

AYRES, AND DIALOGUES.

For One, Two, and Three VOICES.

BY



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

W. Faithorne fecit

THE THIRD BOOK.

LONDON,

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near the Church dore. M. DC. LVIII.

AYRES

AND

DIALOGUES

In the Theory and Practice of the Voice

BY



THE SECOND EDITION

Published by G. B. Ayres, No. 10, Broadway, New York.



To the Right Honourable

The LORD COLRANE.

MY LORD,



Had some thoughts to forbear in this kind any farther Publication: but though my Reasons were strong enough for my self, they were not able to conquer others; who (for all I could say) expect my Promise to give them yet more of my *Compositions*. I confess I have no fear of being exhausted: but though I am not tired, it became me to doubt I might tire others; whereof since I find there is less danger, I shall thankfully comply with the Publick Desire. And I wish those, who so warmly pretend the Common Benefit, would tread the same path, and not take upon them to mend the World, till they have some Call to it. This my Profession (as well as others) may fairly complain of; for none

judge so sowerly on us and our labours, as they who were never born to be *Musicians*. For my own part, I send not these abroad to get a Name; Were that my Designe, I have other *Compositions*, fitter for such as are Masters in our Art, when the Season calls for them. My poor Talent never lay in a Napkin; nor make I any precarious use of this Publication; they were first begotten to gratifie my friends, and are now as freely conferr'd upon Strangers. But were all this otherwise, my chief and main Design would go on, which is a Thirst I have to tell the World how absolute a Votary I am to your *Lordship*. And were I a perfect stranger to your favours, I could do no less, since your excellent Understanding and great affection to this, as well as all other Arts and Sciences, would claim it from mee. Therefore I intended to offer unto your *Lordship* some of your own *Conceptions* tun'd by my *Notes*; as also some others written by that rare Gentleman Mr. *Henry Hare*, your *Lordship*'s most hopefull Son, who eminently expresses both your *Lordship* and your Brother Mr. *Nicholas Hare*, whose Memory is still precious among all ingenuous Souls. But those I preserve for a fairer opportunity, and in this Book present you with Others Poetry, especially of Doctor *Hughes*, who was Author of all these Single *Ayres*, and of many others, stoln into the Press without my Consent as well as his. Such as they are I humbly bring them before your *Lordship*, as a small but Gratefull Testimony of

(MY LORD)

Your Lordships most humble and

most faithful Servant

HENRY LAVVES.

To his Honoured Friend Mr. HENRY LAWES,

Upon his Annual Book of AYRES.



RAVE LAVVES ! Thou art Return'd again : the Sun
And You do thus your Emulous Courses Run.
And whiles you both in different Orbes appear,
He onely Makes, but Thou dost Crown the Tear.
That if the Old Philosophy were true,
What his Spent Fires could not, thy Lyre would doe;
Make Old Time Vigorous still, confessing more
Thy Fam'd Laves now, then all his Beams before.

Nature her self should thus thy Learn'd Aid crave,
From whose Stockt Brain all that we have, we have.
Whose Yearly Spendings Shew, not wast thy Store,
Who after Numerous Births can yet give more.
Still whole, Unspent that when the Tear doth cease
(As Ægypt Nile's) We wait thy Next Encrease.
Then High, and Rich as He Thou Flow'st : We see
What all else cannot, and what Thou can'st be.
And till We pass the Spheres, must still attend,
To know what Height Musick hath yet t' ascend.

For Thou Grasp'st all ; We the rude Matter give,
Thou into Verse breath'st Soul, and bid'st it Live.
Endu'st it with that Plastick Pow'r to Spring
What Thou would'st have it, This, That, any Thing.
Dost in thy Mould our Wit new Shape, and Cast,
Giv'st it New Salt, the Haut Goust, and Rich Tast.
It Lives with us, doth Flourish in thy Ayre,
Born from our Brains, but Educated there.
Things that from us flat and insipid flow,
Voic'd once by Thee, straight into Raptures grow.
When from her Mine Invention Fancy brings,
Thy composition a New Fancy springs.
Thus whiles all comes Exact, Watch'd, Humour'd, Hit,
Thy Ayre's Ingenuous, and makes Musick Wit.

Nor dost Thou, Narrow, only dwell among
The Easie Rhimes of thine own Time, and Tongue :
Thy Reaching, Vent'ring Soul doth Wit pursue
Thorough all Languages, and all times too ;
That which some Twenty Ages since first grew,
Thou Retriv'st now, and we admire as New.
Compar'st and tri'st how th' Ancient Pipes will sound,
Mak'st Old wit stronger by the New Rebound :
Who are, and who are not, Obliged bee,
Poet, and Poetry it self to thee.

What She suggests comes a mishapen Birth,
Till Thou step'st in, and thence strik'st Musick forth.
Admired LAVVES ! thy Happy Ayres have knit
Eternall Leagues 'twixt Harmony and wit :

Which

Which none but those thy Richer Robes will know,
 When she keeps State, or would in Triumph go.
 We drink in Thousand Pleasures from One Song,
 Which Charms us all, the Learned and the Throng.
 We are Transported, Lost! thy Notes betray,
 Drop on the Sense, and melt us quite away.
 And when we're Extasy'd, Expiring, then
 Thy Next Note Wooes, and calls us back agen.
 At once Thou Steal'st, and can'st invade us too,
 Straight Rouze those pow'rs which were all Lodg'd but now.
 Thou like some Mighty Monarch dost controul,
 Dispencc, Rule, Work, and Reign o're all the Soul.
 Thou shoot'st New Beings: For we are no more,
 When we hear Thee, that which we were before.
 But as that Begger who in's Raving Fits,
 Got Crowns and Scepters when he lost his Wits;
 Cur'd, and himself again, Griev'd straight to pass
 Into that poor, shrunk Nothing that he was:
 So when thy Strains Feast our low Fancies high,
 We Trample Earth, and Mounting, Knock the Sky.
 But when They cease, All Mourn that we have lost
 Those Tow'ring Thoughts our then Rapt Souls engross'd.
 Thou, like a Generall Influence, Sway'st in All,
 Dost Touch the Mind, and her glad Motions call.
 Whiles We our Constant Acclamations bring
 To the still New Choice Graces that Thou Sing.

Thus dost Thou Govern all (Harmonious Soul!)
 And through the Great whole Orbe of Musick Rowl.
 Break st from thy Self, Scatt'ring Day every where,
 Not leaving one Dark Part in all the Sphere.
 All Native, Genuine, and Unborrow'd streams,
 The Sun and LAVVES know not to Owe their Beams.
 Who on the Wings Thou Imp'st Verse with, hast Spread
 Thy Fame far as the Roman Eagle fled.
 Those Judging Few who can Compare, admire,
 And find Thine Match the best Italian Lyre;
 Thou still Stand'st High; thy Rules so True, Severe!
 All by thy Card, Thou by thine Own dost steere.
 Like the First Mover, Uncontrol'd dost Move,
 (He which makes peace, Turnes, and Tunes all Above.)
 Even, and Just as he: whiles all doth shew
 What Harmony, that is, what LAVVES can do.

And such! so Full! so Mighty is thy Vein,
 Thou hast scarce Thought when all flowes from thy Brain.
 As Things first met in the Creation, All,
 Doth of it self straight into Concord fall;
 Which issuing free as Springing Light from th' Morn,
 Shews Thee Musician, like the Poet Born.
 You Two do Wing it still in Noble Flights,
 Strive, Stretch, Mount, Soar, Match, and vie Heights with Heights.
 And we the while Admiring, doubtfull stand,
 Which shall at last the Bravest Place command.

With Words and Ayres our Ears are doubly fed,
 What e're thou set'st is at once Sung and se'd.
 Thou dost still Apt, Complying Notes dispense,
 True to the Words, but truer to the sense.
 The Tunes Rehearse: no Crowd of Graces throng,
 And Fustle all the Words out of the Song.
 But are so scatter'd here, and there, so sowne,
 It hath them all, and yet is vex'd with None.
 Thy Jewels with such Art are plac'd and worne,
 That they ne'r Cloud the part they should adorne.
 Thus doth thy Equall Skill not more delight,
 To do thy Self, then do the Poet Right.
 Thou Maim'st not him to come forth Conquerour, Thine,
 Steales none o'th Bullion when it adds the Coin.
 No tedious, long, deviding tricks betray
 His sense; and vapour all his Words away.
 Yet when a Word comes fit t' Espouze a Grace.
 Thou marr'st both, and know'st the Rites, and place.
 Then Fancy humour'd shews the gilded Beam,
 That Glitt ring Plays, and Quavers on the stream.
 Both Close, and Kind as Life and Spirit sit,
 Thy Ayres still Quicken, never stifle Wit.
 And as One Dram of Gold can ne'r be lost,
 Though in a Thousand Fires Try'd, Vex'd, and Fort'd,
 Dissolv'd, mix'd with all Elements, we see,
 Expans'd to Infinite, what was will Bee.
 So with the same Extireness Numbers do,
 From all thy Artfull Compositions flow.
 Which though through all thy Flats and Sharps express'd
 In thy Rich Notes, and various humours dress'd.
 Are still the same: if any Change appear,
 Stamp'd now by Thee, they'r better than they were.
 Where Words, Sense, Tunes Embrace, so Kifs, Twist Hit,
 Thy whole Age hath not lost One Grain of Wit.
 Go on Great Master of thy Art! Strike dumb,
 And with thy Tones Calm the Tempestuous Drum.
 Tune, Recollect, Please, and reform us; Thine,
 Come at once Musick too, and Discipline.
 Let thy soft Notes invite us, slide, and Steal,
 Rock this Frow'rd Age, and with their Balsam Heal.
 Shew all the Miracles thy voice can do,
 Our Orpheus and our Æsculapius too.
 And when these Revolutions make thy Shine
 Compleat, and Thou hast woave thy great Designe:
 Hush'd all our Noise, spread Calms made all serene,
 And with thy Ayres at last shut up the Scene:
 All Done, Thou shalt (though late, we hope) Remove,
 And change thy Musick here for that Above.
 Where thou shalt here how Saints their Anthems sing,
 And shalt thy Self another Anthem bring.
 Thou who did'st Tune the World, whiles Thou wert here,
 Shall take an Angels place, and Tune a Sphere.

HORATIO MOORE.

Amintor.

Chloris landing at Berlington.

EE, see! my *Chloris*, my *Chloris* comes in yonder Bark: Blow gently

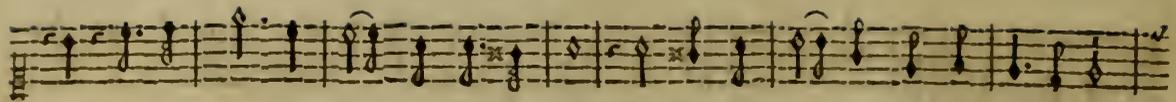
winds, for if ye sink that Ark, you'll drown the world with tears, and at one breath, give to us

all a universal death: Hark, hark how *Arion* on a Dolphin plays, to my sweet Shepherdes his

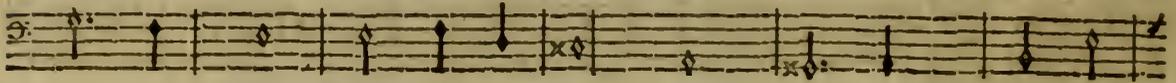
roundelays: See how the Sirens flock to wait upon her, as Queen of Love, and they her

Maids of honor. Behold, Great *Neptune's* risen from the deep with all his Tritons, and be-

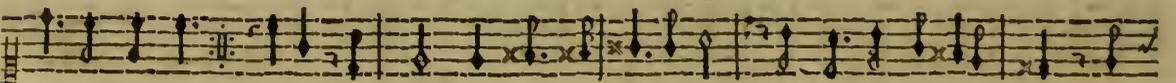
gins to sweep the rugged waves into a smoother form, not leaving one small wrinkle of a storm:



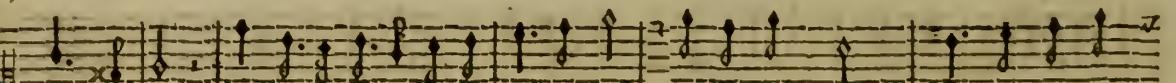
Mark how the winds stand still, and on her gaze; See how her beauty doth the fish amaze ;



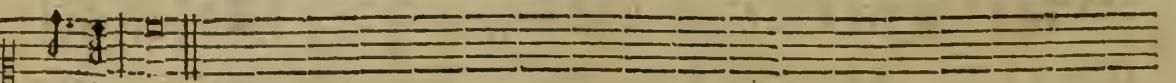
the Whales have begg'd this boon of wind and weather, that on their backs they may con-



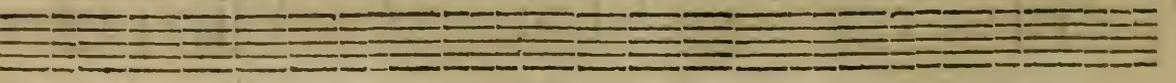
vey her hither; And see the Lands just like the rising Sun, that leaves the Brynie Lake when



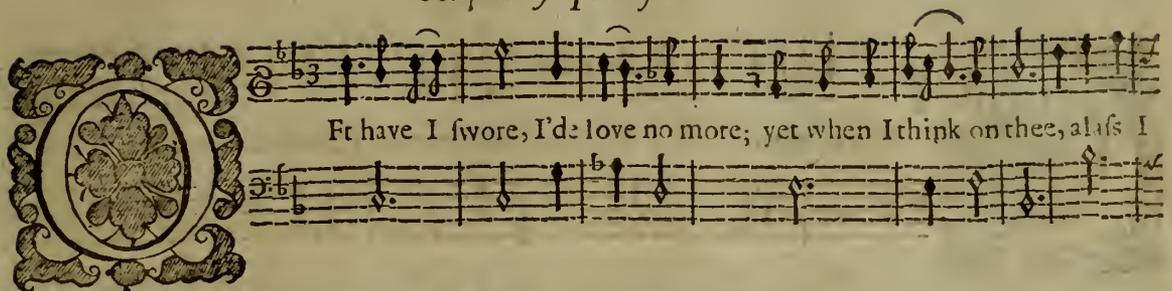
night is done : Fly, fly *Aminator* to thy Envi'd blifs, and let' not th' Earth, rob thee of her



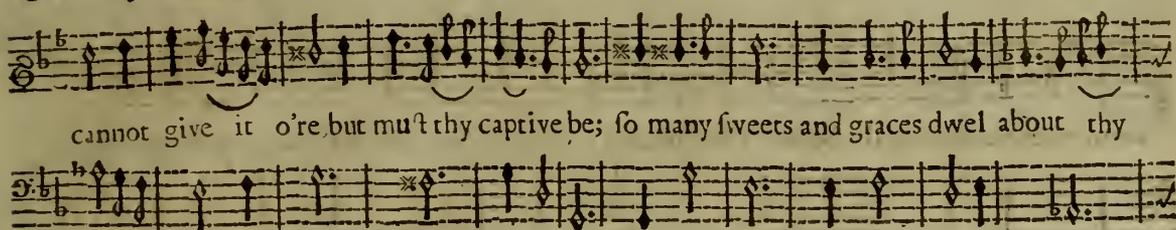
greeting kifs.



