THE PERFORMANCE OF ENGLISH SONG 1610-1670

TWO VOLUMES: VOLUME II

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Tape This includes the songs marked with an asterisk, performed by Poppy Holden and Edward Huws Jones.

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NOTE

The following transcriptions serve to illustrate the text of Volume I. Where possible references are made in the footnotes to published editions of the music, and songs are included in Volume II only if they are not available in a suitable modern edition.

The editions are intended primarily as study texts rather than as performing editions. For this reason, when more than one version of a song is given these are set out as 'synchronized' texts; this facilitates comparison of the different versions, though the result is probably too cumbersome to be readily used for performance. Also, there is no realisation of the thorough-bass unless it is given in the original. However, these study texts can of course be used as a basis for performing editions.

Barring follows the original manuscripts, except in numbers 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 9, 22 and 29. In general, slurs are given only if they are unambiguous in the source; often the underlay must be conjectural. The spelling of the poems is modernised and punctuation reduced to a minimum (see Volume I, pp. 13-4).
1. If I could shut the gates, [JohnDaniel] Add.24665, H.23v-24

Daniel 1666

And I would shut the gates
against my thoughts,

keep our sorrow from this room within, Or me-

mercy and cancel all the woes, Of my mis-

orts
of my misdeeds, and I
unthink my sin. How free, how clear, how clear

my soul should lie. Dis-charged of such a load-some

company. How free, company

2
Or were there other rooms within my heart
That did not to my conscience join so fast;
When I might lodge that thought of sin apart;
Which with my life is always like to fast.
What peace, what joy, what ease should I possess
Freed from the burden that my soul oppriss?

But 0 my Saviour who my redeemer art
Let thy dear cross stand twixt thee and me
And be the way to separate my heart.
So that I may at length reose me free.
That peace and joy and rest I may be I within
And I remain divided from my sin.

Text:

To plead my faith where faith hath

No reward. To move remorse where favour

is not born; To keep complaints which she don't
were fruitless, footless, vain and

yields best scorn. I loved her whom all the

and amid, I was refused of her that
And my veins 

lopes which far too high as

Are dead and 

burned and for e-

ver gone. For-get my
name since she hath scorn'd my love, And no man -

like do not too late lament; Since for her

since I must all mischief prove, I rue ac-
I was as wise and nothing to repent, I was as wise and nothing to repent. I was an e - ve - r - she was fair, Yet love I not more than now I do despair. I was
3. SILLY BOY IT IS FULL MOON [Thomas Campion] Add. 24665, f. 50v-51

Add. 24665

Silly boy it is full moon yet the night as

She shines clear, 
May thy youth be hit to fear her

Without love so dear, shortly will that move when all thy
This is thy first maiden flame, that triumphs yet un_drvdataed.
All is artless now you speak, not one word yet is feigned.
All is heaven which you behold, and all your thoughts are blessed.
But no Spring can want his fall, each Troiles hath his Cressid.

Thy well ordered looks are long shall overly hay neglected,
And thy lively pleasant cheer read grief on earth dejected.
Made then will the brave, thy saint that made thy heart too holy,
And with sighs confess in love, that too much faith is folly.
For be just and constant still, love may forget a wonder,
Not like to the winter's frost, or Winter's fatal thunder.
He that holds his sweet heart true, wait for day of dying.
Lives of all that ever breathed, most worthy the enjoying.
NOTHING ON EARTH

Nothing on earth remains
to show so right
The pattern

Toe of my increasing care,
As Philomela with her song by night,

whose ruthless stake I thus compare

With careful
watch she percheth in the tree,

When creatures all in to their nests do creep,

See from mine eyes all sweet re-
pose don't flee, when men are near of course to take their sleep;

She with a thorn against her tender
strain
To avail the ways which lay -

nec did endure, I hap- less

man o - pan this might com - plain
That cause that doth to me these griefs pro-
cure; And when she doth her times
so dole - ful frame, As we may
move the leaves to mean her plight,

O grief of griefs! yet such as hear the

same View nor her plans but hate -
in take de-light;  Likewise my

plaints, which bring from me salt tears

Seen pleasant notes unto
Why stays the bridegroom to invade her

That would be a m-phony made?

