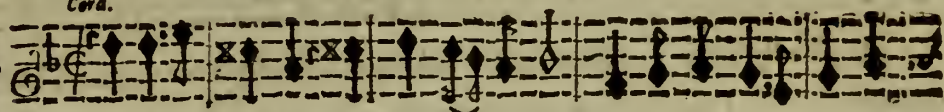


PASTORALL DIALOGUES.

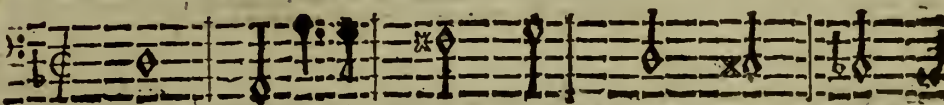
A Dialogue betwixt Cordanus and Amoret, on a Lost Heart.

For two Trebles.

Cord.

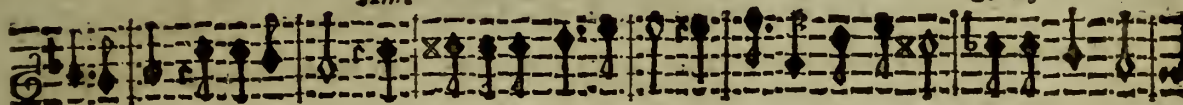


Istressed Pilgrim whose dark clouded eyes speaks thee a Martyr to Love's

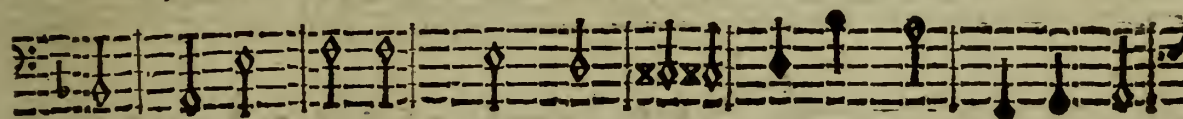


Am.

Cord.



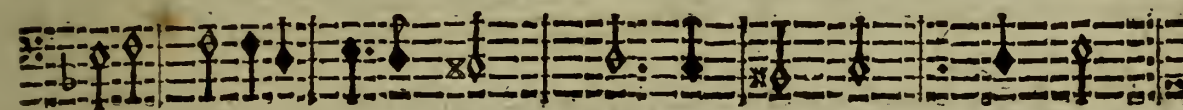
cruelties; whither away? What pit-tying voyce I hear calls back my flying steps? Prithee draw near



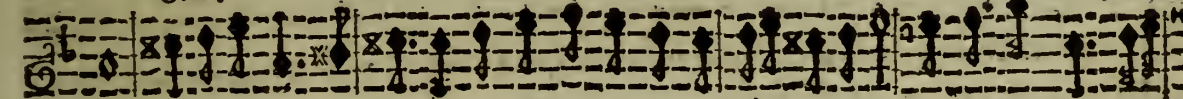
Am.



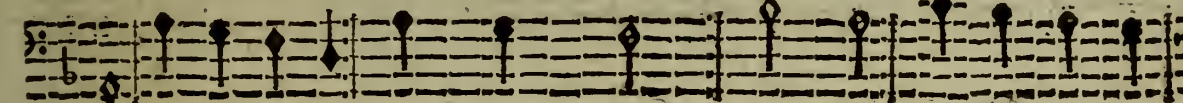
I shall but say kind Swain what doth become of a lost heart, e're to *E-li-xi-um* it wounded



Cord.



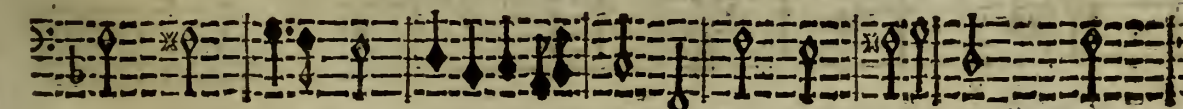
walks? First, it does free-ly fly in-to the pleasures of a Love—ers eye, but once condemn'd to



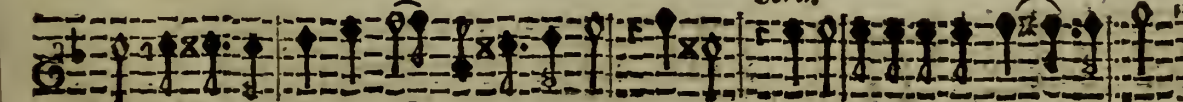
Am.



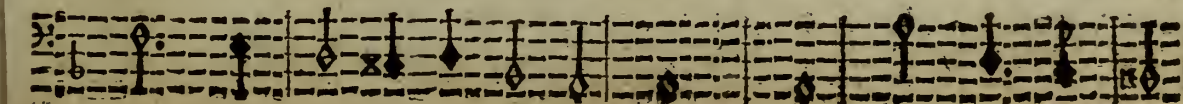
scorn, it fether'd lies an ever bowing slave to tyrannies. I pit-ty its sad Fate, since its of-

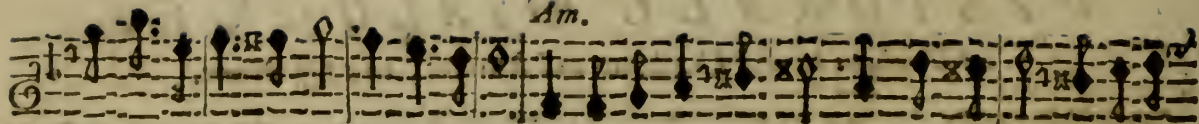


Cord.

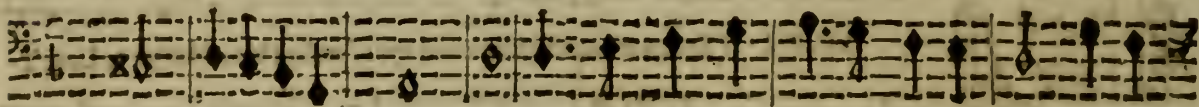
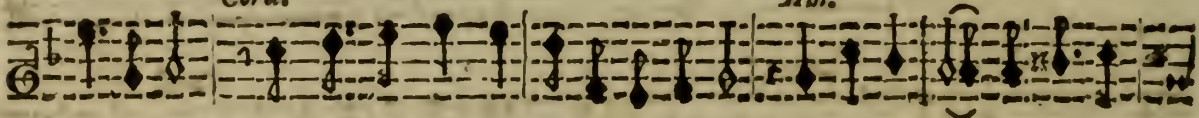


fence was but for Love, can't tears recall it thence? O no, such tears as do for pit—ty call,

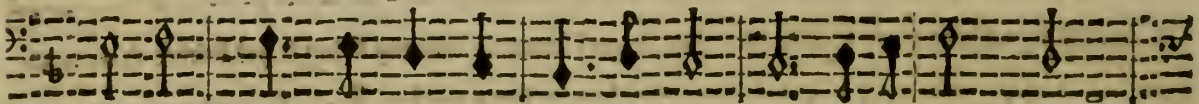


Am.

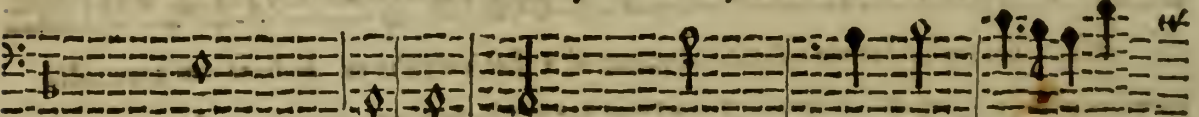
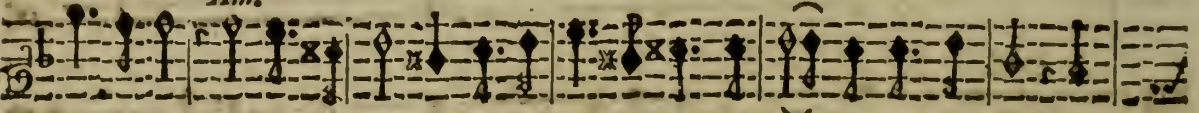
the proudly scorns, & glories at their fall. Since neither sighs nor tears, kind Shepherd tell, will not a

*Cord.**Am.*

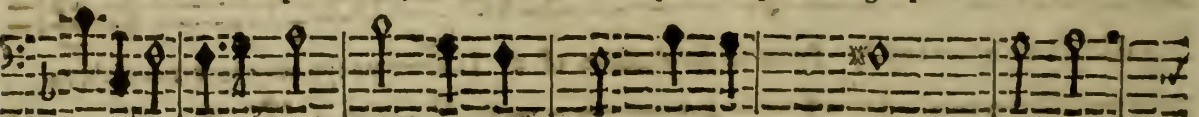
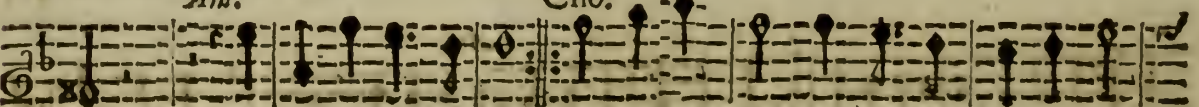
kisse prevaile? Thou may'st as well court Ec-cho with a kisse. Can no Art move a sacred

*Cord.*

vi--olence to make her love? O no, 'tis on-ly De-sti-ny and Fate fashions our Wils. Either to

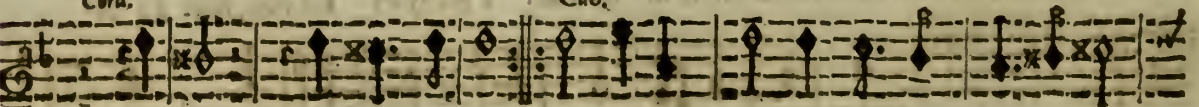
*Am.*

love or hate. Then captive heart, since that no humane spell hath pow'r to graspe thee his fare-

*Am.**Cho.*

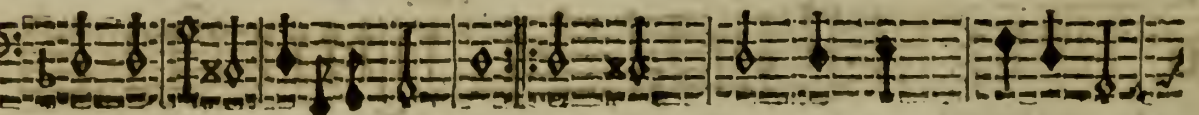
well.

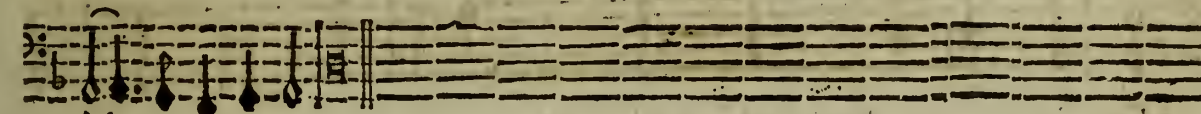
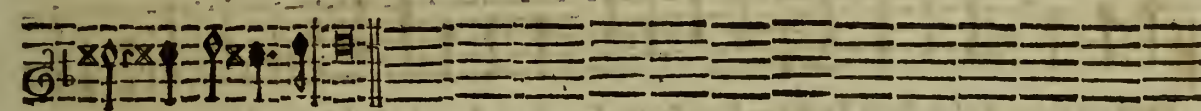
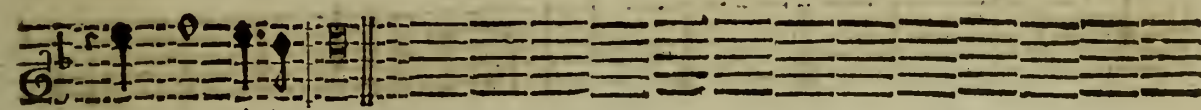
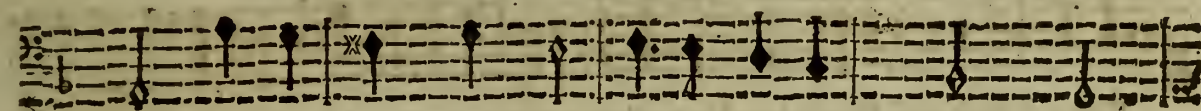
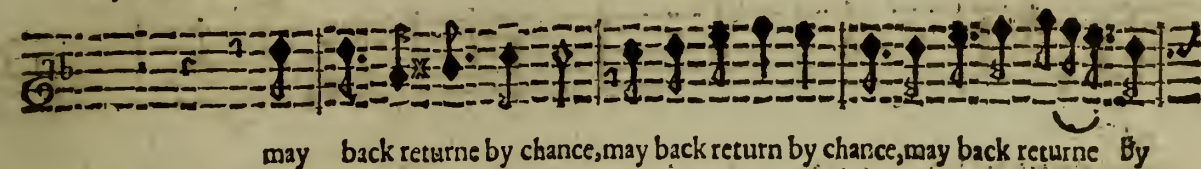
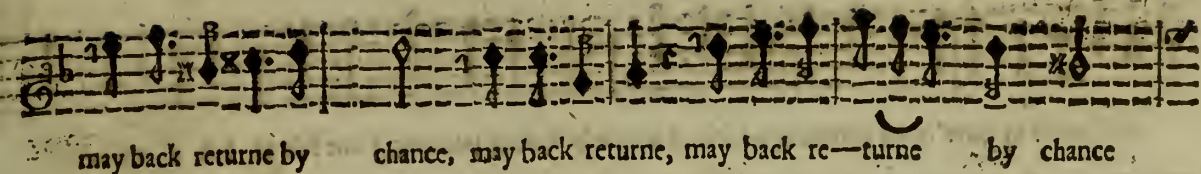
Farewell, farewell, farewell. Lost hearts like Lambs drove from their Folds by fears,

