



The Treasury of Musick:
 CONTAINING
AYRES
 AND
DIALOGUES
 To Sing to the
THEORBO-LUTE
 OR
BASSE-VIOL.

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

In Three Books.



L O N D O N,

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

TO ALL LOVERS OF VOCALL MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN,



His Book hath found such generall welcome, that the Impression is all bought off, and I am called upon for more; which hath caused me to Reprint it, but with very large Additions: I have not given you all my store, but with good Advice Selected only such Ayres and Dialogues as are known to be Excellent, as well as now most in Request; and those so familiar and easie, as are usefull to the Teacher, and commodious for the Scholar, especially such as live Remote from London. The Musick is of Three Varieties, and is therefore printed distinct: First, those for One Voyce, next for Two, and then those for Three: The whole contains One hundred twenty foure choice Songs, and all (except very few) of late Compositions, In the setting forth of which, my care, pains, and charge hath not been small, by procuring true and exact Coppies, and dayly attending the oversight of the Presse, as no prejudice might redound either to the Authors or Buyer: And herein I resolve to meet with those Mistakers, who have taken up a new (but very fond) opinion, That Musick cannot as truly be Printed as Prick'd, (and which is more ridiculous) that no Choice Ayres or Songs are permitted by Authors to come in print, though 'tis well known that the best Musickall Compositions, either of our owne or Strangers, have been and are tendered to the World by the Printers hand; To convince the former, and to testifie my Gratitude to those Excellent Masters, from whose owne hands I received most of these Compositions; doe I say thus much, that this my present Endewor and care in the true and exact publishing this Book will redound to Publick Benefit, and the Authors Reputation, as well as my owne Advantage; which may give yet further Incouragement to

A Faithfull Servant to all Lovers of Musick,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Courteous Sirs,
Because I mean to deal very openly, and cover nothing (though never so small) I must beg the Buyer to take notice that the
Folia from 52 to 62 are mistaken by the Printer; As for other Errata's in the Musick (whereof all Books have some) they
are so very few, small and inconsiderable, that I hope I shall need only to crave the judicious to mend with their Pen.

A Catalogue of Musick Books sold by John Playford at his Shop in the Temple.

Books for Vocal Musick.

1. Mr. Wilby's Madrigals of 3, 4, 5 and 6 Voyces.
2. Orlando Gibon's 5 Parts for Viols and Voyces.
3. Dr. Champian's Ayres for 1, 2, or 3 Voyces.
4. Mr. Walter Porter's first set of Ayres and Madrigals for 2, 3, 4, and 5 Voyces, with a Through Bass; for the Organ or Theorbo Lute, the Italian way: Printed 1639.
5. Mr. Walter Porter's second Set of Psalms or Anthems for two voyces to the Organ or Theorbo-Lute: Printed 1657.
6. Mr. William Child (late Organist of his Majesties Chappel at Windsor) his Psalms for three voyces, after the Italian way, to be sung to the Organ, the which are Engraven on Copper plates: Printed 1656.
7. Select Ayres and Dialogues by Dr. Wilton, Dr. Colman, Mr. Henry Lawes, and others: Reprinted with large Additions 1659.
8. Ayres and Dialogues set forth by Mr. H. Lawes, viz. his { First Book fol. Printed 1653. { Second Book fol. Printed 1655. { Third Book fol. Printed 1658.
9. Mr. John Gamble his first and second book of Ayres and Dialogues, first printed 1657, second 1659.
10. A Book of Catches and Rounds collected and published by John Hilton 1651, and now with large additions by John Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.
11. An Introduction to the Skill of Musick, Vocall and Instrumentall, with Instructions for the Violin by J. Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.
12. The Art of Descant, or composing Musick in parts, written by Dr. Champian, and enlarged by Mr. Christopher Simpson, printed 1655.

Books for Instrumental Musick.

1. Mr. East Set of Fancies for Viols, containing 6 Fantazies for two Bals-Viols, 9 Fantazies for two Trebles and a Bass, and 12 Fantazies of 4 parts.
2. Court Ayres, of two parts, Bass and Treble, Viols or Violins, containing 245 Ayres, Corants and Sarabands, Composed by Dr. Coleman, Mr. William Lawes, Mr. John Jenkins, Mr. Ben. Rogers of Windsor; Mr. Christopher Symphon, and others: Printed 1656.
3. Mr. Matthew Lock his Little Consort of Three parts, Pavans, Almains, Corants and Sarabands, for Two Trebles and a Bass, for Viols or Violins: Printed 1657.
4. Musicks Recreation on the Lyra Viol, Containing 100 Lessons, viz. Preludiums, Almains, Corants, Sarabands, and several new and pleasant Tunes for the Lyra Viol, with Instructions for beginners: printed 1656.
5. A Book of New Lessons for the Cithren and Gittern, containing many new and pleasant Tunes, with plain and easie Instructions for Beginners thereon: Printed 1659.
6. The Dancing Master, containing 132 New and Choice Country Dances, Directing the Learner the manner how to understand the several Figures and Movements thereof; Also the Tunes set over each Dance, very useful to such as Praetise on the Treble Violin; In which Book is added 42 French Corants, and other Tunes to be plaid on the Treble Violin: printed 1657.

All sorts of Rul'd Paper for Musick ready Ruled, also Books of several Sizes ready bound up of very good Ruled Paper; Also very good Inke to prick Musick.

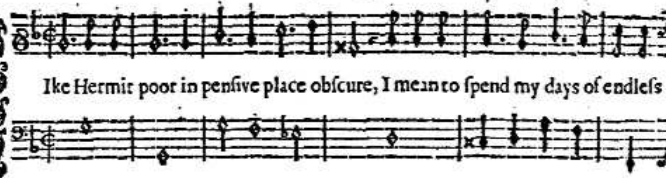
Musick Books shortly to come forth.

A most Excellent Treatise of Musick, Entitled, *The Violist*, or an Introduction to play Division to a Ground, Teaching all things necessary to the Knowledge of the Viol, as also the Rudiments of Composition by a Method more short and easie then hath been heretofore delivered. Written by the most Knowing Master of that Instrument, Mr. Christopher Simpson.

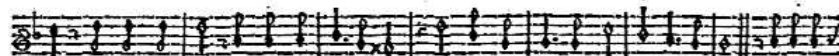
Also a Book for the *Virginals*, containing variety of new and choice Lessons, also Toys, and Jigs, Fitted for the practice of young Learners.

[1]

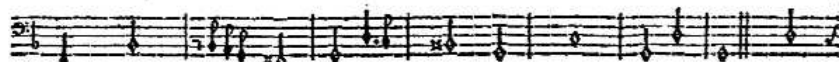
A Lovers Melancholy Repose.



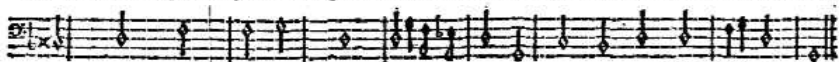
Ike Hermit poor in pensive place obscure, I mean to spend my days of endless



doubt to wait such woes as time cannot recure, where none but love shall ever find me out. And at my



gates, and at my gates despair shall linger still, to let in death, to let in death when love and fortune wil.



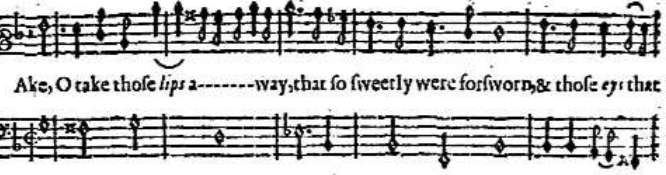
Mr. Nich. Lantaro.

A Gowne of gray my body shall attire,
My staffe of broken hope whereon I'll stay,
Of late repentance linkt with long desire,
The Couch is fram'd whereon my limbe I lay,
And at my gates, &c.

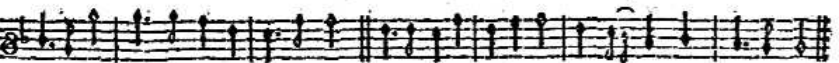
My food shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drink nought else but tears ta'n from mine eyes,
And for my light in this obscure shade,
The flame may serve, which from my heart arise,
And at my gates,

Loves ingratitude.

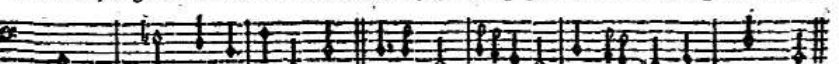
made by Shakespeare



Ake, O take those lips a-----way, that so sweetly were forsworn, & those eyes that



break of days, light that do mislead the morn, but my kisses bring again seals of love though seals in vain.



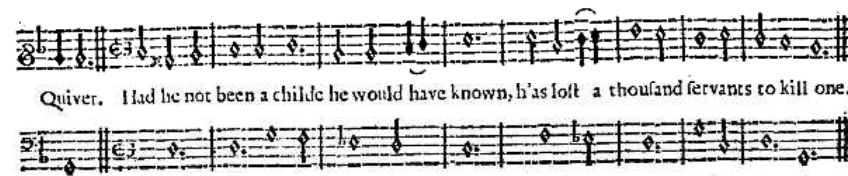
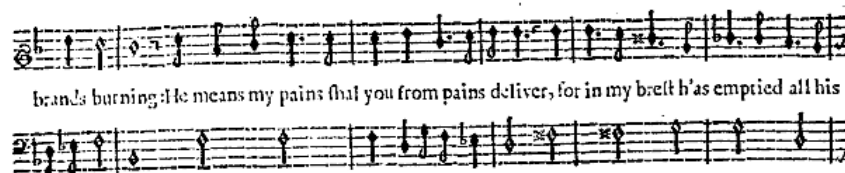
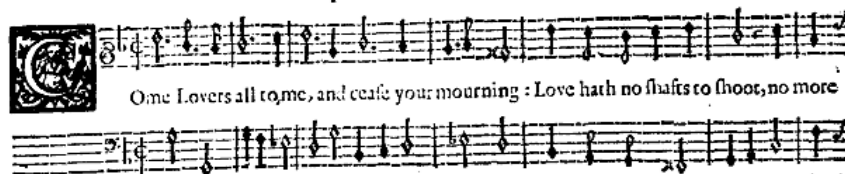
Dr. Wilson.

Hide, O hide those Hills of Snow
That thy frozen Blossome bears;
On whose tops the Pinks that grow,
Are yet of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in thole icy Chaines by thee.

P. B. S.

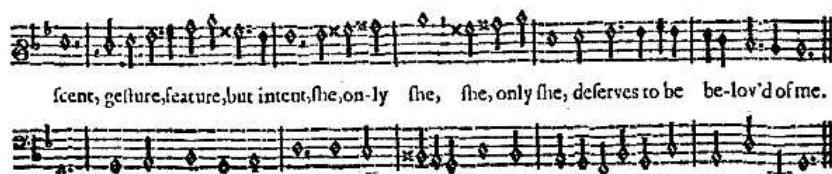
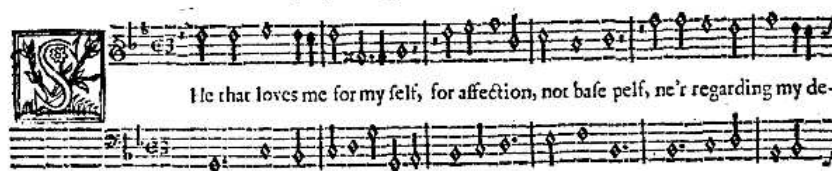
[2]

Cupid's weak Artillery.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

Love preferring Virtue above Wealth.



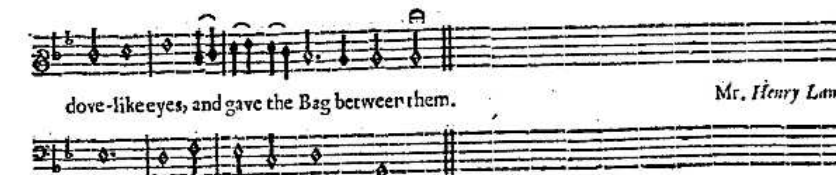
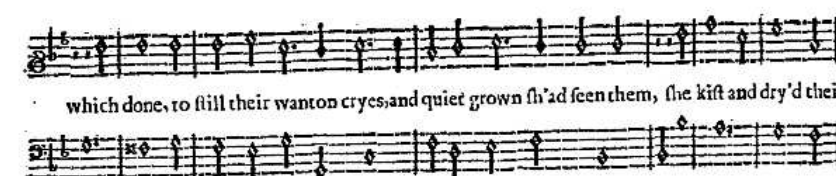
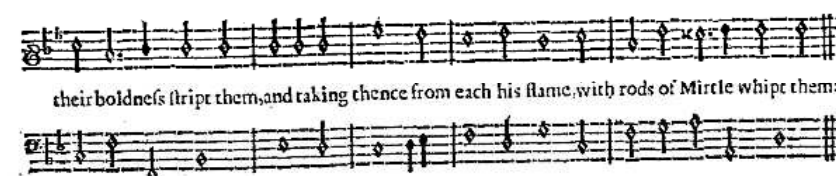
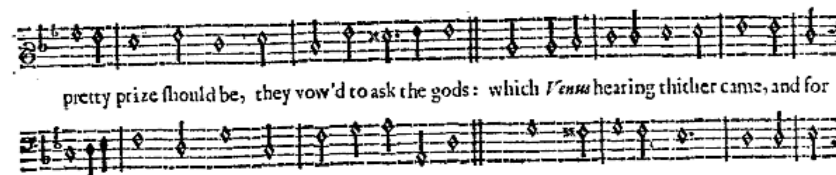
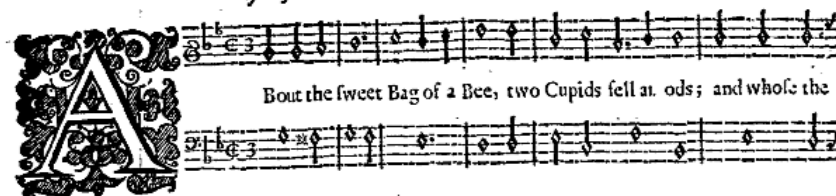
Mr. William Web.

She that loves me for no end,
But because I am her friend;
Never doubting my desire,
But believ'd it sacred fire;
She only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

She that loves me with resolve
Ne'er to alter till dissolve;
Slighting all things, that stern face
May hereafter seem to threat:
She, only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

[3]

A strife betwixt two Cupids reconciled.



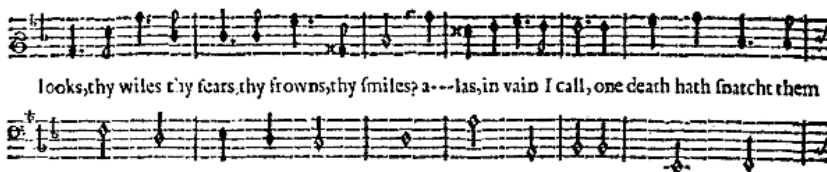
Mr. Henry Lawes.

[4]

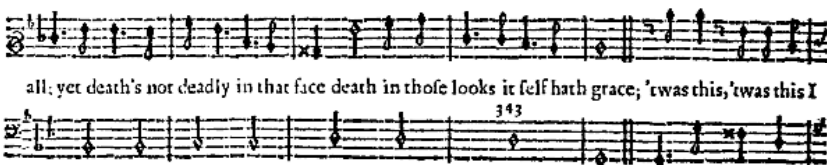
Venus lamenting her lost Adonis.



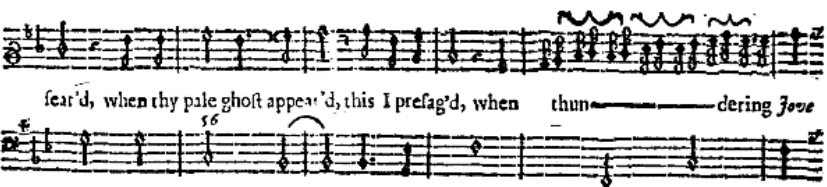
Ake my Adonis, do not die, one life's enough for thee and I; where are thy



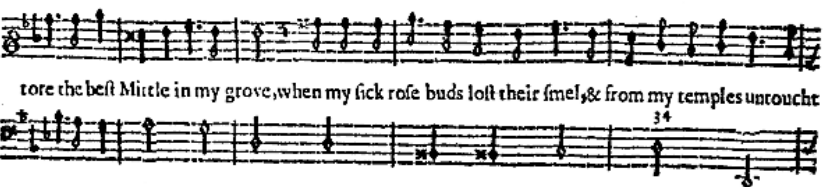
looks, thy wiles thy fears, thy frowns, thy smiles? alas, in vain I call, one death hath snatcht them



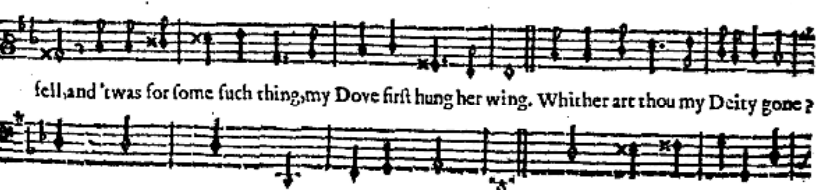
all: yet death's not deadly in that face death in those looks it self hath grace; 'twas this, 'twas this I



fear'd, when thy pale ghost appear'd, this I presag'd, when thund'ring Jove

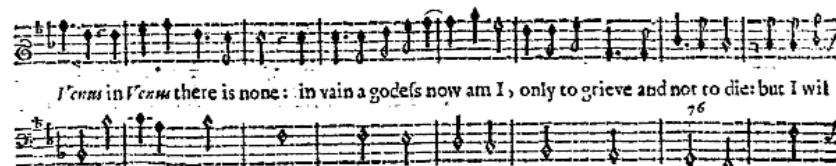


tore the best Mistle in my grove, when my sick rose buds lost their smell, & from my temples untoucht

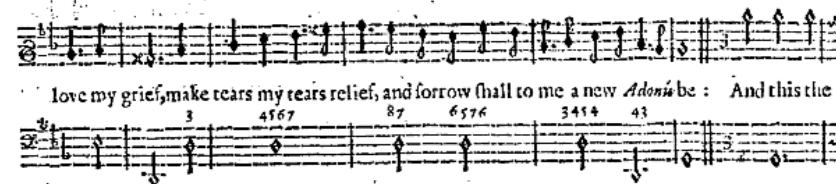


fell, and 'twas for some such thing, my Dove first hung her wing. Whither art thou my Deity gone?

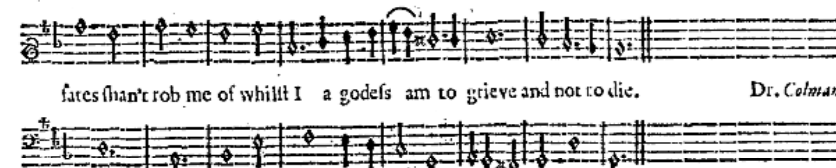
[5]



I'ems in Venus there is none: in vain a goddess now am I, only to grieve and not to die: but I will



love my griefs, make tears my fears relief, and sorrow shall to me a new Adonis be: And this the



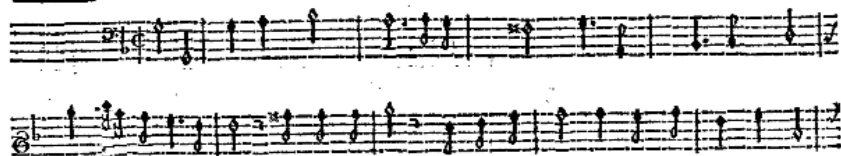
fates shan't rob me of whilst I a goddess am to grieve and not to die.

Dr. Colman.

To his Love Answering No.



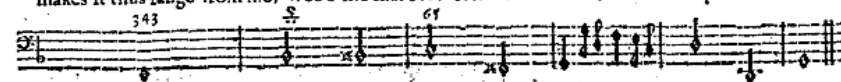
Tay, stay, O stay, that heart, I vow 'tis mine; ravish'd from hence by her whose parts divine;



words cannot fully speak, now seeks her cure, whose on--ly No, sent from her lips most pure,



makes it thus range from me, woe's me that No, lost me that heart, and fills its place with woe.

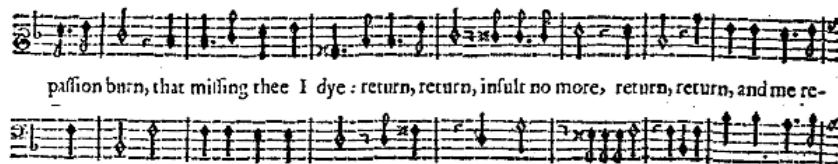


O hold it fast, I come yet let it fly,
I cannot move, 'tis pity both should dy;
Perhaps she may relent, and with one yea
Give us a second life, treble our bliss;
If not, farewell my heart, I've pleas'd mine eyes:
Since thou art lost, sees thee her sacrifice.

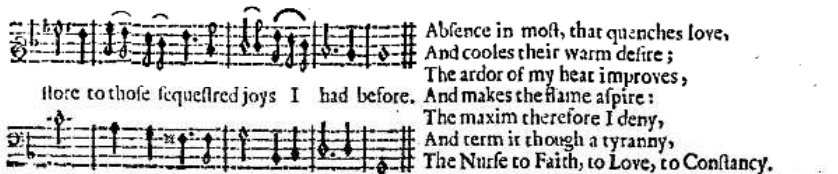
Dr. Colman.

On his Loves Absence.

Ring back my comfort and return, for well thou know'st that I in such a vigorous



passion burn, that mising thee I dye: return, return, insult no more, return, return, and me re-

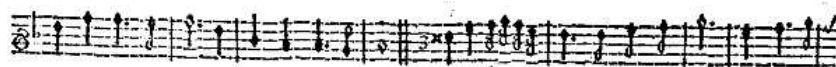
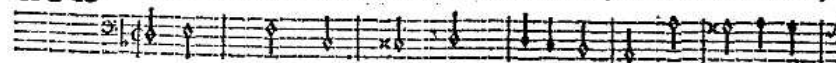


store to those sequestred joys I had before. Absence in most, that quenches love,
And cooles their warm desire;
The ardor of my heart improves,
And makes the flame aspire:
The maxim therefore I deny,
And term it though a tyranny,
The Nurse to Faith, to Love, to Constancy.

