Musica Antiqua.

A SELECTION

of Music

of this and other COUNTRIES from the Commencement of the
TWELFTH to the beginning of the EIGHTEENTH CENTURY,

Comprising

some of the earliest and curious

Motets, Madrigals, Dorms, Anthems

SONGS, LESSONS & DANCE TUNES

some of them new

FIRST PUBLISHED

from Manuscripts and Printed works of great rarity & value.

The Whole

calculated to show the original sources of the

Melody & Harmony of this Country,

8 to Exhibit the different Styles & Degrees of Improvement of the

SEVERAL PERIODS,

Selected and Arranged by

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH.

Vol. 1.

London, Printed & Sold by PRESTON, at his Wholesale Warehouses, 97, Strand.

Price 1 0.0 each
Ye Nightingales in greenwoods chanting

Ye Nightingales in greenwoods chanting

Ye Nightingales in greenwoods chanting

Ye Nightingales in greenwoods chanting

Ye Nightingales in greenwoods chanting in greenwoods chanting

Ye Nightingales in greenwoods chanting in greenwoods chanting

Ye Nightingales in greenwoods chanting in greenwoods chanting

Ye Nightingales in greenwoods chanting in greenwoods chanting have you

Ye Nightingales in greenwoods chanting in greenwoods chanting have you
have you seen my charming fair my charming charming

seen my charming fair my charming fair have you seen my charming

have you seen my charming fair my charming charming fair

three months are gone since her I saw

coming charming fair three months are gone since her I saw three

have you seen my charming fair my charming fair

three months are gone since her I saw three months are gone since her I saw three
her I saw—since her I saw three months are gone three months are gone

saw three months are gone since her I saw three months are gone since her I saw gone—

gone since her I saw that adds each day to my despair that adds each
gone since her I saw that adds to my despair adds each

since her I saw that adds to my despair adds each
day to my despair. Return return my dear Selim. return my dear Selim.
Lima return unto your Friend return unto your Friend return

Lima return unto your Friend return unto your Friend return

Lima return unto your Friend return unto your Friend return

Lima return unto your Friend return unto your Friend return

Lima return unto your Friend return unto your Friend return

Lima return unto your Friend return unto your Friend return
Who's gathering Violets and Roses

Who's gathering Violets and Roses

Who's gathering Violets and Roses

Who's gathering Violets and Roses

Who's gathering Violets and Roses

Who's gathering Violets and Roses

Who's gathering Violets and Roses

Who's gathering Violets and Roses

Who's gathering Violets and Roses

Who's gathering Violets and Roses
Love return till you my Love return till you my Love return
you my Love return till you my Love return till you my Love return
till you my Love return till you my Love return till you my Love return
till you my Love return till you my Love return till you my Love return
you my Love return till you my Love return till you my Love return
Love return till you my Love return till you my Love return till you my Love return
Love return till you my Love return till you my Love return till you my Love return
Love return till you my Love return till you my Love return till you my Love return
turn return till you return or Life shall end.
Life shall end.
Life shall end.
MADRIGAL
by CHRISTOPHER MORALES, a Spaniard.
taken from the fourth Book of MADRIGALS.

Published at Venice, 1541.
in the British Museum.

Di-ti mi o si, o no sen-za ti-mo-
re ch'ognun de do-i ch'ognun de do-i non-
puo se-non gio-var-mi sel se-ra un-no-
non puo se-non gio-var-mi sel se-ra un-no

Di-ti mi o si, o no Di-ti mi o si, o no sen-za ti-mo-
re ch'ognun de do-i ch'ognun de do-i non puose non gio-
var-
re ch'ognun de do-i ch'ognun de do-i

Di-ti mi o si, o no sen-za ti-mo-
mi farà grand' ono-
mi farà grand' ono-
mi farà grand' ono-

re star-
re star-
re star-

constante volendo voi lasciarmi
constante volendo voi lasciarmi
constante volendo voi lasciarmi

constante volendo voi lasciarmi volendo voi lasciarmi volendo voi lasciarmi volendo

constante volendo voi lasciarmi volendo
constante volendo voi lasciarmi volendo
constante volendo voi lasciarmi volendo

mi se'ra un si fia'
mi se'ra un si fia'
lasciarmi mi se'ra un si fia'
lasciarmi mi se'ra un si fia'

