



LAWES

PSALMS

LAWES' PSALMS.



II.



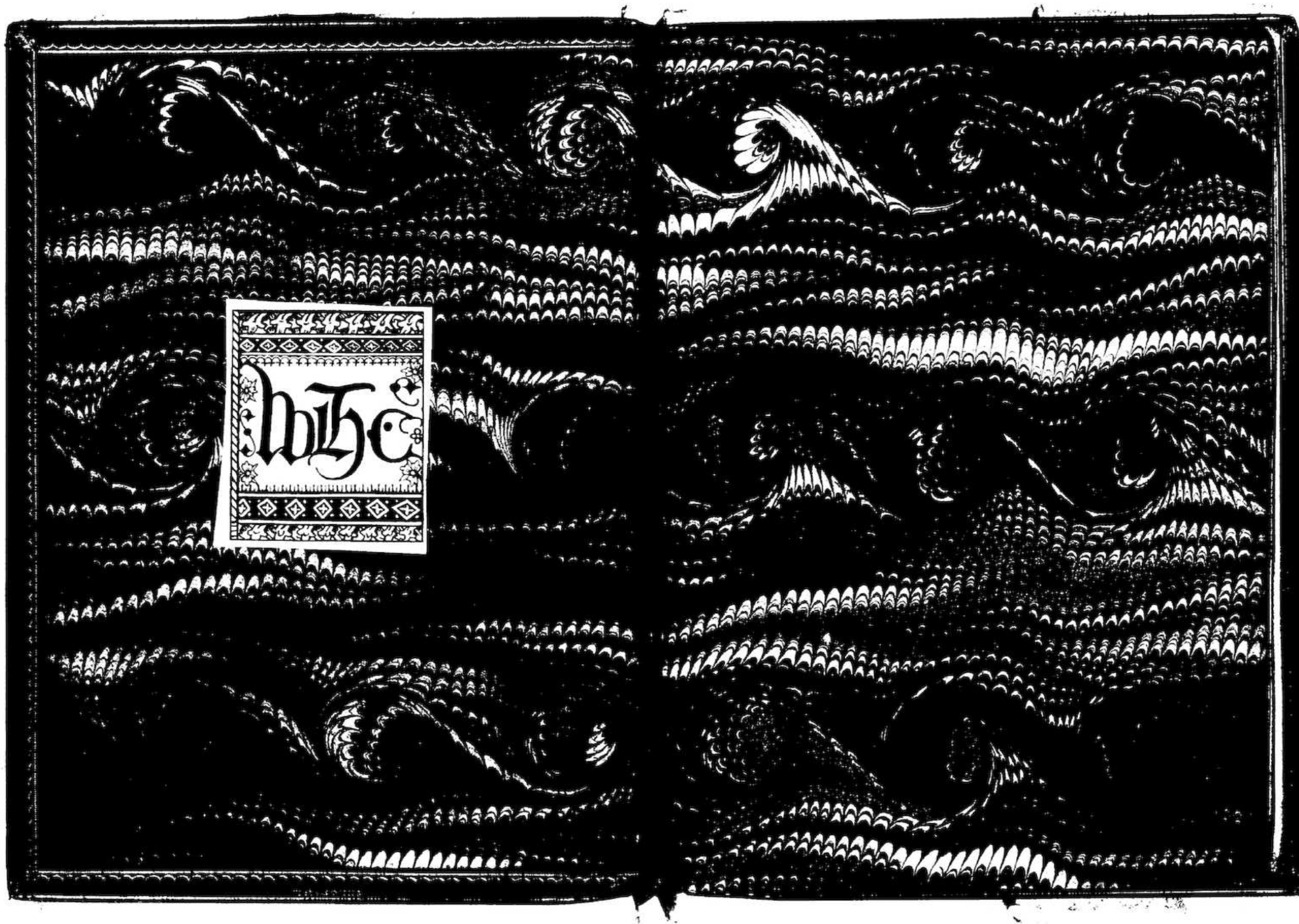
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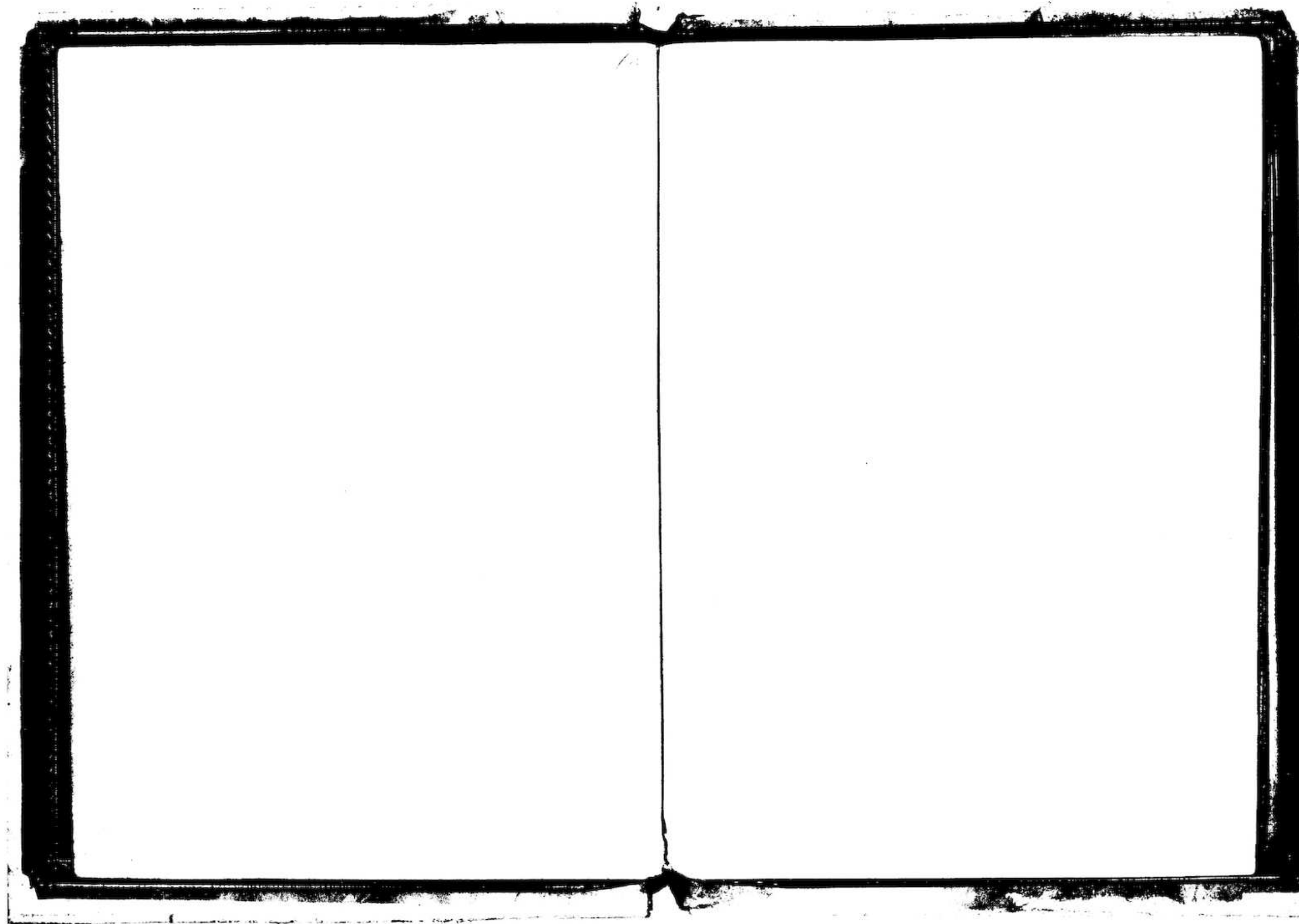
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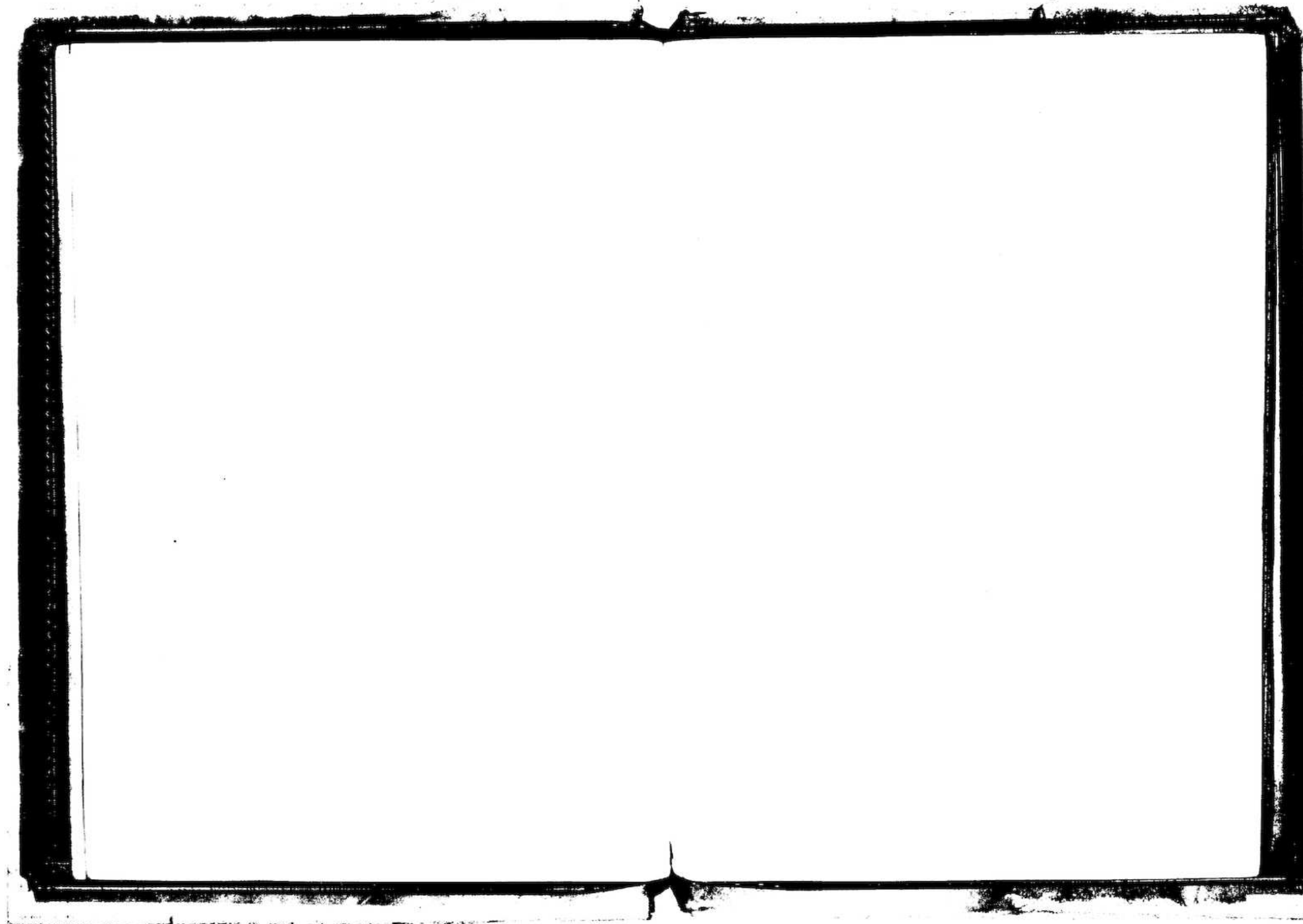


