

CANTVS.

MADRIGALS
TO
five voyces.

*Selected out of the best approved
Italian Authors.*

BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman
of hir Maiesties Royall
CHAPPELL.



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.

1598.

To the Worshipfull

Sir Geruis Clifton

KNI^{GH}T.



GOOD Sir, I euer held this sentence 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 Heauenly gifts, so the very loue of Musique (without Art) is one of the best engrafted testimonies of Heauens loue towards vs. For your part, albeit I cannot easily 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 neuer in any man so renowned, as in you alone, the loue thereof is beclouded. And worthily. For it is not with you, as with manie 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 maintenance thereof. Of whom therefore should I poore Student and devoted seruant of Heauens Art, & Arts loue, make my wish for Patrone of this my Arts in artificiall choyce, but of your selfe alone, whome I cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patrone & Patrone, the choyce, Mitor & Mccenas of these your owne, and Heauens delights. To you then alone, in whose honorable brest is a continuall harmonie of well ordered designs, I commit the censure of these my selectarics, and the patrocine of these my paynes in them. Of the which if any part may finde with you the least fauorable acceptance, I perswade my selfe I haue done my part, & will endeavour my selfe in my more serious successefull labours, to merit that sweet fauour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupe with these slighter trauells.

Your worships many wayes obleged

THOMAS MORLET.

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in

these Bookes, with the names of their severall

Authors and Originalls.

S Vch pleasant boughes.	I Alfonso Ferabosco.
Sweetly pleasing sing. ft thou.	II Battista Mosto.
I thinke that if the hills.	III Alfonso Ferabosco.
Come louers forth.	IIII 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.
Harkt and giue care.	X Giulio Belli.
Life tell mee.	XI Horacio Vechi.
Soden passions.	XII Alessandro Orologio.
If silent.	XIII Alfonso Ferabosco.
O my louing sweet hart.	XIIII Luca Merenzio.
I languish to complaine mee.	XV Alfonso Ferabosco.
Loe how my colour rangeth.	XVI Hippolito Sabino.
Thirfis on his faire Phillis.	XVII
For verie grieft I dye,	XVIII Rugiero Giouanelli.
Thz Nightingale. The first part.	XIX Peter Phillips.
O false deceit. The second part.	XX Peter Phillips.
As Mapus went.	XXI Stephano Venturi.
Flora faire Nymph.	XXII Giouanni Feretti.
My sweet Lays.	XXIII Giouanni di Macque.
Say sweet Phillis,	XXIIII Alfonso Ferabosco.

FINIS.

Of 5.

I. CANTVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



Vch pleasant boughes the world yet neuer vew-

ed, the world yet ne- uer vewed, such pleasant boughs

the world yet neuer vew- ed, Nor winde dyd e- uer moue such flowers ven-

dant, :||: As at the first vnto my sight were shew- ed, For

that I seeing those hir two Lamps ardent, For my refuge no better shade dyd espie,

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

skie, Of a ny greene plant that grew vnder the skie, that grew vnder the skye.

B.

Weetly pleasing singest thou, loudly sheper- dis, like a
 Cordiall pear- sing, :: Thou bringest, y bringest a world of blisse,
 Stretch forth thy nimble ioynts & finely foote is, For y shal weare y gar-
 land, & daunce before vs, whilst y the bagpipe toot it: and daunce before vs, whilst &c.
 Setew Roses, Vio- lets, Lillis, Cowslips & Daf- fa- dil- la, What
 smites my loue, :: thus to chage, with his hands wringing, ::
 Help this thee faints, for verie grief the foundeth, :: the more the
 morneth, the more my care aboun- deth, For verie griefe the foundeth, ::
 The more thee morneth, the more my care aboundeth. the &c.

Think that if the hills, the plaines and mountaines,
 And woods and waters knew the great distemper, know
 the great distemper, the great distemper, Of this my life, it should not bee concealed,
 :: But thorow such by parties, and the
 uage fountains, and sauge fountaines, I know not how to search for trow some
 per, That by reason, :: each one may bee reuea- led, That by rea-
 son, :: each one may bee reuea- led.

Of 4.

III. CANTVS.

Giouanni Feretti.

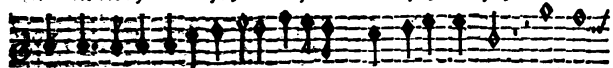


Come louers foorth, :: addresss you to admyer, ad-

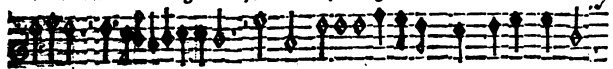
dresss you to admyer, to admyer, Come louers foorth, ::



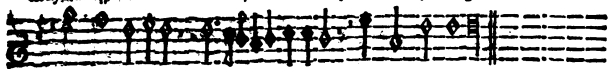
addresss you to admyer, addresss you to admyer, to admyer, At his



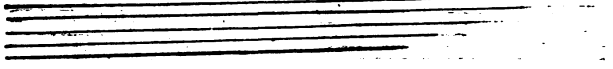
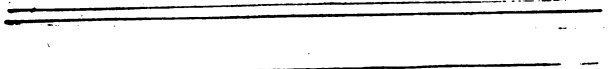
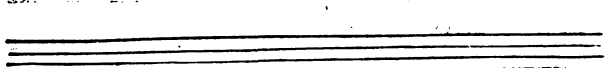
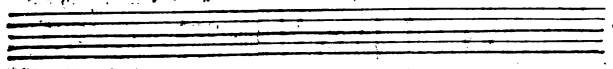
whole looks me like the golden wyer, Curiously wrought to set mens harts, mens harts



on fyre, :: spens harts on fyre. Curiously wrought to set mens harts



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



Of 5.

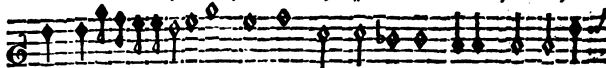
V. CANTVS.

Rugiero Giouanelli.



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

youthfully she shows it, :: youthfully she



shows it :: Harts grieue none feelles, but shee that soundly knowes it, My



hart will break in funder, :: And daunt my fences, more then booths of



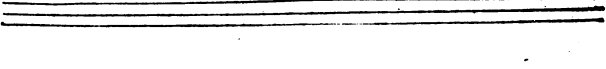
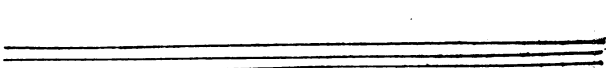
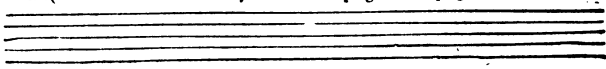
Thunder, Rest sweet-ly, in his keeping, which causeth me to wake when he lies slee-



ping. Rest sweetly, in his keeping, :: in his keeping, :: which



causeth mee to wake when hee lyes slee- ping. lies sleeping.



B.ii.

Of 5.

VI. CANTVS.

Rugiero Giottanelli.



S I walked, :||: in greene

Forrest, as I walked, :||:

in greene

Forrest, Among the wilde beasts, I sodainly bee thought

mee, Among the wilde beasts, I sodainly be thought mee, of strange and most rare

left, for hir that laughd mee, :||: for hir that fought mee : But my mynde

yeekles mee no rest, Nor can I con- sider certainly, what vilde monster,

surping in my rest- kisse fences, So strangely moused, deadly to hate hir now

:||: Deadly to hate hir now, :||: whom

once I loved, :||:

Of 5.

VII. CANTVS.

Rugiero Giottanelli.



Elay breeds daunger, daunger and how may that bee wrest-

ed, by slaight to shun delaying, :||: by slaight

to shun delay- ing, verie vile is that vice, :||:

uer detested, Each louers fute 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 dooing, :||: Swift in dooing.

Of 5.

VIII. CANTVS.

Giouanni Foresti.

MY 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, :||: flye mee, flye mee, flye mee,

:||: yet your flight shall not destroy me. :||:

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

fly me, :||: yet your flight shall not destroy me. :||:

Of 5.

IX. CANTVS.

Horacio Vèchi.

De not trem- ble but stand fast,

deare hart and faint not, Hope well, haue well, my sweeting,

my sweeting, Loe where I come to thee with friendly greet- ing, :||:

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

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

thee, Whose Ierne thou art, and so hee still reputs thee. :||:

Whose Ierne thou art, and so hee still reputs thee, and so hee

still r-puts thee, and so hee still reputs thee.

Of 5.

X. CANTVS.

Giulio Belli.



Arke and giue eare audientius, you louers, so befor-

ted, No lyfe no breath, and yet no death allotted: Phillis,

sayre gaue mee a flowre, Shee of that flowre beereft mee, all

comfort lesse thee left mee, all comfort lesse, and stealing fled, all comfortlesse thee

left mee, What pangs are these in louers, Twixt lyfe & death to struing, That

steales the hart, and giues the lyfe reui- uing. :||:

Of 5.

XI. CANTVS.

Horacio Vecchi.



Ife tell mee, :||: what is the cause of each mans dying,

carefull griefe 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

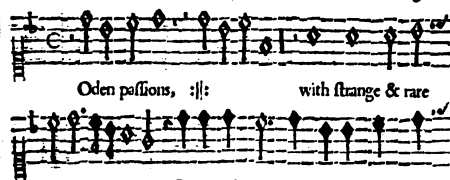
or care of mind dismay thee, Sweet hart content thee, :||:

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.

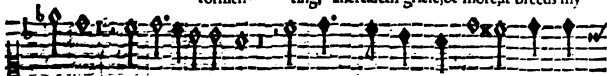
XII. CANTVS.

92.
Allesandro Orologio.

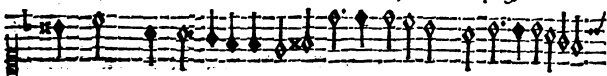
Oden passions, :||:

with strange & rare

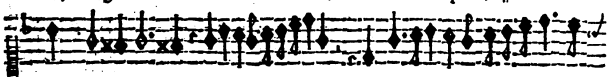
tormen- ting, Increaseth griefe, & more, it breeds my



sorrow, The cause increaseth, doth beare mine eyes with weeping, And daunts

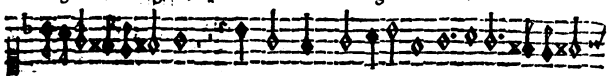


my thoughts from even vntill the morrow, In this vnrestfull paine, :||:

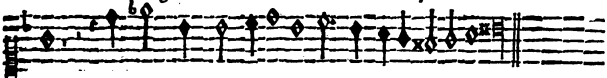


long must I languish, :||:

long must I lan-

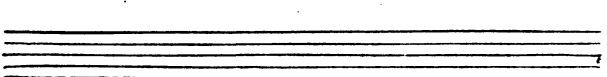
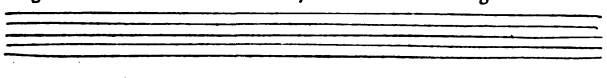


guish, Till death draw neere to rid my hart fro an-



guish. Till death draw neere to rid my hart from an-

guish.



Of 5.

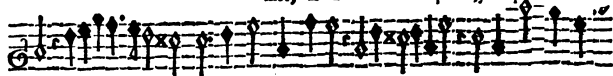
XIII. CANTVS.

93.
Alfonso Ferabosca.

F silent, then griefe torments

mee, If I

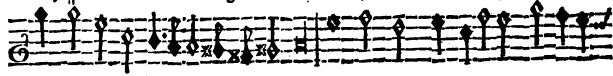
speake, your patience mo-



ueth, :||:

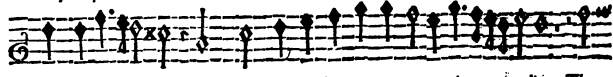
Hating him that loueth, :||:

Hating him that lo-



ueth, your patience mo-

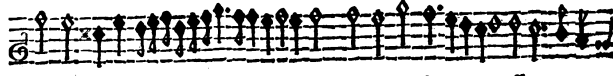
ueth. But whē sweet hope appereth, My counte-



naunce it chea-

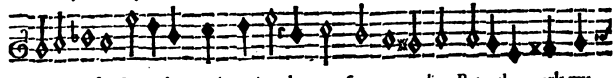
reth, And kneeles in humble wise for pittie plea-

ding: That



these my lines so pen-

sive, May no way seeme offen-

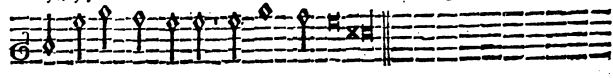


ding. But rather work my ioye, by your sweet rea-



ding. But rather work my

joye, by your sweet reading,



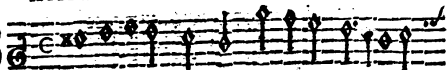
by your sweet reading, by your sweet rea-

ding.

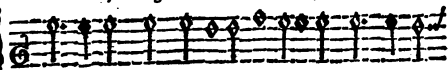
C.iii.

Of 5.

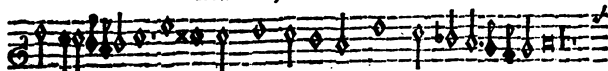
XIIII. CANTVS.

94.
Luca Marenzio.

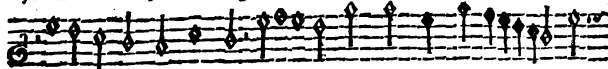
My louing sweet hart, leaue of thy mad- nesse,



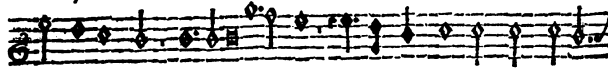
How can my woun-ded hart to lue be a-ble, That without



' your feruent loue, A- las, what grieve and sadnesse, what grieve and sad- nesse,



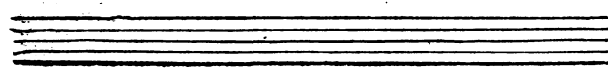
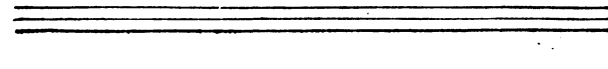
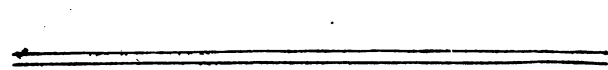
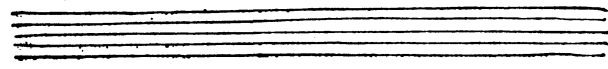
In my torments doe make mee mi-se-rable, which from mine eies doe wring



such teares & groanes, That vnto pittie moue, the hard rocks and stones, hard rocks &

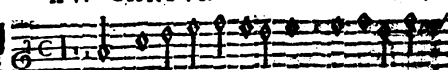


stones, rocks and stones, the hard rocks, :||: the hard rocks and stones.

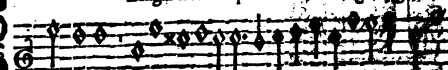


Of 5.

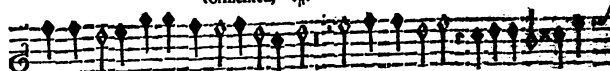
XV. CANTVS.

95.
Alfonso Ferrabosco.

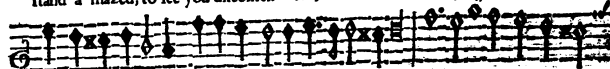
Languish to complaine mee, with gassing



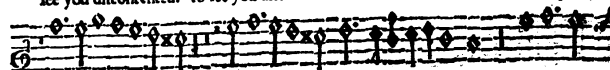
tormented, :||:



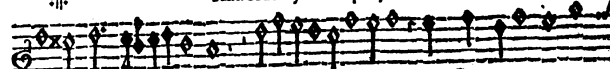
stand a mazed, to see you discontent- ted, I stand a mazed, :||: to



see you discontented. to see you discontent- ted. Better I to hold my peace,



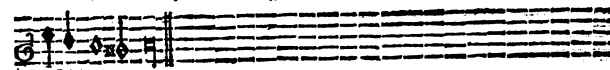
:||: And coarsely to stop my breath, And coarsely



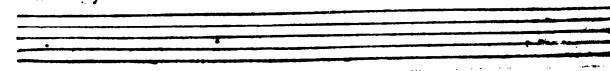
ly to stop my breath, :||: Then cause my sorrows to



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



worke my death.



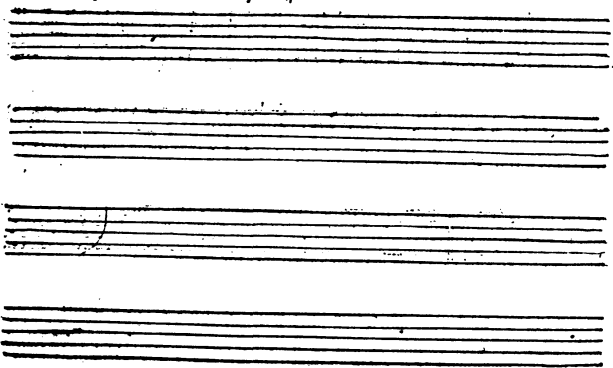
Of 5.

XVI. CANTVS.

⁹⁶
Hippolito Sabino.



How my colour rangeth, And death to life ex-
chang- eth, ::: exchaungeth, Linc thou
deceitfull, And let me linc contrary, ::: And
thus by lincing, wee linc both, wee linc both, ::: In linc wee va-
ry. in linc wee vary. :::



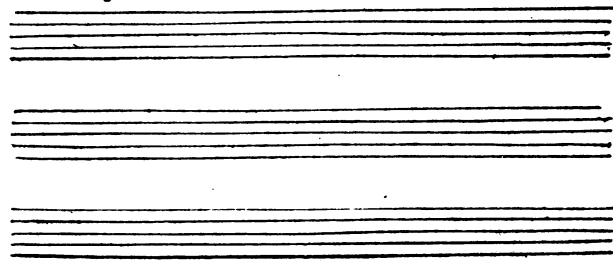
Of 5.

XVII.

⁹⁷
CANTVS.



Hiris on his faire Phillis brest repo-fing, faire Phillis
brest repo-fing, Sweetly, sweetly did lan-
guish, when thee in lous sweet anguish, him kissing genely said (thus) with
sugred glosing, Thirfis & tell mee, thy true loue best ap-proved, Then hee
then hee which to hir hart was o-uer ne- rest, Kist hir againe and said,
Kist hir againe and said, yes yes La-ly dearest, yes yes La-ly dear-est.

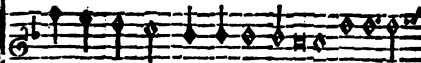


Of 5.

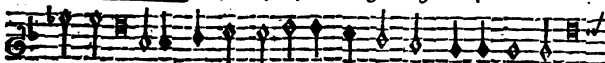
XVIII. CANTVS.

98
Rugiero Giouanelli.

OR verie griefe I dye, if that you shew not in



your fayre eyes, some signe of grace & pittie, For verie

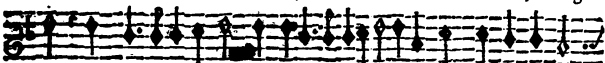


griefe I dye, if that you shew not in your fayre eyes, some signe of grace and pit-



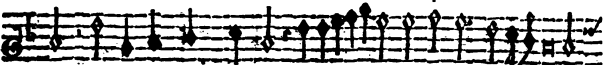
tie, Hate beares a sway to mightie, :||:

Hate beares a sway to mightie-



tie, That what to doe I know not, :||:

But pine with outward an-



guish, And for your owne sweet like, :||:

my hart doth lan-



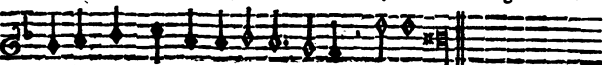
guish, And That what to doe I know not, :||:

But pine with outward anguish, And



for your owne sweet like, :||:

my hart doth lan-



guish. And for your owne sweet like, my hart doth languish. doth languish.

Of 5. The first part.

XIX. CANTVS.

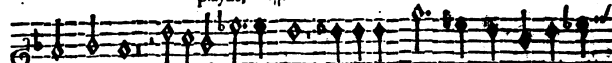
99
Peter Phillips.

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

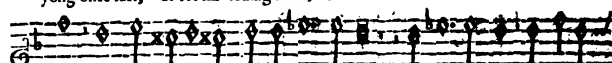


playne, :||:

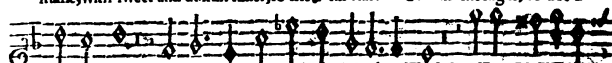
his



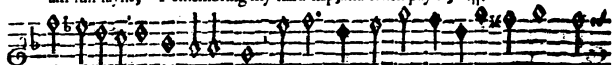
yong once lost, or for his louing mate, To fill the heauens and fasts himself doth



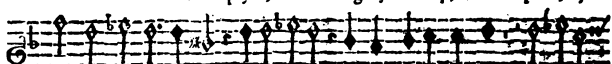
frame, with sweet and dolsfull tunes, to shew his state: So all the night, to doe I



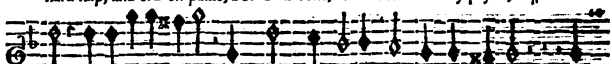
am full fayne, Remembring my hard hap, and cruell payne, :||:



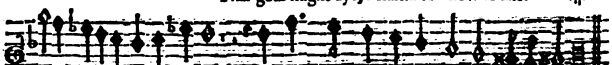
and cruell payne, Remembring my hard hap, & cru-ell paine, my



hard hap, and cru-ell paine, For I a lone, am cause of all my payne, :||:



That gods might dye, I leard to know to late. :||:

That gods might dye, I leard to know to late.
D.ii.

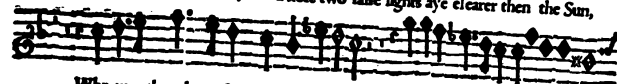
Of 5. The second part.

XX. CANTVS.

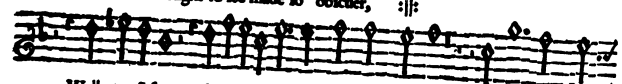
100 Peter Philippa.



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



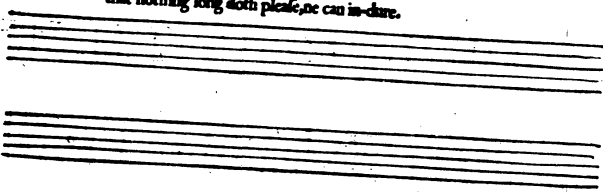
Well now I see, :: fortune doth mee procure, to learne by proofoe



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



that nothing long doth please, ne can in-dure.



Of 5.

