



LAWES

PSALMS

LAWES' PSALMS.

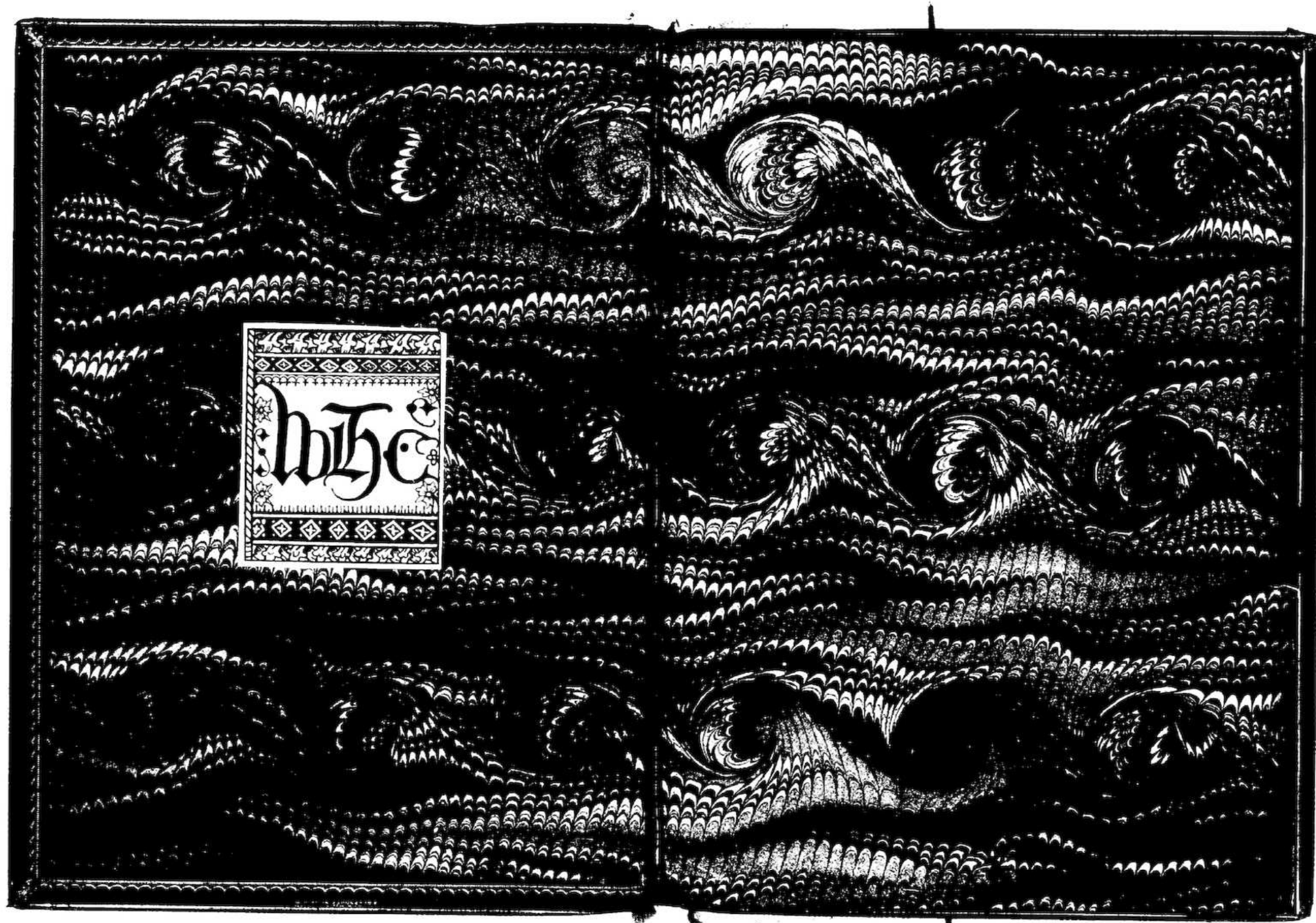


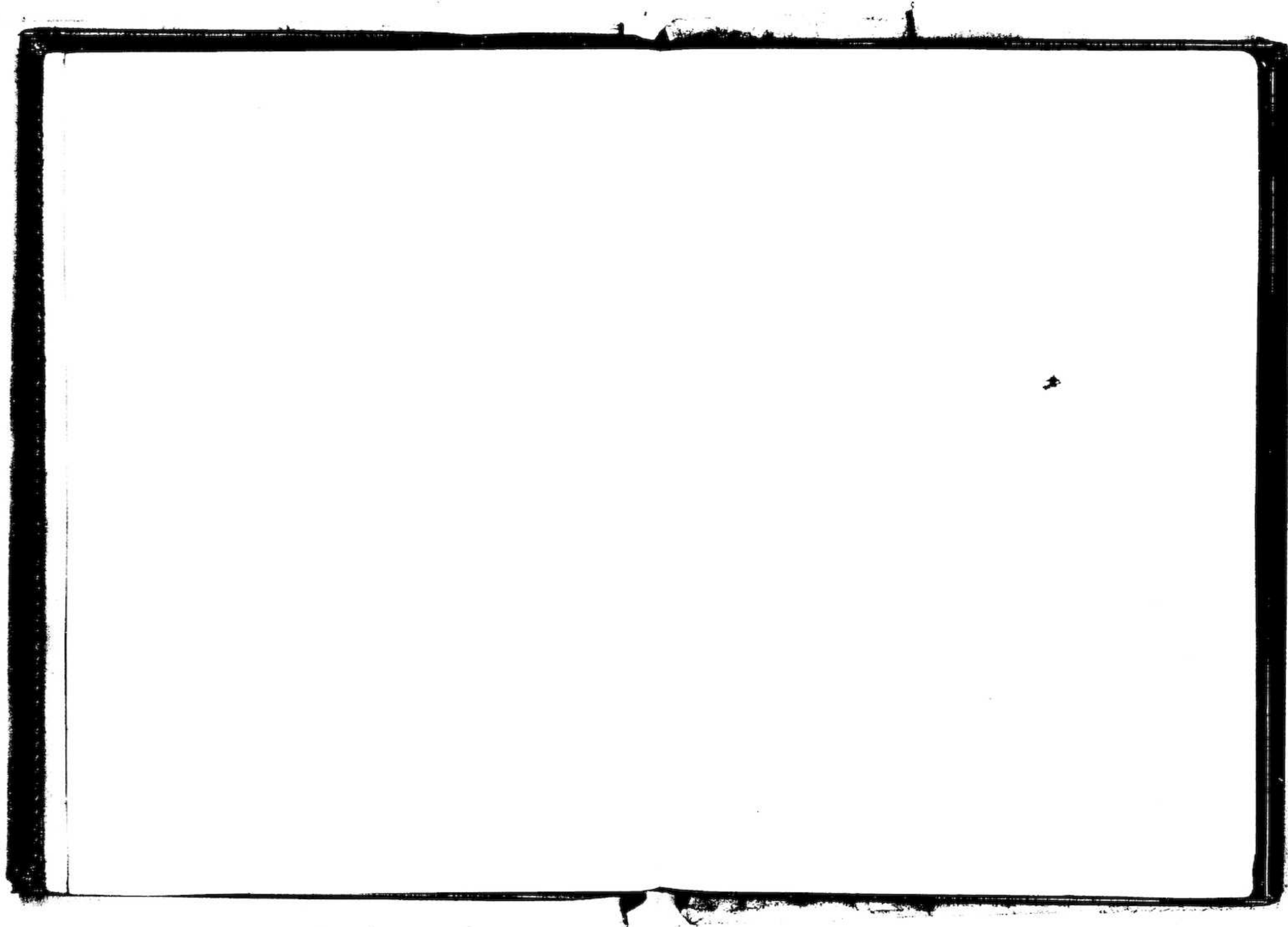
1648.



1648







CHOICE PSALMES
PUT INTO
MUSICK,
For Three Voices.

The most of which may properly enough be sung
by any three, with a Thorough Base.

COMPOSED by

Henry
and } *Lawes*, Brothers; and Servants to
William } His Majestie.

With divers Elegies, set in Musick by sev'ral Friends, upon the
death of WILLIAM LAWES.

And at the end of the Thorough Base are added nine Canons of
Three and Foure Voices, made by *William Lawes*.

LONDON,

Printed by *James Young*, for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the Prince's Armes in
St. Pauls Church-yard, and for *Richard Wodenothe*, at the Sign under
S. Peters Church in Corn-hill. 1648.



*Carolus D. G. Rex Ang.
Sco. Fran. et Hiber.*

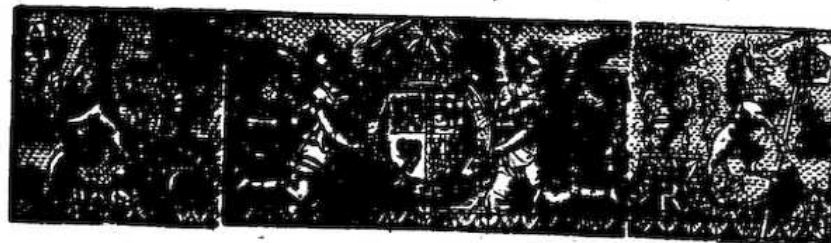


Regi, Regis, &c.

Regum Ar- ca- na cano.

Henricus Lawes

Regiae Majestatis à sacra Musica.



TO HIS
Most Sacred Majestie,
CHARLES,

B. Y
THE GRACE OF GOD,
King of great Brittain, France and Ireland,
Defender of the Faith, &c.



Could not answer mine owne Conscience (most Gracious Sovereigne) should I dedicate these Compositions to any but Your Majestie; they were born and nourish'd in Your Majesties service, and long since design'd (such as they are) an Offering to Your Royall hand. Many of them were compos'd by my Brother (*William Lawes*,) whose life and endeavours were devoted

A 3

to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to Your service, whereof, I (who know his heart) am a surviving witness, and therein he perfitted to that last minute, when he fell a willing Sacrifice for Your Majestie: I were unworthy such a Brother, should I render ought that is his, to mine, to any but our Gracious Master (from whose Royall Bounty both of us receiv'd all we enjoy'd;) and such an Inscription would not only seem a Theft and Alienation of what is Your Majesties, but (which I most abhorre) would make me taste of these ungratefull dayes. Your Majestie knowes when the Regall Prophet first penn'd these Psalmes, he gave them to the Musicians to be set to tunes; and they humbly brought them to David the King. Besides, Mr. Sandys subscribes his Translation to Your Sacred Majestie; so that this I offer is Your Majesties in all capacities and doth not so properly come, as rebound back to Your Majestie. I was easily drawn to this presumption, by Your Majesties known particular affection to David's Psalmes, both because the Psalter is held by all Divines one of the most excellent parts of holy Scripture, as also in regard much of Your Majesties present condition, is lively described by King David's pen. The King of Heaven and Earth restore Your Majestie according to Your own righteous heart, which is the daily earnest prayer of

Your Majesties most humble,

most loyally devoted Subject and Servant,

HENRY LAWES.