*Cord.**Cho.*

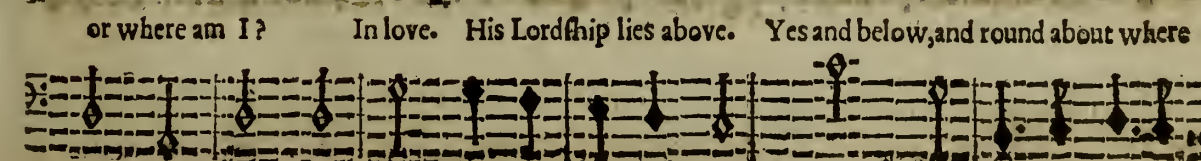
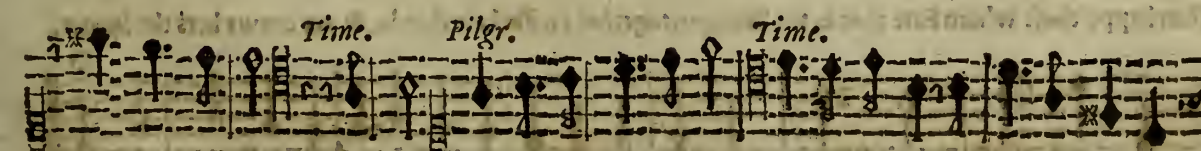
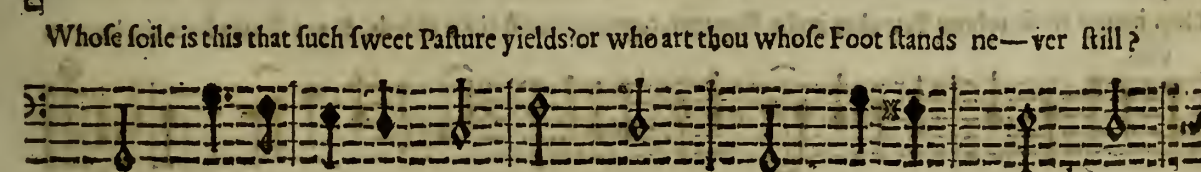
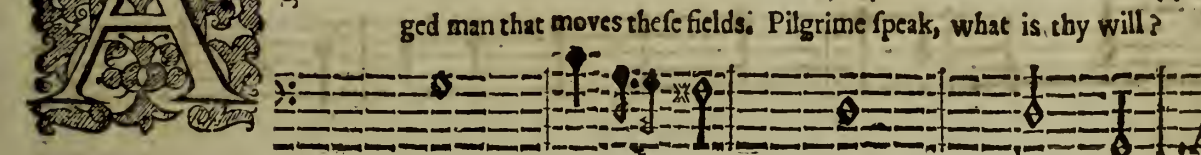
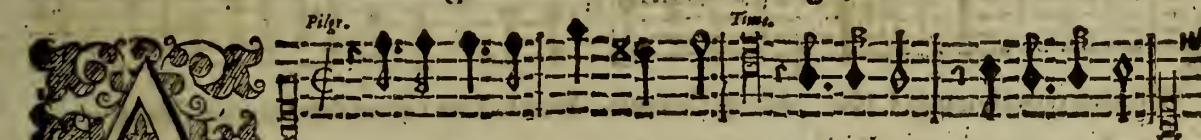
farewell.

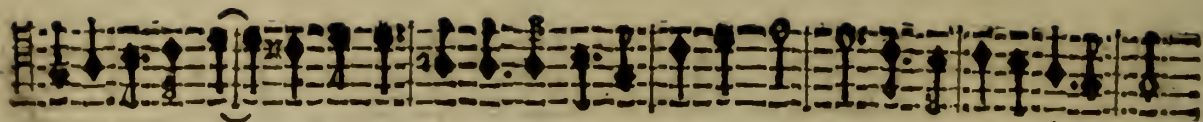
Farewell, farewell. Lost hearts like Lambs drove from their Folds by fears,



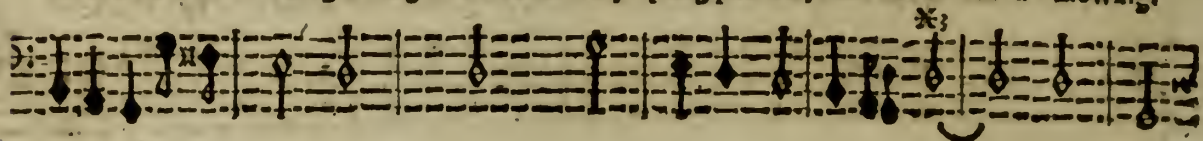


A Dialogue betwixt Time and a Pilgrime.

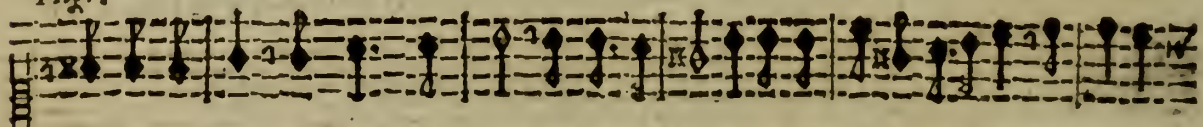




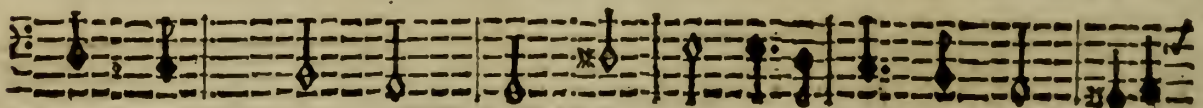
in all sorts of flow'rs are growing which as the early Spring puts out, Time falls as fast a mowing.



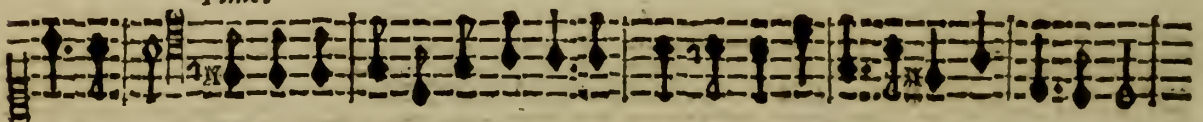
Pilgr.



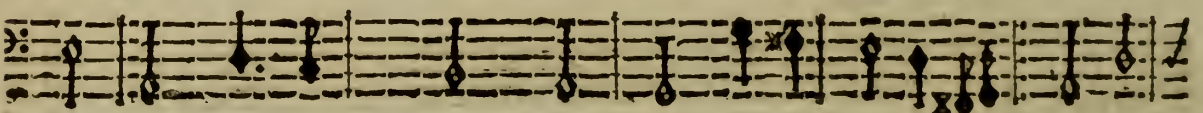
If thou art Time, these Flow'rs have Lives, and then I fear, under some Lilly she I love may now be



Time.



growing there. And in some Thistle or some spyre of grasse, my lyth thy stalk before hers come may passe.

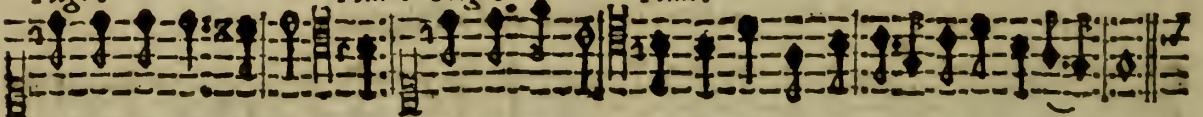


Pilgr.

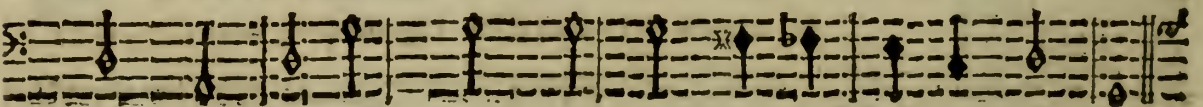
Time.

Pilgr.

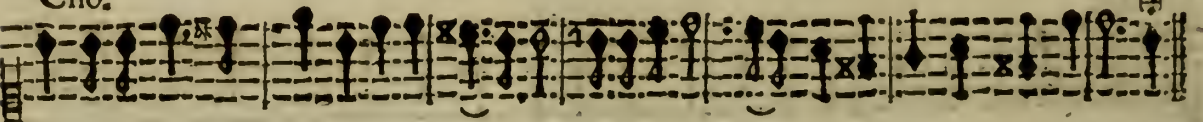
Time.



Wilt thou provide it may ? No. All ease the cause. Because Time cannot alter but obey Fates Laws.

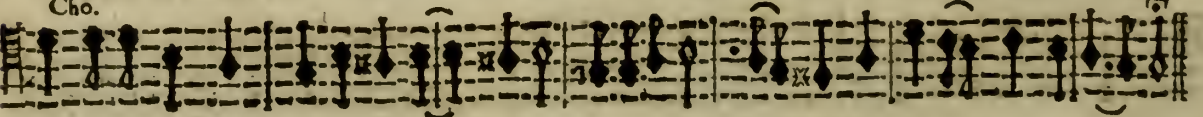


Cho.

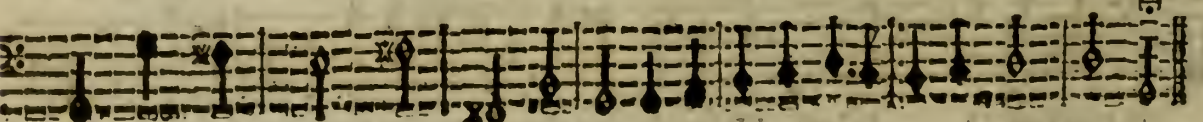


Then happy those whom Fate that is the stronger, together twist their threds, & yet draws hers the longer.

Cho.



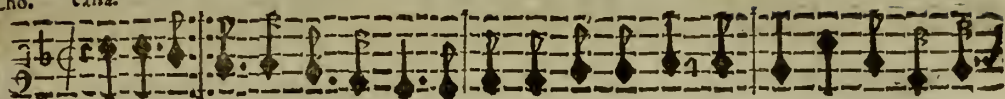
Then happy those whom Fate that is the stronger, together twist their threds, & yet draws hers the longer.



A Pastoral Dialogue betwixt Cleon and Cælia.

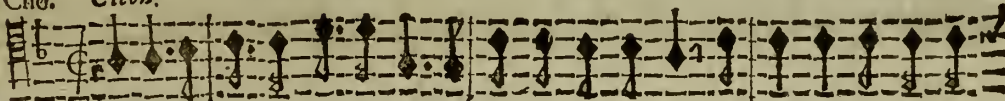
Cho.

Cælia.

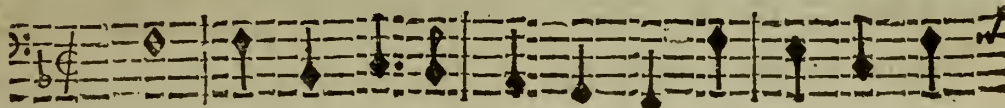


S Cælia rested in the shade with Cleon by her side, the Swain thus courted the

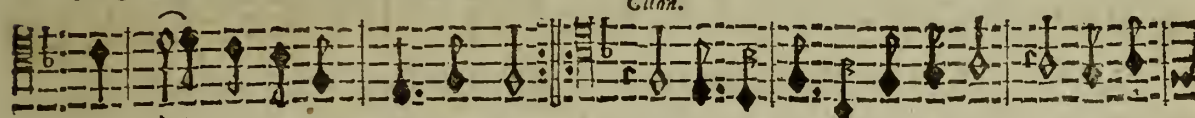
Cho. Cleon.



S Cælia rested in the shade with Cleon by her side, the Swain thus courted the

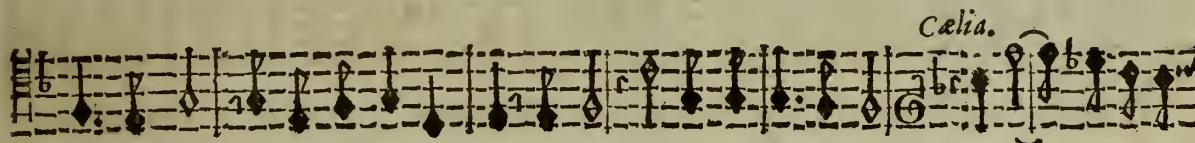
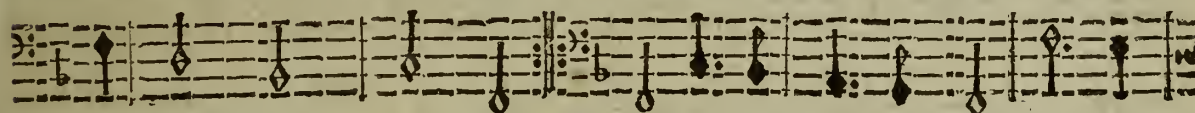


yong Mayd, and thus the Nymph reply'd.

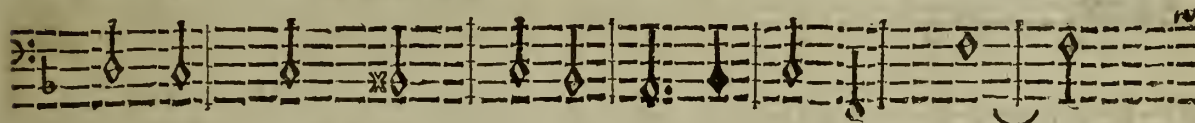


yong Mayd, and thus the Nymph reply'd.

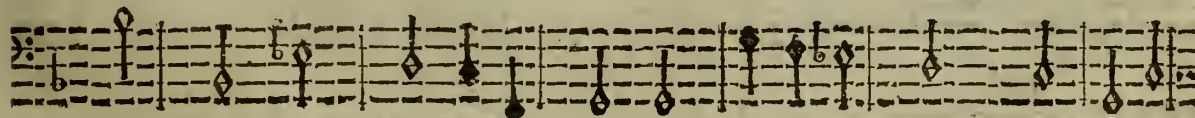
Sweet let thy captive fetters wear made by thine



arms & hands, 'till such as thraldome scorn, or fear, envy those happy bands. Then thus my willing

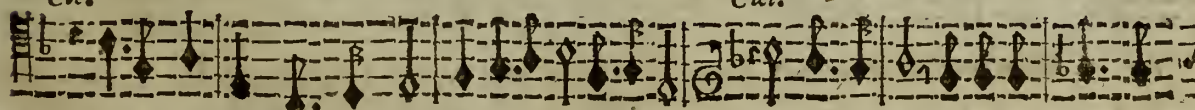


arms I wind about thee, and am so thy pris'ner, for my selfe I bind untill I let thee go.



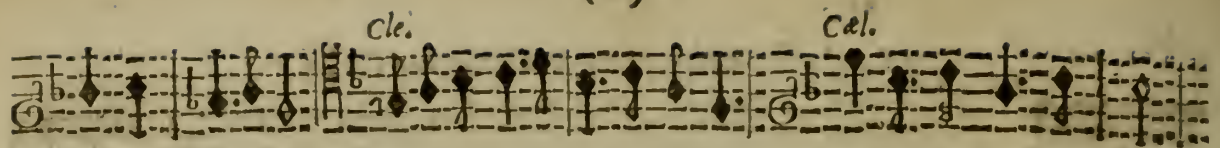
Cle.

