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Unto the Right Honorable  
**GILBERT GRAY** Lord Provost.

ROBERT FORBES  
 ALEXANDER ALEXANDER } *Bailies.*  
 JOHN BURNET  
 THOMAS MITCHELL

WALTER ROBERTSON Dean of Gild,  
 ROBERT SKENE Treasurer,

*And to the rest of the Honorable Counsel of the City of ABERDENE.*



RIGHT HONORABLE,

A few years ago, that I might approve my self no less an ob-  
 servant Citizen, than a provident Parent, being invited by the desires of some,  
 I 2 allured

## Epistle Dedicatory.

allured by the kindness of others, and encouraged by the expectation and good hopes of the usefulness of the thing it felt to the Place; I did lay down my *First-born* as a fondling, at the feet of Your Honorable Bench; solemnly engaging, that as it received its being from *BON-ACCORD*, and its growth from Your Goodness, so it should period its stature with Your Pleasure. This Promise hath pressed me, that my Press might always bear the Impress of Your Vertues; and express (though in a small type) my thankfulness, according to the laudable custom of *Votaries* in all Ages, after a few years growth, to represent the same to Your Sanctuary, that it may be confirmed in Your favor. For that I may confess ingenuously when I looked deliberately on this my first *Mephibosheth*, I offered the same as an object of pity, being so maimed and maim in its chiefest parts, like a pitiful Embleme of *Orpheus* reared by the *Thracian* women, its vigor seemed to wither, its tender hands to dry up, and whole body to vanish in a consumption; had I not called a *Tymon* Counsel of the most Expert in this Place, who diligently turning over their old Records, and rising the labors of their Ancestors, unanimously and so cheerfully did contribute all their pains, that now being freed of all the noxious humors that were preying on its vitals, its wants are made up, defects supplied, its dried hands received moisture, and strength diffused so thorow the whole limbs, that it dare show it self to the Publick on its own leggs, if Your Wisdoms command; yea, run to the Schools to warble the Anthems of Your Liberality. Seeing it is natural to children to lisp out & at their Parents names, why should it be singular? If it did so, when on the Nurse breasts, why not in the flower and prime of its youth? Though

## Epistle Dedicatory.

Though it be silent, it hath a voice, and could sing its own pedigree, and the fruitfulness of its Mother Science; yea, with *Strabo*, *Pindarus*, *Plutarch*, *Aristotle*; and all Antiquity demonstrate, how much brutes, as well as men, are born obsequious subjects to this Queen, whose charming Melody was only able to enchant *Barbaritie*, civilize *Savages*, secure *Societies*, and so give matter to the significant *Apologues* of *Amphion*, *Linus*, *Orpheus*, and the building of the *Theban* walls, were it not the fear of being tedious, it would not be afraid to assert with *Divine Plato*, and his Followers, that the Heavenly Soul by which the *Universe* is animate, doth owe its Origen to this Lady; and narrate how much the great *Solon*, that Sun of Greece, bestowed on his Nephew, for teaching him one *Sapphick Tune*: and how much pains the wise *Socrates*, though full of years, did greedily bestow upon the Lute; and how much that greatest Captain, and Magistrate of *Athens* *Themistocles*, after he had accomplished himself in all Vertue, and most of Arts, was dashed with the sharp *Sarcasme* of a fellow Magistrate: How can he keep men in Harmonie, and people in Concord, who hath not learned as yet to tune a *Citeron*? It were no difficultie to show how much the Ancients used this Science, as a remedy and amulet against all Fascinations: as the Harp of *David*, to alley the fury of *Saul*; and the greatest auxiliarie also in time of Battle, so that the famous *Stratonians* did discern the courage of his Souldiers, by the musical and saliant motion of their Bodies; and therefore, bearing a *Citeron* in his Ensigne, did adde this motto, *Adversus male canentes Cythara*; as if none deserved Victory and Triumph but Musicians.

And

## Epistle Dedicatory.

And now, seeing it hath pleased Providence in *Your Wisdoms Persons*, to bless the *Bench of BON-ACCORD* with such an Harmonious *Consort*, of as many *Musicians* as *Magistrats*, that all under *Your Magistracie* may descant on *Your Labors*, and Posteritie sing *Your Praises* to coming Ages: Admit this *Poor Present* to *Your Acceptance*; its *Breath* and *Being* depends on *Your Brow*, being willing to receive its Sentence from the same, whether it shal be smothered in the *Birth*, or view the Publick under *Your Patrocinie*: However, that the best Blessings and Out-bearing of the *ALMIGHTY*, may accompany *Your Wisdoms* in all *Your Honorable Designs*, Shal be the daily Prayer of

YOUR HONORS

Own Servant,

John Forbes.

## Table of the Songs contained in this Book.

<b>A</b> Wake, sweet Love Away vain world	xxiii xxxv	<b>I</b> oy to the person of my Love Iury came to Iebus-Salem	xxxiv xxxvii	<b>T</b> he thoughts of men The gowans are gay The lowest trees have tops Though your strangeness There is a thing that much is There was a time when silly Bees.	vij xix xxvii xxxj xli lj
<b>B</b> rave Mars begins to rouse Begone, sweet night Behold a wonder here	xxxvii xl xliv	<b>L</b> et not, I say, the sluggish Like as the dumb Solsequium Like as the Lark within	xj xviii xxv	<b>W</b> hen as the Greeks When chile cold age What if a day, or a month When Father Adam Where art thou, Hope Who doth behold my Mistress Who worth the time When May is in her prime White as Lillies was her face With my Love my life was When from my Love I lookt Will said to his Mamie	v vii xvii xix xxvii xxx xxxix xxxv xlvi xlv xlix
<b>C</b> ome Love, let's walk Come sweet Love Care away goe thou from me	xiv xxxij l	<b>M</b> y bairful breast My complaining is but	xxij xli	<b>Y</b> ou Lovers all that love You minor Beauties The Plough-Song. Three Voices. All sons of Adam. Trip and go hiey.	vj liv F I N I S.
<b>E</b> ven Death, behold I breath	xxiv	<b>N</b> ow is the month of No wonder is suppose	x xvj		
<b>F</b> ain would I wed Flow my tears	liij lv	<b>O</b> Lusty May, with Flora Over the mountains	ij xlv		
<b>H</b> ow should my feeble body How now Shepherd	xv xlvii	<b>R</b> emember, O thou Man Remember me, my Dear	ix xlvij		
<b>I</b> f care do cause men cry Intil a mirrhful May In a garden so green If floods of tears could I love great God above	i liij iv xliij xxvj	<b>S</b> athan, my foe, full of Sleep wayward thoughts Sweet Kate, of late, ran Shepherd, saw thou not	xij xx xxxliij li		





# An Exposition of the Gam, and Cliefs.

**F**OR the understanding of this fore-going Scale, you must begin at the lowest word, *Gam-ut*, and so go upwards to the end, still ascending.

Then ye must get it perfectly without book, to say it forewards and backwards. Secondly, you must learn to know the parts of it, and wherein every key standeth; that is, whether in Rule, or in Space. Thirdly, how many Cliefs, and how many Notes every key containeth. And lastly, the properties of the Gam.

*Q. How many parts is in the Gam?*

*A. Two.*

*Q. Which two?*

*A. Bass and Alt.*

*Q. Which is Bass, and which is Alt?*

*A. All from Gam-ut, to C-sol-fa-ut, is Bass; and all from C-sol-fa-ut, to E-la, is Alt.*

*Q. C-sol-fa-ut, whether is it Bass, or Alt?*

*A. It is neither Bass nor Alt, but betwixt the two.*

*Q. What call you a Clief, and what a Note?*

*A. A Clief is a character set on a Rule at the beginning of a verse, showing the height and lowness of every Note standing on the same Verse, or in space (although use hath taken it for a general rule, never to set any Clief in the Space, except the *b* Clief) and every Space, or Rule, not having a Clief set in it, hath one understood, being only omitted for not pestering the Verse, and saving of labor to the writer: but here it is taken for a letter beginning the name of every Key, and are they which*

you see on the Scale set at the beginning of every word.

*Q. How many cliefs hath every Key?*

*A. Every Key hath but one Clief, except *b-fa-mi*, which hath two Cliefs.*

*Q. How many Cliefs are there?*

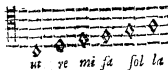
*A. There be in all seven Cliefs, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, but in use in singing there be but four; that is to say, the *F-fa-ut* Clief, which is commonly in the Bass, or lowest part, being formed or made thus \**

The *C-sol-fa-ut* Clief, which is common to every part, and is made thus :

The *G-sol-re-ut* Clief in Alt, which is commonly used in the Treble, or highest part, and is made thus G. And the *B* Clief which is common to every part, and is made thus *b*, or thus *♯*. The one *b* signifying the half Note, or flat singing, the other *♯* the whole Note, or sharp singing.

*Q. How many Notes is there in Musick?*

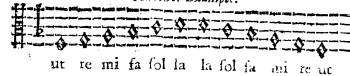
*A. There are but six Notes, which are called, and are commonly set down thus,*



For the better understanding of this, you shall observe the *C-sol-fa-ut* Clief standing on the fourth Rule from beneath, then you must reckon down from the Clief, as though the Verse were the Scale of the Gam, assigning to every Scale and Rule a several Key; & you shall find that the first Note standeth in *C-fa-ut*, and the last in *A-la-mi-re* in Bass.

Another

Another Example.



*Q. In how many several Keys may you begin the six Notes?*

*A. These three Keys of the following Example.*



But what is done in these Notes, may be also done in their Octoës; as what is done in *Gam-ut*, may also be done in *G-sol-re-ut* in Bass, and likewise in *G-sol-re-ut* in Alt. And what in *C-fa-ut*, may be also in *C-sol-fa-ut*, and in *C-sol-fa*. And what in *F-fa-ut* in Bass, may also be done in *F-fa-ut* in Alt. But these be the three principal Keys containing the three natures or properties of singing.

*Q. How many Keys is in the Gam?*

*A. Twenty: ten in Rule, and ten in Space.*

*Q. How many Notes are in these twenty Keys?*

*A. Two and forty Notes; viz. seven Uts, seven Re's, seven Mi's, seven Fa's, seven Sol's, and seven La's.*

*Q. Which are the three properties of Musick?*

*A. B-quare, Properchant, and B-mole.*

*Q. How many of these Uts sings B-quare, how many*

Properchant, and how many B-mole?

*A. Three B-quare, two Properchant, and two B-mole.*

*Q. Which are the three uts that singeth B-quare.*

*A. The ut of Gam-ut, the ut of G-sol-re-ut in Bass, and the ut of G-sol-re-ut in Alt.*

*Q. Which are the two uts that singeth Properchant?*

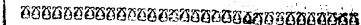
*A. The ut of C-fa-ut, and the ut of C-sol-fa-ut.*

*Q. Which are the two uts that singeth B-mole?*

*A. The ut of F-fa-ut in Bass, & the ut of F-fa-ut in Alt.*

*Q. You have spoke of the uts, but how doth the other Notes sing?*

*A. As every ut singeth, so doth the rest of the Notes likewise sing which ascendeth from that ut. As for example, the ut of Gam-ut singeth B-quare, therefore the re of A-re, the mi of *♯*-mi, the fa of C-fa-ut, &c. doth sing likewise B-quare. Likewise the ut of C-fa-ut singeth Properchant, therefore the re of D-sol-re, the mi of E-la-mi, the fa of F-fa-ut, and the sol of G-sol-re-ut, &c. singeth likewise Properchant: & the ut of F-fa-ut singeth B-mole, therefore the re of G-sol-re-ut, the mi of A-la-mi-re, the fa of B-fa-*♯*-mi, must likewise sing B-mole; because the Notes doth arise from these uts, as you may plainly see on the Scale: and so forth of the rest*



## Of the MOODS.

*Q. How many Moods is there?*

*A. Four.*

*Q. Which four?*

*A. Perfect the More, and Imperfect the More; Perfect the Less, and Imperfect the Less.*

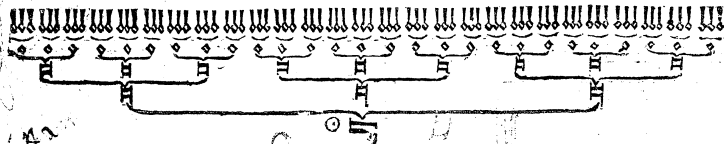
†† 2

The

*The first Mood.*

- Q. *Perfect the More, whereby know ye it?*  
 A. By my Figure and my Number.  
 Q. *How know ye it by your Figure?*  
 A. A round circle with a prick ○  
 Q. *How know ye it by your Number?*  
 A. They go all by threes, except Crochets, Quavers, and Semi-quavers.

*The Example of the first Mood.*



*The second Mood.*

- Q. *Imperfect the More, whereby know ye it?*  
 A. By my Figure and my Number.  
 Q. *How know ye it by your Figure?*  
 A. Half a Circle with a prick, ⊖  
 Q. *How know ye it by your Number?*  
 A. They go all by twos, except Minims.  
 Q. *How go they?*  
 A. By threes.  
 Q. *Number that Mood.*  
 A. Three Minims to the Semi-brief, so is the Semi-brief three; two Semi-briefs to the Brief, so is the Brief six: two

Q. *How go they?*

A. By twos.

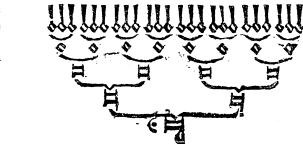
Q. *Number that Mood.*

A. Three Minims to the Semi-brief, so is the Semi-brief three; three Semi-briefs to the Brief, so is the Brief nine; three Briefs to the Long, so is the Long seven and twenty; three Longs to the Large, so is the large four score and one.

*Perfect the More.*

Briefs to the Long, so is the Long twelve: two Longs to the Large, so is the Large four and twentie.

*The Example of the second Mood.*



*Imperfect the More.*

*The third Mood.*

Q. *Perfect the Less, whereby know ye it?*

A. By my Figure and my Number.

Q. *How know ye it by your Figure?*

A. A round Circle without a prick, ○

Q. *How know ye it by your Number?*

A. They go all by twos, except Semi-briefs.

Q. *How go they?*

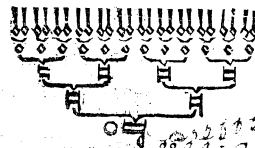
A. By threes.

Q. *Number that Mood.*

A. Two Minims to the Semi-brief, so is the Semi-brief two: three Semi-briefs to the Brief, so is the Brief six: two Briefs to the Long, so is the Long twelve: two Longs to the Large, so is the Large four and twenty.

*The Example of the third Mood.*

*Perfect the Less.*



*The fourth Mood.*

Q. *Imperfect the Less, whereby know ye it?*

A. By my Figure and my Number.

Q. *How know ye it by your Figure?*

A. A half Circle without a prick ⊖

Q. *How know ye it by your Number?*

A. They go all by twos.

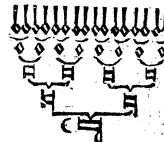
Q. *Number that Mood.*

A. Two Minims to the Semi-brief, so is the Semi-brief

two: two Semi-briefs to the Brief, so is the Brief four: two Briefs to the Long, so is the Long eight: two Longs to the Large, so is the Large sixteen.

*The Example of the fourth Mood.*

*Imperfect the Less.*



**The DEGREES.**

Q. *How many Degrees goeth to every Mood?*

A. Three.

Q. *Which three?*

A. Mood, Time, and Prolation.

Q. *What is Mood?*

A. It is a measuring of Longs by Larges, and Briefs by Longs, and is either greater or lesser.

Q. *What is the greater Mood?*

A. It is a measuring of Longs by Larges, and is either Perfect or Imperfect.

Q. *What is the greater Mood Perfect?*

A. Three Longs to the Large.

Q. *What is the greater Mood Imperfect?*

A. Two Longs to the Large.

Q. *What is the lesser Mood?*

A. It is a measuring of Briefs by Longs, and is either Perfect or Imperfect.

Q. *What*

**Q. What is the lesser Mood Perfect?**  
**A.** Three Briefs to the Long.

**Q. What is the lesser Mood Imperfect?**  
**A.** Two Briefs to the Long.

**Q. What is Time?**  
**A.** It is a measuring of Semi-briefs by Briefs, and is

either perfect or imperfect.

**Q. What is perfect Time?**

**A.** Three Semi-briefs to the Brief.

**Q. What is imperfect Time?**

**A.** Two Semi-briefs to the Brief.

**Q. What is Prolation?**

**A.** It is a measuring of Minims by Semi-briefs, and is either perfect or imperfect.

**Q. What is perfect Prolation?**

**A.** Three Minims to the Semi-brief.

**Q. What is imperfect Prolation?**

**A.** Two Minims to the Semi-brief.

**Q. Perfect the More, O how goeth it in Mood, Time, and Prolation?**

**A.** Perfect great Mood, perfect less Mood, perfect Time, and perfect Prolation.

**Q. Imperfect the More, C how goeth it in Mood, Time and Prolation?**

**A.** Imperfect great Mood, imperfect less Mood, imperfect Time, and imperfect Prolation.

**Q. Perfect the less, O how goeth it in Mood, Time and Prolation?**

**A.** Imperfect great Mood, imperfect less Mood, perfect Time, and imperfect Prolation.

**Q. Imperfect the less, C how goeth it in Mood, Time and Prolation?**

**A.** Imperfect great Mood, imperfect less Mood, imperfect Time, and imperfect Prolation.

## The CONCORDS.

**Q. What is a Concord?**

**A.** It is a mixt sound compact of diverse voices, entering with delight in the ear, and is either perfect, or imperfect.

