

Madrigales para 3 voces:

- Ah, cruel Amarillis
- As fayre as morne
- Away! Thou shalt not love me
- Ay me, can every rumour
- Come shepherd swains
- Dear Pity, how wouldst thou become her?
- Flourish ye hillock
- Fly, Love, aloft
- I live, and yet methinks I do not breathe
- Oh! what shall I do?
- So light is love
- There is a jewell
- Weep, O mine eyes
- Ye restless thoughts

Madrigales para 4 voces:

- **Adieu, sweet Amarillis**
- Alas! what hope of speeding
- As matchless beauty thee a phoenix proves
- Change me, O heavens, into a ruby stone
- Fly not so swift, my dear
- Happy streams, whose trembling fall
- Happy, Oh! happy he
- I am quite tired
- I love, alas, yet am not loved
- Lady, when I behold the Roses sprouting.
- Love not me for comely grace (1594)
- O fools! Can you not see a traffick neerer
- Thus saith my Cloris bright
- What needeth all this travail and turmoiling.
- When Cloris heard

Madrigales para 5 voces:

- A silly Sylvan, kissing Heav'n born fire

- Alas, what a wretched life is this
- All pleasure is of this condition
- And though, my love abounding
- Die hapless man, Since she denies thee grace.
- Down in a valley as Alexis trips
- Flora gave me fairest flowers
- Hard destinies are love and beauty
- I always beg, yet never am relieved
- I fall, I fall, O stay me
- I sung sometimes my thoughts and fancies pleasure.
- Lady, your words do spite me
- O God, the rock
- Oft have I vow'd
- Sweet honey sucking bees
- There where I saw her lovely beauty painted
- Thus love commands
- Unkind, O stay thy flying
- Weep, weep, mine eyes
- Ye that do live in pleasures plenty
- Yet sweet, take heed

Madrigales para 6 voces:

- Ah, cannot sighs nor tears
- Cruel, behold my heavy ending!
- Despiteful thus unto myself, I languish
- Draw on, sweet night
- Lady, when I behold the Roses sprouting.
- Long have I made these hills and valleys weary
- My throat is sore, my voice is hoarse with shrieking.
- O wretched man, Why lov'st thou earthly life?
- Of joys and pleasing pains, I late went singing.
- Softly, O! drop, mine eyes
- Stay, Corydon, thou swain

- Sweet love, if thou wilt gain a Monarches glory.
- The lady Oriana
- Thou art but young, thou sayest
- When shall my wretched life give place to death?
- Where most my thoughts
- Why dost thou shoot? And I seeke not to shield mee

Publicaciones:

- Primer libro de madrigales, dedicado a Sir Charles Cavendish (1598)
- Segundo libro de madrigales, dedicado a Lady Arabella Stuart (1609)