

THE
FIRST BOOKE
OF AYRES.

OR

LITTLE SHORT
SONGS, TO SING AND
PLAY TO THE LVTE,
WITH THE BASE
VIOLE.

NEWLY PUBLISHED

BY

THOMAS MORLEY

Bachelor of Musicke, and one of
the Gent. of her Maiesties Royall
CHAPPEL.



Imprinted at London in little S. Helen's by William Barley,
the assigne of Thomas Morley, and are to be sold at
his house in Gracious streete. 1600.

Cum Privilegio.



THE
BOOK OF
REVAIO

THE
OF THE
OF THE
OF THE

OF THE
OF THE
OF THE

OF THE
OF THE
OF THE

OF THE
OF THE
OF THE



TO THE WORTHIE AND VERTVOVS
LOVER OF MVSICKE, RALPH
BOSVILLE ESQUIRE.



*Ir, the loue which you do beare to my qualitie, proceedeth
(no doubt) of an excellent knowledge you haue therein.
(For vncouth vnkiſt ſaith venerable Chaucer:) But that
which (among ſo many profeſſors thereof) you beare to
my ſelfe in particular, muſt ſimply flowe from the bountie
of a generous ſpirit, there being no other meanes in me to
deſerue the ſame, but onely deſire. In recompence therefore of my priuate
fauours, I thought it the part of an honeſt minde, to make ſome one pub-
lique teſtimonie and acknowledgement thereof. And that, by conſecrating
vnto your proteccion theſe few light Ayres for the Lute voice and Violl one-
ly. Which as they were made this vacation time, you may uſe, likewise, at
your vacant bowers. But ſee the folly of me, who whiſt I look for a Patrone,
haue lighted on a iudge. This muſt be the comfort that, as they muſt en-
dure the cenſure of your iudicious eare: ſo ſhall they bee ſure
of the proteccion of your good word. And herewith
once more I humbly commend them
and me to your good
opinion.*

At your deuotion now and euer.

THO. MORLEY.



TO THE READER.



Et it not seeme strange (courteous Reader) that I thus farre presume to take vpon me, in publishing this volume of Lute Ayres, being no professor thereof, but like a blind man groping for my way, haue adlength happened vpon a method; which when I found, my heart bumping loue to my friends would not consent I might conceale. Two causes moued me heereunto, the first to satisfie the world of my no idle howers (though both Gods visitation in sicknesse, and troubles in the world, by sutes in Law haue kept me busied.) The other cause was to make tryall of my first fruites, which being effected, I will commend to indifferent and no partiall iudges. If *Morus* doe euer carpe, let him doc it with iudgement least my booke in silence flout his little iudgement. If he would faine scoffe, yet feareth to doe it through his wits defect, let him shew iudgement in his tongues restraint, in the allowance of that which I doubt not, but more iudiciall cares shall applaude. Too many there are, who are fillily indewde with an humour of reprehension, and those are they that euer want true knowledge of apprehension. I know that *Scientia non habet inimicum prater ignorantem*: but I shall not feare their barking questes. This booke expects the fauourable censure of the exquisite iudiciall cares, scorning the wel-come of any *Mydas*, if therefore the more worthie receiue it into their fauour, it is as much as euer I wished, or can expect. In lue whereof, I shall by this encouragement promise and produce sundrie fruites of this kind, which verie shortly I will commend vnto you. In the meane time I commend and commit both this and my selfe, to your euer good opinion. And salute you with a hartie, *Adieu*.

Your s in all loue.

THO. MORLEY.



A TABLE CONTAINING ALL THE SONGS IN THIS BOOKE.

