

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.

CHORUS.

Cease mourning then, she shines above, she shines a-bove; 'tis not lamenting, 'tis not la-menting can re-

Chorus.

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 Lee.

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 Third 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 genuine Ayres
Lawes & Playford
and the only one
Printed 1669*



To the Right Honourable

The LORD COLRANE.

MY LORD,



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

(MY LORD)

Your Lordships most humble and

most faithful Servant

HENRY LAVVES.

*See the title in the 2. copy of this which
is the first must have been taken from
some other edition of the Ayres, printed by J. Baskin 1658*

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

HORATIO MOORE.

[1]

Amintor.

Chloris landing at Berlington.

S E E, see! my Chloris, my Chloris comes in yonder Bark: Blow gently

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

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

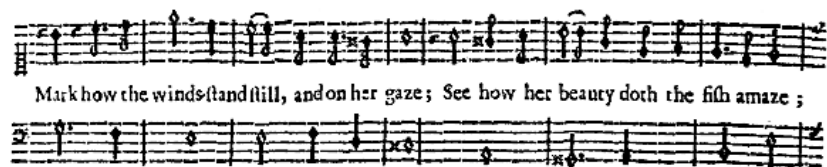
roundelays: See how the Sirens flock to wait upon her, as Queen of Love, and they her

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

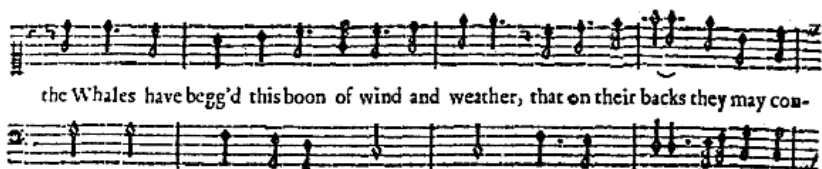
gins to sweep the rugged waves into a smoother form, not leaving one small wrinkle of a storm:

B

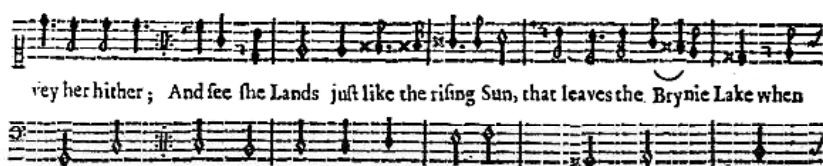
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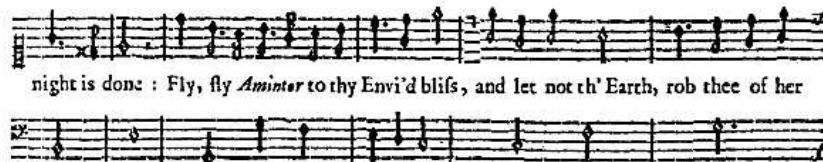
Mark how the winds stand still, and on her gaze; See how her beauty doth the fish amaze;



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



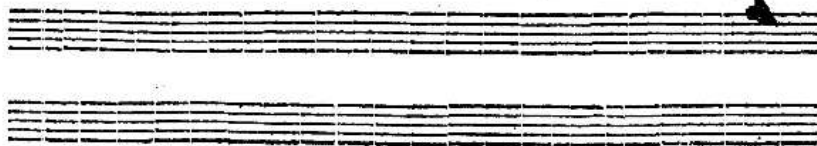
vey her hither; And see the Lands just like the rising Sun, that leaves the Brynie Lake when



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

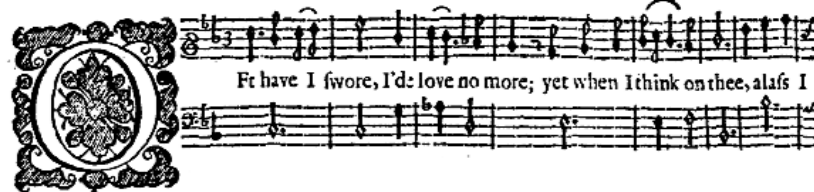


greeting kifs.

