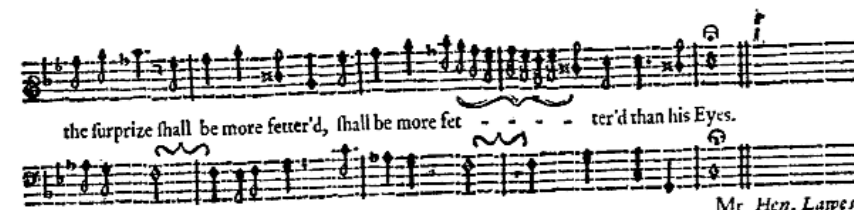
cannot doe, make his Belief contribute too: So when the Earth some promise shews that she does



yet more Wealth enclose: Believing men search her rich Veins, and crown their hopes with unknown

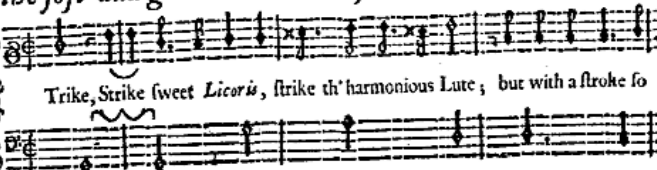


gains: May he but at the first incline to Love, then by my Faith and Time, his Justice after

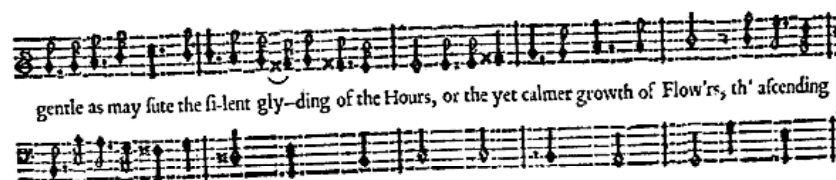


the surprize shall be more fetter'd, shall be more fet - - - ter'd than his Eyes.

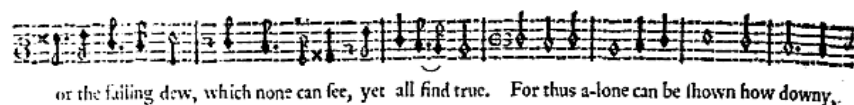
Mr. Hen. Lamer.

On the soft and gentle Motions of EUDORA.

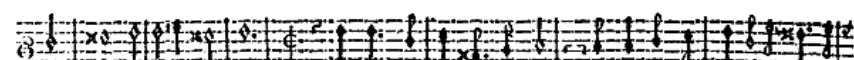
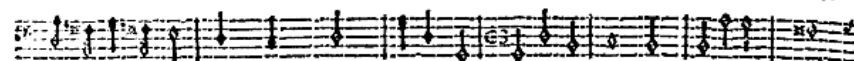
Trike, Strike sweet *Licoris*, strike th' harmonious Lute; but with a stroke so



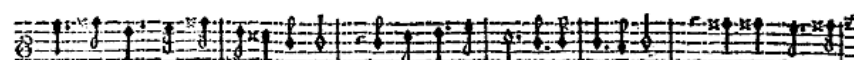
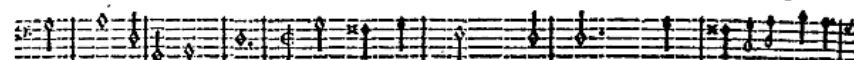
gentle as may sute the silent gly-ding of the Hours, or the yet calmer growth of Flow'rs, th' ascending



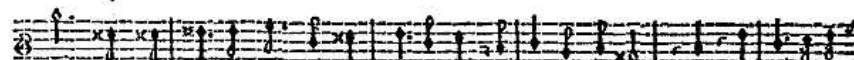
or the falling dew, which none can see, yet all find true. For thus a-lone can be shown how downy,



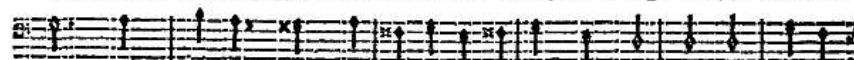
how smooth *Eulora* doth move. How Ev'n her Actions appear: the Air of her Face of a gentler



grace than these that do stroke the Ear: Her address so sweet, so becoming meet, that 'tis not the



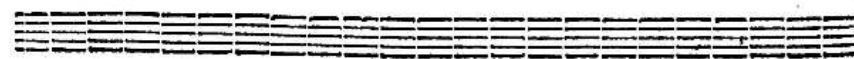
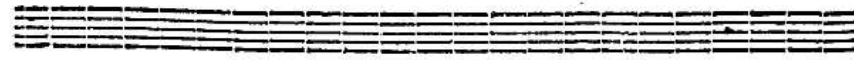
Loud, though Me-lodious string, can shew forth so soft, so noiseless a thing. This, O this to ex-



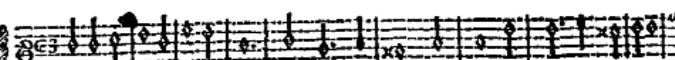
press from thy Hand must fall than Musicks self something more Mu-sicall.



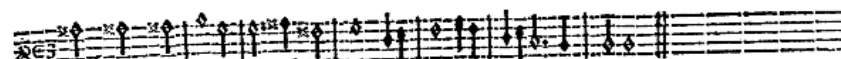
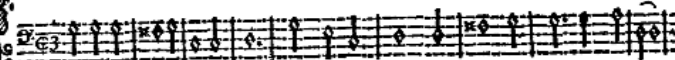
Mr. Hen. Lawes.



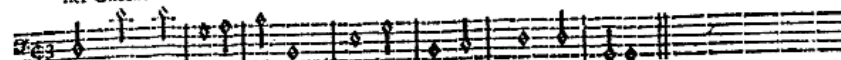
AMINTOR Distracted, Complains.



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. Lawes.

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.

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 say.

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?

V.

Her wandering 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.

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.

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.

VIII.

Where are those pretty Garlands now
Hey down hey down,
Of Ivy and of Bays;
Which *Cloris* planted on my Brow
For Singing in her praise?

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.

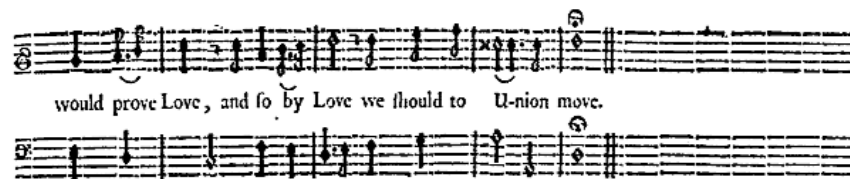
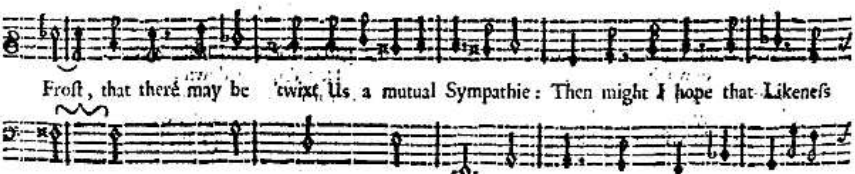
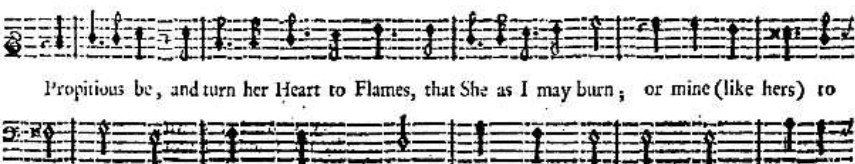
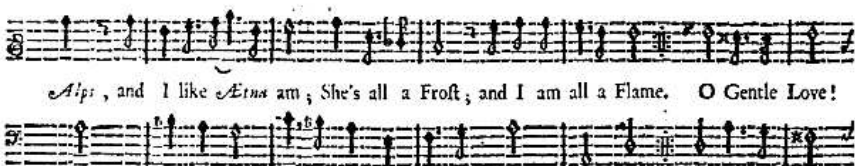
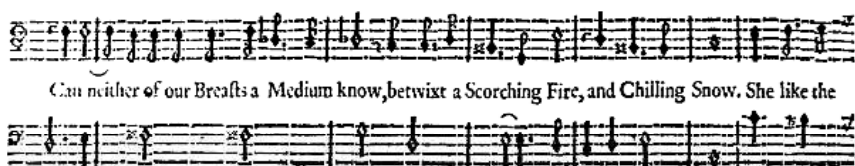
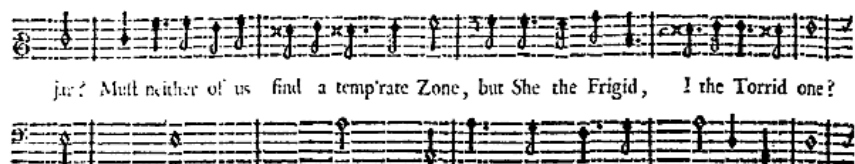
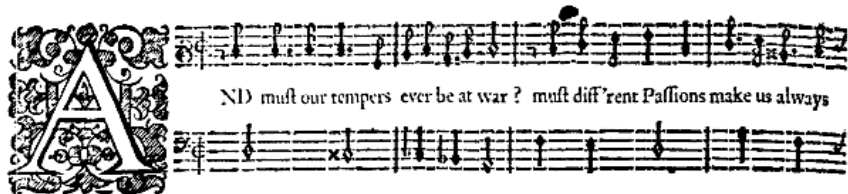
X.

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.

XI.

