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In order to avoid page turns during songs, two of them have been placed out of order. Their titles have beeen italicised.

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# II. My love bound me with a kiss





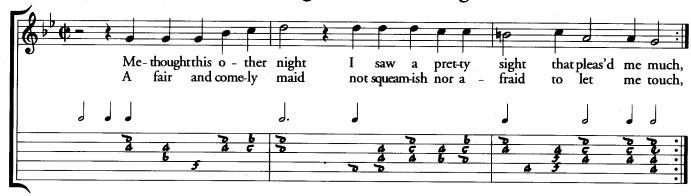
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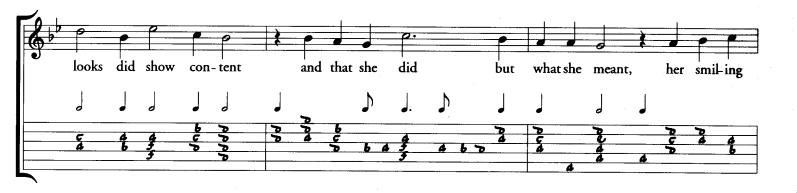
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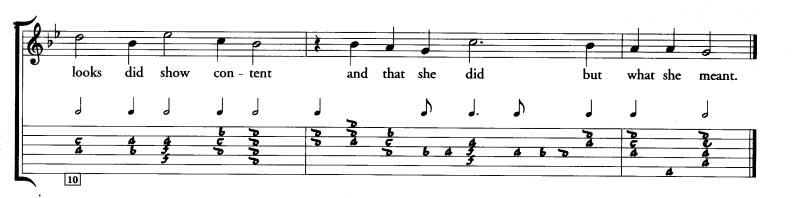


