Musick's Delight on the Cithren

John Playford
1666

TREE EDITION

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Albert Reyerman

Muſick's Delight ON THE CITHREN,

Reſtored and Refined to a more Eaſie and Pleaſant Manner of Playing than formerly; And ſet forth with Leſſons *Al a Mode*, being the Choiceſt of our late new *Ayres*, *Corants*, *Sarobands*, *Tunes*, and *Jiggs*.

To which is added ſeveral New Songs and Ayres to Sing to the Cithren.

By *John Playford* Philo-Muſicæ.

London, Printed by *W. G.* and are ſold by *J. Playford* at his Shop in the *Temple*. 1666.

The Preface.

IT is 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 Mounſieur 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 Qu. Elizabeths 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

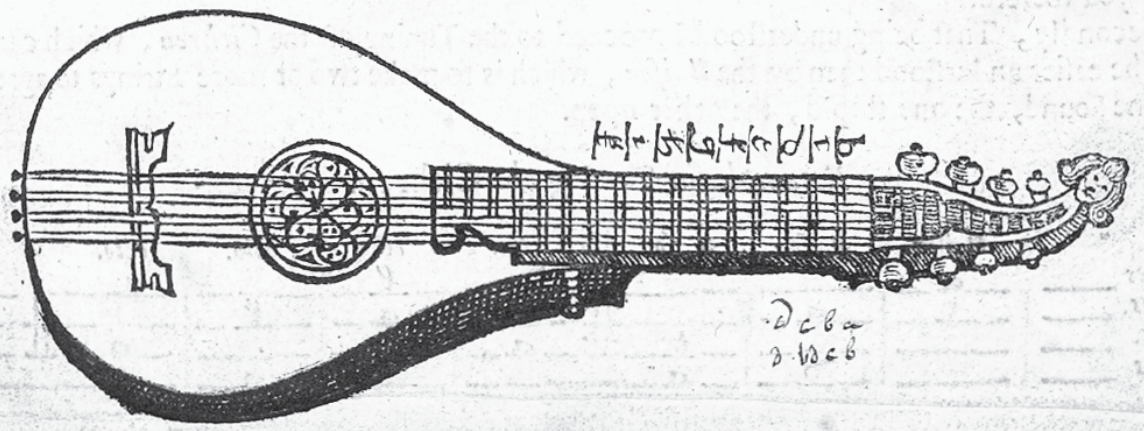
The Preface.

(till of late years) then the Gittar: Therefore to revive and reſtore this Harmonious Inſtrument, I have adventured 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 ſtuft 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) *Baſſes*, the fourth *Tenors*: the four double Courſes do allude to the four ſingle Rules or Lines on which all Leſſons are written.

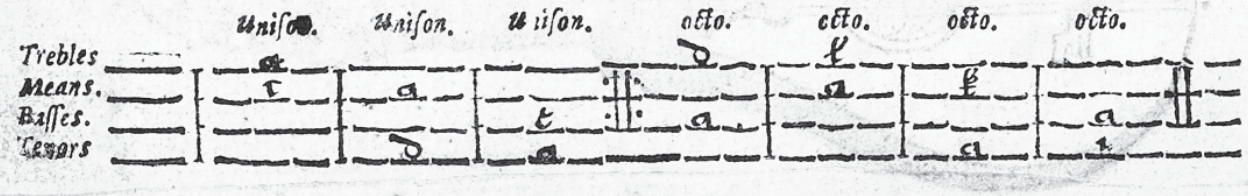


Inſtructions for the Playing on the Cithren.

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 ſet 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 then 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.

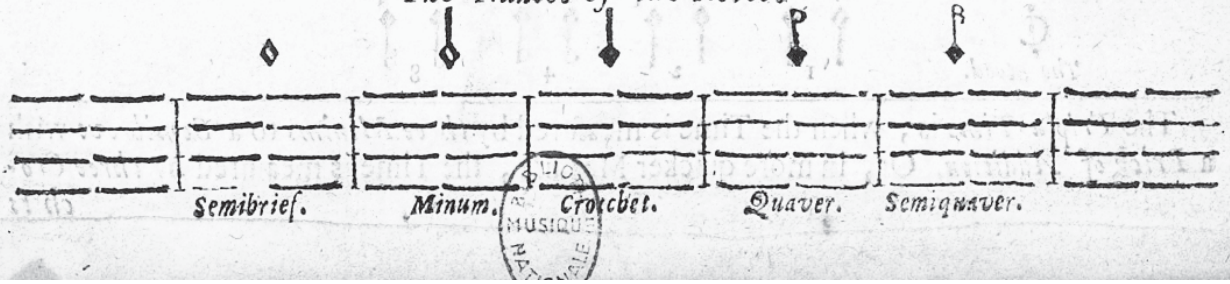


Inſtructions for the Playing on the Cithren.

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 (*e*) 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 (*d*) and make them to agree in one Sound with your *Means*, laſt Tune your *Baſſes* as you did the other, ſtopping them in (*g*) to agree in Sound with your *Tenors*, by this Rule your *Cithren* will be in perfect Tune, which for the proof thereof, ſtrike the *octo's* 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 *Tableture* 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.



BIBLIOTHÈQUE MUSIQUE

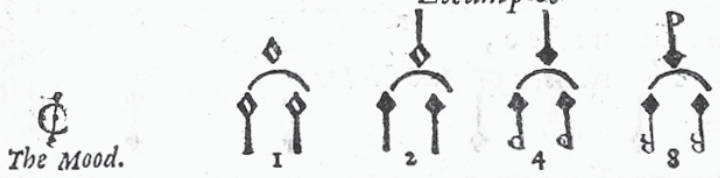
Inſtructions for the Playing on the Cithren.

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 *Semibrief* 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 ¢ The *Tripla* thus 3

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.



The Mood.

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 Crochets*

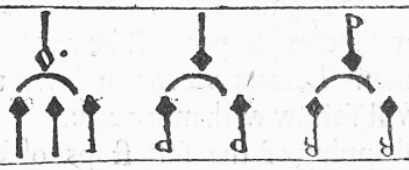
Inſtructions for the Playing on the Cithren.

chets 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 then he was before: the *Semibreve* which was but two *Minims* is then three, and the *Minim* which was but a *Crochets* is then three *Crochets*.

Example.

The *Mood* in the more ſlow *Tripla Time.*

The *Mood* in the more quicker *Tripla Time.* 3



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 *pag.* 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 plaid to that Notes Meaſure till another of the contrary appear.

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

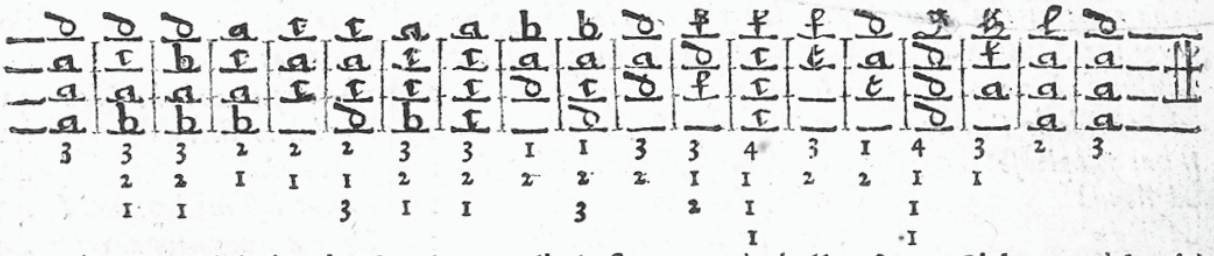
1. For your left hand in the right fingering the Stops, ever where you leave a Fret or Stop there to leave a finger; For Example, If your firſt Letter be (d) ſtop it with the third finger, then your firſt and ſecond finger will be ready for (b & c) if they happen to follow: But when you have many Letters which run down to (f 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 *Gittar*; that old Faſhion of playing with a quil 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 neer 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.

A TABLE of the Leſſons contained in this Book.

A ſhort Preludium	1	*Step Stately*	20	*The Eroom*	37
The 24 Changes on 6 Bells	1	*The Whisk*	21	*Hunſdon Houſe*	38
Maying Time	3	*Blew Cap for me*	22	*Green-Gooſe Fair*	39
John come kiſs me now	4	*Lady Banburies Hornpipe*	23	*Lady Spellor*	39
Over the Mountains	5	*Have at thy Coat old Wom.*	24	*Grimſtock*	40
Light of Love	6	*A Jig*	24	*The Fryar and the Nun*	41
A la mode de France	7	*Thomas I cannot*	25	*Health to Betty*	42
What you pleaſe	8	*None ſhall plunder but I*	26	*Greenwood*	42
A Round	9	*Mardike*	27	*I have loſt my love and I*	43
A Jigg	10	*The King's March*	28	*Upon a Summers day*	44
Wilſons Wild	11	*The King enjoyes his own*	29	*Vive la Roy*	45
The Hunt is up	12	*Duke of York's March*	30	*The Cyprus Grove*	45
Trip and goe	13	*Leſhley's March*	31	*The Lady Nevils delight*	46
Porters Rant	14	*Bow Pells*	32	*Ay me or the Symphony*	47
Glory of the Weſt	15	*Tom a Bedlam*	33	*The new Gavot*	48
Glory of the North	16	*Chirping of the Nighting*	34	*Willoby's Rant*	48
Maiden Fair	17	*The Spaniſh Gipſies*	35	*Singleton's Slip*	49
The Kings delight	18	*Bobing Joe*	35	*The Queens delight*	50
Parthenia	19	*A Symphony*	36		

Amarillis

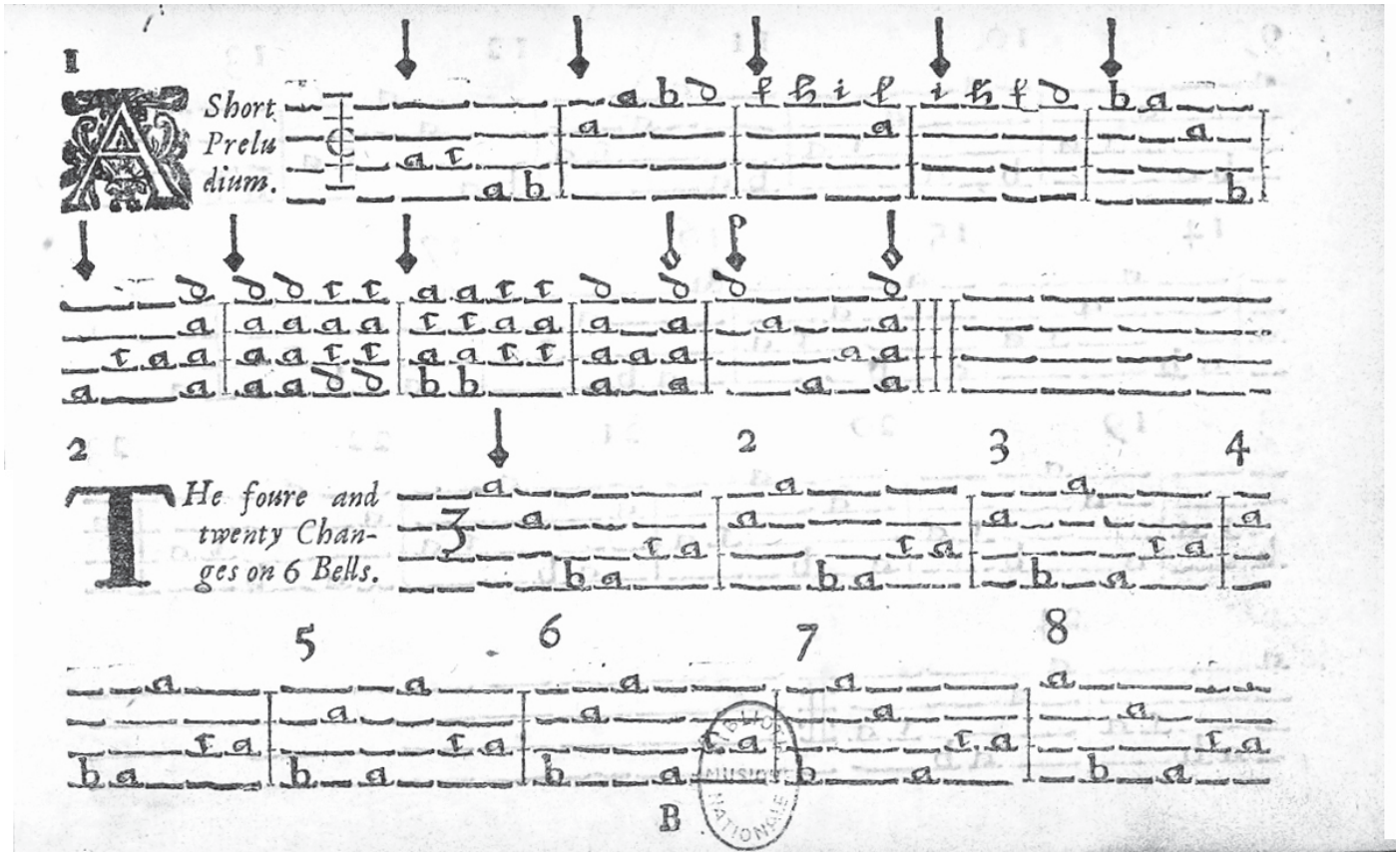
A Table of the Leſſons contained in this Book.

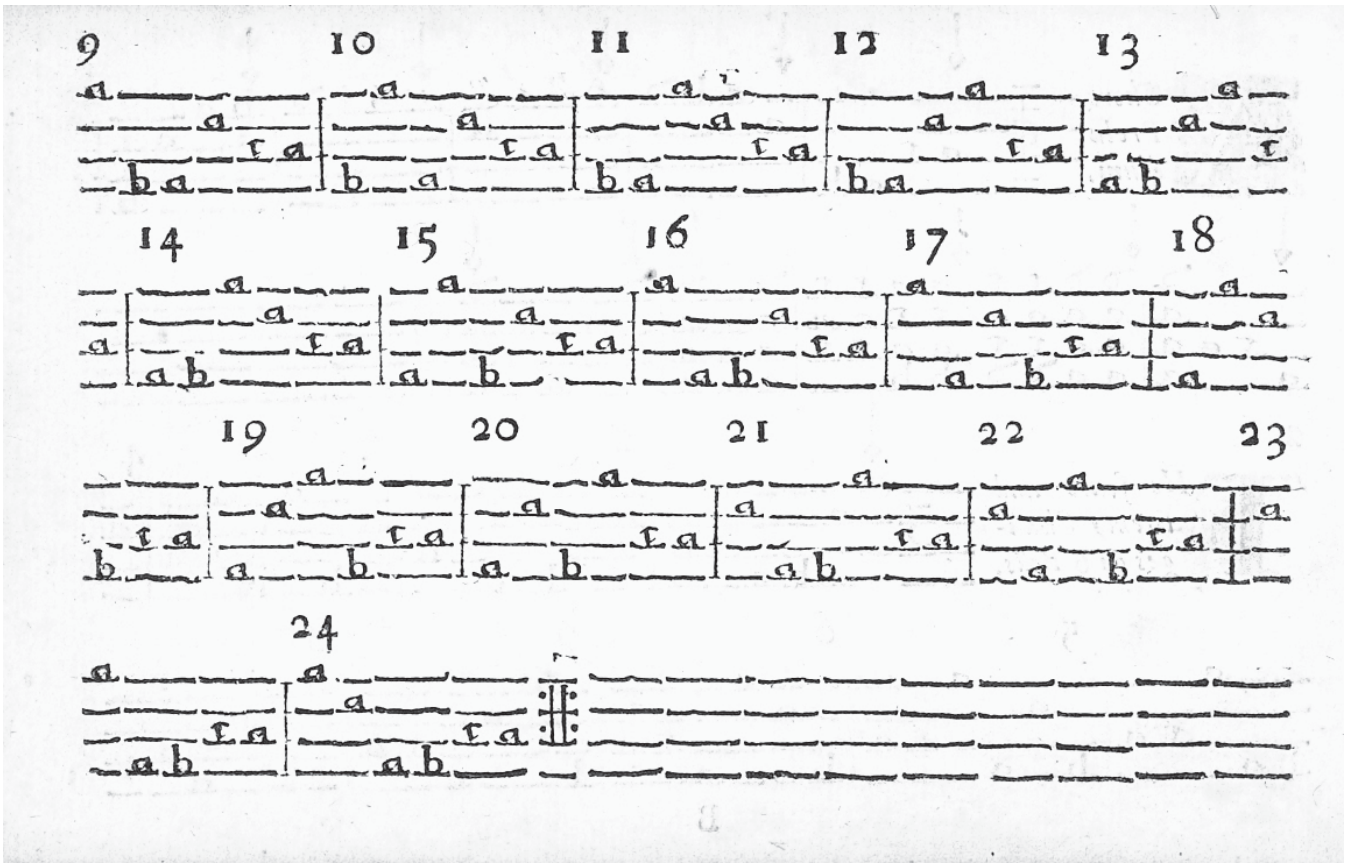
Amarillis	51	Montroſs's *March*	67		
On the cold ground	52	*A Gavot*	68	Table of the 17 SONGS.	
New Mutar	53	*An Ayre by* M. L.	69	*Gather your Roſe buds*	85
New Marinet	54	*A Saraband by* M. L.	70	*I am a young & harmleſs*	86
The Running Boree	54	*Saraband La Chamboneer*	71	*I pre thee ſend me back my*	87
The Apes Dance	55	*The Golden Grove*	72	*In the merry month of* May	88
A Paſſingalia	56	*Coranto Mr.* Will. Lawes	73	*How happy art thou and I*	89
The new Figgary	57	*Symphony* S. I.	74	*O my* Clarila! *thou*	90
The Hobby Horſe Dance	58	*Saraband* S. I.	75	*Come, oh come! I brook*	91
Drive the cold winter away	59	*Ayre by* C. C.	76	*Silly heart forbear thoſe*	92
La Cokeley a new dance	60	*Saraband* C. C.	77	*Cloris now thou art fled*	93
The Lady Savills delight	61	*An Ayre by* C. C.	78	*I am confirm'd a woman*	94
New Galliardo	62	*Corant by* C. C.	79	*Fie, be no longer coy,*	95
The Healths	62	*Saraband by* C. C.	80	*I can love for an hour*	96
The Kings Boree	63	*A Jigg*	81	*He that will court Wench*	97
Roſalyna	64	*Corant by* W. L.	82	*Fond love what doſt thou*	98
A Saraband	64	*Cooant La Lovee*	83	*Man's life is but vain,*	99
Macbeth a Jigg	65	*Corant La Londoneers*	84	*The wiſemen were but 7*	100
The Highlanders March	66			*A Boat, a Boat have to*	111

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 d muſt be upon the lower or fourth Rule.

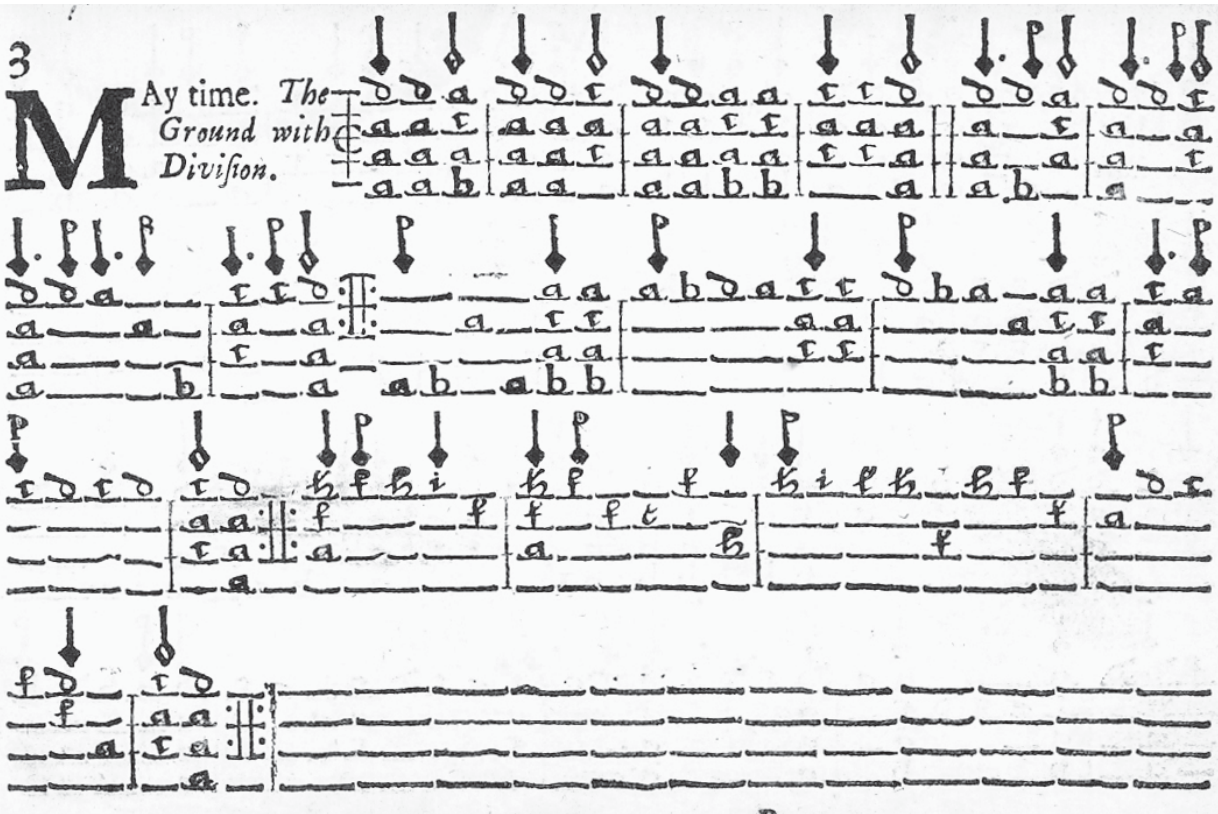
MUSIQUE NATIONALE

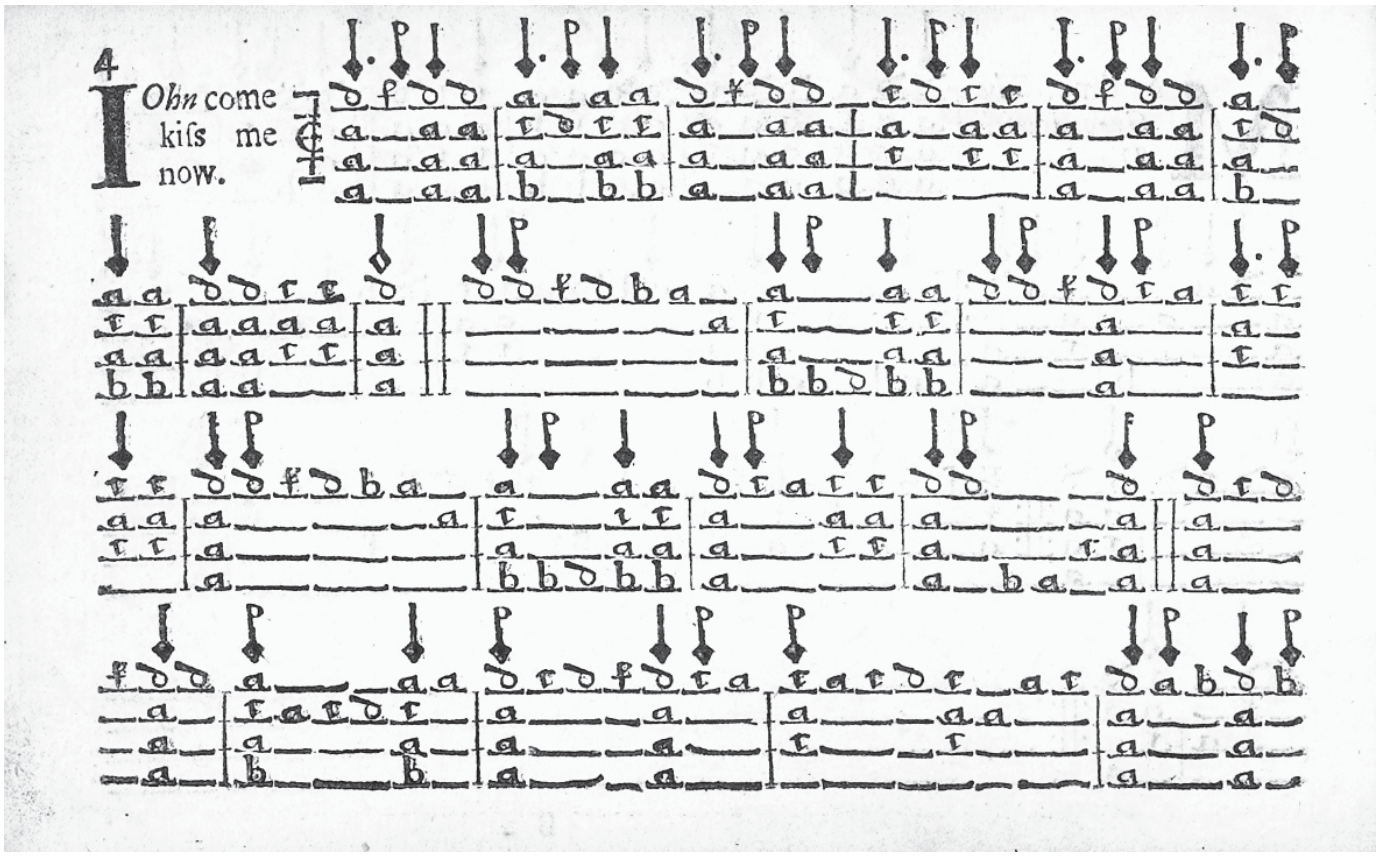


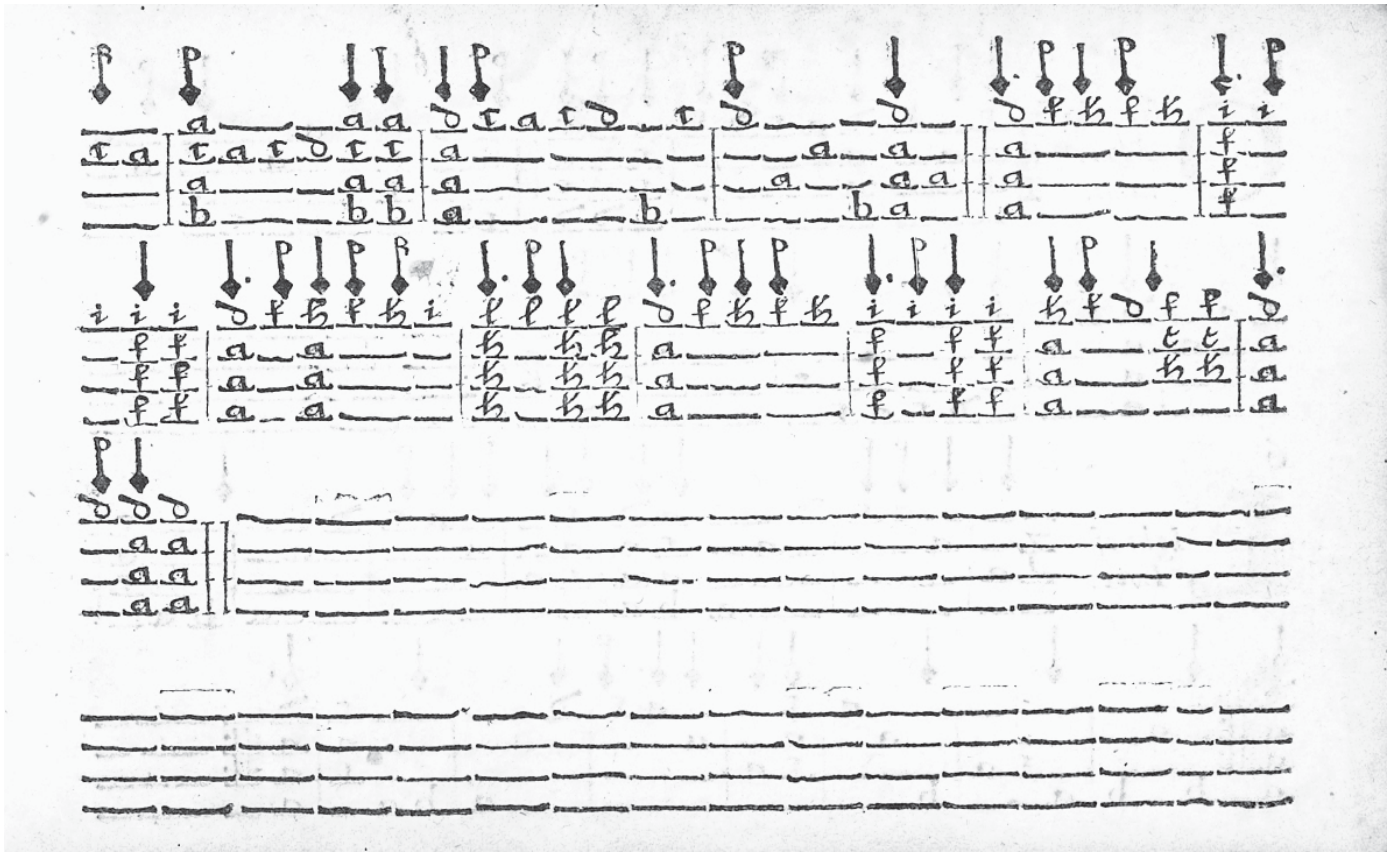


3

May time. *The Ground with Diviſion.*




4
IOhn come kiſs me now.



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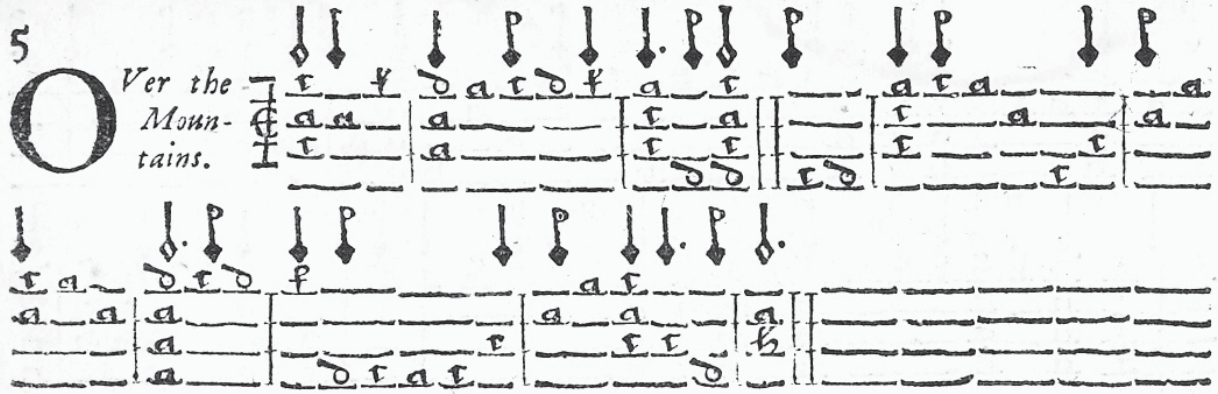
Over the Mountains.



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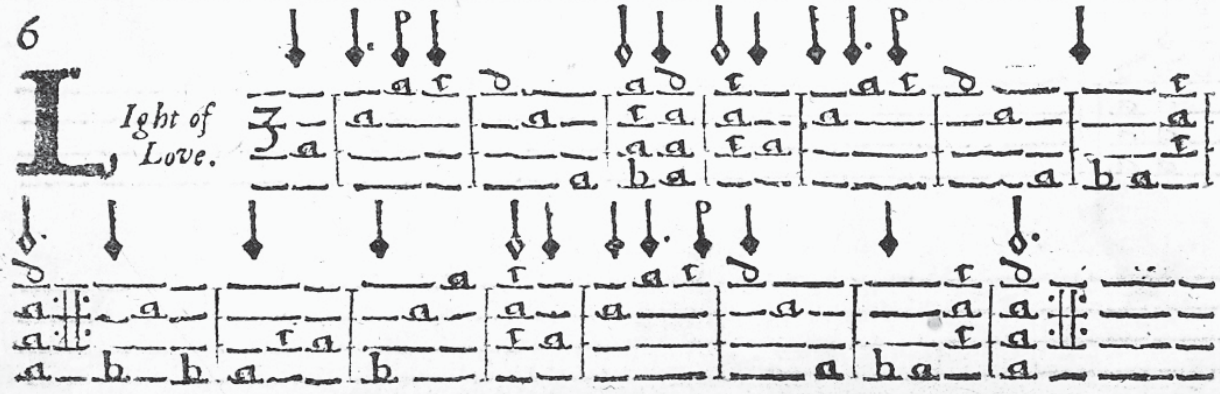
Light of Love.



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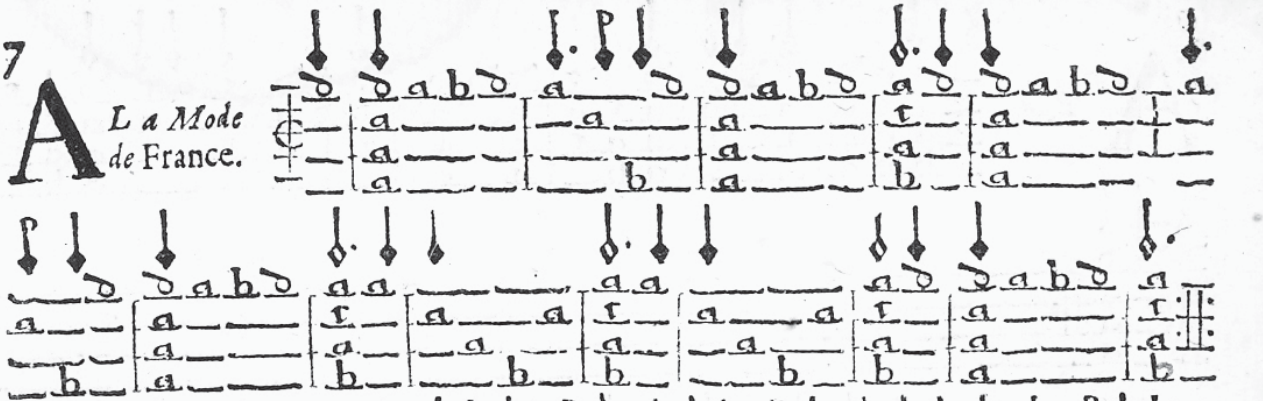
A La Mode de France.



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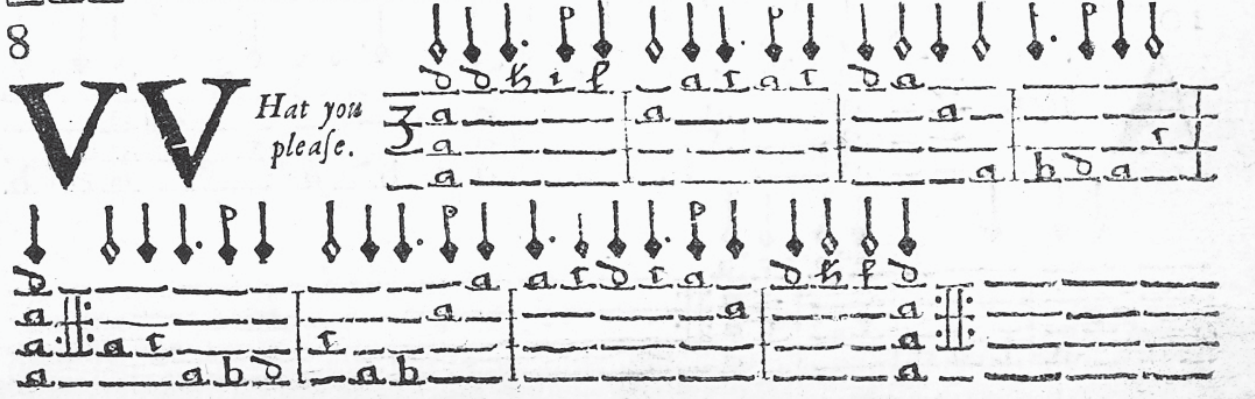
What you please.