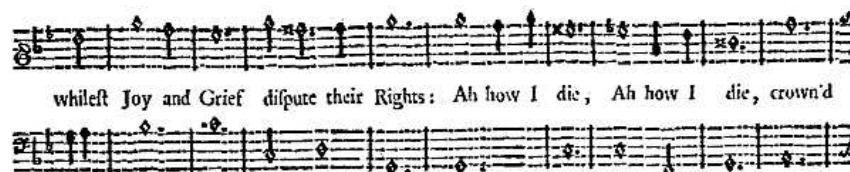
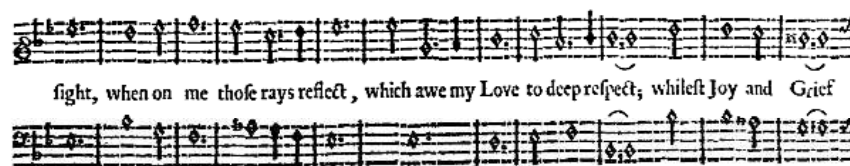
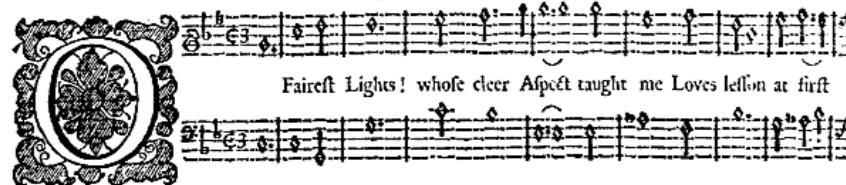
I'll gather sticks and make a fire,
Hey down a down,
To warm her where she lies,
Of Mirtles, Cypress and Sweet-Bryer,
And then perhaps she'll rise.

Union in Love.



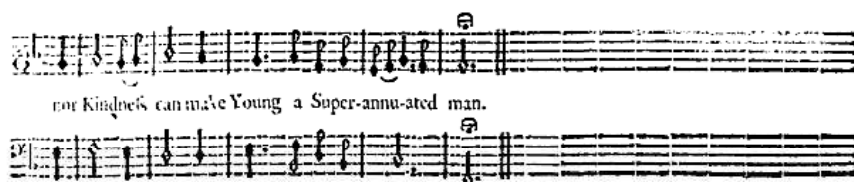
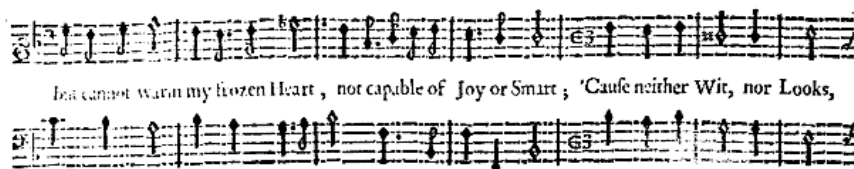
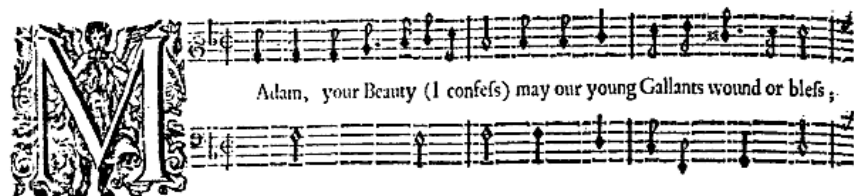
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

The Dying Lover.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

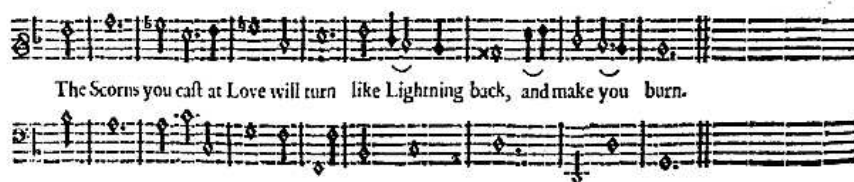
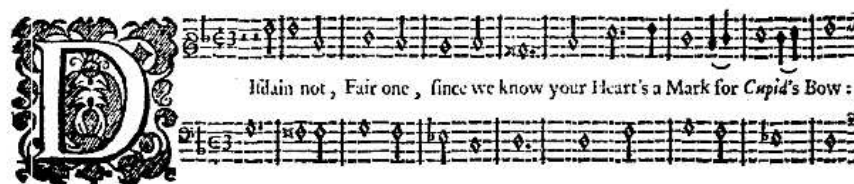
An old Knight to a young Lady.



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.

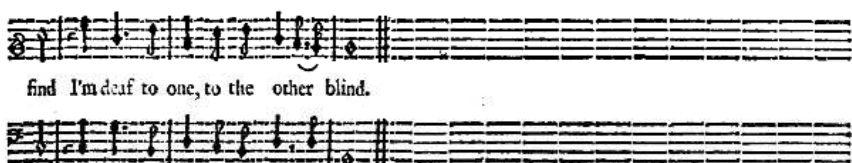
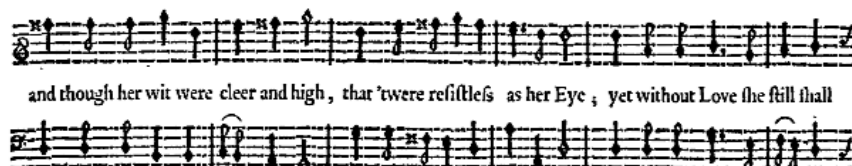
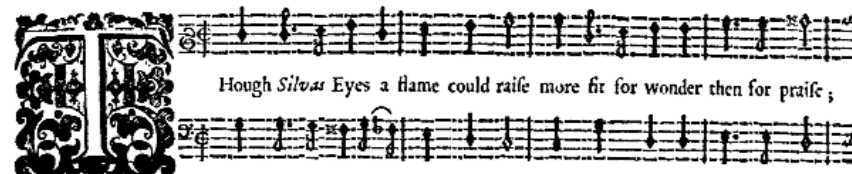
CUPID'S Power.



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 not but ere long you'll be
Loves Proscrite as well as we.

To a Friend who desired no more then to admire the Mind, and the Beauty of SILVIA.



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.

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.

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.

V.

I'd rather my Affections keep
For Nymphs only enjoy'd in sleep,
Then cast away an houre of Care
On any, 'cause she's only fair:
Nay, Sleep more pleasing Dreams do move
Then are your waking ones 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'll not only frame,
But you will too adore the same.

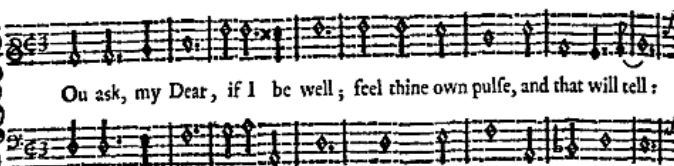
VII.

Had therein Silvia nothing thin'd
But the unseen charms of her Mind;
You would have had the like esteem
For her that I have fill for them:
If flesh and blood your flame inspire,
Then make those only your desire.

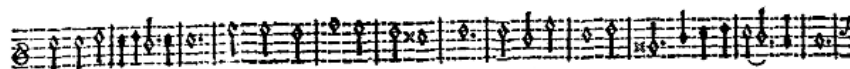
VIII. And Friend, that you may clearly prove

'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.

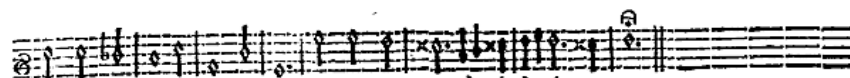
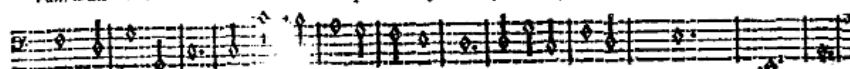
The Earl to the Countess of CARBERRY.



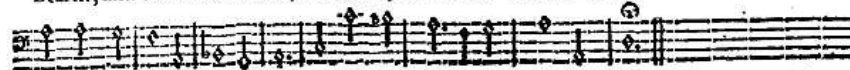
On ask, my Dear, if I be well; feel thine own pulse, and that will tell;



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.

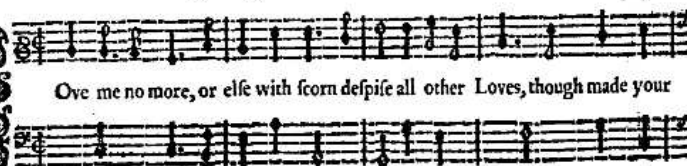


Mr. Hen. Laver.

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 Kiss 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 bliss,
He needs not throw at me his Dart,
'Cause piercing thine, he kills my Heart.

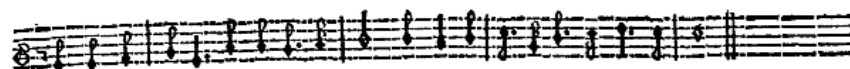
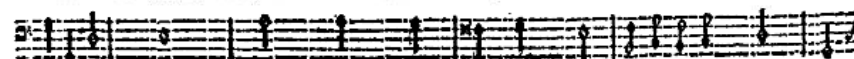
Constancy in Love.



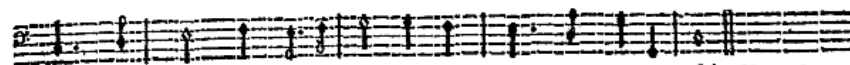
Ove me no more, or else with scorn despise all other Loves, though made your



Sacrifice: A Prince for Rivall should not share a bliss, till Fate decide it either mine or his.



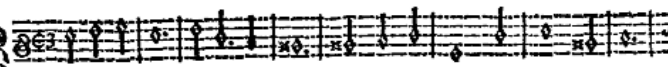
In Love and Courage, Titles has no Claim, Merit and Virtue give the highest Name.



