

CANTVS.

MADRIGALS  
TO  
fiue voyces.

*Selected out of the best approued  
Italian Authors.*

BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman  
of his Maiesties Royall  
CHAPPELL.



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.  
1598.

To the Worshipfull

Sir Geruis Clifton

K N I G H T.



GOOD Sir, I euer held this sententie of the Poet, as  
a Canon of my Creede; That whom GOD loueth not,  
they loue not Musique. For as the Art of Musique is one  
of the most Heavenly gifts, so the very loue of Musique  
(without Art) is one of the best engraffed testimonies  
of Heauens loue towards vs. For your part, albeis I  
cannot easely tell, whether I may more commend in you, Art it selfe,  
or the Loue of Art: Yet I must needs say, that Art it selfe was never  
in any man so renowned, as in you alone, the loue thereof is beeloved.  
And worthely. For it is not with you, as with manye others  
which for forme, affect it much: yet they but affect it, whereas your  
affects are best commended by the effects; your substantiall loue by your  
Reall allowance, and your Royall minde by your supersubstantiall mayn-  
tenance thereof. Of whom therefore shold I paore Student and de-  
voted seruant of Heauens Art, & Arts loue, make my wish for Patrone  
of this my Arts in artificiall cheye, but of your selfe alone, whome I  
cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patrone & Patrone, the cheye,  
Miturour & Meccenas of these your orphe, and Heauens delights. To you  
then alane, in whose honorable brest is a continuall harmonie of well or-  
dered designes, I commit the censure of these my selectaries, and the pa-  
tronicie of these my paynes in them. Of the which if any part may finde  
with you the least favorable acceptance, I perfaide my selfe I have done  
my part, & will endeavour my selfe in my more seriousse successiue labours,  
to merit that sweet fauour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupate  
with these slighter trauells.

Your worshipps many wayes obleged

THOMAS MORLEY.

*The Table of all the Madrigales contained in  
these Bookes, with the names of their severall  
Authors and Originals.*

S Vch pleant boughes.	I Alfonso Ferabofco.
Sweetly pleasing sing, st thou.	II Battista Molto.
I think that if the hills.	III Alfonso Ferabofco.
Come louers forth.	IV Giovanni Feretti.
Loc Ladies where my loue comes.	V Rugiero Giouanelli.
As I walked.	VI Rugiero Giouanelli.
Delay breeds daunger.	VII Rugiero Giouanelli.
My Ladie still abhors mee.	VIII Giovanni Feretti.
Doe not tremble.	IX Horacio Vechi.
Harke and gine eare.	X Giulio Belli.
Life tell mee.	XI Horacio Vechi.
Soden passion.	XII Allesandro Orologio.
If silent.	XIII Alfonso Ferabofco.
O my louing sweet hart.	XIV Luca Merenzio.
I languish to complaine mee.	XV Alfonso Ferabofco.
Loy how my colour rangeth.	XVI Hippolito Sabino.
Thirstis on his faire Philia.	XVII Rugiero Giouanelli.
For verie griete I dye,	XVIII Peter Phillips.
Th: Nightngale. The first part.	XIX Peter Phillips.
O fasse deceit. The second part.	XX Peter Phillips.
As Meopus went.	XXI Stephano Venturi.
Flora faire Nimphe.	XXII Giovanni Feretti.
My sweet Layis.	XXIII Giovanni di Macque.
Say sweet khalis.	XXIV Alfonso Ferabofco.

*FINIS.*

Of 5.

I. CANTVS.

Alfonso Ferabofco.

81.



Vch pleant boughs the world yet never vew-  
ed, the world yet ne- uer vewed, such pleant boughs  
the world yet never vew- ed, Nor wind dyd e- ver none such flowers vew-  
dant, As at the first vnto my sight were shew- ed, For  
that I seeing thos hir two Lamps ardent, For my refuge no better shade dyd espye,  
Of any greene plant y grew vnder the skye, For my refuge no better shade dyd  
espye, of any greene plant that grew vnder the skye, that grew vnder the  
skye, Of a ny greene plant that grew vnder the skye, that grew vnder the sky.

B.

Of 5.

## II. CANTVS.

Baptist Moffo.

 Weetly pleasing singest thou, louely sheper-  
dis, like a  
Goodl pear- sing, ::||: Thou bringest, y bringest a world of blisse,  
Stretch foorth thy nimble booyots & finely foote  
it, For y shal wear y gar-  
land, & daunce before vs, whilst y the bagpipe tooe it: and daunce before vs, whilst &c.  
Snew Rose, Vio- lets, Lillis, Cowslips & Daf-fa-dil- lis, What  
moothes my loue, ::||: thus to chage, with his hands wringing, ::||:  
Help me faine, for vere griefe the sounderh, ::||: the more the  
mornesh, the more my care aboun- derh. For vere griefe the sounderh, ::||:  
The more the mornesh, the more my care aboun- derh. The dce.

Of 5.

## III. CANTVS.

Alfonso Ferrabosco.

 Think that if the hills, the plaines and mountaines,  
And woods and waters knew the great distemper, knew  
the great distemper, the great distemper, Of this my lyfe, it shold not bee concealed,  
But thorow fisch by parties, and the  
usage fountains, and sauage fountaines, I know not how to search for new loue foun-  
per, That by reason, ::||: each one may bee reuea- led, That by rea-  
son, ::||: each one may bee reuea- led.

B.ii.

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Of 5.

## III. CANTVS.

Giottani Fereti.

One louers foorth, ::|: address you to admyer, ad-

dresse you to admyer, to admyer, Come louers foorth, ::|:

address you to admyer, address you to admyer, to admyer, At his

whole locks are like the golden wyt, Curiously wrought to set mens harts, mens harts

on fyre, ::|: mens harts on fyre, Curiously wrought to set mens harts

mens harts on fyre, ::|: mens harts on fyre.

Of 5.

## V. CANTVS.

Rugiero Giottinelli.

Oe Ladies where my loue comes, all clad in greene and

youthfully the shaws it, ::|: youthfully the

shows it ::|: Harts grieve none feels, but shee that soundly knowes it, My

hart will break in sunder, ::|: And daunt my fences, more then bolts of

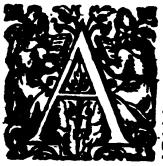
Thunder, Rest sweet-ly, in his keeping, which caufeth me to wake when he lies slee-

ping, Rest sweetly, in his keeping, ::|: in his keeping, ::|t which

caufeth mee to wake when hee lies slee- ping, lies sleeping.

66.

Of 5. VI. CANTVS. Rugiero Giordanelli.



S I walked, ::|: in greene  
Forrest, as I walked, ::|:  
in greene Forrest, Among the wilde beasts, I sodainely bee thought  
mee, Among the wilde beasts, I sodainely be thought mee, of strange and most rare  
icells, for hir that fought mee, ::|: for hir that fought mee : But my mynde  
yeekles mee no rest, Nor can I coa- ster certainly, what vilde monster, v-  
surping in my rest- less fences, So strangely moued, deadly to hate hir now  
::|: Deadly to hate hir now, ::|: whom  
once I loued. ::|:

68

Of 5. VII. CANTVS. Rugiero Giordanelli.



Elay breeds daunger,daunger, and how may that bee wrek-  
ed, by flight to shun delaying, ::|: by flight  
to shun delay- ing, verie vile is that vice, ::|:  
uer detested, Each louers sure bewray- ing, Thrice hap-pie men doe say is  
that sweet wooing, ::|:  
Where loue may still bee noted,  
where loue may still be noted, ::|:  
Swift in doing, ::|: Swift in doing, ::|: Swift in doing,

Of 5.

## VIII. CANTVS.

Giovanni Ferreti.

48

**M** Y Lady still abhors mee, supposing by his flying, ::|:  
 Sometime to breed my  
 dy- ing, My Lady still abhors mee, supposing by his flying, ::|:  
 ::|:  
 Sometime to breed my dy- ing, Slay mee, ::|:  
 slay mee, ::|: slay mee, ::|: slay mee, ::|: fly mee, fly mee, fly mee,  
 ::|:  
 yet your flight shall not destroy me. ::|:  
 slay mee, ::|: slay mee ::|: slay me, ::|: slay mee ::|: fly mee, fly mee,  
 ::|:  
 fly me, ::|: yet your flight shall not destroy me. ::|:




Of 5.

## IX. CANTVS.

Horacio Vichi.

89



Oe not trem- bly but stand fast,  
 deare hart and faint not, Hope well, haue well, my sweeting,  
 my sweeting, Loe where I come to thee with friendly gree- ting, ::|:  
 Now toyne with mee, thy hand fast, ::|:  
 Loe thy  
 true loue, ::|:  
 saluts thee, loe thy true loue, ::|:  
 saluts  
 thee, Whose leme thou art, and so hee still repents thee. ::|:  
 Whose leme thou art, and so he still repents thee, and so hee  
 still repents thee, and so hee still repents thee.

x

C.

Q.5.

## X. CANTVS.

Giulio Belli.



Arke and glie eare auenturie, you louers so besot-  
ted, No lyfe no breath, and yet no death allotted: Phillis,  
fayre gaue mee a flowre, Shee of that flowre bereft  
mee, all consollesse thee left mee, all comfort-lesse, and stealing fled, all comfortlesse thee  
left mee, What pangs are these in louers, Twixt lyfe & death so straining, That  
steals the hart, and giues the lyfe reui-  
uing. :::

Of 5.

## XI. CANTVS.

Horacio Vechi.



If tell mee, :: what is the cause of each mans dying,  
carefull grief mixt with cri-  
eng? No no hart stay thee, :: Let no such thought or care of mind dis-  
may thee, :: or care of mind dismay thee, let no such thought  
or care of mind dismay thee, Sweet hart content thee, ::  
Tly cares are so great, I can but lament thee, I can but lament thee, Thy  
cares are so great, I can but lament thee.

C.i.

Of 5.

XII. CANTVS.

Alelfando Orologio.

The page features a large, ornate initial 'S' at the top left, followed by a musical score for three voices. The music is written on five-line staves with black note heads. The lyrics describe increasing suffering and longing:

Oden passions, ::: with strange & rare  
tormenting, Increased grief, & more, it breeds my  
sorrow, The cause increaseth, doth bleare mine eyes with weeping, And daunts  
my thoughts from even vntill the morrow, In this vrestfull paine, :::  
long must I languish, ::: long must I lan-  
guish, Till death draw neere to rid my hart fro an-  
guish. Till death draw neere to rid my hart from an-  
guish.

Of 5.