**Q. What is a perfect Concord?**

**A.** It is that which may stand by it self, and of it self maketh a perfect harmony, without the mixture of any other.

**Q. What is an imperfect Concord?**

**A.** It is that which maketh not a full sound, and needeth the following of a perfect Concord, to make it stand in the harmony.

**Q. How many ConCORDS is there?**

**A.** Nine.

**Q. Which nine?**

**A.** An Unifone, a third, a fifth, a sixth, an octo, a tenth, a twelfth, a thirteenth, and a fifteenth.

**Q. How many of them are perfect, and how many imperfect?**

**A.** Five perfect, and four imperfect.

**Q. Which are the five perfect?**

**A.** An unifone, a fifth, an octo, a twelfth, and a fifteenth.

**Q. Which are the four imperfect?**

**A.** A third, a sixth, a tenth, and a thirteenth with their octoes.

**Q. What mean you by their octoes?**

**A.** Because their octoes are but the self same kind. As for example, An octo is the kind of an unifone, a tenth is the kind of a third, & a twelfth the kind of a fifth, &c.

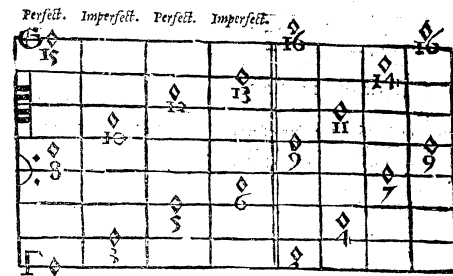
**Q. What needs so many ConCORDS seeing there are so few kinds?**  
**A.** Albeit

**A.** Albeit their kinds be one, yet the sounds are diverse. As an octo hath another sound then an unifone, and a tenth hath another sort of sound then a third, and

a twelfth hath another sort of sound then a fifth, &c. As likewise it giveth bounds to the composer, or setter of parts.

## The Scale of ConCORDS.

## Discords.



## Notes, their Names, Number, and Proportions.

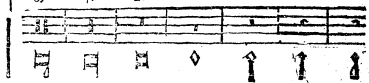
Example.  
 Large. Long. Brief. Semi. Min. Crotch. Quav. Semi-qu.



## Rests, or Pauses, of Prick, and Notes of Syncopation.

Example.

Large. Long. Brief. Semi-br. Min. Crotch. Quav.

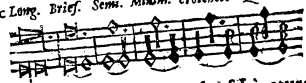


A further

A further Example of the *Prick-Notes*, wherein you see your Measure of the Time barred, according to the *Semi-brief*, both by *prick Semi-briefs*, *Minims*, and *Crotchets*.

Example.

*Prick Long. Brief. Semi. Minim. Crotchet. Quaver.*



Followeth now to speak of *Ligatures*.

What is a *Ligature*?

A. It is a combination or knitting together of two or more Notes, altering by their situation and order, the value of the same, holding out if your first Note lack a tail, the second descending, it is a long.

As in this Example.



A second Example.

If the first Note have a tail on the left side hanging downward: the second ascending or descending, it is a Brief.

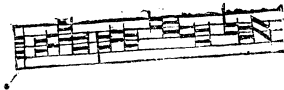
Example.



Of final Notes in *Ligatures*.

Every final Note of a *Ligature* descending, being a square Note, is a long.

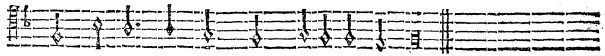
Example.



# THE FIRST SONG.



F care doth cause men cry, Why do I not complain? If every



wight bewails his woe, Why do I not the same?

THE

Since that amongst them all,  
I dare well say is none  
So far from joy, so full of woe,  
Nor hath more cause to mourne.

For all things living hath  
Sometime a quyet rest;  
The drawing Ox, the bearing Ass,  
And every other beast.

The Peisand and the Post,  
Which are at all assayes,  
The Ship-boy and the Galey slave,  
Hath time to take their ease.

A

Save

Save I, poor wretch, whom care  
Doth so me now constrain,  
To wail the day, and weep the night,  
Continually in pain.

From painfulness to pain,  
From pain to bitter tears,  
From tears to painful pain again,  
And so my life it wears.

Each thing under the Sun,  
That I can hear or see,  
It makes me to bewail my woe,  
And cruel destinie.

When I see men rejoice,  
Seeing I cannot so,  
I take more pleasure in my pain,  
It doubles but my woe.

Or when I see men have  
Their most desired sight,  
Alace! I think all men are well,  
Save I, poor woful wight.

Or when I hear the sound  
Of Song or Instrument,  
I think all thing that joyful is,  
Doth cause me to lament.

Even as the stricken Deer  
Withdraws himself alone,  
So seek I then some secret place,  
Where I may make my moan.

Although that for the time  
Doth much appease my grief;  
Yet doth it breed me further pain,  
To cause me more mischief.

THE SECOND PART.  
Since that amongst them all,  
I dare well say is none  
More grievous sinner nor I am,  
And hath more cause to moan.

My youthful years mispent  
In health and ignorance;  
Not caring how I spent my time,  
In sloath and negligence.

Even like a wandring sheep;  
Long have I gone astray:  
Lord, bring me to thy flock again;  
And guide me the right way.

Grant me thy grace to rise,  
And stand in time to come,  
That I may mend my wretched life,  
And mourn for time by-run.

Call me not to accounts  
Of former faults misdone:  
But let my Saviors bloody wounds;  
Be ranfome for my sin.

In mercy, Lord, my God,  
Receive me home to thee;  
That I may walk in thy true fear,  
And praise thy Name trulie.

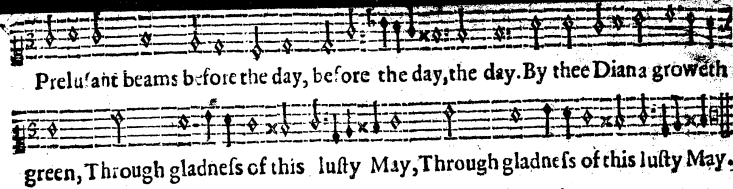
Relieve my burthen great  
Of sin and worldly cares;  
That I may in thy Sanctuary  
Sing praises evermair.

F I N I S.

## THE II. SONG.



Lusty May with Flora Queen, The balmy drops from Phebus sheen,  
Prelusant



Then Aurora that is so bright,  
To woful hearts he casts great light,  
Right pleasantly before the day, &c  
And shows and sheds forth of that light,  
Through gladness of this lusty May,  
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Birds on their beughs of every sort,  
Sends forth their notes, and makes great mirth,  
On banks that blooms on every bray, &c.  
And fares and flies ovr' field and firth,  
Through gladness, &c.

All Lovers hearts that are in care,  
To their Ladies they do repare,  
In fresh mornings before the day, &c.  
And are in mirth ay more and more,  
Through gladness, &c.

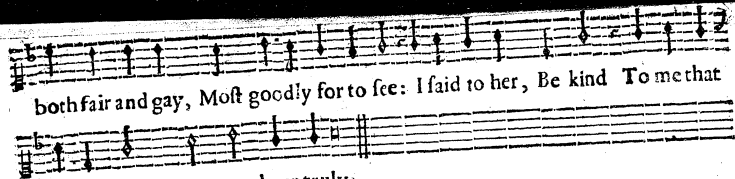
Of every moneth in the year,  
To mirthful May there is no peers;  
Her glistering garments are so gay, &c.  
You Lovers all, make merry cheer,  
Through gladness of this lusty May,  
Through gladness of this lusty May.

F I N I S.

## THE III. SONG.



Nto a mirthful May morning, As Phebus did upspring, I saw a May  
A 2 both



both fair and gay, Most goodly for to see: I said to her, Be kind To me that

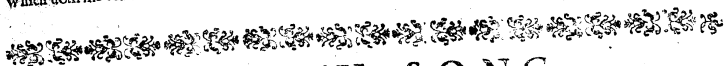
was so pyn'd, For your love truly.

First therefore whē I did you know,  
You thirl'd my heart so low  
Unto your Grace: but now in case,  
Banisht through false report:  
But I hope, and I trow,  
Once for to speak with you,  
Which doth me comfort.

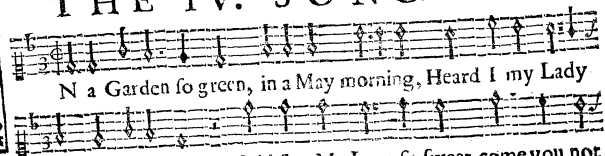
Wherefore, I pray, have mind on me,  
True Love, where ever you be:  
Where ever I go, both too and fro,  
You have my heart alright.  
O Lady! fair of hew,  
I me commend to you,  
Both the day and night.

Since Fortune false, unkind, untrue,  
Hath exyl'd me from you;  
By suddē chance I shal advance  
Your honor and your fame.  
Above all earthly wight,  
To you my truth I plight.  
In earnest, or gain.

F I N I S.



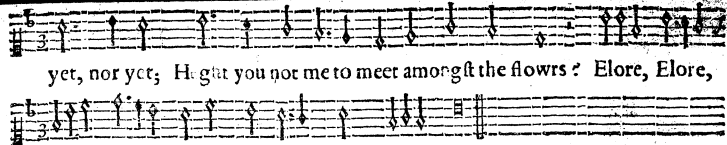
# THE IV. SONG.



In a Garden so green, in a May morning, Heard I my Lady

pleen of paramours. Said she, My Love so sweet, come you not

yet



yet, nor yet; Hight you not me to meet amongst the flowrs? Elore, Elore,

Elore, Elore, I love my lusty Love, Elore, Lo.

The s' yes up springeth, the dew down dingeth,  
The sweet Larks singeth their hours of prime.  
Phebus up sprenteth, joy to rest wenteth,  
So lost is mine intents, and gone's the time.  
Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore.  
I love my lusty Love, Elore, Lo.

Danger my dead is, false fortune my feed is,  
And languor my leed is: but hope, I despair.  
Disdain my desire is, so strangeness my fear is:  
Deceit out of all ware. Adew, I fare.  
Elore, Elore, &c.

Then to my Lady blyth, did I my presence kyth;  
Saying, My Bird, be glad: am I not yours?  
So in my armes two, did I the lusty jos  
And kissed her times two, then night hath hours.  
Elore, Elore, &c.

Live in hope, Lady fair, and repel all dispair:  
Trust not that your true Love shal you betray.  
When deceit and langor, banisht is from your bowr,  
I'll be your paramour, and shal you please.  
Elore, Elore, &c.

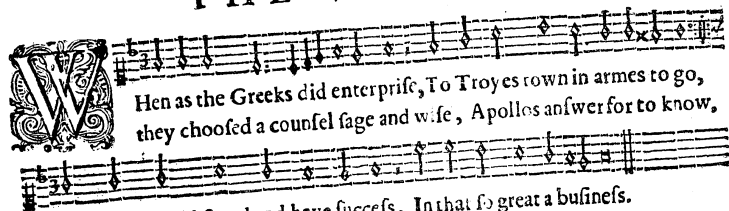
Favor and duty, unto your bright beauty,  
Confirmed hath lawty, obliedg'd to truth:  
So that your soverance, heartly but variance,  
Mark in your memorance, mercy and ruth.  
Elore, Elore, &c.

Yet for your courtesie, banish all jealousie:  
Love for love lustily, do me restore:  
Then with us Lovers young, true love shal rest and reign:  
Solace shal sweetly sing for evermore,  
Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore.  
I love my lusty Love, Elore, Lo.

F I N I S.

THE

## THE V. SONG.



When as the Greeks did enterprife, To Troyes town in armes to go,  
they choofed a counfel fage and wife, Apollos answer for to know,

How they should speed and have fucces, In that fo great a bufinefs.

Then did they fend the wifefte Greeks,  
Apollos answer for to know,  
Who with the tears upon their cheeks,  
But and the fiery flames of wood,  
With all fuch rites as was the guife,  
They did their great God facrifice.

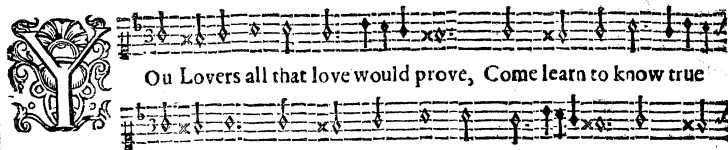
When they had done thus their request,  
And folemnly their fervice done,  
And drank the wine, and flew the beaft,  
Apollo gave them answer foon :

That Troy and Troyans have they should,  
To use them fully as they would.

Which answer made them not fo glad,  
That they should thus victorious be,  
As even the answer which I had,  
Did alfo joy and comfort me.  
For thus then faid Apollo mine,  
All that thou feeks, it fhall be thine.

E I N I S.

## THE VI. SONG.



Ou Lovers all that love would prove, Come learn to know true

love indeed. Firft, love the Lord your God above, From whom

all goodnes doth proceed : Pray to him faithfully, To grant his Sp'rit to

thee, Thy fins to mortifie, And that with fpeed.

Als love thy neighbor heartfully,  
Wifhing his welfare night and day :  
Dealing with all men faithfully,  
As to thy felf thou wouldft alway.  
Beseech the Lord of might,  
His Sp'rit to guide thee right;

His precepts day and night,  
For to obey.

Since that the time is here but fhort,  
That we in earth are to indure;  
Rejoice in God and have comfort,

In Chrift his Son that bought us dear.  
Pray to the Trinitie,  
One God, and Perfons three,  
To ferve him faithfully,  
With heart intiere.

The



The sacrifice of laud and praise,  
Sing to the Lord both day & night:  
With thanksgiving to him always,  
For all his benefits so bright.  
Thy time in vertue spend:  
Remember on thy end;  
See thou thy life amend,  
With all thy might.

Then shalt thou at the latter day,  
When Christ thee to account shal call,  
Rejoice in God, and not affray  
For fear of any sudden fall.  
Therefore live merrily  
In Love and Charity,  
Thanking thy God truly,  
What may befall.

Now let us all still watch & pray,  
Still waiting on that day and hour,  
When Christ shal come without delay,  
To judge all earthly creature.  
Then be prepar'd therefore,  
With lamps and oyl in store,  
To meet that King of gloire,  
That comes for ay.  
F I N I S.

The stedfast saith that friends profess,  
Is freed from them, and seldom us'd:  
He who a faithful friend profess,  
Doth make his friendship now abus'd.  
Where one is found a friend indeed,  
A score there be, a score there be, that fail at need.

For barren trees will bloom right fair,  
As well as those that fruit will yeeld,  
Whose bark and branches seems as fair,  
As any tree within the field.  
As simple looks the subtil man,  
As he that no, as he that no, kind falsehood can.

A friend of words where deeds be dead,  
Is like a spring that water wants:  
And he that with fair words is fed,

Doth hope for fruit of wither'd plants:  
But who can judge by hew of eye, (should be,  
Since deeds are dead, since deeds are dead, where truth

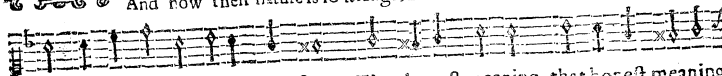
The fairest way that I can find,  
Is first to try, and then to trust;  
So shal affections not be blind:  
For proof will soon spy out the just:  
And tryal knows who means deceit.  
And bids us be, and bids us be-ware of their bait.

Without good proof be not too bold,  
If thou my counsel list to take:  
In painting words there is no hold,  
They be but leaves that wind do shake:  
But where that words and deeds agree,  
Accept that friend, accept that friend, and credit me.  
F I N I S.

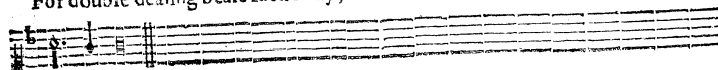
## THE VII. SONG.



Hethoghts of men do daily chage, As fantasie breeds in their breasts,  
And now their nature is so strange, That few can find where friendship rests:



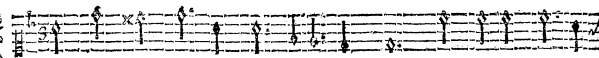
For double dealing bears such sway, That honest meaning, that honest meaning



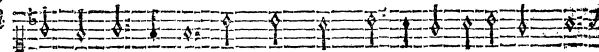
doth decay.

THE

## THE VIII. SONG.



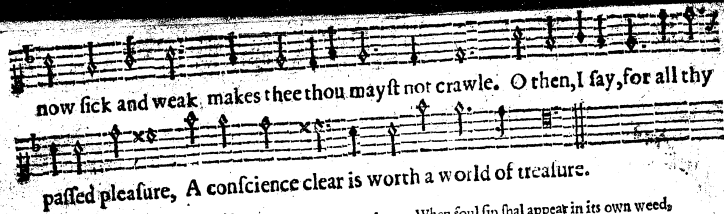
When chyle cold age shal cease upon thy blood, And hoary hairs do



show the winters fall: Thy joints which first in full perfection stood,

B

now



now sick and weak, makes thee thou mayst not crawl. O then, I say, for all thy

passed pleasure, A conscience clear is worth a world of treasure.

