Ayres to Sing and Play
To the Lute and Bass Violl

With Pavins, Galliards, Almaines and Corantoes
for the Lyra-Violl

By William Corkine

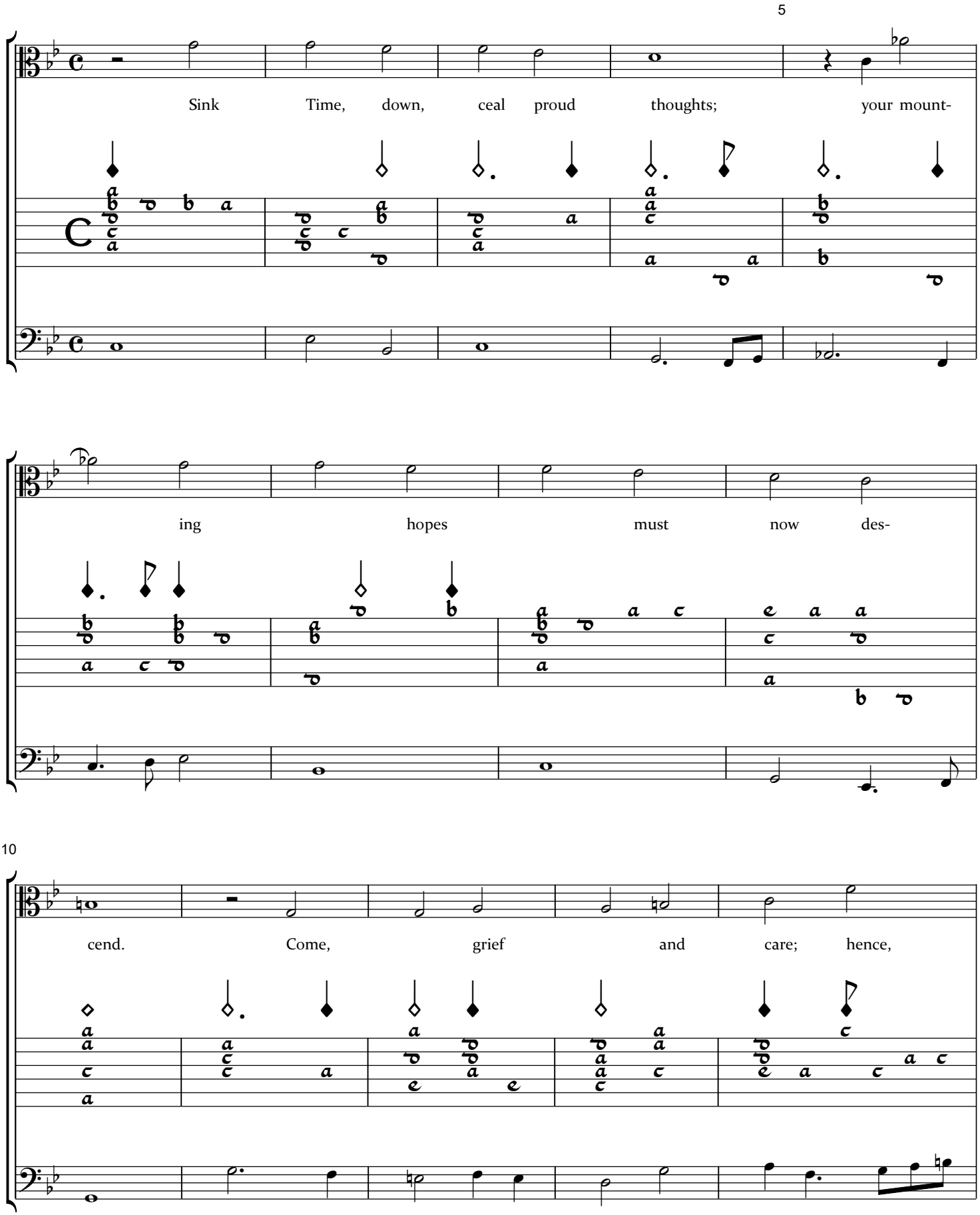
London, 1610

Lute songs

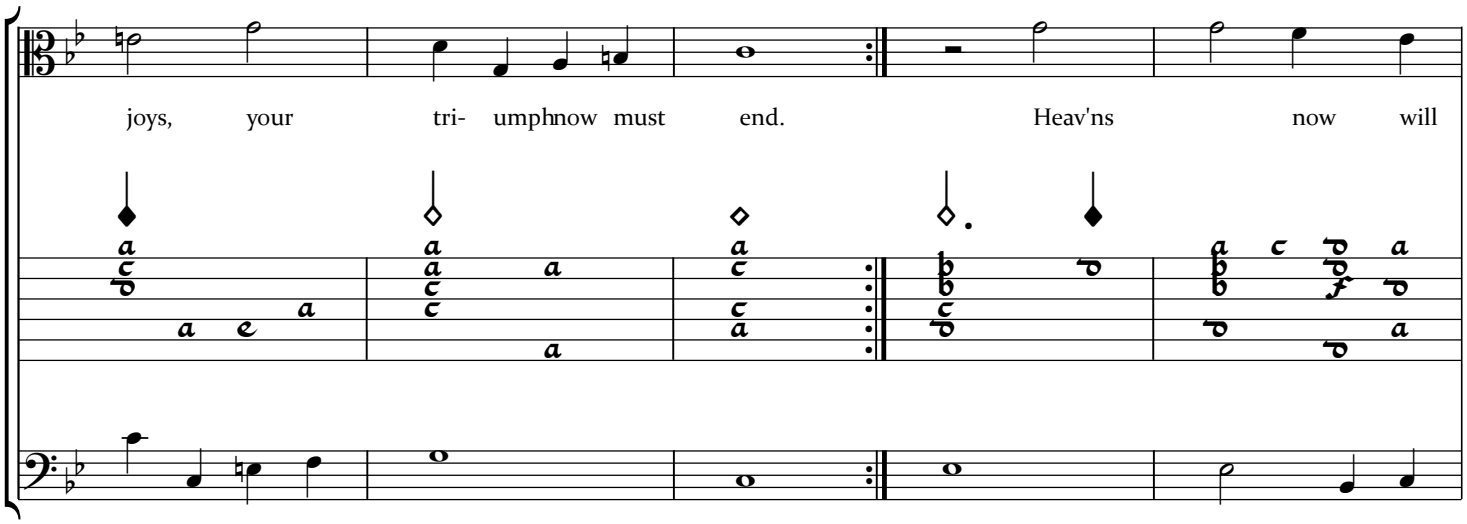
Sink down, proud thoughts

Page 1. - Ayres to Sing and Play, v.1 (1610), f.a2.

