SONGS FOR ONE, TWO & THREE VOICES TO THE THOROW-BASS

HENRY BOWMAN

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IMPRIMATUR.

HEN. CLERKE,

Vice-Cancellarius Oxon.

To all true Lovers of MUSICK.

HILST the Press almost in every Art and Science daily Teems with New Productions, I humbly presume your truly Generous (because Harmonious) Souls will at least incline you to excuse, if not accept this my first Essay in Musick; *a* Science *no less* Liberal, *then the rest, though not so generally encourag'd in this Age, as formerly.*

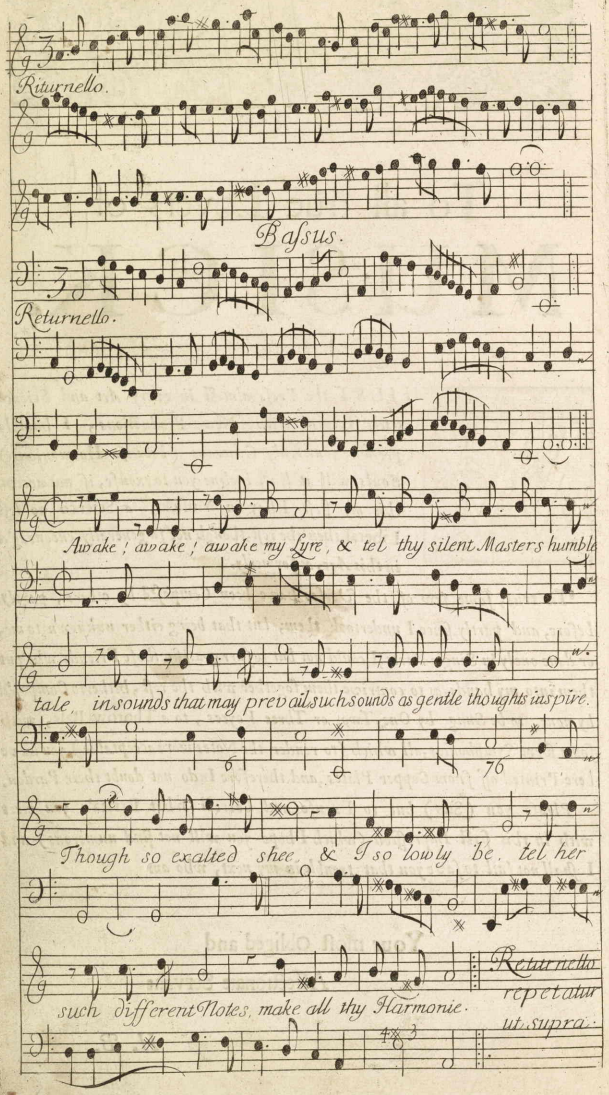
'Tis true, some few of the Verses have been Compos'd by others, partly before, and partly since I undertook them; but that being either unknown to me, or done onely in Single Parts, I could not but so farr gratifie those Friends, who put them into my hands, as to contrive them together with the rest, hitherto Compos'd by none, to be Sung by One, Two, or Three Voyces, to a Thorow Bass, *with some short Symphonies, all which (to render the Notes more acceptable) you have here Printed off from Copper Plates, and therefore I do not doubt their Pardon.*

*Please you (*Sirs*) but to Excuse and Correct what* Errata's *you meet with in this first Impression (which I hope you will not find numerous) and I shall not fail to save you that trouble in my next, who am*

Your most Obliged and
Affectionate Servant

H. B.

Violino primo.


Riturnello.
Bassus.
Returnello.
Awake ! awake ! awake my Lyre, & tel thy silent Masters humble
tale, in sounds that may prevail such sounds as gentle thoughts inspire.
Though so exalted shee, & I so lowly be, tel her
such different Notes, make all thy Harmonie.
Returnello repetatur ut supra.

Violino secundo.

Riturnello

Violino.

Riturnello

Awake, awake, awake my Lyre, & tel thy silent Masters humble

tale, in sounds that may prevaile, such sounds as gentle thoughts inspire.

Though so exalted - - - - shee, & I so lowly be,

tel her such different Notes, make all thy Harmonie.

Awake, awake, awake my Lyre, & tel thy silent Masters

humble tale, in sounds that may prevaile, such sounds, as gentle

thoughts inspire, though so exalted shee, & I so lowly be

Returnello ut supra

tel her such different Notes, make all thy Harmonie.

Cantus primus.

Hark, hark, how the strings awake! & though the moving hand approach not near

themselves, with awfull fear, a kind of numerous trembling make. Slow all thy

forces try, now all thy Charmes apply, revenge upon her - - ear

the Conquest of her eye: Ritornello repetatur ut supra. Weak Lyre —

thy Vertue sure is uselefs here, since thou art only found to cure, but not to

wound, & shee to wound but not to Cure, to weak too wilt thou prove my passion

to remove, Physick to other Ills, thou wrts Nourishment to Loue. Ritornello repetatur ut supra.

Cantus secundus.

Hark! hark! how the strings awake, & though the moving hand approach not

near, themselves with awfull fear, a kind of numerous trembling make,

Now all thy forces try, now all thy Charmes apply, revenge

upon her ear, the Conquest of her eye.

Returnello ut supra

Weak Lyre weak Lyre thy vertue sure is uselefs here, since thou art only found

to Cure, but not to wound, & shee to wound, but not to Cure, to weak to wilt thou

prove, my pasion to remove, Physick to other Ils, thourt nourishment to Love.

Hark! hark how ye strings awake, & though ye moving hand approach not near,

themselves with awfull fear, a kind of numerous trembling make: Now all thy

forces try, now all thy Charms apply, revenge upon her ear the Conquest

Returnello ut supra

of her Eye. Weak Lyre, thy vertue

sure is uselefs here, since thou art only found to Cure, but not to wound,

& shee to wound, but not to Cure, to weak too wilt thou prove, my pasion to re-

-move, Physick to other Ils, thourt nourishment to Love.

Returnello ut supra

Cantus primus.

Sleep, sleep again my Lyre, for thou canst never tel my humble tale in

sounds y^t may prevaile nor gentle thoughts in her inspire. All thy vain

Mirth lay by, bid thy strings silent ly, sleep sleep again my Lyre,

and let thy Master dye. Retornello ut supra. A dieu my Cor-

nelia, my dearest adieu, no passion more slighted was ever so true. No

torment severer then this could you prove, to enjoyn him to absence y^t is charmd by your love.

Subdud by your Charms you enflamd my desire,
Till a spark from your eye set my heart all on fire.
O Cruelty shown, no offence but Love known,
Exild & outlawd, by a hard heart of stone.

Cantus secundus.

Sleep, sleep again my Lyre, for thou canst never tel my humble tale, in sounds that may prevaile, nor gentle thoughts in her inspire, All thy vain Mirth lay by, bid thy strings silent lye, sleep sleep again my Lyre, and let thy Master dye.

Ritornello ut supra.

Bassus.

Sleep sleep again my Lyre, for thou canst never tel my humble tale, in sounds that may prevaile, nor gentle thoughts in her inspire, All thy vain Mirth lay by, bid thy strings silent lye, sleep sleep again my Lyre, and let thy Master dye.

Ritornello ut supra

Cantus secundus.

Adieu my Cornelia my dearest adieu, no passion more slighted was ever more true, No torment severer then this could you prove, to enjoyn him to absence, is chaind by your Loue.

Bassus

Adieu my Cornelia my dearest adieu, no passion more slited was ever more true, No torment severer then this could you prove, to enjoyn him to absence, is chaind by your Loue.

Cantus primus.

Ah Celia that I were but sure, thy Loue like mine could stil endure,

that time & absence w:ch destroy, the cares of Lovers & their Joy,

could neper rob me of that part, w:ch you haue giv'n me of your heart.

loud soft

Others unenvy'd might possess, whole hearts & boast that happi-

l. s.

-ness, twas nobler fortune to divide, the Roman Empire in her

l. s.

pride, then on some low & barbrous Throne, obscurely

placd to rule alone.

Cantus secundus.

Ah Celia that I were but sure, thy loue like mine could
still endure, that time & absence wch destroy, ye Cares of
Lovers, and their Joy, could never rob me of that part wch you have
giv'n me of your heart. Others unenvyd might possess,
whole hearts & boast that hap - pi - ness. t'was nobler
fortune to divide, the Roman Empire in her pride,
then on some low & barbrous Throne, obscurely placd to rule alone.

Basus.

Ah Celia that I were but sure, thy love like mine could stil endure,
that time & absence wch destroy, ye Cares of Lovers & their Joy,
could never rob me of that part wch you have giv'n me of your heart.
Others unenvyd might possess, whole hearts & boast that happiness,
t'was, nobler fortune to divide the Roman Empire in her pride, then on some
low and barbrous Throne, obscurely placd to rule alone.

Cantus primus.

All my past life is mine no more, the flying houres are gone, like transitory

Dreams giv'n o're, whose Images are kept in store, by memory alone.

what ever is to come is not, how can it then be mine, the present

moment's all my lot, & that as fast as it is got, Phillis is wholy wholy

thine. Then talk no more of Constancy, false hearts, & broken Vowes,

if I by miracle can be, this long liv'd minute true to

Thee, it is all that Heav'n allowes.

Cantus secundus.