# V. Me thought this other night









## VI. Who so is tied



PRB VCO80

## IX. Now what is love





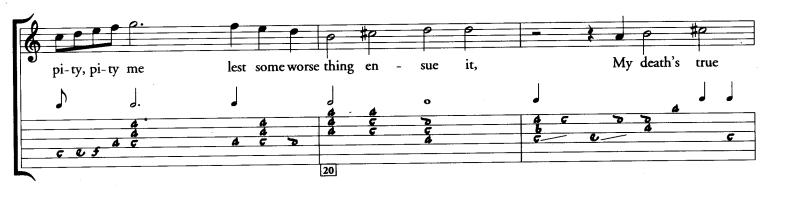


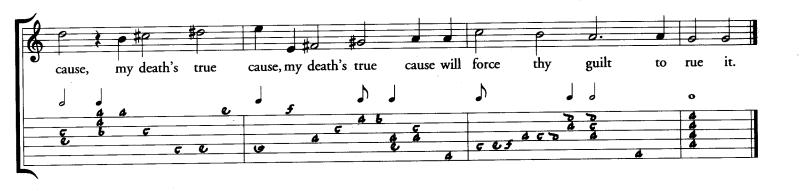


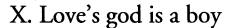


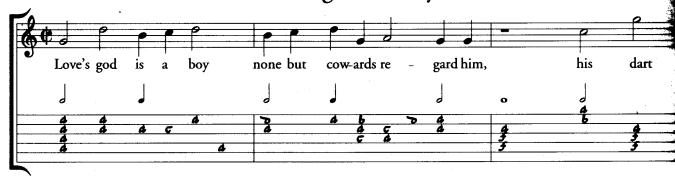


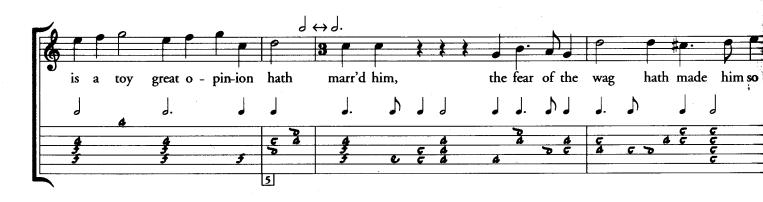


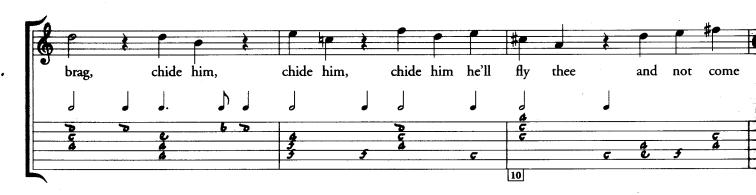










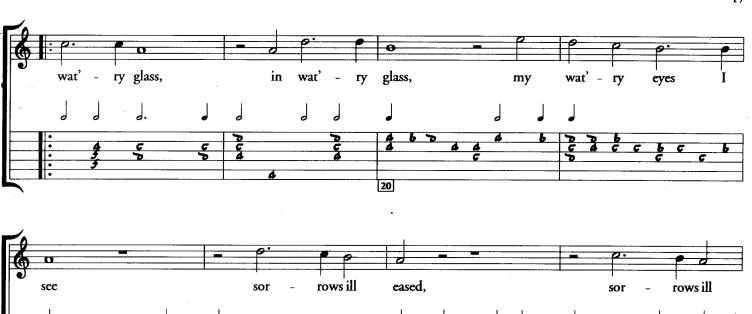


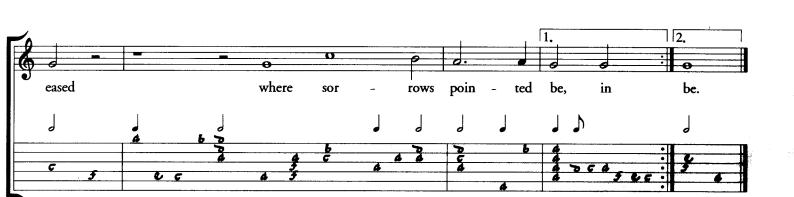








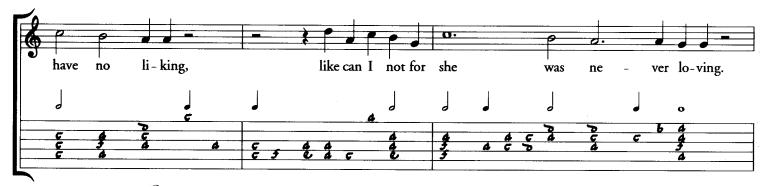






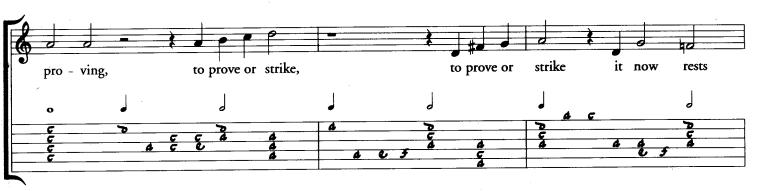








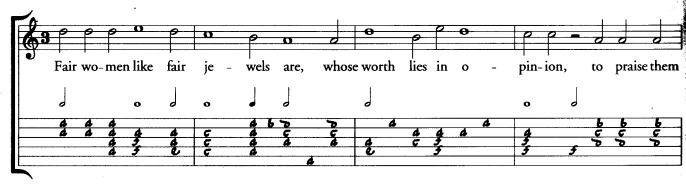


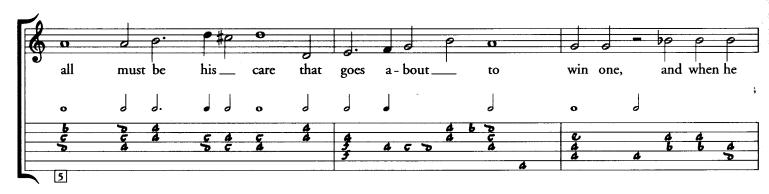


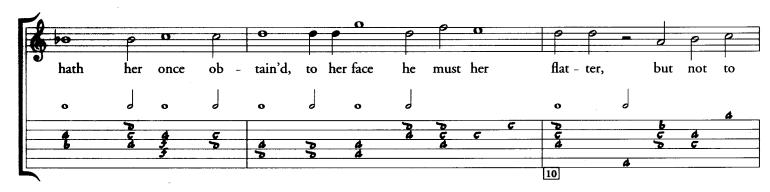


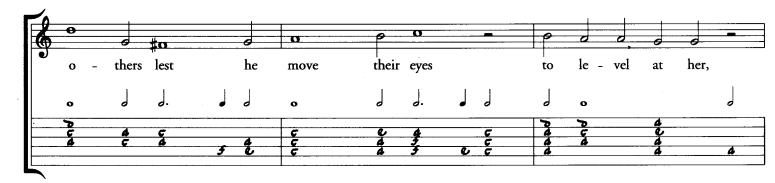


