

Nymph,

Eyes distill, from our swoln Eyes di - still : our tears our sighs are all in vain. *Can they not*
 swoln Eyes distill, from our swoln Eyes di - still : our tears our sighs are all in vain.

call her back again. Shep.

No, with the gods, with the gods, with the gods she must remain.

CHORVS.

Chorus. Cease mourning then, she shines above, she shines a - bove ; 'tis not lamenting, 'tis not lamenting can re-
 Cease mourning then, cease mourning then, she shines above, she shines above; 'tis not lamenting, 'tis not lamenting
Chorus.

move, can remove, can remove or lessen Grief; but shew our Love, but shew our Love, but shew our Love.
 can remove, can re-move, or lessen Grief; but shew our Love, but shew our Love, but shew our Love.

Mr. Simon Ite.

FINIS.

SELECT

AYRES AND DIALOGUES

To Sing to the
THEORBO-LUTE
OR
BASSE-VIOL.

COMPOSED

By M^r HENRY LAWES, late Servant to His Majesty
in His Publick and Private Musick :

The Thrid Book.

LONDON,

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

This is the same volume
Lawes's Ayres
and the like Musick
first print'd 1663

To the Right Honourable

The L O R D C O L R A N E.

MY LORD,



Had some thoughts to forbear in this kind any farther Publication: but though my Reasons were strong enough for my self, they were not able to conquer others; who (for all I could say) expect my Promise to give them yet more of my *Compositions*. I confess I have no fear of being exhausted: but though I am not tired, it became me to doubt I might tire others; whereof since I find there is less danger, I shall thankfully comply with the Publick Desire. And I wish those, who so warmly pretend the Common Benefit, would tread the same path, and not take upon them to mend the World, till they have some Call to it. This my Profession (as well as others) may fairly complain of; for none judge so sorerly on us and our labours, as they who were never born to be *Musicians*: For my own part, I send not these abroad to get a Name; Were that my Designe, I have other *Compositions*, fitter for such as are Masters in our Art, when the Season calls for them. My poor Talent never lay in a Napkin; nor make I any precarious use of this Publication; they were first begotten to gratifie my friends, and are now as freely conferr'd upon Strangers. But were all this otherwise, my chief and main Design would go on, which is a Thirst I have to tell the World how absolute a Votary I am to your *Lordship*: And were I a perfect stranger to your favours, I could do no less, since your excellent Understanding and great affection to this, as well as all other Arts and Sciences, would claim it from mee. Therefore I intended to offer unto your *Lordship* some of your own *Compositions* tun'd by my *Notes*; as also some others written by that rare Gentleman Mr. *Henry Hare*, your *Lordship's* most hopefull Son, who eminently expresses both your *Lordship* and your Brother Mr. *Nicholas Hare*, whose Memory is still precious among all ingenuous Souls. But those I preserve for a fairer opportunity, and in this Book present you with Others Poetry, especially of Doctor *Hughes*, who was Author of all these Single *Ayes*, and of many others, stoln into the Prefs without my Consent as well as his. Such as they are I humbly bring them before your *Lordship*, as a small but Gratefull Testimony of

(MY LORD)

Your Lordships most humble and
most faithful Servant

HENRY LAVVES.

*London 1662. originally this work
is now perfectly lost, was taken
from his edition of his Ayes, printed in 1675.*



To his Honour'd Friend Mr. HENRY LAWES,

Upon his Annual Book of AYRES.



