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Orlando Gibbons.

L.E.G.
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ENGLISH
MADRIGALS
IN THE TIME OF
SHAKESPEARE



EDITED WITH AN
INTRODUCTION

BY

F. H.
COX.



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TO MY WIFE
AND
TO MY COLLEAGUES
OF THE
"AMPHION GLEE-MEN"

CHARLES RAY
R. E. STRICKLAND
FREDERIC HABBIJAM

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“Airs and Madrigals that whisper softness in
chambers.”

JOHN MILTON,
Areopagitica

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PREFACE

IT was Mr A. H. Bullen's to discover to the world the wealth of melody and fancy hid away in Elizabethan and Jacobean song-books. Where he harvested I have but gleaned. Yet I shall leave the numbers hereafter set forth to speak for themselves, and be content to note—what, for the rest, is plain—that there is no set madrigal form in verse. Drummond's so-called "Madrigals," for instance, are simply brief irregular odes; but their nomenclature is merely arbitrary, inasmuch as nothing is a madrigal unless the musician will it so, while anything is a madrigal provided the musician so will it.

The fashion of one hour is the mockery of the next; so with the madrigal. Its popularity in Elizabeth's reign became neglect a generation later; and it languished for a century or so, till at last it was utterly forgotten for the glee and modern part-music. One reason for this may be found in the favour shown by the Stuarts to other forms of musical composition: as the masque, which became an entertainment almost wholly royal, being elaborate and exceeding costly, and to a

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decadent drama. Followed a time of militant and victorious puritanism, which was also an epoch of simple psalmody, with no place in it for the amorous and delightful words to which the masters of the madrigal had wrought. Now, the singing of part-music is at no time easy. To read a part at sight and to support that part against others you need a good knowledge of music; and when the teaching of music suffers a serious interference at the hand of church or state, its practice soon becomes a lost accomplishment.

More: our madrigals were unfortunate in the very manner of their issue from the press. As a rule they were sent forth in separate books—one for each voice; so that a collection for three voices, viz.—Cantus, Tenor and Bassus,—would be in three several parts, to the end that each several singer got his own. Another mode of publication was to print on two pages in such a way that the book, which was generally a folio, might be set open in the centre of the table: so that the singers, who sat opposite each other, might read their parts with convenience and economy. The disadvantages arising from these and other methods of printing contributed in no small degree to the neglect of madrigal music, and so in course of time to the scarcity of the books in which it was contained, till, in the end, from being a necessary part of the furniture in the well ordered household, they fell to the collector's part, and so passed out of life and art.

The madrigal was lovingly cultivated and

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developed by the ecclesiastical musicians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Says Thomas Morley, writing in 1597:—"As for the Musicke, it is next unto the Motet, the most artificiall and to men of understanding the most delightfull. If therefore you will compose in this kind you must possesse your selfe with an amorus humor (for in no cōposition shall you proūe admirable except you put on, and possesse your selfe wholly with that vaine wherein you compose) so that you must in your music be waūering like the wind, sometime wanton, sometime drooping, sometime graūe and staide, otherwhile effeminat, you may maintaine points and reuert them, use triplaes, and shew the uttermost of your varietie, and the more varietie you shew the better shall you please." To say that Morley's ideal is that of all his brethren, and that its attainment was easy to them, should be enough.

The appearance of the collection in its present form is due to advice and help freely extended to me by Mr W. E. Henley. To the labours of the late Dr Rimbault, the late Thomas Oliphant, Mr W. J. Linton, Mr Edward Arber, all lovers of the madrigal owe much; and for special kindness I am indebted to Mr Barclay Squire of the British Museum.

FREDERICK A. COX.

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INTRODUCTION

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CHAPTER I

THE madrigal may be defined as a piece of secular vocal unaccompanied part-music. It is frequently set to words containing some little sentiment of worldly wisdom. The true form should consist of a series of conversational phrases, or of passages in imitation, one part answering another, and interwoven so as to form harmony. The whole should constitute one movement.

Madrigals were composed for two, three, four, five and six voices, and published in separate books for each voice, which explains a present difficulty in obtaining many of these madrigals complete.

Polyphony, *i.e.* many melodies, is a characteristic of the madrigal, a form of composition which practically ceased about the year 1812. Modern composers follow the monodic style, *i.e.* one melody only, usually given to the leading voice.

Madrigals were written for a musically educated people, entirely unaccompanied, and the art of rendering a number of melodies in harmony was thoroughly understood and ex-

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pounded in the time of Elizabeth. Madrigals were performed without the help of any instrument, either as an assistance or to hide defects; a true explanation of the decline of madrigal singing is to be found in the fact that the people ceased to cultivate the practice of singing at sight, consequently they lost at the same time the power of maintaining a part against other voices, and this reason still remains a potent factor against a revival of madrigal singing at the present time.

The year 1500 may fairly be fixed as the date when madrigal writing first commenced in Italy. These madrigals found their way into the other countries of Europe, and the influence of them upon English musicians soon became manifest.

Early in the sixteenth century, pieces called songs were composed in this country with undoubted tendencies towards the madrigalian form. It is true that the madrigal in its true form had not at this early period found its way here; but those who study the composition of Richard Edwards, entitled "In going to my naked bed," which appeared in 1560, cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance it bears to the productions of the end of the century, when the term and classical form had come from Italy and Flanders.

A collection of secular and sacred pieces, designed for social recreation, was published in the year 1530, by Wynkyn de Worde, containing compositions of Cornish, Ashwell, Taverner, Redford, Pygot, Fairfax, Gwynneth,

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Jones and Dr Cowper; Dr Rimbault in 1847 passed the severe criticism upon this work that the music and words were truly barbarous.

An early composer of part-music, Robert Fairfax, is said to have lived during the last decade of the fifteenth century. A composition of his entitled "That was my woe is now my most gladness," was considered by Dr Burney to have been written on the accession of Henry VII. to the throne of England, after the battle of Bosworth Field. If this supposition be correct, a later date than 1470 cannot be assigned for his birth. About the year 1500 he was appointed organist of the Abbey of St Albans, which possessed an organ, considered the finest then in England, given to it in 1438, by Abbot John Whethamstede. In 1502, Fairfax, who lies buried in the abbey, received £1 for setting an anthem of Our Lady and Saint Elizabeth.

Another early musician was one John Redford, poet and dramatist, who was organist and almoner of St Paul's Cathedral in the reign of Henry VIII. Tusser, the poet, a pupil of Redford and author of "A hundreth good pointes of Husbandrie," 1557, in his autobiographical poem, thus mentions Redford as master of the children of St Paul's about 1535:—

"But mark the chance, myself to 'vance,
By friendship's lot to Paules I got,
So found I grace a certain space
Still to remain,

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With Redford there, the like nowhere,
For cunning such, and virtue much
By whom some part of musicke art
So did I gain."

The introduction of the Italian madrigal in its true form into England in the year 1588 may safely be ascribed to a merchant, Nicholas Yonge, hereafter referred to.

Since its introduction various suggestions as to its origin and derivation have been offered ; it still remains an open question whether, in the land of its birth, the word originally signified religious poems, addressed to the Virgin ; poems of love and gallantry ; or morning and evening songs, with which the lover sang his aubades or serenades under the window of his mistress. In Spain, in Old Castile, there is a town called "Madrigal." Many years ago another town of the same name existed in South America.

So great was the favour with which the madrigal was received in England that it at once took root and flourished with astonishing rapidity. Every one of the native composers wrote madrigals, upwards of ninety-two collections were published between the years 1588 and 1638, convincing evidence in itself as to the influence it had over the musician and performer alike.

These facts have likewise an interest as shewing the readiness of the English as a nation to accept what was best in the arts from whatever source. While the Netherlands were producing little in respect to music (which even the general enthusiasm concerning the madrigal

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could not revive, doubtless because decay had already commenced to set in), our own countrymen were eager, with that awakened life and energy which pervaded the age of Elizabeth, to venture into every unexplored region, with the success which was stamped upon all their endeavours. The results of their labours are our inheritance to this day. Erasmus, in his "Moræ Encomium," concerning music of the time of Henry VIII., says: "The English could lay claim to be the best looking, most musical, and to the best tables of any people."

Englishmen have no reason to be dissatisfied with the labours of the native composers resulting from a friendly rivalry to the Italian and Flemish Masters. John Wilbye in particular in his works is said to have equalled if not excelled the greatest madrigal composers on the Continent.

The English musicians caught the true madrigal spirit, and although the tide of popular favour was ebbing after the accession of the first of the Stuarts, there was no perceptible falling from the standard of perfection in the compositions of John Ward or Orlando Gibbons (the English Palestrina), two of the very latest of the madrigal writers. Like the fabled swan which appeared to sing most sweetly when death approached, so with the madrigal.

The suggestion has been made that Adrien Willaert, who was born at Bruges in 1490, may have invented the madrigal, at any rate he was mainly responsible for its artistic form.

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To his compositions as well as to those of his successors is mainly due the impetus given to English music. The Italian, French, and Flemish schools produced a vast number, probably to be estimated at several hundreds, many of which found their way to England, brought hither by merchants and others who travelled for merchandise.

It was generally believed at this time that English poetry would not readily lend itself to the madrigalian form of composition. Jusserand * wrote:—"Long after an English nation, rich in every sort of glory, had come into being, writers are to be found hesitating to use the national idiom."

A desire, however, soon arose to have pieces to which English words could be sung, this was met by one or two leading spirits who caused certain Italian madrigals to be translated, and these were published in 1588, with Nicholas Yonge as Editor.

Nicholas Yonge published in 1588 a collection of Italian madrigals under the title "Musica Transalpina." This was the first work in England in which the word "Madrigal" was used. In the epistle dedicatory Yonge thus wrote: "Since I first began to keep house in this city, it has been no small comfort unto me, that a great number of gentlemen and merchants of good account (as well of this realm as of foreign nations) have taken in good part such entertainment of pleasure as my poor ability was able to

* "The English Novel in the time of Shakespeare."

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afford them, both by the exercise of music daily used in my house, and by furnishing them with books of that kind yearly sent me out of Italy and other places ; which, being for the most part Italian songs, are for sweetness of air very well liked of all, but most in account with them that understand that language.”*

Included in this collection were two madrigals by William Byrd (the remainder were all by Italians), who may thus presumably lay claim to the honour of being the first Englishman to compose and publish madrigals.

The success of several publications between 1588 and 1590, excited, as it was very natural to expect it would do, an emulation in the English musicians to compose original madrigals in their own language, which were so well received, that from henceforth those of the Italians appear to have been neglected.

The influence wielded by musicians, through their compositions, has been such as frequently to obliterate the element of nationality. There are cases on record where several birthplaces have been assigned to the same individual, arising from claims made for this or that musician by the inhabitants of the different countries in which they might have made a temporary or permanent residence.

Absence of correct details as to dates of birth and death prevails in the cases of a large majority of the composers and musicians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

* “Musica Tranalpina”: Madrigals translated of four, five and six parts. N. Yonge, 1588.

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Positions of importance at the Courts of Europe, as well as in the palaces of the nobles in foreign countries were very frequently offered to and accepted by the English musicians during this period.

CHAPTER II

THE introduction of the madrigal in English society tended to give music a fresh impulse as well as a new character; it disclosed the possibilities, up to this time unknown in England, of the art of music to add to the social and intellectual enjoyment of mankind, and to claim an attention to a practice of the art by those who were best able to judge of its merits, and at the same time best qualified by their learned attainments to take part in the performance of the gems imported into this country.

Of vocal music the madrigal appears to have been most in practice of any kind at this time, as well in England as in other countries.

We learn the growing love for madrigal singing, and the patronage which the English musicians of that time received from their Queen from the dedication to the "First Set"* of William Byrd, 1588.—"Having observed that since the publishing of my last labours in music, divers persons of honour and worship

* "Psalms, Sonnets and Songs of Sadness and Piety," by W. Byrd, 1588.

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have more esteemed and delighted in the exercise of the art than before, it has greatly encouraged me to take further pains to gratify their courteous dispositions thereunto." In the address to the reader in the same set, Byrd writes, that "since his last impression of music, the exercise and love of that art hath exceedingly increased."

That madrigal singing was a favourite amusement of the time is a fact resting upon undoubted evidence and confirmed by the large supply of materials adapted to gratify the growing taste for this form of music. Without going beyond such as have come within our own reach, some idea may be formed of its extent from the necessarily imperfect list in Appendix II. Excluding a large number of inferior compositions, there are extant at least a thousand English madrigals by composers of name and note. This fact in itself shows clearly the state and general cultivation of musical knowledge at this period, while all the evidence available points to the same conclusion.

A foreign resident in England, by the name of Galliard, has left the following account of English music in the time of Shakespeare, he wrote: "Madrigals were much in use in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in which compositions the English of that time have left proof of their ability even to vie with the best Italian composers. Nobody could then pretend to a liberal education, who had not made such a progress in music as to be able

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to sing his part at sight, and it was usual when ladies and gentlemen met, for madrigal books to be laid before them; and everyone to sing their part. I believe everyone is sensible of the difficulty there would be at present of finding among the lovers of music a sufficient number qualified for such a performance. But since the glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth, music (for which, as well as her sister arts, England was then renowned all the world over) has been so much neglected, as much by the little encouragement it has received from the great as by reason of the civil wars, that at length this art was entirely lost."

The singing of the part songs which soon became one of the chief social recreations of the period continued to charm all lovers of vocal harmony for many years. Such madrigals, for instance, as those by John Wilbye, must have been known to his near neighbour Sir Thomas Gresham, and doubtless Wilbye was a welcome and not infrequent guest at the mansion in Broad Street. Accepting the evidence from contemporary authority for the fact that madrigal singing formed the customary entertainment after dinner in all polished circles, it requires but a small demand on our belief to imagine that the madrigals of Wilbye, Byrd, and the other English composers were not seldom heard within the walls of Gresham's house, and that in the performance of them, Gresham himself was accustomed to join.

Dr W. A. Barrett suggested that Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Sir Walter Raleigh, and

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many others who contributed to the madrigal poetry of the period, were frequent listeners as well as performers at Wilbye's house in Austin Friars.

The father of John Milton the poet was himself a madrigal composer.

The custom prevailed throughout the reign of Elizabeth and extended into that of James I. Many names familiar to all readers were able to take their share in this universal custom of madrigal singing.

Slowly but effectively a cloud gathered over the fair prospect of native music, which appeared soon after the accession of the Stuarts. The influence of the madrigal, as also its place amongst the social enjoyments of the people, were soon to be numbered as things belonging to the past golden age of Elizabeth.

There are perhaps more reasons for the decay of the madrigal than the one regarding the want of favour shown towards the composers on the part of James I. The madrigal could only be performed by a number of voices; the song, with the instrumental accompaniment, on the other hand, by one voice. Again, the perfection of the lute, the viol, the virginal and other instruments, introduced entirely new features into music.

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CHAPTER III

THE madrigal collections of the time of Shakespeare contain many choice specimens of lyrical poetry. At the same time it must be conceded that a large number of the Elizabethan madrigals were set to words too frequently characterised by mediocrity. A writer in the early part of this century remarked, that the madrigal was a species of vocal harmony very elegant in its structure, and adapted to such poetry as was fit to be sung or uttered in the hearing of the most polite and well-bred persons. Such collections of lyrical poetry as "The Paradise of Dainty Devices, 1576," "England's Helicon, 1600," "The Golden Garland of Princely Delights, 1620," amongst others, various editions of which appeared in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, contained lyrics set in the madrigal form by some of the best composers of this period. Although discussion during the last two hundred years has left the derivation of the word madrigal still doubtful, it is certain that the character of the poetry is distinctly pastoral. The prevailing belief that English poetry was too harsh and unyielding to be readily coupled with the pleasant note was noticed in a former chapter: the experiment once made, this prejudice to the use of native verse was soon disposed of. "The First Book of Songs or Airs, of four parts," issued by John Dowland in 1597, contains "My thoughts are

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wingèd with hopes": the initials W. S. being appended to it in a MS. of the time preserved in the Hamburg City Library. Three madrigals by Thomas Weelkes, "My flocks feed not," etc., are with but little authority ascribed to Shakespeare; they are contained in "The Passionate Pilgrim," a collection of poetry, as Mr Palgrave * says, "published by a speculative bookmaker in 1599; a few of the pieces may with certainty be said to be by Shakespeare; a very few of which are dubious; and several either demonstrably not his, or bearing internal signs of other authorship:" "Sigh no more, Ladies," was set by Thomas Ford.

In many instances the poetry appeared for the first time in the various musical collections which appeared during this period.

The madrigals of Byrd, Dowland, Pilkington, Bateson and Ward, published between the years 1588 and 1624 were set to the poetry of Sir Philip Sidney. "My true love hath my heart," "In a grove most rich of shade," "Go, my flocks, get you hence," "Come shepherds weeds," "O sweet woods," may be mentioned.

Alfonso Ferrabosco, who settled in England very early in life, is said to have set many of the lyrics contained in the masques and plays of Ben Jonson: his well-known "Come, my Celia, let us prove," was published in 1609, in a collection composed by Ferrabosco, and "Slow, slow, fresh fount," appeared in 1608, set by Henry Youll.

There is good reason to believe that the

* "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics."

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words of all the pieces in Morley's "First Book," dated 1595, were written by Michael Drayton. "Bright Star of Beauty" occurs in a set which saw the light in 1622, by John Attey: "Fond love is blinde," from Barnfield's "Affectionate Shepherd," 1594, appeared in Bateson's "Second Set," 1618.

During the years 1607-14, Thomas Campion, Doctor of Medicine, Poet and Madrigal Writer, produced four books, the poetry almost entirely his own; the pieces set by Philip Rosseter and published in 1601, were also by Campion.

In 1612, Orlando Gibbons gave to the admirers of the madrigal a collection for five voices, consisting of twenty; for some considerable time the whole of the verses were attributed to Sir Christopher Hatton: as a set off to this, Dr Rimbault says, that some are by Dr Donne and others by Joshua Sylvester; the truth probably is that Hatton merely selected the poetry for Gibbons.

Richard Carlton, in 1601, selected three at least of the stanzas of Edmund Spenser's "Faerie Queene," "Nought is on earth more sacred or divine," "Ye gentle ladies in whose souveraine powre," and "Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure," for a set of "Madrigals to five voices;" "More then most faire" also from the "Faerie Queene," appeared in 1630, arranged by Martin Peerson.

John Dowland, the greatest lute-player of the time of Elizabeth, has been described as the friend of Shakespeare, and the companion of the leading poets of his time. From the

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"Polyhymnia," 1590, of George Peele, he selected "His goulden locks Time hath to silver turn'd," and published it in his "First Booke," in 1597: "Melpomene, the muse of tragic songs," from "The Arraignment of Paris," 1584, by George Peele, served to inspire the madrigal of Thomas Vautor, produced in 1619, in his "First Set." In the "England's Helicon" already mentioned there are several lyrics by Anthony Munday, *i.e.* Shepherd Tonie; "Beautie sate bathing" alone being used by William Corkine, Robert Jones, and Francis Pilkington. The question of the authenticity of some of the poems found in these collections of madrigals renders the task of identification very difficult, in fact the anonymous list will always remain an extensive one; Sir Walter Raleigh is, however, responsible for at least two, viz: "What is our life? the play of passion," from the collection of Orlando Gibbons, and "Like hermit poor in pensive place obscure."

The wide choice open to the madrigal composers of the age of Shakespeare may thus be recognised, and when a further list, merely of names, of lyrical writers is given some idea may readily be formed of the number and activity of the Elizabethan poets. The inferences to be drawn from these facts are: 1st, that the demand and patronage extended towards these writers of madrigals must have been extensive; 2nd, the adaptability of this school of lyric poetry for the purposes of the madrigal. Among many others who have enriched the

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lyrical poetry of England are Dr Donne; Robert Greene; Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke; "Shepherd Tonie" (or Anthony Munday, to accept the recent identification of Mr A. H. Bullen); Joshua Sylvester; John Lyly; Henry Constable; Thomas Lodge; Francis Kinwelmersh; Thomas Watson; Nicholas Breton; Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford; John Wootton; Thomas Middleton; Samuel Daniel; William Browne; Edmund Bolton; Anthony Brewer; and M. Thorn.

It has been stated by more than one writer, that it is also worthy of remark that the words of all madrigals, with the single exception of the "Madrigali Spirituali" of Palestrina, are of a secular, sprightly, or witty nature.

Dr Rimbault in his "Bibliotheca Madrigaliana," 1847, in reference to an attempt to gather a complete collection of madrigalian poetry for publication, mentions that a prospectus was issued in 1816 to the effect that such a project was contemplated, but from some cause or other, not explained, the promised work never appeared.

In the choice of the words for their madrigals the composers appear to have allowed themselves much latitude; the sonnet, the stanza, the lyric, the satirical and love poem, were forms apparently equally suited to the musical madrigal.

To sum up these remarks on the poetry of the madrigal, an opinion * has been expressed

* G. Saintsbury, "A History of Elizabethan Literature," 1887.

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that such an outflow of verse within the confines of a quarter of a century can find no parallel in the literary history of any other nation in the world. Further, that it seldom occurs that the whole poem constitutes a gem, but a verse here and there, like a flash, is found.

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CHAPTER IV

THE practice of madrigal writing was so far engrossing as to include amongst its partizans the principal composers of the era.

William Byrd, 1540?-1623, belonged to the parish of St Helen's, Bishopsgate, and resided opposite to Crosby Hall, adjoining the garden of Sir Thomas Gresham. He published three collections of part-music, and headed the list so far as number of compositions was concerned, in all he was responsible for 114 single pieces. Byrd probably owed his musical education, with Tye, Tallis and others, to the monastic institutions, where, before the Reformation, music was principally cultivated by the Monks.

John Wilbye, 1560?-1612? is chiefly known as a writer of madrigals. Contemporary report described him as "a musician of rare endowments." He published two sets of madrigals, which contained all but three of his entire vocal compositions known. These "Sets" give us sixty-four specimens, the merits of

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which are said to have gained him the enviable fame of being the greatest of the English madrigalian composers. The Editor of Wilbye's works for the Musical Antiquarian Society in 1846, says: "The variety of character and colouring which adorns the madrigals of this great writer is surprising, considering the prescribed range in which the harmonist of this period was accustomed and trained to walk."

John Dowland, 1562-1626?, was born in the city of Westminster, where, says Thomas Fuller, "he had his longest life and best livelihood." He was unquestionably a greater lute-player than madrigal composer, though even in the latter he excelled. Fuller further tells us that Christian IV., King of Denmark, coming over into England, requested him of King James, "who unwillingly willing parted with him." He appears to have spent many years at the court of the King of Denmark, and during that period published three "Sets" for voices; in all he published four. Dowland composed sixty-four madrigals. His skill on the lute was mentioned by the dramatists, Ben Jonson, Middleton, Fletcher, Massinger, Barnfield, and in one of the sonnets ascribed to Shakespeare. The criticism* passed upon Dowland as a madrigal composer has been described as an inconsiderate depreciation of his talents.

Thomas Morley, 1563-1604, has been remembered by posterity more particularly for

* By Dr Burney.

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his official connection with "The Triumphs of Oriana," the subject of our next chapter. He published eight other collections, containing upwards of ninety-three of his own compositions. A solemn burial service by him, the first perhaps of the kind ever known in England, continued to be performed at public funerals until it gave way to those of Purcell and Croft.

John Bennet, 1565?-1605?, is reputed to have been one of the best composers of the Elizabethan period. There appears to be less known concerning his career than even of the majority of musicians.

Churches containing, as they did, the registers which were burned in the Great Fire, would have placed many points, now in dispute, beyond a doubt. Bennet published but one set of madrigals, containing seventeen; and a further six were contained in a work edited by Thomas Ravenscroft in the year 1614, in the preface to which he is mentioned as "Maister John Bennet, a gentleman admirable for all kinds of composures, either in art or ayre, simple or mixed, of what nature soever: in whose works the very life of that passion which the ditty sounded is so truly exprest, as if he had measured it alone by his own soul, and invented no other harmony than his own sensible feeling did afford him."

Francis Pilkington, 1570?-1625?, describes himself as a "Batchelar of Musicke and Lutenist" on the title pages of his three

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publications. Dr Burney, who apparently knew very little about the madrigal, speaks slightly also of this composer. He nevertheless possessed a strong patron in Ferdinand, fifth Earl of Derby, and has left us no less than sixty-nine examples of his industry and ability.

Thomas Weelkes, 1575- ? was very young when he gave to the world some of the best productions of his life. He was but twenty-two when the first "Set of Madrigals" appeared by him, that is, in the year 1597. He subsequently issued four more "Sets," totaling ninety-four compositions in all. A recent criticism thus speaks of him: "His works are distinguished by originality and excellent part-writing, as well as by a certain characteristic stiffness, many of them are still popular, and have been often reprinted," The position of Weelkes among his madrigalian contemporaries is deservedly a high one.

Thomas Bateson, 1580? - 1620?, was appointed Organist to Chester Cathedral at the age of nineteen. He is said to have been the first to receive a musical degree in the University of Dublin. He was responsible for fifty-nine compositions, and published two sets of madrigals. Dr Rimbault says: "There can be but little difference of opinion as regards the merits of Bateson, when judged by comparison with his contemporaries, and with reference to those old tonal laws which alike guided the secular as well as the ec-

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clesiastical writers of the Elizabethan school; his reputation rests upon the 'First Set of Madrigals,' but these suffice to establish it.

Thomas Ford, 1580-1648, was one of the musicians of Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I. In 1607 he published "Musicke of Sundrie Kindes," two parts, the first contains the celebrated "Since first I saw your face," and "There is a lady sweet and kind." A copy of this work is very rare, if any perfect copy exists, nevertheless, some of its contents, and such as make us wish for more, are well known. There were probably eleven madrigals in this collection.

Michael Este, 1580?-?, is only known to dabblers in music by his "How merrily we live," for three voices, which has served to enrich almost every subsequent collection of vocal harmony, whose various compilers from previous compilations have never thought it worth while to see whether its author might not have produced another composition of equal merit.

With the assistance of my colleague, Mr R. E. Strickland, who has scored it, I have unearthed a four-part madrigal entitled "In dolorous complaining," taken from "The Second Set of Madrigals," 1606, and I hope to have it published, as well as publicly performed.

Este's publications are much more numerous than those of any composer of his time. Between 1604 and 1638 he published seven sets,

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with a total of forty-six madrigals to his credit.

Orlando Gibbons, 1583-1627?, was Organist to Canterbury Cathedral. He published but one set of madrigals, twenty in number, in 1612. His "Silver Swan" is generally considered to be the most perfect work of the kind of the English School; its wonderful conciseness, the exceeding beauty of each part, and the charm of its melodic treatment, fully explain its lasting popularity. The year 1612 was thus signalled by the appearance of a set of madrigals which may rank among the highest of their class. Gibbons was one of the latest, as he was one of the greatest, of the noble body of musicians to which he belonged.

John Hilton, 1600?-1657, was Organist and Parish Clerk of St Margaret's, Westminster. It is assumed that he was compelled to resign the post of Organist in 1644, when all organs were ordered to be taken down, and the Church appears to have been without one until after the restoration. He is said to have been an ingenious and sound musician, although not a voluminous composer. He published his sole original work in 1627, containing twenty-six pieces, but the great work of his life was not produced until after an interval of twenty-five years. This was, "Catch that catch can," to which twenty-one composers contributed.

The curious, who desire information concerning the other madrigalian writers, must

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seek the authorities, of whom there are many; Appendix I. to this volume gives approximate date of birth and death, where it has been possible to discover the same, of the most renowned writers of the period.

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CHAPTER V

“THE TRIUMPHS OF ORIANA,” 1601. (? 1603.)

Twenty-seven Madrigals
The Triumphs of Oriana
And one called
The Farewell
To five and six voices
Composed by divers several authors.
Newly published by Thomas Morley
Batchelar of Musick, and one of the
Gentlemen of
Her Majesties Honourable Chappell
1601
In London
Printed by Thomas Este,
The Assigne of Thomas Morley.
Cum privilegio Regia Maiestatis.

THE origin of this celebrated collection of madrigals still remains a disputed matter, and before entering upon a full account of the work, it will be more proper to quote what some authorities have left on record, so that each reader may form his or her own opinion.

Let us begin by a quotation from “A General

Introduction.

History of the Science and Practice of Music," by Sir John Hawkins, published in 1776: "There is some piece of secret history which we are yet to learn, that would enable us to account for the giving the Queen this romantic name; *probably she was fond of it.*"

As a set off to this, Camden, the Antiquary, relates that the Spanish Ambassador, in one of his letters, had spoken of the Queen "under the name of Oriana, at which she was much offended."

Dr Rimbault, in the *Leisure Hour* for 1875, wrote with confidence that the celebrated "Triumphs of Oriana" were written in "praise of England's Elizabeth"; whilst in 1847, that is twenty-eight years earlier, he thus wrote in his "Bibliotheca Madrigaliana": "This set of madrigals was written in honour of Queen Elizabeth, who figures under the name of Oriana. Sir John Hawkins supposed that the work was undertaken with a view to alleviate her grief for the death of the Earl of Essex, and that prizes were given by the Earl of Nottingham for the best compositions for that purpose, *but this is mere idle conjecture.*"

The writer of the article in the *British and Foreign Review*, 1845, merely reiterated the opinion of Sir John Hawkins.

Dr W. A. Barrett in "English Glee and Part-songs," 1886, thus describes the work: "There are twenty-seven pieces in this collection all in praise of Oriana, the fanciful name by which Queen Elizabeth was distinguished by

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certain poets of the time," and in "English Madrigal Composers," a published lecture, read at the London Institution, January 18th, 1877, is the following: "In these compositions some writers suppose that Queen Elizabeth was glorified under the fanciful title of Oriana, because the collection is dedicated to the Earl of Nottingham. . . ."

So much for the authorities; now for the full account as given by Sir John Hawkins.

The collection was printed in 1601, although, for some reason or another, not published until two years after.

"It seems by the work itself as if all the musicians of Queen Elizabeth's time, who were capable of composing, had endeavoured each to excel the other in setting a song, celebrating the beauties and virtues of their sovereign; for the "Triumphs of Oriana," it appears that the following musicians contributed, viz. :—Michael Este, Daniel Norcome, John Mundy, Ellis Gibbons, John Bennet, John Hilton, George Marson, Richard Carlton, John Holmes, Richard Nicholson, Thomas Tomkins, Michael Cavendish, William Cobbold, Thomas Morley, John Farmer, John Wilbye, Thomas Hunt, Thomas Weelkes, John Milton, George Kirbye, Robert Jones, John Lesley and Edward Johnson."

The occasion of this collection is said to be this: "The Lord High Admiral, Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, was the only person, during the last illness of Elizabeth, who was able to prevail on her to go into and

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remain in her bed ; and with a view to alleviate her concern for the execution of the Earl of Essex, he gave, for a prize-subject to the poets and musicians of the time, the beauty and accomplishments of his royal mistress, and by a liberal reward excited them severally to the composition of this work. This supposition is favoured by the circumstance of its being dedicated to the Earl, and the time of its publication, which was in the very year that Essex was beheaded."

The title and plan of the work were doubtless suggested by a similar Italian one, published at Rome in 1599, with the title "Il Trionfo di Dori."

To quote from another author : "As Italy gave the *ton* to the rest of Europe, but particularly to England, in all the fine arts, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it seems as if the idea of employing all the best composers in the kingdom to set the songs in the "Triumphs of Oriana" to music, in honour of our Virgin Queen, had been suggested to Morley, and his patron, the Earl of Nottingham, by Padre Giovenale, afterwards Bishop of Saluzzo, who employed thirty-seven of the most renowned Italian composers to set canzonetti and madrigals, in honour of the Virgin Mary, published under the following title : "Temper Armonico della beatissima Virgine nostra Signora, fabbricate per opera del Reverendo D. Giovanale, A.P. della Congregatione dell' Oratoria. Prima Parte, a tre voci. Stampata, in Roma da Nicolo Mutii 1599, in 4to."

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Dr Rimbault says that the Italian collection was made in praise of some Italian dame, published before the year 1597.

The only unprofessional contributor to the "Triumphs of Oriana" was the father of Milton the poet. The theme of every madrigal in the collection is similar, and the burden of each the same.

"Then sang the Shepherds and nymphs of Diana.
Long live fair Oriana."

The contents of this work necessarily vary in excellence, Wilbye, Weelkes, Bennet and Morley, preserving their usual station.

In conclusion, let me quote a very just appreciation of the work: "If the Queen merited such a tribute of loyalty and gratitude from the musicians of her age, she received in turn an enviable requital, her praises are wrought into lasting monuments of art."

And Mr W. H. Husk, Librarian to the Sacred Harmonic Society, the writer of the article in "A Dictionary of Music and Musicians," 1880, concerning this collection says: "The Italian work just named is entitled "Il Trionfo di Dori, descritto da diversi et posti in musica da detretanti Autori A Sei Vici," written in praise of a lady who is figured under the name of Doris, each of which ends with the words "Viva la bella Dori."

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**“And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.”**



Anonymous.

JOHN FARMER: First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1599.)

A LITTLE pretty bonny lass was walking,
In midst of May before the sun 'gan rise ;
I took her by the hand and fell to talking
Of this and that as best I could devise.
I swore I would—yet still she said I should not ;
Do what I would, and yet for all I could not.



Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND: Sec-
ond Book of Songs or
Airs. (1600.)

A SHEPHERD in a shade his plaining made
Of love and lover's wrong
Unto the fairest lass that trod on grass,
And thus began his song :
“ Since Love and Fortune will, I honour still
Your fair and lovely eye.
What conquest will it be, sweet Nymph, for thee
If I for sorrow die?
Restore, restore my heart again,
Which love by thy sweet looks hath slain,
Lest that, enforced by your disdain, I sing
' Fie, fie, on love ! it is a foolish thing.' ”

English Madrigals.

