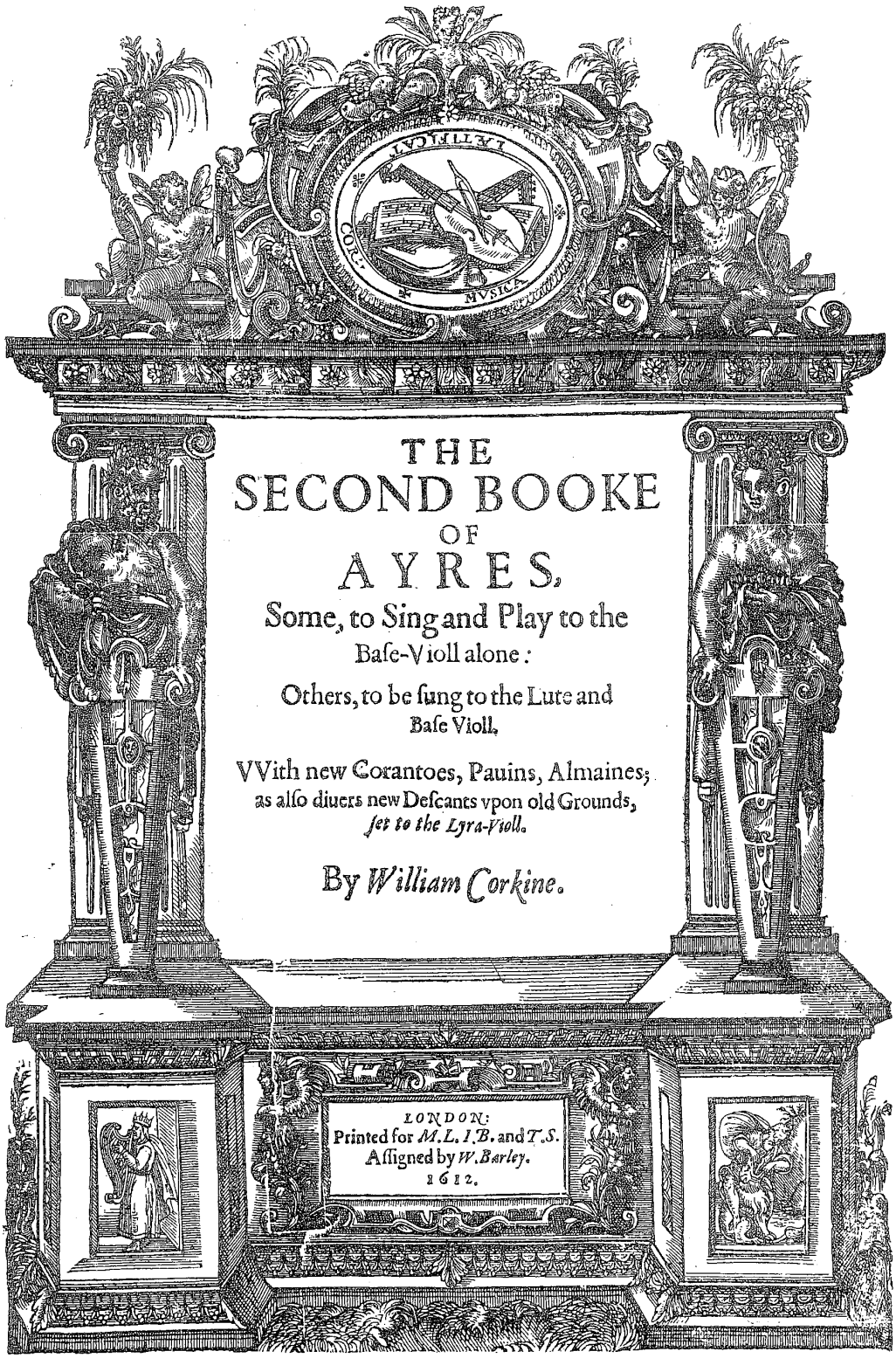



# THE SECOND BOOKE OF AYRES.

Some, to Sing and Play to the Base-Violl alone:

Others, to be sung to the Lute and Base Violl.

VVith new Corantoes, Pauins, Almaines; as also diuers new Descants vpon old Grounds, *fet to the Lyra-Violl.*

By *William Corkine.*

LONDON:
Printed for *M.L. I.B.* and *T.S.*
Assigned by *W. Barley.*
1612.

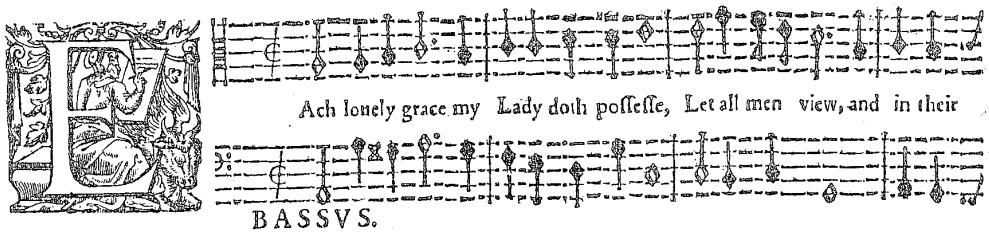
# TO THE VALEROVS AND TRVELY MAGNANIMOVS KNIGHT SYR *EDWARD DYMMOCKE*, THE KINGS *CHAMPION*.

*SYR*

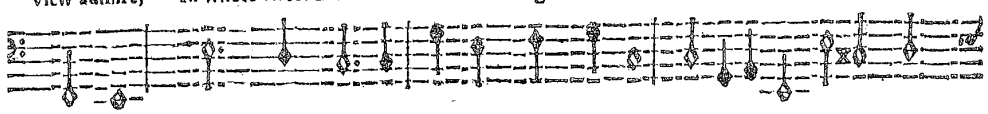
S a poore man, indebted to *many*, and desirous to pay what hee can, deuides that *little* hee hath among *many*, to giue contentment, at least, to *some*: so, I (right Worthy *SYR*) am constrayned to make the like distribution of this poore *Mite* of mine, being all I haue, for the present, to content you my Worthiest *Creditors*. But first, for that I stand most obliged to you, euen *Conscience* moues mee to shew my *willingnesse* to satisfie you first. Your approued and generally-beloued Noble-*Nature* (resembling that *Diuine*) will (I hope) take my *Will* for *Deed*, who in *both* euer will be

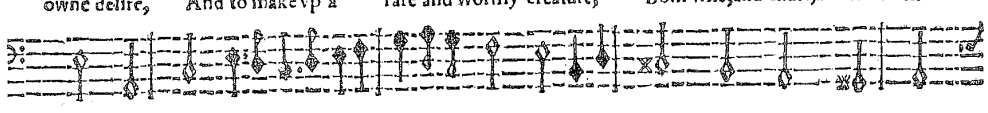
Yours intirely to dispose,

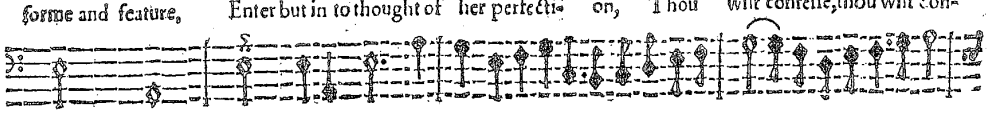
*William Corkine.*

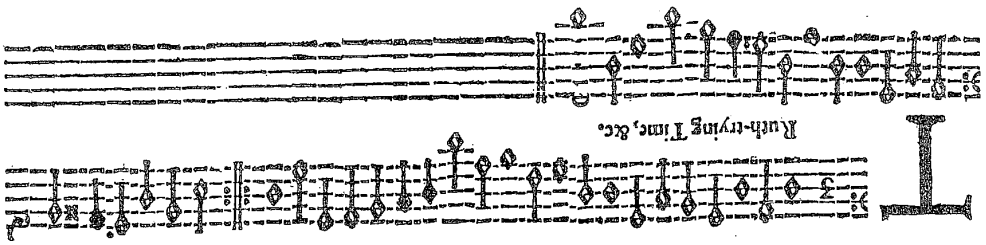

Ach lonely grace my Lady doth poſſeſſe, Let all men view, and in their
BASSVS.

view admire, In whoſe ſweet breaſt all vertuous thoughts doe reſt, Zealous to pitty, Chaſt in her


owne deſire, And to make vp a rare and worthy creature, Both wiſe, and chaſt, and faire in


forme and feature, Enter but in to thought of her perfecti- on, Thou wilt confeſſe, thou wilt con-

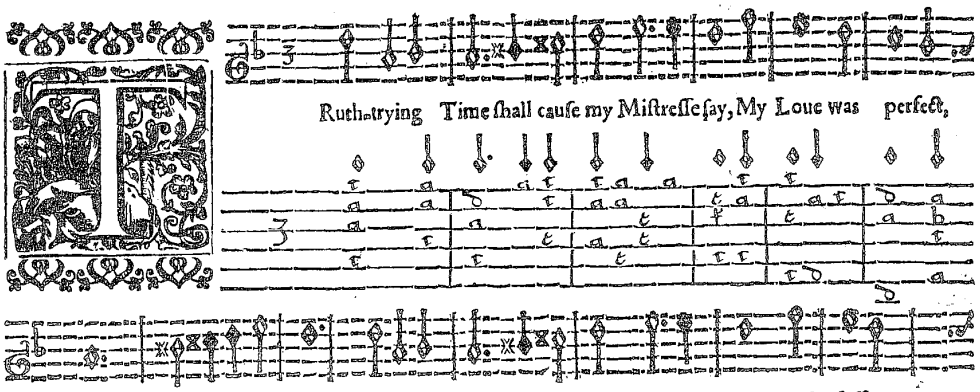

feſſe, thou wilt confeſſe, and in confeſsing proue, How none de- ſerues like praiſe, nor yet like loue.

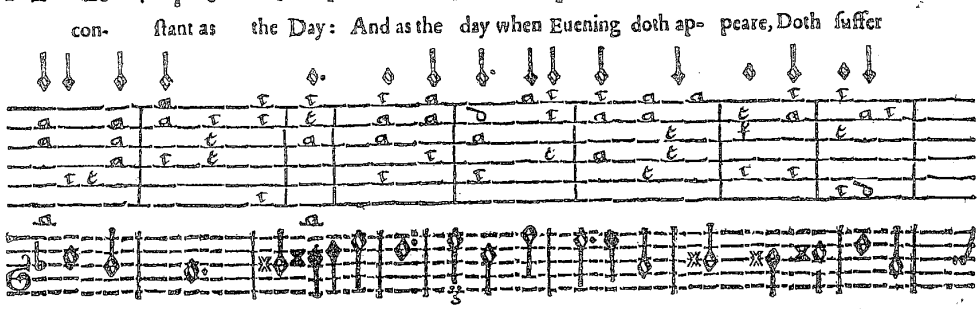


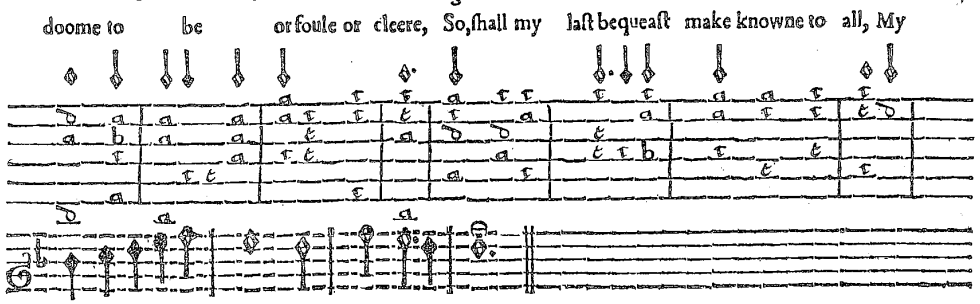
Ruth-trying Time, &c.

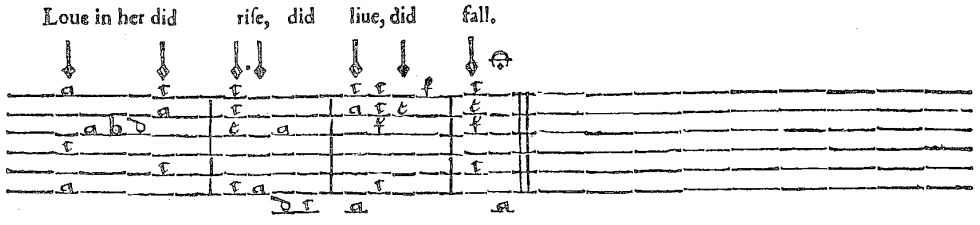
BASSVS.