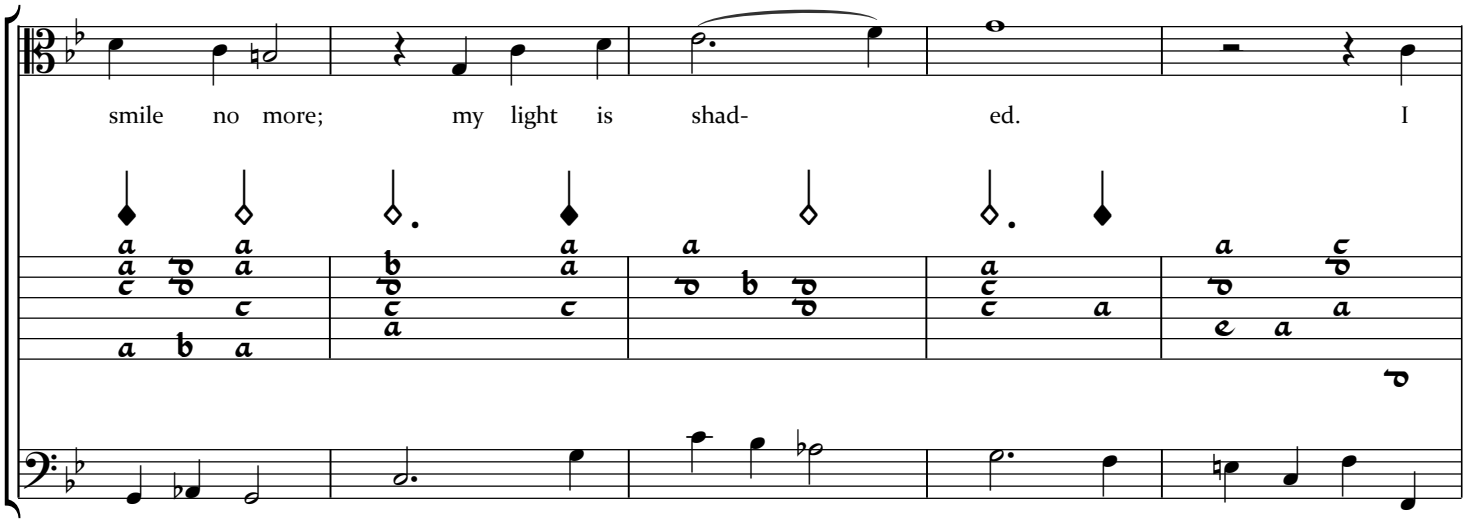
William Corkine



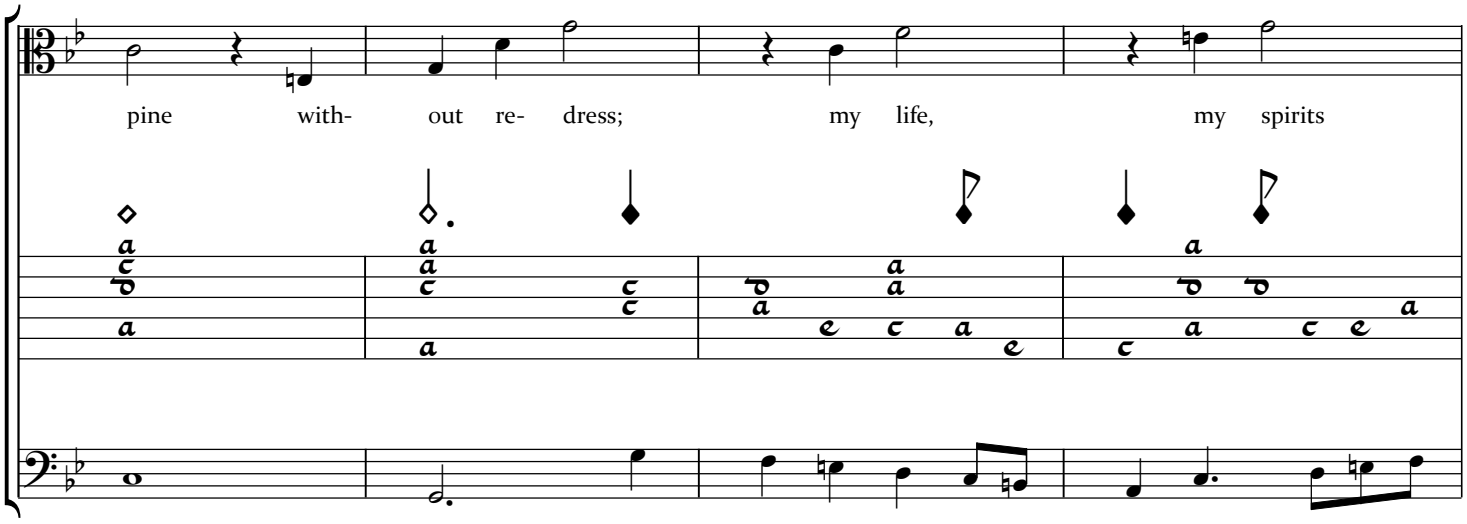
15

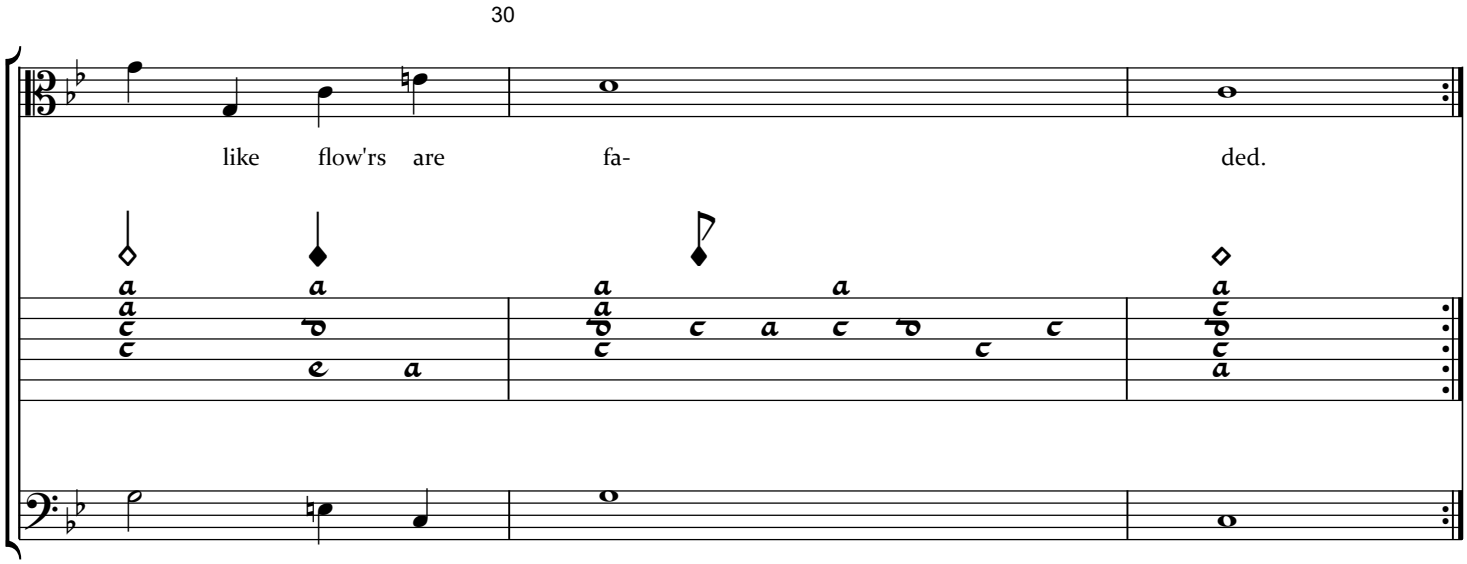

joys, your tri- umphnow must end. Heav'ns now will

20


smile no more; my light is shad- ed. I

25


pine with- out re- dress; my life, my spirits



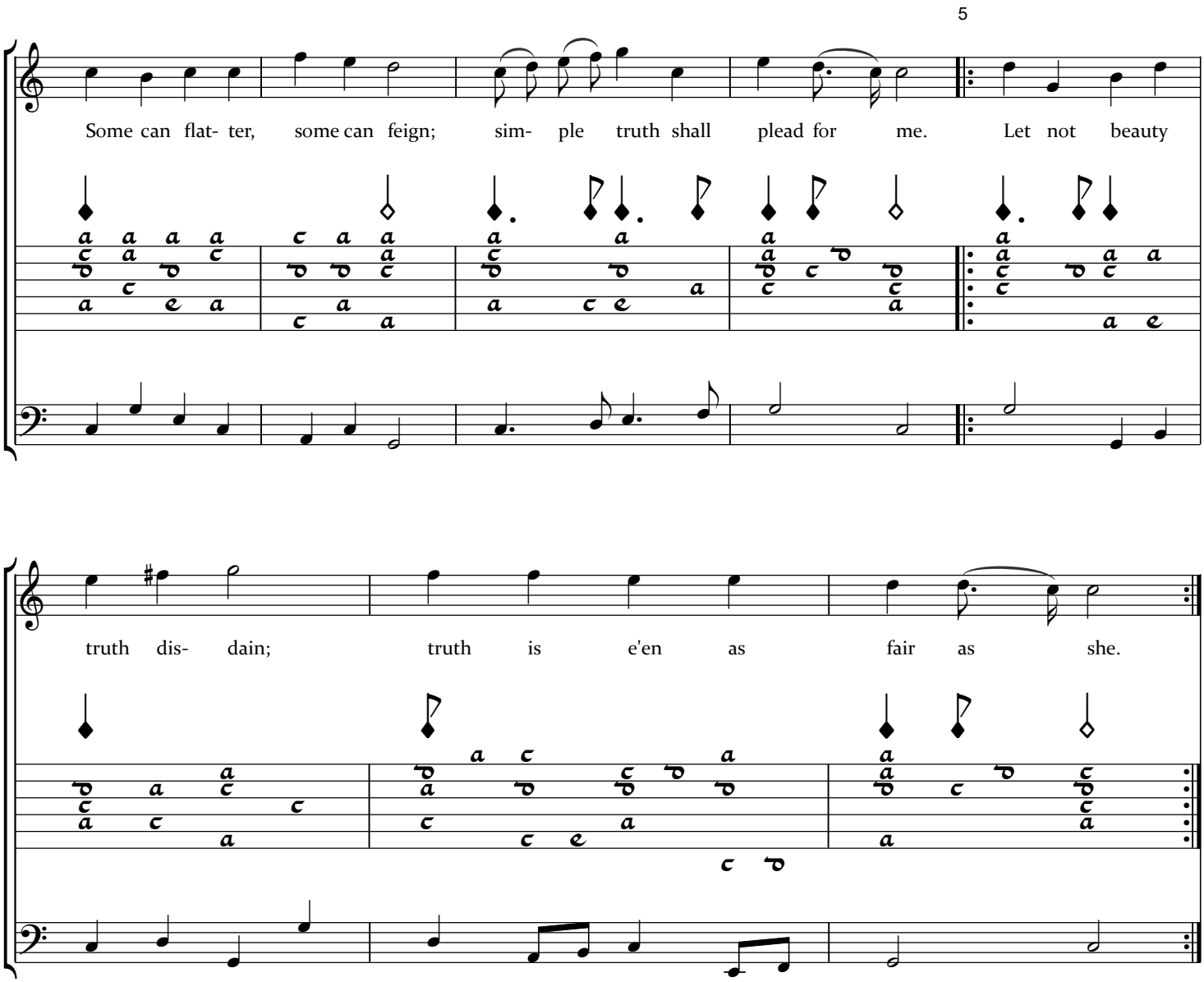
Sink down, proud thoughts; your mounting hopes must now descend.
Come, grief and care; hence, joys, your triumph now must end.
Heav'ns now will smile no more; my light is shaded.
I pine without redress; my life, my spirits like flow'rs are faded.

O Time, conceal my woe; in mine own tears drown my distress.
Griefs none should know, when none their anguish can redress.
Pale Death hath pierc'd my blood, and forth it streameth.
I sleep, and in my trance my head, my heart of sorrow dreameth.

Some can flatter

Page 2. - Ayres to Sing and Play, v.1 (1610), f.a2v.

William Corkine



Some can flatter, some can feign; simple truth shall plead for me.
Let not beauty truth disdain; truth is e'en as fair as she.

But since pairs must equal prove, let my strength her youth oppose.
Love her beauty faith her love, on e'en terms so may we close.

Cork or lead in equal weight both one just proportion yield.
So may breadth be pays'd with height steepest mount with plainest field.

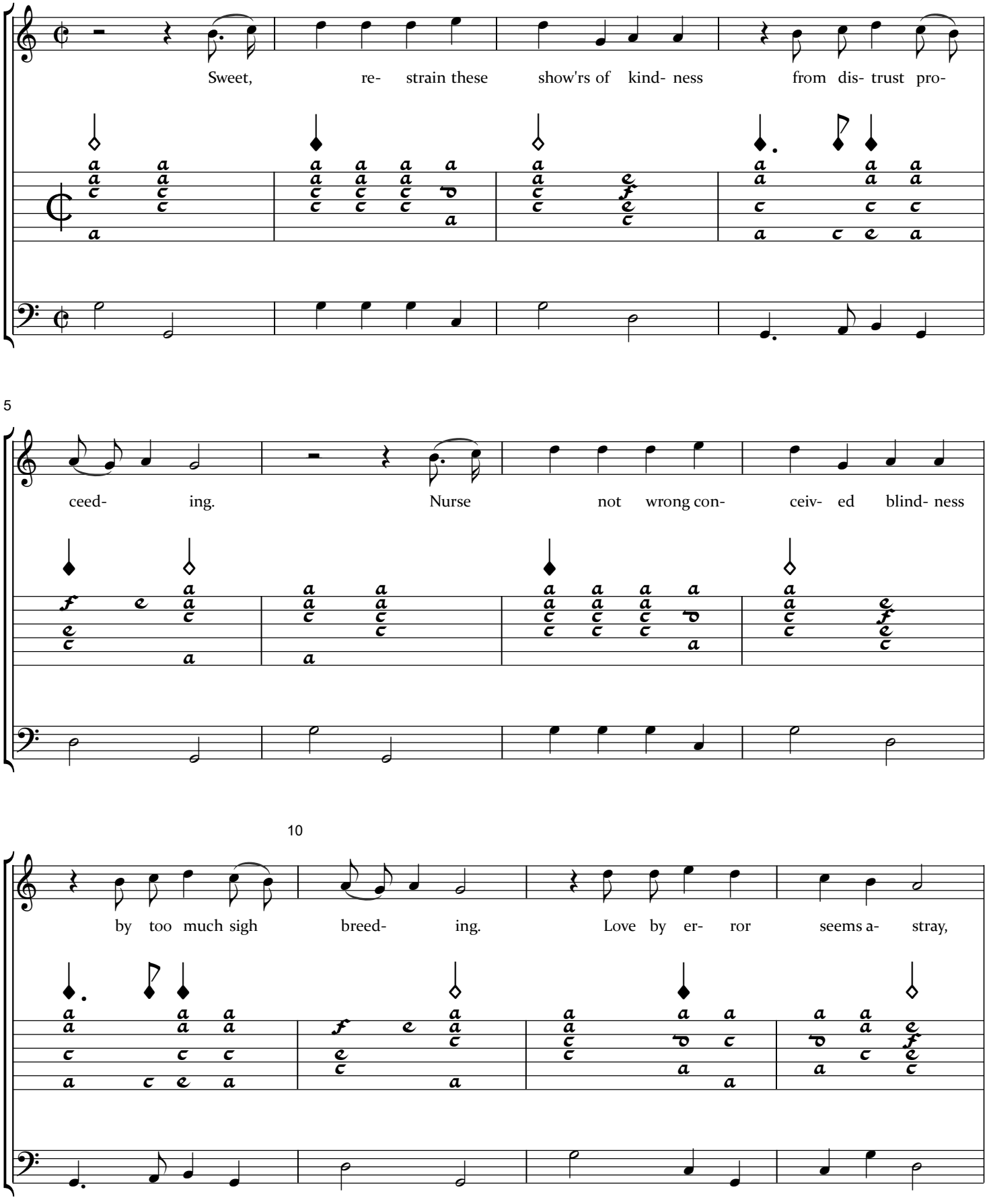
Virtues have not all one kind, yet all virtues merits be.
Diverse virtues are combined, diff'ring so deserts agree.

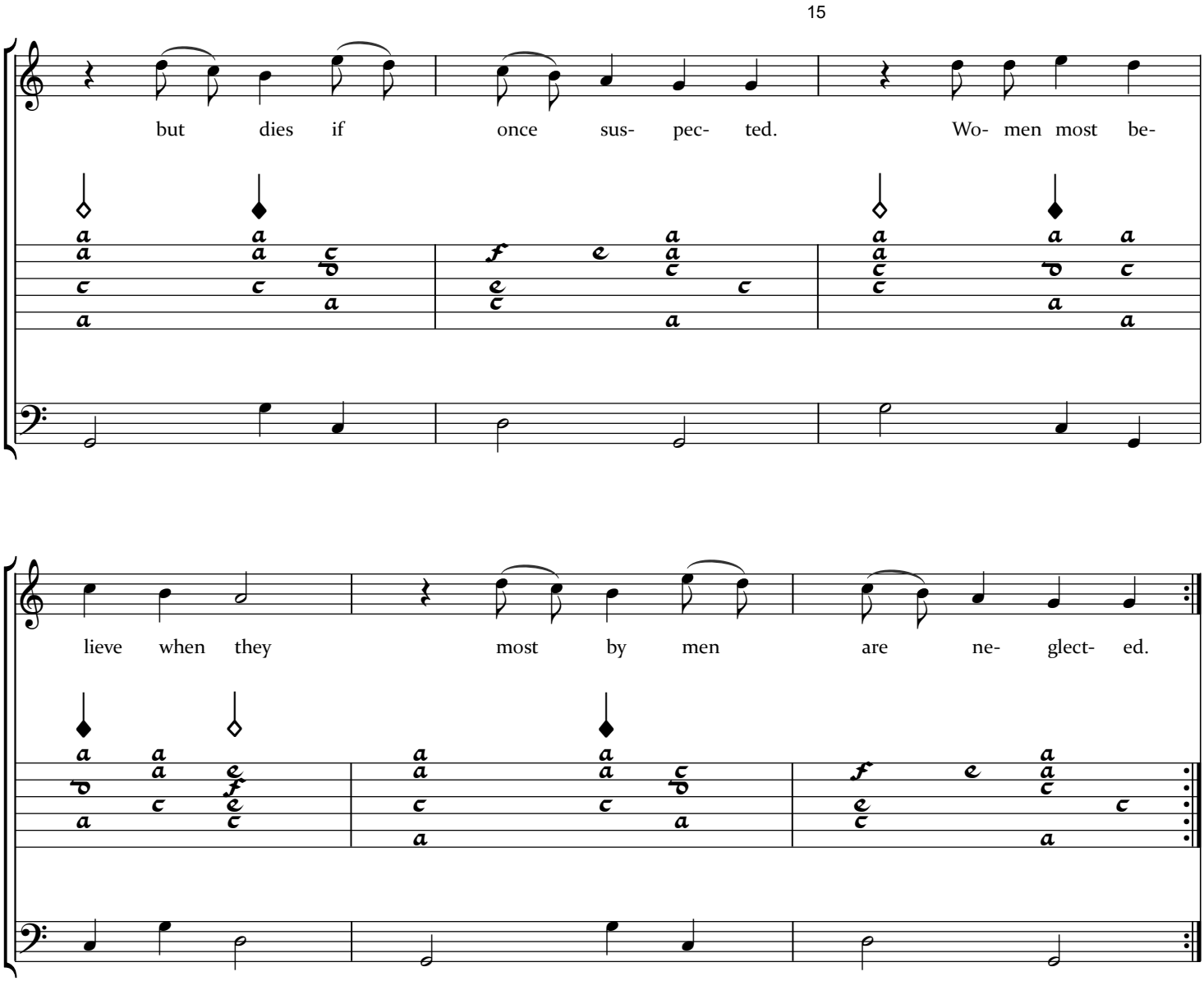
Let then love and beauty meet, making one divine consent,
constant as the sounds, and sweet, that enchant the firmament.

Sweet, restrain these showers

Page 3. - Ayres to Sing and Play, v.1 (1610), f.b1.

William Corkine





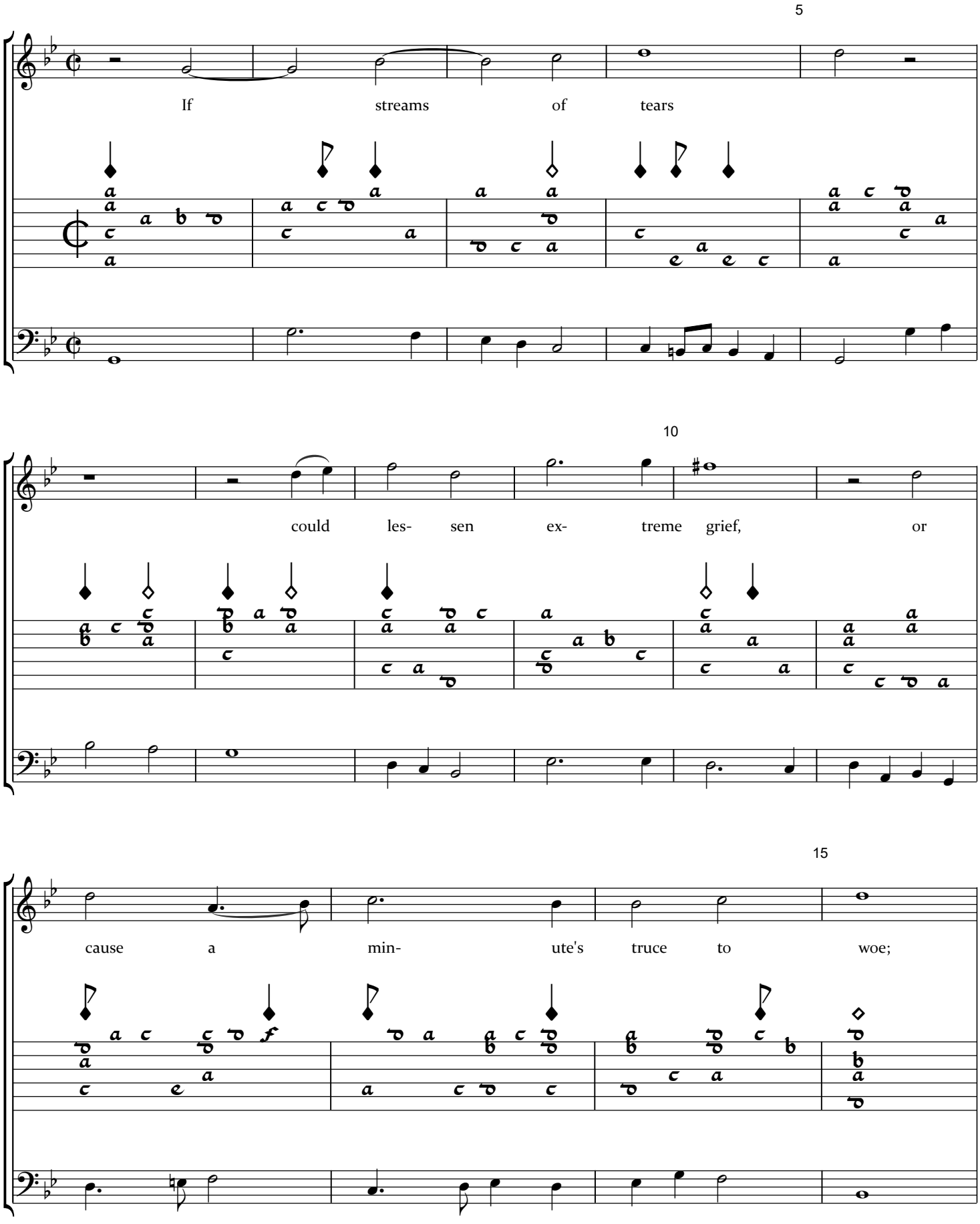
Sweet, restrain these show'rs of kindness from distrust proceeding.
Nurse not wrong conceived blindness by too much sigh breeding.
Love by error seems astray, but dies if once suspected.
Women most believe when they most by men are neglected.

