

## EARLY MUSIC ONLINE

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A nevv Booke of Tabliture for the Bando. ra: Contayning fundrie forts of lessons, collected together out of divers good Authors for the furtherance and delight of such as are desirous to practile on this Instrument. Newer before Published. bedefghiklmnoy Imprinted at London for VVilliam Barley, and are to be fold at his shop in Gratious fireet neere Leaden-Hall.

TTU AVENDA REVATENS TOUS TOUS V.

Gentle Reader, I haue not difcontinued my purpofe, to procure thy pleafure and delight, by acquainting the with the Bandora in in this booke, as well as I haue done with the Lute and Orpharion, in the former two bookes : which labour and coft of mine, if thou take in good part, I will not ceafe my trauill for thy further good, but I will likewife acquaint the with the very ground worke, whereupon the whole frame of mulique is built, which matter well looked into, and practifed at fuch convenient times, as thy leafure will afford thee, thou mayeft thereby be the better able to iudge of the worthines and excellencie of this Arte, which hath beene imbraced, and highly commended, even from the first beginning therof. And although at the first it feeme vnto the very hard and difficult, yet by willing dilligence it will become eafie and pleafant: for as it is faid, the roote of feience is verie bitter, but the fruite verie delectable and fweet. And as for the Infirument it felie, it is eafie to be played vpon, and is an Infirument commendable and fit, either in confort or a lone, and for the fingering of it, let that fuffice to infiru & thee that I haue faid in the preface of the Orpharion: Only this note, that the manner of tuning doth a little differ from the Lute and Orpharion : Therefore to the thee how to tune it, let this example fuffice that followeth. Example.

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treach thee how to tune it, let this example fuffice that followeth. The vie of this example is thus. First begin with the countertenor wre-fling the firinges higher or lower, till they agree in vnitie of found with the firinges index of your fmall meanes, and ftoppe them in d. wrefting the firinges higher or lower, till they agree in vnitie of found with the firings of your countertenor open, then ftoppe your countertenor &c. and make the meanes higher or lower till they agree in vnitie, then ftoppe your great meanes in c. and wreft the firinges of your tenor higher or lower till they agree in vnitie, then come to your treble againe & floppe it in d. and the wreft higher or lower the firinges of your bale till they likewife agree in vnitie of found, and then haue you done tuning, fo let this rule fuffice till experience fl all acquaint thee howe to tune it by eare, which is the beft and moft exquifite way of all. Thus gentle Reader hoping that thou wilt take my well meaning in good part, I bid thee farewell. W. B.

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Entle Reader, I hauel Tthee will the Bandor coment it art, I biddhee iarewell.



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T'Hole eves hat fer my fancie on a fire, thofe crifped haves which hold my hart in chaines Those dancie hands which conquered my defire. that wit which of my thought doth hold the raines. Then love be ludge what hart may therewith ftand. fuch eves, fuch head, fuch wit and fuch a hand: Those eyes for clearenes doth the ftarres furpaffe. those haires observe the brightnes of the funne. Those hands more white than ever hiorie was, that wit even to the skies hath glory wonnet Oh eyes that pearce our hearts without remorce, Oh haires of right that aveates a royall crowne: Oh hands that conquere more than Cafars force, Oh wit that turnes huge kingdomes vpfide downe. CHort is my refl whofe toy le is ouer long, my joyes are darke but cleare is feene my woe: In fafetie finali great wracks I bide through wrong, whofe time is fight and yet my hope but flow. Each griefe and wound in my poore foule appeares, that laugheth houres and weepeth many yeares. Deedes of the day are fables for the night, fighes of defire are fmokes of thoughtfull teares: My fteps are falle although my path isright, difgrace is bold my fauour full of feares. Difquiet fleepe, keepes audite of my life, where rare content doth make dupleafure rife: The dolefull clocke which is the voice of time. calles on my end before my hap is feene. D4

Thus falles my hopes whole harmes have power to clime, not come to have which long in with have beene, I truft you love and feare not others hate, be you with me and I have Carfars fate. FINIS.

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HOw can the tree but wafte and wither away, that hath not fometime comfort of the funne: How can the flower but vade and foone decay, That alwaies is with darke clouds ouer runne, Is this a life? nay death I may it call: That feeles each paine, and knowes no ioy at all.

Whatfoodles beafl, can live long in good plight, Or is it life, where fences there be none? Or what availe the eyes without their fight, Or elfeatongue to him that is alone? Is this a life? &c.

Whereto ferues cares, if that therebe no found, Or fuch a head where no deuice doth grow : But al of plaints, fince forrow is the ground, Wherby the heart, doth pine in deadlie woe. Is this a life? nay death I may it call: That feeles each paine, and knowes no ioy at all.

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FINIS.