To the R E A D E R.



These following Compositions of mine and my Brothers, set at severall times, and upon severall Occasions, (having been often heard, and well approv'd of, chiefly by such as desire to joyne Musick with Devotion) I have been much importuned to send to the Presse, and should not easily have been perswaded to it now, (especially in these dissident times) but to doe a Right (or at least to shew my Love) to the Memory of my Brother, unfortunately lost in these unnaturall Waxes: yet lyes in the Bed of Honour, and expir'd in the Service and Defence of the King his Master. Living, he was generally known, and (for his Parts) much honoured by Persons of best quality and condition. To give a further Character of him I shall forbear, because of my neer relation, and rather referre that to those Elegies which many of his noble Friends have written in a peculiar Book: But, as to what he hath done in Musick, I shall desire the present and the future Age, that so much of his Works as are here published, may be received, as the least part of what he hath compos'd, and but a small Testimony of his greater Compositions, (too voluminous for the Presse) which I the rather now mention,

To the Reader.

mention, lest being, as they are, disperst into private hands, they may chance be hereafter lost; for, besides his Fancies of the Three, Four, Five and Six Parts to the Viols and Organ, he hath made above thirty severall sorts of Musick for Voices and Instruments: Neither was there any Instruments then in use, but he compos'd to it so aptly, as if he had only studied that. As for that which is my part in this Composition, I had not thought at all (though much urg'd) to publish; but that, as they had their birth at the same time with his, and are of the same kinde, so they might enter both into the light together, and accompany one another being so neere allied; Mine taking precedence of order only, not of worth. I may be thought too partiall in what I have spoke of a Brother; but here following many of our Friends and Fellowes, (whose excellency in Musick is very well knowne) who doe better speak for him, while they mourne his Obsequies: yet I (oblig'd before all other) cannot but bewaile his losse, and shall celebrate his memory to my last houre.

Henry Lawes.



To the Incomparable Brothers, Mr. Henry,
and Mr. William Lawes (Servants to His Majestie)
upon the setting of these Psalmes.



He various Musick, both for Aire and Art,
These Arch-Musicians, in their sev'ral waies
Compos'd, and Acted, merit higher praise
Then wonder-wanting knowledge can impart.
Brothers in blood, in Science and Affection,
Belov'd by those that envie their Renowne;
In a False Time true Servants to the Crowne:
Lawes of themselves, needing no more direction.
The depth of Musique one of them did sound,
The t'other took his flight into the aire:
O then thrice happy and industrious paire,
That both the depth and height of Musique found.
Which my sweet Friend, the life of Lovers pens,
In so milde manner hath attain'd to do,
He looks the better, and his hearers too;
So in exchange all Ladies are his friends.
And when our Meditations are too meane
To keep their raptures longer on the wing,
They soar'd up to that Prophet and that King,
Whose Love is God, and Heav'n his glorious Scene:
Setting his Psalmes, whereby both they and we
May singing rise to immortalitie.



To his Friend M^r. *Henry Lawes*, upon his Compositions.

TO chaine wilde Winds, calme raging Seas, recall
From profound Hell, and raise to Heav'n, are all
Of Harmony no fables, but true story;
Man has within a storme, a paine, a glory:
And these in me struck by that art divine,
Submit to Musique, above all to thine.

J. Harrington.

To my Friend M^r. *Henry Lawes*.

HArry, whose tunefull and well measur'd song
First taught our English Music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With *Midas* eares, committing short and long,
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envie to look wan:
To after age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth Aire couldst humour best our tongue.
Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must lend her wing
To honour thee, the Priest of *Phabus* Quire,
That tun'st their happiest Lines in hymne or * story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Then his *Casella*, whom he woo'd to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

* The Story
of Ariadne
set by him in
Music.

J. Milton.



To my worthy Friend (and Countriman,)

M^r. *Henry Lawes*, upon his owne, and his Brother

M^r. *William Lawes*'s incomparable Works.

WHere shall I place my wonder, when I see
Such right in both to't, such equalitie
Of worth in either, that it can't be knowne
Which does the greatest, and the highest owne:
So when two Tapers mixe their beames, we say,
Not this more lustre has, or that more ray;
But each has title to the light, and they
Make up one, common, undistinguish'd day:
Or, as when th' *Flamen* divers incense fires,
The perfume severs not, but in one aspires,
So that from this Spice, or that piece of Gum,
We cannot say, such, or such odours come:
But mounting in a generall unknowne cloud,
The wonder of the breath's to each allow'd;
So here, such equall worth from each does flow,
That to each light, to each we incense owe.

'Twas no necessitie (yet) this Union made,
(As when a weaker light does droop, and fade,
Unlesse assisted by another) No:
Each singly could full beames and odours throw.
No wanton, ruder aires affright your eare;
Th'are pious only, and chaste numbers here:
(Such was that lovely *Pæan*, when the displeas'd
Incensed God th' *Achaick* Host appeas'd,)

Becoming

Becoming or the Temple, or the Shrine,
Fit to the words they speak; like them, divine.

Such numbers does the soule consist of, where the
Meeting a glance of her owne harmonie,
Moves to those sounds she heares; and goes along
With the whole sence and passion of the song;
So to an equall height, two strings being wound,
This trembles with the others strokes, and the sound,
Which stir'd this first, the other does awake;
And the same harmonie they both partake.

Nor doe they only with the soule agree
In this; they share too in its eternitie:
And this, the one part of this work has tri'd,
For, though himselfe remov'd, this does abide,
And shall doe ever: here, his memory
Shall still survive, and contemne destiny.

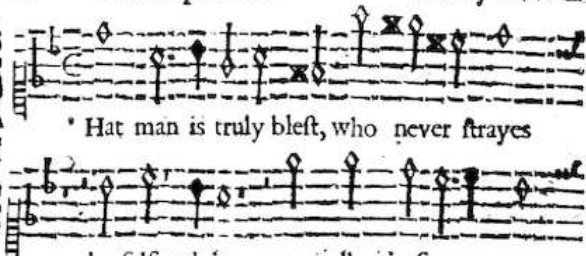
The same waits you (Sir) and when e'r you're sent
From us, you'll live here your owne monument.

Fr. Sambrooke.

Of 3. Voc.

I. Cantus primus.

Henry Lawes.



* Hat man is truly blest, who never strays

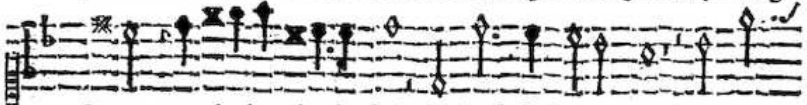
by false advice, nor walkes in sinners wayes,



nor fits infested with their scornfull pride, who God contemne! and



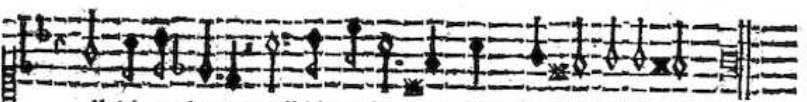
pietie deride: he shall be like the tree that spreads his root by living



streames producing timely fruit, his leafe shall never fall: the Lord



shall bleffe all his endeavors with desir'd successe, The Lord, &c.



all his endeavors, all his endeavors with desir'd desir'd successe.

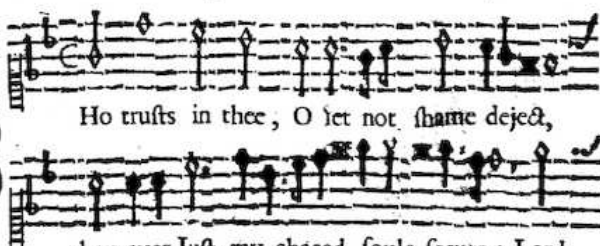
B

Of 3. Voc.

II.

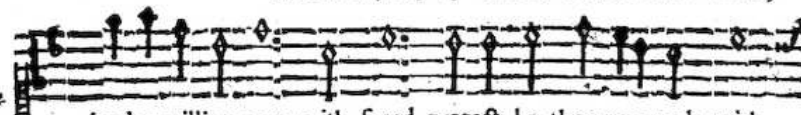
Cantus primus.

Henry Lawes.

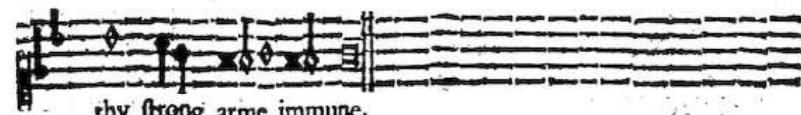


Ho trusts in thee, O let not shame deject,

thou ever Just, my chased soule secure : Lord,



lend a willing eare, with speed protect, be thou my rock, with



thy strong arme immune.

Of 3. Voc.

III.

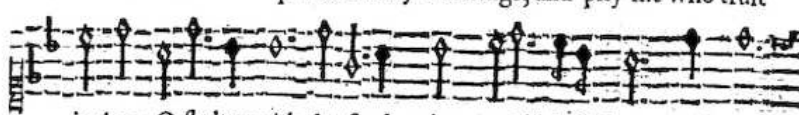
Cantus primus.

Henry Lawes.

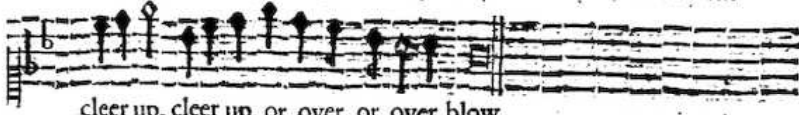


Thou from whom all mercy springs, com-

passionate my sufferings, and pity me who trust



in thee : O shelter with thy shady wings, untill these stormes of woe



cleer up, cleer up, or over, or over blow.

Of 3. Voc.

I V.

Cantus primus.

Henry Lawes.

N Ot in thy wrath against me rise, nor in thy
fury Lord chastise: thy arrowes wound, naile to
the ground, thy hand upon upon me lyes, thy hand upon, thy
hand upon me lyes.