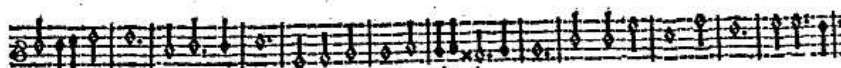
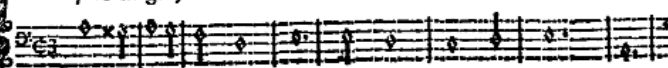
Mr. Henry Laver.

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.

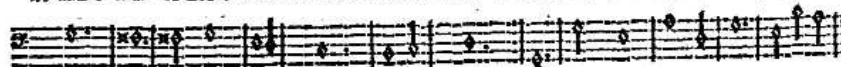
CUPID Discovered.



Cupid'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*

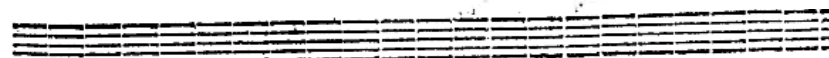


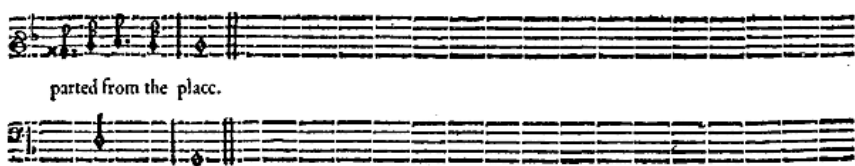
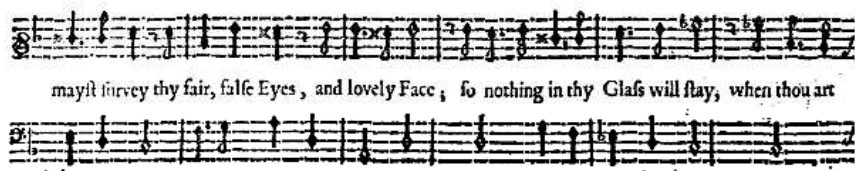
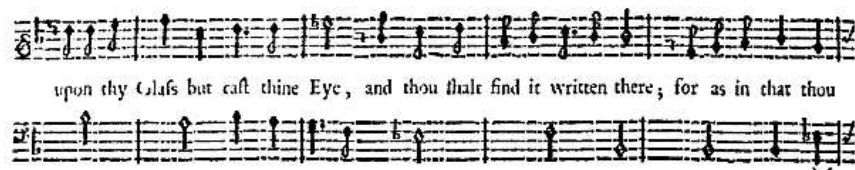
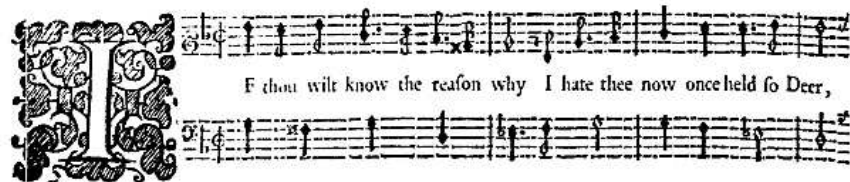
Eye makes him ador'd, and crowns his De-i--tie.



Mr. Hen. Laver.

Each Amorous glance creates this Fire,
As Coyne dells and chills Desire;
'Tis then the Face and Eyes we see,
Not the fond Boys Artillerie:
'Tis the Consensive nimbler Sense creates
Love's subtiler piercing Fires, not the Fates.



Inconstancy in Love.

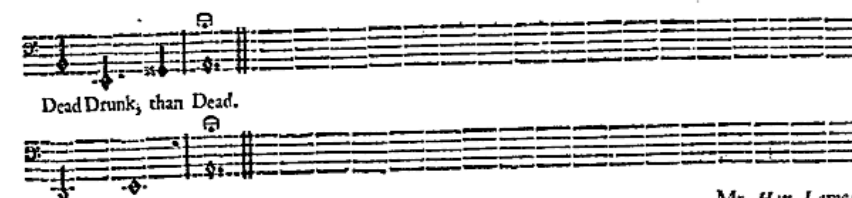
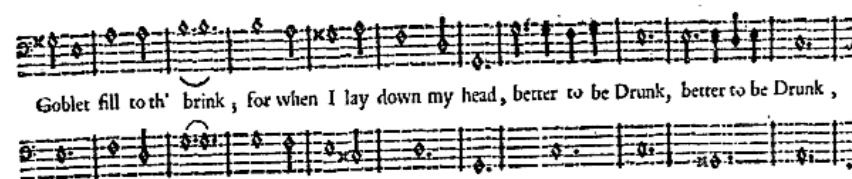
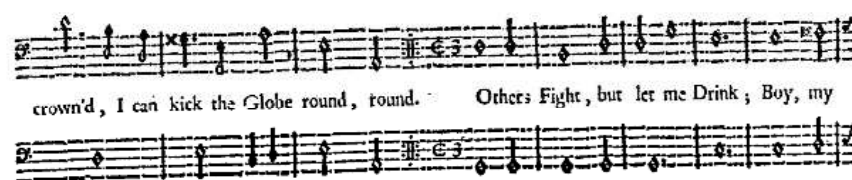
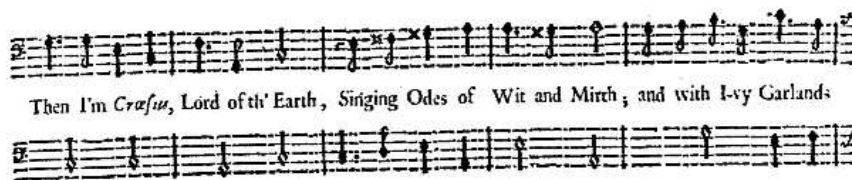
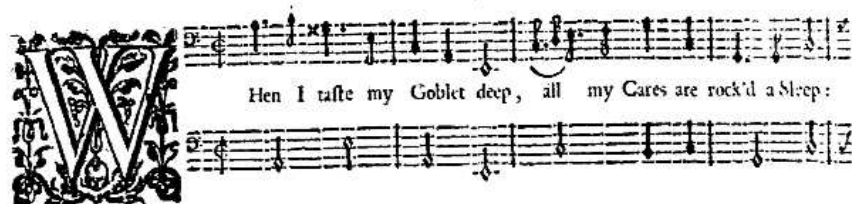
Mr. Hen. Lawes.

II.

So when my Love did firft pretend,
 Me thought I faw my felf in thee;
 And therefore chofe thee for a Friend,
 That ought Anothers felf to be:
 All Vows and Oaths I made to Love
 Thou fhouldft repeat when I had done,
 And by a fweet reflection prove
 We were (though feeming Two) but One.

III.

But when I abfent was a while,
 And others came to look in thee,
 As they would laugh, fo wouldft thou fmile,
 And no impreffion left of mee:
 Now, though to have a Friend were beft,
 That might reflect thoughts as they pafs,
 My Mind fhall rather go ill-dreft
 Than mind it felf by fuch a Glafs.

For a Bass.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

The GREEK'S Song.



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 bule 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 drink 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.

CHORUS.

Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high; Fill all the Glasses there, for why should ev'ry Creature

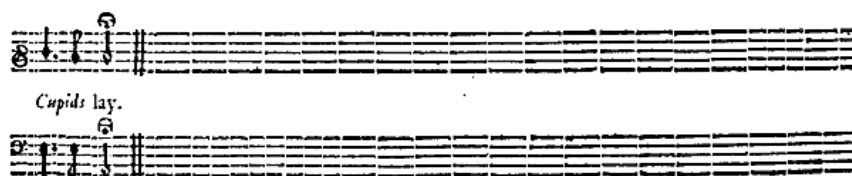
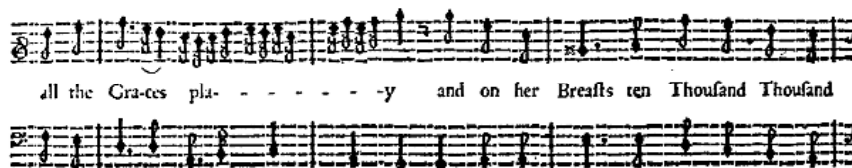
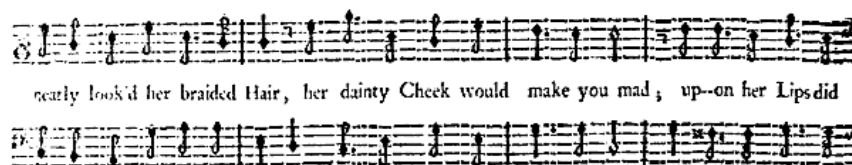
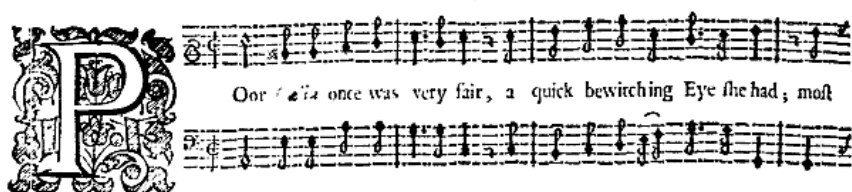
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drink but I? Why Man of Mortals, tell me why?

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Mr. Roger Hill.

Calia's Complaint.



II.

Mr. Roger Hill.

