

Pastorall Dialogues for two Voyces to an Instrument.

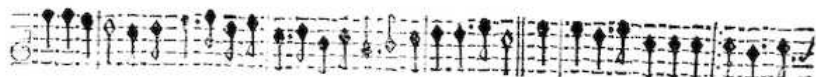
a. 2. 7. C. Cantin.



On bel se gella de se cretizza lo roca se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se



On bel se gella de se cretizza lo roca se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se



prima de li ber-di-i e de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



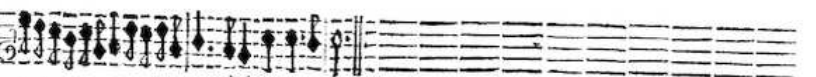
prima de liber-di-i e de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



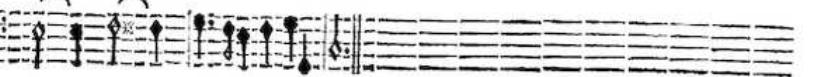
ta-ce e Jo-ve del core sen sa crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e Jo-ve del core



ta-ce e Jo-ve del core sen sa crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e Jo-ve del core



sen sa crezza da mo-re.



sen sa crezza da mo-re.



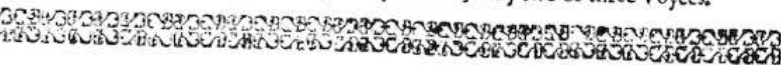
FINIS,

The Third Booke,

Containing

Short AYRES or SONGS for three Voyces :

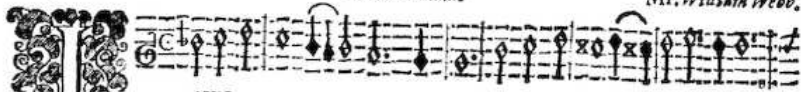
Which may be fung either by a Voyce alone, or by two or three Voyces.



a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

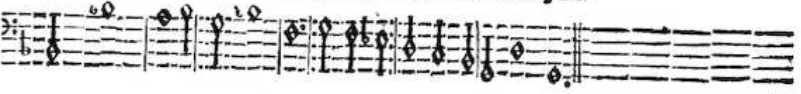
Mr. William Webb.



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

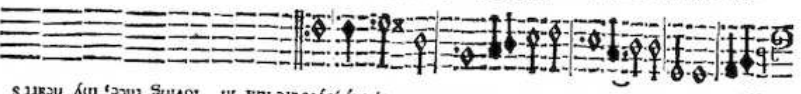


my heart's too narrow to containe my blis, if thou shouldst love againe.



Mr. William Webb.

TOO NARROW TO CONTAINE MY BLIS, IF THOU SHOULDST LOVE AGAINE.



With no more thou shouldst love me, my joyes are full in loving thee, my heart's

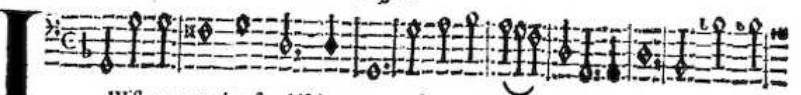


Cantus Secundus.

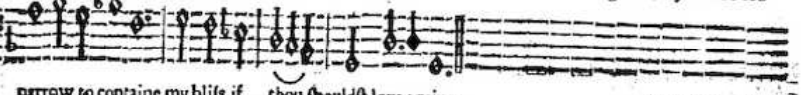
a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



With no more thou shouldst love me, my joyes are full in loving thee, my heart's too



narrow to containe my blis, if thou shouldst love againe.

Et

Mr. William Webb.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.

Et her give her hand or glove, let her sigh and swear the dyes; he that

thinks he hath her love, I shall never I shall ne — ver count him wife. For be the

old love ne'r so true, yet she is e — ver for the new, yet she is ever for the new.

Mr. William Webb.

he hath her love, I shall never, I shall never shall ne-ver count him wife. For be the old love ne'r so

Et her give her hand or glove, let her sigh and swear the dyes; he that thinks

a. 3. Voc. Bass.

Et her give her hand or glove, let her sigh and swear the dyes; he that thinks he hath her

love, I shall never, I shall never, never count him wife. For be the old love ne'r so true, yet she is

ever for the new, yet she is ever for the new. Mr. William Webb.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.

