Musick's Delight on the Cithren

John Playford
1666

TREE EDITION
Musick's Delight
ON THE
CITHREN,
Restored and Refined to a more Easy and Pleasant
Manner of Playing than formerly; And set forth with
Lessons Al a Mode, being the Choicest of our late new Ayres,
Corants, Sarabands, Tunes, and Jiggs.
To which is added several New Songs and Ayres, to Sing to the Cithren.

By John Playford Philo-Musica.

London, Printed by W. G. and are Sold by J. Playford at his Shop in the Temple. 1666.
The Preface.

Tis observed that of late years all Solemn and Grave Musick is much laid aside, being esteemed too heavy and dull for the light Heels and Brains of this Nimble and wanton Age; Nor is any Musick rendred acceptable, or esteemed by many, but what is presented by Forreigners; Not a City Dame though a Tap-wife, but is ambitious to have her Daughters Taught by Mounseur La Novo Kickshawibus on the Gittar, which Instrument is but a new (old one) used in London in the time of Q. Mary, as appears by a Book Printed in English of Instructions and Lessons for the same, about the beginning of Q. Elizabiths Reign, being not much different from the Cithren, only that was strung with Gut-strings, this with Wyre, which was accounted the more sprightly and Cheerful Musick, and was in more esteem till

The Preface.

(till of late years) then the Gittar: Therefore to revive and restore this Harmonious Instrument, I have ventured to publish this little Book of Instructions and Lessons, making it my design and study to be useful for the practice of young Beginners, by a more plain and easie method then has been heretofore published, omitting all those difficult full Stops which former Lessons were stuff with, whereby the Tune intended was quite lost, the Ear and Patience of the Practitioner Confounded, (yet to its old Tuning;) The Tunes herein are most of them New, and set after the manner of the Gittar way of Playing, which I hope will render it the more acceptable among our young Gallants, for whose delight is also added some short Ayres and Songs to sing to the Cithren, as a Tast of what may be done on the same; All which if it prove useful to any, I have the end of my Expectation, and remain a Well-wisher to all Lovers and Practitioners of Musick.

John Playford.
Brief Instructions to the Playing on the Cithren.

The Cithren is strung with eight Wyre Strings, which are divided into four Course, two in a Course. Each Course hath his distinction and name according to the four several Parts of Musick: the first Course or smallest strings are called Trebles, the second Means, the third (which are usual of twisted Wyre) Basset, the fourth Tenors. The four double Courses do allude to the four single Rules or Línes, on which all Lessons are written.
Instructions for the Playing on the Cithren.

By this Example also is demonstrated the several Frets or Stops made on the Neck of the Cithren, and the Alphabetical Letters as they are assigned to each Fret or Stop, the Letter a omitted, that being let where the String is struck open and not stop'd, these several Letters in your Lessons you will find variously placed on the several Lines on which Places and Strings you are to strike; the first Preludium or Lesson of this Book will lead your Fingers to the Ascending and Descending of usual Notes on the Cithren, and your next being the Changes on the Bells, your Ear will guide your Hand, which by a little practice will perfect you therein.

Secondly, That being understood I proceed to the Tuning of the Cithren, which cannot be easier understood than by the Unison, which is to make two or more Strings to agree in one Sound, the one stop'd, the other open.

Example for Tuning the Cithren.

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Instructions for the Playing on the Cithren.

Begin first with the Treble winding up one of them as high as it will bear and not break, then wind up his Fellow, and make them two agree in Sound or Unison both alike; that done, turn up one of your Means and stop it in (x) and Tune it to agree in Unison or Sound with your Trebles, then Tune his Fellow to him: Next, Tune the Tenors in the same manner stopping them in (y) and make them to agree in one Sound with your Means, last Tune your Basses as you did the other, stopping them in (z) to agree in Sound with your Tenors; by this Rule your Cithren will be in perfect Tune, which for the proof thereof, strike the Staff of each String as is set in the former Example.

Thirdly, The next Rule you are to understand, The proportion of Time or Measure, which is expressed by several Notes or Characters which are placed over the Tableau or several Letters of your Lessons, there are 8 several Notes used in Musick, but 5 are only in the Lessons to the Cithren which are these,

The Names of the Notes.

- Semibreve
- Minim
- Crochet
- Quaver
- Semiquaver
Instructions for the Playing on the Cithren.

