



# THE SECOND BOOKE OF SONGS

The finest songs, ballads and ayres  
devised by sundrie authors

Gathered by Steve Hendricks.

**Ensemble Edition**



Henry the King





THE SECOND BOOKE OF  
SONGS

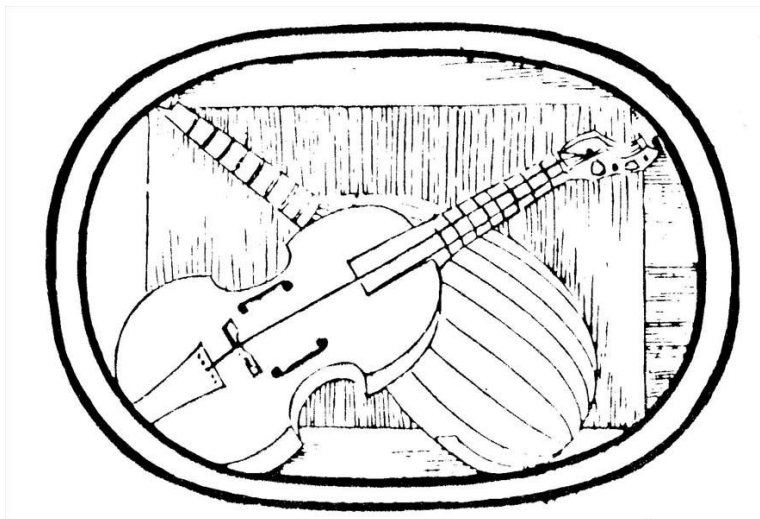




# THE SECOND BOOKE OF SONGS

Ensemble Edition

Steve Hendricks



Steve Hendricks Music  
San Diego

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### Print History

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This book and the accompanying volumes present songs predominantly from the British isles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. With few exceptions, the songs are secular in nature.

These songs originally appeared in manuscripts or publications as part songs, madrigals, lute songs, or ballads with tunes indicated only by name.

I have harmonized and set tunes, as well as converted lute songs to part songs or songs with instrumental accompaniment. Therefore, many of these settings are unique to this collection. I hope liberties I have taken will be forgiven.

Editions of this book include an ensemble edition for voices and instruments, a keyboard edition, a lute edition and a Renaissance guitar edition. The lute edition presents the original lute parts for the lute songs and part songs where available, as well as new lute parts where none existed before. Some of the keyboard pieces are based on originals, although most are newly written by me, as are the Renaissance guitar parts.

Chords have been added as an aid to accompanists.

The original spellings and punctuation have been preserved where possible, although I have replaced u and v with modern usage. Hence “loue” is now “love”, and “vnder” is now “under.” I also replaced i with j where appropriate, so that “Iohn” is now “John.” If a word is not immediately identifiable, try sounding it out. Most of these songs predate dictionaries and standardized spelling.



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# The Gowans are Gay

verses 1-3

Songs and Fancies, 1662,  
John Forbes (?-1675)

G Am D G Am D G

A - bout the fields as I did passe, the go - wans are gay, I  
O La - dy fair, what doe you here, Gath -  
I ask - èd far - ther at her fyne, To

A - bout the fields as I did passe, the go - wans are gay, I  
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A - bout the fields as I did passe, the go - wans are gay, I  
O La - dy fair, what doe you here, Gath -  
I ask - èd far - ther at her fyne, To

5 Am D G Am D G Am D

chanced to meet a pro - per Lass the first mor - ning of May. Right bus - sie was that  
ring the Dew what needs you spear would in - cline The Dew quoth I, what  
my will if she would in - cline She said her ea - rand

chanced to meet a pro - per Lass the first mor - ning of May. Right bus - sie was that  
ring the Dew what needs you spear would in - cline The Dew quoth I, what  
my will if she would in - cline She said her ea - rand

chanced to meet a pro - per Lass the first mor - ning of May. Right bus - sie was that  
ring the Dew what needs you spear would in - cline The Dew quoth I, what  
my will if she would in - cline She said her ea - rand

chanced to meet a pro - per Lass the first mor - ning of May. Right bus - sie was that  
ring the Dew what needs you spear would in - cline The Dew quoth I, what  
my will if she would in - cline She said her ea - rand

10 G Am D G Am D G

bo - nie maide, the  
can that meane,  
was not there,

go - wans are  
gay,

And  
She  
Her

I there - af - ter  
said to wash my  
Mai - den - head on

to her saide the  
La - dy clean,  
me to ware,

bo - nie maide, the  
can that meane,  
was not there,

go - wans are  
gay,

And  
She  
Her

I there - af - ter  
said to wash my  
Mai - den - head on

to her saide the  
La - dy clean,  
me to ware,

bo - nie maide, the  
can that meane,  
was not there,

go - wans are  
gay,

And  
She  
Her

I there - af - ter  
said to wash my  
Mai - den - head on

to her saide the  
La - dy clean,  
me to ware,

15 Am D G Am D G Am D

first mor - ning of  
May. The go - wans are  
gay, my jo, the go - wans are

first mor - ning of  
May. The go - wans are  
gay, go - wans are

first mor - ning of  
May. go - wans are  
gay, my jo, go - wans are

first mor - ning of  
May. The go - wans are  
gay, the go - wans are

20 G Am D G Am D G

gay, They make me wake when  
I should sleepe the first mor - ning of  
May.

gay, They make me  
wake mor - ning of  
May.

gay, me wake when  
I should sleepe the first mor - ning of  
May.

gay, They make me  
wake the first mor - ning of  
May.

# The Gowans are Gay

verses 4-5

*Songs and Fancies, 1662,*  
John Forbes (?-1675)

G Am D G Am D G

Thus I her left; and past my way, the Go - wans are gay, In -  
And there - a - bout I past my time, While

Thus I her left; and past my way, the Go - wans are gay, In -  
And there - a - bout I past my time, While

Thus I her left; and past my way, the Go - wans are gay, In -  
And there - a - bout I past my time, While

Thus I her left; and past my way, the Go - wans are gay, In -  
And there - a - bout I past my time, While

5 Am D G Am D G Am D

to a Gar - dene me to play, the first morn - ing of May. Where there were Birds sing -  
that it was the hour of prime, And then re - turn - èd

to a Gar - dene me to play, the first morn - ing of May. Where there were Birds sing -  
that it was the hour of prime, And then re - turn - èd

to a Gar - dene me to play, the first morn - ing of May. Where there were Birds sing -  
that it was the hour of prime, And then re - turn - èd

to a Gar - dene me to play, the first morn - ing of May. Where there were Birds sing -  
that it was the hour of prime, And then re - turn - èd



10 G Am D G Am D G

ing ful sweet the home a - gain, Go - wans are gay, Un - to my com - fort Pan - sing what Maid - en was full meet, the that had been,

ing ful sweet the home a - gain, Go - wans are gay, Un - to my com - fort Pan - sing what Maid - en was full meet, the that had been,

ing ful sweet the home a - gain, Go - wans are gay, Un - to my com - fort Pan - sing what Maid - en was full meet, the that had been,

ing ful sweet the home a - gain, Go - wans are gay, Un - to my com - fort Pan - sing what Maid - en was full meet, the that had been,

15 Am D G Am D G Am D

first mor - ning of May. The go - wans are gay, my jo, the go - wans are first mor - ning of May. The go - wans are gay, go - wans are first mor - ning of May. go - wans are gay, my jo, go - wans are first mor - ning of May. The go - wans are gay, the go - wans are

20 G Am D G Am D G

gay, They make me wake when I should sleepe the first mor - ning of May. gay, They make me wake mor - ning of May. gay, me wake when I should sleepe the first mor - ning of May. gay, They make me wake the first mor - ning of May.

# The great Galleazzo

Thomas Deloney (fl.1583; d.1600)

verses 1-3

tune: "Mounsiers Almaine"

G Em D Am G Am D G G Am G

O No - ble Eng - land, fall downe up - on thy knee: And praise thy God with  
Great is their num - ber, of ships up - on the sea: And their pro - vi - sion  
This great Gal - leaz - zo, which was so huge and hye: That like a bul - warke

O No - ble Eng - land, fall downe up - on thy knee: And praise thy God with  
Great is their num - ber, of ships up - on the sea: And their pro - vi - sion  
This great Gal - leaz - zo, which was so huge and hye: That like a bul - warke

6 D G C G Dsus4 D G G Em D Am G Am D

thank - full hart. which still main - tain - eth thee. The for - raine for - ces, that seekes thy ut - ter  
won - der - full, but Lord thou art our stay. eye. Their arm - ed soul - diers are ma - ny by ac -  
on the sea, did seeme to each mans eye. There was it tak - en, un - to our great re -

thank - full hart. which still main - tain - eth thee. The for - raine for - ces, that seekes thy ut - ter  
won - der - full, but Lord thou art our stay. eye. Their arm - ed soul - diers are ma - ny by ac -  
on the sea, did seeme to each mans eye. There was it tak - en, un - to our great re -

12 G G Am G D G C G Dsus4 D G

spoile: Shall then through his e - spe - ciall grace be brought to shame - full foile.  
count: Their aid - ers eke in this at - tempt, doe sun - drie waies, sur - mount.  
lief: And di - vers No - bles, in which traine Don Pie - tro was the chiefe.

spoile: Shall then through his e - spe - ciall grace be brought to shame - full foile.  
count: Their aid - ers eke in this at - tempt, doe sun - drie waies, sur - mount.  
lief: And di - vers No - bles, in which traine Don Pie - tro was the chiefe.

17 G D G Am E A Am G C D G

With migh-tie power they come un - to our coast: To o - ver runne our coun-trie quite, they  
In hap - py houre, our foes we did des - cry: And un - der saile with gal - lant winde as  
Stronge was she stuff, with Can-nons great and small: And o - ther in - stru - ments of warre,Which

With migh-tie power they come un - to our coast: To o - ver runne our coun-trie quite, they  
In hap - py houre, our foes we did des - cry: And un - der saile with gal - lant winde as  
Stronge was she stuff, with Can-nons great and small: And o - ther in - stru - ments of warre,Which

23 C G Dsus4 D G G D G Am E

make their brags and boast. In strength of men they set their one - ly  
they cam pass - ing by. Which sud - daine tidings, to Plym - mouth be - ing  
we ob - tain - ed all. A cer - taine signe, of good suc - cesse we

make their brags and boast. In strength of men they set their one - ly  
they cam pass - ing by. Which sud - daine tidings, to Plym - mouth be - ing  
we ob - tain - ed all. A cer - taine signe, of good suc - cesse we

28 A Am G C D G C G Dsus4 D G

stay: But we, up - on the Lord our God, will put our trust al - way.  
brought: Full soone oure Lord high Ad - mi - rall, for to pur - sue them sought.  
trust: That God will o - ver - throw the rest, as he hath done the first.

stay: But we, up - on the Lord our God, will put our trust al - way.  
brought: Full soone oure Lord high Ad - mi - rall, for to pur - sue them sought.  
trust: That God will o - ver - throw the rest, as he hath done the first.

# The great Galleazzo

Thomas Deloney (fl.1583; d.1600)

verses 4-6

tune: "Mounsiers Almaine"

G Em D Am G Am D G G Am G

Then did our Na - vie purs - ue the rest a - maine: With roar - ing noise of  
 But these false Span - iards, e - steem - ing them but weake: When they with - in their  
 This migh - tie ves - sell, was three - score yards in length: Most won - der - full to

8

Then did our Na - vie purs - ue the rest a - maine: With roar - ing noise of  
 But these false Span - iards, e - steem - ing them but weake: When they with - in their  
 This migh - tie ves - sell, was three - score yards in length: Most won - der - full to

Then did our Na - vie purs - ue the rest a - maine: With roar - ing noise of  
 But these false Span - iards, e - steem - ing them but weake: When they with - in their  
 This migh - tie ves - sell, was three - score yards in length: Most won - der - full to

6 D G C G Dsus4 D G G Em D Am G Am D

Can - nons great; till they neere Cal - lice came: With man - ly cou - rage, they fol - lowed them so  
 dan - ger came, their ma - lice forth did breake. With charg - ed Can - nons, they laide a - bout them  
 each mans eie, for mak - ing and for strength. In her was plac - ed, an hun - dreth Can - nons

8

Can - nons great; till they neere Cal - lice came: With man - ly cou - rage, they fol - lowed them so  
 dan - ger came, their ma - lice forth did breake. With charg - ed Can - nons, they laide a - bout them  
 each mans eie, for mak - ing and for strength. In her was plac - ed, an hun - dreth Can - nons

Can - nons great; till they neere Cal - lice came: With man - ly cou - rage, they fol - lowed them so  
 dan - ger came, their ma - lice forth did breake. With charg - ed Can - nons, they laide a - bout them  
 each mans eie, for mak - ing and for strength. In her was plac - ed, an hun - dreth Can - nons

12 G G Am G D G C G Dsus4 D G

fast: A - no - ther migh - tie Gal - li - on did seeme to yeeld at last.  
 then: For to de - stroy those pro - per Barkes, and all their va - liant men.  
 great: And migh - ti - ly pro - vid - ed eke, with bread - corne wine and meat.

8

fast: A - no - ther migh - tie Gal - li - on did seeme to yeeld at last.  
 then: For to de - stroy those pro - per Barkes, and all their va - liant men.  
 great: And migh - ti - ly pro - vid - ed eke, with bread - corne wine and meat.

fast: A - no - ther migh - tie Gal - li - on did seeme to yeeld at last.  
 then: For to de - stroy those pro - per Barkes, and all their va - liant men.  
 great: And migh - ti - ly pro - vid - ed eke, with bread - corne wine and meat.

17 G D G Am E A Am G C D G

And in di - stresse, for save-gard of their lives: A flag of truce they did hand out, with  
Which when our men per - cei - ved so to be: Like Li - ons fierce they for - ward went, to  
There were of Oares, two hun - dreth I weene: Three - score foote and twelve in length, well

And in di - stresse, for save-gard of their lives: A flag of truce they did hand out, with  
Which when our men per - cei - ved so to be: Like Li - ons fierce they for - ward went, to  
There were of Oares, two hun - dreth I weene: Three - score foote and twelve in length, well

23 C G Dsus4 D G G D G Am E

ma - ny mourn - full cries: Which when our men, did per - fect - ly e -  
quite this in - ju - rie. And And bourd - ing them, with strong and migh - tie  
mea - sured to be seene. And yet sub - dued, with ma - nie o - thers

ma - ny mourn - full cries: Which when our men, did per - fect - ly e -  
quite this in - ju - rie. And And bourd - ing them, with strong and migh - tie  
mea - sured to be seene. And yet sub - dued, with ma - nie o - thers

28 A Am G C D G C G Dsus4 D G

spie: Some lit - tle Barkes they sent to her, to board her qu - iet - ly.  
hand: They kild the men un - till their Arke, did sinke in Cal - lice sand.  
more: And not a Ship of ours was lost, the Lord be thank there - fore.

spie: Some lit - tle Barkes they sent to her, to board her qu - iet - ly.  
hand: They kild the men un - till their Arke, did sinke in Cal - lice sand.  
more: And not a Ship of ours was lost, the Lord be thank there - fore.

# Greensleeves

anonymous lyrics:  
*A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, 1584  
tune: William Ballet lute book, 1593

Gm Gm F Gm D Gm

A - las my love, ye do me wrong, to cast me off dis - cur - teous - ly: And  
I have been rea - die at your hand, to grant what ev - er you would crave. I

6 Gm F Gm D Gm

I have lov - ed you so long De - light - ing in your com - pa - nie.  
I have both wag - ed life and land, your love and good will for to have.

10 B $\flat$  F Gm D

Green - sleeves was all my joy, Green - sleeves was my de - light:

14

B<sup>b</sup> F Gm D G

Green - sleeves was my heart of gold, And who but my La - die Green - sleeves.

3. I bought thee kerchers to thy head,  
that were wrought fine and gallantly:  
I kept thee both at boord and bed,  
Which cost my purse wel favouredly,

4. I bought thee peticotes of the best,  
the cloth so fine as fine might be:  
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,  
and all this cost I spent on thee.

5. Thy smock of silk, both faire and white,  
with gold embrodered gorgeously:  
Thy peticote of Sendall right:  
and thus I bought thee gladly.

6. Thy girdle of gold so red,  
with pearles bedecked sumptuously:  
The like no other lasses had,  
and yet thou wouldst not love me,

7. Thy purse and eke thy gay guilt knives,  
thy pincase gallant to the eie:  
No better wore the Burgesse wives,  
and yet thou wouldst not love me.

8. Thy crimson stockings all of silk,  
with golde all wrought above the knee,  
Thy pumps as white as was the milk,  
and yet thou wouldst not love me.

9. Thy gown was of the grossie green,  
thy sleeves of Satten hanging by:  
Which made thee be our harvest Queen,  
and yet thou wouldst not love me.

10. Thy garters fringed with the golde,  
And silver aglets hanging by,  
Which made thee blithe for to beholde,  
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

11. My gayest gelding I thee gave,  
To ride where ever liked thee,  
No Ladie ever was so brave,  
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

12. My men were clothed all in green,  
And they did ever wait on thee:  
Al this was gallant to be seen,  
and yet thou wouldst not love me.

13. They set thee up, they took thee downe,  
they served thee with humilitie,  
Thy foote might not once touch the ground,  
and yet thou wouldst not love me.

14. For everie morning when thou rose,  
I sent thee dainties orderly:  
To cheare thy stomack from all woes,  
and yet thou wouldst not love me.

15. Thou couldst desire no earthly thing.  
But stil thou hadst it readily:  
Thy musicke still to play and sing,  
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

16. And who did pay for all this geare,  
that thou didst spend when pleased thee?  
Even I that am rejected here,  
and thou disdainst to love me.

17. Wel, I wil pray to God on hie,  
that thou my constancie maist see:  
And that yet once before I die,  
thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

18. Greensleeves now farewell adue,  
God I pray to prosper thee:  
For I am stil thy lover true,  
come once againe and love me.

# Greensleeves

part song version, lower 3 lines

anonymous lyrics:

*A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, 1584

tune: William Ballet lute book, 1593

A - las my love, ye do me wrong, to cast me off dis - cur - teous - ly: And  
2.I have been rea - die at your hand, to grant what ev - er you would crave. I  
3.I bought thee ker - chers to thy head, that were wrought fine and gal - lant - ly: I  
4.I bought thee peti - cotes of the best, the cloth so fine as fine might be: I

A - las my love, ye do me wrong, to cast me off dis - cur - teous - ly: And  
2.I have been rea - die at your hand, to grant what ev - er you would crave. I  
3.I bought thee ker - chers to thy head, that were wrought fine and gal - lant - ly: I  
4.I bought thee peti - cotes of the best, the cloth so fine as fine might be: I

5  
I have lov - ed you so long De - light - ing in your com - pa - nie.  
have both wag - ed life and land, your love and good will for to have.  
kept thee both at boord and bed, Which cost my purse wel fa - voured - ly,  
gave thee je - wels for thy chest, and all this cost I spent on thee.

I have lov - ed you so long De - light - ing in your com - pa - nie.  
have both wag - ed life and land, your love and good will for to have.  
kept thee both at boord and bed, Which cost my purse wel fa - voured - ly,  
gave thee je - wels for thy chest, and all this cost I spent on thee.

9  
Green - sleeves was all my joy, Green - sleeves was my de - light:

Green - sleeves was all my joy, Green - sleeves was my de - light:

13  
Green - sleeves was my heart of gold, And who but my La - die Green - sleeves.

Green - sleeves was my heart of gold, And who but my La - die Green - sleeves.



16

8  
 5. Thy smock of silk, both faire and white, with gold em - bro - dered gor - geous - ly: Thy  
 6. Thy gir - dle of gold so red, with pearles be - deck - ed sump - tuous - ly: The  
 7. Thy purse and eke thy gay guilt knives, thy pin - case gal - lant to the eie: No  
 18. Green - sleeves now fare - wel a - due, God I pray to pros - per thee: For

5. Thy smock of silk, both faire and white, with gold em - bro - dered gor - geous - ly: Thy  
 6. Thy gir - dle of gold so red, with pearles be - deck - ed sump - tuous - ly: The  
 7. Thy purse and eke thy gay guilt knives, thy pin - case gal - lant to the eie: No  
 18. Green - sleeves now fare - wel a - due, God I pray to pros - per thee: For

21

8  
 pe - ti - cote of Sen - dall right: and thus I bought thee glad - ly.  
 like no o - ther las - ses had, and yet thou wouldst not love me,  
 bet - ter wore the Bur - gesse wives, and yet thou wouldst not love me.  
 I am stil thy lo - ver true, come once a - gaine and love me.

pe - ti - cote of Sen - dall right: and thus I bought thee glad - ly.  
 like no o - ther las - ses had, and yet thou wouldst not love me,  
 bet - ter wore the Bur - gesse wives, and yet thou wouldst not love me.  
 I am stil thy lo - ver true, come once a - gaine and love me.

25

8  
 Green - sleeves was all my joy, Green - sleeves was my de - light:

Green - sleeves was all my joy, Green - sleeves was my de - light:

29

8  
 Green - sleeves was my heart of gold, And who but my La - die Green - sleeves.

Green - sleeves was my heart of gold, And who but my La - die Green - sleeves.

# Have I caught my heavenly jewel

verses 1-4

lyrics: Sir Phillip Sydney

(1554-1586)

setting: anon, c.1614-1630

G D Em D G C G A D G D

Have I caught my heaven - ly je - wel, teach-ing sleep most fair to be? Now will  
2.Since sweet sleep her eyes hath char - mède, the two on - ly darts of Love, Now will

Have I caught my heaven - ly je - wel, teach-ing sleep most fair to be? Now will  
2.Since sweet sleep her eyes hath char - mède, the two on - ly darts of Love, Now will

Have I caught my heaven - ly je - wel, teach-ing sleep most fair to be? Now will  
2.Since sweet sleep her eyes hath char - mède, the two on - ly darts of Love, Now will

Have I caught my heaven - ly je - wel, teach-ing sleep most fair to be? Now will  
2.Since sweet sleep her eyes hath char - mède, the two on - ly darts of Love, Now will

5 Em D G C G D G

I teach her that she, when she wakes is too, too cru - el.  
I with that boy prove some play while he is dis - ar - mède.

I teach her that she, when she wakes is too, too cru - el.  
I with that boy prove some play while he is dis - ar - mède.

I teach her that she, when she wakes is too, too cru - el.  
I with that boy prove some play while he is dis - ar - mède.

I teach her that she, when she wakes is too, too cru - el.  
I with that boy prove some play while he is dis - ar - mède.

8 G D Em D G C G A D G D

3. Her tongue, wa - king, still re - fu - seth, gi - ving frank - ly nig - gard No. Now will  
4. See the hand that wa - king, guar - deth; Slee - ping, grants a free re - sort, Now will

3. Her tongue, wa - king, still re - fu - seth, gi - ving frank - ly nig - gard No. Now will  
4. See the hand that wa - king, guar - deth; Slee - ping, grants a free re - sort, Now will

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3. Her tongue, wa - king, still re - fu - seth, gi - ving frank - ly nig - gard No. Now will  
4. See the hand that wa - king, guar - deth; Slee - ping, grants a free re - sort, Now will

13 Em D G C G D G

I at - tempt to know what No her tongue slee - ping, u - seth.  
I in - vade the fort, Co - wards, Love with loss re - war - deth.

I at - tempt to know what No her tongue slee - ping, u - seth.  
I in - vade the fort, Co - wards, Love with loss re - war - deth.

I at - tempt to know what No her tongue slee - ping, u - seth.  
I in - vade the fort, Co - wards, Love with loss re - war - deth.

I at - tempt to know what No her tongue slee - ping, u - seth.  
I in - vade the fort, Co - wards, Love with loss re - war - deth.

# Have I caught my heavenly jewel

verses 5-7

lyrics: Sir Phillip Sydney

(1554-1586)

setting: anon, c.1614-1630

G D Em D G C G A D G D

5. But, O fool! think of the dan - ger Of her just and high dis - dain, Now will  
6. Yet those lips, so sweet - ly swel - ling, Do in - vite a stea - ling kiss: Now will

5. But, O fool! think of the dan - ger Of her just and high dis - dain, Now will  
6. Yet those lips, so sweet - ly swel - ling, Do in - vite a stea - ling kiss: Now will

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5. But, O fool! think of the dan - ger Of her just and high dis - dain, Now will  
6. Yet those lips, so sweet - ly swel - ling, Do in - vite a stea - ling kiss: Now will

5 Em D G C G D G

I a - las re - frain, Love fears no - thing else but an - ger.  
I but ven - ture this, Who will read must first learn spel - ling.

I a - las re - frain, Love fears no - thing else but an - ger.  
I but ven - ture this, Who will read must first learn spel - ling.

I a - las re - frain, Love fears no - thing else but an - ger.  
I but ven - ture this, Who will read must first learn spel - ling.

I a - las re - frain, Love fears no - thing else but an - ger.  
I but ven - ture this, Who will read must first learn spel - ling.

8

G D Em D G C G A D G D

7.O sweet kiss! but ah! she is wa - king. Low'-ring beau - ty chas - tens me, Now will

7.O sweet kiss! but ah! she is wa - king. Low'-ring beau - ty chas-tens me, Now will

7.O sweet kiss! but ah! she is wa - king. Low'-ring beau - ty chas-tens me, Now will

7.O sweet kiss! but ah! she is wa - king. Low'-ring beau - ty chas-tens me, Now will

13

Em D G C G D G

I a - way hence flee; Fool! more fool! for no more ta - king.

I a - way hence flee; Fool! more fool! for no more ta - king.

I a - way hence flee; Fool! more fool! for no more ta - king.

I a - way hence flee; Fool! more fool! for no more ta - king.

# Have you seen but a Whyte Lillie grow

verses 1-2

Ben Jonson (1573-1637)  
Robert Johnson (c.1583-1633)

Chords: F F F Dm F B $\flat$  F B dim

See the Do but Cha - riot at hand eyes, here of they do Love, light Where All - in that my La - dy com -

See the Do but Cha - riot at hand eyes, here they of do Love, light Where All - in that my La - dy com -

See the Do but Cha - riot at hand eyes, here they of do Love, light Where All - in that my La - dy com -

See the Do but Cha - riot at hand eyes, here they of do Love, light Where All - in that my La - dy com -

Chords: C F B $\flat$  E $\flat$  Dm C F C

ri - deth! pri - seth! Each that draws is a swan or a dove, bright And As well the car Love it

ri - deth! pri - seth! Each that draws is a swan or a dove, bright And As well the car Love it

ri - deth! pri - seth! Each that draws is a swan or a dove, bright And As well the car Love it

ri - deth! pri - seth! Each that draws is a swan or a dove, bright And As well the car Love it

Chords: F F Gm F Cm G sus4 G

gui - deth. ri - seth! As she goes, all hearts do du - ty smoo - ther Un - to words her that

gui - deth. ri - seth! As she goes, all hearts do du - ty smoo - ther Un - to words her that

gui - deth. ri - seth! As she goes, all hearts do du - ty smoo - ther Un - to words her that

gui - deth. ri - seth! As she goes, all hearts do du - ty smoo - ther Un - to words her that

12 C F B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F C

beau - ty; soothe her; And e - na - mour'd do wish, so they might But en - joy such a  
 sight, face, That they still were to run by her side, life, Through All the swords, gain, through all the

beau - ty; soothe her; And e - na - mour'd do wish, so they might But en - joy such a  
 sight, face, That they still were to run by her side, life, Through All the swords, gain, through all the

beau - ty; soothe her; And e - na - mour'd do wish, so they might But en - joy such a  
 sight, face, That they still were to run by her side, life, Through All the swords, gain, through all the

beau - ty; soothe her; And e - na - mour'd do wish, so they might But en - joy such a  
 sight, face, That they still were to run by her side, life, Through All the swords, gain, through all the

15 C F F C C C C F

sight, face, That they still were to run by her side, life, Through All the swords, gain, through all the

sight, face, That they still were to run by her side, life, Through All the swords, gain, through all the

sight, face, That they still were to run by her side, life, Through All the swords, gain, through all the

sight, face, That they still were to run by her side, life, Through All the swords, gain, through all the

sight, face, That they still were to run by her side, life, Through All the swords, gain, through all the

20 B<sup>b</sup> C C F F C sus4 C F

seas, good, whi - ther she would ride, strife, whi - ther she would ride, strife.

through seas, all the good, whi - ther she of the strife, whi - ther she of the strife, ride, strife.

through seas, all the good, whi - ther she of the strife, whi - ther she of the strife, ride, strife.

through seas, all the good, whi - ther she of the strife, whi - ther she of the strife, ride, strife.

through seas, all the good, whi - ther she of the strife, whi - ther she of the strife, ride, strife.

# Have you seene but a Whyte Lillie grow

verse 3

Ben Jonson (1573-1637)  
Robert Johnson (c.1583-1633)

F F F Dm F B $\flat$  F B dim

Have you seene but a Whyte Lil - lie grow be - fore Rude hands have

Have you seene but a Whyte Lil - - - lie grow be - fore Rude hands have

Have you seene but a Whyte Lil - - - lie grow be - fore Rude hands have

Have you seene but a Whyte Lil - - - lie grow be - fore Rude hands have

4 C F B $\flat$  E $\flat$  Dm C F C

tought it? Have you markt but the fall of the Snow be - fore the Earthe hathe

tought it? Have you markt but the fall of the Snow be - fore the Earthe hathe

tought it? Have you markt but the fall of the Snow be - fore the Earthe hathe

tought it? Have you markt but the fall of the Snow be - fore the Earthe hathe

8 F F Gm F Cm G sus4 G

Smucht it? Have you felt the Woole of Be - ver, or Swans downe

Smucht it? Have you felt the Woole of Be - ver, or Swans downe

Smucht it? Have you felt the Woole of Be - ver, or Swans downe

Smucht it? Have you felt the Woole of Be - ver, or Swans downe



12 C F B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F C

E - ver, or have smelt of the Bud of the Bryer, or the Nard in the

E - ver, or have smelt of the Bud of the Bryer, or the Nard in the

E - ver, or have smelt of the Bud of the Bryer, or the Nard in the

E - ver, or have smelt of the Bud of the Bryer, or the Nard in the

15 C F F C C C C F

Fire, or have tas - ted the bagge of the Bee? O so whyte, O so

Fire, or have tas - ted the bagge of the Bee? O so whyte,

Fire, or have tas - ted the bagge of the Bee? O so whyte,

Fire, or have tas - ted the bagge of the Bee? O so whyte,

20 B<sup>b</sup> C C F F C sus4 C F

soft, O so sweete is she, O so sweete is she.

O so soft, O so sweete O so sweete is she.

O so soft, O so sweete O so sweete is she.

O so soft, O so sweete O so sweete is she.

**A Health to all Good-Fellowes;  
OR The good Companions Arithmaticke**

lyrics: anon., 1615-1640?  
tune: "To drive the cold winter away"

Dm Dm F Gm Dm Gm

Be mer - ry, my hearts, and call for your quarts, And let no li - quor be  
He drinke up my drinke, and speak what I thinke; strong drinke will make us speake

4 Dm Dm F Gm Dm Gm

lack - ing; We have gold in store: we pur - pose to roare un - till we set care a  
true - ly; We can - not be termed all drunk-ards con-firmed, so long as we are not un -

8 Dm F Gm

pack - ing. Then host - is, make haste, and let no time waste; Let  
ru - ly. Wee'le drinke and be ci - vill, in - tend - ing no e - vil; if

11

Dm Am Dm Dm Dm F

e - ve - ry man have his due; none be of - fend - ed at me, To As save shooes and trou - ble, bring I did be - fore, so

14

Gm Dm A D

in the pots dou - ble, for he that made one, made two. He adde once more, and he that made two, made three.

3. The greedy Curmudgin sits all the day snudging  
 at home with browne bread and small beare;  
 To Coffe up wealth he starveth himselfe,—  
 scarce eats a good meale in a yeare:  
 But He not do so, how ere the world go  
 so long as I 've money in store;  
 I scorne for to faile—go, fill us more Ale,  
 for he that made three, made foure.

4. Why sit you thus sadly? because I call madly  
 I meane not to leave in the lurch;  
 My reckoning He pay ere I go away,  
 else hang me as high as a Church.  
 Perhaps you will say this is not the way;  
 they must pine that in this world will thrive;  
 No matter for that, wee'le laugh and be fat,  
 for he that made foure, made five.

5. To those my good friends my love so extends,  
 I cannot truely expresse it;  
 When with you I meet, your words are so sweet,  
 I am unwilling to misse it.  
 I hate all base slaves, that their money saves,  
 and all those that use base tricks;  
 For with joviall blades I'm as mery as the maids;  
 and he that made five, made six,

6. Then drinke about round, till sorrow be drownd,  
 and let us sing hey doune a derry;  
 I cannot endure to sit thus demure,  
 for hither I came to be merry:  
 Then plucke up a good heart before we depart;  
 with my Hostesse we will make even;  
 For I am set a madding, and still will be adding;  
 For he that made six made seven.

# How can the tree No pleasure without some paine

Thomas, Lord Vaux (1509-1556)  
Christ Church, Oxford  
MSS 984-988, 1581-1588

Gm                      Gm    D    Gm    F    Gm                      D                      Dm    A

How can the tree but waste and wi-ther a - way, That hath not  
What foode-lesse beast can live long in good plight? Or is it  
Where - to serves eares, if that there be no sound? Or such a

5                      Dm    B<sup>b</sup>    F    Gm                      D                      Gm    D    Gm                      Dm    Gm    Dm    E<sup>b</sup>    Cm

some time com-fort of the sunne? How can that flower but fade and soone de -  
life where sen - ces there be none? Or what a - vail - but eth eies, with - out their  
head where no de - vice doth grow? But all of plaintes, since sor - row is the

10

D Dm E<sup>b</sup> Cm Gm B<sup>b</sup> F Gm Dsus4 D G E dim F C F

cay, sight? ground, That Or Where - al - waies els a by the is a tongue heart with to doth darke clouds o - ver him that is a - pine in dead - ly runne? lone? woe. Is this a life?

cay, sight? ground, That Or Where - al - waies els a by the is a tongue heart with to doth darke clouds o - ver him that is a - pine in dead - ly runne? lone? woe. Is this a life?

cay, sight? ground, That Or Where - al - waies els a by the is a tongue heart with to doth darke clouds o - ver him that is a - pine in dead - ly runne? lone? woe. Is this a life?

cay, sight? ground, That Or Where - al - waies els a by the is a tongue heart with to doth darke clouds o - ver him that is a - pine in dead - ly runne? lone? woe. Is this a life?

cay, sight? ground, That Or Where - al - waies els a by the is a tongue heart with to doth darke clouds o - ver him that is a - pine in dead - ly runne? lone? woe. Is this a life?

16

F Dm F Gm D Dm E<sup>b</sup> Cm B<sup>b</sup> Cm Gm Cm Dsus4 D G

Nay; death you may it call That feelles each paine, and knowes no joy at all.

Nay; death you may it call That feelles each paine, and knowes no joy at all.

Nay; death you may it call That feelles each paine, and knowes no joy at all.

Nay; death you may it call That feelles each paine, and knowes no joy at all.

Nay; death you may it call That feelles each paine, and knowes no joy at all.

# I am a lover

Alfonso Ferrabosco II  
(c.1575-1628)  
Ayres, 1609

G Am F#dim G C Am G D Am

I am a Trou - bles I lo - - - ver yet was ne - ver lov'd, well Trou - bles I passe yet ne - ver a - ny mov'd, sighs

I am a Trou - bles I lo - - - ver yet was ne - ver lov'd, well Trou - bles I passe yet ne - ver a - ny mov'd, sighs

I am a Trou - bles I lo - - - ver yet was ne - ver lov'd, well Trou - bles I passe yet ne - ver a - ny mov'd, sighs

I am a Trou - bles I lo - - - ver yet was ne - ver lov'd, well Trou - bles I passe yet ne - ver a - ny mov'd, sighs

5 Am Em Am D C#dim Dsus4 D 1. G 2. G

have I lov'd and wil though hat - ed e - ver, have I given and yet she heard me ne - ver,

have I lov'd and wil though hat - ed e - ver, have I given and yet she heard me ne - ver,

have I lov'd and wil though hat - ed e - ver, have I given and yet she heard me ne - ver,

have I lov'd and wil though hat - ed e - ver, have I given and yet she heard me ne - ver,

8 Gm Gm Cm Gsus4 G C F F B<sup>b</sup> Cm D C F<sup>#</sup>dim

I would com - plaine, and she would ne - - - ver heare me,  
 O - bli - vion one - - - ly blame - lesse doth be - set mee,

I would com - plaine, and she would ne - ver heare me,  
 O - bli - vion one - ly blame - - - lesse doth be - set mee,

I would com - plaine, and she would ne - ver heare me, and  
 O - bli - vion one - - - ly blame - lesse doth be - set mee, for

I would com - plaine, and she, and she would ne - ver heare me, and  
 O - bli - vion one - ly blame - lesse blame - lesse doth be - set mee, for

13 G C B<sup>dim</sup> C Am Em Am C D<sup>sus4</sup> D 1. G 2. G

and flie from love, but it is e - ver neare me.  
 for that re - mem - breth ne - ver to for - - - get me.

and flie from love, but it is e - ver neare me.  
 for that re - mem - breth ne - ver to for - - - get me.

flie, and flie from love, but it is e - ver neare me.  
 that, for that re - mem - breth ne - ver to for - - - get me.

flie, and flie from love, but it is e - ver neare me.  
 that, for that re - mem - breth ne - ver to for - - - get me.

# I Care not for these Ladies

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

*A Booke of Ayres*, 1601

Philip Rosseter(1567 or 8-1623)

G D G C G D G Em F G D G D

I Care not for these La - dies That must be woode and praide, Give me kind  
 If I love A - ma - ril - lis, She gives me fruit and flowers, But if we  
 These La - dies must have pil - lowes, And beds by stran - gers wrought, Give me a

I Care not for these La - dies That must be woode and praide, Give me kind  
 If I love A - ma - ril - lis, She gives me fruit and flowers, But if we  
 These La - dies must have pil - lowes, And beds by stran - gers wrought, Give me a

I Care not for these La - dies That must be woode and praide, Give me kind  
 If I love A - ma - ril - lis, She gives me fruit and flowers, But if we  
 These La - dies must have pil - lowes, And beds by stran - gers wrought, Give me a

6 G C G D G Em F G D Am D Em A D

A - ma - ril - lis The wan - ton coun - trey maide, Na - ture art dis - dain - eth, her  
 love these La - dies, We must give gol - den showers, Give them gold that sell love, Give  
 Bower of wil - lowes, Of mosse and leaves un - bought, And fresh A - ma ril - lis, With

A - ma - ril - lis The wan - ton coun - trey maide, Na - ture art dis - dain - eth, her  
 love these La - dies, We must give gol - den showers, Give them gold that sell love, Give  
 Bower of wil - lowes, Of mosse and leaves un - bought, And fresh A - ma ril - lis, With

A - ma - ril - lis The wan - ton coun - trey maide, Na - ture art dis - dain - eth, her  
 love these La - dies, We must give gol - den showers, Give them gold that sell love, Give  
 Bower of wil - lowes, Of mosse and leaves un - bought, And fresh A - ma ril - lis, With



11

G C Am D G G G D G C C G

beau - tie is her owne, Who when we court & kisse, She cries for - sooth let  
 me the Nut-browne lasse, fed,  
 milke and hon - ie

beau - tie is her owne, Who when we court & kisse, She cries for - sooth let  
 me the Nut-browne lasse, fed,  
 milke and hon - ie

16

D G D G Am D G Em D G G D sus4 D G

go, but when we come where com - fort is She ne - ver will say no.  
 go, but when we come where com - fort is She ne - ver will say no.  
 go, but when we come where com - fort is She ne - ver will say no.

go, but when we come where com - fort is She ne - ver will say no.

# I lothe that I did love

## The aged lover renounceth love

Thomas, Lord Vaux (1509-1556)  
British Museum Add. MS 4900

G C G C Am F#dim G C

I My lothe lustes that they do I did me love, leeve, In My youth that I thought swete, fledge, As And

5 F G Dm Em C G C F G Dsus4 D G G

time re - quires for my be - hove, tract of time be - gins to weave

8 G G C G C Am F#dim G C Dm Am Gsus4 G C

Me thinks they are not mete, Me thinks they are not mete. Gray heares up - on my hedde, Gray heares up - on my hedde.

For age with steylling steppes,  
Hath clawed me with his crowch,  
And lusty life away she leapes  
As there had bene none such.

My muse dothe not delight  
Me as she did before,  
My hand and pen are not in plight,  
As they have bene of yore.

For reason me denies  
This youthly, idle rime,  
And day by day to me she cries,  
Leave of these toyes in time.

The wrinckles in my brow,  
The furrowes in my face,  
Say limpyng age will hedge him now  
Where youth must geve him place.

The harbinger of death,  
To me I see him ride;  
The cough, the colde, the gaspyng breath,  
Doth bid me to provide,

A pikeaxe and a spade,  
And eke a shrowdyng shete,  
A house of claye for to be made  
For such a gust most mete.

Me thinks I heare the clarke,  
That knols the careful knel,  
And bids me leave my wofull warke,  
Er nature me compell.

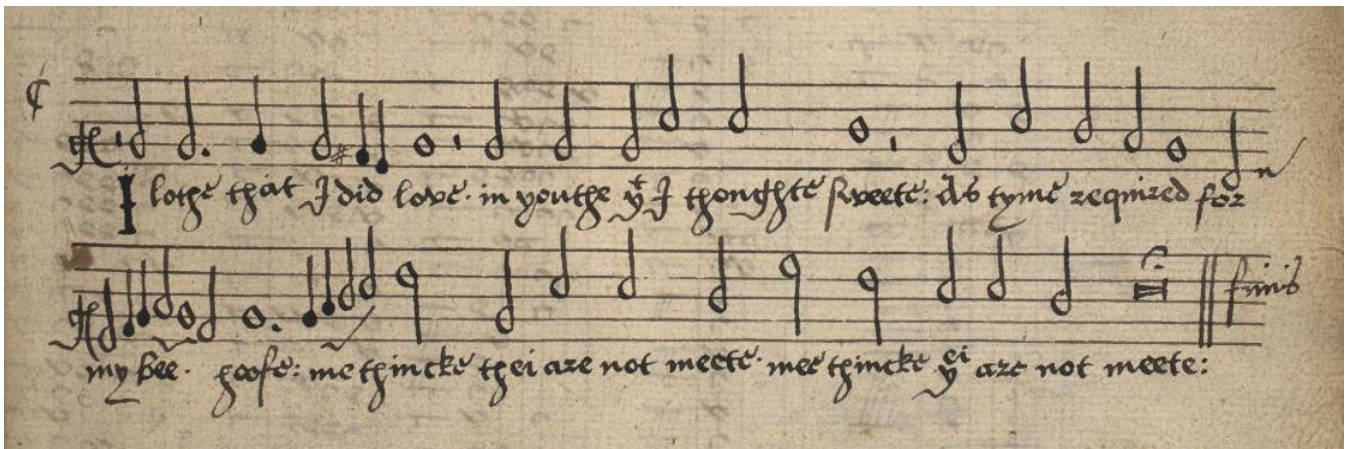
My kepers knit the knot.  
That youth did laugh to scorne,  
Of me that clene shalbe forgot  
As I had not ben borne.