XXI. CANTVS.

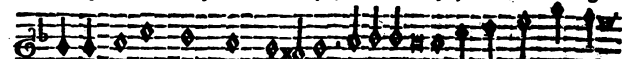
101 Stephano Venturi.



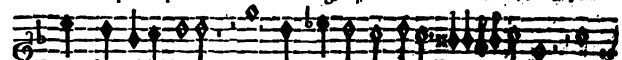
ding, By chance hee heard how Phe- be, ah,



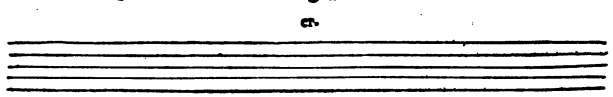
still his steps and pathes fourth lea- ding, :: Sore then shee crind, and



But profered hir a false hir wound to cure. ::



But profered hir a false hir wound to cu-





Lore faire Nymph whilst fil-ly Lambs are fee-

ding, :||

Grant my request in spee-

ding, :||

grant my request in speeding, For your sweet loue my fil-ly

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.



Y sweet Lays is, Lady mistres, :||

Ladies, aye mee Ladies, aye mee, poore

hart, poore

hart, ah poore hart, :||

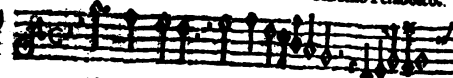
Daily tormented, and deadly malecontentes, :||

Since thou for true loue, :||

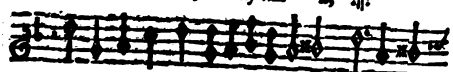
shalt bee so sore disgra-ced, so sore disgraced,

By foule enormity, in thee first pla- ced, :|| in thee first pla-

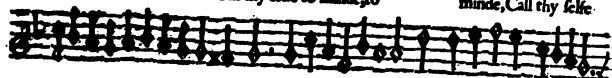
ced, By foule enormity in thee first pla-ced, in thee first placed.



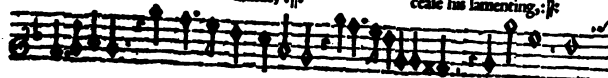
AY sweet Phillis, what thy will is, :||:



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



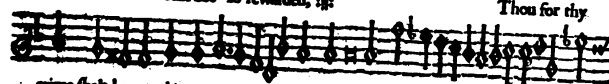
to minde, :||: cease his lamenting, :||:



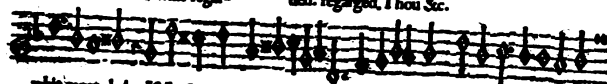
which feedeth thy contenting, :||: contenting, If



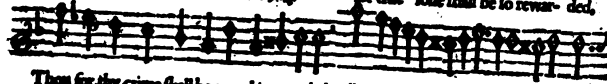
I for true love shall bee so rewarded, :||: Thou for thy



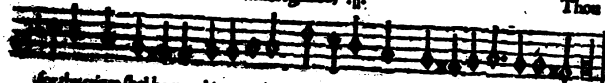
crime shall be no whit regarded, Thou See.



what regarded, If I for true love, :||: for true love shall be so rewarded,



Thou for thy crime shall be no whit regarded, :||: Thou



for thy crime shall be no whit regarded, Thou for thy crime shall be no whit regarded.

F. N. L. S.

QVINTVS.

MADRIGALS
TO
five voyces.

*Selected out of the best approued
Italian Authors.*

BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman
of hir Maiesties Royall
CHAPPELL.



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.
1598.

To the Worshipfull

Sir Geruis Clifton

K^NI^GH^T.



GOOD Sir, I ever held this sentence of the Poët, as
a Canon of my Creede; That whom GOD loveth not,
they love not Musique. For as the Art of Musique is one
of the most Heavens gifts, so the very love of Musique
(without Art) is one of the best engrafted testimonies
of Heavens love towards vs. For your part, albeit I
cannot easily tell, whether I may more commend in you, Art is selfe,
or the Love of Art: Yet I must needs say, that Art it selfe was neuer
in any man so renowned, as in you alone, the love thereof is beclowd.
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 love by your
Reall allowance, and your Royall minde by your supersubstantiall magni-
tude thereof. Of whom therefore should I poore Student and de-
voted servant of Heavens Art, & Arts love, make my wish for Patrone
of this my Art's in artificiall choyce, but of your selfe alone, whom I
cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patrone & Patrone, the choyce,
Mittour & Meccenas of these your owne, and Heavens delights. To you
then alone, in whose honorable brest is a continuall harmonie of well or-
dered designs, I commit the censure of these my selectaries, and the pa-
tronicke of these my paymes 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,
so merit that sweet fauour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupaie
with these slighter trauells.

Your worships many wayes obliged

THOMAS MORLET.

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in

these Bookes, with the names of their seuerall

Authors and Originalls.

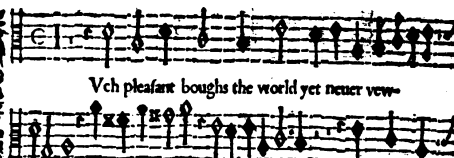
S Vch pleasant boughes.	I Alfonso Ferabosco.
Sweetly pleasing sing, ft thou.	II Battista Mosto.
I thinck that if the hulla.	III Altonio Ferabosco.
Come louers forth.	IIII Giouanni Feretti.
Loe Ladies where my loue comes.	V Rugiero Giouanelli.
As I walked.	VI Rugiero Giouanelli.
Delay breeds danger.	VII Rugiero Giouanelli.
My Ladie still abhors mee.	VIII Giouanni Feretti.
Doe not tremble.	IX Horacio Vecchi.
Hark and giue care.	X Giulio Belli.
Life tell mee.	XI Horacio Vecchi.
Soden passions.	XII Alessandro Orologio.
If silent.	XIII Alfonso Ferabosco.
O my louing sweet hart,	XIIII Luca Merenzio.
I languish to complaine mee.	XV Alfonso Ferabosco.
Loe how my colour rangeth.	XVI Hippolito Sabino.
Thirsis on his faire Phillis.	XVII
For verie griefe I dye,	XVIII Rugiero Giouanelli.
The Nightingale. The first part.	XIX Peter Phillips.
O false deceit. The second part.	XX Peter Phillips.
As Mopius went.	XXI Seaphano Venturi.
Flora faire Nimphe.	XXII Giouanni Feretti.
My sweet Lays.	XXIII Giouanni di Macque.
Say sweet Phillis,	XXIIII Alfonso Ferabosco.

FINIS.

Of 5.

I. QVINTVS.

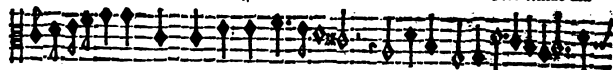
Alfonso Ferabosco.



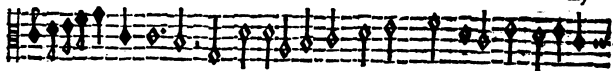
Vch pleasant boughes the world yet neuer view-

ed, ¶:

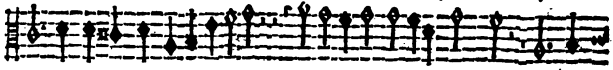
Nor winde did



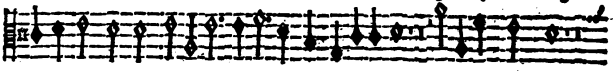
uer mouse, such flowers verdant, As at the first vnto my



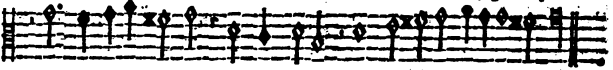
fight were shewed, For that I seeing those hir two Lamps ardent, for my re-



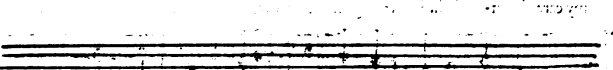
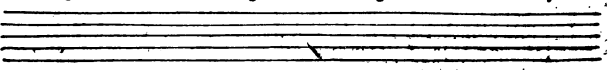
fuge no bet-ter shade I did es- pie, I dyd espye, Of any greene plant, that grew



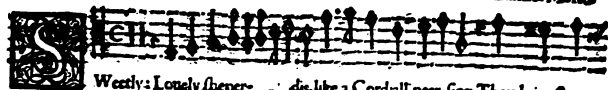
vnder the skye, for my refuge no better shade I did espie, Of a-ny greene plant



that grew vnder the skye. that grew vnder, that grew vnder the skye.



B.



Westly: Lonely sheperdis, like a Cordall pear-fing, Thou bringst a

world of blisse, ||: Stretch forth thy nimble ioynts & finely foote it, thy

nimble ioynts & finely foote it, For thou shalt weare the garland, and dauce be-

fore vs, whilst that the bagpipe toot is: Srewe Roses, Violets, Lillis, Cowslips &

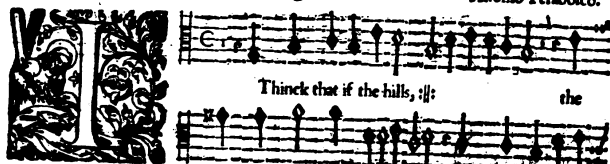
Daffodills, But aye mee, in the midst of marsh & finging, What means my loue, ||:

thus to chage, with hir hands wringing, ||:

For verie griefe shee souideth, ||: The more shee morneth, the more

my care aboundeth. For verie griefe & sorrow, and sorrow griefe and sorrow,

The more shee morneth, the more my care, my care aboundeth.



Thinke that if the hills, ||: the

plaines and mountaines, ||: And woods & waters

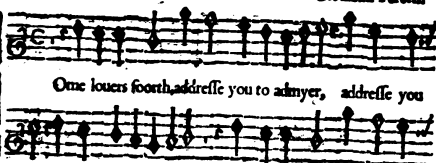
knew the great dissem-per, Of this my lyfe, ||: it should not

bee concealed, ||: But thorow such by pathes, and fainege fountains,

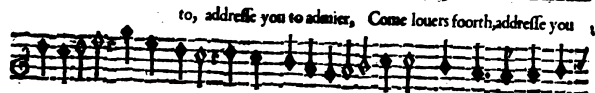
and fainege foun-taines, I know not how to search for trew loue semper, ||:

That by reason, ||: each one may be reuealed. That by re-

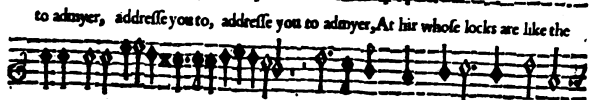
son, ||: each one may bee reuealed.



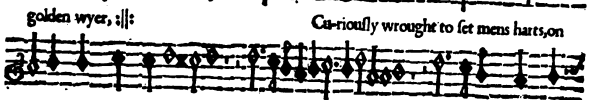
One louers foorth, addresse you to admyer, addresse you



to, addresse you to admyer, Come louers foorth, addresse you

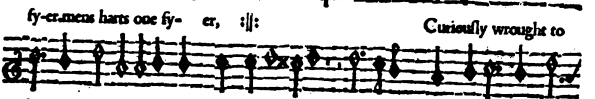


to admyer, addresse you to, addresse you to admyer, At his whole locks are like the



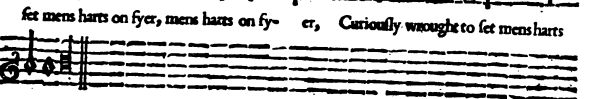
golden wyer, ::

Ca-riously wrought to fet mens harts, on

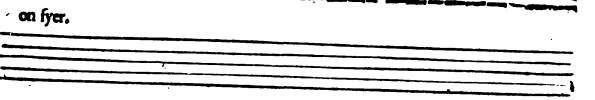


fy-er, mens harts one fy- er, ::

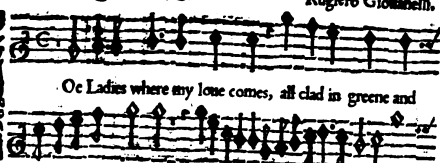
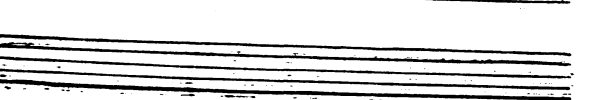
Curiously wrought to



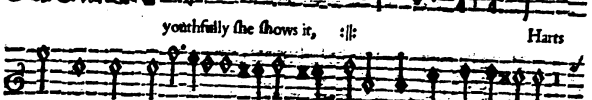
fet mens harts on fy-er, mens harts on fy- er, Curiously wrought to fet mens harts



on fy-er.

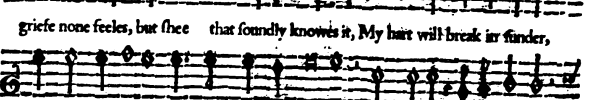


Oe Ladies where my lone comes, all clad in greene and

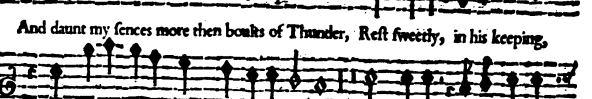


youthfully she shows it, ::

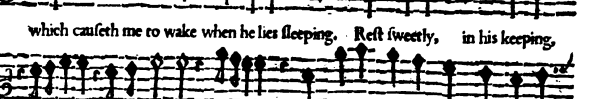
Harts



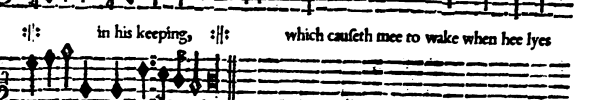
griefe none feelles, but shee that foundly knowes it, My hart will break in farder,



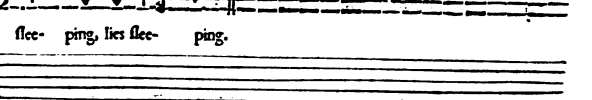
And daunt my fences more then bouls of Thunder, Rest sweetly, in his keeping,



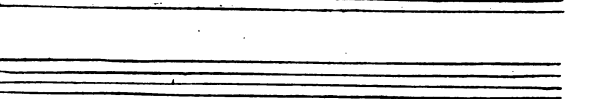
which causeth me to wake when he lies sleeping, Rest sweetly, in his keeping,



in his keeping, :: which causeth mee to wake when hee lyes



slee- ping, lies slee- ping.



Of 5.

VI. QVINTVS.

Rugiero Giouanelli.



S I walked, in greene
 forest, as I walked, in greene for-
 rest, Among the wilde beafts, I forgiuely be thought me, Among ſc;,
 of ſtrange and rareſt iels, for his that ſoug in mee,
 But mynde yeekles mee no reſt, Nor can I conſter, certainly
 what vilde mon- ſter, vſurping in my reſt- leſſe fences, Deadly to hate
 his now, Sometime becloued,
 Deadly to hate his now, whom once I lou- ed.

Of 5.

VII. QVINTVS.

Rugiero Giouanelli.

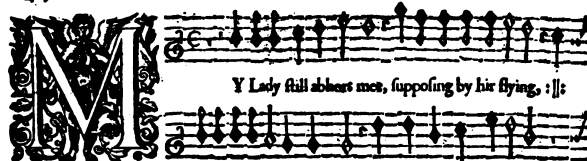


Eay breeds danger, danger, &c how may that be wreſt-
 ed, by ſlaight to ſhun delaying, delaying,
 verie vile is that vice, e-uer de-ſtred, Each
 louers ſute bewraying, Thrice happie men doe ſay is that ſweet woo-
 ing, Where loue may ſtill bee noted,
 where loue may ſtill be noted, Swift in
 doing, Swift in dooing, Swift in doo- ing.

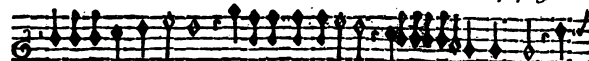
OF 5.

VIII. QVINTVS.

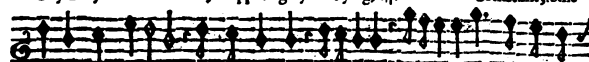
Giouanni Peretti.



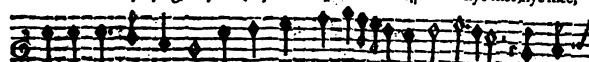
Sometime, sometime to breed my dying,



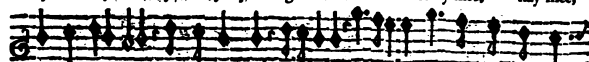
My Lady still abhors mee, supposing by hir flying, :||: Sometime, some-



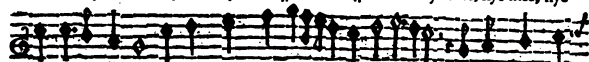
time to breed my dying, Slay mee, slay mee, :||: :||: flye mee, flye mee,



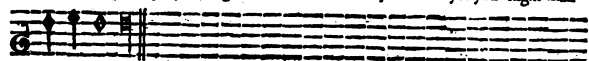
flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, yet your flight shall not destroy mee, slay mee,



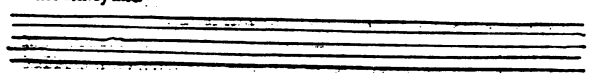
slay thee :||: :||: slay mee, slay mee, :||: :||: flye mee, flye mee, flye



me, flye me, flye me, yet your flight shall not destroy mee. yet your flight shall



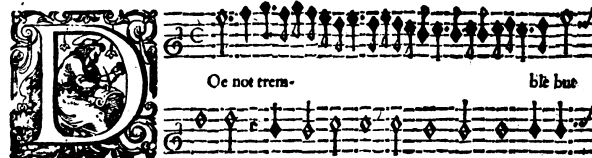
not destroy mee.



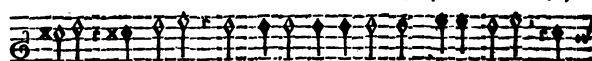
OF 5.

IX. QVINTVS

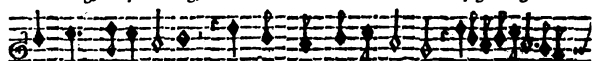
Horacio Vecchi.



stand fast, deare hart and faint not, Hope well, haue well, my



sweeting, my sweeting, Loe where I come to thee with friendly greeting, to



thee with friendly greeting, Now ioyn with mee, thy hand fast, :||:



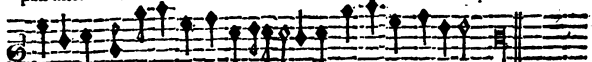
Loe thy true loue, :||: saluts thee, loe thy true loue :||:



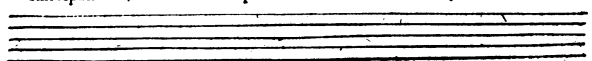
loe thy true loue saluts thee, Whose Ienke thou art, and so he still reputs thee. re-



puts thee. Whose Ienke thou art and so he still reputs thee, hee



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



C.

Of 5.

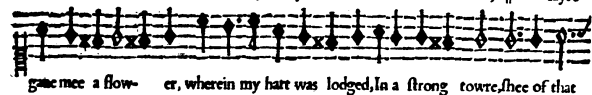
X. QVINTVS.

Giulio Belli.

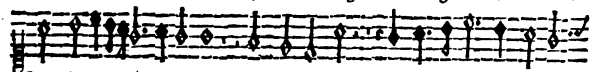


Arke and giue care austentiuē, you louers so besot-red, No life

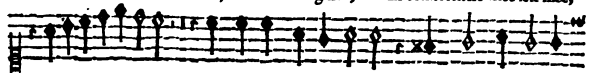
no breath, and yet no death allotted: Phillis, :||: sayre



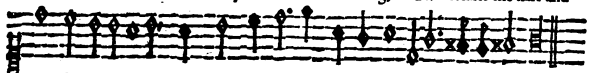
goue mee a flow- er, wherein my hart was lodged, In a strong towre, thee of that



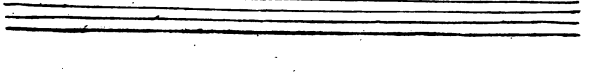
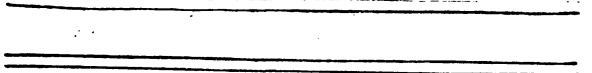
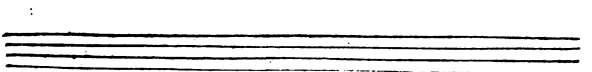
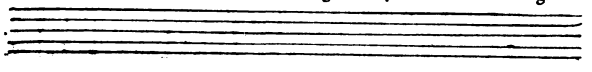
flowre bearest mee, And stealing fled, all comfortlesse thee left mee,



:||: Twixt life and death so struing, That steales the hart and



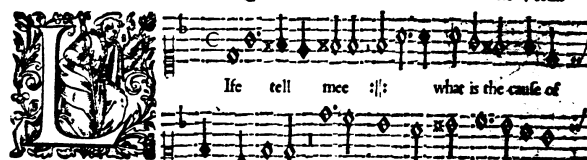
giues the life reuiuing. That steales the hart, and giues the life reui- uing.



Of 5.

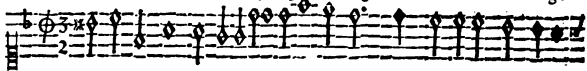
XI. QVINTVS.

Horacio Vecchi.

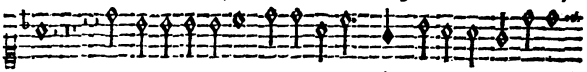


life tell mee :||: what is the cause of

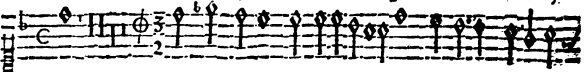
each mans dy- ing, carefull grieffe mixt with cri- eng t



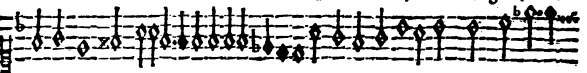
No no hart stay thee, :||: Let no such thought or care of mind dismay



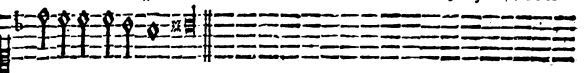
thee, or care of mind dismay thee, Let no such thought or care of mind dismay



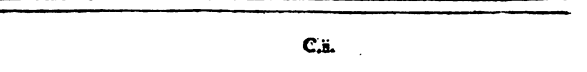
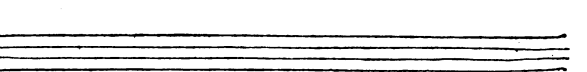
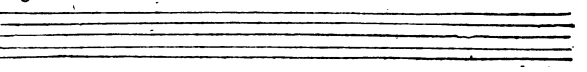
thee, Sweet hart content thee, :||: Thy cares are so great, I can



but lament thee. :||: I can but lament thee, Thy cares are so



great, I can but lament thee.