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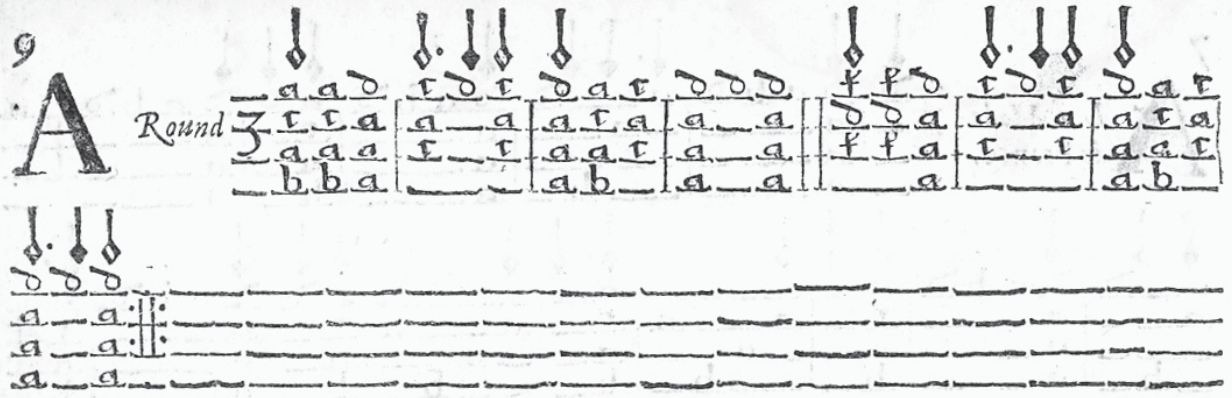
A *Round*



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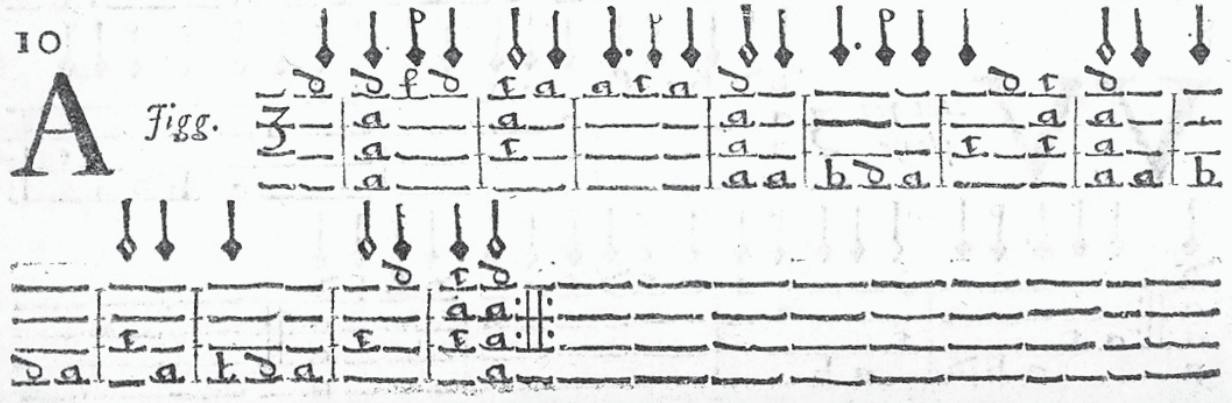
A *Jigg.*



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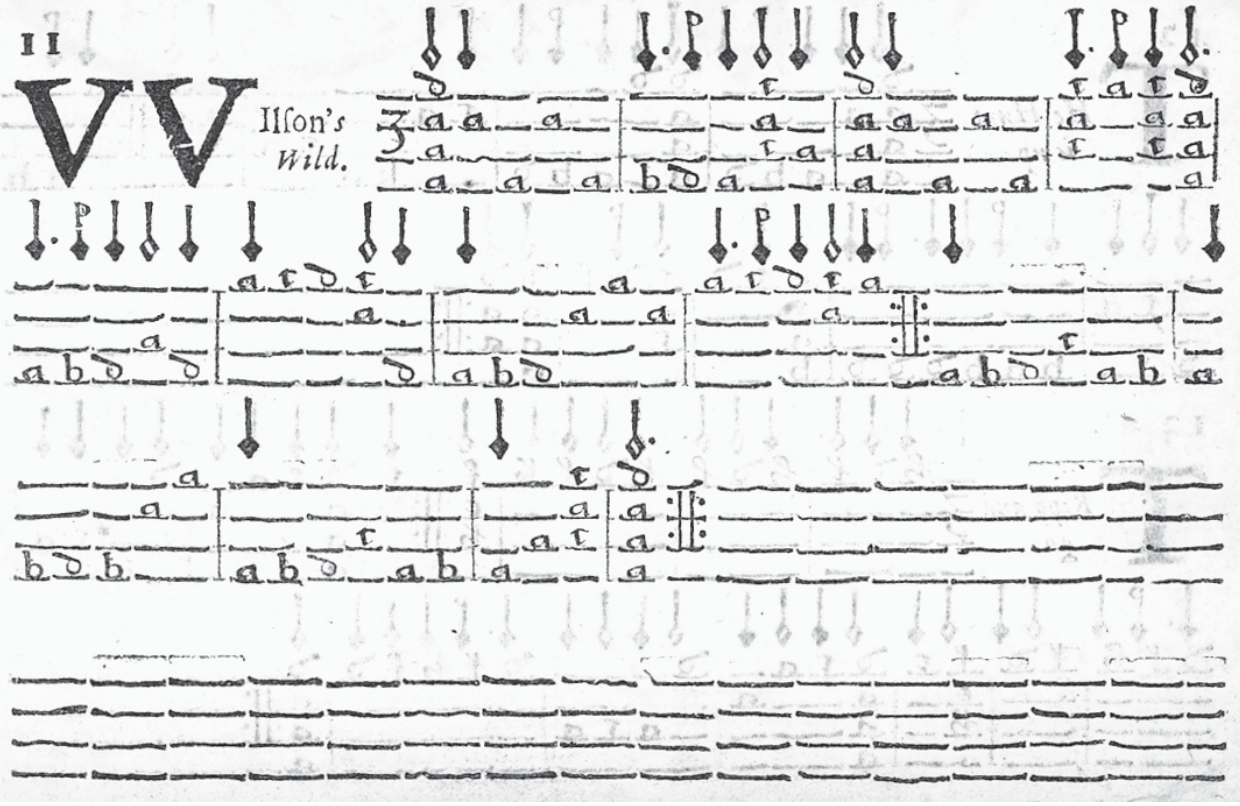
VVIlſon's *Wild.*



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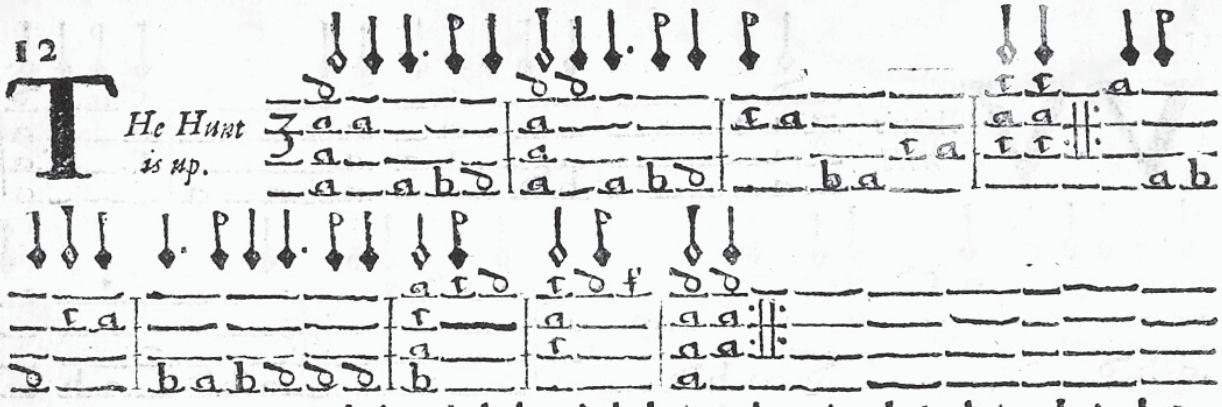
THe Hunt is up.



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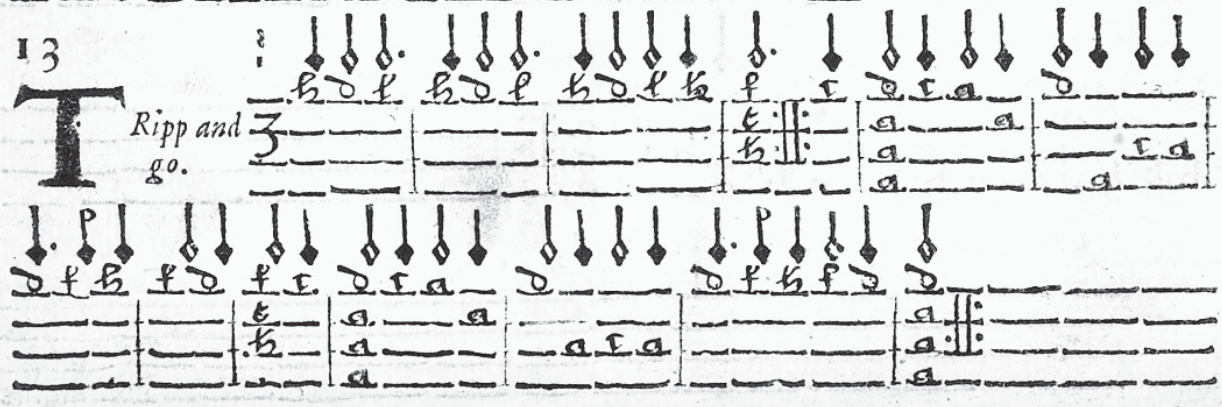
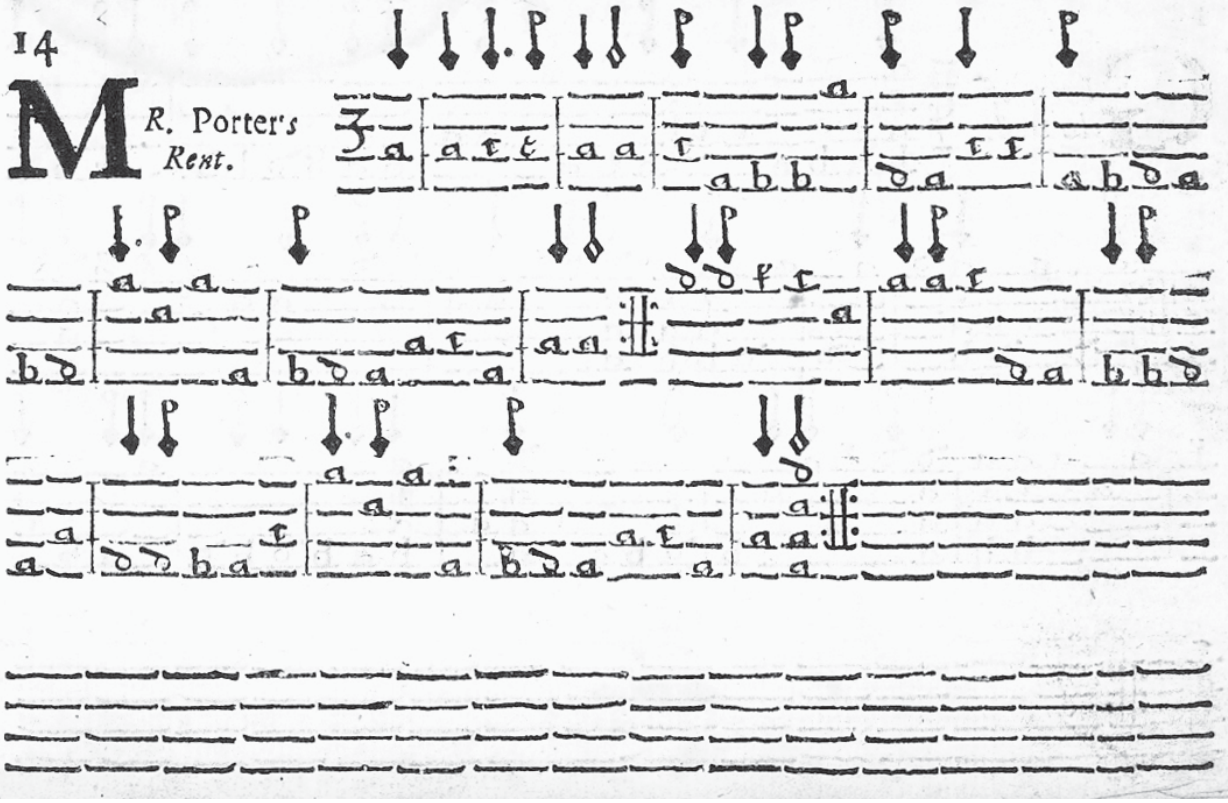
TRipp and go.



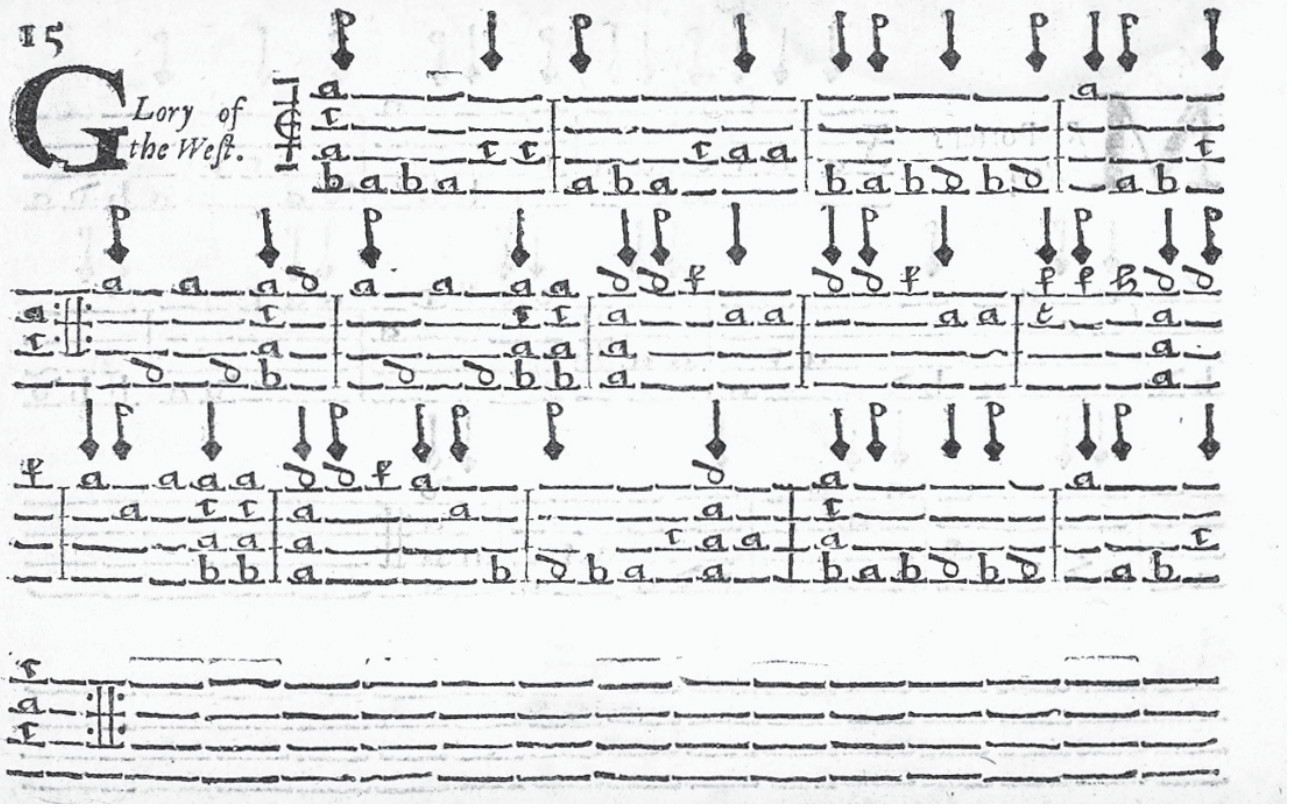
14

MR. Porter's Rent.



15

Glory of the West.



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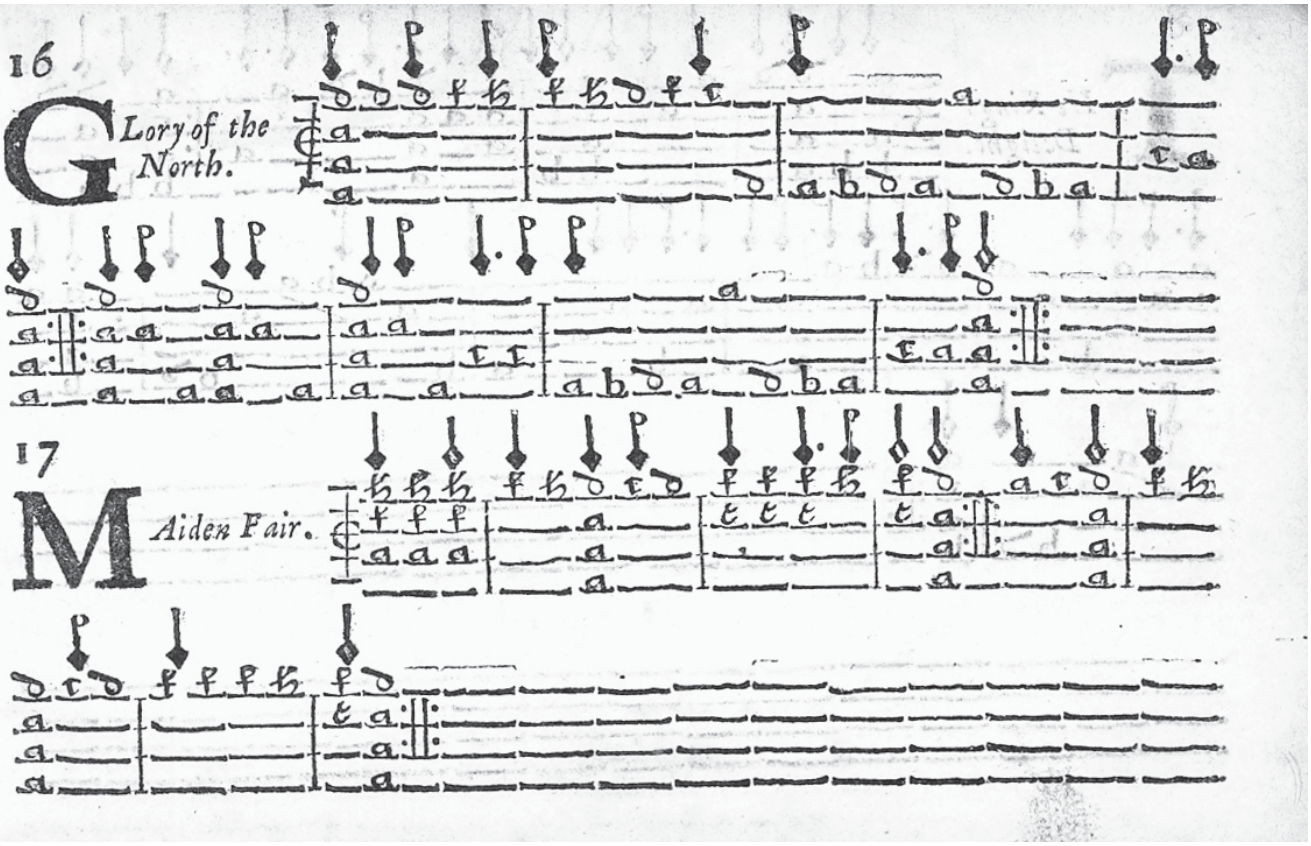
Glory of the North.



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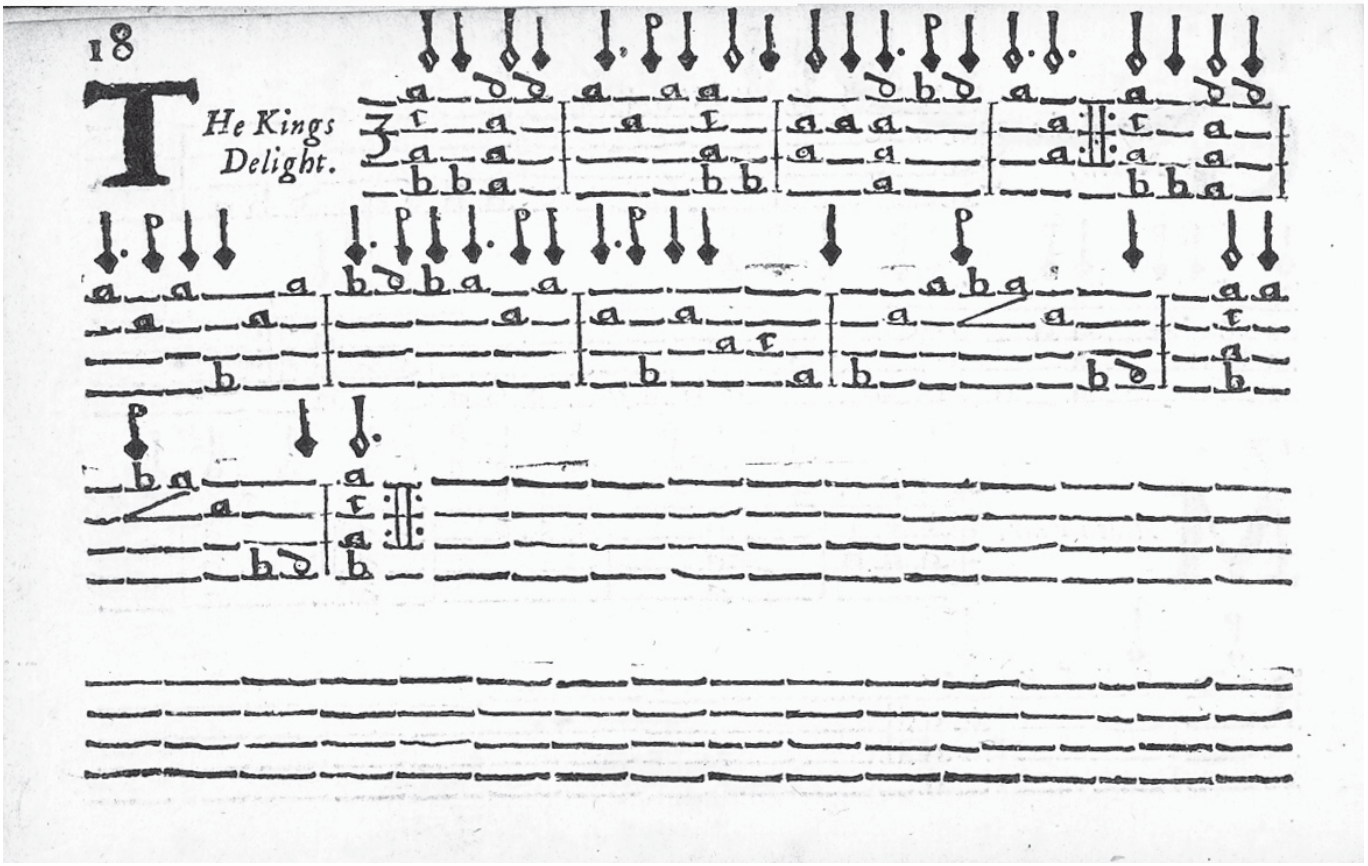
Maiden Fair.

18

The Kings Delight.



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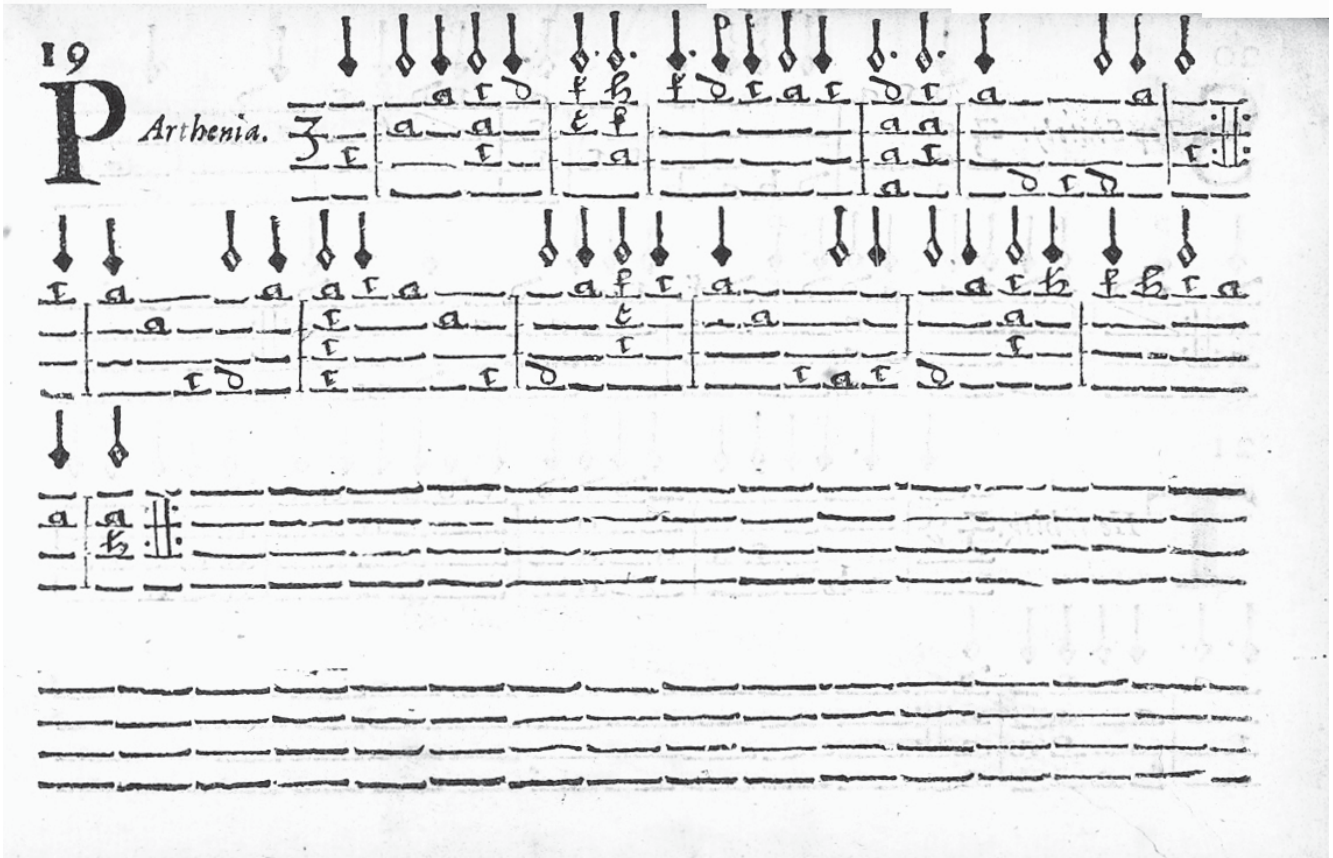
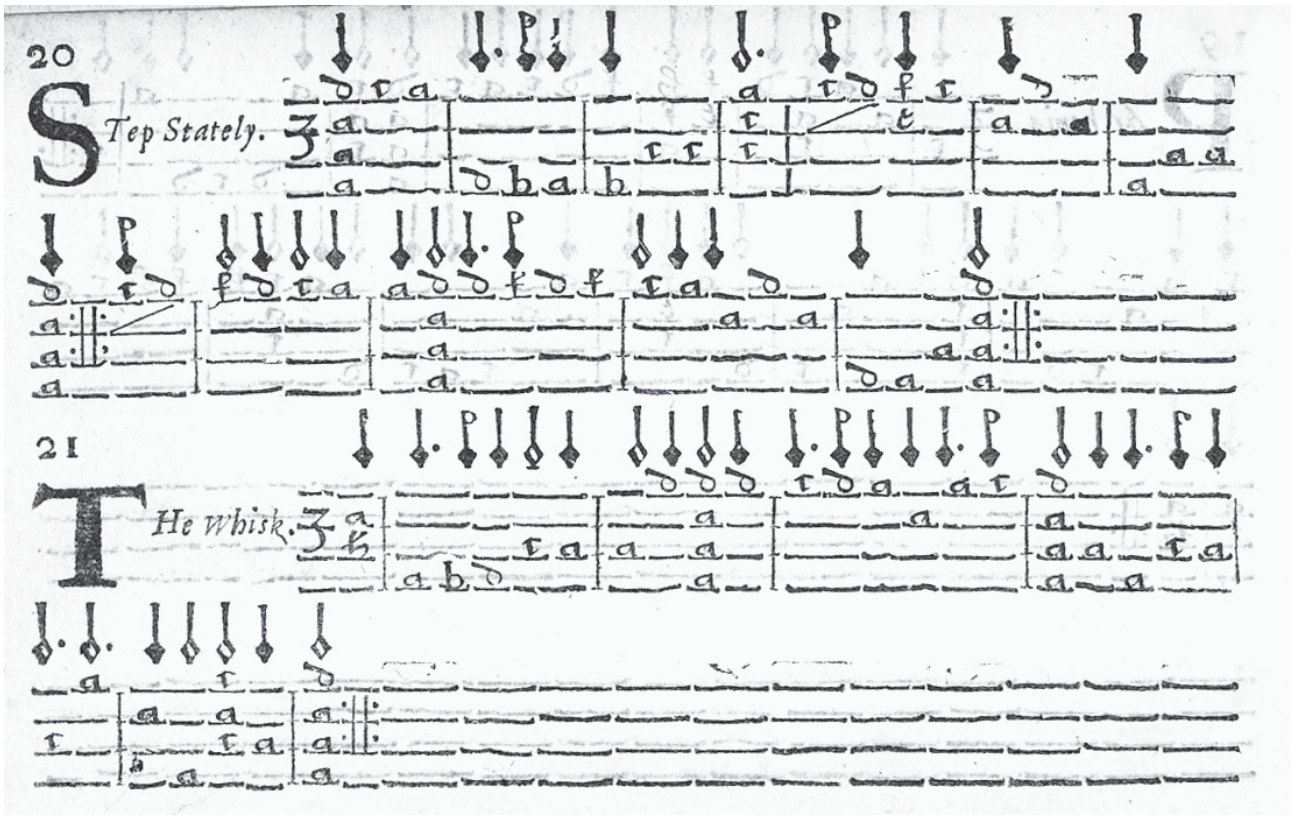
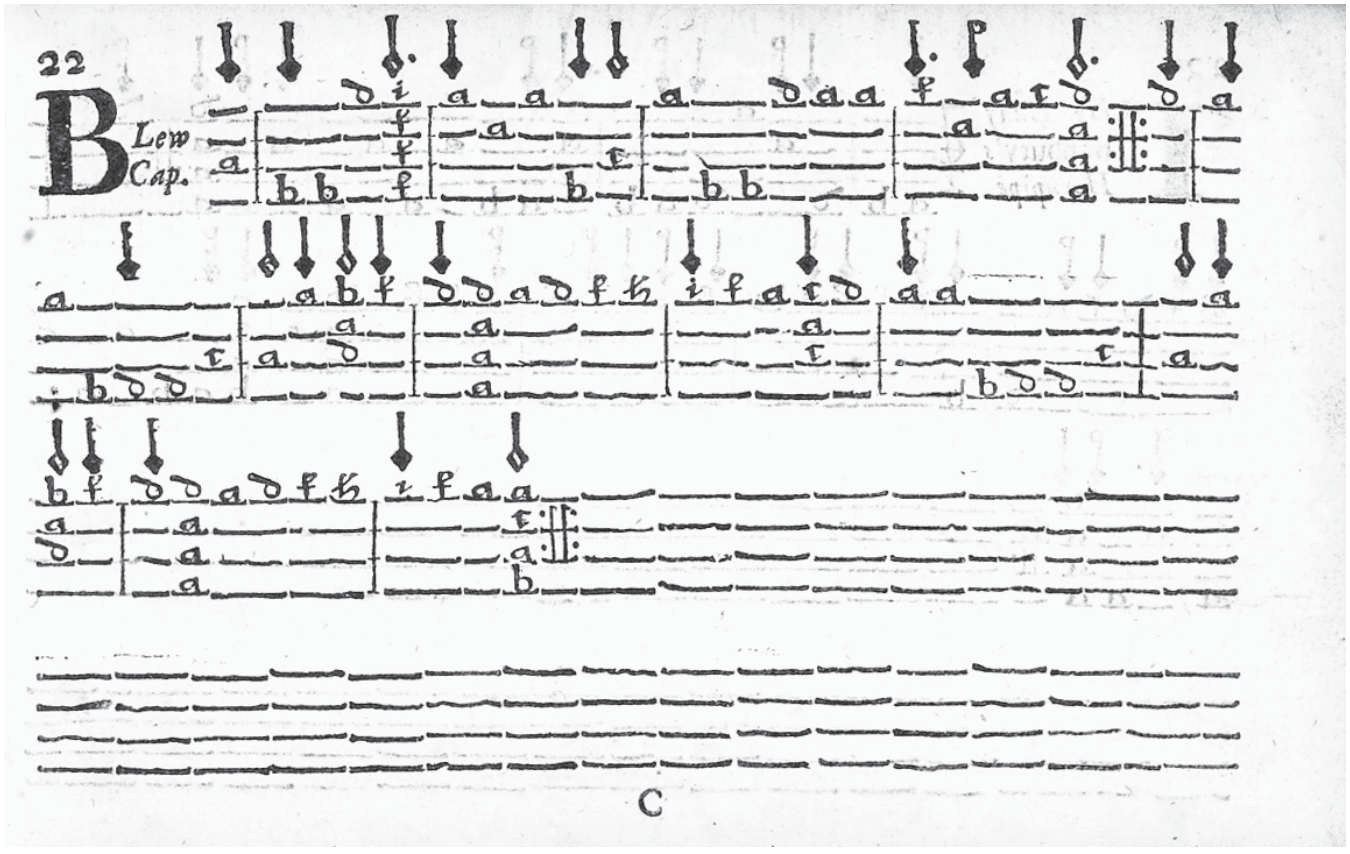
Parthenia.

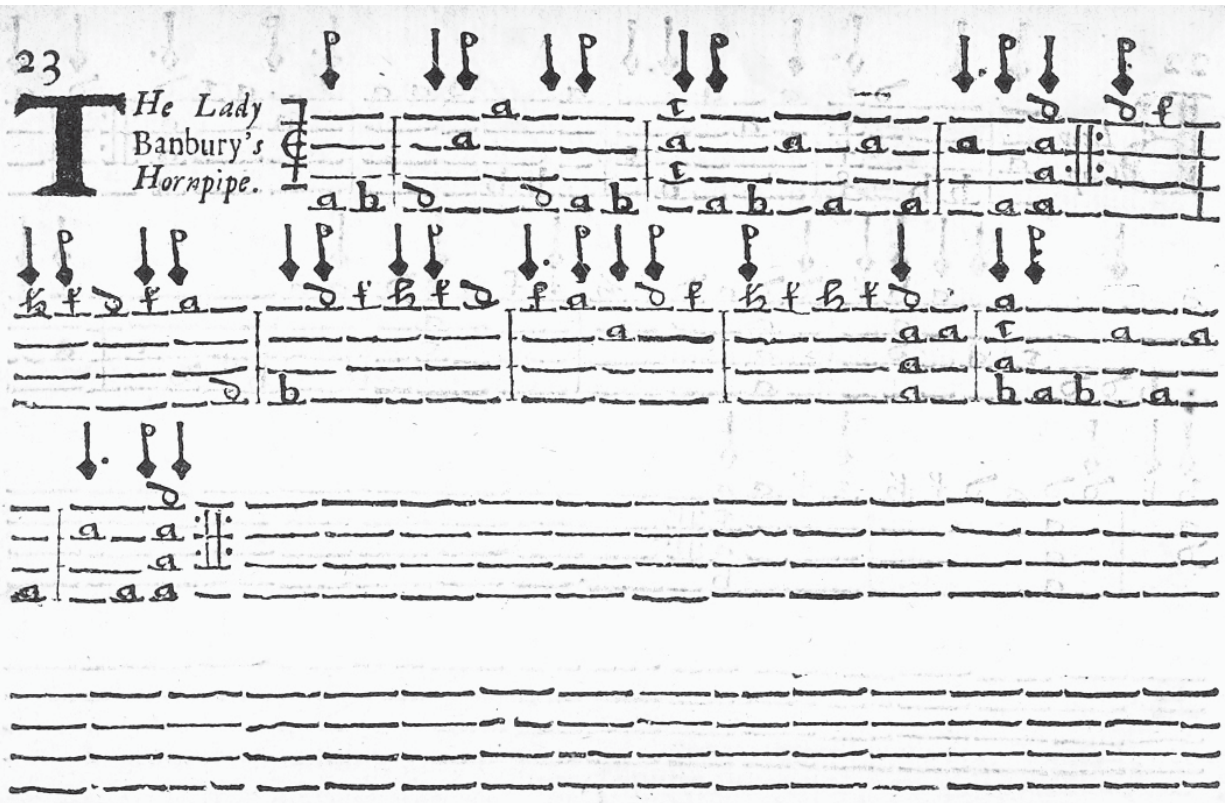



20
Step Stately.
21
The Whisk.


22
Blew Cap.

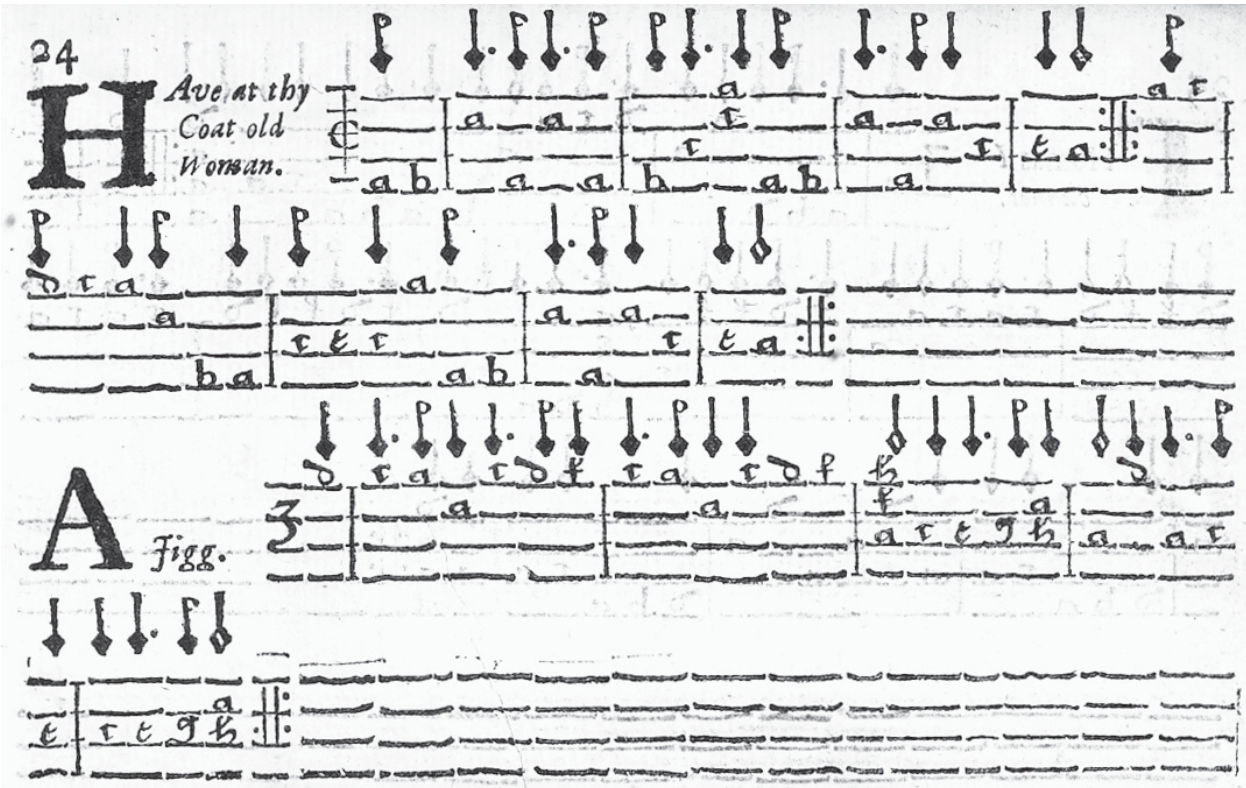
23

THe Lady Banbury's Hornpipe.



