



LAWES
PSALMS

LAWES' PSALMS.



1648.

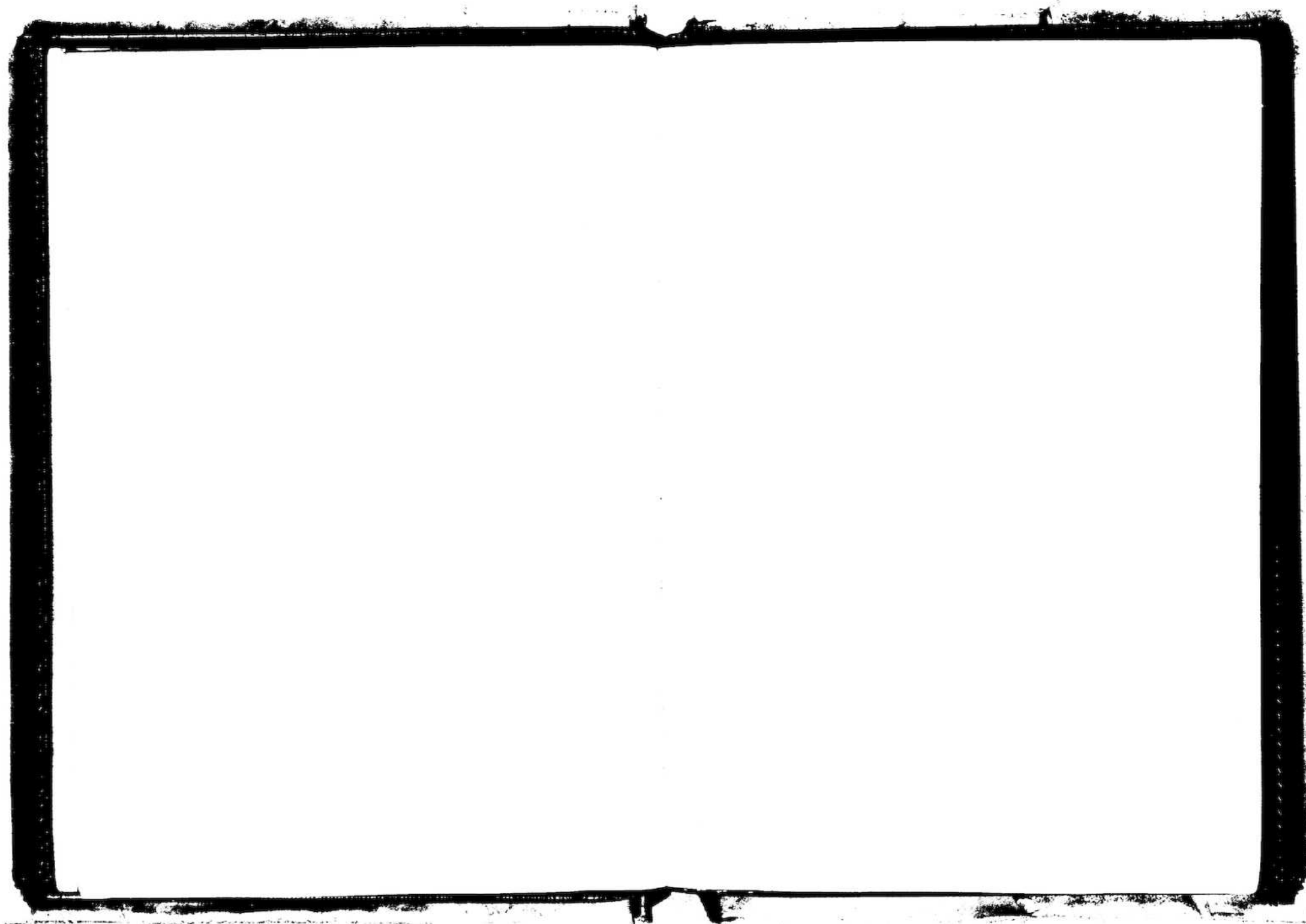
P
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4 vols.



733



10



CHOICE PSALMES
PUT INTO
MUSICK,
For Three Voices.

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

COMPOS'D by

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

With divers Elegies, set in Musick by severall Friends, upon the
death of WILLIAM LAVES.

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

LONDON,

Printed by *James Young*, for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the Prince's Armes in
~~S. Peter's Church-yard~~, and for *Richard Wodenoth*, at the Star under
S. Peter's Church in Corn-hill. 1648.



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



Regi, Regis, &c.

Regum Ar- ca- na cano.

Henricus Lawes

Regiæ Majestatis à sacra Musica.



TO HIS
Most Sacred Majestie,
CHARLES,
BY
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 Dedicatorie.

to Your service; whereof, I (who knew his heart) am a surviving witness, and therein he persisted to that last minute, when he fell a willing Sacrifice for Your Majesty: I were unworthy such a Brother, should I tender ought that is his, or 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 Majesty 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 incribes his Translation to Your Sacred Majesty; so that this I offer is Your Majesties in all capacities, and doth not so properly come, as rebound back to Your Majesty. 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 Majesty 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 dissolvent times) but to doe a Right (or at least to shew my Love) to the Memory of my Brother, unfortunately lost in these unnaturall Warres; 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, Foure, Five and Six Parts to the *Viola and Organ*, he hath made above thirty severall sorts of Musick for *Voices and Instruments*: Neither was there any Instrument 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 are 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.

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

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

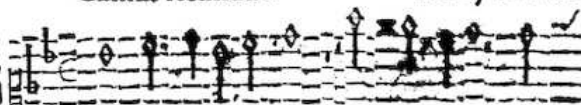
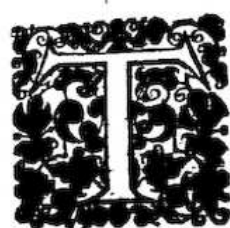
Nor doe they only with the soule agree
In this; they share too in its eternitie:
And this, the one part of this work has tri'd;
For, though himselfe remov'd, this does abide,
And shall doe ever: here, his memory
Shall still survive, and contemne destiny.
The same waits you (Sir) and when e'r you'r sent
From us, you'll live here your owne monument.

Fr. Sankrooke.

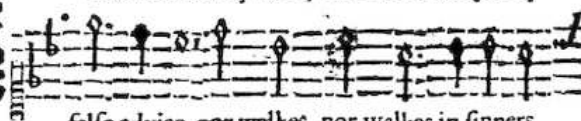
Of 3. Voc.

Cantus secundus.

Henry Lawes.



That man is truly blest, who never strays by



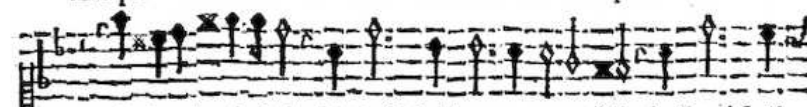
false advice, nor walks, nor walks in sinners



ways; nor fits infected with their scornfull pride, who God contemn



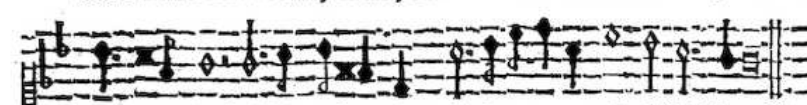
and pie-tie deride: he shall be like the tree that spreads his root,



producing timely fruit; his lease shall never, never fall: the Lord shall



blesse all his endeavours, all his, &c. with desir'd successe, The



Lord shall blesse all his endeavours, all, &c. with desir'd successe.

M

Of 3. Voc. II. Cantus secundus. Henry Lawes.

Ho trusts in thee, O let not shame deject, thou
c- ver Just, my chafed soule secure : Lord, lend
a willing care, with speed protect, be thou my rock, be thou my rock
with thy strong arme immune.

Of 3. Voc. III. Cantus secundus. Henry Lawes.

Thou from whom all mercy springs, com-
passionate my suf- ferings, and pitie me who trust
in thee : O shelter with thy shady wings, un- till these stormes of
woe cleer up, or o- ver blow.

Of 3. Voc. I V.

Cantus secundus.

Henry Lawes.

Not in thy wrath against mee rise, nor
in thy fury Lord chastise: thy arrowes wound,
aside to the ground, thy hand upon, thy hand upon me lyes, thy hand
upon me lyes.

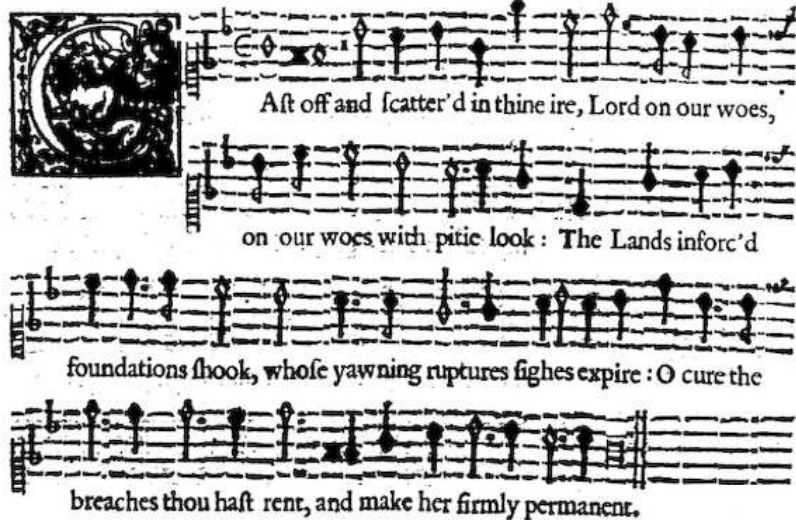
Of 3. Voc. V.