Of 5.

XII. QVINTVS.

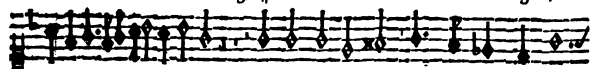
Alessandro Orologio.



Oden passions, :||: with strange and rare tor-

menting, :||:

Increaseth grief, &c

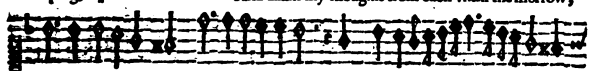


more, it breeds my sorrow, The cause increaseth doth blear mine eyes with wee-



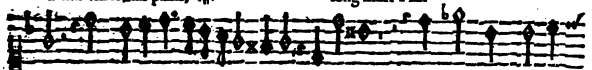
ping, :||:

And daunt my thoughts from euen vntill the morrow,



In this vnclefull paine, :||:

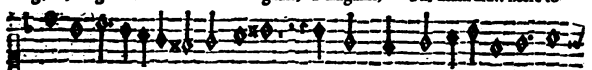
long must I lan-



guish, long must I lan-

guish, I languish,

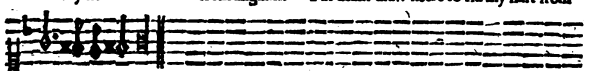
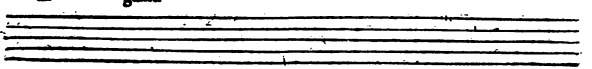
Till death draw neere to



rid my heart

from anguish.

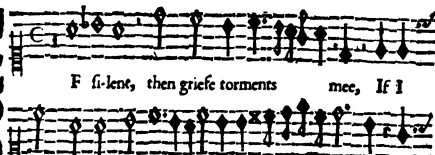
Till death draw neere to rid my hart from

an-
guish.

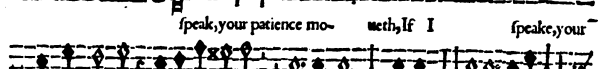
Of 5.

XIII. QVINTVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



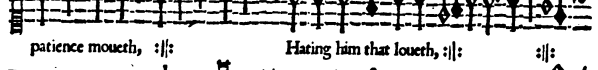
F si-lent, then grieve torments mee, If I



speak, your patience mo-

ueth, If I

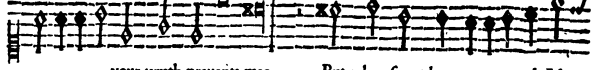
speak, your



patience moueth, :||:

Hating him that loueth, :||:

:||:



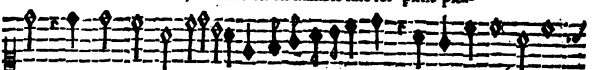
your wrath preuentis mee.

But when sweet hope appe-

reth, My



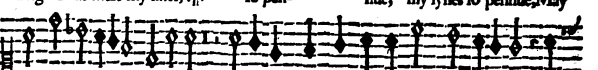
countenance it chea-reth, And knees in humble sure for pittie plea-



ding: That these my lines, :||:

so pen-

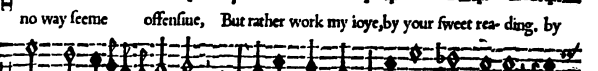
sive, my lynes so pensive, May



no way seeme

offensue,

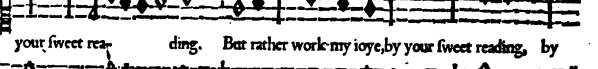
But rather work my ioye, by your sweet rea- ding, by



your sweet rea-

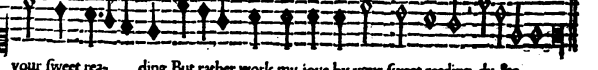
ding.

But rather work my ioye, by your sweet reading, by



your sweet rea-

ding. But rather work my ioye, by your sweet reading, dy Sec.

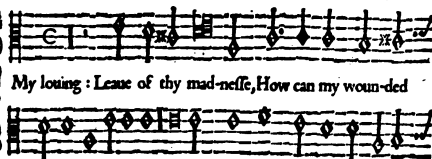


C.iii.

Of 5.

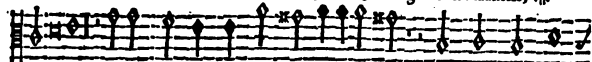
XIII. QUINTVS.

Luca Marenzio.

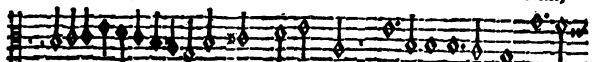


My losing: Leave of thy mad-nesse, How can my wound-ed

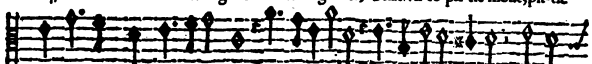
hart to lue be a-ble, A-las, what griefe and sadnesse, :||:



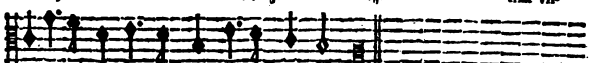
In my torments doe make mee mi-se-ra-ble, Which from mine eies,



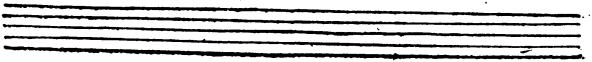
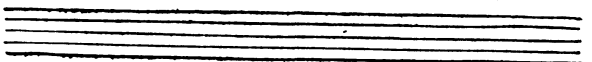
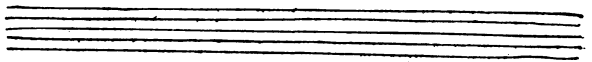
:||: doe wing such teares & grones, That vn-to pit-tie moue, pit-tie



moue, the hard rocks and stones, :||: :||: that vn-



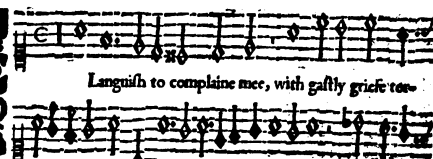
to pit-tie moue, the hard rocks, the hard rocks and stones.



Of 5.

XV. QUINTVS.

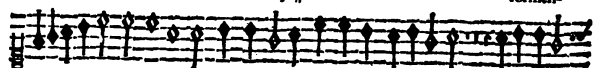
Alfonso Ferabosco.



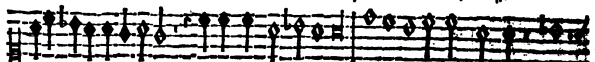
Languish to complaine mee, with gasty griefe tes-

men- ted, :||:

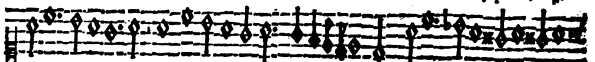
tormen-



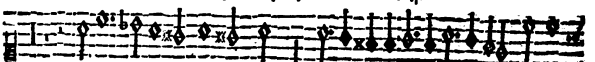
ted, tormented, I stand a mazed, to see you discontented, :||:



to see you discontented. Better I to hold my peace, :||:

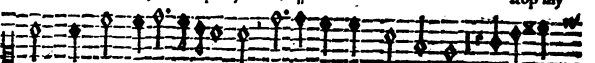


and couertly to stop my breth, :||:

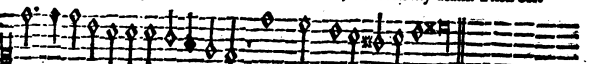


and co-uertly to stop my breth, :||:

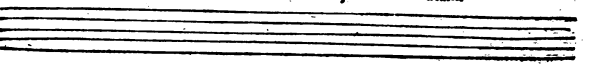
stop my



breth, Then cause my for- rows to increafe, and work my death. Then see.



and worke my death.



Of 5.

XVI. QVINTVS.

Hippolito Sabine.



Oe how my colour rangeth, ::

And

death to life exchaungeth, exchaung-eth, :: Live thou

de-ceitfull, And let mee live contrary, ::

and let mee live contra-

ry, ::

And thus by li- uing, ::

and thus by living,

wee live both, In lines contra-

ry, in lines contra-

ry.

Of 5.

XVII.

QVINTVS.



Husis, on his faire Phillis breast re- po- sing, Sweet-

ly, sweetly did lan-

guish, when mee

in loues sweet anguish, him kissing gently said (thus) with sugred glosing, This is 6

tell mee, tell

mee, thy true loue best ap- proued, art not thou my be- loued, Then

hee, :: which to his hart was e- uer re-

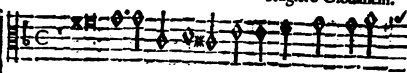
rest, Kist him againe & said, ::

yes yes Lady dea- rest, yes yes La- dy dea- rest.

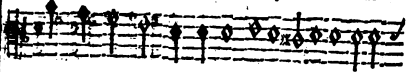
Of 5.

XVIII. QVINTVS.

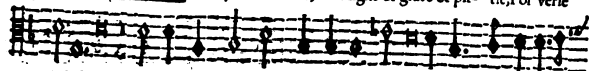
Rugiero Giouanelli.



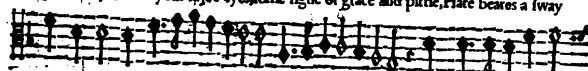
OR verie grieft I dye, if that you fhew not in



your faire eies, fome figne of grace & pit- tie, For verie



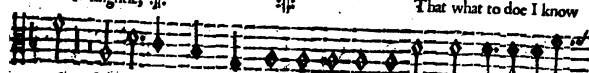
griefe I dye, in your fayre eyes, fome figne of grace and pittie, Hate beares a fway



fo mightie, :||:

:||:

That what to doe I know

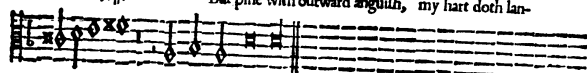


not, And for your owne sweet fake, my hart doth languifh. That what to doe I



know not, :||:

But pine with outward anguifh, my hart doth lan-



guifh. my hart doth languifh.

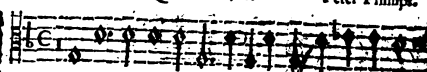


dye, I leard to know to late, That gods might dye, I leard to know to late.

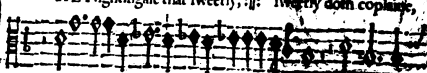
Of 5. The first part.

XIX. QVINTVS.

Peter Phillips.

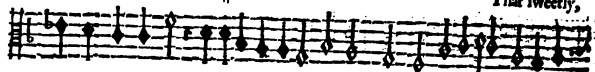


HE Nightingale that sweetly, :||: sweetly doth cōplaine.



:||:

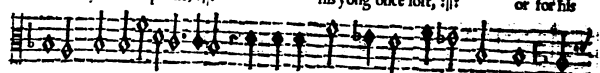
That sweetly,



sweetly doth cōplaine, :||:

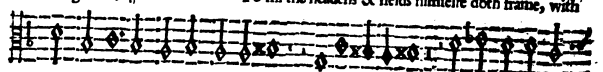
his yong once loft, :||:

or for his

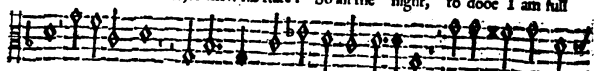


louing mate, :||:

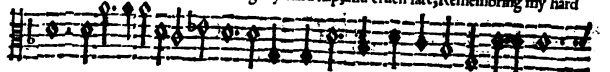
To fill the heauens & fields himfelfe doth frame, with



sweet and dolfull tunes, to fhew his ftate: So all the night, to dooe I am full

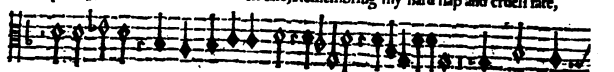


faine, I am full faine, & Remembring my hard hap, and cruell fate, Remembring my hard



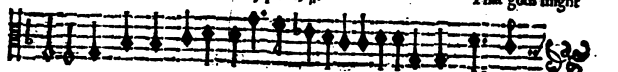
hap, :||:

and cru-ell fate, Remembring my hard hap and cruell fate,



For I a lone, am caufe of all my paine, :||:

That gods might



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

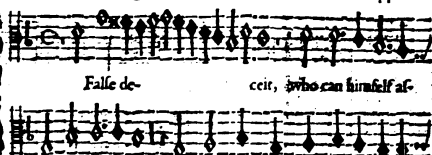
That gods might

D.ii.

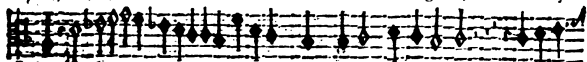
Of 5. The second part.

XX. QVINTVS.

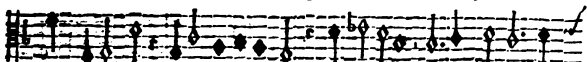
Peter Philipps.



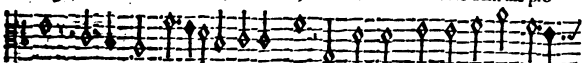
sure, himselfe assure, Those two faire lights aye clearer then y



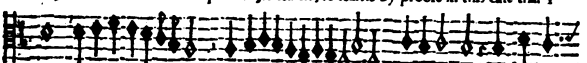
thought to see made so obscure, so obscure, well now I see Fortune doth me pro-



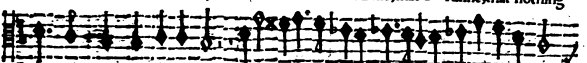
runne, that I runne, that I runne, that I runne, that nothing



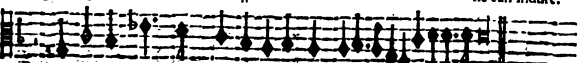
that nothing long doth please, ne can indure. :||:



that nothing long doth please, ne can indure. :||:



that nothing long doth please, ne can indure. :||:

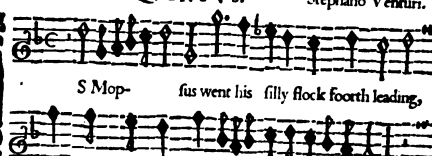


that nothing long doth please, ne can indure. :||:

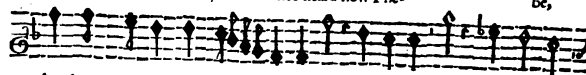
Of 5.

XXI. QVINTVS.

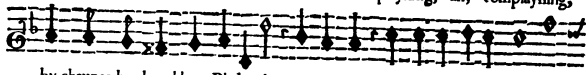
Stephano Venturi.



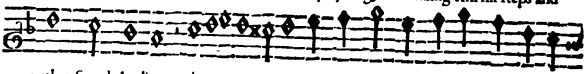
By chaunce hee heard how Phe- be,



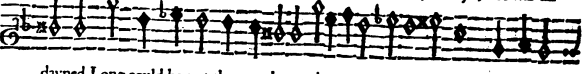
by chaunce hee heard how Phebe, ah, complayning, And trasing still his steps and



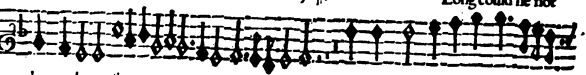
clayned, Long could he not then en-du-er, :||: Long could he not



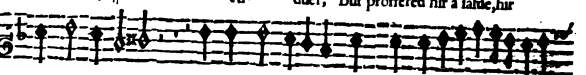
wound to cu- er. But proffered hir a false, hir wound to cu-



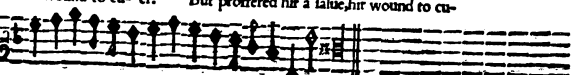
er. But proffered hir a false, hir wound to cu-



er. But proffered hir a false, hir wound to cu-



er. But proffered hir a false, hir wound to cu-



er.

D.iii.

Of 5.

XXII. QVINTVS.

Giouanni Eereti.



Lora faire Nimphe, whilst fil-ly Lambs are feeding,

fil-ly Lambes are feeding, Graunt my request in spee-

ding, ::

::

For your sweet loue my fil-ly hart doth

languish, And dye I shall except you quench the anguish. ::

For your sweet sake my fil-ly hart doth languish, And dye I shall except you

quench the Anguish. ::

102.

103.

Of 5.

XXIII. QVINTVS.

Giouanni di Macque.



Y sweet Lay- is, Lady mistres, ::

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 fore, so fore disconten-

red, By foule enormi-ty, in thee first pla- ced, ::

By foule enormi-

tie, in thee first pla- ced, ::

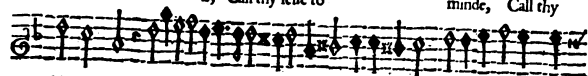
in thee first pla- ced.

41 3

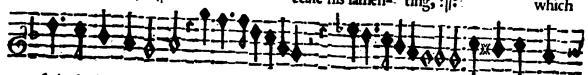


AY sweet Phil- is, what thy will

is, Call thy selfe to minde, Call thy



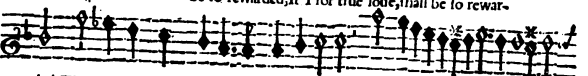
selfe to minde, cease his lamenting, which



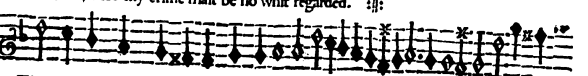
seeketh thy contenting, If I for true loue



shall, be so rewarded, If I for true loue, shall be so rewar-



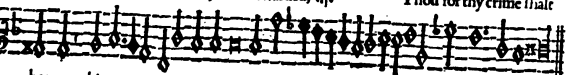
ded, Thou for thy crime shalt be no whit regarded.



Thou for thy crime shalt be no whit regarded, If I for



true loue, shall be so rewarded, be so rewarded, Thou for thy crime shalt



bee no whit re- gar-ded, regarded, no whit regarded.

FINIS.

ALTVS.

MADRIGALS TO five voyces.

*Selected out of the best approued
Italian Authors.*

BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman
of hir Maiesties Royall
CHAPPELL.



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.

1598.

To the Worshipfull

Sir Geruis Clifton

K^NIGHT.



GOOD Sir, I ever held this sentence of the Poët, as a Canon of my Creede; That whom GOD loveth not, they love not Musique. For as the Art of Musique is one of the most Heavens gifts, so the very love of Musique (without Art) is one of the best engrafteed testimonies of Heavens love towards vs. For your part, althow I cannot easily tell, whether I may more commend in you, Art it selfe, or the Love of Art: Yet I must needs say, that Art it selfe was never in any man so renowned, as in you alone, the love thereof is beebred. 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 love by your Reall allowance, and your Royall minde by your super substantiall maintenance thereof. Of whom therefore should I poore Student and devoted servant of Heavens Art, & Arts love, make my wish for Patrone of this my Arts in artificiall choyce, but of your selfe alone, whom I cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patrone & Patrone, the choyce, Mittrout & Mecenas of these your owne, and Heavens delights. To you then alone, in whose honorable brest is a continuall harmonic of well ordered designs, I commit the censure of these my selectaries, and the patrocine 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 successive labours, to merit that sweet favour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupate with these slighter travells.

Your worships many wayes obleged

THOMAS MORLET.

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in

these Bookes, with the names of their severall

Authors and Originalls.

S Vch pleasant boughes.	I Alfonso Ferabosco.
Sweetly pleasing singest thou.	II Battista Mosto.
I thinke that if the hills.	III Alfonso Ferabosco.
Come louers forth.	IIII 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 Vecchi.
Harke and giue care.	X Giulio Belli.
Life tell mee.	XI Horacio Vecchi.
Soden passions.	XII Alessandro Orologio.
If silent.	XIII Alfonso Ferabosco.
O my louing sweet hart.	XIIII Luca Merenzio.
I languish to complaine mee.	XV Alfonso Ferabosco.
Loe how my colour rangeth.	XVI Hippolito Sabino.
Thurlo on his faire Phillis.	XVII
For verie grieft I dye.	XVIII Rugiero Giouanelli.
The Nightingale. The first part.	XIX Peter Phillips.
O false deceit. The second part.	XX Peter Phillips.
As Mopsus went.	XXI Stephano Venturi.
Elora faire Nimphe.	XXII Giovanni Feretti.
My sweet Layis.	XXIII Giouanni di Macque.
Say sweet Phillis.	XXIIII Alfonso Ferabosco.

FINIS.

65

L. ALT VS. Alfonso Ferabosco.

S Vch pleasant boughes the world yet neuer view- ed.

such ple- sant boughes the world yet ne- uer

viewed, Nor winde did e- uer moue, such flowers verdant, As at the first vnto

my sight were shewed, For that I- seeing those hir two Lampe as- dant, for my re-

fuge no better shade dyd espie, :||: that grew vnder

the skye, Vnder the skye, For my refuge no better shade I dyd e- spie, Of a- ny

greene plant, that grew vnder the skye, Of a- ny greene plant that grew

vnder the skye, that grew vn- der the skye. :||:

that grew vnder the skye.

B.

Of 5.

II. ALTUS.

Battista Morbo.

Sweetly plea- sing singest thou, lowly she-
 perds, like a Cordall pear- sing, Thou bringst a world, thou bringst a world
 of blisse, Stretch forth thy nimble ioynts & finely foote it, For thou shalt weare
 the gar- land, & dance before vs, whilst that the bagpipe toot it: ||:

Strew Roses, Violets, Lillies, Cowslips & Daffadillis, But aye me, in the
 midst of mirth & singing, What meanes my loue thus to chage, with his hands wringing,
 Help also thee faints, for verie grief the foundeth, ||: the more the
 morn- eth, the more my care aboundeth. ||: For verie griefe the foundeth,
 ||: The more the morn- eth, the more my care aboundeth. ||:

Of 5.

III. ALTUS.

Alfonso Ferrabosco.

Thinke that if the hills, the plaines and mountaines,
 And woods and waters knew the great dissemper, ||:

Of this my lyfe, it should ||: it should not bee con-
 cea- led, ||: But throw such by pathes, & saue foun-
 tains, I know not how to search for trew lose semper, ||:

That by reason, ||: each one may bee reuea- led, That by reason, ||:

each one may bee reuea- led.

Of 5.

III. ALTUS.

Giottianni Faretti.



Come louers forth addresse you to ad-my-er, :||:

addresse you to ad-mi-er, Come louers forth ad-

dresse you to admyer, :||:

addresse you to ad-my-er, At hir whole

locks are-like the golden wyer, :||:

Cu-riously wrought to fet

mens harts, :||:

on fy-er. Curiously wrought to fet mens harts on

fy-er, :||:

Curiously wrought to fet mens harts on fy-er, :||:

Of 5.