Cælia.

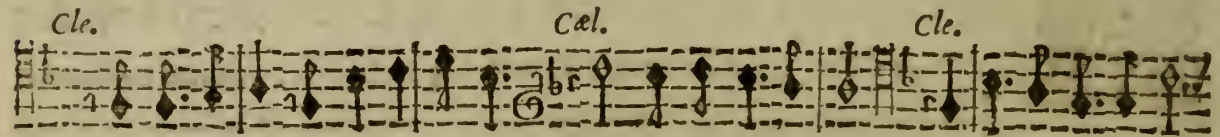
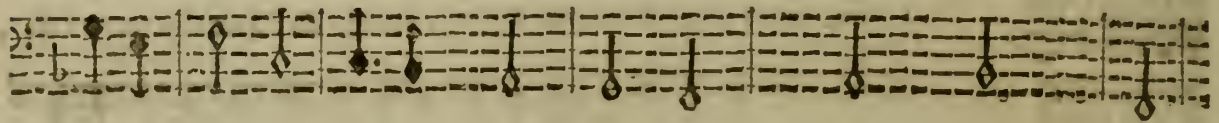


Happy that slave whom the fair foe ties in so soft a chain. Far happier I, but that I know thou

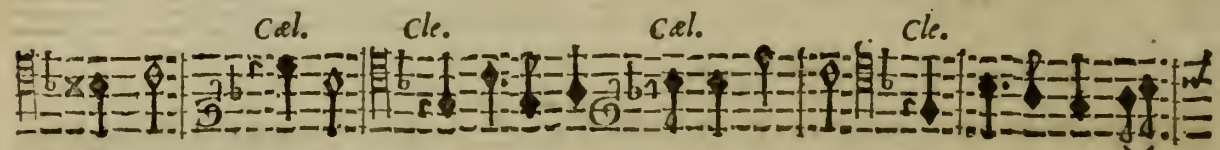
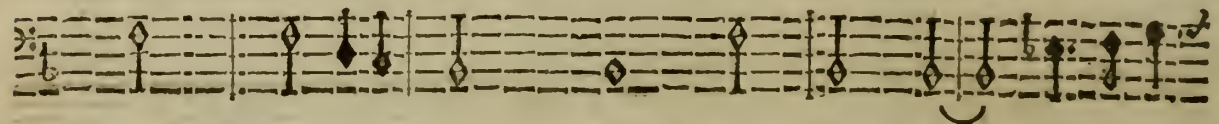




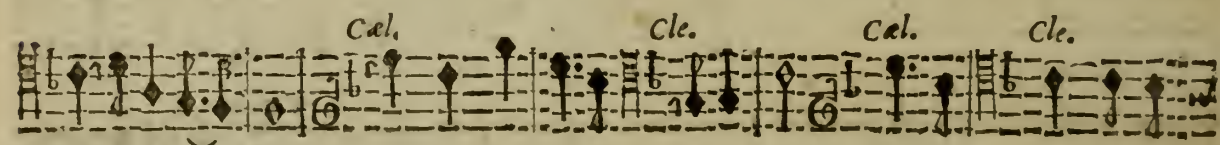
wilt break loose again. By thy immortall Beauties never. Fraile as thy Love's thine Oath.



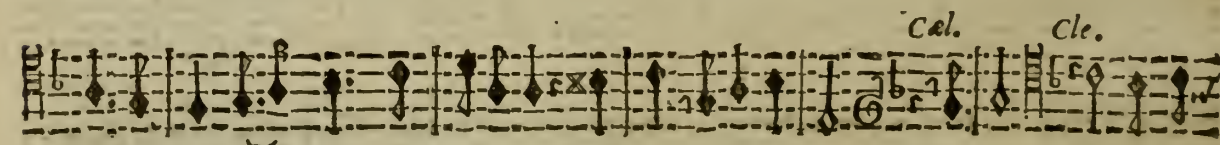
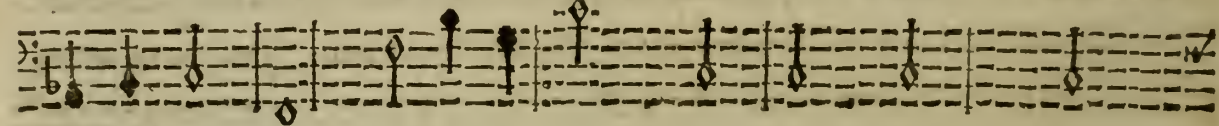
Though beauty faile my faith lasts ever. Time will destroy them both. I doat not on that snow-



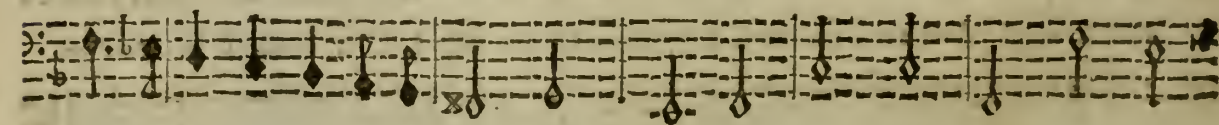
white skin. What then? Thy purer mind. It lov'd too soon. Thou hadst not been so



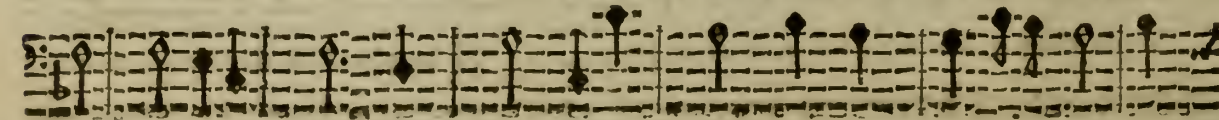
fair, if not so kind. O strange vain fancy! But yet true. Prove it. Then make a

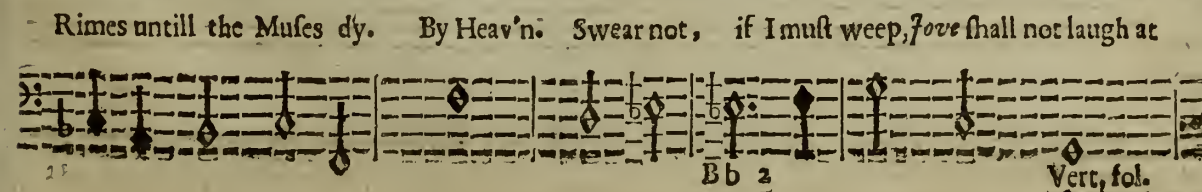
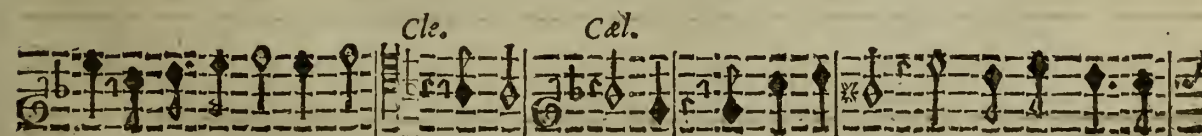
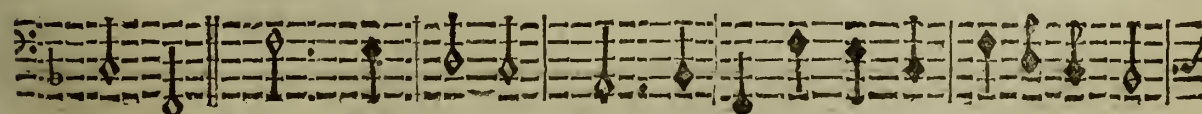
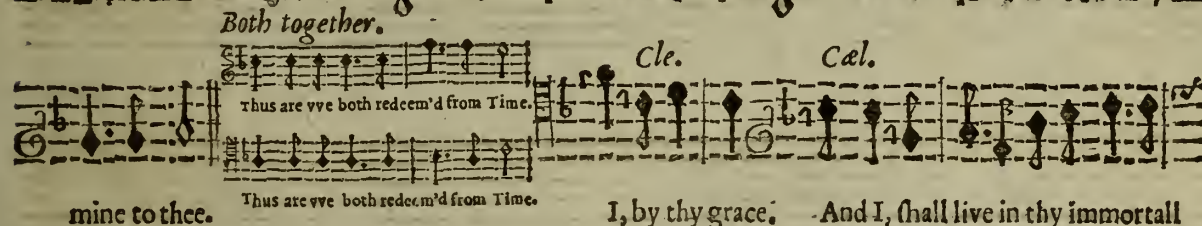
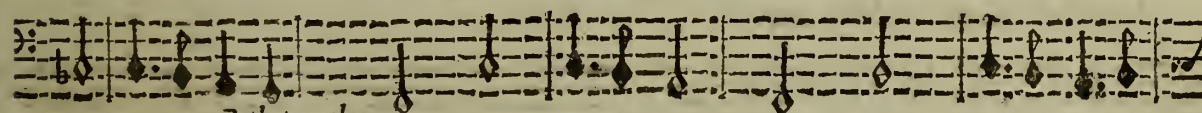
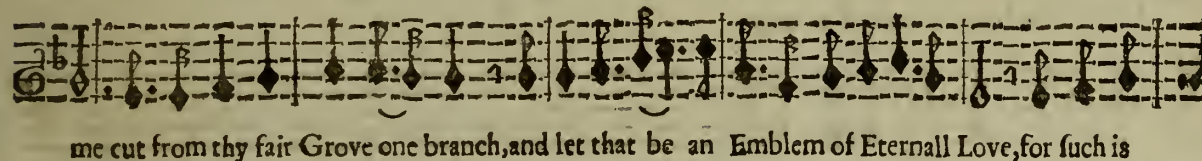
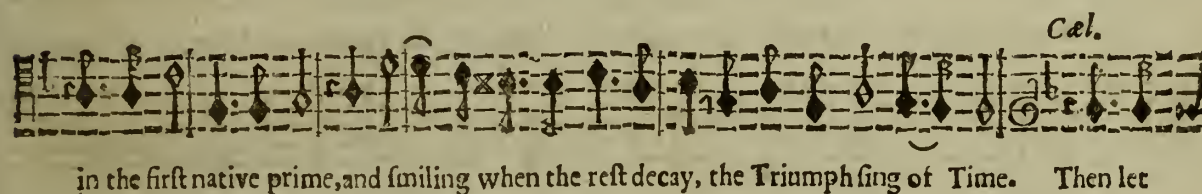
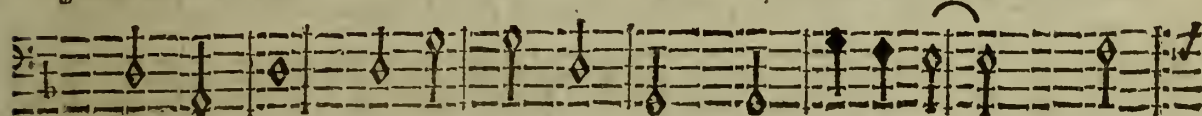
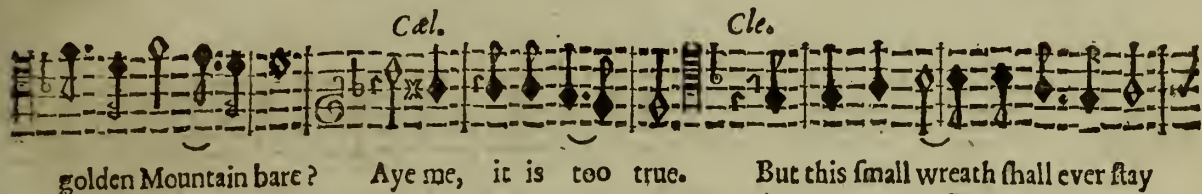
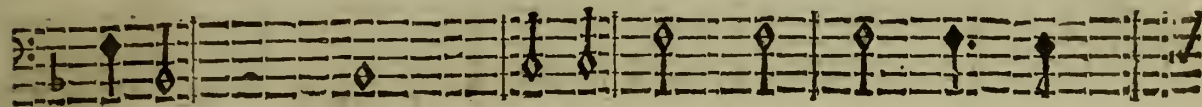
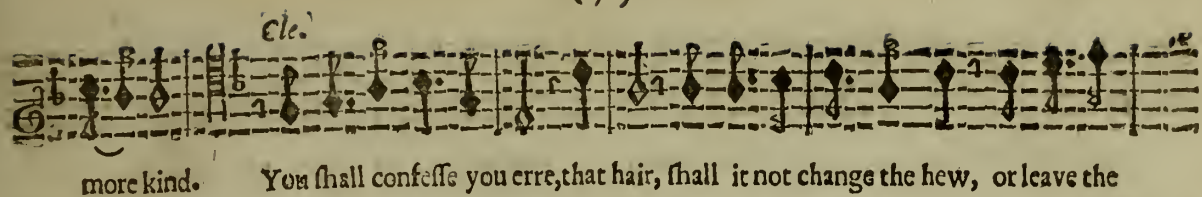


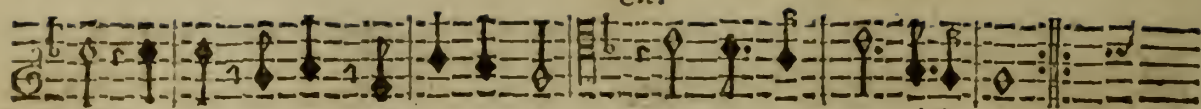
Brade of those loose flames which circle you, my Sun's & yet your shade. 'Tis done. Now give it



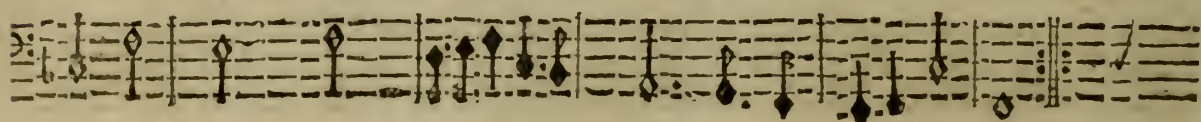
me. Thus thou shalt thine own error find; if these were Beauties, I am now lesse fair, because



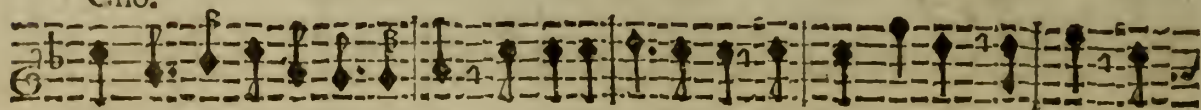




me, this kisse, my heart, and thy faith keep. This breath's my soule to thee.