“ My heart where have you laid? O cruel maid,
To kill where thou might save?
Why have ye cast it forth as nothing worth,
Without a tomb or grave?
O let it be entombed and lie
In your sweet mind and memory,
Lest I resound on every warbling stream
‘ Fie, fie, on love! that is a foolish thing.’
Restore, restore my heart again,
Which love by thy sweet looks hath slain,
Lest that, enforced by your disdain, I sing
‘ Fie, fie, on love! it is a foolish thing!’ ”



Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE: First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1598.)

ADIEU, sweet Amaryllis!
For since to part your will is,
O heavy, heavy tiding!
Here is for me no biding.
Yet once again, ere that I part with you,
Adieu, sweet Amaryllis; sweet, adieu!



Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE: First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1598.)

AH me, can every rumour
Thus start my lady's humour?
Name ye some galante to her,
Why straight forsooth I woo her.

English Madrigals.

Then burst (s) she forth in passion,
" You men love but for fashion ;"
Yet sure I am that no man
Ever so loved woman.

Then alas, Love, be wary,
For women be contrary.

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Anonymous.

HENRY LICHFIELD:
First Set of Madrigals.
(1614.)

AH me ! when to the air I breathe my plaining,
To merry fountains my disdain ;
When to rude rocks and pleasant groves
I tell all my unhappy loves ;
They hear me whilst I thus condole,
But with their echoes call me fool.



William
Drummond.

WILLIAM BYRD:
Psalms, Songs and
Sonnets. (1611.)

AH ! silly soul, what wilt thou say,
When he whom earth and heavens obey,
Comes man to judge in the last day ;

When he a reason asks, why grace
And goodness thou would'st not embrace,
But steps of vanity didst trace ?

English Madrigals.

That day of terror, vengeance, ire,
Now to prevent thou should'st desire,
And to thy God in haste retire.

With wat'ry eyes, and sigh-swoll'n heart,
O beg, beg in his love a part,
Whilst conscience with remorse doth smart.



Robert
Greene.

MARTIN PEERSON:
Private Music. (1620.)

AH! were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.

Ah! were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt even with the mildest
touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land
Under wide heavens, but yet there is none
such.

So as she shows she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower ;
Sov'ran of beauty, like the spray she grows ;
Compass'd she is with thorns and canker'd
bower.

Yet were she willing to be pluck'd and worn,
She would be gathered, though she grew on
thorn.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

LUCA MARENZIO: First
Set of Italian Madrigals
Englished, by T. Watson,
(1590.)

JOHN WILBYE: First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1598.)

ALAS! what a wretched life is this?
Nay, what a death? where tyrant love com-
mandeth.
My flowering days are in their prime declining,
All my proud hope quite fallen, and life un-
twining;
My joys, each after other, in haste are flying,
And leave me dying
For her that scorns my crying,
O She from hence departs, my love refraining.
For whom, all heartless, alas, I die complaining.



Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND: First
Book of Songs or Airs.
(1597.)

ALL ye whom love or fortune hath betrayed!
All ye that dream of bliss, but live in grief!
All ye whose hopes are evermore delayed!
All ye whose sighs or sickness want relief!
Lend ears and tears to me, most hapless man,
That sings my sorrow like the dying swan!

English Madrigals.

Care that consumes the heart with inward pain,
Pain that presents sad care in outward view ;
Both, tyrant-like, enforce me to complain,
But still in vain, for none my plaints will rue :
Tears, sighs, and ceaseless cries alone I spend.
My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow, end.



Anonymous. WILLIAM BYRD: Psalms,
Sonnets, and Songs. (1588.)

ALTHOUGH the heathen poets did
Apollo famous praise,
As one who for his music sweet,
No peer had in his days.



Anonymous. WILLIAM BYRD: Psalms,
Sonnets, and Songs. (1588.)

AMBITIOUS love hath forced me to aspire
The beauties rare which do adorn thy face ;
Thy modest life yet bridles my desire,
Whose severe law doth promise me no grace.
But what ! may Love live under any law ?
No, no, his power exceedeth man's conceit,
Of which the Gods themselves do stand in awe,
For on his frown a thousand torments wait.

English Madrigals.

Proceed then in this desperate enterprise
With good advice, and follow Love thy guide,
That leads thee to thy wished paradise.
Thy climbing thoughts this comfort take
withal :
That, if it be thy foul disgrace to slide,
Thy brave attempt shall yet excuse thy fall.

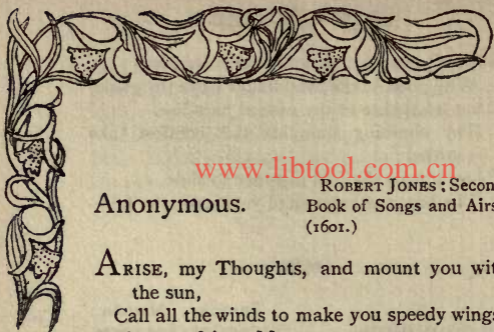


Anonymous.

THOMAS MORLEY:
Madrigals to four voices.
(1594.)

APRIL is in my mistress' face,
And July in her eyes hath place ;
Within her bosom is September,
But in her heart a cold December.





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Anonymous.

ROBERT JONES : Second
Book of Songs and Airs.
(1601.)

ARISE, my Thoughts, and mount you with
the sun,
Call all the winds to make you speedy wings,
And to my fairest Maya see you run,
And weep your last while wantonly she sings ;
Then if you cannot move her heart to pity,
Let O, alas, ay me, be all your ditty.

Arise, my Thoughts, no more, if you return
Denied of grace which only you desire,
But let the sun your wings to ashes burn
And melt your passions in his quenchless fire ;
Yet if you move fair Maya's heart to pity,
Let smiles and love and kisses be your ditty.

Arise, my Thoughts, beyond the highest star,
And gently rest you in fair Maya's eye,
For that is fairer than the brightest are ;
But, if she frown to see you climb so high,
Couch in her lap, and with a moving ditty
Of smiles and love and kisses beg for pity.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE : Second
Set of Madrigals. (1609.)

As fair as morn, as fresh as May,
A pretty grace in saying nay.
Smil'st thou, sweetheart? then sing and say,
Ta na no.

But, oh! that love enchanting eye!
Lo! here my doubtful doom I try.
Tell me, my sweet; live I, or die?
She smiles,—Fa la la :
She frowns,—Ah, me! I die.



Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND : First
Book of Songs or Airs.
(1597.)

AWAKE, sweet love! Thou art return'd,
My heart, which long in absence mourn'd,
Lives now in perfect joy;
Only herself hath seemed fair,
She only I could love;
She only drove me to despair,
When she unkind did prove.

Let love which never, absent, dies,
Now live for ever in her eyes!
Whence came my first annoy :
Despair did make me wish to die
That I my joys might end,
She only, which did make me fly,
My state may now amend.

English Madrigals.

—If she esteem thee now aught worth
She will not grieve thy love henceforth,
Which so despair hath proved.
Despair hath provèd now in me
That love will not inconstant be,
Though long in vain I loved.

If she, at last, reward thy love
And all thy harms repair,
Thy happiness will sweeter prove,
Raised up from deep despair.
And if that now thou welcome be,
When thou with her doth meet,
She all this while, but played with thee,
To make thy joys more sweet.



Sir Fulke
Greville, Lord
Brooke.

JOHN DOWLAND; First
Book of Songs or Airs.
(1597.)

AWAY with these self-loving lads
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads!
Away, poor souls, that sigh and weep,
In love of those that lie asleep;
For Cupid is a meadow god,
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

English Madrigals.

Sweet Cupid's shafts, like Destiny,
Do causeless good or ill decree ;
Desert is borne out of his bow ;
Reward upon his wing doth go :
 What fools are they that have not known
 That Love likes no laws but his own.

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I wear her rings on holidays,
On every tree I write her name,
And every day I read the same :
 Where honour Cupid's rival is,
 There miracles are seen of his.

The worth that worthiness should move
Is love, that is the bow of love ;
And love as well the foster can
As can the mighty nobleman.
 Sweet saint, 'tis true, you worthy be,
 Yet, without love, nought worth to me.



Anonymous.

WILLIAM BYRD: Psalms,
Sonnets, and Songs. (1588.)

BE still, my blessed babe, though cause thou
 hast to mourn,
Whose blood most innocent to shed, the cruel
 king hath sworn ;
And lo, alas ! behold what slaughter he doth
 make,
Shedding the blood of infants all, sweet
 Saviour, for thy sake,

English Madrigals.

A King, a King is born, they say, which King
this king would kill :

O woe and woeful heavy day when wretches
have their will !

Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby,

My sweet little baby, what meanest
thou to cry ?

Three kings this King of kings to see are come
from far,

To each unknown, with offerings great, by
guiding of a star ;

And shepherds heard the song, which angels
bright did sing,

Giving all glory unto God for coming of this
King,

Which must be made away—King Herod
would him kill ;

O woe and woeful heavy day when wretches
have their will !

Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby, etc.

Lo, lo, my little babe, be still, lament no more ;
From fury thou shalt step aside, help have we
still in store :

We heavenly warning have some other soil to
seek ;

From death must fly the Lord of life, as lamb
both mild and meek :

Thus must my babe obey the king that would
him kill ;

O woe and woeful heavy day when wretches
have their will !

Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby, etc.

English Madrigals.

But Thou shalt live and reign, as sibyls hath
foresaid,

As all the prophets prophesy, whose mother,
yet a maid

And perfect virgin pure, with her breasts shall
upbreed

Both God and man that all hath made, the son
of heavenly seed :

Whom caitives none can 'tray, whom tyrants
none can kill :

O joy and joyful happy day when wretches
want their will !

Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby, etc.



Anonymous. MARTIN PEERSON :
Motets, or Grave Chamber Music. (1630.)

BEAUTY her cover is the eyes' true pleasure ;
In honour's fame she lives ; the ears' sweet
music :

Excess of wonder grows from her true measure,
Her worth is passion's wound and passion's
physic :

From her true heart clear springs of wisdom
flow,

Which, imag'd in her words and deeds, men
know.

English Madrigals.

Anthony
Munday
(Shepherd
Tonie).

FRANCIS PILKINGTON :
First Book of Songs or
Airs. (1605.)

ROBERT JONES : Ulti-
mum Vale. (1608.)

WILLIAM CORKINE :
Airs. (1610.)

BEAUTY sat bathing by a spring
Where fairest shades did hide her ;
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The cool streams ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
To see what was forbidden :
But better memory said, fie !
So vain desire was chidden—
Hey nonny nonny O !
Hey nonny nonny !

Into a slumber then I fell,
When fond imagination
Seemèd to see, but could not tell
Her feature or her fashion.
But ev'n as babes in dreams do smile,
And sometimes fall a-weeping,
So I awaked, as wise this while
As when I fell a-sleeping—
Hey nonny nonny O
Hey nonny nonny.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous. JOHN DOWLAND: Third
 and Last Book of Songs or
 Airs. (1603.)

BEHOLD a wonder here!
Love hath received his sight!
Which many hundred year
Hath not beheld the light.

Such beams infused be
By Cynthia in his eyes,
As first have made him see
And then have made him wise.

Love now no more will weep
For them that laugh the while!
Nor wake for them that sleep,
Nor sigh for them that smile!

So powerful is the Beauty
That Love doth now behold,
As Love is turned to Duty
That's neither blind nor bold.

Thus Beauty shows her might
To be of double kind;
In giving Love his sight
And striking Folly blind.



English Madrigals.

Michael
Drayton.

JOHN ATTEY: First
Book of Airs. (1622.)

BRIGHT star of beauty, on whose eyelids sit
A thousand nymph-like and enamour'd graces,
The goddesses of memory and wit,
Which there in order take their several places,
In whose dear bosom sweet delicious Love
Lays down his quiver which he once did bear:
Since he that blessed paradise did prove,
And leaves his Mother's lap to sport him there,
Let others strive to entertain with words,
My soul is of a braver metal made,
I hold that vile, which vulgar wit affords ;
In me's that faith which time cannot invade.
Let what I praise be still made good by you :
Be you most worthy, whilst I am most true.





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Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND: Third
and last Book of Songs or
Airs. (1603.)

By a fountain where I lay,
(All blessèd be that blessèd day !)
By the glimm'ring of the sun,
(O never be her shining done !)
 When I might see alone
 My true love, fairest one !
 Love's dear light !
 Love's clear sight !
No world's eyes can clearer see !
A fairer sight, none can be !

Fair with garlands all addrest,
(Was never nymph more fairly blest !)
Blessed in the highest degree ;
(So may She ever blessed be !)
 Came to this fountain near,
 With such a smiling cheer !
 Such a face !
 Such a grace !
Happy ! happy eyes ! that see
Such a heavenly sight as She !

English Madrigals.

Then I forthwith took my pipe,
Which I, all fair and clean did wipe,
And upon a heavenly ground,
All in the grace of beauty found,
Played this Roundelay,
" Welcome, fair Queen of May !
Sing sweet air !
Welcome fair !
Welcome be the Shepherds' Queen !
The glory of all our green ! "



John Lyly.

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT :
A Brief Discourse. (1614.)

BY the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day ;
As we frisk the dew doth fall ;
Trip it, little urchins all !
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three
And about, about go we.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

MARTIN PEERSON :
Private Music. (1620.)

CAN a maid that is well bred,
Hath a blush so lovely red,
Modest looks, wise, mild, discreet,
And a nature passing sweet,

Break her promise, untrue prove,
On a sudden change her love,
Or be won e'er to neglect
Him to whom she vow'd respect ?

Such a maid, alas ! I know :
O that weeds 'mongst corn should grow !
Or a rose should prickles have,
Wounding where she ought to save !

I, that did her parts extol,
Will my lavish tongue control :
Outward parts do blind the eyes,
Gall in golden pills oft lies.

Reason, wake, and sleep no more !
Land upon some safer shore,
Think on her and be afraid
Of a faithless fickle maid.

Of a faithless fickle maid
Thus true love is still betray'd :
Yet it is some ease to sing
That a maid is light of wing.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous. FRANCIS PILKINGTON:
Second Set of Madrigals.
(1624.)

CHASTE Daphne fled from Phoebus' hot
pursuit,
Knowing men's passions, idle, and of course :
And though he plain'd, 'twas fit she should be
mute,
And honour would she should keep on her
course :
For which fair deed her glory still we see,
She rests still green, and so wish I to be.



Anonymous. THOMAS MORLEY :
Madrigals. (1594.)

CLARINDA false! adieu! thy love torments me :
Let Thyrsis have thy heart, since he contents
thee.
O grief and bitter anguish !
For thee I languish ;
Fain I, alas ! would hide it :
O, but who can abide it ?
Adieu, adieu, adieu then !
Farewell !
Leave me ! my death now desiring,
Thou hast, lo ! thy requiring. —
So spake Philistus on his hook relying,
And sweetly fell a-dying.

English Madrigals.

Since my tears and lamenting,
False love! bred thy contenting,
Still thus to weep for ever
These fountains shall persèver,
Till my heart, grief brim-filled,
Out, alas! be distilled.—
So spake he on his hook relying,
And sweetly fell a-dying.



Ben Jonson.

A. FERRABOSCO: Airs.
(1609.)

COME away, come away,
We grow jealous of your stay:
If you do not stop your ear,
We shall have more cause to fear
Sirens of the land, than they
To doubt the sirens of the sea.



Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND: First
Book of Songs or Airs.
(1597.)


COME away! come, sweet Love!
The golden morning breaks:
All the earth, all the air,
Of love and pleasure speaks.
Teach thine arms then to embrace,
And sweet rosy lips to kiss,
And mix our souls in mutual bliss:
Eyes were made for beauty's grace,
Viewing, ruing love-long pain
Procured by beauty's rude disdain.

English Madrigals.

Come away ! come, sweet Love !
The golden morning wastes,
While the sun from his sphere
His fiery arrows casts :
Making all the shadows fly,
Playing, staying in the grove
To entertain the stealth of love.
Thither, sweet Love ! let us hie,
Flying, dying in desire,
Wing'd with sweet hopes and heavenly fire.

Come away ! come, sweet Love !
Do not in vain adorn
Beauty's grace, that should rise
Like to the naked morn.
Lilies on the river side
And fair Cyprian flowers new-blown
Desire no beauties but their own :
Ornament is nurse of pride.
Pleasure measures love's delight :
Hast then, sweet Love ! our wished flight.





Anonymous.

THOMAS MORLEY :
Madrigals. (1594.)

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COME, lovers, follow me and leave this weeping,
See where the lovely little god sweetly lies a-
sleeping :

Soft then, softly for fear we wake him,
And to his bow he take him ;

O then if he but spy us,
Whither shall we then fly us.

And if he come upon us,
Out, well a-way ; then are we woe-begone us ;
Hence then, away ; follow me, despatch us,
And that apace, ere he wake, for fear he catch us.



Ben Jonson

A. FERRABOSCO: Airs.
(1609.)

COME, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the sports of Love ;
Time will not be ours for ever,
He at length our good will sever.

Spend not then his gifts in vain :
Suns that set may rise again ;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.

English Madrigals.

Why should we defer our joys ?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies ?

Or his easier eyes beguile,
So removed by our wile?
'Tis no sin Love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal.
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.



Thomas
Campion.

T. CAMPION: Third
Book of Airs. (1612.)

COME, O come, my life's delight,
Let me not in languor pine !
Love loves no delay ; thy sight,
The more enjoyed, the more divine :
O come, and take from me
The pain of being deprived of thee !

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Like a little world of bliss.
Beauty guards thy looks : the rose
In them pure and eternal is.
Come, then, and make thy flight
As swift to me, as heavenly light.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE: Second
Set of Madrigals. (1609.)

COME, shepherd swains, that wont to hear
me sing,
Now sigh and groan!
Dead is my Love, my Hope, my Joy, my
Spring;
Dead, dead, and gone!

O, She that was your Summer's Queen,
Your days' delight,
Is gone and will no more be seen;
O cruel spite!

Break all your pipes that wont to sound
With pleasant cheer,
And cast yourselves upon the ground
To wail my Dear!

Come, shepherd swains, come, nymphs, and
all a-row
To help me cry;
Dead is my Love, and, seeing She is so,
Lo, now I die!



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

WILLIAM BYRD; Psalms,
Sonnets, and Songs. (1588.)

COME to me grief, for ever!
Come to me tears, day and night!
Come to me plaint! Ah, helpless!
Just grief; heart's tears! plaint worthy!

Go from me dread to die now!
Go from me care to live now!
Go from me joys all on earth!
Sidney, O Sidney, is dead!

He whom the court adorned,
He whom the country courtes'd,
He who made happy his friends,
He that did good to all men.

Sidney, the hope of land strange!
Sidney, the flower of England!
Sidney, the spirit heroic!
Sidney is dead! O dead! dead!



English Madrigals.

Anonymous. JOHN DOWLAND: Second
Book of Songs or Airs.
(1600.)

COME, ye heavy states of night,
Do my father's spirit right;
Soundings baleful let me borrow,
Burthening my song with sorrow.
Come, Sorrow, come! her eyes that sings
By thee are turned into springs.

Come, you virgins of the night,
That in dirges sad delight,
Quire my anthems: I do borrow
Gold nor pearl, but sounds of sorrow.
Come, Sorrow, come! her eyes that sings
By thee are turned into springs.



Anonymous. WILLIAM BYRD: Psalms,
Sonnets, and Songs. (1588.)

CONSTANT Penelope sends to thee, careless
Ulysses,
Write not again, but come sweet mate thy self
to revive me.
Troy we do much envy, we desolate lost ladies
of Greece;
Not Priamus, nor yet all Troy can us recom-
pense make.

English Madrigals.

O that he, when first he took shipping to
Lacedæmon,
That adulter I mean, had been o'erwhelmed
with waters ;
Then had I not lain now all alone thus quivering
for cold,
Nor used this complaint, nor yet have thought
the day so long.



Anonymous.

WILLIAM BYRD: Psalms,
Songs, and Sonnets. (1611.)

FRANCIS PILKINGTON:
Second Set of Madrigals.
(1624.)

CROWNED with flowers I saw fair Amaryllis
By Thyrsis sit, hard by a fount of crystal,
And with her hand more white than snow or
lilies,

On sand she wrote " My faith shall be im-
mortal : "

But suddenly a storm of wind and weather
Blew all her faith and sand away together.





Anonymous. www.libtool.com.cn THOMAS WHEELKES:
Airs or Fantastic Spirits.
(1608.)

DEATH hath deprived me of my dearest friend;
My dearest friend is dead and laid in grave;
In grave he rests, until the world shall end;
The world shall end, and end shall all things
have.
All things have end on earth that nature
wrought;
That nature wrought shall unto dust be brought.



Henry
Constable.

FRANCIS PILKINGTON:
First Book of Songs or
Airs. (1605.)

DIAPHENIA like the daffa-down-dilly,
White as the snow, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are belovèd of their dams,
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me?

English Madrigals.

Diaphenia like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet how I do love thee !
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power,
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

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Diaphenia like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
Dear joy, how I do love thee !
As the birds do love the spring :
Or the bees their careful king,
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me.



Anonymous.

THOMAS MORLEY :
Madrigals. (1594.)

DIE now my heart, from thy delight exiled,
Thy love is dead, and all our hope beguiled :
O Death, unkind and cruel,
To rob the world of that her fairest jewel :
Now shoot at me and spare not ;
Kill me, I care not ;
Think not, O Death, thy dart shall pain me,
Why shouldst thou here against my will detain
me ?
O hear a doleful wretch's crying,
Or I die for want of dying.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND: A
Pilgrim's Solace. (1612.)

DISDAIN me still that I may ever love,
For who his love enjoys can love no more :
The war once past, with ease men cowards
 prove,
And ships returned do rot upon the shore :
 And though thou frown, I'll say thou art
 most fair,
And still I'll love, though still I must despair.

As heat to life, so is desire to love,
And these once quenched both life and love
 are gone :
Let not my sighs nor tears thy virtue move,
Like baser metals do not melt too soon :
 Laugh at my woes although I ever mourn ;
 Love surfeits with reward, his nurse is scorn.



Anonymous.

ROBERT JONES: Ulti-
mum Vale. (1608.)

DO not, O do not prize thy beauty at too high
 a rate,
Love to be loved whilst thou art lovely, lest
 thou love too late ;
Frowns print wrinkles in thy brows,
 At which spiteful age doth smile
Women in their froward vows
 Glorying to beguile.

English Madrigals.

Wert thou the only world's admired thou canst
love but one,
And many have before been loved, thou art not
loved alone :
Couldst thou speak with heavenly grace,
Sappho might with thee compare ;
Blush the roses in thy face,
Rosamond was as fair.

Pride is the canker that consumeth beauty in
her prime,
They that delight in long debating feel the curse
of time :
All things with the time do change,
That will not the time obey ;
Some even to themselves seem strange
Through their own delay.



Thomas Lodge FRANCIS PILKINGTON
First Book of Songs or
Airs. (1605.)

“ DOWN a down ! ”
Thus Phyllis sung
By fancy once distressed :
“ Whoso by foolish loves are strung,
Are worthily oppressed,
And so sing I. With a down, down ! ”

English Madrigals.

When love was first begot,
And by the mother's will
Did fall to human lot
His solace to fulfil,
Devoid of all deceit,
A chaste and holy fire
Did quicken man's conceit,
And women's breasts inspire.
The gods that saw the good
That mortals did approve,
With kind and holy mood,
Began to talk of love.
"Down a down!" etc.

But during this accord,
A wonder strange to hear :
Whilst love in deed and word
Most faithful did appear,
False semblance came in place,
By jealousy attended,
And with a double face
Both love and fancy blended.
Which makes the gods forsake,
And men from fancy fly,
And maidens scorn a make,
Forsooth and so will I.
"Down a down!" etc.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

MICHAEL CAVENDISH :
Airs. (1599.)

EV'RY bush new springing,
Ev'ry bird now singing;
Merrily sat poor Nicho,
Chanting tro-li-lo.

Till her he had espied,
On whom his hopes relied ;
Down, a down, a down,
With a frown she pull'd him down.



Anonymous.

TOBIAS HUME: First
Book of Airs. (1605.)

FAIN would I change that note
To which fond love hath charm'd me,
Long, long to sing by rote
Fancying that that harm'd me :
Yet when this thought doth come
" Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight,"
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

English Madrigals.

O love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter,
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee!



Anonymous.

ORLANDO GIBBONS:
First Set of Madrigals.
(1612.)

FAIR is the rose, yet fades with heat or cold;
Sweet are the violets, yet soon grow old;
The lily's white, yet in one day 'tis done;
White is the snow, yet melts against the sun:
So white, so sweet, was my fair mistress' face,
Yet altered quite in one short hour's space:
So short-lived beauty a vain gloss doth borrow,
Breathing delight to-day, but none to-morrow.



English Madrigals.

THOMAS MORLEY.
(1596.)

Anonymous.

JOHN FARMER: First
Set of English Madri-
gals. (1599.)

F AIR Phyllis I saw sitting all alone,
Feeding her flock near to the mountain side :
The shepherds knew not whither she was gone,
But after her, her Love Amyntas, hied.
He wander'd up and down whilst she was
missing :
When he found her, then they fell a-kissing.



Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND: Third
and Last Book of Songs
or Airs. (1603.)

FIE on this feigning !
Is love without desire ?
Heat still remaining,
And yet no spark of fire ?
Thou art untrue, nor wert with Fancy moved !
For Desire hath power on all that ever loved !

Show some relenting !
Or grant thou dost not love !
Two hearts consenting,
Shall they no comforts prove ?
Yield ! or confess that Love is without Pleasure ;
And that women's bounties rob men of their
treasure !

English Madrigals.

Truth is not placed
In words and forcèd smiles !
Love is not graced
With that which still beguiles !
Love, or dislike ! yield fire, or give no fuel !
So mayest thou prove kind ; or, at the least,
less cruel !



Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND : Sec-
ond Book of Songs or
Airs. (1600.)

FINE knacks for ladies, cheap, choice, brave,
and new,
Good penny-worths,—but money cannot
move :
I keep a fair but for the fair to view ;
A beggar may be liberal of love.
Though all my wares be trash, the heart is true—
The heart is true.

Great gifts are guiles and look for gifts again ;
My trifles come as treasures from my mind ;
It is a precious jewel to be plain ;
Sometimes in shell the orient'st pearls we
find :
Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain !
Of me a grain !

English Madrigals.

Within this pack are pins, points, laces, gloves,
And divers toys fitting a country fair,
But my heart, wherein duty serves and loves,
Turtles and twins, court's brood, a heavenly
pair.

Happy the heart that thinks of no removes !
Of no removes !

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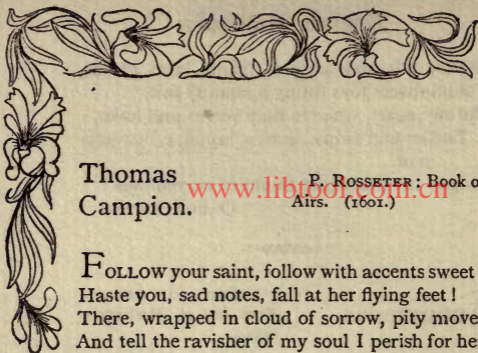


Anonymous.

HENRY LICHFIELD:
First Set of Madrigals.
(1614.)

FIRST with looks he lived and died,
Then with sighs her faith he tried.
After sighs he sent his tears,
All to shew his trembling fears.
At last he said a truer heart was never,
Pity Daphne, disdain me not for ever.





Thomas
Campion.

P. ROSSETER : Book of
Airs. (1601.)

FOLLOW your saint, follow with accents sweet !
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet !
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her
love :

But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er
return again !

All that I sung still to her praise did tend ;
Still she was first ; still she my songs did end :
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her Echo is and beauty's
sympathy.

Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight !
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died
for her delight.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

FRANCIS PILKINGTON :
Second Set of Madrigals.
(1624.)

Go, you skipping kids and fauns,
Exercise your swift career ;
Over pleasant fields and lawns,
Rousing up the fearful deer :
Greet them all with what I sing,
Endless love eternizing.



Anonymous.

THOMAS WHEELKES :
Airs or Fantastic Spirits.
(1608.)

HA ha ! ha ha ! this world doth pass
Most merrily, I'll be sworn ;
For many an honest Indian ass
Goes for an Unicorn.

Farra diddle dino ;
This is idle fino.

Ty hye ! ty hye ! O sweet delight !
He tickles this age that can
Call Tullia's ape a marmosyte
And Leda's goose a swan.

Farra diddle dino ;
This is idle fino.

So so ! so so ! fine English days !
When false play's no reproach :
For he that doth the coachman praise,
May safely use the coach.

Farra diddle dino ;
This is idle fino.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE: Second
Set of Madrigals. (1609.)

HAPPY, Oh! happy he who, not affecting
The endless toils attending worldly cares,
With mind repos'd, all discontents rejecting,
In silent peace his way to heaven prepares!
Deeming his life a scene, the world a stage,
Whereon man acts his weary pilgrimage.



Anonymous.

THOMAS MORLEY:
Madrigals. (1594.)

HARK, jolly shepherds, hark; hark yon lusty
ringing;
How cheerfully the bells dance, the whilst the
lads are springing:
Go then, why sit we here delaying?
And all yond merry wanton lasses playing?
How gaily Flora treads it,
The woods and groves they ring lovely re-
sounding,
With echoes sweet rebounding.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous. FRANCIS PILKINGTON:
First Set of Madrigals,
(1613.)
THOMAS BATESON:
Second Set of English
Madrigals. (1618.)

HAVE I found her? O rich finding!
Goddess-like for to behold,
Her fair tresses seemly binding
In a chain of pearl and gold.
Chain me, chain me, O most Fair,
Chain me to thee with that hair!



Thomas WALTER PORTER:
Carew. Madrigals and Airs.
(1632.)

HE that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires:—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

English Madrigals.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to return ;
I have searched thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn ;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some Pow'r, in my revenge convey
That love to her I cast away.



Anonymous.

THOMAS RAVENS-
CROFT : Deuteromelia
(1609); Pammelia. (1609.)

"HEY, down a down!" did Dian sing
Amongst her virgins sitting ;
"Than love there is no vainer thing,
For maidens most unfitting."
And so think I, with a down, down, derry.

When women knew no woe,
But lived themselves to please,
Men's feigning guiles they did not know,
The ground of their disease.
Unborn was false suspect ;
No thought of jealousy ;
From wanton toys and fond affect,
The virgin's life was free.
Hey, down a down !

English Madrigals.

At length men usèd charms
To which what maids gave ear,
Embracing gladly endless harms,
Anon enthralled were.

Thus women welcomed woe
Disguised in name of love,
A jealous hell, a painted show:
So shall they find that prove.
Hey, down a down !



George Peele.

JOHN DOWLAND: First
Book of Songs or Airs.
(1597.)

HIS golden locks time hath to silver turn'd ;
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever
spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain ; youth waneth by in-
creasing :
Beauty, strength, youth are flowers but fading
seen ;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees ;
And lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are Old Age his
alms :
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

English Madrigals.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,—
“Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign
well,
Curst be the souls that think her any wrong.”
Goddess, allow this aged man his right
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.



Anonymous.

THOMAS MORLEY :
Madrigals. (1594.)

Ho! who comes there with bagpiping and
drumming?
O, 'tis, I see, the Morris dance a-coming.
Come, ladies, come away, I say come quickly,
And see how trim they dance about, and trickly :
Hey! there again; hark! how the bells they
shake it!
Now for our town, hey ho! our town, and take
it :
Soft, not away so fast; dost see they melt them?
Piper be hang'd, knave! look the dancers swelt
them :
Out, there, stand out; you come too far (I say)
in,
And give the hobby-horse more room to play in.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous. ORLANDO GIBBONS :
First Set of Madrigals.
(1612.)

How art thou thrall'd, O poor despised
creature? www.libtool.com.cn
Sith by creation nature made thee free,
O traitorous eyes to gaze so on her feature,
That quits with scorn thy dear lost liberty.



Anonymous. JOHN DOWLAND; Sec-
ond Book of Songs or
Airs. (1600.)

HUMOUR, say! What mak'st thou here
In presence of a Queen?
Thou art a heavy leaden mood!
Chorus. But never Humour yet was true,
But that which only pleaseth you!

Princes hold conceit most dear,
All conceit in Humour seen;
Humour is Invention's food.
Chorus. But, etc.

O, I am as heavy as earth,
Say, then, who is Humour now?
Why, then, 'tis I am drowned in woe?
Chorus. But, etc.

English Madrigals.

I am now inclined to mirth,
Humour I, as well as thou!
No, no Wit is cherished so.

Chorus. But, etc.

Mirth, then, is drowned in Sorrow's brim.
No, no, fool! The light things swim;
Heavy things sink to the deep!

Chorus. But, etc.

O, in sorrow, all things sleep!
In her presence, all things smile;
Humour, frolic then awhile!

Chorus. But, etc.



Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE: First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1598.)

I ALWAYS beg, yet never am relieved;
I grieve, because my griefs are not believed;
I cry aloud in vain, my voice outstretchèd,
And get but this: mine echo calls me
"Wretched!"

Thus Love commands, that I in vain complain
me;
And sorrow wills, that She shall still disdain me.
Yet did I hope, which hope, my life prolonged;
To hear her say, "Alas, his love was wronged!"

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE: First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1598.)

I FALL, O stay me!
Dear Love, with joys ye slay me!
Of life, your lips deprive me!
Sweet, let your lips revive me!
O whither are you hasting? and leave my life
thus wasting!
My health on you relying, 'twere sin to leave
me dying!

And though my love abounding
Did make me fall a-swounding,
Yet am I well contented
Still so to be tormented.
And Death can never fear me,
As long as you are near me.



Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE: Second
Set of Madrigals. (1609.)

I LIVE, and yet methinks I do not breathe;
I thirst and drink, I drink and thirst again;
I sleep and yet do dream I am awake;
I hope for that I have; I have and want:
I sing and sigh; I love and hate at once.
O, tell me, restless soul, what uncouth jar
Doth cause in store such want, in peace such
war?

English Madrigals.

Risposta.