Il frutto del linguaggio assai più
Il frutto del linguaggio assai più
Il frutto del linguaggio assai più

degno assai più degno che il mio ben servire
degno assai più degno che il mio bien servire
degno assai più degno che il mio bien servire
degno assai più degno che il mio bien servire

dunque eleggete quel che più vi è

dunque eleggete quel che più vi è

dunque eleggete quel che più vi è
La Jeune Dame la Jeune Dame

La Jeune Dame la Jeune Dame aig

La Jeune Dame la Jeune Dame ant noble
courage aig noble courage aig noble cour-

courage aig noble courage aig noble cour-

courage aig noble courage aig noble cour-

noble courage aig noble courage aig noble cour-

doit reover d’amour doit reover d’amour

doit reover d’amour fermet pareil le

fermet pareil le fermet pareil le laimant loy-

fermet pareil le laimant loy-
laimant loyal laimant loyal quelle tient en servage si parler veut
preter lui doit l'oriel-le

laimant loyal laimant loyal quelle tient en servage si parler veut
preter lui doit l'oriel-le

preter lui doit l'oriel-le preter lui doit l'oriel-le et avec lui e-
preter lui doit l'oriel-le preter lui doit l'oriel-le et avec lui e-

preter lui doit l'oriel-le preter lui doit l'oriel-le et avec lui e-
dort et veiller quand il veille quand il vielle dormir si dort

dort et veiller quand il veille quand il vielle dormir si dort

dormir si dort et vieller quand il vielle il vielle

dormir si dort et vieller quand il vielle il vielle
Hierusalem

Motett.

from Motetti di Fiore. 2nd Book.

Composed by Richafort. — near 1508. in the Brit. Museum.
exuete vestibus vestibus
et exuete vestibus vestibus
Jo vindita
vestibus vestibus Jo vindita
et exuete vestibus Jo vindita
indure cinere et cilia
tis indure cinere et cilia
tis indure cinere et cilia
tis indure cinere
qui a in te occisus est
o et cilia
cilia
cilia
cilia
qui a in te occisus est
in te occisus est
qui a in te occisus
et cilia
in te occisus
qui a in te occisus est
occisus est qua in te quia in te occisus est
Saluator Israe爾 quia in te occl suspense
Saluator Israeł Saluator Israeł Saluator Israeł
Saluator Israeł Saluator Israeł Saluator Israeł
Saluator Israeil
Saluator Israeil
Saluator Israeil
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Saluator Israeil
Saluator Israeil
Saluator Israeil
Saluator Israeil
MOTETT.

From the 3d Book of Motets for three Voices
Published by Jerome Scott. Venice.
Composed by Peter Certon.

Anno 1549
against the Plague.

Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a suc - cur - re mi - se -
ris suc - cur - re mi -
Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a suc - cur - re mi -

ris ju - va pu - sil - la - ni - mes
ris ju - va pu - sil - la - ni - mes

ju - va pu - sil - la - ni - mes re - fo - ve fle - bi - les
re - fo - ve fle - bi - les
re - fo - ve fle - bi - les
Ora populo interve ni pro cle - ro

Ora populo interve ni pro cle -

Ora populo interve ni

inter ce de pro de vo to femi - nes -

ne - o femi - ne - o se xu

fem i - ne - o se - xu fe -

mi - ne - o se - xu se -

mi - ne - o se - xu se - xu
MADRIGAL
by Gioseffo Zarlino in 1567.

Come si m'accende se tutta ghiaccio

se tutta ghiaccio sete e al foco

che mi date e al foco che mi date voi ghiaccio

e al foco che mi date voi ghiaccio

come mon vidi leguante
MADRIGAL. BY HORATIO VECCHI.


Quel la quella ch'in mille se lu'èn mille frat-

Seguir mi fece amor sò che si do-

le

Ben che mi fugg'ogn'hor ben che sappiat-te mi fugg'ogn'hor

le Ben che mi fugg'ogn'hor ben che sap-pi-at-te mi fugg'ogn'hor mi fugg'ogn'hor mi fugg'ogn'hor

Ben che mi fugg'ogn'hor ben che sappiat-te mi fugg'ogn'hor mi fugg'ogn'hor
Et Amaranità mia mi stringe volentieri
ben che sappiatte

Ch'io pur li can ti ch'io pur li canti a luscoemi risponde Con le sue dol ci an
geliche parole