Thus must I youth geve up,  
Whose badge I long did weare;  
To them I yelde the wanton cup  
That better may it beare.

Loe here the bared scull,  
By whose bald signe I know,  
That stoupyng age away shall pull,  
Which youthfull yeres did sowe.

For beauty with her bande,  
These croked cares hath wrought,  
And shipped me into the lande  
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behinde,  
Have ye none other trust,  
As ye of claye were cast by kinde,  
So shall ye waste to dust.



# I smile to see how you devise

verses 1-3

John Lyly (1554?-1606)  
*A Handefull of pleasant delites*, 1584

G G C G D G C D G C Dm F

I smile to see how you de - vise, New mask - ing nets my  
 The se - cret sighs and fai - ned cheare, That oft doth paine thy  
 The Sa - la - man - der in the fire, By course of kinde doth

4 Dm Asus4 A D G C G D G C D G C Am D F

eies to bleare: your self you can - not so dis - guise: But as you are, you  
 care - full brest: To me right plain - ly doth ap - peare, I see in whom thy  
 bathe his limmes: The flot - ing Fish ta-keth his de - sire, In run - ning streams where -

8 G D<sup>sus4</sup> D G D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>m</sup> D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>m</sup> D D<sup>m</sup> F A<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>sus4</sup> A D

must ap - peare. your pri - vie winkes at boord I see, And how you set your ro - ving mind:  
 hart doth rest. And though thou makest a fain - ed vow, That love no more thy heart should nip,  
 as he swimmes. So thou in change dost take de - light, Ful wel I know thy slip - perie kinde:

8 must ap - peare. your pri - vie winkes at boord I see, And how you set your ro - ving mind:  
 hart doth rest. And though thou makest a fain - ed vow, That love no more thy heart should nip,  
 as he swimmes. So thou in change dost take de - light, Ful wel I know thy slip - perie kinde:

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must ap - peare. your pri - vie winkes at boord I see, And how you set your ro - ving mind:  
 hart doth rest. And though thou makest a fain - ed vow, That love no more thy heart should nip,  
 as he swimmes. So thou in change dost take de - light, Ful wel I know thy slip - perie kinde:

12 D<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F G<sup>m</sup> C F B<sup>b</sup> F G<sup>m</sup> C C D<sup>sus4</sup> D G

your selfe you can - not hide from me, Al - though I wincke, I am not blind.  
 yet think I know as well as thou, The fic - kle helm doth guide the ship.  
 In vaine thou seemst to dim my sight, Thy rowl - ing eies be - wraieith thy minde.

8 your selfe you can - not hide from me, Al - though I wincke, I am not blind.  
 yet think I know as well as thou, The fic - kle helm doth guide the ship.  
 In vaine thou seemst to dim my sight, Thy rowl - ing eies be - wraieith thy minde.

8 your selfe you can - not hide from me, Al - though I wincke, I am not blind.  
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 In vaine thou seemst to dim my sight, Thy rowl - ing eies be - wraieith thy minde.

your selfe you can - not hide from me, Al - though I wincke, I am not blind.  
 yet think I know as well as thou, The fic - kle helm doth guide the ship.  
 In vaine thou seemst to dim my sight, Thy rowl - ing eies be - wraieith thy minde.

# I smile to see how you devise

verses 4-5

John Lyly (1554?–1606)

*A Handefull of pleasant delites*, 1584

G G C G D G C D G C Dm F

I see him smile that doth posse Thy love which once I  
There fore leave off thy wont - ed plaie, But, as thou art, thou

I see him smile that doth posse Thy love which once I  
There fore leave off thy wont - ed plaie, But, as thou art, thou

I see him smile that doth posse Thy love which once I  
There fore leave off thy wont - ed plaie, But, as thou art, thou

I see him smile that doth posse Thy love which once I  
There fore leave off thy wont - ed plaie, But, as thou art, thou

4 Dm A sus4 A D G C G D G C D G C Am D F

ho - noured most: If he be wise, he may well gesse, Thy love soon won, wil  
wilt ap - peare, Un - lesse thou canst de - vise a waie, To dark the Sun that

ho - noured most: If he be wise, he may well gesse, Thy love soon won, wil  
wilt ap - peare, Un - lesse thou canst de - vise a waie, To dark the Sun that

ho - noured most: If he be wise, he may well gesse, Thy love soon won, wil  
wilt ap - peare, Un - lesse thou canst de - vise a waie, To dark the Sun that

ho - noured most: If he be wise, he may well gesse, Thy love soon won, wil  
wilt ap - peare, Un - lesse thou canst de - vise a waie, To dark the Sun that

8 G D<sup>sus4</sup> D G D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>m</sup> D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>m</sup> D D<sup>m</sup> F A<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>sus4</sup> A D

soon be lost. And shines so cleare. And sith thou canst no man in - tice, That he should stil love thee a - lone: thy love sup - plie, thy friend that thou hast won, In trueth to him

8 soon be lost. And shines so cleare. And sith thou canst no man in - tice, That he should stil love thee a - lone: thy love sup - plie, thy friend that thou hast won, In trueth to him

8 soon be lost. And shines so cleare. And sith thou canst no man in - tice, That he should stil love thee a - lone: thy love sup - plie, thy friend that thou hast won, In trueth to him

soon be lost. And shines so cleare. And sith thou canst no man in - tice, That he should stil love thee a - lone: thy love sup - plie, thy friend that thou hast won, In trueth to him

12 D<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F G<sup>m</sup> C F B<sup>b</sup> F G<sup>m</sup> C C D<sup>sus4</sup> D G

Thy beau - tie now hath lost her price, I see thy sa - vorie sent is gone. Least he at length as I have done, Take off thy Belles and let thee flie.

8 Thy beau - tie now hath lost her price, I see thy sa - vorie sent is gone. Least he at length as I have done, Take off thy Belles and let thee flie.

8 Thy beau - tie now hath lost her price, I see thy sa - vorie sent is gone. Least he at length as I have done, Take off thy Belles and let thee flie.

Thy beau - tie now hath lost her price, I see thy sa - vorie sent is gone. Least he at length as I have done, Take off thy Belles and let thee flie.

# Iff I had wytt for to endyght

verses 1-3

anon., c.1510-1520  
Henry VIII MS, BL  
Add MS 31922

Dm F C Dm Am

Iff I had wytt for to endyght of  
I love her well with hart & mynd; she  
She doth not wa - ver as the wynde; nor

3 B $\flat$  F C Dm Gm Am C F C Dm F

my la - dy both fayre and fre, of her god - nes than  
ys ryght trew I do it se; my hart to have she  
for no new me chaung doth she; but all way true I



6 Gm C Am F C Dm Am Dm

wold I wryght. Shall no man know her name for me;  
doth me bynd. Shall no man know her name for me.  
do her fynd. Shall no man know her name for me.

wold I wryght. Shall no man know her name for me;  
doth me bynd. Shall no man know her name for me.  
do her fynd. Shall no man know her name for me.

wold I wryght. Shall no man know her name for me;  
doth me bynd. Shall no man know her name for me.  
do her fynd. Shall no man know her name for me.

wold I wryght. Shall no man know her name for me;  
doth me bynd. Shall no man know her name for me.  
do her fynd. Shall no man know her name for me.

9 B<sup>b</sup> Gm Am Dm Am A D

Shall no man know her name for me.  
Shall no man know her name for me.  
Shall no man know her name for me.

Shall no man know her name for me.  
Shall no man know her name for me.  
Shall no man know her name for me.

Shall no man know her name for me.  
Shall no man know her name for me.  
Shall no man know her name for me.

Shall no man know her name for me.  
Shall no man know her name for me.  
Shall no man know her name for me.

# Iff I had wytt for to endyght

verses 4-6

anon., c.1510-1520  
Henry VIII MS, BL  
Add MS 31922

Dm F C Dm Am

Yf I to her than war un - kynd, Pyt -  
Lern - yng it war for wo - - - men all un -  
My hart she hath, and e - - - ver shall, tyll

Yf I to her than war un - kynd, Pyt -  
Lern - yng it war for wo - - - men all un -  
My hart she hath, and e - - - ver shall, tyll

Yf I to her than war un - kynd, Pyt -  
Lern - yng it war for wo - - - men all un -  
My hart she hath, and e - - - ver shall, tyll

Yf I to her than war un - kynd, Pyt -  
Lern - yng it war for wo - - - men all un -  
My hart she hath, and e - - - ver shall, tyll

3 B $\flat$  F C Dm Gm Am C F C Dm F

te it war that I shuld be, ffor she to me ys that  
to ther lo - vers I trew to be. Pro - myse I mak that  
by death de - part - ed we be. Happe what wyll hap, fall

te it war that I shuld be, ffor she to me ys that  
to ther lo - vers I trew to be. Pro - myse I mak that  
by death de - part - ed we be. Happe what wyll hap, fall

te it war that I shuld be, ffor she to me ys that  
to ther lo - vers I trew to be. Pro - myse I mak that  
by death de - part - ed we be. Happe what wyll hap, fall

te it war that I shuld be, ffor she to me ys that  
to ther lo - vers I trew to be. Pro - myse I mak that  
by death de - part - ed we be. Happe what wyll hap, fall

6 Gm C Am F C Dm Am Dm

all way kynd. Shall no man know her name for me.  
 know non shall, whill that I leve, her name for me.  
 what shall fall, Shall no man know her name for me.

all way kynd. Shall no man know her name for me.  
 know non shall, whill that I leve, her name for me.  
 what shall fall, Shall no man know her name for me.

all way kynd. Shall no man know her name for me.  
 know non shall, whill that I leve, her name for me.  
 what shall fall, Shall no man know her name for me.

all way kynd. Shall no man know her name for me.  
 know non shall, whill that I leve, her name for me.  
 what shall fall, Shall no man know her name for me.

9 Dm Gm Am Dm Am A D

Shall no man know her name for me.  
 whill that I leve, her name for me.  
 Shall no man know her name for me.

Shall no man know her name for me.  
 whill that I leve, her name for me.  
 Shall no man know her name for me.

Shall no man know her name for me.  
 whill that I leve, her name for me.  
 Shall no man know her name for me.

Shall no man know her name for me.  
 whill that I leve, her name for me.  
 Shall no man know her name for me.

# If my complaints could passions move

verse 1

John Dowland (1563-1626)  
*the First Booke of*  
*Songes or Ayres, 1597*

Chords: Gm Cm Gm Cm Gm B<sup>b</sup> Cm D G

If my com - plaints could pas - sions moove, or that  
 My pas - sions weare e - nough to prove, or that

5 Chords: Cm F F<sup>#dim</sup> Gm Dm Cm D<sup>sus4</sup> D G

or that make love des - see payrs where - in go - I vernd suf me - fer to wrong: long,  
 or that make love des - see payrs where had in go - I vernd me - fer to wrong: long,  
 make my love des - see payrs where had in go - I vernd suf me - fer to wrong: long,

9 Chords: Dm B<sup>b</sup> Cm B<sup>b</sup> Cm E<sup>b</sup> F<sup>sus4</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>

O thy love wounds I do live fresh - - - ly dye bleed in in thee mee,  
 O thy love wounds I do live, fresh - ly, I live fresh - and dye bleed in in thee mee,  
 O thy love wounds I do live fresh - and dye, I live and dye bleed in in thee mee,

13 Gm Am D Gm Dm Eb Cm D

thy griefe in my deepe sighes still speakes,  
my heart for thy my un-kind - nes breakes:  
8 thy griefe in my my deepe sighes, deepe sighes kind - still speakes,  
8 thy griefe in my my deepe sighes, deepe sighes kind - nes breakes:  
thy griefe, thy my griefe heart in my thy deepe sighes still nes speakes,  
my heart, my my heart for my thy un-kind, nes breakes:

17 Bb Cm Bb Cm D Eb Cm D

yet thou saist doe thou hope canst when my I harmes des re - paire,  
8 yet thou saist doe thou hope, canst, doe hope canst when I harmes des re - paire,  
8 yet thou saist doe thou hope canst when my I harmes des re - paire,  
yet thou saist doe thou hope canst when my I harmes des re - paire,  
yet thou saist doe thou hope canst when my I harmes des re - paire,

21 Bb F Dm Gm Dm Eb Gm D G

and yet when for I re - hope dresse thou makst, thou makst me hope still in vaine.  
8 and yet when for I re - hope dresse thou makst, thou makst me hope still in vaine.  
8 and yet when for I re - hope dresse thou makst, thou makst me hope still in vaine.  
and yet when for I re - hope dresse thou makst, thou makst me hope still in vaine.  
and yet when for I re - dresse thou letst, thou letst me hope still in com - plaine.

# If my complaints could passions move

verse 2

John Dowland (1563-1626)

*the First Booke of*

*Songes or Ayres, 1597*

Chords: Gm Cm Gm Cm Gm B<sup>b</sup> Cm D G

Can love be ritch and yet yet doest I want, want, want, Is  
 Thou plen - ty hast, and yet doest me scant, scant, scant, Thou

5 Chords: Cm F F<sup>#dim</sup> Gm Dm Cm D<sup>sus4</sup> D G

Is love my judge and yet yet I am con - demn'd? demn'd?  
 Thou made a god, and and yet yet thy power con - temn'd temn'd

9 Chords: Dm B<sup>b</sup> Cm B<sup>b</sup> Cm E<sup>b</sup> F<sup>sus4</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>

That I do live it is thy power,  
 If love doth make men's lives thy sour

13 Gm Am D Gm Dm Eb Cm D

That Let I me de not - sire love, it nor is live thy hence - worth, forth.

That Let I me de not - - sire love, de nor - sire live, it nor is live thy hence - worth, forth.

That Let I me de not - - - sire it is, it nor is live thy hence - worth, forth.

That Let I me de not - - - sire love, nor live, it nor is live thy hence - worth, forth.

That Let I me de not - sire, de nor - sire live, it nor is live thy hence - worth, forth.

17 Bb Cm Bb Cm D Eb Cm D

Die May shall hear my des - hopes, pair but which not tru - - my ly faith saith

Die May shall hear my des - hopes, pair, my hopes, des - pair but which not tru - my ly faith saith

Die May shall hear my des - hopes, pair but which not my ly faith saith

Die May shall hear my des - hopes, pair but which not tru - ly faith saith

21 Bb F Dm Gm Dm Eb Gm D G

That I you was that more of true my to fall love may than hear - ers to be. me.

That I you was that more of true my to fall, my to fall love may than hear - ers to be. me.

That I you was that more of true my to fall love may than hear - ers to be. me.

That I you was that more of true my to fall, my to fall love may than hear - ers to be. me.

# If she forsake me I must die

Philip Rosseter (1567 or 8-1623)

*A Booke of Ayres, 1601*

G G C Am D G G C D

If she for - sake me I must die, shall I tell her so.  
 What heart can long such I paines a - bide, Fie up-pon this love,  
 I doe my love in lines com - mend, But a - las in vaine,

5 G G C Am D G G C D

A - las then strait will she re - plie, no no no no no.  
 I would ad - ven - ture farre and wide, If it would re - move,  
 The cost - ly gifts that I doe send, She re - turnes a - gaine.



9

D G Am G G

If I dis - close my des - p'rat state she will but make  
 But love will still my my steppes pur - sue, I can - not his  
 Thus still is my des - paire pro - cur'd, And her ma - lice

If I dis - close my des - p'rat state she will but make  
 But love will still my my steppes pur - sue, I can - not his  
 Thus still is my des - paire pro - cur'd, And her ma - lice

If I dis - close my des - p'rat state she will but make  
 But love will still my my steppes pur - sue, I can - not his  
 Thus still is my des - paire pro - cur'd, And her ma - lice

If I dis - close my des - p'rat state she will but make  
 But love will still my my steppes pur - sue, I can - not his  
 Thus still is my des - paire pro - cur'd, And her ma - lice

12

C Dm C G F G C D sus4 D G

sport there - at and more un - re - lent - ing grow.  
 wayes es - chew, Thus still helpe - les hopes I prove.  
 more as - surd, Then come death and end my paine.

sport there - at and more un - re - lent - ing grow.  
 wayes es - chew, Thus still helpe - les hopes I prove.  
 more as - surd, Then come death and end my paine.

sport there - at and more un - re - lent - ing grow.  
 wayes es - chew, Thus still helpe - les hopes I prove.  
 more as - surd, Then come death and end my paine.

sport there - at and more un - re - lent - ing grow.  
 wayes es - chew, Thus still helpe - les hopes I prove.  
 more as - surd, Then come death and end my paine.

# If that you list, now merry be

Arthur Halliarg  
 printed 1561-1593  
 tune: "Loth to Depart"

D D B $\flat$  F Gm D Gm

If that you list, now mer - ry be, Lend list - ning  
 The Coo - per walk - ed downe the streete, And with the  
 Cooper, quoth the Bruer, come he - ther to me, Per - chance I

6 D Gm D Gm D D Am D Gm F Gm

eares a while to me, To heare a song of a Bru - er  
 Bru - er a chanc'd to me, He cal - led, - Worke for a Coo - per,  
 have some worke for thee: If that thy do - ings I doe well

12 D Gm D G Am D G

bold, dame; That meant a Coo - per to cuc - - kold.  
 like, Thou shalt have glad worke for all this weeke. same.  
 weeke.

The Cooper with cap and curtesie low,  
Said, ready I am my tunnig to show;  
To doe your worke, sir, every deale.  
I doe not doubt to doe it well.

Then, quoth this lustie Bruer tho,  
If thou my worke doest meane to doe,  
Come to me to morrow before it be day,  
To hoope up these old tubs out of the way.

And so to make up my merry rime,  
The Cooper the next day rose betime;  
To the Bruers gate he tooke his race,  
And knocked there a great pace.

The Bruer leapt from his bed to the flore,  
And to the Cooper he opned the dore;  
He shewed him his worke without delay;  
To the Coopers wife then he tooke the way.

The Cooper he called at mind at last,  
His hatchet he had left at home for hast:  
And home for his hatchet he must goe,  
Before he could worke; the cause it was so.

But when he came his house somewhat nere,  
His wife by fortune did him heare:  
Alas! said she, what shift shall we make?  
My husband is come,-- you will be take!

O Lord! sayd the Bruer, what shall I doe?  
How shall I hide me? where shall I goe?  
Said shee,-- if you will not be espide,  
Creepe under this fat yourselfe to hide.

The Bruer he crept under the same,  
And blundering in the Cooper came:  
About the shop his tubs he cast,  
To finde out his hatchet all in hast.

Then his curst wife began to prate,--  
If thou let out my pig, ile breake thy pate!  
A pig, said the Cooper, I know of none;  
If thou hadst not spoke, the pig had bin gone.

If it be a sow-pig, said the Cooper,  
Let me have him rosted for my supper:  
It is a bore-pig, man, said she,  
For my owne dyet, and not for thee.

It is hard if a woman cannot have a bit,  
But straightway her husband must know of it.  
A bore-pig, said the Cooper, so me thinks;  
He is so ramish,-- fie, how he stinkes!

Well, sayd the Cooper, so I might thrive,  
I would he were in thy belly alive.  
I thanke you for your wish, good man;  
It may chance it shall be there anon.

The Bruer that under the fat did lye,  
Like a pig did assay to grunt and crie:  
But, alas! his voice was nothing small;  
He cryed so big that he mard all.

Wife, said the Cooper, this is no pig,  
But an old hog, he grunteth so big!  
He lift up the fat then by and by;  
There lay the Bruer like a bore in a stie.

Wife, said the Cooper, thou wilt lie like a dog!  
This is no pig, but a very old hog:  
I sweare, quoth the Cooper, I doe not like him;  
Ile knock him on the head ere ile keepe him.

O Lord! said the Bruer, serve me not so;  
Hold thy hand, Cooper, and let me goe,  
And I will give thee both ale and beere,  
To find thy house this sixe or seaven yeare.

I will none of thy ale nor yet of thy beere,  
For feare I be poisoned wiin seaven yeere!  
Why, sayd the Bruer, if thou mistrust,  
Hold here the keyes of my best chest;

And there is gold and silver store,  
Will serve thee so long and somewhat more:  
If there be store, quoth the Cooper, I say,  
I will not come emptie-handed away.

The Cooper went and filled his hat;  
The Bruer shall pay for using my fat!  
The hooping of twentie tubs every day,  
And not gaind me so much as I doe this way.

When he came againe his house within,--  
Packed away, quod he, Bruer, with your broken shin;  
And under my fat creepe no more,  
Except you make wiser bargaines before.

# If thou long'st so much

verses 1-2

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

*The Third and Fourth*

*Booke of Ayres, c.1617*

Cm G Cm B<sup>b</sup>sus4 B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> Cm G Cm Dsus4 D G

If thou long'st so much to learne (sweet boy) what 'tis to love:  
With thee dance I will, and sing, and thy fond dal - liance beare;

If thou long'st so much to and learne (sweet boy) what 'tis to love:  
With thee dance I will, and sing, and thy fond dal - liance beare;

If thou long'st so much to learne (sweet boy) what 'tis to love:  
With thee dance I will, and sing, and thy fond dal - liance beare;

If thou long'st so much to learne (sweet boy) what 'tis to love:  
With thee dance I will, and sing, and thy fond dal - liance beare;

5 Cm G Cm B<sup>b</sup>sus4 B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> Cm G Cm Dsus4 D G

Doe but fixe thy thought on mee, and thou shalt quick - ly prove.  
Wee the gro - vy hils will climbe, and play the wan - tons there.

Doe but fixe thy thought on will mee, and thou shalt quick - ly prove.  
Wee the gro - vy hils will climbe, and play the wan - tons there.

Doe but fixe thy thought on mee, and thou shalt quick - ly prove.  
Wee the gro - vy hils will climbe, and play the wan - tons there.

Doe but fixe thy thought on will mee, and thou shalt quick - ly prove.  
Wee the gro - vy hils will climbe, and play the wan - tons there.

9

E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Cm Gm A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>sus4 B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>

Lit - tle sute at first shal win Way to thy a - basht de - sire:  
O - ther whiles wee'le ga - ther flowres, Ly - ing dal - ying on the grasse,

Lit - tle sute at first shal win Way to thy a - basht de - sire:  
O - ther whiles wee'le ga - ther flowres, Ly - ing dal - ying on the grasse,

Lit - tle sute at first shal win Way to thy a - basht de - sire:  
O - ther whiles wee'le ga - ther flowres, Ly - ing dal - ying on the grasse,

Lit - tle sute at first shal win Way to thy a - basht de - sire:  
O - ther whiles wee'le ga - ther flowres, Ly - ing dal - ying on the grasse,

13

E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> F G E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Cm G C

But then will I hedge thee in, Sa - la - man - der - like with fire.  
And thus our de - light - full howres Full of wak - ing dreames shall passe.

But then will I hedge thee in, Sa - la - man - der - like with fire.  
And thus our de - light - full howres Full of wak - ing dreames shall passe.

But then will I hedge thee in, Sa - la - man - der - like with fire.  
And thus our de - light - full howres Full of wak - ing dreames shall passe.

But then will I hedge thee in, Sa - la - man - der - like with fire.  
And thus our de - light - full howres Full of wak - ing dreames shall passe.

# If thou long'st so much

verses 3-4

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

*The Third and Fourth*

*Booke of Ayres, c.1617*

Cm G Cm B<sup>b</sup>sus4 B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> Cm G Cm Dsus4 D G

When thy joyes were thus at height my love should turne from thee,  
Thus thy sil - ly youth en - rag'd would soone my love de - fie;

When thy joyes were thus at height my love should turne from thee,  
Thus thy sil - ly youth en - rag'd would soone my love de - fie;

When thy joyes were thus at height my love should turne from thee,  
Thus thy sil - ly youth en - rag'd would soone my love de - fie;

When thy joyes were thus at height my love should turne from thee,  
Thus thy sil - ly youth en - rag'd would soone my love de - fie;

5 Cm G Cm B<sup>b</sup>sus4 B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> Cm G Cm Dsus4 D G

Old ac - quin - tance then should grow as strange as strange might be,  
But a - las poore soule too late, clipt wings can ne - ver flye:

Old ac - quin - tance then should grow as strange as strange might be,  
But a - las poore soule too late, clipt wings can ne - ver flye:

Old ac - quin - tance then should grow as strange as strange might be,  
But a - las poore soule too late, clipt wings can ne - ver flye:

Old ac - quin - tance then should grow as strange as strange might be,  
But a - las poore soule too late, clipt wings can ne - ver flye:

9

E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Cm Gm A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>sus4 B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>

Twen - ty ri - vals thou should'st finde Break - ing all their hearts for mee,  
 Those sweet houres which wee had past Cal'd to mind thy heart would burne:

Twen - ty ri - vals thou should'st finde Break - ing all their hearts for mee,  
 Those sweet houres which wee had past Cal'd to mind thy heart would burne:

Twen - ty ri - vals thou should'st finde Break - ing all their hearts for mee,  
 Those sweet houres which wee had past Cal'd to mind thy heart would burne:

Twen - ty ri - vals thou should'st finde Break - ing all their hearts for mee,  
 Those sweet houres which wee had past Cal'd to mind thy heart would burne:

13

E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> F G E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Cm G C

When to all Ile prove more kinde, And more for - ward then to thee.  
 And could'st thou flye ne'er so fast, They would make thee straight re - turne.

When to all Ile prove more kinde, And more for - ward then to thee.  
 And could'st thou flye ne'er so fast, They would make thee straight re - turne.

When to all Ile prove more kinde, And more for - ward then to thee.  
 And could'st thou flye ne'er so fast, They would make thee straight re - turne.

When to all Ile prove more kinde, And more for - ward then to thee.  
 And could'st thou flye ne'er so fast, They would make thee straight re - turne.

# Ile lye alone no longer

anon., 1629?  
tune: "Bransle de la Torche"

1                    Gm                    F                    Gm                    D

A Bat - che - lour I have beene long, and had no minde to mar - ry, But  
So ma - ny sinnes are in - ci - dent un - to a sin - gle life, That

5                    Gm                    F                    Dm                    Gm                    D                    G

now I finde it did to me wrong that I so long did tar - ry, There -  
I all dan - ger pre - vent with speede will seeke a Wife: If

9                    Bb                    Am                    Dm                    Gm                    D

fore I will a woo - ing ride, there's ma - ny mar - ried young - er, Where  
I with Wo - men chance to drinke I'me call'd a Mut - ton - mon - ger, But



13

B $\flat$  F Gm D G

shall I goe to seeke a Bride? He lye a - lone no long - er.  
 now He stop their mouthes I thinke And lye a - lone no long - er.

3.O Fate send me a handsome Lasse  
 that I can fancy well,  
 For Portion He not greatly passe,  
 though Money heares the bell.  
 Love now adayes with Gold is bought  
 but I'me no Money-monger.  
 Give mee a Wife, though shee's worth nought  
 He lye alone no longer.

4.Yet if she chance to proove a Slut,  
 a Scold, or else a Whore,  
 That could not chuse but be a cut,  
 and vexe me very sore,  
 A Slut would make me loath my meate  
 were I halfe dead with hunger,  
 But I must leave this fond conceate,  
 And lye alone no longer.

5.What if she should a Wanton be,  
 and make my forehead ake?  
 Oh that would be a grieffe to me,  
 such wrongs few men will take,  
 For jealousie is of such force,  
 no passion can be stronger,  
 But be she better, be she worse,  
 He lye alone no longer.

6.If jealous she shall be of me,  
 that were as great a spight,  
 Then should we seldome quiet be,  
 but quarrell day and night,  
 She'd thinke my love from her did range  
 though I nere meant to wrong her,  
 Yet this shall not my humour change,  
 He lye alone no longer.

7.What shall I doe to chuse a wife  
 in every thing compleate?  
 Should I in searching spend my life,  
 t'would proove a taske to great,  
 No Man can finde a Woman so,  
 the older nor the younger,  
 He take my chance as others doe,  
 And lye alone no longer.

8.Yet will I chuse the best I can,  
 Jove send me luck in chusing,  
 And crave the counsell of some man  
 whose counsels worth the using:  
 If she proove good I shall be glad,  
 and vow He never wrong her,  
 Yet am resolved good or bad  
 To lye alone no longer.

# In a garden so green

anon.  
*Cantus, Songs and Fancies, 1662*  
 John Forbes

Dm C Dm Dm F B $\flat$  F B $\flat$  F

In a gar - den so green  
 Then to my la - dy swyth  
 Now for your cour - ti - sie

In a May mor - e - ning  
 did I my pre - sence kyth,  
 ba - nish all jea - lou - sie

Heard I my La - dy pleen  
 Say - ing, My Bird be blyth,  
 Love for love lus - ti - ly

In a gar - den so green  
 Then to my la - dy swyth  
 Now for your cour - ti - sie

In a May mor - e - ning  
 did I my pre - sence kyth,  
 ba - nish all jea - lou - sie

Heard I my La - dy pleen  
 Say - ing, My Bird be blyth,  
 Love for love lus - ti - ly

In a gar - den so green  
 Then to my la - dy swyth  
 Now for your cour - ti - sie

In a May mor - e - ning  
 did I my pre - sence kyth,  
 ba - nish all jea - lou - sie

Heard I my La - dy pleen  
 Say - ing, My Bird be blyth,  
 Love for love lus - ti - ly

4 Am C F Dm Dm Am B $\flat$  F

of pa - ra - mours.  
 am I not yours?  
 do me re - store!

Said she, My love so sweet,  
 So in my arm - is two  
 Then with us lov - ers young

come you not yet nor yet?  
 did I the lus - ty jo  
 true love shal rest and ring,

of pa - ra - mours.  
 am I not yours?  
 do me re - store!

Said she, My love so sweet,  
 So in my arm - is two  
 Then with us lov - ers young

come you not yet nor yet?  
 did I the lus - ty jo  
 true love shal rest and ring,

of pa - ra - mours.  
 am I not yours?  
 do me re - store!

Said she, My love so sweet,  
 So in my arm - is two  
 Then with us lov - ers young

come you not yet nor yet?  
 did I the lus - ty jo  
 true love shal rest and ring,

7

Gm Dm Gm Dm Am C F Dm B<sup>b</sup> Dm Gm

Heght you not me to meet a - mongst the flowrs? E - lo - re, E - lo - re,  
 And kisst her tym - is mo then night hes hours. re, E - lo - re,  
 So - lace shal sweet - lie sing for ev - er - more. for ev - er - more.

Heght you not me to meet a - mongst the flowrs? E - lo - re, E - lo - re,  
 And kisst her tym - is mo then night hes hours. re, E - lo - re,  
 So - lace shal sweet - lie sing for ev - er - more. for ev - er - more.

Heght you not me to meet a - mongst the flowrs? E - lo - re, E - lo - re,  
 And kisst her tym - is mo then night hes hours. re, E - lo - re,  
 So - lace shal sweet - lie sing for ev - er - more. for ev - er - more.

Heght you not me to meet a - mongst the flowrs? E - lo - re, E - lo - re,  
 And kisst her tym - is mo then night hes hours. re, E - lo - re,  
 So - lace shal sweet - lie sing for ev - er - more. for ev - er - more.

10

B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> Gm F B<sup>b</sup> F Dm Gm F B<sup>b</sup>

E - lo - re, E - lo - re, I love my lus - ty love, E - lo - re Lo.  
 re, E - lo - re, I love my lus - ty love, E - lo - re Lo.  
 E - lo - re, E - lo - re, I love my lus - ty love, E - lo - re Lo.  
 E - lo - re, E - lo - re, I love my lus - ty love, E - lo - re Lo.

# In a grove most rich of shade

verses 1-4

Sir Philip Sydney (1554-1586)

Guillaume Tessier (fl. c. 1582)

G Em F C Gsus4 G C F Gm D

In a grove most rich of shade,  
As tro-phell with Stel-la sweet  
Wept they had, a las the while,  
But when their tongues could not speake,  
Where Birds wan - - -  
Did for mu - - -  
But now teares - - -  
Love it selfe

4 B<sup>b</sup> Fsus4 F B<sup>b</sup> F Dm Gm D

ton tuall them did Mu - sicke com - fort did si - lence made, meet, smile, breake:  
May then in his  
Both with - in them - - -  
While their eyes by  
Love did set his

6

Dm Asus4 A D Gm Gm Am Dm C Am G

pide weeds shew - - - ing,  
 selves op - press - - - ed,  
 Love di - rect - - - ed,  
 lips a - sun - - - der,

New per - fumes with flowers fresh  
 But ei - ther in each other  
 In - ter - change - a - bly, re -  
 Thus to speake in Love and

8

pide weeds shew - ing,  
 selves op - - - press - ed,  
 Love di - - - rect - ed,  
 lips a - - - sun - der,

New per - fumes with flowers fresh  
 But ei - ther in each other  
 In - - - ter - change - a - bly, re -  
 Thus to speake in Love and

8

pide weeds shew - - - ing, New per - fumes with flowers fresh  
 selves op - press - - - ed, But ei - ther in each other  
 Love di - rect - - - ed, In - - - ter - change - a - bly, re -  
 lips a - sun - - - der, Thus to speake in Love and

pide weeds shew - - - ing, New per - fumes with flowers fresh  
 selves op - press - - - ed, But ei - ther in each other  
 Love di - rect - - - ed, In - - - ter - change - a - bly, re -  
 lips a - sun - - - der, Thus to speake in Love and

8

1. Dsus4 D G Dsus4 D Gm D 2. Dsus4 D G

grow - ing.  
 bless - ed.  
 flect - ed.  
 won - der.

May then in his  
 Both with - in them - -  
 While their eyes by  
 Love did set his

grow - ing.  
 bless - ed.  
 flect - ed.  
 won - der.

grow - ing.  
 bless - ed.  
 flect - ed.  
 won - der.

grow - ing.  
 bless - ed.  
 flect - ed.  
 won - der.

grow - ing. May then in his  
 bless - ed. Both with - in them - -  
 flect - ed. While their eyes by  
 won - der. Love did set his

# In a grove most rich of shade

verses 5-8

Sir Philip Sydney (1554-1586)

Guillaume Tessier (fl. c. 1582)

G Em F C Gsus4 G C F Gm D

Stel - la, sove - raigne of my Joy, Fair Tri - um - - -  
 Graunt (O deere) on knees I pray, (Knees on ground  
 There his hands in their speach faine Would have made  
 There - with - all, a - way she went, Lea - ving him

4 B<sup>b</sup> Fsus4 F B<sup>b</sup> F Dm Gm D

phres in an - noy: Stel - la, starre of  
 he then did stay) That not I but  
 tongues lan - guage plaine But her hands his  
 with pas - sion rent, With what she had

6

Dm Asus4 A D Gm Gm Am Dm C Am G

heavenly fire, since I prove you, hands compel - ling, done and spoken, Stel - la, load - starre of Time and place for me nere Gave re - pulse, all grace ex - That there - with my song is

8

1. Dsus4 D G Dsus4 D Gm D 2. Dsus4 D G

de - sire. move you. pel - ling. bro - ken. Stel - la, starre of That not I but But her hands his With what she had de - sire. move you. pel - ling. bro - ken.

# In a merry May morn

Richard Nicholson (fl. 1595-1639)  
GB-Lbl Add. 17797

G C G Em C#dim D Dm F Am Am C C D Em C#dim D

In a mer-ry May morn when the fields the flow'rs a - dorn, The cuc -

This system contains the first six measures of the piece. It features a vocal line with lyrics, a treble clef guitar line, a bass clef guitar line, and a bass line. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "In a mer-ry May morn when the fields the flow'rs a - dorn, The cuc -".

7 Em G D G D Em G Em C#dim D Am Am G Am D G

koo chants it cheer-ful - ly, the cuc - koo chants it cheer-ful - ly, And ev - 'ry

This system contains measures 7 through 12. The lyrics are: "koo chants it cheer-ful - ly, the cuc - koo chants it cheer-ful - ly, And ev - 'ry".

13 Dm Am C G G C#dim D Am C G D C D

bird doth sing for joy Of such a plea-sant Spring, for joy of such a plea-sant Spring,

This system contains measures 13 through 18. The lyrics are: "bird doth sing for joy Of such a plea-sant Spring, for joy of such a plea-sant Spring,".



19 Am Em Am C Dsus4 D G G Dm Am Bdim Dm Em C#dim Dsus4 D

With chirp-ing notes most mer - ri - ly. Then said the good man to his

25 G D G D G D G D G D G C

wife: "The cuc-koo lives a plea - sant life, the cuc-koo lives a plea - sant

31 D G D G D G C D G C D G Dsus4 D G

life: Cuc - koo, cuc - koo, cuc - koo, cuc - koo, cuc - koo, cuc - koo!"

# In Sherwood livde stout Robin Hood

verses 1-2

Robert Jones (fl.1597-1615)  
*A Musical Dreame or the  
 Fourth Booke of Ayres, 1609*

G C Am G D Am C G D C F

In Sher-wood livde stout A no - ble thiefe was Ro - bin Hood an Ro - bin Hoode, Wise Ar - cher great none was he could de - grea - ter, His bow & ceive him, Yet Mar-rian

5 F Bdim C G C D G G A Dm C

shafts were sure & good, yet Cu - pids were much be - ter. Ro - bin could shoot at in his bra - vest mood, Could of his heart be - reave him, No grea - ter thiefe lies

9 D G A Dm F Dm C Dm A D

ma - ny a Hart and misse, Cu - pid at first could hit a hart of his. hid - den un - der skies, then beau - ty close - ly lodgde in wo - men's eyes.

13      A            D            A            D            G            G            D            G            G            C            G

hey jol-ly Ro-bin      hoe jol-ly Ro-bin,      hey jol-ly Ro-bin

8 hey jol-ly Ro-bin      hey jol-ly Ro-bin,      hoe jol-ly Ro-bin      hey jol-ly Ro-bin

8 hey Ro-bin      hey jol-ly Ro-bin      hoe jol-ly Ro-bin,      hey jol-ly Ro-bin

hey jol-ly Ro-bin      hey jol-ly Ro-bin      hoe jol-ly Ro-bin,      hey jol-ly Ro-bin

17      D            C            G            Am            G            C            D            G            D            G            G            D            G

Hood, love finds out me as well as thee to fol-low mee, to

8 Hood, love finds out me as well as thee to fol-low mee, to fol-low

8 Hood, love finds out me as well as thee to fol-low mee, to fol-low

Hood, love finds out me as well as thee to fol-low mee, to fol-low me,

21      G            C            F            C            Am            G            D            G

fol-low me, to fol-low me, to fol-low me to the green wood.

8 me, to fol-low me, to fol-low, to fol-low me to the green wood.

8 me, to fol-low me, to fol-low, to fol-low me to the green wood.

to fol-low me, to fol-low, to fol-low me to the green wood.

# In Sherwood livde stout Robin Hood

verses 3-4

Robert Jones (fl.1597-1615)  
*A Musical Dreame or the  
 Fourth Booke of Ayres, 1609*

Chords: G C Am G D Am C G D C F

An Out-law was this Ro - bin Hood, His life free and un - ru - ly, Yet to faire  
 Now wend we home, stout Ro - bin Hood, Leave we the woods be - hind us, Love pas-sions

Chords: F Bdim C G C D G G A Dm C

Mar - rian bound he stood, And loves debt payed her due - ly, Whom curbe of stric - test  
 must not be with - stood, Love e - very where will find us, I livde in field and

Chords: D G A Dm F Dm C Dm A D

law could not hold in, Love with o - beyed - nes and a winke could winne.  
 towne, and so did he, I got me to the woods, love fol - lowed me.

13      A            D            A            D            G            G            D            G            G            C            G

hey jol-ly Ro-bin      hoe jol-ly Ro-bin,      hey jol-ly Ro-bin

8 hey jol-ly Ro-bin      hey jol-ly Ro-bin      hoe jol-ly Ro-bin,      hey jol-ly Ro-bin

8 hey Ro-bin      hey jol-ly Ro-bin      hoe jol-ly Ro-bin,      hey jol-ly Ro-bin

hey jol-ly Ro-bin      hey jol-ly Ro-bin      hoe jol-ly Ro-bin,      hey jol-ly Ro-bin

17      D            C            G            Am            G            C            D            G            D            G            G            D            G

Hood, love finds out me as well as thee to fol-low mee, to

8 Hood, love finds out me as well as thee to fol-low mee, to fol-low

8 Hood, love finds out me as well as thee to fol-low mee, to fol-low

Hood, love finds out me as well as thee to fol-low mee, to fol-low me,

21      G            C            F            C            Am            G            D            G

fol-low me, to fol-low me, to fol-low me to the green wood.

8 me, to fol-low me, to fol-low, to fol-low me to the green wood.

8 me, to fol-low me, to fol-low, to fol-low me to the green wood.

to fol-low me, to fol-low, to fol-low me to the green wood.

# In Summer time when folks make Hay

Martin Parker (c.1600-c.1656)

tune: "Pavane de Spaigne"

Am Am E Am E D E Am Bm E Am Bm

In The Sum - mer Ci - ty time when fol - lows folks make Hay, All court - ly pride, Jone is not true that sweares she can - not peo - ple say, The John a - bide, Dicke

5 Am D C Am G G C G D G C

Fools the wi - sest in the Play, tush take a - way your hand, your hand. The weares a Dag - ger by his side, come tell us whats to pay, to pay. The

9 Em G C G Am D G D E D

Fid - lers Boy hath broke his Base, Sirs is not this a pit - teous case, Must Law - yers thrives by o - thers fall, The weak - est al - ways goes to th'wall, The

13

E Am Bm E A E Am Dm E A

gal - lants loath to smell the Mace, of Wood - street.  
Shoo - ma - ker com - mand - - - eth all ats plea - - - sure.