There is a jewel which no Indian mines
Can buy, no chymic art can counterfeit ;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty ;
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain :
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little, all in nought—Content.



Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND: Sec-
ond Book of Songs and
Airs. (1600.)

I SAW my lady weep,
And sorrow proud to be advanced so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe,
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts
Than mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
And passion, wise ; tears, a delightful thing ;
Silence, beyond all speech, a wisdom rare :
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve
Enough, enough : your joyful look excels :
Tears kill the heart, believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

English Madrigals.

Joshua
Sylvester.

ORLANDO GIBBONS:
First Set of Madrigals. .
(1612.)

I WEIGH not fortune's frown nor smile,
I joy not much in earthly joys ;
I seek not state, I seek not style,
I am not fond of fancy's toys :
I rest so pleased with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I tremble not at noise of war,
I quake not at the thunder's crack ;
I shrink not at the blazing star,
I sound not at the news of wrack ;
I fear no loss, I hope no gain,
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased,
I see some Tantals starve in store ;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased,
I see each Midas gape for more :
I neither want, nor yet abound,
Enough's a feast, content is crown'd.

I feign not friendship where I hate,
I fawn not on the great for grace ;
I prize a happy, mean estate,
Ne yet too lofty, nor too base :
This is all my choice, my cheer—
A mind content, and conscience clear.

English Madrigals.

Nicholas
Breton.

JOHN BARTLET : Book
of Airs. (1606.)

I WOULD thou wert not fair, or I were wise ;
I would thou hadst no face or I no eyes ;
I would thou wert not wise, or I not fond ;
Or thou not free, or I not so in bond.

But thou art fair, and I cannot be wise ;
Thy sunlike face hath blinded both mine eyes ;
Thou canst not be but wise, nor I but fond ;
Nor thou but free, nor I but still in bond.

Yet am I wise to think that thou art fair ;
Mine eyes their pureness in thy face repair ;
Nor am I fond, that do thy wisdom see ;
Nor yet in bond, because that thou art free.

Then in thy beauty only make me wise,
And in thy face the Graces guide thine eyes ;
And in thy wisdom only see me fond ;
And in thy freedom keep me still in bond.

So shalt thou still be fair and I be wise ;
Thy face shine still upon my cleared eyes ;
Thy wisdom only see how I am fond ;
Thy freedom only keep me still in bond.

So would I thou wert fair and I were wise ;
So would thou hadst thy face and I mine eyes ;
So would I thou wert wise, and I were fond ;
And thou wert free, and I were still in bond.

English Madrigals.

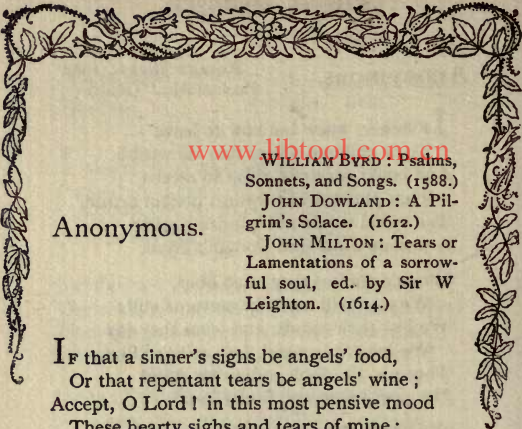
Anonymous.

ROBERT JONES : First
Book of Airs. (1601.)

IF fathers knew but how to leave
Their children wit as they do wealth,
And could constrain them to receive
That physic which brings perfect health,
The world would not admiring stand
A woman's face and woman's hand.

Women confess they must obey,
We men will needs be servants still ;
We kiss their hands, and what they say
We must commend, be't ne'er so ill :
Thus we, like fools, admiring stand
Her pretty foot and pretty hand.

We blame their pride, which we increase
By making mountains of a mouse ;
We praise because we know we please ;
Poor women are too credulous
To think that we admiring stand
Or foot, or face, or foolish hand.



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WILLIAM BYRD : Psalms,
Sonnets, and Songs. (1588.)

JOHN DOWLAND : A Pil-
grim's Solace. (1612.)

JOHN MILTON : Tears or
Lamentations of a sorrow-
ful soul, ed. by Sir W
Leighton. (1614.)

Anonymous.

IF that a sinner's sighs be angels' food,
Or that repentant tears be angels' wine ;
Accept, O Lord ! in this most pensive mood
These hearty sighs and tears of mine :
That went with Peter forth most sinfully ;
But not with Peter wept most bitterly.

If I had David's crown to me betide,
Or all his purple robes that he did wear ;
I would lay then such honour all aside,
And only seek a sackcloth weed to bear :
His palace would I leave, that I might show
And mourn in cell for such offence, my woe.

There should these hands beat on my pensive
breast ;

And sad to death, for sorrow rend my hair :
My voice to call on Thee, should never rest ;
Whose grace I seek, Whose judgment I do fear.
Upon the ground, all grovelling on my face,
I would beseech Thy favour and good grace !

English Madrigals.

But since I have not means to make the show
Of my repentant mind, and yet I see
My sin, to greater heap than Peter's grow,
Whereby the danger more it is to me :
I put my trust in His most precious blood,
Whose life was paid to purchase all our good.

Thy mercy greater is than any sin !
Thy greatness none can ever comprehend !
Wherefore, O Lord ! let me Thy mercy win,
Whose glorious name, no time can ever end :
Wherefore, I say, " All praise belongs to
Thee ! "
Whom I beseech be merciful to me.



Anonymous.

HENRY LICHFIELD :
First Set of Madrigals.
(1614.)

IF this be love to scorn my crying,
To laugh at me when I lie dying ;
To kill my heart with too much grieving,
To fly and yield me no relieving :
If love be thus to prove me,
O then I know you love me.



English Madrigals.

Edward Vere, WILLIAM BYRD ; Psalms,
Earl of Oxford. Sonnets, and Songs. (1588.)

IF women could be fair, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle, still,
I would not marvel that they make men bond
By service long to purchase their good will ;
But when I see how frail those creatures are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they
change,
How oft from Phœbus they do flee to Pan,
Unsettled still, like haggards wild, they range,—
These gentle birds that fly from man to man ;
Who would not scorn and shake them from the
fist,
And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list ?

Yet, for disport, we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please ;
And train them to our lure with subtle oath,
Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease :
And then we say, when we their fancy try,
To play with fools, oh, what a fool was I !



English Madrigals.

Thomas
Carew.

WALTER PORTER: Mad-
rigals and Airs. (1632.)

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IN Celia's face a question did arise,
Which were more beautiful, her Lips or Eyes?
"We," said the Eyes, "send forth those pointed
darts
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts."
"From us," replied the Lips, "proceed those
blisses
Which lovers reap by kind words and sweet
kisses."
Then wept the Eyes, and from their springs did
pour
Of liquid oriental pearls a shower.
Whereat the Lips, moved with delight and
pleasure,
Through a sweet smile unlocked their pearly
treasure,
And bade Love judge, whether did add more
grace,
Weeping or smiling pearls, to Celia's face.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

THOMAS MORLEY: Mad-
rigals. (1594.)

IN dew of roses steeping
Her lovely cheeks,
Lycoris thus sat weeping :
“ Ah, Dorus false, that hast my heart bereft me,
And now unkind hast left me,
Hear, alas ! oh, hear me !
Aye me, aye me,
Cannot my beauty move thee !
Pity, then, pity me,
Because I love thee.
Aye me, thou scorn'st the more I pray thee ;
And this thou dost, to slay me.
Ah, then, do kill, and vaunt thee,
Yet my ghost still shall haunt thee.”



Anonymous.

WILLIAM BYRD ; Psalms,
Sonnets, and Songs. (1588.)

IN fields abroad, where trumpets shrill do
sound,
Where glaives and shields do give and take
the knocks ;
Where bodies dead do overspread the ground,
And friends to foes, are common butcher's
blocks ;
A gallant shot, well managing his piece,
In my conceit deserves a golden fleece.

English Madrigals.

Amid the seas, a gallant ship set out,
Wherein nor men nor yet munition lacks ;
In greatest winds, that spareth not a clout,
But cuts the waves, in spite of weather's wracks ;
Would force a swain, that comes of coward's
kind,
To change himself, and be of noble mind.

Who makes his seat a stately stamping steed,
Whose neighs and plays are princely to behold ;
Whose courage stout, whose eyes are fiery red,
Whose joints well knit, whose harness all of
gold ;
Doth well deserve to be no meaner thing,
Than Persian knight, whose horse made him
a King.

By that bedside where sits a gallant dame,
Who casteth off her brave and rich attire ;
Whose petticoat sets forth as fair a frame
As mortal men or gods can well desire.
Who sits and sees her petticoat unlaced :
I say no more. The rest are all disgraced.



English Madrigals.

Richard
Edwards.

R. EDWARDS. (1560.)

IN going to my naked bed as one that would
have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before
had wept ;
She sighed sore and sang full sweet, to bring
the babe to rest,
That would not cease but crièd still, in sucking
at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch, and grievèd
with her child,
She rockèd it and rated it, till that on her it
smiled.
Then did she say, " Now have I found this
proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of
love ! "



Nicholas
Breton.

MICHAEL ESTE : Mad-
rigals. (1604.)

HENRY YOULL : Can-
zonets. (1608.)

IN the merry month of May,
On a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood-side,
Where as May was in her pride ;
There I spied all alone,
Phyllida and Corydon.

Much ado there was, God wot !
He would love, and she would not ;
She said, Never man was true,
He said, None was false to you,
He said, He had lov'd too long,
She said, Love should have no wrong.

Corydon would kiss her then,
She said, Maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all ;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
That never loved a truer youth.

Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse,
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And Phyllida with garlands gay
Was made the Lady of the May.



English Madrigals.

John
Wootton.

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT:
Pammelia. (1609.)

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JOLLY shepherd,* shepherd on a hill,
On a hill so merrily,
On a hill so cheerily,
Fear not shepherd there to pipe thy fill,
Fill every dale, fill every plain,
Both sing and say : Love feels no pain.

Jolly shepherd, shepherd on a green,
On a green so merrily,
On a green so cheerily,
Be thy voice shrill, be thy mirth seen,
Heard to each swain, seen to each trull ;
Both sing and say : Love's joy is full.

Jolly shepherd, shepherd in the sun,
In the sun so merrily,
In the sun so cheerily,
Sing forth thy songs, and let thy rhymes run
Down to the dales, to the hills above ;
Both sing and say : no life to love.

Jolly shepherd, shepherd in the shade,
In the shade so merrily,
In the shade so cheerily,
Joy in thy life, life of shepherd's trade,
Joy in thy love, love full of glee ;
Both sing and say : sweet love for me.

English Madrigals.

Jolly shepherd, shepherd here or there,
Here or there so merrily,
Here or there so cheerily,
Or in thy chat, either at thy cheer,
In every jig, in every lay,
Both sing and say : love lasts for aye.

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Jolly shepherd, shepherd Daphne's love,
Daphne's love so merrily,
Daphne's love so cheerily,
Let thy fancy never more remove,
Fancy be fixed, fixed not to fleet,
Still sing and say : love's joke is sweet.



Anonymous.

ORLANDO GIBBONS :
First Set of Madrigals.
(1612.)

L AIS, now old, that erst attempting lass,
To goddess Venus consecrates her glass ;
For she herself hath now no use of one,
No dimpled cheeks hath she to gaze upon :
She cannot see her spring-time damask grace,
Nor dare she look upon her winter face.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN DANVEL : Songs.
(1606.)

LET not Chloris think, because
She hath envassel'd me,
That her beauty can give laws
To others that are free.
I was made to be the prey
And booty of her eyes :
In my bosom, she may say,
Her greatest kingdom lies.

Though others may her brow adore,
Yet more must I that therein see far more
Than any other's eyes have power to see ;
She is to me
More than to any others she can be.
I can discern more secret notes
That in the margin of her cheeks Love quotes
Than any else besides have art to read ;
No looks proceed
From those fair eyes but to me wonder breed.

O then why
Should she fly
From him to whom her sight
Doth add so much above her might ?
Why should not she
Still joy to reign in me ?



English Madrigals.

Sir Philip
Sidney.

THOMAS VAUTOR: First
Set. (1619.)

MARTIN PEERSON: Pri-
vate Music. (1620.)

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LOCK up, faire liddes, the treasure of my heart,
Preserve those beames, this age's onely light ;
To her sweet sence, sweet sleepe some ease im-
part,—

Her sence, too weake to beare her spirit's might.
And while, O sleepe, thou closest up her sight,—
Her sight, where Love did forge his fairest
dart,—

O harbour all her parts in easefull plight ;
Let no strange dreame make her faire body start.
But yet, O dreame, if thou wilt not depart
In this rare subject from thy common right,
But wilt thy selfe in such a seate delight,
Then take my shape, and play a lover's part :
Kisse her from me, and say unto her sprite,
Till her eyes shine I live in darkest night.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

THOMAS WHEELKES :
Airs or Fantastic Spirits.
(1608.)

LORD when I think
What a paltry thing,
Is a glove, or a ring,
Or a top of a fan to brag of,
And how much a Noddy
Will triumph in a busk-point,
Snatch with the tag of :
Then I say,
Well fare him that hath ever used close play.

And when I see,
What a pitiful grace,
Hath a frown in the face,
Or a no, in the lips of a Lady :
And when I had wist,
She would be kist,
When she away did go with hey ho,
I end so,
Never trust any woman more than you know.



English Madrigals.

Thomas
Middleton.

EDWARD PEIRS: A
Brief Discourse, ed. by
T. Ravenscroft. (1614.)

LOVE for such a cherry lip
Would be glad to pawn his arrows ;
Venus here to take a sip
Would sell her doves and teams of sparrows.
But they shall not so ;
Hey nonny, nonny no !
None but I this lip must owe ;
Hey nonny, nonny no !

Did Jove see this wanton eye,
Ganymede must wait no longer ;
Phœbe here one night did lie,
Would change her face, and look much
younger.
But they shall not so ;
Hey nonny, nonny no !
None but I this lip must owe ;
Hey nonny, nonny no !



Anonymous.

WALTER PORTER :
Madrigals and Airs.
(1632.)

LOVE in thy youth, fair maid, be wise ;
Old Time will make thee colder,
And though each morning new arise
Yet we each day grow older.

English Madrigals.

Thou as heaven art fair and young,
Thine eyes like twin-stars shining ;
But ere another day be sprung
All these will be declining.

Then winter comes with all his fears,
And all thy sweets shall borrow ;
Too late then wilt thou shower thy tears,—
And I too late shall sorrow !



Thomas
Campion.

T. CAMPION: Fourth
Book of Airs. (1612.)

LOVE me or not, love her I must or die ;
Leave me or not, follow her, needs must I.
O that her grace would my wished comforts
give !
How rich in her, how happy should I live !

All my desire, all my delight should be,
Her to enjoy, her to unite to me :
Envy should cease, her would I love alone :
Who loves by looks, is seldom true to one.

Could I enchant, and that it lawful were,
Her would I charm softly that none should hear.
But love enforced rarely yields firm content ;
So would I love that neither should repent.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE: Second
Set of Madrigals. (1609.)

LOVE not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart,—
For those may fail, or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever :
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still but know not why—
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever !



Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND: Third
and Last Book of Songs
or Airs. (1603.)

ME! me! and none but me! Dart home! O
gentle Death!
And quickly! for I draw too long this idle
breath.
O how long till I may fly to heaven above,
Unto my faithful and beloved turtle dove!

Like to the silver swan before my death I sing!
And yet alive, my fatal knell I help to ring!
Still I desire from earth, and earthly joys to fly!
He never happy lived, that cannot love to die!

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

ORLANDO GIBBONS :
First Set of Madrigals.
(1612.)

'MONGST thousands good, one wanton dame
to find, www.libtool.com.cn
Amongst the roses grow some wicked weeds,
For this was not to love but lust inclined,
For love doth always bring forth bounteous
deeds
And in each gentle heart desire of honour
breeds.



Thomas Lodge.

THOMAS MORLEY: First
Book of Ballets. (1595.)

MY bonny lass, thine eye,
So sly,
Hath made me sorrow so ;
Thy crimson cheeks, my dear,
So clear,
Have so much wrought my woe ;

Thy pleasing smiles and grace,
Thy face,
Have ravished so my sprites,
That life is grown to nought
Through thought
Of love, which me affrights.

English Madrigals.

For fancy's flames of fire
Aspire
Unto such furious power
As, but the tears I shed
Make dead
The brands would me devour,

I should consume to nought
Through thought
Of thy fair shining eye,
Thy cheeks, thy pleasing smiles,
The wiles
That forced my heart to die ;

Thy grace, thy face, the part
Where art
Stands gazing still to see
The wondrous gifts and power,
Each hour,
That hath bewitchèd me.





Anonymous.

THOMAS WHEELKES
Madrigals. (1597.)

PART I.

MY flocks feed not, my ewes breed not,
My rams speed not, all is amiss !
Love is dying, faith's defying,
Heart's denying, causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot ;
All my lady's love is lost, God wot !
Where her faith was firmly fixed in love,
There a "nay" is placed without remove.
One silly cross, wrought all my loss !
O frowning fortune ! cursèd, fickle dame
For now I see, inconstancy,
More in women than in men remain.

PART II.

In black mourn I, all fears scorn I ;
Love hath forlorn me, living in thrall :
Heart is bleeding, all help needing ;
O cruel speeding, fraughted with gall !
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal ;
My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;
My curtail dog, that wont to have played,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;

English Madrigals.

My sighs so deep, procures to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound through heartless
ground,
Like a thousand vanquished men in
bloody fight!

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PART III.

Clear wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not forth ; they die ;
Herds stand weeping, flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping, fearfully :
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled !
All our love is lost, for love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass ! thy like ne'er was,
For a sweet content, the cause of all my
moan.
Poor Corydon must live alone !
Other help for him I see that there is
none.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

ROBERT JONES : Second
Book of Songs and Airs.
(1601.)

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MY love bound me with a kiss
That I should no longer stay ;
When I felt so sweet a bliss
I had less power to part away :
Alas ! that women doth not know
Kisses make men loath to go.

Yet she knows it but too well,
For I heard when Venus' dove
In her ear did softly tell
That kisses were the seals of love :
O muse not then though it be so,
Kisses make men loath to go.

Wherefore did she thus inflame
My desires, heat my blood,
Instantly to quench the same
And starve whom she had given food ?
I the common sense can show,
Kisses make men loath to go.

Had she bid me go at first
It would ne'er have grieved my heart,
Hope delayed had been the worst ;
But ah to kiss and then to part !
How deep it struck, speak, gods, you know
Kisses make men loath to go.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

ROBERT JONES: Second
Book of Songs and Airs.
(1601.)

MY Love is neither young nor old,
Nor fiery-hot nor frozen cold,
But fresh and fair as springing briar
Blooming the fruit of love's desire :
Not snowy-white nor rosy-red,
But fair enough for shepherd's bed ;
And such a love was never seen
On hill or dale or country green.



Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND: A
Pilgrim's Solace. (1612.)

MY merry mates ! to Neptune's praise,
Your voices high advance !
The wat'ry nymphs shall dance,
And Æolus shall whistle to your lays.

Master. Steersman, how stands the wind ?

Steersman. Full north-north-east.

Master. What course ?

Steersman. Full south-south-west.

Master. No worse, and blow so fair
Then sink despair,
Come solace to the mind !

English Madrigals.

Ere night, we shall the haven find.
O happy days, who may contain
But swell with proud disdain
 When seas are smooth,
Sails full, and all things please !
The Golden Mean that constant spirit bears !
In such extremes, that nor presumes nor fears.

Stay, merry mates, proud Neptune lowers !
Your voices all deplore you,
The nymphs standing weeping o'er
 you,

And Æolus and Iris bandy showers.

Master. Boatsman, haul in the boat !

Steersman. Hark ! hark the rattlings !

Master. 'Tis hail !

Steersman. Make fast the tacklings !

Master. Strike sail !

Make quick despatches !

Shut close the hatches !

Hold stern ! cast anchor out !

This night we shall at random float.

O dismal hours !

Who can forbear,

But sink with sad despair :

When seas are rough, sails rent, and each thing
lowers.



English Madrigals.

Sir Philip
Sidney.

JOHN WARD: First Set
of English Madrigals.
(1613.)

MY true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.



Anonymous.

ORLANDO GIBBONS
First Set of Madrigals.
(1612.)

NAY, let me weep, though others' tears be
spent;
Though all eyes dried be, let mine be wet;
Unto thy grave I'll pay this yearly rent,
Thy lifeless corse demands of me this debt:
I owe more tears than ever corse did crave,
I'll pay more tears than e'er was paid to grave.
Ne'er let the sun with his deceiving light
Seek to make glad these wat'ry eyes of mine;
My sorrow suits with melancholy night,
I joy in dole, in languishment I pine:
My dearest friend is set, he was my sun,
With whom my mirth, my joy, and all is done.

English Madrigals.

Yet if that age had frosted o'er his head,
Or if his face had furrow'd been with years,
I would not thus bemoan that he is dead,
I might have been more niggard of my tears :
But, O ! the sun new-rose is gone to bed
And lilies in the spring-time hang their head.

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Thomas
Campion.

T. CAMPION : First
Book of Airs. (1610.)

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent
to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber
more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of
my troubled breast—
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my
soul to rest !

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high
Paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapour
dims our eyes :
Glory there the sun outshines ; whose beams
the Blessed only see—
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my
sprite to Thee !



English Madrigals.

Edmund
Spenser.

RICHARD CARLTON,
Priest: Madrigals. (1601.)

NOUGHT is on earth more sacred or divine,
That gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue that doth right define:
For th' heavens themselves, whence mortal
men implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous
lore
Of highest Jove, who doth true justice deale
To his inferiour Gods, and evermore
Therewith containes his heavenly Common-
weale:
The skill whereof to Princes' hearts he doth
reveale.



Edward
Spenser.

RICHARD CARLTON,
Priest: Madrigals. (1601.)

NOUGHT under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great Warriours oft their rigour to repressse,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and
cruelty.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

THOMAS WHEELKES.
(1608.)

N country sports, that seldom fades,
A garland of the spring ;
A prize for dancing, country maids,
With merry pipes we bring.
Then all at once for our town cries :
Pipe on, for we will have the prize.



Samuel
Daniel.

JOHN FARMER: First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1599.)

NOW each creature joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours ;
One bird reports unto another
In the fall of silver showers ;
Whilst the Earth, our common mother,
Hath her bosom deck'd with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heaven
With bright rays warms Flora's lap,
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap ;
My field of flowers quite bereaven,
Wants refresh of better hap.

English Madrigals.

Echo, daughter of the air,
Babbling guest of rocks and hills,
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
And sounds the accents of my ills.
Each thing pities my despair,
Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she—O cruel maid!—
Doth me and my love despise,
My life's flourish is decay'd,
That depended on her eyes :
But her will must be obey'd—
And well he ends, for love who dies.



A. W.

ROBERT JONES : Ulti-
mum Vale. (1608.)

Now have I learn'd with much ado at last,
By true disdain to kill desire ;
This was the mark at which I shot so fast ;
Unto this height I did aspire :
Proud Love, now do thy worst and spare not,
For thee and all thy shafts I care not.

What hast thou left wherewith to move my mind,
What life to quicken dead desire ?
I count thy words and oaths as light as wind,
I feel no heat in all thy fire :
Go, change thy bow and get a stronger,
Go, break thy shafts and buy thee longer.

English Madrigals.

In vain thou bait'st thy hook with beauty's blaze,
In vain thy wanton eyes allure ;
These are but toys for them that love to gaze,
I know what harm thy looks procure :
Some strange conceit must be devised,
Or thou and all thy skill despised.

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Anonymous.

THOMAS FORD: Music
of Sundry Kinds. (1607.)

Now I see thy looks were feigned,
Quickly lost, and quickly gained ;
Soft thy skin, like wool of wethers,
Heart inconstant, light as feathers,
Tongue untrusty, subtle-sighted,
Wanton will with change delighted.
Siren, pleasant foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for thy treason !

Of thine eye I made my mirror,
From thy beauty came my error,
All thy words I counted witty,
All thy sighs I deemed pity,
Thy false tears, that me aggrieved,
First of all my trust deceived.
Siren, pleasant foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for thy treason !

English Madrigals.

Feigned acceptance when I asked,
Lovely words with cunning masked,
Holy vows, but heart unholy ;
Wretched man, my trust was folly ;
Lily white, and pretty winking,
Solemn vows but sorry thinking.
Siren, pleasant foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for thy treason !

Now I see, O seemly cruel,
Others warm them at my fuel,
Wit shall guide me in this durance
Since in love is no assurance :
Change thy pasture, take thy pleasure,
Beauty is a fading treasure.
Siren, pleasant foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for thy treason !

Prime youth lasts not, age will follow
And make white those tresses yellow ;
Wrinkled face, for looks delightful,
Shall acquaint the dame despiteful,
And when time shall date thy glory
Then too late thou wilt be sorry.
Siren, pleasant foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for thy treason !



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

THOMAS MORLEY: First
Book of Ballets. (1595.)

Now is the month of maying,
When merry lads are playing
Each with his bonny lass
Upon the greeny grass.

Fa la la

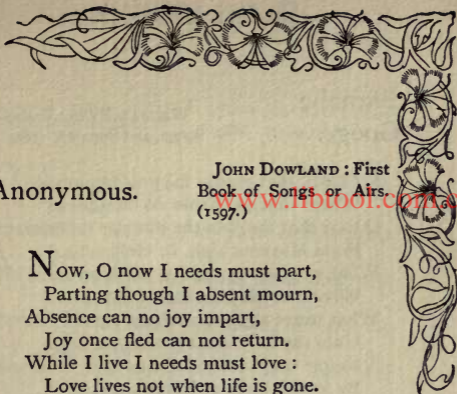
The spring clad all in gladness
Doth laugh at winter's sadness,
And to the bagpipe's sound
The nymphs tread out their ground.

Fa la la !

Fie then, why sit we musing,
Youth's sweet delight refusing?
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,
Shall we play barley-break.

Fa la la !





Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND : First
Book of Songs or Airs.
(1597.)

Now, O now I needs must part,
Parting though I absent mourn,
Absence can no joy impart,
Joy once fled can not return.
While I live I needs must love :
Love lives not when life is gone.
Now, at last, despair doth prove
Love divided loveth none.
Sad despair doth drive me hence,
That despair unkindness sends,
If that parting be offence,
It is she which then offends.

Dear, when I from thee am gone,
Gone are all my joys at once !
I loved thee, and thee alone,
In whose love I joyèd once.
While I live I needs must love,
Love lives not when life is gone.
Now, at last, despair doth prove
Love divided loveth none,
And although your sight I leave,
Sight wherein my joys do lie,
Till that death do sense bereave,
Never shall affection die.

English Madrigals.

Barnabe
Googe.

WILLIAM BYRD : Psalms,
Songs, and Sonnets. (1611.)

O GOD, that guides the golden globe,
Where shining shapes do dwell.
O thou that throw'st the thunder thumps
From Heavens high, to Hell,
What wonders works thy worthiness,
What marvels dost thou frame?
What secret sights be subject seen
Unto thy holy name?
A simple shepherd slain of late,
By foolish force of Love,
That had not grace such fancies fond
And flames for to remove,
Appearèd late, before mine eyes,
(Alas, I fear to speak),
Not as he here was wont to live,
While grief him none did break.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous. JOHN BENNETT; Mad-
rigals. (1599.)

O GRIEF, where shall poor grief find patient
hearing?
Footsteps of men I fly, my paths each creature
baulking,
Wild and unhaunted woods seem tired with
my walking:
Earth with my tears are drunk, air with my
sighs tormented,
Heavens with my crying grown deaf and
discontented,
Infernal ears affrighted with my doleful
accenting,
Only my love love's my lamenting.



Sir Philip JOHN WARD: First Set
Sidney. of English Madrigals.
(1613.)

O my thoughts, my thoughts, surcease!
Your delights my woes increase;
My life melts with too much thinking.
Think no more, but die in me;
Till thou shalt revived be,
At her lips sweet nectar drinking.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN WARD: First Set
of English Madrigals.
(1613.)

O SAY, dear life, when shall these twin-born
berries,
So lovely ripe, by my rude lips be tasted?
Shall I not pluck (sweet, say not nay) those
cherries?

O let them not with summer's heat be
blasted.

Nature, thou know'st, bestow'd them free on
thee;

Then be thou kind—bestow them free on me.



Thomas
Campion.

T. CAMPION: Third
Book of Airs. (1612.)

O SWEET delight, O more than human bliss,
With her to live that ever loving is;
To hear her speak, whose words are so well
placed,
That she by them, as they in her are graced:
Those looks to view, that feast the viewer's eye,
How blest is he that may so live and die!

Such love as this the golden times did know,
When all did reap, yet none took care to sow;
Such love as this an endless summer makes,
And all distaste from frail affection takes.
So loved, so blessed, in my beloved am I;
Which till their eyes ache, let iron men deny!

English Madrigals.

Sir Philip
Sidney.

JOHN DOWLAND; Sec-
ond Book of Songs or
Airs. (1600.)

O SWEET woods, the delight of solitariness
O, how much do I love your solitariness!

From fame's desire, from love's delight retired,
In these sad groves an hermit's life I led;
And those false pleasures which I once admired,
With sad remembrance of my fall, I dread.
To birds, to trees, to earth, impart I this,
For she less secret and as senseless is.

Experience, which alone repentance brings,
Doth bid me now my heart from love
 estrangle:

Love is disdain'd when it doth look at kings,
And love low placed is base and apt to
 change.

Their power doth take from him his liberty,
Her want of worth makes him in cradle die.

O sweet woods, etc.



English Madrigals.

Joshua
Sylvester.

ORLANDO GIBBONS:
First Set of Madrigals.
(1612.)

O THAT the learned poets of this time,
Who, in a love-sick line, so well can speak,
Would not consume good wit in hateful rhyme,
But with deep care some better subject find ;
For if their music please in earthly things,
How would it sound if strung with heav'nly
strings.



John Lyly.

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT:
Melismata. (1611.)

O YES, O yes ! if any maid
Whom leering Cupid has betrayed
To frowns of spite, to eyes of scorn,
And would in madness now see torn
The boy in pieces, let her come
Hither, and lay on him her doom.

O yes, O yes ! has any lost
A heart which many a sigh hath cost ?
Is any cozened of a tear
Which as a pearl disdain does wear ?
Here stands the thief ; let her but come
Hither, and lay on him her doom.

English Madrigals.

Is anyone undone by fire,
And turned to ashes through desire?
Did ever any lady weep,
Being cheated of her golden sleep
Stolen by sick thoughts? the pirate's found,
And in her tears he shall be drowned.

Read his indictment, let him hear
What he's to trust to. Boy, give ear!



Anonymous.

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT :
Deuteromelia. (1609.)

OF all the birds that ever I see,
The owl is the fairest in her degree ;
For all the day long she sits in a tree,
And when the night comes, away flies she ;
Te whit, te whoo !
Sir Knave, to you.
This song is well sung, I make you a vow,
And he is a knave that drinketh now.
Nose, nose, nose, nose !
Who gave thee that jolly red nose ?
Sinamont, and ginger, nutmegs, and cloves,
And that gave me my jolly red nose.



English Madrigals.


Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE: First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1608.)

OF joys and pleasing pains, I, late, went
singing!
(O pains with joys consenting !)
And little thought as then, of now repenting.
But now think of my then sweet-bitter stinging ;
All day long, I, my hands, alas, go wringing.
The baleful notes of which my sad tormenting.
Are Ruth and Moan, Frights, Sobs, and loud
Lamenting
From hills and dales, in my dull ears still ringing.

My throat is sore, my voice is harsh with
shrieking.
My Rests are sighs deep from the heart-root
fetched,
My song runs all on Sharps, and with oft striking
Time on my breast, I shrink with hands out-
stretched :
Thus still, and still I sing, and ne'er am limning ;
For still the Close points to my first Beginning.





Samuel Daniel.

THOMAS TOMKINS:
Songs. (1622.)

OFt do I marvel, whether Delia's eyes
Are eyes ; or else two radiant stars that shine !
For how could nature ever thus devise
Of earth (on earth) a substance so divine ?
Stars sure they are, whose motions rule desires :
And calm and tempest follow their aspects :
Their sweet appearing still such pow'r inspires,
That makes the world admire so strange
effects.

Yet whether fix'd or wand'ring stars are they,
Whose influence rule the orb of my poor
heart ?

Fix'd sure they are ; but wand'ring makes me
stray

In endless errors, when I cannot part.
Stars then, not eyes, move you with milder view,
Your sweet aspect on him that honours you.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

WALTER PORTER: Mad-
rigals and Airs. (1632.)

OLD poets that in Cupid's hand
Put weapons first, did but allow
These then were all his arms, a brand,
A chain, two shafts, one bow.
But now he finds in Celia's brow,
In both her eyes, in all her parts,
Ten thousand fetters, flames and darts.

Tell me the number of her hairs.
Count all the glances of her eyes ;
The graces and the careless snares,
That in her looser beauty lies :
Sweet smiles and sweeter airs that fly
Like lightning from her lips, and then
Tell me how many ways love murders men.



Anonymous.

ROBERT JONES: First
Book of Airs. (1601.)

ONCE did I love and yet I live,
Though love and truth be now forgotten ;
Then did I joy, now do I grieve
That holy vows must now be broken.

Hers be the blame that caused it so,
Mine be the grief though it be mickle ;
She shall have shame, I cause to know
What 'tis to love a dame so fickle.

English Madrigals.

Love her that list, I am content
For that chameleon-like she changeth,
Yielding such mists as may prevent
My sight to view her when she rangeth.

Let him not vaunt that gains my loss,
For when that he and time hath proved her
She may him bring to Weeping-Cross;
I say no more, because I loved her.



Sir Philip
Sidney.

HENRY YOULL: Can-
zonets. (1608.)

