

English Madrigals I - indexed by composer

East, Michael	SST	Alas, must I run away
East, Michael	SSTTB	All ye that joy in wailing
East, Michael	SAT	Corydon would kiss her then
East, Michael	SSATB	Dear, why do you joy
East, Michael	SAT	Do not run away
East, Michael	S/ASTB	Fair is my love
East, Michael	SSTB	Farewell, false love
East, Michael	SST	Follow me, sweet love
East, Michael	SSATB	Foresaken Thyrsis, sighing, sings
East, Michael	SATTB	Hence, stars, too dim of light
East, Michael	SSA	How merrily we live
East, Michael	SST	I do not love my Phyllis
East, Michael	SSATB	I fall, and then I rise again
East, Michael	SAT	In an evening late
East, Michael	SSAT	In dolorous complaining
East, Michael	SAT	In the merry month of May
East, Michael	SSTB	In vain, my tongue
East, Michael	SSTB	Joy of my life
East, Michael	SSTB	Mopsie, leave off to love
East, Michael	SATB	My hope a counsel with my love
East, Michael	SSTTB	My prime of youth
East, Michael	SSATB	Now Cloris laughs
East, Michael	SSB	O come again my lovely jewel
East, Michael	SSTTB	O metaphysical tobacco
East, Michael	SSTB	O stay, fair cruel
East, Michael	SATB	Pity, dear love
East, Michael	SST	Round about I follow thee
East, Michael	SST	See Amaryllis shamed
East, Michael	SSTB	She that my complaints
East, Michael	SATB	Since tears could not obtain
East, Michael	SSTTB	Sly thief, if so you will believe
East, Michael	SSTB	So much to give
East, Michael	SSTB	Sound out, my voice
East, Michael	SSTB	Sweet love, I err
East, Michael	SATTB	The Spring is past
East, Michael	SSB	To bed, to bed
East, Michael	SSATB	What doth my pretty darling
East, Michael	SSATB	What thing more cruel
East, Michael	SSTB	When on my dear I do demand
East, Michael	SSAT	Why do you seek by flight
East, Michael	SSTB	Why runs away my love
East, Michael	SSATB	Why smilest thou, sweet jewel
East, Michael	SSA	Why smilest thou, sweet jewell
East, Michael	SSATB	Ye restless cares
East, Michael	SSTTB	You mournful Gods
East, Michael	SAT	Young Cupid hath proclaimed
Farmer, John	SATB	A little pretty bonny lass
Farmer, John	SATB	Cease now thy mourning
Farmer, John	SATB	Compare me to the child
Farmer, John	SATB	Fair Phyllis I saw