24

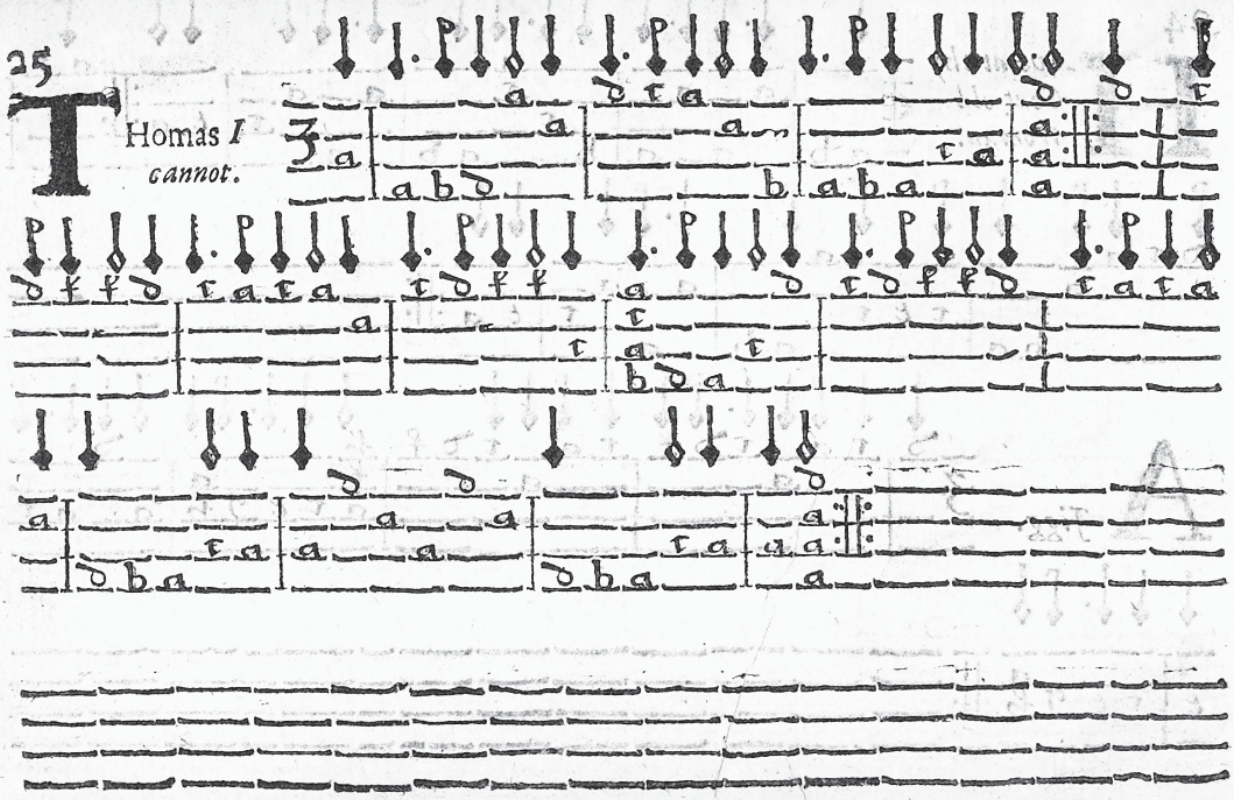
HAve at thy Coat old Woman.



A Figg.

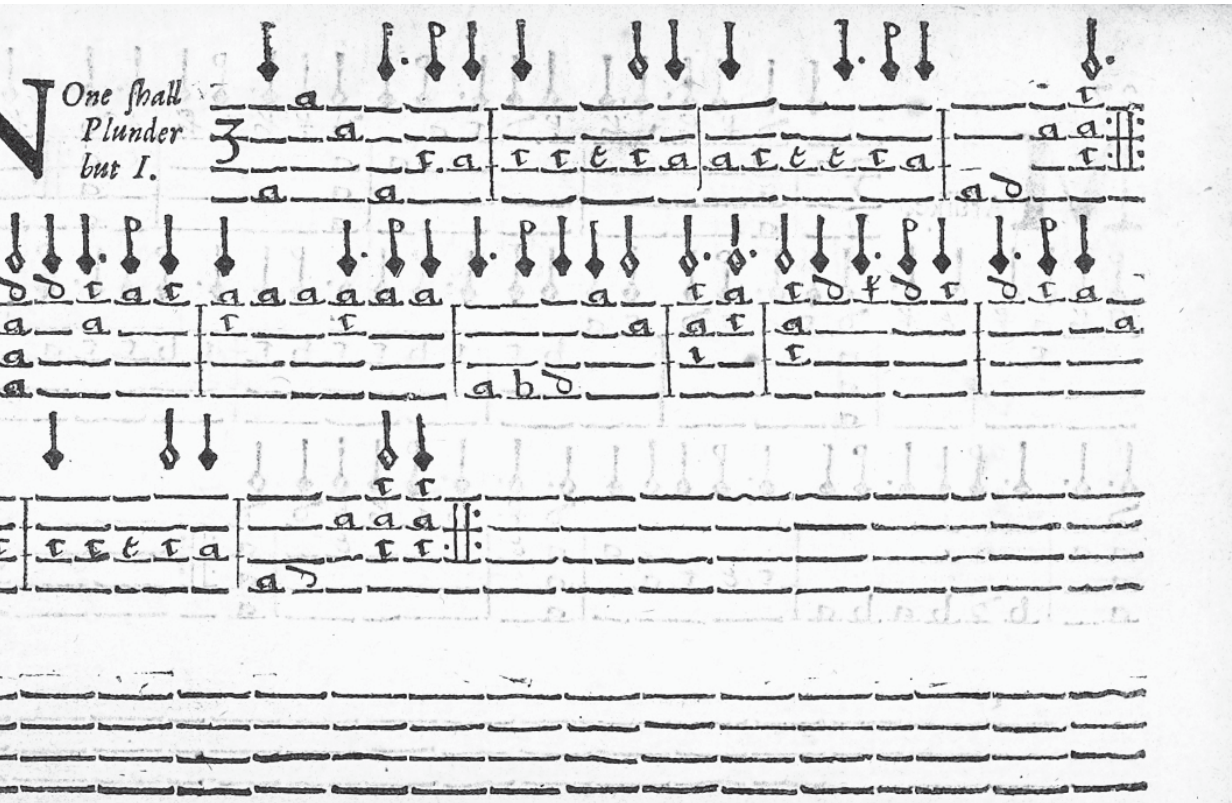
25

THomas *I cannot.*



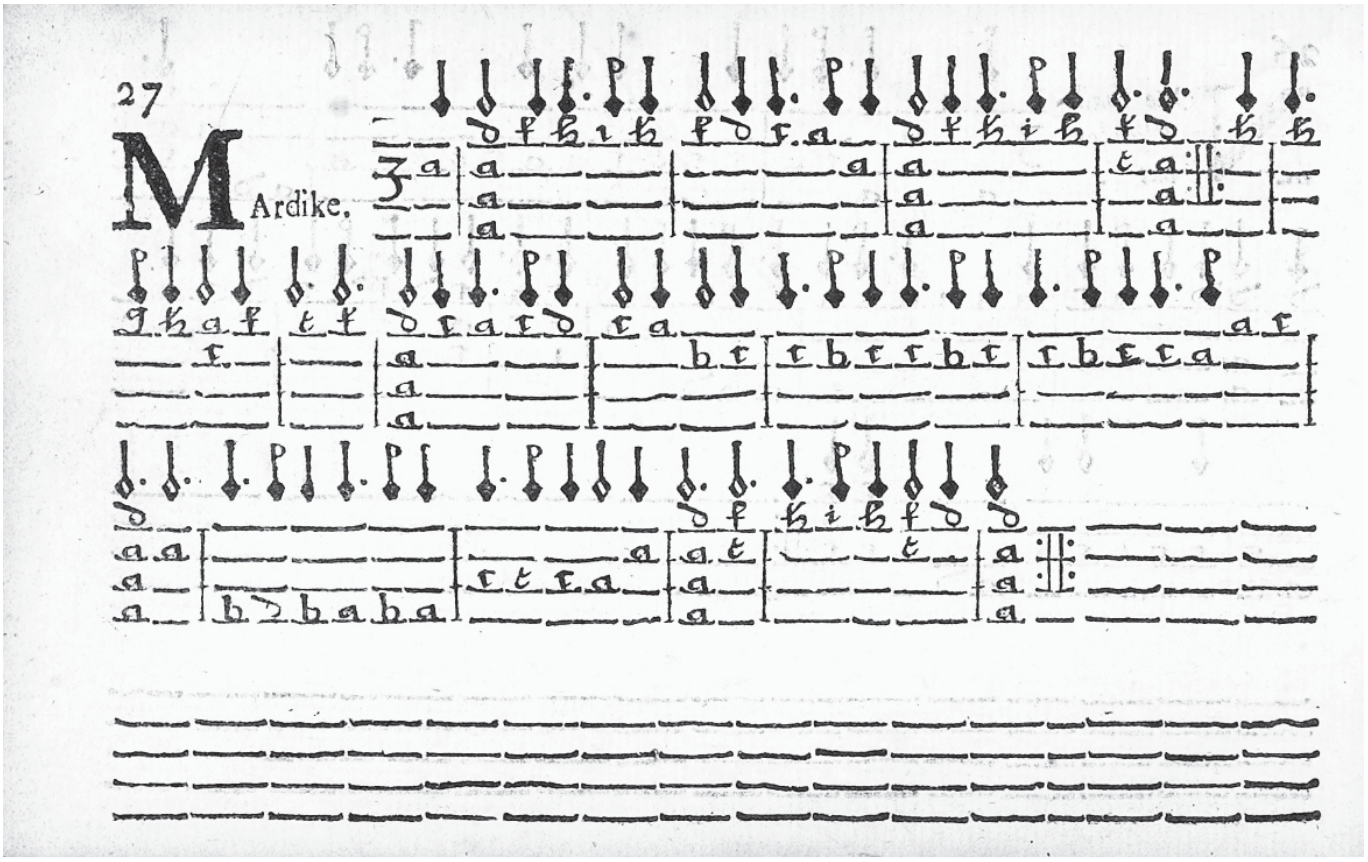
26

NOne *ſhall Plunder but I.*



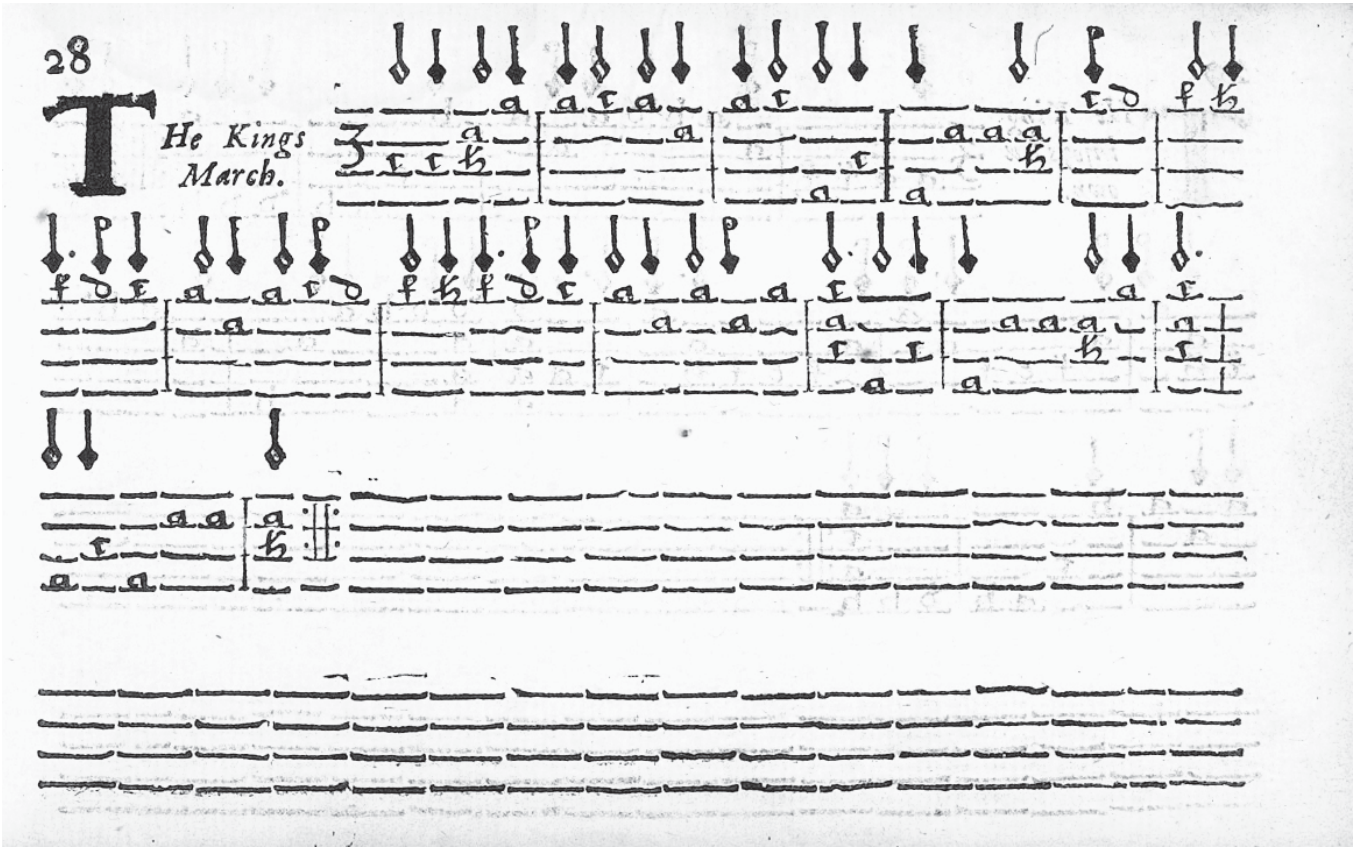
27

MArdike.



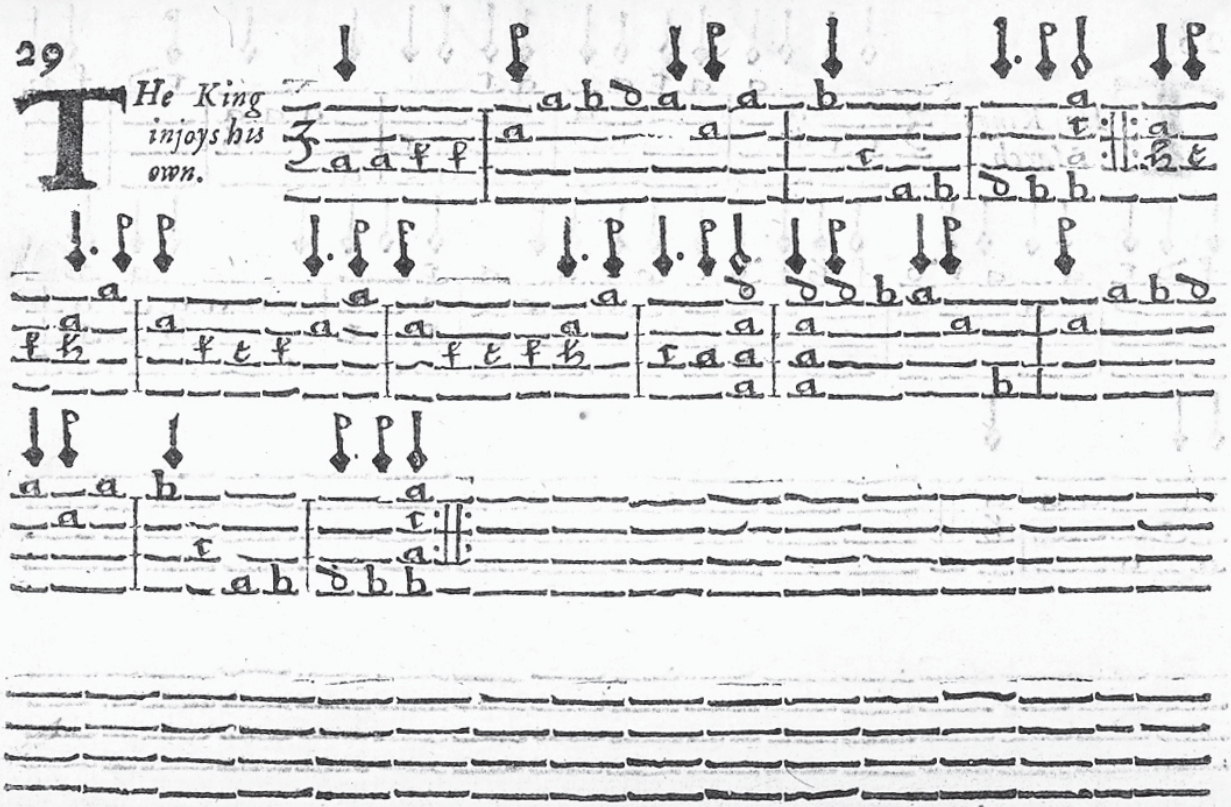
28

THe Kings March.



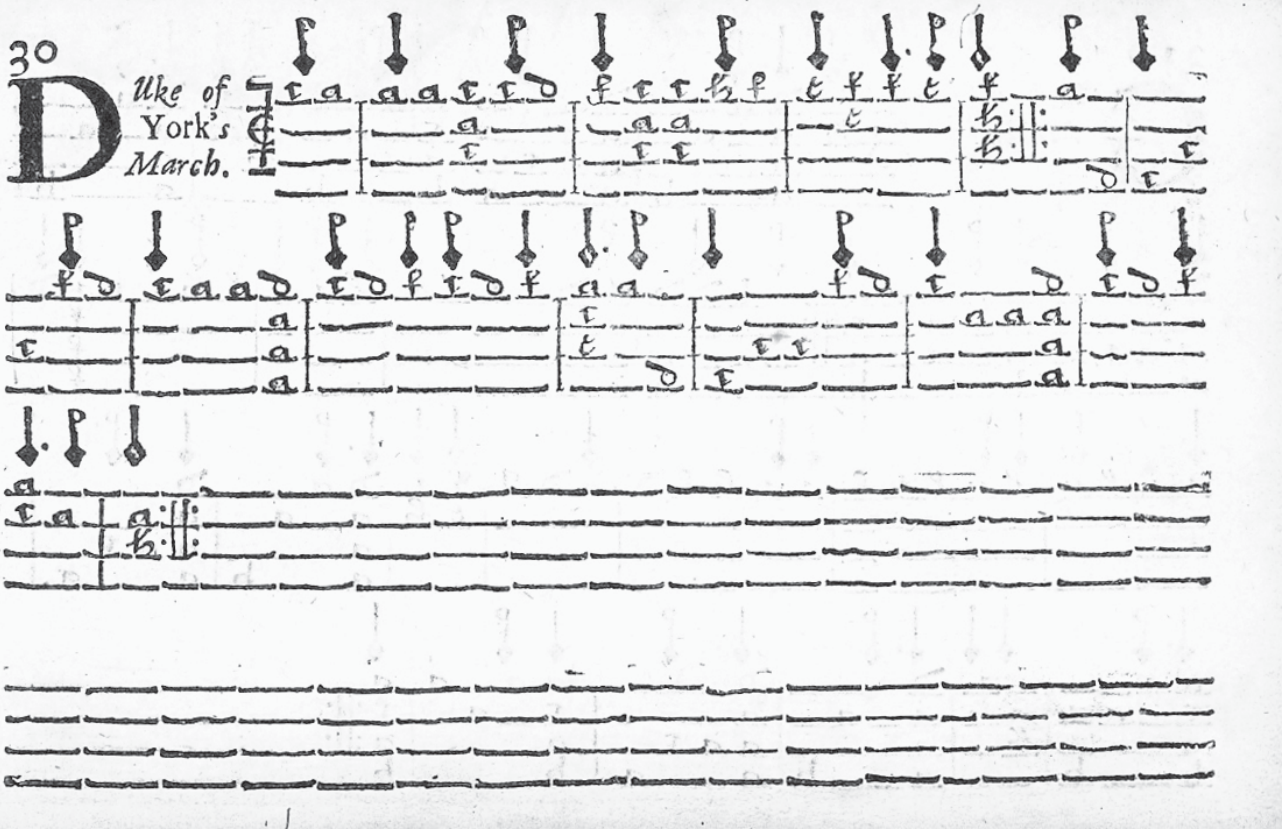
29

The King injoys his own.



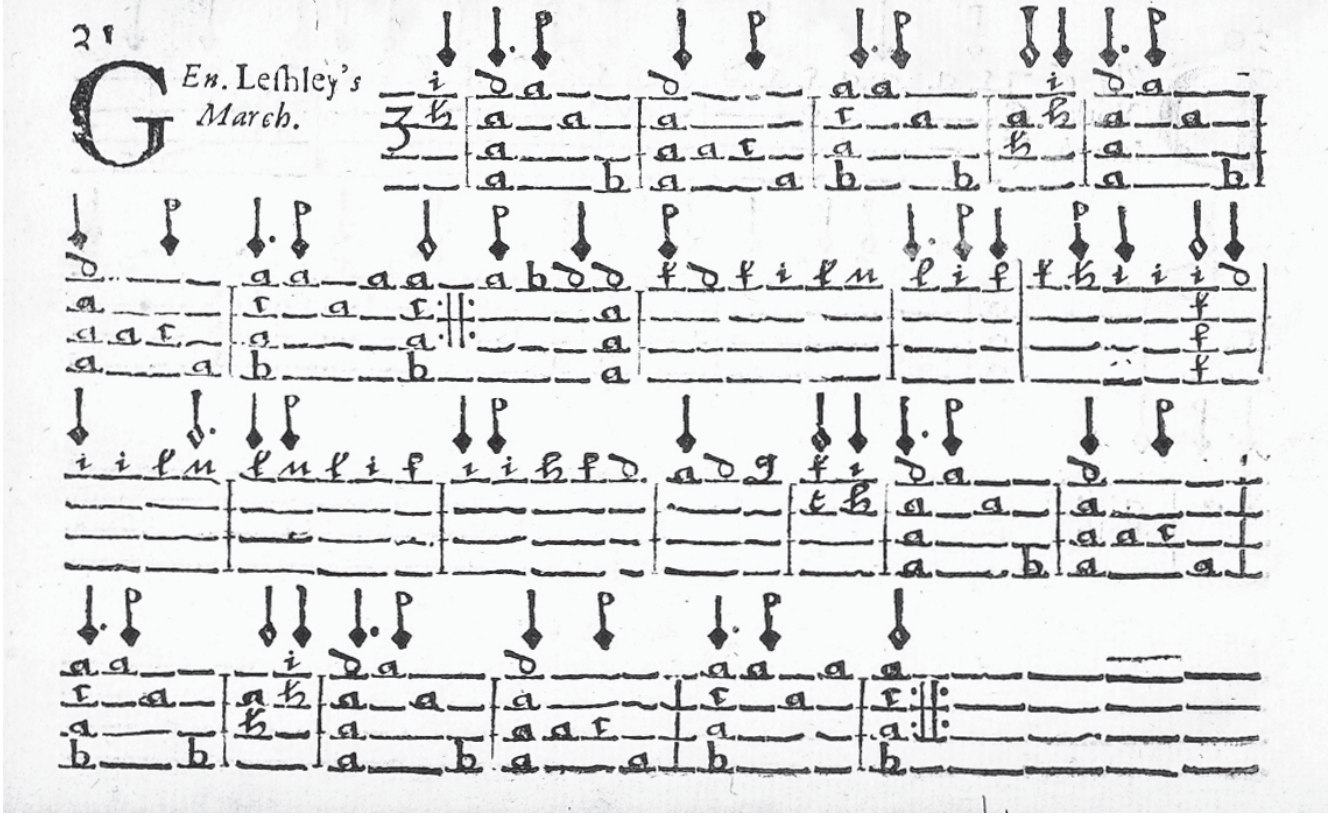
30

Duke of York's March.



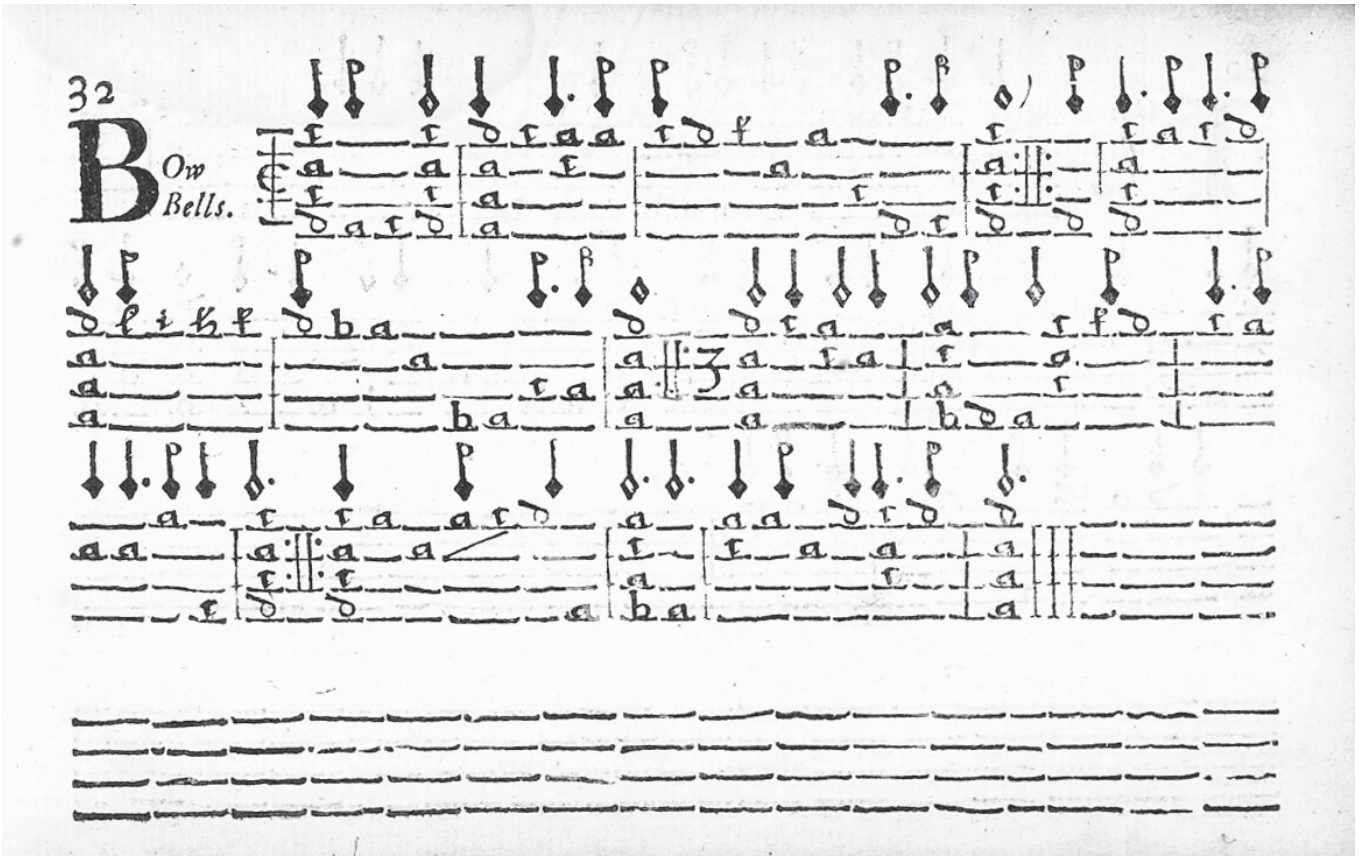
21

En. Leſhley's *March.*



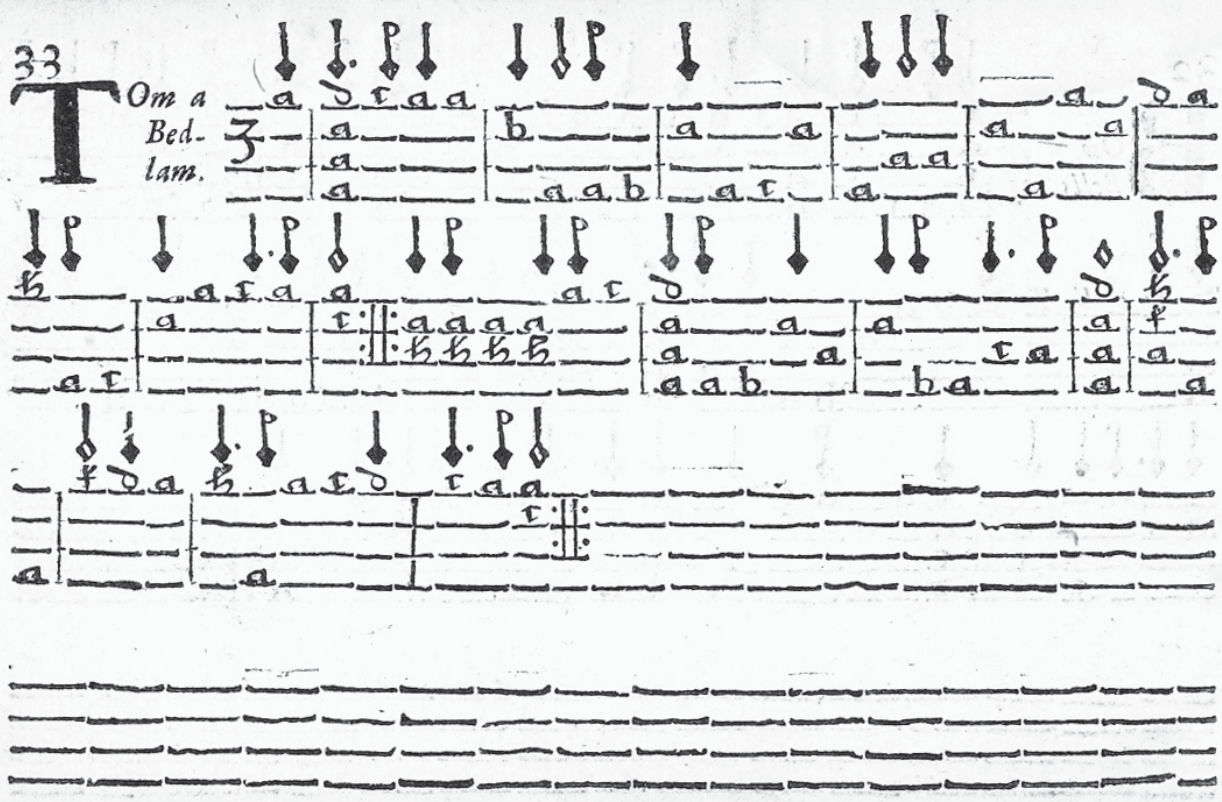
32

Ow Bells.



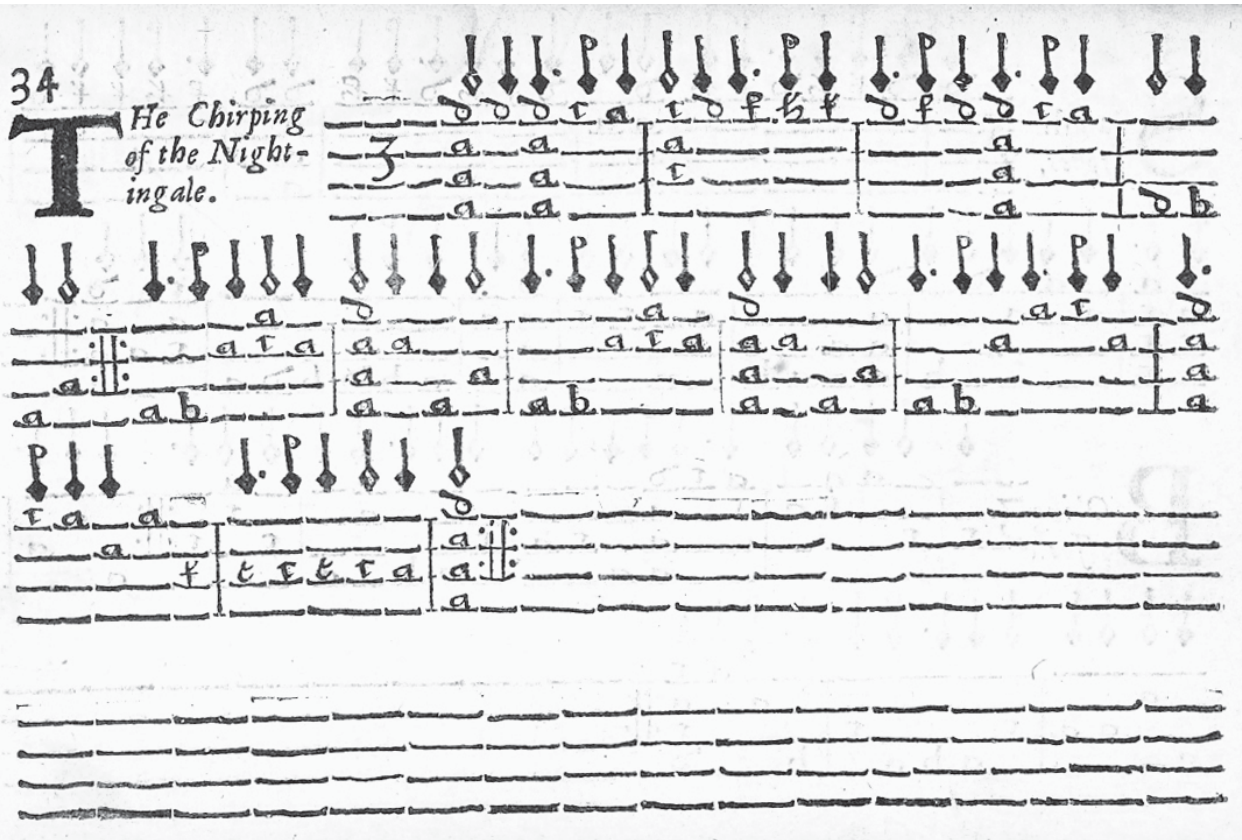
33

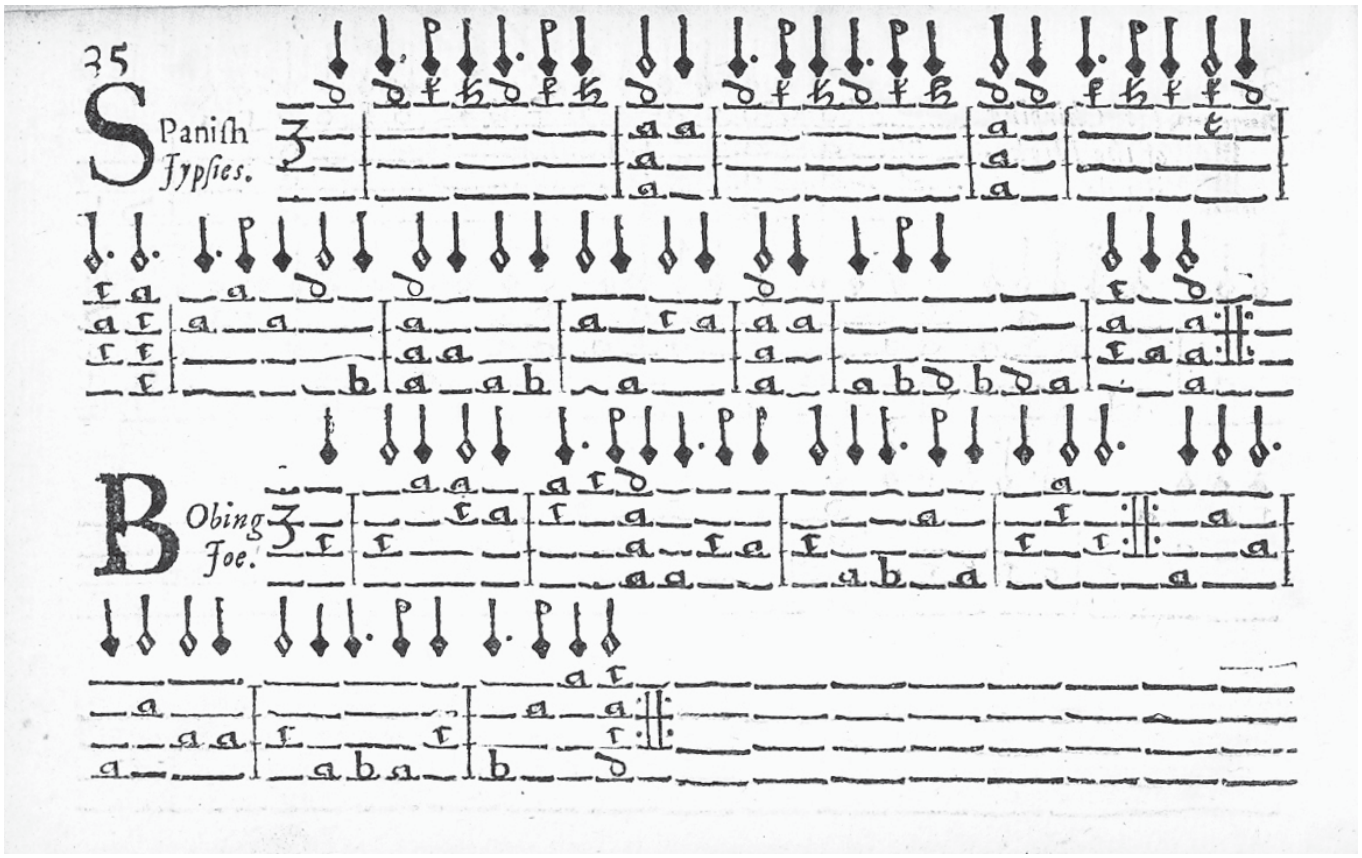
TOm a Bedlam.

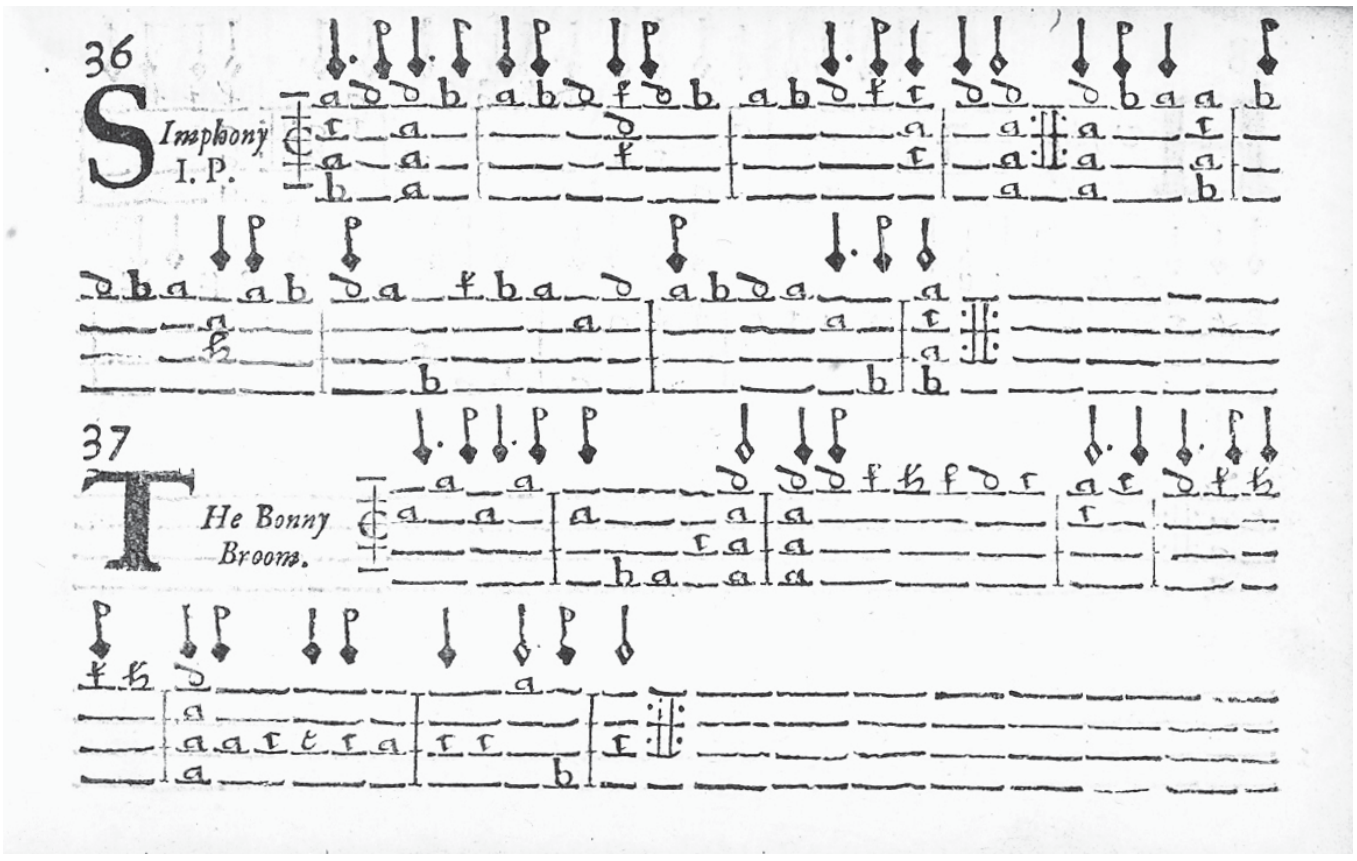


34

THe Chirping of the Nightingale.