When on thy bed in anguish thou do'st lie,  
In some hard fever, striving still for breath:  
Thy wife and children then upon thee cry:  
Some wishing life, yet most for goods thy death.  
O then, I say, for all thy passed pleasure,  
A conscience clear is worth a world of treasure.

When foul sin shal appear in its own weed,  
Shal thy distracted senses so affright,  
In recordation of thy former deed;  
Nothing thou'lt have but dolor for delight.  
O then, I say, for all thy passed pleasure,  
A conscience clear is worth a world of treasure.

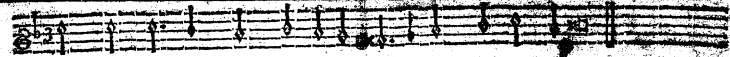
F I N I S.

## THE IX. SONG.



Remember, O thou man, O thou man, O thou man, Remember,

O thou man, thy time is spent. Remember, O thou man, how thou



thou was dead and gone, And I did what I can, therefore repent.

Remember Adams fall, O thou man, O thou man.  
Remember Adams fall, from heaven to hell.  
Remember Adams fall, how we were condemned all,  
In hell perpetual, therein to dwell.

Remember Gods goodness, O thou man, O thou man.  
Remember Gods goodness, his promise made.  
Remember Gods goodness, how he sent his Son doubtless,  
Our sins for to redress: be not afraid.

The Angels all did sing, O thou man, O thou man.  
The Angels all did sing, on the shepherds hill.  
The Angels all did sing praise to our heavenly King,  
And peace to man living, with a good will.

The shepherds amaz'd was, O thou man, O thou man.  
The shepherds amaz'd was, to hear Angels sing.  
The shepherds amaz'd was, how it should come to pass,  
That CHRIST our MESSIAS, should be our King.

To Bethlem did they go, O thou man, O thou man,  
To Bethlem they did go, the shepherds three.  
To Bethlem they did go, to see if it were so or not,  
Whether Christ was born or no, to set man free.

As th' Angels before did say, O thou man, O thou man,  
As th' Angels before did say, so it came to pass.  
As th' Angels before did say, they found a Babe where he  
In a manger, wrapt in hay, so poor he was. (lay

In Bethlem he was born, O thou man, O thou man,  
In Bethlem he was born, for mankind's sake.  
In Bethlem he was born, for us that was forlorn;  
And therefore took no scorn, our flesh to take.

Give thanks to God always, O thou man, O thou man,  
Give thanks to God always, most joyfully.  
Give thanks to God always, for this our happy day.  
Let all now sing and say, Holy, Holy.

F I N I S.

## THE X. SONG.



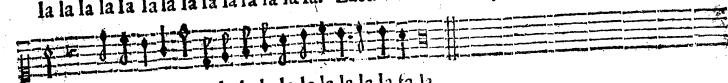
Ow is the month of maying, When merry Lads are playing, Fa la

B 2

la



la la la la la la la la la la la la. Each with hisbony Lufs, Upon the greeny



grafs, Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la fa la.

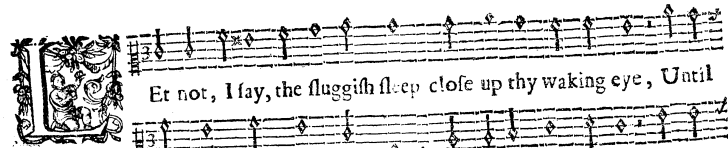
The Spring clad all in gladness,  
Doth laugh at Winters sadness, Fa la la, &c.  
And to the Bag-pipes found,  
The Maids tread out their ground, Fa la la, &c.

Fy then, why are we musing,  
Youths sweet delight refusing? Fa la la, &c.  
Say, dainty Nymphs, and speak,  
Shal we play barley-break? Fa la la, &c.

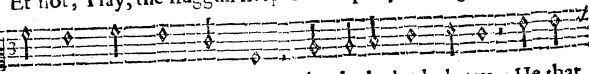
F I N I S.

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## THE XI. SONG.

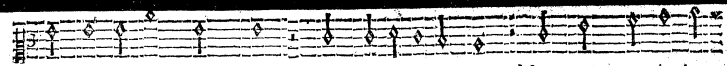


Et not, I say, the sluggish sleep close up thy waking eye, Until

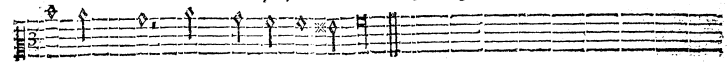


that thou with judgement deep, thy dayly deeds do try. He that

one



one sin in conscience keeps, while he to quyet goes; More venterous is then



he that sleeps with twenty mortal foes.

Wherefore at night call into mind,  
how thou the day hath spent:  
Praying to God, if ought thou find,  
and then in time repent.  
And since thy bed a patern is  
of death and fatal tears,  
Bedwart it shal not be amiss,  
this to record in verse.

My bed is like the grave so cold;  
and sleep which stecks mine eye,  
Remembreth death; clothes which me fold,  
declare the mould so dry:

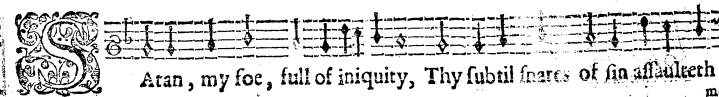
The frisking fleas, resembleth well  
the wringing worm to me,  
Which with me in the grave shal dwell,  
when I no light shal see.

The mighty bell which I hear knel,  
when I am laid in bed,  
Most like a bitter trumpet fell,  
ev'r shouting in my head:  
My rising in the morn likewise,  
when sleepy night is past,  
Puts me in mind that I must rise  
to judgement at the last.

F I N I S.

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## THE XII. SONG.

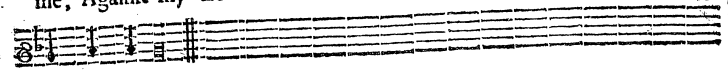


Atan, my foe, full of iniquity, Thy subtil snares of sin assaulteth

me



me, Against my Lord and Maker to rebel, With sweet allurements leads



the way to hell.

CHRIST.

O sinful man, since God hath creat thee  
A living soul, to serve him faithfullie;  
And from the hell he thee redeem'd again:  
Obey my voice, and from thy sins refrain.

SINNER.

Alace! Satan, the world, and flesh also,  
All three in one conspired hath my woe,  
Me to intrape in sinful pleasures here,  
Through sin and sathan, death and endless fear.

CHRIST.

Believe my word, and in thy heart imprint  
My sufferings for thy sake, and do repent.  
Pray to our Father for the Sp'rit of grace:  
To mend thy life, God grant thee time and space.

SINNER.

Alace! my fore-said foes full craftily  
Doth me entise from thy precepts to fly;  
And follow pleasures of my flesh and sin,  
The which is sweet to pass my time therein.

CHRIST.

O careless man! that sweetness brings no gain,  
But in the end eternal woe and pain.

Fly sin therefore, the Sabbath day thou keep:  
My Word will draw thee from that sinful sleep.

SINNER.

Alace! my Lord, I fight continually  
Against the Devil, the world, and flesh, all three:  
So that my wits and senses are grown dumb,  
Clogged with worldly things, almost ov'come.

CHRIST.

Cast first thy care to conquer heaven above,  
Through faith in me, and godly works in love:  
Thy Father who doth know thy present need,  
Will thee supply of worldly things with speed.

SINNER.

Prosperity makes me sometimes misknow:  
Adversity makes me despair and low.  
Whiles with the one and other am torment,  
Which maims my mind, and makes me mal-content.

CHRIST.

If riches grow, let not thy heart thereon,  
Lest that it make thee like the rich Glutton.  
Riches well us'd, Gods blessing doth procure:  
If crost with want, these Lazarus was poor.

Between

SINNER.

Between these two, I crave to stand content,  
If so it please my God for to consent:  
Praying therefore I seek to please his will,  
And be brought home, thy flock and fold until.

CHRIST.

Thou art not able for to run that race,  
To please his will, without his Sp'rit of grace:  
Therefore beseech his divine Majestie,  
To banish sin, and grant his Sp'rit to thee.

SINNER.

I shal beseech my Lord and God of might,  
The Father, Son and Sp'rit, to guide me right,  
That I may walk in thy true fear and love,  
And at the last attain thy joyes above.

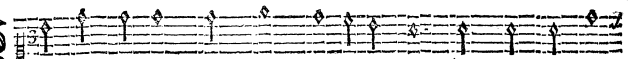
CHRIST.

If so thou do, thy prayer shal be heard,  
And in the heavens for thee a place prepar'd.  
Then serve thy God, and praise his holy Name:  
Obey my voice, and still with me remain.

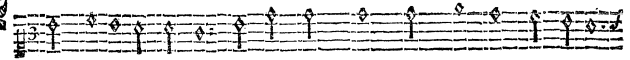
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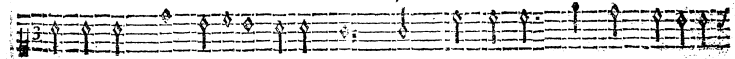
# THE XIII. SONG.



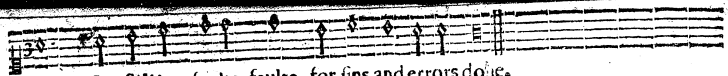
Floods of tears could change my follies past, Or smoaks of sighs



could sacrifice for sin: If groaning cryes could free my fault at last,



Or endless moan for ever pardon win; Then would I weep, sigh, cry, and ever groan,



groan, For follies, faults, faults, for sins and errors done.

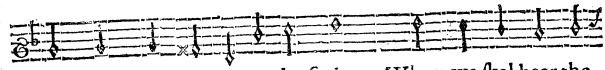
I see my hopes are blasted in their bud :  
And find mens favors are like fading flowers :  
I find too late that words can do no good,  
But loss of time, and languishing of hours,  
Thus since I see, I sigh, and say therefore,  
Hopes, favors, words, begone, begone, beguile no more.

Since man is nothing but a mass of clay,  
Our days not else but shadows on the wall :  
Trust in the Lord, who lives and lasts for ay;  
Whose favor sound will neither fade nor fail.  
My God, to thee I resign my mouth and mind :  
No trust in youth, in youth, nor faith in age I find.

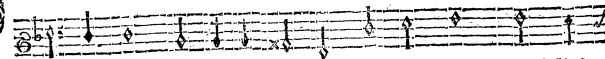
F I N I S.



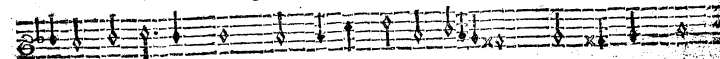
# THE XIV. SONG.



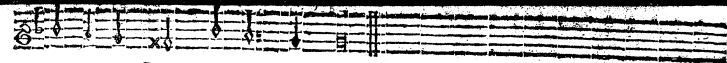
Come Love, let's walk in yonder spring, Where we shal hear the



Black-bird sing. The Robin red-breast and the Thrush, The Nigh-



tingale in thorny bush: The Mavis sweetly caroling, This to my Love,



this to my Love Content will bring.

In yonder dale grows fragrant scowrs,  
With many sweet and shady bowrs :  
A pearly brook, whose silver streams  
Are beautifi'd with Phebus beams,  
Still stealing through the trees so fair;  
Because Diana, because Diana,  
Batheth her there.

Behold the Nymph with all her train,  
Comes tripping through the Park again,  
And in this Grove she here will stay,  
At Barley-break to sport and play;  
Where we shal sit us down, and see  
Fair beauty mixt, fair beauty mixt  
With Chastitie.

All her delight is, as you see,  
Here for to sport, and here to be,  
Delighting in this silver stream,  
Only to bath her self therein :  
Until Afternoon her espy'd,  
Then to the Thicket, then to the Thicket  
She her hyed.

And there by Magick Art she wrought,  
Which in her heart she first had thought,  
By secret speed away to flee,  
Whilst he a Hart was turn'd to be.

Thus while he view'd Dianas train,  
His life he lost, his life he lost,  
Her love to gain.

Another to the same.

Come, Lord, let's walk on Sion Hill,  
There to remain for ever still;  
Where Prophets, possles, and just folk,  
With Martyrs on a row do walk;  
The Angels sweetly caroling :  
This to my soul, this to my soul,  
Content shal bring.

In Gods house many mansions are,  
Which Christ is gone for to prepare  
For his Elect, and own dear friends;  
Where joy remains, and never ends.  
Gods Saints shal thicher all repair;  
Because the Lamb, because the Lamb  
Of God reigns there.

We shal behold the Lord again,  
Come through the clouds with Angels train;  
And in the twinkling of an eye,  
We shal ascend up through the sky;  
Where we shal sit us down and sing  
Sweet Psalms of praise, sweet Psalms of praise  
To Jehovah King.

F I N I S.

C

THE

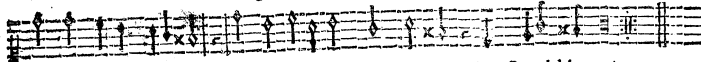
## THE XV. SONG.



ow should my feeble body fare, The double dolour that I indure :



The mourning and the great malure, cannot define. It doth my



baleful breast combure, To see another have in cure, that should be mine.

For well I wot was never wight,  
That could inforce his mind & might  
To love and serve his Lady bright,  
and want her fine :  
As I do martyr day and night,  
Without that only thing of right,  
that should be mine.

Were I of puissance for to prove  
My lowly and my heartily love,  
I should her mind to mercy move,  
with such propine.

Were all the world at my behove,  
She should it have at her behove,  
for to be mine.

Now who to shal I make my moan?  
For truth nor constancy is none;  
For all the faithful love is gone,  
of feminine.

It would oppres an heart of stone  
To see my loss, for her alone  
that should be mine.

Who shal my dulled spirits raise,  
Since not for love my Lady goes?  
For if good service might her please  
she should incline.

I die in dolour and disease,  
And others hath her as they please,  
that should be mine.

I may perceive right well by this  
That all the blythness, joy and blis  
The lusty wanton life I wish  
of love, is hinc.

What remedy since so it is?  
But patience, suppose I miss  
that should be mine.

For Nobles hath not ay renown,  
Nor Gentry ay the gayest gown:  
They cary victuals to the town

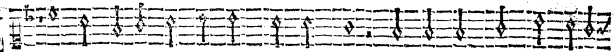
that worse doth dine.  
So busily to busk I bown,  
And others beats the berry down,  
that should be mine.

Who can the rage of youthhood daunt  
Let him to Lovers Court go haunt,

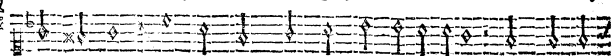
And him as Venus subject grant,  
and keep her trine;  
Perchance he shal find mercy skant,  
And able his reward to want,  
as I do mine.

F I N I S.

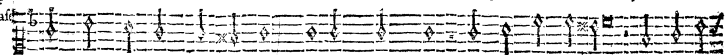
## THE XVI. SONG.



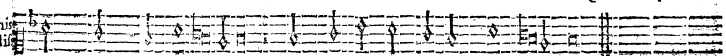
O wonder is suppose my weeping eyes Be blinded with the rainy



cloud of wo, And with the sword of sha p adversities. My dooltul



heart thus pierced been in two. Alace! sweet heart, all comfort is ago. Dispair is



Lord, good hope is in exile, That ev'r I lov'd, alace! this fory while.

As with the wind oppressed is the corn,  
The stone thirled with rainy drops great;  
And with the worm the scarlet rent and thorn;  
So is my heart overthirt'd and overfet:  
My salt tears are mingled with bloody sweat,  
Pale is my face, and faded is my hew,  
Of Loves lair, alace! that ever I knew.

I seek remead unto my deadly wound,  
As fire in yce, and heat in marble stone:  
I find a quadrant in a figure round,  
A deaf Sophist a problem to expound;  
I seek the truth in heart where there is none:  
As who would fish upon the mountains hie,  
Or go to gather berries in the sea.

Now is my care through old occasion,  
Old is my wound, my paines are very fore;  
The more I seek for consolation,  
My heaviness increaseth more and more:  
I love, alace! and all my love is lore:  
More wo I wish dread never man on eard:  
Such is my chance, such is my hapless weard.

I have enough and more for to complain  
Of every care that may my dool distress:  
How may my tongue or hand expresse the pain:  
Because the truth unable is to guess.  
I love, alace! not with those cares express'd,  
My deadly ghost: but rather with the dart.  
Bereave my life, as thou hast done my heart.

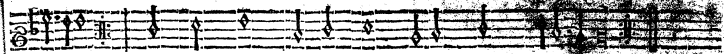
F I N I S.

## THE XVII. SONG.



What if a day, or a month, or a year. Crown thy delights with a  
May not the change of a night or an hour. Cross thy delights with as

thousand wish contentings. Fortune, honor, beauty, youth, Are but blossoms  
many sad tormentings. Wanton pleasures, doting love, Are but shadows



dying. All our joyes, are but toyes, Idle thoughts deceiving.  
flying. None hath power of an hour, Of his lives bereaving.

Th'earth's but a point of the world, and a man  
Is but a point of the Earths compared censure:  
Shal then the point of a point be so vain,  
As to triumph in a silly points adventure.