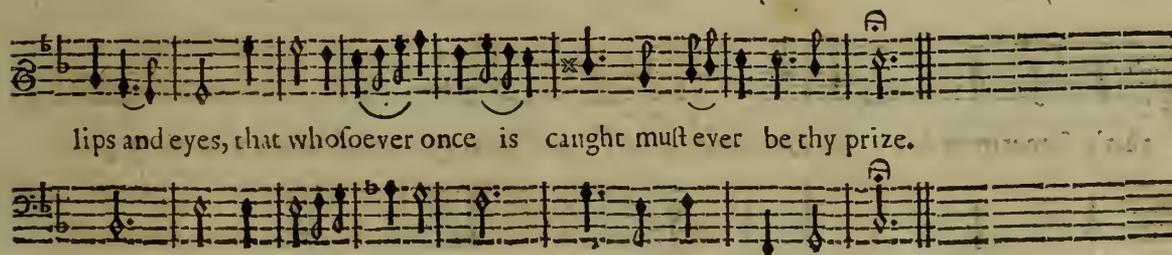
Constancy protested.



Oft have I swore, I'de love no more; yet when I think on thee, alas I



cannot give it o're, but mu't thy captive be; so many sweets and graces dwel about thy



lips and eyes, that whosoever once is caught mu't ever be thy prize.

(2)

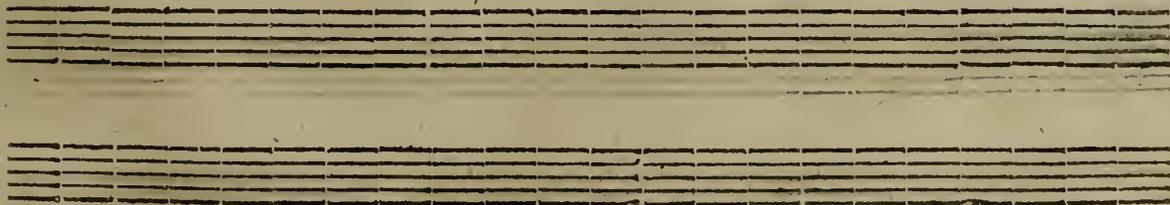
Sure thou hast got some cunning net
Made by the god of Fire,
That doth not only catch mens hearts
But fixeth their desire.

For I have laboured to get loose
Some dozen years and more,
And when I think to be releas'd
I'me faster than before.

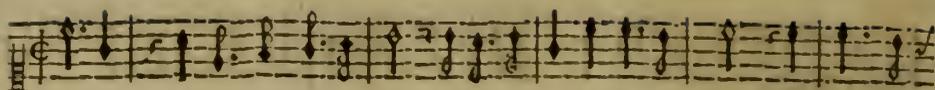
(3)

Then welcome sweet captivity,
I see there's no relief,
Yet though she steal my liberty,
I'll honor still the theife

And when I cannot hope to see
Thee Mistress of my pain,
My comfort is that I do love
Where I am lov'd again.



Counsel to a Maid.



Horis, when e're you do intend to venture at a Bosome-friend, be sure you



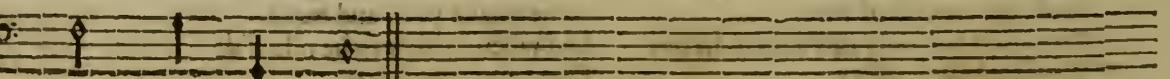
know your Servant well, before your liberty you sell; for Love's a feaver in young, or old,



that's sometimes hot, and sometimes cold; and men you know when e're they please



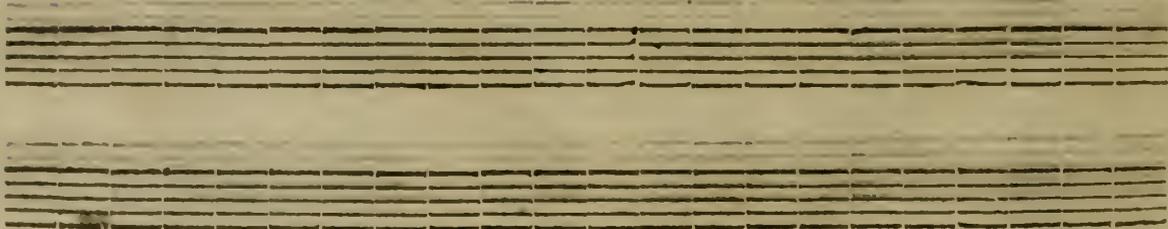
can soon be sick of this disease.



(2)

Then wisely chuse a Friend that may
Last for an age, not for a day;
Who loves thee not for Lip or Eye,
But from a mutual Sympathie :

To such a Friend this heart ingage,
For he will court thee in old age,
And kiss thy shallow, wrinkl'd brow
With as much joy as he doth now.



Love despis'd.

N love > Away, You do me wrong, I hope I ha' not liv'd to long free

from the treach'ry of your Eyes, now to be caught and made a prize: No, Lady, 'tis not all your

Art can make me and my freedome part.

II.

In Love! 'tis true, with Spanish wine,
Or the French juice Incarnadine,
But truly not with your sweet face,
This dimple, or that hidden grace;
Ther's far more sweetnesse in pure wine,
Then in those lips or eyes of thine.

III.

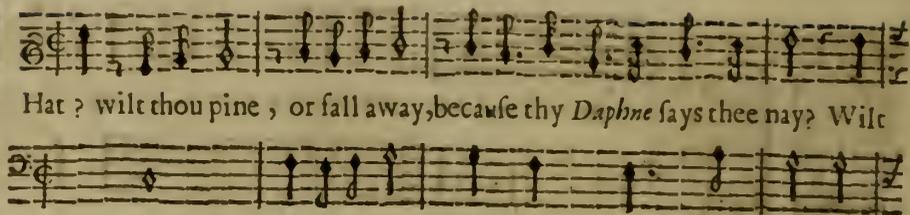
Your god you say can shoot so right
Hee'l wound a heart i'th darkest night;
Pray let him throw away a dart,
And try if he can hit my heart:
No *Cupid*, if I shall be thine,
Turn *Ganimed*, and fill us wine.

One fil's a cup of Sherry, and let us be merry, there shall nought but pure wine, make us love-sick or pine;

wee'l hug the cup and kifs it, wee'l sigh when e're we miss it, for 'tis that that makes us jolly, and sing Hy troll y lolly.

C

Hopelesse love cur'd by derision.



Hat ? wilt thou pine , or fall away , because thy *Daphne* says thee nay ? Wilt



cross thine arms , or willow wear , because that Shee is so severe ? Eye Shepherd ,



Eye, this must not bee, thy *Daphne* then will laugh at thee.



(2)

No, if She needs will be unkind,
On somewhat else divert thy mind:
Go sport with wanton *Amarillis*,
And dance with lovely nut-brown *Phillis* :
For Love 's a shadow will deny
To follow thee , until thou fly.

(3)

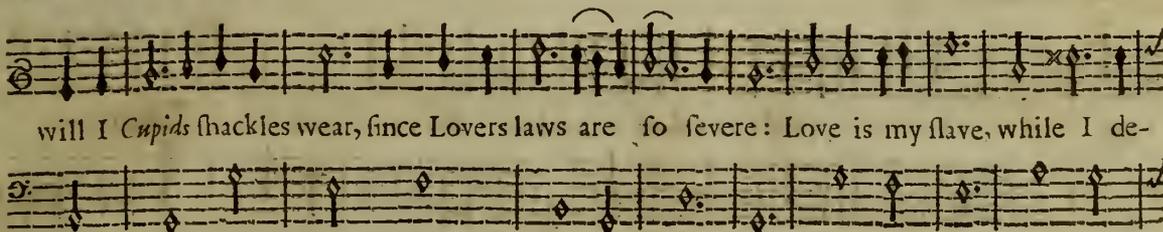
Then *Choridon*, do not despair
For *Daphne*, whom we all know fair ;
Let no proud Beauty on our Plains
Destroy thy youth with her disdain :
But if thou find her scorning thee ,
Think thus , She was not born for mee.



A young Maids Resolution.



Oe young man, let my heart alone, 'twil be a pris'ner unto none ; nor



will I *Cupid's* shackles wear, since Lovers laws are so severe: Love is my slave, while I de-

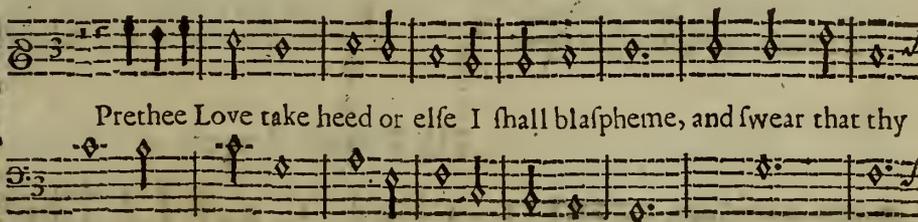


spise ; but once content, hee'l ty-ran-nise.



II.

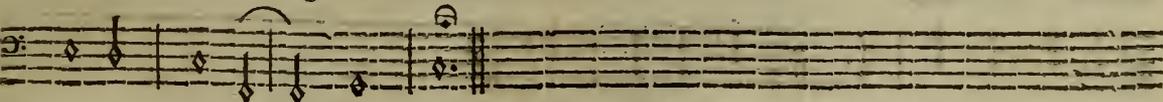
'Tis onely Beauty you admire ,
And that's the object of Desire ,
Which by degrees burns to a flame,
And hence Love first receiv'd its name.
Then young man give me leave to doubt
Since Love's a fire, and fires will out.

Cupid no god.

Prethee Love take heed or else I shall blaspheme, and swear that thy



great deity is nothing but a dream.



II.

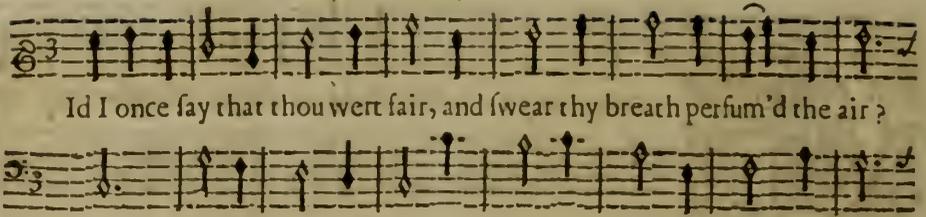
How canst thou be a god
When subtle womens hearts
Are grown so wise
To blind thine eyes
And rob thee of thy darts.

I-III.

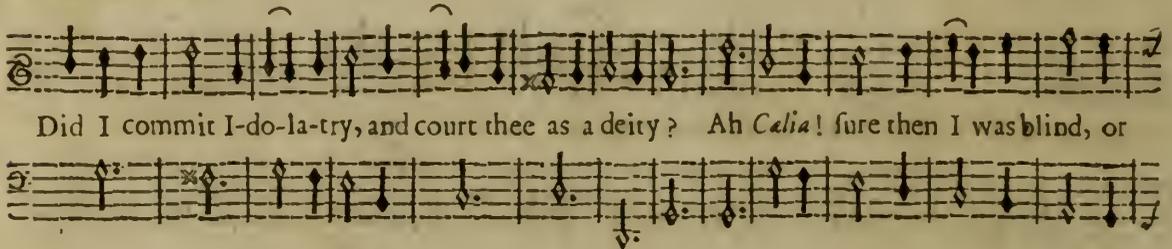
See where a Lady stands
With Qui vers in her Eyes,
And swears that shee
Hath conquer'd thee,
And sold thee for a prize.

IV.