Our women cut their haire like men,  
The Cocks ore-mastred by the Hen.  
Theres hardly one good friend in ten,  
turne there on the right hand:  
But few regard the cryes oth poore,  
Will spendeth all upon a whore,  
The Souldier longeth to go ore,  
brave knocking.

The Saylor counts the Ship his house,  
He say no more but Duns the Mouse,  
He is no man that scornes a Louse,  
vaine pride undoes the Land:  
Hard-hearted men makes Corne so deare,  
Few French-men love well English Beere  
I hope ere long good newes to heare,  
hey Lustick.

Now Hides are cheape, the Tanner thrives,  
Hang those base knaves that beat their wives  
He needs must go whom the Devill drives,  
God blesse us from a Gun:  
The Beades make the lame to runne,  
Vaunt not before the battels wonne,  
A Cloud sometimes may hide the sunne,  
chance medley.

The Surgeon thrives by fencing schooles,  
Some for strong liquor pawn their tooles,  
For one wise man theres twenty fooles,  
oh when shall we be married?  
In time of youth when I was wilde,  
Who toucheth pitch shall be defild,  
Mol is afraid that shes with child,  
peace Peter.

The Dutch-men thrive by Sea and Land,  
Women are Ships and must be mand,  
Lets bravely to our colours stand,  
Courage my hearts of Gold:  
I read in modern Histories,  
The King of Swedens victories,  
At Islington theres Pudding Pyes,  
hot Custards.

The world is full of odious sins,  
Tis ten to one but this Horse wins,  
Fools set stools to break wise mens shins,  
This mans more knave then foole,  
Jane oft in private meets with Tom,  
Husband thou art kindly welcome home,  
Hast any money? lend me some,  
Ime broken.

In ancient times all things were cheap,  
Tis good to look before you leap,  
When Corn is ripe, tis time to reap,  
once walking by the way.  
A jealous man the Cuckow loathes,  
The Gallant complements with Oathes.  
A wench will make you sell your cloathes,  
runne Broker.

The Courtiers and the Countryman,  
Lets live as honest as we can,  
When Arthur first in Court began,  
his men wore hanging sleeves.  
In May when Grasse and Flowers green,  
The strangest sight that ere was seen,  
God send our gracious King and Queen  
to London.

# It fell on a sommers day

verses 1-2

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

*A Booke of Ayres*, 1601

Philip Rosseter(1567 or 8-1623)

G C Am G D G F Dm

It fell on a som - mers day while sweete Bes - sie  
Ja - my stole in through the dore, She lay slum - bring

It fell on a som - mers day while sweete Bes - sie  
Ja - my stole in through the dore, She lay slum - bring

It fell on a som - mers day while sweete Bes - sie  
Ja - my stole in through the dore, She lay slum - bring

It fell on a som - mers day while sweete Bes - sie  
Ja - my stole in through the dore, She lay slum - bring

4 Em D G Dm F C G D Am G Am G

sleep - ing laie as be - fore, in her bowre, on her bed, light with cur - taines  
as be - fore, Softly to her he drew neere, She heard him, yet

sleep - ing laie as be - fore, in her bowre, on her bed, light with cur - taines  
as be - fore, Softly to her he drew neere, She heard him, yet

sleep - ing laie as be - fore, in her bowre, on her bed, light with cur - taines  
as be - fore, Softly to her he drew neere, She heard him, yet

sleep - ing laie as be - fore, in her bowre, on her bed, light with cur - taines  
as be - fore, Softly to her he drew neere, She heard him, yet



8 G Asus4 A D D F C G

taines sha - dow - ed,  
yet would not hear,

sha - dow - ed,  
would not hear,

sha - dow - ed,  
would not hear,

sha - dow - ed,  
would not hear,

Ja - my came  
Bes - sie vow'd

Ja - my came  
Bes - sie vow'd

Ja - my came  
Bes - sie vow'd

Shee him spies  
not to speake,

Shee him spies  
not to speake,

Shee him spies  
not to speake,

Ja - my came  
Bes - sie vow'd

Shee him  
not to

12 D G C Em D G

op - ning halfe  
He re - solv'd

op - ning halfe  
He re - solv'd

op - ning halfe  
He re - solu'd

her that hea - vie  
dumpe to

her that hea - vie  
dumpe to

her that hea - vie  
dumpe to

eies.  
breake.

eies.  
breake.

eies.  
breake.

speake, op - ning halfe  
He re - solu'd

her that hea - vie  
dumpe to

eies.  
breake.

# It fell on a sommers day

verses 3-4

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

*A Booke of Ayres*, 1601

Philip Rosseter(1567 or 8-1623)

G C Am G D G F Dm

First a soft kisse he doth take, She lay still, and  
Ja - my then be - gan to play, Bes - sie as one

First a soft kisse he doth take, She lay still, and  
Ja - my then be - gan to play, Bes - sie as one

First a soft kisse he doth take, She lay still, and  
Ja - my then be - gan to play, Bes - sie as one

First a soft kisse he doth take, She lay still, and  
Ja - my then be - gan to play, Bes - sie as one

4 Em D G Dm F C G D Am G Am G

would not wake, bu - ried lay, Then his hands still learnd to woo, through this sleight, She dreampt not what  
De - ceiv'd in her

would not wake, bu - ried lay, Then his hands still learnd to woo, through this sleight, She dreampt not what  
De - ceiv'd in her

would not wake, bu - ried lay, Then his hands still learnd to woo, through this sleight, She dreampt not what  
De - ceiv'd in her

would not wake, bu - ried lay, Then his hands still learnd to woo, through this sleight, She dreampt not what  
De - ceiv'd in her

8 G Asus4 A D D F C G

what he would doo,  
her owne de - ceit.

But still slept,  
And since this

while he smild  
traunce be - goon,

he would doo,  
owne de - - - ceit.

But still slept,  
And since this

while he smild  
traunce be - goon,

he would doo,  
owne de - - - ceit.

But still slept,  
And since this

while he smild  
traunce be - goon,

he would doo,  
owne de - - - ceit.

But still slept,  
And since this

while he smild  
traunce be - goon,

12 D G C Em D G

To see love  
She sleepes ev - - -

by rie sleepe be -  
af - - - ter

guild.  
noone.

To see love  
She sleepes ev - - -

by rie sleepe be -  
af - - - ter

guild.  
noone.

To see love  
She sleepes ev - - -

by rie sleepe be -  
af - - - ter

guild.  
noone.

smild To see love  
goon, She sleepes ev - - -

by rie sleepe be -  
af - - - ter

guild.  
noone.

# It was a lover and his lasse

verses 1-2

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Thomas Morley (1558-1603)

*the First Booke of Ayres, 1600*

G G D D G D Dm Am C C G

It was a lo-ver and his lasse, With a hay, with a ho and a hay no-nie  
Be-tweene the A-kers of the rie,

It was a lo-ver and his lasse, with a ho and a hay no-nie no  
Be-tweene the A-kers of the rie,

6 G C D G C D G D G Dsus4 D G C G Am E A Am

no and a hay no-nie no-nie no, That These o're the green corne fields did passe In  
pret-tie Coun-trie foolles would lie,

and a hay and a hay no-nie no-nie no, hay no-nie no, That o're the green corne fields did passe In  
These pret-tie Coun-trie foolles would lie,

12 Esus4 E A D G G C C G F G Dsus4 D G

spring time, in spring time, in spring time, the one-ly pret-tie ring time, When  
spring time, spring time, spring time, the one-ly pret-tie ring time, When  
spring time, spring time, spring time, the one-ly pret-tie ring time, When

spring time, spring time, spring time, the one-ly pret-tie ring time, When

17

D G Dsus4 D G C

Birds doe sing, hay ding a ding a ding, hay ding a ding a ding, hay

Birds doe sing, hay ding ding ding, hay ding a ding ding, hay

Birds doe sing, hay ding ding a ding a ding, hay ding a ding a ding,

Birds doe sing, hay ding hay ding a ding a ding, hay ding a

20

C D Am Em G Dsus4 D 1. G Dsus4 D G Dsus4 D

ding a ding a ding, Sweete lo - vers love the spring, In spring time,

ding a ding a ding, Sweete lo - vers love the spring, In spring time, in spring

ding a ding, Sweete lo - vers love the spring, In spring time, in spring

ding a ding, Sweete lo - vers love the spring, In spring time, in spring

24

G C C G Am D G Dsus4 D G 2. G

in spring time, the one - ly pret - tie ring time, When spring.

time, spring time, the one - ly pret - tie ring time, When spring.

time, spring time, the one - ly pret - tie ring time, When spring.

time, spring time, the one - ly pret - tie pret - tie ring time, When spring.

# It was a lover and his lasse

verses 3-4

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Thomas Morley (1558-1603)

*the First Booke of Ayres, 1600*

G G D D G D Dm Am C C G

This Then Car - rell they be - gan that houre, With a hay, with a ho and a hay no - nie  
pret - tie lov - ers take the time,

This Then Car - rell they be - gan that houre, with a ho and a hay no-nie no  
pret - tie lov - ers take the time,

6 G C D G C D G D G Dsus4 D G C G Am E A Am

no and a hay no-nie no - nie no, How For that a life was but a flower, In  
love is crown - ed with the prime,

and a hay and a hay no-nie no - nie no, hay no - nie no, How For that a life was but a flower, In  
love is crown - ed with the prime,

12 Esus4 E A D G G C C G F G Dsus4 D G

spring time, in spring time, in spring time, the one - ly pret - tie ring time, When  
spring time, spring time, spring time, the one - ly pret - tie ring time, When  
spring time, spring time, spring time, the one - ly pret - tie ring time, When

spring time, spring time, spring time, the one - ly pret - tie ring time, When

17

D G Dsus4 D G C

Birds doe sing, hay ding a ding a ding, hay ding a ding a ding, hay

Birds doe sing, hay ding ding ding, hay ding a ding ding, hay

Birds doe sing, hay ding ding a ding a ding, hay ding a ding a ding,

Birds doe sing, hay ding hay ding a ding a ding, hay ding a

20

C D Am Em G Dsus4 D

1. G Dsus4 D G Dsus4 D

ding a ding a ding, Sweete lo - vers love the spring, In spring time,

ding a ding a ding, Sweete lo - vers love the spring, In spring time, in spring

ding a ding, Sweete lo - vers love the spring, In spring time, in spring

ding a ding, Sweete lo - vers love the spring, In spring time, in spring

24

G C C G Am D G Dsus4 D G

2. G

in spring time, the one - ly pret - tie ring time, When spring.

time, spring time, the one - ly pret - tie ring time, When spring.

time, spring time, the one - ly pret - tie ring time, When spring.

time, spring time, the one - ly pret - tie pret - tie ring time, When spring.

# It was a time when silly Bees could speake

verses 1-2

Robert Devereaux,  
Earl of Essex (1565-1601)  
John Dowland (1563-1626)

Chords: Dm Gm A Dm Gm Dm E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F Gm D

It was a time when sil - ly Bees could speake,  
Then thus a I time buzd when when time no sap would give,

Chords: Gm Dm E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> Cm B<sup>b</sup> Cm B<sup>b</sup>

and Why in should that this time bles - - - I sed was time a to sil me - ly be Bee, drie,  
and Why in should that this time bles - sed was, I this was time a to sil me - ly be Bee, drie,  
and Why in should that this time bles - I sed was a sil - - ly be Bee, drie,

Chords: F C F C Gm Dm Asus4 A D

who Sith fed by on this Time Time un the - til la - zy heart drone gan doth break, live,  
who Sith fed by on this Time Time un the - til la - zy heart, my the heart drone gan doth break, live,  
who Sith fed by on this Time Time un the - - - til la - zy heart drone gan doth break, live,



13      B<sup>b</sup>      F      Am      Gm      Dm      Gm      F      C<sup>sus4</sup>      C      F

yet The ne - ver the found worme, the the time gnat, would the fa - vour me. flie,  
 but - ter -

yet The ne - ver the found worme, the the time gnat, would the fa - vour me. flie,  
 but - ter -

yet The ne - ver the found worme, the the time gnat, would the fa - vour me. flie,  
 but - ter -

yet The ne - ver the found worme, the the time gnat, would the fa - vour me. flie,  
 but - ter -

17      B<sup>b</sup>      F      Gm      D<sup>sus4</sup>      D      Gm      F      Am      Cm      G<sup>sus4</sup>      Gm      D

Of Ma - all ted the with swarme griefe I one - ly did on not thrive, knees,  
 knee - led on my knees,

Of Ma - all ted the with swarme griefe I one - ly, I one - ly did not thrive, knees,  
 knee - led, I knee - led on my knees,

Of Ma - all ted the with swarme, the swarme I one - ly, one - ly did not thrive, knees,  
 griefe, with griefe I knee - led, knee - led on my knees,

Of Ma - all ted the with swarme, the swarme I one - ly, I one - ly did not thrive, knees,  
 griefe, with griefe I knee - led, I knee - led on my knees,

21      Dm      B<sup>b</sup>      E<sup>b</sup>      Cm      F      Dm      Gm      D<sup>sus4</sup>      D      G

yet And brought thus I com - plained and un - to - - ney the to king the of hive. Bees.

yet And brought thus I com - plained and un - to - - ney, ho - ney to the hive. Bees.  
 the king, - ney the king of Bees.

yet And brought thus I com - plained and un - to - - ney the to the hive. Bees.  
 the king of Bees.

yet And brought thus I com - plained and un - to - - ney the to the hive. Bees.  
 the king of Bees.

# It was a time when silly Bees could speake

verse 3

Robert Devereaux,  
Earl of Essex (1565-1601)  
John Dowland (1563-1626)

Chords: Dm Gm A Dm Gm Dm Eb Bb F Gm D

My liege, Gods graunt thy time may ne - ver end,  
My liege, Gods graunt, Gods graunt thy time may ne - ver end,  
My liege, Gods graunt, Gods graunt thy time may ne - ver end,  
My liege, Gods graunt, Gods graunt thy time may ne - ver end,

Chords: Gm Dm Eb Bb Eb Cm Bb Cm Bb

And yet vouch - safe to hear my plaint of Time,  
And yet vouch - safe to heare, to hear my plaint of Time,  
And yet vouch - safe to hear my plaint of Time,  
And yet vouch - safe to hear my plaint of Time,

Chords: F C F C Gm Dm Asus4 A D

Which fruit - lesse Flies have found to have a friend,  
Which fruit - lesse Flies have found to have, to have a friend,  
Which fruit - lesse Flies have found to have a friend,  
Which fruit - lesse Flies have found to have a friend,

13 B<sup>b</sup> F Am Gm Dm Gm F C<sup>sus4</sup> C F

And I cast downe when A - to - mies do clime,  
 And I cast downe when A - to - mies do clime,  
 And I cast cast downe, downe when A - to - mies do clime,  
 And I cast downe when A - to - mies do clime,

17 B<sup>b</sup> F Gm D<sup>sus4</sup> D Gm F Am Cm G<sup>sus4</sup> Gm D

The king re - plied but thus, Peace pee - - - vish Bee,  
 The king re - plied but thus, Peace pee - vish, pee - vish Bee,  
 The king re - plied, re - plied but thus, Peace pee - vish, pee - vish Bee,  
 The king re - plied, re - plied but thus, Peace pee - vish, pee - vish Bee,

21 Dm B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> Cm F Dm Gm D<sup>sus4</sup> D G

Th'art bound to serve the time, the time not thee.  
 Th'art bound to serve the time, the time, the time not thee.  
 Th'art bound to serve the time, the time not thee.  
 Th'art bound to serve the time, the time not thee.

# Jack and Jone they thinke no ill

verses 1-2

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

Two Bookes of Ayres, 1613

G D G F C D G D A D

Jacke and Jone they thinke no ill, But lo - ving live, and mer - ry still;  
Well can they judge of nappy Ale, And tell at large a Win - ter tale;

Jacke and Jone they thinke no ill, But lo - ving live, and mer - ry still;  
Well can they judge of nappy Ale, And tell at large a Win - ter tale;

Jacke and Jone they thinke no ill, But lo - ving live, and mer - ry still;  
Well can they judge of nappy Ale, And tell at large a Win - ter tale;

Jacke and Jone they thinke no ill, But lo - ving live, and mer - ry still;  
Well can they judge of nappy Ale, And tell at large a Win - ter tale;

5 G D G F C D G D A D

Doe their weeke dayes worke, and pray De - vote - ly on the ho - ly day:  
Climb up to the Ap - ple loft, And turne the Crabs till they be soft.

Doe their weeke dayes worke, and pray De - vote - ly on the ho - ly day:  
Climb up to the Ap - ple loft, And turne the Crabs till they be soft.

Doe their weeke dayes worke, and pray De - vote - ly on the ho - ly day:  
Climb up to the Ap - ple loft, And turne the Crabs till they be soft.

Doe their weeke dayes worke, and pray De - vote - ly on the ho - ly day:  
Climb up to the Ap - ple loft, And turne the Crabs till they be soft.

9 G Am F#dim G C D Am D G Dsus4 G

Skip and trip it on the greene, And help to chuse the Sum - mer Queene:  
Tib is all the fa - thers joy, And lit - tle Tom the mo - thers boy.

Skip and trip it on the greene, And help to chuse the Sum - mer Queene:  
Tib is all the fa - thers joy, And lit - tle Tom the mo - thers boy.

Skip and trip it on the greene, And help to chuse the Sum - mer Queene:  
Tib is all the fa - thers joy, And lit - tle Tom the mo - thers boy.

Skip and trip it on the greene, And help to chuse the Sum - mer Queene:  
Tib is all the fa - thers joy, And lit - tle Tom the mo - thers boy.

13 G Am F#dim G C D Am D G Dsus4 G

Lash out, at a Coun - try Feast, Their sil - ver pen - ny with the best.  
All their plea - sure is con - tent; And care, to pay their yeare - ly rent.

Lash out, at a Coun - try Feast, Their sil - ver pen - ny with the best.  
All their plea - sure is con - tent; And care, to pay their yeare - ly rent.

Lash out, at a Coun - try Feast, Their sil - ver pen - ny with the best.  
All their plea - sure is con - tent; And care, to pay their yeare - ly rent.

Lash out, at a Coun - try Feast, Their sil - ver pen - ny with the best.  
All their plea - sure is con - tent; And care, to pay their yeare - ly rent.

# Jack and Jone they thinke no ill

verses 3-4

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

Two Bookes of Ayres, 1613

G D G F C D G D A D

Jone can call by name her Cowes, And decke her win - dowes with greene boughs;  
Now, you Court-ly Dames and Knights, That stu - dy one - ly strange de - lights;

Jone can call by name her Cowes, And decke her win - dowes with greene boughs;  
Now, you Court - ly Dames and Knights, That stu - dy one - ly strange de - lights;

Jone can call by name her Cowes, And decke her win - dowes with greene boughs;  
Now, you Court-ly Dames and Knights, That stu - dy one - ly strange de - lights;

Jone can call by name her Cowes, And decke her win - dowes with greene boughs;  
Now, you Court - ly Dames and Knights, That stu - dy one - ly strange de - lights;

5 G D G F C D G D A D

Shee can wreathes and tut - tyes make, And trimme with plums a Bri - dall Cake.  
Though you scorne the home - spun gray, And re - vell in your rich ar - ray:

Shee can wreathes and tut - tyes make, And trimme with plums a Bri - dall Cake.  
Though you scorne the home - spun gray, And re - vell in your rich ar - ray:

Shee can wreathes and tut - tyes make, And trimme with plums a Bri - dall Cake.  
Though you scorne the home - spun gray, And re - vell in your rich ar - ray:

Shee can wreathes and tut - tyes make, And trimme with plums a Bri - dall Cake.  
Though you scorne the home - spun gray, And re - vell in your rich ar - ray:

9 G Am F#dim G C D Am D G D sus4 G

Jacke knowes what brings gaine or losse; And his long Flaile can stout - ly tosse:  
 Though your tongues dis - sem - ble deepe, And can your heads from dan - ger keepe;

Jacke knowes what brings gaine or losse; And his long Flaile can stout - ly tosse:  
 Though your tongues dis - sem - ble deepe, And can your heads from dan - ger keepe;

Jacke knowes what brings gaine or losse; And his long Flaile can stout - ly tosse:  
 Though your tongues dis - sem - ble deepe, And can your heads from dan - ger keepe;

Jacke knowes what brings gaine or losse; And his long Flaile can stout - ly tosse:  
 Though your tongues dis - sem - ble deepe, And can your heads from dan - ger keepe;

13 G Am F#dim G C D Am D G D sus4 G

Make the hedge, which o - thers breake, And e - ver thinkes what he doth speake.  
 Yet, for all your pompe and traine, Se - cur - er lives the sil - ly Swaine.

Make the hedge, which o - thers breake, And e - ver thinkes what he doth speake.  
 Yet, for all your pompe and traine, Se - cur - er lives the sil - ly Swaine.

Make the hedge, which o - thers breake, And e - ver thinkes what he doth speake.  
 Yet, for all your pompe and traine, Se - cur - er lives the sil - ly Swaine.

Make the hedge, which o - thers breake, And e - ver thinkes what he doth speake.  
 Yet, for all your pompe and traine, Se - cur - er lives the sil - ly Swaine.

# John Tomson, and Jakaman his Wife:

anon., 1586  
tune: "Pegge of Ramsey"

C G C Dm G C G D G C G D G

But when I was a  
Thus when I come in  
Then comes a hand-some

When I was a  
Bat - che - lour I  
pre - n - tice bound, and  
com - pa - ny, I  
wo - man in, and

liv'd a mer - ry  
my In - den - tures  
passe my mirth in  
shakes me by the

life: But  
made: In  
feare: For  
hand: But

now I am a  
ma - ny faults I  
one or o - ther  
how my wife she

6 D G D G C G C Dm G C

mar - ried man, and  
have beene found, yet  
mer - ri - ly, will  
did be - gin, now

trou - bled with a  
ne - ver thus a -  
say my wife is  
you shall un - der -

wife, I  
fraid. For  
there. And  
stand. Faire

can - not doe as  
if I chance now  
then my look dooth  
dame (quoth she) why

I have done, be -  
by the way, a  
make them laugh, to  
dost thou so, he

11 G D G C G D G D G D G

cause I live in  
wo - man for to  
see my wo - full  
gave his hand to

feare: If  
kisse: The  
case: How  
me: And

I goe but to  
rest are rea - dy  
I stand like John  
thou shalt know be -

Is - ling - ton, my  
for to say, thy  
hold my staffe, and  
fore thou goe, he

wife is watch - ing  
wife shall know of  
dare not shew my  
is no man for

there.  
this.  
face.  
thee.



16 C G C Dm G C G D G C

Give me my yel - low Hose a - gaine, give me my yel - low hose: For

Give me my yel - low Hose a - gaine, give me my yel - low hose: For

Give me my yel - low Hose a - gaine, give me my yel - low hose: For

Give me my yel - low Hose a - gaine, give me my yel - low hose: For

21 G D G D G D G

now my wife she watch - eth me, see yon - der where she goes.

now my wife she watch - eth me, see yon - der where she goes.

now my wife she watch - eth me, see yon - der where she goes.

now my wife she watch - eth me, see yon - der where she goes.

Good wife (quoth she) now doe not scould,  
 I will doe so no more:  
 I thought I might have beene so bolde,  
 I knowing him before,  
 With that my wife was almost mad,  
 yet many did intreat her:  
 And I, God knowes, was very sad,  
 for feare she would have beat her.  
 Give me my yellow hose, etc.

Thus marriage is an enterprise,  
 Experience doth show:  
 But scolding is an exercise,  
 that married men doe know.  
 For all this while there was no blowes,  
 yet still their tongues was talking:  
 And very faine would yellow hose,  
 have had her fists a walking.  
 Give me my yellow hose, etc.

This maketh Batchelers to woove,  
 so long before they wed:  
 Because they heare that women now,  
 will be their Husbands head.  
 And seven yeare long I taried,  
 for Jakaman my wife:  
 But now that I am married,  
 I am weary of my life.  
 Give me my yellow hose, etc.

For yellow love is too too bad,  
 without all wit or pollicie:  
 And too much love hath made her mad,  
 and filld her full of Jelousie.  
 Shee thinks I am in love with those,  
 I speake to passing by:  
 That makes her weare the yellow hose,  
 I gave her for to dye.  
 Give me my yellow hose, etc.

# Jone is as good as my Lady

verses 1-4

anon., c. 1620

tune: "What care I how faire she be"

F B<sup>b</sup> C F B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Gm C F Gm C

Shall I here re - herse the sto - ry Of a Wo - man in her Glo - ry,  
 What care I for silkes a - ray That but gliste - reth in the day,  
 Jone can call by name her Cowes, And deck her win - dows with green bowes due,  
 Joane can bake and Joane can brew And to give sweet Joane her due,

8

Shall I here re - herse the sto - ry Of a Wo - man in her Glo - ry,  
 What care I for silkes a - ray That but gliste - reth in the day,  
 Jone can call by name her Cowes, And deck her win - dows with green bowes due,  
 Joane can bake and Joane can brew And to give sweet Joane her due,

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 What care I for silkes a - ray That but gliste - reth in the day,  
 Jone can call by name her Cowes, And deck her win - dows with green bowes due,  
 Joane can bake and Joane can brew And to give sweet Joane her due,

Shall I here re - herse the sto - ry Of a Wo - man in her Glo - ry,  
 What care I for silkes a - ray That but gliste - reth in the day,  
 Jone can call by name her Cowes, And deck her win - dows with green bowes due,  
 Joane can bake and Joane can brew And to give sweet Joane her due,

5 C F B<sup>b</sup> Gm D Gm F B<sup>b</sup> C G C

You have heard how E - vah came In - to the world, the first faire Dame,  
 Each other Sence de - serves as much, Thats to heare, to taste, to touch,  
 She can wreathes and Tut - ties make, And decke with plumbes a Bri - dale Cake,  
 A - ny thing that longs to man, Joane will doe it if she can,

8

You have heard how E - vah came In - to the world, the first faire Dame,  
 Each other Sence de - serves as much, Thats to heare, to taste, to touch,  
 She can wreathes and Tut - ties make, And decke with plumbes a Bri - dale Cake,  
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 A - ny thing that longs to man, Joane will doe it if she can,

You have heard how E - vah came In - to the world, the first faire Dame,  
 Each other Sence de - serves as much, Thats to heare, to taste, to touch,  
 She can wreathes and Tut - ties make, And decke with plumbes a Bri - dale Cake,  
 A - ny thing that longs to man, Joane will doe it if she can,

9

C F C F B<sup>b</sup> F C F C

she was naked, had no cloth - ing, yet she did de - serve no loath - ing:  
Gen - tle Joane may be as faire as a rich mans one - ly heire,  
Is not Joane a House wife then please, and Judge true heart - ed ho - nest men:  
she will seeke all sorts to please, and love no id - le - nesse or ease:

8 she was naked, had no cloth - ing, yet she did de - serve no loath - ing:  
Gen - tle Joane may be as faire as a rich mans one - ly heire,  
Is not Joane a House wife then please, and Judge true heart - ed ho - nest men:  
she will seeke all sorts to please, and love no id - le - nesse or ease:

8 she was naked, had no cloth - ing, yet she did de - serve no loath - ing:  
Gen - tle Joane may be as faire as a rich mans one - ly heire,  
Is not Joane a House wife then please, and Judge true heart - ed ho - nest men:  
she will seeke all sorts to please, and love no id - le - nesse or ease:

she was naked, had no cloth - ing, yet she did de - serve no loath - ing:  
Gen - tle Joane may be as faire as a rich mans one - ly heire,  
Is not Joane a House wife then please, and Judge true heart - ed ho - nest men:  
she will seeke all sorts to please, and love no id - le - nesse or ease:

13

Gm B<sup>b</sup> C F F C F

then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
Then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.

8 then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
Then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.

8 then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
Then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.

then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
Then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.

# Jone is as good as my Lady

verses 5-8

anon., c. 1620

tune: "What care I how faire she be"

F B<sup>b</sup> C F B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> G<sup>m</sup> C F G<sup>m</sup> C

Joane can spin and  
Joane is of a  
Joane is skip - ping  
Shep - hears Swaines ad -

Joane can card,  
love - ly browne,  
like a Fawne  
mires her note,

Joan keeps cleane both  
Neate as a - ny  
in a plea - sant  
When she strain - eth

house and yard,  
in the Towne:  
ver - ture Lawne,  
but her throate,

8

Joane can spin and  
Joane is of a  
Joane is skip - ping  
Shep - hears Swaines ad -

Joane can card,  
love - ly browne,  
like a Fawne  
mires her note,

Joan keeps cleane both  
Neate as a - ny  
in a plea - sant  
When she strain - eth

house and yard,  
in the Towne:  
ver - ture Lawne,  
but her throate,

8

Joane can spin and  
Joane is of a  
Joane is skip - ping  
Shep - hears Swaines ad -

Joane can card,  
love - ly browne,  
like a Fawne  
mires her note,

Joan keeps cleane both  
Neate as a - ny  
in a plea - sant  
When she strain - eth

house and yard,  
in the Towne:  
ver - ture Lawne,  
but her throate,

Joane can spin and  
Joane is of a  
Joane is skip - ping  
Shep - hears Swaines ad -

Joane can card,  
love - ly browne,  
like a Fawne  
mires her note,

Joan keeps cleane both  
Neate as a - ny  
in a plea - sant  
When she strain - eth

house and yard,  
in the Towne:  
ver - ture Lawne,  
but her throate,

5 C F B<sup>b</sup> G<sup>m</sup> D G<sup>m</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> C G C

She can dresse both  
Heaire as blacke as  
When she playes at  
Then they throw their

flesh and fish,  
a - ny Crow,  
Bar - ley - breake,  
Pipes a - way,

Or  
And  
She  
Vow -

a - ny thing that  
doth nim - bly  
of all doth  
Vow - ing Joane hath

you can wish:  
trip and goe,  
give the squeake:  
got the day,

8

She can dresse both  
Heaire as blacke as  
When she playes at  
Then they throw their

flesh and fish,  
a - ny Crow,  
Bar - ley - breake,  
Pipes a - way,

Or  
And  
She  
Vow -

a - ny thing that  
doth nim - bly  
of all doth  
Vow - ing Joane hath

you can wish:  
trip and goe,  
give the squeake:  
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Then they throw their

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Pipes a - way,

Or  
And  
She  
Vow -

a - ny thing that  
doth nim - bly  
of all doth  
Vow - ing Joane hath

you can wish:  
trip and goe,  
give the squeake:  
got the day,

She can dresse both  
Heaire as blacke as  
When she playes at  
Then they throw their

flesh and fish,  
a - ny Crow,  
Bar - ley - breake,  
Pipes a - way,

Or  
And  
She  
Vow -

a - ny thing that  
doth nim - bly  
of all doth  
Vow - ing Joane hath

you can wish:  
trip and goe,  
give the squeake:  
got the day,

9

C F C F B<sup>b</sup> F C F C

she can sow and she can knit, Joane for a - ny thing is fit:  
 slen - der waste, and fin - gers long, roa - ling eye, and nim - ble tongue:  
 Joane can daunce a Scot - tish Jigge and doth nim - bly play the rigge:  
 they joyne hands and dance a ring; and this is all the song they sing,

8 she can sow and she can knit, Joane for a - ny thing is fit:  
 slen - der waste, and fin - gers long, roa - ling eye, and nim - ble tongue:  
 Joane can daunce a Scot - tish Jigge and doth nim - bly play the rigge:  
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she can sow and she can knit, Joane for a - ny thing is fit:  
 slen - der waste, and fin - gers long, roa - ling eye, and nim - ble tongue:  
 Joane can daunce a Scot - tish Jigge and doth nim - bly play the rigge:  
 they joyne hands and dance a ring; and this is all the song they sing,

13

G<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> C F F C F

then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
 then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
 then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
 we con - clude, and all a - gree, Joanes as good as my La - dye.

8 then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
 then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
 then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
 we con - clude, and all a - gree, Joanes as good as my La - dye.

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 then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
 we con - clude, and all a - gree, Joanes as good as my La - dye.

then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
 then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
 then good friend I say to thee, Joanes as good as my La - dy.  
 we con - clude, and all a - gree, Joanes as good as my La - dye.

# The Joviall Broome Man

Richard Climsell/Crimsell

(fl. c.1640)

tune: "Jamaica"

C C F C F C G C C

1. Roome for a Lad thats come from seas, Hey jol - ly Broome man, That glad - ly now would  
 2. Yet in those Coun - tries li - ved I, And see many a val - iant  
 3. In Ger - ma - ny I tooke a towne, I threw the walls there

6 F C F C G C C Em F C

take his ease, And there-fore make me roome man. To France, the Ne-ther-lands, Den - mark, Spaine,  
 soul - dier dye, up side downe, An hun - dred gal - lants there I kild,  
 And when that I the same had done,

11 F G F C C G F C F C G C

Hey jol - ly Broome man, I crost the seas, and backe a-gaine, And there-fore make me roome man.  
 be - side a world of bloud I spild, all to run, I made the peo - ple

7. When the Ammorites besieged Rome wals,  
 I drove them backe with fiery balls,  
 And when the Greekes besieged Troy,  
 I rescued off dame Hellens joy,

8. And when that I had won this fame,  
 I was honord of all men for the same,  
 At Tilbury Campe with Captaine Drake,  
 I made the Spanish Fleet to quake,

17 C C F C F C G C C

4. And when the peo - ple all were gone, Hey jol - ly Broome man, I held the towne my  
 5. When Sa - turne warrd a - gainst the Sun, Then through my helpe the  
 6. When Tam - ber - laine over - came the Turke, I blew up thou - sands

23 F C F C G C C Em F C

selfe a - lone, And there - fore make me roome man. When va - liant A - jax fought with Hector,  
 field he won, With Her - cu - les I tost the Club,  
 in a worke, When Cae - sars pompe I ov - er - threw,

28 F G F C C G F C F C G C

Hey jol - ly Broome man, I made them friends with a bowle of Nectar, And there - fore make me roome man.  
 I rold Di - oge - nes in a Tub, Then many a Ro - man Lord I slew,

9. At Hollands leaguer there I fought,  
 But there the service provd too hot.  
 Then from the leaguer returned I,  
 Naked, Hungry, cold, and dry.

10. But here I have now compast the Globe,  
 I am backe returnd as poore as Job.  
 And now I am safe returned backe,  
 Heres to you in a cup of Canary Sacke,

11. And now I am safe returned here,  
 Heres to you in a cup of English Beere,  
 And if my travels you desire to see,  
 You may buyt for a peny heere of mee,

# The Joviall Crew

## OR, Beggers-Bush.

anon., 1660-1665?  
tune: "From hunger and cold"

Dm Dm A Dm A Dm B<sup>b</sup> C F C F Dm A Dm

A Beg - ger, a Beg - ger, A Beg - ger Ile bee, Theres none leads a life so  
A Cra - ver my Fa - ther, A Maun - der my Mo - ther, A Fi - ler my Sis - ter, a  
When Boyes do come to us, And that their in - tent is. To fal - low our Cal - ling, we  
Wee Begg for our Bread, But some - times it hap - pens We feast it with Pigg, Pul - let

4 A sus4 A D Dm Dm A Dm A Dm B<sup>b</sup> C F C

jo - cond as hee; A Beg - ger I was, And a Beg - ger I am, A  
Fil - cher my Bro - ther, A Can - ter my Unc - kle That card not for pelfe; A  
nere bind them pren - tice, Soon as they come toot, We teach them to doot, And  
Con - ny and Ca - pons For Church - es Af - faires, We are no Mer - slay - ers We

7 F Dm A Dm A sus4 A D Dm C

Beg - ger Ile be, from a Beg - ger I came: If (as it be - gins) our  
Lif - ter my Aunt, a Beg - ger my selfe; In white whea - ten - straw, when their  
give them a Staff and a Wal - let to boot, We teach them their Lin - gua, to  
have no Re - li - gion, yet live by our pray - ers But if when we begg men will



10 F C F B<sup>b</sup> F Dm A Dm Asus4 A D Dm

Tra - ding do fall, I fear (at the last) we shall be Beg - gers all. Our  
 bel - lies were full, Then I was be - got, be - tween Tin - ker & Trull; And  
 crave and to Cant, The De - vill is in them, if then they can want. If  
 not draw their pur - ses We charge & give fire, with a vol - ly of cur - ses. The

13 C F C F B<sup>b</sup> F Dm A Dm Asus4 A D

Trades - men mis - car - ry in all their af - fayrs, And few men grow weal - thy, but Cour - tiers & Players.  
 there - fore a Beg - ger, a Beg - ger Ile be, For none hath a spi - rit so jo - cond as he.  
 an - y are here that Beg - gers will be, We with - out In - den - tures will make them free.  
 Di - vel con - found your good wor - ship we cry And such a bold bra - zen - faced Beg - ger am I.

5. We do things in season, And have so much reason,  
 we raise no Rebellion, nor never talk treason  
 We billet our Mates, At very low rates,  
 Whilst some keeps their Quarters as high as the Gates,  
 With Shinkin ap Morgan, with Blew-Cap, or Tege.  
 We enter into no Covenant nor League;  
 And therefore a bonny bold Begger Ile be,  
 For none lives a life so happy as he.

6. We never do prate, In matters of State,  
 For fear we should come to Hugh Peters his Fate:  
 Whilst Scripture unfolds And Treason upholders,  
 Have lost their heads, we keep ours on our shoulders  
 Our Plots & our Projects, are never so tall,  
 To reach to the Top-mast of Westminster-hall  
 And therefore a merry brave Begger Ile be,  
 For none wears his Noddle so safely as he.

9. Sometimes I do frame, My selfe to be lame.  
 And when a coach comes, I do hop to my game.  
 We seldome miscarry, Yet never do Marry  
 By the Gowns Common Prayer, nor the Cloak Directory;  
 But Harry and Mary (like Birds of a feather)  
 do nothing but kiss, laugh & lye down together  
 Like piggs in the pease-straw, intangled they lye  
 Till there they beget such a bold Rogue as I.

10. To summe all in brief, We live by relief,  
 And pray for King Charls, our Commander in chief;  
 God blesse all the Peers, The wise Over-seers  
 That they may consider the poor Cavaliers.  
 For if they do let them but lower to fall,  
 Theyl take our profession, and begger us all:  
 And then it will be, but a folly for me,  
 A merry sould, bonny bold Begger to be.

# Joy to the person of my Love

A Lover forsaken, of his best Beloved.

anon., c.1625  
*Cantus, Songs and Fancies, 1662*

Dm Am F Gm F Gm A sus4 A D

Joy to the per - son of my Love Al - though that she doth me dis - daine,  
 O whi - ther shall my sad heart go: Or whi - ther shall I flie:  
 A thou - sand good for - tunes fall to her share Al - though she hath for - sak - en me,

5 Dm Am F Gm F Gm A sus4 A D

Fixt are my thoughts, and can - not re - move: But yet I love in vaine.  
 Sad ec - cho shall re - sound my plaint Or else a - lack I needs must dye,  
 It fil'd my sad heart full of des - paire, Yet e - ver will I con - stant be,

9 Dm Gm Dm Am B<sup>b</sup> F Am F C sus4 C F

Shall I lose the sight of my joy and hearts de - light, Or shall I cease my suit;  
 Shall I by her live, That no life to me will give, But dead - ly wounds my heart:  
 For she is the Dame, My tongue shall e - ver name, For branch of mo - des tie.

13 Dm Gm Dm Am B<sup>b</sup> F Am F C<sup>sus4</sup> C F

Shall I strive to touch: Oh no, that were too much, She is for - bid - den fruit.  
 If I flie a - way, O will she not cry stay, My sor - row to con - vert:  
 Chast in heart and minde, Oh were she halfe so kinde, Then would she pit - ty me.

17 F C F B<sup>b</sup> A Dm Gm A<sup>sus4</sup> A D

Ah woe is me, that e - ver I did see The beau - ty that did me be - witch,  
 Oh, no, no, no. She will not doe so But com - fort - lesse I must be gone;  
 Oh turne a - gain Be kinde as thou art faire And let me in thy bo - some dwell,

21 F C F B<sup>b</sup> A Dm Gm A<sup>sus4</sup> A D

But now a - las I must for - goe her face The trea - sure I es - teemd so much.  
 But ere I goe, To friend or foe, He love her, or will love none.  
 So shall I gaine The trea - sure of loves paine Till then, my dear - est Love, fare - well.

# Lady Catherine Logy

anon, *Pills to Purge Melancholy*,  
 1719-1720, Thomas D'urfey (1653-1723)  
 Rory Dall O'Cahan (fl.1601-1650)

Chords: Gm, Dm, Gm, F

I Wal - king down the High - land Town, There I saw Las - ses  
 tra - velled East, and I tra - velled West, And I tra - velled through Stra -  
 I've a Love in La - mer Moor, A dain - ty Love in

4 Chords: F, Gm, F

ma - - - ny; But up - on the Bank in the high - est Rank, Was  
 bo - - - gy; But the fair - est Lass that the e'er I see, Was  
 Leith, Sir; And a - no - ther Love in E - din - borough, And

7 Chords: Dm, Gm, Gm

one more gay than a - - - ny: I Look'd a - bout for  
 pret - ty Cathe - rine Lo - - - gy. I Tra - velled East, and I  
 twa Loves in Dal - keith, Sir. Ride I east, or

10

B $\flat$  F F

one kind Face, And I saw Bil - ly Scro - - gy; I  
 Tra - velled West, And Tra - vell'd through Stra - bo - - gy; But  
 Ride I West, My Love She's still be - fore me, But

13

Gm F Dm Gm

ask'd of him what was her Name, They call'd her Cathe - rine Lo - gy.  
 I'd watch a long Win - ters Night, To see fair Cathe - rine Lo - gy.  
 gin my Wife shou'd ken aw this, I shou'd be ve - ry sor - ry.



# Leave lightie love, Ladies

Leonarde Gybson (fl.1555-1584?)  
tune: "Leave lightie love"

F F C F B<sup>b</sup> F C F F C F

By force I am fixed by my fan - cie to write, In - gra - ti - tude wil - leth mee and  
With Di - an so chaste you seeme to com - pare, When Hel - lens you bee, and

4 B<sup>b</sup> C F F C F B<sup>b</sup> F C F F C F

not to re - fraine: Then blame me not, La - dies, al - though I in - dite What ligh - ty love now a -  
hang on her trayne: Mee thinkes faith-full This-bies be now ve - ry rare, Not one Cle - o - pa - tra, I

8 Gm C F Gm F B<sup>b</sup> F C F

mongst you doth raigne. Your tra - ces in pla - ces, with out - ward al - lure - ments, Doth  
doubt, doth re - mayne; You wincke and you twinke, tyll Cu - pid have caught, And

11

B<sup>b</sup> F Gm C F Gm F

moove my en - dea - vour to be the more playne: Your nic - yngs and tic - ings, with  
for - ceth through flames your lo - vers to sue: Your lygh - tie love, La - dies, too

14

B<sup>b</sup> F C F B<sup>b</sup> F Gm C F

sun - drie pro - cure - mentes, To pub - lish your ligh - tie love doth mee con - strayne  
deere they have bought, When no - thyng wyll moove you their caus - es to rue.