Cantus secundus.

Henry Lawes.

Lord judge my cause, thy piercing eye beholds
my soules integrity. 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 secundus. Henry Lawes.



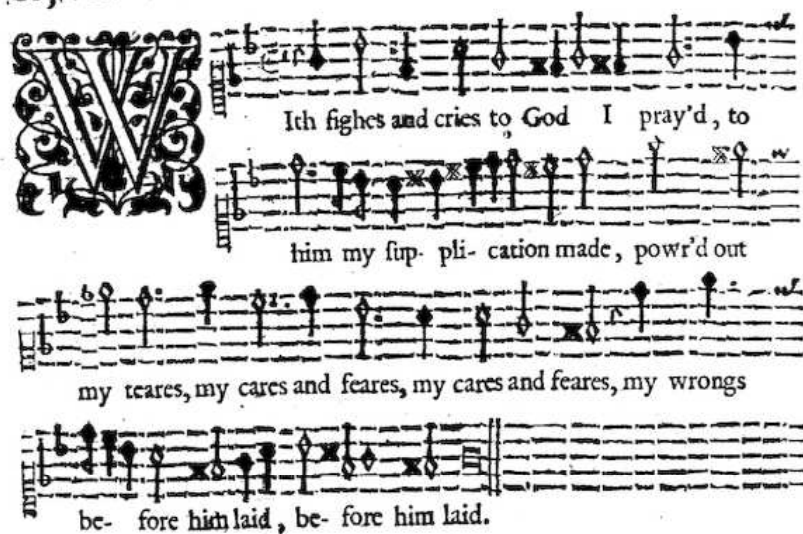
Aft off and scatter'd in thine ire, Lord on our woes,
on our woes with pitie look : The Lands inforc'd
foundations shook, whose yawning ruptures fighes expire : O cure the
breaches thou hast rent, and make her firmly permanent.

Of 3. Voc. VII. Cantus secundus. Henry Lawes.



Hy beaurty Israel is fled, sunk to the dead, sunk to the dead.
How are the valiant faln : how are the valiant faln : the slain, the slain
thy mountains stain. O let it not in Gath be knowne, nor in the streets,
in the streets of Askalon, lest that sad story should excite their dire de-
light, lest in the torrent of our woe, of our woe, their pleasure flow ; lest
their triumphant daughters ring their Cimbals, ring their Cimbals, lest
their triumphant daughters ring their Cimbals, and curs'd Peans, and
curs'd Peans sing : ring their Cimbals, and curs'd Peans sing.

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



Ith fighes and cries to God I pray'd, to
him my sup- pli- cation made, powr'd out
my teares, my cares and feares, my cares and feares, my wrongs
be- fore him laid, be- fore him laid.

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



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

N

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



Heare my cries, O heare my cries: preserve his life, who
 will thy lawes obey, and just commands fulfill: My cries prevent the
 early morne, my cries prevent the early morne in due devotion spent:
 Heare and revive, thy justice execute on lawlesse men, but thine owne
 preserve, but thine owne preserve from their pursuit. Thy oft tri'd mer-
 cies ever are at hand, thy judgements on eternall Bases stand, thy
 judgements on eternall Bases, on eternall Bases, Bases stand.

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

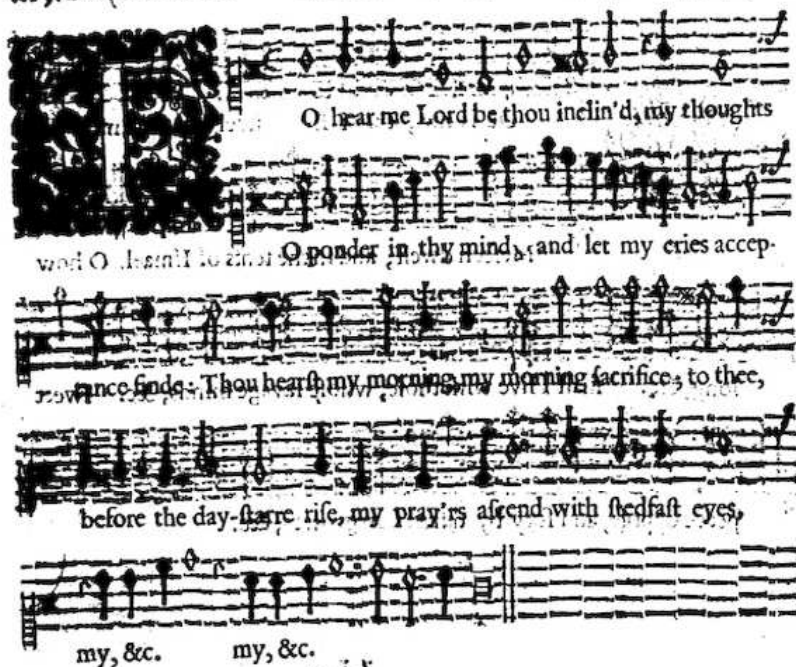


Oe is me, that I from Israel ex-iled must in
 Mesch dwell, and in the tents of Ismael. O how
 long, &c. shall I live with those, whose savage minds, &c. sweet
 peace oppose, and fury by dissension grows, &c.

Of 3. Voc. XII.

Cantus secundus.

Henry Lawes



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

Of 3. Voc.

XIII.

Cantus secundus.

Henry Lawes



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

Of 3. Voc. XIV. Cantus secundus.

Henry Lawes.

Our are the Gentiles all on fire : why rage they
with rage annoyings : Earths haughty Potentates
and Kings against God, against his Christ conspire : Break we, say they,
servile bands, and cast their coats, &c. from our free hands.

Of 3. Voc. XV. Cantus secundus.

Henry Lawes.

Appy he, who God obeyes, nor from his di- rections
strayes : thou shalt of thy labours feed, all shall to thy wish succeed, all
shall 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 a- bout thy Table stand : Like green plants of Olives set, by the
moistning Rivolet : he who feares the pow'r above, thus shall prosper
in his love.

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

D Audate Dominum, omnes Gentes : Laudate eum
omnes populi : Quoniam confirmata est, confirmata
est super nos misericordia eius, & veritas Domini manet
in aeternum, & veritas Domini manet in aeternum, manet in
aeternum, manet in aeternum, in aeternum, in aeternum.

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

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

O

Blest, O thrice blest is he, blest, O thrice blest is he,
 whose sins remitted be, and whose impieties God
 covers from his eyes, to whom his sins are not imputed as forgot, his
 soul with guile unstain'd: while silent I remain'd, my bones consum'd,
 my bones consum'd away, my bones, &c. I roared, I roared
 all the day, I roar'd, I roar'd, for on the day and night, thy hand did
 heave light; I then confest how far I had transgressed, when all I had re-
 veal'd, thy hand my pardon seal'd, thy hand my par- don seal'd.

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

Of 3. Voc.

XX.

Cantus secundus.

Henry Lawes.

Vhen grieve my lab'ring soule 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, by their owne sins be swept from hence. God shall cut
 off their breath, God, &c. and give them up to death,
 and give them up, give them up to death.

Of 3. Voc.

XXI.

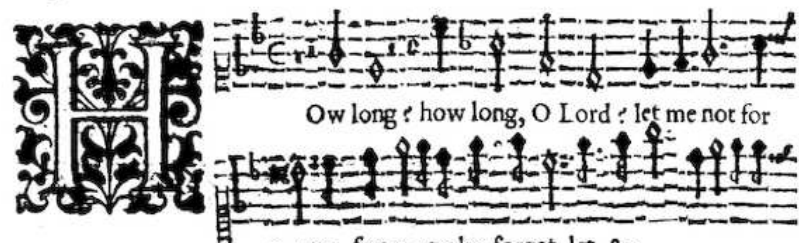
Cantus secundus.

Henry Lawes.

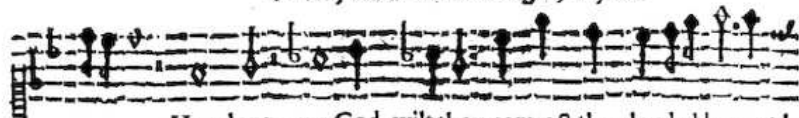
Let our foes with terrour, with terrour quake; let
 the earths foundation shake: Judgement our great
 God affects, yet with e- quity directs, yet with e- qui- ty directs.
 These celestiall twins imbrace, these reflect on Jacobs race: O how ho-
 ly, how holy a- bove all honor, honor, and at his foot-stoole fall.

Of 3. Voc. XXII. Cantus secundus.

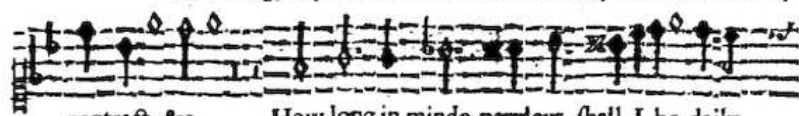
Henry Lawes.