<i>A Painted tale.</i>	i.
<i>Tibris and Milla, the first part.</i>	ij.
<i>She straight her light, the second part</i>	ijj.
<i>With my loue.</i>	ijj.
<i>I saw my Ladie weeping.</i>	v.
<i>It was a louer.</i>	vj.
<i>Who is it that this darke night.</i>	vij.
<i>Mistresse mine.</i>	vij.
<i>Can I forget.</i>	ix.
<i>Loue winged my hopes.</i>	x.
<i>What if my mistresse.</i>	xj.
<i>Come sorrow come.</i>	xj.
<i>Faire in a morne.</i>	xij.
<i>Absence here thou.</i>	xij.
<i>White as Lillies.</i>	xij.
<i>What lacke ye Sir.</i>	xij.
<i>Will ye buy a fine Dogge.</i>	xvij.
<i>Sleepe slumbring eyes.</i>	xvij.
<i>Much haue I loued.</i>	xix.
<i>Fantasticke loue, the first part.</i>	xx.
<i>Poore soule, the second part.</i>	xxj.
<i>Pauane.</i>	xxj.
<i>Galliard.</i>	xxij.

FINIS.



Pain - ted tale by

Po - ets skill de - uised , where words well plaft great store of loue profest.

In loues at - tyre can ne - uer Maske dif - guyde,

For looks and fighs true loue can best expresse, And he whose wordes his pafions night can tell

Dooth more in wordes dooth more in wordes then in true loue ex - cell ,

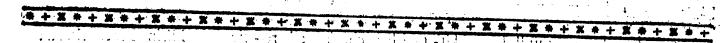
Painted tale.

A

FOR THE BASE VIOL

THO. MORLEY

I



And he whose wordes his pafions night can tell : Dooth more in wordes, dooth more in words

then in true loue ex - cell,



Hirſu and Mills, arme in arme together, In merimerimay to the greene

garden walked, Where all the way, where ij. they wanton ij, ij. ri- dles

talked, The youthfull boye, kif- ſing her cheekes all ro- ſie kiſſing her cheekes all

ro- ſie, Be- ſeecht her there to ga- ther him a po- ſye. The

youth- full boy, kiſſing her cheekes all ro- ſie, kif- ſing her cheekes all ro- ſie;

Hirſu and Mills.

FOR THE BASS VIOLA, The first part. 11. THO. MORLEY.

Beſeecht her there to ga- ther him a po- ſie.



Hee straight hir light greene sil-ken cotes vp tucked

and May for Mill and Time for *Theris* plucked, which whé she broght hee clasp't her

by the middle, And kist her sweete ij. but could not read her riddle, Ah foole, ij, with that the

Nimph set vp a laughter, And blusht, and ran and ran away ij. ij. ij.

And he ran af-ter, And hee ran after after. And hee ranne

Hee straight.

THO. MORLEY. III. THE SECOND PART.

af - ter af - ter and hee ranne af - ter

af - ter.

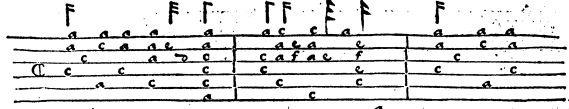
CANTVS.

IIII.

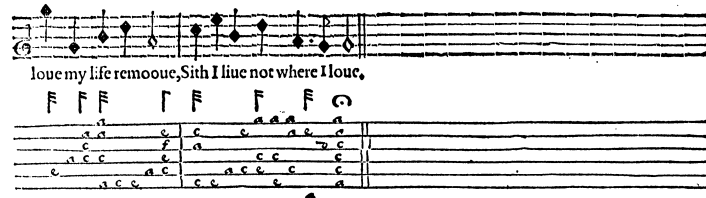
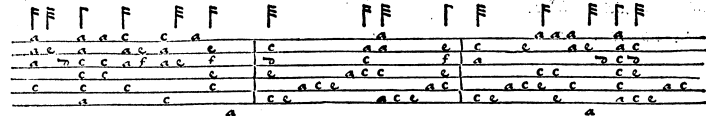
THO. MORLEY.