233









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 } Lanes, Brothers; and Servants to
William } His Majestie.

With divers Elegies, set in Musick by several Friends, upon the
death of WILLIAM LANES.

And at the end of the Thorough Base are added nine Canons of
Three and Four Voices, made by William Lanes.

JOHN LANE
LONDON,

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



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

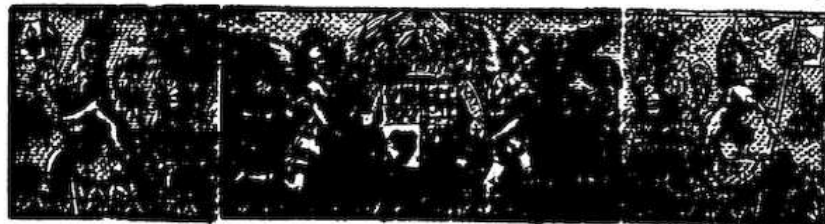


Regi, Regis, &c.

Regum Ar- ca- na cano.

Henricus Lawes

Regis 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

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

to Your service; whereof, I (who knew his heart) am a surviving witnesse, and therein he persisted to that last minute, when he fell a willing Sacrifice for Your Majestie: I were unworthy such a Brother, should I tender ought that is his, or mine, to any but our Gracious Master (from whose Royall Bountie 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 the title 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 incribes 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

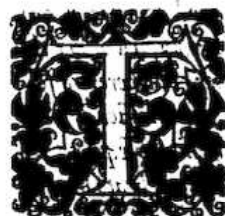
Your Majesties most humble,

most loyally devoted Subject and Servant,

HENRY LAWES.



To the READER.



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 disquiet 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,

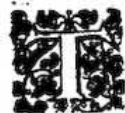
To the Reader.

mention, lest being, as they are, dispers'd into private hands, they may chance be hereafter lost; for, besides his Fancies of the Three, Four, Five and Six Parts to the ~~Voice 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 envy 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 found,
The t'other took his sight 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 Mr. *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 Mr. *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* cares, 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 could humour best our tongue.
Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must lend her wing
To honour thee, the Priest of *Reason* Quene,
That tun'st their happiest Lines in hymne of glory.
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 Countryman,)

Mr. *Henry Lawes*, upon his owne, and his Brother
Mr. *William Lawes's* incomparable Works.

WHere shall I place my wonder, when I see
Such right in both to't, such equallitie
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 true 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 care;
Th'are pious only, and chaste numbers here:
(Such was that lovely *Pæan*, when the displeas'd
Incens'd God th' *Achaick* Host appeas'd,)

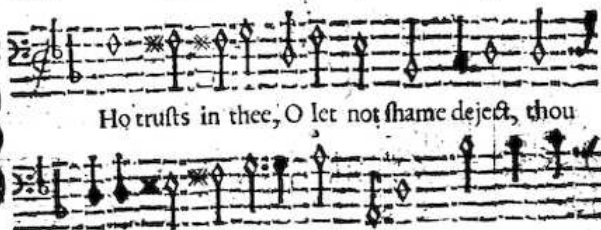
Becoming

Of 3. Voc

II.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.

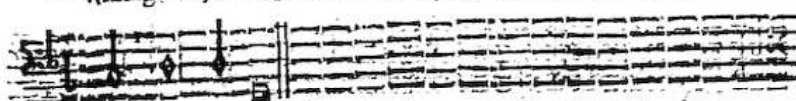


Ho trusts in thee, O let not shame deject, thou

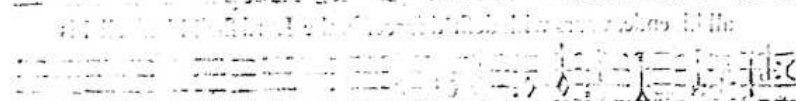
ever Just, my chased soule secure: Lord lend a



willing care, with speed protect; be thou my rock with thy:



strong arms immune.

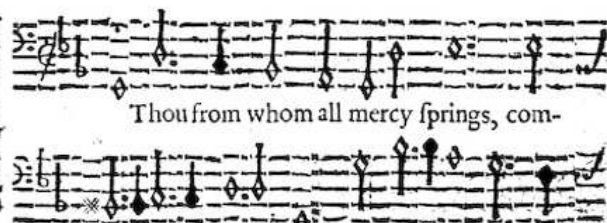


Of 3. Voc.

III.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.



Thou from whom all mercy springs, com-

passionate my sufferings, and pitie me who trusts



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



cleere up, or o- ver blow.

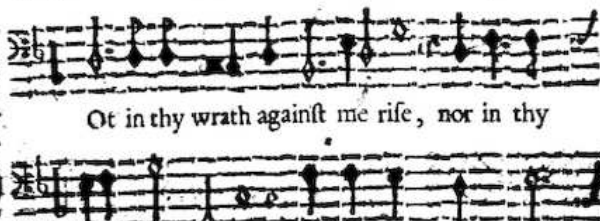
Y 2

Of 3. Voc.

I V.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.



Not in thy wrath against me rise, nor in thy



fury Lord chastise: Thy arrowes wound, naile



to the ground, to the ground, thy hand upon mee, thy hand upon



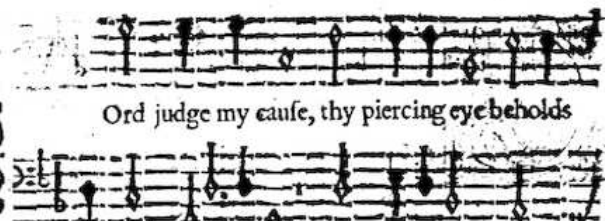
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ould not be so gentle

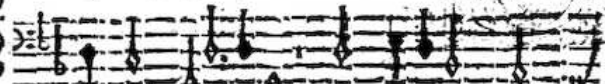
Of 3. Voc.

Bassus.

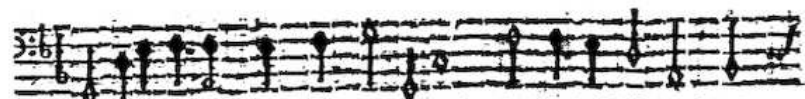
Henry Lawes.



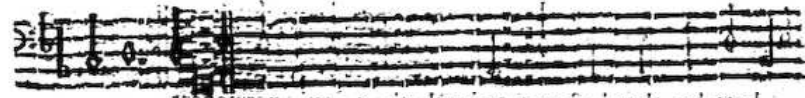
Ord judge my cause, thy piercing eye beholds



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.

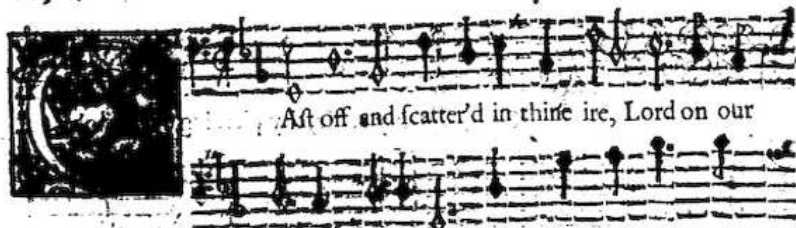
ould not be so gentle

Of 3. Voc.

VI.

Bassus.

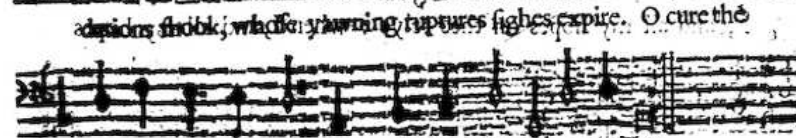
Henry Lawes.



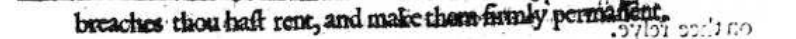
Aft off and scatter'd in thine ire, Lord on our



woot with pittie look: The Lands inforc'd foun-



adpious throb, which yawning ruptures fighes expire. O cure the



breaches thou hast rent, and make them firmly permanent.

Of 3. Voc.

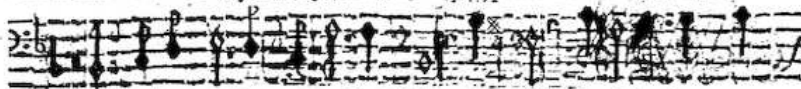
VII.

Bassus.