XIII. CANTVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.

The page features a decorative initial 'W' at the top left, followed by a musical score for three voices. The music is written on five-line staves with black note heads. The lyrics express various emotions and thoughts:

F silent, then grief torments  
met, If I speake, your patience mo-  
ueth, ::: Hating him that loueth, ::: Hating him that lo-  
ueth, your patience mo- ueth. But whē sweet hope appereth, My couite-  
naunce it che- reth, And knees in humble wife for pittie plea- ding: That  
these my lines so pen- sue, May no way seeme offen-  
sue, But rather work my ioye, by your sweet rea- ding, But rather work my  
ioye, by your sweet rea- ding, But rather work my  
ioye, by your sweet rea- ding.

C.iii.

Of 5.

## XIIIIL CANTVS.

Luca Marenzio.



My loving sweet hart, leate of thy mad- nesse,

How can my woun-ded hart to live be a-ble, That without

' your feruent loue, A- las, what griefe and fad-nesse, what griefe and fad- nesse,

In my tormentes doe make mee mi-se-able, which from mine eies doe wring

such teares &amp; gromes, That vnto pittie maeue, the hard rocks and stones, hard rocks &amp;

stones, rocks and stones, the hard rocks, ::||: the hard rocks and stones.

Of 5.

## XV. CANTVS.

Alfonso Ferrabosco.



Langish to complaine mee, with galligesse,

tormented, ::||:

stand a mazed, to see you disconter-ted, I stand a mazed, ::||: to

see you disconter-ted, to see you disconter-ted, Better I to hold my peace,

::||: And couertly to stop my breath, And couert-

ly to stop my breath, ::||: Then eafe my sorrows to

increase, and work my death, ::||: to increase, and

worke my death.

## XVI. CANTVS.

Hippolito Sabino.

Oe how my colour rangereth, And death to life ex-

chang- eth, ::|: exchaungeth, Like thou

deceitfull, And let me live contrary, ::|: And

thus by living, wee live both, wee live both, ::|: In lies wee val-

ry. in lies wee va-ry. ::|:

Of 5.

## XVII.

CANTVS.

Hirfis on his faire Phyllis brest repo-sing, faire Phyllis

brest repo- sing Sweetly, sweetly did lan-

guish, when she in loves sweet anguish, him killing gently said (thus) with

sugred glosing, Thirfis b tell mee, thy true loue best ap-proved, Then hee

then hee which to hir hart was o-uer ne- refst, Kif hir againe and fad,

Kif hir againe and fad, yes yes La-dy dearest, yes yes La-dy dear est.

Of. 5.

## XVIII. CANTVS.

Rugiero Giovannelli.



O R verie griefe I dye, if that you shew not in  
your fayre eyes, some signe of grace & pittie, For verie

griefe I dye, if that you shew not in your fayre eyes, some signe of grace and pit-  
tie, Hate beares a sway so mighty, ::||: Hate beares a sway so mighty-  
tie, That what to doe I know not, ::||: But pine with outward an-  
guish, And for your owne sweete face, ::||: my hart doth lan- guish.  
That what to doe I know not, ::||: But pine with outward anguish, And  
for your owne sweete face, ::||: my hart doth lan- guish. And  
for your owne sweete face my hart doth languish, doth languish.

Of. 5. The first part.

## XIX. CANTVS.

Peter Phillips.



HE Nightingale that sweetly, ::||: sweetly doth com-

playe, ::||: his  
yong once loft, or for his louing mate, To fill the heavens and fields himself doth  
frame, with sweet and dolfull tunes, to shew his state: So all the night, to doe I  
am full fayne, Remembryng my hard hap, and cruell payne, ::||:  
and cruell payne, Remembryng my hard hap, & cruell paine, my  
hard hap, and cruell paine, For I a lone, am easie of all my payne, ::||:  
That gods might dye, I learned to know to late, ::||:  
That gods might dye, I learned to know to late,  
D.ii.

## OF. The second part. XX CANTVS.

Peter Phillipa.<sup>100</sup>

False deceit, :||: who can himself af-

fire, Those two faire lights aye clearer then the Sun,

Who ever thought to see made so obfuer, :||:

Well now I see, :||: fortune doth mee procure, to learme by proofe

in this case that I runne, that I runne,

that nothing long doth please me can in-dare. :||:

that nothing long doth please me can in-dare.

Of 3.

## XXI CANTVS.

Stephano Venturi.<sup>101</sup>

S Mop- fits went his silly flock fourth le-

ding. By chance hee heard how Phe- be, ah,

complayned, ah, complained, ah, complayned, ah, complay- ned, And traing

still his steps and pathes foorth le- ding, :||: Sore then shee cried and

sayde, shee was disdayned, Long could hee not then endu- er, :||:

But proffered her a false her wound to cure, :||:

But proffered her a false her wound to cu-

er.

Cith.

Of 5.

## XXII CANTVS.

Giovanni Fereni.

Lora faire Nymph whilst sil-ly Lambs are fee-  
 ding, ::||: Grant my request in spe-  
 cing, ::||:  
 ding, ::||: grant me my request in speeding, For your sweet loue my sil-ly  
 hart doth languish, ::||:  
 And dye I shall except you  
 quench the anguish For your sweet loue my sil-ly hart doth languish, ::||:  
 And dye I shall except you quench the Anguish.

Of 5.

## XXIII CANTVS.

103.

Giovanni di Maggio.

**M**Y sweet Lay- is, Lady mifer, ::||:  
 Ladies, aye mee Ladies, aye mee, poore  
 hart, poore hart, ah poore hart, ::||:  
 Daily tormented and deadly malecontented, ::||:  
 Since thou for true loue, ::||: shal bee so sore disgrac-ed, so sore disgrac-ed,  
 By foule enormity, in thee first pla- ced, ::||: in thee first pla-  
 ced, By foule enormity in thee first pla-ced, in thee first pla-ced.



A Y fwest Phille, what thy will  
is, zif:  
Call thy selfe to minde, to minde, Call thy selfe.  
minde, zif: cease his lamenting, if:  
which fetcheth thy contenting, if: contenting, If  
I for true love shall bee so rewarded, if: Thou for thy  
crime shal be no whit regar ded, regarged, Thou Se.  
whit regarged, If I for true love, if: for true long shall be so reward ded,  
Thou for thy crime shall be no whit regar ded, Thou  
shalt by crime shall be nowwhit regarged, thou for thy crime shall be no whit regar ded.  
F. J. N. S.

Musical notation: The page contains ten staves of music for three voices. The first staff begins with a large decorative initial 'S'. The vocal parts are represented by three staves with black note heads on a five-line staff system. The music is in common time, indicated by a 'C' at the start of each staff. The lyrics are written below the notes, corresponding to the musical phrases.

## QVINTVS.

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K N I G H T.



OOD Sir, I euer held this sentence of the Poet, as  
a Canon of my Creede; That whom GOD loueth not,  
they loue not Musique. For as the Art of Musique is one  
of the most Heavenly gifts, so the very loue of Musique  
(without Art) is one of the best engrafted testimonies  
of Heavens loue towards vs. For your part, albeit I  
cannot easly tell, whether I may more commend in you, Art it selfe,  
or the Loue of Art: Yet I must needs say, that Art it selfe was never  
in any man so renouned, as in you alone, the loue thereof is becloned.  
And worthely. For it is not with you, as with many others  
which for forme, affect it much: yet they but affect it, whereas your  
affects are beft commended by the effects, your substantiall loue by your  
Reall allowance, and your Rayal mind by your superiusabilitiall mayn-  
tenaunce thereof. Of whom therefore should I paore Students and de-  
voted seruant of Heavens Art, & Arts loue, make my rylg for Patron  
of this my Arts in artificiall choyce, but of your selfe alone, whome I  
cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patron & Patrone, the choyce,  
Mirrour & Meccenas of these your awne, and Heavens delights. To you  
then alone, in whose honorable breft is a continuall harmonie of well or-  
dered designes, I commit the censure of these my seleffaries, and the pa-  
tronacie of these my paynes in them. Of the which if any part may finde  
with you the least favorable acceptance, I perswade my selfe I have done  
my part, & will endeuour my selfe in my more serious successiue labours,  
to merit that sweet fauour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupate  
with these flichter branckes.

Your worshipps many wayes obleged

THOMAS MORLET.

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	O my louing sweet hart, I languish to complaine moe. Loe how any colour rangeth. Thirfis on his faire Phyllis. For verie griefe I dye, The Nightingale. The first part. O faire deceit. The second part. As Mopfit went. Flora faire Nimphe.	III	Altonio Ferabolco.
	My sweet Layns. Say sweet Phyllis,	IV	Giovanni Feretti.
		V	Ruggero Giouanelli.
		VI	Ruggero Giouanelli.
		VII	Ruggero Giouanelli.
		VIII	Giovanni Feretti.
		IX	Horacio Vecchi.
		X	Giulio Belli.
		XI	Horacio Vecchi.
		XII	Allefsandro Orologio.
		XIII	Alfonso Ferabolco.
		XIV	Luca Merenzio.
		XV	Alfonso Ferabolco.
		XVI	Hippolito Sabino.
		XVII	
		XVIII	Ruggero Giouanelli.
		XIX	Peter Phillips.
		XX	Peter Phillips.
		XXI	Sephano Venturi.
		XXII	Giovanni Feretti.
		XXIII	Giovanni di Macque.
		XXIV	Alfonso Ferabolco.

*FINIS.*

81

QF 5. I. QVINTVS. Alfonso Ferabolco.



Vch pleasant boughs the world yet never vew-  
Nor winde did  
uer moue such flowers ver- dant, As at the first vnto my  
sight were shewed, For that I seeing thosse hir two Lamps ardant, for my re-  
fuge no bet-ter shade I did c- pie, I dyd espie, Of any greene plant, that grew  
vnder the skye, for my refuge no better shade I did espie, Of any greene plant  
that grew vnder the skye, that grew vnder, that grew vnder the skye.

B.

Of s.

## II. QVINTVS.

Batista Moflo.

22



Westerly: Lonely sheper- dis, like a Cordall pearling, Thou bringst a  
 world of blis, ::; Stretch foorth thy nimble ioynts & finely foote it, thy  
 nimble ioynts & finely foote it. For thou shalt weare the garland, and daunce be-  
 fore vs, whilst that the bagpipe tooke it: Sweet Roses, Violets, Lillis, Cowslips &  
 Daffadilly. But ey me, in the middest of mirth & fudging, What meaneas my loue, ::;  
 this to chage, with his hands witing, ::;  
 For verie griefe sic sondeth, ::; The more shee morneth, the more  
 my care aboun- deth. For verie griefe & sorrow, and sorrow,griefe and sorrow,  
 The more shee morneth, the more my care, my care abounds.