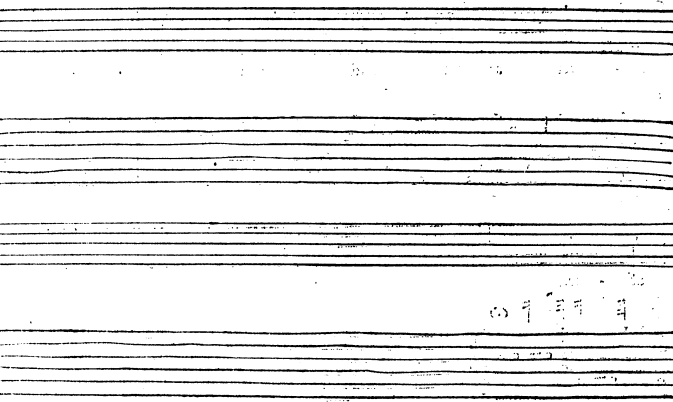
Ith my loue my life was nestled, In the some of happines, From my loue my



life was wrested, To a world of heauines, O let loue my life remoue, Sith I liue not wher I loue, O let



loue my life remouue, Sith I liue not wher I loue,



Ith my loue,



THO. MORLEY.

IIII.

FOR THE BASE VIOL.



2 Where the truth once was and is not,
Shadows are but vanities,
Shewing want that helpe they cannot,
Signes not flauers of miseries,
Painted meate no hunger feedes,
Dying life each death exceeds.

3 O true loue since thou hast left me,
Mortall life is tedious,
Death it is to liue without thee,
Death of all most odious,
Turne againe and take me with thee,
Let me die, or liue thou in me,





Saw

my La - dye wee - ping , And forrowe proud to bee ad-uau-n-ced so ,

In thofe fayre eyes ij. Where all perfection kept her face was full of

woe, But fuch a woe, Bee Iccue mee

as winnes mennes heartes , Then myrth can doo, Then

Saw my Ladeweping.

THO. MORLEY.

FOR THE BASE VIOLA.

mirth can doo with her intifing partes, But fuch a woe,

Bee Iccue me as winnes mennes heartes , Then

myrth can doo, Then myrth can doo with her intifing partes,



I was a louer and his lassie, With a haye .with a hoe and a hayenonic

no and a haye nonic nonic no, That ore the green cornè fields did passe in spring time, ij, ij.

the only pretiring time whè birds do sing, hay ding ading ading ij, ij. sweete

louers loue the springe in spring time, ij. The onely pretiring time whè birds do sing, Haye

ding ading ading, ij. ij. sweete louers loue the spring.

I WAS A LOUER

THO. MORLEY VI. FOR THE BASE VIOLA



- 2 Betwene the Akers of the rie,
With a hay, with a ho and a hay nonic no,
These prettie Countrie fooles would lic,
In spring time, the onely prettie ring time,
When Birds doe sing, hay ding a ding a ding,
Sweete louers loue the spring.
- 3 This Carrell they began that houre,
With a hay, with a ho and a hay nonic no,
How that a life was but a flower,
In spring time, the onely prettie ring time,
When Birds doe sing, hay ding a ding a ding,
Sweete louers loue the spring.
- 4 Then prettie louers take the time,
With a hay, with a ho and a hay nonic no,
For loue is crowned with the prime,
In spring time, the onely prettie ring time,
When Birds doe sing, hay ding a ding a ding,
Sweete louers loue the spring.



Ho is it that this darke

night . VVho is it that this darke night , Vnder my

window play - neth, It is one that from thy fight bee - ing ah ex - ilde dif -

dai - neeh cue - ric o - ther vul - gar light , It is one that from thy fight

be - ing ah ex - ilde dif - dai - neeh e - ue - ric other vul - gar light.

Ho is it that this darke night.

THO. MORLEY.

VII.

FOR THE BASE VIOL.

2 Why alas and are you he,
Be not those fond fancies changed,
Deare when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruine be,

3 Well in absence this will die,
Leaue to see, and leaue to wonder,
Absence sure will helpe if I,
Can learne how my selfe to funder,
From what in my heart doth lie.