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

Nature her ſelf ſhould thus thy Learn'd Aid crave,
From whose Stac't Brain all that we have, we have.
Whose Yearly Spendings Sher, not waste thy Store,
Who after Numerous Births can yet give more.
Still whole, Unspent that when the Tear doth cease
(As Egypt Nile's) We wait thy Next Increase.
Then High, and Rich as He Thou Flow'st : We ſee
What all else cannot, and what Thou canſt be.
And till We paſt the Spheres, muſt ſtill attend,
To know what Height Muſick hath yet t' ascend.
For Thou Graspſt all ; We the rude Matter give,
Thou into Verse breathſt Soul, and bidſt it Live.
Enduſt it with that Plaſtick Pow'r to Spring
What Thou wou'dſt have it, This, That, any Thing.
Doſt in thy Mould our Wit new Shape, and Caſt,
Givſt it New Salt, the Haste Gouſt, and Rich Taſt.
It Lives with us, doth Flouriſh in thy Ayre,
Born from our Brains, but Educated there.
Things that from us flat and Inſipid flow,
Voic'd once by Thee, straight into Raptures grow.
When from her Mine Invention Fancy brings,
Thy composition a New Fancy ſprings.
Thus whiles all comes Exalt, Watch'd, Humour'd, Hit,
Thy Ayre's Ingenious, and makes Muſick Wit.
Nor doſt Thou, Narrow, only dwell among
The Eafe Rhimes of thine own Time, and Tongue:
Thy Reaching, Vent'ring Soul doth Wit purſue
Setting of Thorough all Languages, and all times too ;
Anaxo's Odes. That which ſome Twenty Ages ſince firſt grew,
Thou Retriuſt now, and we admire at New.
Comparſt and triuſt how th' Ancients Pipes will ſound,
Makſt Old wit ſtronger by the New Rebound :
Who are, and who are not, Obliged bee,
Poet, and Poetry it ſelf to thee.
What She ſuggeſtis comes a miſhappen Birth,
Till Then ſetſt in, and thence ſtrikſt Muſick forth.
Admired LAVV'S ! thy Happy Ayres heve knit
Eternall Leagues twixt Harmony and wit :

Which

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

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

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

With

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

HORATIO MOORE.

Aminor.

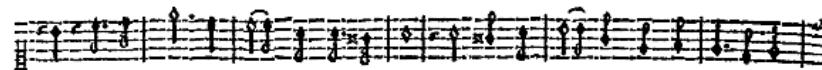
[1]

Chloris landing at Berlington.

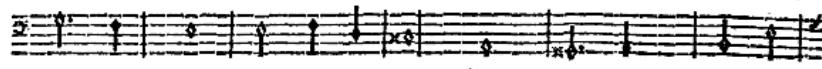
EE, see! my *Chloris*, my *Chloris* comes in yonder Bark: Blow gently winds, for if ye sink that Ark, you'll drown the world with tears, and at one breath, give to us all a universal death: Hark, hark how *Arion* on a *Dolphin* playes, to my sweet *Sheppherdes* his roundelayes: See how the *Sirens* flock to wait upon her, as Queen of Love, and they her Maids of honor. Behold, Great *Neptune*'s risen from the deep with all his *Tritons*, and begins to sweep the rugged waves into a smoother form, not leaving one small wrinkle of a storm:

B

[2]



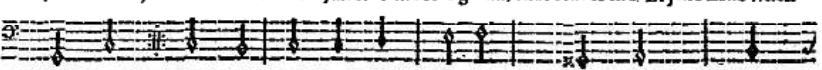
Mark how the winds stand still, and on her gaze; See how her beauty doth the fish amaze;



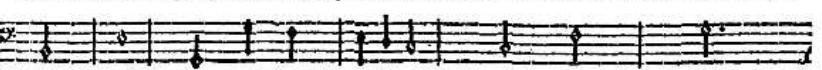
the Whales have begg'd this boon of wind and weather, that on their backs they may con-



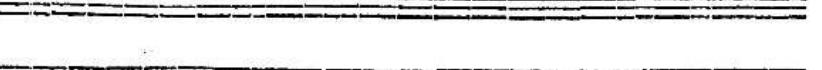
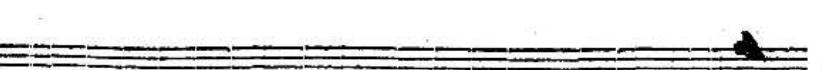
vey her hither; And see the Lands just like the rising Sun, that leaves the Brynie Lake when



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

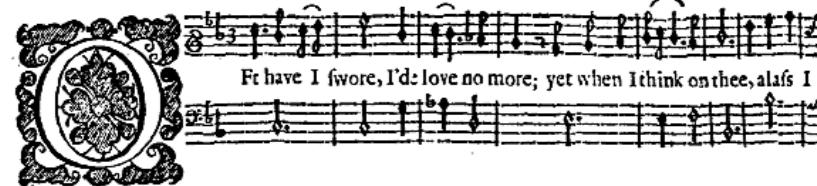


greeing kifs.