Of 3. Voc.

V.

Cantus primus.

Henry Lawes.

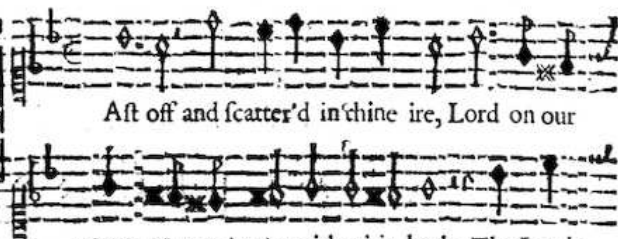
L Ord judge my cause, thy piercing eye, beholds
my foules in- tegrity. How can I fall
when I, and all my hopes on thee relye, when I and all my
hopes on thee relye.

Of 3. Voc.

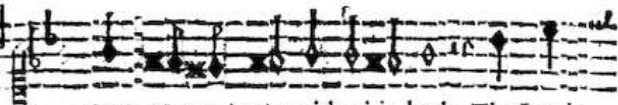
VI.

Cantus primus.

Henry Lawes.



Aft off and fcatter'd in chine ire, Lord on our



woes, on our woes with pitie look: The Lands



inforc'd foundations fhock, whose yawning ruptures fighes expire:



O cure the breaches thou haft rent, and make them firmly permanent.

Of 3. Voc.

VII.

Cantus primus.

Henry Lawes.



Hy beauty Israel is fled, is fled, funk to the

dead, funk, &c. How are the valiant faln ?
how

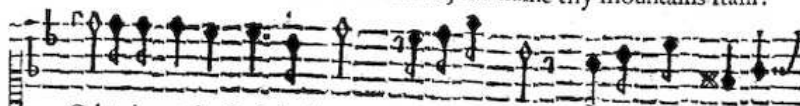
Of 3. Voc.

Cantus primus.

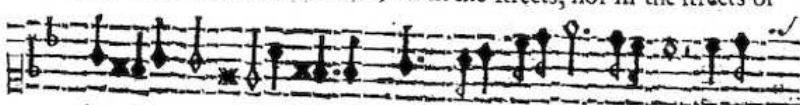
Henry Lawes.



how are the valiant falne ? the flaine, the flaine thy mountains stain:



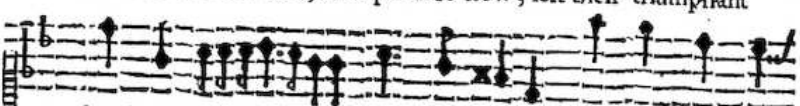
O let it not in Gath be known, nor in the ftreets, nor in the ftreets of



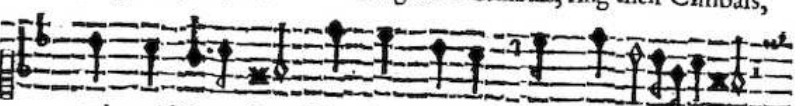
Askalon, left that fad ftory fhould excite their dire delight, left in



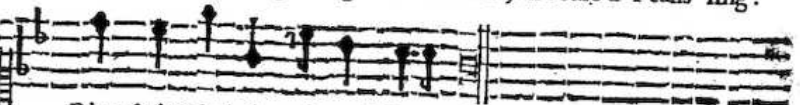
the torrent of our woe, their pleafure flow, left their triumphant



daughters, left, &c. Ring their Cimbals, ring their Cimbals,



and curs'd Peans fing: Ring their Cimbals, and curs'd Peans fing:



Ring their Cimbals, and curs'd Peans fing.

Of 3. Voc. VIII. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.



Vith fighes and cries to God I pray'd, I
pray'd, to him my supplications made, pow'r'd
out my teares, my cares and feares, my wrongs before him laid,
my wrongs before him laid.

Of 3. Voc. IX. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.



Ord, for thy promise sake defend, and thy all-
saying shield, and thy all-saying shield extend: O
heare my cries, O, &c. which with wet eyes and fighes to
thee ascend, and fighes to thee, and fighes to thee ascend.

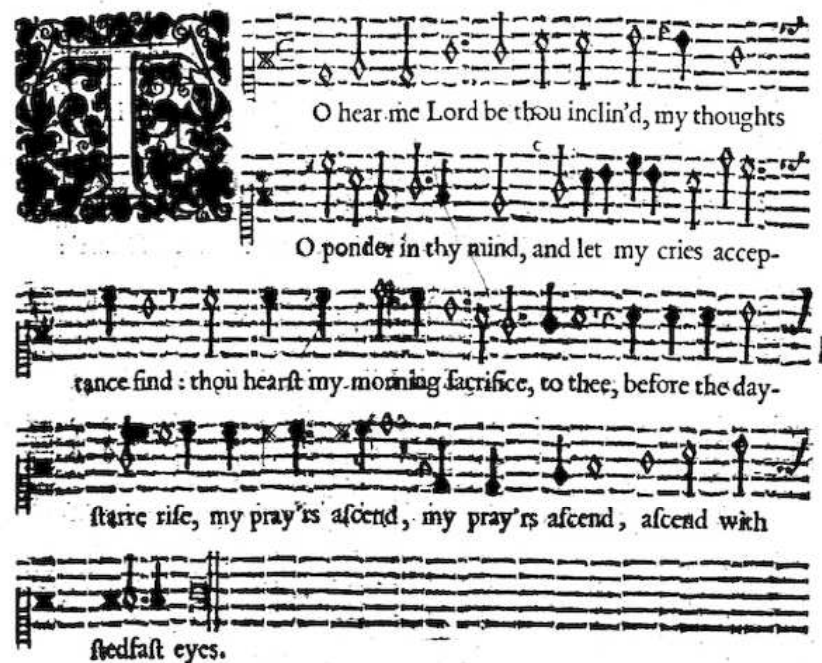
Of 3. Voc. X. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.

Heare my cries, O, &c. preserve his life
 who will thy Lawes obey, thy Lawes obey, and
 just commands, just commands fulfill: mine eyes out-watch the night,
 my cries prevent the early morne, in due devotion spent; heare and
 revive, and revive; thy justice execute on lawlesse men, but thine own
 preserve from their pursuit: thy oft tri'd mercies ever are at hand, thy
 judgements on eternall Bases stand, thy judgements, thy judgements
 on eternall, &c. on eternall Bases stand, on eternall, &c.

Of 3. Voc. XI. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.

Ge is me, that I from Israel exiled must in Me-
 sech dwell, and in the tents, in the tents of Isinael:
 O how long, O how long shall I live with those, whose savage
 minds sweet peace oppose, and fury by dissuasion growes, by dis-
 suasion growes, and fury by dissuasion growes.

Of 3. Voc. XII. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.



O hear me Lord be thou inclin'd, my thoughts
O ponder in thy mind, and let my cries accep-
tance find : thou hearst my morning sacrifice, to thee, before the day-
starre rise, my pray'rs ascend, my pray'rs ascend, ascend with
stedfast eyes.

Of 3. Voc. XIII. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.



Ord showre on us thy grace, enrich, enrich with
gifts divine : Let thy illustrious face upon thy
servants shine, that all below the arched skie, may thee and thy
salvation know, thy salvation know.

Of 3. Voc. XIV. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.



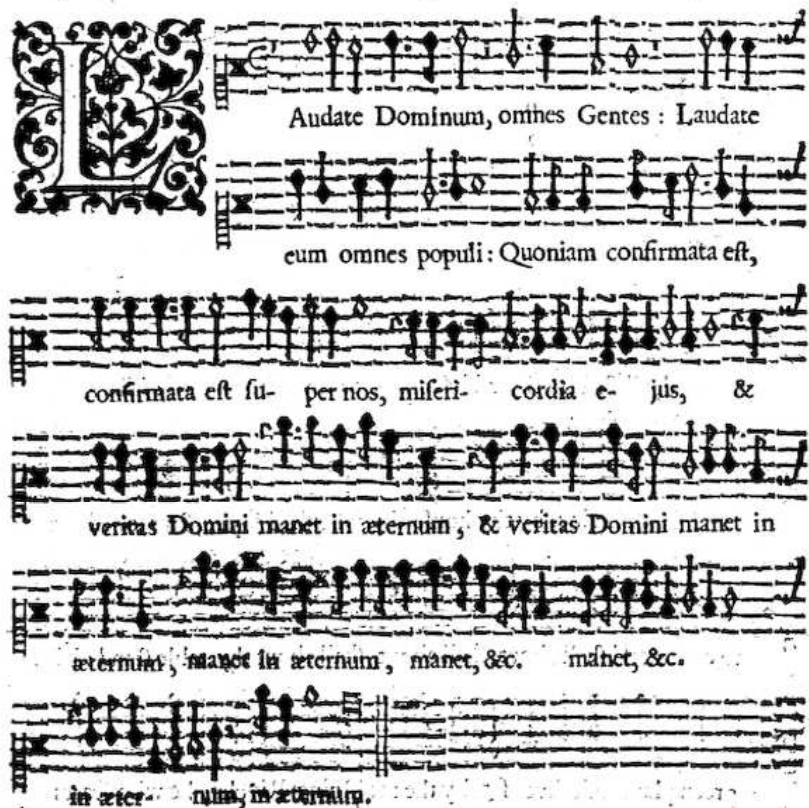
Ow are the Gentiles all on fire ? why rage they
with vaine menacings ? Earths haughty Potentates
and Kings 'gainst God, against his Christ conspire : Break we, say
they, their servile bands, and cast their cords, and cast their cords
from our free hands.

Of 3. Voc. XV. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.



Appy he, happy he who God obeyes, nor from his, from
his direction strays : thou shalt of thy labours feed, all shall to thy wish
succeed, all shall to thy wish succeed, to thy wish succeed : Like a faire
and fruitfull vine, by thy house thy wife shall joyne, sons obedient
to command shall about, shall about, shall about thy table stand : Like
green plants of Olives set, by the moistning Riverlet, he who feares
the pow'r above, thus shall prosper, shall prosper in his love.

Of 3. Voc. XVI. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.



D Audate Dominum, omnes Gentes : Laudate
eum omnes populi : Quoniam confirmata est,
confirmata est su- per nos, miseri- cordia e- jus, &
veritas Domini manet in aeternum, & veritas Domini manet in
aeternum, manet in aeternum, manet, &c. manet, &c.
in aeternum, in aeternum.

Of 3. Voc. XVII. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.