4 But time will these thoughts remoue,
Time doth worke what no man knoweth:
Time doth as the subiect proue.
With time still the affection groweth,
In the faithfull turtle Doue.

5 What if you new beauties see,
Will not they stirre new affection,
I will thinke they pictures bee:
Image like of Saints perfection,
Poorely counterfeiting thee.

6 But the reasons purest light,
Bids you leaue such minds to nourish,
Deare doe reason no such spite,
Neuer doth thy beautie flourish,
More then in my reasons fight,

7 But the wrongs loue beares will make,
Loue at length leaue vnder taking,
No the more fooles it doe shake,
In a ground of so firme making,
Deeper still they driue the stake,

8 Peace I thinke that some giue eare,
Come no more least I get anger,
Blisse I will my blisse forbear,
Fearing sweete you to endanger,
But my soule shall harbor there,

9 Well be gon, be gon I say,
Least that Argues eyes perceiue you,
O vniustest fortunes sway,
Which can make me thus to leaue,
And from Loutes to runne away.

CANTVS.

VIII.

THO. MORLEY.



Itteresse mine well may you fare, Kind be your thoughts and void of care,

Sweete Saint Venus bee your speede, That you may in loue proceede, Coll mee and clip and

kisse me to, So so so so true loue should do, Coll me and clip and kisse mee to, So so so so

so true loue should doo,

Itteresse mine.

M

FOR THE BASE VIOLA

THO. MORLEY.

VIII.



- 2 This faire morning Sunnic bright,
That giues life to lones delight;
Eueric hart with heate inflames,
And our cold affection blames.
Coll me and clip and kisse me to,
So so so so true loue should do.
- 3 In these woods are none but birds,
They can speake but silent words:
They are prettie harmeleffe things,
They will shade vs with their wings.
Coll me and clip and kisse me to,
So so so so true loue should do.
- 4 Neuer strue nor make no noyes,
Tis for foolish girles and boyes,
Eueric childish thing can say,
Goe to, how now, pray away.
Coll me and clip and kisse me to,
So so so so true loue should do,



CANTVS.

IX.

THO. MORLEY.



An I forget what reasons force, Imprinted in my heart, Can I vn-

think these restless thoughtes when first I felt loues dart, Shall tongue recall what

thoughts & loue by reason once did speake. No, no all thinges faue death wantes

force that faith - full band to breake, No, no all thinges faue death wantes force that

faithfull band to breake.

An I forget,

THO. MORLEY.

IX.

FOR THE BASE VIOLIN.



- 2 For now I proue no life to loue, where fancie breeds content,
True loues reward with wise regard, is neuer to repent,
It yeelds delight that feedes the fight, whilst distance doe them part,
Such foode fedd me when I did see, in mine another hart,
- 3 Another hart I spied, combind within my brest so fast,
As to a straunger I seemde strange, but loue fore'd loue at last,
Yet was I not as then I seem'd, but rather wish to see,
If in so full of harbour loue, might constant lodged bee.
- 4 So *Cupid* playes oft now a dayes, and makes the foole seeme faire,
He dims the sight breeding delight, where we seeme to dispaire,
So in our hart he makes them sport, and laughs at them that loue,
Who for their paine gets this againe, their loue no liking inoue.



CANTVS,

X.

THO. MORLEY.



One wingd my hopes and taught them how to flie,

Farre from base earth, But not to mount, But not to mount, But not to mount

to hie. For true pleasure ij. liues in measure which if men for

fake, Blinded they into follie run, Blinded they into follie follie

runne, And griele, And griele, And griele for pleasure take. For

One wingd my hopes

FOR THE BASE VIOLE

THO. MORLEY

X

But my vaine hopes proud of their new taught light,
 Enamard fought to woo the Sunnes faire light,
 VWhole rich brightnesse, moued their lightnesse,
 To aspire so high:
 That all forreth & confum'd with fire, now drown'd in woo they lie;



And none but loue their wo full hap doth rue,
 For loue doth know that their desires were true,
 Though fates frowned and now drown'd,
 They in sorrow dwell,
 It was the purrit light of heauen, for whose faire louse they fill,

true pleasure ij. liues in measure which if men for fake,

Blinded they into folly run, Blinded they into follie follie runne, And griele, And griele,

And griele for pleasure take.