I speake not for spite, ne do I disdayne,  
Your beautie fayre Ladies, in any respect:  
But ones Ingratitude doth mee constrayne,  
As childe hurt with fire, the same to neglect:  
For proovng in lovyng, I finde by good triall,  
When Beautie had brought mee unto her becke:  
She staying, not waying, but made a deniall,  
And shewyng her lightie love, gave mee the checke.

Thus fraude for frendship, did lodge in her brest,  
Suche are most women, that when they espie,  
Their lovers inflamed with sorowes opprest,  
They stande then with Cupid against their replie  
They taunte, and they vaunte, they smile when they vew  
How Cupid had caught them under his trayne,  
But warned, discerned, the prooffe is most true,  
That lightie love Ladies, amongst you doth reigne.

Consider that poyson doth lurke oftentyne  
In shape of sugre, to put some to payne:  
And fayre wordes paynted, as Dames can define,  
The olde Proverbe saith, doth make some fooles faine:  
Be wise and precise, take warning by mee,  
Trust not the Crocodile, lest you do rue:  
To womens faire wordes, do never agree:  
For all is but lightie love, this is most true.

I touche no such Ladies, as true love imbrace,  
But suche as to lightie love dayly applie:  
And none wyll be grieved, in this kinde of case,  
Save suche as are minded, true love to denie:  
Yet frendly and kindly, I shew you my minde,  
Fayre Ladies I wish you, to use it no more,  
But say what you list, thus I have definde,  
That lightie love Ladies, you ought to abhore.

# A light hearts a Jewell

anon., 1602-1646?  
tune: "Jacke Pudding"

Em Em D Em D Em B

All you that mer - ry lives doe lead al - though your means bee  
Though for - tune have not lent me wealth, as shee hath done to  
I am no haunt - er of the Playes, to picke poore peo - ples  
I am no blade nor Roar - ing Boy, a - boad - ing in the

4 E Em Em D Em D

lit - tle, That sel - dome are o'er - seene in bread, nor  
ma - ny, Yet while I've li - ber - ty and health, I'le  
pur - ses, Nor one that eve - ry word he saies, doth  
Ci - ty, No Whiske, no Lift, nor no De - coy, nor

7 Em B E Em G Am

take much thought for vit - tle: At - tend while I'le ex -  
bee as blith as a - ny: I'le beare an hon - est  
coyne new oathes and cur - ses: If I doe runne on  
one that asks for pit - ty: My ed - u - ca - tions



10 G D Em D G D Bm

em - ply - fie the mind that I doe car - ry, I take de - light both  
 up - right heart, there's none shall prove con - tra - ry, Yet now and then a -  
 Tap - sters scores, to pay them I am wa - ry, Let o - thers spend their  
 not the best, yet such a heart I car - ry, That what my hu - mour

14 B Em Am Em Am B E

morne and night to have mine own va - ga - ry.  
 broad I'll start, and have mine own va - ga - ry.  
 means on whoors, I love mine owne va - ga - ry.  
 cant di - gest, it fits not my va - ga - ry.

No Usurer that hords up trash,  
 nor yet a noted Spender,  
 No borrowing Sharke that never payes,  
 but to a Friend a Lender:  
 No Petyfog, nor Common-bayle,  
 For no such fellowes care I,  
 In honest sort Ile never faile,  
 to have mine owne vagary.

I care not for the Broakers Booke,  
 my names not there inrouled,  
 I nothing owe, therefore I looke,  
 by none to be controuled:  
 I doe not feare the Sergeants Mace,  
 walke by the Counter dare I,  
 And looke a Bayliffe in the face,  
 O this is my vagary.

I care not for sad malecontent,  
 that is the bane of nature,  
 I love good honest merrymt,  
 and Ile despise no creature:  
 Thats for my use and sustinence,  
 and still I will bee wary,  
 Least I exceed in my expence,  
 that fits not my vagary.

No Bowling Alley Rooke am I,  
 that sweareth all by dam mee,  
 By such Ile not ore reached bee,  
 In this theirs none can blame mee:  
 No swaggering Pimp that champion is,  
 to Dole, to Kate, and Sary,  
 I hate such slavish Offices,  
 those fit not my vagary.

I care not much in company,  
 to spend what is allotted,  
 Ile drinke but for sufficiency,  
 Ile never bee besotted:  
 When I doe feele my spirits dull,  
 a cup of old Canary  
 Will fill my heart with courage full,  
 and this is my vagary.

Still will I have an honest care,  
 that none lyes wronged by mee,  
 Ile not build Castles in the ayre,  
 whoever lists to try me,  
 Shall find in all thats promisd heere,  
 not any word contrary,  
 I envious censure doe not feare,  
 Ile have mine owne vagary.

# The little Barly-Corne

verses 1-3

anon, 1618-1658?  
tune: "Stingo or the Oyle of Barley "

Dm Dm C Dm Dm

It is the cun - ningst Al - chy - mist, that ere was in the Land - e, Twill make a poore man rich to hang a signe be - fore his door - e, And

8

It is the cun - ningst Al - chy - mist, that ere was in the Land - e, Twill make a poore man rich to hang a signe be - fore his door - e, And

8

It is the cun - ningst Al - chy - mist, that ere was in the Land - e, Twill make a poore man rich to hang a signe be - fore his door - e, And

8

It is the cun - ningst Al - chy - mist, that ere was in the Land - e, Twill make a poore man rich to hang a signe be - fore his door - e, And

5 Dm C Dm Dm

take a full cup in thy hand, and thus be - gin to learn - e, change your met - tle when it list, in tur - ning of a hand - e, those that doe the Pi - tcher hang, though rich twill make them poor - e;

8

take a full cup in thy hand, and thus be - gin to learn - e, change your met - tle when it list, in tur - ning of a hand - e, those that doe the Pi - tcher hang, though rich twill make them poor - e;

8

take a full cup in thy hand, and thus be - gin to learn - e, change your met - tle when it list, in tur - ning of a hand - e, those that doe the Pi - tcher hang, though rich twill make them poor - e;

8

take a full cup in thy hand, and thus be - gin to learn - e, change your met - tle when it list, in tur - ning of a hand - e, those that doe the Pi - tcher hang, though rich twill make them poor - e;

8 F F Am C E dim Dm F C F

Not of the earth, nor of the ayre, at eve - ning or at morn - e, But  
Your blu - shing Gold to Sil - ver wan, your Sil - ver in - to Brass - e, Twill  
Twill make the sil - liest poor - est Snake, the Kings great Por - ter scorn - e, Twill

Not of the earth, nor of the ayre, at eve - ning or at morn - e, But  
Your blu - shing Gold to Sil - ver wan, your Sil - ver in - to Brass - e, Twill  
Twill make the sil - liest poor - est Snake, the Kings great Por - ter scorn - e, Twill

Not of the earth, nor of the ayre, at eve - ning or at morn - e, But  
Your blu - shing Gold to Sil - ver wan, your Sil - ver in - to Brass - e, Twill  
Twill make the sil - liest poor - est Snake, the Kings great Por - ter scorn - e, Twill

13 F Am C Gm Dm C Am Dm

jo - viall boyes your Christ - mas keep, with the lit - tle Bar - ley - Corn - e.  
turne a Tay - lor to a man, and a man in - to an ass - e.  
make the stou - test Lub - ber weak, this lit - tle Bar - ly - Corn - e.

jo - viall boyes your Christ - mas keep, with the lit - tle Bar - ley - Corn - e.  
turne a Tay - lor to a man, and a man in - to an ass - e.  
make the stou - test Lub - ber weak, this lit - tle Bar - ly - Corn - e.

jo - viall boyes your Christ - mas keep, with the lit - tle Bar - ley - Corn - e.  
turne a Tay - lor to a man, and a man in - to an ass - e.  
make the stou - test Lub - ber weak, this lit - tle Bar - ly - Corn - e.

# The little Barly-Corne

verses 4-6

anon, 1618-1658?  
tune: "Stingo or the Oyle of Barley "

Dm Dm C Dm Dm

Twill make a wee - ping Wid - dow laugh, and soone in - cline to plea - sure: Twill  
 Twill make a Co - ward not to shrinke, but be as stout as may be; Twill  
 Thus the Bar - ly - Corne hath power, even for to change our na - ture, And

Twill make a wee - ping Wid - dow laugh, and soone in - cline to plea - sure: Twill  
 Twill make a Co - ward not to shrinke, but be as stout as may be; Twill  
 Thus the Bar - ly - Corne hath power, even for to change our na - ture, And

Twill make a wee - ping Wid - dow laugh, and soone in - cline to plea - sure: Twill  
 Twill make a Co - ward not to shrinke, but be as stout as may be; Twill  
 Thus the Bar - ly - Corne hath power, even for to change our na - ture, And

5 Dm C Dm Dm

make an old man leave his staffe and dance a youth - full mea - sure;  
 make a man that he shall thinke, that Jones as good as my La - dy:  
 make a Shrew with - in an houre, prove a kind - heart - ed crea - ture:

make an old man leave his staffe and dance a youth - full mea - sure;  
 make a man that he shall thinke, that Jones as good as my La - dy:  
 make a Shrew with - in an houre, prove a kind - heart - ed crea - ture:

make an old man leave his staffe and dance a youth - full mea - sure;  
 make a man that he shall thinke, that Jones as good as my La - dy:  
 make a Shrew with - in an houre, prove a kind - heart - ed crea - ture:

8 F F Am C E dim Dm F C F

And though your clothes be nere so bad, all rag - ged, rent, and torn - e, A -  
 It will in - rich the pa - lest face, and with Ru - bies it a - dorn - e, Yet  
 And there - fore here I say a - gaine, let no man takt in scorn - e, That

And though your clothes be nere so bad, all rag - ged, rent, and torn - e, A -  
 It will in - rich the pa - lest face, and with Ru - bies it a - dorn - e, Yet  
 And there - fore here I say a - gaine, let no man takt in scorn - e, That

And though your clothes be nere so bad, all rag - ged, rent, and torn - e, A -  
 It will in - rich the pa - lest face, and with Ru - bies it a - dorn - e, Yet  
 And there - fore here I say a - gaine, let no man takt in scorn - e, That

And though your clothes be nere so bad, all rag - ged, rent, and torn - e, A -  
 It will in - rich the pa - lest face, and with Ru - bies it a - dorn - e, Yet  
 And there - fore here I say a - gaine, let no man takt in scorn - e, That

13 F Am C Gm Dm C Am Dm

gainst the cold you may be clad, with the lit - tle Bar - ly - Corn - e.  
 you shall thinke it no dis - grace, this lit - tle Bar - ly - Corn - e.  
 I the ver - tues doe pro - claime, of the lit - tle Bar - ly - Corn - e.

gainst the cold you may be clad, with the lit - tle Bar - ly - Corn - e.  
 you shall thinke it no dis - grace, this lit - tle Bar - ly - Corn - e.  
 I the ver - tues doe pro - claime, of the lit - tle Bar - ly - Corn - e.

gainst the cold you may be clad, with the lit - tle Bar - ly - Corn - e.  
 you shall thinke it no dis - grace, this lit - tle Bar - ly - Corn - e.  
 I the ver - tues doe pro - claime, of the lit - tle Bar - ly - Corn - e.

gainst the cold you may be clad, with the lit - tle Bar - ly - Corn - e.  
 you shall thinke it no dis - grace, this lit - tle Bar - ly - Corn - e.  
 I the ver - tues doe pro - claime, of the lit - tle Bar - ly - Corn - e.

# Lord Willoughby

anon., c.1624?

Dm
Dm
Am
B<sup>b</sup>
Gm
A
Dm

The fif - teen day of Ju - ly, with glister-ing Speare and Shield A  
 The next was Cap - tain Nor - ris, a va - liant man was he; The  
 Stand to it no - ble Pike - men, and look you round a - bout; And

5
Dm
Am
B<sup>b</sup>
Gm
A
C

fa - mous fight in Flan - ders was fough - ten in the field: The  
 oth - er Cap - tain Tur - ner that from field would ne - ver flee; With  
 shoote you right, you Bow - men, and we will keep them out: You

9
C
F
C
F
C
F
C
Dm
G
C

most cou - ra - gious Of - fi - cers Was En - glish cap - tains three, But the  
 fif - teen hun - dred fight - ing men, a - las there was no more, They  
 Mus - quiet and Calli - ver men, doe you prove trew to me, Ile

13

Dm Em A D Dm Gm Dm Asus4 A D

bra - vest in the Bat - tel was brave Lord Wil - lough - bie.  
 fought with four - tie thou - sand then up - on the blou - die shore.  
 be the fore - most man in fight Says brave Lord Wil - lough - bie.

4. And then the bloody enemy,  
 they fiercely did assail,  
 And fought it out most valiently,  
 not doubting to prevail:  
 The wounded Men on both sides fell  
 most pitious for to see,  
 Yet nothing could the courage quell,  
 of brave Lord Willoughby.

5. For seven hours to all mens view,  
 this fight endured sore,  
 Until our men so feeble grew,  
 that they could fight no more:  
 And then upon dead horses,  
 full savourly they eat,  
 And drank the puddle water,  
 for no better could they get.

6. When they had fed so freely,  
 they kneeled on the ground,  
 And praised God devoutly,  
 for the favour they had found:  
 And bearing up their Colours,  
 the fight they did renew,  
 And turning toward the Spaniard,  
 five thousand more they slew.

7. The sharp steel pointed arrows,  
 and Bullets thick did flye,  
 Then did our valiant Souldiers,  
 charge on most furiously,  
 Which made the Spaniards waver,  
 they thought it best to flee,  
 They fear'd the stout behaviour,  
 of brave Lord Willoughby.

8. Then quoth the Spanish General,  
 come let us march away,  
 I fear we shall be spoiled all,  
 if that we longer stay:  
 For yonder comes Lord Willoughby,  
 with courage fierce and fell,  
 He will not give one inch of way,  
 for all the Devils in Hell.

9. And then the fearful enemy,  
 was quickly put to flight,  
 Our men persuid couragiously,  
 and rout their forces quite:  
 But at last they gave a shout,  
 which echoed through the sky,  
 God and St. George for England,  
 the Conquerers did cry.

10. This news was brought to England,  
 with all the speed might be,  
 And told unto our gracious Queen,  
 of this same victory:  
 O this is brave Lord Willoughby,  
 my love hath ever won,  
 Of all the Lords of honour,  
 'tis he great deeds hath done,

11. For Souldiers that were maimed,  
 and wounded in the fray,  
 The Queen allow'd a pension,  
 of Eighteen-pence a day:  
 Besides all cost and charges,  
 she quit and set them free,  
 And this she did all for the sake,  
 of brave Lord Willoughby.

12. Then courage noble English men,  
 and never be dismai'd,  
 If that we be but one to ten,  
 we will not be afraid.  
 To fight with forraign Enemies,  
 and set our Nation free,  
 And thus I end the bloody bout,  
 of brave Lord Willoughby.

# The lovely Northern Lasse

anon., 1624-1680?  
tune: "Broom, broom, the bonny,  
bonny broom"

G G C G Am F G

Through Lidd - ers - dale as late - ly I went, I mu - sing on did passe, I  
In Dan - by For - rest I was borne, my beau - ty did ex - cell, My  
When once I felt my bel - ly swell: no lon - ger might I a - bide My  
All Mai - dens faire then have a care, when you a mil - king goe, Trust

5 C G Am Dm G G

heard a Maid was dis - con - tent she sighd and said a las: All maids that ever de -  
pa - rents deare - ly lo - ved me, till my belly be - gan to swell: I might have been a  
mo - ther put me out of doores, and banged me back and side: Then did I range the  
not to young mens temp - ting tongues, that will de - ceive you so, Them you shall finde to

10 C G Am F G C G Am

cei - ved was, beare a part of these my woes, For once I was a bon - ny Lasse, when I  
Prin - ces peere, when I came o - ver the knoes, Till the Shep - hears boy be - guil - ed me, mil -  
world so wide, wand - ring a - mongst the knoes, Cur - sing the boy that hel - ped me, to  
be un - kinde, and glo - ry in your woes, For the Shep - hears boy be - guil - ed me, fol -



15 Dm G G C G Am

milkt my dad - dies Ewes, With O, the broome, the bon - ny broom the broome of Cow - don  
king my da - dies Ewes, All maids that ever de ceiv - ed was, beare a part of these my  
fold my dad - dies Ewes. All maids that ever de ceiv - ed was, beare a part of these my  
ding my Dad - dies Ewes. All maids that ever de ceiv - ed was, beare a part of these my

20 F G C G Am Dm G

knows, Faine would I be in the North Coun - trey, to milke my dad - dies Ewes.  
woes, For once I was a bon - ny Lasse, when I milkt my dad - dies Ewes,  
woes, For once I was a bon - ny Lasse, when I milkt my dad - dies Ewes,  
woes, For once I was a bon - ny Lasse, when I milkt my dad - dies Ewes,

A young man hearing her complaint,  
did pittie this her case,  
Saying to her sweet beautious Saint,  
I grieve so faire a face  
Should sorrow so, then sweeting know,  
to ease the of thy woos,  
Ile goe with thee to the North Country,  
to milke thy daddies Ewes,  
All Maids that ever deceived was,  
beare a part of these my woos,  
For once I was a bonny Lasse,  
when I milkt my daddies Ewes,

Then modestly she did reply,  
might I so happy be,  
Of you to finde a husband kinde,  
and for to marry me,  
Then to you I would during life,  
continue constant still,  
And be a true obedient wife,  
observing of your will.  
With O, the broome, the bonny broome,  
the broome of Cowdon knoes,  
Faine would I be in the North Country,  
to milk my daddies Ewes.

Thus, with a gentle, soft embrace,  
he tooke her in his armes,  
And with a kisse he, smiling, said,  
Ile shield thee from all harmes,  
And instantly will marry thee,  
to ease thee of thy woos,  
And goe with thee  
to the North Country,  
to milke thy Daddies Ewes.  
With O, the broome,  
the bonny broome,  
the broome of Cowdon knoes,  
Faine would I be  
in the North Country,  
to milk my daddies Ewes.

# The lowest trees have tops

Sir Edward Dyer (1543-1607)

John Dowland (1563-1626)

The Third and Last Booke..., 1603

Gm Gm Cm Gm Gm A dim D

The lo - west trees have tops, the Ant her  
Where wa - ters smoo - thest run, deep are the

The lo - west trees have tops, the Ant her  
Where wa - ters smoo - thest run, deep are the

The lo - west trees have tops, the Ant her  
Where wa - ters smoo - thest run, deep are the

The lo - west trees have tops, the Ant her  
Where wa - ters smoo - thest run, deep are the

4 G Dm Am Gm A D

gall, the flie her spleene, the lit - tle sparke his heate,  
foords, The di - all stirres, yet none per - ceives it move:

gall, the flie her spleene, the lit - tle sparke his heate,  
foords, The di - all stirres, yet none per - ceives it move:

gall, the flie her spleene, the lit - tle sparke his heate,  
foords, The di - all stirres, yet none per - ceives it move:

gall, the flie her spleene, the lit - tle sparke his heate,  
foords, The di - all stirres, yet none per - ceives it move:

8 Dm A Dm Gm D Gm F B $\flat$

and slen - der haires cast sha - dows though but small,  
The fir - mest faith is in the few - est words,

and slen - der haires cast sha - dows though but small,  
The fir - mest faith is in the few - est words,

and slen - der haires cast sha - dows though but small,  
The fir - mest faith is in the few - est words,

and slen - der haires cast sha - dows though but small,  
The fir - mest faith is in the few - est words,

12      B<sup>b</sup>      C      F      B<sup>b</sup>      Gm      Am      Gm      C      F

and The Bees have stings al- though they be not great.  
The Tur- tles can - - - not sing, and yet they they great.  
love, love, love, love,

16      B<sup>b</sup>      F      Gm      D      Dm      Gm      Am      Gm

Seas True have hearts their have source, eyes and and so have shal - lowe  
True hearts have eyes and and ears, no tongues to True hearts have eyes and and ears, no tongues to  
True hearts have eyes and and ears, no tongues to True hearts have eyes and and ears, no tongues to

19      D      B<sup>b</sup>      Gm      Cm      F      Dm      Gm      C      D      G

springs, and love is love in beg - gers and then in kings.  
speak: They hear, and see, and sigh, and then they breake.  
springs, shal - lowe springs, and love is love in beg - gers and in kings.  
speak: tongues to speak: They hear, and see, and sigh, and then they breake.  
springs, shal - lowe springs, and love is love in beg - gers and in kings.  
speak: tongues to speak: They hear, and see, and sigh, and then they breake.

# Maid, wil you marie

Clement Robinson (fl.1566-1584)  
*A Handefull of pleasant delites*, 1584  
tune: "the Blacke Almayne"

Dm Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm D

Maid, wil you ma - rie? I pray sir tar - ie, I am not dis - po - sed to wed a:  
For he that shal have me, wil ne - ver de - ny me he shal have my mai - den - hed a.

4 Dm Am Dm Gm D Dm Am Dm Gm D Dm Dm A Dm

Why then you wil not wed me? No sure sire I have sped me, You must go seeke some

10 Am Dm Am Dm Gm D G A D Dm Dm A Dm Am Gm Dm Gm

o - ther wight, That bet-ter may your heart de-light. For I am sped I tell you true, Be -

15

leev me it greevs me, I may not have you, To wed you & bed you as a wo - man shold be

For if I could, be sure I would,  
 consent to your desire:  
 I would not doubt, to bring about,  
 ech thing you would require:  
 But promise now is made,  
 Which cannot be staide:  
 It is a womans honestie,  
 To keep her promise faithfully.  
 And so I do meane til death to do.  
 Consider and gather, that this is true:  
 Choose it, and use it, the honester you.

But if you seek, for to misleeke,  
 with this that I have done:  
 Or else disdain, that I so plaine  
 this talke with you have begone:  
 Farewell I wil not let you,  
 He fisheth wel that gets you.  
 And sure I thinke your other friend,  
 Wil prove a Cuckold in the end:  
 But he wil take heed if he be wise,  
 To watch you & catch you, with Argus eies,  
 Besetting and letting your wonted guise.

Although the Cat doth winke a while,  
 yet sure she is not blinde:  
 It is the waie for to beguile,  
 the Mice that run behind:  
 And if she see them running,  
 Then straight way she is comming:  
 Upon their head she claps her foote,  
 To strive with her it is no boote.  
 The seelie poore Mice dare never play,  
 She catcheth and snatcheth them every day,  
 Yet whip they, & skip they, when she is away.

And if perhaps they fall in trap,  
 to death then must they yeeld:  
 They were better then, to have kept their den  
 than straie abroad the field:  
 But they that will be ranging,  
 Shall soone repent their changing:  
 And so shall you ere it be long,  
 Wherefore remember well my song:  
 And do not snuffe though I be plaine,  
 But cherily, merily, take the same.  
 For huffing & snuffing deserveth blame.

For where you say you must obay,  
 the promise you have made,  
 So sure as I wil never flie,  
 from that I have said:  
 Therefore to them I leave you,  
 Which gladly wil receive you:  
 You must go choose some other mate,  
 According to your own estate.  
 For I do meane to live in rest,  
 Go seek you, and leek you an other guest,  
 And choose him, and use him, as you like best.

# Mark how the blushful morn

Thomas Carew (1595-1639?)  
 Nicholas Lanier (1588-1666)  
 British Library Add. Ms. 11608

Chords: Dm, Dm, B $\flat$ , Gm, D

Mark So how may'st thou blush thrive, ful, thou blush thrive in morn love, in fond vain boy:

8 Mark So how may'st thou blush thrive, ful, thou blush thrive in morn love, in fond vain boy:

8 Mark So how may'st thou blush thrive, ful, thou blush thrive in morn love, in fond vain boy:

Mark So how may'st thou blush thrive, ful, thou blush thrive in morn love, in fond vain boy:

4 Dm Am Gm E dim F F C $\sharp$ dim Dm

Courts the am - 'rous and ma sighs - ri - gold With sigh - ing thou  
 If si - lent tears and and ma sighs dis - cover Thy grief, - ing thou

8 Courts the am - 'rous and ma - ri - gold cover With sigh - ing thou  
 If si - lent tears and and ma sighs dis - cover Thy grief, - ing thou

8 Courts the am - 'rous and ma - ri - gold cover With Thy sigh - ing thou  
 If si - lent tears and and ma sighs dis - cover Thy grief, - ing thou

Courts the am - 'rous and ma - ri - gold cover With Thy sigh - ing thou  
 If si - lent tears and and ma sighs dis - cover Thy grief, - ing thou

7 A C $\sharp$ dim Dm Gm A Dm A sus4 A D

blush and weep - ing rain, Yet she re - fu - ses to a un - fold;  
 ne - ver shalt en - joy The just re - ward of a bold lover;

8 blush and weep - ing rain, Yet she re - fu - ses to a un - fold;  
 ne - ver shalt en - joy The just re - ward of a bold lover;

8 blush and weep - ing rain, Yet she re - fu - ses to a un - fold;  
 ne - ver shalt en - joy The just re - ward of a bold lover;

blush and weep - ing rain, Yet she re - fu - ses to a un - fold;  
 ne - ver shalt en - joy The just re - ward of a bold lover;

10      Dm      Dm      C      F      D      G      E      A      Dm

But when the pla-net of the day Ap-proach-eth with his  
 But when the mo-ving of ac-cent (thou) Shalt con-stant faith and

But when the pla-net of the day Ap-proach-eth with his  
 But when the mo-ving of ac-cent (thou) Shalt con-stant faith and

But when the pla-net of the day Ap-proach-eth with his  
 But when the mo-ving of ac-cent (thou) Shalt con-stant faith and

13      C#dim      Dm      A      Dm      G      E      F

pow'r-ful ray, ser-vice vow,      Then she Ce-lia spreads, shall      then she re-ceive, those charms, His  
 ser-vice vow,      Thy Ce-lia shall      re-ceive those charms,      With

pow'r-ful ray, ser-vice vow,      Then she Ce-lia spreads, shall      then she re-ceive, those charms, His  
 ser-vice vow,      Thy Ce-lia shall      re-ceive those charms,      With

pow'r-ful ray, ser-vice vow,      Then she Ce-lia spreads, shall      then she re-ceive, those charms, His  
 ser-vice vow,      Thy Ce-lia shall      re-ceive those charms,      With

16      D      G      E      A      Dm      A      1.D      2.D

His warm-er beams in and - to with her un-vir-gin-ed leaves. arms.  
 With o-pen ears, and - to with her un-vir-gin-ed leaves. arms.

His warm-er beams in and - to with her un-vir-gin-ed leaves. arms.  
 With o-pen ears, and - to with her un-vir-gin-ed leaves. arms.

His warm-er beams in and - to with her un-vir-gin-ed leaves. arms.  
 With o-pen ears, and - to with her un-vir-gin-ed leaves. arms.





13 G C D G G D G

Sword and buck - ler great I have e'ne great by minde his of thee, twee - dle, twee - dle twi - no.

Sword and buck - ler great I have e'ne great by minde his of thee, twee - dle, twee - dle twi - no.

Sword and buck - ler great I have e'ne great by minde his of thee, twee - dle, twee - dle twi - no.

Sword and buck - ler great I have e'ne great by minde his of thee, twee - dle, twee - dle twi - no.

16 G G D G G D G

When she came to the merry mill - pin, hum - ble - dum, hum - ble - dum  
Who shall this mar - riage make? hum - ble - dum, hum - ble - dum

When she came to the merry mill - pin, hum - ble - dum, hum - ble - dum  
Who shall this mar - riage make? hum - ble - dum, hum - ble - dum

When she came to the merry mill - pin, hum - ble - dum, hum - ble - dum  
Who shall this mar - riage make? hum - ble - dum, hum - ble - dum

When she came to the merry mill - pin, hum - ble - dum, hum - ble - dum  
Who shall this mar - riage make? hum - ble - dum, hum - ble - dum

21 G C D G G C D G

La - dy Mouse beene you is with - in? rat, twee - dle, twee - dle twi - no.  
Our Lord which you is the rat, twee - dle, twee - dle twi - no.

La - dy Mouse beene you is with - in? rat, twee - dle, twee - dle twi - no.  
Our Lord which you is the rat, twee - dle, twee - dle twi - no.

La - dy Mouse beene you is with - in? rat, twee - dle, twee - dle twi - no.  
Our Lord which you is the rat, twee - dle, twee - dle twi - no.

La - dy Mouse beene you is with - in? rat, twee - dle, twee - dle twi - no.  
Our Lord which you is the rat, twee - dle, twee - dle twi - no.

# Martin said to his man

Thomas Ravenscroft

(c.1582-c.1635)

*Deuteromelia*, 1609

G G D G D G D G C

Mar - tin said to his man fie man, fie, O  
 I see a sheepe sher - ing corne, Fie man, fie: I  
 I see a man in the Moone, Fie man, fie: I

Mar - tin said to his man fie man, fie, O  
 I see a sheepe sher - ing corne, Fie man, fie: I  
 I see a man in the Moone, Fie man, fie: I

Mar - tin said to his man fie man, fie, O  
 I see a sheepe sher - ing corne, Fie man, fie: I  
 I see a man in the Moone, Fie man, fie: I

5 Am E Am E Am E A Am

Mar - tin said to his man who's the foole now? I  
 see a sheepe shear - ing corne, Who's the foole now? I  
 see a man in the Moone, Who's the foole now? I

Mar - tin said to his man who's the foole now? I  
 see a sheepe shear - ing corne, Who's the foole now? I  
 see a man in the Moone, Who's the foole now? I

Mar - tin said to his man who's the foole now? I  
 see a sheepe shear - ing corne, Who's the foole now? I  
 see a man in the Moone, Who's the foole now? I

9

G G G D

Mar - tin said to his man fill thou the cup and I the can,  
 see a sheepe to shear - ing corne, And a couck-old blow his horne,  
 see a man in the Moone, Clowt - ing of Saint Pe - ters shoone,

Mar - tin said to his man fill thou the cup and I the can,  
 see a sheepe to shear - ing corne, And a couck-old blow his horne,  
 see a man in the Moone, Clowt - ing of Saint Pe - ters shoone,

Mar - tin said to his man fill thou the cup and I the can,  
 see a sheepe to shear - ing corne, And a couck-old blow his horne,  
 see a man in the Moone, Clowt - ing of Saint Pe - ters shoone,

Mar - tin said to his man fill thou the cup and I the can,  
 see a sheepe to shear - ing corne, And a couck-old blow his horne,  
 see a man in the Moone, Clowt - ing of Saint Pe - ters shoone,

13

G D G D G C D G

thou hast well drunk - en man, who's the foole now?  
 Thou hast well drunk - en man, Who's the foole now?  
 Thou hast well drunk - en man, Who's the foole now?

thou hast well drunk - en man, who's the foole now?  
 Thou hast well drunk - en man, Who's the foole now?  
 Thou hast well drunk - en man, Who's the foole now?

thou hast well drunk - en man, who's the foole now?  
 Thou hast well drunk - en man, Who's the foole now?  
 Thou hast well drunk - en man, Who's the foole now?

thou hast well drunk - en man, who's the foole now?  
 Thou hast well drunk - en man, Who's the foole now?  
 Thou hast well drunk - en man, Who's the foole now?

I see a hare chase a hound, Fie...  
 I see a hare chase a hound, Who's...  
 I see a hare chase a hound,  
 Twenty mile above the ground,  
 Thou hast well drunken man,  
 Who's the foole now?

I see a goose ring a hog, Fie...  
 I see a goose ring a hog, Who's...  
 I see a goose ring a hog,  
 And a snayle that did bite a dog,  
 Thou hast well drunken man,  
 Who's the foole now?

I see a mouse catch the cat, Fie...  
 I see a mouse catch the cat, Who's...  
 I see a mouse catch the cat,  
 And the cheese to eat the rat,  
 Thou hast well drunken man,  
 Who's the foole now?

# Me, me and none but me

John Dowland (1563-1626)  
*The Third and Last Booke  
of Songs or Aires, 1603*

Chords: G G C G

Me Like me to and the none sil - but ver me, Swanne, dart be - home fore O my gen death -

Chords: C D D G F

gen death - - - tle I death sing: and And quick-lie, for live I my draw fa - too tall

Chords: Dm D E Am E sus4 E A

long knell this I i - helpe - - - dle to breath: ring.

12 G G C D Em C

O Still howe I long till from I earth may and fly earth - ly joyes to heaven a - to

16 D C C Em G

bove, flie, un He - - - - to my faith hap - full un - liv'd, -  
He ne - my ver hap - - - full pie and liv'd, be - that

20 G C Am D Em D<sup>sus4</sup> D G

to my faith hap - full and be - lov - ed tur - - - tle to dove. die.  
He ne-ver hap - full liv'd, that can - not love - - - tle to dove. die.  
lov - ed not tur love - - - tle to dove. die.  
and liv'd, be - that - - - lov - - - ed not tur love - - - tle to dove. die.

# The Merry Forrester

anon., c.1630  
tune: "Rince Fada"

G G D Em D G D G D Em G

Of late I chanst to be where I did view an ob - ject  
And looking a - bout a lit - tle a - side, downe in a Thicket a -  
Thought For I, this sexe is won - drous kind, when Kings will ven - ture  
For Phi - lip Ma - ce - do - ni - an King had not beene by Pau -

4 C D G D C G Am G D G C G

worth de - lighting, Downe in a val - ley I did e - spy  
dorn'd with Roses, Ae - ne - as with Queene Di - do I spide,  
their chief - est treasure, If they can but find one, un - to their mind,  
sa - ni - as killed, Had not O - lym - pi - as thought of a thing,

7 C Am G D C G G

dame Ve - nus with A - do - nis fight - ing for kiss - es.  
where they did take their sweet re - poses, with kis - ses.  
who can con - tent them with the sweet plea - sure of kiss - es.  
that he faire Cle - o - pa - tra willed to kisse him.

Nor lovely Hero had not come  
to that apparant eminent danger,  
If with desire she had not showne  
the Hellispon to her Leander,  
for kisses.

The Merchant for his Mistris sake  
doth life & limbs, and goods adventure,  
If she on his love and labours approve,  
he doubtles will in dangers enter  
for kisses.

Of gold as drosse he but esteemes  
to gaine her love and true affection,  
For unto him, a matchlesse Jem  
and Jewell rare, his hearts election  
for kissing.

The neat and handsome Servingman  
a clownish mind he scornes to carry,  
His master dead, his mistris than  
gives her consent with him to marry  
for kissing.

The Country Swaine, that goes to the plowe  
at wedings thinks himselfe much graced,  
If his sweet-heart will take his part  
to dance with him, or be embraced  
with kissing.

What Duke, what Earle, what Lord, what Knight,  
in all this Land, but loves to be doing,  
If they but meet with beauties are bright,  
but will begin there amorous woing,  
with kissing?

The second part, to the same tune.

I Know no Country Gentleman,  
that hath but any good fashion or breeding,  
But he will endeavour, or doe what he can,  
to have a smug Lasse thats of his own feeding,  
for kissing.

Thus kissing is an ancient thing,  
and gives content to many a Madam  
In loving sort, City or Country:  
Eve was the first beloved of Adam,  
for kissing.

When friends with one another meete,  
it is a courtesie thats common,  
In house, in field, or in the streete,  
most lovingly to salute a woman  
with kissing.

The Court thats cal'd the Commissary,  
doth punish with pennance that same pleasure,  
And yet in their woing, yongmen will be doing,  
still kindnes shewing their owne sweethearts  
with kisses.

Kissing it gives no offence,  
nor danger brings to one or other:  
For in the vertuous sects that are,  
the sister will salute the brother  
with kissing.

When discontent twixt man and wife,  
doth cause them one fall out with another,  
The onely meanes to make them friends,  
and silently their grieves to smother,  
is kissing.

The hardy Soldier stout and strong,  
that honour gaines himselfe by fighting,  
In time of peace his joyes increase,  
he in his mistris takes delight in,  
for kissing.

The beauteous girles that portions lacke,  
oft times rich husbands kind and loving,  
Doe them respect and still affect,  
their beauties are so bright and moving  
in kissing.

The aged man of three-score yeeres,  
oft takes to wife a girle of twenty,  
The cause whereof you may suppose,  
which make him take this girle so dainty,  
is kissing.

And widdowes many times doo dote,  
respecting not a pin their treasure,  
But marrie with Lads have never a groat,  
because in them they finde sweet pleasure,  
in kissing.

Thus kissing is an ancient thing,  
and gives content to many a Madam,  
Many delightfull thing it doth bring.  
Eve was the first beloved of Adam  
for kissing.

# Merry Shrovetide

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

2 *Henry IV*, 1596-1599?

tune: "Dargason"

Be mer - ry, be merry, my wife has all. For  
Doe no - thing but eate, and make good cheere, and  
A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, &

3 Gm Gm F  
wo - men are Shrewes, both short, and tall: 'Tis mer - ry in Hall, when  
praise hea - ven for the mer - rie yeere: when flesh is cheape, and  
drinke un - to the Le - man mine: Fill the Cuppe, and

6 F Gm F  
Beards wagge all; And wel - come merry Shrove - tide. Be mer - ry, be merry.  
Fe - males deere, and lust - ie Lads rome heere, and there so mer - ri - ly.  
let it come. Ile pledge you a mile to the bot - tome.



*An interlude*

8      Dm   Dm                  Dm                  C                  C                  Dm

14      Dm                  C                  Dm                  F                  F

19      Gm                  Gm                  F                  F                  Gm                  F

# The mery Miller of Mansfield

anon., 1584-1627?  
tune: "La Volta"

G G D Em D G D C D Em

Hen - ry our ro - yall King  
All a - long Sum - mers day,  
Wan - dring thus wear - i - ly,  
would goe on hunt - ing,  
rode the King plea - sant - ly,  
all a - lone up and downe,  
To the greene for - rest most  
With all his prin - ces and  
With a rude Mil - ler he

4 C D G G G D Em D

plea - sant and faire:  
no - bles each one:  
met at the last:  
To have the Hart cha - ced,  
Cha - sing the Hart and Hind,  
Ask - ing the rea - dy way  
the dain - ty Does trip - ping,  
and the Bucke gal - lan - tly,  
un - to faire Not - ting - ham.

7 G D C D Em C D G G C G G C

Unto mer - ry Sher - wood his  
Till the darke eve - ning in -  
Sir quoth the Mil - ler your  
no - bles re - paire.  
forst them turne home.  
way you have lost.  
Hauke and hound, was un -  
then at last ri - ding -  
yet I thinke, what I

10 Am D G G C G G D G

bound, all things pre-pard, for the same, to the game with good re-gard.  
fast he had lost quite, all his Lords in the woods, late in darke night.  
thinke truth for to say, you doe not light-ly goe but of your way.

Why what dost thou thinke of me quoth our king merily  
 Passing thy judgement upon me so breefe:  
 Good faith quoth the Miller I meane not to flatter,  
 I gesse thee to be but a gentleman theefe.  
 stand thee backe in the darke light not a downe,  
 least that I presently cracke thy knaves crowne.

Thou dost abuse me much (quoth our king) saying thus,  
 I am a gentleman, lodging I lacke:  
 Thou hast quoth the miller not a grote in thy purse,  
 All thy inheritance hangs on thy backe.  
 I have gold to discharge all that I call,  
 If it be fortie pence I wil pay all.

If thou beest a true man then answered the miller,  
 I swear by my tole dish ile lodge thee all night,  
 Heres my hand quoth our King that I was ever:  
 Nay soft quoth the miller thou mayst be a sprite.  
 better ile know thee ere hands I will shake,  
 with none but with honest men hands I will take.

Thus they went al along unto the millers house  
 Where they were seething of Puddings and souse:  
 The miller first entred in, after him went the king:  
 Never came he in so smokie a house.  
 now quoth he let me see, heere what you are,  
 quoth our king looke your fill, and doe not spare.

Here quoth the Miller, good fellow I drinke to thee,  
 and to all courtnoles that curteous be,  
 I pledge thee quoth our King, and thanke thee hartily  
 For my good welcome in every degree.  
 and here in like manner I drinke to thy son,  
 do so quoth Richard and quicke let it come.

Wife quoth the miller now fetch me foorth lightfoot,  
 that we of his sweetnes a little may taste:  
 A faire Venson pastie then brought she foorth presently,  
 Eate quoth the miller, but sir make no waste.  
 Here is good lightfoot, in faith quoth our King,  
 I never eate so daintie a thing.

Ywis said Richard no dainty at all it is.  
 For we do eate of it everie daie,  
 In what place said our king maie be bought like this,  
 We never pay pennie for it by my faye:  
 from merie Sherwood we fetch it home here,  
 now and then we make bolde with the Kings deer.

Doubt not quoth our King my promised secrecie,  
 the King shall never know more ont for me,  
 a cup then of lamps wool they drunke strait unto him then,  
 and so to their beds they past presently:  
 the nobles next morning went al up and downe  
 for to seeke out the King in every towne.

at last at this millers house some did espy him plain  
 as he was mounting upon his faire steed:  
 to whom they ran presently falling downe on their knees  
 Which made the millers heart wofully bleed,  
 shaking and quaking before him he stood,  
 thinking he should have been hangd by the rood

The King perceiving him fearful and trembling  
 Drew out his sword, but nothing he sed:  
 The miller down did fall crying before them all  
 Doubting the King would have cut of his head.  
 but he his kinde curtesie strait to requite,  
 gave him great living, and dubbd him a Knight.

The mery miller's wooing  
of the Baker's daughter of Manchester.

anon., 1581?  
tune: "Nutmegs and Ginger"

G G D G C Dsus4 D G

The mil - ler, in his best ar - ray would needs a woo - inge ride To  
In Man - ches - ter a ba - ker dwels, Who had a daugh - ter fayre: Her  
"Sweet," sayd the mil - ler, "be not strange, But blythe - ly looke in me. Un -

5 G D G C Dsus4 D G

Man - ches - ter he takes his way Saint Cle - ment be his guide!  
beau - ty pass - ing - lye ex - cells; None may with her com - pare.  
to my mill I praye you range, Where we will mer - rye be.