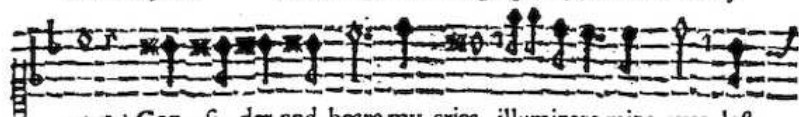
e- ver, for e- ver be forgot, let, &c.



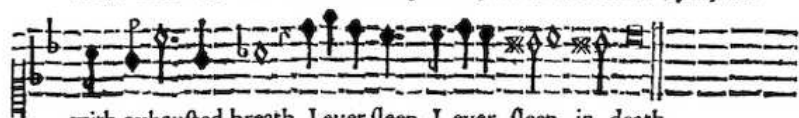
How long, my God, wilt thou contract thy clouded brow : |



contract, &c. How long in minde perplex, shall I be daily



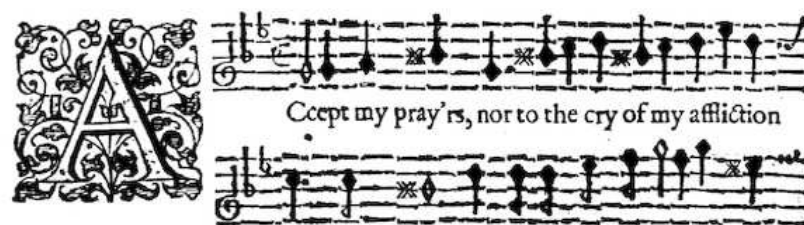
vext : Con- fi- der and heare my cries, illuminate mine eyes, left



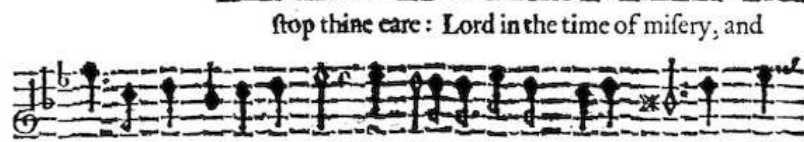
with exhausted breath, I ever sleep, I ever sleep in death.

Of 3. Voc. XXIII. Cantus secundus.

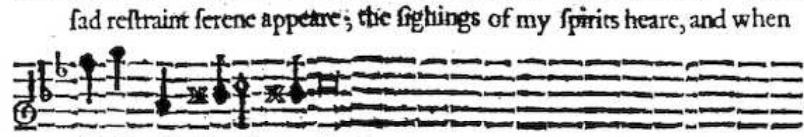
Henry Lawes.



Ccept my pray'rs, nor to the cry of my affliction



stop thine eare : Lord in the time of misery, and



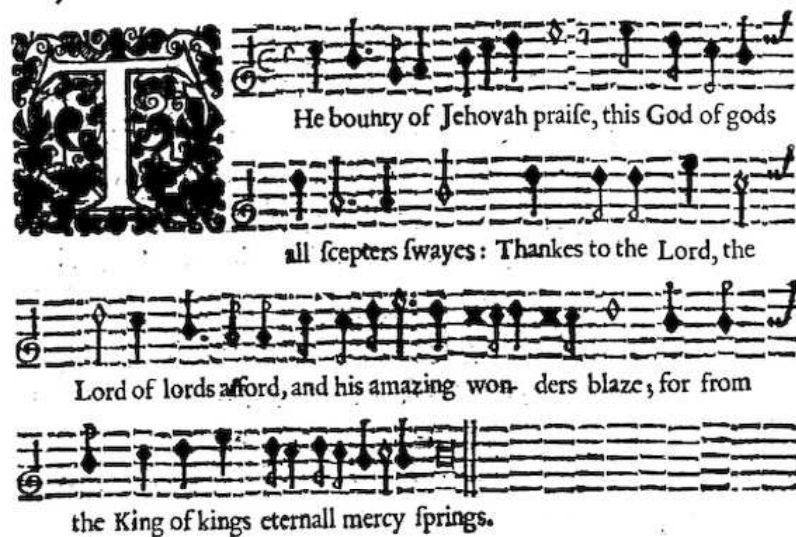
sad restraint serene appeare ; the sighings of my spirits heare, and when



I call with speed re- ply.

Of 3. Voc. XXIV. Cantus secundus.

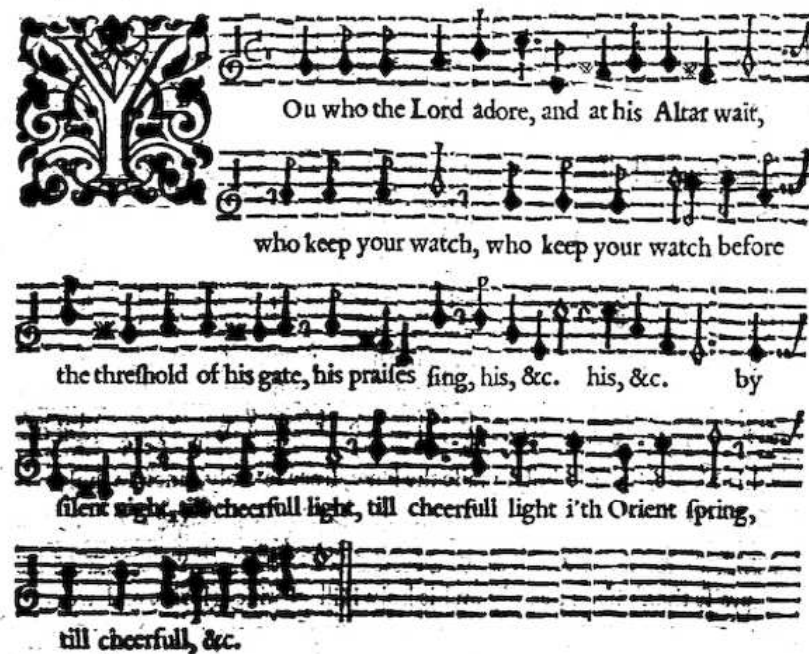
Henry Lawes.



He bouhty of Jehovah praife, this God of gods
all scepters fwayes: Thankes to the Lord, the
Lord of lords afford, and his amazing won- ders blaze, for from
the King of kings eternall mercy springs.

Of 3. Voc. XXV. Cantus secundus.

Henry Lawes.



Ou who the Lord adore, and at his Altar wait,
who keep your watch, who keep your watch before
the threhold of his gate, his prailes fing, his, &c. his, &c. by
filerx night, till cheerfull light, till cheerfull light i'th Orient spring,
till cheerfull, &c.

N

Ow the Lord his reign begins, thron'd between
the Cherubins : O how great in Sions Tow'rs ! high
above, high above, high above all earthly pow'rs. Great and terrible
his Name, since 'tis so holy, praise the same, since 'tis so holy, since 'tis so holy,
praise the same. The holy on his holy Hill glorios, glorios and was
Ship still. Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,
Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,
Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah.

Now in the winter of my yeares, my years, when
time hath snow'd upon my haire, when, &c.
up- on my haire. Abandon not, abandon not, O Lord,
till I un- to this age, proclaime thy mighty pow'r, in songs pro-
claime thy mighty pow'r, unto the next record; till I unto this age, in
songs the same unto the next record.

Of 3. Voc. XXVIII. Cantus secundus.

Henry Lawes.

He King Jehova with thy Justice crowne, and
in a God-like reigne his Son re- nowne: he
shall with equity thy people sway, and judgement in the scales, and
judgement in the scales of Justice weigh: He shall descend like plenty
dropping show'rs, like plenty dropping show'rs, which clothe the
earth, and fill her lap, and fill her lap, and fill her lap with show'rs.

Of 3. Voc. XXIX. Cantus secundus.

Henry Lawes.

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

38



Ur fervent soules on God attend, our help, who
only can defend, who only, &c. in whom
our hearts exult for joy, exult for joy, because, because we on his Name
relye. Great God to us propitious be, as we have fixt our hopes on
thee, as we have fixt our hopes on thee. Halleluiah, Halleluiah,
Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,
Halleluiah.

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

Of 3. Voc.

Cantus secundus.



Ease you jolly Shepherds, cease your merry layes ;



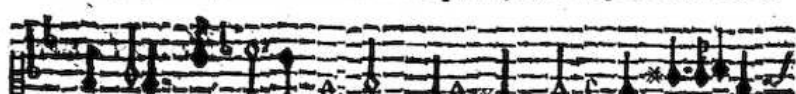
Pipe no more, pipe no more in meadows green,



crown'd with I·vie and with Bayes : let your flocks no more be seen



on the verdant, the verdant hillocks spread ; but tune your oaten Reeds



with saddest, with saddest notes to mourne, to mourne : for gentle *Willy*,

Q

Cantus secundus.



for gentle *Willy*, your lov'd *Loves* is dead. Weep, Shepherd Swaines,
weep Shepherd Swaines for him that was the glory of your plains:
He could allay the murmures of the wind, he could appease the sullen
seas, and calme the fury of the mind; but now (alas) in silent urne he
lives, hid from us, and never must returne, never must returne, and ne-
ver, never must returne, and ne- ver must returne.

Henry Lawes.