D Epreſt with griefe, depreſt, &c. depreſt, &c. when
all reliefe and humane pity fail'd ; I cri'd, I cri'd,
my God, O look on me, thou ever Juſt, thou, &c. th' afflicted heare,
th' afflicted, &c. O from the grave, O from, &c. O from the grave
thy ſervant ſave, for mercy lives in thee : O from the grave, O from
the grave thy ſervant ſave, for mercy lives in thee, for mercy lives in
thee, for mercy, &c.

Of 3. Voc. XVIII. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.

Blest, O thrice blest is he, whose sins, whose sins re-
mitted be; and whose impiety God covers from his
eyes, to whom his sins are not imputed as forgot: his soule with guile
unfain'd, while silent I remain'd, my bones consum'd away, my
bones, &c. I roared all the day, I roared, roared all the day, for on
me day, and night, thy hand did heavie light, I then my sins confest,
how far I had transgressed, when all I had reveal'd, thy hand my pardon
seal'd, thy hand, thy hand my pardon seal'd.

Of 3. Voc. XIX. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.

Ord to my pray'rs, Lord to my pray'rs encline thine
care, and thy afflicted servant heare; nor these salt
rivers of mine eyes, nor these, &c. my God despise: a
stranger as my fathers were, a stranger, &c. a stranger, &c.
I sojourne here. O let me gather strength, O let, &c. before I passe
away and be no more, before I passe away, before I passe away, away
and be no more.

Of 3. Voc.

XX.

Cantus primus.

Henry Lawes.



Hen grieve, when grieve my lab'ring soul confounds

thou powrest balme, thou powrest balme, thou

powrest balme into her wounds; for thou, O Lord, art my defence, my

refuge, my refuge and my recompence: The vicious shall by vices fall,

by their owne sins be swept, be swept from hence: God shall cut off

their breath, God shall cut off their breath, and give them up to death,

and give them up, and give them up to death.

Of 3. Voc.

XXI.

Cantus primus.

Henry Lawes.



Let our foes with terror quake, let the earths foun-

dation shake: Judgement Gods great pow'r affects,

yet with equity directs, yet with equity directs. These celestiall

twins imbrace, these reflect, these reflect on Jacobs race: O how holy

above all, Honor, Honor, and at his foot-stoole fall.

Of 3. Voc. XXII. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.



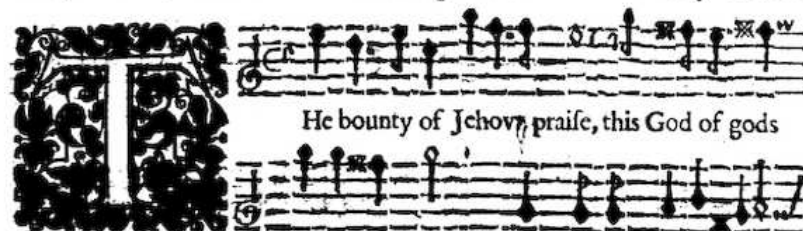
Ow long, O Lord, how long, O Lord, let me not
 for ever be forgot, let me not for e- ver, ever be
 forgot: how long O Lord my God wilt thou contract thy clouded
 brow, contract thy clouded brow: How long in mind perplexed, shall
 I be daily vexed? Consider and heare my cries, illuminate mine eyes,
 left with exhausted breath, I ever sleep in death, I ever sleep, I ever
 sleep in death.

Of 3. Voc. XXIII. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.



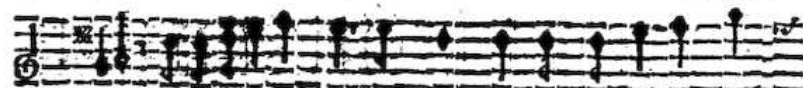
Accept my pray'rs, nor to the cries of my affliction
 stop thine care: Lord in the time of misery, and
 sad restraint serene appeare, the fightings of my spirits heare, and
 when I call with speed reply.

Of 3. Voc. XXIV. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.



He bounty of Jchov, praise, this God of gods

all scepters swaies : thanks to the Lord of lords

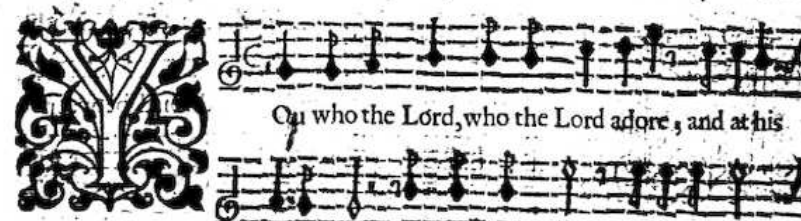


afford, and his amazing wonders blaze, for from the King of kings



eternall mercy springs.

Of 3. Voc. XXV. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.



On who the Lord, who the Lord adore, and at his

Altar wait, who keep your watch, who, &c.



before the threshold of his gate, his praises sing, his praises sing by

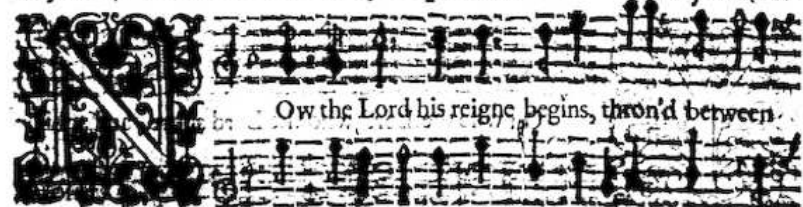


silent night, till cheerfull light, till, &c. till cheerfull light in

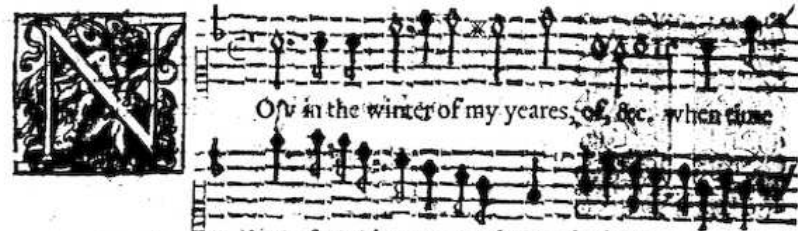


the Orient spring.

Org. Vœc. XXVI. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.



Of 3. Voc XXVII. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.



Of 3. Voc. XXVIII. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.



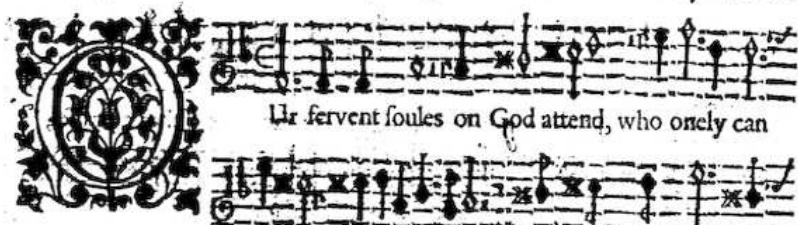
He King Jehova with thy Justice, with thy Justice crowne; and in a God-like reigne his Son renowned; he shall with equity, he shall with equity thy people sway, and Judgement in the scales of Justice weigh. He shall descend like plenty, like plenty dropping showres; which clothe the earth and fill her lap, and fill her lap, and fill her lap with flow'rs.

Of 3. Voc. XXIX. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.



My soule, my soule, and all my faculties Jehova praise; sing, sing till the skies, sing till the skies re-echo his ascending fame: My soule, O celebrate, O celebrate his Name; for he will not ever chide, ever chide, nor constant to his wrath, to his wrath abide; but mildly from his rage relents, and shortens our due, and shortens, and shortens our due punishments: His glorious Name, with sweet accord joyne thou my soule, joyne thou my soule, O joyne thou my soule to praise the Lord.

Of 3. Voc. XXX. Cantus primus. Henry Lawes.



O ye fervent soules on God attend, who onely can

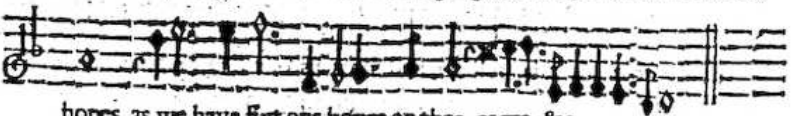
defend, who, &c. in whom our hearts ex-



sile for joy, in whom our hearts exsile for joy; because, because we



on his Name is Iye: Great God to us propitious be, as we have fixt our



hopes, as we have fixt our hopes on thee, as we, &c.



Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,



Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah.

**A Pastorall Elegie to the memory of my deare
Brother William Lawes.**

Of 1. Voc. *Organo blando* 2. Cantus *primito violon choro* 3. Violon



(et in) Ease you, jolly Shepherds, cease your merry layes ;



crown'd with Ivie and with Bayes : let your flockes no more be seen



on the verdant hillocks spread ; but tune your oaten Reeds with saddest



notes, with saddest notes to mourne : for gentle Willy, your lov'd Lawes,



your lov'd *Laves* is dead. Weep, weep, weep Shepherd Swaines for
him that was the glory of your plaines: He could appease the fullen
yeas, and calme the fury of the mind; but now (alas) in silent turne he
lyes, hid from us, and never must returne, and never must returne,
never must returne.

Henry Laves.

An Elegie to the memory of his Friend and Fellow,
Mr. William Laves, servant to his Majestie.

Of 3. Voc.

Cantus primus.

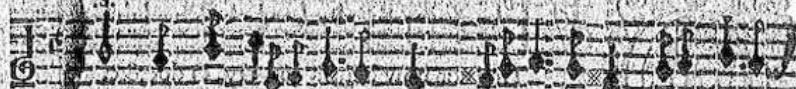


Doe not now lament and cry, O doe, &c.
'tis Fate concludes we all must die; rather rejoyce
that he is there, mending the Musique of the Sphere: we are dull soules
of little worth, and coldly here his praise set forth, who doth that
truly sure must be instructed by divinity. Harke, O harke the celestiall
Quire doth pause to heare his sweeter Lyre: there he is set free from

An Epitaph on the memory of his much respected Friend and Fellow, Mr. William Laves.



vaine feares, or heart-heav'd sighes or brinish teares.



Couldst thou thy fancy send us downe, in Musique we would place a



crowne, so harmonious on thy faire Herse, should our-tongue Ovid in



his sweetest Verse.

By John Wilson Doctor in Musique.

By John Wilson Doctor in Musique.

To the memory of his much respected Friend and Fellow, Mr. William Laves.



