

CANTVS.

THE FIRST SET  
OF ENGLISH  
MADRIGALS  
TO  
3.4.5. and 6. voices:

*Newly Composed*  
BY  
JOHN WILBYE.



AT LONDON:  
Printed by Thomas Este.  
1598.

**F**

Ly Loue aloft, to heauen and looke out For-  
 tyne, Fly  
 loue aloft to heauen, Fly loue aloft to heauen & looke out Fortune, Then sweetly,  
 sweetly, sweetly hir importune, That I from my Ca- listo best beloued, As you and  
 she set downe be neuer mo- ued, As you and she set downe, :||: be neuer  
 moued, And loue, to Ca- rimel see you commend me, :||: see you com-  
 mend mee, Fortune for his sweet sake, :||: may chance befriend mee.  
 Fortune for his sweet sake, may chance befriend me, & loue, to Carimel see you com-  
 mend mee, :||: see you commend mee, Fortune for his sweet sake,  
 :||: may chance befriend me. Fortune, &c.

A. ij.

Of 3. voc.

II.

CANTUS.

**A** Way, :||: Away, Away, :||: away thou shalt not loue mee. A-

way, :||: away, Away away away, thou shalt not loue mee. So shall my loue seeme

greater, :||: So shall my loue seeme greater, :||: And I shall

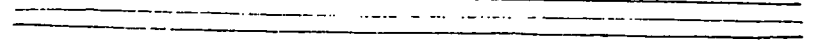
loue the better, And I shall loue the better, shall it be so? :||: what say you? :||:

Why speake you not, why speake you not I pray you? Nay then I know you loue

mee, you loue mee, Nay then I know you loue mee, you loue mee, That so you may dis-

proue mee. Nay then I know you loue mee, Nay then I know you loue mee, That

fo you may disproue mee. That fo you may disproue mee.

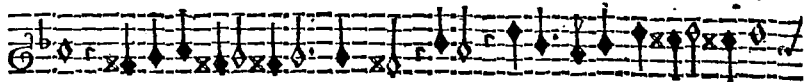



Of 3. voc;

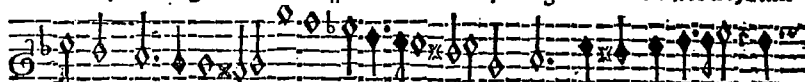
III.

CANTVS.

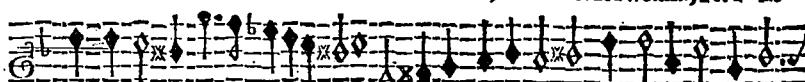
**A**  Y mee, Can euey rumor, Thus start my Ladies hu- mor? Aye

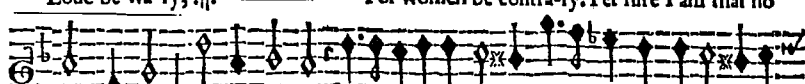
 mee, Can euey ru- mor, Thus start, ::|: |::|: my Ladies hu- mor?

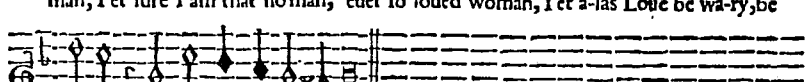
 Name yee some gallant to hir; ::|: why straight forfooth I woe hir, Then

 burst she forth in pas-sion, ::|: You men loue but for fashion, ::|:

 Yet sure I am that no man, euer so loued woman, Yet a- las

 Loue be wa-ry, ::|: For women be contra-ry. Yet sure I am that no

 man, Yet sure I am that no man, euer so loued woman, Yet a-las Loue be wa-ry, be

 wa-ry, For women be con-trary.

W

Eepe O mine eies, Weep o mine eies & ceafe not: Your spring tides

out alas, out alas, out-alas, me thinks increafe not, Your spring tydes, out alas me

thinks, me thinks increafe not: Weep o mine eies, Weep o mine eies & ceafe not: Your

spring tydes, out alas, out alas, out a-las, out a-las, me thinks increafe not. Your spring tides

out a-las me thinks, me thinks increafe not. O when, o when begin you, :||:

To swell so high, to swell so high, that I may drowne mee in you: O when, o

when bec- ginne you, :||:

beginne you, to swell so high, that

I may drowne mee in you.

when bec- ginne you, :||:

beginne you, to swell so high, that

I may drowne mee in you.

I may drowne mee in you.

Of 3. voc.

V.

CANTVE.

**D** Eere pittie how? ah how? :||: wouldst thou become her, Deer pittie

how? ah how? wouldst thou be- come her? That best becōmeth beauties best at-

tyring, Shall my desert, :||: :||: . . . Shall my desert deserue no fauour from her?

But still to wast my selfe in dectp admi- ring, :||: . . . Like him that

calls to Eccho to relieue him, :||: Still tels and heares the

tale, :||: Oh tale that grieues him. Like him that cals to Eccho to relieue

him, :||: Still tels and heares the tale, :||: Oh tale

that grieues him.

Ye restless thoughts, ::: that harbour discontent,

Cease your assaults: ::: and let my hart lament, Yee restless thoughts, :::

that harbour dis-content, Cease your assaults, ::: and let my

hart lament, And let my tongue haue leaue to tell my grieffe, That she may pittie,

though not graunt reliefe. ::: :::

Pittie would help, Pittie would help (alas) what loue hath almost slaine, :::

And saue the wound, that festered this disdain. Pittie would

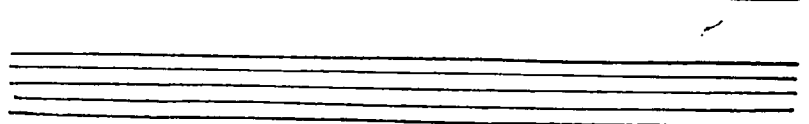
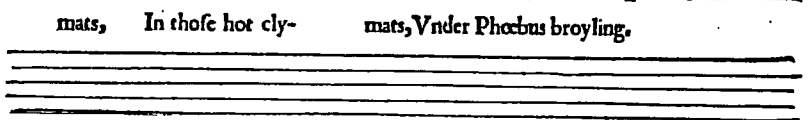
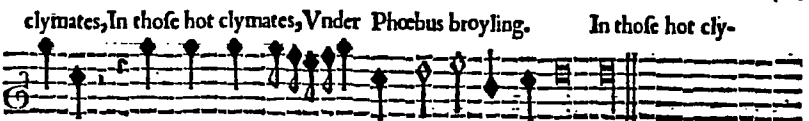
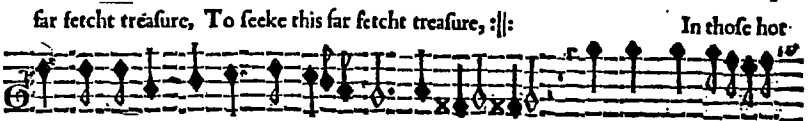
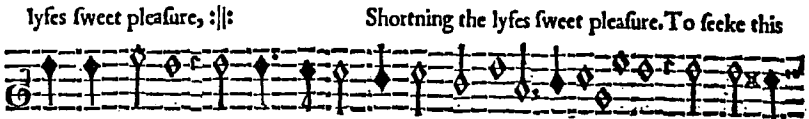
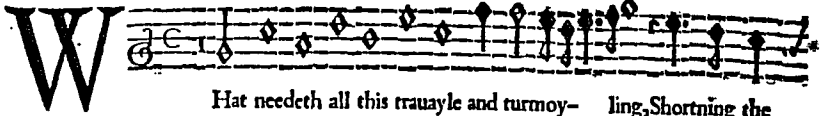
help, Pittie would help, (alas) what loue hath almost slaine, :::

And saue the wound, that festered this disdain.  
 Heere endeth the songs of 3. parts.

Of 4. voc. The first part.

VII.

CANTVS.



B.



O

Fools, can you not see a traffick neerer, In my sweet

Ladies face, In my sweet Ladies face, :::: Where Nature

showeth, what euer treasure eye sees, or hart knoweth, Rubies and Diamonds dain-

tic, :::: And orient Perles such plentie, & orient pearles such plen-

Corral & Ambergris, sweeter & deerer, Corral & Ambergris, sweeter & deerer, Then

which the South seas or Moluccas lend vs, Then which the South seas or Moluccas

lend vs, or either Indies, or either Indies, East or West, do lend vs.

**A**

Las, what hope of speeding, wher hope beguild lies bleeding; She bad  
 come, She bad come, when she spide mee: And when I came she slide mee, shee flyde  
 mee, Thus when I was begui-led, Thus when, Thus when I was beguiled, She at my  
 fighting smi- led: But if you take such pleasure, :||: Of  
 hope & ioy, :||: my treasure, Of hope & ioy, :||: my treasure, By de-  
 ceipt to bereaue me, to bereaue me, By deceipt to bereaue me, to bereaue me, By de-  
 ceipt to bereaue mee, By deceipt, By deceipt to bereaue mee, Loue mee and so decciue  
 mee. Loue mee and so decciue mee.

Of 4. voc.

X.

CANTVS.

**L**ady, when I behold, :||: the Roses sprouting, :||:

Lady, when I behold, :||: the Roses sprouting, :||: Which clad in

damaske mantells deck the arbours: :||: And then be-

hold your lips, :||: :||: Where sweet loue harbours, My eyes pre-

fers me with a double, double doubting: a double double doubting: My eies prefers me

with a double, double doubting: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind supposes,

whether the Roses be your lips, or your lips the Roses. :||:

For viewing both a like, hardly my minde supposes, Whether the Roses

be your lips, or your lips the Roses. :||:

Of 4. vpc.

XI.

CANT VS.

**T** Hus faith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue fit downe and talke

together, and talke together, Thus faith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue fit downe

and talke together, Beware of Loue, (deere) Loue is a walking sprite, a walking sprite,

And Loue is this and that, And O I wot not what, :||: And comes and

goes againe, I wot not whether, :||: No, no, these are but

bugs to breed amazing, No, no, these are but bugs to breed ama- zing, For in her eies

I saw his torch light bla- zing.

Of 4. voc.

XII

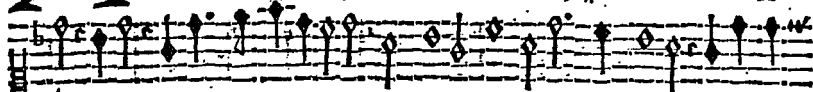
CANTUS.

**A**



Dew, Adew, Adew sweet A- marillis, :||:

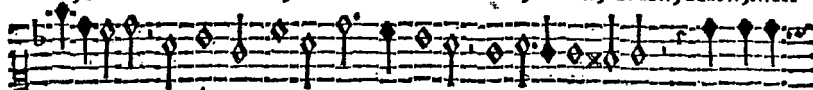
A-



dew, Adew, Adew sweet A- marillis: For since to part, to part your will is, Adew, A-



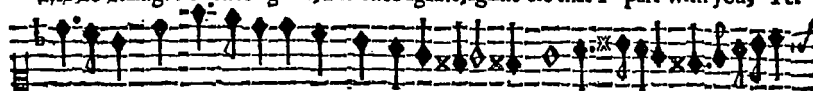
dew, Adew sweet Amarillis, Adew sweet Amaril- lis, Adew, Adew, Adew, sweet



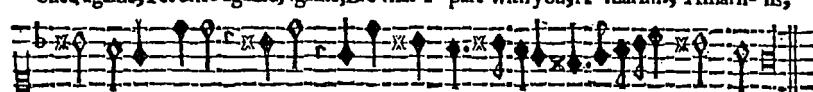
A- marillis : For since to part, to part your will is, O heauy ty- ding, Heere is for



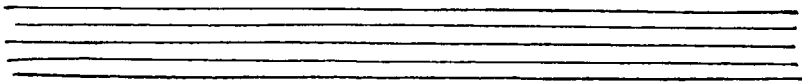
me no biding: Yet once againe, Yet once againe, againe ere that I part with you, Yet



once againe, Yet once againe, againe, Ere that I part with you, A- marillis, Amaril- lis,



sweet Adew, Adew, Adew, Adew sweet A- marillis, Amaril- lis, sweet Adew.



Heere endeth the songs of 4. parts.

Of 5. voc.

XIII.

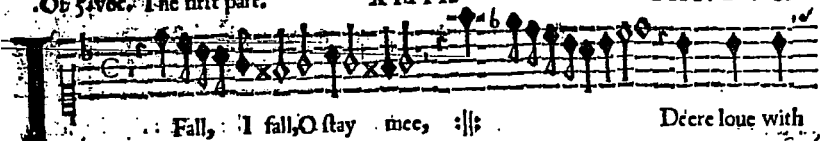
CANTVS.

**D** YE haplesse man, :: Since she denies thee grace: Dye haplesse  
man, Dye haplesse man :: Since she denies thee grace, Dye and dispaire, sith  
she doth seeme to loue thee: Farewell most fayer, though thou dost fayer deface, Fare-  
well most fayer (Farewell) though thou dost fayer deface, Farewell most fayer, (Farewell)  
though thou dost fayer deface, Sith for my duteous loue, thou dost re- proue  
mee: Sith for my duteous loue, thou dost re proue me, :: Those  
smiling eies, that sometimes mee requiued, :: Clouded with  
frownes, :: haue mee of life depriued, Clouded with frownes, haue mee of  
life de- priued.

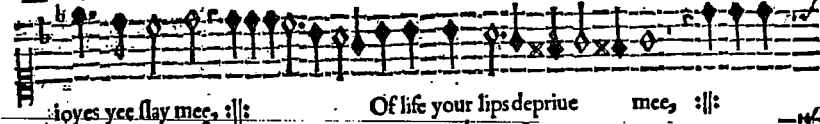
Of 5 voc. The first part.

XIIII

CANTUS.



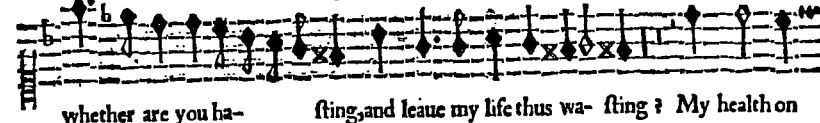
Fall, I fall, O stay mee, ::||: Deere loue with



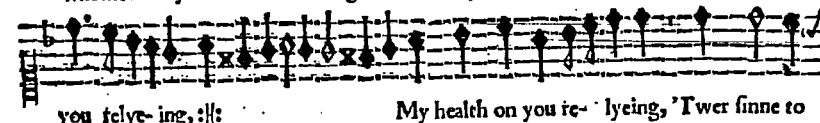
ioyes yee stay mee, ::||: Of life your lips deprivue mee, ::||:



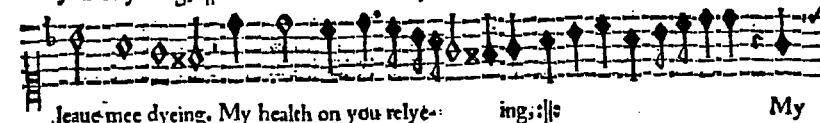
Sweet, let your lips revivue mee, Sweet let your lips revivue mee : O



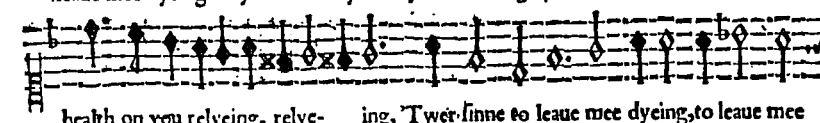
whether are you ha- sting, and leaue my life thus wa- sting ? My health on



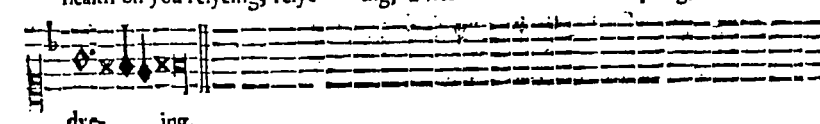
you relye- ing, ::||: My health on you relye- ing, 'Twer sinne to



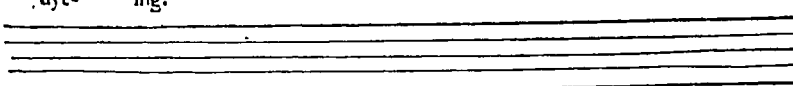
leaue mee dying, My health on you relye- ing, ::||: My



health on you relye- ing, relye- ing, 'Twer sinne to leaue mee dying, to leaue mee



dye- ing.

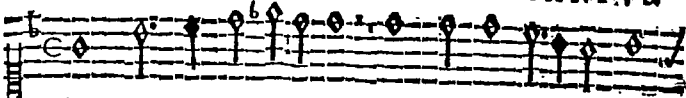


Of 5. voc. The second part.

XV.

CANTUS

**A**



AND though my loue abounding, Did make mee fall a founding,



:::

Yet am I well contented, :::

Still

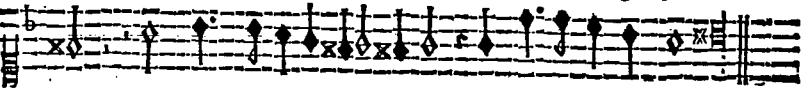


to bee tormen- ted: Yet am I well contented, Still so to bee tormen-

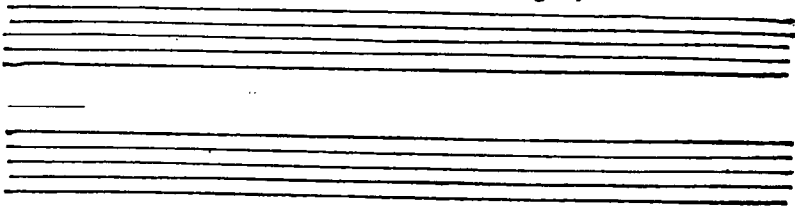


ted. :::

And death can neuer feare mee, As long as you are neare



mee. And death can neuer feare mee, As long as you are neare mee.



C.



**I** Allwaies beg, Yet neuer am releued : :||:

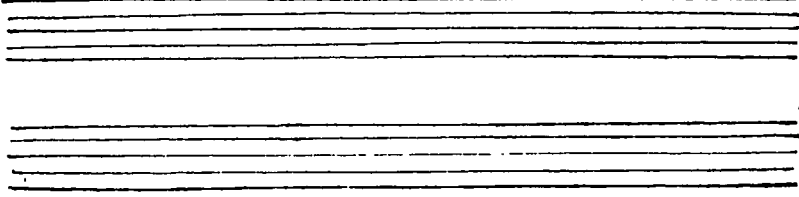
I alwaies beg, :||: I alwaies beg, Yet neuer am re-

.leued: I greeue, because my griefes are not beleued: I greeue, because my griefes are

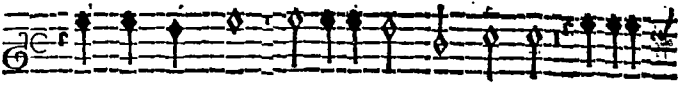
not beleued: I cry a-loud in vaine, my voice out stretched, my voice out stretched:

. And get but this, mine Ecco cals mee wretched. :||: mine Ecco

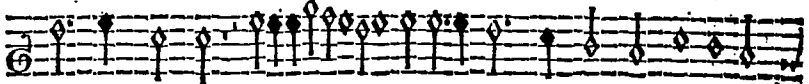
cals mee wretched. mine Ecco cals mee wretched.



**T** Hus Louc commaunds, That I in vaine complaine mee, That I in



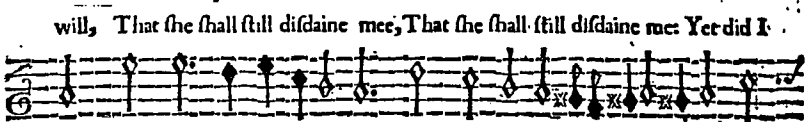
vaine complaine mee: ::: That I in vaine complaine mee: And forrow



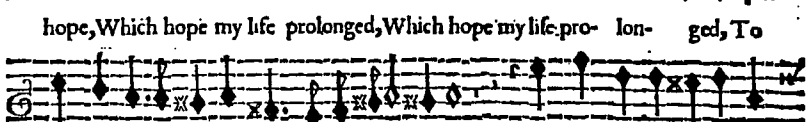
will, That she shall still disdain mee, That she shall still disdain mee: Yet did I



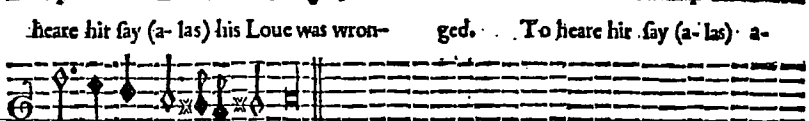
hope, Which hope my life prolonged, Which hope my life pro- lon- ged, To



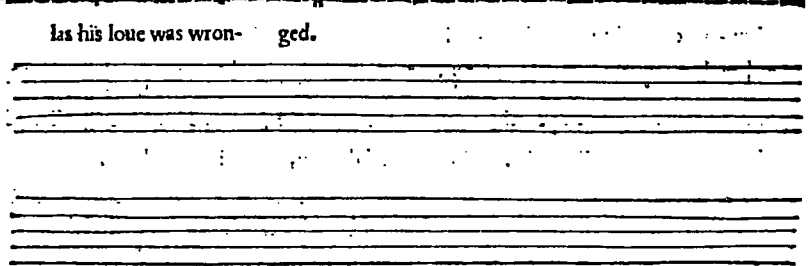
heare hit say (a- las) his Louc was wron- ged. . . To heare hir say (a- las) a-



las his louc was wron- ged.



las his louc was wron- ged.



