

AYRES AND DIALOGUES,

For One, Two, and Three Voyces.

BY

Langham.



HENRY LAWES Servant to his late Ma:^{ty}
in his publick and private Musick.

W. Faithorne fecit

The First Booke.

L O N D O N,

Printed by T. H. for John Playford, and are to be sold at his Shop, in the Inner
Temple, near the Church door. 1653.

Josiah H. Benton Ed.
Nov. 24, 1939
AA

Daughters to the Right Honorable, *John Earle of Bridgewater*;
Lord President of *W A L E S*, &c.



thought of making these Publick, than of inscribing them to Your Ladiships, most of them being Compos'd when I was employ'd by Your ever Honour'd Parents to attend Your Ladishipp's Education in Musick; who (as in other Accomplishments fit for Persons of Your Quality) excell'd most Ladies, especially in Vocall Musick; wherein You were so absolute, that You gave Life and Honour to all I set and taught You; and that with more Vnderstanding than a new Generation pretending to Skil (I dare say) are Capable of. I could therefore do nothing more becomming my Gratitude than a Dedication of These (so much Your own) to both Your Ladiships; and to manifest that Honour I bear to the Memory of Your deceased Parents, whose Favors it is impossible should ever be forgotten by

HENRY LAWES.

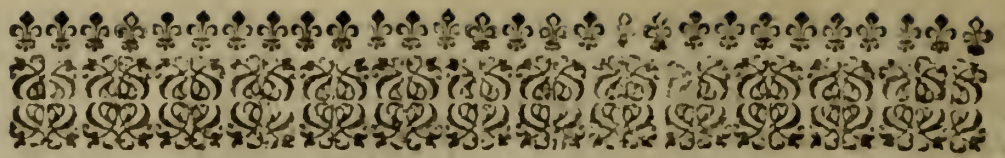
To all Understanders or Lovers of MUSICK.



I *t is easie to say I have been much importun'd, by Persons of Quality, to Publish my Compositions: But though I could plead it (and without vain Pretensions) yet now I shall waive it. Nor was I drawn to it by any little thoughts of private Gain; though men of my Relations (as the world now goes) are justly presum'd not to overflow; and perhaps the matter will not reach that value, let the Stationer look to that, who himselfe hath undergone the Charge and Trouble of the whole Impression; who yet (by his favour) hath lately made bold to print, in one Book, above twenty of my Songs, whereof I had no knowledge till his Book was in the Presse; and it seems he found those so acceptable that he is ready for more. Therefore now the Question is not, whether or no my Compositions shall be Publick, but whether they shall come forth from me, or from some other hand; and which of the two is likeliest to afford the true correct Copies, I leave others to judge. In this Book I reprint none that were publish'd in the former, or ever in print before. I could tell ye also, I have often found many of mine that have walkt abroad in other mens names: how they came to lose their Relations and be Anabaptiz'd, I think not worth examining. Only I shall say, that some who so adopted and owned my Songs had greater kinnesse for the Children than for the Father: else sure they had not bestow'd some other late Ayres (which themselves could not own) upon Forrainers and Strangers, because I compos'd them to Italian and Spanish words. I should think such an Injury an unseasonable piece of Injustice, since now we live in so sullen an Age, that our Profession it selfe hath lost its Incouragement. But wise men have observ'd our Generation so giddy, that whatsoever is Native (be it never so excellent) must lose its taste, because themselves have lost theirs. For my part, I professe (and such as know me can bear me witnesse) I desire to render every man his due, whether Strangers or Natives. I acknowledge the Italians the greatest Masters of Musick, but yet not all. And (without depressing the Honour of other Countries) I may say our own Nation hath had and yet hath as able Musicians as any in Europe; and many now living (whose names I forbear) are excellent both for the Voyce and Instruments. But as in Musick the Unison and Diapason are the sweetest of all Chords, yet a Second and a Seventh, which stand next to them, are more Discordant from them than any other Notes [in all the Scale: So to Musicians, a man's next Neighbour is the farthest from him, and none give so harsh a Report of the English as the English themselves. We should not thinke Musick any stranger to this Island, since our Ancestors tell us that the Britains had Musicians before they had Books; and the Romans that invaded us (who were not too forward to magnifie other Nations) confesse what power the Druids and Bards had over the Peoples affections by recording in Songs the Deeds of Heroick Spirits, their very Laws and Religion being sung in Tunes, and so (without Letters) transmitted to Posterity; wherein it seems they were so dexterous, that their Neighbours out of Gaul came hither to learn it. How their Successors held it up I know not: But King Henry the Eight did much advance it, especially in the former part of his Reign, when his minde was more intent upon Arts and Sciences, at which time he invited all the greatest Masters out of Italy and other Countries, and Himselfe gave example by Composing with his own hand two intire Services, which were often sung in his Chappell, as the Lord Herbert of Cherbury (who writ his Life) hath left upon Record. Since whose time it prosper'd much in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and His late Majesty. I confesse the Italian Language may have some advantage by being better smooth'd and vowell'd for Musick, which I found by many Songs which I set to Italian words: and our English seems a little*

little over-clogg'd with Consonants; but that's much the Composer's fault, who by judicious setting and right tuning the words may make it smooth enough. And since our palates are so much after Novelties, I desir'd to try the Greek, having never seen any thing Set in that Language by our own Musicians or Strangers; and (by Composing some of Anacreon's Odes) I found the Greek Tongue full as good as any for Musick; and in some particulars sweeter than the Latine, or those Moderne ones that descended from Latine. I never lov'd to Set or sing words which I do not understand; and where I cannot; I desir'd help of others who were able to interpret. But this present Generation is so sated with what's Native, that nothing takes their care but what's sung in a Language which (commonly) they understand as little as they do the Musick. And to make them a little sensible of this ridiculous humour, I took a Table or Index of old Italian Songs (for one, two, and three Voyces) and this Index (which read together made a strange medley of Non-sence) I set to a varied Ayre, and gave out that it came from Italy, whereby it hath passed for a rare Italian Song. This very Song I have now here printed. And if this First Book shall find acceptance, I intend yearly to publish the like; for I confess I have a sufficient Stock lying by me (and shall compose more) having had the Honour to Set the Verses of the most and chiefeſt Poets of our Times. As for those Copies of Verses in this Book, I have rendred their Names who made them, from whose hands I received them. These Reasons (with some other not here mentioned) drew me forth to this Publication, which if receiv'd with the same heart that I offer it, will be further Encouragement for

H. L.


 To Mr. HENRY LAWES, who had then newly set a Song of mine in the Year, 1635.



Verse makes Heroick Vertue live,
 But you can life to Verses give:
 As when in open aire we blow
 The breath (though strain'd) sounds flat and low,
 But if a Trumpet take the blast,
 It lifts it high, and makes it last:
 So in your Ayres our Numbers drest
 Make a shrill sally from the Brest

Of Nymphs, who singing what we pen'd,
 Our Passions to themselves commend,
 While Love Victorious with thy Art
 Governs at once their Voyce and Heart.
 You by the help of Tune and Time
 Can make that Song which was but Rime.
 NOY pleading, no man doubts the Cause,
 Or questions Verses set by LAWES,
 For as a window thick with paint
 Lets in a light but dim and faint,
 So others with Division hide
 The Light of Sense, the Poets Pride,
 But you alone may truly boast
 That not a syllable is lost;
 The Writer's and the Setter's skill
 At once the ravish't Eare do fill.
 Let those which only warble long,
 And gargle in their throats a Song,
 Content themselves with Ut, re, mi,
 Let words and sense be set by Thee.

ED. WALLER, Esquire.

To his Honour'd F. Mr. *HENRY LAWES*,
on his *Ayres and Dialogues*.



Howe happy few who apprehend thy flight,
Ever above the Cloud, yet still in sight,
Cannot by all their Numbers and Addresse
Swell or advance thy praises, but confesse.
For thou art fix'd beyond the Power of Fate,
Since nothing that is Mortal can Create.
And is it possible that thou should'st dye
who can'st bestow such Immortality?

I have not sought the Rules by which yee try
When a Chord's broke, or holds in Harmony;

But I am sure Thou hast a Soul within
As if created for a Cherubin;
Brim full of Candour and wise Innocence,
And is not Musick a Resultance thence?
For sure the blunt-bill'd Swan's first fame to sing
Sprung from the motion of her spotless wing.

But sole Integrity winns not the Cause,
For then each honest man would be a *LAWES*:
Thou hast deep Iudgement, Phansie, and high Sence,
Old and new *Wit*, steady Experience;
A Soul unbrib'd by any thing but Fame,
Grasping to get nought but a good great Name.
Hence all thy Ayres flow pure and unconfin'd,
Blown by no Mercenary Lapland wind,
No stoln or plunder'd Phansies, but born free,
And so transmitted to Posteritie,
Which never shall their well-grown Honor blast,
Since they have Thy, that's the best, Indgement past.

Yet Some, who forc'd t'admire Thee, must repine
That all Theirs are out-done by thy Each Line;
The Sence so humour'd, and those Humours hit,
Will call them acts of Fortune, not of Wit;
Hoping their want of Skill may be thy Brand
'Cause they have not the Luck to understand;
Cry up the Words to cry Thee down, and swear
Thou sett'st more Sence then they can meet elsewhere;
Concluding could themselves such Verses show
They could produce such Compositions too.

But is't thy fault if the great Witts whole Quire
Before all Others still prefer Thy Lyre?
They tasted All, and Thine among the rest,
But then return'd to Thee, 'cause Best was Best.
Bid such attach Thy Old Anacreon's Greek,
where the least Accent will cost Them a week,
Six Months a Verse, and that Verse tun'd and scan'd
(Though short) twelve Years, an Age to Understand:
But thy Lute, like th'last Trump, hath rais'd His Head,
who, er'e the Græcian Empire born, was dead.

Then let all Poetts bring all Verse, which They
May on thy Desk as on an Altar lay,
where kindled by that Touch thy Hand hath given,
'Twill climb (whence Musick first came down) to Heaven.

FRANCIS FINCH, Esquire.

To the much honour'd Mr. *HENRY LAWES*,
on his Book of *Ayres*.



*Hat Princes dye not, they to Poetts owe ;
Poetts themselves do owe their Lives to You ;
whose Phansies soon would sifle, and declare
They could not breath unlesse you lent them Ayre.
'Tis that inspires their Feet, which else but crawl
As Judges walk th' old Measures round the Hall,*

*Untill the feather'd heels of Youth advance
And raise their dull pace up into a Dance :
Your Art such Motion to our Verses brings
We can but give them Feet, You give them wings.*

WILL. BARKER.



To his much honour'd F. Mr. *HENRY*
LAWES, on his Book of *Ayres*.



*Ather of Numbers, who hast still thought fit
To tune thy selfe, and then Set others wit ;
Forgive my Zeale, who with my Sprig of Bayes
Do crowd into the Chorus of thy Praise.
For Silence were, when LAWES is nam'd, a wrong,
The Subject and the Master of all Song ;*

*who ne'r dost dive for Pebbles, undermine
Mountains to make old rusty Iron shine :
But hast made Great things Greater, do'st dispense
Lustre to wit, by adding Sence to Sence.
For Passions are not Passions, 'till they be
Rais'd to that height, which they expect from Thee ;
And all this is thy selfe ; Thy Name's not grown
Broader by putting on a Cap or Gown ;
who like those Jockies that do often sell
An old worn Jade, because he's saddled well ;
No ; Thou can'st humour all that wit can teach,
which those that are but Note-men cannot reach :
Thou'rt all so fit, that some have pass'd their Votes,
Thy Notes beget the words, not words thy Notes.*

T. NORTON!

To my ever honour'd Friend & Father, Mr. *HENRY*
LAWES, on his Book of *Ayres and Dialogues*.



*After of Musick and Musicians too,
And Father of the Muses, All's thy due :
For not a drop that flows from Helicon
But Ay'r'd by thee grows streight into a Song.
So as when Light about the World was spread,
All kind of Colours, Black, white, Green, and Red;
Soon mixt with Substances, and grew to be
Plants, Grasse, and Flowers, which All's but Harmony!*

*Thou mak'st the Grave and Light together chime,
Both joyntly dance, yet keep their own true time ;
The winning Dorick, that best loves the Harp ;
The Phrygian, thats as sweet, though far more sharp ;
The brisk Ionick, sober Lydian Mood,
which every eare sucks in, and cries, 'tis good :
Thou hitt'st them all ; their Spirit, Tone, and Pause,
Have all conspir'd to meet and honour *LAWES*.*

*No pointing Comma, Colon, halfe so well
Renders the Breath of Sense ; they cannot tell
The just Proportion how each word should go,
To rise and fall, run swiftly or march slow ;
Thou shew'st 'tis Musick only must do this,
which as thou handlest it can never miss ;
All may be Sung or Read, which thou hast dress'd,
Both are the same, save that the Singing's best.*

*Thy Muse can make this sad, raise that to Life,
Inflaming one, smoothing down th' others Strife,
Meer words, when measur'd best, are Words alone,
Till quickned by their nearest Friend a Tone :
And then, when Sense and perfect Concords meet,
Though th' Story bitter be, Tunes make it sweet ;
Thy Ariadne's Grief's so fitly shown
As bring's us Pleasure from her saddest Groan.*

*And all this is thine own, thy true-born Heir ;
Nor stoln at home, nor Forrain far-fetcht ware
Made good by Mountebanks, who loud must cry
Till some believe, and do as dearly buy ;
which when they've try'd, not better nor yet more
They find, than what does grow at their own door.
For when such Mountains swell with mighty Birth,
wee find some poor small petty thing creep forth.*

*But I'm too short to speak thee, I've no Praise
To give, but what I gather from thy Bayes :
My narrow Hive's supply'd from thy full Flow'r,
Nor does thy Ocean Praise know Bank or Shoar ;
Yet this I dare attest, that who shall look
And understand as well as read thy Book
Must say that here both Wit and Musick meet ;
Like the great Giant's Riddle Strong and Sweet.*

TO his Honour'd Friend, Mr. *Henry Lawes*, upon his Book of *Ayres*,



*U*sick thou *Soul of Verse*, gently inspire
My untun'd Phanſie with some *sprightly Ayre*;
'Tis fittest now that I thy aid require
while I to sing thee and thy *Lawes* prepare:
For the high *Raptures* of a lofty strain
Charm equall with the *Bowr's Aonian*.

'Twere in me rudeness, not to blazon forth
(*Father in Musick*) thy deserved praise,
who oft have been, to witness thy rare worth,
A ravisht hearer of thy skilfull Lay's.

Thy Lay's that wont to lend a soaring wing,
And to my tardy *Muse* fresh ardour bring.

while brightest *Dames*, the splendour of the Court,
Themselves a silent *Musick* to the Eye,
would oft to hear thy solemn *Ayres* resort,
Making thereby a double *Harmony*:

'Tis hard to judge which adds the most delight,
To th' *Eare* thy *Charms*, or theirs unto the *Sight*.

But this is sure, had *Strada's Nightingale*
Heard the soft murmurs of thy *Ayry Lute*,
She doubting lest her own sweet voice should fail
To hear thy sweeter *Ayres*, had quite been mute.
Such *Vertue* dwels in *Harmony* divine
(*Admired LAWES*) and above all in thine.

The *Dorick Sage*, and the mild *Lydian*,
The sad *Laconick* unto wars exciting,
Th' *Acolian Grave*, the *Phrygian* mournfull strain,
The smooth *Jonick* carelessly delighting,
There calmly meet, and chearfully agree,
Various themselves, to make one *Symphony*.

If we long since could boast thy purest *Vain*,
More then old *Greece* the *Rhodopian Lyre*,
Or *Latian Bowres* of late *Marenzo's* strain,
How much must our applause advance thee higher?
When thy yet more harmonious birth shall bring
To us new *Joyes*, new *Pleasures* to the *Spring*.

The woods wild *Songsters*, wonder will surprize
Hearing the sweet *Art* of thy well tun'd *Notes*,
What new unwonted chime? 'tis that outvies
The *Native* sweetness of their liquid throats,
which while in *Vain* they strive to emulate
Anothers *Musick's Duell* they'l create.

Whether pure *Anthem's* fill the sacred *Quire*,
Or *Lady's Chambers* the *Lute's* trembling voice,
Or *Rurall Song's* the *Country Swains* admire,
Thy large *Invention* still affords us choice;
'Tis to thy *Skill*, that we indebted are,
what ever *Musick* hath of neat and rare.

To thee the choicest *Witts* of *England* owe
The *Life* of their fam'd *Verse*, that ne'r shall dye,
For thou hast made their rich conceits to flow
In streams more rich to lasting memory,
Such *Musick* needs must steal our souls away,
where *Voice* and *Verse* do meet, where *Love* and *Phanſie* play.

EDWARD PHILLIPS,

To my Honour'd Friend, Mr. *Henry Lawes*, upon his Book of *Ayres*.

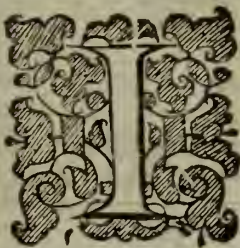


O calm the rugged Ocean, and assuage
The horrid tempests in their highest rage,
To tame the wildest Beasts, to still the Winds,
And quell the fury of distemper'd minds,
Making the Pensive merry, th' overjolly
Composing to a sober Melancholy:
These are th' effects of sacred harmonie;
which being an Art so well attain'd by thee,
(Most Honour'd Laws) what can we less then number
Thy works with theirs who were the Ancients wonder?
And give thee equall praise; but I forget;
For we do owe thee a far greater debt,
The charming sweetness of whose shorter Lay's,
Not only we do hear with great amaze,
But they have low descended to the deep,
And wak'ned Theseus Queen from Stygian sleep;
who slighting Orpheus, comes to beg of thee
To ayd her with thy pow'rfull harmonie,
Knowing thy strains more truly can expresse
Her sense of Theseus strange forgetfulness;
which makes us here to double thy Renown;
Hereafter thou shalt wear fair Ariadne's Crown.

JOHN PHILLIPS.



To my Dear and Honour'd Friend, Mr. *HENRY LAWES*, upon his
Incomparable Book of Songs.



Am no Poet, yet I will rehearse
My Virgin Muse, though in unpolisht Verse:
Perhaps the immature and lib'rall fence,
(Yet better than those Ignorants commence,
Who boldly dare their scandalous censures throw,
And judge of things (I'll swear) they do not know)
Will be to some displeasing; but what then?
Must they not know their wild pretensions, when
Unnat'rally they'll raise a Forrain Name,
And blast the Honour of their Native Fame?
But stay; Will this reclaim them? No, th'are mad;
Their Reason is insatiate, and clad
In such a stupified ignorance:
Nothing will please that is not come from *France*
Or *Italy*; but let them have their will,
Whilst we unto thy Noble Art and Skill
Do sacrifice our admirations:
The tribute's just, and other Nations
Cannot but pay it too, when they shall see
Their best of Labours thus outdone by Thee;
Or else amaz'd to see thy *English Ayre*
Past imitation; they will dispaire,
And wonder we can surfeit with such meat,
So rare, so rich, so pleasant, so compleat.
Be happy then; Thou art above all hate;
Thy great abilities have out-grown thy Fate:
Thy Fortune soars aloft; thou art renown'd:
Thy Fame's with Judgements approbation crown'd:
And in this Verse, (as I disclaim all Wit)
So 'twas thy worth, oblig'd my fancy c'ies

JO. CARWARDEN

The TABLE, with the Names of those who were Authors of the Verses.

A.	A <i>Riadne</i> Am I dispis'd because you say <i>Amarantha</i> sweet and fair Ask me why I send you here	Pag. 1	- Mr. William Cartwright of Christ-Church Oxford,
		19	- Mr. Robert Herick.
		15	- Col. Richard Lovelace.
		24	- Mr. Herick.
B.	Be gone, be gone thou perjur'd man	35	- Henry Lawes.
C.	Careless of Love, and free from Fears <i>Chloris</i> your self you so excell <i>Celia</i> thy bright Angel's Face Canst thou love me, and yet doubt Come my <i>Lucasta</i> Come heavy Souls	11	- <i>Carew</i> Raleigh, Esquire.
		14	- Edmond Waller, Esquire.
		17	- Thomas Earle of Winchelsea.
		23	- William Earle of Pembroke.
		25	- Sir Charles Lucas.
		28	- Dr. William Stroud, Oratour of the University of Oxford.
	Come, come thou glorious Object Come my Sweet whilst every strain	30	- Sir William Killigrew.
		32	- Mr. Cartwright.
D.	Dearest do not now delay me	20	- Mr. Henry Harington, Son to Sir Henry Harington.
F.	Farewell fair Saint	10	- Mr. Tho. Cary, Son to the Earle of Monmouth, and of the Bedchamber to his late Majesty.
G.	Gaze not on Swann's Give me more Love or more Disdain	15	- Mr. Henry Noel, Son to the L. Viscount Cambridgeshire.
		21	- Mr. Tho. Carew, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and Sewer to his late Majesty.
H.	He that love's a Rosie Cheek	12	- Mr. Carew.
I.	I long to sing the Seidge of Troy If when the Sun at Noon It is not that I love you lesse <i>Imbre lachrymarum largo</i>	27	- Mr. John Berkenhead.
		18	- Mr. Carew.
		22	- Mr. Waller.
		36	- Mr. Thomas Fuller, Batch. Divinity.
L.	Ladies who gild the glitt'ring Noon Lately on yonder swelling Bush Lovely <i>Chloris</i> though thine eyes The Day's return'd	35	- Mr. Francis Lenton.
		24	- Mr. Waller.
		20	- Mr. Henry Reynolds.
		33	- Mr. Berkenhead.
T.	Till now I never did believe Till I beheld fair <i>Celia's</i> Face 'Tis true fair <i>Celia</i> Thou art so Fair and Yong 'Tis Wine that inspir's Two hundred minutes are run down	16	- Sir Thomas Nevill.
		25	- Francis Finch, Esquire.
		29	- Mr. Henry Bathurst.
		31	- Mr. Aurelian Townsbend.
		32	- Lord Breughall.
		34	- Mr. Berkenhead.
V.	<i>Venus</i> redress a wrong	7	- Mr. Cartwright.
W.	When thou poor Excommunicate When on the Altar of my hand While I listen to thy Voyce <i>Ὀλέω λήγειν Ἀτρεΐδης</i> <i>Inquel gelato core (TAVOLA)</i> Last Pag. in the Book	8	- Mr. Carew.
		9	- Mr. Carew.
		13	- Mr. Waller.
		26	- Anacreon's Ode, call'd the Lute.
			- By divers and sundry Authors.

Dialogues and Songs for two Voyces.

D	istressed Pilgrim, A Dialogue betwixt <i>Cor- danus</i> and an <i>Amoret</i>	Pag. 1	- Col. Francis Lovelace.
A	ged man that mowes these Fields, A Dialogue betwixt <i>Time</i> and a <i>Pilgrim</i>	3	- Mr. Aurelian Townsbend.
A	s <i>Celia</i> rested in the shade, A Dialogue be- twixt <i>Cleon</i> and <i>Celia</i>	5	- Mr. Tho. Carew.
B	acchus <i>Pacchus</i> fill our brains	9	- Mr. Townsbend.
G	o thou Emblem of my heart	10	- Mr. Harington.
O	the Fickle state of Lovers	12	- Mr. Francis Quarles.
M	usick thou Queen of Souls	14	- Mr. Tho. Randolph of Trinity Colledge Cambridge.

Ayres and Songs for three Voyces.

C	ome <i>Chloris</i> , hie we to the Bower	16	- Mr. Henry Reynolds.
T	hough my Torment far exceeds	17	- Mr. Harington.
I	f my Mistress fix her Eye	18	- Mr. Harington.
K	eepe on your Vaile	19	- Dr. Stroud.
T	hou Shepheard whose intentive eye	20	- Mr. Townsbend.
O	n now the certain Cause I know	21	- Mr. Cartwright.
S	ing Fair <i>Clorinda</i>	22	- Sr. William Davenant.
G	rieve not Dear Love	24	- John Earle of Bristol.
L	adies whose smooth and Dainty Skin,	26	- Mr. Harington.

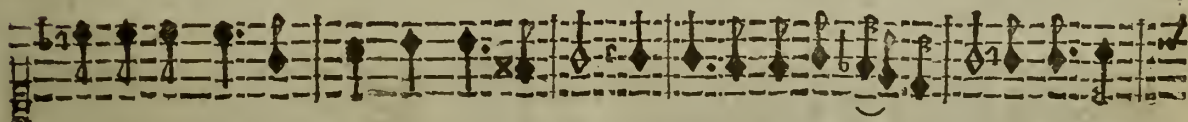
The Story of *Theseus* and *Ariadne*, as much as concerns the ensuing Relation, is this.

Theseus going over into Crete to fight with the Minotaure, made his Father *Ægeus* this promise, that if he came off with Life and Victory, he would set up white sailes at his coming back, the Ship as he went out having black sailes in token of griefe: being come into Crete, *Ariadne* the Kings Daughter there fell in love with him, and gave him a Clew of thread, by which after he had slain the Minotaure he extricated himselfe out of that perplexed Labyrinth: having thus obtained the Victory, he carried her along with him into the Island *Naxos*, where he tooke occasion to leave her as she was a sleep, and so hastning homeward, forgot to hoist the white sailes; his Father *Ægeus*, therefore, who stood upon a Rock, expecting his return, as soon as he perceived the black sailes, cast himselfe headlong into the Sea, from whom it was called the *Ægean Sea*. In this while, *Ariadne* complaining of *Theseus* his Infidelity, resolving to destroy her selfe, having made her own Epitaph, was comforted by *Bacchus*, who coming thither was enamoured of her Beauty, and took her to his protection.

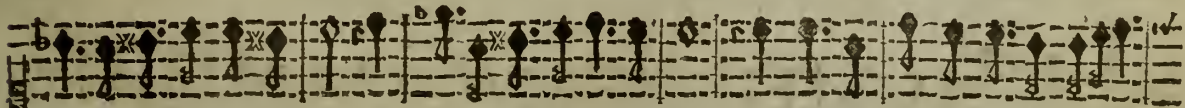
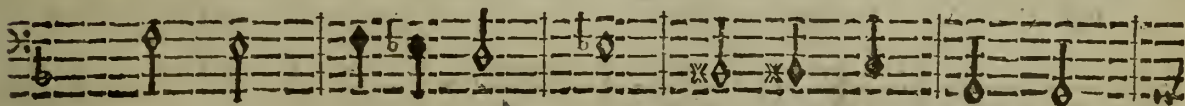
Ariadne sitting upon a Rock in the Island *Naxos*, deserted by *Theseus*, thus complains.