All is hazard that we have,  
Here is nothing byding:  
Days of pleasure are as streams  
Through fair meadows glyding.  
Well or wo, time doth go,  
Time hath no returning.  
Secret Fates guides our States,  
Both in mirth and mourning.

What if a smile, or a beck, or a look  
Feed thy fond thoughts with many vain conceivings:  
May not that smile, or that beck, or that look,  
Tell thee as well they are all but false deceivings.

Why should Beauty be so proud,  
In things of no surmounting?  
All her wealth is but a shrewd,  
Nothing of accounting.  
Then in this, there's no blifs,  
Which is vain and idle  
Beauties flowers have their hours,  
Time doth hold the bridle.

What if the World with a lure of its wealth  
Raife thy degree to great place off his advancing  
May not the World by a check of that wealth,  
Bring thee again to as low despised changing.

While the Sun of wealth doth shine,  
Thou shalt have friends plenty;  
But come want, they then repine,  
Not one abides of twenty.  
Wealth and friends holds and ends,  
As thy fortunes rise and fall:  
Up and down, smile and frown,  
Certain is no state at all.

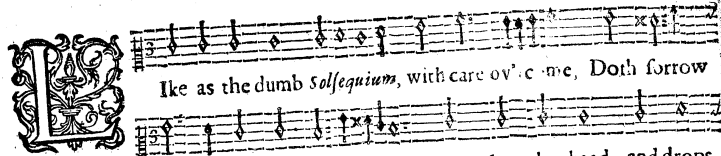
What if a grip, or a strain, or a fit,  
Pinch thee with pain of the feeling pangs of sickness:  
May not that grip, or that strain, or that fit,  
Show thee the form of thine own true perfect likeness.

Health is but a glance of joy,  
Subject to all changes;  
Mirth is but a silly toy,  
Which mishap estranges.  
Tell me than, silly man,  
Why art thou so weak of wit,  
As to be in jeopardie,  
When thou mayst in quiet sit.

F I N I S.

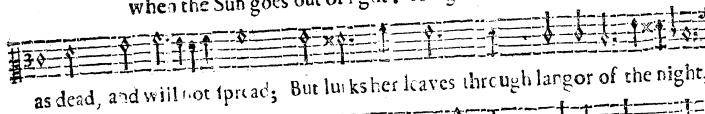
THE

# THE XVIII. SONG.

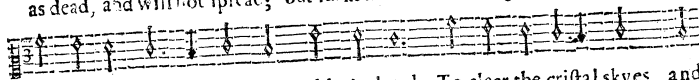


Like as the dumb *Solsequium*, with care ov'c me, Doth sorrow

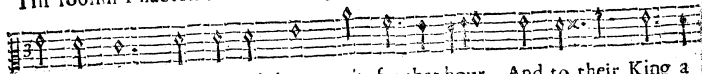
when the Sun goes out of sight: Hangs down her head, and drops



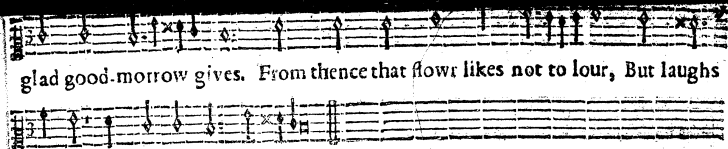
as dead, and will not spread; But lurs her leaves through languor of the night,



Till foolish Phaëton rise with whip in hand, To clear the cristal skyes, and



light the land. Birds in their bower, waits for that hour, And to their King a



glad good-morrow gives. From thence that flowr likes not to lour, But laughs



on Phebus op'ning out her leaves.

So stands't with me, except I be where I may see  
My lamp of light, my Lady and my Love:  
When she departs, ten thousand darts from sundry airts,  
Thirles through mine heart but rest or roove:  
My countenance declares mine inward grief,  
And Hope almost dispaire to find relief.  
I die, I dwine, love doth me pine:  
I loath on every thing I look, alace!  
Till Titan mine upon me shine,  
That I revive through favor of her grace.

Fra she appear into her Sphear, begins to clear  
The dawning of my long desired day:  
Then Courage cries on Hope to rise, fra she espies  
The noysom night of absence went away:  
No woe can me awake, nor yet impells

But on my stately stalk I flourish fresh:  
I spring, I sprout, my leaves break out;  
My color changeth in an heartsom hew:  
No more I lout, but stands up stout,  
As glad of her, of whom I only grew.

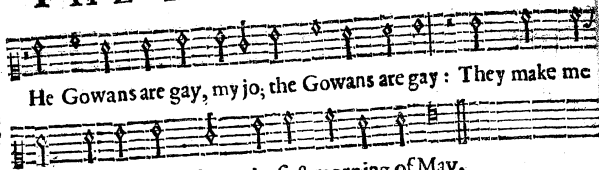
O happy day! go not away, Apollo stay  
Thy cart from going down into the West:  
Of me thou make thy Zodiack, that I may take  
My pleasure to behold whom I love best.  
Her presence me restores to life from death,  
Her absence also shores to cut my breath:  
I wish in vain, thee to remain;  
Since *Primum mobile* doth say me nay.  
At least, my wane, haste soon again.  
Fare-well, with patience perforce, till day.

F I N I S.

THE



## THE XIX. SONG.



He Gowans are gay, my jo; the Gowans are gay : They make me  
wake when I should sleep, the first morning of May.

About the fields as I did pass,  
the Gowans are gay :  
I chanc'd to meet a proper Lass,  
the first morning of May.

Right busy was that bony Maid,  
the Gowans are gay :  
And I thereafter to her said,  
the first morning of May.

O Lady fair, what do you here ?  
the Gowans are gay :  
Gathering the dew, what needs you  
the first morning of May. (spear)

The dew quoth I, what can that mea:  
the Gowans are gay :

She said, To wash my Lady clean,  
the first morning of May.

I asked farther at her fine,  
the Gowans are gay :  
To my will if she would incline,  
the first morning of May.

She said her errand was not there,  
the Gowans are gay :  
Her maiden-head on me to ware,  
the first morning of May.

Thus left I her, and past my way,  
the Gowans are gay :  
Into a garden me to play,  
the first morning of May.

Where there were birds singing full  
the Gowans are gay : (sweet,  
Unto me comfort was full meet,  
the first morning of May.

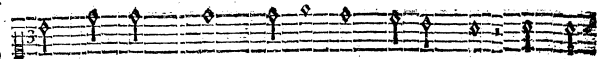
And thereabout I past my time;  
the Gowans are gay :  
While that it was the hour of Prime;  
the first morning of May.

And then returned home again,  
the Gowans are gay :  
Pansing what Maiden that had been  
the first morning of May.

FINIS.

TH

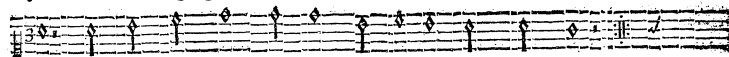
## THE XX. SONG.



Leep wayward thoughts, and rest you with my Love: Let not  
Touch not proud hands, lest you her anger move: But pine



my love be with my love diseas'd. Thus while she sleeps, I sorrow for her,  
you with my longings long displeas'd.



fake : So sleeps my Love, my Love, and yet my Love doth wake,

But, O the fury of my restless fear !  
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires  
The glories and the beauties that appear  
Betwixt her brows, near Cupids closed fires.  
Thus while she sleeps moves sighing for her fake;  
So sleeps my Love, my Love, and yet my Love doth wake.

My Love doth rage, and yet met Love doth rest :  
Fear in my Love, and yet my Love secure :  
Peace in my Love, and yet my Love oppress :  
Impatient, yet of perfect temperatout:  
Sleep, dainty Love, while I sigh for thy fake.  
So sleeps my Love, my Love, and yet my Love doth wake.

FINIS.

D

THE

# THE XXI. SONG.



When Fa - ther A - dam first did flee, From presence of the  
His cloathes was short scarce cover'd his knee, The great God cry'd, and

Lord his face, Stay Adam I saith the Lord, Where art thou, Adam?  
held him in chase. I was a-fraid to hear thy voice, And naked thus to

turn thee and stay: Who hath reveal'd to thee, That naked thou shouldst be, Or  
come in thy way:

hast thou eaten of the tree, Which I commanded thee, It touch'd it should not be,

Therefore beginneth thy miserie, O Adam! poor Adam! I pity thee.

The Woman which thou gave to me  
To be my helper, as I thought,  
Did eat, and also counsel'd me,  
Which now, alace! is dearly bought.  
The Serpent false hath me beguil'd,  
That rebel to thy Majesty;  
For to have us and ours exyl'd,  
With his rebellious company.

That is no excuse  
To leave the Lord, and use  
The counsel of thine enemies;  
Blest freedom to refuse,  
Soul and body to abuse:  
Pity, O Adam! I pity thee:  
O Adam! poor Adam! I pity thee.

Yet for thy fault thou punisht shalt be:  
And in place of pleasure and ease,  
Nothing but labor shalt be to thee:  
Thy meat win with sweat and disease.  
And thou, O Eve! in stead of mirth,  
And pleasant Paradise preclair,  
In grievous pains shalt be thy birth,  
With many a sigh and groan full fair:

Yet from thine enemies,  
And Satans cruelty,  
I will surely ay set thee free,  
If thou wilt turn to me,  
Obey and thankful be:  
Surely thou shalt be dear to me:  
O Adam! poor Adam! dear shalt thou be.

But thou, the Serpent that did go  
So sliely up upon the field,  
Shal on thy belly creep also;  
The dust shal be thy meat and bield:  
Curst shalt thou be for ever,  
Enemy to the womans feed:  
He shal prevail, but thou shalt never;  
For he shal bruise thee on the head;  
And shal restore again,  
From death and endless pain,  
My servant David to be with me,  
Where he shal ay remain  
With me his Soverain,  
In joy and blis eternally:  
O Adam! O Adam! thus shal it be.

Away went Satan most discontent,  
Christ being promis'd for to reign:  
And metamorphos'd his intent,  
Through power of his mighty King.  
Our freedom, Lord, we have from thee,  
That bowels of mercy powred out  
Upon thy whole posterity,  
Of thy free grace withouten doubt.  
Therefore we all humbly  
Intreat thy Majestie,  
That we may ever thankful be:  
And for our sins contrite:  
Praying to thee most sweet,  
O Jesus! dear Jesus! have pity on me,  
O Adam! dear Adam! I pity thee.

F L A I S.

D 2

THE

## THE XXII. SONG.

**M**Y bairful breast in blood all bruist, And all my corps, alace! in  
 pain, That force nor strength have I no maughts To use themselves

as they were mine. My body doth but dayly dwine In deadly wo,

without offence: My heart it hath no Medicine, Since I must pass from her

presence, Since I must pass from her presence.

Uncertain of the time and place,  
 When that we two should meet again:  
 No force of all yet gave her grace,  
 Would once relieve me of my pain.  
 Alace! fair words are but a train,  
 And serves thy body but a space,  
 Without good hope, time's spent in vain:  
 I say no more, but oft, alas!

Alace! that ever I saw her face,  
 Or had it in remembrance.  
 Alace! that ever I knew the place,  
 Where first we made our acquaintance.  
 Wo worth the love of ignorance,  
 To love where no love can abide.  
 Wo worth the framed ignorance,  
 Since doleful death must be my guide.

Albeit as yet I suffer pain,  
 Not all is vain, my time is spent:  
 For she that hath my faithful heart,  
 Would heart out of my bowels rent,  
 And alter many wits content.  
 Who lifts to look on her a space,  
 Was nev'r beauty more excellent,  
 But may be seen into her face.

And yet suppose my heart were free  
 At liberty but any pain,  
 It were impossible to me,  
 But it would soon return again  
 To her with whom it did remain,  
 Above all earthly wight alive.  
 Sweet heart, relieve me of my pain:  
 Relieve me, or I end my life.

F I N I S.

## THE XXIII. SONG.

**A** Wake, sweet Love, thou art return'd: My heart which long in  
 Let Love which ne-ver absent dyes: Now live for e-ver

absence mourn'd, Lives now in perfect joy. Only her self hath seen  
 in her eyes, Whence came my first annoy. Dispair did make me wish

med

med fair, She only I could love, She only drew me to dispair, When  
to die, That I my joys might end. She only which did make me flee, My

she unkind did prove.  
state may now a - mend,

If she esteem thee now ought worth,  
She will not grieve thy love henceforth  
Which so dispair hath prov'd.  
Dispair hath proved now in me,  
That love will not unconstant be,  
Though long in vain I lov'd.  
If she at last reward my love,  
And all my harmes repair.

Thy happines will sweeter prove,  
Rais'd up from deep dispair :  
And if that now thou welcome be,  
When thou with her do'st meet;  
She all this while but play'd with thee,  
To make thy joyes more sweet.

FINIS.

## THE XXIV. SONG.



Ven Death, behold I breath; My breath procures my pain; Else

dole

dolor after death, should slack when I am slain. But destinies disdain, so span

my froward threed, But mercy to remain a Martyr quick and dead. O cruel

deadly feed! O rigor but remorse! Since there is no remeed, Come patience

perforce.

The Fates, my froward Fates,  
With wicked wields have wrought  
My state of all estates,  
Unhappiest to be thought.  
Have I offended ought,  
Or wrought against their will;  
But mercy then they might  
Conclude my corps to kill :  
But as they have no skill  
Of reason, nor regard,  
The innocent and ill,  
Receive a like reward.

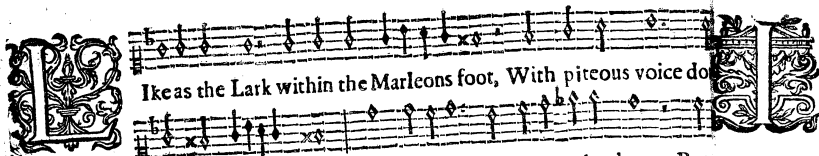
My heart but rest or rove,  
Reuth, reason or respect,  
With fortunes death and love;  
Is kept under check,  
That now there is no neck,  
Nor draught to make debate;  
But needs must burst and break,  
For love must have his mate :  
Relief, alas! is late,  
Since I am forc'd to flee;  
I stand in strange estate;  
I love, I dwyn, I die;

Yet time shal try my truth,  
And painful patient part;  
Though love would rage but reuth,  
And death with deadly dart  
Should stay to cure my smart,  
On fortunes fickle wheel,  
All shal not change my heart,  
Which is as true as steel :  
I am not like an Eel,  
To slip away and slide;  
Love, fortune, death, farewell,  
Where I am bound, I'll bide.

FINIS.

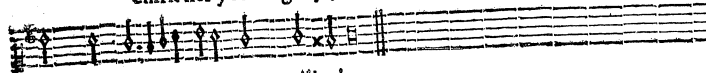
THE

## THE XXV. SONG.



**L**ike as the Lark within the Marleons foot, With piteous voice do

chirk her yeelding lay; Even so do I, since is no other boot, Ren



dring my Song unto your will obey.

Your vertue mounts above my force so hie,  
That with your beauties seas'd I am so sure,  
That there remains resistance none in me;  
But patiently your pleasure to endure.

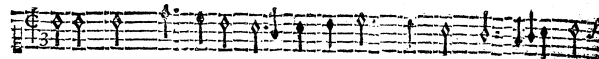
And in your will my fancie shal depend,  
My life and death consists into your will;  
I rather would my life were at an end,  
Then in despair this way continue still.

Wounded I am, with deadly darts dint,  
Fetter'd with fetters, despairing of relief;  
Lying in langor as careful captive tint,  
And ye the cause of all my wo and grief.

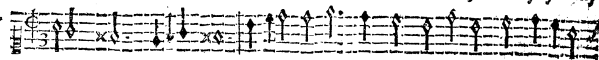
And since there is no pity more in place,  
But that your cruelty doth thrust my blood;  
I am content to have no other grace,  
But let it out, if it may do you good.

FINIS.

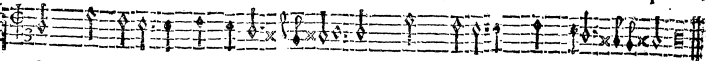
## THE XXVI. SONG.



**L**ove great God above, I'm not oppress'd with love; But dayly may



remove. When liketh me. Be she for my behove, I list for no reproves:



Ay when I list to love, I may let be, And choose another love that will love me.

I see Lovers anew,  
hat are both trust and true,  
or love changes hide and hew,

And blaikned be,  
then she lists not to rew,  
hy should I more pursue?  
when I list to love, I may let be,  
id choose another Love that will  
love me.

Since wicked variance,  
id false dissimulation,  
id double inconstance

Beareth the gree:  
Since faithful observance,  
Can get no recompence:  
Ay when I list to love, I may let be,  
And choose another Love that will  
love me.

Since faith cannot be found,  
Nor pity can abound.  
Why should I run on ground,  
And cannot flee?  
As good love lost as found,  
Far better loose then bound:

Ay when I list to love I may let be,  
And choose another Love that will  
love me.

Since I am not her mease,  
She is so ill to please,  
Love doth her most disease,  
That cannot flee.