B3

## III. QVINTVS

Alfonso Ferrabosco.



Think that if the hills, ::; the  
 plaines and mountaines, ::; And woods & waters  
 knew the great distemper, Of this my lyfe, ::; it should not  
 bee concealed, ::; But thorow such by pathes, and fauge fountaines,  
 and fauge fountaines, I know not how to search for new loue striper, ::;  
 That by reason, ::; each one may be revealed. That by re-  
 son, ::; each one may bee revealed.

B.6.

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Of 5.

## III. QVINTVS.

Giovanni Perret.



One louers foorth, addresse you to admyer, addresse you  
to, addresse you to admier, Come louers foorth, addresse you  
to admyer, addresse you to, addresse you to admyer, At his whose locks are like the  
golden wyers ::; Curiously wrought to set mens harts, on  
fy-er mens harts one fy- er, ::; Curiously wrought to  
set mens harts on fyer, mens harts on fy- er, Curiously wrought to set mens harts  
on fyer.

Of 5.

## V. QVINTVS.

Rugiero Giottanelli.



O Ladies where my loue comes, all clad in greene and  
youthfully she shows it, ::; Harts  
griefe none feels, but free that soundly knowes it, My hart will break in funder,  
And daunt my sences more then boalts of Thunder, Rest sweetly, in his keeping,  
which causeth me to wake when he lies sleeping. Rest sweetly, in his keeping,  
::; in his keeping, ::; which causeth mee to wake when he lies  
slee- ping, lies slee- ping.

Of.

## VI. QVINTVS.

Rugiero Giouanell.



S I walked, ::; in greene  
 street, as I walked, in greene for-  
 reft, Among the wilde beastes, I fudgelye be thought me, Among &c;  
 of strange and rarest iefte, for her that fought mee, ::; \*:  
 But my mynde yecches mee no ref, Nor can I conster, certainly  
 what vikds mon- ster, usurping in my ref- kesse fences, Deadly to hate  
 hir now, ::; Sometime decloosed,  
 Deadly to hate hir now, whom once I lou- ed.

86

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Of.

## VII. QVINTVS.

Rugiero Giouanell.



Ely breeds daunger,daunger,& how may that be wret-  
 ed, by flight to shun delaying,delaying, ::;  
 verie vile is that vies, ::; ::; euer de-refted, Each  
 louers fute bewraying, ::; Thrice happy men doe say is that sweet woo-  
 ing, ::; Where loue may still bee noted, ::;  
 ::; where loue may still be noted, ::; Swift in  
 doing, ::; Swift in doing, ::; Swift in doo- ing,

88

Of.

## VIII. QVINTVS.

Giovanni Peretti.

68

**M**y Lady still abhors mee, supposing by his flying, ::|:  
 Sometime, sometime to breed my dying,  
 My Lady still abhors mee, supposing by his flying, ::|:  
 Sometime, sometime  
 time to breed my dying, Slay mee, slay mee, ::|: flye mee, flye mee,  
 flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, yet your flight shall not destroy mee, slay mee,  
 slay thee ::|: slay mee, slay mee, ::|: flye mee, flye mee, flye  
 mee, flye mee, yet your flight shall not destroy mee, yet your flight shall  
 not destroy mee.

Of.

## IX. QVINTVS

Horacio Vechi.

69.



Oe not trem-

ble bee

stand fast, deare hart and faint nor, Hope well, haue well, my

sweeting, my sweeting, Loe where I come to thee with friendly greeting, to  
 thee with friendly greeting, Now ioyne with mee, thy hand fast, ::|:  
 Loe thy true loue, ::|: saluts thee, loe thy true loue ::|:  
 loe thy true loue saluts thee, Whose leme thou art, and so he still reputs thee, re-  
 puts thee, Whose leme thou art and so he still reputs thee, heo  
 still reputs thee, and so he still reputs thee, and so hee still reputs thee,

C.

Of 5.

## X. QVINTVS.

Giulio Belli.



Arke and glae care austentine, you louers so besor-ted, No lyfe  
 no breath, and yet no death allotted : Phillis, ::; fayre  
 gane mee a flow- er, wherein my hart was lodged, In a strong towre, shee of that  
 flowre bereft mee, And stealing fled, all comfortlesse shee left mee,  
 Twixt lyfe and death so straiting, That steales the hart and  
 gives the lyfe reuising, That steales the hart, and gives the lyfe reu- uing.

Of 5.

## XI. QVINTVS.

Horacio Vechi.



Ife tell mee ::; what is the cause of  
 each mans dy-ing, carefull griefe mixt with cri-  
 eng ::  
 No no hart stay thee, ::; Let no such thought or care of mind dismay  
 thee, or care of mind dismay thee, Let no such thought or care of mind dismay  
 thee, Sweet hart content thee, ::; Thy cares are so great, I can  
 but lament thee. ::; I can but lament thee, Thy cares are so  
 great, I can but lament thee.

Of 5.

## XII. QVINTVS.

Alleſandro Orologio.



92.

Oden paſſions, ::; with ſtrange and rare tor-  
menting, ::; Increaſeth grief, &  
more, it breeds my sorrow, The caſe increaſt, doth blear mine eyes with we-  
ping, ::; And daunt my thoughts from euen vntill the morrow,  
In this vacheſfull paine, ::; long muſt I lan-  
guish, long muſt I lan- guish, I languish, Till death draw neere to  
rid my heart from anguſh, Till death draw neere to rid my hart from  
anguſh.

33.

Of 5.

## XIII. QVINTVS.

Alfonſo Ferabofco.



F fi-ſilent, then grieve torments mee, If I  
speak, your patience mo- ueth, If I speake, your  
patience moueth, ::; Hating him that loueth, ::;  
your wrath preuentis mee. But when sweet hope appe- reth, My  
countenance it chea-reth, And knees in humble ſure for pittie plea-  
ding: That theſe my lynes, ::; fo pen- fine, my lynes fo penfine, May  
no way ſeme offenſue, But rather work my ioye, by your sweet rea ding, by  
your sweet rea ding. But rather work my ioye, by your sweet reading, by  
your sweet rea ding. But rather work my ioye, by your sweet reading, dy Sc.

C.iii.

Of 5.

## XIII. QVINTVS.

Luca Marenzio.



My louting : Leane of thy mad-nesse, How can my woun-ded  
hart to live be a-ble, A las, what griefe and sadnesse, ::||:  
In my torments doe make mee mi-ce-ra-ble, Which from mine eies,

::||: doe wryng such teares & gromes, That vn-to pit-tie moue, pit-tie  
moue, the hard rocks and stones, ::||: that vn-  
to pit-tie moue, the hard rocks, the hard rocks and stones.

Of 5.

## X V. QVINTVS.

Alfonso Ferrabosco.



Languish to complaine mee, with gasty griefe too-  
men- ted, ::||: tormen-  
ted, tormented, I stand a mazed, to see you discontented, ::||:  
to see you discontented, Better I to hold my peace, ::||:  
and courteily to stop my breth, ::||:  
and co-vertely to stop my breth, ::||: stop my  
breth, Then caule my for- rowes to increase, and work my death. Then &c.  
and worke my death,

Of 5.

## XVI. QVINTVS.

Hippolito Sabine.

96.

Or how my colour rangeth, ::||: And  
death to life exchangeth, exchange-th, ::||: Lue thou  
de-cerfull, And let mee live contrary, ::||: and let mee live contra-  
ry, ::||: And thus by li-ving, ::||: and thus by living,  
wee live both, In liues contra- ry, in liues contra- ry.

Of 5.

## XVII.?

QVINTVS.

97.

35

Hifis, on his faire Phillis prest re-po-sing, Swee-  
ly, sweetly did lan-  
guish, when lice  
in lous sweet angui(h), hum killing gently said (thus) with fured gloing, Thifis  
tell mee, tell mee, thy true lou best ap-proued, art not thou my be-loued, Then  
hee, ::||: which to hir hart was euer ne-  
rest, Kift hir againe & said, ::||:  
yes yes La-dy dea- rest, yes yes La-dy dea- rest.

D

Of 5.

XVIII. QVINTVS.

Rugiero Gioanelli.

98



OR verie grieve I dye, if that you shew not in  
your faire eies, some signe of grace & pitie, For verie  
grieve I dye, in your faire eyes, some signe of grace and pittie. Hate beares a sway  
so mightie, ::; That what to doe I know  
not, And for your owne sweet sake, my hart doth languish. That what to doe I  
know not, ::; But pine with outward anguish, my hart doth lan-  
guish, my hart doth languish.

dye, I leard to know to late, That gods might dye, I leard to know to late,

.

.

.

Of 5. The first part.

XIX. QVINTVS.

Peter Phillips.

99



HE Nightingale that sweetly, ::; sweetly doth cōplaint,  
That sweetly,  
sweetly doth cōplaint, ::; his yong once lost, ::; or for his  
louing mate, ::; To fill the heauens & fields himselfe doth frame, with  
sweet and dolfull tunes, to shew his state : So all the night, to dooe I am full  
faine, I am full faine, Remembering my hard hap, and cruell fate, Remembering my hard  
hap, ::; and cruell fate, Remembering my hard hap and cruell fate,  
For I a lone, am caue of all my paines, ::; That gods might  
dye, I leard to know to late, ::; That gods might  
D.ii.

Of 5. The second part. XX. QVINTVS.

Peter Phillips.



False de- ceit, who can himself af-  
sure, himself affuse, Those two faire lights aye clearer than y  
Sum. :||: Who euer thought to see made so obscure, who euer  
thought to see made so obscure, so obscure, well now I see Fortune doth me pro-  
cure, Fortune doth mee procure,to learme, to learme by prooef in this case that I  
runne,that I runne,that I runne,that I runne,that nothing  
long doth please,ne can indure. :||: ne can indure.  
that nothing long doth please,ne can indure. :||:

Of 5.

XXI. QVINTVS.

Stephano Venturi.



S Mop- sus went his silly flock foorth leading,

By chaunce hee heard how Phe- bc,  
by chaunce hee hard how Phe- be, ah, complaining, ah, complaining,  
by chaunce hee heard how Phe, ah, complaining, And traſing still hir steps and  
pathes foorth leading, :||: Sore then flicc cried, and fayd, shee was dif-  
dayned, Long could he not then en-du-er, :||: Long could he not  
then enduer, :||: en- duer, But proffered hir a false,hir  
wound to cu- er. But proffered hir a false,hir wound to cu- er.

Of 5.

