

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, Pavins, Almainses;
as also diuers new Descants vpon old Grounds,
see to the Lyra-Violl.

By William Corhine.

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



TO THE VALEROVS AND TRVELY MAGNANIMOVS KNIGHT

SYR EDWARD DYMMOCKE, THE KINGS
CHAMPION.

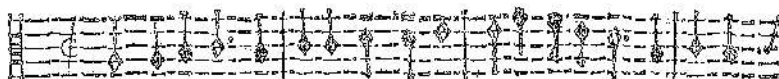
SYR



S a poore man, indebted to *many*, and desirous to pay what hee can, deuises 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 *Mine* 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 loudly 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 pittie, Chast in her



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

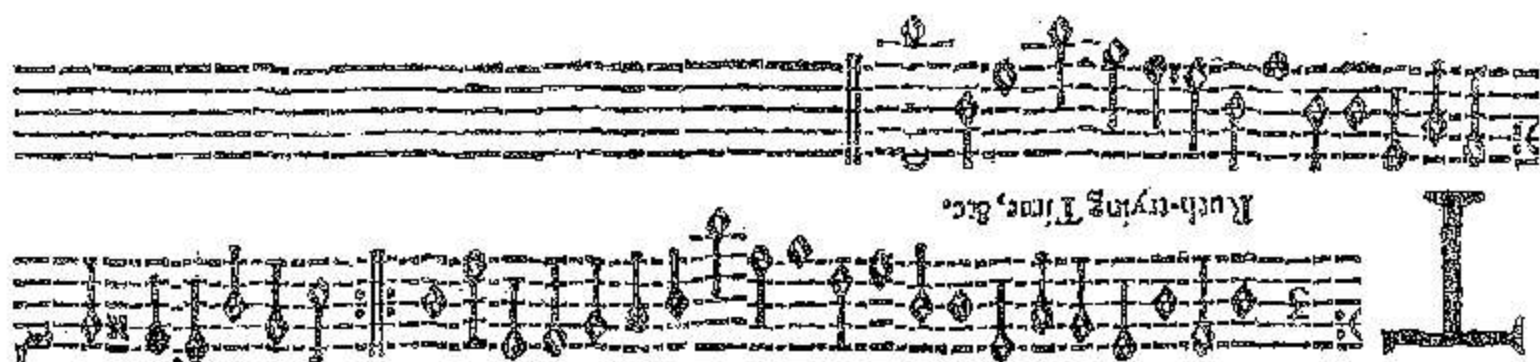


forme and feature, Enter but in to thought of her perfecti- on, Thou wilt confesse, thou wilt con-



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





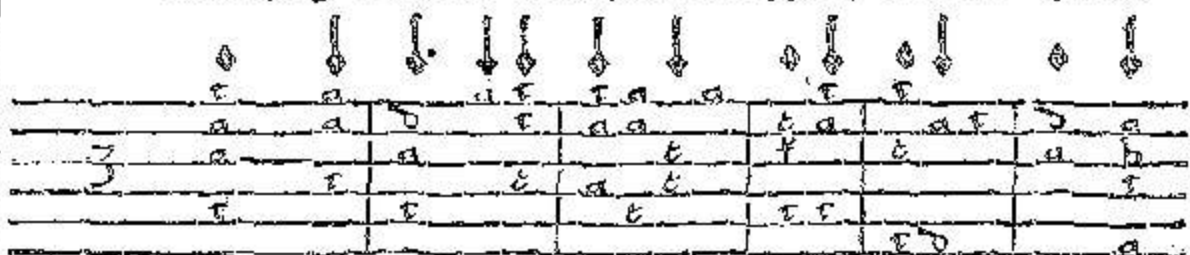
BASSVS.

II.