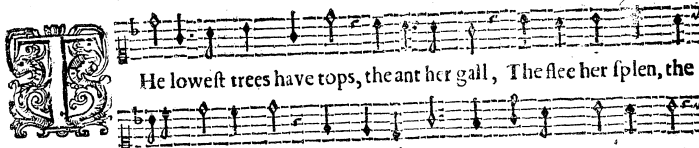
Since as good comes as goes,  
My heart yet shal I raise:  
Ay when I list to love, I may let be,  
And choose another Love that will  
love me.

E

FINIS.

THE

## THE XXVII. SONG.



little spark its heat: The slender hairs cast shadows, tho but smal:



and bees have stings, although they be not great. Seas have their course, and



so have little springs; And love is love in beggars as in Kings.

Where waters smoothest are, deep are the foords:  
The dyal stirs, yet none perceives it move:  
The firmest faith is in the fewest words:  
The turtles cannot sing, and yet they love:  
True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongue to speak:  
They hear, and see, and sigh, and then they break.

*The Answer.*

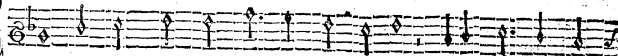
Bushes have tops, but the Cedar greater:  
A hair casts shadow less than Pharaohs tower:  
The spark casts heat, but greater heat the fire.  
A bee can sting, not like a scorpions power.

Seas have their course, and so have little springs:  
So beggars love, but greater love have Kings.

Rough are deep seas, when smooth run shallow foords.  
The ratt makes noise, before the dyal move.

The firmest faith is still confirm'd with words.  
And turtles mourn in losing of their love.  
If hearts have eyes and ears, the tongue can speak:  
They'll hear, and see, and sigh before they'll break.  
F I N I S.

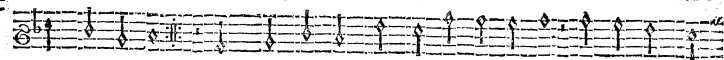
## THE XXVIII. SONG.



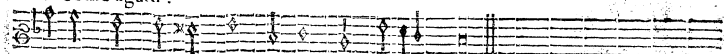
Here art thou, hope, that promis'd me relief? Come hear my doom  
Come, traitor hope, that all men doth mischief, Come here let see,



pronounced by disdain. Alace! sweet hope, where is thy scope? Or where  
and ease me of my pain: Why flees thou me, to make me die? Wilt thou



shalt thou remain? Since hope is gone, and cannot me remead, In bondage thus  
not come again?



I must bide fortunes fead, I must bide fortunes fead.

I had a heart, and now I heartless go:  
I had a mind that daily was oppress'd:  
I had a friend that's now become my fo:  
I had a will, yet can I get no rest.

What have I now? nothing I trow,  
But spite where I had joy.  
What am I then? a heartless man:  
Should love me thus destroy?

I love and serve one whom I do regard,  
Yet for my love, disdain is my reward.

If promis'd faith, and secret love intend,  
And choose but doubt, I thought I had done well.

If fixed eye and inward heart do bind  
A man in love, as now my heart doth feel;  
What pain is love? Or what may move  
A man for to despair?  
Nothing so great as I pain eschew  
Of his sweet Lady fair:

Such is my chance, as now I must confess:  
I love a Love, though she be merciless.

What pain can pierce a heart that I do want?  
If love be pain that doth any subdue?  
What pain can force a body to be faint?  
If love be pain, how can I pain eschew?  
Since I am fast, knit to the malt,  
Tis torment to endure,  
And have no might, by law nor right,  
My Lady to procure:

What shall I say, since will gain-stands the law?  
I have a will, yet will makes me stand aw.

Where shall I go to hide my weary face?  
Where shall I find a place for my defence?

Where is my love, who is the meekest place  
Of all the earth that is my confidence:

She hath my heart, till I depart,  
Let her do what she list;  
I cannot mend, but still depend,  
And daily to insist

To purchase love, if love my love deserve;  
If not for love, let love my body serve.

Come here, ye Gods, and judge my cause aright;  
Hear my complaint before ye me condemn:  
Take you before my Lady most of might:  
Let not the wolf devour the silly lamb.

If she may say, by night or day,  
That ev' I did her wrong,  
My mind shall be, with cruelty,  
Toly in prison strong;  
Then shall ye save a falseless man from pain.  
Try well my cause, and then remove disdain.

O Lady fair, whom I do honor most,  
Your name and fame within my breast I have:  
Let not my love and labor thus be lost;  
But still in mind, I pray you, to ingraft,  
That I am true, and shall not rue  
A word that I have said:

I am your man, do what ye can,  
When all these playes are play'd;  
Then save your ship unbroken on the sand,  
Since man and goods are all at your command.

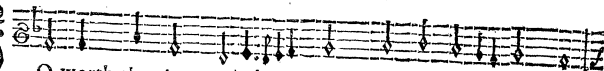
Then choose to keep or loss that ye have done,  
Your friendly friend doth make you this request:  
Let not friends come us Lovers two between,  
Since late detests caus'd you me to detest.

Keep

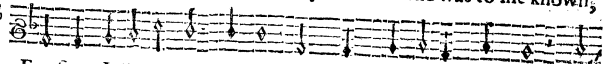
Keep hope in store, you to deplore,  
Conquer your friend indeed:  
Remember ay, will come the day,

When friends a friends will need:  
You have a friend so friendly and so true:  
Keep well your friend: I say no more: Adieu.

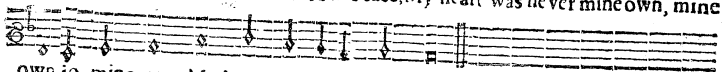
## THE XXIX. SONG.



O worth the time and eke the place That she was to me known,



For since I did behold her face, My heart was never mine own, mine



own jo, mine own, My heart was never mine own.

Sometime I liv'd at liberty,  
But now I do not so:  
She hath my heart so faithfully,  
That I can love no mo, no mo jo, no  
That I can love no mo.

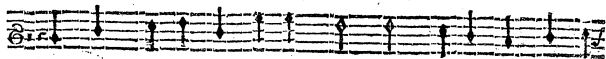
To be refus'd of love, alas!  
All earthly things, adew.  
My Mistress she is merciless,  
And will not on me rue, me rue jo, me  
(mo, And will not on me rue.

Now am I left all comfortless,  
And no remead can crave:  
My pains they are remeadiless,  
And all the wite you have, you have fo  
And all the wite you have. (you have,

F I N I S.

T H E

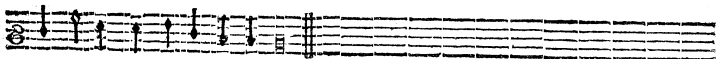
# THE XXX. SONG.



Ho doth behold my Mistris face, And seeth not good hap  
Who hears her speak & marks her grace, Shal think none e-ver spake



hath she : In short, for to resound her praise, She is the fairest, the fairest,  
but she.



the fairest, the fairest of her days.

Who knows her wit & not admires,  
Shal think himself void of all skill :  
Her vertues kindles strong desires,  
In those who think upon her still.  
In short, for to resound her praise,  
She is the fairest, the fairest, the fairest,  
the fairest of her days.

Her red is like unto the rose,  
When from a bud unto the Sun :  
Her comely colors doth disclose  
The first degree of ripeness won.  
In short, for to resound her praise,  
She is the fairest, the fairest, the fairest,  
the fairest of her days.

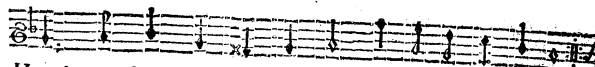
And with the red is mixt a white,  
Like to the same of fair Moon-shine,  
That doth upon the water light,  
And makes the color seem divine.  
In short for to resound her praise,  
She is the fairest, the fairest, the fairest,  
the fairest of her days.

F I N I S.

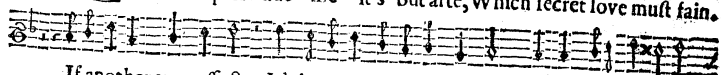
THE

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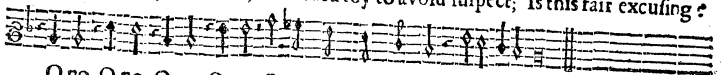
# THE XXXI. SONG.



Hough your strangeness frets my heart, Yet must I not complain :  
You perswade me it's but arte, Which secret love must faine.



If another you affect, It's but a toy to avoid suspect; Is this fair excusing ?



O no, O no, O no, O no, O no, no, no, no, all is abusing.

When your wisht sight I desire,  
Suspicion ye pretend,  
Causeless ye your self retire,  
Whilst I in vain attend :  
Thus a Lover, as you say,  
Still made more eager by delay,  
Is this fair excusing ?  
O no, O no, O no, O no,  
O no, no, no, no, no,  
All is abusing.

When another holds your hand,  
You'll swear I hold your heart :  
While my Rival clost doth stand,  
And I sit far apart,  
I am nearer yet then they,  
Hid in your bosom, as you say :  
Is this fair excusing ?  
O no, O no, O no, O no,  
O no, no, no, no, no,  
All is abusing.

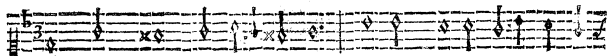
Would a Rival then I were,  
Or else your secret friend;  
So much less should I you fear,  
And not so much attend :  
They enjoy you every one,  
Yet must I seem your friend alone :  
Is this fair excusing ?  
O no, O no, O no, O no,  
O no, no, no, no, no,  
All is abusing.

F I N I S.

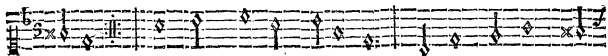
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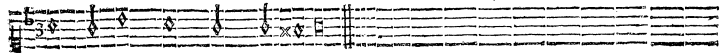
# THE XXXII. SONG.



Come, sweet Love, let sorrow cease, Banish frowns, leave off dis-  
Loves warr makes the sweetest peace, Hearts u - niting by con-



centration: Sun-shine follows after rain; Sorrows ceasing, this  
tentation: After sorrow cometh joy. Trust me, prove me, try



is pleasing, All proves fair again.  
me, love me, This will cure annoy.

Winter hides his frosty face,  
Blushing ever to be more moved:  
Spring returns with pleasant grace:  
Flora's treasures are renewed.

Lambs rejoice to see the Spring;  
Leapping, skipping, sporting, tripping:  
Birds for joy do sing.

Let your springs of joy renew:

Colling, clapping, kissing, blessing,  
And give Love his due.

See this bright shine of thine eyes  
Clouded now with dark disdain:  
Shal such stormy tempests rise,  
To set Loves faire day a raining?

Men are glad the sky being clear,

Lightly

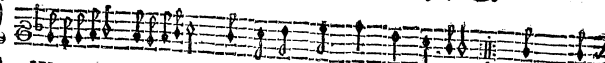
Lightly toying, sporting, joying  
With their lovely pier:  
But are sad to see the shour  
Sadly dropping, louring, pouting,  
Turning sweet to sour.

Then, sweet Love, disperse this cloud,  
Which procures this woful toying:

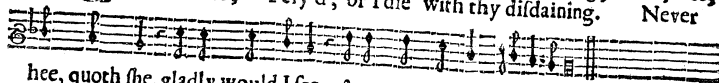
When each creature sings aloud,  
Killing hearts with over-joying:  
Every Dove doth seek her mate;  
Jointly billing, she is willing,  
Sweets of love to take.  
With such wars let us contend,  
Wooing, doing, wedding, bedding,  
This our strife shal end.

FINIS.

# THE XXXIII. SONG.



Weet Kate, of late, ran away, and left me plaining; Tee, hee,  
Abide, I cry'd, or I die with thy disdain. Never



hee, quoth she, gladly would I see Any man to die for loving.  
any yet d'yd of such a fit, Neither have I fear of proving.

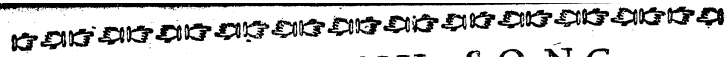
Unkind, I find, thy delights in tormenting,  
Abide, I cry'd, or I die with thy disdain.  
Tee, hee, hee, quoth she, make no fool of me;  
Men, I know, will have oaths at pleasure:  
But their hopes at end, they bewray their fain'd,  
And their oaths are kept at leaseure.

Her words like swords, cut my sory heart asunder.  
Her flouts with doubts, keep my heart affections under.  
Tee, hee, hee, quoth she, what a fool is he  
Stands in aw of once denying?  
Cause I had enough, to become more rough,  
So I did a happy trying.

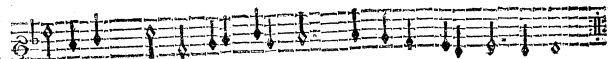
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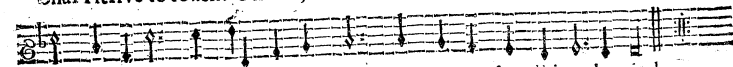
# THE XXXIV. SONG.



Ly to the person of my love, Although she me disdain:  
Fixt are my thoughts, & may not move, But yet I love in vain.



Shal I loose the sight Of my joy & hearts delight? Or shal I leave my sute?  
Shal I strive to touch? Oh! no, it were too much; She is the forbidden fruit.



Oh! wo is me, that ever I did see, The beauty that did me bewitch:  
Yet out, alace! I must forgo that face, The treasor I esteem'd so much.

O! shal I range into some dale?  
Or to the mountains mourn?  
Sad echoes shal rebound my tale:  
Or whether shal I turn?  
Shal I buy that love,  
No life to me will give,  
But deeply wounds my heart?

If I flee away,  
She will not to me say, stay,  
My sorrows to convert.  
O no, no, no, she will not once say so;  
But comfortless I must be gone:  
Yet though she be so thrawart unto me,  
I'll love her, or I shal love none.

Of that

O! that I might but understand  
The reasons of her hate,  
To him would be at her command,  
In love, in life, in state:

Then should I no more  
In heart be griev'd so fore,  
Nor sad with discontent.  
But since that I have lov'd  
A Maid that so hath prov'd  
Unworthy, I do repent.

Something unkind hath fixt in her mind,  
That caus'd her to leave me so:  
Sweet, seem to me but half so kind to be,  
Or let me the occasion know.

Thousand fortunes fall to her share,  
Though she reject me,  
And fill'd my heart full of despair,  
Yet shal I constant be.

For she is the Dame  
My tongue shal ever name,  
Fair branch of modestie,  
Chaste of heart and mind.

Oh! were she half so kind,  
Then would she pity me.  
Sweet, turn at last, be kind as thou art chaste,  
And let me in thy bosom dwell;  
So shal we gain the pleasure of loves pain:  
Till then, my dearest Love, Farewell.

F I N I S.



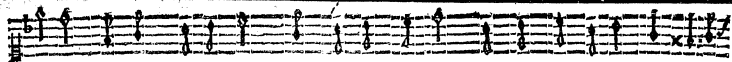
# THE XXXV. SONG.



Way, vain world, bewitcher of my heart: My sorrows shows my



finns makes me to smart: Yet will I not despair, But to my God  
F 2 repair



repair. He hath mercy ay, therefore will I pray: He hath mercy ay, and loves



me, Though by his humbling hand he proves me.

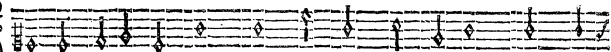
Away, away, too long thou hast me snar'd:  
I will not spend more time: I am prepar'd.  
Thy subtil flights to flie, they have deceived me:  
Though they sweetly smile, flily they beguile:  
Though they sweetly smile, forget them:  
The simple silly soul rejects them.

Once more, away, though loath the world to leave,  
Biddeth oft away with that hellish slave.  
Loath am I to forgo, that sweet alluring fo.  
Though thy ways be vain, shal I thee retain?  
Though thy ways be vain, I quite thee:  
Thy pleasure shal no more delite me.

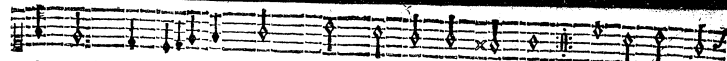
F I N I S.



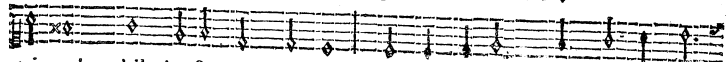
## THE XXXVI. SONG.



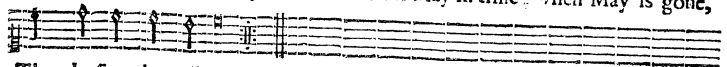
When May is in her prime, Then may each heart rejoice. When May  
the lively sap creeps up In - to the blooming thorn. The flowers  
is



is busk'd with branches green, Each bird sets forth her voice: All natures imps  
from cold is present kept, Doth laugh the frost to scorn.



triumphs while joyful May doth last. Take May in time, when May is gone,



The pleasant time is past.

May makes the cheerful hew.  
May breeds and brings new blood.  
May marcheth throughout every limb.  
May makes the merry mood.  
May pricketh tender hearts,  
Their warbling notes to tune.  
Full strange it is that some we see,  
Do make their May in June.  
Those things are strangely wrought,  
While joyful May doth last.  
Take May in time, when May is gone,  
The pleasant time is past.  
Take May in time, when May is gone,  
The pleasant time is past.

