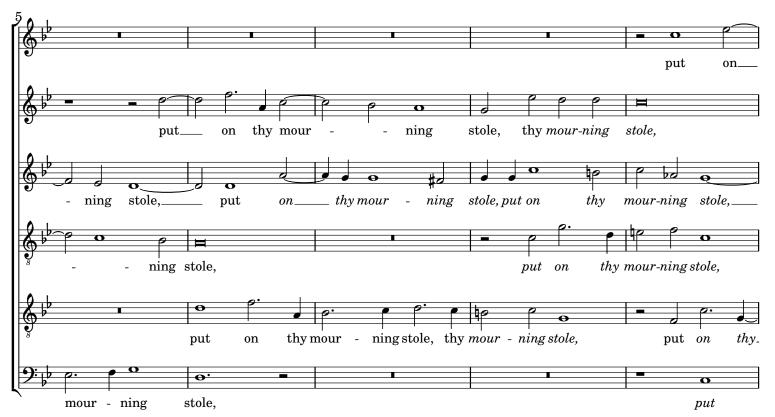
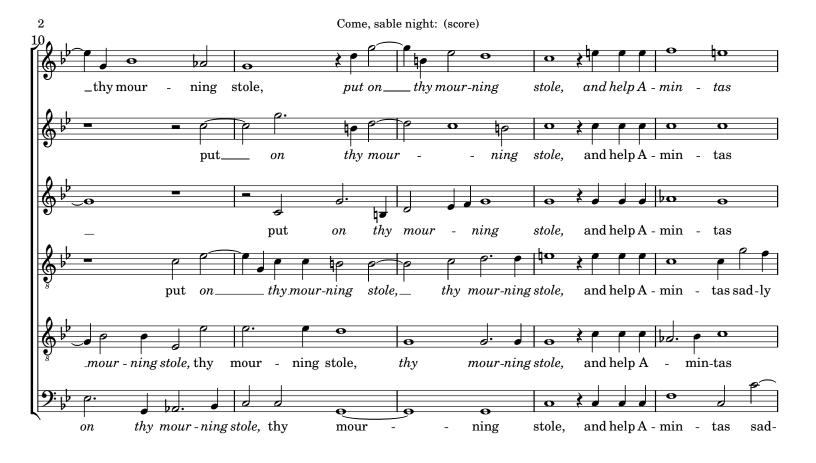
John Ward (c.1589-1638)

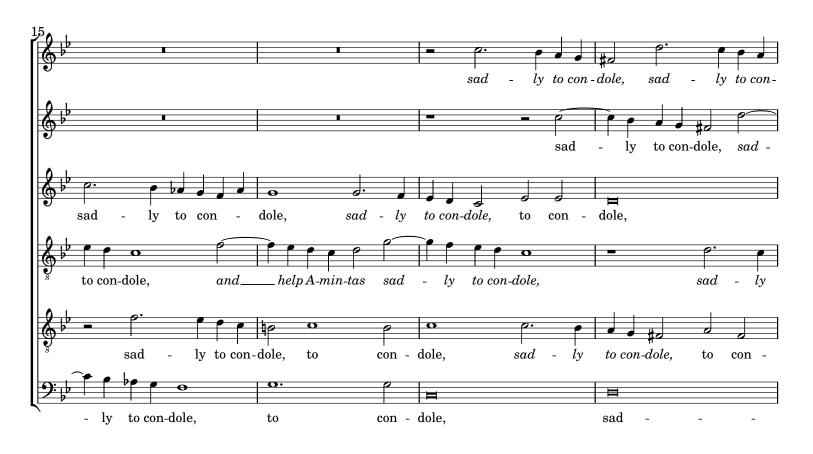
The first set of English madrigals (Thomas Snodham press, London, 1613)





