A Panegyric:
Sung by the Sunne, in a Masque of the Prince of Condies,
to the now French Queene-Mother, at that time Regent.

Pierre Guedron
(Filmer, 1629, #1)

1. Bright Ab-stract of us sea-ven,
2. Thou un-match’d Beau-ties Treas-ure!
3. Thine Eye, mount-ing ab-oove mee,
4. Though my course, no where end-ing,
5. Thy Coun-sels and thy Watch-es

Wand-ring Tor-ches of Hea-ven!
Where-by Na-ture doth mea-sure
Doth so clear-ly re-prove mee,
'Bout Earth’s whole Globe runne bend-ing
Have, by so strange Dis-patch-es,

Earth’s most a-dor-ed Shrine!
Of her strain’d skill the hight;
Whilst I my high course keepe,
To gild the Ball with Ray,
Her mis-chiefes beat-en-downe,

’Tis time I leave skie run-ning,
I thinke thee much be-guil-ed,
That, when The-tis last rock’d mee,
It sees no Weales but wun-der
That An-gels’ Com-po-si-tions,
And quit my Coach and cunning,
That I the Sunne am still'd,
I wish that shee had lock'd
At France so happy pie unstirred
Sung by themselves Musitions,

To give thee way to shine.
Since first I saw the Light.
Up with e- ter-nall sleepe.
Thy Scep- ter's pain- full sway.
Must pub- lish thy Re-nowne.

6. Onely thy Prudence charmed
Kings, unto Battell armed,
'Till their hands dropp'd their swordes:
And now each wild mouth, tamed
And to thy bridle framed,
Praise to thy Lawes affords.

7. Thou hast shew'n the Now-livers,
That the two jarring Rivers,
Seine and Tage can be friends;
And mak'est Bellona grumble
To see her Demons tumble
In chaines with Hellish Friends.

8. Flatt'ries best Common-places
Can not of Marie's graces
The least augmenting make:
To reach her estimation
All humane speculation
In vaine doth undertake.

9. Powres! in whose high assistance
France assures her resistance
Against all future harme;
Never, of any creature,
Did you so faire a Feature
With so much Wisedome arme.

10. May your Fate's hinder'd paces
Grant, that old Times long races,
Which make each thing decline,
From face so perfect, never
May that sweete vantage sever
It now holds above mine.
A Panegyric:
Sung by the Sunne, in a Masque of the Prince of Condies,
to the now French Queene-Mother, at that time Regent.

Pierre Guedron
(Filmer, 1629, #1)
'Tis time I leave skierun-ning, And quit my Coach and cunning, To give thee way to shine.
To Anne the French Queene, new come from Spaine, at her first meeting with the King her husband: and appliable to our Sacred Marie, at his Maiesties first sight of her at Dover. Pierre Guedron (Filmer, 1629, #2)

At length, heere Shee is; wee have got those bright "Eies;"

More shines now our Earth then the Skies:

And our Mars, hap-pie in his high de-sire, Is all flame by this fire.

Which, in all hearts a-bout it round, in-spires True re-spect and chast fires.

May, in both breasts, this Isle of Uni-on give One-ly one heart to live.

Fire.

Fires.

Live.

Pierre Guedron

Filmer, 1629
To Anne the French Queene, new come from Spaine, at her first meeting with the King her husband: and appliable to our Sacred Marie, at his Maiesties first sight of her at Dover. Pierre Guedron
At length, heere Shee is

(Filmer, 1629, #2)
And our Mars, happy in his high desire, is all flame by this fire.

And our Mars, happy in his high desire, is all flame by this fire.

And our Mars, happy in his high desire, is all flame by this fire.

And our Mars, happy in his high desire, is all flame by this fire.