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

Of 3. Voc.

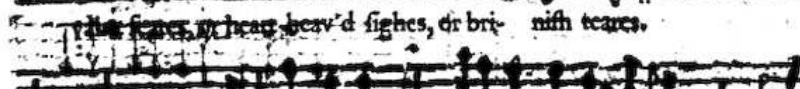
Cantus secundus.



Doe not now lament and cry, O doe, &c.
his Fate concludes we all must die, rather I joye
that he is there, mending the Musique of the Spheres: we are dull mortals
of little worth, and coldly here his praise set forth, who doth that
truly sure must be instructed in divinity. Hark, O hark the celestiall
Quire doth pause to heare his sweeter Lyre: there he is set free from



Thy fancies in heav' d sighes, or bri- nish tears.



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



place. & in Musick on thy fairest, should our tongue Ovid in



the same.

And shouldst thou send us downe, in Musique we would place a

By John Wilson Doctor in Musique.

And shouldst thou send us downe, in Musique we would place a

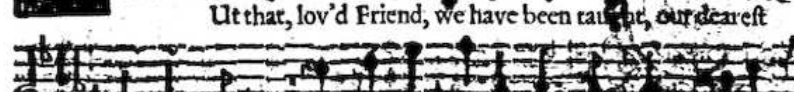


And shouldst thou send us downe, in Musique we would place a

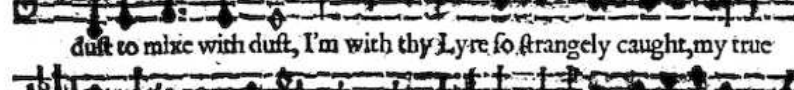
To the memory of his much respected Friend and
Fellow, Mr. William Lawes.



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



dust to mixe 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 dust, thy ashes, &c. For thy rare fancie far



inconsistent is with earth, or any inferiour element. How can dust



they presse down thine eyes, and not an earth-quake straight a- nise.

John Taylor.

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



Earc *Will* is dead, deare *Will* is dead, *Will Lawes*,
 whose active, active braine gave life to many
 sweet, so many sweet to many sweet harmonious strain; whose bound-
 lesse skill made Musick speak such sense, as if 't had sprung from an
 intelligence, as if 't had sprung from an intelligence, as if 't had sprung,
 had sprung from an intelligence. In his just pro- portioned songs,
 in his songs, there might you find, his soule convers'd, with heav'n,

Cantus secundus.



his soule, &c. heaven with his mind. And in such language that
 Rhetorick never knew, for his were Rhetorick and sweet Musick, and
 sweet Musick too: Like that which brought from the Impe- riall skie
 Angels to men, Angels to men, from men made Di- vels flie,
 from men made Di- vels, Divels flie. But (oh) he's dead, but
 oh, &c. Oh he's dead, he's dead. To heav'n is he gone to, &c.
 life of Musick, *Lawes* of our Nation.

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

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

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

By Captain Edmund Falter.

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

LAMENT and mourne, he's dead and gone, la-
ment, &c. he's dead, &c. that was the most
Admired one, renowned Lawes, Generall of the Forces all in Europe,
which were muscally. Have we not cause to weep and mourne, when
as the children yet unborn may make us sad, to think that neither girle
not boy, shall ever live for to enjoy such Lawes, such Lawes as once we had.

R By Simon Ives.

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

Of 3. Voc.

Chorus to, Why in this shade, &c.

Harmonious foules, now let your verse with
love and honour crowne his Herse; all your
spicie odours lend to the ashes of a friend: Bathe him in a crystall
floud, till you wash, till you wash away, till you wash away the
bloud, till you wash, till you wash away the blond.
Gently wind him, and then bring fresh Bayes and Laurell from the

Of 3. Voc.

Cantus secundus.

Spring: Lay your other Gar- lands by, time will fade them, make
them dye, time, &c. This we offer to thy
rest, Live for ever, live for e- ver blest: All other Trophies now
lay by, no triumph to Eternity, no triumph to Eternity, no triumph
to E- ter- nity.

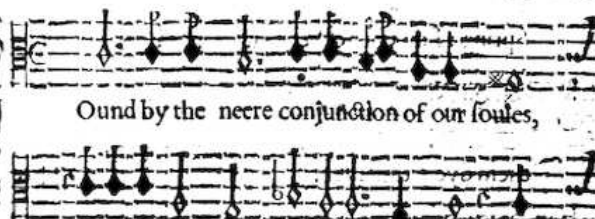
R 2

John Jenkins.

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

Of 3. Voc.

Cantus secundus.

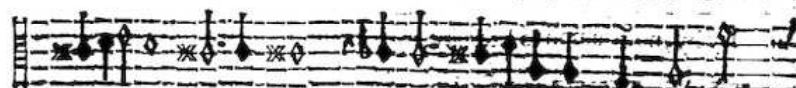


Bound by the neere conjunction of our soules,

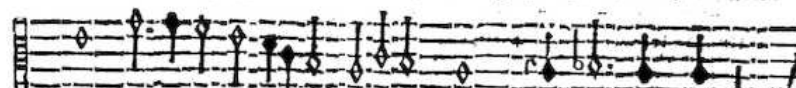
thus I condole thee, thus bedew thy Herse; and



whilst my throbbing heart thy Exit towles, thy Exit towles, accept this



sacrifice of weeping verse. What eyes can drily stubborne be, when



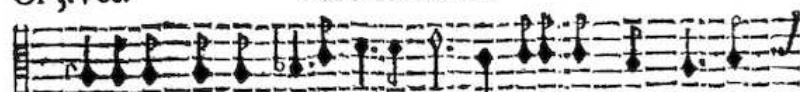
Lawes resteth at such a long continu'd pause? Let teares, like pendants,



garnish ev'ry note, wav'd to and fro with gales of mourn- full sighes,

Of 3. Voc.

Cantus secundus.



and let the widow'd Muses joyntly vote, to celebrate with griefe thy



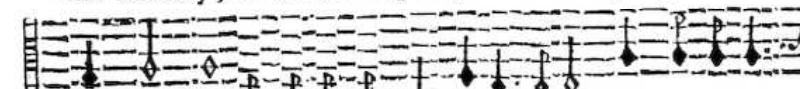
Obsequies: for with thee vanish't all their airie pride, muffled in clay,



muffled in clay, that erst were stellifi'd. Since then i'th Center sleeps



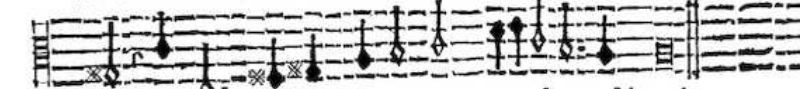
true harmony, let him (that's greedy of that sacred gaine, that sa-



cred gaine) close to his mother earth his eare apply, there wait to heare



some sad melodious straine. Within this womb hath pale impartiall



death, too soon confin'd, confin'd the Quintessence of breath.

John Hilton.

Of 3. Voc.

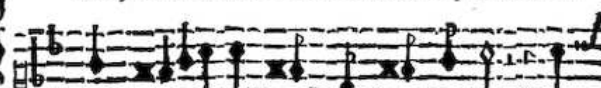
I.

Cantus secundus.

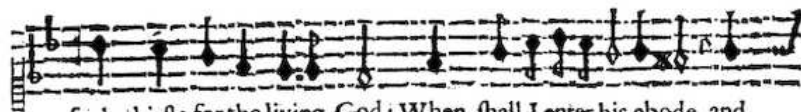
William Lawes.



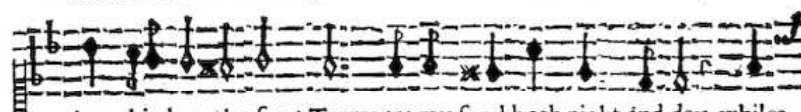
Ord, as the Hart imboist with heat brayes after the



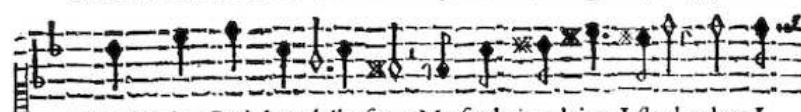
coole Rivolet; so fighes my soule for thee, my



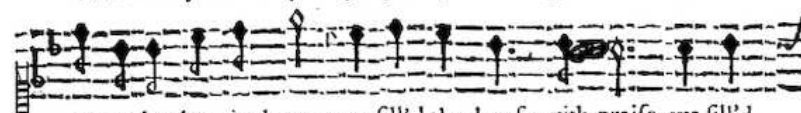
soule thirsts for the living God: When shall I enter his abode, and



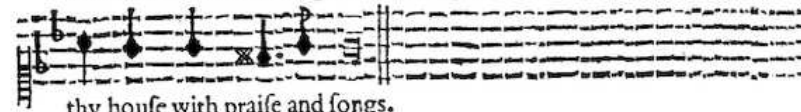
there his beauties see: Teares are my food both night and day, whiles



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, we fill'd



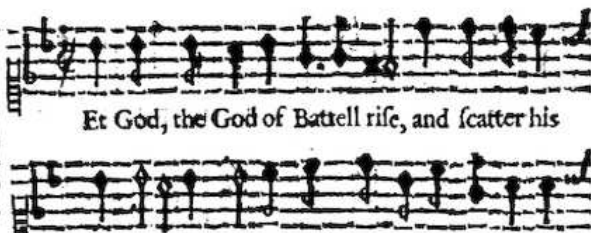
thy house with praise and songs.