II. CANTVS.

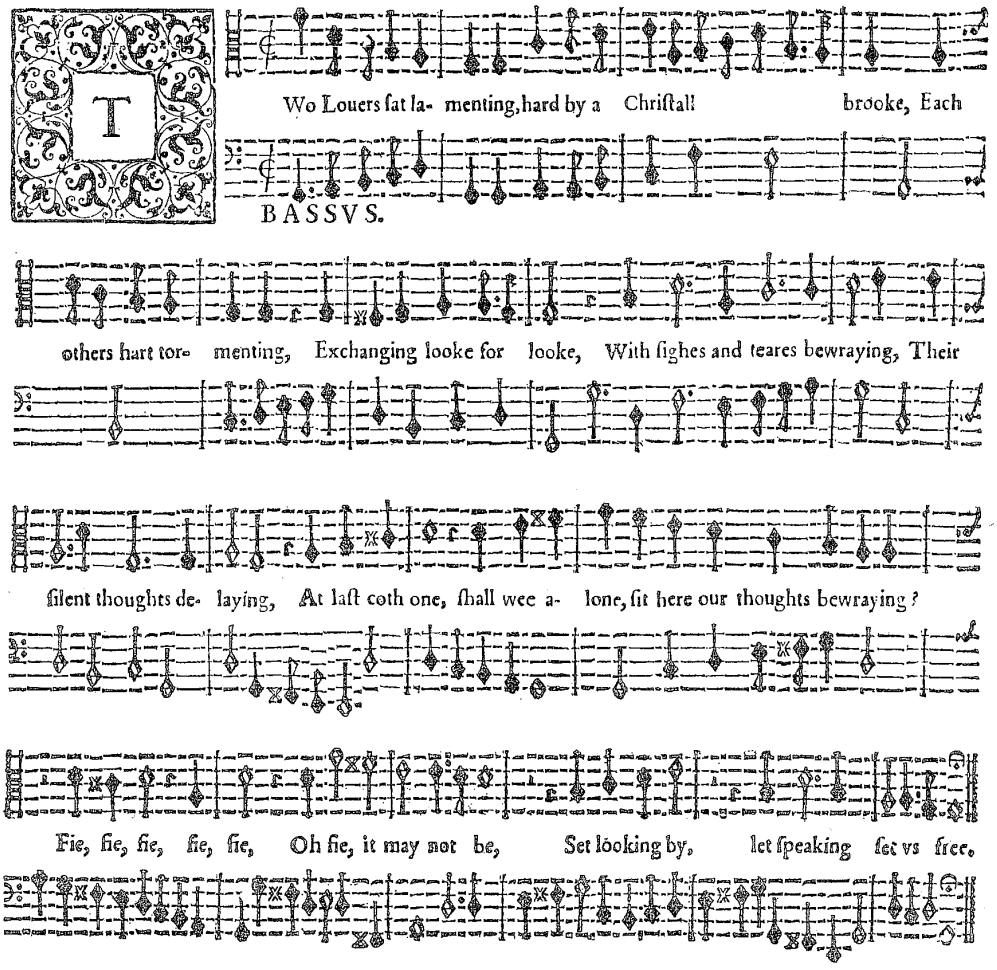


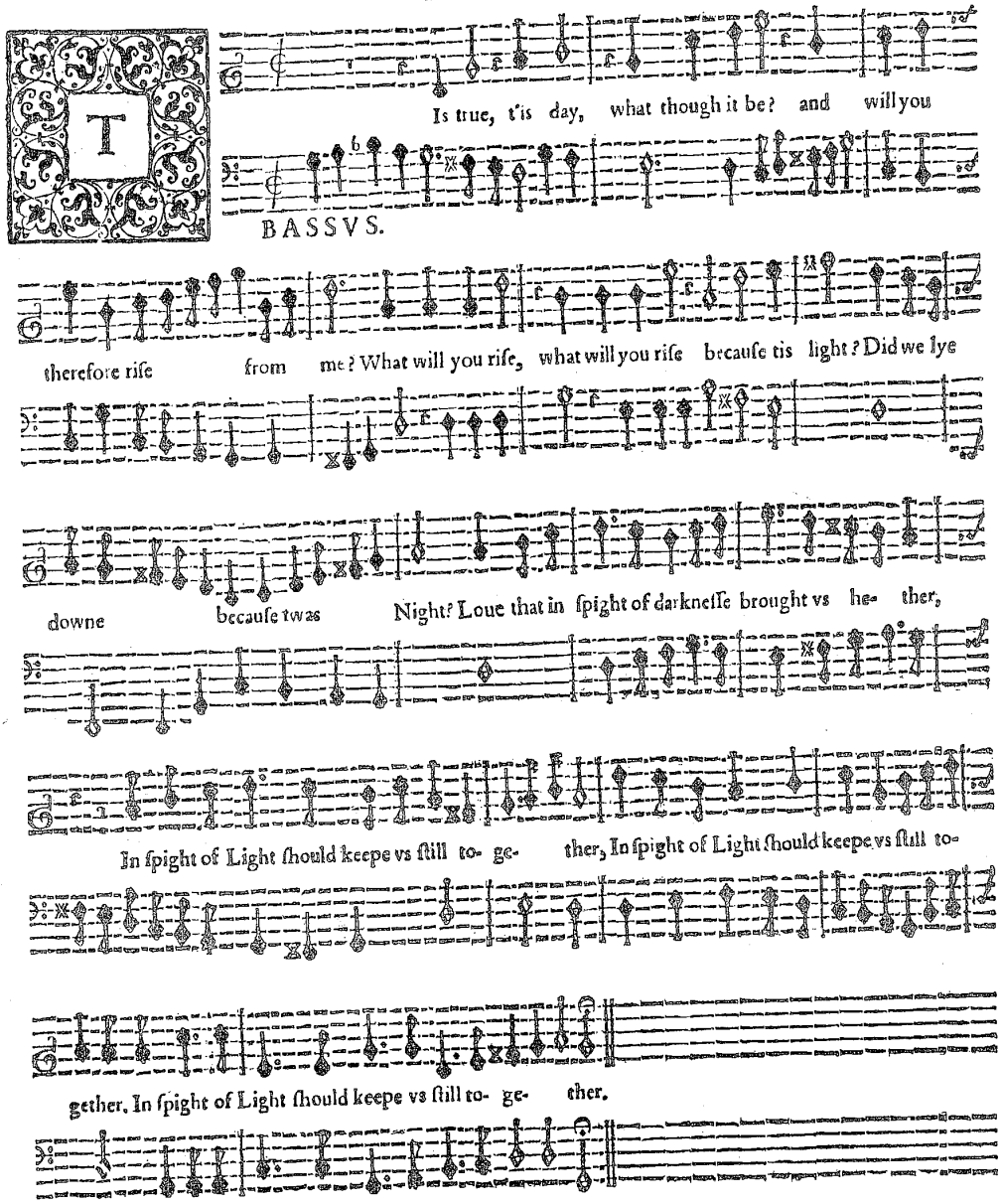




2 You Gods of Loue, who oft heard my deſires
Prepare her hart by your Loue-charming fires,
To thinke on thoſe ſweet reuels, peacefull fights,
Nere-changing Cuſtome, taught at Nuptiall rites.
O guerdonize my prayers but with this,
That I may taſte of that long wiſht-for bliſſe.



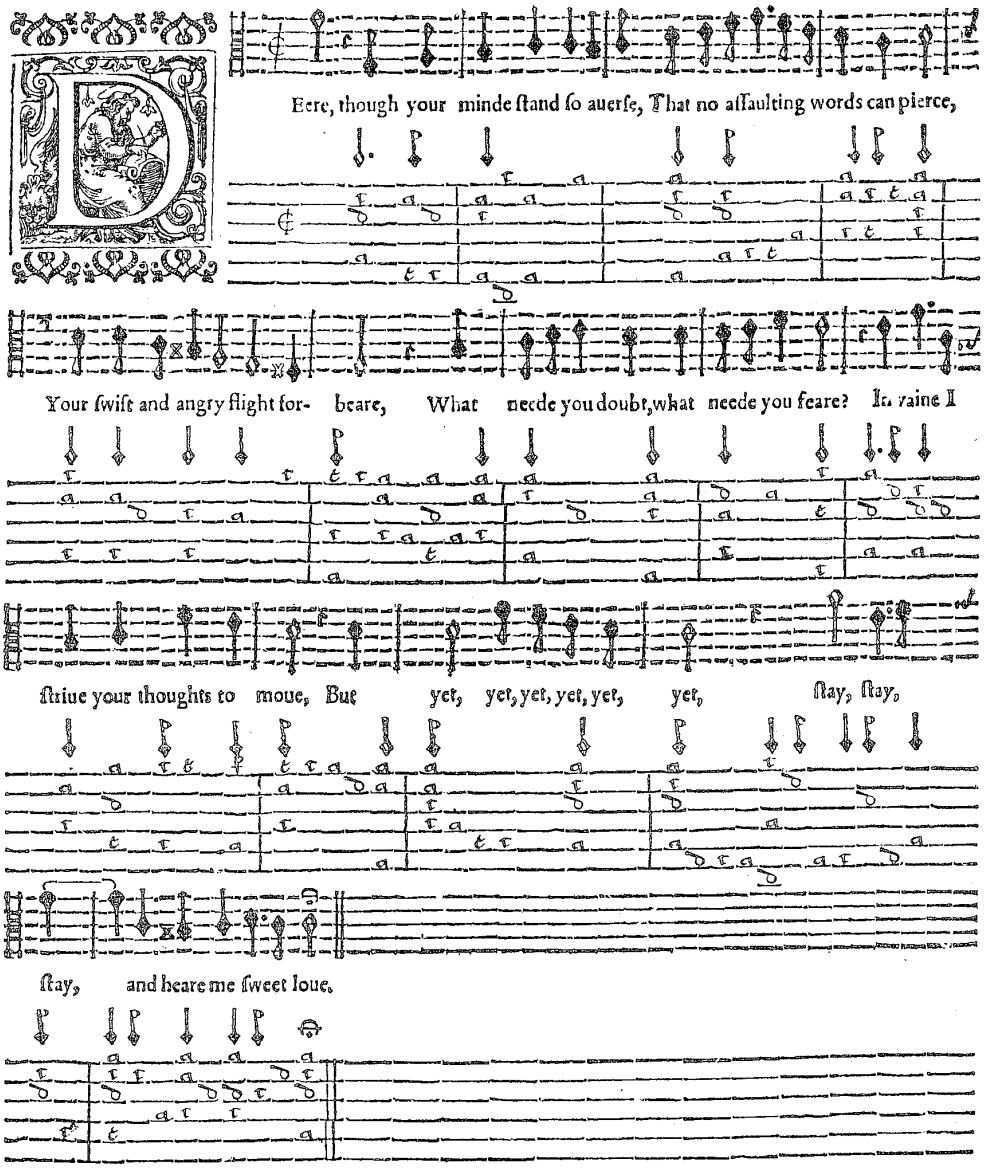

2 Then thus their ſilence breaking
Their thoughts too long eſtranged
They doe bewray by ſpeaking,
And words with words exchanged:
Then one of them replyed
Great pitty we had dyed,
Thus all alone
in ſilent moane
And not our thoughts deſcryed.
Fie, fie, oh fie,
Oh fie, that had beene ill
that inwardly
Sylence the hart ſhould kill.

3 From lookes and words to kiſſes
They made their next proceeding,
And as their onely bliſſes
They therein were exceeding.
Oh what a ioy is this,
To looke, to talke, to kiſſe?
But thus begunne
is all now done?
Ah: all then nothing is.
Fie, fie, oh fie,
Oh fie, it is a Hell
And better dye
Then kiſſe, and not end well.




2 Light hath no tongue, but is all Eye,
If it could ſpeake as well as ſpye,
This were the worſt that it could ſay,
That being well I faine would ſtay.
And that I loue my hart and honor ſo
That I would not from him that hath them goe.

Iſt buſineſſe that doth you remoue?
Oh, that's the worſt diſeaſe of Loue,
The poore, the foule, the falſe, loue can
Admit, but not the buſied man:
He that hath buſineſſe, and makes loue doth doe,
Such wrong as if a marryed man ſhould woe.




2 Words may entreat you, not enforce,
Speake though I might till I were hoarſe,
Already you reſolue I know
No gentle looke or Grace to ſhow.
My paſſions all muſt hapleſſe roue,
But ſtay and heare me yet ſweet loue.

3 Sith here no help nor hope remaines,
To eaſe my griefe, or end my paines,
Ile ſeeke in loweſt ſhades to finde
Reſt for my heart, peace for my minde.
Goe thou more cruell farre then faire,
And now, :||: leaue me to my deſpaire.

Hall I be with ioyes deceiued? Can Loues bands be

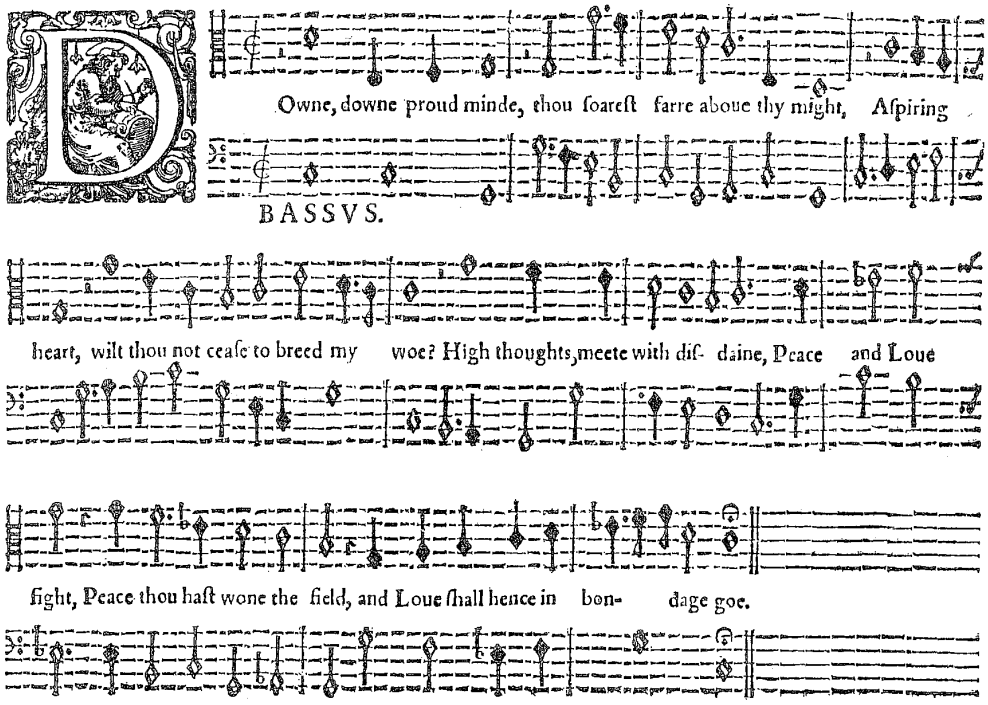
BASSVS.

fealed with kiſſes? *Cupid* of his eyes be- reaued,

Yet in darkneſſe ſeldome miſſes, Let not dallying loſe theſe bliſſes, Let not dallying

loſe theſe bliſſes.