**L**ady, your words doe spight mee, your words do spight mee, :||:

Yet your sweet lippes so soft, Kisse and delight mee: :||: Your

deeds my hart furcharged with ouer ioying, Your taunts my lyfe destroying. :||:

Since both haue force to spill mee, Let kisses sweet, :||:

Sweet kill mee: Let kisses sweet, :||: Sweet kill mee: Knights fight with swords &

laun- ces, Fight you with smi- ling glaunces, So like Swans of Leander, my

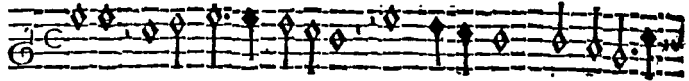
ghost from hence shall wander. Singing and dy- ing, Sing- ing and dying.

Of 5. voc.

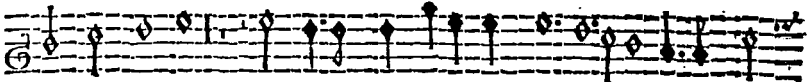
XIX.

CANTVS.

**A**



Las, what a wretched life is this, Nay, what a death, When the tyrant



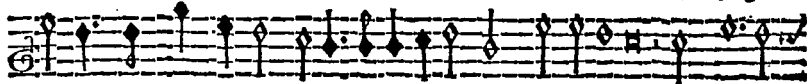
Loue commandeth: My flourishing daies are in their prime declining, All my proud



hope, quite false, and life vntwining: My ioyes each after other, :: In

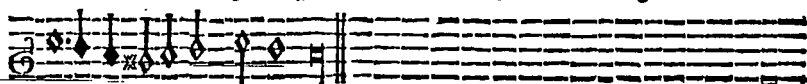


haile are fly- ing, And leaue mee dying, For him that skornes my crying:

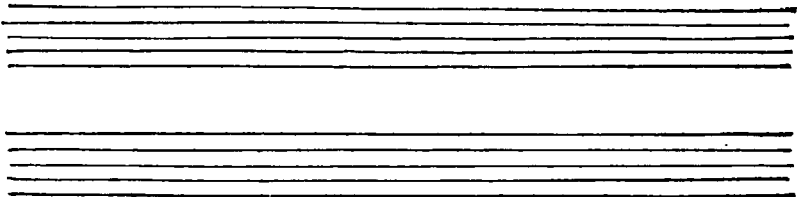


O thee from hence departs, ::

My Loue refraining, For whom all



hartles, A- las, I dye complayning.



**V** Nkinde, O stay thy fly- ing, And if I needes must dye, :||:

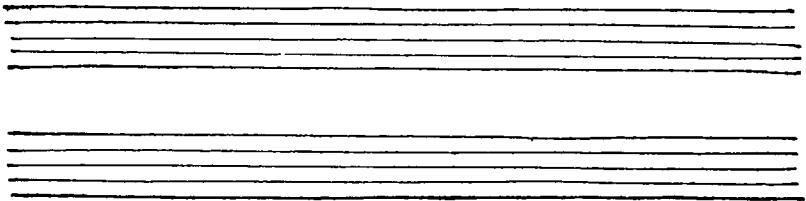
pitty mee dy- ing, But in thee, my hart, my hart is lying, And no

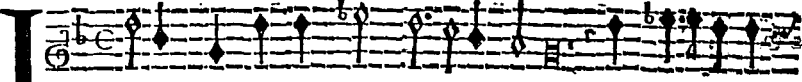
death can af- faile mee, Alas till life doth faile thee, :||: O therfore,

O therfore, If the Fates, bid thee be fleeting, Stay for mee, :||: :||: whose poore


hart, thou hast in keeping, O therfore, O therfore, If the Fates bid thee be fleeting,

Stay for mee, Stay for mee, Stay for mee, whose poore hart thou hast in keeping.

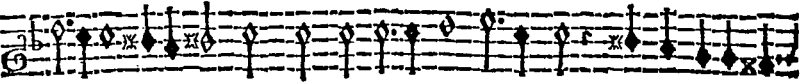




Song sometimes my thoughts and fancies pleasure, Wher then I list, **||:**



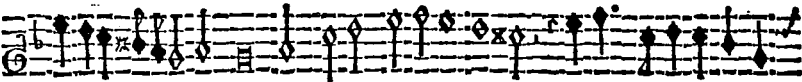
**||:** or time seru'd best and leasure, While Daphne did inuite mee,



To supper once, and drack to mee to spite mee. I smild : yet still did doubt




hir, **||:** And drack wher shee had drack before, **||:**



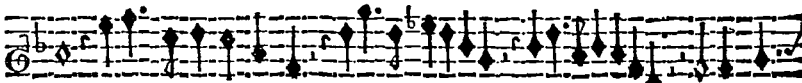
to flout hir. But ô while I did eie hir, But ô while I did eye hir,




**||:** **||:** But ô while I did eye hir, Myne



eyes drack Loue, my lips drack burning fier. But ô while I die eye hir, did eye



hir, But ô while I did eye hir, **||:** **||:** But ô while



I did eye hir, Mine eies drack Loue, my lips drack burning fi- er.

**F**



Lo-ra gau me fayrest flowers, :||: none so fayer, :||:



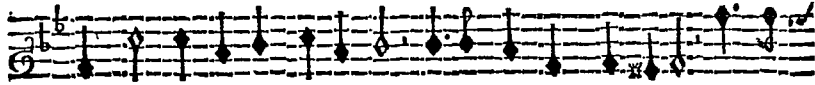
:||: In Floras treasure, none so faier, :||: :||: In Floras treasure: These I



plast on Phillis Bowers, She was pleafd, :||: :||: And the my pleasure,



She was pleafd, :||: :||: And the my plea- sure : Smiling meadowes seeme to



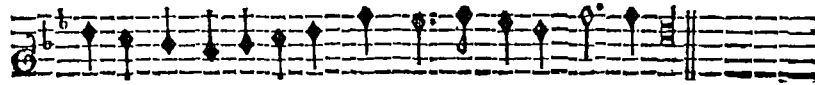
say, Come yee wantons, heere to play. Smiling meadowes seeme to say, Come yee



wantons, heere to play, Come heere to play. Come yee wantons, heere to play, to



play, Come yee wantons, heere to play, :||: :||: to play, come ye



wantons, heere to play, to play. Come, come yee wantons heere to play,

Heere endeth the songs of 5. parts,

Of q. voc.

XXIII

CANTVS.

**S** Weet Loue: If thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory, Subduc her hart,  
who makes mee glad and forry, & forry, Our of thy golden quier. take thou thy  
strongest arrow, :: That will through bone and marrow, ::  
And mee and thee, :: And mee and thee, of griefe and  
feare deli- uer: But come behinde, for if thee looke vpon thee, A-las  
poore Loue, :: Then thou art woe beegon thee.

D.



**L** Ady, when I behold, the Roses sprou- ting, :: The Roses  
 sprou-ting :: which clad in damask-mantells, :: deck the ar-  
 bours: And then behold your lips, Wher sweet Loue harbours, ::  
 And then behold, :: your lips, wher sweet Loue harbors, My eies prefets me,  
 :: with a double, double doubting: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind  
 supposes, whether the Roses be your lips, or your lips the roses, whether the roses be your  
 lips, whether the Roses be your lips, or your lips the Roses, ::  
 :: For viewing both a like, hardly my minde suppo-  
 ses, whether the Roses bee your lips, whether the Roses be your lips, or your

**W** Hen shall my wretched life giue place to death? When shall my

wretched life giue place to death? That my sad cares may be inforc'd to leaue mee:

Come saddest shadow, Come saddest shadow, stop my vitall breath, For I see shine

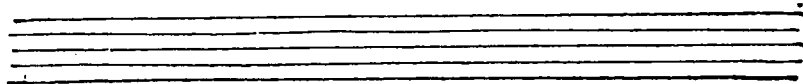
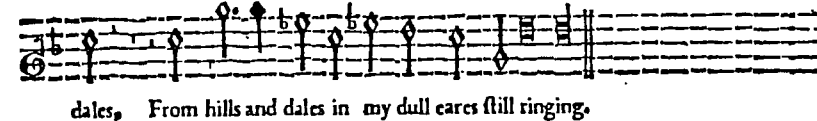
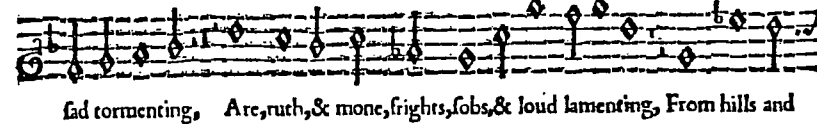
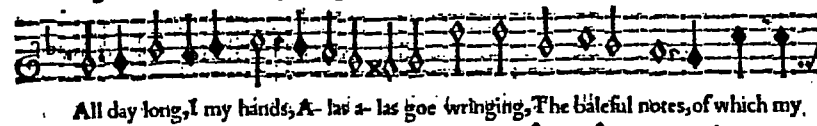
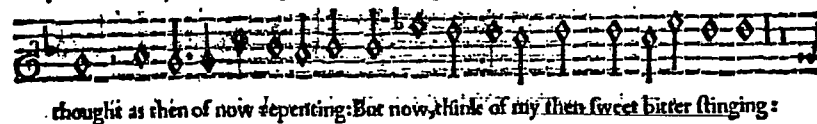
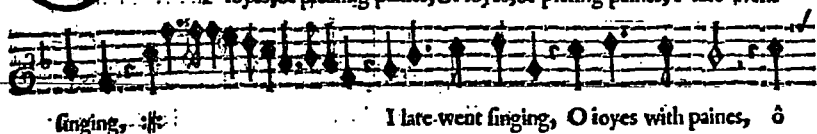
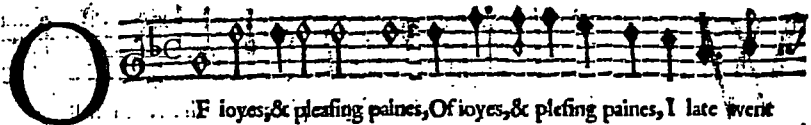
Then let not care bertraue thee, Of thy sad thrall. But with thy fatal dart, But with

thy fatal dart, Kill care, and mee, While care lies at my hart. Kill care, and mee,

While care lyes at my hart.

lips y Roscs. ::

::: Dij.



**M** Y throte is fore, my voice is horfe with skriking : with skriking,

:||: My refts, are fighes, :||: Deep from the hart root fetched: My fong runs

all on sharps, &c with oft stri-king, time on my brest, :||: I thrink with hands out

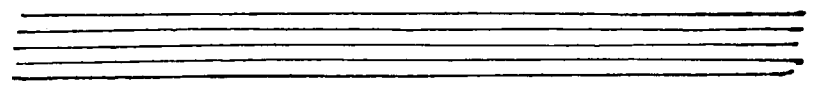
ftretched : :||: out ftretched: Thus ftill, and ftill I fing, And neare am

linning : Thus ftill, &c ftill I fing, and neare am linning : :||:

For ftill the clofe, points to my firft beginning. Thus ftill and ftill I fing, :||:

and neare am linning : Thus ftill, and ftill I fing, and neare am linning : :||:

For ftill the clofe, points to my firft beginning.



**C** Ruell behold, my heaue ending, Cruell behold, my  
 heauy ending, See what you wrought, See, what you wrought, by your disdaining, See  
 what you wrought by your dis- dayning, Causelesse I die, Loue  
 still attending, Your hopeles pittie, pittie of my complaining : Your hopeles pittie of my  
 complaining, Suffer those eies which thus haue flaine mee, With  
 speed, to end their killing power: So shall you proue how Loue doth paine mee :  
 And see mee dye, And see mee dye still yower,

**T**hou art but yong thou sai'st, And loue delight thou wai'st not: ::

o take time while thou mai'st, Least when thou would'st thou mai'st not,

O take time while thou mai'st, :: Least when thou would'st, thou mai'st

not. If loue shall then assaile thee, :: A double

double anguish, :: will torment thee: And thou wilt wish, (But wishes

all wil faile thee.) O mee, that I were yong againe, O mee, that I were young a-

gaine; And so repent thee. O mee, that I were young againe; And so repent thee.

Of 6. voc.

XXX.

CANTVS.

**W** HY dost thou shoot, Why dost thou shoote, and I seeke not to shield

mee? why dost thou shoote, And I seeke not to shield mee I yeeld (sweet Loue) :::

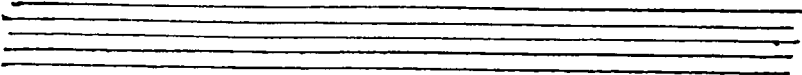
Spare then my wounded liuer, and doe not make my hart, And do not make my

hart, ::: thy arrowes quier. O hold, O hold, What needs this shooting,

when I yeeld mee, What needs this shooting, when I yeeld mee? O hold, O hold, what

needs this shooting, when I yeeld mee? What needs this shooting, What needs this

shooting, ::: when I yeeld mee.



FINIS.

QVINTVS.

THE FIRST SET  
OF ENGLISH  
MADRIGALS  
TO  
3.4.5. and 6. voices:

*Newly Composed*  
BY  
IOHN WILBYE.



AT LONDON:  
Printed by Thomas Este.  
1598.



Of 5. voc.

XIII.

QUINTVS.

**D**YE haplesse man, :||: Since she denies thee grace: Dye  
haplesse man :||: :||: Since she denies thee grace, Dye and dispaire, sith  
she doth scorne to loue thee: Farewel most fayer, though thou dost fayer deface, though  
thou dost fayer deface, :||: Sith for my deuteous  
loue, thou dost, thou dost reprove me : Sith for my deuteous loue, thou dost re-  
prove mee : Those smiling eies, that sometymes mee reuiued, Clouded with  
frownes, Haue mee of life deprivied. Clouded with frownes, haue mee of life deprivied.

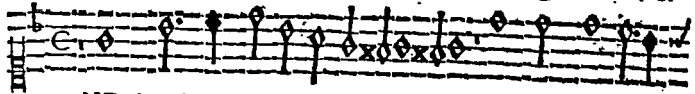
Fall, I fall, O flay mee, :: Deere loue with  
 ioyes yee flay mee, :: with ioyes yee flay mee, Of life your lips de-  
 priue mee, your lips depriue mee, Sweet, let your lips reuiue mee, ::  
 O whether are you hasting, (thus) hasting, and leaue my life thus waisting ?  
 My health on you relye- ing, :: :||: relye-  
 ing, 'Twer sinne to leaue mee dyeing. My health on you relyeing, My health on you  
 relye- ing, :: :||: Twer sinne to leaue mee dyeing, to leaue mee dye- ing.

Of 5. voc. The second part.

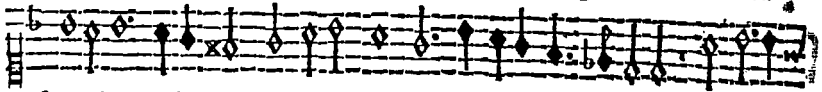
XV.

QVINTVS.

**A**



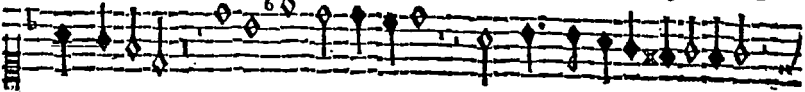
ND though my loue abounding, abounding, Did make mee fall a



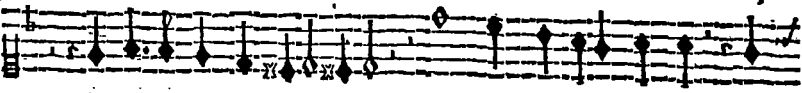
fwounding, Did make mee fall a fwounding, Yet am I well contented, Still so to



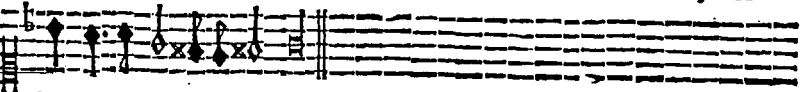
bee tormented; Still so to bee tormented : Yet am I well contented, Yet am I



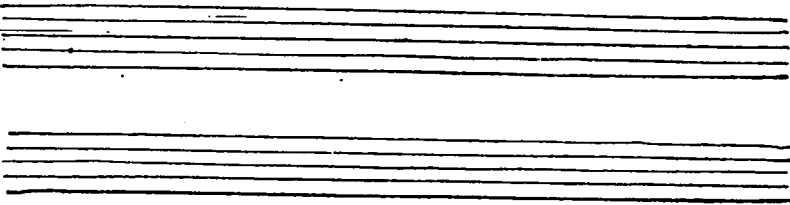
well contented, Still so to bee tormented : And death can neuer feare mee,



As long as you are neare mee. And death can neuer feare mee, As



long as you are neare mee



Allwaies beg, I alwaies beg, Yet neuer am releued : I alwaies

beg, I alwaies beg, Yet neuer am releued : I alwaies beg, Yet neuer am releued :

I greeue, because my grieues are not beleued, are not beleued : I greeue, because my

grieues are not beleued : I cry a loud, I cry a loud in vaine, my voice out

stretched, And get but this, :: mine Ecco cals mee wretched, ::

mine Ecco cals mee wretched.

**T** Hus Loue commaunds, That I in vaine complaine mee, :::

That I in vaine complaine mee: That I in vaine complaine mee, :::

And sorrow will, That she shall still disdain mee, That she shall still disdain mee, Yet

did I hope, which hope my life pro- lon- ged, Which hope my life prolonged, to

heare hir say (alas) his Loue was wronged. To heare hir say (a- las) his loue was wronged.

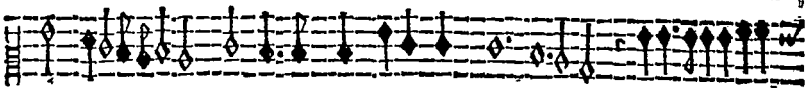
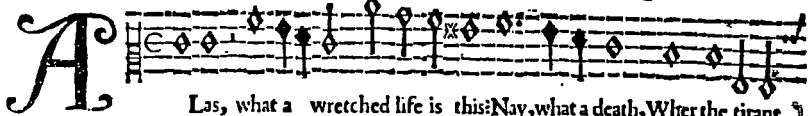
heare hir say (alas) his Loue was wronged. To heare hir say (a- las) his loue was wronged.

**L**ady, your words doe spight mee, Yet your sweet lips, so  
 soft, kisse and delight me: kisse & delight mee: Your deeds my hart surchargd with  
 ouer ioying, Your taunts my life destroying, my life destroying. Since both haue  
 force to spill mee, :: Let kisses sweet, :: Sweet kill mee, Let  
 kisses sweet, :: Sweet kill mee: Knights fight with swords and launces, Fight  
 you with smiling glaunces: So like Swans of Leander, my ghost from hence shal wan-  
 der, Singing and dying. Singing and dying.

Of 5. voc.

XIX.

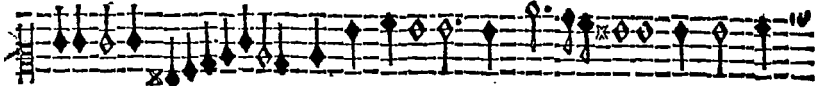
QVINTVS.



Loue comman- deth? My flouring daies are in their prime declining, :||:



All my proud hope, quite false, :||: and life vn- twining: My ioyes each



after other, :||:

In hast are flying, And leaue mee dying, For her that

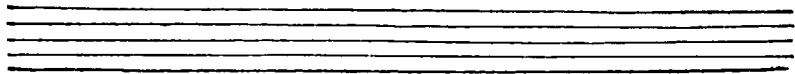


skornes my crying: O she from hence departs, :||:

My Loue refraining, For



whom all hartles, A- las, I dye complayning.



B.

**V** Nkinde, O stay thy fly- ing, And if I needs must

dye, pittie mee, pittie me dying: But in thee, my hart, my hart is lying, And no

death, can af- faile me, Alas till life doth faile thee, Alas, till life, :||: doth

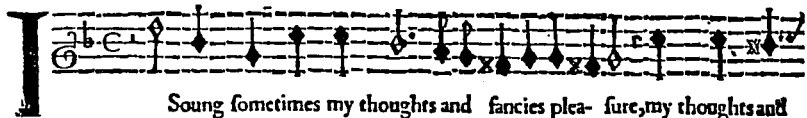
faile thee, O therefore, :||: If the Fates, bid thee be fleeting, Stay for mee, :||:

Stay for mee, whose poore hart, thou hast in keeping. O therefore, :||: If the

Fates bid thee bee fleeting, Stay for mee, :||: Stay for mee, whose poore hart thou

hast in keeping.

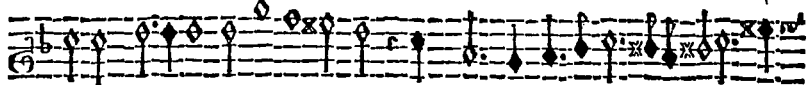




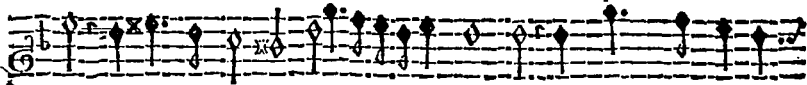
Song sometimes my thoughts and fancies plea- sure, my thoughts and



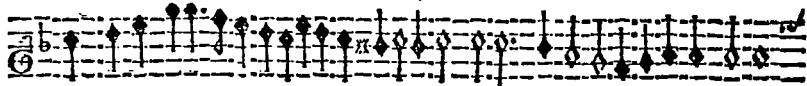
fancies pleasure, When then I list, :||: or time seru'd best and lea- sure, While



Daphne did inuite me, To supper once, And drack to mee to spite mee. I



smild yet still did doubt hir, I :||: dyd doubt hir, And drack where she had



drack before, :||: to flout hir. But ô while I did eie hir, did eye hir,



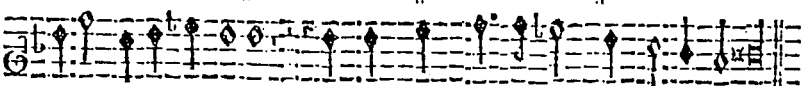
But ô while I did eye hir, :||: :||: But ô while



I did eye hir, Myne eyes drack Loue, my lips drack burning fi- er. But ô



while I did eie hir, :||: :||: :||:



But ô while I did eye hir, Mine eies drack Loue, my lips drack burning fi- er.