V. ALTUS.

Rugiero Giomanni.



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

youthfully she shewes it, :||:

youthful-

ly she shewes it, harts grieve none feelles, but shee that soundly knows it, My hart will

breake in funder, :||:

And daunt my fen-ces more then bouls of

Thun-der, Rest sweet life, in his keeping, which causeth thee to wake when

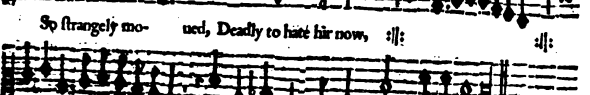
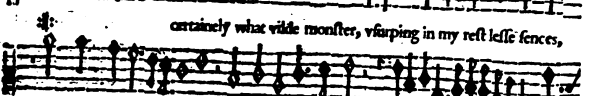
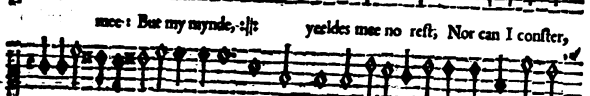
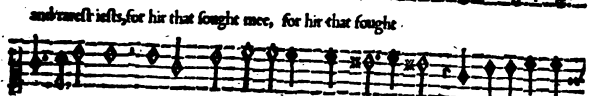
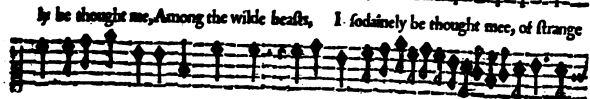
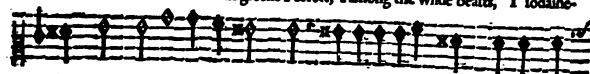
hee lies sleeping. Rest sweetly, in his keeping, which causeth thee to wake when

hee lies sleep- ping, Rest sweetly, in his keeping, :||: :||: in his

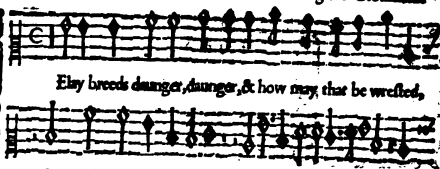
keeping, :||: which causeth thee to wake when he lies sleep- ping.



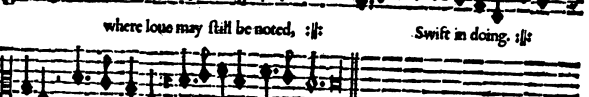
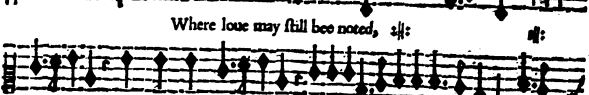
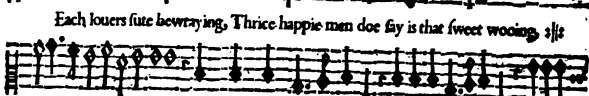
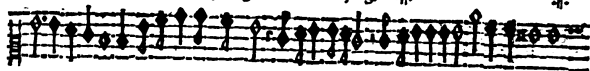
in Greene Forrest, Among the wilde beasts, I fodaine-



Deadly to hate hir now, whom once I loued.



by flight to than delaying, ::



Swift in doing. Swift in doing.

Of 5.

VIEL. ALTUS.

Giottianni Feretti.



Y Lady still abhors mee, supposing by his flying, :||:

Sometime to

breed my dying, My Lady still abhors mee, supposing by his 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 5.

IX. ALTUS.

Horacio Vecchi.



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 soyme with

mee, thy hand fast, :||:

Loe thy true love saluts thee, loe thy

true love, :||: saluts thee, Whose love thou art, and so he still reputs

thee, :||:

Whose love thou art, and so he still reputs thee,

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

Of 7.

X. ALT V S.

Guño Bell.

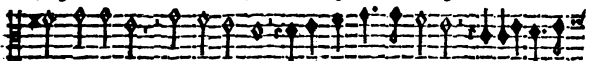


Arke and giue care austeritie, you louers fo beforred, No lyfe

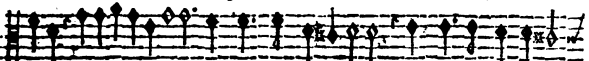
no breath, and yet no death al-located : Phillis, :||:



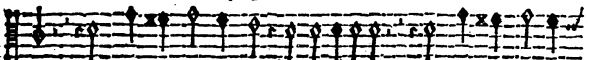
fayre gaue mee a flowre, wherein my hart was lodged, as in a strong towre, thee of that



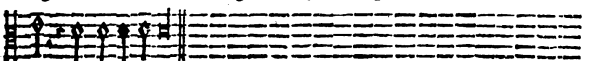
flowre beerefe mee, And stealing fled, all comfortlesse thee left mee, :||:



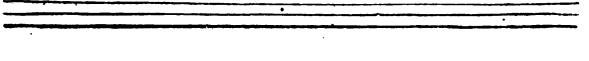
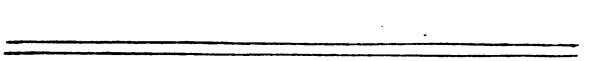
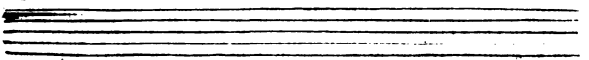
:||: what pangs are these in louers, Twixt lyfe & death fo stui-



ning, That steales the hart and giues the lyfe reuinting. That steales the hart, and



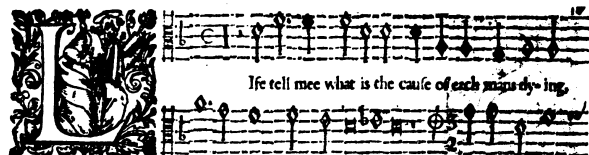
giues the lyfe reuinting.



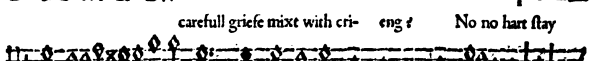
Of 7.

XI. ALT V S.

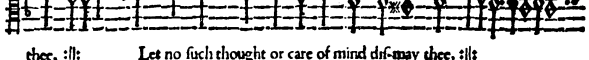
Horacio Vecchi.



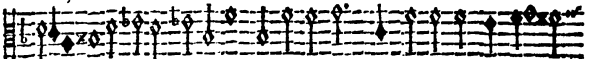
Ife tell mee what is the caule of each mans thy- ing,



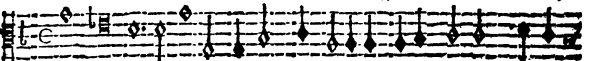
carefull grieft mixt with crying & No no hart stay



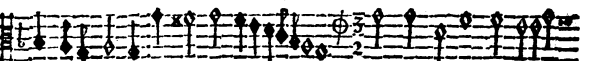
thee, :||: Let no fuch thought or care of mind dif-may thee, :||:



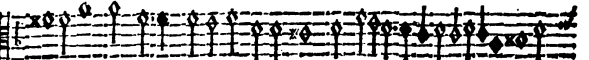
or care of mind dif-may thee, let no fuch thought or care of mind dif-may



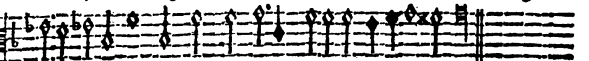
thee, Tell mee life, tell mee life how grieft killeth or how it woundeth, when is



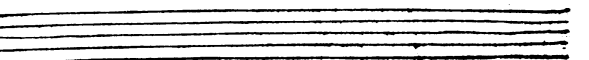
fo fore aboundeth, a-boundeth, :||: Sweet hart content thee, :||:



Thy cares are fo great, I can but lament thee. :||: great



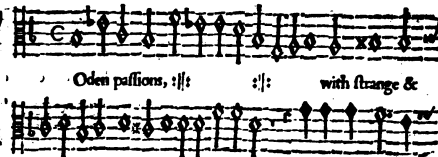
I can but lament thee, Thy cares are fo great, I can but la-ment thee.



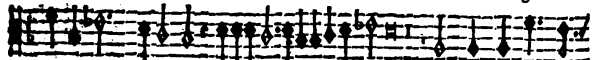
Of 3.

XII. ALTUS.

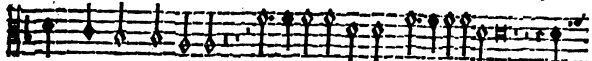
Alessandro Orologio.



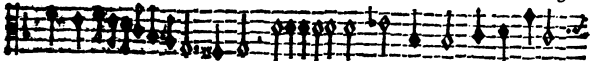
rare tormen-ting, :||: Increaseth grief, &



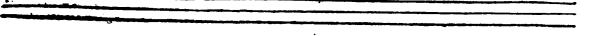
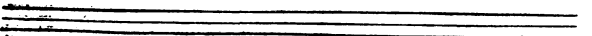
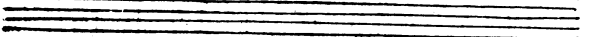
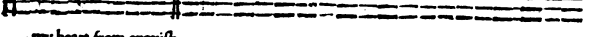
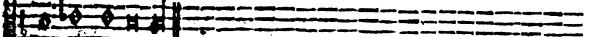
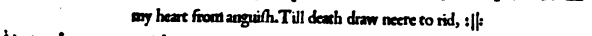
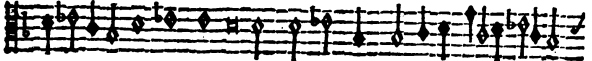
blaze mine eyes with weeping. In this vnrestfull paine, :||: long



my heart from anguish. Till death draw neere to rid, :||:



my heart from anguish.



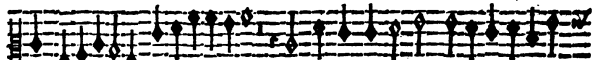
Of 5.

XIII. VLTUS.

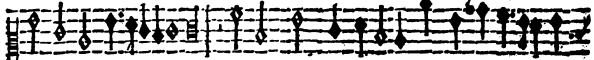
Alfonso Ferrabosco.



mee, tor- ments mee, If I speake, your patience mo-



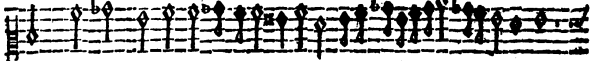
your patience mo- ueth. But whē sweet hope appereth, My countenance is



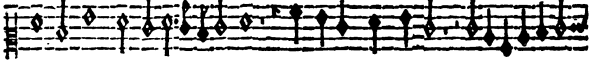
ding: That these my lines so pen- sue, so pen- sue,



by your sweet reading, But rather work my ioye, by your sweet



reading, But rather work my ioye, by your sweet rea- ding.



Cui.

Of 3.

XIII. ALTUS.

Lucia Marenzio.



My losing sweet hart lease of thy mad-nesse,

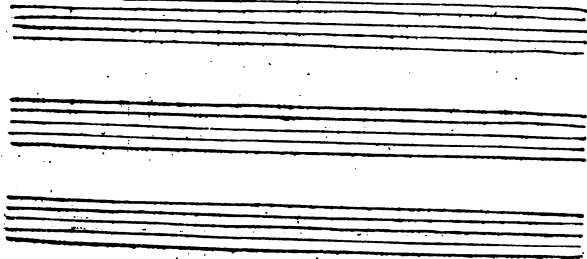
How can my wound-ded hart to lue be a-ble, That without

your feruent love, A-las, what griefe and sad-nesse, In my torment

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

grones, & grones, That vnto pittie moue, the hard rocks and stones. :||

hard rocks & stones, that vnto pit-tye moue, the hard rocks and stones.



Of 3.

XV. ALTUS.

Alonso Fernandez.



Longuith to complaine mee, :|| with

gast-ly griefe 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

my peace, Better I to hold my peace, and co-uertly to stop my breath,

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

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

death. :|| Then cause my sorrows to increafe & worke

my death. Then cause my sorrowes to increafe, and worke my death.



Of 5.

XVI. ALTUS.

Hippolito Sabino.

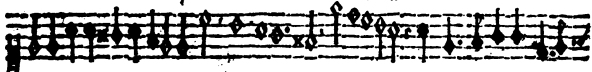


Oe how my colour rangeth, :||: And death to

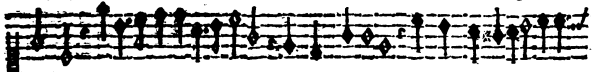
life, and death to life exchaungeth, :||:



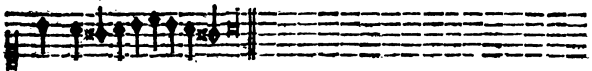
Line thou de-ceitfull, And let me live contrary, :||: and let me live con-



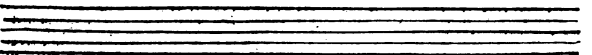
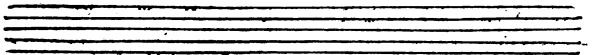
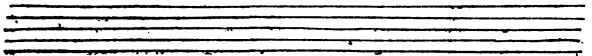
trary, :||: And thus by li-ving, :||: and thus by living, wee



live both, :||: In lues contrary, in lues con-tra-ry, in



lues contra-ry.



Of 5.

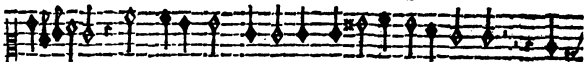
XVII.

ALTUS.



Hiris, on his faire Phillis brest reposing, :||:

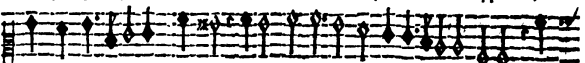
Sweet-ly, sweetly did kisse



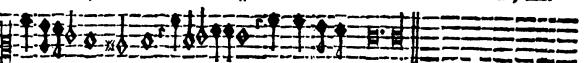
guish, when thee in lues sweet anguish, him kissing gently said (thus) with



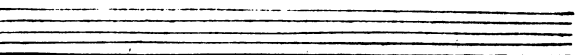
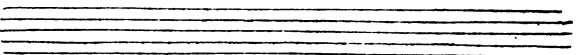
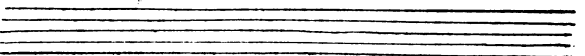
fugred glofing, Thuris o tell mee, tell mee, thy true love best appressed, art



not thou my be-loued, Then hee, :||: which to his hart was e-uer nearest, Kist



his a- gain and said, :||: yes yes La-dy dearest.



Of 7.

XVIII. ALTVS.

Rugiero Giomelli.



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

eyes, some signe of grace & pit-tie, For verie griefe I

dye, if that you shew not in your faire eyes, some signe of grace and pit-

tie, Hae beque a stray so mightie, :||: That

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

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

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

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

hart doth lan-
guish.

Of 5. The first part.

XIX. ALTVS.

Peter Phillips.



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

plaine, that &c.

The Nightingale that sweetly,

sweetly, sweetly, doth complaine, that &c.

his yong once lost, :||:

or for his lo- uing mate, To fill the heauens & fields himseffe doth

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

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

my hard hap & cru-

ell fate, For I a lone, am cause of all my paine, :||: That gods might

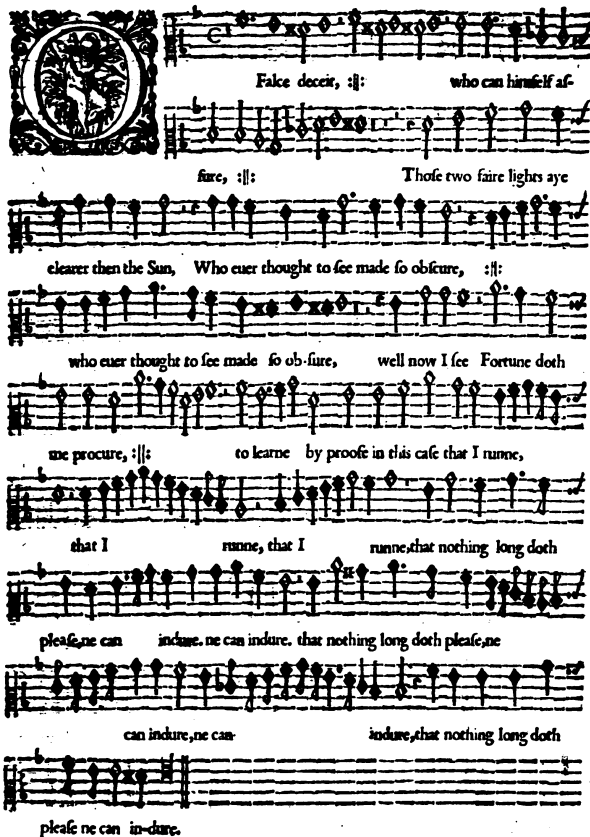
dye, I karnd to know to late. :||:

Dii. #:

Of 5. The second part.

XX. ALTVS.

Peter Philippa.



False deceit, :||: who can himself af-
 fare, :||: Those two faire lights aye
 clearer then the Sun, Who euer thought to see made so obscure, :||:
 who euer thought to see made so ob- sure, well now I see Fortune doth
 me procure, :||: to learne by prooffe in this case 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, ne can indure, that nothing long doth
 please ne can in- dure.

Of 5.

XXI. ALTVS.

Stephano Ventrak.



S Mopius : went his filly flock forth leading, By chance hee
 heard how Phebe, :||: :||:
 ah, complayned, ah, complay- ned, ah, complayned, And traing
 still hir steps and pathes forth leading, forth leading, and pathes forth
 lea- ding, Sore then she cried, and sayd, she was disdaind, 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 ca- er.
 But proffered hir a false, hir wound to cuer.

D.iii.

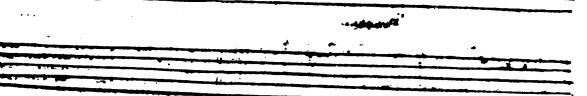
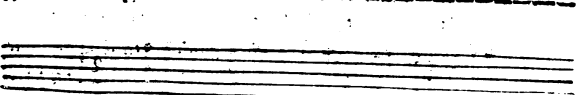
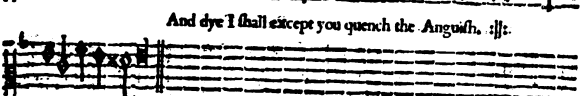
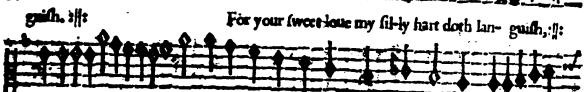
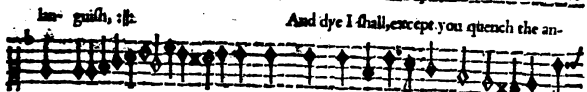
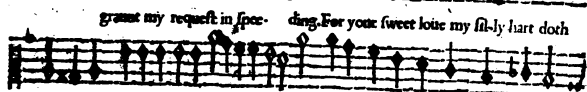
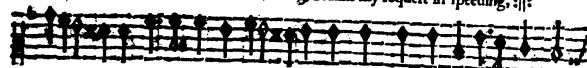
Of 5.

XXII. ALTVS.

Giouanni Peretti.



Lambs are feeding, Graunt my request in speeding, :||:



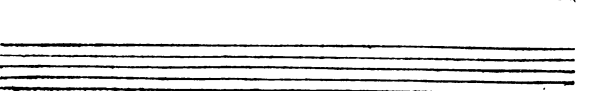
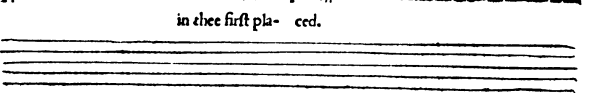
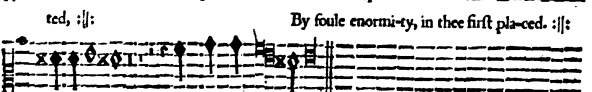
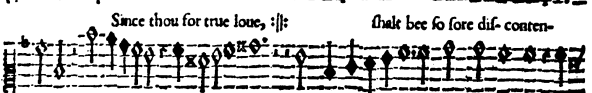
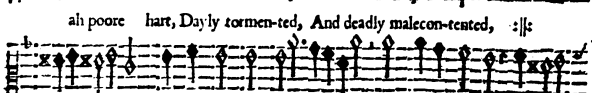
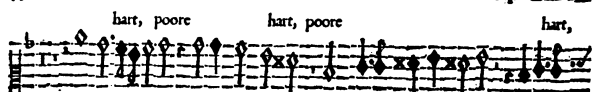
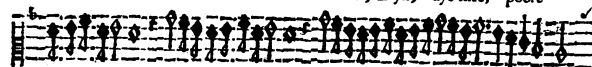
Of 5.

XXIII. ALTVS.

Giouanni di Macque.



res, Layis, aye mee, poore



Of 5.

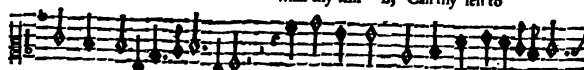
XXIII. LATVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



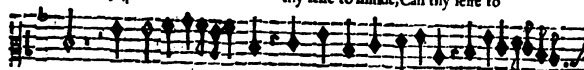
AY sweet Phil- is, :||

what thy will is, Call thy self to



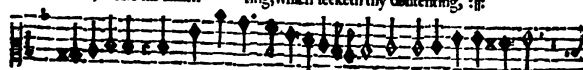
minde, :||

thy selfe to minde, Call thy selfe to



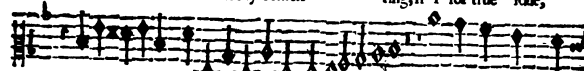
minde, cease his lamen-

ting, which seeketh thy contenting, :||



which seeketh thy conten-

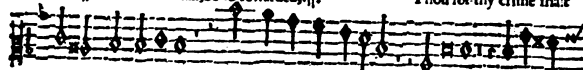
ting, If I for true loue,



:||

shall be so rewarded, :||

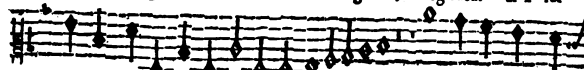
Thou for thy crime shalt



bee no whit regarded.

shalt bee no whit regarded,

regarded. If I for



true loue, shall bee so re-war-ded, :||

Thou for thy crime shalt



bee. no whit regarded.

shalt bee no whit regarded.

no whit regarded.

FINIS.

TENOR.

MADRIGALS TO five 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^NIGHT.



