THE SECOND BOOK OF AYRES, AND DIALOGUES,

For One, Two, and Three Voyces.

BY

HENRY LAWES Servant to his late Ma:tie in his publick and private Musick.

W: Faithorne fecit

LONDON,
Printed by T. H. for Jo. Playford, and are to be sold at his shop in the Inner Temple. 1655.

Howard

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To the Honourable, the Lady *DERING*,

VVife to

Sir *Edward Dering* of *Surenden Dering*,

BARONET.

MADAM,

Have confider'd, but could not find it lay in my power to offer this Book to any but to your Ladiſhip. *Not only in regard of that honour and eſteem you have for* Muſick, *but becauſe thoſe Songs which fill this Book have receiv'd much luſtre by your excellent performance of them; and (which I confeſſe I rejoice to ſpeak of) ſome which I eſteem the beſt of theſe* Ayres, *were of your own* Compoſition, *after your Noble Husband was pleaſed to give the* Words. *For (although your* Ladiſhip *reſolv'd to keep it private) I beg leave to declare, for my own honour, that you are not only excellent for the time you ſpent in the practiſe of what I* Set, *but are your ſelf ſo good a* Compoſer, *that few of any ſex have arriv'd to ſuch perfection. So as this Book (at leaſt a part of it) is not Dedicated, but only brought home to your* Ladiſhip. *And here I would ſay (could I doe it without ſadneſs) how precious to my thoughts is the memory of your excellent* Mother *(that great example of Prudence and Charity) whoſe pious Meditations were often advanced by hearing your Voyce. I wiſh all proſperity to your* Ladiſhip, *and to him who (like your ſelfe) is made up of* Harmony, *to ſay nothing of the reſt of his high Accompliſhments of Wiſdome and Learning. May you both live long happy in each other's, when I am become Aſhes, who while I am in this world ſhall be ever found,*

Madam,

Your Ladiſhips humble Admirer and

faithfull Servant,

HENRY LAWES.

IN my former you saw what Temptations I had to publish my *Compositions:* and now I had not repeated that Error (if it prove to be one) but upon the same grounds, back'd with a promise I made to the World. Though the civill Reception my last Book found were sufficient invitation, for which I gladly here offer my Thanks; especially to those worthy and gratefull Strangers, who are far more candid and equall in their Censure, than some new Judges of our own Country, who (in spite of their Starrs) will sit and pronounce upon things they understand not. But this is the Fate of all mankind, to be render'd less at home then abroad. For my part I can say (and there are will beleeve me) that if any man have low thoughts of mee hee is of my opinion. Yet the way of *Composition* I chiefly profess (which is to shape *Notes* to the *Words* and *Sense*) is not hit by too many: and I have been often sad to observe some (otherwise able) Musitians guilty of such lapses and mistakes this way. And possibly this is it makes many of us hear so ill abroad; which works a Beleefe amongst our selves, that *English words will not run well in Musick:* this I have sayd and must ever avow, is one of the Errors of this Generation. I confesse I could wish that some of our words could spare a *Consonant* (which must not be stirr'd, for fear of removing those *Landmarks* in *spelling* which tell their *Original*;) but those are very few, and seldome occur; and when they do, are manageable enough by giving each Syllable it's particular humour; provided the breath of the *sense* bee observed. And (I speak it freely once for all) that if *English* words which are fitted for Song do not run smooth enough, tis the fault either of the *Composer* or *Singer*. Our *English* is so stor'd with plenty of *Monosyllables* (which like small stones fill up the chinks) that it hath great priviledge over divers of its Neighbours, and in some particulars (with reverence be it spoken) above the very *Latin*, which Language we find overcharg'd with the letter *S*; especially in *bus* and such hissing *Terminations*. But our new *Criticks* lodge not the fault in our words only; tis the *Artist* they tax as a man unspirited for forraign delights: which vanity so spreads, that those our productions they please to like, must be born beyond the *Alpes*, and fatherd upon strangers. And this is so notorious, that not long since some yong Gentlemen, who were not untraveld, hearing some Songs I had set to *Italian words* (publickly sung by *excellent Voyces*) concluded those *Songs* were begotten in *Italy*, and said (too loud) *they would faine heare such Songs to bee made by an English man.* Had they layd their Sceane a little nearer home, there had beene more colour; for a short *Ayre* of mine (neare 20 yeares old) was lately reviv'd in our neighbour Nation, and publikely sung to words of their owne as a new borne peece, without alteration of any one Note. 'Tis the *Ayre* to those words, *Old Poets Hypocrene admire*, &c. a sorry Trifle (a man would thinke) to be raised from the dead after 18 yeares buriall. But (to meet with this humour of *lusting after Novelties*) a friend of mine told some of that company, that a rare new booke was come from *Italy*, which taught the reason why an *Eighth* was the sweetest of all Notes in *Musick*; *because* (said he) *Jubal who was Founder of Musick was the Eighth man from Adam*; and this went downe as currant as my songs came from *Italy*. I beg your pardon for instancing such particulars. But there are knowing persons, who have beene long bred in those worthily admired parts of *Europe*, who ascribe more to us than wee to our selves; and able Musicians returning from Travaile doe wonder to see us so thirsty after Forraigners. For they can tell us (if wee knew it not) that Musick is the same in *England* as in *Italy*; the *Concords* and *Discords*, the *Passions*, *Spirits*, *Majesty*, and *Humours*, are all the same they are in *England*; their maner of *Composing* is sufficiently knowne to us, their best *Compositions* being brought over hither by those who are able enough to choose. But wee must not here expect to find Musick at the highest, when all Arts and Sciences are at so low an ebbe. As for my selfe although I have lost my Fortunes with my *Master* (of ever blessed memory) I am not so low to bow for a subsistence to the follies of this Age; and to humor such as wil seem to understand our Art, better then we that have spent our lives in it; If any thing here bring you benefit, or delight, I have my design. I have Printed the Greek in a Roman Character, for the ease of Musitians of both Sexes. Farewell. *H. L.*

To the much honoured Mr. *HENRY LAWES*, On his Excellent Compositions in Musick.

NAture which is the vast Creation's Soule,
That steady curious Agent in the whole,
The Art of Heav'n, the Order of this Frame,
Is only Musick *in another name:*
And as some King *conqu'ring what was his own,*
Hath choice of severall Titles to his Crown;
So Harmony *on this score now, That, then,*
Yet still is all that takes and governs Men.
Beauty *is but* Composure; *and we find*
Content *is but the* Concord *of the mind;*
Friendship *the* Unison *of well tun'd Hearts;*
Honour's the Chorus *of the noblest parts:*
And all the World on which we can reflect,
Musick *to the* Ear, *or to the* Intellect.
If then each Man a little World must be,
How many Worlds are coppy'd out in thee?
Who art so richly furnish'd, so compleat,
T' Epitomize all that is Good or Great;
Woose Starrs this brave advantage did impart,
Thy Nature's *as* Harmonious *as thy* Art:
Thou dost above the Poets *Prayses live,*
Who fetch from Thee th' Eternity they give;
And as true Reason *triumph's over* Sense,
Yet is subjected to Intelligence;
So Poets *on the lower World look down,*
But LAWES *on them, his height is all his own:*
For (like Divinity *it selfe) his Lyre*
Reward's the Wit it did at first inspire:
And thus by double right Poets allow
Their and His Lawrells to adorn his brow.
Live then (Great Soul of Nature) to assuage
The savage dulness of this sullen Age;
Charm us to sense; and though Experience fail,
And Reason too, thy Numbers may prevail.
Then (like those Ancients) strike, and so command
All Nature to obey thy generous hand:
None can resist, but such who needs will be
More stupid than a Fish, *a* Stone, *a* Tree:
Be it thy care our Age to new create,
What built a World, may sure repair a State.

KATHARINE PHILIPS.

To her most honoured Master, Mr. Henry Lavves, On his Second Book of *Ayres*.

TO stop my Muse, Censure objects
That I by this forget my Sex
But Silence (even in me) were rude
When it implies Ingratitude:
Shall I from Lavves *his Magazin*
Harmonious Raptures steal unseen?
If I have Art, it is from Thee:
Others do teach, but (to be free)
Experience told me thou art best,
For I have learn'd of all the rest
That Fame call's Masters, and have cause
To sacrifice to none but Lavves.
'Twere weakness to suppose my breath
Could thy rich Ayres preserve from death;
That Power is thine alone, the Press
Make's happy our unhappiness.
Thy works in Print we need not fear
Will feel Mortality; the Ear
Judicious, ravisht, will admire
Thy Chords *when thou art in Heav'ns Quire.*

He that want's Phansie need's no further look,
Ther's store to treasure any in this Book:
To speak thy Noble skill is such a Theam
Would thaw a frozen Wit into a stream.
Thy spotless Heart the cozen'd World may see
Hath plotted nought these times but Harmony;
Discord ne'r reach't thy Breast, the God of Love
Has kept thy soul in tune like those above.
And now thou marchest forth, when wars are fled,
To metamorphose Griefe and Hearts of Lead;
To mould our Chaos, *and retune our* Sphear,
To rank and file our Hearts as once they were:
For Musick *these Felicities hath found;*
Then say how much we all to Lavves *are bound,*
That here present's us with such Gifts as these,
You'l think they were (not his) dropt from the skies;
But all's his own: let Criticks search and scan,
They'l find this Book the Mind's Physitian.

Mary Knight.

To my beloved Friend and Fellow, Mr. *HENRY LAWES*, On his Book of *Ayres*.

OW I have view'd this Book of thine,
And find sweet Language, Notes more fine;
And see thy Fugues *wrought in the Chime,*
Thy weaving far excel's the Rhyme;
And still thy choice of lines are good,
Not like to those who get their food
As Beggars Raggs from Dunghills take,
(Such as comes next) ill Songs to make;
Who by a Witty blind pretense
Take Words that creep half way to sense;
Hippocrates *or* Galen's *feet,*
And sing them too with Notes as meet;
Songs as all th' way to Gam ut *tend,*
But in F Fa ut *make an end;*
With killing Notes, which ever must
Coriat, *Squeez the Sphears, and intimate the Dust;
These with their brave Chromaticks *bring*
Noise to the Ear, but mean No-thing:
Yet These will censure, when indeed
Shew Them good lines, They cannot read;
Or read them so, that in the close
You'll hardly judge them Rhyme from Prose.
But why doe I write this to Thee?
This is for shop-sale Frippery;
Thy richer store hath truly hit
The whole Age for their want of Wit;
Live freely, and thy Phansie please,
We shall be censur'd by such Things as these.

JOHN WILSON Doctor in Musick.

To my much honoured Friend Mr. *HENRY LAWES*, On his Second Book of *Ayres*.

Things that are thus, thus excellently good,
Are hardly prais'd, 'cause hardly understood:
For though at the first hearing all admire,
Yet when into the severalls men inquire,
(Which make up the Composure*) they are lost,*
Such Ayr, Wit, Spirit, Harmony *engross'd*
In every Piece, as make's each piece the best,
And yet (as good as 'tis) a Foyl to th' rest.

How greedily do the best Judgements throng
To hear the Repetition of thy Song?
Which they still beg in vain; for when re-sung
So much new Art and Excellence is flung
Round thy Auditers (unobserv'd before)
As make's the newly-ravisht ravish'd more:
For comprehend thee fully none can doe
Till like thy Musick th'are eternall too.

'Tis Thou hast honour'd Musick, done her right,
Fitted her for a strong and usefull Flight;
She droop'd and flagged before, as Hawks complain
Of the sick feathers in their Wing and Train:
But thou hast imp'd the Wings she had before;
Musick does owe Thee much, the Poet more;
Thou lift'st him up, and dost new Nature bring,
Thou giv'st his noblest Verse both Feet *and* Wing.

Live then above our Prayse, immortall here,
The Atlas, *the support of Musick's sphearе,*
To what a Darkness would our Art decline,
Robb'd of thy glorious and diurnall Shine?
These fixed Tapers cannot do Thee right,
Nor fully speak thy Rayes which gave them Light,
But Thy small starrs by night in consort met,
Would only tell the World, our Sun is set.

CHARLES COLMAN Doctor in Musick.

To the great Master of his Art my honoured F. Mr. HENRY LAWES on his Book of AYRES.

ALL *you that have, or ought to have, no Ears;*
Who (onely Snake *or* Goose*)* hiss *at the* Spheares;
Souls that consist of Seavenths *and* Seconds, *come*
(If ye can read, and be not deaf, *but* dumb.
Behold a Man to tune an Angel *by!*
Whose Phansy climbes higher than Poëtry!
One that can raise dead Words, and strike forth Wit
From Lines as low as ever W —— *writ:*
Who dwells not in lean Sounds, *from* Breath *or* Wyre,
(The Chamleting or Crisping of the Ayer,
The Art of Birds;) but Worded Sense *pursues,*
Phansies which noble Mankind *ought to chuse:*
Knowes the right Pulse *of Wit, when it beats high,*
Feel's when it hit's, then calls in Harmony,
Marryes them both, as if he would recall
How God *convers'd with* Man *before the* Fall:
Perfume's the Words, the Rise, *the* Turn, *the* Pawse,
Strikes till he touch the Heart; *Then, then 'tis* LAWES.
(For Thou (Harmonious Soul) in Thousand Songs
Taught'st us that Musick's more than Chords *and* Lungs:
Who hast liv'd famous forty Summers, where
What the best Wits have writ or spoke didst hear,
And prov'd there is for Verse *a* Happiness,
If it be roab'd in thy Chromatick *Dress.*
Nor yet art tyr'd, still, still thy Phansy pours
Faster than that great Glutton Time *devours.*
So vast is that Exchequer *of thy Brain,*
Out-spends all others, yet does most retain.
Thou scorn'st their foraign Aid, *who must (for fear*
Of Plateasms) *with* Lisping *mend the* Air;
Who plunder Thine, new Presents for their Prince,
Which thou compos'dst *full eighteen Harvests since.*
They'll vote thee cheap (now they can steal no more)
And rob thy Fame, *who stole thy* Ayres *before;*
For savage Fe'ons never think they can
Blot out the Theft *till they have slain the Man.*

But

But these secure thy Right *by all their* Wrongs;
Proving thou mak'st Musicians, *They but* Songs:
They are thy Eccho: *But when such* compose,
How meagre, how confessingly it goes!
'Tis seen quite through, as a thin Comedy
Betrays at First what the Last Scene will be.
Or else such scolding Notes *the* Sense *confute*,
Notes *fitter for a* Tumbrell *than a* Lute;
For though th'are twisted on Harmonious Chords,
There's grinning Discord *'twixt the* Ayre *and* Words.
Thy melting Tones *and* Words *so streaming run*
As Light *and* Heat *flow joyntly from the* Sun.
No justling Noyse invades thy Symphony,
So spann'd, that all is link'd, yet all is free.
As on flat Maps a learn'd Geographer
Plant's here America, *and* Africk *there*,
Here Europe *stands, there* Asia *is hurl'd*,
Not missing one hair's breadth all the Great World:
So Thou on thy Composing-Card's *broad face*
Sett'st Tenor, Counter-tenor, Treble, Base,
With such a Masters han'd, such Symmetry,
Thou prov'st the World *consists of* Harmony.
Thou shew'st how high that Greece-of-Greece *was grown,*
Which Rome's Dictator *damn'd a Fisher-Town*,
Reforming *all to* Cinders, *whose best Notes*
Taught but two Arts, Speeching *and* Cutting Throats;
When Sylla *made learn'd* Athens *one red Blaze*;
Whose Fire *and* Blood *met in his* * copper face.
But thou reviv'st its Ashes, and dost show
How Greeks *rejoyc'd two thousand years ago.*
Not all the swelling Vowel-men *with all*
Their Liquids, Mutes, *their* Dental, Labial,
Lingual, *and* Guttural, *new* Genal *too*,
Can half of that thy Sharps *and* Flats *can do.*
Thou shoot'st *into our* Souls, *thy* Numbers *tell*
The vastness of that Gulph 'twixt Heaven *and* Hell,
(*When pow'rfull Rapture in thy* Anthem *floats*)
'Tis Heaven *hath* Voyces, Hell *hath clashing* Votes.
This made great Socrates *his* Gamut *conn*
(*As* Cato *Greek*) *when old and wisest grown*,
As if his reaching Head, e're Martyr crown'd,
By Jacob's staff *had* Jacob's ladder *found*,
Where Angels moving to and from Heav'ns Throne,
Taught the great Scale of Musick *up and down.*

* ἰσόχρωμα τεκχὸ. Plut. in Συλλα. unde *color Syllaceus* apud *Agellium.*

Then

Then tell me (Bedlems) *why th'audacious Drum*
Shook down the Choir, *and strook the* Organ *dumb*,
Till the red Lattise *lift's those Bellows up*
To kindle Healths, *and* celebrate *each Cup*;
Where Smoke *and* Minstrelsy *are dealt about*
To help their groats-worth of Church-Musick *out.*
How would the Druid *start, and backward fling,*
Though none but He that could not read did sing,
When Rome *thought* Britain *so despis'd a Clod*,
No Gentleman but scorn'd to be its * God!

Thou art unstain'd, no Brocage makes thine hit,
Thou stick'st as close to Virtue *as to* Wit.
Thy Art *and* Life *are* Unison'd, *and do*
Conspire to call Thee Saint *and* Angel *too.*
Thou hast strung David's *Harp, as might have rouz'd*
A Legion *out of* Saul, *though* twelve years hous'd;
Putt'st it as much in tune (*if Man can do't*)
As Rous *or* Robert Wisdome *put it out*:
And mad'st thy glorious Brother *tune it too*,
(*Whose* Coffin *is each* Chest of Viols *now*:)
O how our Passions interfere, to see
All lost in Him, *yet all preserv'd in* Thee!
As Jove's *two Eagles flew from East and West,*
Cross'd the whole Globe, yet scorn'd to stoop or rest
Till met at floating Delos: *So you Two*
(*Strong high wing'd Souls*) *with different Phansies flew*
Through the whole Sphear of Musick, *till at last*
In this our floating Isle *ye set all fast.*
Thy Brother *then to Heaven's* Great Consort *fled,*
That Ayre (*as* Light *and* Power) *might have one* Head.
Thus old Parnassus *was your Type, and did*
Close its two tops for thy one Pyramid.

Stand then, Great Master, shine as long, as far
As Orpheus, *whose* Harp *is now a* Star.
Thy Works (*the Balsome of the Brain*) *request*
The Crown of Time, *as oldest Lutes sound best*:
And twenty Ages hence, when Musick's *driven*
(*Like* Kings *and* Bishops) *banish'd home to Heaven*;
If Mortals then for Wit and Phansy look,
Others may spell, and read, Thou *mad'st the* Book.

* Parum est quòd Templum in Britannia habet *Claudius*, quòd hunc Barbari colunt, & ut Deum orant. *Sen.* Ἀποκολοκυντωσις

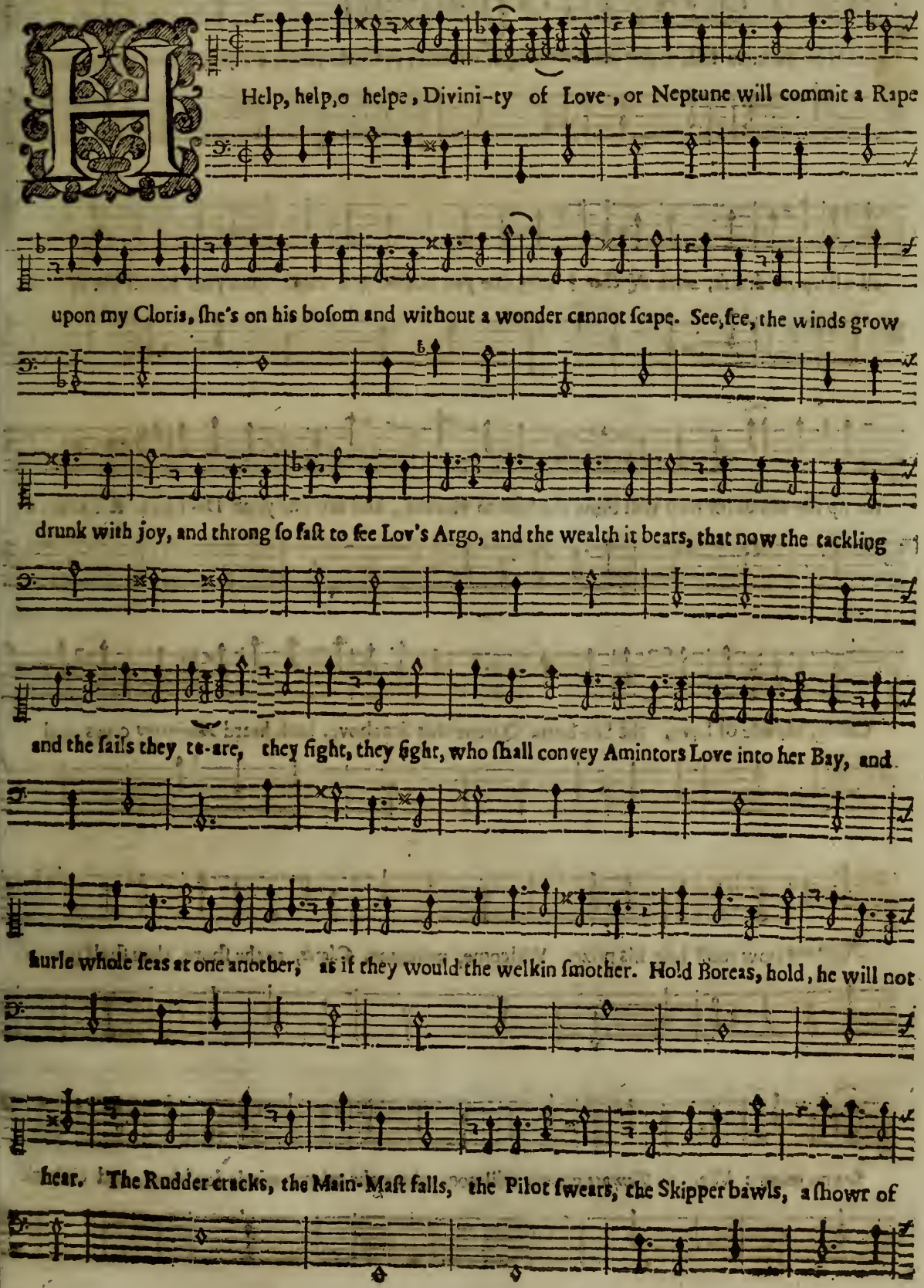
IOHN BERKENHEAD.

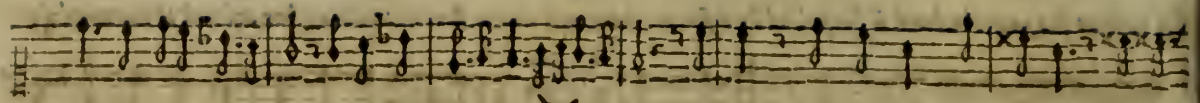
DIALOGUES.

Short Ayres for 1. 2. *or* 3. *Voyces.*

A Storme:

Cloris *at sea, neer the land, is surprised by a storm,* Amintor *on the shore expecting her arivall, thus complains:*

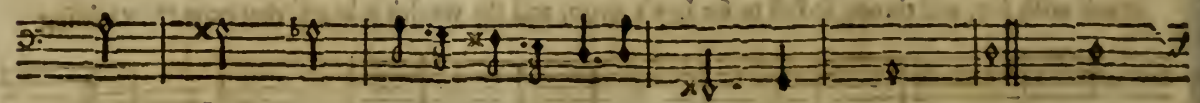




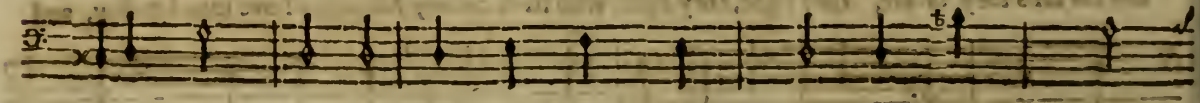
clouds in darknes fall, to put out *Cloris* light withall; ye Gods where are yee, where are yee, are ye

all asleep, or drunk, with *Nectar*? why doe you not keepe a watch upon your Minist-ers of Fate,

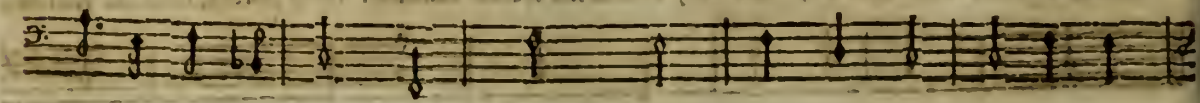
tie up the winds, or they will blow the Seas to Heaven, and drowne your De-i-ties. A Calme, a



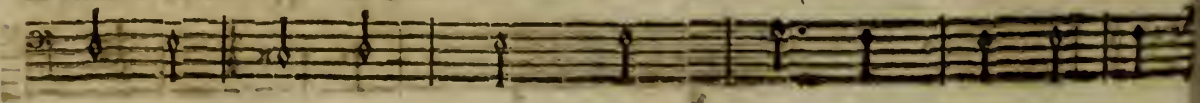
Calme, Miracle of Love, the Sea-borne Queene that sits above, hath heard *Amintors* cryes, and

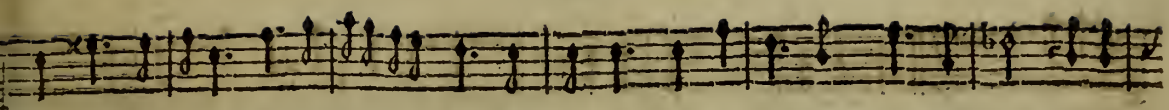


Neptune now must lose his prize. Welcome, welcome, *Cloris*, to the shore, thou shalt goe to

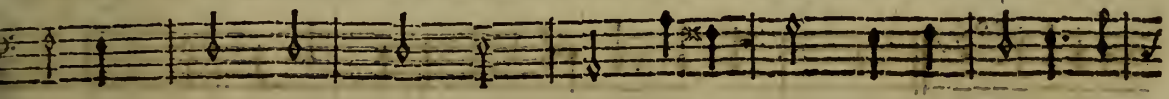


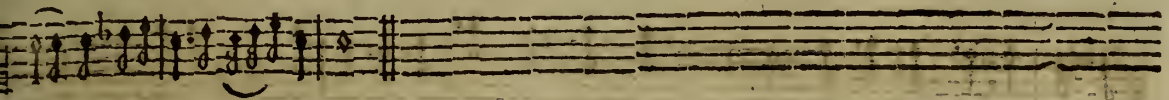
Sea no more: Wee to *Tempes* groves will goe, where the calmer winds doe blow, and embark



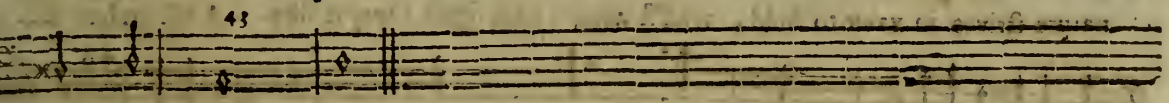


our hearts together, fearing neither rocks, nor weather, but out-ride the ſtormes of Love, and for





ev-er con--------ſtant prove.



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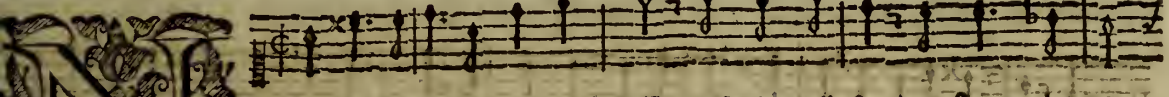
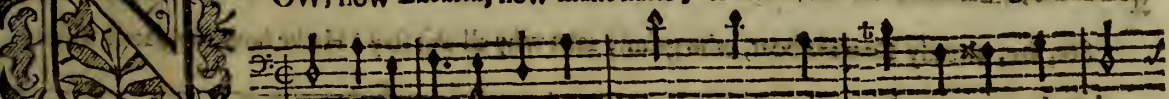
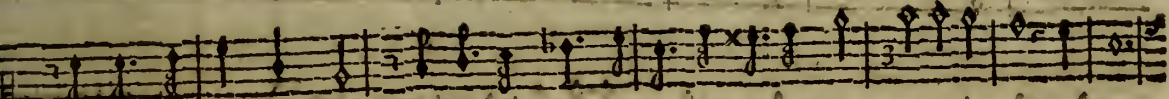
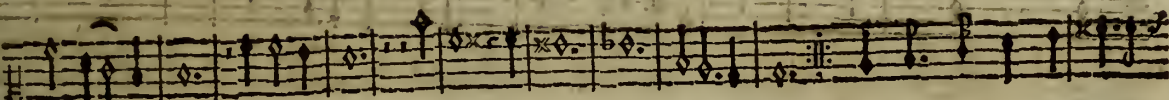


NOW, now *Lucaſia*, now make haſte; if thou wilt ſee how ſtrong thou art,

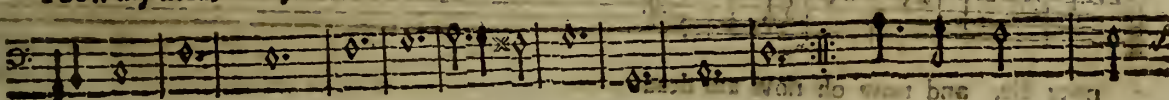




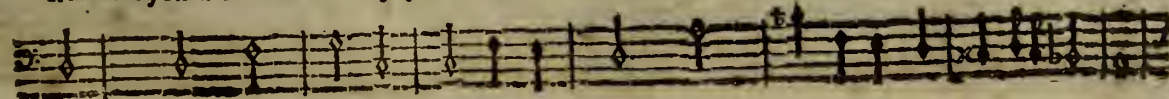
there needs but one frown more, to waſte the whole remainder of my heart. Alas undone, to Fate,

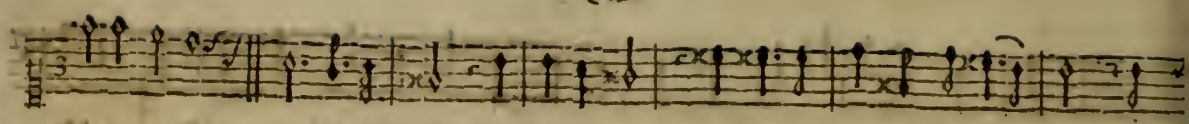


I bow my head, ready to die, now die, and now, now, now, a dead. You looke to have an age of

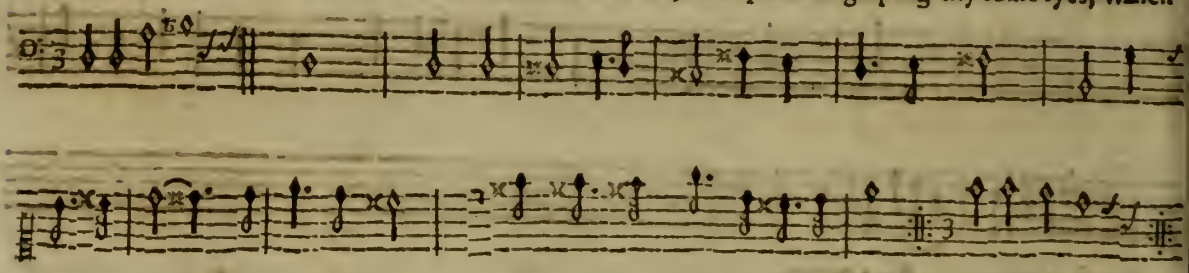


triall ere you a Lov-er will repay, but my ſtate brooks no more deniall: I cannot this one minute ſtay.