Loris, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I longer stay, thine

eyes prevail upon me so, I shall grow blind and lose my way.

Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth
 Amongst the rest me hither brought,
 Finding this Fame full short of truth,
 Made me stay longer then I thought.
 For I'm engag'd by word and oath
 A servant to anothers will;
 Yet for thy love would forfeit both,
 Could I be sure to keep it still.
 But what assurance can I take,
 When thou fore knowing this abuse,
 For some more worthy Lovers sake,
 May'st leave me with so just excuse.

For thou may'st say 'twas not thy fault
 That thou didst thus unconstant prove;
 Thou wert by my example taught
 To break thy oath, to mend thy love.
 No Cloris, no, I will return,
 And raise thy story to that height,
 That strangers shall at distance burn,
 And the distrust me Reprobate.
 Then shall my love this doubt displace,
 And gain such trust, that I may come
 And banquet sometimes on thy face,
 But make my constant meals at home.

Loris farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I longer stay, thine eyes pre-

Mr. William Webb.

a. 3. Voc. Bass.

Loris, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I longer stay, thine eyes prevail upon me

so, I shall grow blind and lose my way. Mr. William Webb.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.

Or that I wish my Mistresse, or more, or lesse then what she is, write

I these lines; for 'tis too late, rules to prescribe un—to my fate.

But as the tender stomack call
 For choyce of meats, yet brooke not all;
 So queasie love my here impare
 What Mistresse 'tis best takes the heart.
 First, I would have her richly spread
 With natures blossome, white and red;
 For flaming heat will quickly dye,
 Where is no fuell for the eye.
 Yet this alone will never win,
 Unless some treasure be within;
 For where the spoyl's not worth the prey,
 Men raise their teige, and march away.

I care not much if she be proud,
 A little pride may be allow'd;
 The am'rous youth, will pray and prate
 Too freely, where he finds no state.
 Then I would have her full of wit,
 So she knows how to huswife it;
 For she whose insolence will dare
 To cry her wit, will shew her wate.
 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 Kingdome o're and o're.

for 'tis too late, rules to prescribe un—to my fate.

Or that I wish my Mistresse or more or lesse then what she is, write I these lines;

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Or that I wish my Mistresse, or more, or lesse then what she is, write I these lines.

for 'tis too late rules to prescribe un—to my fate.

for 'tis too late rules to prescribe un—to my fate.

Mr. William Webb

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.

Tell me *Damon* canst thou prove, after thy many vowes of love, so false to

lose me with thy will? Though I am not so young and faire, as when thy Garlands crown'd my

haire, I am *Cyania* still.

How didst thou weare with sighs and teares,
 To undoe me in my bloome of yeares?
 Then worth the love of every swaine,
 Who freely would on me bestowe,
 Whole flocks, as white as Virgin snow,
 But I did all disgrace.

Or if thou wert resolv'd to wound
 Me with thy loorn, could none be found
 To be the darling of thine eyes,
 But I were Merle, whose best fate
 Was on my Rock, and me to wait,
 Ah ill-bred Shepherds be!

O may that Charme upon her face
 Beare thy heart to love disgrace,
 And to her pride, thou shouldst be
 Dye for her love, as I for shee.
 No shepherds rest below thy flame
 A jilt revenge for me.

my haire, I am *Cyania* still.

with thy will? Though I am not so young and faire, as when thy Garlands crown'd

Tell me *Damon*, canst thou prove after thy many vowes of love, so false to lose me

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Tell me *Damon*, canst thou prove, after thy many vowes of love, so false to lose me

with thy will? Though I am not so young and faire, as when thy Garlands crown'd my haire, I

haire, I am *Cyania* still.

haire, I am *Cyania* still.

Mr. William Webb

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus.

Mr. William Webb.

W^hert thou yet fair — er than thou art, which lies not in the power of
 art; or had'st thou in thine eyes more Darts, than Cupid e — ver shot at hearts, yet if they
 were not thrown at me, I could not cast one thought at thee.