GOOD Sir, I ever held this sentence 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 Heauenly gifts, so the very loue of Musique (without Art) is one of the best engrafsted testimonies of Heavens loue towards vs. For your part, albeit I cannot easily 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 neuer in any man so renowned, as in you alone, the loue thereof is beeloued. 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 maintenance thereof. Of whom therefore should I poore Student and devoted seruant of Heavens Art, & Arts loue, make my wish for Patrone of this my Arts in artificiall choyce, but of your selfe alone, whom I cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patrone & Paternie, the choyce, Mitrou & Mecenas of these your owne, and Heavens delights. To you then alone, in whose honorable brest is a continuall harmonie of well ordered designs, 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 fauorable 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 preoccupase with these slighter trauells.

Your worships many wayes obleged

THOMAS MORLET,

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in

these Bookes, with the names of their severall

Authors and Originalls.

S Vch pleasant bowghes.	I	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Sweetly pleasing fingerst thou.	II	Battista Mosto.
I thinke that if the hills.	III	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Come louers forth.	IIII	Giouanni 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	Giouanni Feretti.
Doe not tremble.	IX	Horacio Vecchi.
Harke and giue ear.	X	Giulio Belli.
Life tell mee.	XI	Horacio Vecchi.
Soden passions.	XII	Alessandro Orologio.
If silent.	XIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.
O my leuing sweet hart.	XIIII	Luca Merenzio.
I languish to complaine mee.	XV	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Loe how my colour rangeth.	XVI	Hippolito Sabino.
Theris on his faire Phillis.	XVII	
For verie grieft I dye.	XVIII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
The Nightingale. The first part.	XIX	Peter Phillips.
O false deceit. The second part.	XX	Peter Phillips.
As Mopius went.	XXI	Stephano Venturi.
Flora faire Nimphe.	XXII	Giouanni Feretti.
My sweet Lays.	XXIII	Giouanni di Macque.
Say sweet Phillis.	XXIIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.

FINIS.

Of 5.

I. TENOR.

Alfonso Ferabosco.

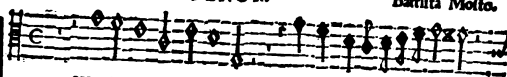
S Vch pleasant: The world yet neuer vewed, Such pleasant
bowghes y world yet neuer vewed, :||: Nor
winde dyd e- uer none such flowers verdant, :||: As at the first vnto
my sight were shew- ed, For that I seeing those hit two Lamps ardens,
For my re'uge no better, for my refuge no bet- ter shade dyd espye, Of
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. :||: Of
any greene plant, of any greene plant, :||: Of any greene plant y grew
vnder the sky.

B

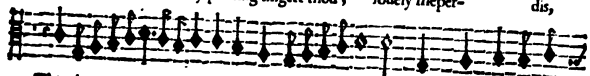
Of 5.

II. TENOR.

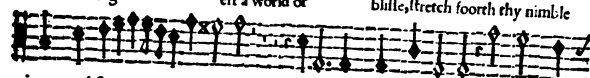
Barista Motto.



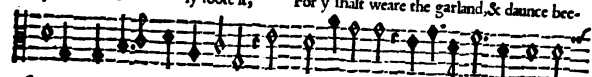
Weetly pleasing fingerst thou, lovely sheper- dis,



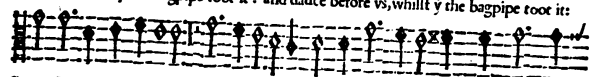
Thou bring- est a world of blisse, stretch forth thy nimble



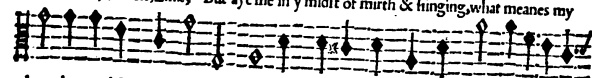
ioyns and fine- ly foote it, For y shalt weare the garland, & dauce bee-



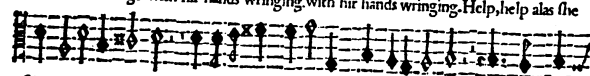
fore vs, whilst y the bagpipe toot it: and dauce before vs, whilst y the bagpipe toot it:



Strew Roses, Violets, Lillis, But aye me in y midst of mirth & finging, what means my



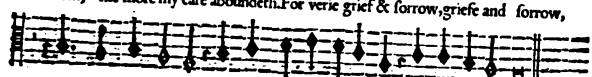
loue thus to chage with hir hands wringing, with hir hands wringing. Help, help alas she



faints, a-las thee faints, for verie griefe & sorrow, griefe and sorrow, The more thee



morneth, the more my care aboundeth. For verie grief & sorrow, griefe and sorrow,

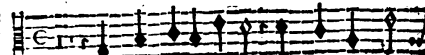


The more thee morneth, the more my care aboundeth. my care aboundeth.

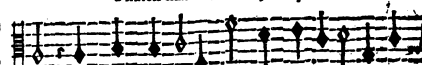
Of 5.

III. TENOR.

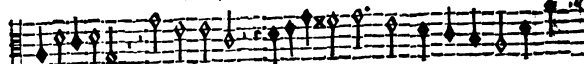
Alfonso Ferabosco.



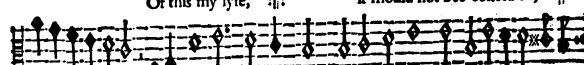
Thinck that if the hills, the plaines and meun-



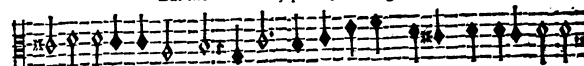
taines, And woods and waters knew the great distemper, ::|:



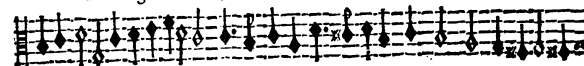
Of this my lyfe, ::|: it should not bee concealed, ::|:



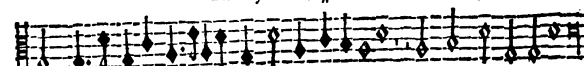
But thorow such by pathes, and fauage fountains, ::|:



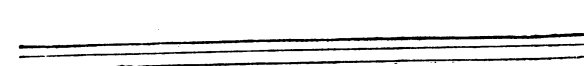
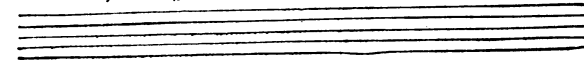
and fauage fountaines, I know not how to search for trew loue sem- per, ::|:



That by reason, ::|: each one may bee reuca-



led, That by reason, ::|: each one may be reuealed. each one may be reuealed.



Bij.

Of the

THE TENOR.

Giottanni Feretti.

Oine louers forth addresse you to admyer, to ad-
myer to admyer, admyer, Come louers forth addresse you
to admyer, to admyer, to admyer, admyer, At hir whose locks are like the
golden wyer, :||: Curiously wrought to fet mens harts
on fyre, mens harts on fyre. Curiously wrought to fet mens harts on fyre. :||:
mens harts on fyre. Curiously wrought to fet mens harts on

Of the

THE TENOR.

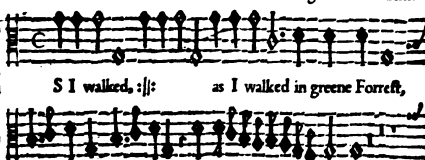
Rugiero Giottanni.

Oe Ladies when my loue comes, all clad in greene &
youthfully shew shows it, :||: Harts grieffe
none feesles, but shew that soundly knowes it : My hart will break in funder, :||:
And daunt my fen- ces, more then bouls of Thunder, Rest sweet-
ly, in his keeping, which causeth me to wake when he lies slee- ping. Rest sweetly
in his keeping, :||: in his keeping, which causeth mee to
wake when hee lyes sleeping.

Of 5.

VI. TENOR.

Rugiero Giouanelli.

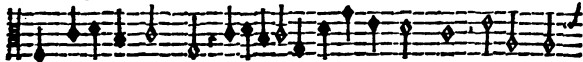


S I walked, :||: as I walked in greene Forrest,

as I walked, :||: in greene Forrest,



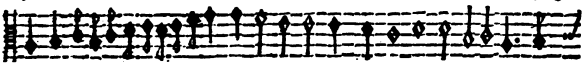
Among the wilde beaſts, I ſodainly bee thought mee, of ſtrange and moſt rare



leſts, for hir that ſought mee : :||: for hir that ſought mee : But my mynde



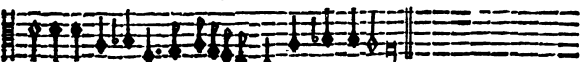
yeeldes mee no reſt, Nor can I cooſter certainly, what vilde monſter, vſurping



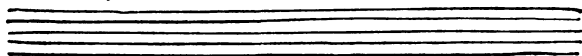
in my reſt- leſſe fences, So ſtrange-ly moued, deadly to hate hir



now, whom once I loued. Deadly to hate hir now, :||: whom once I



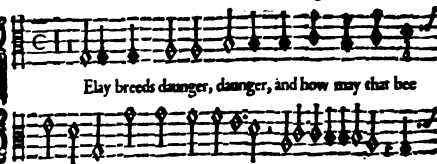
loued. Deadly to hate hir now, whom once I loued.



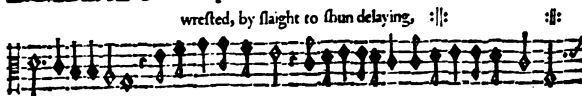
Of 5.

VII. TENOR.

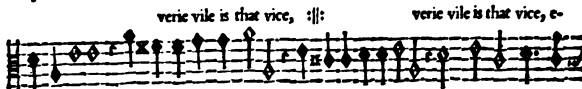
Rugiero Giouanelli.



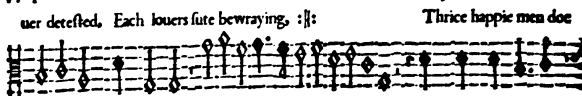
Ely breeds danger, danger, and how may that bee



wreſted, by ſlaight to ſhun delaying, :||: :||:



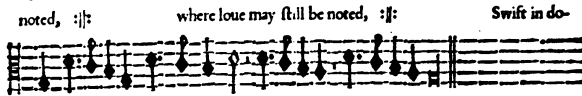
verie vile is that vice, :||: verie vile is that vice, e-



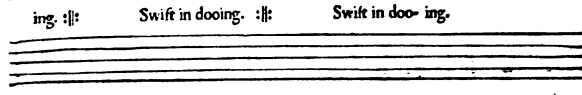
uer deteſted. Each louers ſute bewraying, :||: Thrice happie men doe



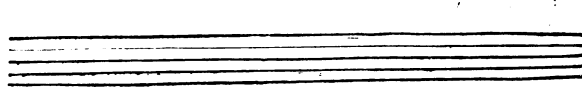
ſay, is that ſweet wooing, :||: Where loue may ſtill bee



noted, :||: where loue may ſtill be noted, :||: Swift in do-



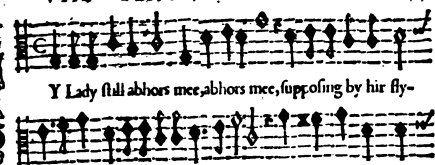
ing, :||: Swift in dooing. :||: Swift in doo- ing.



Of 5.

VIII. TENOR.

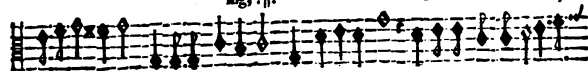
Giottanni Fecetti.



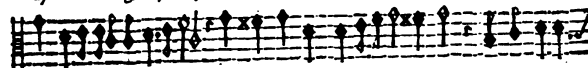
Y Lady still abhors mee, abhors mee, supposing by hir fly-

ing, :||:

Sometime to breed my



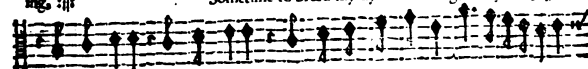
dy- ing, My Lady still abhors mee, abhors mee, supposing by hir fly-



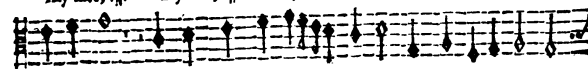
ing, :||:

Sometime to breed my dy-

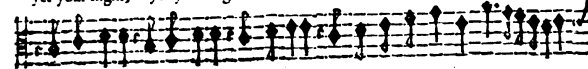
ing, Slay mee, :||:



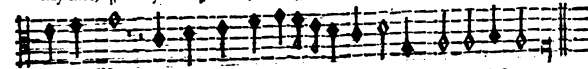
slay mee, :||: slay mee, :||: fly mee fly mee, fly mee, :||:



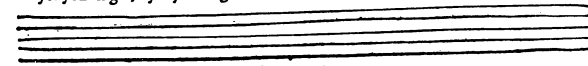
yet your flight, yet your flight shall not destroy mee, shall not destroy mee,



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



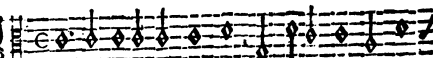
yet your flight, yet your flight shall not destroy mee, shall not destroy mee.



Of 5.

IX. TENOR.

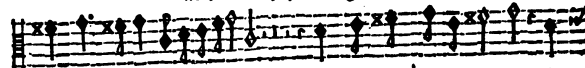
Horacio Vechi.



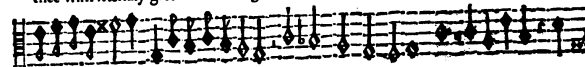
Oe not tremble but stand fast, deere hart & faint not, Hope



well, haue well, my sweeting, my sweeting, Loe wher I come to



thee with friendly gree- ting, Now ioyne with mee, thy hand fast, :||:

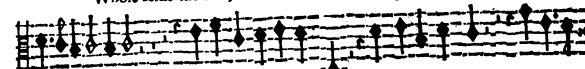


:||:

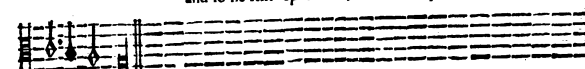
Loe thy true loue salus thee, :||:



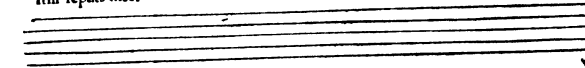
Whose Ierne thou art, and so he still reputs thee, :||:



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



still reputs thee.

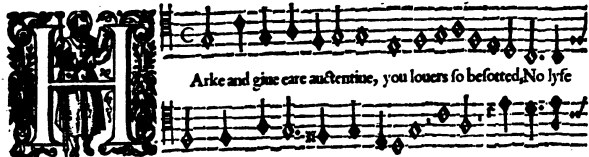


C.

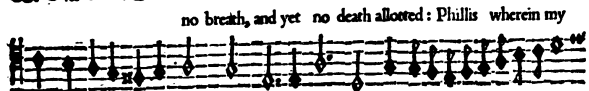
Of 5.

X. TENOR.

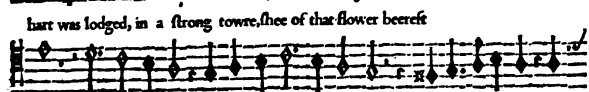
Ginlio Belli.



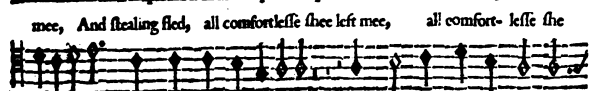
Arke and giue care auctentine, you louers so befotted, No lyfe



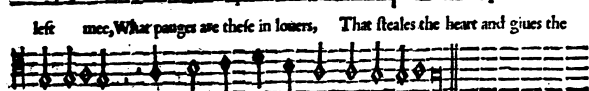
no breath, and yet no death allotted: Phillis wherein my



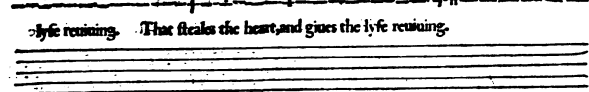
hart was lodged, in a strong towre, thee of that flower beereft



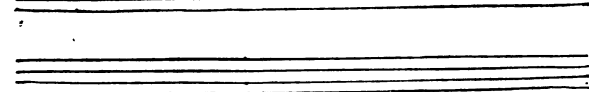
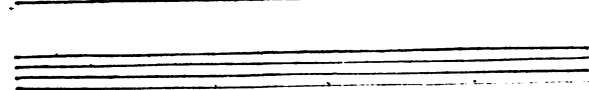
mee, And stealing fled, all comfortlesse thee left mee, all comfort- lesse the



left mee, What panges are these in louers, That steales the heart and giues the



lyfe reuiuing. That steales the heart, and giues the lyfe reuiuing.

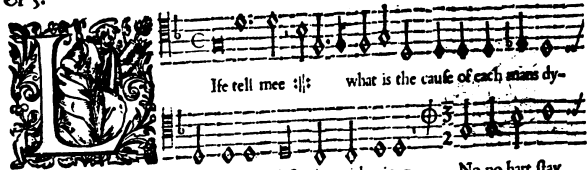


91.

Of 5.

XI. TENOR.

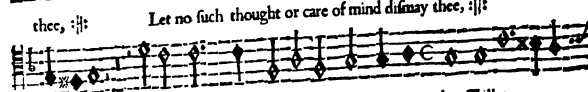
Horacio Vecchi.



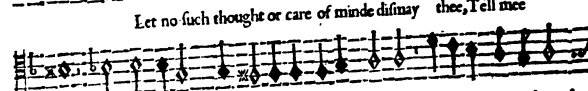
Ife tell mee :||: what is the cause of each mans dy-



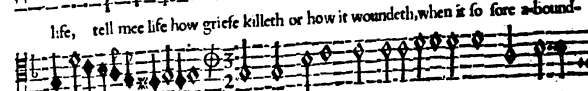
ing, carefull grieffe mixt with crieng, No no hart stay



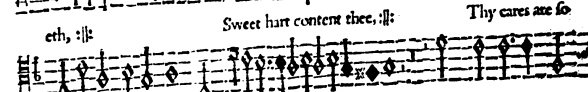
thee, :||: Let no such thought or care of mind dismay thee, :||:



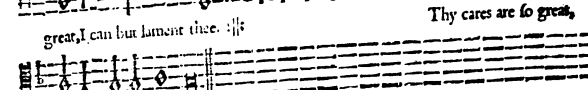
Let no such thought or care of minde dismay thee, Tell mee



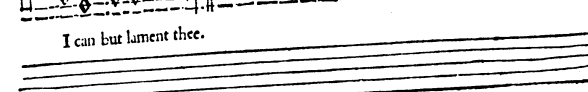
life, tell mee life how grieffe killeth or how it woundeth, when it is so sore a-bound-



eth, :||: Sweet hart content thee, :||: Thy cares are so



great, I can but lament thee. :||: Thy cares are so great,



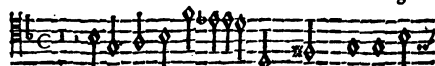
I can but lament thee.

C.ii.

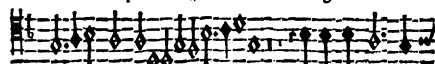
Of 5.

XII. TENOR.

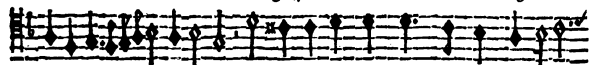
Allessandro Orologio.



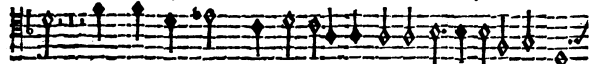
Oden passions, :||: with strange and rare tor-



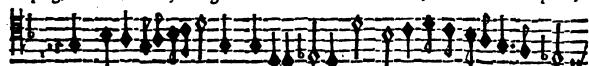
men- ting, :||: Increaseth grief, and



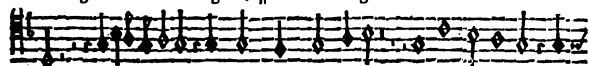
more, it breeds my sorrow, The cause increaseth, doth beate mine eyes with wee-



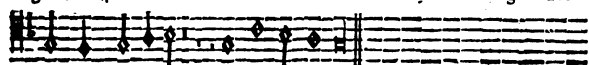
ping, And daunt my thoughts from euen vntill the morrow, In this vnrestfull paine,



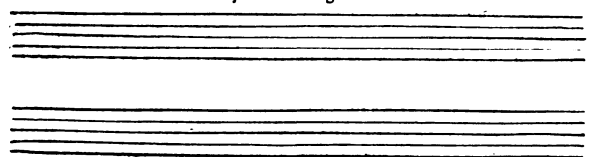
long must I lan- guish, :||: long must I lan-



guish, :||: Till death draw neere to rid my hart from anguish. Till



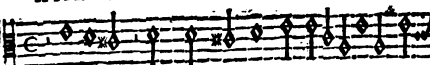
death draw neere to rid my hart from anguish.



Of 5.

XIII. TENOR.

Alfonso Ferrabosco.



F. Silence, then griefe torments mee, :||: then



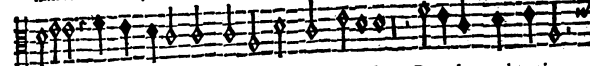
griefe torments mee, If I speake, :||:



'your patience moueth, your patience moueth, Hating him that loneth, Hating



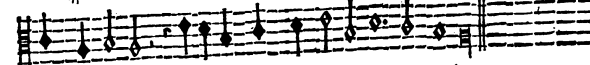
him ahat loneth, your wrath preuents mee. That these my lines, :||:



my lynes so pensue, may no way seeme offense, But rather work my ioye,



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



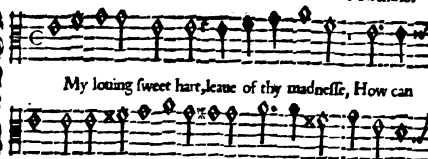
your sweet reading, But rather worke my ioye, by your sweet reading.



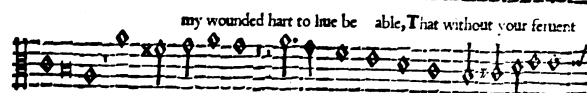
Of 5.

XIII. TENOR.

Luca Marenzio.