Goodnight to you, a virgin say.

To-morrow rise the
1. **Weep mine eyes**

[John Wilbye, Second Set of Madrigals (1606)]

Egerton 2971, ff. 30v-31v

**Weep, weep, weep mine eyes**

My heart can take no rest, Weep, weep,

Weep, weep, mine eyes shall never see, bless,

Weep, weep, heart and spirit, and both this accoant cry,
A thousand, thousand deaths I die. A thousand, thousand deaths I die. Ay me! Ay me! Ah, ah, ay forever.

Ay me! Now lean over to die!
few not, Death do thy worst I care not, death do thy worst I care
not, Death do thy worst I care not, I hope, I hope when I am dead in E-ly-giun
plain in E-ly-giun plain, in E-ly-gium plain [Be] near and there with joy
music notation with lyrics:

"...and there with joy, and there with joy, there we'll..."

"...love again..."
O Lord consider my distress [Anon.]  

Add. 29481, f. 4.

Lord consider my distress, And now with speed

Some pity take, My sins decrease,

Face, my faults redress, Good Lord for thy grace mercy's sake, Wash me, O Lord

And make me clean From this un-
just and sinful act, And pure

yea once again, My kinsman, arms and

blood-y tree.
Shall I come sweet love to thee [Thomas Campion] Add 29481, f.20

Shall I come sweet love to thee,
When the evening's beams are seen,
Will you find no

...
Tell the long hours, tell the long hours as the
more
12. **TAKE O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY**  
**Dr. WIlson**  
Add. 11608, f.56

Botheian

Mus. I.  

**Alternative division**  
for verse 2

_Hide o hide those hills of snow that thy_  

Add. 11608  
Take o take those lips a-way, That so

**frozen bosom bears**, On whose tops the pink star grow  
_sweetly were forsworn, And those eyes, the break of day,  
_Are of those that April wears. But first set my poor heart free_  
_Lights that do mislead the man. But my kisses bring a-gain_
Bound in l—y chains by thee.

Seals of love though seal'd in vain.
13 a. "DIVISIONS FOR FINAL CADENCE OF 'COME MY DARLING, COME AWAY'" Add. 11608, f. 2v-3.

when they em- brace a de- i- ty.

they em- brace a de- i- ty.

they em- brace a de- i- ty.

a de- i- ty.


love is the load-stone, my be- lo- ved the pole.

my be- loved the pole.

my be- loved the pole.

my be- loved the pole.

my be- loved the pole.

my be- loved the pole.

my be- loved the pole.
When shall I see my captive heart
That lives in Chloris' breast? Or when will love again
from his empire thrown, were not his subjects fool'd
restore Those joys I once possessed?

with hope That mercy would be shown.

Yet 'tis a blessing to confess, whose face is so serene.

Then captive heart contented lies, and banish all des-

...
Verse, Not to be barm of future hopes, To mitigate our pair, Since she is hope that she may be As kind as she is fair.
15. NEVER PERSUADE ME TO'T

Charles Coleman

Lambeth 1041, ff.56-56v

Playford 1652

Verse 1

Ne-ver per-su-ade me to't I vow I live not

Verse 2

You may ar-gue I have hear, My pul-ses be-er

How canst thou ex-pect a life in me Since my soul is fled to

My sigs have in-dem liv-ing fire And my eye spark with de-
You suppose because I walk and you think talk.

sire.

Grant your argument be truth Such beat my youth In-flame as

Therefore breathe, alas you know Shades as well as men do so.

pois- seus do, only pre-pare To make death their fol-lo-wers.
PERFECT AND ENDLESS CIRCLES ARE

And such of late mine and my love's heart were, But if now the
red be from my poor heart fled, You are the cause why it is

pale and dead, For gazing on your eyes my heart stood
Still, amazed was, and thus became both pale and

Ill. Smile now and what before was white you'll view car-nation
being recorded by you.
Verse 2: For those glorious looks alone, Thaylyn are unseen.
The quick lightening from your eyes Did sacrifice my sight.