ONLY Joy, now here you are,
Fit to heare and ease my care,
Let my whispering voyce obtaine
Sweete reward for sharpest paine ;
Take me to thee, and thee to mee :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let bee.”

Night hath closde all in her cloke,
Twinkling starres love-thoughts provoke,
Danger hence, good care doth keepe,
Jealouzie himselfe doth sleepe ;
Take me to thee, and thee to mee :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let bee.”

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

MARTIN PEERSON: Private Music. (1620.)

“OPEN the door! Who's there within?
The fairest of thy mother's kin;
O come, come, come abroad
 And hear the shrill birds sing,
 The air with tunes that load!
It is too soon to go to rest,
The sun not midway yet to west,
 The day doth miss thee
And will not part until it kiss thee.”

“Were I as fair as you pretend,
Yet to an unknown seld-seen friend,
I dare not ope the door:
 To hear the sweet birds sing
 Oft proves a dangerous thing.
The Sun may run his wonted race
And yet not gaze on my poor face:
 The day may miss me:
Therefore depart; you shall not kiss me.”



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

WILLIAM BYRD : Psalms,
Sonnets, and Songs. (1588.)

PROSTRATE, O Lord! I lie,
Behold me, Lord! with pity;
Stop not thine ears! against my cry,
My sad and mourning ditty,
Breathed from an inward soul,
From heart heart'ly contrite ;
Offering sweet, a sacrifice
In thy heavenly sight.

Observe not sins, O Lord !
For who may then abide it ;
But let thy mercy cancel them,
Thou hast not man denied it.
Man melting with remorse and thoughts ;
Thought past repenting.
O lighten, Lord ! O hear our songs !
Our sins full sore lamenting.

The wonders of thy works,
Above all reason reacheth ;
And yet Thy mercy above all
This, us Thy Spirit teacheth !
Then let no sinner fall
In depth of foul despair ;
Since never soul so foul there was,
But mercy made it fair.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous. JOHN BENNET: Madri-
gals. (1599.)

REST now, Amphion, rest thy charming lyre,
For Daphne's love makes sweeter melody;
Her love's concord with mine doth well conspire,
No discord jars in our love's sympathy:
Our concords have some discords mix'd among:
Discording concords make the sweetest song.



Anonymous. RICHARD ALLISON: An
Hour's Recreation in Music.
(1606.)

REST with yourselves, you vain and idle brains!
Which Youth and Age in lewdest Lust bestow,
And find out frauds, and use ten thousand trains
To win the soil, where nought but sin doth
grow:
And live with me, you chaste and honest minds!
Which do your lives in lawful Love employ,
And know no sleights, but friends for virtue finds,
And loathe the lust which doth the soul de-
stroy.

For Lust is frail, where love is ever sound;
Lust, outward sweet; but inward, bitter gall:
A Shop of Shews, where no good ware is found;
Not like to Love, where honest faith is all.
So that is Lust, where fancy ebbs and flows,
And hates and loves, as Beauty dies and grows.
And this is Love, where Friendship firmly stands
On Virtue's rock, and not on sinful sands.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous. THOMAS MORLEY: Mad-
 rigals. (1594.)

SAY, gentle nymphs, that tread these moun-
tains,

Whilst sweetly you sit playing,

Saw you my Daphne straying

Along your crystal fountains?

If that you chance to meet her,

Kiss her and kindly greet her:

Then these sweet garlands take her,

And say from me, I never will forsake her.



Anonymous. JOHN DOWLAND: Third
 and Last Book of Songs or
 Airs. (1603.)

"SAY, Love, if ever thou didst find
A woman with a constant mind."

 "None but one."

"And what should that rare mirror be?"

"Some goddess or some queen is She."

She, She, She, and only She,

She only queen of love and beauty.

"But could thy fiery poisoned dart

At no time touch her spotless heart,

 Nor come near?"

"She is not subject to Love's bow:

Her eye commands, her heart saith 'No.'

No, no, no, and only No,

One No another still doth follow."

English Madrigals.

“How might I that fair wonder know
That mocks desire with endless ‘No?’”

“See the moon
That ever in one change doth grow,
Yet still the same: and She is so.”
So, so, so, and only So!
From heaven her virtues she doth borrow.

“To her then yield thy shafts and bow
That can command affections so.”

“Love is free:
So are her thoughts that vanquish thee.
There is no queen of love but She.”
She, She, She, and only She,
She only queen of love and beauty.



Anonymous.

FRANCIS PILKINGTON
First Set of Madrigals and
Pastorals. (1613.)

SEE where my love a-maying goes
With sweet dame Flora sporting!
She most alone with nightingales
In woods' delights consorting.

Turn again, my dearest!
The pleasant'st air's in meadows;
Else by the river let us breathe,
And kiss amongst the willows.

English Madrigals.

William
Browne.

JOHN ATTEY: First
Book of Airs. (1622.)

SHALL I tell you whom I love ?

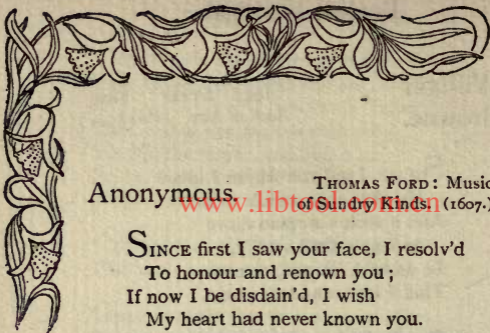
Hearken then awhile to me,
And if such a woman move

As I now shall versify,
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
As she scorns the help of art.

I as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embrac'd a heart,
So much good so truly tried
Some for less were deified.





Anonymous.

THOMAS FORD: Music
of Sundry Kinds. (1607.)

SINCE first I saw your face, I resolv'd
To honour and renown you ;
If now I be disdain'd, I wish
My heart had never known you.
What ! I that loved, and you that lik'd,
Shall we begin to wrangle !
No, no, no, my heart is fast,
And cannot disentangle.

If I admire or praise you too much,
That fault you may forgive me ;
Or if my hands had stray'd a touch,
Then justly might you leave me.
I ask'd you leave, you badè me love,
Is't now a time to chide me ?
No, no, no, I'll love you still,
What fortune e'er betide me.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are,
Rejecteth no beholder ;
And your sweet beauty, past compare,
Made my poor eyes the bolder.
When beauty moves, and wit delights,
And signs of kindness bind me,
There, O there, where'er I go,
I'll leave my heart behind me.

English Madrigals.

If I have wrong'd you, tell me wherein,
And I will soon amend it ;
In recompense of such a sin,
Here is my heart, I'll send it.
If that will not your mercy move,
Then for my life I care not ;
Then, O then, torment me still,
And take my life, and spare not !



Anonymous. THOMAS BATESON : First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1604.)

SISTER, awake ! close not your eyes,
The Day her light discloses,
And the bright Morning doth arise
Out of her bed of roses.

See, the clear Sun, the world's bright eye,
In at our window peeping :
Lo ! how he blusheth to espy
Us idle wenches sleeping.

Therefore, awake ! make haste, I say,
And let us, without staying,
All in our gowns of green so gay,
Into the park a-maying !

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

WALTER PORTER: Mad-
rigals and Airs. (1632.)

SITTING once rapt with delight,
In my fairest mistress' sight;
I took pleasure to compare,
Her eyes' whiteness to the air:
That which compass'd in the ball,
I did purest water call;
And the pretty inward round,
I styl'd earth: but, O! I found,
While some part I did desire
For to liken unto fire,
Ere I knew from whence it came,
I, myself, grew all a-flame.



Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND: First
Book of Songs or Airs.
(1597.)

SLEEP, wayward thoughts, and rest you with
my love;
Let not my love be with my love displeas'd;
Touch not, proud hands, lest you her anger
move,
But pine you with my longings long diseas'd.
Thus while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake;
So sleeps my love—and yet my love doth wake.

English Madrigals.

But, O! the fury of my restless fear,
The hidden anguish of my chaste desires ;
The glories and the beauties that appear
Between her brows, near Cupid's closed fires !
Sleep, dainty love, while I sigh for thy sake ;
So sleeps my love—and yet my love doth wake.

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Ben Jonson.

HENRY YOULL: Can-
zonets. (1608.)

SLOW, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my
salt tears ;
Yet, slower, yet ; O faintly, gentle springs !
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers ;
Fall grief in showers ;
Our beauties are not ours :
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since Nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE : Second
Set of Madrigals. (1609.)

So light is love, in matchless beauty shining,
When he revisits Cypris' hallowed bowers,
Two feeble doves, harness'd in silken twining,
Can draw his chariot midst the Paphian
flowers.

Lightness in love ! how ill it fitteth !
So heavy on my heart he sitteth.



Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND :
Second Book of Songs
or Airs. (1600.)

SORROW ! Sorrow, stay ! Lend true repentant
tears,

To a woeful wretched wight !

Hence ! hence, Despair ! with tormenting fears.

O do not, my poor heart affright !

Pity ! Pity, help now, or never ! Mark me not
to endless pain !

Alas, I am condemnèd ever, no hope there doth
remain,

But down, down, down, down I fall ;

And arise, I never shall.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE: Second
Set of Madrigals. (1609.)

STAY, Corydon, thou swain,
Talk not so soon of dying ;
What, though thy heart be slain,
What, if thy love be flying ?
She threatens thee, but dare not strike ;
Thy nymph is light and shadow-like,
For if thou follow her she'll fly from thee,
But if thou fly from her she'll follow thee.



Dr John Donne.

WILLIAM CORKINE :
Second Book of Airs.
(1612.)

STAY, O sweet, and do not rise !
The light, that shines, comes from thine eyes.
The day breaks not : it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancy.

'Tis true, 'tis day : what though it be ?
O, wilt thou therefore rise from me ?
Why should we rise because 'tis light ?
Did we lie down because 'twas night ?
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us
hither,
Should in despite of light keep us together.

English Madrigals.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye.
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say :—
That, being well, I fain would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
That I would not from her, that had them, go.

Must business ~~as the libt becomen~~
O, that's the worst disease of love !
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He, which hath business, and makes love, doth
do
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.



Anonymous.

WILLIAM BYRD : Psalms,
Sonnets, and Songs. (1588.)

SUSANNA fair, sometime assaulted was,
By two old men, desiring their delight ;
Whose false intent they thought to bring to pass,
If not by tender love, by force and might.
To whom she said, " If I your suit deny,
You will me falsely accuse, and make me die.

And if I grant to that which you request,
My chastity shall then deflowerèd be :
Which is so dear to me that I detest
My life ; if it berefted be from me.
And rather would I die, of mine accord,
Ten thousand times, than once offend the
Lord !"

English Madrigals.

Robert Greene.

G. PIZZONI.

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content ;

The quiet mind is richer than a crown ;

Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;

The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown :

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep,

such bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest,

The cottage that affords nor pride nor care,

The mean that 'grees with country music best,

The sweet consort of mirth and modest fare,

Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss :

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.





- Anonymous. JOHN WILBYE: First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1598.)

SWEET love, if thou wilt gain a monarch's
glory,
Subdue her heart, who makes me glad and
sorry :

 Out of thy golden quiver
 Take thou thy strongest arrow
 That will through bone and marrow,
And me and thee of grief and fear deliver :
But come behind, for if she look upon thee,
Alas ! poor love ! then thou art woe-begone thee !



English Madrigals.

Edmund
Bolton.

TOBIAS HUME: Poetical
Music. (1607.)

SWEET Music, sweeter far
Than any song is sweet :
Sweet Music, heavenly rare,
Mine ears (O peeres), doth greet.
You gentle flocks, whose fleeces, pearled with
dew,
Resemble heaven, whom golden drops make
bright,
Listen, O listen, now, O not to you
Our pipes make sport to shorten weary night :
But voices most divine
Make blissful harmony ;
Voices that seem to shine,
For what else clears the sky ?
Tunes can we hear, but not the singers see,
The tunes divine, and so the singers be.

Lo, how the firmament
Within an azure fold
The flock of stars hath pent,
That we might them behold.
Yet from their beams proceedeth not this light,
Nor can their crystals such reflection give.
What then doth make the element so bright ?
The heavens are come down upon earth to live.
But hearken to the song,
Glory to Glory's king,
And peace all men among,
These choristers do sing.
Angels they are, as also, Shepherds, he
Whom in our fear we do admire to see.

English Madrigals.

Let not amazement blind
Your souls, said he, annoy :
To you and all mankind
My message bringeth joy.
For lo, the world's great Shepherd now is born,
A blessed babe, an infant full of power :
After long night uprisen is the morn,
Renowing Bethl'em in the Saviour.
Sprung is the perfect day,
By prophets seen afar :
Sprung is the mirthful May,
Which winter cannot mar.
In David's city doth this sun appear
Clouded in flesh, yet, shepherds, sit we here?



William
Drummond.

THOMAS GREAVES: Songs
of Sundry Kinds. (1604.)

SWEET nymphs, if, as ye stray,
Ye find the froth-born goddess of the sea
All blubber'd, pale, undone,
Who seeks her giddy son,
That little god of love,
Whose golden shafts your chastest bosoms
prove.
Who, leaving all the heavens, hath run away ;
If ought to him that finds him she'll impart,
Tell her he nightly lodgeth in my heart.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

THOMAS VAUTOR: First
Set. (1619.)

SWEET Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers like a lady bright,
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,
 Te whit, te whoo !
Thy note, that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls,
And sings a dirge for dying souls,
 Te whit, te whoo !



Anonymous.

JOHN FARMER: First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1599.)

TAKE time while time doth last,
Mark how fair fadeth fast ;
Beware if envy reign,
Take heed of proud disdain ;
Hold fast now in thy youth,
Regard thy vowèd truth,
Lest, when thou waxeth old,
Friends fail and love grow cold.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND: A
Pilgrim's Solace. (1612.)

TELL me, True Love, where shall I seek thy
being?

In thoughts or words, in vows or promise
making?

In reasons, looks, or Passions never seeing?

In men, on earth, or women's minds partak-
ing?

Thou can'st not die! and therefore, living, tell
me,

Where is thy seat? Why doth this age expel
thee!

When thoughts are still unseen, and words dis-
guised;

Vows are not sacred held, nor promise debt;
By Passion, Reason's glory is surprisèd;

In neither sex is true love firmly set.

Thoughts feigned, words false, vows and pro-
mise broken,

Made True Love fly from earth! This is the
token.

Mount then, my thoughts! Here is for thee no
dwelling,

Since Truth and Falsehood live, like twins,
together.

Believe not Sense! eyes! ears! touch! taste!
or smelling!

Both Art and Nature's forced! put trust in
neither!

One only She, doth True Love, captive bind,
In fairest breast, but in a fairer mind.

English Madrigals.

O fairest mind, enriched with Love's residing,
Retain the best ! In hearts, let some seed fall !
Instead of weeds, Love's fruits may have
abiding,

At harvest, you shall reap increase of all !
O happy Love ! More happy man, that finds
thee,
Most happy saint ! that keeps, restores, un-
binds thee !



Anonymous.

THOMAS MORLEY:
Madrigals. (1594.)

THE fields abroad with spangled flowers are
gilded,
The meads are mantled and the closes,
In May each bush arrayed with sweet wild
roses ;
The nightingale her bower hath gaily builded :
And full of kindly lust, and love's inspiring,
I love, I love (she sings), hark, her mate
desiring.



Anonymous.

JOHN ATTEY: First
Book of Airs. (1622.)

THE Gordian knot, which Alexander great,
Did whilom cut with his all-conquering sword,
Was nothing like thy busk-point, pretty peat,
Nor could so fair an augury afford ;
Which if I chance to cut or else untie,
Thy little world I'll conquer presently.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous. JOHN DOWLAND: Third
and Last Book of Songs or
Airs. (1603.)

THE lowest trees have tops, the ant or gall,
The fly her spleen, the little spark his heat ;
The slender hairs cast shadows, though but
small,
And bees have stings, although they be not
great ;
Seas have their source, and so have shallow
springs ;
And love is love in beggars as in kings !

Where rivers smoothest run, deep are the fords ;
The dial stirs, yet none perceives it move ;
The firmest faith is in the fewest words ;
The turtles cannot sing, and yet they love ;
True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongues to
speak ;
They hear, and see, and sigh, and then they
break !



Thomas
Campion.

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PHILIP ROSSETER : Book
of Airs. (1601.)

RICHARD ALLISON : An
Hour's Recreation in Music.
(1606.)

T. CAMPION : First Book
of Airs. (1610.)

THE man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity ;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent :

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence :

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

English Madrigals.

Thus scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things ;

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.



Anonymous.

WILLIAM BYRD: Psalms,
Sonnets, and Songs. (1588.)

THE match that's made for just and true re-
spects,
With evenness both of years and parentage,
Of force must bring forth many good effects.
Pari jugo dulcis tractus.

For where chaste love and liking sets the plant,
And concord waters with a firm good-will,
Of no good thing there can be any want.
Pari jugo dulcis tractus.

Sound is the knot that Chastity hath tied,
Sweet is the music Unity doth make,
Sure is the store that Plenty doth provide.
Pari jugo dulcis tractus.

Where Chasteness fails there concord will decay,
Where Concord fleets there Plenty will decease,
Where Plenty wants there Love will wear away.
Pari jugo dulcis tractus.

English Madrigals.

I, Chastity, restrain all strange desires ;
I, Concord, keep the course of sound consent ;
I, Plenty, spare and spend as cause requires.
Pari jugo dulcis tractus.

Make much of us, all ye that married be ;
Speak well of us, all ye that mind to be ;
The time may come to want and wish all three.
Pari jugo dulcis tractus.



FRANCIS PILKINGTON :
First Set of Madrigals.
(1613.)

Anonymous.

THE messenger of the delightful spring,
The cuckoo, proud bird, mocking man !
On lofty oaks and every under-spring,
To chant out cuckoo scarce began ;
When as Menalcas, soft as swan,
His winter cloak cast off, did nimbly spring,
And as the cuckoo cuck did sing,
The shepherd's down a down was farra diddle
dan.



English Madrigals.

Sir Philip
Sidney.

THOMAS BATESON:
First Set of English Mad-
rigals. (1604.)

THE nightingale, as soon as April bringeth
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
While late-bare earth, proud of new clothing,
springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book
making ;
And mournfully bewailing,
Her throat in tunes expresseth
What grief her breast oppresseth
For Tereus' force on her chaste will prevailing.
O Philomela fair, O take some gladness,
That here is juster cause of plaintful sad-
ness :
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth ;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart
invadeth.

Alas, she hath no other cause of anguish
But Tereus' love, on her by strong hand
wroken,
Wherein she suffering, all her spirits languish,
Full womanlike complains her will was
broken.
But I, who, daily craving,
Cannot have to content me,
Have more cause to lament me,
Since wanting is more woe than too much
having.
O Philomela fair, etc.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

THOMAS WHEELKES :
Airs or Fantastic Spirits.
(1608.)

THE nightingale, the organ of delight ;
The nimble lark, the blackbird, and the
thrush ;
And all the pretty choristers of flight,
That chant their music notes in every bush ;
Let them no more contend who shall excel,
The cuckoo is the bird that bears the bell.



Anonymous.

ORLANDO GIBBONS :
First Set of Madrigals.
(1612.)

THE silver swan, who living had no note ;
When death approached, unlocked her silent
throat.
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sang her first and last, and sang no more :
Farewell all joys, O death ! come close mine
eyes ;
More geese than swans now live, more fools
than wise.



English Madrigals.

Thomas
Campion.

RICHARD ALLISON: An
Hour's Recreation in
Music. (1606.)

ROBERT JONES: Ulti-
mum Vale. (1608.)

T. CAMPION: Fourth
Book of Airs. (1612.)

THERE is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow ;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till "cherry-ripe" themselves do cry,

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow ;
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till "cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till "cherry-ripe" themselves do cry !



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

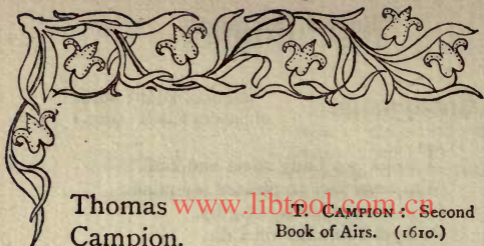
THOMAS FORD: Music
of Sundry Kinds. (1607.)

THERE is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingèd and doth range,
Her country,—so my love doth change:
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.





Thomas
Campion.

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T. CAMPION: Second
Book of Airs. (1610.)

THERE is none, O, none but you,
Who from me estrange the sight,
Whom mine eyes affect to view,
And chained ears hear with delight.

Others' beauties others move :
In you I all graces find ;
Such are the effects of love,
To make them happy that are kind.

Women in frail beauty trust ;
Only seem you fair to me !
Still be truly kind and just,
For that may not dissembled be.

Dear, afford me then your sight !
That, surveying all your looks,
Endless volumes I may write,
And fill the world with envied books,

Which when after-ages view,
All shall wonder and despair,—
Women, to find a man so true,
And men, a woman half so fair !

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT :
Melismata. (1611.)

THERE were three Ravens sat on a tree,—
Down-a-down, hey down, hey down !
There were three Ravens sat on a tree,—
With a down !

There were three Ravens sat on a tree,—
They were as black as they might be :
With a down, derry derry derry down down !

The one of them said to his mate—
Where shall we our breakfast take ?

Down in yonder greenè field
There lies a knight slain under his shield.

His hounds they lie down at his feet :
So well they their master keep.

His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowl dare him come nigh.

Down there comes a fallow doe,
Great with young as she might go.

She lift up his bloody head,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She gat him upon her back,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime ;
She was dead ere even-time.

God send every gentleman
Such hounds, such hawks, and such leman !
With a down, derry, etc.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND: First
Book of Songs or Airs.
(1597.)

THINK'ST thou, then, by feigning
Sleep, with a grand disdain ;
Or, with thy crafty closing,
Thy cruel eyes reposing ;
To drive me from thy sight !
When sleep yields more delight,
Such harmless beauty gracing ;
And while sleep feignèd is
May not I steal a kiss
Thy quiet arms embracing ?
O that thy sleep dissembled,
Were to a trance resembled !
Thy cruel eyes deceiving,
Of lively sense bereaving ;
Then should my love requite
Thy love's unkind despite,
While fury triumphed boldly
In beauty's sweet disgrace ;
And lived in deep embrace
Of her that loved so coldly.
Should then my love aspiring,
Forbidden joys desiring,
So far exceed the duty
That Virtue owes to Beauty ?
No ! Love seek not thy bliss
Beyond a simple kiss !
For such deceits are harmless
Yet kiss a thousand fold ;
For kisses may be bold
When lovely sleep is armless.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN BENNET: Madrigals. (1599.)

THYRSIS, sleepest thou? Holla! let not sorrow slay us.

Hold up thy head, man; said the gentle Melibæus.

See! summer comes again, the country's pride adorning;

Hark! how the cuckoo singeth this fair April morning.

Oh! said the shepherd, and sighed as one all undone,

Let me alone, alas! and drive him back to London.



Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE: First Set of English Madrigals. (1598.)

THOU art but young, thou say'st,
And love's delight thou weigh'st not;
O, take time while thou may'st,
Lest when thou would'st thou may'st not!

If love shall then assail thee,
A double anguish will torment thee;
And thou wilt wish (but wishes all will fail thee),
"O me! that I were young again!" and so repent thee.

English Madrigals.

William
Drummond.

MARTIN PEERSON :
Motets, or Grave Chamber
Music. (1630.)

THOU window, once which served for a
sphere

To that dear planet of my heart, whose light
Made often blush the glorious queen of night,
While she in thee more beauteous did appear,
What mourning weeds, alas! now dost thou
wear?

How loathsome to mine eyes is thy sad sight?
How poorly look'st thou, with what heavy cheer,
Since that sun set, which made thee shine so
bright?

Unhappy now thee close, for as of late
To wond'ring eyes thou wast a paradise,
Bereft of her who made thee fortunate,
A gulf thou art, whence clouds of sighs arise ;
But unto none so noisome as to me,
Who hourly see my murdered joys in thee.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

WILLIAM BYRD : Psalms,
Sonnets, and Songs. (1588.)

THOUGH Amaryllis dance in green

Like Fairy Queen,

And sing full clear ;

Corinna can with smiling cheer

Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,

Hey ho ! I will love no more.

My sheep are lost for want of food,

And I so wood

That all the day

I sit and watch a herd-maid gay ;

Who laughs to see me sigh so sore.

Hey ho ! I will love no more.

Her loving looks, her beauty bright,

Is such delight ;

That all in vain,

I love to like, and lose my gain

For her, that thanks me not therefore.

Hey ho ! I will love no more.

Ah, wanton eyes ! my friendly foes

And cause of woes ;

Your sweet desire

Breeds flames of ice, and freeze in fire !

Ye scorn to see me weep so sore !

Hey ho ! I will love no more.

Love ye who list, I force him not ;

Since God it wot,

The more I wail,

The less my sighs and tears prevail.

What shall I do ? but say therefore,

Hey ho ! I will love no more.

English Madrigals.

Thomas
Campion.

T. CAMPION: Third Book
of Airs. (1612.)

THRICE toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair ;
And thrice three times, tie up this true love's knot!
And murmur soft " She will or she will not."

Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling
briar,
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave ;
That all thy fears and cares, an end may have.

Then come, you Fairies, dance with me a round!
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound!
In vain are all the charms I can devise:
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.



Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE: First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1598.)

THUS saith my Chloris bright,
When we of love sit down and talk together :
" Beware of Love, dear ; Love is a walking
sprite,
And Love is this and that,
And, O, I know not what,
And comes and goes again I wot not whither."
No, no,—these are but bugs to breed amazing,
For in her eyes I saw his torchlight blazing.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

WALTER PORTER: Mad-
rigals and Airs. (1632.)

THY face and eyes and all thou hast is fair,
And for their sakes most men affect thee;
But I perceive in thee something more rare,
Than outward beauty for which I affect thee.

Thy mind is fairer than thy face or eyes:
And that same beauteous outside which thou
hast,
Is but a curious casket, in which lies
The treasure of a mind, virtuous and chaste.

So keep them still and let not youth deceive thee:
For when through age thy beauty shall decay,
Those that for beauty love thee, then will leave
thee.
But worth will last until thy dying day.

But he that shall for both of these esteem thee,
And think thee fair and know thy virtues too;
He cannot choose but ever dearly deem thee,
And much admire thee, as I swear I do.

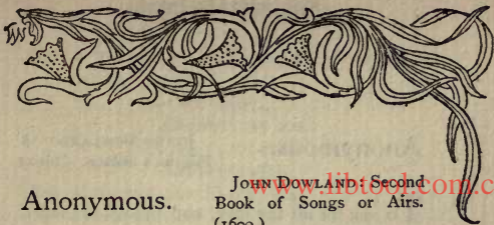


English Madrigals.

Anonymous. JOHN DOWLAND; Third
and Last Book of Songs or
Airs. (1603.)

TIME stands still, with gazing on her face!
Stand still, and gaze! for minutes, hours, and
years, to her give place.
All other things shall change! but she remains
the same,
Till heavens changèd have their course, and
Time hath lost his name!
Cupid doth hover up and down, blinded with
her fair eyes!
And Fortune, captive at her feet, contemned
and conquered lies!





Anonymous. JOHN DOWLAND: Second
Book of Songs or Airs.
(1600.)

TIME's eldest son, old age, the heir of ease,
Strength's foe, love's woe, and foster to
devotion,
Bids gallant youth in martial prowess please :
As for himself he hath no earthly motion ;
But thinks, sighs, tears, vows, prayers, and
sacrifices
As good as shows, masks, jousts, or tilt devices.

Then sit thee down, and say thy *Nunc dimittis*,
With *De profundis*, *Credo*, and *Te Deum* :
Chant *Miserere* ; for what now so fit is
As that : or this, *Paratum est cor meum ?*
O, that thy Saint would take in worth thy heart,
Thou canst not please her with a better part.

When others sing *Venite exultemus*,
Stand by, and turn to *Nolo æmulari* :
For *Quare fremuerunt*, use *Oremus* ;
Vivat Eliza for an *Ave Mari*.
And teach those swains that live about thy cell,
To say *Amen* when thou dost pray so well.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND: A
Pilgrim's Solace. (1612.)

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To ask for all thy love, and thy whole heart,
'twere madness!

I do not sue
Nor can admit,
Fairest! from you
To have all!

Yet who giveth all, hath nothing to impart but
sadness!

He that receiveth all, can have no more than
seeing.

My love, by length
Of every hour,
Gathers new strength!
New growth! new flower!

You must have daily new rewards in store, still
being.

You cannot, every day, give me your heart for
merit!

Yet, if you will,
When yours doth go,
You shall have still
One to bestow!

For you shall mine, when yours doth part,
inherit!

English Madrigals.

Yet, if you please, I'll find a better way, than
change them.

For so, alone,
Dearest ! we shall
Be one ! and one
Another's all !

Let us so join our hearts, that nothing may
estrangle them !



Anonymous.

ORLANDO GIBBONS :
First Set of Madrigals.
(1612.)

TRUST not too much, fair youth, unto thy
feature ;
Be not enamoured of thy blushing hue :
Be gamesome, whilst thou art a goodly creature,
The flowers will fade that in thy garden grew.
Sweet violets are gathered in their spring,
White primit falls withouten pitying.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous. LUCA MARENZIO :
Italian Madrigals, Eng-
lished by T. Watson.
(1590.)
JOHN WILBYE : First
Set of English Mad-
rigals. (1598.)

UNKIND ! O stay thy flying !
And if I needs must die, pity me dying !
 But in thee, my heart is lying ;
 And no death can assail me,
 Alas, till life doth fail thee !
O therefore, if the Fates bid thee be fleeting ;
Stay for me ! whose poor heart thou hast in
 keeping.



Michael JOHN WARD : First Set
Drayton. of English Madrigals.
(1613.)

UPON a bank with roses set about,
 Where turtles oft sit joining bill to bill :
And gentle springs steal softly murm'ring out,
 Washing the foot of Pleasure's sacred hill.
There little Love sore wounded lies,
 His bow and arrows broken ;
Bedew'd with tears from Venus' eyes,
 Oh ! grievous to be spoken !

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

WILLIAM BYRD : Songs of
Sundry Natures. (1589.)

UPON a summer's day Love went to swim,
And cast himself into a sea of tears ;
The clouds called in their light, and heaven
waxed dim,
And sighs did raise a tempest, causing fears ;
The naked boy could not so wield his arms,
But that the waves were masters of his might,
And threatened him to work far greater harms
If he devisèd not to 'scape by flight :
Then for a boat his quiver stood instead,
His bow unbent did serve him for a mast,
Whereby to sail his cloth of veil he spread,
His shafts for oars on either board he cast :
From shipwreck safe this wag got thus to shore,
And sware to bathe in lovers' tears no more.



Richard Row-
lands (alias
Verstegen).

MARTIN PEERSON :
Private Music. (1620.)

UPON my lap my sovereign sits
And sucks upon my breast ;
Meantime his love maintains my life
And gives my sense her rest.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

English Madrigals.

When thou hast taken thy repast,
Repose, my babe, on me ;
So may thy mother and thy nurse
Thy cradle also be.

Sing lullaby, etc.

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I grieve that duty doth not work
All that my wishing would,
Because I would not be to thee
But in the best I should.

Sing lullaby, etc.

Yet as I am, and as I may,
I must and will be thine,
Though all too little for thy self
Vouchsafing to be mine.

Sing lullaby, etc.



Thomas
Watson.

MARTIN PEERSON :
Motets, or Grave Cham-
ber Music. (1630.)

WAS ever man, whose Love was like to mine?
I follow still the cause of my distress,
My Heart foreseeing hurt, doth yet incline
To seek the same, and thinks the harm the less.
In doing thus, you ask me what I ail :
Against main force what reason can prevail ?

English Madrigals.

Love is the Lord and Signor of my will,
How shall I then dispose of any deed?
By forcèd Bond, he holds my freedom still,
He dulls each sense, and makes my heart to
bleed.

Thou sacred nymph, whose virtue wanteth
stain,
Agree with Love, and set me free again.

Of this my weary life no day shall fall,
Wherein my pen shall once thy praise forget :
No night with sleep shall close mine eyes at
all,
Before I make recount of such a debt ;
Then force me not to more than well I may,
Besides his Skin, the Fox hath nought to pay.



Anonymous.

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT :
Deuteromelia. (1609.)

WE be three poor mariners,
Newly come from the seas ;
We spend our lives in jeopardy,
While others live in ease.
Shall we go dance the round, the round,
Shall we go dance the round ;
And he that is a bully boy,
Come pledge me on this ground.

English Madrigals.

We care not for those martial men
That do our states disdain ;
But we care for the merchantmen
Who do our states maintain.
To them we dance this round, around,
To them we dance this round ;
And he that is a bully boy,
Come pledge me on this ground.



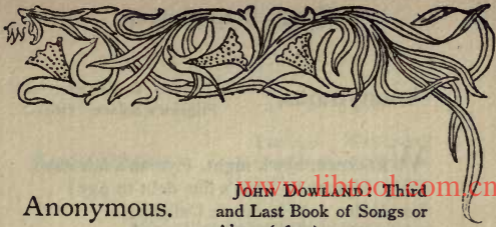
Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE : First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1598.)

JOHN BENNET : Mad-
rigals. (1599.)

WEEP, O mine eyes, and cease not !
Your spring-tides, out, alas ! methinks, increase
not.
O when, O when begin you
To swell so high, that I may drown me in you !





Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND: Third
and Last Book of Songs or
Airs. (1603.)

WEEP you no more, sad fountains :
What need you flow so fast ?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste !
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets :—
Doth not the sun rise smiling,
When fair at even he sets ?
—Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes !
Melt not in weeping !
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping !



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND: A
Pilgrim's Solace. (1612.)

WELCOME, black night, Hymen's fair day!
Help, Hymen! Love's due debt to pay!
Love's due debt is chaste Delight;
Which if the Turtles want to-night,
Hymen forfeits his deity,
And night in Love her dignity.
Hymen! O Hymen! mine
Of treasures more divine,
What deity is like to thee
That freest from mortality?