2 Sleepe hath ſealed their eyes and eares
That our loues ſo long haue guarded:
*Himen* hides your mayden feares,
Now my loue may be rewarded,
Let my ſuite be now regarded.

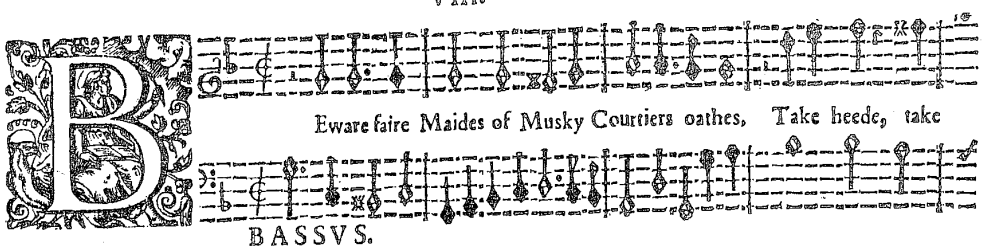


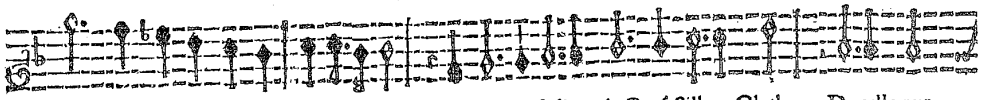

This fall from Pride my riſing is from griefes great deepe
That bottome wants, vp to the toppe of happy bliſſe:
In peace and reſt I ſhall ſecurely ſleepe,
Where neither ſcorne, diſdaine, Loues torment, griefe, or anguiſh is.

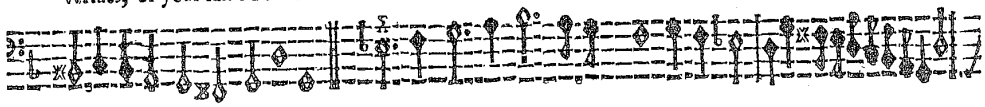
*Or this:*

Stoope, ſtoope, proud heart, and mounting *hopes* downe, downe deſcend,
Riſe *Spleene* and burſt, hence *Ioyes*; for, *Griefe* muſt now aſcend:
My *Starres* conſpire my ſpoile; which is effected:
I dye, yet liue in death; of *Loue* and *Life* (at once) reiected.

Then, O deſcend; and from the height of *Hope* come downe:
My *Loue* and *Fates* on mee (aye mee) doe ioyntly frowne,
Then Death (if euer) now come doe thy duty;
And martir him (alas) that martir'd is by *Loue* and *Beauty*.





2 Each greedy hand will ſtriue to catch the Flower,
When none regards the ſtalke it growes vpon:
Each nature ſeekes the Fruit ſtill to deuoure,
And leaue the Tree to fall or ſtand alone.
Yet this aduiſe (faire Creatures) take of mee,
Let none take Fruit vnleſſe he take the Tree.

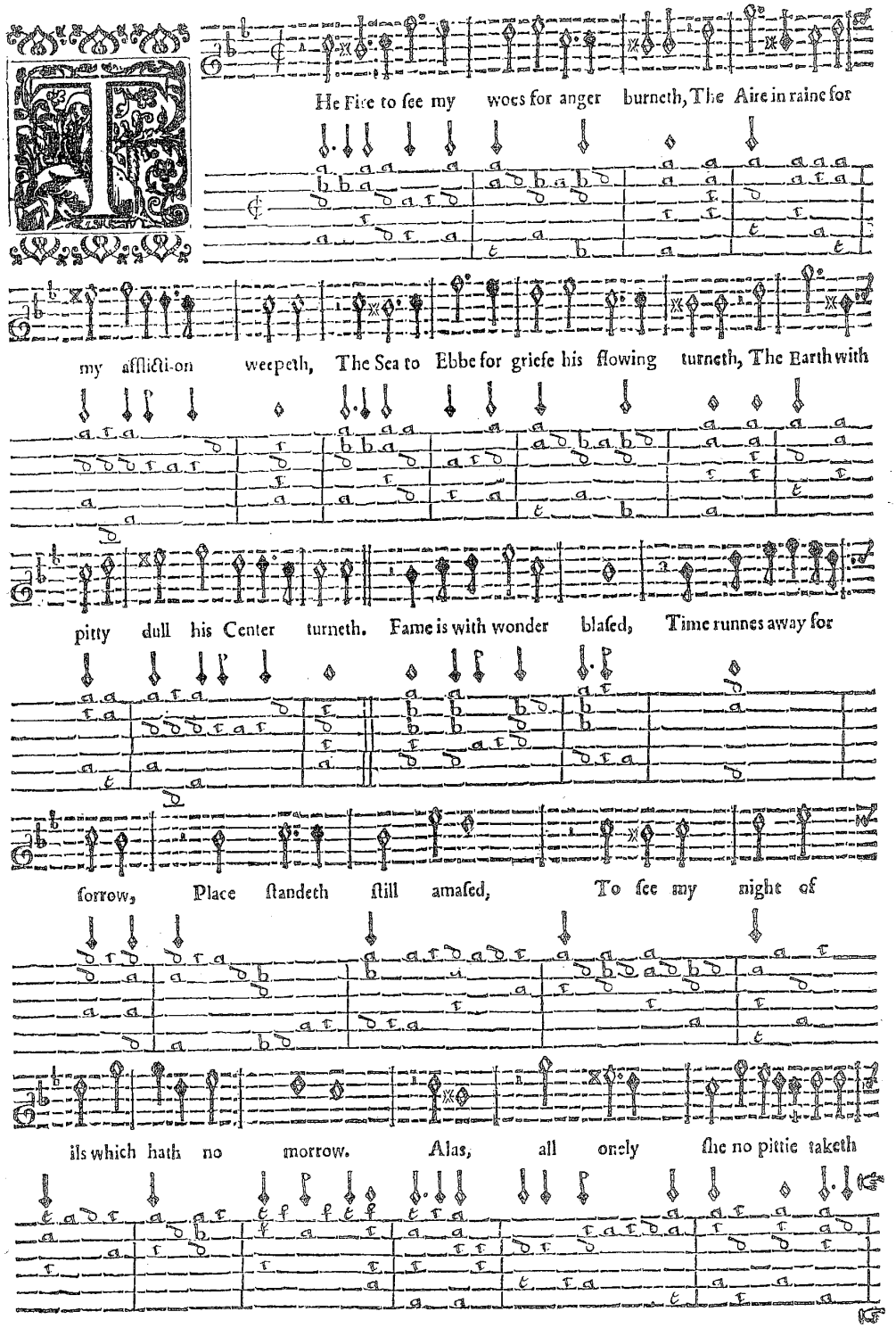
3 Beleeue no othes, nor much proteſting men,
Credit no vowes, nor their bewayling ſongs:
Let Courtiers ſweare, forſweare, and ſweare againe,
Their hearts doe liue tenne regions from their tongues.
For, when with othes they make thy heart to bremble,
Beleeue them leaſt, for then they moſt diſſemble.

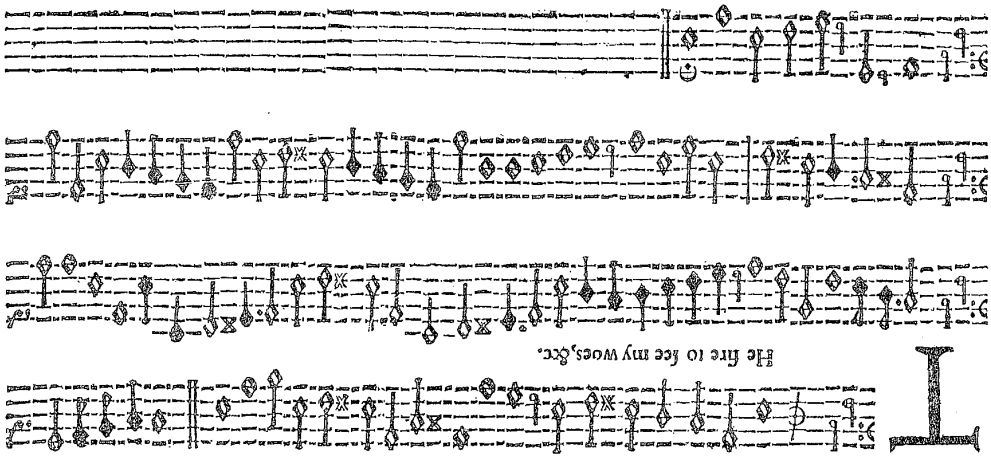
4 Beware leaſt *Caſar* doe corrupt thy minde,
And fond Ambition fell thy modeſtie:
Say though a King thou euer courteous finde,
He cannot pardon thine impuritie.
Beginne with King, to Subiect thou wilt fall,
From Lord to Lackey, and at laſt to all.

# TO THE MOST NOBLE AND VVORTHY BRETHREN, Sr. ROBERT, AND Sr. HENRY RICH: Knights of the Honourable Order of the BATH.

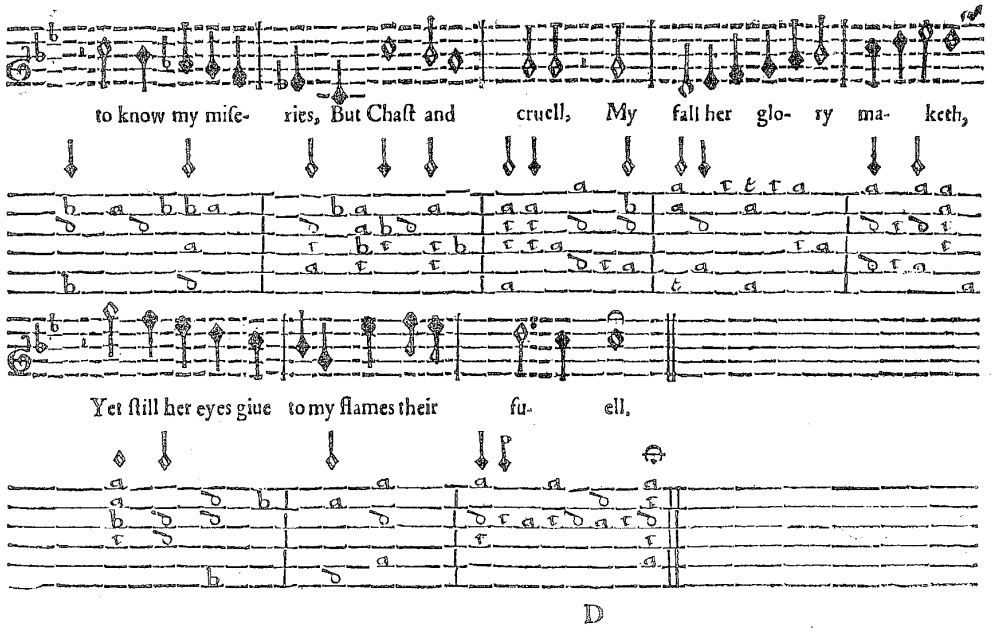
IN your truely Noble affections there is an heau'nly harmonie, by the operation of Grace; in your corporall constitutions, an harmony of the Elements, by the higheſt art of Nature; in your heroicall carriage and actions, an harmonie by the worke of wel-diſcerning Iudgement; and, in all, ſuch an highly-commended ſymphonie each with other, that to no two (as One) could I more properly conſecrate theſe enſuing Accents, comming from, and tending to Harmonie, then to you. If then they like you, it argues them moſt harmonious, ſith like loues the like. But howſoeuer, I humbly referre both my ſelfe and them, to your fauour and good opinion; which with my harts-ioy makes ſuch harmonie, as Amphions ſweeteſt ſtraines cannot halfe ſo much glad mee; Euer remayning, the humble honourer and admirer of your heroicall perfections.