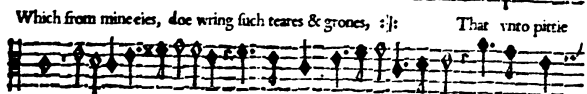
My louing sweet hart, leaue of thy madnesse, How can



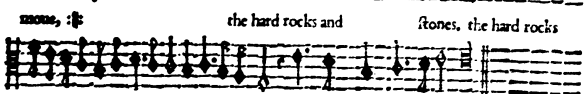
my wounded hart to lue be able, That without your feruent



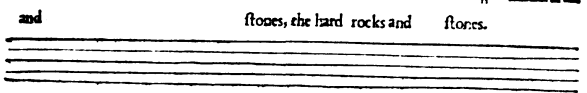
loue, A-las, what greife and sadnesse, In my tormentes doe make mee mi-se-ra-ble,



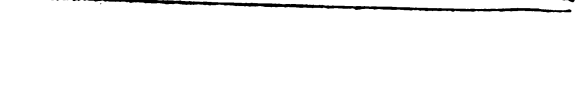
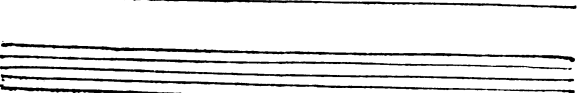
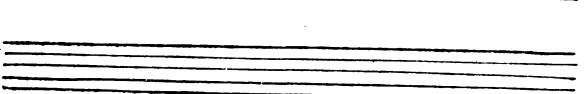
Which from mine eyes, doe wring such teares & groones, :||: That vnto pittie



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



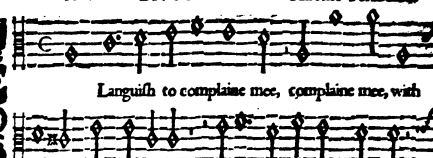
and stones, the hard rocks and stones.



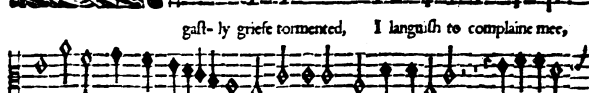
Of 5.

XV. TENOR.

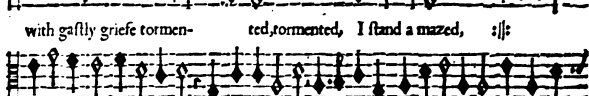
Alfonso Ferabosco.



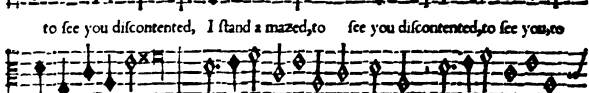
Languish to complaine mee, complaine mee, with



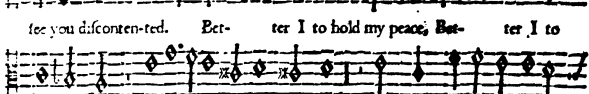
gast-ly griefe tormented, I languish to complaine mee,



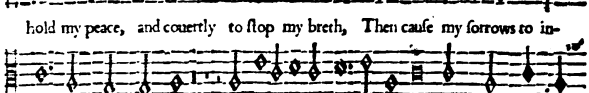
with gastly griefe tormented, tormented, I stand a mazed, :||:



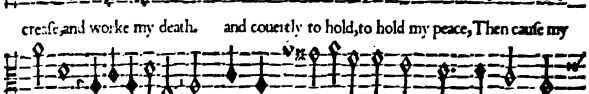
to see you discontented, I stand a mazed, to see you discontented, to see you, to



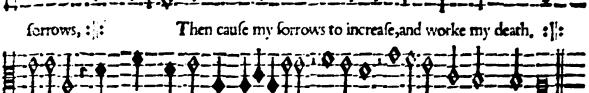
see you discontented. Bet- ter I to hold my peace, Bet- ter I to



hold my peace, and couertly to stop my breath, Then cause my sorrows to in-



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



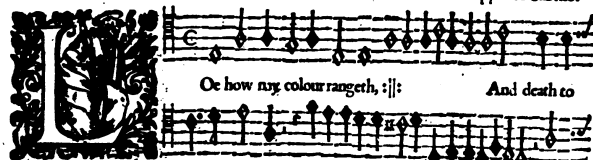
sorrows, :||: Then cause my sorrows to increase, and worke my death, :||:

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

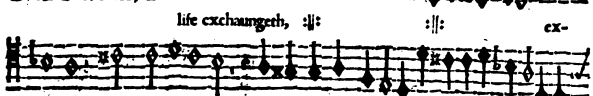
Of 5.

XVI. TENOR.

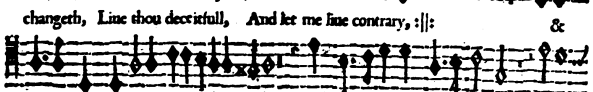
Hippolito Sabino.



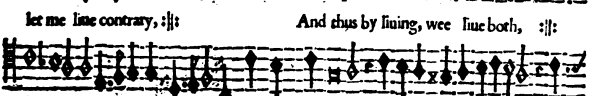
Oe how my colour rangeth, :||: And death to



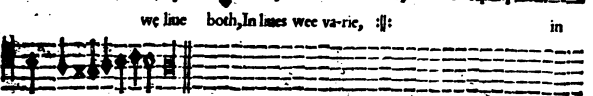
life exchaungeth, :||: :||: ex-



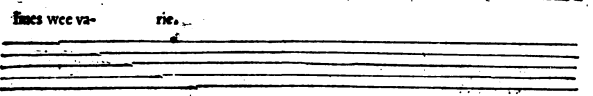
changeth, Line thou deceiptfull, And let me line contrary, :||: &c



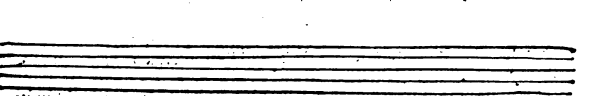
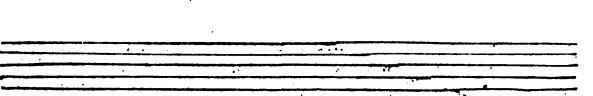
let me line contrary, :||: And thus by lining, wee line both, :||:



we line both, In lines wee va-rie, :||: in



lines wee va-rie...



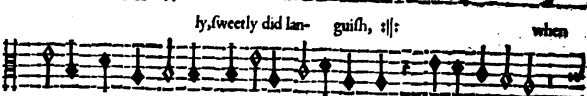
Of 5.

XVII.

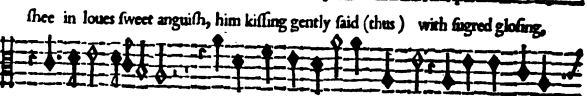
TENOR.



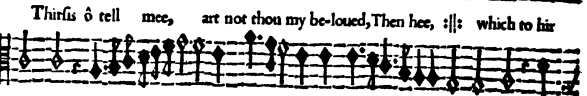
Hiris, on his faire Phil- lis brest repofing Sweet-



ly, sweetly did lan- guish, :||: when



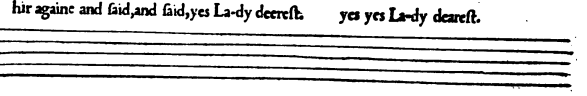
shee in lous sweet anguish, him kissing gently said (thus) with faged glofing,



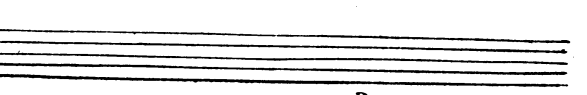
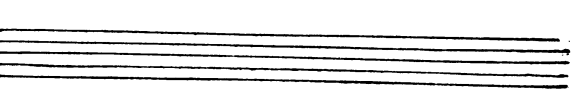
Thurfs o tell mee, art not thou my be-loued, Then hee, :||: which to hir



hart (still) was neereft, nee- reft, Kist hir againe and said, Kist



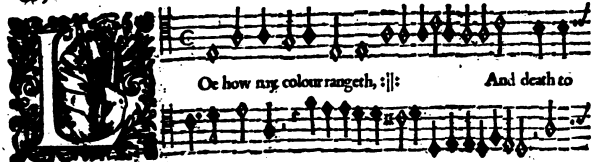
hir againe and said, and said, yes La-dy deereft. yes yes La-dy deereft.



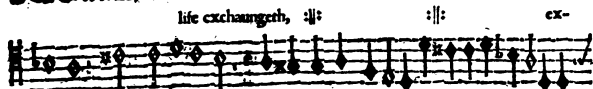
Of 5.

XVI. TENOR.

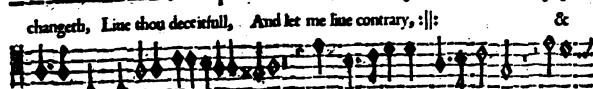
Hippolito Sabino.



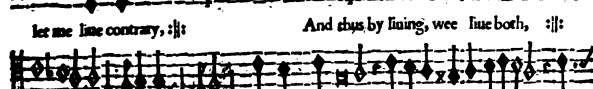
Oe how my colour rangeth, :||: And death to



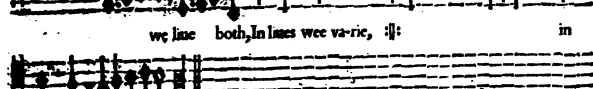
life exchaungeth, :||: :||: ex-



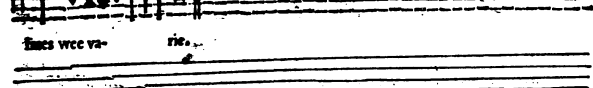
changeth, Line thou deccisfull, And let me line contrary, :||: &



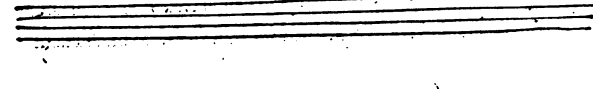
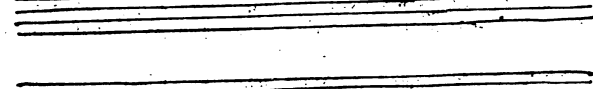
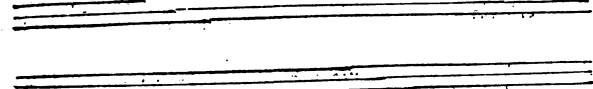
let me line contrary, :||: And thus by lining, wee line both, :||:



we line both, In limes wee va-rie, :||: in



limes wee va-rie, :||:



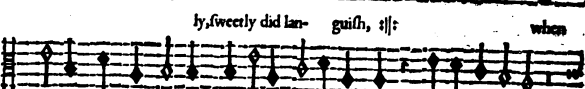
Of 5.

XVII.

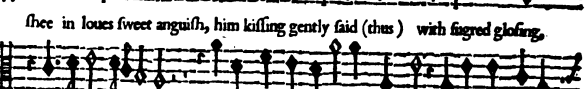
TENOR.



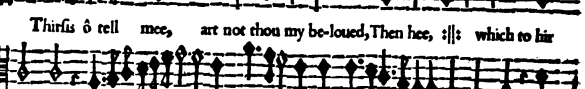
Hirfis, on his faire Phil- lis brest repofing Sweet-



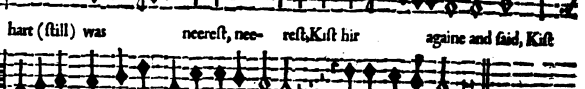
ly, sweetly did lan- guish, :||: when



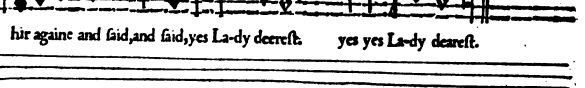
shee in lous sweet anguish, him kissing gently said (thus) with faged glofing,



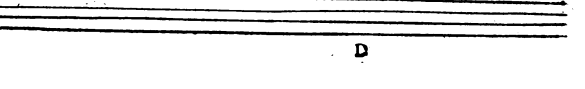
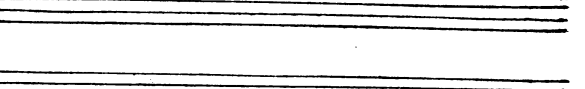
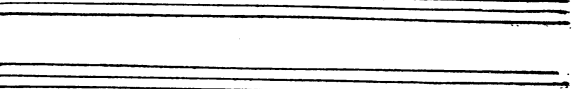
Thirfis ô tell mee, art not thou my be-loued, Then hee, :||: which to his



hart (still) was neereft, nee- rest, Kist hir againe and said, Kist



hir againe and said, and said, yes La-dy deereft. yes yes La-dy deareft.



Of 5.

XVIII. TENOR.

Regiero Giouanelli.



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

eyes, some signe of grace & pittie, For verie grieft I dye, if

that you shew not in your fayre eyes, some signe of grace & pittie, Hate beares a

fway so mightie, ::

That what to doe I know not, But pine with

outward anguish, And for your owne sweet fake, ::

my hart doth lan-

guish. And for your owne sweet fake, ::

my hart doth languish. And

for your owne sweet fake, my hart doth languish.

Of 5. The first part.

XIX. TENOR.

Peter Phillips.



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

plaine, ::

The Nightingale that sweetly,

sweetly, doth cōplaine, that &c.

his yong once lost, ::

or for

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

dofull tunes, to shew his fate, So all the night, to doe I am full faine, ::

Remembring my hard hap, and cru- ell fate, ::

Remembring my hard hap, & cruell fate, ::

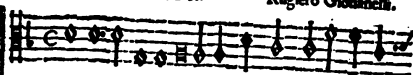
For I a lone,

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

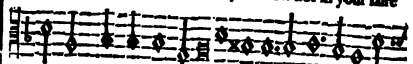
That gods &c.

That gods &c.

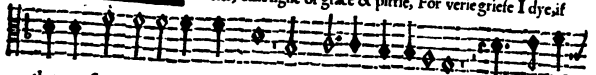
D.ii.



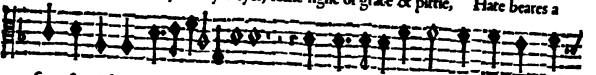
OR verie grief I die, if that you shew not in your faire



eyes, some signe of grace & pittie, For verie grieft I dye, if

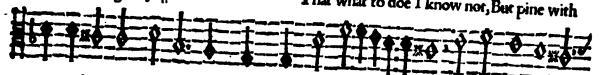


that you shew not in your fayre eyes, some signe of grace & pittie, Hate beares a



sway so mightie, :||:

That what to doe I know not, But pine with



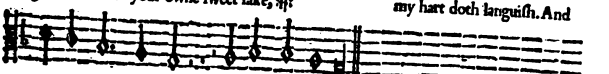
outward anguish, And for your owne sweet sake, :||:

my hart doth lan-

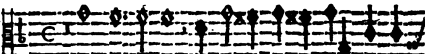
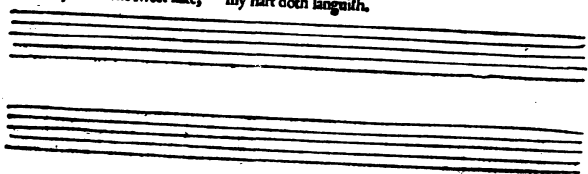


guish. And for your owne sweet sake, :||:

my hart doth languish. And



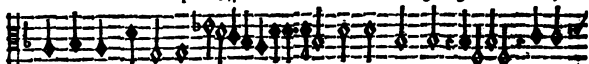
for your owne sweet sake, my hart doth languish.



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

plaine, :||:

The Nightingale that sweetly,



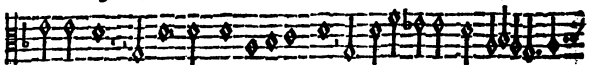
sweetly, doth cōplaine, that &c.

his yong once lost, :||:

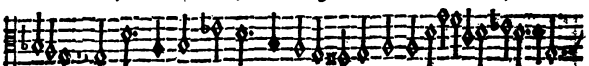
or for



his louing mate, To fill the heavens & fields himselfe doth frame, with sweet and

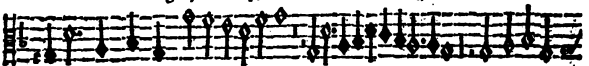


dolfull tunes, so shew his state, So all the night, to doe I am full faire, :||:



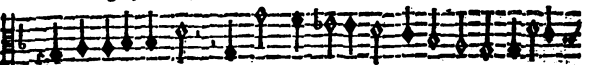
Remembering my hard hap, and cru-

ell fate, :||:



Remembering my hard hap, & cruell fate, :||:

For I a lone,



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



That gods &c.

That gods &c.

D.ii.

Of 5. The second part.

XX. TENOR.

Peter Philippa.



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-uer thought to see made so obscure, Well now I see, Fortune doth
me procure, :||: To learne by prooffe 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, :||:
dure, ne can in- dure. That nothing long doth please, ne can in- dure, :||:

101.

55

Of 5.

XXI. TENOR.

Stephano Venturi.

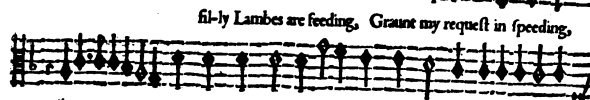


S Mopfus: By chance hee heard how Phe- be,
by chance hee heard how
Phe- be, ah, complay- ned, ah, complayned, And trasing
still hir steps and pathes forth leading, and pathes forth leading, Long could he
not then enduer, :||: But proffered hir a false, hir wound
to cuer. :||: But proffered hir a false, hir wound to
cuer. :||:

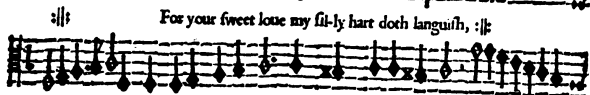
D.iii.



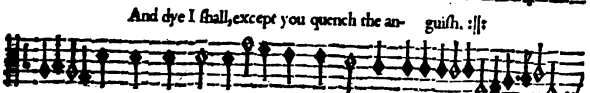
Lora faire Nymph, faire Nymph, Flora faire Nymph whilst



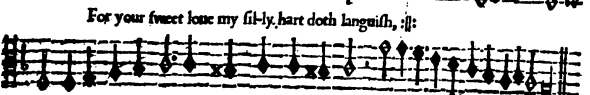
fil-ly Lambes are feeding, Graunt my request in speeding,



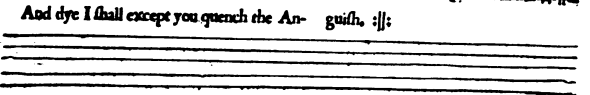
For your sweet loue my fil-ly hart doth languish, :||



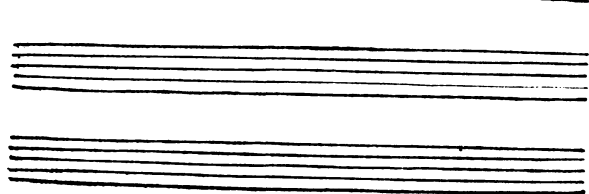
And dye I shall, except you quench the anguish, :||



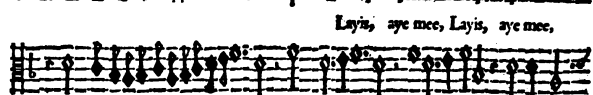
For your sweet loue my fil-ly hart doth languish, :||



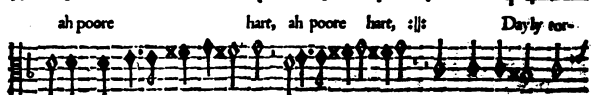
And dye I shall except you quench the An- guish, :||



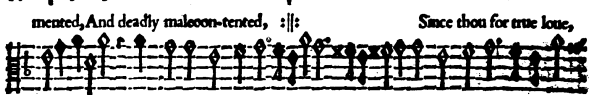
Y sweet Lay- is, La-dy mi- fies,



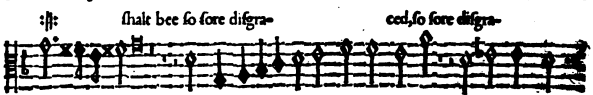
Layis, aye mee, Layis, aye mee,



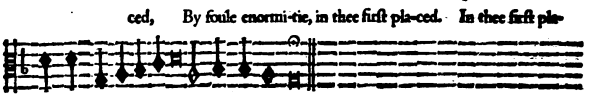
ah poore hart, ah poore hart, :|| Dayly tor-



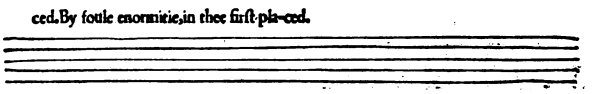
mented, And deadly maloon-tented, :|| Since thou for true loue,



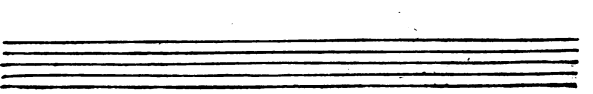
:|| shalt bee so fore disgra- ced, so fore disgra-



ced, By foule enormitie, in thee first pla- ced. In thee first pla-



ced. By foule enormitie, in thee first pla- ced.



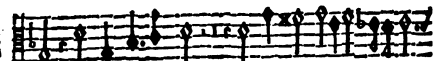
Or.

XXIIII. TENOR.

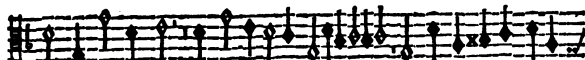
Alfonso Ferabosco.



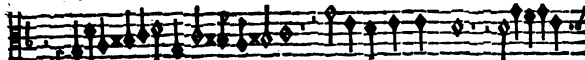
AY sweet Phil- is, what thy will



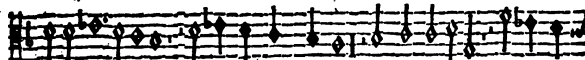
is, Call thy selfe to minde, Call thy selfe to



minde, thy selfe to minde, cease his lamenting. :||: which seeketh thy contenting,



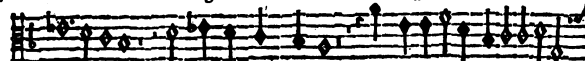
:||: If I for true loue shall, :||:



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



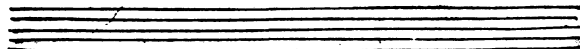
crime shalt bee no whit regarded. If I for true loue shall, :||: bee



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



Thou for thy crime, shalt bee no whit regarded.



BASSVS.

MADRIGALS TO fue voyces.

*Selected out of the best approued
Italian Authors.*

BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman
of hir Maiesties Royall
CHAPPELL.



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.

1598.

To the Worshippfull

Sir Geruis Clifton

KNIGHT.



GOOD Sir, I ever held this sentence 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 Heauenly gifts, so the very loue of Musique (without Art) is one of the best engrafted testimonies of Heauens loue towards vs. For your part, albeit I cannot easily 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 neuer in any man so renowned, as in you alone, the loue thereof is beclowd. 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 mayntenance thereof. Of whom therefore should I poore Student and devoted seruant of Heauens Art, & Arts loue, make my wish for Patrone of this my Arts in artificiall choyce, but of your selfe alone, whom I cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patrone & Paternes, the choyce, Mitour & Mecenas of these your owne, and Heauens delights. To you then alone, in whose honorable brest is a continuall harmonic of well ordered designs, 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 fauorable acceptance, I perswade my selfe I haue done my part, & will endeavour my selfe in my more serious successive labours, to merit that sweet fauour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupate with these slighter trauells.