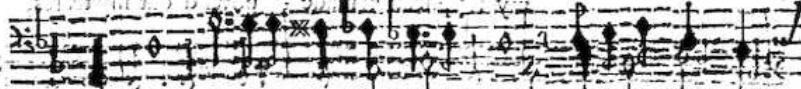
Henry Lawes.



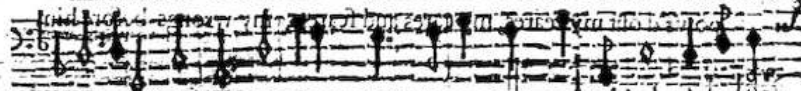
Hy beauty Israel is fled, sunk to the dead, sunk, &c.



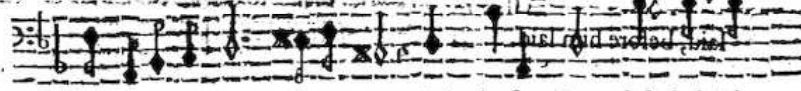
How are the valiant, the valiant false: the slain, the slain thy moun-



taines staine: O let it not in Gath be knowne, nor in the streets of



Askalon, lest that sad story should excite their durt delight, lest in the



torrent of our woe, of our woe their pleasure flow, lest their tri-



umphant daughters ring their Cimbals, ring their Cimbals, ring their



Cimbals, and curs'd Peans sing, ring their Cimbals, and curs'd



Peans sing.

Of 3. Voc

VIII.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.

Ith sighes and cries to God I pray'd, to him
my supplication made; powr'd out my teares,
powr'd out my cares, my cares and feares, my wrongs before him
laid, before him laid.

Of 3. Voc

IX.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.

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

Z

Of 3. Voc.

X.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.



Heare my cries, O heare my cries, preserve his life, who
 will thy Lawes, thy Lawes obey, and just commands fulfill : Mine
 eyes out-watch the night, my cries prevent the ear-ly morne, in
 due devotion spent, heare and revive, and revive, thy justice execute
 on lawlesse men ; but thine owne 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 Bases stand, on eternall
 Bases stand.

Of 3. Voc.

XI.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.



Oe is me, that I from Israel exiled must in
 Mesech dwell, and in the tents, in the tents of Is-
 mael. O how long shall I live with those, whose savage minds
 sweet peace oppose, and fury by dissension growes, by &c.
 and fury, &c.

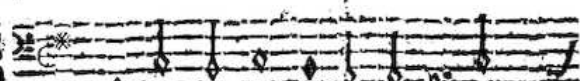
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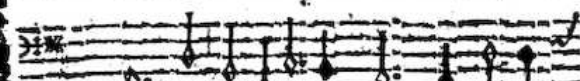
XII.

Bassus.

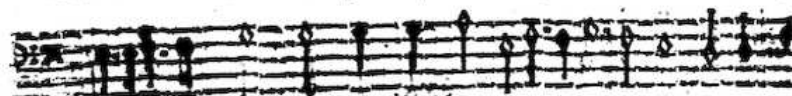
Henry Lawes.



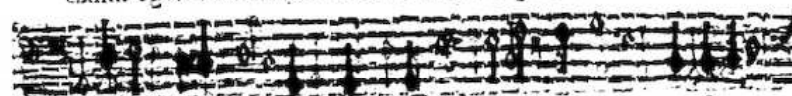
O heare me Lord be' thou inclin'd, my



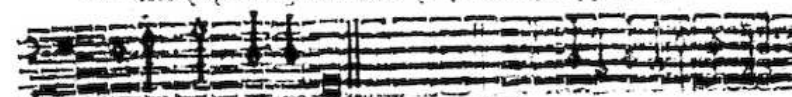
thoughts O ponder in thy minde, and let my



cries acceptance find; Thou hearest my morning sacrifice, to thee, before



the day, starre rise, my pray'rs ascend, my, &c. my, &c.



ascend with steadfast eyes.

Henry Lawes

Σ

Of 3. Voc.

XIII.

Bassus.

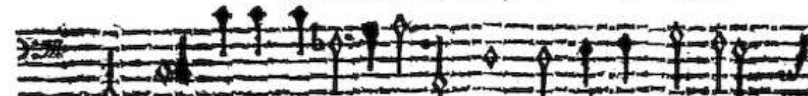
Henry Lawes.



Ord shewre on us thy grace, inrich with gifts



divine: Let thy illustrious face upon thy ser-



uents shine, that all below the arched skie, may thee and thy salva-



tion know, salvation know.

21

Of 3. Voc.

XIV.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.

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

Of 3. Voc.

XV.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.

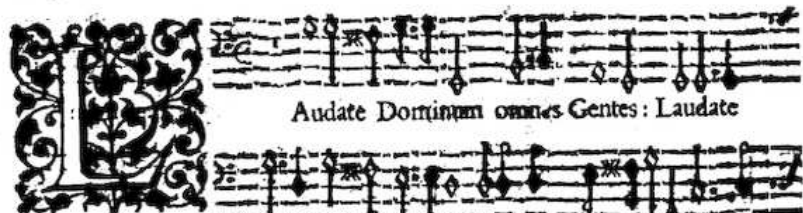
Appy he, happy he, who God obeyes, nor from
his direction strays: Thou shalt of thy labours feed, all shall to thy
wish, all, &c. all shall to thy wish succeed. Like a faire
and fruitfull Vine, by thy house thy wife shall joyne; sons obedient
to command, shall about, shall about thy table stand: Like 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.

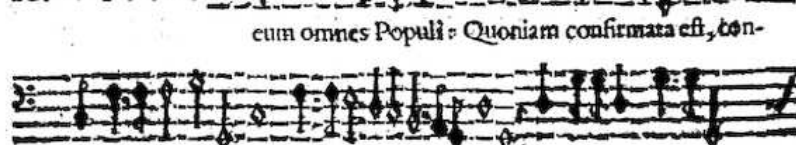
XVI.

Bassus.

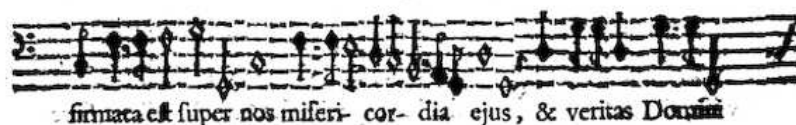
Henry Lawes.



Audate Dominum omnes Gentes: Laudate



cum omnes Populi: Quoniam confirmata est, con-



firmata est super nos miseri- cor- dia ejus, & veritas Domini



manet in aeternum, & veritas Domini manet in aeter- num, manet



in aeternum, in aeternum, aeter- num.

Of 3. Voc.

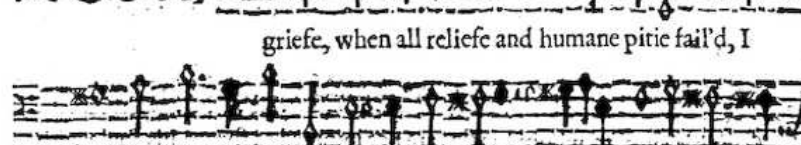
XVII.

Bassus.

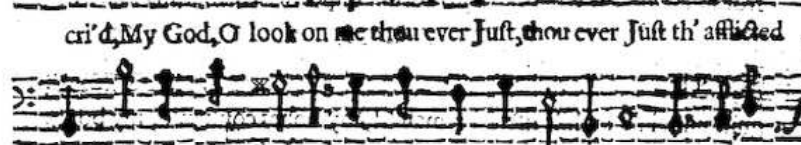
Henry Lawes.



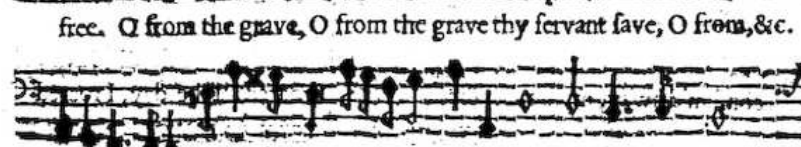
Eprest with griefe, deprest, &c. deprest with



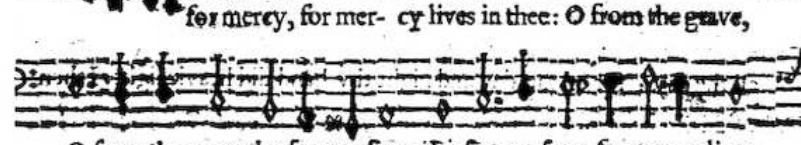
griefe, when all reliefe and humane pitie fail'd, I



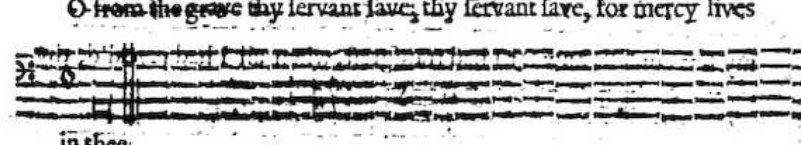
cri'd, My God, O look on me thou ever Just, thou ever Just th' afflicted



free. O from the grave, O from the grave thy servant save, O from, &c.



for mercy, for mer- cy lives in thee: O from the grave,



O from the grave thy servant save, thy servant save, for mercy lives



in thee,

Aa

Of 3. Voc.

XVIII.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.

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

Of 3. Voc.

XIX.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.

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

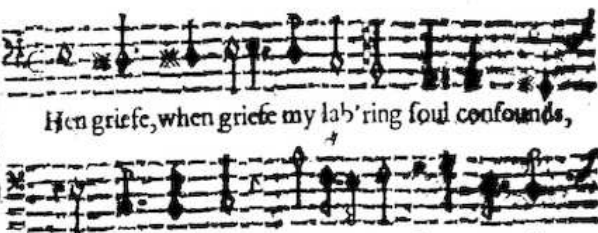
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Of 3. Voc.

XX.

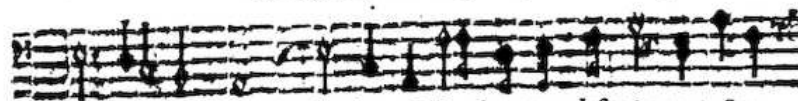
Bassus.