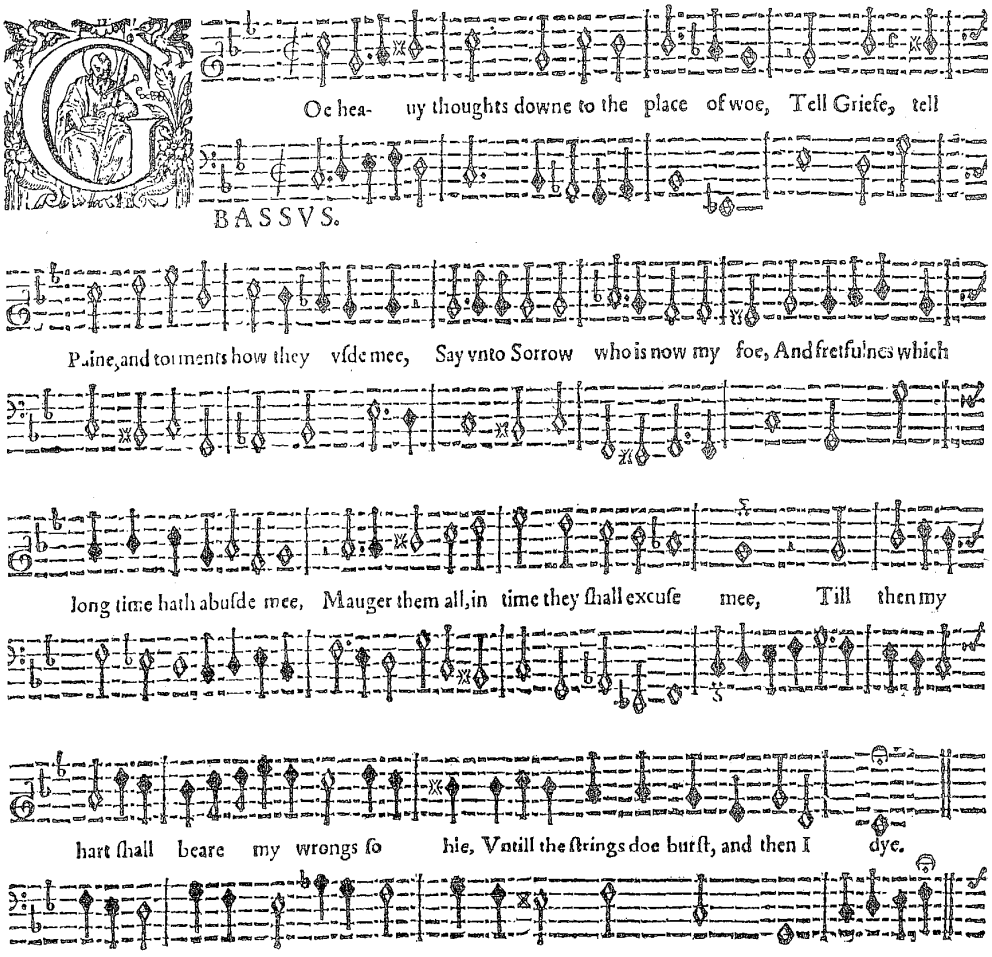
William Corkine.


The Fire to see my woes for anger burneth, The Aire in raine for
my affliction weepeth, The Sea to Ebbe for griefe his flowing turneth, The Earth with
pitty dull his Center turneth. Fame is with wonder blased, Time runnes away for
sorrow, Place standeth still amased, To see my night of
ils which hath no morrow. Alas, all onely she no pittie taketh

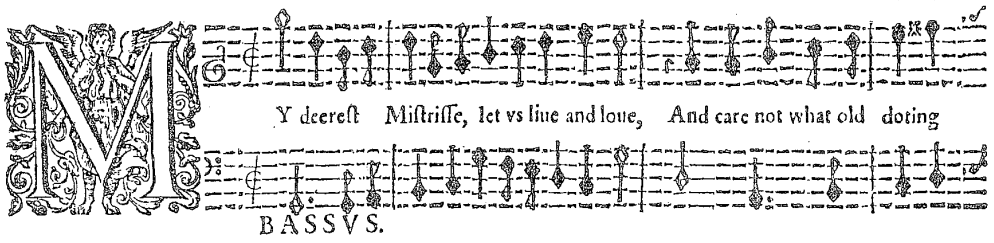



Fire, burne mee quite, till ſenſe of burning leaue mee:
Aire, let me draw thy breath no more in anguiſh:
Sea, drown'd in thee, of tedious life bereaue me:
Earth, take this earth, wherein my ſpirits languiſh.
Fame, ſay I was not borne,
Time, haſte my dying houre,
Place, ſee my graue vptorne.
Fire, Aire, Sea, Earth, Fame, Time, Place, ſhow your power.
Alas, from all their helps I am exiled:
For hers am I, and death feares her diſpleaſure,
Fye death thou art beguilde.
Though I be hers, ſhe ſets by me no treaſure.





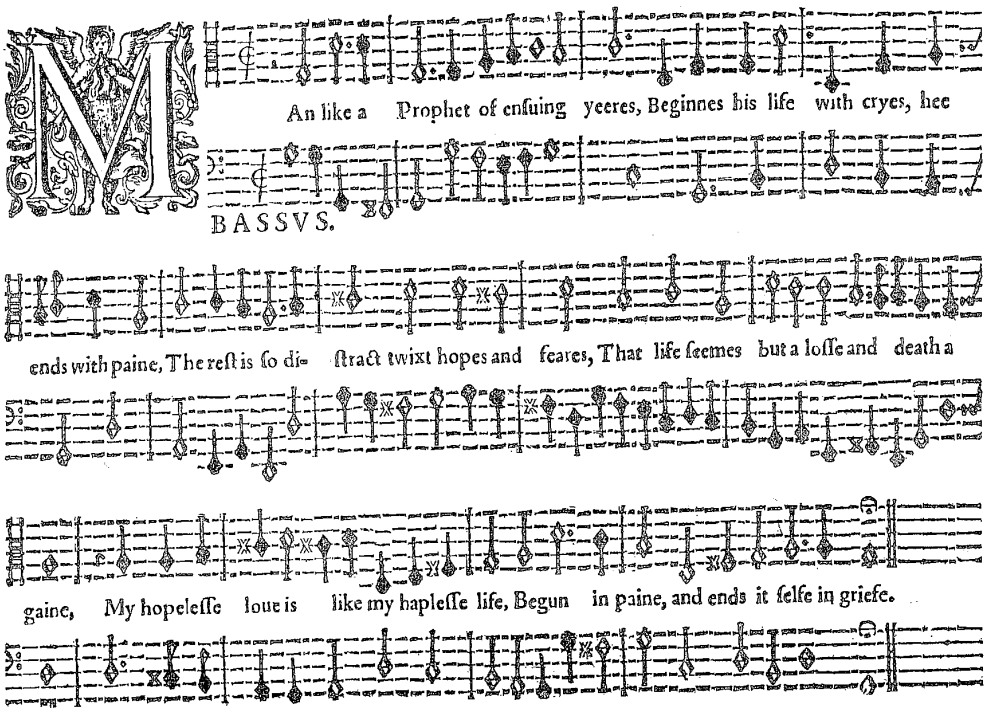

2 For being dead, what griefe can mee offend?
All paines doe ceaſe, all ſorrowes haue their end,
Vexation cannot vexe my fleſh no more,
Nor any torments wrong my ſoule ſo ſore;
All liuing will my liueleſſe corps abhorre.
Yet thus Ile ſay, that death doth make concluſion,
But yet with righteous ſoules there's no confuſion.


MY deereſt Miſtriſſe, let vs liue and loue, And care not what old doting
BASSVS.

fooles re- proue, Let vs not feare their ſenſures, nor e-ſteeme, What they of vs and of our loues ſhall

deeme, Old ages critticke and ſenſorious brow, Cannot of youthfull dal-liance alow, Nor neuer could en-

dure that wee ſhould taſt, Of thoſe delights which they themſelues are paſt.




Yet death in one's an end of paine and feares,
But cruell Loue though euer liuing dyes:
And ſhee that giues me death when death appeares
Reuiues my dying hopes, and death denyes.
My hopeleſſe loue is like my hapleſſe life,
Begun in paine, and ends it ſelfe in griefe.

S by a fountaine chaſt *Di- a- na* fate,

BASSVS.

Viewing of Natures pride, her beauteous face, The waters boild with

loue, ſhe boyles with hate, Chaſtning their pride with exile from their place; They murmuring ranne to

Sea and being there; Each liquid drop turn'd to a bri- niſh teare.

Way, away, a- way, call backe what you haue ſaid, When you did vow to liue and dye a Maid, O

BASSVS.

if you knew what ſhame to them befell, That dance about with bobtaile Apes in hell, You'd breake your oath, and

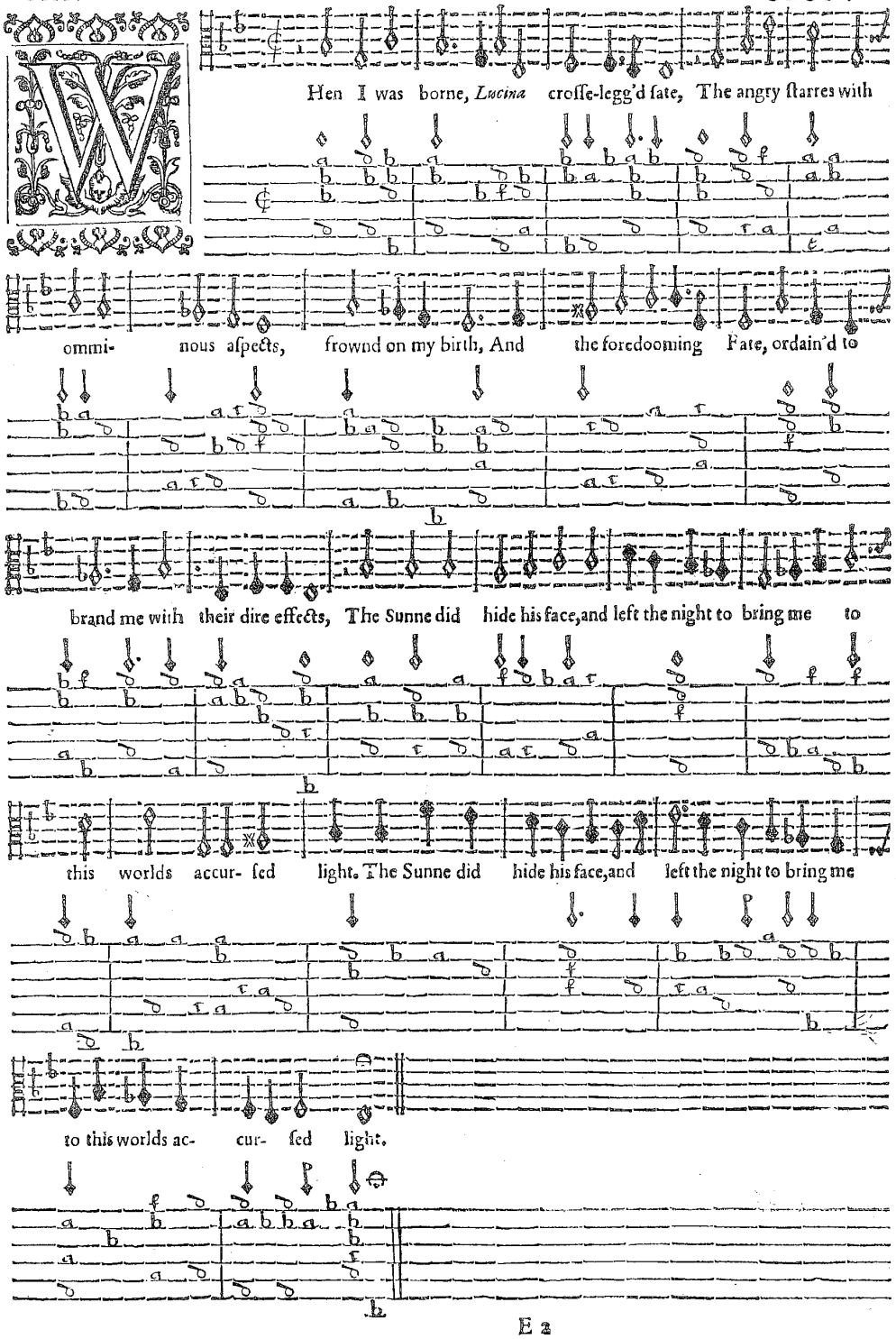
for a world of gaine, From *Hymens* pleaſing ſports no more abſtaine. Your ſelfe, your Virgin girdle would diuide,

And put aſide, and put aſide, :‖: the Maiden vaile that hides the chiefeſt Iemme of Nature, And would lye,

Proſtrate to euery Peaſant that goes by, Rather then vnder- goe ſuch ſhame, No tongue can tell, what iniury is

done to Maids in hell. No tongue can tell, What iniury is done to Maids in hell.

CANTVS. XV. BASSVS.



# TO THE TVVO TRVELY VERTVOVS AND DISCREET GENTLEWOMEN, Mis. *VRSVLA STAPLETON*, AND Mis. *ELIZABETH COPE*, DAVGHTERS TO the Right VVorthy Knights, Sr. *Robert Stapleton*, and Sr. *Walter Cope*.