Theseus, O *Theseus*, hark! but yet in vain; A-las de-ser-ted I complain;

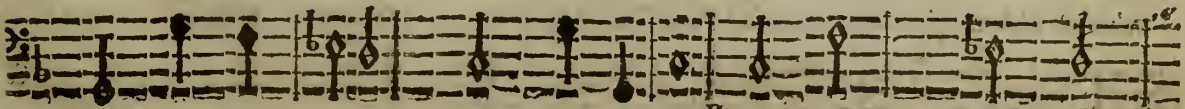
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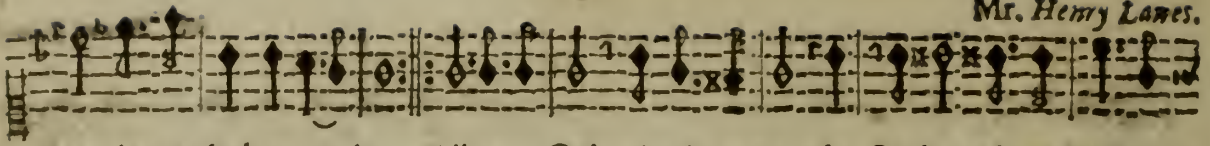


it was some neigh'ring Rock, more soft then he, whose hollow bowels pittye'd me, and beating

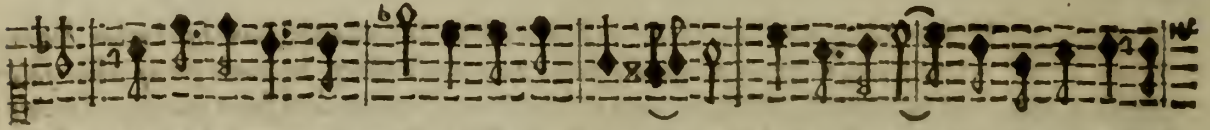
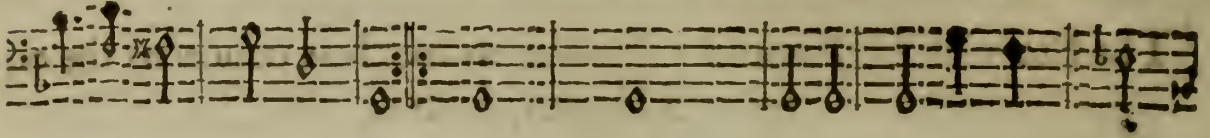


back that false & cruell name, did comfort and revenge my flame, then faithlesse whither wilt thou flye?

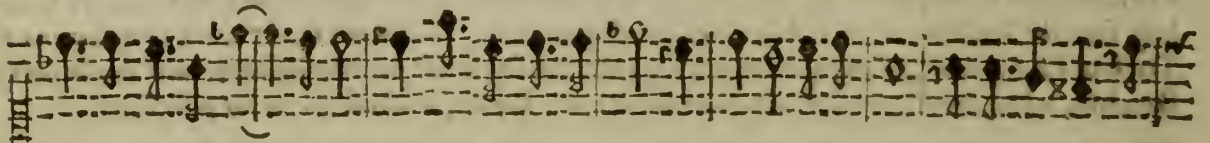
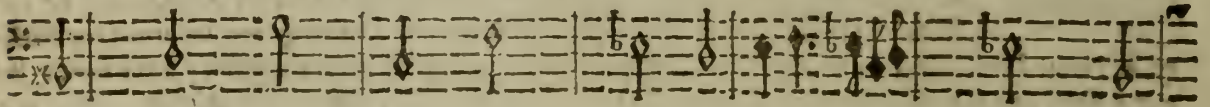




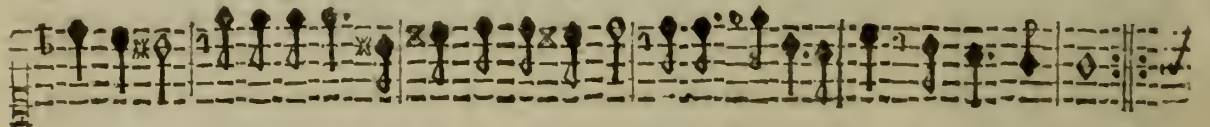
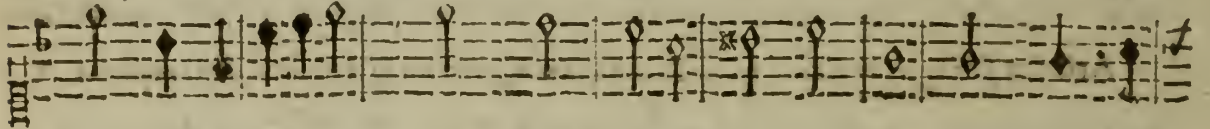
stones dare not harbour cruelty. Tell me ye Gods, who e're ye are, why, O why, made ye him so



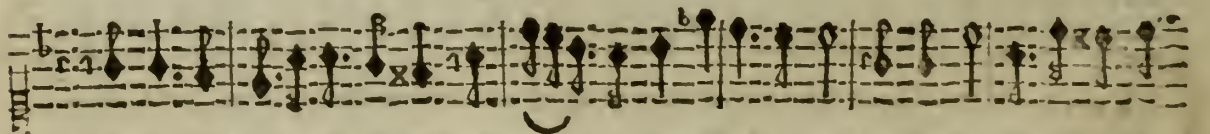
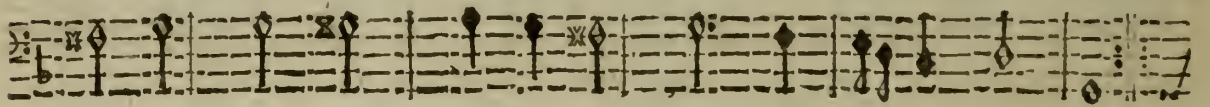
faire? & tell me wretch why thou mad'st not thy selfe more true? Beauty from him might copies take, &



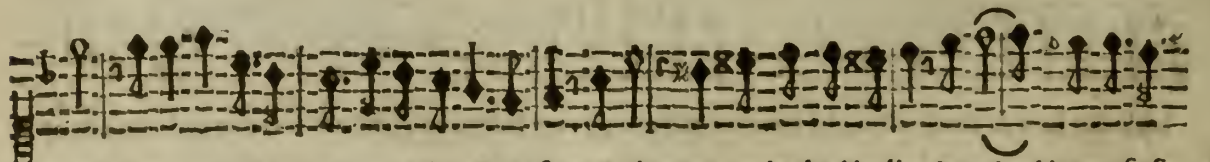
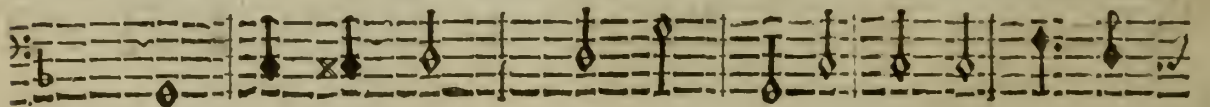
more majestick *Heroes* make, and falshood learn a wile from him too, to beguile: restore my Clue, 'tis



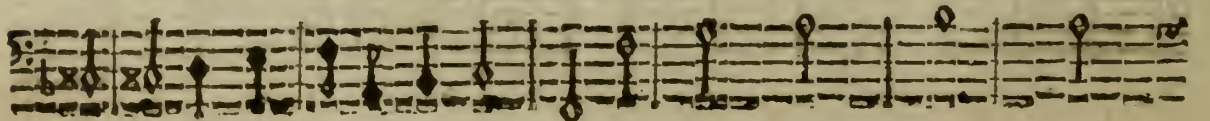
here most due, for 'tis a Labrinth of more subtile Art, to have so faire a face, so fowle a heart:

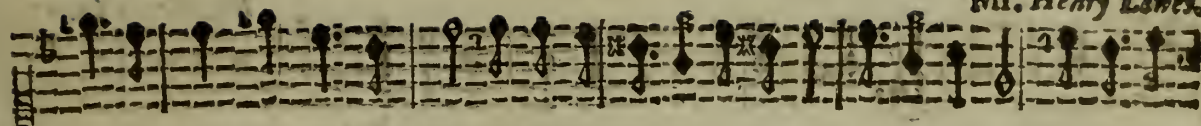


The rav'nous Vulture tear his breast, the row-ling stone disturbe his rest; let him next feele *ix. i. ens*

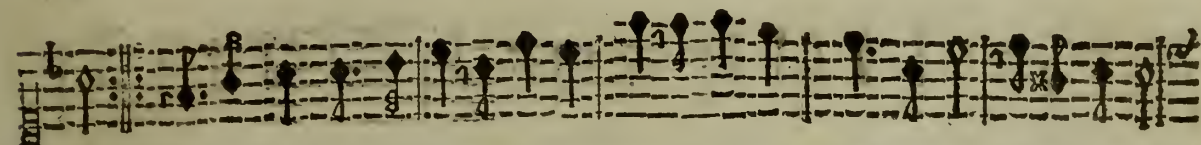
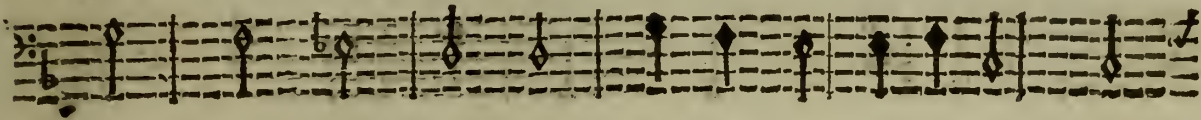


wheel, & add one fable more to, cursing Poets store, & then yet rather let him live & twine his woof of

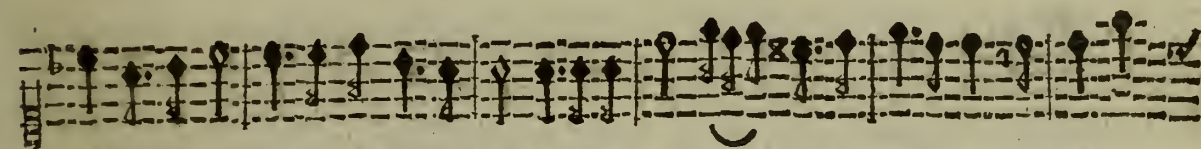
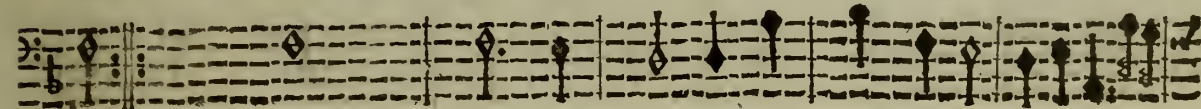




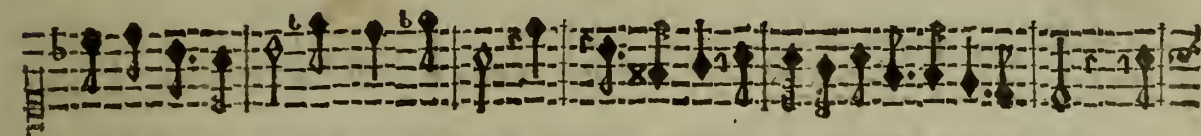
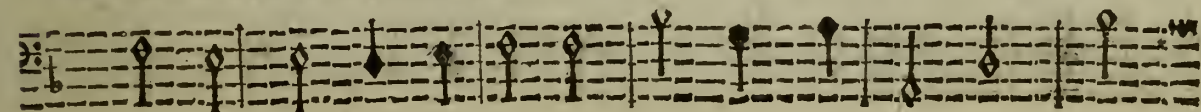
days with some thread stoln from mine; but if you'l torture him, how e're torture my heart, you'l find him



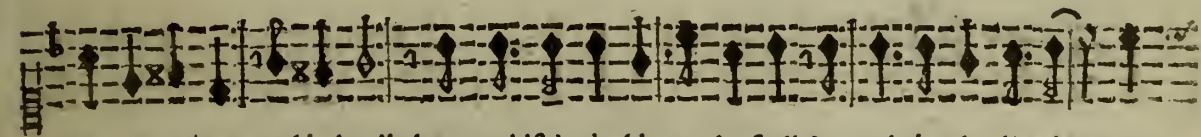
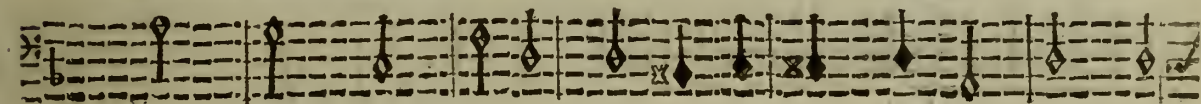
there : Till mine eyes drank up his, and his drank mine, I ne'r thought souls might kifs, & spirits joyne :



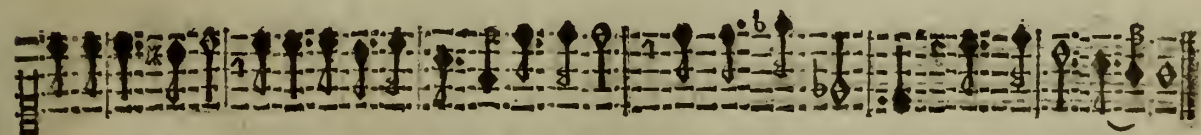
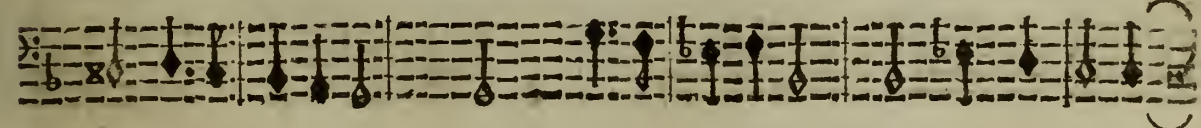
Pictures till then, took me as much as men, Nature and Art move-ing a—like my heart; but his faire



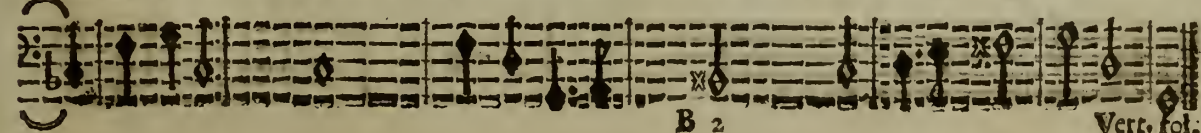
visage made me find pleasures and fears, hopes, sighs and tears, as severall seasons of the mind. Should

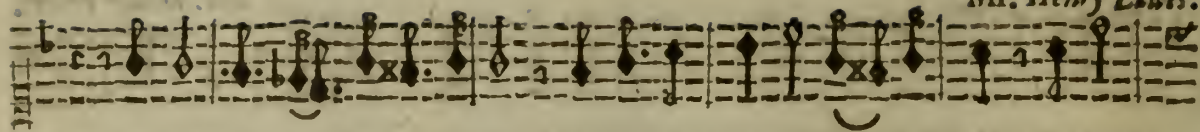


thine Eye *Venus* on his dwell, thou wouldst invite him to thy shell, & caught by that live jet, ven-

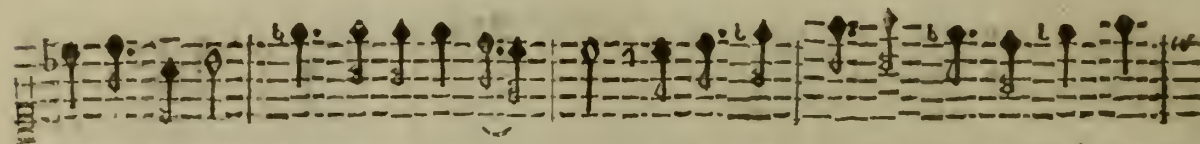
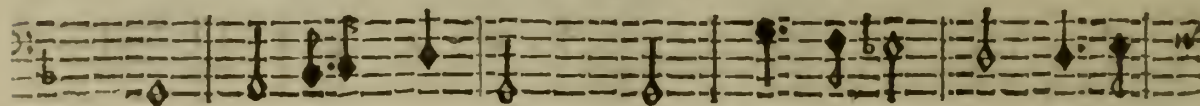


ture the second net, and after all thy dangers faithlesse he, shouldst thou but slumber, would forsake ev'n thee.

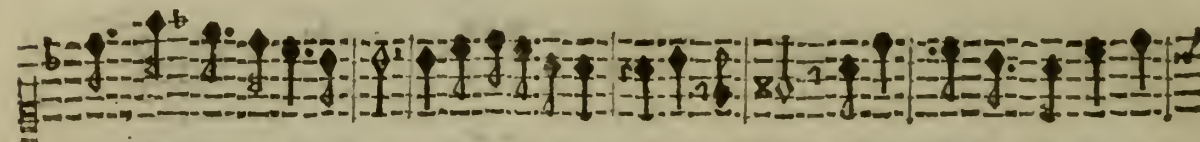
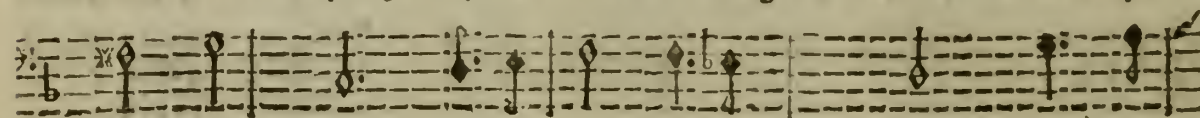




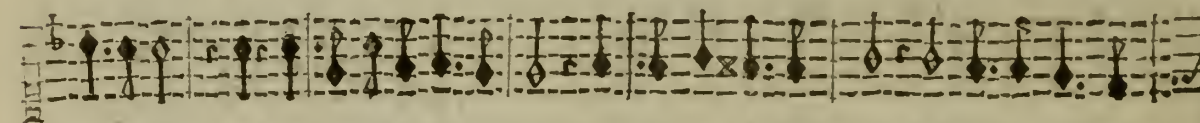
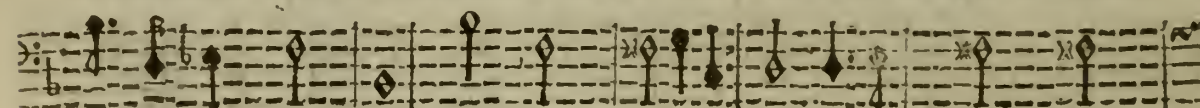
The streams so court the yielding bankes, and gliding thence ne're pay their thanks, the winds



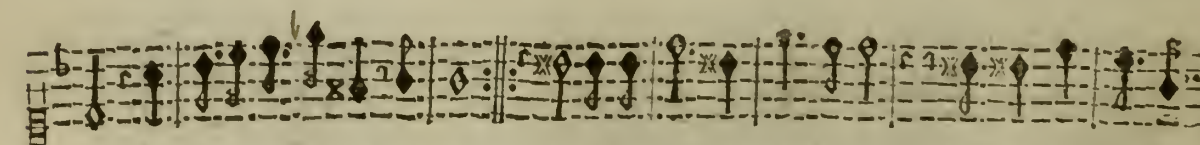
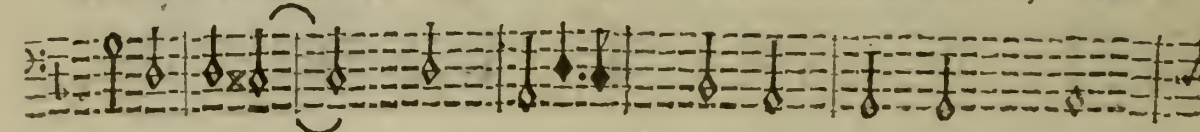
so woo the flowers, whisp'ring among fresh bowers, and having rob'd them of their smells, flye



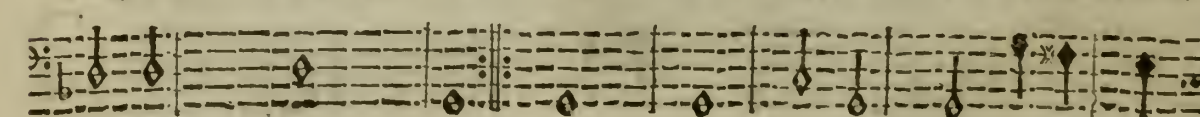
thence perfum'd to other Cels; this is familiar hate, to smile, & kill, though nothing pleas thee, yet my



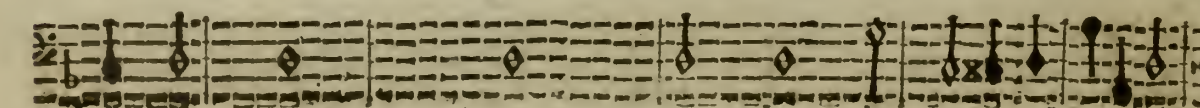
ruine will: Death hover, hover, o're me then, waves let your christall womb, be both my fare and

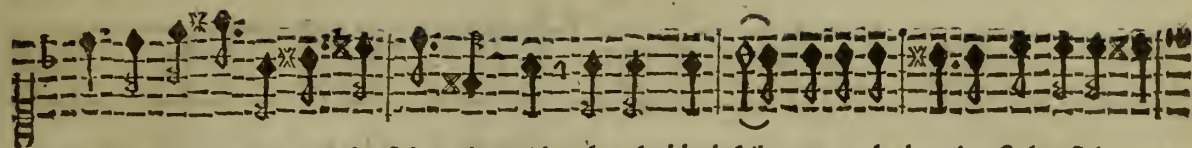


comb, I'll sooner trust the sea then men. Yet for revenge to heav'n I'll call, and breath one curse be-

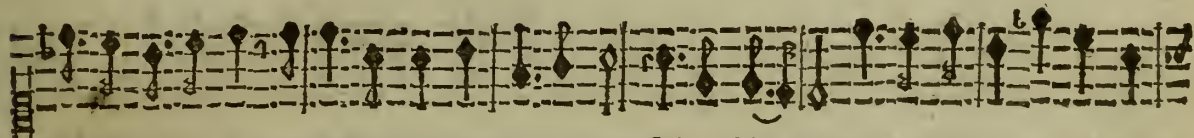
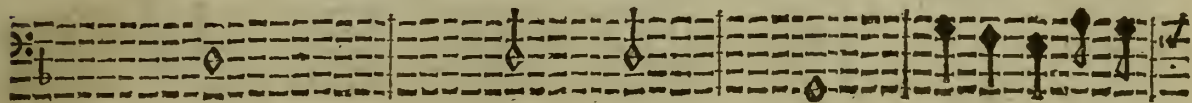


-fore I fall; proud of two Conquests, *Minotaur* and me, that by my faith, this by thy perjurie.

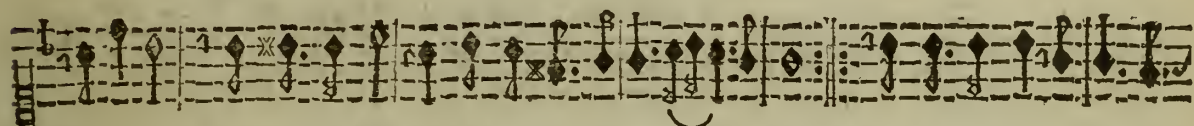
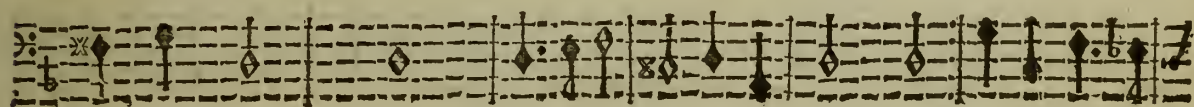




May'st thou forget to wing thy ships with white, that the black sails may to the longing sight of thy gray



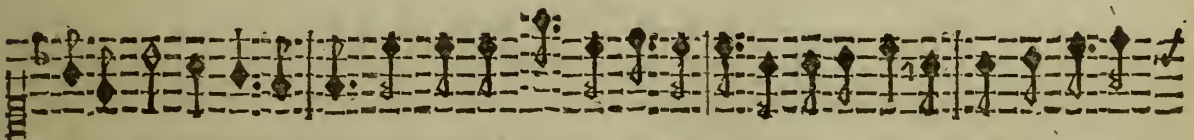
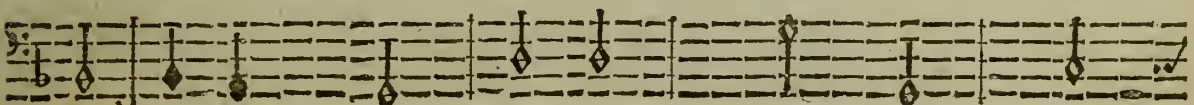
Father tell thy fate, and he bequeath that sea his name, falling like me. Nature & Love thus brand thee,



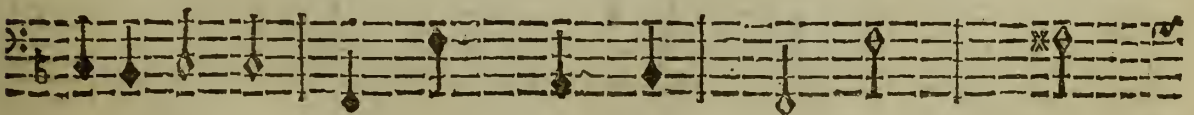
whilst I dye, 'cause thou forsak'st *Aegus*, 'cause thou draw'st nigh. And ye, O Nymphs below who



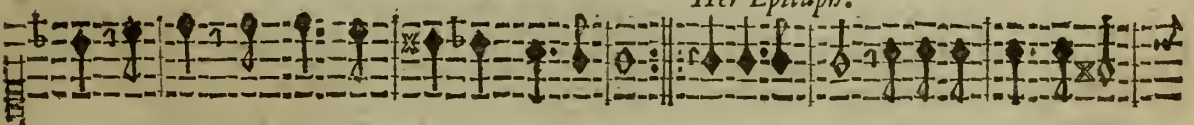
fit, in whose swift floods his vows he writ, snatch a sharp Diamond from your richer Mines, & in some



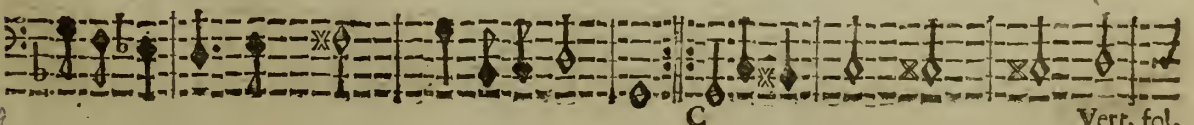
Mirror grave these sadder lines; which let some God convey to him, that so he may in that both read at

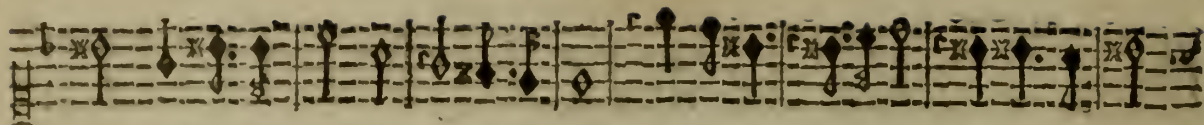


Her Epitaph.