## XXII. QVINTVS.

Giovanni Eereti.

102.

Lora faire Nimphe, whilst sil-ly Lambs are feeding,  
sil-ly Lambs are feeding, Grant my request in spe-  
ding, ::; For your sweet loue my sil-ly hart doth  
languish, And dye I shall except you quench the anguish. ::;  
For your sweet like my sil-ly hart doth languish, And dye I shall except you  
quench the Anguish. ::;

103.

Of 5.

## XXII. QVINTVS.

Giovanni di Macque.

3

Y sweet Lay- is, Lady milles, ::;  
La-dy mist- res, Layis, aye mee Layis,  
aye mee, ah poore hart, ah poore hart, ah  
poore hart, ::; Dayly tormented, As one still discontented,  
Since thou for true loue, ::; true loue, shalt bee so sore, so sore discontent-  
ted, By foule enormi-ty, in thee first pla-ced, ::; By foule enormi-  
tie, in thee first pla-ced, ::; in thee first pla- ced.

Of.

104

XXIII. QVINTVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.

AY sweet Phil-lis, what thy will  
it, Call thy selfe to minde, Call thy selfe to minde, cease his lamenting, which seeketh thy contenting, If I for true loue shall, be so rewarded, If I for true loue, shall be so rewarded, Thou for thy crime shal be no whit regarded, Thou for thy cryme shal be no whit regarded, If I for true loue, shal bee so rewarded, bee so rewarded, Thou for thy crime shal bee no whit regarded, bee no whit regarded.  
FINIS.

105

ALTVS.

MADRIGALS  
TO  
fwe voyces.

*Selected out of the best approued  
Italian Authors.*

BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman  
of his Maiesties Royall  
CHAPPELL.



AT LONDON  
Printed by Thomas Este,  
1598.

To the Worshipfull  
Sir Geruis Clifton

K N I G H T.



O O D Sir, I ever held this sentente of the Poët, as a Canon of my Creede; That whom GOD loueth not, they loue not Musique. For as the Arte of Musique is one of the most Heavens gifts; so the very loue of Musique (without Arte) is one of the best engraffed testimonies of Heavens loue towards vs. For your part, albois I cannot easly tel, whether I may more command in you, Arte it selfe, or the Loue of Arte: Yet I must needs say that Arte it selfe was never in any man so renouned, as in you alone, the loue thereof is beatloned. And worthely. For it is not with you, as with manye others which for forme, affect it much: yet they but affect it, whereas your affects are beth commanded by the effects, your substantiell loue by your Reall allowance, and your Royall minde by your supersubstantiell myntenance thereof. Of whom therefore shoud I poore Student and devoted servant of Heavens Arte, & Arts loue, make my wsh for Patronage of this my Arts in artificiall choice, but of your selfe alone, whom I cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patron & Patrone, the choicer, Mirrour & Mecenas of these your owne, and Heavens delights. To you then alone, in whose honorable breif is a consimilll harmonic of well ordered deaignes, I committ the censure of these my selectaries, and the patrocinie of these my paynes in them, Of the whch if any part may finde with you the least favorable acceptance, I perfwade my selfe I haue done my part, & will endeouer my selfe in my more serios & successiue labours, to merit that sweet favour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupate with these lighter travells.

Your worshipes many wayes obleged

THOMAS MORLEY.

*The Table of all the Madrigales contained in  
these Books, with the names of their severall  
Authors and Originals.*

S	Vch pleafant boughes.	I	Alfonso Ferabofco.
	Sweetly pleasing fngest thou.	II	Bartista Moffo.
	I think that if the hills.	III	Alfonso Ferabofco.
	Come louners forth.	III	Giovanni Feretti.
Loe	Ladies where my loue comes.	V	Rugiero Giouanelli.
As I walked.		VI	Rugiero Giouanelli.
Delay breeds danger.		VII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
My Ladie still abhors mee.		VIII	Giovanni Feretti.
Doe not tremble.		IX	Horacio Vechi.
Harke and gue care.		X	Giulio Belli.
Lift tell mee.		XI	Horacio Vechi.
Soden passions.		XII	Alleſandro Orolgio.
If silent.		XIII	Alfonfo Ferabofco.
O my louing sweet hart.		XIII	Luca Merenzio.
I languish to complain mee.		XV	Alfonfo Ferabofco.
Loe how my colour rangeth.		XVI	Hippolito Sabino.
Thurſe on his faire Philiſ.		XVII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
For verie grieſe I dye,		XIX	Peter Phillips.
The Nightengale. The first part.		XX	Peter Phillips.
O false deceit. The ſecond part.		XXI	Stephano Venturi.
As Mopſus went.		XXII	Giovanni Feretti.
Eloa faire Nymphē.		XXIII	Giovanni di Macque.
My sweet Lavis.		XXIII	Alfonfo Ferabofco.
Say sweet Philiſ.			

*FINIS.*

65

S. G. R. T. L. ALTUS. Alfonfo Ferabofco.



Vch pleafant boughs the world yet nevver viewed,  
such pleafant boughs the world yet nevver viewed,  
Nor wnde did euer mouse, such flowers verdant, As at the first vore,  
my sight were bſewed, For that I ſeeing thofe hir two Lamps a- danc'd, for my re-  
fuge no better thade dyd eſpie, ||| that grew under  
the ſkye, Vnder the ſkye, For my refuge no better thade I dyd eſpie, Of any  
green plant, that grew under the ſkye, Of a ny green plant that grew  
under the ſkye, that grew u- der the ſkye, |||  
that grew u- der the ſkye, |||

Of 5.

## II. ALTVS.

Bartista Molle.



W<sup>e</sup>etly ple- sing fingerst thou, louely the-  
perdis, like a Cordall pear- sing, Thou bringst a world, thou bringst a world  
of blisse, Stretch foorth thy nimble ioynts & finely foots it, For thou shal weare  
the gar- land, & daunce before vs, whilst that the bagpipe tooit :||:  
Srew Roses, Violets, Lillis, Cowslips & Daffadilis, But aye me, in the  
morn- of mist & singing, What meanes my loue thus to chage, with his hands wringing,  
Help als thee faints, for verie grief the souldeth, :||: the more the  
morn- eth, the more my care aboundeth, :||: For verie grief the souldeth,  
:||: The more the morn- eth, the more my care aboundeth, :||:

## III. ALTVS.

Alfonso Ferrabosco.



Think that if the hille, the plaines and mountaines,  
And woods and waters knew the great dis temper, :||:  
Of this my lyfe, it should :||: it should not bee con-  
cea- led, :||: But thorow such by pathes, & fough foun-  
tains, I know not how to search for trew loue temper, :||:  
That by reason, :||: each one may bee reuea- led, That by reason, :||:  
each one may bee reuea- led.

B.S.



Of 5.

## III. ALT VS.

Giovanni Favretti.

84

One louers foorth addresse you to admy-er, ::||:  
address you to ad-mi-er, Come louers foorth ad-  
resse you to admyer, ::||: address you to ad-my-er, At his whose  
locks are like the golden wyer, ::||: Cu-riously wrought to set  
mens harts, ::||: on fy-er. Curiously wrought to set mens harts on  
fy- er, ::||: Curiously wrought to set mens harts on fyer, ::||:

Of 5.

## V. ALT VS.

Rugiero Giommelli.

85

Oe Ladies where my Loue comes, all clad in greene and  
youthfully the shewes it, ::||: youthful.  
ly the shewes it, harts grieve none feele, but shee that soundly knows it, My harte will  
break in funder, ::||: And daunt my sen- ces more then boults of  
Thun- der, Rest sweet life, in his keeping, which causeth thee to wake when  
hee lies sleeping. Rest sweetly, in his keeping, which causeth thee to wake when  
hee lies slee- ping. Rest sweetly, in his keeping, ::||: ::||: in his  
keeping, ::||: which causeth thee to wake when hee slee- ping.

B.ij.

66

**V L A L T V S.** Rugiero Giouanell.



S I walked, ::; as I walked, ::;

in greene Forrest, Among the wilde beasts, I sodaine-  
ly be thought me, Among the wilde beasts, I sodainely be thought mee, of strange  
and vnewelt left, for hit that fought mee, for hit that fought  
mee: But my mynde, ::; yeldes mee no rest, Nor can I conser,  
certainly what wilde monster, usurping in my rest leffe fences,  
So strangely moued, Deadly to hate hit now, ::;  
Deadly to hate hit now, whom once I loued.

67

**V I L A L T V S.** Rugiero Giouanell.



Evy breeds danger, danger, & how may that be wretched,  
by flight to than delaying, ::; ::;

verie vile is that vice, ::; euer de-taled,  
Each louers sute bewraying, Thrice happie man doe say is that sweet wooing, ::;  
Where loue may still bee noted, ::; ::;  
where loue may still be noted, ::; Swift in doing, ::;  
Swift in doing, ::; Swift in doing,

Of.

VIPL. ALTVS.

Giovanni Frecc.

86

**M** Y Lady filaburrs mee, supposing by hir flying, :||:  
 Sometime to  
 breed my dying, My Lady still abhors mee, supposing by hir flying, :||:  
 Sometime to breed my dying, Slay mee, :||: slay mee  
 :||: slay mee, :||: slay mee, :||: flye mee,flye mee,flye mee, flye mee, yet your  
 flight shall not destroy mee, slay mee, :||: slay mee :||: slay mee, :||: slay mee  
 slay mee, :||: slay mee, :||: slay mee,flye mee,flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, yet your  
 flight shall not destroy mee. yet,your flight shall not destroy mee.



Of.

IX. ALTVS.

Horacio Vechi.

87

**D** Oe not trem- ble but stand fast, deare  
 hart and faint not, Hope well, have well, my sweeting, my  
 sweeting, Loe where I come to thee with friendly greeting, Now sygne with  
 mee, thy hand fast, :||: Loe thy true loue saluts thee, loe thy  
 true loue, :||: saluts thee, Whose Ieme thou art, and so he still repus  
 thee, :||: Whose Ieme thou art, and so he still repus thee,  
 he still repus thee, and so he still repus thee, and so he still repus thee,



C.

Of 5.

X. ALT VS.

Giulio Bell.

90.



Arise and give ear audience, you lovers so besorred, No lyfe  
no breath, and yet no death al-lot- ted : Phillis, :::  
fayre gave mee a flowre, wherein my hart was lodged, as in a strong towre, shee of that  
flowre bereft mee, And stealing fled, all comfortlesse shee left mee, :::  
::: what pangz are these in lovers, Twixt lyfe & death so sti-  
ing, That steales the hart and givs the lyfe retiuing, That steales the hart, and  
givs the lyfe retiuing.