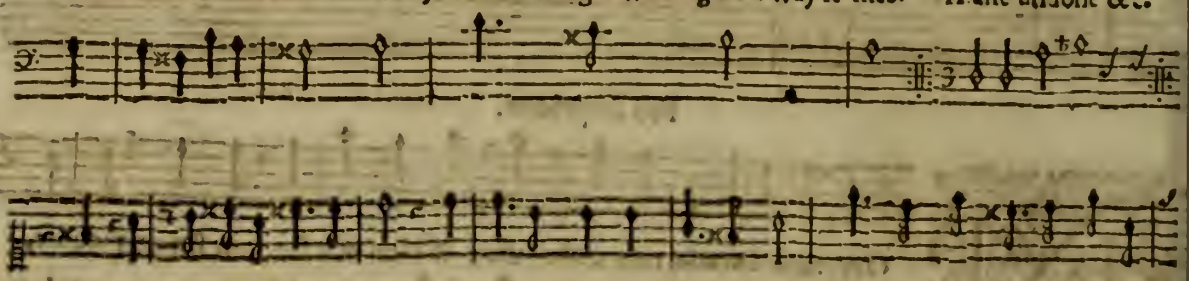




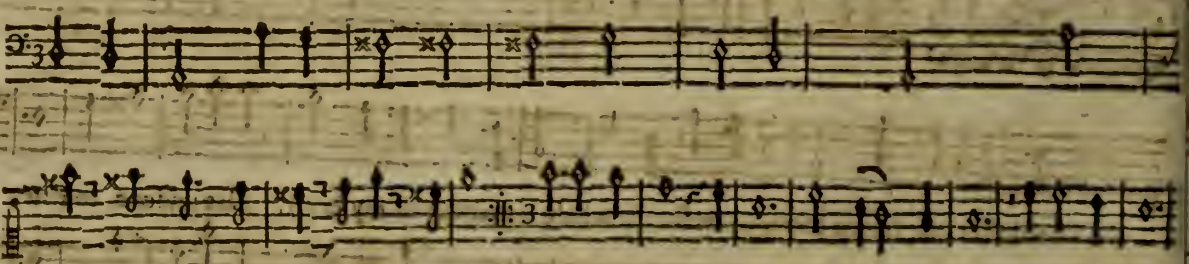
A-las undone &c. Look in my wound, and see how cold, how pale and gasping my soule lyes, which



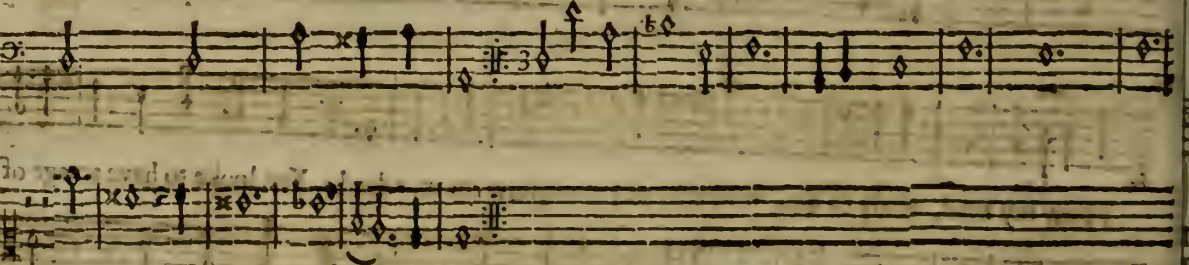
nature strives in vaine to hold, whil'st wing'd with sighes a way it flies. Alasse undone &c.



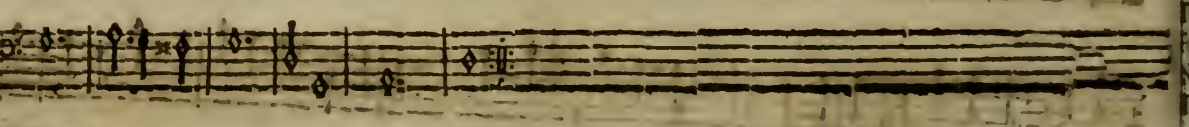
See, see, already *Charons* boat, who grimly asks why all this stay? Harke how the fatall Sisters



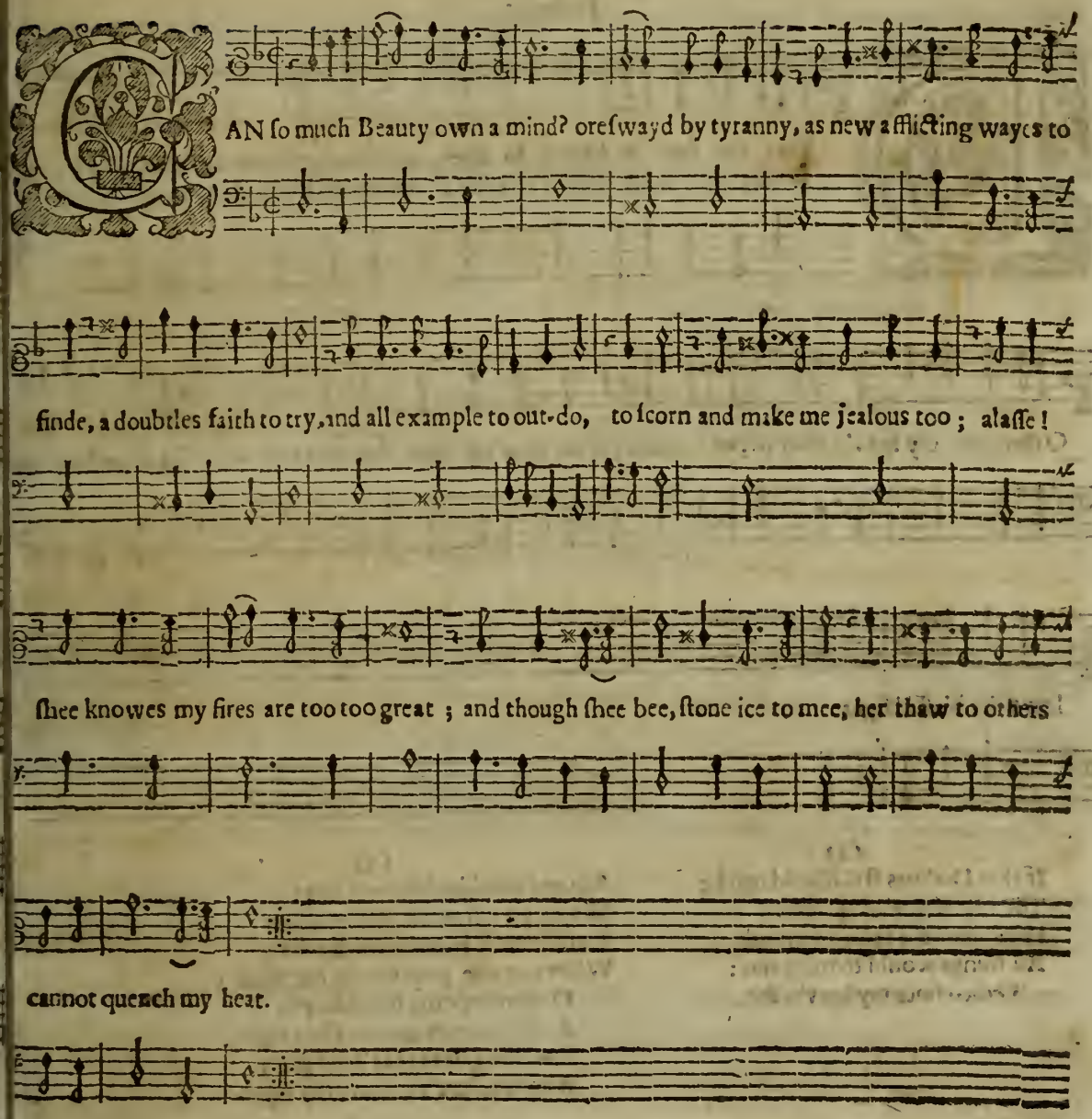
shout, and now they call, away, a way. Alasse undone, to Fate I bow my head, ready to die,



now die, and now oh now am dead.



Not to be altred from Affection.



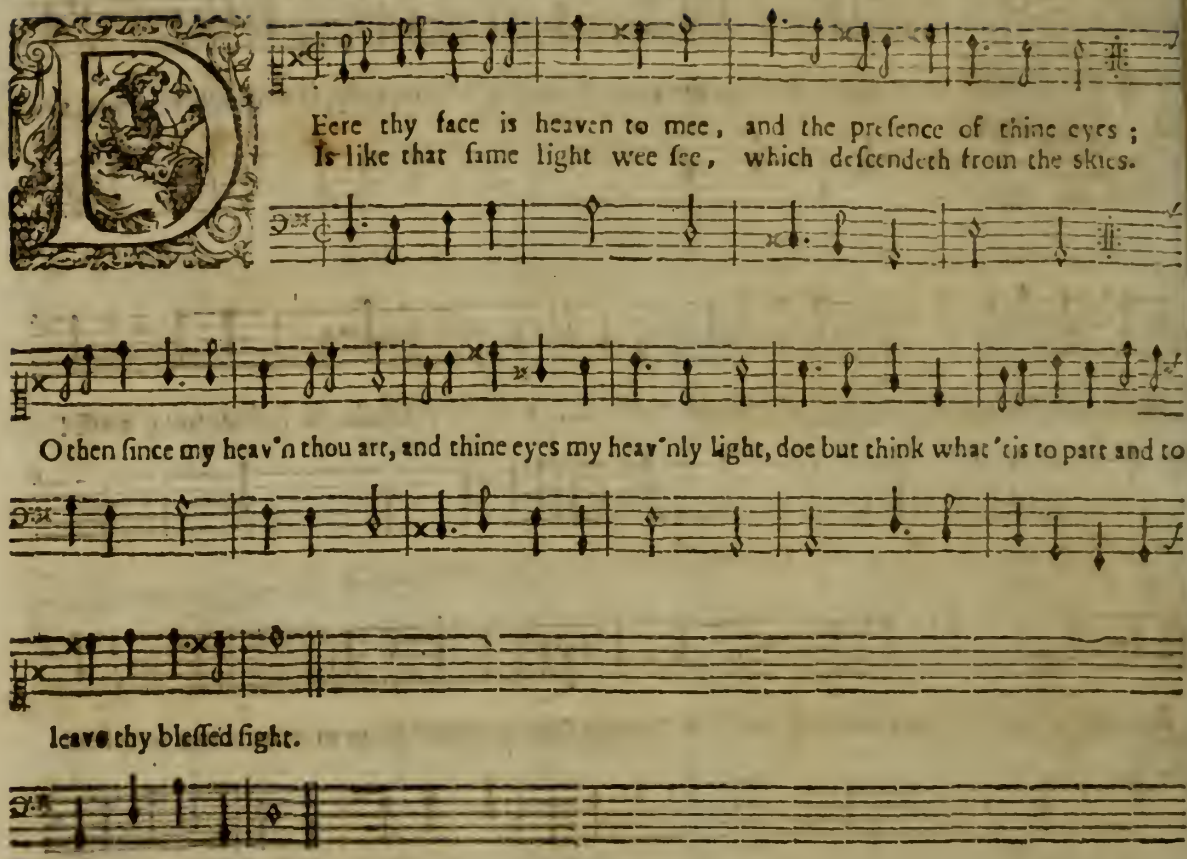
(2)

That Law which with ſuch force o're ran
The Armies of my heart,
When no one thought I could out man,
That durſt once take my part.
For by aſſault ſhe did invade,
No compoſition to be made:
Then, ſince all muſt yeeld as well as I
to ſtand in aw
of Victors Law
Her's no preſcribing in captivity.

(3)

That Love which loves for common ends,
Is but ſelfe loving love,
But nobler converſation tends
Soule myſteries to prove.
And ſince Love is a paſſive thing,
It multiplies by ſuffering.
Then, though ſhe throw life to the waning Moon,
on him her ſhine,
the dark part mine,
Yet I muſt love her ſtill when all is done!

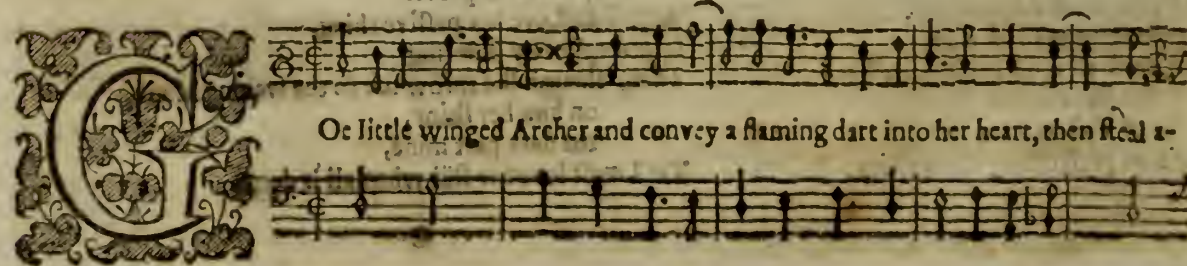
Parting.

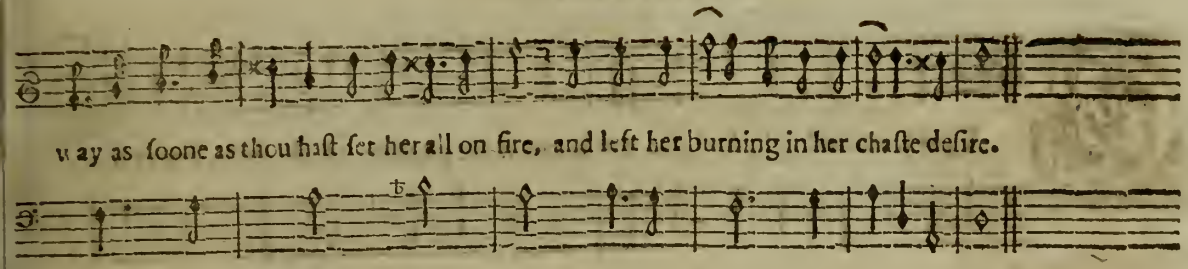


(2)
If that Darknes still should maske
The fair visage of the sun,
Heav'n would tell us if we ask
All things would to ruine run:
O then since my heav'n &c.

(3)
Sun and you like influence have
Which give light to things below,
You likewise from death doe save,
When you doe your beams but show:
O then since my sun thou art,
And thine eyes my heav'nly light,
Doe but grieve that I did part,
And was forc't to leave thy sight.

Cupids Embassie.





way as soone as thou hast set her all on fire, and left her burning in her chaste desire.

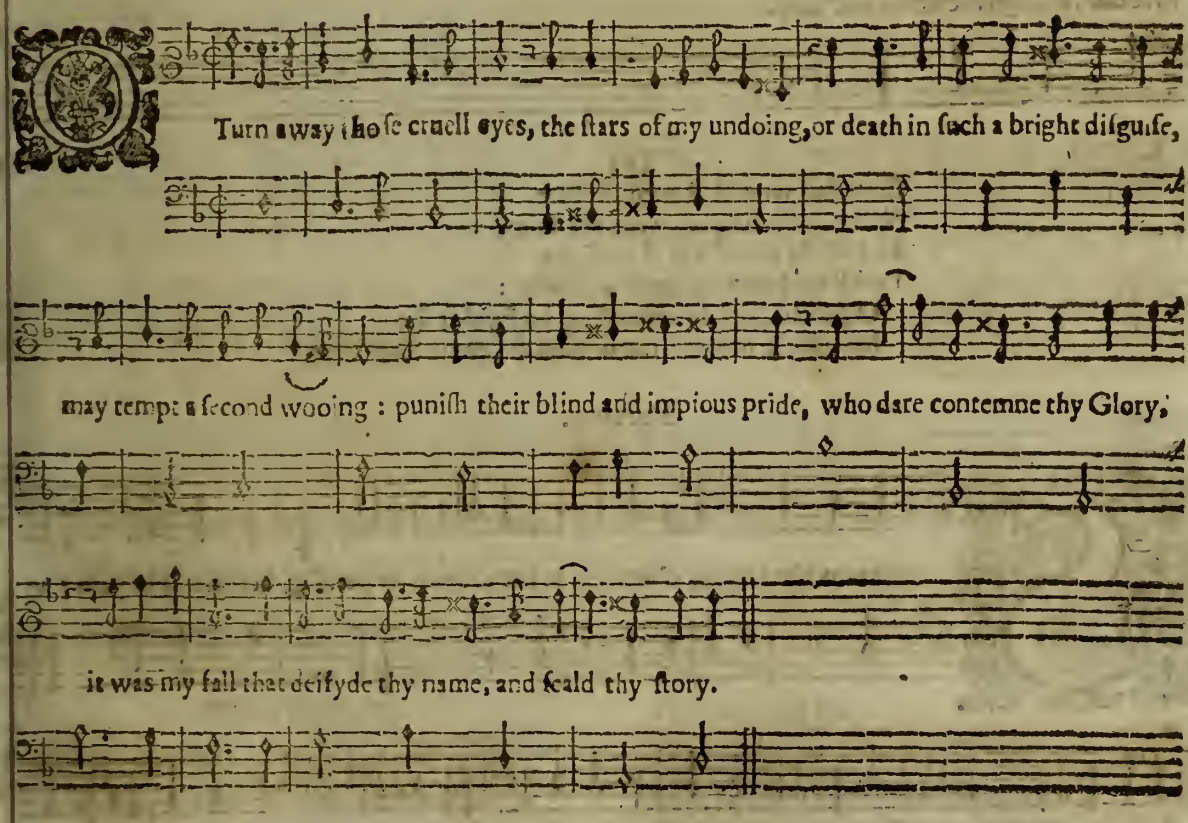
(2)

Thus teach her what it is to love, that she
When that her eyes
Doe tyrannize
May pity me;
And know the flame that hath my heart possest
By the distemper of her scorched breast.

(3)

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

He would not be tempted.



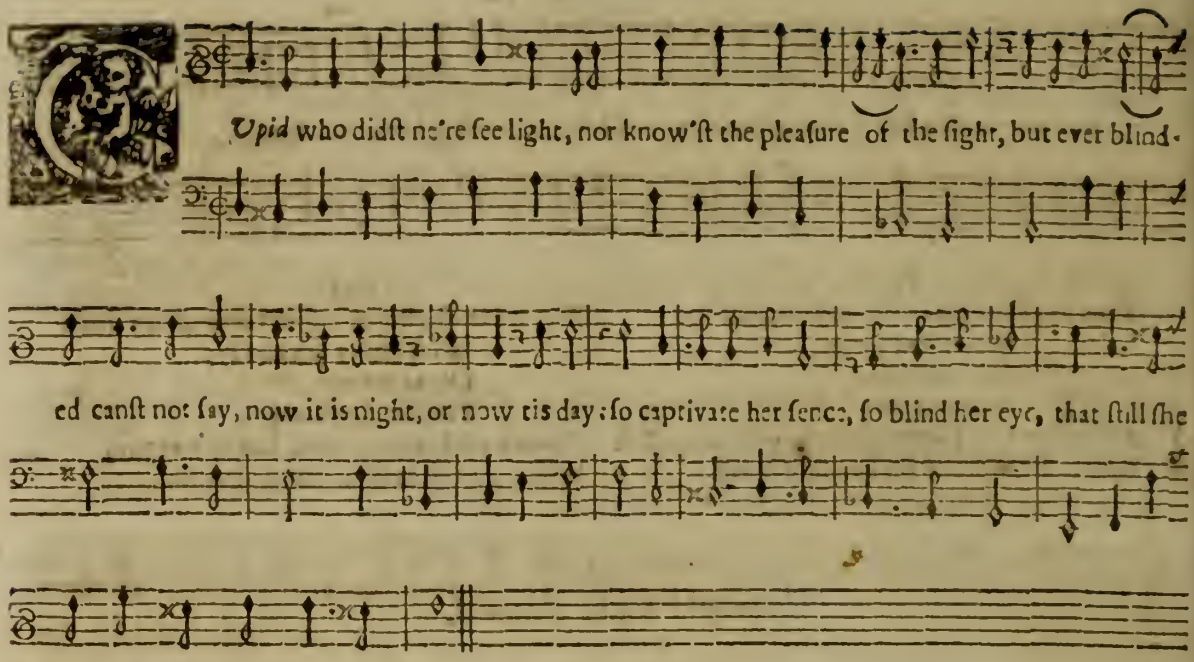
O Turn away those cruell eyes, the stars of my undoing, or death in such a bright disguise, may tempt a second wooing: punish their blind and impious pride, who dare contemne thy Glory, it was my fall that deifyde thy name, and seald thy story.

(2)

Yet no new suffering can prepare
A higher praise to crown thee,
Though my first death proclaime thee fair,
My second will unthrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canst intice
No other for thy fuell,
And if thou turne one victim twice,
Or thinke thee poor, or cruell.

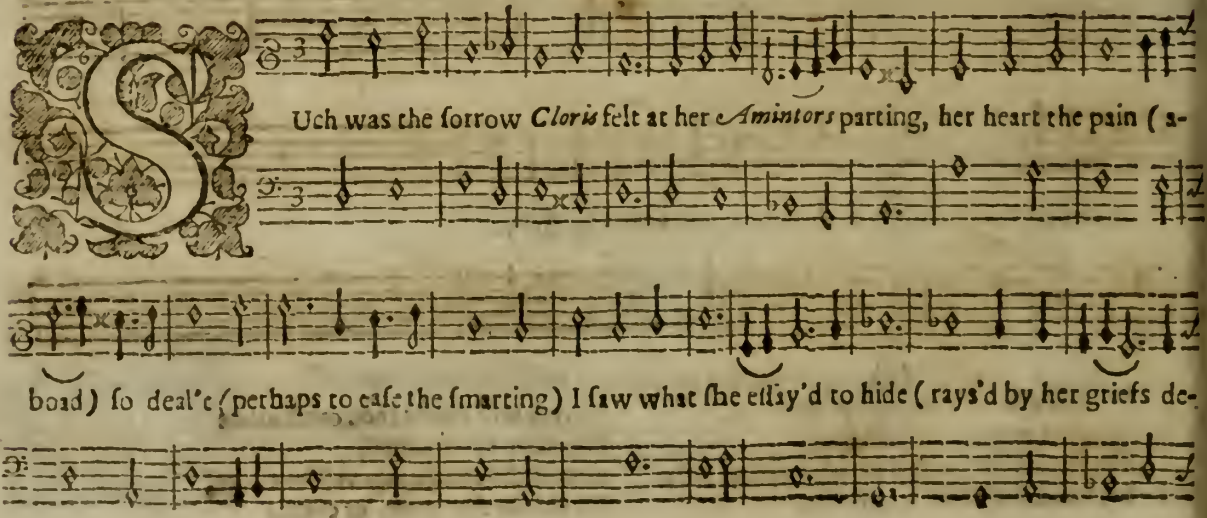
A Prayer to *Cupid*.

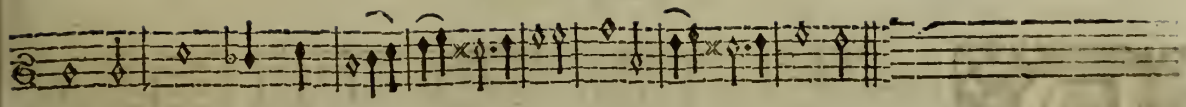


(2)

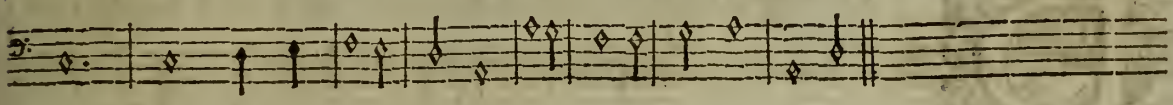
Thou that woundest with such art,
We see no bloud drop from the heart,
And subtly cruell leav'st no signe
To tell the blow, or hand was thine:
O gently, gently wound my fayre, that she
May hence beleeve the wound did come from thee.

Parting.





vouring) down from her eyes a ſilver ride, t wixt Pinks and Lillies powring.

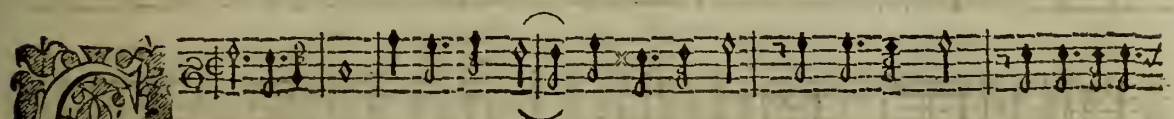


(2)

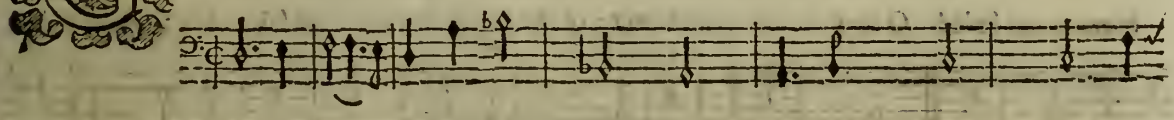
Whilſt Love (at fall of ev'ry tear,
Weary perhaps with playing)
Sat to refreſh, and bath him there,
His pointed wings diſplaying.

But ſoon the ſtream her fayre hand dries,
When ſtraight you might eſpie him
Into the ſun ſhine of her eyes,
Pearcht up to prune and dry him.

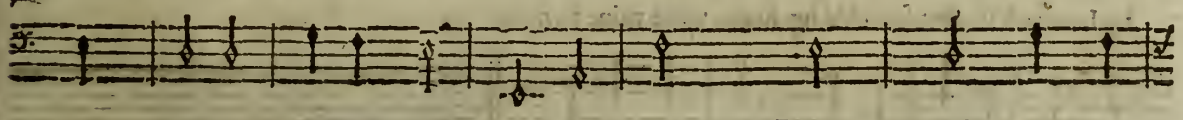
The Roſe.



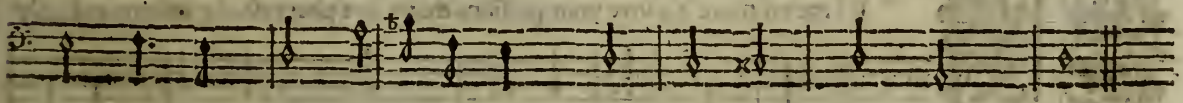
GOe lovely Roſe, tell her that waſts her time and me, that now ſhe knows when I reſem-



ble her to thee, how ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be. Tell her thats yong and ſhuns to have her graces



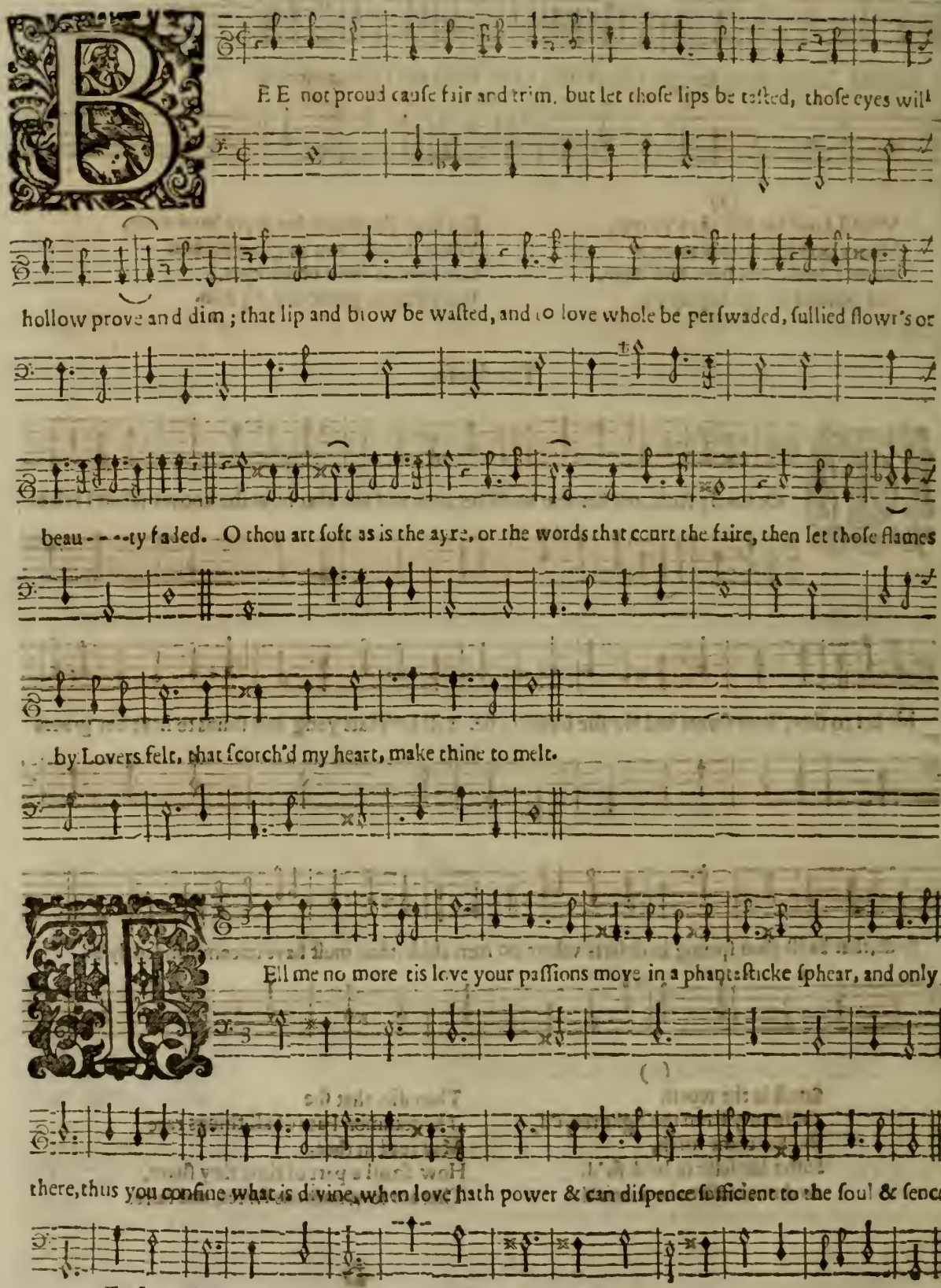
ſpide, that badſt thou ſprung in deſarts where no men abide, thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.