And our Mars, happy in his high desire, is all flame by this fire.

fire.

fire.

fire.

fire.

fire.
Why have my Thoughts conspired

1. Why have my Thoughts conspired, of weeping;
2. Why by vaine force conspired, of weeping;
3. Light! that keep'st all Lights under;
4. What poison'd stabbes of Furia
5. I bind my-selfe from speaking
6. My bones of flesh are stripped;

Nev'er to bee tire'd, With doing Reason wrong?
Am I kept from sleep? Why ordaine not the Skies
Deare adored wonder! How would I applaud Fate,
In swell'd breast endure I, To see how Danger may
Though my heart lie breaking In conflict with this Hell:
And violets nipped With an un timely cold,

Making my Soule accused, For having refused
Out of my Mind to banish What they have made vanish
That deduces us with distance, If, by his assistance,
(Renting thy youth like Monster) Thine ashes missetter
But thus I sure augment it, Because not to vent it,
Or with a long drought wipped, Of my skinne blew stripped

Filmer, 1629
7. Gods! (since the longest-aged
Spleene of Fates enraged
Turnes, from Nettle, Balme-leafa)
After so many beatings,
How can just entreatings
Find your tribunall deafe?

8. Have yee bee'n stil'd free Judges
Of all wrongs and grudges,
That earthly stomackes feele,
To prove inexorable
When the miserable
Before your altars kneele?

9. I would not shew the glorie
Of my warlike storie
To the low Hemispheare;
Nor, from the deepe descending
Of the World's sleepe emding,
More Lawrels fetch to weare.

10. Two sweete Eies are my wishes;
Feasts, without these dishes,
Rellish of nought but rue:
Doe but, yer Famine end mee,
This Ambrosia send mee,
I am a God like you.
1. Why have my Thoughts conspired,

Never to bee tir-ed, With do-ing Rea-son wrong?
Her antidote so long.

Making my Soule accused, For having refused

Making my Soule accused, For having refused

Making my Soule accused, For having refused

Making my Soule accused, For having refused

Her antidote so long.

Her antidote so long.

Her antidote so long.

Her antidote so long.

Her antidote so long.

Her antidote so long.
O what muster of glances

1. O! What muster of glances es
2. In this Maze, to conduct us,
3. The time now doth require us
4. And loe! the admiring glorie
5. Yee Beauties! (by whose flashes)

(Cupid's troope of Lances!) What fires! and what darts!
The Skie doth instruct us With directive light:
From hence to tire us, And lay by our Lutes:
Of our ages store Nurse of all our hopes,
No soules burne to ashes, But flame night and day)

What sparkling dresses!
Lutes: Night, made day by watching,
our amazement,
Grace, with faire reflection,

What catching tres- ses! What tempting arts!
Our troubles paced Dis- pose a- right.
With Lovers' match- es Un- kindly sutes.
From yonder caze- ment, Which now shee opes.
Our best affection Shew'n this new way.

O! And two chiefe Sunnes faces,
Lutes: Shines, to our amazement,
Light: made day by watching,
our amazement,

Our best affection Shew'n this new way.
O what muster of glances

1. O! What muster of glances

(Cupid's troope of Lances!) What fires! and what darts!

Pierre Guédron
(Filmer, 1629, #4)
O! What sparkling dresses!

O! What sparkling dresses!

O! What sparkling dresses!

O! What sparkling dresses!

What catching tresses! What tempting arts!

What catching tresses! What tempting arts!

What catching tresses! What tempting arts!

What catching tresses! What tempting arts!

What catching tresses! What tempting arts!
With what wings can I fly

1. With what wings can I fly From Disease, till I
2. What a Hell 'tis to burst, And not tell how I
3. O! that Death's cooling cup, Would allow mee one
4. Yet 'tis fit the high Cause Should enforce these hard

Which I may well endure, but but to make know'n dare ne-
Which I may well endure, but but to make know'n dare ne-
Which I may well endure, but but to make know'n dare ne-
Which I may well endure, but but to make know'n dare ne-

1629

Filmer, 1629
With what wings can I fly
From Disease, till I dy

Of a Love-kindled fever, Which I
Which I may well endure, but but to make know'n dare ne-

ver? ver? ver? ver?

ver? Of a Love- ver?
What spell holds thee, my Sunne, from rising?