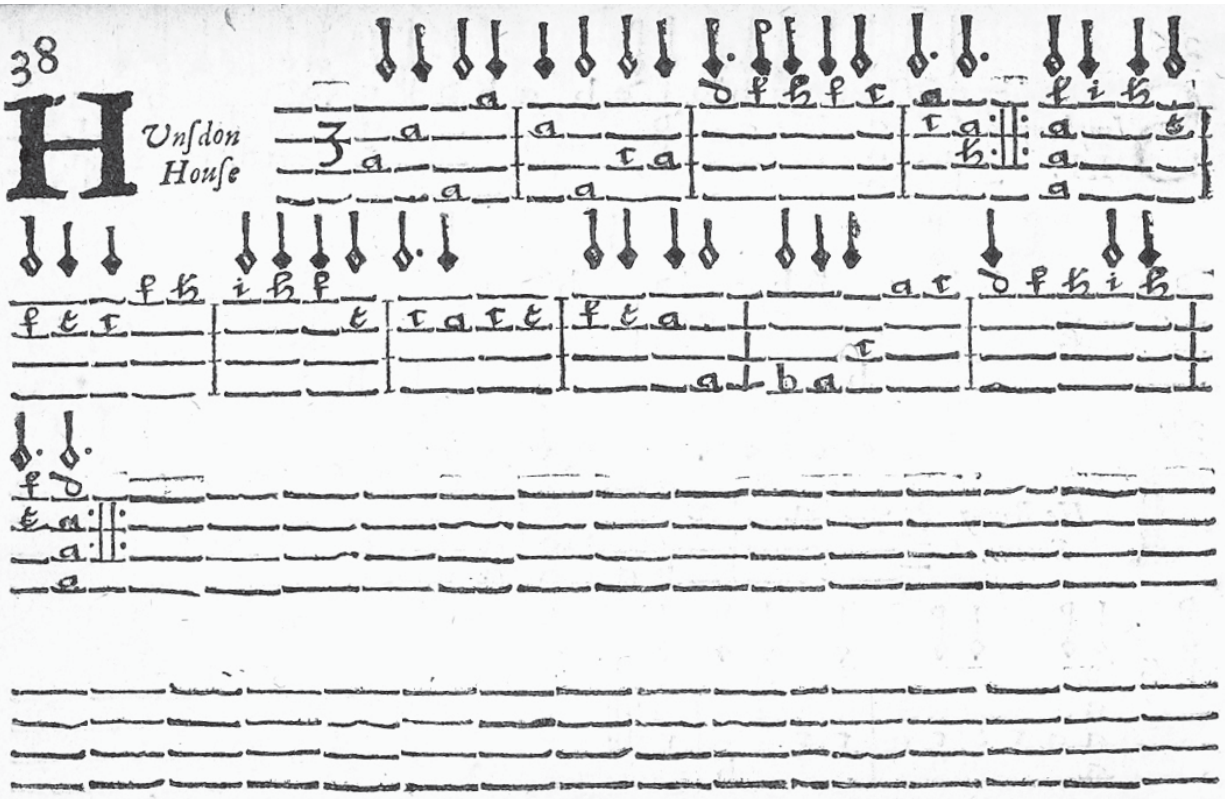



35
Spaniſh Jypſies.
Obing Joe.


36
Imphony I. P.
37
The Bonny Broom.

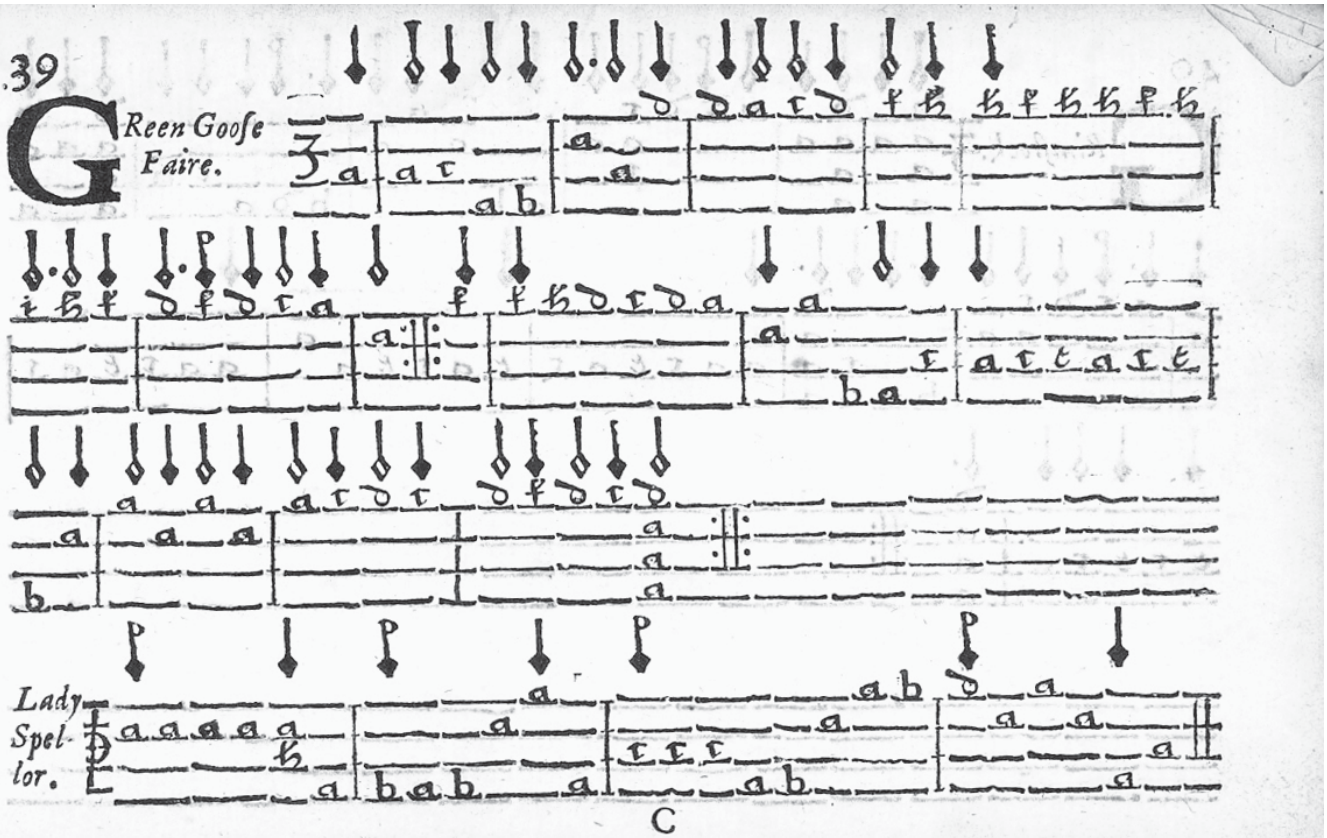
38

HUnſdon Houſe



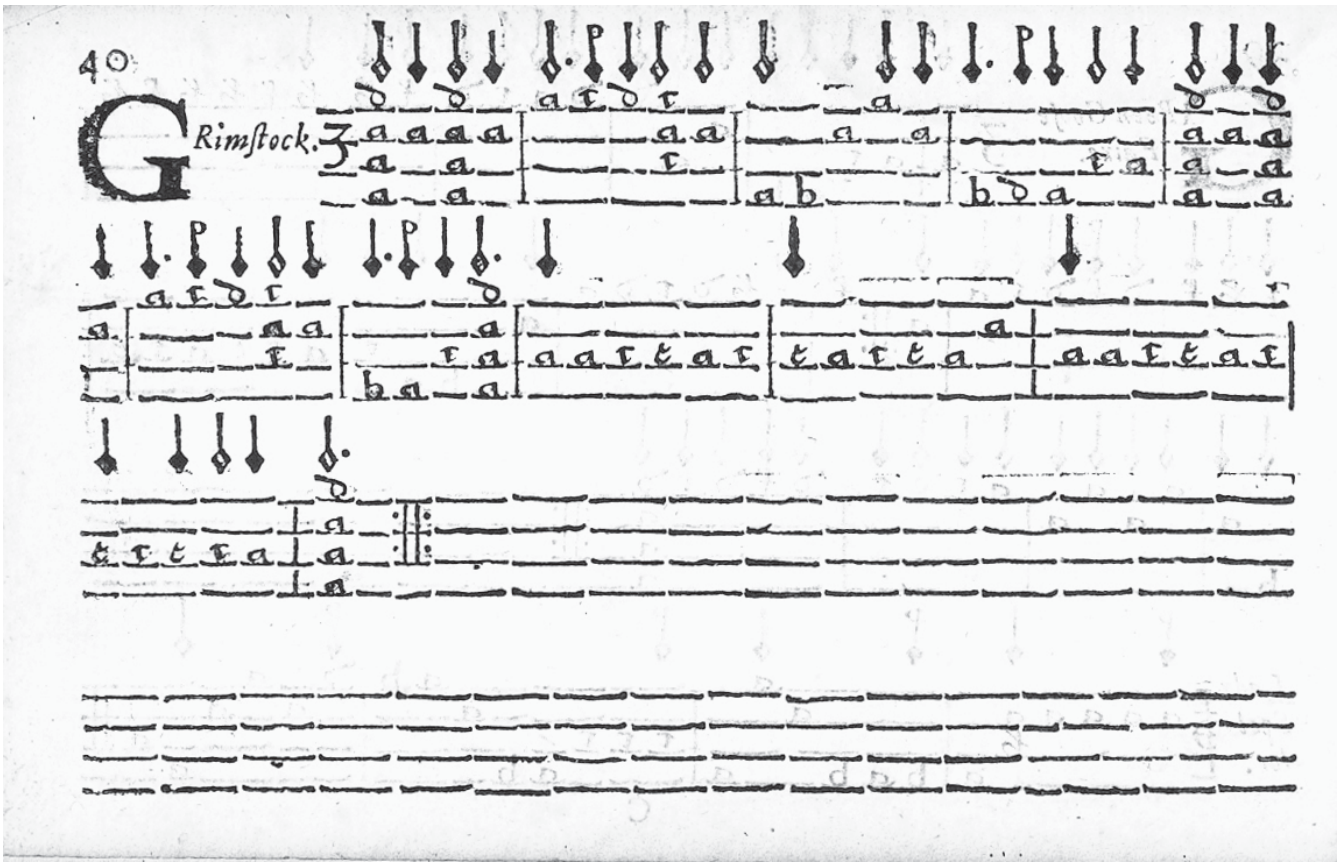
39

GReen Gooſe Faire.



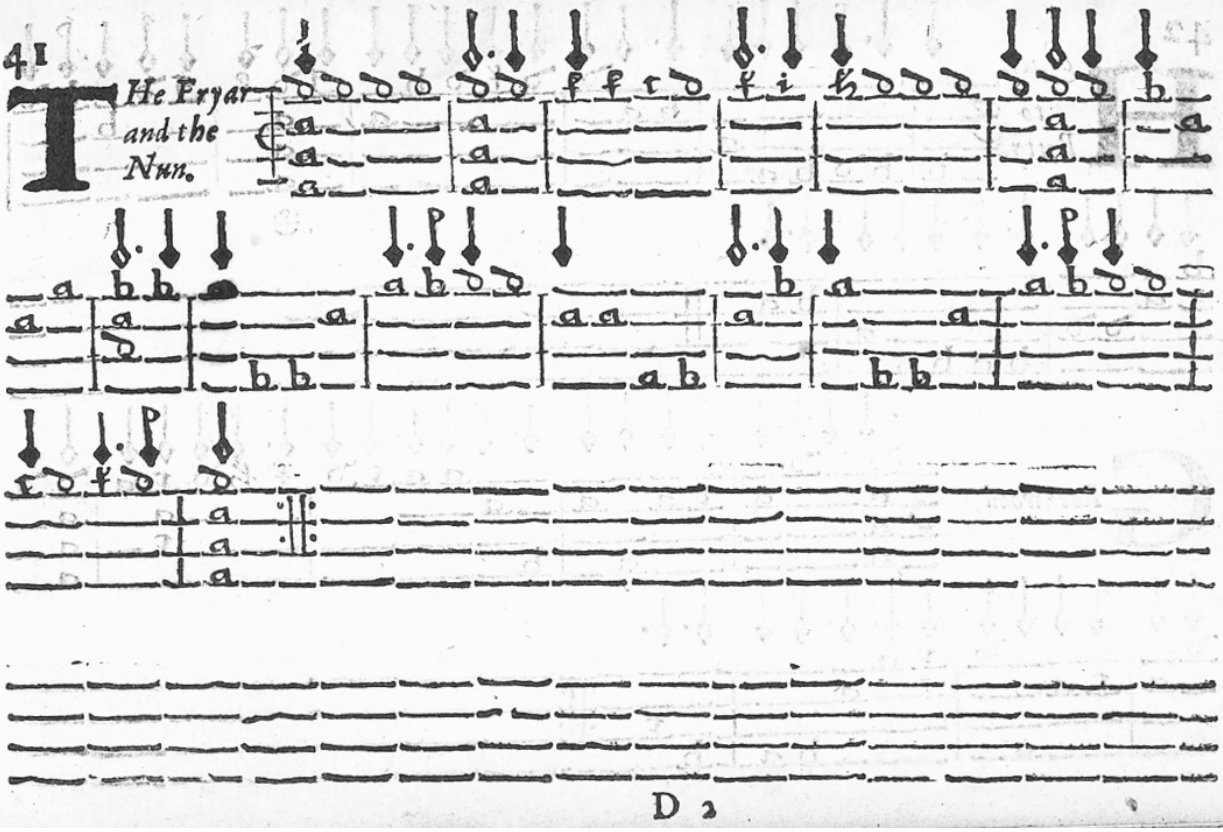
40

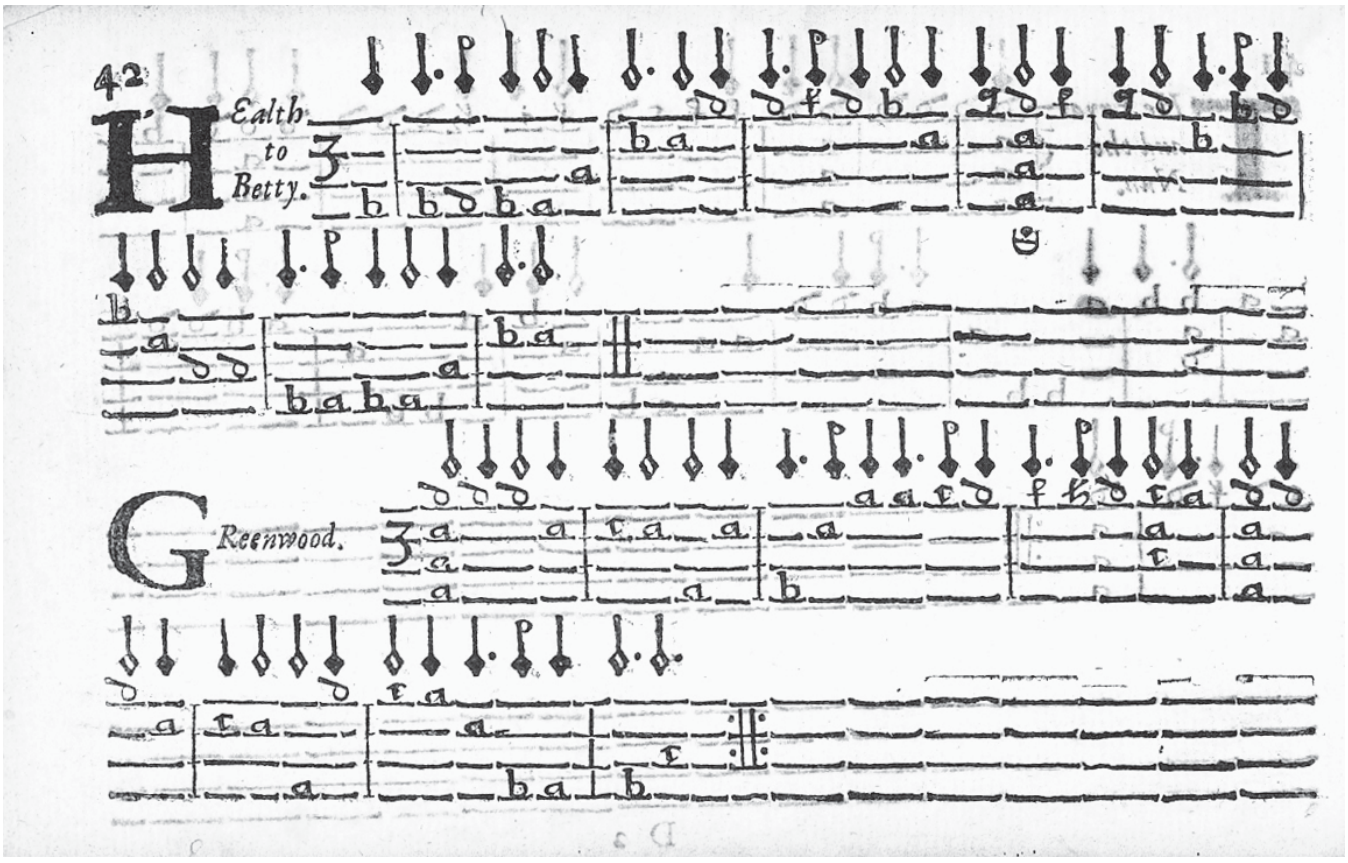
Grimstock.

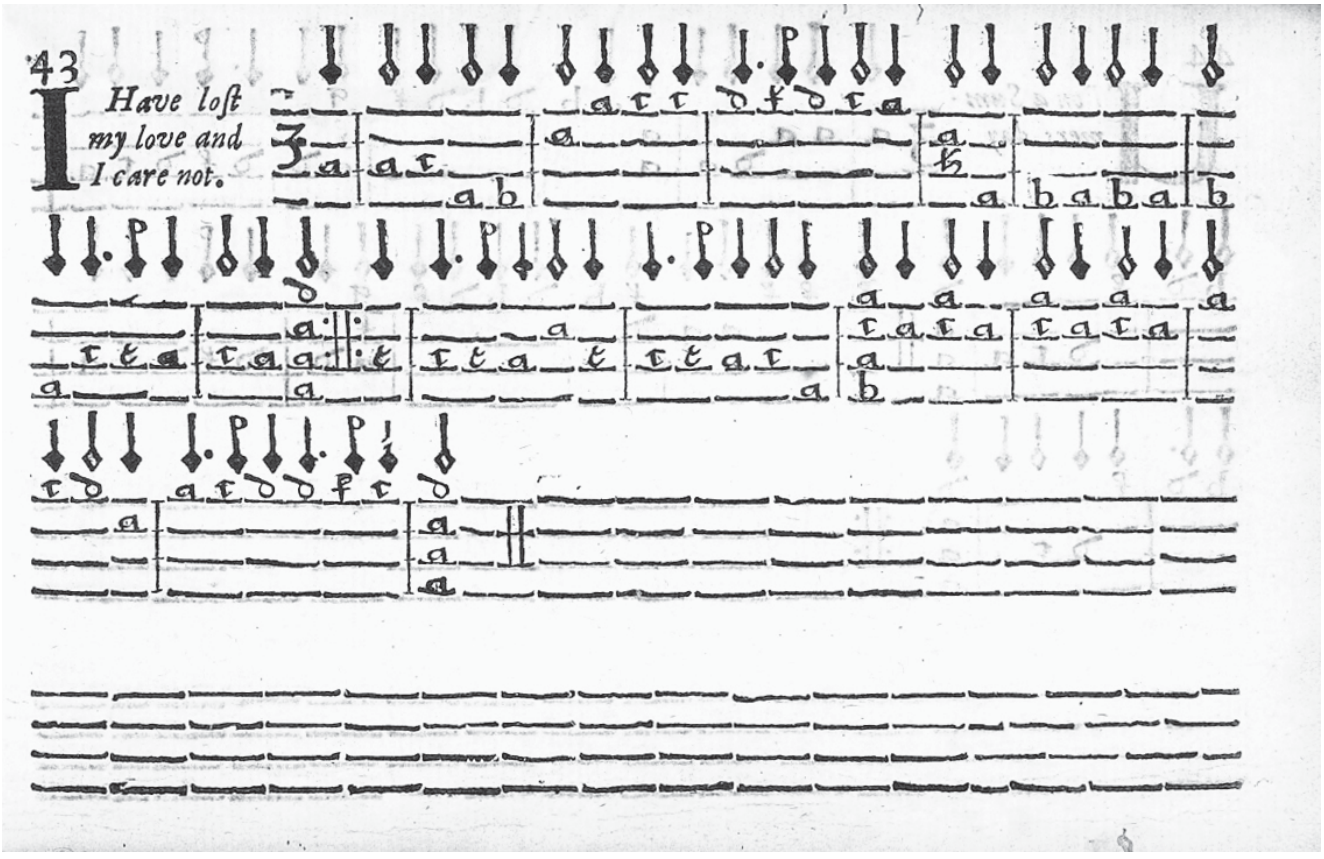


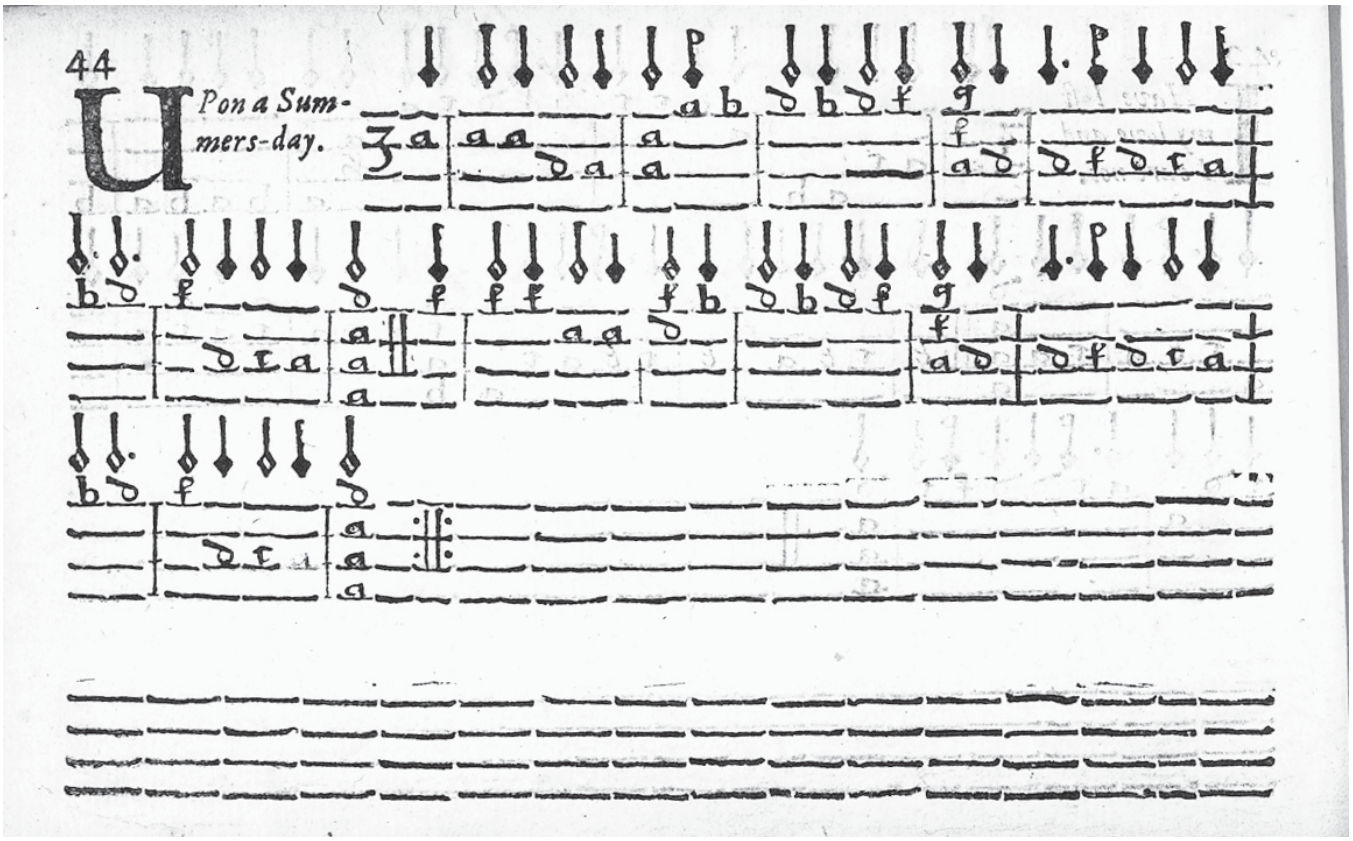
41

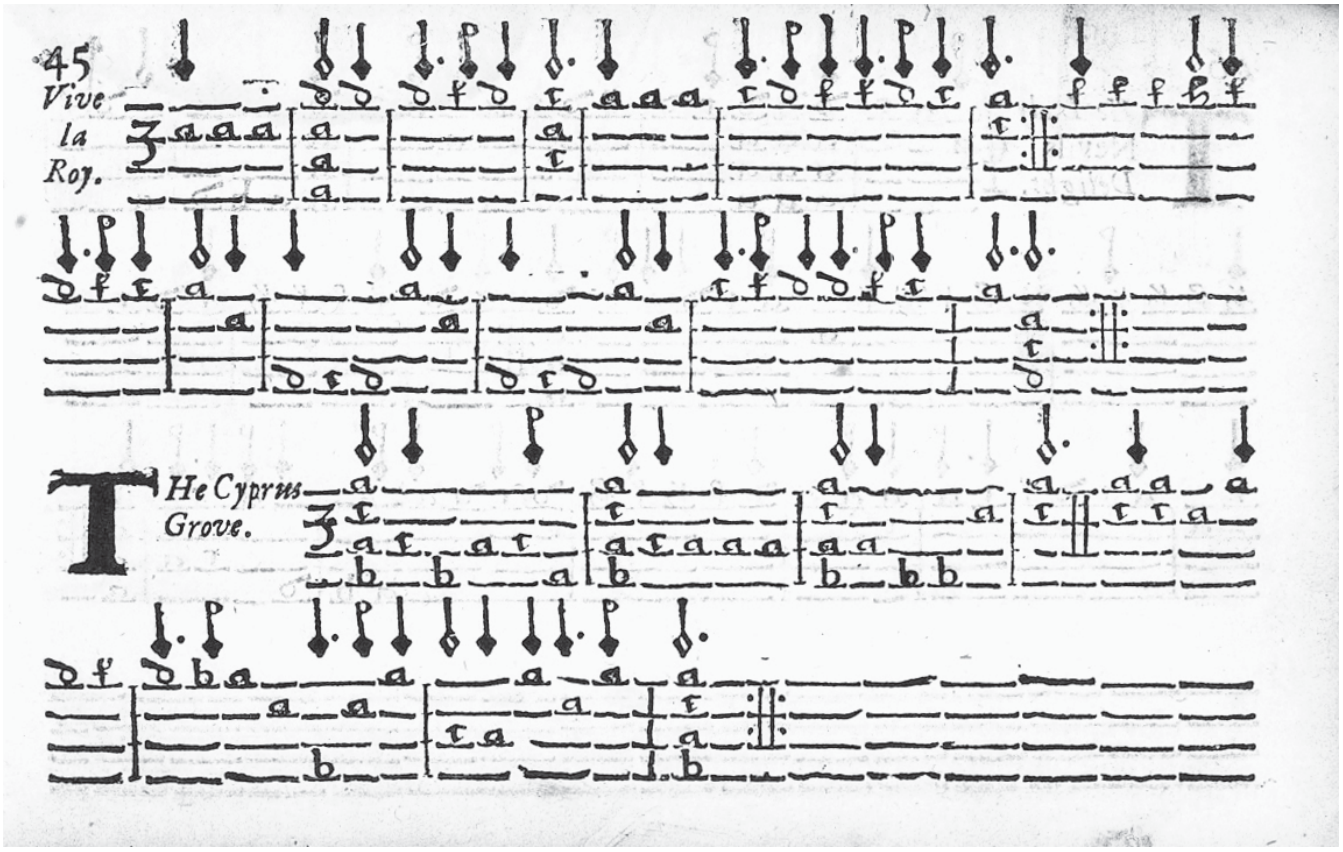
The Fryar and the Nun.




42
Health to Betty.
Greenwood.

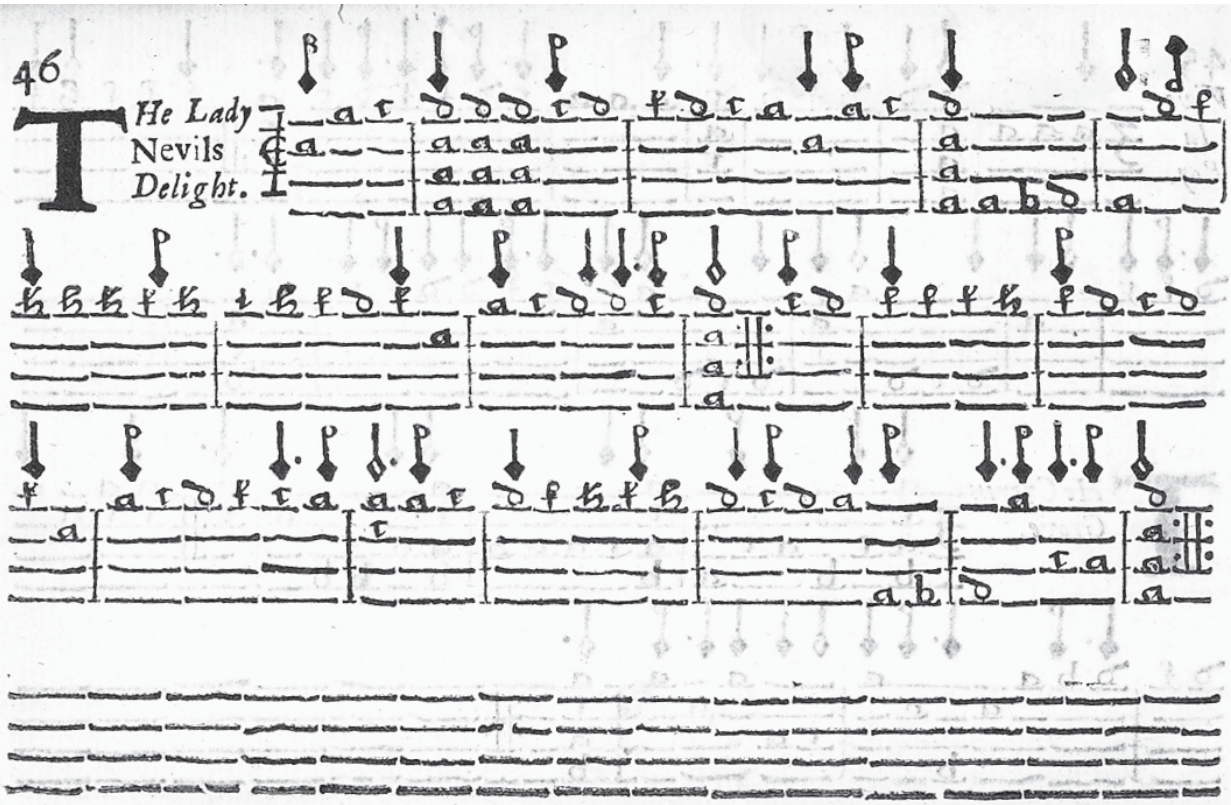

43
I Have lost my love and I care not.


44
Upon a Summers-day.


45
Vive la Roy.
The Cyprus Grove.

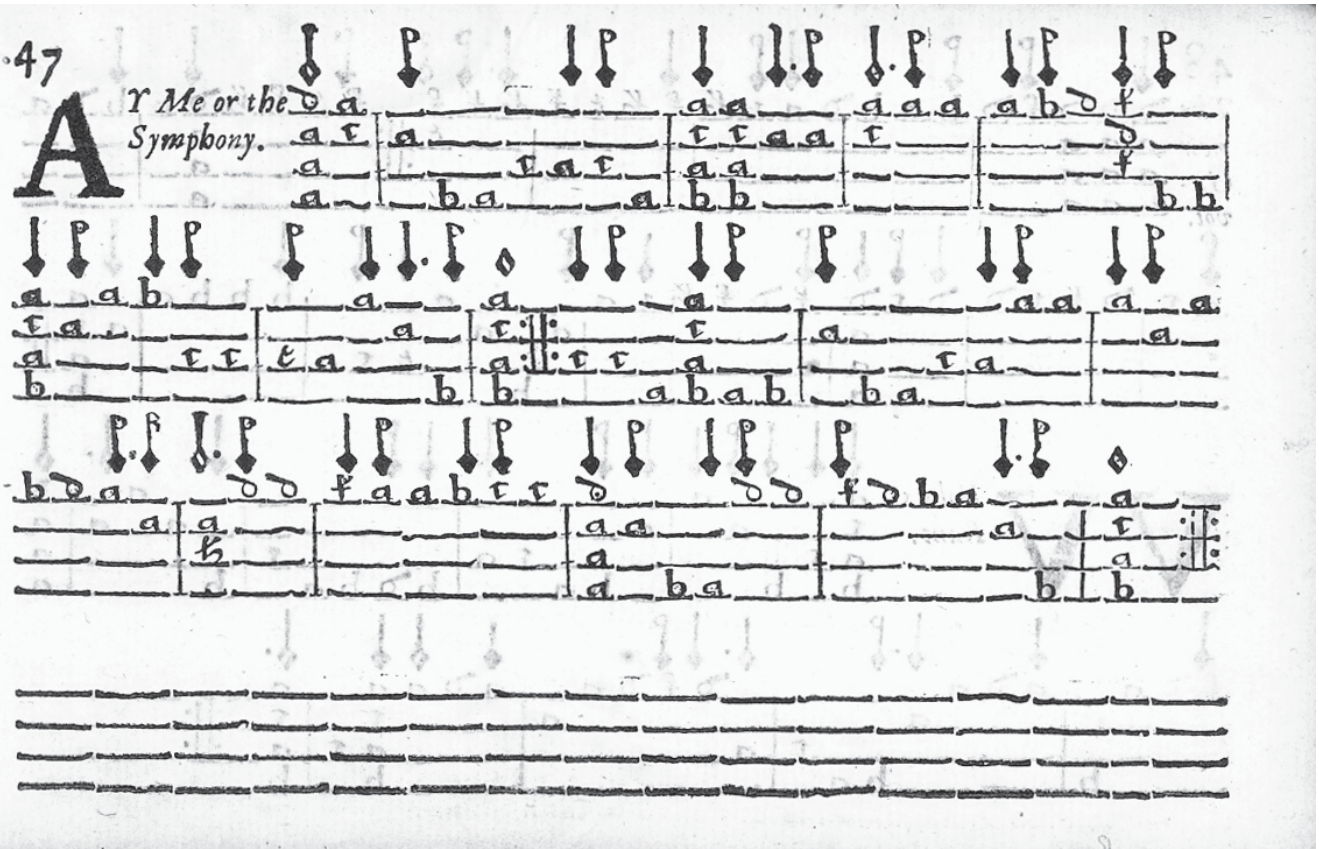
46

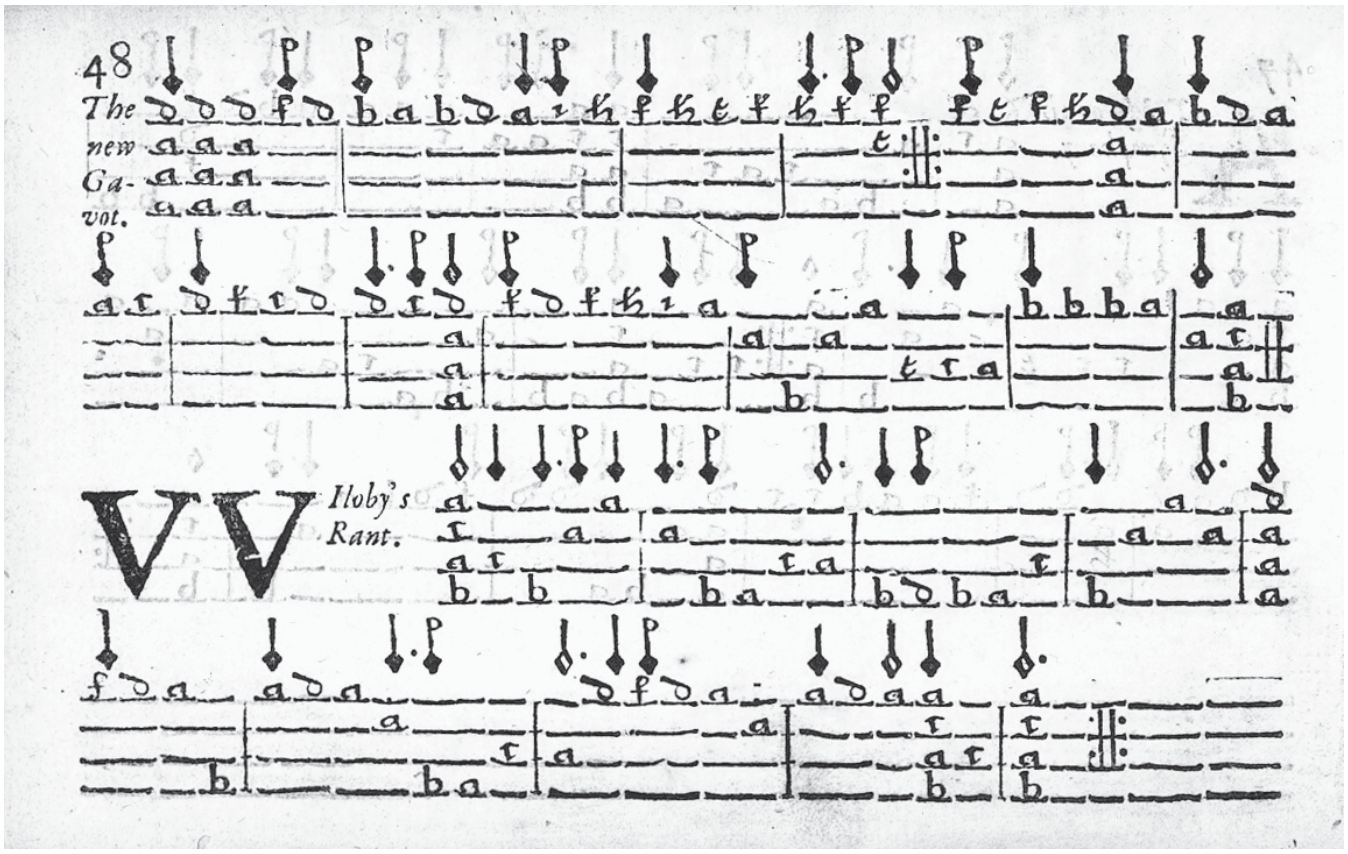
The Lady Nevils Delight.