OH quickly the Art of Muſicke may be aboliſhed, or at leaſtwiſe fall to decay (worthie Ladies) may eaſily be conceiued, if it were not guarded vnder your Patronaging fauours, or rather ſhrouded vnder ſuch Eagles wings as Yours, to preuent all future malignant reproaches, or by your commanding powers (as who knowes not what your beauties may commaund?) able to make all tongues ſilent at any crimes by me committed. To your vertues haue I Dedicated theſe few Songs and *Lyra* Leſſons, and the rather becauſe you are both welwiſhers and well-affected to Muſicke, and are ledde away with a more then ordinarie delight in the ſame. Onely let me be bould to entreate your fauourable acceptance of them, and that you will not let this Booke be made an Orphant in his birth, but that it may be a Childe of your foſtering, and liue vnder your protections. Then ſhall I thinke my ſelfe happy, and hereafter be encouraged in more ample ſort to publiſh my poore labours. Thus hoping for no leſſe then I haue formerly entreated, I euer reſt

Yours in all loue, dutie and ſeruice

*William Corkine.*

Hall a ſmile, or guileſull glance, Or a ſigh, that is but

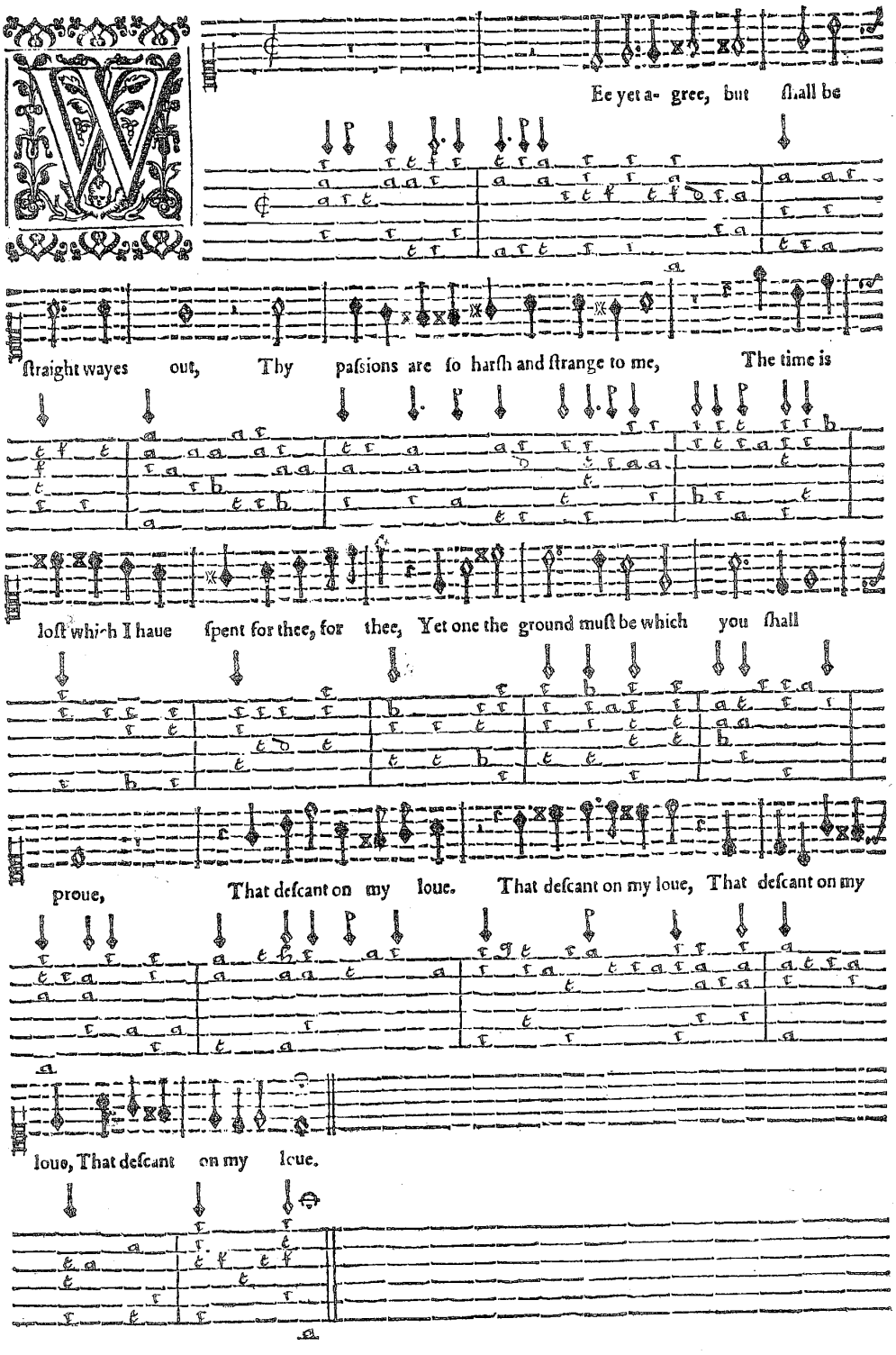
BASSVS.

fayned, Shall but teares that come by chance, make mee

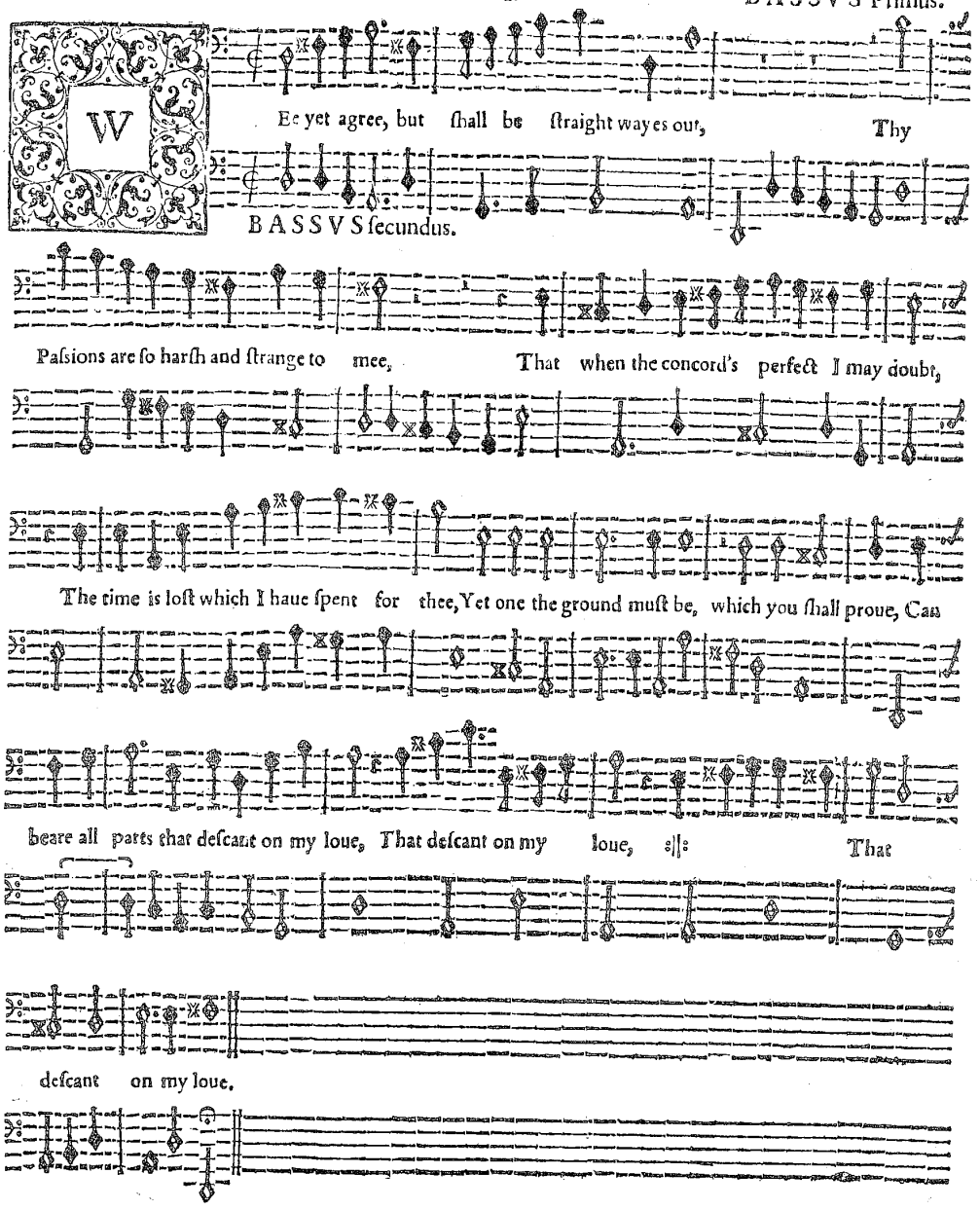
dote that was diſ- dayned? No, I will no more be chayned.

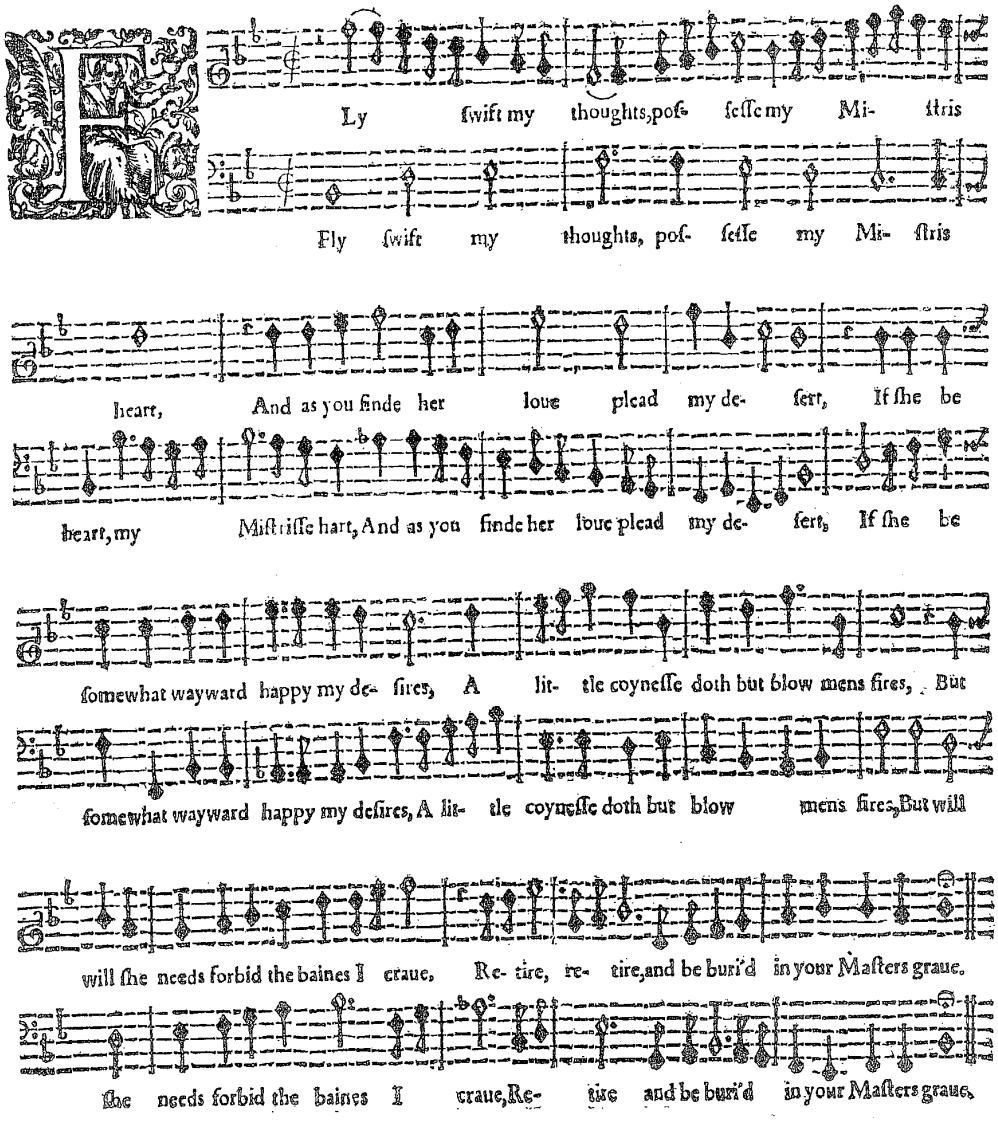
2 Shall I ſell my freedome ſo,
Being now from Loue remiſed?
Shall I learne (what I doe know
To my coſt) that Loue's diſguiſed?
No, I will be more aduiſed.

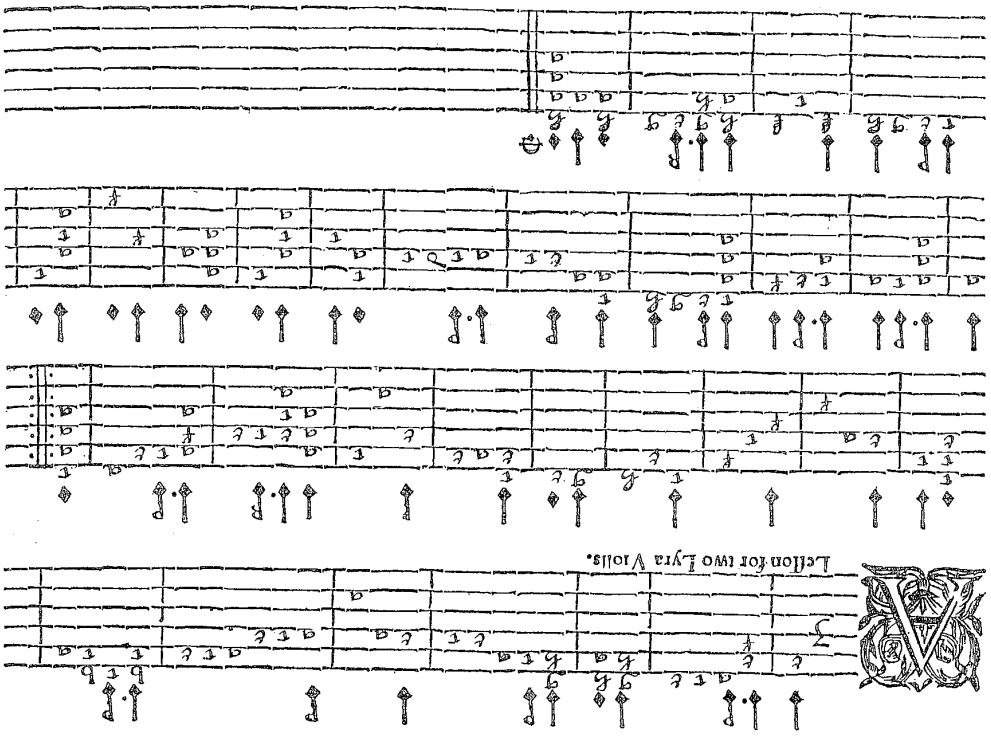
3 Muſt ſhe fall? and I muſt ſtand?
Muſt ſhe flye? and I purſue her?
Muſt I giue her hart, and land,
And, for nought, with them endue her?
No, firſt I will finde her truer.