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Farmer, John	SATB	I thought, my love
Farmer, John	SATB	Lady, my flame still burning
Farmer, John	SATB	Now each creature joys the other
Farmer, John	SATB	O stay, sweet love
Farmer, John	SATB	Soon as the hungry lion
Farmer, John	SATB	Sweet Lord, your flame is still burning
Farmer, John	SATB	Sweet friend, thy absence
Farmer, John	SATB	Take time while time doth last
Farmer, John	SATB	The flattering words
Farmer, John	SATT	Who would have thought that face?
Farmer, John	SSATTTBB	You blessed bowers
Farmer, John	SATB	You pretty flowers that smile
Farmer, John	SATB	You'll never leave still tossing
Morley, Thomas	SATTB	Adieu, you kind and cruel
Morley, Thomas	SATB	April is in my mistress' face
Morley, Thomas	SAT	Arise, get up
Morley, Thomas	SATTB	Ay me! the fatal arrow
Morley, Thomas	SAAT	Besides a fountain
Morley, Thomas	SAT	Blow, shepherds, blow
Morley, Thomas	SAT	Cease, mine eyes
Morley, Thomas	SATB	Clorinda false
Morley, Thomas	SSAT	Come, lovers, follow me
Morley, Thomas	SATTB	Cruel, wilt thou persevere?
Morley, Thomas	SST	Cruel, you pull away too soon
Morley, Thomas	SATTB	Damon and Phyllis squared
Morley, Thomas	STB	Deep lamenting
Morley, Thomas	STTB	Die now, my heart
Morley, Thomas	SAT	Do you not know?
Morley, Thomas	SATTB	False love did me inveigle
Morley, Thomas	SAT	Farewell, disdainful
Morley, Thomas	SATTB	Fly, love, that art so sprightly
Morley, Thomas	SSATTB	Good love, then fly thou to her
Morley, Thomas	SST	Good morrow, fair ladies of the May
Morley, Thomas	SAATTB	Hark, Alleluia
Morley, Thomas	SAAT	Hark, jolly shepherds
Morley, Thomas	SATB	Help, I fall
Morley, Thomas	SSAT	Ho! who comes here?
Morley, Thomas	SST	Hold out, my heart
Morley, Thomas	SSATB	I follow, lo, the footing
Morley, Thomas	SAAT	I will no more come to thee
Morley, Thomas	SSAT	In dew of roses
Morley, Thomas	SATB	In every place
Morley, Thomas	SST	Joy doth so arise
Morley, Thomas	SSATTB	Ladies, you see time flieth
Morley, Thomas	STB	Lady, if I through grief
Morley, Thomas	SST	Lady, those eyes
Morley, Thomas	SSAT	Lady, why grieve you still me?
Morley, Thomas	SATTB	Lady, you think you spite me
Morley, Thomas	SATTB	Lo, where with flowery head
Morley, Thomas	SAT	Love learns by laughing

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Morley, Thomas	SATTB	Love took his bow and arrow
Morley, Thomas	SAATB	Love's folk in green arraying
Morley, Thomas	SATTB	My nymph the deer
Morley, Thomas	SATB	Now is the gentle season
Morley, Thomas	SST	Now must I die recureless
Morley, Thomas	SST	O fly not
Morley, Thomas	SATTB	O grief, ev'n on the bud
Morley, Thomas	SSAT	O no, thou dost but flout me
Morley, Thomas	SAAT	O sweet, alas, what say you?
Morley, Thomas	SAAB	On a fair morning
Morley, Thomas	SATTB	Our Bonny-boots could toot it
Morley, Thomas	SAAT	Round about a wood
Morley, Thomas	SATTB	Said I that Amaryllis
Morley, Thomas	SAT	Say, dear, will you not have me
Morley, Thomas	SATB	Say, gentle nymphs
Morley, Thomas	SST	See, mine own sweet jewel
Morley, Thomas	SATB	Since my tears and lamentations
Morley, Thomas	SSATB	Sovereign of my delight
Morley, Thomas	SAAT	Sport we, my lovely treasure
Morley, Thomas	SSATTB	Stay, heart, run not so fast
Morley, Thomas	SAT	Thirsis, let pity move thee
Morley, Thomas	SST	This love is but a wanton fit
Morley, Thomas	SST	What ails my darling?
Morley, Thomas	SST	Where art thou, wanton
Morley, Thomas	SAT	Whither away so fast
Morley, Thomas	SSAT	Why sit I here complaining?
Morley, Thomas	STTTB	You black bright stars
Morley, Thomas	ATTB	The fields abroad
Tomkins, Thomas	SSATB	Adieu, ye city-prisoning towers
Tomkins, Thomas	SSATB	Cloris, whenas I woo
Tomkins, Thomas	SSATB	Come, shepherds, sing with me
Tomkins, Thomas	SST	Fond men that do so highly prize
Tomkins, Thomas	SSATB	Fusca, in thy starry eyes
Tomkins, Thomas	SAT	How great delight
Tomkins, Thomas	SSATTB	It is my well-beloved's voice
Tomkins, Thomas	SAT	Love, cease tormenting
Tomkins, Thomas	SSATTB	Music divine
Tomkins, Thomas	SAT	No more I will thy love importune
Tomkins, Thomas	ATTB	O let me die for true love
Tomkins, Thomas	SATB	O let me live for true love
Tomkins, Thomas	SSAATB	Oft did I marle
Tomkins, Thomas	SAT	Our hasty life doth post away
Tomkins, Thomas	ATTB	Oyez! has any found a lad
Tomkins, Thomas	SSATB	Phyllis, now cease to move me
Tomkins, Thomas	SSTTB	Phyllis, yet see him dying
Tomkins, Thomas	SSATB	See, see the shepherds queen
Tomkins, Thomas	SST	Sure, there is no god of Love
Tomkins, Thomas	SSATB	To the shady woods
Tomkins, Thomas	SSATB	Too much I once lamented
Tomkins, Thomas	ASATTB	Turn unto the Lord