My un-wise, My un-wary harmless heart, And now you glory in my smart.
2. How unjustly you do blame
That pure flame from you came
Vex'd with what yourself made bum
Your sworn to tinder made it burn.
The least spark now love can call:
That does fall on the small
Scorch'd remainder of my heart
Will make it burn in every part.
why do you rise
whose thread is spun, drawn out and cut, and so "tis done.

Go
naked truth

Swift through the yielding air I glide

cold age on thee will creep too fast.

smoothly done
end less spring
go climb that rock
his that rolls
flam ing char iet
a smok ing sac ri se
mu sic found
or winding sheet

motion seen

his lost running sand

the flowing density

It will roll into despair

Can we so far stray
18 b. DECORATIVE DIVISIONS FROM ADD. 53723

mu sek dis-jain.

pi- ti- ful shall show.

blow me back a-gain.

ah- plea- sures pove.

and for e-ver con-stant pove.
O Lord, say, if thou hearest my prayers when I call. All.

And wilt thou pity grant when I do cry? Then though I fall Thy grace will my desires supply. But who will keep my soul from ill, avouch bad desires, in-
form my will? I will. O may that will and voice be

bless Which yields such com-fort un-to one dis-tress'd

More bless-ed yet, would'st thou thy-self un-mask, Or tell at least

who under-takes this task. Ask, Then quickly speak, Since now with cry-
I am grown so weak, I shall want free even to crave thy name,

O speak, O speak be-fur 1 whol-ly new-ly

am. I am.

[echo]
20. LOVELY CLORIS THOUGH THINE EYES Henry Lawes Add. 53723, f.56

Love-ly Clor-is though thine eyes

Far o-ve- shine the je-wels of the skies,

All ad-mire in thee,

Of thy breast which far out-blaze the rest.

No nor the beau-ties

That grace which
Those alluring smiles that grace
An eternal April on thy face
Such as no sun did ever see
No nor the beauties...

Nor the lilies nor the roses
Which thy curious hair encloses
Whose beauty none can live and see
No nor the beauties...

Eyes grow dim and lose their light
Morning[s] beauty dies at night
And lilies droop and roses die
When eyes are blind and beauty fled
Lilies and roses dead
My sacred vows shall lie
My firm fidelity
but eyes con- find

you cool and com-fort all but me.

since his glow' ring eye

fur-nish thee with more.

as Da- mne-ny's eyes.

all im-pair.
per- pe- ti- tal rivers that do flow

and whisper in your ear

the rou- sing earth

21. DIVISION FOR FINAL CROON OF "VIARING AS I ADVISE FOR BEAR"

will all her cap- tives be.

66
Tell me no more her eyes are like

Two rising suns that wonder strike,

so how could it be,

lips'd by me.
2. Tell me no more her breast does grow
   Like rising hills of melting snow,
   For if 'twere so how could they lie
   So near the sunshine of her eye?

3. Tell me no more the egal spheres
   Compair'd to her voice frights our ears,
   For if 'twere so how then could death
   Dwell with such discourse in her breast?

4. Nor say her eyes partenders are
   Of rain or some blazing star,
   Else I should feel from that fair fire
   Some heat so cherish my desire.

5. Say that her breasts though cold as snow
   Are hard as marble when I woo,
   Else they would soften and relent
   With sighs inflamed from me sent.

6. Say that although like to the mom
   She's heavenly fair—yet chang'd as soon,
   Else she would constrate one remain
   Either to pity or disdain.
That so by one of them I might
Be kept alive or murdered quite.
For 'tis less cruel than to kill
Where life does or mine or the ill.
23. GOD OF WINDS

William Lawes
Add.31432, f.31

God of winds, when thou art

grown

Breathless and last spent thy store,

When thy raging blasts are

gone,

I can furnish thee with more,

I can

send thee sights that are finer for thy childish view.
Flow no more ye rugged seas
Nor ye swelling waters rise;
For your labour I can ease
From the ocean of mine eyes,
And your empty streams supply
Though ye ebb'd eternally.