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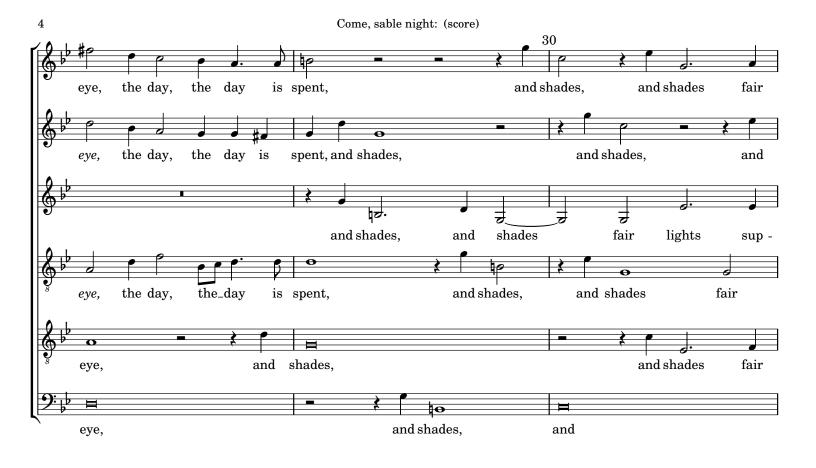
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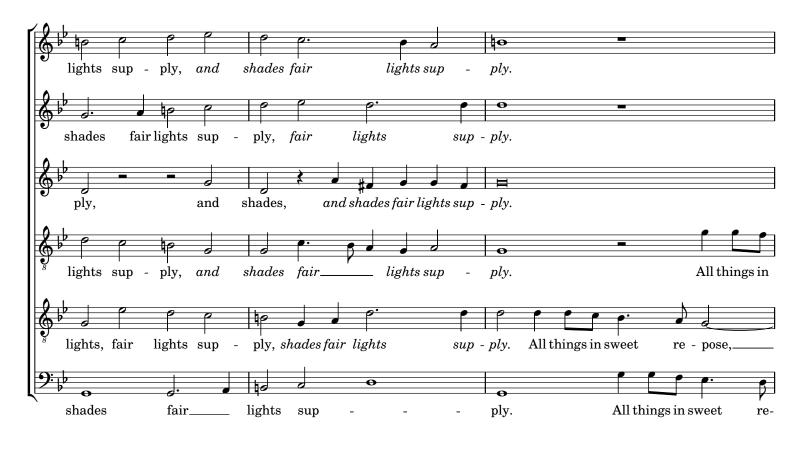
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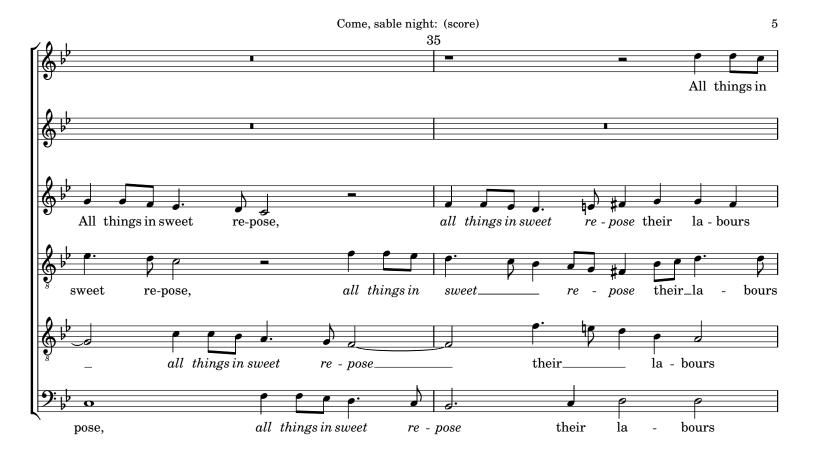