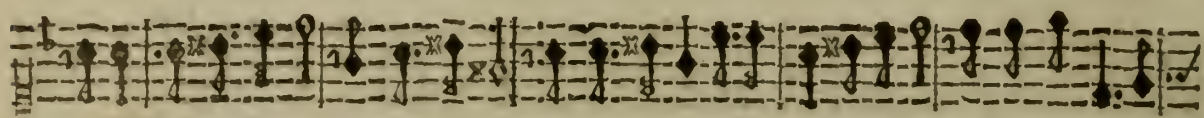
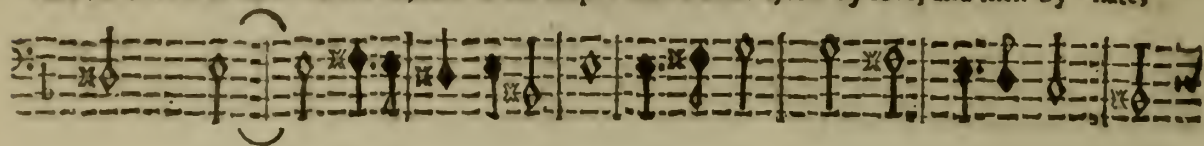


once and see those looks that caus'd my de-sti—ny. In *Thetis* Armes I *A-ri-ad-ne* sleep,

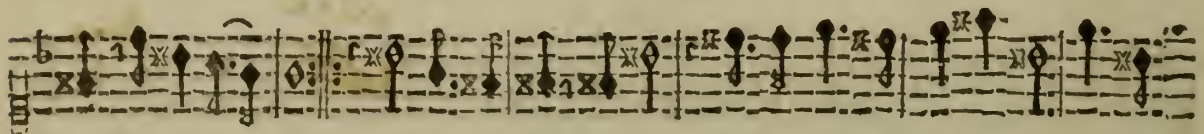
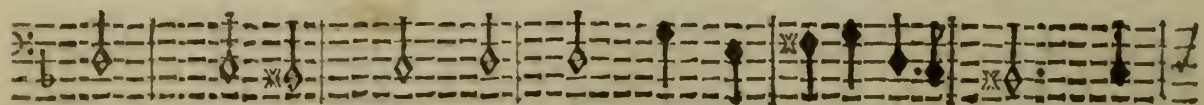




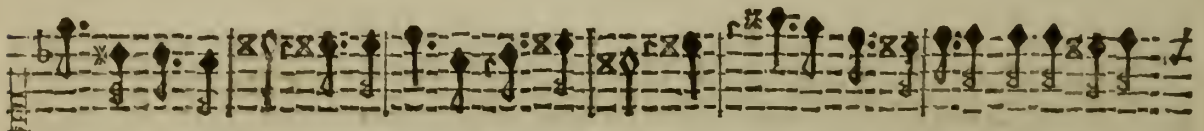
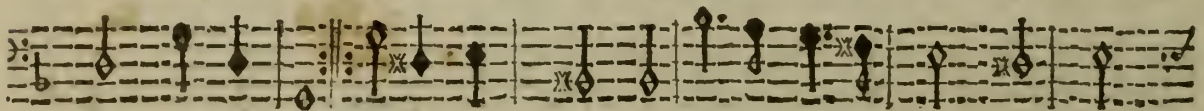
drown'd: First in mine own tears, then in the deep: Twice banish'd, first by love, and then by hate,



the life that I preserv'd became my fate, who leaving all was by him left alone, that from a Monster



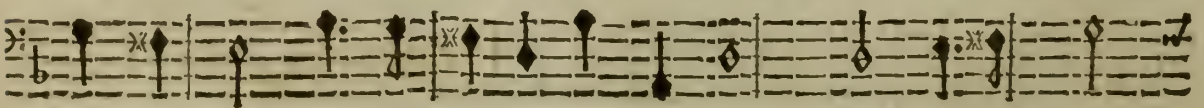
fre'd, himfelfe prov'd one : Thus then I F— but looke, O mine eyes, be now true spies, yonder,



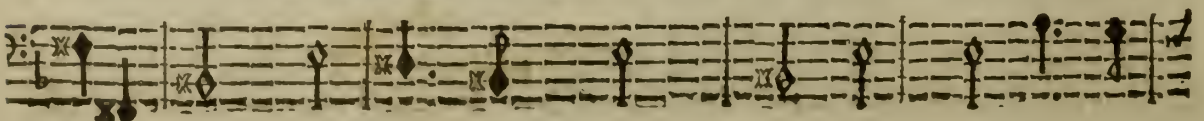
yonder comes my dear, now my wonder, once my fear ; see Satyrs dance along in a con-fu-sed

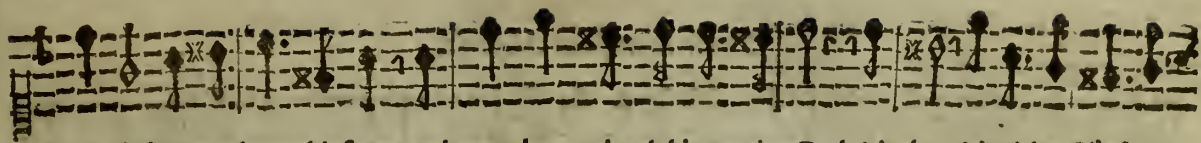


throng, whilst horns and pipes rude noice, do mad their lusty joyes; Roses his forehead crown, & that re-

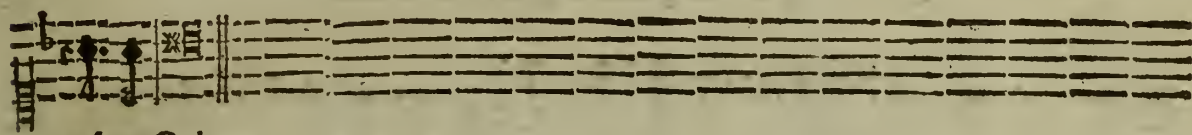
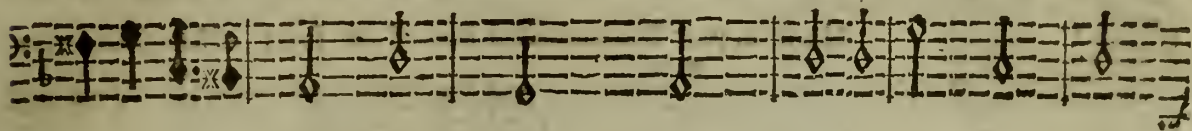


-crows the flowers; where he walks up and down, he makes the Desarts Bowers; the Ivy and the

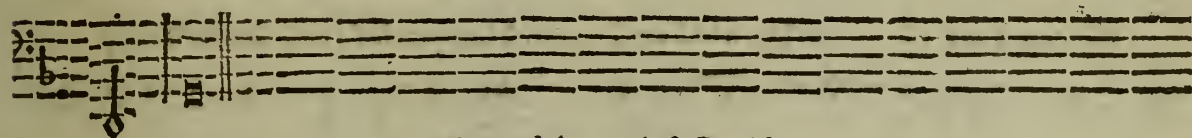




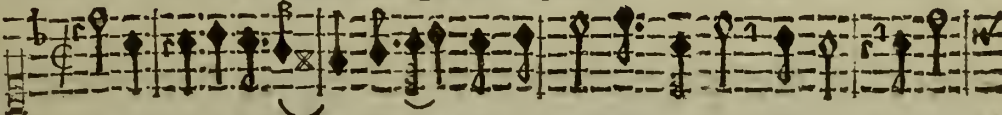
Grape hide not, adorne his shape, and green leaves cloath his waving Rod, 'tis he ; 'tis either *Theferus*,



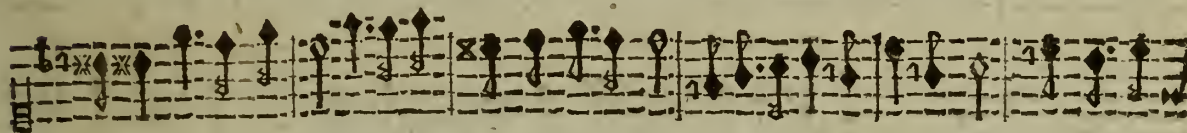
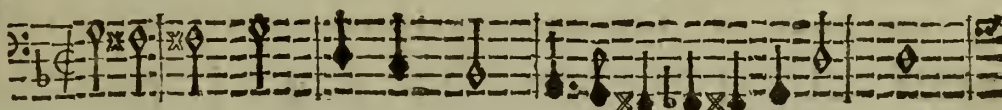
or some God.



A Complaint against Cupid.



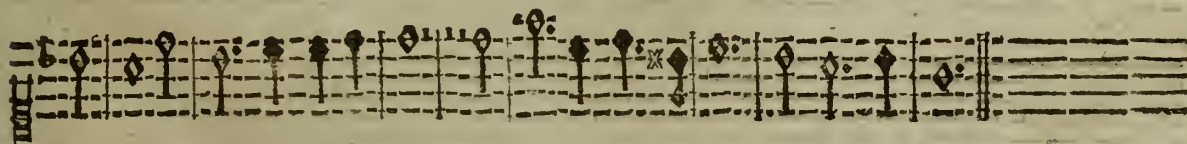
Enus, redress a wrong thats done by that yong sprightful boy thy son ; he wounds,



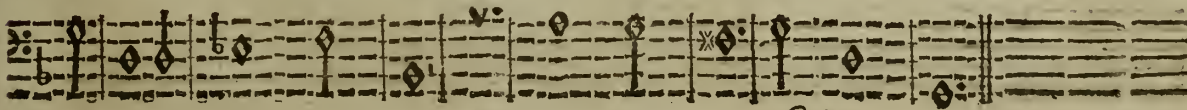
and then laughs at the fore, hatred it self could do no more ; if I pursue, he's smal & light, both seen at

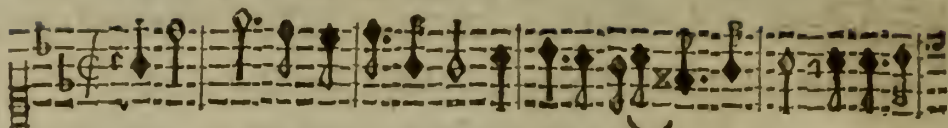
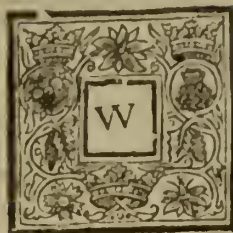


once, and out of sight ; if I do flye, he's wing'd, & then at the first step I'm caught again. Left one



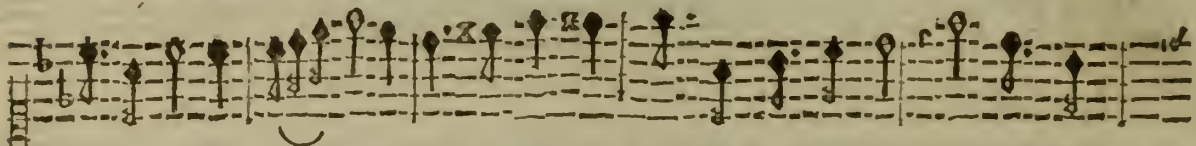
day thou thy selfe may'st suffer so, or clip the wantons wings, or break his Bow.



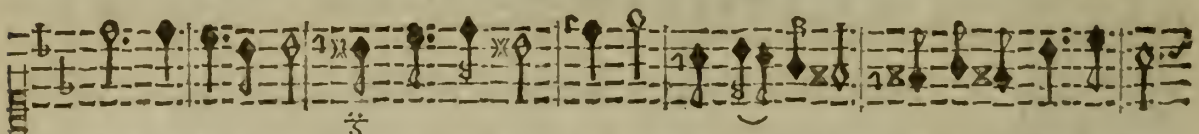
To his Inconstant Mistress.

Hen thou, poor Excommunicate from all the joyes of Love shalt see the

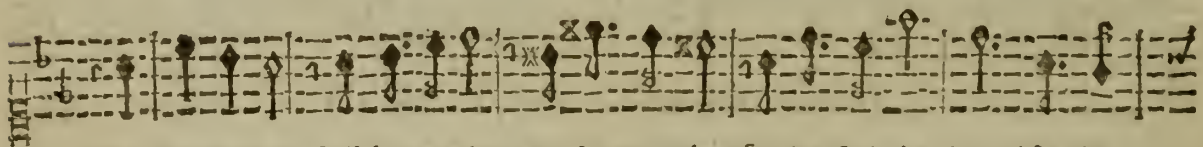
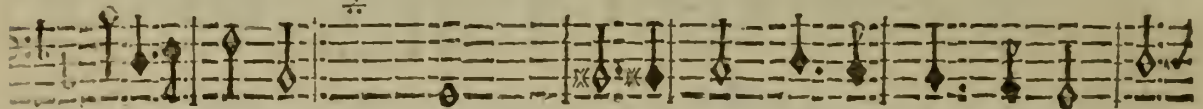
34



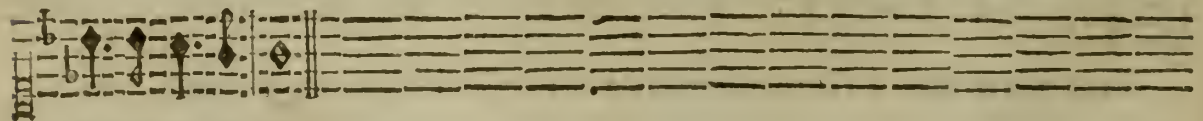
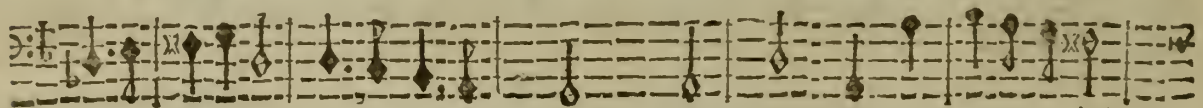
full reward and glo—ri—ous fate, which my strong faith hath purchas'd me, then curse thine



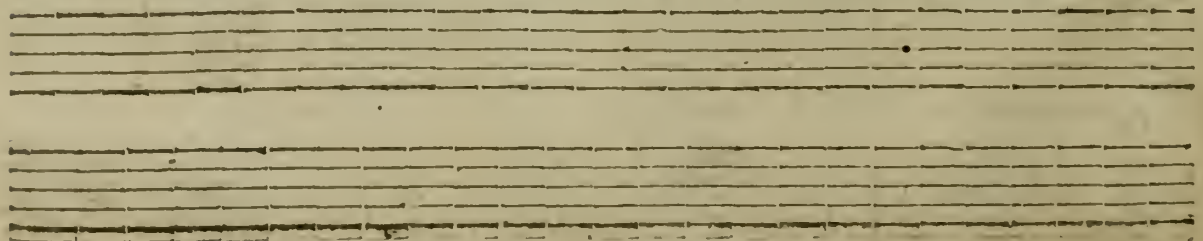
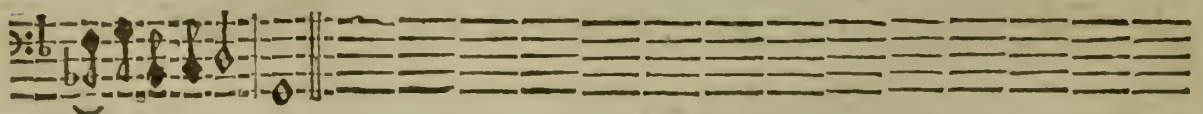
owne Inconstancy: for thou shalt weep, intreat, complaine to Love, as I did once to thee,

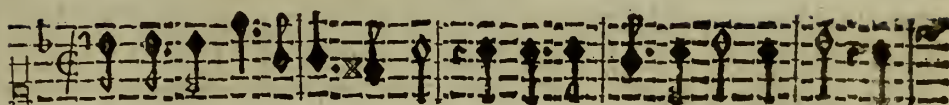
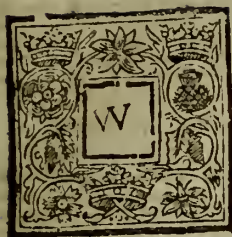


when all thy teares, shall be as vaine as mine were then, for thou shalt be damn'd for thy

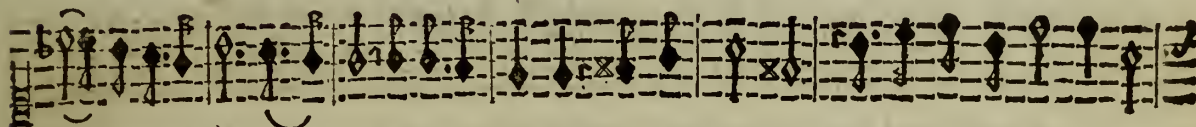
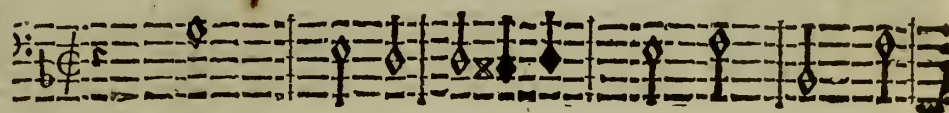


false A-po-sta-cy.

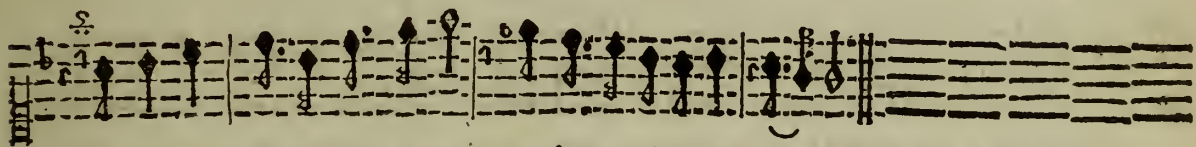
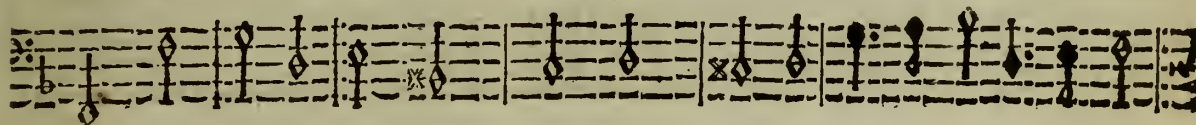


In the Person of a Lady to her inconstant servant.

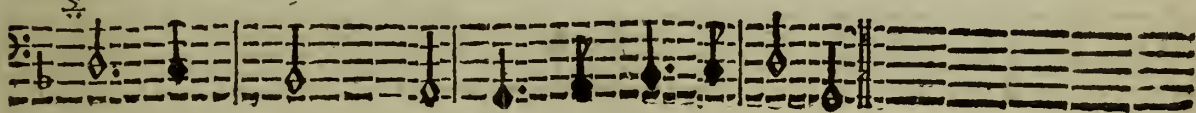
Hen on the Alt-ar of my hand (bedew'd with many' a kisse and teare,) thy



now revolted heart did stand an humble Martyr, thou didst swear, thus, and the God of Love did hear ;



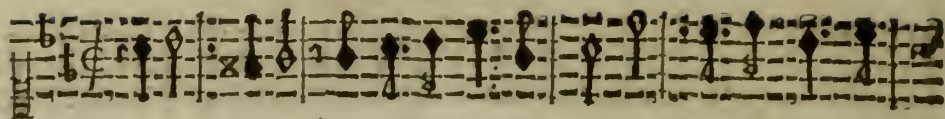
By those bright glances of thine eye, unlesse thou pittie me I dye.



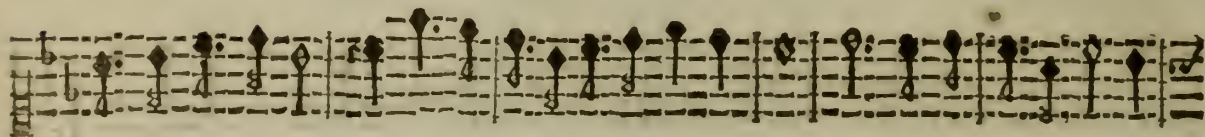
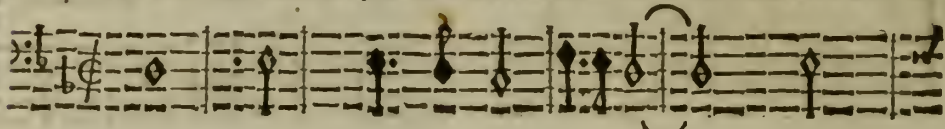
When first those perjur'd lips of thine,
Bepal'd with blasting sighs, did scale
Their violated faith on mine,
From the bosome, that did heale
Thee, thou my melting heart didst steale
My soule enflam'd with thy false breath,
Poyson'd with kisses, suck't in death.

Yet I nor hand nor lip will move,
Revenge or Mercy to procure
From the offended God of Love;
My curse is fatall, and my pure
Love shall beyond thy scorn endure;
If I implore the Godds, they'l find
Thee too ingratfull, me too kind.

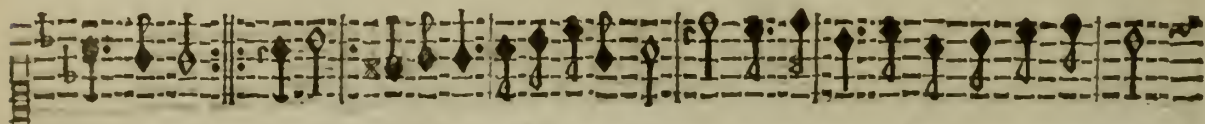
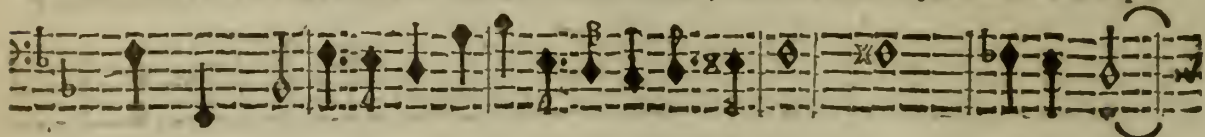
Henry Lawes.

To his Mistress going to Sea.

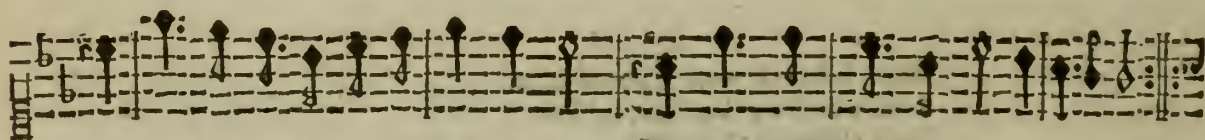
Arewell fair Saint, may not the sea and wind swell like the hearts and



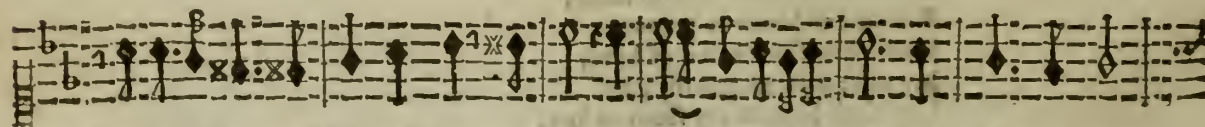
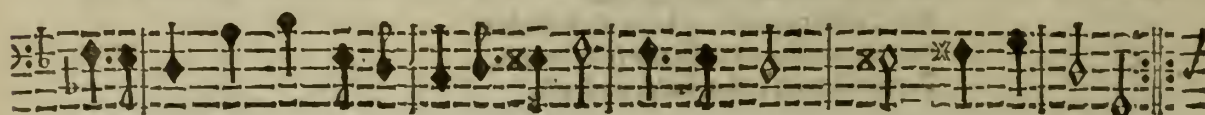
eyes you leave behind, but calme and gentle as the looks you beare, smile in your face and whisper



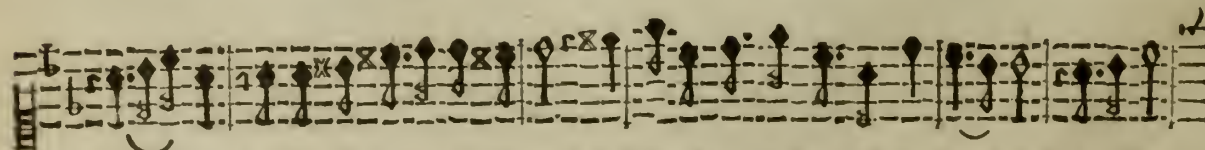
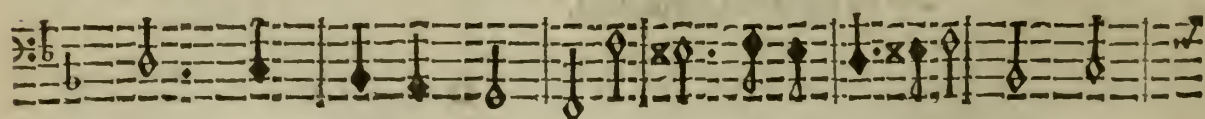
in your eare: Let no bold Billow offer to arise, that it may never look upon your eyes,



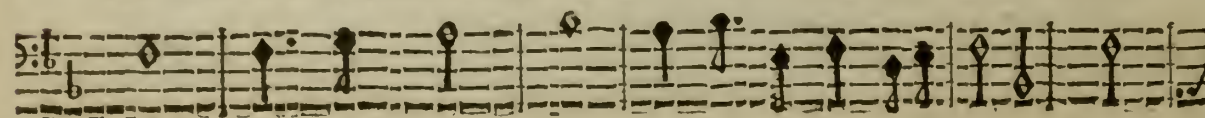
lest winde and wave, enamour'd of your Forme, should throng and crowd themselves into a storme:

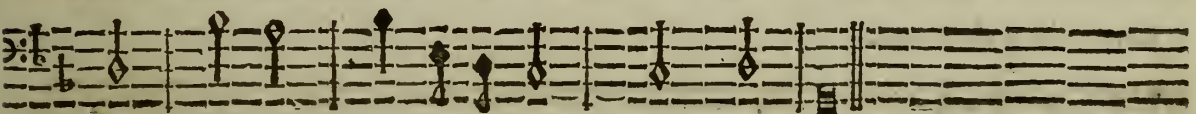
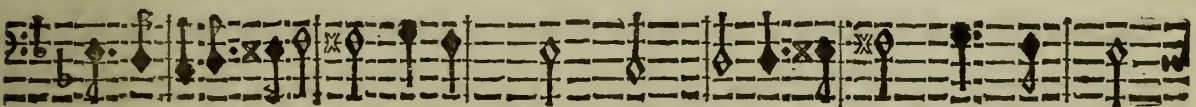
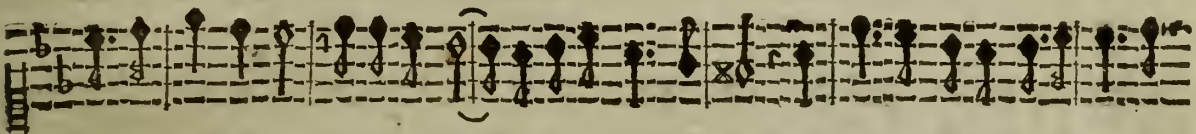
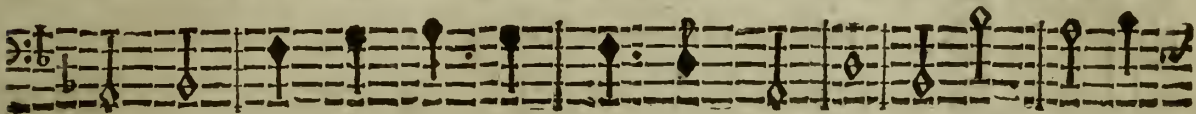
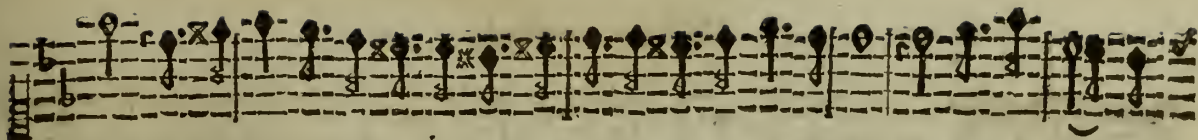


But if it be your Fate, vaste Seas, to love; of my becalmed breast learn how to move;

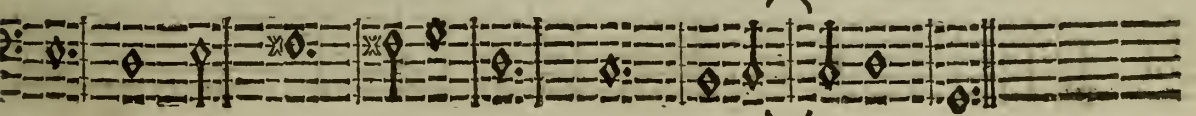
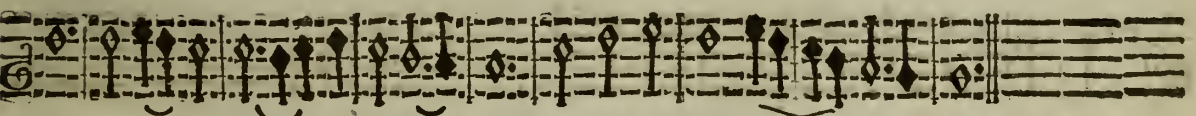
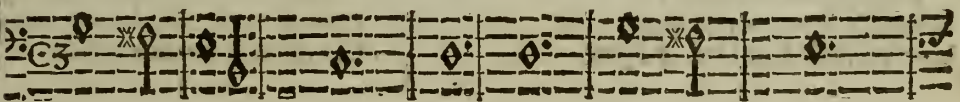
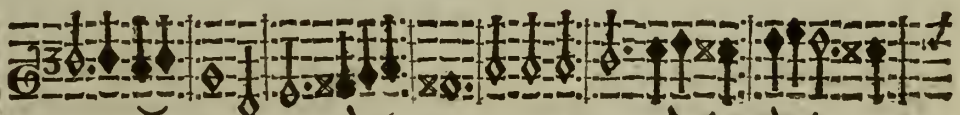


move then, but in a gentle Lovers pace, no furrows nor no wrinkles in your face; and ye fierce





The Surprise.