Mr. William Webb.

thrown at me, I could not cast one thought at thee.

had'st thou in thine eyes more Darts, than Cupid e — ver shot at hearts, yet if they were not
 er than thou art, which lies not in the power of art; or
 W^hert thou yet fair — er than thou art, which lies not in the power of art; or had'st
 thou in thine eyes more Darts, than Cupid e — ver shot at hearts, yet if they were not thrown at
 me, I could not cast one thought at thee.

a. 3. Voc.

Bass.

Mr. William Webb.

W^hert thou yet fair — er than thou art, which lies not in the power of art; or had'st
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 me, I could not cast one thought at thee.

me, I could not cast one thought at thee.

Mr. William Webb.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus.

Mr. William Webb.

Y^e ou meaner Beauties of the night, that weakly fa-tis-fie our eyes, more by
 your number than your light, like common peo-ple of the skies; what are you when the
 Moon shall rise?
 You Violets that first appear, and by your purple mantles known,
 Like the proud Virgins of the year, as if the Spring were all your own;
 What are you when the Rose is blown?
 You lusty Chanters of the Wood, that fill the Ayre with natures layes,
 Thinking your passions understood by Accents weak, what is your praise,
 When Philomel her voyce shall raise?
 So when my Princes shall be seen, in sweetnes of her looks and minde,
 By Vertue first, then chuse a Queen, tell me if she were not design'd,
 The Eclipse and Glory of her kinde?

Mr. William Webb.

num-ber than your light, like common peo-ple of the skies; what are you when the Moon shall rise?

On meaner Beauties of the night, that weakly fa-tis-fie our eyes, more by your
 number than your light, like common peo-ple of the skies; what are you when the Moon shall rise?
 Y^e ou meaner Beauties of the night, that weakly fa-tis-fie our eyes, more by your
 number than your light, like common peo-ple of the skies; what are you when the Moon shall rise?

a. 3. Voc.

Bass.

Mr. William Webb.

Y^e ou meaner beauties of the night, that weakly fa-tis-fie our eyes, more by your number
 than your light, like common peo-ple of the skies; what are you when the Moon shall rise?

than your light, like common peo-ple of the skies; what are you when the Moon shall rise?

Ff 2

Mr. William Webb.

A. 3. 200.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Nicholas Lanier.

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

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

Yet I have heard they both beare darts,
 And both doe aime at humane hearts;
 So that I feare they doe but bring
 Extrems to touch, and meane one thing.

Mr. Nicholas Lanier.

then againe I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, & death with cold.

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

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. 200.

A. 3. 200.

Bassus.

Though I am young, & cannot tell, either what love or death is well, & then againe

I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, & death with cold.

Mr. Nicholas Lanier.

A. 3. 200.

Cantus.

Mr. William Lawes

My Clarissa! thou cruell faire, bright as the morning, and soft as the Ayre: Fresh

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

When first I saw thee, I felt a flame,
 Which from thine Eyes like lightning came;
 Sure it was Cupid's Dart,
 It pierc'd quite through my heart,
 Oh, could thy breath once feele the same!
 A wound so deep would urge thy soule,
 Spight of a frowne I heare, coyneles contoule,
 And make thy love as fixe
 As is the heart thou prik'st,
 Forcing thee with me to condole.

Let not fœl Fortune my Love betyde;
 Oh, let your rocky breast be mollifi'd!
 Send me not to my Grave
 Unpittyed, like a slave;
 How can love such usage abide?
 Sympathize with me a while I pray,
 This passion quickly will find out reliefe;
 Cupid will from his Bowers
 Warm these chill hearts of ours,
 And make his power rule there in childe.

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

then flowers in May, yet far more sweet then they; Love is the subject of my prayer. Mr. W. Lawes.

My Clarissa! thou cruell faire, bright as the morning, and soft as the Ayre: Fresh

Bassus.

A. 3. 200.

A. 3. 200.

Bassus.

My Clarissa! thou cruell faire, bright as the morning, and soft as the Ayre: Fresh then

flowers in May, yet far more sweet then they; Love is the subject of my prayer. Mr. William Lawes.

4. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Lawes.

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

And that same Flower that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

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

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

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

Mr. William Lawes.

that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying, And that same Flower

Tenor.

4. 3. Voc.

4. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Ather your Rose buds while you may, old Time is still a flying, And the same Flower that

smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

Mr. William Lawes.

4. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. Wilson.

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

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

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

Coridon would have killt her then,
She sayd, Mays must kisse no Men,
Till they kisse for good and all,
Then she bad the Shepheard call
All the Gods to witness truch,
Ne'e was loved so fair a youth.

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

And *Philida* with Garland gay
Was Crowned the Lady of the *May*.

Dr. Wilson.

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

In the merry Month of *May*, on a morn by break of day, forth I walke the Wood so

Cantus Secundus.

4. 3. Voc.

4. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

In the merry Month of *May*, on a morn by break of day, forth I walke the Wood so

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

G g 2

Dr. Wilson.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus.

Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.



Elcom, welcome, to the Grove, these bowers, this embroded bed of

flowers; here with a Song more sweet than long, we will beguile, we will beguile, the sliding hours :

Violins

See a new spring & every plant, which of perfection finds a want, doth from that cheek & from that eye

crave & receive a new supply,

Chorus

Cho.

To the Flutes, etc.

Alto solo. Whilt the whole quire of birds *Chorus* to improve their

warb ——— ling from her voice : Then all must grant hee's to be seen, Beauties & Musicks Magazine.

to be seen, Beauties and Musicks Magazine.

rejoyce, to improve their warb ——— ling from her voice : Then all must grant hee's

Viols drooping neare to death, take life and odour from her breath, whilt the whole quire of Birds

We will beguile, we will beguile, the sliding hours crave and receive a new supply : Those

Elcom, welcome to the Grove, these flowers here with a song more sweet then long.

Alto.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassu.



Elcome to the Grove, here with a song more sweet then long, we will beguile, we will be-

guile, the sliding hours crave and receive a new supply: The Sun observing Marygold, that with his

light her beams unfold : Those Tulips a New way doe seek, to stock their mixtures from her cheek,

whilt the whole quire of Birds rejoyce, to improve their warb ——— ling from her

voyce : Then all must grant hee's to be seen, Beauties and Musicks Magazine.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus.

Mr. William Smegergill alias Cesar.



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

fad, some fad Requium sing, till cliffs requite thy echo's with a grone, and the dull Rocks

repeat the duller tone,

Alto alone.
To. n on a suddain, &c.

Bassus alone.
The Oake, &c.

Treble alone. Cho.

Mirtles shall esper, lofty Ceders run, & call the courtly Palme to make up one: Then

in the midst of all their jolly straine, then in the midst of all their jol-ly straine, strike a fad note,

strike a fad note, strike a fad note and fix 'um Trees againe.

Mr. William Smegergill alias Cesar.

fol-ly, fol-ly straine, strike a fad note, strike a fad note, and fix 'um Trees againe.

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

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

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

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

Alto. *Bassus.*

a. 3. Voc. *Bassus.*

M

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

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

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

Cho. Then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly straine, then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly

straine, strike a fad note, strike a fad note, and fix 'um Trees againe.

Mr. William Smegergill alias Cesar.

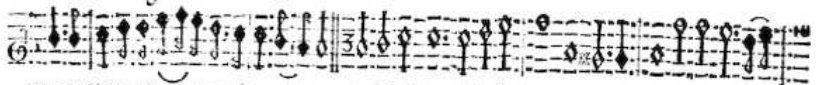
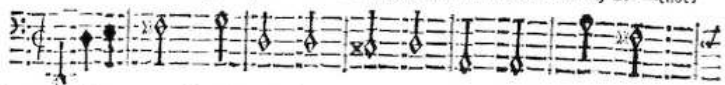
A. 3. 200.

Cantus Primus.

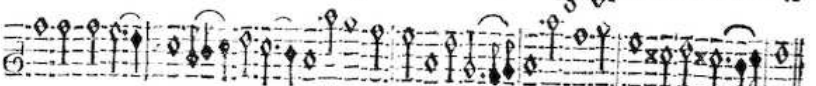
Mr. William Webb.