Stay, happy pair! stay but awhile!
Hymen comes not, Love to beguile.
These sports are alluring baits
And sauce are, to Love's sweetest cates:
Longing hope doth no hurt but this,
It heightens Love's attained bliss!
Then stay, most happy! stay awhile!
Hymen comes not, Love to beguile.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

THOMAS WEELKES :
Ballets and Madrigals.
(1598.)

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WELCOME sweet pleasure,
My wealth and treasure ;
To haste our playing
There's no delaying.
This mirth delights me
When sorrow frights me.

Then sing we all

Fa la la la la.

Sorrow, content thee ;
Mirth must prevent thee :
Tho' much thou grievest,
Thou none relievest :
Joy, come, delight me,
Tho' sorrow spite me.

Then sing we all

Fa la la la la.

Grief is disdainful,
Sottish and painful :
Then wait on pleasure,
And lose no leisure.
Heart's ease it lendeth,
And comfort sendeth.

Then sing we all

Fa la la la la.

English Madrigals.

Edward Vere, JOHN MUNDY: Songs
Earl of Oxford. and Psalms. (1594.)

WERE I a king, I could command content ;
Were I obscure, hidden should be my cares ;
Or were I dead, no cares should me torment,
Nor hopes, nor hates, nor loves, nor griefs,
nor fears.
A doubtful choice,—of these three which to
crave ;
A kingdom, or a cottage, or a grave.



Thomas RICHARD ALLISON :
Campion. An Hour's Recreation in
Music. (1606.)

WHAT if a day, or a month, or a year
Crown thy delights with a thousand sweet
contentings ?
Cannot a chance of a night or an hour
Cross thy desires with as many sad torment-
ings ?
Fortune, Honour, Beauty, Youth,
Are but blossoms dying ;
Wanton Pleasure, doting Love,
Are but shadows flying.
All our joys are but toys,
Idle thoughts deceiving :
None hath power of an hour
In their lives' bereaving.

English Madrigals.

Earth's but a point to the world, and a man
Is but a point to the world's compared centre :
Shall then a point of a point be so vain
As to triumph in a silly point's adventure ?
All is hazard that we have,
There is nothing bidding ;
Days of pleasure are like streams
Through fair meadows gliding.
Weal and woe, time doth go,
Time is never turning :
Secret fates guide our states,
Both in mirth and mourning.



Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND: Third
and Last Book of Songs or
Airs. (1603.)

WHAT if I never speed !
Shall I straight yield to despair ?
And still on sorrow feed,
That can no loss repair ?
Or shall I change my love ;
For I find power to depart ;
And, in my reason, prove
I can command my heart !
But if she will pity my desire, and my love
requite ;
Then ever shall she live my dear delight !
Come ! Come ! Come ! while I have a heart to
desire thee !
Come ! Come ! Come ! for either I will love, or
admire thee !

English Madrigals.

Oft have I dreamed of joy,
Yet never felt the sweet ;
But, tired with annoy,
My griefs each other greet !
Oft have I left my hope,
As a wretch by fate forlorn ;
But love aims at one scope,
And lost will still return.
He that once loves with a true desire, never can
depart !
For Cupid is the king of every heart.
Come ! Come ! Come ! while I have a heart to
desire thee !
Come ! Come ! Come ! for either I will love, or
admire thee !



Sir Walter
Raleigh.

ORLANDO GIBBONS :
First Set of Madrigals.
(1612.)

WHAT is our life? The play of passion.
Our mirth? The music of division :
Our mother's wombs the tiring-houses be
Where we are dressed for life's short comedy.
The earth the stage ; Heaven the spectator is,
Who sits and views whosoe'er doth act amiss.
The graves which hide us from the scorching sun
Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.
Thus playing post we to our latest rest,
And then we die in earnest, not in jest.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE: First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1608.)

WHAT needeth all this travail and turmoiling,
Short'ning the life's sweet pleasure
To seek this far-fetched treasure
In those hot climates under Phoebus broiling?

O fools, can you not see a traffic nearer
In my sweet lady's face, where Nature
showeth
Whatever treasure eye sees or heart knoweth?
Rubies and diamonds dainty
And orient pearls such plenty,
Coral and ambergris sweeter and dearer
Than which the South Seas or Moluccas lend
us,
Or either Indies, East or West, do send us!



Anonymous.

WILLIAM BYRD: Psalms,
Sonnets, and Songs. (1588.)

WHAT pleasure have great princes
More dainty to their choice
Than herdsmen wild, who careless
In quiet life rejoice,
And fortune's favours scorning
Sing sweet in summer morning?

English Madrigals.

Their dealings plain and rightful,
Are void of all deceit ;
They never know how spiteful,
It is to kneel and wait
On favourite presumptuous
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

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All day their flocks each tendeth ;
At night, they take their rest ;
More quiet than who sendeth
His ship into the East,
Where gold and pearl are plenty ;
But getting, very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading,
They 'steem it not a straw ;
They think that honest meaning
Is of itself a law :
Whence conscience judgeth plainly,
They spend no money vainly.

O happy who thus liveth !
Not caring much for gold ;
With clothing which sufficeth
To keep him from the cold.
Though poor and plain his diet
Yet merry it is, and quiet.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND: Third
and Last Book of Songs or
Airs. (1603.)

WHAT poor astronomers are they,
Take women's eyes for stars!
And set their thoughts in battle 'ray,
To fight such idle wars;
When in the end they shall approve,
'Tis but a jest drawn out of Love.

And Love itself is but a jest
Devised by idle heads,
To catch young Fancies in the nest,
And lay them in fools' beds;
That being hatched in beauty's eyes
They may be fledged ere they be wise.

But yet it is a sport to see,
How Wit will run on wheels;
While Will cannot persuaded be,
With that which Reason feels,
That women's eyes and stars are odd
And Love is but a feignèd god.

But such as will run mad with Will,
I cannot clear their sight,
But leave them to their study still,
To look where is no light,
Till, time too late, we make them try
They study false astronomy.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE: First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1598.)

WHEN shall my wretched life give place to
death?

That my sad cares may be enforced to leave me.
Come, saddest Shadow, stop my vital breath!

For I am thine! then let not Care bereave me
Of thy sad thrall! but with thy fatal dart,
Kill Care and me, while Care lies at my heart!



Thomas
Campion.

PHILIP ROSSETER: Book
of Aires. (1601.)

WHEN thou must home to shades of under-
ground,

And there arrived, a new admirèd guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,

White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finish'd love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell
can move;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did
make,

Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me!

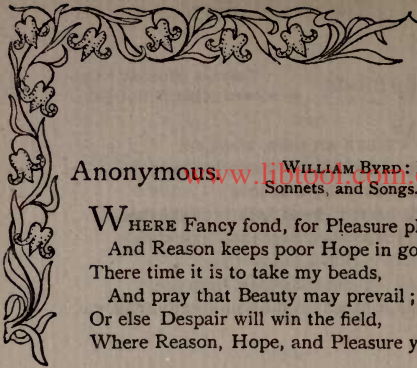
English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

THOMAS MORLEY: Can-
zonets. (1593.)

WHERE art thou, wanton?
And I so long have sought thee;
See where thy true love
His heart to keep hath brought thee.
Oh! why then dost thou hide thee?
Still I follow thee
But thou fliest from me.
Stay, unkind, and do no more deride me.





Anonymous. WILLIAM BYRD: Psalms,
Sonnets, and Songs. (1588.)

WHERE Fancy fond, for Pleasure pleads,
And Reason keeps poor Hope in goal,
There time it is to take my beads,
And pray that Beauty may prevail ;
Or else Despair will win the field,
Where Reason, Hope, and Pleasure yield.

My eyes presume to judge this case,
Whose judgment, Reason doth disdain ;
But Beauty with her wanton face,
Stands to defend, the case is plain,
And at the bar of sweet delight,
She pleads " that Fancy must be right."

But Shame will not have Reason yield,
Though Grief do swear it shall be so ;
As though it were a perfect shield
To blush, and fear to tell my woe :
Where Silence force will, at the last,
To wish for Wit, when Hope is past.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous. MARTIN PEERSON:
Motets, or Grave Chamber Music. (1630.)

WHERE shall a sorrow great enough be sought
For this sad ruin which the fates have nought ;
Unless the fates themselves should weep, and
 wish
Their curbless powers had been control'd in this?
For thy loss, worthiest Lord, no mourning eye
Has flood enough, no muse, nor elegy,
Enough expression to thy worth can lend,
No, though thy Sidney had surviv'd his friend.



Anonymous. WILLIAM BYRD: Songs
of Sundry Natures. (1589.)

WHILE that the sun with his beams hot
 Scorchèd the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon the shepherd, late forgot,
 Sitting beside a crystal fountain,
 In shadow of a green oak tree
 Upon his pipe this song play'd he :
Adieu, love, adieu, love, untrue love,
Untrue love, untrue love, adieu, love ;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

English Madrigals.

So long as I was in your sight
I was your heart, your soul, and treasure ;
And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd,
Burning in flames beyond all measure :
—Three days endured your love to me,
And it was lost in other three !
Adieu, love, adieu, love, untrue love,
Untrue love, untrue love, adieu, love,
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Another shepherd you did see
To whom your heart was soon enchainèd ;
Full soon your love was leapt from me,
Full soon my place he had obtainèd.
Soon came a third, your love to win,
And we were out and he was in.
Adieu, love, adieu, love, untrue love,
Untrue love, untrue love, adieu, love,
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Sure you have me passing glad
That you your mind so soon removèd,
Before that I the leisure had
To choose you for my best belovèd :
For all your love was past and done
Two days before it was begun :—
Adieu, love, adieu, love, untrue love,
Untrue love, untrue love, adieu, love,
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN DOWLAND : Second
Book of Songs and Airs.
(1600.)

MICHAEL ESTE : Fifth
Set of Books. (1618)

WHITE as lilies was her face,
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When she smiled,

She beguiled :

Quitting faith with foul disgrace.

Virtue, service, thus neglected,

Hath my heart with grief infected.

When I swore my heart her own,

She disdained,

I complained,

Yet she left me overthrown.

Careless of my bitter grieving,

Ruthless bent on no relieving.

All in vain is ladies' love,

Quickly choosèd,

Shortly loosèd,

For their pride is to remove.

Out alas, their looks first won us,

And their pride hath straight undone us.

By thine error thou hast lost

Heart unfeignèd,

Truth unstainèd,

And the swain that lovèd most :

More assured in love than many,

More despised in love than any.

English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

THOMAS MORLEY: Can-
zonets. (1593.)

W HITHER away so fast my dear,
From your true love approv'd?
What haste, I say? Tell me, my dear,
Tell me my best belov'd.
Then will we try,
Who best runs, thou or I.
Lo! then I come, despatch thee,
Hence, away! or else I catch thee,
O, think not thus to 'scape alone without me!
But run, and never doubt me.



Anonymous.

WILLIAM BYRD: Psalms,
Sonnets, and Songs. (1588.)

W HO likes to love, let him take heed!
And wot you why?
Among the gods it is decreed
That love shall die;
And every wight that takes his part
Shall forfeit each a mourning heart.

The cause is this, as I have heard:
A sort of dames,
Whose beauty he did not regard
Nor secret flames,
Complained before the gods above
That gold corrupts the god of love.

English Madrigals.

The gods did storm to hear this news,
And there they swore,
That sith he did such dames abuse
He should no more
Be god of love, but that he should
Both die and forfeit all his gold.

His bow and shafts they took away
Before his eyes,
And gave these dames a longer day
For to devise
Who should them keep, and they be bound
That love for gold should not be found.

These ladies striving long, at last
They did agree
To give them to a maiden chaste,
Whom I did see,
Who with the same did pierce my breast :
Her beauty's rare, and so I rest.



Anonymous.

THOMAS BATESON : First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1604.)

WHO prostrate lies at women's feet,
And calls them darlings dear and sweet ;
Protesting love, and craving grace,
And praising oft a foolish face ;
Are oftentimes deceived at last,
They catch at nought and hold it fast.

English Madrigals.

JOHN DOWLAND: First
Book of Songs or Airs.
(1597.)

Anonymous.

MARTIN PEERSON :
Motets, or Grave Cham-
ber Music. (1630.)

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WHOEVER thinks or hopes of love for love,
Or who beloved in Cupid's laws doth glory,
Who joys in vows or vows not to remove,
Who by this light god hath not been made
sorry,—

Let him see me, eclipsed from my sun,
With dark clouds of an earth quite overrun.

Who thinks that sorrows felt, desires hidden,
Or humble faith in constant honour armed,
Can keep love from the fruit that is forbidden ;
Who thinks that change is by entreaty
charmed,—

Looking on me, let him know love's delights
Are treasures hid in caves but kept by sprites.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

JOHN DANVEL : Songs.
(1606.)

WHY canst thou not, as others do,
Look on me with unwounding eyes?
And yet look sweet, but yet not so ;
Smile, but not in killing wise ;
Arm not thy graces to confound ;
Only look, but do not wound.

Why should mine eyes see more in you
Than they can see in all the rest ?
For I can others' beauties view,
And not find my heart opprest.
O be as others are to me,
Or let me be more to thee.



Anonymous.

JOHN WILBYE : First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1598.)

WHY dost thou shoot, and I seek not to
shield me ?
I yield, sweet love, spare then my wounded
liver ;
And do not make my heart thine arrows'
quiver.
O hold, what needs this shooting when I yield
me ?

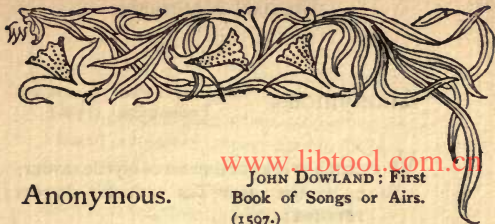
English Madrigals

Ben Jonson.

A. FERRABOSCO : Airs.
(1609.)

WHY stays the bridegroom to invade
Her that would be a matron made?
Good-night ! whilst yet we may
Good-night to you a virgin say.
To-morrow rise the same
Your mother is, and use a nobler name !
Speed well in Hymen's war,
That what you are,
By your perfection, we
And all may see !
Shine, Hesperus ! shine forth, thou wished star !





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JOHN DOWLAND; First
Book of Songs or Airs.
(1597.)

Anonymous.

WILT thou, Unkind! thus 'reave me
Of my heart, and so leave me?
Farewell!

But yet, or ere I part, O Cruel!
Kiss me, Sweet, my Jewel!
Farewell!

Hope by disdain grows cheerless
Fear doth love, love doth fear, Beauty peerless.
Farewell!

If no delays can move thee!
Life shall die, death shall live, still to love thee.
Farewell!

Yet be thou mindful ever!
Heat from fire, fire from heat, none can sever.
Farewell!

True love cannot be changèd,
Though delight from desert be estrangèd.
Farewell!



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

G. FERETTI: Musica
Transalpina. (1588.)

WITHIN a greenwood sweet of myrtle savour,
When as the earth was with fair flowers
revested ;
I saw a shepherd with his nymph that rested :
Thus spake the nymph, with sugared words of
favour,
“ Say, sweet love ! to thy love ! Tell me, my
darling !
Where is thy heart bestowed ? Where is thy
liking ? ”

The shepherd answered then, with a deep
sighing,
All full of sweetness, and of sorrow mixed.
“ On thee ! my dainty dear life ! my love is
fixed ! ”
With that, the gentle nymph, full sweetly
smiling,
With kind words of delight and flatt'ring
gloses,
Full kindly kiss'd his cheek, with lips of roses.



English Madrigals.

Anonymous.

THOMAS MORLEY. (1608.)

WITHIN an arbour of sweet-briar and roses
I heard two lovers talking wanton gloses ;
Say, dainty dear, quoth he, to whom
Is thy true liking tied ?
To whom but thee, my bonnie love ?
The gentle nymph replied.
I die, I die, I die, quoth he ;
And I, and I, and I, quoth she :
Give me, quoth he, some token,
Or else my heart is broken :
What need of that ? quoth she ; you well do
know it.
Sweetly come kiss me then, quoth he, and
show it.



THOMAS GREAVES : Songs
of Sundry Kinds. (1604.)

Anonymous.

FRANCIS PILKINGTON :
Second Set of Madrigals.
(1624.)

YE bubbling springs that gentle music makes,
To lovers' plaints with heart-sore throbs im-
mixed,
When as my dear this way her pleasure takes,
Tell her with tears how firm my love is fixed ;
And, Philomel, report my timorous fears,
And, echo, sound my heigh-ho's in her ears :
But if she asks if I for love will die,
Tell her, " Good faith, good faith, good faith,"
—not I.

English Madrigals.

Edmund
Spenser.

RICHARD CARLTON,
Priest : Madrigals. (1601.)

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YE gentle Ladies, in whose souveraine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In iron chaines of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath into your hands by gift,
Be well aware how ye the same doe use,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift ;
Least, if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye
doe abuse.



Anonymous.

JOHN FARMER : First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1599.)

YOU blessed bowers, whose green leaves now
are spreading,
Shadow the sun-shine from my mistress' face ;
And you sweet roses only for her bedding,
When weary she doth take her resting-place ;
You fair white lilies and pretty flowers all,
Give your attendance at my mistress' call.

English Madrigals.

Sir Henry
Wotton.

MICHAEL ESTE : Sixth
Set of Books. (1624.)

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you, when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents ; what's your praise
When Philomel her voice doth raise ?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,—
What are you, when the Rose is blown ?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind ?



English Madrigals.

Anonymous. JOHN FARMER: First
Set of English Madrigals.
(1599.)

YOU pretty flowers that smile for summer's
sake,

Pull in your heads, before my wat'ry eyes
Do turn the meadows to a standing lake,
By whose untimely floods your glory dies :
For, lo ! my heart, resolv'd to moist'ning air,
Feeding mine eyes which doubles tear for tear.



Anonymous. G. CONVERSI: Musica
Transalpina. (1588.)
A. FERRABOSCO: Musica
Transalpina. (1597.)

ZEPHYRUS brings the time that sweetly
scenteth

With flowers and herbs which Winter's frost
exileth.

Progne now chirpeth, Philomel lamenteth
Flora the garlands white and red compileth :
Fields do rejoice, the frowning sky relenteth,
Jove to behold his dearest daughter smileth :
The air, the water, the earth to joy consenteth,
Each creature now to love him reconcileth.

English Madrigals.

But with me wretch, the storms of woe persever,
And heavy sighs which from my heart she
straineth,

That took the key thereof to heaven for ever,
So that singing of birds, and Spring time's
flow'ring :

And ladies' love that men's affection gaineth,
Are like a desert, and cruel beasts devouring.





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NOTES

P. 29, line 18. Old ed.—“that,” for “it.”

P. 31, line 6. Old ed.—“yet,” for “then.”

P. 38. Printed in “certain learned and elegant works of the Right Honourable Fulke, Lord Brooke, 1633, folio,” also ascribed to the same in “Davison’s Poetical Rhapsody,” MS. list.

P. 38, line 18. England’s Helicon—“them,” for “those.”

P. 38, line 19. So all the copies, but as this word seems to afford no very definite meaning, Ritson prints “merry” (G. Ellis). “A meadow god” (so in all copies) may mean a wild, field-haunting god, not caring for cities or staid rules, (Linton & Stoddard); line 10, England’s Helicon, “doth either”; line 21, “forester,” England’s Helicon has “shepherd.”

P. 42. These verses are assigned to “Shepherd Tony,” otherwise Anthony Munday, or, as some think, for no good reason, Anthony Copley, (A. H. Bullen); line 6, so England’s Helicon, the romance gives “hidden.”

P. 43, line 3. Old ed.—“years.”

P. 46. From “The Maid’s Metamorphosis,” an anonymous play ascribed (with evidence) to Lyly, (A. H. Bullen).

P. 46, line 13: frisk=dance, (W. E. Henley), the play reads “as we dance”; line 14, urchin in its original signification is a hedgehog, but came to be

Notes.

applied to a little elf or goblin of a mischievous kind, and then to a child of a similar disposition, (T. Oliphant).

P. 48. Two verses were set as separate madrigals by Morley. There are various differences from this text in the England's Helicon.

P. 49. (1) From the "Masque of Blackness," 1605.

P. 51. (2) From "Volpone; or The Fox" (acted in 1605), Act 1, 6. Imitated from Catullus "Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus."

P. 54. A curiosity; and perhaps worth using; especially as Byrd set it, (W. E. Henley).

P. 55. (2) A translation of Ovid's Epistle "Penelope to Ulysses."

P. 57. Imitated from a sonnet of Phillippe Desportes.

P. 58. This species of composition, wherein each line repeats a portion of its antecedent, is called by Puttenham, in his "Art of Poetry," a heel-treading kind of verse, (T. Oliphant).

P. 58. (2) Signed "H. C." in England's Helicon.

P. 59. Ascribed to Lord Pembroke, in the "Poems of Pembroke and Ruddier," 1660, but the authorship is doubtful, (A. H. Bullen).

P. 62, line 24: make is an old form of mate.

P. 63. (2) This is one of the many lovely lyrics restored to their right place in English poetry by the labours and taste of Mr A. H. Bullen, (O. Crawford).

P. 64, line 16: "hour" is here, as frequently in the Elizabethan poets, to be pronounced as a dissyllable. In fact it was commonly spelt "hower," (A. H. Bullen).

P. 68. Campion, a most curious metrist, is, with so much else that is sweet and good in Elizabethan verse, Mr A. H. Bullen's find . . . from whose anthology the above is reprinted, an anthology which shows, on every page, how high was the lyric average of the "spacious times" which bred it, (W. E. Henley).

Notes.

. 70. (2) This is the last poem in the 1600 edition of England's Helicon.

P. 72. Signed "Ignoto," in England's Helicon.

P. 73. From "Polyhymnia," 1590. The reader may remember the beautiful application of this poem, or rather the first half of it, in Thackeray's "New-comes," (A. T. Quiller Couch).

P. 76. Each verse of this poem was set separately by Wilbye.

P. 78. From the use of the Italian word "*Risposta*" at the commencement of the second part, I think the whole is probably a translation from that language. In any case it possesses considerable merit, (T. Oliphant).

P. 79. Each stanza of this poem was set by Gibbons, and forms a separate number in his table of contents.

P. 84, line 1 : fond=foolish ; line 10, haggard=wild hawk. A different version of this poem was printed in Byrd's Song-book.

P. 85, line 17 : whether=which of the two, (W. E. Henley).

P. 86 : "glaive," a sword, is from the French *La puissance du glaive* signifies the power of life and death. The word is still in use :

"But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save
He hung it to the wa' man."—BURNS.

P. 87, line 14. The Persian knight is, of course, Darius, whose horse neighed before those of the other competitors, in consequence of some clever manœuvre on the part of his groom, and thereby gained him the crown, (T. Oliphant).

P. 88. The entire of this apothegm, which is from Terence, is "amantium ira amoris redintegratio est." There are four other stanzas of this poem, but the first only was set to music by Edwards.

P. 89. This song first appeared, under the title of "The Ploughman's Song," in "The Honourable Entertainment given to the Queen's Majesty at

Notes.

Elvetham in Hampshire, by the Right Honourable the Earl of Hertford," printed in 1591.

P. 91, l. 13. Later editions—"all-tempting."

P. 93. Entitled "Sleep," from "The Arcadia."

P. 95, line 7: "own"; line 11, *i.e.* "did Phœbe here," etc.

P. 95. (2) I give this song from "Beloe's Anecdotes,"—there is an early MS. copy in Ashmole, MS. 38, No. 188, (A. H. Bullen).

P. 97. (1) There are several variations from this text in "Rare Poems," by W. J. Linton.

P. 100. This is No. 14, in "The Passionate Pilgrim," and is signed "Ignoto" in England's Helicon, 1600. Each verse was set as a separate madrigal by Weelkes.

P. 102. The first stanza of this poem is found among the poems "of sundry other Noblemen and Gentlemen," appended to the surreptitious edition of Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," 1591, (A. H. Bullen). "The hero and darling of his day, one of the truest, and yet most neglected of all our poets"; passion, thought and fineness of art, "his characteristics," as well observed by Dr Grosart. His prose romance, "Arcadia," is richly interlaced with verse, and his sonnets and songs to Stella (Astrophel and Stella) are among the most real, the most musical and impassioned love-poems in the language, (Linton & Stoddard).

P. 105. Printed as here given in Puttenham "Art of English Poetry," 1589, as an example of a "linking-verse." The Greeks called such "linking-verse" Epimone; the Latins "versus intercalaris"; and we may term him the "love-burden," following the original, or, if it please you, the long repeat. A longer version appears in the "Arcadia," 1590. The additional lines are vastly inferior, (A. T. Quiller Couch).

P. 105. Gibbons set each stanza of this poem as a separate madrigal.

Notes.

P. 107. From the "Faerie Queene," Book V., canto vii. 1.

P. 107. From the "Faerie Queene," Book V., canto viii. 3.

P. 108. (2) The word "report," used in reference to music, signifies "answer," (T. Oliphant). "The Æolian mood is commixt with fugues and airy reports, one after another," (J. Playford).

P. 109. Signed "Ignoto" in England's Helicon, 1614.

P. 110. This poem has been ascribed to Thomas Lodge.

P. 112. Barley-break, was an old rustic game played by three couples. It is elaborately described in the first book of Sidney's "Arcadia," (A. H. Bullen).

P. 115. (2) From "Astrophel and Stella."

P. 116. A poetical circumlocution for "Give me a kiss," (T. Oliphant).

P. 116, line 23, W. E. Henley, "English Lyrics, gives "envÿ," for "deny."

P. 122, line 20. Old ed.—"little," for "mickle."

P. 123. Part of the fourth song in "Astrophel and Stella."

P. 124, line 11 : *i.e.*— "seldom seen."

P. 126. As the effect of music is greatly heightened by the introduction of certain discordant sounds properly prepared and resolved into concords, so "amantium ira amoris integratio est," (T. Oliphant).

P. 129. From the second song in "Britannia's Pastorals."

P. 130. Excellent the music, and yet more noteworthy the perfect accord of words and music, of this, the choicest of madrigals or songs. I would fain believe that Ford wrote both, though there is only the internal evidence of its likelihood, (W. J. Linton).

P. 132, line 18 : "diseased" means "not eased," *i.e.* unrelieved. The substantive disease, signifying toil, or the opposite to ease, is to be met with in the Earl

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of Surrey's Poems. Dr Nott in his edition reads it "misease"—"Kingdoms won by travail and disease."

P. 137, line 12. Original gives "music's fare." "Modest fare" is Mr W. J. Linton's conjecture.

P. 141, line 10: fair=fairness, beauty. There is a different version of this poem in "Rare Poems," by W. J. Linton.

P. 143. (2) Ascribed to Anthony Brewer; line 3, busk-point=stay-lace; and peat=pet.

P. 144. Subscribed "Incerto" in England's Parnassus, 1st edition, and ascribed to Sir Edward Dyer in Rawlinson MS., Poet. 148, folio 50. "A. W." has baulked all enquirers . . .; one can hardly refrain from observing that "A. W." might hide "Anonymous Writer," (W. J. Linton).

P. 145. This lyric may with very high probability be assigned to Campion, in whose first book of airs it appeared. The evidence sometimes quoted ascribing it to Lord Bacon appears to be valueless, (F. T. Palgrave). This poem has been erroneously attributed to Bacon, (A. H. Bullen).

P. 149. (1) This song being denominated a "Fantastic pirit," I should think it probable that a little sarcasm was intended in thus celebrating the cuckoo, his name being according to Shakespeare,

" a word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear."

Love's Labour Lost.

(T. Oliphant).

P. 149. (2) The fabulous notion of the swan singing immediately before its death has been a favourite one with all poets. The three first lines are closely imitated from Ovid, Epist. Dido to Æneas, (T. Oliphant).

P. 150. Each stanza was set to a separate madrigal by Allison.

P. 151. There are three more stanzas to complete this poem.

Notes.

P. 152. These lines are given by Dr Hannah to Robert, Earl of Essex (Elizabeth's luckless favourite), on the testimony of Aubrey's MSS., whence they were printed by Dr Bliss, editor of Wood's *Fasti*. (A. T. Quiller Couch).

P. 155. The music of this is beautiful; and at the words "Hark! how the cuckoo singeth," the well-known notes of that celebrated bird are most ingeniously interwoven in the several parts. The meaning of "drive him back to London" is not very apparent. Perhaps the expression had reference to some joke of the day, (T. Oliphant).

P. 157. The word "cheer" in the first stanza is from the old French "chere," or Italian "cera," the outward expression of the face.

"All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer."

Midsummer Night's Dream.

"I force him not," in the fifth stanza, means, "I care not for," or "envy him not his situation." "Force" is frequently used in this sense by old writers; as in the Earl of Surrey's Poems,

"The shipman forces not the gulph,"
and in Tottel's Songs and Sonnets,

"For Corin was her only joy

Who forced her not a pin." (T. Oliphant).

P. 157, line 8: wood=distracted; line 22, freeze in =freezing.

P. 158. (1) This poem was included in the 1633 edition of Joshua Sylvester's works, among the "Remains never till now imprinted." Sylvester has not a shadow of claim to it. There is a MS. copy in Harleian MS. 6910, folio 150, where it is correctly assigned to Campion. The MS. gives it in the form of a sonnet, (A. H. Bullen).

P. 158, line 21: bugs=bugbears. This poem is a rendering of an Italian madrigal of Guarini.

P. 160. T. Oliphant divides this stanza into three verses and gives different readings in the text.

Notes.

P. 161. This is exceedingly clever, and from the style of the composition, as well as from the reference made to Queen Elizabeth, I should say was from the pen of the same author as "His locks time hath to silver turned." The application of the different heads of parts of the Romish service in contradistinction to each other is very happy, (T. Oliphant). Of this poem each stanza was set separately as a madrigal by Dowland.

P. 163. Poets make a terrible fuss about beauty! In short, the dangers attending its possession, as well as the "désagrémens" incident to its loss, are so great that I begin to think she has the greatest chance of happiness who can say with "Audrey" in "As you like it"—

"Thank the gods, I am foul (ugly)."

(T. Oliphant).

P. 164. (2) From the "Second Eclogue."

P. 165. (2) Excerpted from "Our Blessed Lady's Lullaby," 1601, (W. E. Henley).

P. 167, line 22. A bully does not mean a braggart, but a jolly fellow, a leader in all manner of fun and frolic.

"What say'st thou, Bully Bottom."

Midsummer Night's Dream.

(T. Oliphant).

P. 172. (2) Allison gives only two stanzas; and probably the three bracketed stanzas—which are found in "The Golden Garland of Princely Delights," and in the "Roxburghe Ballads"—do not belong to Campion, (A. H. Bullen). Allison set each of these two stanzas as a separate madrigal.

P. 174. From a MS. formerly belonging to the late Mr Pickering. It was printed anonymously in Gibbons' Madrigals in 1612; see "Censura Literaria," vol. ii. p. 103, 2nd edition; and is found also in MS. Ashmol. 36, p. 35, and MS. Ashmol. 38, folio 154, (J. Hannah); line 17, "Music of division" means, airs with a number of variations, or divisions, as they

Notes.

were called, upon a ground bass, much in vogue at that period, and probably played by way of interludes, (T. Oliphant).

P. 177. This poem has been ascribed, without evidence, to Nicholas Breton, (A. H. Bullen).

P. 178, line 12: "White Iope" suggested, Mr Bullen notes, by a passage Propertius iii. 20., describing spirits in the lower world:—

"Vobiscum est Iope, vobiscum candida Tyro."

(F. T. Palgrave).

P. 181. (2) The author of these delicate and simple-hearted lines cannot be discovered, (A. T. Quiller Couch).

P. 183, line 4: quitting=requiting.

P. 184, line 18: sort=company.

P. 186. This poem is printed, with many alterations of text, among the "Works," 1633, of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, (A. H. Bullen).

P. 187, line 16. The ancients considered that the liver was the place wherein the passion of love was seated, carried there by the spirits from the eyes, and kindled by the imagination, (T. Oliphant).

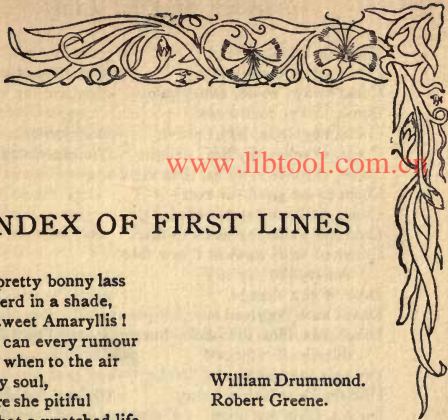
P. 191, line 2: gloses=flatterings, wheedlings.

P. 192. (1) From Book VI. of the "Faerie Queene."

P. 193. This poem has been a favourite mark for the second-rate imitator, and "additional verses" are common, (A. T. Quiller Couch). These lines are a fine specimen of gallant and courtly compliment, (F. T. Palgrave).

P. 194. (2) Both of these verses were separately set as madrigals by Conversi.





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INDEX OF FIRST LINES

- A little pretty bonny lass
 A shepherd in a shade,
 Adieu, sweet Amaryllis!
 Ah me! can every rumour
 Ah me! when to the air
 Ah! silly soul,
 Ah! were she pitiful
 Alas! what a wretched life
 All ye, whom love or fortune
 Although the heathen poets
 Ambitious love hath forced
 April is in my mistress' face,
 Arise, my thoughts, and mount you
 As fair as morn, as fresh as May,
 Awake, sweet love! Thou art returned,
 Away with these self-loving lads
- William Drummond.
 Robert Greene.

 Fulke Greville,
 Lord Brooke.
- Be still, my blessed babe,
 Beauty her cover is the eyes'
 true pleasure!
 Beauty sat bathing by a spring
 Behold a wonder here!
 Bright star of beauty, on whose
 eyelids sit
 By a fountain where I lay,
 By the moon we sport and play,
 Can a maid that is well bred,
 Chaste Daphne fled from Phœbus'
- Anthony Munday.
 Michael Drayton.
 John Lyly.