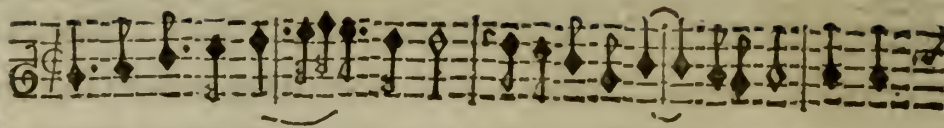
eyes, thinking my Reason or my Years might keep me safe from all surprize.

But Love, that hath been long despis'd,
And made the Baud to others trust,
Finding his Deity surpriz'd,
And chang'd into degenerate Lust,

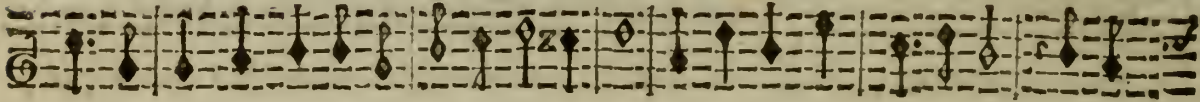
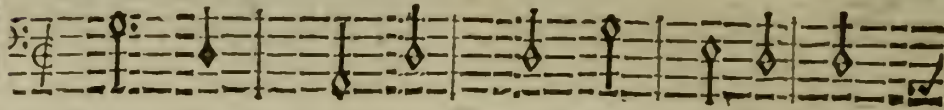
Summon'd up all his strength and power;
Making her face his Magazine;
Where Virtue's grace, and Beauty's flower
He plac'd his Godhead to redeem.

So that too late (alas) I finde
No steeld Armour is of proof,
Nor can the best resolved minde
Resist her Beauty and her Youth.

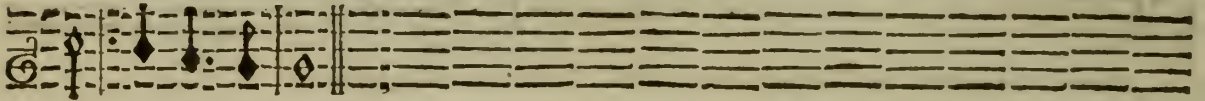
But yet the folly to untwist,
That loving I deserve no blame;
Were it not Atheisme to resist
Where Godds themselves conspire her flame.

Disdaine returned.

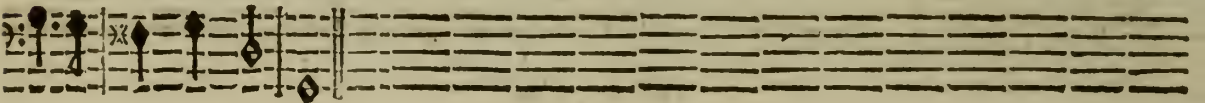
Et that love's a ro — sic cheek, or a Corall lip admires ; or from



Star-like eyes doth seek fu-ell to maintain his fires, as old time makes these de-cay , so his

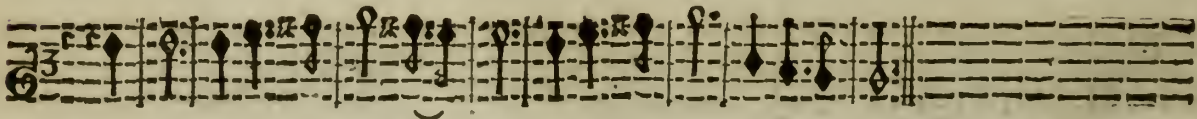


flames must waste a-way.

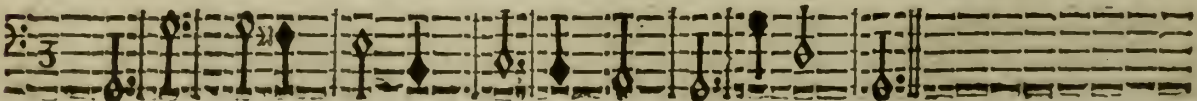


But a smooth and steadfast minde,
Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,
Hearts with equall love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires :
Where these are not, I dispise
Lovely Cheekes, or Lips, or Eyes.

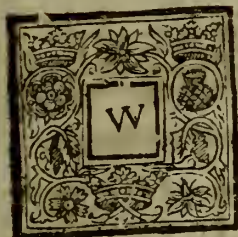
Celia, now no tears can win
My resolv'd heart to return ;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn :
I have learn'd those Arts, and now
Can disdaine as much as thou.



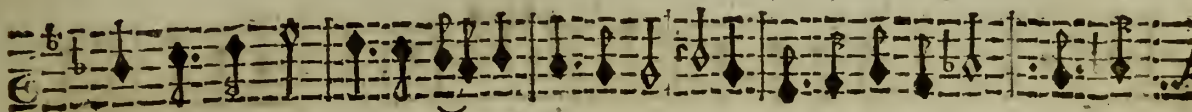
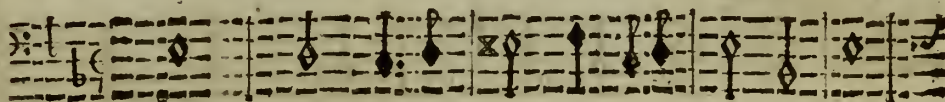
Some God in my revenge con—vey that Love to her I cast a-way.



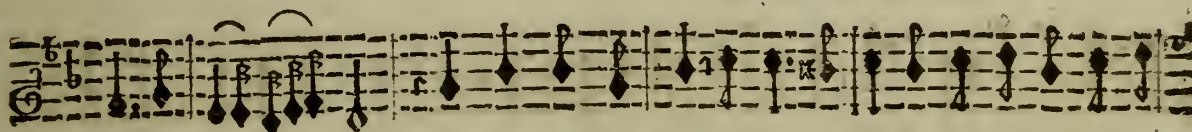
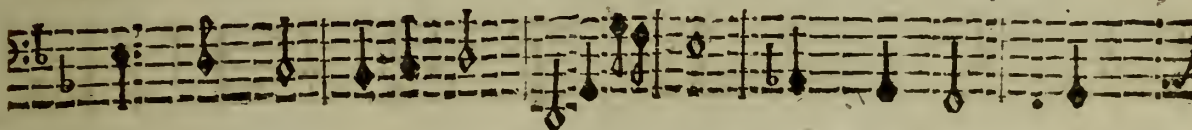
To a Lady singing.



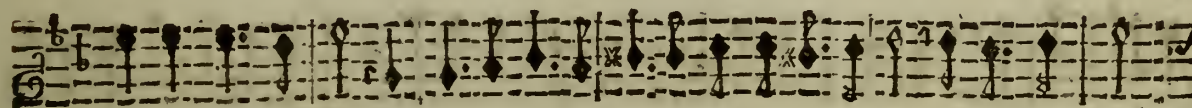
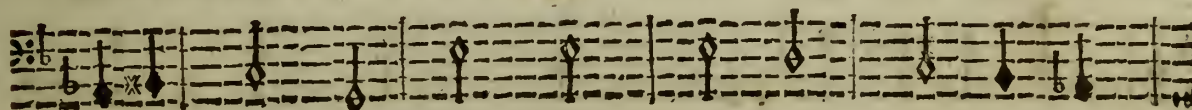
Hile I list—en to thy voyce, *Chloris*, I feele my life de—cay,



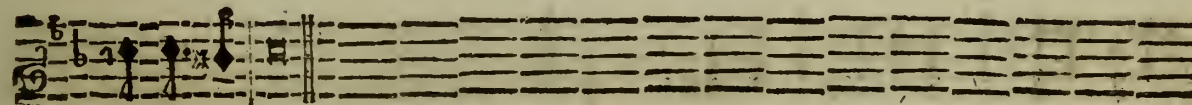
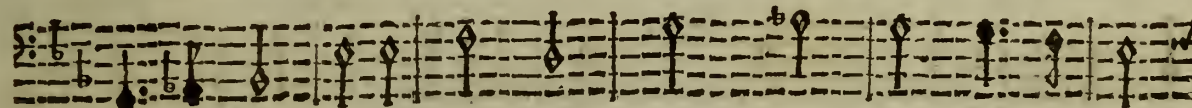
that pow'rfull noyse cal's my fleeting soul away; O suppress that magick sound, which de—



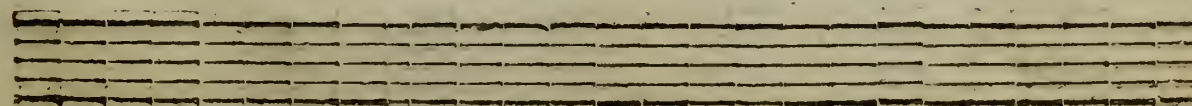
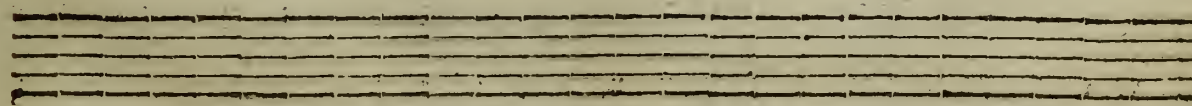
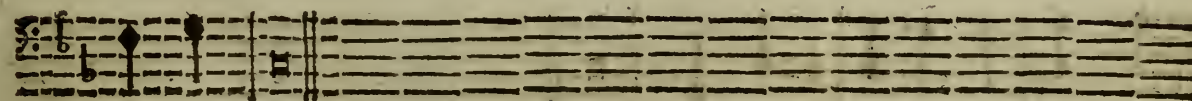
stroyes without a wound! peace! peace, *Chloris*, peace, or singing dye, that together thou and



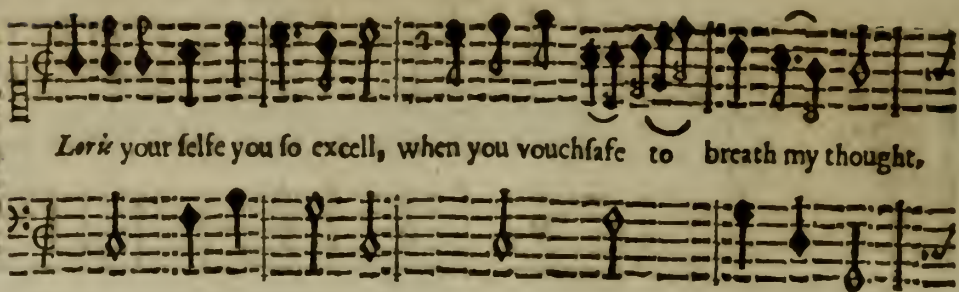
I to heav'n may go; for all we know of what the blessed doe above, is that they sing,



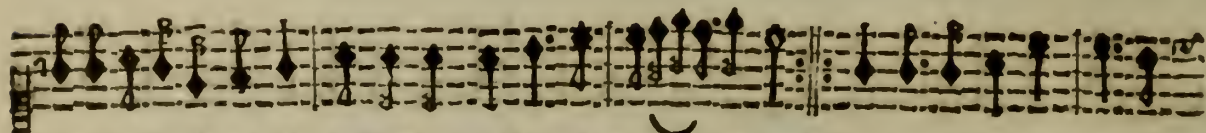
and that they love.



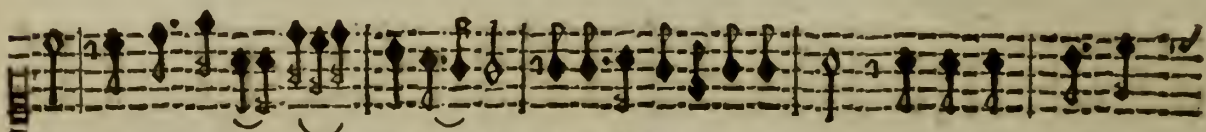
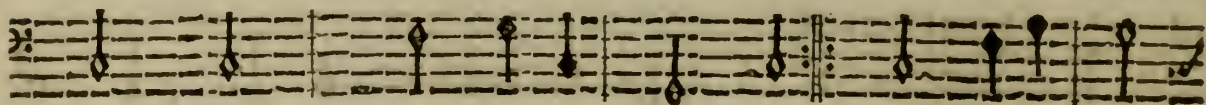
To the same Lady, singing the former Song.



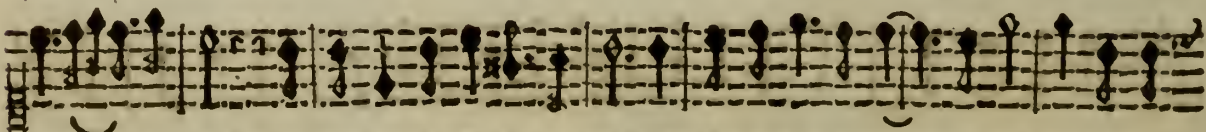
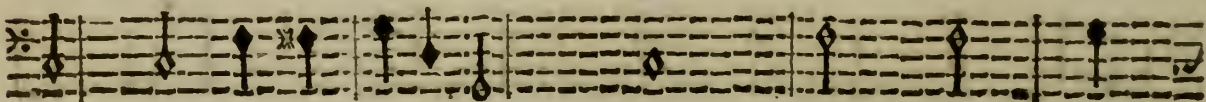
Lov^e your selfe you so excell, when you vouchsafe to breath my thought,



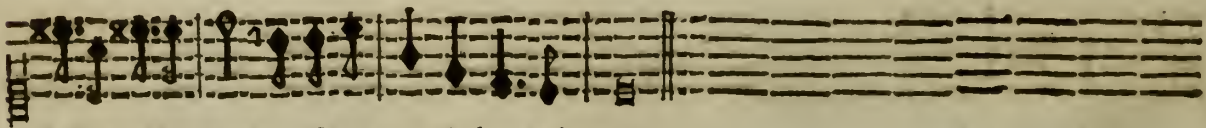
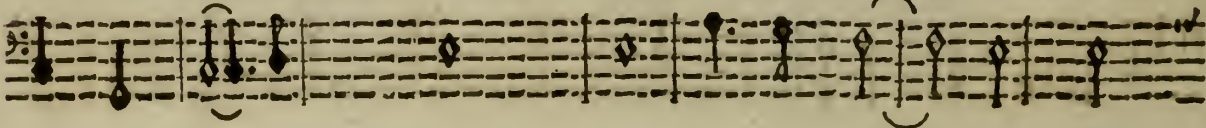
that like a spirit with this spell of mine own teaching I am caught. That Eagle's Fate and mine is



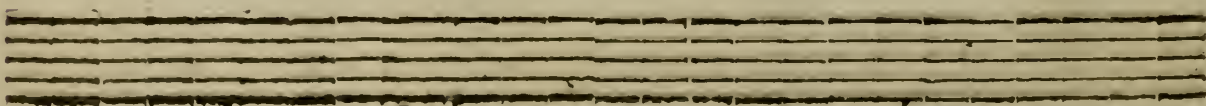
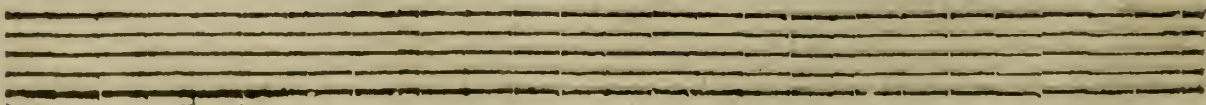
one, that on the shaft that made him dye, espy'd a Feather of his own, wherewith he wont to

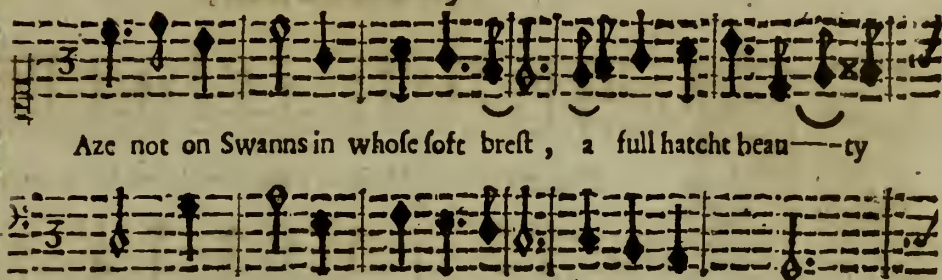


soare so high. Had Eccho with so swete a grace, *Narcissus* lowd complaints return'd, not for re-

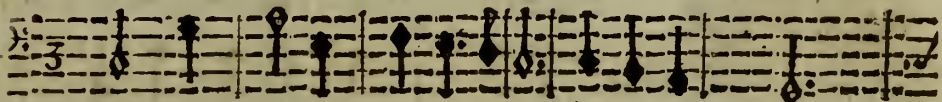


-flection of his face, but of his voyce the boy had mourn'd.

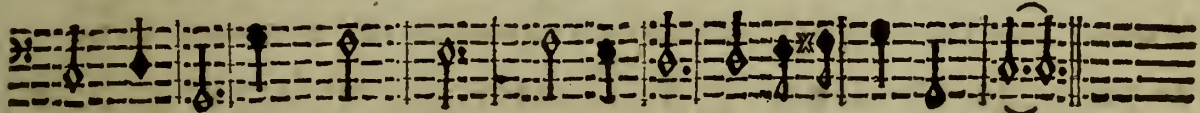


Beasties Excellency.

Aze not on Swanns in whose soft brest, a full hatcht bea—ty



seems to nest, nor snow which falling from the skye, hovers in it's virgini—ty.



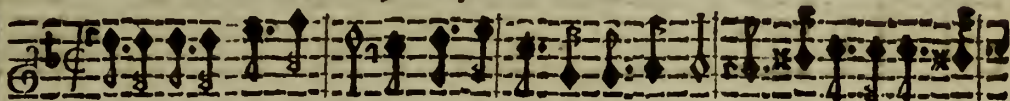
Gaze not on Roses, though new blown,
 Grae'd with a fresh complexion,
 Nor Lillies which no subtle Bee
 Hath rob'd by kissing Chymistry.

Gaze not on that pure milky way
 Where night uses splendor with the day,
 Nor Pearle whose silver walls confine
 The Riches of an Indian Mine.

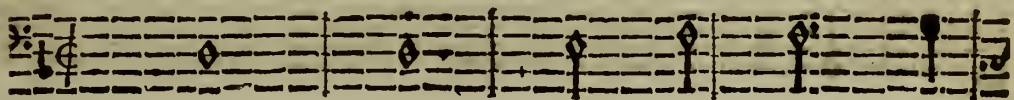
For if my Emp'ress appears,
 Swanns moultring dye, snow melts to tears,
 Roses do blush and hang their heads,
 Pale Lillies shrink into their beds.

The milky way Rides post, to shroud
 It's baffled glory in a Cloud,
 And Pearls do climb into her eare,
 To hang themselves for Envy there.

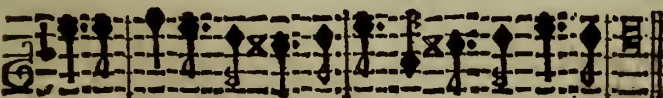
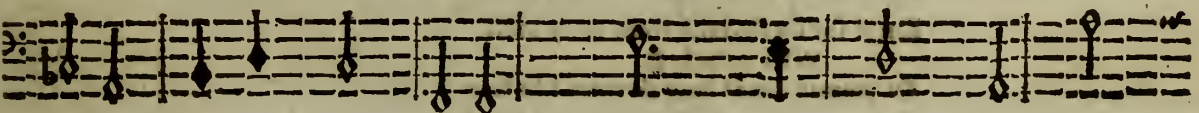
So have I seen Stars bigg with light
 Preve Lanthorns to the Moon-ey'd night,
 Which when Sol's Rayes were once display'd,
 Sink in their Sockets, and decay'd.

To Amarantha, To dishevell her haire.

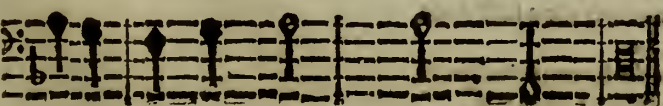
Marantha sweet & fair, forbear to brade that shining hair, as my curious hand or



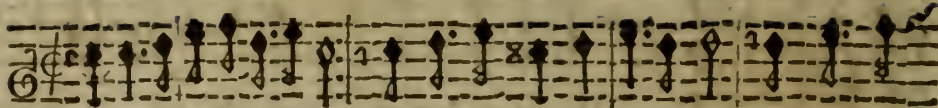
eye, hov'ring round thee let it flye; let it flye as unconfin'd, as it's calm ravisher the wind, who ha's



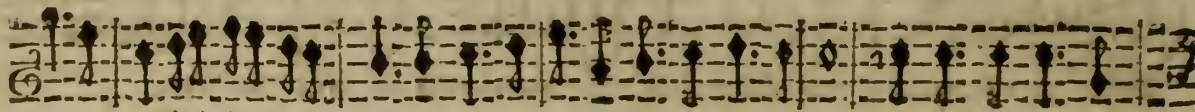
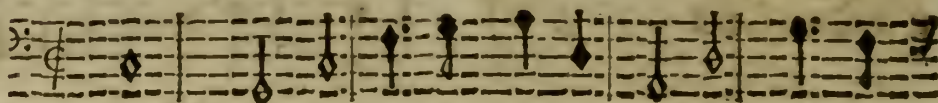
left his Darling the East, to wanton o're this spicy Nest.



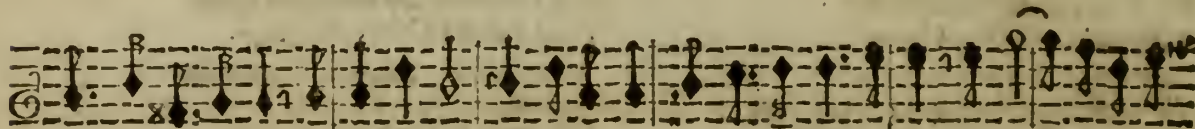
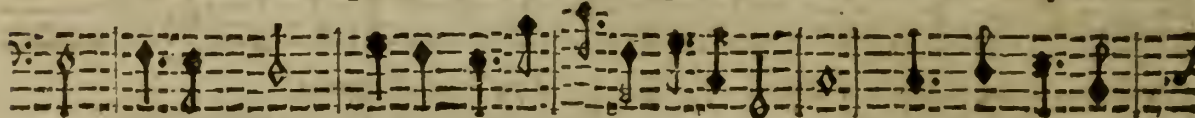
Ev'ry Tress must be confest,
 But neatly tangled at best,
 Like a clew of golden thread
 Most excellently ravelled;
 Do not then wind up that light
 In Ribbands, and o're-cloud in Night,
 Like the Sun in's early Ray,
 But shake your head and scattter Day.