Of 3. Voc.

II.

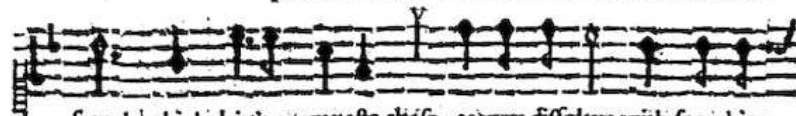
Cantus secundus.

William Lawes.

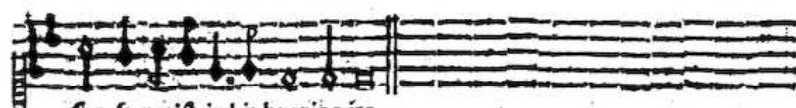


Et God, the God of Battell rise, and scatter his

proud enemies: O let them flie before his face like



smoak, which driving tempests chase, as wax dissolves with scorching



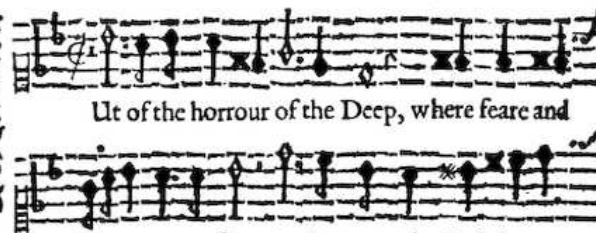
fire, so perish in his burning ire.

Of 3. Voc.

III.

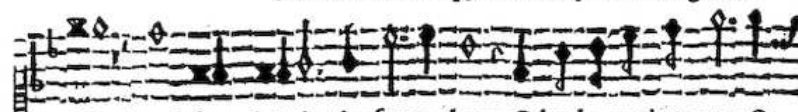
Cantus secundus.

William Lawes

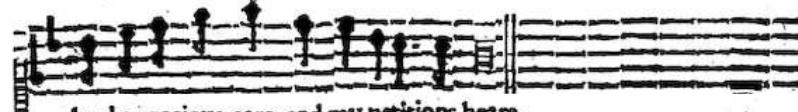


Ult of the horror of the Deep, where feare and

sorrow never sleep, to thee my cries in sighes a-



rise, Lord, from despaire thy servant keep: O lend a gracious care, O



lend a gracious care, and my petitions heare.

S

Of 3.Voc.

IV.

Cantus secundus.

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 furrowes
wound, as plough-shares tare the patient ground. The ever Just hath
broke their bonds, and sav'd me from their cru- ell hands.

Of 3.Voc.

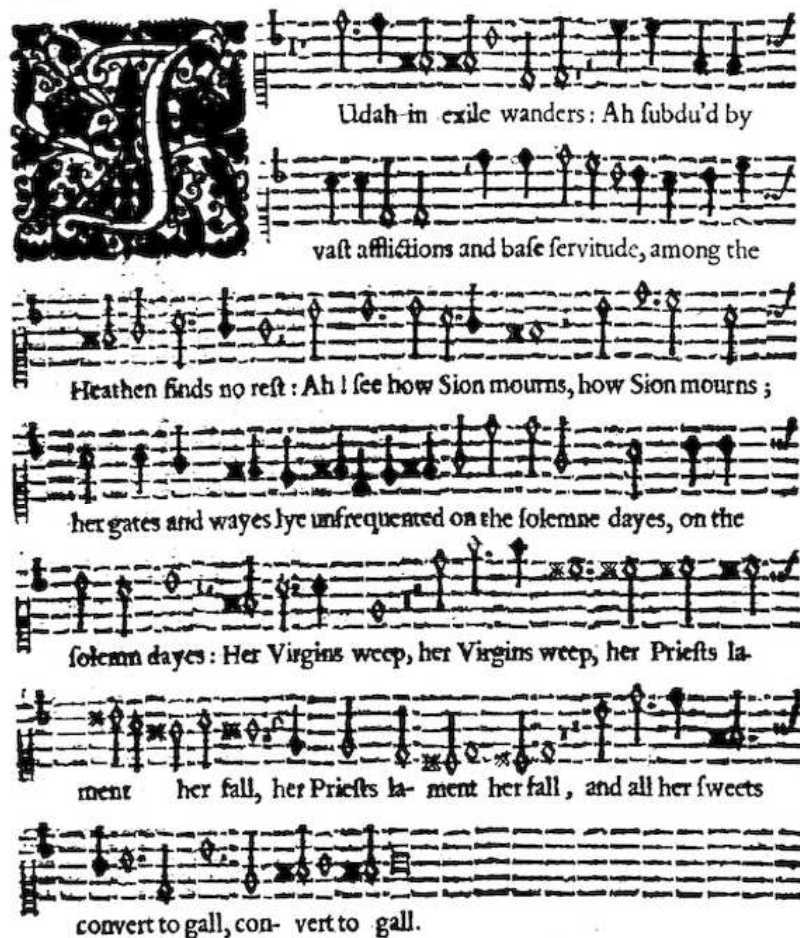
V.

Cantus secundus.

William Lawes.

Ow like a widow? Ah! how desolate this Citie
fits, thrown from the pride of state? How is this
potent, potent Queen, who lawes to all the neighb'ring Nations gave,
become a thrall, become a thrall: who 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 per- fidious friends in-
crease her foes.

Of 3. Voc. VI. Cantus secundus. William Lawes.



Udah in exile wanders: Ah subdu'd by
vast afflictions and base servitude, among the
Heathen finds no rest: Ah! see how Sion mourns, how Sion mourns;
her gates and wayes lye unfrequented on the solemne dayes, on the
solemn dayes: Her Virgins weep, her Virgins weep, her Priests la-
ment her fall, her Priests la- ment her fall, and all her sweets
convert to gall, con- vert to gall.

Of 3. Voc. VII. Cantus secundus. William Lawes.



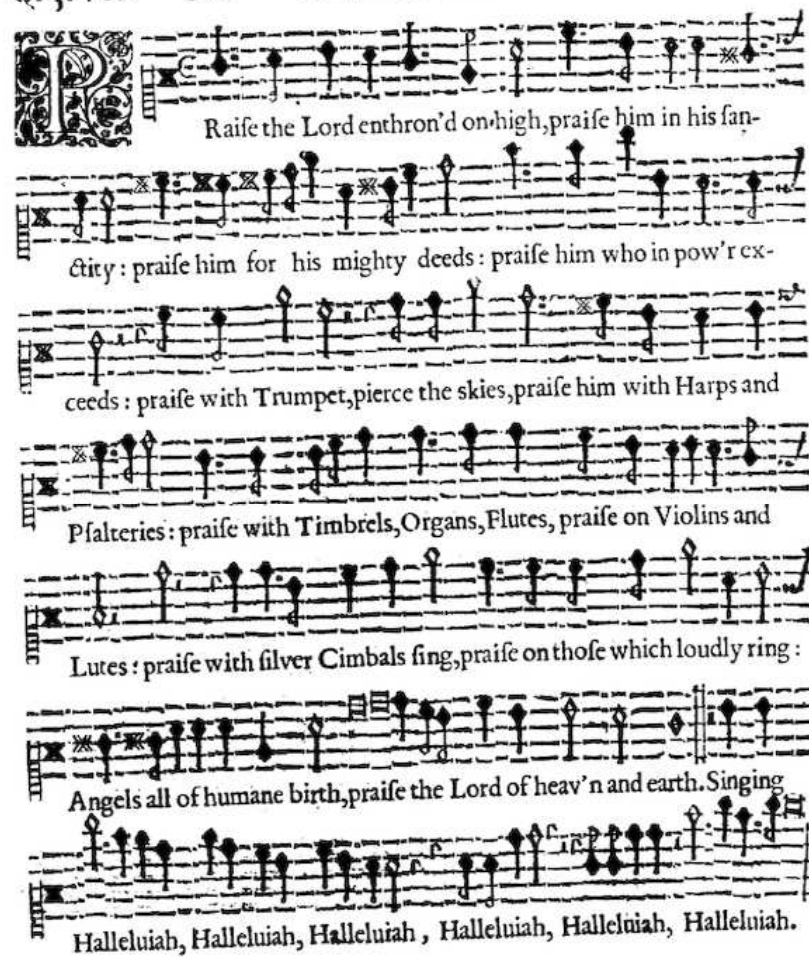
Ow hath Jehova's wrath, O Sion, spread a vaile
of clouds about thy daughters head! From heav'n
to earth thy beauty Israel is throwne; nor in his fierce displeasure, in
his fierce displeasure spar'd his owne: yet Lord thou e- ver liv'st; thy
Throne shall last, when Fun'ral flames the world to cinders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

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



ing to the King of kings, sing in unusuall layes, that hath
wrought wondrous things, his conquests 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 joyn
the warbling voice: let all rejoyce, let all rejoyce, let all rejoyce with
joy divine, let all, &c.

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



Raise the Lord enthron'd on high, praise him in his fan-
city: praise him for his mighty deeds: praise him who in pow'r ex-
ceeds: 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. Singing
Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah.