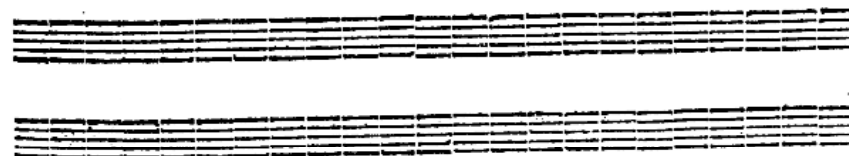
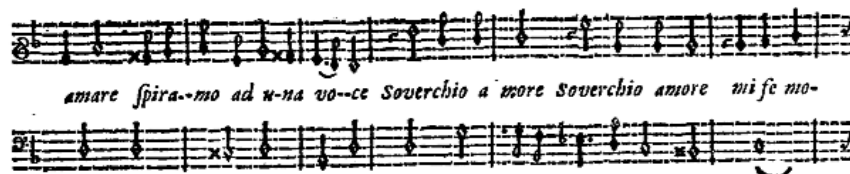
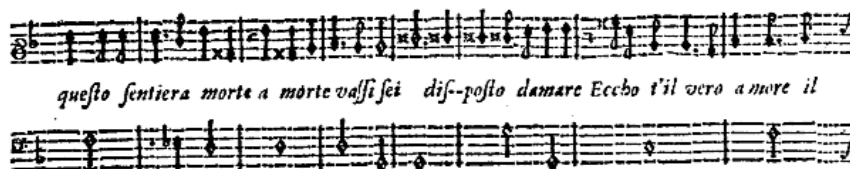
Then many a doting Lover came
From Seventeen till Twenty one,
Each told her of his mighty flame,
But She, forsooth, affected none:
One was not Handsome, th' other was not Fine;
This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

III.

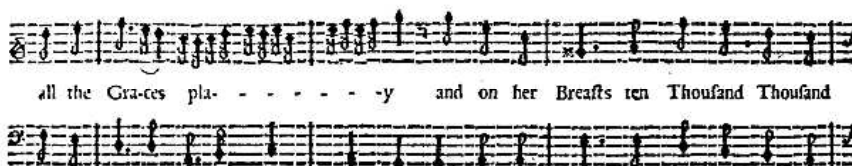
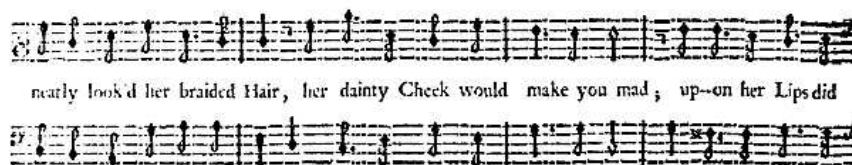
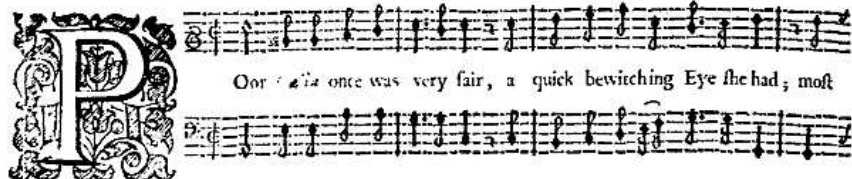
But t' other day it was my fate
To walk along that way alone,
I saw no Coach before her gate,
But at her dore I heard her moan:
She dropt a Tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
Young Ladies, Marry, Marry while you may.

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.



Calia's Complaint.



IRREGULAR

PAGINATION



Mr. Roger Hill.

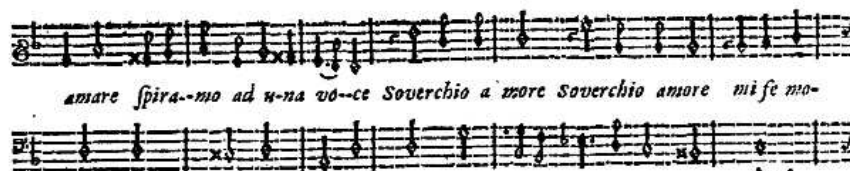
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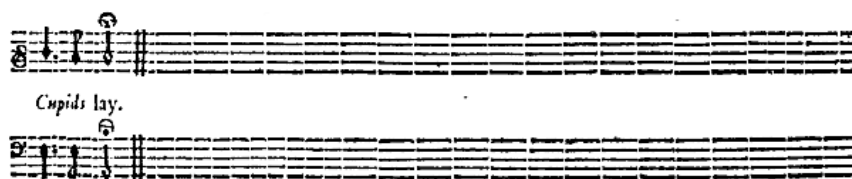
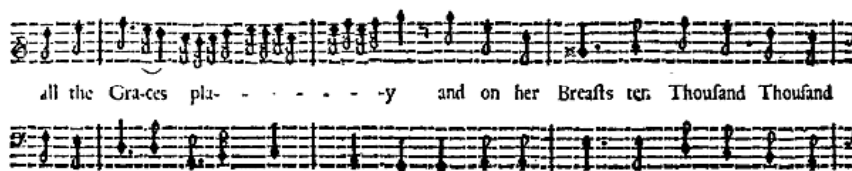
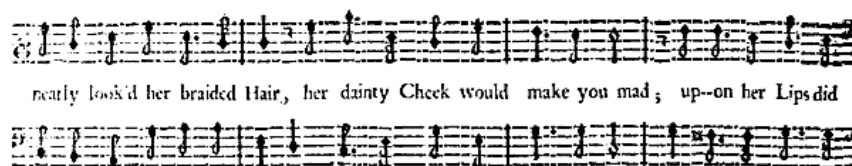
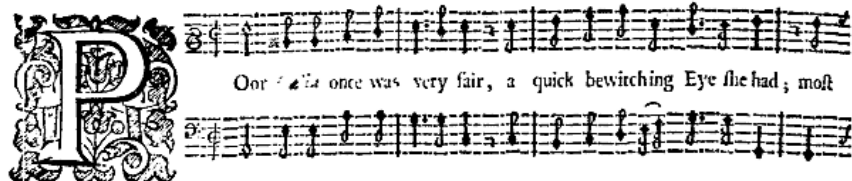
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Calia's Complaint.



II.

Mr. Roger Hill.

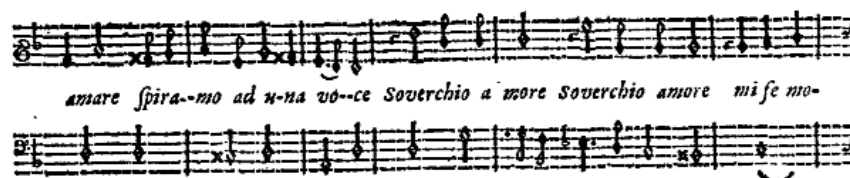
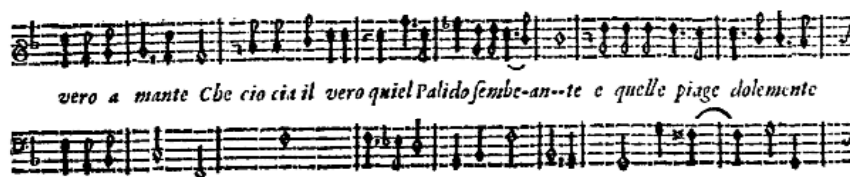
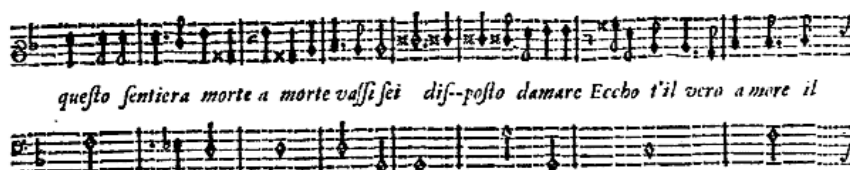
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Select Italian Ayrs for One or Two Voices to the Theorbo Lute.



Ntenc-ri-te voi lagrime moi, Intenerite voi quel du-ro co-

re chi'n van percote'a mo-re ver-fate'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 fen'

esca con voi, O fen' esca con voi l'anima mea.

O Cchi Bell'o ne imper'aj ad' Amor in un memento occhi bell'o ne imper'aj ad' Amor in un memento.

Quando mira voff'oraiche medangio'ia Etormento Ah'chio moro, Ah'chio moro, Ah'chio moro di conten-to.

H che lasso credero vai belacci di di- si si- si eia mia fortuna no no-

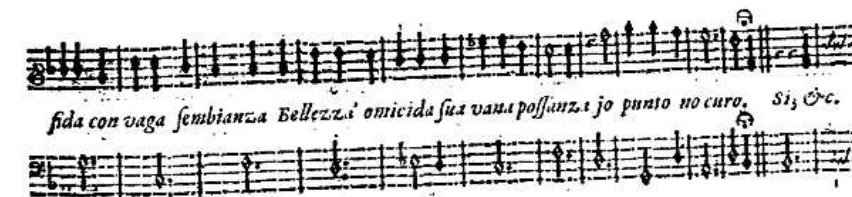
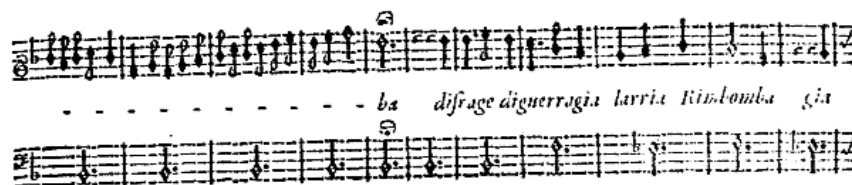
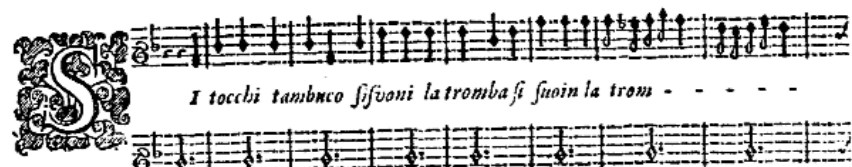
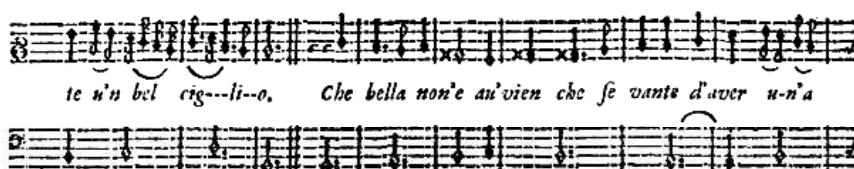
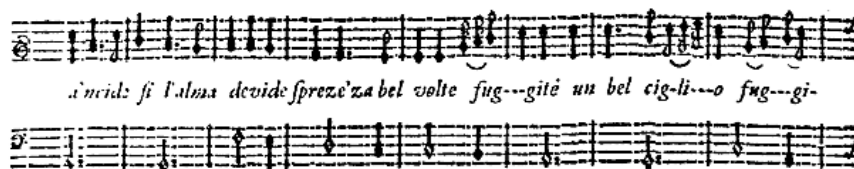
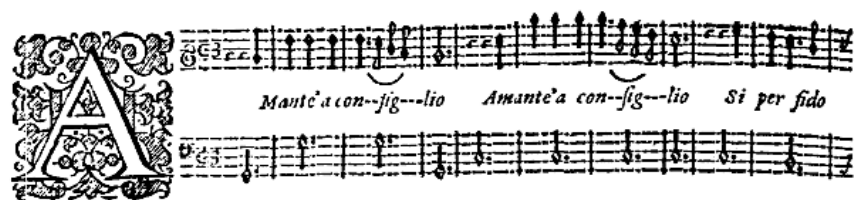
no eia mia for-tu--na no Ah che care lucè bella cose cheero il cor bin wili che nel chit r-ri-