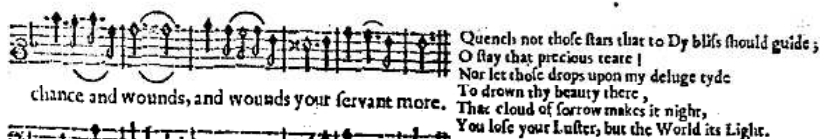
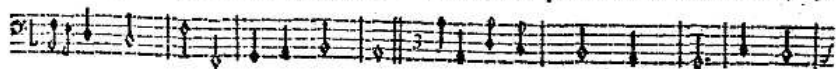
Mr. Edward Colman.

Beauty clouded with grief.

My dearest should you weep, when I relate the story of my woe? let not the swarthy



mill of my black fate o'recall thy beauty so: For each rich pearl lost on that score adds to mis-



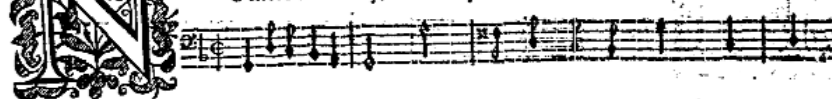
chance and wounds, and wounds your servant more.

Quench not those stars that to thy bliss should guide;
O stay that precious teare!
Nor let those drops upon my deluge tyde
To drown thy beauty there,
That cloud of sorrow makes it night,
You lose your Luster, but the World its Light.

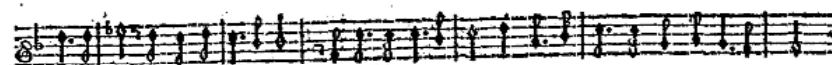
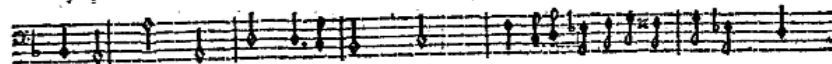
Mr. Edward Colman.

On Loves Artillery.

O more blind Boy, for see my heart is made thy quiver, where remains no



voyd place for an-other dart; and a--lls that conquest gains small prayse, that on-ly brings a-



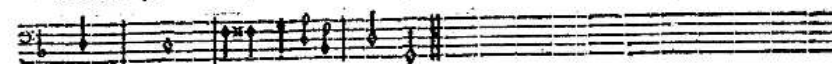
way a tame and un-resisting prey: behold a noble Foe all arm'd, desires thy weak Ar-til-le-ry,



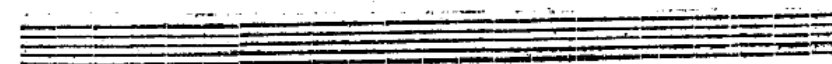
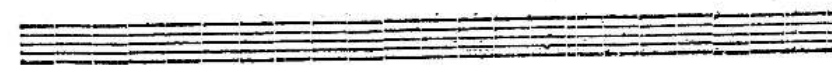
that hath thy bow and quiver charm'd, a Rebell Beauty conqu'ring thee; if thou dar'st e-quill



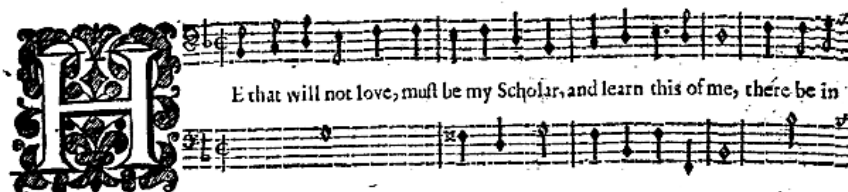
combate try, wound her, for 'tis for her I dye.



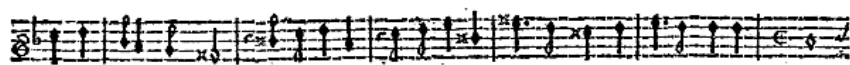
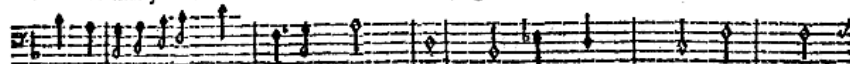
Mr. Jeremy Savil.



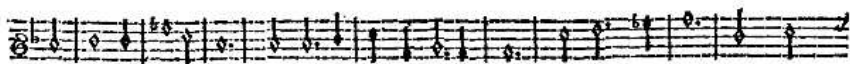
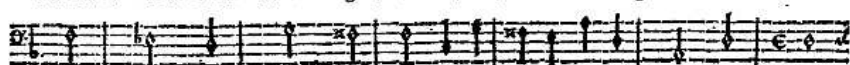
On the Vicissitudes of Love.



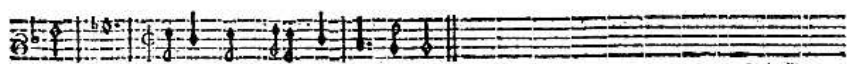
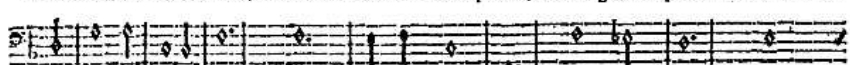
love as many fears as the Summer corn hath ears; sighs, and sobs, and troubles more than the



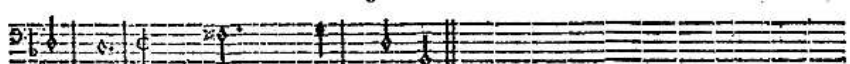
land that makes the shoar: Now an Ague, then a Fever, both tormenting Lovers e-ver. Wouldit



thou know besides all these, how hard a Woman 'tis to please? how high she's priz'd whose worth's

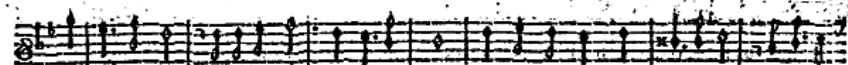
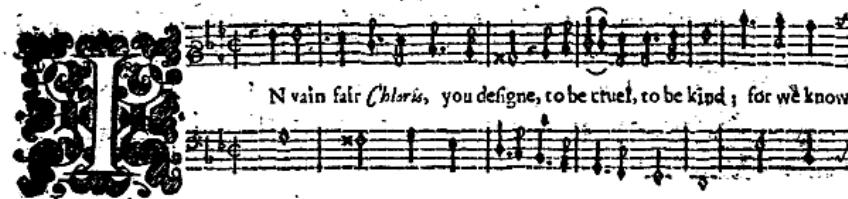


but small? little thou'lt love, or nought at all.

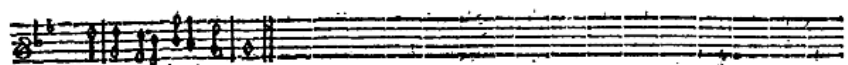
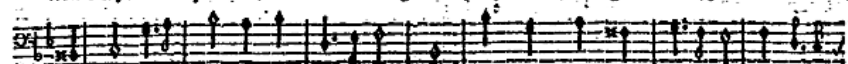


Mr. William Lawes.

A false designe to be cruel.

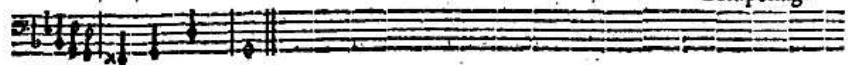


with all your arts, you never hold but willing hearts; men are too wise grown to expire with broken



shafts, and painted fire.

The Lady Deering's
Composing.



II.

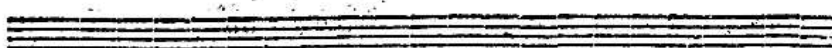
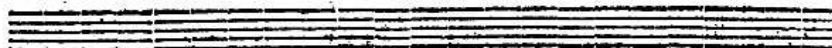
And if among a thousand Swains
Some one of Love, or Fate complains;
And all the stars in heav'n conspire,
With *Clara's* lip, or *Celia's* eye:
'Tis not their love the Youth would chuse,
But the glory to refuse.

III.

Then wisely make your prize of those
Want wit, or courage to oppose;
But tempt me not that can discover
What will redeem the fondest Lover:
And flee the list, lest it appear
Your pow'r is measur'd by our fear.

IV.

So the rude wave securely shocks
The yielding Bark, but the stiff rocks
If it attempt, how soon again
Broke and dissolv'd it fills the Main:
It foams and roars, but we deride
Alike its weakness, and its pride.



Constancy in Love.

Is not it^h pow'r of all thy scorn or un-renting hate, to quench my
flames, or make them burn with heat more temperate: still do I struggle with despair, and ever
court disdain; and though you ne'r prove lesse severe, He dote up--on my pain.

(3) Yet meaner beauties cannot claime
In Love this tyranny,
They must pretend an equal flame,
Or else our passions die:
You faire *Clarinda* you alone
Are priz'd at such a rate,
To have a Votary of one
Whom you do reprobate.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

On Inconstancy.

Mistake me not, I am as cold as hot: Mistake me not, I am as cold as hot:
Although my tongue betray my heart ore night, ere morn, ere morn, ere morn I'm alter'd quite.

II. Sometime I burn, and straight to Ice I turn,
Ther's nothing so unconstant as my mind,
I change ♫ ♫ with every wind.

III. Perhaps in jest, I said I lov'd thee best,
But 'twas no more, then what not long before
I vow'd ♫ ♫ to twenty more.

IV. Then prethee see, thou giv'st no heed to me;
For when I cannot keep my word a day,
What hope ♫ ♫ hadst thou to stay.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

On Womens Inconstancy.

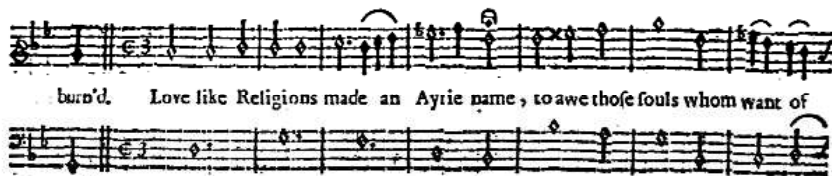
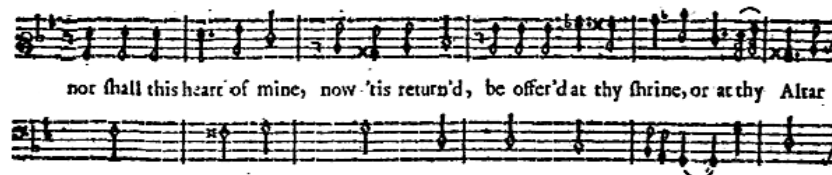
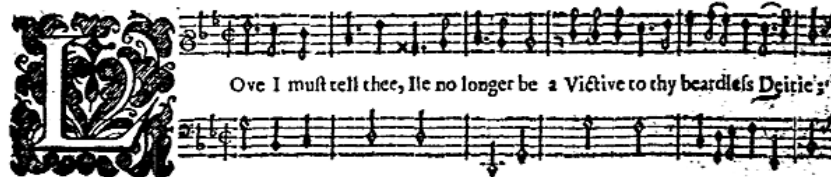
Atch me a Star that's fal-ling from the Skie, Cause an Immortal
creature for to die; Stop with thy hand the Current of the Seas; Peirce the earths Center

to th' Antipodies; Cause Time return, and call back Yesterday, Cloath *Ja-nu-ary* like the

moneth of *May*; Weigh me an ounce of Flame, Blow back the wind; Then hast thou found

Faith in a Womans mind.

John Playford.

A Resolution not to Love.

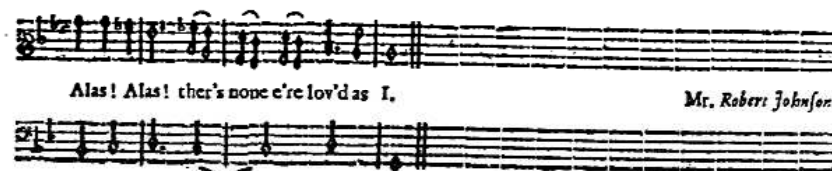
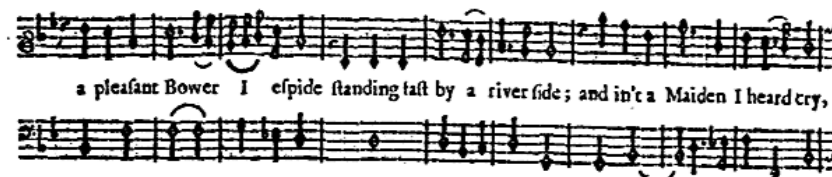
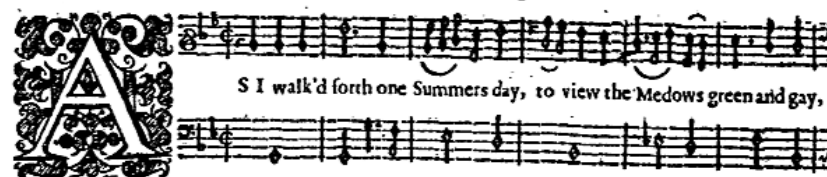
John Playford.

II.

Ther's no such thing as Quiver, Shaft, or Bow,
Nor do's Love wound, but we Imagine so:
Or if it do's perplex and grieve the mind,
'Tis the poor masculine self: women no sorrow find.
'Tis not our parts or person that can move 'um,
Nor is 'e-mens worth, but wealth, makes women love 'um.

III.

Reason henceforth, not Love, shall be my guide,
Our fellow Creatures shan't be deicide:
Ile now a Rebell be, and so pull down
That distaff: Hierarchy and females fanci'd crown,
In these unbridled times who will not strive
To free his neck from all prerogative.

A Forsaken Lovers Complaint.

Mr. Robert Johnson.

II.

Then round the meadow did she walk,
Catching each flower by the stalk;
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,
The *Dead-mans Thumb*, an Hearb all blew,
And as she pull'd them, still cry'd she,
Alas! Alas! none e're lov'd like me.

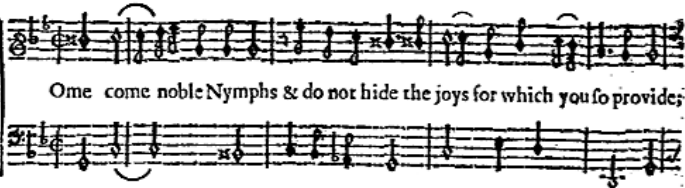
III.

The Flowers of the sweetest sent
She bound about with knotty Bents,
And as she bound them up in Bands
She wept, she sigh'd and wrung her hands,
Alas! Alas! Alas! cry'd she,
Alas! none was e're lov'd like me.

IV.

When she had fill'd her Apron full
Of such greene things as she could cull,
The green leaves serv'd her for a Bed
The Flowers were the Pillow for her head:
Then down she laid, ne'r more did speak;
Alas! Alas! with Love her heart did break.

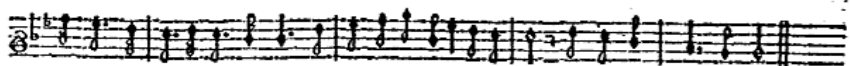
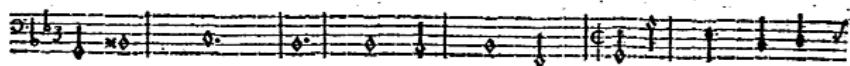
At a Masque, to invite the Ladies to Dance.



Ome come noble Nymphs & do not hide the joys for which you so provide;



If not to mingle with us men, what make you here? go home a-gen. Your dressings do confesse



by what we see, so curious parts of *Pallas*; and *Arachnes* Arts, that you could mean no less.



II.

Mr. William Webb.

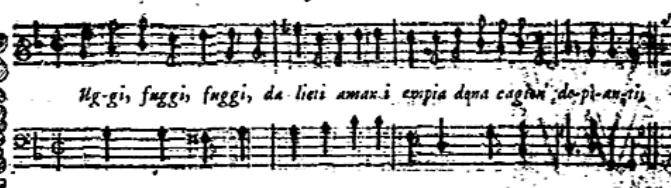
Why do you were the Silk-worms toyls?
Or glory in the Shel-fish spoils?
Or strive to shew the grains of Ore
That you have gathered long before?
Whereof to make a Stock
To graft the greener Emrauld on,
Or any better water'd Stone,
Or Ruby of the Rock.

III.

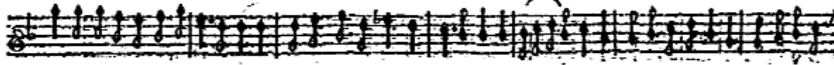
Why do you smell of Amber-greece,
Whereof was formed *Neptunes* Neece,
The Queen of Love? unless you can
Like Sea-born *Venus*, love a man?
Try, put your selves unto't:
Your Looks, and Smiles, and Thoughts that meet;
Ambrosian-hands, and Silver-feet,
Do promise you will do't.



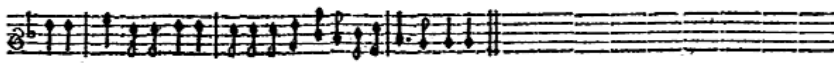
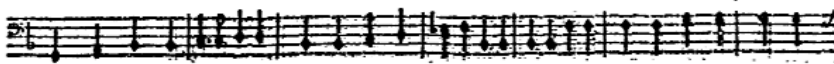
An Italian Ayre.



Ug-gi, fuggi, fuggi, da lieti amari empia d'una cagion de-plangia



Che non sia per essere Crudele ma per essere ingrata & infidele ogni core t'ha ni horrore, fuggi, fuggi,

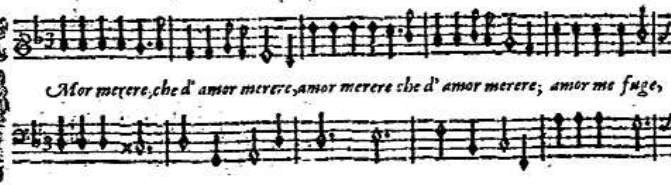


fuggi, che chi ti mira perche vivi pe-ange e sos pira.



*Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, fallace sera
Frede in fernalc empia ma gera
Che se bene hai di donna l'aspetto
Di furia un core nascendi nel petto
Tutta danno int' inganno
Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, ch'ogni un che t'ama
Il tuo ben giange, e il tuo mal brama.*

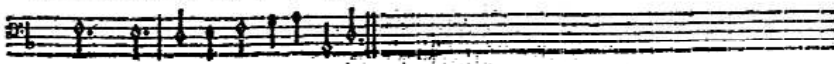
A French Ayre.



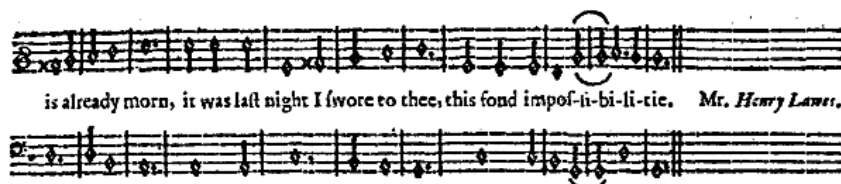
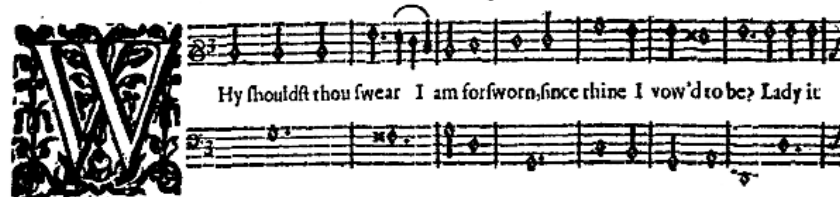
Mor merere, che d' amor merere, amor merere che d' amor merere, amor me fuge,



amor me struge, non poi a pue, non poi a pue.



Loves Scrutiny.

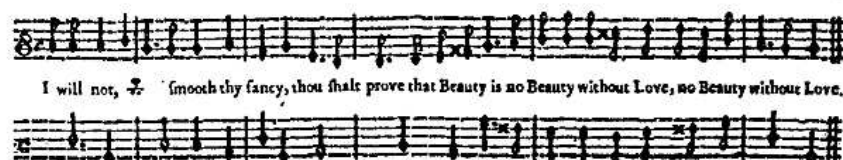
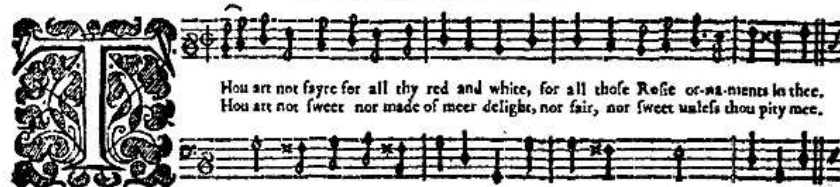


II.
Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve houres space?
I should all other Beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Should I still dote upon thy face.

III.
Not that all Joyes in thy brown hair
By others may be found:
But I will search the black, the fair,
Like skillfull Mineralists that foun'd
For treasures in unplow'd ground.

IV.
Then if when I have lov'd thee round,
Thou prove the pleasant she,
In spoyle of meaner Beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Ev'n sated with variety.