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Tomkins, Thomas	ATTB	Was ever wretch tormented
Tomkins, Thomas	SATB	Weep no more, thou sorry boy
Tomkins, Thomas	SAATB	When David heard
Tomkins, Thomas	SSATTB	When I observe
Tomkins, Thomas	SSTTBB	Woe is me
Tomkins, Thomas	SATB	Yet again, as soon revived
Ward, John	SSAT	A satyr once did run
Ward, John	SSATTB	Come, sable night
Ward, John	SSATTB	Die not, fond man
Ward, John	SSATB	Flora, fair nymph
Ward, John	SSA	Fly not so fast
Ward, John	SATB	Free from Love's bonds
Ward, John	SSA	Go, wailing accents
Ward, John	SAT	His heart his wound received
Ward, John	SSATB	Hope of my heart
Ward, John	SATB	How long shall I
Ward, John	SSATTB	I have entreated
Ward, John	SSATTB	If the deep sighs
Ward, John	SAT	In health and ease am I
Ward, John	SSAT	Love is a dainty
Ward, John	SAT	My true love hath heart
Ward, John	SSATTB	O divine Love
Ward, John	SSTB	O my thoughts, surcease
Ward, John	SAT	O say, dear life
Ward, John	SSATTB	Oft have I tendered
Ward, John	SSATBB	Out from the vale
Ward, John	SSATB	Phyllis the bright
Ward, John	SSATTB	Retire, my troubled soul
Ward, John	SSATB	Sweet Philomel
Ward, John	SSAT	Sweet pity, wake
Ward, John	SSATTB	There's not a grove
Ward, John	SSATB	Upon a bank of roses
Ward, John	SSATTB	Weep forth your tears
Ward, John	SSTTB	Ye sylvan nymphs
Weelkes, Thomas	SST	A country pair
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	All at once well met
Weelkes, Thomas	SSST	Ay me, my wonted joys
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATTB	Cease now delight
Weelkes, Thomas	SAT	Cease sorrows, now
Weelkes, Thomas	SST	Clear wells, spring not
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Come, clap thy hands
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Farewell, my joy
Weelkes, Thomas	AATTB	Give me my heart
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Hark all ye lovely saints
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	I love and have my love regarded
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATTB	If beauty be a treasure
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	If thy deceitful looks
Weelkes, Thomas	SST	In black mourn I
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	In pride of May
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Lady, your eye