1. What spell holds thee, my Sunne, from rising?
2. Save thy fires from their utter quenching:
3. Who, but I, can cleare this darke Riddle?
4. Thy effects have draw'n mee to thinking:
5. Yet at length, cheere mee with a Morrow;

What halfe-sphere takes up thy whole race?
Rowse from Nep-tune's pillowes, thy head:
Eies (though not blind) groping at Noone;
How I, like the Ma-ri-gold, live!
Bringing glad Sommer in thine eie:

Is The-tis' greene lappe the fresh place,
My flame must Out, if thine prove dead
Which, let the Sunne rise nêre so soone,
Thy looke on mee my sight doth give;
Winter, till then, makes my Joy die
That so long keepes thee a baptizing?
By combate with so long a drenching.
Can never get beyond Night's middle?
Thine absence sets mee straight a winking.
With frosts of Feare in shades of Sorrow.

Now that my Sunne daignes mee no light, To mee fairest Day is black
Now, that my Sunne ...
For, whilst my Sunne ...
Thus, whilst my Sunne ...
Now, that my Sunne ...

What spell holds thee, my Sunne, from rising?

1. What spell holds thee, my Sunne, from rising?

What half-sphere takes up thy whole race?
Is The-tis' greene lappe the fresh place,

That so long keepes thee a baptiz-ing?
Now that my Sunne daignes mee no light, To mee fairest Day is black

1. How was Amyntas blest, Whose death, but fain-ed,
2. Oft, to the grave's cold brinke, His sighes had blow'n him;
3. His Love, his Truth, his Sutes, His earn-est Ply-ing,
4. 'Till chang-ing Truth for Lie, Hee taught Love cun-ning:
5. Why is my hard-er Fate, Which should be wheel-ing.

Was means to cleare the brest, That Spite had stai ned,
Whilst teares, his fruit-lesse drinke, Had o-ver-flow'n him:
His Gifts, his Pen, his Lutes, His De-i-fy-ing
For, fain-ing but to die, There was no shunn-ing
So sted-die in his gate? And no way reel-ing?

And winne the heart that Scorne be-fore held gai ned! ned!
Yet Syl-via, for his Paines, would nev-er owne him. him.
Could nev-er brake her of her stiffe de-ny-ing. ing.
Death's yee, which, at Love's flame, set her a sun-ning. ning.
Which makes my Death more true, my Deare lesse feel-ing. ing.
How was Amyntas blest?

Pierre Guédron
(Filmer, 1629, #7)

1. How was Amyntas blest, Whose death, but fain-ed,

1. How was Amyntas blest, Whose death, but fain-ed,

1. How was Amyntas blest, Whose death, but fain-ed,

1. How was Amyntas blest, Whose death, but fain-ed,

Was means to cleare the brest, That Spite had stai-ned,

Was means to cleare the brest, That Spite had stai-ned,

Was means to cleare the brest, That Spite had stai-ned,

Was means to cleare the brest, That Spite had stai-ned,
And winne the heart that Scorne before held gained!
1. Why, alas! cri'd-out my Mother,
2. Since 'twas Light be-gate the Burn-ing
3. Thus, whilst teares not cure but threat-en,
4. For sus-pi-cious En-vies can-ker
5. You! rich markes of Na-ture's fa-vour,
6. What a-vaile my bankes of Ros-es,
Though my Thoughts delight to hover,
With sindged wings, about Philander's flame,
Yet Feare constraineth mee to cover
Love's fire with Vesta's name.

If my Triumphes bee forbidden,
Why fought my Beauties to subdue his Heart?
What praise get Eies for valour, hidden,
Whiloest Tongue playes coward's part?

Thus, though wall'd from Sea of pleasure,
Yet this small Current through the since doth crowd;
That MY AFFECTIONS TONGUED MEASURE
IN SILENCE SPEAKES ALOWD.

Hence it is, that hee delighteth,
With equall warm'th to keepe life in my heat:
And, in gold-weight of love, requiteth
Much faith with troth as great.

Yet, thus tempted with Love's plentie,
Wee, hungrie, dare not feed, but with our eies;
Eies watch'd with eies of more then twentie
Sworne centuries of spies.