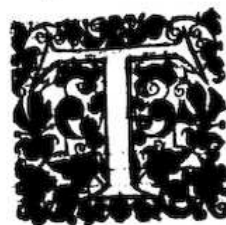
Of 3. Voc. X. Cantus secundus. William Lawes.

MY God, O why hast thou forsook : why O so
far withdrawne thine aide : nor when I roared
pitie took : My God, by night to thee I pray'd, and when nights cur-
taines were display'd, yet wouldst not thou vouchsafe a look ; yet thou
art holy thron'd on high. The israelites thy praise resound, their
faith with wreaths of conquest crown'd, they sought thee, and de-
liv'rance found.

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

MY God, my rock, regard my cry, lest I unheard,
like those that dye, in shades of dark oblivion lye :
To my ascending griefe give eare, to my ascending griefe give eare,
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 shall celebrate thy pow'r, my songs, &c. my songs shall
celebrate thy pow'r, thy pow'r.

T



Hey who the Lord their forresse make, shall

like the tow'rs of Sion rise, which dreadfull

earth-quakes never shake, never shake, nor all the raging tumults of the

skies, nor all the raging, &c.

Lo, as the Hills of Salima divine

Jerusalem inclose, so shall his Angels in the day of danger shield and

save them, save them from their foes.



Ehold, behold how good and joyfull a thing it is, Bre-

thren to dwell together in unity, Brethren to dwell together, together

in unity. 'Tis like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran

down unto the beard, ev'n unto Aarons beard, and went down to the

skirts of his garment, like as the dew of Hermon, which fell upon the

Hill of Sion, upon the Hill, &c.

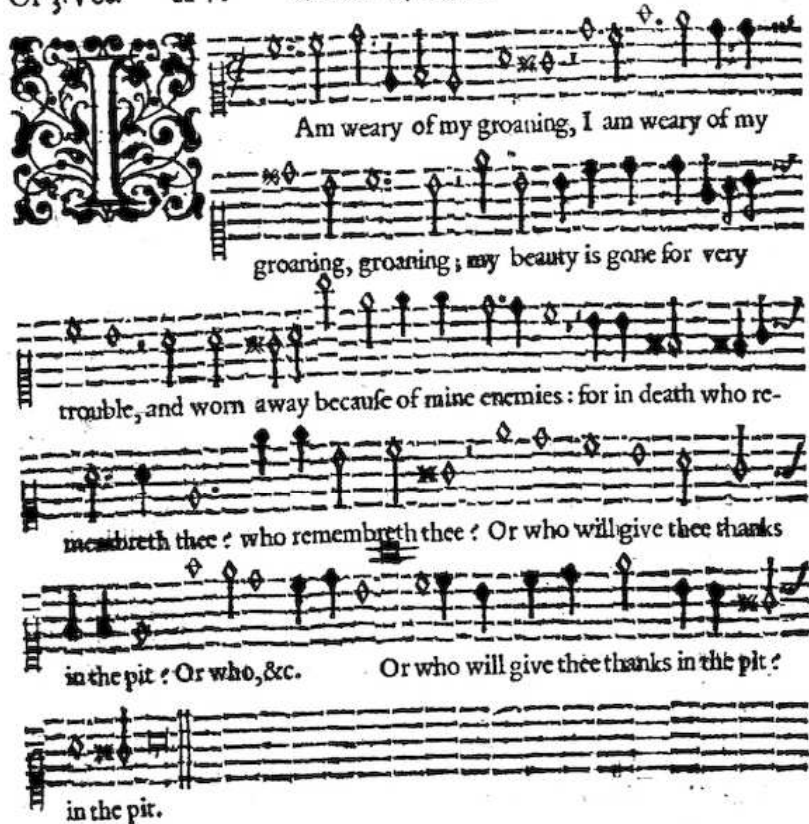
For the Lord promised there

his blessing, for the Lord, &c.

and life for evermore,

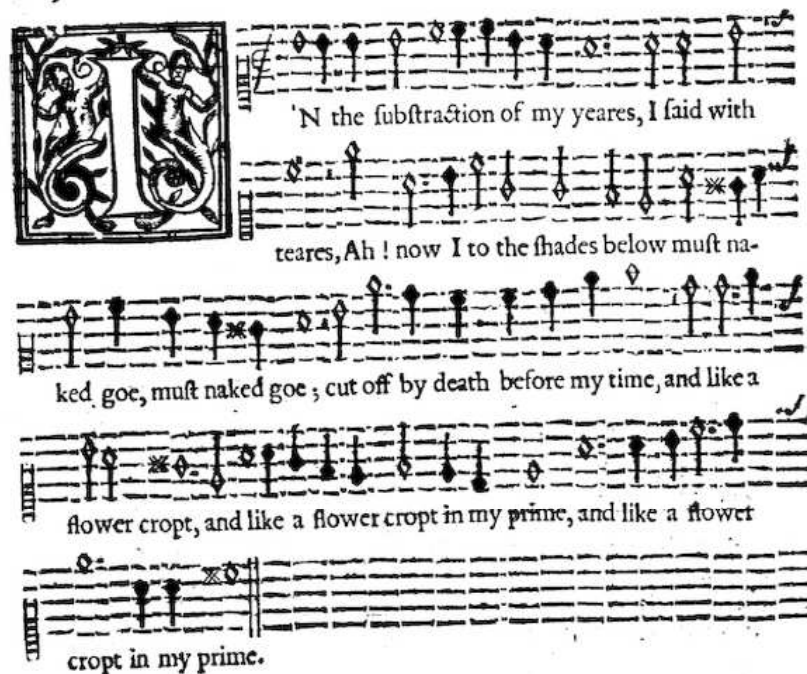
for evermore, and life for evermore.

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



Am weary of my groaning, I am weary of my
groaning, groaning; my beauty is gone for very
trouble, and worn away because of mine enemies: for in death who re-
membereth thee? who remembereth thee? Or who will give thee thanks
in the pit? Or who, &c. Or who will give thee thanks in the pit?
in the pit.

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



In the subtraction of my yeares, I said with
teares, Ah! now I to the shades below must na-
ked goe, must naked goe; cut off by death before my time, and like a
flower cropt, and like a flower cropt in my prime, and like a flower
cropt in my prime.

Of 3. Voc. XVII. Cantus secundus.

William Lawes.



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

How long wilt thou hide thy face, wilt thou hide

thy face from me : How long shall mine enemies triumph over me :

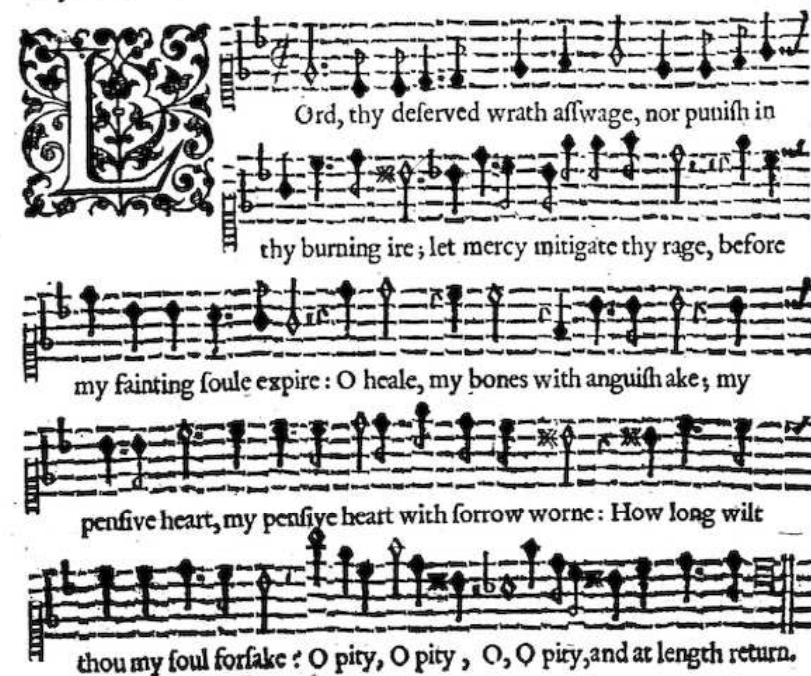
Consider and heare me, and heare me, O God, lighten mine eyes,

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

eyes that I sleep not in death.

Of 3. Voc. XVIII. Cantus secundus.

William Lawes.