Some forg'd flatt'ries only venture, yet return true favors.
Just affection, like a center once fix'd, never wavers:
Eas'ly as the day from night, may women's eyes discover
If they frame their minds aright, from the false the true lover.

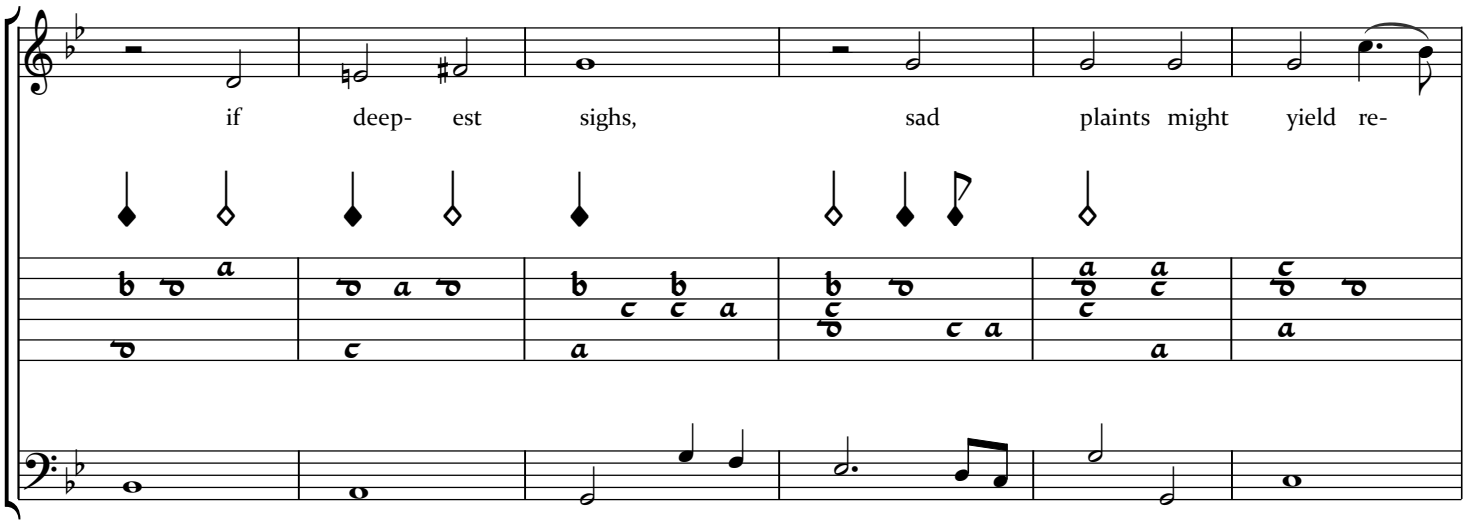
If streams of tears

Page 4. - Ayres to Sing and Play, v.1 (1610), f.b1v.

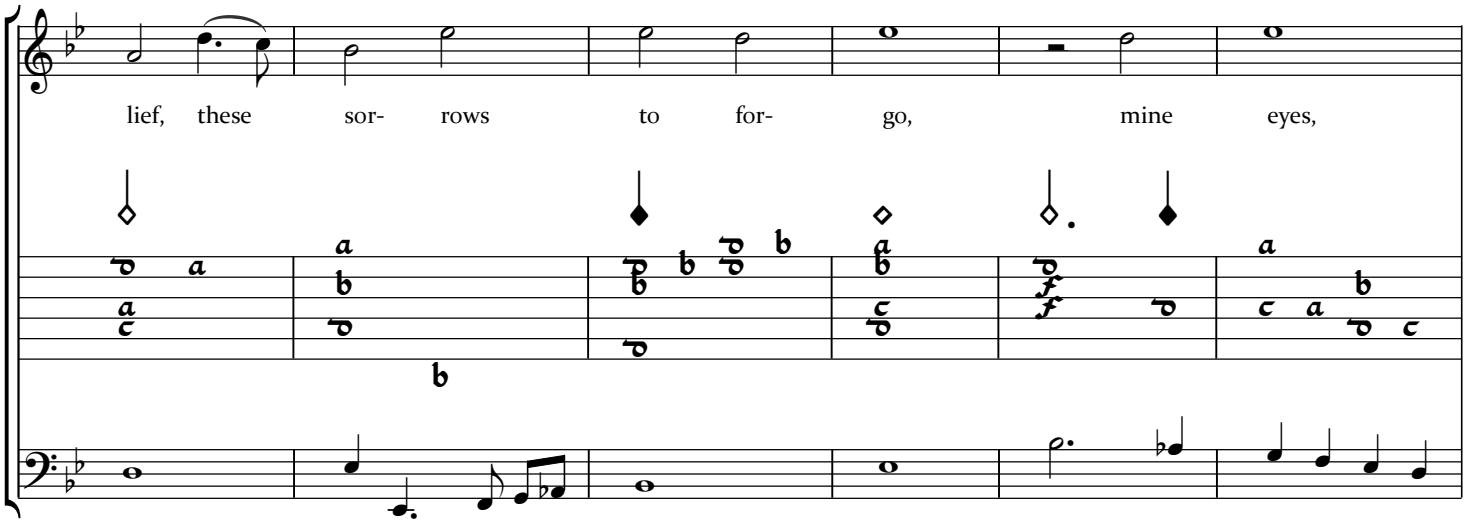
William Corkine



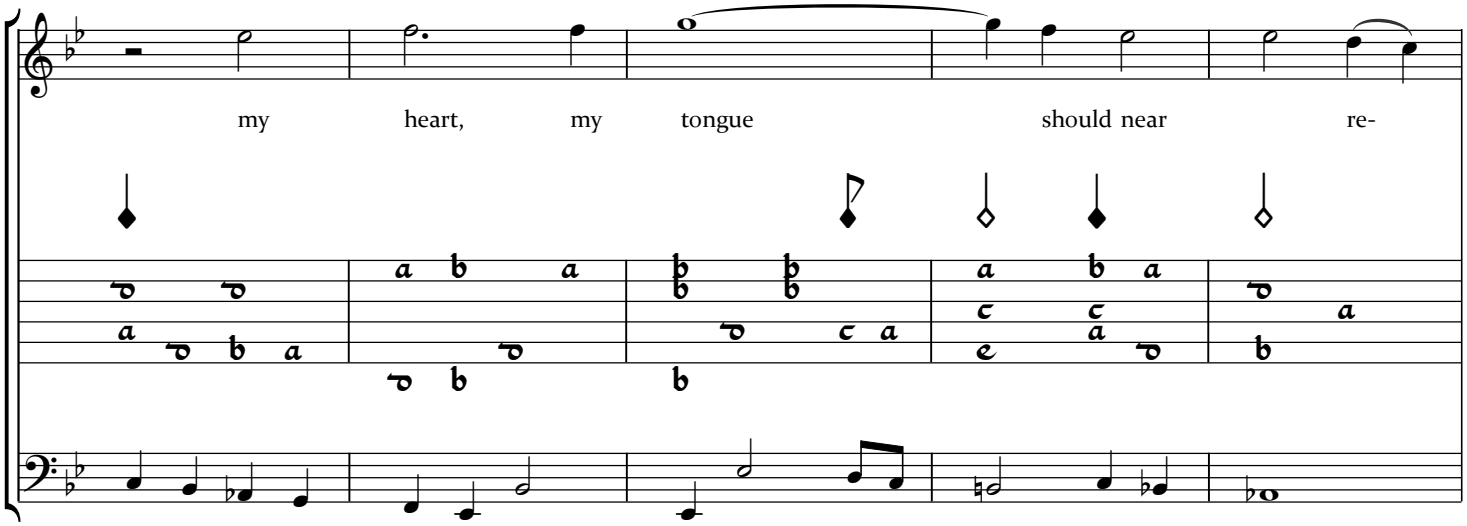
20

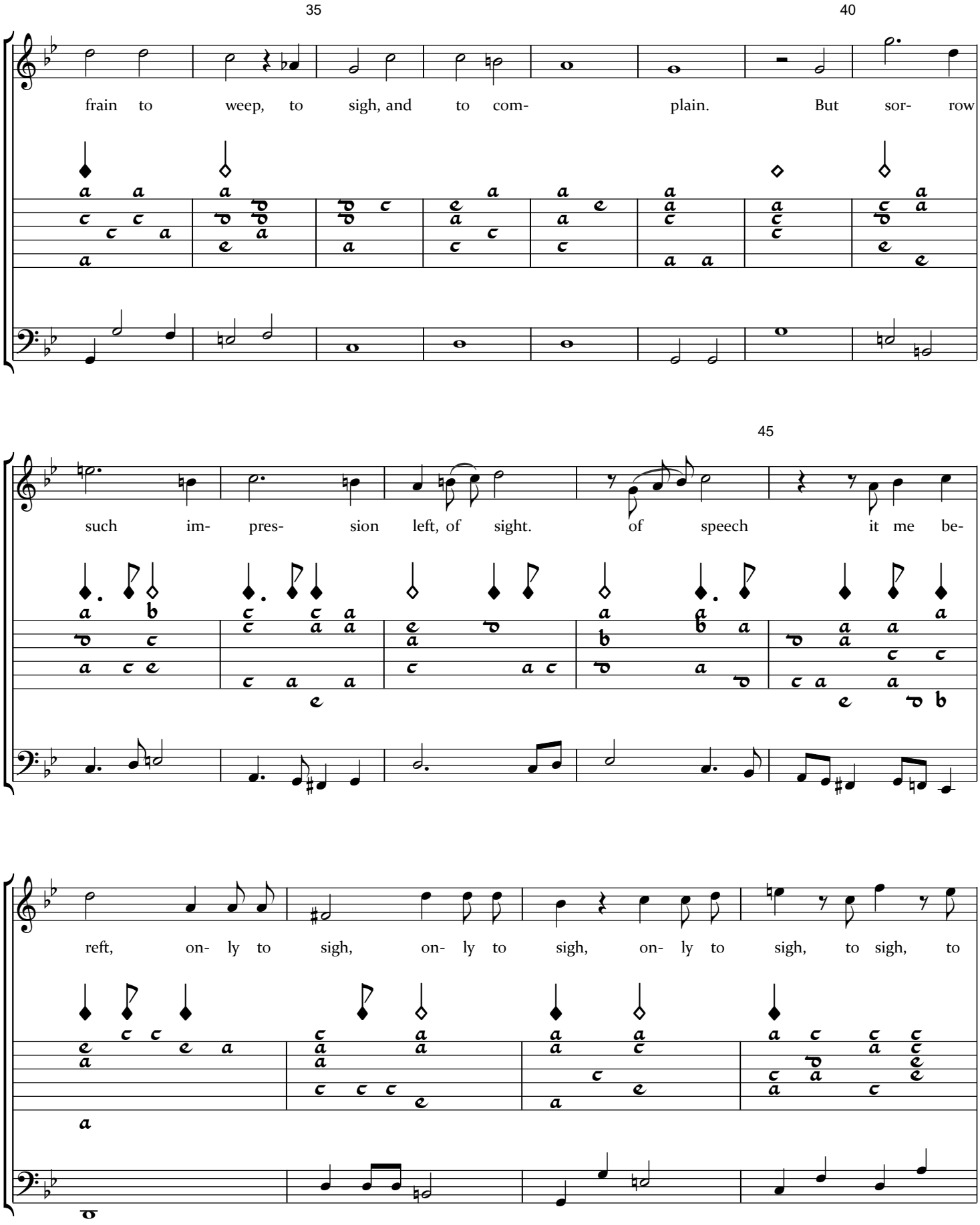

if deep- est sighs, sad plaints might yield re-

25

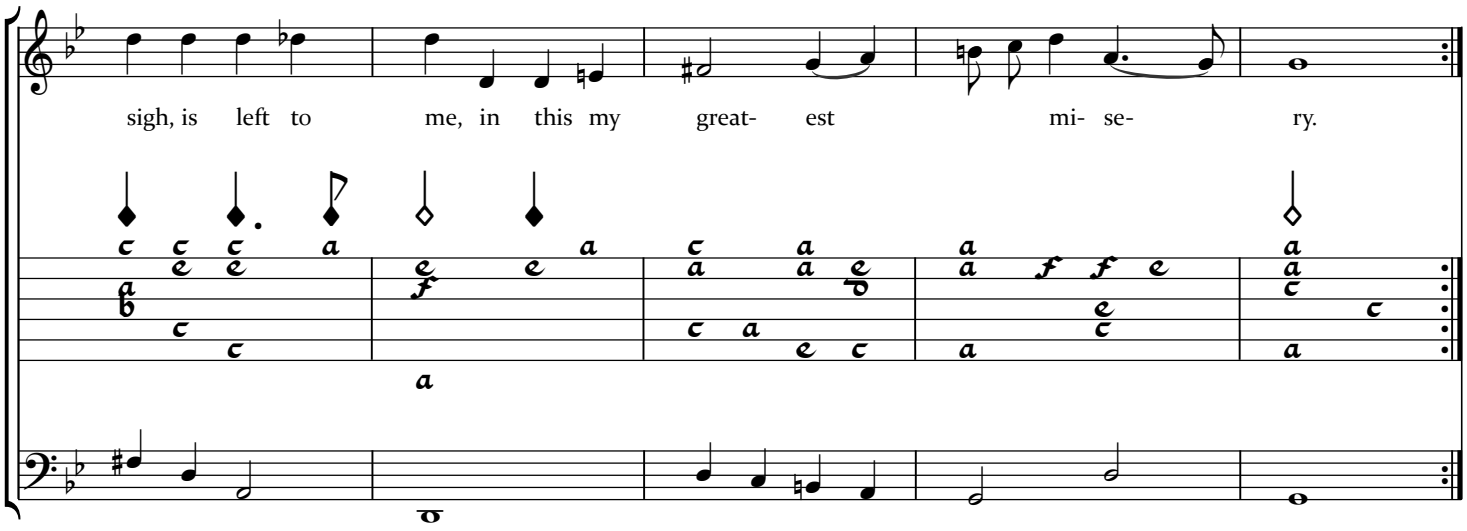

lief, these sor- rows to for- go, mine eyes,

30


my heart, my tongue should near re-


35
40
frain to weep, to sigh, and to com- plain. But sor- row
45
such im- pres- sion left, of sight. of speech it me be-
reft, on- ly to sigh, on- ly to sigh, on- ly to sigh, to sigh, to