(2)

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retyr'd,
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her ſelfe to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh to be admir'd.

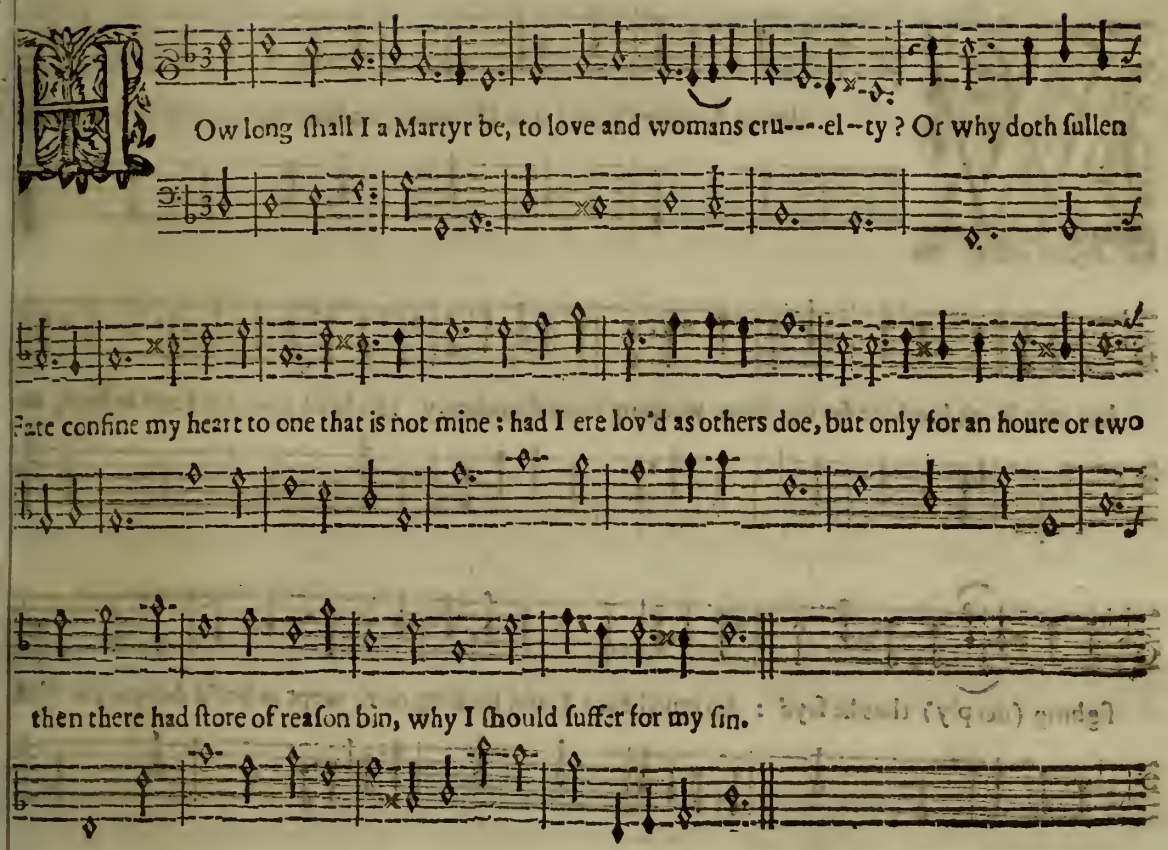
Then die, that ſhe
The common Fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare,
That are ſo wondrous ſweet, and faire.



Tis Love the sence informs
And cold bloud warms,
Nor gives the soule a Throne
To us alone,

But bids them bend
Both to one end,
And then tis Love when thus design'd,
They make another of their kind,

Loves Martyr.



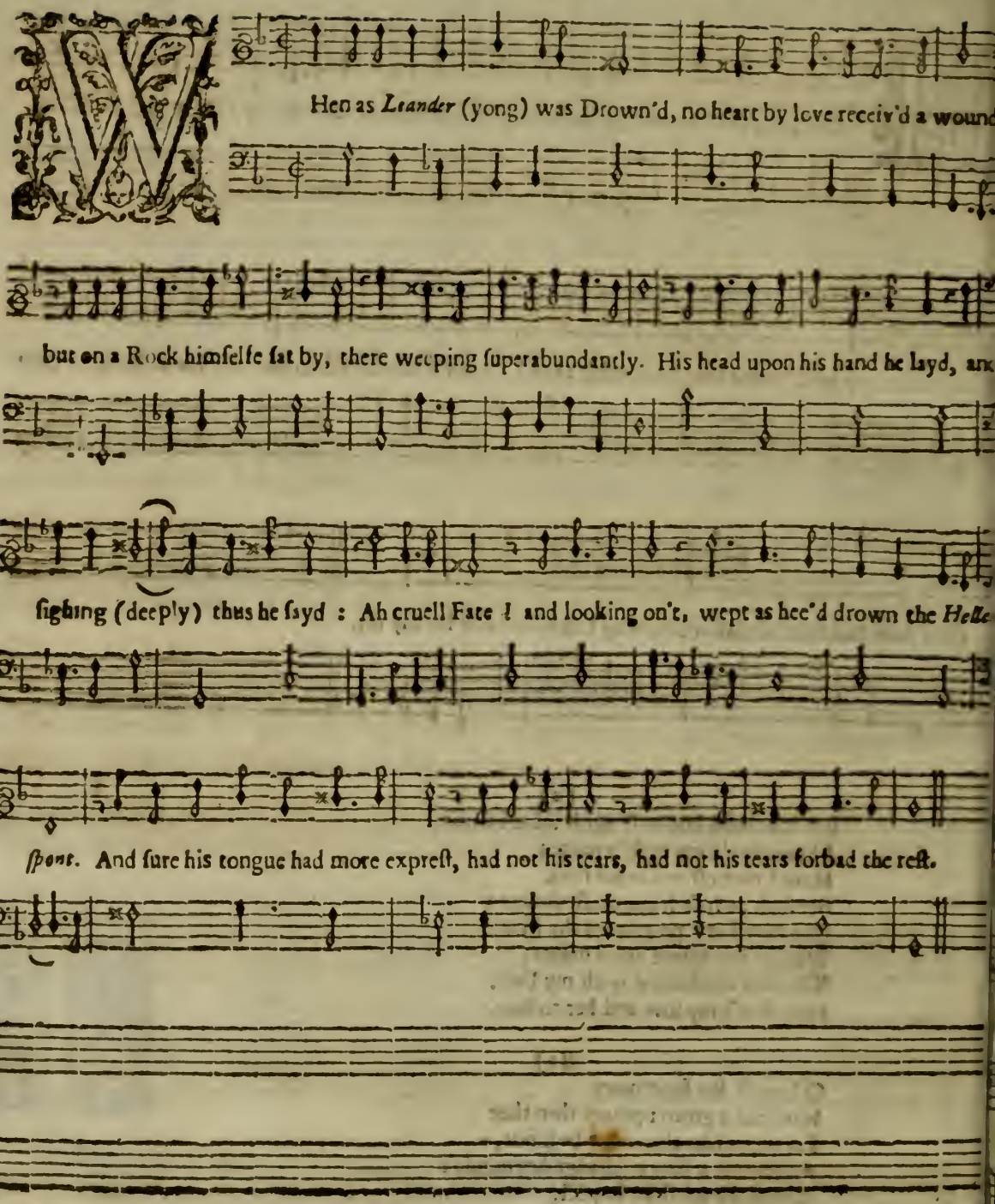
(2)

But love thou knowest with what a flame
I have ador'd my mistris name:
How I neer offered other fires,
But such as rose from chaste desires:
Nor have I ere prophaned thy shrine
With an inconstant fickle minde;
Yet thou combining with my Fate,
Hath forc't my love and her to hate.

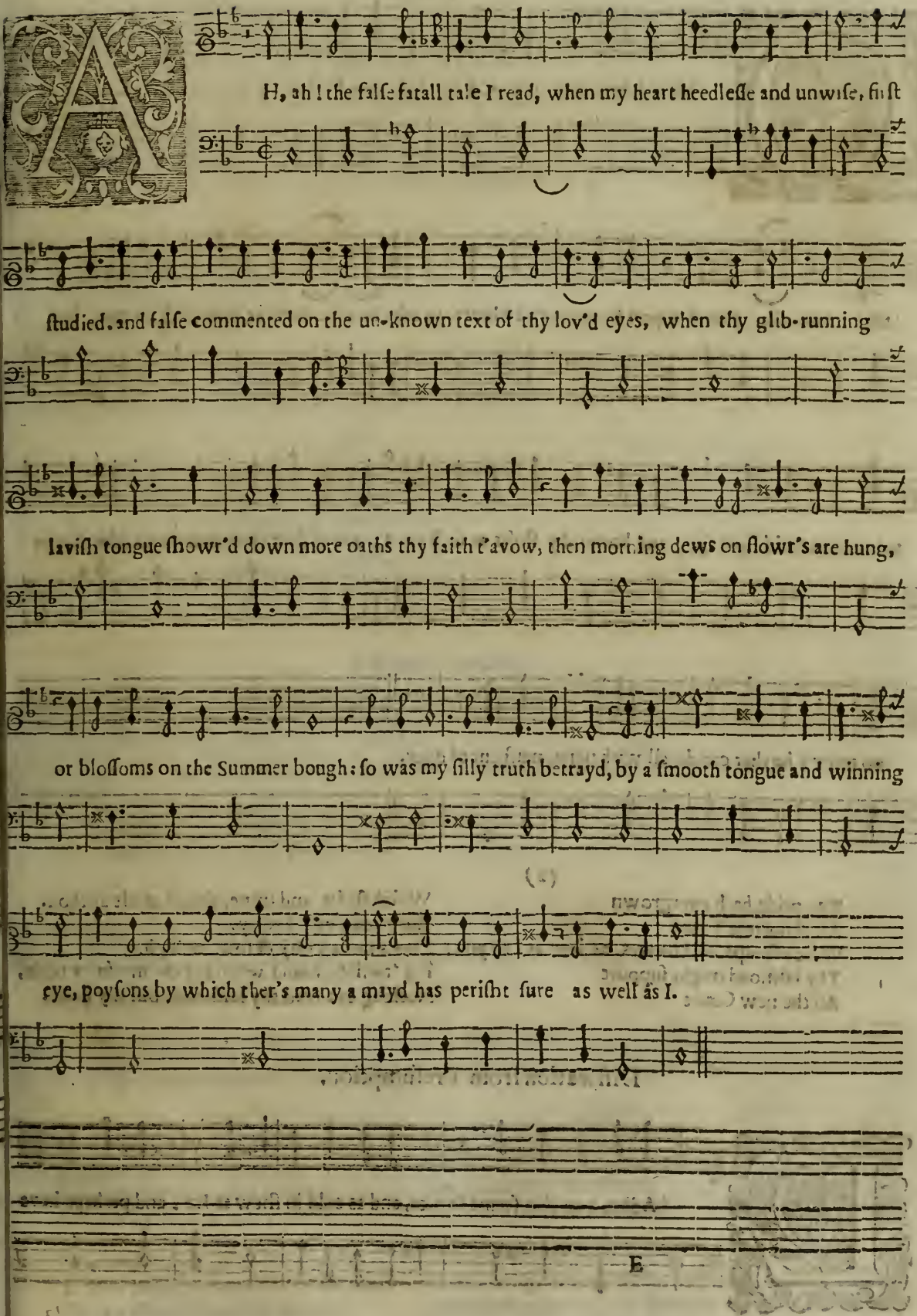
(3)

O Love if her supremacy
Have not a greater power then thee
For pities sake then once be kinde,
And throw a dart to change her minde:
Thy deity we shall suspect,
If our reward must be neglect.
Then make her love or let me bee
Inspir'd with scorne as well as she.

Leander Drownd.



Betrayd, by Beleefe.



How I hate thee now, and my ſelfe too, for loving ſuch a falſe, falſe thing as

thee! who hourly canſt depart from heart, to heart, to take new harbour as thou didſt in me; but

when the world ſhall ſpie, and know thy ſhifts as well as I, they'l ſhut their hearts and take thee in

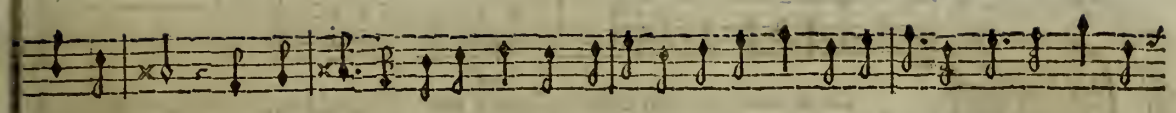
no more; he that can dwell with none, muſt out of door.

(2)

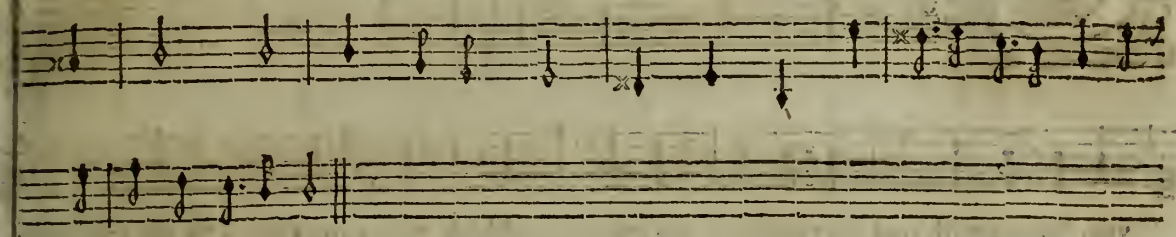
Thy pride hath overgrown
All this great Town
Which ſtoops, and bowes, as low as I to you;
Thy falſhood might ſupport
All the new Court
Which ſhifts, and turne, almoſt as oft as thou.
But to expreſſe thee by,
Ther's not an object low, or high,
For 'twill be found, when e'e the meaſures tride,
Nothing can read thy falſhood, but thy pride.

Diſſwation from Preſumption.

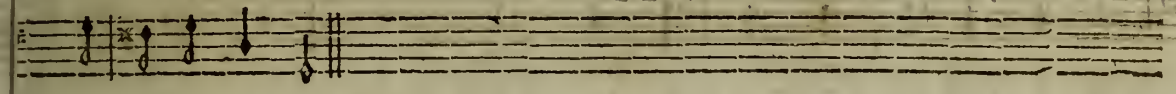
Ladies, you that ſeeme ſo nice, and as cold in ſhew as Ice, and perhaps have



held out thrice, doe not think but in a trice, one or other may entice, and at last by some device, set



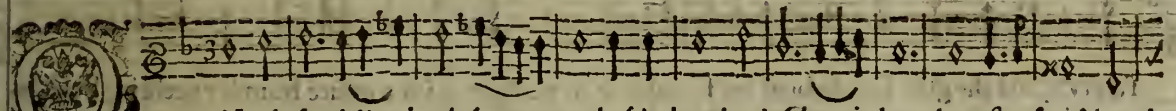
your honours at a price.



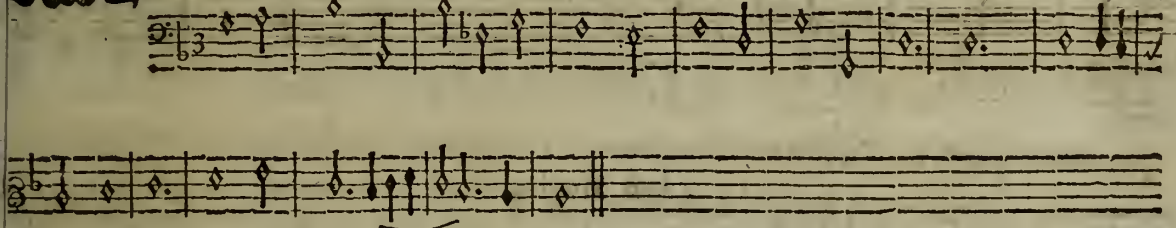
(2)

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

A Remembrance.



N this swel-ling bank (once proud of its burthen) *Clo-ris* lay: heer she smil'd, and



did uncloud those bright suns ec--clips the day.

(2)

Heere we sate, and with kind art
She about me twin'd her arms,
Clasp'd in hers my hand and heart
Fetter'd by those pleasing charms.

(3)

Heer my love and joyes she crown'd
Whil'st the hours stood still before me,
With a killing glance did wound
And a melting kisse restore me.

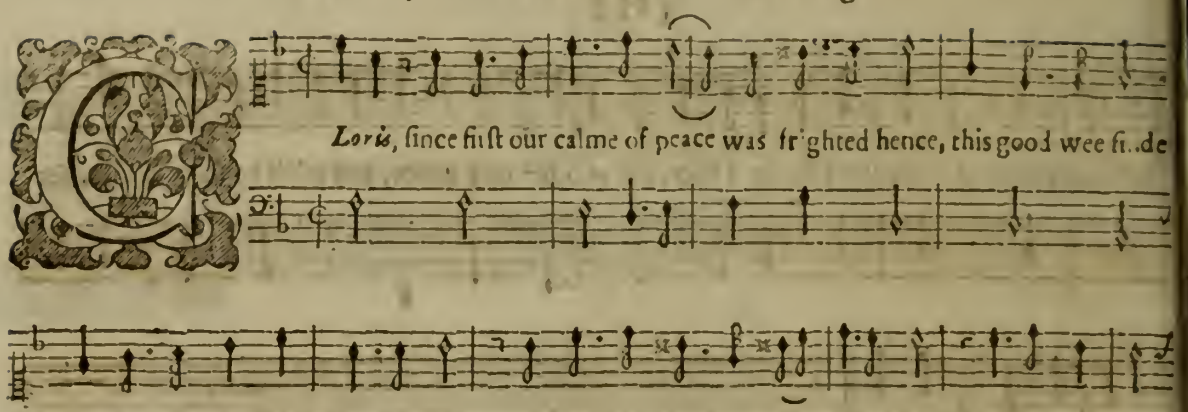
(4)

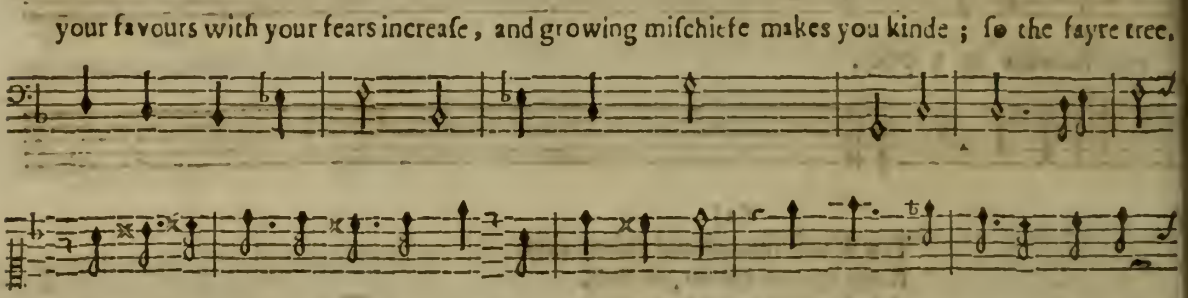
On the down of eyther breast
Whil'st with joy my soule retir'd,
My resigning heart did rest
Till her lips new life inspir'd.

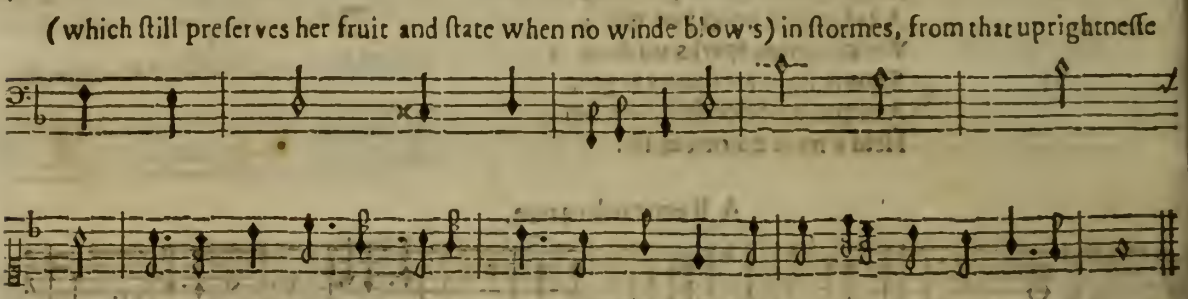
(5)

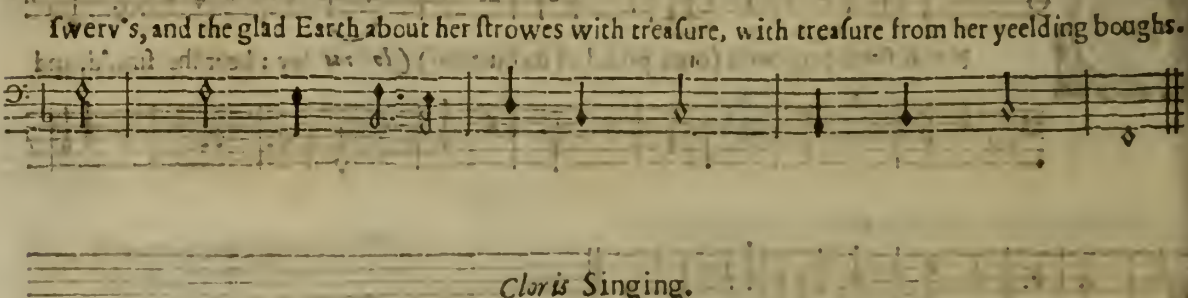
The renewing of these sights,
Doth with griefe and pleasure fill me,
And the thought of those delights
Both at once revive and kill me.

To a Lady, more affable since the war began.

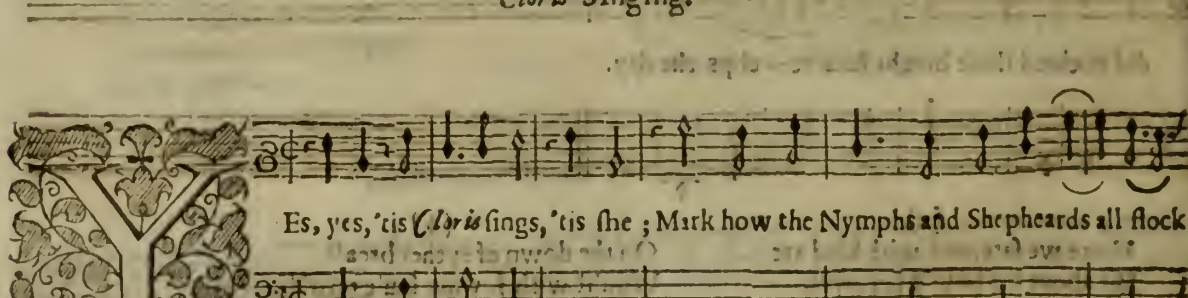


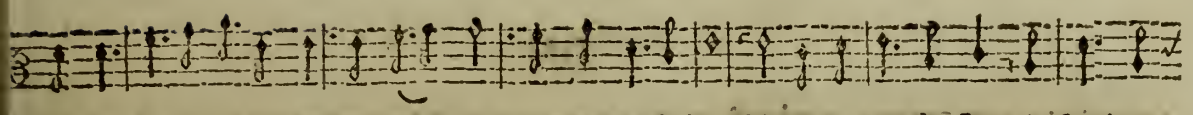




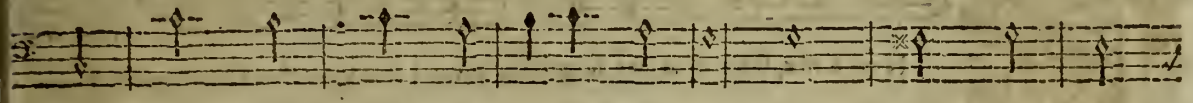


Cloris Singing.

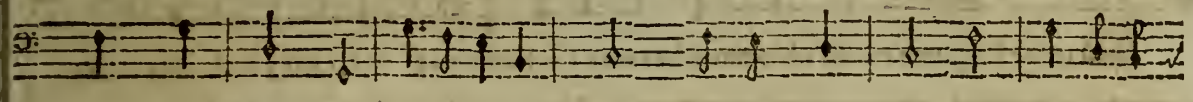




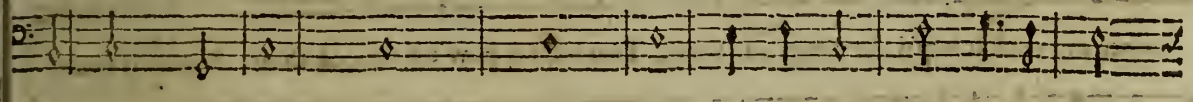
to her: so the Master Bee the swarm leads with his awfull call; so to the Thracian Lyre the floods re-



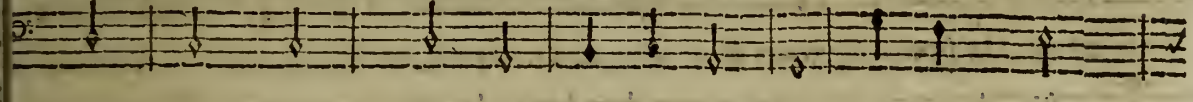
sorted, and the listning woods: so shoa's of Dolphins on the green wav's spring, when *Doris* or her



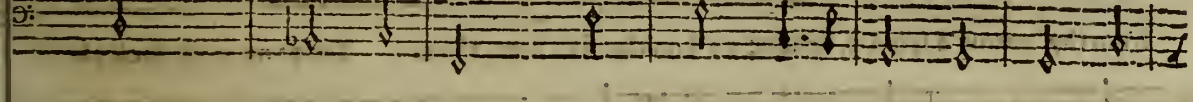
Sea-born daughters sing. and so her Notes ther hearts benum: one looks pale, others eyes ore flow with



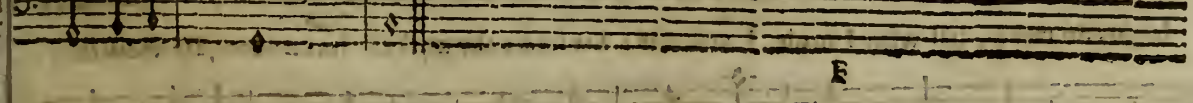
tears of pleasure, perhaps some, distill from sad hearts, teares of woe; but as if fetter'd in a

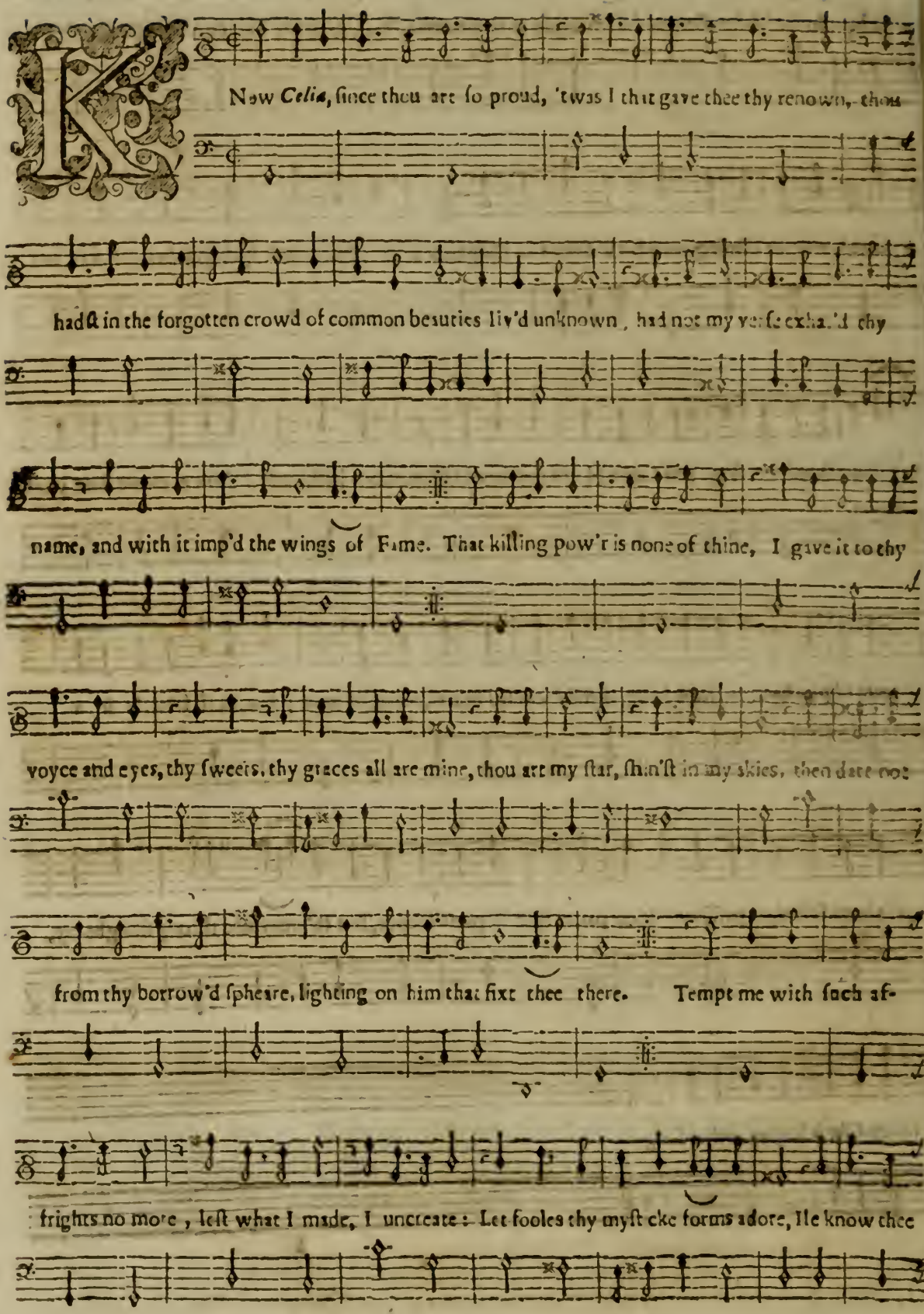


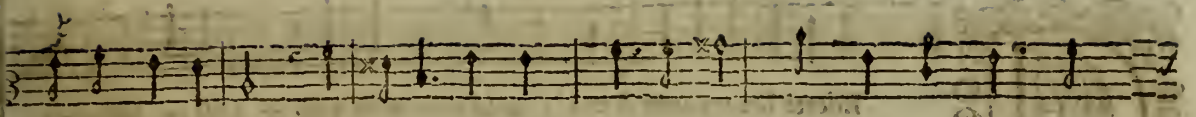
chain to soft their passions felt no paine, shee stops no sooner, but th'inchanted throng straight cry,



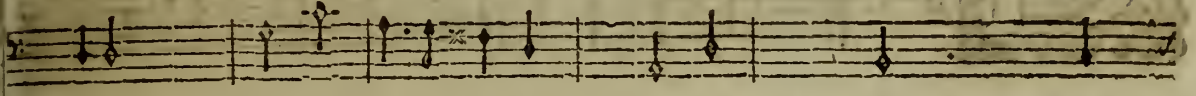
sweet *Cloris* sing an other song.