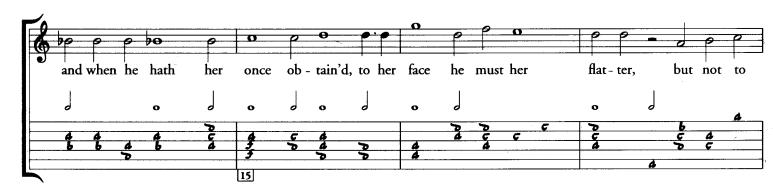




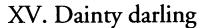


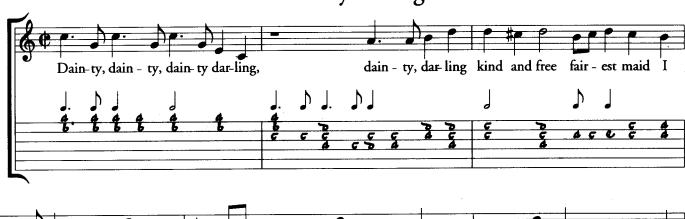
















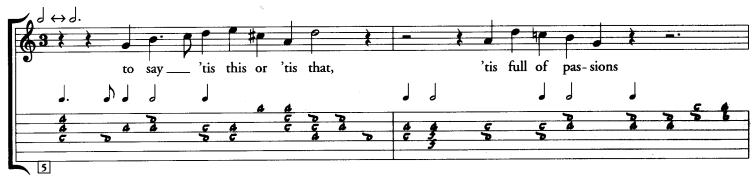






## XVII. Love is a bauble

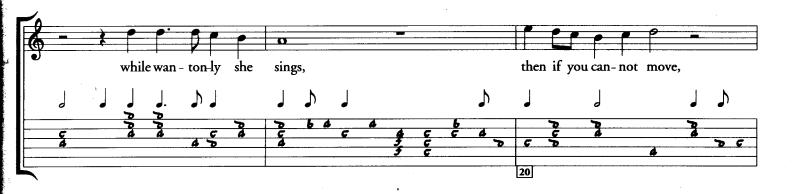


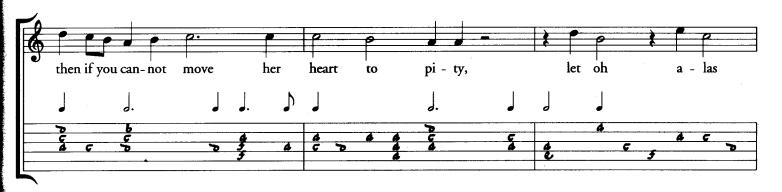


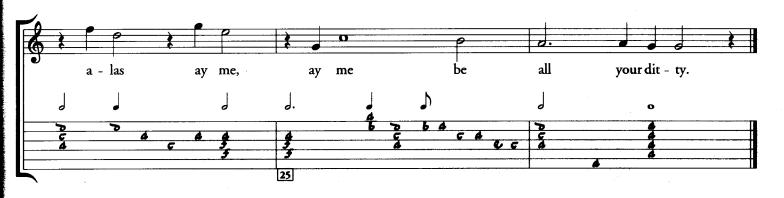












# XIX. Did ever man



PRB VCO80

XX. To sigh and be sad



# XXI. Come sorrow come





XV	10	Cantus	1	# om.	XVIII 11	Lyra	1	G	XIX	8	Lyra	6	# om.
XVI	7	Lute	7	#	XVIII 11	Lyra	2	e	XIX	14	Lyra	6	# om.
XVI	10	Lyra	2	g om.	XVIII 11	Lyra	3	ЪЬ	XX	8	Lute	8	om.
XVII	5	Lyra	14	#om.	XVIII 13	Lyra	2	a om.	XX	11	Bass	3	om.
XVIII	8	Lute	9	a l	XVIII 21	Lute	11	bom.	XXI	5	Lute	11	eb'