All my past life is mine no more, the flying houre's are gone,
like transi-tory dreams gion ore, whose Images are kept in store by
memory alone, what ever is to come is not, how can it then be
mine, the present moment's all my lot, & that as fast as it is
got, Phillis is wholy wholy thine, Then talk no more of Constancy,
false hearts & broken Vowes, if I by miracle can be, this long liv'd
minute true to Thee, it is all that Heav'n allowes.

Bassus.

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miracle can be, this long liv'd minute true to thee, it is all that Heav'n allowes.

Cantus primus

Morpheus y humble God that dwells in Cottages & smoaky Cells, hates gild

roofs & beds of down, & though he feares no Princes frown, flies from the Circle

of a Crown: Come I say, come I say, thou powerfull God & thy leaden charming

Rod dipt in the Lethean Lake, ore his wakefull temples shake, lest he should

Chorus.

sleep lest he should sleep & never Wake. Nature alas why art thou so,

Nature alas why art thou so

obliged to thy greatest foe sleep that is thy best repast yet of death it

obliged to thy greatest foe, sleep that is thy best repast, yet of death it

beares a taste & both are the same are the same thing at last.

beares a taste, & both are the same are y same the same thing at last.

Morpheus the humble God that dwells in Cottages & smoaky Cells hates gilded
roofs & beds of down & though he feares no Princes frown, flies from ye Circle
of a Crown: Come I say come I say thou powerfull God & thy leaden charming
Rod dipt in the Lethæan Lake, ore his wakefull temples shake, lest he should
sleep, lest he should sleep & never wake: Nature (alass) why art thou so,
obliged to thy greatest foe, sleep y^t is thy best repast yet of death it beares a taste

Bassus

& both are the same are the same the same thing at last.

Morpheus the humble God y^t dwells in Cottages & smoaky Cells, hates gilded roofs &
beds of down, & though he feares no Princes frown, flies from ye Circle of a
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obliged to thy greatest foe, sleep that is thy best repast yet of death it
beares a taste, and both are the same are the same the same thing at last.

Cantus primus.

Long have I sought where true Contentment dwells, in Courts in

Cities or in private Cells, in Courts in Cities or in private Cells,

But Courts I found were fill'd with empty ayre, Cities with noyse and

private Cells with care, Content I thought in honours seat might stay,

but that high Prospect made it speed away, Lowness breeds Joy, but tottering

hights breed fear, where earth seems distant but ye danger near, I thought y^e

Rich this Jewell might enjoy, but loads of earth did his delights destroy;

Cantus secundus

Long haue I sought where true Contentment dwells, in Courts in Cities or in

private Cells, in Courts in Cities or in private Cells: But Courts I found were

fill'd wth empty ayre, Cities wth noyse, & private Cells wth care. Content I thought in

honour's seat might stay, but that high Prospect made it speed a way.

Lowness breeds Joy, but tottering heights breed fear, where earth seems distant but y^e

danger near. I thought ye Rich this Iewell might enjoy, but loads of earth did

his delights destroy:

Content is pure, too pure with dross to mix,
Nothing but Soul, this Soul of life can fix:
At length to Books I thought it might retreat,
But books did onely doubts and strifes beget.
In vain I toyl'd & look'd for welcom rest,
Till last I sought it in a noble Breast.
There I did honour, virtue, freindship find,
Chains that are soft yet doe most strongly bind.
Whilst Amarillis doth that breast secure,
I can the Crosses of my fate endure:

Long haue I sought where true Contentment dwells, in Courts in Cities or in private

Cells, in Courts in Cities or in private Cells. But Courts I found were

fill'd wth empty ayre. Cities wth noyse, & private Cells wth care. Content I thought in

honour's seat might stay, but that high Prospect made it speed away. Lowness breeds

Joy but tottering heights breed fear, where earth seems distant but ye danger near.

I thought the Rich this Iewell might enjoy, but loads of earth did his delights destroy:

Violino primo.

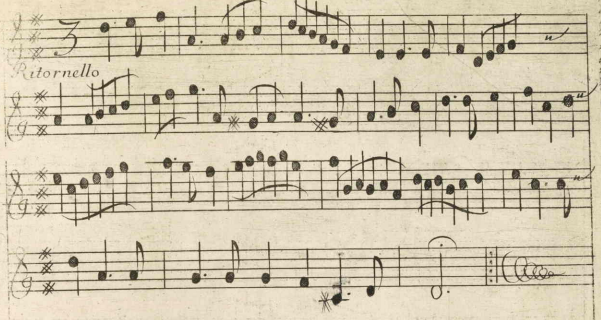
Cantus primus
Retornello tacet.

Stay Shepherd stay Shepherd, prethee Shepherd stay, didst thou not see her

run this way, where may shee be canst thou not tel. alass! I've lost my Shepherdess.

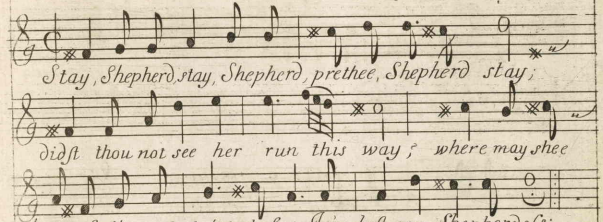
Retornello repetatur.

Violino secundo.

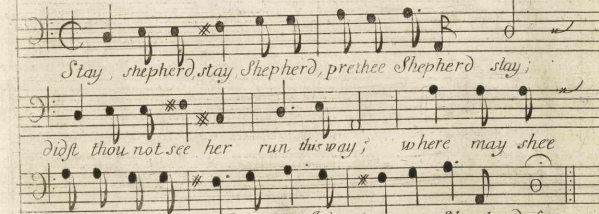


Cantus secundus.

Ritornello tacet.



Bassus:



Ritornello repetatur
ut supra.

Cantus primus

I fear some Satyr has betrayd, my pretty pretty Lamb vnto the

shade, then woe is me, for I'm undone, for in the shade shee was my Sun.

Retornello ut supra. In summer heat, were shee not seen, no soli=

=tary Vale was green, the blooming Hills, the downy me-ads,

bear not a flower, but where shee treads; Retornello ut supra: Hush'd were ye

senfless Trees when shee sate but to keep them Company, the Silver streams were

swell'd with pride, when shee sate singing, when shee sate singing by their side

Cantus secundus.

I fear some Satyr has betrayd, my pretty pretty Lamb onto the shade

then woe is me, for I'm undone for in the shade, for in the Shade she

Ritornello ut supra

was my Sun: In Summer heat were shee not seen, no soli-

-tary Vale was greeny blooming hills, y downy meads bear not a flowr but

Ritornello ut supra

where shee treads: Hushd were y senslefs Trees, when shee sate but to

keep them company, the Silver streams were swelld wth pride, when shee sate singing,

when shee sate singing by their side.

Ritornello ut supra

Bassus

I fear some Satyr has betrayd, my pretty pretty Lamb onto the shade, then

woe is me for I'm undone, for in the shade, for in the shad shee was my Sun:

Ritornello ut supra

In Summer heat were shee not seen, no solitary Vale was: green:

the blooming Hills, y downy meads, bear not a flower but where shee treads;

Ritornello ut supra

Hushd were the senslefs Trees, wheas shee sate but to keep them company, the Silver

Streams were swelld wth pride, when shee sate singing, when shee sate singing by their side:

Cantus primus

Ritornello ut supra

Next do I fly unto the Woods, where Flora

pranks her self with buds, thinking to find her there, but lo, the

Myrtles and the Shrubs say no, Then what shall I vnhappy doe,

or whome shal I complain onto, no, no, here I'm re=

=solvd to dye, No, no, no, here I'm resolvd to

dye, welcome, welcome :/: sweet death, and

desti — — ny:

Ritornello repetatur ut supra

Cantus secundus.

Next do I fly unto the woods, where Flora pranks herself with buds, thinking to find her there but lo; the Myrtles & the shrubs say no: Then what shall I vn-happy doe, or whom shall I complain unto: No, no, here I'm re-solv'd to dye, No, no, here I'm resolv'd to dye, welcome welcome sweet death and des-tiny:

Ritornello repetatur.

Bassus.

Next doe I fly unto the Woods, where Flora pranks herself with buds, thinking to find her there but lo; the Myrtles & the Shrubs say no: Then what shal I uu happy doe, or whom shall I complain unto, No, No, here I'm resolv'd to dye, No, No, No, here I'm resolv'd to dye, Welcome, welcome sweet death and desti-ny.

Ritornello repetatur

Cowley. Cantus primus

Underneath this Myrtle shade, on flowry beds supinely laid,

with odorous oyls my head oreflowing, & around it Roses growing

what shall I do but drink away, the heat & troubles of the day.

In this more then Kingly state, Love himself shall on me wait.

Fill to me Love, nay fill it up, & mingled cast in to the

Cup. Wit & Mirth & noble fires, vigorous Health & gay de-

sires, The Wheel of life no less will stay, in a smooth then rugged way.

Cantus secundus.

Vnder neath this Myrtle shade, on flowry beds su=pinely laid, with odrous

oyls my head ore flowing, & around it Roses growing What should I do but

drink away, the heat & troubles of the day, In this more then kingly state

Love himself shall on me wait, fill to me love, nay fill it up, & mingled

cast in to the Cup, Wit & mirth & noble Fires, vigourous health &

gay desires, The Wheel of Life no less will stay, in a smooth then rugged way.

Bassus.

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with odrous oyls my head ore flowing & around it Roses growing.