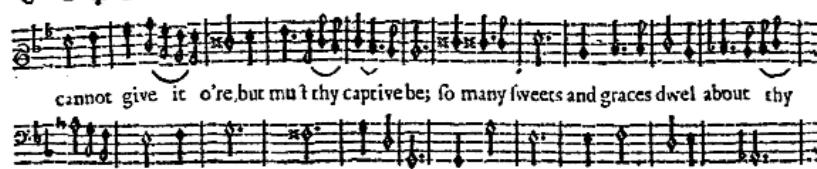


[3]

Constancy protested.



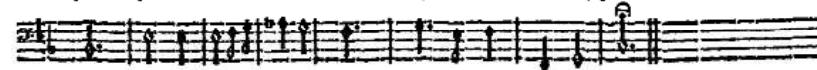
If have I swore, I'd love no more; yet when I think on thee, alafs I



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



lips and eyes, that whofoever once is caught must ever be thy prize.



(2)

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

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

(3)

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

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

[4]

Counsel to a Maid.

Hloris, when e're you do intend to venture at a Bosome-friend, be sure you
 know your Servant well, before your liberty you sell; for Love's a feaver in young, or old,
 . that's sometimes hot, and sometimes cold; and men you know when e're they please
 can soon be sick of this diseafe.

(2)

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

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



[5]

Love deffis'd.

N love? Away, You do me wrong, I hope I ha' not liv'd to long free
 from the treach'r'y of your Eyes, now to be caught and made a prize: No, Lady, 'tis not all your
 Art can make me and my freedome part.

II.

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

III.

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

C One fil's a cup of Sherry, and let us be merry; there shall nought but pure wine, make us love-sick or pine;
 wee'l hug the cup and kis it, wee'l sigh when e're we miss it, for 'tis that that makes us jolly, and sing Hy trolly lolly.

C

Hopelesse love cur'd by derision.

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

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

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

(2)

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

(3)

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

*A young Maids Resolution.*

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

will I Cupids shackles wear, since Lovers laws are so severe: Love is my slave, while I de-

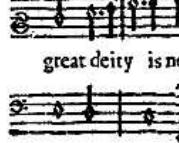
spise; but once content, hee'l ty-ran-nise.

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

Cupid no god.

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

great deity is nothing but a dream.



II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

Inconstancy return'd.

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

Did I commit I-do-la-try, and court thee as a deity ? Ah *Celia!* sure then I was blind, or
else it was when thou wert kind.

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

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

His Rivals danger.

Ake he'd bold Lover, do not look upon my *Chloris* Eyes, for every
date is tipp'd with death that from her glances flies.

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

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

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

To his Platonick Misfris.

Eauty once blasted with the frost of Age or Sickness, is quite los:

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

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

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

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

D

Amintor's welladay.

*Chloris now thou art fled away, Amintor's sheep are gon astray ; and all the
joy he took to see, his pretty Lambs run after thee, is gon is gon, and he alone, sings nothing
now but welladay, welladay.*

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

Affection for a Lady he never saw.

*Now I find 'tis nought but Fate that makes us either love or hate ;
yet I have heard the wiser tell, Love only doth with Beauty dwell ; and that the Eye the
thief must play, to steal each others heart away. But 'tis not so I find with me, for I love one I
ne're did see.*

II.

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

III.

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

[12]

Freedome from Charmes.

O, fair Inchantress! charm no more, but give thy fascina-tions o're,
since I have found a pow'rful Spel, that doth thy cunning Art excel; for when I think of thy dis-
dain, I'm free from witchcraft, or from pain.

II.

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

III.