Henry Lawes.

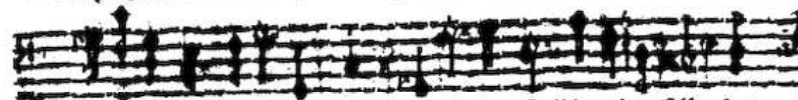


Hen griefe, when griefe my lab'ring soul confounds,

thou powrest balme, thou, &c. thou powrest



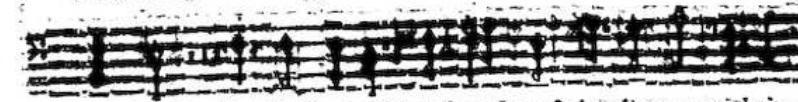
balme into her wounds; for thou, O Lord, art my defence, my refuge,



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



their owne fins be swept, be swept from hence. God shall cut off



their breath, God shall cut off their breath, and give them up; and give



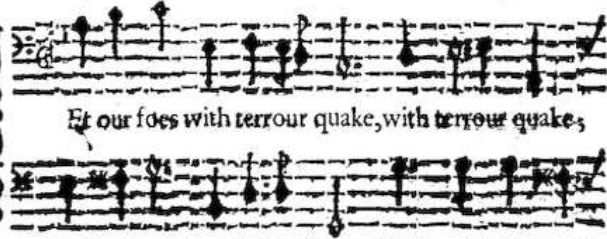
them up to death.

Of 3. Voc.

XXI.

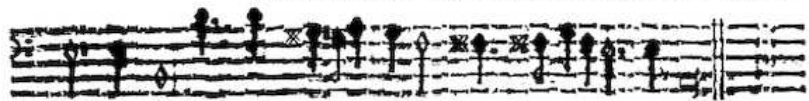
Bassus.

Henry Lawes.



Et our foes with terrour quake, with terrour quake,

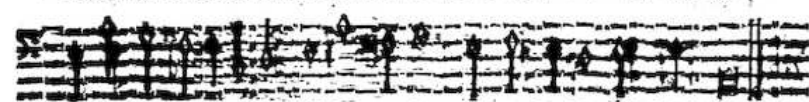
let the earths foundation shake: Judgement our great



God affects, yet with equity directs, yet with equity directs.



These celestiall swins embrace, these reflect on Jacobs race: O how ho-



ly, O how holy above all honour, honour, and at his footstool fall.

Of 3. Voc.

XXII.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.

Ow long : Lord, how long : how long : how
long, O Lord : let me not for ever be forgot. How
long : how long, my God, wilt thou contract thy clouded brow :
contract, &c. How long in mind perplex shall I be daily vext :
Consider and heare my cries, illuminate mine eyes, lest with ex-
hausted breath I ever sleep, I e- ver sleep in death.

Of 3. Voc.

XXIII.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.

Accept my pray'rs, nor to the cry of my affliction
stop thine care : Lord, in the time of misery and
sad restraint, se- rene appeare ; the sighing of my spirit heare, and
when I call, with speed reply.

Of 3. Voc.

XXIV.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.

He bounty of Jehovah praise, this God of gods
all scepters sways; Thanks to the Lord of lords
island, and his amazing wonders blaze, far from the King of kings
eternall mercy springs.

Of 3. Voc.

XXV.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.

On who the Lord adore, and at his Altar wait,
and keep your watch, and, &c. before the
threshold of his gate, his praises sing, his praises sing by silent night, till
cheerfull light, till, &c. till cheerfull light i'th Orient spring.

B b

Of 3. Voc.

XXVI.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.



Ow the Lord his reign begins, thro' d between the

Cherubins: O how great in Sions Tow'r's! high a-

bove, high above all earthly pow'rs: Great and terrible his Name, since

so holy, praise the same, since so holy, since so holy, praise the same.

On his holy Hill glory, glorifie and worship still, and worship still.

Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,

Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,

Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah.

Of 3. Voc.

XXVII.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.



Ow in the winter of my yeares, of my yeares,

when time hath snow'd upon my haire,

upon, &c. Abandon, &c. abandon not, O Lord, till I unto this

age proclaime thy mighty pow'r in songs, the same, &c.

unto the next record, till, &c.

thy mighty pow'r in

songs unto the next record.

Bb 2



He King Jehovah with thy justice crowne, and
in a God-like reigne his Son renowne; he shall
with equity thy people sway, and judgement, and judgement in the
scales, 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 showres.



Y soule, my soule, my soule and all my faculties Jeho-
vah praise; sing, sing, sing till the skies re-eccho, re-eccho his ascending
fame: My soule, my soule, O celebrate his Name; for he will not e- ver
chide; nor constant to his wrath abide; but mildly from his wrath re-
lents; and shortens our due punishments, and shortens our due punish-
ments: His glorious Name, with sweet accord, joyne thou my soule,
joyne thou my soule to praise the Lord.

Of 3. Voc.

XXX.

Bassus.

Henry Lawes.



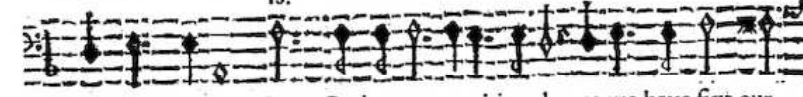
Our fervent soules on God attend, our help, who



only can defend, who only, &c. in whom



our hearts exult for joy, in whom, &c. because we on



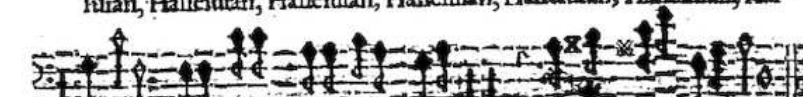
his Name relye. Great God, to us propitious be, as we have fixt our



hopes on thee, as we have fixt, have fixt our hopes on thee. Hallo-



luiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Hal-



luiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah.

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

Of 3. Voc.

Bassus.

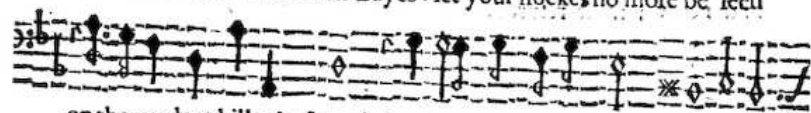


Ease, O cease, ye jolly Shepherds, cease your

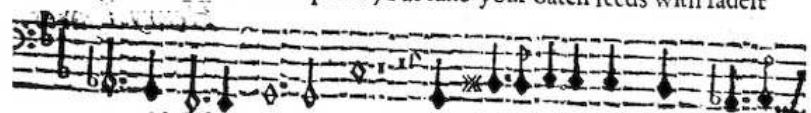
merry layes; Pipe no more, In medowes green,



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

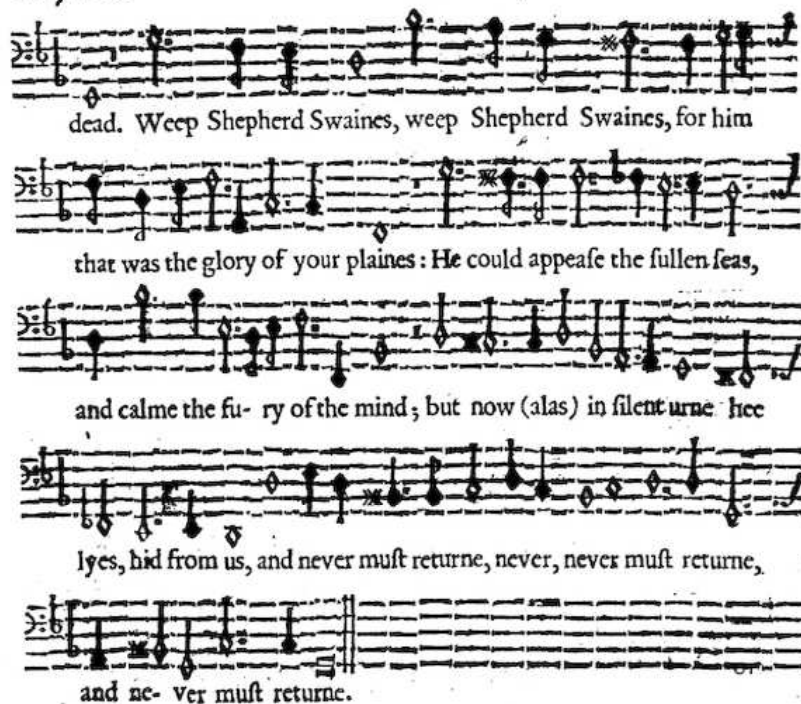


notes, with saddest notes to mourn: for gentle *Willy*, your lov'd *Lawes* is

C c

Of 3. Voc.

Bassus:



dead. Weep Shepherd Swaines, weep Shepherd Swaines, for him
that was the glory of your plaines: He could appease the fullen seas,
and calme the fu- ry of the mind; but now (alas) in silent urne hee
lyes, hid from us, and never must returne, never, never must returne,
and ne- ver must returne.

Henry Laves.

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

Of 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Doe not now lament and cry, O do, &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 divinitie. Hark, O hark, the celestiaall Quire
doth pause to heare his sweeter Lyre: there he is set free from

Bassus.



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



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

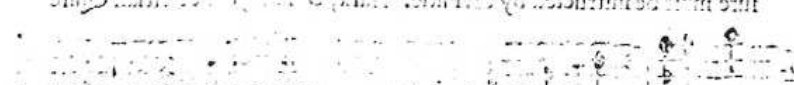
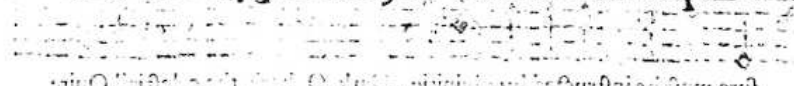


crowne, so harmonious on thy faire Harfe, should out-tongue Ovid

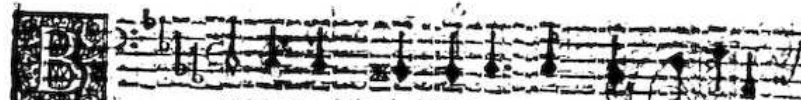


in his sweetest Verse.