# Song Lyrics

## I. Loue wing'd my hopes

Loue wing'd my hopes and taught me howe to flie Farre from base earth but not to mount too high,

for true pleasure lives in measure, which if men forsake

Blinded they into follie runne, and griefe for pleasure take.

But my vaine hopes proude of their new taught flight, Enamour'd fought to woo the Sunnes fayre light,

whose rich brightnesse mooued their lightnesse to aspire so hye,

That all fcortch't and confum'd with fire, now drowned in woe they lye.

And none but love their wofull hap did rue, For love did know that their defires were true,

though fate frowned, and now drowned, they in forrow dwell,

It was the purest light of heauen, for whose fayre loue they fell.

## II. My loue bound me with a kifse

My loue bound me with a kifse, That I should no longer flay, When I felt fo fweete a blifse, I had lefse power to part away, Alas, alas, that women do not know, Kifses makes men loath to goe.

Yes fhe knowes it but too well, For I heard when Venus doue In her eare did foftlie tell, That kifses were the feales of loue, Oh mufe not then though it be fo, Kifses makes men loth to goe.

Wherefore did she thus inflame, My desires heat my bloud, Instantlie to quench the same, And starue whome she had given food. I, I, the common sence can show, Kisses make men loath to go.

Had she bid me go at first It would nere haue greeued my hart, Hope delaide had beene the worst, But ah to kisse and then to part, How deepe it strucke, speake Gods you know Kisses make men loth to goe.

## III. O how my thoughts doe beat me

O how my thoughts do beate me, Which by deepe fighs intreat thee, Hey ho, fie fie, what a thing is this Thus to lie still when we might kifs, And play, and foole

Heere in the coole

Of the stillest cleerest sweetest evening, Philomel did ever choose for singing. See how my lips complaine them, Thy lips should thus detaine them, Aye me harke how the Nightingales, In the darke each to other to cals,

Whilst thou, O thou, Dar'st not avow,

The enjoying of the truest pleasure, Loue did euer hoord vp in his treasure.

## IIII. Dreames and Imaginations

Dreames and Imaginations
Are all the recreations absence can gaine me.

Dreames when I wake confound me,

Thoughts for her fake doth wound me left she disdaine me,

Then finging let me lie,

Or thinking let me die, / fince loue haue flaine me.

Dreames are but coward and doe,

Much good they dare not fland too, / Asham'd of the morrow,

Thoughts like a child that winketh,

Hee's not beguild that thinketh, / Hath peir'st me thorow,

Both filling me with bliffes,

Both killing me with kiffes, / dying in forrow.

Dreames with their false pretences,

And thoughts confounds my fenses, / In the conclusion,

Which like a glasse did shew mee,

What came to passe and threw mee / Into confusion,

Shee made mee leaue all other,

Yet had she got another, / This was abusion.

## V. Me thought this other night

Me thought this other night,

I saw a pretie fight that pleaf'd me much,

A faire and comly maide

not fquemish nor afraid to let me tuch,

Our lips most fwetly kifsing each other neuer missing

Her fmyling lookes did shew content

And that shee did but what shee meant.

And as her lips did moue,

The eccho still was loue, / loue loue me fweete,

Then with a maiden blush,

Instead of crying pish / Our lips did meete,

With Musicke sweetely founding,

With pleafures all abounding,

We kept the burden of the fong,

Which was that loue should take no wrong.

And yet as maidens vse,

She feemed to refuse, / The name of loue,

Vntill I did protest,

That I did loue her best, / And so will proue.

With that as both amazed,

Each at the other gazed,

My eyes did fee, my hands did feele,

Her eyes of fire, her brest of steele.