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



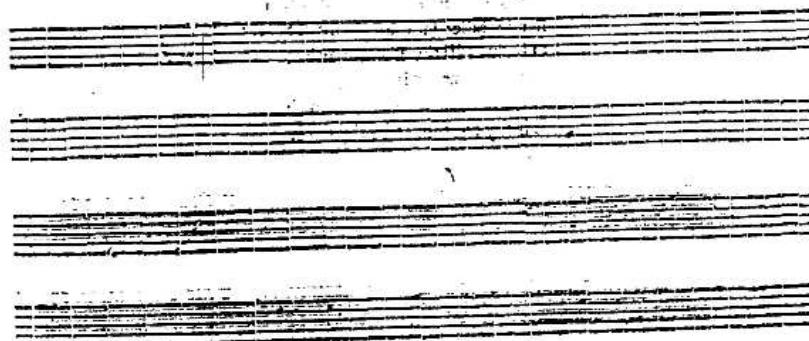
[13]

Future Hope.

Wher shall I see my Captive heart that ties in Chloris brest? or, when will
Love again restore those joys I once possell? Yet, 'tis a blessing I confes, when Fate is thus se-
vered, not to be bind'd of future hopes to mitigate our fear.

II.

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



E

(14)

On a Black Ribbon.

Lack as thy lovely Eyes and Hair, this Ribbon for thy sake I wear, to
 tye rebellious passions in, left they on other objects lie; thus I Love's pris'ner am, and
 may expect my sentenc'd ev'ry day; my heart fore-tells me now that I am doom'd a slave to
 constancy.

II.

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

(15)

A Resolution to love no more.

Et me alone, I'lle love no more, nor will I that fond God adore ;
 all your perfections cannot move one am'rous thought in me to love: yet I'me not old,
 nor yet dif-eas'd, but onely with your Sex displeas'd; not that I e're was scorn'd by any,
 but because you can love too many.

II.

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

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

Cupids Artillery.

Las poor Cupid Art thou blind? Canst not thy Bow and Arrows find,

Thy Mother sure the Wanton playes, and layes 'em up for Holydayes.

II.

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

III.

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



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

*A Lady to a young Courtier.*

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

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

Mark how Sir Wbacham fools;
I marry there's a Wit
Who cares not what he says or swears
So Ladies laugh at it;
Who can deny such blades a t'?

Cupids Artillery.

Las poor Cupid! Art thou blind? Canst not thy Bow and Arrows find,
Thy Mother sure the Wanton playes, and layes 'em up for Holydayes.

II.

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

III.

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

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

A Lady to a young Courtier.

Ove thee! Good Sooth, Not I; I've somewhat else to doe: A-
las! you must go learn to talk before you learn to whoe: Nay fie, stand off, go too, go too.

II.

Because you's in the fashions,
And newly come to Court,
D'ye think your Clothes are Orators
T'invite us to the Spott?
Ha ha who will not jar thee for't.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

And why so confident?
Because that lately we
Have brought another losty word
Unto our pedigree?
Your insides seem the worse to me.

VI.

Mark how Sir Whacham fools;
I marry there's a Wit
Whoever's not what he saves or swerves
So Ladies laugh at it;
Who can deny such blades at it?

(18)

Falshood discovered.

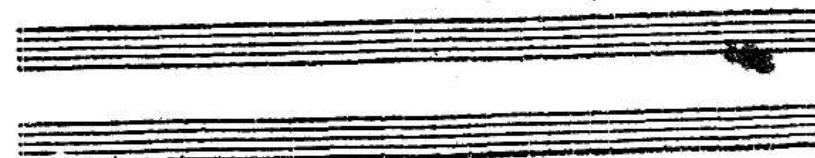

Ond woman, thou mittak't thy mark ; thy reason guides thee in the
dark : and though thy *Cupids* cannot see, mine have too many eyes for thee. Alas, I read in
ev'ry smile, the Arts you use when you beguile.

II.