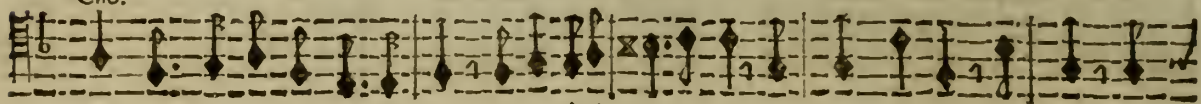


Cho.

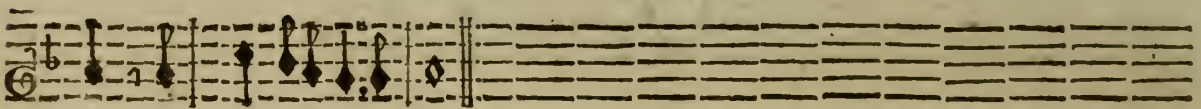


Then forth the thicket *Thirfis* rusht, where he saw all the play, the Swain stood still, and smil'd, and

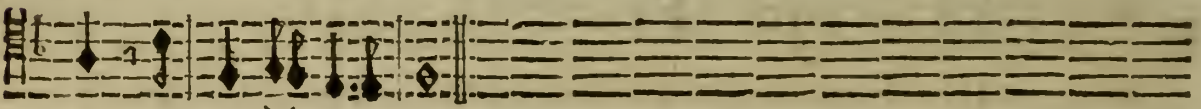
Cho.



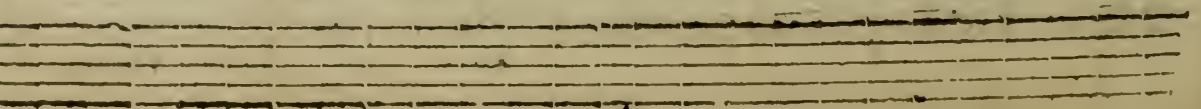
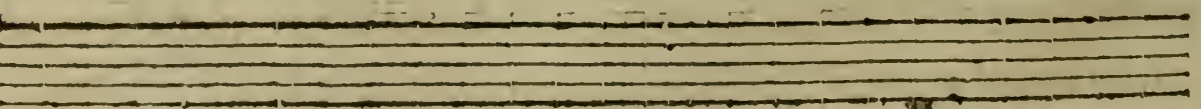
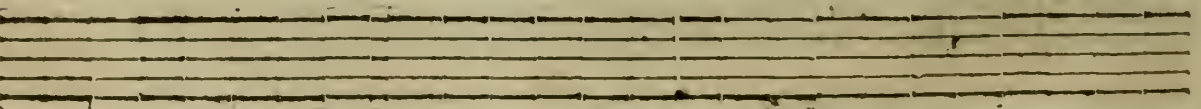
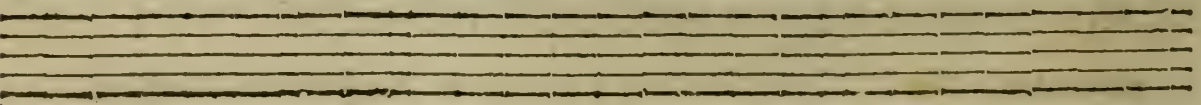
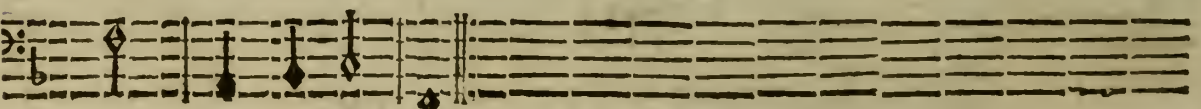
Then forth the thicket *Thirfis* rusht, where he saw all the play, the Swain stood still, and smil'd, and

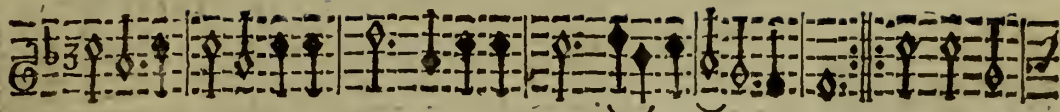


blush'd, the Nymph fled fast a-way.

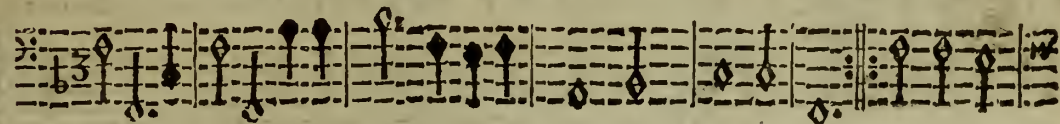


blush'd, the Nymph fled fast a-way.

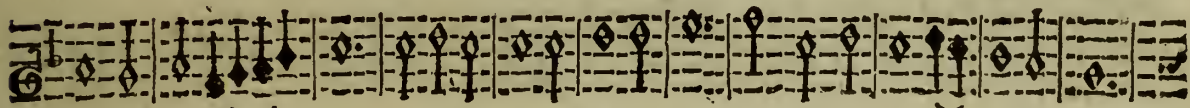




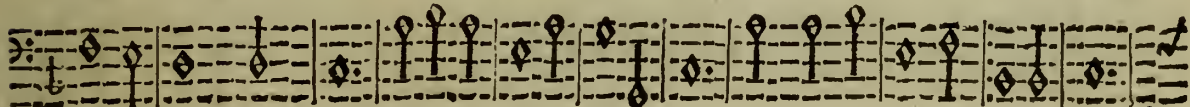
Acchus, I-acchus, fill our Brains as well as Bowls with sprightly strains: Let Souldiers



Acchus, I-acchus, fill our Brains as well as Bowls with sprightly strains: Let Souldiers



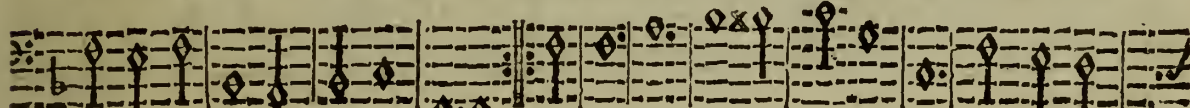
fight for pay or praise, and many be the Misers with, poor Schollers stu-dy all their dayes,



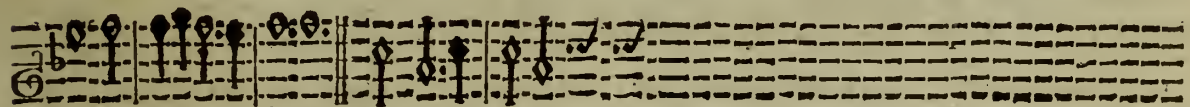
fight for pay or praise, and many be the Misers with, poor Schollers stu-dy all their dayes,



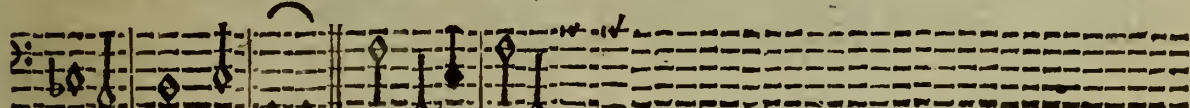
and Gluttons glo-ry in their dish: 'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls, therefore give



and Gluttons glo-ry in their dish: 'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls, therefore give



us the cheer in Bowls. *Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.*



us the cheer in Bowls. *Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.*

Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.

Let Minions Marshall ev'ry hair,

Or in a Lovers lock delight,

And Artificial colours wear,

We have the Native Red and White:

'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.

Take Pheasant Poults, and calved Sammon,

Or how to please your pallats think,

Give us a salt West-phalia Gammon,

Not meat to eat, but meat to drink:

'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.

Some men want Youth, and some want health,

Some want a Wife, and some a Punke,

Some men want wit, and some want wealth,

But they want nothing that are drunke:

'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.

Some have the Pstifick, some the Rhume,

Some have Palsie, some the Gout,

Some swell with fat, and some consume,

But they are found that drink all out:

'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.

The backward spirit it makes brave,

That forward which before was dull;

Those grow good fellows that were grave,

And kindness flows from cups brim full:

'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

A. 2. Voc. Bass. & Cant.

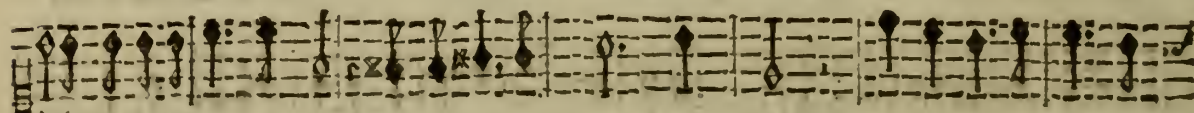
Upon a Crown'd Heart sent to a Cruel Mistress.



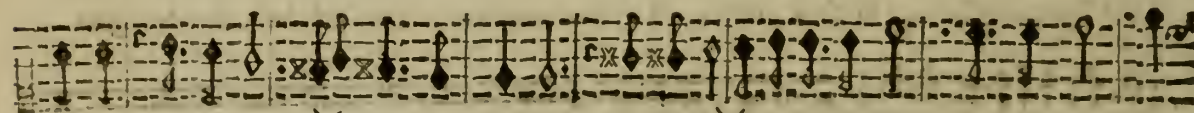
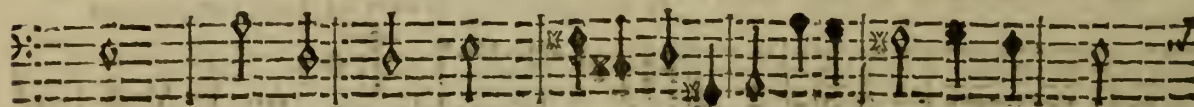
O thou Emblem of my heart, tell my Mistress whose thou art ;



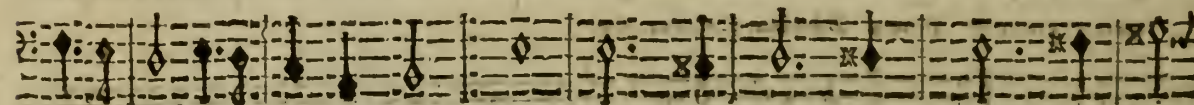
if with Love she do re—ceive thee, happy then, happy then, happy then thou art to leave me :



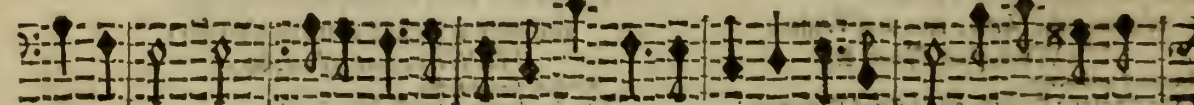
But if she do chance to Frown, let her only spoyl that Crown, and all wounded home re—



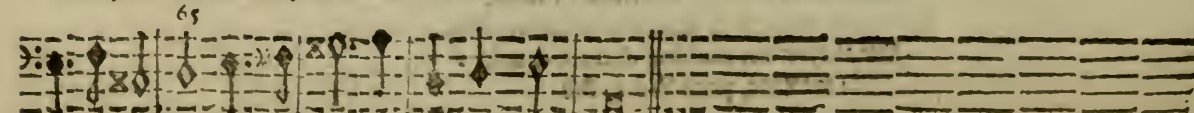
turn thee, where no o—ther flame shall burn thee ; for em—pa—led in my brest, though thou break my



peacefull rest ; yet I vow in thy defence, Love no more shall fire thee hence, yet I vow in thy de—



-fence, Love no more, no more shall fire thee hence.



B A S S U S.

A. 2. Voc. Bass & Cant.



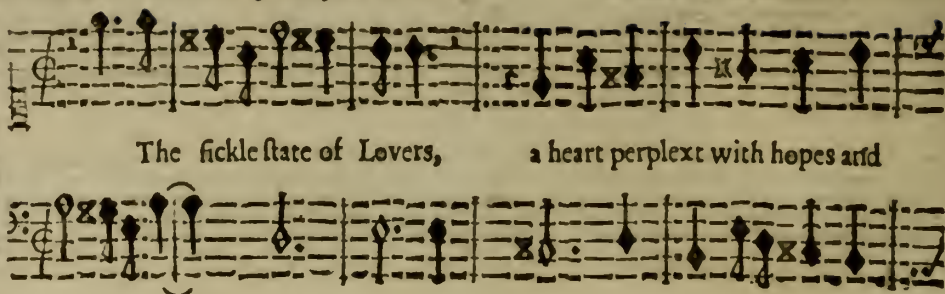
O thou Emblem of my heart, tell my Mistres whole thou art, if with Love she
do receive thee, happy then, happy then, happy then thou art to leave me :

But if she do chance to Frown, let her on-ly spoil that Crown, and all wounded
home return thee, where no other flame shall burn thee; for em-pa-led in my brest, though thou

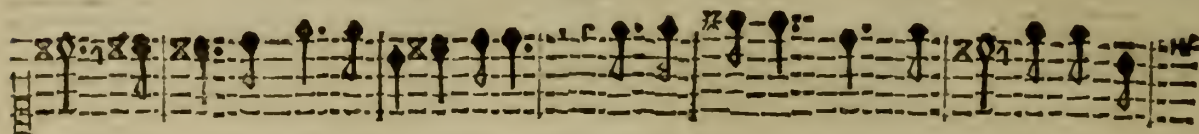
break my peacefull rest; yet I vow in thy defence, Love no more shall are thee hence, yet I

vow in thy defence, Love no more, no more shall are thee hence

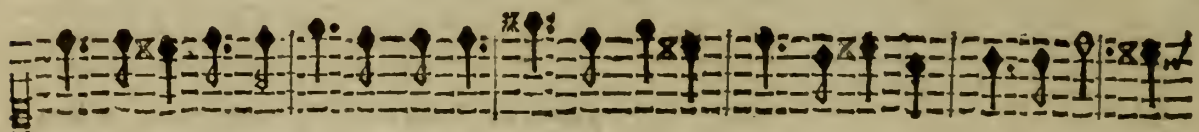
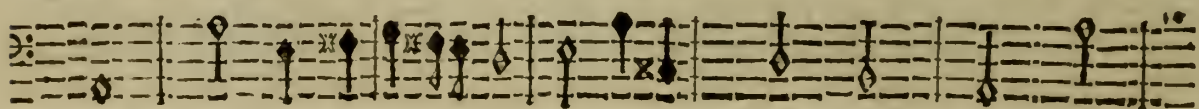
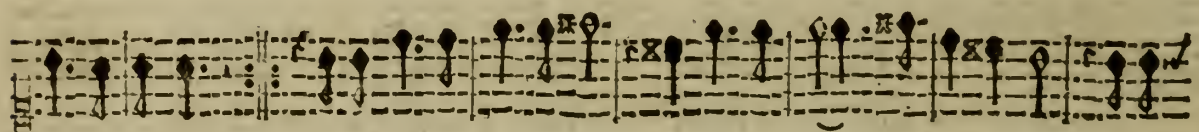
A. 2. Voc. Basse & Cant.