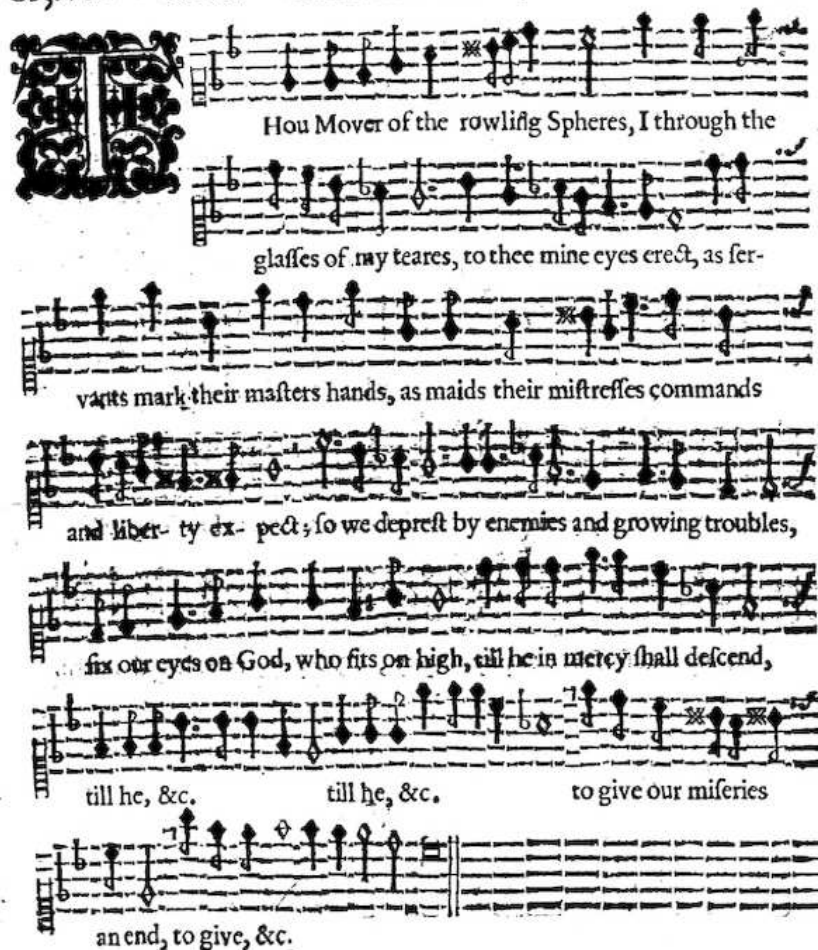
Ord, thy deserved wrath assuage, nor punish in

thy burning ire ; let mercy mitigate thy rage, before

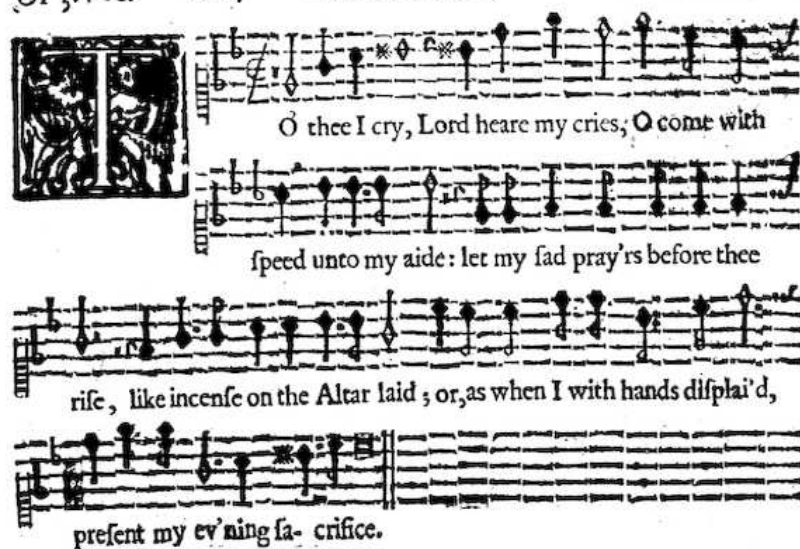
my fainting soule expire : O heale, my bones with anguishake, my

penfive heart, my penfive heart with sorrow worne : How long wilt

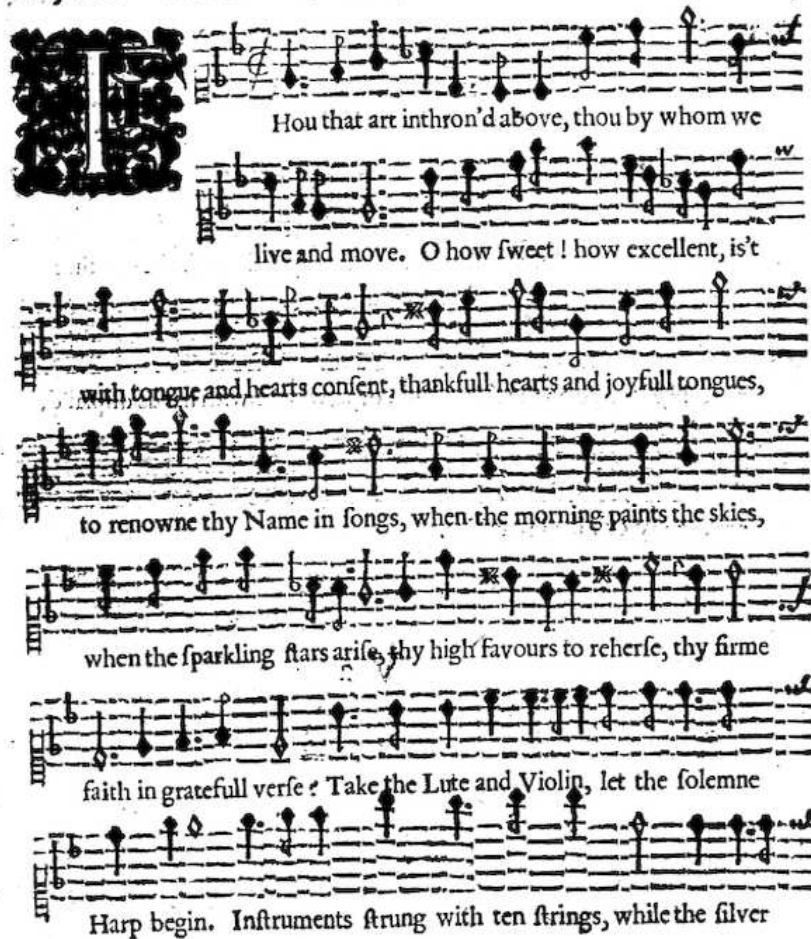
thou my soul forsake : O pity, O pity, O, O pity, and at length return.



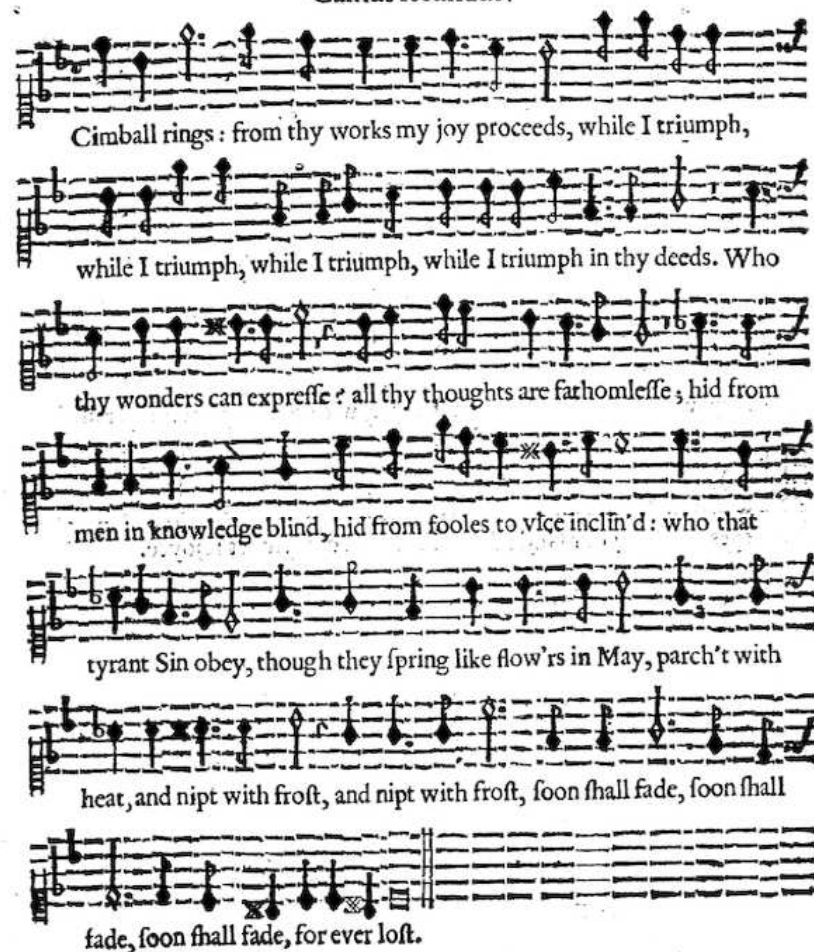
Hou Mover of the rowling Spheres, I through the
 glasse of my teares, to thee mine eyes erect, as ser-
 vants mark their masters hands, as maids their mistresses commands
 and liber-ty ex-pect; so we deprest by enemies and growing troubles,
 fix our eyes on God, who sits on high, till he in mercy shall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



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 sa- crifice.



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 renowne thy Name in songs, when the morning paints the skies,
when the sparkling stars arise, thy high favours to reherse, thy firme
faith in gratefull verse : Take the Lute and Violin, let the solemne
Harp begin. Instruments strung with ten strings, while the silver



Cimball 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, parch't with
heat, and nipt with frost, and nipt with frost, soon shall fade, soon shall
fade, soon shall fade, for ever lost.

Of 3. Voc. XXII. Cantus secundus.