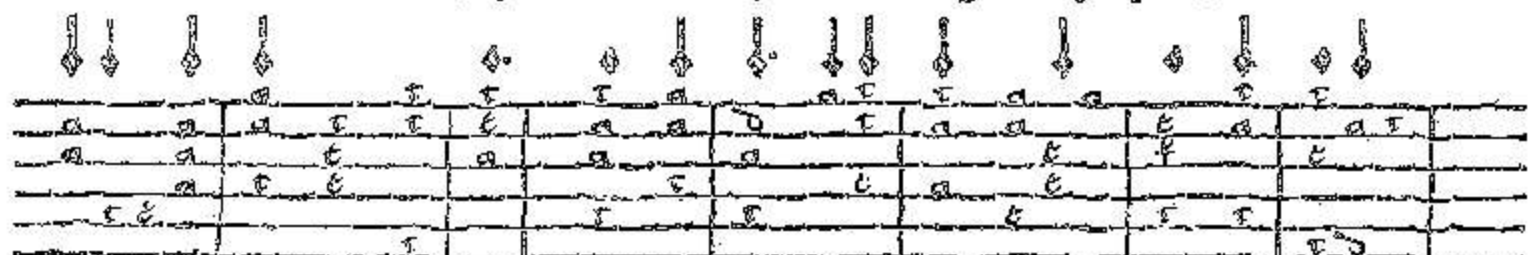
CANTVS.



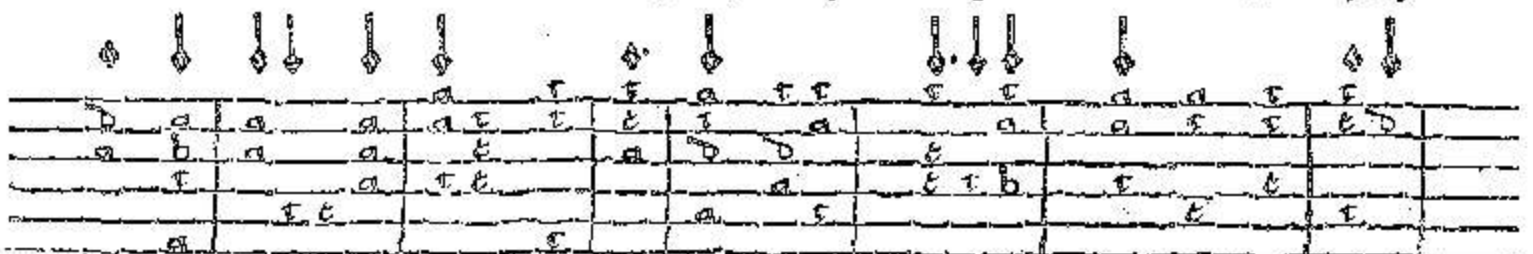
Rush-trying Time shall cause my Mistresse say, My Loue was perfect,



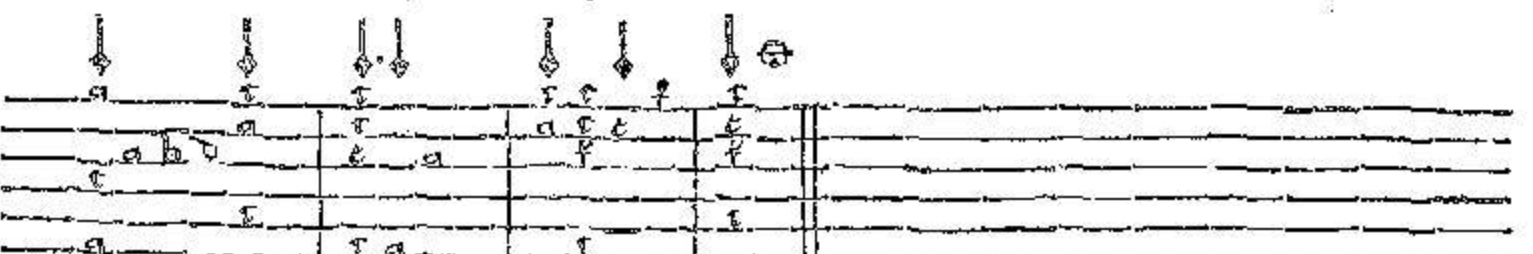
con- stant as the Day: And as the day when Evening doth ap- peare, Doth suffer



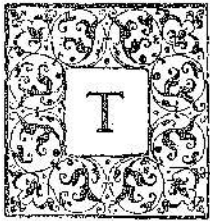
doome to be or foule or cleere, So, shall my last bequeast make knowne to all, My