50

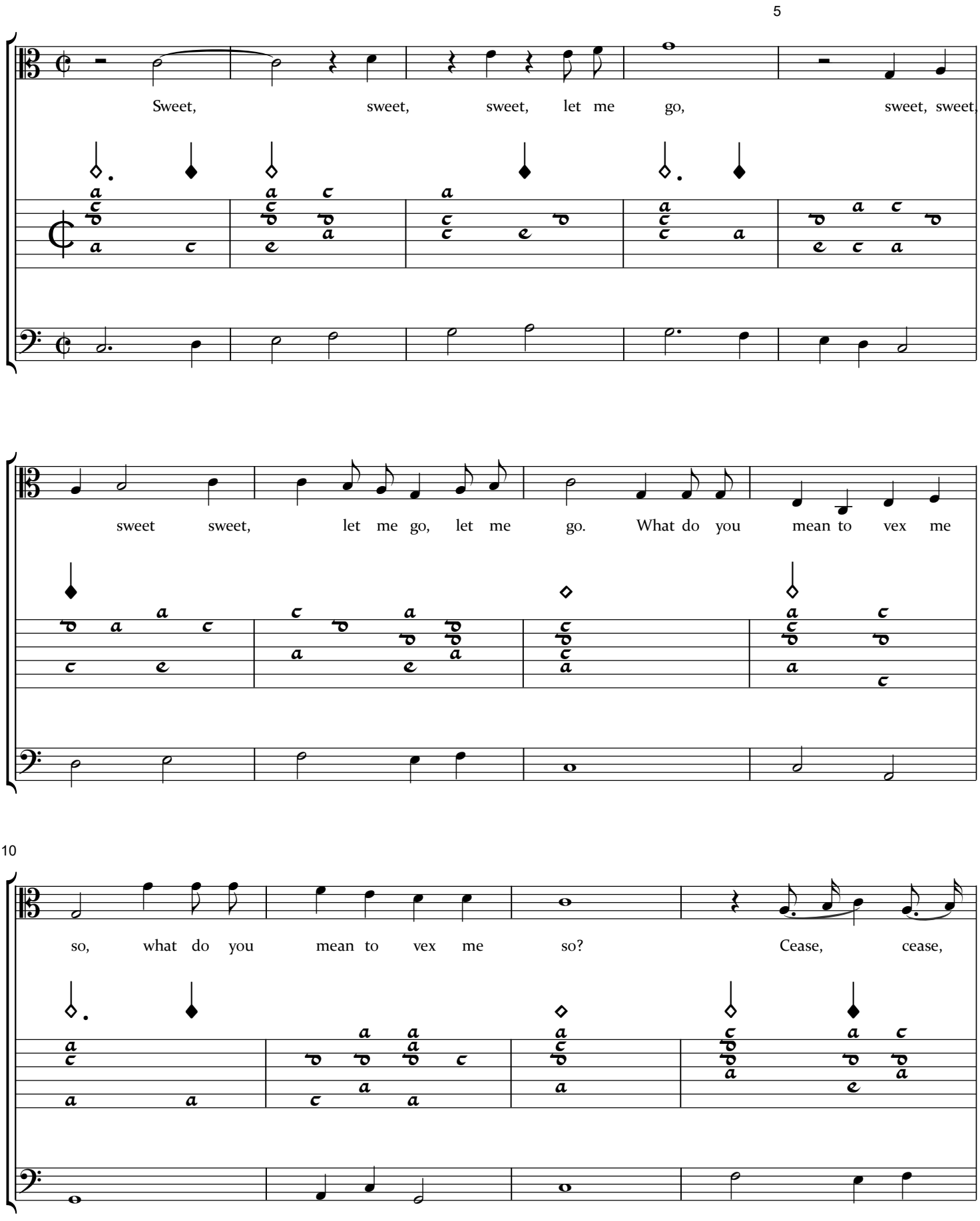


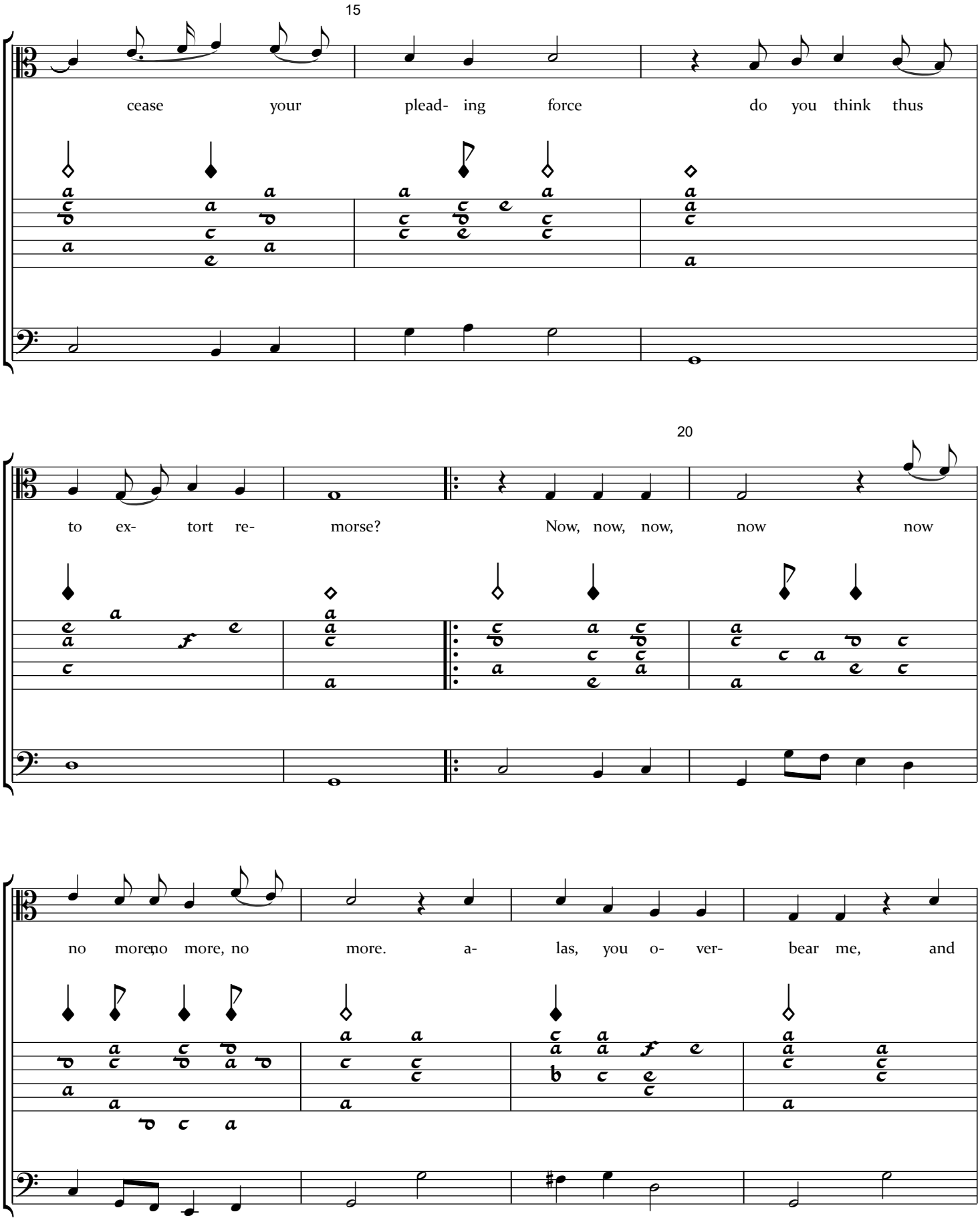
If streams of tears could lessen extreme grief, or cause a minute's truce to woe;
if deepest sighs, sad plaints might yield relief, these sorrows to forgo, mine eyes,
my heart, my tongue should near refrain to weep, to sigh, and to complain.
But sorrow such impression left, of sight. of speech it me bereft, only to sigh,
only to sigh, only to sigh, to sigh, to sigh, is left to me, in this my greatest misery.

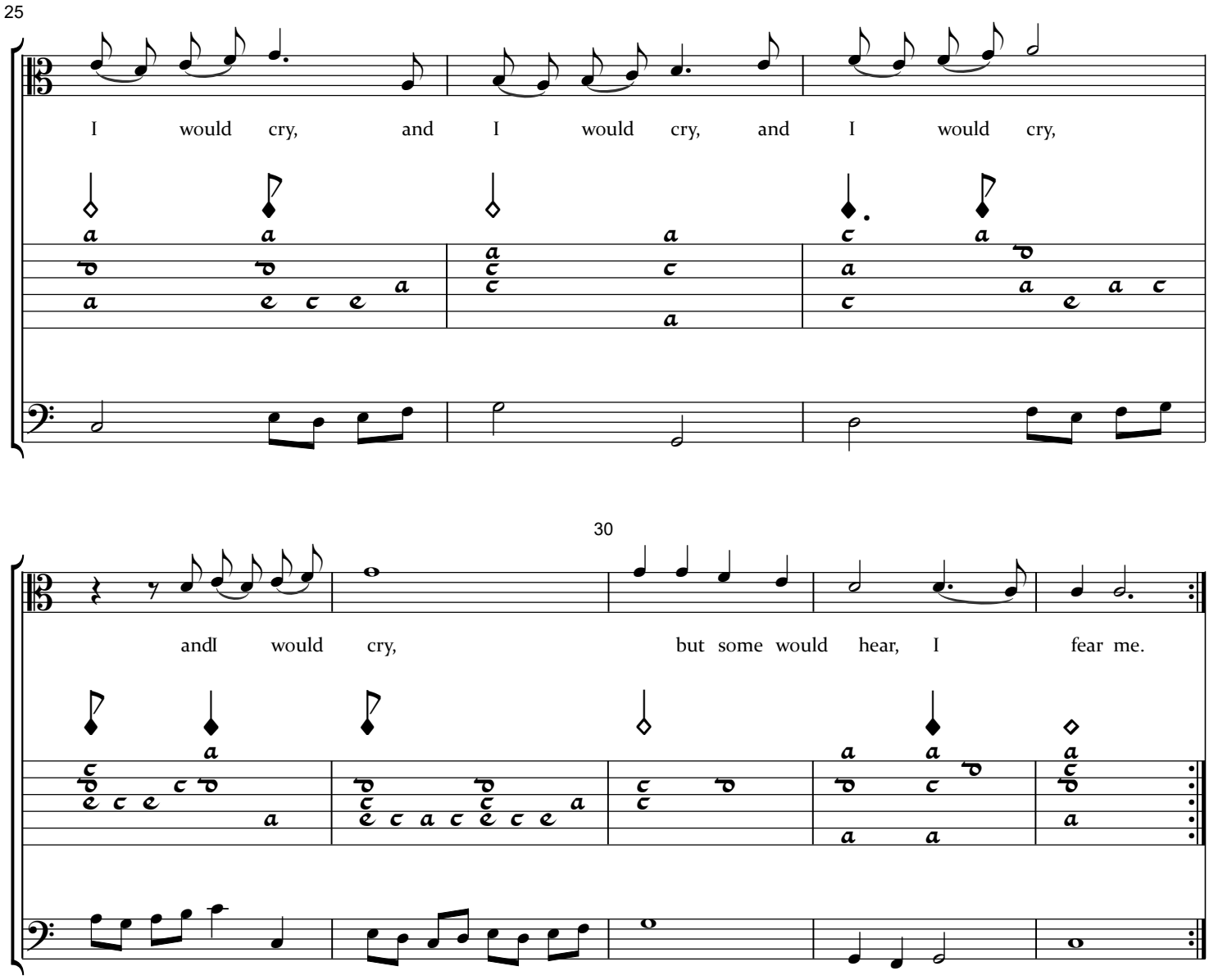
Sweet, let me go

Page 5. - Ayres to Sing and Play, v.1 (1610), f.b2v.