The fickle state of Lovers.

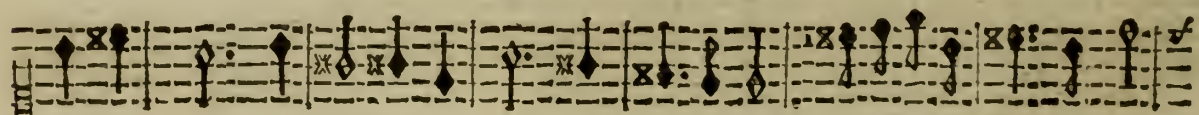
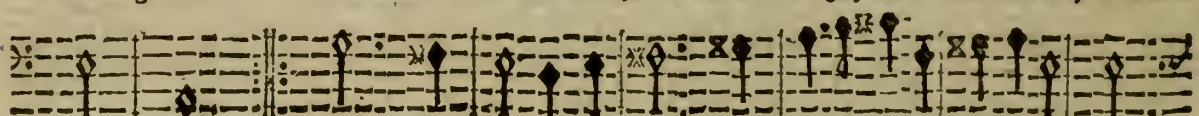
The fickle state of Lovers, a heart perplext with hopes and



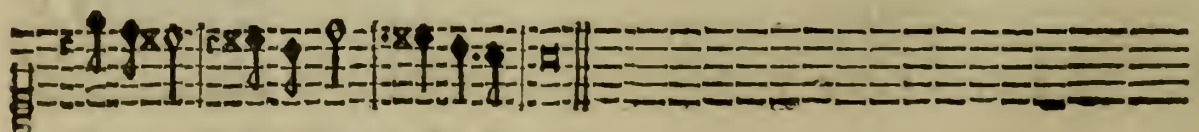
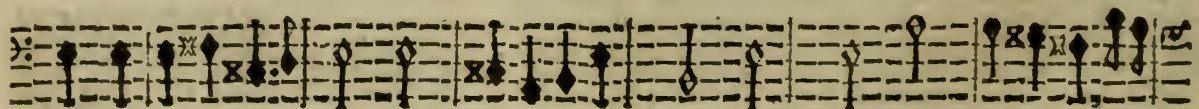
fears; to day a world of Joy discover's, and to morrow's drown'd in tears : a Lovers

state's like *April's*, like *April's* weather, Rain and Sun-shine, Rain and Sun-shine, Rain and Sun-shine:

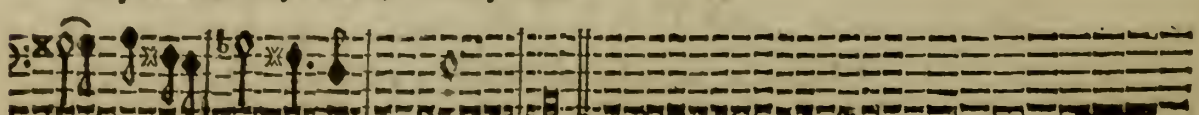
both to-gether : If his Mistress do but smile, a Heav'n of Joy is in his heart, if her



Brow but frown a while, Hell can send no greater smart; in a Lovers brest doth dwell



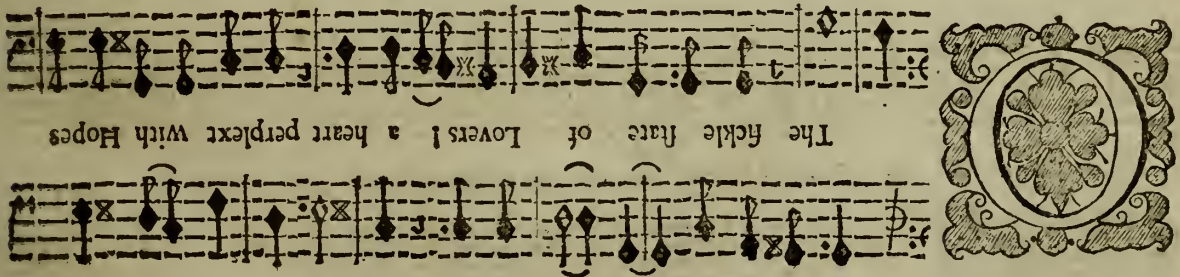
very Heav'n, very Heav'n, or very Hell.



B A S S U S.

The fickle state of Lovers.

A. 2. voc. Bass & Cant.



The fickle state of Lovers! a heart perplex with Hopes

and Fears; to day a world of Joy dis-covers, and to-morrow, & to

morrow's drow'd in tears : a Lovers state's like *April's* weather, Rain and Sun-shine,

Rain and Sun shine, Rain and Sun-shine both to-gether : If his Mistrets do but smile,

a Heav'n of Joy is in his heart, if her Brow but frown a while, He'll can

send no greater smart; in a Lovers brest doth dwell very Heav'n, or very Hell, very

Heav'n, or very Hell.



Ufick, Musick, thou Queen of souls, get up and string thy pow'rfull Lute,

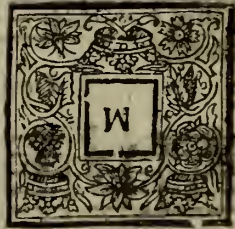
and some sad, some sad Requiem sing, 'till Mountains greet the Eccho's with a Groan, and the

broken Rocks repeat the dul-ler tone ; then on a suddain with a nimble, with a nimble hand,

Run ——— gently, run ——— gently o're the Cords, and so command the

Pyne to dance, the Oake his Roots for—go, the Holm and aged E'me to foot it too ;

Mirtles shall caper , lofty Cedars run, & call the courtly Palm to make up one ; then in the



Ulick, Mallick, thou Queen of souls, get up, get up, and string thy pow'r full

Lute, and some sad Requiem sing, 'till Mountains greet the Echo's with

a Croan, and the broken Rocks repeat the duller tone; then on a sudden with a nimble, with

a nimble hand Run — gently, Run — gently, gently o're the Cords, and

to command the Pyne to dance, the Oake his Roots forgo, the Holme and A-ged Elme to foot it

too; Mirrles shall caper, lofly Cedars run, and call the courtly Palme to make up one; then in the

midst of all their jolly Train, strike a sad note, and fix them Trees a—gain.

midst of all their jolly train, strike a sad note, and fix them Trees a—gain.

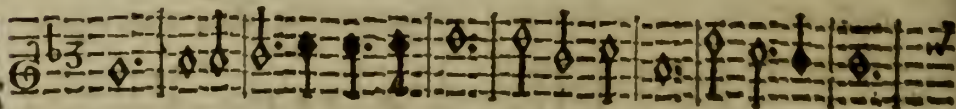
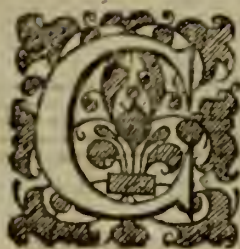
midst of all their jolly train, strike a sad note, and fix them Trees a—gain.

midst of all their jolly train, strike a sad note, and fix them Trees a—gain.

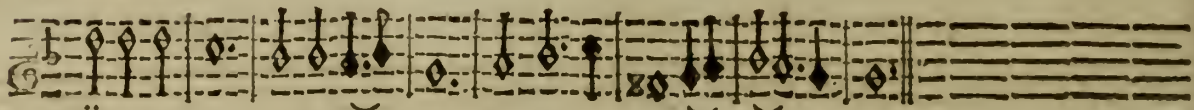
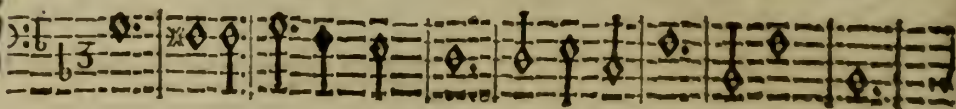
midst of all their jolly train, strike a sad note, and fix them Trees a—gain.

Heere beginneth short Ayres for one, two or three Voyces.

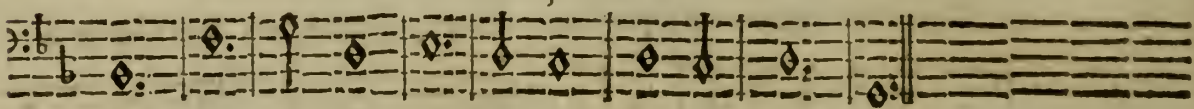
Chloris taking the Ayre.



Ome Chloris hie we to the Bow'r to sport us e're the day be done;



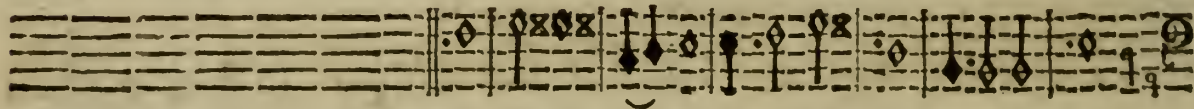
such is thy Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.



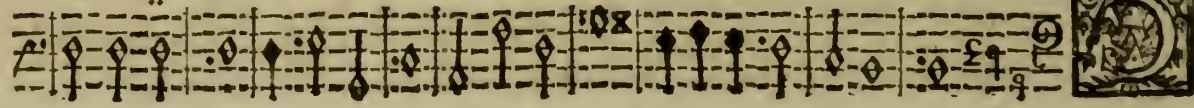
And if a Flow'r but chance to dye
With my sighs blasts, or mine eyes raine,
Thou can'st revive it with thine Eye.
And with thy breath mak't sweet again.

The wanton Suckling and the Vine
Will strive for th' honour, who first may
With their green Arms incircle thine
To keep the burning Sun away.

Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.



Ome Chloris hie we to the Bow'r to sport us e're the day be done; such is thy

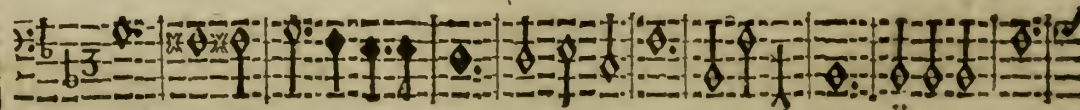


Cantus Secundus.

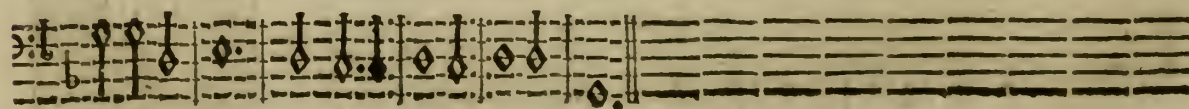
a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ome Chloris hie we to the Bow'r, to sport us e're the day be done; such is thy Pow'r,



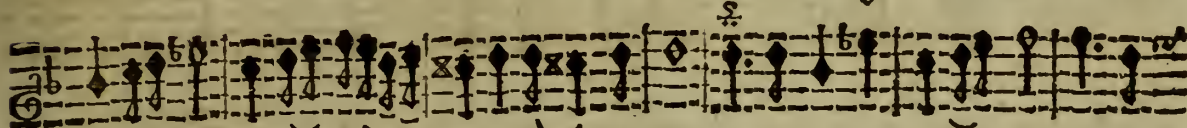
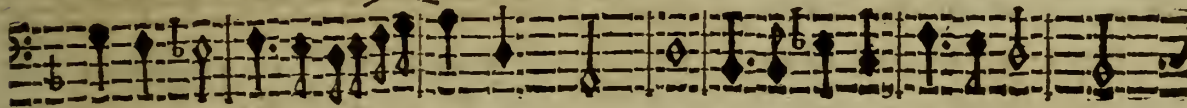
that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.

For one, two or three Voices.

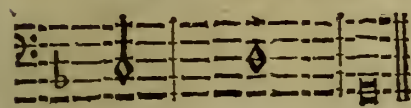
A Smile, or Frown.



Hough my torment far exceeds his whole heart the Vulture feeds, and my endless

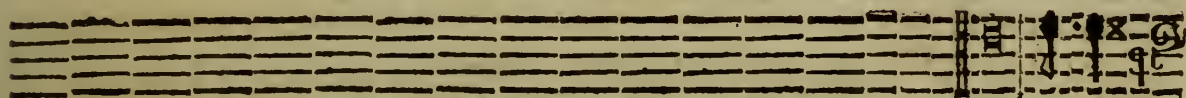
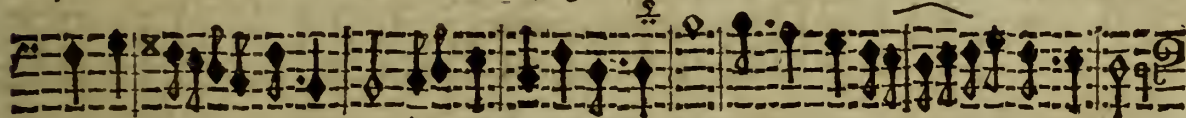
pains ex-cell his that rowls the stone in Hell; If my *Julia* do but smile, I can

laugh and sing the while.

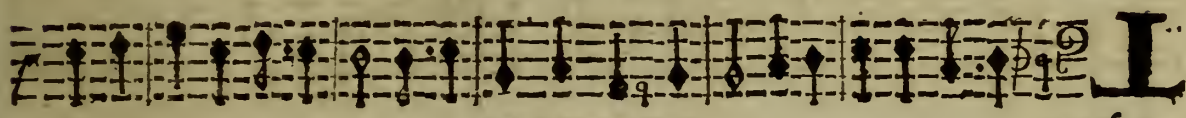


Though my Fortunes greater were
Then the *Macedonians* Heire:
Could I boast of greater glory
Then the *Scythians* Shepheards story?
If my *Julia* do but frown,
All my Pompe were overthrow.

sing the while.

and cell his that rowls the stone in Hell: If my *Julia* do but smile, I can laugh —

Hough my torment far exceeds his whole heart the Vulture feeds, and my endless pains ex-

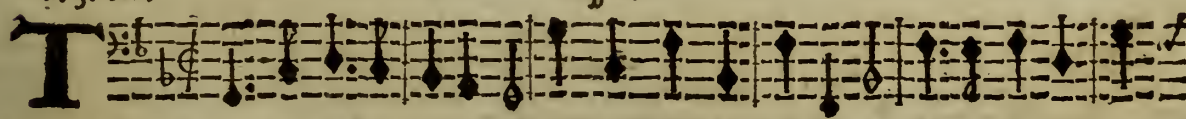


Cantus Secundus.