Oh when I felt her breft,

Where loue it selfe did rest, / My loue was such,

I could haue beene content,

My best bloud to have spent, / In that sweete tutch. But now comes that which vext vs, There was a bar betwixt vs, A bar that bard me from that part, Where nature did contend with art.

If euer loue had power,
To send one happie houre, / Then shew thy might,
And take such bars away,
Which are the onely stay / Of loues delight.
All this was but a dreaming,
Although another meaning,
Dreames may proue true, as thoughts are free,
I will loue you, you may loue mee.

## VI. Who fo is tide

Who fo is tide must needs be bound,
And he thats bound can not be free,
Who so is lost is hardly found
And he that[s] blind is hard to see,
Who so is watcht with jealous eies
Must sit vp late, and early rife.

He may well write that cannot come, And fend his eyes to plead his case, He may well looke that must be dum, Vntill he sind both time and place,

He that is tyde to houres and times, Though not himfelfe may fend his rimes.

What hap haue they who doth abound, With all things that the earth doth beare, And yet for want fome time doth found, Breathing a life twixt hope and feare,

Alas poore foule my case is such, I want my will, yet haue too much.

I would, but dare not what I would,
I dare, but cannot what I dare,
I can, but must not if I could,
I can, I must, I will not spare,
I write no more, but shall I come,
I saie no more, but closely mume.

## VII. Fie fie

Fie fie fie, what a coile is heere, Why strive you fo to get a kisse, Doe, doe what you will, You shall be ne[']ere¹ the neere, Had I been willing So to be billing, You had preuailed long ere this, Sweete, stand away, let me alone, Or els in faith, Ile get me gone.

Come come doe you not percieue, I am not yet dispos'd to yeeld, Staie staie staie but a while, My loue will giue you leaue, This my denyall, Is but a tryall, If faint desire will slie the field, Whoop looke you now, I pray be still, Naie then in faith doe what you will.

## VIII. Beauty stand further

Beauty stand further, Repine not at my blaming

1. never

Is it not murther
To fet my hart on flaming
Thus hopeless to take
Bare fight of fuch a glorie
Doth tempt me to make
My death beget another storie,
Then pitie, pitie me least some worse thing ensue it,
My deaths true cause will force thy gilt to rue it.

Is it not better,
To loue thy friend in good fort,
Then to be debter,
For kindneffe name to report,
If you had the leffe,
For this rich mercie lending,
Then should I confeffe,
No thrift were in fuch fpending.
Oh pittie me, the gaine shall be thine owne all,
I would but liue, to make thy vertues knowne all.

## IX. Now what is loue

Now what is loue I pray thee tell, It is that fountaine and that well, Where pleasures and repentance dwell, It is perhaps that fancesing bell<sup>2</sup> That towles all in to heau'n or hell, And this is loue as I heare tell.

Now what is loue I praie thee faie, It is a worke on holy daie, It is December match't with Maie, When lustie blood in fresh arraie, Heare ten monethes after of their plaie, And this is loue as I heare faie.

Now what is loue I praie thee faine, It is a Sunne-shine mixt with raine, It is a gentle pleasing paine, A slower that dyes and springs againe, It is a noe that would full faine, And this is loue as I heare saine.

Yet what is loue I praie thee faie, It is a pretie shadie waie, As well found out by night as daie, It is a thing will soone decaie, Then take the vantage whilst you maie, And this is loue as I heare saie.

Now what is loue I praie thee fhow, A thing that creepes it cannot goe, A prize that paffeth to and fro, A thing for one a thing for moe, And he that proues shall find it so, And this is loue as I well know.

## X. Loues God is a boy

Loues god is a boy,
None but cowards regard him,
His dart is a toy,
Great opinion hath mard him,
The feare of the wagg
Hath made him so bragg,
Chide him, heele slie thee
And not come nie thee,
Little boy, pretty knaue, shoote not at randome,
For if you hit mee slaue, Ile tell your grandome.

2. A small bell rung at the Sanctus: after the Reformation, it was rung to hurry latecomers to services after the steeple bells had stopped.