All ye that live on earth,  
And have your May at will,

Rejoice in May, as I do now,  
And use your May with skill:  
Use May when that ye may,  
For May hath but a time.  
When all the fruit is gone, it is  
Too late the tree to climb.  
Your liking and your lust,  
Is fresh while May doth last.  
Take May in time, when May is gone,  
The pleasant time is past.  
Take May, &c.

### The Second Part.

When time and space is spent,  
Then may each heart be fear'd:  
Wh' beyond time the Judge shal come  
In wrath, what strength can bear't:

Then Judges all perverse,  
Shal sigh that they were born,  
When cast in everlasting fire,  
Because the truth they scorn.  
All Natures imps shal mourn,  
When wealth and ease is past.  
Take time in time, when time is gone,  
Eternity comes last.  
Take time in time, when time is gone,  
Eternity comes last.

In time well spent, rejoice,  
For that's the way to rest.  
Time is that point wherein the Lord  
Hates evil, and loves the best.  
Pray for a tender heart:  
Bear here your grief and pain:

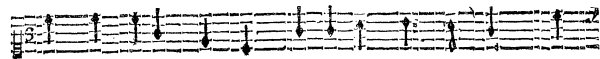
For time it is that many are,  
Who spend their life in vain.  
That things be strangely wrought,  
Before all time is past.  
Though time be now, it shal not be,  
Eternity comes last,  
Though time, &c.

All ye that be in time,  
And hath your time but short,  
Redeem your time, as God comands,  
I humbly you exhort :  
Use time while ye have time,  
For time will have an end :  
When all your life-time shal be spent,

It is too late to mend.  
Your liking and your lust  
Shal cease when time is past :  
Spend well your time, when time is  
Eternity comes last. (gone,  
Spend well your time, when time is  
Eternity comes last. (gone,  
F I N I S.

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## THE XXXVII. SONG.



Rave Mars begins to rouse, and he doth bend his brows. Bo-  
He that may loose the field, yet let him ne-ver yeeld, Though



reas bursts out inblows, great Etnaes fire. When canons are roaring, and  
thousands should be kill'd, let souldiers try it.



bullets are flying, He that would honor win, must not fear dying,

Though

Though *Constantin* be dead,  
who left us honor,  
And taught brave Christian Kings,  
under his banner.  
Pagans amazed stood,  
in a great wonder,  
To see brave Christians come,  
like claps of thunder.  
When Canons, &c.

Rais'd are the Worthies nyne,  
and now ascending;  
Ev'n by a power divyne,  
now peace is ending :  
So many Christian Kings  
with them to enter,  
Against their fiercest foes :  
that's brave adventure.  
When Canons, &c.

Souldiers with swords in hands,  
to the walls coming,  
Horse-men about the streets,  
ryding and running :  
Sentinells on the walls,  
arme, arme, a crying.  
Pittards against the ports,  
wyld fire a flying.  
When Canons, &c.

Trumpets on turrets hye,  
these are a sounding,  
Drums beating out alowd,  
echoes resounding :  
Alarm-bells in each place,  
they are a ringing,  
Women with stones in laps,  
to the walls bringing.  
When Canons, &c.

Captains in open fields,  
on their foes rushing,  
Gentlemen seconds them,  
with their Picks pushing,  
Ingyniers in the trench  
earth, earth uprearing,  
Gun-powder in the mynes,  
Pagans upblowing.  
When Canons, &c.

Portcuizies in the ports  
they are down letting,  
Burgers comes flocking by,  
too their hands setting :  
Ladders against the wall,  
they are uprearing,  
Women great timber bogs  
to the walls bearing.  
When Canons, &c.

F I N I S.

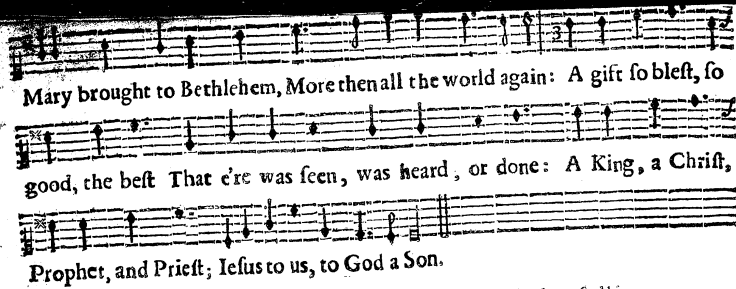
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## THE XXXVIII. SONG.



Urie came to Iebus-Salem, All the world was taxed then : Blessed  
Mary

*Mary*



Mary brought to Bethlehem, More then all the world again: A gift so blest, so good, the best That e're was seen, was heard, or done: A King, a Christ, Prophet, and Priest; Iesus to us, to God a Son.

O, happy night ! a day was never  
Half so happy, sweet and fair !  
Singing souldiers, blessed ever,  
Fill the skyes with sweetest air.  
Amaz'd men fear, they see, they hear,  
Yet doubt, and ask, How that was done !  
\*Twas bid, Be bold; it is fore-told,  
This night God hath himself a Son.

'Twas upon a Comets blazing,  
Cuma to Augustus said,  
This fore-shows an act amazing  
Of a mother, still a maid,  
A Babe shal bear, which all must fear,  
And suddenly it must be done.  
Yea, Cesar thou, to him must bow;  
Hee's Iesus, God, a Man, a Son.

Subtil Herod sought to find him:  
With a purpose black as hell:  
But a greater power combyn'd him,  
And his purpose did repell.  
Who should betray, do all obey,  
As fitting was it should be done.  
They all adore, and kneel before  
This Iesus, God, a Man, a Son.

There appear'd a golden Usher,  
Kings attending on the train:  
The bright Sun could not out-blush her;  
Such a star ne're shone again.  
Behold it stays, seeming it says,  
Go in and see what there is done:  
A Babe, whose birth leagues heaven and earth:  
Iesus to us, to God a Son.

Was

Was not this a blessed wonder,  
God was man, and Man was God:  
Foolish Jews mistook the thunder  
Should proclaim their King abroad.  
Angels they sing, Behold the King,  
In Bethlehem where this was done.  
Then we as they, rejoice and say,  
We have a Savior, God a Son.  
*The Second Part.*  
**T**urn your eyes which are affixed  
On this worlds deceiving things,  
And with joy and sorrow mixed,  
Look upon the King of Kings;  
Who left his Thron, with joys unknown;  
Took flesh like ours, like us drew breath:  
For us to die, here fix your eye,  
And think upon his precious death.

See him in the garden praying,  
While his sad Disciples slept:  
See him in the garden sweating  
Drops of blood, and how he wept.  
As man he was, he wept, alas!  
And trembling fear'd to loose his breath;  
Yet to heav'ns will, he yeilded still:  
Then think upon his precious death.

See him by the souldiers taken,  
When with Ave, and a kiss,  
He that heav'n had quite forsaken,  
Had betray'd him, and with this.

Behold him bound, and guarded round,  
To Caiphas brought to loose his breath:  
There see the Jews, heav'ns King abuse,  
And think upon his precious death.

See him in the hands of Pilate,  
Like a base offender stript.  
See the moan and tears they smite;  
While they see our Savior whipt.  
Behold him bleed, his purple weed,  
Record while ye have life and breath:  
His taunts and scorns, his crown of thorns:  
O! think upon his precious death.

See him in the hour of parting,  
Hanging on the bloody Cross.  
See his wounds, conceive his smarting;  
And our gain, by his life's loss.  
On either side, a fellow dy'd,  
The one derides him, leaving breath;  
The other prays, and humbly says,  
Lord, save me by thy precious death.

See as in those pangs he thrived,  
And that to cool him he did call:  
How these Jews, like Judas cursed,  
Bring him vinegar and gall.  
His Spirit then, to heav'n again,  
Commending with his latest breath:  
The world he leaves, which men deceives;  
Lord, keep us by thy precious death.

F I N I S.

G

T H E

## THE XXXIX. SONG.

**W**hite as Lillies was her face, When she smiled, she beguiled, Quitting  
faith with foul disgrace. Vertues service thus neglected, Heart with  
sorrows hath infected, Quitting faith with foul disgrace. Vertues service thus  
neglected, Heart with sorrows hath infected,

When I swore my heart her own,  
She disdained, I complained,  
Yet she left me overthrown;  
Careless of my bitter groaning,  
Ruthless bent to no relieving.

Vows and oaths, and faith assured,  
Constant ever, changing never,  
Yet she could not be procured,  
To believe my pains exceeding,  
From her skant neglect proceeding.

O! that Love should have the arte;  
By surmises, and disguises,  
To destroy a faithful heart;  
Or that wanton looking women,  
Should reward their friends as *foemen*.  
All

All in vain is Ladies love,  
Quickly choosed, shortly loosed;  
For their pride is to remove.  
Out, alas! their looks first wins us,  
And their pride hath straight undone

To thy self, the sweetest fair,  
Thou hast wounded, and confounded

Changeless faith with foul despair,  
And my service hath envied.  
And my succours hath denied.

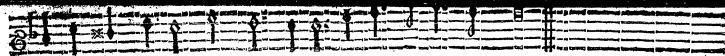
By thine error thou hast lost  
Heart unfained, truth unfained,  
And the Swain that loved most:  
More assured in love then they,

More despised in love than any.

For my heart, though set at naught,  
Since you will it spoil, and kill it,  
I will never change my thought:  
But grieve that Beauty e're was born,  
To banish love with froward scorn.  
FINIS.

## THE XL. SONG.

**B**egone, sweet night, and I shal call thee kind: Where dost thou  
dwell, since not upon mine eyes? It's more then time that I my way  
should find. Begone, and when the night shal come, come twice. Away, away.  
For I must go and meet my Love by the peep of day; But thou to death, thou



art too nigh of kin, To come or go, as thy desires have been.

Arise, bright Day, it's time to claim thy rights;  
Disperse the clouds, and with thy golden beams,  
Both comfort me, and strike the churlish Night,  
That would not go and yield me pleasant dreams.

Arise, arise.

And with thy rosie fingers point me where she lies:  
Teach me but once, and put me in her sight,  
That I may know who gives the greatest light.

Stay, gentle Night, lest thou prove more unkind,  
To leave us languish, who enjoys our love:  
Go not away, but let us here confin'd,  
Nor part us from these pleasures which we prove.

But stay: oh! stay:

For I must go, and love my Love, if you peep Day:  
And if you do, you turn so soon again,  
That our desires may feel no worlds disdain.

Let never rising Day bereave thee of thy right,  
Who can betray thee with his golden beams.  
Let us enjoy thee still, sweet gentle Night,  
That we may surfeit in those pleasant dreams.

Advise, advise:

And never let the light of Day shine where she lies:  
But if thou dost, or let me in her sight,  
There is no doubt, she gives the greater light.

And if thou wilt to Day resign thy due,  
And so divorce me from my sweetest Dear,  
In secret silence shall my heart so rue,  
Wishing the Day were done, if you were there;

That she, that she,

And I, may spend the silent Night where we would be;  
Where prattling Day dare never more appear,  
Nor yet present to wrong my dearest Dear.

F I N I S.



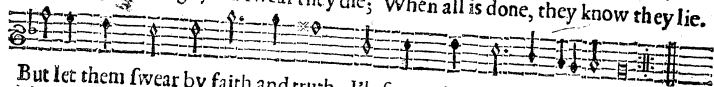
## THE XLI. SONG.



Here is a thing that much is us'd, It's called Love, with men abus'd:  
They



They wrigh, and sigh, and swear they die; When all is done, they know they lie.



But let them swear by faith and truth, I'll swear they care not for an oath.

They first must have a Mistress fair,  
And then her favor for to wear:  
And so they go to flatteries school,  
And calls her wife, they know a fool:  
But let them swear by faith and truth,  
I'll swear they care not for an oath.

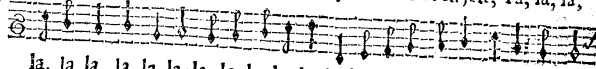
It is a practise in this Age,  
To lay their credit into gage,  
By wit, by vows, by neat attire,  
To conquest that they most desire.  
But let them swear by faith and truth,  
I'll swear they care not for an oath.



## THE XLII. SONG.



Y complaining is but fainting, All my love is but in jest, Fa, la, la,



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

And



And my courting is but sporting; In most showing. meaning least. La, la, la, la,

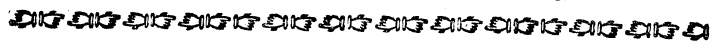


la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

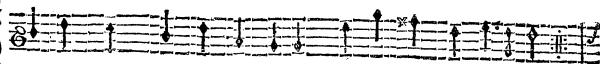
Outward sadness, inward gladness,  
Representing in my mind, Fa, la, la, &c.  
In most failing, most obtaining,  
Such good faith in love I find, Fa, la, la, &c.

Towards Ladies, this my trade is,  
Two minds in one breast I wear, Fa, la, la, &c.  
And my measure at my pleasure,  
Yce and flame my face doth bear, Fa, la, la, &c.

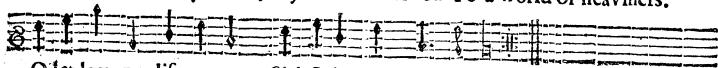
F I N I S.



## THE XLIII. SONG.



With my Love, my life was nested, In the Sun of happiness:  
From my Love, my life was wrested To a world of heaviness.



O let love my life remove, Sith I live not where I love.  
O let love my life remove, Sith I live not where I love.

Where

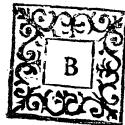
Where the truth once was, and is not,  
Shadows are but vanities.  
Showing want, that help they cannot,  
Are but slaves of miseries.  
Painted meat no hunger feeds,  
Dying life each death exceeds.

O! true Love, since thou hast left me,  
Mortal life is tedious:  
Death it is to live without thee:  
Death of all most odious.  
Turn again, and take me with thee,  
Let me die, or live you with me.

F I N I S.

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE XLIV. SONG.



Ehould a wonder here, Love hath receiv'd his sight, Which many

hundred, hundred, hundred years, Hath not beheld the light.

Such beams infused be  
By Cynthia in his eyes,  
As first have made him see,  
And then have made him wise.

Nor wake for them that sleep,  
Nor sigh for them that smile.

So powerful is the Beauty,  
That Love doth now behold,  
As Love is turn'd to duety,  
That's neither blind nor bold.

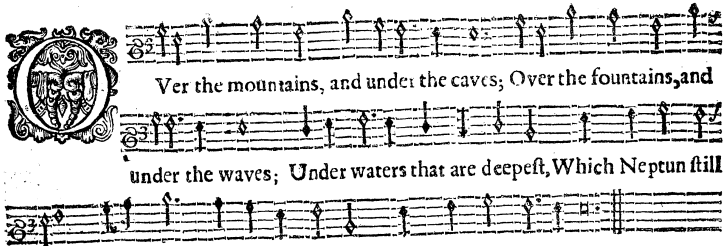
This Beauty shows her might  
To be of double kind,  
In giving Love his sight,  
And striking Folly blind.

F I N I S.

THE



THE XLV. SONG.



Ver the mountains, and under the caves; Over the fountains, and

under the waves; Under waters that are deepest, Which Neptun still

obey : Over rocks that are the steepest, Love will find out his way.

Some may esteem him a childe by his force,  
Or some may deem him a coward, that's worse :  
But if she whom he doth honor,  
Be consenting to play,  
Set twenty guards about her,  
Love will find out his way.

Many do loofe him by proving unkind;  
Or some may suppose him, poor heart, to be blind :  
But if ne're so clofs ye wall him,  
Do the best that ye may :

Blind Love, if ye do call him,  
He will grape out his way.

Well may the Eagle stoup down the first,  
Or nets to inveagle the Phenix of the East :  
With tears ye may move the Tyger  
To give over his prey;  
But never stop a Lover :  
Love will find out his way.

If th'earth doth part them, hee'l soon course it o're;

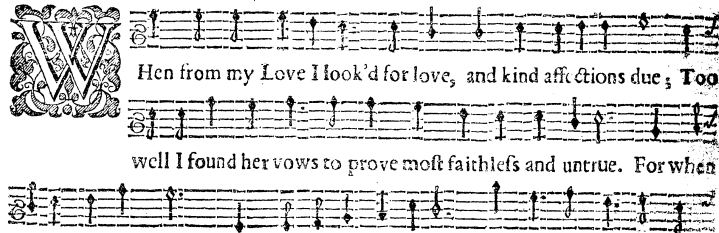
If seas do thwart them, hee'l swim to the shore :  
If his Love become a swallow,  
In the air for to stay,  
Love will find wings to follow,  
And swift flee out his way.

Where is no place for the glow-worm to ly,  
Where is no trace for the feat of a flee,  
Where the gnat dare never venture,  
Left her self fast the lay :

But if Love come, hee'l enter,  
And will find out his way.

There is no striving to crosse his intent,  
There is no contriving his plots to prevent;  
For if once the message greet him,  
That his true Love doth stay,  
Though Demons come and meet him,  
He will go on his way.  
F I N I S.

THE XLVI. SONG.

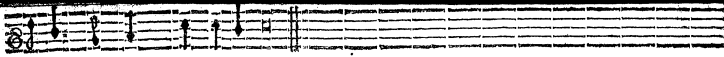


Hen from my Love I look'd for love, and kind affections due; Too

well I found her vows to prove most faithless and untrue. For when

I did ask her, Why? most sharply she did reply, That she with me did ne're

H agree



agree to love, but jestingly.