Ophelias

Philid'ogn' hor mi chiama

geliche parole

Philid'ogn' hor mi chiama
epois 'asconde e pois as conde
& gett'un pomo e ri-
d'e volgi già ch'io e vuol già ch'io La
veggio bianche giar tra verdi fron-
d'e volgi già ch'io La veggio bianche giar traverdi 'cron-

An zi Phil lida mia maspett'al ri
An zi Phil lida mia maspett'all
presenti non vi fuss'hor ve-drest in no-ua fog-gia secc'hifiorett'e
sol' presenti non vi fuss'hor ve-drest in no-ua fog-gia secc'hifiorett'secch'fio-
le fontane spente secch'fioretti e le fontane spente
le fontane spente secch'fioretti e le fontane spente
Ig-nu-del mon-te e piu non
ta-ne spen-te
ti e le fontane spente

secch'fioretti e le fontane spente

ve-
vi si poggia Ma sel mio sol - u'ap - pa - re Ancor ve-

Ma sel mio sol u'ap pa re Ancor ve-

Ancor ve-

-drollo Dher be te rivestirs' in lie ta piog gia an cor ve-

drollo Dher be te rivestirs' in lie ta piog gia an cor ve-

drollo Dher be te rivestirs' in lie ta piog gia an cor ve-

drollo Dher be te rivestirs' in lie ta piog gia an cor ve-

drollo Dher be te rivestirs' in lie ta piog gia an cor ve-

drollo Dher be te rivestirs' in lie ta piog gia.
MADRIGAL. BY HORATIO VECCHI.

Taken from the first Edition of his first Book of Madrigals. 1589. at Venice.

Leggiadretto. 

Leggiadretto. 

Qual'hor 

scherzi nel vago e bianco 

scherzi nel vago e bianco 

scherzi nel vago e bianco 

Di questa nova 

al me se re no 

Di questa nova 

al me se re no 

Di questa nova 

al me se re no
Non ha paré Parm' all'hor di mirare Tra le vermiglie rose.

Paré Parm' all'hor di mirare Tra le vermiglie rose.

Giocar saltando saltando saltando 

Tando saltando saltando' un candid armelino Giocar saltando saltando saltando 

Tando saltando saltando' un candid armelino Giocar saltando saltando saltando 

Giocar saltando saltando saltando 

Tando saltando saltando' un candid armelino Giocar saltando saltando saltando 

Tando saltando saltando' un candid armelino Giocar saltando saltando saltando
tand' un can-did' ar-me-li-no Ma

men-tri dol-ce

vez-zi Ma

men-tri dol-ce vez-zi go-die

Fel-lice te se cono-scessi i ba

Fel-lice te Fel-lice

Fel-lice te Fel-lice

Fel-lice te

Fel-lice
O Lord encrease my faith and confirm me in thy true faith endure me with wisdom with wisdom in my adversity. Sweet Jesus say amen.
O PRAISE THE LORD

A FULL ANTHEM IN SIX PARTS BY D. W. CHILD.

upon the restoration of the Church and Royal Family 1660.

O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord
Laud ye the name of the Lord

O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord
Laud ye the name of the Lord

O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord
Laud ye the name of the Lord

O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord
Laud ye the name of the Lord
of the Lord yee that stand in the House of the Lord

of the Lord yee that stand in the House of the Lord yee that

Servants of the Lord yee that stand in the House of the Lord yee that

the Lord yee that stand in the House of the Lord yee that

house of the Lord yee that stand in the house of the Lord

stand in the house of the Lord yee that stand in the house of the Lord

stand in the house of the Lord yee that stand in the house of the Lord
in the courts of the house of our God

O sing praises unto his

Lord O praise the Lord For the Lord is gracious
name for it is love-ly O sing praises un-to his name for it is
his name O sing prai-ses sing praises un-to his name for it is
praises un-to his name un-to his name for it is
O sing praises un-to his name for it is
O sing praises un-to his name for it is

love-ly For why the Lord hath chosen Ja-cob un-
love-ly For why the Lord hath chosen Ja-cob un-
love-ly For why the Lord hath chosen Ja-cob un-
love-ly For why the Lord hath chosen Ja-cob un-
love-ly For why the Lord hath chosen Ja-cob un-
SONG

COMPOSED BY ROBERT JONES.