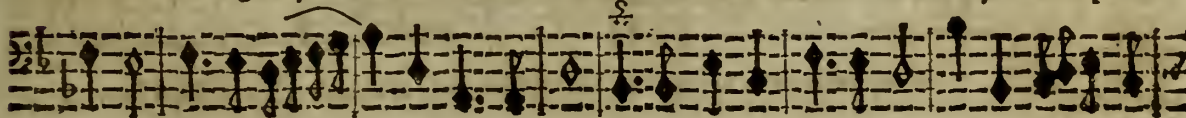
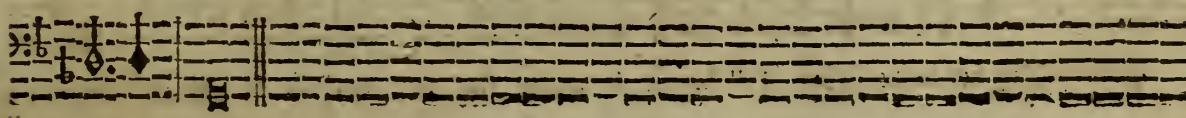
a. 3. voc.

a. 3. voc.

Bassus.

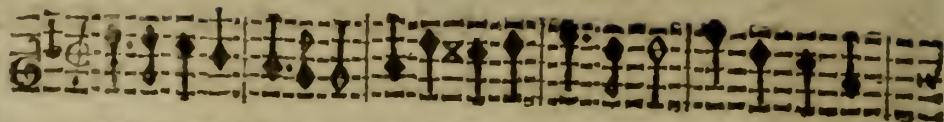


Hough my torment far exceeds his whole heart the Vulture feeds, and my endlesse pains

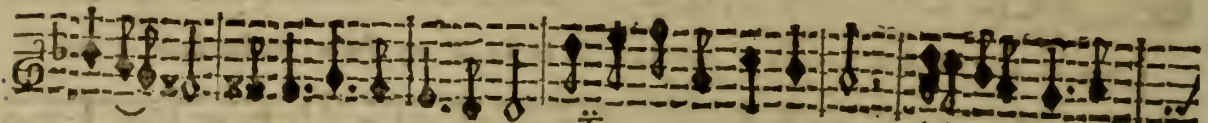
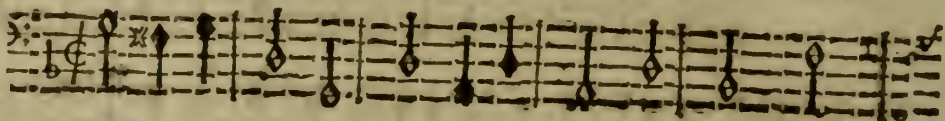
excell his that rowls the stone in Hell: If my *Julia* do but smile, I can laugh and

sing the while.

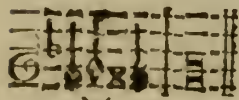
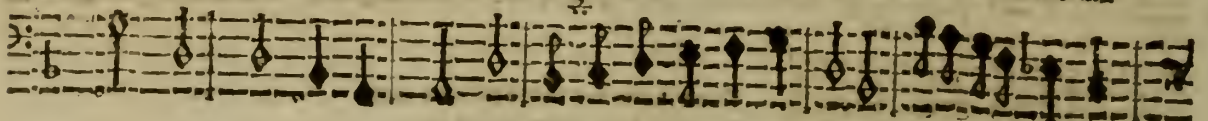
Ee

*The Captive Lover.**For one, two or three Voices.*

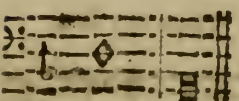
If my Mistress fix her eye on these ruder lines of mine, let them tell her



how I ly fetter'd by her looks divine: Tell her it is on-ly she can re-lease and

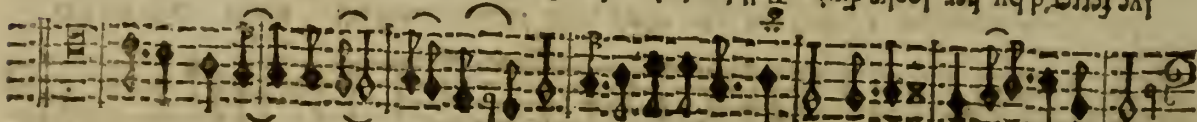


set me free.

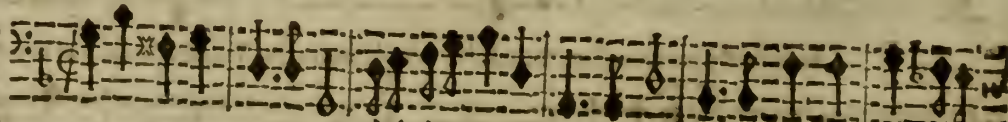


Tell her yet 'tis my desire
To remain her Captive still;
Neither can I ayme at higher
Hope or Fortune then her Will:
So she will my thraldome pay
But with one good looke a day;

Iye fetter'd by her looks divine: Tell her it is on-ly she can re-lease, and set me free.



If my Mistress fix her eye on those ruder lines of mine, let them tell her how I

*Cantus Secundus.**a. 3. Voc.**a. 3. Voc.**Bassus.*

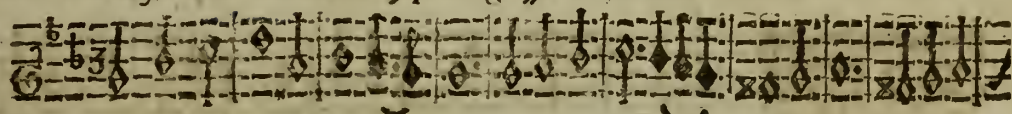
If my Mistress fix her eye on these ruder lines of mine, let them tell her how I



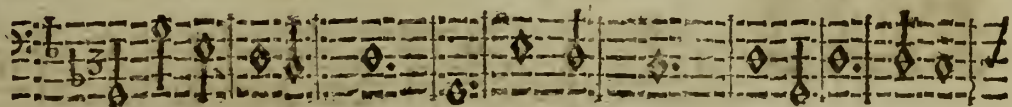
Iye fetter'd by her looks divine: Tell her it is on-ly she can re-lease, and set me free.

For one, two or three voices.

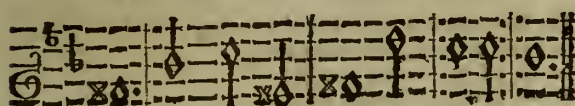
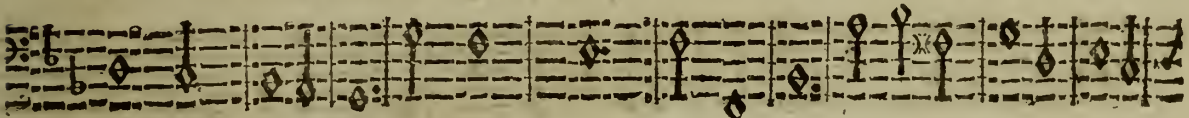
To a Lady putting off her veil.



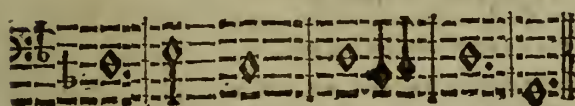
Eep on your veil & hide your eye, for with behold-ing you I dye, your fatall



Beau—ty Gorgon like, dead with a—sto—nishment will strike, your piercing eyes, if them I



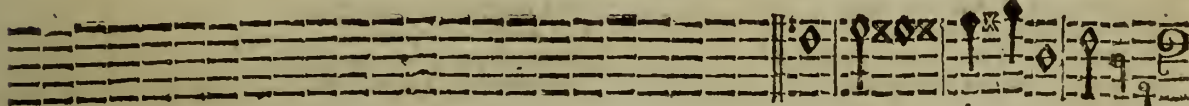
see, are worse then Ba—si—links to me.



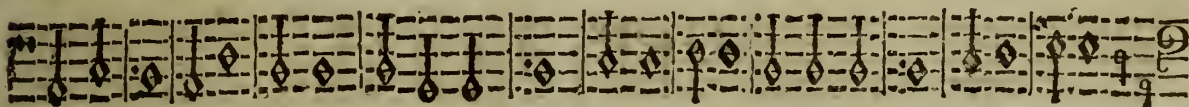
Hide from my sight those Hills of Snow,
 Their melting Vally do not show;
 Those Azure paths lead to despair,
 O vex me not, forbear, forbear;
 For while I thus in torments dwell
 The sight of Heav'n is worse then Hell.

Your dainty voice and warbling breath
 Sounds like a sentence past for death,
 Your dangling tresses are become
 Like Instruments of sinall doome;
 O if an Angell torture so!
 When life is done, where shall I go?

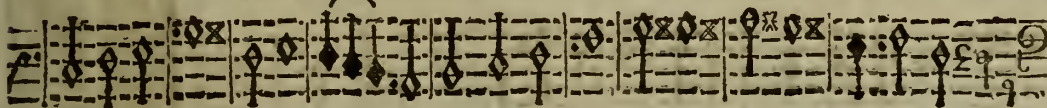
then Ba—si—links to me.



Beauty Gorgon like, dead with astonishment will strike, your piercing eyes, if them I see, are worse



Eep on your veil and hide your eye, for with behold-ing you I dye, your fatall

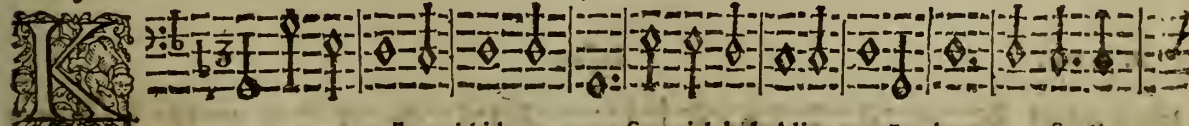


Cantus Secundus.

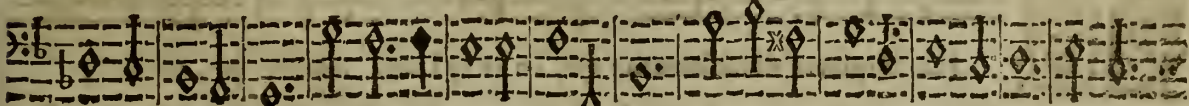
a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

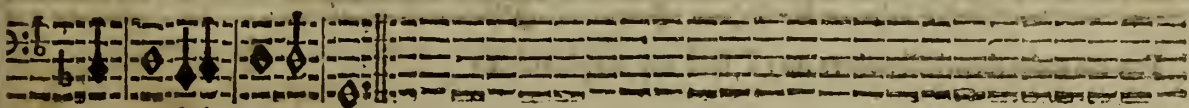
Bassus.



Eep on your veil and hide your eye, for with beholding you I dye, your fatall



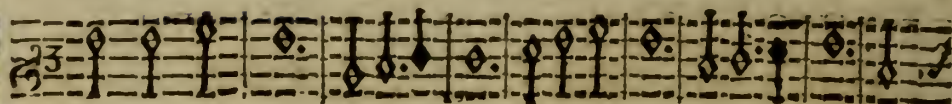
Beauty Gorgon like, dead with astonishment will strike your piercing eyes, if them I see, or worse



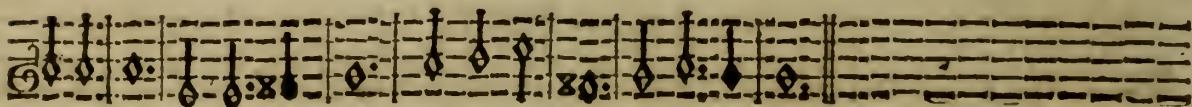
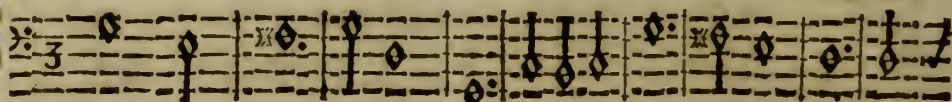
then Ba—si—links to me.

For one, two or three Voyces:

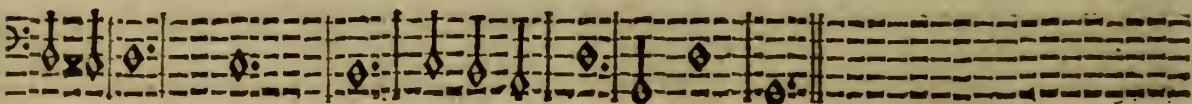
In praise of his Mistress.



Hou Shepheard whole intentive eye, on ev'ry Lamb is such a spy, no



wily Fox can make them lesse, where may I find my Shepheards?



A little pausing then sayd hee,
How can that Jewell stray from thee
In Summers heat, in Winters cold,
I thought thy brett had been her fold?

That is indeed the constant place
Wherein my thoughts shall see her face,
And print her Image in my heart,
But yet my fond eyes crave a part.

With that he smiling sayd, I might
Of Chloris partly have a sight,
And some of her perfections meet
In ev'ry flow'r was fresh and sweet.

The growing Lilly bears her skin,
The Violet her blew veins within,
The blushing Rose new blown, and spread
Her sweeter cheek, her lips, the red.

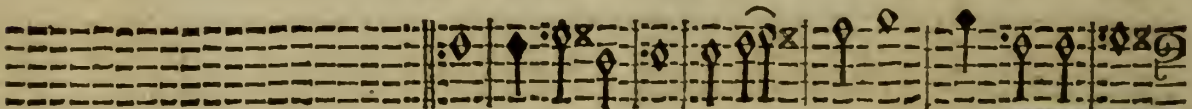
The Winds that wanton with the Spring,
Such Odours as her breathing bring,
But the resemblance of her eyes
Was never found beneath the skies.

Her charming voyce who strives to hit,
His Object must be higher yet;
For Heav'n and Earth, and all we see
Dispier'd, collected, is but shee.

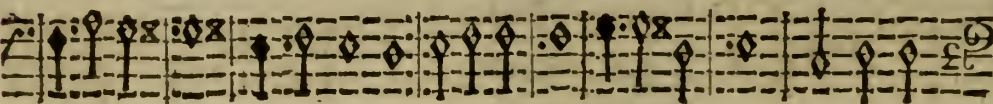
Amaz'd at this discourse, he thought
Love both Ambition in me wrought,
And made me cover to engrosse
A Wealth would prove a Publick losse.