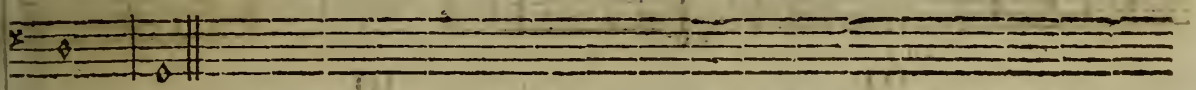

Now Celia, since thou art so proud, 'twas I that gave thee thy renown, thou
hadst in the forgotten crowd of common beauties liv'd unknown, had not my verse exhal'd thy
name, and with it imp'd the wings of Fame. That killing pow'r is none of thine, I gave it to thy
voyce and eyes, thy sweets, thy graces all are mine, thou art my star, shin'st in my skies, then dare not
from thy borrow'd spheare, lighting on him that fixt thee there. Tempt me with such af-
frights no more, least what I made, I uncreate: Let fooles thy mystick forms adore, Ile know thee

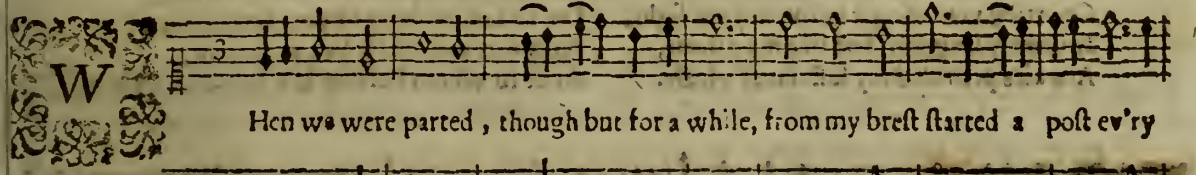


in thy mortall ſtate; wiſe Poets that wrapp'd truth in tales, knew her themſelves through

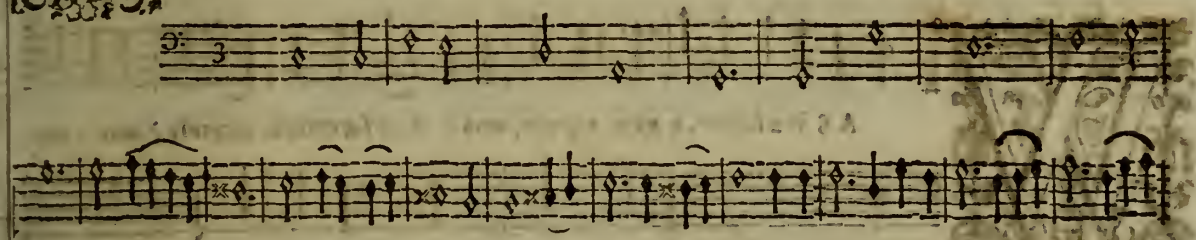


all her vayles.

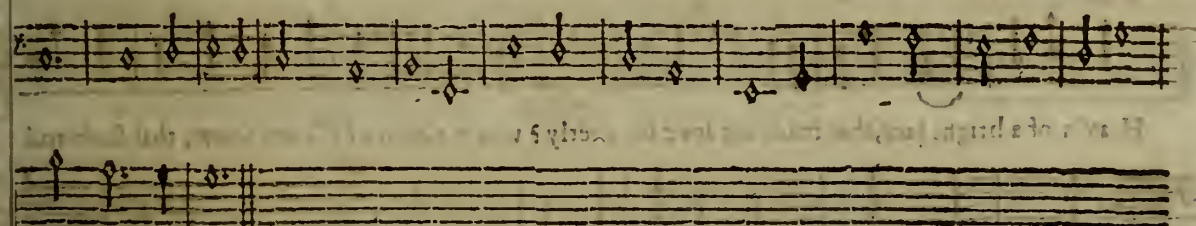




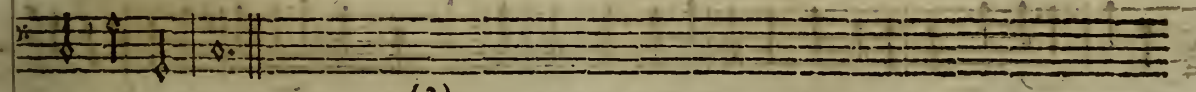
WHen we were parted, though but for a while, from my breſt ſtarted a poſt ev'ry



mile: but I feare, none were directed from your boſome to me; for a beauty ſo affected, looks for



Love cuſtome free.



(2)

Tis then no marveill
My ſtate ſhould decay,
Brought to be ſervil
And kept from my pay.

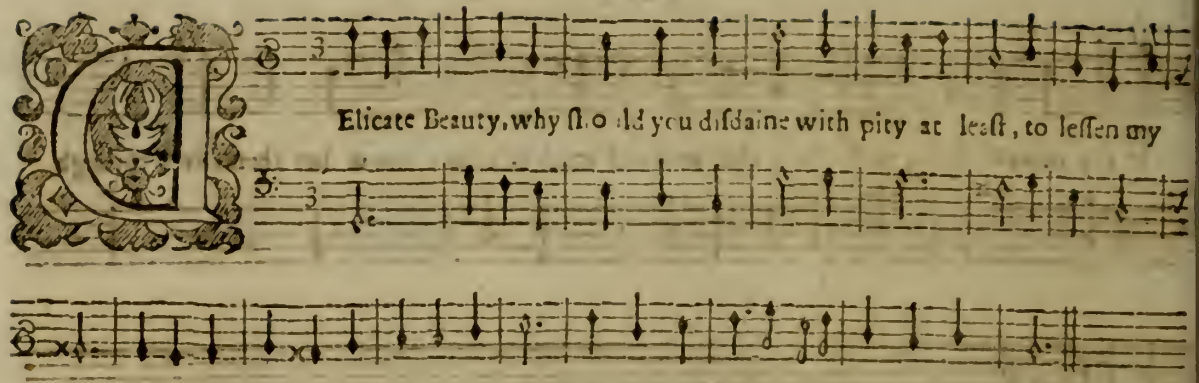
But ingratefull to the giver,
Know the Sea as your King,
Can as well exhauſt a river,
As you ſuck up a ſpring.

(3)

And though triumphing
You rowle to the Main
Small ſtreams are ſomething
And part of your train.

Uſe me gently then that follow
Made by cuſtome ſo tame,
I am ſilent whileſt you ſwallow
Both my tears, and my name

Sufferance.

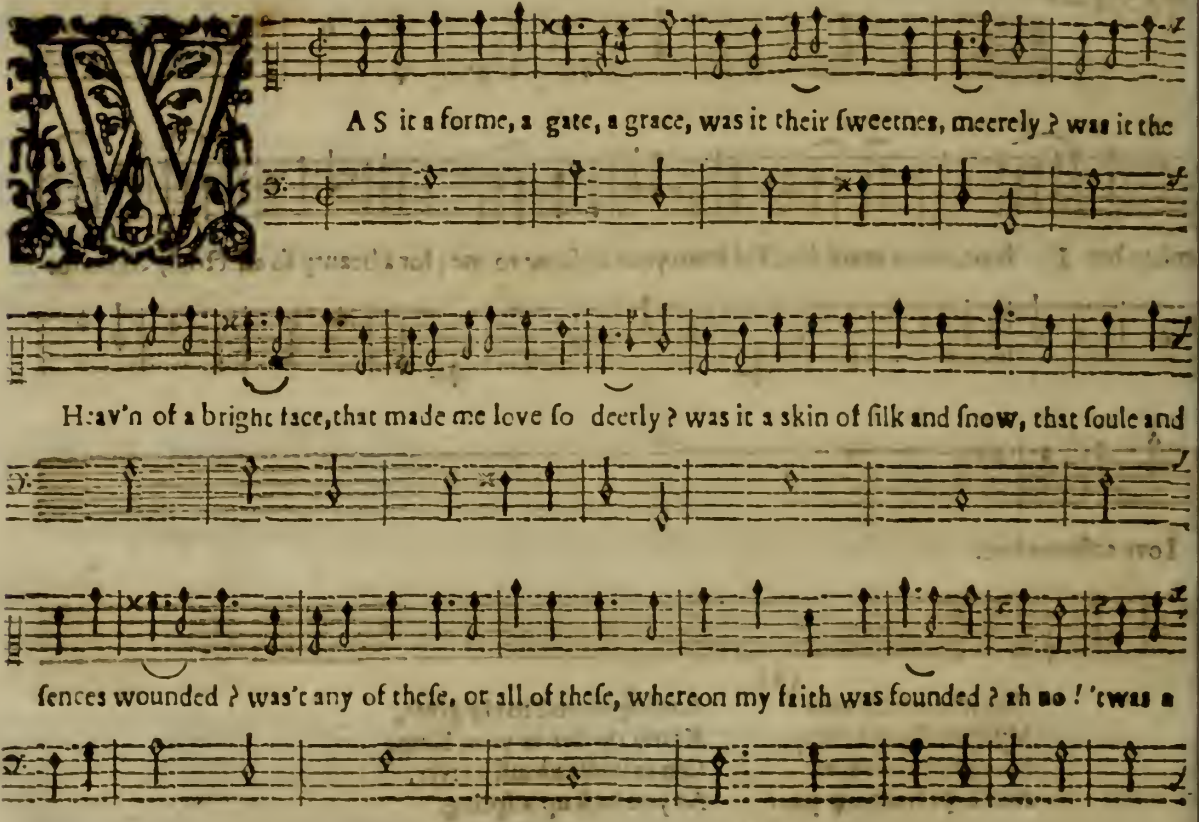


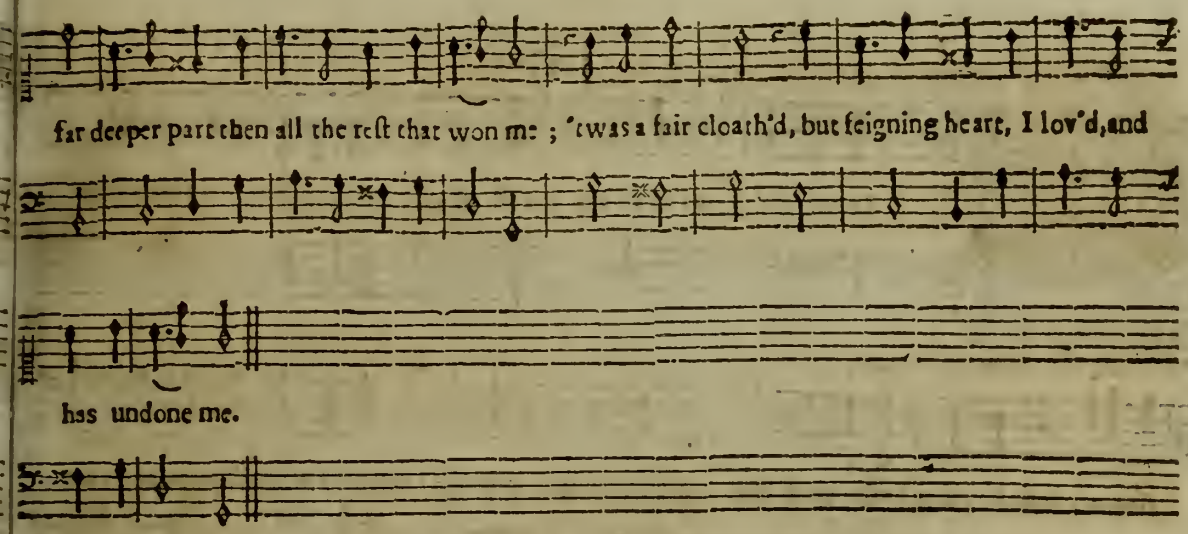
(2)

Suffer in silence I can with delight
Courting your Anger to live in your sight,
Inwardly languish, and like my disease,
Alwaies provided my sufferance please.

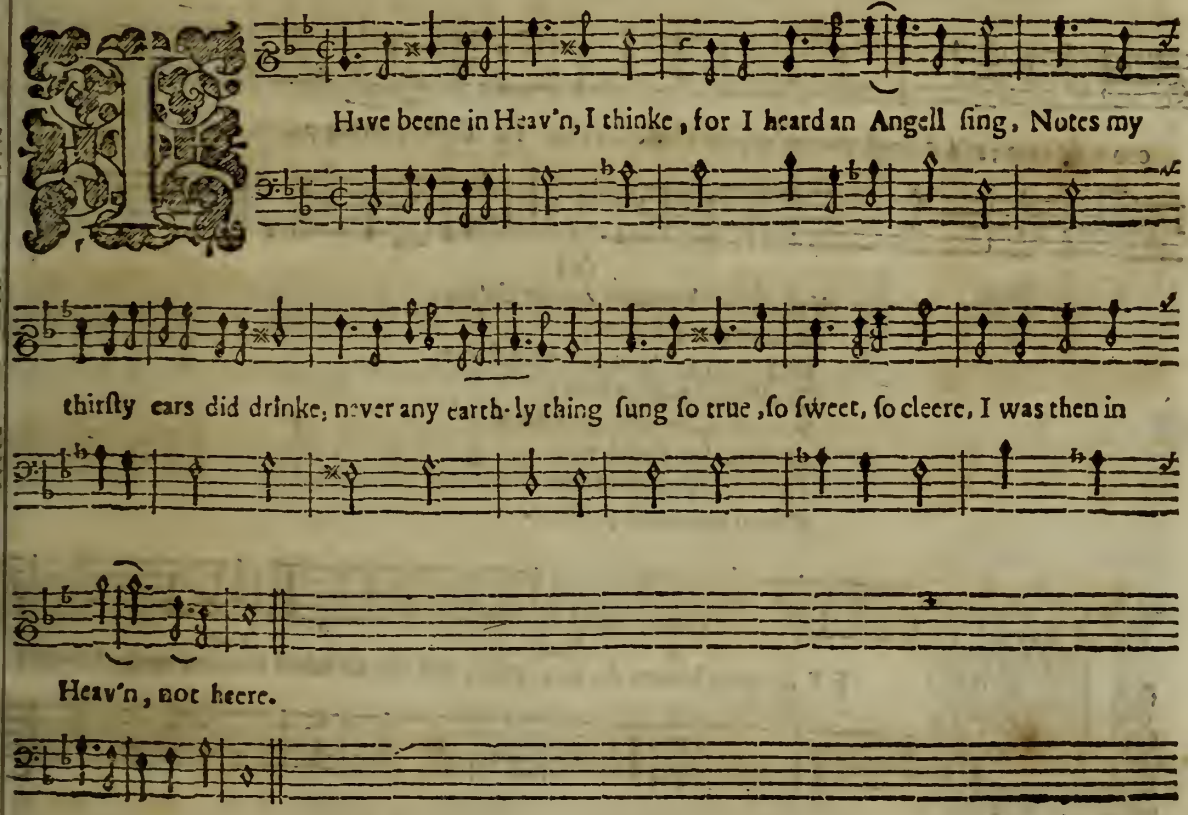
(3)

Take all my comforts in present away,
Let all but the hope of your favour decay;
Rich in reversion I'le live as content,
As he to whom Fortune her fore-lock hath lent.





On his hearing her Majesty sing.



(2)

But the blessed feele no change,
So I may mistake the place,
But mine eyes would think it strange
Should that be no Angels face;
Powr's above, it seems, designe
Me still Mortall, her Divine.

(3)

Till I tread the Milky way,
And I lose my senses quite,
All I wish is that I may
Heat that voice, and see that sight,
Then in types and outward show,
I shall have a heav'n below.

Is not 'ith' pow'r of all thy ſcorne or un-relenting hate, to quench my

flames, or make them burne with heat more temperate: ſtill doe I ſtruggle with diſpaire, and ever

court diſdain; and though you ne're prove leſſe ſevere, Ile doat upon my paine.

(2)

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

ET longing Lovers ſit and pine, and the forſaken Willow wear, Love ſhall

not blaſt this heart of mine, with ling'ring hope or killing feare: Ile never love till I injoy, or loſe

my time on her that's coy.

(2)

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

(3)

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

Come *Cloris*, leave thy wandring sheep, thou shalt more amorous creatures keep,

and be the only envi'd dame, that moves upon this grassie frame: for thou shalt heards of *Cupids* have,

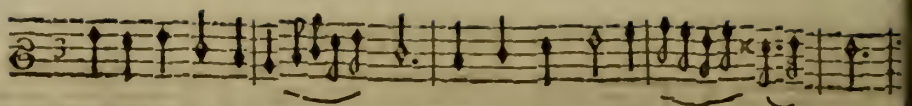
and love and I will be thy slave.

(2)

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

(3)

In yonder Mertill grove wee'le dwell
With more content then tongue can tell,
Where hungry Moules shall not affright
Thy tender Lambs, or thee by night:
There we the wanton theeves will play,
And steale each others hearts away.



Hen first I saw fair *Do-ris* eyes, cheering like rising day our plains.

not envying others wealthier flocks, I thought my selfe the happiest swain.

The Lady *Deering* Composing.

(2)

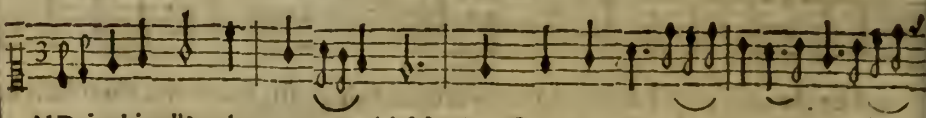
More blessed yet when my rude eare
Heard her harmonious numbers flow,
No more a swain, I felt the joyes
Only victorious Princes know.

(3)

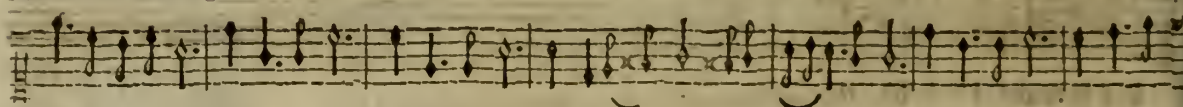
Since which alowd, on thy free lip
To story out my hopes, and love,
Immortall grown, I held aloft
The mansion of dethroned *Jove*.

(4)

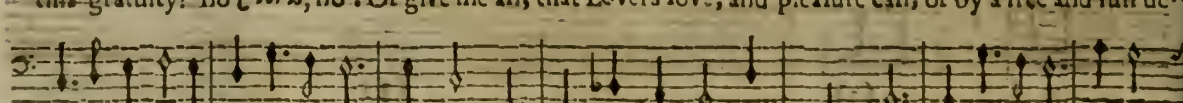
But when rul'd by my kinder starres,
Thy nameless treasures crown my paine,
Jove and his empty joyes despis'd,
I Shepheard turn'd on earth again.
Gods, take your own, sayd I, vain altars now,
I chuse a happy face with her below.

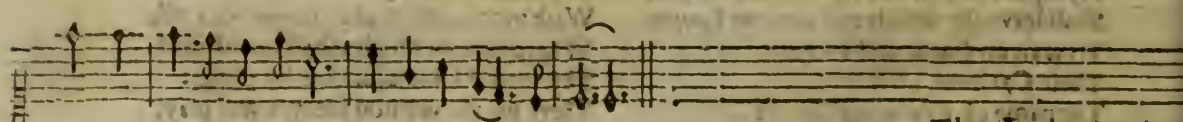


ND is this all? what one poor kisse? Thinkst thou my heart contented is with



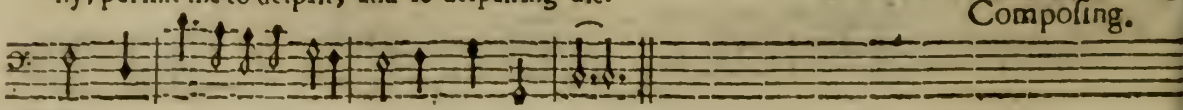
this gratuity? no *Cloris*, no: Or give me all, that Lovers love, and pleasure call, or by a free and full de-



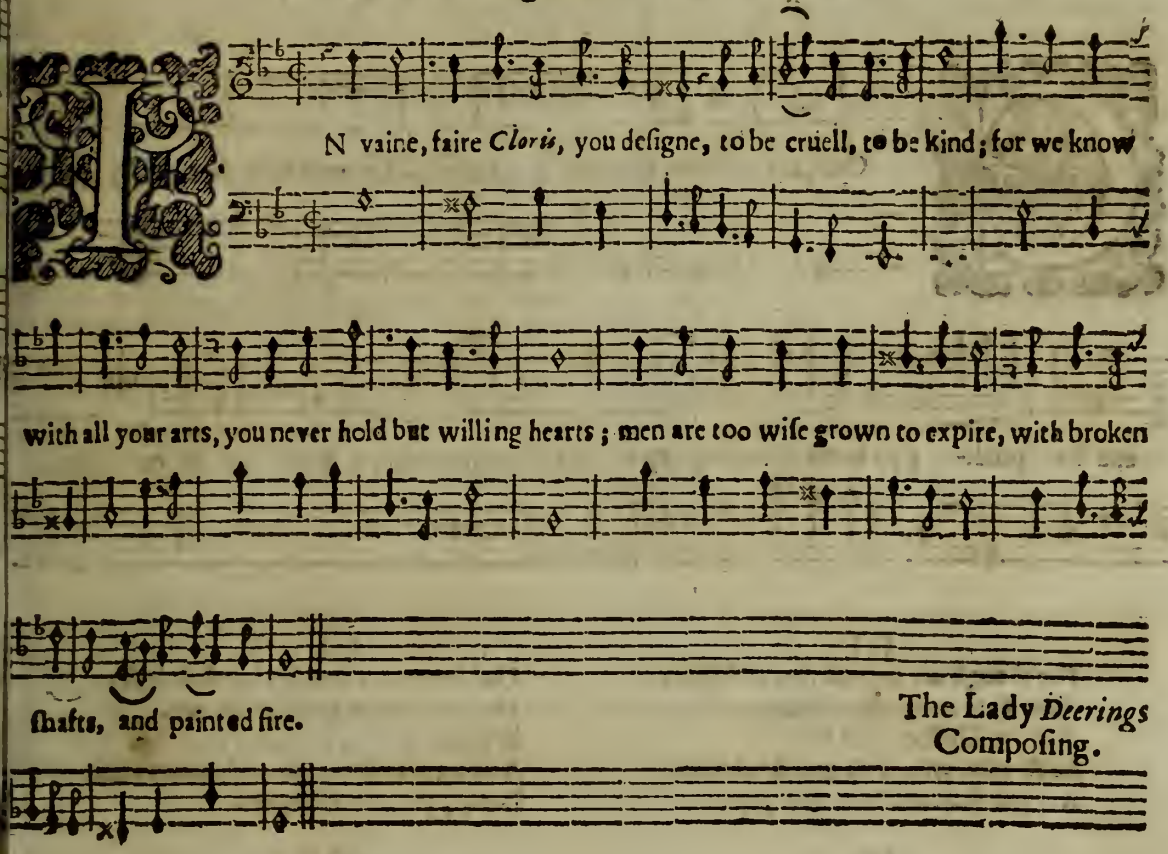


ny, permit me to despair, and so despairing die.

The Lady *Deering* Composing.



A falſe deſigne to be cruell.



(2)

And if among a thouſand ſwains
Some one of Love, or fate complains,
And all the ſtars in heav'n deſie,
With *Clora's* lip, or *Celia's* eye:
'Tis not their love the youth would chuſe,
But the glory to refuſe.

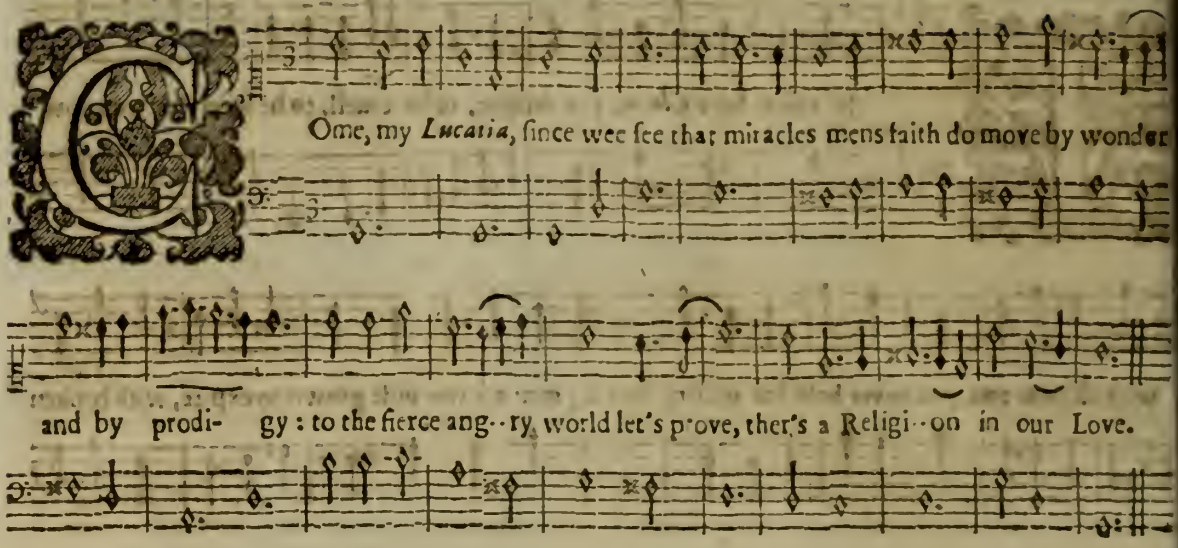
(3)

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

(4)

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

Mutuall Affection betweene *Orinda* and *Lucatia*.



(2)
For though we were design'd t'agree,
That Fate no liberty destroyes,
But our Election is as free
As Angels, who with greedy choice
Are yet determin'd to their joyes.

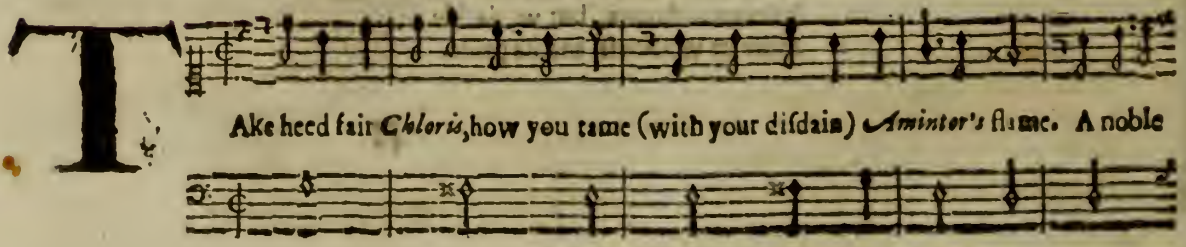
(3)
Our hearts are doubled by their losse,
Heer mixture is addition grown,
We both diffuse, and both ingresse,
And we whose minds are so much one,
Never, yet ever are alone.

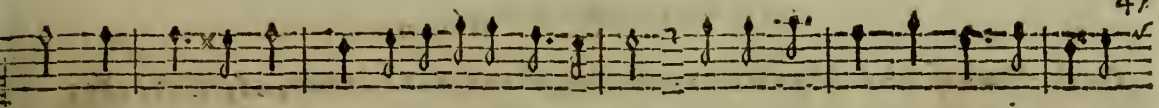
(4)
We court our owne captivity,
Then Thrones more great and innocent,
T'were banishment to be set free,
When we wear fetters whose intent
Not bondage is, but ornament.

(5)
Divided joyes are tedious found,
And griefs united easier grow.
We are our selves but by rebound,
And all our titles shuffl'd so,
Both Princes, and both Subjects too.

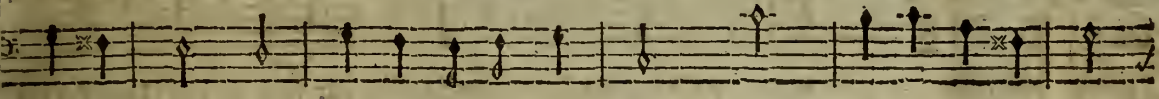
(6)
Our hearts are mutuall victims layd,
Which they (such pow'r in friendship lies)
Are Altars, Priests, and Offrings made,
And each heart which thus kindly dies,
Graces deathlesse by the sacrifice.

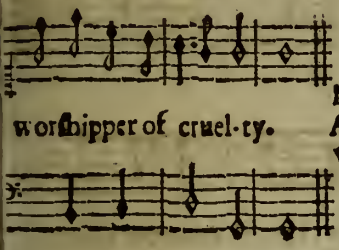
Disdaine.





heart, when once delpis'd, swels unto such a height of pride, 'twill rather burst then deigne to bee a



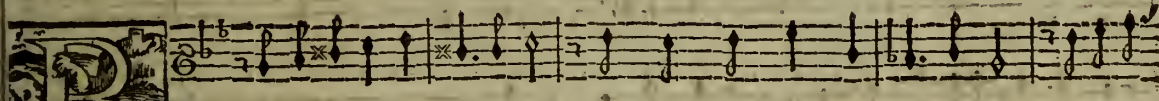


worshipper of cruel-ty.

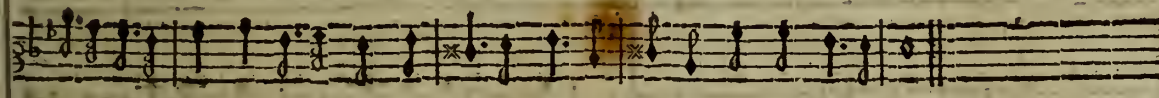
(2)
You may use common shepherds so,
My flames at last to storms will grow,
And blow such scorn upon thy pride,
Will blast all I have magnifi'd:
You are not fair when Love you lack,
Ingratitude makes all things black.

(3)
O doe not for a flock of sheep,
A golden showr when as you sleep,
Or for the tales ambition tells,
Forsake the house wher honor dwels
In *Damons* palace you'l nee'r shine,
So bright as in these arms of mine.

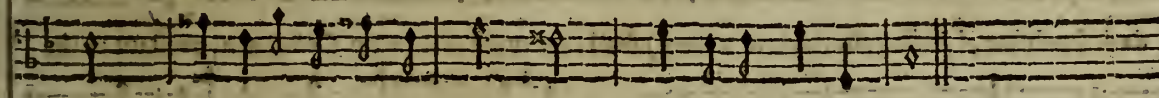
Parting.



BUt that I knew before we met, the howre would come that we must part, and so had



fortifi'd my heart, I hardly could escape the net, my Passions for my Reason set.