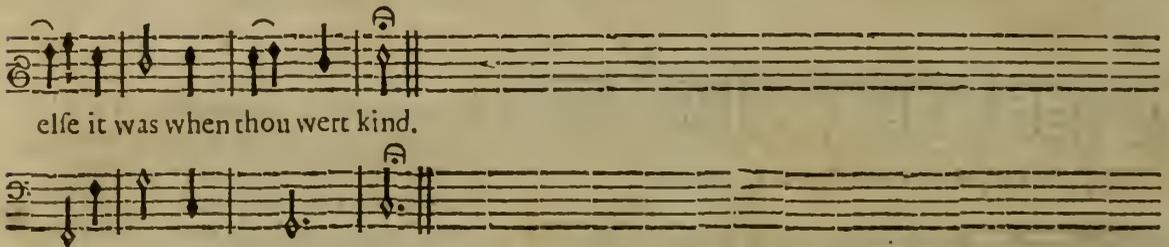
If thou be Womans prize,
Alas, then what are wee
Who borrow light
From thy blind sight,
And know not what we see.

Inconstancy return'd.

Did I once say that thou wert fair, and swear thy breath perfum'd the air ?



Did I commit I-do-la-try, and court thee as a deity ? Ah *Calia*! sure then I was blind, or



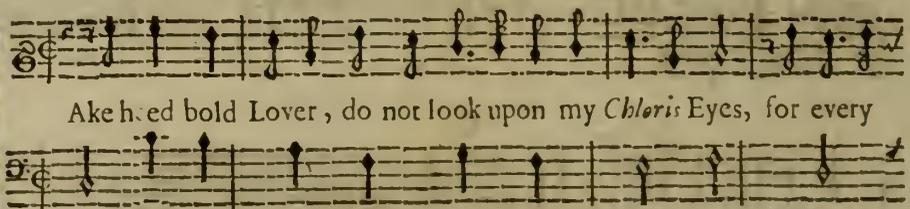
else it was when thou wert kind.

I I.

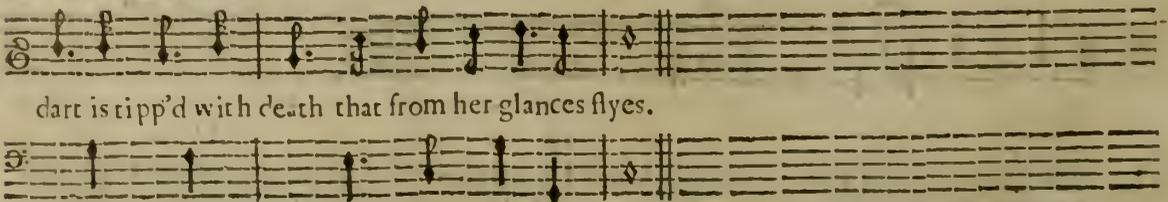
Did I once beg a wanton kiss,
And thought there was no higher bliss ?
Did I all other objects flye
To live i'th sun-shine of thine eye ?
'Tis true I did, but *Calia* then
Return'd as much to me agen.

I II.

Now *Calia's* chang'd and so am' I,
Love feeds upon variety;
My constant thoughts could never find
The pleasures of a Fickle mind;
Till thy example did invire
My appetite to new delight.

His Rivals danger.

Ake heed bold Lover, do not look upon my *Chloris* Eyes, for every



dart is tipp'd with death that from her glances flies.

I I.

Nor do not think to save thy self
From danger, or from harmes,
By any virtue in her smiles,
Or other secret charmes,

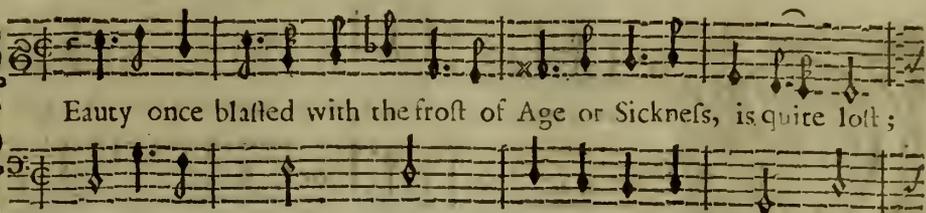
I II.

Love hath commended her to cure
No other heart but mine,
There is no hope that Shee can be
So merciful to thine.

I IV.

For though her Eyes be Murderers,
She hath reserv'd for me,
A Balsam in her Coral lips
That gives Eternitie.

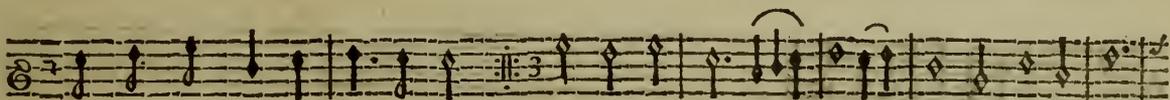
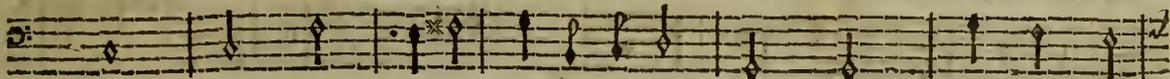
To his Platonick Mistris.



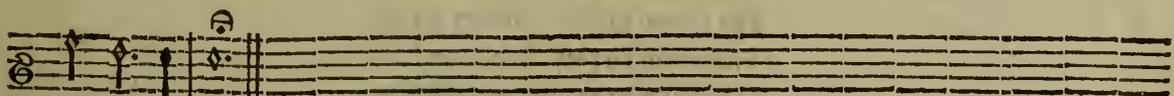
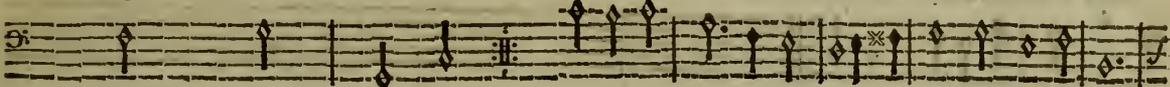
Beauty once blasted with the frost of Age or Sickness, is quite lost;



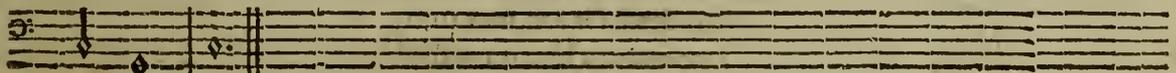
he who loves that, and on it can, dore till he be no longer Man, hath neither Intellect or Eyes



to judge where womans beauty lies : No, let him court your better part, your virtues and

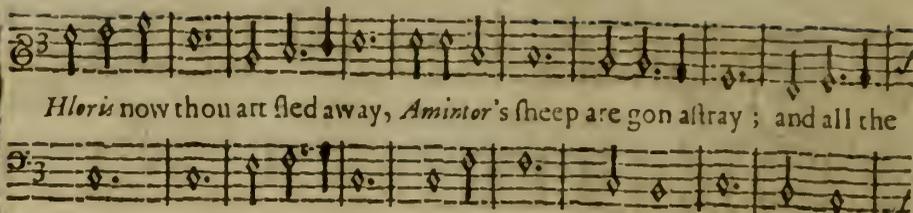


your loyal heart.

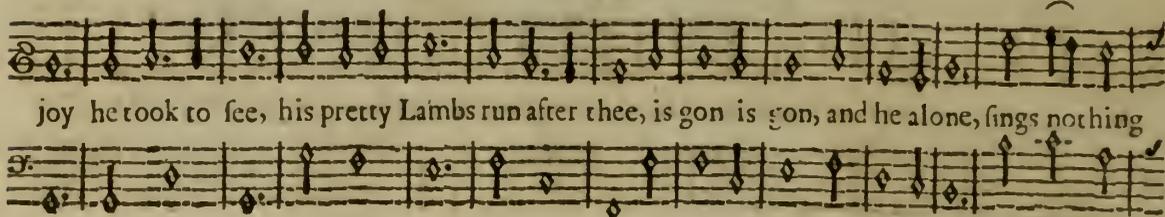


I I. If nought but beauty in you be,
Your Picture seems as fair to me;
He that admires your red and white,
Is Traytor to his own delight;
And with those shadows growes so blind
He never can your sweetnesse find.
Then let me court your better part,
Your vertues, and your loyall heart.

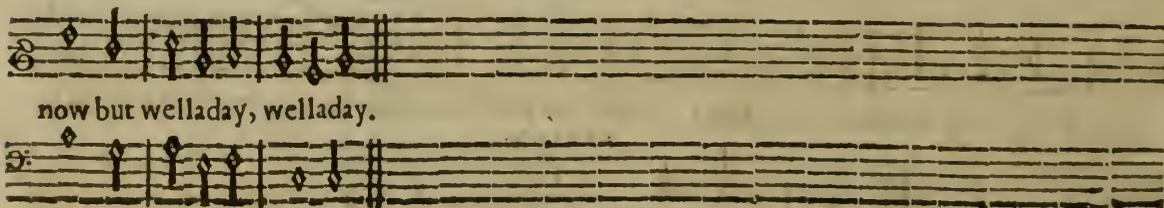
III. Yet do I never hope to see
Goodnesse lodg'd in deformitie;
Though devils oft take shapes divine,
Angels take none but such as thine;
This made me make my choice of thee
The emblem of divinitie;
That I might court your better part,
Your vertues, and your loyal heart.

Amintors welladay.

Chloris now thou art fled away, *Amintors* sheepe are gon astray ; and all the



joy he took to see, his pretty Lambs run after thee, is gon is gon, and he alone, sings nothing



now but welladay, welladay.

II.

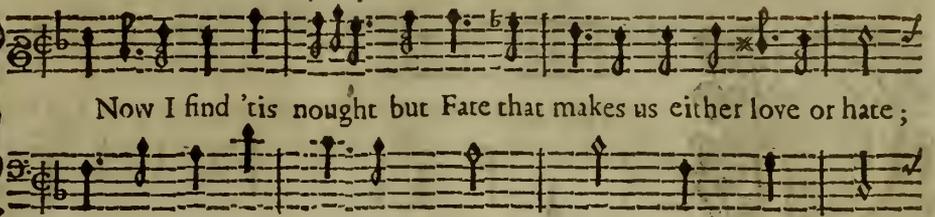
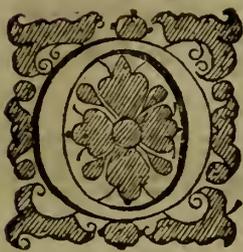
His Oaten pipe that in thy praise
Was wont to play such roundelays,
Is thrown away, and not a swain
Dares pipe, or sing, within his plain;
'Tis death for any now to say
One word to him but welladay.

II.

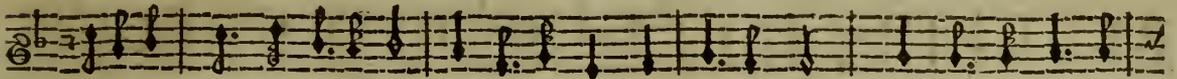
The Maypole where thy little feet
So roundly did in measures meet,
Is broken down, and no content
Comes near *Amintors* since you went
All that I ever heard him say
Was *Chloris*, *Chloris*, welladay.

IV.

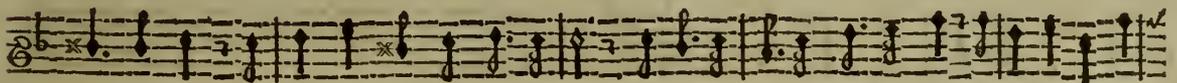
Upon those Banks you us'd to tread
He ever since hath laid his head,
And whisper'd there such pining woe,
As not a blade of gras will grow ;
O *Chloris* ! *Chloris* ! come away,
And hear *Amintors*'s welladay.

Affection for a Lady he never saw.

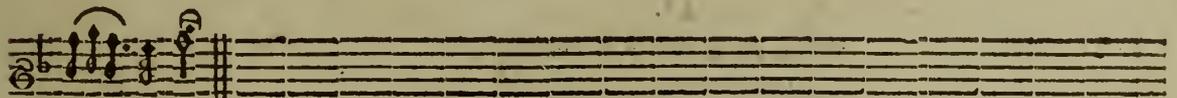
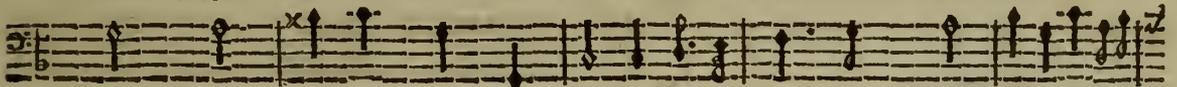
Now I find 'tis nought but Fate that makes us either love or hate ;



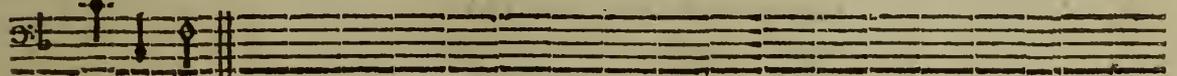
yet I have heard the wiser tell, Love onely doth with Beauty dwell ; and that the Eye the



thief must play, to steal each others heart away. But 'tis not so I find with me, for I love one I



ne're did see.

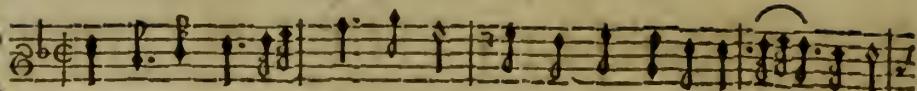


II.