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Weelkes, Thomas	AATTB	Lady, your spotless features
Weelkes, Thomas	SSAT	Lo, country sports
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Make haste, ye lovers
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATTB	My Phyllis bids me pack away
Weelkes, Thomas	SST	My flocks feed not
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATTB	My tears do not avail me
Weelkes, Thomas	SSAB	Now every tree renews
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Now is my Chloris fresh as may
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Now is the bridals
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	On the plains, fairy trains
Weelkes, Thomas	SSAT	Our country swains
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Phyllis hath sworn
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Phyllis, go take thy pleasure
Weelkes, Thomas	SSAATB	Retire, my thoughts
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Say, dainty dames
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATTB	Say, dear, when will your frowning
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Sing we at pleasure
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Sing, shepherds, after me
Weelkes, Thomas	SST	Sit down and sing
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Sweet heart, arise
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Sweet love, I will no more
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATTB	Those spots upon my lady's face
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Those sweet delightful lilies
Weelkes, Thomas	SSSB	Three virgin nymphs
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	To shorten Winter's sadness
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Unto our flocks, sweet Corolus
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	We shepherds sing
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Welcome, sweet pleasure
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	What haste, fair lady
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Whilst youthful sports
Weelkes, Thomas	SATB	Young Cupid hath proclaimed
Weelkes, Thomas	SSATB	Your beauty it allureth
Wilbye, John	SSATB	A silly Sylvan
Wilbye, John	SATB	Adieu, sweet Amarillis
Wilbye, John	SSATTB	Ah, cannot sighs
Wilbye, John	SAT	Ah, cruel Amarillis
Wilbye, John	SAATB	Alas, what a wretched life is this
Wilbye, John	SATB	Alas, what hope of speeding
Wilbye, John	SSTTB	All pleasure is of this condition
Wilbye, John	SATTB	And though my love abounding
Wilbye, John	SAT	As fair as morn
Wilbye, John	SATB	As matchless beauty
Wilbye, John	SAT	Away, thou shalt not love me
Wilbye, John	SAT	Ay me, can every rumour
Wilbye, John	SATT	Change me, O heav'ns
Wilbye, John	SAT	Come, shepherd swains
Wilbye, John	SSATTB	Cruel, behold my heavy ending
Wilbye, John	SSA	Dear pity, how, ah how?
Wilbye, John	SSTTB	Despiteful thus
Wilbye, John	SATTB	Die, hapless man

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Wilbye, John	SSATB	Down in a valley
Wilbye, John	SSATTB	Draw on, sweet night
Wilbye, John	SATTB	Flora gave me fairest flowers
Wilbye, John	SAT	Flourish ye hillocks
Wilbye, John	SATB	Fly not so swift, my dear
Wilbye, John	SAT	Fly, love, aloft to heav'n
Wilbye, John	SATT	Happy streams whose trembling fall
Wilbye, John	SATB	Happy, oh happy he
Wilbye, John	SSATB	Hard destinies are love
Wilbye, John	SATTB	I always beg
Wilbye, John	SATTB	I fall, I fall, O stay me
Wilbye, John	SAT	I live, and yet methinks
Wilbye, John	SATB	I love, alas, yet am not loved
Wilbye, John	SATTB	I sung sometimes my thoughts
Wilbye, John	SATB	Lady, when I behold
Wilbye, John	SSATTB	Lady, when I behold
Wilbye, John	SATTB	Lady, your words do spite me
Wilbye, John	SSATTB	Long have I made these hills
Wilbye, John	SSAT	Love not me for comely grace
Wilbye, John	SSATTB	My throat is sore
Wilbye, John	SATB	O fools can you not see?
Wilbye, John	SAT	O what shall I do?
Wilbye, John	SSATTB	O wretched man
Wilbye, John	SSATTB	Of joys and pleasing pains
Wilbye, John	SSATB	Oft have I vow'd
Wilbye, John	SAT	So light is Love
Wilbye, John	SSATTB	Softly, o softly, drop my eyes
Wilbye, John	SSATTB	Stay, Corydon thou swain
Wilbye, John	SSATTB	Sweet Love, if thou wilt gain
Wilbye, John	SSATB	Sweet honey-sucking bees
Wilbye, John	SAT	There is a jewel
Wilbye, John	SSATB	There where I saw
Wilbye, John	SSATTB	Thou art but young, thou say'st
Wilbye, John	SATTB	Thus Love commands
Wilbye, John	SATB	Thus saith my Cloris bright
Wilbye, John	SATTB	Unkind, O stay thy flying
Wilbye, John	SAT	Weep, O mine eyes
Wilbye, John	SSATB	Weep, weep, mine eyes
Wilbye, John	SATB	What needeth all this travail
Wilbye, John	SATT	When Cloris heard of her Amyntas
Wilbye, John	SSATTB	When shall my wretched life
Wilbye, John	SSATTB	Where most my thoughts
Wilbye, John	SSATTB	Why dost thou shoot?
Wilbye, John	SAT	Ye restless thoughts
Wilbye, John	SSATB	Ye that do live in pleasures
Wilbye, John	SSAAB	Yet, sweet, take heed