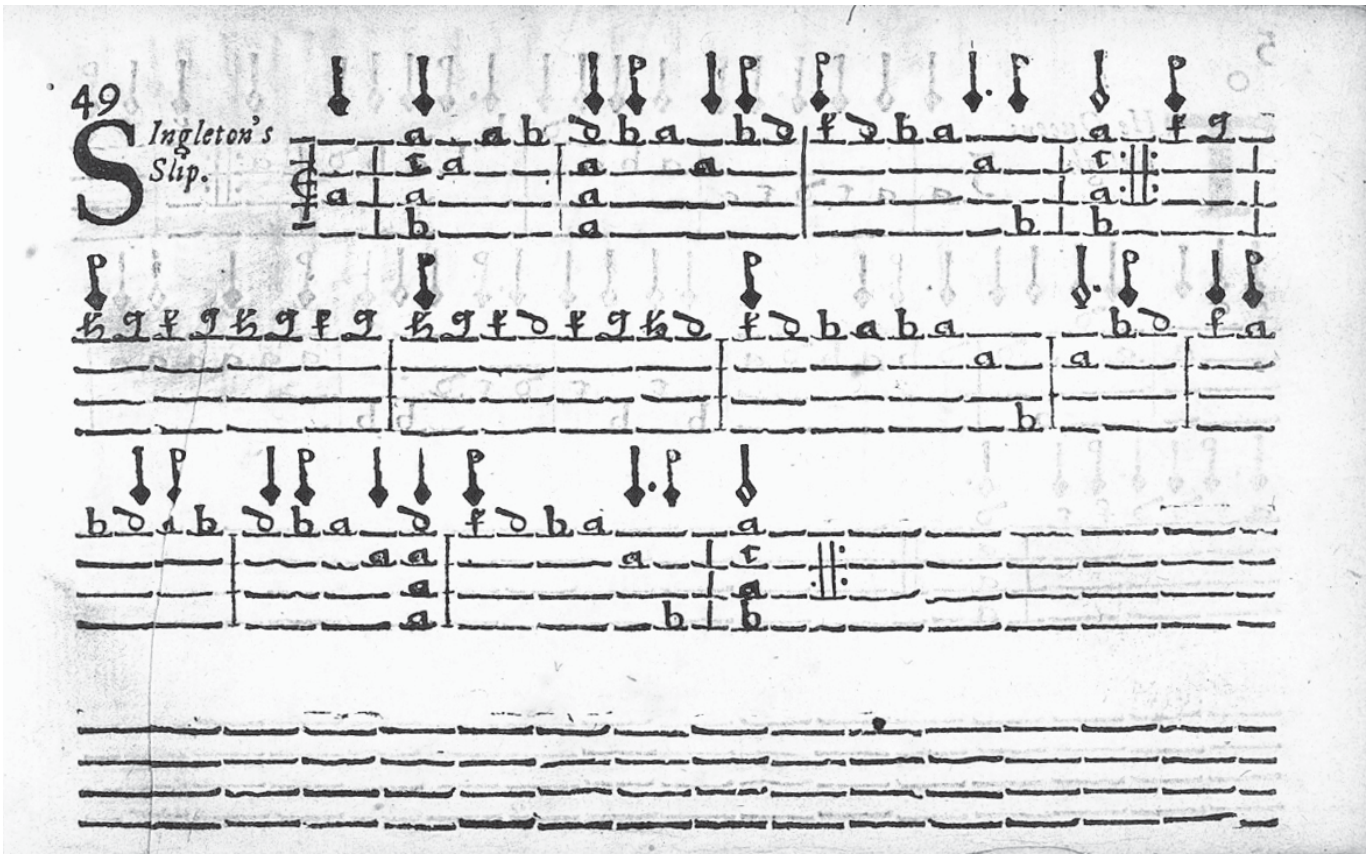


47

A Y Me or the Symphony.

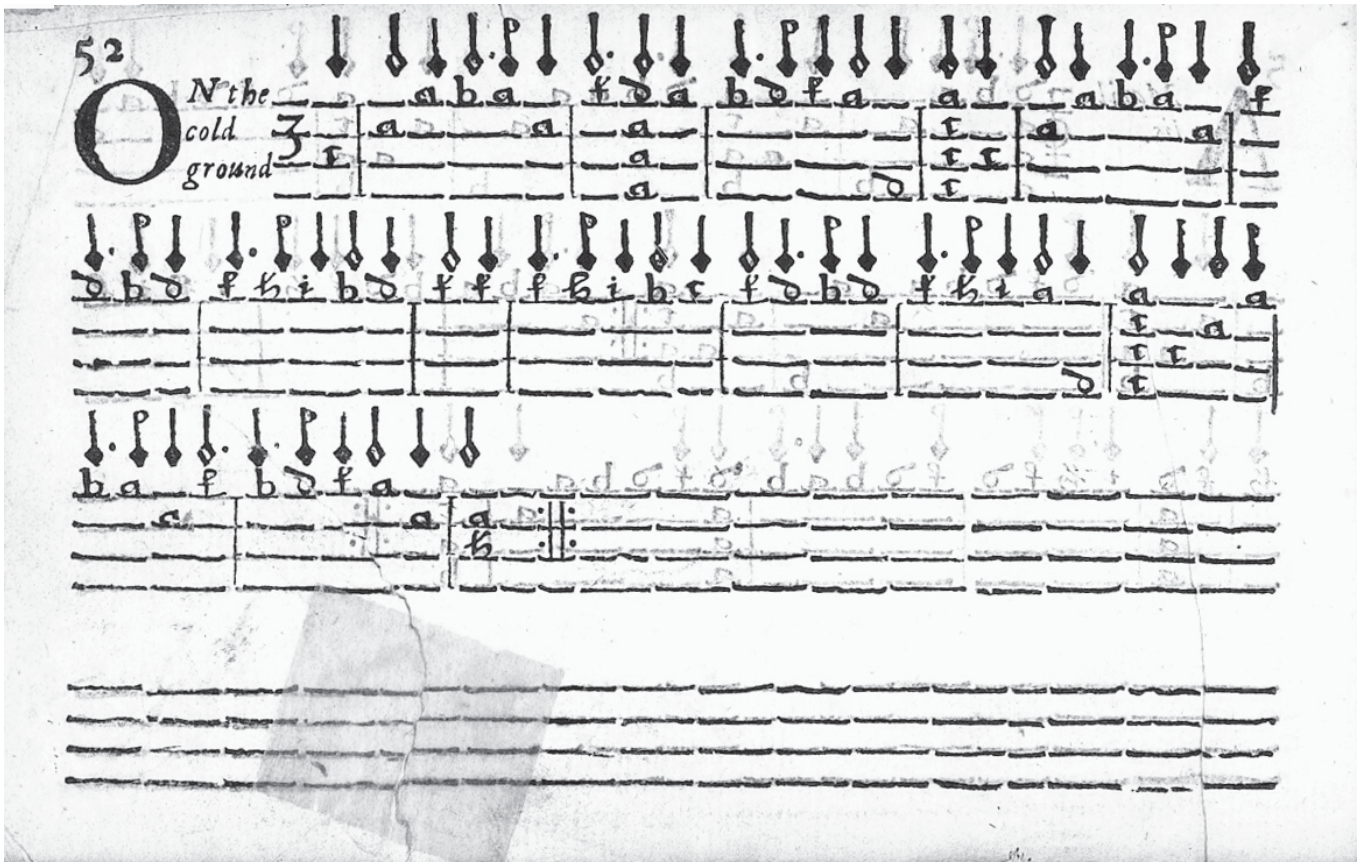



48
The new Ga- vot.
VV Hoby's Rant.


49
Ingleton's Slip.

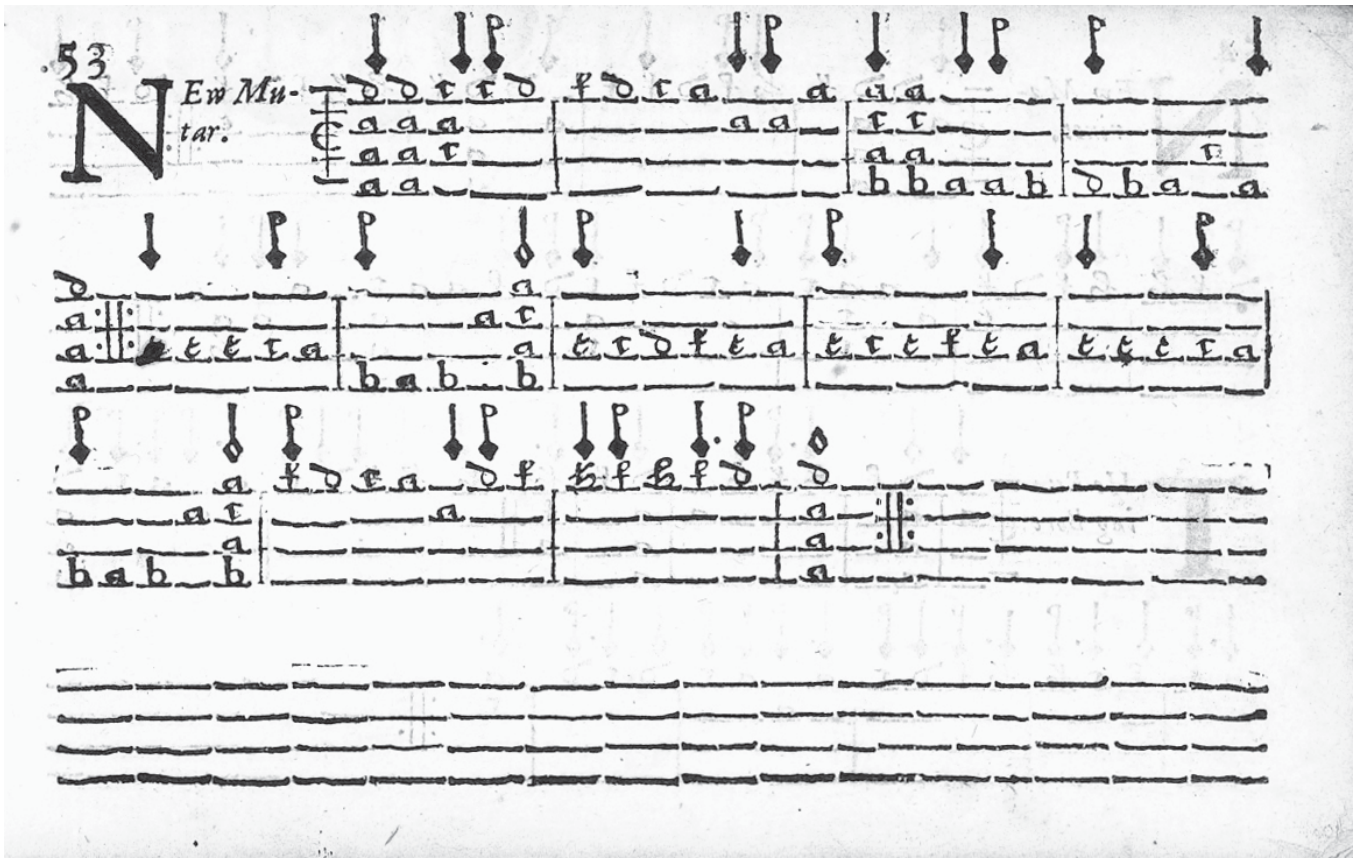
52

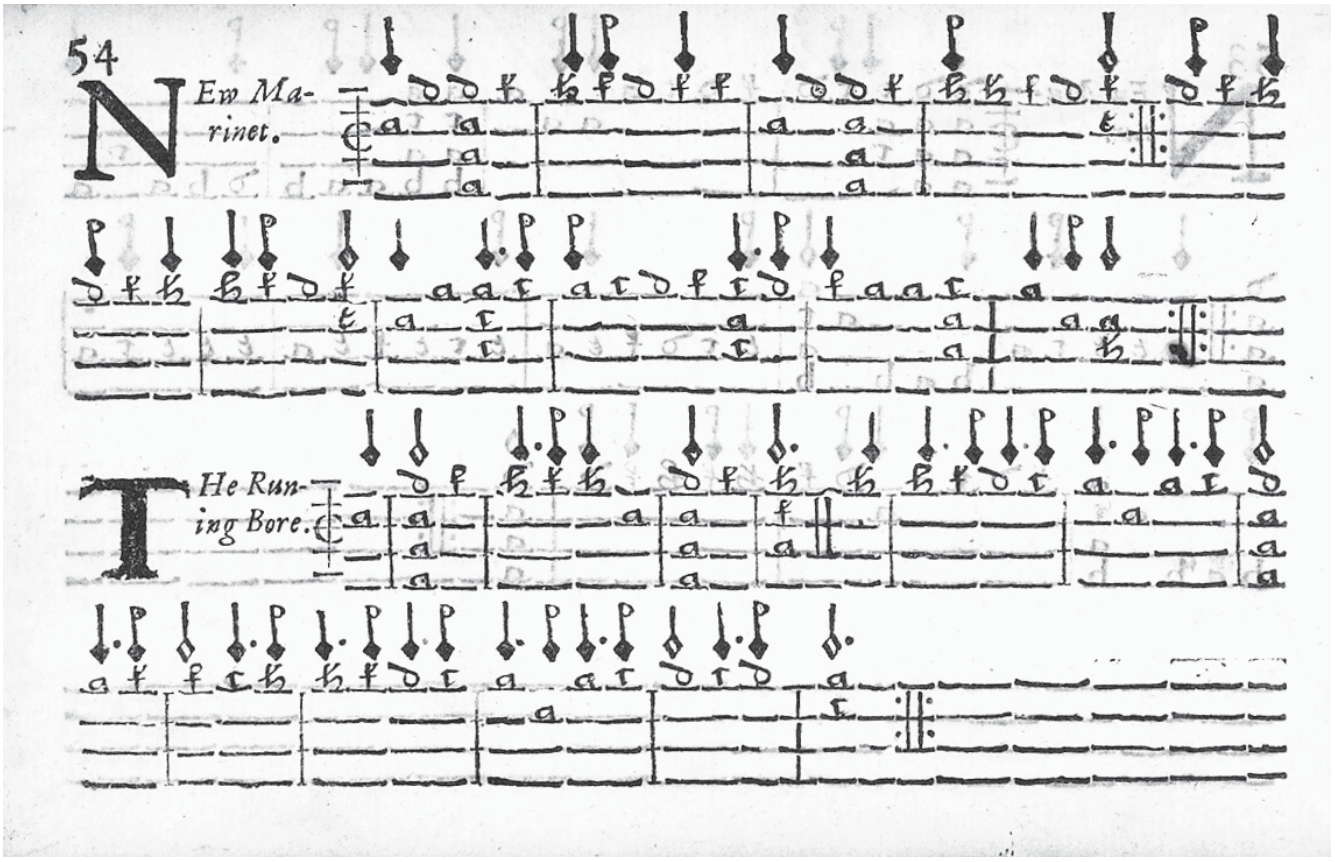
ON the cold ground

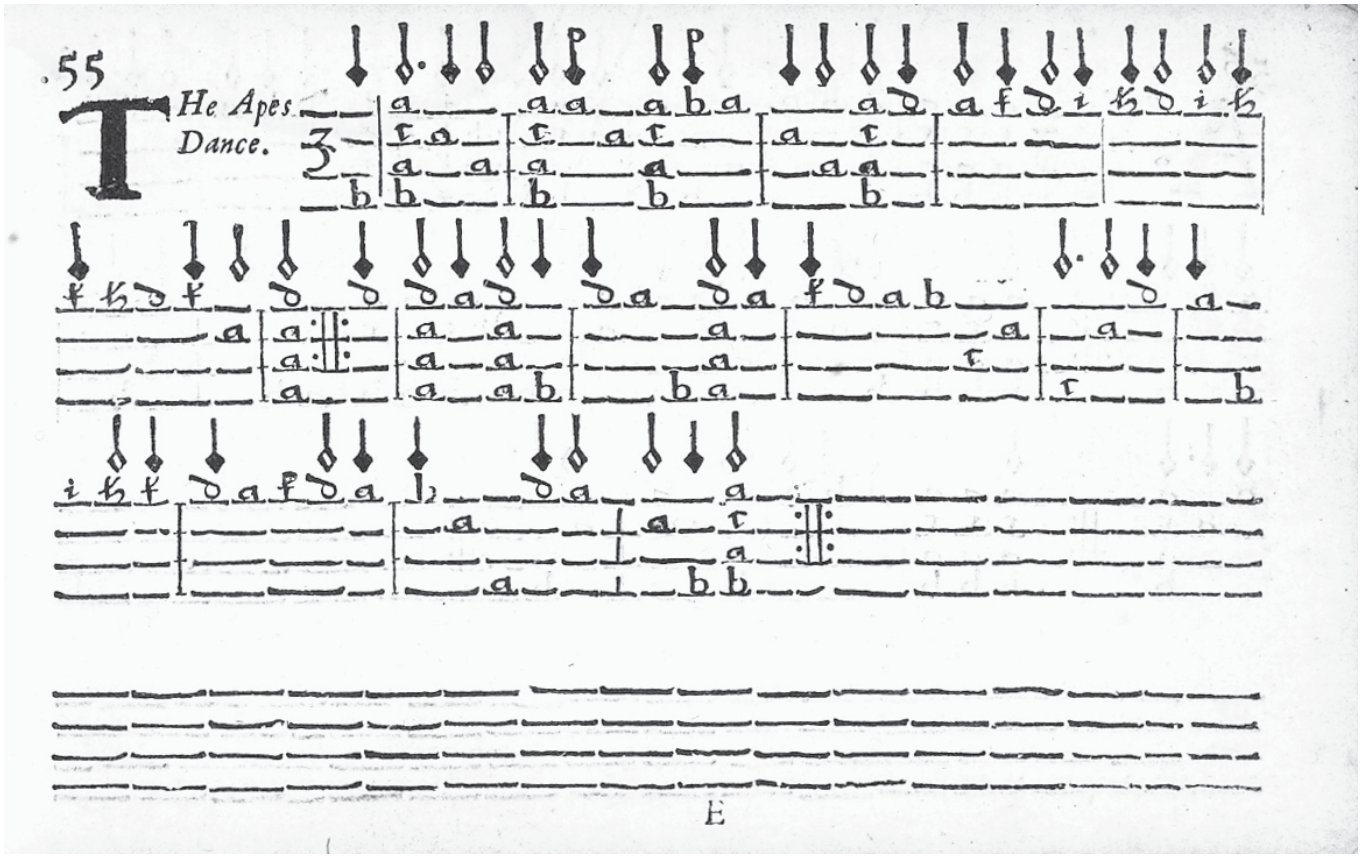


53

NEw Mu-tar.

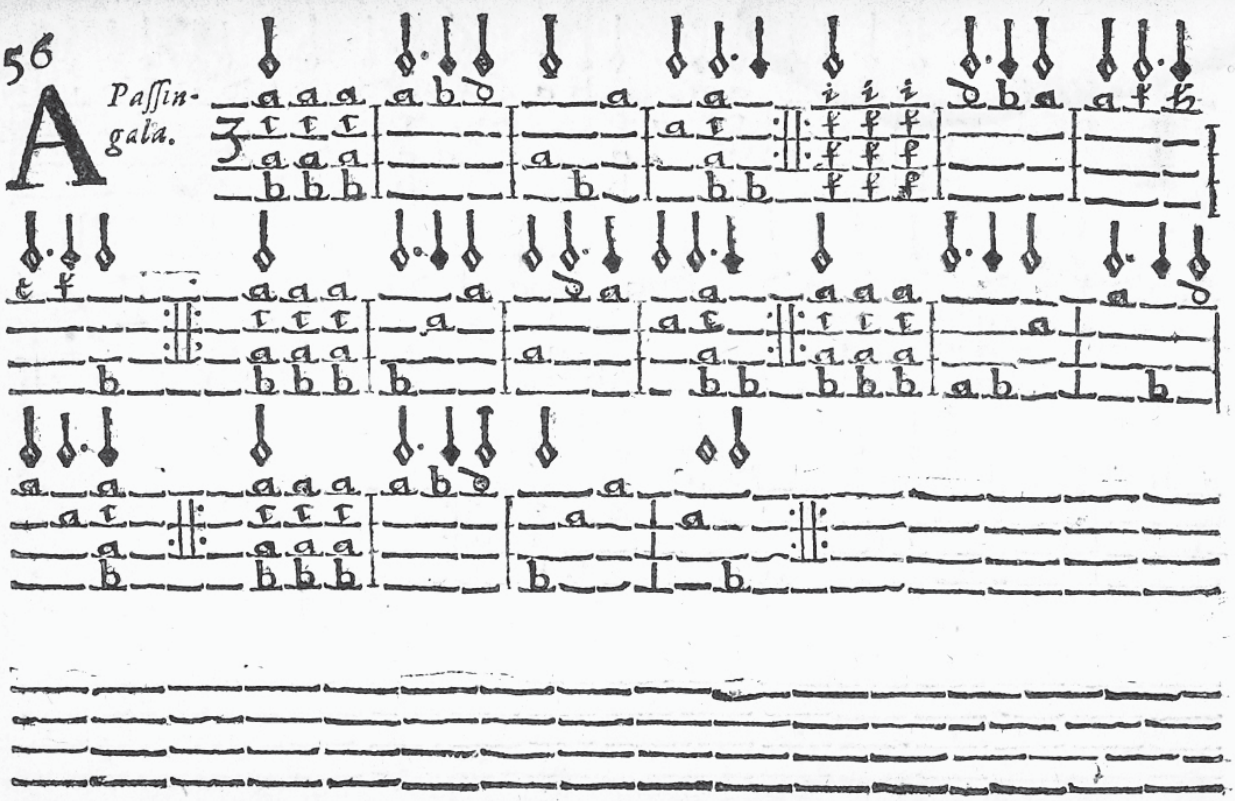



54
NEw Marinet.
THe Running Bore.


55
THe Apes Dance.

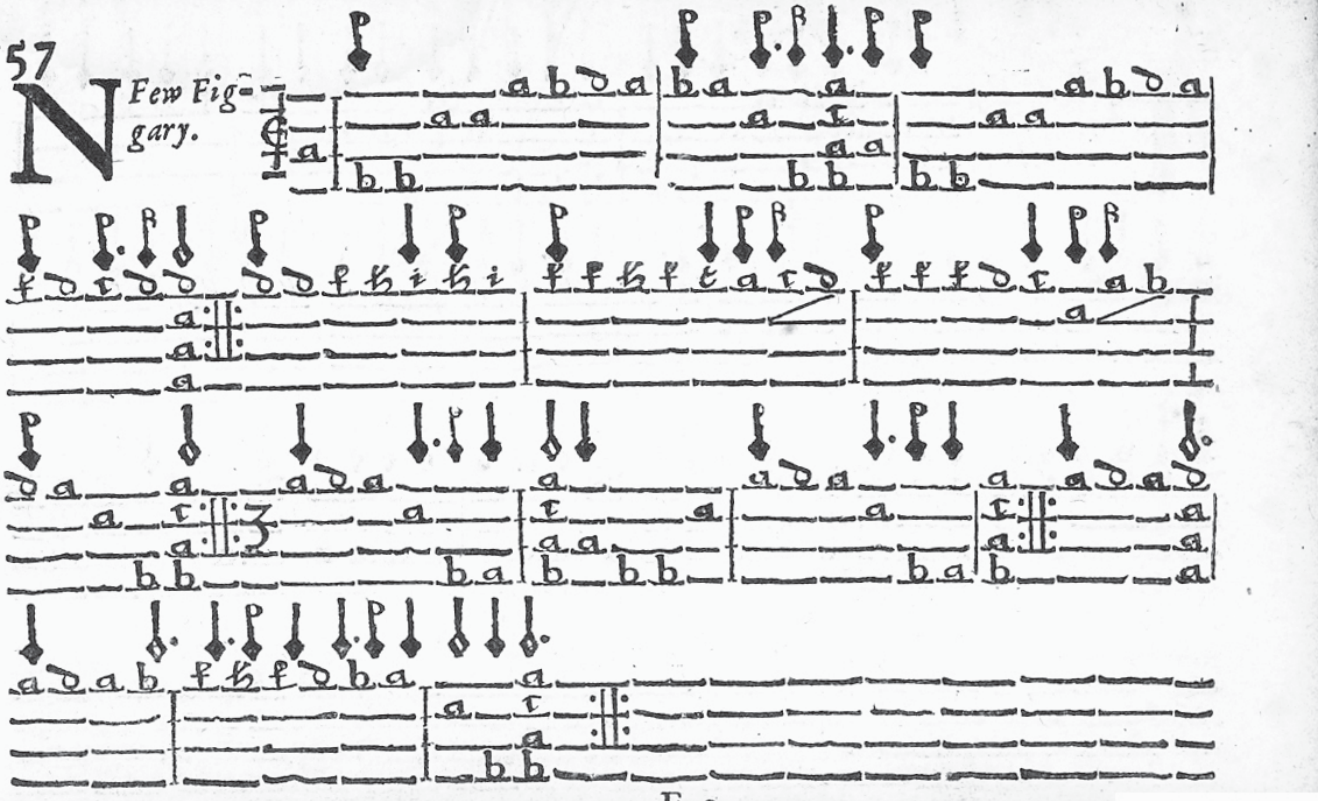
56

A *Passingala.*



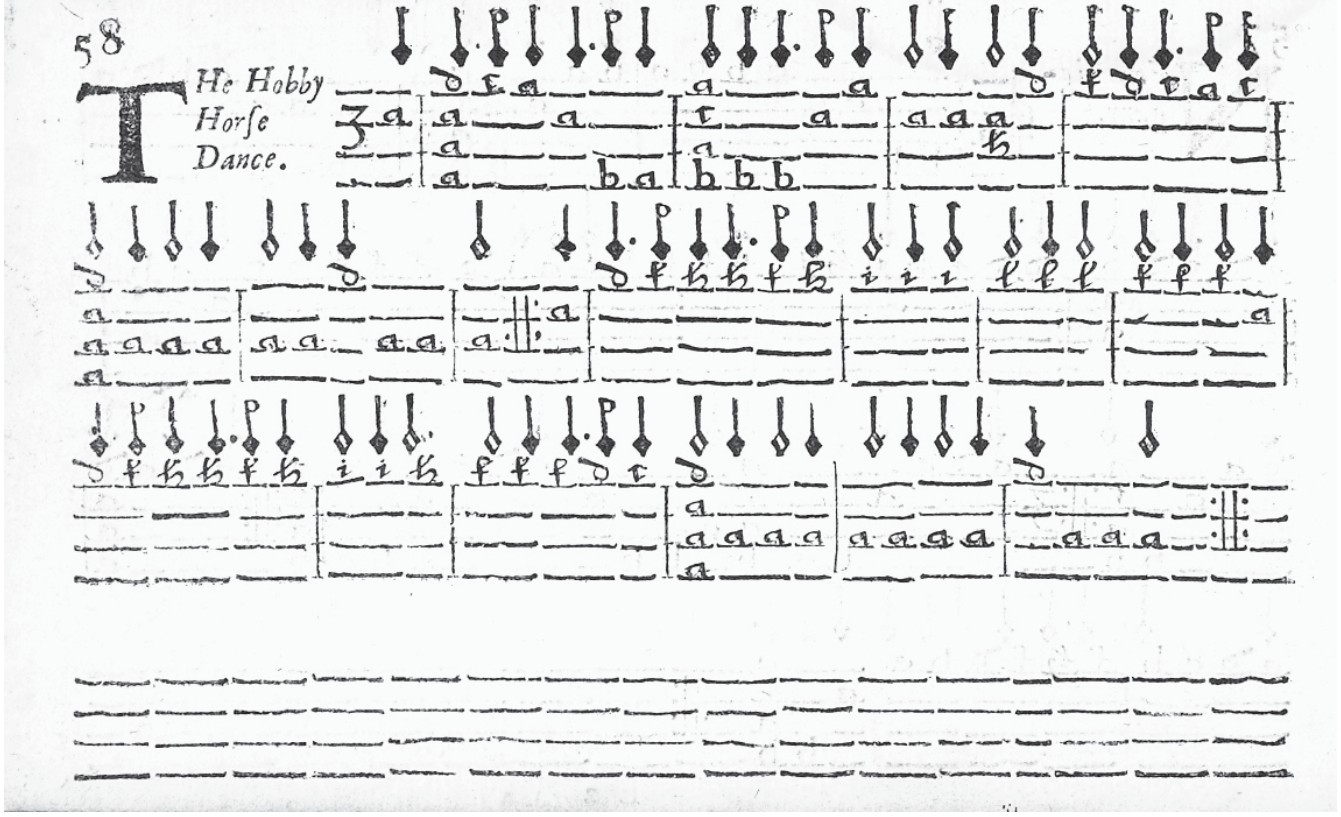
57

N *Few Figgary.*



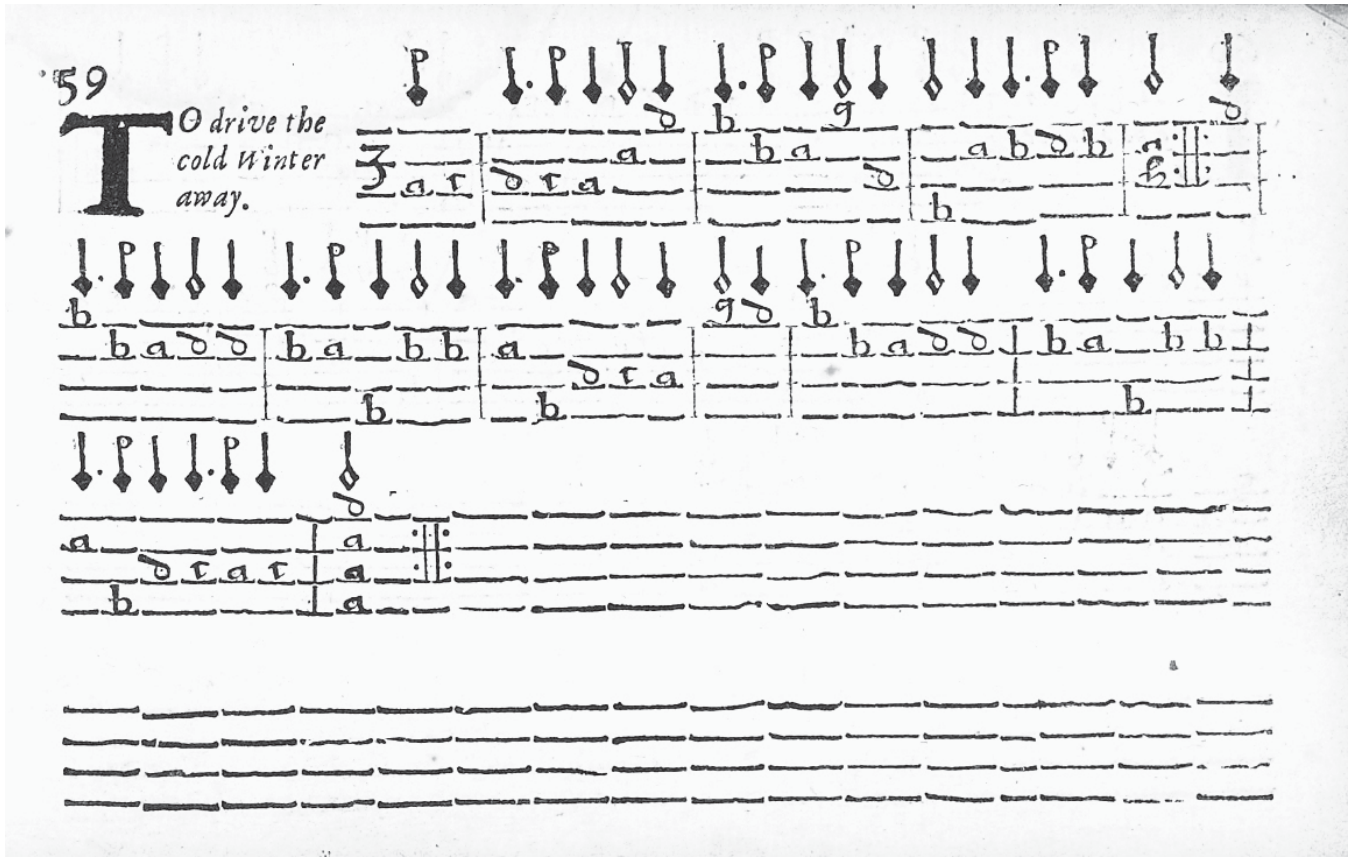
58

The Hobby Horse Dance.



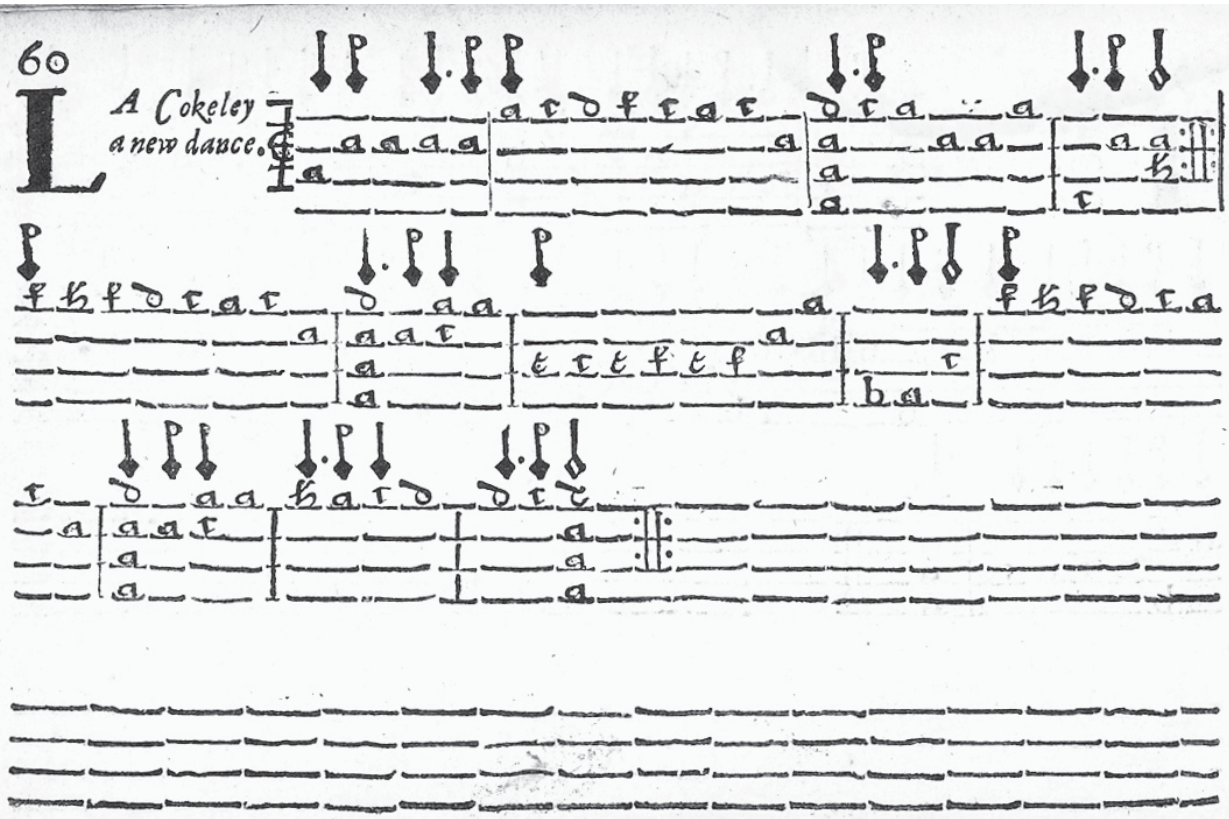
59

To drive the cold Winter away.



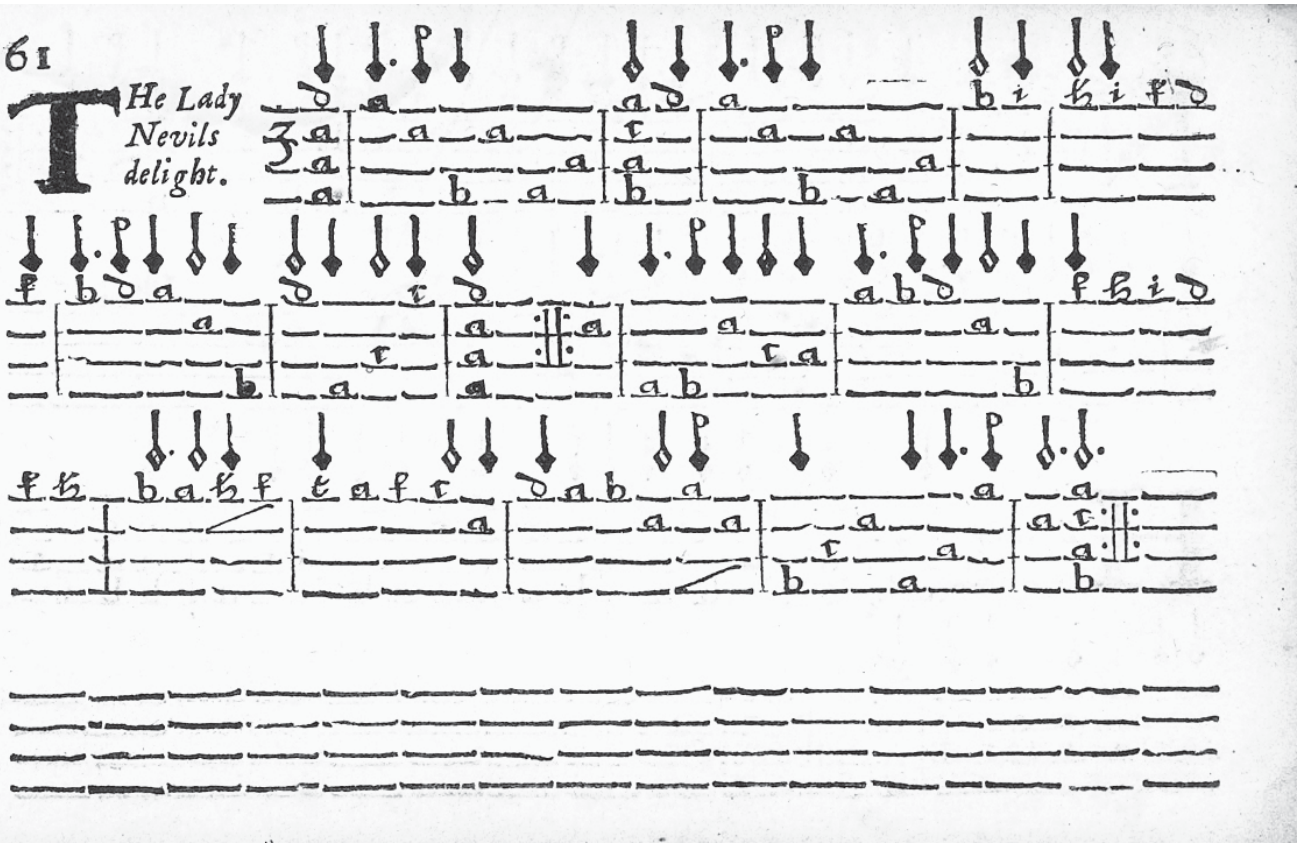
60

LA Cokeley a new dance.