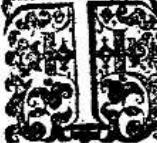
What though you swear to me, you love
With passions equal to the Dove ;
And that your flames are blown no higher
Than to the Sphere of chaste desire?
Forgive me if I needs must say
This is the common womans way.

III.

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



(19)

Liberty.


Hough thou hast Wit and Beauty too, enough to make a Hermit woe ,
and though you swear your heart is mine, yet all this will not make me thine ; my *Cupids*
now are full of eyes, and that's the reasoun they're so wise. Then Ladies wonder not at me ,
if I desire my libertie.

II.

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

III.

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

(20)

A Pot of Flowers presented to Chloris.


Ee Chloris, see, how Nature brings all what she owes to thee that
 springs; these Roses from your Cheeks did grow, thole Lillies from your Bosomes snow;
 this various Tulip from your Eyes, from whence it bears so rich a prize.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

(21)

A doubt resolv'd.


Ain would I love, but that I fear, I quickly shold the willow wear;
 Fain would I marry, but men say, when Love is ry'd, he will away: Then tell me Love,
 what shall I doe, to cure these Fears when e're I wo'e?

II.

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

III.

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

F

(22)

To the first object of Content.

Hy up so early in the world, and fondly led about from place to place to
seek Content and could not find thee out? Alas! 'tis plain I was abus'd, I did mistake the lighc
which quickneth ev'ry Lovers eye, and gives a perfect sight.

II.

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

III.

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

(23)

A Recantation.

Orgive me Love, what have I done! Abus'd the Stars, Eclips'd the Sun,
and rashly call'd a Wandering light the Star whence true love borrows light: Yet mark the jest,
She thinks that I speak truth, and dote; Love knows I lie.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

What ails me? I am not well,
I am not ill, I am not dead,
I am not dead, I am not ill,

(24)

A description of Chloris.


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

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

you have seen my Fairer Chloris, Beauties Queen.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

(25)

Chloris a constant comfort.


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

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

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

II.

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

III.

Forgive me Heavens if I adore
Your Sun, or Moon, or Stars; or more;
Those often are eclips'd and eas'd
As soon destroy as cherish man:
But Chloris like a constant comfort shines,
Not only to our Bodies but our Mindes.

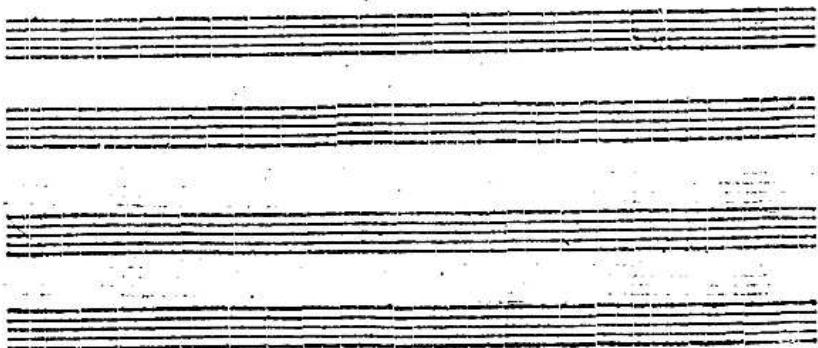
Inconstancy.



Tell me Love! O tell me Fate! or tell some other pow'r;
 who did Inconstancy create, that changeth ev'ry houre? Why should one creature seem this
 day the object of Content, to Morrow lose that new-born joy, and prove a punishment?

II.

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



Amintor's Dream.



S sad Amintor in a Meadow lay, slumbering upon a bed of new-made Hay.
 2 Dream, a fatal Dream unlock'd his eyes, whereat he wakes, and thus Amintor cryes ;
 Chloris, where art thou Chloris ? Oh ! she's fled, and left Amintor to a loathed Bed.

III.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

(28)

Chloris dead, lamented by Amintor.



Ourn, mourn with me, all true Enamour'd hearts, and Shepherds
 throw your pipes away: Cupid go burn thy Arrows and thy Darts, let Night for e---ver
 (mother Day: for Chloris our bright Sun is dead, and with her all our joys are fled.