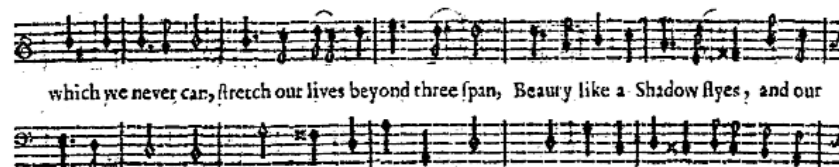
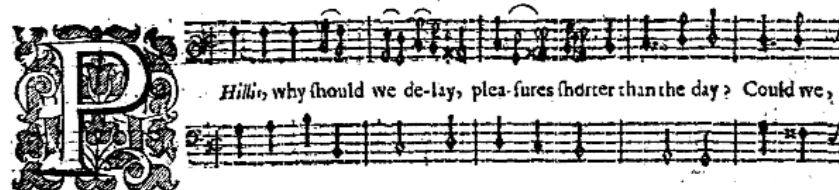
No Beauty without Love.



II.
Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it now divine;
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
I'll not be wrapt up in those armes of thine.
Now shew if thou be a woman right,
Embrace, and kiss, and love me in despite.

Mr. Nich. Lammere.

Delays in Love breeds Danger.

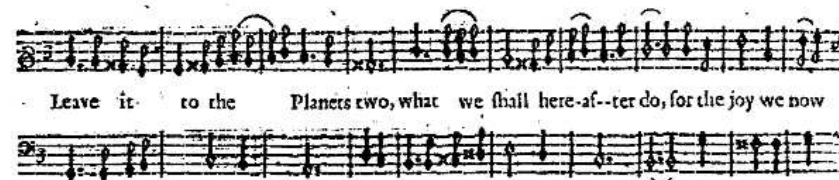


II.

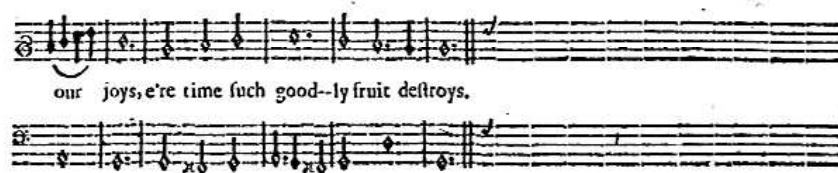
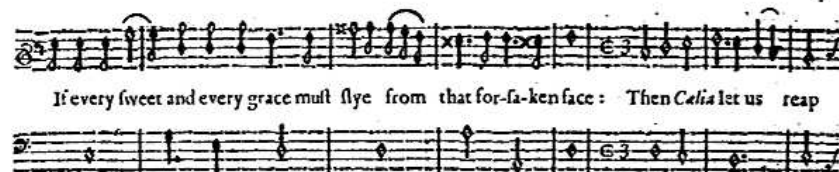
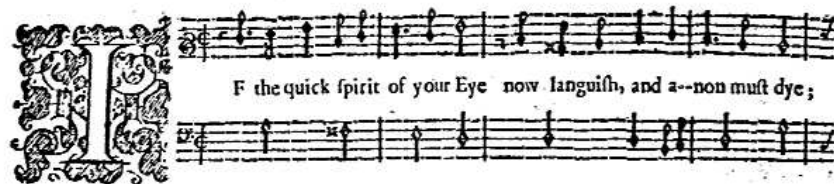
Or would Youth and Beauty stay,
Love ha's wings, and will away;
Love ha's swifter wings than time,
Change in love too oft do's chime;
Gods that never change their state,
Very oft their love and hate.

III.

Phillis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us now;
Let not you and I require
What ha's been our past desire;
On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd.

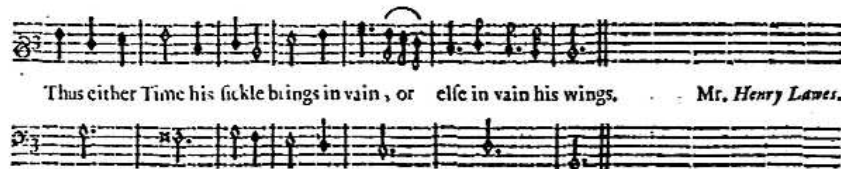


On Calia's Coyneffe.



II.

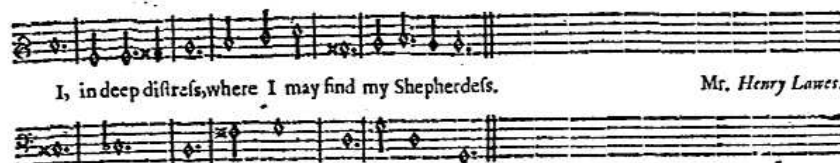
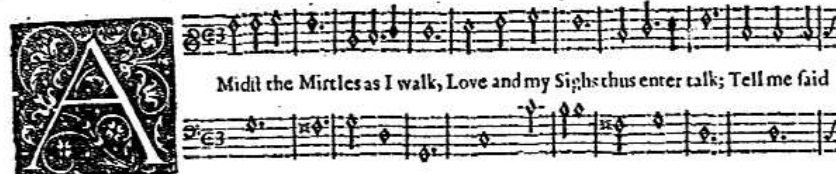
Or if that Golden Fleece must grow, for ever free from aged Snow;
If those bright Suns must know no shade, nor your fresh Beauty ever fade;
Then Calia feare not to bellow,
What still being gather'd, Will must grow.



Thus either Time his fickle brings in vain, or else in vain his wings. Mr. Henry Lawes.



Loves sweet Repose.



I, in deep distreſs, where I may find my Shepherdess.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Then Fool (said Love) know'lt thou not this,
In every thing that's good she is,
In yonder Tulip go and seek,
There thou shalt find her Lip and Cheek.

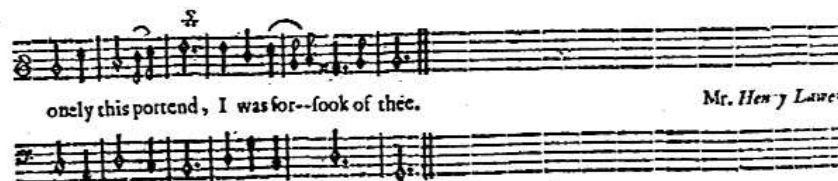
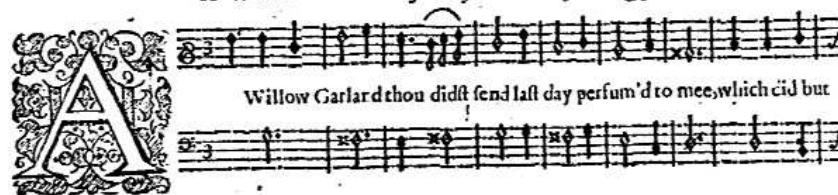
'Tis true, said I, and thereupon;
And went and pluckt them one by one
To make a part a union,
But on a suddain all was gone.

In that inamell'd Fancy by
There shalt thou find her curious Eye;
In bloom of Peach, in Roses bud
There wave the streams of her bloud.

At which I stopt; said Love, these bee
Fond man, resemblances of thee;
For as these Flowers thy joy must dye,
Even in the turning of an eye.

And all thy hopes of her must wither,
As do those Flowers when knit together.

A Willow Garland sent for a Newyears-gift.



only this portend, I was for--look of thee.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

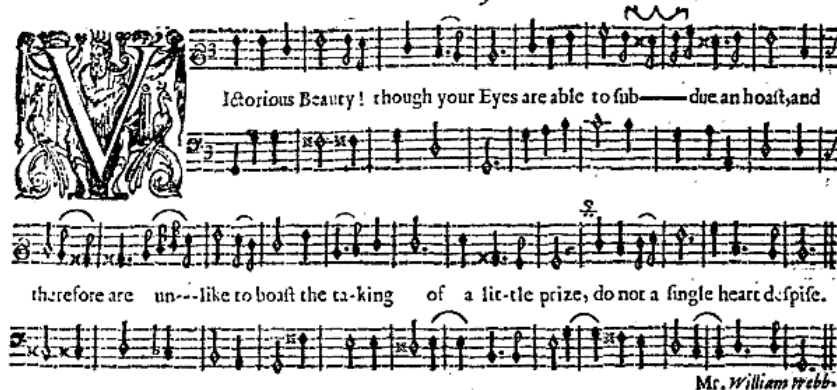
II.

Since that it is, I'll tell the what,
To morrow thou shalt see
Me wear the Willow, after that
To dye upon the tree.

III.

As Beasts unto the Alter go
With Garlands, so I
Will with my Willow wreath also
Come forth, and sweetly die.

Loves Victory.



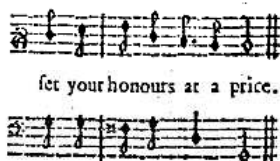
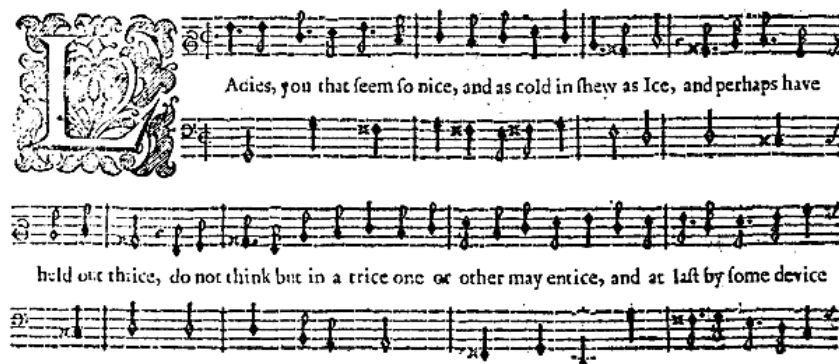
II.
I came alone, but yet so arm'd
With former love I durst have sworn
That as that privy coat was worn,
With characters of beauty charm'd,
Thereby I might have escap'd unharm'd.

IV.
But neither steel nor stony brasse
Are proofs against those looks of thine,
Nor can a beauty lesse divide,
By any heart be long posselt,
Where you intend an interell.

III.
The Conquest in regard of me,
Alas is small! but in respect
Of her that did my Love protect,
Where it divulg'd, deserv'd to be
Recorded for a Victorie.

V.
And such a one as chance to view
Her lovely face, perhaps may stay,
Though you have stole my heart away;
If all your servants prove not true,
May steal a heart or two from you.

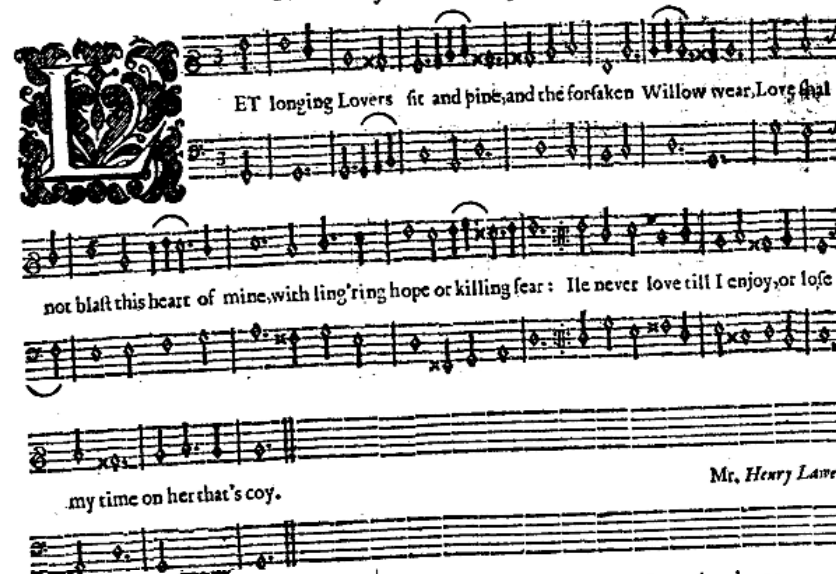
Diswasion from Presumption.



You whose smooth and dainty skin,
Rose lips, or cheeks, or chin,
All that gaze upon you win,
Yet insult not, sparks within,
Slowly burn ere flames begin,
And presumption still hath bin
Held a most notorious sin.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

The Careless Lovers Resolution.

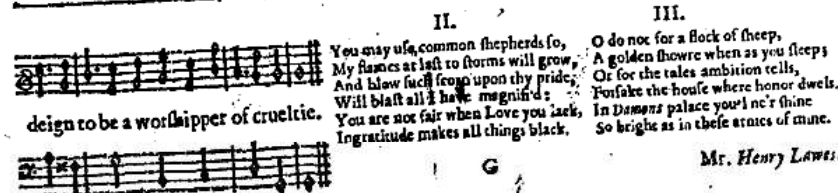
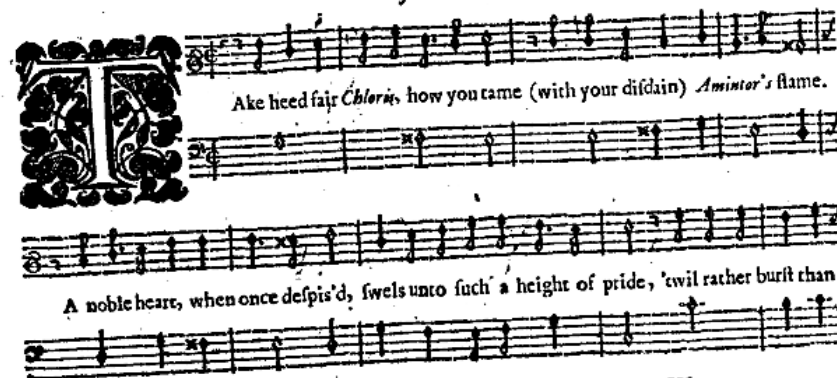


Mr. Henry Lawes.

If Ladies call us to the field,
And all their Colours there display,
Alasse! they needs must to us yield,
Since we are better arm'd than they;
'Tis folly then to beg or whine
For us that are born Masculine.

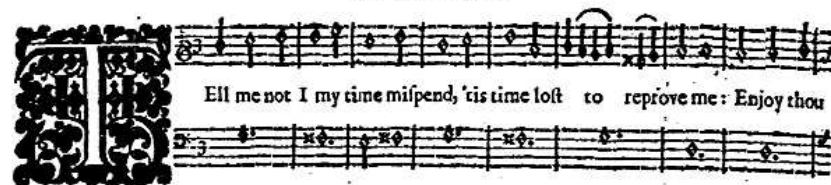
Then Lovers learn your strength to know,
And you may overcome with ease,
Your enemy fights with a Bow
That cannot wound, unless you please;
And he that pines because thee's coy,
Wants wit, or courage, women say.

Disdain.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

Loves Fruition.



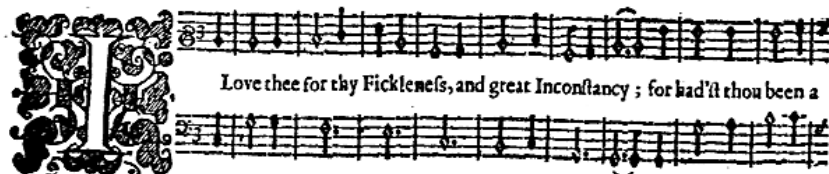
Tell me not others flocks are full,
Mine poor, let them despise me
That more abound with Milk, and Wool,
So *Chloris* only prize me.

For pity thou that wiser art,
Whose thoughts lies wide of mine;
Let me alone with my one heart,
And I'll ne'r envy thine.

Try other easier eares with these
Unappertaining Stories;
He never feels the Worlds disease,
That cares not for her Glories.

Nor blame whoever blames my wit,
That seek's no higher prize
Then in unenvy'd Shades to sit,
And sing of *Chloris* Eyes.

Loves Drollery.



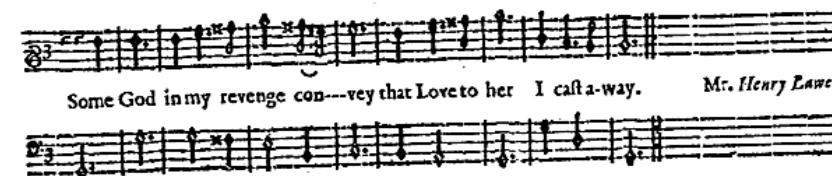
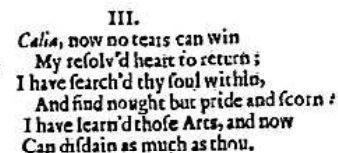
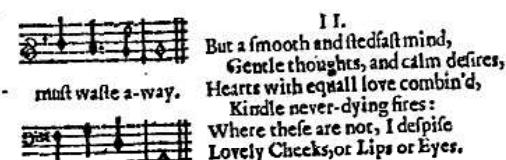
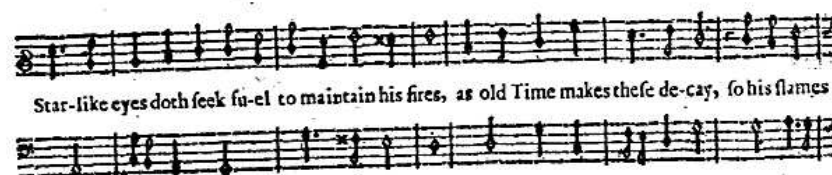
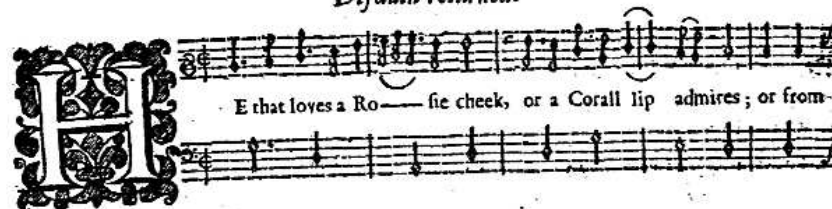
I love thee for thy Wantoness,
And for thy Drollerie;
For if thou had'st not lov'd to sport,
Then thou had'st ne'r lov'd mee.

I love thee for thy poverty,
And for thy want of Coyne;
For if thou had'st been worth a Groat,
Then thou had'st ne'r been mine.

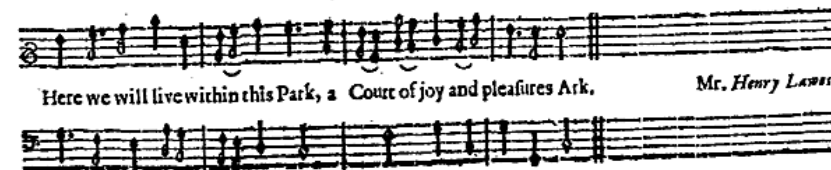
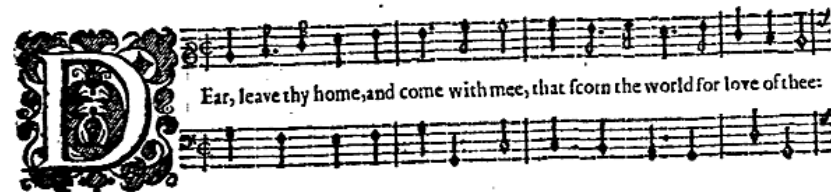
I love thee for thy Uglyness,
And for thy foolerie;
For if thou had'st been fair or wise,
Then thou had'st ne'r lov'd mee.

Then let me have thy heart a while,
And thou shalt have my mony;
He part with all the wealth I have,
To enjoy a Lass so Bonny.

Disdain returned.



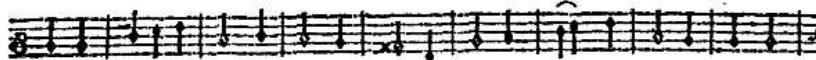
Loves Content.



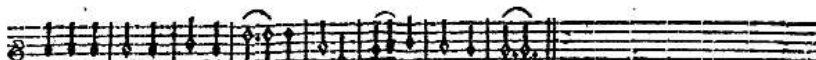
To his Forsaken Mistress.



Do confels th'art smooth and fair, and I might ha' gon neer to



love thee, had I not found the sleightest pray'r that lip could move, had pow'r to move thee.



But I can let thee now a--lone, as worthy to be lov'd by none.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

I do confels th'art sweet, yet find
Thee such an Unthrift of thy Sweets;
Thy favours are but like the wind,
Which kisseth ev'ry thing it meets:
And since thou canst with more than one,
Th'art worthy to be kiss'd by none.

III.

The morning Rose that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweet thee smells!
But pluck'd, and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells;
But Sent and Beauty both are gone,
And Leaves fall from her one by one.

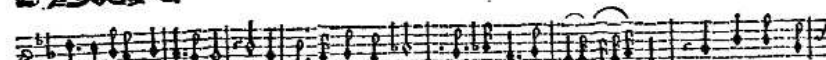
IV.

Such Fate e're long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while,
With fear Flow'rs to be thrown aside;
And I shall sigh when some will smile,
To see thy love to ev'ry one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

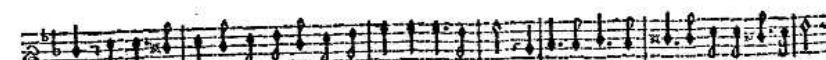
To a Lady singing.



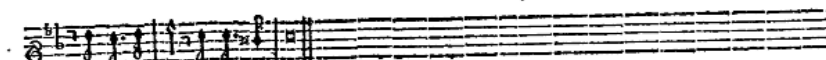
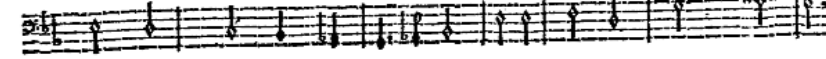
Hile I list—en to thy voice, *Chloris*, I feel my life de—cay, that pow'rful noise



calls my fleeting soul away; O suppress that magick sound, which destroyes without a wound! Peace, peace, *Chloris*,

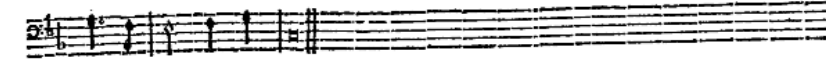


peace, or singing dye, that together thou and I to heav'n may go; for all we know of what the blessed do above,



is that they sing, and that they love.