**F** Lora gaue me fairest flowers, :||: none so faire, :||:  
 :||: In Floras treasure: none so faire, :||: :||: In Floras trefure: These I  
 plaft on Phillis Bowers, She was pleafd, :||: :||: And ſhe my pleſure, She was  
 pleafd, :||: :||: And ſhe my pleafure: Smiling meadowes ſeeme to fay, Come ye  
 wantons heere to play. Smiling meadowes ſeeme to fay, Come ye wātons, heere to  
 play. Come ye wātons, heere to play. to play. :||: Come ye wātons  
 heere to play. to play. Come ye wātons heere, come, come ye wātons, here to play. -

Heere endeth the Songs of 5 parts.

**S**weet Loue: If thou wilt gaine a Monarches glo- ry, Subdue her hart,  
 who makes mee glad and forry. Out of thy golden quier, Take thou thy strongest  
 ar-row, That will through bone and marrow, :: And mee and  
 thee; of grieffe & feare deliuer: And mee and thee, :: And mee and thee, ::  
 of grieffe & feare deliuer. But come behinde, :: for if she looke vp-  
 on thee, Alas poore Loue, :: Then thou art woe bec-gon thee.

Ady, when I behold, the Rofes sprou- ting, the Rofes sprou- ting, :::-

::: Which clad in damask mantels, ::: decke the

arbours: & then behold, ::: ::: & then behold your lips, wher sweet loue

harbours: ::: My eies presents mee, ::: with a

double doubting: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind fupposes, whether the Rofes

be your lips, whether the rofes be your lips, or your lips the rofes, :::

::: For viewing both a like, hardly my minde

fupposes, whether the Rofes bee your lips, or your lips the Rofes. whether the Rofes

be your lippes, whether the Rofes bee your lippes, or your lippes the Rofes.

**W**hen shall my wretched lyfe giue place to death? When shall my

wretched life giue place to death? That my sad cares may be inforc'd to leaue mee:

Come fadeſt ſhadow, ſtop my vitall breath, (Come) ſtop my vitall breath, For I am

thine, Then let not care bereaue thee, Of thy ſad thrall: But with thy ſatall dart,

Kill care and mee, Kill care, and mee, While care lies at my hart. Kill care, and mee,

— While care lies at my hart.

O ioyes, & pleasing paines, I late went singing: Of ioyes & pleasing

paines, I late went singing: ||:

O ioyes with paines, O

paines with ioyes consenting: And little thought as then of now repenting: and little

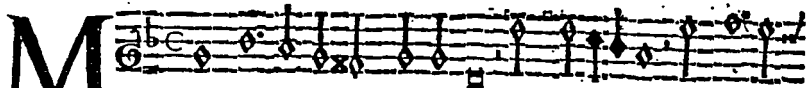
thought as then of now repenting: But now, think of my then sweet bitter singing:

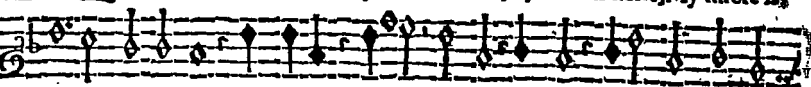
All day long I my hands, Alas goe wringing, All day long I my hands Alas, Alas goe

wringing: The balefull notes, the balefull notes of which my sad tormenting, Are ruth,

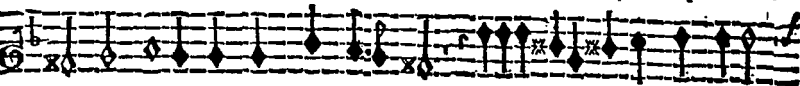
and mone, frights, sobes, and loud lamen-ting, From hills and dales in my dull cares still

ringing: ||:

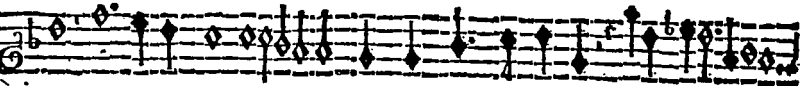
**M**  Y throte is fore, my voice is horfe, my voice is horfe, My throte is,



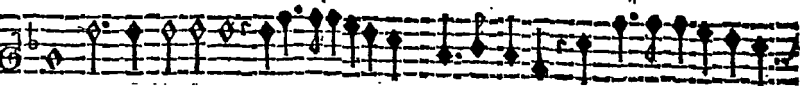
fore, my voice is horfe with skriking: :: My rests, are sighes, :: Deep from the



hart root fetched: My song runnes all on sharps, :: And with oft stri-



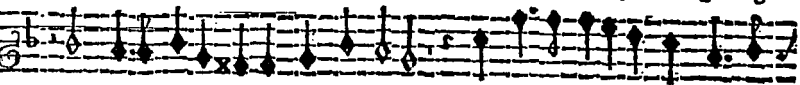
king, time on my brest, :: I shrink with hands out stretched: ::



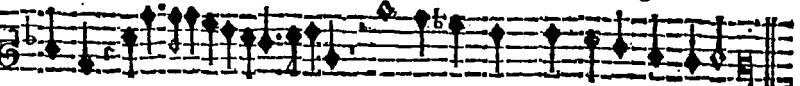
Thus still, and still I sing, :: And neare am linning: thus still, & still I sing, &



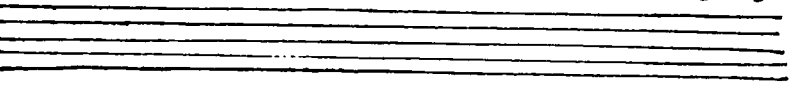
neare am linning: :: For still the clofe, points to my first beginning.



Thus still & still I sing, & neare am linning: Thus still, & still I sing, and neare am



linning: :: For still the clofe points to my first beginning.



**C** Ruell behold my heaue end- ing, Cruell behold, :: my  
 heaue ending, See, what you wrought, See what you wrought, by your disdayning, ::  
 See what you wrought by your dis-dayning, Causelesse I die, Loue  
 still attending, Your hopes pittie of my complayning : Your hopes pittie of my  
 complayning, Suffer those eyes which thus haue flaine mee, ::  
 With speed, to end, With speed to end, their kil- ling power : So shall you  
 proue, how loue doth paine me : :: And see mee dye, And see mee  
 dye still yower.



Of 6. voc.

XXIX.

QVINTVS.

**T** Hou art but yong thou fai'ſt, And loues delight thou wai'ſt not: :||:

o take time while thou mai'ſt, Leaft when thou would'ſt thou mai'ſt not:

:||: O take time while thou mai'ſt. Leaft when thou would'ſt, thou

mai'ſt not. O take time while thou mai'ſt, Leaft when thou would'ſt thou may'ſt not :

If Loue ſhall then affaile thee, :||: A double double anguiſh, will tor-

met thee :||: And thou wilt wiſh, (But wiſhes all wil faile

thee.) O mee, that I were yong againe, O mee, that I were young againe; And

ſo repent thee. O mee, that I were young againe; And ſo rerepent thee.

Hy dost thou shoot, And I seeke not to shield mee? Why dost thou  
 shoot, Why dost thou shoot, & I seeke not to shield mee? I yeeld (sweet Loue) I yeeld,  
 (sweet Loue) Spare then my wounded liuer, And doe not make my hart, thy arrowes  
 qui- uer. And doe not make my hart thy arrowes quiuer. O hold, O hold, What  
 needs this shooting, when I yeeld mee. What needs this shooting, What needs this  
 shooting, when I yeeld mee? O hold, O hold, What  
 needs this shooting, when I yeeld mee? What needs this shooting, when I yeeld mee.

FINIS.

ALTUS.

THE FIRST SET  
OF ENGLISH  
MADRIGALS  
TO

3. 4. 5. and 6. voices:

*Newly Composed*

BY

JOHN WILBYE.



AT LONDON:  
Printed by Thomas Este.

1598.

Of 3. voc.

I.

ALTVS.

**F** Ly Loue aloft, to heauen & looke out Fortune, & &c.

Fly loue: &c. Then sweetly, sweetly, sweetly her importune, That

I from my Calisto best beloued, As you & she set downe, be neuer moued, As you &

she set downe, :: be ne-uer moued, And loue, to Carimel see you com-

mend me, commend mee, to Ca: &c. commend mee, Fortune for his sweet sake,

:: may chaunce befriend mee. Fortune for his sweet sake, :: may

chance be-friend me, & loue, to Carimel see you comend me, comend me, ::

commend mee, Fortune for his sweet sake, :: may chance be-

friend me. Fortune for his sweet sake, Fortune for his sweet sake, may chāce befrīd me.

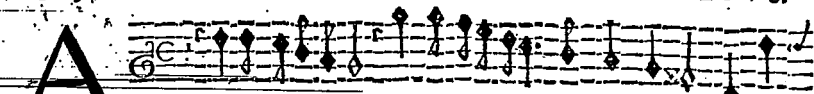
A. 11.

OF 3. voc.

II.

ALTVS,

**A**



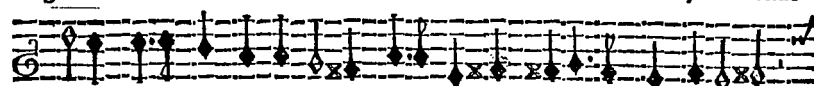
Way,||: Away; Away,||: away thou shalt not loue m.c.A-



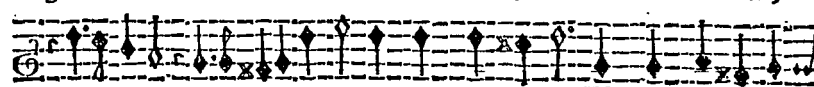
way,||: away; Away away away,thou shalt not loue mee. So shall my loue seeme



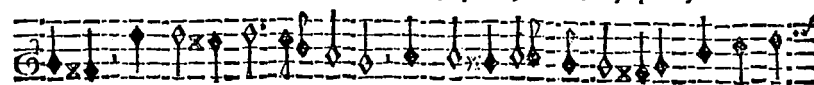
greater,And I shall loue,And I shall loue the bet- ter, So shall my loue seeme



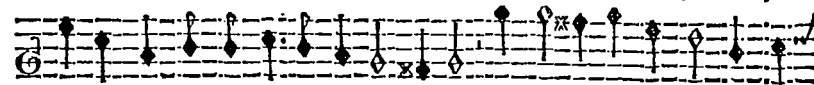
greater,And I shall loue the bet-ter,And I shall loue,And I shall loue the bet-ter,



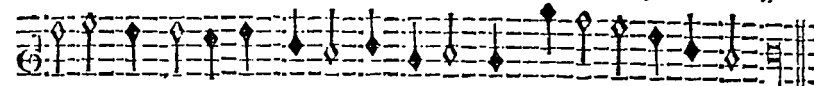
shall it be so? ||: what say you?Why speak you not,why speak you not I



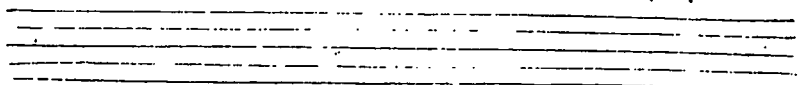
pray you? Nay then I know you loue mee,Nay then I know you loue mee,That so you



may disproue mee.That so you may disproue mee.Nay then I know you loue mee,you



loue mee,Nay then I know you loue mee,you loue mee,That so you may disproue mee.



**A** Y mee, Can euery ru- mor, Thus start my Ladies humor? 10

Aye mee, Can euery rumor, Thus start, Thus start my Ladies humor? Name yee some

gallant to hir; ::|: why straight forfooth I woe her, Then burst she forth

in pa- si- on; ::|: You men loue but for fa- shion; ::|:

Yet sure I am that no man, Yet sure I am that no man, euer so loued wo- man,

Yet a- las Loue bee wa- ry, be wary, For women bee contra- ry. Yet sure

I am that no man, euer so loued woman, Yet a- las Loue bee wa- ry, Yet a- las

Loue bee wa- ry, For women be contra- ry.

Of 3. voca.

III.

ALTVS.

**W**eepe O mine eies, Weepe ô mine eies & ceafe not : Your spring tides

out alas, out alas, out alas, out alas, me thinks increafe not, Your spring tydes, out alas me

thinks, mee thinks increafe not : Weepe ô mine eies, Weepe ô mine eies & ceafe not :  
Your spring tydes, out alas, out alas, out alas, me thinks increafe not. Your spring tides

out alas, me thinks, me thinks increafe not. O when, ô when begin you, :::

begin you, to swell fo high, that I may drowne me in you ? O when, ô when be-

ginne you, :::

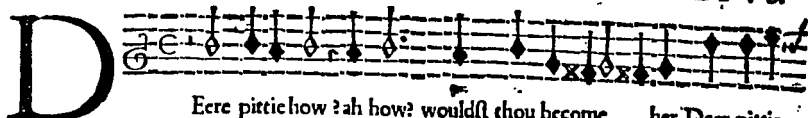
To swell fo high, to swell fo high, that

I may drowne mee in you.

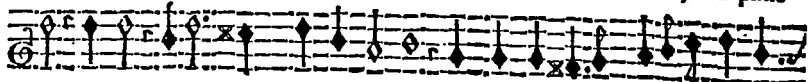
Of 3. voc.

V.

ALTS.

**D** 

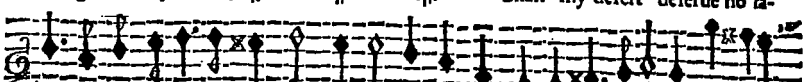
Eere pittie how? ah how? wouldst thou become her, Deer pittie



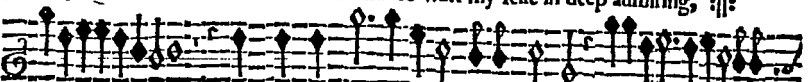
how! ah how? :||: wouldst thou become her? That best becommeth beauties best at-



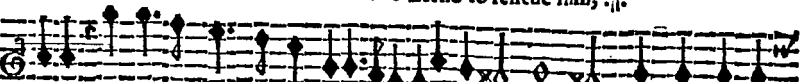
tyring, Shall my desert, :||: :||: :||: Shall my desert deserue no fa-



uour, deserue no fauour from her? But still to wast my selfe in deep admiring, :||:



Like him that calls to Eccho to relieue him, :||:



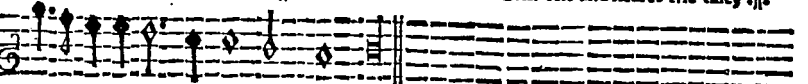
Still tels & heares the tale, :||:

Oh tale that grieues him. Like him that

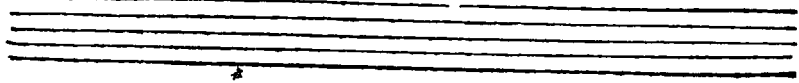


calls to Eccho to relieue him, :||:

Still tels and heares the tale, :||:



Oh tale that grieues him.





Of 3. voc.

VI.

ALTVS.

Ye restless thoughts, :||: Ye restless thoughts, :||: that  
 harbour discontent, Cease your assaults :||: & let my hart lament, Yee restless  
 thoughts, :||: Ye restless thoughts, :||: that harbour discontent, Cease your as-  
 faults, :||: & let my hart lament, And let my tongue haue leaue to tell my griefe, to  
 tell my griefe, That she may pittie, though not graunt reliefe. :||:  
 :||: Pittie would help, :||: (alas) what loue hath almost slaine,  
 Pittie would help, what loue hath almost slaine, And salue the wound, :||: that se-  
 sted this disslaine, Pittie would help, :||: (alas) what loue hath almost slaine,  
 Pittie would help, what loue hath almost slaine, And salue the wound, :||:  
 Here endeth the songs of 3. parts.

**W** hat needeth all this trauayle, and turmoy- ling, Shortning the  
 lyfes sweet pleasure, :||: Shortning the lyfes sweet pleasure. To seeke this  
 far fetcht treasure, To seeke this far fetcht treasure, :||: In those hot  
 clymates, In those hot clymates, Vnder Phoebus broyling. In those hot cly- mats,  
 In those hot cly- mats, :||: In those hot cly- mats,  
 Vn- der Phoebus broyling.

that fell' red this dis- daine.

O Fools, can you not see a traffick neerer, O fools can you not

see a traffick neerer, In my sweet Ladies face, In my sweet Ladies face, ||:

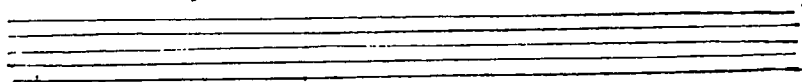
Where Nature show- eth, what euer treasure eye sees, or hart knoweth; Rubies &

Diamonds daintie, ||: And orient Perles such plentie, Corral & Ambergris,

sweeter & deerer, Corral & Ambergris, sweeter & deerer, The which y South seas or

Moluccas lend vs, lend vs, Then which the South seas or Moluccas lend

vs, or either Indies, or either Indies, East or West, do send vs.



**A**

Las, what hope of speeding, Wher hope beguild lies bleeding, She bad come; She bad come, when she spide mee: And when I came she fide mee, shes flyde mee,

Thus when I was begui- led, Thus when I was beguiled, She at my fighting smiled.

But if you take such pleasure, :||: Of hope & ioy my treasure, Of hope & ioy my trea- sure, :||: By deceit to bereate me, By de-

ceipt to bereate me, :||: ... By deceit to bereate me, :||: Loue

mee and so deceite mee. Loue mee and so deceite mee.

mee and so deceite mee. Loue mee and so deceite mee.

mee and so deceite mee. Loue mee and so deceite mee.

**L**ady, when I behold, :||: the Roses sprouting, :||:

Lady, when I behold, :||: the Roses sprouting, :||: Which clad in  
 damaske mantells decke the arbours: :||: And then be-  
 hold your lips, :||: :||: Where sweet loue harbours, My eyes pre-  
 sents me with a double, double doubting: a double double doubting: My eies presents me  
 with a double, double doubting: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind supposes;  
 whether the Roses be your lips, or your lips the Roses. :||:

For viewing both a like, hardly my minde suppo- ces, Whether the Roses be your  
 lip; or your lips the Roses. :||:



Of 4. voc.

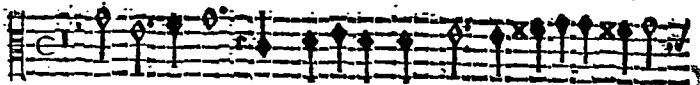
XII.

ALT VS.

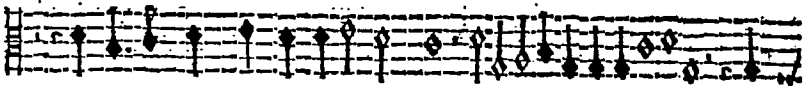
**A** Dew, Adew, Adew sweet Amarillis, Adew, Adew, Adew,  
Adew, Adew sweet Amarillis: For since to part, to part your will is, Adew, A-  
dew, Adew sweet A- marillis, Adew, Adew, Adew, Adew, Adew sweet Ama-  
rillis: For since to part, to part your will is, O heauy tyding, Heere is for mee, heere  
is for mee no biding: Yet once againe, againe ere that I part with you, Yet once a-  
gaine, againe, Ere that I part with you, Amaril- lis, Amarillis, sweet Adew, Adew,  
Adew, A- dew sweet Amaril- lis, Amarillis, sweet Adew.

Here endeth the songs of 4. parts.

**D**



YE haplesse man, Since she denies thee grace: ::

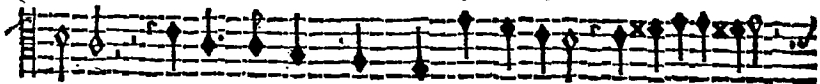


Dye haplesse man, Since she denies thee grace, ::

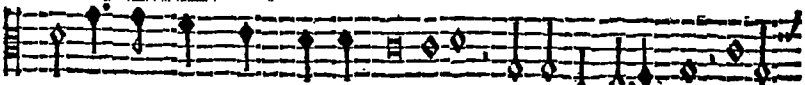
Dye



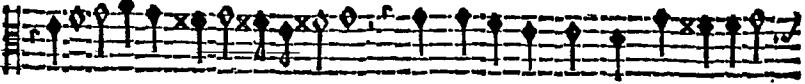
and dispaire, sith she doth scorn to loue thee: Dye and dispaire, sith she doth scorn to



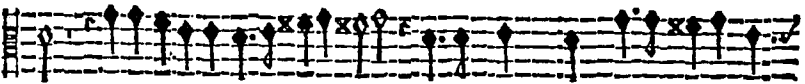
loue thee, Farewell most fayer, though thou dost fayer deface, ::



Farewell most fayer, though thou dost fayer deface, Sith for my duteous loue, ::



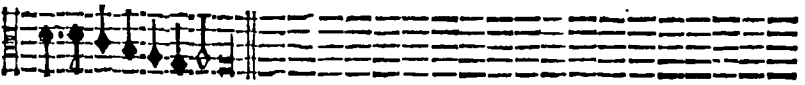
thou dost reprove mee: Those smiling eies, that sometimes mee reui-



ued, ::

Clouded with frownes, ::

haue



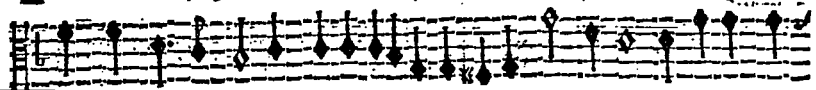
mee of life depri- ued.