D

CANTVS.

XI.

THO. MORLEY.

Har if my mistresse now will needs vnconstant be, Wilt thou be the so false in

loue as well as shee, No no such false hoode see, though women faithlesse be, No no such fals hood

see, though women faithlesse be.

Har if my mistresse.

THO. MORLEY. XI. FOR THE BASE VIOL.



- 2 My mistresse frownes and sweares that now I loue her not,
The change shee finds, is that which my dispaire begot,
Dispaire which is my loue, since shee all faith forgot.
- 3 Shee blames my truth and causelesly accuseth me,
I must not let mine eyes report what they doe see,
My thoughts restraind must be, and yet shee will goe free,
- 4 If shee doth change shee must not be in constancie,
For why shee doth professe to take such libertie,
Her selfe shee will vntie, and yet fast bound am I.
- 5 If shee at once doe please to fauour more then one,
I agreed in humble sort to make my mone,
I spake not to a stone, where sence of loue is none.
- 6 But now let loue in time redresse all these my wrongs,
And let my loue receiue the due to her belongs,
Els thus ile frame my song or change my mistresse longs.
- 7 Which if I find my hart some other where shall dwell,
For louing not to be beloued it is a hell,
Since so my hap befell, I bid my loue farre well.



CANTYS.

XII.

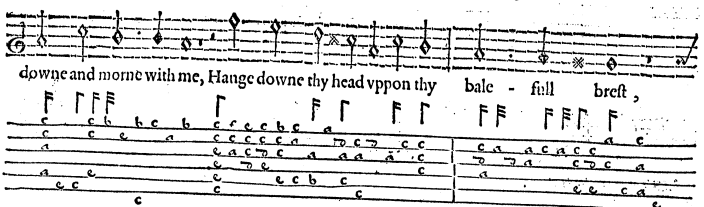
THO. MORLEY.



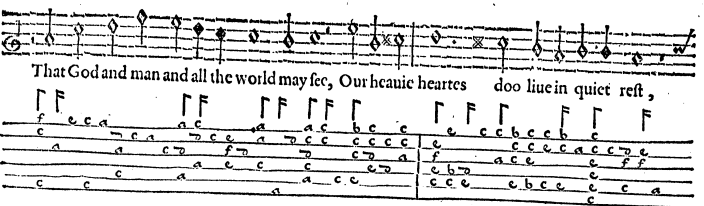
One sorrow come fit



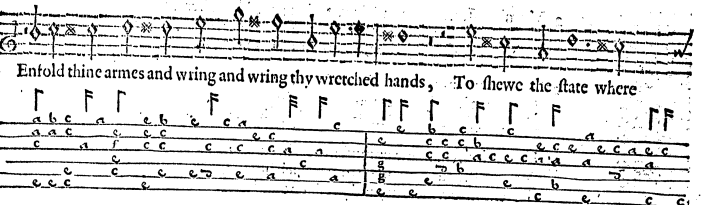
downe and mome with me, Hange downe thy head vppon thy bale - full brest,