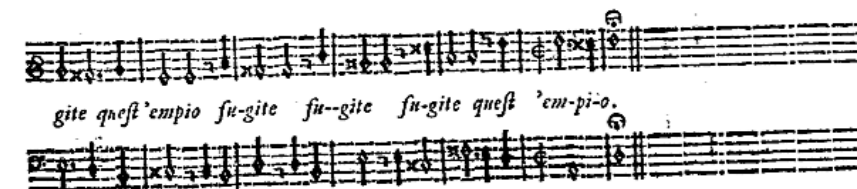
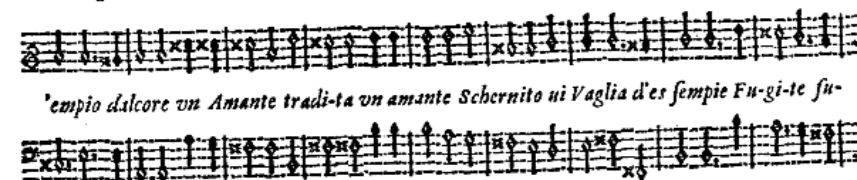
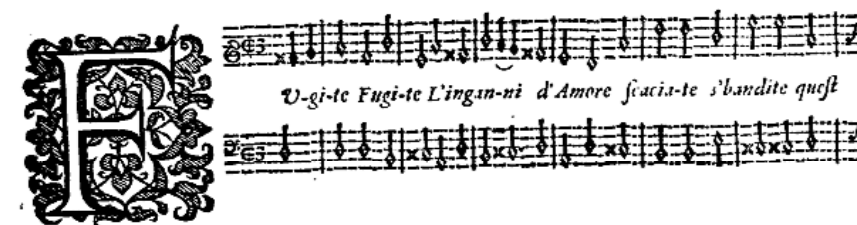
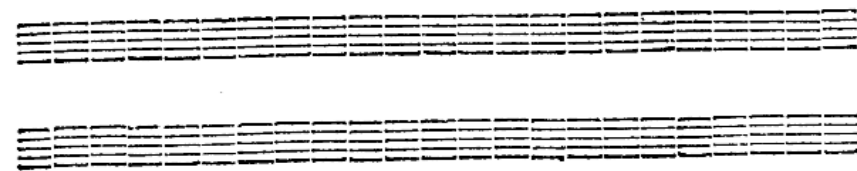
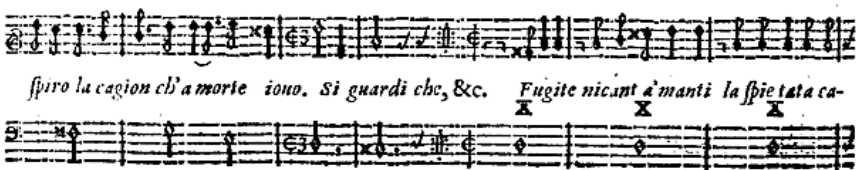
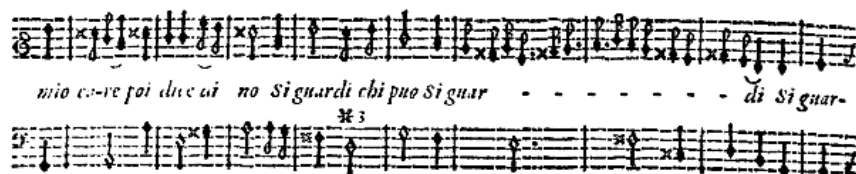
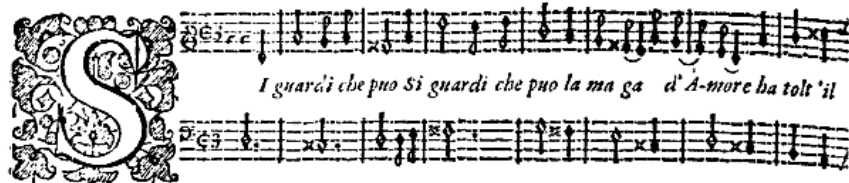
ca--ri--se fe-de si mentis ero le stelle mal regar mis le-go-se ma le-go-se di-

ro fat--ta no, no, no, o due non so. Ah che lasso, &c.

S lomoro chi dira chi dira la crudel ne mica mea chit nio mal tinto leja chit nio mal tinto.

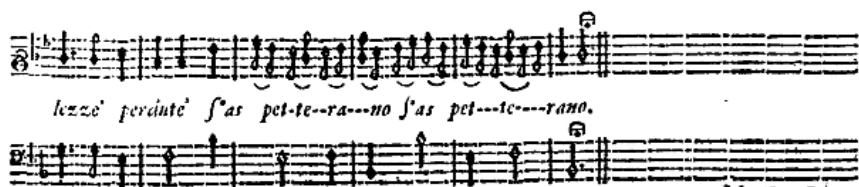
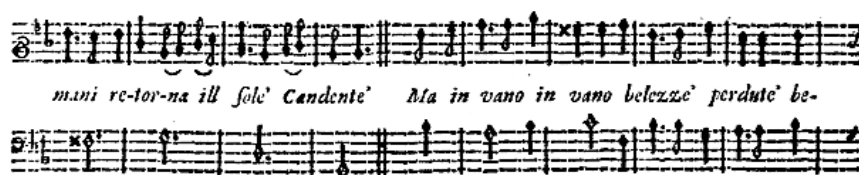
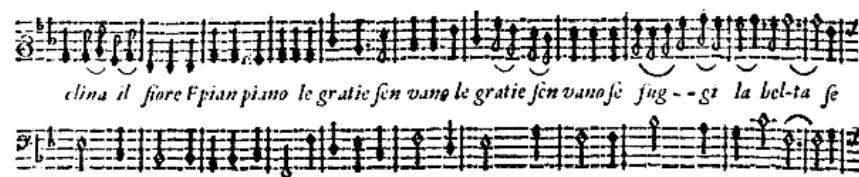
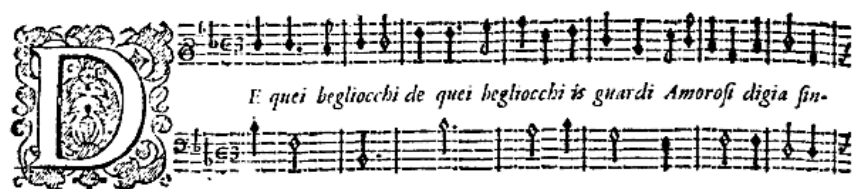
Pangira so moro si si si si a male spera col tempo che sa che sa si move una volta più.



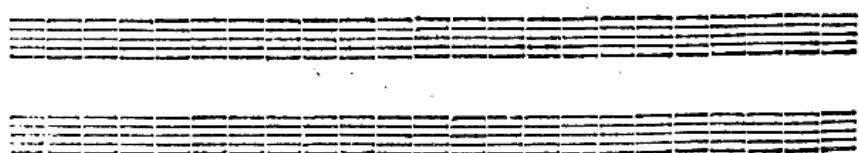


Lusinga Col canto d'angelico viso
Ala subit impiamo si Cangia quell viso
Quelli fuimi Correnti questilumi dolenti
V'isigno d' esempio fugite, &c.

Vi chiama Col guardo con occhio cheride
Pei scocce quel dardo che l'animi anide
La mia grave ferita la mia doglia infinite
l'i vaglia d'essempio, &c.



Mr Hen. Laws.