Index of First Lines.

- Clarinda false! adieu!
 Come away, come away, Ben Jonson.
 Come away! come, sweet love!
 Come, lovers, follow me
 Come, my Celia, let us prove Ben Jonson.
 Come, O come, my life's delight Thomas Campion.
 Come, shepherd swains, that wont
 Come to me grief, for ever!
 Come, ye heavy states of night,
 Constant Penelope sends to thee,
 Crowned with flowers I saw fair
 Amaryllis
 Dear, if you change,
 Death hath deprived me
 Diaphenia like the daffa-down- Henry Constable.
 dilly,
 Die now my heart,
 Disdain me still that I may (?) Lord Pembroke.
 Do not, O do not prize
 Down a down! Thus Phyllis sung Thomas Lodge.
 Ev'ry bush new springing,
 Fain would I change that note
 Fair is the rose, yet fades
 Fair Phyllis I saw sitting
 Fie on this feigning!
 Fine knacks for ladies,
 First with looks he lived
 Follow your saint, Thomas Campion.
 Go, you skipping kids and fauns,
 Ha ha! ha ha!
 Happy, Oh! happy he who,
 Hark, jolly shepherds,
 Have I found her?
 He that loves a rosy cheek Thomas Carew.
 Hey, down a down! did Dian sing "Ignoto."
 His golden locks time hath George Peele.
 Ho! who comes there
 How art thou thrall'd,
 Humour, say!

Index of First Lines.

I always beg, yet never I fall, O stay me! I live, and yet methinks I saw my lady weep, I weigh not fortune's frown I would thou wert not fair, If fathers knew but how to leave If that a sinner's sighs If this be love to scorn If women could be fair	Joshua Sylvester. Nicholas Breton.
In Celia's face a question In dew of roses steeping In fields abroad, where trumpets In going to my naked bed In the merry month of May, Jolly shepherd, shepherd on a hill, Lais, now old, Let not Chloris think, because Lock up, faire liddes, Lord, when I think Love for such a cherry lip Love in thy youth, fair maid, Love me or not, love her I must Love not me for comely grace Me! me! and none but me! 'Mongst thousands good, My bonny lass, thine eye, My flocks feed not, My love bound me with a kiss My love is neither young My merry mates! My true-love hath my heart, Nay, let me weep, Never weather-beaten sail Nought is on earth Nought under heaven Now country sports, Now each creature	Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford. Thomas Carew. Richard Edwards. Nicholas Breton. John Wootton. Sir Philip Sidney. Thomas Middleton. Thomas Campion. Thomas Lodge. "Ignoto." Sir Philip Sidney. Thomas Campion. Edmund Spenser. Edmund Spenser. Samuel Daniel.

Index of First Lines.

- Now have I learned "A.W." ("Ignoto").
 Now I see thy looks were feigned, (?) Thomas Lodge.
 Now is the month of maying,
 Now, O now, I needs must part,
 O God, that guides the golden globe, Barnabe Googe.
 O grief, where shall poor grief www.libtool.com.cn
 O my thoughts, my thoughts, Sir Philip Sidney.
 O say, dear life,
 O sweet delight, Thomas Campion.
 O sweet woods, the delight Sir Philip Sidney.
 O that the learned poets Joshua Sylvester.
 O yes, O yes! if any maid John Lyly.
 Of all the birds
 Of joys and pleasing pains,
 Oft do I marvel, Samuel Daniel.
 Old poets that in Cupid's hand,
 Once did I love
 Onely Joy, now here you are, Sir Philip Sidney.
 "Open the door! Who's there
 within?
 Prostrate, O Lord! I lie,
 Rest now, Amphion,
 Rest with yourselves,
 Say, gentle nymphs,
 Say, love, if ever
 See where my love a maying goes
 Shall I tell you whom I love? William Browne.
 Since first I saw your face,
 Sister, awake! close not your eyes,
 Sitting once wrapt with delight,
 Sleep, wayward thoughts,
 Slow, slow, fresh fount, Ben Jonson.
 So light is love,
 Sorrow! sorrow, stay!
 Stay, Corydon, thou swain,
 Stay, O sweet, and do not rise! John Donne.
 Susanna fair, sometime
 Sweet are the thoughts Robert Greene.

Index of First Lines.

- Sweet love, if thou wilt gain
 Sweet music, sweeter far
 Sweet nymphs, if, as ye stray,
 Sweet Suffolk owl,
 Take time while time doth last,
 Tell me, True Love,
 The fields abroad with spangled
 flowers
 The Gordion knot which Alexander
 The lowest trees have tops,
 The man of life upright,
 The match that's made
 The messenger of the delightful
 spring,
 The nightingale, as soon as April
 The nightingale, the organ of
 delight ;
 The silver swan, who living
 There is a garden in her face
 There is a lady sweet and kind,
 There is none, O, none but you,
 There were three Ravens
 Think'st thou, then, by feigning
 Thirsis, sleepest thou ?
 Thou art but young,
 Thou window,
 Though Amaryllis dance in green
 Thrice toss these oaken ashes
 Thus saith my Chloris bright,
 Thy face and eyes
 Time stands still,
 Time's eldest son, old age,
 To ask for all thy love
 Trust not too much, fair youth,
 Unkind ! O stay thy flying !
 Upon a bank with roses
 Upon a summer's day
 Upon my lap my sovereign sits
- Edmund Bolton.
 William Drummond.
 (?) Anthony Brewer.
 (?) Sir Edward Dyer.
 Thomas Campion.
 Sir Philip Sidney.
 Thomas Campion.
 Thomas Campion.
 Thomas Campion.
 William Drummond.
 Thomas Campion.
 Michael Drayton.
 Richard Rowlands
 (Verstegon)

Index of First Lines.

Was ever man, We be three poor mariners, Weep, O mine eyes, Weep you no more, Welcome, black night, Welcome sweet pleasure, Were I a king,	Thomas Watson. Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford.
What if a day, or a month, What if I never speed ! What is our life ? The play What needeth all this travail What pleasure have great princes What poor astronomers are they, When shall my wretched life When thou must home Where art thou, wanton ? Where fancy fond, Where shall a sorrow While that the sun White as lilies was her face Whither away so fast Who likes to love, Who prostrate lies Whoever thinks or hopes	Thomas Campion. Sir Walter Raleigh. Thomas Campion.
Why canst thou not, Why dost thou shoot, Why stays the bridegroom Wilt thou, unkind ! Within a greenwood sweet Within an arbour Ye bubbling springs Ye gentle ladies, You blessed bowers, You meaner beauties of the night, You pretty flowers that smile Zephyrus brings the time	(?) Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. Ben Jonson. Edmund Spenser. Sir Henry Wotton.

APPENDIX I

MADRIGAL COMPOSERS

	BORN	DIED
Allison, Richard	15—?	1610?
Amner, John	15—?	1641
Attey, John	15—?	1640
Banister, Gilbert	14—?	1490?
Barley, William	15—?	16—?
Bartlet, John	15—?	16—?
Batchelar, Daniel	15—?	16—?
Bateson, Thomas	15—?	1620?
Bennet, John	15—?	16—?
Browne,	14—?	15—?
Bull, John	1563?	1622?
Byrd, William	1540?	1623
Campion, Thomas	15—?	1619
Carlton, Richard	15—?	1638?
Cavendish, Michael	15—?	16—?
Cobbold, William	15—?	16—?
Coperario (Cooper), John	15—?	1626
Corkine, William	15—?	16—?
Cornish, William	14—?	1525?
Croce, Giovanni	15—?	16—?
Danyel, John	15—?	16—?
Davy, Richard	14—?	15—?
Dowland, John	1562	1615?
Dowland, Robert	15—?	1641?
Earsden, John	15—?	16—?

Appendix I.

	BORN	DIED
Edwards, Richard	1523	1566
Este, Michael	15—?	1660?
Fairfax, Robert	14—?	15—?
Farmer, John	1565	1610?
Farnaby, Giles	15—?	16—?
Ferrabosco, Alfonso, Senr. . . .	1544?	1587?
" " Junr. . . .	1567?	1628?
Filmer, Edward	15—?	16—?
Forbes, John	15—?	16—?
Ford, Thomas	1580	1648?
Gibbons, Ellis	15—?	1650
Gibbons, Orlando	1583	1627?
Giles, Nathaniel	15—?	1633
Giles, Thomas	15—?	16—?
Greaves, Thomas	15—?	16—?
Hales, Robert	15—?	16—?
Hart, James	15—?	16—?
Hilton, John	15—?	1657
Holborne, Antony	15—?	16—?
Holborne, William	15—?	16—?
Holmes, John	15—?	1638
Hooper, Edmund	1553	1621
Hume, Tobias	15—?	1645
Hunt, Thomas	15—?	16—?
Johnson, Edward	15—?	16—?
Johnson, Robert	15—?	1625?
Jones, Robert	15—?	1616
Kindersley, Robert	15—?	16—?
Kirbye, George	15—?	1634
Lanier, Nicholas	15—?	16—?
Leighton, Sir William	15—?	1620?
Lichfield, Henry	15—?	16—?
Lisley, John	15—?	16—?
Lupo, Thomas	15—?	16—?
Marson, George	15—?	16—?
Martin, Richard	15—?	16—?
Mason, George	15—?	16—?
Maynard, John	15—?	16—?

Madrigal Composers.

	BORN	DIED
Milton, John	15—?	1647
Morley, Thomas	1563	1604
Mundy, John	15—?	1630
Newark,	14—?	15—?
Nicolson, Richard	15—?	1639
Norcome, Daniel	15—?	16—?
Peerson, Martin	15—?	1651?
Peirs, Edward	15—?	16—?
Phillips, Peter	15—?	1628
Phillips, Thomas	14—?	15—?
Pilkington, Francis	15—?	1625?
Porter, Walter	15—?	1659
Ravenscroft, Thomas	15—?	1635?
Robinson, Thomas	15—?	16—?
Rosseter, Philip	15—?	1623
Taverner, John	14—?	15—?
Taverner, Richard	14—?	15—?
Theryngham,	14—?	15—?
Thopull, Timolphus	15—?	16—?
Tomkins, Thomas	1580	1656?
Tudor,	14—?	15—?
Turges,	14—?	15—?
Vautor, Thomas	15—?	16—?
Ward, John	1580	1640?
Watson, Thomas	15—?	1592
Weelkes, Thomas	1578	1640?
Wilbye, John	15—?	1612
Wilson, John	1594	1673
Yonge, Nicholas	15—?	16—?
Youll, Henry	15—?	16—?





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APPENDIX II

CONTENTS OF THE SONG-BOOKS

1588-1638

A bargain's a bargain . . .	Bennet	Brief Discourse, 1614
A country pair . . .	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597
A feigned friend . . .	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
A hey for a hoe . . .		Masque of Flowers, 1614
A little pretty bonny lass	Farmer	First set of English Madrigals, 1599
A miller would I be . . .		Pammelia, 1609
A pretty duck there was .	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
A satyr once did run away	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
A secret love or two . . .	Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
A shepherd in a shade . . .	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
A silly sylvan . . .	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
A silly sylvan kissing heaven-born fire . . .	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
A sparrow-hawk proud . . .	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600
A stranger here . . .	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
A woman's looks . . .	Jones	First Book of Airs, 1600
About the Maypole . . .	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
Adieu, adieu, adieu . . .	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
Adieu, seul soit honneur . .		Pammelia, 1609
Adieu, sweet Amaryllis . .	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
Adieu, sweet love, adieu . .	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Adieu, ye city poisoning towers . . .	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
Adiuna nos deus . . .		Pammelia, 1609

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Advance your choral motions now	Campion	Lords' Masque, 1612
Ah! cannot sighs nor tears	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Ah! cruel Amaryllis!	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Ah! cruel, hateful fortune!	Kirbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1597
Ah! Cupid, grant that I	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
Ah! dear heart, why do you rise?	O. Gibbons	First set of Madrigals, 1612
Ah! silly soul!	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Ah! sweet, alas! when first I saw	Kirbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1597
Ah! sweet, whose beauty	Vautor	First set, 1619
Ah! vain the toils	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Ah! were she pitiful	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
Alas! fair face	Pilkington	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605
Alas! must I run away?	Este	Madrigals, 1604
Alas! my Daphne	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
Alas! poor men!	Hume	First Book of Airs, 1605
Alas! tarry but one half hour	Weelkes	Airs or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Alas! that I offended	Hooper	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
Alas! what a wretched life is this!	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
Alas! what a wretched life is this	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
Alas! what hope of speeding	Kirbye	" " " 1597
" " "	Wilbye	" " " 1598
Alas! where is my love?	Bateson	" " " 1604
" " "	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
All as a sea, the world	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
All at once, well met fair ladies	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
All creatures now	Bennet	Triumphs of Oriana, 1601
All creatures then with summer	Carlton	Madrigals, 1601
All in a cave	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
All into service		Pammelia, 1609
All into service, the bell tolls		" "
All looks be pale	Campion	First Book of Airs, 1610

Appendix II.

All my wits hath will en- wrapped	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
All pleasure is of this con- dition	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
All the day I wast in weeping	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1611
All ye that joy in wailing	Nanino	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
" " "	Este	Madrigals, 1604
All ye whom love of fortune	J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
All you that sleep in pleasure	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
Almighty God	Ford	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
" " "	Leighton	" " "
Almighty Lord and God .	N. Giles	" " "
Although the heathen poets did	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
Ambitious love hath forced me	Byrd	" " " "
Amintas with his Phyllis fair	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
Among the daffadillies .	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
An earthly tree	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
An heart that's broken	J. Dowland	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
And as the pleasant morning	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
And I as well as thou .	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
And is it night ?	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
And must I needs depart then?	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
And seest thou my cow ? .		Melismata, 1611
And they cry	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
And think ye, nymphs .	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
And thou, O love ! . . .	Peerson	Motets, or Grave Chamber Music, 1630
And though my love abounding	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
And would you fain . . .	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
And would you see . . .	Rosseter	" " "
And yet, O dream ! . . .	Vautor	First set, 1619

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

April is in my mistress' face	Morley	Madrigals, 1594
Are women fair, and are they sweet?	Ford	
Are you what your fair looks express	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
Arise! Awake!	Morley	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
Arise, get up, my dear	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
Arise, Lord, into thy rest.	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Arise, my thoughts	Jones	Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1601
Arise! sweet heart, arise!	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
As by a fountain, chaste Diana	Corkine	Second Book of Airs, 1612
As by the streams of Babylon	Campion	First Book of Airs, 1610
As deadly serpents lurking	Weelkes	Airs or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
As fair as morn	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
As Flora slept	Hilton	Airs, or Fa las, 1627
As I beheld, I saw a herdman	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
As I me walked in a May morning		Pammelia, 1609
As I walked	Giovanelli	Italian Madrigals, 1598
As I went a walking	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
As I went by the way		Melismata, 1611
As in the night	Donato	Musica Transalpina, 1588
As it fell on a holy day		Deuteromelia, 1609
As matchless beauty	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
As Mopsus went	Venturi	Italian Madrigals, 1598
As they departed	Este	Sixth set of Books, 1624
As Vesta was	Weelkes	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
As wanton birds, when day	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600
Ascendit Christus in cœlum		Pammelia, 1609
At her fair hands, how have I grace	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
At her fair hands, how have I grace	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
At length to Christ	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
At sound of her sweet voice	Quintiani	Musica Transalpina, 1597

Appendix II.

Attend mine humble prayer	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Attend, my people . . .		Pammelia, 1609
Attend unto my tears . . .	Bull	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
Author of light . . .	Campion	First Book of Airs, 1610
Awake, and stand up . . .	Este	Sixth set of Books, 1624
Awake, awake, the day doth break . . .	Ravenscroft	Brief Discourse, 1614
Awake, mine eyes . . .	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Awake, sweet love, thou art . . .	J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
Awake, sweet love . . .	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
Awake, thou heavy sprite	Campion	First Book of Airs, 1610
Awake, thou spring! . . .	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
Away, away, call back . . .	Corkine	Second Book of Airs, 1612
Away, thou shalt not love me . . .	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
Away with these self- loving lads . . .	J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
Away with weak . . .	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
Aye me, alas, hey ho! . . .	Weelkes	Airs or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Aye me, can every rumour	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
Aye me, my mistress scorns	Bateson	" " " 1604
Aye me, my wonted joys	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597
Aye me, poor heart . . .	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
Aye me, she frowns . . .	Pilkington	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605
Aye me, that life should last . . .	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
Aye me, that love! . . .	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
Aye me, the fatal arrow . . .	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
Aye me, when to the air I breathe . . .	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
Banbury Ale . . .		Pammelia, 1609
Be still my Blessed Babe	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
Be thou then my beauty . . .	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
Be unto me . . .	Byrd	Tears and Lamentations, 1614
Bear not . . .	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
Beauty her cover is the eyes	Peerson	Motets, or Grave Chamber Music, 1630
Beauty is a lovely sweet . . .	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Beauty is but a painted hell	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Beauty sat bathing .	Pilkington	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605
" " " . .	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
" " " . .	Corkine	Airs, 1610
Beauty since you so much desire	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
Beauty stands further .	Jones	Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1601
Because my love . . .	Marenzio	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Behold a wonder here!	J. Dowland	Third and last Book of Songs or Airs, 1603
Behold how good a thing	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Behold now praise the Lord	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
Benedic Domine nobis .		Pammelia, 1609
Beside a fountain . . .	Morley	Madrigals, 1594
Beware, fair maids . . .	Corkine	Second Book of Airs, 1612
Birch and green holly .		Pammelia, 1609
Blame not my cheeks . .	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
" " " . .	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
Blessed are they	Croce	Musica Sacra, 1608
Blessed art thou that fearest God	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
Blessed is he that fears the Lord	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
Blind Love was shooting .	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
Blow out the trumpet . .	Este	Sixth set of Books, 1624
Blow, shepherds, blow . .	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
Blow thy horn thou jolly hunter		Pammelia, 1609
Blow up the trumpet . . .	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
" " " . .	Este	Sixth set of Books, 1624
Blush, my rude present . .	Vautor	First set, 1619
Boy, pity me	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Bravely decked come forth bright day	Campion	First Book of Airs, 1610
Break now, my heart, and die!	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
Breathe you now, while I o Hymen	Campion	Lords' Masque, 1612
Bright Phœbus	Kirbye	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
Bright star of beauty . .	Attey	First Book of Airs, 1622

Appendix II.

Bring away this sacred tree (?) Lanier	Masque on the marriage of the Earl of Somerset, 1614
Brooms for old shoes	Melismata, 1611
Brown is my love Ferrabosco, senr.	Musica Transalpina, 1597
Browning, Madam	Deuteromelia, 1609
Burst forth my tears J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
But as the bird Ferrabosco, senr.	Musica Transalpina, 1588
But, behold where they	Canzonets, 1608
But he the God Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
But if the country gods Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
But not so soon Byrd	Musica Transalpina, 1588
But though poor sheep Youll	Canzonets, 1608
But what went you out to see? Este	Sixth set of Books, 1624
But when by proof Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
But with me wretch Conversi	Musica Transalpina, 1588
But yet it seems a foolish drift Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
By a bank as I lay	Deuteromelia, 1609
By a fountain where I lay J. Dowland	Third and last Book of Songs or Airs 1603
By hills and dales	Deuteromelia, 1609
By Lands-dale, hey ho!	" "
By the moon we sport and play Ravenscroft	Brief Discourse, 1614
Calm was air Carlton	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
Camella fair, tript Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
Can a maid Peerson	Private Music, 1620
Can doleful notes Danyel	Songs, 1606
Can I abide this prancing Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
Can modest plain desire Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601
Can she disdain Pilkington	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605
Can she excuse my wrongs? J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
Can you, the author of our joy Campion	Knowles' Royal Entertainment, 1613
Canst thou love?	Melismata, 1611
Cantate Domino Canticum	Pammelia, 1609
Care for thy soul Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Care for thy soul . . .	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
Carters, now cast down your whips	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
Cast off all doubtful care .	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Cease leaden slumber dreaming	Hume	Poetical Music, 1607
Cease mine eyes	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
Cease now delight, give sorrow leave	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
Cease now thy mourning .	Farmer	First set of English Madrigals, 1599
Cease restless thoughts .	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
Cease shepherds	Anerio	Italian Canzonets, 1597
Cease sorrows now	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597
Cease these false sports	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's Solace, 1612
Cease troubled thoughts to sigh	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608 Pammelia, 1609
Celebrons sans cesse . . .		
Celia's wound and mine .	Hilton	Airs or Fa-las, 1627
Change me, O Heavens!	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Change then, for lo, she changeth	W. Holborne	Cithern School, 1597
Change thy mind since she doth change . . .	Martin	Musical Banquet, 1610
Chaste Daphne fled from Phoebus	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
Chaste Syrinx fled	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
Chloris, when as I woo .	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
Christ is risen again . . .	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Christ rising again	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Clear or cloud sweet as April	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
Clear wells spring not . . .	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597
Climb, O heart!	Pilkington	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605
Clorinda, false adieu, thy love	Morley	Madrigals, 1594
Cold winter's ice is fled and gone	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600
Come again! sweet love doth now invite	J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597

Appendix II.

Come ashore, merry mates	Coperario	Masque on the marriage of the Ear of Somerset, 1614
Come away, arm'd with loves	Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
Come away; bring thy golden theft	Campion	Lords' Masque, 1612
Come away, come, sweet love	J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
Come away, sweet love	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
Come away, we grow jealous	Ferrabosco, jun.	Airs, 1609
Come, blessed bird!	Johnson	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
Come, cheerful day	Campion	First Book of Airs, 1610
Come clap thy hands	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
Come, come all you that draw	Pilkington	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605
Come drink to me		Pammelia, 1609
Come follow me, fair nymphs	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Come follow me merrily		Pammelia, 1609
Come follow me, my wand'ring mates	Mason & Earsden	Airs sung at Brougham Castle, 1618
Come forth, sweet nymph	Vautor	First set, 1619
Come gentle swains	Cavendish	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
Come, heavy sleep	J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
Come help, O God	Byrd	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
Come home, my troubled thoughts	Ferrabosco, jun.	Airs, 1609
Come, jolly swains	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Come let's begin	Weelkes	Airs or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Come let's begone	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
Come let's rejoice	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
Come let us rejoice	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Come let us sing to God	Leighton	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
Come let us sound with melody	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
Come life, come death	Este	Third set of Books, 1610
Come, love, let's crown this	Hilton	Airs or Fa-las, 1627
Come, love, let's walk	Youll	Canzonets, 1608

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Come, lovers, follow me . . .	Morley	Madrigals, 1594
Come, lovers, forth . . .	Feretti	Italian Madrigals, 1598
Come, Malkyn, burle thine oyr . . .	T. Ravenscroft	Brief Discourse, 1614
Come, merry lads . . .	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
Come, my Celia Ferrabosco, jun.		Airs, 1609
Come, O come, my life . . .	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
Come, Phyllis, come . . .	Ford	Music of Sundry Kinds, 1607
Come, pretty wag, and sing	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
Come, sable night . . .	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
Come, shepherd swains . . .	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Come, shepherds, follow me	Bennet	Madrigals, 1599
Come, shepherds' God . . .	Vecchi	Italian Canzonets, 1597
Come, shepherds, sing with me . . .	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
Come, shepherds' weeds	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
Come, sirrah, Jack, ho ! . . .	Weelkes	Airs or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Come, sprightly mirth . . .	Hilton	Airs or Fa-las, 1627
Come, sorrow . . .	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
Come, sorrow, come, sit down . . .	Jones	Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1601
Come sorrow, come, sit down . . .	Morley	First Book of Airs, 1600
Come to me grief, for ever	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1538
Come triumphing, come with state . . .	Campion	Lords' Masque, 1612
Come unto these yellow sands . . .	Banister	
Come, ye heavy states	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
Come, you pretty false-eye'd	Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
Come when I call . . .	J. Dowland	{ Third and last Book of Songs or Airs, 1603
Come, woeful Orpheus . . .	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Compare me to the child . . .	Farmer	First set of English Madrigals, 1599
Compel the hawk to sit . . .	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Conditor Kyrie omnium . . .		Pammelia, 1609
Constant Penelope sends to thee . . .	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
Construe my meaning . . .	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598

Appendix II.

Content thyself with thine estate	Carlton	Madrigals, 1601
Corydon would kiss her then	Este	Madrigals, 1604
Could my heart more . . .	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
Coy Daphne fled from Phcebus	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
Crowned with flowers . . .	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
" " " " "	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
Cruel, behold my heavy ending	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1599
Cruel, let my heart be blessed	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
Cruel Madam	Vautor	First set, 1619
Cruel Pabrilla	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
Cruel, unkind, my heart thou hast	Feretti	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Cruel, unkind, my heart thou hast	Bennet	Madrigals, 1599
Cruel, why dost thou	Palavicino	Musica Transalpina, 1597
Cruel, wilt thou persever	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
Cruel, you pull away so soon	Morley	" 1593
Cupid in a bed of roses . .	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
Cupid, my pretty boy . . .	Peerson	Motets or Grave Chamber Music, 1630
Cynthia, Queen of Seas and Lands	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
Cynthia, thy song	Croce	Musica Transalpina, 1597
Cytherea smiling said . . .	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
Dainty darling, kind and free	Jones	Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1601
Dainty fine bird that art engaged	O. Gibbons	First set of Madrigals, 1612
Dainty fine sweet nymphs	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
Dainty sweet bird	Vautor	First set, 1619
Dainty white pearl	Bicci	Musica Transalpina, 1597
" " " " "	Este	Third set of Books, 1610
Dame, lend me a loaf . . .		Pammelia, 1609
Dame Venus, hence to Paphos go	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Damon and Phyllis squared	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
Dance now and sing	Campion	Knowles' Royal Entertainment, 1613

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Dance, dance! and visit now the shadows . . .	Campion	Lords' Masque, 1612
Daphne fled from Phœbus	Danyel	Songs, 1606
Daphne on the rainbow . . .	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
Daphne the bright . . .	Anerio	Italian Canzonets, 1597
Daphne was not so chaste	J. Dowland	Third and last Book of Songs or Airs, 1603
Daphnis came on a sum- mer's day . . .	Ferrabosco, jun.	
Dare you haunt our hal- lowed groves . . .	T. Ravenscroft	Brief Discourse, 1614
Dead, noble Brooke! . . .	Peerson	Motets or Grave Chamber Music, 1630
Dear, if I with guile . . .	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
Dear, if you change, I'll never choose . . .	J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
Dear, if you wish my dying	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Dear, may some other . . .	Hilton	Airs or Fa-las, 1627
Dear, pity how? ah, how?	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
Dear shepherdess . . .	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
Dear, though your mind . . .	Corkine	Second Book of Airs, 1612
Dear, when to thee	Ferrabosco, jun.	Airs, 1609
Dear, why do you joy? . . .	Este	Second set of Madrigals, 1606
Death hath deprived me . . .	Weelkes	Airs or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Deceitful fancy why de- lud'st thou? . . .	Coperario	Funeral tears, 1606
Deep lamenting . . .	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
Delay breeds danger . . .	Giovanelli	Italian Madrigals, 1598
Delicta quis intelligit . . .		Pammelia, 1609
Derry, ding, ding, dasson		Melismata, 1611
Descendit Christus de cœlo		Pammelia, 1609
Despiteful thus unto myself	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Diaphenia like the daffa- down-dilly . . .	Pilkington	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605
Did ever man . . .	Jones	Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1601
Dido was the Carthage Queen . . .	Mason & Earsden	Airs sung at Brougham Castle, 1618
Die, hapless man . . .	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
Die not before thy day	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
Die not, fond man . . .	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613

Appendix II.

Die now, my heart . . .	Morley	Madrigals, 1594
Disdain me still, that I may ever love . . .	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's solace, 1612
Disdain that so doth fill me	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
" " "	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
Distressed soul . . .	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
Do not, O do not prize thy beauty . . .	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
Do not tremble . . .	Vecchi	Italian Madrigals, 1598
Do what you can . . .	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
Do you not know . . .	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
Dolorous mournful cares .	Marenzio	Musica Transalpina, 1597
Domini fili dei . . .		Pammelia, 1609
Donna il vostro . . .	Weelkes	Airs or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Dorus a silly shepherd	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
Dost thou withdraw . . .	Danyel	Songs, 1606
Douce aboire . . .		Pammelia, 1609
Down a down, thus Phyllis sung . . .	Pilkington	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605
Down, down, proud mind	Corkine	Second Book of Airs, 1612
Down from above falls Jove	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Down in a valley . . .	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Down the hills . . .	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1611
Draw on sweet night . . .	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Dreams and imaginations	Jones	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1601
Drop not mine eyes . . .	Danyel	Songs, 1606
Drown not with tears	Ferrabosco, jun.	Airs, 1609
" " "	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
Each day of thine . . .	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
Each lovely grace my lady doth possess . . .	Corkine	Second Book of Airs, 1612
Early before the day . . .	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
Earth's but a point . . .	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
Emitte lucem tuam . . .		Pammelia, 1609
England receive . . .	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
Even as the flowers do wither . . .	Carlton	Madrigals, 1601
Even from the depth unto the Lord . . .	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Ev'ry bush new spring- ing	Cavendish	Airs, 1599
Every dame affects good fame	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
Ev'ry singing bird	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
Exaudi Domine		Pammelia, 1609
Eyes look no more	Danyel	Songs, 1606
Fa, la, la, O now weep	Weelkes	Airs or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Fa, mi, re, la, mi		Pammelia, 1609
Faction that ever dwells in court	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
Fain I would	Ferrabosco, jun.	Airs, 1609
Fain would I change that note	Hume	First Book of Airs, 1605
Fain would I die	Viadana	Italian Canzonets, 1597
Fain would I my love dis- close	Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
Fain would I speak	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
Fain would I wed	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
Faint not, lovers	Hilton	Airs or Fa-las, 1627
Fair cruel nymph Ferrabosco, jun.		Airs, 1609
Fair Cytherea	Lisley	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
Fair Hebe, when dame Flora meets	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Fair, if you expect admiring	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
Fair is my love, my dear and only jewel	Este	Madrigals, 1604
Fair is the rose	O. Gibbons	First set of Madrigals, 1612
Fair ladies that do love	O. Gibbons	First set of Madrigals, 1612
Fair nymphs	Farmer	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
Fair Oriana	Hilton	" " "
" "	Jones	" " "
" "	J. Milton	" " "
Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone	Morley	1596
Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone	Farmer	First set of English Madrigals, 1599
Fair shepherd's queen	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
Fair, sweet, cruel	Ford	Music of Sundry Kinds, 1607

Appendix II.

Fair women like fair jewels are	Jones	Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1610
Fairest are the words	Vautor	First set, 1619
False love did me inveigle	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
False love now shoot	Prenestino	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Fancy retire thee	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals Englished, 1590
Far from triumphing court	J. Dowland	Musical Banquet, 1610
Farewell, all joys	O. Gibbons	First set of Madrigals, 1612
Farewell, cruel and unkind	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals Englished, 1590
Farewell, dear love	Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601
Farewell, disdainful	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
Farewell, false love	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
" " " " " " " " " "	Este	Second set of Madrigals, 1606
Farewell, fond youth	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
Farewell, mine own sweet heart		Pammelia, 1609
Farewell, my joy, adieu, my love	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
Farewell, my love	Kirbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1597
Farewell, sweet boy	Peerson	Motets or Grave Chamber Music, 1606
Farewell, too fair	J. Dowland	Third and last Book of Songs Airs, 1603
Farewell, unkind, fare- well	{ J. Dowland }	Third and last Book of Songs Airs, 1603
Fast by a brook	Vecchi	Italian Canzonets, 1597
Fear not the end	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
Fides est anima vita sicut Fie, fie, what a coil is here!	Jones	Pammelia, 1609 Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1610
Fie on this feigning	J. Dowland	Third and last Book of Songs, Airs, 1603
Finding in fields my Sylvia all alone	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1610
Fine dainty girl	Bassano	Italian Canzonets, 1597
Fine knacks for ladies	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1610
Fire and lightning from heaven	Morley	First Book of Canzonets, 1595
Fire, fire!	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
Fire, fire, fire, lo here!	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Fire that must flame	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
First with looks he lived	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
Flora, fair love	Anerio	Italian Canzonets, 1597
Flora, fair nymph	Feretti	Italian Madrigals, 1598
" " "	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
Flora gave me fairest flowers	Wilbye	1598
Flora, sweet wanton	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
Flora, will thou torment me?	Morley	First Book of Canzonets, 1595
Flourish, ye hillocks	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Flow forth abundant tears	J. Dowland	
Flow my tears	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
Flow not so fast ye fountains	J. Dowland	{ Third and last Book of Songs or Airs, 1603
Flow, O my tears! flow and cease not	Bennet	1598
Fly from the world	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
" " " Ferrabosco, jun.		Airs, 1609
Fly if thou wilt	Eremita	Musica Transalpina, 1597
Fly, love, aloft	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
Fly love, that are so sprightly	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
Fly not away	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
Fly not so fast, my only joy	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
Fly not so swift, my dear	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Fly, Philomel	Hilton	Airs or Fa-las, 1627
Fly swift, my thoughts	Corkine	Second Book of Airs, 1612
Foe of mankind, why murd'rest thou?	Coperario	Funeral tears, 1606
Follow me quickly		Pammelia, 1609
Follow me, sweet love	Este	Second set of Madrigals, 1606
Follow thy fair sun	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
Follow your saint	Rosseter	" " "
Fond love is blind	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
Fond men that do so highly prize	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
Fond wanton youths	Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601
Fondness of man to love a she	Wilson	Cheerful Airs or Ballads, 1660
For rief I die	Felicione	Musica Transalpina, 1597

Appendix II.