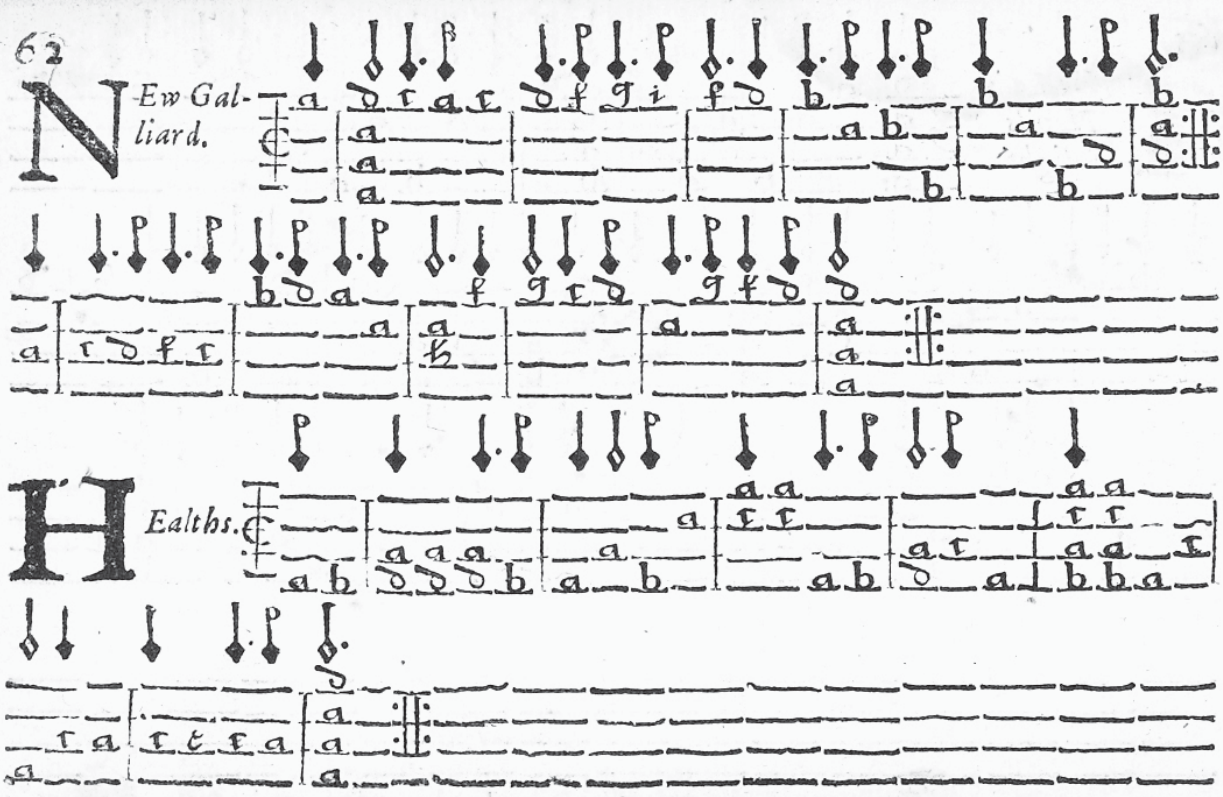
61

THe Lady Nevils delight.



62

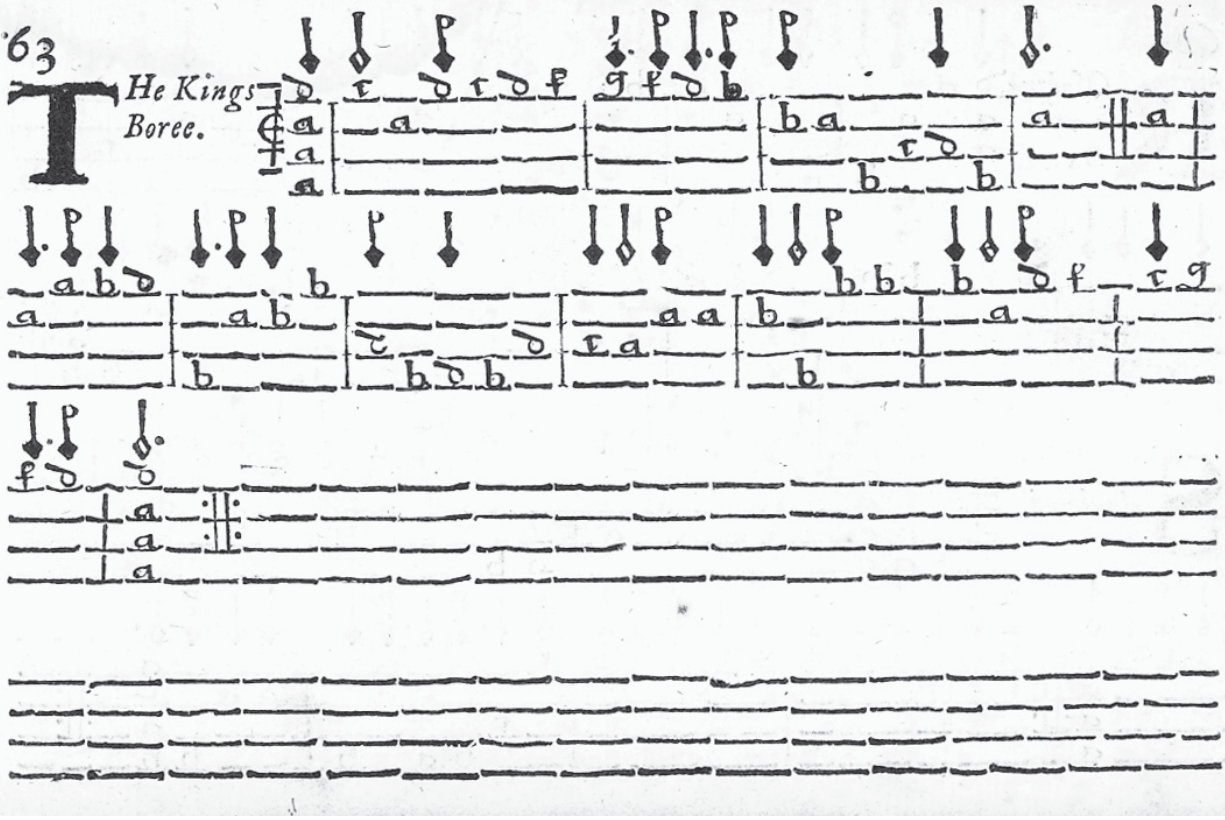
New Galliard.



Healths.

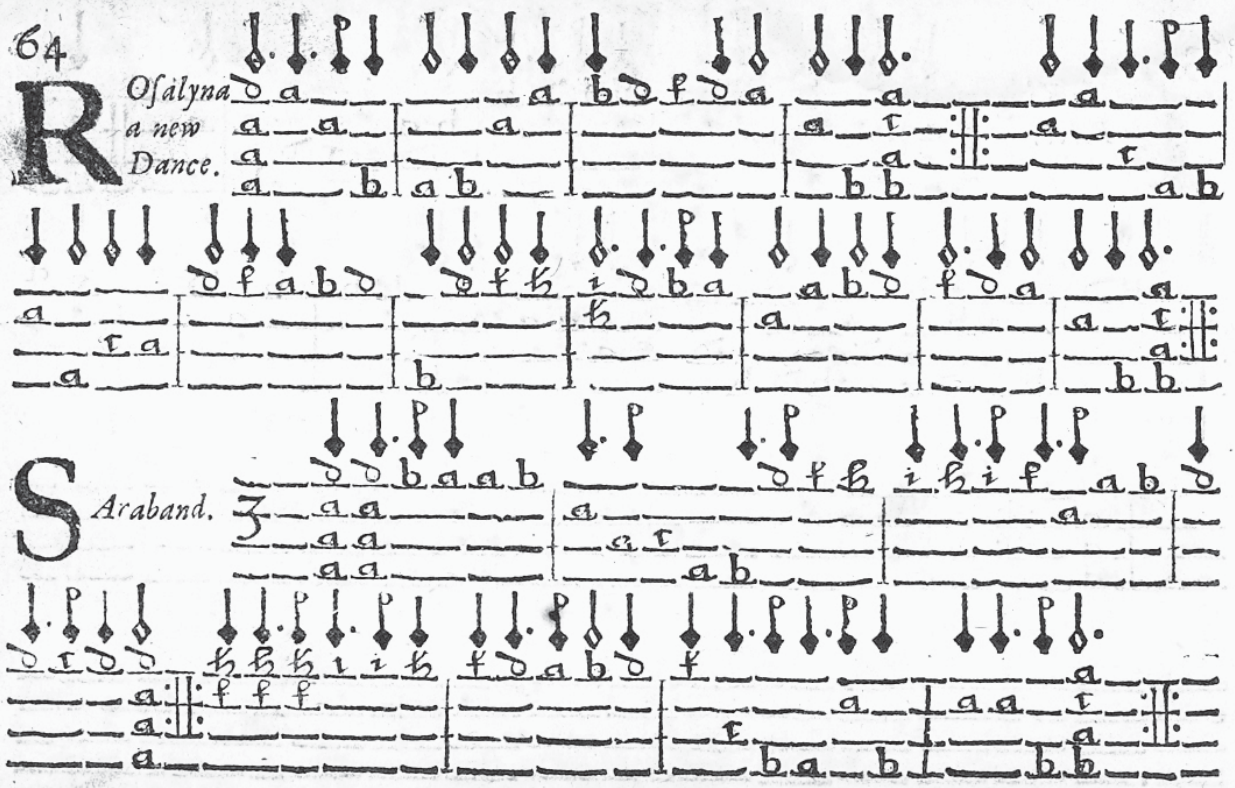
63

The Kings Boree.



64

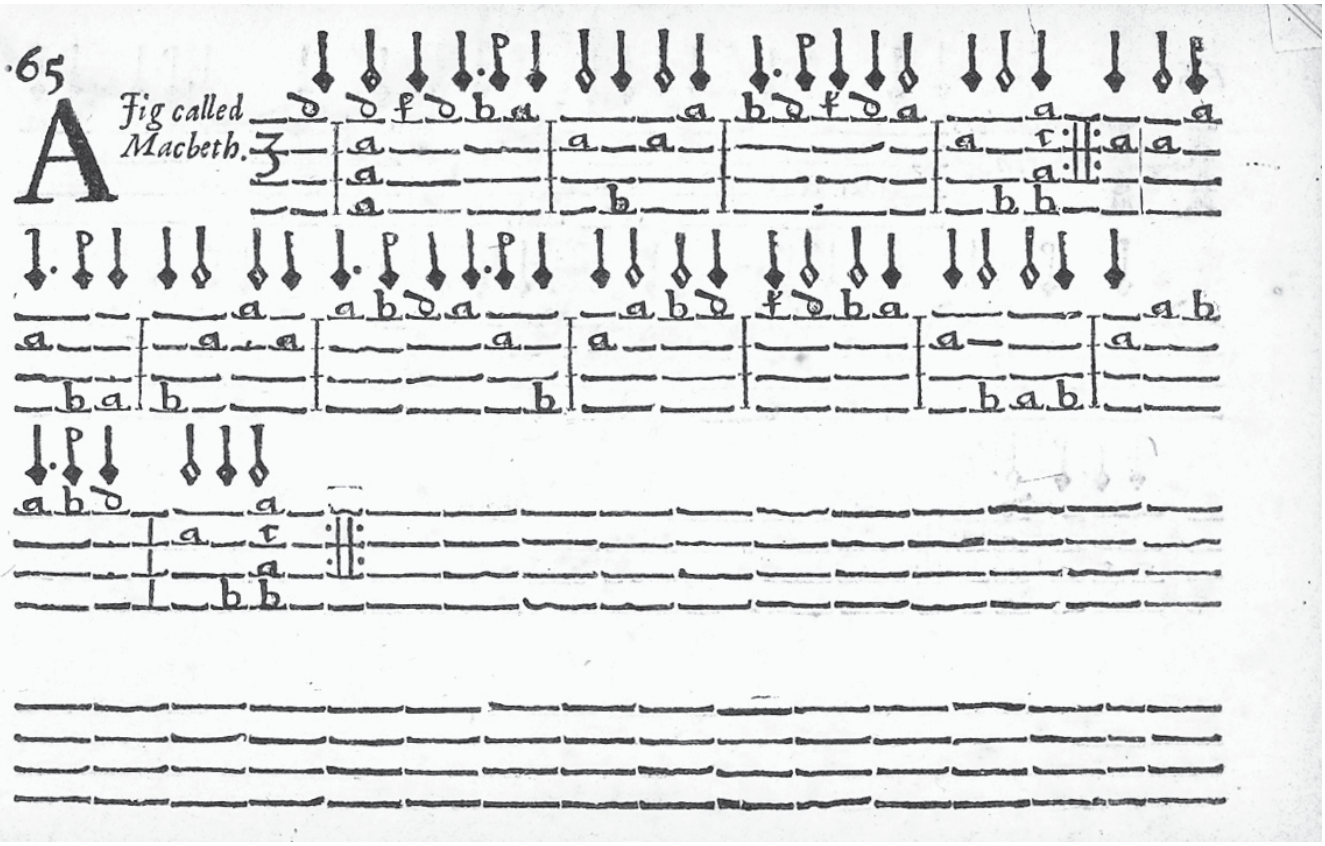
R Of alyna a new Dance.



S Araband.

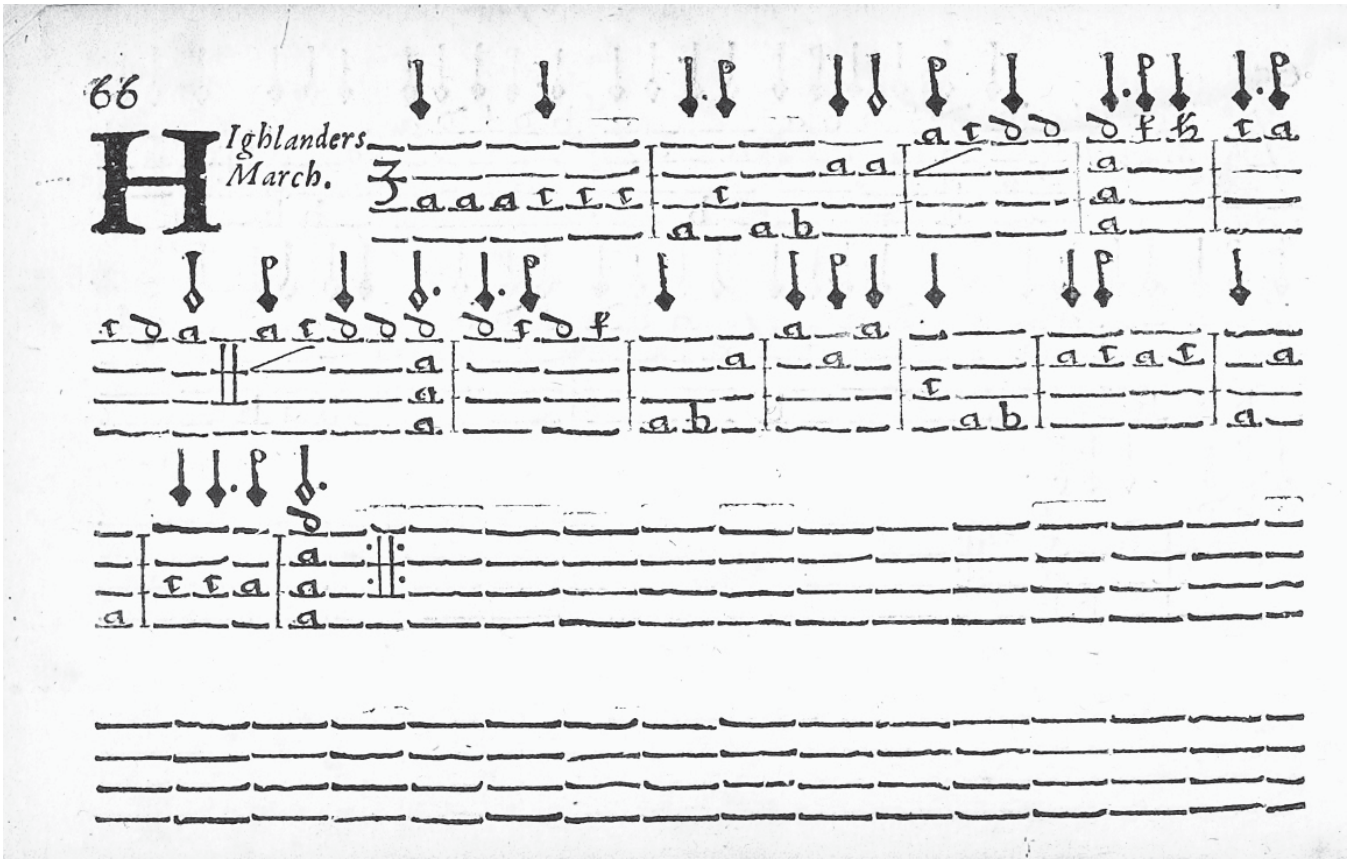
65

A Fig called Macbeth.



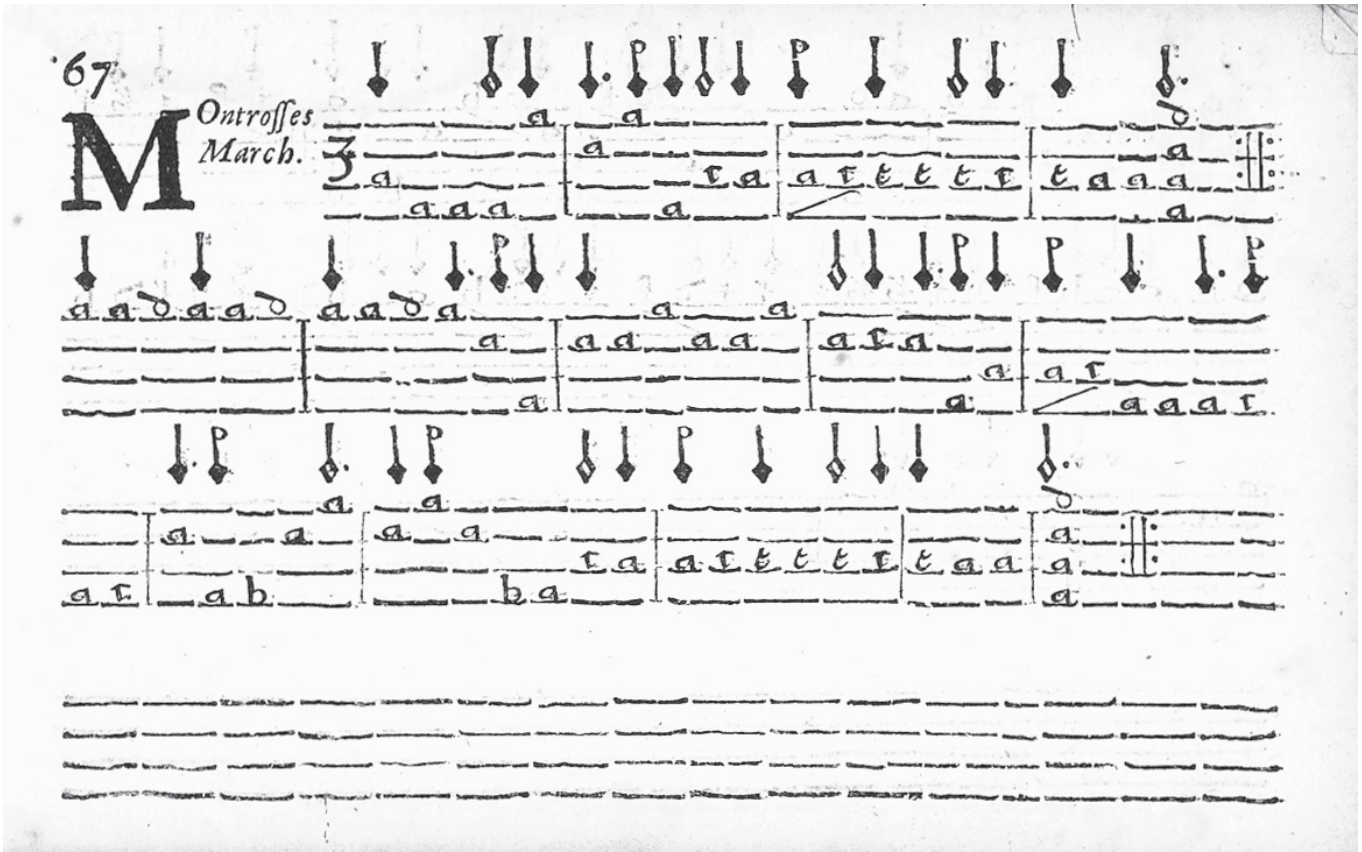
66

Highlanders March.



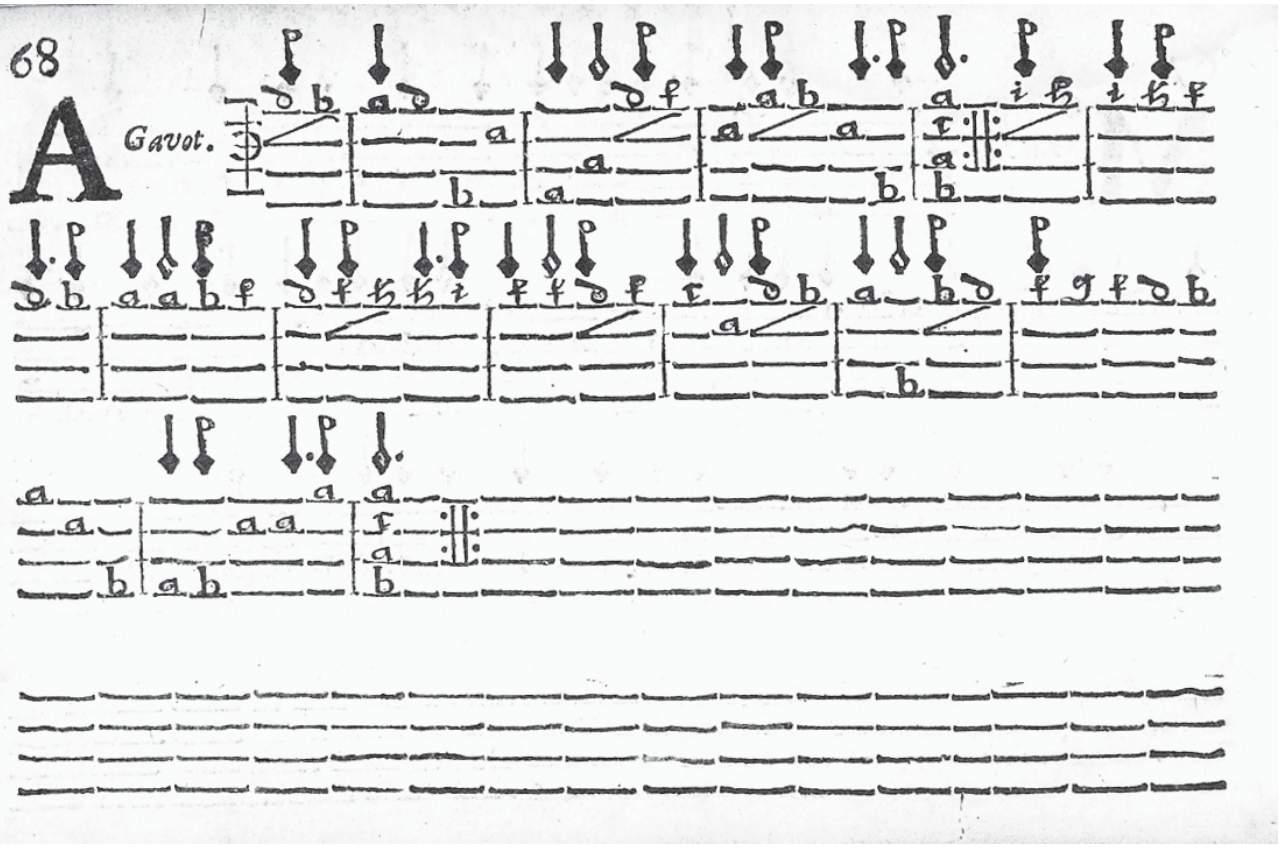
67

Montrosses March.



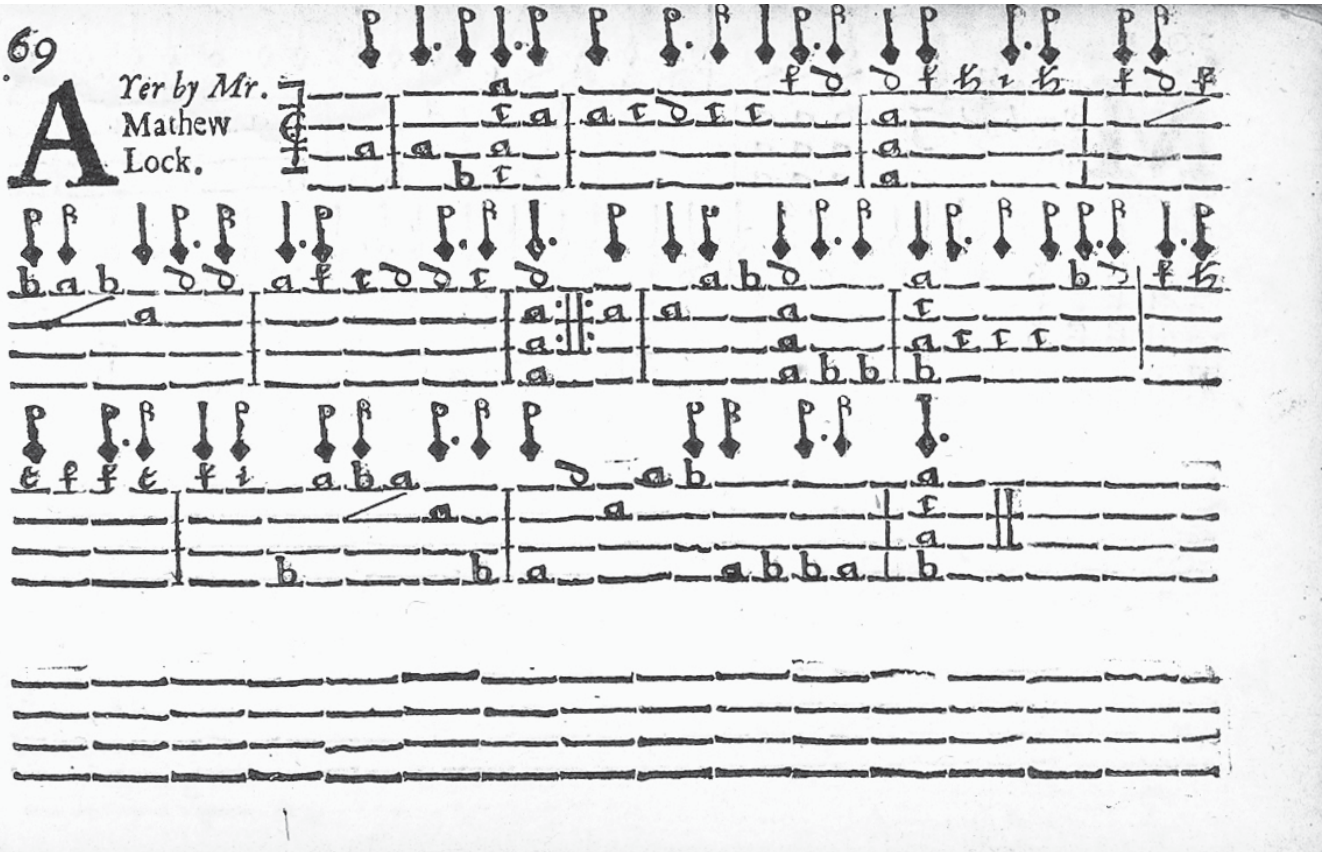
68

A Gavot.



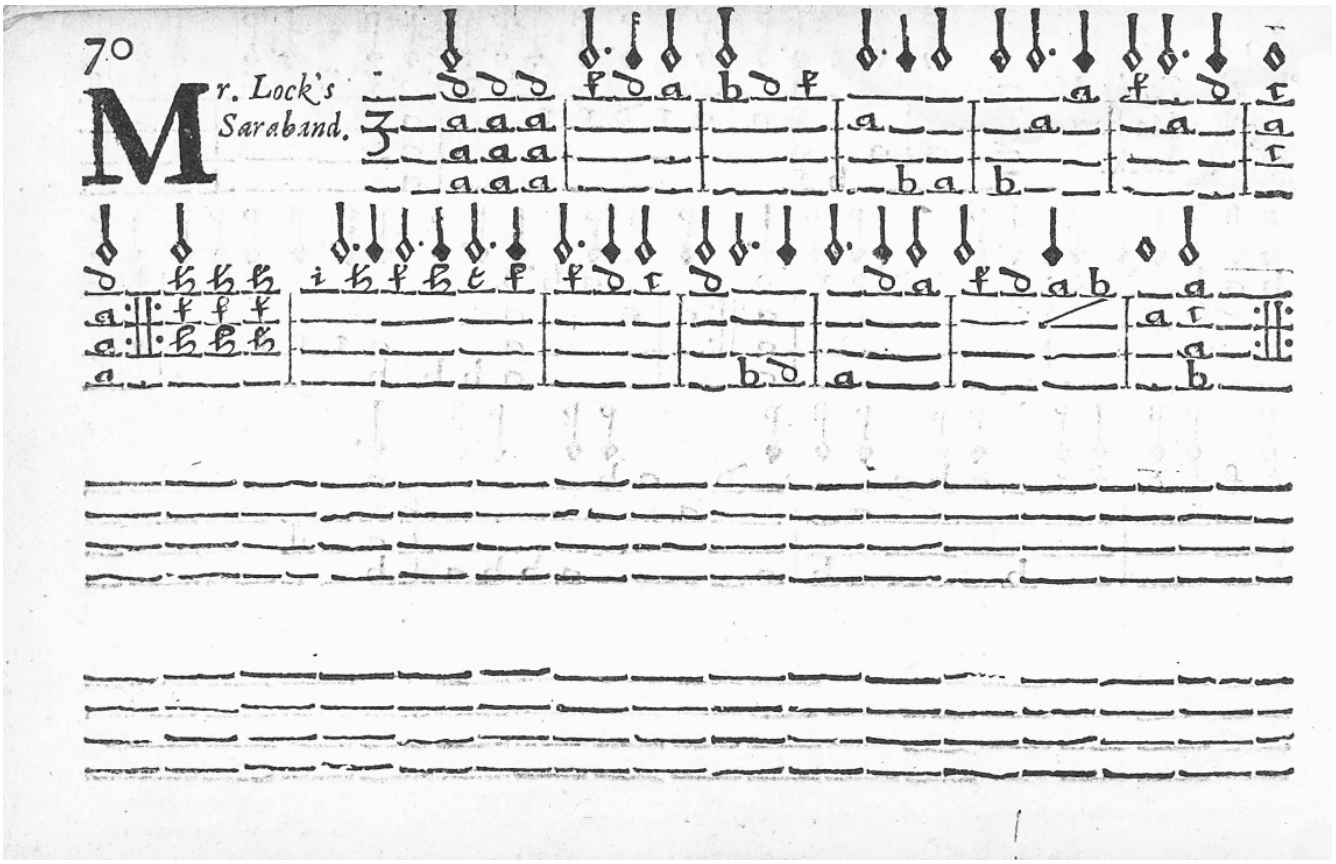
69

A Yer by Mr. Mathew Lock.



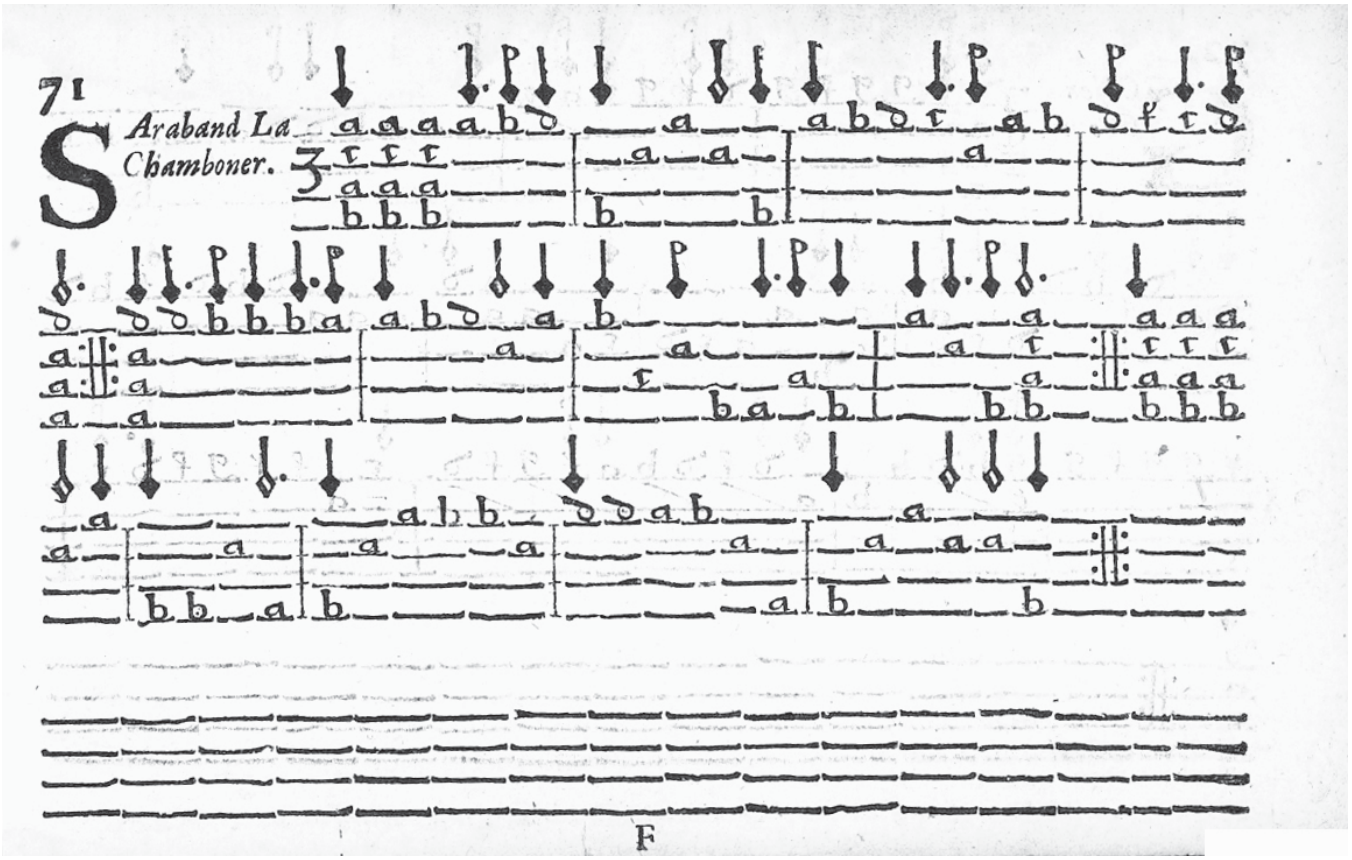
70

Mr. Lock's Saraband.



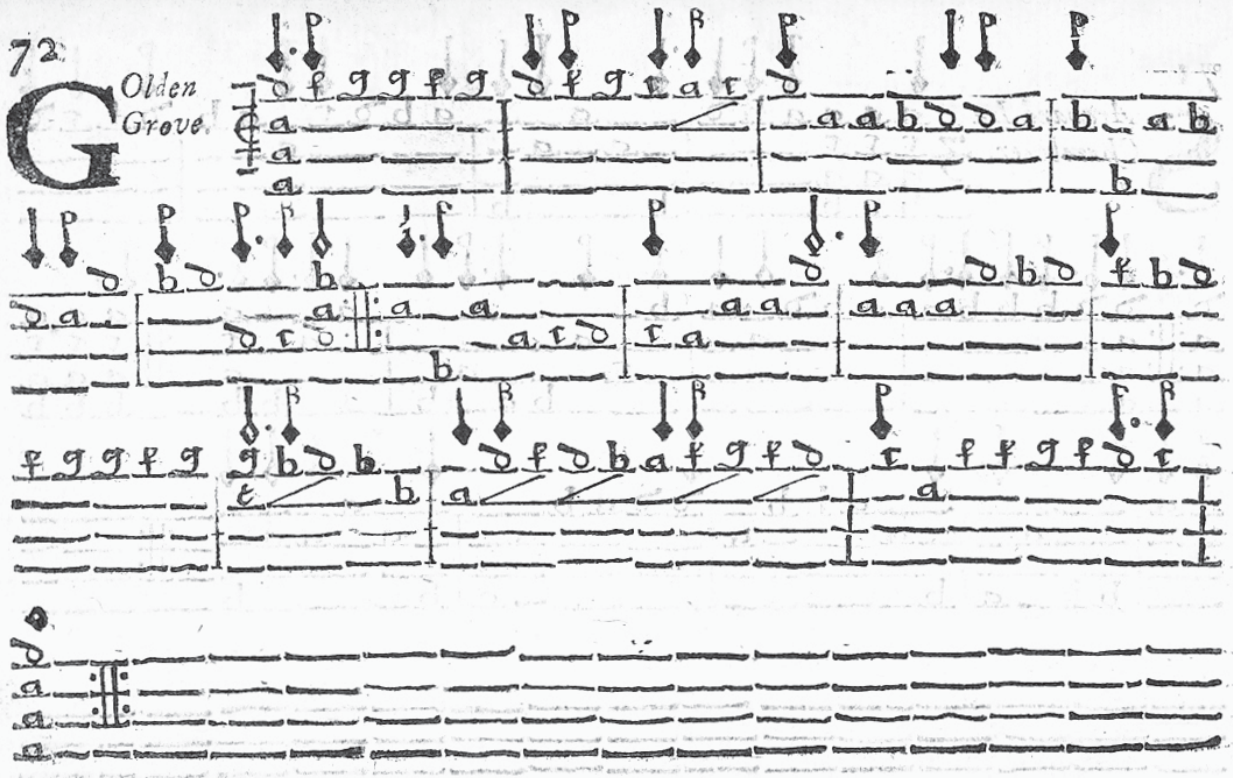
71

Saraband La Chamboner.