(2)
But why should Reason hope to win
A Victory that's so unkind,
And so unwelcome to my mind,
To yeeld is neyther shame nor sin.
Besieg'd without, betray'd within.

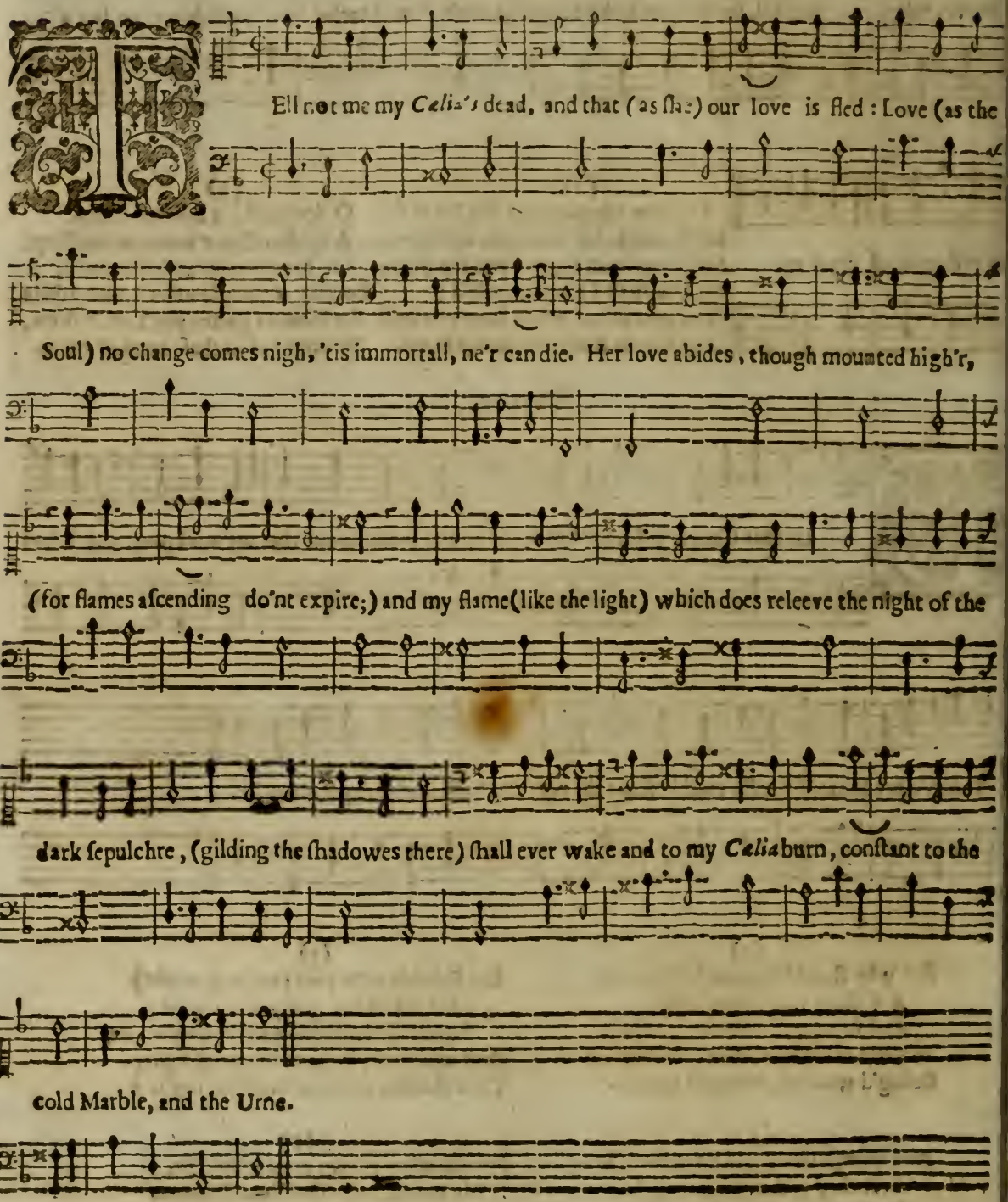
(3)
But Friends ne're part (to speak aright)
For who's but going is not gone;
Friends like the Sun must still move on,
And when they seem most out of sight,
Their absence makes at most but night.

(4)
And though that night be ne're so long,
In it they eyther sleep or wake,
And eyther way enjoyments take,
In Dreams or Visions which belong
Those to the old, these to the yong.

(5)
I'm old when going, gone 'tis night,
My Parting then shall be a Dreame;
And last till the auspicious Beame
Of our next meeting gives new light,
And the best Vision that's your sight.

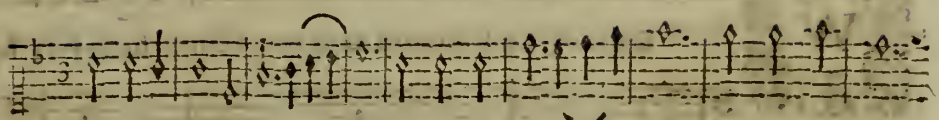
An Elegiack Song,

On the Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Sambroke, *who Died at Salisbury, April* 11. 1655.

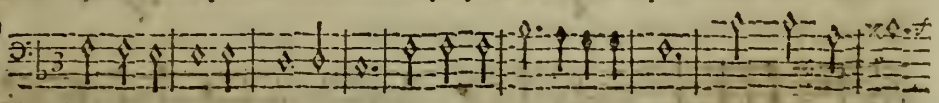


On a Pint of Sack.

For two Voyces.



OLd Poets Hipocrin admire, and pray to water to inspire their wit and Muse



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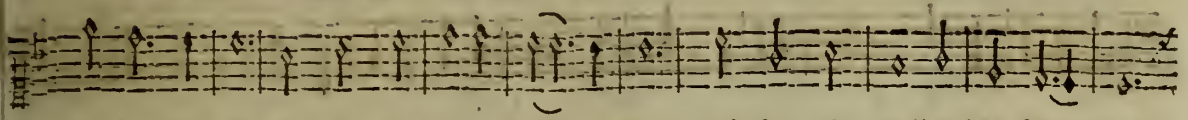
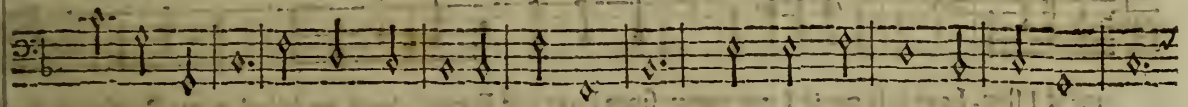


with heav'nly fire; had they this heav'nly fountain seen, Sacke both their well and Muse had beene,



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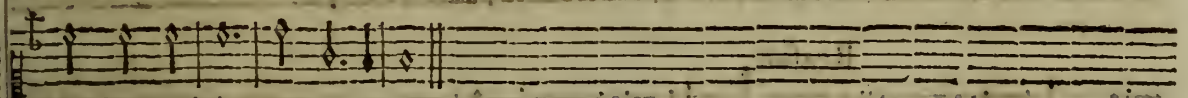
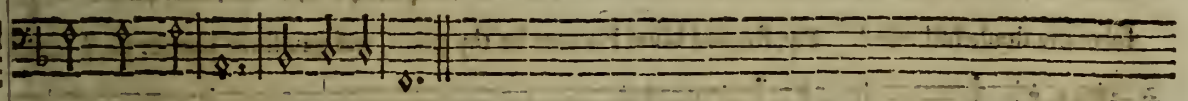


and this pint-pot their Hipocrin.



and this pint-pot their Hipocrin.

(2)

Had they truly discoverd it
They had like me thought it unfit
To pray to water for their wit,
And had ador'd Sack as divine,
And made a Poet God of Wine,
And this pint-pot had been a shrine.

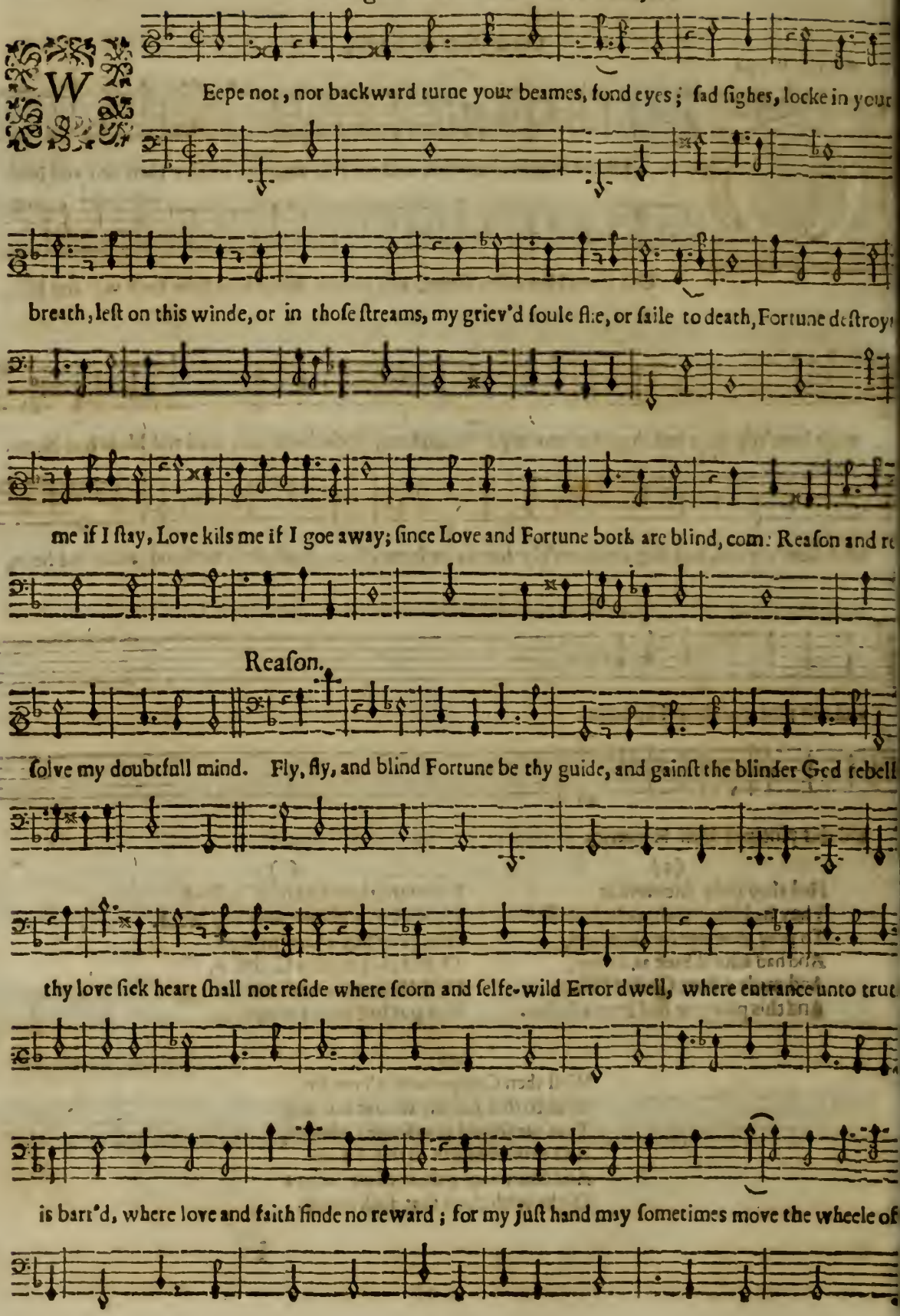
( )

Sack unto them had been in stead
Of Nector, and their heav'nly bread,
And ev'ry boy a Ganimed;
Or had they made a God of it,
Or stil'd it patron of their wit,
This pot had been a temple fit.

(4)

Well then Companions is't not fit,
Since to this Jemme we ow our wit,
That we should prayse the Caboner,
And drink a health to this divine
And bounteous pallace of our wine;
Die he with thirst that doth repine.

Love. *A Dialogue betwene a Lover and Reason.*



Cho:

Fortune, not the ſphere of Loue. Fly, fly, and blind Fortune bee thy guide, and gainſt the

Cho:

Fly, and blind Fortune bee thy guide, and gainſt the

blinder God rebell, thy love-ſick heart ſhall not reſide where ſcorn and ſelfe-wild Error dwell.

blinder God rebell, thy love-ſick heart ſhall not reſide where ſcorn and ſelfe-wild Error dwell.

A Dialogue between *Phillida* and *Coridon.*

Phil.

AH, *Coridon*, contentedly we tend our bleating flocks, but think not of our end

Coridon.

Faire *Phillida*, our life that's innocent, cannot be guilty of an ill event: 'tis true, but yet me thinks

diſeas'd old age, ſhould make us weary of our pilgrimage: our age points to our end; in this we're

Cho:

bleſt, that after all our pains, w'are neer our reſt. In this w'are bleſt, that after all our pains, w'ar

Cho:

In this w'are bleſt, that after all our pains, w'ar

neere our reſt. But wher's our reſt? muſt we not fight with death, and gainſt him loſe our life for

neere our reſt.

want of breath; Death haſts us to our graves, if well we die we ſhall have heav'n, we ſhall have

Cho:

heav'n in change for miſery. Then welcome death, obey, obey our deſtiny, And change our

Cho:

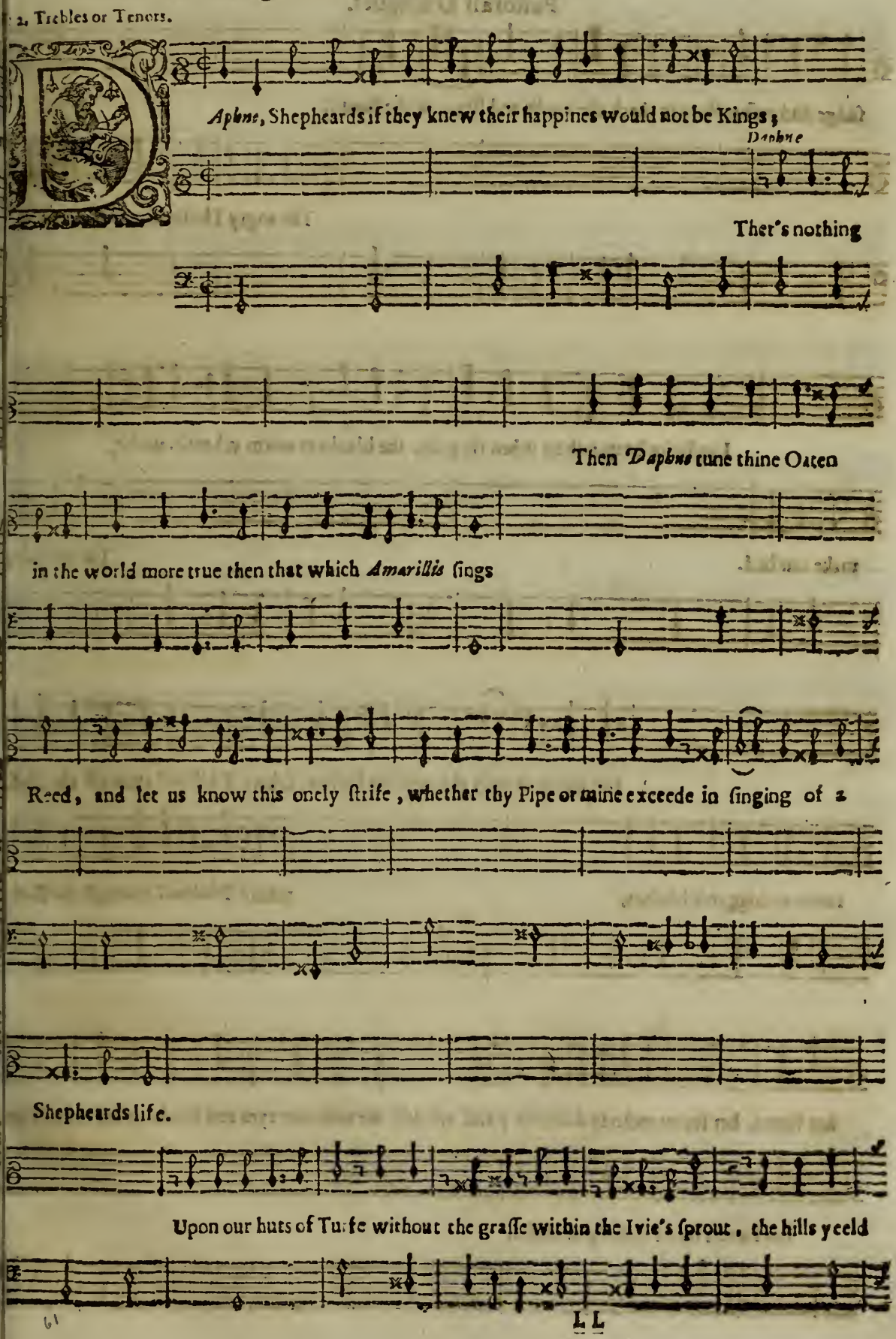
Then welcom death, obey, obey our deſtiny, And change our

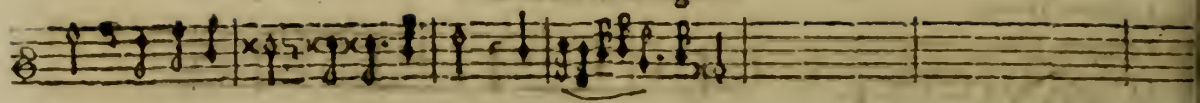
frailty our frail-ty for eternity,

frail-ty for eter-ni-- ty.

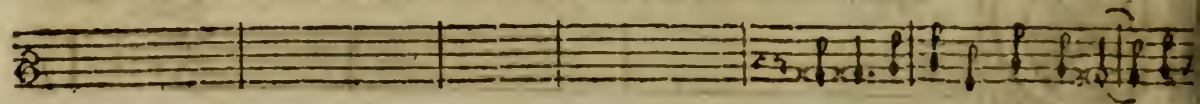
A Paſtorall Dialogue between two Nymphs *Amarillis* and *Daphne*.

2, Trebles or Tenors.

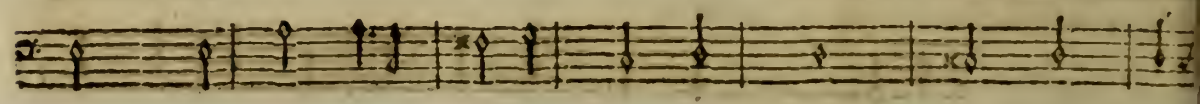


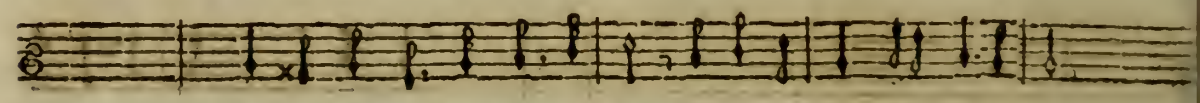


ſedge and ruſhes ſtore to thack the rooſe and ſtre---w the floore,

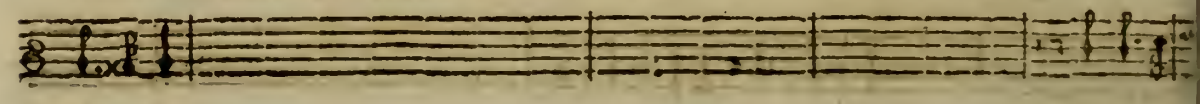


The angry Thiſtles ſhed us Down to

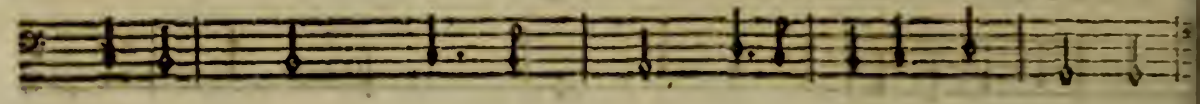


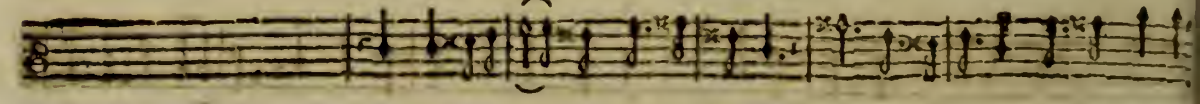


Lambkins bequeath us when they die, the blankets warm wherein we lie,

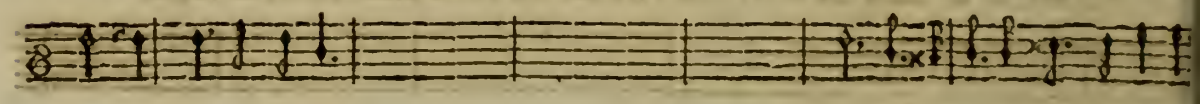


make our bed. The morning

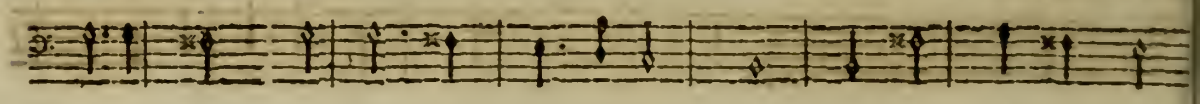


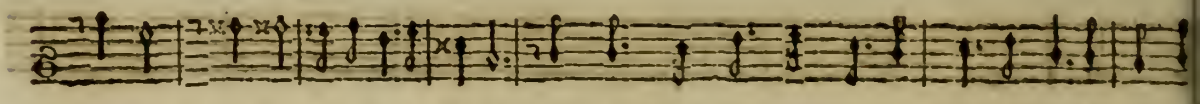


but lights us early through the buſhes, where *Philomel* amongſt the Roſe

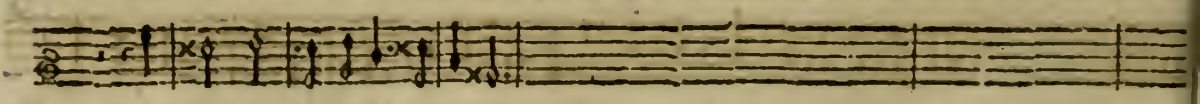


ſunne at ſluggards bluſhes, where *Philomel* amongſt the Roſe

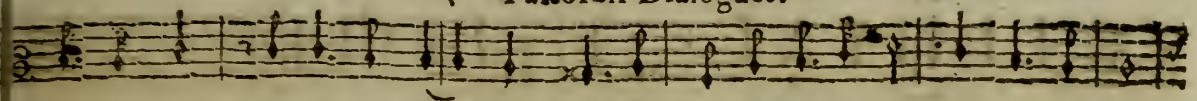




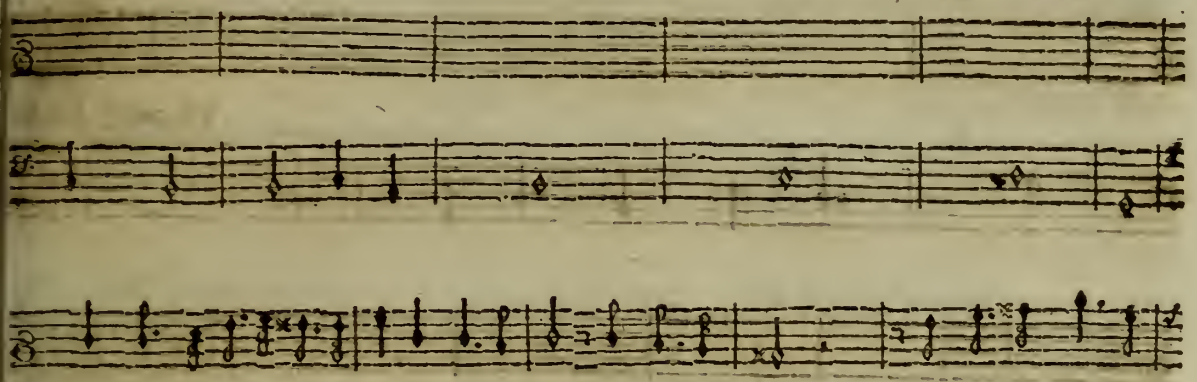
her ſweet, her ſweet melody diſcloſes ; and whileſt we waſh our eyes and hands in baſons of ſom



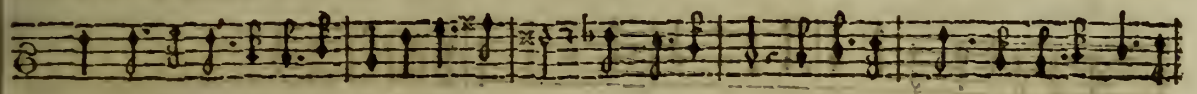
her ſweet, ſweet melody diſcloſes.



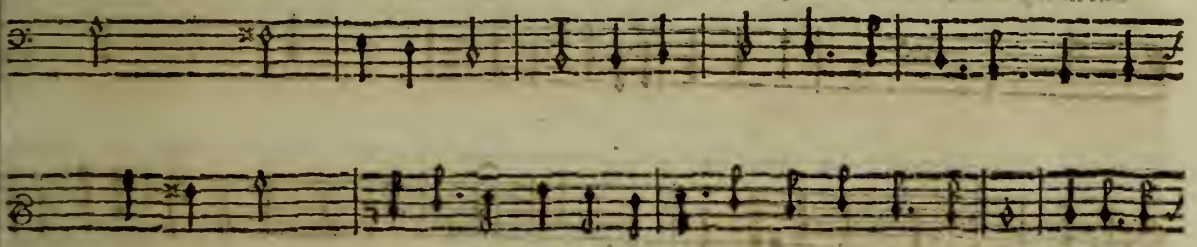
Fountaine pure, with melting Notes poore heart ſhee ſtands, as if ſhee held the weeping Ewer.



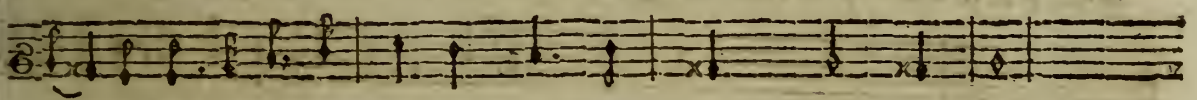
Hence with devotion as we go t'unfold our flocks the fields we ſtrow, till pierced clouds th'im-



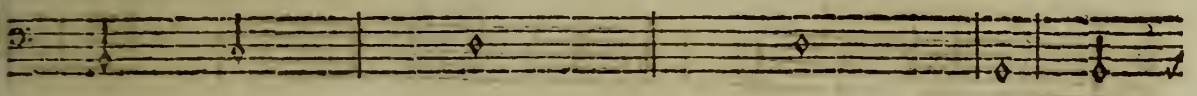
Hence with devotion as we go t'unfold our flocks the fields we ſtrow, till pierced clouds till pierced clouds

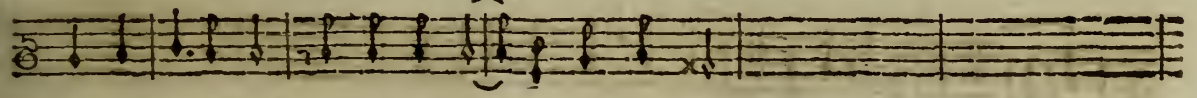


preſſion feele, and tuft the Cuſhion, and tuft the Cuſhion where we kneel. Then ope the



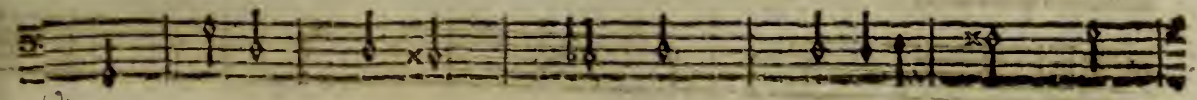
th'impreſſion feele, and tuft the Cuſhion where wee kneele, where we kneele.

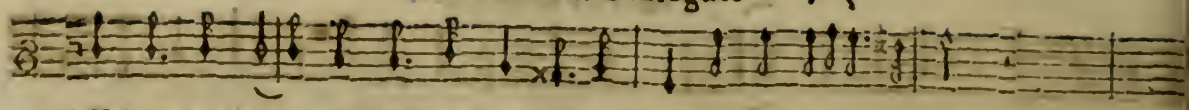




grate of hayle wands wherein our bleating Priſoners ſtand.

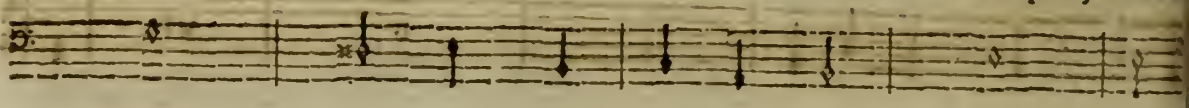
The Wether Rings for joy his Bell,



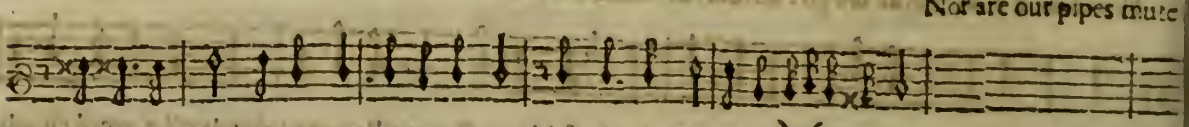


whilſt from their pound the Ewes doe bound at the ſound of the merry peale.

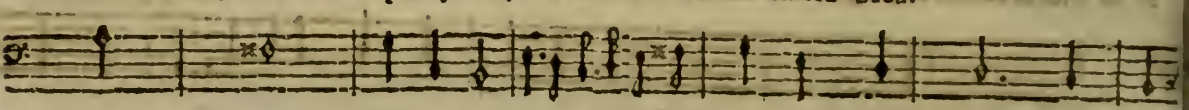
The pretty Lambe

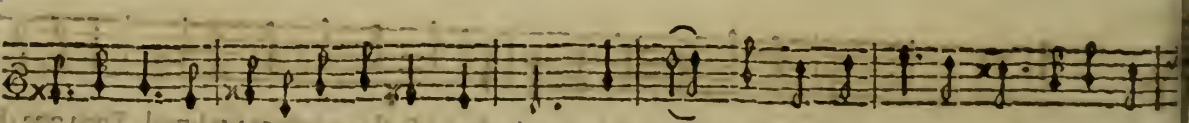


Nor are our pipes mute

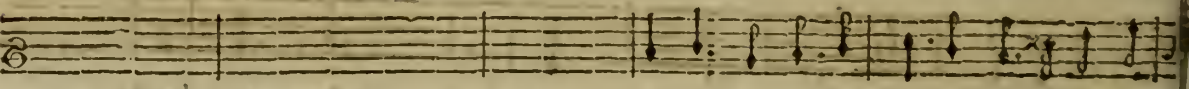


but new awake, bridles in her pretty chin, and ſtretches out her curled back.