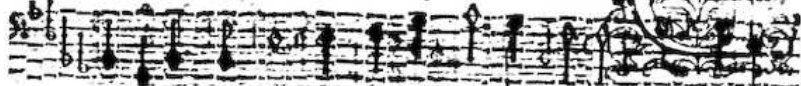
By John Wilson Doctor in Musique.



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



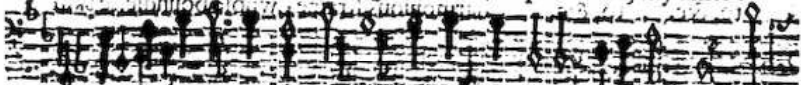
Ue that, lov'd Friend, we have been taught, our dearest



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



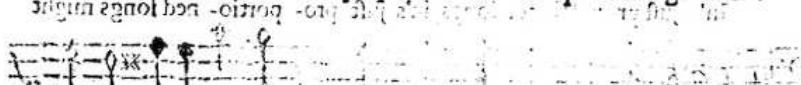
involve in aire, involve in aire: for thy rare fancy from its birth, far



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



clay presse downe thine eyes, and not an earth-quake straight arise?



thine

John Taylor.

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

Deare *Will* is dead, deare *Will* is dead, *Will Lawes*,
 whose active braine gave life to many sweet,
 to, &c. to, &c. harmonious straine, whose boundlesse skill
 made Musick speak such sense, as if 't had sprung from an intelligencer,
 as if 't had, &c. as if 't had, &c.
 In's just proportioned songs, in's just proportioned songs might
 you find, his soule convers'd with heav'n, his, &c. with

Bassus.

heav'n, heaven with his mind, and in such language that Rhet'rick
 never knew, for his were Rhetorick, and sweet Musick too, and sweet
 Musique too: Like that which brought from the Imperiall skie
 Angels to men, Angels to men, from men-made Divels flie, made
 Divels flie. But (oh) he's dead, he's dead: but, &c. he's dead.
 To heav'n is he gone? is he gone? the life of Musick, *laus, laus* of
 our Nation.

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

To the memory of his Friend,
M^r. *William Lawes*.

Bave Spirit, art thou dead? and shall not wee,
since thou so soon art dead shed teares for thee
O let our eyes like Limbeck be, still dropping, dropping teares
for thee.

By Captain *Edmond Foster*.

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. that was the most Admired one,
renowned *Lawes*, Generall of the Forces all in Europe that were mu-
sicall. Have we not cause to weep and mourne, when as the children
yet unborn may make us sad, to think that neither girle nor boy, shall
ever live for to enjoy such *Lawes*, such *Lawes* as once they had.

D d

By *Simon Iwe*.

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

Of 3. Voc.

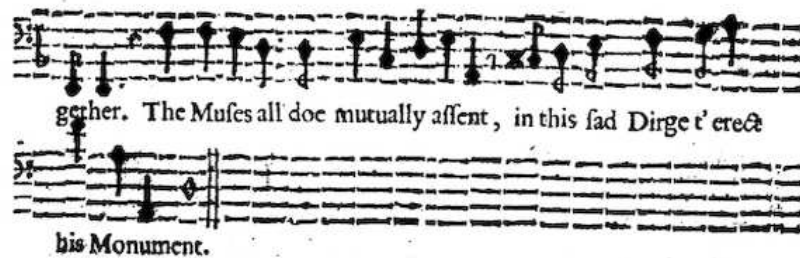
Bassus.

Not well : O no : Draw yon black cloud,
and see the soule of mine and all our harmony
dratcht deep in bloud and nastie disloyalty, my deare *Master* lies.
Hard hap to say, Time was, 'twas he; but now he's ever,
ever lost to time and mee. A fatall breath of honours challeng'd
death with death. Vertue to have a loyall fame, a royall grave. O

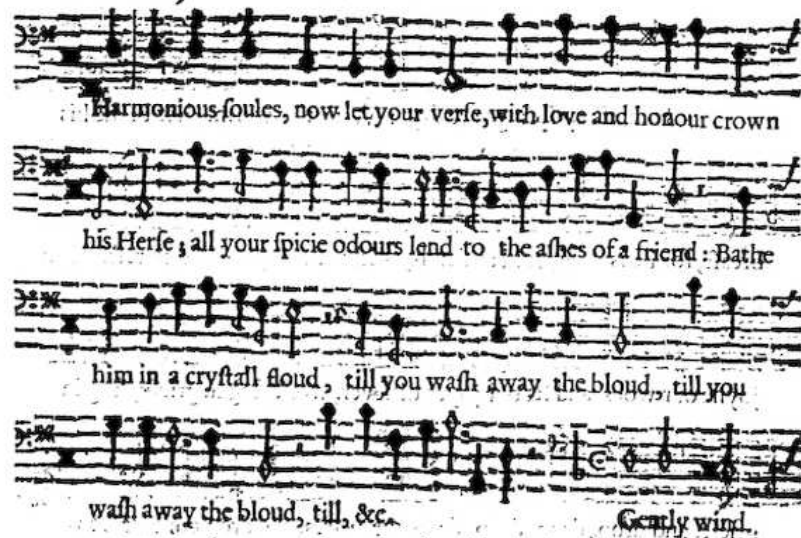
Bassus.

now all poure, good Will, good Will and Lawes is gone, and I forlorne
am come to poure my balme into his wounds, and showre these liquid
streames, untill I be (deare Ghost) chang'd to a ghost like thee.
Indeed my springs are dry : With thy warme dew bathe his
breast, for he is cold, cold as death, cold as death, and laid to rest. Then
joyne our woes, and let our joyes dissever, wee'l sing in griefe, sing in
griefe, and drop, drop, drop, drop our teares, and drop our teares to-

Bassus.



Chorus of 3.



Bassus.



John Jenkins.

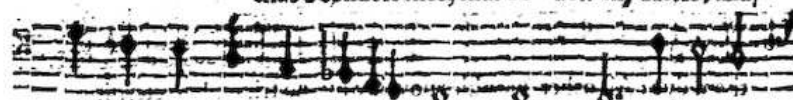
An Elegie on his Friend Mr. William Lawes.

Of 3. Voc.

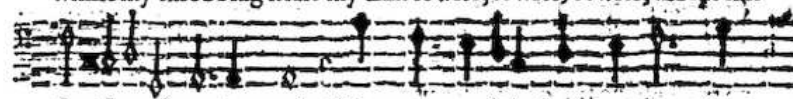
Bassus.



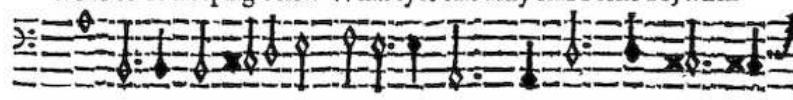
thus I condole thee, thus be- dew thy Herse; and



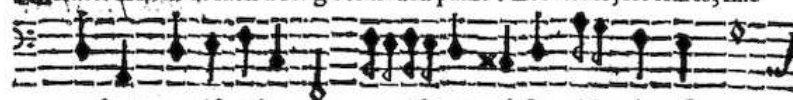
sacrifice of weeping verse. What eyes can drily stubborne be, when



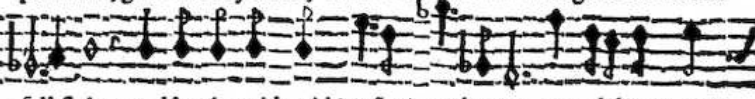
Let Lawes resteth at such a long continued pause? Let teares, let teares, like



pendents, garnish ev'ry note, wav'd too and fro with gales of mourn-



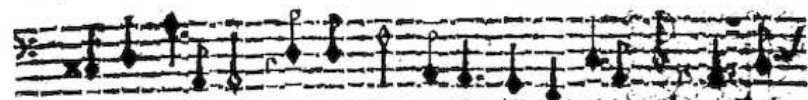
full sighes, and let the widow'd Muses joyntly vote, to celebrate with



full sighes, and let the widow'd Muses joyntly vote, to celebrate with

Of 3. Voc.

Bassus.



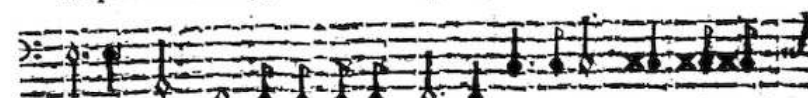
griefe thy Obsequies: for with thee vanish't all their aerie pride, muffled



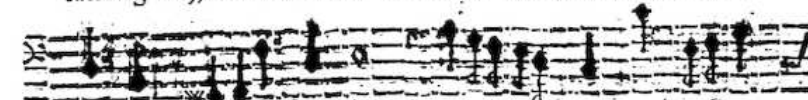
in clay, muffled, &c. that erst was stelli'd. Since then i'th center



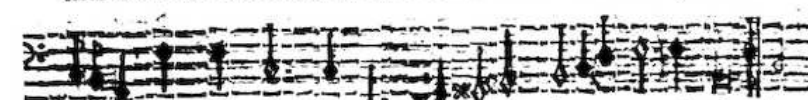
sleeps true harmony, let him (that's greedy of that sacred gaine, that



sacred gaine,) close to his mother earth his eare apply; there wait to



heare some sad melodious straine. Within this womb hath pale in-



partiall death, too soone, too soone confin'd the Quintessence of breatht.

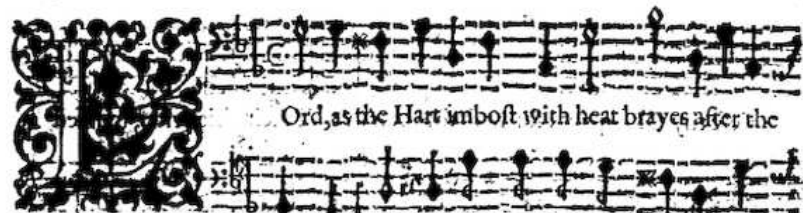
John Hilton.