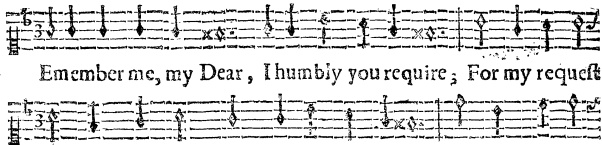
Mark but the subtil policies  
that female lovers find,  
Who loves to fix their constancies,

like feathers in the wind.  
Although they swear and do protest,  
they love you chiefly best,

Yet by and by, they'll all deny,  
and say, It was but jest.  
F I N I S.



## THE XLVII. SONG.



Remember me, my Dear, I humbly you require; For my request

that loves you best, With faithful heart intire. My heart shall rest



within your breast, Remember me, my Dear,

Remember me, alace!  
And let all rigor pass,  
That I may prove in you some love,

To my joy and solace.  
True love to move, I must believe;  
Remember me, alace!

Remember me in pain,  
With unkindness now slain:  
That through delay of cruel way,

That

That in you doth remain,  
Remit, I say, alace! away:  
Remember me in pain.

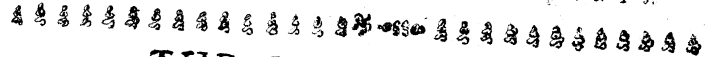
Remember on me, dear Heart,  
That of pains hath my part:

Yor words unkind sink in my mind  
And doth increase my smart:  
Yet that ye find me true and kind,  
Remember on me, dear Heart.

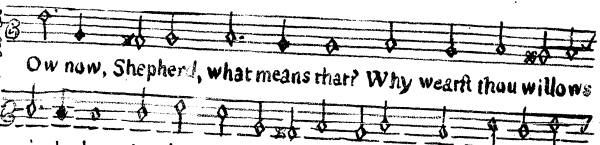
Remember on me in that,

Ready when I do call:  
With true intent, I do content,  
Heart, mind, body, and all:  
Never to repent, but to content:  
Remember on me in that.

F I N I S.

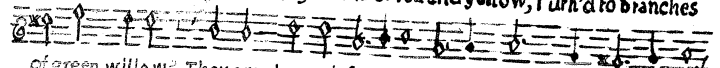


## THE XLVIII SONG.

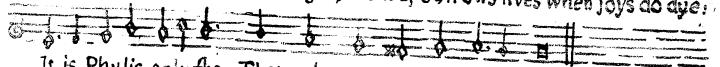


Ow now, Shepherd, what means that? Why wearst thou willows

in thy hat? Are thy scarfs of red and yellow, Turn'd to branches



of green willow? They are changed, so am I; Sorrows lives when joys do dye:



It is Phylis only she, That makes me wear the willow tree.

Is't the Lads that lov'd thee long?  
Is it he that dar'd thee wrong!  
She who lov'd thee long and best,  
I her love now turn'd to jest!  
She who lov'd me long and best,  
Bids me let my mind be rest:  
She loves a new Love, loves not me,  
Which makes me wear the willow tree.

Come now, Shepherd, let us join,  
Since thy Love is like to mine;  
For even so I thought most true,  
Hath also chang'd me for a new.  
Herd-man, if thy hap be so,  
Thou art partner of my woe;  
Thy ill hap doth mine appease,  
Company doth sorrow ease.

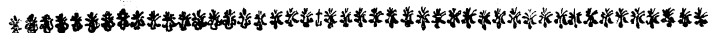
Is it he who lov'd thee now,  
And swore her oath with solemn vow?  
Faith and truth so truly plight,  
Cannot be so soon forgot.

Faith and truth, vows and oaths,  
Are forgot and broken both:  
Cruel Phyllis false to me,  
Which makes me wear the willow tree.

Courage man, and do not mourn  
For he who holds thy love in scorn:  
Respect not them who loves not thee,  
But cast away the willow tree.  
For these that I live in pain  
Phyllis once was true Love mine.  
Which that as're forgotten be,  
Although I wear the willow tree.

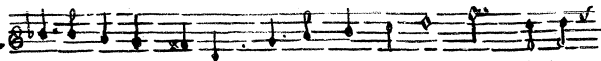
Shepherd, be thou ruled by me,  
Cast away the willow tree;  
For thy sorrow's her content,  
And she is pleas'd with our lament.  
Herd-man! I to be ruled by thee,  
Hence I go grief and willow tree.  
Henceforth I will be as they,  
That loves a new Love every day.

F I N I S.



## THE XLIX. SONG.

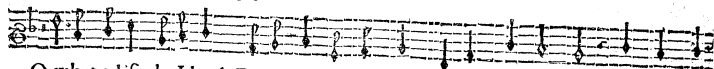
W



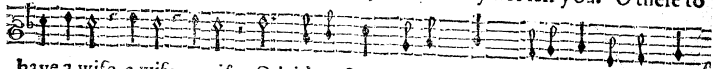
ILL said to his Mammye, That he would go woo: Fain would he  
Soft a while, my Lammie, stay and yee a-bide. He like a  
weed



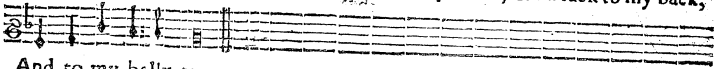
wedd, But he wilt not how. Indeed I'll have a wife, a wife, a wife,  
fool as he was, reply'd.



O what a life do I lead, For a wife in my bed? I may not tell you. O there to



have a wife, a wife, a wife, O! it's a smart to my heart, It's a rack to my back,



And to my belly too.

Scarcely was he wedded  
Full a four-nights space,  
For that he was in a heavy case;  
Largely was he headed,  
And his cheeks look'd thin:  
And to repent, he did thus begin:  
A fig for such a wife, a wife, a wife!  
O! what a life do I lead,  
With a wife in my bed!  
I may not tell you.

O! there to have a wife, a wife, a wife.  
O! it's a smart to my heart;  
It's a rack to my back,  
And to my belly too.

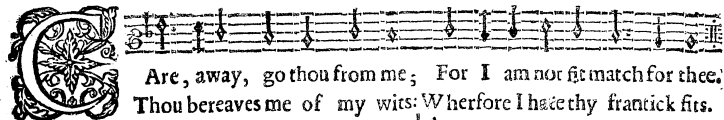
All you that be Batchelors,  
Be learn'd by crying Will:  
When ye are well, to remain so still.  
Better for to tarry,  
And alone to ly,

Then like a fool with a fool to cry,  
A fig for such a wife, a wife, a wife:  
O! what a life do I lead,  
With a wife in my bed:  
I may not tell you.  
O! there to have a wife, a wife, a wife:  
It's a smart to my heart,  
It's a rack to my back,  
And to my belly too.

F I N I S.

T H E

# THE L. SONG.



If I want, I care to get:  
The more I have, it doth me fret:  
Have I much, I care for more:  
The more I have, I think I'm poor:  
Thus doth grief my mind oppress,  
In wealth or woe, finds no redress.  
Therefore I'll care no more, no more in vain,  
For care hath cost me mickle grief and pain.

Is not this world a slippery ball?  
And thinks men strange to catch a fall.  
Doth not the sea both eb and flow?  
And hath not Fortune a painted show?  
Why should men take care or grief,  
Since that in care comes no relief?  
There's none so wise but may be o're-thrown,  
The careless may reap what the careful hath sown.

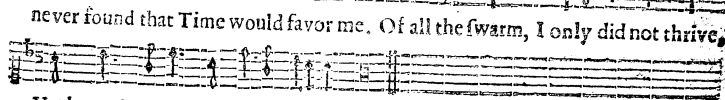
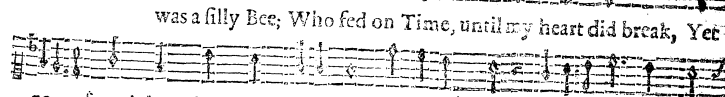
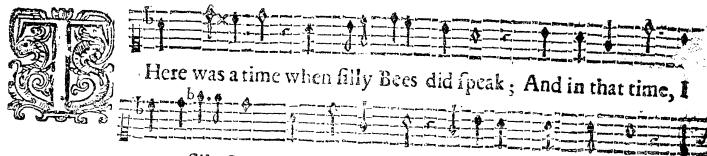
Well

Well then, learn to know thy self,  
And care not for this worldly self:  
Whether thine estate be great or small,  
Give thanks to God, what e're befall;

So shalt thou then live at ease,  
No sudden grief shal thee displease:  
Then mayst thou sing, Hey down, a down, a die,  
When thou hast cast all care and grief from thee.  
F I N I S.



# THE LI. SONG.



Yet brought I wax and honey to the hyve.

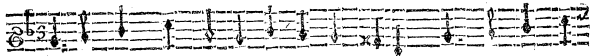
Thus

Thus still I bifs'd, yet Time no sap would give :  
 Why should this blessed Time to me be dry,  
 Since by the same the laisie dron doth live,  
 The wasp, the worm, the gnat, the butter-flie :  
 Matted with grief, I kneeled on my knees;  
 And thus complained to the King of Bees.

My Liedge, God grant thy Time may never end;  
 And now vouchsafe to hear my plaint of Time :  
 The fruitles flies are found to have a friend,  
 Yet I cast off, while atomies do climb.  
 The Prince reply'd, and said; Peace, pievish Bee,  
 Thou'rt made to serve the Time, the Time not thee.  
 F I N I S.

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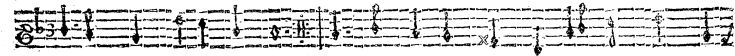
# THE LII SONG.



Hepherd, saw thou not my fair lovely Phylis, Walking on yon  
 She is gone this way to Dianaes founrain, And hath left me

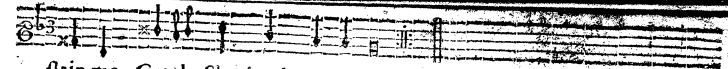


mountain, or on yonder plain. Ay, she is so fair, and without compare:  
 wounded with her high disdain. Love is full of fears; love is full of cares:



Sorrow comes to sit with me. Thus my passions pains me, And my Love hath  
 Love without this cannot be. Pray to Cupids mother, For I know none

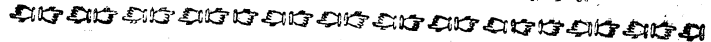
flair



slain me, Gentle Shepherd play a part.  
 other, That can ease me of my smart.

Shepherd, I have seen thy fair lovely Phylis,  
 Where her flocks are feeding by the river side :  
 Ah ! I much admire, she is fair exceeding,  
 In surpassing beauty, should surpass in pride :  
 But, alas ! I find they are all unkind :  
 Beauty knows her power too well :  
 When they list they love, when they please they  
 Thus they turn their heaven to hell : (move;  
 Where their fair eyes glancing,  
 Like to Cupids dancing,  
 Rules well for to deceive us,  
 With vain hopes deluding,  
 Still their praise concluding,  
 Thus they love, thus they leave us.

Thus I do despair, love her I shal never,  
 If she be so coy, lost is all my love :  
 But she is so fair, I will love her ever  
 All my pain is joy, which for her I prove.  
 If I should her love, and she should deny,  
 Heavy heart with me would break :  
 Though against my will, tongue thou must be still,  
 For she will not hear thee speak :  
 Then with kisses move her,  
 They shal show I love her :  
 Lovely Love, be thou my guide :  
 But I'll fore complain me,  
 She will still disdain me;  
 Beauty is so full of pride.  
 F I N I S.



# THE LIII. SONG.



Ain wold I wed a fair young Maid, that day & night could please me,  
 Whē my mind or bodie's griev'd, that had the power to ease me,

I

Maids



Maids are full of longing thoughts, which breeds a pain - ful sickness :  
And that oft I hear men say, is on - ly cur'd thro' quickness.

Of I have been wooed, and pray'd, yet never could  
be moved.

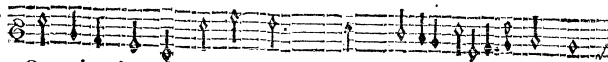
Many for a day or two, I have most dearly loved :  
But this foolish mind of mine, straight loathes the thing  
resolved.

If to love be sin in me, that sin is soon absolved.

Surely, I think, I shal at last lie to some holy Order;  
When I am once settled there, I then can lie no farther :  
Yet I would not die a Maid, because I had a mother :  
As I was by one brought forth, I would bring forth  
another.

F I N I S.

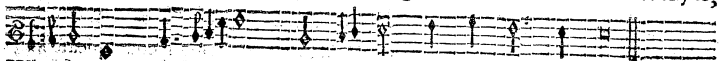
## THE LIV. SONG.



Our minor beauties of the night, Which poorly satisfies our eyes,



More by your number than your light, As comon Officers in the skyes;



What are you? what are you? What are you, when the Moon doth rise?

You

You wandring Chanters of the wood,  
That fills mine ears with natues layes,  
Thinking your passions understood  
In weaker accents, what's your praise?  
What's your praise? what's your praise,  
When Philomel her notes doth raise?

But, ah! pure light, pure voice, pure sinel,  
What are you when my Mistress shine?  
Moon, Violet, and Philomel,  
Adore her all, cause she's divine,  
She's divine, she's divine,  
The quintessence of women kind.

You Violets that first appear  
Your pride in purple garments shown,  
Taking possession of the year,  
As if the Spring were all your own;  
What are you? what are you?  
What are you, when the roses bloom?  
*The Second Part.*

YOU minor beauties of the night,  
That shows your signs celestial;  
More is your number than your light,

Although you were terrestrials;  
What are you? what are you?  
What are you, when the Moon doth rise?

You erring stars, what do you mean  
To rob bright Phebus of his shine?  
Or to obscure his princely light,  
Turning his day in darkness night?  
Leave off in time, learn to be wise,  
Leave off your foolish enterprise.

You mustur number as the sand,  
And some clear light you do command:  
But what are you when that your Queen  
With borrowed light begins to shine?  
What are you both when Phebus plays  
Upon the centure of his rays?

Should little streams command great seas?  
Or little ants the stinging bees?  
Should little birds with eagles roar?  
Or little beasts with lions roar?  
No, no, not so, it is not meet,  
The head should stoup down to the feet. *Finis.*

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE LV. SONG.



Low my tears, fall from your springs; Exil'd for ever let me  
Down vain lights, shine you no more. No nights as dark enough for

I 2

mourn

mourn, Where nights black bird her sad infamy sings: There let me live forlorn.  
those That in dis - pair their last fortunes deplore, Lige doth but shame disclose.

Never may my woes be re - lie - ved, since pitty is fled; And tears, and  
From the highest Sphear of contentment, my fortune is thrown; And fear, and

sighs and groans, my weary days, my weary days, of all joys have deprived:  
grief and pain, for my deserts, for my defects, are my hopes, since hope is gone

Heark you shadows that in darkness dwell, learn to contemn light. Happy, happy

they that are in heaven, feel not the worlds despight.

F I N I S.

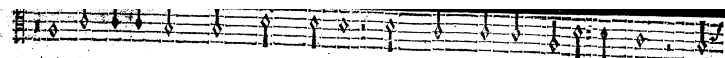
Plough



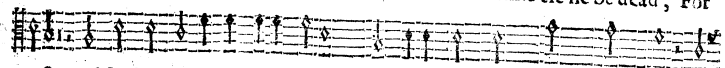
## Plough-Song. Cantus. Three Voices.