My love bound me with a kiss, that I should no longer stay when I felt so sweet a bliss,
I had less power to part away alas alas

My love bound me with a kiss so that I should no longer stay when I felt so sweet a bliss— I had less power to part away alas alas

Alas that women doth not know kisses makes men loath to go alas

Alas alas that women doth not know kisses makes men loath to go.

2

Yes she knowes it but too well,
For I heard when Venus doue
In her eare did softlie tell,
That kisses were the seales of love:
Oh muse not then though it be so,
Kisses makes men loth to goe,

Wherefore did she thus inflame,
My desires heat my bloud,
Instantlie to quench the same,
And starve whome she had gien food.
I, I, the common sence can show,
Kisses make men loth to goe.

3

4

Had she bid me go at first,
It would none have grieved my hart,
Hope delaide had beene the worst,
But ah to kiss and then to part,
How deepe it strucke, speake Gods, you know,
Kisses make men loth to goe.
pien di celest' ardo - re al cui can - to gen - ti - mo - re.

le vi - di gui - dar amo - ro - setti bal - li amo - ro - setti bal - li ninfe vez -

le vi - di gui - dar a - mo - ro - set - ti bal - li ninfe vezz -

le
T. Massaino

zose snelle
se snelle
quai son del ciel le fiammi giante stelle e per quei stessi calli

d e per quei stessi calli i satiri scheza

stessi calli e per quei stessi calli i satiri scheza

e per quei stessi calli e per quei stessi calli

stessi calli e per quei stessi calli i satiri scheza va
T. Massaino

viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va la bel-la Do-

viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva

viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va la bel-la

viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va

la bella Do---ri viva vi_va

viva la bel-la Do--ri viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va

la bella Do--ri viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va

la bella Do--ri viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va

la bella Do--ri viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va

la bella Do--ri viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va viva vi_va

la bella Do--ri
MADRIGAL.

John Dowland 1613.

Go chrystal tears like to the morning show'rs and

Go chrystal tears like to the mor'ning show'rs and

Go chrystal tears like to the mor'ning show'rs and

sweetly weep in to my Lady's breast

sweetly weep in to my Lady's breast

sweetly weep in to my Lady's breast

Dews revive the drooping flow'rs so let your drops

Dews revive the drooping flow'rs so let your drops

Dews revive the drooping flow'rs so let your drops
pity be addrest to quicken up the drops

thoughts of my desert which sleeps too sound whilst

I from her depart to quicken up the thoughts of my desert which sleeps too sound whilst I from her depart to
THE AYRES THAT WERE SUNG AND PLAYED AT BROUGHAM CASTLE
IN WESTMERLAND: IN THE KINGS ENTERTAINMENT.

Given by the Right Honourable the Earl of Cumberland and his Right noble Sonne the Lord Clifford.
Composed by Mr. George Mason, and Mr. John Earsden.

Printed by Thomas Snodham 1618.

A DIALOGUE.

Tune thy cheerfull voyce to mine Musick helps di-
Earth and ayre and Sea consent, In thy en-
ter-

The Bass is added. 5 6 6 5 6 6

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Here is a guest for whose content,
Could we to our wisht ends aspire.
Joy should crown thy dishes

Proud is our desire, If thou dost accept our wishes

Joy at thy Board health in thy dish, Mirth in thy cup, and

Joy at thy Board health in thy dish, Mirth in thy cup and in

in thy bed Soft Sleepe and pleasing rest we wish
Another Dialogue, to be sung at the same time.

Now is the time, now is the hour, When joy first blest this

hap-py bo- wer

Here is a sight, that sweetens ev-ery

So shines the Moon by night:

sower

So looks the Sun by
day

Heaven-ly is his light,

And never shall de-cay.
There is no voice enough can sing the praise of our great King.

Falling showers of sweet delight

Spring flowers of pleasant mirth

What heaven hath beams that shine more bright

Here Heaven is now, stars shine on

In one all honor groweth

From one all comfort floweth

Duet
The Kings Good Night.

Welcome Welcome King of Guests With thy princely traine
With joyful Triumphs, and with feasts be wel-comb'd hom

Let then that one of all be prai-sed, That hath our for-tunes rai-sed.

ALTUS

Chorus

Let then that one of all be prai-sed, That hath our for-tunes rai-sed.

Let then that one of all be prai-sed, That hath our for-tunes rai-sed.

saith that to this one, All it hath it ow-eth.