Of 3. Voc.

I.

Bassus.

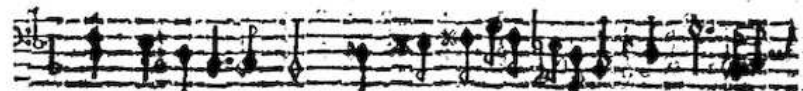
William Lawes.



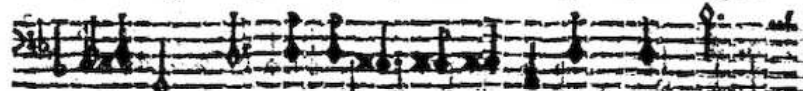
Ord, as the Hart inboist with heat brayes after the



roole Rivolet, for sighes my soule for thee, my soule



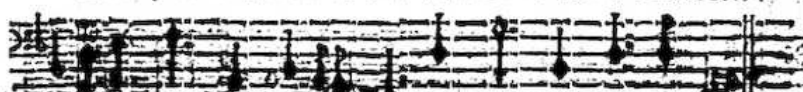
thinkst for the living God: when shall I enter his abode, and there his



beauties see: Teares are my food both night and day, whiles where's



thy God, they daily say: My soule in plaints I shed, which I remember



how in throngs, we fill'd thy house with praise, with praise and songs.

.nothH uol/

Of 3. Voc.

II.

Bassus.

William Lawes.



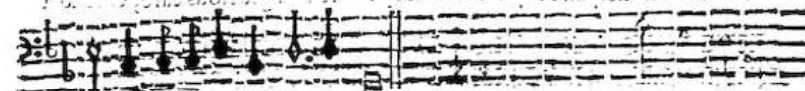
Et God, the God of Battell rise, and scatter his



proud enemies: O let them flie before his face like



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



fire, so perisht in his burning ire.

E c

Of 3. Voc.

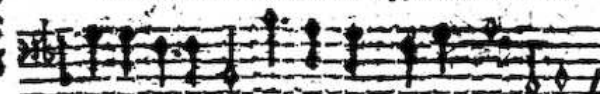
III.

Bass

William Lawes.



Ue of the horrour of the Deep, whose fears and



forrow never sleep, to thee my cries in sighes arise;



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



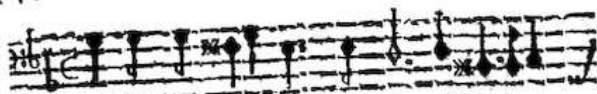
gracious care, and my petitions heare.

Of 3. Voc.

IV.

Bass

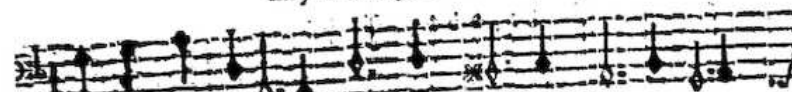
William Lawes.



Et from my early youth have they afflicted me,



may Israel say, oft from my early youth affail'd, as

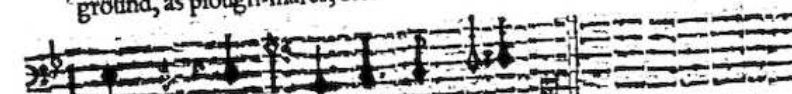


oft have their endeavours fail'd: As plough-shares teare the patient



ground, as plough-shares, &c.

The ever Just hath broke



their bands, and sav'd me from their cruell hands.

Ec 2

First Part.
Of 3 Voc. V. Bassus. William Lawes.

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

Second Part.
Of 3 Voc. VI. Bassus: William Lawes.

Udah in ex-ile wanders: Ah subdu'd by
vast afflictions, ah subdu'd, and base servitude,
among the Heathen finds no rest. Ah! see how Si-on mourns, how
Sion mourns, her gates and wayes lye unfrequented on her solemne,
on her solemne dayes. Her Virgins weep, her Virgins weep, her Priests
lament, her Priests lament, her Priests lament, and all her sweets
convert to gall, and all, &c.

Third Part.
Of 3. Voc. VII. Bassus. William Lawes.

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

Of 3. Voc. VIII. Bassus. William Lawes.

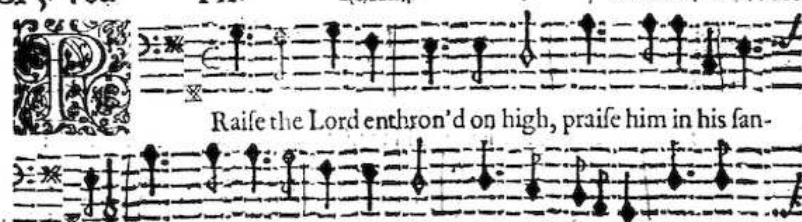
Sing to the King of kings, sing in unusuall layes, that hath
wrought wondrous things, his conquests crowne with praise, whose
arme alone and sacred hands their impious bands have overthrowne,
their impious, &c. Let all that dwell on earth their high affections
raise with universall mirth, and loudly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

Of 3. Voc.

IX.

Bassus.

William Lawes.

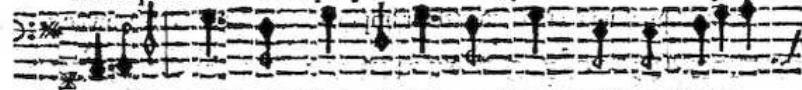


Raise the Lord enthron'd on high, praise him in his fan-

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



Flutes: praise with Timbrels, Organs, Flutes, praise on Violins



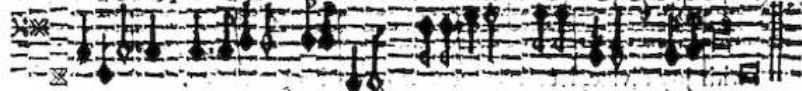
and Lutes: with silver Cimbals, silver Cimbals sing, praise on those



which loudly ring. Angels all of humane birth, praise the Lord of heav'n



and earth, praise, &c. of heav'n and earth. Singing Halleluiah,



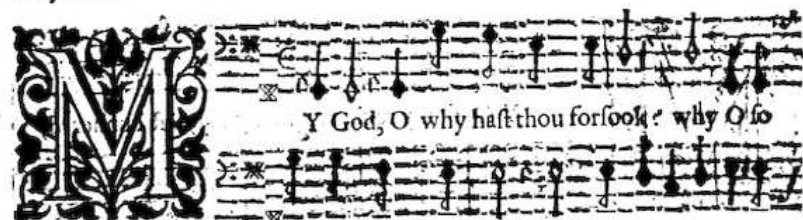
Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah.

Of 3. Voc.

X.

Bassus.

William Lawes.

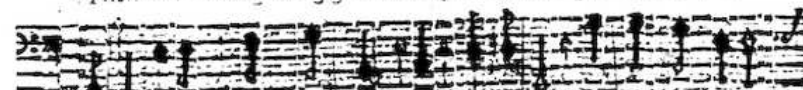


Y God, O why hast thou forsook? why O so

far withdrawn thine aide: nor when I roared pitie



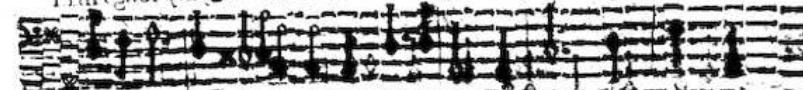
took: My God, by day to thee I pray'd, and when nights curtains were



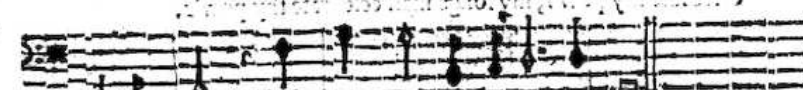
display'd, yet wouldst not thou vouchsafe a look; yet thou art holy,



thron'd on high: The Israelites thy praise rebound, the Israelites, &c.



our fathers did on thee relye, their faith with wreaths of



conquest crown'd, they fought thee, and deliv'rance found.

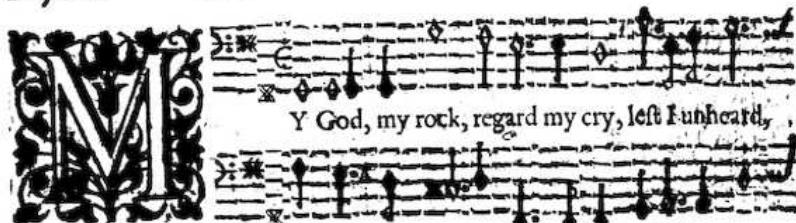
F f

Of 3. Voc.

X I.

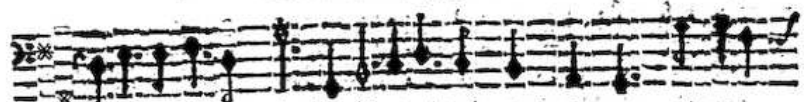
Bassus.

William Lawes.

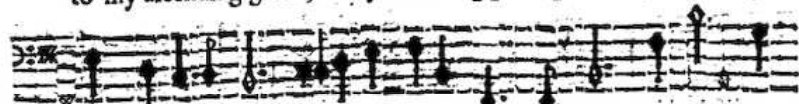


Y God, my rock, regard my cry, lest I unheard,

like those that dye, in shades of dark oblivion lye:



to my ascending griefe, 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 shall



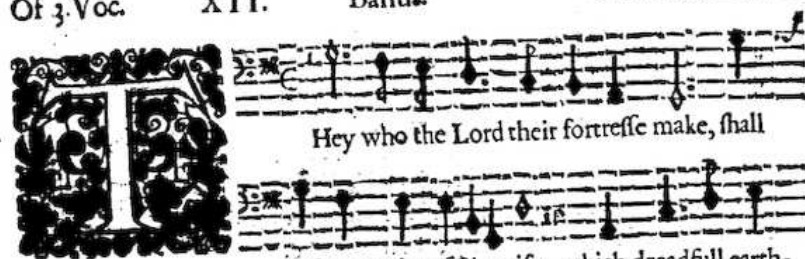
celebrate thy pow'r, my songs shall celebrate thy pow'r.