What should I do but drink away, the heat & troubles of the day

In this more then Kingly state, Loue himself shal on me wait fill

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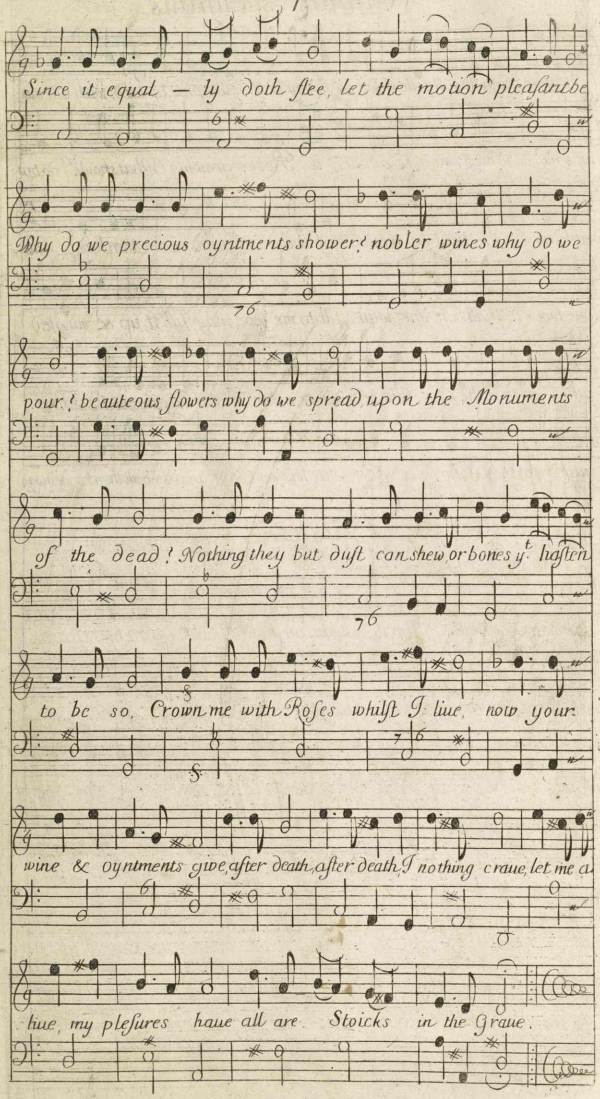
Mirth & noble Fires, vigrous health & gay desires, The Wheel of

Life, no less will stay, in a smooth then rugged way.

Cantus primus.



Cantus secundus

Since it equal=ly doth flee, let the Motion pleasant be,
Why do we precious oyntments shower, noble Wines why do we power,
beauteous flowers why do we spread, vpon the Monuments of the dead,
nothing they but dust can show, or bones that hasten to be so;
Crown me with Roses whilst I live, now your Wine & Oyntments giue,
after death, after death I nothing craue, let me alive my pleasures haue,
all are Stoicks - - in the Graue.

Basus

Since it equally doth flee, let the Motion pleasant be, Why do we
precious Oyntments shower, noble Wines why do we power beauteous flowers why
do we spread, vpon the Monuments of the dead. Nothing they but dust can
show, or bones that hasten to be so. Crown me with Roses whilst I
liue, now your wine & Oyntments giue, after Death, after Death I
nothing craue, let me alive my pleasures haue, all are Stoicks in the Graue.

Cantus primus.

Thou art so fair & cruel too, I am amazd what I shall do, to compass my desire, sometimes thy eyes do me invite, but when I venture, kill me quite, yet still encrease my fire.

Oft haue I tryd my loue to quell,
And thought its fury to repell,
Since I no hopes can find.
But when I thinke of leauing thee,
My heart as much doth torture me,
As't would rejoyce if kind.

Ritornello

Viotino secundo.

When shall ariue the day.

Bassus

Ritornello.

Cantus secundus.

Thou art so fair & cruel too, I am amazd what I shall do to compass my desie: Sometimes thy eyes do me invite, but when I venture kil me quite, yet stil encrease my fire.

Bassus.

Thou art so fair & cruel too, I am amazd what I shal do, to compass my desire: Sometimes thy eyes do me invite, but when I venture kil me quite, yet stil encrease my fire.

I stil must loue though hardly usd,
And never offer but refusd,
Can any suffer more:
Be coy be cruel do thy worst,
Though for thy sake I am accurst,
I must and will adore.

Ritornello
Violino primo.

When shal arive the day.

Cantus primus.

When shall arive the day, that must my life & sorrow terminate,

that angry fortune may, the Tyrant Goddess of all humane state,

her Cruelty full-filling by one kind death thus make an

end of killing: When shall my troubled years, be to a

verdent Grave of flowers restord, my injuries my

fears, too little merited too much deplord when shal my

just complaint from equall Heav'n receave a full restraint.

Ritornello repetatur ut supra.

Cantus secundus.

When shall arive the day, that must my life & sorrow termu=
=nate, that angry fortune may, the Tyrant Goddess of all
humane state, her Cruelty full-filling, by one kind Death, thus
make an end of killing; When shal my troubled years, be to a
verdent Grave of flowers restord my injuries my fears, too little
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Ritornello ut supra.

Bassus.

When shal arive the day, that must my life & sorrow terminate,
that angry fortune may, the Tyrant Goddess of all humane state,
her cruelty full=filling, by one kind Death, thus make an end of
killing; When shal my troubled years be to a verdent Graue of flowers re=
stord, my injuries my fears, too little merited too much deplord,
when shal my just complaint of equall Heavn receiue a ful restraint.

Ritornello ut supra.

Cantus primus.

Now I am thrown thus low, what more can be desird by cruel fate,

no hopes my sad thoughts know of re in=joying that past happy

state, o my afflicted mind, death wouldst thou come, death

wouldst thou come, a welcome thou shouldst find.

Chorus.

Violino primo

With patience quite forlorn, I passe ye years & months in so = litude,

the ev'ning & the morn, by them my hopes stil striving to delude

Cantus secundus.

Now I am thrown thus low what more can be desird by cruel

fate, no hopes my sad thoughts know of rein-joy-ing

that past happy state, o my afflic ted mind Death

Death wouldst thou come, come wouldst thou come, a welcom thou shouldst find.

Now I am thrown thus low what more can be desird by cruel

fate, no hopes my sad thoughts know, of rein joying that past

happy State, o my afflicted mind, Death wouldst thou come

Chorus

Death Death wouldst thou come a welcome thou shouldst find.

Violino secundo.

Chorus

With patience quite forlorn, I pass the years & Months in solitude,

the evning & the morn, by them my hopes still striving to delude.

With patience quite forlorn, I pass the years & Months in solitude,

the evning & the morn by them my hopes still striving to delude

Cantus primus

Cantus primus.

my tears I constant keep, and as I meet, and as I

meet, Aurora dayly weep. Ritornello ut supra.

Violino primo.

Ritornello ut supra.

Give me leaue to raile at you, I ask nothing

but my due, to call you false & then to say, you shal not keep my

heart a day, but alass against my Will, I must be your Captiue still,

Ah be kinder then for I, cannot change nor can. I dye.

Cantus secundus

my tears I constant keep & as I meet & as I meet, Au=

Ritornello ut supra.

=rora dayly weep.

my tears I constant keep & as I meet & as I meet. Au=

Ritornello ut supra.

=rora dayly weep.

Violino secundo.

Ritornello ut supra

Give me leaue to raile at you. I ask nothing but my due to

call you false & then to say you shal not keep my heart a day

but alass against my Will, I must be your Captive still

ah be kinder then for I cannot change nor can I dye.

Giue me leave to rail at you. I ask nothing but my

due, to call you false & then, to say, you shal not keep my heart

day, but alass against my will. I must be your Captiue still

ah be kinder then for I, cannot change nor can I dye.

Cantus primus

Cast Clarissa, cast Clarissa, cast that glass away,

nor in its Cristal face thine owne survey, what can be

free from Loves imperious lawes, when painted shaddowes reall

fla -- mes can cause, the fires may burn thee, w: from y mirrour

rise, by the reflected Beames of thine owne eyes, &so at length

fain with thy selfe in Love, thou mayst my Rival,

thou mayst my Rival, thou thine own Martyr prove

Cantus secundus.

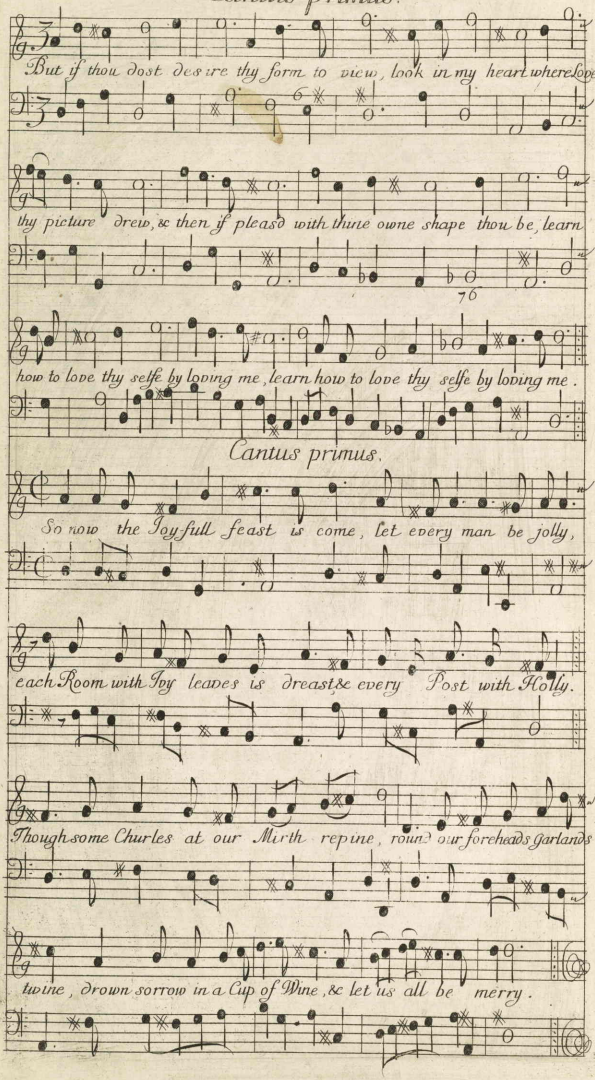
Cast Clarissa, cast that glasse away nor in its Cristall
Cristall face thine owne survey, what can be free what can be
free from loves Imperious Lawes, when painted shaddowes reall
fla - - - mes can cause: the fires may burn thee wth from ye murrour
rise by the reflected Beams of thine owne eyes, & so at length
faln with thy self in Love, thou mayst my Rival thou may'st my
Rival thou must my Rival thine owne Martyr prove.

