

William Corkine  
The Second Booke of Ayres

1612

*3. Two Louers sat lamenting*

1 Two Louers sat lamenting,  
Hard by a Christall brooke,  
Each others hart tormenting,  
Exchanging looke for looke,  
With sighes and teares bewraying,  
Their silent thoughts delaying,  
At last coth one,  
Shall wee alone,  
Sit here our thoughts bewraying.  
Fie, fie, oh fie,  
Oh fie, it may not be,  
Set looking by,  
Let speaking set vs free.

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 replied  
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  
Silence 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.