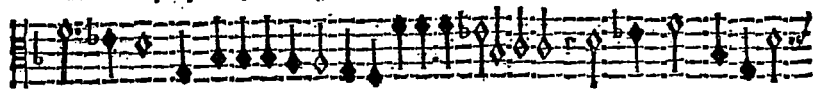




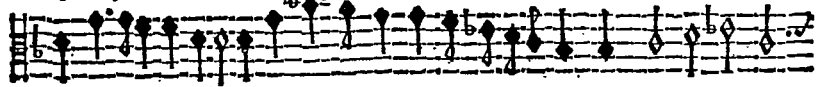
Fall, I fall, O stay mee, O stay, I fall, I fall, O stay mee, Deere



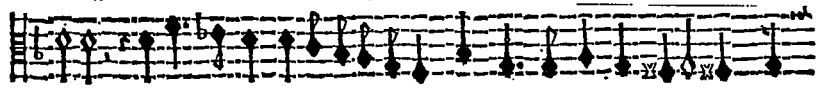
loue with ioyes yee flay mee, :: with ioyes yee flay mee, Of life your



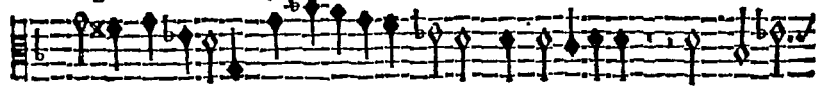
Lips depriue mee, :: Sweet, let your lips reuiue



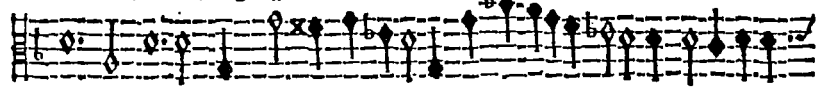
mee, :: O whether are you ha- sting, and leaue my life thus



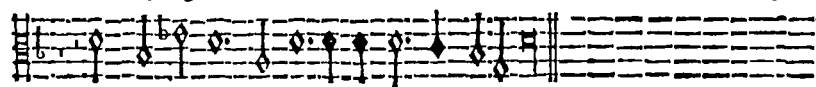
waisting? O whether are you ha- sting, and leaue my life thus wa- sting? My



health on you relyeing, :: on you relyeing, 'Twer sinne to



leaue mee dyeing, My health on you relyeing, :: on you relyeing,



'Twer sinne to leaue mee dyeing, to leaue mee dye- ing.

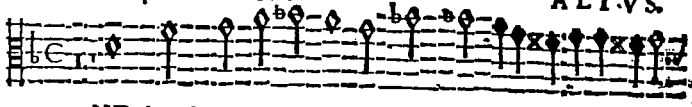


Of 5. voc. The second part.

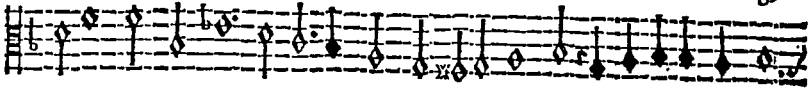
XV.

ALTVS.

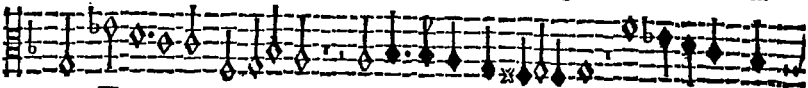
A



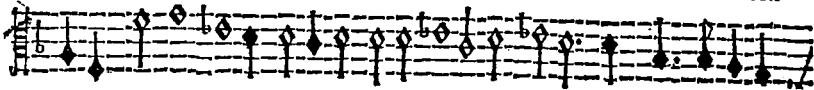
ND though my louc abounding, Did make mee fal a founding,



a founding, Did make me fall, did make mee fall a founding, Yet am I well conten-



ted, Still so to bee tormen- ted: Still so to bee tormen- ted. Yet am I well con-



tented, still so to be tormented, :::

And death can neuer



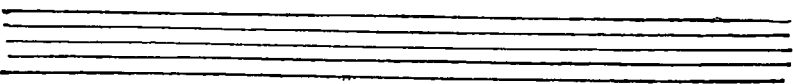
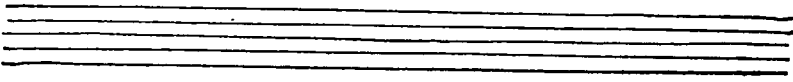
feare mee, As long as you are neare mee, :::

And death can



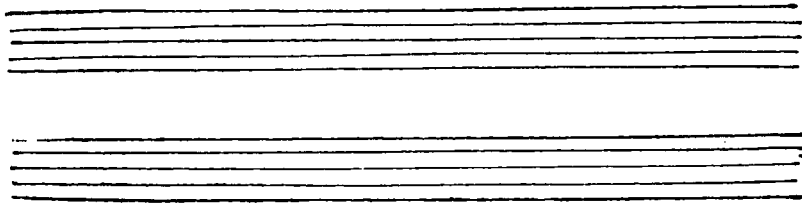
neuer feare mee, :::

As long as you are neare mee,

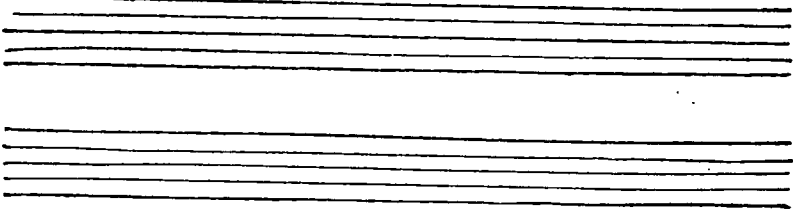


C.

Allwaies beg, Yet neuer am rece- ued: releued: I alwaies beg, I-  
 alwaies beg, Yet ne- uer am releued: :||: I greue, be-  
 cause my griefes, my griefes are not beleued: because my griefes are not beleued :  
 I cry a- loud in vaine, I cry aloud in vaine, my voice out stretched, And get but  
 this, :||: mine Ecco calls mee wretched. :||: mine Ecco  
 cals mee wretched. calls mee wretched.



**T** Hus Loue commaunds, That I in vaine complaine mee, That I in vaine  
 complaine mee: :: That I in vaine complaine mee: That I in vaine com-  
 plaine mee: And sorrow will, That she shall still disdain mee: ::  
 That she shall still disdain mee: :: Yet did I hope, Which hope my  
 life prolong'd, Which hope my life prolong- ed, To heare hir say Alas his Loue was  
 wronged. To heare her say A-las, To heare her say A-las his Loue was wronged.



**L** Ady, your words doe spight mee, Your words do spight mee, ::|

Yet your sweet lips, so soft, kisse & delight me: kisse & delight me: Your deeds may

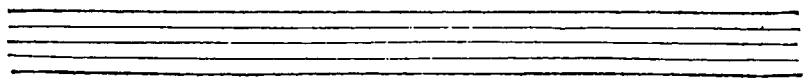
hart furchargd with ouer- ioy- ing: Your deeds my hart furchargd with

ouerioyng: Your taunts my life destryoyng, ::| Since both haue force to

spill mee, ::| Let kisses sweet, Sweet kill mee: ::| Knights

fight with -swords and launces, Fight you with smiling glaunces: So like Swans of Lean-

der, my ghost from hence shal wander, Singing and dying. Singing and dying.

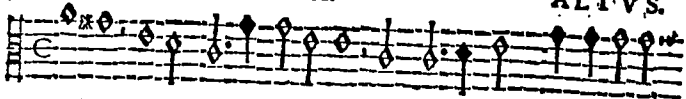


Of 5. voc.

XIX.

ALTVS.

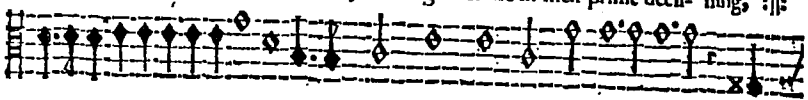
**A**



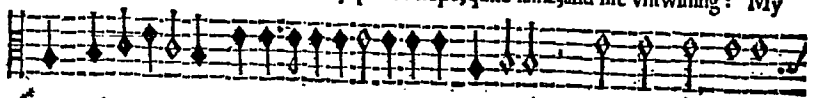
Las, what a wretched life is this, Nay, what a death, Wher the tyrant \*



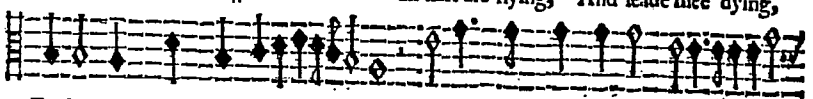
Loue commandeth, commandeth? My flourishing daies are in their prime decli- ning, ::|:



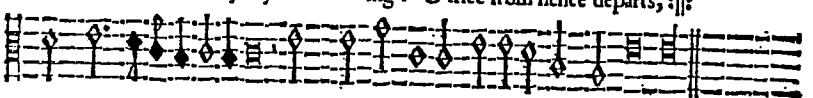
All my proud hope, quite false, and life vntwining : My



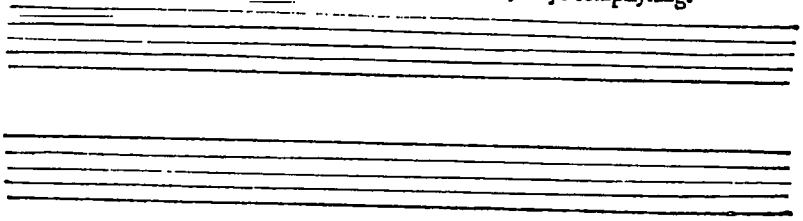
toyces each after other, ::|: In haist are flying, And leaue mee dying,



For hir that skornes my wry- ing : O thee from hence departs, ::|:



My Loue re- frai- ning, For whom all hartles, A-las, I dye complayning.



**V** Nkinde, O stay thy flying, :||: And

if I needes must dye, pittie mee dy- ing: But in thee, my hart, my hart is ly-

ing, And no death can affaile mee, :||: Alas till life doth faile thee. A-

las till life doth fayle thee. O therefore, If the Fates, bid thee bee fleeting, Stay

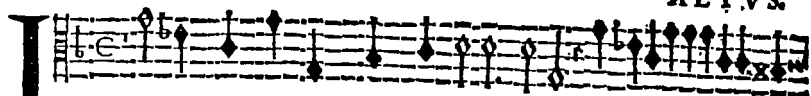
for me, whose poore hart, thou hast in keeping. O therofte, If the Fates bid thee be

flecting, Stay for mee, whose poore hart thou hast in keeping.

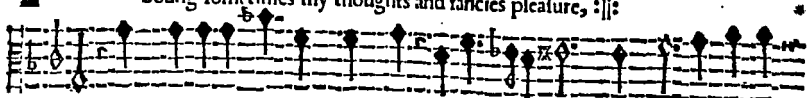
Of 5 voc.

XXI.

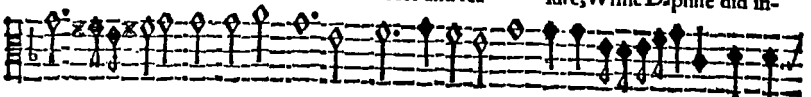
ALTVS.



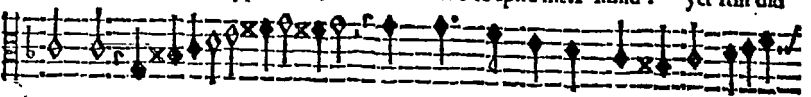
Song sometimes my thoughts and fancies pleasure, :||:



When then I list, or time seru'd best and lea- sure, While Daphne did in-

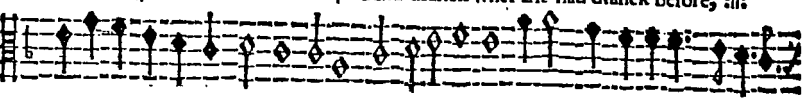


uire me, To supper once, & drack to me to spite me. I smild: yet still did

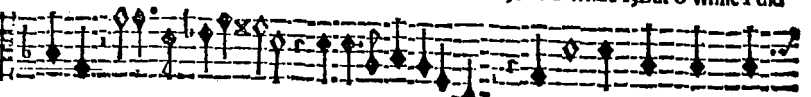


doubt hir, :||:

And drack when she had drack before, :||:



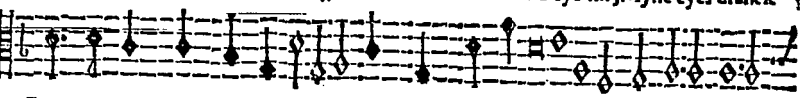
to flout hir, But ô while I did eie hir, But ô while I, But ô while I did



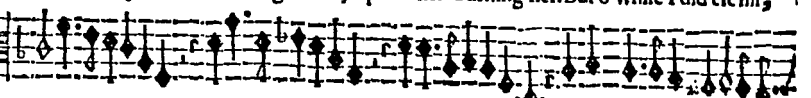
eye hir, :||:

:||:

did eye hir, Myne eyes drack



Loue, my lips drack burning fier, my lips drack burning fier, But ô while I did eie hir,

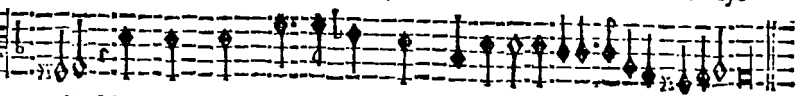


:||:

:||:

:||:

But ô while I did eye



hir, Mine eies drack Loue, my lips drack burning fier. :||:



Of 5. voc.

X XII.

A L T V S.

**F** Lo-ra gauc me fayrest flowers, :||: none so fayer,  
:||: In Floras treasure, none so faier, :||: In Floras treasure: These I plaft on  
Phyllis Bowers. She was pleafd, and she my pleasure, She was pleafd, :||: And she my  
pleasure: Smiling meadowes seeme to fay, Come yee wantons, heere to play. Smiling  
meadowes seeme to fay, Come ye wantons, heere to play, Come ye wantons, heere to  
play, to play, :||: Come heere to play. Come yee wantons, heere to play, to  
play, :||: Come, come yee wantons heere to play.

Here endeth the songs of 5. parts.

Of 6. voci

XXIII

ALTVS

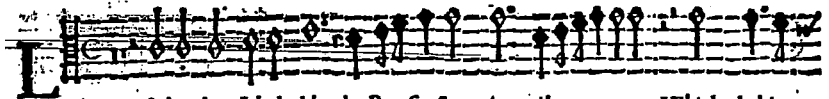
**S** Weet Loue: If thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory, :: Sub-  
due her hart, who makes mee glad and forry, Out of thy golden quier take,  
thou thy strongest arrow, That will through bone and marrow, ::  
That will through bone and marrow: And mee & thee, of grieke & feare deliuers  
And mee and thee, :: of grieke & feare' deliuer. But come behinde,  
:: But come behinde, for if she looke vpon thee, Alas poore Loue, ::  
Then thou art woe begon thee.

D.

Of 6. voc.

XXIII.

ALTVS.



Ady, when I behold, the Ro- ses sprouting, :||

Which clad in



damask mantels, decke the arbours: Which clad in damask mantels, which clad in damask



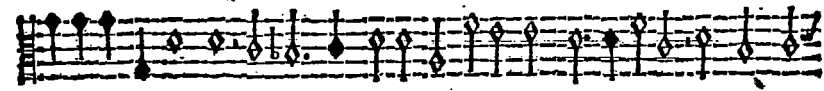
mantells, decke the arbours: & then behold your lips, wher sweet loue harbours: :||



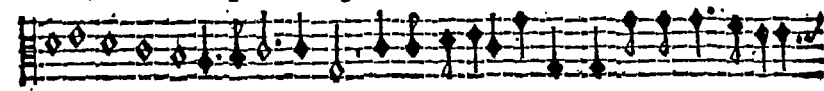
:||

My eies presents mee, :||

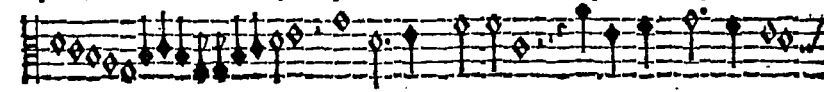
with a



double, double doubting: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind supposes, my mind sup-

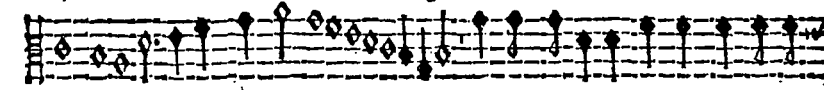


poses, whether the Roses be your lips, whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses,



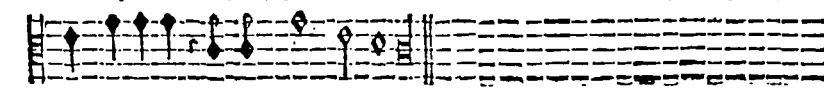
:||

For viewing both a like, hardly my minde supposes,



wheither y Roses bee your lips, :||

wheither the Roses be your lips, or your



lips the Roses, or your lppes the Roses.

**W** Hen shall my wretched lyfe giue place to death? When shall my

wretched life giue place to death? That my sad cares may be inforc'd to leaue mee:

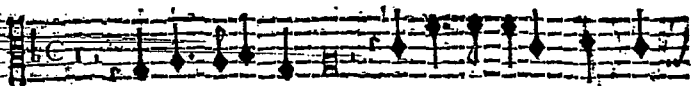
Come saddest shadow, stop my vitall breath, For I am thine, Then let not care be-

reue thee, Of thy sad thrall: But with thy fatal dart, Kill care and mee, Kill

care, and mee, While care lies at my hart. Kill care, and mee, Kill care and mee

While care lyes at my hart.

While care lyes at my hart.



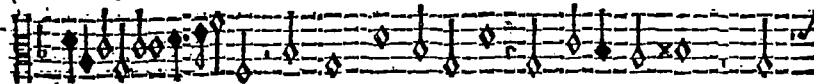
O foyes, & pleasing paines, Of ioyes, & pleasing paines, I



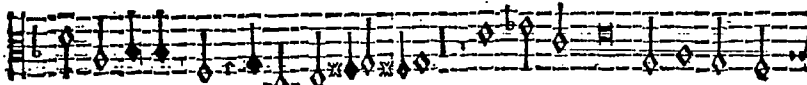
late went singing, O ioyes with paines, o ioyes with paines, o paines with ioyes con-



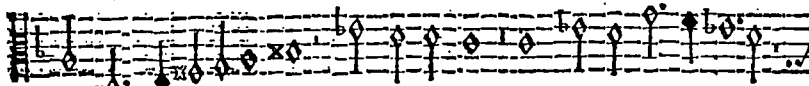
senting: And little thought as then, And little thought as then of now repenting: ||:



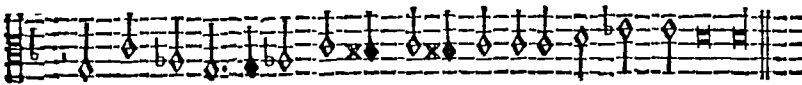
But now, think of my then sweet bitter sting-ing: All



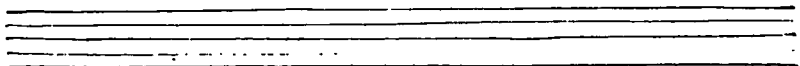
day long I my hands, A-las goe writ-ting, The balefull notes, the balefull notes,



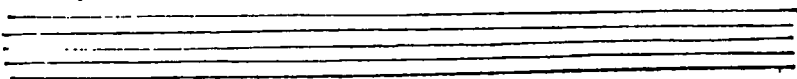
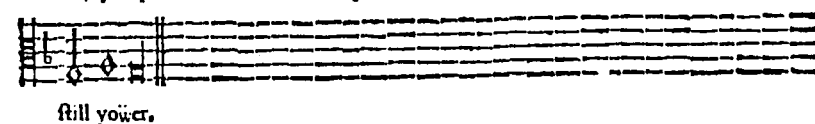
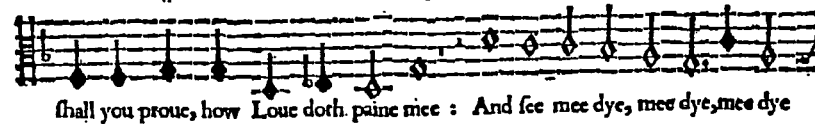
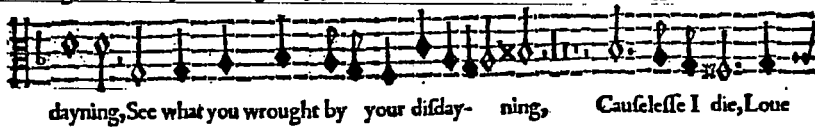
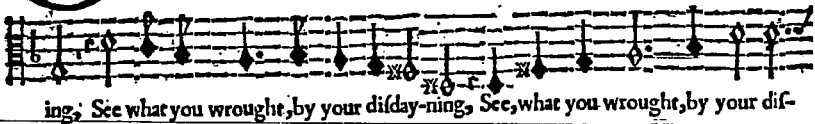
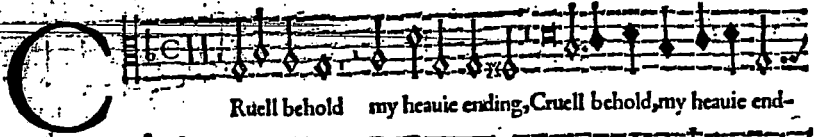
of which my sad tormenting, Are, ruth, & mone, frights, sobs, & loud lamenting,



From hills and dales, in my dull eares still ringing, in my dull eares still ringing.