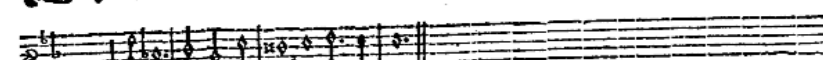
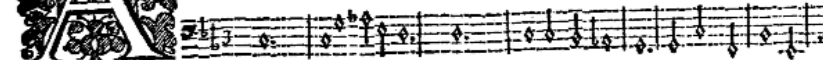
Mr. Henry Lawes.



On a Bleeding Lover.

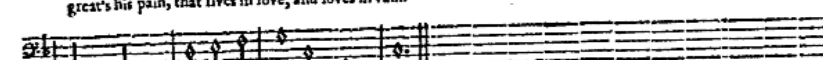


Lover once I did espy, with bleeding heart and weeping eye; he wept and cry'd, How



great's his pain, that lives in love, and loves in vain.

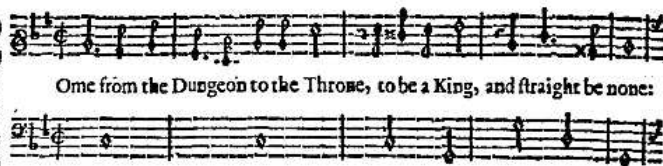
Mr. Henry Lawes.



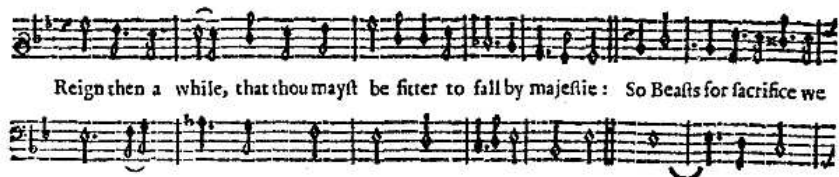
II.
Can there (says he) no cure be found,
But by the hand that gave the wound?
Then let me dye, which I'll endure,
Since she wants charity to cure.

III.
Yet let her one day feel the pain,
To wither she had cur'd, and with in vain;
For wither'd cheeks may chance recover
Some sparks of love, but not a Lover.

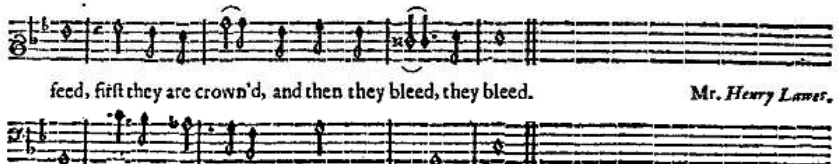
Two Songs in the Play of The Royal Slave.



Come from the Dungeon to the Throne, to be a King, and straight be none:



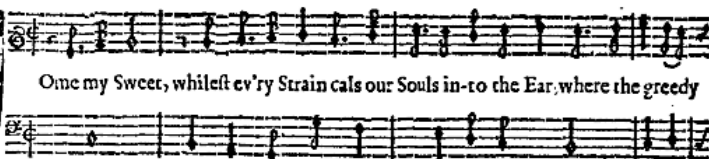
Reign then a while, that thou mayst be fitter to fall by majestie: So Beasts for sacrifice we



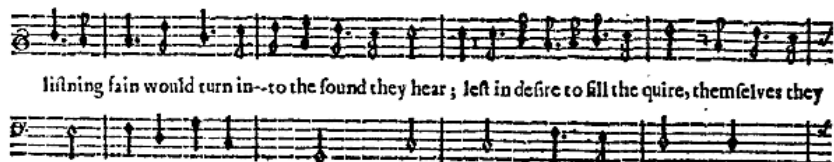
feed, first they are crown'd, and then they bleed, they bleed.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

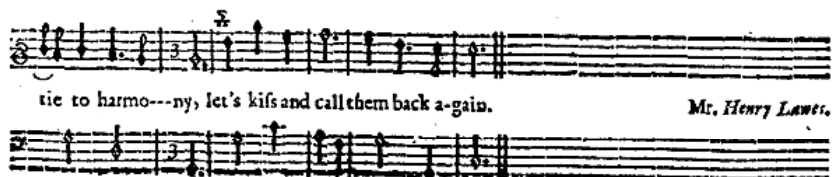
Love and Musick.



Come my Sweet, whilst ev'ry Strain calls our Souls in-to the Ear, where the greedy



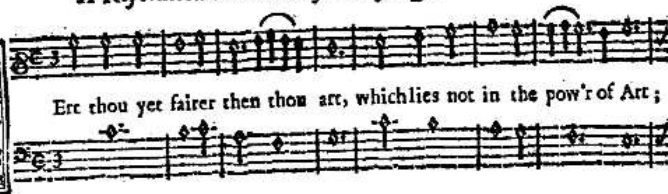
listening fain would turn in--to the sound they hear; left in desire to fill the quire, themselves they



tie to harmo---ny, let's kiss and call them back a-gain.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

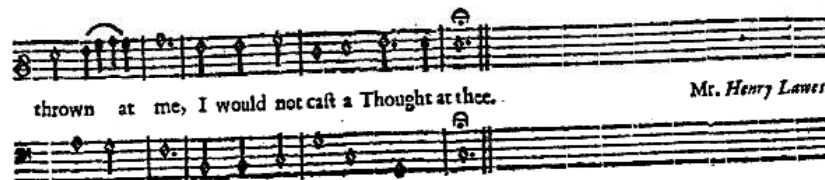
A Resolution in choice of a Mistress.



Ere thou yet fairer then thou art, which lies not in the pow'r of Art;



or hadst thou in thine Eyes more Darts, then Cupids e---ver shot at Hearts; yet if they were not



thrown at me, I would not cast a Thought at thee.

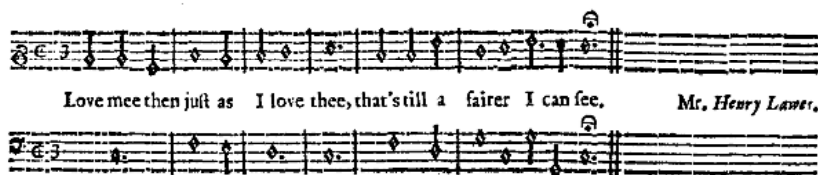
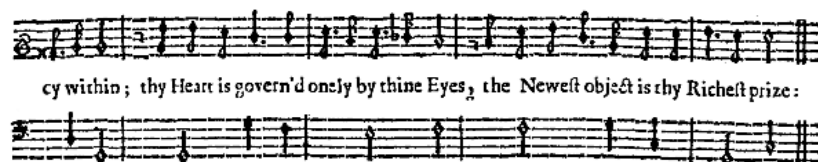
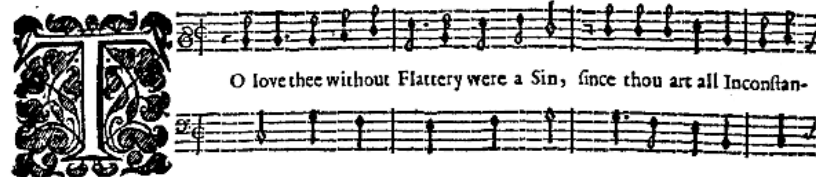
Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

I'de rather marry a disease,
Then court the thing I cannot please:
She that would cherish my desires
Must court my flames with equall fires:
What pleasure is there in a Kiss
To him that doubts the Heart's not his?

III.

I love thee not 'cause thou art fair,
Softer than down, smother than air;
Not for the Cupid: that do lye
In either corner of thine Eye:
Would you then know what it might be?
'Tis I love you 'cause you love me.

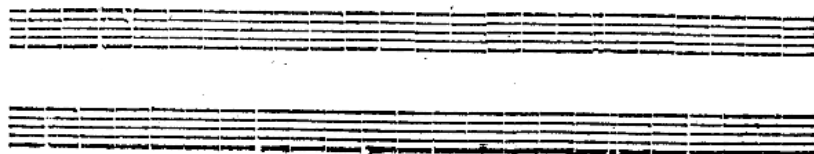
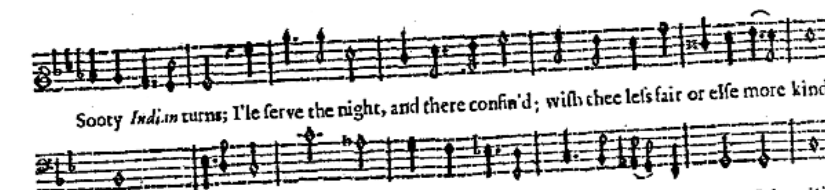
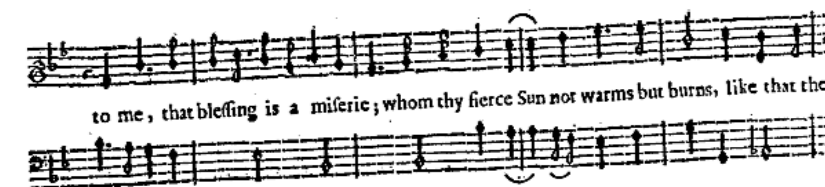
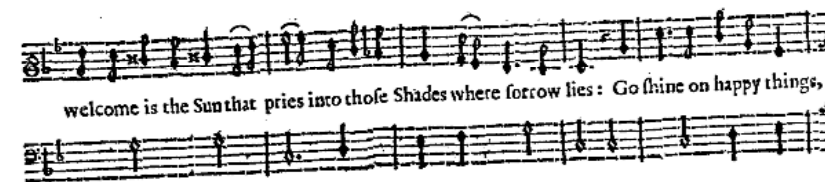
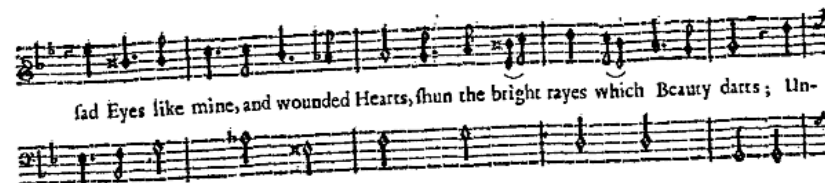
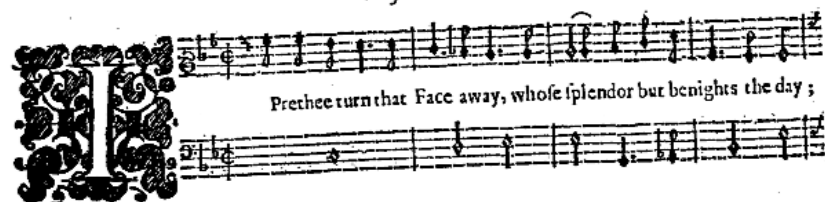
Inconstancy in Love.

II.

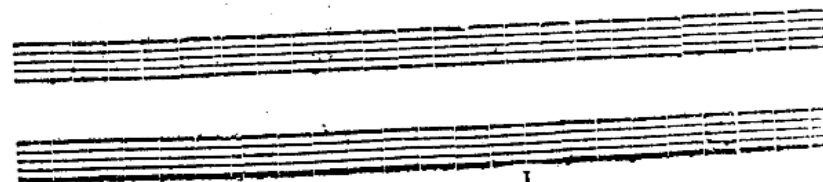
My thoughts are now at liberty, and can
Love all that's fair, as you can all that's man;
I never will hereafter think it strange
To see thee please thy Appetite with change:
No! love me just as I love thee,
That's till a fairer I can see.

III.

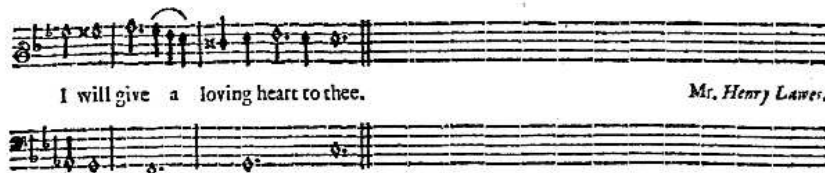
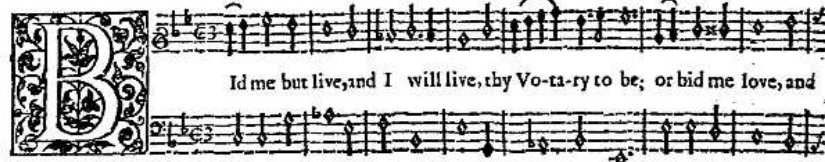
I hate this constant doting on a Face,
Content ne're dwelt a Week in any place;
Why then should you and I love one another
Longer then we can be content together?
Love mee then just as I love thee,
That's till a fairer I can see,

*Discontent.*

Dr. John Wilton.

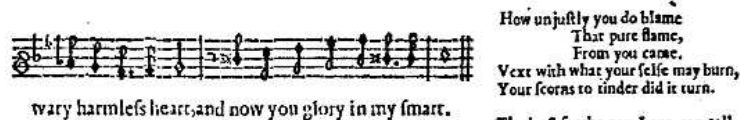
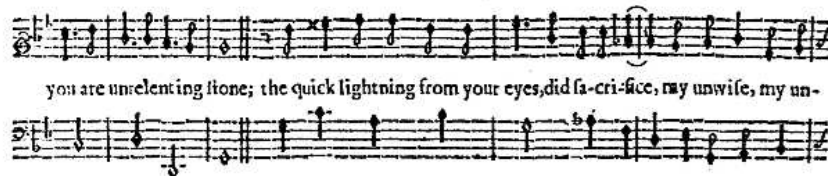
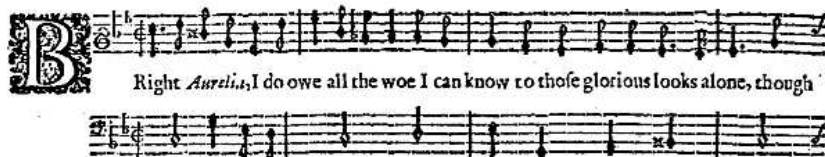


Loves Votary.

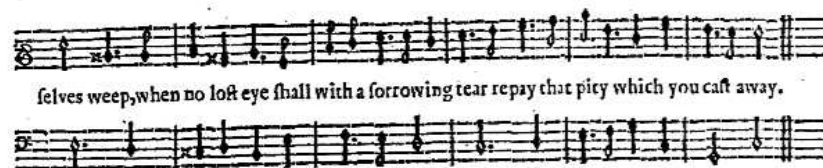
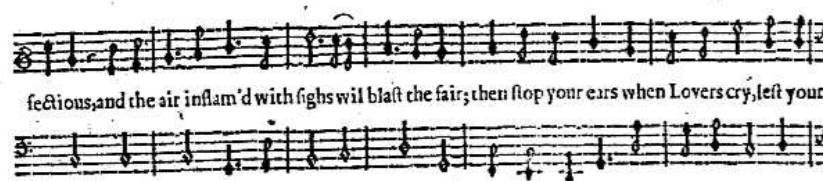
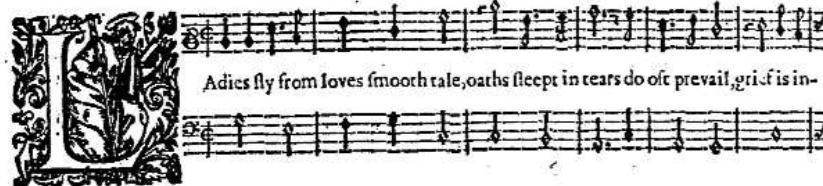


A heart as soft, a heart as kind, a heart as foundly free
As in the world thou canst not find, that heart I'll give to thee.
Bid me to weep, and I will weep, while I have eyes to see,
Or having none, yet I will keep a heart to weep for thee.
Bid that heart stay, and it shall stay, and honour thy decree,
Or bid it languish quite away and it shall do't for thee.
Thou art my love, my life my heart, the very eye of mee,
And hast command of every part, to live and dye for thee.

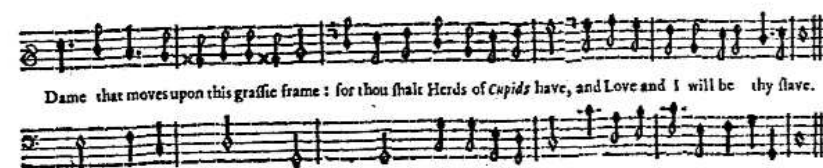
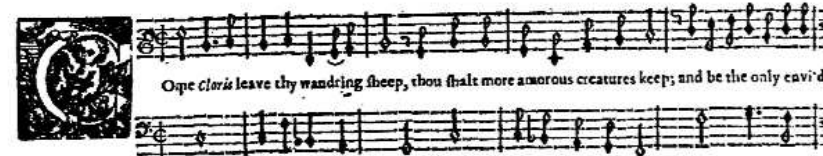
To Aurelia.



Loves Flattery.

*Mr. Henry Lawes.*

To Chloris.

*Mr. Henry Lawes.*

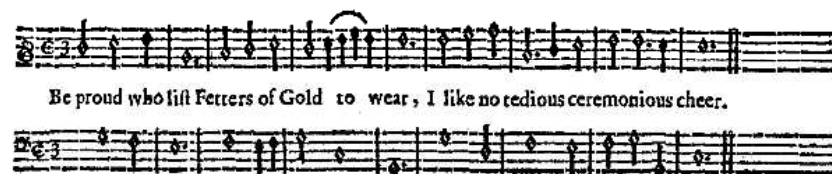
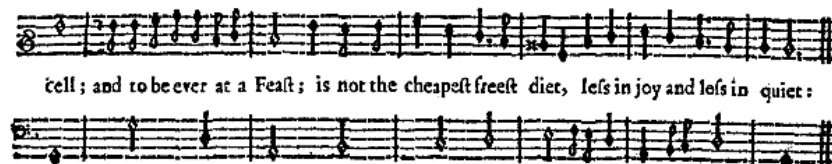
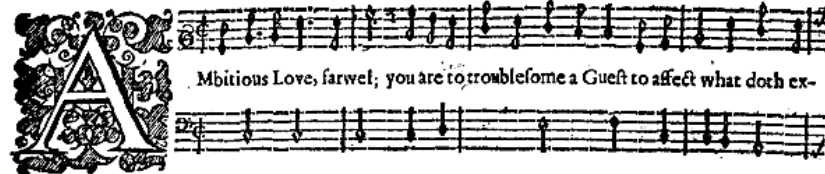
II.

Nymphs, Satyres, and the Sylvian Fawns,
Shall leave the Woods and narrow Lawns
To wait on *Chloris*, and adore
Their *Cytherea*; now no more
The name of *Chloris* shall create
A servitude in every state.

III.

In yonder Mistle grove wee'll dwell
With more content then tongue can tell,
Where hungry Moles shall not asfright
Thy tender Lambs or thee by night:
There we the wanton thieves will play;
And steal each others hearts away.

Seem'ing Coynefs.



II.

I'll take such as I find,
So it be good, and handsome drest,
Pretty, looking freely, kinde,
To a good appetite is best.
If your Usage do not please you,
Change is near you Change will ease you:
Tempest and Feasts the wisest disaffect,
Let it suffice you find no disrespect.

Dr. Charles Colman.

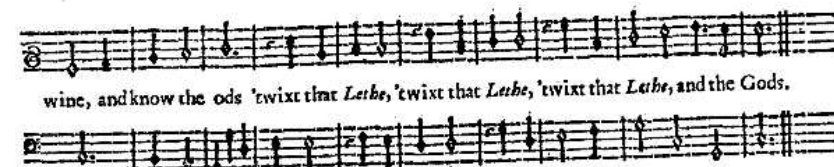
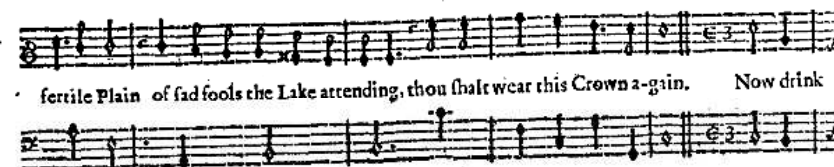
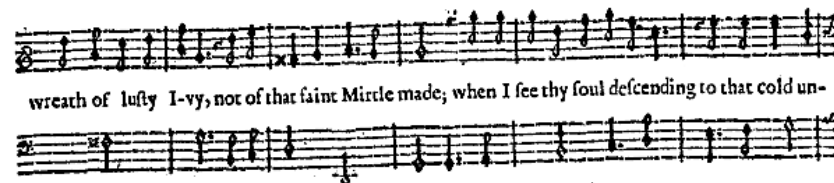
III.

Seek not the highest place,
The lowest commonly is most free
Less subject to disgrace,
Others eyes, or your jealousies.
Bold Freedom will improve your taste,
When awe imbibers a repast:
A doating fancy is a foolish Guest,
The freest welcome makes the sweetest Feast.

IV.

It is not Nature's way,
She made Love no such busie thing,
She meant it a short lay,
A Common-Weal without a King.
Her love on ev'ry edge doth grow,
Her Fruits are best in Taste and Shew;
Her Sweets extend unto the meanest Clown,
Often most fair, though in a Ruffet Gown.

Loves Bachinall.



Rouse thy dull and drowzie spirits,
Here's the soul reviving streams,
The stupid Lovers brain inherits
Nought but vain and empty dreams.

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,
Ope thou vainly crossed armes;
Thou mayst as well call back the buried
As raise Love by such like charmes.

Think not thou these dismall trances,
Which our raptures can content,
The Lad that laughs, sings and dances,
Shall come soonest to his end.

Sacrifice a glasse of Clarret
To each letter of her name;
Gods have oft descended for it,
Mortals must do more the same.

Cho.

Sadnesse may some pity move,
Mirth and courage, mirth and courage,
Mirth and conrage conquers love.

If she comes not at that flood,
Sleep will come. Sleep will come,
Sleep will come and that's as good.

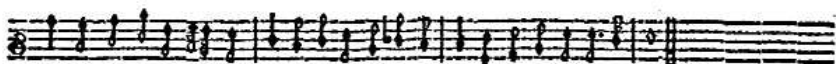
Platonick Love.