William Corkine



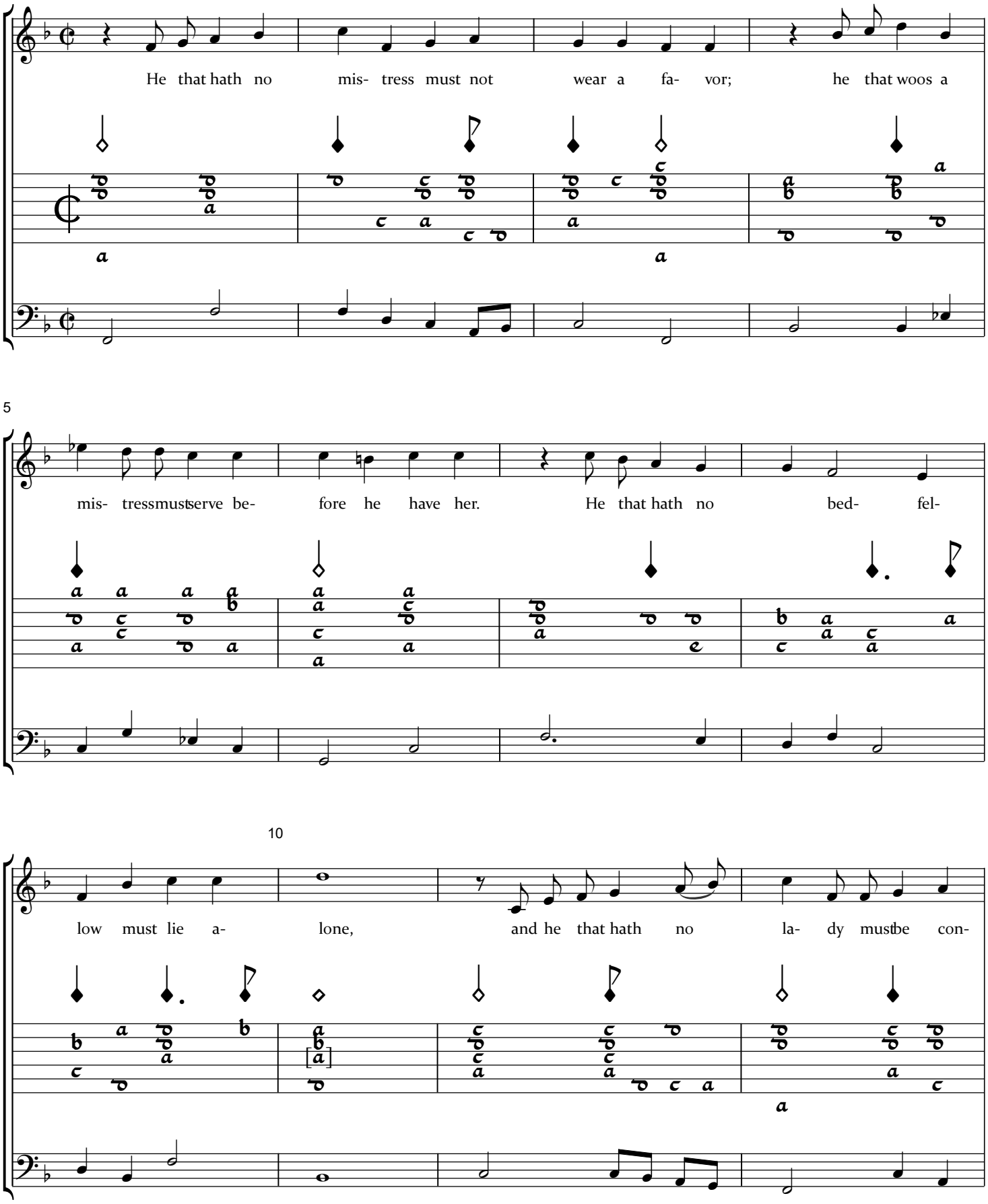

15
cease your plead- ing force do you think thus
20
to ex- tort re- morse? Now, now, now, now now
no more, no more, no more. a- las, you o- ver- bear me, and

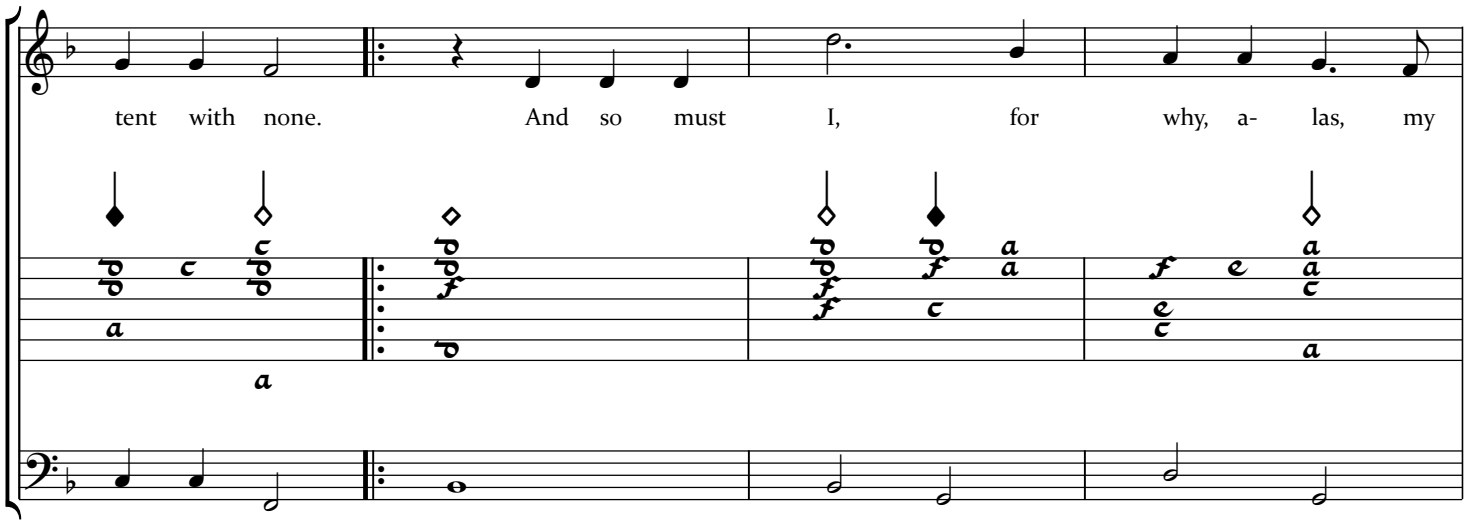

25
I would cry, and I would cry, and I would cry,
30
andI would cry, but some would hear, I fear me.

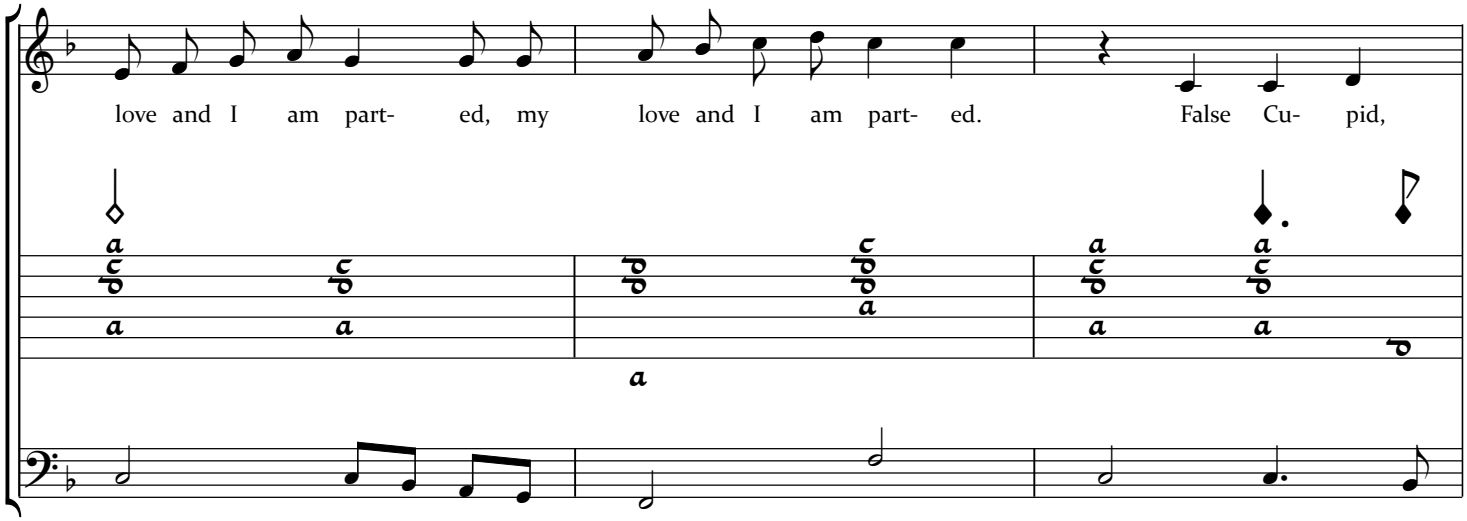
He that hath no mistress

Page 6. - Ayres to Sing and Play, v.1 (1610), f.c1.

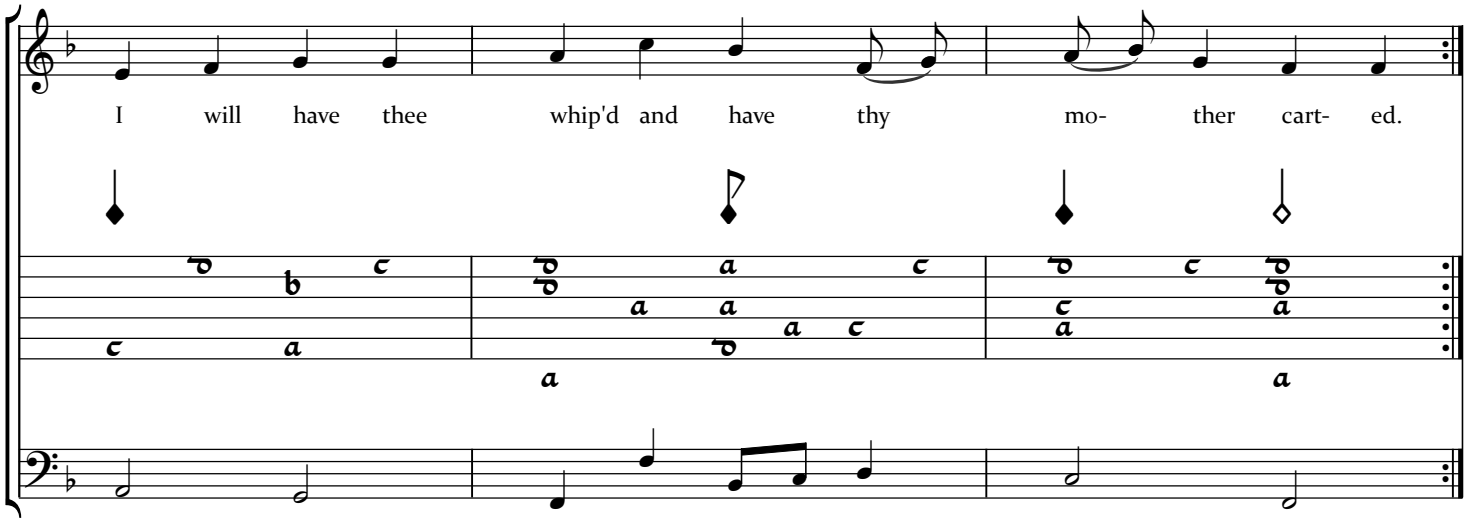
William Corkine




tent with none. And so must I, for why, a- las, my


love and I am part- ed, my love and I am part- ed. False Cu- pid,

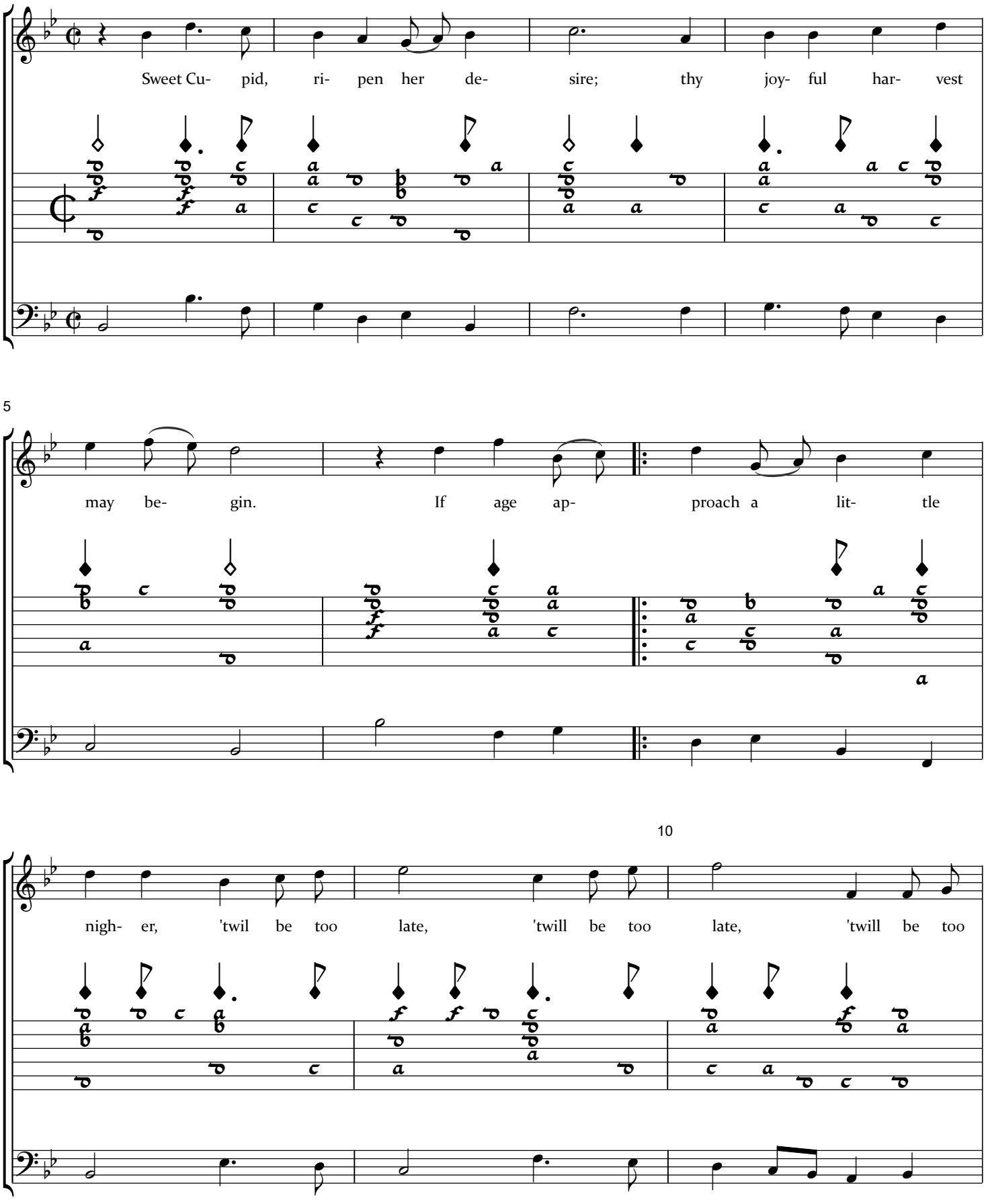
20

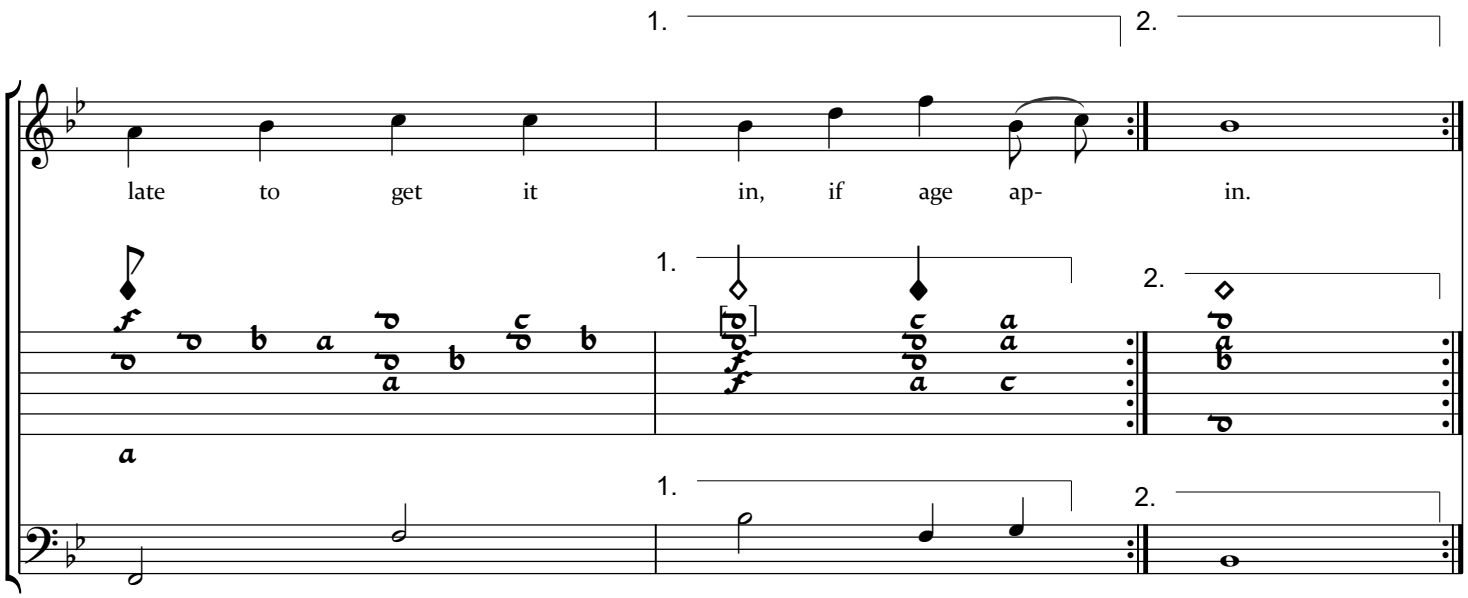

I will have thee whip'd and have thy mo- ther cart- ed.