II.

Love is with grief congeal'd into a Stone,
 And o're my Chloris grave she lies;
 Where round about the Graces sit and mean,
 Neglecting other Deities:
 The valleys where her flocks she fed
 Are drown'd with tears since she is fled.

III.

Then follow me, where comfort never shind;
 Down, down into some darker Cell;
 There see Amintor weep, till he grow blind
 And comfortless for ever dwell:
 The Gods I fear will soon repent
 This universall punishment.

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

(29)

A Dialogue on a KISSE.

For two Trebles.



Question.

Mong thy Fancies tell me this, What is the thing we call a Kiss?

Refl.

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



[Chorus both together.]

wams and warms desires fed; And makes more sweet, and makes more sweet, and makes more

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

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

sweet the Bridal bed.

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

Chorus.

And fills the Bride, and fills the Bride, and fills the Bride too when she crye,
And fills the Bride, and fills the Bride, and fills the Bride too when she crye,

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

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

Yes, do you but this, part your joy'nd lips then speak the kiss:
Has it a voicing virtue? How speaks it then?

Chorus.

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

I, and wing, with thousand various co-lourings, and as it flies it sweetly sweetly sings,
His it a Body? and as it flies it sweetly sings,

Chorus.
Love honey yields but never sings! And as it flies it sweetly sings, Love honey yields but never sings.
Love honey yields but never sings! And as it flies it sweetly sings, Love honey yields but never sings.

A Dialogue between a LOVER and his FRIEND.

For two Trebles.

Lover.

Friend.

Lover.

Friend.

Lover.

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

Friend.

Lover.

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

Lover.

Friend.

*They who do love for private gain, may suffer
They who do love for private gain, may suffer shipwreck.*

Vert. fol.

A Dialogue. STREPHON — AMARYLLIS.

[For a Bass and Treble.] Streh.



Ome come Ama-ryl-lis, I am ty'd by oath, which now I must fulfill;
Let Fate my Soul from Earth divide, if Damon be not constante still: and the poor Swain,

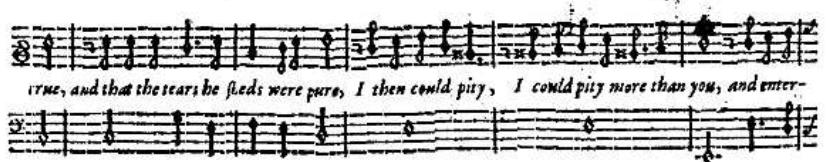
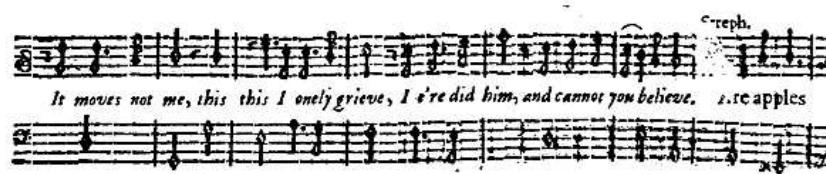
Amar.

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

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

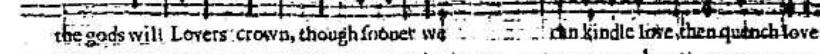
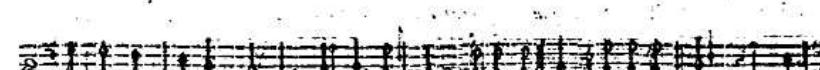
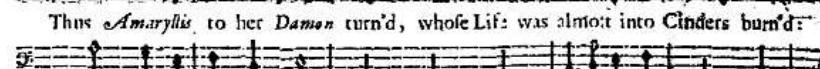
K

(34)



(35)

Chorus.



quench loves jea-lou-sie,

jea-lou-sie.

A Dialogue. CLEANDER — FLORAMELL.

[For a Tenor and Treble.] Clea.

Flor. Clea.

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

Flor.

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

Chorus both together.

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

Happy, thrice happy those who govern who govern Fate, subjecting

subjecting greater Mindes to meaner State. Clean,

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

Flor. Clean. Flor.