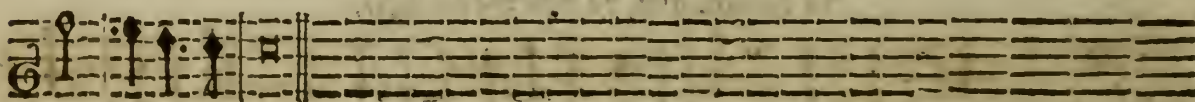
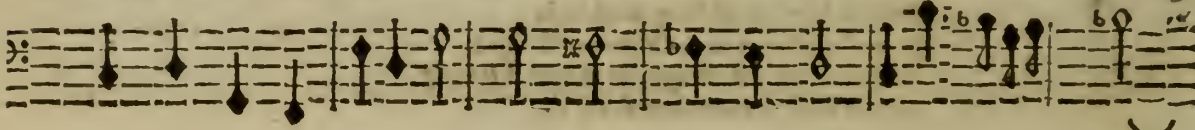
Ill now I never did believe a man could love for vertues sake; nor thought the



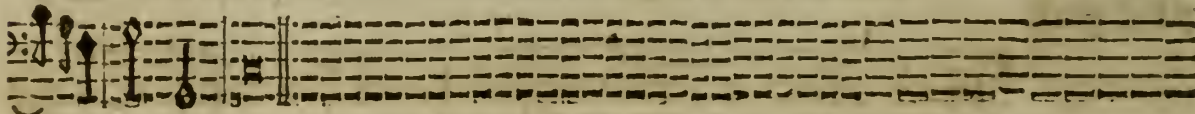
absence of one Love could grieve the man that freely might another take. But since mine eyes be-



-troth'd my heart to you, I find both true, thine Innocence hath so my Love refin'd, I mourn thy body's

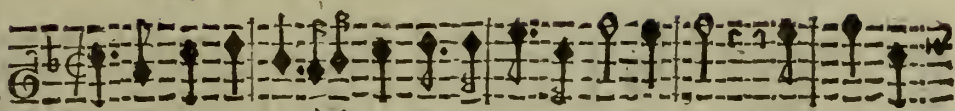


absence for thy mind.

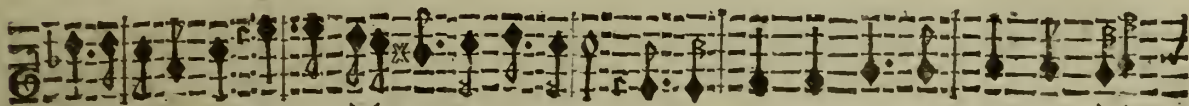
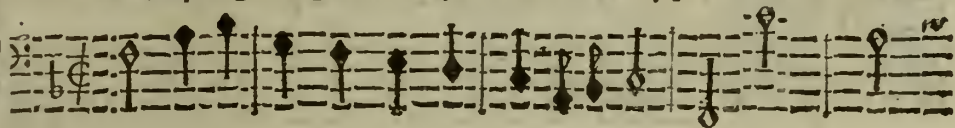


Tell now I never made an Oath
But with a purpose to forswear,
For to be fix'd upon one face were sloath;
When every Ladyes eye is Cupids speare;
But if she merits faith from every brest
Who is the best
Of woman-kind? how then can I be free
To love another, having once lov'd thee?

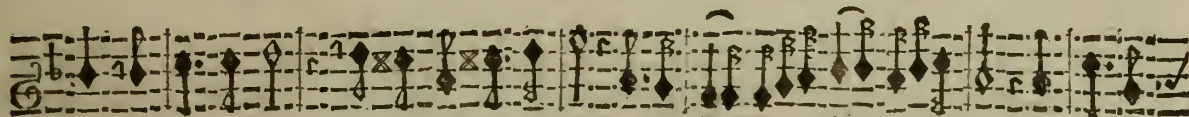
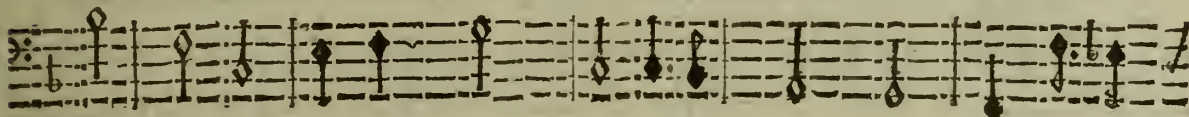
Such is the rare and happy pow'r
Of Goodness, that it can dilate
It selfe to make one vertuous in an houre;
Who liv'd before, perhaps a reprobate;
Then since on me this wonder thou hast done,
Prithee work on
Upon thy selfe, thy Sex doth want that grace
My truth to love more then a better face.

The Celestiall Mistress.

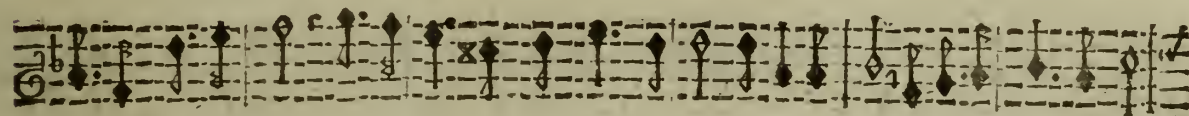
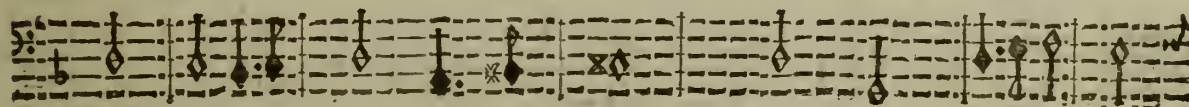
Elia, thy bright Angels face may be cal'd a heav'nly place: the whiteness



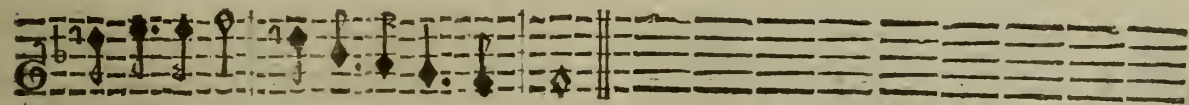
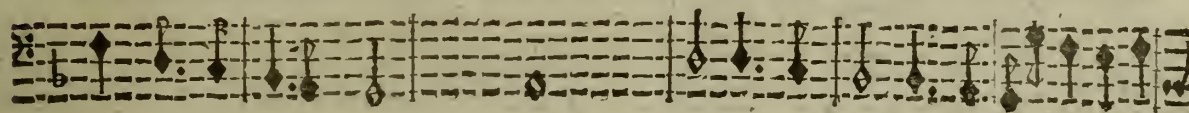
of the starry way na-ture did on thy forehead lay: but thine eyes have brightness woon, not from



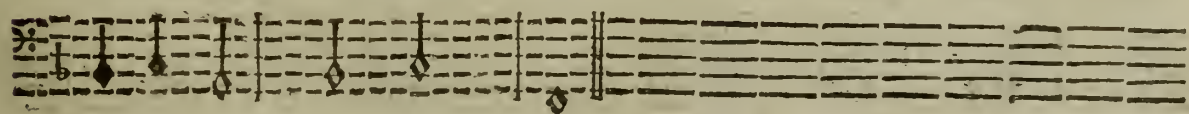
Stars, but from the Sun: the blushing of the Morn in thy Ro—sie cheek is worn, the Musick



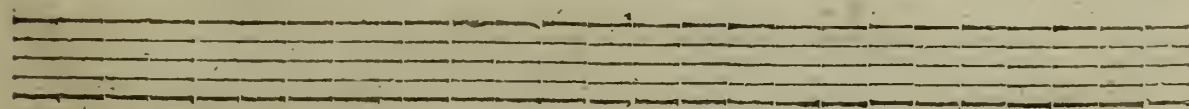
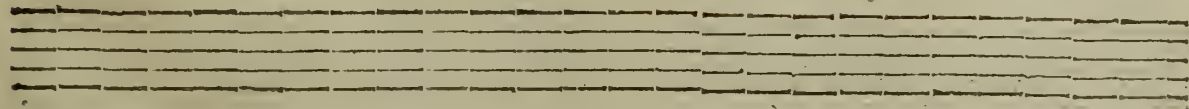
of the heav'nly Sphears in thy soul's winning voyce appears: happy were I, had I (like *Atlas*) grace,

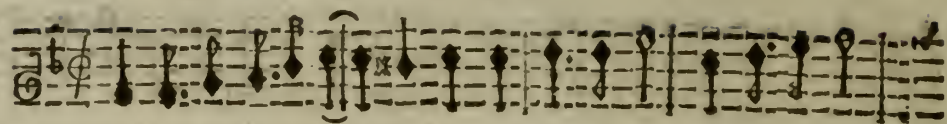


so faire a heav'n within mine Arms t' embrace.

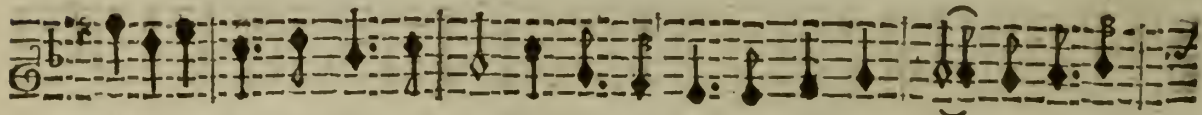
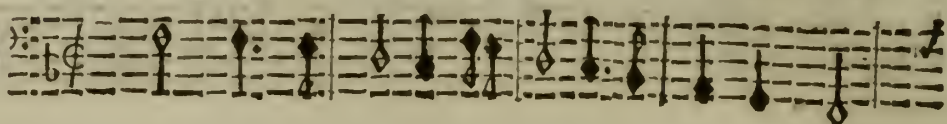


Thomas Earle of Winchelsea

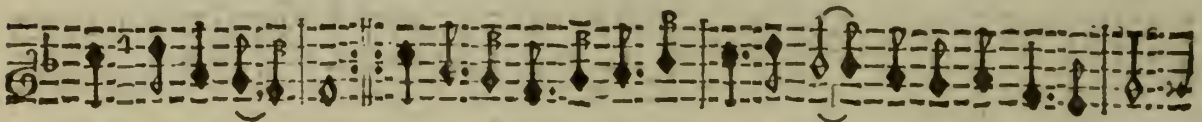
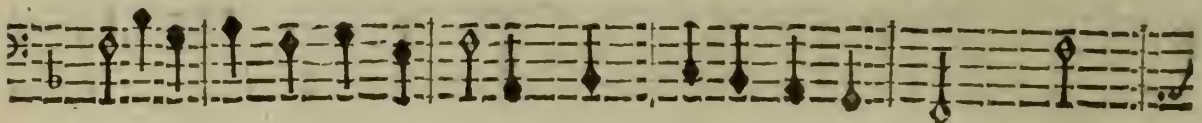


Night and Day to his Mistress.

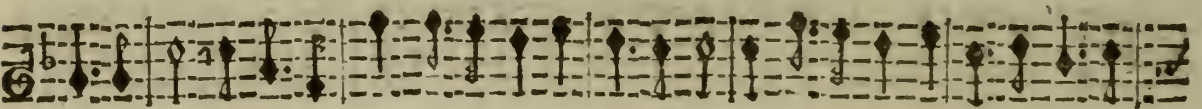
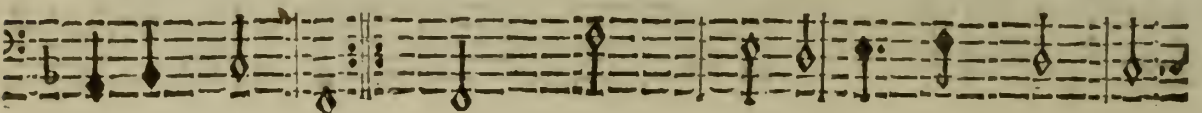
When the Sun at Noon displays his brighter rays thou but appear;



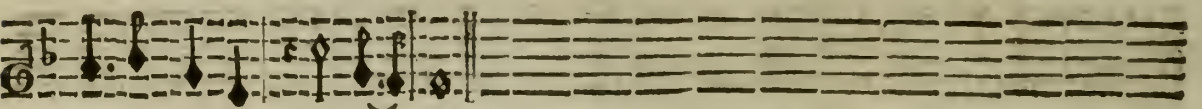
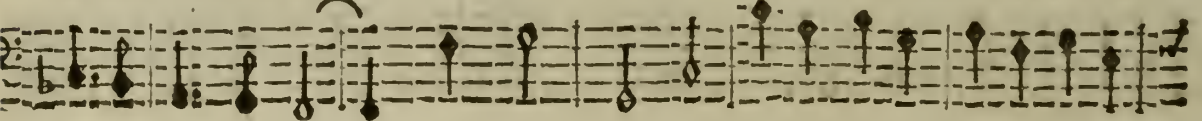
he then all pale with shame and fear, quencheth his light, and grows more dimne, compos'd to



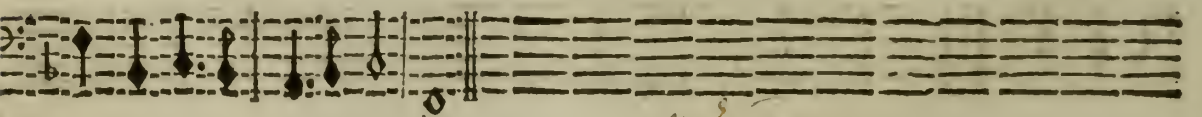
thee, then Stars to him. If thou but show thy face again, when darkness doth at midnight reign;



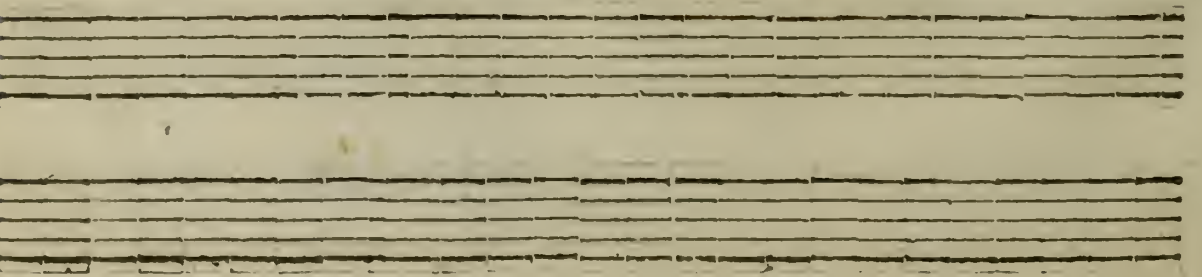
darkness fly's, and light is hurl'd round about the silent world; so as a-like thou driv'st away both

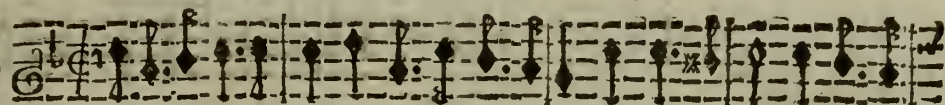
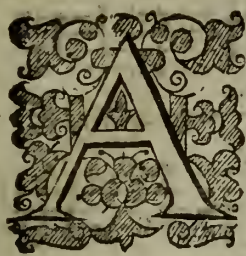


light and darkness, night and day.

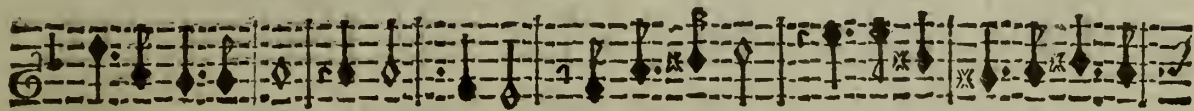
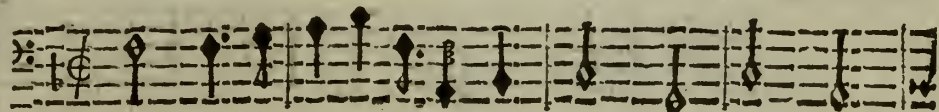


m^s Carznr

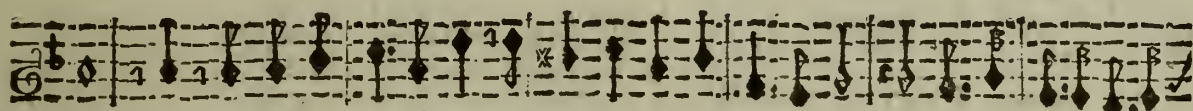
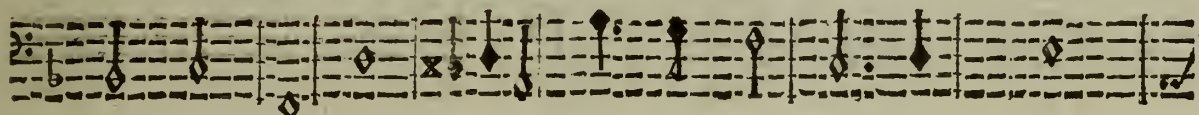


To his Mistress objecting his Age.

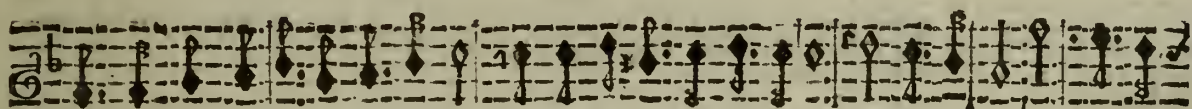
M I dispis'd because you say, and I believe, that I am gray? know, Lady,



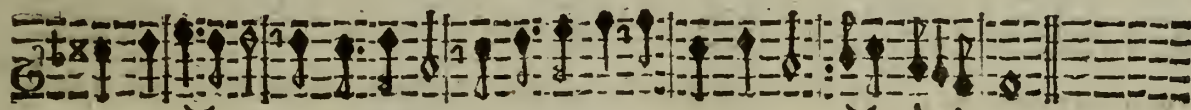
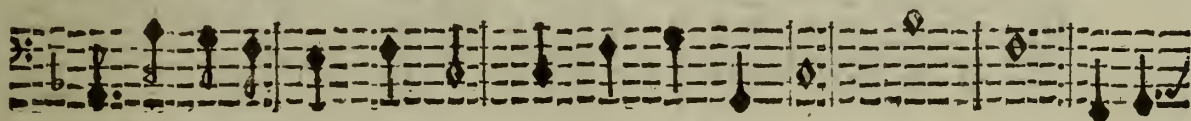
you have but your day, and night will come, when men will swear Time has spilt snow upon your



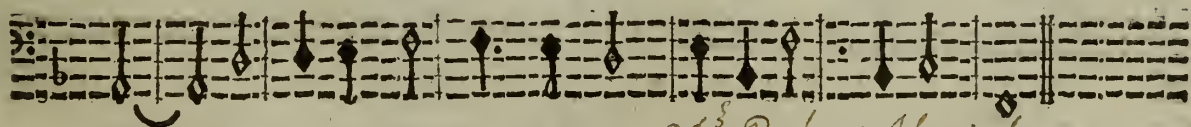
hair : Then when in your glass you seek, but find no Rose-bud in your cheek, no, nor the red to give the



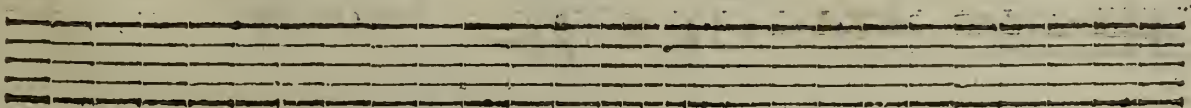
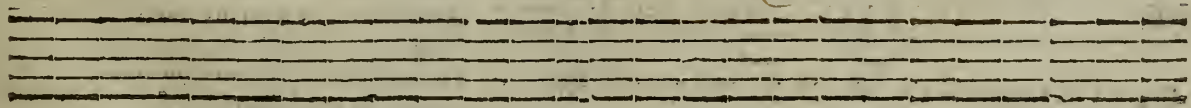
shew, where such a rare Carnation grew; and such a smiling Tulip too. Ah, then, too late, close in your



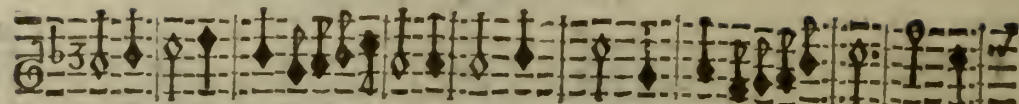
chamber keeping, it will be told, that you are old, by those true tears y^e are weep-ing.



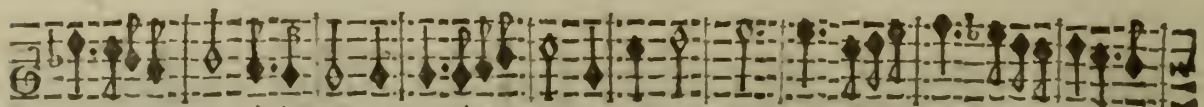
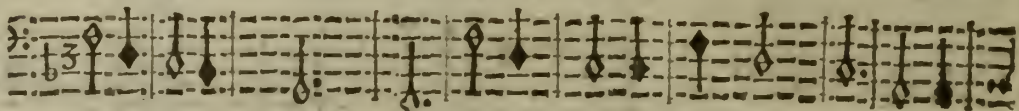
M^s Robert Herick



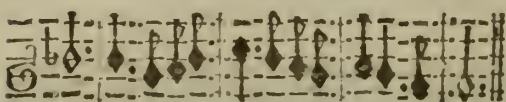
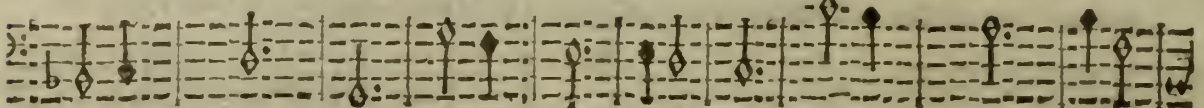
To his Mistress upon his going to travell.



Eareft do not now de—lay me, since thou knowft I must be—gene; Wind &



Tyde 'tis thought doth stay me, but 'tis wind that must be blown from thy breath, whose na-tive



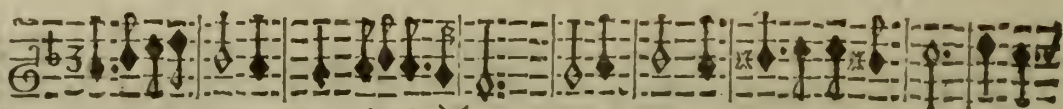
smell Indi—an Odours doth ex-cell.

O then speak, my Dearest Fayre,
Kill not him who vowes to serve thee,
But perfume the Neigh'ring Ayre,
For dumb silence else will starve me
'Tis a word is quickly spoken,
Which restrain'd, a heart is broken.

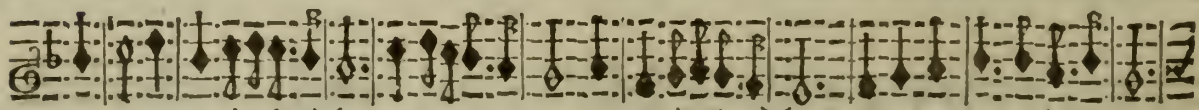
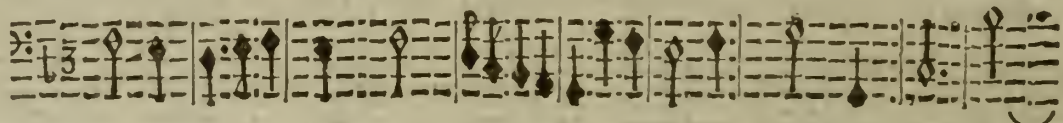


Love above Beauty.

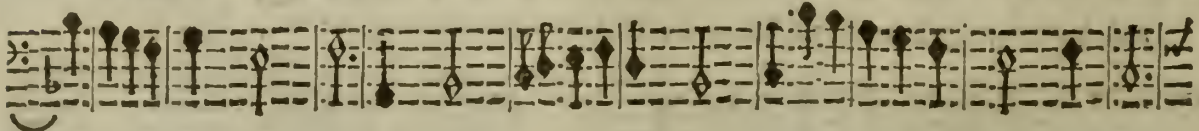
M^s Henry Harrington



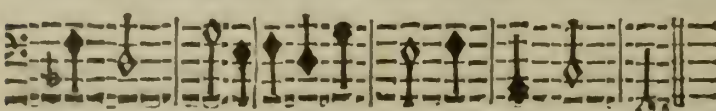
Ove—ly *Chloris* though thine eyes far out shine the jewels of the skies; that grace



which all admire in thee, no nor the beauties of thy brest, which far out-blaze the rest, u

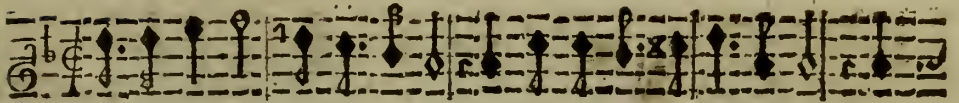


might e're compared be to my fi—de—li—ty.

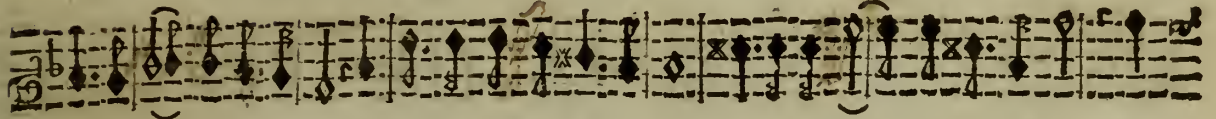
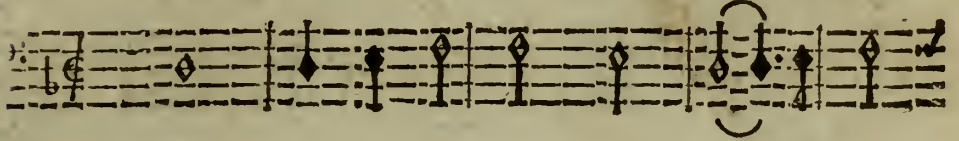


Those alluring smiles that place
An eternall April on thy face;
Such as no Sun did ever see,
No, nor the Treasures of thy brest,
Which far out-blaze the rest,
Might e're compared be
To my Fidelitie.

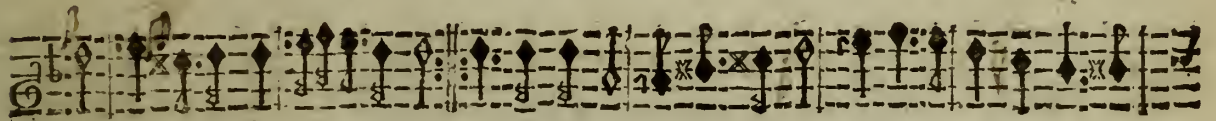
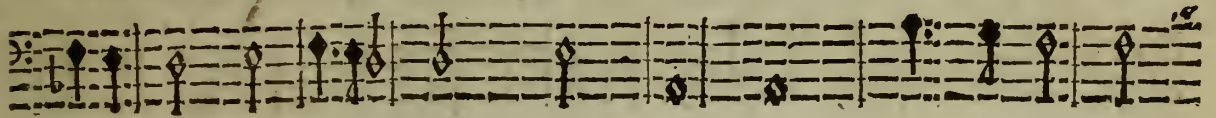
M^s Henry Harrington

Mediocrity in Love rejected.