With that I sigh'd a sham'd to see
Such worth in her, such want in mee;
And closing both mine eyes, forbid
The World my sight since she was hid.

Fox can make them lesse, where may I find my Shepheards?

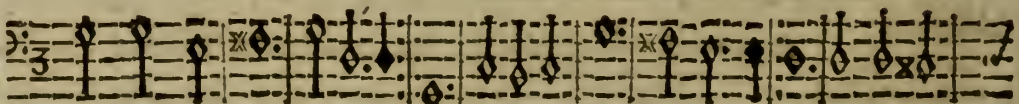


Hou Shepheard whole intentive eye, on ev'ry Lamb is such a spy, no wily

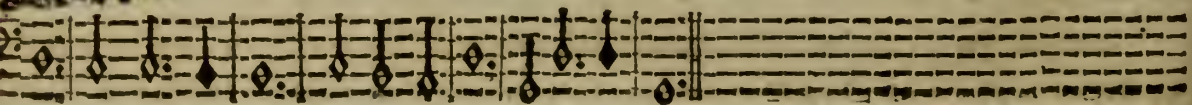
*Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

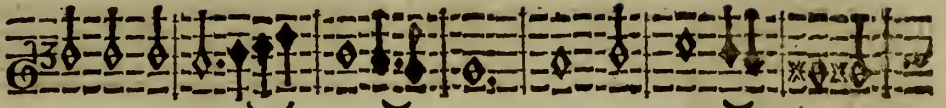
Hou Shepheard whole intentive eye, on ev'ry Lamb is such a spy, no wi-ly



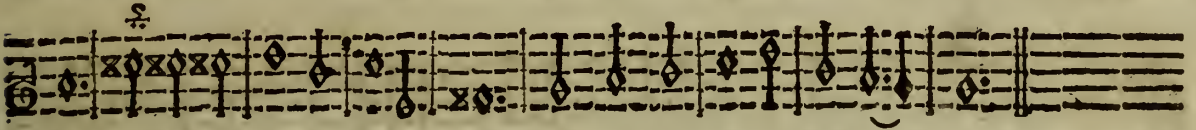
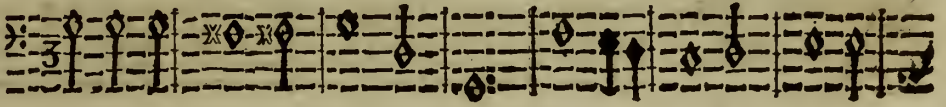
Fox can make them lesse, where may I find my Shepheards?

For one, two or three Voices.

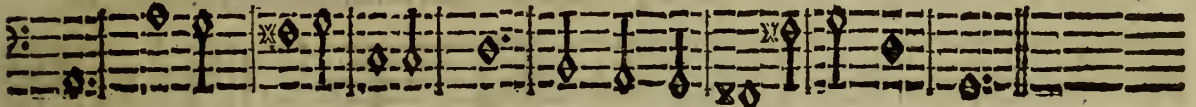
To a Lady weeping.



Now the cer—tain cause I know, whence the Rose and Lil-ly

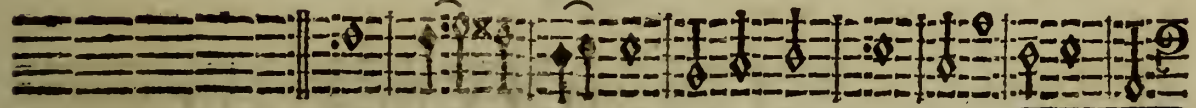


grow in your fair cheeks, the often show'r's, which you thus weep do breed those Flow'r's.

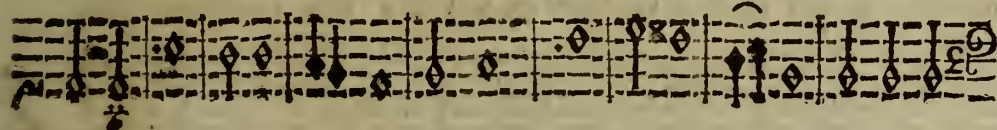


If that the flocks could *Venus* bring,
Or warlike *Mars* from Flowers spring;
Why may not hence two Gods arise?
This from your Cheeks, that from your Eyes.

fair cheeks, the often show'r's which you thus weep do breed those Flow'r's.

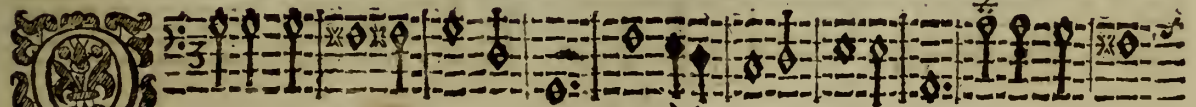


Now the cer—tain cause I know, whence the Rose and Lilly grow, in your

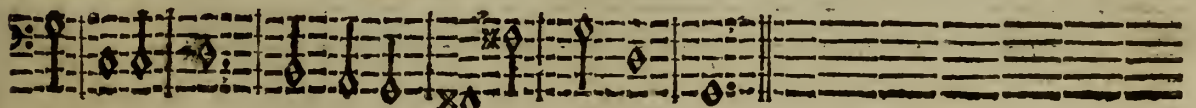
*Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. rec.

a. 3. rec.

Bassus.

Now the cer—tain cause I know, whence the Rose and Lilly grow, in your fair cheeks,



the often show'r's, which you thus weep to breed those Flow'r's.

ff

a. 3. voc.

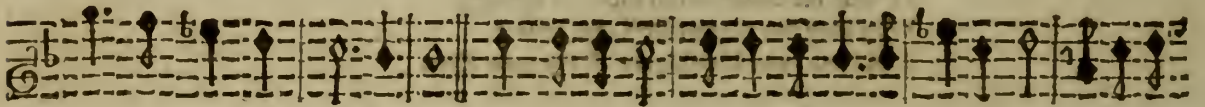
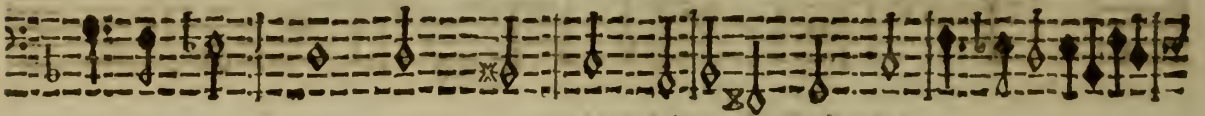
Cantus.



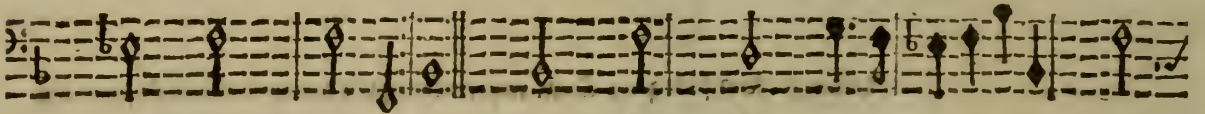
Ing fair *Clorinda*, fair *Clorinda* sing, whilst you move those that attend the



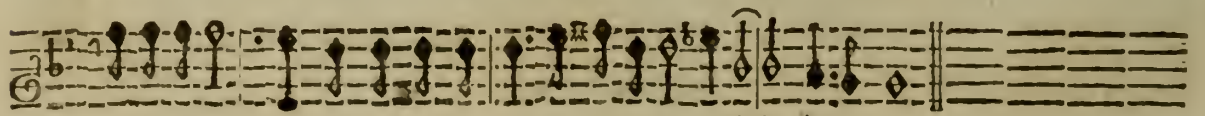
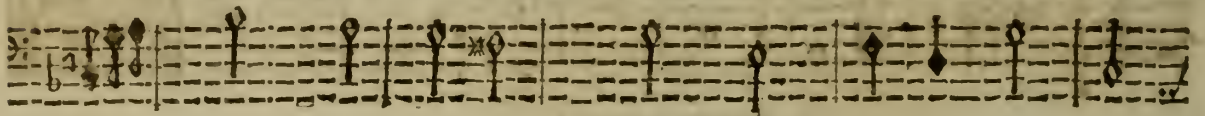
Throne, the Throne above, to leave their holy business there; shall so much harmony attend to



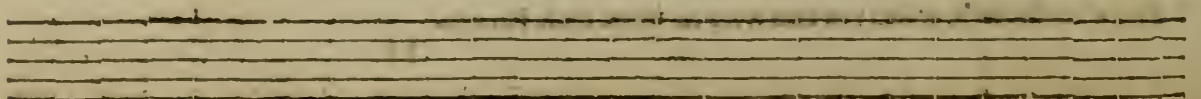
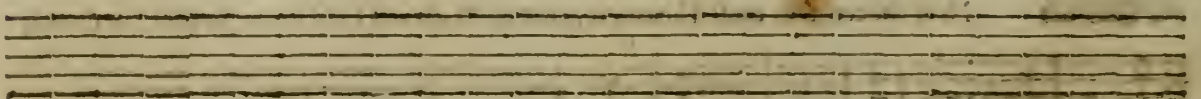
think the spheres were made in vain? since hee's a voice quickens the sloth of nature's age, it comforts



growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake,



and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.



Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.

comforts growth, it comforts growth in all her works, &c can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke a

to think the sphears were made in vain : Since heer's a voyce quickens the sloth of natures age, it

to leave their holy busness there till each with his obedient care shall so much harmony at-tain,

Ing fair *Clorinda*, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above,



Allus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

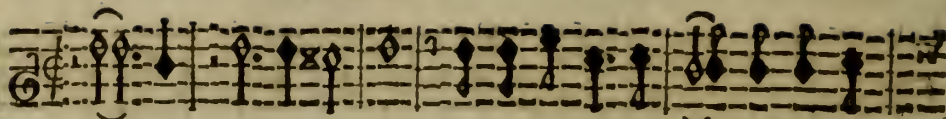
Ing fair *Clorinda*, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above, to

leave their holy busness there till each with his obedient care shall so much har-mo-ny at-tain, to

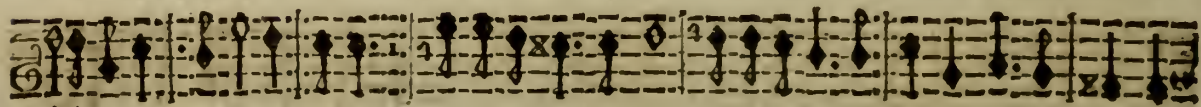
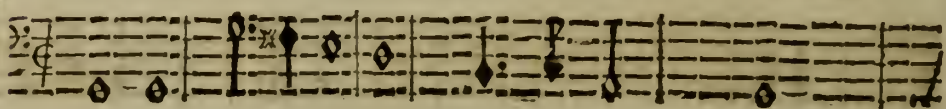
think the sphears were made in vain : Since heer's a voyce quickens the sloth of natures age, it com-

forts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lil-ly, and can provoke a Lil-ly, and can pro-

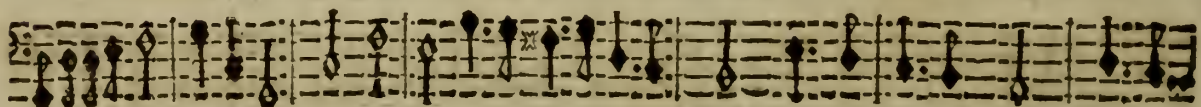
voke a Lil-ly to out-live an Oake.



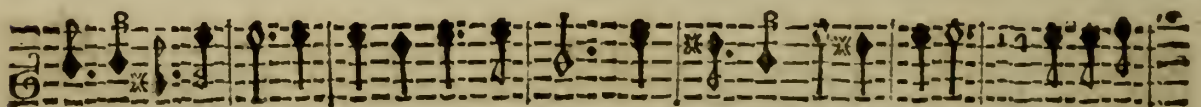
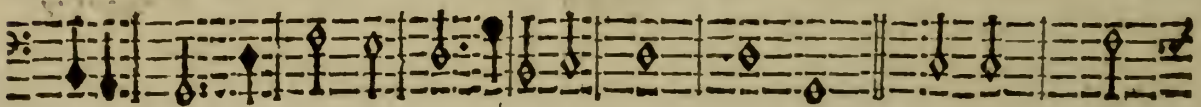
Rieve not, grieve not, dear Love, although we often part, but know that



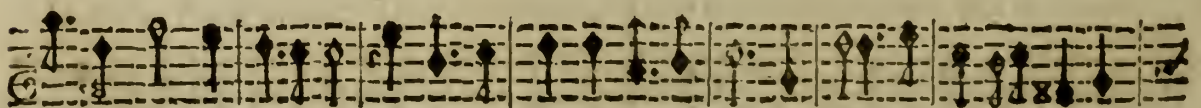
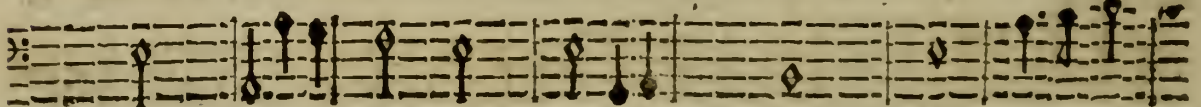
nature gently doth us sever, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up with tender Art, with



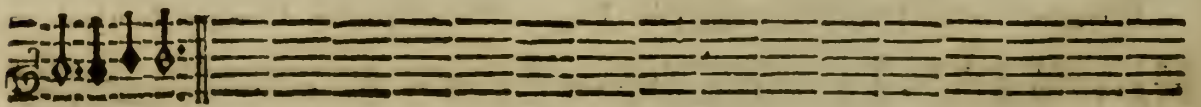
tender Art to brook the day when we, when we must part for ever : For nature doubting



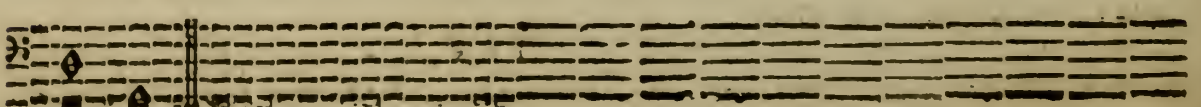
we should be surpriz'd by that sad day, whose dread, whose dread, doth chiefly fear us, doth keep us



dayly school'd and exercis'd, lest that the fright, lest that the fright, the fright thereof should over,



over bear us:



exercised, lest that the fright, lest that the fright thereof should o-ver bear us.

be surpris'd by that sad day, whose dread, doth chiefly fear us, doth keep us day-ly school'd and

ten—der Art to brook the day when we must part for ever : For nature doubting we should

that nature gently doth us sever, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up

Rieve not, grieve not dear Love, although we oft—ten part, but know that nature, know



a. 3. Voc.