**M**Y throte is fore, my voice is horfe, ::|: my  
 voice is horfe with skriking: My rests, are sighs, ::|: Deep from the hart root  
 fetched: My song runnes all on sharps, and with of stri- king, time on my  
 brest, time on my brest, I shrink with hands outstretched, ::|: Thus  
 still and stil I sing, and neare am linning: ::|: For still the close  
 ::|: points to my first beginning. Thus still and still I sing, ::|:  
 and neare am linning: For still the close, For still the close, points to my  
 first beginning.



**T** Hou art but yong thou fai'st, And loues delight thou wa'i'st not;||:

o take time while thou mai'st, Least when thou would'st thou mai'st not;||:

O take time while thou mai'st, Least when thou would'st, thou mai'st

not. If loue shall then assaile thee;||: A double double anguish, will tor-

ment thee: A double double anguish will torment thee, will torment thee, And thou wilt

wish, (But wishes all wil faile thee,) O mee, that I were yong againe, . . O mee, that

I were young againe; And so repent thee. O mee, that I were young againe; And so re-

pent thee.



**W**HY dost thou shoot, and I fecke not to shield mee: And I fecke

not to shield mee: Why dost thou shoot, & I fecke not to shield mee: I yeeld (sweet loue)

spare then my wounded liuer, And doe not make my hart thy arrowes

quieter, And doe not make my hart thy arrowes quieter, *z||z*:

hold, O hold, what needs this shooting, when I yeeld mee: What needs this shooting, *z||z*:

which I yeeld mee, O hold, O hold, What needs this shooting, what needs this

shooting, *z||z*: when I yeeld mee.

*FINIS.*

TENOR.

THE FIRST SET  
OF ENGLISH  
MADRIGALS  
TO

3.4.5. and 6. voices:

*Newly Composed*

BY

JOHN WILBYE.



AT LONDON:  
Printed by Thomas Este.

1598.

TO THE RIGHT WOR-  
shipfull and vallerous Knight.  
Sir Charles Cauendish.



**R**IGHT 'Vvorshipfull and renoumed Knight : Is bath  
happened of late, I know not how; whether by my folly, or  
fortune, so commit some of my labours to the presse. VVhich  
(the weaker the work is) haue more need of an Honorable  
Patron. Every thing perswades mee, (though they seeme not  
absolut:) that your Countenance is a sufficient warrant for  
them against sharp tongues & vnfriendly censures; Knowing your rare ver-  
tues, and honorable accomplishments to be such: as may iustly challenge their  
better regard and opinion, whome it shall please you to Patronize. If per-  
chance they shall proue worthie your patronage : My affection, dutie, and  
good will, bind mee rather to Dedicate them to you, then to any other: both  
for the reuerence, & honour I owe to all other your most singular vertues;  
and especially also for your excellent skill in Musicke, and your great loue  
and fauour of Musicke. There remaineth onely your fauorable acceptance,  
which humbly crauing at your hands, with protestation of all dutie, and  
service : I humbly take my leaue. From th' Augustinè Fryers the X.II. of  
April. 1598.

Your 'Vvorships : euer most bounden

and dutifull in all humilitie.

John Wilbye.

# THE TABLE

## *Songs to 3. voices.*

<b>F</b> LY Loue aloft.	I.
Away, thou shalt not loue mee.	II.
Ay mee, can euery rumour.	III.
Weepe O mine eies.	IIII.
Deere pittie how ? ah how ?	V.
Yce reſtleſſe thoughts.	VI.

## *Songs to 4. voices.*

<b>W</b> Hat needeth all this trauaile and turmoiling. The first part.	VII.
O fooles, can you not ſee a traffick neerer. The ſecond part.	VIII.
Alas what hope of ſpeeding.	IX.
Lady when I behold the Roſes ſprouting.	X.
Thus ſaith my Cloris bright.	XI.
Adew ſweet Amarillis.	XII.

## *Songs to 5. voices.*

<b>D</b> YE hapleſſe man, ſince ſhe denies thee grace.	XIII.
I fall, I fall, O ſtay mee. The first part.	XIII.
And though my Loue abounding. The ſecond part.	XV.
I alwaies beg, Yet neuer am releued. The first part.	XVI.
Thus Loue commaunds. The ſecond part.	XVII.
Lady, your words doe ſpight mee.	XVIII.
Alas, what a wretched life is this.	XIX.
Vnkinde, O ſtay thy flying.	XX.
I ſong ſometimes my thoughts and fancieſ pleaſure.	XXI.
Flora gaue mee faireſt flowers.	XXII.

## *Songs to 6. voices.*

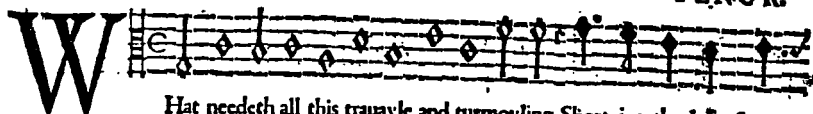
<b>S</b> weet Loue, if thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory.	XXIII.
Lady when I behold the Roſes ſprouting.	XXIIII.
When ſhall my wretched life giue place to death ?	XXV.
Of ioyes and pleaſing paines, I late went ſinging. The first part.	XXVI.
My throte is ſore, my voice is horſe with ſkriking. The ſecond part.	XXVII.
Cruell, behold my heaue ending.	XXVIII.
Thou art but yong thou ſaiſt.	XXIX.
Why doſt thou ſhoot, And I ſecke not to ſhield mee.	XXX.

FINIS.

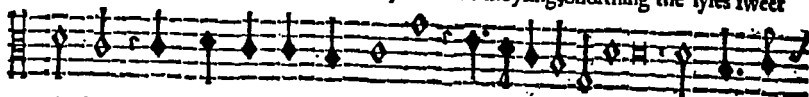
Of 4. voc. The first part.

VII.

TENOR.

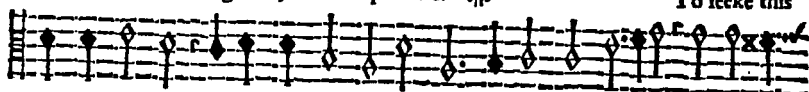
**W** 

Hat needeth all this trauyle and turmoyling, Shortning the lyfes sweet

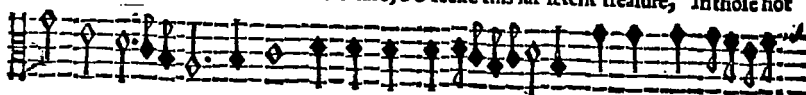


pleasure, Shortning the lyfes sweet pleasure. :::

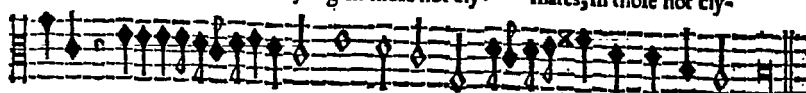
To seeke this



far fetcht treasure, this far fetcht treasure, To seeke this far fetcht treasure, In those hot



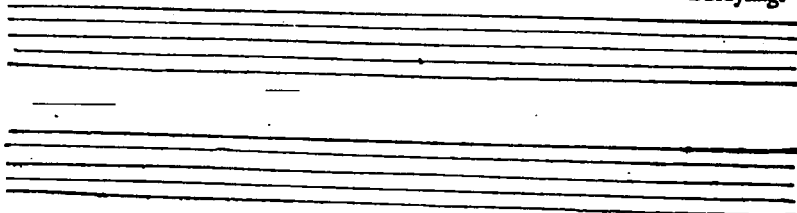
clymates, Vnder Phoebus broyling. In those hot cly- mates, In those hot cly-



mats, :::

In those hot clymats, Vn-

der Phoebus broyling.



B.

O

Fooles, can you not see a traffick neerer, O fooles can you not

see a traffick neerer, In my sweet Ladies face, in my sweet Ladies face, Where

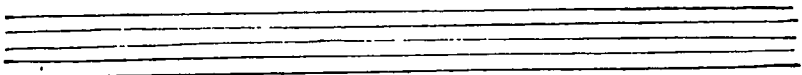
Nature showeth, what euer treasure eye sees, or hart knoweth? Rubies and Diamonds

daintie, ¶ And orient Perles such plentie, Corral & Ambergris, sweeter &

deerer, Corral and Ambergris, sweeter & dearer, Then which the South seas or Mo-

luccas lend vs, lend vs, Thē which the South seas or Moluccas lend vs, or either Indies,

or either Indies, East or West, do send vs.



Of 4. voc.

IX

TENOR.

**A**

Las, what hope of spee- ding, When hope beguild lies bleedings

She bad come, She bad come, when shee spide mee: And when I came shee slide

mee, shee slide mee, Thus when I was beguiled, Thus when I was, Thus when I was be-

gui- led, She at my fighting smi- led. But if you take such pleasure,

Of hope and ioy my treasure, my treasure, Of hope & ioy my

treasure, my treasure, By deceit to bereaue me, By deceit to bereaue me, :::

Love me and so deceiue mee. :::

B.ij.

Of 4. voc.

X.

TENOR.

**L** A- dy, when I behold, the Roses sprouting, the Ro- ses  
 sprouting, La- dy, when I behold, the Roses sprouting, :: Which clad in  
 damaske mantells deck the arbours: :: And then behold your  
 lips, :: :: Where sweet loue harbours, My eyes prefets me  
 with a double, dou-ble doubting: a double double doubting: My cies prefets me with a  
 double double doubting: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind supposes, whether the  
 Roses be your lips, or your lips the Roses: :: For viewing  
 both a like, hardly my minde supposes, Whether the Roses be your lip, or your lips the  
 Roses: ::



Of 4. voc.

XI.

TENOR.

**T** Hus faith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue sit downe and talke together, & talke together, Thus faith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue sit downe & talke together, Thus faith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue sit downe & talke together, Beware, Beware of Loue, (deere) Loue is a walking sprite, And Loue is this and that, :||: And O I wot not what, :||: And comes and goes againe, I wot not whether, :||: No, no, these are but bugs to breed ama-ning, to breed amazing, For in her eies I saw his torch light blazing.

Of 4. voc.

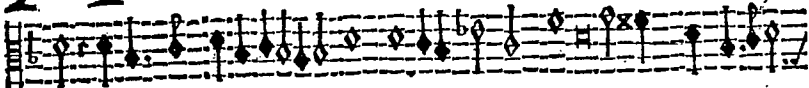
XII.

TENOR.

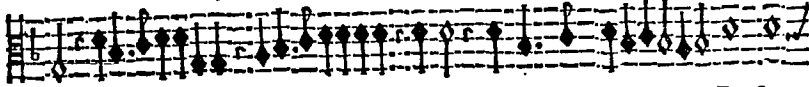
A



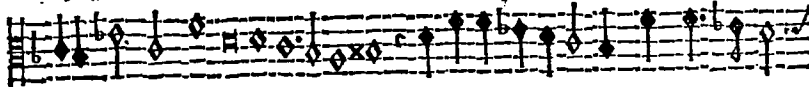
Dew sweet Amarillis, :||: :||: A-



dew, Adew sweet Amaril- lis:For since to part your will is,A dew sweet Amaril-



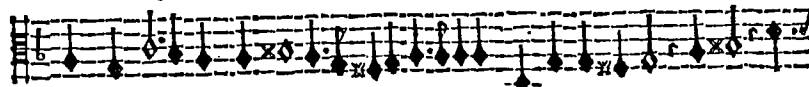
lis, :||: :||: Adew, Adew,(sweet Amaril- lis:For since



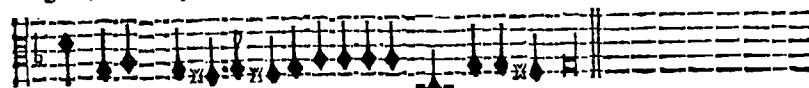
to part your will is, O heauy ty-ding,Heere is for me no bidding: Yet once againe,



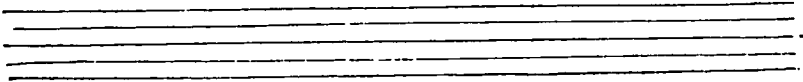
Yet once againe, againe, Ere that I part with you, yet once againe, Yet once againe a-



gaine, Ere that I part with you, Ama- rillis, Amarillis, sweet Adew, Adew, Adew, A-



dew, Adew sweet Ama- rillis, Amarillis, sweet Adew, Adew.



Heere endeth the songs of 4. parts.

**D** YE haplesse man, :||: Since she denies thee grace: Dye haplesse  
 man, :||: Since she denies thee grace, :||: Dye and dispaire, sith  
 she doth scorne to loue thee: Farewell most fayer, though thou dost fayer deface, Fare-  
 well most fayer, :||: Farewell most fayer, though thou dost fayer deface, :||:  
 Sith for my duteous loue, thou dost reprove mee : Sith for my duteous  
 loue, thou dost reprove mee. :||: Those smiling eies, that  
 sometimes mee reuiued, :||: Clowded with  
 frownes, haue mee of life de-privied.

OF 5. voc. The first part.

XIII.

TENOR.

Fall, I fall, O stay mee, :||: O stay mee, Deere

loue with ioyes yee flay mee, :||: with ioyes yee flay mee, Of life your

lips depriue mee, your lips depriue mee, Sweet, let your lips reuiue mee, :||:

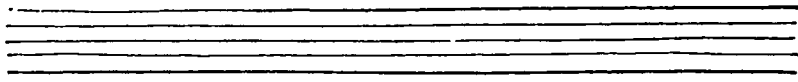
O whether are you ha- sting (thus) ha- sting, & leaue my life thus

wast'ing? My health on you relyeing, :||: :||: 'Twer sinne

to leaue mee, :||: dyeing. My health on you relyeing, :||: :||:

'Twer sinne to leaue mee, 'Twer sinne to leaue mee dyeing, to leaue

mee dye- ing.



Of 5. voc. The second part.

XV.

TENOR.

**A**

ND though my loue abounding, :||: Did make mee

fall a founding, :||: Yet am I well contented, Still fo to be tormen-

ted, :||: Yet am I well contented, still fo to

bee tormented: Still fo to bee tormented: And death can neuer feare mee, :||:

As long as you are neare mee. And death can neuer feare mee, As .

long as you, As long as you are neare mee.

C.

Allwaies beg, Yet ne- uer am releued: :: I alwaies

beg, I alwaies beg, Yet neuer am rele- ued: releued: I greeue, because my

griefes are not beleued: I grieue, because my griefes are not beleued: I cry aloud in

vaine, My voice out stretched, I cry aloud in vaine, my voice out stretched, And get but

this, :: Mine Ecco calls mee wretched, :: Mine Ecco cals mee

wretched, calls mee wretched.

**T** Hus Louc commaunds, That I in vaine complaine mee, That I in

vaine complaine mee: :: That I in vaine complaine mee: And forrow will,

That she shall still disdain mee: That she shall still disdain mee: :: Yet

did I hope, Which hope my life prolonged, Which hope my life pro-longed, To

heare hir fay Alas his Louc was wronged. A-las his Louc was wronged.

**L** Ady, your words doe spight mee, La- dy your words doe spight  
 me, Your words do spight me, Yet your sweet lips, so soft, kisse & delight me: kisse & de-  
 light, delight mee: Your deeds my hart surchargd with outroying: ::||  
 Your taunts my life destroying: ::|| Since both haue  
 force to spill mee, ::|| Let kisses sweet, ::|| Let kisses Sweet, ::||  
 Sweet kill mee: Knights fight with swords and launces, Fight you with smiling  
 glaunces: So like Swans of Leander, my ghost from hence shall wander, Singing and  
 dying, Singing and dying.

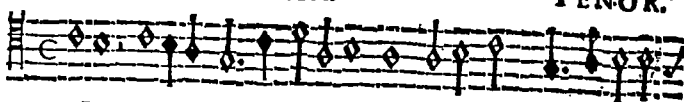


Of 5. voc.

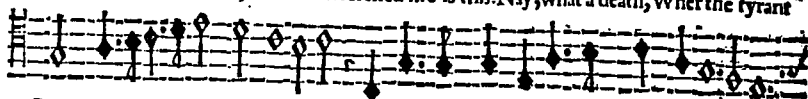
XIX.

TENOR.

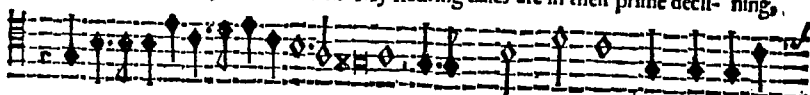
**A**



Las, what a wretched life is this: Nay, what a death, When the tyrant \*

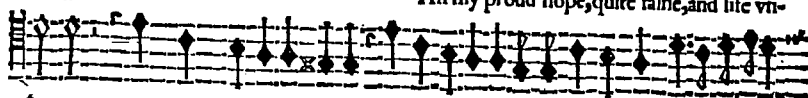


Loue commandeth, commandeth? My flourishing daies are in their prime declining,

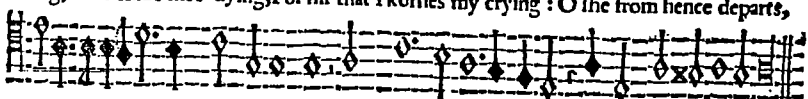


:||:

All my proud hope, quite false, and life un-

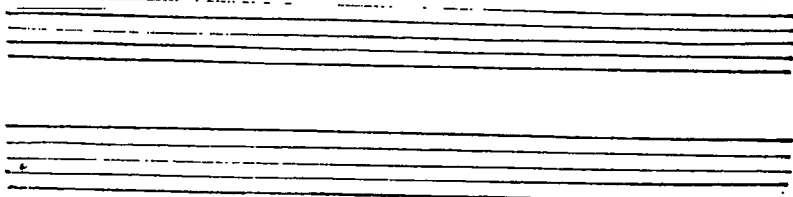


ing, And leaue mee dying, For hir that skornes my crying: O she from hence departs,



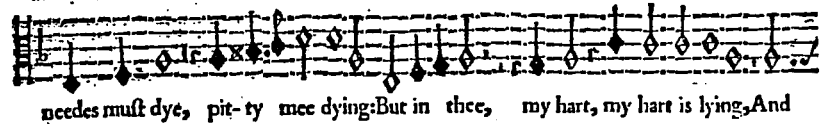
:||:

My Loue refraining, For whom all hartles, Alas, I dye complaining.





V Nkinde, O stay thy fly- ing, :||: And if I



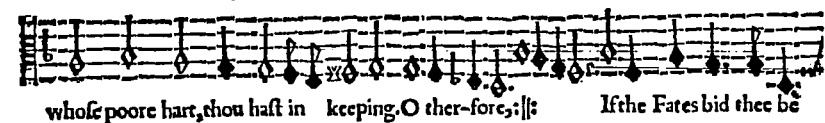
needes must dye, pit-ty mee dying:But in thee, my hart, my hart is lying,And



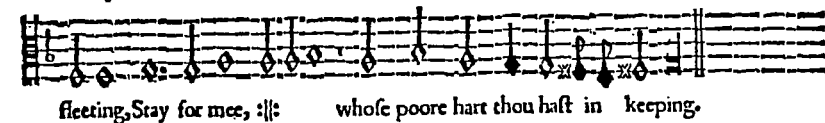
no death,And no death can affaile mee,Alas till life doth faile thee. :||:



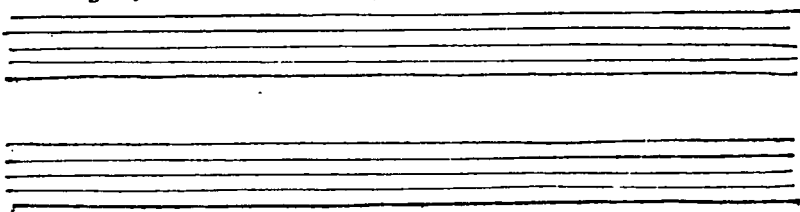
O there- fore, :||: If the Fates, bid thee bee fleeting,Stay for me, :||:



whose poore hart,thou hast in keeping.O ther-fore, :||: If the Fates bid thee be



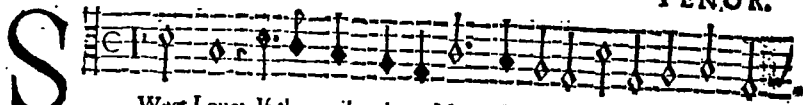
fleeing,Stay for mee, :||: whose poore hart thou hast in keeping.



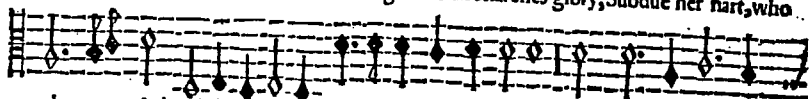
**T** Song sometimes my thoughts and fancies pleasure, When then I -  
 list, :||: or time scrud best and leasure, While Daphne did inuite mee, And  
 dranck to me to spite mee. I smild yet still did doube hir, :||:  
 And dranck wher she had dranck before, to flout hir, to flout hir. But o while  
 I did eie hir, :||: :||: :||: But  
 o while I did eye hir, Myne eyes dranck Loue, my lips dranck burning  
 fier. My lips dranck burning, fir er, But o while I did eie hir, But o while I, But  
 o while I did eye hir, :||: :||: did eye hir, Mine  
 eies dranck Loue, my lips dranck burning fir er. My lips dranck burning fir er.