These five Notes are variously placed on the several Stops or Letters for the continuing of Sounds long or short, and are divided into two Measures or proportions the one called the Semibreve or Common-Time; the other Tripla; and are distinguished by two several Moods, one of which is usual put at the beginning of the Lesson.

The Common-Time Mood is thus marked \( \text{\textbullet}\text{\textbullet}\text{\textbullet} \) The Tripla thus \( \text{\textbullet} \)

The Semibreve or Common-Time is, when all Notes double their proportions by two to the Semibreve; that is, two Minims to the Semibreve, two Crotchets to the Minim, &c.

Example.

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{\textbullet} & \text{\textbullet} & \text{\textbullet} & \text{\textbullet} \\
1 & 2 & 4 & 8
\end{array}
\]

The Tripla-Time is, when the Time is measured by three Minims to a Semibreve with a Prick of Addition. Or, in more quicker Measure, the Time is measured by three Crotchets.

Instructions for the Playing on the Cithren.

Crotchets to a Minim with a Prick of Addition, which Prick added to the Semibreve, or to a Minim, make his measure half so much longer than he was before: the Semibreve which was but two Minims is then three, and the Minim which was but a Crotchet is then three Crotchets.

Example.

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{\textbullet} & \text{\textbullet} & \text{\textbullet} & \text{\textbullet} \\
1 & 2 & 4 & 8
\end{array}
\]

The Mood in the more slow Tripla Time.

The Mood in the more quicker Tripla Time.

Example of the Measure of the Prick Notes.
Instructions for the Playing on the Cithren.

Those who desire a more full and large Accompt of the Notes, their Measures and Proportion, I Refer them to that Book of my Introduction to the Skill of Musick, lately printed, p. 22. But this observe in the Time or Notes set over your Lessons where you have a Note placed over a Letter, and more Letters follow with no Notes over them, those Letters are to be pleased to that Notes Measure till another of the contrary appear.

Some General Rules to be observed in Playing on the Cithren.

1. For your left hand in the right fingering the Stops, ever where you leave a Fret or Stop there to leave a finger; For Example, if your first Letter be (D,) stop it with the third finger, then your first and second finger will be ready for (B & C,) if they happen to follow: But when you have many Letters which run down to (E or F,) there shift your first finger again to (F,) the rest will follow with more ease.

For the true fingering or stopping of the full stops observe the four fingers on the left hand are thus accompted, the finger next the Thumb is the first, in order to the little finger the fourth; In this Example mark, the figures placed under the Letters are assigned to the Letters as they stand in order.

Example

Instructions for the Playing on the Cithren.

Example of some usual full stops with the Fingering.

2. For your right hand, rest only your little finger on the belly of your Cithren, and so with your Thumb and first finger and sometimes the second strike your strings, as is used on the Gistar; that old Fashion of playing with a quill is not good, and therefore my advice is to lay it aside; and be sure you keep your Nails short on the right hand.

3. To strive to stop clear; Which to do, be sure not to stop short of the Fret, nor just upon it, but with the end of the finger as near the Fret as you can, and the harder the better.

Thus leaving these few Rules to your Memory and Practice in the following Lessons, which I hope will merit your kind Acceptance, and be a further Encouragement to do you more Service in this Nature.

J. P.
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Some few Errata's having passed by reason of my absence, and the Printer's want of Skill in Musick, I crave the judicious to mend with a Pen these especially;

Lesson 30, the third and fourth Letters a must be upon the third Rule; and in the second Strain ninth and tenth Letters a on the third Line also. 35 Lesson, Line the second, the sixth Letter S must be upon the lower or fourth Rule.

Short Preludium.

He foure and twenty Changes on 6 Bells.
Oh! come, kiss me now.
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Thomas I cannot.

One shall Plunder but I.
Mardike

He Kings March
O
N
the
cold
ground
The Hobby Horse Dance.

To drive the cold winter away.
A Cokeley, a new dance.

T He Lady Nevils delight.
FINIS.

Here followeth Ten Short Ayres or Songs to sing with the CITHREN.

The Words to this Tune.

1. Gather your Rose buds while you may,
   Old time is still a flying
   And that same flower that smiles to day
   To morrow will be dying.

2. The Glorious Lamp of Heaven the Sun.
   The higher he is a getting,
   The sooner will his race be run,
   And nearer he's to setting.