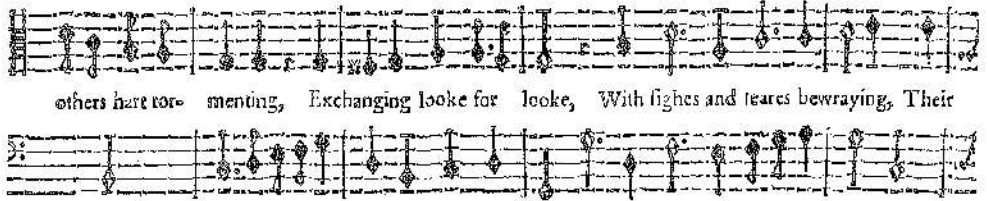
Loue in her did rise, did live, did fall,



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,
New-changing Custome, taught at Nuptiall rites.
O guerdonize my prayers but with this,
That I may taste of that long wisht-for blisse.

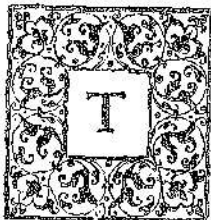


BASSVS.



2 Then thus their silence breaking
 Their thoughts too long estranged
 They doe bewray by speaking,
 And words with words exchanging:
 Then one of them replied
 Great pity we had dyed,
 Thus all alone
 in silent moane
 And nor our thoughts defryed.
 Fie, fie, oh fie,
 Oh fie, that had bene 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 begonne
 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.



BASSVS.



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 geer,

If businesse that doth you remove?
 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 see,
 Such wrong as if a married man should see.



Here, though you, &c.

D



MASSVS.

V.

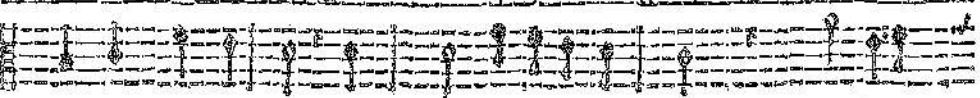
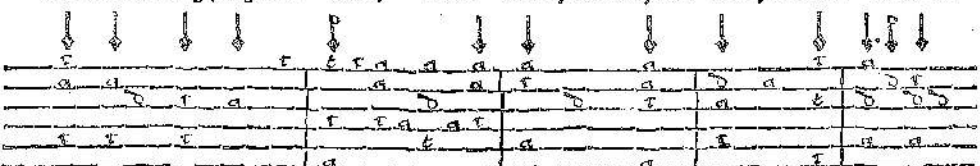
CANTVS.



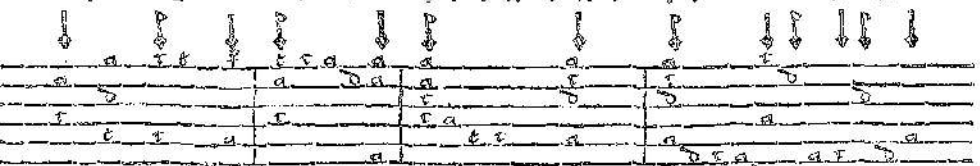
Here, though your minde stand so averse, That no assaunting words can pierce,



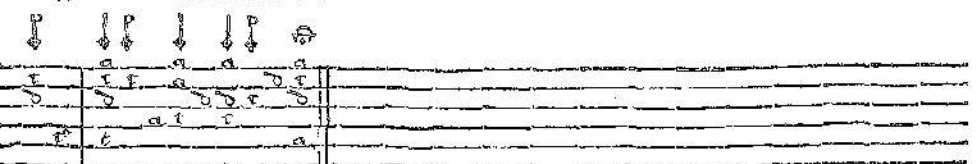
Your swift and angry flight for- beare, What neede you doubt, what neede you feare? In vaine I



stine your thoughts to moue, But yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, stay, stay,



stay, and heare me sweet loue,



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

3 Sith here no help nor hope remains,
To ease my griefe, or end my paines,
He 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 despair,