**F** Lo-ra gaue me fayrest flowers, :||: none so fayer, :||:  
 :||: In Floras treasure, none so fairer, :||: In Floras treasure: These I plaft on  
 Phillis Bowers, :||: She was pleafd, :||: She was pleafd, And  
 she my pleasure: Smiling meadowes seeme to say, Come yee wantons, heere to play.  
 :||: Come heere to play. Come yee wantons, heere to play, to  
 play, Come yee wantons, heere to play, Come yee wantons, heere to play, to  
 play. Come yee wantons, Come yee wan-tons, heere to play.

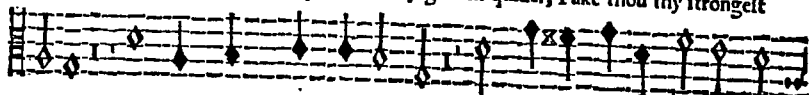
Heere endeth the songs of 5. parts.



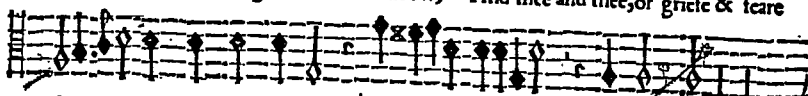
West Loue: If thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory, Subdue her hart, who



makes mee glad and fo- ry. Out of thy golden quiuer, Take thou thy strongest



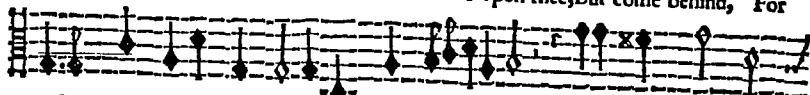
arrow; That will through bone and marrow, And mee and thee, of grieke & feare



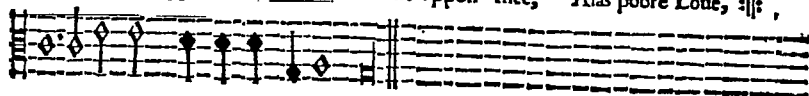
deli- uer: And mee and thee, :::: of grieke & feare deli-



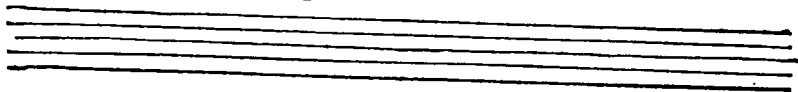
uer. But come behinde, :::: for if shee looke vpon thee, But come behind, For



if shee looke vpon thee, For if shee looke vpon thee, Alas poore Loue, :::: ,



Then thou art woe begon thee.



**L** Ady, when I behold, the Rofes fprouting, :||: :||:

Which clad in damask mantels, which clad in damaske manrells deck the ar-  
bours: And thē behold your lips, Wher sweet Loue harbours: And thē behold, :||:

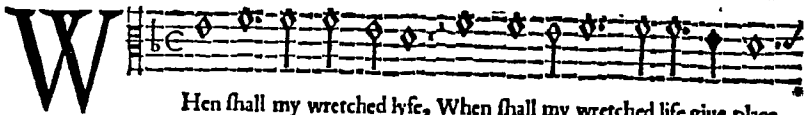
your lips, Where sweet Loue har- bours: My eies presents mee, :||: with a  
double doubting: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind fupposes, whether the  
Rofes be your lips, :||: whether the Rofes be your lips, or your lips y Rofes,  
or your lips the Rofes. For viewing both a like, hardly my minde fupposes, my  
minde fupposes, whether the Rofes be your lips, whether y Rofes be your lips, or your  
lips the Rofes. :||:

Of 6. voc.

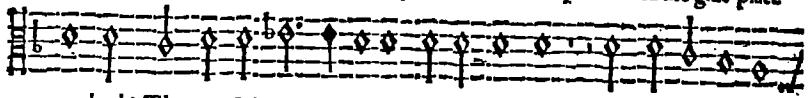
XXV.

TENOR.

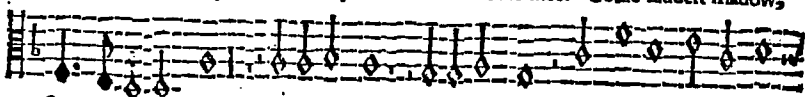
**W**hen shall my wretched lyfe, When shall my wretched life giue place



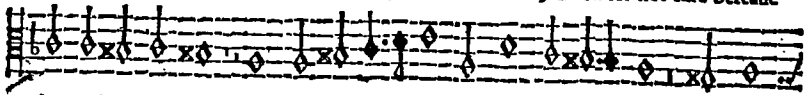
to death? That my sad cares may be inforc'd to leaue mee: Come saddest shadow,



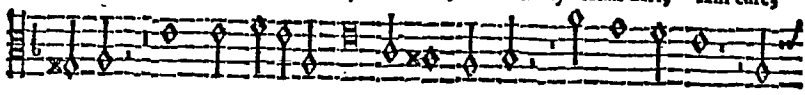
stop my vitall breath, For I am thine, For I am thine, Then let not care becaue



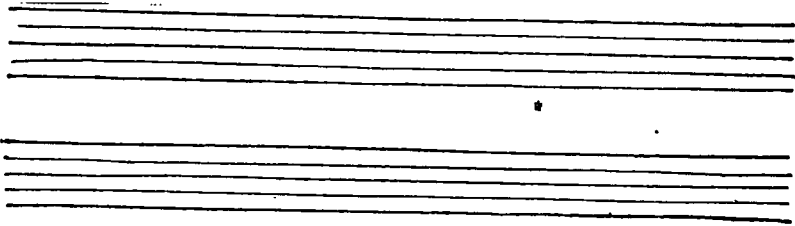
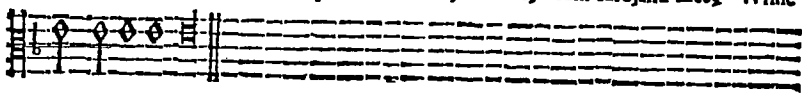
thee, Of thy sad thrall: But with thy farall dart, But with thy farall dart, Kill care,



and mee, While care lies at my hart. Kill care, and mee, Kill care, and mee, While



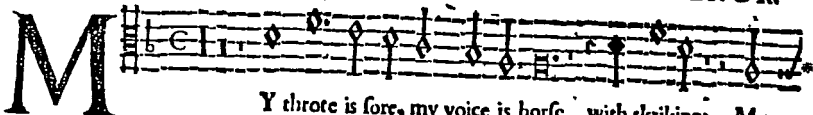
care lyes at my hart. —



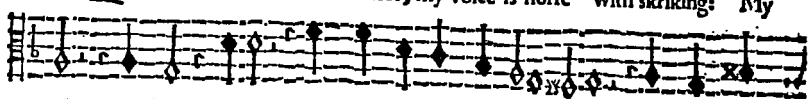
D.ij.



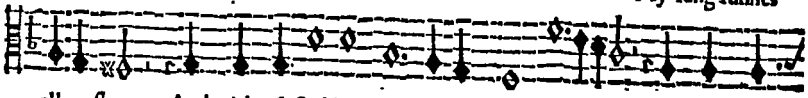


**M** 

Y throte is fore, my voice is horfe with skriking: My



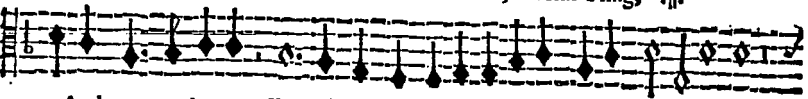
rests, are sighes, :: Deep from the hart root fet- ched: My song runnes



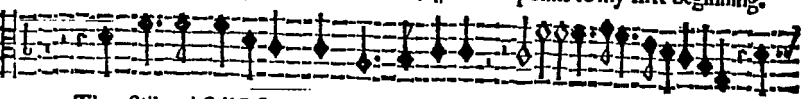
all on sharps, And with oft striking, time on my breast, :: I shrink with



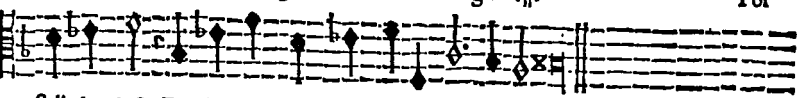
hands out stretched: :: Thus still, and still I sing, ::



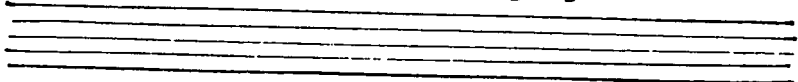
And neare am lining: For still the clofe, :: points to my first beginning.



— Thus still and still I sing, and neare am lining: :: For



still, the clofe, For still the clofe points to my first beginning.



**C** Ruell behould, Cruell behould my heaue ending, my heaue en-

ding, Cruell bechold, Cruell bechold my heaue ending: ::

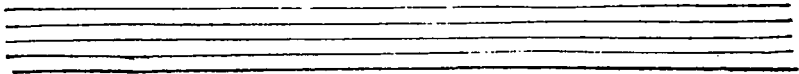
See, what you wrought by your disdayning, :: See what you

wrought, :: by your disdayning, Causelesse Idie, Loue still attending, Loue

still attending, Suffer those eyes which thus haue slaine mee, ::

With speed, to end their killing power: So shall you proue, how loue doth

paine me: And see mee dye, mee dye, And see mee dye still yower.



**T** Hou art but yong thou fai'ft, And loues delight thou wai'ft not: ||:

ô take time while thou mai'ft, Leaft when thou would'ft thou mai'ft  
not: thou may'ft not : O take time while thou mai'ft, :||: Leaft

when thou would'ft, thou would'ft thou mai'ft nor. If Loue fhall then affaile thee,  
:||: A double double anguish, will torment thee : And thou wilt  
with, (But wifhes all will faile thee,) O mee, that I were yong againe, O mee, that  
I were young againe; And fo repent thee. O mee, that I were young againe; And fo re-  
pent thee.

Cl. 6. vba

XXX.

TENOR.

**W** Hy dost thou shoot, And I seeke not to shield mee ? :||:

I yeeld (sweet Loue) I yeeld, I yeeld (sweet Loue) Spare then my

wounded liuer, And doe not make my hart, thy arrowes quiuer. :||:

O hold, O hold, What needs this shoo- ting, What needs this shoo- ting, :||:

What needs this shoo- ting, when I yeeld mee. O hold, O hold, What

needs this shooting, when I yeeld mee? What needs this shooting, What needs this

shooting, when I yeeld mee ?

F 7 N 7 S.

SEXTVS.

THE FIRST SET  
OF ENGLISH  
MADRIGALS  
TO  
3.4.5. and 6. voices:

*Newly Composed*  
BY  
JOHN WILBYE.



AT LONDON:  
Printed by Thomas Este.  
1598.

TO THE RIGHT WOR-  
shipfull and vallerous Knight  
Sir Charles Cavendish.



**R**IGHT VVorshipfull and renowned Knight : It hath happened of late, I know not how; whether by my folly, or fortune, to commit some of my labours to the presse. VVhich (the weaker the work is) haue more need of an Honorable Patron. Euery thing perswades mee, (though they seeme not absolute) that your Countenance is a sufficient warrant for them against sharp tongues & unfriendly censures; Knowing your rare vertues, and honorable accomplishments to be such: as may iustly challenge their better regard and opinion; whome it shall please you to Patronize. If perchance they shall proue worthie your patronage : My affection, dutie, and good will, bind mee rather to Dedicate them to you, then to any other: both for the reuerence, & honour I owe to all other your most singular vertues; and especially also for your excellent skill in Musicke, and your great loue and fauour of Musicke. There remaineth onely your saorable acceptance, which humbly crauing at your hands, with protestation of all dutie, and seruice : I humbly take my leaue. From th<sup>e</sup> Augustin<sup>e</sup> Fryers the XII. of Aprill. 1598.

Your Worships : euer most bounden  
and dutifull in all humilitie.

John Wilbye.

# THE TABLE

## *Songs to 3. voices.*

<b>F</b> LY Loue aloft.	I.
Away, thou shalt not loue mee.	II.
Ay mee, can euery rumour.	III.
Weepe O mine eies.	IIII.
Deere pittie how ? ah how ?	V.
Yee restlesse thoughts.	VI.

## *Songs to 4. voices.*

<b>W</b> Hat needeth all this trauaile and turmoiling. The first part.	VII.
O fooles, can you not see a traffick neerer. The second part.	VIII.
Alas what hope of speeding.	IX.
Lady when I behold the Roses sprouting.	X.
Thus saith my Cloris bright.	XI.
Adew sweet Amarillis.	XII.

## *Songs to 5. voices.*

<b>D</b> YE haplesse man, Since she denies thee grace.	XIII.
I fall, I fall, O stay mee. The first part.	XIIII.
And though my Loue abounding. The second part.	XV.
I alwaies beg, Yet neuer am releued. The first part.	XVI.
Thus Loue commaunds. The second part.	XVII.
Lady, your words doe spight mee.	XVIII.
Alas, what a wretched life is this.	XIX.
Vnkinde, O stay thy flying.	XX.
I Soung sometimes my thoughts and fancies pleasure.	XXI.
Flora gaue mee fairest flowers.	XXII.

## *Songs to 6. voices.*

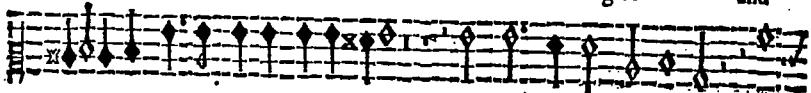
<b>S</b> weet Loue, if thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory.	XXIII.
Lady when I behold the Roses sprouting.	XXIIII.
When shall my wretched life giue place to death ?	XXV.
Of ioyes and pleasing paines, I late went singing. The first part.	XXVI.
My throte is sore, my voice is horse with skriking. The second part.	XXVII.
Cruell, behold my heauie ending.	XXVIII.
Thou art but yong thou fast.	XXIX.
Why dost thou shoot, And I seeke not to shield mee.	XXX.

FINIS.

**S**weet Loue: If thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory, Sweet loue, if thou wilt



gaine a Monarches glo- ry, Subdue her hart, who makes mee glad and



fo- ry, Out of thy golden qui- uer: Take thou thy strongest arrow, That



will through bone & marrow, :||: And mee and thee of griefe and feare,



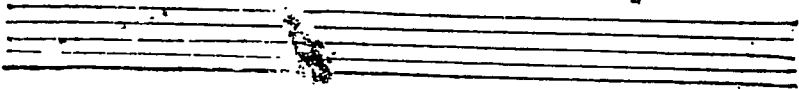
deli- uer: And mee and thee, :||: And mee & thee, of griefe & feare



deli- uer. But come behinde, :||: for if shee looke vpon thee, for if shee look vp-



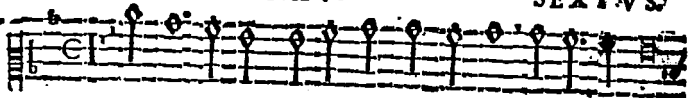
pon thee, A-las poore Loue, :||: Then thou art woe bee-gone thee.





**L** Ady, when I behold, :: the Rofes fprouting, the Rofes  
 fprouting, :: Which clad in damask mantels, :: deck the ar-  
 bours, :: And then behold, & then behold your lips, wher sweet loue harbours, &  
 then behold, your lips, wher sweet loue har-bors, :: My eies pre-  
 fents mee, :: with a double, double doubting: For viewing both a like, hard-  
 ly my mind fupposes, fupposes, whether the Rofes be your lips, whether the Rofes  
 be your tips, or your lips the Rofes, :: whether the Rofes  
 be your lips, or your lips the Ro- fcs, :: For viewing  
 both a like, hardly my minde fupposes, fupposes, whether the Rofes be your lips,

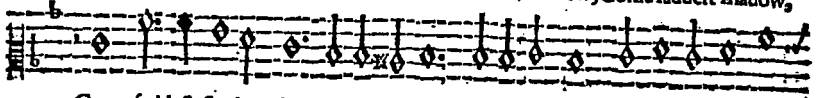
W



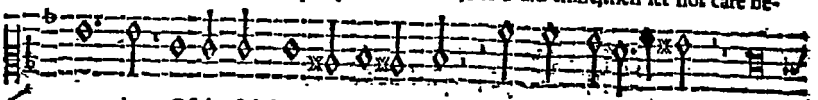
Hen thal my wretched life giue place to death: that my sad cares



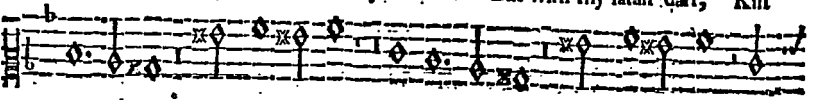
may be inforc'd to leaue mee: Come saddest shadow, Come saddest shadow,



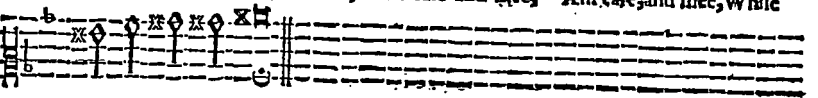
Come saddest shadow, stop my vitall breath, For I am thine, then let not care be-



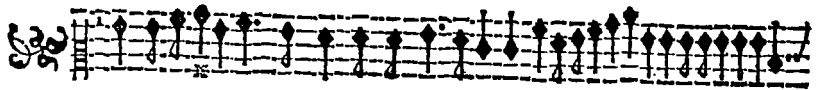
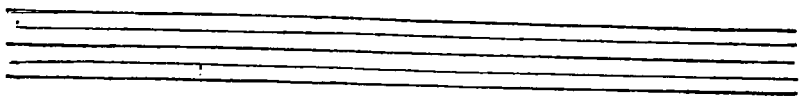
reue thee, Of thy sad thrall: Of thy sad thrall: But with thy fatall dart, Kill



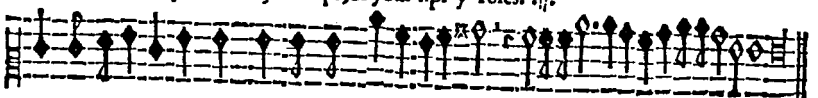
care, and mee, Kill care, and mee, Kill care and mee, Kill care, and mee, While



care lies at my hart.

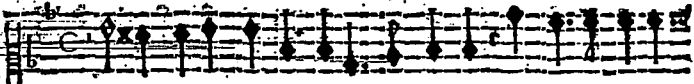


whether y roses be your lips, or your lips y roses. :::

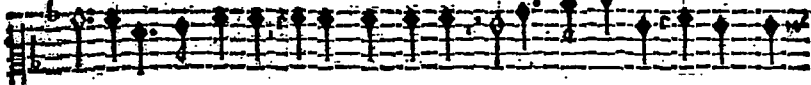


whether y Roses be your lips, or your lips y Ro-ses :::

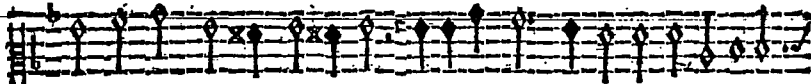
B.ij.



O ioyes, & pleasing paines, I late went singing, Of ioyes, & pleasing



paines, I late went singing, I late went singing, I late went singing, O ioyes with



paines, o paines with ioyes con-senting: And little thought as then of now repenting:

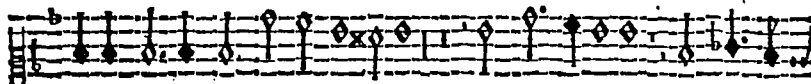


||:

But now, think of, But now think of my



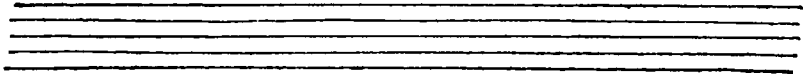
then sweet bitter singing: All day long, I my hands, Alas, Alas, go wringing, The



baleful notes, of which my sad tormenting, And loud lamenting, From hills and



dales, in my dull eares still ringing, From hills & dales in my dull eares still ringing.



**M** Y throte is sore, my voice is horse, :||: with  
 skriking, My rests, are sighes, :||: Deep from the hart root fetched: My song runnes  
 all on sharps, and with oft striking, time on my brest, :||: I shrink, I  
 shrink, I shrink with hands out stretched : :||: Thus still, and still I  
 sing, And neare am linning : :||: And neare am linning :  
 :||: For still the close, points to my first beginning. Thus still and  
 still I sing, and neare am linning : :||: and neare am linning :  
 :||: For still the close, points to my first beginning.

The musical score consists of ten staves of music. Each staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The music is written in a style typical of early modern printed music, with various note values and rests. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with repeat signs (:||:) indicating where the music and text repeat. The first staff starts with a large initial 'M'. The lyrics describe a state of distress and exhaustion, with the singer's voice being hoarse and their hands stretched out. The text repeats several phrases, such as 'And neare am linning' and 'For still the close, points to my first beginning', suggesting a cyclical or meditative nature to the piece.

**C** Ruell behold, my heauy ending, :||: my heauy ending,

Cruell behold, my heauy ending, See, what you wrought, by your disdayning,

:||: See what you wrought by your disdayning, Causelesse I

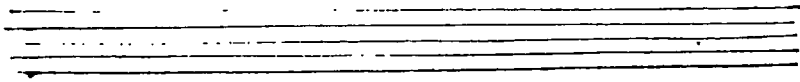
die, Loue still attending, Your hopeles pittie, of my complaining : Your hopeles

pittie of my complaining, : Suffer those eies, which thus haue slaine mee,

:||: With speed, to end their killing power: So

shall you proue how Loue doth paine mee, :||: And see

mee dye, mee dye still youer.



Of 6. vol.