Of 3. Voc.

X I I.

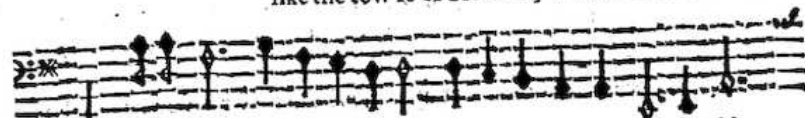
Bassus.

William Lawes.

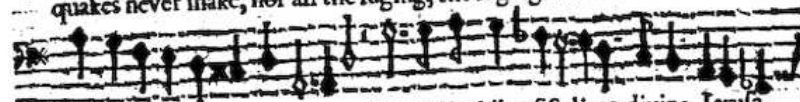


Hey who the Lord their fortresse make, shall

like the tow'rs of Sion rise, which dreadfull earth-

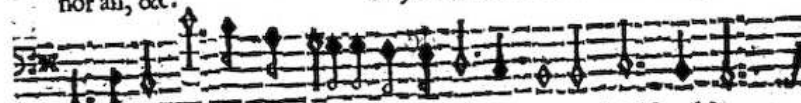


quakes never shake, nor all the raging, the raging tumults of the skies,



nor all, &c.

Lo, as the hills of Salima divine Jerusa-



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



them from their foes, save them from their foes.

F f 2

Of 3. Voc. XIII.

Bassus.

William Lawes.

Behold, behold how good and joyfull a thing it is, Bre-
 thren to dwell together in unity, Brethren, &c.
 It is like the precious ointment upon the head that ran down unto the
 beard, even unto Aarons beard, and went down, and went down 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 promised there his blessing: for the Lord, &c.
 and life for evermore, and life for evermore.

Of 3. Voc. XIV.

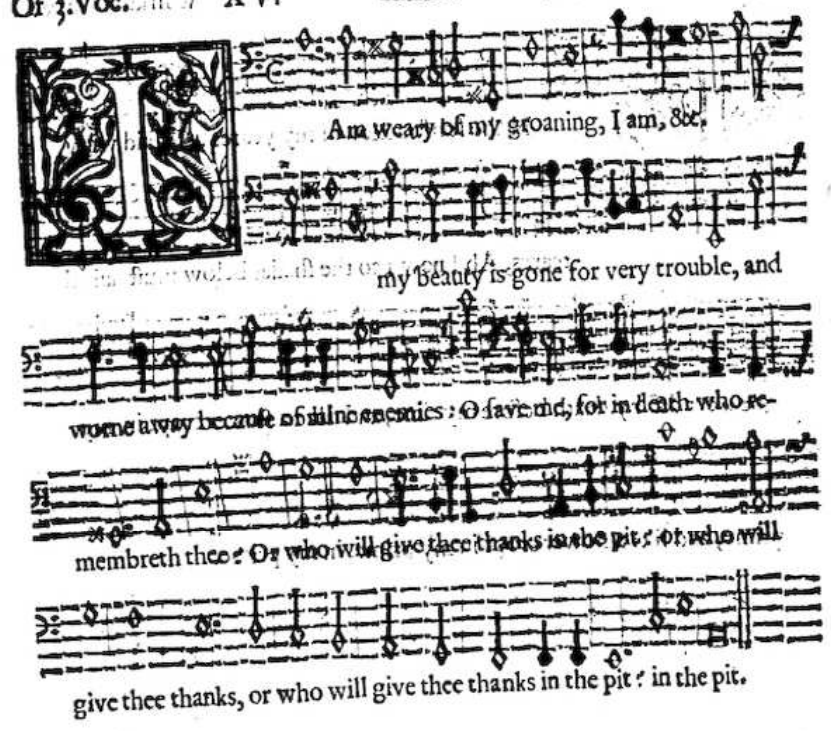
Bassus.

William Lawes.

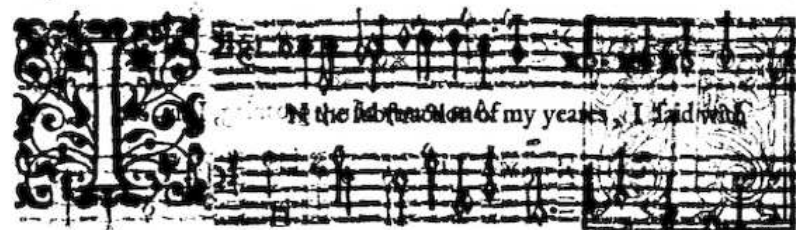
Behold, behold how good and joyfull a thing it is, Bre-
 thren to dwell together in unity, Brethren, &c.
 It is like the precious ointment upon the head that ran down unto the
 beard, even unto Aarons beard, and went down, and went down to the
 skirts of his clothing, like as the dew of Hermon, which fell upon the
 Hill of Sion, upon the Hill of Sion: For the Lord promised there his
 blessing: for the Lord promised there his blessing: for the Lord, &c.
 and life for evermore, and life for evermore.



Kings in chaines, to bind their Kings in chaines, and their Nobles in
 links of iron, that they may be avenged of them. Such honour have all
 this Saints, such honour have they, such honour, &c.
 such, &c. Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,
 Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,
 Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah.

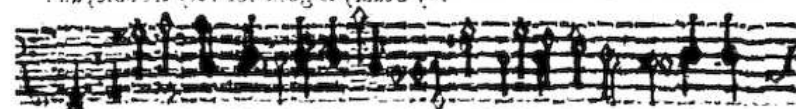


I Am weary of my groaning, I am, &c.
 my beauty is gone for very trouble, and
 worn away because of mine enemies: O save me, for in death who re-
 membeth thee? Or who will give thee thanks in the pit? or who will
 give thee thanks, or who will give thee thanks in the pit? in the pit.



In the affliction of my years, I laid with

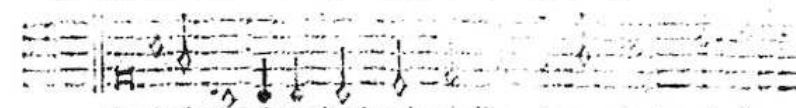
tears. Ah! now I to the shades below must naked



get, and be by death before my time, and like a flower tropt is now,



plaine, and like a flower tropt in my prime, in my prime.

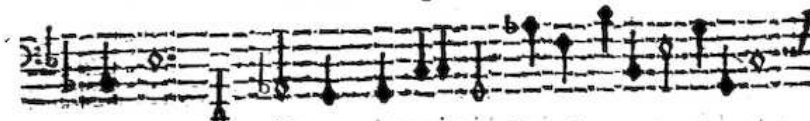


plaine, and like a flower tropt in my prime, in my prime.



Ow long wilt thou forget me, O Lord, for e-

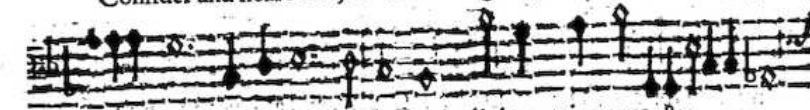
ver: How long wilt thou hide thy face, thy face



from mee: How long shall mine enemies triumph over me, over me:



Consider and heare me, O Lord: Lighten mine eyes, that I sleep



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



that I sleep not in death.

Of 3. Voc.

XVIII.

Bassus:

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 pen-
sive heart, my pensive heart with sorrow worn: How long wilt thou
my soul forsake: O pity, O pity, O pity, and at length returne.

Of 3. Voc.

XIX.

Bassus.

William Lawes.

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 liberty expect; so we deprect 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, &c. to give our
mi- series an end, to give our miseries an end.

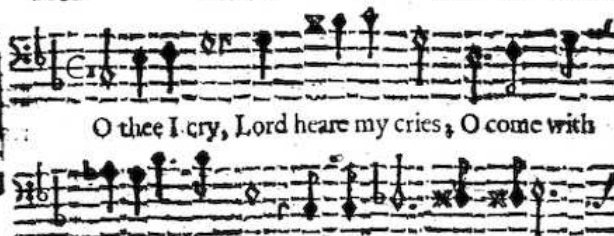
G g 2

Of 3 Voc.

XX.

Bassus.

William Lawes.



O thee I cry, Lord heare my cries, O come with

speed unto mine aide: Let my sad pray'rs before



thee rise, like incense on the Altar laid; or, as when I with hands



display'd present my ev'ning sacrifice.

Of 3 Voc.

XXI.

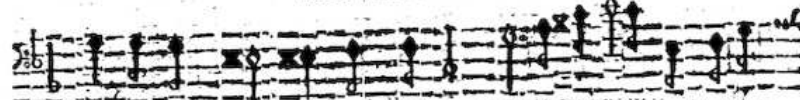
Bassus.

William Lawes.

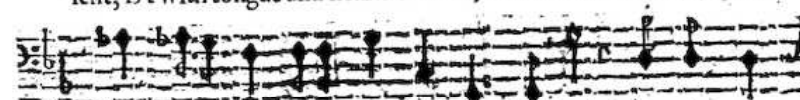


How thou art enthrond above, thou by whom

we live and move: O how sweet! how excel-



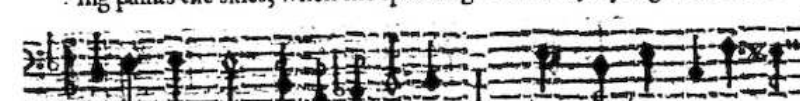
lent, is't with tongue and hearts consent, thankfull hearts and joyfull



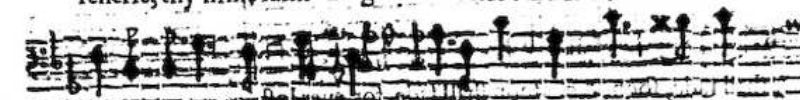
tongues, to renowne, to renowne thy Name in songs, when the morn-



ing paints the skies, when the sparkling stars arise, thy high favours to



reherse, thy firme faith in gratefull verse: Take the Lute and Vio-



lin, let the solemne Harp begin: Instruments tun'd with ten strings,

Bassus.