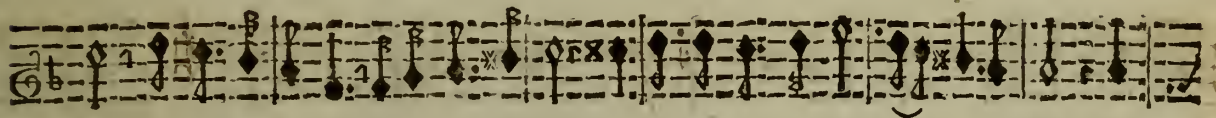
Ive me more Love, or more Disdain, the Torrid or the Frozen Zone bring



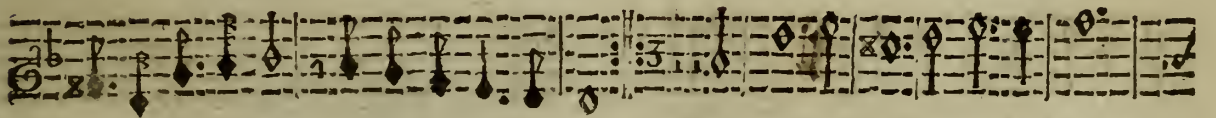
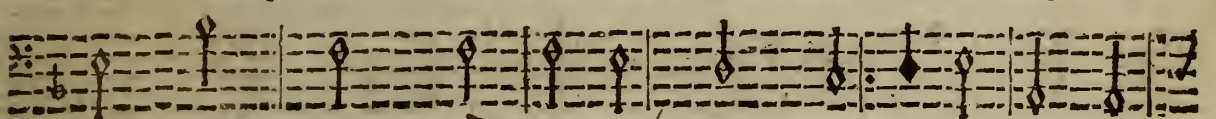
equall ease unto my pain, the Temperate affords me none ; either extream of Love or Hate is



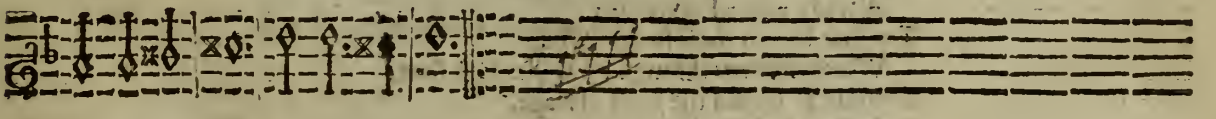
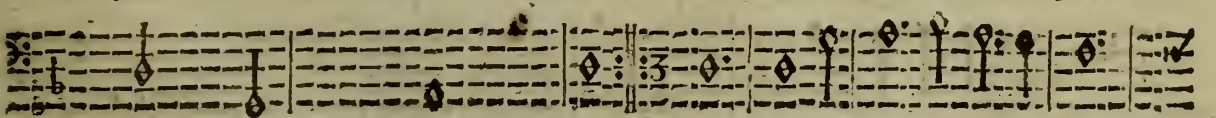
sweeter then a calme Estate. Give me a storm, if it be Love, like *Dana* in that golden



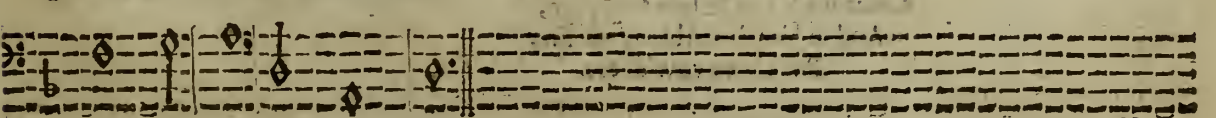
showre, I swim in pleasure ; if it prove Disdain, that torrent will devour my vulture hopes, and

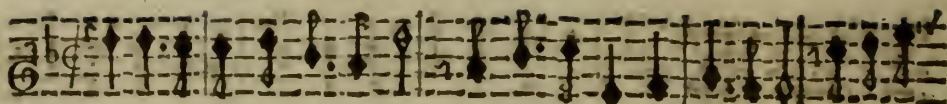
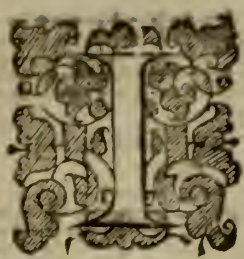


he's posselt of Heav'n, that's but from hell releast ; then Crown my joyes or Cure my pain,

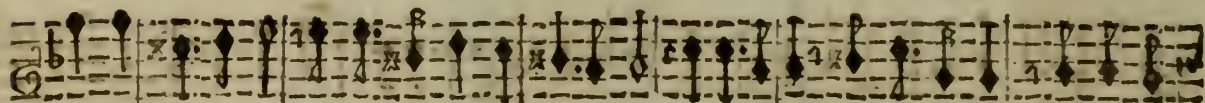


give me more Love or more Disdain.

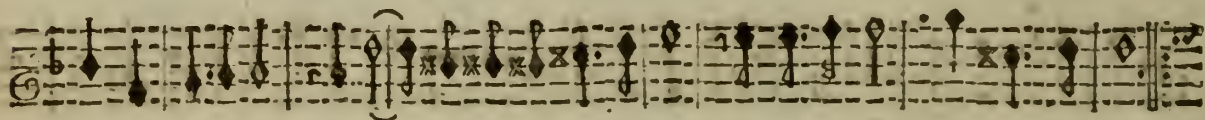
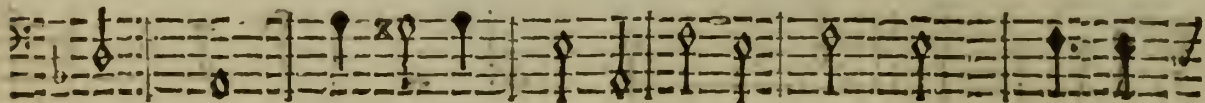


The selfe Banished.

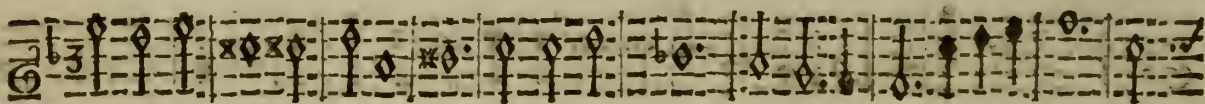
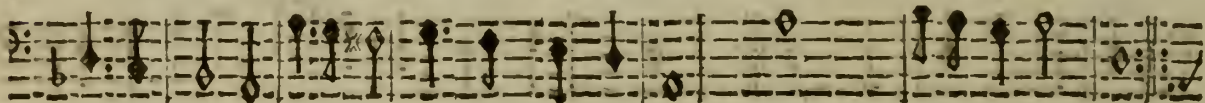
T is not that I love you lesse, then when before your feet I lay, but to pre-
 ♯ 14



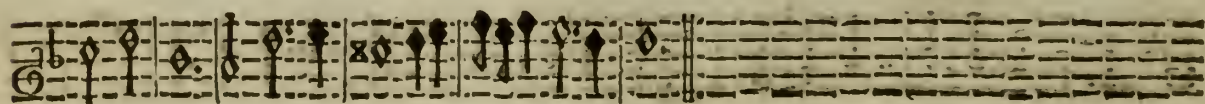
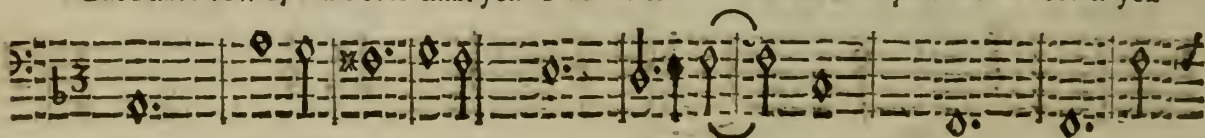
-vent the sad encrease of hopeles Love I keep away : In vain a-las for ev'ry thing that I have



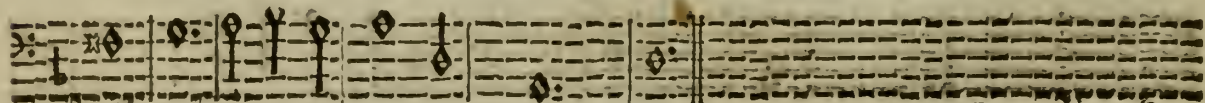
known belong to you, your form dares to my fan-cy bring, and make my old wounds bleed a--new.



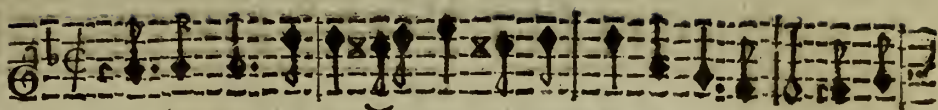
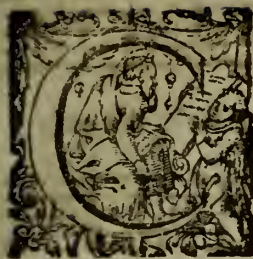
But I have vow'd, and never must your banish'd ser—vant trouble you for if he break you



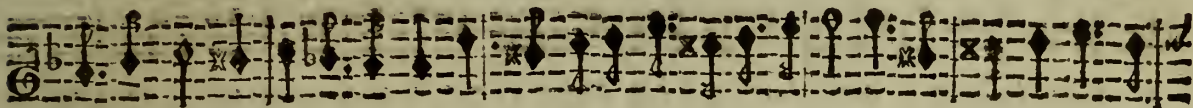
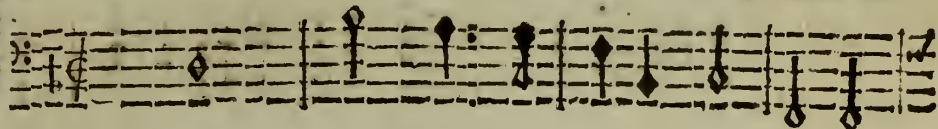
may distrust, the vow he made to love you too.



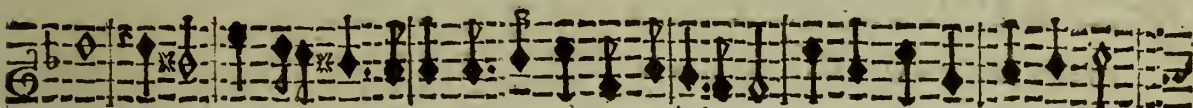
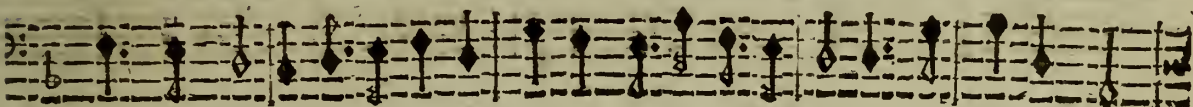
Who in the Spring from the new Sun
 Already hath a Feaver got;
 Too late begins those shafts to shun
 Which *Phabus* through his veines hath shot,
 Too late he would the pains awage,
 And to thick shadows does retire,
 About with him he bears the rage,
 And in his tainted bloud the fire.
 But I have vow'd, &c.

The Heart entire.

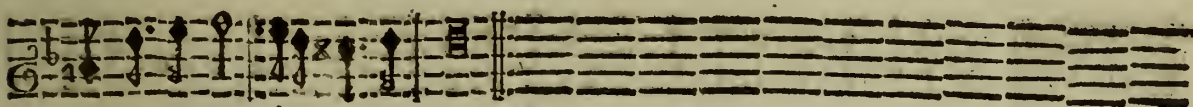
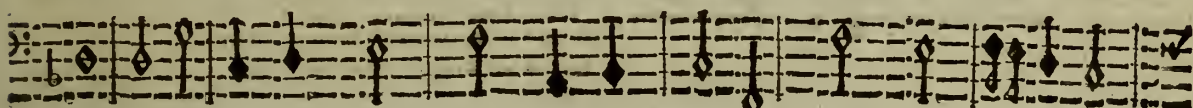
And thou love me and yet doubt so much Falshood in my heart, that a



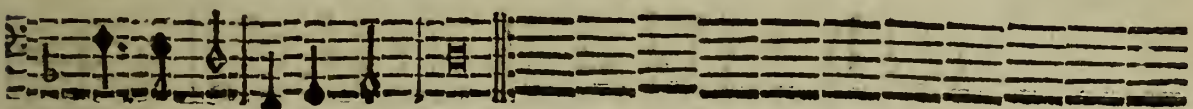
way I should find out to impart fragments of a broken Love to you, more then all b'ing lesse then ?



due : O, no! Love must clear Distrust, or be eaten with that Rust; short Love liking may find Jarrs,



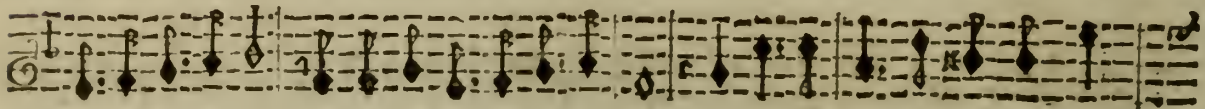
the Love that lasteth knows no Warrs.



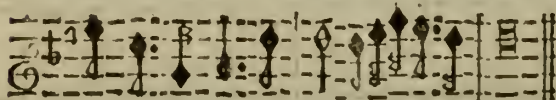
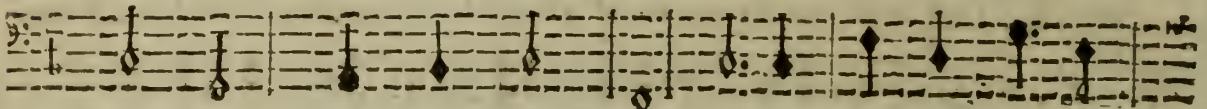
There, Beliefe begets Delight,
And so satisfies Desire,
That in them it shines as Light
No more Fire ;
All the burning Qualities appeas'd,
Each in others joying pleas'd,
Not a whisper; not a thought
But 'twixt Both in comon's brought,
Even to seem Two they are loath,
Love being only Soul to both.

The Bud.

Arise on yonder swell-ing Bush, big with many a comming Rose, this early



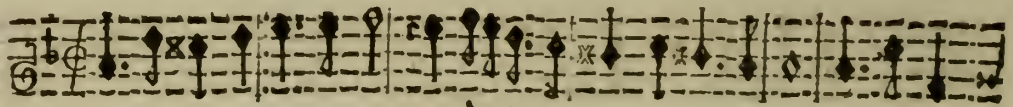
Bud began to blush, and did but halfe it selfe disclose : I pluckt it though no bet-ter Grow'n,



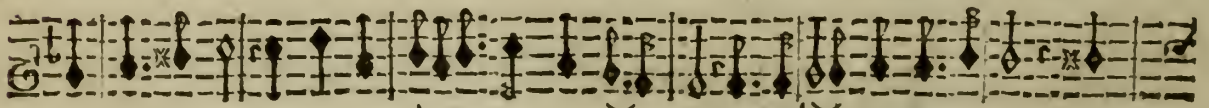
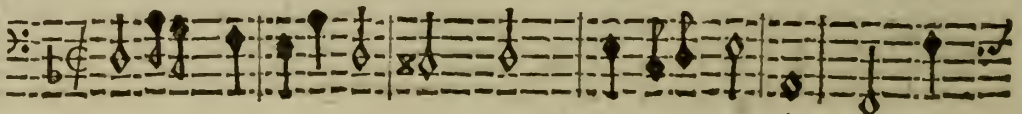
yet now you see how full 'tis blow'n.



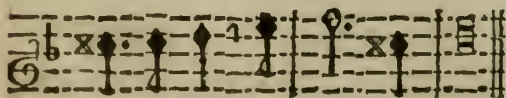
Still as I did the Leaves Inspire
With such a purple Light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so would flame anon,
All that was meant by Ayre, or Sun,
To this yong Flow'r, my breath ha's done.
If our loose Breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of Love ?
Of purest Love and Musick too,
When *Flavia* it aspires to move :
When that which liveless Buds perswades
To wax more soft, her youth invades.

The Primrose.

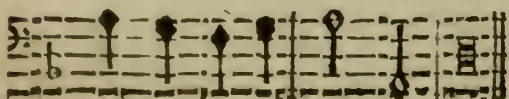
Aske me why I send you here, this first-ling of the Infant yeere; aske me why



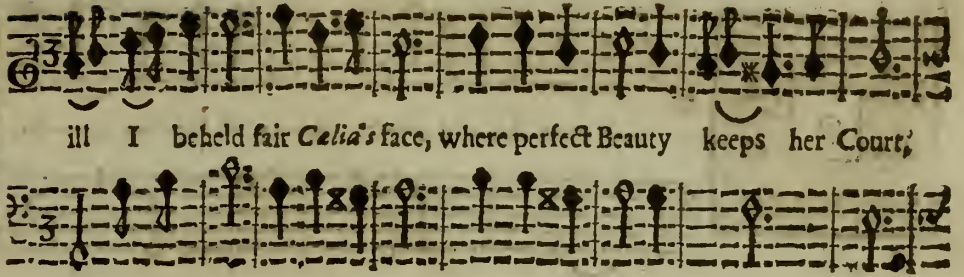
I send to you, this Primrose all be-pearl'd with dew, I must whisper to your Eares, the



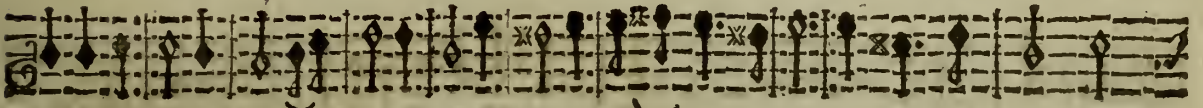
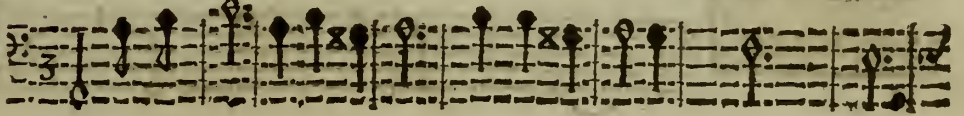
sweets of Love are wash'd with teares.



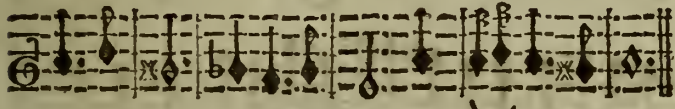
Aske me why this Rose doth show
All yellow, green, and sickly too ?
Aske me why the stalk is weak,
And yielding each way, yet not break ?
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears, are in a Lover;



ill I beheld fair *Coelia's* face, where perfect Beauty keeps her Court;



a Lovers passion found no place in me, who counted Love a sport: I thought the whole world



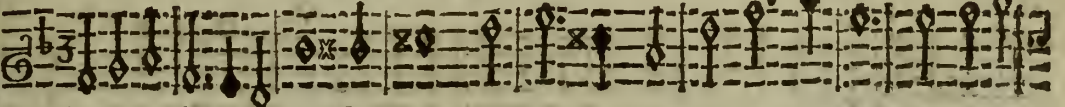
could not move a well re-sol—ved heart to love.



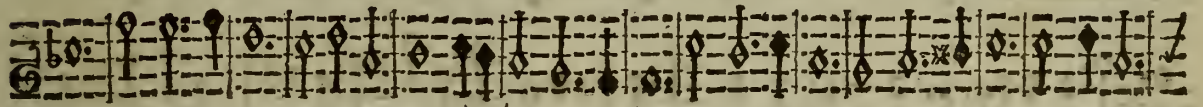
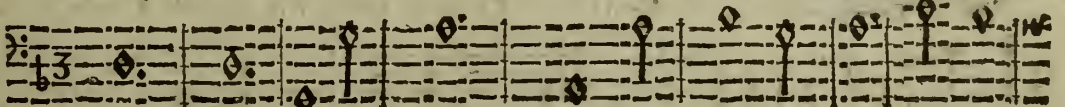
Wounded by her I now adore
Those pow'rs of Love I have def'd,
I court the flames I scorn'd before,
And am repaid with Scorn and Pride:
In such unpitt'y'd Flames to dwell,
Is not a Martyrdome, but Hell.

Cupid can't help me, nor wound her,
He'l rather prove my Rivall hence,
Though blind he'l turn Idolater,
For she hath Charms for ev'ry sence;
Should he her voyce's musick heare,
Soft Love would enter Love's own Eare.

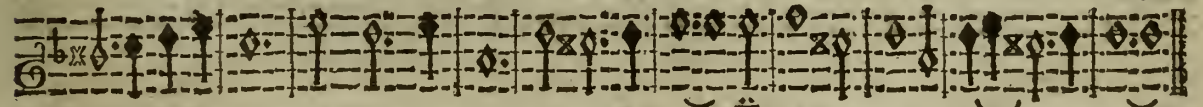
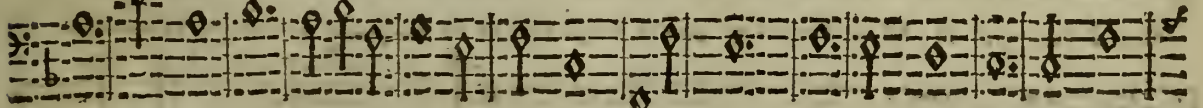
Love and Loyalty.



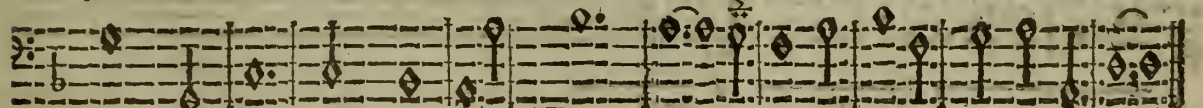
Ome my *Luca-sta* heer's the Grove, where Nightingales perfume the Ayre; why dost thou



start? O'tis not Love, for perfect Lo—vers dare not fear. No dangers in this Arbour ly, our courage



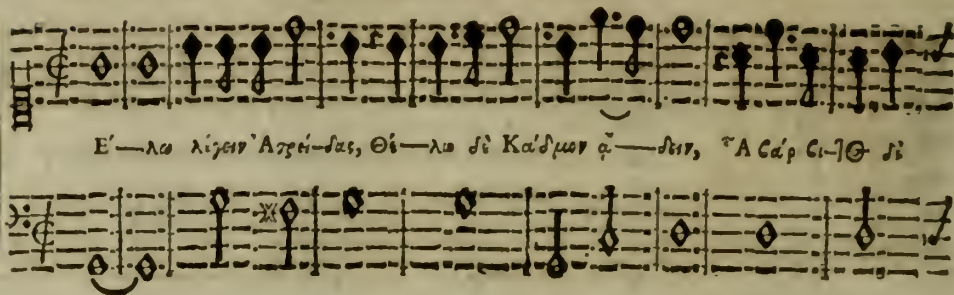
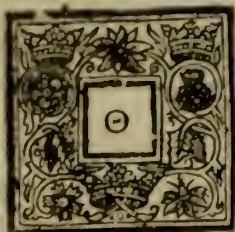
keeps all others hence, ther's none shal dare approach but I, the strongest Love is best de—fence.



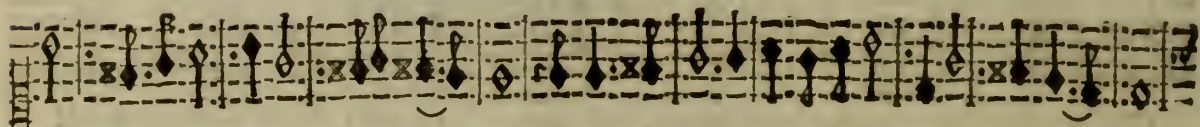
Here we'l discourse, and think, and smile;
Let guilty men seek how to scape;
He cannot love that can beguile,
And none but Foes commit a Rape.

This Evening's worth Ten Thousand yeere,
Then let's resolve since thou must go,
We'l meet again to morrow here,
Would Kings and Queens might do so too;

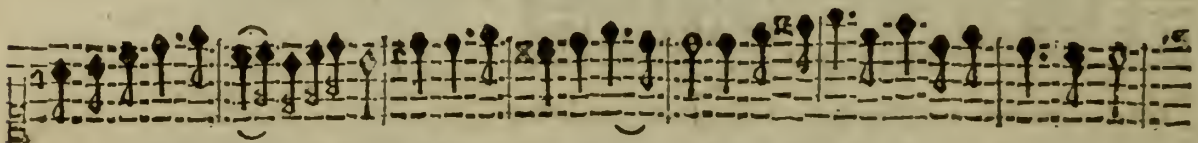
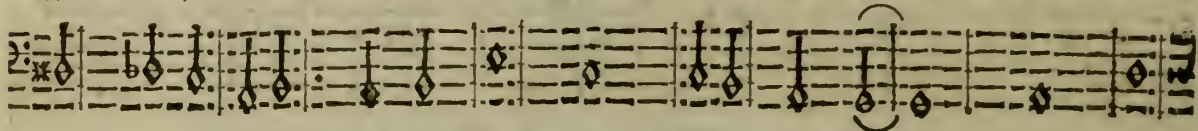
Τῶν ἈΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ εἰς Λύρα. α.