Friend! whose Eares this plaint shall swallow
Downe to thy Heart (that way to cause a teare)
If thou looke pale to see mee sallow,
Upbraid not Love but Feare.
Complainte
Why, alas! cri'd-out my Mother

Pierre Guédron
(Filmer, 1629, #8)
And drew the curtain, that did smoother

Mine Eies from Light's offence?
1. Silvia, not long since, half-affrighted
2. See! where young Morne beginnings to enter:
3. My fear would faine from hence expello thee,
4. My scruple ought not to be blamed:
5. Silvia! what newes is this doth daunt mee?
6. His flash, the World's beloved wunder,
7. Since then to part I find concerning

Because Love's theft grew unhonored,
What early wings have late bee'n lent her!
Before this traytresse Light do sell thee.
Love, by this blow, is no whit lam'd;
(Quoth Shepherds) Canst thou so much scant mee
(To us like messengers of thunder)
Now thy advice hath taught mee learning,

Wak'd the mate where-in shee delighted, And thus did say:
Some sleep lesses rivall may have sent her, Us to betray:
To shame; then think not much I tell thee Of thy de-lay;
Stopp'd flame doth rather, more untam'd, Rage then de-cay:
Of joy, be-cause the Sunne doth haunt mee With jea-lous ray?
Doth blast Love's armes, and part a-sunder His sweet-est fray;
I will, to shew my sealef discerning, Ra ther then stay,
With a kisse let all wrongs bee righted,
Has- ti- ly kisse then, to prevent her,
With a kisse since I must compel thee
With a kisse faire- ly then bee framed
But a kisse one- ly wilt thou grant mee
With thy kisse (though but enter'd yun- der)
Take a kisse in pay of love's earning,

And get- up quick- ly; for 'tis day.
And get- up quick- ly; for 'tis day.
To get- up quick- ly; for 'tis day.
To get- up quick- ly; for 'tis day.
Temp- ting grow'n Flame to fly young Day.
And so, fare- well; because 'tis day.

With a kisse let all wrongs bee righted,
Has- ti- ly kisse then, to prevent her,
with a kisse since I must compel thee
With a kisse faire- ly then bee framed
But a kisse one- ly wilt thou grant mee
With thy kisse (though but enter'd yun- der)
Take a kisse in pay of love's earning,
And get up quickly; for 'tis day.
And get up quickly; for 'tis day.
To get up quickly; for 'tis day.
To get up quickly; for 'tis day.
To get up quickly now 'tis day?
Temping grow'n Flame to fly young Day.
And so, farewell; because 'tis day.

-Filmer, 1629-
Silvia, not long since, half-affrighted,

Because Love's theft grew unhonoured,

Because Love's theft grew unhonoured,
Wak'd the mate where-in shee delighted, And thus did say:

Wak'd the mate where-in shee delighted, And thus did say:

Wak'd the mate where-in shee delighted, And thus did say:

Wak'd the mate where-in shee delighted, And thus did say:

With a kisse let all wrongs bee righ ted,
And get-up quickly; for 'tis day.

With a kisse,

With a kisse, let all wrongs bee righ-

a kisse let all wrongs bee righ-

ted,

let all wrongs bee righ-

With a kisse let all wrongs bee righ-
And get up quickly; for 'tis day.
Wilt thou, untam'd alas!

Thy breast in my teares floud?

Or least, with my moanes lance, that Pitie, her selfe arming,

Should let thy rigour bloud? O! stay; O! stay, A-marantha, thy fight;

Is coward's crueltie. O! stay; ...

To countermand thy pace. O! stay; ...

Continue thy disdaines. O! stay; ...

1. Wilt thou, untam’d alas! still fly, for feare of charming,
2. As, to behold thine eyes, and not adore their luster,
3. ’Tis not a hope, thine Eies will prove my sweet Tourneys,
4. To tell, how thou alone art Nympe of my devotion,

Thy breast in my teares floud?

Or least, with my moanes lance, that Pitie, her selfe arming,

Should let thy rigour bloud? O! stay; O! stay, A-marantha, thy fight;

Is coward’s crueltie. O! stay; ...

To countermand thy pace. O! stay; ...

Continue thy disdaines. O! stay; ...
Thy flights blacke wings shadow mee with dreadfull night.
Wilt thou, untam'd alas!