There's a Divinity in Love,
That doth inspire us from above ;
Which needs no tutoring from the eyes,
To make our hearts to Sympathize.
Such Noble and Platonick fires,
Will know no Object for desires :
But Love's the good that dwells with thee,
Although thy self they ne're did see.

III.

Thy soul, not this, or t'other part,
Hath sent her Cupids to my heart ;
And there like little Angels tell,
What hidden vertues in thee dwell,
Prompting my reason to suppose
Thy Shape's Angelicall like those ;
Which I shall pray I ne're may see,
Le st I should more distracted be.

Freedome from Charmes.

O, fair Inchantress! charm no more, but give thy fascina- -tions o're;



since I have found a pow'rful Spel, that doth thy cunning Art excel; for when I think of thy dif-



dain, I'm free from witchcraft, or from pain.



II.

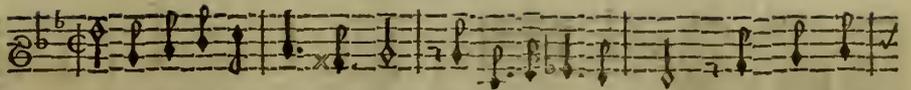
When I was young and unbetray'd,
 All then was Oracle you said;
 So innocent I was of guile,
 I thought love dwelt in every smile:
 But now that cloud of youth is spent,
 I find you'r all but complement.

III.

I'll love no more, I'll learn to hate,
 I'll study to equivocate,
 And all my pleasures now shall be
 To cozen those would cozen me;
 For Loves best musick runs (I find)
 On fickle changes of the mind.



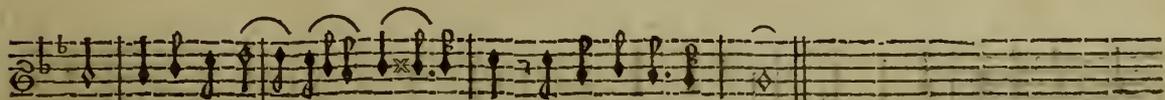
Future Hope.



When shall I see my Captive heart that lies in *Chloris* breast? or, when will



Love again restore those joys I once possessit? Yet, 'tis a blessing I confess, when Fate is thus se-

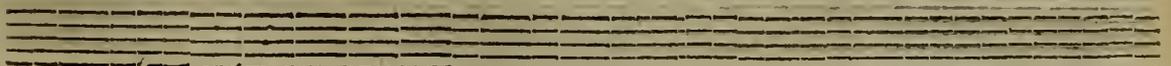
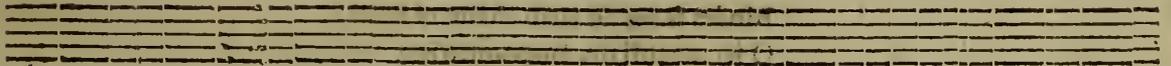


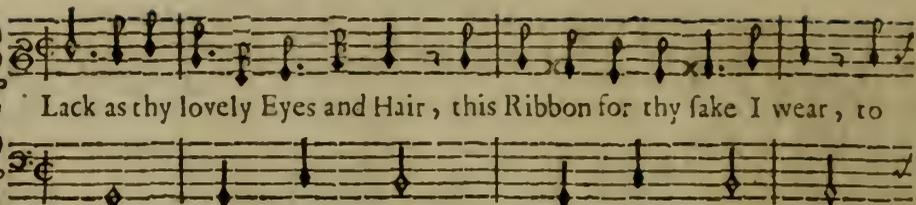
vere, not to be barr'd of future hopes to mitigate our fear.



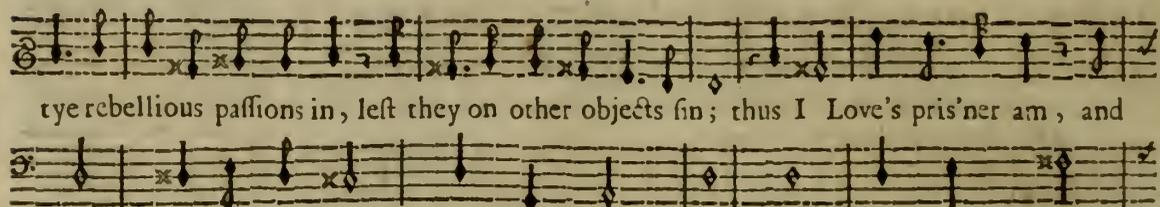
II.

The Tyrant Love would be depos'd,
 And from this Empire thrown,
 Were not his subjects fool'd with hope
 That mercy would be shown.
 Then Captive heart contented lye,
 And banish all despaire,
 Since there is hope that she may be
 As kind as she is faire.

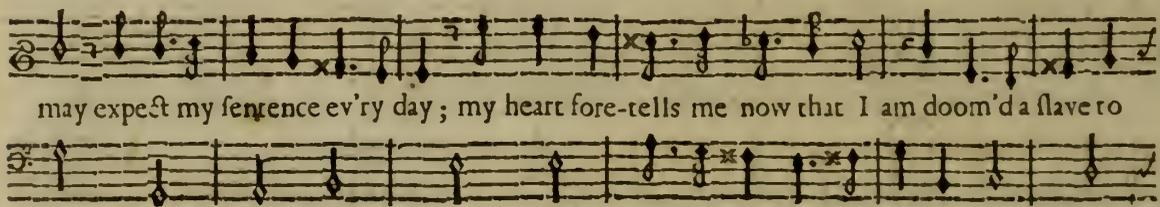


On a Black Ribbon.

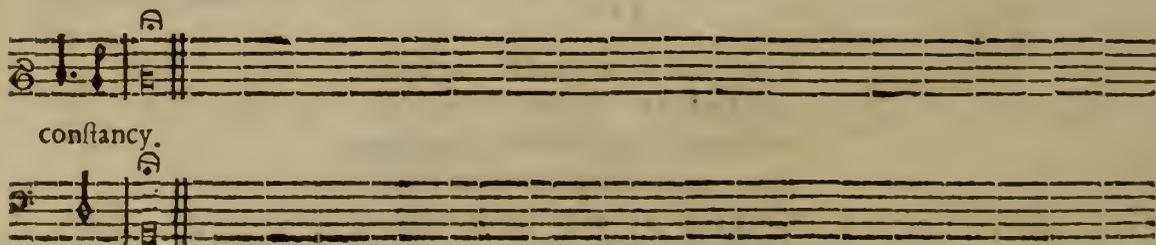
Lack as thy lovely Eyes and Hair, this Ribbon for thy sake I wear, to



rye rebellious passions in, lest they on other objects sin; thus I Love's pris'ner am, and



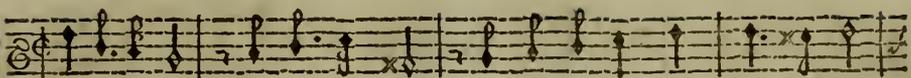
may expect my sentence ev'ry day; my heart fore-tells me now that I am doom'd a slave to



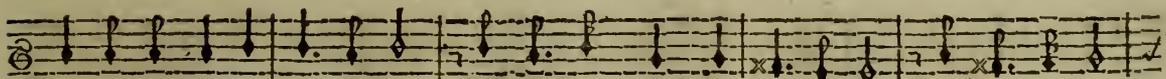
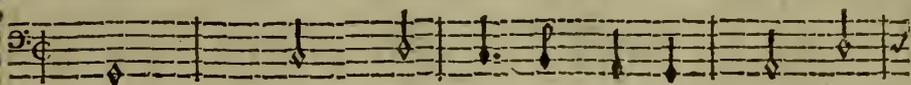
constancy.

II.

How easie 'tis for to confine
 An am'rous and a willing minde!
 Soft Silk from your fair hands I feel
 Binds faster far than chains of Steel:
 O let me still thy Bond-man be!
 I'll never sue for libertie;
 Let others boast that freedome have,
 'Tis my content to be thy slave.

A Resolution to love no more.

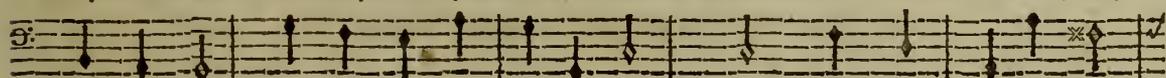
Et me alone, I'll love no more, nor will I that fond God adore;



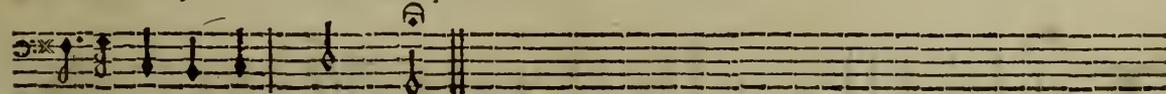
all your perfections cannot move one am'rous thought in me to love: yet I'm not old,



nor yet dis-eas'd, but onely with your Sex displeas'd; not that I e're was scorn'd by any,



. but because you can love too many.



II.

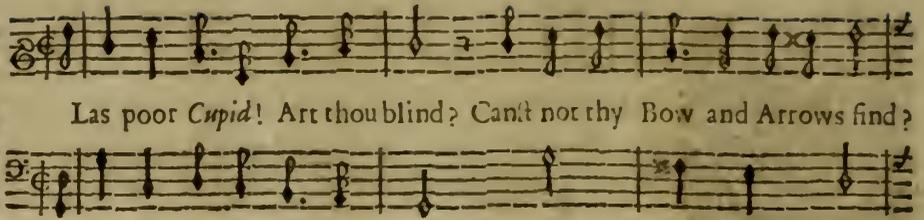
Alas, where lies that great delight
 Men fancy in your red and white?
 The common Lilly and the Rose
 Are far more beautifull then those;
 And many objects in the Skies
 Outshine the lustre of your Eyes,
 Though Poets please sometimes to say
 Your Eyes are brighter than the Day.



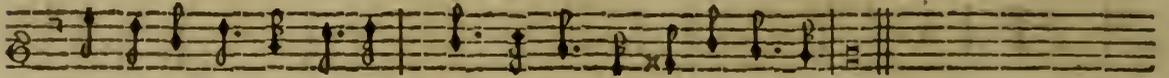
What wonder is there then in thee, when thou hast lost thy constancie?



Cupids Artillery.



Las poor *Cupid*! Art thou blind? Can't not thy Bow and Arrows find?



Thy Mother sure the Wanton plays, and laves 'em up for Holydayes.



II.

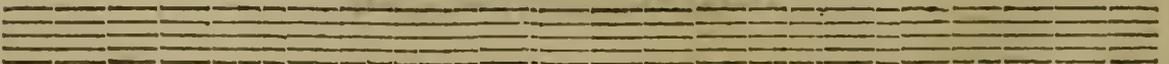
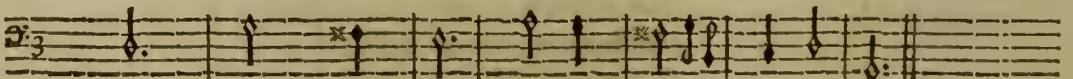
Then *Cupid* mark how kind I'le be,
Because thou once wert so to me;
I'le arm thee with such powerful darts,
Shall make thee once more god of hearts.

III.

My *Chloris* Armes shall be thy bow,
Which none but Love can bend you know;
Her precious Haires shall make the String,
Which of themselves wound every thing.



Then take but Arrows from her Eyes, and all you shoot at surely dyes.



A Lady to a young Courtier.

Ove thee! Good Sooth, Not I; I've somewhat else to doe: A-



las! you must go learn to talk, before you learn to woove: Nay fie, stand off, go too go too.



II.

Because you'r in the fashion,
And newly come to Court;
D'ye think your Clothes are Orators
T'invite us to the Sport?
Ha ha, who will not jeer thee for't!

III.

Ne'r look so sweetly Youth,
Nor fiddle with your Band,
We know you trimme your borrow'd Curles
To shew your pretty Hand;
But 'tis too young for to command.

IV.

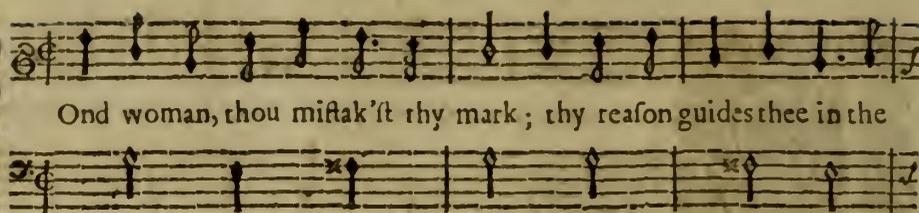
Go practise how to jeer,
And think each word a Jest,
That's the Court wit: Alas! you'r out
To think when finely drest,
You please me or the Ladies best.

V.

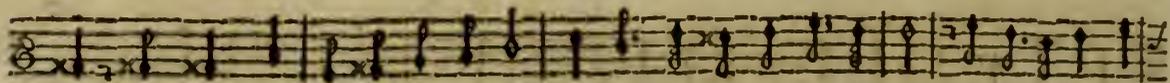
And why so confident!
Because that lately we
Have brought another lofty word
Unto our pedegree?
Your inside seems the worse to me.

VI.

Mark how Sir *Whacham* fools;
I marry there's a Wit
Who cares not what he sayes or swears
So Ladies laugh at it,
Who can deny such blades a lie?

Falsbood discovered.

Ond woman, thou mistak'it thy mark ; thy reason guides thee in the



dark : and though thy *Cupids* cannot see, mine have too many eyes for thee. Alas, I read in



ev'ry smile, the Arts you use when you beguile.