Fond loue is a child, And his compasse is narrow, Yoong fooles are beguild With the same of his arrow, He dareth not strike, If his stroke do mislike, Cupie doe you heare mee? Come not too neere mee,

Little boy, pretie knaue, hence I beseech you, For if I you hit me slaue, in faith Ile breech you.

Th'ape loues to meddle,
When he finds a man idle,
Elfe is he a flurting,
Where his marke is a courting,
When women grow true,
Come teach me to fue,
Then Ile come to thee,
Pray thee, and woo thee,
Little boy, pretie knaue, make me not ftagger,
For if you hit me flaue, Ile call thee begger.

#### XI. Ouer these brookes

Over these brookes trusting to ease mine eies, Mine eies euen great in labour with her teares, I laid my face wherein there lies, Clusters of clowdes, which no funne euer cleeres, In watry glasse, my watry eies I see, Sorrowes ill eased where forrowes pointed be.

My thoughts imprisoned in my secret woes, With slamie breathes, doe issue oft in sound. The sound to this strange aire no sooner goes, But that it doth with Ecchoes force rebound, And make me heare the plaints I would refraine, Thus outward helpes my inward griefes maintaine.

Now in this fand I would discharge my mind, And cast from me part of my burdnous cares, But in the fand my tales foretold I find, And see therein how well the waters fares, Since streames, ayre, fand, mine eyes and eares conspire, What hope to quench, where each thing blowes the fire.

## XII. Whither runneth my sweet hart

Whither runneth my fweet hart,
Stay a while pree thee, / Not too fast,
To much haste / Maketh waste,
But if thou wilt needes be gone,
Take my loue with thee
Thy minde doth binde me to no vile condition
So doth thy truth preuent me of fuspition.

Go thy wayes then where thou pleafe, So I by thee / Daie and night I delight / In thy fight, Neuer griefe on me did feaze When thou wast nie mee.

My strength a[t] length, y scorn'd thy faire co[m]mandings Hath not forgot the prise of rash withstandings.

Now my thoughts are free from strife,
Sweete let me kisse thee, / Now can I
Willingly / Wish to die,
For I doe but loath my life,
When I doe misse thee,
Come proue my loue, my hart is not disguised,
Loue showne and knowne ought not to be despised.

## XIII. Once did I loue

Once did I loue, where now I haue no liking
Like can I not for shee was neuer louing.
Once did I proue, but then put by my striking
Strike nill I now though shee were euer prouing,
To proue or strike, it now rests at my will,
To make me loue or like, tis past her skill.

Rest in vnrest, was once my chiefest pleasure,
Please will I now my selfe in her disquiet,
Bad for the best I chose at wanton leasure,
Ease bids me now to brooke a better dyet,
Rich in content I rest to see her plaining,
Whose best at best is bad, not worth the gaining.

#### XIIII. Faire women

Faire women like faire Iewels are,
Whose worth lies in opinion,
To praise them all must be his care
That goes about to win one,
And when he hath her once obtain'd,
To her face he must her flatter
But not to others least he moue their eies.
To leuel at her.

The way to purchase truth in loue, If such way there be anie, Must be to giue her leaue to roue, And hinder one by manie, Beleeue thou must that she is fayre, When poysoned tongues doe sting her, Rich Iewels beare the selfe same hew, Put vpon anie singer.

The perfectest of mind and shape, Must looke for defamations, Liue how they will they cannot scape, Their persons are temptations, Then let the world condemne my choyse, As laughing at my follie, If she be kind the selfe same voyce, I spred of the most hollie.

## XV. Daintie darling

Dainty darling, kinde and free
Fairest maide I euer see,
Deare vouch safe to looke on me,
Listen when I sing to thee,
What I will doe / with a dildoe,
Sing doe with a dildo.

Sweete now goe not yet I praie, Let no doubt thy mind difmaie, Here with mee thou shalt but staie, Onelie till I can displaie,

What[...]

Quicklie prithee now be ftill, Naie you shall not haue your will, Trow you men will maidens kill, Tarrie but to learne the skill,

What[...]

