

William Corkine
The Second Booke of Ayres

1612

2. Truth-trying Time

1 Truth-trying Time shall cause my Mistriss say,
My Loue was perfect, constant as the Day:
And as the day when Euening doth appeare,
Doth suffer doome to be or foule or cleere.
So, shall my last bequeast make knowne to all,
My Loue in her did rise, did liue, did fall.

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.