Sweet Cupid

Page 7. - Ayres to Sing and Play, v.1 (1610), f.c1v.

William Corkine





Sweet Cupid, ripen her desire;
thy joyful harvest may begin.
If age approach a little nigher,
'twil be too late, 'twill be too late,
'twill be too late to get it in.

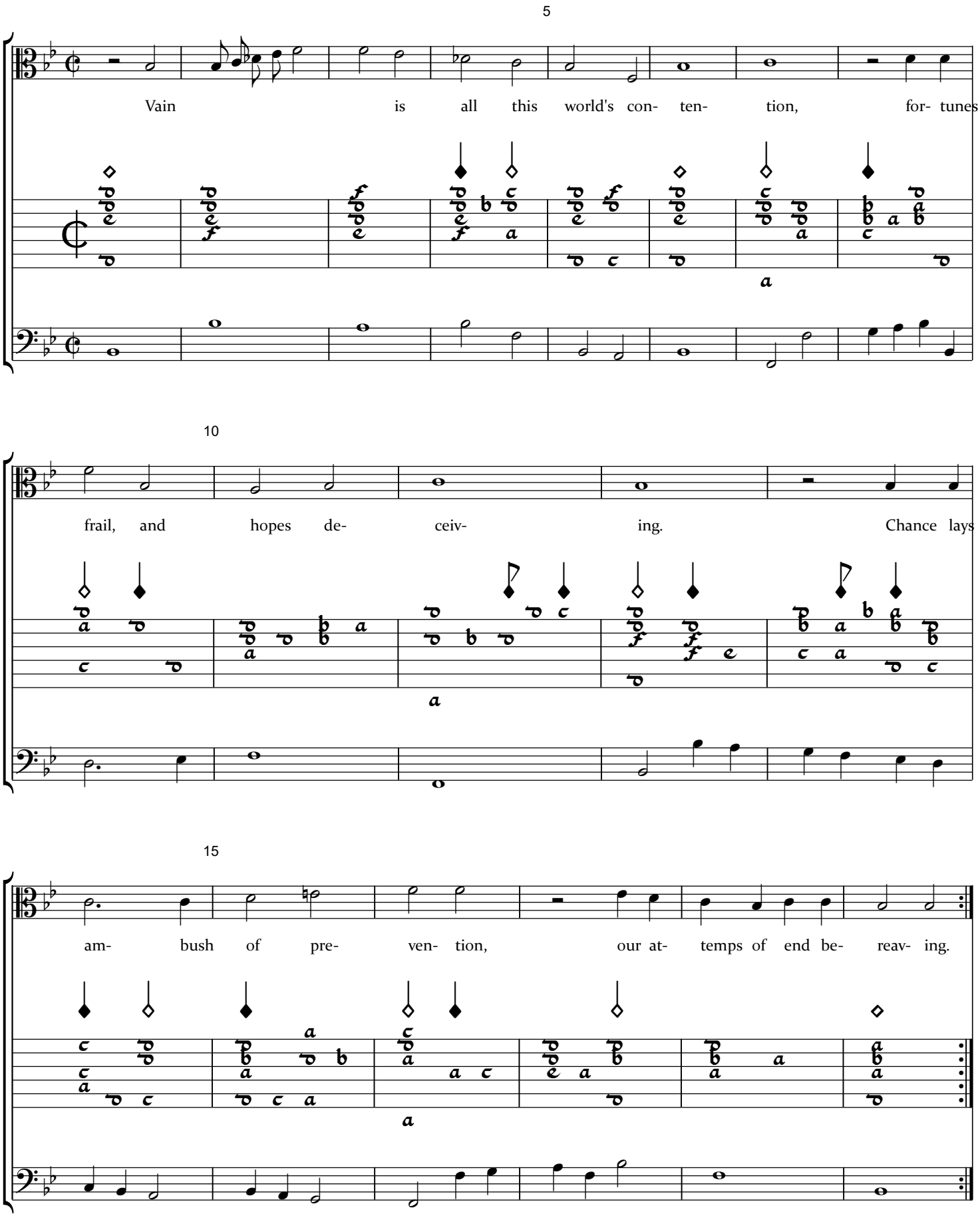
Cold winter storms lay standing corn,
which once too ripe, will never rise,
and lovers wish themselves unborn,
when all their joys, when all their joys,
when all their joys lie in their eyes.

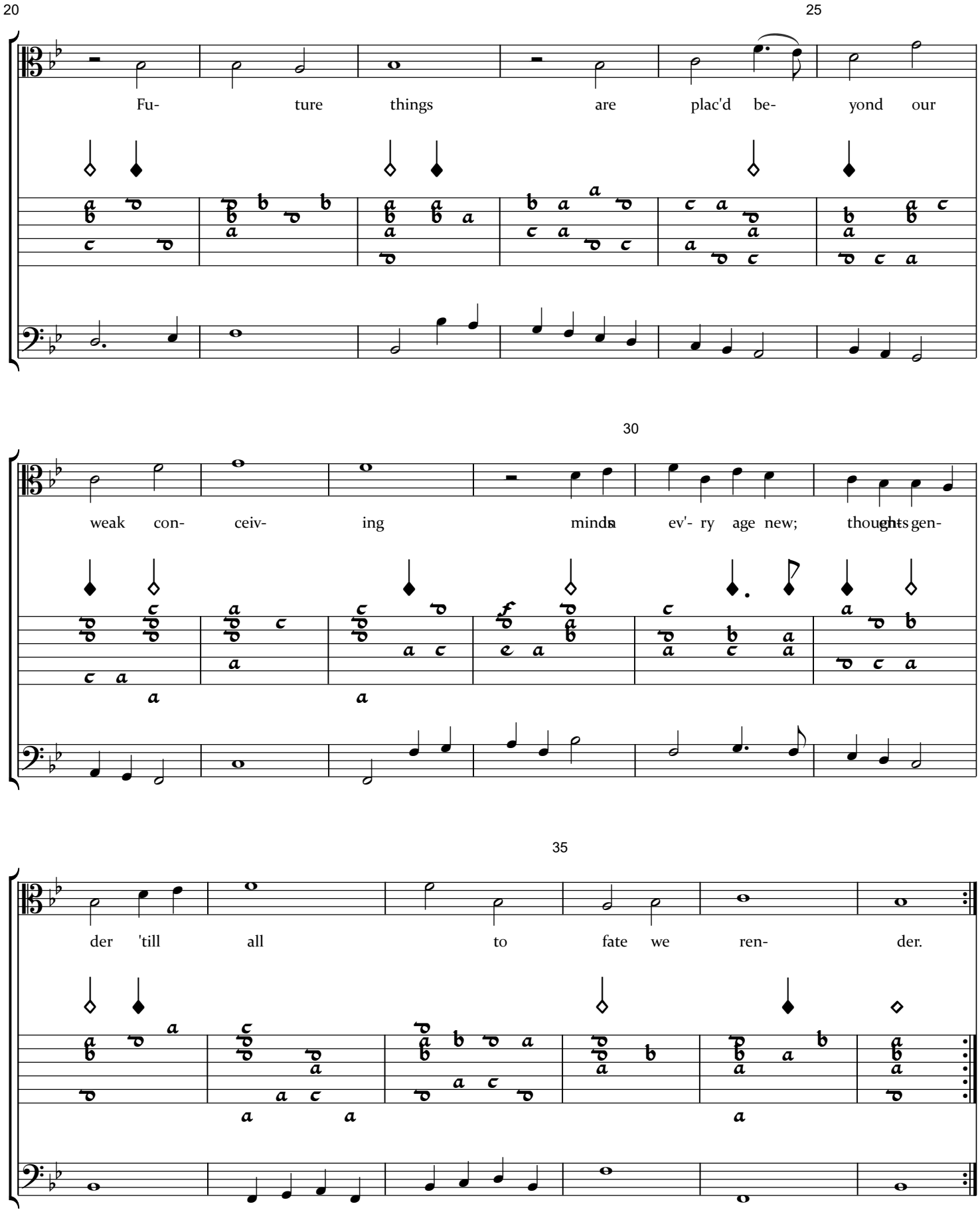
Then, sweet, let us embrace and kiss.
Shall beauty shale upon the ground,
If age bereave us of this bliss,
Then will no more, then will no more,
Then will no more such sport be found.

Vain is all this world's contention

Page 8. - Ayres to Sing and Play, v.1 (1610), f.c2.

William Corkine

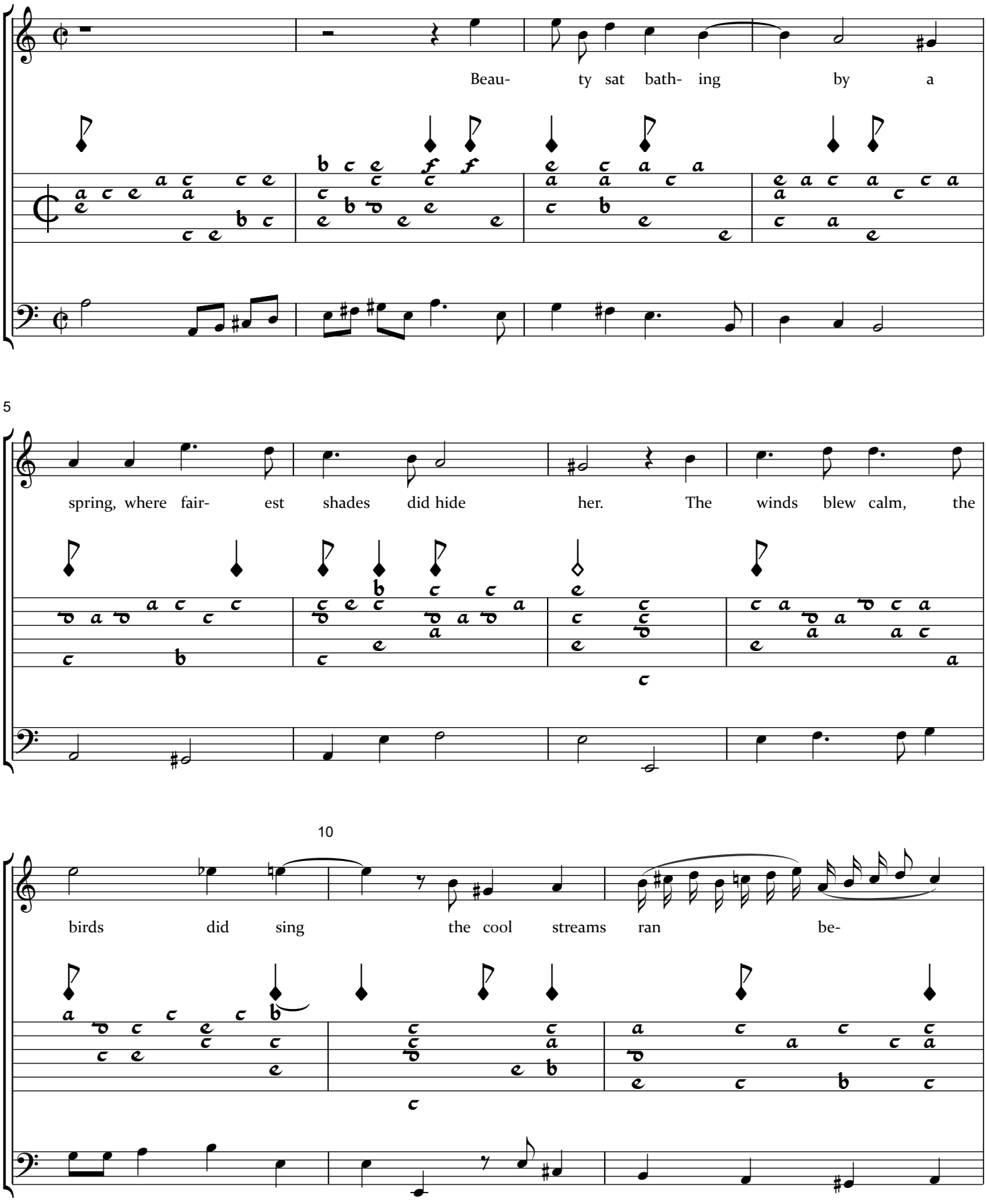



20
25
Fu- ture things are plac'd be- yond our
30
weak con- ceiv- ing minds ev'- ry age new; thoughts gen-
35
der 'till all to fate we ren- der.

Beauty sat bathing

Page 9. - Ayres to Sing and Play, v.1 (1610), f.c2v.