Your worships many wayes obliged

THOMAS MORLEY.

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in

these Booke, with the names of their seuerall

Authors and Originalls.

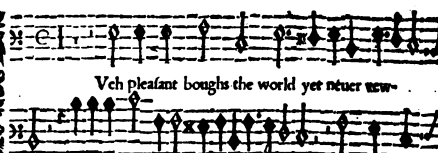
S Vch pleasant boughes.	I	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Sweetly pleasing fingerst thou.	II	Bartista Mosto.
I thinke that if the hills.	III	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Come louers forth.	IIII	Giuanni Feretti.
Loe Ladies where my loue comes.	V	Rugiero Giouanelli.
As I walked.	VI	Rugiero Giouanelli.
Delay breeds danger.	VII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
My Ladie still abhors mee.	VIII	Giuanni Feretti.
Do not tremble.	IX	Horacio Vecchi.
Marke and giue care.	X	Giulio Belli.
Life tell mee.	XI	Horacio Vecchi.
Soden passions.	XII	Alessandro Orologio.
If silent.	XIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.
O my louing sweet hart.	XIIII	Luca Merenzio.
I languish to complaine mee.	XV	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Loe how my colour rangeth.	XVI	Hippolito Sabino.
Thirsis on his faire Phillis.	XVII	
For verie griefe I dye.	XVIII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
The Nightingale. The first part.	XIX	Peter Phillips.
O false deceit. The second part.	XX	Peter Phillips.
As Mopsus went.	XXI	Stephano Venturi.
Flora faire Nymph.	XXII	Giuanni Feretti.
My sweet Lays.	XXIII	Giuanni di Macque.
Say sweet Phillis,	XXIIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.

FINIS.

Of 5.

I. BASSVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



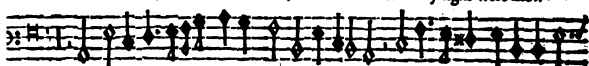
Vch pleasant boughes the world yet neuer new-

ed, :||:

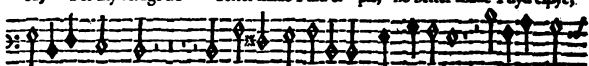
Nor winde did



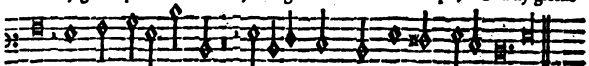
uer more, such flowers verdant, As at the first vnto my sight were shew-



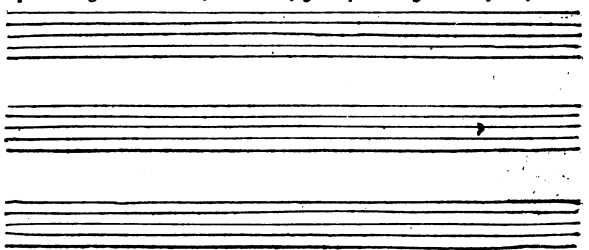
ed, For my refuge no better shade I did espie, no better shade I dyd espie,



Of a-ny greene plant, For my refuge no better shade did espie, Of a-ny greene



plant, that grew vnder the skye. Of a-ny greene plant, that grew vnder the skye.



B.

T.

Of 5.

II. BASS V.S.

Barista Mossa.



weetly: Thou bring- est a world of blisse, Stretch forth thy nimble

ioyns & finely foote is, For thou shalt weare the garland, whilst that the bagpipe

roote is, and dance beefore vs, whilst y the bagpipe roote it: *Srew Roses, Vi-o-lets,*

Lills, But aye mee, in the midst of mirth & furing, What means my loue, with

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

soundeth, :||: The more thee morneth, the more my care aboundeth.

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

morneth, the more my care aboundeth.

Of 5.

III. BASS V.S.

Alfonso Ferabeco.



Thinke 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 such by pathes, and fange fountains, I know not how to search for

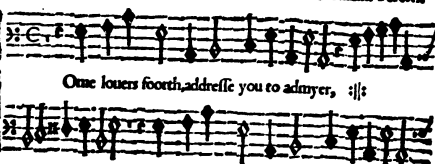
grew loue semper, That by reason, :||: each one may bee revealed.

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

Of 5.

III. BASSVS.

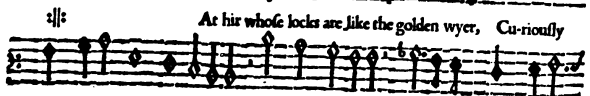
Giovanni Feretti.



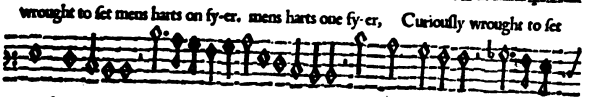
Come louers forth, adresse you to admyer, :||:



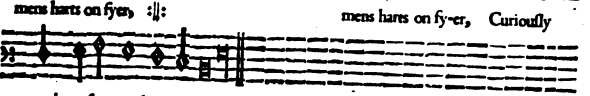
Come louers forth, adresse you to admyer,



:||: At his whole locks are like the golden wyer, Curiously



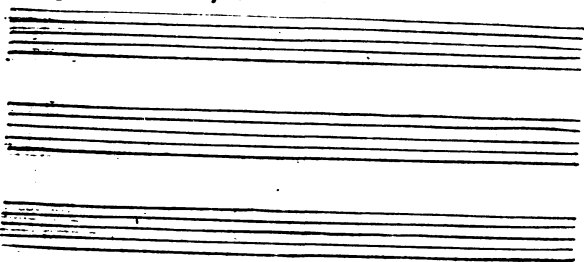
wrought to set mens harts on fy-er, mens harts one fy-er, Curiously wrought to set



mens harts on fy-er, :||:

mens harts on fy-er, Curiously

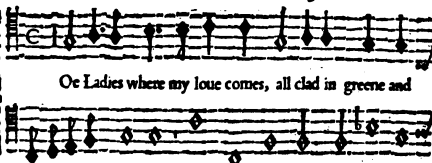
wrought to set mens harts on fy-er.



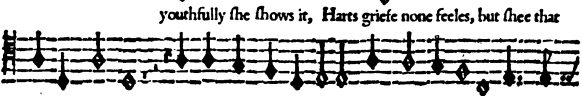
Of 5.

V. BASSVS.

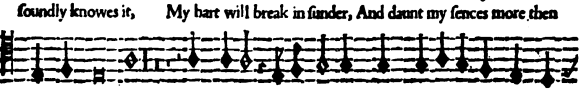
Rugiero Giottanelli.



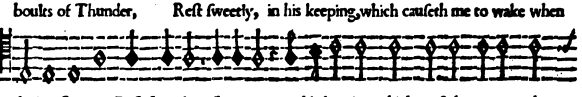
Oe Ladies where my loue comes, all clad in greene and



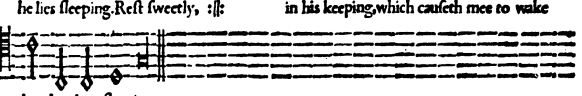
youthfully she shows it, Harts grieve none fees, but thee that



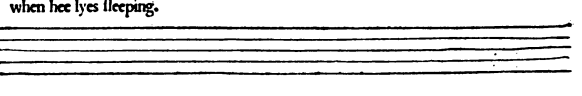
soundly knows it, My hart will break in funder, And daunt my fences more then



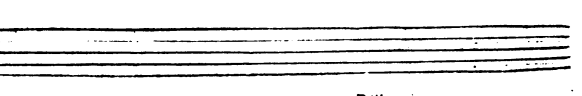
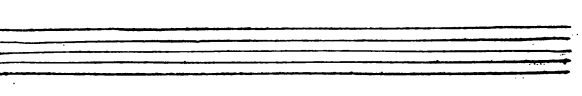
boulds of Thunder, Rest sweetly, in his keeping, which causeth me to wake when



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



when hee lyes sleeping.

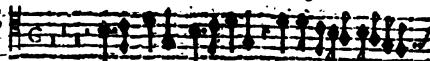


B.iii.

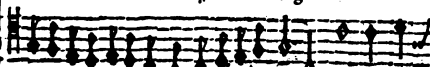
Of 5.

VI. BASSVS.

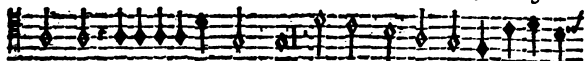
Rugiero Giouanelli.



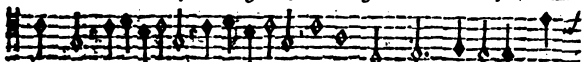
S I walked, :||: in greene



forrest, Among the



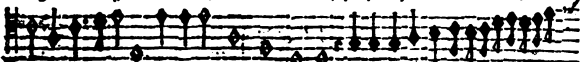
wilde beasts, I suddenly bee thought one, Of strange and most rare iests, for his that



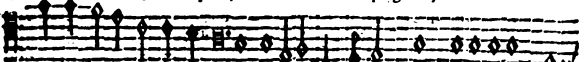
sought mee, :||:

:||:

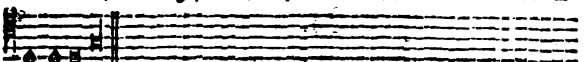
But my myde yeeldes mee no rest, Nor



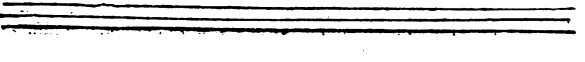
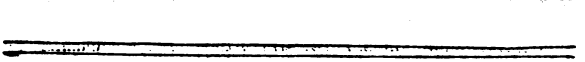
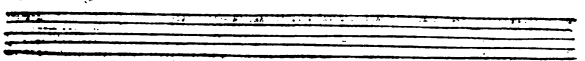
can I con- fess, certainly what wilde monster, vsurping in my rest



kille fences, so strigely moued, deadly to hate his now, whom once I loved, whom



once I loved,



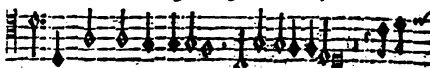
Of 5.

VII. BASSVS.

Rugiero Giouanelli.

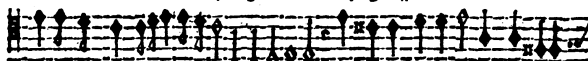


Elay breeds danger, danger, & how may that be wrest-



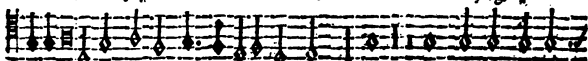
ed, by sleight to shun delaying, :||:

verie

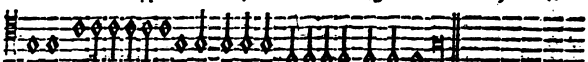


wile is that vice, :||:

e-uer detested, Each louers sure bewraying, :||:



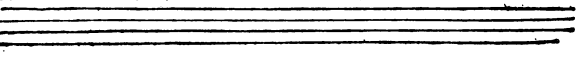
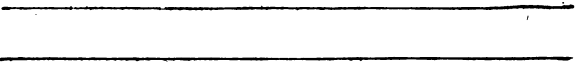
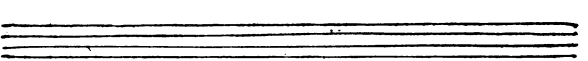
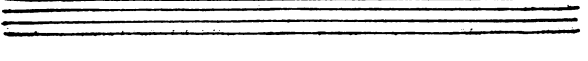
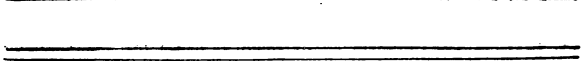
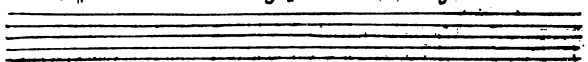
Thrice happie men doe say is that sweet wooing, Where lous may still bee



noted, :||:

Swift in doing, :||:

Swift in dooing.



Of 5.

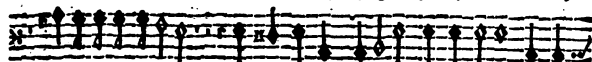
VIII. BASSVS.

Giottanni Feretti.

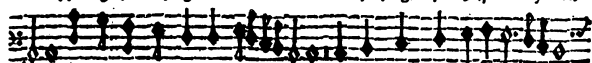


Y Lady still abhors mee, supposing by hir flying,

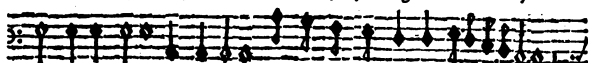
Sometime to breed my dying, My Lady still abhors mee,



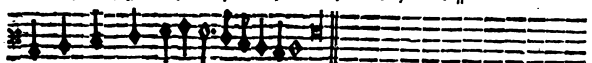
supposing by hir flying, Sometime to breed my dying, Slay mee, ::|: slay mee,



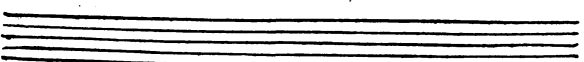
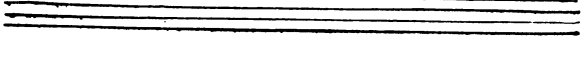
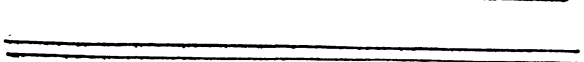
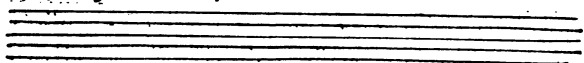
:||: flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, :||: yet your flight shall not destroy



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



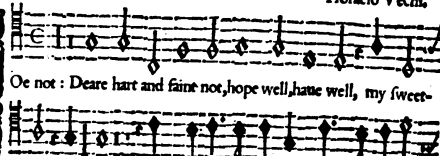
yet your flight shall not destroy mee.



Of 5.

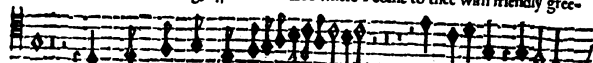
IX. BASSVS.

Horacio Vecchi.

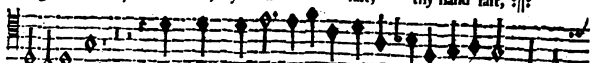


Oe not : Deare hart and faint not, hope well, hate well, my sweet-

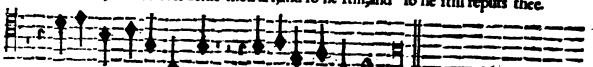
ing, :||: Loe where I come to thee with friendly gree-



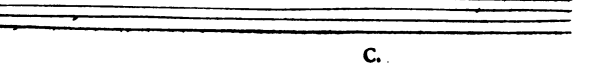
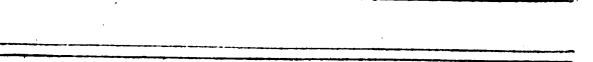
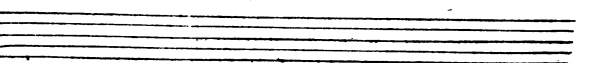
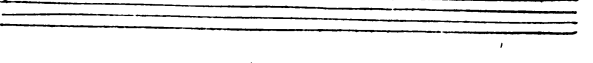
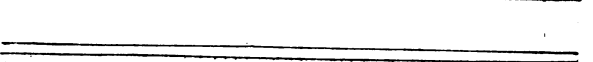
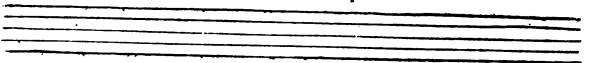
ting, Now ioyne with mee, thy hand fast, thy hand fast, :||:



saluts thee, Whose Ieme thou art, and so he still, and so he still reputs thee.



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



C.

v.

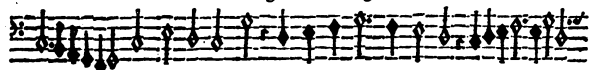
Of 5.

X. BASSVS.

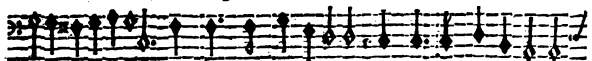
Giulio Belli.



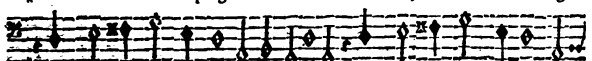
hart was lodged in a strong tower, Shce of that flower bee-



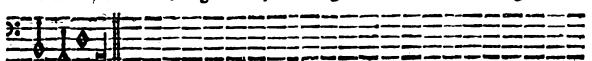
rest mee, and stealing fled, all comfortlesse thee left mee, :||:



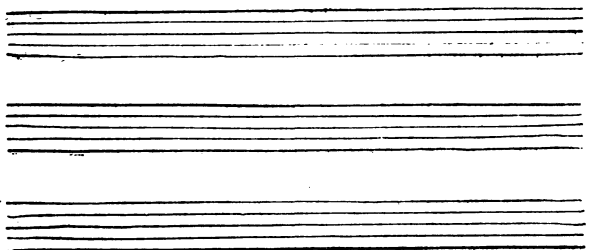
:||: What panges are these in louers, twixt lyfe and death so ruining,



That steales the heart, and giues the lyfe reuiuing. That steales the heart and giues the



lyfe reuiuing.



91.

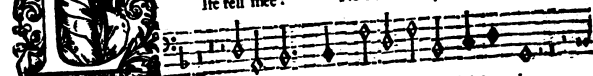
XI. BASSVS.

Horacio Vecchi.

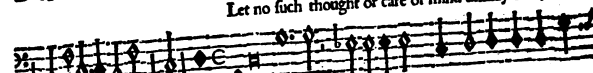
Of 5.



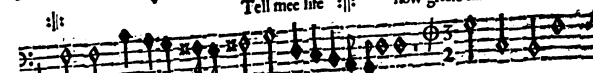
Ife tell mee: No no hart stay thee, :||:



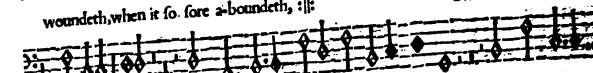
Let no such thought or care of mind dismay thee,



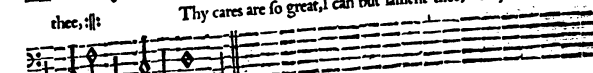
:||: Tell mee life :||: how grieffe killeth or how it



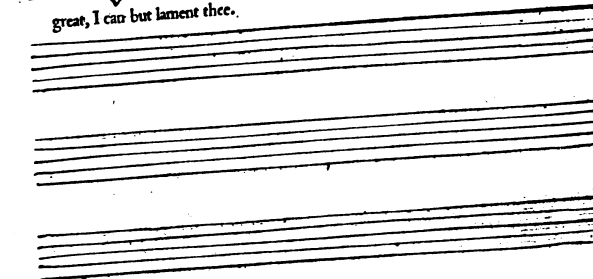
woundeth, when it so fore a-boundeth, :||: Sweet hart content



thee, :||: Thy cares are so great, I can but lament thee. Thy cares are so



great, I can but lament thee.

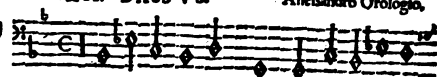


C.ii.

Of 5.

XII. BASS VS.

Alessandro Orologio



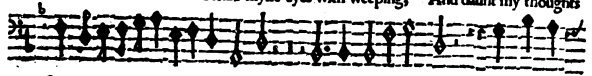
Oden passions, with strange and rare tormenting,



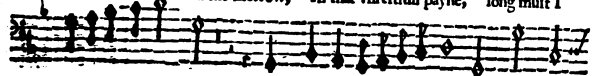
Increaseth griefe, and more, it breeds my sorrow,



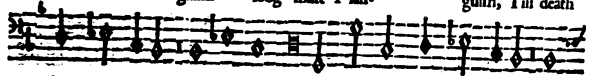
The cause increast doth beare myne eyes with weeping, And daunt my thoughts



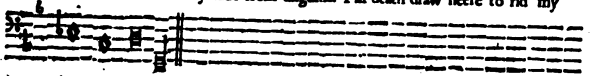
from euen vntill the morrow, In that vntrestfull payne, long must I



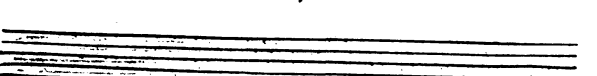
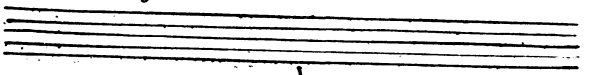
lan- guish. long must I lan- guish, Till death



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



hart from anguish.

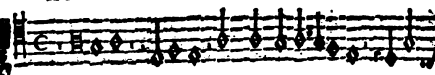


93.

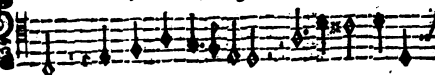
Of 5.

XIII. BASSVS.

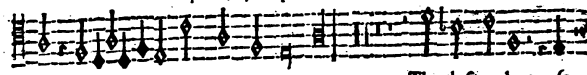
Alfonso Ferabosco



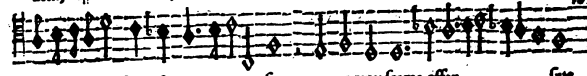
F silent, if silent, then griefe tormentes mee, If I



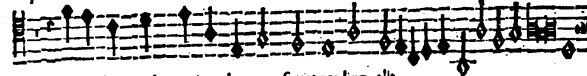
speake, your patience mo- ueth, Hating him that lo-



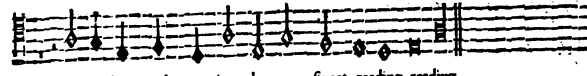
ueth, :||: your wrath preuents mee. That these my lmes, so



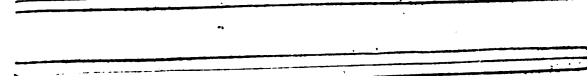
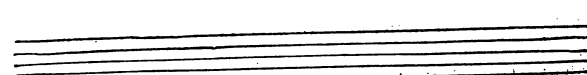
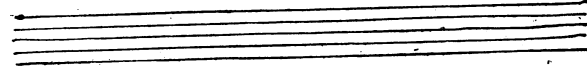
pen- sue, so pen- sue, may no way seeme offen- sue,



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



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

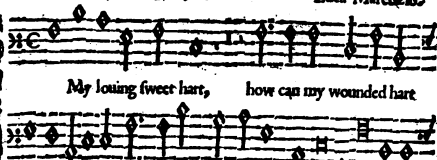


C.iii.