For lust is frail	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
For this is he	Este	Sixth set of Books, 1624
For very grief I die . .	Giovanelli	Italian Madrigals, 1598
Forsaken Thirsis	Este	Second set of Madrigals, 1606
Fortune and glory may be lost	Coperario	Songs of Mourning, 1613
Fortune, love, and time . .	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
Four arms, two necks . .	Weelkes	Airs or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Free from love's bonds . .	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
From Cytheron	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
From depth of sin	Byrd	, " " "
From fame's desire	J. Dowland	
From profound centre . . .	Croce	Musica Sacra, 1608
From silent night, true register of moans	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's Solace, 1612
From stately tower King David sat	Carlton	Madrigals, 1601
From virgin's womb	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
From what part of the heaven	De Monte	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Full fathom five	Wilson	Cheerful Airs or Ballads, 1659
Fusca in thy starry eyes .	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
Gaze not on earth	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
Gifts of feature and of mind	Hilton	Airs or Fa-las, 1627
Give beauty all her right	Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
Give me my heart and I will go	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
Give us once a drink		Deuteromelia, 1609
Glad am I		" "
Go, crystal tears	J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
Go, happy man	Coperario	Masque on the marriage of the Ear of Somerset, 1614
Go, heavy thoughts, down to the place	Corkine	Second Book of Airs, 1612
Go, my flocks, get you hence	D'incerto	Musical Banquet, 1610
Go, nightly cares, the enemy to rest	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's Solace, 1612

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Go no more to Brainford		Pammelia, 1609
Go, passions, to the cruel fair	Ford	Music of Sundry Kinds, 1607
Go to bed, sweet Muse, take thy rest	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
Go too, Jane Glover		Deuteromelia, 1609
Go ye! my Canzonets	Morley	First Book of Canzonets, 1595
Go, wailing accents, go!	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
Go wailing verse, the issue of thy sire	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
Go, you skipping	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
God morrow, fair ladies	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
Good love, then fly thou to her	Morley	„ 1597
Good men, show if you can tell	Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
Greedy lover, pause awhile	Wilson	Cheerful Airs or Ballads, 1660
Grief keep within	Danyel	Songs, 1606
Grief of my best love's absenting	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
Gush forth my tears. W. Holborne		Cithern School, 1597
Ha, ha, ha, this world doth pass	Weelkes	Airs or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Had those that dwell Ferrabosco, jun.		Airs, 1609
Haec est vita æterna		Pammelia, 1609
Happy he who to sweet home retired	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
Happy, O happy he	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Happy streams whose trembling fall	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Hard by a crystal fountain	Croce	Musica Transalpina, 1597
„ „ „	Morley	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
Hard destinies are love and beauty parted	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Harden now thy tired heart	Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
Hark all ye lovely saints above	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
Hark all you ladies	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
Hark! Alleluia!	Morley	Canzonets, 1597

Appendix II.

Hark ! and give ear	Belli	Italian Madrigals, 1598
Hark ! did ye ever hear	Hunt	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
Hark, hark ! I hear some dancing	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600
Hark, hark ! wot you what ?	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
Hark ! hear you not heavenly harmony	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Hark ! jolly shepherds	Morley	Madrigals, 1594
Harken, O Lord !	Croce	Musica Sacra, 1608
Haste, haste, post haste		Melismata, 1611
Have all our passions	Danyel	Songs, 1606
Have I found her ? Oh rich finding !	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
Have I found her ? Oh rich finding !	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
Have mercy on me, Lord	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
Have mercy upon me	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
He only can behold	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
He that descended	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
He that hath no mistress	Corkine	Airs, 1610
He that loves a rosy cheek	Porter	Madrigals and Airs, 1632
He that will an ale-house keep		Melismata, 1611
He whose desires	Danyel	Songs, 1606
Hear my prayer, O Lord	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
Heigh ho ! away the mare		Melismata, 1611
Heigh ho ! Chill go to plough	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
Help ! I fall	Morley	Madrigals, 1594
Help, Lord, for wasted are those men	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
Hence care, thou art too cruel	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600
Hence stars !	Este	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
" " 	Este	Second set of Madrigals, 1606
Her breath is more sweet	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Her careless thoughts	Byrd	" " " "
Her eyes like angels	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
Her fair inflaming eyes	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Her hair, the net of golden wire Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
Her rosy cheeks Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
Here rest my thoughts W. Holborne	Cithern School, 1597
" " " Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
Hero, care not Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601
Hero, kiss me? Hilton	Airs or Fa-las, 1627
Hey down a down	Deuteromelia, 1609
" " "	Pammelia, 1609
Hey ho! nobody at home	" "
Hey ho! to the green wood	" "
Hey ho! what shall I say?	" "
Hey the horn, the horn-a Peerson	Private Music, 1620
Hey trola, trola Piers	Brief Discourse, 1614
Hidden, O Lord Pilkington	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
High mighty God Pilkington	" " "
Hills and woods Quintiani	Musica Transalpina, 1600
His golden locks Time	
hath to silver turn'd J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
His heart his wound received Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
Hither we come into Porter	Madrigals and Airs, 1632
Ho! who comes here? Morley	Madrigals, 1594
Hold out my heart Morley	Canzonets, 1593
Hold thy peace, thou knave!	Deuteromelia, 1609
Hope of my heart Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
How art thou thrall'd O. Gibbons	First set of Madrigals, 1612
How easily wert thou chained Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
How great delight Tomkins	Songs, 1622
How like a golden dream Coperario	Songs of Mourning, 1613
How long shall I with mournful music Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
How long with vain com- plaining Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
How many new years have grown old Jones	Muses' Garden for Delights, 1611
How many things as yet . Maynard	Twelve Wonders of the World, 1611
How shall a young man Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
" " " Este	Sixth set of Books, 1624

Appendix II.

How shall I then describe my love?	Ford	Music of Sundry Kinds, 1607
How should I show my love?	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
How should I sing well? .		Pammelia, 1609
Humour say what mak'st thou here?	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
I always beg	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
I always loved to call my lady, Rose	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
I am a lover	Ferrabosco, jun.	Airs, 1609
I am athirst		Pammelia, 1609
I am brought into so great trouble	Este	Sixth set of Books, 1624
I am quite tired	Wilbye	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
I bei ligustri e rose . . .	Weelkes	Airs or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
I bring you tidings . . .	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
I can no more but hope good heart	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
I cannot eat my meat . .	Weelkes	Deuteromelia, 1609
I cannot, Lord	Leighton	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
I cannot stay	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
I care not for these ladies	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
I die whenas I do not see	Danyel	Songs, 1606
I do not love my Phyllis .	Este	Second set of Madrigals, 1606
I fall and rise again . . .	Este	" " " "
I fall, O stay me	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
I feign not friendship where I hate	O. Gibbons	First set of Madrigals, 1612
I follow, lo! the footing .	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
" " " "	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
I go before my darling . .	Morley	First Book of Canzonets, 1595
I have been young but now am old	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
I have entreated	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
I have had a great delight	Este	Sixth set of Books, 1624
I have house and land in Kent		Melismata, 1611
I have roared	Este	Sixth set of Books, 1624

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

I heard a noise	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
I heard a withered maid .	Hilton	Airs, or Fa-las, 1627
I heard of late that love was fall'n asleep . . .	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
I joy me not in earthly bliss	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
I know not what	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
I laid me down	Byrd	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
I languish to complain me	Ferrabosco, sen.	Italian Madrigals, 1598
I languish to complain me	Bennet	Madrigals, 1599
I lay with an old man . .		Melismata, 1611
I lift my heart to thee . .	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
I live, and yet methinks I do not breathe	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
I love, alas! I love thee .	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
I love, alas! yet am I not beloved	Kirbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1597
I love, alas! yet am not loved	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
I love and have my love regarded	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
I marriage would forswear	Maynard	Twelve Wonders of the World, 1611
I must complain, yet do enjoy	J. Dowland	Third and last Book of Songs or Airs, 1603
I must complain, yet do enjoy	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
I must depart	Marenzio	Musica Transalpina, 1588
I only am the man	Maynard	Twelve Wonders of the World, 1611
I pray, good mother . . .		Melismata, 1611
I pray thee, sweet John .	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
I saw my lady weep. . . .	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
I saw my lady weeping	Ferrabosco	Musica Transalpina, 1588
I saw my lovely Phyllis .	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
I see ambition never pleased	O. Gibbons	First set of Madrigals, 1612
I see you be a knave! (I.C.U.B.A.K.)		Deuteromelia, 1609
I shame at mine	J. Dowland	Tears or Lamentations, 1614

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

If I could shut the gate . . .	Danyel	Songs, 1606
If I hope I pine . . .	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
If I seek to enjoy . . .	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
If I urge my kind desires	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
If in thine heart . . .	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
If in this flesh . . .	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
If it be love to sit and mourn	Hilton	Airs or Ballads, 1627
If love be blind . . .	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
If love be just . . .	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
If love loves truth . . .	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
If my complaints could passions move . . .	J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
If my lady did begin . . .	Wilson	Cheerful Airs or Ballads, 1660
If pity reign with beauty	Kirbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1597
If she forsakes me . . .	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
If she neglect me . . .	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
If silent . . .	Ferrabosco, sen.	Italian Madrigals, 1598
If streams of tears . . .	Corkine	Airs, 1610
If that a sinner's sighs. . .	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
" " " " "	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's Solace, 1612
" " " " "	J. Milton	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
If the deep sighs . . .	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
If there be any one whom love . . .	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
If this be love to scorn my crying . . .	Lichfield	First set of English Madrigals, 1614
If thou long'st so much . . .	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
If thy deceitful looks . . .	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597
If women can be courteous	Carlton	Madrigals, 1601
If women could be fair and never fond . . .	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
Ile caldi sospiri . . .	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
I'll lie me down . . .	Coperario	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
In a grove most rich of shade . . .		Musical Banquet, 1610
In a grove of trees of myrtle	Attey	First Book of Airs, 1622
In an evening as I was walking . . .	Este	Madrigals, 1604
In black mourn I . . .	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597

Appendix II.

In Celia's face a question did arise	Porter	Madrigals and Airs, 1632
In chains of hope and fear	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals Englished, 1590
In crystal towers	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
In darkness let me dwell .	Coperario	Funeral Tears, 1606
" " " "	J. Dowland	Musical Banquet, 1610
In deep distress	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
In depth no man	Ferrabosco, sen.	Tears and Lamentations, 1614
In depth of grief	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1611
In dew of roses.	Morley	Madrigals, 1594
In dolorous complaining .	Este	Second set of Madrigals, 1606
In every place	de Monte	Musica Transalpina, 1588
" " " "	Morley	Madrigals, 1594
In fields abroad where trumpets shrill	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
In flower of April's spring- ing	Ferrabosco, sen.	Musica Transalpina, 1597
In going to my naked bed	Edwards	1560
In health and ease am I .	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1611
In hope a king doth go to war	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
In midst of woods	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
In nets of golden wires .	Morley	First Book of Canzonets, 1595
In pleasant summer's morning	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
In pride of May	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
In Sherwood lived stout Robin Hood	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
In te Domine speravi		Pammelia, 1609
In the departure	Bull	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
In the merry month of May	Este	Madrigals, 1604
" " " " " "	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
In thee, O Lord	Leighton	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
" " " " " "	Ferrabosco, sen.	" " " "
In this trembling shadow	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's solace, 1612
In vain he seeketh for beauty	de Monte	Musica Transalpina, 1588
In vain my tongue thou beg'st to ease my care . .	Este	Madrigals, 1604
In winter cold	Byrd	Psalms, Songs and Sonnets, 1611

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

In yonder dale	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
Inconstant Laura	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
Injurious hours	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
Intende voci orationis		Pammelia, 1609
Is love a boy?	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Is not that my fancy's queen?	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
Is this thy doom	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
It fell on a summer's day	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
It is my well beloved's voice	Kirbye	Songs, 1597.
It is my well beloved's voice	Tomkins	„ 1622.
It was a lover and his lass	Morley	First Book of Airs, 1600
It was a time when silly bees	J. Dowland	Third and last Book of Songs or Airs, 1603
It was no policy of court	Ferrabosco, jun.	Airs, 1609
It was the froggy in the well		Melismata, 1611
Jack and Joan they think no ill	Campion	First Book of Airs, 1610
Jack boy! ho boy!		Pammelia, 1609
Jinkin the jester		„ „
Joan, come kiss me now		„ „
Jockey, thine horn-pipe's dull	Weelkes	Airs or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Jolly shepherd		Pammelia, 1609
Joy in the gates of Jerusalem		„ „
Joy in thy hope, the earnest of thy love	Jones	Muses' Garden for Delights, 1611
Joy, joy doth so arise	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
Joy my muse, since there is one	Attey	First Book of Airs, 1622
Joy not in no earthly bliss	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
Joy of my life that hath my love in hold	Este	Madrigals, 1604
Joy so delights my heart	Prenestino	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Joy to the person of my love!	Forbes	Cantus, Songs, and Fancies, 1661

Appendix II.

Judge them, O Lord	Kindersley	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
Kawashe comes in majesty		Masque of Flowers, 1614
Keep well your ray, my lads!		Pammelia, 1609
Kind are her answers	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
Kind in unkindness	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
Kiss me, mine only jewel	Bassano	Italian Canzonets, 1597
Kit and Tom Chida		Melismata, 1611
La Virginella	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
Lady, come down		Pammelia, 1609
Lady, if I through grief	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
Lady, if you so spite me	Ferrabosco, sen.	Musica Transalpina, 1588
" " "	J. Dowland	Musical Banquet, ed. by Dowland R., 1610
Lady, let me behold	Croce	Italian Canzonets, 1597
Lady, my flame	Ferrabosco, sen.	Musica Transalpina, 1597
" " "	Farmer	First set of English Madrigals, 1599
Lady, that hand	Bertamy	Musica Transalpina, 1588
" " "	Pordenone	" " "
Lady, the birds right fairly are singing	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600
Lady, the melting crystal	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
Lady, the silly flea of all disdained	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
Lady, those cherries plenty	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
Lady, those eyes	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
Lady, when I behold your passions	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
Lady, why grieve you?	Morley	Madrigals, 1594
Lady, you look so gentle	Verdonch	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Lady, you see time fieth	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
Lady, you think you spite me	Morley	" "
Lady, your eye	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
Lady, your spotless feature	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597
Lady, your words do spite me	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Lais, now old	O. Gibbons	First set of Madrigals, 1612
Lament, lament	Jones	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
Lasso vita mia, mi fa morire	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's Solace, 1612
Late in my rash accounting	Weelkes	Airs or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Laudate nomen Domini		Pammelia, 1609
Leave, alas! this torment- ing	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
Leave, now, mine eyes tormenting	Morley	First Book of Canzonets, 1595
Leave off, Hymen, and let us borrow	Ravenscroft	Brief Discourse, 1614
Leave off, sad Philomel	Hilton	Airs or Fa-las, 1627
Leave prolonging	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
Led by a strong desire	Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601
Lend your ears to my sorrow	J. Dowland	Third and Last Book of Songs or Airs, 1603
Let all the inhabitants	Este	Sixth set of Books, 1624
Let dread of pain	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
Let every sharp	Carlton	Madrigals, 1601
Let false surmises	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
Let go, why do you stay me?	Bennet	Madrigals, 1599
Let him that will be free	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
Let Lobcocke leave his wife at home		Pammelia, 1609
Let not Chloris think	Danyel	Songs, 1606
Let not the sluggish sleep	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Let not thy blackness move thee	Ford	
Let thy salvation	Jones	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
Let us in a lover's round	{ Mason & Earsden }	Airs Sung at Brougham Castle, 1618
Let's have a peal for John Cook's soul		Pammelia, 1609
Let us now sing of love's delight	{ Coperario }	Masque on the marriage of the Earl of Somerset, 1614
Libera me Domine		Pammelia, 1609
Lie down, poor heart	Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601

Appendix II.

Life is a poet's fable . . .	Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601
Life of my life . . .	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1611
Life tell me . . .	Vecchi	Italian Madrigals, 1598
" " . . .	Este	Third set of Books, 1610
Lift up to heaven sad wretch . . .	Campion	First Book of Airs, 1610.
Lighten heavy heart thy sprite . . .	Campion	www.libtool.com.cn " " "
Lightly she tripped . . .	Mundy	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
Like as from heaven	Ferrabosco, sen.	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Like as the gentle hart . . .	Carlton	Madrigals, 1601
Like as the lute . . .	Danyel	Songs, 1606
Like hermit poor	Ferrabosco, jun.	Airs, 1609
Like two proud armies . . .	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600
Liquid and watery pearls	Marenzio	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Listen, O Lord . . .	Croce	Musica Sacra, 1608
Live not, poor bloom . . .	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1611
Lively, my heart . . .	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
Lo! country sports . . .	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597
Lo, here, another love! . . .	Morley	First Book of Canzonets, 1595
Lo, here, I leave my heart	Este	Third set of Books, 1610
Lo, here, my heart I leave		Musica Transalpina, 1588
" " "	Kirbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1597
Lo! how, from heaven . . .	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
Lo! how my colour . . .	Sabino	Italian Madrigals, 1598
Lo! ladies, where my love comes . . .	Giovanelli	" " "
Lo! she flies . . .	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
Lo! when back mine eye	Campion	First Book of Airs, 1610
Lo! where with flowery head . . .	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
Lock up, fair lids . . .	Vautor	First Set, 1619
" " . . .	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
Long hath my love . . .	Anerio	Italian Canzonets, 1597
Long have I been perplexed		Melismata, 1611
Long have I lived in Court	Maynard	Twelve Wonders of the World, 1611
Long have I made these hills and valleys weary . . .	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Long have mine eyes . . .	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Long have the shepherds	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
Long live fair Oriana	E. Gibbons	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
Look down, O Lord	Byrd	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
Look, mistress, mine	Pilkington	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605
Lord, arise and help	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
Lord, ever bridle	Peerson	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
Lord, hear my prayer	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Lord, hear the poor		Deuteromeia, 1609
Lord, in Thine anger	Croce	Musica Sacra, 1608
Lord, in Thy rage	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Lord, in Thy wrath	Byrd	" " " "
" " " "	Croce	Musica Sacra, 1608
Lord, in Thy wrath reprove me not	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
Lord, to Thee I make my moan	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
Lord, when I think	Weelkes	Airs of Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Love, cease tormenting	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
Love for such a cherry lip	Peirs	Brief Discourse, 1614
Love hath proclaimed	Striggio	Italian Madrigals Englished, 1590
Love her no more	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
Love if a God thou art	Jones	First set of Madrigals, 1607
Love in thy youth, fair maid	Porter	Madrigals and Airs, 1632
Love is a babel	Jones	Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1601
Love is a dainty, mild and sweet	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
Love is a fit of pleasure	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Love is a secret feeding fire	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
Love is a spirit, high pre- suming	J. Dowland	
Love is a toy	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
Love is the fire that burns me	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
Love is the peace	Peerson	Motets, or Grave Chamber Music, 1630
Love laid his yoke upon me	Hilton	Airs, or Fa-las, 1627
Love learns by laughing	Morley	Canzonets, 1606 and 1631
Love me or not	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612

Appendix II.

Love not me for comely grace	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Love quench this heat	Palavicino	Musica Transalpina, 1597
Love shooting among many	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
Love shooting at another	Farnaby	" "
Love stood amaz'd	J. Dowland	Third and last Book of Songs and Airs, 1603
Love, sweet love, for evermore		Pammelia, 1609
Love the delight	Peerson	Motets, or Grave Chamber Music, 1630
Love those beams that breed	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's Solace, 1612
Love took his bow and arrow	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
Love we in one	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
Love wing'd my hopes	Jones	Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1603
Love would discharge the duty	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Love would discharge the duty	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Love wounded me	Hilton	Airs, or Fa-las, 1627
Love's folk in green array- ing	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
Love's god is a boy	Jones	Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1603
Lure, Falconer, lure	Bennet	Brief Discourse, 1614
Madam, for you I little grieve	Attey	First Book of Airs, 1622
Maids are simple, some men say	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
Maids to bed		Melismata, 1611
Make haste, ye lovers	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597
Make ye joy to God	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Malt's come down		Deuteromelia, 1609
Man, dream no more	Peerson	Motets, or Grave Chamber Music, 1630
Man first created was	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
Man like a prophet	Corkine	Second Book of Airs, 1612
Manalcas in an evening walking	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
Mane nobiscum		Pammelia, 1609
Margery, serve well the black sow		Deuteromelia, 1609
Mars in a fury	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Martin said to his man	Deuteromelia, 1609
Me, me, and none but me	{ J. Dowland } Third and Last Book of Songs or Airs, 1603
Methinks I hear	Weelkes Madrigals, 1600
Melpomene	Vautor First set, 1619
Merely my love and I	Bateson First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Methought the other night	Jones Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1601
Mine eyes with fervency of spirit	Byrd Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
Mira cano	Vautor First set, 1619
Miraculous Love's wounding	Morley Canzonets, 1595
" " "	Croce Italian Canzonets, 1597
Miserere mei Deus	Pammelia, 1609
Miserere nostri	" "
Mistress mine, well may you fare!	Morley First Book of Airs, 1600
Mistress, since you so much desire	Rosseter Book of Airs, 1601
'Mongst thousands good	O. Gibbons First set of Madrigals, 1612
Mopsy leave off to love	Este Madrigals, 1604
More incense hath been burned	(?) Campion Masque of Flowers, 1614
More than most fair	Peerson Motets, or Grave Chamber Music, 1630
Most mighty of all	Weelkes Tears or Lamentations, 1614
Most sweet and pleasing	Campion First Book of Airs, 1610
Mother, I will have a husband	Vautor First set, 1619
Mourn, mourn	J. Dowland Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
Mourn now my soul	Kirbye First set of English Madrigals, 1597
Mourning I die	Este Fifth set of Books, 1618
Move now with measured tread	Campion Masque for Lord Hayes, 1607
Music dear solace	Pilkington First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605
Music divine	Tomkins Songs, 1622
Music, some think no music is	Bateson First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Musing mine own self	Pammelia, 1609
Must I part, my sweet jewel?	Kirbye First set of English Madrigals, 1597

Appendix II.

My bonny lass	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
My calling is divine	Maynard	Twelve Wonders of the World, 1611
My choice is made	Pilkington	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605
My complaining is not feigning	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
My dame has in her hutch		Pammelia, 1609
My days, my months, my years	Attey	First Book of Airs, 1622
My dearest and divinest love	Attey	First Book of Airs, 1622
My dearest mistress, let us live and love	Corkine	Second Book of Airs, 1612
My dying husband knew	Maynard	Twelve Wonders of the World, 1611
My flocks feed not	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597
My heart, alas !	Conversi	Musica Transalpina, 1588
My heart and tongue were twins	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's Solace, 1612
My heart is dead	Pilkington	First set o Madrigals, 1613
My heart oppressed by your disdainng	Lichfield	" " " 1614
My heart, why hast thou	Morley	Italian Canzonets, 1597
My heavy spirit oppressed with sorrows might	A. Holborne	Musical Banquet, ed. by Dowland, R., 1610
My hope a counsel with my love	Este	Madrigals, 1604
My joy is dead	Coperario	Funeral Tears, 1606
My lady still abhors me	Feretti	Italian Madrigals, 1598
My lady's coloured cheeks	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
My little sweet darling	Byrd	
My loins are filled	Este	Sixth set of Books, 1624
My Lord	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
My love bound me with a kiss	Jones	Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1601
My love hath vowed	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
My love is neither young nor old	Jones	Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1601
My lovely Phyllis	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
My lovely wanton jewel	Morley	First Books of Ballets, 1595
My master is so wise		Melismata, 1611

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

My merry mates, to Neptune's praise	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's Solace, 1612
My mind to me a kingdom is	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
My mistress after service due	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
My mistress frowns	Hilton	Airs or Fa-las, 1627
My mistress is as fair as fine	Bennet	Brief Discourse, 1614
My mistress sings no other song	Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601
My mistress will not be content		Melismata, 1611
My nymph, the dear	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
My occupation is the noble trade	Maynard	Twelve Wonders of the World, 1611
My peace and my pleasure	Este	Third set of Books, 1610
My Phyllis bids me pack	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597
My prime of youth	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	Este	Madrigals, 1604
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
My sins are like the hairs upon my head	Ford	
My soul doth long	Leighton	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
My soul oppressed with care	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
My sweet Lais	di Macque	Italian Madrigals, 1598
My sweetest Lesbia	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
My tears do not avail me	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597
My thoughts are winged with hopes	J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
My throat is sore	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
My time is spent	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
My trade doth every thing	Maynard	Twelve Wonders of the World, 1611
My true love hath my heart	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
Nay, let me weep	O. Gibbons	First set of Madrigals, 1612
Nay, will ye faith	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
Ne'er let the sun	O. Gibbons	First set of Madrigals, 1612
Neither buskin now, nor bays	Campion	Description of a Masque, 1607

Appendix II.

Never did any more delight	Vautor	First set, 1619
Never love unless you can	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
Never weather-beaten sail	Campion	First Book of Airs, 1610
New country sports that seldom fade	Weelkes	1608
New flowers		Melismata, 1611
New oysters		Pammelia, 1609
New oysters, new Wale- fleet oysters		" "
Night as well as brightest day	Campion	Knowles' Royal Entertainment, 1613
No grave for woe	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
No past but good	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
No, let chromatic tunes . .	Danyel	Songs, 1606
No longer wrong the night	Campion	Lords' Masque, 1612
No more I will thy love importune	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
No, no, it will not be	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
No, no, no, Nigella	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
No, no, she doth but flout me	Morley	Madrigals, 1594
No, no, though I shrink still	Weelkes	Airs or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Not full twelve years twice told	Ford	Music of Sundry Kinds, 1607
Not unto us	Ford	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
Now cease my wandering eyes	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
Now cease your revels, rest a space	Campion	Lords' Masque, 1612
Now Chloris laughs	Este	Second set of Madrigals, 1606
Now country sports that seldom fade	Weelkes	1608
Now doth the city	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
Now Cupid, look about thee	Robinson	New Cithern Lessons, 1609
Now each creature	Farmer	First set of English Madrigals, 1599
Now each flowery bank	O. Gibbons	First set of Madrigals, 1612
Now every tree renew	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Now God be with old Simeon		Pammelia, 1609
Now hath Flora	Campion	Masque for Lord Hayes, 1607
Now have I learned with much ado	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
Now I see thou floutest me	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
Now I see thy looks were feigned	Ford	Music of Sundry Kinds, 1607
Now is my Chloris	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
Now is the bridal of fair Chloris	Weelkes	" " "
Now is the gentle season.	Morley	Madrigals, 1594
Now is the month of maying	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
Now is the summer spring- ing.	Hilton	Airs or Fa-las, 1627
Now is the time	{ Mason & Earsden }	Airs sung at Brougham Castle, 1618
Now kiss the cup		Pammelia, 1609
Now let her change and spare not!	Pilkington	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605
Now let her change and spare not!	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
Now let her change and spare not!	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1610
Now let us make a merry greeting	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600
Now must I die	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
Now must I part	Marenzio	Musica Transalpina, 1588
" "	Este	Third set of Books, 1610
Now, O now, I needs must part	J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
Now peep, bo peep	Pilkington	" " " 1605
Now Robin laugh and sing	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
Now Robin, lend to me thy bow		Pammelia, 1609
Now springs each plant	Quintiani	Musica Transalpina, 1597

Appendix II.

Now thanked be the great god Pan		Pammelia, 1609
Now that each creature .	Bassano	Italian Canzonets, 1597
Now the country lasses .	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
Now the earth, the skies, the air	Danyel	Songs, 1606
Now twinkling star . . .	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
Now what is love? . . .	Jones	Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1601
Now winter nights enlarge	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
Now would I were hang'd	Corkine	Airs, 1610
Nowell, adieu thou court's delight	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600
O all ye nations of the Lord	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
O care thou wilt despatch me	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600
O come again my love . .	Este	„ 1604
O come let us lift up our voice	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
O come, shepherds, all to- gether	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
O come, thou spirit . . .	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
O dear life when shall it be	D'incerto	Musical Banquet, 1610
„ „ „	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
O dear, that I with thee .	Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
O divine love, which so aloft	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
O do not run away . . .	Este	Madrigals, 1604
O eyes, leave off your weeping	Hales	Musical Banquet, 1610
O eyes, O mortal stars!	Ferrabosco, jun.	Airs, 1609
O false and treacherous .	Peerson	Motets, or Grave Chamber Music, 1630
O false deceit	P. Phillips	Italian Madrigals, 1598
O fly not love! O fly not me!	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
O fly not, O take some pity!	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
O fools, can you not see .	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Give me the comfort . . .	Este	Third set of Books, 1610
God, give ear and do apply	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
God, that guides	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
God, that no time	Peerson	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
God, the rock	Wilbye	„ „ „
God, to whom	Kindersley	„ „ „
God, which art most merciful.	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
gracious and worthiest	Croce	Musica Transalpina, 1597
gracious God	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
grief, even on the bud	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
grief, how diverse are thy shapes	Coperario	Songs of Mourning, 1613
grief, if yet my grief	Donato	Musica Transalpina, 1588
grief, O spite!	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
grief, where shall poor grief	Bennet	Madrigals, 1599
had I wings	J. Milton	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
had not Venus	Hilton	Airs or Fa-las, 1627
happy he	Weelkes	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
he is gone, and I am here	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
hear me, heavenly powers	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
Heavens!	Kirbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1597
heavy heart!	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
how my thoughts do beat me.	Jones	Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1601
I do love	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
joys exceeding, from love	Campion	Knowles' Royal Entertainment, 1613
Lady for your love	Croce	Italian Canzonets, 1597
let me at thy footstool	Peerson	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
let me die for true love	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
let me live for true love	Tomkins	„ „
let me tread	Ward	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
Lord, behold my miseries.	J. Milton	„ „ „
Lord, bow down	Allison	Hour's recreation in Music, 1606
Lord, come pity	Ferrabosco sen.	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
„ „ „	Thopull	„ „ „

Appendix II.

O Lord, consider . . .	Ward	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
O Lord, give ear . . .	Lupo	" " "
O Lord, how do my woes	Coperario	" " "
" " " "	O. Gibbons	" " "
O Lord, how long wilt thou forget . . .	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
O Lord, I lift my heart	O. Gibbons	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
O Lord, in Thee is all my trust . . .		Pammelia, 1609
O Lord, my God . . .	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
O Lord, of whom I do de- pend . . .	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
O Lord, of whom I do de- pend . . .		Pammelia, 1609
O Lord, Thy faithfulness and praise . . .	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
O Lord, Thy name's . . .	Leighton	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
O Lord, turn not away Thy face . . .	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
O Lord, turn not away Thy face . . .		Pammelia, 1609
O Lord who in Thy sacred tent . . .	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
O Love becoming well . . .	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
O Love, thou mortal sphere	Peerson	Motets, or Grave Chamber Music, 163
O Love, where are thy shafts . . .	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
O loving God and Father dear . . .	Leighton	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
O merry world . . .	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
" " . . .	Vautor	First set, 1619
O metaphysical tobacco . . .	Este	Second set of Madrigals, 1606
O mistress mine . . .	Byrd	Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, 160
" " . . .	Morley	Consort Lessons, 1599
O my fearful dreams . . .		Pammelia, 1609
O my grief were it dis- closed . . .	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
O my love! . . .		Deuteromelia, 1609
O my loving sweetheart . . .	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, 1598

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

O my poor eyes . . .	Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601
O my thoughts . . .	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
O never to be moved . . .	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
O poor, distracted world . . .	Coperario	Songs of Mourning, 1613
O praise the Lord . . .	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
" " " " " "		Pammelia, 1609
O precious tune! . . .	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
O say, dear life, when shall these . . .	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
O sleep, O sleep, fond fancy	Bennet	Madrigals, 1599
" " " "	Morley	Introduction to Music, 1598
O softly singing lute . . .	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
O stay, fair, cruel . . .	Este	Madrigals, 1604
O stay, sweet is the least delay . . .	Mason & Earsden	Airs sung at Brougham Castle, 1618
O stay, sweet Love . . .	Farmer	
O sweet, alas! . . .	Morley	Madrigals, 1594
O sweet delight . . .	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
O sweet flower too quickly fading . . .	Coperario	Funeral Tears, 1606
O sweet grief . . .	Bennet	Madrigals, 1599
O sweet kiss . . .	Ferrabosco, sen.	Musica Transalpina, 1588
O sweet woods . . .	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
O that a drop . . .	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
O that most rare breast . . .	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
O that the learned poets . . .	O. Gibbons	First set of Madrigals, 1612
O the unsure hopes! . . .	Coperario	Funeral Tears, 1606
O thou that art so cruel . . .	Morley	First Book of Canzonets, 1595
O thread of life when thou art spent . . .	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
O vain desire . . .	Carlton	Madrigals, 1601
O what hath overwrought	J. Dowland	Third and Last Book of Songs or Airs, 1603
O what is she? . . .	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
O what shall I do . . .	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
O what unhopd for sweet supply . . .	Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
O wretched man why lov'st thou . . .	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609

Appendix II.

O yes, has any found a lad	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
O yes, O yes		Melismata, 1611
O you that hear this voice	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
Oaken leaves in the merry wood		Pammelia, 1609
Of all the birds that I do know	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
Of all the birds that I have heard	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
Of all the brave birds		Deuteromelia, 1609
Of flattering speech	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Of gold all burnished	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Of joys and pleasing pains	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1594
Of Neptune's empire let us sing	Campion	Gesta Graiorum, 1594
Of sweet and dainty flowers	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
Oft did I marvel	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
Oft have I mused the cause to find	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
Oft have I sighed	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
Oft have I tendered tribu- tary tears	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1609
Oft have I vowed how dearly	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Oft thou hast with greedy ear	Coperario	Funeral Tears, 1606
Old poets that in Cupid's hand	Porter	Madrigals and Airs, 1632
On a fair morning	Morley	Madrigals, Second Edition, 1600
On a time in summer's season	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
On a time the amorous silvan	Attey	First Book of Airs, 1622
On the plains, fairy trains	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
Once did I love	Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601
" "	Jones	Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1601
Once did I serve a cruel heart	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
Once did my thoughts both ebb and flow	Jones	Muses' Garden for Delights, 1607

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Once I thought to die . . .	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
One April morn I saw fair Amaryllis	Hilton	1610
One woman scarce of twenty	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
Only joy now hear . . .	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
Open the door	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
Ora et labora		Pammelia, 1609
Our Bonny-Boots could toot it	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
Our country swains . . .	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597
Our hasty life away doth post	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
Out from the vale of deep despair	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
Out of my soul's depth . .	Campion	First Book of Airs, 1610
Over little flock	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
Over these brooks	Jones	Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1601
Palæmon and his Silvia	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
Pearce did dance with Petronel	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
Pearce did love fair Petronel	Farnaby	" "
Pearl, crystal, gold and ruby	Anerio	Italian Canzonets, 1597
Penelope	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
"	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
Perplexed sore am I . . .	Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601
Phillida bewail'd the want of Corydon	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
Phœbus tells me when I woo	Hilton	Airs, or Fa-las, 1627
Phyllis, farewell	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Phyllis, farewell, I may no longer live	Bateson	" " " "
Phyllis, go take thy pleasure	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
Phyllis hath sworn . . .	Weelkes	" " "
Phyllis, I fain would die now	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
Phyllis, now cease to move me	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
Phyllis the bright	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613

Appendix II.