Hange Platonicks, change for shame, get your selves a-no-ther name.



This is but a thin disguise, and betray'd to common eyes: Dim and purblind though they



bee, your Philo-so-phy they see is but Lay Hypocrisie, and a kind of He-re-sie.



II.

Dr. Colman.

Plato ne'r allow'd a Kiss,
Nor the like fantastick blifs,
All the day sit and Ca Goll
With Sir Amorous La Fool;
Ne'r dreamt of that delight
Which a Ball presents at night,
To apt you to what follows next,
Only you corrupt the Text.

III.

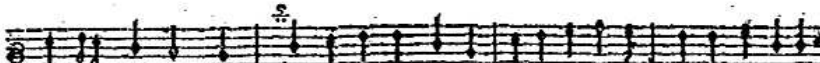
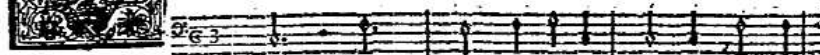
Yet must Plato justice
All your wanton vanitie,
When indeed the truth to say,
'Tis Opinion that doth sway.
Is a meer Court-Frippery,
You act but yet most formerly
What your Sex was wont to do
Many hundred years ago.



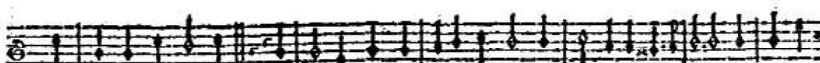
Love Neglected.



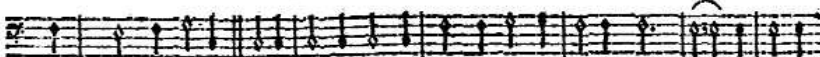
Little love serves my turn, 'tis so en-fla-ming, ra-ther then I will burn
Beauty shall court it selfe, 'tis not worth speaking, Ile no more Amorous



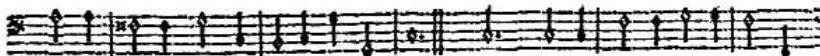
I will leave g--ming; for when I think upon't, O! 'tis so painful, 'cause Ladies have a
pangs, no more heart-breaking: those that ne'r felt the smart, let them go try it, I have redeem'd my



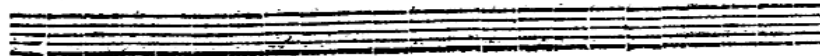
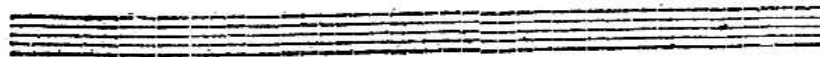
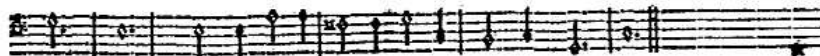
trick, to be disdainfull. No more, no more, I must give o're; for Beauty is so sweet, it makes me
heart now I de--fie it,

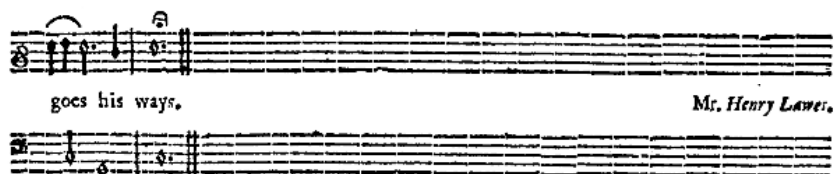
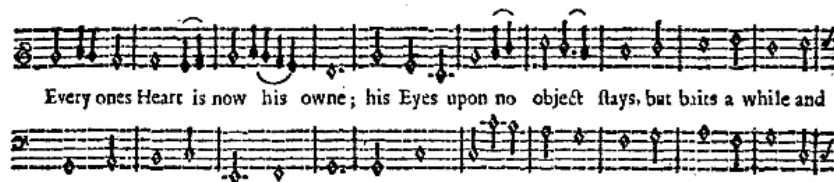
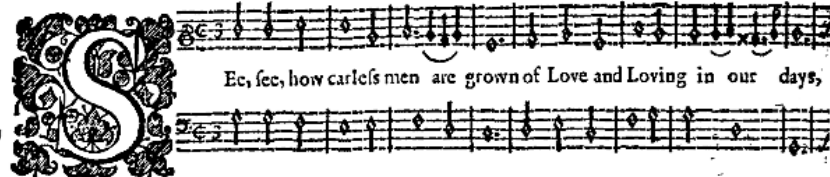


pine, distracts my mind, and surfeit when I see't. Forgive me Love, if I remove in-to some o-



-ther sphere, where I may keep a flock of sheep, and know no o-ther care. Mr. Henry Lawes.



Lovers Wantonneffe.

II.

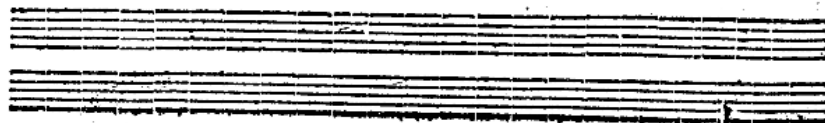
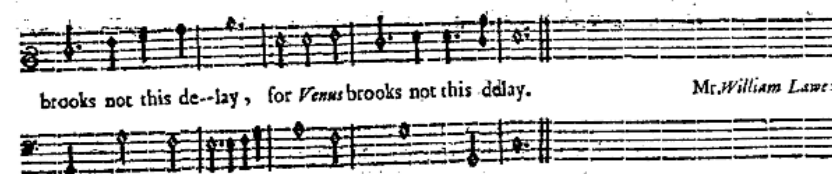
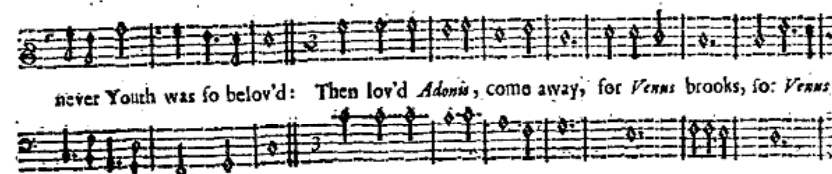
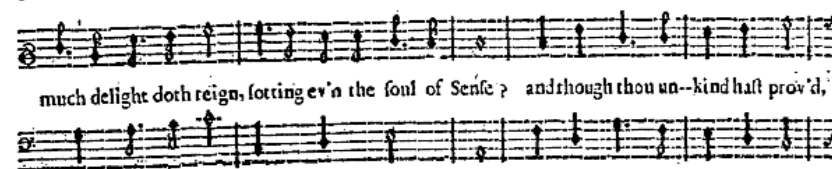
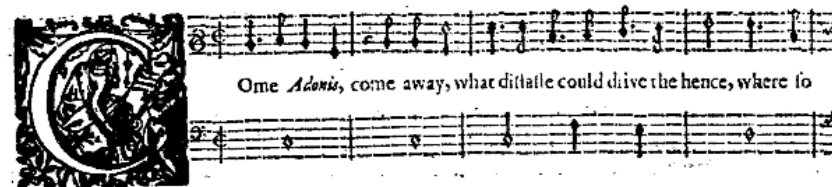
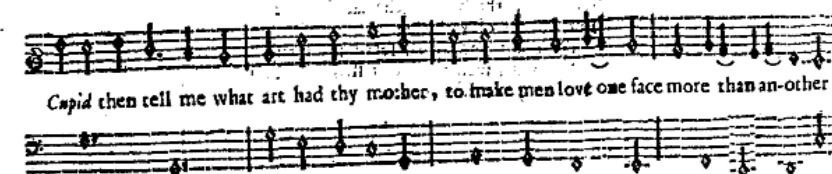
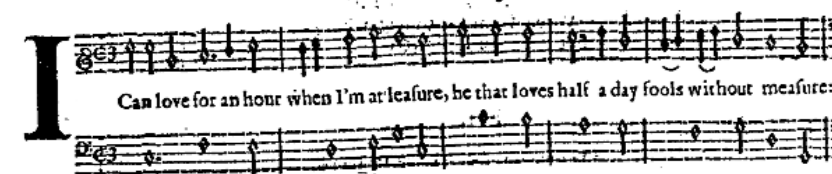
Shall Beauty that was wont to reign
Un-rivall'd in each noble breaſt,
Command by turns, or elfe in vain;
And by new faſhion'd minds depreſt,
Become an Inn, and love a Gueſt.

III.

Sure they ſuppoſe her of Claſſe,
And let her riſt on purpoſe fall,
Then peice-meal would pick up this Maſſe,
That for one Beauty bow to all,
And change of Fetters, Freedome call.

IV.

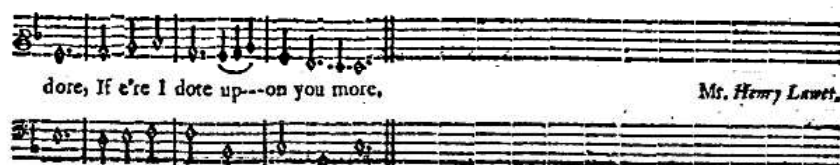
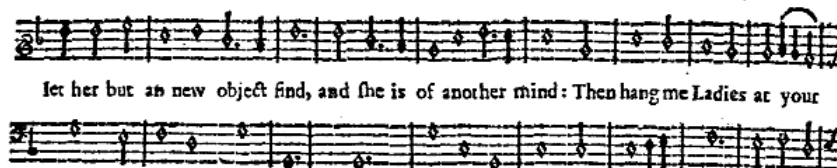
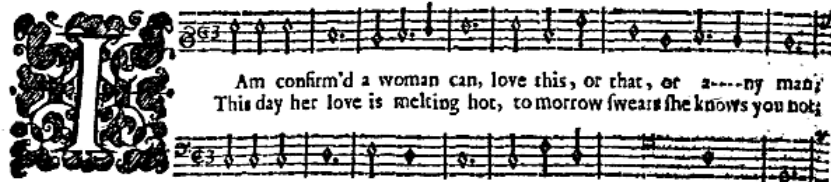
Though lowly minded, I will ſtand
With ſuch for place, and at no rate
Give Rebell Lovers th'upper hand,
That every day new Lords create;
I ſerve a Monarch, they a State.

*Venus to her Adonis.**Loves Flattery.*

Some to be thought more wiſe daily endeavour
To make the World believe they can live for ever:
Ladies believe them not, they'l but deceive you,
For when they have their ends then they will leave you.

Men cannot eye themſelves on your ſweet features,
They'l have variety of loving Creatures.
Too much of any thing ſets them a cooling,
Though they can never do't, yet they'l be fooling.

Mr. William Lawe.

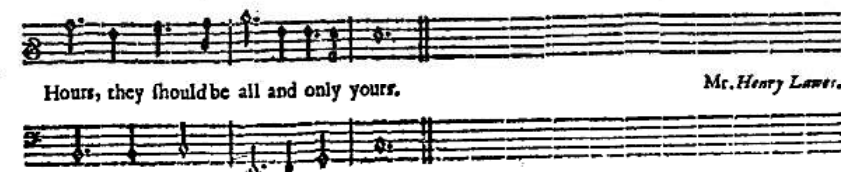
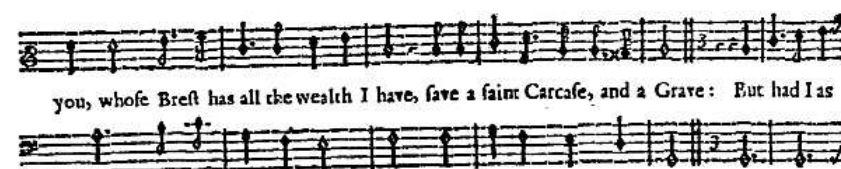
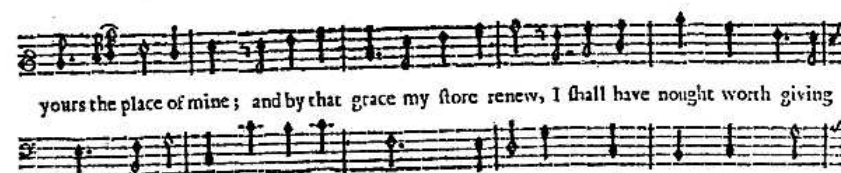
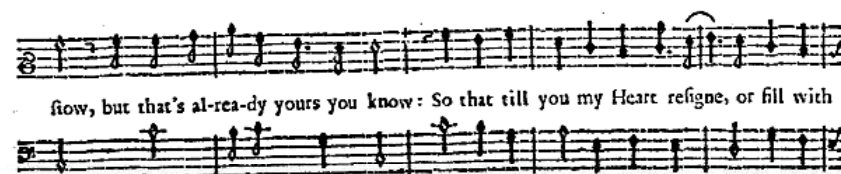
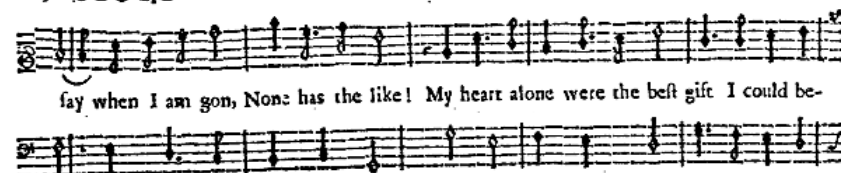
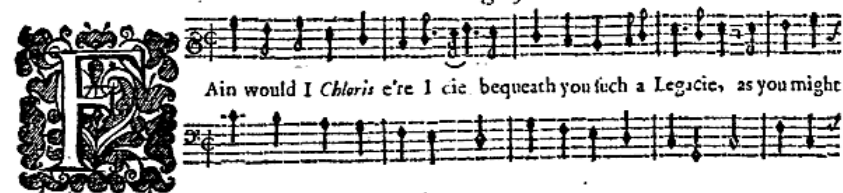
Inconstancie in Women.

II.

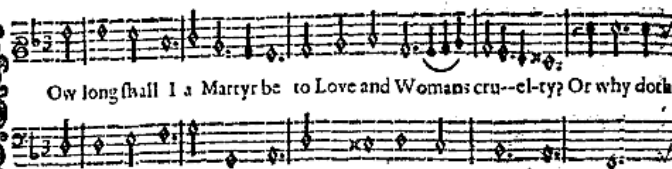
Yet still I'll love the fair one, why?
For nothing but to please mine eye;
And so the fat and soft skinn'd Dame
I'll flatter, to appease my flame;
For her that's Musick I long,
When I am sad to sing a Song:
But hang me Ladies, &c.

III.

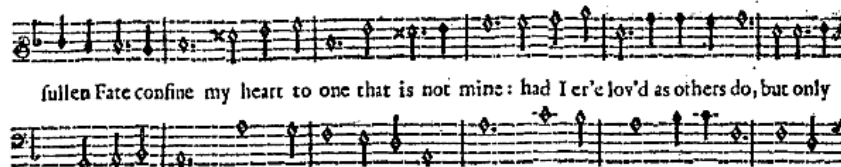
I'll give my fancy leave to range
Through every face to find out change:
The black, the brown, the fair shall be
But objects of variety:
I'll court you all to serve my turn,
But with such flames as shall not burn:
For hang me Ladies, &c.

A Lovers Legacy.

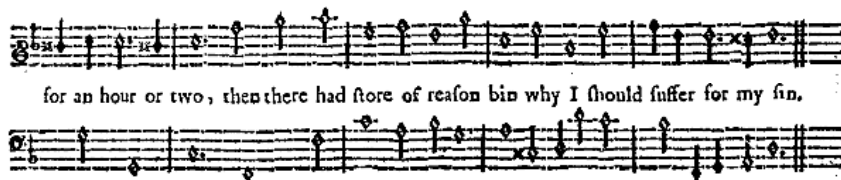
Loves Martyr.



Ow long shall I a Martyr be to Love and Womans cru--el-ty? Or why doth



fullen Fate confine my heart to one that is not mine: had I er'e lov'd as others do, but only



for an hour or two, then there had store of reason bin why I should suffer for my sin.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

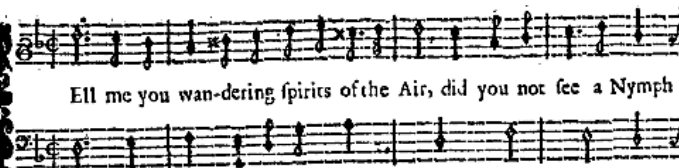
II.

But Love, thou knowest with what a flame
I have ador'd my Mistress name:
How I ne'r offered other fires
But such as rose from chaste desires:
Nor have I ere profaned thy shrine
With an inconstant fickle minde;
Yet thou combining with my Fate,
Hath forc'd my love and her to hate.

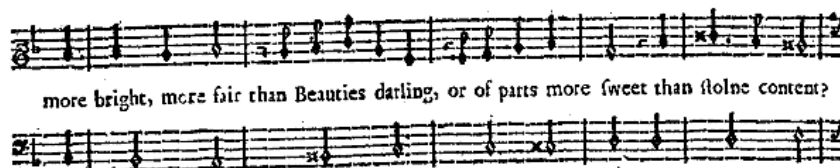
III.

O Love! if her supremacie
Have not a greater power then thee,
For pity sake then once be kind,
And throw a dart to change her mind:
Thy deity we shall suspect,
If our reward must be neglect.
Then make her love, or let me be
Inspir'd with scorn as well as she.

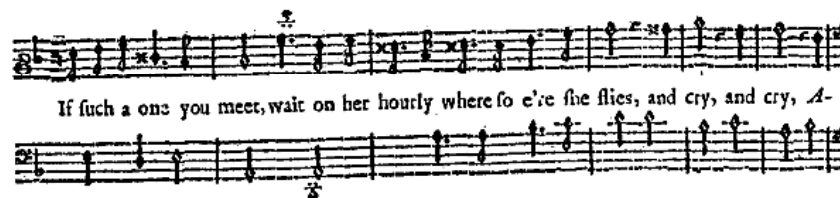
Amintor for his Chloris absence.



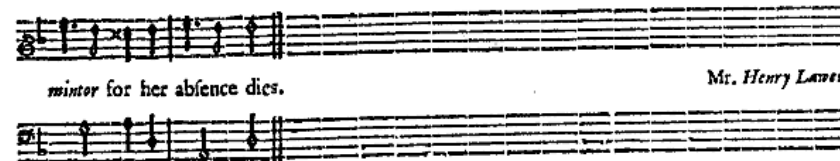
Ell me you wan-dering spirits of the Air, did you not see a Nymph



more bright, more fair than Beauties darling, or of parts more sweet than stolne content?



If such a one you meet, wait on her hourly where so e're she flies, and cry, and cry, A-



mintor for her absence dies.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

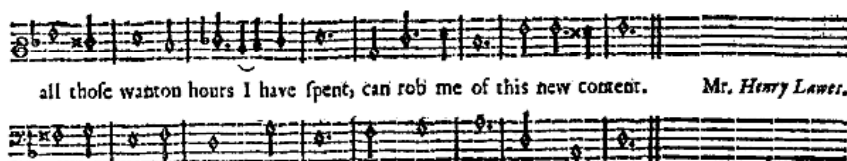
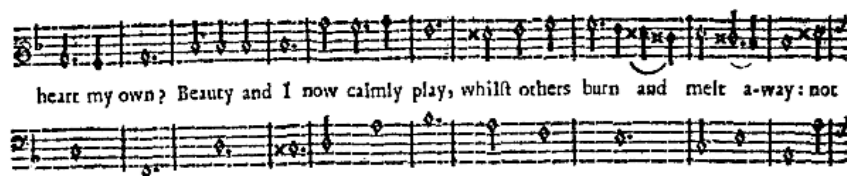
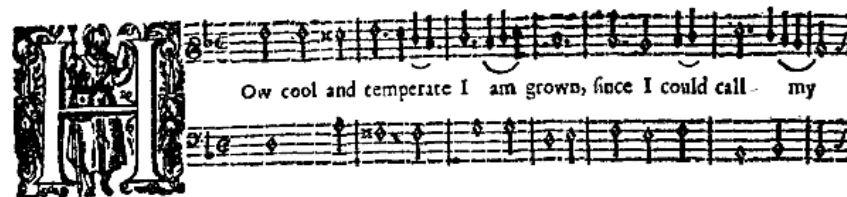
Go search the Vallies, pluck up every Rose,
You'll find a sent, a blush of her in those:
Fish, fish for Pearle, or Corall, there you'll see
How orientall all her colours bee.
Go call the Ecchoes to your aide, and cry,
Chloris, Chloris, for that's her name for whom I dy.

III.

But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill,
Were shee on earth she had been with me still:
Go fly to Heaven, examine every Sphere,
And try what Star hath lately lighted there;
If any brighter than the Sun you see,
Fall down, fall down, and worship it, for that is shee.