9 G G

He can singe, he can ringe, And doe many a pret - ty thinge.  
Her he leekes, her he seekes, And com - mends her crim - son cheeks.  
Lad nor lowne in the towne Shall bet - ter teach you daunce a downe.

11 Am Am Em Am D

He can pipe daunce a downe,  
 He would pipe her daunce a downe,  
 While my mill goes click a clacke,

No man bet - ter in the towne. His  
 Be - fore a - nye in the towne. But  
 I will set yow on a sacke. Sweete,

13 G G C Dsus4 D G

face is fayre, and curl - ed is his hayre. Miles they this mil - ler call.  
 she is coye, and lov - eth not to toye, Beau - ty makes her dis - daine.  
 goe with me where we will plea - sant be." "Fye," sayde shee, "howe yow faigne."

Now they are in the merry mill,  
 Where Miles the daunce doth play,  
 And woon the maiden's heart's good will:  
 She could not start away.  
 So he playd that the mayde  
 To her mother plainely sayde,  
 "I have learnd to daunce a downe,  
 The prettyest sport in all this towne.  
 The miller hee  
 did teach the same to me:  
 He shall my husbände be."

Thus are the miller and the mayde  
 A marryed couple now.  
 The matter nothing was delayd;  
 Their friends the same allow.  
 You that woo learne to doo  
 As the miller teacheth yow.  
 Neither gloves, nor tokens, bringe;  
 But daunce a downe teach mayds to sing.  
 Else favour none  
 unto yow will be showne,  
 Although yow dye for love.

# The Milke-maids life

Martin Parker (c.1600-c.1656)  
tune: "The merry, merry milkmaids"

G G G G C

You ru - rall god - dess es that woods and fields pos - sesse, As -  
The brav - est las - ses gay live not so merry as they; In  
Their hearts are free from care, they ne - ver will des - paire, What  
Base id - le-nesse they doe scorne, they rise ve-ry early i'th morn, And

5 C Am D G D G G G

sist me with your skill, That may di - rect my quill more jo - cund - ly to ex - presse The  
ho - nest ci - vill sort They make each o - ther sport, as they trudge on their way: Come  
ev - er them be - fall; They brave - ly beare out all, & For - tune's frownes out dare. They  
walke in - to the field, Where pret - ty birds doe weeld brave mu - sick on eve - ry thorn. The

9 G G C G C D G

mirth and de - light, Both morn - ing and night, on moun - taine or in dale, Of  
faire or foule wea-ther, They're feare - full of nei - ther; their cou - rages ne - ver quaille: In  
plea - sant - ly sing, To wel - come the spring; 'gainst heaven they ne - ver rayle. If  
Linnet and the Thrush Doe sing on each bush, and the dul - cid Night - in - gale Her

13 G Am G D

them who chuse This trade to use, And through cold dewes Doe never re - fuse And  
 wet and dry, Though winds be hye, And darke's the sky, They nere de - ny, And  
 grasse wel grow, Their thanks they show, And, frost or snow, They mer - rily goe, And,  
 note doth straine In a jo - cund vaine, To en - ter - taine That wor - thy traine, To

17 Em D G D G D G G

through cold dewes Doe never re - fuse to car - ry the milk - ing payle.  
 darke's the sky, They nere de - ny to car - ry the milk - ing paille.  
 frost or snow, They mer - rily goe a - long with the milk - ing paille.  
 en - ter - taine That wor - thy traine which car - ry the Milk - ing paille.

Their labor doth health preserve  
 no Doctors rules they observe,  
 While others too nice,  
 In taking their advice  
 look alwaies as though they would starve,  
 Their meat is digested  
 They nere are molested,  
 no sicknesse doth them assaile:  
 Their time is spent  
 In merriment,  
 While limbs are bent  
 They are content.  
 to carry the milking paille.

If they any sweet-hearts have,  
 that doe their affection crave,  
 Their priviledge is this,  
 Which many other misse,  
 they can give the welcome brave  
 With them they may walke,  
 And pleasantly talke  
 with a bottle of Wine or Ale:  
 The gentle Cow  
 Doth them allow  
 As they know how,  
 God speed the plow,  
 and blesse the Milking paille.

Upon the first of May,  
 with garlands fresh and gay;  
 With mirth and musick sweet,  
 For such a season meet  
 they passe their time away:  
 They dance away sorrow  
 And all the day thorow  
 their legs doe never fayle:  
 They nimblely  
 Their feet doe ply,  
 And bravely try  
 The victory,  
 in honour o'th milking paille.

# Mistake mee not, I am as cold as hott

verses 1-2

Thomas Brewer (1611-c.1665)

British Library, Add. Ms. 11608

c.1641-59

Gm D Gm Cm B<sup>b</sup> Gm D

Mis - take mee not, I am as cold as hott,  
Some - times I burne, & strait to ice I turne,  
Mis - take mee not, I am as  
Some - times I burne, & strait to

4 Gm E<sup>b</sup> D B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> Cm F

cold ice as hott:  
I turne,  
Al - though my tongue be - tray my hart o'er night,  
there's no - thing so un - con - stant as my mynd,

7 Dm B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> Cm F Dm B<sup>b</sup> Gm Gm D Gm

ere Morne, I change,  
ere Morne, I change,  
ere morn I'm change with  
Al - ter'd quite.  
ev - ry wynd.



verses 3-4

11 Gm D Gm Cm B<sup>b</sup> Gm D

Per - haps in Jest I said I lov'd thee best,  
Then pri - thee see thou giv'st no heed to mee,  
Per - haps in Jest I said I  
Then pri - thee see thou giv'st no

14 Gm E<sup>b</sup> D B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> Cm F

lov'd thee best,  
heed to mee,  
But t'was not more than what  
For when I can - not keep my  
long word be - fore,  
a daye,

17 Dm B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> Cm F Dm B<sup>b</sup> Gm Gm D Gm

I vow'd,  
What hope,  
I vow'd,  
What hope,  
I vow'd to  
What hope hadst  
twen - ty more.  
thou to staye?

# Mistresse mine well may you fare

verses 1-2

Thomas Morley (1558-1603)  
*the First Booke of Ayres, 1600*

Gm      D      G      C      D      G      Gm      Cm      Gm

Miste - resse mine well may you fare, Kind be your thoughts and  
 This faire morn - ing Sun - nie bright, That gives life to

Miste - resse mine well may you fare, Kind be your thoughts and  
 This faire morn - ing Sun - nie bright, That gives life to

Miste - resse mine well may you fare, Kind be your thoughts and  
 This faire morn - ing Sun - nie bright, That gives life to

Miste - resse mine well may you fare, Kind be your thoughts and  
 This faire morn - ing Sun - nie bright, That gives life to

4      D sus4      D      G      D sus4      Gm      Dm      Gm      A sus4      A      D

void of care, Sweete Saint Ve - nus with bee your speede,  
 loves de - light: Eve - rie hart with heate in - flames,

void of care, Sweete Saint Ve - nus with bee your speede,  
 loves de - light: Eve - rie hart with heate in - flames,

void of care, Sweete Saint Ve - nus with bee your speede,  
 loves de - light: Eve - rie hart with heate in - flames,

void of care, Sweete Saint Ve - nus with bee your speede,  
 loves de - light: Eve - rie hart with heate in - flames,

7

Gm Dm Gm A sus4 A D B $\flat$  F D Gm

That you may in love pro - ceede,  
And our cold af - fec - tion blames. Coll mee and clip and

8

That you may in love pro - ceede,  
And our cold af - fec - tion blames. Coll mee and clip and

8

That you may in love pro - ceede,  
And our cold af - fec - tion blames. Coll mee and clip and

That you may in love pro - ceede,  
And our cold af - fec - tion blames. Coll mee and clip and

10

Cm Gm D B $\flat$  Cm D Cm G D G

kisse me to, So so so so so so true love should do.

8

kisse me to, So so so so so so true love should do.

8

kisse me to, So so so so so so true love should do.

kisse me to, So so so so so so true love should do.

# Mistresse mine well may you fare

verses 3-4

Thomas Morley (1558-1603)  
*the First Booke of Ayres, 1600*

Gm      D      G      C      D      G      Gm      Cm      Gm

In these woods are none but birds, They can speake but  
 Ne - ver strive nor make no noyes, Tis for foo - lish

In these woods are none but birds, They can speake but  
 Ne - ver strive nor make no noyes, Tis for foo - lish

In these woods are none but birds, They can speake but  
 Ne - ver strive nor make no noyes, Tis for foo - lish

In these woods are none but birds, They can speake but  
 Ne - ver strive nor make no noyes, Tis for foo - lish

4      D sus4      D      G      D sus4      Gm      Dm      Gm      A sus4      A      D

si - lent words: They are pret - tie harme - lesse things,  
 girles and boyes, Eve - rie chil - dish thing can say,

si - lent words: They are pret - tie harme - lesse things,  
 girles and boyes, Eve - rie chil - dish thing can say,

si - lent words: They are pret - tie harme - lesse things,  
 girles and boyes, Eve - rie chil - dish thing can say,

si - lent words: They are pret - tie harme - lesse things,  
 girles and boyes, Eve - rie chil - dish thing can say,

7

Gm Dm Gm A sus4 A D B $\flat$  F D Gm

They will shade us now, with their wings. pray a - way. Coll mee and clip and

Goe to, how now, pray a - way.

8

They will shade us now, with their wings. pray a - way. Coll mee and clip and

Goe to, how now, pray a - way.

8

They will shade us now, with their wings. pray a - way. Coll mee and clip and

Goe to, how now, pray a - way.

They will shade vs now, with their wings. Coll mee and clip and

Goe to, how now, pray a - way.

10

Cm Gm D B $\flat$  Cm D Cm G D G

kisse me to, So so so so so so true love should do.

8

kisse me to, So so so so so so true love should do.

8

kisse me to, So so so so so so true love should do.

kisse me to, So so so so so so true love should do.

# Mistris since you so much desire

verse 1

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

*A Booke of Ayres*, 1601

Philip Rosseter(1567 or 8-1623)

G Am D G Am E Dm Am E A

Mis - tris since you so much de - sire, to know the place of Cu - pids fire,

Mis - tris since you so much de - sire, to know the place of Cu - pids fire,

Mis - tris since you so much de - sire, to know the place of Cu - pids fire,

Mis - tris since you so much de - sire, to know the place of Cu - pids fire,

5 G C F C Am E D Am G Am G G D G

in your faire shrine that flame doth rest, yet ne - ver har - bourd in your brest,

in your faire shrine that flame doth rest, yet ne - ver har - bourd in your brest,

in your faire shrine that flame doth rest, yet ne - ver har - bourd in your brest,

in your faire shrine that flame doth rest, yet ne - ver har - bourd in your brest,

9 D Am G A D Asus4 A D D G Am G D A D G

it bides not in your lips so sweete nor where the rose and li - lies meete,

it bides not in your lips so sweete nor where the rose and li - lies meete,

it bides not in your lips so sweete nor where the rose and li - lies meete, but a lit - tle

it bides not in your lips so sweete nor where the rose and li - lies meete, but a

13 C G Am D Am Bm

but a lit - tle higher, but a lit - tle higher, higher, lit - tle higher, but a lit - tle higher, lit - tle lit - tle higher, but a lit - tle lit - tle higher, but a

15 G C Dm C Am D C D

but a lit - tle higher, but a lit - tle higher, higher, lit - tle higher, but a lit - tle higher, lit - tle lit - tle higher, but a lit - tle lit - tle higher, but a

17 G G 1. D sus4 D G 2. D sus4 D G

there, there, o there lies Cu - pids fire. there, there, o there, lies Cu - pids fire. there, there, o there, lies Cu - pids fire. but a lit - tle Cu - pids fire. there, there, o there, lies Cu - pids fire. but a Cu - pids fire.

# Mistris since you so much desire

verse 2

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

*A Booke of Ayres*, 1601

Philip Rosseter(1567 or 8-1623)

G Am D G Am E Dm Am E A

Even in those star - rie pear - cing eyes, There Cu - pids sa - cred fi - re lyes,

Even in those star - rie pear - cing eyes, There Cu - pids sa - cred fi - re lyes,

Even in those star - rie pear - cing eyes, There Cu - pids sa - cred fi - re lyes,

Even in those star - rie pear - cing eyes, There Cu - pids sa - cred fi - re lyes,

5 G C F C Am E D Am G Am G G D G

Those eyes I strive not to en - joy, For they have po - wer to des - troy.

Those eyes I strive not to en - joy, For they have po - wer to des - troy.

Those eyes I strive not to en - joy, For they have po - wer to des - troy.

Those eyes I strive not to en - joy, For they have po - wer to des - troy.

9 D Am G A D A<sub>sus4</sub> A D D G Am G D A D G

Nor woe I for a smile, or kisse, So meane - ly tri - umph's not my blisse,

Nor woe I for a smile, or kisse, So meane - ly tri - umph's not my blisse,

Nor woe I for a smile, or kisse, So meane - ly tri - umph's not my blisse, But a lit - tle

Nor woe I for a smile, or kisse, So meane - ly tri - umph's not my blisse, But a





# My bonny lass shee smyleth

verse 1

Thomas Morley (1558-1603)

*The first booke of balletts*

*to five voyces, 1595*

G C G G D A D

My bon - ny lasse shee smyl - eth, When shee my heart be - guil - eth.

My bon - ny lasse shee smyl - eth, When shee my heart be - guil - eth.

My bon - ny lasse shee smyl - eth, When shee my heart be - guil - eth.

My bon - ny lasse shee smyl - eth, When shee my heart be - guil - eth.

My bon - ny lasse shee smyl - eth, When shee my heart be - guil - eth.

5 G D G D C G Dm Em

Fa la la la la la la. Fa la la la la la la.

Fa la la la la la la. Fa la la la la la la.

Fa la la la la la la. Fa la la la la la la.

Fa la la la la la la. Fa la la la la la la.

Fa la la la la la la. Fa la la la la la la.

9 D Am G Am D G Dsus4 D 1. G

la. Fa la la la la la. la. Fa la la la la la. la. Fa la la la la la. la. Fa la la la la la.

la. Fa la la la la la. la. Fa la la la la la. la. Fa la la la la la. la. Fa la la la la la.

la. Fa la la la la la. la. Fa la la la la la. la. Fa la la la la la. la. Fa la la la la la.

la. Fa la la la la la. la. Fa la la la la la. la. Fa la la la la la. la. Fa la la la la la.

la. Fa la la la la la. la. Fa la la la la la. la. Fa la la la la la. la. Fa la la la la la.



# My bonny lass shee smyleth

verse 2

Thomas Morley (1558-1603)

*The first booke of balletts*

*to five voyces, 1595*

G C G G D A D

When shee her sweet eye turn - eth, O how my heart it burn - eth.

When shee her sweet eye turn - eth, O how my heart it burn - eth.

When shee her sweet eye turn - eth, O how my heart it burn - eth.

When shee her sweet eye turn - eth, O how my heart it burn - eth.

When shee her sweet eye turn - eth, O how my heart it burn - eth.

When shee her sweet eye turn - eth, O how my heart it burn - eth.

5 G D G D C G Dm Em

Fa la la la la la la. Fa la la la la

Fa la la la la la la. Fa la la la la

Fa la la la la la la. Fa la la la la

Fa la la la la la la. Fa la la la la

Fa la la la la la la. Fa la la la la

Fa la la la la la la. Fa la la la la

9 D Am G Am D G Dsus4 D 1. G

la. Fa la la la la la

la. Fa la la la la la

la. Fa la la la la la

la. Fa la la la la la

la. la. Fa la la la la la

la. Fa la la la la la





10 Em G D F C Am Dm E Dm E sus4 E

And my Court - ing is but sport - ing in most shew - ing mean - ing  
 In most fain - ing most ab - stain - ing, Such good faith in love I  
 And my mea - sure at my plea - sure, Ice and flame my face doth

And my Court - ing is but sport - ing in most shew - ing mean - ing  
 In most fain - ing most ab - stain - ing, Such good faith in love I  
 And my mea - sure at my plea - sure, Ice and flame my face doth

And my Court - ing is but sport - ing in most shew - ing mean - ing  
 In most fain - ing most ab - stain - ing, Such good faith in love I  
 And my mea - sure at my plea - sure, Ice and flame my face doth

And my Court - ing is but sport - ing in most shew - ing mean - ing  
 In most fain - ing most ab - stain - ing, Such good faith in love I  
 And my mea - sure at my plea - sure, Ice and flame my face doth

14 A Dm G F Em D C Dm Em C G C

least find. beare. fa la la la fa la la fa la la fa la la la la la fa la la la.

least find. beare. fa la la fa la la fa la la fa la la fa la la la la la fa la la.

least find. beare. fa la la fa la la la la la fa la la la la la.

least find. beare. fa la la la la la la fa la la la la la.

# My fancie did I fixe

Clement Robinson (fl.1566-1584)  
*A Handefull of pleasant delites*, 1584  
tune: "All in a Garden Green"

Chords: C C F C F C G C

My fan - cie did I fixe, in faith - ful forme and frame: in  
But one, and that was she, whom I in heart did shrine: And

5 F C F C G C

hope ther shuld no blust - ring blast have power to move the same.  
made ac - count that pre - tious pearle, and je - wel rich was mine.

9 C F G C Am G C F C

And as the Gods do know, and world can wit - nesse beare: I ne - ver ser - ved  
No toile, nor la - bour great, could wea - rie me here - in: For stil I had a



14      Dm                                  Em                                  F                                  C                                  G      C      Gsus4      G                  C

o - ther Saint, I ne - ver ser - ved o - ther Saint, nor I - doll o - ther where.  
 Ja - sons heart, For stil I had a Ja - sons heart, the gold - en fleece to win.

And sure my sute was hearde,  
 I spent no time in vaine:  
 A grant of ship at her hand,  
 I got to quite my paine.  
 With solemne vowe and othe  
 was knit the True-love knot,  
 And friendly did we treat of love,  
 as place and time we got.

Now would we send our sighes,  
 as far as they might go,  
 Now would we worke with open signes,  
 to blaze our inward wo.  
 Now rings and tokens too,  
 renude our friendship stil,  
 And ech device that could be wrought,  
 exprest our plaine goodwill,

True meaning went withall,  
 it cannot be denide:  
 Performance of the promise past,  
 was hopte for of ech side:  
 And lookt for out of hand:  
 such voves did we two make,  
 As God himself had present been,  
 record thereof to take.

And for my part I sweare,  
 by all the Gods above,  
 I neuer thought of other friend,  
 nor sought for other love.  
 The same consent in her,  
 I saw ful oft appeare,  
 If eies could see, or head could judge,  
 or eare had power to heare.

Yet loe words are but winde,  
 an other new come guest,  
 Hath won her favour (as I feare)  
 as fancies rise in brest.  
 Her friend that wel deserves,  
 is out of countenance quite,  
 She makes the game to see me shoot,  
 while others hit the white.

He way wel beat the bush,  
 as manie thousands doo:  
 And misse the birds, and haply loose  
 his part of feathers too.  
 He hops without the ring,  
 yet daunceth on the trace,  
 When some come after soft and faire,  
 a heavuie hobling pace.

In these unconstant daies,  
 such troth these women have:  
 As wavering as the aspen leaf  
 they are, so God me save.  
 For no deserts of men  
 are weid, what ere they be:  
 For in a mood their minds are led  
 with new delights we see.

And yet of one I waile,  
 of one I crie and plaine:  
 And for her sake shall never none,  
 so nip my heart againe:  
 If for offence or fault.  
 I had been floong at heele:  
 The lesse had been my bitter smart,  
 and gnawing greefe I feele.

But being once reteind,  
 a friend by her consent:  
 And after that to be disdaind,  
 when best good will I ment,  
 I take it nothing well,  
 for if my power could show,  
 With Larum bel and open crie,  
 the world should throughly know.

# My little sweet darling

anon, Dow &  
Wigthorpe books, c. 1615

C F C F C C G C G F

My lit - tle sweet dar - ling, my

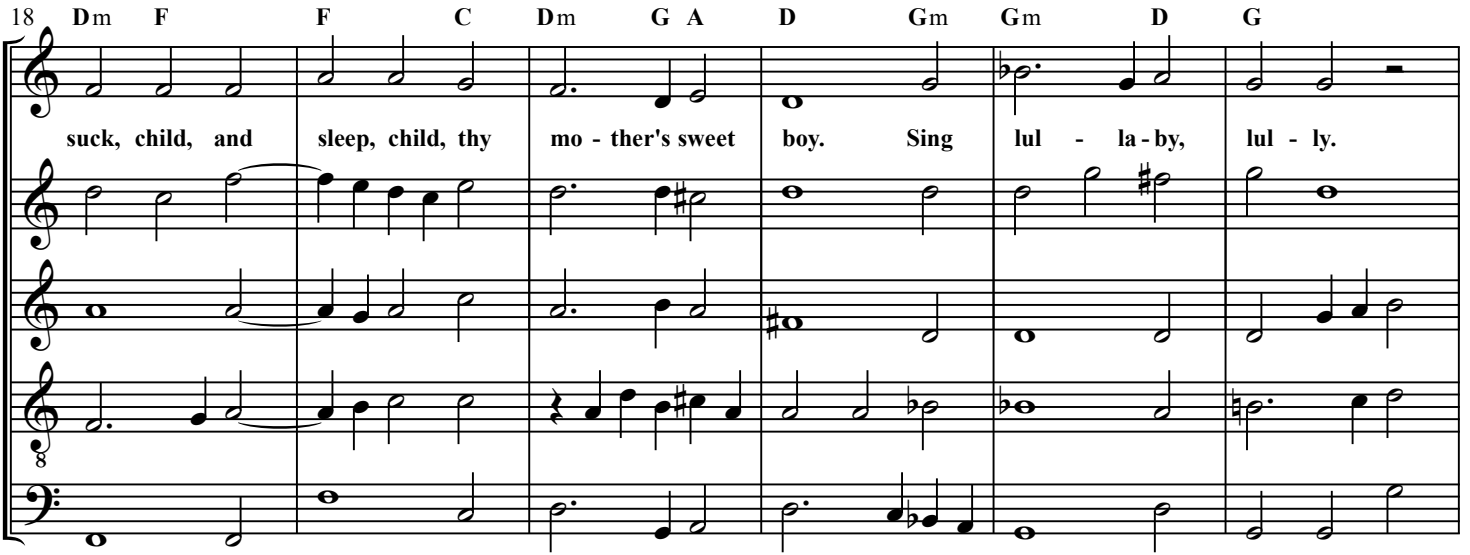
6 C G C Am Dm A Dm G C Am C

com - fort and joy, Sing lul - la - by, lul - ly. In beau - ty sur -

12 C Bdim C G C C G C C

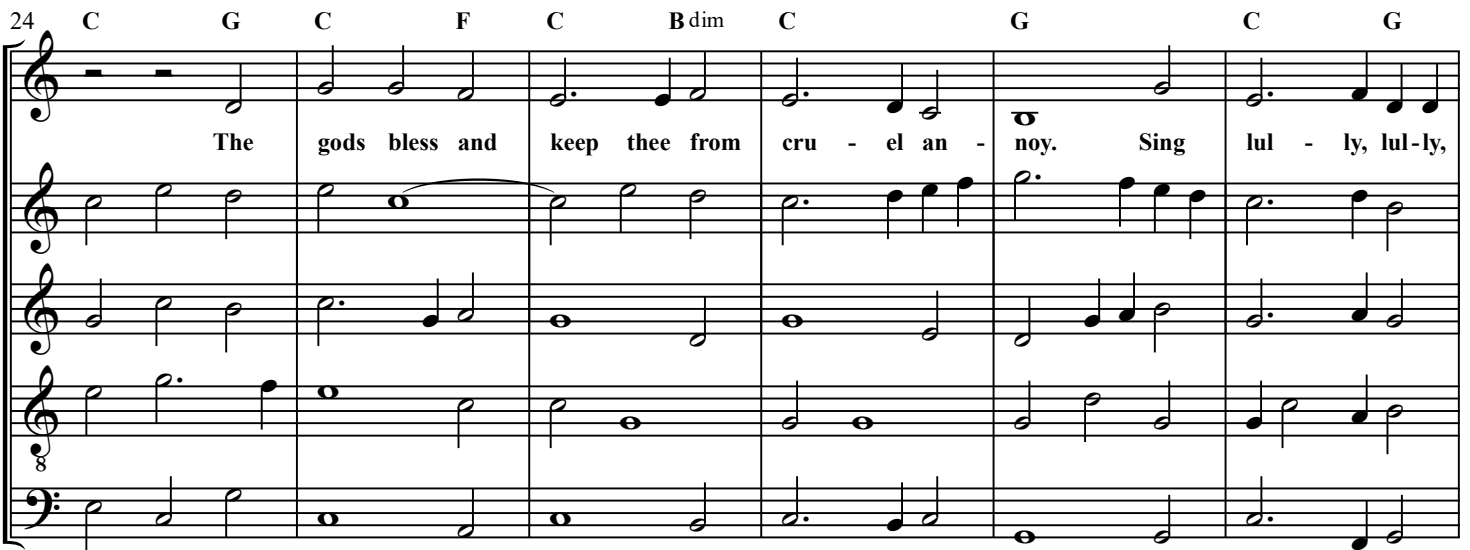
pass - ing the prin - ces of Troy, Sing lul - la - by, lul - ly. Now

18 Dm F F C Dm G A D Gm Gm D G



suck, child, and sleep, child, thy mo - ther's sweet boy. Sing lul - la - by, lul - ly.

24 C G C F C Bdim C G C G



The gods bless and keep thee from cru - el an - noy. Sing lul - ly, lul - ly,

30 C G C Gm Bb C G C



lul - ly, sweet ba - by lul - ly, lul - ly, Sweet ba - by, lul - la - by, lul - ly.

# My love hath vowed

verses 1-2

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)  
*A Booke of Ayres*, 1601  
 Philip Rosseter (1567 or 8-1623)

Gm F Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm F Eb Cm D

My love hath vowed hee will for - sake me And I am al - rea - dy  
 Had I fore - seen what is en - su - ed, And what now with pain I

My love hath vowed hee will for - sake me And I am al - rea - dy  
 Had I fore - seen what is en - su - ed, And what now with pain I

My love hath vowed hee will for - sake me And I am al - rea - dy  
 Had I fore - seen what is en - su - ed, And what now with pain I

My love hath vowed hee will for - sake me And I am al - rea - dy  
 Had I fore - seen what is en - su - ed, And what now with pain I

5 G Gm F Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm F

sped. prove, For Un - o - ther hap - py pro - mise he did - make me When he  
 then I had es - chew - ed This un -

sped. prove, For Un - o - ther hap - py pro - mise he did - make me When he  
 then I had es - chew - ed This un -

sped. prove, For Un - o - ther hap - py pro - mise he did - make me When he  
 then I had es - chew - ed This un -

sped. prove, For Un - o - ther hap - py pro - mise he did - make me When he  
 then I had es - chew - ed This un -

9 **E<sup>b</sup> Cm D G B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F Gm D**

had my mai - den head. kind e - vent of love. If such dan - ger be in play - ing Maids fore - know their own un - do - ing,

had my mai - den head. kind e - vent of love. If such dan - ger be in play - ing Maids fore - know their own un - do - ing,

had my mai - den head. kind e - vent of love. If such dan - ger be in play - ing Maids fore - know their own un - do - ing,

had my mai - den head. kind e - vent of love. If such dan - ger be in play - ing Maids fore - know their own un - do - ing,

13 **B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> Gm D<sup>sus4</sup> D G**

And sport must to ear - nest turn, But fear naught till all is done, I will go no more a - may - ing. When a man a - lone is woo - ing.

And sport must to ear - nest turn, But fear naught till all is done, I will go no more a - may - ing. When a man a - lone is woo - ing.

And sport must to ear - nest turn, But fear naught till all is done, I will go no more a - may - ing. When a man a - lone is woo - ing.

And sport must to ear - nest turn, But fear naught till all is done, I will go no more a - may - ing. When a man a - lone is woo - ing.

# My love hath vowed

verses 3-4

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)  
*A Booke of Ayres*, 1601  
 Philip Rosseter (1567 or 8-1623)

Gm F Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm F Eb Cm D

Dis - sem - bling That heart is wretch to gain thy near - est to mis - plea - sure! What didst thou not vow and trust a feign - ed for - tune That will

5 G Gm F Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm F

swear? tongue. So When didst thou flatt - 'ring rob me of the men our loves im - trea - sure Which so por - tune, They in -

9 **E<sup>b</sup> Cm D G B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F Gm D**

long I held so dear. Now thou prov'st to me a stran-ger,  
tend us deep-est wrong. If this shame of loves be-tray-ing,

8 long I held so dear. Now thou prov'st to me a stran-ger,  
tend us deep-est wrong. If this shame of loves be-tray-ing,

8 long I held so dear. Now thou prov'st to me a stran-ger,  
tend us deep-est wrong. If this shame of loves be-tray-ing,

long I held so dear. Now thou prov'st to me a stran-ger,  
tend us deep-est wrong. If this shame of loves be-tray-ing,

13 **B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> Gm D<sup>sus4</sup> D G**

Such is the vile guise of men, When a wo-man is in dan-ger.  
But this once I clean-ly shun, I will go no more a-may-ing.

8 Such is the vile guise of men, When a wo-man is in dan-ger.  
But this once I clean-ly shun, I will go no more a-may-ing.

8 Such is the vile guise of men, When a wo-man is in dan-ger.  
But this once I clean-ly shun, I will go no more a-may-ing.

Such is the vile guise of men, When a wo-man is in dan-ger.  
But this once I clean-ly shun, I will go no more a-may-ing.

# My lytell prety one

verses 1-2

Anon.  
British Library Additional MS 4900,  
late 15th or early 16th C.

G D Em D G C F#dim G G

My ly - tell pre - ty one, my pre - tie bo - ni one: she is a  
Of suche ther ys no mooe whyther she shall come or goo, to no man

My ly - tell pre - ty one, my pre - tie bo - ni one: she is a  
Of suche ther ys no mooe whyther she shall come or goo, to no man

My ly - tell pre - ty one, my pre - tie bo - ni one: she is a  
Of suche ther ys no mooe whyther she shall come or goo, to no man

My ly - tell pre - ty one, my pre - tie bo - ni one: she is a  
Of suche ther ys no mooe whyther she shall come or goo, to no man

6 D G F#dim Em D Am D G

joy - lie one, and gen - tle as can bee: with a beck  
she is foee that ofte can do or say say with a beck she comse  
with a trype up - on

joy - lie one, and gen - tle as can bee: with a beck  
she is foee that ofte can do or say say with a beck she comse  
with a trype up - on

joy - lie one, and gen - tle as can bee: with a beck  
she is foee that ofte can do or say say with a beck she comse  
with a trype up - on

joy - lie one, and gen - tle as can bee: with a beck  
she is foee that ofte can do or say say with a beck she comse  
with a trype up - on



11

D Am C G G C G D G D

she comse a non: with a wink she wil be - gon,  
up - on her too to a byde or ells to goo

she comse a non: with a wink she wil be - gon,  
up - on her too to a byde or ells to goo

she comse a non: with a wink she wil be - gon,  
up - on her too to a byde or ells to goo

she comse a non: with a wink she wil be - gon,  
up - on her too to a byde or ells to goo

15

G C G Em D C Am Em D G

no dowbte she is a lone of all that e - ver I see.  
as I wyll she wyll so her kynd that hart wyll not de - ney.

no dowbte she is a lone of all that e - ver I see.  
as I wyll she wyll so her kynd that hart wyll not de - ney.

no dowbte she is a lone of all that e - ver I see.  
as I wyll she wyll so her kynd that hart wyll not de - ney.

no dowbte she is a lone of all that e - ver I see.  
as I wyll she wyll so her kynd that hart wyll not de - ney.

# My lytell prety one

verses 3-4

Anon.  
British Library Additional MS 4900,  
late 15th or early 16th C.

G D Em D G C F#dim G G

Her haire as bryght as gold her facse a thou - sen - fould how good - ly  
Now farewell my pre - ty one now farewell my joy - ly one, yo are a

Her haire as bryght as gold her facse a thou - sen - fould how good - ly  
Now farewell my pre - ty one now farewell my joy - ly one, yo are a

Her haire as bryght as gold her facse a thou - sen - fould how good - ly  
Now farewell my pre - ty one now farewell my joy - ly one, yo are a

Her haire as bryght as gold her facse a thou - sen - fould how good - ly  
Now farewell my pre - ty one now farewell my joy - ly one, yo are a

6 D G F#dim Em D Am D G

then be told her fa - vour so good - ly and her eye  
joc - conde one and me - ry as can ly be, A my harte

then be told her fa - vour so good - ly and her eye  
joc - conde one and me - ry as can ly be, A my harte

then be told her fa - vour so good - ly and her eye  
joc - conde one and me - ry as can ly be, A my harte

then be told her fa - vour so good - ly and her eye so low - ly  
joc - conde one and me - ry as can ly be, A my harte ys woo be

11

D Am C G G C G D G D

so low - ly colde  
ys woo - ly be gon

that no man but I  
to de - parte frowe my

trowe he Wolde  
bo - ny one

so low - ly colde  
ys woo - ly be gon

that no man but I  
to de - parte frowe my

trowe he Wolde  
bo - ny one

so low - ly colde  
ys woo - ly be gon

that no man but I  
to de - parte frowe my

trowe he Wolde  
bo - ny one

so low - ly colde  
ys woo - ly be gon

that no man but I  
to de - parte frowe my

trowe he Wolde  
bo - ny one

15

G C G Em D C Am Em D G

hymself a vaunce to be bolde for to crave her com - pa - ney.  
no doute she ys a lone of all that ev - er I sawe.

hymself a vaunce to be bolde for to crave her com - pa - ney.  
no doute she ys a lone of all that ev - er I sawe.

hymself a vaunce to be bolde for to crave her com - pa - ney.  
no doute she ys a lone of all that ev - er I sawe.

hymself a vaunce to be bolde for to crave her com - pa - ney.  
no doute she ys a lone of all that ev - er I sawe.

# My Mistres is as faire as fine

John Bennett (c. 1575–after 1614)

*A Briefe Discourse*, 1614

Thomas Ravenscroft (c.1582-c.1635)

C G D C F C G C C F

My Mis - tres is as  
My heart is like a

faire as fine, as  
Ball of Snowe, a

faire as fine, My  
Ball of Snowe, My

My Mis - tres is as  
My heart is like a

faire as fine, as  
Ball of Snowe, a

faire as fine, My  
Ball of Snowe, My

My Mis - tres is as  
My heart is like a

My Mis - tres is as  
My heart is like a

6 C G C G Em G D G G Dm

faire as fine, milk  
Ball of Snowe, melt

white fin - gers,  
- ing at her

Cher - ry nose, like  
luke - warme sight: Her

like twinck - ling  
Her fier - y Lips like

faire as fine, milk  
Ball of Snowe, melt

white fin - gers,  
- ing at her

Cher - ry nose, like  
luke - warme sight: Her

twinck - ling day - starres  
fier - y Lips like

tres is as  
is like a

faire as fine, like twinck - - - ling day -  
Ball of Snowe, Her fier - - - - y Lips

10 Dm C G C Dm F G C

day - starres lookes her eyne, light - ning all things where she goes,  
Lips like Night - worms glowe shin - ing cleere as Can - dle - light.

looks her eyne, light - ning all thinges where she goes, Faire as Phoe - be  
Night - worms glowe shin - ing cleere as Can - dle - light. Neat she is,

looks her eyne, light - ning all thinges where she goes, Faire as  
Night - worms glowe shin - ing cleere as Can - dle - light. Neat

- starres lookes her eyne, light - ning all - - - thinges Faire as  
like Night - worms glowe cleere as Can - dle - - - light. Neat she

14 C Dm C G F C G

Faire as Phoe - be though not so fick - le: Smooth as glasse though not so brick - le.  
Neat she is, no Fea - ther - light - er: Bright she is, no Da - zie whit - er.

Faire as Phoe - be though not so fick - le: Smooth as glasse though not so brick - le.  
Neat she is, no Fea - ther - light - er: Bright she is, no Da - zie whit - er.

Phoe - be though not so fick - le: Smooth as glasse though not so brick - le.  
she is, no Fea - ther - light - er: Bright Bright she is, no Da - zie whit - er.

Phoe - - - be though not so fick - le: Smooth as glasse though not so brick - le.  
is, no Fea - ther - light - er: Bright she is, no Da - zie whit - er.

# My mistress sings no other song

verses 1-3

Robert Jones (fl.1597-1615)

*the First Booke of*

*Songes & Ayres, 1600*

G G Am G Am D G

My mis - tress sings no o - ther song,  
And now she swears I did but what?  
But wo - men's words they are heed - - - less,

My mis - tress sings no o - - - ther song,  
And now she swears I did but but heed - less,  
But wo - men's words they are heed - - - less,

My mis - tress sings no o - ther song,  
And now she swears I did but what?  
But wo - men's words they are heed - - - less,

My mis - tress sings no o - ther song,  
And now she swears I did but what?  
But wo - men's words they are heed - - - less,

5 F C C G Am E sus4 E A G C

But still com - plains I did her wrong. Be - lieve her  
Nay, nay, I must not tell you that. And yet I  
To tell you more it is need - less. I ran and

But still com - plains I did her wrong. Be - lieve her  
Nay, nay, I must not tell you that. And yet I  
To tell you more it is need - less. I ran and

But still com - plains I did her wrong. Be - lieve her  
Nay, nay, I must not tell you that. And yet I  
To tell you more it is need - less. I ran and

But still com - plains I did her wrong. Be - lieve her  
Nay, nay, I must not tell you that. And yet I  
To tell you more it is need - less. I ran and

10

D Dm Em D G C G

not, will, caught it her was is by not so the so, sweet arm, I did but As te - he, And then I kiss her, ta - ha, kiss'd her:

not, will, caught it her was is by not so the so, sweet arm, I did but As te - he, And then I kiss her, ta - ha, kiss'd her:

not, will, caught it her was is by not so the so, sweet arm, I did but As te - he, And then I kiss her, ta - ha, kiss'd her:

not, will, caught it her was is by not so the so, sweet arm, I did but As te - he, And then I kiss her, ta - ha, kiss'd her:

15

Am G A G G D G

I did but kiss her and let her go.  
As te - he, kiss her and lo - vers meet.  
And then I kiss'd her: this was no harm.

I did but kiss her and let her go.  
As te - he, kiss her and lo - vers meet.  
And then I kiss'd her: this was no harm.

I did but kiss her and let her go.  
As te - he, kiss her and lo - vers meet.  
And then I kiss'd her: this was no harm.

I did but kiss her and let her go.  
As te - he, kiss her and lo - vers meet.  
And then I kiss'd her: this was no harm.

# My mistress sings no other song

verses 4-5

Robert Jones (fl.1597-1615)

*the First Booke of*

*Songes & Ayres, 1600*

Chords: G G Am G Am D G

But she, a - las, is an - gry still,  
Yet sure her looks be - wrays con - - - tent,

But she, a - las, is an - gry still,  
Yet sure her looks be - wrays con - - - tent,

But she, a - las, is an - gry still,  
Yet sure her looks be - wrays con - - - tent,

But she, a - las, is an - gry still,  
Yet sure her looks be - wrays con - - - tent,

Chords: F C C G Am E sus4 E A G C

Which show - eth but a wo - man's will. She bites the  
And cun - ning - ly her brawls are meant, As lo - vers

Which show - eth but a wo - man's will. She bites the  
And cun - ning - ly her brawls are meant, As lo - vers

Which show - eth but a wo - man's will. She bites the  
And cun - ning - ly her brawls are meant, As lo - vers

Which show - eth but a wo - man's will. She bites the  
And cun - ning - ly her brawls are meant, As lo - vers



10

D Dm Em D G C G

lip use and to cries play fie, and fie, sport And kiss - ing and sweet - ly, lei - sure, When time and lei - - sure,

lip use and to cries play fie, and fie, sport And kiss - ing and sweet - ly, lei - - sure,

lip use and to cries play fie, and fie, sport And kiss - ing and sweet - ly, lei - sure, When time and lei - - sure,

lip use and to cries play fie, and fie, sport And kiss - ing and sweet - ly, lei - sure, When time and lei - - sure,

15

Am G A G G D G

And kiss - ing and sweet - ly a - way she doth fly. When time and lei - sure is too too too doth too short. fly. short. fly. short. fly. short. fly. short.

And kiss - ing and sweet - ly a - way she doth fly. When time and lei - sure is too too too doth too short. fly. short. fly. short. fly. short. fly. short.

And kiss - ing and sweet - ly a - way she doth fly. When time and lei - sure is too too too doth too short. fly. short. fly. short. fly. short. fly. short.

And kiss - ing and sweet - ly a - way she doth fly. When time and lei - sure is too too too doth too short. fly. short. fly. short. fly. short. fly. short.

# My sweetest Lesbia

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

*A Booke of Ayres*, 1601

Philip Rosseter(1567 or 8-1623)

1

G D G D C F G D

My swee - test Les - - bia, let us live and love,  
 If all would lead their lives in love like mee,  
 When time - ly death my life and for - tune ends,

3

G Am G D C G D

And though the sa - ger and sort our deedes re - - prove,  
 Then blou - die swords and ar - mour should not be,  
 Let not my hearse be vext with mour - ning friends,

6

Am D Em D D Am G D Em G D Em

Let us not way them: heav'ns great lampes doe dive In - to their  
 No drum nor trum - pet peace - ful sleepes should move, Un - les a -  
 But let all lo - vers rich in tri - umph come, And with sweet

9

D Em D G C D G G C G

west, and straight a - gaine re vive, But soone as once set  
 lar'me and came from the campe of love: love: But fooles do live, and  
 pas - times grace my hap - pie tombe; And Les - bia close up

13

C Am D G G C D G

is our lit - tle light, Then must we sleepe one  
 wast their lit - tle light, light, And seeke with paine love their  
 thou my lit - tle light, And crown with love my

16

D Am G D C D G D G

e - ver - du - ring night, e - - - ver - du - ring night.  
 e - ver - du - ring night, e - - - ver - du - ring night.  
 e - ver - du - ring night, e - - - ver - du - ring night.