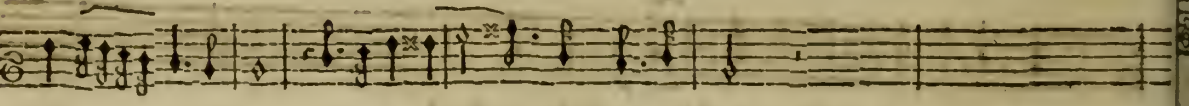




as they paſſe to nibble up the three leav'd graſſe, and ſtraine ſuch tufts of greene as theſe, into their

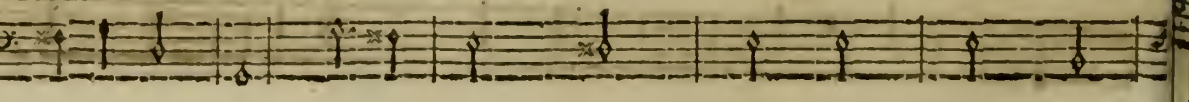


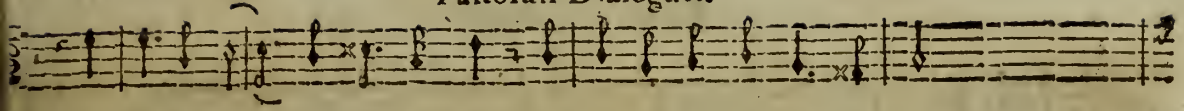
and ſtrain ſuch turfs of greene as theſe into their



milke and ſilver fleece, when the high mountaines give no ſhade,

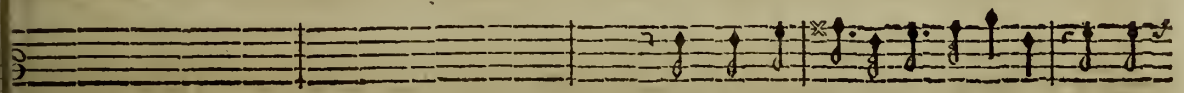
milke and ſilver fleece the woods and fountains lend their





where harmles ſwains doe joine their mirth, their bottles and their bags with ours,

ayd. As on the



whil'ſt *Phœbus* rages, *Pan* aſſwages, to whoſe

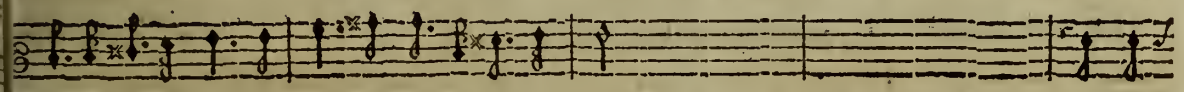
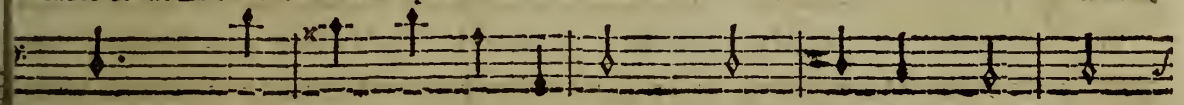
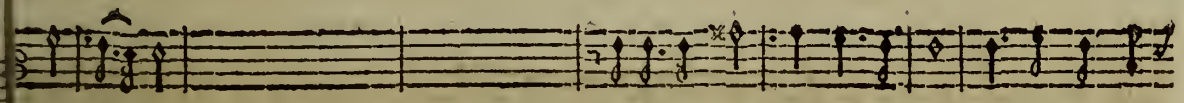
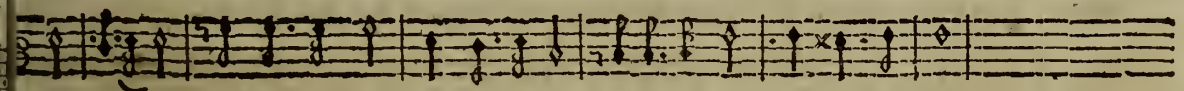


table of the Earth wee feaſt and ſport it in the bowr's to whoſe

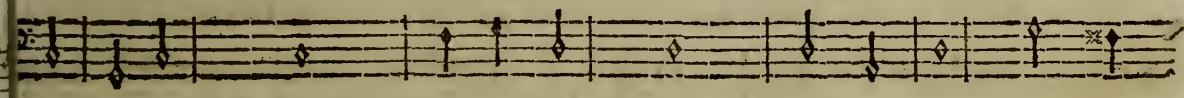


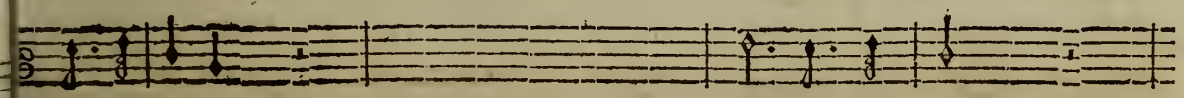


ayd we ſing; upon the Downs we make a Ring, then our fancies

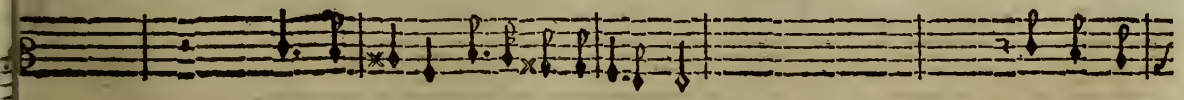


ayd we ſing: and when the heat makes us retreat, upon the Downs we make a Ring,





ſhow in Dances. Then folde our flockes,



change and chances incident to every thing and to our

Cho:

and with the Lambe wee goe to bed. Ye purple Robes, and Crowned heads, upon this

Cho:

ſhed, and with the Lamb we go to bed. Ye purple Robes, and Crowned heads, upon this

Cho:

life the ſhepheard leads, could you withour ambition looke you'd change your

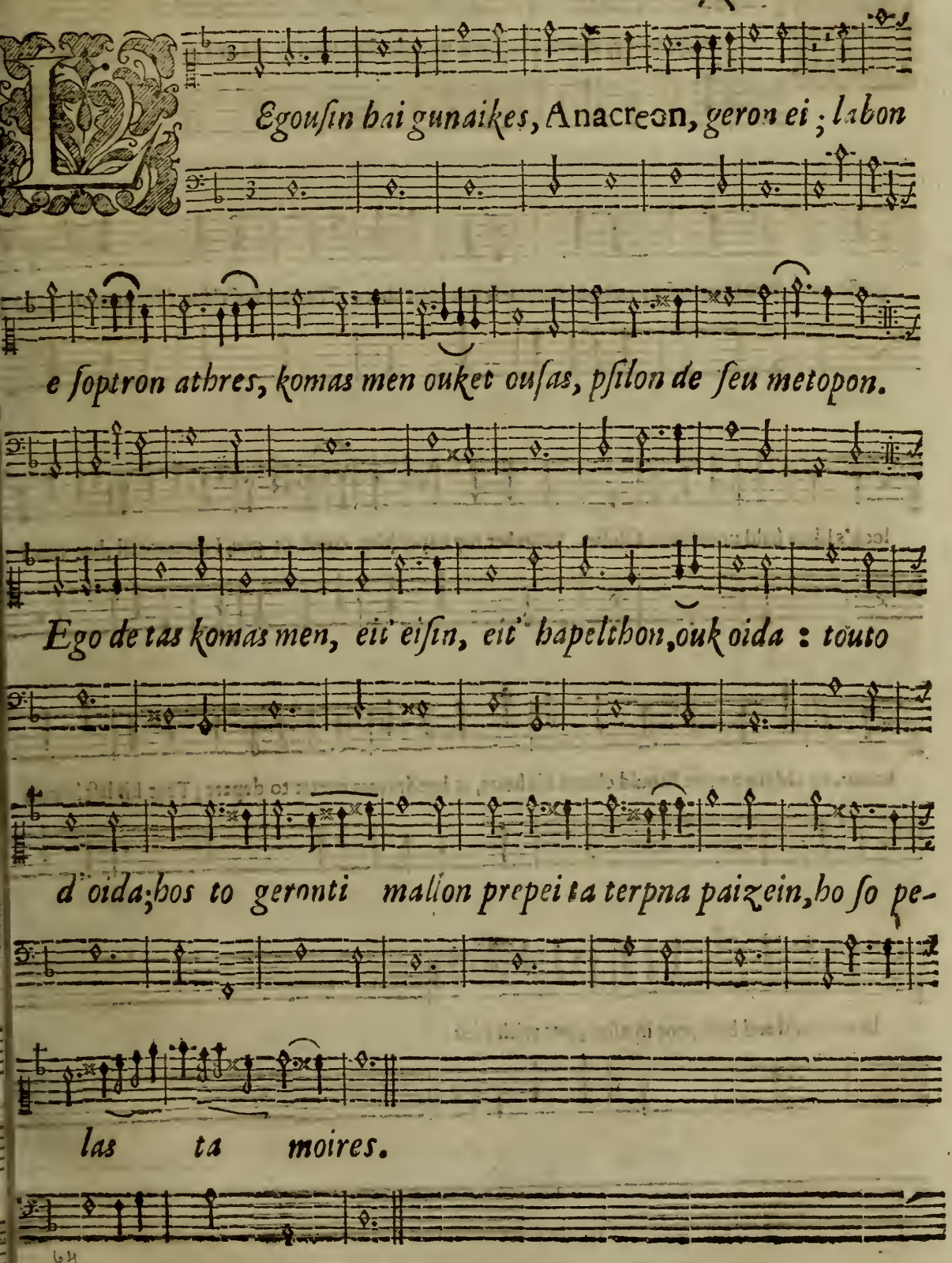
life the ſhepheard leads, could you without ambition looke, you'd change your Scepter, your

Scepter, your Scepter for his Crook; you'd change your Scepter for his Crooke.

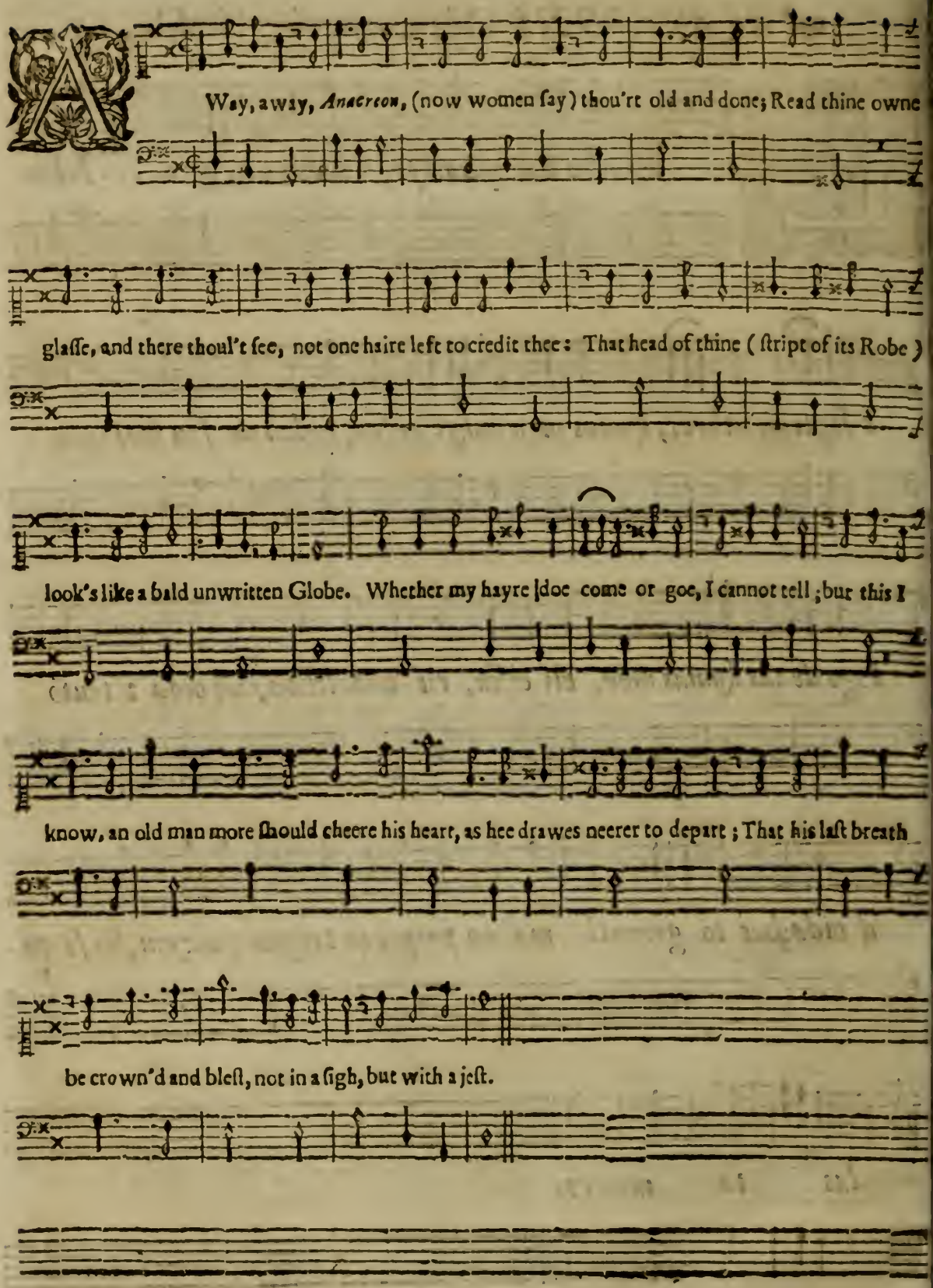
Scepter for his Crooke, you'd change your Scepter, your Scepter for his Crooke.

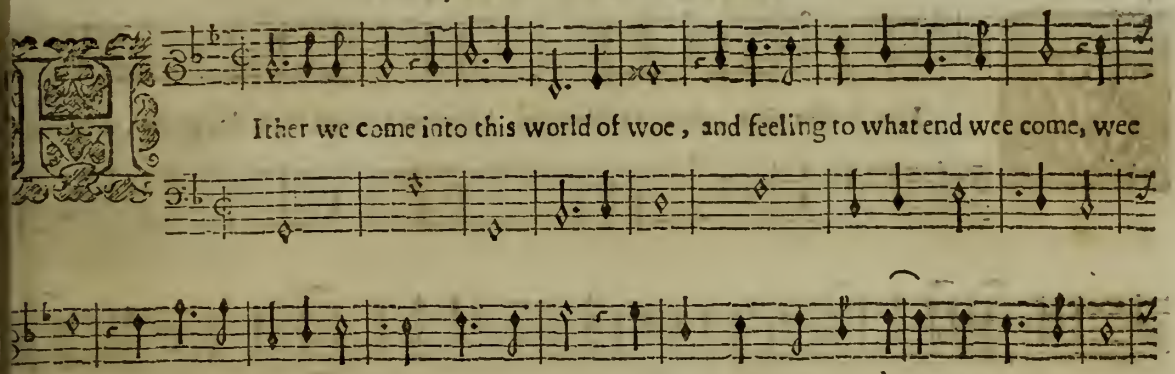
λέγουσιν ἁι γυναῖκες.

ANACREONS Ode concerning himselfe.

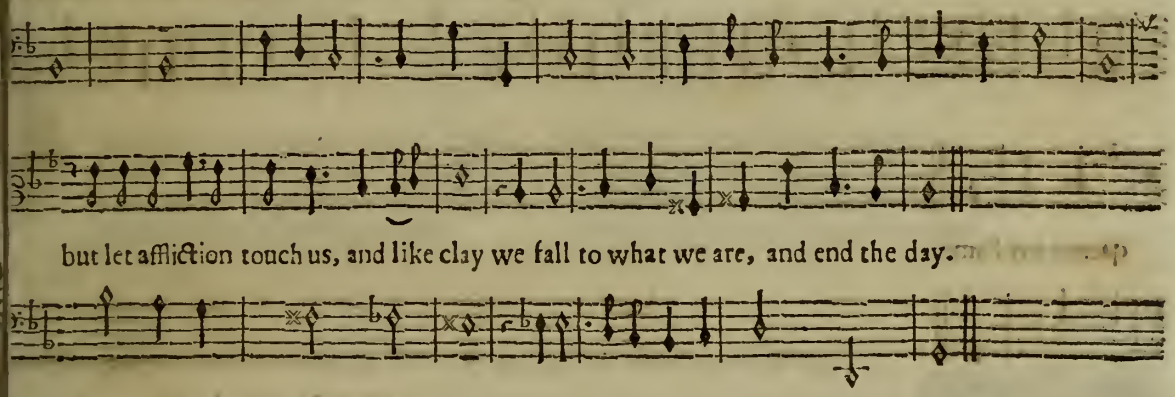


ANACREONS *Ode Englished.*



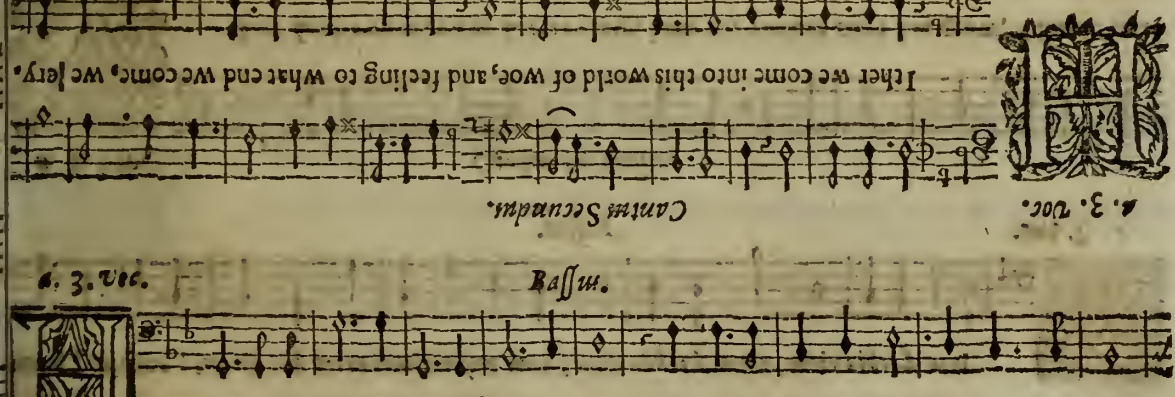


Ither we come into this world of woe, and feeling to what end wee come, wee cry, i'th morning of our age like flowrs we blow, and like Gods figures seeme too good to die:



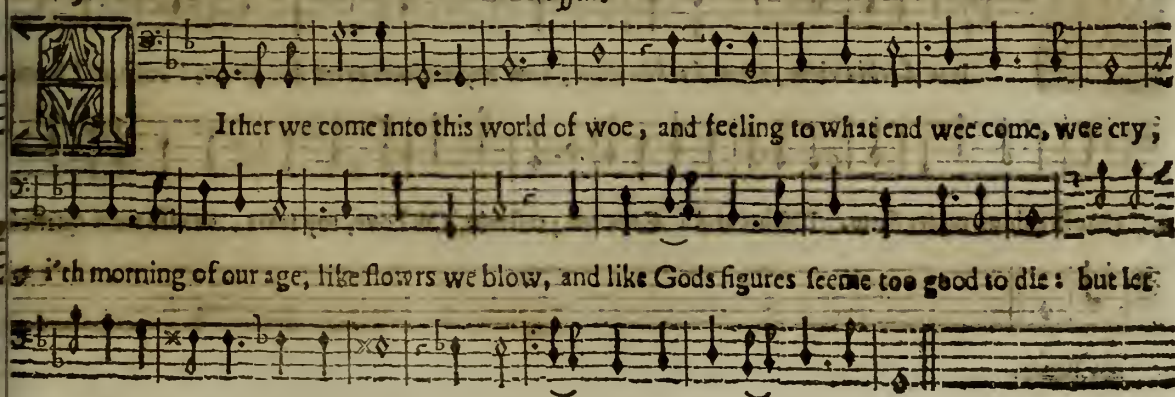
but let affliction touch us, and like clay we fall to what we are, and end the day.

4. 3. voc. *Cantus Secundus.*



Ither we come into this world of woe, and feeling to what end we come, we cry, i'th morning of our age like flowrs we blow, and like Gods figures seeme too good to die: but let affliction touch us, and like clay we fall to what we are, and end the day.

4. 3. voc. *Bassus.*



Ither we come into this world of woe, and feeling to what end wee come, wee cry; i'th morning of our age, like flowrs we blow, and like Gods figures seeme too good to die: but let affliction touch us, and like clay we fall to what we are, and end the day.

Iew *Lesbia* view, view *Lesbia* view, how my various cares doe grow, I burne

and from that fire does water flow. I Nilus and I Ætna am; restrain, Oh Love, my tears, or else tears

quench my flame,

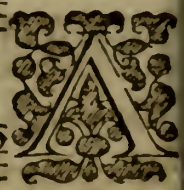
a. 3. voc. *Bassus.*

Iew *Lesbia* view, view *Lesbia* view, how my various cares doe grow, I burn, and from

that fire does water flow. I Nilus and I Ætna am; restrain, Oh Love, my tears, or else tears quench

my flame.

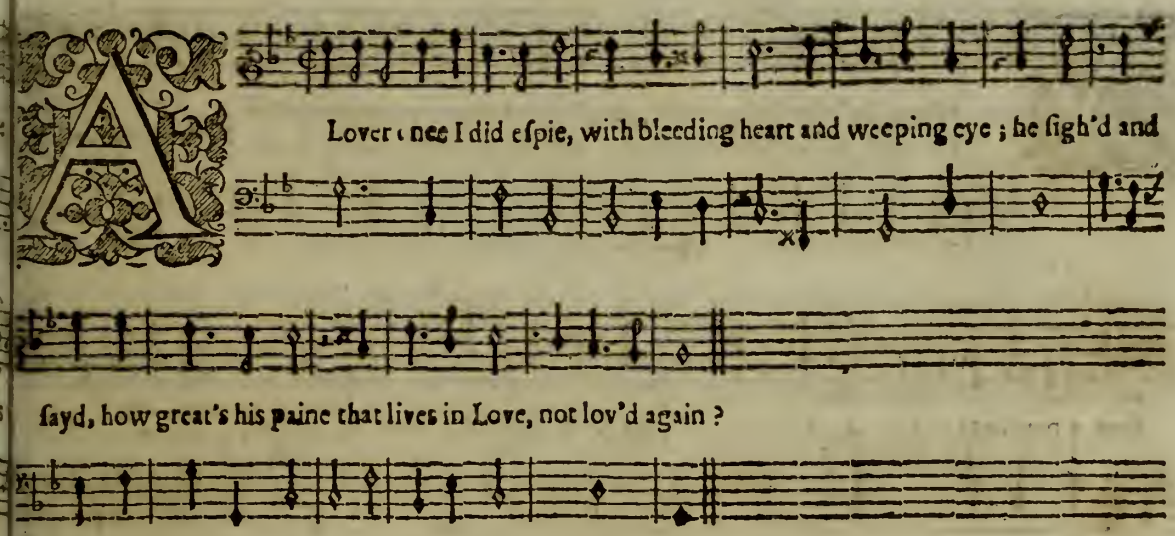
a. 3. voc. *Cantus Secundus.*



Iew *Lesbia* view, view *Lesbia* view, how my various cares doe grow, I burne and

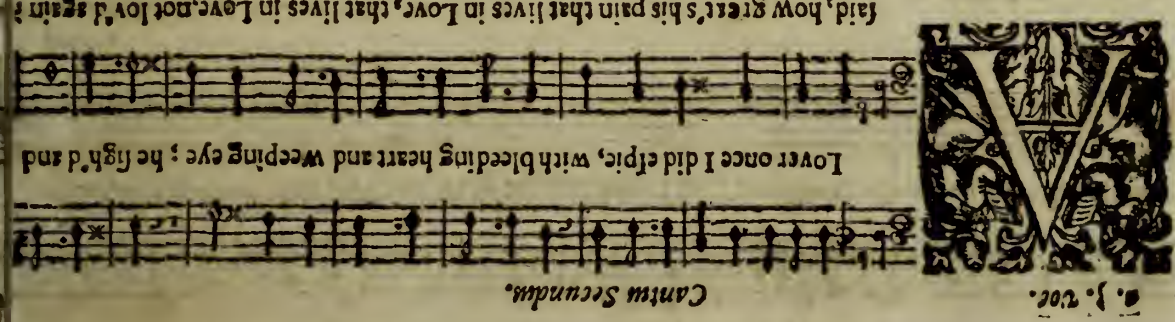
from that fire does water flow. I Nilus and I Ætna am; restrain, Oh Love, my teares,

or else tears quench my flame.



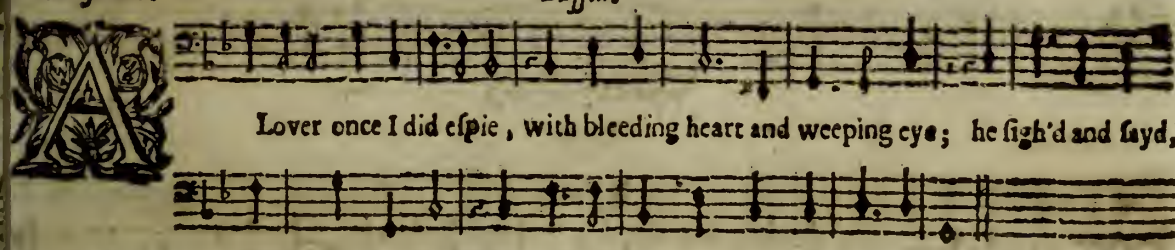
Can there (saith he) no cure be found,
But by the hand that gave the wound?
Then let me dye, which ile endure,
Since she wants charity to cure.

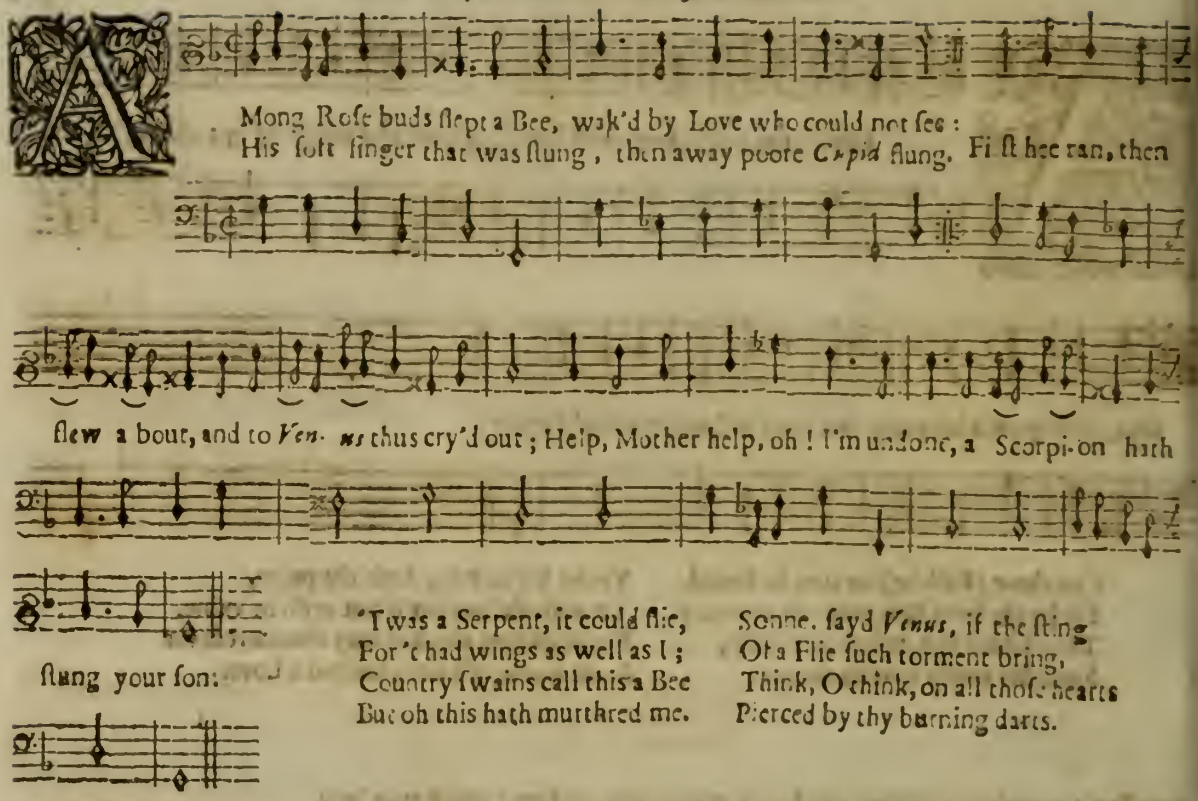
Yet let her one day feele the paine,
To wish sh' had lov'd but wish in vaine,
For withered cheekes may chance recover
Some sparks of Love, but not a Lover.