II.

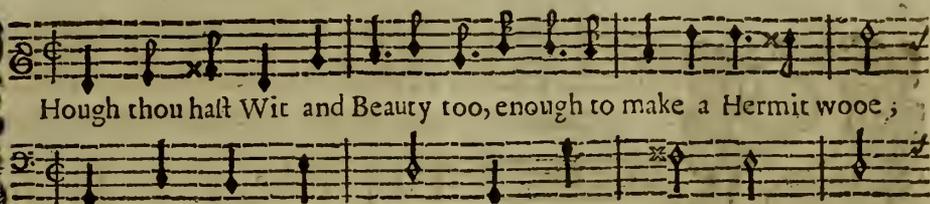
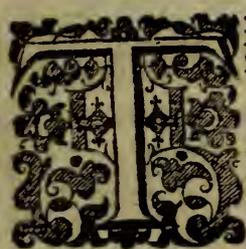
What though you swear to me, you love
 With passions equal to the Dove ;
 And that your flames are blown no higher
 Than to the Sphere of chaste desire?
 Forgive me if I needs must say
 This is the common womans way.

III.

Your Eyes like Suns I know can be
 As warm to any as to me,
 And yet you blush not oft to say
 You love but the Platonick way ;
 Love how you will, and when you please,
 My heart shall sleep and take it's ease.



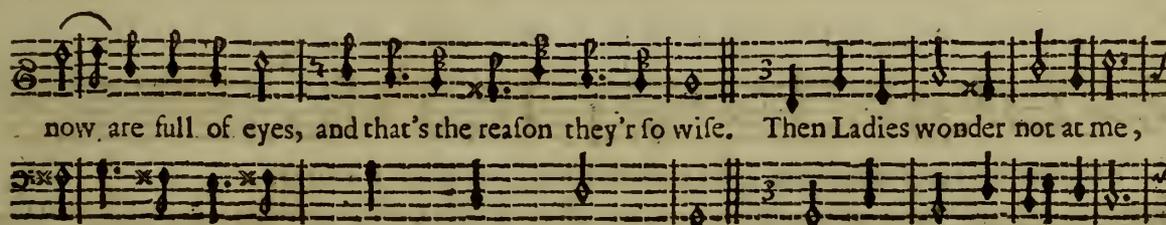
Liberty.



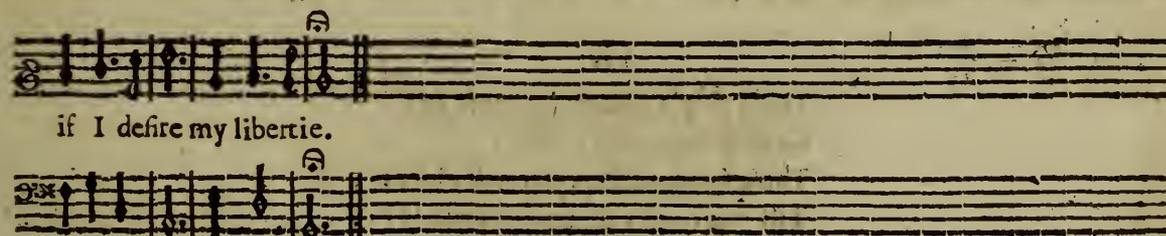
Hough thou hast Wit and Beauty too, enough to make a Hermit wooc ;



and though you swear your heart is mine, yet all this will not make me thine ; my *Cupids*



now are full of eyes, and that's the reason they'r so wise. Then Ladies wonder not at me,



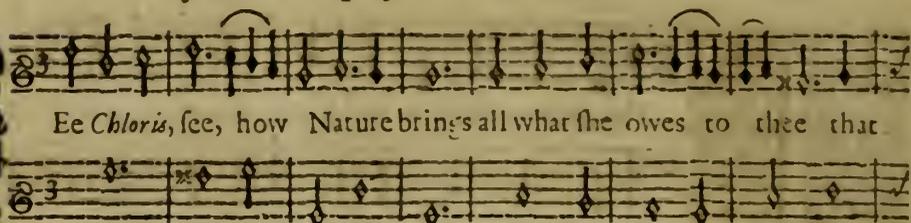
if I desire my libertie.

II.

'Tis time to call my passions in,
 That have so long in darkness bin ;
 For now I see you only play
 To win a heart and so away ;
 She that can number all her store
 Of servants, now is very poor :
 Then Ladies wonder not, &c.

III.

Spring-garden is the Market-place
 Where men are brought up for a face ;
 Some with their hands, some with their eyes,
 Catch any new thing for a prize ;
 That Lady now grows poor and pines,
 Who wants her slaves to dig her mines.
 Then Ladies wonder not, &c.

A Pot of Flowers presented to Chloris.

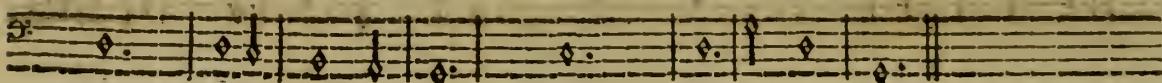
Ee *Chloris*, see, how Nature brings all what she owes to thee that



springs; these Roses from your Cheeks did grow, those Lillies from your Bosomes flow;



this various Tulip from your Eyes, from whence it bears so rich a prize.



II.

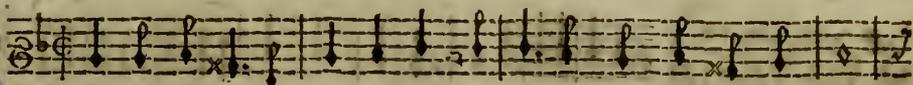
Those purple streams in Azure set,
Gave being to this Violet;
These sprigs of Bayes we ne'r did see
Till you taught Shepherds Poetrie:
And all these flowers of purest red
Sprung up where once your finger bled.

III.

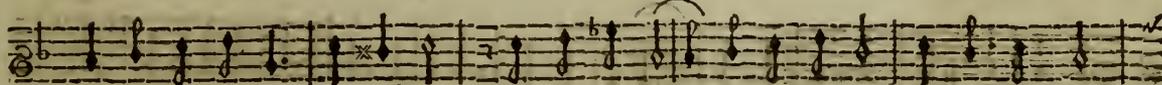
These Pansyes which so low do creep,
Grew up one Night where you did sleep;
So did these Poppyes, and from thence
They have their sleepy influence;
And all their leaves became thus green
In hope by you they should be seen.

IV.

And here I bring them in an Urn
Of water, which themselves did mourn,
Fearing to wyther and grow drye
By too much Sun-shine of your Eye:
For if your Beams the World inflame,
Poor things, they needs must feel the same.

A doubt resolv'd.

Fain would I love but that I fear, I quickly should the willow wear;



Fain would I marry, but men say, when Love is ty'd, he will away: Then tell me Love,



what shall I doe, to cure these Fears when e're I wooe?



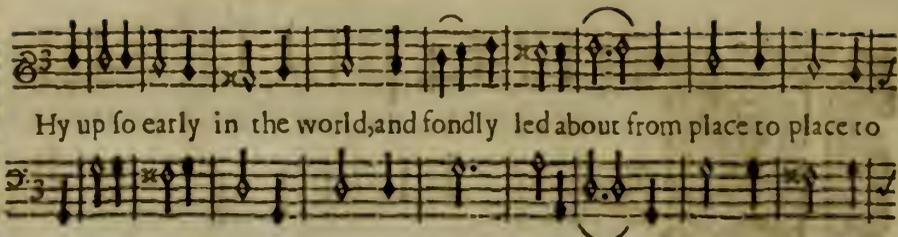
II.

The Fair one she's a mark to all;
 The Brown one each doth Lovely call;
 The Black's a pearl in Fair mens Eyes;
 The rest will stoop to any prize.
 Then tell me love, &c.

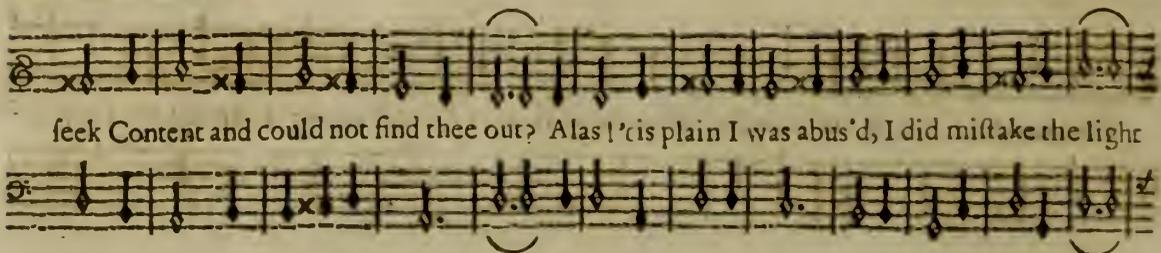
III.

Reply.

Young Lover, know it is not I
 That wound with Fear or ealouge;
 Nor do men ever feel those smarts
 Until they have confin'd their hearts:
 Then if you'l cure your Fears, you shall
 Love neither Fair, Black, Brown, but all.

To the first object of Content.

Hy up so early in the world, and fondly led about from place to place to



seek Content and could not find thee out? Alas! 'tis plain I was abus'd, I did mistake the light



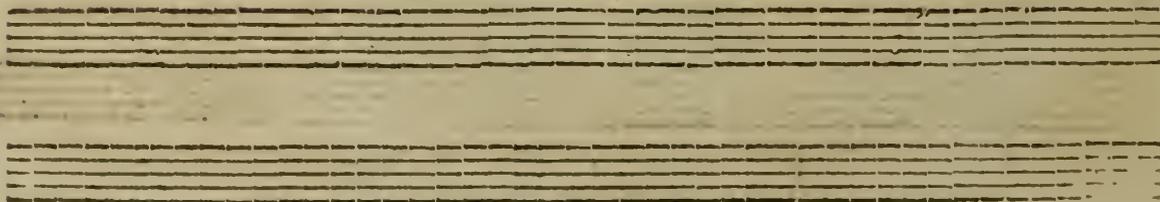
which quickneth ev'ry Lovers eye, and gives a perfect sight.

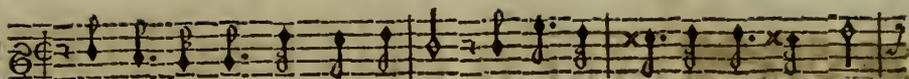
II.

Thou art the only Star that can
Direct us where to find
The way which I so long have sought
To ease a troubled mind;
Each limb of thine's so full of grace
They ravish ev'ry Eye,
And all the Musick that we know
Is from their Harmony.

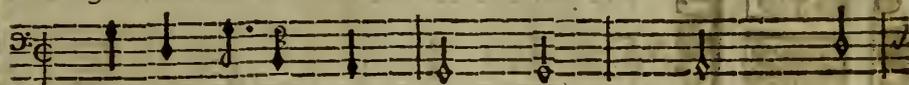
III.

'Tis You alone that do create
The Beauties of the Spring,
Those Shadows which from You reflect
Adorneth ev'ry thing;
Philosophers may govern Fools,
But shall not tutor mee,
For now I find that I was blind
Until I found out thee.



A Recantation.

Orgive me Love, what have I done ! Abus'd the Stars, Eclips'd the Sun ;



and rashly call'd a Wandring light the Star whence true love borrows light: Yet mark the jest,



She thinks that I speak truth, and dote ; Love knows I lie.

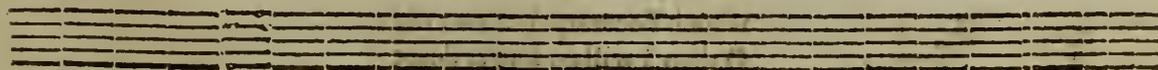


II.

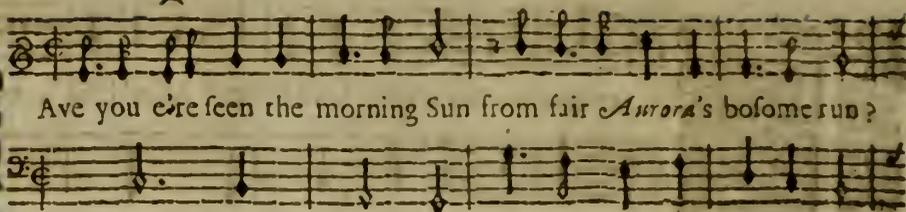
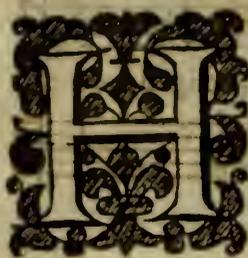
Will you not give men leave to sport?
 Alas, my heart commands a fort,
 Whence all the artillery of your Eyes
 Can make no breach, much lesse a prize:
 How subtle Ladies now are grown !
 Yet caught in Engines of their own.

III.

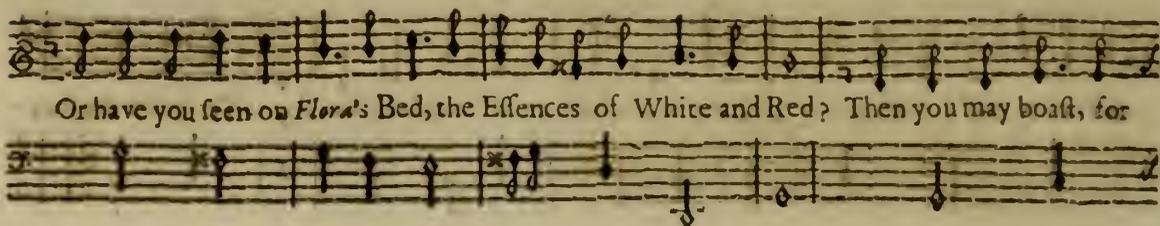
My heart's no Coward, you shall see,
 To yield, because you shot at mee ;
 A man o're come so quickly may
 Be taken pris'ner every day :
 Then Lady boast not of your prize,
 My heart still in his castle lyes.