I can send ye tempests too
From my wild distracted breast,
For compared unto my love
Wars are peace and tumult rest;
No seas can greater troubles move
No seas can
Than a poor maid's shipwreck'd love.
Those lovers only happy are that still despair; The restless souls that hope and fear in tempests live, each smile or frown like surges toss them up and down, And if they ever at...
torn the port. They ship-wreck then and sink their love. Though they ex-

cape; For bea- rious shape. And all those sweet which they be-

did with so much de-light a- dore. If tast-ed they es-

teen no more. And once en- joy'd. They are no soon- or pleas'd than
But he that dares
his heart pre- fer To.

Whose eyes di- vine fire doth not burn.

Bless in his ob- jects glo- ries

And there des- pair Be- cause that bliss from
all impair.
as of blood

join two breasts in one

make thy birth increase.

so let thy grass so hills ascend

and make all heaven

fly not, all are leaves here
CONCLUSION OF 'TELL ME WHERE THE BEAUTY LIES'

Then let my mistress that I love, and

Think she's fair, 'cause I adore her.
26. View'st Thou That Poor Penurious Pair

John Wilson

Bodleian Ms. 6. 1, f.107

View'st thou that poor penurious pair Of lovers

how they bill, Mistrusted not by wanton fare But

by mutual will; Such need-less aids these

wrench-es stem. They find out hid desires. Which in each
o-\ntheir mind being born Be-
gers them to new fires.\n
79
27. IF WHEN I DIE TO HELL'S ETERNAL SHADE [Anon.] Boltean Mus. Sch. f.375, f.7

shade As an i-do-la-ter un-denn'd I be, Because a mor-tal

beau-ty that doth fade I have too long ad-dor'd in ev-er thee;

80
Think not to escape for, for thy tyranny. Then there shall be condemned as well as I.
28. STAY LUSTRY BLOOD WHERE CANST THOU SEEK [Anon] Bodleian MS. Sch. f. 575, f. 9v

Stay, lusty blood, where canst thou seek

So blate a place as is her cheek;

From that place retire, where beauty doth command de-
side: But if they will not stay then

slow Down to her parting lips below.
Hark, hark, how my Celia, with the choice
Music of her land and voice. Still the loud wind
and makes the wild In-un-sel bear and pane, the mild. Hark how the
staves like men move, While men with wonder staves prove;

This stiff rock bends to worship her, Then idol turns idolater.

Now see how all the new inspired to merge with love are fired;
Hark! how the tender marble groans, And all the lace transformed

scanty Court the fair nymph with many a tear, Which she, more flinty than they were

Beholds with unrelenting mind; While they, a-mazed
to see combined Such match-less beauty with disdain, Are all
run'd in to scopes a gain.
30. DAMON MY BEAUTY DOTH ADORE [Anon.] Bodeian. f. 57, ff. 98v-99

Damon my beauty dost adore, Thy-

sis disdainful calls me Moor, Thy-

here'sy. Damon in do-la-try: I neither am so fool or fair

\[\frac{\text{Musical notation}}{\text{Text}}\]
As to be ever in despair; My face is such, my glass can tell, To which is neither Heaven or hell, Not full so bright as angels. To challenge a divinity, Nor yet so dark, I thank my
fate. As to be thought love's re- po- bate. This love- ly brow who

senses right? This sneers it black he vows is white.

No passion has its eyes, we find. But love and hate alike are kind.
31. **AMARYLLIS BY A SPRING**  [Henry Lawes]  Ballet, c. 1575, ft. 98v-99

A-mary-lis by a spring's Soft

and cold-melt-ing morn-ing Sleep, un-to whom a red-breast fled, Who simply thinking she was dead. To bury her brought spear-mint fine —
(9)

And leaves of sweeter leagues -

Where pluming them he saw her stir;

myrtle growing by

Where marking from her little eye

A thousand
flames of love to fly, Poor robin red-breast then drew nigh. And

seeing her not dead but all diseased He chirped for joy to see himself deceived.
32. SING SYREN THOUGH THY NOTES BRING DEATH [Ann.] Dorn.57, f.95

though thy notes bring death, perfume the air with thy sweet breath, The winds are still the

never stays delighted with thy pleasant lays.
The gods do listen and love swears You round the music

You turn cold winds into spring,
And bearing you the swans do die,
The hearts revive which you have slain,
And wounded loves lose their pain.