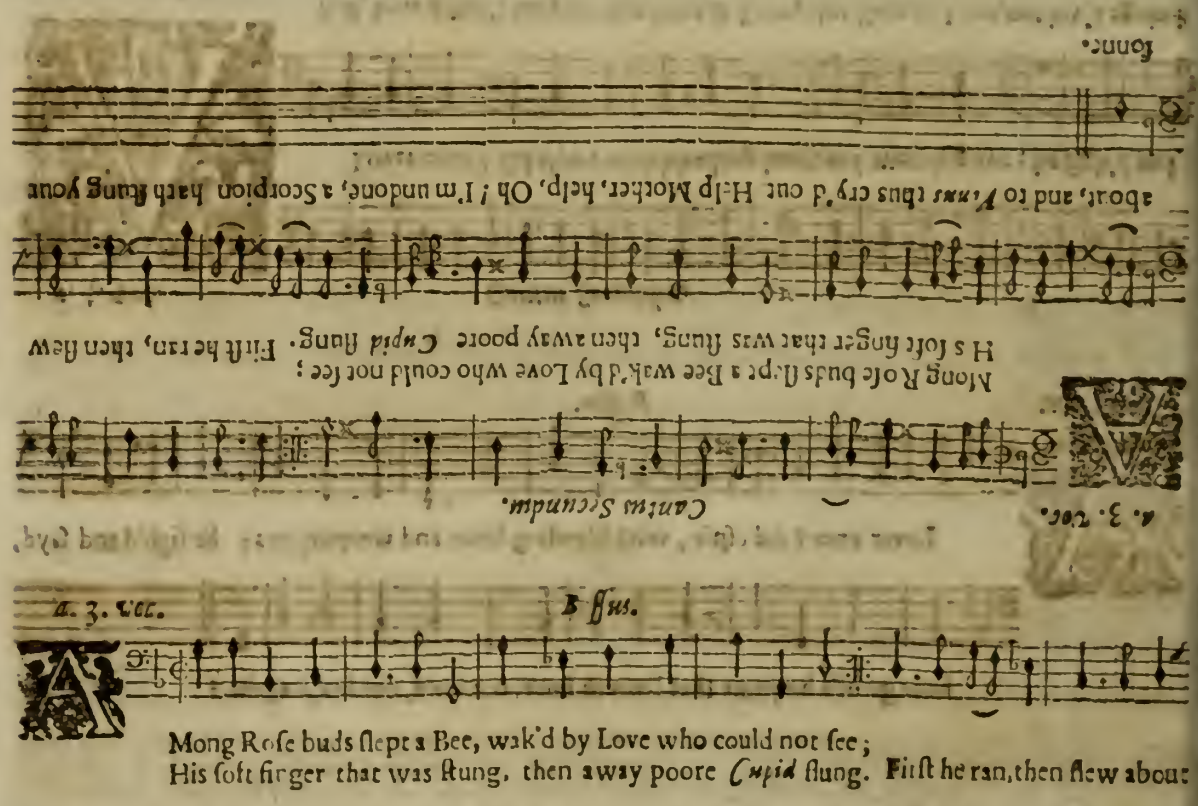


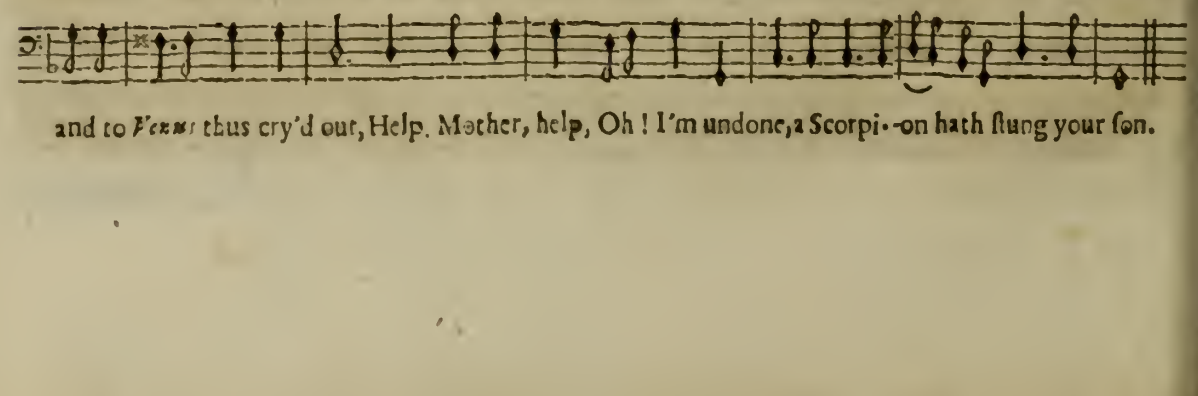
4. 3. voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

4. 3. voc. *Bassus.*




AMong Rose buds slept a Bee, wak'd by Love who could not see:
His soft finger that was stung, then away poore Cupid flung. First hee ran, then
flew a bout, and to Venus thus cry'd out; Help, Mother help, oh! I'm undone, a Scorpion hath
flung your son:
'Twas a Serpent, it could flie,
For 't had wings as well as I;
Country swains call this a Bee
But oh this hath murthred me.
Sonne, sayd Venus, if the sting
Of a Flie such torment bring,
Think, O think, on all those hearts
Pierced by thy burning darts.


a. 3. voc.
Bassus.
AMong Rose buds slept a Bee, wak'd by Love who could not see;
His soft finger that was stung, then away poore Cupid flung. First he ran, then flew about
and to Venus thus cry'd out, Help, Mother, help, Oh! I'm undone, a Scorpion hath flung your son.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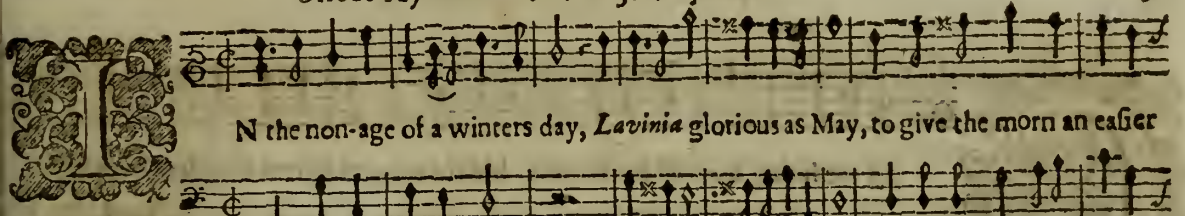
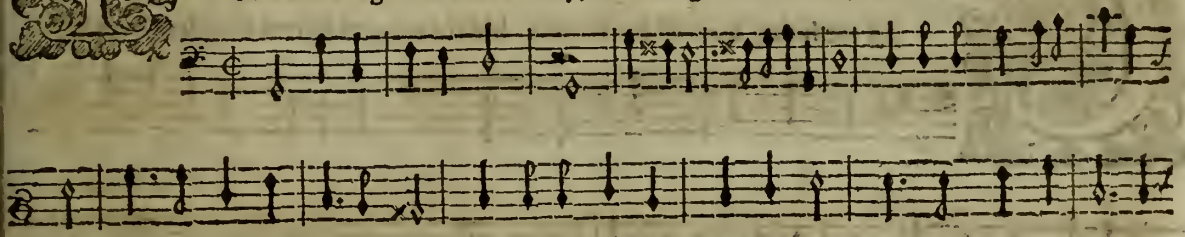
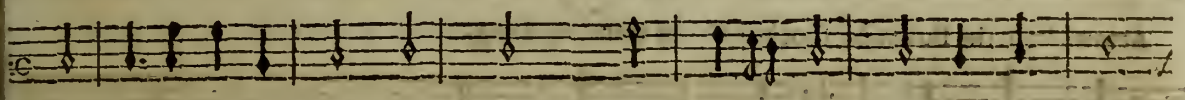


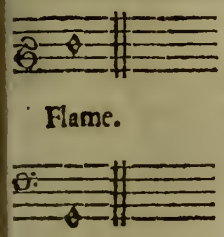
N the non-age of a winters day, *Lavinia* glorious as May, to give the morn an easier



birth, pac'd a league of crusted earth, where ev'ry place by which she came, from her veins conceiv'd a

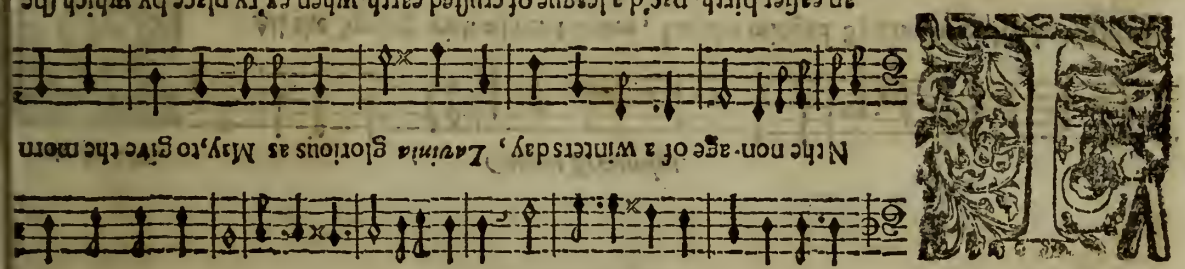


Flame.

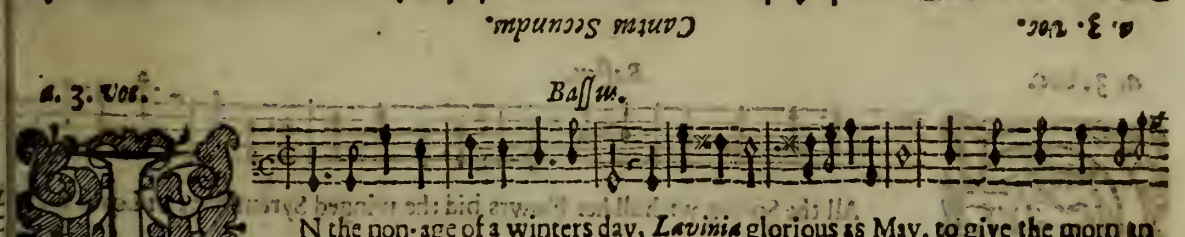


Lavinia stood amaz'd to see
Things of yeerly constancy
Thus to rebell against their season,
And though a stranger to the reason,
Back returning quench'd the heat
And winter kept its former seat.

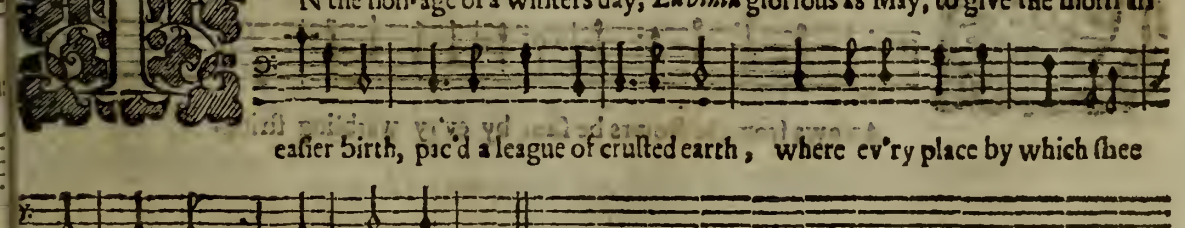
a. 3. Voc. *Cantus Secundus.*



N the non-age of a winters day, *Lavinia* glorious as May, to give the morn

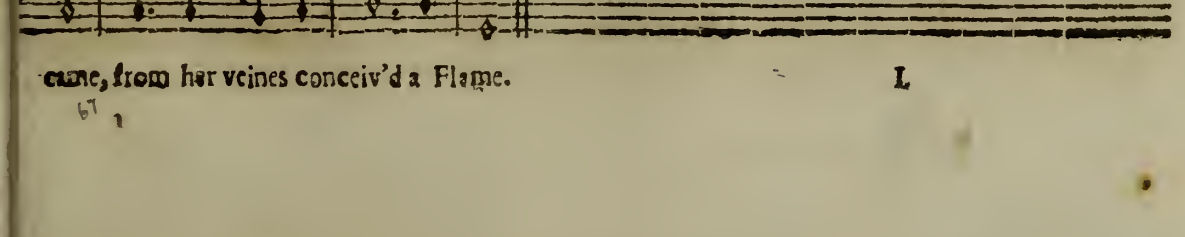


an easier birth, pac'd a league of crusted earth, when ev'ry place by which she



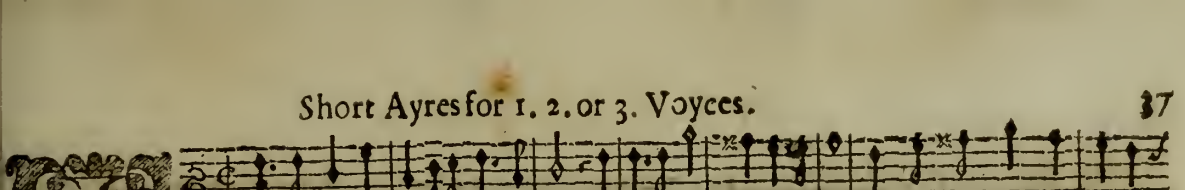
came, from her veins conceiv'd a Flame.

a. 3. Voc. *Bassus.*

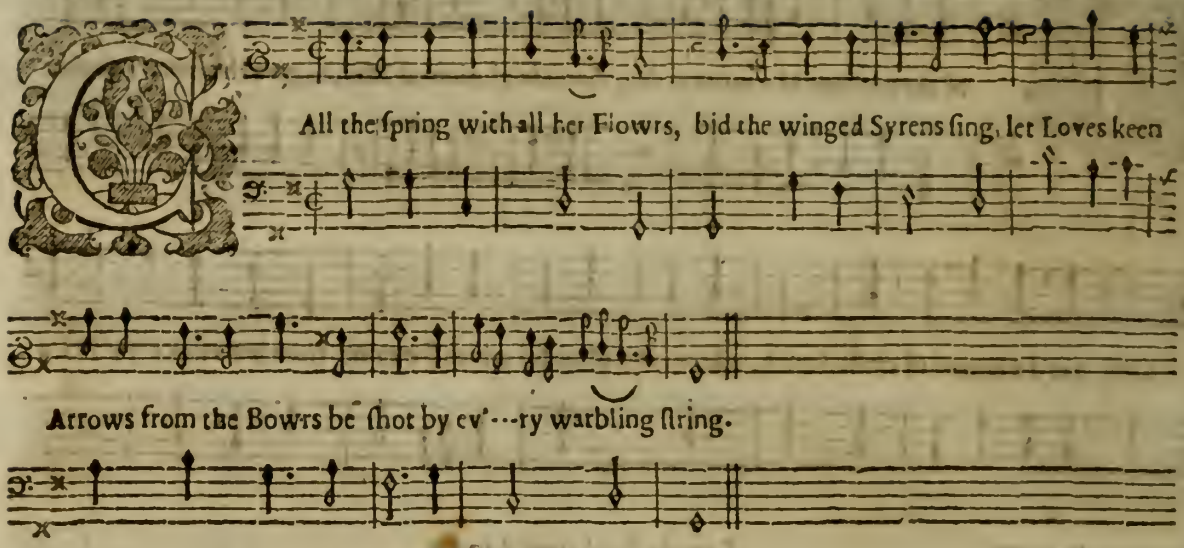


N the non-age of a winters day, *Lavinia* glorious as May, to give the morn an

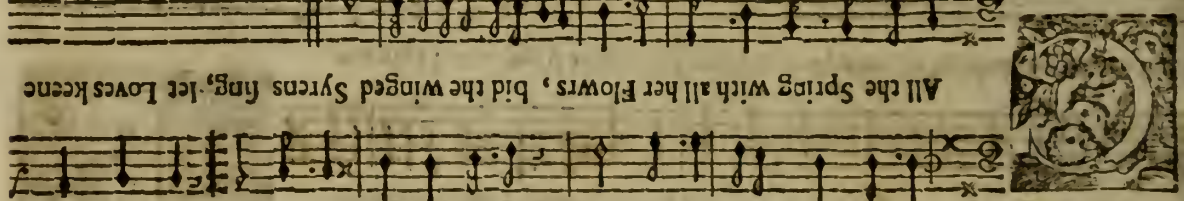
easier birth, pac'd a league of crusted earth, where ev'ry place by which shee

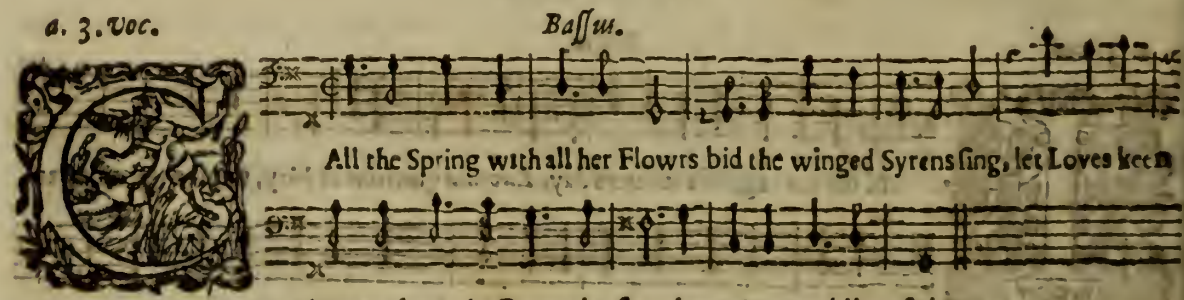


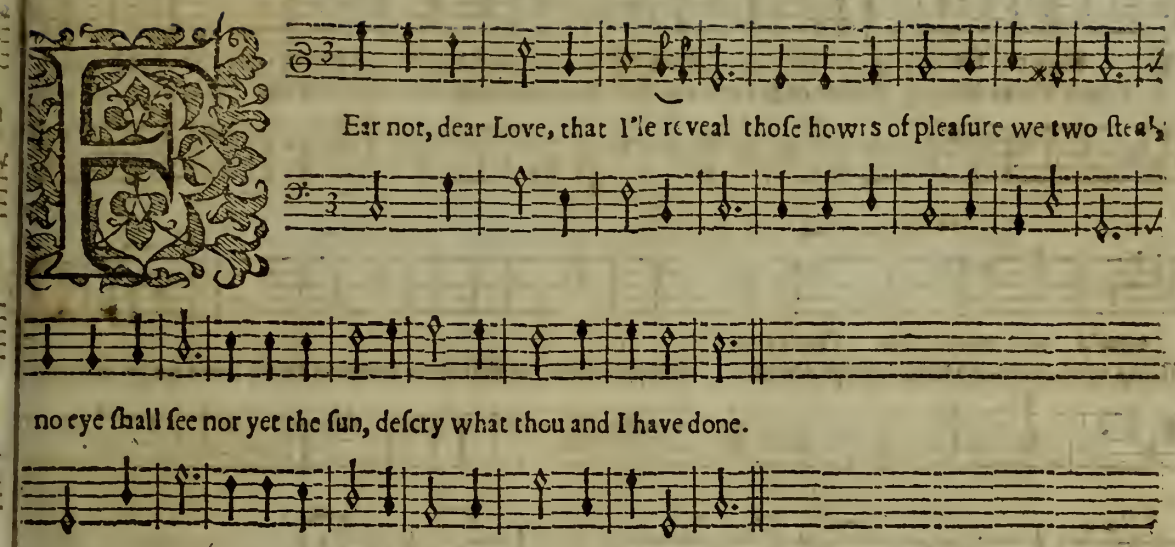
came, from her veines conceiv'd a Flame.



My *Amarillis* never drew
Her ſhining dart and ſounding Bow,
But then as many graces flew,
And yet ſhe is a fiel'd of ſnow.



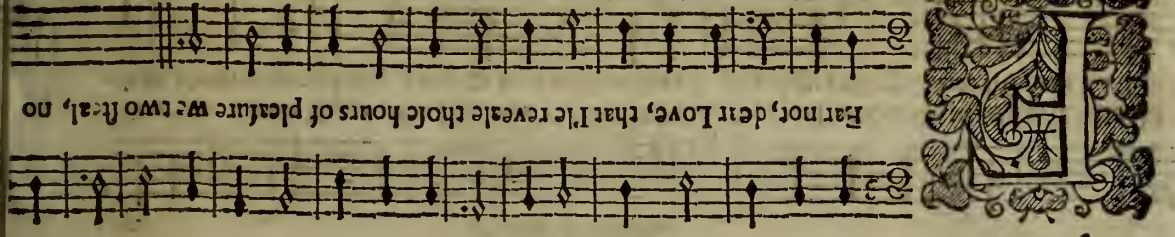


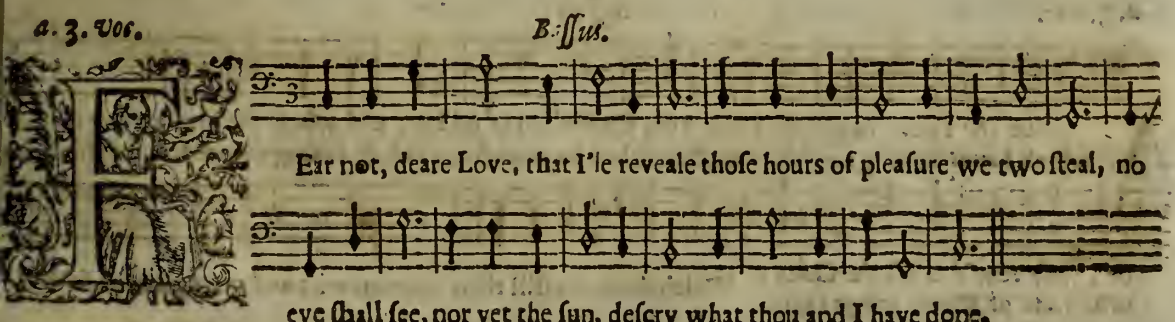


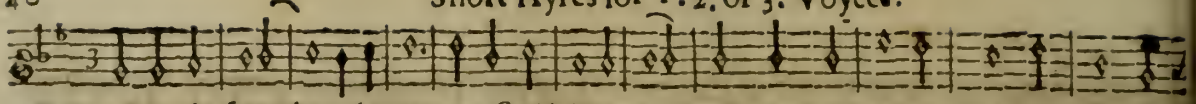
(2)
No ear shall hear our Love, but we
As silent as the night will be,
The God of Love himselfe, (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart.)

( )
Shall never know that we can tell,
What sweets in stoln embraces dwell;
This only means may find it out,
If when I die, Physitians doubt.

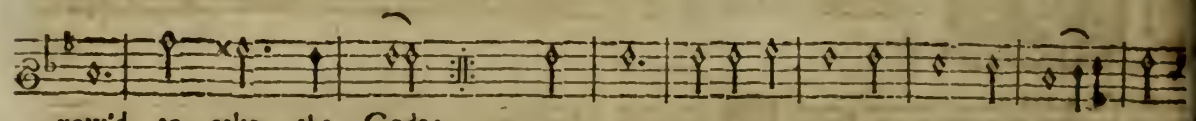
(4)
What caus'd my death, and then to view
Of all their judgements which was true;
Rip up my heart, O then I fear
The world will see thy picture there.



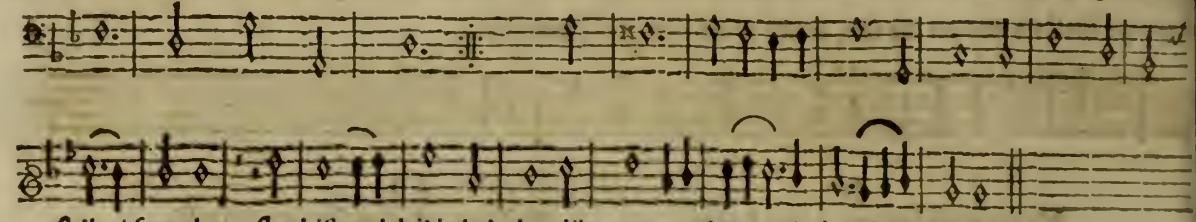




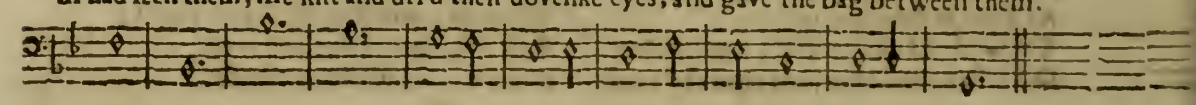
ABout the sweet bag of a Bee, two *Cupids* fell at odds, and whose the pretty prize should be, they which *Venus* hearing thither came; and for their boldnes stript them, and taking thence from each his



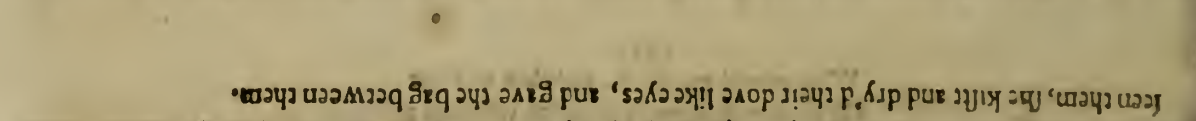
vow'd to aske the Gods:
flame, with rods of Mirtle whipt them. Which done, to still their wanton cryes, and quiet grown



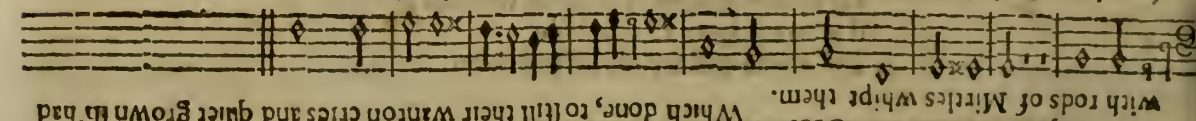
sh'had seen them, she kist and dri'd their dovelike eyes, and gave the bag between them.



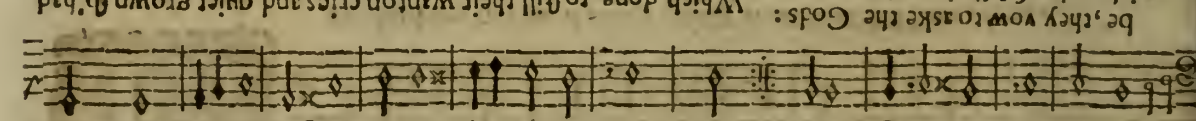
4. 3. voc. *Cantus Secundus.*



ABout the sweet bagge of a Bee two *Cupids* fell at odds, and whose the pretty prize should be, they which *Venus* hearing thither came; & for their boldnes stript them, & taking thence from each his flame



be, they vow'd to ask the Gods:
with rods of Mirtle whipt them. Which done, to still their wanton cries and quiet growne sh'had



seen them, she kist and dry'd their dove like eyes, and gave the bag between them.

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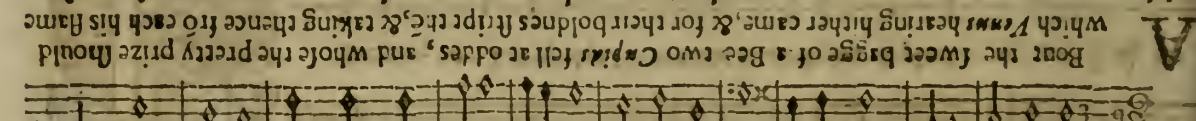

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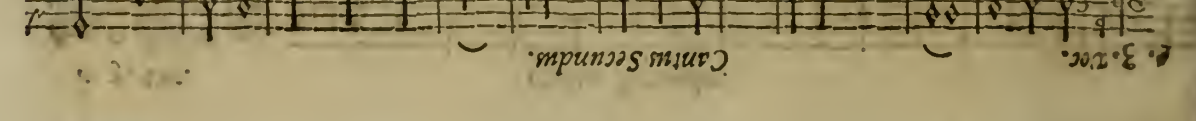

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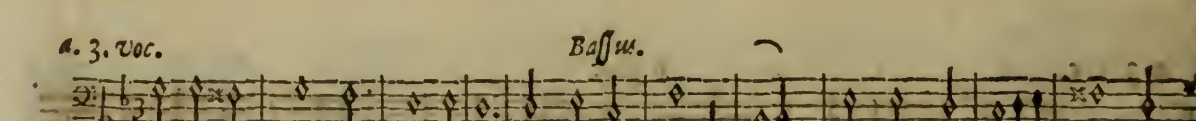

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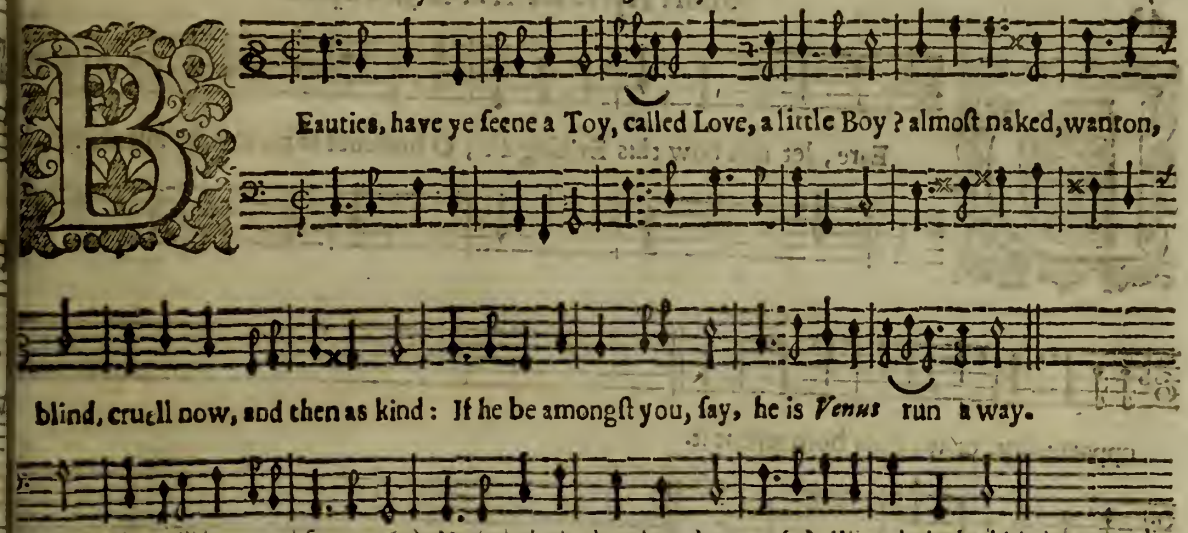


(2) She that will but now discover
Where this winged wag doth hover,
Shall to night receive a kisse,
How, or where her selfe would wish;
But who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kisse and another.

(3) Marks he hath about him plenty,
You shall know him among twenty,
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That brings shot (like lightning) in
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

(4) Wings he hath which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lips, and heart,
But nee'r stay in any part:
And if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himselfe in kisses.

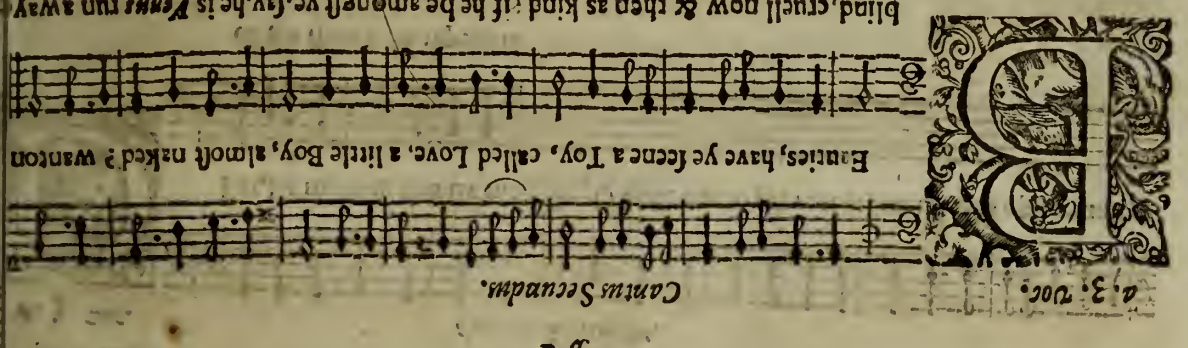
(5) He doth beare a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of Arrowes that outbrave
Dians shafts; what if he have
Any head more sharp then other?
With that kisse he strikes his mother.