Of 5.

XI. ALT VS.

Horacio Vedit.

91.



Ife tell mee what is the cause of each sighnfy- ing,  
carefull grieve mixt with cri- eng, No no hart stay  
thee, ::: Let no such thought or care of mind dis-may thee, :::  
or care of mind dis-may thee, let no such thought or care of mind dis- may  
thee, Tell mee life, tell mee life how grieve killeth or how it woundeth, when ie  
so fore aboundeth, a-boundeth, ::: Sweet hart content thee, :::  
Thy cares are so great, I can but lament thee, ::: great  
I can but lament thee, Thy cares are so great, I can but la-men thee.

C. ii.

Of 5.

## XII. ALTVS.

Allesandro Orologio.



Oden passions, ::|: with strange &  
rare tormenting, ::|: Increaseth grief, &  
more, it beedes my sorrow, ::|:  
The caufe increaseth, doth  
bleare mine eyes with weeping, In this vnrestfull paine, ::|:  
long  
smell I lin- guith, ::|: Till death draw neere to rid, ::|:  
my heart from anguish. Till death draw neere to rid, ::|:  
my heart from anguish.

Of 5.

## XIII. VLTVS.

Alfonso Ferrabosco.



F silent, then grieve torments  
mee, tor- ments mee, If I speake, your patience in-  
uech, ::|: ::|: Hating him that loneth, ::|:  
your patience mo- uech. But whē sweet hope appereth, My countenance is  
chea- reth, And kneesles in humble wise for pi- tie plea-  
ding: That these my lines so pen- sue, so pen- sue,  
May no way feame offen- sue, But rather work my ioye, ::|:  
::|:  
by your sweet reading, But rather work my ioye, by your sweet  
reading, But rather work my ioye, by your sweet rea- ding.  
Ciii.

Of 3.

## XIII. ALTUS.

Luca Marenzio.



My losing sweet hart  
lone of thy mad-nelle,

How can my woun-ded hart to lue be a-ble, That without

your feruent loue, A-las, what griefe and fad-  
nessse, In my torment

doe make mee mi-se-table, which from mine eies doe wring such teares &

grone, & grone, That vnto pitie moue, the hard rocks and stones. ::|:

hard rocks & stones, that vnto pitie moue, the hard rocks and stones.

94

95

Of 3.

## XV. ALTUS.

Alfonso Ferrabosco.



Languish to complain mee, ::|:  
with

grief- ly grieve tormented, ::|:  
::|:

I stand a mazed, to see you discontented, ::|:  
I stand a

mazed, ::|:  
to see you discontented, to see you discontented. Better I to hold

any peace, Better I to hold my  
peace, and couertly to stop my breath,

Then cause my sorrows to increase, and worke my  
death, and couertly to stop

my breath. ::|:  
Then cause my sorrows, to increase, & work my

death, ::|:  
Then cause my sorrows to increase & worke

my death. Then cause my sorrows to increase, and worke my death.

72

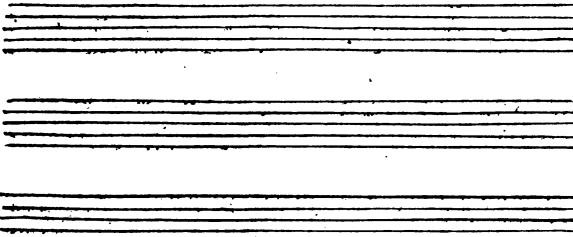
Op. 5. vols. 1, 2,

## XVI. ALTVS.

Hippolito Sabina.



See how my color rangeth, ::|:  
And death to  
life, and death to life catchangeth, ::|:



Of 5.

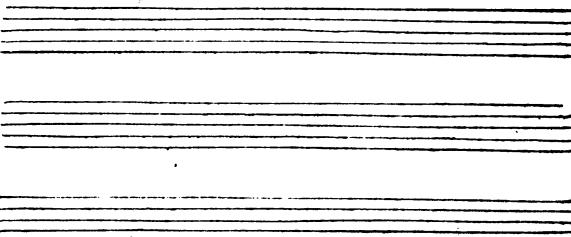
## XVII.

ALTVS.



Hirsis, on his faire Phyllis brest reposing, ::|:

Sweet- ly, sweetly did hap-



## XVIII. AETVS.

Rugiero Gioanelli.



OR verie grief I dye if that you shew not in your faire

eies, some signe of grace &amp; pit- tie, For verie grief I

dye, if that you shew me in your faire eyes, some signe of grace and pit- tie,

How beapes a sway to mightrie, ||: That

What to doe I know not, ||: But pine with outward anguish, And

for your owne sweete sake, ||: my hart doth languish. That what to

doe I know not, ||: But pine with outward anguish, And for your

owne sweete sake, ||: my hart doth languish. And for your owne sweete sake, my

hart doth lan- guish.

OF S. The first part.

## XIX. AETVS.

Peter Phillips.



HE Nightingale that sweetly, ||: sweetly doth com-

plaine, that &amp;c. The Nightingale that sweetly,

sweetly, sweetly, doth complain, that &amp;c.

his yong once loft, ||:

or for his low- uring mate, To fill the heavens &amp; fields himselfe doth

frame, with sweet and dolfull tunes, ||: to shew his stafe, So all the night,

to doe I am full faine, Remembiring my hard hap, and cru- ell fate, ||:

my hard hap &amp; cru- ell fate, ||:

well fare, For I a long am cause of all my paine, ||: That gods might

dye, I learned to know to late, ||:

D.ii.

Off. The second part.

160.

## XX. ALTVS.

Peter Philippe.



Fake deceir, ::; who can himself af-  
fire, ::; Those two faire lights aye  
cleare then the Sun, Who euer thought to see made so obscure, ::;  
who euer thought to see made so obscure, well now I see Fortune doth  
me procure, ::; to learme by proofe in this case that I runne,  
that I runne, that I runne that nothing long doth  
please me can induce, ne can induce, that nothing long doth please, ne  
can induce, ne can induce, that nothing long doth  
please ne can induce.

Off. 5.

161

## XXI. ALTVS.

Stephano Ventura.



S Mopfis : went his filly flock foorth leading, By chance hee  
heard how Phewe, ::;  
ah, complayned, ah, complayned, ah, complayned, And traing  
still hir steps and pathes foorth leading, foorth leading, and pathes foorth  
lea- ding, Sore then she cried, and fayd, she was disdayned, Long could hee  
not then en-duer, ::; But proffered hir a false, ::;  
hir wound to cuer. But proffered hir a false, hir wound to cuer, ::;  
But proffered hir a false, hir wound to cuer.  
D.iii.

65.

## XXII. ACTVS.

Giovanni Renetti.

167.



Lore faire Nymphs whilst sil-ly Lambs are feeding, sil-ly  
 Lambs are feeding, Grant me my request in speeding, ::|:  
 grant my request in spe- ding, For your sweet loue my sil-ly hart doth  
 loue gauh, ::|: And dye I shall, except you quench the an-  
 guish, ::|: For your sweet loue my sil-ly hart doth lan- gauh, ::|:  
 And dye I shall except you quench the Anguish, ::|:

Of 5.

## XXIII. ALTVS.

Giovanni di Macque.

168.



Y sweet Lay- it, Lady pau-  
 res, Layis, aye mee, poore  
 hart, poore hart, poore hart,  
 ah poore hart, Dayly tormen-ted, And deadly malecon-tented, ::|:  
 Since thou for true loue, ::|: shal bee so fore dis- conten-  
 ted, ::|: By foule enormi-ty, in thee first pla-ced, ::|:  
 in thee first pla- ced.

O. 5.

104

## XXIII. LATVS.

Alfonso Ferrabosco.

AY sweet Phil-

lis, &amp;:

what thy will is, Call thy selfe to

minde, &amp;:

thy selfe to minde, Call thy selfe to

minde, cause his lament-

ting, which seeketh thy contenting, &amp;:

which seeketh thy conten-

ting, If I for true loue,

&amp;:

shall be so rewarded, &amp;:

Thou for thy crime shal-

bee no whit regarded,

shalt bee no whit regarded, regarded, If I for

true loue, shall bee so re-war-deed, &amp;:

Thou for thy cryme shal-

bee no whit regarded,

shalt bee no whit regarded, no whit regarded,

F. I N I S.

4

TENOR.

MADRIGALS  
TO  
fwe voyces.*Selected out of the best approued  
Italian Authors.*

BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman  
of his Maiesties Royall  
CHAPPELL.

AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.  
1598.

# To the Worshipfull

Sir Geruis Clifton

K N I G H T.



GOOD Sir, I ever held this sentence of the Poet, as a Canon of my Creede; That whom GOD loueth not, they loue not Musique. For as the Art of Musique is one of the most Heavenly gifts, so the very loue of Musique (without Art) is one of the best engraffed testimoniues of Heavens loue towards vs. For your park, albeit I cannot easely tell, whether I may more commend in you, Art it selfe, or the Loue of Art: Yet I must needs say that Art it selfe was never in any man so renowned, as in you alone, the loue therof is becommone. And worthely. For it is not with you, as with manye others which for forme, affect it much: yet they but affect it, whereas your effects are best commended by the effects, your substantiall loue by your Reall allowance, and your Royall minde by your supersubstantiall maintenaunce thereof. Of whom therefore shoulde I poore Student and devoted servant of Heavens Art, & Arts loue, make my wyl for Patronage of this my Arts in artifciall choycebut of yours selfe alone, whom I cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patron & Paterne, the choyce, Mirrour & Meceras of these your awne, and Heavens delights. To you then alone, in whose honorable breff is a continuall harmonie of well ordered deaignes, I commit the censure of these my selectaries, and the patrocinie of these my paynes in them. Of the which if any part may finde with you the least favorable acceptance, I perswade my selfe I have done my part, & will endeavour my selfe in my more serious successiue labours, to merit that sweet fauour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupate with these slighter trauells.

Your worshipes many wayes obleged

THOMAS MORLET.

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in  
these Bookes, with the names of their severall  
Authors and Originals.