3. That Age is best that is the first
   While youth and blood are warmer
   Expect not then the last and worst
   Time still succeeds the former.

4. Then be not Coy but use your time,
   And while you may go marry,
   For having once but lost your prime,
   You may for ever marry.
The Words to this Tune.

1. I am a young and harmless Maid,
   And some are pleas'd to call me fair;
   No man hath yet in Ambrose said
   To catch me, but I broke the snare;
   And though they flie me proud and say,
   Yet in my freedom is my joy.

2. Yet could I quickly be in love;
   If men were not so falsely wise;
   Whose feets and tears which daily prove;
   To blind our tender hearts and eyes;
   Yet safe belief shall ne'er destroy
   My freedom, which is all my joy.

3. We are accus't to be so fair;
   And men for their abusing wit;
   When we are wise then they despair;
   And count our passion but a fit;
   Then for a while I will be coy;
   Since freedom is a woman's joy.

4. Yet do I hope this safe delay
   Shall make me live and never mourn;
   And though my beauty pass away
   He choose a Husband for my turn;
   And he shall be a Lover true;
   Then man, I am as wise as you.

The Words to this Tune.

I prefer to send me back my heart
   Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
   Why then should you keep mine?

Yet now I think on't let it lie;
   To send it me were vain;
For th' half a Thief in either eye
   Will heal it back again.

But Love is such a mystery;
   I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best restored,
   I then am mort.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe;
   I will no longer pine;
But I'll believe I have her heart
   As much as for both mine.
The Words to this Tune.

In the merry Month of May, Much ado there was god nor, Coridon would have his'rd her then.
On a Morn by break of day, He did love, but she could not. She said, Masts must kiss a men.
Forth I walk'd the wood so wide, He said his love was ever true. Till they kiss for good and all;
When as May was in her pride, She said, none was falle to you. Then she bid the shepherd call
There I spy'd all alone, all alone, He said, he had lov'd her long. All the Gods to witness truth,
Philida and Coridon. She said, love should take no wrong. Nor was lov'd so fair a youth.

Then with merry a pretty oath, As was, and was, and Faith, and Truth,
As was, and was, and Faith, and Truth. Such as Cilly Shepherds use
When they would not love abuse. Then Philida with Gerald's reg
Love whch had been long disdained. Was crowned Lady of the May.
Was with kisles sweet Concluded.

The Words to this Tune.

How happy art thou and I, that never knew how to love,
There's no such blessings here beneath, what's there is above;
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty, that every wise man loves.
Out, out upon those eyes, that think to move her me,
And he's an A's believes her fair, that is not kind and free;
There's nothing sweet, there's nothing sweet, to man but Libertie.
He e're my heart to none, nor yet Confine mine eyes.
But I will play my Game so well, 'tis never want a prize;
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty, has made me now thy wise.
O my Clarita! thou cruel fair, 
Bright as the morning, and soft as the air; 
Fresher than flowers in May; 
Yet far more sweet then they; 
Love is the subject of my prayer. 

Let not such fortune my love beside, 
O let your rocky breast be mollified! 
Send me not to my grave, 
Unpitted like a slave; 
How can love such usage abide?

When I first saw thee, I left a flame, 
Which from thine eyes like lightning came; 
Sure it was Cupid's dart, 
It pierc'd quite through my heart, 
O could thy breast once feel the same.

Sympathize with me a while in grief, 
This passion quickly will find relief; 
Cupid will from his bowers, 
Warm these chill hearts of ours, 
And make his power Rule thein in chief.

Come, oh come! I break no stay, 
She doth not love that can delay; 
See how the fleeting night; 
Hath blotted out the light; 
And Tapers do supply the day.

To be cast is to be old, 
And that foolish God that's cold, 
Is fourscore at fifteen; 
Dresses do weight her green; 
And looser flames our youth unfold.

See, the first Taper's almost gone, 
Thy flame, like that, will straight be none; 
And I as it expire, 
Not able to hold fire; 
She lovesth time that lives alone.

Let us then cherish these our powers, 
While we yet may call them ours; 
Then we must spend our time, 
When a dull zealous Chime: 
But sprightly kisste strike the bowre.
The Words to this Tune.