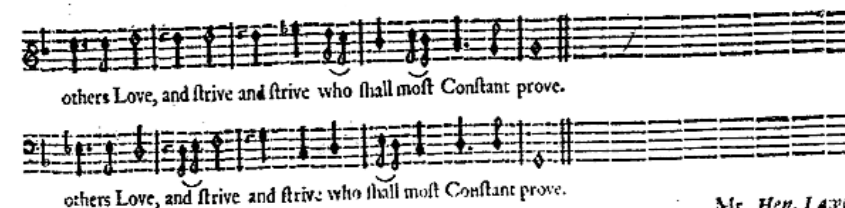
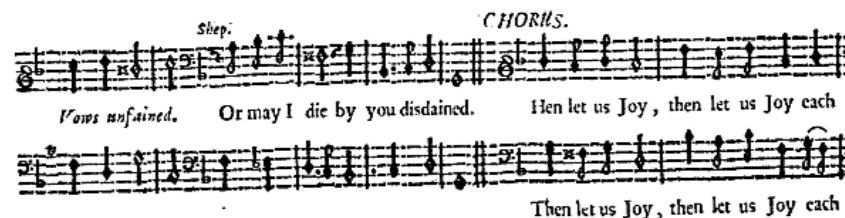
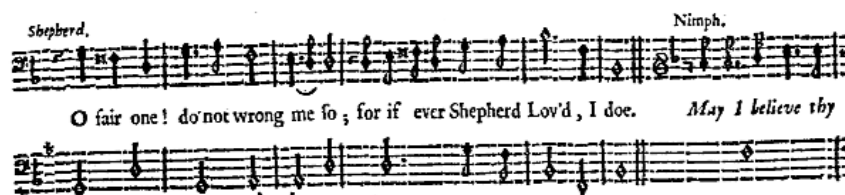
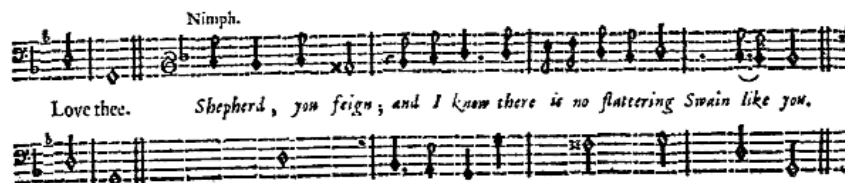
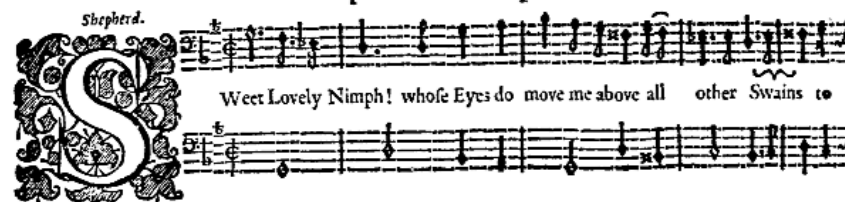


SELECT DIALOGUES

To Sing to the LUTE or VIOL.

A DIALOGUE. [Treble & Bass.]

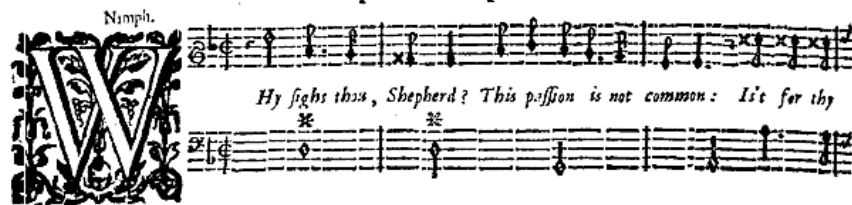
Shepherd and Nymph.



Mr. Hen. Laws.

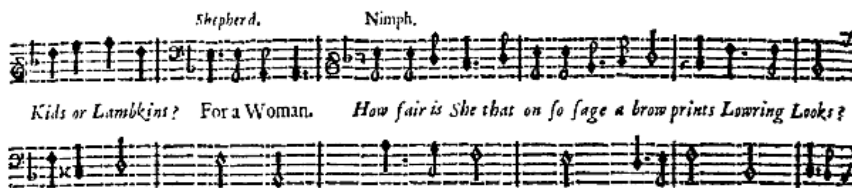
A DIALOGUE. [Treble & Bass.]
Nymph and Shepherd

Nymph.



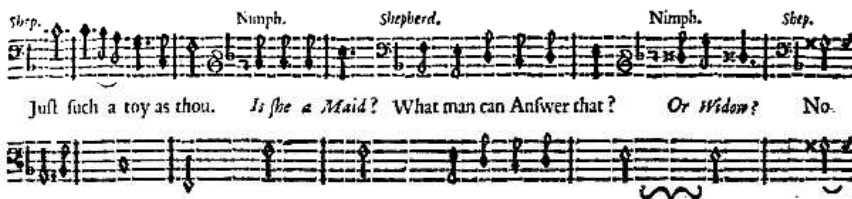
Hy fights thou, Shepherd? This passion is not common: Is't for thy

Shepherd. Nymph.



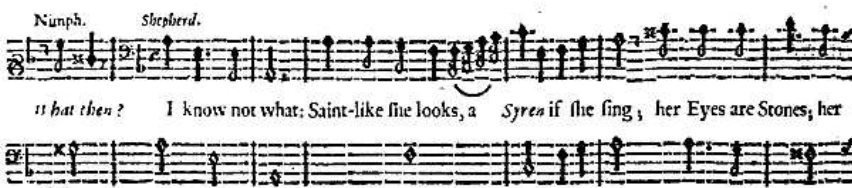
Kids or Lambskins? For a Woman. How fair is She that on so sage a brow prints Lowring Looks?

Shep. Nymph. Shepherd. Nymph. Shep.



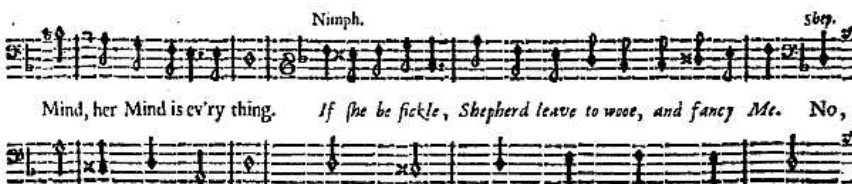
Just such a toy as thou. Is she a Maid? What man can Answer that? Or Widow? No.

Nymph. Shepherd.



Is that then? I know not what; Saint-like fine looks, a Syren if she sing, her Eyes are Stones, her

Nymph. Shep.



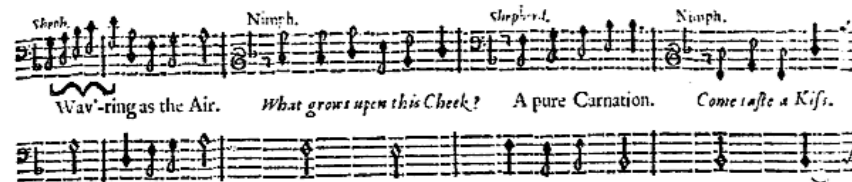
Mind, her Mind is ev'ry thing. If she be fickle, Shepherd leave to woo, and fancy Me. No,

Nymph. Shepherd. Nymph.



no, Thou art Woman too. But I am Constant. Then thou art not Fair. Bright as the morning.

Shep. Nymph. Shepherd. Nymph.



Wav'-ring as the Air. What grows upon this Cheek? A pure Carnation. Come taste a Kiss.

Shep. Chorus.

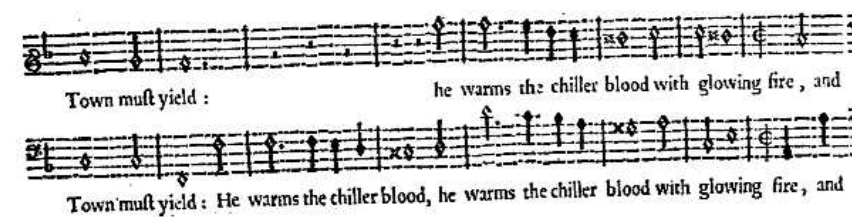


O sweet, O sweet, O sweet temptation! O sweet, O sweet temptation!
Chor.
O sweet, O sweet temptation!

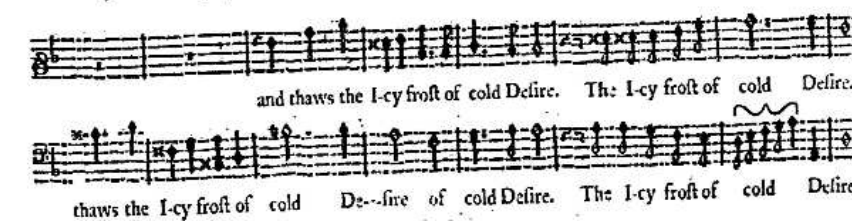
CHORUS.



A H Love! how canst thou e-ver lose the Field? where Cupid lays the Siege the



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

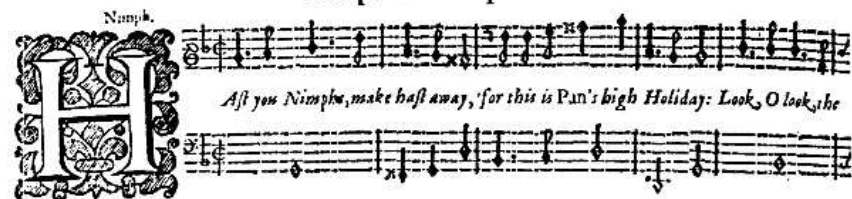


and thaws the I-cy frost of cold Desire. The I-cy frost of cold Desire.
thaws the I-cy frost of cold De--fire of cold Desire. The I-cy frost of cold Desire.

Mr. John Jenkins,

A DIALOGUE. [Treble & Bass.] Nymph and Shepherd

Nymph.



As! you Nymphs, make hast away, for this is Pan's high Holiday: Look, O look, the

Shepherd.



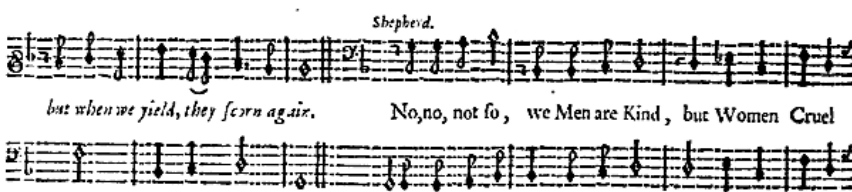
Swains appear, Fl - - - y not, Fl - - - y not, all are Lovers here, then do not fear.