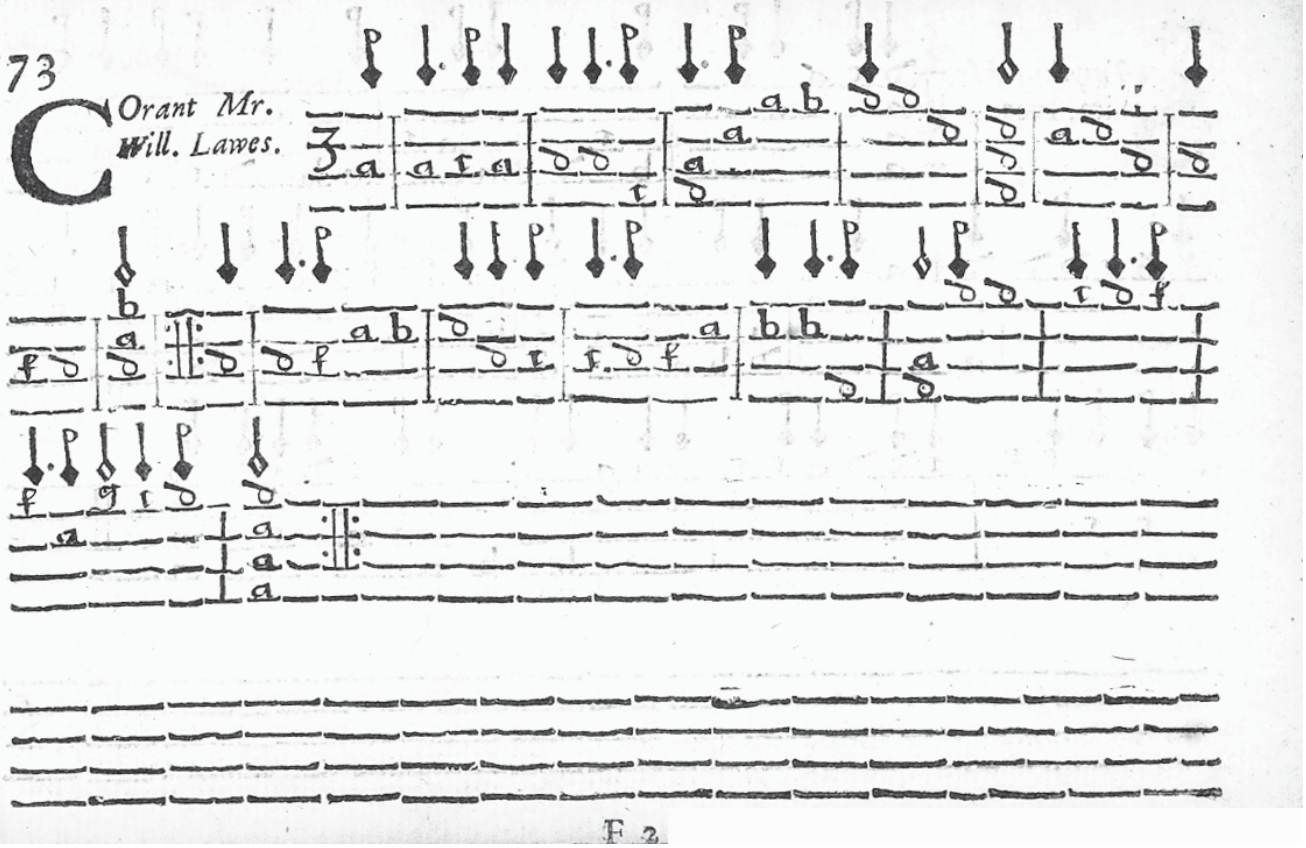
72

G Olden Grove.



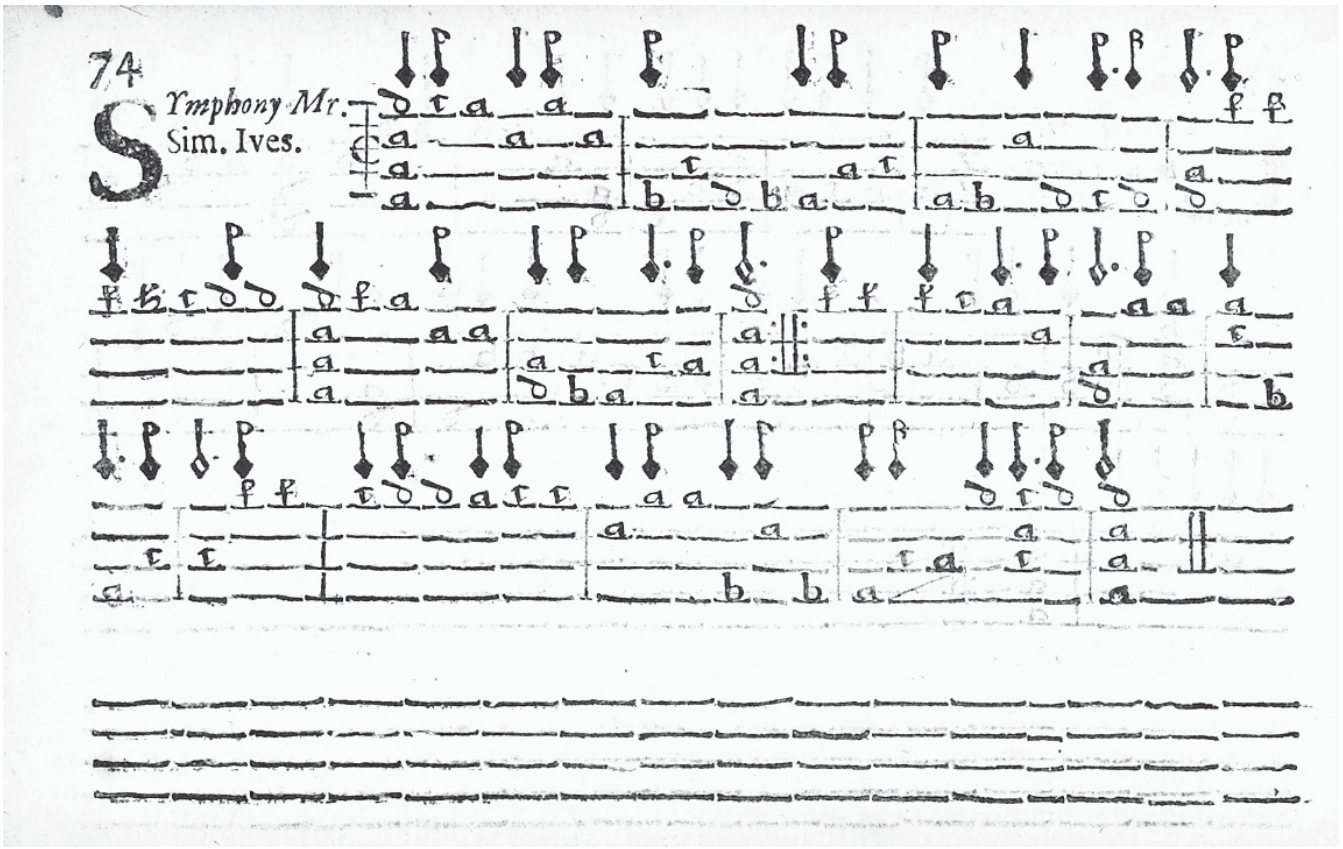
73

C Orant Mr. Will. Lawes.



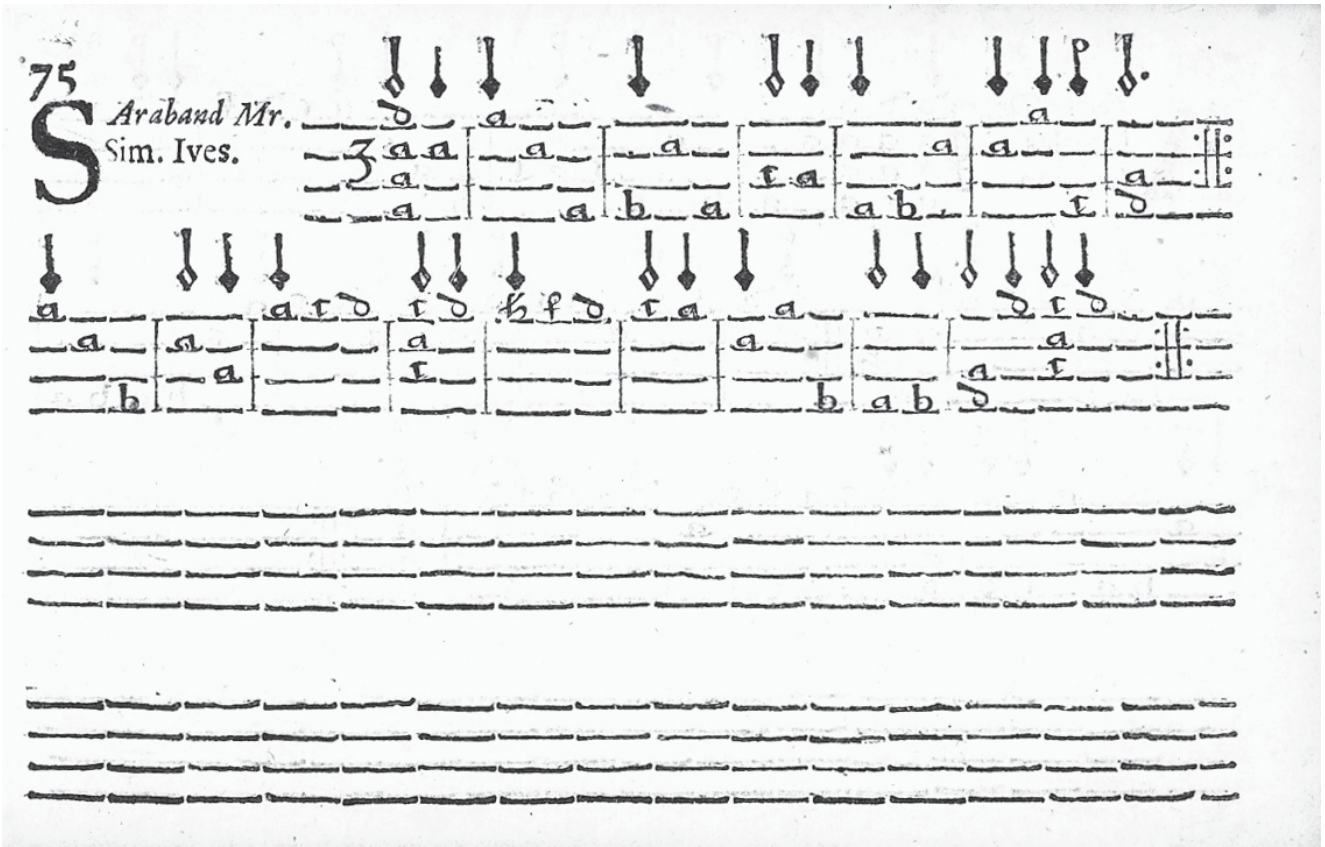
74

Symphony Mr.
Sim. Ives.



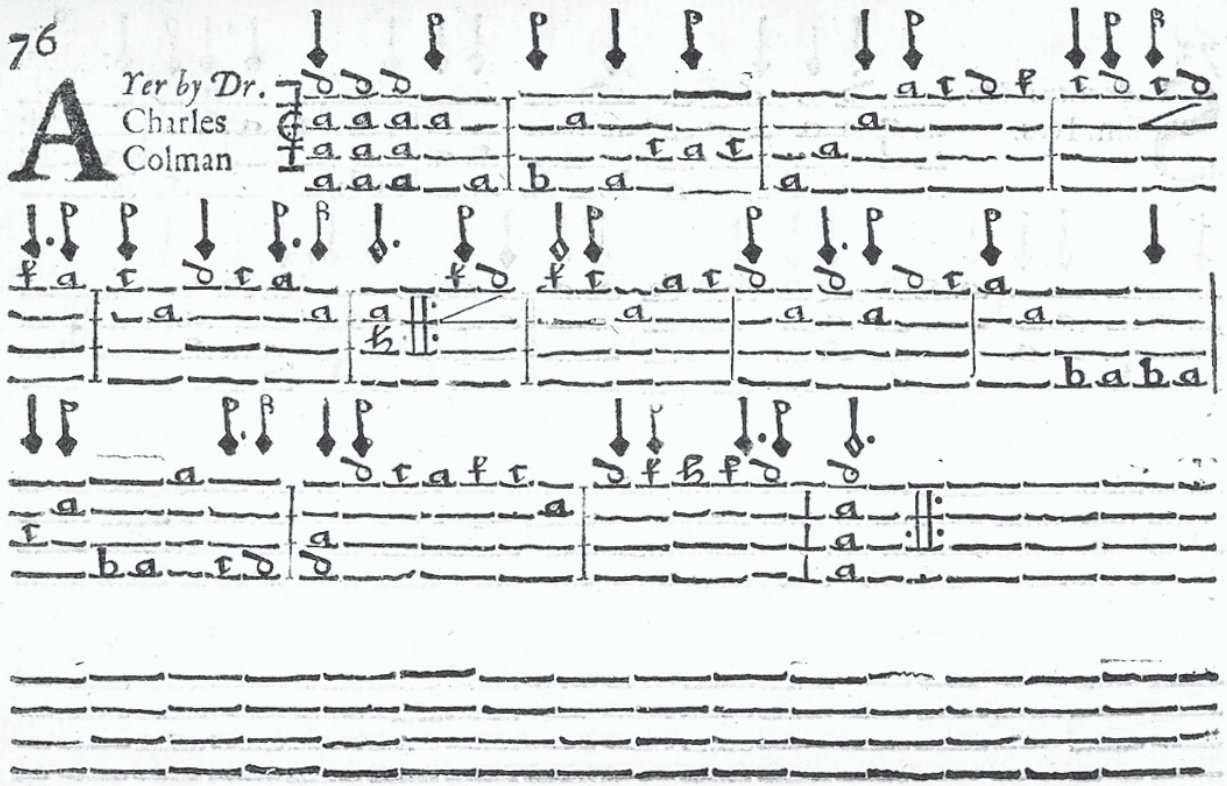
75

Saraband Mr.
Sim. Ives.



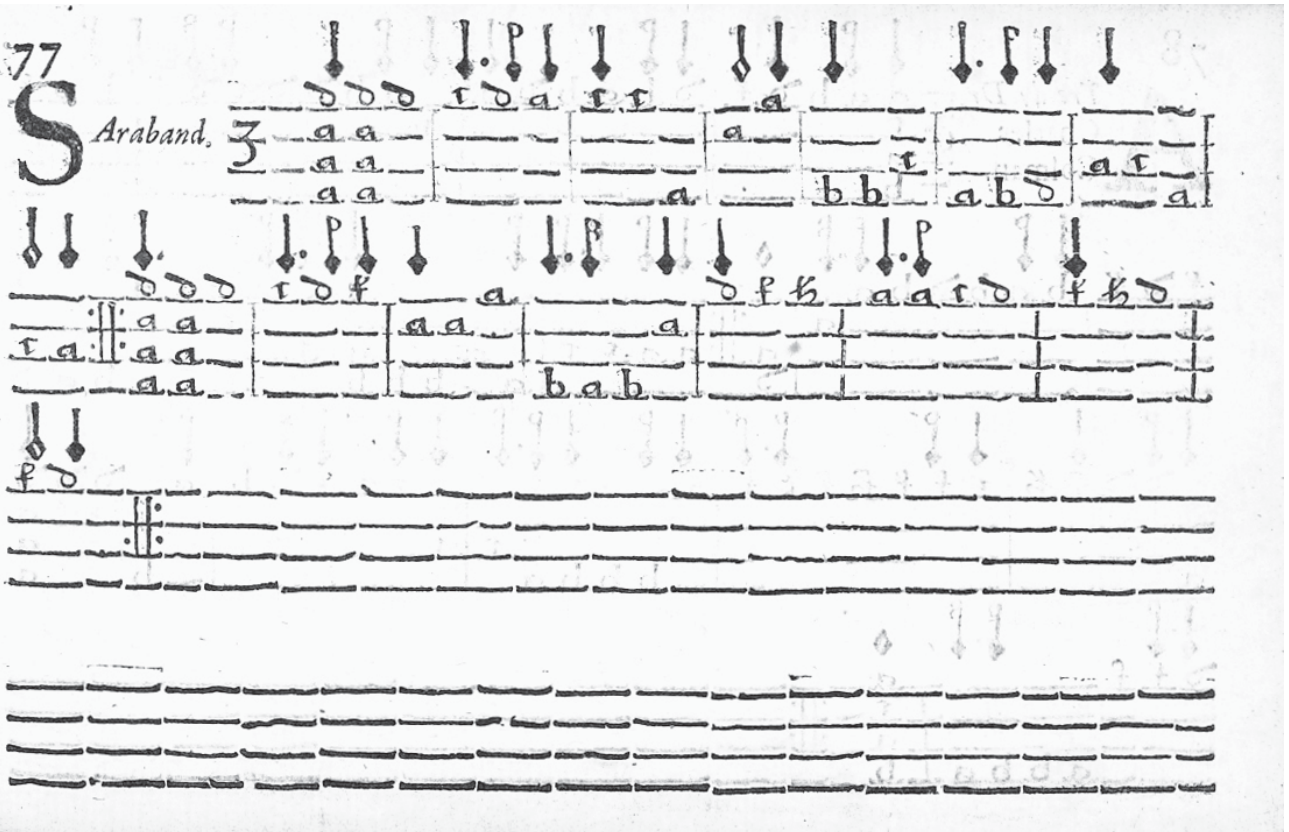
76

A Yer by Dr. Charles Colman



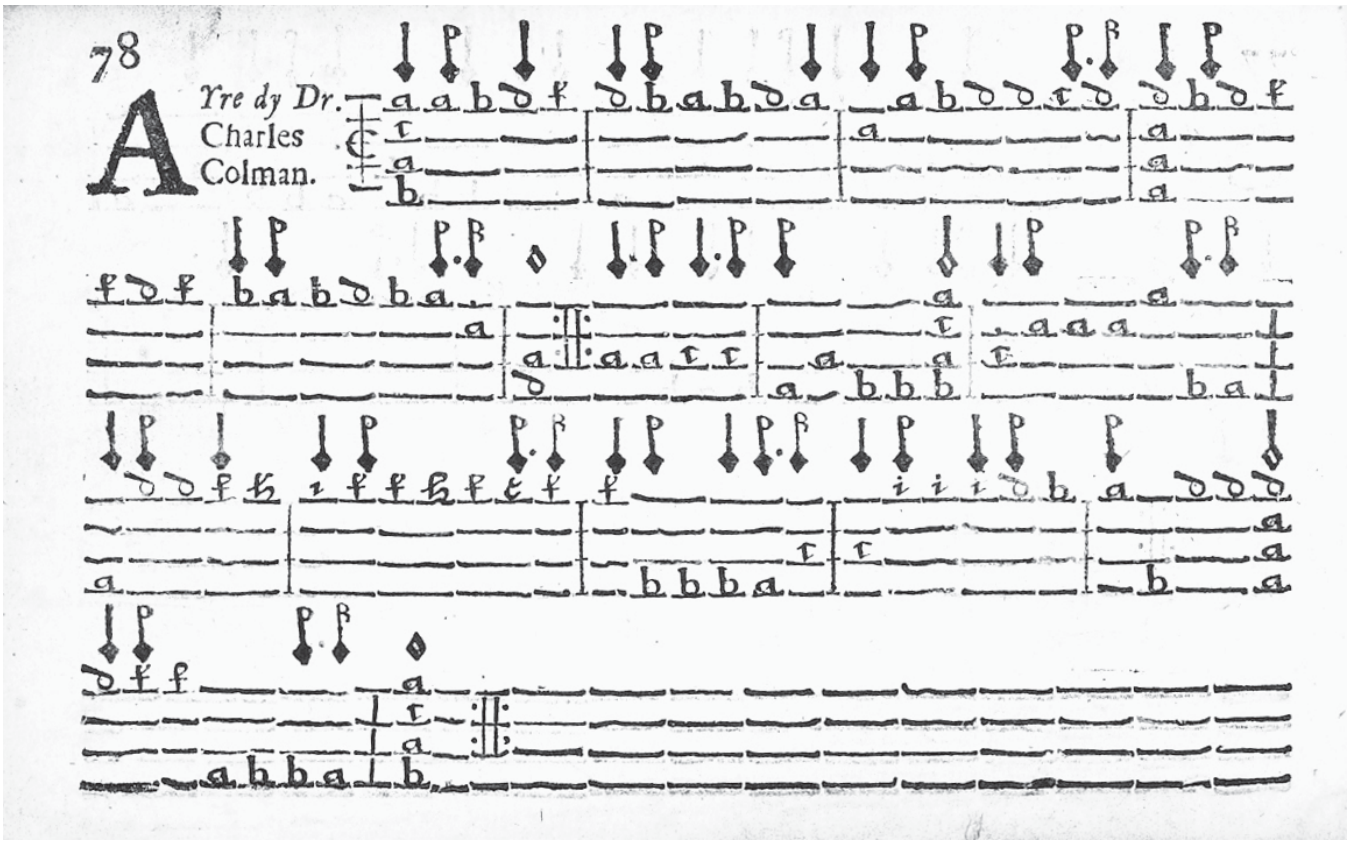
77

S Araband.



78

A *Yre dy Dr.* Charles Colman.



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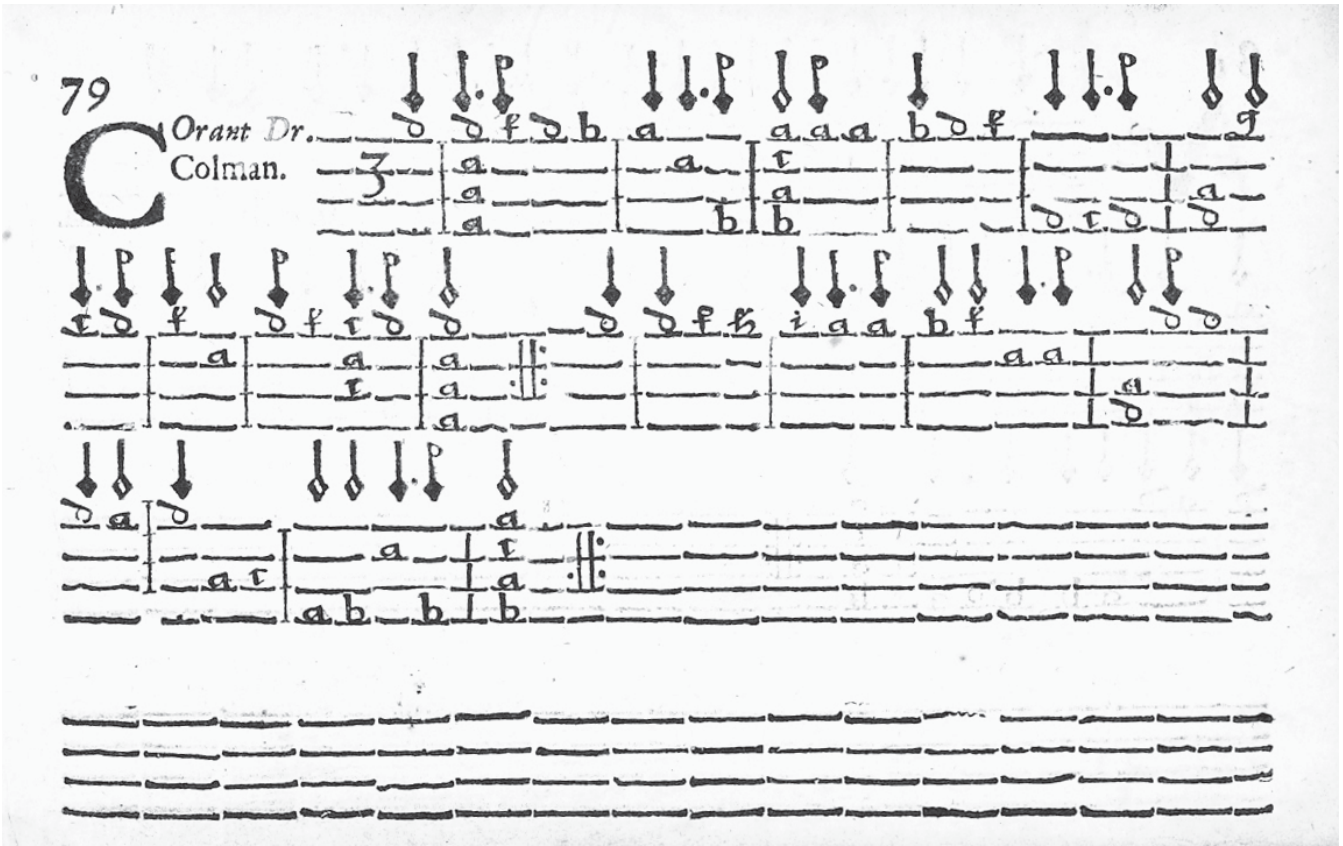
C *Orant Dr.* Colman.



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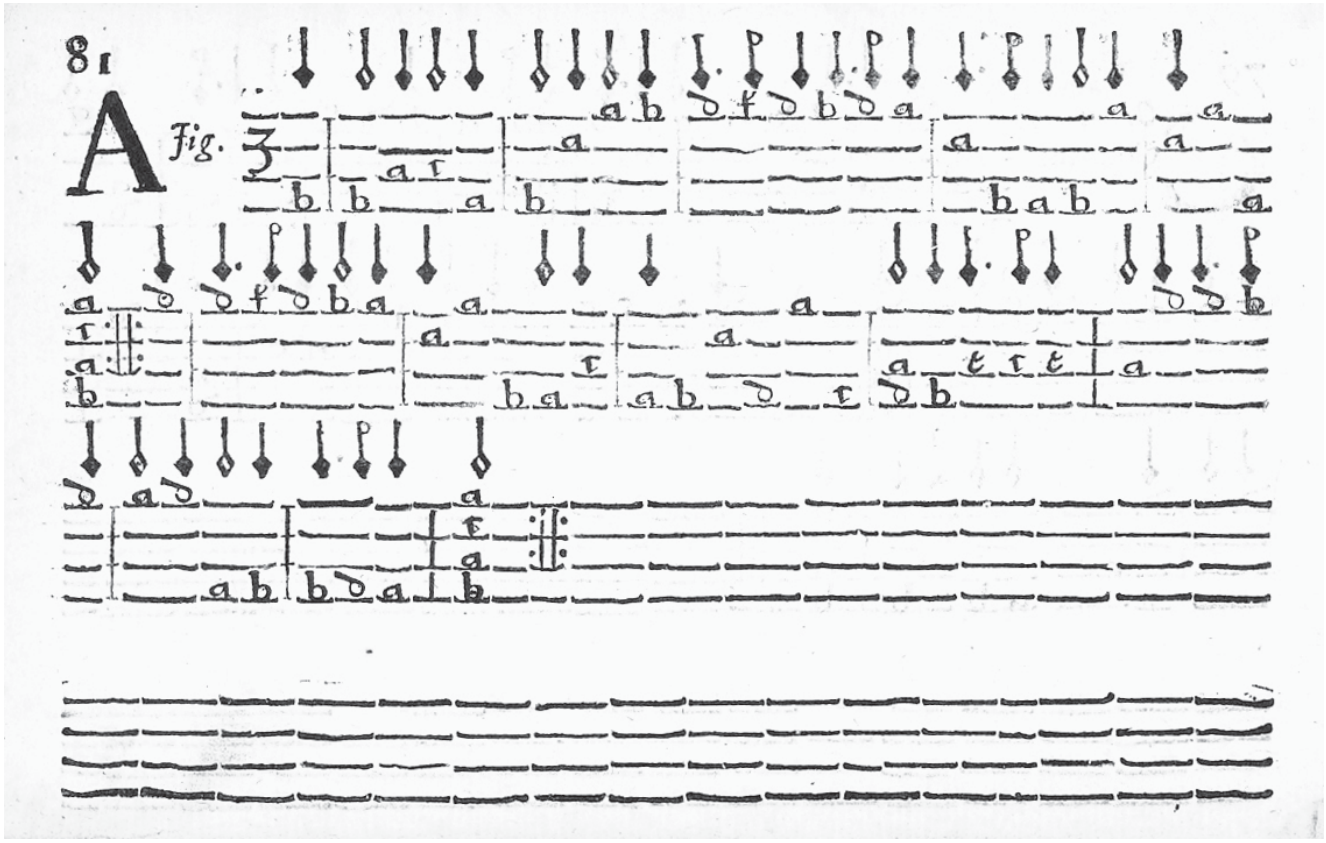
A Fig. 3



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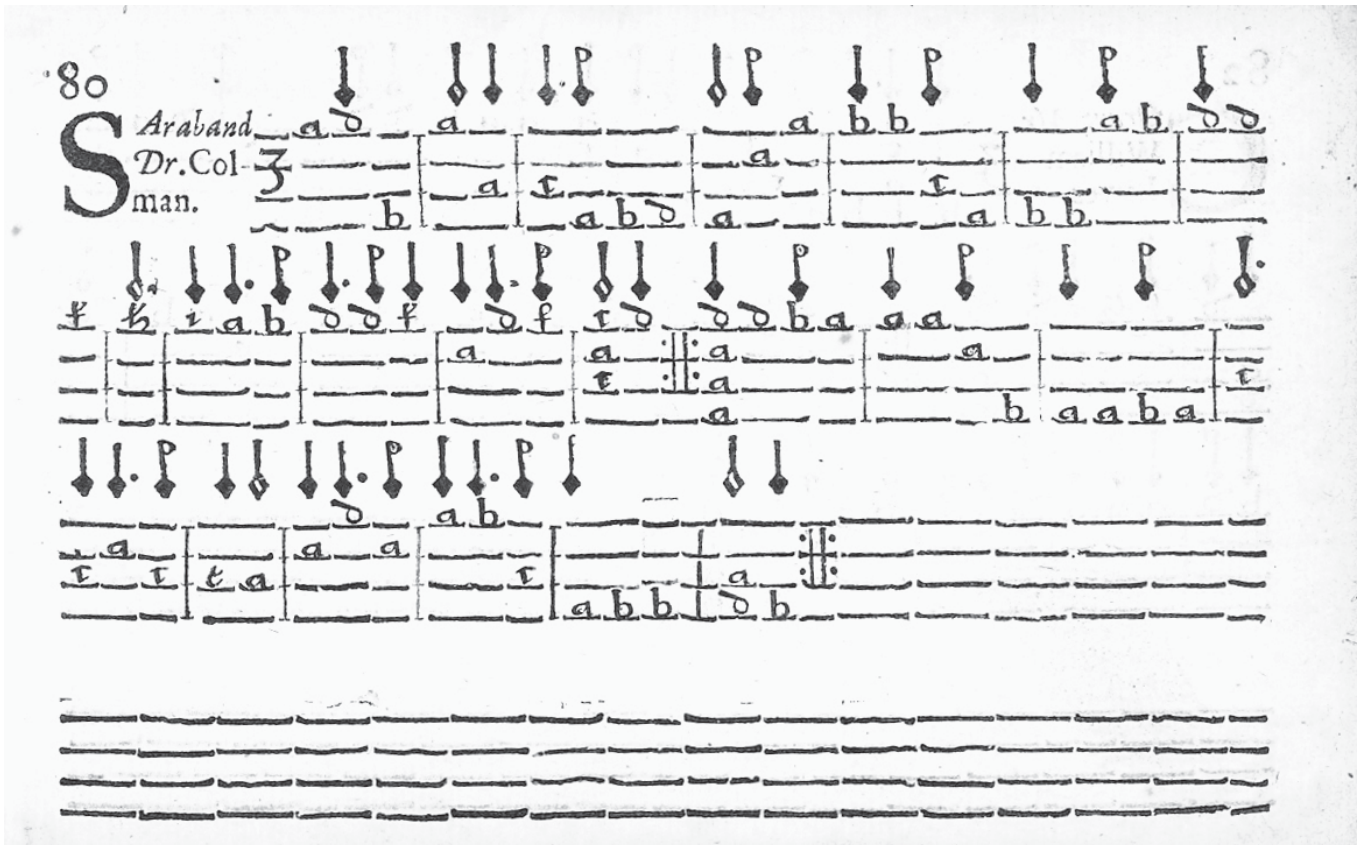
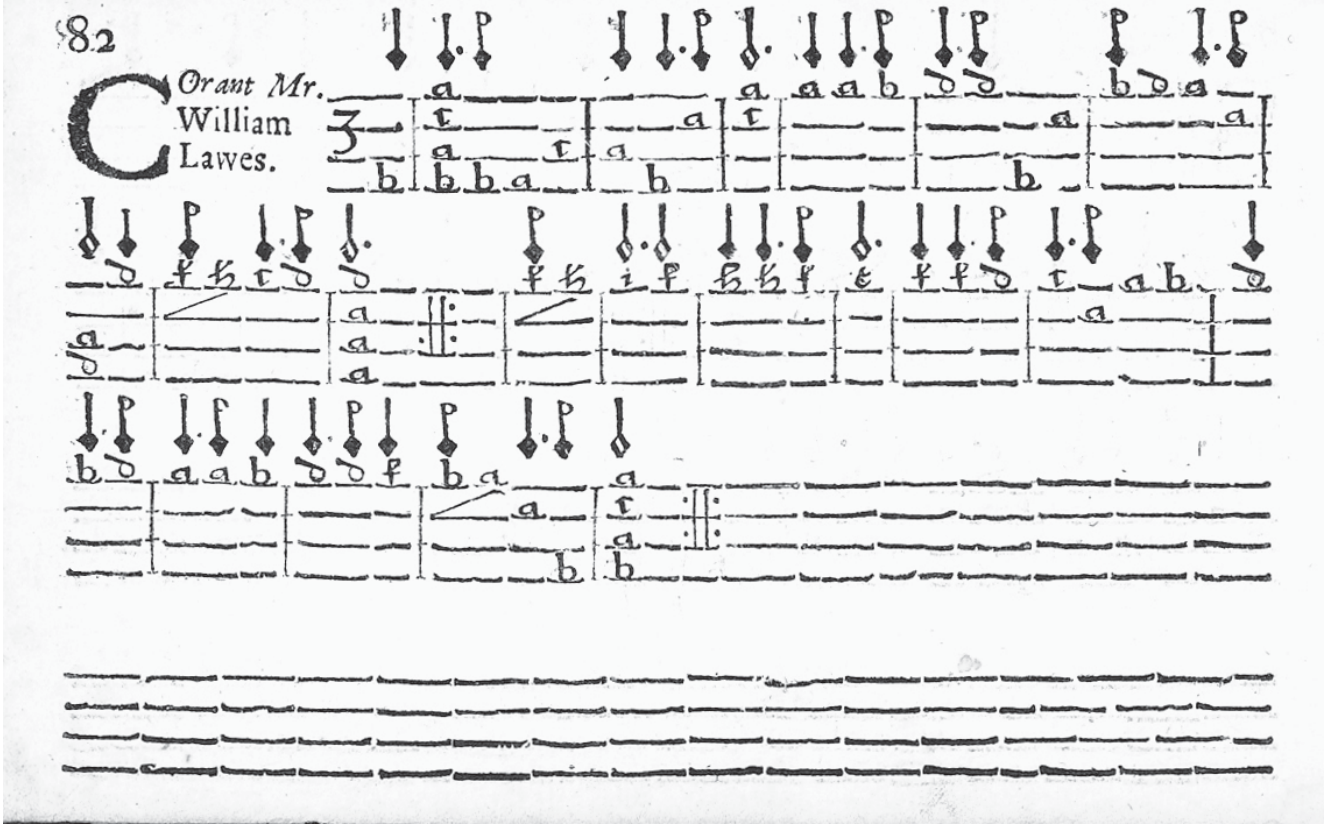
S Araband Dr. Colman. 3



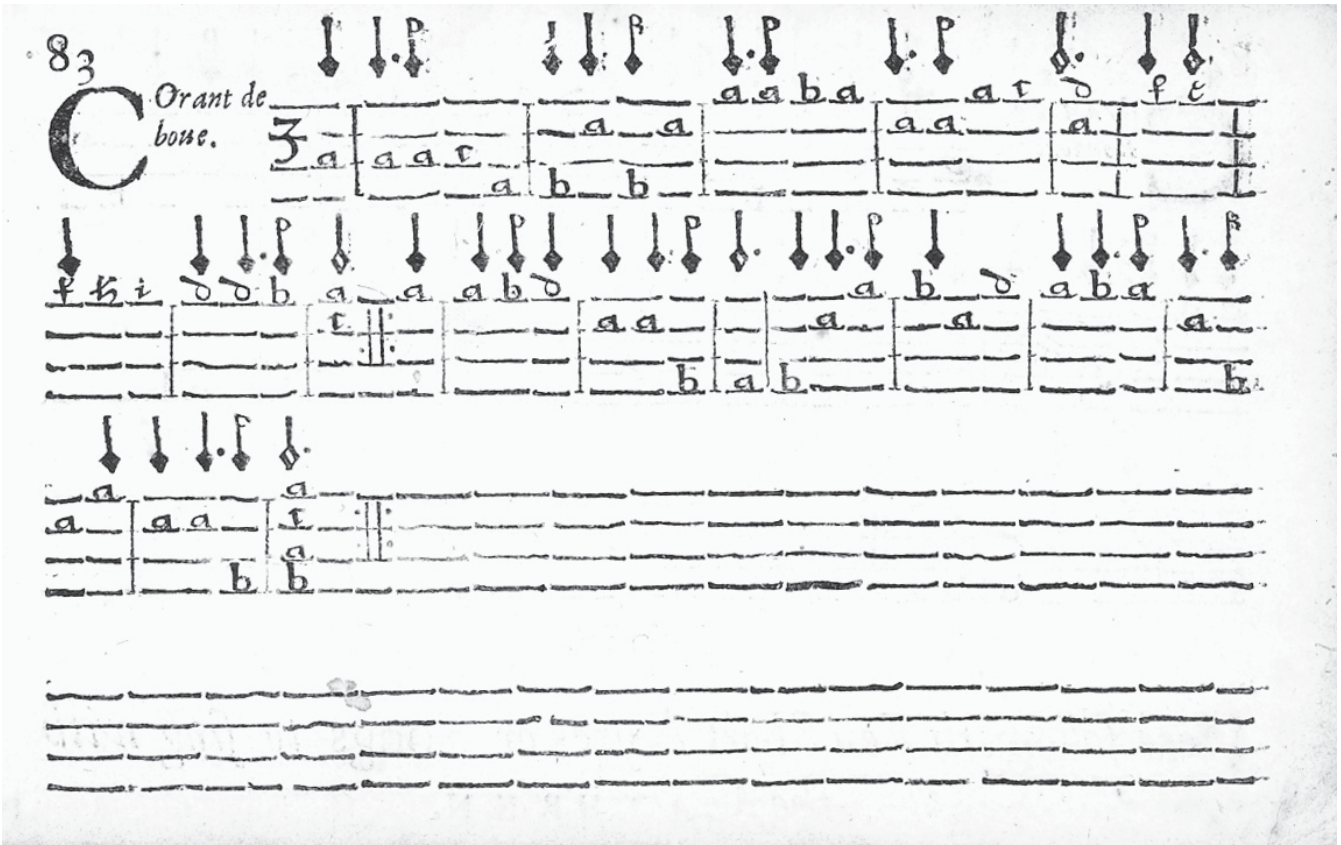
82

Orant Mr. William Lawes.