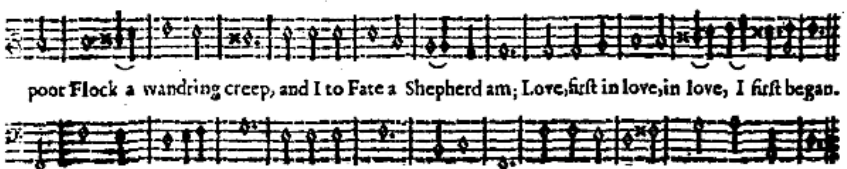
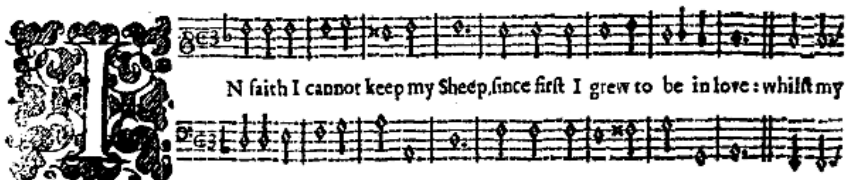
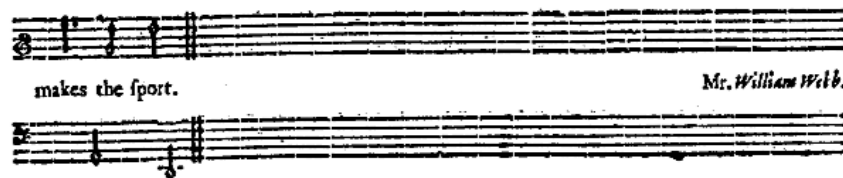
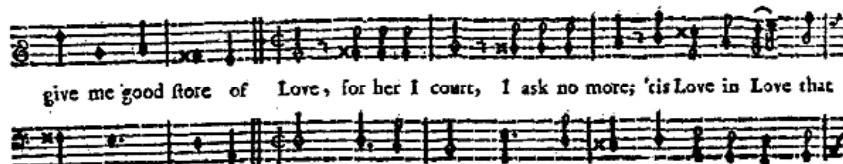
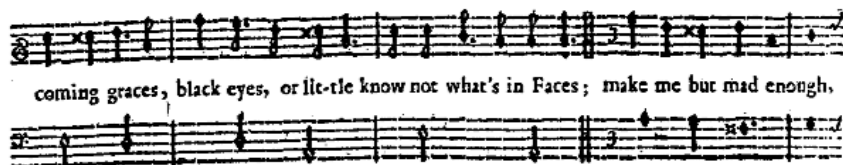
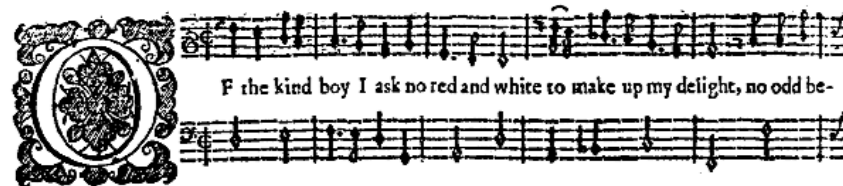


M

Love in a Calme.

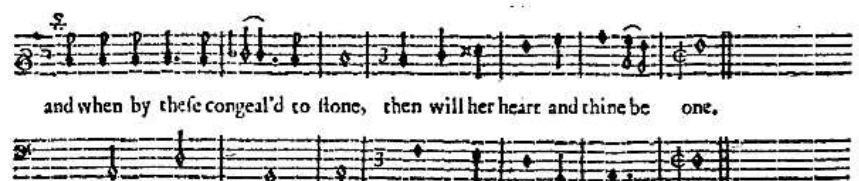
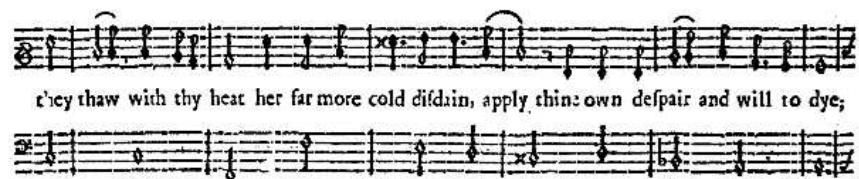
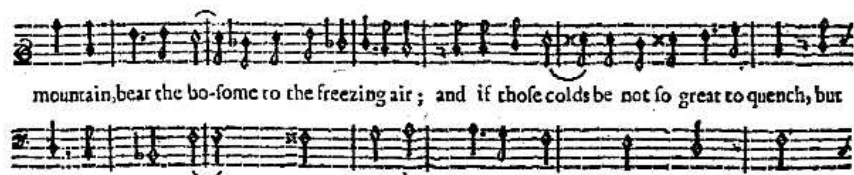
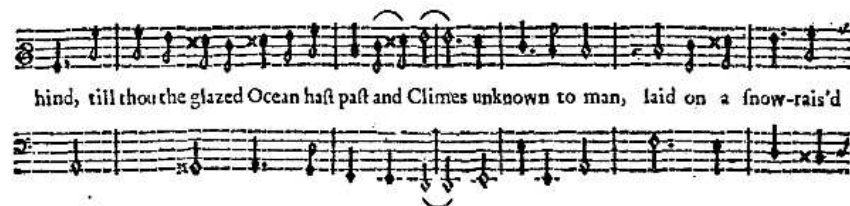
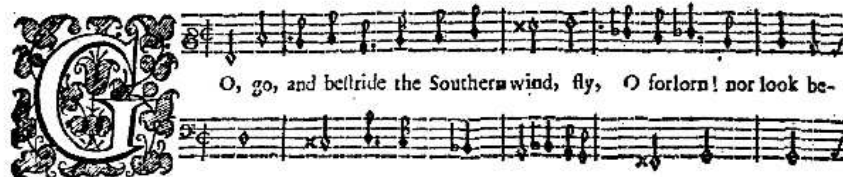
II.
Loves mists are scattered from my sight,
Which flattered me with new delight,
And now I see 'tis but a face
That stole my heart out of its place:
Then Love forgive me, I'll no more
Thine Altars or thy Shrine adore.

III.
Farewell to all heart-breaking eyes,
Farewell each look that can surprize,
Farewell those curls and amorous spels,
Farewell each place where Cupid dwells;
And farewell each bewitching smile,
I must enjoy my selfe a while.

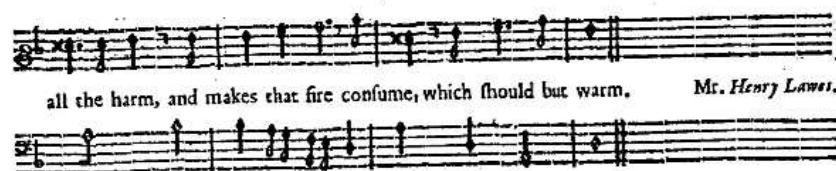
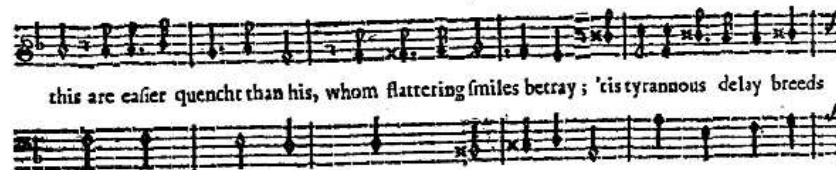
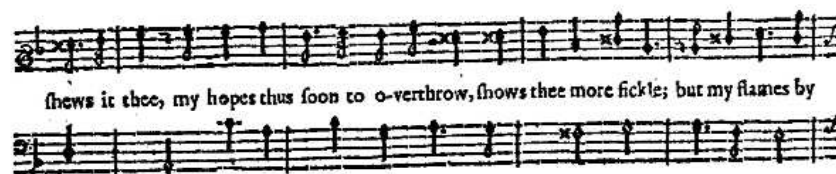
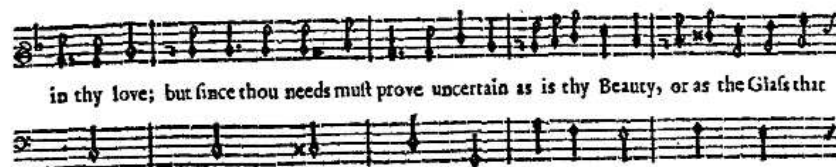
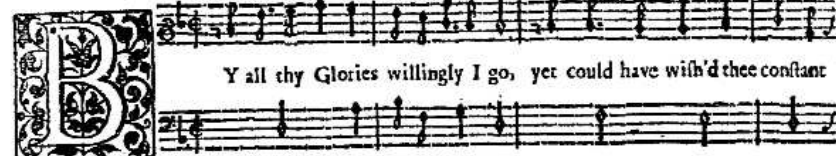
Loves Shepherdesse.*Love without Additionals.*

II.
There's no such thing as that, we Beauty call,
It is meer couzenage all;
For though some long ago
Lik't certain colours mingled so and so,
That doth not tie me now from chusing new,
If I a fancy take
Too black and blew,
That fancy doth it Beauty make.

II.
'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
Makes eating a delight;
And if I like one dish
More than another, that a Pheasant is:
What in our Marches, may in us be found,
So to the height, and nick
We up be bound,
No matter by what hand or trick.

A Frozen Heart made warm by Love.

Mr. William Webb.

False Love reproved.

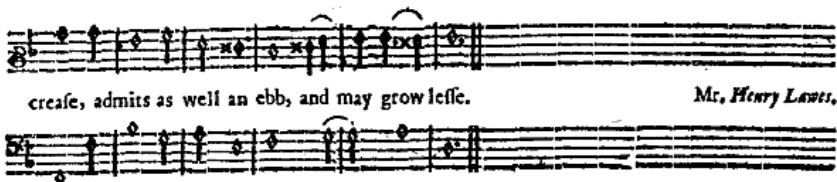
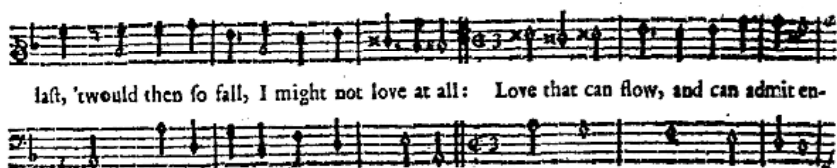
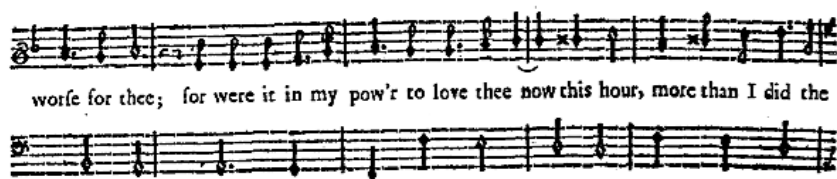
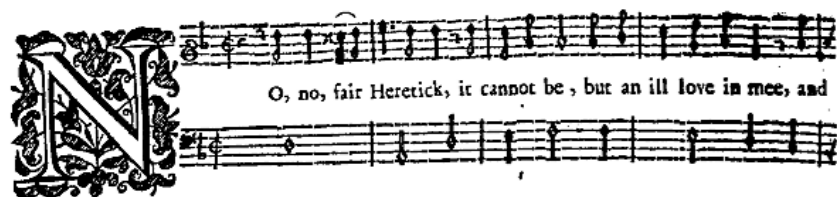
Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

Till time destroy those blossomes of thy youth,
 Thou art our Idol-worship, at that rate,
 But who can tell thy fate?
 And say that when this Beauties done,
 This Lovers Torch shall still burn on;
 I could have serv'd thee with such truth
 Devoutest Pilgrims to their Saints do show,
 Departed long ago;
 And at this ebbing tyde,
 Have us'd thee as a Bride
 Who's only true
 Whilst you are fair, he loves himself, not you.

N

Loves torrid Zone.

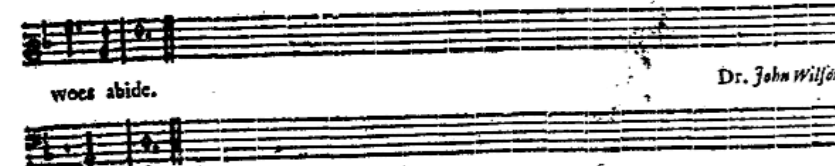
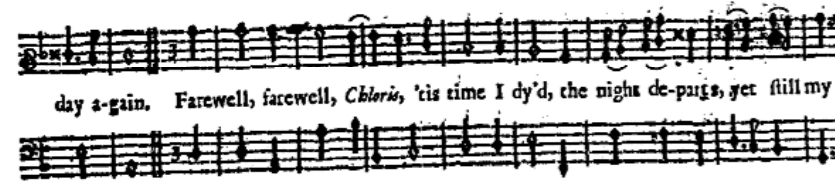
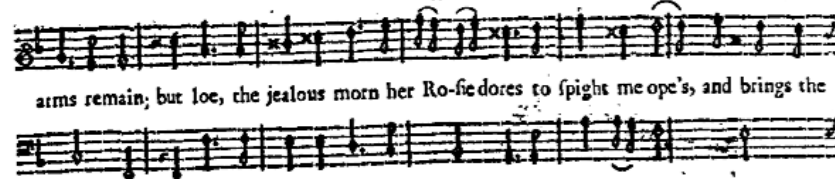
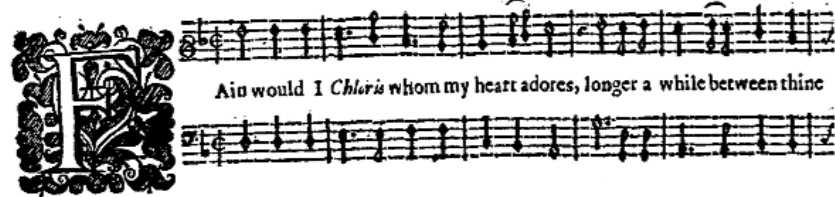


Mr. Henry Lawes,

II.

True love is still the same
 The Torrid Zones,
 And those more frigid ones
 It must not know:
 For love grown cold, or hot
 Is lust and friendship, not
 The think we have, for that's a flame would dye,
 Held down, or up too high;
 Then think I love, more than I can expresse,
 And would know more, could I but love thee lesse,

To his Chloris at Parting.



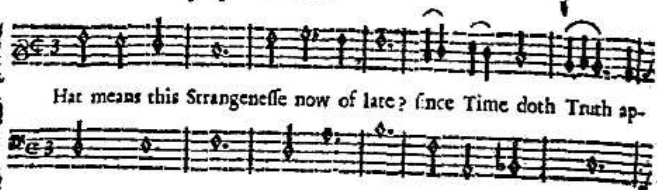
Dr. John Willén.

II.

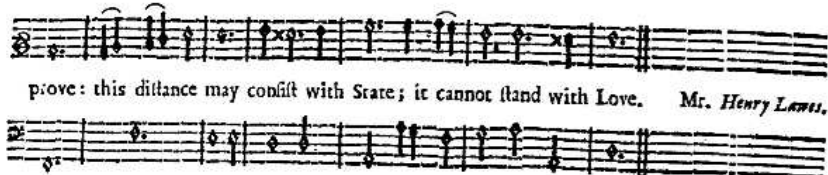
Hence saucy flaring Candle of the Skies,
 Let us alone we, have no need of thee:
 Our eyes are ever day, where *Chloris* eyes
 Shine, that a pair of brighter Tapers bee.
 Farewell, farewell, &c.

III.

O night! whose sable vail was wont to be
 More friend to Lovers, than the noisefull day:
 Wherefore, O wherefore do'st thou fly from me,
 And carry with thee all my joys away?
 Farewell, farewell, &c.

Coyne's in Love.

What means this Strangeness now of late? Since Time doth Truth ap-



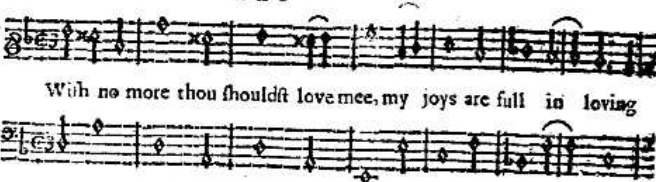
prove: this distance may consist with State; it cannot stand with Love. Mr. Henry Lawes.

'Tis either cunning or distrust,
That do such ways allow:
The first is base, the last unjust;
Let neither blemish you.

If you intend to draw me on,
You over act your part:
And if it be to have me gon,
You need not halfe this Art.

Speak but a word, or do but cast
One Look that seems to frown,
I'll give you all the love that's past,
The rest shall be mine own.

And such a faire and equall way
On both sides none can blame,
Since every man is bound to play
The fairest of his Game,

Love possesst.

With no more thou shouldst love mee, my joys are full in loving

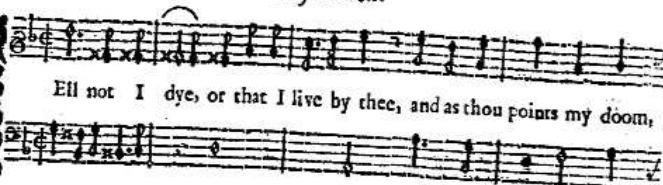
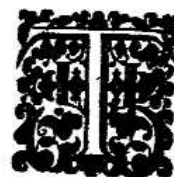


thee; my heart's too narrow to contain my blisse, if thou shouldst love me a-gain. Mr. J. Arner.

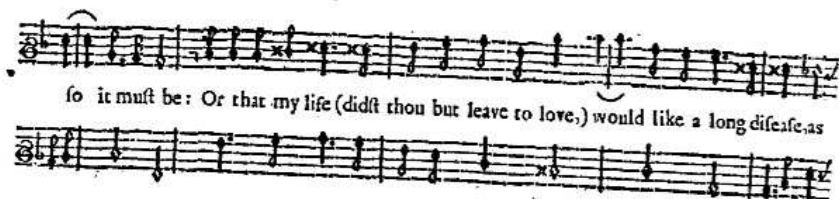
Thy scorn may wound me, but my fate
Leads me to love, and thee to hate;
Yer I must love while I have breath,
For not to love were worse than death.

Then shall I sue for scorn or grace,
A lingring life, or death embrace;
Since one of these I needs must try,
Love me but once and let me dy.

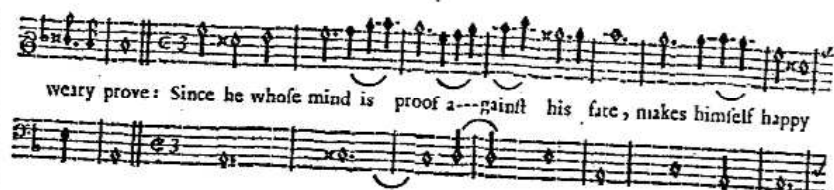
Such mercy more thy fame shall raise,
Than cruell life can yield thee praise;
It shall be counted who so dies,
No murder, but a sacrifice,

A Lovers Resolution.

Ill not I dye, or that I live by thee, and as thou points my doom,



so it must be: Or that my life (didst thou but leave to love,) would like a long disease, as



weary prove: Since he whose mind is proof a-ainst his fate, makes himself happy



at the worst estate.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

II.

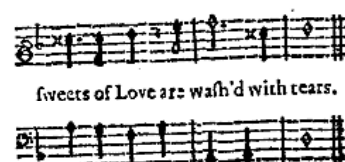
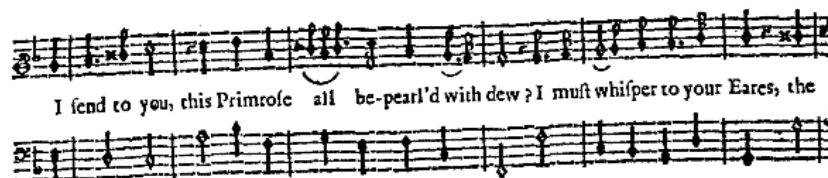
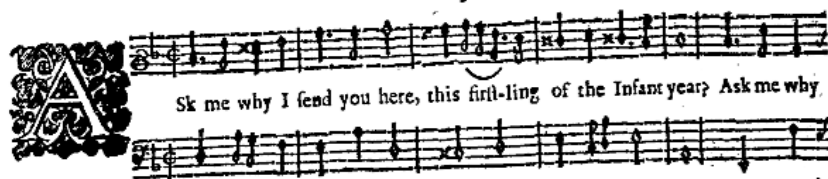
'Tis vanity for a man to build his blisse
On the frail favour of a womans kisse;
And most unmanly to enthrall his eye,
When Heaven and Nature gives it liberty:
Since Womens fancies with their fashions change,
To love for fashion to each face that's strange.

III.

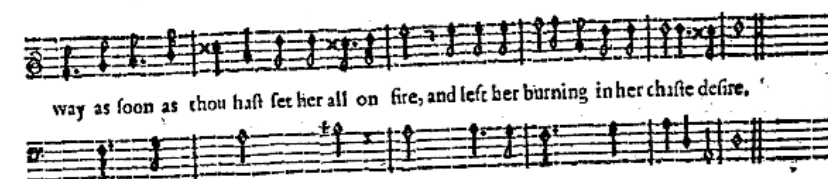
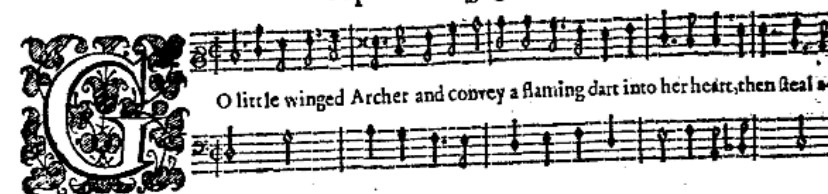
I know the humour of your Sex is such
You ze'r could value any one thing much;
For should thy breast with constant flames be fir'd,
'Twere more then I expected, although desir'd:
Then think me not so fond, although I love,
But as thou fear'st thy course, so mine shall move.

IV.

He that hath wealth, and can that wealth for-gee,
Is his own man, not slave to any woe;
Thus arm'd with resolution, I am free,
Still o'recommender of my destinie:
Yer know I love, thou I can leave the state,
He best knows how to love, knows how to hate,

The Primrose.

Ask me why this Rose doth show
All yellow, green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And yeelding each way, yet not break?
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

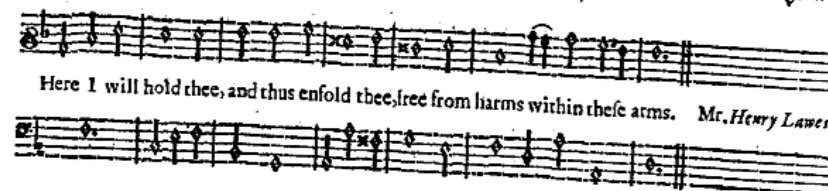
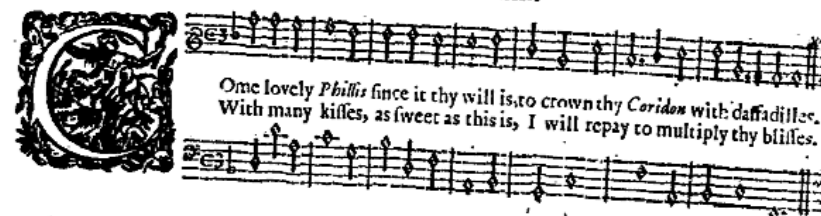
Cupid's Embassage.

