

William Webb, *Look back, Castara, from thine eye*  
 (Ob MS Don. c. 57, fol. 94)

William Habington

3i

Look back, Castara, from thine eye; let yet more

[sic]

Archlute in A

3i

[initial tablature letter **b** appears to be cue for voice]

Editorial transcription of tablature

Detailed description: This system contains the first four measures of the piece. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a 3i lute pegbox signature, a bass line in bass clef with a 3i signature, and a lute tablature in 6/2 time. The tablature uses letters a, b, c, d, e on a six-line staff. An editorial transcription of the lute accompaniment is shown below the tablature. The lyrics are 'Look back, Castara, from thine eye; let yet more'.

5

flaming arrows fly; To live is thus to burn and

[ ]

[ ]

[ ]

[ ]

Detailed description: This system contains the next four measures. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'flaming arrows fly; To live is thus to burn and'. The lute tablature and editorial transcription continue below. A measure rest is indicated by a double slash in the tablature. The system ends with a double bar line.

William Webb, *Look back, Castara, from thine eye*  
 (Ob MS Don. c. 57, fol. 94), 2

die, For what might glorious hope desire but that thy -

- self as I expire should bring forth death and funeral fire.

10

The score consists of four staves per system. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is the bass line. The third staff is the lute tablature, with letters 'a', 'b', 'c', and 'd' indicating fret positions. The bottom staff is the keyboard accompaniment, showing chords and melodic lines in both hands.

William Webb, *Look back, Castara, from thine eye*  
(Ob MS Don. c. 57, fol. 94), 3

2. Distracted Love shall grieve to see  
Such zeal in death for fear lest he  
Himself should be consum'd in me  
And gathering up my ashes, weep  
That in his tears he them may steep  
And, thus embalm'd, as relics keep.
  
3. Thither let lovers pilgrims turn  
And the loose flames in which they burn  
Give up as off'rings to my urn  
That then the virtue of my shrine,  
By my zeal so long refine  
'Till they prove innocent as mine.