

---

In Approbation of this ensuing  
Discourse, and the Author thereof my  
deare friend, Maister T H O -  
M A S R A V E N S C R O F T.

**A**Rts are much al'red from their Pristine State,  
Humors and Fancies so pradominate.  
Ould Artits though they were Plaine, yet were Sure,  
Their Præcepts and their Principles were Pure:  
But now a dayes We scarce retaine the Grounds,  
W'are so Extrauagant beyond our Bounds.  
Among the Rest, Musicke (that noble Art)  
In this sad Elegie must beare a Part;  
Whose Purity was such in times of yore,  
(When Theory the Practise went before)  
That then She was had in as great Esteeme  
As now of Her the Vulgar basely Deceme.  
Errors in Figures, Characters, and Note  
Doe Now cause many Teach, and Learne by rote.  
This my deare Friend doth seeke here to amend;  
Wherein he trauail'd farre, great paines did spend  
To right his Mother; he seekes to reduce  
Her to her auntsient Grounds, and former Vse,  
To beate downe Common Practise, that doth range  
Among the Commons, and her Præcepts change.  
Heere shall you finde of Measures diuers sorts,  
For Church, for Madrigalls, for sundry Sports;  
Heere shall you see true Iudgement, store of reading,  
All for the Ould true Rules of Musicke pleading.  
Numbers of 3, among the Meane respected  
Are hence exil'd, and (worthily) reiected,  
As being crept in by Custome, and Vse  
Among the Vulgars, which the Wise refuse.  
Much might be said more of this little Booke:  
But let the Reader indge that on't shall looke.

Thi