Bassus.

Cast Clarissa cast ye glasse away nor in its Cristal face thine
owne survey, what can be free from loves Imperious Lawes, when painted
shaddowes reall fla - - mes can cause; the fires may burn thee
may burn thee wch from that murrour rise, by y^e reflected beams reflected
Beams of thine owne eyes, & so at length faln with thy self in Love.
thou may'st my Rival thou may'st thou. thine owne Martyr prove

Cantus Secundus

Cantus primus.



But if thou dost desire thy form to view, look in my heart where Love

thy picture drew, & then if pleas'd with thine owne shape thou be,

learn how to love thy selfe by loving me, learn how by loving me:

But if thou dost desire thy form to view, look in my heart where Love

thy picture drew, & then if pleas'd with thine owne shape thou be, learn how to

love thy self by loving me. learn how to love thy self by loving me.

So now the Joyfull feast is come, let every man be jolly,

each Room with Ivy leaves is drest, & every Post with Holly,

Though some Churles at our Mirth repine, round our foreheads Garlands

twine, drown sorrow in a Cup of Wine, & let us all be merry;

So now the joyfull feast is come, let every man be jolly,

each Room wth Ivy leaves is drest, & every Post with Holly,

Though some Churles at our Mirth repine, round our foreheads Garlands

twine, drown Sorrow in a Cup of Wine, & let us all be merry:

Cantus primus

Nay do not blush, that now I know, what you un-

-willing what you un=wil=ling what you unwilling are to

show it must my fair it must my fair it must my

fair it must be so my fair, in vain you strive

that to deny, wch I so eas'ly can discry, I'm

sure you love as wel as I. you love as wel as

I. as wel as I. as wel as I you love as well as I.

Cantus secundus.

Nay do not blush that now I know, what you un-
-willing what what you unwilling are to
show, it must be so it must be so it must my
fair it must be so my fair in vain you strive,
that to deny that to deny wch I so easly can dis-
-cry. I'm sure you loue as wel as I. you love
as wel as I. as well as I you love as wel as I.

Bassus.

Nay do not blush that now I know, what you unwilling what you un
-willing what you unwilling are to show, my
fair it must be so, it must be so my fair in vain you
strive, that to deny wch I so easly can discry, I'm
sure you love as well as I. as well as I. you love
you love as well as I. as wel as I. you love as wel as I.

Cantus primus.

What ere you say your eyes are kind, obleiging smiles betray your mind, Love see's sometimes for all he's blind. then lay aside this foolish shame, and bless your ravish'd Lovers flame, wth mutual fires or you are to blame.

Cantus primus.

How charming are those pleasant pains, wch the sucessfull Lover gains, O how the longing Spirit flies on scorching sighes from dying eyes, whose intermixing rayes impart Love's welcome message to my heart,

Cantus secundus.

What ere you say your eyes are kind, obleiging smiles be-
-tray your mind, Love sees sometimes for all he's blind then lay a-
-side this foolish shame, & blesse your ravish'd Lovers flame,
with mutuall fires or you are to blame:

Bassus.

What ere you say your eyes are kind, obleiging smiles betray your mind,
Love sees sometimes, for all he's blind, then lay aside this foolish shame,
and blesse your ravish'd lovers flame, with mutuall fires or you are to blame.
How charming are those pleasant pains w: ch the successful lover gains,
Oh how the longing Spirit flies on scoching sighes from dying eyes,
whose intermixing rayes impart, Love's welcome message to my heart.
How charming are those pleasant pains w: ch the successfull lover gains,
Oh how the longing Spirit flies on scorching sighes from dying eyes,
whose intermixing rayes impart, Loves welcome message to my heart.

Cantus primus

Thou my Lad that lov'dst Canary, do not think vpon Pagary,

Wee'l embarque on Bacchus fountains, fancying Chaires & Stools for

Mountaines, round about & round about this Purple Vine, we will

drink our Spanish Wine, on the Table we will row, with the glasse no

further goe; Then let us tipple then let us tipple like Babes on y

Nipple, like Babes on y Nipple, then let us tipple

then let us tipple like Babes on y Nipple, drinking up our Muscadine.

Cantus secundus.

Thou my Lad that lov d'st Canary, do not think vpon Vagary,
weel embarque on Bacchus fountaines; fancying Chaires & Stools for
Mountains, round about & round about this purple Vine, we will
drink our Spanish Wine, on the Table we will row, with the glasse no
further goe: Like Babes on the Nipple, then let us tipple, like
Babes on the Nipple then let us tipple, then let us tipple like Babes on y^e
Nipple, then let us - - - - - - drinking vp our Muscadine.

Bassus

Thou my Lad that lovest Canary, do not think v-
-pon Vagary, weel embarque on Bacchus fountaines, fancying
Chaires & Stools for Mountains, round about & round about this purple
Vine, we will drink our Spanish Wine, on the Table we will row, with y^e
glasse no further goe; Then let us tipple like Babes on ye Nipple, then let us
tipple like Babes on ye Nipple, then let - - - - - - then let us
tipple like Babes on ye Nipple, then let - - - - drinking up our Muscadine

Cantus primus.

By a bold peoples stubborn armes oppresst, forcd to for-

-sake the Land w.ch he possest, Torn from his dearest Sone,

let him in vain seek help and see, his Freinds vn-

-justly slain, Let him to base vnequall termes sub-

-mit, in hopes to save his Crown, yet loose both its

Life at once untimely let him dye, & on an

open Stage vnburied lye.

Cantus secundus.

By a bold peoples stubborn arms opprest, forcd to for-
-sake the Land wch he possest, Torn from his dearest Sone,
let him in vain seek help & see his Freinds unjustly
slain, Let him to base vnequall termes sub-mit,
in hopes to save his Crown, yet loose both it & life at
once, untimely let him dye, and on an open
Stage unburied lye.

Basus.

By a bold peoples stubborn arms opprest, forcd to forsake the
Land wch he possest, Torn from his dearest Sone let him in
vain seek help & see his Freinds unjustly slain, Let him to
base unequall termes submit, in hopes to save his Crown, yet
loose both it & life at once, untime-ly let him dye, &
on an open Stage un buri-ed lye.

Cantus primus.

Sweet Philo-mel, sweet Philomel, the Groves & desarts

hanuting, oft glads my Soul with her melodious Chanting:

But then me thinks shee plea-ses best, when prick prick prick w: thorns

against her brest, shee cry's, fie

fie shee crys, fie, fie, fie, fie, as if shee suffer'd wrong,

as if shee suffred wrong, til see ming pleas'd,

sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, concludes her Song:

Cantus secundus.

Sweet Philomel, sweet Philomel the Groves & desarts

haunting, oft glads my Soul with her melodious chanting,

But then me thinks shee pleases best, when prickt, prickt,

prickt with thorns against her brest, shee crys, fie

fie, shee crys, fie, fie, fie, fie, as if shee sufferd wrong,

as if shee sufferd wrong, as if :|: till seeming

pleasd, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, concludes her Song:

Basus.

Sweet Philomel, sweet Philomel the Groves & desarts haunting,

oft glads my Soul with her melodious chanting, But then me

thinks shee pleases best, when prickt, prickt, prickt, w. th. thorns against her brest,

shee cry's, fie, fie, shee cry's, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, as

if shee suffred wrong, as if shee sufferd wrong, til seeming pleasd,

sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, concludes her song.

Cantus primus.

To plough the wide Ocean go we, though the merci-less-

Waves stil shew us our Graves, & the black, black Tempest surround us:

Though dangers & fear do confound us; let it blow, let it blow, we

care not a feather, for the cold Northwind nor the Rain, we'l into the

Main & fear & fear, neither Rocks nor the Weather: Let Lamentab

care grow wretched & poor, & think themselves happy at home whilst freely

ramble to wealthier shores & are happy where ever we come:

Cantus Secundus.

To plough the wide Ocean go we, though the merciless Waves stil shew us our graves, & the black, black Tempest surroundus: Though dangers & fear do con-foundus let it blow, let it blow, we care not a feather for the cold, North wind nor the rain, wee'l into the Main, & fear & fear neither Rocks nor y Weather: Let Landmen take care grow wretched & poor, & think themselves happy at hom, whilst freely we ramble to wealthier shores, & are happy where ever we come.

Bassus.