Dus-tie saith that to this one, All it hath it ow-eth.
Frolicke mirth, the soule of earth, shall watch for thy delight: Knees shall bend, From friend to friend, While full cups doe thee right; And so great King good night good night good night good night.

2
Welcome, welcome as the Sunne,
When the Night is past:
With us the day is now begunne,
May it for ever last.
Such a morn
Did neere adorn
The Roses of the East
As the North
Hath now brought forth;
The Northerne morn is best,
And so best King good rest.
Robin is a lovely Lad, No Lasse a smoother ever had.

Tommy hath a looke as bright, As is the rosie morning light.

Tib is dark and browne of hue, But like her colour firme and true.

Ginny hath a lip to kisse, Where in a spring of Nectar is.

Simkin well his mirth can place and words to win a womans grace.

Sib is all in all to me, There is no Queene of Love but she.
ALL.

Let us in a Lovers round, Circle all this hallowed ground

Softly softly trip and goe, trip and goe; The light foot Fairies set it so, set it so. Forward then, Forward then, and back again, and back again,

Here and there and every where, and every where, Winding to and winding fro, skipping hye, and lowing low.

CHORUS.

And like lovers hand in hand, march a-round march a-round and make a stand.
Dido was the Carthage Queene, And lov'd the Trojan Knight, That

wandering many coasts had scene, And many a dreadfull fight: As

they on hunting road a shower, Drave them in a loving hower, Downe

to a darksome cave. Where Æneas with his charmes, Lockt Queene Dido

in his Armes, And had what he could have

Dido Hymens Rites forgot,
Her love was wing'd with haste:
Her honor she consider'd not,
But in her Breast him plac't;
And when her love was now begun
Jove sent downe his winged Sonne,
To fright Æneas sleepe:
Bad him by the breake of day
From Queene Dido steale away:
Which made her waile and weep.

Dido wept, but what of this,
The Gods wou'd have it so;
Æneas nothing did amisse,
For he was forc't to goe.
Learne Lordlings then no faith to keep
With your loves but let them weep:
'Tis folly to be true:
Let this story serve your turne
And let twenty Didoes burne,
So you get daily new.

In the original this song was sung before the dance.
Come follow me my wandring mates, Sonnes and daughters of the
Fates: Friends of night, that oft have done homage to the horned
Moone. Fairly march and shun not light, With such stars as these made
bright. Yet bend you low your curled tops, Touch the hallowed earth, and then rise a
-gen with antick hops unus'd of men. Here no danger is nor feare, For true Ho-
nour harbours here, Whom Grace attends. Grace can make our foes our friends.
A SONG.

following the Dance.

The shades of our intents, Must fade, and

Truth now take her place: Who in our right Egyptian race A chain of prophecies pre-

sents; With which the starry Skye consents, And all the under Elements.

Thou that art all divine give ear And grace our humble songs, That speake what to thy

state belongs. Unmasked now and cleare, Which we in several straines di-

vide and Heaven borne Truth our Notes shall guide. One by one, while we re-
That which shall tye both Time and Fate,
with her beams divine, on all thy Land;
And there for e-ter-stedfast stand.

Lovely peace spring of increase shall like a
precious gemme a-dorne thy Royall Di-

Love, that bindes loyall mindes shall
make all hearts agree, To magnific thy state and

And there for e-ter-stedfast stand.

CHOS

And there for e-ter-stedfast stand.

And there for e-ter-stedfast stand.

CHORS.

thee To magni-fy thy state and thee.
To magni-fy thy state and thee.
To magni-fy thy state and thee.
Contra-tenor.

Honour, that proceeds out of noble deeds, shall

wait on thee alone And cast a sacred light about thy throne.

Treble.

And cast a sacred light about thy throne.

And cast a sacred light about thy throne.

And cast a sacred light about thy throne.

Thy Age shall like freshness appear,

And perpetual Roses beare.

Single

Long shall thy three Crownes remaine,

Blessed in thy long liv'd raigne.

CHORUS.

And perpetual Roses beare.

And perpetual Roses beare.

And &c.
Contra-Tenor.

Many on earth thy days shall be, But endless thy posterity, And matchless thy posterity.

Treble. Verse.

And matchless thy posterity, And matchless thy posterity.

and all those that from thy loynes descend:

With us the Angels in this Chorus meet: So humbly prostrate

at thy sacred feet, Our nightly sports and prophecies weend.