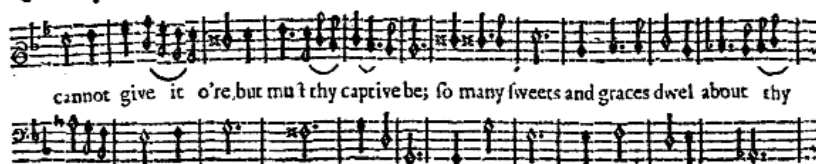


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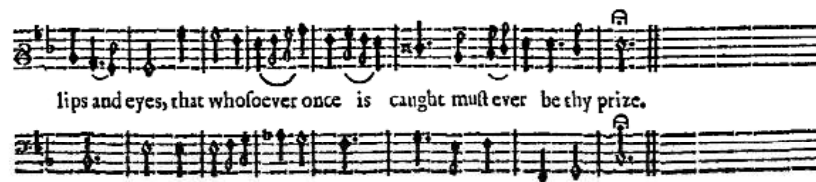
Constancy protested.



For have I swore, I'd love no more; yet when I think on thee, alas I



cannot give it o're, but must thy captive be; so many sweets and graces dwell about thy



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

(2)

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

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

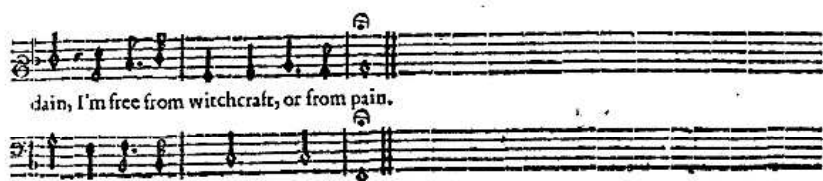
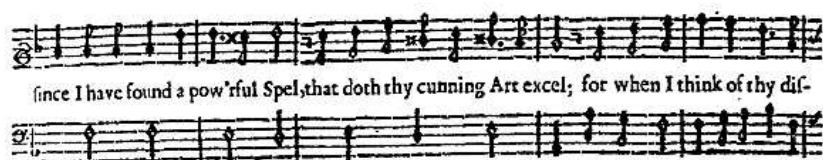
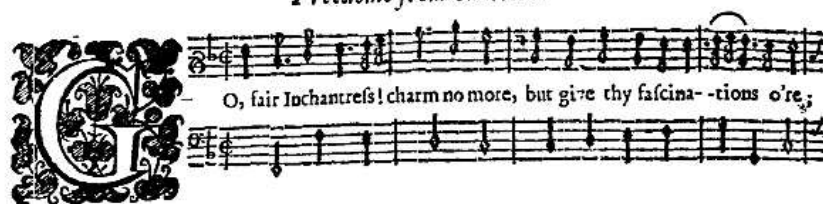
(3)

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

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



Freedom from Charms.



II.

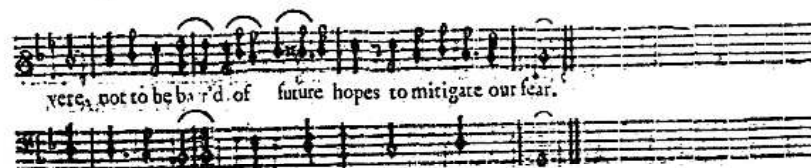
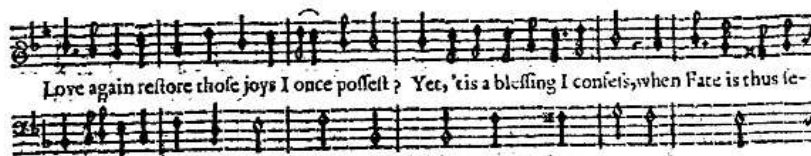
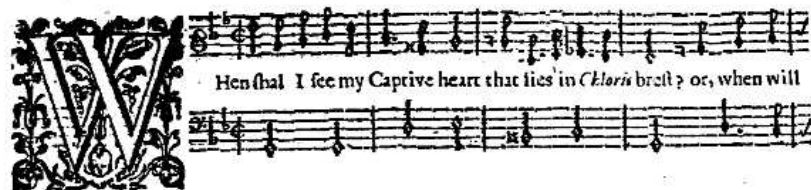
When I was young and unbetray'd,
All then was Oracle you said;
So innocent I was of guile,
I thought love dwelt in every smile:
But now that cloud of youth is spent,
I find you'r all but complement.