Ue that, lov'd Friend, we have been taught, our dearest



dust to mix with dust, I'm with thy Lyre so strangely caught, my true



affection counts it just, and grounds it on a pious care, thy ashes to in-



volve in aire: for thy rare fan- cy, for thy rare fancy from its birth



b'ing for that subtile Region meant, far inconsistent is with earth, or



any inferiour eliment, or any, &c. how can dull clay



presse downe thine eyes, and not an earth-quake straight a- rise



John Taylor

An Elegie on the death of his Friend and Fellow-
servant, Mr. *William Lawes*.

DEARE *Will* is dead, deare, &c. he's dead, *Will Lawes*,
whose active, active braine gave life to many
sweet, to many, &c. to, &c. sweet harmonious straine, whose bound-
lesse skill made Musick speak such sense, as if 't had sprung from an
intelligence, as, &c. as if 't had sprung from an intelligence.
In his just proportioned songs there might you find his
soule copy'd with heav'n, his, &c. his, &c. heaven with his

mind, and in such language Rhetorick never knew, for his were Rhe-
torick and sweet Musick, and, &c. Sweet Musick too! Like that
which brought from the Impe- riall skie Angels to men, Angels, &c.
from men made Divels flee, from, &c. Di- vels flee. But
(oh) he's dead, he's dead, oh he's dead; but oh, &c. Oh he's dead.
To heav'n is he gone? is he gone? the life of Musick, and laus,
laus of our Nation.

By *John Cob*, Organist of his Majesties Chappell Royall.

To the memory of his Friend,
Mr. William Lawes.

Brave Spirit, art thou fled? and shall not we, since
thou so soon art dead shed teares for thee? O
let our eyes like Limbecke be, still dropping, dropping teares
for thee.

By Captain Edmond Foster.

An Elegie on the death of his deare fraternall Friend
and Fellow, Mr. William Lawes, servant to his Majesty.

Lament and mourne, he's dead and gone, la-
ment, &c. that was the most Admired one,
re-nowned Lawes, Generall of the Forces all in Europe, that were
musical. Have we not cause to weep and mourne, when as the chil-
dren yet unborne may make us sad, to think that neither girle nor boy,
shall ever live for to enjoy such Lawes, such Lawes as once we had.

G By Simon I've,

An Elegiack Dialogue on the sad losse of his much
esteemed Friend, M^r. William Laues, servant to his Majesty.

Of 2. Voc.

Cantus primus.



Hy in this shade of night: *Amice*, say: How is

thy light put out: thy cheerfull day turn'd into



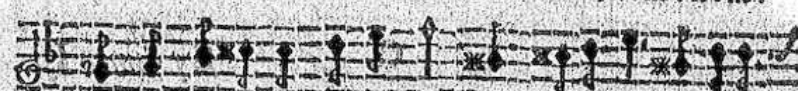
frownes: the sprightly aire that once danc'd on thy smiling brow, and



oft convers't with the quick-sighted Genius: Prithce, prithce tell, my



deare *Amice*: All I feare's not well. Sad Fate, is't he: is't he:



who with harmonious numbers tame could keep the Nemian Lion,



force the Panther weep, melt the hard marble; he; who nimbly



hurl'd Seraphick raptures, and so charm'd the world; as if th' in-



circled aire grew proud & aspire, and court the Spheres with musique



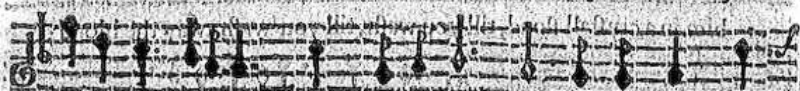
of his Lyre. Was't he! What caus'd his fate: what tempted:



Why, is there no pow'r 'gainst death: Stay, sweet *Amice*, I'll



help thy griefe. Thus I imbalm thee; then joyne our woes, and



let our joyes dis sever. Wee'l sing in griefe, wee'l sing in griefe, and

And Dirge t' erect his Monument.



Harmonious foules, now let your verbe, with love and honour crowne

his Herle; all your spicy odours fend to the afflies of a friend: Bathe

him in a cryſtall floud, till you waſh, till you waſh away the blood.

till you wash away the blood, till you, &c.

spring. Time will forsake them,

make them dye, this we offer to thy rest, Live for ever, live for ever,

ever blest: all other Trophies now lay by, no triumph to Eternity,

no triumph, &c. no triumph, &c.

to show our love to you, John & Mary.

monopolistic rights and the widow's joyfully not to celebrate

An Elegie on his Friend Mr. *William Lawes*.

Of 3. Voc.

Cantus primus.

Bound by the neere conjunction of our soules,
thus I condole thee, thus bedew, bedew thy Herse;
and whilst my throbbing, throbbing heart thy Exit towles, thy, &c.
accept this sacrifice of weeping verse. What eyes can drily stubborne
be when *Lawes* resteth at such a long continued pause? Let teares,
like pendants, garnish ev'ry note, wav'd to and fro with gales of
mournfull sighes, and let the widow'd Muses joyntly vote, to celebrate

with griefe thy Obsequies: for with thee vanish't all their aerie pride,
muffled in clay, muffled in clay, that erst was stellif'd. Since then i'th
Center sleeps true harmony, let him (that's greedy of that sacred gain,
that sacred gaine) close to his mother earth his eare apply, there wait to
heare some sad melodious straine. Within this womb hath pale im-
pariall death, too soon, too soon confin'd the Quintessence of breath.

John Hilton.

John Hilton

Of 3. Voc. I. Cantus primus. William Lawes.

LOrd, as the Hart imboist with heat brayes after the
 coole Rivolet, so sighes my soule for thee, my soule
 thirsts for the living God: when shall I enter his abode, and there his
 beauty see: teares are my food both night and day, whiles where's thy
 God they daily say: My soule in plaints I shed, when I remember how
 in throngs, we fill'd thy house with praise, with praise and songs.

H

Of 3. Voc.

I I.

Cantus primus.

William Lawes.

Et God, the God of Battell rise, and scatter his
proud enemies : O let them flie before his face like
smok, which driving tempests chase ; as wax dissolves with scorching
fire, so perish in his burning ire.

Of 3. Voc.

I I I.

Cantus primus.

William Lawes.

Ut of the horrou of the Deep, where feare and
sorrow never sleep, to thee my cries in sighes arise ;
Lord from despaire thy servant keep : O lend a gracious eare, O lend
a gracious eare, and my petitions heare.

Of 3. Voc.

IV.

Cantus primus.

William Lawes.

Oft from my early youth have they afflicted me,
may Israel say, oft from my early youth assail'd, as
oft have their endeavours fail'd: my back with long deep furtowes
wound, as plough-shares tare the patient ground: The ever Just hath
broke their bands, and sav'd me from their cruell hands.

First Part.

Of 3. Voc.

V.

Cantus primus.

William Lawes.

Ow like a widow? Ah! how desolate this Citie
sits, thrown from the pride, from the pride of state?
How is this potent Queen, who lawes to all the neighb'ring Nations
gave, become a thrall, become a thrall? who nightly teares, nightly
teares from her salt fountaines sheds, which fall upon her cheeks in
liquid beds: Of all her lovers none regard her woes, and her perfidious
friends increase, increase her foes.

Second Part.
Of 3. Voc. VI. Cantus primus. William Lawes.



Udah in exile wanders : ah subdu'd by vast af-
flictions, ah subdu'd by vast afflictions and base
servitude, among the Heathen finds no rest : Ah ! see how Sion mourns,
how Sion mournes, her gates and wayes lye unfrequented on her so-
lemne dayes : Her Virgins weep, her Virgins weep, her Priests lament
her fall, her Priests lament her fall, and all her sweets convert to gall,
and all her sweets convert to gall.

Third Part.
Of 3. Voc. VII. Cantus primus. William Lawes.



Ow hath Jehova's wrath, O Sion, spread a vaile
of clouds about thy daughters head ! From heav'n
to earth thy beauty Israel is throwne ; nor in his fierce displeasure
spar'd his owne, nor in his fierce displeasure, displeasure spar'd his
owne : yet Lord thou ever liv'st, thy throne shall last, when Fun'rall
flames the world, the world to cinders waste.

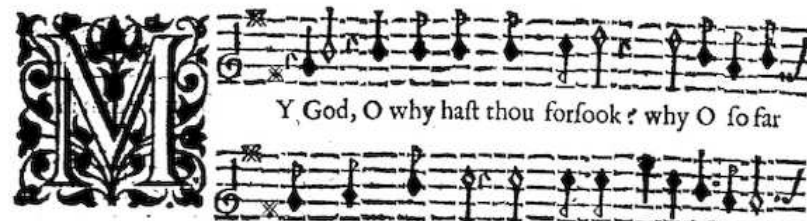
Of 3. Voc. VIII. Cantus primus. William Lawes.

Sing to the King of kings, sing in usuall layes, that hath
wrought wondrous things, his conquest crowne with praise, whose
arme alone and sacred hands their impious bands have overthrowne,
their impious, &c. Let all that dwell on earth their high affections
raise with universall mirth, and loudly sing his praise; to Musick joyne
the warbling voice: let all rejoyce, let all rejoyce with joy divine, with
joy divine, let all rejoyce with joy divine, with joy divine.

Of 3. Voc. IX. Cantus primus. William Lawes.

Raise the Lord enthron'd on high, praise him in
his sanctity: praise him for his mighty deeds: praise
him who in pow'r exceeds: praise with Trumpet, pierce the skies, praise
him with Harps and Psalteries: praise with Timbrels, Organs, Flutes,
praise on Violins and Lutes: praise with silver Cimbals sing, praise on
those which loudly ring: Angels all of humane birth, praise the Lord
of heav'n and earth, praise the Lord, &c. Singing Halleluiah,
Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah.

Of 3. Voc. X. Cantus primus. William Lawes.