William Corkine



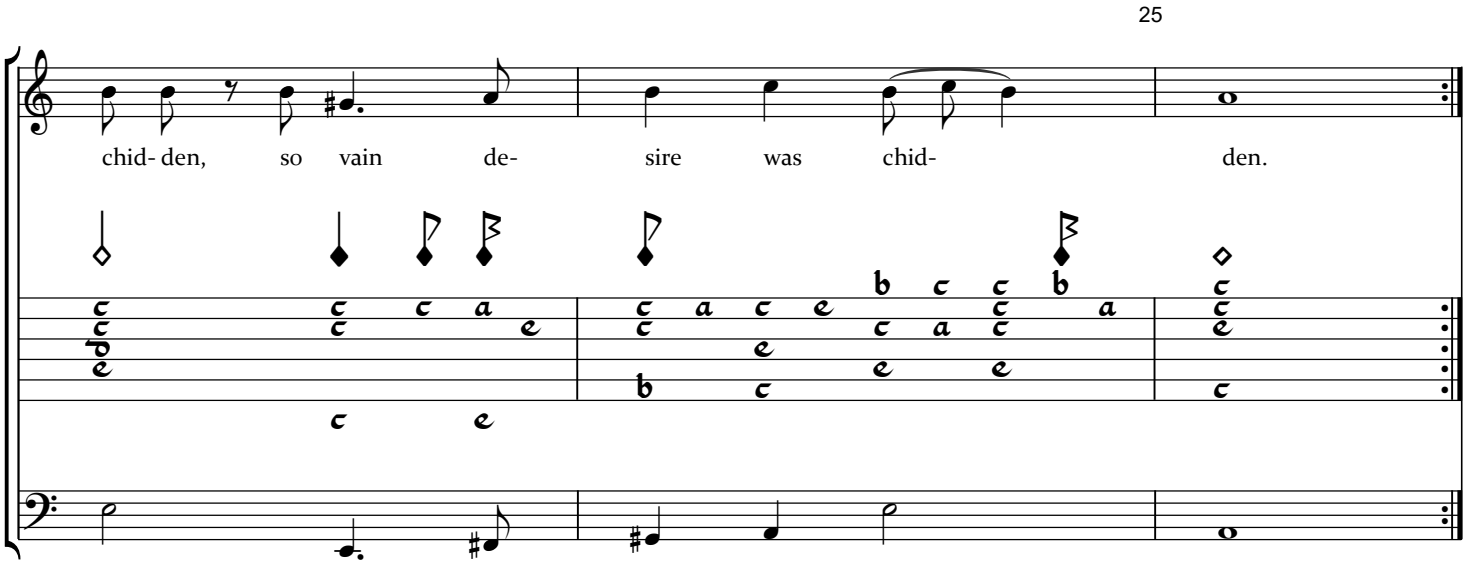
15

side her. My wan- ton thoughts in- tic'd mine eye to see what

was for- bid-den, but bet- ter me- mo- ry saidfie, fie, fie,

20

fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, so vain de- sire was



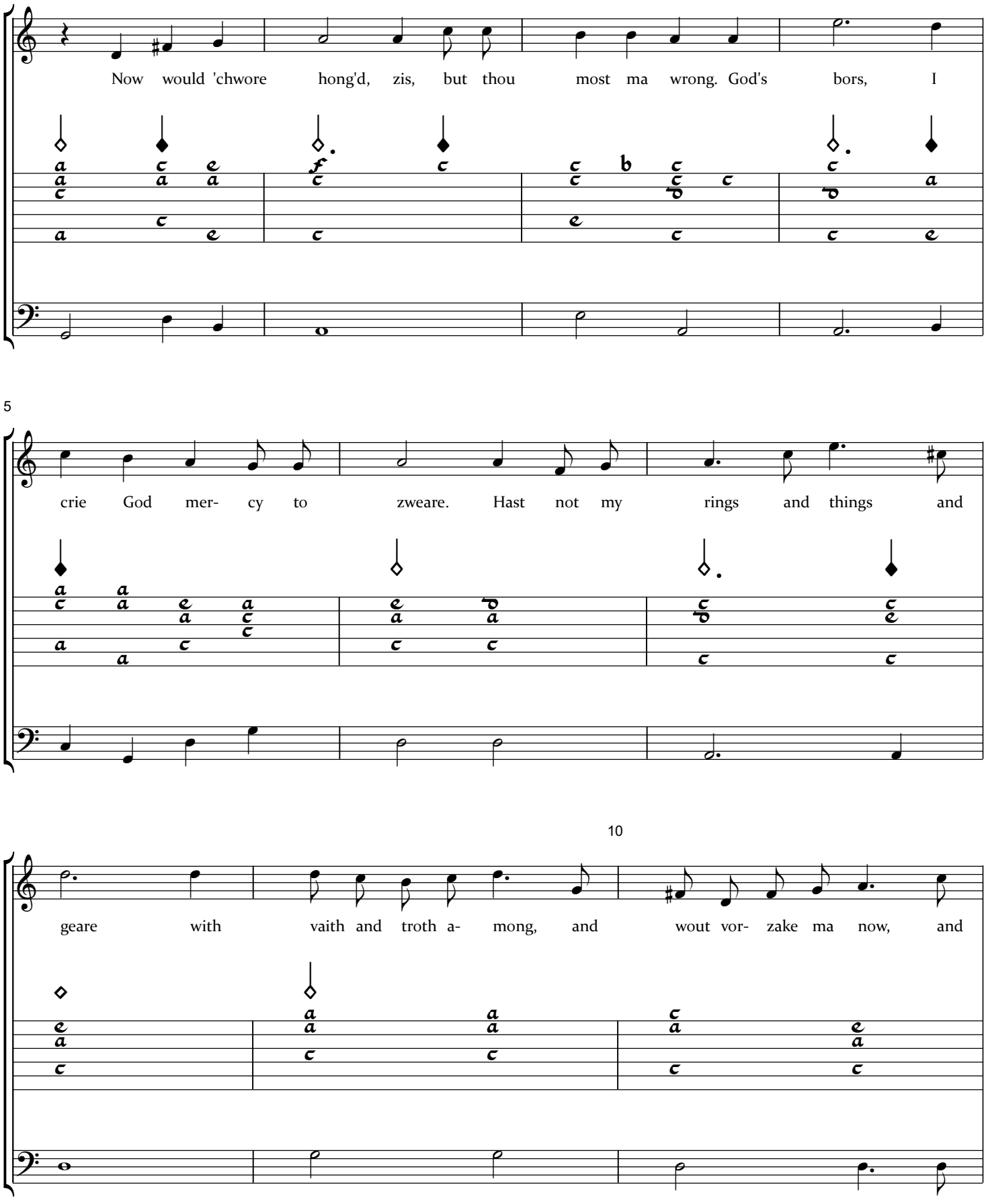
Beauty sat bathing by a spring, where fairest shades did hide her.
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing the cool streams ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts intic'd mine eye to see what was forbidden,
but better memory said fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie,
so vain desire was chidden, so vain desire was chidden.

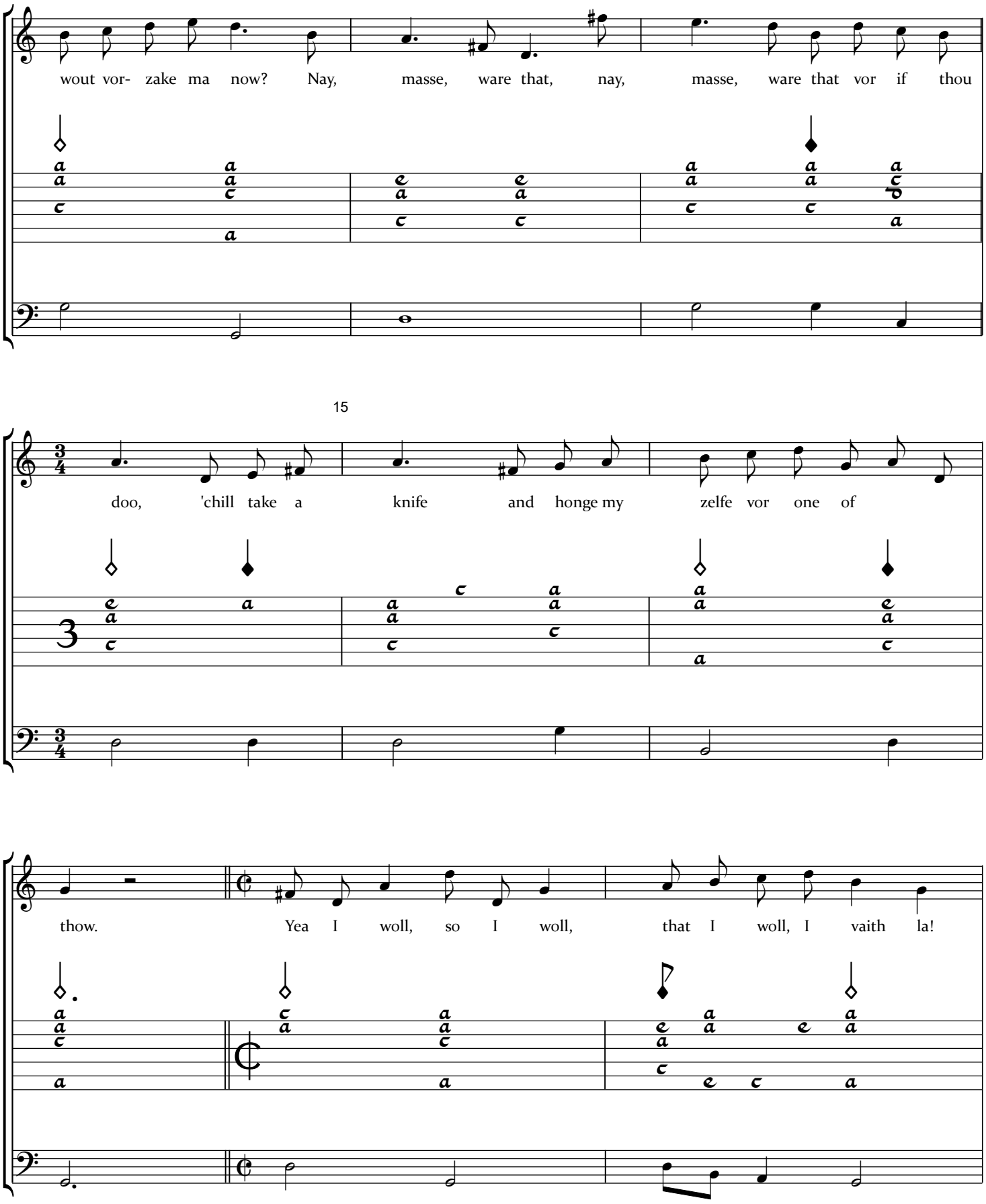
Into a slumber then I fell, but fond imagination seem'd to see,
but could not tell her feature or her fashion. but e'en as babes
in dreams do smile and sometime fall a weeping:
so I awak'd as wise the while, as wise, as wise, as wise the while,
as wise the while as when I fell a sleeping, as when I fell a sleeping.

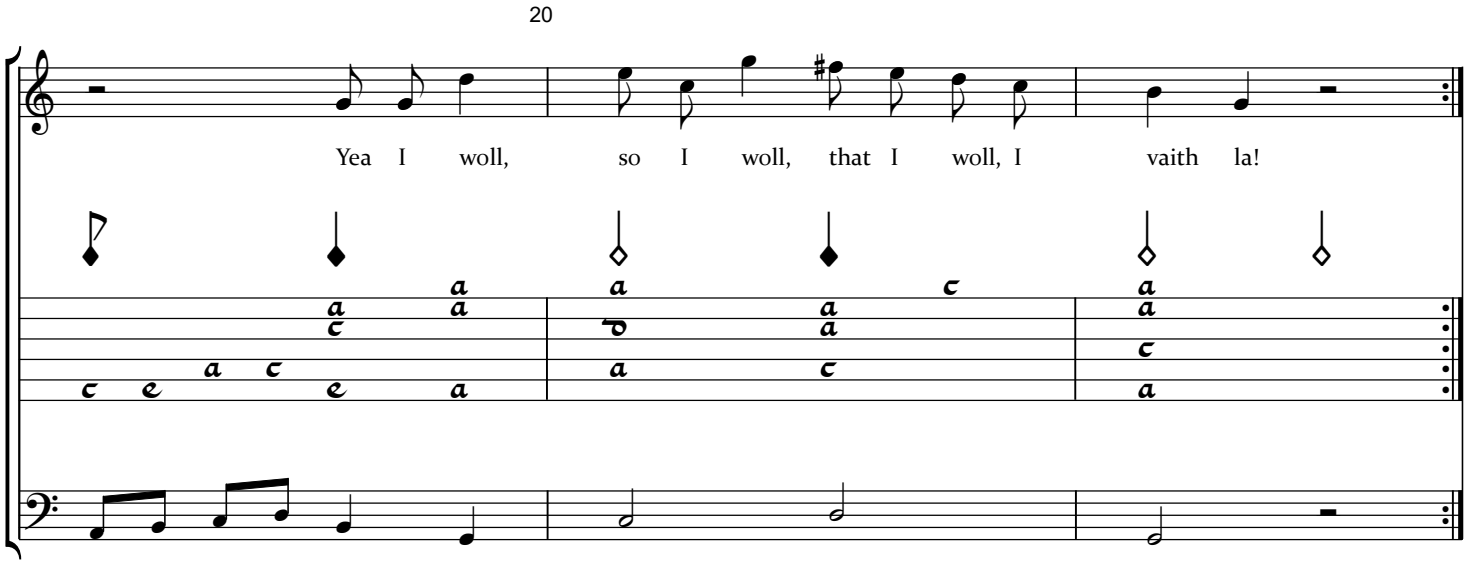
Now would 'chwore hong'd

Page 10. - Ayres to Sing and Play, v.1 (1610), f.d1v.

William Corkine




wout vor- zake ma now? Nay, masse, ware that, nay, masse, ware that vor if thou
15
doo, 'chill take a knife and honge my zelfe vor one of
thow. Yea I woll, so I woll, that I woll, I vaith la!



Now would 'chwore hong'd, zis, but thou most ma wrong.
God's bors, I crie God mercy to zweare.
Hast not my rings and things and geare with vaith and troth among,
and wout vorzake ma now, and wout vorzake ma now?
Nay, masse, ware that, nay, masse, ware that vor if thou doo,
'chill take a knife and honge my zelfe vor one of thow.
Yea I woll, so I woll, that I woll, I vaith la!
Yea I woll, so I woll, that I woll, I vaith la!