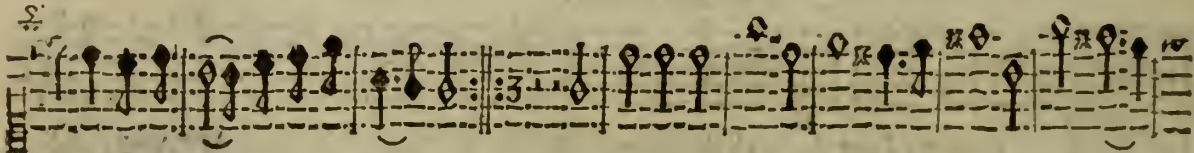
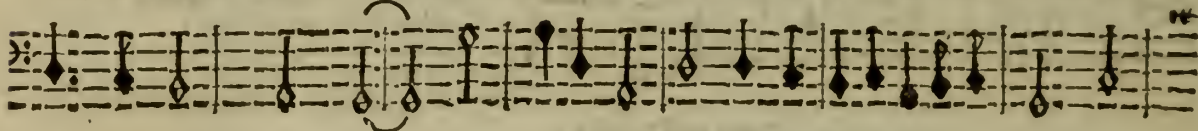
Εἴ—λα λῆγιν Ἀγρί—δα, Θεί—λα δὲ Κἀδμον ᾗ—διν, Ἄ—Cάρ Cι—Cι δὲ



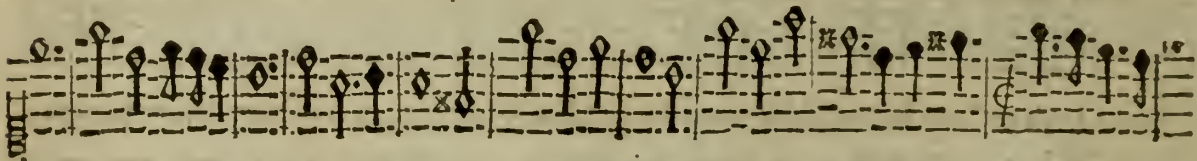
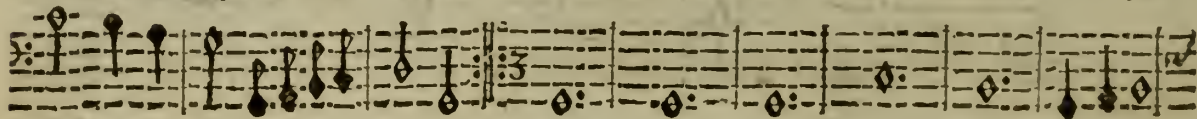
Χρ—δαῖς Εἴρω—τα μῦ—ρον ἡ—χῆ. Ε—γὼ δ' ἔχων νόη—μα Ἄβυ—λον, ἐκ ἐ—πί—δω.



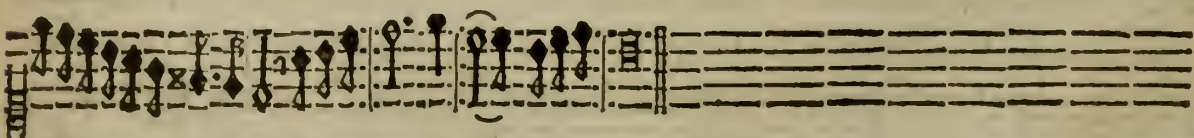
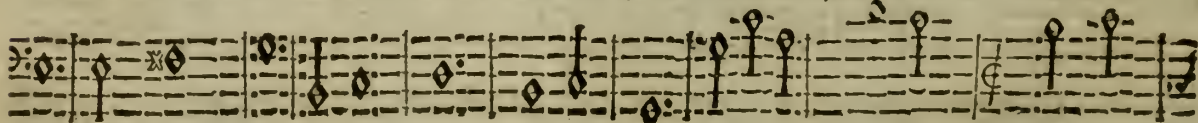
Ἥ—μει—ψα νεῦρα παρ'—ω, Καὶ τίω λό—φω ᾗ—πα—πα. Κἀγὼ μὲν ἦ—σον ᾗ—λυσ' Ἡερ—χλί—υς,



λυ—ρη δὲ ἔ—ρω—τας ἀν—τι—φύ—γει· Καί—εσι—Cι χρί—εσι—Cι λοι—πὸν ἡ—μῖν Ἥ—ρω—



ες. ἡ λύ—ρη γὰρ Μό—νυς ἔ—ρω—τας μύ—νυς ἔ—ρω—τας μύ—νυς ἔ—ρω—τας ἔ—ρω—

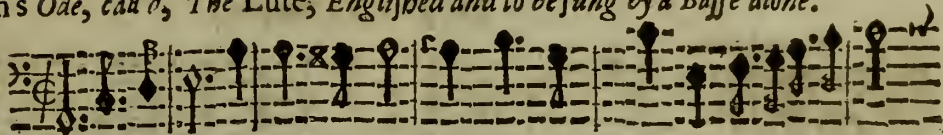


—τας ἔ—ρω—τας ᾗ—διν.

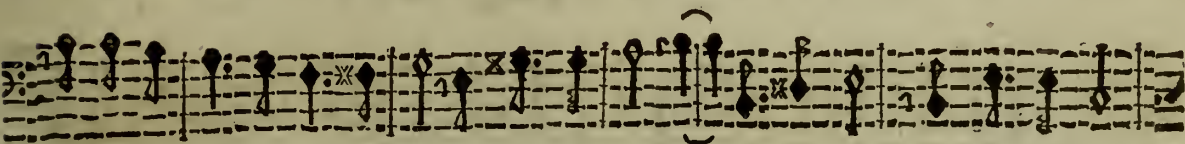
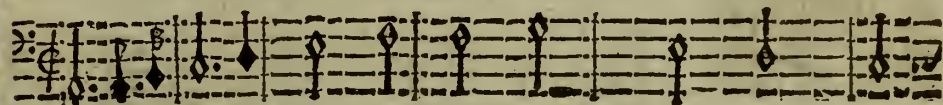
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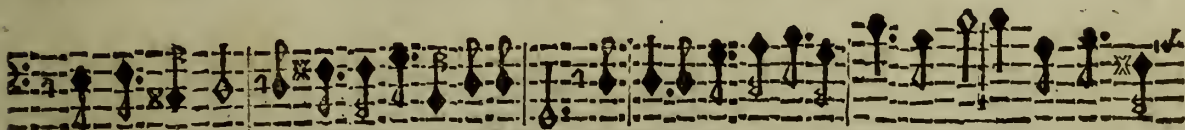
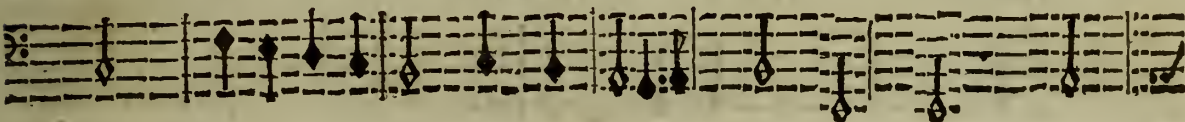
Anacreon's Ode, call'd, *The Lute*, Englished and to be sung by a Basse alone.



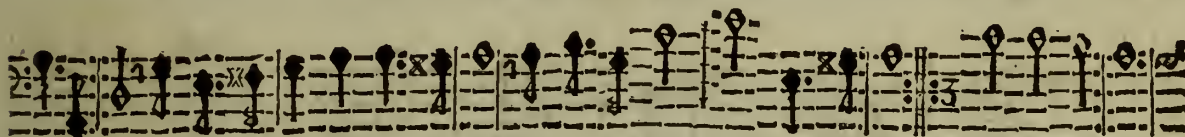
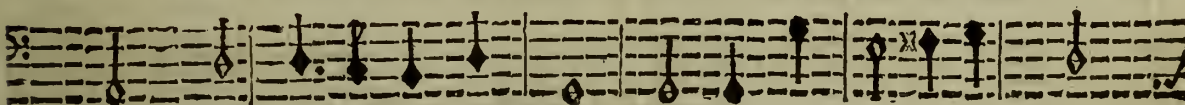
Long to sing the seidge of *Troy*; or *Thebe's* which *Cadmus* rear'd so high;



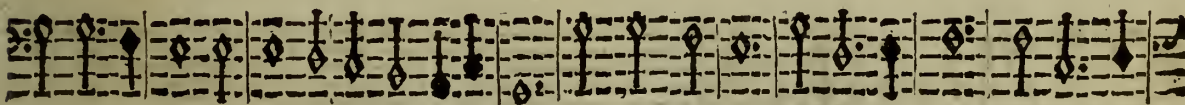
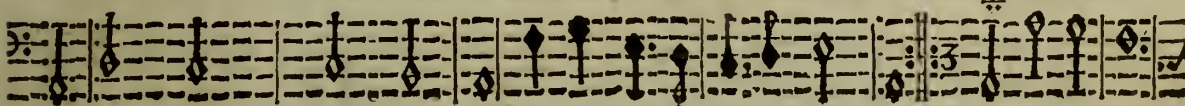
but though with hand & voice I strove, my Lute will sound nothing but *Love*. I chang'd the strings,



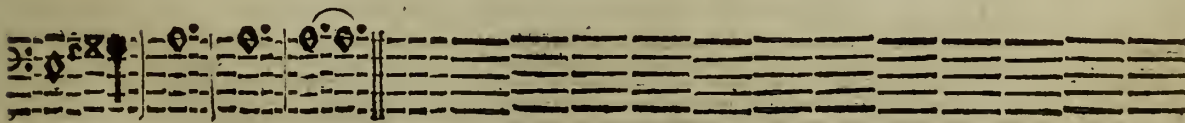
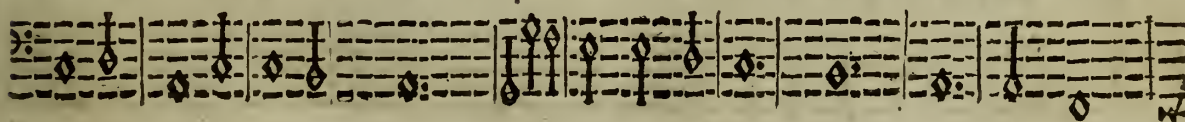
but 'twould not do't; at last I took an other Lute; & then I tri'd to sing the praise of All-performing



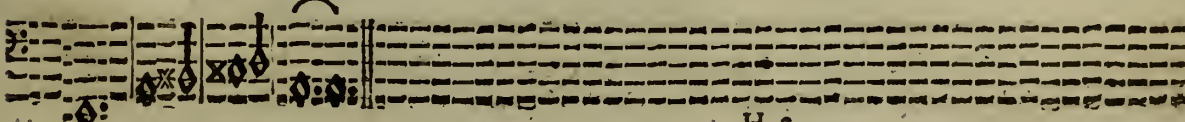
Hercules. But when I sung *Alcide's* name, my Lute refoonds *Love, Love* again. Then farewell all



ye *Gracian* Peers, and all true *Trojan* Cavalleers: Nor Godds nor men my Lute can move; 'Tis dumb to

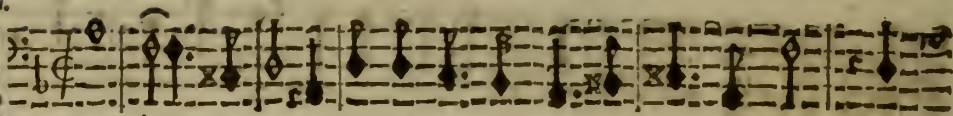


all but *Love, Love, Love*.

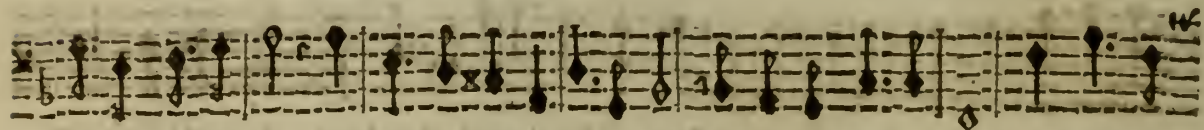
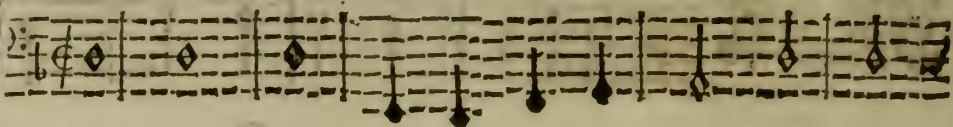
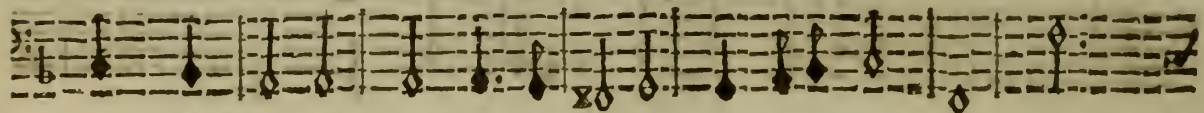


Desperato's Banquet.

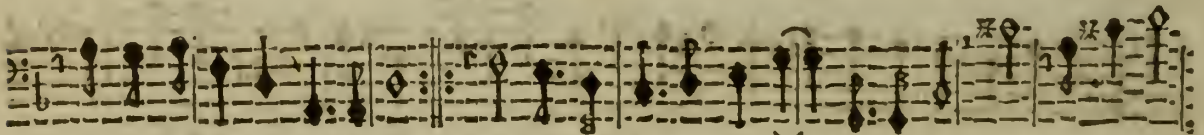
For a Bass alone.



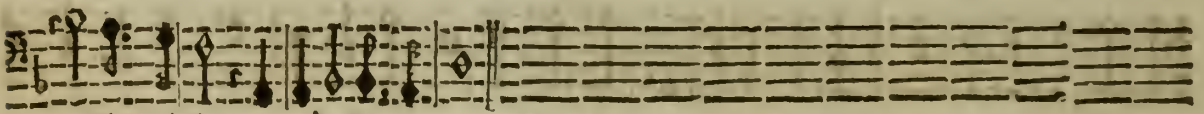
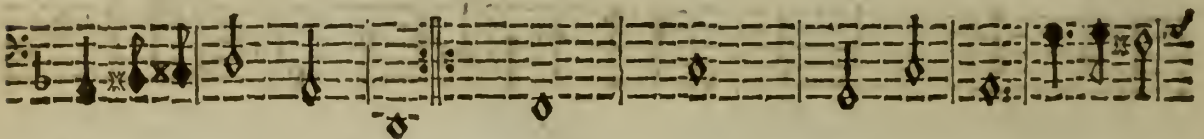
Ome hea—vy Souls, oppressed with the weight of crimes, and pangs, or

want of your delight; come drown in *Lethes* sleepy Lake, what ever makes you ake; drink healths from

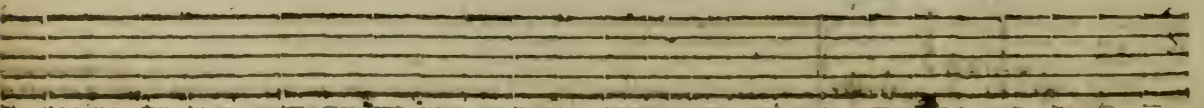
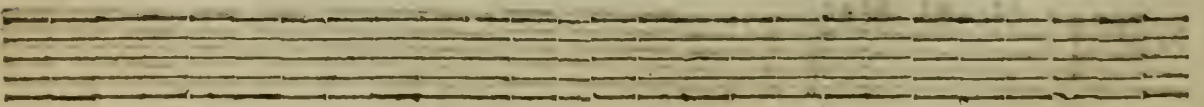
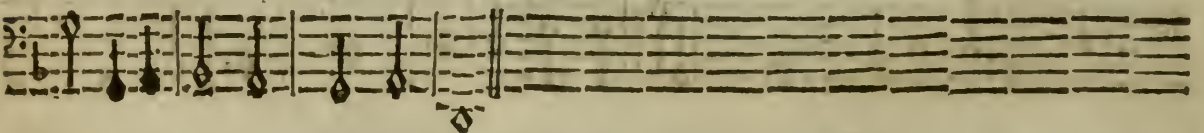
poys'ned bowls, breath out your cares together with your Souls; cool death's a salve that all may have,



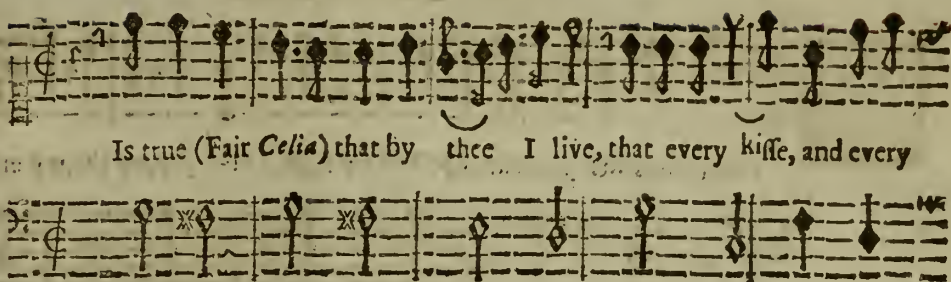
ther's no distinction in the Grave. Lay down your loads before death's Iron door; sigh, and sigh out,



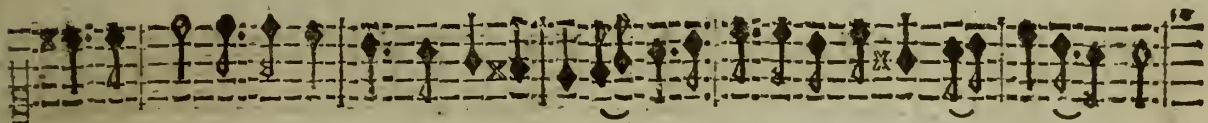
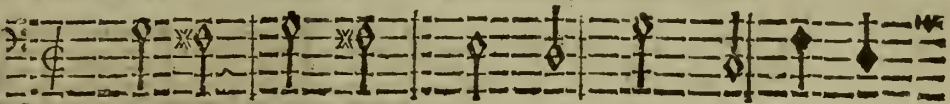
groan once, and groan no more.



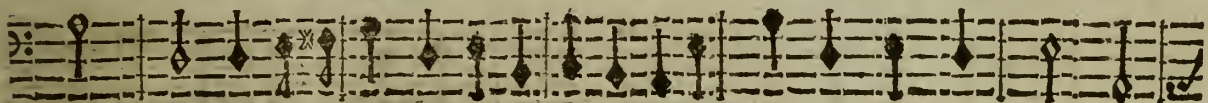
To Cælia, inviting her to Marriage.



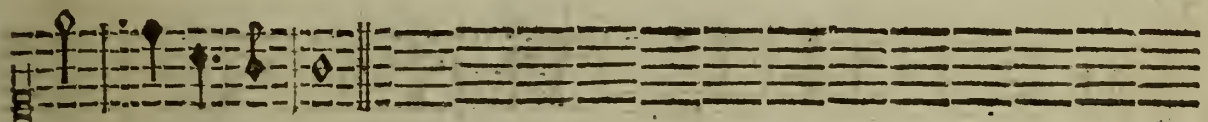
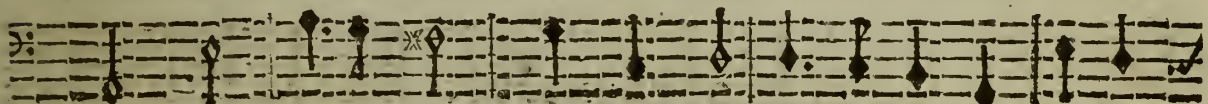
Is true (Fair Celia) that by thee I live, that every kisse, and every



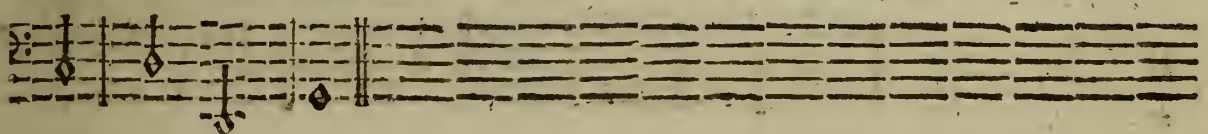
fond embrace form's a new Soul within me, and doth give a balsome to the wound made by thy face :



Yet still me thinks I misse that blisse which Lovers dare not name, and only then described is, when



flame doth meet with flame.



Those favours which do blisse me every day,
Are yet but Empty, and Platonicall.
Think not to please your servants with halfe pay,
Good Gamesters never stick to throw at all.
Who can endure to misse

That blisse

Which Lovers dare not name,
And only then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame ?

If all those sweets within you must remaine
Unknown, and ne'r enjoy'd, like hidden treasure,
Nature, as well as I, will lose her name ;
And you, as well as I, your youthfull pleasure.

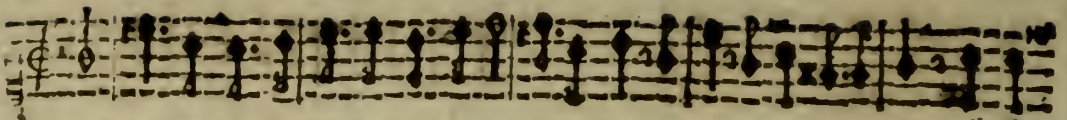
We wrong our selves to misse
That blisse

Which Lovers dare not name,
And only then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.

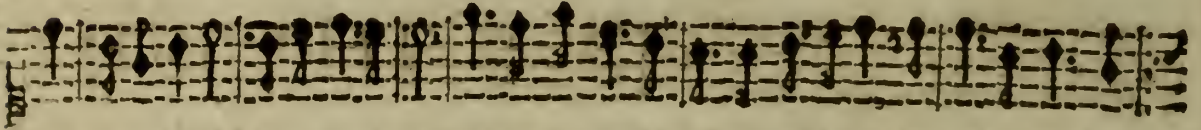
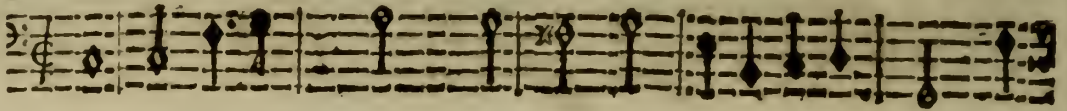
Our Souls, which long have peep'd at one another
Out of the narrow Casements of our Eyes,
Shall now, by Love conducted, meet together
In secret Cavern's, where all pleasure lyes.

There, there we shall not misse
That blisse

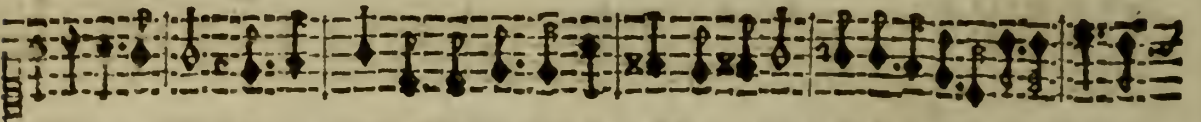
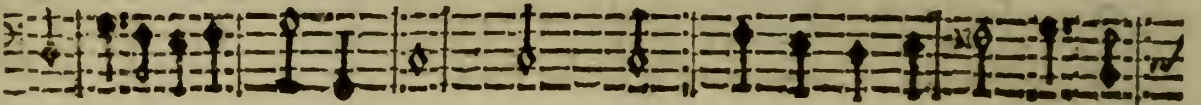
Which Lovers dare not name,
And only then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.

Beauty Paramount.

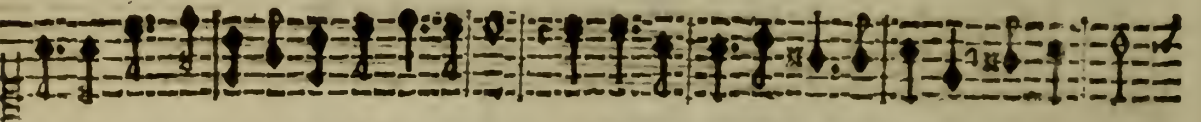
Ome, come, thou glorious object of my sight, O my Joy, my life, my only delight! may this



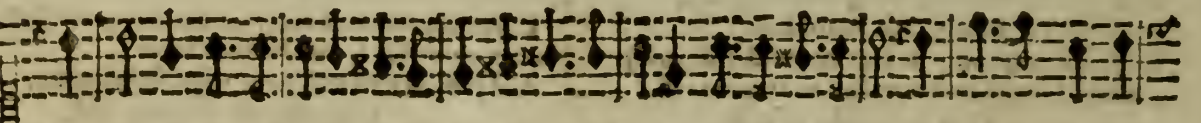
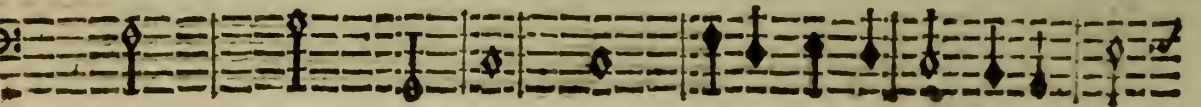
glad minute be blest to e-ter-ni-ty. See how the glim'ring Tapers of the sky do gaze and wonder



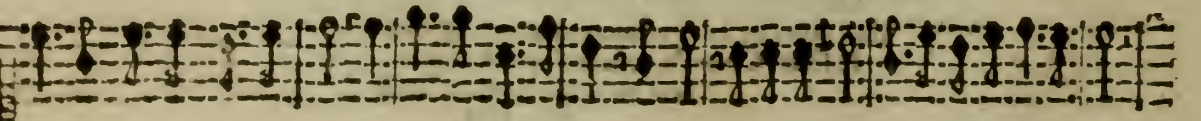
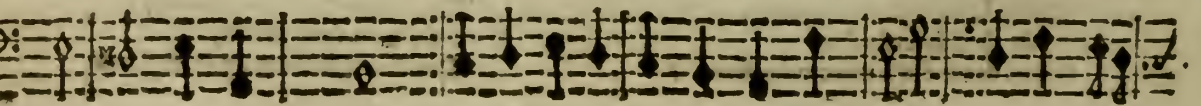
at our constancy! how they crowd to behold what our Arms do enfold! how all do envy our fe-li-ci-



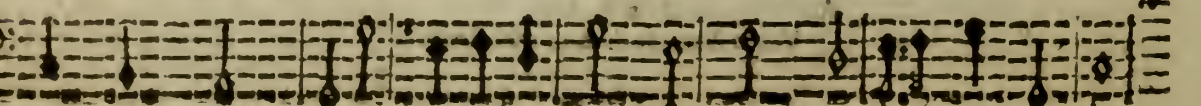
-ty, and grudge the triumph of *Selindras* eyes! how *Cynthia* seeks to throwd her crescent in yond cloud,

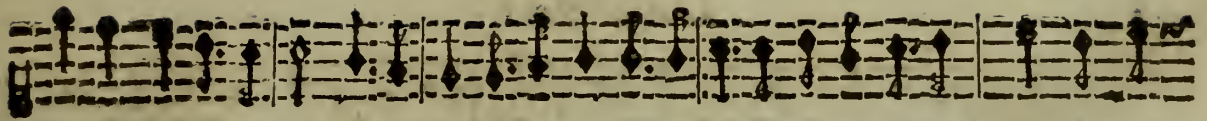


where sad night puts her sable mantle on, thy light mistaking, hasteth to be gone, her gloomy shades give

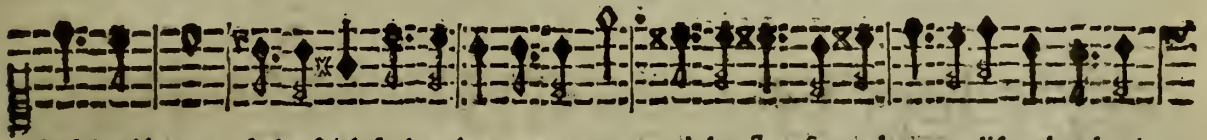


way as at th' approach of day, and all the Planets shrink for fear to be eclips'd by a brighter Deity.