III.

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

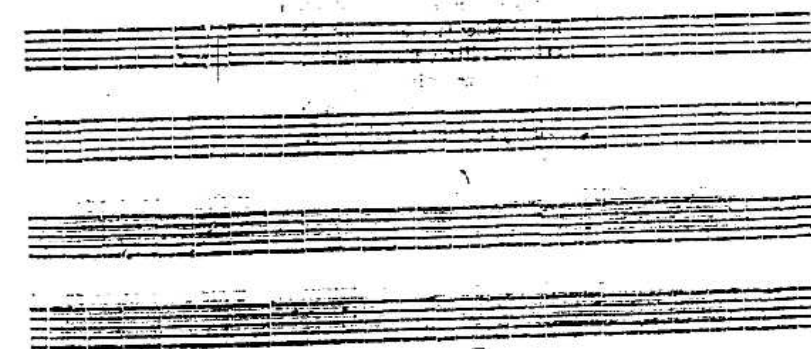


Future Hope.

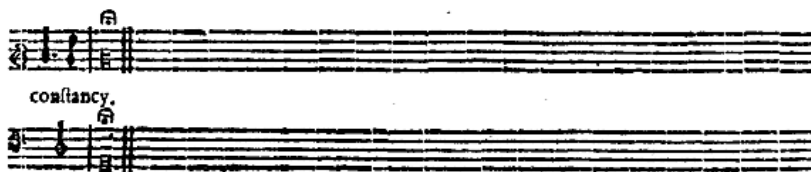
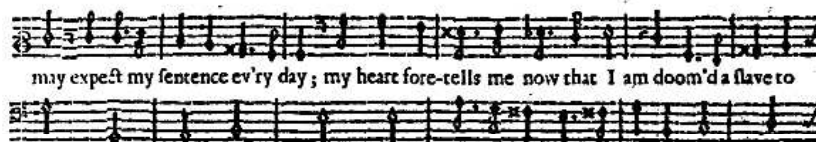
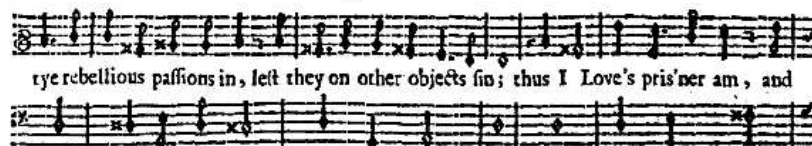
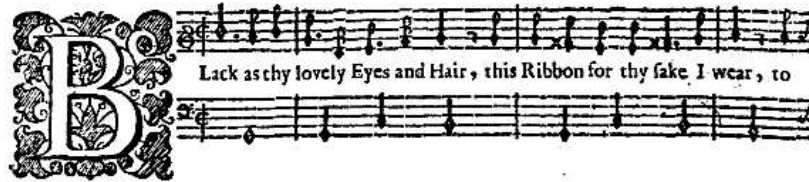


II.