S	Vch pleasant boughes.	I	Alfonso Ferabosco.
S	Sweetly pleasing singest thou.	II	Battista Mofto.
	I think that if the hills.	III	Alfonso Ferabosco.
	Come lones forth.	IV	Giovanni Feretti.
L	Loe Ladies where my loue comes.	V	Rugiero Giouanelli.
A	As I walked.	VI	Rugiero Giouanelli.
D	Delay breeds daunger.	VII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
M	My Ladie still abhors mee.	VIII	Giovanni Feretti.
D	Doe not tremble.	IX	Horacio Vechi.
H	Harke and gaine care.	X	Giulio Belli.
L	Life tell mee.	XI	Horacio Vechi.
S	Soden passions.	XII	Alleſandro Orologio.
F	If silent.	XIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.
O	O my louing sweet hart.	XIV	Luca Merenzio.
L	I langaſt to complaine mee.	XV	Alfonso Ferabosco.
L	Loe how my colour rangereth.	XVI	Hippolito Sabino.
T	Thafs on his faire Phyllis.	XVII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
F	For verie grieſe I dye,	XVIII	Peter Phillips.
N	The Nightingale. The first part.	XIX	Peter Phillips.
A	O false deceit. The ſecond part.	XX	Stephano Venturi.
M	As Mopſus went.	XXI	Giovanni Feretti.
F	Flora faire Nymphē.	XXII	Giovanni di Macque.
M	My ſweet Layis.	XXIII	Alfonfo Ferabosco.
S	Say ſweet Phyllis.		

FINIS.

Alfonfo Ferabosco.

S. Of 5. I. TENOR.



Vch pleasant: The world yet neuer vewed, Such pleasant  
bowghes ý world yet neuer vewed, ::|:  
winde dyd e- uer none ſuch flowers verdant, ::|:  
my ſight were ſhew- ed, For that I ſeeling thofe hir two Lamps ardent,  
For my refuge no better, for my refuge  
any greene plant that grew vnder the ſkye. For my refuge no better ſhade dyd  
espye, Of any greene plant that grew vnder the ſkye. ::|:  
any greene plant, of any greene plant, ::|:  
under the ſkye.

Of 5.

82.

## II. TENOR.

Bartista Moffo.

**S**weetly pleasing singest thou, louely sheper-  
dis,  
Thou bring-  
est a world of  
blisse, stretch foorth thy nimble  
kynnes and faire-  
ly foote it, For ȳ shalt weare the garland, & daunce bee-  
fore vs, whilst ȳ the bagpipe too it: and daunce before vs, whilst ȳ the bagpipe too it:  
Strew Roses, Violets, Lillis, But aye me in ȳ midst of mirth & singing, what meanes my  
loue thus to chāge with his hands wringing with his hands wringing. Help, help alas the  
gaints a las thee faints, for verie griefe & sorrow, griefe and sorrow, The more thee  
morneth, the more my care aboundeth. For verie griefe & sorrow, griefe and sorrow,  
The more thee morneth, the more my care aboundeth, my care aboundeth.

83.

## III. TENOR.

Alfonso Ferabosco.

Of 5.  
W  
Think that if the hills, the plaines and mo-  
taines, And woods and waters knew the great distemper, ::;  
Of this my lyfe, ::; it should not bee concealed, ::;  
But thorow such by pathes, and sauge fountains, ::;  
and sauge fountains, I know not how to search for trew loue sem- per, ::;  
That by reason, ::; each one may bee reuea-  
led, That by reason, ::; each one may be reuealed, each one may bee revealed,

B.ij.

OF 5. CANTATA

III. TENOR.

Giovanni Peretti.

64

One louers foorth addresse you to admyer, to

to admyer, to admyer, to admyer, to admyer, Come louers foorth addresse you  
 to admyer, to admyer, to admyer, to admyer, At his whose locks are like the  
 golden wyer, ::; Curiously wrought to set mens harts

on fyre, mens harts on fyre. Curiously wrought to set mens harts on fyre, ::;  
 mens harts on fy-er. Curiously wrought to set mens harts on

65

V. TENOR.

Rugiero Giordani.

Of 5.

O Ladies wher my loue comes, all clad in greene &amp;

youthfully shee shaws it, ::; Harts grie

none feelest but shee that foundly knowes it : My hart will break in funder, ::;

And daunt my sen- ces, more then boults of Thunder, Reft sweet-

ly, in his keeping, which causeth me to wake when he lies slee- ping. Reft sweetly

::; in his keeping, ::; in his keeping, which causeth mee to  
 wake when he lies sleeping.

B.iii.

Of 5.

## VI. TENOR.

Rugiero Giouanelli.

 S I walked, ::; as I walked in greene Forrest,  
 as I walked, ::; in greene Forrest,  
 Among the wilde beasts, I fadainely bee thought mee, of strange and most rare  
 iest, for hit that sought mee, ::; for hit that sought mee : But my mynde  
 yeeldes mee no rest, Nor can I con- ster certainly, what vilde monster, vsurping  
 in my self- lese fences, So strangely moued, deadly to hate hit  
 now, whom once I loued. Deadly to hate hit now, ::; whom once I  
 loued. Deadly to hate hit now, whom once I loued.

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Of 5.

## VII. TENOR.

Rugiero Giouanelli.

 Eay breeds danger, danger, and how may that bee  
 wretted, by flight to shun delaying, ::; ::;  
 verie vile is that vice, ::; verie vile is that vice, ::;  
 uer defeted, Each louers lute bewraying, ::; Thrice happie men doe  
 say, is that sweet wooing, ::; Where loue may still bee  
 noted, ::; where loue may still be noted, ::; Swift in do-  
 ing, ::; Swift in doing, ::; Swift in doo- ing,

Of 5.

## VIII. TENOR.

Giovanni Freschi,



Y Lady still abhors mee, abhors mee, supposing by his fly-

log, ::||: Sometime to breed my

dy- ing, My Lady still abhors mee, abhors mee, supposing by his fly-

ing, ::||: Sometime to breed my dy- ing, Slay mee, ::||:

slay mee, ::||: slay mee, ::||: flye mee flye mee, flye mee, ::||:

yet your flight, yet your flight shall not destroy mee, shall not destroy mee,

slay mee, ::||: slay mee, ::||: slay me, ::||: fly mee, fly mee, fly mee, ::||:

yet your flight, yet your flight shall not destroy mee, shall not destroy mee,

98

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Of 5.

## IX. TENOR.

Horacio Vechi,

Oe not tremble but stand fast, deare hart & faint not, Hope  
well, haue well, my sweeting, my sweeting, Loe wher I come to

thee with friendly greet- ting, Now loyne with mee, thy hand fast, ::||:

::||: Loe thy true loue saluts thee, ::||:

Whoſe leme thou art, and ſo he full reput thee, ::||:

and ſo he full reput thee, he full reput thee, and ſo he

still reput thee,

C.

Of 5.

## X. TENOR.

Giulio Belli.

90.



Arke and gane care auermine, you louers so besotted, No lyfe  
no breath, and yet no death allotted: Phillis wherein my  
hart was lodged, in a strong towre, shee of that flower bereft  
mee, And stealing fled, all comfortlesse shee left mee, all comfort- less she  
left mee, What panges are there in louers, That steals the heart and giues the  
lyfe reviuing, That steals the heart, and giues the lyfe reviuing.

Of 5.

## XI. TENOR.

Horacio Vechi.

91.



If tell mee ::; what is the caufe of each mans dy-  
ing, carefull grieve mixt with crieng, No no hart stay

thee, ::; Let no such thought or care of mind dismay thee, ::;  
Let no such thought or care of minde dismay thee, Tell mee  
life, tell mee life how grieve killeth or how it woundeth, when it so sore a-bound-  
eth, ::; Sweet hart content thee, ::; Thy cares are so  
great, I can but lament thee, ::; Thy cares are so great,  
I can but lament thee.

C.ii.

Of 5.

## XII. TENOR.

Allesandro Orologio.

92



Oden passions, ::; with straitnes and rare tor-  
 men- ting, ::; Increaseth grief, and  
 more it breeds my sorrow, The cause increaseth, doth bleare mine eyes with wee-  
 ping, And daunt my thoughts from euen vntill the morrow, In this vnrestfull paine,  
 long must I lan- guish, ::; long must I lan-  
 guish, ::; Till death draw neere to rid my hart from anguish, Till  
 death draw neere to rid my hart from anguish.

Of 5.

## XIII. TENOR.

Alfonso Ferabosco.

93



E si-lene, then grief torments mee, ::; then  
 grief torments mee, If I speake, ::;  
 your patience moueth, your patience moueth, Hating him that loueth, Hating  
 him that loueth, your wrath preuentis mee. That theſe my lines, ::;  
 my lynes so peniſue, may no way ſeeme offenſive, But rather worke my ioye,  
 ::; by your ſweet reading, But rather worke my ioye, by  
 your ſweet reading, But rather worke my ioye, by your ſweet reading.

C.iii.

Of 5.

## XIII. TENOR.

Luca Marenzio.



My louing sweet hart, leue of thy madnesse, How can

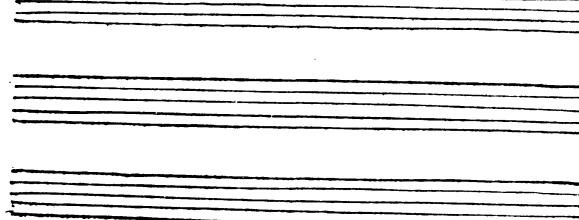
my wounded hart to live be able, That without your feruent

love, A-las, what greife and fadnesse, In my tormentes doe make mee mi-se-ra-ble,

Which from mine eies, doe wring such teares & grones, ::; That vnto pittie

none, :: the hard rocks and stones, the hard rocks

and stones, the hard rocks and stones.



Of 5.

## XV. TENOR.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



Languish to complain me, complain me, with

gastly griefe tormented, I languish to complain me,

with gastly griefe tormented, I stand a mazed, ::;

to see you discontented, I stand a mazed, to see you discontented, to see you,

to see you discontented. Bet-ter I to hold my peace, Bet-ter I to

hold my peace, and couertly to flop my breth, Then cause my sorrows to in-

crease, and worke my death. and couertly to hold, to hold my peace, Then cause my

sorrows, :: Then cause my sorrows to increase, and worke my death, ::;

Then cause my sorrows, :: to increase, :: & worke my death.

Of 5.

## XVI. TENOR.

Hippolito Sabino.



Oc how my colour rangeth, ::|: And death to  
 life exchaungeth, ::|: ex-  
 changer, Lame thou deceiptful, And let me fine contrary, ::|:  
 &  
 let me fine contrary, ::|: And thus by living, wee fine both, ::|:  
 we fine both, In laces wee va-rie, ::|: in  
 fines wee va-  
 rie.

Of 5.

## XVII.

TENOR.



Hirfis, on his faire Phil- lis brest reposing Sweet-  
 ly, sweetly did lan- guish, ::|: when  
 shee in loues sweet anguish, him kissing gently faid (thus) with fayred glosing,  
 Thirfis ô tell mee, art not thou my be-loued, Then hee, ::|: which to her  
 hart (still) was neerest, nee- refl.Kist her againe and faid, Kist  
 her againe and faid, and faid, yes La-dy dearest, yes yes La-dy dearest.