Whilst I and love these wonders speak
The teares of my heart-strings break.
We do account that music good

That is-ness from well-wood; That bet-ter

doth the ear rejoice That doth proceed from a
sweet voice. But that of all is judged the

best. That comes from an accord-ing breast.
BEAT ON PROUD BILLOWS [Anon.]  
Lambeth 1041, ff. 6v-7.

Beat on, proud billows, Bo-breas blow, Swell air led waves, high as Jove's roof, Your in-ci-vi-lity will show That in-no-cence is tem-pest proof; Though sea-ly hea-ven's from my thoughts are
calm, Then strike afflication for thy wounds are balm.

[The manuscript gives a further nine verses]
No, no I will sooner trust the wind
when falsely kind.

No, no I will sooner trust the wind, when falsely kind.

Counts the pregnant sails into a storm, and when the

35. NO NO I WILL SOONER TRUST THE WIND

John Wilson Bodleian Ms. 61, A.142

-143
smiling waves persuade. Be willingly betrayed. Then thy deceitful vows or

scorn. Go, go and beguile some easy heart with thy
Thy smiles and kisses on those fools be - stow Who on - ly see the calms that sleep On thy smooth, flatter - ring deep But not the hid-den dan - ger...
know. Those that like me thy false-hand prove Will scorn thy love;
Some may deceive, at first adore thy shrine. But he that
as thy sac-

as thy sac-

martyr, and not thine.

martyr, and not thine.

martyr, and not thine.

martyr, and not thine.

martyr, and not thine.

martyr, and not thine.

martyr, and not thine.

martyr, and not thine.

martyr, and not thine.

martyr, and not thine.

martyr, and not thine.

martyr, and not thine.

martyr, and not thine.
36. I AM CONFIRM'D IN MY BELIEF

John Wilson
Bodleian Ms. B.1. f.145

I am confirm'd in my belief

No woman hath a soul. They but delude, that is the thief to which
But as the chemist's flattering fires
Swell up his hopes of prize,
Till the crack'd spirit quite expires
And with his fortune dies.
So though they seem to cheer and speak
Those things we most implore.
They do but flame us up to break
Then never mind us more.
Yield, yield to a fair enemy, nor know how to resist so fair a foe: who would not thy soft yoke sus-
train, Or bow beneath the ear- sy chain. That with a bun- dage

blest might be. Which far trans- cends all li- ber- ty? But since I free- ly
I have resigned. As first as saved my willing mind, I resigned not o'er my captive heart with too much tyranny and are. Least by thy soon thou
lose the prize, Gain'd by the power of thy bright eyes; And thou this
con quest this shall prove. Though got by beauty, kept by love.
38.6. EXAMPLES USING SIXTH CHORDS FROM MUSIC’S MONUMENT pp.228-9
A Second Variety upon the Same Notes
Another usual way of using the Sixth

Miserere my maker,

O have mercy on me, wretchedly distress'd, Cast down with sighs,

Mightily vex'd to the soul's bitter ang-
When I sing the songs of woe
I'm dreading a reply

Verse 1:
I wish, ev'ry time I sing,
I wish, yes, let it please thee to
Ease my ceaseless crying;
Mississippi

Verse 2:
Mississippi, Mississippi
I am dying,

Chorus:
Mississippi, Mississippi
Mississippi, Mississippi
O WHERE AM I WHAT MAY I THINK [Anon.] Drexel 4175, lv

Help help alas my heart both

Thus lose in seas of woe, Thus Laden
Yet as at sea in storms men choose
The-toggle to save, the goods to lose,
So in this fearful storm
The danger to prevent
Before all hope be spent
I'll choose the lesser harm;
My tears to seas I will convert
And drown mine eyes to save my heart.
Come, sweet love, why dost thou stay,

Come, let us meet e'er envious day,

Curtains of the night,

Love's delight.