# My Thing is my Own

anon., *Wit and Mirth: or  
Pills to Purge Melancholy*,  
Thomas D'urfey, 1719-1720

D D A G

I a ten - der young Maid have been court - ed by many, Of  
A sweet scent - ed cour - tier did give me a kiss, And  
A fine Man of Law did come out of the Strand, To

3 D G D A D D

all sort and Trades as e - ver was any: A spruce Ha - ber - dash - er first  
pro - mis'd me moun - tains if I would be his, But I'll not be - lieve him, for  
plead his own case with his fee in his hand; He made a brave mo - tion but

6 A G D G D A D

spake me fair; But I would have no - thing to do with Small ware. My  
it is too true, Some cour - tiers do pro - mise much more than they do.  
that would not do, For I did dis - miss him and non - suit him too.

9      D      A      D                      D      G      D      D                      D      D      A      D

thing is my Own, and I'll keep it so still, Yet o-ther young lass-es may do what they will. My

13      G      D                      G      D                      G      D      G      D      A      D

thing is my Own, and I'll keep it so still, Yet o-ther young lasses may do what they will.

Next came a young fellow, a notable spark,  
 With green bag and ink-horn, a Justice's clerk.  
 He pull'd out his warrant to make all appear,  
 But I sent him away with a flea in his ear.

A Master of Musick came with an intent,  
 To give me a lesson on my instrument,  
 I thank'd him for nothing, but bid him be gone,  
 For my little fiddle should not be plaid on.

An Usurer came with abundance of cash,  
 But I had no mind to come under his lash,  
 He profer'd me jewels, and great store of gold,  
 But I would not mortgage my little Free-hold.

A blunt Lieutenant surpriz'd my placket,  
 And fiercely began to rifle and sack it,  
 I mustered my spirits up and became bold,  
 And forc'd my Lieutenant to quit his strong hold.

A crafty young bumpkin that was very rich,  
 And us'd with his bargains to go thro' stitch,  
 Did tender a sum, but it would not avail,  
 That I should admit him my tenant in tayl.

A fine dapper taylor, with a yard in his hand  
 Did profer his service to be at command  
 He talk'd of a slit I had above knee,  
 But I'll have no taylors to stitch it for me.

A Gentleman that did talk much of his grounds  
 His Horses, his Setting-Dogs, and his greyhounds  
 Put in for a Course, and us'd all his art  
 But he mist of the Sport, for Puss would not start.

A pretty young Squire new come to the town  
 To empty his Pockets, and so to go down,  
 Did profer a kindness, but I would have none  
 The same that he us'd to his mother's maid, Joan.

Now here I could reckon a hundred and more  
 Besides all the Gamesters recited before  
 That made their addresses in hopes of a snap  
 But as young as I was I understood trap.  
 My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still  
 Until I be married, say men what they will.

# My true love hath my hart

verses 1-3: Charita's Song

Sir Philip Sidney (1554-86)

BL Add. MS 15117

c.1614-1630

Chords: D D A D G A D G A D G

My true love hath my hart, and I have his, By just ex -  
His hart in me, keeps me and him in one, My hart in  
His hart his wound re - cea - ved from my sight: My hart was

7 C Am G C D G Am C D G G

change, one for the o - ther giv'ne. I holde his deare,  
him, his thoughtes and sen - ses guides: He loves my hart,  
wound - ed, with his wound - ed hart, For as from me,

14 C Am D G Am G Am E A D Am C

I holde his deare, and myne he can - not misse: There ne - ver  
He loves my hart, for once it was his owne: I cher - ish  
for as from me, on him his hurt did light, So still me

21 D A G D A D Am D G

was a bet - ter bar - gaine driv'ne. Both e - quall hurt, in  
 his, be - cause in me it did smart: bides. hurt, in  
 thought in me his hurt did

28 Am Dm E A D Am D Am G C D G

this change sought our blisse: My true love hath my true love

35 Am Em G D Am G D A D

hath my hart my hart my hart and I have his.

# My true love hath my hart

verses 4-6: Dametas's reply

Sir Philip Sidney (1554-86)

BL Add. MS 15117

c.1614-1630

D D A D G A D G A D G

O words that fall like summer dew on me, O breath more  
Gay haire, more fall gay than straw when har - vest lies. Lips red and  
But thou white skin, as white as curds well pressed, So smooth as

7 C Am G C D G Am C D G G

sweet, than is the grow - ing beane; O tongue in which,  
plump, as cher - ry's rud - die side. Eyes fair and great,  
sleek stone, like it smooths each part: And thou dear flesh,

14 C Am D G Am G Am E A D Am C

O tongue in eyes fair and and thou dear which great flesh,  
all ho - neyed like fair great as soft as li - quors ox - es' wool new  
be, eyes; dressed. O voyce that O breast in And yet as



21

D A G D A D Am D G

doth the thrush in shrill - nesse staine; Doe you say still, this  
 which two white sheep swell in pride, Joyne you with me, to  
 hard as brawn made hard by art: First four but say, next

28

Am Dm E A D Am D Am G C D G

is her pro - mise due That she is mine, that she is  
 seal this pro - mise due seal. That she be mine, that she be  
 four their say - ing seal. But you must pay, but you must

35

Am Em G D Am G D A D

mine, as I as I as I to her am true.  
 mine as I as I as I to her am true.  
 pay the gage the gage the gage of pro - mis'd weal.

# Neptunes raging fury

OR, The Gallant Seamans Sufferings.

Martin Parker (c.1600-c.1656)  
tune: "The Valiant Sailor"

G G D C G D G C D G

You Gen - tle - men of Eng - land that lives at home at ease, Full  
 All you that will be Sea - men, must bear a va - liant heart, For  
 The bit - ter storms and tem - pests poor Sea - men must en - dure, Both  
 In Claps of ro - ring thun - der which dark - nesse doth en - force, We

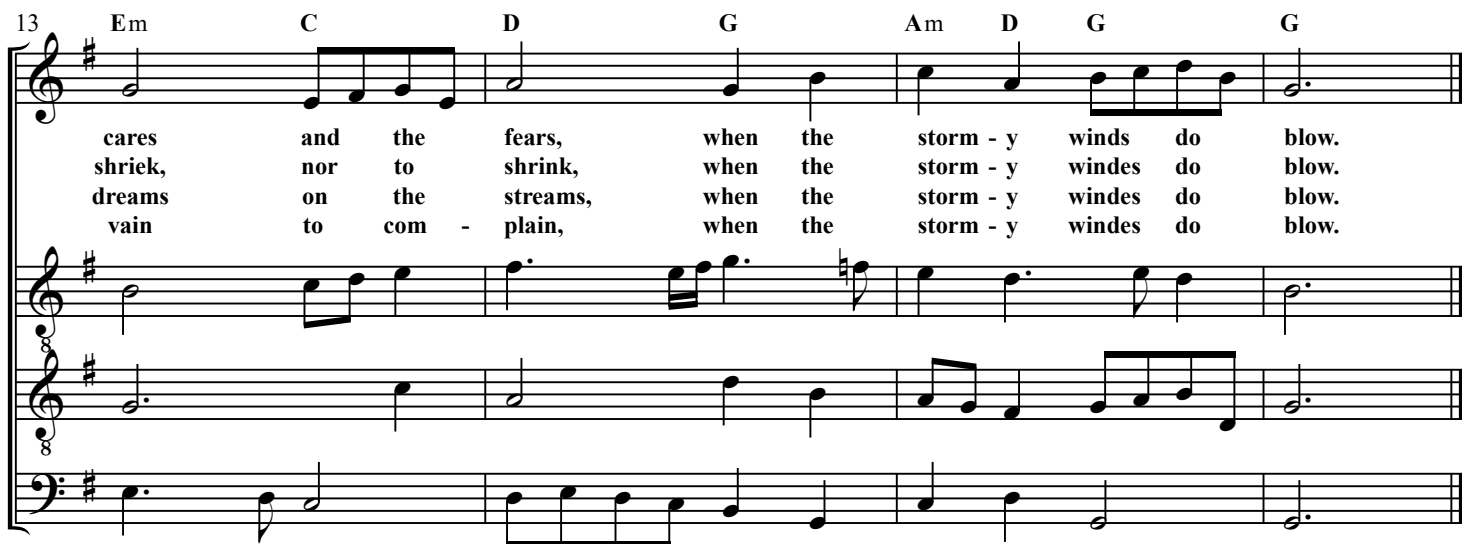
5 G D G G D G C D G Dm

li - tle do you think up - on the dan - gers of the Seas: Give  
 when you come up - on the Seas you must not think to start: Nor  
 day & night, with many a fright, we sel - dome rest se - cure; Our  
 of - ten finde our ships to stray be - yond our wont - ed course; Which

9 Am C D Em Am D

ear un - to the Mar - ri - ners, and they will plain - ly show, The  
 once to be faint - heart - ed in Haile, Rain or Snow, Nor to  
 sleep it is dis - turb - ed, with vi - sions strange to know, And with  
 cau - seth great dis - trac - tions, and sinks our hearts full low, Tis in

13      Em                      C                      D                      G                      Am      D                      G                      G



cares and the fears, when the storm - y winds do blow.  
 shriek, nor to shrink, when the storm - y windes do blow.  
 dreams on the streams, when the storm - y windes do blow.  
 vain to com - plain, when the storm - y windes do blow.

Sometimes in Neptunes bosome,  
 Our ships is tost in waves,  
 And every man expecting  
 the Sea to be their graves:  
 Then up a loft she mounteth,  
 and down again so low:  
 'Tis with waves, O with waves,  
 when the stormy winds doe blow.

Then down we fall to our prayers,  
 With all our might and thought  
 When refuge all doth faile us,  
 Tis that must bear us out;  
 To God we call for succour,  
 For he it is we know  
 That must aid us, and save us  
 When the stormy windes doe blow.

THE SECOND PART, TO THE SAME TUNE

The Lawyer and the Usurer,  
 That sits in Gowns of Firr,  
 In Closets warm, can take no harm,  
 Abroad they need not stirr,  
 When winter fierce with cold doth pierce  
 And beats with Haile and Snow,  
 We are sure to endure,  
 When the stormy windes doe blow.

When Tempests are blown over  
 And greatest fears are past;  
 In weather faire, and temperate aire  
 We straight lye down to rest;  
 But when the Billows tumble,  
 And waves doe furious grow:  
 Then we rowse, up we rowse,  
 When the stormy windes doe blow.

Then Courage all brave Marriners,  
 And never be dismaid,  
 Whilst we have bold Adventurers  
 We ne'er shall want a trade:  
 Our Merchants will imploy us,  
 To fetch them wealth I know:  
 Then to be bold, work for Gold,  
 When the stormy windes doe blow.

We bring home costly Merchandize  
 And Jewels of great price,  
 To serve our English Gallantrie,  
 With many a rare device,  
 To please the Noble Gentry  
 Our pains we freely show,  
 For we toyle, and we moyle,  
 When the stormy windes doe blow.

If Enemies oppose us,  
 When England is at Wars  
 With any forreign Nations  
 We fear not wounds and Scars:  
 Our roring Guns shall teach them  
 Our valour for to know,  
 Whilst they reele, in the Keele,  
 When the stormy windes doe blow.

When we return in safety,  
 With wages for our pains:  
 The Tapster and the Vintener  
 Will help to share our gains:  
 Wee'le call for liquor roundly,  
 And pay before we goe;  
 Then we'le rore, on the shore,  
 When the stormy windes doe blow.

We sometimes saile to th' Indies,  
 To fetch home Spices rare:  
 Sometimes again to France & Spain  
 For wines beyond compare,  
 Whilst Gallants are carousing  
 In Taverns on a row;  
 Then we sweep o'er the deep,  
 When the stormy windes doe blow.

We are no Cowardly shrinkers,  
 But English-men true bred  
 We'le play our parts, like valiant hearts  
 And never fly for dread:  
 We'le ply our business nimbly  
 When ere we come or go,  
 With our mates, to the straits,  
 When the stormy windes doe blow.

FINIS.

# Never weather-beaten Saile

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)  
*the First Booke of Ayres*, 1613

G D C D G C D C Dsus4 D G G D

Ne - ver wea - ther beat - en Saile more will - ing bent to shore, Ne - ver tyr - ed  
 Ev - er - bloom - ing are the joyes of Heav'ns high pa - ra - dice, Cold age deafes not

Ne - ver wea - ther beat - en Saile more will - ing bent to shore, Ne - ver tyr - ed  
 Ev - er - bloom - ing are the joyes of Heav'ns high pa - ra - dice, Cold age deafes not

Ne - ver wea - ther beat - en Saile more will - ing bent to shore, Ne - ver tyr - ed  
 Ev - er - bloom - ing are the joyes of Heav'ns high pa - ra - dice, Cold age deafes not

Ne - ver wea - ther - beat - en Saile more will - ing bent to shore, Ne - ver tyr - ed  
 Ev - er - bloom - ing are the joyes of Heav'ns high pa - ra - dice, Cold age deafes not

6 C D G C D G Dsus4 D G G D C Bm A D

Pil - grims limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber more; Then my wea - ry spright now longs to  
 there our eares, nor vap - our dims our eyes; Glo - ry there the Sun out - shines, whose

Pil - grims limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber more; Then my wea - ry spright now longs to  
 there our eares, nor vap - our dims our eyes; Glo - ry there the Sun out - shines, whose

Pil - grims limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber more; Then my wea - ry spright now longs to  
 there our eares, nor vap - our dims our eyes; Glo - ry there the Sun out - shines, whose

Pil - grims limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber more; Then my wea - ry spright now longs to  
 there our eares, nor vap - our dims our eyes; Glo - ry there the Sun out - shines, whose

11

G C D G D G D C D G D

flye out of my trou - bled brest. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,  
beames the bles - sed one - ly see. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,

flye out of my trou - bled brest. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,  
beames the bles - sed one - ly see. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,

flye out of my trou - bled brest. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,  
beames the bles - sed one - ly see. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,

flye out of my trou - bled brest. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,  
beames the bles - sed one - ly see. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,

15

G Am D G C C G Dsus4 D G

O come quick - ly sweet - est Lord, and take my soule to rest.  
O come quick - ly glor - ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

O come quick - ly sweet - est Lord, and take my soule to rest.  
O come quick - ly glor - ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

O come quick - ly sweet - est Lord, and take my soule to rest.  
O come quick - ly glor - ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

O come quick - ly sweet - est Lord, and take my soule to rest.  
O come quick - ly glor - ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

# Newes from Hollands Leager

Lawrence Price, 1632  
tune: "Canons are roaring"

C C G D G C G D G

You that de - sire newes, list to my sto - ry; Some it will make to muse,  
Such En - signes were dis - plaid to a - maze Hol - land The like hath sel - dome been,  
Though ma - ny sought to in - vade the strong I - land, And stra - ta - gems de - vided

7 C G C C C G D G

some will be sor - ry, Some will re - joyce there - at, o - thers will won - der,  
I thinke in no land. From ma - ny parts there hath gal - lants re - sort - ed;  
by sea and by land, Ru - mors were spred a - broad, fames Trum - pet sound - ing,

13 C G D G C G C C G C G

To see the barke and tree part - ed a - sun - der. This of a cer - taine for  
Be - cause the fame there - of they heard re - port - ed: Yet some their la - bour lost,  
Their Scence so firme - ly stood, they fear'd no wound - ing: But yet for all their pompe,

19 C G C G C G C G C

truth it is spo-ken, That Hol-lands Lea-ger, up late-ly is bro-ken.  
 for it is spo-ken, That Hol-lands Lea-ger, up late-ly is bro-ken.  
 thus it is spo-ken, That Hol-lands Lea-ger, up late-ly is bro-ken.

Bulworkes and batteries  
 and other fences  
 Duly mainteined  
 the Iland expences:  
 Store of musition,  
 and all things at pleasure,  
 Fit for this company  
 gold and rich treasure  
 They had at her command  
 yet it is spoken,  
 That Hollands Leager  
 is lately up broken.

Now since the Leager broke  
 and they are excluded  
 The chiefe Commander  
 by fate is subdued,  
 Those that did them assault  
 thought it small purchase,  
 The Lion scornes to prey  
 on a dead carkas.  
 This we heare certainly  
 by many spoken,  
 That Hollands Leager  
 is lately up broken.

All those that used to  
 frequent this border  
 Are backe retired for  
 there's a new order:  
 That none shall thither come  
 to worke a violence,  
 Great and small, high and low,  
 all must keepe silence,  
 For it is  
 by many spoken,  
 that Hollands Leager  
 is lately up broken.

Yet younster arme your selves,  
 here comes new tidings  
 Although the Campe be broke,  
 for their abidings,  
 They have a refuge found,  
 that can defend them.  
 Drummes, pikes and musketers  
 doth there attend them  
 Then bravely march along,  
 gallants in clusters,  
 Arrive at Bewdly,  
 where they keep their musters.

There frontgarded is  
 with such strong forces  
 Only they left behind  
 some certaine Horses,  
 Yet for a trifle  
 they will not be daunted,  
 When once their Colors  
 o'th' wall is advanced.  
 Feare to march away,  
 gallants in clusters,  
 To Bewdly heigh, where  
 they keep their musters.

Now if my newes in  
 this song may content you,  
 Buy it and try it  
 and never repent you,  
 For your recreation  
 in love I have pend it:  
 Trusting no creature I  
 have here offended,  
 With telling of the newes  
 which I heard spoken,  
 That Hollands Leager  
 is lately up broken.

# No more shall meads be deck'd with flow'rs

verses 1 & 2

Thomas Carew

(1594?-1640)

Nicholas Lanier (1588-1666)

1

G D Em D G Bm Em A D

No more shall meads be deck'd with flow'rs Nor sweet-ness like the ro - sy bow'rs

No more shall meads be deck'd with flow'rs Nor sweet-ness like the ro - sy bow'rs

No more shall meads be deck'd with flow'rs Nor sweet-ness like the ro - sy bow'rs

No more shall meads be deck'd with flow'rs Nor sweet-ness like the ro - sy bow'rs

5

G Am Bm Bm D G G D A D G D

nor choi-cest buds on bran-ches spring Nor war-bling birds de - light to sing Nor A-prile vio - lets

nor choi-cest buds on bran-ches spring Nor war-bling birds de - light to sing Nor A-prile vio - lets

nor choi-cest buds on bran-ches spring Nor war-bling birds de - light to sing Nor A-prile vio - lets

nor choi-cest buds on bran-ches spring Nor war-bling birds de - light to sing Nor A-prile vio - lets

10

Em A D D G Am Am E A G G D G

paint the grove, When e'er I leave my Ce - lia's love, When e'er I leave my Ce - lia's love.

paint the grove, When e'er I leave my Ce - lia's love, When e'er I leave my Ce - lia's love.

paint the grove, When e'er I leave my Ce - lia's love, When e'er I leave my Ce - lia's love.

paint the grove, When e'er I leave my Ce - lia's love, When e'er I leave my Ce - lia's love.



15 G D Em D G D Em A D

The fish shall in the o - cean burn, and foun-tains sweet shall bit - ter turn,

The fish shall in the o - cean burn, and foun-tains sweet shall bit - ter turn,

The fish shall in the o - cean burn, and foun-tains sweet shall bit - ter turn,

The fish shall in the o - cean burn, and foun-tains sweet shall bit - ter turn,

19 G Bm D G G D Em Em A D G D

the hum-ble vale no floods shall know; When floods shall high - est hills o'er-flow, Black Le-the shall o -

the hum-ble vale no floods shall know; When floods shall high - est hills o'er-flow, Black Le-the shall o -

the hum-ble vale no floods shall know; When floods shall high - est hills o'er-flow, Black Le-the shall o -

the hum-ble vale no floods shall know; When floods shall high - est hills o'er-flow, Black Le-the shall o -

24 D A D D Am Am E A G D G D G

bli - vion leave, Be - fore my Ce - lia I de - ceive, Be - fore my Ce - lia I de - ceive.

bli - vion leave, Be - fore my Ce - lia I de - ceive, Be - fore my Ce - lia I de - ceive.

bli - vion leave, Be - fore my Ce - lia I de - ceive, Be - fore my Ce - lia I de - ceive.

bli - vion leave, Be - fore my Ce - lia I de - ceive, Be - fore my Ce - lia I de - ceive.

# No more shall meads be deck'd with flow'rs

verses 3 & 4

Thomas Carew

(1594?-1640)

Nicholas Lanier (1588-1666)

29

G D Em D G Bm A D

Love shall his bow and shafts lay by and Ve-nus' doves want wings to fly,  
Love shall his bow and shafts lay by and Ve-nus' doves want wings to fly,  
Love shall his bow and shafts lay by and Ve-nus' doves want wings to fly,  
Love shall his bow and shafts lay by and Ve-nus' doves want wings to fly,

33

G Am G C D G G D Em D G D

The sun re-fuse to show his light, and day shall then be turn'd to night. and in that night no  
The sun re-fuse to show his light, and day shall then be turn'd to night. and in that night no  
The sun re-fuse to show his light, and day shall then be turn'd to night. and in that night no  
The sun re-fuse to show his light, and day shall then be turn'd to night. and in that night no

38

A D D Am E A G C D G

stars ap-pear When-e'er I leave my Ce-lia dear, When-e'er I leave my Ce-lia dear.  
stars ap-pear When-e'er I leave my Ce-lia dear, When-e'er I leave my Ce-lia dear.  
stars ap-pear When-e'er I leave my Ce-lia dear, When-e'er I leave my Ce-lia dear.  
stars ap-pear When-e'er I leave my Ce-lia dear, When-e'er I leave my Ce-lia dear.

43 G D A D G Bm A D

Love shall no more in - ha - bit earth, Nor lo - vers more shall love for worth, Nor

Love shall no more in - ha - bit earth, Nor lo - vers more shall love for worth, Nor

Love shall no more in - ha - bit earth, Nor lo - vers more shall love for worth, Nor

Love shall no more in - ha - bit earth, Nor lo - vers more shall love for worth, Nor

47 G Am G C D G G D A D G D

joy a - bove in hea - ven dwell, Nor pain tor - ment poor souls in hell, grim death no more shall

joy a - bove in hea - ven dwell, Nor pain tor - ment poor souls in hell, grim death no more shall

joy a - bove in hea - ven dwell, Nor pain tor - ment poor souls in hell, grim death no more shall

joy a - bove in hea - ven dwell, Nor pain tor - ment poor souls in hell, grim death no more shall

52 A D D Am Am E A G C D G

hor - rid prove When - e'er I leave bright Ce - lia's love, When - e'er I leave bright Ce - lia's love.

hor - rid prove When - e'er I leave bright Ce - lia's love, When - e'er I leave bright Ce - lia's love.

hor - rid prove When - e'er I leave bright Ce - lia's love, When - e'er I leave bright Ce - lia's love.

hor - rid prove When - e'er I leave bright Ce - lia's love, When - e'er I leave bright Ce - lia's love.

# The Northern Lasses lamentation, or The unhappy Maids Misfortune

Martin Parker  
(c.1600-c.1656)  
tune: "Goddesses"

Chords: Gm Gm F

A Fain North Coun - trey Lass up to Lon - don did pass though  
would I be in the North Coun - trey, Where the

3 Chords: Gm D Gm Gm

with her Na - ture it did not a - gree which made her re - pent and so  
ladds and the lass - es are mak - ing of hay there should I see what is

6 Chords: F Gm D

oft - en La - ment, still wish - ing a - gain in the North for to be,  
plea - sant to me A Mis chief light on them hath in - tic'd me a - way.

8 Gm B $\flat$  F Gm Dm

O the Oak, the Ash, and the bon - ny I - vy Tree, Doth flou - rish at home in my

12 Gm B $\flat$  F Gm Dm Gm

own Coun-try. O the Oak, the Ash, and the bon-ny I - vy Tree, Doth flou - rish at home in my own Coun-try.

Since that I came forth of the pleasant North,  
 Ther's nothing delightful I see doth abound,  
 they never can be half so merry as we  
 When we are a dancing of Sellingers round,

I like not the Court nor the City resort,  
 Since there is no fancy for such maids as me,  
 their pomp and their pride I can never abide  
 Because with my humour it doth not agree

How oft have I been On the Westmorland green,  
 Where the young men and Maidens resort for to play,  
 where we with delight from morning till night  
 Could feast it and frolick on each holliday

A Milking to go All the Maids on a row  
 It was a fine sight and pleasant to see,  
 but here in the City, they are void of pittty  
 There is no injoyment of Liberty,

When I had the heart from my friends to depart,  
 I thought I should be a Lady at last  
 but now do I find that it troubles my mind,  
 Because that my joyes and my pleasures are past,

The yews and the Lambs With the kids and their Damms  
 To see in the Country how finely they play  
 the Bells they do ring and the Birds they do sing  
 And the fields and the gardens so pleasant and gay.

At Wakes and at Fairs Being void of all cares,  
 we there with our Lovers did use for to dance,  
 Then hard hap had I my ill fortune to try  
 And so up to London my steps to advance,

Yet still I perceive I a husband might have  
 If I to the City my mind could but frame;  
 but i'le have a Lad that is North Country bred  
 Or else i'le not marry inth' mind that I am,

A maiden I am and a maid i'le remain  
 Until my own Countrey again I do see  
 for here in this place I shall ner' see the face  
 Of him that's allotted my Love for to be,

Then farewell my Daddy And farewell my Mammy,  
 Until I do see you I nothing but mourn  
 Remembring my Brothers my Sisters & others,  
 In less than a year I hope to return.  
 Then the Oak, and the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,  
 I shall see them at home in my own Countrey.

# Now Cupid looke about thee

Thomas Robinson (fl. 1589-1609)

*New Citharen Lessons*, 1609

2nd verse: Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618)

D G C D Em D Em C#dim D G D

Now Tell Cupid looke about thee, thy king-dome is de cay - ing: young zeale it wants de - vo - tion; Tell love it is but lust; Tell

Now Tell Cupid looke about thee, thy king-dome is de cay - ing: young zeale it wants de - vo - tion; Tell love it is but lust; Tell

Now Tell Cupid looke about thee, thy king-dome is de cay - ing: young zeale it wants de - vo - tion; Tell love it is but lust; Tell

Now Tell Cupid looke about thee, thy king-dome is de cay - ing: young zeale it wants de - vo - tion; Tell love it is but lust; Tell

5 Em C D D G C B min G D G

men be - ginne to flout thee, and turne their deeds to say - ing, time it meets but mo - tion; Tell flesh it is but dust.

men be - ginne to flout thee, and turne their deeds to say - ing, time it meets but mo - tion; Tell flesh it is but dust. in And

men be - ginne to flout thee, and turne their deeds to say - ing, time it meets but mo - tion; Tell flesh it is but dust.

men be - ginne to flout thee, and turne their deeds to say - ing, time it meets but mo - tion; Tell flesh it is but dust.

8

G C G C G Am G

in And men wish there them is not no re - pas - - - sion, love for  
 plye, for

men wish there them is not in And men wish there them is not no re - pas - sion, love for  
 plye, for

there them is not re - pas - sion, for  
 plye, for

in And men wish there them is not no re - pas - sion, love for  
 plye, for

11

Am Em Am D 1. G 2. G

is thou so must out give of the fash - ion. fash - ion.  
 lye. lye.

is thou so must out give of the fash - ion. in fash - ion.  
 lye. lye.

love is so must out give of the fash - ion. fash - ion.  
 thou must give the lye. lye.

is thou so must out give of the fash - ion. fash - ion.  
 lye. lye.

# Now hath Flora rob'd her bowers

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)  
*The Discription  
of a Maske ...*, 1607

verse 1

G      C      G      Dsus4   D   G      G      C   G      Am   E   A

Now hath Flo - ra rob'd her bowers To be - frend this place with flowers;  
Flowers with Bri - dalls well a - gree, Fresh as Brides, and Brid - gromes be,

Now hath Flo - ra rob'd her bowers To be - frend this place with flowers;  
Flowers with Bri - dalls well a - gree, Fresh as Brides, and Brid - gromes be,

Now hath Flo - ra rob'd her bowers To be - frend this place with flowers;  
Flowers with Bri - dalls well a - gree, Fresh as Brides, and Brid - gromes be,

Now hath Flo - ra rob'd her bowers To be - frend this place with flowers;  
Flowers with Bri - dalls well a - gree, Fresh as Brides, and Brid - gromes be,

5      G      C      Am      D      Bm      D      G      Dsus4 D      G

Strowe a - bout, strowe a-boute, The Skye rayn'd ne - ver kind - lyer Showers.  
Strowe a - bout, strowe a-boute, And mixe them with fit me - lo - die.

Strowe a - bout, strowe a-boute, The Skye rayn'd ne - ver kind - lyer Showers.  
Strowe a - bout, strowe a-boute, And mixe them with fit me - lo - die.

Strowe a - bout, strowe a-boute, The Skye rayn'd ne - ver kind - lyer Showers.  
Strowe a - bout, strowe a-boute, And mixe them with fit me - lo - die.

Strowe a - bout, strowe a-boute, The Skye rayn'd ne - ver kind - lyer Showers.  
Strowe a - bout, strowe a-boute, And mixe them with fit me - lo - die.



9 C F D G Em C G C F Dm A

Earth hath no Prince - lier flowers Then Ro - ses white, and Ro - ses

Earth hath no Prince - lier flowers Then Ro - ses white, and Ro - ses

Earth hath no Prince - lier flowers Then Ro - ses white, and Ro - ses

Earth hath no Prince - lier flowers Then Ro - ses white, and Ro - ses

13 D G Em C Dm Am Esus4 E A G

red, But they must still be min - gl - ed. And as a Rose new

red, But they must still be min - gl - ed. And as a Rose new

red, But they must still be min - gl - ed. And as a Rose new

red, But they must still be min - gl - ed. And as a Rose new

17 Am Em G D G D Bm Em G C D G

pluckt from Ve - nus thorne So doth a Bride her Bride - grooms bed a - dorne.

pluckt from Ve - nus thorne So doth a Bride her Bride - grooms bed a - dorne.

pluckt from Ve - nus thorne So doth a Bride her Bride - grooms bed a - dorne.

pluckt from Ve - nus thorne So doth a Bride her Bride - grooms bed a - dorne.

**Now hath Flora rob'd her bowers** Thomas Campion (1567-1620)  
*verse 2* *The Discription  
of a Maske ...*, 1607

G            C            G            Dsus4    D            G            G            C            G            Am    E            A

Di - vers di - vers Flowers af - fect For some pri - vate deare res - pect,  
But hees none of Flo - ras friend That will not the Rose com - mend.

Di - vers di - vers Flowers af - fect For some pri - vate deare res - pect,  
But hees none of Flo - ras friend That will not the Rose com - mend.

Di - vers di - vers Flowers af - fect For some pri - vate deare res - pect,  
But hees none of Flo - ras friend That will not the Rose com - mend.

Di - vers di - vers Flowers af - fect For some pri - vate deare res - pect,  
But hees none of Flo - ras friend That will not the Rose com - mend.

5            G            C            Am            D            Bm            D            G            Dsus4 D            G

Strowe a - bout, strow a - bout, Let ev - ery one his owne pro - tect.  
Strow a - bout, strow a - bout; Let Prin - ces Prince - ly flowers de - fend.

Strowe a - bout, strow a - bout, Let ev - ery one his owne pro - tect.  
Strow a - bout, strow a - bout; Let Prin - ces Prince - ly flowers de - fend.

Strowe a - bout, strow a - bout, Let ev - ery one his owne pro - tect.  
Strow a - bout, strow a - bout; Let Prin - ces Prince - ly flowers de - fend.

Strowe a - bout, strow a - bout, Let ev - ery one his owne pro - tect.  
Strow a - bout, strow a - bout; Let Prin - ces Prince - ly flowers de - fend.

9 C F D G Em C G C F Dm A

Ro - ses, the Gar - dens pride, Are flowers for love, and flowers for

Ro - ses, the Gar - dens pride, Are flowers for love, and flowers for

Ro - ses, the Gar - dens pride, Are flowers for love, and flowers for

Ro - ses, the Gar - dens pride, Are flowers for love, and flowers for

13 D G Em C Dm Am Esus4 E A G

Kinges, In courts de - sir'd and Wed - dings. And as a Rose in

Kinges, In courts de - sir'd and Wed - dings. And as a Rose in

Kinges, In courts de - sir'd and Wed - dings. And as a Rose in

Kinges, In courts de - sir'd and Wed - dings. And as a Rose in

17 Am Em G D G D Bm Em G C D G

Ve - nus bo - some worne, So doth a Bride-groome his Brides bed a - dorne.

Ve - nus bo - some worne, So doth a Bride-groome his Brides bed a - dorne.

Ve - nus bo - some worne, So doth a Bride-groome his Brides bed a - dorne.

Ve - nus bo - some worne, So doth a Bride-groome his Brides bed a - dorne.

# Now is the month of Maying

verses 1-2

Thomas Morley (1558-1603)

*The first booke of balletts  
to five voyces, 1595*

Chords: G C Am F#dim G G D G C#dim

Now is the month of May - ing, When mer - ry lads are  
The spring clad all in glad - nesse, Doth laugh at win - ters

Now is the month of May - ing, When mer - ry lads are  
The spring clad all in glad - nesse, Doth laugh at win - ters

Now is the month of May - ing, When mer - ry lads are  
The spring clad all in glad - nesse, Doth laugh at win - ters

Now is the month of May - ing, When mer - ry lads are  
The spring clad all in glad - nesse, Doth laugh at win - ters

4 D Dm Am G C D G C D G

play - ing, fa la la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la.  
sad - nesse.

play - ing, fa la la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la.  
sad - nesse.

play - ing, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la.  
sad - nesse.

play - ing, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la.  
sad - nesse.

8

G Dm A D Dm C Am E

Each And with to his the bon - ny Bag - pipes lasse sound, The up - on the green - y their  
 Nimphs tread out their

Each And with to his the bon - ny Bag - pipes lasse sound, The up - on the green - y their  
 Nimphs tread out their

12

A D G D Am G C G D G

grasse, ground. fa la la la la, fa la la la la la la la, fa la la la la.

grasse, ground. fa la la la la, fa la la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la.

grasse, ground. fa la la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la.

grasse, ground. fa la la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la.

grasse, ground. fa la la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la.

# Now is the month of Maying

verse 3

Thomas Morley (1558-1603)

*The first booke of balletts  
to five voyces, 1595*

Musical score for the first system of "Now is the month of Maying". The score is written for five voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor 1, Tenor 2, Bass) and includes a bass line. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Eye then why sit wee mus - ing Youths sweet de - light re -". Above the staves, the following chords are indicated: G, C, Am, F#dim, G, G, D, G, C#dim.

Musical score for the second system of "Now is the month of Maying". The score is written for five voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor 1, Tenor 2, Bass) and includes a bass line. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "fus - ing. fa la la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la. fus - ing. fa la la la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la. fus - ing. fa la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la. fus - ing. fa la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la. fus - ing. fa la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la." Above the staves, the following chords are indicated: D, Dm, Am, G, C, D, G, C, D, G.

8

G Dm A D Dm C Am E

Say dain - tie Nimphs and speake, Shall wee play bar - ly

Say dain - tie Nimphs and speake, Shall wee play bar - ly

Say dain - tie Nimphs and speake, Shall wee play bar - ly

Say dain - tie Nimphs and speake, Shall wee play bar - ly

Say dain - tie Nimphs and speake, Shall wee play bar - ly

12

A D G D Am G C G D G

breake. fa la la la la, fa la la la la la la, fa la la la.

breake. fa la la la la, fa la la la la, fa la la la la la la.

breake. fa la la la la, fa la la la la, fa la la la la, fa la la la.

breake. fa la la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la.

breake. fa la la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la.

# Now, O now, I needs must part

verses 1-2

John Dowland (1563-1626)  
the First Booke  
of Songes or Ayres, 1597

G D Em Bm C Em D G C G D G D

Now, O now, I needs must part, part - ing though I ab - sent mourne.  
Deare, when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my joyes at once.

Now, O now, I needs must part, part - ing though I ab - sent mourne.  
Deare, when I from thee am gone, Gone are all my joyes at once.

5 G D Em Bm C Em D G C G D G

Ab - sence can the no joy em - part: joy once fled can - not re - turne.  
I loved thee and joy thee a - lone, In whose love I joy - ed once.

Ab - sence can the no joy em - part: joy once fled can - not re - turne.  
I loved thee and joy thee a - lone, In whose love I joy - ed once.

9 G D Em Bm C Em D G C G D G D

While I live I needs must love, love lives not when hope is gone.  
And al - though your sight I leave, Sight where - in my joyes doo lye,

While I live I needs must love, love lives not when hope is gone.  
And al - though your sight I leave, Sight where - in my joyes doo lye,



13 G D Em Bm C Em D G C G D G

Now Till at last death do - spaire doth prove, love di - vi - ded lo - veth none.  
Till that death do sence be - reave, Ne - ver shall af - fec - tion die.

17 C G C G Am Em Dm Am E A

Sad de - spair doth drive me hence, this de - spaire un - kind - nes sends.  
Sad de - spair doth drive me hence, this de - spaire un - kind - nes sends.  
Sad de - spair doth drive me hence, this de - spaire de - spaire un - kind - nes sends.

21 G D Em Bm C Em D G C G D G

If that part - ing bee of - fence, it is shee which then of - fendes.  
If that part - ing bee of - fence, it is shee which then of - fendes.  
If that part - ing bee of - fence, it is shee which then of - fendes.

# Now, O now, I needs must part

verse 3

John Dowland (1563-1626)  
*the First Booke  
of Songes or Ayres, 1597*

G D Em Bm C Em D G C G D G D

Deare, if I do not re - turne, Love and I shall die to - gether.

Deare, if I do not re - turne, Love and I shall die to - gether.

Deare, if I do not re - turne, Love and I shall die to - gether.

Deare, if I do not re - turne, Love and I shall die to - gether.

5 G D Em Bm C Em D G C G D G

For my ab - sence ne - ver mourne, Whom you might have joy - ed ever:

For my ab - sence ne - ver mourne, Whom you might have joy - ed ever:

For my ab - sence ne - ver mourne, Whom you might have joy - ed ever:

For my ab - sence ne - ver mourne, Whom you might have joy - ed ever:

9 G D Em Bm C Em D G C G D G D

Part we must though now I die, Die I doe to part with you.

Part we must though now I die, Die I doe to part with you.

Part we must though now I die, Die I doe to part with you.

Part we must though now I die, Die I doe to part with you.

13 G D Em Bm C Em D G C G D G

Him de - spaire doth cause to lie, Who both lived and di - eth true.

Him de - spaire doth cause to lie, Who both lived and di - eth true.

Him de - spaire doth cause to lie, Who both lived and di - eth true.

Him de - spaire doth cause to lie, Who both lived and di - eth true.

17 C G C G Am Em Dm Am E A

Sad de - spair doth drive me hence, this de - spaire un - kind - nes sends.

Sad de - spair doth drive me hence, this de - spaire un - kind - nes sends.

Sad de - spair doth drive me hence, this de - spaire de - spaire un - kind - nes sends.

Sad de - spair doth drive me hence, me hence, this de - spaire un - kind - nes sends.

21 G D Em Bm C Em D G C G D G

If that part - ing bee of - fence, it is shee which then of - fendes.

If that part - ing bee of - fence, it is shee which then of - fendes.

If that part - ing bee of - fence, it is shee which then of - fendes.

If that part - ing bee of - fence, it is shee which then of - fendes.

# Now winter nights enlarge

verse 1

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

*The Third and Fourth*

*Booke of Ayres, c.1617*

G G C D G Asus4 A D C

Now win - ter nights en - large The num - ber of their houres, And  
Let now the chim - neys blaze, and cups o'er - flow with wine: Let

Now win - ter nights en - large The num - ber of their houres, And  
Let now the chim - neys blaze, and cups o'er - flow with wine: Let

Now win - ter nights en - large The num - ber of their houres, And  
Let now the chim - neys blaze, and cups o'er - flow with wine: Let

Now win - ter nights en - large The num - ber of their houres, And  
Let now the chim - neys blaze, and cups o'er - flow with wine: Let

5 Am D G D Em D G Am D G G C

clouds their stormes dis - charge up - on the ayr - ie towres, Now yel - low  
well - tun'd words a - maze With har - mo - nie di - vine.

clouds their stormes dis - charge up - on the ayr - ie towres, Now yel - low  
well - tun'd words a - maze With har - mo - nie di - vine.

clouds their stormes dis - charge up - on the ayr - ie towres, Now yel - low  
well - tun'd words a - maze With har - mo - nie di - vine.

clouds their stormes dis - charge up - on the ayr - ie towres, Now yel - low  
well - tun'd words a - maze With har - mo - nie di - vine.

9 G D G C Dm Am E A Am Am D G A

wax - en lights Shall waite on hun - ny Love, While youth - full Re - vels,

wax - en lights Shall waite on hun - ny Love, While youth - full Re - vels,

wax - en lights Shall waite on hun - ny Love, While youth - full Re - vels,

wax - en lights Shall waite on hun - ny Love, While youth - full Re - vels,

13 Dm Asus4 A D Em D G C D G

Masks, and Court - ly sights, sleepes lead - en spels re - move.

Masks, and Court - ly sights, sleepes lead - en spels re - move.

Masks, and Court - ly sights, sleepes lead - en spels re - move.

Masks, and Court - ly sights, sleepes lead - en spels re - move.

# Now winter nights enlarge

verse 2

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

*The Third and Fourth*

*Booke of Ayres, c.1617*

G G C D G Asus4 A D C

This time doth well dis - pence With lo - vers long dis - course; Much  
All doe not all things well; Some meas - ures come - ly tread; Some

This time doth well dis - pence With lo - vers long dis - course; Much  
All doe not all things well; Some meas - ures come - ly tread; Some

This time doth well dis - pence With lo - vers long dis - course; Much  
All doe not all things well; Some meas - ures come - ly tread; Some

This time doth well dis - pence With lo - vers long dis - course; Much  
All doe not all things well; Some meas - ures come - ly tread; Some

5 Am D G D Em D G Am D G G C

speech hath some de - fence, Though beau - ty no re - morse. The Sum - mer  
knot - ted Ri - dles tell; Some Po - ems smooth - ly read.

speech hath some de - fence, Though beau - ty no re - morse. The Sum - mer  
knot - ted Ri - dles tell; Some Po - ems smooth - ly read.

speech hath some de - fence, Though beau - ty no re - morse. The Sum - mer  
knot - ted Ri - dles tell; Some Po - ems smooth - ly read.

speech hath some de - fence, Though beau - ty no re - morse. The Sum - mer  
knot - ted Ri - dles tell; Some Po - ems smooth - ly read.