Hou art but yong thou fa'ist, but yong thou fa'ist, and loues delight thou  
 o take time while thou mai'ist, :||: Least  
 wai'ist not: would'ist thou mai'ist not, :||: O take time while thou mai'ist,  
 when thou would'ist, thou mai'ist not. Least when thou would'ist, :||: thou  
 Least when thou would'ist, thou mai'ist not. Least when thou would'ist, :||: thou  
 loue shall then assaile thee, :||: A double double anguish :||:  
 mai'ist not: will tor-ment thee: And thou wilt wish, (But wishes all wil faile thee,) :||:  
 O mee, that I were yong againe, O mee, that I were  
 ; And so repent thee. O mee, that I were young againe; And so repent thee.  
 young againe

**W**HY dost thou shoot, and I seeke not to shield mee? :||:

why dost thou shoote, & I seeke not to shield mee? :||:

I yeeld (sweet loue) I yeeld (sweet loue) spare then my wounded liuer, and doe not

make my hart thy arrowes quiuer, And do not make my hart thy arrowes quiuer, :||:

O hold; O hold; what needs this shooting, when I yeeld mee. What

needs this shoo- ting, :||: when I yeeld mee? O hold, O hold, what needs

this shooting, when I yeeld mee? What needs this shoo- ting, :||:

when I yeeld mee.

*FINIS.*

BASSVS.

THE FIRST SET  
OF ENGLISH  
MADRIGALS  
TO

3. 4. 5. and 6. voices:

*Newly Composed*

BY

JOHN WILBYE.



AT LONDON:

Printed by Thomas Este.

1598.

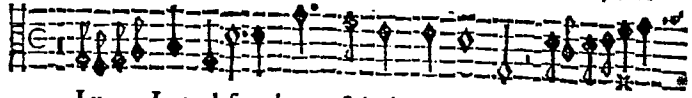


Of 3. voc.

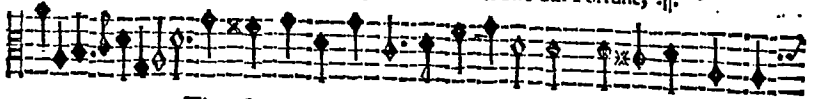
I.

BASSVS.

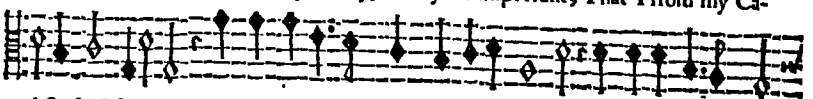
**F**



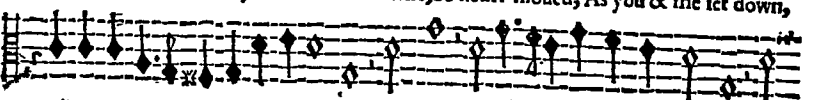
Ly Loue aloft, to heauen & looke out-Fortune, :||:



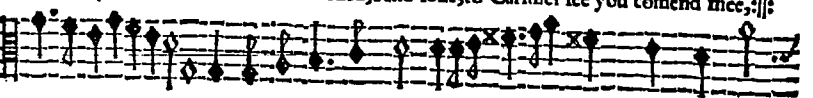
Then sweetly sweetly, sweetly hir importune, That I from my Ca-



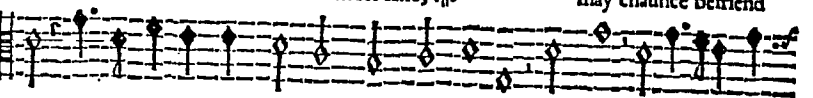
lifo best beloued, As you & she set downe, be neuer moued, As you & she set down,



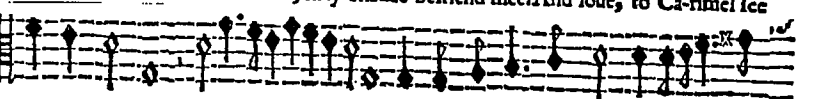
:||: be neuer moued, And loue, to Carimel see you comend mee, :||:



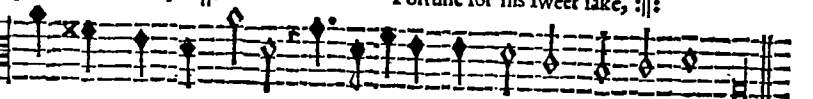
Fortune for his sweet sake, :||: may chaunce befriend



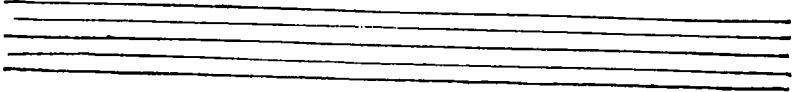
mee, Fortune for his sweet sake, may chaunce befriend mee. And loue, to Ca-rimel see



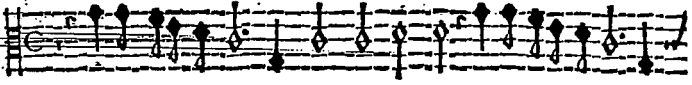
you comend mee, :||: Fortune for his sweet sake, :||:



may chaunce befriend mee. Fortune for his sweet sake, may chaunce befriend mee.



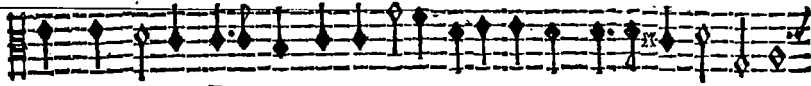
**A**



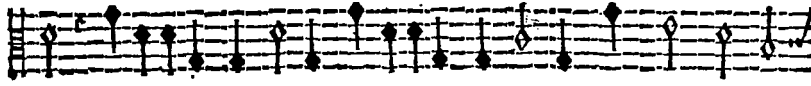
Way,||: Away, thou shalt not loue mee. Away,||: away, thou



shalt not loue mee. So shalt my loue seeme greater, And I shall loue the better, So shalt my



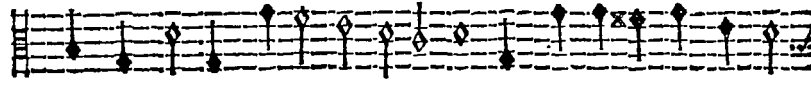
loue seeme greater, And I shall loue the better, And I shall loue, And I shall loue the bet-



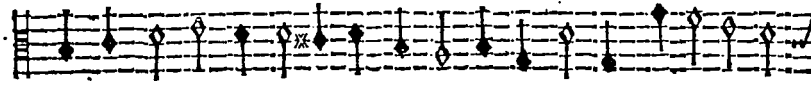
ter, shall it be so? what say you? shall it be so? what say you? Why speake you not



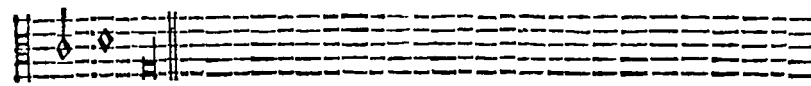
I pray you? Nay then I know you loue mee, you loue mee, Nay then I know you loue



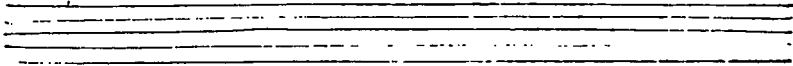
mee, you loue mee, That so you may disproue mee. Nay then I know you loue



mee, you loue mee, Nay then I know you loue mee, you loue mee, That so you may



disproue mee.



Of 3. voc.

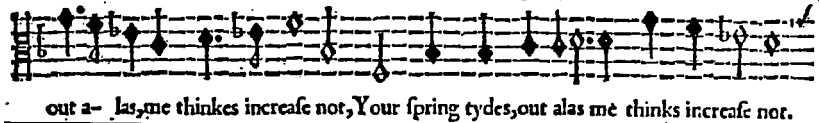
III.

BASSVS.

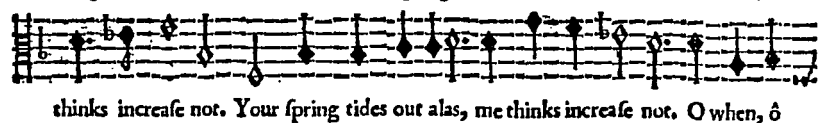
**A**

Y mee, Can euery rumor, Thus start my Ladies humor? Aye mee,  
Can euery rumor, Thus start, :: my Ladies humor? Name yee some gallant to  
her, why straight forsooth I woe her, then burst she forth in passion, You men loue but for  
fashion, You men loue but for fashion, Yet sure I am that no man, Yet sure I am that  
no man, euer so loued woman, Yet a-las Loue be wary, be wary, For women be con-  
tra-ry. Yet sure I am that no man, Yet sure I am that no man, euer so loued wo-  
man, Yet a-las Loue bec wa-ry, bec wa-ry, For women be contra-ry.

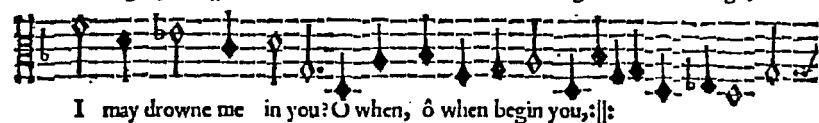
**W**  *Heere O mine eies, & cease not: Your spring tides, out alas, out alas,*

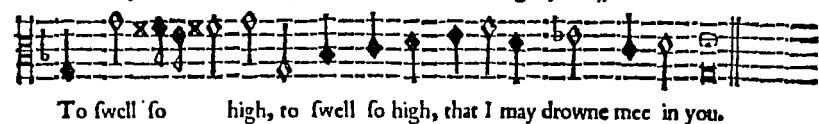
 *out a- las, me thinks increafe not, Your spring tydes, out alas me thinks increafe not.*

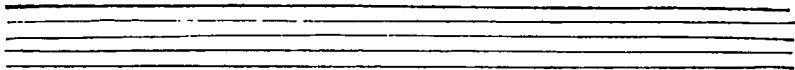
 *Weep o mine eies & cease not: Your spring tydes, out alas, out alas, out a- las, me*

 *thinks increafe not. Your spring tides out alas, me thinks increafe not. O when, o*

 *when begin you, :: To swell fo high, to swell fo high, that*

 *I may drowne me in you? O when, o when begin you, ::*

 *To swell fo high, to swell fo high, that I may drowne mee in you.*

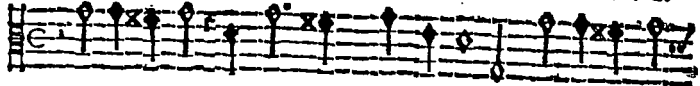


Of 3. voc.

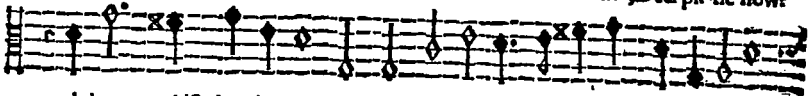
V.

BASS V.S.

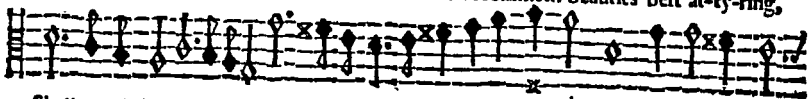
**D**



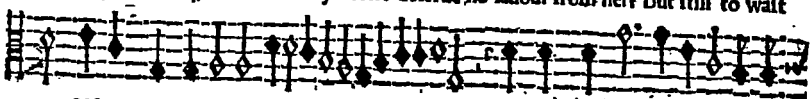
Ere pit-tie how? ah how? wouldst thou become her, Descrip-tie how?



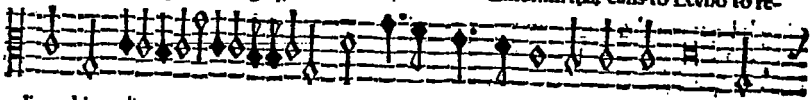
ah how? wouldst thou become her? That best becommeth beauties best at-ty-ring,



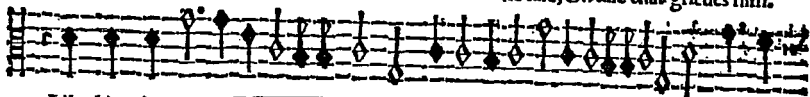
Shall my desert, :||: Shall my desert deserue no fauour from her? But still to wast



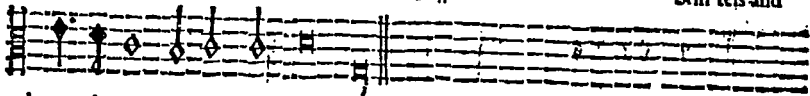
my selfe in deep admiring, :||: Like him that calls to Echo to re-



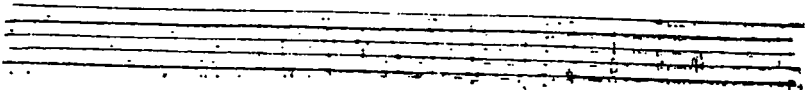
lieue him, :||: Still tels & heares the tale, Oh tale that grieues him.



Like him that calls to Echo to relieue him, :||: Still tels and



heares the tale, Oh tale that grieues him.



**Y**ee restless thoughts, :||: that harbour discontent, Cease  
 your assaults: :||: & let my hart lament, Yee restless thoughts, :||: that har-  
 bour discontent, Cease your assaults: :||: & let my hart lament; And let my tongue  
 haue leasur to tell my grieffe, That she may pittie, though not graunt reliefe. :||:  
 Pittie would help, pittie would help what loue hath almost slaine, pittie would  
 help, what loue hath almost slaine, And salue the wound, that fest' red this disdain.  
 Pittie would help, pittie would help, what loue hath almost slaine, ij.  
 And salue the wound that fest' red this disdain.

Heere endeth the Songs of 3. parts.

Of 4. voc.

VII.

BASSVS.

**W**

Hat needeth all this trauyle and turmoyling, Shortning the  
lyfes sweet pleasure, Shortning the lyfes sweet pleasure. To seeke this far fetcht  
treasure, this far fetcht treasure, To seeke this far fetcht treasure, ::  
In those hot clymates, In those hot cly- mates,  
Vn-der Phoebus broyling.

B.

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Of 4. voc. The second part.

VIII:

BASS V S.

**O** Fooles, can you not see a traffick neerer, In my sweet Ladies

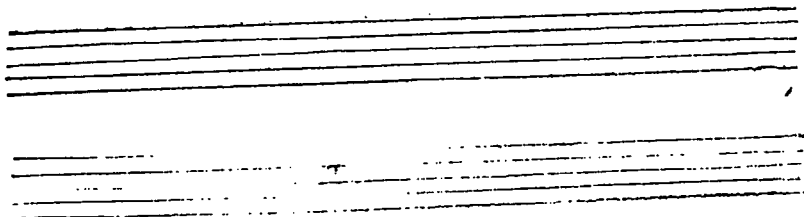
face, Where Nature showeth, what-euer treasure eye sees, or hart

knoweth Rubies and Diamonds daintie, Rubies and Diamonds daintie, And orient

Perles such plentie, Corall and Ambergris, sweeter and deerer, Corall and Amber-

gris, sweeter and deerer, Then which the South seas or Moluccas lend vs, Then

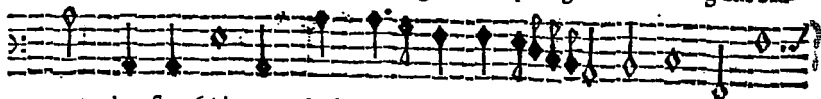
which the South seas or Moluccas lend vs, or either Indies, East or West, do lend vs.



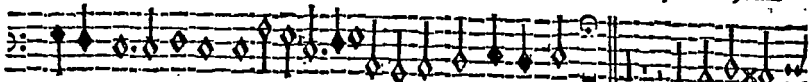


**A**

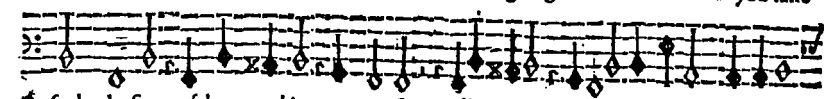
Las, what hope of speeding, Wher hope beguill lies bleeding: She bad



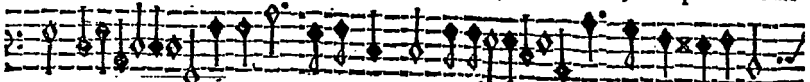
come, when shee spide mee : And when I came shee slide mee, shee flyde mee, Thus



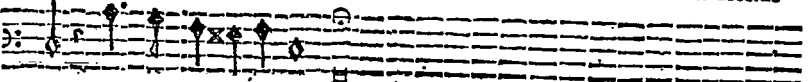
when I was beguiled, :||: She at my fighting smiled. But if you take



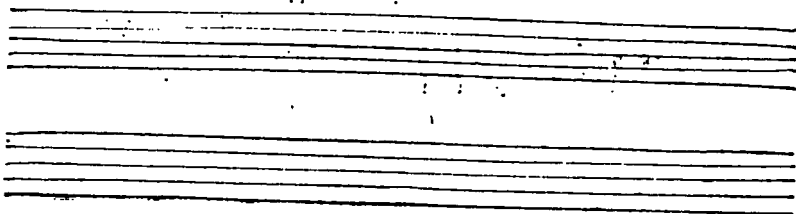
such pleasure, of hope and ioy my treasure, :||: By decept to bereaue



me, :||: By decept to bereaue me, :||: Loue me and so deceiue



mee. Loue mee and so deceiue mee.



**L** A-dy, when I behold, the Rofes sprouting, La-dy, whē I be-  
 hold, the Ro- fes sprouting, Which clad in damaske mantells deck the ar-  
 bours: :: My eyes presents mee with a double, dou-  
 ble doubting: :: For viewing both a like, hardly my  
 minde fupposes, Whether the Rofes be your lips, :: or your lips the  
 Rofes. For viewing both a like, hardly my minde fupposes, Whether the Rofes be  
 your lips, :: or your lips the Rofes:

Of 4. voc.

XI.

BASSVS.

**T** Hus saith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue sit downe and talke  
together, & talke together, Thus saith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue sit downe  
and talke together, & talke together, Beware of Loue, (deere) Loue is a walking sprite,  
a walking sprite, And Loue is this and that, :||: And O I wot not what,  
:||: And comes and goes againe, I wot not whether, And comes and  
goes againe, I wot not whether : No, no, these are but bugs to breed amazing, to  
breed amazing, For in her eies I saw his torch light blazing.

Of 4. voc.

XII.

BASSVS.

**A**

Dew sweet Amarillis, :::

Adew, Adew, A-

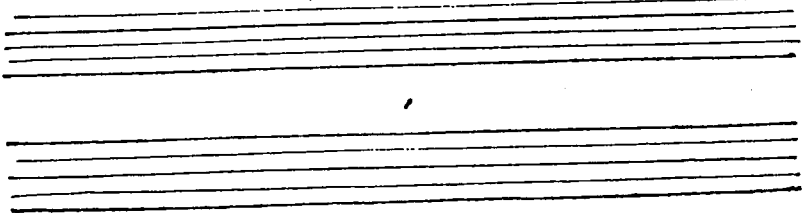
dew, sweet Amarillis: For since to part your will is, A-dew sweet Amarillis, :::

Adew, Adew, Adew, sweet Amarillis : For since to part your will is,

O heauy tyding, Heere is for me no biding: Yet once againe againe, Ere that I part

with you, Yet once againe, againe, Ere that I part with you, Amarillis, Amarillis, sweet A-

dew, Adew, Adew, Adew, Adew. Sweet Amarillis, Amarillis sweet Adew, Adew.



Heere endeth the songs of 4. parts.

**D**

YE haplesse man, :: Since she denies thee grace. Dye hap-

lesse man, :: Dye and dispaire, sith she doth scorne to loue thee: Fare-

well most fayer, though thou dost fayer deface, :: Sith for my

duteous loue, thou dost reprove mee: Sith for my duteous loue, thou dost reprove

mee. Those smiling eies, that sometimes mee reuiued, Those smiling eies, that sometimes

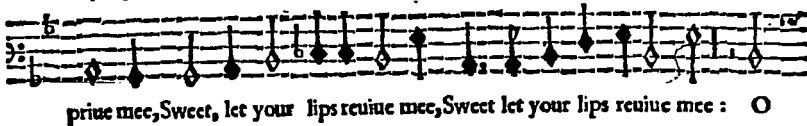
mee reui- ued, Clowded with frownes, haue mee of life de- priued.



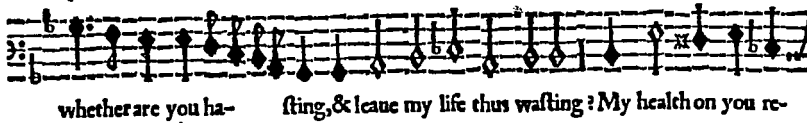
Fall, I fall, O stay mee, :||: Deere loue with



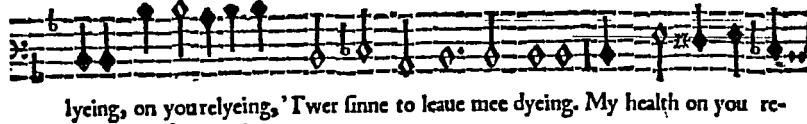
ioyes yee slay mee, :||: Of life your lips depriue mee, de-



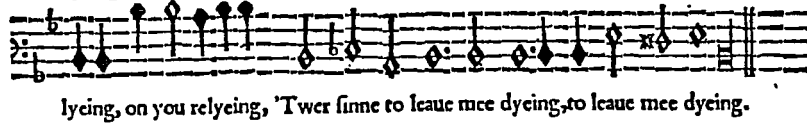
priue mee, Sweet, let your lips reuiue mee, Sweet let your lips reuiue mee : O



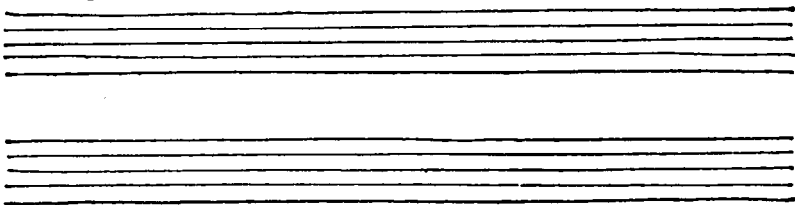
whether are you ha- sting, & leaue my life thus wasting? My health on you re-



lying, on you relyeing, 'Twer sinne to leaue mee dyeing. My health on you re-



lying, on you relyeing, 'Twer sinne to leaue mee dyeing, to leaue mee dyeing.