To plough the wide Ocean go we, though the merciless Waves stil shew us our Graves and the black, black, Tempest surround us: Though dangers & fear do confound us, let it blow let it blow, we care not a feather for the cold North wind nor the rain wee'l into the Main and fear and fear neither Rocks nor the weather: Let Landmen take care grow wretched & poor, & think themselves happy at home, whilst freely we ramble to wealthier shores, & are happy where ever wee come.

I'l sing, I'l sing I'l sing of Heroes and of Kings in mighty

numbers in mighty numbers mighty things begin my Muse but

lo but lo the strings to my great Song, to my great song re-

bellious prove the strings wil sound, wil sound of nought but loue of

nought but loue I broke them all & put on new I broke them all

and put on new t'is this or nothing 't is this or nothing

't is this or nothing t is this or nothing sure wil do.

I'le sing, I'le sing, I'le sing, of Heroes and of Kings in mighty numbers, in mighty numbers mighty things, begin my Muse but lo, but lo the Strings, but lo the Strings to my greate Song rebellious prove, the Strings will sound of nought but loue, of nought but loue, I broke them all, I broke them all and put on new. I broke them all and put on new, t'is this or nothing, t'is this or nothing, this or nothing, t'is this or nothing sure will do:

Bassus

I'le sing, I'le sing, I'le sing of Heroes and of Kings, in mighty numbers, in mighty numbers mighty things, begin my Muse, but lo, but lo the strings to my great Song, to my great Song rebellious prove, the strings will sound of nought but loue, of nought but loue, I broke them all and put on new, I broke them all and put on new, t'is this or nothing, t'is this or nothing, t'is this or nothing, t'is this or nothing sure will do.

Cantus primus

These sure said I will me obey,

these sure said I, will me obey, these sure He-

roick Notes will play, Heroick notes, Heroick

Notes, Heroick Notes will play: Straight I began wth

Thun — — — — — dring thundring thundring Jove

and all the Im-mor tall powers, Immor tall powers,

Immor tall powers but Love

these sure said I, these sure said I, will me o-

-bey, will me obey these sure Heroick notes will

play Heroick notes Heroick notes Heroick notes will

play straight I began I began with thundring w.th Thun —

— — — — — — dring Jove and all the Immortall Im-

-mortall powers Immortall powers but loue but loue Immortall powers but loue.

Basus

these sure said I, will me obey, will me obey said I,

will me obey, these sure said I, will me obey, these

sure Heroick notes will play Heroick notes will play Straight I be-

-gan I began w.th Thun — — — — — dring thundring Jove

and all the Immortall powers Immortall powers but loue but

loue Immortall powers Immortall powers — but loue.

Cantus primus

Love smild and from my en — feebled Lyre

came gentle airs, came gentle airs, such as in spire,

came gentle airs such as inspire, melting Love

mel — — — — — ting Love and soft desire.

Farwell farwell then Heroes farwell Kings, in mighty

numbers mighty things, love tunes my heart

just to my Strings love tunes my heart my heart just just to my strings

Love smild and from my en - fee bled Lyre

came gentle airs, such as in-spire inspire gentle aires

such as inspire, mel - ting love, - - mel - - - ting

Love and soft desire: Farwell farwell then Heroes farwell

Kings, in mighty numbers mighty things, Love tunes my

heart, just to my strings, love tunes my heart just just to my strings:

Bassus

Love smild and from my en - fee bled Lyre, came gentle airs,

came gentle airs, such as inspire, came gentle airs, such as inspire

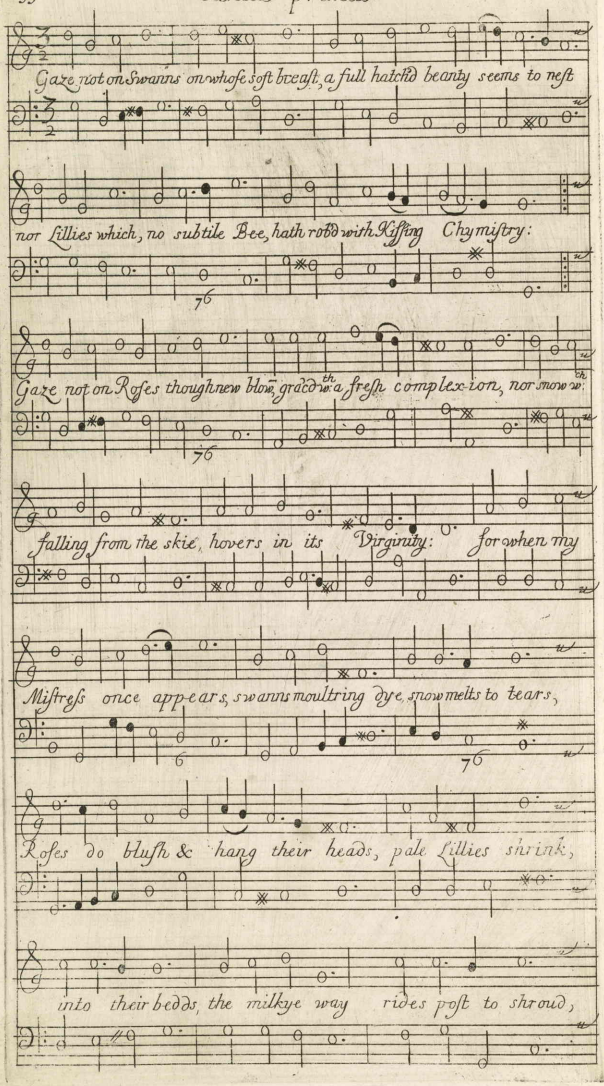
mel - - ting love, melting love love and soft desire:

Farwell farwell then Heroes farewell Kings, in mighty numbers

mighty things, Love tunes my heart, just to my Strings

love tunes my heart my heart, just, just to my Strings.

Cantus primus.


Gaze not on Swanns on whose soft breast, a full hatch'd beauty seems to nest
nor Lillies which, no subtile Bee, hath rob'd with Kissing Chymistry:
Gaze not on Roses though new blow̄, grac'd w.th a fresh complexion, nor snow w.th
falling from the skie, hovers in its Virginity: for when my
Mistress once appears, swanns moultring dye, snow melts to tears,
Roses do blush & hang their heads, pale Lillies shrink,
into their bedds, the milkye way rides post to shroud,

Gaze not on Swanns, on whose soft breast, a full hatchd beauty seems to nest.

nor Lillies wch no subtile Bee, hath robd with Kissing Chymistry:

Gaze not on Roses though new blown, gracd wth a fresh complexion, nor Snow wch falling

from the skie, hovers in its in its Virginity: for when my Mistress

once appears Swans moultring dye Snow melts to tears, Roses do blush &

hang their heads, pale Lillies shrink, in to their bedds the milky way, rides post to shroud

Basus.

Gaze not on Swannes, on whose soft breast, a full hatchd beauty seemes to nest,

nor Lillies wch no subtile Bee, hath robd wth Kissing Chymistry: Gaze not on

Roses though new blown, gracd wth a fresh complexion, nor Snow wch falling from the

skie, hovers in its in its Virginity: For when my Mistress once ap-

-pears Swanns moultring dye, snow melts to tears, Roses do blush & hang their heads

pale Lillies shrink into their bedds the milkye way rides post to shroud

Cantus primus.

it's bafled glory in a Cloud, and Pearles do climb into her

ear, to hang themselves for envy there, so have I seen

starrs big with light, prove Lanthorns to the mooneyd night, wch when Sol's

rayes, do once display, sink in their sockets & decay:

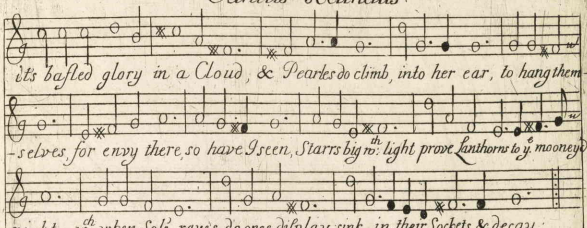
Cantus primus.

Why lovely Celia should I fear, to tel you that I love, since I no

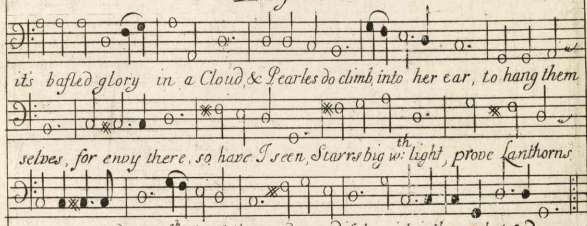
other shape can wear, but what you may approve, What fault can you

with my bright passion find, that must be as Immortall as your mind:

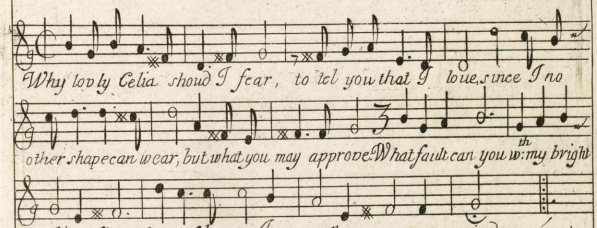
Cantus secundus.