Draw back the

Hinder ring lampless

Come quickly come, make no delay.
lay, Let's take our pleasures while we may.
42. THESEUS O THESEUS

Henry Lawes

Add. 53923, f. 124v-127

Loves 1653

The - sers, O The - sers, Lark! but yet in

vain. A - las de - ser - ted I com - plain. It was some neigh - bring

rock, more soft than he, whose hol - low bo - wels pis - bled me. And beat - ing
back that false and cruel name. Did comfort and revenge my flame. Then faithless

whether wilt thou fly? Stones dare not harbour cruel -

tell me ye Gods, who ever ye are,
Why, O. why make ye him so fair? And tell me, wretch, why

thou Mad'st not thyself more true? Beauty from him might copies take, And

more majestic heroes make. And falsehood soon a while From him too, to be-
gile. Restore my den, 'tis here most due; for 'tis a lab- rinth of more subtle

art. To have so fair a face, so full a heart. The mvi- ness

vul-ture tear his breast. The roll- ing stone dist-turb his rest; let him next feel Tri-on's wheel. And
add one fare more tear-sing poet's store; And then—yea rather let him live— and

twine His hoarf at days with some thread stin' from mine; But if you'll torture him, how-

ever, Torture my heart, you'll find him there. Till mine eyes drank up his, and his drank
mine, I never thought souls might kiss
And spirits join; Pictures till then
Moved me as much as men. Nature and art
Moving alike my heart; But his fair
Village made me
find Pleasures and fears, Hopes, sights and tears, as several seasons of the mind.
Should shine eye, Venus, on his dwell, They would've invite him to thy

self And caught by that live jet Venus the second net; And after all thy danger faithless

ke, Should'it that bit slumber, would forsake even thee. The screams so curte
the yielding banks. And giving hence re'er pay their thanks: The winds so woo the
flow'rs. Whis'ring among fresh bow'rs. And hav'ing robb'd them of their smell. Fly hence perfum'd to o-
ther cells. This is fa-mi-lar hate, to smile and kill.
Though nothing please thee yet my ruin will. Death, hover, hover o'er me.

Waves let your crystal womb be both my fate and tomb, 'twill sooner trust the sea than men. Yet for revenge to heaven I'll call, And
breath one curse before I fall, proud of two conquests, Minotaur and me.

That by my faith, this by thy perjury; May'st thou forget to wing thy ships with

while, That the black sails may to the longing sight of thy grey farther tell thy fate, and
he Be-grew that sea his name, fall- ing like me. Na- ture and love thus brand thee.

while I die, For-sake, Ae-ge-os save thee draw - ese night.

And ye, O Nymphs, be-low who sit, In whose swift flows his vows he write, Snatch a sharp
diamond from your richer mines,

And in some mirror grave these saddest lines,

Which let some god convey to him, that so he may in that book read at once, and see There

looks that caused my destiny.

In the his arms I a-ri-
alone sleep, Drowned first in mine own tears, Then

in the deep, Twice banished, first by love and then by

have, The life that I preserved became my fate; Who leaving all was by him left a
lon: That from a mon: ster freed him: self prov: ed one. Thus then 1

0 mine eyes Be now the spies; Yan: der, yon: der comes my
d

But look!

dear, Now my won: der, once my fear; See, sa-
ys dance a-
long in a confused throng, whiles hours and pipes rude noise Do mad their insuy joys.

Ros-ses his forehead crown And that re-crows the flowers, Where he walks up and down he makes the
deserts bow'r; The ivy and the grape hide, not a-dom his shape, And
green leaves cloth his war'ring rod;  
'Tis he, 'tis e'er the Thers,
THESIS CONTAINS TAPE CASSETTE

PLEASE CONTACT THE UNIVERSITY IF YOU WISH TO SEE THIS MATERIAL.