Of 5. voc. The second part.

XV.

BASSVS.

**A**

ND though my loue abounding, did make mee fall a founding,  
Yet am I well contented, Still so to be tormented: Still  
so to bee tormented: Yet am I well contented, still so to bee tormented:  
And death can ne-uer feare mee, As long as you are neare mee, And  
death can ne- uer feare mee, As long as you are neare mee.

**C.**

Allwaies beg, Yet ne-uer am releued: I alwaies beg, I al-

waies beg, Yet neuer am releued: I grieue, because my griefes are not beleued:

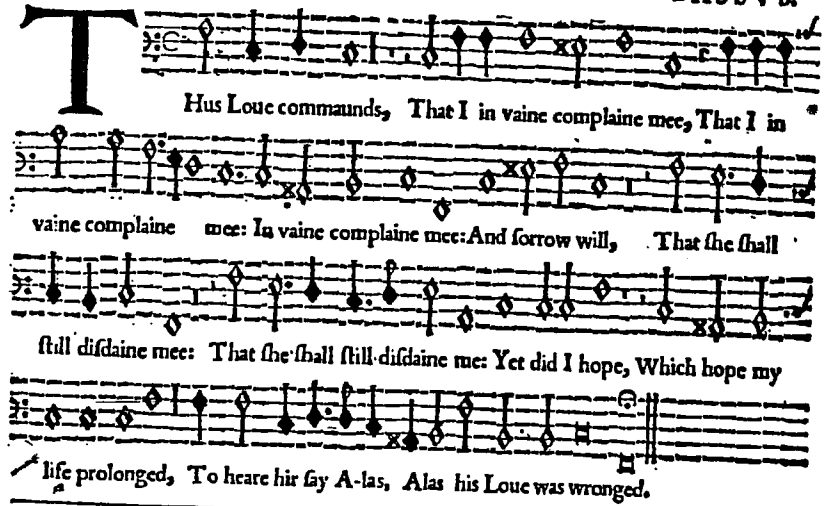
I grieue, because my griefes are not beleued: I cry aloud in vaine, My voice out

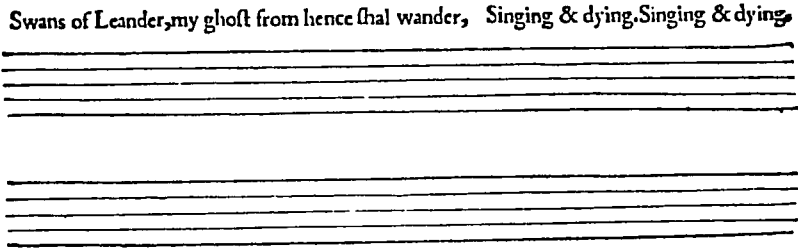
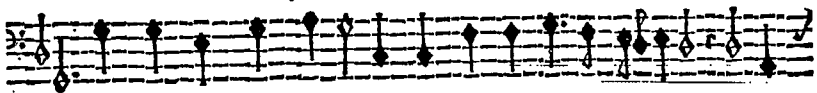
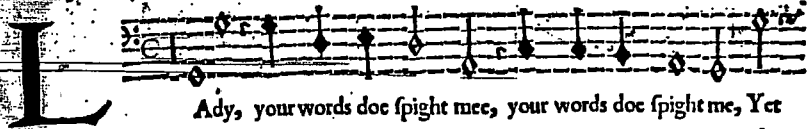
stretched, my voice out stretched, And get but this, Mine Ecco calls mee wretched.

||: Mine Ecco cals mee wretched.

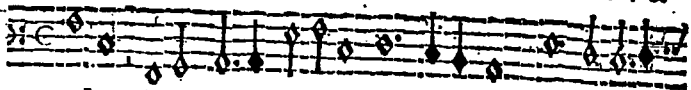


**T** Hus Loue commaunds, That I in vaine complaine mee, That I in  
vaine complaine mee: In vaine complaine mee: And sorrow will, That she shall  
still disdain mee: That she shall still disdain mee: Yet did I hope, Which hope my  
life prolonged, To heare hir say A-las, Alas his Loue was wronged.





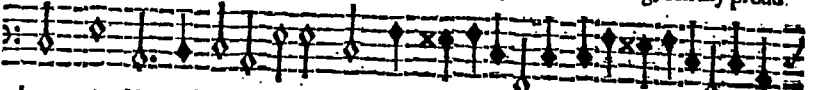
**A**



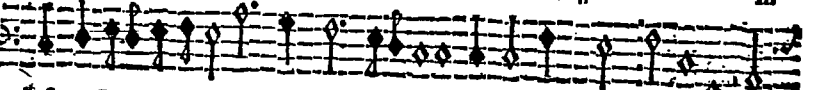
Las, what a wretched life is this? Nay, what a death, When the tyrant



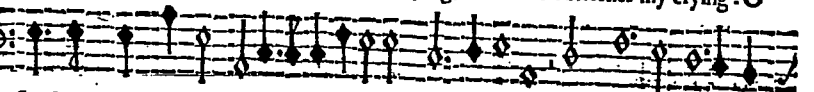
Loue commandeth? My flourishing daies are in their prime declining, All my proud



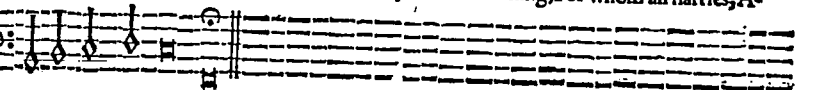
hope, quite false, and life vntwining: My ioyes each after other, :||: In



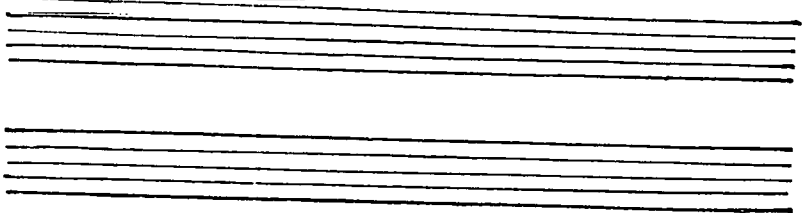
hast are flying, And leaue mee dying, For her that skornes my crying: O



she from hence departs, :||: My Loue refraining, For whom all hartles, A-

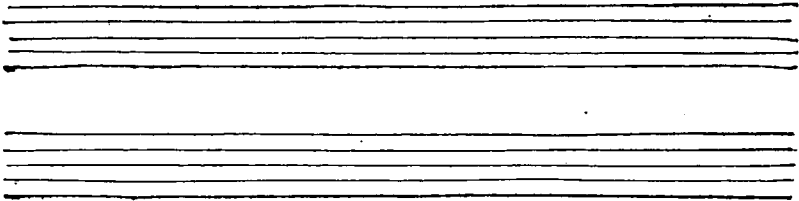


las, I dye complaining.

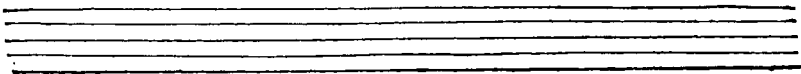
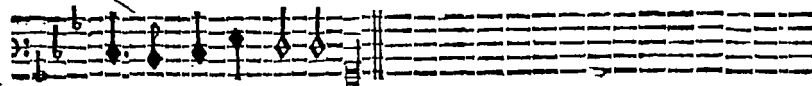
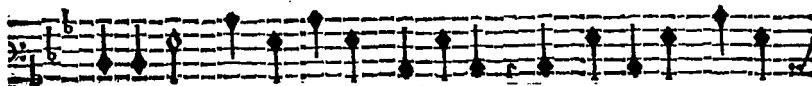
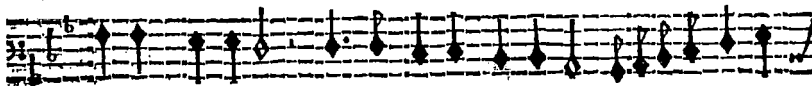
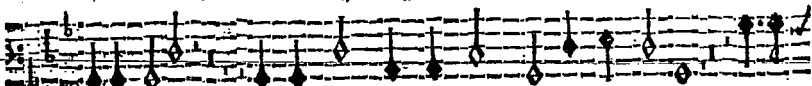


**V** Nkinde, O stay thy flying, Vnkinde, And if I needs must dye,  
 pittie mee dying: But in thee, my hart, my hart, my hart is lying, And no death,  
 can assaile me, Alas till life doth faile thee, till life doth faile thee, O therefore, If the  
 Fates, bid thee be fleeting, Stay for mee, whose poore hart, thou hast in keeping. O ther-  
 fore, If the Fates bid thee bee fleeting; Stay for mee, whose poore hart thou hast  
 in kee-ping.

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a large, decorative initial 'V'. The music is written in a bass clef with a common time signature (C). The lyrics are printed below the notes. The score concludes with a double bar line and a final note on the sixth staff.



Song sometimes my thoughts and fancies pleasure, When then I  
 list, or time seru'd best and leasure, While Daphne did inuite me, To supper once, And  
 dranck to mee to spite mee. I smild yet still did doubt hir, And dranck where  
 she had dranck before, :||: to flout hir. But ô while I did eie hir,  
 :||: But ô while I did eye hir, Myne eyes dranck Loue, my lips dranck  
 burning fi-cr. My lips dranck burning fi-cr. But ô while I did eie hir, :||:  
 But ô while I did eye hir, Mine eies dranck Loue, my lips dranck burning  
 fi-cr. My lips dranck burning fi-cr.



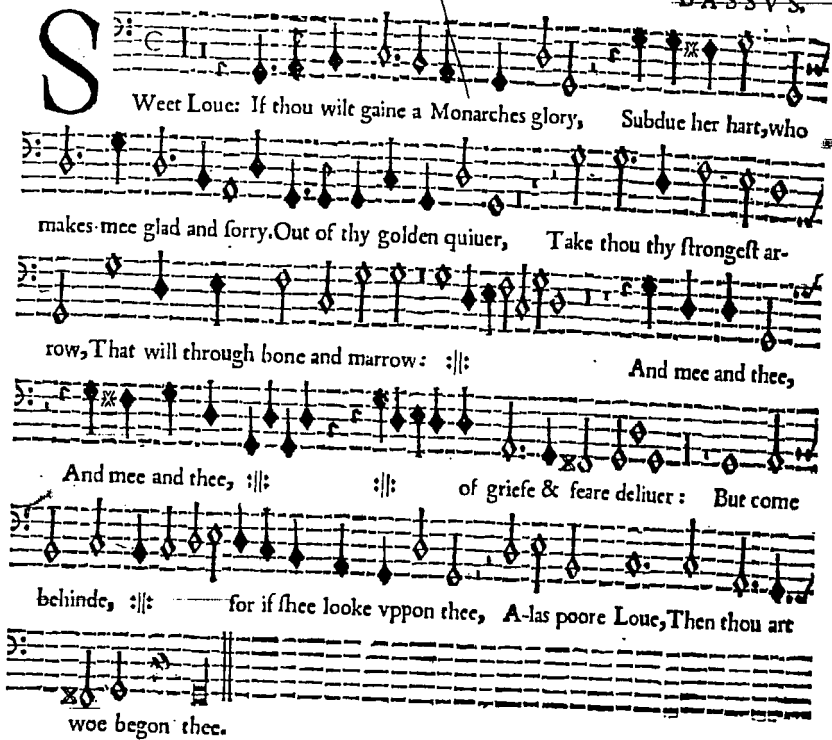
Here endeth the songs of 5. parts.

Of 5. voc.

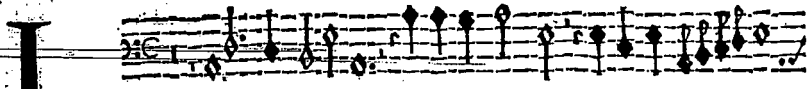
XYIII.

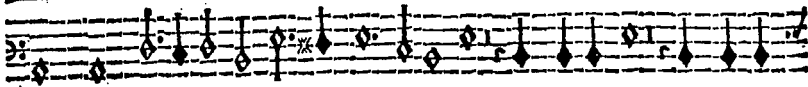
BASSVS.

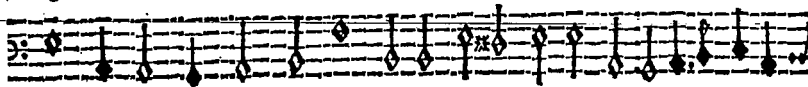
**S** Weet Loue: If thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory, Subdue her hart, who  
makes mee glad and forry. Out of thy golden quiuer, Take thou thy strongest ar-  
row, That will through bone and marrow: **And mee and thee,**  
**And mee and thee,** of griefe & feare deliuer: But come  
behinde, for if thee looke vpon thee, A-las poore Loue, Then thou art  
woe begon thee.

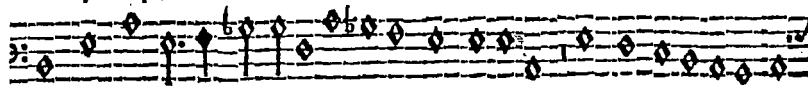


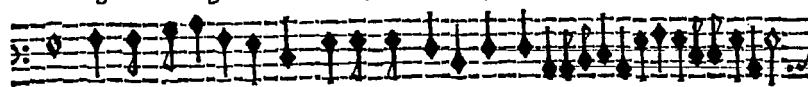
D.

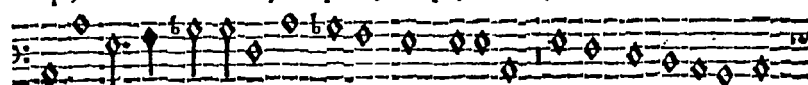
**L**  Ady, when I behold, the Rofes sprouting, the Rofes sprou-


 ting, Which clad in damask man-tels deck the arbours: And thē behold, And thē be-

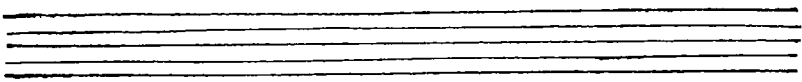
 hold your lips, Wher sweet Loue harbours: My eies presents me with a double, double

 doubting: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind fuppofes, whether the Rofes be your

 lips, whether the Rofes be your lips, or your lips y Rofes. :||:

 For viewing both a like, hard- ly my minde fuppofes, whether the Rofes be your

 lips, whcther y Rofes be your lips, or your lips the Rofes. :||:





**W** Hen shall my wretched lyfe giue place to death? giue place to death? \*

That my sad cares may be inforc'd to leaue mee: Come saddest shadow, Come saddest

shadow, stop my vital breath, For I am thine, Then let not care bereaue thee, Of

thy sad thrall: But with thy farall dart, Kill care, & me, While care lies at my hart,

Kill care, and mee, While care lyes at my hart.

O F ioyes, and pleafing paines, I late went finging: O ioyes with

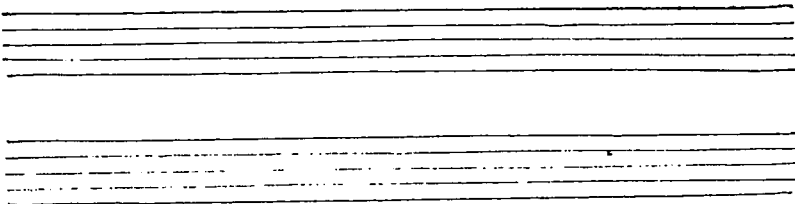
paines, & paines with ioyes cōfenting: And little thought as then of now repenting:

& little thought as then of now repenting: But now, think of my then sweet bitter

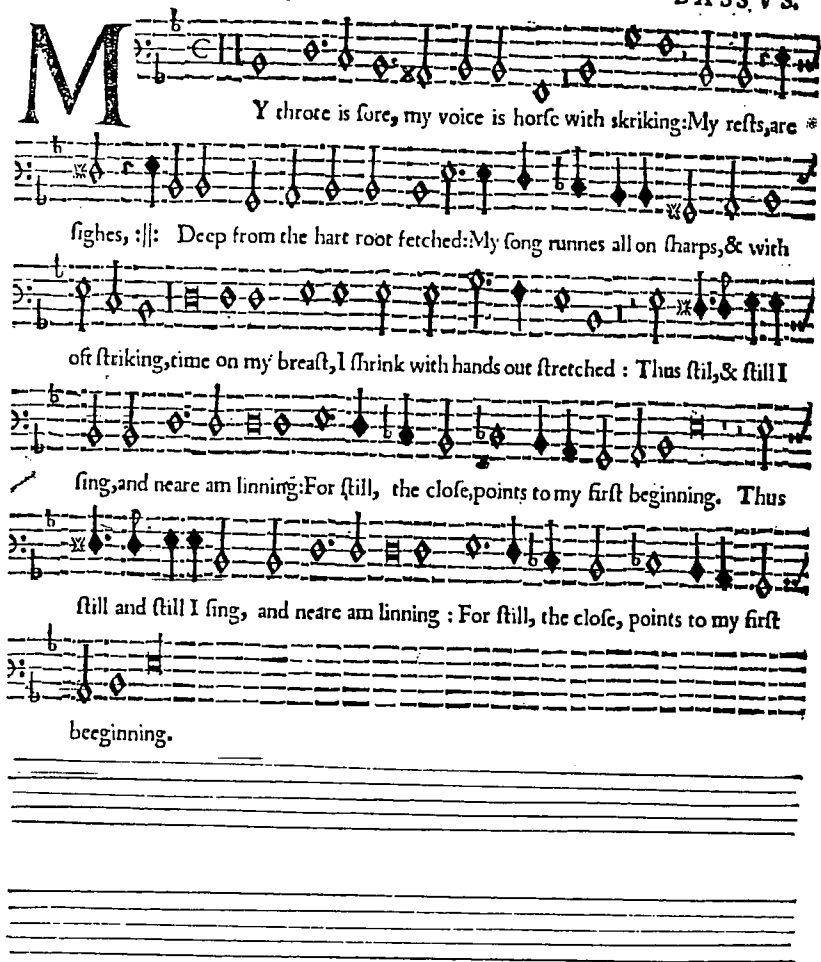
finging: All day long, I my hands Alas goe wringing, The balefull notes of

which my sad tormenting, Are ruth and mone, frights, fobs, & loud lamenting, From

-hills and dales in my dull eares ftill ringing.



**M** Y throte is fore, my voice is horfe with skriking: My rests, are \*  
fignes, :||: Deep from the hart root fetched: My song runnes all on sharps, & with  
oft striking, time on my breast, I shrink with hands out stretched : Thus stil, & still I  
sing, and neare am linning: For still, the close, points to my first beginning. Thus  
still and still I sing, and neare am linning : For still, the close, points to my first  
beginning.



The musical score consists of seven staves of music. The first staff begins with a large, decorative initial 'M' that spans across the first few notes. The music is written in a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words in italics. There are asterisks and double bar lines with repeat signs in the lyrics. The score ends with three empty staves.

**C**ruell behold, behold my heauie ending, Cruell behold, my heauy

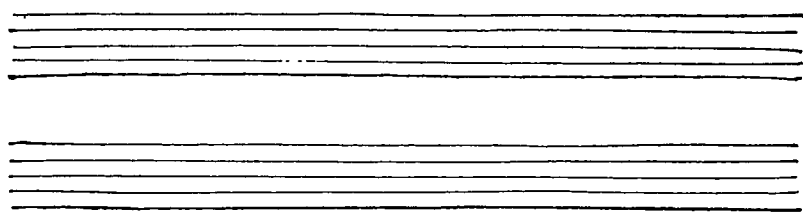
ending, See, what you wrought by your disdayning, See what you wrought by your dis-

dayning, Causelesse I die, Loue still attending, Your hopeles pirty of my complaining,

Suffer those eyes which thus haue slaine mee, ::|: With

speed, to end their killing power: So shall you proue, how loue doth paine me:

And see mee dye, mee dye, still yower.



Of 6. voc.

XXIX.

BASSVS.

**T** Hou art but yong thou fai'ft, And loues delight thou mai'ft not: O  
take time while thou mai'ft, Leaft when thou would'ft thou mai'ft not: O take time  
while thou mai'ft, Leaft when thou would'ft, Leaft when thou would'ft thou mai'ft not.  
If Loue shall then affaile thee, A dou-ble double anguifh, will torment thee: And  
thou wilt with, (But wifhes all will faile thee,) O mee, that I were yong againe, O  
mee, that I were yong againe; And fo repent thee. O mee, that I were yong againe; And  
fo repent thee.

Of 6. voc.

XXX.

BASSVS.

**W** Hy dost thou shoot, And I seeke not to shield mee? :||:

I yeeld (sweet Loue) I yeeld, (sweet Loue) Spare then my wounded luer,

And doe not make my hart, thy ar- rows quiuer. And doe not make my hart, thy

arrows quiuer. O hold, O hold; What needs this shooting, when I yeeld mee? What

needs this shooting, when I yeeld me. O hold, O hold, What needs this shooting, when I

yeeld mee? What needs this shooting, when I yeeld mee?

F F N F S.