Ee yet a- gree, but ſhall be
ſtraight wayes out, Thy paſsions are ſo harſh and ſtrange to me, The time is
loſt which I haue ſpent for thee, for thee, Yet one the ground muſt be which you ſhall
proue, That deſcant on my loue. That deſcant on my loue, That deſcant on my
loue, That deſcant on my loue.

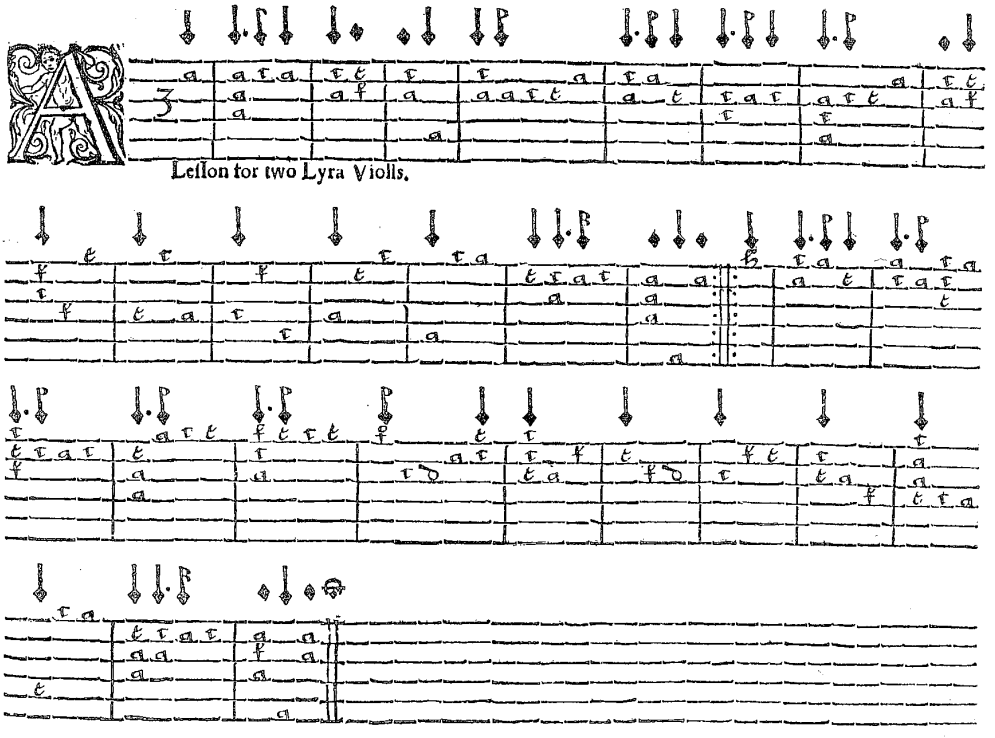
BASSVS Primus.




Ly swift my thoughts, poſ- ſeſſe my Mi- ſtris
Fly swift my thoughts, poſ- ſeſſe my Mi- ſtris
heart, And as you finde her loue plead my de- ſert, If ſhe be
heart, my Miſtriſſe hart, And as you finde her loue plead my de- ſert, If ſhe be
somewhat wayward happy my de- ſires, A lit- tle coyneſſe doth but blow mens fires, But
somewhat wayward happy my deſires, A lit- tle coyneſſe doth but blow mens fires, But will
will ſhe needs forbid the baines I craue, Re- tire, re- tire, and be buri'd in your Maſters graue.
ſhe needs forbid the baines I craue, Re- tire and be buri'd in your Maſters graue.

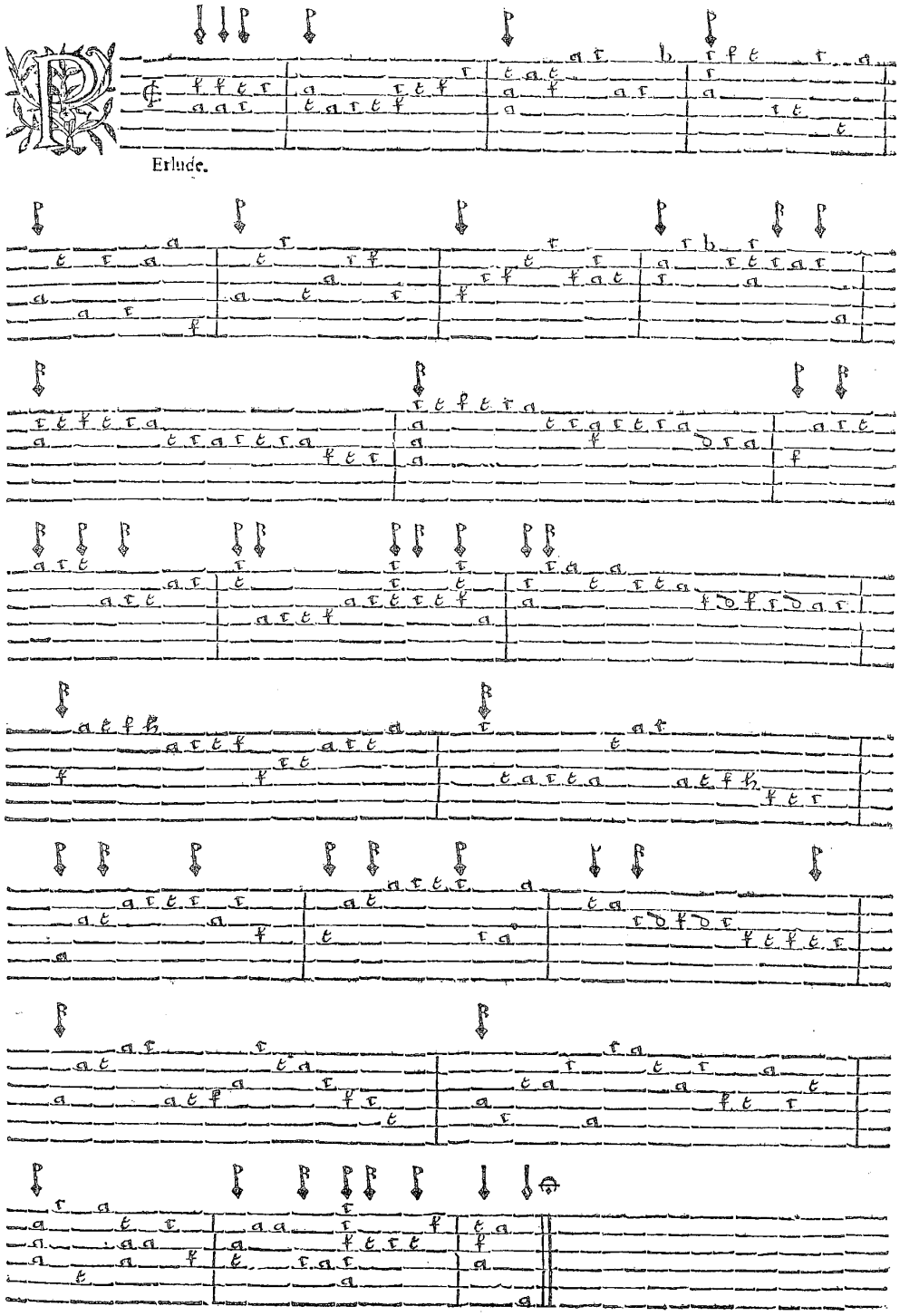


Leſſon for two Lyra Viols.



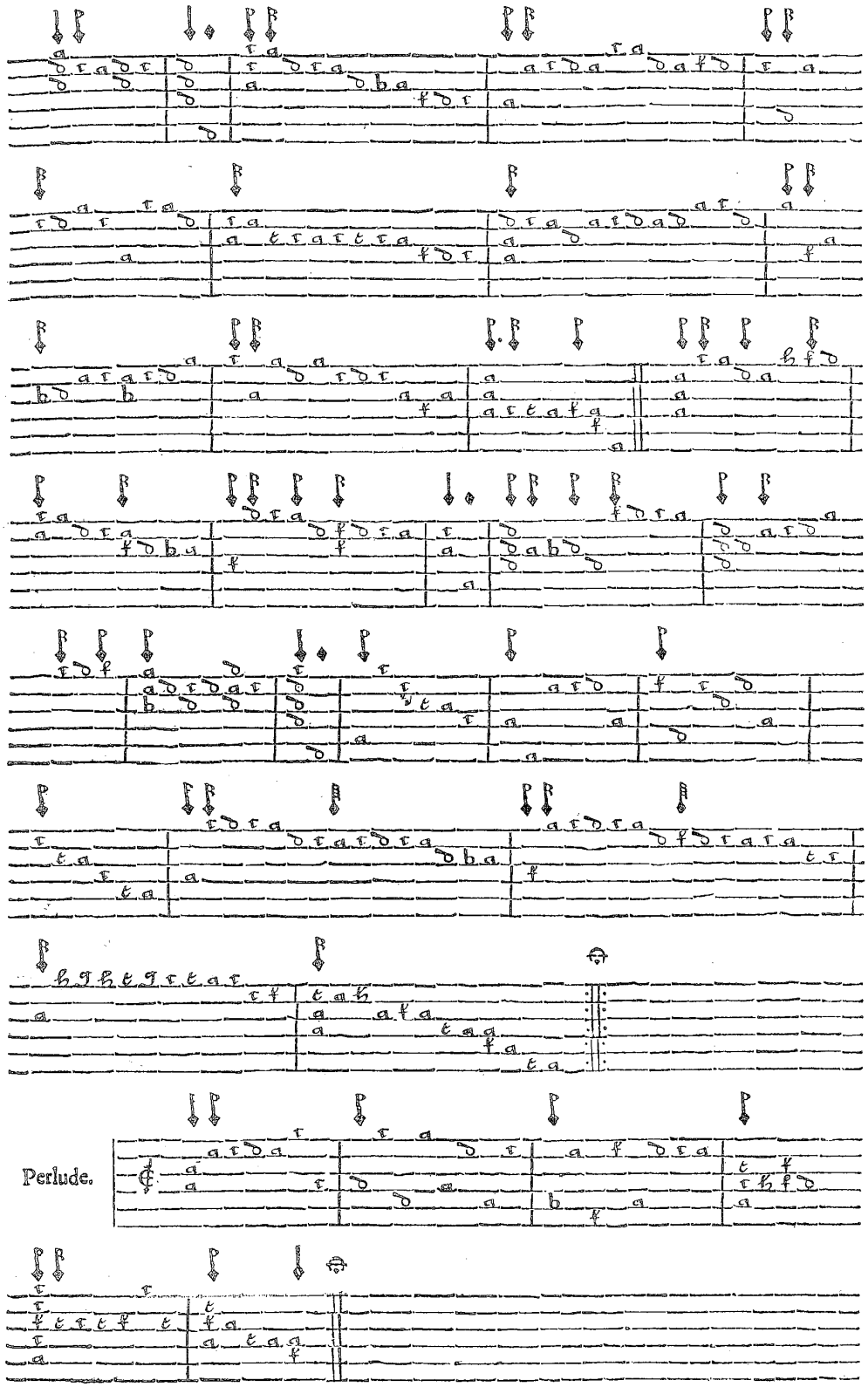
Leſſon for two Lyra Viols.

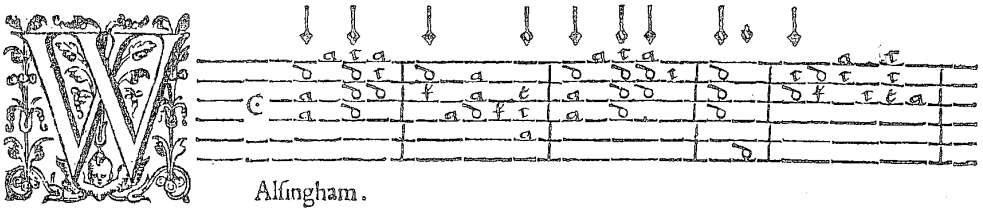
Finy Complaints.



