

William Corkine

AYRES,
TO
SING AND PLAY
TO THE LVTE AND
BASSE VIOLL.

1610

I. Sinke downe proude thoughts.

1

*Sinke downe proude thoughts, your mounting hopes must now descend,
Come grieffe and care, hence ioyes your triumph now must end,
Heauens now will smile no more my light is shaded,
I pine without redresse, my life, my spirits like flowers are faded.*

2

*O time conceale my woe, in mine owne teares drowne my distresse,
Griefes none should know, when none their anguish can redresse,
Pale Death hath pierst my blood, and forth it streameth,
I sleepe, and in my trance, my head, my heart of sorrow dreameth.*