

- Ayres to be sunge to the Lute and Base Vyole (1609):
 - Come sullen nyght
 - Come sweet fyre
 - Florella lay asleeping
 - Goe weepe, sade soule
 - Griefe, presse my soule
 - Grone, weary soule
 - Hide not from me
 - If the tongue
 - My mournfull thoughts
 - **Now each creature joyes**
 - Say ye gods that power have
 - Two Cynthias did at once appeare
- Long have I lifted up my voice, anthem