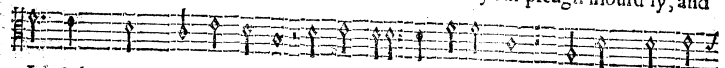
Y heartly service to you, my Lord, I recom mend, as I should ac-  
cord; There is an ox into your plough it is right so, ye say the  
sooth, And he no longer may be drawn but he be led, But he was never half so  
thrawn, but goeth backward: Now is he weak and wonder sweer. I take on  
me, suppose ye brod him while he die, while he die, while he die.  
Yet



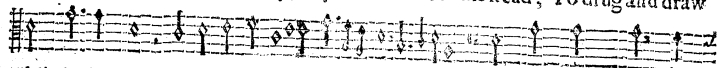
2. Yet better it were that some remead were found in time ere he be dead, For



causes and starling of other mens nowts, And I am wo your pleugh should ly, and



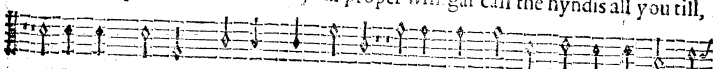
I might come, and be near by, to yoak another in his stead, To drug and draw



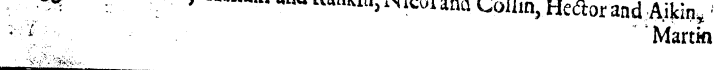
while he be dead, out of an uncouth fair leasure. To do your Lordship



more pleasure. And if it be your proper will gar call the hyndis all you till,



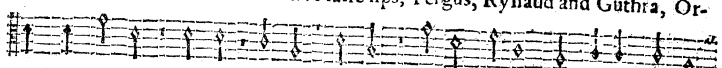
Higgin and Habken, Hankin and Rankin, Nicol and Collin, Hector and Aikin,



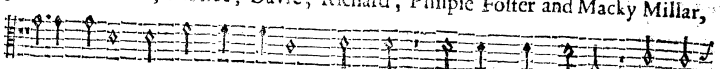
Martin



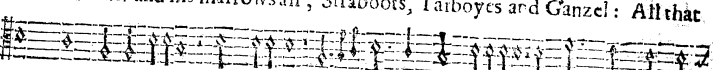
Martin Mawer, Michel and Morice false lips, Fergus, Rynaud and Guthra, Or-



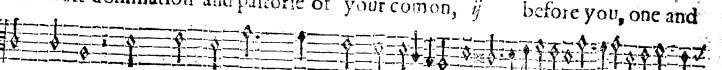
phus and Arthur, Morice, Davie, Richard, Philpie Foster and Macky Millar,



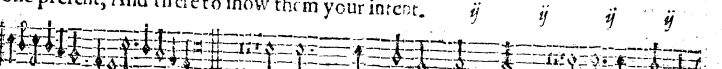
Ruffie Tasker and his marrows all, Straboors, Tarboyes and Ganzel: All that



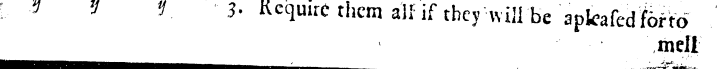
has most domination and pastorie of your comon, ij before you, one and



one present, And there to show them your intent. ij ij ij ij

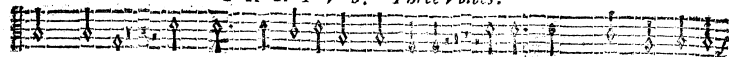


ij ij ij 3. Require them all if they will be apleased for to

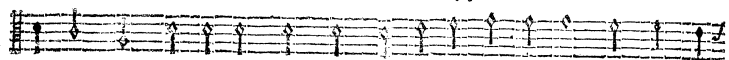


mell





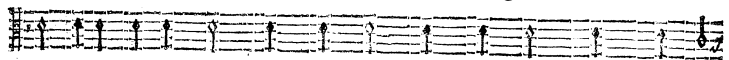
mell with me, And make me als so fast and ficker, As I were bound on with a  
wicker; For to deliver me, be the hide, the old ox tryp-free. he be dead: Then shal



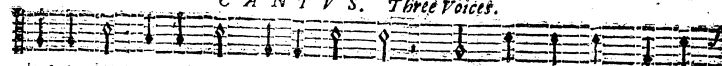
I come with God his cocks, and bring with me my fair fresh ox, with all that  
belongs to the pleugh, foms of yron stark enough: The cowter and the pleugh,



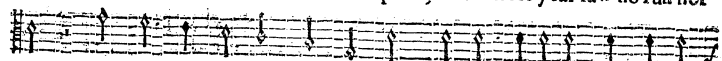
head, fok-sheet and mowdie bread, Rack, rest, and the gluts, and the flee-band:



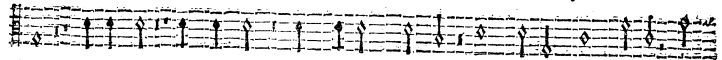
The missel and the pleugh-bowl, the pleugh-staff, the pleugh-shoone, the mell  
and



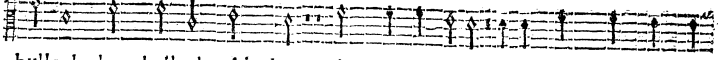
and the stilt, and the beam, and the heel wedge: The chock, the y oak, the ring,  
the sling, mine oxen bolls is wreathed and pind, this whole year saw no sun nor



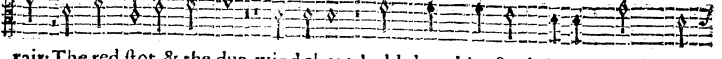
wind. The gad-wand is both light and sharp, to brod his belly while he start.



Hey, call about, with a shout, wind about, brandie, trow belly, trow belly, chow

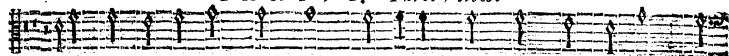


bullock, chow bullock, white horn, wind marrow garie, I shal brod him while he

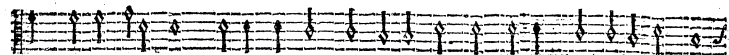


rair: The red stot, & the dun, wind about, hold, draw him forth, in the Roods name,  
K In

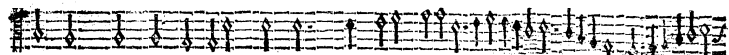
## CANTUS. Three Voices.



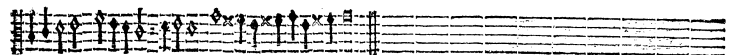
In all Scotland is there such eight. And if ye please this pleugh of mine, tell



me shortly into time, ere I contract and hyred be, with others that desireth me:



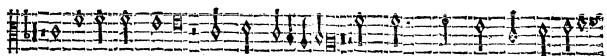
Not else, but the Trinity, conserve you into charity. ij. A.



men. Finis. ij



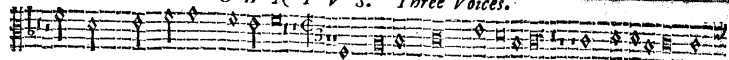
## CANTUS. Three Voices.



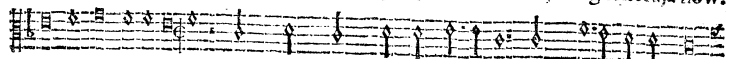
ALL fones of Adam, rise up with me, Go praise the blessed Trinitie.

Go

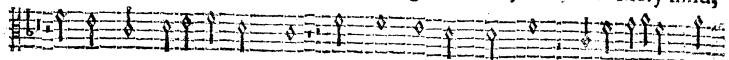
## CANTUS. Three Voices.



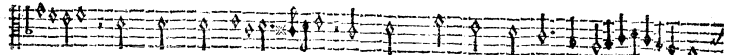
Go praise the blessed Trinitie. Cry Kyrie, with Hosanna, sing Alleluja now.



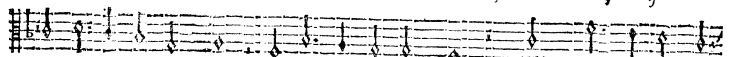
Save us all, Emanuel. Then spake th' Archangel Gabriel, said, Ave Mary mild,



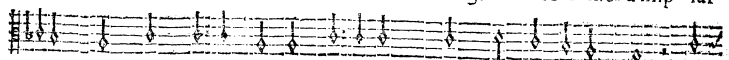
the Lord of Lords is with thee, now shal you go with child: *Ecce ancilla Do-*



*mini.* Then said the Vir - gin, As thou hast said, so mat it be, ij



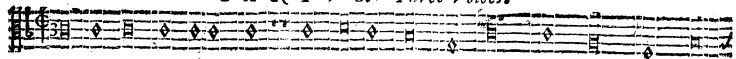
Welcom be heavens King, welcom be heavens King. There comes a ship far



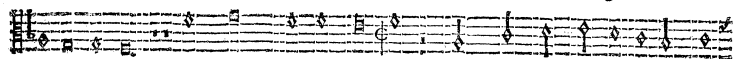
sailing then, Saint Michel was the stieres-man: Saint Iohn sare in the horn: Our

K 2

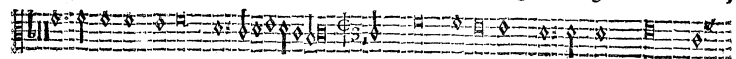
Lord



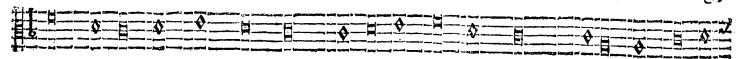
Lord harped, our Lady sang, And all the bells of heaven they rang, On Christs



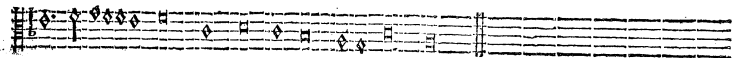
Sunday at morn, On Christs Sunday at morn. Then sang the Angels all & some,



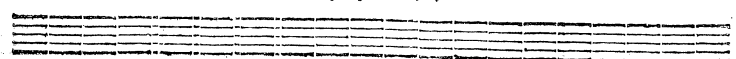
*Lauda Deum tuum, Si -* on. The sons of Adam answered, then sang,



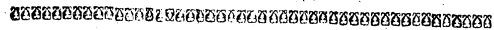
Glorie be to the God and man, the Father and the Sprite, Also with honor



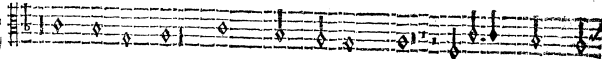
and perpetual joy, with honor and perpetual joy.



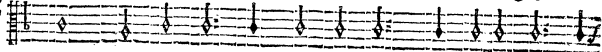
CAN-



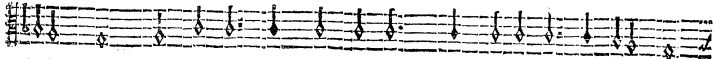
## CANTUS. Three Voices.



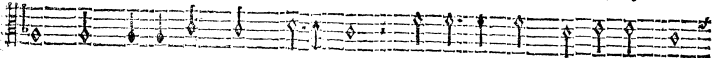
Rip and go, hey : How should I go ? How: It is the guyse of



France, How that ye should sing and play, With us to stuff our



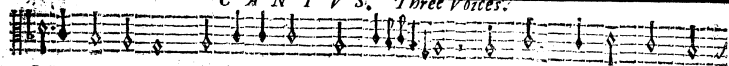
joly dance. Hey that ye should sing and play, With us to stuff our joly dance.



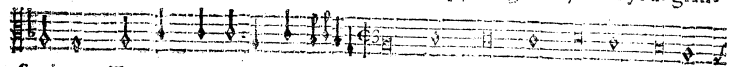
How now, let us sing with Christs leave, Our merry song, no man to grieve,



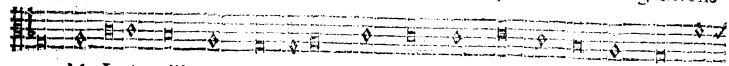
Ioly under the green wood tree, Ioly under the green wood tree. Be soft and  
sober



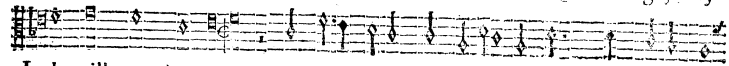
sober, I you pray, my Lady will come here away; Go graith you in your glan-



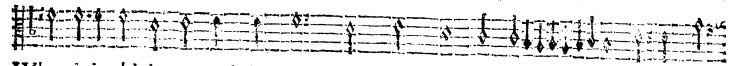
land geer, To meet my Lady pair and pair, With harps and lutes and guittrons



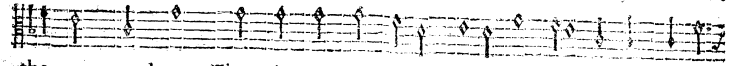
gay, My Lady will come here away, With harps and lutes and guittrons gay. My



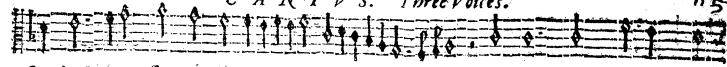
Lady will come here away. Hey trolly, loly, love is joly a while, while it is new:



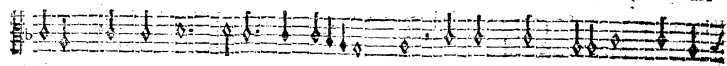
When it is old, it groweth full cold: Wo worth the love un-true, underneath



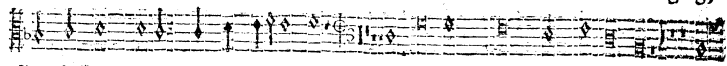
the green wood tree: There the good love bideeth the friske. loly polland the floe  
she



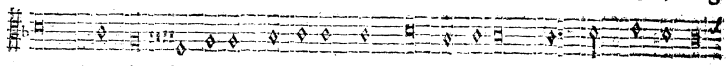
she doth go, singing so merrily y I saw three Ladies fair



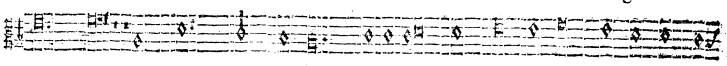
singing, Hey and how, upon yon leyland, hey. I saw three mariners singing,



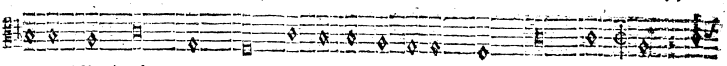
Rumblow, upon yon lee strand, hey. The pypers drone was out of tune, sing



young Thomlin, be merry, be merry, and twise so merry, with the light of the

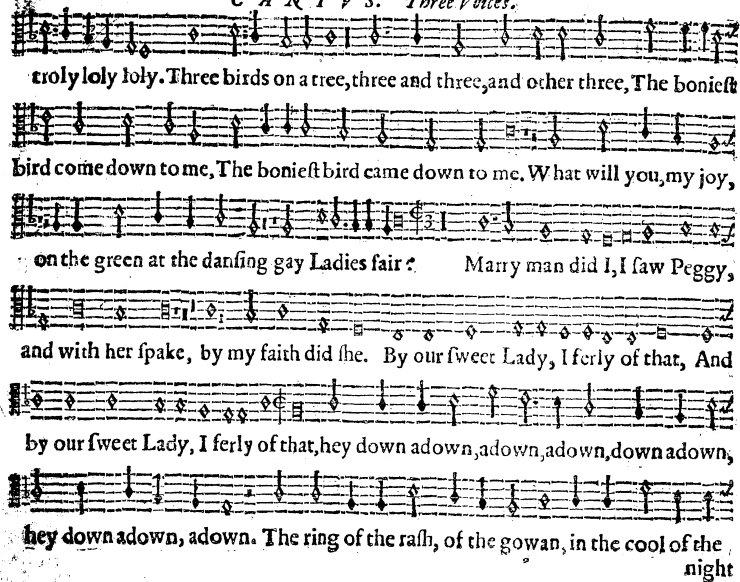


Moon, hey, hey down, down a down: Alleluja, now sing we all: Be merry, be



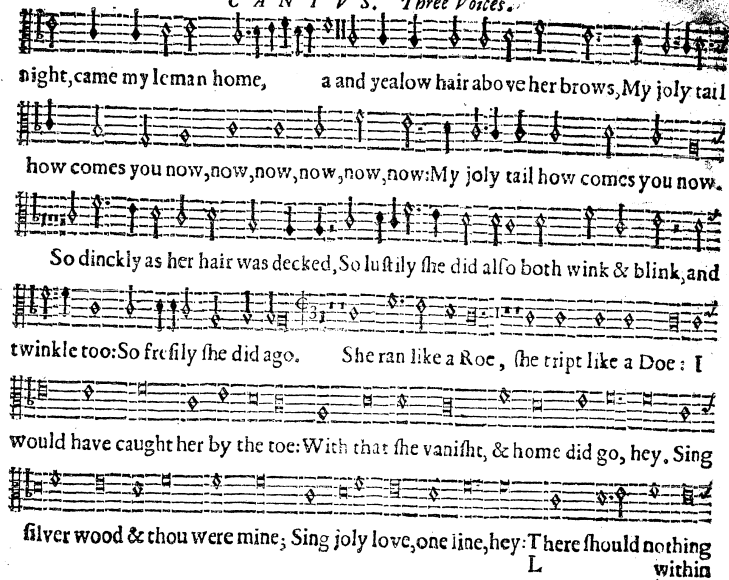
merry. The Malt's come down, be merry, be merry: The Malt's come down, hey  
trolly

## CANTVS. Three Voices.



troly loly loly. Three birds on a tree, three and three, and other three, The boniest  
bird come down to me, The boniest bird came down to me. What will you, my joy,  
on the green at the dancing gay Ladies fair. Marry man did I, I saw Peggy,  
and with her spake, by my faith did she. By our sweet Lady, I ferly of that, And  
by our sweet Lady, I ferly of that, hey down adown, adown, adown, down adown,  
hey down adown, adown. The ring of the rash, of the gowan, in the cool of the  
night

## CANTVS. Three Voices.



night, came my leman home, a and yealow hair above her brows, My joly tail  
how comes you now, now, now, now, now, now: My joly tail how comes you now.  
So dinckly as her hair was decked, So lustily she did also both wink & blink, and  
twinkle too: So frefly she did ago. She ran like a Roe, she tript like a Doe: I  
would have caught her by the toe: With that she vanisht, & home did go, hey. Sing  
silver wood & thou were mine, Sing joly love, one line, hey: There should nothing  
L within

CANTVS. Three Voices.

within thee grow but a Hart and a Hynd, hey; but a Hart and a Hynd. Now here  
 how the Frier had on a coule of red, He spyed the pretty wench kearning her  
 head: He prinked, he lurked, he lour'd: To see as he jouked, it was a good bourd.  
 The pretty wench all alone alone, alone. The Frier had on a belt of knots, He  
 spyed the pretty wench filling the cups: He prinked, he lurked, he lour'd: To see  
 as he jouked, it was a good bourd. The pretty wench all alone, alone, alone. Ever,  
 alace!

Ol. Counter tenor. Tenor  
 Treble  
 Count  
 Bassus