II.

Thus teach her what it is to love, that she
When that her eyes
Do tyrannize
May pity me;
And know the flame that hath ray heart possesst
By the dis temper of her scorched breast.

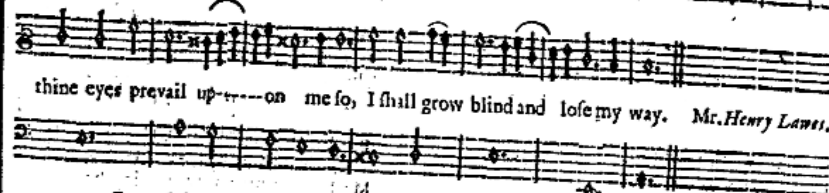
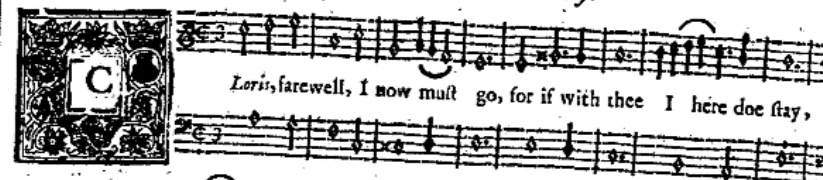
III.

And when she burns if she appease my flame
With smiles which fly,
Oft as her eye,
I'll do the same;
So may we love, and burn, but ne'r expire,
While we add fuell to each others fire.

Coridon to his Phillis.

Sweet, still be smiling, 'tis sweet beguiling
Of tedious hours and sorrows best exiling;
For if you lowre, the banks no power
Will have to bring forth any pleasant flower;
Your eyes not granting
Their raies enchanting,
Mine may raine, but 'twere in vain.

Thine eyes may wonder that mine asunder
Do from the Sun-shine draw thine to sit under;
Hold me unblam'd, to be enflam'd,
Where not to be so, youth were rather sham'd:
Since that the oldest
That thou beholdest
May feele fire of loves desire.

On Chloris attractive Beauty.

Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth
Amongst the rest me hither brought;
Finding this fame fall short of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath
A servant to anothers will;
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.

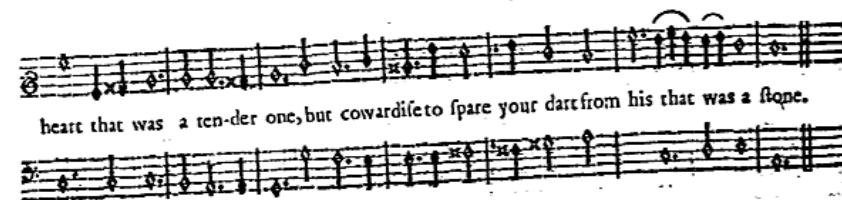
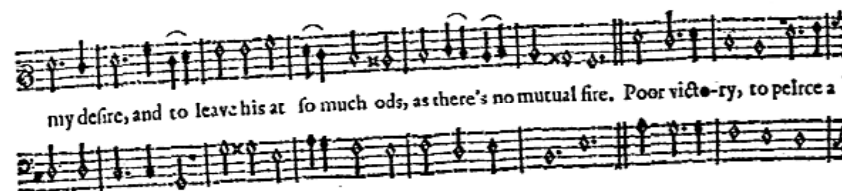
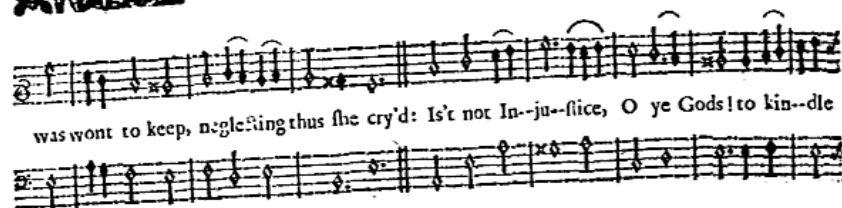
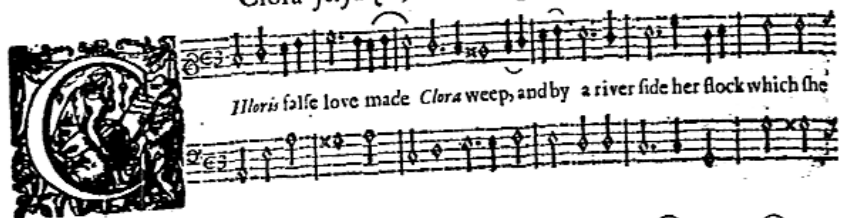
But what assurance can I take,
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,
For some more worthy Lovers sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

For thou may'st say 'twas not thy fault
That thou did'st thus unconstant prove;
Thou wert by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No *Chloris*, no, I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That Strangers shall at distance burn,
And the distrust me Reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant menie at home.

Clora forsaken, thus complains.



Dr. John Wilson.

As she thus mourn'd, the tears that fell
Down from her love-lick eyes,
Did in the water drop and swell,
And into bubbles rise.

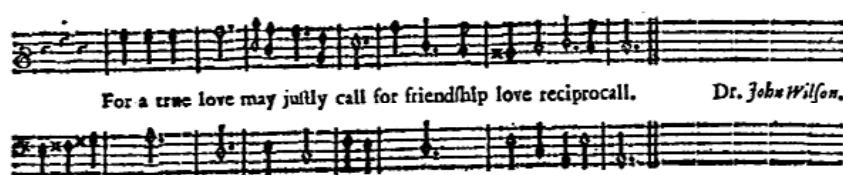
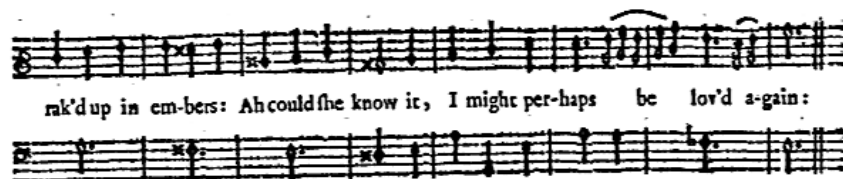
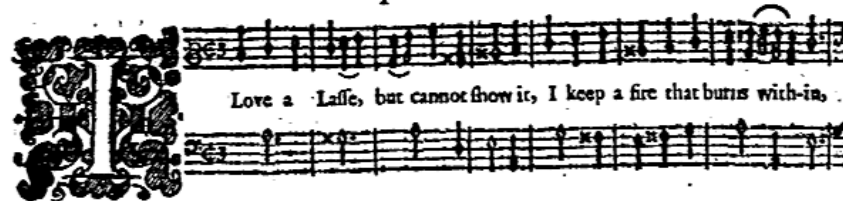
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How do I melt away in tears
For him that loves not me.

And thus in little drawn and drest
In sad tears attire,
May force such passions from his breast,
Shall equal my desire.

Yet as I lessen multiply,
But in lesse form appears,
Thus do I languish from mine eye,
And grow new in my tears.

Break not that Christall, circles me
Sweet streams by your fair side,
My love perhaps may walking be,
And I may be epi'd.

Reciprocal Love.



Dr. John Wilson.

II.

Some gentle courteous winde betray me,
A sigh by whispering in her ear,
Or let some pitions shower convey me,
By dropping on her breast a tear.
Or two, or more; the hardest flint,
By often drops receives a dint.

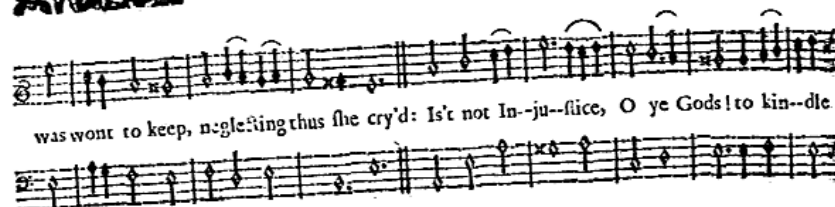
III.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
That is already too too weak;
No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,
By writing what they cannot speak:
Go then my Muse, and let this verse
Bring back my Life, or else my Hearse.

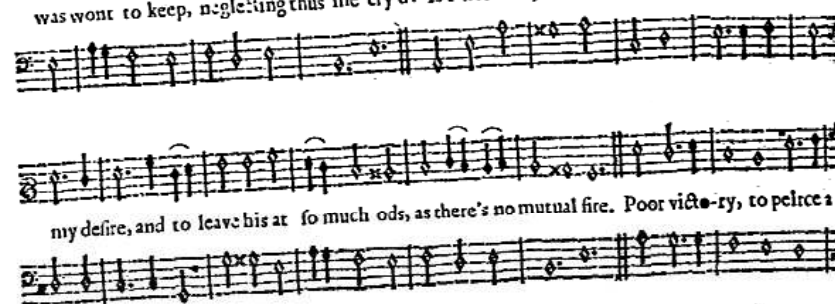
Clara forsaken, thus complains.



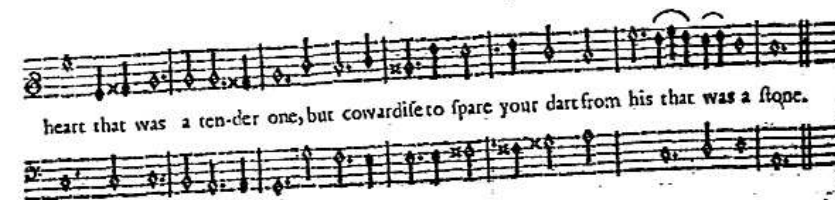
Illor's false love made Clara weep, and by a river side her flock which she



was wont to keep, neglecting thus she cry'd: Is't not In-ju-stice, O ye Gods! to kin-dle



my desire, and to leave his at so much odds, as there's no mutual fire. Poor vic-ti-ry, to pelce a



heart that was a ten-der one, but cowardise to spare your dart from his that was a stone.

Dr. John Wilson.

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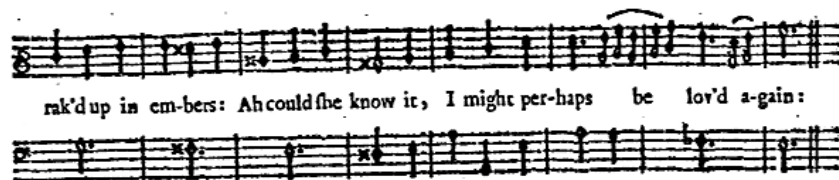
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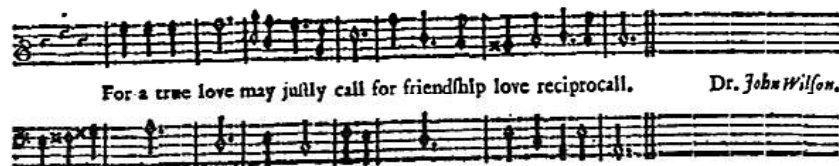
Reciprocal Love.



Love a Lasse, but cannot show it, I keep a fire that burns with-in,



rak'd up in em-bers: Ah could she know it, I might per-haps be lov'd a-gain:



For a true love may justly call for friendship love recipocall.

Dr. John Wilson.

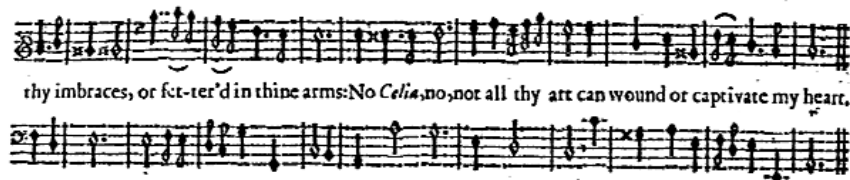
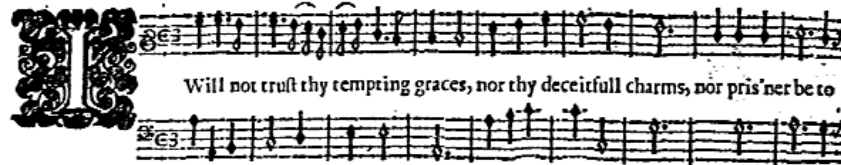
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Bring back my Life, or else my Hearse.

On Loves deceitful Charmes.



II.

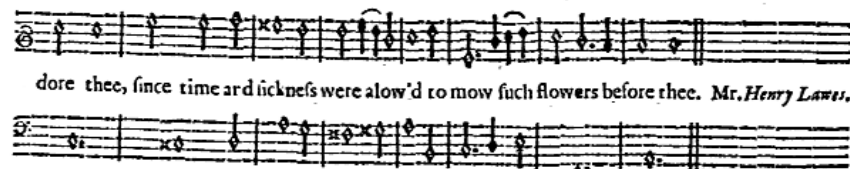
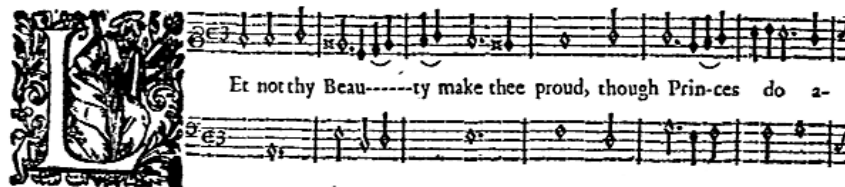
I will not gaze upon thine eyes,
Nor wanton with thy haire,
Lest those should burn me by surprize,
Or these my soul inflame:
Nor with those smiling dangers play,
Or fool my liberty away.

III.

Mr. Jeremy Savill.

Since then my weary heart is free,
And unconfin'd as thine;
If thou would'st mine should captive be,
Thou must thine own resign:
And Gratitude shall thus move more
Than Love or Beauty could before.

Beauty a fading Ornament.



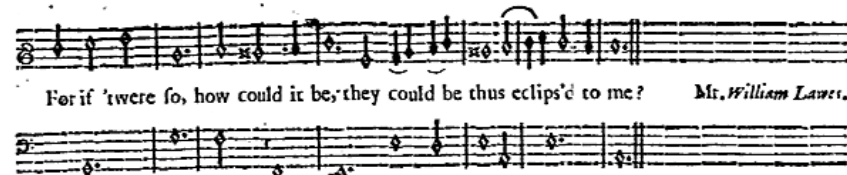
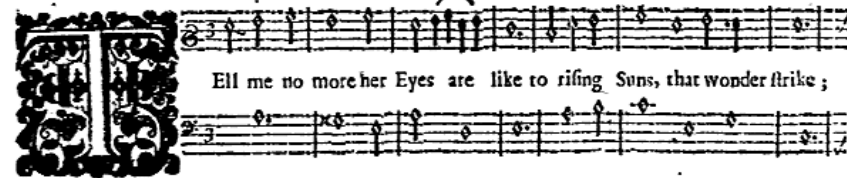
II.

Nor be not shy to that degree
Thy friends may hardly know thee,
Nor yet so coming, or so free,
That every fly may blow thee;
A state in every Princely brow,
As decent is requir'd,
Much more in thine, to whom they bow
By Beauties lightnings fir'd.

III.

And yet a state so sweetly mixt
With an attractive mildness;
It may like *Venus* sit betwixt
The extremes of pride and vileness.
Then every eye that sees thy face
Will in thy Beauty glory,
And every tongue that wags will grace
Thy virtue with a story.

Beauty in Eclipse.



Tell me no more her Breasts do grow
Like rising Hills of melting Snow;
For if 'twere so, how could they lye
So near the Sun-shine of her eye?

Tell me no more the restless Sphaeres
Compar'd to her voyce, fright our ears;
For if 'twere so, how then could death
Dwell with such discord in her breath?

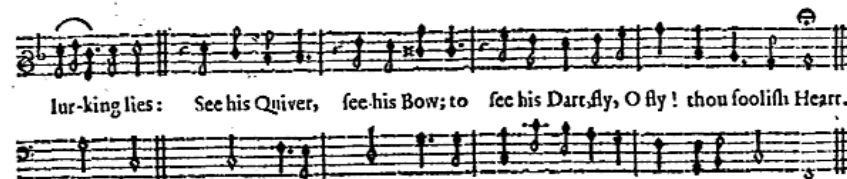
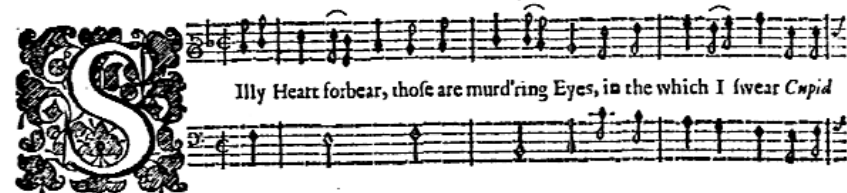
No, say her Eyes Portenders are
Of ruine, or some blazing starre,
Else would I feel from that fair fire
Some heat to cherish my desire.

Say that her Breasts, though cold as Snow,
Are hard as Marble, when I wooe;
Else they would soften and relent
With sighs inflamed, from me sent.

Say that although like to the Moon,
She heavenly fair, yet chang'd as soon;
Else she would constant once remain
Either to pity or disdain.

That so by one of them I might
Be kept alive, or murder'd quite;
For 'tis no less cruell there to kill,
Where life doth but increase the ill.

Cupid detected.



Greedy Eyes, take heed, they are scorching Beams
Causing Hearts to bleed, & your Eyes spring streams:
Love lies watching with his Bow bent, and his Dart
For to wound both Eyes and Heart.

Think and gaze your fill, foolish Heart and Eyes,
Since you love your ill, and your good despise:
Cupid Shooting, *Cupid* Daring, and his Band
Mortal powers cannot withstand.

Love's Flattery.

Hen Calia I in-tend to flatter you, and tell you lyes to make you

true, I swear there's none so fair, there's none so fair, and you beleive it too. Dr. Colman.

<p>Oft have I matcht you with the Rose, and said No twins so like hath nature made, But 'tis Only in this, ✱ You prick my hand and fade.</p>	<p>When I praise your skin I quote the wooll That Silk-worms from their Entrailes pull, And show That new fallen snow, ✱ Is not more beautifull.</p>
<p>Oft have I said there is no pretious stone But may be found in yon alone; Though I No stone espy, ✱ Unless your heart be one.</p>	<p>Yet grow not proud by such Hyperboles Were you as excellent as these Whilst I Before you ly, ✱ They might be had with ease.</p>

Love's Theft.

Ow am I chang'd from what I was be-fore I saw those Eyes? I had a heart, but

now alas, that room is fill'd with sighs, for she that robb'd me, would not stay to let me ask her

why she stol't or beg, she'd find some way this theft with hers t'supply.

Dr. Colman.

Thus am I left to court my grief,
For when she's out of sight,
There can on earth be no relief,
Or ought that's true delight.

I'll therefore on some River side
Wander to breath my woe,
And ask those Nymphs how Hylas dy'd
That I might do so too.

Power of Love.

Ince love hath in thine and mine eye kindled a holy flame, what pi-ty

'twere to let it dye, what sin to quench the same? The stars that seem ex-tin'd by day,

disclose their flames at night, and in a fable sence convey their loves in beams of light.

Dr. John Wilson.

II.

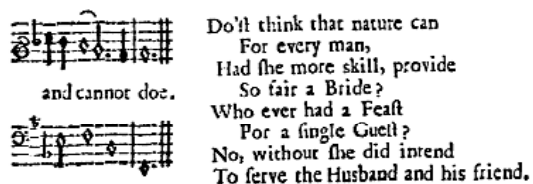
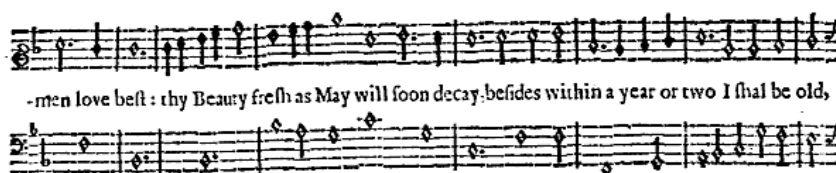
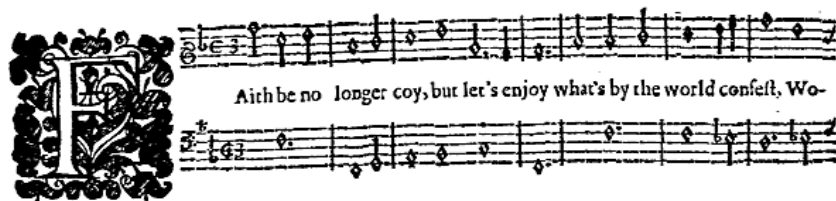
So when the jealous Eye and Ear
Are shut or turn'd aside,
Our Tongues, our Eyes, may talk sans fear
Of being heard or spi'd.
What though our Bodies cannot meet
Loves fuels more divine;
The fixt stars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never joyn.

III.

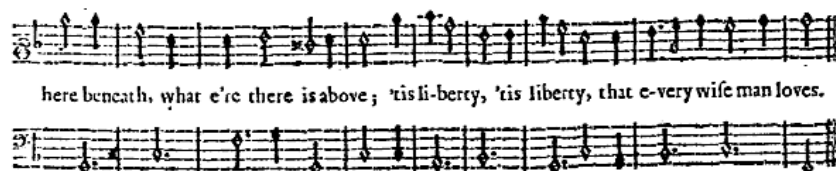
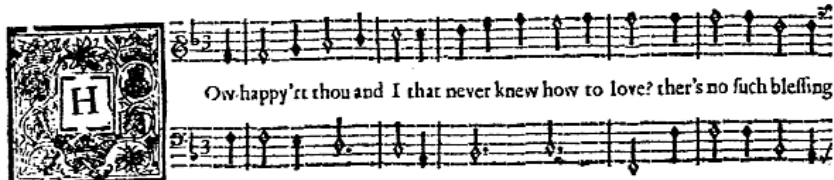
False Meteors that do change their place,
Though they shine fair and bright;
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall down and lose their light.
Thus while we shall preserve from waste
The flame of our desire,
No vestall shall maintain more chaste,
Or more immortal fire.