CHORUS.

Truth, Peace, Love, Honour and long life attend thee.

and long life attend thee.
THE LORDS WELCOME.

Sung before the King's Good-night.

Welcome is the word, The best love can afford

For what can better be Welcome Lords, the time draws

neare, When each one shall embrace his deare, And

view the facehee longs to see. Absence makes the houre more

sweet, When di-vi-ded lo-vers meet.

2

Welcome once again,
Though too much were in vaine:
Yet how can love exceed?
Princely guests wee wish there were
Joves Nectar and Ambrosia here,
That you mightlike Immortals feed;
Changing shapes like full-fed Jove,
In the sweet pursuit of love.
THE FAREWELL SONG.

O stay! sweet is the least delay, When parting forceth mourning.

Oh Joy! too soon thy flowers decay: From Rose to Bryer returning

Bright Beams that now shine here, when you are parted, All will be
dimme, all will be dumbe, and every breast sad-hearted.

Yet more, for true love may presume, if it exceed not measure

O Grief! that blest hours soon consume, But joyless passe at leisure

Since we loose this light must loose, our love expressing: Farre may it shine, Long may it

live, to all a publique blessing, to all a publique bles-sing.
ELEGY.

SIMON IVES.

Lament and mourn
he's dead and
gone

Lament and mourn
he's dead and
gone

he's dead and
gone

Lawes General of the Forces all in

Lawes General of the Forces all in
Europe that were musical
Have we not cause to weep and mourn when as the Children yet unborn may make us sad to think that neither Girl nor Boy shall ever live for to enjoy such Lawes as once we had
SUTE IN D=SOL=RE.  by M^r John Jenkins.

New Lessons for Viols or Violins.

Pub'd by Cl. I. ... at London, A. Salutis 1678.

LADY KATH. AUDLEY'S BELLS:
by M^r John Jenkins.  This part is unpublished.
The 5 Bells Concert.

MOURNERS, OR MUFFLED BELLS.
Where ever I am or what-er I doe, my Phyllis is still in my
mind, When an-ry I mean not to Phyllis to goe my feet of them-
selves the way find. un-knowne to my selfe I am just at her dore, And
when I would raile I can bring out no more, but Phyllis too faire and un-kind.

Phyllis for shame let us improve A thousand seve-rall wajes, Those few short
minutes snatcht by love, from ma-ny tedious days While you want courage to despise the
censure of the grave, For all the tyrant in your eyes your heart is but a slave.

Pelham Humphrey.
SONG 3d.

How severe is forgetful old age, To confine a lover soe, That I almost despair to meet even there, much more my deare Damon heigh ho! Though I whisper my sighes all alone I'm tract wheresoever I goe, That some treacherous tree hides this old man from me and there he counts every heigh ho, heigh ho.

SONG

A young man satt sighing by a sycomore tree, sing willow willow with his hand in his bosom his head on his knee O willow willow
hee sigh.ed and sobb'd and af ter each groane I'm dead to all joyes since my

true love is gone oh wil low wil low

Come all ye for saken and mourn now with mee who speak's of a false love mine's

falser then shee oh wil low wil low

SONG

Though you doome all to Dye who dare a dore yee; Ile not refuse a fate

soe full of glo ry with my armes round your waist grasping my trea sure

while others Dye of payne Ile Dye of pleasure

By the same Author.
DIALOGUE.

MAN: How unhapp'ry a lover am I, while I

sighe for my Phil-lis in vajne. All my hopes of de-light are a-

other man's right. Who is hap-p'y while I am in payne.

WOMAN: Since her honour af-fords no re-liefe but to pl-i-ty the pajnes which you

beare tis the best of your fate. In a hope-less es-tate To give

2

more and be-times to de-spayre.

D'r Staggins.
MUSICKS HAND-MAID:

NEW LESSONS AND INSTRUCTIONS
for the

VIRGINALS OR HARPSICHORD.

London Published for J. Playford in 1678.

PREFLUDIUM.

THE CANARIES OR THE HAY.

SARABAND.

SELENGERS ROUND.

NB: These marks are intended for trills.
SARABAND.

SARABAND ROYALL.

THE NEW MINUET.

DENZIL HOLIS FAREWELL. he died after the restoration.
The following are taken from the 2nd Part of Musick's Hand-maid by Playford 1689.