Thy breast in my teares' flood? Or least, with my moanes lance, that Pit-tie, her selfe arm-ing,
Should let thy rigour bloud? O! stay; O! stay, A- ma- ran- tha, thy flight;

Thy flights blacke wings shadow mee with dread- full night.
Las! fuiras-tu toujours de peur

Est u-
ne im-
pi-
e-
té:

En voy-
ant mon tour-
ment,

Est ce que je re-
quiers,

Crains-
tu que la pi-
tié de ces dou-
ces at-
taines

Que fait qu'en sou-
pi-
trant A-
ran-
the j'ap-
pel-
le,

Tu peux me l'ac-
cor-
der,

et con-
ser-
ver en-
core

Ne bles-
se ta ri-
gueur?

Est u-
ne cru-
au-
té,

Cri-
ant in-
ces-
sam-
ment,

Tes des-
dains tous en-
tiers.

Ar-
est, ar-
est, A-
ma-
ran-
the, tu fuis,

Ar-
est, ...

Ar-
est, ...

Ar-
est, ...

Ar-
est, ...
Tu fuis, et me laisse en fuyant mie-le ennui.
If key of Speech, or locke of Silence

1. If key of speech, or locke of Silence,
2. Let our Lookes, flying and revalls muttering,
3. But, if our prying rigour new inventing,
4. Thus, with an armour of our thoughts,

Strike us with errors, or with fears;
(Fit secret Posts for close Desires)
To see the language of our Eies,
Breaking the puffes of Envie's lungs,

Then let use their secret stile, whence
Whisper o'er our Honor's shape unshentled,
By unscene Thought our minds wee'll utter
Gard wee our Ho's shape unshentled,

Hearts may bee taught, and yet not Eares.
And 'point a time to slake our fires.
As messages are done in Slies.
By poison'd shot of Courtiers' tungs.

Hearts And By

Filmer, 1629
Love, whose noise-lesse wing, by stealth, caught us,
Love, whose noise-lesse wing, by stealth, caught us,
Love, whose noise-lesse wing, by stealth, caught us,
Whom in Ignorance wee'll all ber-rie,

This dumbe discourse, as softly, taught us. us.
This dumbe discourse, as softly, taught us. us.
This dumbe discourse, as softly, taught us. us.
And, at their Tombe, bee dumb-ly mer-rie. rie.

-45- Filmer, 1629
If key of Speech, or locke of Silence

1. If key of speech, or locke of Silence,

Strike us with errors, or with feares;

Pierre Guédron
(Filmer, 1629, #11)
Then let Eies use their secret stile, whence

Hearts may bee taught, and yet not Eares.
Love, whose noiselesse wing, by stealth, caught us,

Love, whose noiselesse wing, by stealth, caught us,

Love, whose noiselesse wing, by stealth, caught us,

This dumbe discourse, as softly, taught us. us.

This dumbe discourse, as softly, taught us. us.

This dumbe discourse, as softly, taught us. us.

This dumbe discourse, as softly, taught us. us.
The Aire of the Tritonides, in a Masque before this Lewis the thirteenth and his Mother, at Madame his Sister's taking her leave to goe into Spaine.

Too much wee range the waves

1. Too much wee range the waves,
2. The Groves of our desires
3. Gow' then! let's now ac-
4. Yee! great bright Sunnes of France,
5. It li-eth sure in you

Let's quit these crystall graves: Too much wee range the waves,
Heere blaze with holy fires: The Groves of our desires
Those eyes that wee thought lost: Gow' then! let's now ac-
Whose prudent Lawes good chance: Yee! great bright Sunnes of France,
To blesse us with her view: It li-eth sure in you

Pierre Guedron
(Filmer, 1629, #12)
And hunt for Pal-las here in this more like-ly place,
And those in-flu-ent Lights, that showre on us such beames,
Their beau-ties to ab-bord the more wee slacke our pace,
Gives breath to tir-ed hearts by sweet re-straint of hand,
For, find-ing Va-lour here so close by Wise-dome's side,

For sure in Ver-tue's Court the Gods leave still their trace.
Give hope our hap-pi-ness will flow from their bright streames.
The lesse wee seeme to know the boun-tie of their grace.
Tell us, if our Mi-ner-va doe not neare you stand?
Well may wee judge that Shee doth al-so here a-bide.