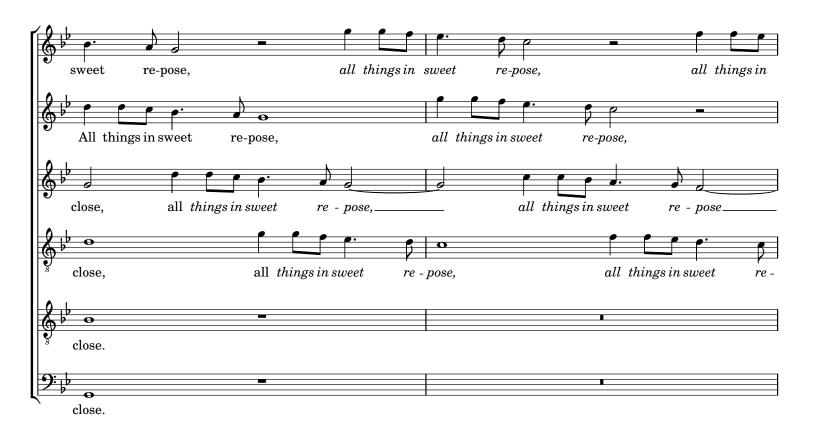
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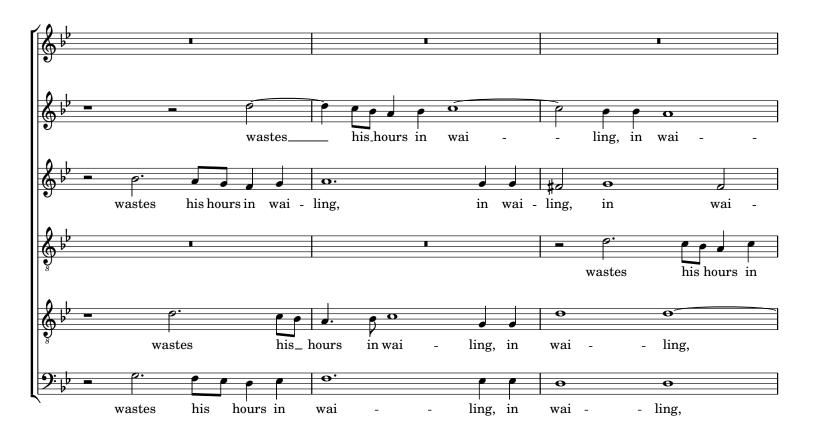
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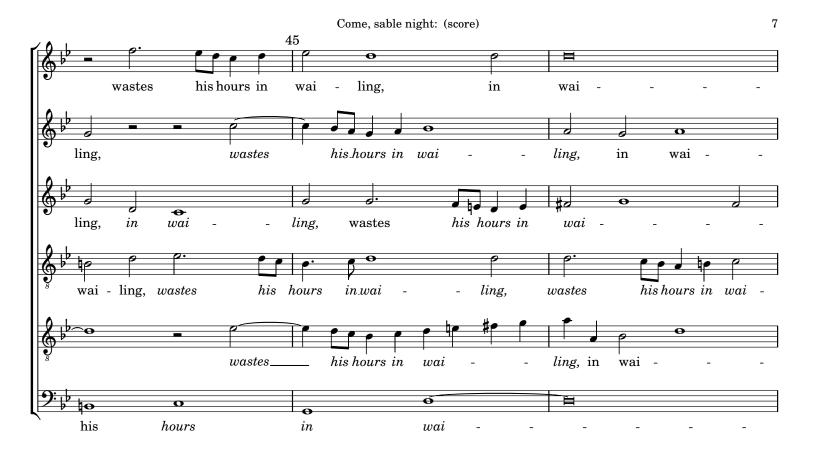