Y God, O why hast thou forlook? why O so far

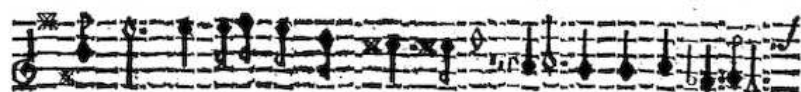
withdrawn thine aide? nor when I roared pitie took;



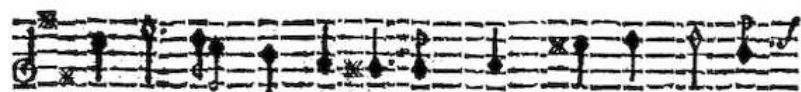
my God, by day to thee I pray'd, and when nights curtaines were dis-



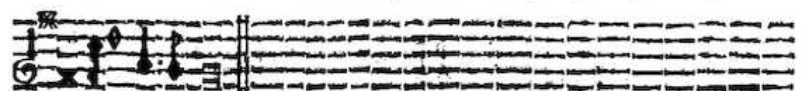
play'd, yet wouldst not thou vouchsafe a look; yet thou art holy thro'nd



on high: The Israelites thy praise refound, our fathers did on thee relye,

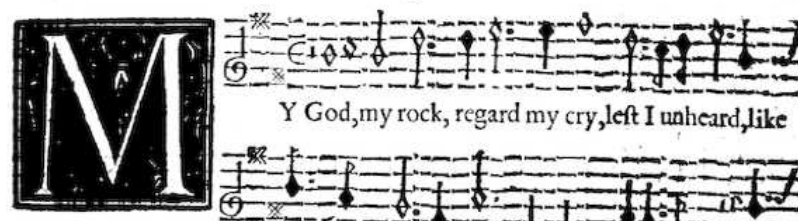


their faith with wreaths of conquest crown'd, they fought thee, and



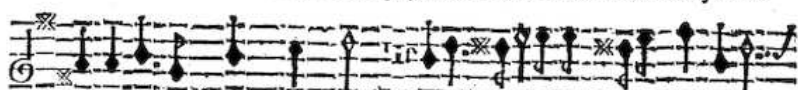
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Of 3. Voc. XI. Cantus primus. William Lawes.

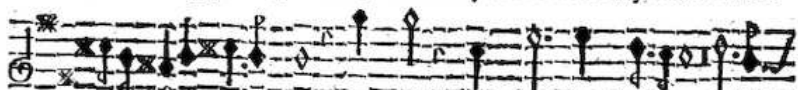


Y God, my rock, regard my cry, lest I unheard, like

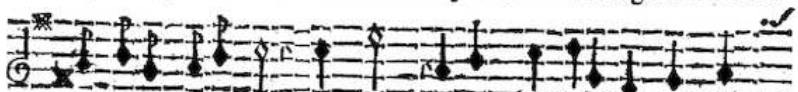
those that dye, in shades of darke oblivion lye: to



my ascending griefe give care, when I my hands devoutly reare before



thy mercy-seat with feare: He heares; his Name be magnifi'd. O thou



that art to thine a tow'r, my songs, my songs shall celebrate thy pow'r,



my songs shall, &c. my songs shall celebrate thy pow'r.

Of 3. Voc. XII. Cantus primus. William Lawes.

Hey who the Lord their fortresse make, shall like
the tow'rs of Sion rise, which dreadfull earth-
quakes never shake, nor all the raging tumults of the skies, nor all
the, &c. Lo, as the Hills of Salima divine Jerusalem
inclose, so shall his Angels in the day of danger, of, &c. shield and save
them, shield and save them from their foes.

Of 3. Voc. XIII. Cantus primus. William Lawes.

Behold how good and joyfull a thing it is, Brethren to dwell
together in unitie, Brethren, &c. 'tis like the precious
ointment upon the head, that ran downe, that ran down unto the beard,
ev'n unto Aarons beard, unto Aarons beard, and went downe, and went
downe to the skirts of his clothing, like as the dew of Hermon, which
fell upon the Hill of Sion, upon the Hill of Sion: for the Lord promised
there his blessing: for the Lord, &c. for the Lord promised
there his blessing, and life for ever, for evermore, and life for, &c.

Of 3. Voc. XIV. Cantus primus. William Lawes.

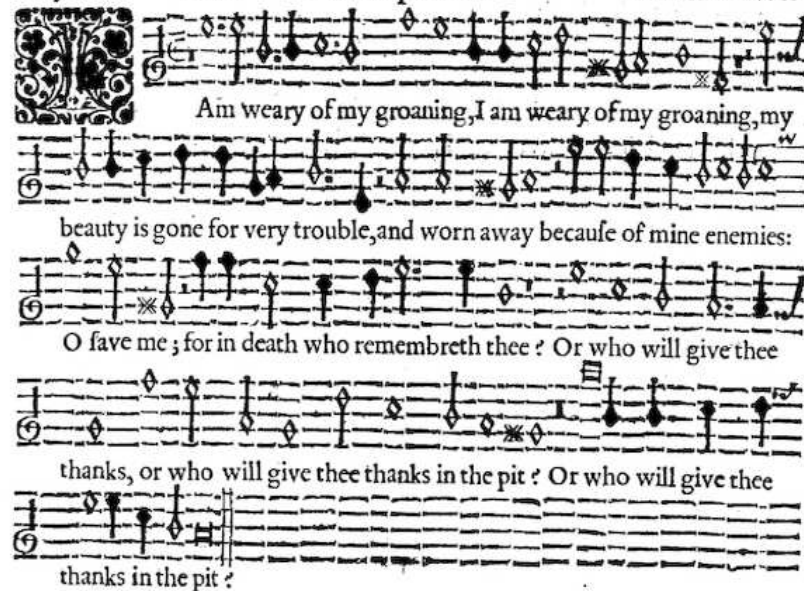


Sing unto the Lord a new song, let the congregation of
Saints, of Saints praise him, let Israel rejoyce in him that made him ;
and let the children of Sion be joyfull, be joyfull, be joyfull in their King :
let them praise his Name in the dance, in the dance, let the praises of God
be in their mouthes, and a two-edged sword in their hands, to be aveng'd
of the Heathen, and to rebuke, to rebuke, to rebuke the people : to bind
their Kings in chains, and their Nobles with links of ir'n, that they may be
avenged of them : Such honour have all his Saints, such honour have all



his Saints, such, &c. Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,
Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,
Halleluiah, Halleluiah.

Of 3. Voc. XV. Cantus primus. William Lawes.



Am weary of my groaning, I am weary of my groaning, my
beauty is gone for very trouble, and worn away because of mine enemies:
O save me ; for in death who remembreth thee ? Or who will give thee
thanks, or who will give thee thanks in the pit ? Or who will give thee
thanks in the pit ?

Of 3. Voc. XVI. Cantus primus. William Lawes.



N the subtraction of my yeares, I said with



teares, Ah I now I to the shades below must naked

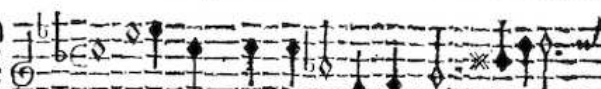


goe; cut off by death before my time, and like a flower cropt in my

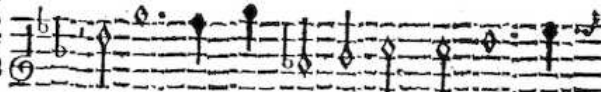


prime, and like a flower cropt in my prime, in my prime.

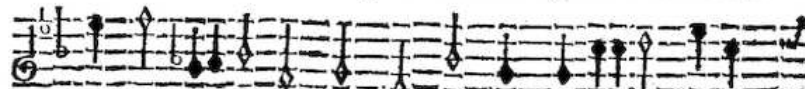
Of 3. Voc. XVII. Cantus primus. William Lawes.



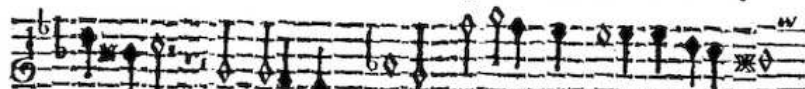
Ow long wilt thou forget me, O Lord, for ever ?



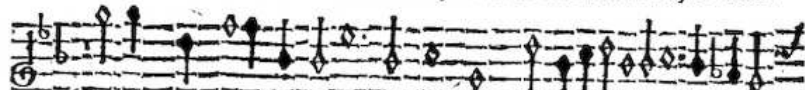
How long wilt thou hide thy face from me ? wilt



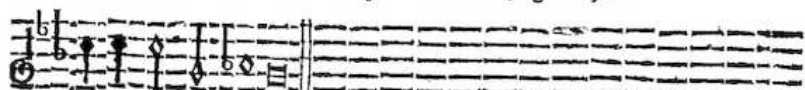
thou hide thy face from me ? How long shall mine enemies triumph



over me ? Consider and heare me, consider and heare me, O God :



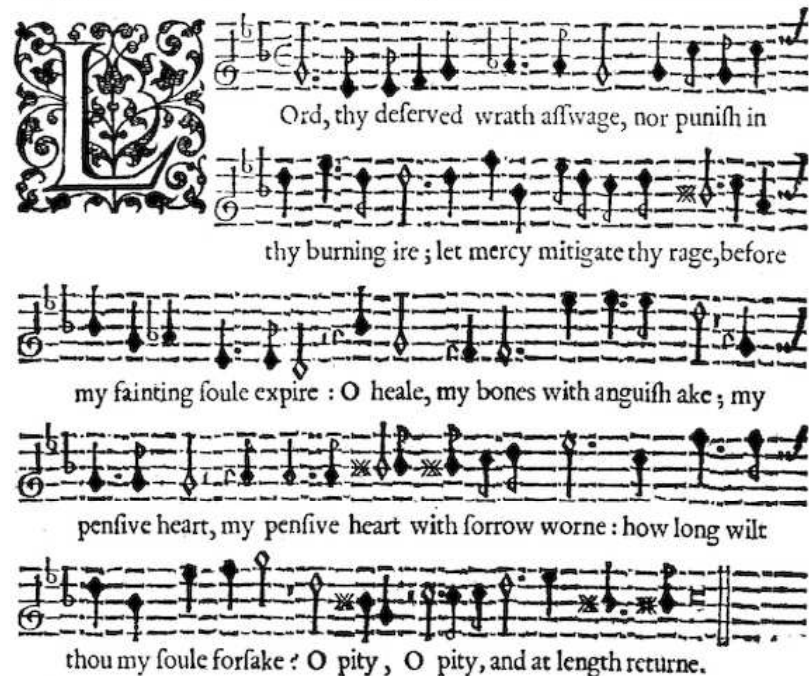
Lighten mine eyes that I sleep not in death, lighten, &c.



that I sleep not in death.

K

Of 3. Voc. XVIII. Cantus primus. William Lawes.



Ord, thy deserved wrath assuage, nor punish in
thy burning ire; let mercy mitigate thy rage, before
my fainting soule expire: O heale, my bones with anguish ake; my
pensive heart, my pensive heart with sorrow worne: how long wilt
thou my soule forsake? O pity, O pity, and at length returne.