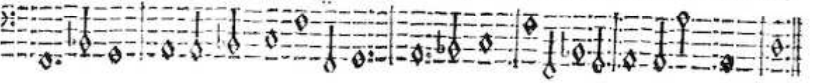
The sweet breath and gentle gales of our Parnassus glads the vales whose resounding Ecchoes



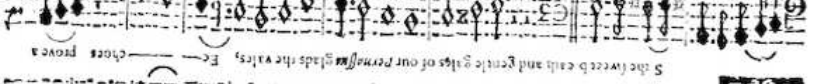
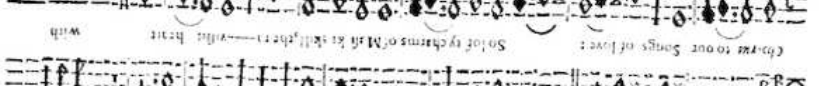
prove a Chorus to our Songs of love: So lousy charms, so lousy charms, of Musicks skill, the ra-villit



heart with pleasures fill, with pleasures fill, the voice of Cupid sings above, the heart below doth Eccho love.

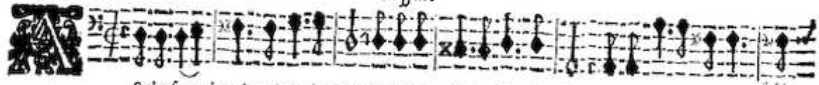


Mr. William Webb.

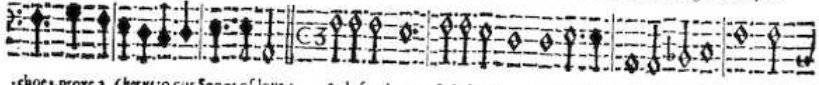


A. 3. 200.

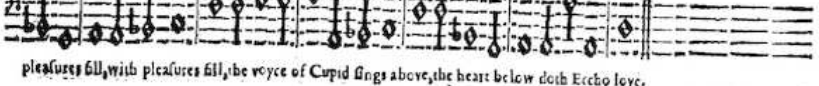
Bassus.



The sweet breath and gentle gales of our Parnassus glads the vales, whose resounding Ecchoes, Ec-



choes, prove a Chorus to our Songs of love: So lousy charms, so lousy charms of Musicks skill, the ra-villit heart with



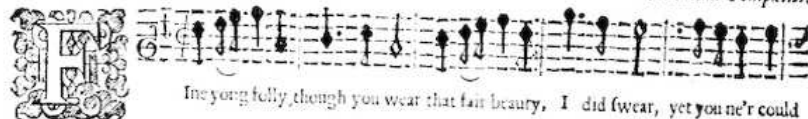
pleasures fill, with pleasures fill, the voice of Cupid sings above, the heart below doth Eccho love.

Mr. William Webb.

A. 3. 200.

Cantus.

Mr. William Tompkins.



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



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

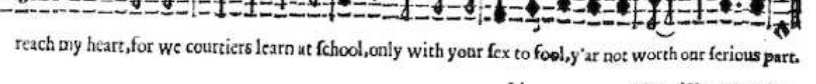
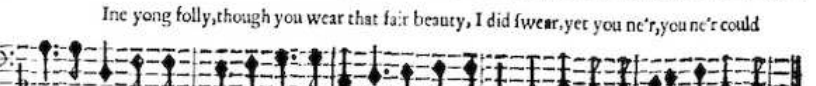
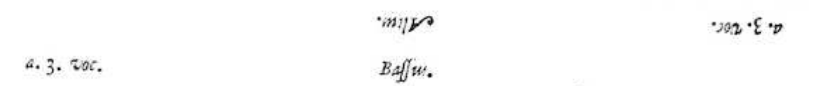
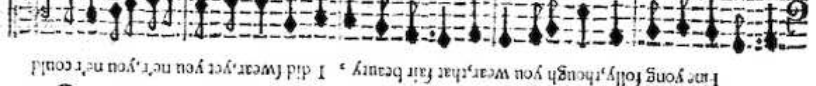
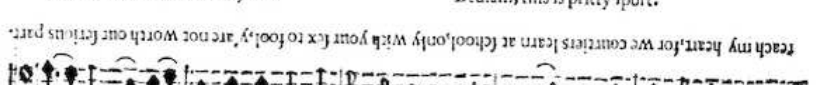


When I sigh and kiſſe your hand,
Crosse mine Armes and wondrous stand,
Holding fairly with your eye:
Then dilate on my desires,
Sweet the Sun ne'r shot such fires,
All is but a handsome lye.