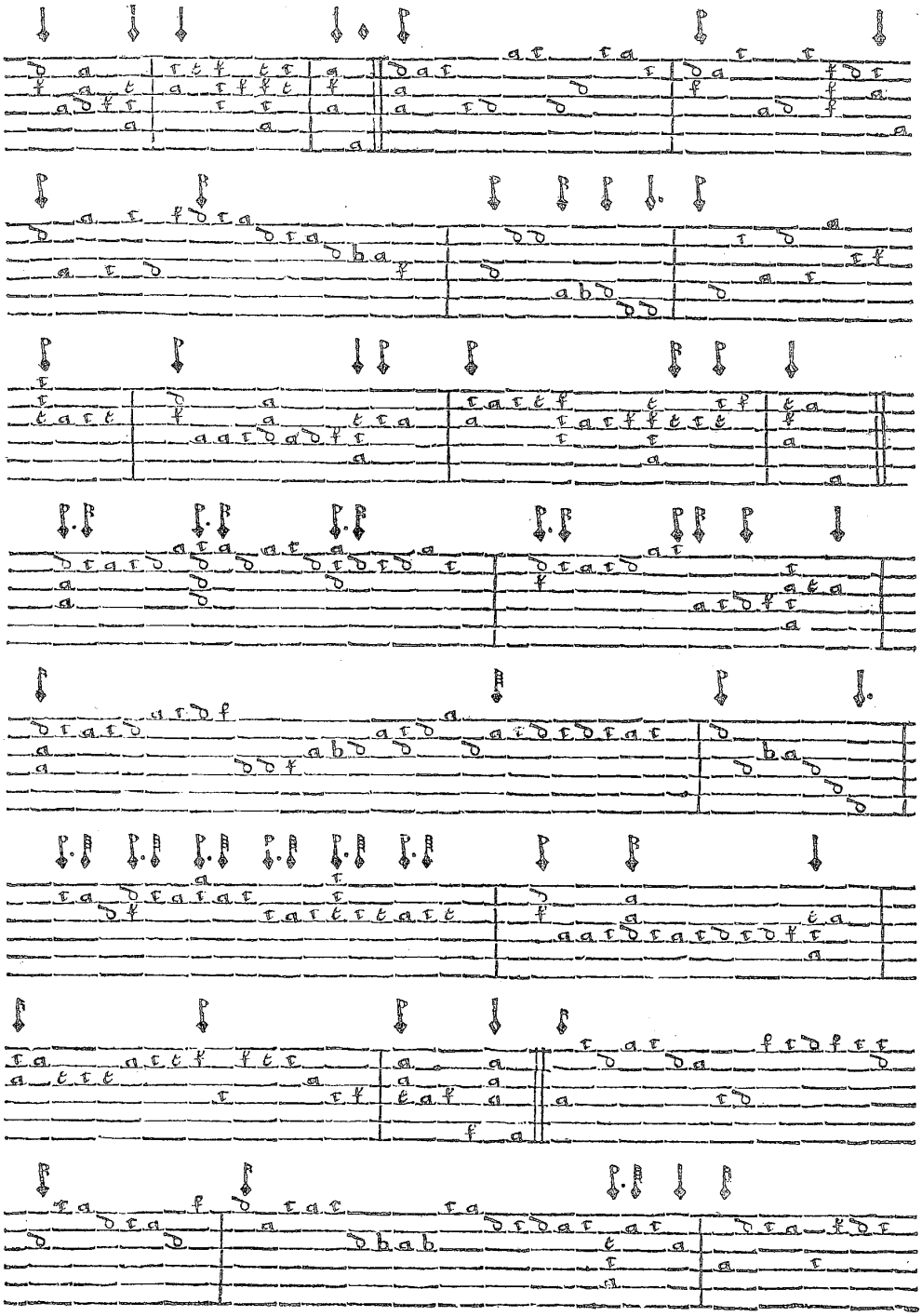
Erlude.

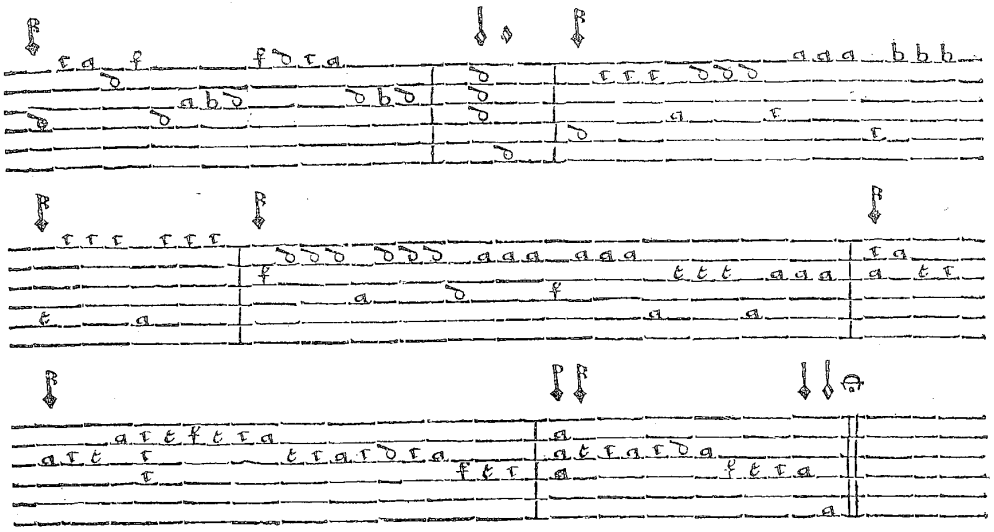
Ome liue with me, and be my Loue.

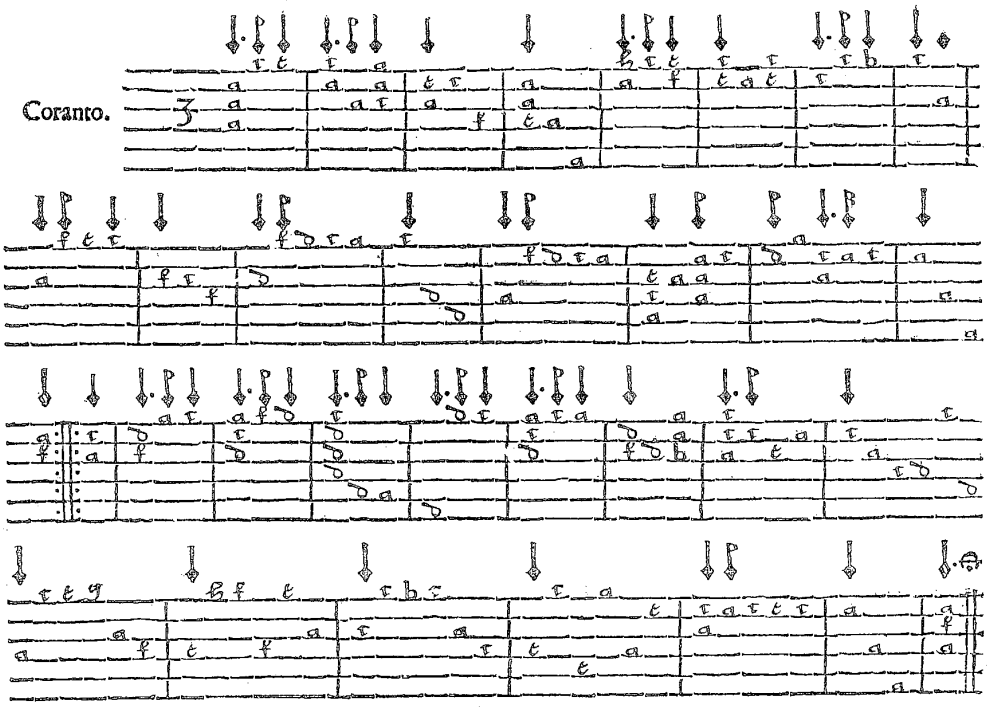

Perlude.

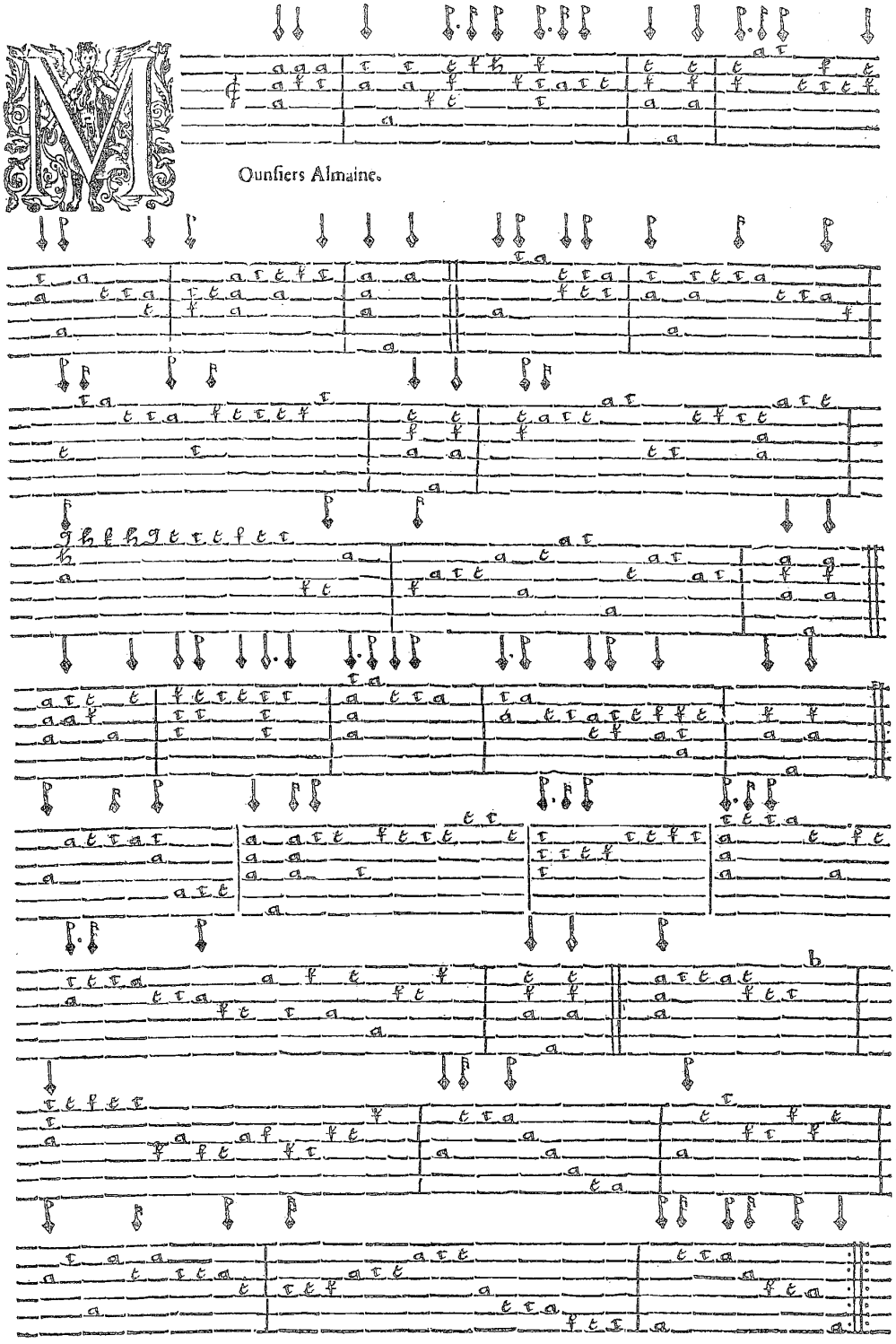


Allingham.