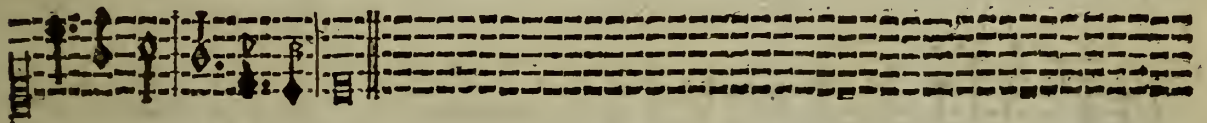
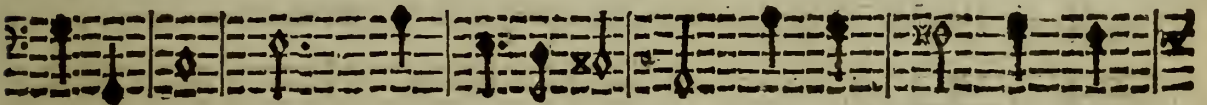




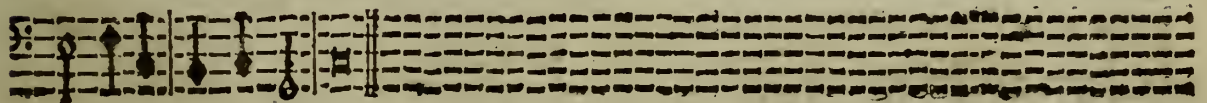
Look, O look how the pale lights do fall & adore what before the Heavens have not shown, nor their



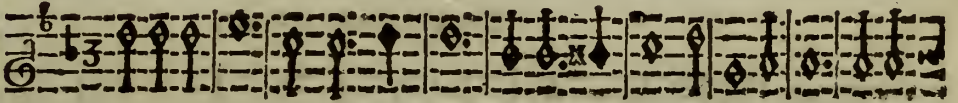
God-head known, such a faith, such a love, as may move mighty *Jove* from above, to descend and re-



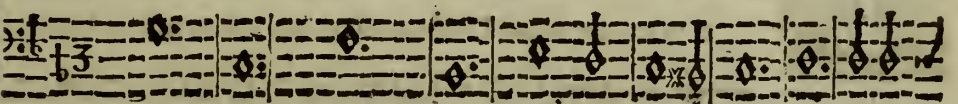
-tain among Mortals a-gain.



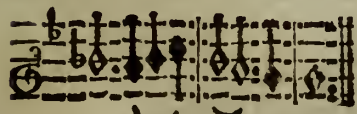
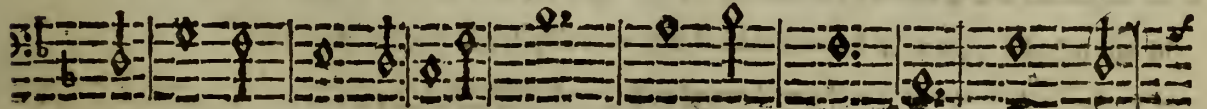
Youth and Beauty.



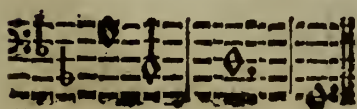
Thou art so fair, and yong withall, thou kind'lt yong desires in me, restore-



-ing life to leaves that fall, and sight to Eyes that hard-ly see, halfe those fresh



Beauties bloom in thee.

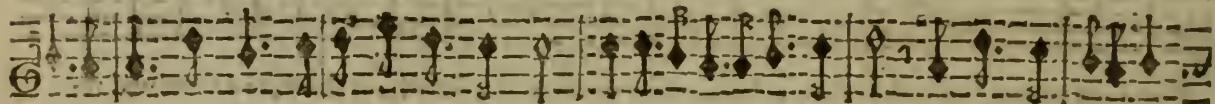


Those under sev'ral Heav's and Flowr's
Disguis'd, were all *Medea* gave,
When the recal'd Times flying bowrs,
And aged *Aeson* from his grave,
For Beauty can both kill and save.

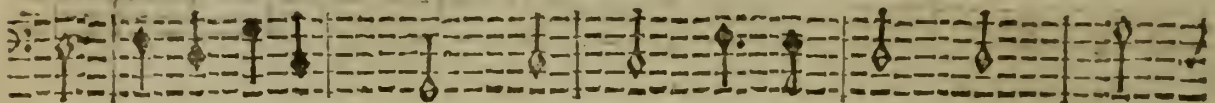
Youth it enflames, but age it cheers,
I would go back, but not return,
To twenty but to twice those years;
Nor blaze, but ever constant burn,
For fear my Cradle prove my Urn.

Love and Musick.

Ome my Sweet, whilst ev'ry strain calls our souls in-to the Eare, where the greedy



listning fain would turn into the sound they heare; lest in desire to fill the quire themselves they rye to



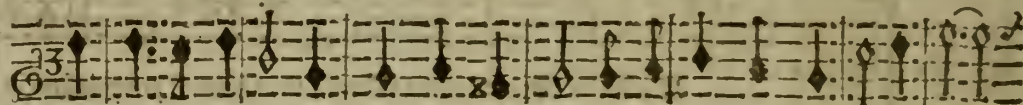
harmony, let's kiss & call them back a-gain.



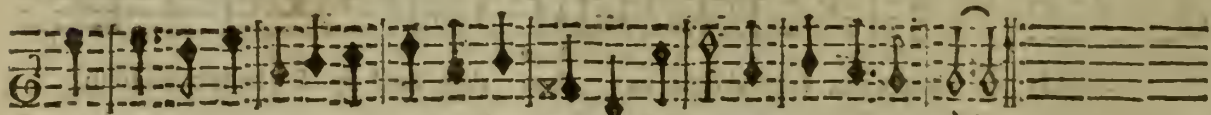
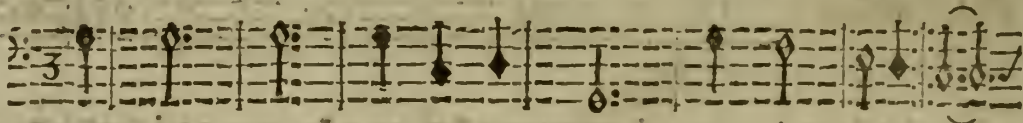
Now let's orderly convey
Our Souls into each other's Brest,
Where enterchanged let them stay
Slum'ring in a melting rest :

Then with new fire
Let them retire,
And fill present
Sweet fresh content
Youthfull as the early day.

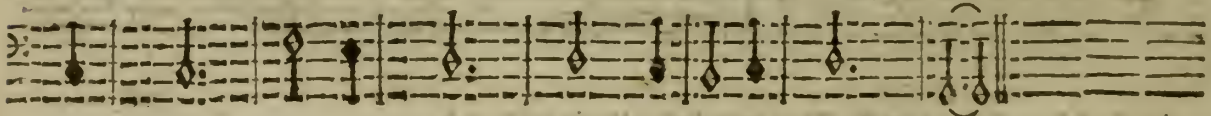
Then let us a Tumult make,
Shutting to our souls, that we
Careless who did give o' take,
May not know in whom they be,
Then let each for other
And taste the other,
Till we expire
In gentle fire,
Scorning the forgetfull Lake.

The Excellency of wine.

Is Wine that inspires, and quencheth Lov's fires, teaches fools how to rule a State,



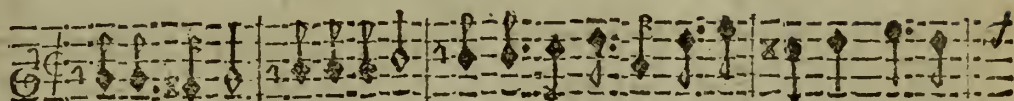
M. yds ne'r did approve it, because those that love it dispise and laugh at their hare.



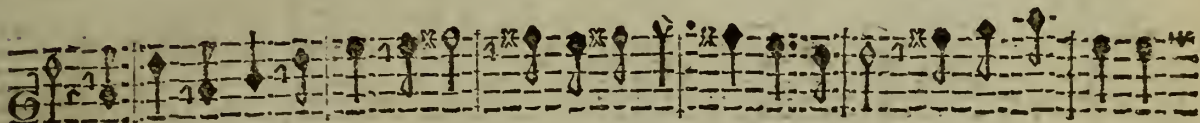
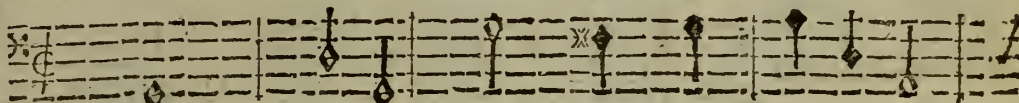
The Drinkers of Beer
Did ne'r yet appear
In matters of any weight ;
'Tis he whose designe
Is quickn'd by Wine
That raises things to their height.

We then should it prize,
For never black eyes
Made wounds which this could not heale ;
Who then doth refuse
To drink of this Juice,
Is a Foe to the Common-weale.

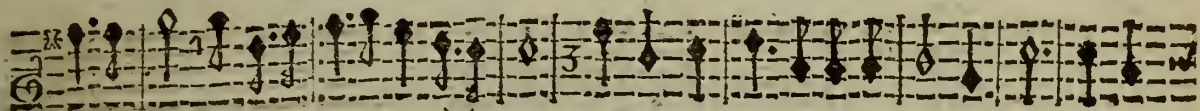
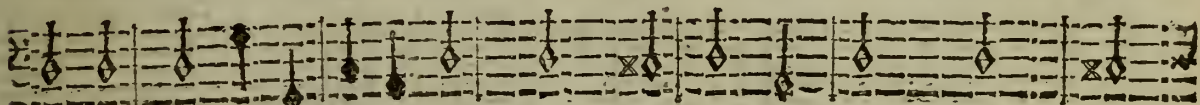
An Anniversary on the Nupials of John Earle of Bridgewater, July 22. 1652.



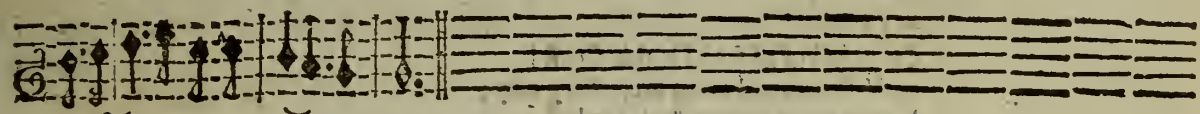
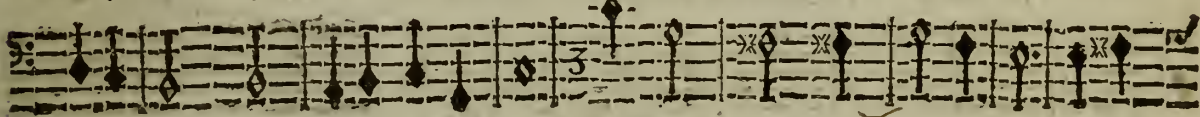
He Day's return'd, and so are we, to pay our Offering on this great *Thanksgiving*.



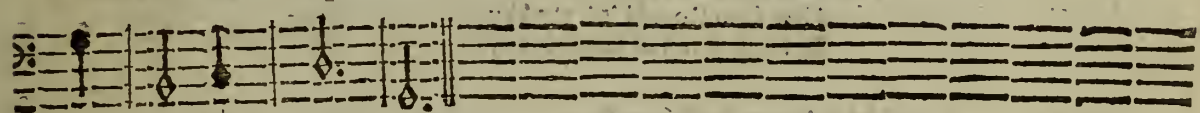
day. 'Tis His, 'tis Her's, 'tis Both, 'tis All; Though now it rise, it ne'r did fall; Whose Honour shall as



lasting prove, as our Devotion or Their Love : Then let's rejoyce; and by our Joy ap-pear, In this



one Day we offer all the Year.

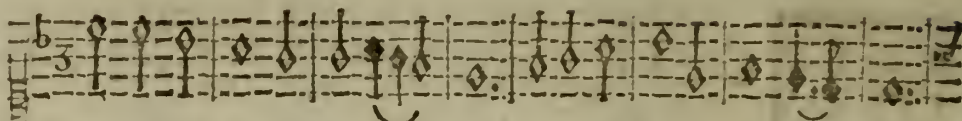


2
See the bright Pair, how amiably kind;
As if their Souls were but this Morning Joyn'd :
As the same Heart in Pulses clef't,
This for the Right Arme, that the Left ;
So His and Her's in sever'd parts
Are but two Pulses, not two Hearts :
Then Let's, &c.

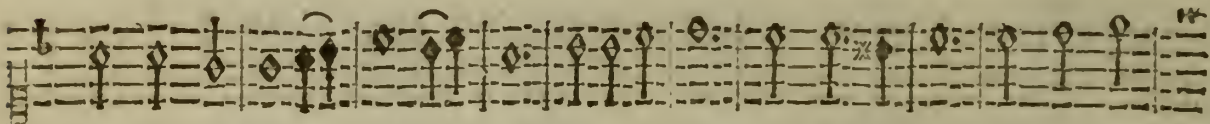
3
Let no bold Forraign noise their Peace remove,
Since nothing's strong enough to shake their Love;
Blesse Him in Her's, Her in His Arms,
From suddain (true or fals) Alarms ;
Let ev'ry Year fill up a score,
Born to be One, but to Make more :
Then let's, &c.

4
This Day Ten years to Him and Her did grant
What Angels Joy, and Joyes which Angels want :
Our Lady-Day, and our Lord's too,
'Twere sin to rob it of its due,
'Tis of both Genders, Her's and His,
We stay'd twelve Months to welcome this.
Then let's rejoyce, and by our Joy appear
In this one Day we offer all the Year.

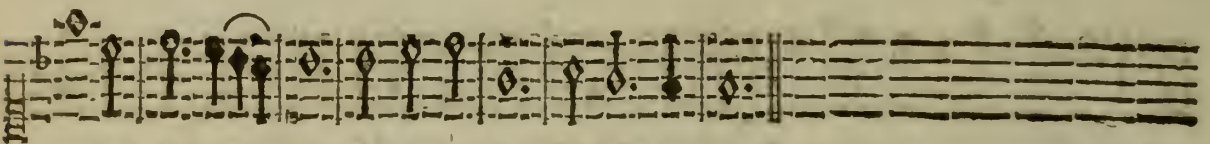
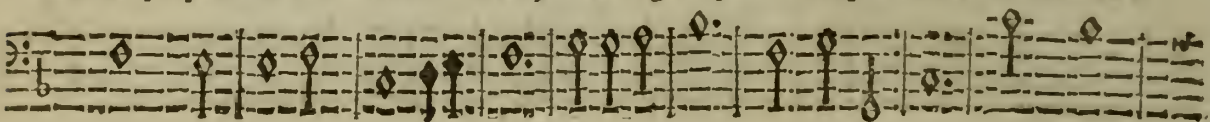
Staying in London after the Act for Banishment, and going to meet a Friend who sail'd
the hour appointed.



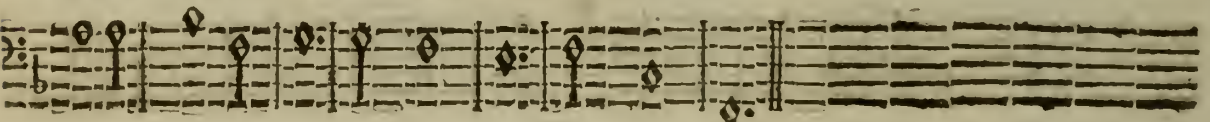
Wo hundred minutes are run down, since I and all my Grief fare here;



(Whom yet you will nor save nor drown) In a long Gasp 'twixt Hope and Fear: Thus *Lucian's*



tortur'd Fool did cry, He could not live, and durst not dye.



How full of Mischief is this Coak !

Villains and Fooles peep every way ;

U once these *Seekers* find, I'm lost ;

I dare not go, I dare not stay :

Here I am Rooted 'till the Sky

Be hung as full of Clouds as I,

All Islanders are prisoners Born,

We, Slaves to Slaves, in Five-mile Chaines ;

I Theirs, and Yours, but most forlorn

Where Purgatory Hell our-pain's :

I'm in a new third Dungeon here,

Shackles on Shackles who can wear ?

Sad and unseen I view the Row

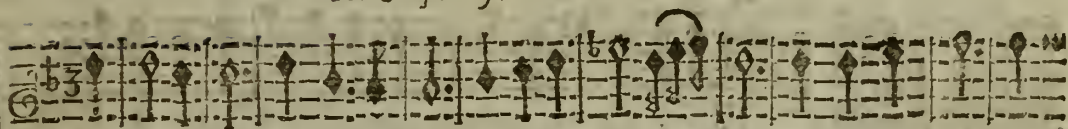
Which through this Street do ebb and flow ;

Some few have Business, most without ;

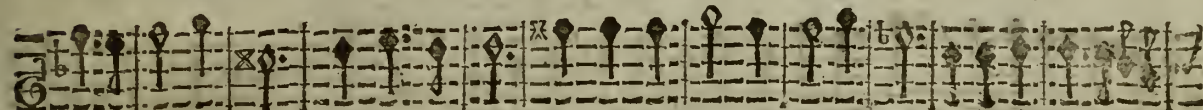
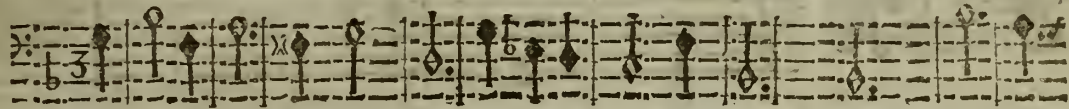
Their Pace this trundling Rithm does go :

O tear me hence, for I am grow'n

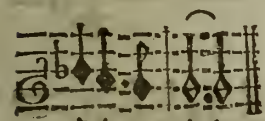
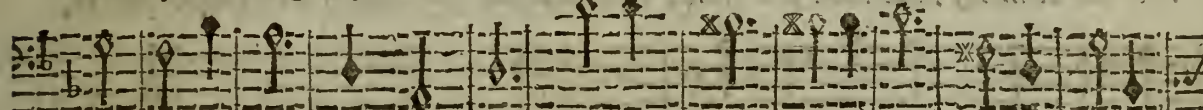
As empty-base as all this Town !

No Constancy in Man.

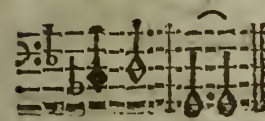
E gone, be gone thou perjur'd man, and never more re——turn, For know that thy In-



constancy hath chang'd my Love to Scorn: Thou hast awak'd me, and I can see clearly ther's no



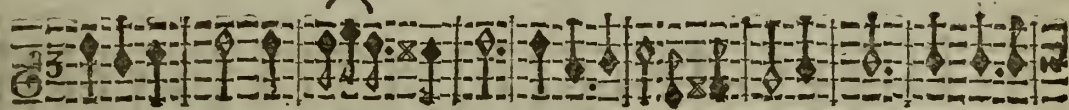
Truth in Man.



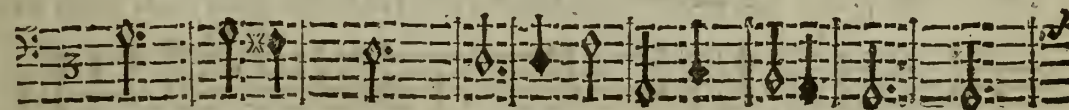
My Love to thee was chaste and pure,
As is the Morning dew,
And 'twas alone like to endure,
Hadst thou not prov'd untrue;
But I'm awak'd, and now I can
See clearly ther's no Truth in Man.

Thou mayst perhaps prevail upon
Some other to believe thee,
And since thou canst love more than one,
Ne'r think that it shall grieve me;
For th' hast awak'd me, and I can
See clearly ther's no Truth in Man.

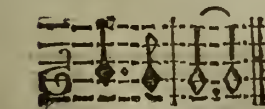
By thy Apostasy I find
That Love is plac'd amiss,
And can't continue in the mind
Where Virtue wanting is:
I'm now resolv'd, and know there can
No constant Thought remain in Man.

Beauties Eclips'd.

Adies who gild the glit—t'ring Noon, and by reflecti—on mend it's Ray, whose lustre



makes the spright—full Sun to dance as on an East——er Day: What are ye? what are ye now the

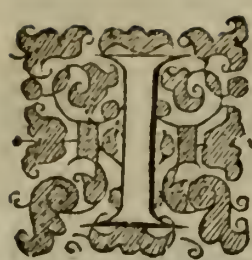


Queen's a—way?

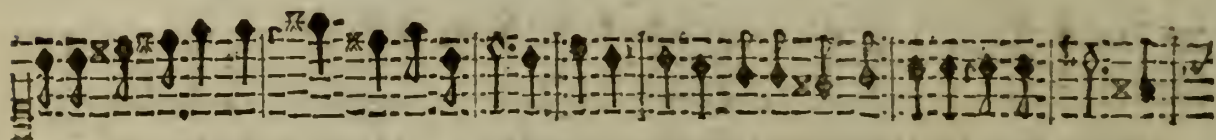


Couragious Eagles which have what
Your Eyes upon Majestick light,
And thence deriv'd such martiall heat
As still your Looks maintain'd the fight.
What are ye since the King's good night.

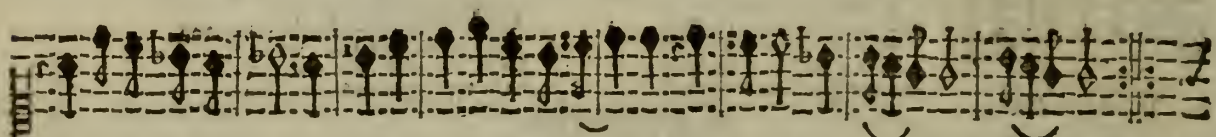
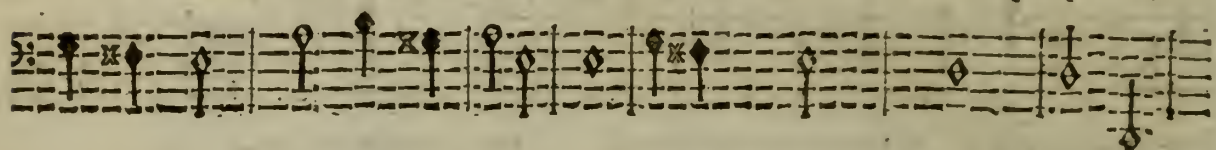
As an obstructed Fountain's head
Cut's the Intaile off from the streams,
All Brooks are Disinherited,
Honour and Beauty are but Dreams,
Since Charles & Mary lost their Beams.



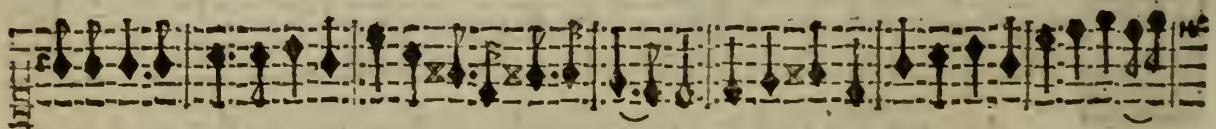
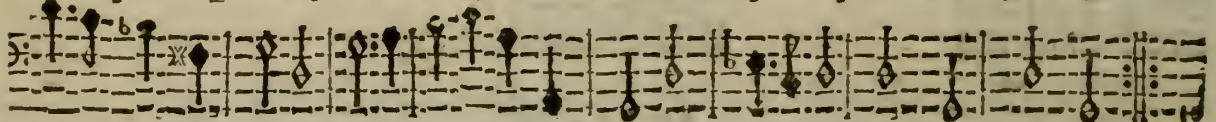
Albre lachrymarum largo Genas spargo, quavis au-rorâ; De-us
6⁴ 5 4 3



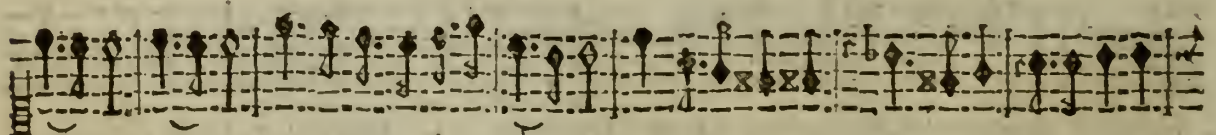
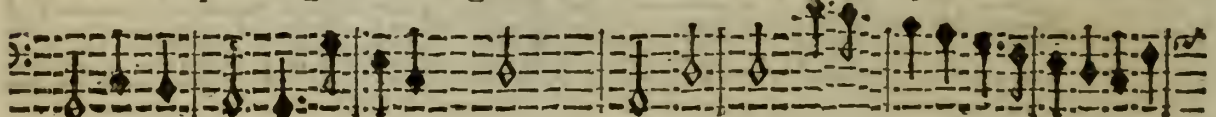
citò tu ve-ni-to, nunc nunc sine morâ, Ora: Hoc non valet, semper o-ro, semper plo-ro,



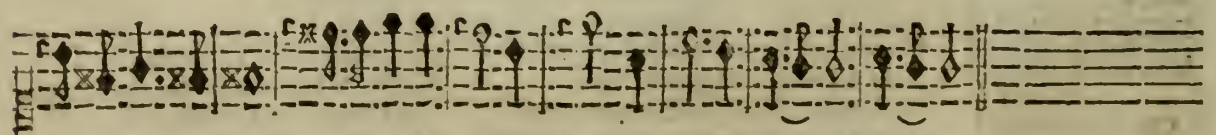
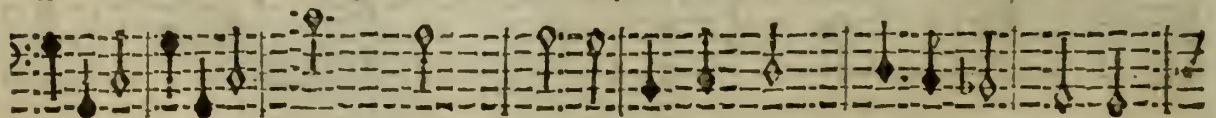
cor de-fi-cit do-len-do; Te te a-me, ad te cla-mo, da-to finem flen-do En,—do,



Pecca-to-rum primus ego, hoc non nego, fateor ve—ro: sed tu De-us esto meus, in te solum



spe—ro, e—ro: vox pergrata satis, sa—tis, jam cedam fa-tis; mor—tu-us; vi-vam tamen:



Hic cum mori—or, calo orior, magnum magnum hoc so-la—men. A-men.