When fore Madam, wear no Cloud,
Nor to chide my flames grow proud,
For insooth I much do doubt;
'Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath perfumes the Ayre,
And your cloaths that set you out.

When I see your Curles or Lace,
Gentle soule, you think your face
Straight, some murder doth commit
And your conscience doth begin
To be scupulous of my sin,
When I court to shew my wit.

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



FINIS.

ii

Mr. William Tompkins.

The Table to the first Book of Ayres, for a Voice alone to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.

A Bout the sweet Bag of a Bre,	8	L ike Hermit poore,	1
A Lover once I did espy,	9	Little love serves my turn,	18
A Willow Garland thou didst fend,	20	Let not thy beauty make thee proud,	19
Amidst the Myrtles as I walkt,	21	Ladies fly from loves smooth tale,	21
B eaury and Love once once fell at ods,	10	Lay that fullen Garland by thee,	25
Bid me but live,	10	N either sighs nor tears,	2
By all the Glories,	11	No, no, fair Heretick,	12
Bright <i>Aurelia</i> I do love,	29	N ver persuade me to't,	30
Bring back my Comfort and return,	31	No more blind Boy, for see my heart,	33
C ome Lovers all to me,	9	Of the kind boy,	7
<i>Cloris</i> farewell I now must go,	19	<i>Phillis</i> why should we delay,	16
Come lovely <i>Phillis</i> ,	20	S he that loves me for my selfe,	7
<i>Cloris</i> his love made <i>Clora</i> weep,	22	Stay, O stay that heart,	27
Change Patronicks, change for shame,	28	Since love hath in thine and mine eyes,	32
F air be no longer coy,	4	T hou art not fair,	2
Fain would I <i>Cloris</i> ,	24	Tell me no more her eyes,	5
Goe and bestride the Wind,	6	Tell me ye wandring spirits,	13
H ow coole and temperate am I grown	14	Take, O take those lips away,	24
How happy art thou and I,	15	'T is but a frown, I pritheer let me die,	34
How am I chang'd from what I was,	29	Tell not that I die, or that I live by thee,	35
I With no more,	3	V ictorious Beauty,	5
I am confirm'd a woman ere,	15	<i>Victoria, Victoria, il mio core,</i>	36
If the quick spirit of your eye,	17	W hy shouldst thou swear,	3
I love a L-f, but cannot shew it,	23	When thou didst think I did not love,	4
I pritheer send me back my heart,	30	Wer't thou more fairer then thou art,	23
I can love for an hour when I am at leisure,	32	Wake my <i>Adonis</i> do not die,	26
I will not trust thy tempting Graces,	35	When <i>Celia</i> I intend to flatter you,	21
		Why dearest should you weep,	38

The Table of the second Book, containing Pastorall Dialogues for two Voyces.

I pritheer keep my Sheep for me,	1	Dear <i>Silvia</i> let thy <i>Thirsi</i> know,	8
Shepherd in faith I cannot stay,	2	Did not you once <i>Lucinda</i> vow,	10
Come my <i>Daphne</i> , come away,	4	<i>Thirsi</i> kind Swain come near,	12
Forbear fond swain, I cannot love,	5	<i>Charon</i> , O gentle <i>Charon</i> let me woo thee,	13
<i>Fulcan</i> , O <i>Vulcan</i> my Love,	7	<i>Con bel se gella</i> , Ital. Aire for two voc.	16

The Table to the third Book, containing short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces.

IWith no more thou shouldst love me,	17	O my <i>Clarissa</i> thou cruell faire,	25
Let her give her hand or glove,	18	Gather your Rose buds,	26
<i>Cloris</i> farewell, I now must go,	19	In the merry month of May,	27
Not that I with my <i>Miltris</i> ,	20	Welcome to the Grove,	28
Tell me, O <i>Damen</i> , canst thou prove,	21	Musick thou Queen of souls,	30
Wer't thou yet fairer then thou art,	22	As the Sweet breath and gentle gales,	32
You meaner beauties of the night,	23	Fine yong folly,	33
Though I am young and cannot tell,	24		

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