Filmer, 1629
The Aire of the Tritonides, in a Masque before this Lewis the thirteenth and his Mother,
at Madame his Sister's taking her leave to goe into Spaine.

Too much wee range the waves

Let's quit these crystall graves: Too much wee range the waves,

Pierre Guedron
(Filmer, 1629, #12)
Let's quit these crystall graves:

And hunt for Pallas heere in this more likely place,
For sure in Ver-tue's Court the Gods leave still their trace.
This same little great King of harts

1. That same little great King of harts,
2. Rashly thus wrong
3. In the end bash'd his powre, so great spies,

His full quiver's brood thricke did scatter,
As the Gods, at his shame were merrie)

To the fierie yoake of his darts,
At this silent heart, which, with steel'd showre, eies

The supreme neckes of humane framing.
Hee as fondly as-say'd to batter,
(Damon) there his disgrace to berrie.
Would, further, needs attempt to knowe,
As winds and waves that, vaine, are bent
Fatall retreat: for 'tis not safe

If Death could suffer by his bowe? bowe?
A rocke, sieg'd with Seas, to rent. rent.
To lodge a God in such a chase. chase.
This same little great King of harts

Pierre Guédon
(Filmer, 1629, #13)

1. That same little great King of harts,

Over-swell'd with custom of taming,

Over-swell'd with custom of taming,
To the fiery yoake of his darts,
The supreme neckes of humane framing.

To the fiery yoake of his darts, The supreme neckes of humane framing.
Would, further, needs attempt to knowe,

If Death could suffer by his bowe? bowe?

Filmer, 1629
Arme toy ma raison

Antoine Boessét
(Filmer, 1629, #14)

1. Reason! arme thy wrong'd hands:
2. Hollow eyes (which grief's flood
3. With so strong gall doth Love
4. Yee! belov'd Okes and Flints,

In to no-thing make trem-ble
In- to fill'd wells runnes turn-ing)
My de-serv'd Nec- tar sea- son,
That my groanes oft have bro- ken;

The flame, that, martyr'd brands,
Ex- presse how little could good move,
That, if brute mouthes dints Say! if my blazing

Make my Soule to resemble.
Water yields to soules burning;
Tongues of cur-sive Rea- son,
Doe not clearly be- to-

Filmer, 1629
If thy divine target do not shadow my head,
And that, if thy high arme do not shadow my head,
My cries would make them plead for remorse, which is fled
That, if the Skies provide not a shade for my head,

A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead.
A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead.
The bright Eie that would shine mee dead.
A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead.

If thy divine target do not shadow my head,
And that, if thy high arme do not shadow my head,
My cries would make them plead for remorse, which is fled
That, if the Skies provide not a shade for my head,

A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead.
A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead.
The bright Eie that would shine mee dead.
A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead.

-60-
Filmer, 1629
Arme toy ma raison

Antoine Boessét
(Filmer, 1629, #14)

1. Reason! arme thy wrong'd hands:

Into nothing make tremble

-61- Filmer, 1629
The flame, that martyr'd brands, Makes my Soule to resemble.

The flame, that martyr'd brands, Makes my Soule to resemble.

The flame, that martyr'd brands, Makes my Soule to resemble.

The flame, that martyr's brands, Makes my Soule to resemble.

If thy divine target do not shadow my head, A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead.

If thy divine target do not shadow my head, A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead.

If thy divine target do not shadow my head, A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead.
If thy divine target do not shadow my head,

If thy divine target do not shadow my head,

If thy divine target do not shadow my head,

If thy divine target do not shadow my head,

A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead.

A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead.

A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead.