A description of Chloris.



Ave you e're seen the morning Sun from fair *Aurora's* bosome run?



Or have you seen on *Flora's* Bed, the Essences of White and Red? Then you may boast, for



you have seen my Fairer *Chloris*, Beauties Queen.

II.

Have you e're pleas'd your skilful eares
With the sweet Musick of the Spheres?
Have you e're heard the Syrens sing,
Or *Orpheus* play to Hels black King?
If so, be happy and rejoyce,
For thou hast heard my *Chloris* voyce.

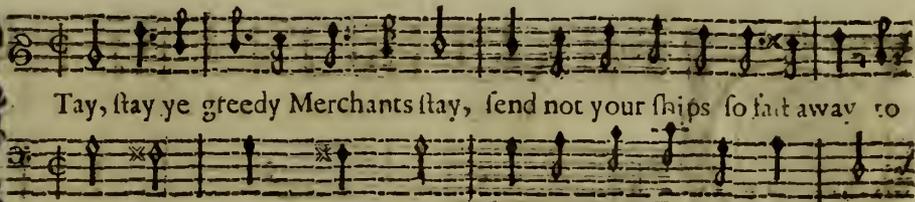
III.

Have you e're smelt what Chymick skill
From Rose or Amber doth distill?
Have you been near that sacrifice
The Phoenix makes before she dies?
Then you can tell (I do presume)
My *Chloris* is the worlds perfume.

IV.

Have you e're tasted what the Bee
Steals from each fragrant Flower or Tree?
Or did you ever taste that meat
Which Poets say the Gods did eat?
O then I will no longer doubt
But you have found my *Chloris* out.

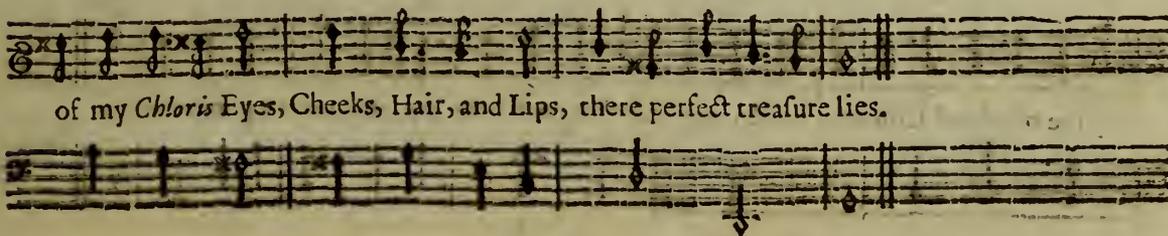
Chloris a constant comfort.



Tay, stay ye greedy Merchants stay, send not your ships so far away to



trade for Jems or precious Ore, for now they'l be esteem'd no more; sayl to the Indies



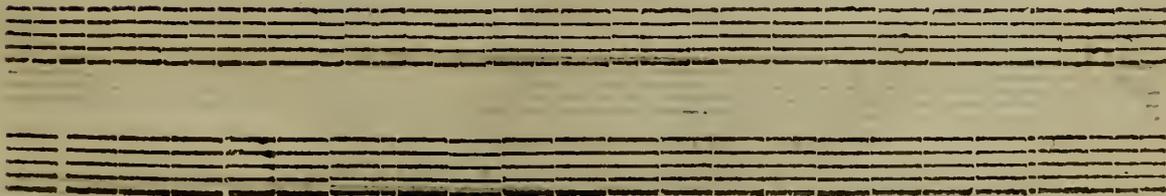
of my *Chloris* Eyes, Cheeks, Hair, and Lips, there perfect treasure lies.

II.

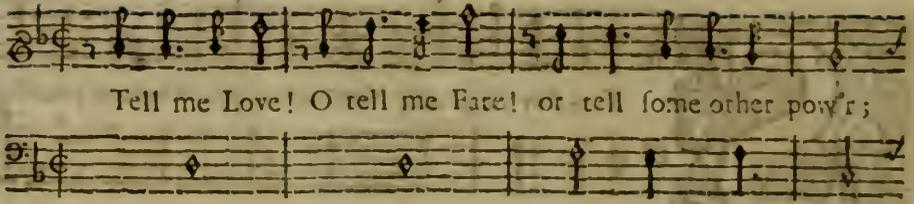
Come here Loves Hereticks that can
 Beleive ther's no true joy for man,
 See what refined pleasure flies
 From ev'ry motion of her eyes;
 Gaze on my *Chloris* freely, then go tell
 To all the world where true Content doth dwell.

III.

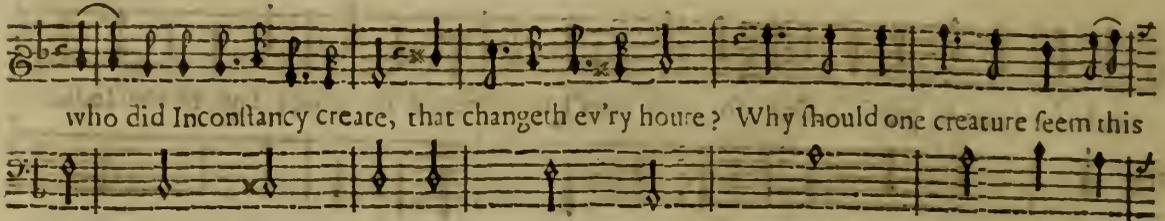
Forgive me Heavens if I adore
 Your Sun, or Moon, or Stars no more;
 Those often are eclips'd, and can
 As soon destroy as cherish man:
 But *Chloris* like a constant comfort shines,
 Not only to our Bodies but our Mindes.



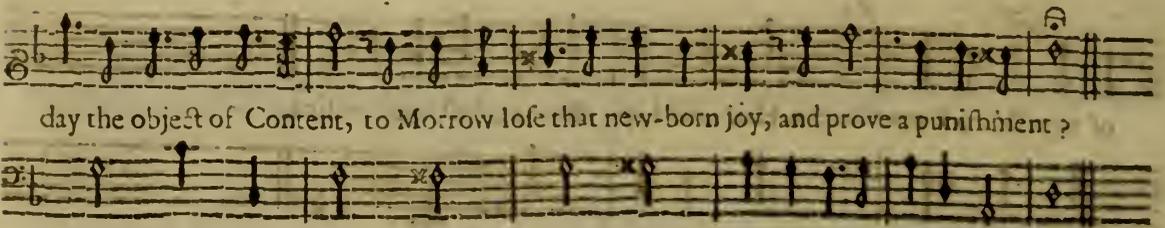
Inconstancy.



Tell me Love! O tell me Fate! or tell some other pow'r;



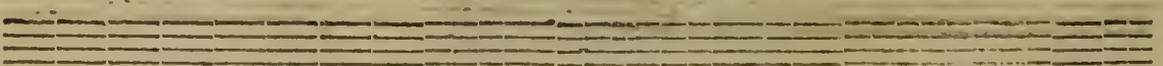
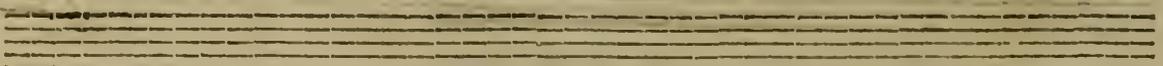
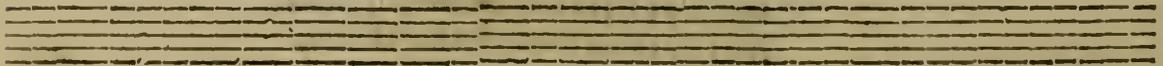
who did Inconstancy create, that changeth ev'ry houre? Why should one creature seem this



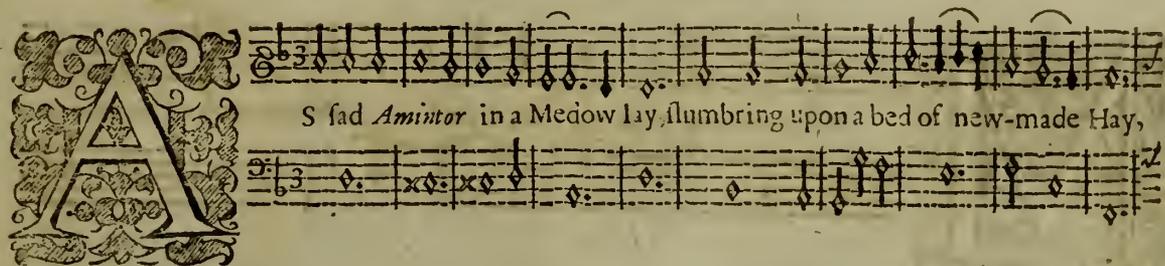
day the object of Content, to Morrow lose that new-born joy, and prove a punishment?

II. II

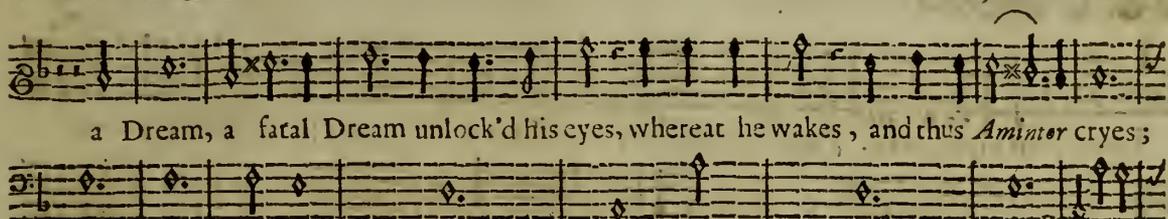
Fair Shapes and gilded Honours raise
 Rebellion in our hearts;
 Then blame not *Cupid* if he shoot
 Such sev'ral sorts of darts:
 Such sullen miseries as these
 Will wait on fickle Love;
 Be thou a Saint it is decreed
 She must inconstant prove.



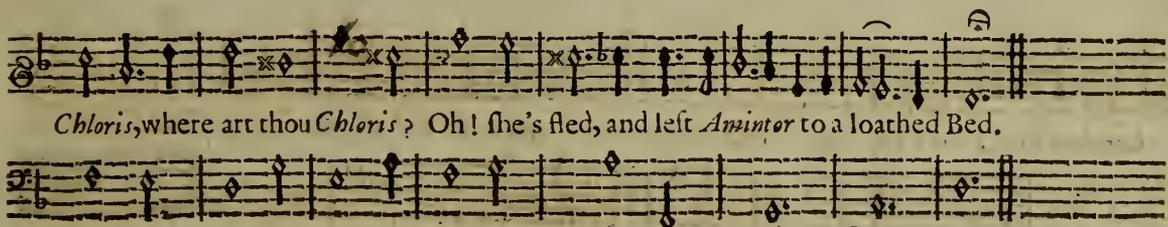
Amintor's Dream.



S sad *Amintor* in a Meadow lay slumbring upon a bed of new-made Hay,



a Dream, a fatal Dream unlock'd his eyes, whereat he wakes, and thus *Amintor* cries;



Chloris, where art thou *Chloris*? Oh! she's fled, and left *Amintor* to a loathed Bed.

II.

Heark how the Winds conspire with storm and rain
To stop her course, and beat her back again:
Heark how the heavens chide her in her way
For robbing poor *Amintor* of his joy:
And yet she comes not. *Chloris*, O! she's fled,
And left *Amintor* to a loathed bed.

III.

Come *Chloris* come, see where *Amintor* lies,
Just as you left him, but with sadder Eyes;
Bring back that heart which thou hast stoln from me,
That Lovers may record thy Constancie:
O no she will not. *Chloris*, O she's fled!
And left *Amintor*, &c.

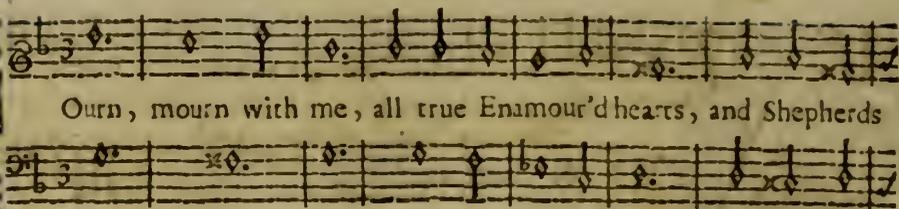
IV.

O lend me (Love) thy wings that I may flye
Into her bosome, take my leave, and dye:
What comfort have I now ith' world since she
That was my world of joy is gone from me,
My Love, my *Chloris*: *Chloris*, O she's fled
And left *Amintor* to, &c.

V.

Awake *Amintor* from this dream; for she
Hath too much goodnesse to be false to thee:
Think on her Oathes, her Vows, her Sighes, her Tears,
And those will quickly satisfie thy fears.
No no, *Amintor*, *Chloris* is not fled,
But will return into thy longing Bed.

Chloris dead, lamented by Amintor.