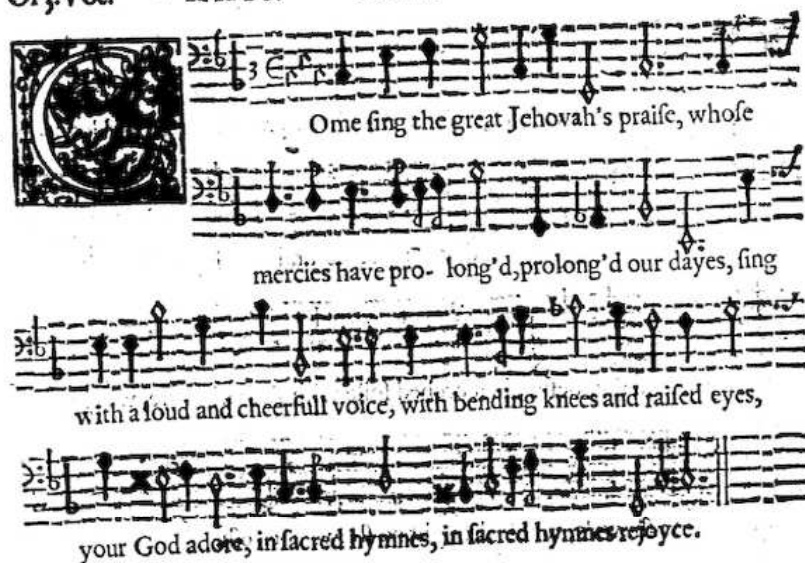


Of 3. Voc.

XXII.

Bassus.

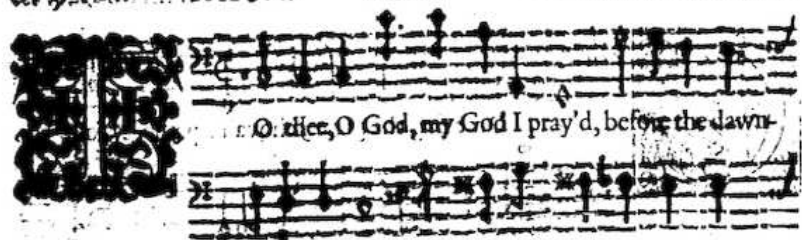
William Lawes.



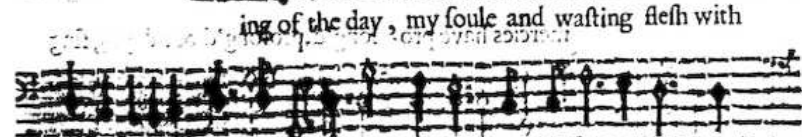
Of 3. Voc. XXIII.

Bassus.

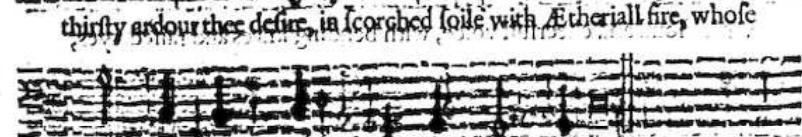
William Lawes.



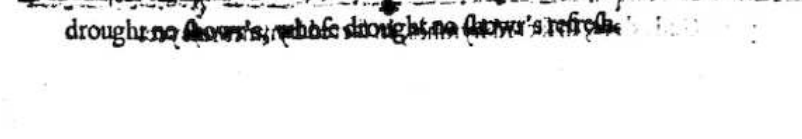
O rise, O God, my God I pray'd, before the dawn-



ing of the day, my soule and wasting flesh with



thirsty ardour thee desire, in scorched soile with Aetheriall fire, whose



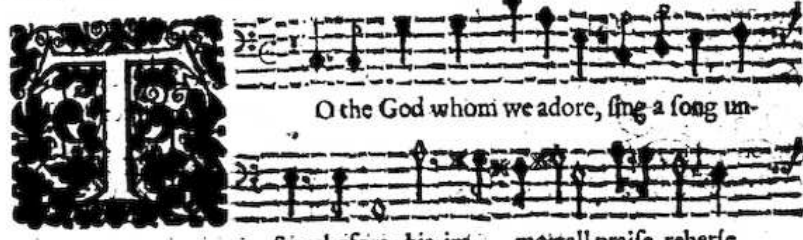
drought no flower's, whose drought no flower's refresh

Of 3. Voc.

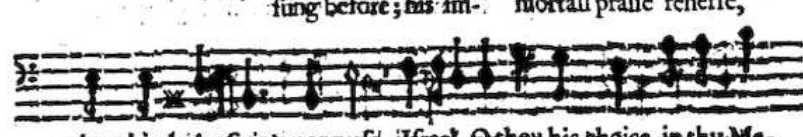
XXIV.

Bassus.

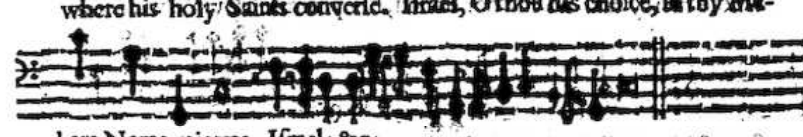
William Lawes.



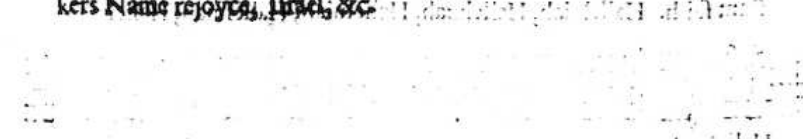
O the God whom we adore, sing a song un-



ting before; his im- mortall praise reherle,



where his holy Saints converse. Israel, O thou his choice, in thy Me-



kers Name rejoyce, Israel, &c.

Hh

Of 3. Voc. XXV. Bassus. William Lawes.

Et 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. Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah,
Halleluiah.

Of 3. Voc. XXVI. Bassus: William Lawes.

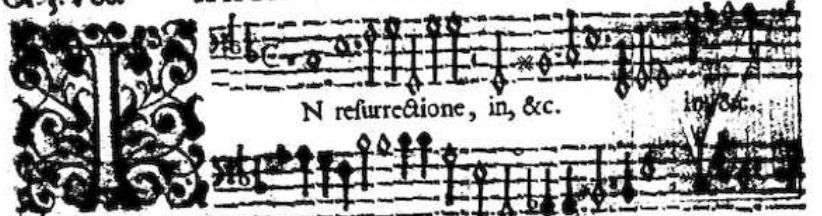
Et all with sweet accord clap hands, their voices
raise in honour of the Lord, and loudly sing his
praise; who from above dire lightning flings, the King of kings of all
that move.

Of 3. Voc.

XXIX.

Bassus.

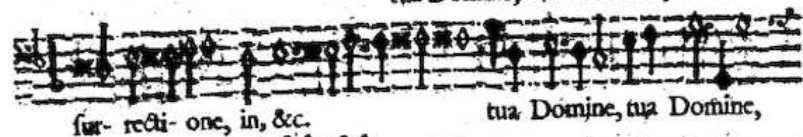
William Lawes.



N resurrectione, in, &c.

in, &c.

tua Domine, tua Domine, in re-



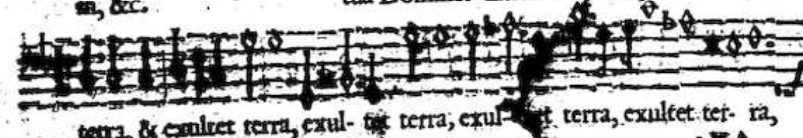
sur-recti-one, in, &c.

tua Domine, tua Domine,

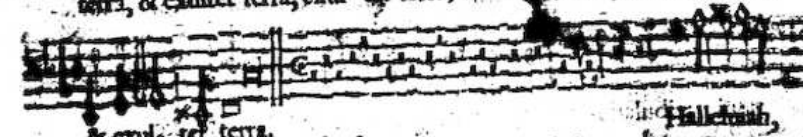


in, &c.

tua Domine. Latentur coeli, & exul-



terra, & exultet terra, exul- tet terra, exul- tet terra, exultet ter- ra,

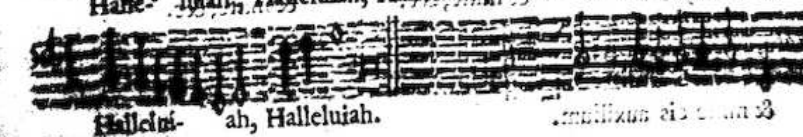


& exul- tet terra.

Halleluiah,



Halle- luiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halle- luiah Halleluiah.



Hallelu- ah, Halleluiah.

Halleluiah

Of 3. Voc.

XXX.

Bassus.

William Lawes.



Loria, gloria, gloria Patri, & Filio, & Spiritui

sancto, & Spiritui sancto, Et, &c.



& Spi- ritui sancto. Sicut erat in principio, sicut, &c.



Et nunc, & semper, & in secu- la, seculorum, Amen. Secula,



seculorum, Amen. la, seculorum, Amen. Secula, seculorum,



seculorum, A- men.



Halleluiah

An Elegie on the death of his very worthy Friend and Fellow-
servant, M. John Tomkins, Organist of his Majesties Chappell Royall.

Of 3. Voe.

Bassus.



Ulick, Musick, the Master of thy Art is dead,

and with him all thy aylye sweets are fled;

Beare a part in thine owne Tragedy: let's celebrate strange

Humour: Let's howle, let's howle, and let's howle from his owne

pure voice, instead of teares shed on his mournfull Verse, let's howle

and howle from his owne pure verse, from his owne pure verse.

By William Lanyer