A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead.
Thou, whome Fortune, now turn’d tender

1. Thou, whome Fortune, now turn’d tender,
2. Ho-nour’d thou, by losse of battell,
3. Blush not, er-ring, at the glorie,
4. Her Eie, daigning thee an arrow,
5. Thy lost Soule, thus new enchain’d,
6. Thral dome stands on hap pie pil lres,
7. ’Tis a hight worth thy a spir ing

With old chaines a- new doth greet,
With vic tresse bayes her browses vaile:
Got by yeelding her thine armes:
Stoop’d from pitch of wont ed glance,
Stile thou her e ter nall Slave:
Whose Fame, Fate powres To fall by so lof tie eies:

Joy thy tri bute Soule to ren der Pay, with ho lo causts of cat tell,
Thou a lone, in all her stor ier,
That thy brave ly kin dled mar row
Glo rious cap tive, who hath gain ed
Of her ru ines strong est wil lers,
Hap pie hee, whose Soules ex pir ing

-64-
At thy Queenes deserving feet.
Thy new entrance to her jaile.
Art found worthy of her harms.
Might shine by so rare a chance.
Tiule that defies the Grave.
Shakes of Death and Lethes showres.
His Names birth doth solemn nize.

Filmer, 1629
Thou, whome Fortune, now turn'd tender

With old chaines a-new doth greet,
Joy thy tribute Soule to render

At thy Queenes deserving feet. feet.

Joy thy tribute Soule to render

At thy Queenes deserving feet. feet.

Filmer, 1629
Since our round Year hath but one Spring,

Let Love set glosse on this gemme of the Ring:

Autumne, once come, proves our leafs utter Fall;

Haste to Love's feast while your best Seasons call.

Haste to Love's feast, while your best Seasons call.
Ballet du Roy
Since our round Yeare hath but one Spring

Pierre Guedron
(Filmer, 1629, #16)
Autumne, once come, proves our leafs utter Fall;

Autumne, once come, proves our leafs utter Fall;

Autumne, once more, proves our leafs utter Fall;

Autumne, once more, proves our leafs utter Fall;

Haste to Love's feast while your best Seasons call.
Haste to Love's feast, while your best Seasons call.

Haste to Love's feast, while your best Seasons call.

Haste to Love's feast, while your best Seasons call.

Haste to Love's feast, while your best Seasons call.
Say then! my hard Jewell

1. Say then! my hard Jewell, My hard Jewell, say!
2. Thou know'st that my spirit To thee sole doth kneele;
3. Can my bo-some, chinking With long drought of grief,
4. Can my sac ri-fisings Of sighes in breast's fire,
5. Thy lookes, on whose flaming (To my smart) I gaze,
6. As my cry growes loud er, More in vaine I whine:

For thy sparkes long full When shall thy gold pay?
That no strang'er's merit Can make my Zeale reele.
Find but end lesse drinking Of teares for re lief?
And my ear ly risings Bar gaine for no hire?
Cause a fer vent blamings Hearts yee, whilst Eies blaze.
Fy! this is to pou der Cheekes with too long brine.

Shall I lan guish e're more, blood lesse by so sharpe dull ell?
Shall I lan guish e're more, kept from right to in her it?
Shall I lan guish e're more, un der scorns burden sink ing?
Shall I lan guish e're more, brok en with thy de spis ings?
Shall I lan guish e're more, tir ed with thy slow tam ing?
Shall I lan guish e're more, at the feet that grow prou der?
Shall I languish e're more At Despaires pale-cheek'd dore?
Shall I ...
Shall I ...
Shall I ...
Shall I ...
Shall I ...
Shall I ...
Shall I ...

Filmer, 1629
Say then! my hard Jewell

My hard Jewell, say!

My hard Jewell, say!

For thy sparkes long full ell When shall thy gold pay?

For thy sparkes long full ell When shall thy gold pay?
Shall I languish e're more, bloodlesse by so sharpe duel?
Knowe, my deare Idoll Cloris!

1. Knowe, my deare I- doll Clo- ris! that all zea- lous,
2. Why, with such fi- rie speed, in- ces- sant dri- ver!
3. Trus- tie Night! that, in fa- vour of close Lov- ers,
4. Can it then bee, yee Gods whom I im- por- tune

Heere at thine al- tar I would pros- trate stay;
Bring'st thou a light that ob- scures Lov- ers' Skies?
Friend- ly dis- play- est thy se- cur- ing vailes,
That the Day's birth should make Love's Mor- ning die?