Phyllis, yet see him dying	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
Pietas omnium		Pammelia, 1609
Pined I am and like to die	Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
Pipe, shepherds, pipe . .	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
Pity, dear love, my pity moving words	Este	Madrigals, 1604
Pity me	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
Pleasure is a wanton thing	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1611
Poets to love, such power ascribes	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
Poor is the life	Este	Third set of Books, 1610
Pour forth mine eyes	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
Powerful Jove, that of bright stars	Campion	Lords' Masque, 1612
Praise blindness	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
Praise our Lord	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Praise the Lord, O my soul	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
Pretty wantons sweetly sing	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
Prostrate, O Lord, I lie . .	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
Quickly send it	Hilton	Airs, or Fa-las, 1627
Quicquid petieritis		Pammelia, 1609
Rejoice, rejoice	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Remember not, Lord	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
Remember, O thou man . .		Melismata, 1611
Reprove not, Love	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
Resolved to love	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
Resound my voice	Attey	First Book of Airs, 1622
Respect my faith	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
Rest awhile your cruel cares	J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
Rest now, Amphion	Bennet	Madrigals, 1599
Rest, sweet Nymphs	Pilkington	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605
Rest with yourselves	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
Retire, my soul	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Retire my thoughts	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597
Retire, my troubled soul . .	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1611
Right blest are they	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Robin is a lively lad	{ Mason & } { Earsden }	Airs sung at Brougham Castle, 1611

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Round, a round, a round a . . .	Ravenscroft	Brief Discourse, 1614
Round about her chariot	E. Gibbons	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
Round about I follow thee	Este	Second set of Madrigals, 1606
Round about in a fair ring a	J. Bennet	Brief Discourse, 1614
Round, round about the wood	Morley	Madrigals, 2nd ed., 1600
Rubies and Pearls	Ferrabosco, sen.	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Sadness sit down . . .	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
Said I that Amaryllis . .	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
Saint Mary now	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
Samor non e' che dunque .	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
Sanct escriture te . . .		Pammelia, 1609
Save me, O God! and that with speed	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
Save me, O Lord! . . .	Johnson	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
Say, dainty dames, shall we go play	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
Say, dear, when will your frowning	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597
Say, dear, when will your frowning	Este	Third set of Books, 1610
Say, dear, will you not have me	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
Say, gentle Nymphs . . .	Morley	Madrigals, 1594
Say, love, if ever thou didst?	J. Dowland	Third and Last Book of Songs or Airs, 1603
Say me	Este	Third set of Books, 1610
Say, shepherds, say . . .	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
Say, sweet Phyllis	Ferrabosco, sen.	Italian Madrigals, 1598
Say wanton, will you love me?	Weelkes	Airs or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
See Amaryllis shamed . .	Este	Second set of Madrigals, 1606
See, see, forth her eyes .	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
See, see, mine own sweet jewel	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
See, see, the shepherds' queen	Tomkins	Songs, 1622

Appendix II.

See, see, those sweet eyes	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
See, see, who is here? . . .	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
See what a maze of error . . .	Kirbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1597
See where my love . . .	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
See where she flies . . .	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
See where the maids are singing	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600
See where the Nymph . . .	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
Seek the Lord	Campion	First Book of Airs, 1610
Self-pity's tears	Peerson	Motets, or Grave Chamber Music, 1630
Shaded with olive trees . . .	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
Shall a frown or angry eye	Corkine	Airs, 1610
Shall a smile or guileful glance	Corkine	Second Book of Airs, 1612
Shall I abide this jesting . . .	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
Shall I be with joys de- ceived	Corkine	Airs, 1610
Shall I come if I swim? . . .	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
Shall I come, sweet love? . . .	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
Shall I live so far	Marenzio	Musica Transalpina, 1597
Shall I look to ease my grief	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
Shall I seek to ease my grief	Ferrabosco, jun.	Airs, 1609
Shall I seek to ease my grief	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
Shall I strive with words to move	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's Solace, 1612
Shall I sue, shall I seek for grace	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
Shall I tell you whom I love?	Attey	First Book of Airs, 1622
Shall I then hope	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
Shall I weep?	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
Shall then a traitorous . . .	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
She hath an eye	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
She only doth not feel	Ferrabosco, sen.	Musica Transalpina, 1588
She that my plaints	Kirbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1597
" " " " " " " "	Este	Second set of Madrigals, 1606
She whose matchless beauty	Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601
She with a cruel frown . . .	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1611

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Shepherds and Nymphs . . .	Vautor	First set, 1619
Shew mercy, Lord, on me	Croce	Musica Sacra, 1608
Shoot, false Love . . .	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
Shows and nightly revels .	Lupo	Masque for Lord Hayes, 1607
Shut not, sweet breast . .	Ford	Music of Sundry Kinds, 1607
Si non pavisti occidisti . .		Pammelia, 1609
Sigh no more, ladies . . .	Ford	
Silly boy, 'tis full moon yet	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
Simkin said that Sisse was fair	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
Since all things love, why should not we?	Porter	Madrigals and Airs, 1632
Since Bonny-Boots was dead	W. Holborne	Cithern School, 1597
Since first I saw your face	Ford	Music of Sundry Kinds, 1607
Since just disdain began to rise	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
Since just disdain began to rise	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
Since my heedless eyes . .	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
Since my tears and lament- ing	Morley	Madrigals, 1594
Since neither tunes of joy	Bennet	„ 1599
Since Robin Hood	Weelkes	Airs of Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Since she, even she	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
Since tears could not obtain	Este	Second set of Madrigals, 1606
Since that the time	Croce	Italian Canzonets, 1597
Sing a song of joy	Campion	First Book of Airs, 1610
Sing after, fellows!		Pammelia, 1609
Sing, Love is blind	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
Sing, merry birds	Jones	First set of Madrigals, 1607
Sing on, sister	Vautor	First set, 1619
Sing out, ye nymphs	Bennet	Madrigals, 1599
Sing, shepherds, after me	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
Sing, shepherds, all	Nicolson	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
Sing the nobles of his race	Ferrabosco	Airs, 1609
Sing the praise of honoured wars	Hume	First Book of Airs, 1605
Sing the riches of his skill	Ferrabosco	Airs, 1609

Appendix II.

Sing we and chant it . . .	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
Sing we at pleasure . . .	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
Sing we, dance we . . .	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
Sing we merrily . . .	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Sing we merrily to God . . .	Este	Sixth set of Books, 1624
Sing we now merrily . . .		Pammelia, 1609
Sing we then heroic grace		
Ferrabosco, jun.		Airs, 1609
Sing we this roundelay . . .		Pammelia, 1609
Sing with thy mouth . . .		Deuteromelia, 1609
Sing ye to our Lord . . .	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Sing ye unto the Lord . . .	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
Sing you now after me . . .		Pammelia, 1609
Singing alone	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
Sink down, proud thoughts	Corkine	Airs, 1610
Sister, awake, close not		
your eyes	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Sit down and sing	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597
Sit still and stir not,		
Lady	W. Holborne	Cithern School, 1597
Sith sickles and the shear-		
ing scythe	Ravenscroft	Brief Discourse, 1614
Sitting once rapt with		
delight	Porter	Madrigals and Airs, 1632
Sleep, angry beauty	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
Sleep, mine only jewel	Felis	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Sleep now, my muse	Kirbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1597
Sleep, oh sleep, fond fancy	Morley	Plain and Easy Introduction, 1597
Sleep, wayward thoughts J.	Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
Slow, slow, fresh fount	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
Sly thief, if you will	Este	Madrigals, 1604
Smooth and soft	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
Smooth flowing stream	Hilton	1610
So beauty on the waters		
Ferrabosco, jun.		Airs, 1609
So for dear life	Eremita	Musica Transalpina, 1597
So far from my delight		
Ferrabosco, sen.		„ „ 1588
So gracious is thy self	Feretti	„ „ „

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

So gracious is thy sweet self	Bennet	Madrigals, 1599
So hate of sin	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
So light is love	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
So many loves have I neglected	Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
So much to give	Este	Second set of Madrigals, 1606
So parted you	Coperario	Songs of Mourning, 1613
So quick, so hot	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
So saith my fair	Marenzio	Musica Transalpina, 1597
So, so, leave off	Ferrabosco, jun.	Airs, 1609
So sweet is thy discourse.	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
So tired are all my thoughts	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
So whilome learned	Carlton	Madrigals, 1601
Soft, Cupid, soft, there is no haste	Jones	Muses' Garden for Delights, 1611
Softly for falling	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
Softly, O softly drop mine eyes	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Some can flatter, some can feign	Corkine	Airs, 1610
Some men desire spouses.	Weelkes	Airs, or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Sometime my hope	Ferrabosco, sen.	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Sometime she would and sometime not	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
Sometime when hope relieved me	del Mell	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Soon as the hungry lion .	Farmer	First set of English Madrigals, 1599
Sorrow consumes me	Kirbye	" " " 1597
Sorrow, sorrow, stay	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
Sound out my voice	Palestrina	Musica Transalpina, 1588
" " "	Kirbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1597
" " "	Este	Second set of Madrigals, 1606
Sound saddest notes	Carlton	Madrigals, 1601
Sound woeful plaints	Pilkington	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605
Sovereign of my delight	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
" " "	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
Sport we my lovely treasure	Morley	Madrigals, 1594
Spring time mantleth every bough	Morley	Canzonets, 1606 and 1631

Appendix II.

Stay, Corydon, thou swain	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Stay, cruel, stay . . .	Danyel	Songs, 1606
Stay, heart, run not so fast	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
" " " "	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
Stay, Laura	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
Stay, Nymph, O stay	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
Stay time, awhile, thy fly- ing!	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's solace, 1612
Stay yet awhile . . .	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
Still it frieth	Morley	Italian Canzonets, 1597
Strange were the life that every man	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Strike it up, Tabor . . .	Weelkes	Airs, or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Such pleasant boughs	Ferrabosco, sen.	Italian Madrigals, 1598
Sudden passions	Orologio	" " "
Supported now by clouds descend	Campion	Lords' Masque, 1612
Surcease you youthful shepherdesses	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
Surcharged with discontent	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
Sure there is no God of love	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
Susanna fair sometime assaulted was	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
Susanna fair sometime of love	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
Susanna fair, sometime of love	di Lasso	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Susanna fair, sometime of love	Ferrabosco, sen.	" " "
Susanna fair	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Sweet are the thoughts . . .	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
" " " "	Pizzoni	
Sweet, come again	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
Sweet, come away	Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601
Sweet Cupid, ripen her desire	Corkine	Airs, 1610
Sweet Daphne, stay . . .	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
Sweet, exclude me not . . .	Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
Sweet eyes admiring . . .	Venturi	Musica Transalpina, 1597

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Sweet friend, thy absence	Farmer	First set of English Madrigals, 1599
Sweet Gemma, when I first beheld	Bateson	" " " 1604
Sweet heart arise . . .	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
" " " . . .	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
Sweet honey-sucking bees	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Sweet, I grant that I am as black	W. Holborne	Cithern School, 1597
Sweet Kate of late ran away	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
Sweet Lady, stay! . . .	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
Sweet, let me go . . .	Corkine	Airs, 1610
Sweet Lord, your flame	Ferrabosco, sen.	Musica Transalpina, 1597
" " "	Farmer	First set of English Madrigals, 1599
Sweet love, I err, and do my error know . . .	Este	Madrigals, 1604
Sweet love I will no more	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
Sweet love if thou wilt gain	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
Sweet love my only treasure	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
Sweet love, sweet love . . .	Kirbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1597
Sweet love when hope	Prenestino	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Sweet muses	Este	Third set of Books, 1610
Sweet music	Hume	Poetical Music, 1607
Sweet nymph, come to thy lover	Morley	First Book of Canzonets, 1595
Sweet nymphs	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
Sweet Phillida, my flocks	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
Sweet Phyllis, stay . . .	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
Sweet Philomel	Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601
Sweet Philomel, cease thou	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
Sweet pity, wake . . .	Ward	" " " "
Sweet, restrain these showers of kindness . . .	Corkine	Airs, 1610
Sweet singing Amaryllis .	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
Sweet sparkle of love . .	Nanino	Musica Transalpina, 1597
Sweet, stay awhile, why will you?	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's Solace, 1612
Sweet Suffolk owl . . .	Vautor	First set, 1619
Sweet thief	Vautor	" "

Appendix II.

Sweet those trammels of your hair	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
Sweet was the song the Virgin sung	Attey	First Book of Airs, 1622
Sweetest, if you like and love me still	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
Sweetly pleasing singest thou	Mosto	Italian Madrigals, 1598
Take here my heart, I give it thee for ever .	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600
Take, oh take those lips away	Wilson	Cheerful Airs or Ballads, 1659
Take the psalm	Este	Sixth set of Books, 1624
Take time while time doth last	Farmer	First set of English Madrigals, 1599
Tan ta ra ran tan tant .	Weelkes	Airs, or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Tarry, tarry, are you gone?	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
Tell me, dear	Hilton	Airs, 1627
Tell me, O love Ferrabosco, jun.	„	„ 1609
Tell me, True Love? J. Dowland		Pilgrim's Solace, 1612
Thanks, gentle moon Pilkington		First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605
That heart wherein all sorrows	Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601
That muse which sung .	Kirbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1597
The Andalusian Merchant	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600
The Ape, the Monkey .	Weelkes	Airs, or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
The black bird	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
The cause of death . . .	Lupo	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
The curtain drawn, I saw my love	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
The cypress curtain . .	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
The Eagle's force subdues	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
The fair Diana	di Macque	Musica Transalpina, 1588
The fair young virgin .	Byrd	„ „ „
The fates, alas!	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
The fauns and satyrs .	Tomkins	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
The fields abroad . . .	Morley	Madrigals, 1594
The fire to see my woes .	Corkine	Second Book of Airs, 1612
The first of all our sex .	Maynard	Twelve Wonders of the World, 1611

Appendix II.

The nightingale so soon as April	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
The nightingale, the merry nightingale		Pammelia, 1609
The nymphs and shepherds	Marson	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
The old dog		Pammelia, 1609
The peaceful western wind	Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
The pigeon		Deuteromelia, 1609
The Queen of Paphos	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
The sacred choir of angels	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
The sea hath many thousand sands	Jones	Muses' Garden for Delights, 1611
The self-same thing that gives me cause to die	Carlton	Madrigals, 1601
The shadows darkening	{ Mason & Earsden }	Airs sung at Brougham Castle, 1618
The shepherd Claius	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
The shepherd Strephon	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
The shepherd's daughter	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
The silvan justly suffered	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
The silver swan	O. Gibbons	" " " 1612
The spring is past	Este	Madrigals, 1604
" "	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
The spring of joy is dry	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
The stately stag	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
The sturdy rock	Allison	" " " "
The thrush did pipe	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
The wavering planet	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
The white delightful swan	Vecchi	Musica Transalpina, 1597
The white hen she cackles		Pammelia, 1609
The wind blows out		" "
The wine that I so dearly got	Ferrabosco, sen.	Musica Transalpina, 1597
The witless boy that blind is to behold	Carlton	Madrigals, 1601
The wood-bine Flora	Hilton	Airs, or Fa-las, 1627
Then for a boat	Byrd	Songs of Sunday Natures, 1589
Then Hesperus on high	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
Then sit thee down	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Then with reports most sprightly	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
There is a garden in her face	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
" " " "	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
" " " "	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
There is a jewel which no Indian	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
There is a lady sweet and kind	Ford	Music of Sundry Kinds, 1607
There is none, O none, but you	Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
There lies a pudding .		Pammelia, 1609
There was a frog swum in the lake	Ferrabosco	
There were three ravens .		Melismata, 1611
There where I saw her lovely beauty	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
There's not a grove . . .	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
These eyes that set my fancy	Barley	New Book of Tablature, 1596
These that be certain signs	Fognient	Musica Transalpina, 1588
" " " "	Ferrabosco, sen.	" " "
Thine eyes so bright . .	Jones	First set of Madrigals, 1607
Think not 'tis I alone .	Attey	First Book of Airs, 1622
Think you to seduce me?	Corkine	Airs, 1610
Think'st thou, Kate, to put me down?	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
Think'st thou then by feigning?	J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
Thinkest thou to seduce?	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
Thisis and Milla, arm in arm together	Morley	First Book of Airs, 1600
Thisis enjoyed the graces	Ferrabosco, jun.	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Thisis, O let pity . . .	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
Thisis on his fair Phyllis	Incerto	Italian Madrigals, 1598
" " " "	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Thisis, sleepest thou? .	Bennet	Madrigals, 1599
Thisis, that heat refrained	Marenzio	Musica Transalpina, 1588

Appendix II.

Thirsis, thine absence grieves	Farmer	First set of English Madrigals, 1599
Thirsis to die desired	Marenzio	Musica Transalpina, 1588
This day Christ was born	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
This love is but a wanton fit	Morley	Canzonets, 1606 and 1631
This sweet and merry month of May	Byrd	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
This sweet and merry month of May	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Those cherries fairly	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
Those dainty daffadillies	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
Those spots upon my lady's face	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597
Those sweet delightful lilies	Weelkes	" "
" " " "	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Thou art but young, thou sayest	Wilbye	" " " " 1598
Thou art my God	Leighton	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
Thou art not fair	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
" " " "	Vautour	First set, 1619
Thou bring'st her home	Felis	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Thou God of might	J. Milton	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
Thou joy'st, fond boy	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
Thou mighty God	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's Solace, 1612
Thou pretty bird!	Danyel	Songs, 1606
Thou window	Peerson	Motets, or Grave Chamber Music, 1630
Though Amaryllis dance in green	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
Though faint and wasted	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
Though far from joy	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
Though me you do disdain	Hilton	Airs or Fa-las, 1627
Though my carriage be	Weelkes	Airs or Fantastic Spirits, 1608
Though Philomela lost her love	Morley	Canzonets, 1606 and 1631
Though strange outlandish	Maynard	Twelve Wonders of the World, 1611
Though wit bids wit to blow	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
Though you are young	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Though your strangeness frets my heart . . .	Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
Though your strangeness frets my heart . . .	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
Three blind mice . . .		Deuteromelia, 1609
Three times a day my prayer is . . .	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600
Three virgin nymphs . . .	Weelkes	" " 1597
Thrice blessed be the giver	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
Thrice toss these oaken ashes	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
Thule the period of cosmo- graphic . . .	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600
Thus art thou blessed that fearest God . . .	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
Thus Bonny-Boots . . .	Holmes	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
Thus I resolve . . .	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
Thus love commands . . .	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
Thus saith my Chloris bright	Wilbye	" " " "
Thus saith my Galatea . . .	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
Thus sings that heavenly choir . . .	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
Thus these two lovers . . .	Marenzio	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Thy face and eyes and all	Porter	Madrigals and Airs, 1632
Thy words have I hid . . .	Este	Sixth set of Books, 1624
Time, cruel time . . .	Danyel	Songs, 1606
Time fain would stay . . .	Peerson	Motets, or Grave Chamber Music, 1630
Time stands still . . .	J. Dowland	Third and Last Book of Songs or Airs, 1603
Time that leads the fatal round . . .	Campion	Masque for Lord Hayes, 1607
Time's eldest son . . .	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
'Tis now dead night . . .	Coperario	Songs of Mourning, 1613
'Tis true 'tis day, what though it be? . . .	Corkine	Second Book of Airs, 1612
To ask for all thy love	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's Solace, 1612
To bed, to bed she calls . . .	Este	Madrigals, 1604
To his sweet lute . . .	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
To-morrow is the marriage day . . .	Weelkes	Airs or Fantastic Spirits, 1608

Appendix II.

To-morrow the fox will come to town . . .		Deuteromelia, 1609
To music bent is my re- tired mind . . .	Campion	First Book of Airs, 1612
To plead my faith . . .	Batchelor	Musical Banquet, 1610
To Portsmouth, it is a gallant town . . .		Pammelia, 1609
To shorten winter's sadness	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
To sigh and to be sad . . .	Jones	Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1600
To sport our merry meeting	Hilton	Airs, or Fa-las, 1627
To the shady woods now wend we . . .	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
Tobacco fumes away	Ravenscroft	Brief Discourse, 1614
Tobacco, tobacco, sing sweetly . . .	Hume	First Book of Airs, 1605
Too much I once lamented	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
Toss not my soul, O Love J.	Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
Toss the pot, let us be merry . . .	Ravenscroft	Brief Discourse, 1614
Trip it lightly . . .	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
Triumph now with joy . . .	T. Giles	Masque for Lord Hayes, 1607
Troll, troll the bowl . . .		Pammelia, 1609
Trudge away quickly and fill . . .	Ravenscroft	Brief Discourse, 1614
True pleasure is in chastity	Peerson	Private Music, 1620
Trust not too much, fair youth . . .	O. Gibbons	First set of Madrigals, 1612
Truth-trying time shall cause . . .	Corkine	Second Book of Airs, 1612
Tune thy cheerful voice to mine . . .	Mason & Earsden	Airs sung at Brougham Castle, 1618
Tune thy music to thy heart . . .	Campion	First Book of Airs, 1610
Turn about and see me . . .	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
Turn all thy thoughts . . .	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
Turn back you wanton . . .	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
Turn our captivity, O Lord	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Turn round about . . .	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
Turn thy face . . .	Este	Third set of Books, 1610

Appendix II.

Was ever wretch tormented	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
We be soldiers three . . .		Deuteromelia, 1609
We be three poor mariners		" "
We shepherds sing . . .	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
We yet agree, but shall be	Corkine	Second Book of Airs, 1612
Weary and windless running	Vecchi	Italian Canzonets, 1597
Wedded to will is witless.	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Weep forth your tears . . .	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
Weep no more thou sorry boy!	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
Weep, O mine eyes . . .	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
" " " . . .	Bennet	Madrigals, 1599
" " " . . .	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Weep, sad Urania	Pilkington	" " " 1624
Weep, silly soul, disdained	Bennet	Madrigals, 1599
Weep, weep, mine eyes . . .	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
" " " . . .	Vautor	First set, 1619
Weep, you no more . . .	J. Dowland	Third and Last Book of Songs or Airs, 1603
Weeping full sore . . .	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Welcome black night	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's Solace, 1612
Welcome is the word	{ Mason & Earsden }	Airs sung at Brougham Castle, 1618
Welcome sweet pleasure . . .	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
Welcome to this flowery place	Campion	Knowles' Royal Entertainment, 1613
Welcome, welcome, king of guests	{ Mason & Earsden }	Airs sung at Brougham Castle, 1618
Well fare the nightingale		Pammelia, 1609
Well spring of beauty . . .	Hooper	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
Were every thought an eye	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's Solace, 1612
Were I a king	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
Were my heart	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
What ails my darling . . .	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
What aileth thee? . . .	Este	Third set of Books, 1610
What art thou? . . .	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
What can I do, my dearest	Kirbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1597

Appendix II.

What shall I render . . .	Jones	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
What shall I wish	Ferrabosco, jun.	Airs, 1609
What then is love? . . .	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
What then is love? sings Corydon	Ford	Music of Sundry Kinds, 1607
What thing is love, I pray thee?	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
What thing more cruel . . .	Este	Madrigals, 1604
What though her frowns	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
What would any man desire?	Wilson	Cheerful Airs or Ballads, 1660
When all alone my bonny love	Converso	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
When as I glance . . .	Bennet	Madrigals, 1599
When Chloris heard . . .	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1608
When David heard that Absolom	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
When David's life . . .	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's Solace, 1612
When first by force . . .	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
When first I saw those cruel eyes	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
When first my eyes . . .	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
When Flora fair the pleasant tidings . . .	Carlton	Madrigals, 1601
When Flora frowns . . .	Hilton	Airs, or Fa-las, 1627
When from my love I looked	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
When from my self sweet Cupid	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
When I beheld	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
When I beheld the fair face	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
When I behold my mis- tress' face	Wilson	Cheerful Airs or Ballads, 1660
When I observe	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
When I sit reading all alone	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
When I was born, Lucina	Corkine	Second Book of Airs, 1612
When I was otherwise . . .	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
When I would thee embrace	Pinello	Musica Transalpina, 1588
When Israel came out . . .	Este	Third set of Books, 1610
When Laura smiles . . .	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

When lo! by break of morning	Morley	First Book of Canzonets, 1595
When lo! by break of morning	Anerio	Italian Canzonets, 1597
When love and time	Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601
When Melibœus' soul	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
When on mine eyes her eyes first shone	Wilson	Cheerful Airs or Ballads, 1660
When on my dear I do demand	Este	Madrigals, 1604
When Oriana walked to take the air	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
When Oriana walked to take the air	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
When others sing	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
When pale famine	Coperario	Songs of Mourning, 1613
When Phœbe first did Daphne love	J. Dowland	Third and Last Book of Songs or Airs, 1603
When shall I cease	Faignient	Musica Transalpina, 1588
When shall my wretched life	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
When the god of merry love	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
When the poor cripple	J. Dowland	Pilgrim's Solace, 1612
When Thoralis delights to walk	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600
When thou must home	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
When to her lute	Rosseter	" " "
When to the gloomy woods	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
When will the fountain of my tears	Jones	Ultimum Vale, 1608
When younglings first	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Where are all thy beauties now?	Campion	First Book of Airs, 1610
Where are now those jolly swains	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
Where are you, fair maids?		Melismata, 1611
Where art thou?	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
When fancy fond for pleasure	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
Where lingering fear	Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601

Appendix II.

Where most my thought .	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Where shall a sorrow .	Peerson	Motets, or Grave Chamber Music, 1630
Where shall I refuge seek	Campion	Second Book of Airs, 1610
Where she her sacred bower adorns	Campion	" " " "
Where sin sore wounding J.	Dowland	Pilgrim's Solace, 1612
Where the bee sucks, there suck I	Wilson	Cheerful Airs or Ballads, 1659
Where would coy Aminta run?	Hart	
Whereat an ant	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Whether men do laugh? .	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
While dancing rests . .	Coperario	Masque on the Marriage of the Earl of Somerset, 1614
While joyful spring-time .	Youll	Canzonets, 1608
While that the sun . . .	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Whilst fatal sisters . . .	Vautor	First set, 1619
Whilst that my lovely Daphne	Lichfield	First set of Madrigals, 1614
Whilst youthful sports .	Weelkes	Ballets and Madrigals, 1598
White as lilies was her face	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
White as lilies was her face	Este	Fifth set of Books, 1618
White lilies be her cheeks	Croce	Italian Canzonets, 1597
White wine and sugar . .		Pammelia, 1609
Whither away so fast . .	Morley	Canzonets, 1593
Whither runneth my sweetheart	Jones	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1601
Whither runneth my sweetheart	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
Whither so fast? see how the kindly	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Whither so fast? see how the kindly	Pilkington	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605
Who doth behold my mistress' face	Bartlet	Book of Airs, 1606
Who ever thinks or hopes of love?	J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Who hath a human soul	Porter	Madrigals and Airs, 1632
Who keeps in compass	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
Who likes to love, let him take heed	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1588
Who liveth so merry in all this land		Deuteromelia, 1609
Who looks may leap	Byrd	Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets, 1611
Who loves a life	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
Who loves his life	Allison	Hour's Recreation in Music, 1606
Who made thee, Hob?	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589
Who master is in music's art	Hilton	Airs, or Fa-las, 1627
Who prostrate lies at women's feet	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Who seeks to captivate the freest minds	Carlton	Madrigals, 1601
Who so is tied must needs be bound	Jones	Second Book of Songs and Airs, 1601
Who thinks that sorrow	Peerson	Motets, or Grave Chamber Music, 1630
Who trusts for trust	Peerson	„ „ „ „ „
Who vows devotion to fair beauty's shrine	Carlton	Madrigals, 1601
Who will ascend	de Wort	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Who would have thought Farmer	Farmer	First set of English Madrigals, 1599
Why are you ladies staying?	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1600
Why canst thou not?	Danyel	Songs, 1606
Why do I dying live?	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
Why do I fret?	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
Why do I use my paper, ink	Byrd	Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, 1588
Why dost thou fly?	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
Why dost thou shoot?	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
Why presumes thy pride	Campion	Third Book of Airs, 1612
Why runs away my love?	Este	Second set of Madrigals, 1606
Why seeks my love?	Este	„ „ „ „
Why should I grieve	Pilkington	First set of Madrigals, 1613
Why should I love	Kirbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1597
Why sit I here com- plaining?	Morley	Madrigals, 1594

Appendix II.

Why smilest thou, sweet jewel?	Este	Second set of Madrigals, 1606
Why stays the bride- groom?	Ferrabosco, jun.	Airs, 1609
Why wail we thus?	Kirbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1597
Why weeps, alas!	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
Will said to his mammy	Jones	Musical Dream, 1609
Will ye love me?		Melismata, 1611
Willy, I prithee go to bed		Deuteromelia, 1609
Wilt thou unkind thus	J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
Wise men patience never want	Campion	First Book of Airs, 1610
With angel's face	Norcome	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
With bitter sighs	Bateson	Second set of English Madrigals, 1618
With fragrant flowers	Pilkington	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605
With her sweet looks	Carlton	Madrigals, 1601
With mournful music	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
With my lips have I been telling	Este	Sixth set of Books, 1624
With what new thoughts	Ferrabosco, jun.	Airs, 1609
Withdraw yourselves	Cobbold	Triumphs of Oriana, 1600
Within a greenwood	Feretti	Musica Transalpina, 1588
Within an arbour of sweet- briar	Morley	
Witness, ye heavens.	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
" " " 	Farnaby	Canzonets, 1598
Woe am I, my heart dies	Kirbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1597
Woe is me	Amner	Sacred Hymns, 1615
Woe is me, that I am con- strained.	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
Woe, when such hate	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
Woeful heart with grief oppressed	J. Dowland	Second Book of Songs or Airs, 1600
Women, what are they?	Jones	First Book of Airs, 1601
Woo her and win her	Campion	Masque on the Marriage of the Earl of Somerset, 1614
Would my conceit	J. Dowland	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597
Wounded I am	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 1589

Contents of the Song-Books, 1588-1638.

Ye bubbling springs . . .	Greaves	Songs of Sundry Kinds, 1604
” ” ” . . .	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
Ye gentle ladies . . .	Carlton	Madrigals, 1601
Ye people all in one accord	Mundy	Songs and Psalms, 1594
Ye restless cares, com- panions of . . .	Este	Madrigals, 1604
Ye restless thoughts . . .	Wilbye	First set of English Madrigals, 1598
” ” ” . . .	Bennet	Madrigals, 1599
Ye sylvan nymphs . . .	Ward	First set of English Madrigals, 1613
Yes, were the loves	Ferrabosco, jun.	Airs, 1609
Yet again as soon revived	Tomkins	Songs, 1622
Yet if his majesty our sovereign lord . . .	Ford	
Yet if that age had frosted o'er . . .	O. Gibbons	First set of Madrigals, 1612
Yet love not me . . .	Vautour	First Set, 1619
Yet of us twain . . .	Byrd	Songs of Sundry Natures, 15
Yet stay alway, be chained to my heart . . .	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1604
Yet sweet take heed . . .	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
Yield unto God . . .	Johnson	Tears or Lamentations, 1614
Yond hill-tops Phœbus kissed . . .	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
Yonder comes a courteous knight . . .		Deuteromelia, 1609
You black bright stars . . .	Morley	Canzonets, 1597
You blessed bowers . . .	Farmer	First set of English Madrigals, 1599
You gentle nymphs . . .	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
You little stars . . .	Peerson	Motets, or Grave Chamber Music, 1630
You lovers that have . . .	Hilton	Airs, or Fa-las, 1627
You meaner beauties of the night . . .	Este	Sixth set of Books, 1624
You mournful gods . . .	Este	Madrigals, 1604
You pretty flowers . . .	Farmer	First set of English Madrigals, 1599
You say you love me . . .	Wilson	Cheerful Airs or Ballads, 1660
You that do live in pleasure . . .	Wilbye	Second set of Madrigals, 1609
You that pine in long desire . . .	Pilkington	First Book of Songs or Airs, 1605

Appendix II.

You that wont to my pipe's sound	Morley	First Book of Ballets, 1595
You'll never leave still tossing	Farmer	First set of English Madrigals, 1597
Young and simple though I am	Ferrabosco, jun.	Airs, 1609
Young and simple though I am	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
Young Cupid hath pro- claimed	Weelkes	Madrigals, 1597
Young Cupid hath pro- claim'd	Este	„ 1604
Your beauty it allureth .	Weelkes	„ 1597
Your fair looks inflame my desire	Rosseter	Book of Airs, 1601
Your fair looks urge my desire	Campion	Fourth Book of Airs, 1612
Your fond preferments	Pilkington	Second set of Madrigals, 1624
Your shining eyes and golden hair	Bateson	First set of English Madrigals, 1600
Zephyrus breathing . . .	Marenzio	Italian Madrigals, Englished, 1590
Zephyrus brings the time	Conversi	Musica Transalpina, 1588
„ „ „ Ferrabosco, sen.		„ 1597

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