Prettie, wittie, fit mee by, Feare no cast of anie eye, Wee will plaie so priuilie, None shall see but you and I, What[...]

## XVI. My loue is neither young nor old

My loue is neither yoong nor olde Not fiery hot nor frozen colde, But fresh and faire as springing brier, Blooming the fruit of loues desire, Not snowy white, not rosie red, But faire enough for sheepheards bed, And such a loue was neuer seene, On hill or dale or country greene.

#### XVII. Loue is a bable

Loue is a bable, / no man is able
To say tis this or tis that
Tis full of passions / of sundry fashions
Tis like I cannot tell what.

Loues fayre i'th Cradle, / Foule in the fable, Tis eyther too cold or too hot,
An arrand lyar, / Fed by desire,
I[t] is, and yet it is not.

Loue is a fellowe, / clad oft in yellowe, The canker-worme of the mind, A priuie mischiese, / And such a slye thiese, No man knowes which waie to find.

Loue is a woonder, / That's here and yonder, As common to one as to moe, A monstrous cheater, / Euerie mans debter, Hang him, and so let him goe.

#### XVIII. Arife

Arife my thoughts and mount you with the funne, Call all the windes, to make you fpeedy winges, And to my fairest Maya see you runne
And weepe you last, while wantonly shee singes
Then if you cannot moue, her hart to pittie,
Let oh, alas, ayh me be all your dittie.

Arise my thoughts no more if you returne,
Denyed of grace, which onely you desire,
But let the Sunne your winges to ashes burne,
And meete your passions in his quenchles fire,
Yet if you moue fair Mayes heart to pittie,
Let smiles, and loue, and kisses, be your dittie.

Arise my thoughts beyond the highest star, And gently rest you in faire Mayes eye, For that is fairer than the brightest ar[e], But if she frowne to see you climbe so hye, Couch in her lap, and with a mouing dittie, Of smiles, and loue, and kisses, beg for pittie.

## XIX. Did euer man

Did euer man thus loue as I,

I thinke I was made / for no other trade,
My minde doth it fo hard apply,
And all fond¹ courses else doth flie.

Vndooing were a pettie care,

Loofing my best hopes, / In their largest scopes,
Two louing when I doe compare,
Me thinks I could as trifles spare.

1. Self-indulgent, trivial

All my fad thoughts, though wide begunne,

In her still doe meete, / Who makes thinking sweete, And then to me againe they runne,

To tell me all that they have doone.

Thus doe I fpend my dayes and houres,

In a pleasant round, / Where true ioyes are found,

And there alone my foule deuours,

All loues deare foode with longing powers.

A heau'n on earth is loue well met,

There is more content, / Then can well be spent,

When in two fruitfull hearts 'tis fet,

Which will not bee in eithers debt.

## XX. To figh and to be fad

To figh and to bee fad, To weepe and wish to die Is it not to be mad, If not hypocri[fie]?

Men of this fort

Are womens sport

Beauties alluring lookes rob wife men of their reason, That they speake nought at all, or speake all out of [s]eason.

Haue all men eyes to fee? And haue none wit to know? Bloffomes commend no tree,

Where neuer fruit did growe,

Difire doth blind

A louers mind.

He fees and doth allow that vice in his beloued, Fro[m] which no woman can be free or be remoued.

Let euerie thought of loue, Mixt with a world of feares, At last themselues remoue, Oh let consuming teares,

Life blood diftil'd No more be fpil'd,

Since all that scape the fall of womanish rejecting, Must yet be subject to the pride of their neglecting.

#### XXI. Come forrow come

Come forrow come, fweet fcayle,
By the which we afcend to the heau'nly place
Where vertue fitteth fmyling
To fee how fome looke pale
With feare to behold thy ill fauoured face
Vaine shewes their sence beguiling,
For mirth hath no affurance
Nor warranty of durance.

Hence pleasures flie, sweete baite,
On the which they may justly be said to be fooles,
That furfet by much tasting,
Like theeues you lie in waite.
Most subtillie how to prepare sillie soules,
For sorrowes euerlasting.
Wife griefes haue joyfull turnings,
Nice pleasures ende in mournings.