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

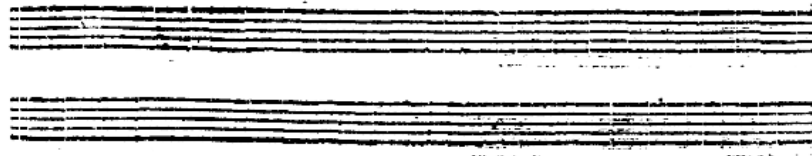


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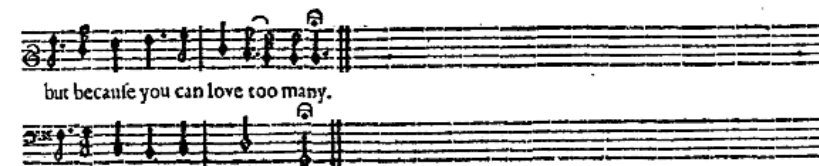
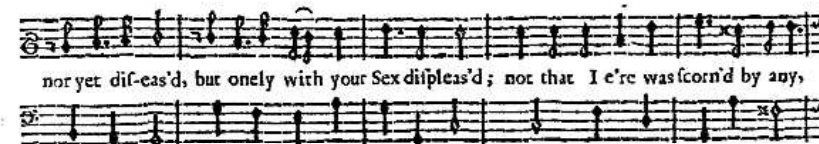
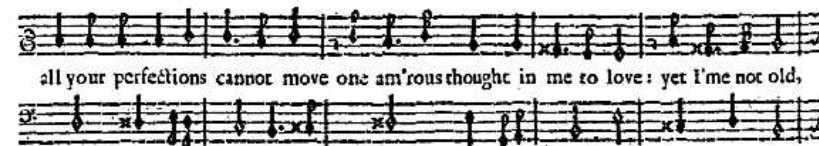
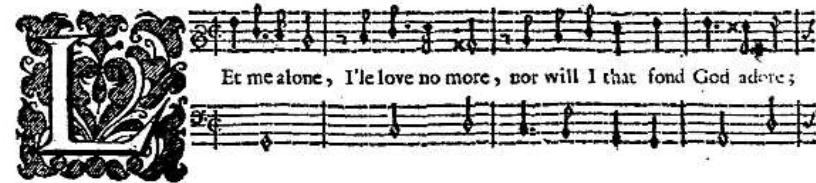
On a Black Ribbon.

II.

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

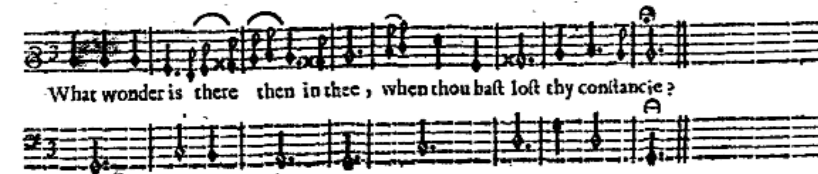


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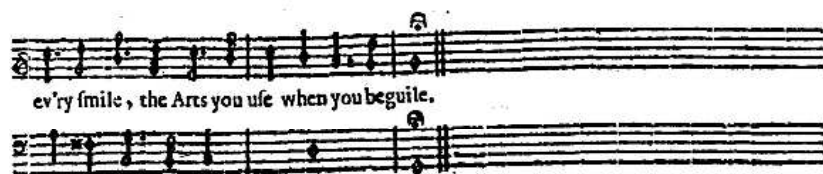
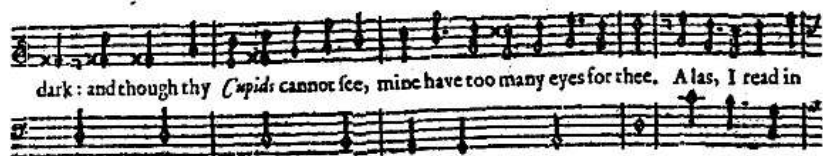
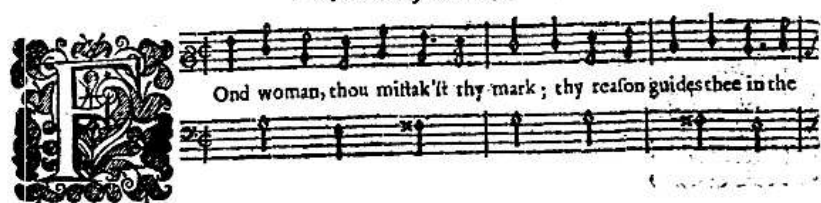
A Resolution to love no more.