9 G D G C Dm Am E A Am Am D G A

hath his joyes, And Win - ter his de - lights; Though Love and all his

hath his joyes, And Win - ter his de - lights; Though Love and all his

hath his joyes, And Win - ter his de - lights; Though Love and all his

hath his joyes, And Win - ter his de - lights; Though Love and all his

13 Dm Asus4 A D Em D G C D G

pleas - ures are but toyes, They short - en te - dious nights.

pleas - ures are but toyes, They short - en te - dious nights.

pleas - ures are but toyes, They short - en te - dious nights.

pleas - ures are but toyes, They short - en te - dious nights.

# O griefe even on the Bud

Thomas Morley (1558-1603)  
*Canzonets or Little  
 Short Aires, 1597*

F C F B $\flat$  Am B $\flat$  Gm Am Gm Am D G Gm F

O And griefe ah even on that brest which Bud Love that durst faire - ly ne - ver flou - ven - red - ture The sun Bold death

O And griefe ah even on that brest which Bud Love that durst faire - ly ne - ver flou - ven - red - ture The sun Bold death

O And griefe ah even on that brest which Bud Love that durst faire - ly ne - ver flou - ven - red - ture The sun Bold death

O And griefe ah even on that brest which Bud Love that durst faire - ly ne - ver flou - ven - red - ture The sun Bold death

O And griefe ah even on that brest which Bud Love that durst faire - ly ne - ver flou - ven - red - ture The sun Bold death

7 F B $\flat$  C 1. F 2. F F Gm D Gm

hath low en - red, did en - red, -ter. Pit - tie O heavens that have my love in

hath low en - red, did en - red, -ter. Pit - tie O heavens that have my love in

hath low en - red, did en - red, -ter. Pit - tie O heavens that have my love in

hath low en - red, did en - red, -ter. Pit - tie O heavens that have my love in

hath low en - red, did en - red, -ter. Pit - tie O heavens that have my love in



12 A sus4 A D F Cm Eb Bb A dim Bb

keep - ing My cries my cries and weep - - -

keep - ing My cries my cries and weep - - -

keep - ing My cries my cries and weep - - -

in keep - ing My cries my cries and weep - ing, and weep - ing, my

keep - ing My cries my cries and weep - - -

17 F Cm Dm Bb C F C sus4 C F

ing, my cries and weep - - - ing.

ing, my cries my cries and weep - ing.

ing, my cries my cries and weep - - - ing.

cries and weep - ing, my cries and weep - - - ing.

ing, my cries and weep - - - ing.

# O lusty May

verses 1-3

anon., c. 1548

*Ane buik of roundells*, 1612

David Melvil (fl.1600-1612)

G D G C Am D G F Bdim C D

O lust - y  
Than Es - per -  
Bird - is on

May us bews  
with that of

Flo - ra  
is so ev' - ry

quene bricht  
birth

The Till  
Re -

balm - y  
wo - full  
jos - ing

drops hairts  
notes,

from cast -  
mak -

O lust - y  
Than Es - per -  
Bird - is on

May us bews  
with that of

Flo - ra  
is so ev' - ry

quene bricht  
birth

The Till  
Re -

balm - y  
wo - full  
jos - ing

drops hairts  
notes,

from cast -  
mak -

O lust - y  
Than Es - per -  
Bird - is on

May us bews  
with that of

Flo - ra  
is so ev' - ry

quene bricht  
birth

The Till  
Re -

balm - y  
wo - full  
jos - ing

drops hairts  
notes,

from cast -  
mak -

O lust - y  
Than Es - per -  
Bird - is on

May us bews  
with that of

Flo - ra  
is so ev' - ry

quene bricht  
birth

The Till  
Re -

balm - y  
wo - full  
jos - ing

drops hairts  
notes,

from cast -  
mak -

7 Em Dsus4 D G F Em Dm C Dm Asus4 A Dm

Phe - bus  
is his  
and thair

schene  
licht  
mirth

Pre With  
Rycht

luc - banks  
ple - sand -

iand that  
sand -

bemes  
blumes  
ly

be - on  
up -

foir ev' -  
oun

the

day,  
bray,  
spray,

be - on  
up -

Phe - bus  
is his  
and thair

schene  
licht  
mirth

Pre With  
Rycht

luc - banks  
ple - sand -

iand that  
sand -

bemes  
blumes  
ly

be - on  
up -

foir ev' -  
oun

the

day,  
bray,  
spray,

be - on  
up -

Phe - bus  
is his  
and thair

schene  
licht  
mirth

Pre With  
Rycht

luc - banks  
ple - sand -

iand that  
sand -

bemes  
blumes  
ly

be - on  
up -

foir ev' -  
oun

the

day,  
bray,  
spray,

be - on  
up -

Phe - bus  
is his  
and thair

schene  
licht  
mirth

Pre With  
Rycht

luc - banks  
ple - sand -

iand that  
sand -

bemes  
blumes  
ly

be - on  
up -

foir ev' -  
oun

the

day,  
bray,  
spray,

be - on  
up -

13

Gm D D F G F Bdim C D

foir ev'oun the day, the day, Be that Di - a - na grow - is  
ry the bray, the bray, Andschurs ar - sched furth of their  
the spray, the spray, With flu - ris - sings our field and

foir ev'oun the day, the day, Be that Di - a - na grow - is  
ry the bray, the bray, Andschurs ar - sched furth of their  
the spray, the spray, With flu - ris - sings our field and

foir ev'oun the day, the day, Be that Di - a - na grow - is  
ry the bray, the bray, Andschurs ar - sched furth of their  
the spray, the spray, With flu - ris - sings our field and

foir ev'oun the day, the day, Be that Di - a - na grow - is  
ry the bray, the bray, Andschurs ar - sched furth of their  
the spray, the spray, With flu - ris - sings our field and

19

C G F G C Dsus4 D G 1. G 2. G

grene Thru' glaid - nes of this lus - ty May, Thru' May.  
sicht Thru' glaid - nes of this lus - ty May, Thru' May.  
firth Thru' glaid - nes of this lus - ty May, Thru' May.

grene Thru' glaid - nes of this lus - ty May, Thru' May.  
sicht Thru' glaid - nes of this lus - ty May, Thru' May.  
firth Thru' glaid - nes of this lus - ty May, Thru' May.

grene Thru' glaid - nes of this lus - ty May, Thru' May.  
sicht Thru' glaid - nes of this lus - ty May, Thru' May.  
firth Thru' glaid - nes of this lus - ty May, Thru' May.

grene Thru' glaid - nes of this lus - ty May, Thru' May.  
sicht Thru' glaid - nes of this lus - ty May, Thru' May.  
firth Thru' glaid - nes of this lus - ty May, Thru' May.

# O lusty May

verses 4-5

anon., c. 1548

*Ane buik of roundells*, 1612

David Melvil (fl.1600-1612)

G D G C Am D G F Bdim C D

All luv - ar - is mon - eths ar of in the cair year To thair mirth - la - deis thay  
Of all the mon - eths of the year To mirth - ful May there

All luv - ar - is mon - eths ar of in the cair year To thair mirth - la - deis thay  
Of all the mon - eths of the year To mirth - ful May there

All luv - ar - is mon - eths ar of in the cair year To thair mirth - la - deis thay  
Of all the mon - eths of the year To mirth - ful May there

All luv - ar - is mon - eths ar of in the cair year To thair mirth - la - deis thay  
Of all the mon - eths of the year To mirth - ful May there

7 Em Dsus4 D G F Em Dm C Dm Asus4 A Dm

do re - pair In fresch morn - yngs be - foir the day, be -  
is no peer Hir glis - tring gar - ments are so gay, they

do re - pair In fresch morn - yngs be - foir the day, be -  
is no peer Hir glis - tring gar - ments are so gay, they

do re - pair In fresch morn - yngs be - foir the day, be -  
is no peer Hir glis - tring gar - ments are so gay, they

do re - pair In fresch morn - yngs be - foir the day, be -  
is no peer Hir glis - tring gar - ments are so gay, they

13

Gm D D F G F Bdim C D

foir are the day, the day, And ar in mirth ay mair and  
are so gay, so gay, You luv - ars all mak mir - rie

19

C G F G C Dsus4 D G 1. G 2. G

mair cheer Thru' glaid - nes of this lus - ty May, Thru' May.  
mair cheer Thru' glaid - nes of this lus - ty May, Thru' May.  
mair cheer Thru' glaid - nes of this lus - ty May, Thru' May.  
mair cheer Thru' glaid - nes of this lus - ty May, Thru' May.

# O Mistris mine

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

*Twelfth Night*, c.1601-2

Thomas Morley (1558-1603)

Musical score for the first system of "O Mistris mine". The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves: a vocal line, a piano accompaniment line, and two additional staves for a lute or guitar. The lyrics are: "O Mis - tris mine where are you rom - ing? What is love, 'tis not here - af - ter, O Mis - tris mine where are you rom - ing? What is love, 'tis not here - af - ter,". Chords are indicated above the vocal line: G, D, Em, D, G, D, Em, D.

Musical score for the second system of "O Mistris mine". The score continues from the first system. The lyrics are: "O stay and heare, your true loves com - ing, Pre - sent mirth, hath pre - sent laugh - ter: O stay and heare, your true loves com - Pre - sent mirth, hath pre - sent laugh -". Chords are indicated above the vocal line: G, C, Em, Bm, D, D, C, Em, D, C.

Musical score for the third system of "O Mistris mine". The score continues from the second system. The lyrics are: "ing, That can sing both high and low. ter: What's to come is still un - sure. Trip no fur - ther pret - tie sweet - ing. In de - lay there lies no plen - ty,". Chords are indicated above the vocal line: G, D, Em, D, G, D, G, G, C, Em, Bm, D.

13

D C Em D C G D Em D G D G

Jour - neys end in lov - ers meet - ing, Ev - ery wise mans sonne doth know.  
 Then come kiss me sweet and twen - ty: Youth's a stuff will not en - dure.

### Galliard

G D Em D G D Em D

5

Dm C C G D Dm G D C G Am C G D G

# O waly waly

anon., c. 1620 or before

G D G D C G Dsus4 D

O, wa - ly wa - - - ly up - on the bank And wa - ly,  
 2.I leaned my back un - to an Aik I thought it  
 3.O wa - ly, wa - - - ly, but love be bony A lit - tle

3 G D G D G D G G C G

wa - - - ly down the brae, And wa - ly wa - - - ly yon Burn -  
 was a trust - y tree, But first it bow'd and syne it  
 Time while it is new, But when 'tis auld it wax - eth

6 Em D G C G C G

side Where I and my love wont to gae.  
 brak Sae my true Love did light - ly me.  
 cauld And fades a - way like Morn - ing Dew.

7.'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing Snaw's Inclemenci  
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
 But my Love's Heart grown cauld to me.

8.When we came in by Glasgow Town,  
 We were a comely Sight to see;  
 My love was clad in black Velvet,  
 And I my sell in Cramasia.



8 G D G D C G Dsus4 D

4.O where - fore should I busk my Head, Or where - fore  
5.Now Ar - thur - Seat shall be my bed, The Sheets shall  
6.Mar - tin - mas wind, when wilt thou blaw, And shake the

11 G D G D G D G G C G

should I kame my Hair? For my true Love has me for -  
ne'er be fyl'd by me, St. An - ton's Well shall be my  
green leaves aff the tree? O gen - tle Death, when wilt thou

14 Em D G C G C G

sook, And says he'll ne - ver love me mair.  
drink, Since my true love has for - sa - ken me.  
come? For of my life? I am wea - ry.

9. But had I wist before I kiss'd  
That Love had been sae ill to win,  
I'd lock'd my Heart in a Case of Gold,  
And pin'd it wi' a Silver Pin.

10. Oh, oh! if my young Babe were born,  
And set upon the Nurse's Knee,  
And I my sell were dead and gane,  
For a Maid again I'll never be.

# Of all the birds that ever I see

Thomas Ravenscroft  
(c.1582-c.1635)  
*Deuteromelia*, 1609

G G G C G D Em Am D G

Of all the Birds that e - ver I see, the Owle is the fayr - est in her de - gree.  
For all the day long she sits in a tree, and when the night comes a - way flies she.

4 G G G G

Te whow, sir knave to thou, this song is well sung I  
Te whit to whom drinks thou, this song is well sung I

Te whit Te whow, Te whit Te whow, Te whit Te whow, this song is well sung I

9 G C G D Em Am D G

make you a vow, and hee is a knave that drink - eth now.

11 G G C G D Em

Nose, Nose, Nose, nose, and who gave thee that  
 Nose, Nose, Nose, nose, and who gave mee this  
 Nose, Nose, Nose, nose, and who gave thee that

15 Am D G G C

jol - ly red Nose? Nut - megs and cloves, and  
 jol - ly red Nose? Si - na - mont, & Gin - ger, Nut - megs and cloves, and  
 jol - ly red Nose? Nut - megs and cloves, and

18 G D Em Am D G

that gave thee thy jol - - - ly red Nose.  
 that gave me my jol - - - ly red Nose.  
 that gave thee thy jol - ly red Nose.

# Of all the birds that I doe know

verses 1-3

George Gascoigne (c.1535-1577)

John Bartlet (fl. 1606-1610)

*A Booke of Ayres*, 1606

G G C D G G C D Em A D

Of all the birds that I doe know Phi - lip my spar - row hath no peer  
Come in a morn - ing me - ri - ly, When Phi - lip hath beene late - lie fed,  
She ne - ver wan - ders far a - broad, But is at homewhen I do call,

Of all the birds that I doe know Phi - lip my spar - row hath no peer  
Come in a morn - ing me - ri - ly, When Phi - lip hath beene late - lie fed,  
She ne - ver wan - ders far a - broad, But is at homewhen I do call,

Of all the birds that I doe know Phi - lip my spar - row hath no peer  
Come in a morn - ing me - ri - ly, When Phi - lip hath beene late - lie fed,  
She ne - ver wan - ders far a - broad, But is at homewhen I do call,

6 G G C D G G C D Em A D

For sit she high or sit shee lowe, Be she far off or bee she neere  
Or in an Eve - ning so - ber - lie, When Phi - lip list to go to bed,  
If I com - maund she laies on loade, With lips, with teeth, with tong and all,

For sit she high or sit shee lowe, Be she far off or bee she neere  
Or in an Eve - ning so - ber - lie, When Phi - lip list to go to bed,  
If I com - maund she laies on loade, With lips, with teeth, with tong and all,

For sit she high or sit shee lowe, Be she far off or bee she neere  
Or in an Eve - ning so - ber - lie, When Phi - lip list to go to bed,  
If I com - maund she laies on loade, With lips, with teeth, with tong and all,

11

D C G C D G G D G A D

There is no birde so fayre so fine Nor yet so fresh as this of mine,  
It is a heaven to heare my Phippe, How she can chirpe with mer - ry lippe,  
She chaunts, she cherpes, she makes such cheare, That I be - leeve she hath no peere.

There is no birde so fayre so fine Nor yet so fresh as this of mine,  
It is a heaven to heare my Phippe, How she can chirpe with mer - ry lippe,  
She chaunts, she cherpes, she makes such cheare, That I be - leeve she hath no peere.

8

There is no birde so fayre so fine Nor yet so fresh as this of mine,  
It is a heaven to heare my Phippe, How she can chirpe with mer - ry lippe,  
She chaunts, she cherpes, she makes such cheare, That I be - leeve she hath no peere.

There is no birde so fayre so fine Nor yet so fresh as this of mine,  
It is a heaven to heare my Phippe, How she can chirpe with mer - ry lippe,  
She chaunts, she cherpes, she makes such cheare, That I be - leeve she hath no peere.

15

D D G D G Am D G G C G

For when she once hath felt a fitte, Phi - lip will crie still  
For when she once hath felt a fitte, Phi - lip will crie still  
8 For when she once hath felt a fitte, Phi - lip will crie still  
For when she once hath felt a fitte, Phi - lip will crie still

19

D G D G D G D G D G D G D G

yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet.  
yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet.  
8 yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet.  
yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet.

# Of all the birds that I doe know

verses 4-5

George Gascoigne (c.1535-1577)

John Bartlet (fl. 1606-1610)

*A Booke of Ayres*, 1606

G G C D G G C D Em A D

And yet be - sides all this good sport, My Phi - lip can both sing and daunce,  
 And to tel truth he were to blame, Hav - ing so fine a bird as she,

And yet be - sides all this good sport, My Phi - lip can both sing and daunce,  
 And to tel truth he were to blame, Hav - ing so fine a bird as she,

And yet be - sides all this good sport, My Phi - lip can both sing and daunce,  
 And to tel truth he were to blame, Hav - ing so fine a bird as she,

And yet be - sides all this good sport, My Phi - lip can both sing and daunce,  
 And to tel truth he were to blame, Hav - ing so fine a bird as she,

6 G G C D G G C D Em A D

with new found toyes of sun - drie sort, My Phi - lip can both pricke and prauce.  
 To make him all this good - ly game, With - out sus - pect or je - lou - sie,

with new found toyes of sun - drie sort, My Phi - lip can both pricke and prauce.  
 To make him all this good - ly game, With - out sus - pect or je - lou - sie,

with new found toyes of sun - drie sort, My Phi - lip can both pricke and prauce.  
 To make him all this good - ly game, With - out sus - pect or je - lou - sie,

with new found toyes of sun - drie sort, My Phi - lip can both pricke and prauce.  
 To make him all this good - ly game, With - out sus - pect or je - lou - sie,

11 D C G C D G G D G A D

And if you say but fend cut phippe, Lord how the peate wil turne and skippe,  
He were a churle, and knew no good, Would see her faint for lack of food,

And if you say but fend cut phippe, Lord how the peate wil turne and skippe,  
He were a churle, and knew no good, Would see her faint for lack of food,

8 And if you say but fend cut phippe, Lord how the peate wil turne and skippe,  
He were a churle, and knew no good, Would see her faint for lack of food,

And if you say but fend cut phippe, Lord how the peate wil turne and skippe,  
He were a churle, and knew no good, Would see her faint for lack of food,

15 D D G D G Am D G G C G

For when she once hath felt a fitte, Phi - lip will crie still  
For when she once hath felt a fitte, Phi - lip will crie still  
8 For when she once hath felt a fitte, Phi - lip will crie still  
For when she once hath felt a fitte, Phi - lip will crie still

19 D G D G D G D G D G D G D G

yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet.  
yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet.  
8 yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet.  
yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet.

# Oft have I sigh'd

verse 1

Thomas Campion (1567-1620).

*The Third and Fourth*

*Booke of Ayers, c.1617*

Dm Dm E dim Dm Dm Am B<sup>b</sup> Gm

Oft have I sigh'd, oft have I sigh'd, oft have I sigh'd, oft have I sigh'd, oft have I sigh'd, oft

6 D Gm D G C A Dm Gm F C sus4 C

oft have I sigh'd, oft have I sigh'd for him that heares me, oft have I sigh'd, oft have I sigh'd for him that heares me, have I sigh'd, oft have I sigh'd for him that heares me

12 F F C A Dm C sus4 C F Gm A D

not: Who ab - sent hath both love and mee for - got, not: Who ab - sent hath both love and mee for - got, not: Who ab - sent hath both love and mee for - got, not: Who ab - sent hath both love and mee for - got,



19 Gm B<sup>b</sup> Dm Am Dm Gm A F Cm A<sup>b</sup>

Oh yet I lan - guish still, yet I lan - guish

Oh yet I lan - guish still, yet I lan - guish

Oh yet I lan - guish still, yet I lan - guish

Oh yet I lan - guish still, yet I lan - guish

22 G Gm Cm Gm A Dm A Dm E A

still, yet I lan - guish still through his de - lay.

still, yet I lan - guish still through his de - lay.

still, yet I lan - guish still through his de - lay.

still, yet I lan - guish still through his de - lay.

27 Dm Gm C F Am F Gm A D

Dayes seeme as yeares, when wisht friends breake their day.

Dayes seeme as yeares, when wisht friends breake their day.

Dayes seeme as yeares, when wisht friends breake their day.

Dayes seeme as yeares, as yeares, when wisht friends breake their day.

# Oft have I sigh'd

verse 2

Thomas Campion (1567-1620).

*The Third and Fourth*

*Booke of Ayers, c.1617*

Dm Dm E dim Dm Dm Am B<sup>b</sup> Gm

Had hee but lov'd,  
Had hee but lov'd, had hee but lov'd  
Had hee but lov'd, had hee but lov'd, had  
Had hee but lov'd, had hee but lov'd, had

Detailed description: This system contains the first five measures of the piece. It features a vocal line and three lute accompaniment staves. The key signature has one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'Had hee but lov'd, had hee but lov'd, had hee but lov'd, had hee but lov'd, had'.

6 D Gm D G C A Dm Gm F C sus4 C

had hee but lov'd, had hee but lov'd as com - mon lo - vers  
had hee but lov'd had hee but lov'd as com - mon lo - - - vers  
hee but lov'd, had hee but lov'd as com - mon lo - vers  
hee but lov'd, had hee but lov'd as com - mon lo - vers

Detailed description: This system contains measures 6 through 10. The lyrics are: 'had hee but lov'd, had hee but lov'd as com - mon lo - vers had hee but lov'd had hee but lov'd as com - mon lo - - - vers hee but lov'd, had hee but lov'd as com - mon lo - vers hee but lov'd, had hee but lov'd as com - mon lo - vers'.

12 F F C A Dm C sus4 C F Gm A D

use, His faith - lesse stay some kind - nesse would ex - cuse:  
use, His faith - lesse stay some kind - nesse would ex - cuse:  
use, His faith - lesse stay some kind - nesse would ex - cuse:  
use, His faith - lesse stay some kind - nesse would ex - cuse:

Detailed description: This system contains measures 12 through 16. The lyrics are: 'use, His faith - lesse stay some kind - nesse would ex - cuse: use, His faith - lesse stay some kind - nesse would ex - cuse: use, His faith - lesse stay some kind - nesse would ex - cuse: use, His faith - lesse stay some kind - nesse would ex - cuse:'.

19 Gm B<sup>b</sup> Dm Am Dm Gm A F Cm A<sup>b</sup>

O yet I lan - guish still, yet I lan - guish

O yet I lan - guish still, yet I lan - guish

O yet I lan - guish still, yet I lan - guish

O yet I lan - guish still, yet I lan - guish

22 G Gm Cm Gm A Dm A Dm E A

still, yet I lan - guish still, still con - stant mourne

still, yet I lan - guish still, still con - - - stant mourne

still, yet I lan - guish still, still con - - - stant mourne

still, yet I lan - guish still, still con - - - stant mourne

still, yet I lan - guish still, still con - - - stant mourne

27 Dm Gm C F Am F Gm A D

For him that can breake vowes, but not re - turne.

For him that can breake vowes, but not re - turne.

For him that can breake vowes, but not re - turne.

For him that can that can breake vowes, but not re - turne.

# Once I loved a Maiden faire

anon., c.1619-1629?

## The Revolted Lover

C G C Am G Am G C

Once I loved a Maiden faire, But she did deceive me,  
Mai - dens faire, Have a care, chas - ti - tie is fad - ing:

5 C G C Am G G Am G C

She with Ve - nus might com - paire, in my mind, be - leeve me.  
Want of grace in a place, made her use her trad - ing,

9 Dm G C G C Am G Am G C

She was young, and a - mong Crea - tures of temp - ta - tion!  
I did think her for to be Chast - er then Di - a - na,

13    Dm    G    C                    G    C    Am                    G                    Am    G                    C

Who will say but Maid - ens may Kisse for re - cre - a - tion?  
but the Boy hath blind - ed me, More then ev - er a - ny.

3. Three times I made it knowne  
to the Congregation,  
That the Church had her owne,  
as Priest had made relation.  
married we  
straight must be,  
Although we go a begging:  
but now by Jove  
tis like to prove  
a very hopefull wedding.

4. She did sweare and protest,  
with fluent teares weeping  
Above all men she loved me best,  
and said I was her sweeting  
but alas,  
false it was,  
Chastitie was voiding:  
every one  
may freely chuse  
Her beauty that loves trading.

5. Then let young men be advisd,  
trust not any wanton  
Beauty being too high-prizd,  
finde such ground to plant on,  
that no man,  
do what he can,  
Shall confine their duties,  
they will gad  
and be mad,  
To shew forth their beauties.

6. Happy he who never knew  
what to Love belonged:  
Maidens wavering and untrue,  
many a man have wronged:  
so hath she,  
wronged me,  
By her false dissembling:  
for to heare  
her to sweare  
Oft my heart was trembling,

7. But the chiefest cause is this,  
was by some perswasions.  
Who inticed her to do amisse,  
by their strong temptations  
she was apt  
to be trapt.  
being young and stupid:  
many strove  
for her love,  
pricked on by Cupid.

8. I do scorne and detest,  
to have any Rivall:  
Let her take whom she likes best,  
sith for her they strive all:  
when I wed  
Ile be sped,  
with one whose minde is fixed,  
and my love  
nere to move:  
Ile not be commixed.

10. You who take so much delight  
in getting handsome Lasses,  
Alas, they will delude your sight,  
I pittie much your cases:  
their bright eyes  
can surprize  
men that do behold them;  
young mens words  
them affords  
matter to new mould them.

11. Farewell thou faithlesse Girle,  
Ile not sorrow for thee:  
Once I held thee deare as pearle,  
but now I do abhorre thee:  
hadst thou staid  
still a maid,  
and modestie retained,  
then my mind  
firme combind,  
had with thee remained.

12. But now I am resolved,  
nere with thee to marry  
Til soule and body be dissolved,  
I wil rather tarry,  
if I finde  
to my minde  
one of vertues children,  
then I soone  
will have done.  
but Ile tarry till then.

# The panges of Love and lovers fittes

William Elderton, 1559  
tune: "King Solomon"

Gm Asus4 A D Gm Cm F Gm Asus4 A

Was not good Kyng Sa - la - mon Ra - vish - ed in son - dry wyse with e - very live - lie  
 Knowe ye not howe Tro - y - lus Lan - guish - ed and lost his joye with fittes and fe - vers  
 Her - cu - les for E - ro - nie mur - der - ed a mon - ster fell He put him - selfe in

6 D Gm Cm F Gm Dm E<sup>b</sup> Cm D

Pa - ra - gon That glist - er - ed be - fore his eyes If this be true as trewe it was  
 mer - vail - ous For Cres - se - da that dwelt in Troye Tyll py - tie plant - ed in her brest  
 jeo - per - die Pe - ril - lous as the sto - ries tell Res - kew - inge her up - on the shore

11 Gm Dm Gm Dm E<sup>b</sup> Dm Gm Cm D G

La - dy la - dy. why should not I serve you a - las My deare la - dy.  
 la - die la - die. To slepe with him & graunt him rest My deare la - die.  
 la - die la - die. Whiche els by lot had died ther - fore my deare la - die.

16 Gm Asus4 A D Gm Cm F Gm Asus4 A

When Pa - ris was e - na - mour - ed with He - le - na dame bew - ties peare Whom Ve - nus first him  
 I read som - time howe ven - ter - ous Le an - der was his love to please Who swam the wa - ters  
 And if bew - tie breed such blis - ful - nesse E - na - mour - ing both God and man Good La - dy let no

22 D Gm Cm F Gm Dm Eb Cm D

pro - mis - ed To ven - ter on and not to feare what stur - dy stormes en - dur - ed he  
 pe - ril - lous Of A - bi - don those surg - inge sease To come to her where as she lay  
 wil - ful - nesse Ex - u - pe - rate your bew - tye then To slaye the hertes that yeld & crave

27 Gm Dm Gm Dm Eb Dm Gm Cm D G

La - dy la - dy. To winne her love ere it would be My deare la - dye.  
 la - die la - die. Tyll he was drown - ed by the waye my deare la - die.  
 la - dye la - dye The graunt of your good wil to have My deare la - dye.

# The Parting Glass

anon., c. 1600

verses 1-2

Chords: G C G D G G

Lyrics:  
If I had mo - ney e - nough to spend, And leis - ure time to sit a - while, There  
O, all the com - rades e'er I had, They're sor - ry for my going a - way, And

8

is a fair maid in this town, That sore - ly has my heart be - guiled,  
all the sweet - hearts e'er I had, They'd wish me one more day to stay.

Chords: C G D G C

Lyrics:  
is a fair maid in this town, That sore - ly has my heart be - guiled,  
all the sweet - hearts e'er I had, They'd wish me one more day to stay.

8

is a fair maid in this town, That sore - ly has my heart be - guiled,  
all the sweet - hearts e'er I had, They'd wish me one more day to stay.



10      D      G      G      C      G      G

Her ro - sy cheeks and ru - by lips, I own she has my heart in thrall, Then  
But since it falls un - to my lot, That I should go and you should not, I

Her ro - sy cheeks and ru - by lips, I own she has my heart in thrall, Then  
But since it falls un - to my lot, That I should go and you should not, I

Her ro - sy cheeks and ru - by lips, I own she has my heart in thrall, Then  
But since it falls un - to my lot, That I should go and you should not, I

Her ro - sy cheeks and ru - by lips, I own she has my heart in thrall, Then  
But since it falls un - to my lot, That I should go and you should not, I

15      C      G      G      D      G      normal ending      alternate ending

C      D      G

fill to me the part - ing glass, Good night and joy be with you all.  
gent - ly rise and soft - ly call, Good night and joy be with you all.

fill to me the part - ing glass, Good night and joy be with you all.  
gent - ly rise and soft - ly call, Good night and joy be with you all.

fill to me the part - ing glass, Good night and joy be with you all.  
gent - ly rise and soft - ly call, Good night and joy be with you all.

fill to me the part - ing glass, Good night and joy be with you all.  
gent - ly rise and soft - ly call, Good night and joy be with you all.

# The Parting Glass

anon., c. 1600

verse 3

Chord progression: G C G D G G

O, all the mon - ey e'er I had, I spent it in good com - pa - ny, And

O, all the mon - ey e'er I had, I spent it in good com - pa - ny, And

O, all the mon - ey e'er I had, I spent it in good com - pa - ny, And

O, all the mon - ey e'er I had, I spent it in good com - pa - ny, And

Chord progression: C G D G C

all the harm I've ev - er done A - las! it was to none but me.

all the harm I've ev - er done A - las! it was to none but me.

all the harm I've ev - er done A - las! it was to none but me.

all the harm I've ev - er done A - las! it was to none but me.

10

D G G C G G

And all I've done for want of wit To mem - 'ry now I can't re - call So  
 And now it falls un - to my lot, That I should go and you should not, I

And all I've done for want of wit To mem - 'ry now I can't re - call So  
 And now it falls un - to my lot, That I should go and you should not, I

And all I've done for want of wit To mem - 'ry now I can't re - call So  
 And now it falls un - to my lot, That I should go and you should not, I

And all I've done for want of wit To mem - 'ry now I can't re - call So  
 And now it falls un - to my lot, That I should go and you should not, I

15

C G G D G

1. normal ending C 2. alternate ending D G

fill to me the part - ing glass Good - night and joy be with you all. with you all.  
 gent - ly rise and soft - ly call, Good night and joy be with you all. with you all.

fill to me the part - ing glass Good - night and joy be with you all. with you all.  
 gent - ly rise and soft - ly call, Good night and joy be with you all. with you all.

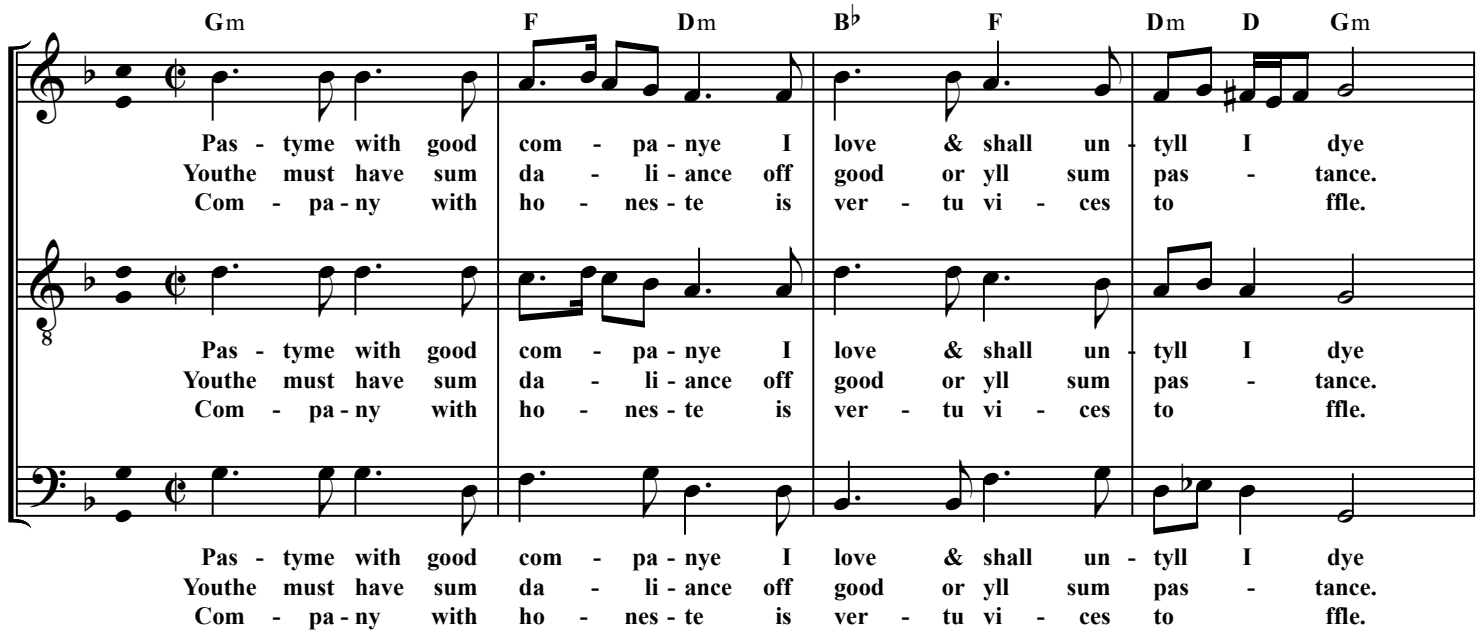
fill to me the part - ing glass Good - night and joy be with you all. with you all.  
 gent - ly rise and soft - ly call, Good night and joy be with you all. with you all.

fill to me the part - ing glass Good - night and joy be with you all. with you all.  
 gent - ly rise and soft - ly call, Good night and joy be with you all. with you all.

# Pastyme with good companye

King Henry VIII (1491-1547)  
British Library Add MS 31922,  
c.1510-1520.


Gm F Dm B<sup>b</sup> F Dm D Gm



Pas - tyme with good com - pa - nye I love & shall un - tyll I dye  
Youthe must have sum da - li - ance off good or yll sum pas - tance.  
Com - pa - ny with ho - nes - te is ver - tu vi - ces to ffle.

Pas - tyme with good com - pa - nye I love & shall un - tyll I dye  
Youthe must have sum da - li - ance off good or yll sum pas - tance.  
Com - pa - ny with ho - nes - te is ver - tu vi - ces to ffle.

5 Gm F Dm B<sup>b</sup> F Dm D Gm



gruche who lust but none de - nye so god be plesyd thus leve wyll I for  
Com - pa - ny me thynks then best all thoughts & fan - sys to de - jest. ffor  
Com - pa - ny is good & ill but eve - ry man hath hys fre wyll. the

gruche who lust but none de - nye so god be plesyd thus leve wyll I for  
Com - pa - ny me thynks then best all thoughts & fan - sys to de - jest. ffor  
Com - pa - ny is good & ill but eve - ry man hath hys fre wyll. the

9

E<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F Dm

my pas - tance hunt syng & dance my hart is sett all  
I - dill - nes is cheff mast - res of vi - ces all then  
best en - sew the worst es - thew my mynde shal - be. ver -

my pas - tance hunt syng & dance my hart is sett all  
I - dill - nes is cheff mast - res of vi - ces all then  
best en - sew the worst es - thew my mynde shal - be. ver -

12

E<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F D G

good - ly sport for my com - fort who shall me let?  
who can say. but myrth and play is best of all.  
tu to use vice to re - fuce thus shall I use me.

good - ly sport for my com - fort who shall me let?  
who can say. but myrth and play is best of all.  
tu to use vice to re - fuce thus shall I use me.



## Notes

- “The Gowans are Gay” – The melody and lyrics are from *Songs and Fancies, to thre, foure, or five partes, both apt for voices and viols : with a briefe introduction of musick, as is taught in the musick-schule of Aberdene by T. D. Mr. of Musick*. Only the cantus book of this volume was published in 1662 by John Forbes (?-1675). “The gowans are gay” is believed to date from the 15<sup>th</sup> century or earlier. Included here are all 11 of the original verses, although I have used the first verse as a refrain.

The 4 part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

gowans = daisies

jo = joy

spear = ask

sine = then

ware = expend

comfort was full meet = the bird song was pleasant

hour of prime = first canonical hour of the day, 6am to 9 am

while = until

pansing = reflecting, thinking (from the French *penser*)



- “The great Galleazzo” – The lyrics of this Spanish Armada song are by Thomas Deloney (fl.1583; d.1600) from a broadside ballad printed by John Wolfe for Edward White in 1588. On the broadsheet, it declares to be “A ioyful new Ballad, Declaring the happie obtaining of the great Galleazzo wherein Don Pedro de Valdez was the chiefe, through the mightie power and prouidence of God, being a speciall token of his gracious and fatherly goodnes towards vs, to the great encouragement of

all those that willingly fight in the defence of his gospel and our good Queene of England.” The tune is “Mounsiers Almaine” based on the setting from *The First Booke of Consort Lessons*, 1599 & 1611, published by Thomas Morley (1558-1603). Included here are verses 1, half of 2, half of 3, 4, 5, 6 & 8 of the original 13.

The 4 part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations based on Morley’s broken consort setting.

descry = identify or cry out to

bulwarke = rampart or fortification

indue = endow

- “Greensleeves” – The anonymous lyrics are from *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, printed in 1584 by Richard Jones.

Jones was the first to license a Greensleeves ballad on September 3, 1580, called “A new Northern Dittye of the Ladye Greene Sleeves.” The same day, “the Ladie Greene Sleeves answere to Donkyn hir frende” was registered by Robert White.

All of Jones’ original 18 verses are included here.

Greensleeves was a very popular tune for English ballads from 1580 to 1700, with the tune cited for 80 known broadsides.

The harmonic form of the piece is that of the *passamezzo antico* (I, VII, I, V, III, VII, I, V, I) for the lyrics and the *Romanesca* (III, VII, I, V, III, VII, I, V, I) for the refrain, although some versions have only a single strain or differ slightly in the harmonic pattern. The still-familiar tune survives in several lute and virginal settings, although the melody varies in every instance. The version from the William Ballet lute book, Trinity College TCD MS 408, 1593, is the most well-known in the modern era and is the version I have adapted.



The Ensemble Edition provides a setting for a single voice with 3 instruments as well as a version for 4 voices. Either version works with the lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts of the other editions.

For another song using a different version of Greensleeves, see “Yorke, Yorke for my monie” in *the Third Booke of Songs*.

The 4 part adaptions, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

- kerchers = kerchiefs, woman’s headwear
- sendall = silky material
- eke = also
- pumps = slippers
- harvest Queen = the girl chosen to be dressed and feted as part of the Harvest Home festivities originating from Ceres the Roman goddess of agriculture and crops
- aglets = metal tags on the ends of laces, also known as points
- brave = finely-dressed

• “Have I caught my heavenly jewel” is a song with lyrics by Sir Phillip Sydney (1554-1586) from his poem cycle *Astrophel and Stella*, first published in 1591. The anonymous setting for one voice and lute is from British Library Add. MS 15117, c.1614-1630. I have simplified the notes of measure 6 for the vocal setting. All 7 verses are included here.





The 4 part setting, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations based on the original lute song.

boy = Cupid

• “Have you seene but a Whyte Lillie grow” – This song has lyrics by Ben Jonson (1573-1637) and music by Robert Johnson (c. 1583-1633). Scholars disagree about the origin: it might have been written as a lute song for the play *The Devil is an Ass*, 1616, by Ben Jonson or for *Love’s Cure*, 1607?, by Francis Beaumont (1584-1616) and John Fletcher (1579–

1625). The lute part used here is derived from the manuscript version in BL Add. MS 15117, c.1614-1630. The melody is an amalgam of those given in Drexel M. 4175 (titled “Songs vnto the violl and lute” and inscribed “Anne Twice, Her Booke”) from 1620; British Library Add. Ms. 15117, dating from 1560s to 1620; and British Library Add. Ms. 29481 (inscribed “Richard Elliotts his Booke”), c.1630. In none of the manuscripts is any verse but the last underlaid. The spelling and lyrics to the third verse are generally from the British Library Add. Ms. 15117. The first 2 verses used here are from “The Triumph [of Charis]” by Ben Jonson.

The inner lines of the 4 part setting, lute adaptation, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

smucht = smudged

nard = aromatic plant used to make ointments

• “A Health to all Good-Fellowes; OR The good Companions Arithmaticke” – The anonymous lyrics are from a ballad perhaps printed in London somewhere 1615 and 1640. Verses 1-6 of the original twelve are included here. The tune is “To drive the cold winter away” from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686).



The 4 part setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

curmudgin = a miser

snudging = being miserly

small beare = weak beer

a madding = going mad



• “How can the tree” is a consort song for 1 voice with 4 instruments with lyrics by Thomas, Lord Vaux (1509-1556) from his poem “No pleasure without some paine,” from *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, 1576. The music is from the partbooks compiled between 1581 and 1588 by Robert Dow (c.1554-1588), Christ Church, Oxford MSS 984-988. I have underlaid the lyrics on each part since they fit perfectly.

The lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

plaints = complaints

• “I am a lover” is originally a song for one voice, bass viol and lute from *Ayres*, 1609, by Alfonso Ferrabosco II (c.1575-1628). I have adapted it into a part song for 4 voices.

The 4 voice adaption, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

• “I Care not for these Ladies” by Thomas Campion (1567-1620) is from *A Booke of Ayres, set forth to be song to the Lute, Orpharian, and Base Violl*, 1601, by Philip Rosseter (1567 or 8 - 1623). Originally for lute, bass viol and a single voice, I have adapted it as a part song for four voices.

The 4 voice adaption, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

• “I lothe that I did love” lyrics are by Thomas, Lord Vaux (1509-1556) from the poem “The aged lover renounceth love.” The poem is from the British Museum Harleian MS, where it reads “A dyttye or sonnet made by the lord Vaus, in the time of the noble queen Marye, representing the image of Death.”