Off.

## XVI. TENOR.

Hippolito Sabino.

96



Oe how my colour rangeth, ::|: And death to  
 life exchangeth, ::|: ex-  
 changerth, Lise thou decifull, And let me fine contrary, ::|:  
 &  
 let me fine contrary, ::|: And thus by living, wee fine both, ::|:  
 we fine both, In lises wee va-rie, ::|: in  
 fines wee va- rie.

Off.

## XVII.

TENOR.

97



Hirfis, on his faire Phil- lis brest reposing, Sweet-  
 ly, sweetly did lan- guish, ::|: when  
 hee in lous sweet anguish, him kissing gently said (thus) with fayred glost,  
 Thirfis ô tell mee, art not thou my be-loued, Then hee, ::|: which to his  
 hart (full) was neerest, nee- rest, Kist his againe and said, Kist  
 his againe and said, yes La-dy dearest, yes yes La-dy dearest.

D

Of 5.

## XVIII. TENOR.

Rugiero Gioanelli.



OR verie grief I die, if that you shew not in your faire  
eies, some signe of grace & pittie, For verie grieve I dye, if

that you shew not in your fayre eyes, some signe of grace & pittie. Hate beares a  
sway so mighty, :||: That what to doe I know not, But pine with  
outward anguish, And for your owne sweete sake, :||: my hart doth lan-  
guish. And for your owne sweete sake, :||: my hart doth languish. And  
for your owne sweete sake, my hart doth languish.

98

99

Of 5. The first part.

## XIX. TENOR.

Peter Phillips.



HE Nightingale that sweetly, sweetly, :||: doth com-

plaine, :||: The Nightingale that sweetly,

sweetly, doth complaint, that &amp;c. his yong once lost, :||: or for

his louing mate, To fill the heauens &amp; fields himselfe doth frame, with sweet and

dolfull tunes, to shew his state, So all the night, to doe I am full faine, :||:

Remembering my hard hap, and cru-

ell fate, :||:

Remembering my hard hap, &amp; cruell fare, :||: For I alone,

am cause of all my paine, That gods might dye, I leard to know to late, :||:

That gods &amp;c.

That gods &amp;c.

E.d.

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Of 5.

## XVIII. TENOR.

Rugiero Giordanelli.

98



OR verie grief I die, if that you shew not in your faire  
cies, some signe of grace & pittie, For verie grieve I dye, if  
that you shew not in your faire eyes, some signe of grace & pittie, Hate beares a  
sway so mighty, ||: That what to doe I know not, But pine with  
outward anguith, And for your owne sweet sake, ||: my hart doth lan-  
guish. And for your owne sweet sake, ||: my hart doth languish. And  
for your owne sweet sake, my hart doth languish.

99

Of 5. The first part.

## XIX. TENOR.

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HE Nightingale that sweetly, sweetly, ||: doth com-

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sweetly, doth complain, that etc. his yong once lost, ||: or for  
his louing mate, To fill the heauens & fields himselfe doth frame, with sweet and  
dolfull tunes, to shew his state, So all the night, to doe I am full faine, ||:  
Remembering my hard hap, and cru- ell fate, ||:  
Remembering my hard hap, & cruelle fate, ||: For I alone,  
am cause of all my paine, That gods might dye, I leard to know to late, ||:  
That gods etc. That gods etc.  
Eli.

54

Of 5. The second part.

XX. TENOR.

Peter Phillips.



False deceit, ::; ::; who can him-

self assure, him-self assure, Those two faire lights aye clearer

then the Sun, Who ever thought to see made so obscure, ::;

who e-ter thought to see made so obscure, Well now I see, Fortune doth

me procure, ::; To learme by proofe in this case that I

runne, that I runne, That nothing long doth please, ne can in-

dure, ne can in- dure. That nothing long doth please, ne can in- dure, ::;

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Of 5.

XXI. TENOR.

Stephano Venturi.



S Mopfus: By chance hee heard how Phe- be,

by chance hee heard how

Phe- be, ah, complay- ned, ah, complained, And trasig

still his steps and pathes forth leading, and pathes forth leading, Long could he

not then enduer, ::; But proffered hir a false, hir wound

to cuer. ::; But proffered hir a false, hir wold to

cuer. ::;

D.iii.

Of 5.

## XXII. TENOR.

Giovanni Feretti.

Lora faire Nymph, faire Nimpie, Flora faire Nymph whilst

fil-ly Lambes are feeding, Grant my request in speeding,

::||: For your sweet loue my fil-ly hart doth languish, ::||:

And dye I shall, except you quench the an- guish, ::||:

For your sweet loue my fil-ly hart doth languish, ::||:

And dye I shall except you quench the An- guish, ::||:

102.

103.

56.

Gy.

## XXIII. TENOR.

Giovanni di Maggio.

Y sweet Lay- is, Lady mi- sses,

Layis, aye mee, Layis, aye mee,

ah poore hart, ah poore hart, ::||: Dayly tor-

mented, And deadly malcoon-tented, ::||: Since thou for true loue,

::||: shal bee so fore disgra- ced, so fore disgra-

ced, By foule enormi-te, in thee first pla-ced. In thee first pla-

ced. By foule enormi-te, in thee first pla-ced.

Or.

XXIIIL. TENOR.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



AY sweet Phil. lis, what thy will

is, Call thy selfe to minde, Call thy selfe to

minde, thy selfe to minde, caſe his lamenting. :||: which feeketh thy contenting.

:||: If I for true loue ſhall, :||:

bee ſo rewarded, Thou for thy crime ſhall bee no whit regarded. Thou for thy

crime ſhall bee no whit regarded. If I for true loue ſhall, :||: bee

ſo rewarded, Thou for thy crime ſhall bee no whit regarded. :||:

Thou for thy crime, ſhall bee no whit regarded.

BASSVS.

MADRIGALS  
TO  
fui voyces.

*Selected out of the best approv'd  
Italian Authors.*

BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman  
of his Maifties Royall  
CHAPPELL.



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.  
1598.

To the Worshipfull  
Sir Geruis Clifton  
*K N I G H T.*



OOD Sir, I ever held this sentece of the Poët, as  
a Canon of my Creede; That whom GOD loueth not,  
they loue not Musique. For as the Art of Musique is one  
of the most Heavenly gifts, so the very loue of Musique  
(without Art) is one of the best engraffed testimonies  
of Heavens loue towards vs. For your part, albeit I  
cannot easly tell, whether I may more commend in you, Art it selfe,  
or the Loue of Art: Yet I must needs say, that Art it selfe was never  
in any man so renouned, as in you alone, the loue thereof is beclawed.  
And worthily. For it is not with you, as with manye others  
which for forme affect it much: yet they but affect it, whereas your  
affects are best commended by the effects, your substantiall loue by your  
Reall allowance, and your Royall minde by your substantiall maintenaunce  
thereof. Of whom therefore should I poore Student and de-  
voted servant of Heavens Arts, & Arts loue, make my wish for Patronage  
of this my Arts in artificiall choicer, but of your selfe alone, whom I  
cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patron & Patrem, the choicer,  
Mirrour & Mecenas of these your owne, and Heavens delights. To you  
then alone, in whose honorable brest is a continuall harmonie of well or-  
dered designes, I commit the censure of these my selectaries, and the pa-  
tronacie of these my paynes in them. Of the which if any part may finde  
with you the least fauorable acceptance, I persuade my selfe I have done  
my part, & will endeavour my selfe in my more seriousse successe labours,  
to merit that sweet fauour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupate  
with these slighter trauellis.

Your worfhips many wayes obleged  
THOMAS MORLEY.

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in  
these Bookes, with the names of their severall  
Authors and Originals.

<b>S</b> Vch pleasant boughes.	I Alfonso Ferabosco.
Sweetly pleasing fingerst thou.	II Battista Mosto.
I thinkt that if the hills.	III Alfonso Ferabosco.
Come longes foorth.	IV Giovanni Feretti.
Loe Ladies where my loue comes.	V Rugiero Giouanelli.
As I walked.	VI Rugiero Giouanelli.
Delay breeds daunger.	VII Rugiero Giouanelli.
My Ladie still abhors mee.	VIII Giovanni Feretti.
Doe not tremble.	IX Horacio Vecchi.
Marke and gane care.	X Giulio Belli.
Life tell mee.	XI Horacio Vecchi.
Soden passions.	XII Allefandro Orologio.
If silent.	XIII Alfonso Ferabosco.
O my losing sweet hart.	XIV Luca Merenzio.
I languish to complaine mee.	XV Alfonso Ferabosco.
Loe how my colour rangeth.	XVI Hippolito Sabino.
Thuris on his faire Phillis.	XVII
For verie griefe I dye,	XVIII Rugiero Giouanelli.
The Nightngale. The first part.	XIX Peter Phillips.
O false deceit. The second part.	XX Peter Phillips.
As Mopfits were.	XXI Stephano Venturi.
Flora faire Nimphe.	XXII Giovanni Feretti.
My sweet Layis.	XXIII Giovanni di Macque.
Say sweet Phillis,	XXIV Alfonso Ferabosco.

*FINIS.*

84

Of 5.

I. BASSVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.

Vch pleasant boughs the world yet never new...  
Nor wende did...  
her mose such flowers verdane, As at the first vnto my sight were shew...  
ed, For my refuge no better shade I did eft- pie, no better shade I dyd eft- pie,  
Of a-ny greene plant, For my refuge no better shade did eft- pie, Of a-ny greene  
plant, that grew vnder the skye. Of a-ny greene plant,that grew vnder the skye.

B.

T.

Of.

## II. BASSVS.

Bartista Mofia.

82.



Wheetly: Thou bring- eft a world of blifte, Stretch foorth thy nimble

ioynts & finely foote it, For thou haft weare the garland, whilſt that the bagpipe

toote it, and dance befoore vs, whilſt y the bagpipe toote it: Straw Roſes, Vi-o-lets,

Lilles, But aye mee, in the midſt of mirth & ſinging, What meaneſt my lone, with

his hands wringing, ::| Help, help a-las thee faints, For verie griefe thee

ſoundeth, ::| The more thee morneth, the more my care aboundingeth

For verie griefe thee ſoundeth, ::| thee ſoundeth. The more thee

morneth, the more my care aboundingeth.

69

Of.

## III. BASSVS.

Alfonso Fembosco.

83.