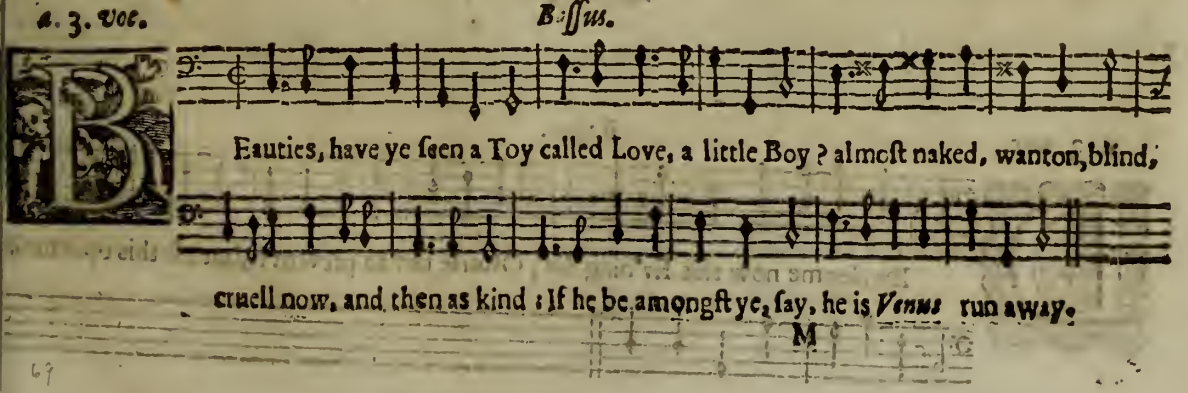
(6) Still the fairest are his fuell,
When his daies are to be cruell,
Lovers hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood,
Nought but wounds his hands doth season.

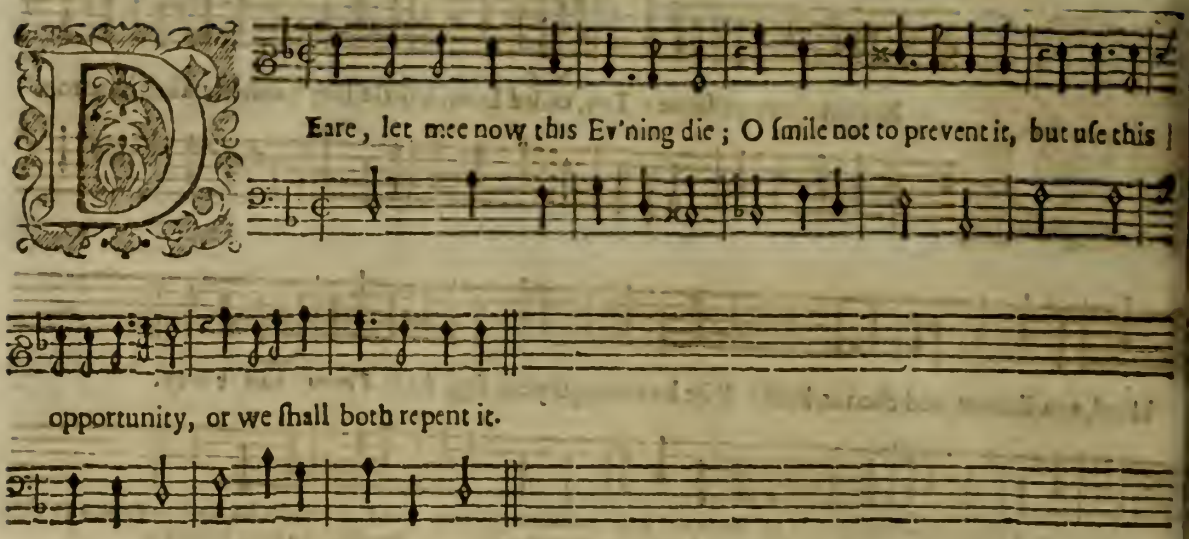
(7) Trust him not, his words though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet,
All his practise is deceit,
Ev'ry gift it is a bait,
Not a kisse but poyson bears,
And most treason in his tears.

(8) Idle minutes are his reigne,
Them the stragler makes his gaine,
By presenting Mayds with toyes,
And would have ye think 'em joyes;
'Tis th'ambition of the Elfe,
To have all childish as himselfe.

(9) If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties be not nice, but show him,
Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now I hope yee'l not abide him:
Since ye hear his falser play,
And that hee's Venus run away.







(2)

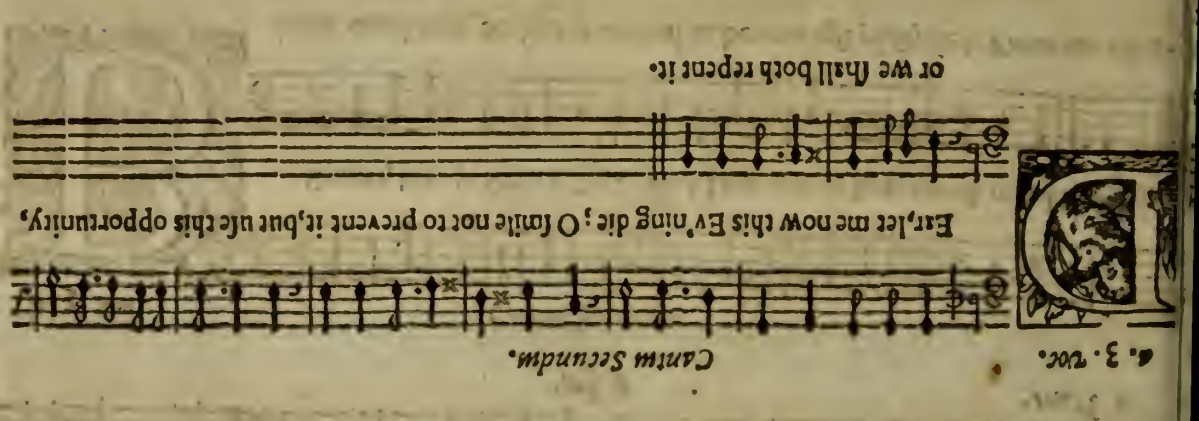
Frown quickly then and break my heart,
That ſo my way of dying
May (though my life were full of ſmart)
Be worth the worlds envying.

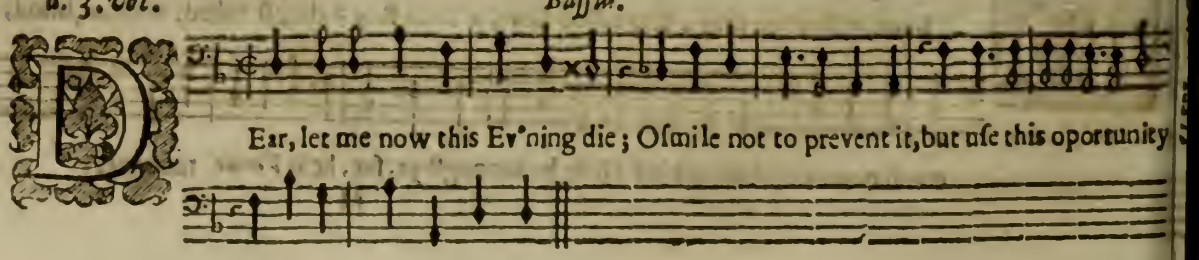
(3)

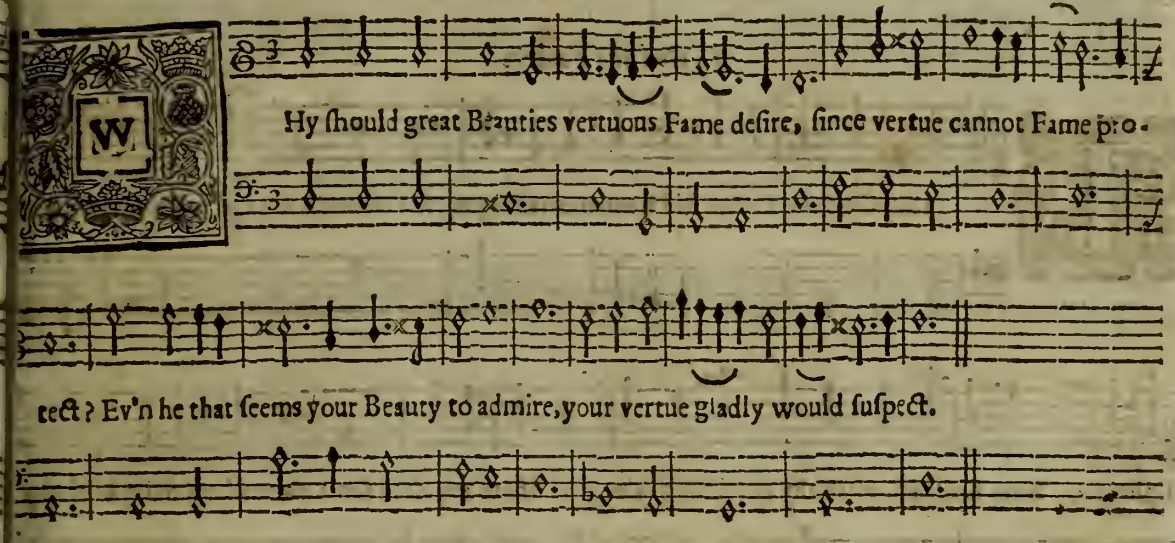
And now thou frownſt, and now I die,
My Corps by Lovers follow'd,
Which ſhall by dead Lovers lie,
For that grounds only hallow'd.

(4)

If Prieſts tak't ill I have grave,
My death not well approving,
The Poets my Eſtate ſhall have
To teach them th'Art of Loving.

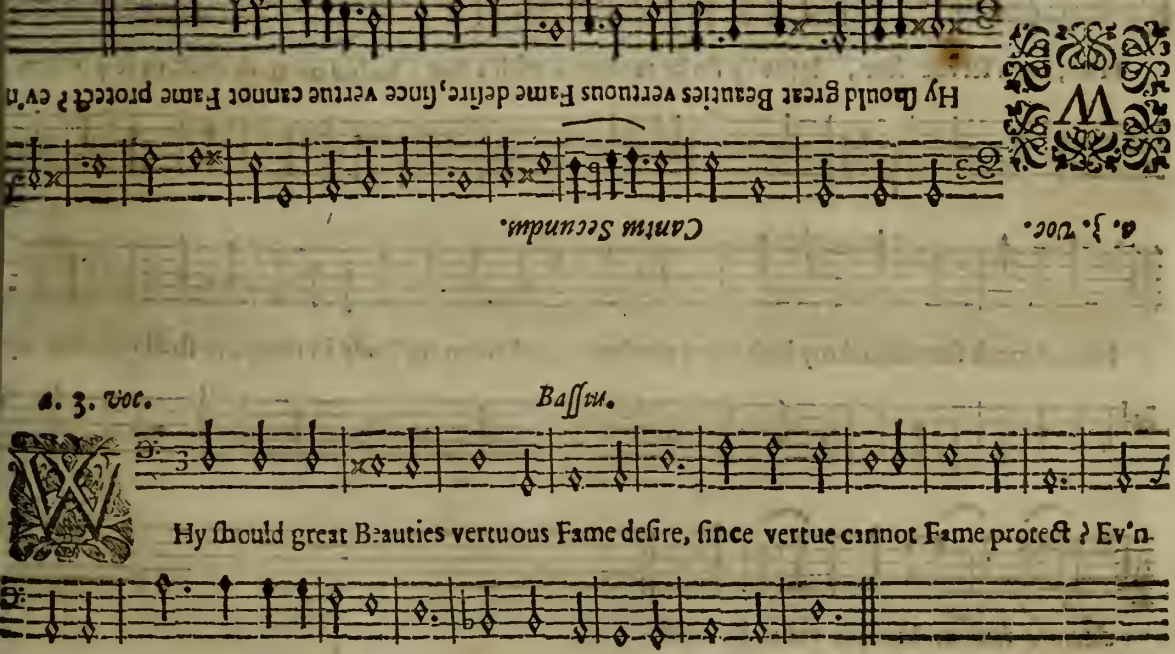




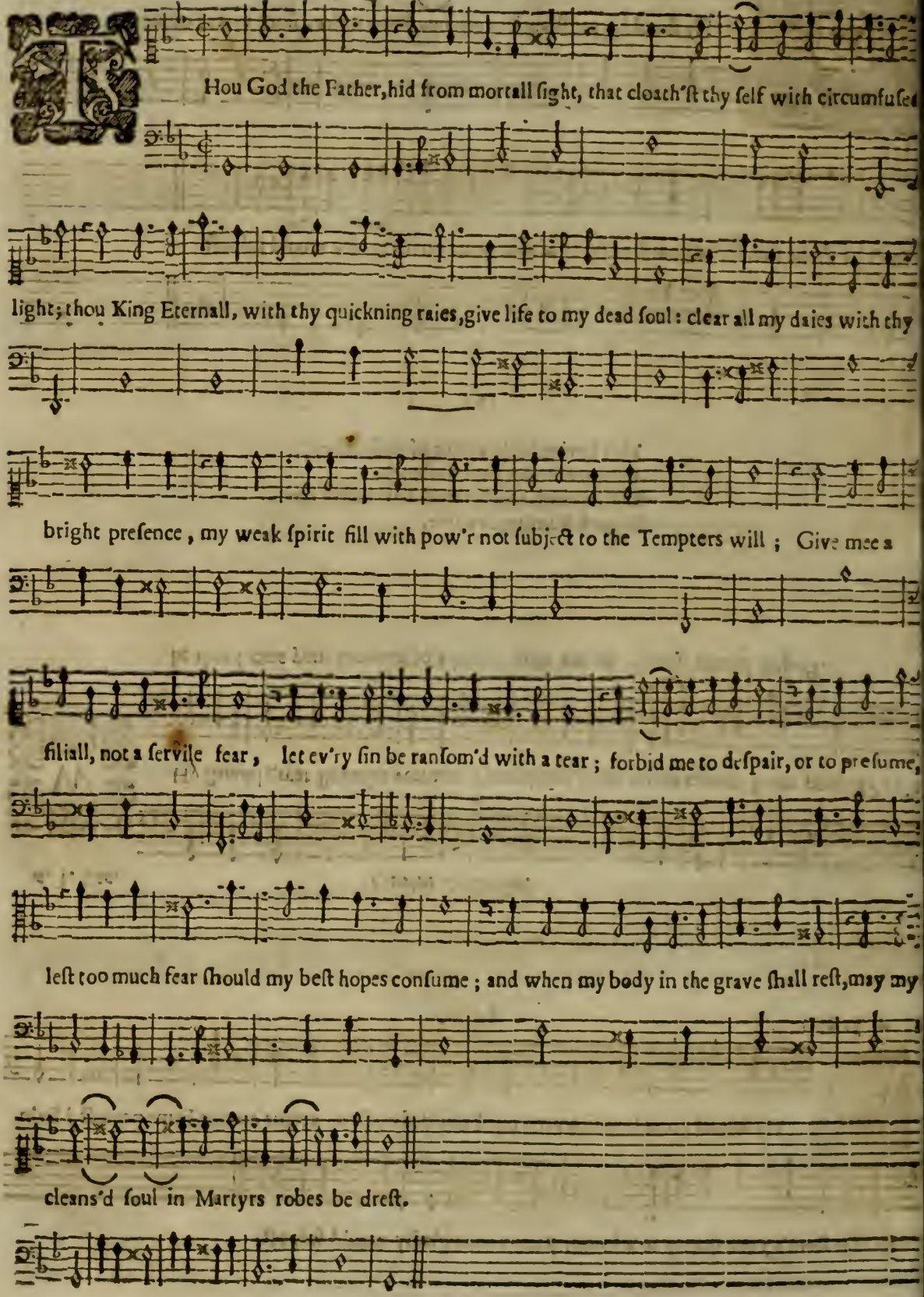


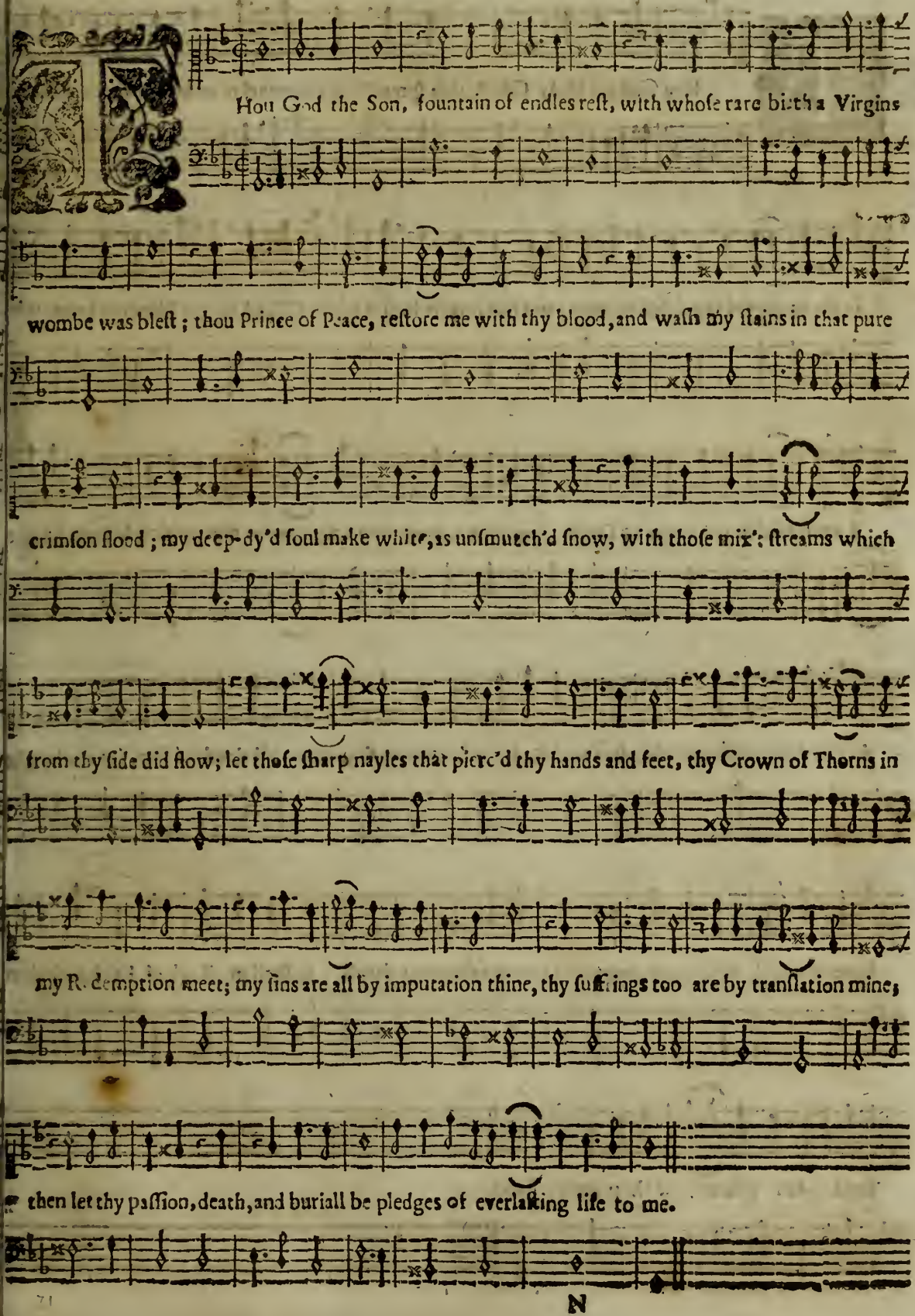
(2)

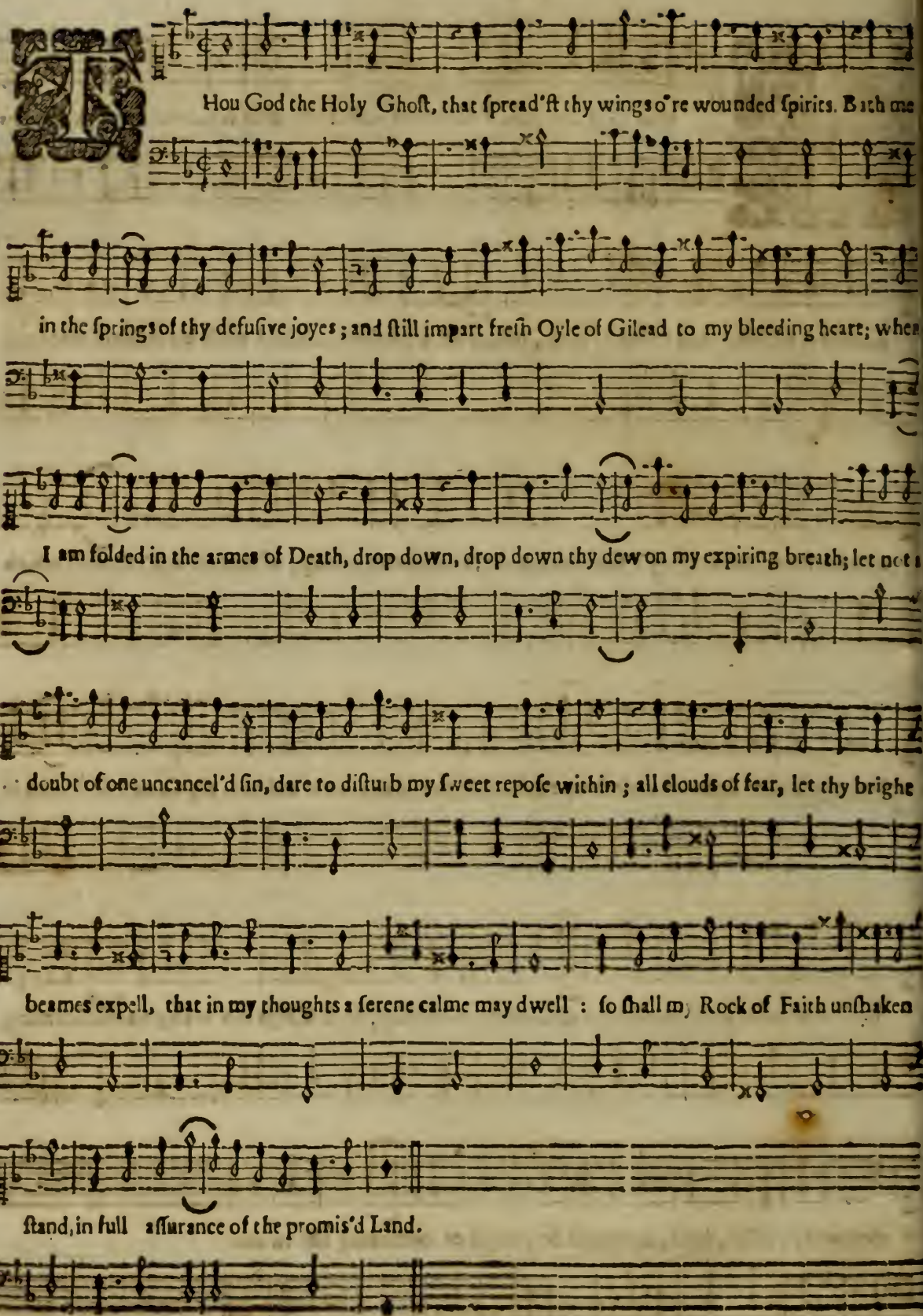
Men having little vertue of their owne,
Urge reason for their jealousie,
That women weaker themselves have none,
So each Admirer is a spie.



To God the Father.

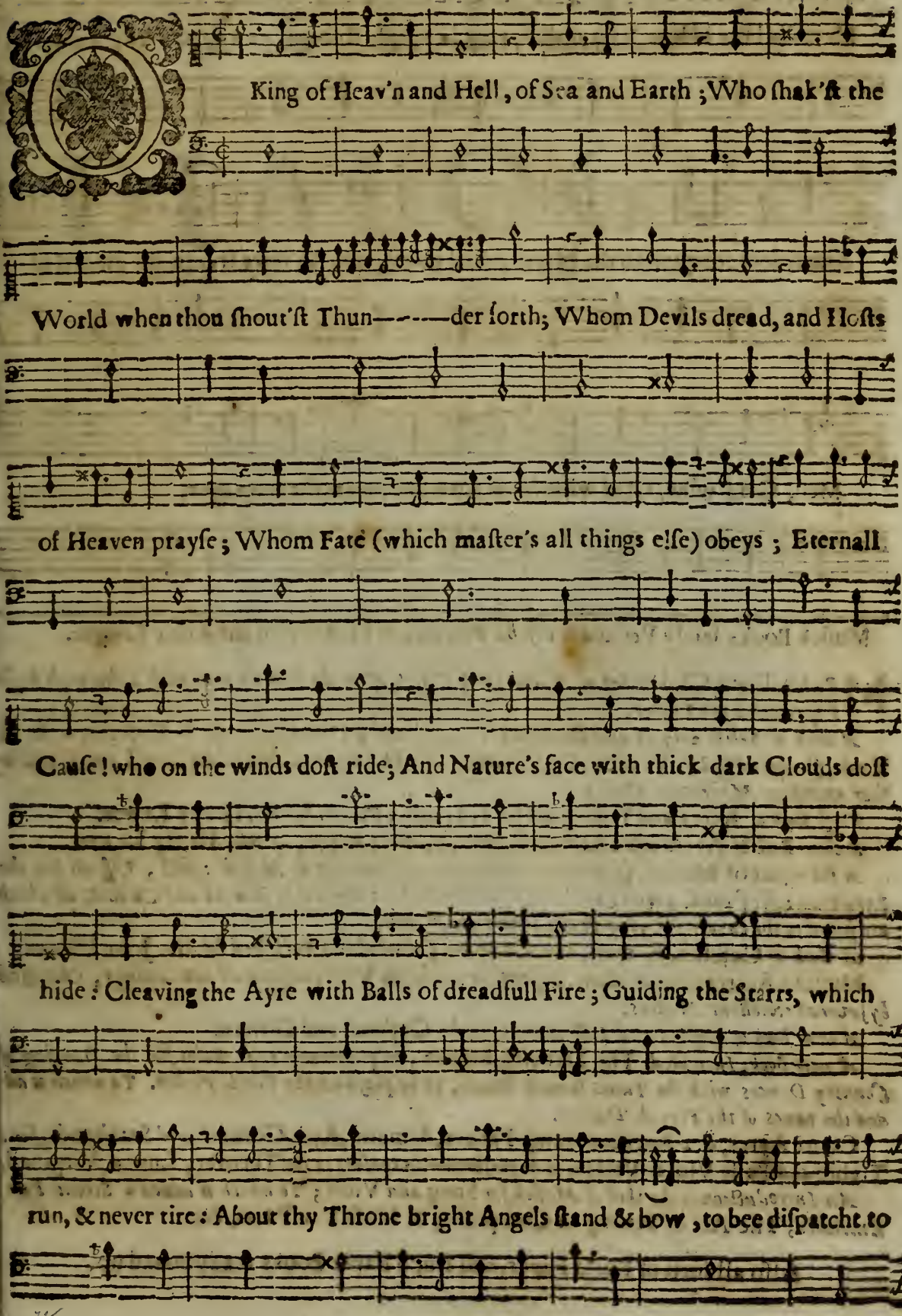


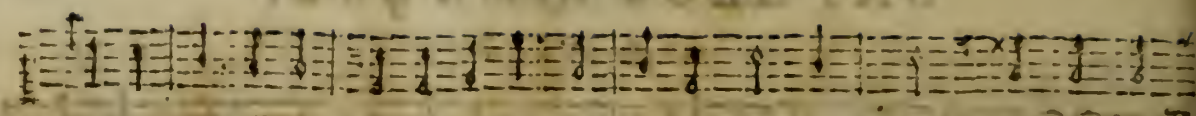

THou God the Son, fountain of endles rest, with whose rare birth a Virgins
wombe was blest; thou Prince of Peace, restore me with thy blood, and wash my stains in that pure
crimson flood; my deep-dy'd soul make white, as unsmutch'd snow, with those mix'd streams which
from thy side did flow; let those sharp nayles that pierc'd thy hands and feet, thy Crown of Thorns in
my Redemption meet; my sins are all by imputation thine, thy suffrings too are by translation mine;
then let thy passion, death, and buriall be pledges of everlasting life to me.


THou God the Holy Ghost, that spread'st thy wings o're wounded spirits. Bath me
in the springs of thy defusive joyes; and still impart fresh Oyle of Gilead to my bleeding heart; when
I am folded in the armes of Death, drop down, drop down thy dew on my expiring breath; let not a
doubt of one uncancel'd sin, dare to disturb my sweet repose within; all clouds of fear, let thy brighe
beames expell, that in my thoughts a serene calme may dwell: so shall my Rock of Faith unshaken
stand, in full assurance of the promis'd Land.

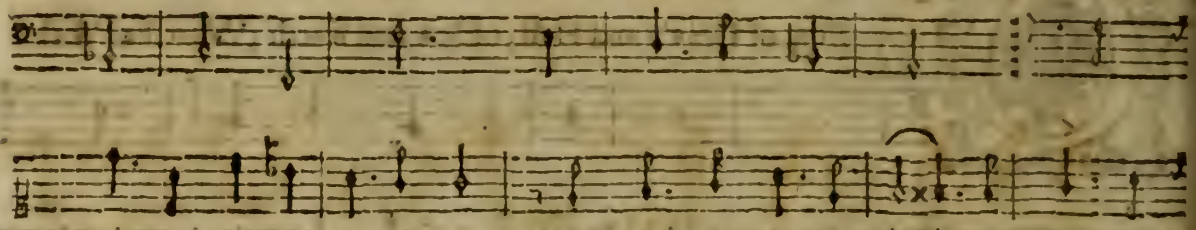
ORPHEUS Hymn to GOD.

Αἰθέρος ἠδ' ἄιδος.

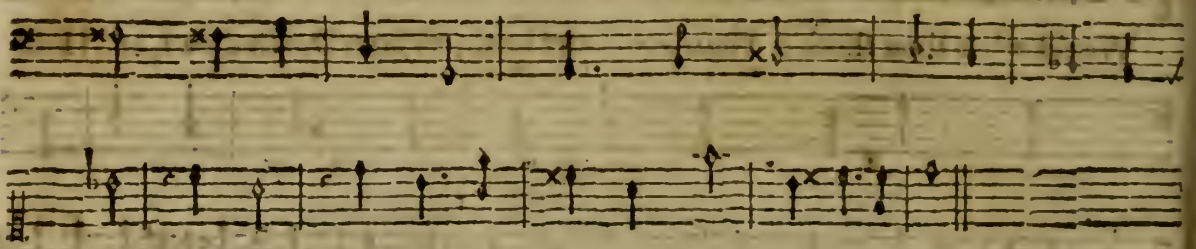




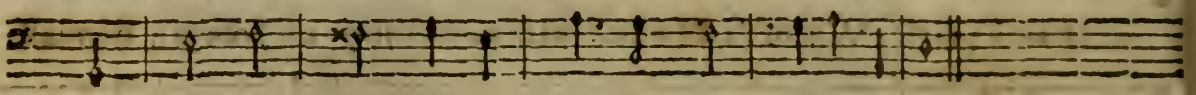
Mortalls heer below. Thy early Spring in purple Robes comes forth: Thy Summers



South does conquer all the North: And though thy Winter freeze the Hearts of



Men, Glad wine, Glad wine from Autumn cheers them up agen.



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