**SONG TUNE**

H. Purcell.

**SONG TUNE**

Dr. I. Blow.

**SARABAND**

Dr. I. Blow.
A LESSON.

THEATRE TUNE. Set by Dr. Blow.
SINFACIO'S FAREWELL.
by M. H. Purcell, aged 28.

Se fauchi's Farewell.

OLD SIMON.
JIGG.

THE 100th PSALM TUNE: Set as a Lesson, from a M.S.  
Mr. Blow.
A SONG BY
DI JOHN BLOW
37th in the third Book, from the Theater of Music pub'd 1686.

If mighty wealth, that gives the Rules to vicious Men, and chea. ted
Fools, could but preserve me in the prime of blooming youth, and purchase time:

then I would covet riches too, and scrape and cheat as others do, then I would

covet riches too, and scrape and cheat as others do; That when the Minister of fate,
pale Death was knocking at the gate, I'd send him loaded back with Coyn, a

Bribe of richer Dust than mine; I'd send him loaded back with Coyn, a Bribe of

richer Dust than mine I'd send him loaded back with Coyn, a Bribe of richer Dust than
But since that life must slide away, and wealth can't purchase one poor day, why should my cares increase my pain, and waste my time with sighs in vain, and waste my time with sighs in vain.

SECOND PART.

Since riches cannot Life supply, it is a useless poverty.
Since riches cannot Life supply, it is a useless poverty, it is a useless poverty
Swift time, swift time, that can't be bought to stay, I'll try to guide the gentlest way I'll try

to guide, to guide the gentlest way

With cheerfull friends brisk wine shall pass, and drown a care, drown a care in every glass:

Sometimes diverted with Love's charms, the circle made by Celia's arms;

Sometimes diverted with Love's charms, the circle made by Celia's arms.

D'r John Blow.
AIR From a Birth-Day Ode by Dr. Blow in his own hand-writing.

Whilst he abroad does like the Sun, display his active beams and gives to other's day. She like the modest Regent of the night sup- plys his room but not with borrow'd light. And fills the throne with such successfull care that scarce we miss the mighty mighty Nas-sau that scarce we miss, the mighty Nas-sau, there glad--ly the world her Influence obeys and sleeps secure beneath her watchfull rays.
Ye great Defenders of the faith go, on go on, go on; go

Ye &c.

Ye great Defenders of the faith go

Ye great Defenders go on, go on, go on ye great Defenders of the faith go

Ye &c.
Ye great Defend\-ers of the faith go on go on go on
Ye great Defend\-ers of the faith go on go on go on
Ye great Defend\-ers of the faith go on go on go on
Ye great Defend\-ers of the faith go on go on go on

As you that ti\-tle justly make your own
As you that ti\-tle justly make your own
As you that ti\-tle justly make your own
As you that ti\-tle justly make your own
justly make your own whose sad abuse

justly make your own whose sad abuse

Did either laugh— at or deplore de- plore

Did either laugh—

Did either laugh—

diff'ring world be-fore
did either laugh or deplore did either laugh or deplore

or deplore did either laugh at or deplore did either laugh

at or deplore or - - - - deplore did ei - ther laugh at or de -

plore did either laugh - - - - at, or de - plore.

plore did either laugh at or de - plore de - plore.
Air - Taken from the Musick in the OPERA, Called the Grove, or Loves Paradice, By M: Danl: Purcell. Port of it was printed by Walsh about the year 1700.

Leave your mountain vale and home to the grove of pleasure come 2d

need not fear your Flocks will stray Pan protects 'em while you play you

Another Air in the same Opera

Vers:

To her we flow'ry Chap-lletts bring the fair-est

Southwick mention'd in this Opera is the name of a Village in Hampshire.
For her we crown of Roses wear which both with cheerful cheerful
cheerfull cheerful locks receive
And with as cheerful cheerful hearts we give
Thus loving loving loving loving and belov'd we live thus
loving loving loving loving and belov'd we live
Air against the bite of a Tarantula from Zimmerman's Florilegium.

If thou wilt give me back my Love, For e - ver I'll a - dore thee; and

for the favour, mighty Jove, with Souls from Heav'n, shall store thee: To the

Queen of Shades, she shall advance, and all shall wait up - on her

Kings shall a - dore her counte - nance, and I'll be her Page of Hon - - our.