II.

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



(18)

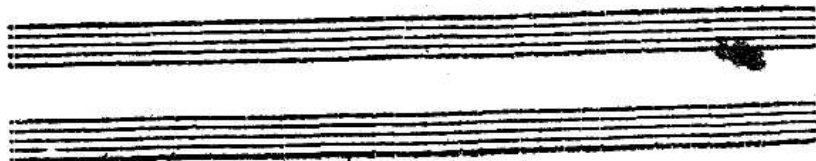
Falsbood discovered.

II.

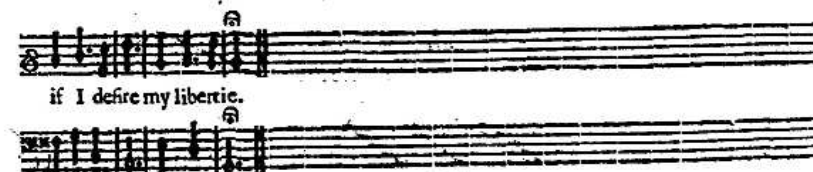
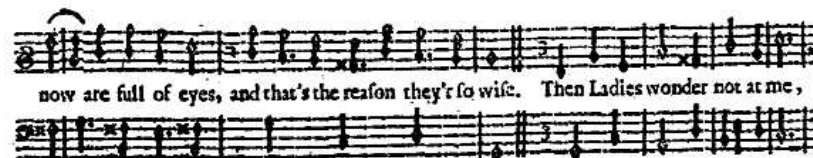
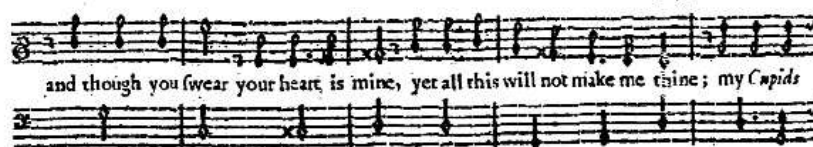
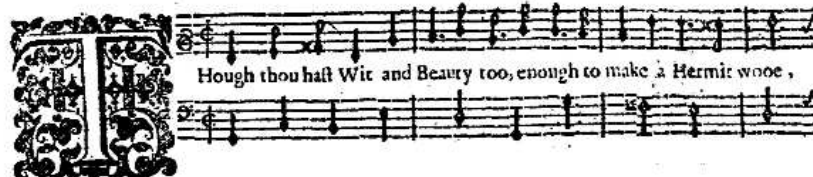
What though you swear to me, you love
With passions equal to the Dove;
And that your flames are blown no higher
Than to the Sphere of chaste desire?
Forgive me if I needs must say
This is the common womans way.

III.

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



(19)

Liberty.

II.

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

III.

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

A Pot of Flowers presented to Chloris.

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 you did sleep;
So did these Poppies, and from thence
They have their sleepy influence;
And all their leaves became thus green
In hope by you they should be seen.

IV.

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

A doubt resolv'd.

II.