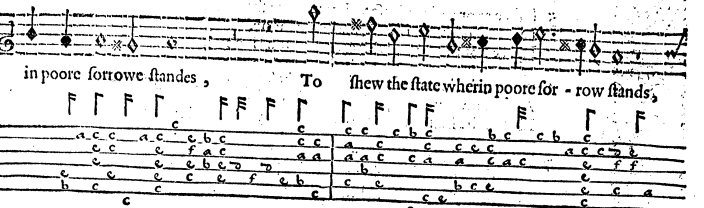
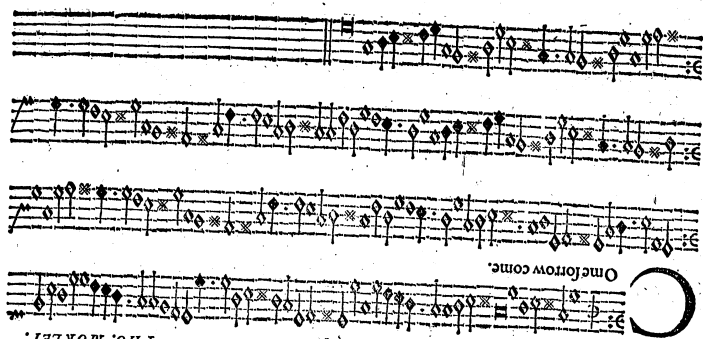
That God and man and all the world may see, Our heauic heartes doo liue in quiet rest,



Enfold thine armes and wring and wring thy wretched hands, To shewe the state where



in poore sorrowe standes, To shew the state wherin poore sorrowe standes,

THO. MORLEY. XII. FOR THE BASE VIOLA.

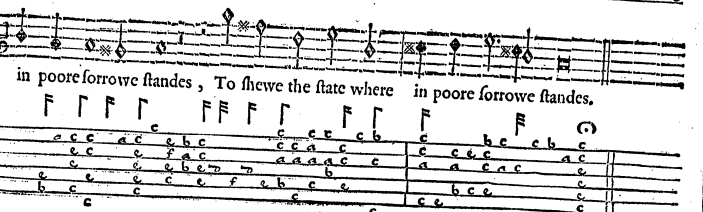
2 Crie not our-right for that were childrens guife,
 But let thy teares all trickling downe thy face,
 And weepe so long vntill thy blubbered eyes,
 May see (in Sunne) the depth of thy disgrace.
 O shake thy head, but not a word but mumme.
 The heart once dead, the tongue is froken dumme,

3 And let our fare be dishes of disfight,
 To breake our hearts and not our fastes withall,
 Then let vs sup, with sorrowe sops at night,
 And bitter sawce, all of a broken gall,
 Thus let vs liue, till heaueus may rue to see,
 The dolefull doome ordained for thee and mee,

Enfold thine armes & wring, And wring thy wretched hands, To shewe the state where



in poore sorrowe standes, To shewe the state where in poore sorrowe standes,



CANTVS.

XIII.

THO. MORLEY.



Aire in a morne oh fairest morne was euer morne so faire, When as the

sun but not the fame that shined in the ayre, And on a hill, oh fairest hill was neuer hill so blessed,

Ther stood a man was neuer man for no man so distressed, There stood a man was

neuer man for no man so distressed,

Aire in a morne.

THO. MORLEY.

XIII.

FOR THE BASE VIOLA.



- 2 But of the earth no earthly Sunne, and yet no earthly creature,
There stood a face was neuer face, that carried such a feature,
This man had hap O happie man, no man so hap as he,
For none had hap to see the hap, that he had hap to see,
- 3 And as he behold this man beheld, he saw so faire a face,
The which would daunt the fairest here, and staine the brauest grace,
Pittie he cried, and pittie came, and pittied for his paine,
That dying would not let him die, but gaue him life againe.
- 4 For ioy where of he made such mirth, that all the world did ring,
And P-n for all his *Nymphes* came forth, to heare the Shepherds sing,
But such a song neuer was, nor nere will be againe,
O *Philida* this shepards Queene, and *Coridon* the swaine.



ANTY.S.

XIII.

THO. MORLEY.



Bfence heree

thou my pro - testa - tion , Against thy strength , distaunce and length doo

what you dare, Doe what you dare, For al - tera - tion , For

hartes of tru - est met - tall , Absence dooth ioyne, Absence doth ioyne,

And time dooth fet - tle , And time dooth fet - tle.