They're gone. Then on, fly, lest they once more da---zel thee. I R——nn and undi-

Chorus. f.

sturb'd my flock's Ile find, there guide them with a quiet mind. Happy, thrice happy

Happy, thrice happy those can

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

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

Clea. Flor. Clean.

But tell me, Canst thou thus retire? I can. But when? Will not thofe hasty

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

Chorus.

Happy thrice happy Soul that ravish'd so, en-joys a second Heaven here below.

Happy thrice happy Soul that ravish'd that ravish'd so, enjoys a second a second Heaven he re below.

L

Short AYRES for One, Two, or Three VOYCES.

Cantus Primus.



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

Winter had out-born, in June in June look'd pale ; her Heat grew cold, her Nectar dry ,
no Dew she had but in her Eye, the wonted fire and flames to mortifie. When was this so

dismal sight ? When *Adonis*, *Adonis* bid Good-night.

When *Adonis*, *Adonis* bid Good-night,
her Nectar had out-born, in June in June look'd pale ; her Heat grew cold,
her Lips that sham'd the Morn, her hew let fall ; her Eyes the wonted fire and flames to mortifie.
When *Adonis*, *Adonis* bid Good-night,

CANTUS SECUNDUS.

43. Vc.

43. Vc.

BASSUS.

Nce *Venus* Cheeks that sham'd the Morn, her hew let fall ; her Lips that
Winter had out-born, in June in June look'd pale ; her Heat grew cold,

her Nectar dry, no Dew she had but in her Eye, the wonted fire and flames to mortifie,
When was this so dismal sight ? When *Adonis*, *Adonis* bid Good-night.

(40)

A 1. 2. or 3. Voci.

Cantus Primus.

Have prais'd with all my skill each curious limb a-bout thee, so
often, and yet do so ill, that now each Swain can flout mee;
and with nimble taunts can say, Sure this is some Bird of May.

Uill, there now each Swain can flout mee; and with nimble taunts can say,
Have prais'd with all my skill each curious limb a-bout thee, to often I do so
Sure this is some Bird of May.

Cantus Secundus.

4. 3. Voci.

Bassus.

Have prais'd with all my skil each curious limb a-bout thee, so ofteh, and yet do so
ill, that now each Swain can flout mee; and with nimble taunts can say,
Sure this is some Bird of May.

(41)

Cantus Primus.

A 1. 2. or 3. Voci.



Hen doth Love set forth Desire? In prime of Youth men say,
And when doth that again retire? When Beauty fades away! Then you in youth in
youth that think on this, taste what the sweets, the sweets of Beauty is.

And when doth that again retire? When Beauty fades away. Then you in
youth that think on this, taste what the sweets, the sweets of Beauty is.
Hen doth Love set forth Desire? In prime of Youth men say,
And when doth that again retire? When Beauty fades away!

Cantus Secundus.

4. 3. Voci.

Vox.

Hen doth Love set forth Desire? In prime of Youth men say, And when doth
that again retire? When Beauty fades away! Then you in youth in youth that think on
this, taste what the sweets, the sweets of Beauty is. M

(42)

Cantus primus.



Rust the Form of Ayrie things, or a Syren when she sings: Trust the
flye Hjerna's voyce; or of all, Distrust make choyce. And believe these sooner then Truth in

Womēn, Faith in Men.
sooperthen Truth in Womēn, Faith in Men.

lyfe Hjerna's voyce; or of all, Distrust make choyce. And believe these
Rust the Form of Ayrie things, or a Syren when she sings: Trust the
flye Hjerna's voyce; or of all, Distrust make choyce. And believe these

Cantus Secondus.



Rust the Form of Ayrie things, or the Syren when she sings: Trust the
flye Hjerna's voyce; or of all, Distrust make choyce. And believe these
soone: then Faith in Womēn, Truth in Men.

4. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

(43)

Cantus Primus.



Eer, throw that Flat'ring Glas away, I have two truer for your turn;
these Eyes I mean, wherein you may see how you blaze, and how I burn.