Mourn, mourn with me, all true Enamour'd hearts, and Shepherds



throw your pipes away: *Cupid* go burn thy Arrows and thy Darts, let Night for e---ver



smother Day: for *Chloris* our bright Sun is dead, and with her all our joys are fled.



II.

Love is with grief congeal'd into a Stone,
And o're my *Chloris* grave she lies;
Where round about the Graces sit and moan,
Neglecting other Deities:

The valleys where her flocks she fed
Are drown'd with tears since she is fled.

III.

Then follow me, where comfort never shin'd;
Down, down into some darker Cell;
There see *Amintor* weep, till he grow blind
And comfortless for ever dwell:

The Gods I fear will soon repent
This universall punishment.

Here Endeth the AYRES for One Voyce
to the *Theorboe-Lute* or *Bass-Viol*.

A Dialogue on a KISSE.

For two Trebles.

Question.
 Mong thy Fancies tell me this, What is the thing we call a Kisse.

Resol.

I shall resolve you what it is: It is a creature born and bred betwixt the lips all cherrg-red, by love and

[Chorus both together.]

warm and warm desires fed; And makes more sweet, and makes more sweet, and makes more

And makes more sweet, and makes more sweet, and makes more

sweet the Bridal bed. It is an active flame that flies first to the Babies of the Eyes, and

sweet the Bridal bed.

charms it there, and charms it there, with lulla lulla-byes, lulla lulla lulla lulla lulla lulla byes.
 and charms it there, and charms it there, with lulla lulla byes, with lulla lulla lulla lulla lulla byes.

Chorus.

And stills the Bride, and stills the Bride, and stills the Bride too when she crye.
 And stills the Bride, and stills the Bride, and stills the Bride too when she cryes.

Chorus

the Check, it frisks, now here, 'tis now far off,
 Then to the Chin, the Ear, it flies now there, and now 'tis near:

Chorus.

'Tis here and there, 'tis here and there, 'tis here and there and ev'ry where.
 'Tis here and there tis here and there tis here and there and ev'ry where.

A Dialogue between a Lover and a Fair Maid

Yes, do you but this, part your joy and lips then speak the kisse:
 Has it a voycing vertue? How speaks it then?

Chorus.

And this Loves sweet, and this Loves sweet, and this Loves sweetest language is.
 And this Loves sweet, and this Loves sweet, and this Loves sweetest language is.

It, and wings, with thousand various colourings, and as it flies it sweetly sweetly sings,
 Has it a Body? and as it flies it sweetly sings,

Chorus.

Love hony yields but never stings! And as it flies it sweetly sings, Love hony yields but never stings.
 Love hony yields but never stings! And as it flies it sweetly sings, Love hony yields but never stings.

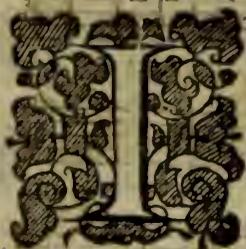
A Dialogue between a LOVER and his FRIEND.

For two Trebles.

Lover.

Friend.

Lover.



Love a Nymph. A lack a day! But dare not say I love her.

Friend.

Lover.

Perhaps she may thy love repay; speak then thy thoughts, and prove her. If I reveal, and she re-

Friend.

ject my love, I'm quite undone. Women when we do least expect, we see are often wonne.

Lover.

Friend.

True, but her state great flocks requires, mine are but poor and small. Peace Fool, love onely

[Chorus for three together.]

love desires, and nothing else at all. They who do love for private gain, may suffer shipwrack, may

They who do love for private gain, may suffer

They who do love for private gain, may suffer shipwrack

2^d suffer shipwrack, may suffer shipwrack in the Main. 2^d suffer shipwrack in the Main, may suffer shipwrack in the Main.

in the Main, may suffer shipwrack in the Main.

A Dialogue. STREPHON — AMARYLLIS.

[For a Bass and Treble.] Stroph.



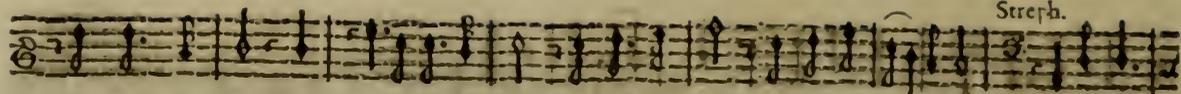
Ome come *Ama-ryl-lis*, I am ty'd by oath, which now I must fulfill;

let Fate my Soul from Earth divide, if *Damon* be not constant still: and the poor Swain,

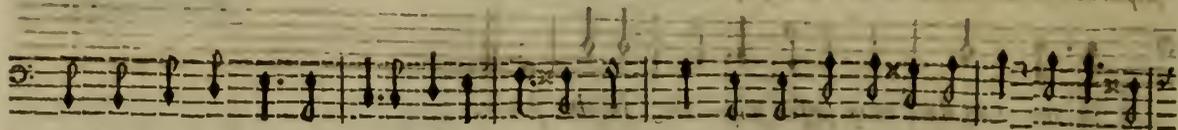
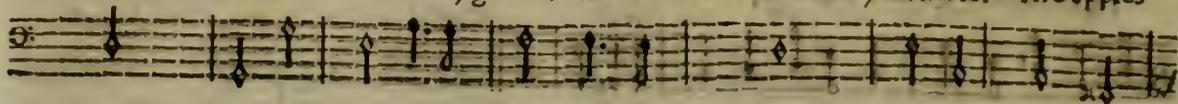
Amar.
sits under yonder tree, with sighs bewailing your seve-ritie. There let him sit sighing his fill,

and take his labour for his hire; or piping go from hill to hill, till Sun-beams his false pipe do fire:

Strep.



It moves not me, this this I onely grieve, I e're did him, and cannot you believe. Are apples



gather'd from a tree, and put into fair *Chloris* hand, symptomes of his Inconstancie? Is this a



breaking of Lovesband? No, no, he ne'r lov'd *Chloris*; heark, heark he cryes, Come *Amaryllis*,



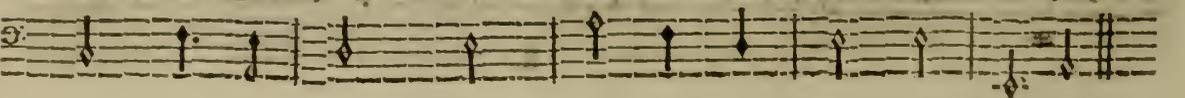
come *Amaryllis*, or your *Damon* dyes. Ah *Strepion*, could I but be sure, that this unfeignedly were



true, and that the tears he sheds were pure, I then could pity, I could pity more than you, and enter-



tain the *Eccho* of his cryes, Come *Damon* come, Come *Damon* come, or *Amaryllis* dyes.



A Dialogue. CLEANDER. FLORAMILLA.

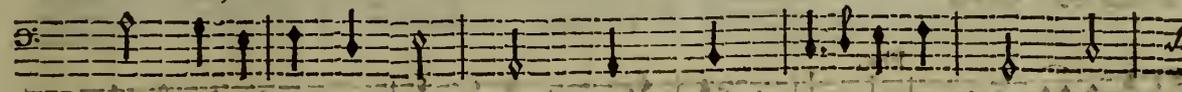
Chorus.



Thus *Amaryllis* to her *Damon* turn'd, whose Life was almost into Cinders burn'd:



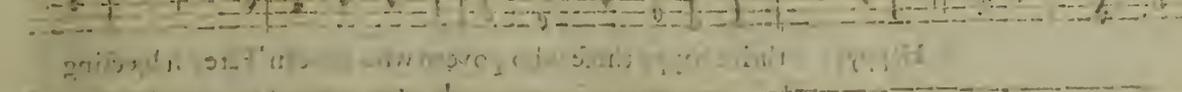
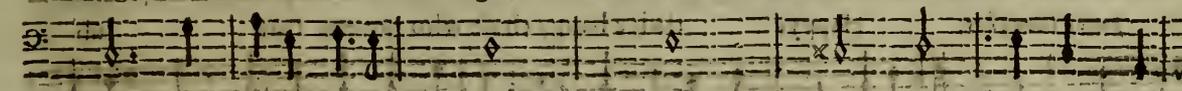
Thus *Amaryllis* to her *Damon* turn'd, whose Life was almost into Cinders burn'd:



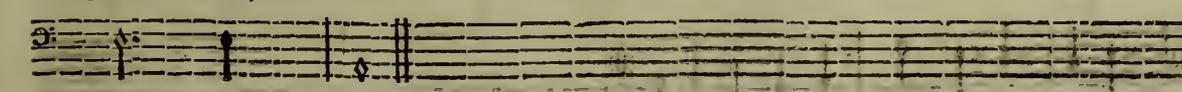
the gods will Lovers crown, though sooner we can kindle love, can kindle love, than



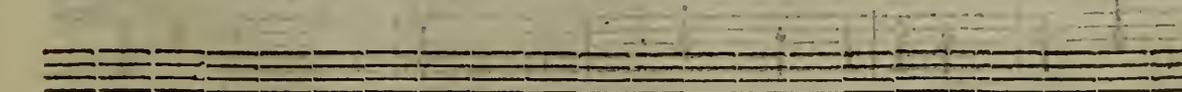
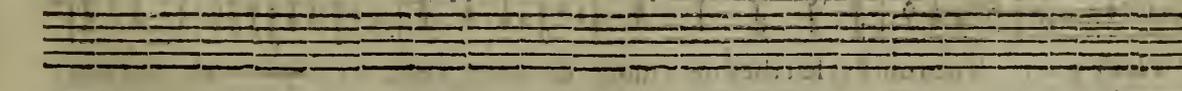
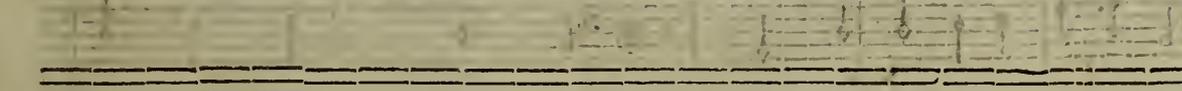
the gods will Lovers crown, though sooner we can kindle love, then quench love



quench loves jea-lou-sie.



jea — lou — sie.



A Dialogue. CLEANDER — FLORAMELL.

[For a Tenor and Treble.] *Clea.*

Flor.

Clea.



Wake, awake, fair Floramell. I doe. But who freed thee from

Flor.

this enchanted spell? 'Twas you, such heav'nly Chymistry you taught, from earth sublim'd my

Chorus both together.

pure thoughts. Happy, thrice happy those who govern Fate, sub-
Happy, thrice happy those who govern who govern Fate, subjecting

subjecting greater Mindes to meaner State. *Clean.*

jecting greater Mindes to meaner State. And how appears Earths glories now?

Flor.

Clean.

Flor.

They'r gone. Then on, fly, lest they once more da---zel thee. I R--- an ardui-

Chorus.

sturb'd my flock, I find, there guide them with a quiet mind. Happy, thrice happy
 Happy, thrice happy those can

those can see and try the worlds fond glories so, and pass them by.
 see can see and try the worlds fond glories glories so, and pass them by.

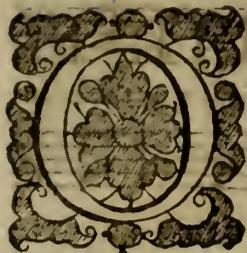
clean. Flor. *clean.*
 But tell me, Canst thou thus retire? I can. But when? Will not those hasty

vows expire? Fond man, 'tis now the Souls affections more Aetherial flames, diviner love.

Chorus.
 Happy thrice happy Soul that ravi'sh'd so, en-joys a second Heaven here below.
 Happy thrice happy Soul that ravi'sh'd that ravi'sh'd so, enjoys a second a second Heaven here below.

Short AYRES for One, Two, or Three VOYCES.

Cantus Primus.



Nce *Venus* Cheeks that sham'd the Morn, her hew let fall; her Lips that

Winter had out-born, in *June* in *June* look'd pale; her Heat grew cold, her Nectar dry,

no Dew she had but in her Eye, the wonted fire and flames to mortifie. When was this so

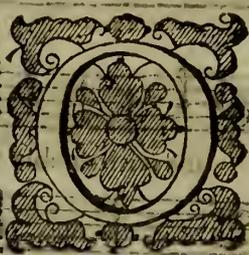
dismal fight? When *Adonis*, *Adonis* bad Good-night.

When was this so dismal sight? When *Adonis Adonis* bad Good-night.

her Nectar dry, no Dew she had but in her Eye, the wonted fire and flames to mortifie.

Winter had out-born, in *June in June* look'd pale; her Heat grew cold,

Nce Venus Checks that sham'd the Morn, her hew let fall; her Lips that



Cantus Secundus.

a 3. Voc.

a 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Nce Venus Checks that sham'd the Morn, her hew let fall; her Lips that

Winter had out-born, in *June in June* look'd pale; her Heat grew cold,

her Nectar dry, no Dew she had but in her Eye, the wonted fire and flames to mortifie.

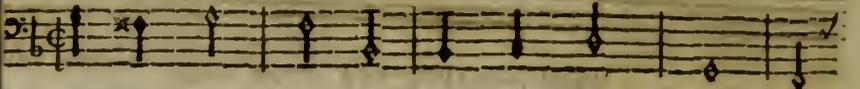
When was this so dismal sight? When *Adonis Adonis* bad Good-night.

A 1. 2. or 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.