Nymph.

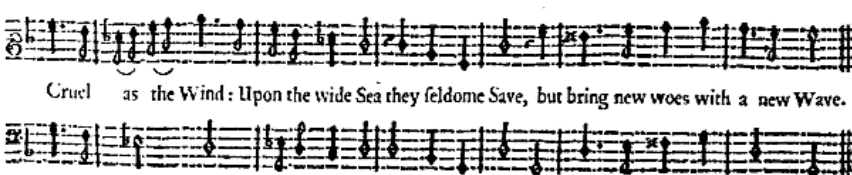


Say, should we trust, mens Oaths are but words writ in Dust: O they can fain, cry they are slain;

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 seldom 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.

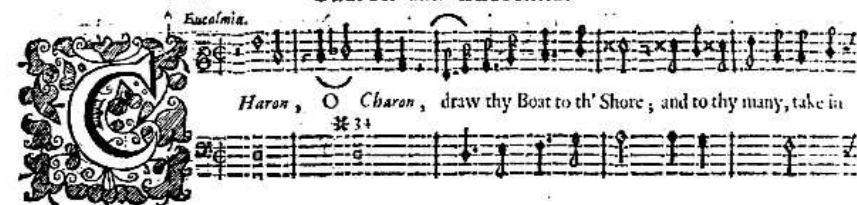
Mr. Will. Lamer.

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 Meiher's Daughter, in June, 1649.

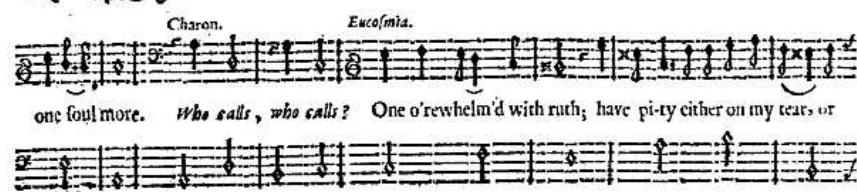
Charon and Eucosmia.

Eucosmia.



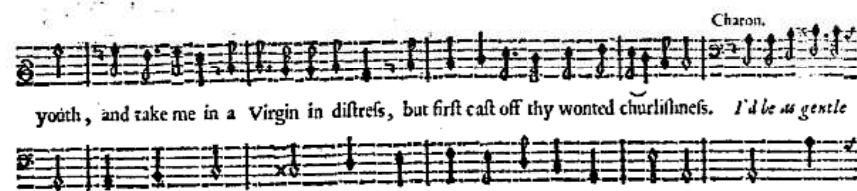
Haron, O Charon, draw thy Boat to th' Shore; and to thy many, take in

Charon.

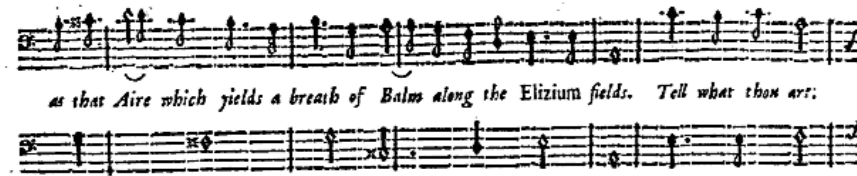


one soul more. Who calls, who calls? One o'whelm'd with ruth; have pi-ty either on my tears, or

Charon.

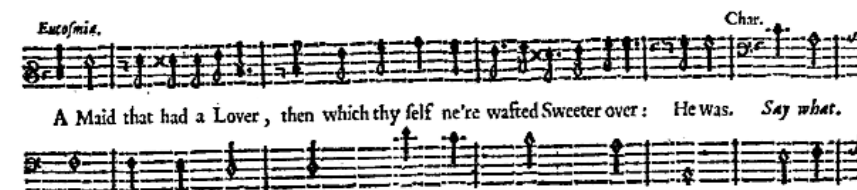


youth, and take me in a Virgin in distress, but first cast off thy wonted churlishness. I'd be as gentle



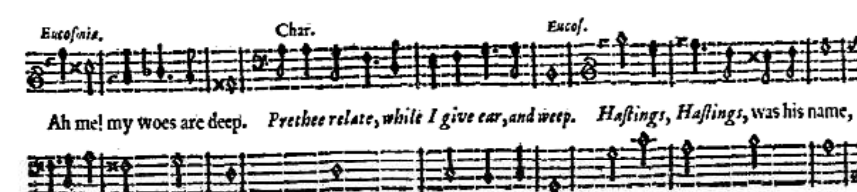
as that Aire which yields a breath of Balm along the Elizium fields. Tell what thou art;

Eucosmia.

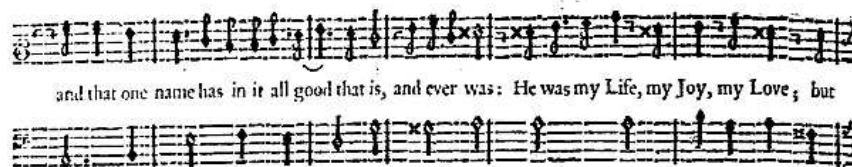


A Maid that had a Lover, then which thy self ne're wast'd Sweet'er over: He was. Say what.

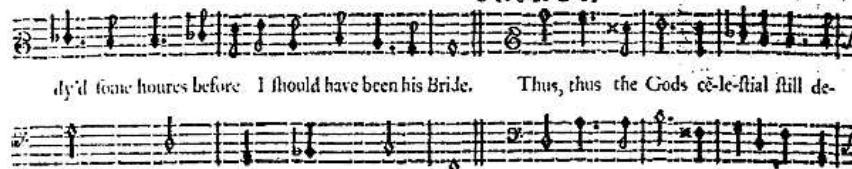
Eucosmia.



Ah me! my woes are deep. Prethee relate, while I give ear, and weep. Hastings, Hastings, was his name,

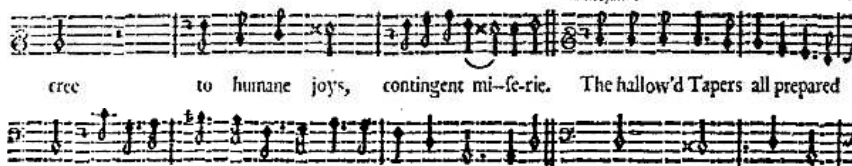


CHORUS.



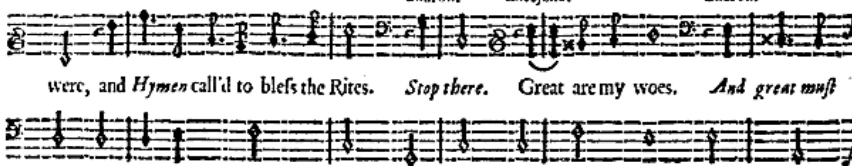
Thus, thus the Gods ce-lestial still de-

Encofms.

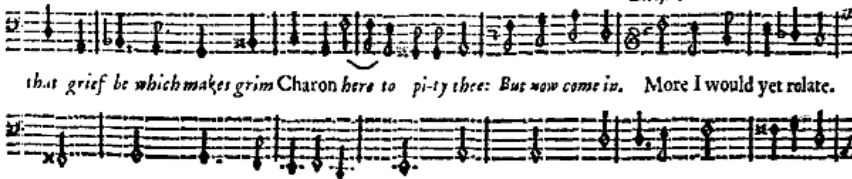


tree to humane joys, to humane joys, con-tingent mi-se-rie.

Charon. Encofms.

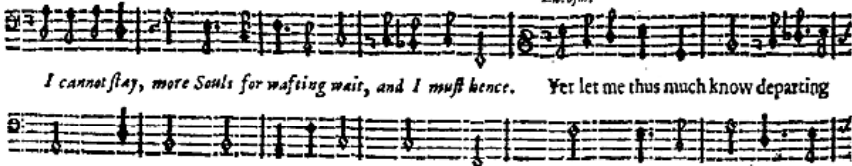


Encofms.

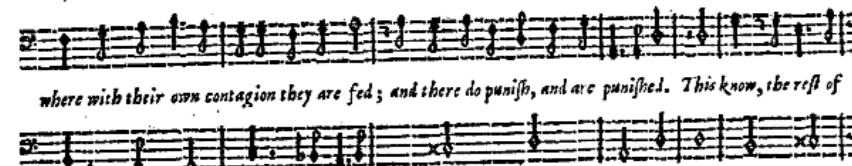
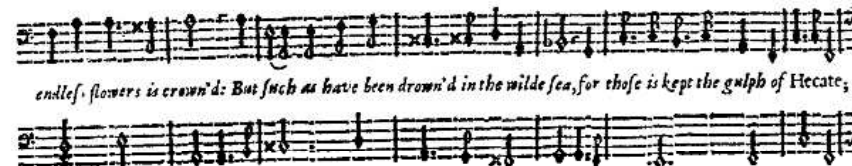


Charon.

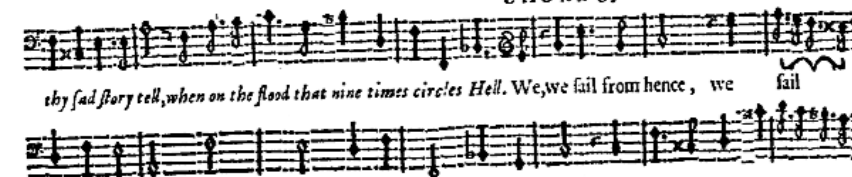
Encofms.