William Lawes.

Come sing the great Jehovahs praise, whose
mercies have pro- long'd, prolong'd our dayes:
Sing with a loud and cheerfull voice, with bending knees and raised
eyes your God adore, in fa- cred Hymnes rejoyce.

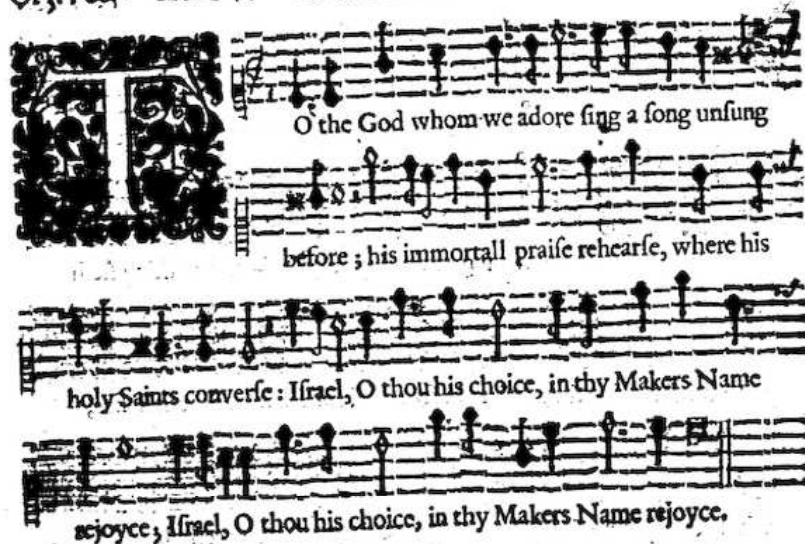
Of 3. Voc. XXIII. Cantus secundus.

William Lawes.

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

Of 3. Voc. XXIV. Cantus secundus.

William Lawes.



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

Of 3. Voc. XXV. Cantus secundus.

William Lawes.



Ee Nations of the earth, our great Preserver praise,
all ye of humane birth, to Heaven his glory raise,
whose mercy hath no end nor bound, his promise crown'd with con-
stant faith, with constant faith, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,
Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,
Halleluiah.

Of 3. Voc. XXVI. Cantus secundus.

William Lawes.



Et all with 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.

Of 3. Voc. XXVII. Cantus secundus.

William Lawes.



E irascaris, ne irascaris, ne irascaris, Domine:

Satis, & ne ultra me mineris iniquitatis nostræ:

Ecce, ecce, ecce, respice, Populus tuus omnes nos, Populus tuus

omnes nos. Civitas sancti tui facta est deserta. Sion deserta

facta est. Jerusalem, Je- rusalem desolat, deso- lata est,

deso- lata est.

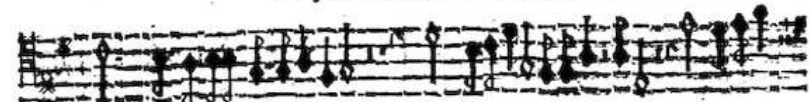
Of 3. Voc. XXVIII. Cantus secundus.

William Lawes.

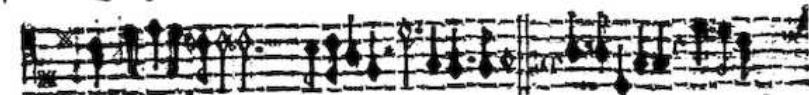


Emento, Memento Domine congregationis

tua; Memento, Memento, Memento Domine:



Quam possedisti ab ini- tio, quam, &c. quam, &c.



Quam possedisti ab ini- tio. Libera eos, libera



eos ex omnibus tribulationibus, tribulationibus, tribulationibus,



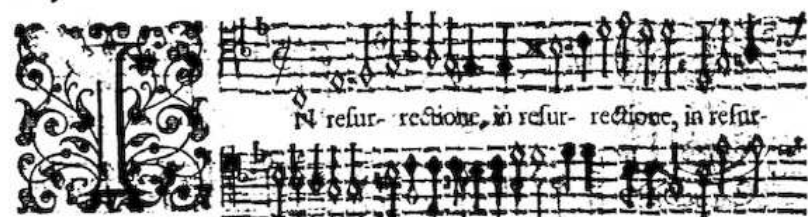
& mitte eis auxilium, & mitte, &c. auxilium, & mitte eis



auxilium, auxilium, & mitte eis auxilium, auxilium.

Of 3. Voc. XXIX. Cantus secundus.

William Lawes.

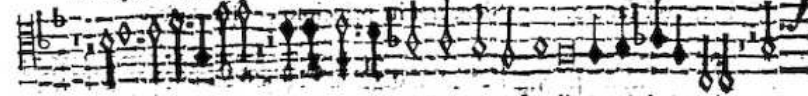


in resur- rectione, in resur- rectione, in resur-

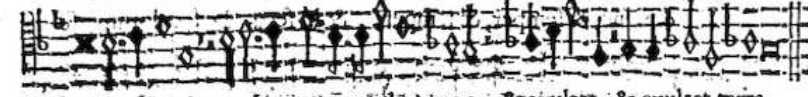
rectione, in resur- rectione tua Domine, tua Do-



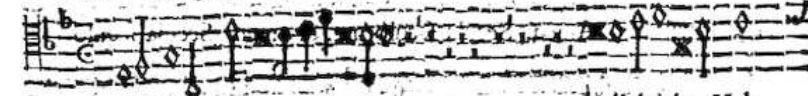
mine, in resur- rectione, in resurrectione tua Domine, tua Domine,



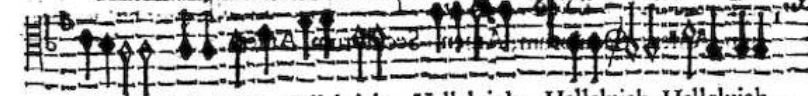
in resurrectione tua Domine. Laetentur coeli, & exultet terra, ex-



ultet terra, exultet terra, exultet terra, & exultet, & exultet terra.



Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Hal-



leluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,



Halleluiah, Halle- luiah.

Of 3. Voc. XXX

Cantus secundus.

William Lawes.



Gloria, gloria, gloria Patri, & Filio, & Spiritui
sancto, & Spiritui sancto, & Spiritui sancto, &
Spi- ri- tui sancto. Sicut erat in principio, sicut, &c.
& nunc, & semper, & semper, & in seculum, se-
cula seculorum, Amen. Secula seculorum, A- men. Secula seculo-
rum, Amen. Seculorum, Amen. Seculorum, Amen.

Of .Voc.

Cantus secundus:

William Lawes.



Musick, Musick, the Master of thy Art is dead,
and with him all thy ravish'd sweets are fled, then
bear a part in thine own Tragedy: Let's celebrate strange griefe with
harmōny. In stead of teares shed on his mournfull Herse, let's howle,
let's howle sad notes, stoln from his own pure verse. In stead of teares
shed on his Herse, let's howle sad notes, sad notes, stoln from his own
pure verse, from his own pure verse.

By William Lawes.

THE TABLE.

Henry Lawes.

That man is truly blest, &c.
Who trusts in thee.
O thou from whom all mercy springs.
Not in thy wrath, &c.
Lord, judge my cause.
Cast off and scattered, &c.
Thy beauty Israel, &c.
With sighs and tears, &c.
Lord for thy people, &c.
O hear my cries, &c.
Woe is my lot, &c.
To heare me Lord.
Behold me thus.
How are the Gentiles, &c.
Happy he, &c.
Laudare, &c.
Depress'd with griefe.
Blest, O thrice blest, &c.
Lord to my pray'r, &c.
When griefe, &c.
Let our foes, &c.
How long, &c.
Accept my pray'r, &c.
The bounty of Jehovah, &c.
You who the Lord, &c.
Now the Lord his reigne, &c.
Now in the winter, &c.
The King Jehovah, &c.
My soule, &c.
Our fervent soules, &c.

Elegies on William Lawes.

William Lawes.

1 Lord, as the Hart, &c. 1
2 Let God arise, &c. 2
3 Out of the horror, &c. 3
4 Oft from my early youth, &c. 4
5 How like a widow, &c. 5
6 Judah in exile, &c. 6
7 How hath Jehovahs wrath, &c. 7
8 Sing to the King of kings. 8
9 Praise the Lord enthron'd, &c. 9
10 My God, &c. 10
11 My God my rock, &c. 11
12 They who the Lord, &c. 12
13 Behold, &c. 13
14 O sing unto the Lord, &c. 14
15 I am weary, &c. 15
16 In the subtraction, &c. 16
17 How long wilt thou, &c. 17
18 Lord, thy deserved wrath, &c. 18
19 Thou Mover of, &c. 19
20 To thee I cry, &c. 20
21 Thou that art enthron'd, &c. 21
22 Come sing the great Jehovahs praise! 22
23 To thee O God, &c. 23
24 To the God whom we adore. 24
25 Ye Nations, &c. 25
26 Let all with sweet accord, &c. 26
27 Ne irascaris, &c. 27
28 Memento, &c. 28
29 In resurrectione, &c. 29
30 Gloria Pauci. 30
8 An Elegie on Mr. John Tomkins.
8 Canons of 3. and 4. Voices.

FINIS.