IV.

If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine Eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine waste away
I'll take new fire from thine.

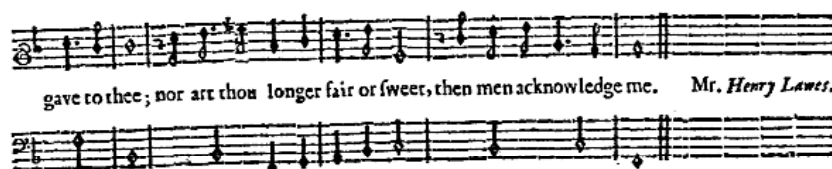
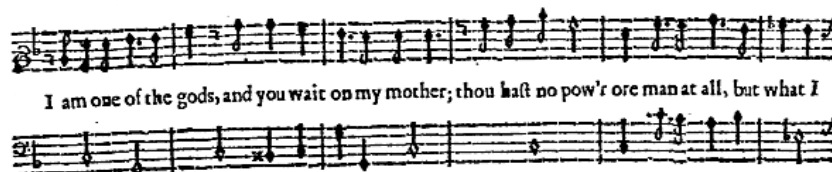
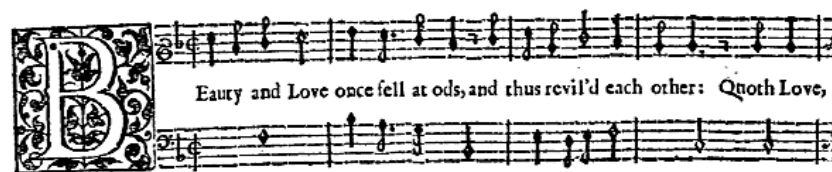
A Motive to Love.

To be a little nice
Sets better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their Servants loves;
But on the riper years
It ill appears:
After a while you'll find this true,
I need provoking more then you.

On Liberty.

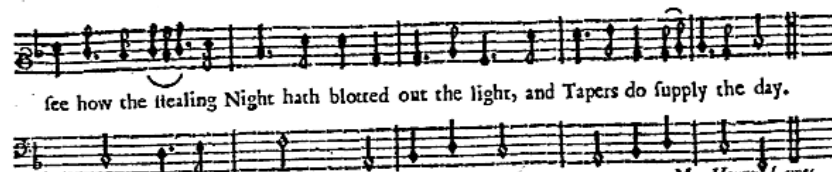
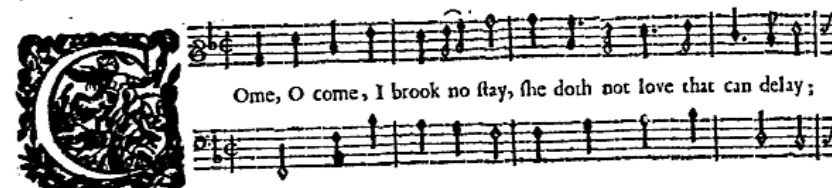
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I'll tye my Heart to none, nor yet confine mine Eyes,
But I will play my Game so well, I'll never want a prize:
'tis liberty, 'tis liberty, has made me now thus wise.

Beauty and Love at ods.

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We see that thou art blind;
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find:
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
And call'd thee Blind desire;
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,
And Wings to kindle fire.

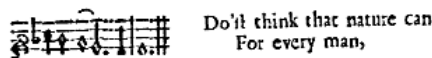
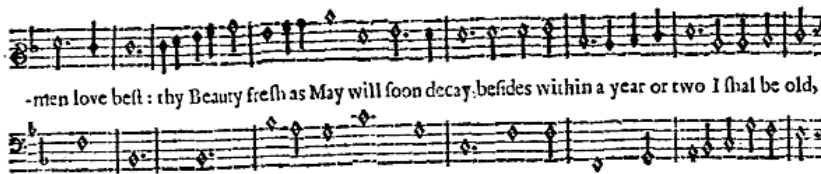
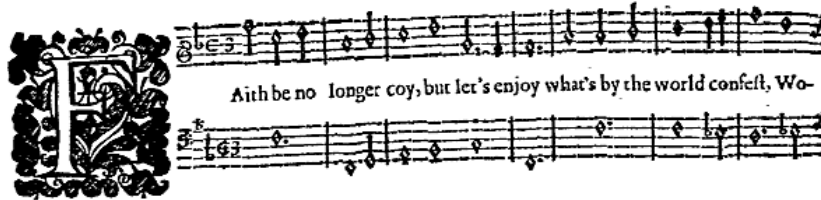
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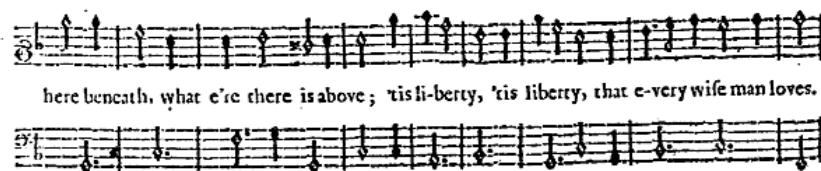
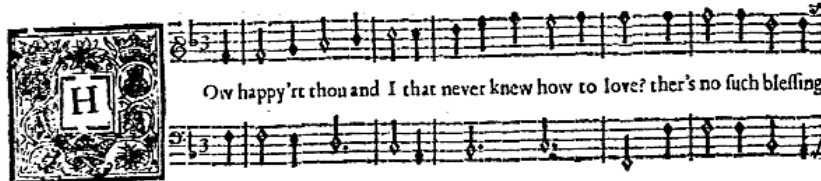
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A Motive to Love.

IRREGULAR

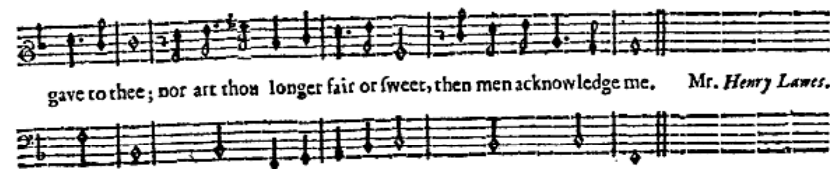
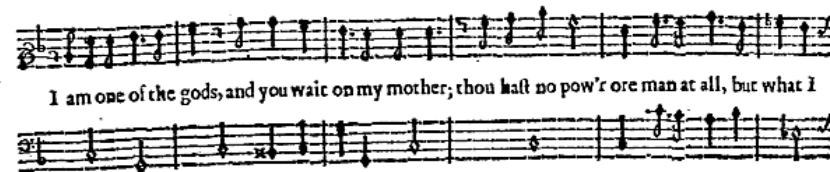
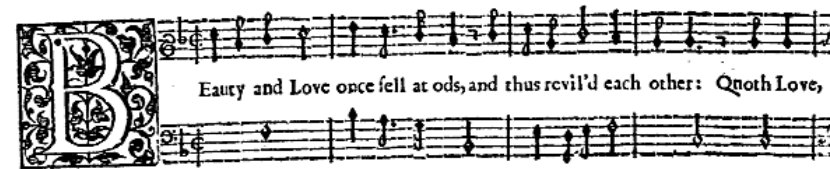
PAGINATION

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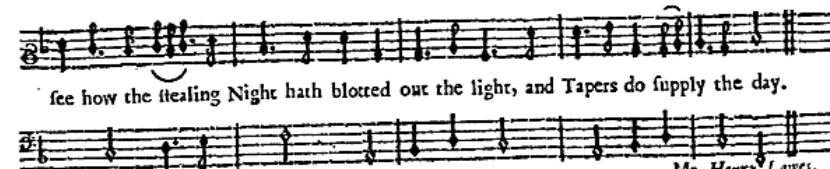
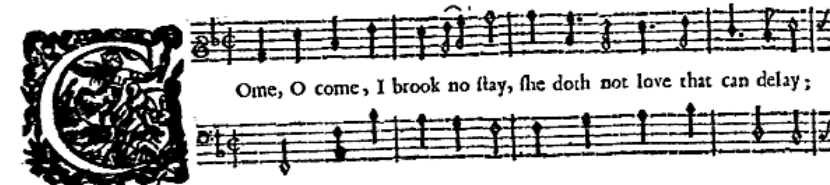
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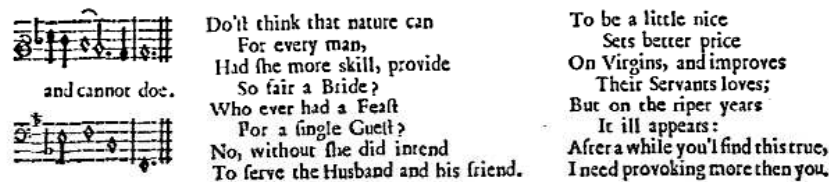
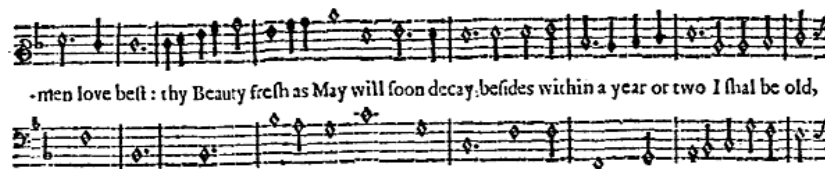
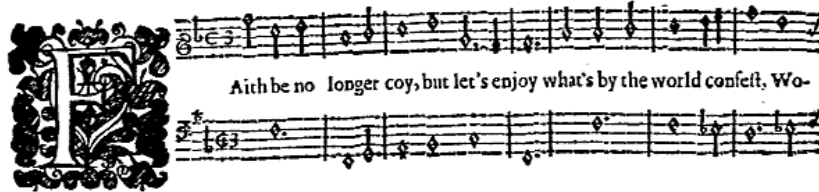
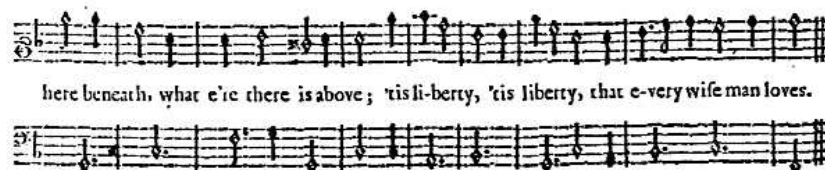
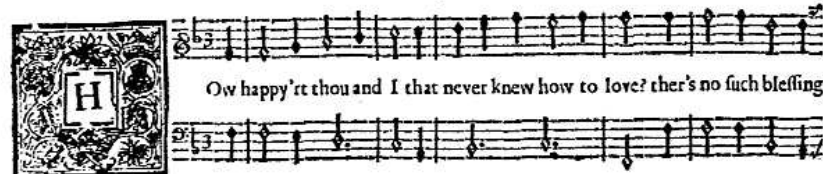
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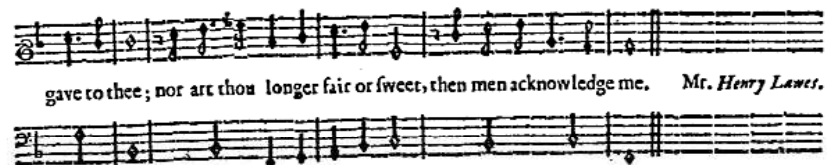
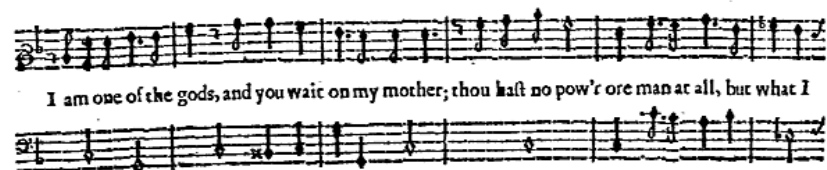
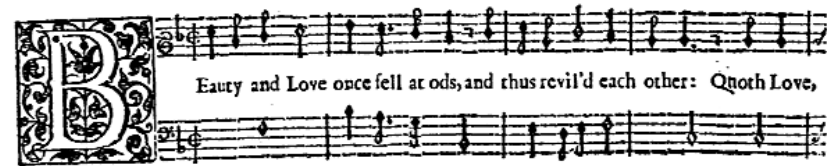
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A Motive to Love.*On Liberty.*

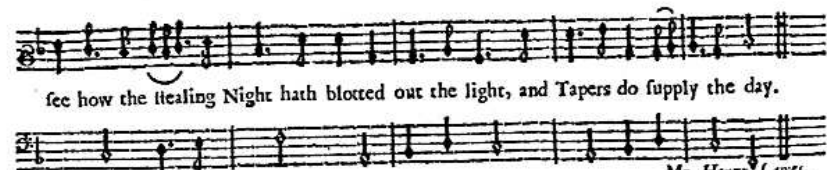
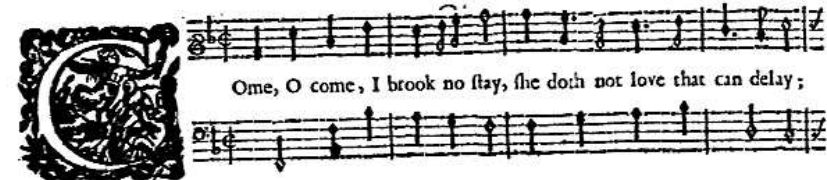
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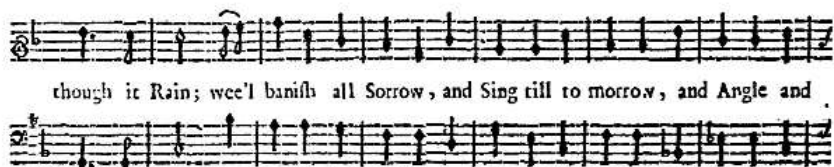
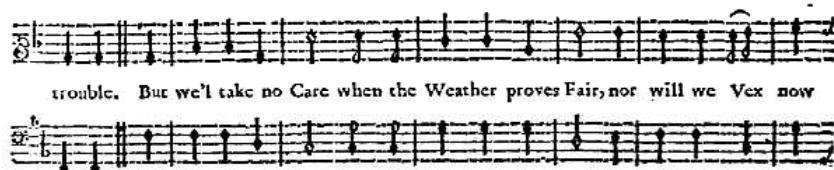
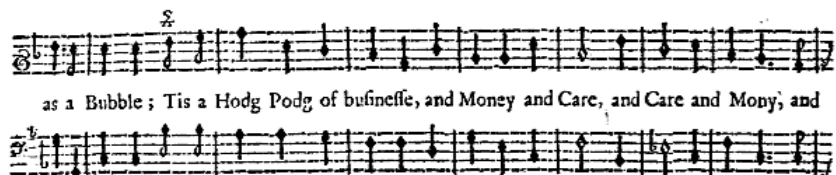
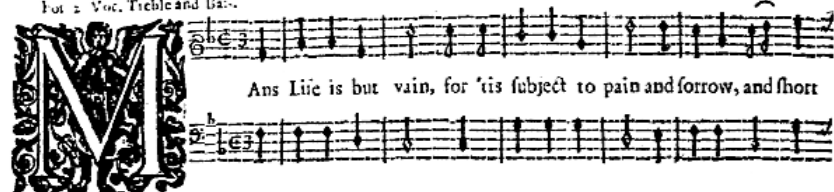
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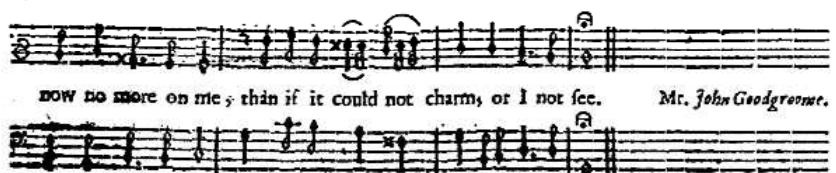
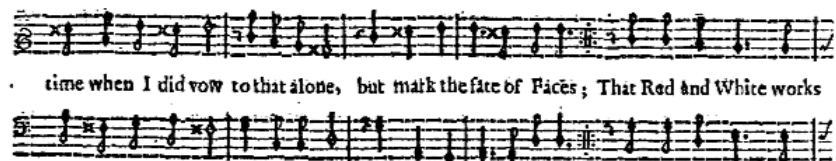
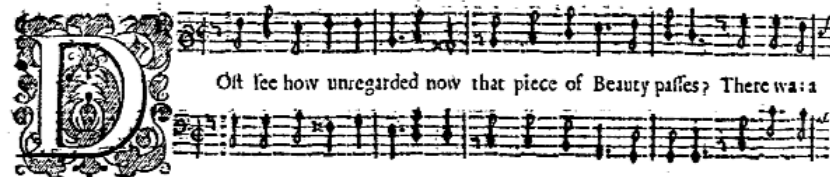
The Anglers Song.

For 2 Voc. Treble and Bass.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

On Attractive Beauty.



Mr. John Goodgroome.

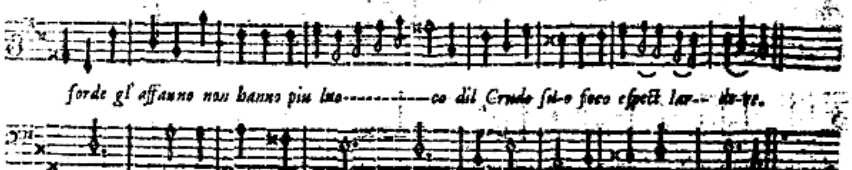
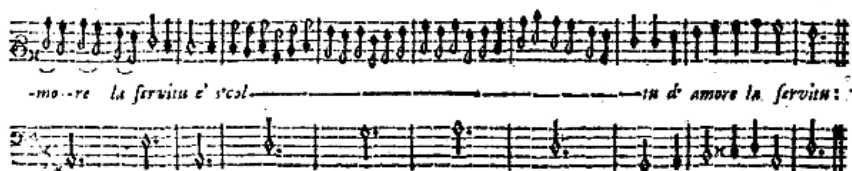
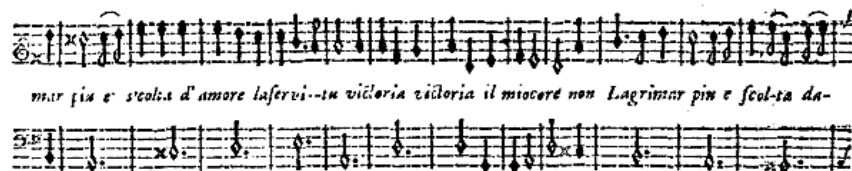
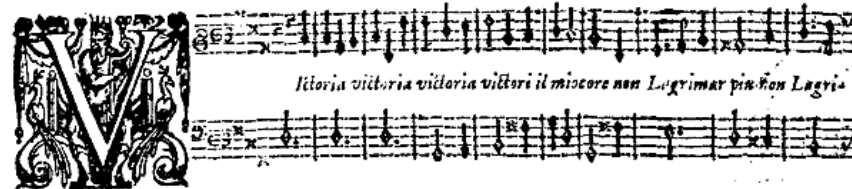
II.

And yet the Face continues good,
 And I have still desires;
 Am still the self-same Flesh and Blood,
 As apt to melt, and suffer for those fires:
 Oh some kind power unriddle where it lyes,
 Whether my Heart be faultie or her Eyes.

III.

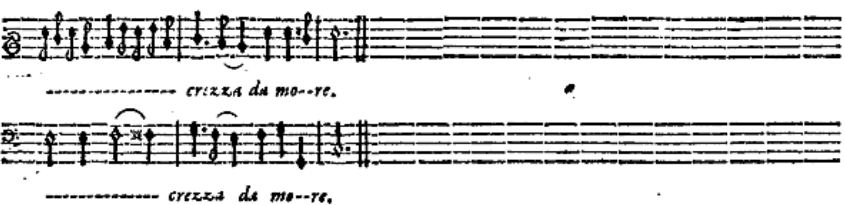
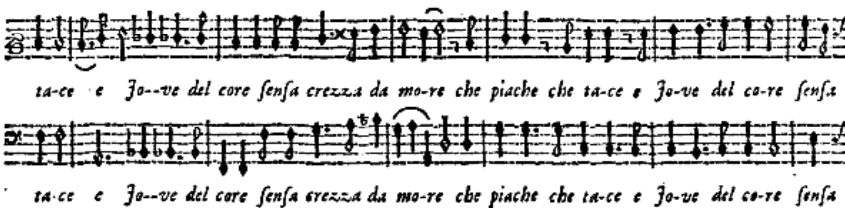
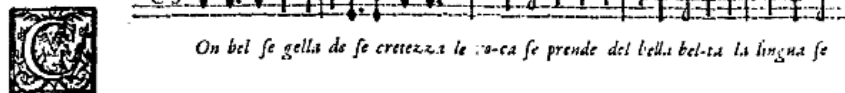
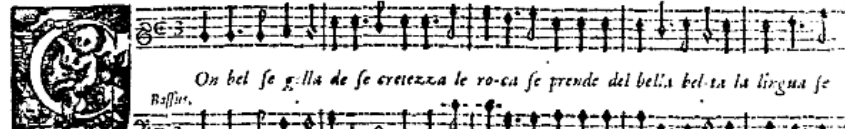
She every day her man doth kill,
 And fasten eye;
 Neither her Power then, nor my Will
 Can question'd be, what is the Myserie?
 Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States,
 Have certain Periods set, and hidden Fates.

An Italian Ayre.



An Italian Ayre for two Voyces.

CANTUS.



Here endeth the A Y R E S for One or two Voyces
to the Theorbo-Lute, or Basse-Viol.