But com- mon Morne, of ev- 'rie Lov- er jea- lous,
Con- troll thy race; keepe backe thy bea- mie qui- ver;
Fright backe pale Morne; tell her thy sha- die co- vers
And, this first downe of my yet ten- der For- tune,

To my Dis- as- ter brings the Starre of day.
What needs more Day then shoots from these grey eies?
Can light us best to Loves se- cret as- sailes.
Must it make wing, be- cause fledg'd Night doth flie?
Clo-ris! fare-well; Oh! let mee dying va-nish:

Day-light is come my de-light hence to ba-nish. nish.
Knowe, my deare Idoll Cloris!

1. Knowe, my deare Idoll Cloris! that all zealous,

Heere at thine altar I would prostrate stay;

Antoine Boisset
(Filmer, 1629, #18)
But common Morne, of ev’rie Lover jealous,

To my Disaster brings the Starre of day.

But common Morne, of ev’rie Lover jealous,
Cloris! farewell; Oh! let me dying vanish: Day-

light is come my delight hence to ba-

Filmer, 1629
To your sports and delights, yee blith lasses!
sports and delights, yee blith lasses!

Catch gray Time by the beard as he passes: Catch gray

Altus: Catch gray

Catch gray
Time by the beard as hee passes:

Time by the beard as hee passes.

Time by the beard as hee passes,

Trust not his bald necke; t'will slip of your col-

lars; And,
by his evasion, you'll seem ill Scholars.

Spend, in bowres and thicke groves (Love's darke stages) The

Cantus 2: Spend, in bowres and thicke groves (Love's darke stages) The
shining fore-noone of your ages.

shining fore-noone of your ages:

Spend, in

Spend, in

The bowres and thicke groves (Love's darke stages) The

bowres, Spend in bowres and thicke groves (Love's darke stages) The

and thicke groves (Love's darke stages) The

Altus: Spend, in bowres and thicke groves (Love's darke stages) The
shin-ing fore-noone of your ages.
To your sports and delights, yee blith lasses!

[Filmer gives no lute tablature for this song, so
I have included Bataille's edition with Filmer's translation.]
Catch gray Time by the beard as hee pas-
To love's Hall, goe! what e-
With the fu-
Serve to adde, to your youths, heat and lus-
Runne and catch and kisse their neighbor Al-
Wing-
By Love's Co-

ses: Catch gray Time by the beard as hee pas-
ses:
you. To love's Hall, goe! what e-
you.
taines: With the fu-
taines:
gitive glasse of the Foun-
tines:
ter. Serve to adde, to your youths, heat and lus-
ter.
ilies: Runne and catch and kisse their neigh-
ilies:
bor Al-
ner; By Love's co-
nner;
lours is made to looke wan-
lours is made to looke wan-

Trust not his bald necke; t'll will slip-
Trust not his bald necke; t'll will slip-
of your col-
of your col-
lars; And,
lars; And,
Earth from her Coat all Snow ar-
Earth from her Coat all Snow ar-
gent now tear-
gent now tear-
eth, And,
eth, And,
Morne, urg'd by En-
Morne, urg'd by En-
vie, brave Flo-
vie, brave Flo-
ra op-
ra op-
pos-
pos-
es And
es And
New Phæ-
New Phæ-
bus, drench'd (but not quench'd) with Sea-
bus, drench'd (but not quench'd) with Sea-
bil-
bil-
lowes, Brings,
lowes, Brings,
Æ-
Æ-
o-
o-
lus o-
lus o-
opens his Eares to these won-
opens his Eares to these won-
der, And
nder, And
And sure that heart, that his hand makes not trem-
And sure that heart, that his hand makes not trem-
ble, Is
ble, Is
by his e-vasion you'll seeme ill Schol-lars.
for it, Flowres or in a Field vert bear-eth.
dares her to See her at Vy-ing ros-es.
with the World's, Love's fire from his wet pil-lowes.
Birds, of like sub-ject, talke to Au- ro-ra.
shuts-dead, though the spi-rits may life re-sem-ble.

Spend, in bowres and thicke groves (Love's darke sta-ges) The shin-ing fore-noone of your a-
Spend, ...
Spend, ...
Spend, ...
Spend, ...
Spend, ...
Spend, ...

Spend, ...