Thinck that if the hills, the plaines and mountaines,

And woods & waters knew the great diſtemper, ::|

Of this my lyfe, it ſhould not bee concealed, it ſhould not bee concea-

led, But thorow fuch by pathes, and ſatage fountaines, I know not how to ſearch for

trewe loue temper, That by reaſon, ::| each one may bee revealed,

That by reaſon, ::| each one may bee revealed.

B.H.

of 5.

### III. BASS.VS.

Giovanni Ferretti



One loves forth, address' you so adm'r.

Come louers forth, addresse you to admire.

At hir whose locks are like the golden wyer, Cu-riously.

wrought to set mens harts on fy-er. mens harts ooe fy-er, Curiously wrought so for

mens harts on fyre, ::::

mens hairs on finger. Curiously

wrought to set mens hearts on fy-er.



V. BASSVS.

Ruggero Giannelli.



Oe Ladies where my loue comes, all clad in grecne and

youthfully she shows it, Harts grieve none feele, but shee that

My hart will break in sunder. And dant my sences more then

My last will break in hand, And count my leaves like men.

bouls of Thunder, Rest sweetly, in his keeping, which causeth me to wake when

he lies sleeping. Rest sweetly, ::||: in his keeping, which causeth mee to wake

when hee lyes sleeping.

Cf.

## VI. BASSVS.

Rugiero Giovanelli.

86



S I walked, ::|: in greene  
foreft, Among the  
wild beasts, I sedainely bee thoughtane, Of strange and most rare iefte, for hit that  
foughthe me, ::|: But my mynde yeeldet nece no ref, Nor  
can I ten- ster, certainly what wild monster, vsurping in my ref.  
leſſe feaces, so ſtrigely moued, deadly to hate hit now, whom once I loued, whom  
once I loued,

Of -

## VII. BASSVS.

Rugiero Giovanelli.

87



Elay breeds daunger,daunger, & how may that be wret-  
ed, by flught ro sham delaying, ::|: verie  
vile is that vice, ::|: euer detefted, Each louers fute bewraying, ::|:  
Thrice happie men doe fay is that sweet wooing, Where loue may ſill bee  
notted, ::|: Swift in doing, ::|: Swift in doing.

Of's.

## VIII. BASSVS.

Giovanni Fereti.

Y Lady still abhors mee, supposing by hir flying,

Sometime to breed my dying, My Lady still abhors mee,

supposing by hir flying, Sometime to breed my dying, Slay me, ::||: slay mee,

::||: fly mee, fly mee, flye mee, ::||: yet your flight shall not destroy

mee, slay mee, ::||: slay mee ::||: flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, ::||:

yet your flight shall not destroy mee.

88

89

Of's.

## IX. BASSVS.

Horacio Vechi.



Oe not : Deare hart and faint not,hope well,hate well, my sweet-

ing, ::||: Loe where I came to thee with friendly gree-

ting, Now ioyne with mee, thy hand fast, thy hand fast, ::||:

saluts thee, Whose Ierne thou art, and so he still, and so he still reputs thee,

and so he still reputs thee, and so he still reputs thee.

C.

v.

Of.

## X. BASSVS.

Giulio Belli.



90

Arke & gye care: Phillis fayre gave mee a flower, wherein my  
hart was lodged in a strong tower, slice of that flower bee-  
ref mee, and stealing fled, all comfortlesse thee left mee, ::|:  
What panges are thefe in louers, twixt lyfe and death so striuing,  
That steals the heart, and gives the lyfe reuiuing. That steals the heart and gives the  
lyfe reuiuing.

.....

.....

.....

.....

Of.

## XI. BASSVS.

Horatio Vecchi.



91

If tell mee: No no hart stay thee, ::|:  
Let no such thought or care of mind dismay thee,  
Tell mee life ::|: how grieve killeth or how it  
woundeth, when it so sore a-boundeth, ::|:  
Sweet hart content  
thee, ::|: Thy cares are so great, I can but lament thee, Thy cares are so  
great, I can but lament thee.

.....

.....

.....

.....

C.ii.

Of 5.

## XII. BASS VS.

Allesandro Orologio,



Oden passions, with strange and rare countering,

Increaseth griefe, and more, it breeds my sorrow,

The cause increast doth blears myne eyes with weeping, And daunt my thoughts

from euen vntill the morrow, In the vniuersall payne, long must I

lan- guish, long must I lan- guish, Till death

draw neere to rid my hart from anguish. Till death draw neere to rid my

hart from anguish.

92

93

Of 5.

## XIII. BASSVS.

Alfonso Ferrabosco



F silent, if silent, then griefe tormentis mee, If I

speake, your patience mo- ueth, Hating him that lo-

ueth, ::: your wrath preuentis mee. That thef my lynes, fo-

pen- gue, so pen- fine, may no way seeme offen- fate,

But rather worke my ioye, by your sweet reading, :::

But rather worke my ioye, by your sweet reading, reading.

C.iii.

Og.

94

## XIII. BASSVS.

Luca Marenzio



My louing sweet hart, how can my wounded hart  
 to live be able, that without your feruent loue, A-las, :||: what  
 greife and fadnesse, In my torments doe make mee mi-fe-ra-ble, which from mine eies  
 do wryng such teares & groane, y unto pitie moue, pitie moue, the hard rocks  
 and stones, pi-te moue, the hard rocks and stones, the hard rocks and  
 stones, the hard rocks and stones.

Og.

95

## XV. BASSVS.

Alfon Ferabosco.



Languis-<sup>te</sup> to complain me, with gaffy griefe tor-<sup>ment</sup>  
 ented, :||: with gaffy griefe tormented,  
 I stand a mazed to see you discontented, I stand a mazed to see you discon-  
 tented. Better I to hold my peace, and co-vertly to stopy my  
 cause my sorrows to increase, & worke my death, and covertly to stopy my  
 breth, Then cause my sorrows, :||: to increase, and worke my death.  
 Then cause my sorrows to increase, and worke my death.

Op. 5.

## XV. BASSVS.

Hippolito Sabino.



On how my colour rangeth, And death to life exchang-  
 eth, ||: Line thou deceiptfull, And let me  
 line contrary, ||: and let mee line contrary, And thus by liuing,  
 ||: wee both line, ||: Inlines wee va-  
 rie, in lines wee varie.

Op. 5.

## XVII.

BASSVS.



Hinck, on his faire Phillis brest reposing, Sweet- ly,  
 sweetly did lan- guish, when shee in loues sweet anguish,  
 with sugred glosing, Thir- si tell mee, art not thou my beloved, Then  
 bee, ||: which to his hart was euer neareft, Kist his againe and said, ||:  
 yes yes La-dy dearest.

Or.

98

## XVIII. BASSVS.

Rugero Giomelli.



Or verie grief I die if that you shew not  
in your faire cite some signe of grace & partie. Hate bears  
a sway so mightie, ||: That what to do I know not, ||:  
But pine with outward anguish, And for your owne sweete sake, That what  
doe I know not, ||: But pyne with outward anguish, And for your  
owne sweete sake, ||: my heart doth languish. And for your  
owne sweete sake, my hart doth languish.

99

Of. The first part.

## XIX. BASSVS.

Peter Phillips.



HE Nightingale that sweetly, sweetly, sweetly  
doth complaine, that sweetly, sweetly doth complaine, his  
yong once lost, or for his losing mate, To fill the heauens & fields himselfe doth  
frame, with sweet and dolfull tunes, so shew his state, So all the night, to doe I  
am fullfaire, Remembering my hard hap, and cruell fate, Remembering my hard  
hap, ||: and cruel fates, For I a lone, am caufe of all my  
paine, That gods might dye, I leard to know to late, That gods &c.

D.H.

605. The second part.

XX. BASSVS.

Peter Phillips.



100

False deceipt, ||: who can him- fair  
af- fire, Those two faire fightes aye clearer then the  
Sun, Who eare thought to see made so obscure, ||: to  
be made so obscure, Well now I see, Fortune doth me procure, To learme by  
proffyt this case that I runne, that I runne, That nothing  
long deth please me can induce, ||: That nothing  
long deth please me can in- dure,

Music score for Bassus, featuring five staves of music with diamond-shaped note heads. The lyrics are written below each staff.

Of 5.

XXI. BASSVS.

Stephano Venturi.



S Mopfit: By chance hee heard how Ph-

ah, complayned, and pathes forth leading, Sore then

shee cried, and said she was disdayned, Long could he not then endur, But prof-  
fered her a false, her wound to cuer, But proffered her a false, her wond to  
cu- er.



D.iii.

Off.

## XXII. BASSVS.

Giovanni Ferretti.

102.



For your sweet loue my filly hart doth languish,

And dye I shall except you quench the anguish.

For your sweet loue my filly hart doth languish,

And dye I shall except you quench the anguish.

hart doth languish,

And dye I shall except you quench the An-guish, you

quench the anguish.

103.

## XXIII. BASSVS.

Giovanni di Mergo.

Off.



poore

hart,

poore

hart,

ah poore

hart,

::;:

Dayly tormented,

And deadly malecon-tended,

Since thou for true loue,

::;:

shalt bee

so sore disgraced,

so sore disgraced,

By feule enormi-

tie,

in thee first pla-ced.

in thee first pla-ced.

OF.

## XXII. BASSVS.

Giovanni Ferretti.



Loue faire Nunphe, whilf fil- ly Lambes are foo-  
ding, Grant my request in spedding, ::|:  
  
For your sweet loue my fil- ly hart doth languish, And dye I shall, ex-  
cept you quench the anguish, you quench the anguish, For your sweet loue my filly  
hart doth languish, And dye I shall except you quench the An-guish, you  
quench the anguish.

OF.

## XXIII. BASSVS.

Giovanni di Marco.



Y sweet Lay- is, La-dy mi-  
sres, i: Ladie mistres, Layis, aye mee,  
  
poore hart, poore hart, ah poore hart, ::|:  
  
Dayly comented, And deadly malecon-tented, Since thou for true loue,  
shalt bee so sore disgraced, so sore disgraced, By soule enormi-  
tie, in thee first pla-ced, in thee first pla-ced.

## XXIIII. BASSVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.

 A Y sweet Phillis, ::; what  
thy will is, Call thy selfe, Call thy selfe, Call thou thy  
selfe to minde, go minde, call thou thy selfe to minde, cease his la-  
ming, which seeketh thy contenting, ::; :;  
If I for true loue shall, ::; bee so rewarded, ::;  
Thou for thy crime shal bes no whit regar- ded. ::;  
If I for true loue shall bee so rewarded, ::;  
Thou for thy crime shal bee no whit regar- ded. ::;

FINIS.