The poem was also published in *Songes and Sonnettes, written by the right honorable Lord Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey, and others*, 1557. The lute song used as the basis for the setting here is from the British Museum Additional MS 4900, although the single verse is somewhat different from that of the poem. All 14 of the original verses are included here.



The 4 voice adaption, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

gust = guest  
behove = need  
not mete = not the goal, not by design  
steylling = stealing  
hedge = confine or limit  
clarke = clerk  
warke = work



• “I smile to see how you devise” – The lyrics are by John Lyly (1554?–1606) from *A Handefull of pleasant delites*, 1584. I have adapted a keyboard setting in the Mulliner Book, British Library Add MS 30513, 1545-1570?, to create a four voice part song. All five verses are included here.

The 4 voice adaption, lute, and Renaissance guitar parts are my creations. The keyboard part from Mulliner has been edited to remove stretches over an octave.

privie = private  
winkes at boord = secret winks, not above-board  
salamander in the fire = salamanders were believed to appear from wood placed in fires, and to be able to withstand fire  
by course of kinde = as is his nature  
bewraith = reveal

• “Iff I had wytt for to endyght” is an anonymous part song for three voices from the Henry VIII Manuscript, British Library Add MS 31922, c.1510-1520. In the original, the melody is in the middle line, here shown as top line, although the clefs still indicate it falls pitch-wise between the second and bass lines. I also have added an optional 3<sup>rd</sup> line. There are some differences in the text incorporated from the version in British Library MS Sch. 11498, Royal Appx. 58. Perhaps the most interesting difference in the two texts is that in verse 5, the Royal MS states “Learning it were for *young men* all unto their lovers true to be”, rather than for *women* to learn to be true.

The optional 3<sup>rd</sup> voice, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

endyght = compose, write  
shall no man know her name for me = shall no other man experience (know)  
being her lover (her name for him)

• “If my complaints could passions move” is a part song for four voices from *the First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, 1597, by John Dowland (1563-1626). The collection was a huge success and was reprinted four more times in Dowland’s lifetime. The tune is originally from Dowland’s lute solo “Captaine Digorie Piper his Galiard,” one of several pieces written for Piper (d.1589 or 90), who, like Francis Drake, was one of Queen Elizabeth’s officially sanctioned pirates. Dowland also set the galliard as an instrumental piece for five in *Lachrimae or seaven teares*, 1604.

The Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

contemn’d = despised



• “If she forsake me I must die” is a lute song by Philip Rosseter (1567 or 8 - 1623) from his *A Booke of Ayres, set forth to be song to the Lute, Orpharian, and Base Violl*, 1601. I have adapted the lute part to create a four voice part song.

The 4 voice adaption, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.



• “If that you list, now merry be” is an anonymous blackletter ballad probably printed between 1561 and 1593. The broadside is subtitled “A merry new Song how a Bruer meant to make a Cooper cuckold, and how deere the Bruer paid for the bargaine.” It calls for the tune “In somer time,” but no version that fits these lyrics has survived. I have used “Loth to Depart” as set by Giles Farnaby (c.1563–1640) from Fitzwilliam Museum MU.MS.168, c.1562-1612, for the melody.

All of the original 23 verses are included here.

The 4 voice adaption, lute, and Renaissance guitar parts are my creations.

list = wish, want

• “If thou long'st so much” is from *The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres* (c.1617) by Thomas Campion (1567-1620). Originally for a single voice with lute, I have adapted it into a part song for four voices.

The 4 voice adaption, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

hedge thee in = confine you  
salamander-like with fire = salamanders were believed to be able to live in fire

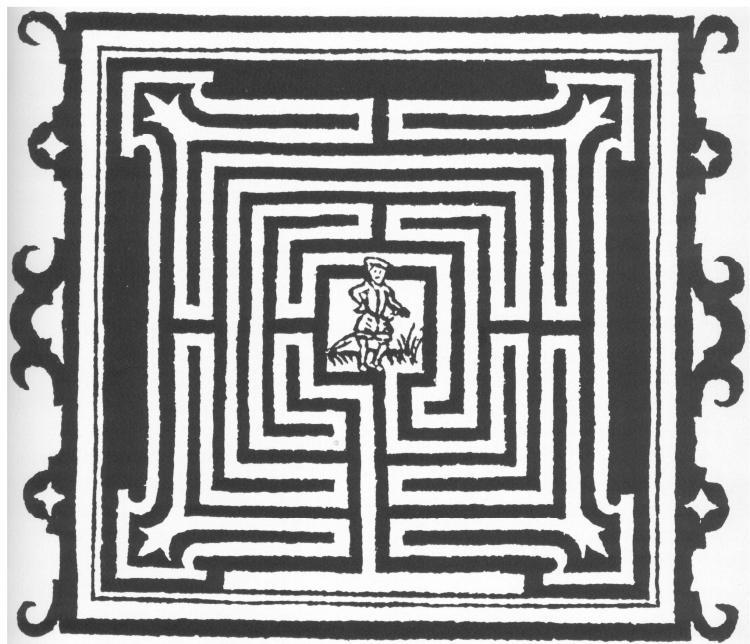
• “He lye alone no longer” is an anonymous broadside ballad perhaps from 1629. The original title is “*A Batchelers Resolution./OR/Have among you now, Widowes or Maydes,/For I come a woing as Fancie perswades./I must have a Wife, be she Older or Younger,/For I cannot, nor will not lye alone any longer./To the tune of, The Blazing Torch.*” No tune by that name has survived, although the tune “Bransle de la Torche” as set by Michael Praetorius in *Terpsichore*, 1612, fits the lyrics well. Included are verses 1-8 of the original 18.

The 4 line adaption of Praetorius’s 5 line setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

• “In a garden so green” is a song from *Cantus, Songs and Fancies*, 1662, printed by John Forbes, the first book of secular music printed in Scotland. Forbes printed the song as an unharmonized melody. I have presented it here as a part song for four voices.

The 4 voice setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

pleen = complain  
heght = promised  
hours of prime = service  
of the first hour of day  
sprentis = springs  
wentis = turns  
danger = standoffishness  
dead = death  
feid = foe  
langor = love-longing  
leed = song  
weir = doubt  
fare = go  
swyth = quickly  
kyth = show  
betrase = betray  
lawtie = loyalty  
oblidge = pledged  
soverence = pledge  
so that = if so be that



ring = reign  
solace = the sport of love



• “In a grove most rich of shade” is transcribed from the lute song in Robert Dowland's *A Muscull Banquet*, 1610. The song has text under the treble and bass lines. In my part song setting, the two middle lines are derived from the lute part. Guillaume Tessier (fl. c. 1582) wrote the music originally as a setting for Ronsard's “Le petit enfant amour” in his *Primo libro dell’Arie...*, 1582. The lyrics are by Sir Phillip Sydney (1554-1586) from his love sonnet sequence *Astrophel and Stella*, 1591. *Astrophel* celebrates Sydney's love for Penelope Devereux, sister of Queen Elizabeth's favorite, Robert Devereaux, the Earl of Essex. She married Lord Rich in 1581, the year that Sydney began his

sonnets, and “In a Grove most rich of shade” begins with a play upon her new name, Penelope Rich. *Stella* is Latin for “star,” while *Astrophel* is Greek for “star lover.” I have underlaid verses 1, 2, 4, 7, 8, 13, 17 and 18 of the original 18.

The 4 voice adaption, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

pide = varied or multi-colored  
lodestarre = guiding star

• “In a merry May morn” is a consort song for voice and 4 instruments by Richard Nicholson (fl. 1595-1639) from the manuscript GB-Lbl Add. 17797. I have adapted it for voice and 3 instruments.

The 4 part adaption, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

• “In Sherwood livde stout Robin Hood” is a lute song for a single voice, lute and bass viol by Robert Jones (fl. 1597-1615) from *A Musical Dreame or the Fourth Booke of Ayres*, 1609. I have adapted it as a part song. All of the four original verses are included here.

The 4 voice adaption, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.





• “In Summer time when folks make Hay” is a broadside ballad of circa 1625(?) by Martin Parker (c.1600-c.1656). The tune is “The Spanish Pavan.” The setting, originally instrumental, is “Pavane de Spaigne” by Michael Praetorius (c.1571-1621) from *Terpsichore*, 1612. Included here are verses 1, 2, 4, 7, 8, 9, 12, 17, 18 and 19 of the original 19.

The lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

mace of Woodstreet = sergeant-at-arms at the Wood Street Compter, a prison  
 go oer = go over to the other side, desert  
 knocking = having sex  
 dun = darkish brown color  
 come = barley  
 lustick = merrily

• “It fell on a summers day” is by Thomas Campion (1567-1620) from Philip Rosseter's *A Booke of Ayres, set forth to be song to the Lute, Orpharian, and Base Violl*, 1601. The original is for solo voice and lute. The part song presented here is created from the original voice and lute parts.

The 4 voice adaption, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

dumpe = reverie



• “It was a lover and his lasse” is from *the First Booke of Ayres*, 1600, by Thomas Morley (1558-1603). The lyrics are perhaps by William Shakespeare (1564-1616) from *As You Like It*, act V, scene 3. Morley’s setting for voice, lute and bass viol is likely the original used in *As You Like It*, probably written in 1599 or 1600. The song is here adapted for four voices.

The 4 voice adaption, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

ring time = season for weddings

• “It was a time when silly Bees could speake” is a song for four voices and lute by John Dowland (1563-1626) from *The Third and Last Booke of Songs or Aires*, 1603. The lyrics are credited to Robert Devereaux, the second Earl of Essex (1565-1601), who commissioned Dowland to set several of his poems to music. These lyrics are from “The buzzing Bee’s Complaint;” in the Ashmole MSS at Oxford. Only the first 3 stanzas from the poem, supposedly written by Essex when banished from the court of Elizabeth, are used in Dowland’s song. There are several songs in Dowland’s third book that refer to bees.

The Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

gan = began  
time = thyme or time  
sith = since  
plaint = complaint  
atomies = mites

- “Jack and Jone can think no ill” is a song for 3 voices and lute from *Two Bookes of Ayres, the FIRST Contayning Divine and Morall Songs*, 1613, by Thomas Campion (1567-1620). This song is mentioned in “The little Barley-Corne” also included in this volume.



The Illuſtrious Lord Robert Deuereux Earle of Eſſex and Ew. Vicount Hereford Baron of Ferrers of Chartley. Lo. Bouchier & Louain. &c.

The added third line, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

lash out ... their silver penny = (?) playing Shove Ha'penny, a shuffleboard-like game played with coins  
nappy ale = strong ale  
crabs = crabapples  
tutties = small floral bouquets  
swaine = a rustic youth

- “John Tomson, and Jakaman his wife” is a broadside ballad registered by M.L. in 1586 and surviving in a later edition from circa 1635. The full title of the broadside is “A merry Jest of John Tomson, and Jakaman his Wife: Whose Jealousie was justly, the cause (of) all their strife. To the Tune of Pegge of Ramsey.” The version used here of Peg A Ramsey is from the William Ballet lute book, Trinity College TCD MS 408, 1593. Although yellow stockings were in style in the 16<sup>th</sup> century, the color yellow was associated with jealousy. Verses 1-6 and 13-14 of the original 18 are included here.



The 4 voice setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

John hold my staffe = a servant or attendant





•“Jone is as good as my Lady” is a blackletter ballad from circa 1620. The tune called for, “What care I how faire she be,” is given in the Leyden MS, 1639 (William Stirling's cantus partbook), in the National Library of Scotland. Verses 1-7 and 11 of the original 11 are included here

The 4 voice adaption, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

tutties = small floral bouquets

verture = green

barley-breake = a game played in a field (hence Barley) with 3 couples, where one couple tries to catch the others, who may separate (hence break) if about to be caught.

give the squeake = get away

rigge = frolic or game

shepherds swains = young shepherd boys or suitors

•“The Joviall Broome Man” is a blackletter ballad from circa 1633-1652. The complete title is “The Joviall Broome man:/OR,/A Kent street Souldiers exact relation,/Of all his Travels in Every Nation,/His famous acts are all shewne here,/As in this story doth appeare./ To the tune of slow men of London.” The lyrics are by Richard Climsell/Crimsell (flourished c.1640). The tune listed, “slow men of London,” is the same as “Jamaica” from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686). All 11 verses of the broadside are included here. This song mentions Holland’s Leaguer, the subject of “Newes from Hollands Leaguer,” also included in this volume.

The 4 voice adaption, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.



Diogenes = stoic Greek philosopher

Tamberlaine = Central Asian emperor made famous in a play by Christopher Marlowe

Ammonites = race related to Israelites

Tilbury Campe = where Queen Elizabeth roused troops for the Spanish Armada battle

Hollands’ Leaguer = a battle in Holland, as well as a famous London brothel

Canary sacke = a light, sweet wine from the Canary islands

• “The Joviall Crew” is a broadside ballad from around 1661-1665. The complete title is “The Joviall Crew/OR, Beggars-Bush./In which a mad Maunder doth vapour and swagger:/With praising the Trade of a Bonny bold Begger/To the Tune of, From hunger and cold.” *A Jovial Crew* was a play written by Richard Brome (c.1590-1653) and performed in 1641. The broadside is sung to the tune of “From hunger and cold,” which was printed on another broadside ballad, “The Ballad of the Cloak: Or, The Cloaks Knavery” from circa 1680. Verses 1-6, 9 and 10 of the original 10 are included here.

The 4 voice setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

Beggars-Bush = to “go by beggar’s bush” means to fall in fortunes;

Beggar’s Bush Yard is a place in Gravel Lane in London

Maunder = a grumbler or beggar

Vapour = boaster

Players = gamers, gamblers

Craver = “an insatiable asker,” according to Samuel Johnson

Filer = one who shaves metal from gold and silver coins

Canter = a hypocrite

Pelfe = money, riches

Lifter = a thief

Tinker & Trull = his parents, a pot mender and a low woman

Jocond = cheerful

Bind them prentive = make them apprentices for 7 years

Toot = to it

Doot = do it

Pullet = a young hen

Conny = a rabbit

Capons = roosters

Mer-slayers = Baptisers, since immersion in water

(mer-) indicated the death of one’s former life

Billet = provide lodging

Shinkin ap Morgan = author of the popular song The

Welsh doctor

Blew-Cap = song Blew Cap for Me

Tege = popular song Ho, Brother Teague

(Lilliburlero)

Hugh Peters = Puritan minister executed in 1660

Gowns Common Prayer = Church of England

Cloak Directory = Puritans

Sould = souled



• “Joy to the person of my Love” – The tune found in the Leyden MS of 1639 (William Stirling’s cantus partbook), fol. 2v, in the National Library of Scotland, and in Forbes’ *Cantus, Songs and Fancies*, 1662, No. 34. The lyrics are from an anonymous broadside ballad entitled “A Louer

forsaken, of his best Beloved. To an excellent new Court Tune.” The ballad was “printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke” circa 1625. All three of the original verses are included here. Near the end of the first verse, “But now alas, I must forgoe The treasure ...” has been changed to “But now alas, I must forgoe her face The treasure ...” which is from the version in Leyden.

The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

plaint = complaint  
 thawart = perverse  
 choise = choice  
 feid = feed



•“Lady Catherine Logy” - The text and tune used here are from *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719-1720, published by Thomas D’urfey (1653-1723), where it is simply titled “A New Scotch SONG.”. The tune is credited to Irish harper Rory dall O’Cahan, who spent most of his life in Scotland between 1601 and 1650 and was known to the court of King James. The tune “Kathren Oggie” appears in the Scottish *Panmure Manuscript*, c.1675. In the Appendix to the 7<sup>th</sup> edition of Playford’s *Dancing Master* of 1686, it is named “Lady Catherine Ogle.”

Lady Catherine Ogle (born c.1570) was the 8<sup>th</sup> Baroness of Ogle.

The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

gin = if  
 ken = know  
 aw = all

•“Leave lightie love, Ladies” is a broadside ballad with lyrics by Leonarde Gybson (fl.1555-1584?) from circa 1570. The full title is “Leave Lightie love Ladies, for feare of yll name:/And True love embrace ye, to purchase your Fame.” The melody is a conflation of those versions in the Folger Library MS W.b.541 (Douce Scrapbook) and the William Ballet lute book, Trinity College TCD MS 408, 1593. Included here are verses 1, 3, 4, 8, 9 and 12 of the original 13.



The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

indite = write  
 traces = tresses, braids

nicyngs = disdain

ticings = enticements

Thisbies = beloved of Pyramus, who lived next door but was not allowed to wed her, and could only communicate with her through a hole in the wall between their homes.

twinke = blink

crocodile = tears, weeping

list = to desire or want



• “A light hearts a Jewell” is a broadside ballad from the mid-1600s. The tune is “Jacke Pudding” from *The English Dancing Master*, printed in 1651 by John Playford (1623-1696). Of the original 16 verses, I have included 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, and 13-16.

The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

vagary = whim, caprice, lifestyle

o'er-seene in bread = overrun with abundance of bread

roaring Boy = street bully

whiske = card player

lift = thief

decoy = swindler

petyfog = unethical lawyer

common-bayle = warrant officer

broaker = broker

inrouled = enrolled, written

canary = light, sweet wine from the Canary Islands

lists = cares

•“The little Barly-Corne/Whose properties and vertues here/Shall plainly to the world appeare/To make you merry all the yeere” is an anonymous broadside ballad from between 1618 and 1658.

The tune is “Stingo or The oil of barley” from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686).

Included are verses 1-3 and 10, 11 and

16 of the original 16. Verse 11 references the song “Jone is as good as my Lady,” also in this



volume. I have changed “Land” and “hand” in verse 2 to “Lande” and “hande” to match the other verses.

The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

Porter = gate-keeper or door-keeper  
lubber = big, clumsy fellow

•“ Lord WILLOUGHBY. OR, A true Relation of a Famous and Bloody Battel fought in Flanders, by the Noble / and valiant Lord Willoughby, with 1500 English, against 40000 Spaniards, / where the English obtained a Notable Victory; for the glory and Renown of / our Nation.” is an anonymous broadside ballad printed circa 1624? based on the story of Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby of Eresby, who

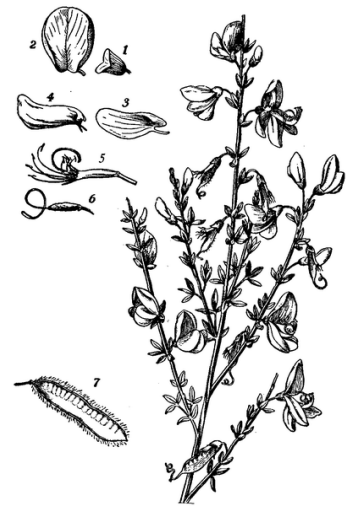


fought in the Netherlands between 1585 and 1590. The tune is from Adriaen Valerius’s *Neder-Landsche Gedenck-Clanck*, 1626, although it is preserved in many variants dating back as far as circa 1600. All 12 of the original verses are included here.

The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

glistening = glistening, shining  
calliver = a hand gun similar to a musket but lighter

•“The lovely Northern Lasse” is an anonymous blackletter ballad from 1624-1680?. It was printed at London for Fr. Coules. The melody is “Broom, broom, the bonny, bonny broom” from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686). There is a curious use of two different refrains, the first beginning “All maids” and the second beginning “O, the broome.” The first verse uses both refrains, but subsequent verses use only one or the other. I have included verses 1, 4, 5, 7, 9 and 11-12.



The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

Liddersdale = region in southeast Scotland  
broome = a shrub with large yellow flowers  
Cowden knows = originally Coldenknollis, a Barony near the Scottish border  
Danby = a village and Parish in North Yorkshire  
knoes = hills, knolls  
fold ewes = to contain the ewes in a pen



- “The lowest trees have tops” is a song for four voices and lute by John Dowland (1563-1626) from *The Third and Last Booke of Songs or Aires*, 1603. The lyrics are by Sir Edward Dyer (1543-1607).

The Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

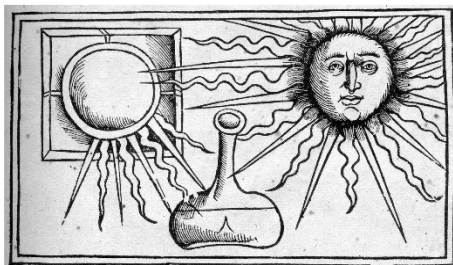
gall = bad behavior or bile  
 spleene = spite, bad temper  
 turtles = turtle doves, the image of devoted love

- “Maid, wil you marie” is a broadside ballad by Clement Robinson (fl. 1566-1584) from *A Handefull of pleasant delites*, 1584. The tune is “the Blacke Almayne” from Royal College of Music MS 1119, fol. 24. All six verses are included here.



The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

sped = succeeded, prospered  
 wight = person, sometimes implying an unhappy person  
 misleeke = dislike  
 Argus = Greek mythological giant with many eyes who never slept and was designated watcher over Io  
 it is no boote = it is fruitless, no use  
 leek = like



- “Mark how the blushful morn” is a song by Nicholas Lanier (1588-1666) from British Library Add. Ms. 11608. The text is by Thomas Carew (1595-1640?), later published in *Poems*, 1640. I have underlaid lyrics to the bass and newly created inner lines in order to create a part song for four voices.

The inner lines, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

planet of the day = the sun

- “The Marriage of the Frogge and the Mouse” is a part song for four voices by Thomas Ravenscroft (c.1582-c.1635) from *Melismata*, 1611. Verses 1-2, and 4-7 of the original 13 are included here.

The lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

buckler = small round shield  
mill-pin = cheerful mill

- “Martin said to his man” is a part song for four voices by Thomas Ravenscroft (c.1582-c.1635). A ballad by this name was licensed to Thomas Orwin in 1588, although no copy has survived. This version is from *Deuteromelia*, 1609. All 6 verses are included here.

The lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

cup = the beer cup  
can = the chamber pot  
clowting = hobnailing  
shoon = shoes  
ring a hog = put a nose ring on a hog



- “Me, me and none but me” is a part song for four voices and lute by John Dowland (1563-1626) from *The Third and Last Booke of Songs or Aires*, 1603. The second verse, beginning “Like to the silver Swanne, before my death I sing” refers to the mistaken belief that swans utter a last call just before dying. This is the source of the phrase “swan song,” as well as the subject of “The silver Swanne” by William Byrd.

The Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

- The Merry Forrester” is a broadside from around 1630. It states:

Young men and maides, in Country or in City,  
I crave your aides with me to tune this Ditty,

Both new, and true it is, no harme in this is,  
 But is composed of the word cald, kisses.  
 Yet meant by none abroad loves to be  
 gadding,  
 It goes unto the tune of: With a fadding.

The tune is called “Fading” in several early 17<sup>th</sup> century plays, including *The Winter’s Tale* and *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. It referenced a 16<sup>th</sup> century Irish country dance “Rince Fada.” All verses of the broadside are included here.

The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.



gadding = moving around aimlessly  
 Aeneas/Queen Dido = Trojan hero Aeneas loved Dido, queen of Carthage  
 Hero/Leander = Hero swam the Hellespont river every night to be with Hero  
 country Swaine = a young man from the country  
 court that cal’d the Commissary = supreme court for probate and divorce  
 girls that portions lacke = girls without dowries  
 three-score = 60  
 groat = coin worth 4 pennies  
 Cleopatra = last of Phillip II of Macedonia’s seven wives, also called Eurydice  
 Olympias = Philip’s fourth wife and mother of Alexander the Great, suspected of instigating the murder of Philip at his wedding to Cleopatra  
 Pausanias = a member of Philip’s personal guards who assassinated Philip

• “Merry Shrovetide” is from *2 Henry IV*, 1596-1599?, by William Shakespeare (1564-1616). It is sung by the increasingly tipsy Justice of the Peace Silence in act 5, scene 3. I have set the lyrics to the tune Dargason from Cambridge MS Dd.2.11, 1585-95. I also added an optional instrumental interlude.

Shrovetide = a time to feast just before Lent and fasting began  
 leman = fiancée

• “The merry Miller of Mansfield” is an anonymous ballad from 1584-1627?, titled *A pleasant new Ballad of the mery Miller of Mansfield in Sherwood, and of King Henry the second, and how he was lodged in the Millers house, and of their pleasant communication. To the tune of the French Lavato*. Verses 1-7, 14-16, and 18-20 of the original 20 are included here.

The four voice version here is based on the keyboard setting of La Volta by William Byrd (1542-1623) in Fitzwilliam Museum MU.MS.168, c.1562-1612.





The adaptation, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

courtnoles = courtiers, slang for drunkards  
 ywis = certainly  
 lambs wool = lambs wool, a traditional drink of hot ale or cider

•“The mery miller’s wooing of the Baker's daughter of Manchester” is an anonymous ballad that has survived in manuscript in the

Shirburn Ballads, Shirburn Castle MS. 119 D 44. This ballad may have been registered in 1581 as “The Millers daughter of Mannchester.” The tune is "Nutmegs and Ginger" from the Cambridge Consort Books, c. 1585. It is basically the same melody as “Kemp’s Jig,” a tune about Will Kemp, the Shakespearian clown famous for his dancing. Included are verses 1-2, 8, 10 and 11 of the original 11.

The lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations, based on the Cambridge Consort Books setting.

best array = finest clothes  
 ringe = announce, speak loudly  
 daunce a downe = a popular dance, perhaps the hornpipe, which was originally played on the instrument known as a hornpipe, especially by sailors, although here also used as a euphemism  
 coy = flirtatiously shy or modest  
 loveth not to toye = doesn’t like to flirt verbally  
 lowne = low fellow  
 faigne = tell stories, exaggerate

• “The Milke-maids life” – The tune is “The merry, merry milkmaids” from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686). The broadside lyrics are by Martin Parker (c.1600-c.1656) as originally published in 1634 by Thomas Lambert. Verses 1-5, 7 and 8 of the original 9 are included here.

The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

jocundly = merrily, happily  
 dulcid = dulcet, sweet and soothing  
 pricking of clouts = sewing  
 flouts = scorn



green sickness = anemia  
God speed the plow = a tune name  
pence = pennies

- “Mistake mee not, I am as cold as hott” is a lute song by Thomas Brewer (1611-c.1665) from the British Library, Add. Ms. 11608, c.1641-1659. In the original manuscript, only the melody and bass line are given. All four verses are included.

The inner lines of the 4 part setting, as well as the lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

- “Misteresse mine well may you fare” is from *the First Booke of Ayres*, 1600, by Thomas Morley (1558-1603). Originally a song for one voice, lute and bass viol, it is here presented as a part song for four voices.

The 4 voice part song adaptation, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

Venus be your speede = may the goddess of love help you  
coll = hug  
clip = embrace

- “Mistris since you so much desire” is a song for one voice, lute, and bass viol by Thomas Campion (1567-1620) from Philip Rosseter’s *A Booke of Ayres, set forth to be song to the Lute, Orpharian, and Base Violl*, 1601. I have adapted it as a part song for four voices.

Campion parodied this song later with “Beauty, Since You So Much Desire,” published in *The Fourth Book*, 1617. In that song, he says that Cupid’s fire resides “not in your toe, but a little higher.”



The 4 voice part song adaptation, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

woe = woo  
where the rose and lilies meet = the nose  
Cupids fire = love

- “My bonny lass shee smyleth” is from *The first booke of balletts to five voyces*, 1595, by Thomas Morley (1558-1603).

The lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

- “My complayning is but faining” is a song for three voices and lute by Robert Jones (fl.1597-1615) from *A Musical Dreame or the Fourth Booke of Ayres*, 1609.

The optional third line, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

faining = pretending

Jason = captain of the Argo, of golden fleece fame

•“My fancie I did fixe” – The lyrics are from *A Handefull of pleasant delites*, 1584, by Clement Robinson (fl. 1566-1584). The first 2 stanzas are also in Bodleian MS Ashmole 48, which was compiled in 1566, so the song predates the lost 1566 edition of *Handefull*.



All verses except number 10 of the original 12 are included here. The melody named for the tune is “All in a Garden Green” from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686).

The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

withal = with

without the ring = outside the ring

on the trace = on the outline

weid = weighed

larum bell = alarm bell

•“My little sweet darling” is a consort song for one voice and 4 viols from the Dow books (Christchurch Oxford MSS. 984-988) and the Wigthorpe books (BL Add MSS.17786-91), copied circa 1615. The setting in Wigthorpe has a lute part that is unrelated to the consort song, therefore I have not used it here.

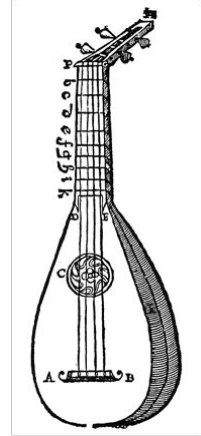
The lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

•“My love hath vowed” is a song for a single voice, lute and bass viol by Thomas Campion (1567-1620) from Philip Rosseter's *A Booke of Ayres, set foorth to be song to the Lute, Orpharian, and Base Violl*, 1601. The inner lines in the four voice setting presented here are derived from the lute part. I have halved the length of measures 5 and 10, which seems to be the standard performance practice for this piece.

The inner lines, bass line underlay, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

sped = had, used, de-virginized  
a-maying = celebrating May Day  
feigned tongue = fibbing  
importune = urge, rush

• “My lytell prety one” – The music is transcribed and transposed from the anonymous lute song in British Library Additional MS 4900, which was copied in the late 15<sup>th</sup> and early 16<sup>th</sup> centuries. The first verse is from Add. MS 4900; other verses are from British Library Add MS 18752, which contains several songs from the 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> centuries. I have adapted it as a part song for three or four voices.



The part song adaptation, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

trowe = trust  
wolde = would  
avaunce = advance

• “My Mistres is as faire as fine” is also known as “The Servant of his mistress.” It is a song in four parts by John Bennett (c.1575–after 1614) from *A Briefe Discourse Of the true (but neglected) use of Charact’ring the Degrees by their Perfection, Imperfection, and Diminution in Measurable Musicke, against the Common Practice and Custome of these Times*, 1614, by Thomas Ravenscroft (c.1582-c.1635). The song was presented in the section labeled “Of Enamouring” as a consort song for a single alto voice (medius) and 3 viols. I have underlaid the lyrics to the viol lines to make it a part song, although the second line presented here is the actual treble line and is set higher than the melody.



The lyric underlay, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

eyne = eyes

• “My mistress sings no other song” is a song for lute and four voices from *the First Booke of Songes & Ayres*, 1600, by Robert Jones (fl.1597-1615).

The Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

• “My sweetest Lesbia” is a song for one voice, lute, and bass viol by Thomas Campion (1567-1620) from Philip Rosseter's *A Booke of Ayres, set foorth to be song to the Lute, Orpharian, and Base Violl*, 1601.

The 4 voice adaptation, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

everduring = everlasting

• “My THING is my Own.” is a song from *Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719-1720, published by Thomas D’urfey (1653-1723). The tune was first published without a title in Robert Carr’s *The Delightful Companion*, 2nd edition, 1686, a John Playford publication. The next year, the tune was used for the political song “Lilli Burlero,” which was published again by Playford in 8th edition of *The Dancing Master*, 1690. Included here are all 12 verses.

The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

fee = valuables

warrant to make all appear = summons to court/request for undressing

non-suit him = dismiss his suit/undress him

greenbag and ink-horn = items associated with lawyers, judges and the like

flea in his ear = rebuffed

placket = a slit or pocket in a garment

bumpkin = awkward country fellow

to go thro’ stitch = to follow through to completion, to finish

squire = country lad

to go down = to lie down

snap = something worth securing, a good job

trap = trickery



• “My true love hath my hart, and I have his” is a lute song with lyrics by Sir Philip Sidney (1554-86) from *The Countess of Pembroke’s Arcadia*, 1590. Sydney intended the *Arcadia* as entertainment for his sister, Mary Herbert, the countess of Pembroke. He was revising the text when he died in 1586. Later it was published in several editions, some with portions of the unrevised earlier work. *Arcadia* was very influential; Shakespeare borrowed from it in *King Lear*, *Hamlet* and *The Winter’s Tale*. This setting is adapted from an anonymous lute song setting in BL Add. MS 15117, c.1614-1630.

The inner instrumental lines, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

- “Neptunes raging fury” is a broadside ballad with lyrics from circa 1650 by Martin Parker (c.1600-c.1656). The tune is “The Valiant Sailor,” printed circa 1735 (BM G.316.f [140], Harvard).



The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

moyle = drudge, labor

- “Never weather-beaten Saile” is a song for four voices and lute from *Two Bookes of Ayres, the First Booke Contayning Divine and Morall Songs*, 1613, by Thomas Campion (1567-1620).

The Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

spright = spirit, soul



- “Newes from Hollands Leager: OR, Hollands Leager is lately up broken, This for a certaine is spoken.” is a ballad by Lawrence Price from circa 1632. It refers to London’s famous Holland’s Leaguer brothel, run by Elizabeth Holland. A *leaguer* is a military encampment, although by 1630 had become common slang for a brothel. The two pieces of art originally printed with the ballad, depicting a cannon and a town beleaguered by cannon fire, are clearly about the battle of Holland’s Leaguer, while the lyrics are artfully double meaning. In 1632, the brothel, which was more of a fortified estate than a

simple building, was besieged by soldiers ordered to close it down. I have changed “thought” in verse 3 to “though it,” which fits the music and is clearly intended in the text. Included are verses 1-4 and 9-14 of the original 14. The tune called for by the broadside is “Canons are roaring,” which survives in Forbe’s *Cantus* of 1662. Holland’s Leaguer is also referenced in “The Jovial Broome Man” with similar double meaning.

The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

sconce = small fort or earthwork for defense  
 Bewdly = street in London’s Islington

- “No more shall meads be deck’d with flow’rs” is a lute song by Nicholas Lanier (1588-1666). It is from *Select Ayres and Dialogues, the Second Book*, 1669, by John Playford (1623-1686). Lyrics are by Thomas Carew (1594?-1640). The song is a *passacaglia*, from Spanish *passacalle*, meaning “street song.” The passacaglia is a musical form (as well as a courtly dance) of variations in triple meter over a ground bass. The ground bass has slight variations in this instance, allowing some harmonic variations in each of the four verses. I have converted it into a part song for four voices.

The 4 voice part song adaptation, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

meads = meadows (at that time, it would have been pronounced like the modern “maids”)  
 Lethe = river in Hades whose waters bring forgetfulness when drunk



- “The Northern Lasses lamentation” is a broadside ballad with lyrics by Martin Parker (c.1600-c.1656). The full title is:

The Northern Lasses lamentation,  
 OR  
 The unhappy Maids Misfortune  
 Since she did from her freinds depart  
 No earthly thing can cheer her heart  
 But still she doth her case Lament,  
 Being always filld with discontent,  
 Resolving to do nought but mourn,  
 Till to the North she doth return

The lyrics used here were printed in 1675 and only differ slightly from an earlier version probably printed during Parker’s lifetime. The tune indicated is “I would I were in my own Country.” I used the version known as “Goddesses” from *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, by John Playford (1623-1686).

The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

Selengers round = an English Country dance  
 Westmorland = area in Cumbria, in northwest England  
 hard hap = unfortunate happening, bad luck

- “Now Cupid look about thee” is “a song to the cittern” by Thomas Robinson (fl. 1589-1609) from *New Citharen Lessons*, 1609. It is originally for soprano and bass voices with cittern accompaniment. I have added two inner voices to make a part song in four voices. I also added a repeat of the last 5 measures. Since the song is so short, I added a second verse from Sir Walter Raleigh’s poem “Farewell”, Bodleian MS Rawl. Poet. 212, fols. 88r-90r.

The 2 inner lines, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

- “Now hath Flora rob'd her bowers” is part song for 3 voices by Thomas Campion (1567-1620), composed for a masque celebrating the wedding of Lord Hayes on Jan. 5, 1607. It was published in *The Discription of a Maske ...*, 1607. The bass line does not have the text underlaid in the original. I have added an optional alto voice.

The optional second line, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.



- “Now is the month of Maying” is a part song for 5 from *The first booke of balletts to five voyces*, 1595, by Thomas Morley (1558-1603).

The lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

maying = participating in May Day celebrations  
 Barleybreake = is a game of chase for 3 couples  
 - see “Jone is as good as my Lady” notes above

- “Now, O now, I needs must part” is a song for 4 voices and lute from *the First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, 1597, by John Dowland (1563-1626). The tune is also known as “The Frog Galliard.” I have used the spellings and hyphenation from the 1613 printing.

The Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

- “Now winter nights enlarge” is a song for a single voice, lute and bass from *The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres*, c.1617, by Thomas Campion (1567-1620). I have converted it to a part song for 4 voices.

The alto and tenor lines, bass underlay, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.



- “O grieffe even on the Bud” is a part song for 5 voices by Thomas Morley (1558-1603) from *Canzonets or Little Short Aires*, 1597.

The lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.



•“O lusty May” is one of the earliest Scottish part songs, being mentioned in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, 1548, and was popular for a long time. It appears in the manuscript titled *Ane buik of roundells*, 1612, “collected and notted” by David Melvil (fl.1600-1612).

The lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

Phebus schene = sunshine,  
 Phoebus = Apollo  
 Helios = the sun  
 pelluciand = clear  
 Esperus = Hesperus, the evening star  
 bray = bank of a river or lake or sea  
 schurs = shores  
 sched = cut  
 firth = a wooded area  
 mair = more  
 glistering = shining, glistening



•“O Mistris mine” – The song setting here is based on the keyboard setting by William Byrd. There are 3 versions of the melody surviving by Morley, William Byrd and John Gamble, each with different numbers of measures. None of these versions perfectly fits the lyrics from *Twelfth Night* 2.3, c.1601-2, by William Shakespeare (1564-1616). Spellings are from the First Folio, 1623. I have included a galliard version based on the broken consort setting in *The First Booke of Consort Lessons*, 1599 & 1611, by Thomas Morley (1558-1603).

The adaptation, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

Sweet and twentie = sweet and twenty times more sweet



•“O, waly waly” is an English song with a long and complicated history. The lyrics used here are of the song “Waly, Waly, Gin Love Be Bonny” from *The Tea Table Miscellany*, 1726, by Allan Ramsey (1686-1758). Ramsay indicated that the song was an old one at that time; in fact, a variation of one verse can be found in a manuscript from the 1620s. A corresponding tune was printed in 1725 in William Thomson’s *Orpheus Caledonius, or a Collection of the best Scotch Songs*, where it was called “Wale’ Wale’ up yon Bank.” The tune used here was printed by Cecil Sharp and Charles Marson in 1906 in *Folk Songs From Somerset, Third Series*. While beginning similarly to the older tune, it is different after the first few notes.

The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

Waly = expression of sorrow such as “woe is me”  
Brae = bank of a river or lake or sea  
Burn-side = bank of a brook or stream  
gae = go  
aik = oak  
syne = then  
busk = prepare, get ready  
kame = comb  
Martinmas = a celebration of the feast of St. Martin, November 11  
Arthur’s seat = a hill in Holyrood Park in Edinburgh, Scotland  
Saint Anton’s Well = Saint Anthony’s Well, a natural spring in Holyrood Park  
cramasia = crimson  
had I wist = had I known

- “Of all the birds that ever I see” is a part song for 3 voices by Thomas Ravenscroft (c.1582-c.1635), from *Deuteromelia*, 1609.

The lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

birds = girls, women  
sinamont (cinnamon), ginger, nutmegs, cloves = spices believed to help get an erection  
nose = penis

- “Of all the birds that I doe know” is a song for four voices, bass viol and lute by John Bartlet (fl. 1606-1610) from *A Booke of Ayres with a triplicitie of musicke, where of the first part is for the lute or orpharion, and the viole de gambo and 4 partes to sing, the second part is for 2 trebles to sing to the lute and viole, the third part is for the lute and one voyce, and the viole de gambo*, 1606. The lyrics are by George Gascoigne (c.1535-1577) from *A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres*, 1573. The song was dedicated to a “gentlewoman whose name was Philip.” Of course, it is not really about a bird, but rather about sex. Every word with a modern double meaning, such as “prick,” had the same meaning in 1606.



The Renaissance guitar and keyboard parts are my creations.

list = wants  
laies on load = ? goes to it  
fend cut phippe = parry a thrust, Philip  
peate = pet  
by the rood = by the rod, a phrase used in swearing

- “Oft have I sigh’d” is from *The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayers*, c.1617, by Thomas Campion (1567-1620). Originally it was for a single voice, lute and bass viol.

The inner lines, bass lyric underlay, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

- “Once I loved a Maiden faire” is a tune printed by John Playford (1623-1686) in *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, and subsequent editions. The song lyrics are from an anonymous broadside ballad, 1619-1629?, where the title is given as “The Revolted Louer. / OR / A young Maiden is apt to be wonne, / Approved by what this Damsell hath done.” I have included verses 1-8, and 10-12 of the original 12 verses.



The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

the boy = Cupid  
 they will be gad = they will wander about looking for pleasure  
 sped = loyal

- “The panges of Loue and lovers fittes” is a broadside ballad from 1559 with lyrics by William Elderton (d.1592 or before). Included of the original 9 verses are numbers 1-4, 6 and 9. The tune is “King Solomon.”

The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

paragon = a person who is a perfect example of a quality  
 glistened = glistened  
 Paris / Helena = the couple that caused the Trojan War  
 Troylus / Cresseda = a doomed couple from the Trojan Wars  
 Leander = he swam the Hellespont river each night to see his love Hero  
 exuperate = overcome, rise above

- “The Parting Glass” - Though “The Parting Glass” has sometimes been attributed to Scottish poet Sir Alex Boswell (1775-1822), a version of the song was documented earlier in the Skene Manuscript, a collection of 117 musical notations compiled by John Skene in the early 1600s. Written by, or for, John Skene (d.1644) of Hallyards, Lothian, or his son William. It was presented in tablature for the mandore, a kind of small lute.

It was the most popular song for parting with company until Robert Burns wrote “Auld Lang Syne.”

I have provided a setting for four voices, as well a setting as for a single voice and 3 instruments.

The setting, lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

• “Pastyme with good companye” is a part song for three voices from the Henry VIII Manuscript, British Library Add MS 31922, c.1510-1520.

The lute, Renaissance guitar, and keyboard parts are my creations.

gruche = grudge, begrudge

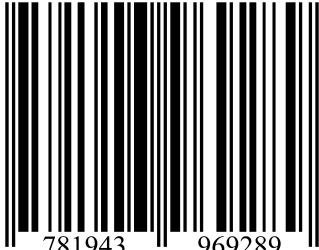
dejest = digest

esthew = eschew





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The Second Booke of Songs Ensemble Edition