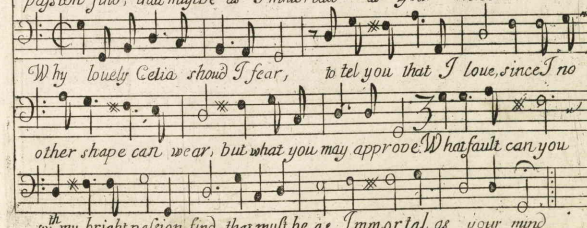

it's bafled glory in a Cloud, & Pearles do climb, into her ear, to hang them-
-selves, for envy there, so have I seen, Starrs big w:th light prove Lanthorns to y.e mooney'd
night, w:ch when Sol's rayes, do once display, sink in their Sockets & decay:

Bassus.


it's bafled glory in a Cloud, & Pearles do climb, into her ear, to hang them
selves, for envy there, so have I seen, Starrs big w:th light, prove Lanthorns
to the mooney'd night, w:ch when Sol's rayes do once display, sink in their sockets & decay:

Cantus secundus


Why lovly Celia shoud I fear, to tel you that I loue, since I no
other shape can wear, but what you may approve. What fault can you w:th my bright
passion find, that must be as Immortall as your mind:


Why louely Celia shoud I fear, to tel you that I loue, since I no
other shape can wear, but what you may approve. What fault can you
w:th my bright passion find, that must be as Immortal as your mind

E-nough my Muse of earthly things & Inspiration

Inspirations, but of wind, but of Wind take up thy

Lute, take up thy Lute & to it bind, loud, loud, loud, & ever-

-lasting strings & on them play, & on them play, & on them, play

& to them sing, to them sing, sing, sing, the happy mournfull

stories, the lamentable glories, lamentable glories, of the

great great Cru - cify'd King:

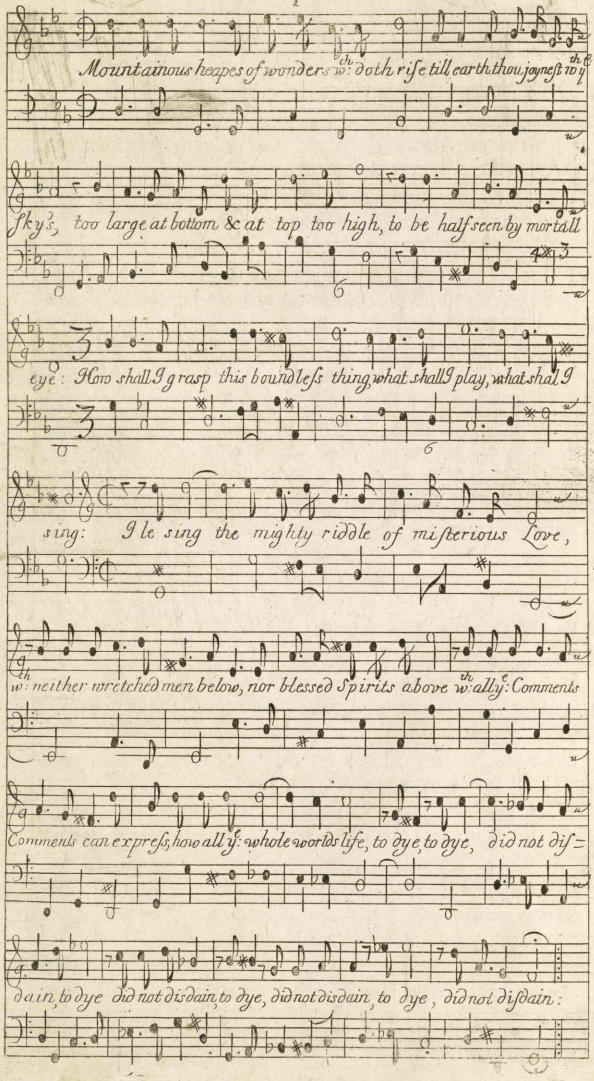
Cantus secnndus.

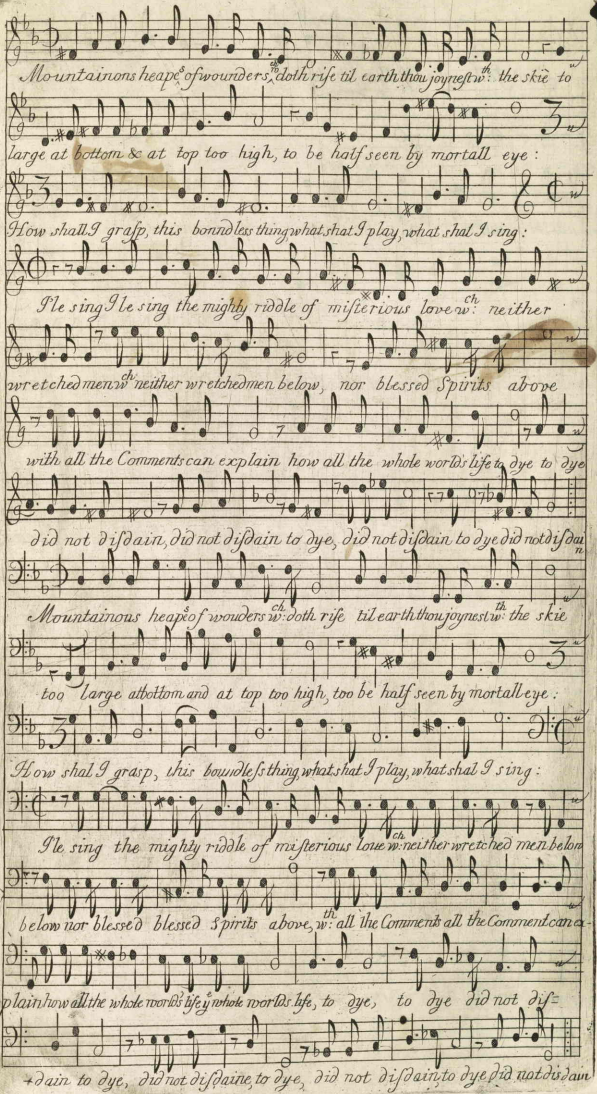
Enough my Muse, of earthly things, & inspi-
-rations-inspi-ra-ti-ons, but of wind, take up thy
Lute, take up thy Lute, take up thy Lute, & to it bind,
loud loud & everlasting strings, & on them play, & on them
play, & on them play, & to them sing; to them sing, sing, sing,
the happy mournfull stories & lamentable glories, lamentable
glories, of the great great Cru-ci-fyd King.

Basus

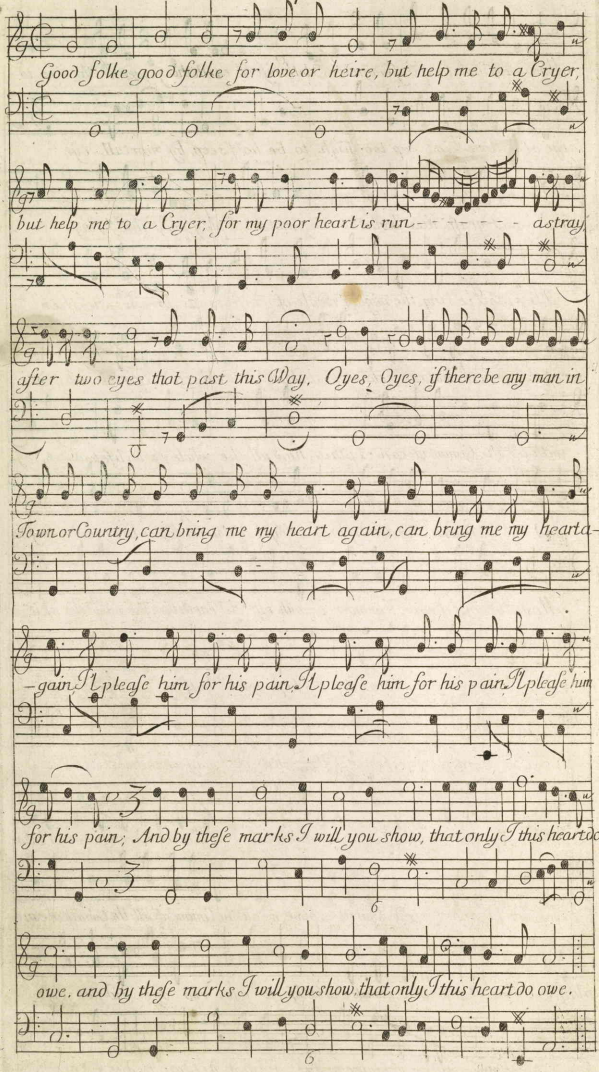
Enough my Muse, of earthly things, & In-spi-ra-tions-
Inspira-tions, but of wind, take up thy Lute, take up thy
Lute, & to it bind, loud loud loud & ev-er-las-ting strings & on them
play, & on them play, & to them sing, to them sing sing
sing, the happy mournfull stories, the lamentable glories,
of the great of the great Crucifyd King:

Cantus primus.




Mountainons heapes of wounders, to doth rise til earth thou joynest wth the skie to
large at bottom & at top too high, to be half seen by mortall eye:
How shall I grasp, this bonndless thing what shat I play, what shal I sing:
I'le sing I le sing the mighty riddle of misterious love wch neither
wretched men wch neither wretched men below, nor blessed Spirits above
with all the Comments can explain how all the whole world's life to dye to dye
did not disdain, did not disdain to dye, did not disdain to dye did not disdain
Mountainous heapes of wouders wch doth rise til earth thou joynest wth the skie
too large at bottom and at top too high, too be half seen by mortall eye:
How shal I grasp, this boundless thing, what shat I play, what shal I sing:
I'le sing the mighty riddle of misterious loue wch neither wretched men below
below nor blessed blessed Spirits above, wth all the Comments all the Comment can ex-
plain how all the whole world's life ye whole worlds life, to dye, to dye did not dis-
+dain to dye, did not disdaine, to dye, did not disdain, to dye did not disdain

Cantus primus.