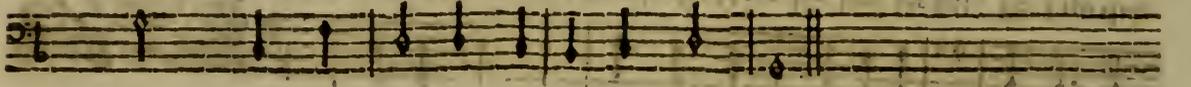
Have prais'd with all my skill each curious limb a-bout thee, so



often, and yet do so still, that now each Swain can flout mee ;



and with nimble taunts can say, Sure this is some Bird of *May*.



Sure this is some Bird of *May*.



Still, that now each Swain can flout mee ; and with nimble taunts taunts can say,



Have prais'd with all my skill each curious limb a-bout thee, so often, and yet do so.



Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Have prais'd with all my skill each curious limb a-bout thee, so often, and yet do so



still, that now each Swain can flout mee ; and with nimble taunts taunts can say,



Sure this is some Bird of *May*.

Al. 2. or 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.



Hen doth Love set forth Desire? In prime of Youth, men say.

And when doth that again retire? When Beauty fades away! Then you in youth in

youth that think on this, taste what the sweets, the sweets of Beauty is.

youth in youth that think on this, taste what the sweets, the sweets of Beauty is.

And when doth that again retire? When Beauty fades away. Then you in
Hen doth Love set forth Desire? In prime of Youth, men say.



Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Hen doth Love set forth Desire? In prime of Youth men, say. And when doth

that again retire? When Beauty fades away! Then you in youth in youth that think on

this, taste what the sweets, the sweets of Beauty is.

M

Cantus primus.



Trust the Form of Ayrie things, or a Syren when she sings: Trust the

flye Hyenna's voyce; or of all, Disstrust make choyce. And believe these sooner then Truth in

Women, Faith in Men.

sooner then Truth in Women, Faith in Men.

flye Hyenna's voyce; or of all, Disstrust make choyce. And believe these

Trust the Form of Ayrie things, or a Syren when she sings: Trust the



Cantus Secundus.

3. Voc.

3. Voc.

Bassus.

Trust the Form of Ayrie things, or the Syren when she sings: Trust the

flye Hyenna's voyce; or of all, Disstrust make choyce. And believe these

sooner then Faith in Women, Truth in Men.

Cantus Primus.

D Eer, throw that Flatt'ring Glafs away, I have two truer for your turn;

these Eyes I mean, wherein you may see how you blaze, and how I burn.

II.

Ah ! could you but as plainly there
 My Faith as your owne Face descry,
 You'd gaze your self no other where,
 And burn (perhaps) as well as I;

Eer, throw that Flatt'ring Glafs away, I have two truer for your turn;

these Eyes I mean, wherein you may see how I blaze, and how you burn.

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

D Eer, throw that Flatt'ring Glafs away, I have two truer for your turn; these

Eyes I mean, wherein you may see how you blaze, and how I burn.

Cantus Primus.



O not delay me, though you have the pow'r ages to stay me, O do't in an

hour. Then do not slight me, O do not reject me! Say not what might be, since thus I affect thee.

II.

No bodies stirring, O none that can hear thee!
Then leave demurring, since I am so near thee.
This is the season each Bird is a building,
You that have reason, O be not unwilling!

might be, since thus I affect thee.

an hour, Then do not slight me, O do not reject me! Say not what

O not delay me though you have the pow'r ages to stay me, O do't in



Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



O not delay me though you have the pow'r ages to stay me, O do't in an hour.

Then do not slight me, O do not reject me. Say not what might be, since thus

I affect thee.

A 1. 2. or 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

I F you can find a heart (Sweet Love) to kill, yet grant me this, to read

my latest Will: May all things smite on you, may nothing cros your wish or will,

who e--ver bears the los.

II.

May Fortunes wheel be ever in your hand,
 That you may never Sue, but still Command;
 And to these blessings, may your Beauty still
 Be fresh, and pow'rfull, both to save, and kill.

May all things smite on you, may nothing cros your wish or will, who ever bears the los.

I F you can find a heart (Sweet Love) to kill, yet grant me this, to read my latest Will:

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A 3. Voc.

Bassus.

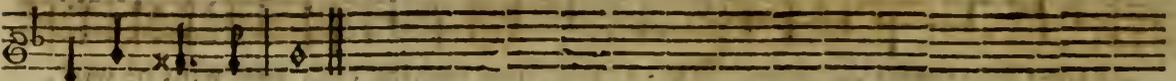
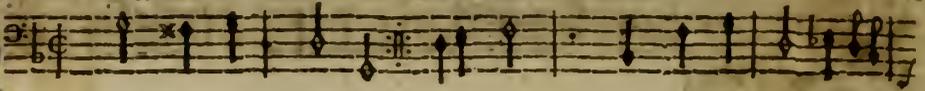
I F you can find a heart (Sweet Love) to kill, yet grant me this, to read my latest Will:

May all things smite on you, may nothing cros your wish or will, who ever bears the los.

Cantus primus.



Ure thou framed wert by Art } for such looks were e-ver made onely
purposely to take my Heart }



for that Catching trade.



II.

All thy Oathes and folded Armes,
Sighing Blasts, bewitching Charms;
Ev'ry Thought thou tend'it that way
Was only lent me to betray.

III.

False (alafs) they are that swear,
All Loves bargains are not dear.
Know then Flatterer that I must
Hear no more than I dare trust.

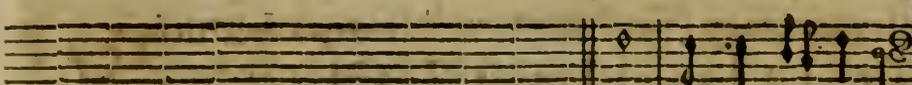
IV.

You may promise, swear, and say,
What perhaps you mean to day;
But e're Morrows Sun be set,
You another Love will get.

V.

Had'st thou left me then untide
Thou had'it never been denide,
And I wish (for Maidens sake)
None e're better bargain make.

for that Catching trade.



Ure thou framed wert by Art } for such looks were ever made onely
purposely to take my Heart }

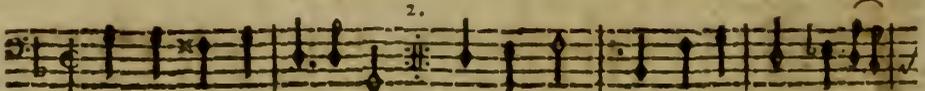


Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ure thou framed wert by Art } for such looks were ever made onely
purposely to take my Heart }



for that Catching trade.

Al. 2. or 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.



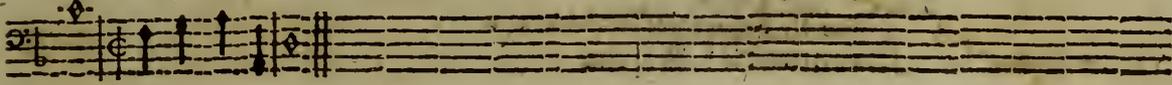
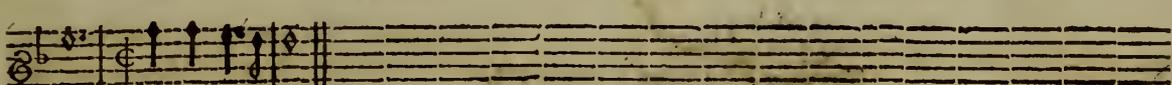
O Phæbus, cleer thy face, collect thy rayes; and from those Stars which



to thee Tribute payes, draw back thy light, and in thy greatest pride view my Love, a Star, a



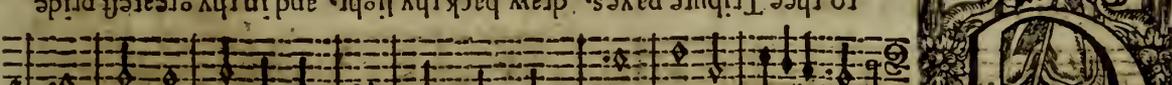
Star not yet deifide.



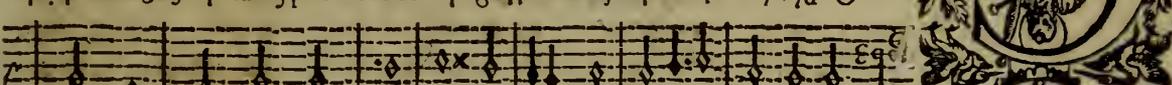
view my Love, a Star, a Star not yet deifide.



to thee Tribute payes, draw back thy light, and in thy greatest pride



O Phæbus, cleer thy face, collect thy rayes; and from those Stars which



Cantus Secundus.

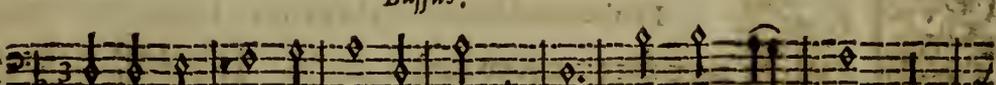
4. 3. Voc.

4. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



O Phæbus, cleer thy face, collect thy rayes; and from those Stars which



to thee Tribare payes, draw back thy light, and in thy greatest pride view my



Love, a Star, a Star not yet deifide.

Cantus primus.



Prethee send me back my heart, since I cannot have thine; for if
 from yours you will not part, why then should you keep mine?

II.

Yet now I think on't, let it lye,
 To send it me were vain,
 For th' hast a thief in either eye
 Will steal it back again.

yours you will not part, why then should you keep mine?

Prethee send me back my heart, since I cannot have thine; for if from



Cantus Secundus.

1. 3. Voc.

1. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Prethee send me back my heart, since I cannot have thine; for if from
 yours you will not part, why then should you keep mine?

FINIS.

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	<i>Though thou hast Wit and Beauty,</i>	19
W.	<i>What wilt thou pine or fall away?</i>	6
	<i>When shall I see my Captive Heart?</i>	13
	<i>Why up so early in the World?</i>	22

Dr. HENRY HUGHES.

A Table of the *DIALOGUES*.

A.	<i>Among the Fancies tell me this,</i>	26	-Mr. Robert Herrick.
	<i>Awake fair Floramell,</i>	36	-Sir. John Mennes Knight.
C.	<i>Come Amaryllis I am ty'd by Oath,</i>	33	-Thomas Porter Esquire.
I.	<i>I love a Nymph,</i>	32	-Mr. Henry Reynolds.

A Table of the short *Ayres* for 1. 2. or 3. *Voyces*.

<i>Dear, throw that flattering glasse away,</i>	43	-Mr. Henry Reynolds.
<i>Do not delay though,</i>	44	-Mr. Henry Harrington.
<i>Go Phæbus clear thy face,</i>	47	-Dr. Henry Hughes.
<i>I have pray'd with all my skill,</i>	40	-Mr. Henry Harrington.
<i>If you can find a heart sweet Love,</i>	45	-Sir. Patrick Abercromy.
<i>I prethee send me back my heart,</i>	48	-Dr. Henry Hughes.
<i>Once Venus Checks,</i>	38	-Dr. William Stroud.
<i>Sure thou framed wert by Art,</i>	46	-Mr. John Grange.
<i>Trust the Forme of Ayre things,</i>	42	-Mr. Henry Harrington.
<i>When doth love set forth desire,</i>	41	-Mr. N. D.

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

Books for Vocal Musick.

1. Mr. Wilby's Madrigals of 3, 4, 5, and 6 Voyces.
2. Orlando Gibon's Madrigals of 5 Voc.
3. Dr. Champian's Ayres for 1, 2, or 3 Voc.
4. Mr. Walter Porter's first set of Ayres and Madrigals for 2, 3, 4, and 5 Voyces, with a Through Bass; for the Organ or Theorbo Lute the Italian way, print. 1639.
5. Mr. Walter Porter's second Set of Psalms or Anthems for two voyces to the Organ or Theorbo Lute: Printed 1657.
6. Mr. William Child (late Organist of his Majesties Chapple at Windsor) his Psalms for three voyces, after the Italian way, to be sung to the Organ, the which are Engraven on Copper plates: Printed 1656.
7. Select Ayres & Dialogues by D. Wilson Dr. Coleman, Mr. Henry Lawes, and others: Printed 1652.
8. Ayres & Dialogues by Mr Henry Lawes,
viz. his $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{First Book fol. printed 1653.} \\ \text{Second Book fol. printed 1655.} \\ \text{Third Book fol. printed 1658.} \end{array} \right.$
9. Mr. John Gamble his book of Ayres and Dialogues, printed 1657.
10. A Book of Catches collected and published by J. Hilton, 1651. and now with large additions by J. P. printed 1658.
11. An Introduction to the Skill of Musick, Vocal & Instrumental, by J. Playford, the second Edition with additions printed 1658.
12. The Art of Descants or composing Musick in parts, written by Dr. Champian, and enlarged by Mr Christopher Sympson, pr. 1655

Books for Instrumental Musick

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

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

Other Books sold at the same place worth Buying.

King Charles his Tryal, with his speech on the Scaffold, to which is added severall other Speeches; viz. E. Straffords, Ep. Canterbury, Dr. Hamilton, E. Holland, Lord Capels, and severall others, in 8.

The Messiah already come, or proofs of Christianity, made good against all unbelieving Jews and Atheists, written in the year 1610. by Dr. Harrison in Barbery when he lived there among the Jews, and now newly reprinted 1657. by the last Edition thereof, printed at Amsterdam, 1636. in 12.

Orxellius His Right Use of Inventions, in Eng. 12. ———— Sir George Sands Paraphrase on the Song of Solomon, 4.