Of 3. Voc. XIX. Cantus primus. William Lawes.



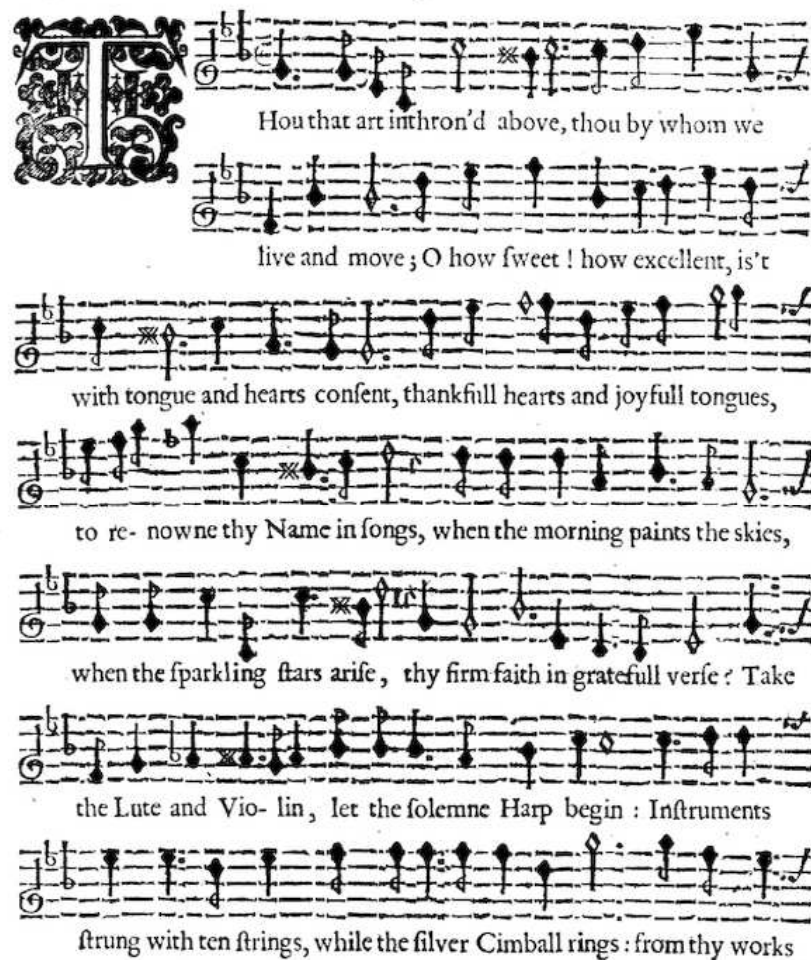
Hou Mover of the rowling spheres, I through the
glasses of my teares, to thee mine eyes erect, as ser-
vants mark their masters hands, as maids their mistresses commands and
liberty expect; so we deprest by enemies and growing troubles, fix
our eyes on God, who sits on high, till he in mercy shall descend, till
he in mercy shall descend, till he descend, to give our miseries an end,
to give, &c.

Of 3. Voc. XX. Cantus primus. William Lawes.

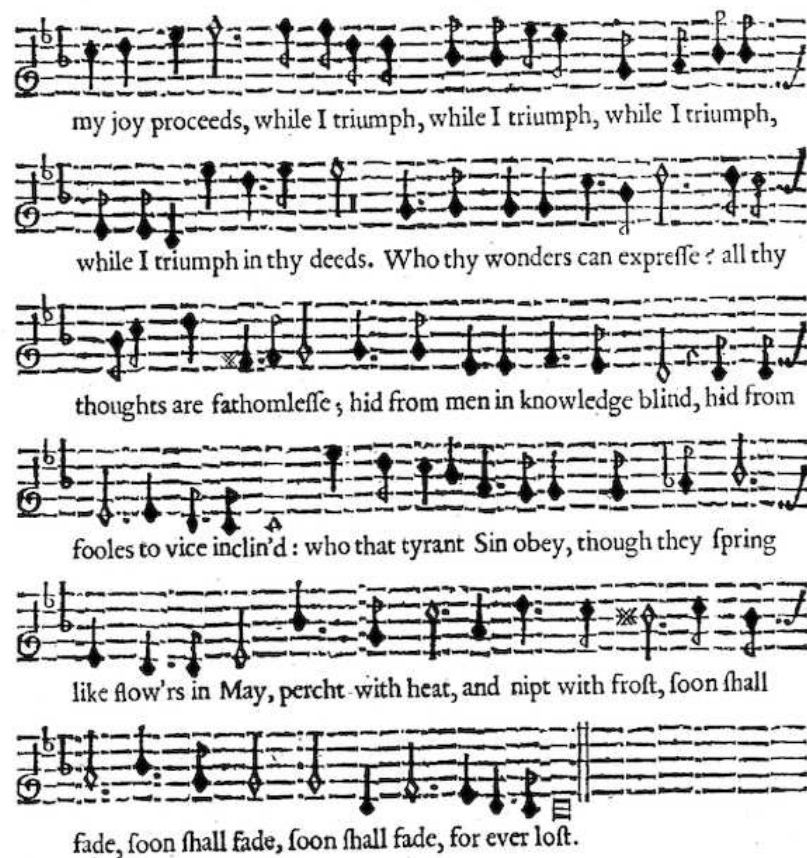


O thee I cry, Lord heare my cries ; O come with
speed unto my aide : let my sad pray'rs before thee
rise, like incense on the altar laid ; or, as when I with hands displai'd,
present my ev'ning sacrifice.

Of 3. Voc. XXI. Cantus primus. William Lawes.

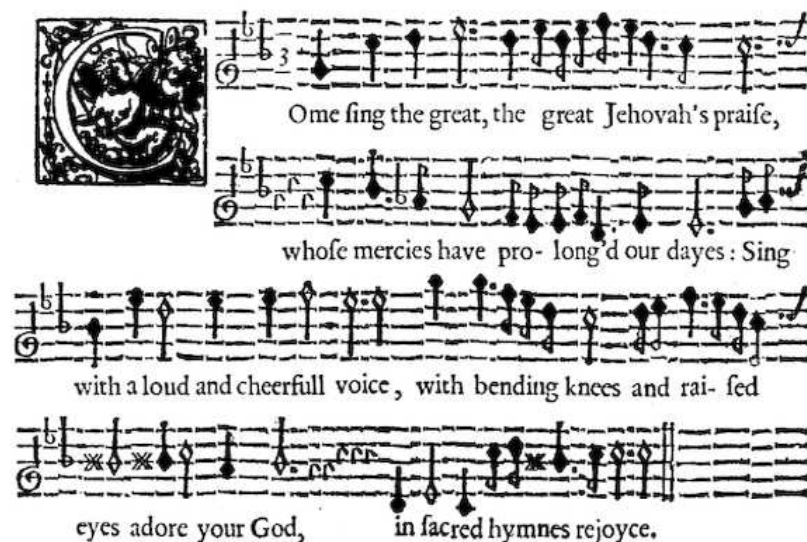


Hou that art inthron'd above, thou by whom we
live and move ; O how sweet ! how excellent, is't
with tongue and hearts consent, thankfull hearts and joyfull tongues,
to re- nowne thy Name in songs, when the morning paints the skies,
when the sparkling stars arise, thy firm faith in gratefull verse : Take
the Lute and Vio- lin, let the solemne Harp begin : Instruments
strung with ten strings, while the silver Cimbball rings : from thy works



my joy proceeds, while I triumph, while I triumph, while I triumph,
 while I triumph in thy deeds. Who thy wonders can expresse? all thy
 thoughts are fathomlesse, hid from men in knowledge blind, hid from
 fooles to vice inclin'd: who that tyrant Sin obey, though they spring
 like flow'rs in May, percht with heat, and nipt with frost, soon shall
 fade, soon shall fade, soon shall fade, for ever lost.

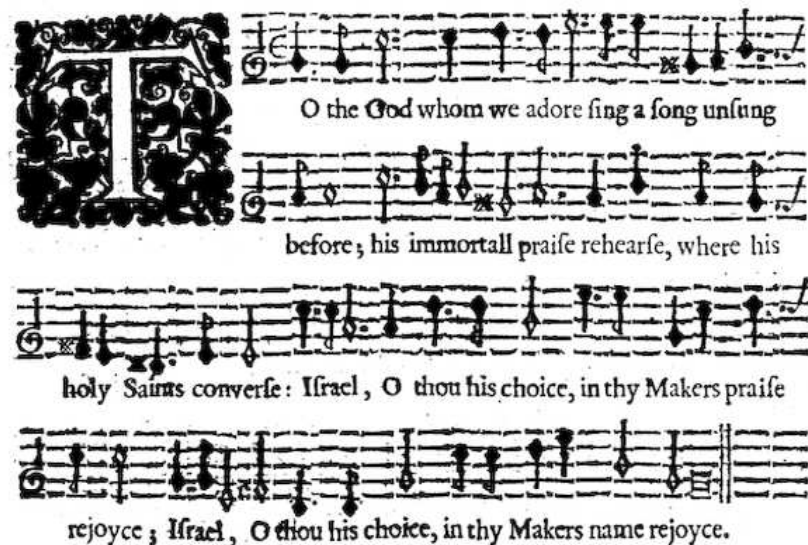
Of 3. Voc. XXII. Cantus primus. William Lawes.

Ome sing the great, the great Jehovah's praise,
 whose mercies have pro- long'd our dayes: Sing
 with a loud and cheerfull voice, with bending knees and rai- fed
 eyes adore your God, in sacred hymnes rejoyce.

Of 3. Voc. XXIV. Cantus primus.