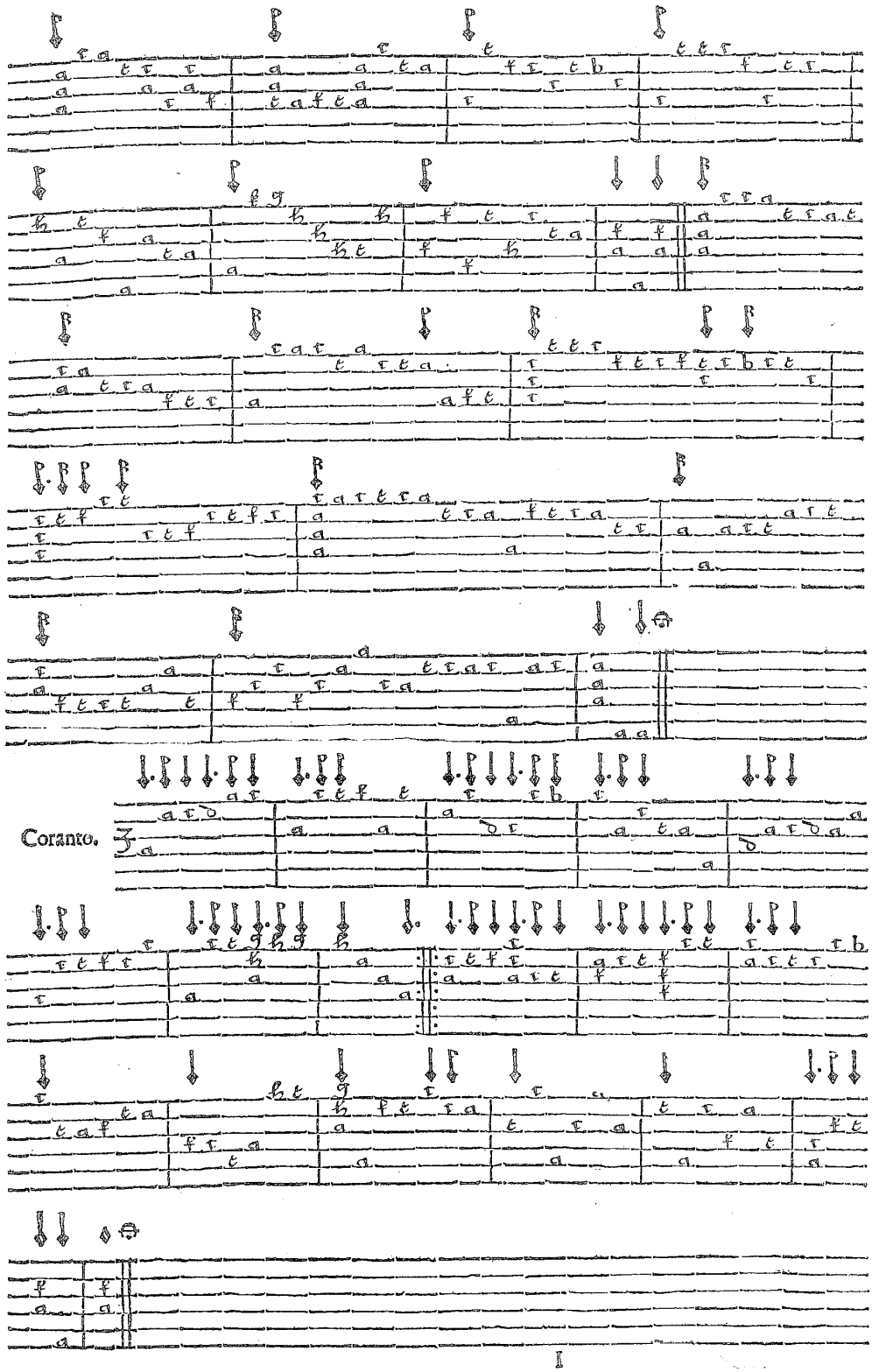


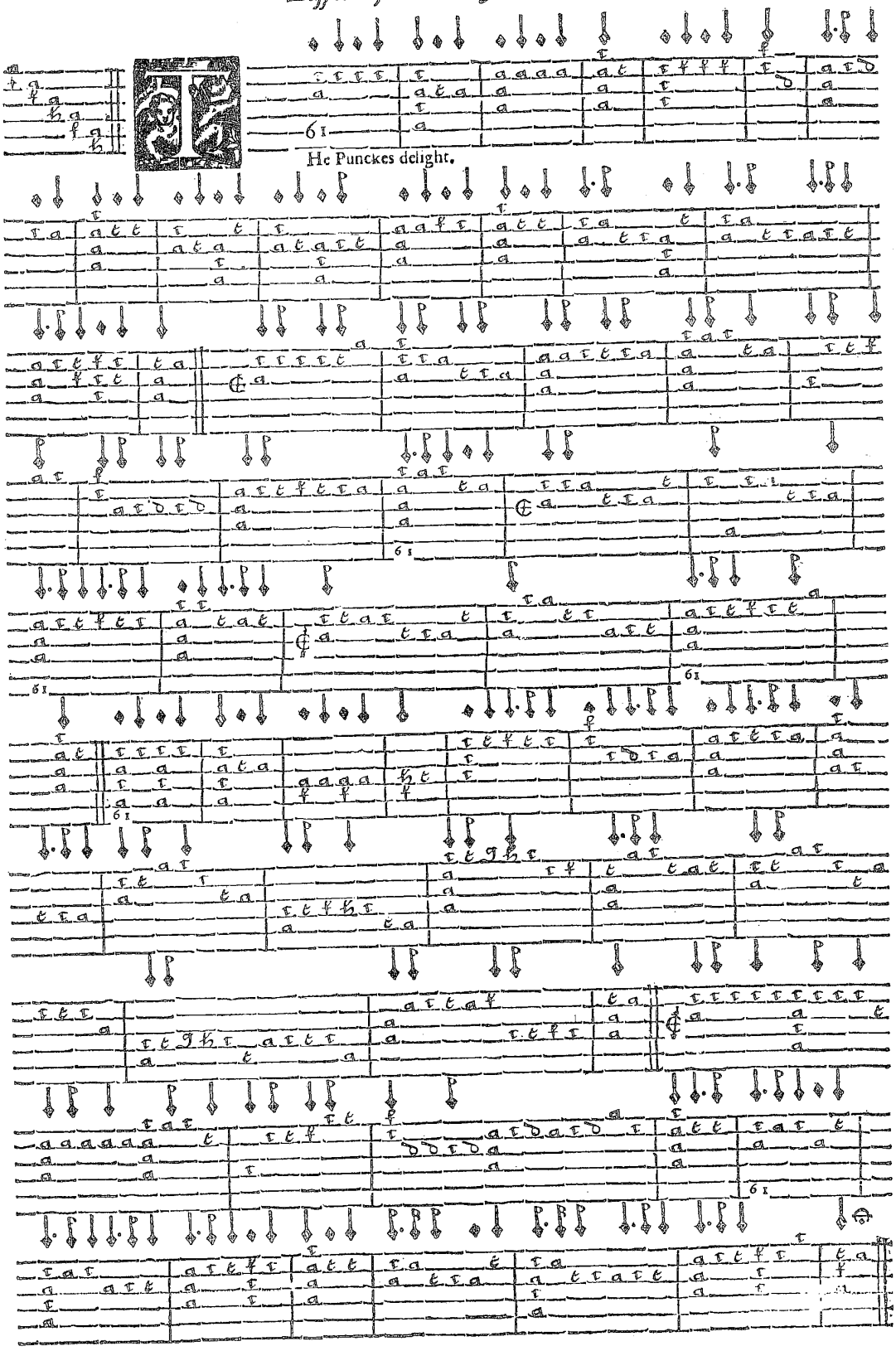



Coranto.

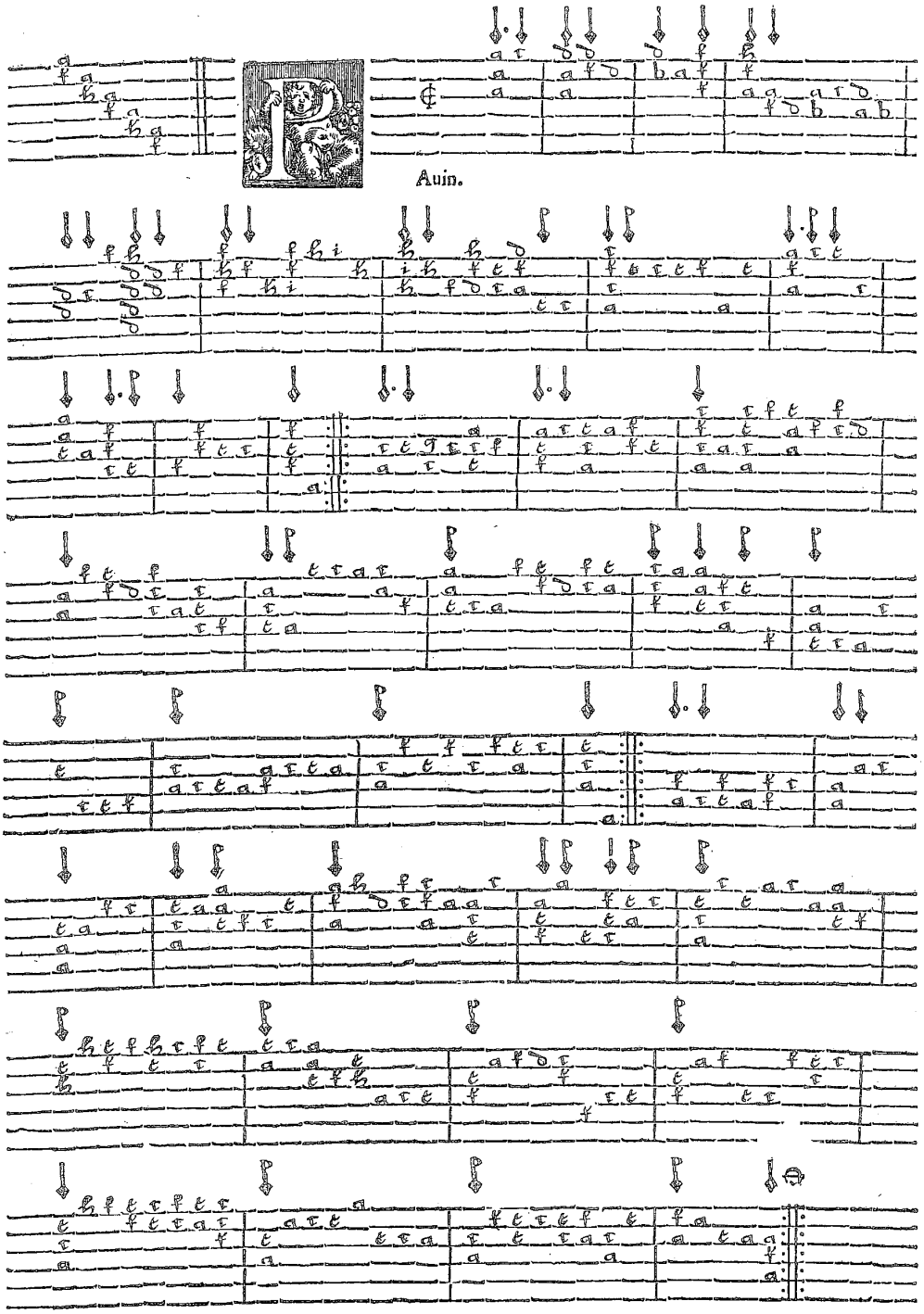


Ounsiers Almaine.


Coranto.



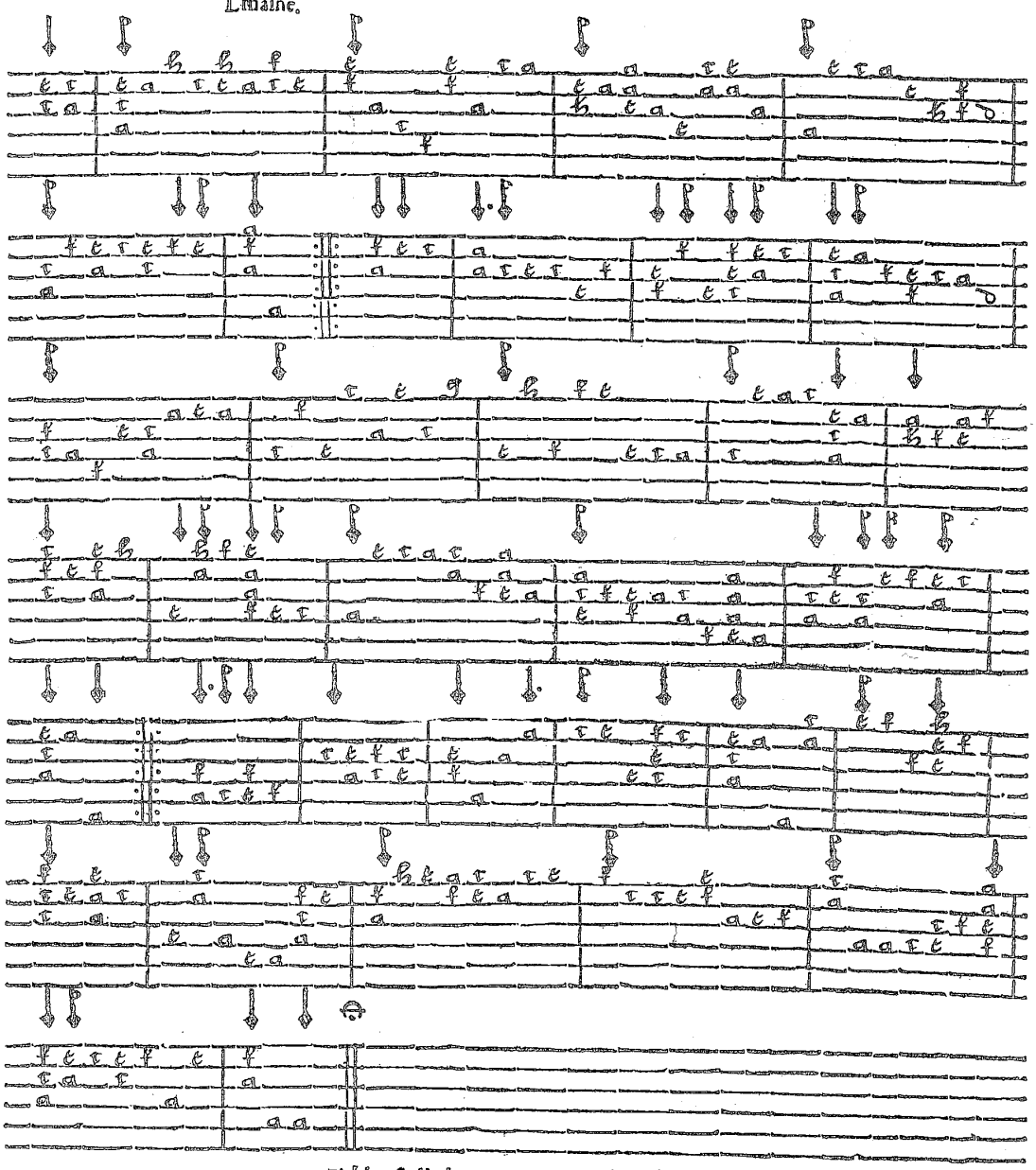

He Punckes delight.



Auin.

# Lessons for the Lyra Viol.

Lmaine.



## A Table of all the Songs contained in this Booke.


EAch louely grace. 1. Away, away. 14.
Truth-trying Time. 2. When I was borne. 15.
Two Louers sat lamenting. 3. Shall a smile. 16.
T'is true, t'is day. 4. Wee yet agree. 17.
Deere, though your minde stand so averse. 5. Fly swift my thoughts. 18.
Shall I be with loyes deceiued? 6. A lesson for two Viols. 19.
Downe, downe, proud minde. 7. If my Complaints. Perlude. 20. 21.
Beyware faire Maides. 8. Come liue with me and be my loue. 22.
The Fire to see my woes for anger burneth. 9. Walsingham. 23.
Goe heauy thoughts. 10. Mounsiers Almaine. Corante. 24. 25.
My deerest Mistriss. 11. The Punckes delight. 26.
Man like a Prophet of ensuing yeeres. 12. Pauin. 27.
As by a fountaine chast *Diana* sate. 13. Almaine. 28.


FINIS.