Cantus secundus
sive Tenor.

Good folke for loue or hire good folke but help me to a Cryer for my poor heart is run - - - - - - - - astray, after two eyes that past this Way, O yes, O yes, O yes can bring me my heart again, I'l please him for his pain, I'l please him for his pain, And by these marks I will you shew, that only I this heart do owe, and by these marks I will you shew, that only I this heart do owe.

Bassus.

Good folke for love or heire but help me to a Cryer, but help me to a Cryer, for my poor heart is run - - - - - - - - - - astray after two eyes that past this Way, O yes, if there be any man in Town or Country, can bring me my heart again, can bring me my heart again, I'l please him for his pain, I'l please him for his pain, I'l please him for his pain, And by these marks I will you shew, that only I this heart do owe, & by that only I this heart do owe.

Cantus primus.

It is a wounded heart wherein yet sticks the dart, wherein yet

sticks wherein yet sticks wherein yet sticks the dart, every place sore

hurt throughout it, & faith & troth writ round about it & faith &

troth & faith & troth writ round writ round about it. It is a tame heart

it is a tame heart, it is a tame heart, & most dear & never usd to

rome, but having got this haunt I fear I fear t' will

hardly stay at home. Chorus.

Cantus secundus.

It is a wounded heart wherein yet sticks ye dart wherein yet
sticks wherein yet sticks wherein yet sticks the dart every place sore
hurt throughout it & faith & troth writ round about it, & faith & troth
& faith & troth writ round writ round about it. It is a tame heart
It is a tame heart, it is ~ & most dear & never usd never usd to
rome, but having got this haunt I fear I fear I fear ~ twil hardly stay at home.

Bassus.

It is a wounded heart wherein yet sticks wherein yet
sticks the dart wherein yet sticks wherein yet sticks the dart every
place sore hurt throughout it & faith & troth writ round about it
& faith & troth & faith & troth writ round writ round about it,
It is a tame heart it is a tame heart, it is ~ & most
dear & never usd never usd to rome, but having got this
haunt I fear I fear I fear I fear twil hardly stay at home.

Cantus primus.

loud

Chrus. For loue's sake walking by the Way if you my heart do see,

soft

for loues sake walking by the Way if you my heart do see.

loud

either impound it

soft loud or

loud soft loud

send it back to me, either impound it either impound it either im-

soft loud

-pound it either impound it either impound it for a stray, or send it back to

soft loud soft

me, either impound it either impound it either impound it

loud

for a stray, or send it back to me.

Canius secundus.

loud

For loves sake walking by the way, if you my heart do see,

soft

for loves sake

soft loud

either impound it, or send it back to me, either im-

soft loud soft loud

-pound it either either impound it either im-

soft loud

-pound it for a stray, or send it back to me, either impound it, either im-

soft

-pound it either for a stray or send it back to me:

Basus.

loud

For love sake walking by the way if you my heart do see,

soft

for love's sake walking by the way if you my heart do see,

either impound it for a stray or send it

loud soft loud

back to me, either impound it either either im-

soft loud

-pound it either either impound it for a stray or

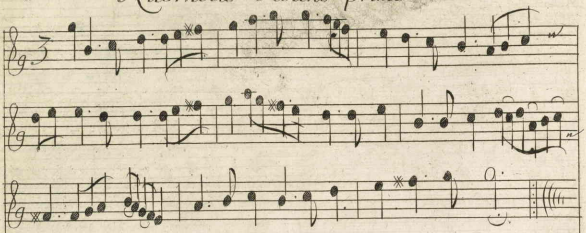
soft loud

send it back to me, either impound it either

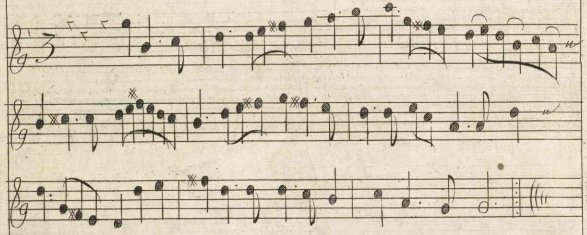
soft loud

either impound it for a stray or send it back to me:

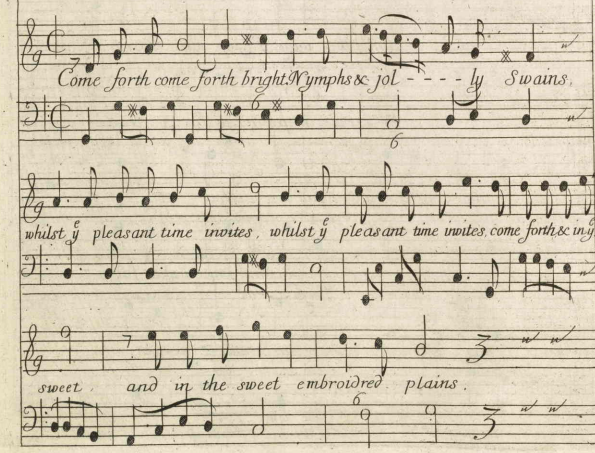
Ritornello Violino primo.



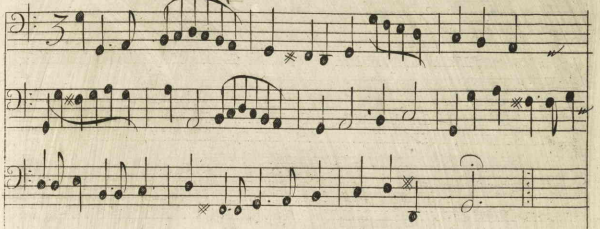
Retornello Violino secundo.



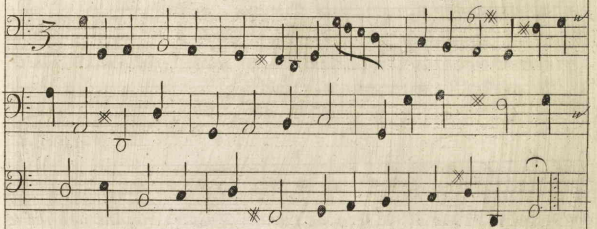
Cantus primus.



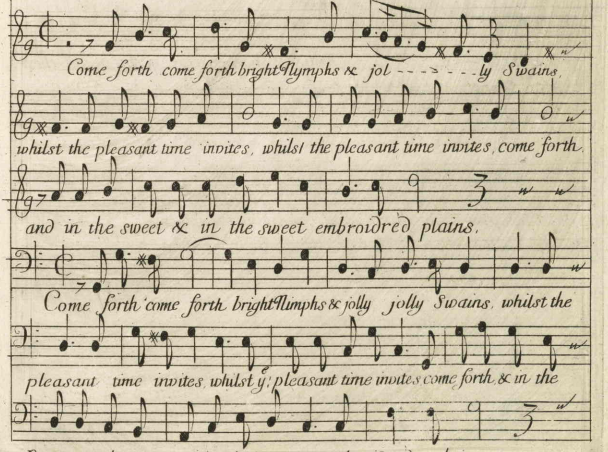
Ritornello Basso Violono.



Bassus Continuus.



Cantus secundus.



Cantus primus.

I read light & ayrie Rounds, tread light & ayrie Round, inventing

new delights: Ritornello ut supra repetatur. Sweet Verse sweet Verse wth Harmo-

-ny combind combind our senses unto Mirth alarms, alarms alarms,

and sweet wth Venns & the Graces joynd: Inspire inspire delight &

76

Joy inspire delight & Joy, pouring forth all their

Charmes, powring forth all their Charmes,

their Charmes their Charmes their Charmes. Ritornello ut supra

Cantus secundus.

Tread light & ayrie Rounds, Tread light & ayrie Rounds in

Returnello ut supra

-venting new delights: Sweet Verse

sweet Verse with Harmony combind, our senses unto Mirth a-

-larms, alarms, alarms, alarms & sweet with Venus & the Graces

joynd: Inspire inspire delight & Joy, inspire inspire

Joy, powring forth all their Charmes, powring

Returnello ut supra

their Charmes, their Charmes their Charmes:

Bassus.

Tread light & ayrie Rounds, tread inventing new delights.

Returnel ut supra

Sweet Verse sweet Verse with Harmony wth Harmony com-

-bind, our Senses unto Mirth alarms, alarms alarms & sweet w^th

Venus & the Graces joynd: Inspire inspire delight & Joy, delight &

Joy inspire inspire delight & Joy pouring forth all their Charms

Returnello ut sup

powring forth all their Charmes, their Charmes their Charmes their Charmes.

Cantus primus.

Chorus.

Sing dance & play, sing dance & play, having your

temples crown'd crown'd with fair Chaplets fresh &

gay, sing dance & play, sing dance & play,

whilst the neighbouring Woods resound, your feast your feasting

Melody still keeping Holy day.

Chorus

Cantus secundus.

Violino secundo.

Cantus secundus.

Sing dance & play, sing dance & play having your temples crownd crownd with fair Chaplets fresh & gay; sing dance & play, sing dance & play, whilst the neighbouring woods resound. your feast your feasting Melody, still keeping Holy-day.

Bassus.

Sing dance & play, sing dance & play, having your temples crownd crownd with fair Chaplets fresh & gay, Sing dance & play, sing dance & play, whilst the neighbouring woods re-sound, your feast your feasting Melody, still kee-ping Holy day.