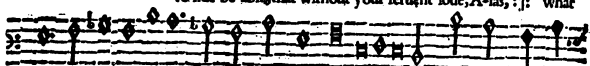
Ofs.

XIII. BASSVS.

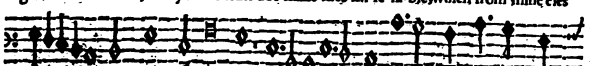
Luca Marenzio



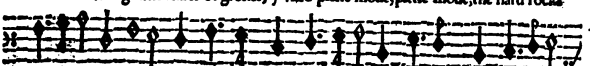
to lue be able, that without your feruent loue, A-las, :||: what



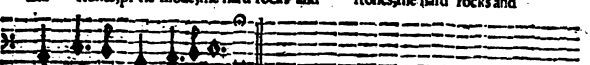
do wring such teares & grones, I vnto pittie moue, pittie moue, the hard rocks



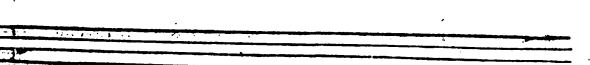
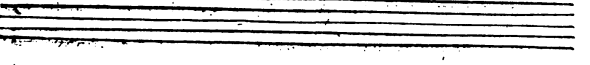
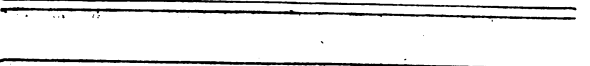
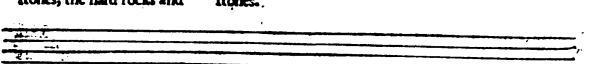
stones, the hard rocks and stones.



stones, the hard rocks and stones.



stones, the hard rocks and stones.

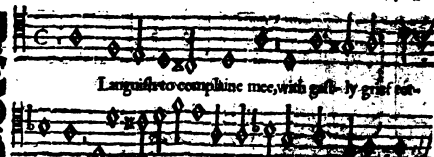


Ofs.

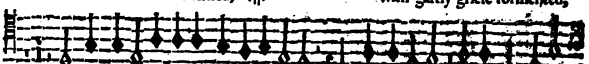
XV. BASSVS.

Alfon. Farabejo.

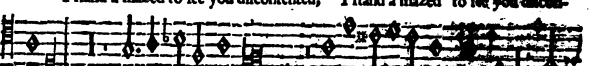
2. 3. 4.



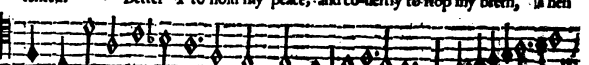
mented, :||: with gaily griefe tormented,



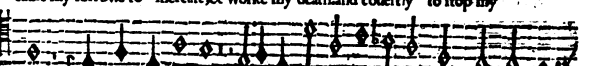
tentent. • Better I to hold my peace, and co-uertly to stop my breth, When



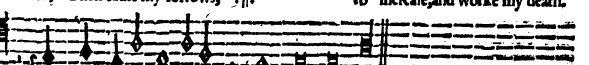
breth, Then cause my sorrows, :||: to increase, and worke my death,



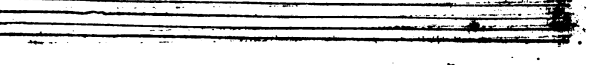
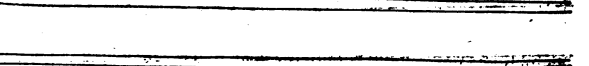
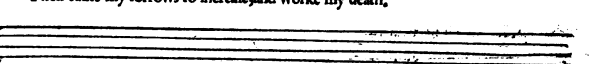
Then cause my sorrows to increase, and worke my death,



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



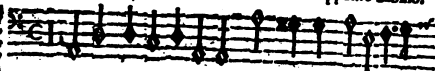
Then cause my sorrows to increase, and worke my death,



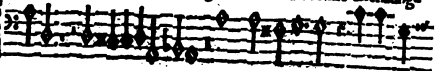
Of 9.

XVI. BASSVS.

Hippolito Sabino.

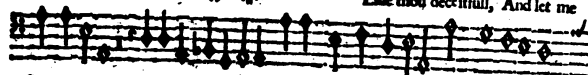


On how my colour rangeth, And death to life exchanging



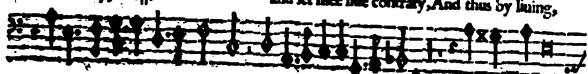
eth. ::

Lies thou deceitfull, And let me



live contrary, ::

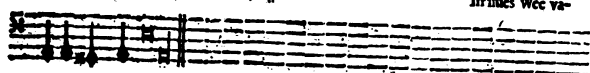
and let mee live contrary, And thus by living,



::

wee both live, ::

In lues wee va-



rie, in lues wee varie.

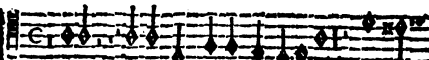


97

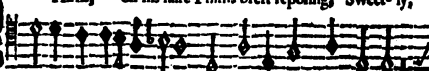
Of 9.

XVII.

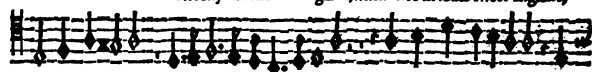
BASSVS.



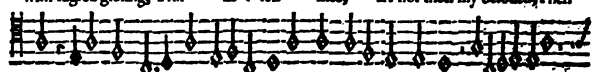
Hiris, on his faire Phillis brest reposing, Sweet-ly,



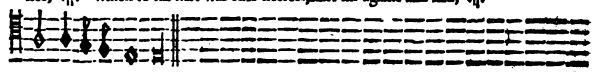
sweetly did languish, when shee in louses sweet anguish,



with sugred glofing, Thir- us ô tell mee, art not thou my beloved, Then



hee, :: which to his hart was euer neereft, Kist hir againe and said, ::



yes yes La-dy dearest.



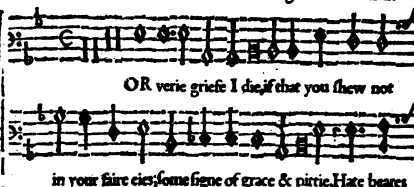
D

x

Of 5.

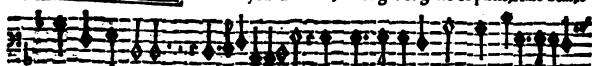
XVIII. BASSVS.

Rugiero Giomelli.



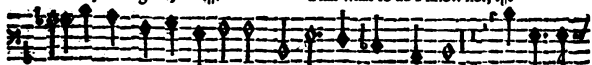
OR verie griefe I die, if that you shew not

in your faire cies, some signe of grace & pittie, Hate beares

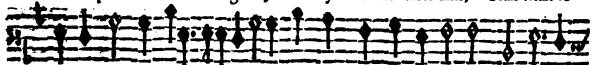


a way so mightie,

That what to do I know not, ¶

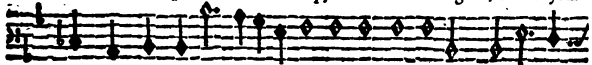


But pine with outward anguish, And for your owne sweet face, That what to



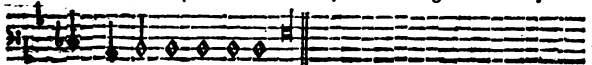
doe I know not, ¶

But pyne with outward anguish, And for your

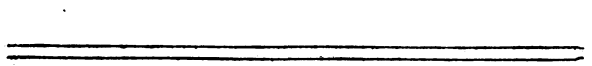
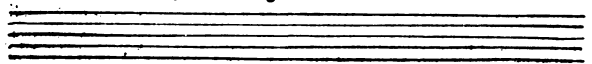


owne sweet face, ¶

my heart doth languish. And for your



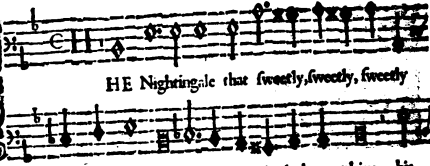
owne sweet face, my hart doth languish.



Of 5. The first part.

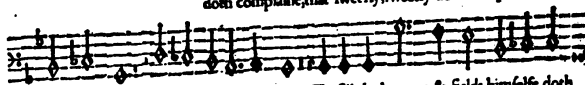
XIX. BASSVS.

Peter Phillips.

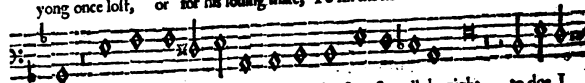


HE Nightingale that sweetly, sweetly, sweetly

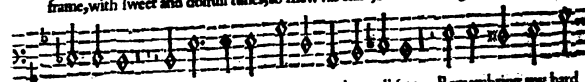
doth complaine, that sweetly, sweetly doth complaine, his



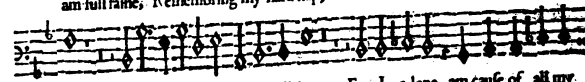
yong once lost, or for his losing mate, To fill the heauens & fields himselfe doth



frame, with sweet and dolfull tunes, so shew his state, So all the night, to doe I

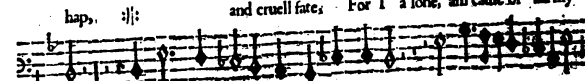


am full faine, Remembring my hard hap, and cruell fate, Remembring my hard

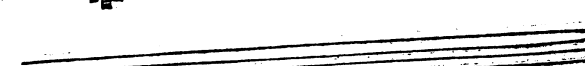
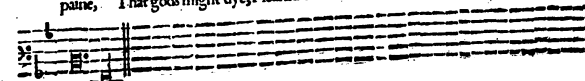


hap, ¶

and cruell fate, For I a lone, am cause of all my



paine, That gods might dye, I leard to know to late. That gods &c.

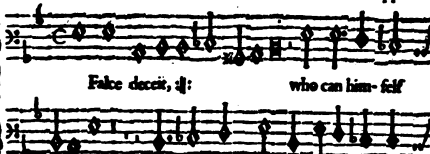


D.H.

669. The second part.

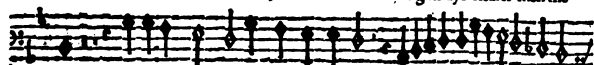
XX. BASSVS.

Peter Philippa.

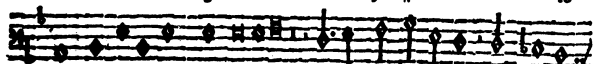


False deceit, who can him- self

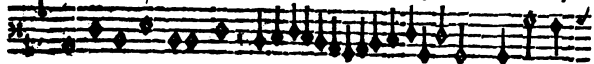
af- fect, Those two faire lights aye clearer then the



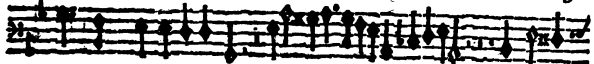
Sun, Who euer thought to see made so obscure, to



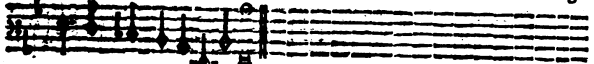
see made so obscure, Well now I see, Fortune doth me procure, To learne by



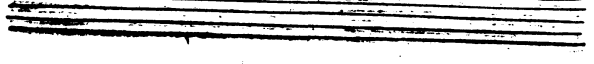
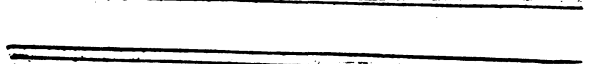
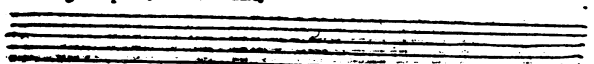
proofe in this case that I runne, that I runne, That nothing



king doth please, ne can indure. That nothing



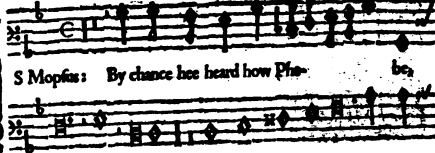
long doth please, ne can in- dure.



Of 3.

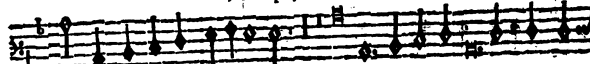
XXI. BASSVS.

Stephano Ventral.

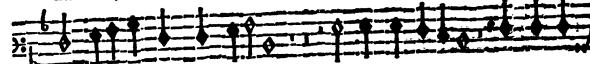


S Mopas: By chance hee heard how Pha- be,

ah, complayned, and pathes forth leading, Sore then



hee cried, and said she was disdaind, Long could he not then endue, But prof-

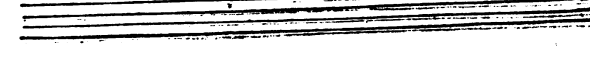
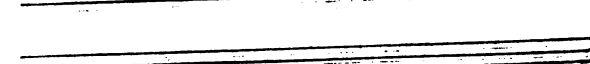
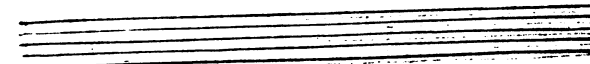
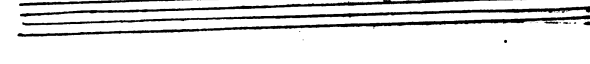
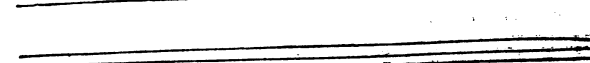
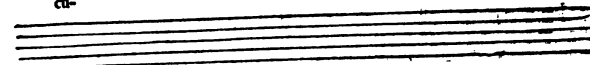


fered hir a false, hir wound to cure. But proffered hir a false, his request to



cu-

er.



D.ii.

Of 5.

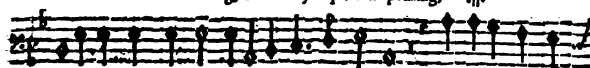
XXII. BASSVS.

Giouanni Feretri.

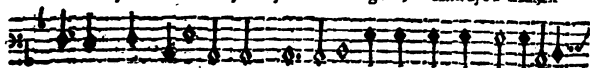


Less faire Nymphs, whilst fil- ly Lambes are fee-

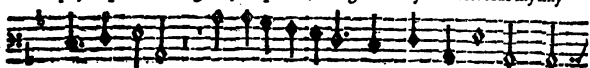
ding, Grant my request in spending, ::



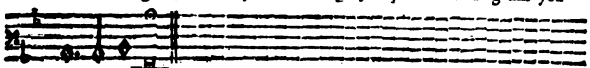
For your sweet loue my fil- ly hart doth languish, And dye I shall, ex-



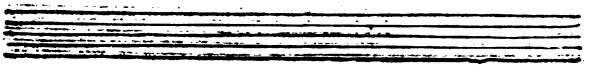
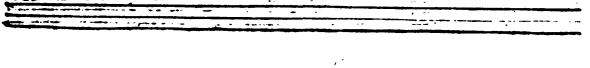
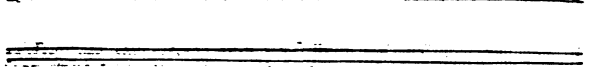
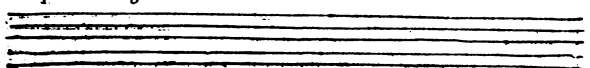
cept you quench the anguish, you quench the anguish, For your sweet loue my filly



hart doth languish, And dye I shall except you quench the Anguish, you



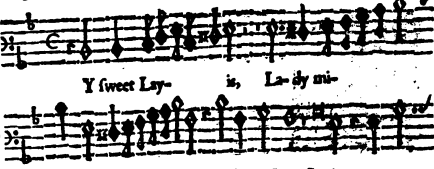
quench the anguish.



Of 5.

XXIII. BASSVS.

Giouanni di Macque.

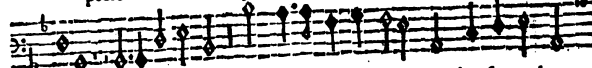


Y sweet Lay- is, La- dy mi-

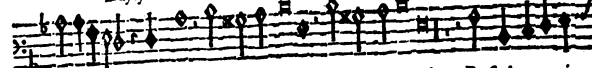
stres, :: Ladie mistres, Layis, aye mee,



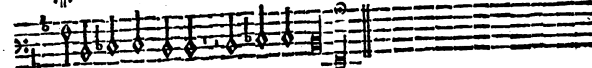
poore hart, poore hart, ah poore hart, ::



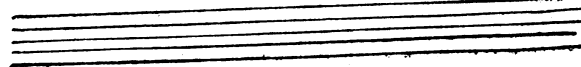
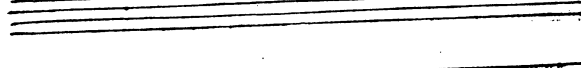
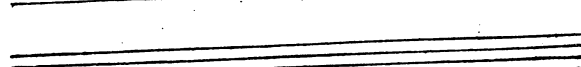
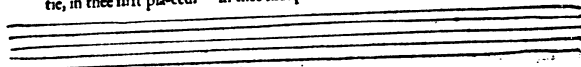
Dayly tormented, And deadly malecon- tented, Since thou for true loue,



shalt bee so sore disgraced, so sore disgraced, By fault enormi-



tie, in thee first pla- ced. in thee first pla- ced.



Of 5.

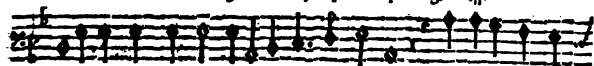
XXII. BASSVS.

Giouanni Feretti.

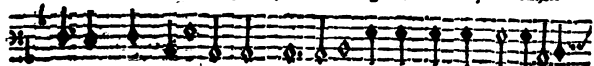


Less faire Nymphs, whilst fil-ly Lambes are fee-

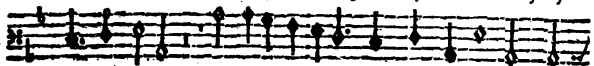
ding, Grant my request in speeding, :||:



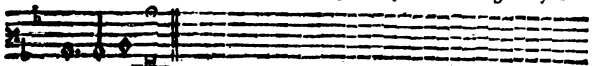
For your sweet loue my fil-ly hart doth languish, And dye I shall, ex-



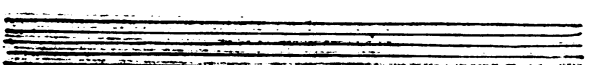
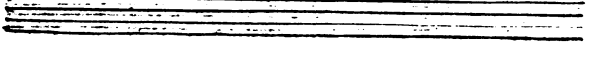
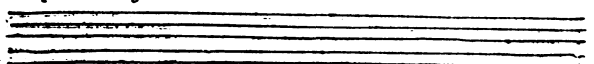
cept you quench the anguish, you quench the anguish. For your sweet loue my filly



hart doth languish, And dye I shall except you quench the Anguish, you



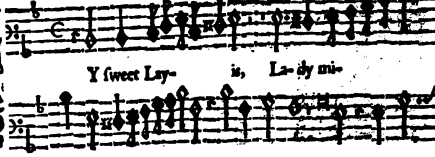
quench the anguish.



Of 5.

XXIII. BASSVS.

Giouanni di Marco.



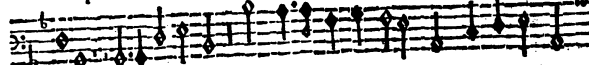
Y sweet Lay- is, La- dy mi-

stres, :||:

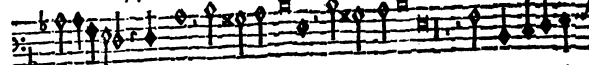
Ladie mistres, Layis, aye mee,



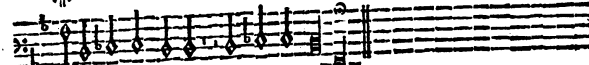
poore hart, poore hart, ah poore hart, :||:



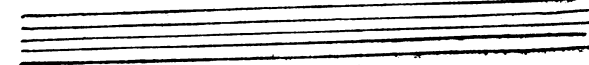
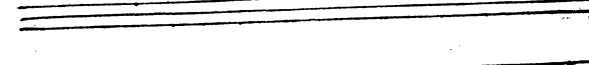
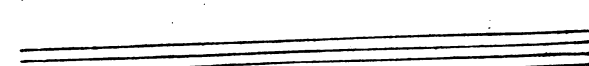
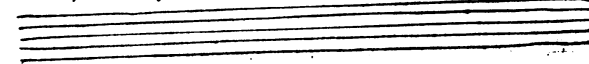
Dayly tormented, And deadly malecon-tented, Since thou for true loue,



:||: shalt bee so fore disgraced, so fore disgraced, By faule enormi-

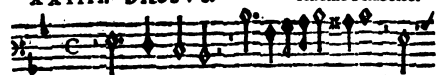


tic, in thee first pla-ced. in thee first pla-ced.



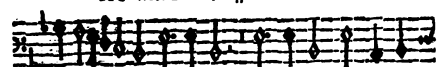
XXIIII. BASSVS.

Alfonso Perabosca.

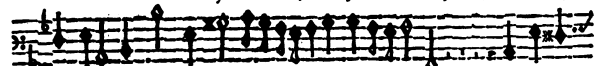


AY sweet Phillis, :||:

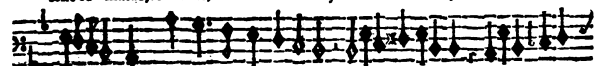
what



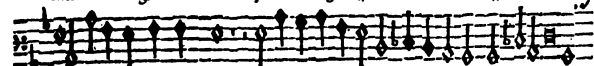
thy will is, Call thy selfe, Call thy selfe, Call thou thy



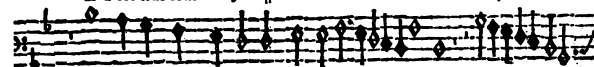
selfe to minde, no minde, call thou thy selfe to minde, cease his la-



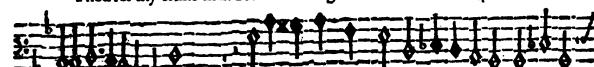
men- ting, which seeketh thy contenting, :||: :||:



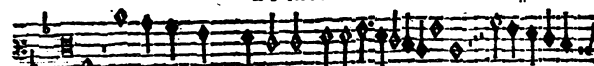
If I for true loue shall, :||: bee so rewarded, :||:



Thou for thy crime shalt bee no whit regar- ded. :||:



If I for true loue shall bee so rewarded, :||:



Thou for thy crime shalt bee no whit regar- ded. :||:



FINIS.