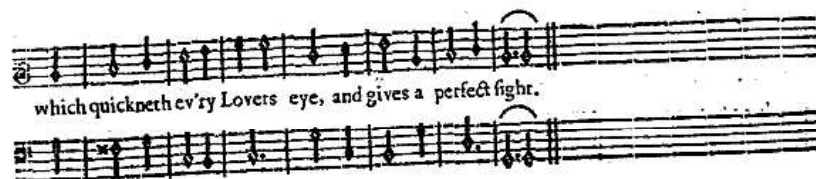
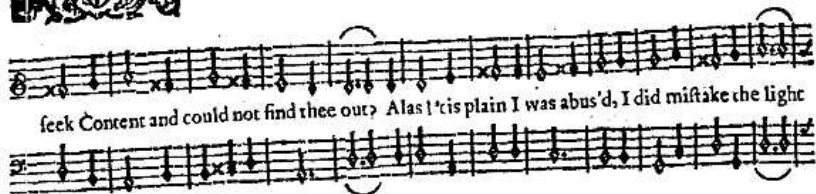
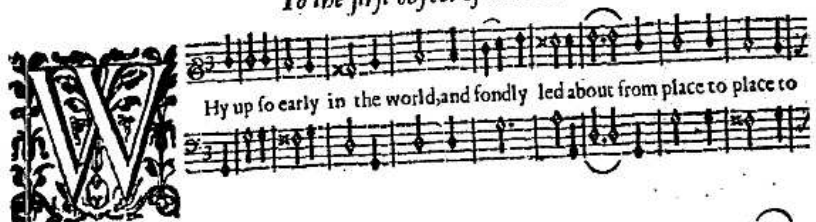
The Fair one she's a mark to all;
The Brown one each doth Lovely call;
The Black's a pearl in Fair mens Eyes;
The rest will stoop to any prize.
Then tell me love, &c.

III.

Reply.

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

(22)

To the first object of Content.

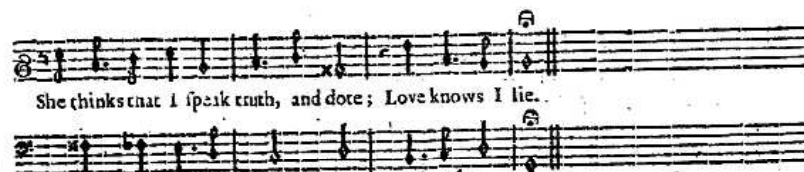
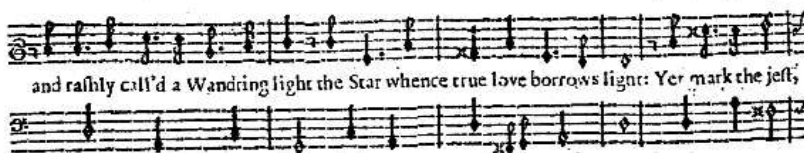
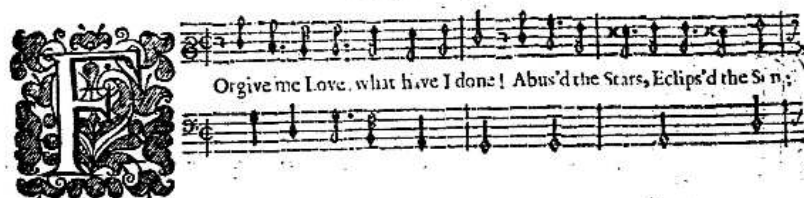
II.

Thou art the only Star that can
Direct us where to find
The way which I so long have fought
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.

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 less 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 'till in his castle lyes.

(28)

Chloris dead, lamented by Amintor.

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

II.

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

III.

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

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

(29)

A Dialogue on a KISSE.

For two Trebles.

Among thy Fancies tell me this, What is the thing we call a Kisse?

Refol.

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

[Chorus both together.]

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

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

I

A Dialogue between a LOVER and his FRIEND.

For two Trebles. Lover. Friend. Lover.

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

Friend. Lover.

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

Friend.

ject my love, I'm quite undone. Women when we do least expect, we scarce often wrong.

Lover. Friend.

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

[Chorus for three together.]

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

They who do love for private gain, may suffer

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

Vert. fol.

suffer shipwreck, may suffer shipwreck in the Main.

shipwreck in the Main, may suffer shipwreck in the Main.

in the Main, may suffer shipwreck in the Main.

A Dialogue. STREPHON — AMARYLLIS.

[For a Bass and Treble.] Stroph.

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

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

Amar.

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

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

K