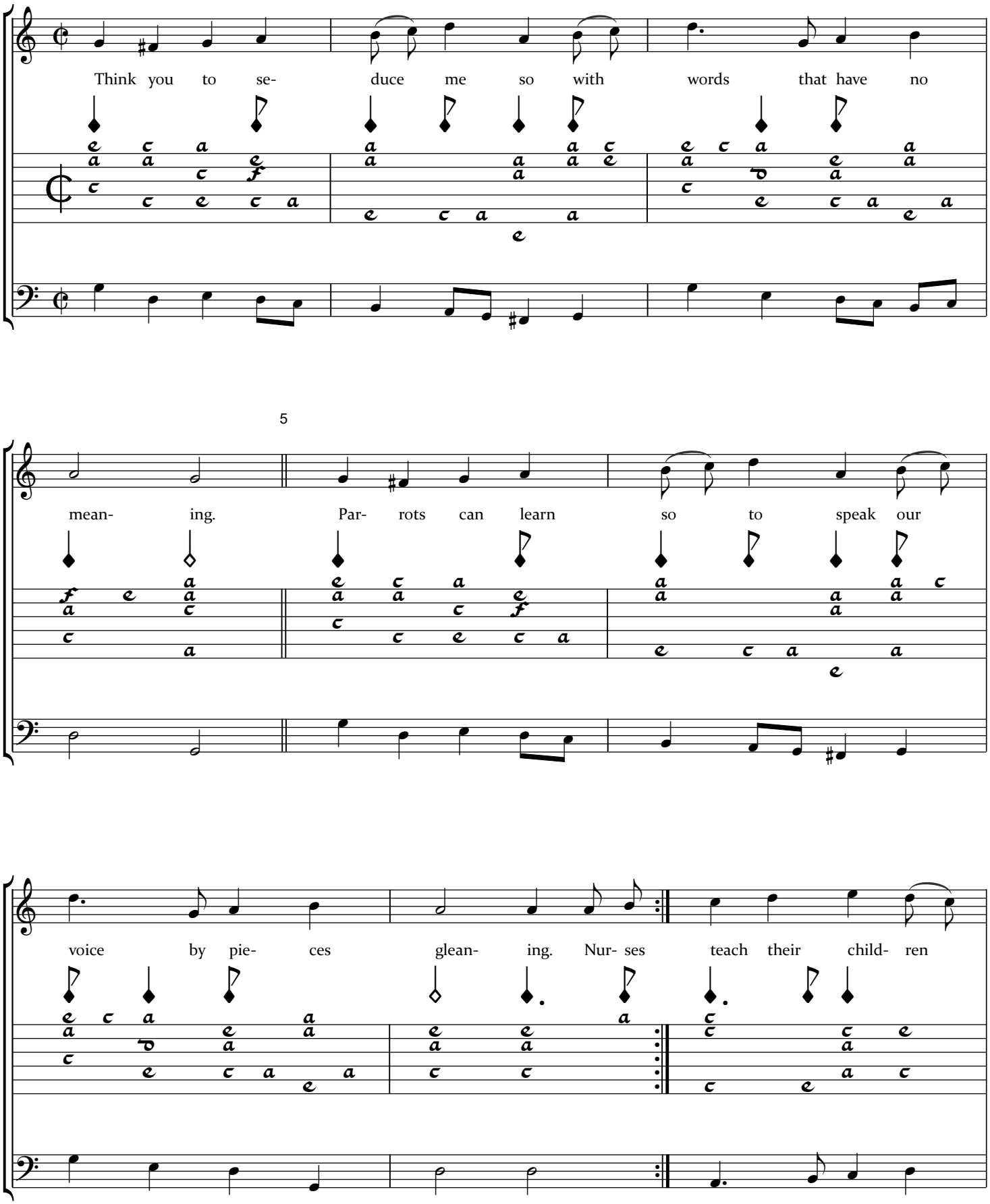
Hadds voote zweete zis, what aild tha woo ma now?
I 'cham as like to zarve thy ma turne as yer
I wos zince 'chos I borne, and sha not I have thow?
Let's zee who dare, let's zee who dare, I 'chould but zee.
Huds lid I zweare, huds lid I zweare, huds lid I zweare
'chill take a sweard, and make a yend of I or hee.
Yea I would, so I would, that I would, I vaith la!
Yea I would, so I would, that I would, I vaith la!

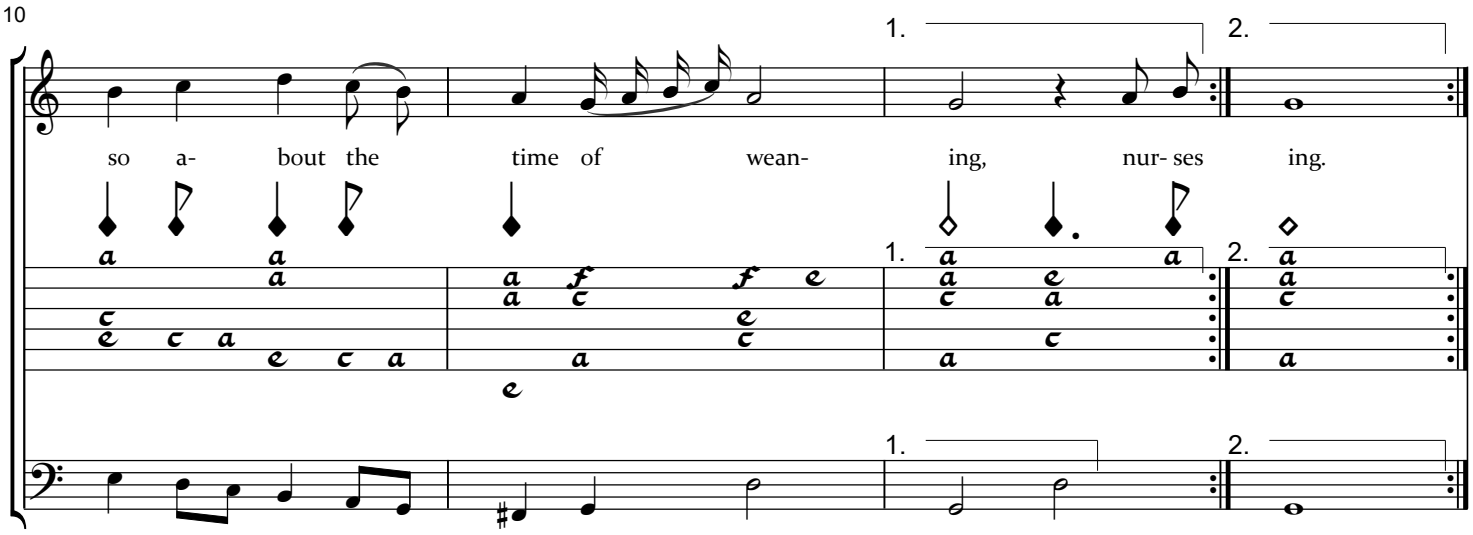
Ha not I bought my kerzie wedding briche,
hudda hate, 'cham angrie, thou makes vret
And is not my bond redie zet, woeld zarve ma zuch a twich?
'Chill break his brow, 'chill break his brow,
I vaith I 'chill, I vaith I 'chill, I vaith I 'chill, that shall love thou.
Then take a rop and drown thy zelfe vor mere good will.
Yea I would, so I would, that I would, I vaith la!
Yea I would, so I would, that I would, I vaith la!

Think you to seduce me so?

Page 11. - Ayres to Sing and Play, v.1 (1610), f.d2.

William Corkine





Think you to seduce me so with words that have no meaning.
Parrots can learn so to speak our voice by pieces gleaning.
Nurses teach their children so about the time of weaning,

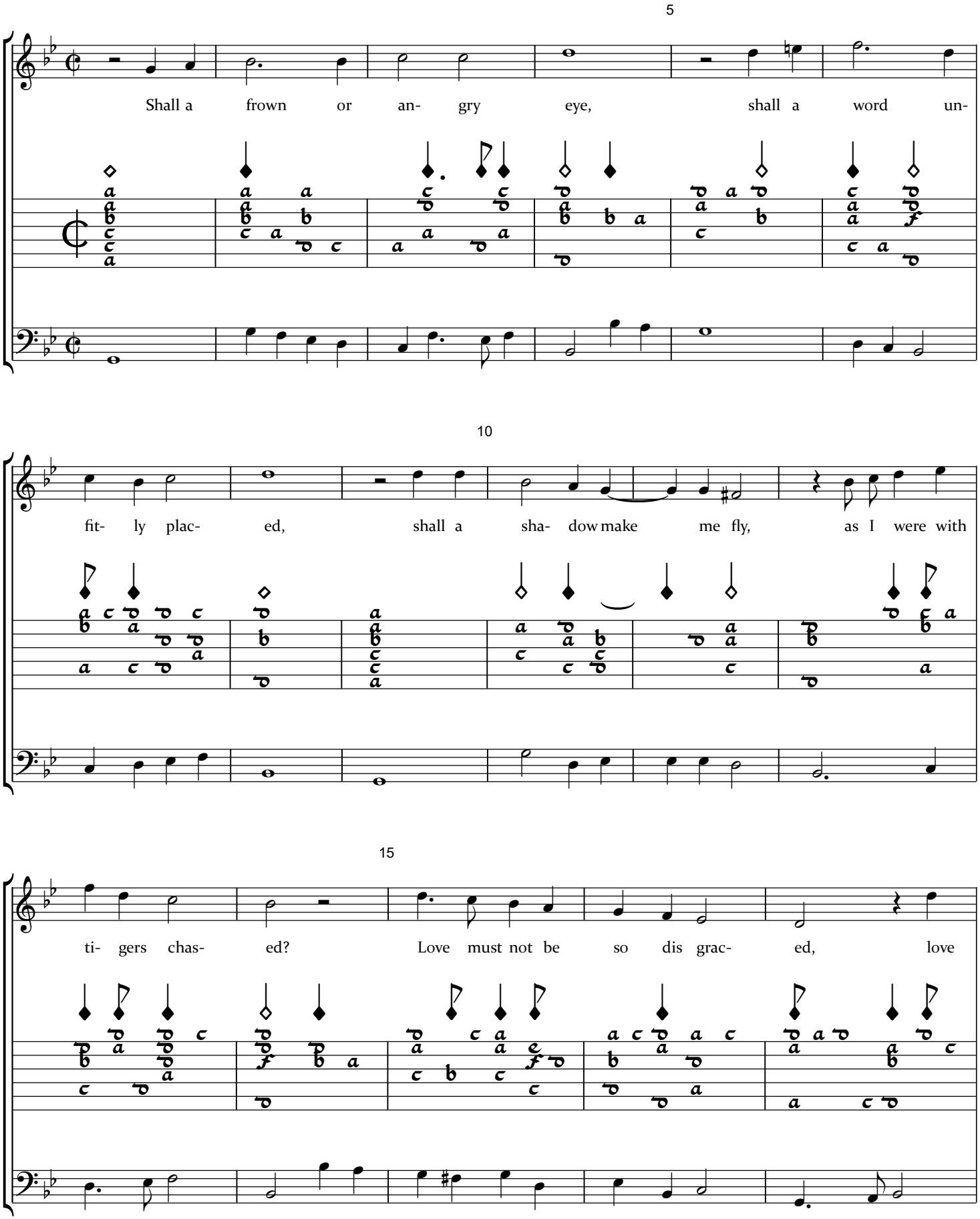
Learn to speak first, then to woo, to wooing much pertaineth.
He that hath not art to hide soon falters when he faineth,
and as one that wants his wits, he smiles when he complaineth.

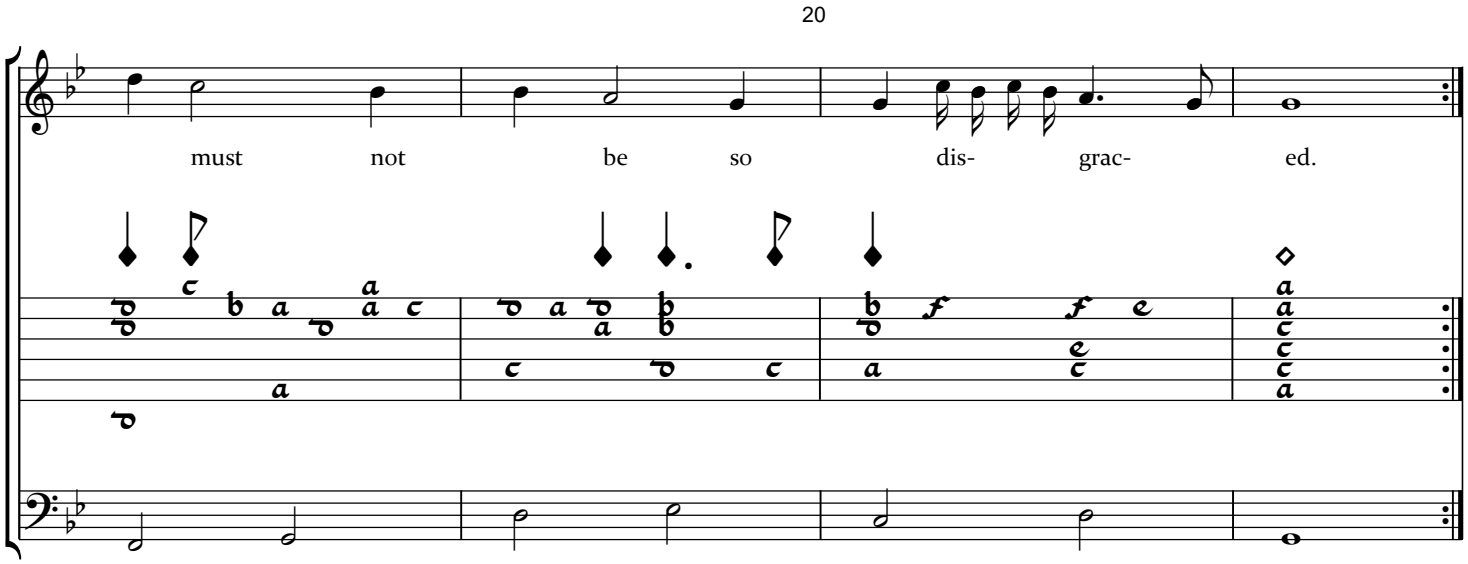
If with wit we be deceiv'd, our falls may be excused.
Seeming good with flatt'ry grac'd is but of few refused,
but of all accurs'd are they that are by fools abused.

Shall a frown or angry eye?

Page 12. - Ayres to Sing and Play, v.1 (1610), f.d2v.

William Corkine





Shall a frown or angry eye, shall a word unfitly placed,
shall a shadow make me fly, as I were with tigers chased?
Love must not be so dis graced, love must not be so disgraced.

Shall I woo her in despite? Shall I turn her from her flying?
Shall I tempt her with delight? Shall I laugh out her denying?
No, beware of lovers crying, no, beware of lovers crying.

Shall I then with patient mind still attend her wayward pleasure?
Time will make her prove more kind. Let her coyness then take leisure;
Pains are worthy such a treasure, pains are worthy such a treasure.