Alto.

a. 3. Voc.

Bass.



Rieve not, grieve not dear Love, although we often part, but know that nature gently

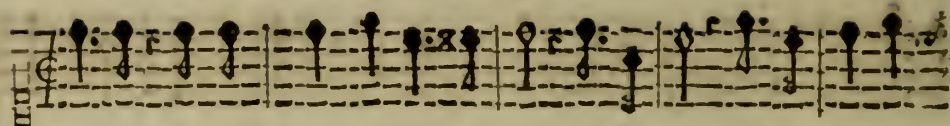
doth us sever, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up,

to train us up, with tender Art, to brook the day when we must part for ever : For nature doubting

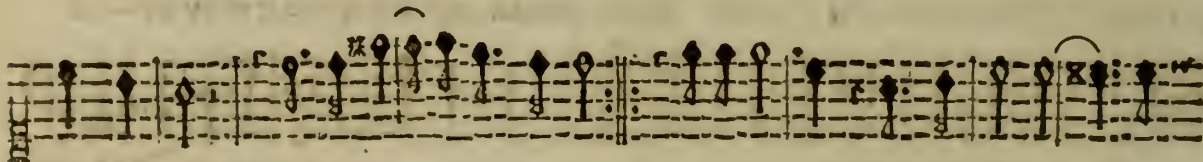
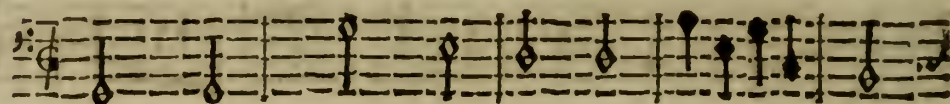
we should be surpris'd by that sad day, whose dread, doth chiefly fear us, doth keep us day-ly school'd &

exercised, lest that the fright, lest that, lest that the fright thereof should o-ver bear us.

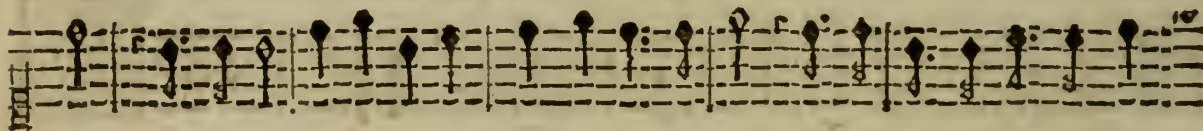
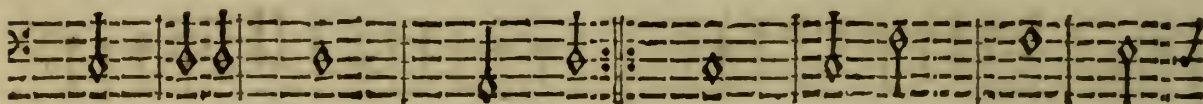
d. 3. Voc.

A caution to faire Ladies.

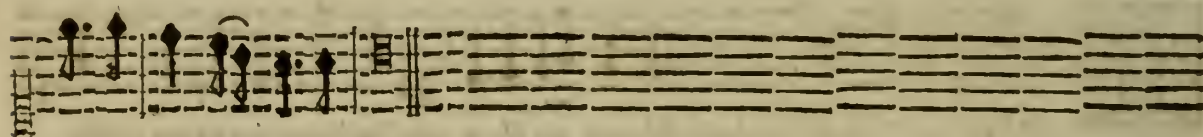
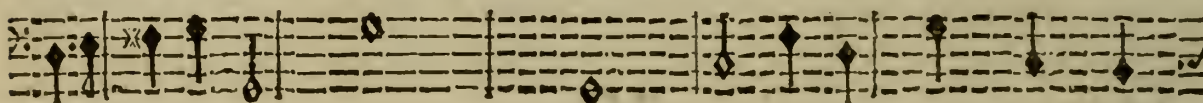
Adies, you whose smooth and dainty Skin, ro-sie Lips, ro-sie Lips, or



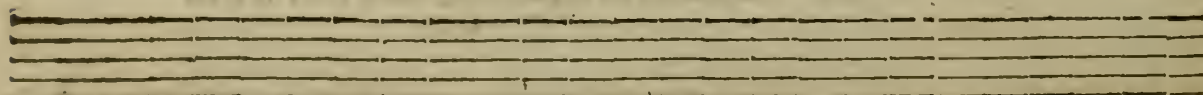
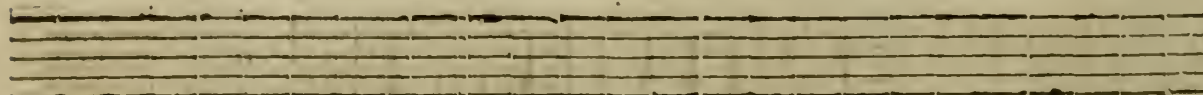
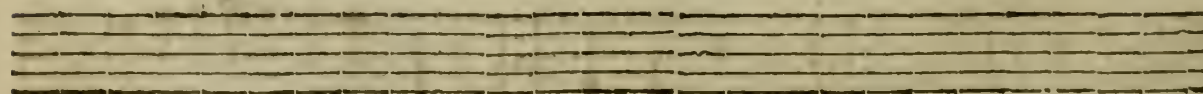
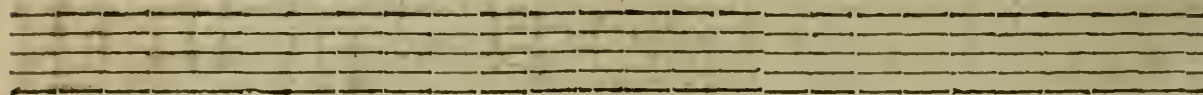
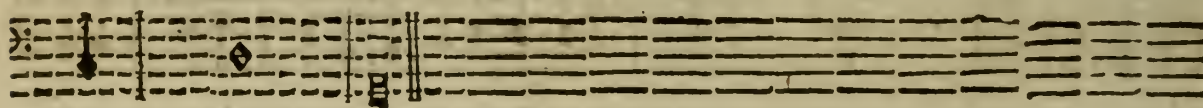
Cheeks or Chin , all that gaze upon you win , yet insu't not, sparks within flow—ly



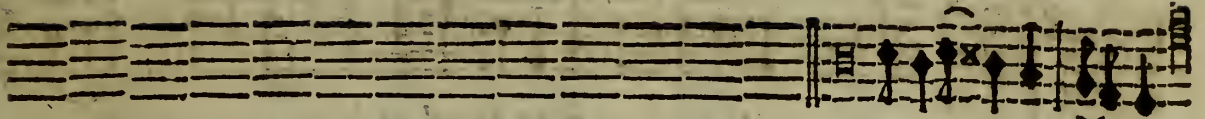
burn, sparks within slowly burn ere flames, ere flames be-gin, and presumption still hath been



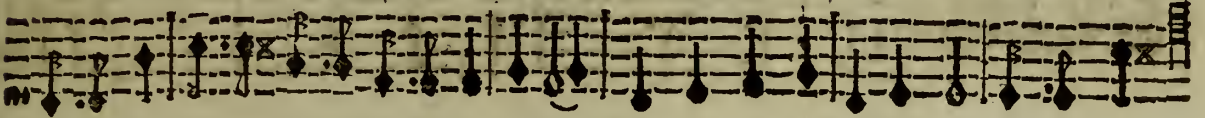
held a most no-torions sin.



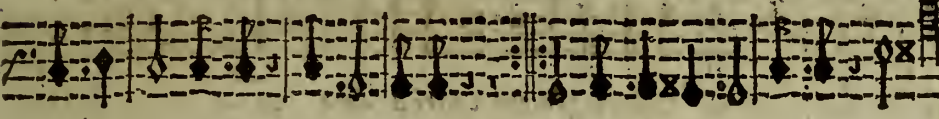
most, a most no-ri-ous sin.



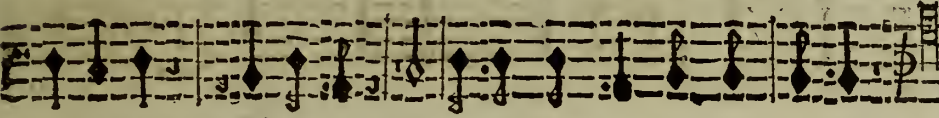
burn, sparks within slowly burn, e're flames begin, and presumption still hath been held a



Chin, all that gaze upon you win, yet insult not, sparks within slowly

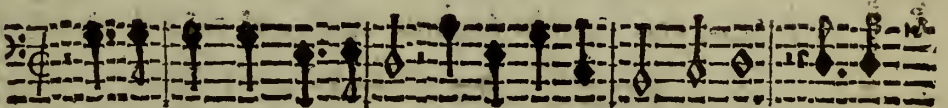


Adies, you whose smooth and dainty skin, ro-sie Lips, or Cheeks, or

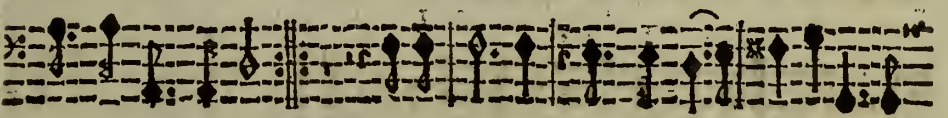
*Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. Voc.

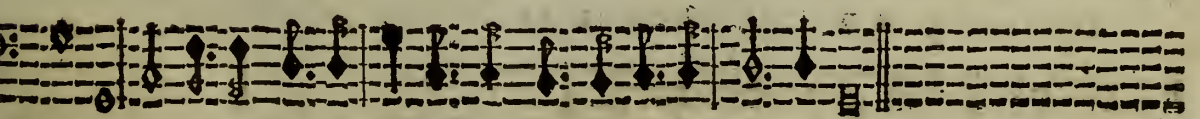
a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Adies, you whose dainty skin, ro-sie Lips, or Cheeks, or Chin, all that



gaze up-on you win, yet insult not, sparks with-in slowly burn, e're

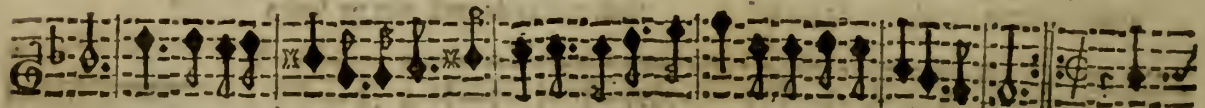
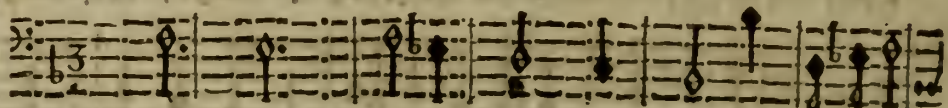


flames begin, and presumption still, hath been held a most no-ri-ous sin.

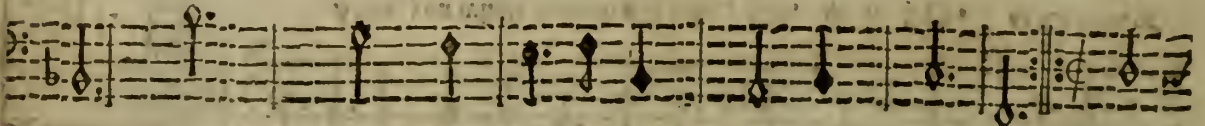
Tavola.



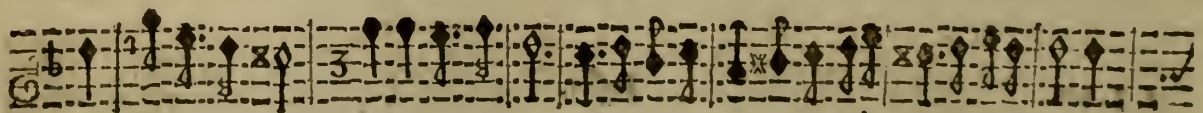
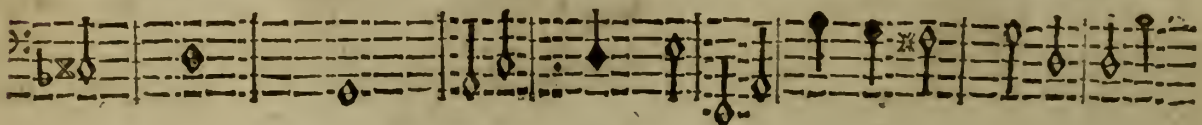
Nquel gela-to co-re Inquel ge-la-to co-re una vo—



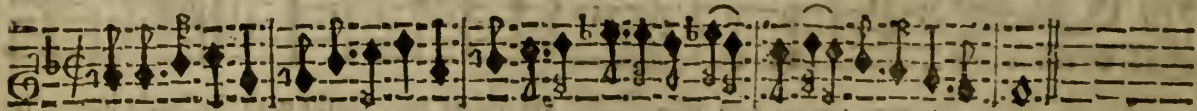
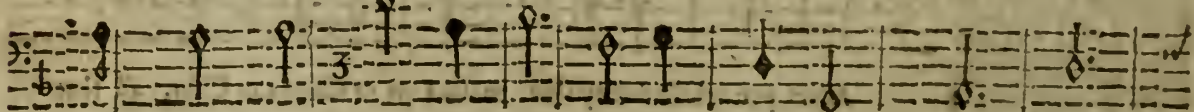
-ce; piagne ma—do-na segl'occhi vaftri segl'occhi vaftri a du-e vo—ce. O



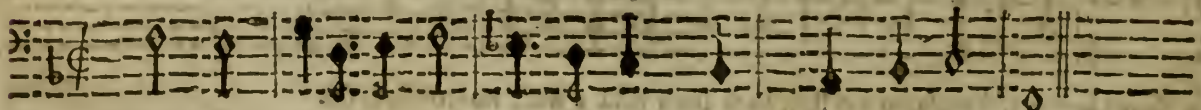
sempre equando, tudi falvar mi cirche, cer-te e fcor—no, mi-se-ra non cre—da, oh



me de lu—mi gia, macche fquallido dalli palli-da dalli pal—li—da labra



Cofimia vita, cofimia vita, cofimia vita a tre vo-ce, a tre vo—ce.



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