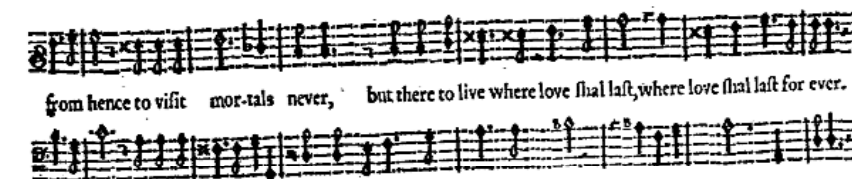
Charon.



CHORUS.



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.

D d

Mr. Hen: Lawes.

A DIALOGUE. [Treble & Bass.]

Charon and Amintor.

Amintor.



Charon, O Charon! Hear a wretch oppress'd, and waft me o'er to Shades of

Charon.

Amintor.

Charon.

evil's rest. What art that calls so loud? One full of care. How can'st thou here?

Amintor.

Charon.

Through Shades of deep Despair. Why, from the Common path can'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

Charon.

have; to waft me o'er 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 wretch. Get hence, get hence, thou dost me wrong.

Amintor.

Charon.

In thy despite, in thy despite I'll 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'll 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

CHORUS.

speed will so prevail, that spite of Death we'll ferry o'er the Lake. And being set up-on th' Elysium

Chorus.

And being set up-on th' Elysium

Shore, we'll sing such woes, such woes; we'll sing such woes, such woes, as ne'er came there before.

Shore, we'll sing such woes, such woes, such woes; we'll sing such woes, such woes, such woes, as ne'er came there before.

E c

Mr. Will. Law.

A DIALOGUE. [Two Trebles or Tenors.]

Shepherd and Nymph.

Shepherd.

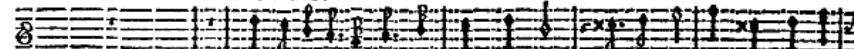


His Mossy-Bank they prest.

Nymph.

That Aged Oak did canopy the happy Pair all

CHORUS.



Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke, when the Day breaking their Em-

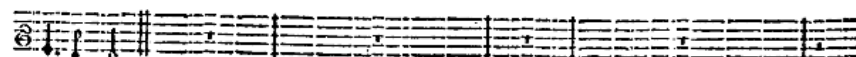
Chorus

Night from the dark Air. Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke, when the Day breaking their Em-

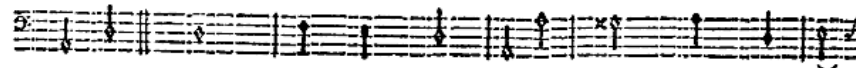
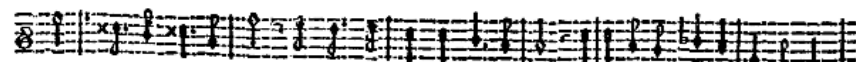
Shepherd.



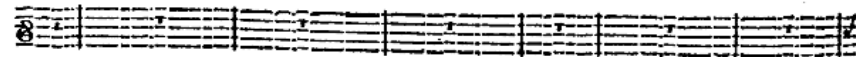
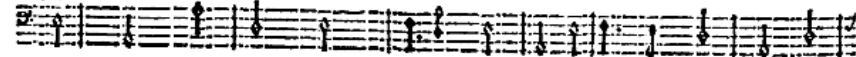
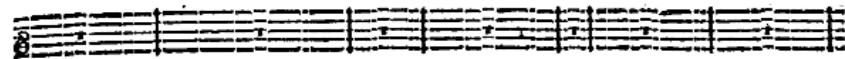
braces broke. See Love the blushes of the Morn appear, and now she hangs her pearly store



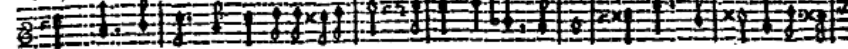
braces broke.

robb'd from the Eastern Shore, ith Cowslips-bell and Roses ear: Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

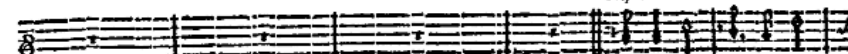
Nymph.



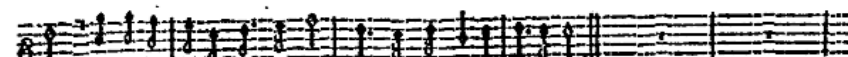
Those streaks of doubtful light usher not Day, but show my Sun must set, no Morn' shall shine till thyre-



Sheph.



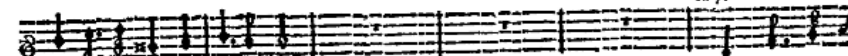
If thine Eyes gild my paths,



turn, the yellow Planet, and the grey Dawn shall attend thee on thy way.



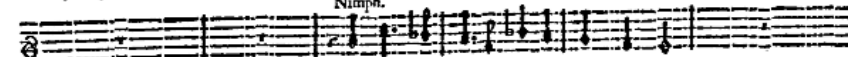
Shep.



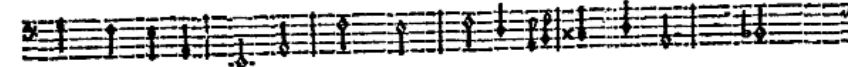
they may forbear their useless shine.

Nymph.

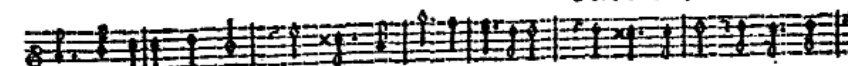
Those drops will



My tears will quite extinguish their faint light.

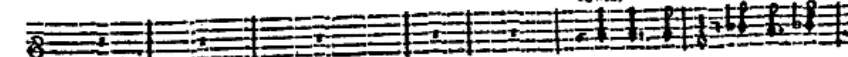


CHORUS.



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.
Thee let us pinion Time, and

Sheph. *Sheph.*
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 Nef of Spice. *Nymph.* My Paradise. *Chorus.* Neither could say Farewell, but
must be gone. *My Soul.* *Chorus.* Neither could say Farewell, but

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.

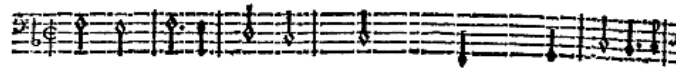
[Two Trebles or Tenors.]

Shepherd and Nymph.

Nymph.



Shepherd well met, I prethee tell, what makes thy blubber'd Eyes to swell? what



Nymph.

sadness in thy looks do dwell?

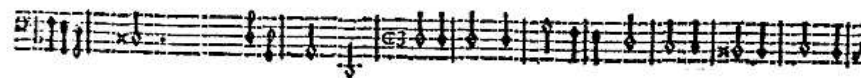
Shepherd.

Good Shepherd tell me what is

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



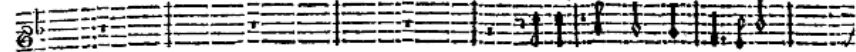
all excell: why hast thou broke it, Shepherd tell?

Shepherd.

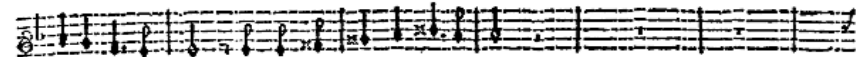
Ah! do not ask, for my sick heart panteth with



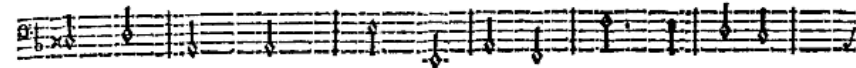
Nymph.



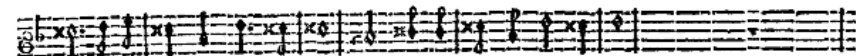
A part I'll bear most willingly.



such Infectious smart, thou canst not know but bear a part.

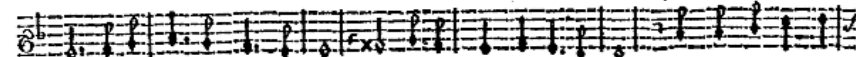


CHORUS.

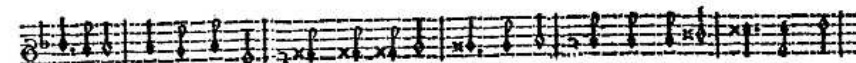
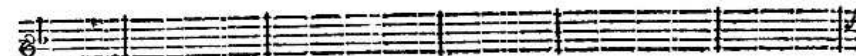
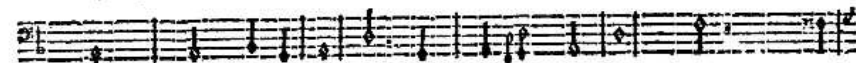


Griefs jointly borne are eas'd thereby: Griefs jointly borne are eas'd thereby.

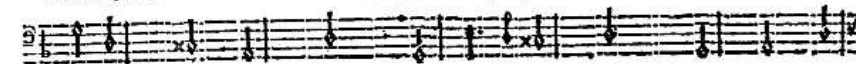
Shepherd.



Griefs jointly borne are eas'd thereby: Griefs jointly borne are eas'd thereby. Since th'art in love with

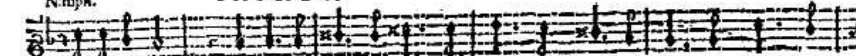


Miseric, know *Cloris's* dead: Now weep thy fill, weep thy fill, now weep thy fill, weep thy fill.

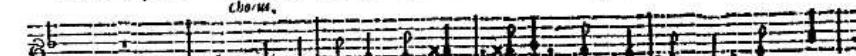


Nymph.

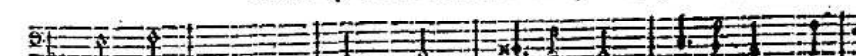
CHORUS.



Indeed I shall. This story will all tears from our swolne Eyes di-still, from our swolne



This sto-ry will all tears from our swoln Eyes di-still, 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 Lee.

FINIS.

SELECT

AYRES

AND

DIALOGUES

To Sing to the

THEORBO-LUTE

OR

BASSE-VIOL.

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