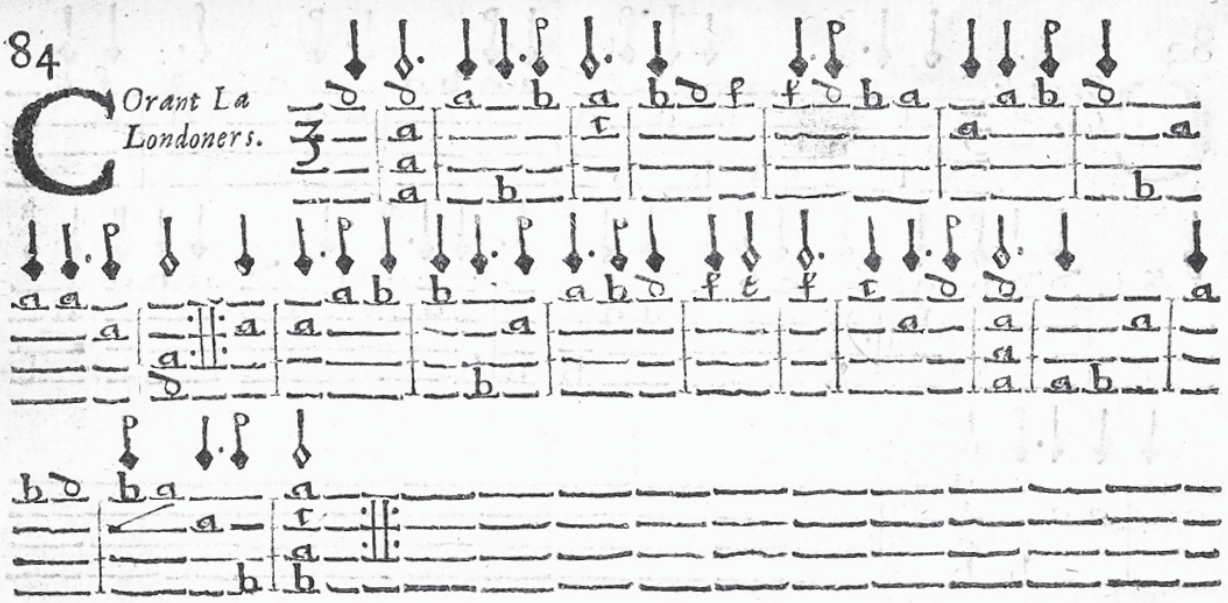


83

Orant de Cboue.

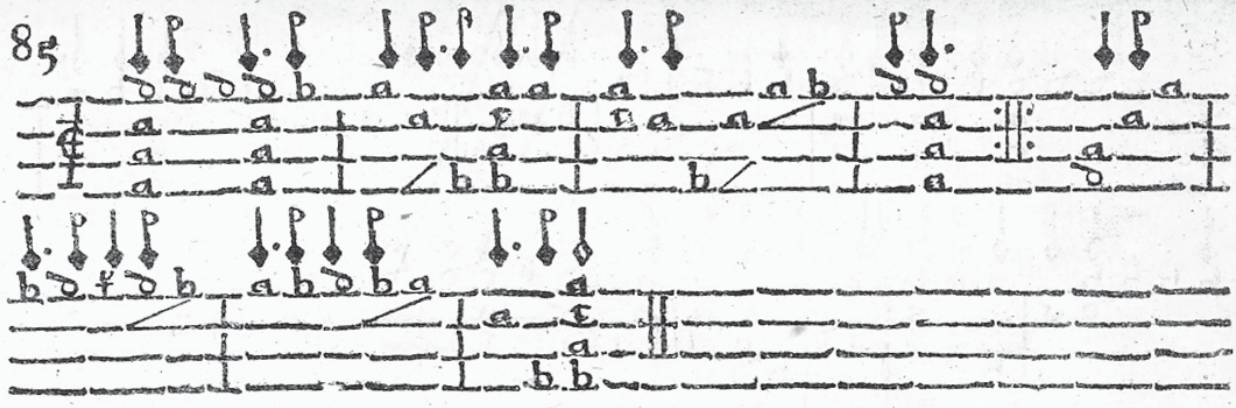


Orant La Londoners.



FINIS.

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



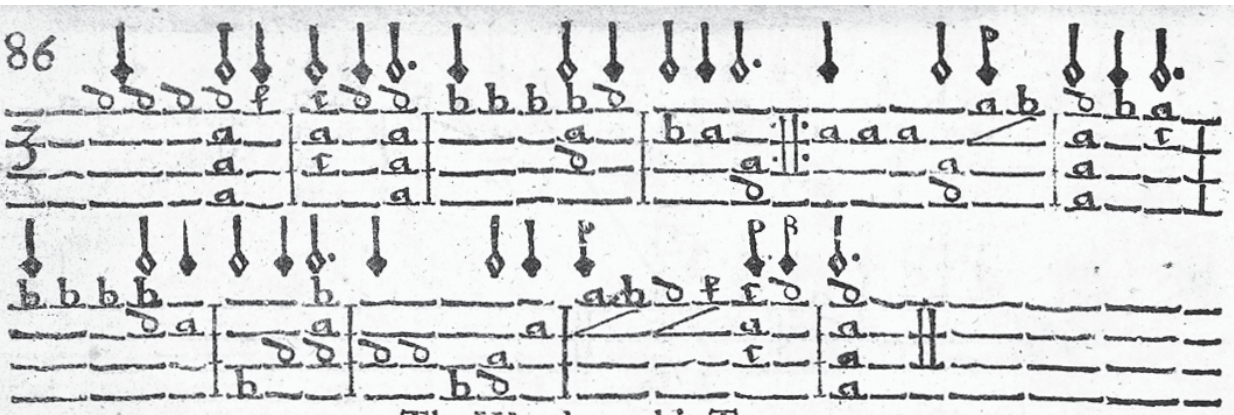
The Words to this Tune.

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 tarry.



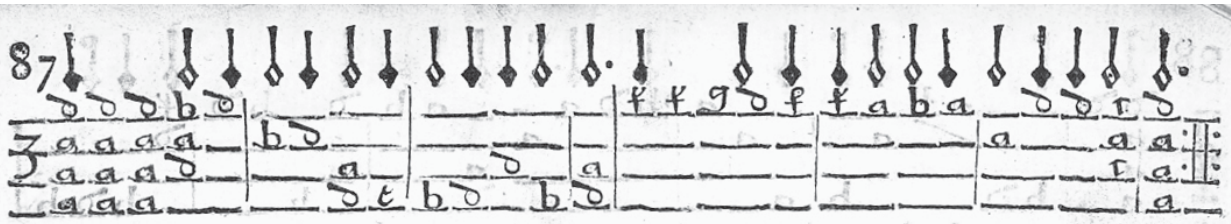
The Words to this Tune.

1. *I am a young and harmleſs Maid,*
And ſome are pleas'd to call me fair;
No man hath yet in Ambuſh laid
To catch me, but I broke the ſnare;
And though they ſtile me proud and coy,
Yet in my freedome is my joy.

2. *Yet could I quickly be in love,*
If men were not ſo falſly wiſe;
With ſighs and tears which daily prove,
To blind our tender hearts and eyes;
Yet raſh belief ſhall ne'r deſtroy
My freedome, which is all my joy.

3. *We are accurſt 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 freedome is a womans joy.

4. *Yet I do hope this ſafe delay*
Shall make me live and never mourn;
And though my beauty paſs away,
Ile 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.

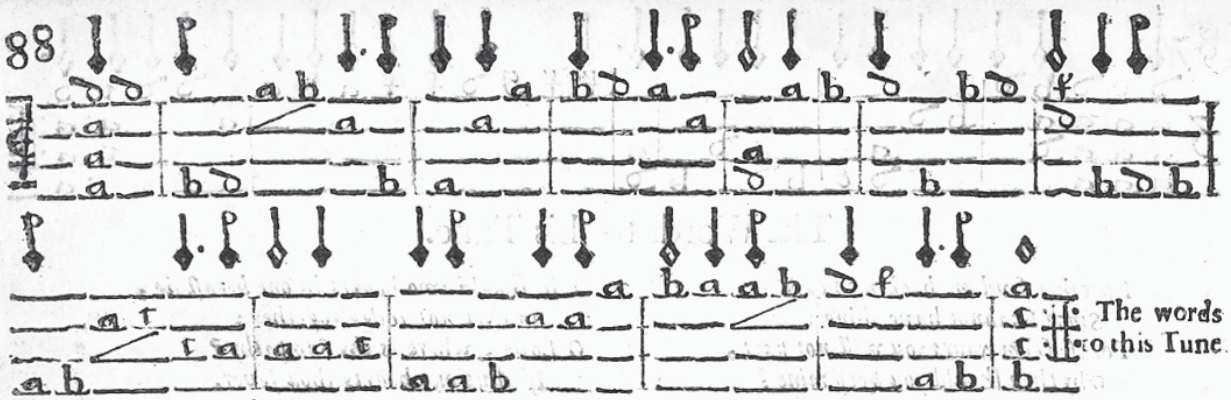
I prethee ſend me back my heart
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then ſhould you keep mine?

Yet now I think on't let it lye,
To ſend it me were vain;
For th' haſt a Thief in either eye
Will ſteal it back again.

Why ſhould two hearts in one breaſt lie,
And yet not lodge together;
O Love, where is thy Sympathy?
If thus our hearts thou ſever.

But Love is ſuch a myſtery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm beſt reſolv'd,
I then am moſt

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine:
But I'le believe I have her heart
As much as ſhe hath mine.



The words to this Tune.

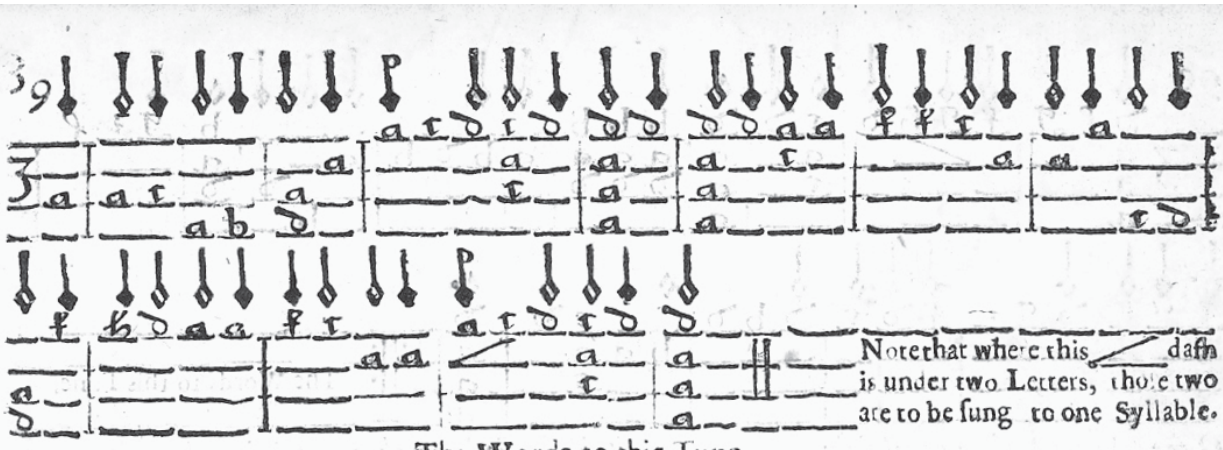
In the merry Month of May,
On a Morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd the wood ſo wide
When as May *was in her pride;*
There I ſpy'd all alone, all alone,
Philida *and* Coridon.

Much a do there was god wot,
He did love, but ſhe could not;
He ſaid his love was ever true;
She ſaid, none was falſe to you;
He ſaid, he had lov'd her long;
She ſaid, love ſhould take no wrong.

Coridon *would have kiſs'd her then;*
She ſaid, Maids muſt kiſs no men,
Till they kiſs for good and all;
Then ſhe bad the ſhepheard call
All the Gods to witneſs truth,
Ne'r was lov'd ſo fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty oath,
As yea, and nay, and Faith, and Troth;
Such as ſilly Shepherds uſe
When they would not love abuſe;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kiſſes ſweet Concluded.

Then Philida *with Garlands gay,*
Was crowned Lady of the May.



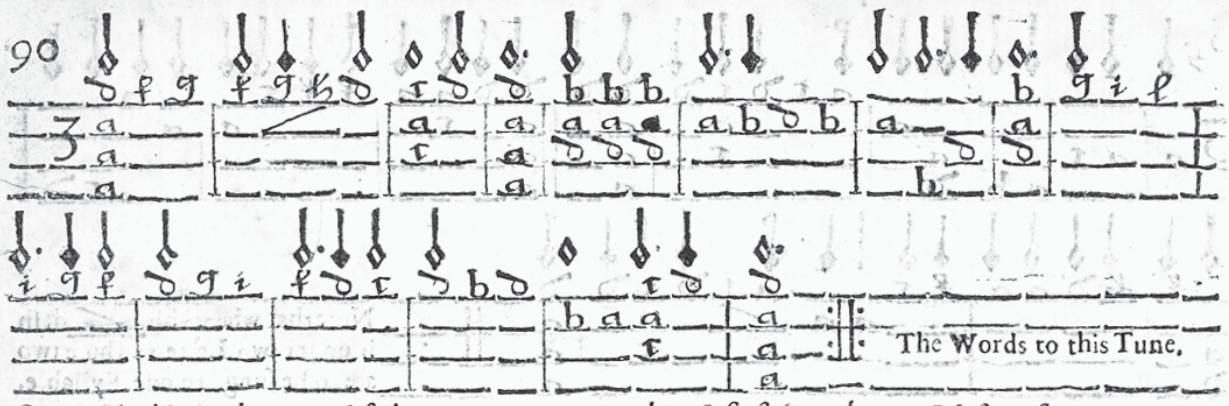
Note that where this ⌒ daſh is under two Letters, thoſe two are to be ſung to one Syllable.

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 e're there is above;
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty, that every wiſe man loves.

Out, out upon thoſe eyes, that think to murther me,
And he's an Aſs beleives her fair, that is not kind and free;
There's nothing ſweet, there's nothing ſweet, to man but Libertie.

Ile tye my heart to none, nor yet Confine mine eyes:
But I will play my Game ſo well, Ile never want a prize;
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty, has made me now thus wiſe.



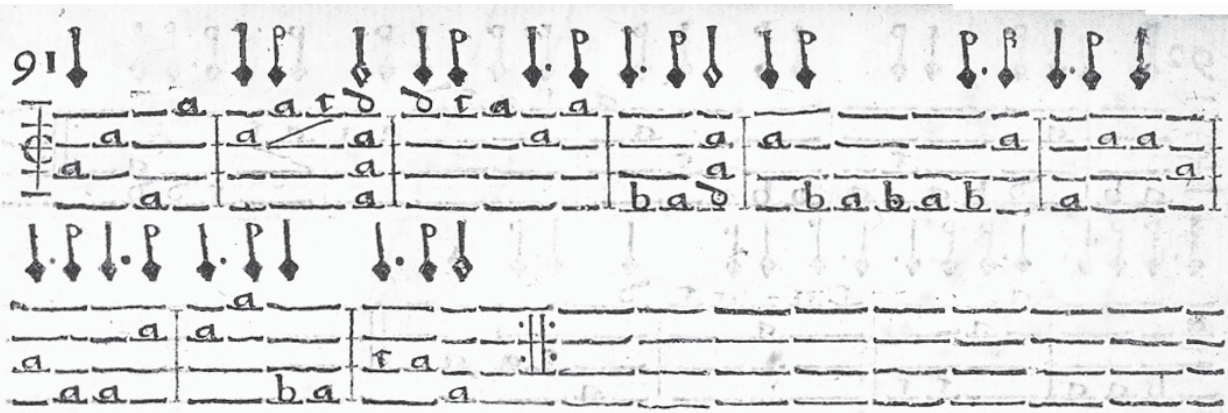
The Words to this Tune.

O my Clariſa ! *thou cruel fair,*
Bright as the morning, and ſoft as the air;
Freſher then Flowers in May,
Yet far more ſweet then they;
Love is the Subject of my prayer.

Let not ſuch fortune my love betide,
O let your rocky breaſt be mollified!
Send me not to my Grave,
Unpitied 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 peirc'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 their in chief.



The Words to this Tune.

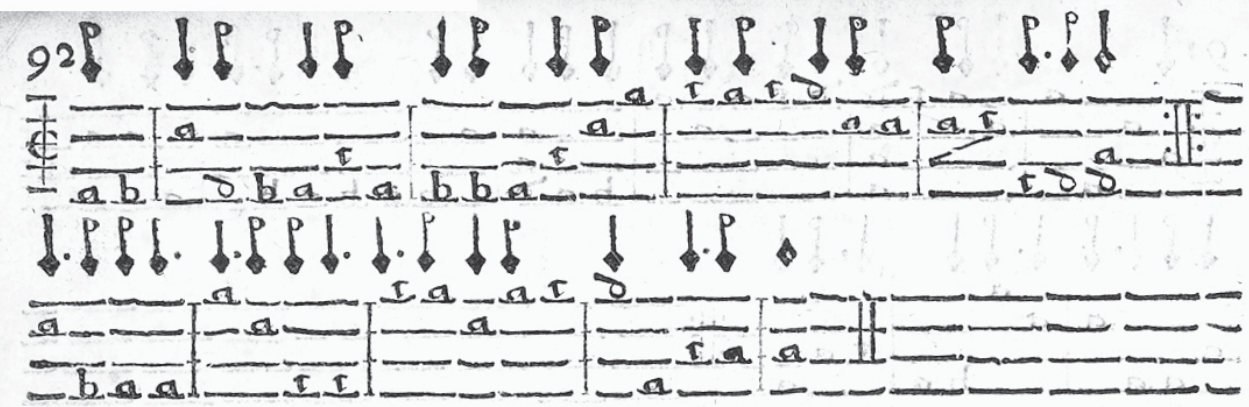
Come, oh come! I brook no ſtay,
She doth not love that can delay;
See how the ſtealing night,
Hath blotted out the light,
And Tapers do ſupply the day.

To be chaſt is to be old,
And that fooliſh Girl that's cold,
Is fourſcore at fifteen;
Deſires, do wright 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 looſeth time that lyes alone.

Let us then cheriſh theſe our powers,
Whiles we yet may call them ours;
Then we beſt ſpend our time,
When no dull zealous Chime:
But ſprightful kiſſes ſtrike the hours.

92



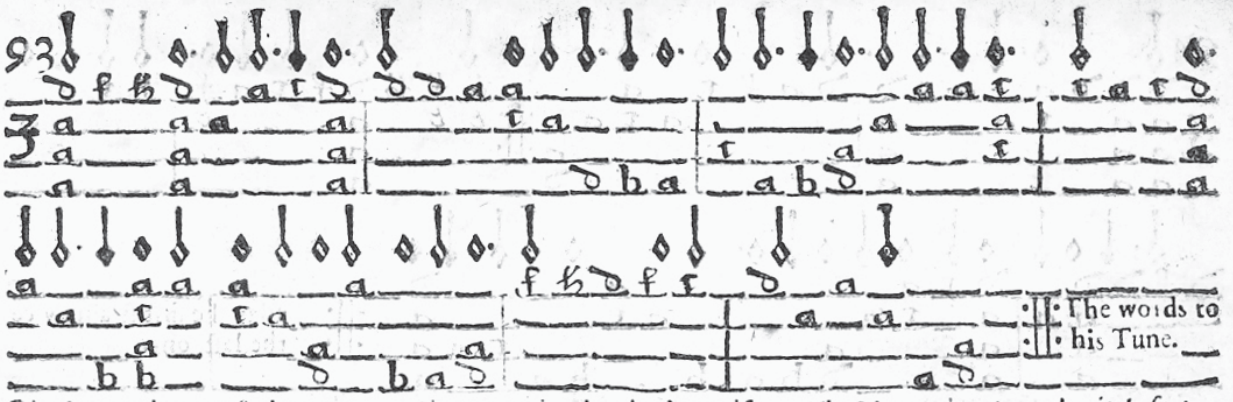
The Words to this Tune.

Silly heart forbear thoſe are murd'ring Eyes,
In the which (I ſwear) Cupid lurking lyes;
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 lyes watching, with his Bow bent, and his dart
For to wound both eyes and heart.

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

93

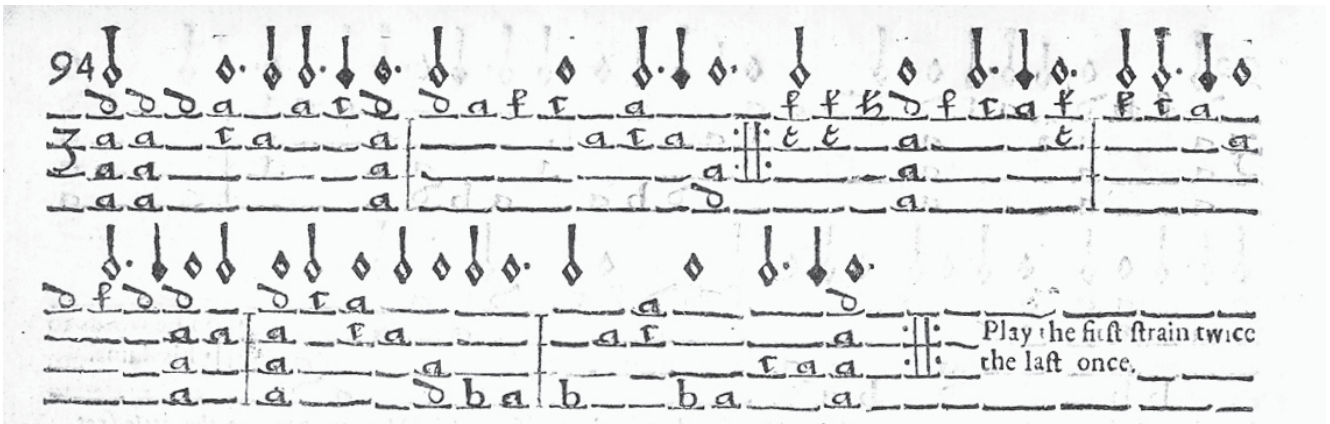


Cloris now thou art fled away;
Amintors ſheep are gon aſtray;
And all the joy he took to ſee,
His pretty Lambs run after thee;
Is gone, is gone, and he alone
Sings nothing now, but welladay.

His oaten pipe that in thy praiſe
Was wont to play ſuch Roundelays;
Is thrown away, and not a Swain
Dares pipe, or ſing within this plain;
'Tis Death for any now to ſay
One word to him but welladay.

The May-pole where thy little feet,
So roundly in meaſures meet;
Is broken down, and no content
Comes neer Amintor ſince you went;
All that I ever heard him ſay
Was Cloris, Cloris, welladay, &c.

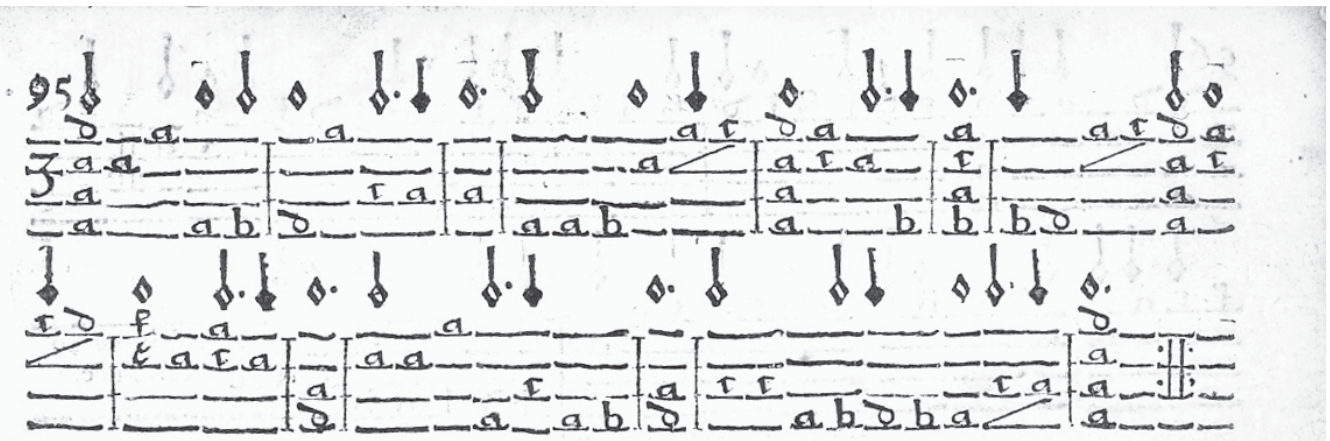
Upon thoſe banks you us'd to tread,
He ever ſince hath laid his head,
And whiſper'd there ſuch pining woe,
As not a blade of graſs will grow.
O Cloris! Cloris, come away,
And hear Amintor's welladay, welladay.



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 knowes you not:
Let her but an new object find,
And ſhe is of another mind.
Then hang me Ladies at your dore
If e're I dote upon you more.

Yet ſtill Ile love the fair one, why?
For nothing but to pleaſe mine eye;
And ſo the Fat, and ſoft-skin'd dame,
Ile 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 dote upon you more.



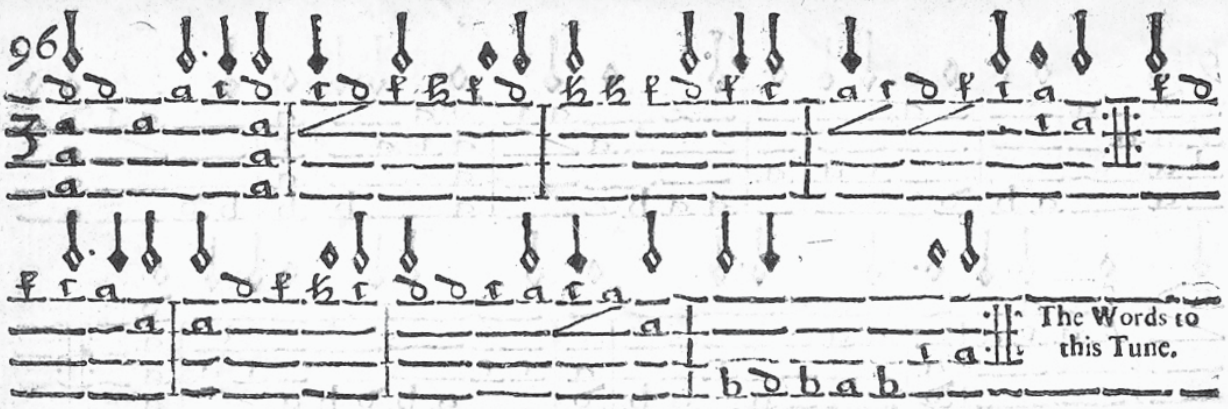
The Words to this Tune.

Fie, 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'ſt 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.

To be a little nice,
Sets better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their Servants loves.
But on the Riper years
It ill appears,
After a while you'l find this true.
I need provoking more then you.

96

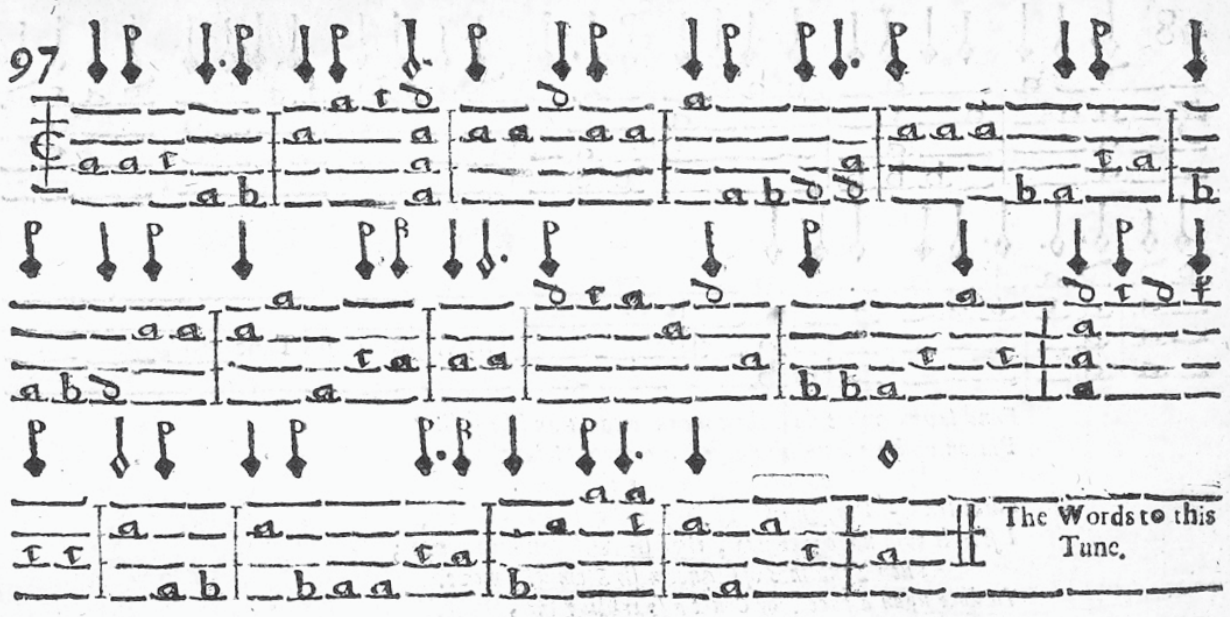


I can love for an hour wh n I am lo u e ,
He that loves half a day fools without measu e ;
Cupid then tell me what Art had thy Mother
To make men love one face more then another.

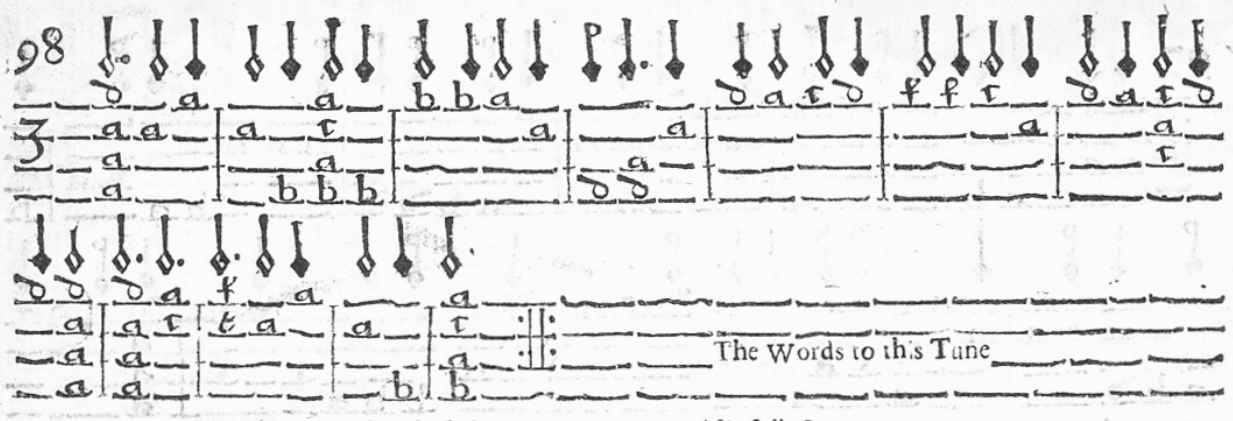
Some to be thought more wise daily endevour
To make the world believe they can love ever ;
Ladies believe them not, they'll but deceive you ,
For when they have their ends then they will leave you.

Men cannot tire themselves with your sweet features ,
They'll h ve variety of loving Creatures ;
Too much of any thing sits them a cooling ,
Though they can never do't yet they'll be fooling.

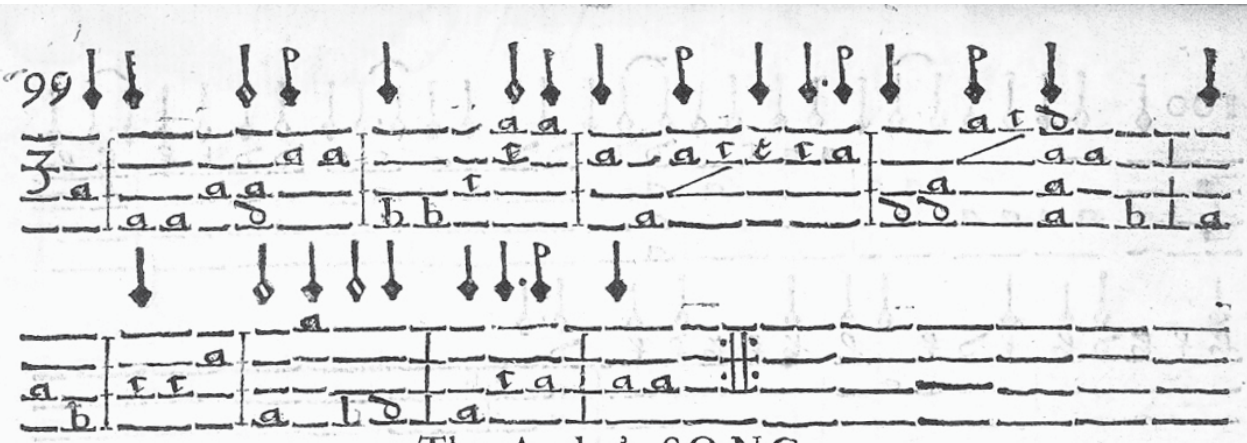
97



He that will Court a Wench that is Coy, that is proud, that is Pe viſh and Antick ,
Let him be careleſs to ſport and to toy, and as wild as ſhe can be frantick ;
Flatter her and ſlight her, laugh at her and ſpight her , rail and commend her agen ,
'Tis the way to woe her , if you mean to do her , ſuch Girles love ſuch men.



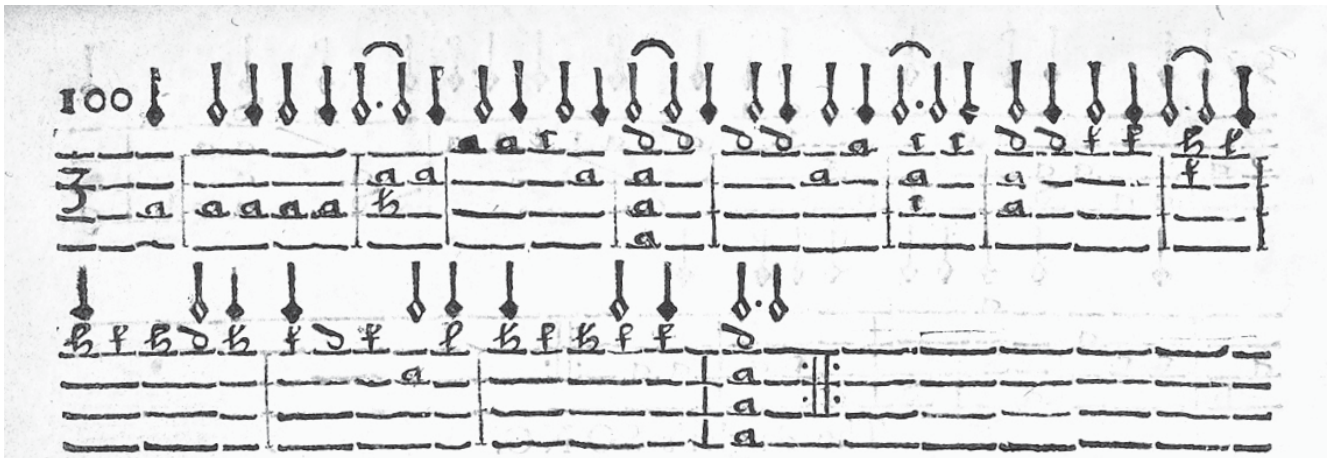
Fond love, what do'ſt thou mean to court an idle ſolly?
Platonick love is nothing elſe but meerly Melancholy.
'Tis Active love that makes us jolly.
What though I'm fond (they ſay) and apt to be in love,
I find it will no longer ſtay, then ſhe will conſtant prove;
Such Qualmes oft ſqueemiſh Stomachs move.
To dote upon a face, or Court a ſparkling eye,
Or to believe a Dimpl'd Cheek complete felicitie,
Is to betray a Libertie.
They care not for your ſighs, nor your erected eyes,
They hate to hear a fool lament, and crye he dyes he dyes;
O no! Love is a better prize.



The Angler's SONG.

Man's life is but vain, for 'tis Subject to pain
And ſorrow, and ſhort as a bubble;
'Tis a hodge 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 to morrow,
And Angle, and Angle again.

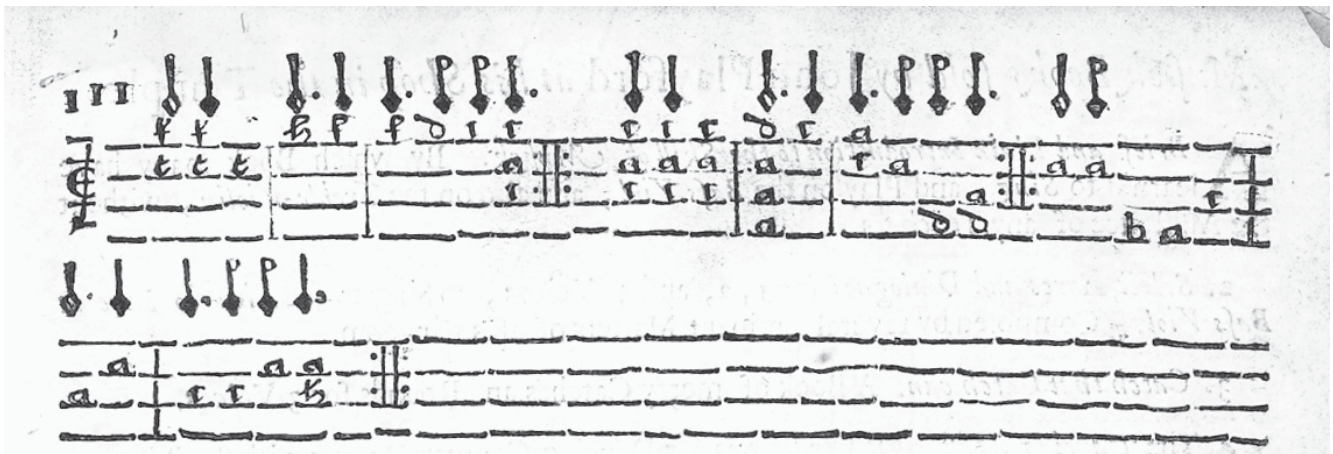


The Words to this Tune.

A CATCH.

The Wiſemen were but ſeven, neer more ſhall be for me;
The Muſes were but nine, the Worthies three times three;
And three merry Boyes, and three merry Boyes are we.

The Virtues were but ſeven, and three the greater be;
The Cæſars they were twelve, and the fatal Siſters 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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FINIS.

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