Silky hearts forbear those are murdering eyes,
In the which (I swear) Cupid looking eyes;
See his Quiver, see his Bow too, see his Dart;
Fly, oh fly! thou foolish heart.

Greedy eyes take heed, they are scorching beams,
Causing hearts to bleed; and your eyes spring streams
Love, ye waspings, with your bow bent, and his dart
For to wound both eyes and heart.

Think and Gaze your still, foolish heart and eyes,
Since you love your ill, and your good despise;
Cupid shooting, Cupid darting, and his band;
Mortal powers cannot withstand.

The words to his Tune.

This was a pipe that in thy praise
It was wont to play such Roundelay;
Is thrown away, and not a Swain
Dares pipe or sing, within this plain;
Is gone, is gone, and he alone
Sings nothing now, but welladay.

The May-pole where thy little feet
So soundly in measures meet;
Is broken down, and so content
Comes now Amorin since you went;
All that I ever heard him say
Was Cloris, Cloris, welladay, &c.

Upon those banks you used to tread,
He ever since hath laid his head,
And whilp'd there such piping woe,
As not a blade of grass will grow.
O Cloris! Cloris, come away,
And fear Amorin's welladay, welladay.
The Words to this Tune.

I am confirm'd a woman can, 
Love this, or that, or any man;
This day her love is melting hot,
To-morrow swears she knows you not:
Let her but a new object find,
And she is of another mind.
Then hag me Ladies at your dore
If it I dose upon you more.

Yet still I love the fair one, why?
For nothing but to please mine eye;
And the Fair, and soft-skin'd dame,
I flatter to appease my flame:
For her that's Musical I long,
When I am sad to sing a song.
But hang me Ladies at your dore
If e're I dose upon you more.

Fit, be no longer coy,
But let's enjoy
What's by the world confest
Women love best.
Thy Beauty fresh as May
Will soon decay:
Besides within a year or two
I shall be old, and cannot do.

Do't think that Nature can
For every man
(Had she more skill) provide
So fair a Bride.
Who ever made a Feast
For single guest?
No, without she did intend
To serve the husband & his friend. I need provoking more then you.

To be a little nice,
Sits better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their Sentiments loves.
But on the Ripest years
It will appears,
After a while you'll find this is me.
He that loves half a day fools without misrule,
Cupid then tell me what Art had the Mother
To make men love one face more than another,
Some to be thought more wise daily endeavour
To make the world believe they can love ever;
Ladies believe them not, they'll but deceive you;
For when they have them in's then they will leave you.
Men cannot tire themselves with your sweet features,
They'll love another of your Creatures;
Too much of anything fits them a craving;
Though they can never do't yet they'll be pleasing.

He that will Court a Mewch that is Cox, that is proud, that is Perivish and Amick,
Let him be careless to sport and to toy, and as wild as she can be frantick;
Flatter her and flatter her, laugh at her and spit her, rail and commend her agen;
'Tis the way to nơi her, if you mean to do her; such Girls love such men.
Fond love, what do'th thou mean to court an idle folly?
Platonic love is nothing else but mere Melancholy.
'Tis Active love that makes us jolly,
What though I'm fond (they say) and apt to be in love,
I find it will no longer pay, then I'll will constant привычка;
Such Qualms of [queenfish] Siematics move,
To dote upon a face, or Court a sparkling eye,
Or to believe a Dimpled Cheek complete felicity,
Is to betray a Liberie.
They care not for your sights, nor your crested eyes,
They hate to hear a fowl lament, and cry be dyed be dies;
O no! Love is a better price.

The Angler's SONG.

Man's life is but vain, for 'tis Subject to pain
And sorrow, and short as a bubble;
'Tis a bodge of Business, and mony, and care,
And care, and mony, and trouble.

But we'll take no care when the weather proves fair,
Nor will we now vex though it rain;
We'll banish all sorrow, and sing till tomorrow;
And Angle, and Angle again,
The Words to this Tune.

A CATCH.

The Wise men were but seven, neer more shall be for me;
The Muses were but nine, the Worshies three times three;
And three merry Boys, and three merry Boys are we.

The Virtues were but seven, and three the greater be;
The Caesars they were twelve, and the Sibyls three times three;
And three merry Girles, and three merry Girles are we.

A CATCH.

A Boate, a Boate have to the Ferry,
For we'll go over to be merry,
To laugh and sing, and drink old Sherry.

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