Cantus primus.

Great, good & just could I but rate, my greif my greif & thy to rigid fate,

I'd weep I'd weep the world to such a strain, that it should deluge once again,

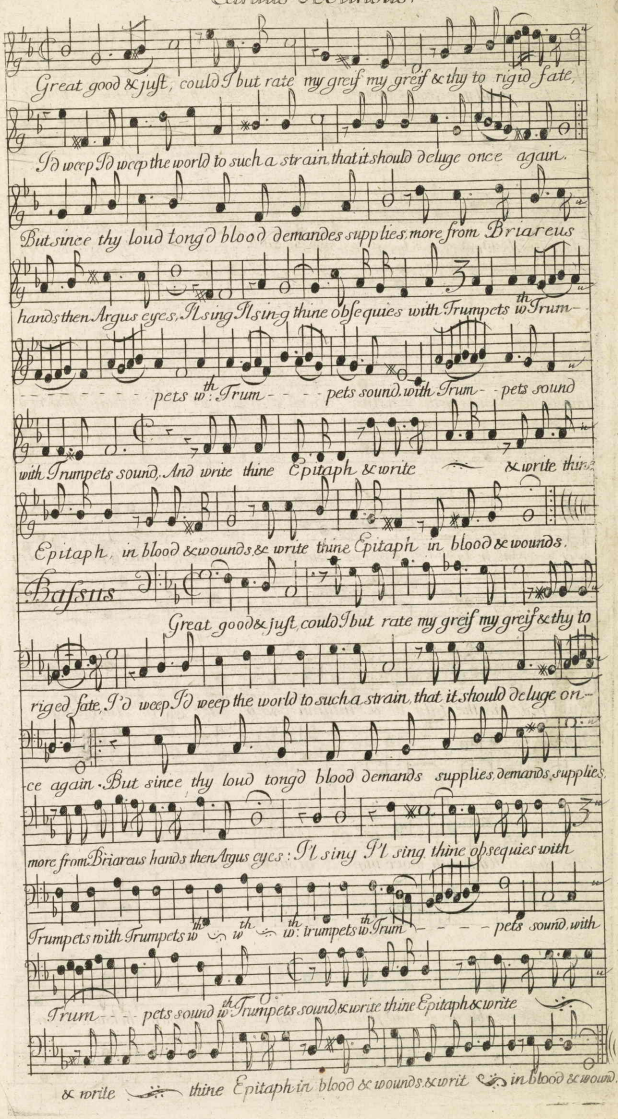
But since thy loud lougd blood demands supplies more from Briareus

hands then Argus eyes, I'll sing I'll sing thine obsequies with Trumpets, with

Trum - - - - - - - - pets with Trum - - - - pets sound with

Trum - - pets sound with Trumpets sound. And write thine Epitaph & write thine Epitaph

& write in blood & wounds & write thine Epitaph in blood & wounds.


Great good & just, could I but rate my greif my greif & thy to rigid fate,
I'd weep I'd weep the world to such a strain, that it should deluge once again.
But since thy loud tong'd blood demandes supplies, more from Briareus
hands then Argus eyes, I'l sing I'l sing thine obsequies with Trumpets wth Trum-
pets wth Trum- - - pets sound, with Trum- - pets sound
with Trumpets sound, And write thine Epitaph & write & write thine
Epitaph, in blood & wounds, & write thine Epitaph in blood & wounds.
Bassus
Great good & just, could I but rate my greif my greif & thy to
riged fate, I'd weep I'd weep the world to such a strain, that it should deluge on-
ce again. But since thy loud tong'd blood demands supplies, demands supplies,
more from Briareus hands then Argus eyes: I'l sing I'l sing thine obsequies with
Trumpets with Trumpets wth wth wth trumpets wth Trum- - - - pets sound, with
Trum- - - pets sound wth Trumpets sound, & write thine Epitaph & write
& write thine Epitaph in blood & wounds, & writ in blood & wound.

Cantus

Mourn all yee Groves, in blacker shades be seen, let Groans be heard

where gentle Winds have been, yee Dorian Rivers, weep the Fountains dry,

and all yee Plants your moisture spend & dye; yee melancholly flowers ly

were once men, lament, lament, untill yee be transformd again, let every

Rose pale as the Lilly be, & Autumn damp seize on th' Anemony.

But thou o Hyacinth, more vigrous grow, thy mournfull Letters in sad Glory

show, enlarge thy greife, and flourish in thy woe, for Bion, the beloved Bion's

Cantus.

Chorus

dead his Voyce is gone, his tunefull Breath is fled, Come all yee Muses come,

Chorus

come adorn your shepherds Herse, w: th never dying Musick w: th never

never dying Verse, w: th never never dying Verse: Come all yee Mu-

ses come adorn your Shepherds Herse, w: th never dying Musick never dying Verse.

Cantus secundus
Chorus.

Come all yee Muses come, come adorn your Shepherds

Herse, with never dying Musick, with never dying Musick,

never dying Verse, with never dy-ing Musick, never

dying Verse, Come all yee Muses come, adorn your Shepherds

Herse, with never dying Musick, never dying Verse.

Cantus.

What Quarrell in your drink my friends you abuse glasses &

Wine made for a better use, t'is a dutch trick, fie, let your brauling

cease, & from your Wine & Olives learn both Mirth & peace:

Your swords drawn in a Tavern, where the hand that holds them shaks

& he that fights can't stand, Sheath them for shame, embrace, kiss so a-

-way, sit down again and ply ye businesse of the day. But I not

drink unless my friend declares, who is his Mistresse & whose Vowes he weares.

Bassus

What Quarrell in your drink my Friends, you aby-

Wine made for a bet-ter use, 'tis a dutch trick fie,

'tis a dutch trick fie, let your braw-ling cease, & from your

Wine and Olives learn both Mirth & peace, your swords

drawn in a Tavern, where the hand that holds them shakes,

and he that fights can't stand, sheath them for shame, em=

=brace, kiss, so away, sit down a-

-gain & ply the busi-ness of the day, But I'l not

drink un-less my Friend declares, who is his

Mistress and whose wounds he weares.

ing eye, that sinks his hopes so

ge so high. Wilt thou not, tell Tom Drawer whats to

pay if you're reserv'd It' neither drink nor stay, or let me goe, or out wit, she

she must be worth naming sure, whose fate it was to Conquer to Conquer thee.

Speak softly, she, forbid it, powers above, unhappy Youth unhappy Youth

unhappy in thy love. O how I pitty thy eternall pain, thou never canst yet

loo[illegible] never canst obtain, let's talk no more of love my friends, let's drink again.

Basus.

Whence comes the Glance from what sweet kill-ing eye, that sinks h

hopes so low, and mounts his Muse so high; Wilt thou

tell Tom Drawer, what's to pay: if you're reserv'd I'l neither

drink nor stay, or let me go, or out wit, she mus

be or out wit, she must be, worth naming sure, whose fate it

was, whose fate it was, to Conquer to Conquer thee.

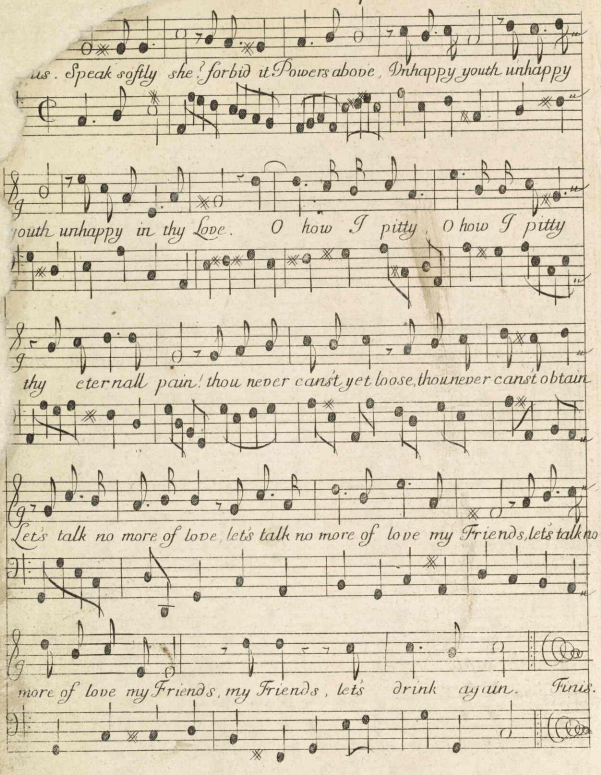
Speak softly, she, forbid it Powrs above, unhappy

youth unhappy youth unhappy in thy love, O how I pitty

thy eter-nall pain, thou never canst yet loose, thou never never canst

obtain Let's talk no more no more of love my friends, my friends lets drink again.

Cantus primus.



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Chorus. Speak softly, she forbid it Powers above, unhappy youth, unhappy youth, unhappy in thy Love. O how I pitty o how I pitty thy eternall pain! thou never canst yet loose, thou never canst obtain. Let's talk no more of love, let's talk more of love, let's of love my Friends, my Friends, my Friends, let's drink again.

Basso

Chorus. Speak softly, she forbid it Powers above, unhappy youth, unhappy youth, unhappy in thy Love. O how I pitty thy eternall pain! O how I pitty thy eternall pain! thou never never canst yet loose, thou never canst obtain. thou never canst obtain Let's talk no more let's of love, let's talk no more of love my Friends, of love my Friends, my Friends, let's drink again. Finis.

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