II.

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

these Eyes I mean, wherein you may see how I blaze, and how you burn.
Eer, throw that Flat'ring Glas away, I have two truer for your turn;



Cantus Secondus.

Bassus.



Eer, throw that Flat'ring Glas away, I have two truer for your turn; these
Eyes I mean, wherein you may see how you blaze, and how I burn.

4. 3. Voc.

(44)

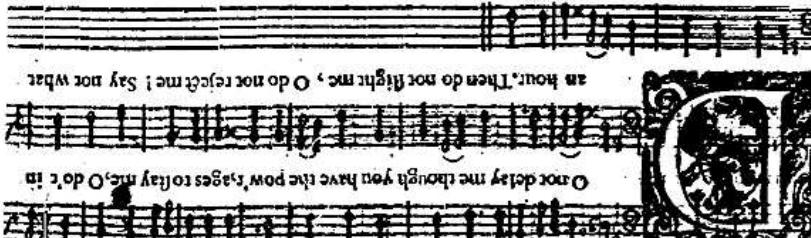
Cantus Primus.

O not delay me, though you have the pow' rages to slay me, O do't in an

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

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

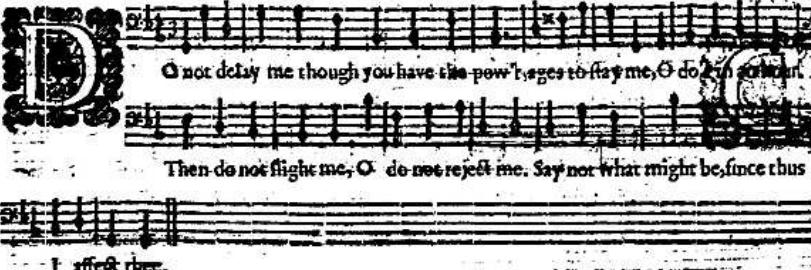
might be, ifeecth us I affect thee.

in hour. Then do not slay me, O do not reject me! Say not what
O not delay me though you have the pow' rages to slay me, O do't in an

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

Cantus Secundus.

4. 3. Voc.

Bass.

O not delay me though you have the pow' rages to slay me, O do't in an

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

(45)

Cantus Primus.

A 1. 2. or 3. Voc.



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

my latest Will: May all things smile on you; may nothing cross your will or will,

who e--ver bears the los.

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

My all things smile on you, may nothing cross your will or will, who ever bears the los.

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

Cantus Secundus.

4. 3. Voc.

Bass.

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

May all things smile on you, may nothing cross your will or will, who ever bears the los.

N

Cantus primus.

Sure thou framed were by Art² for such looks were e-ver made onely
purposely to take my Heart³ for that Catching trade.



II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

for that Catching trade.

Sure thou framed were by Art² for such looks were e-ver made onely
purposely to take my Heart³ for that Catching trade.



Cantus Secondus.

Sure thou framed were by Art² for such looks were ever made onely
purposely to take my Heart³ for that Catching trade.



Bassus.

3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

O Phœbus, clear thy face, collect thy rayes ; and from those Stars which
to thee Tribune payes, draw back thy light, and in thy greatest pride view my Love, a Star, a
Star not yet deuide.



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

to thee Tribune payes, draw back thy light, and in thy greatest pride
O Phœbus, clear thy face, collect thy rayes ; and from those Stars which
view my Love, a Star, a Star not yet deuide.



Cantus Secondus.

4. 3. Voc.

4. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

O Phœbus, clear thy face, collect thy rayes ; and from those Stars which
to thee Tribune payes, draw back thy light, and in thy greatest pride view my
Love, a Star, a Star not yet deuide.



Cantus primus.



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

II.

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

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



Cantus Secundus.

Bassus.



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

FINIS.

1. 3. Voc.
2. Bassus.
3. Voc.

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Dr. HENRY HUGHES.

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Dreelius His Right Use of Invention, in Eng. 11.—Sir George Sands Paraphrase on the Song of Solomon, 4.