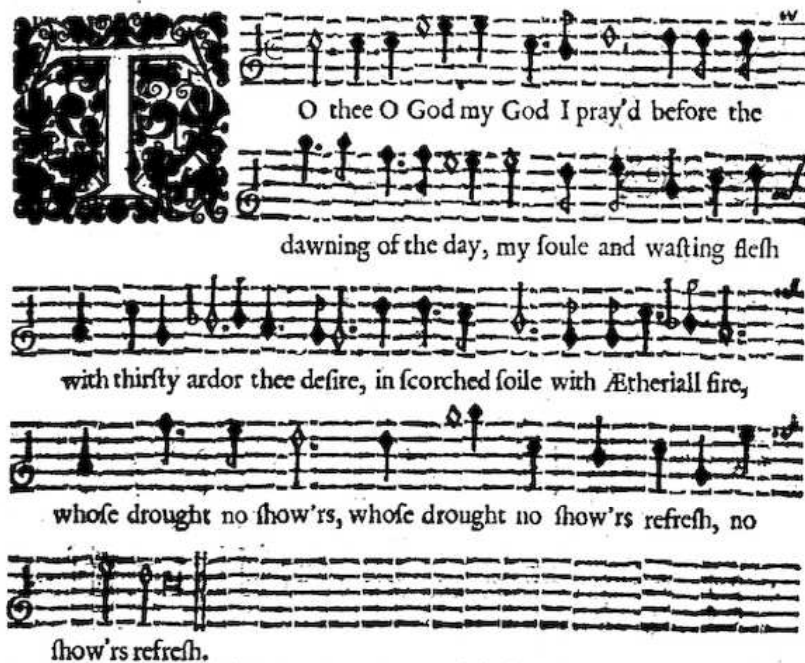
William Lawes.



O the God whom we adore sing a song unsung
before; his immortall praise rehearse, where his
holy Saints converse: Israel, O thou his choice, in thy Makers praise
rejoyce; Israel, O thou his choice, in thy Makers name rejoyce.

Of 3. Voc. XXIII. Cantus primus.

William Lawes.



O thee O God my God I pray'd before the
dawning of the day, my soule and wasting flesh
with thirsty ardor thee desire, in scorched soile with Ætheriall fire,
whose drought no show'rs, whose drought no show'rs refresh, no
show'rs refresh.

L

Of 3. Voc. XXV. Cantus primus. William Lawes.



Ee Nations of the earth, our great Preserver praise,

all ye of humane birth, to heav'n his glory raise,

whose mercy hath no end nor bound, his promise crown'd with con-

stant faith, his promise crown'd with constant faith. Halleluiah, Halle-

luiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,

Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah.

Of 3. Voc. XXVI. Cantus primus. William Lawes.



Et all in sweet accord clap hands, their voices raise

in honour of the Lord, and loudly sing his praise;

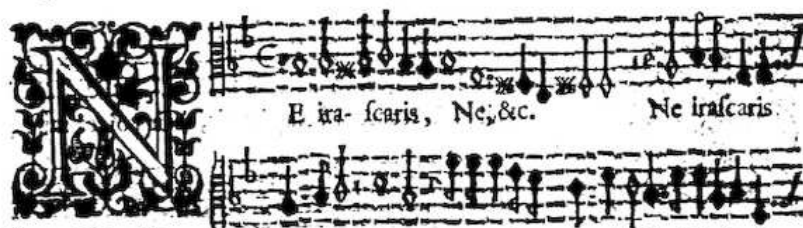
who from above dire lightning flings, the King of kings of all

that move.

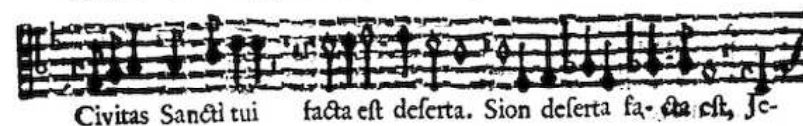
L 2

Of 3. Voc. XXVII. Cantus primus.

William Lawes

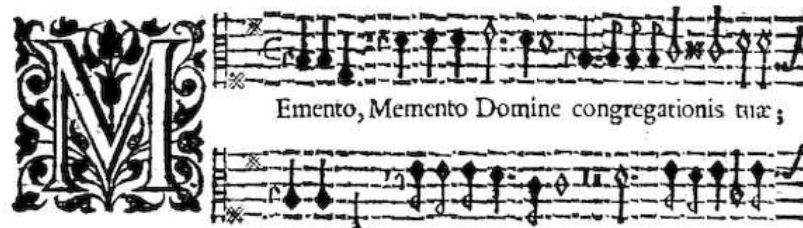


Domine : Satis, & ne ultra me mineris iniquitatis

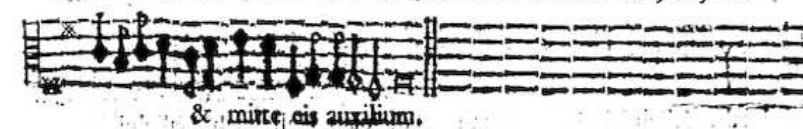
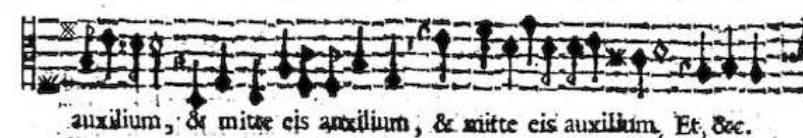
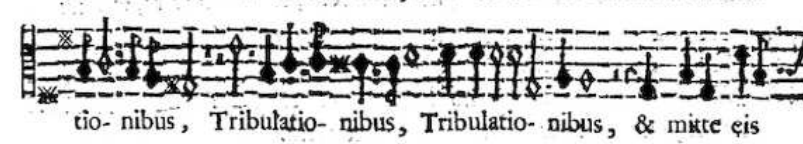
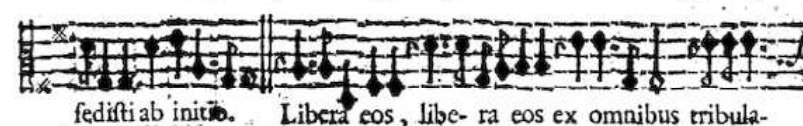
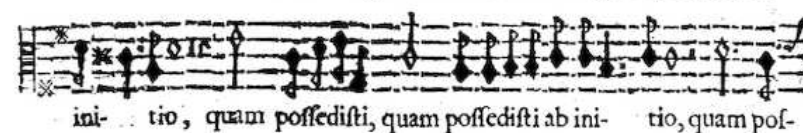


Of 3. Voc. XXVIII. Cantus primus.

William Lawes



Memento, Memento Domine : quam possedisti ab



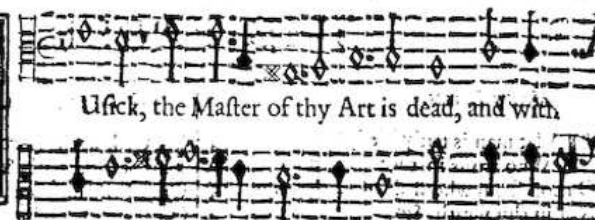
Of 3. Voc. XXXIX. Cantus primus. William Lawes.

N resur- rectione, in resur- rectione, in
resur- rectione tua Domine, tua Domine, in
resur- rectione, in resur- rectione tua Domine, in resur- rectione
tua Domine. Latentur coeli, latentur coeli, & exultet terra, exultet
exultet, exultet terra, & exultet terra.
Halleluiah, Halle- luiah, Halleluiah, Halle- luiah, Halleluiah, Halle-
luiah, Halleluiah, Halle- luiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah.

Of 3. Voc. X X X. Cantus primus. William Lawes.

Gloria, gloria, gloria Patri, & Filio, & Spiritui
sancto, Et, &c. & Spi-ritui
sancto. Sicut erat in principio, ficut, &c. &
nunc & semper, & in secula, seculorum, Amen. Secula seculorum,
Amen, Secula seculorum, Amen, & in secula seculorum, Amen.
Seculorum, Amen.

M



Ulick, the Master of thy Art is dead, and with

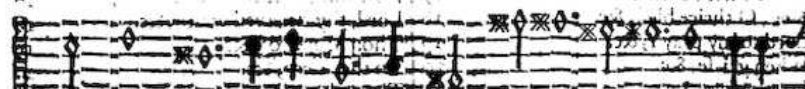
him all thy ravisht sweets are fled : then bear a part



in thine own Tragedy : Let's celebrate strange griefe with harmony.



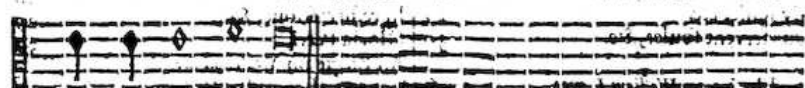
In stead of teares shed on his mournfull Herse, let's howle, let's howle



sad notes, stoll from his own pure verse. In stead of teares shed on his



mournfull Herse, let's howle sad notes, stoll from his own pure verse,



from his owne pure verse.

By William Lawes.

THE TABLE.

Henry Lawes.

William Lawes.

That man is truly blest, &c.	1	Ord, as the Hart, &c.	1
Who builds in thee.	2	Let God arise, &c.	2
Out of whom all mercy springs	3	Out of the horrour, &c.	3
Not in thy wrath, &c.	4	Or from my early youth, &c.	4
Lord, judge my cause.	5	How like a widow, &c.	5
Cast off and scattered, &c.	6	Judah in exile, &c.	6
Thy beauty Israel, &c.	7	How hath Jehovah's wrath, &c.	7
With sighs and cries, &c.	8	Sing to the King of kings.	8
Lord fulfil thy promise, &c.	9	Praise the Lord enthron'd, &c.	9
O hear my cries, &c.	10	My God, &c.	10
Woe to me and now doing against me	11	My God my rock, &c.	11
To hear me Lord.	12	They who the Lord, &c.	12
Lord thou art my God.	13	Behold, &c.	13
How are the Gentiles, &c.	14	O sing unto the Lord, &c.	14
Happy be, &c.	15	I am weary, &c.	15
Laudate, &c.	16	In the sublimation, &c.	16
Deprived with griefe.	17	How long wilt thou, &c.	17
Bless, O things blest, &c.	18	Lord, thy deserved wrath, &c.	18
Lord, my pray'r, &c.	19	Thou Mover of, &c.	19
When glasse, &c.	20	To thee I cry, &c.	20
Let our voices, &c.	21	Thou that art enthron'd, &c.	21
How long, &c.	22	Come sing the great Jehovah's praise.	22
Accept my pray'r, &c.	23	To thee O God, &c.	23
The bounty of Jehovah, &c.	24	To the God whom we adore.	24
You who the Lord, &c.	25	Ye Nations, &c.	25
Now the Lord his reign, &c.	26	Let all with sweet accord, &c.	26
Now in the winter, &c.	27	Ne hircaris, &c.	27
The King Jehovah, &c.	28	Memento, &c.	28
My soul, &c.	29	In resurrectione, &c.	29
Our fervent souls, &c.	30	Gloria Patri.	30
		An Elegie on Mr. Tomkins.	
		Canons of 3. and 4. Voices.	

1599. I will.

FINIS.