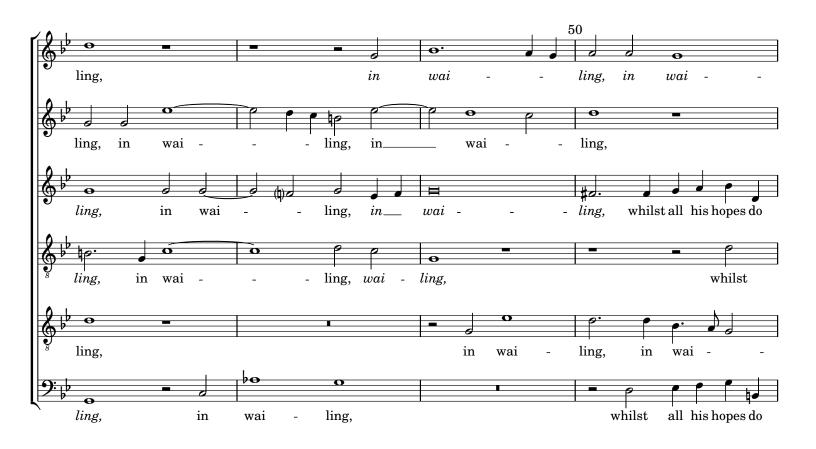
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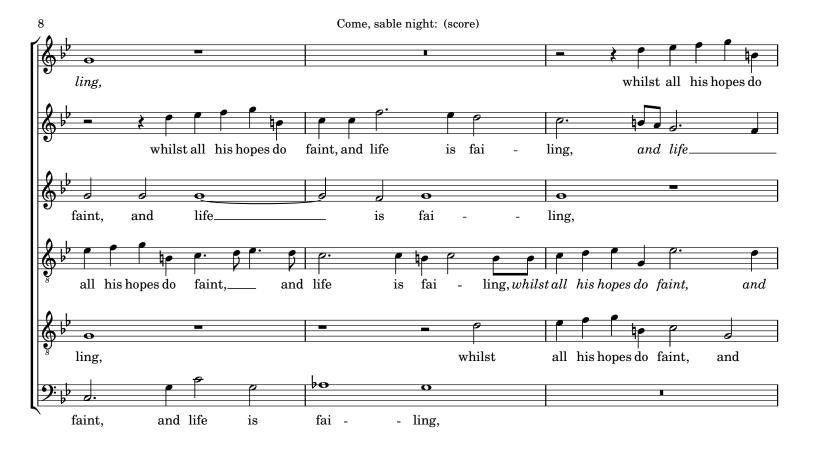


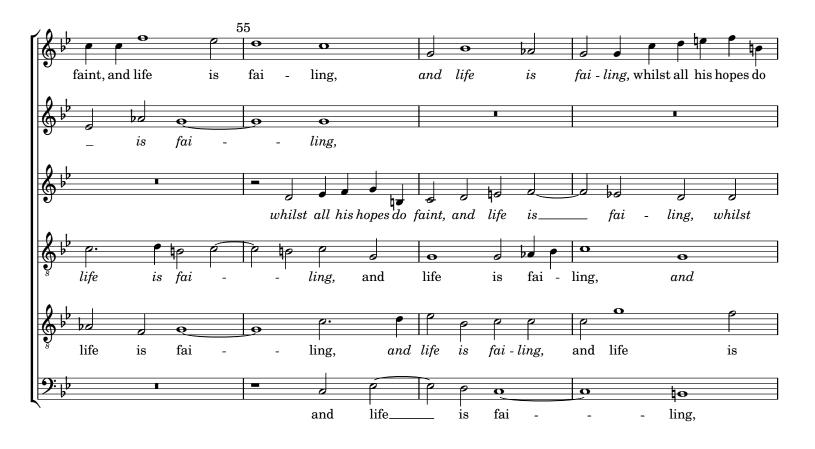
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Come, sable night, put on thy mourning stole, and help Amintas sadly to condole.

Behold, the sun hath shut his golden eye, the day is spent, and shades fair lights supply. All things in sweet repose their labours close;

Only Amintas wastes his hours in wailing, whilst all his hopes do faint, and life is failing.