M. Henry Purcell
Amidst the shades, and cool refreshing streams where Lovers ease their panting hearts in dreams poor Damon lay; his grief, his grief, so sadly printed in his face, his looks disturb'd the pleasures of the place: In hollow Notes he sung his wretched fate, his hope less Love, and his Aminta's hate; the trembling Birds about him throng, listen, and murmur at his Song, which hinder'd their sweet strains so long, which hinder'd their sweet strains so long. But straight with charming
Notes they stretch their warbling throats; and all with one consent and voice, invite the Shepherd to rejoice: But straight with charming warbling throats and all with one consent and voice invite the Shepherd to rejoice. But what can his sad Soul inspire, his Heart so much by grief opprest? A sigh (alas!) breaks from his breast which frights the harmless Birds, and damps the cheerfull quire.
SONG

COMPOSED BY ROBERT JONES.

quoted by Shakespeare — 15th from the 1st Bookpubd. 1601.

Farewell deare love since thou wilt needs be gone,

Farewell deare love since thou wilt needs be gone,

Farewell deare love since thou wilt needs be gone,

mine eyes do shew my life is almost done, yet I will

mine eyes do shew my life is almost done, yet I will

mine eyes do shew my life is almost done, yet I will

never die, so long as I can spie there be many

never die, so long as I can spie there be many

never die, so long as I can spie there be many

men.
2
Farewell, farewell, since this I finde is true
I will not spend more time in wooing you:
But I will seek els where,
If I may find her there,
Shall I bid her goe,
What and if I doe?
Shall I bid her goe and spare not,
O no, no no I dare not
Since, since, such since since, since since, since since, since since since since

Ten thousand times farewell, yet stay awhile,
Sweet kisse me once, sweet kisses time beguile
I have no power to move,
How now, am I in love?
Wilt thou needs be gone?
Go then, all is one,
Wilt thou needs be gone? oh hie thee,
Nay, stay and doe no more deny mee.

4
Once more farewell, I see loth to depart
Bids oft adew to her that holdes my hart:
But seeing I must loose,
Thy love which I did chuse
Go thy waies for me,
Since it may not be,
Go thy waies for me? but whither?
Go, oh but where I may come thither.

5
What shall I doe? my love is now departed,
Shee is as faire as shee is cruell harted:
She would not be intreated
With praiers oft repeated:
If shee come no more
Shall I die therefore
If shee come no more what, what care I?
Faith, let her go, or come, or tarry.
A ROUND or CATCH for 11 Voices, from Pammelia 1609:

Sing we now merrily our
pur- ses be emp- ty hey
ho let

them take care that list to spare for

I will not doe so,

who can sing so

merry a note, as he that
cannot change a great hey

hoe tro- lly lolly
lo, trolly lolly lo.

ROUND In Deutromelia 4 Parts in one.
M. Weelkes 1609.

I cannot eate my mete,

my stomak is not good

but Idoethink y Icandrink

with him y' beares a hood I & c.

Probably this shd begin on the half bar.

N. B. The words of the above are the first verse of a Song writ by I. Still, author of a Comedy called "Gamer Gurton's needle" acted in the year 1566. He was afterwards consecrated Bp. of Bath & Wells and died in 1607.
Captive Lover.

by W. Lawes.

If my mistress fix her Eye on these ru - der Lines of mine,

let them tell her how I lye Fetter'd by her looks divine. Tell her it is on - ly

she can re - lease and set me free.

If my mistress fix her Eye on these ru - der Lines of mine,

let them tell her how I lye Fetter'd by her looks divine. Tell her it is on - ly

she can re - lease and set me free.
fausto il lieto giorno ti sia fausto il lieto gior-

Primo

Ce sa re ot to ma no ti sia fausto il lieto gior no il lie -
schiere che son' ran' d'ogni fuoro re, ti ved remo ti ved remo altuorno fam gli del dolor, ch'io volsi a sentir la tua voce.

Muovi pur l'insidia schiere che son' ran' d'ogni furor, ti vedremo al tuo ritorno, al tuo ritorno.
FORLANA

a sort of Dance in great vogue among the Venetians

This tune in the Key of F, a 9th higher was printed in England in the year 1711, and called "the Furlong, used probably, by the waits of London and Southwark."

Forlanas are noticed by Sig. Tosi, in his book on the "Florid Song."