Ba



Hail I be with ioyes deceiu'd; Can Loues bands be



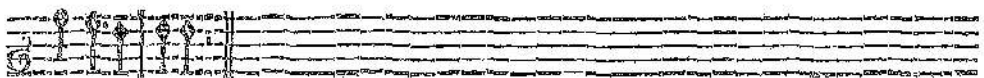
BASSVS.



sealed with kisses? Cupid of his eyes be reau'd,



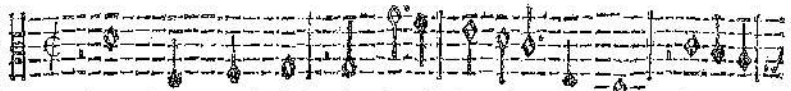
Yet in darknesse seldome miſſes, Let not dallying loſe theſe bliſſes. Let not dallying



loſe theſe bliſſes.



2. Sleepe hath ſeal'd their eyes and eares
That our loues ſo long haue guarded:
Hymen hide; your mayden feares,
Now my loue may be rewarded,
Let my ſuite be now regarded.



Owne, downe proud minde, thou soarest farre above thy might, Aspiring

BASSVS.



heart, wilt thou not cease to breed my woe? High thoughts, meeete with dis- daine, Peace and Loue



fight, Peace thou hast wone the field, and Loue shall hence in bon- dage goe.



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

Or this:

Stoope, stoope, proud heart, and mounting hopes downe, downe descend,
Rise, *Spleene* and burst, hence *lovers*; for, *Griefe* must now ascend:
My *Starres* conspires 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 marke him (alas) that match'd is by *Loue* and *Beauty*.



Beware faire Maides of Musky Courtiers oathes, Take heede, take

BASSVS.



heede what gifts and fauours you receiue, Let not the fading glasse of Silken Clothes, Dazzle your



vertues, or your fame be seaued. For loose but once the should you haue of Grace,



Who will re- gard your fortune, or your face? Who will regard your



fortune, or your face?



2 Each greedy hand will strue to catch the Flower,
When none regards the stalk 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 Fruite vntill he take the Tree.

3 Beleeue no othes, nor much protesting men,
Credite no vowes, nor their bewailling songs:
Let Courtiers sweare, forswear, and sweare againe,
Their hearts doe liue ienne 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 *Cesar* doe corrupt thy minde,
And fond Ambition sell thy modellie:
Say though a King thou euer courteous finde,
He cannot pardon thine impurie.
Beginne with King, to Subject thou wilt fall,
From Lord to Lackey, and at last to all,

TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND VVORTHY BRETHREN,

S. ROBERT, AND S. HENRY R^{CH}:

Knights of the Honourable Order of the

BATH.

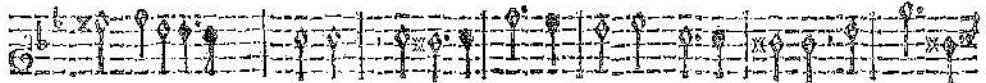


*I*n your truly Noble affections there is an heavenly harmonie, by the operation of Grace; in your corporall constitutions, an harmony of the Elements, by the highest art of Nature; in your heroicall carriage and actions, an harmonie by the worke of wel-discerning Iudgement; and, in all, such an highly-commended 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 howsoever, 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; Ever remayning, the humble honourer and admirer of your heroicall perfections.

William Corkine.



He Fie to see my weas for anger burneth, The Aire in raine for



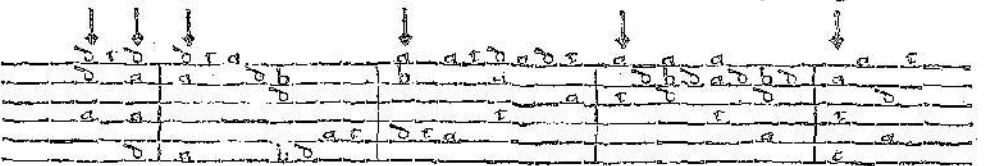
my affliction weepeth, The Sea to Ebbe for grieve his flowing turneth, The Earth with



pitty dull his Center turneth. Fame is with wonder blased, Time runnes away for



sorrow, Place standeth still amazed, To see my night of



his which hath no morrow. Alas, all onely she no pittie taketh

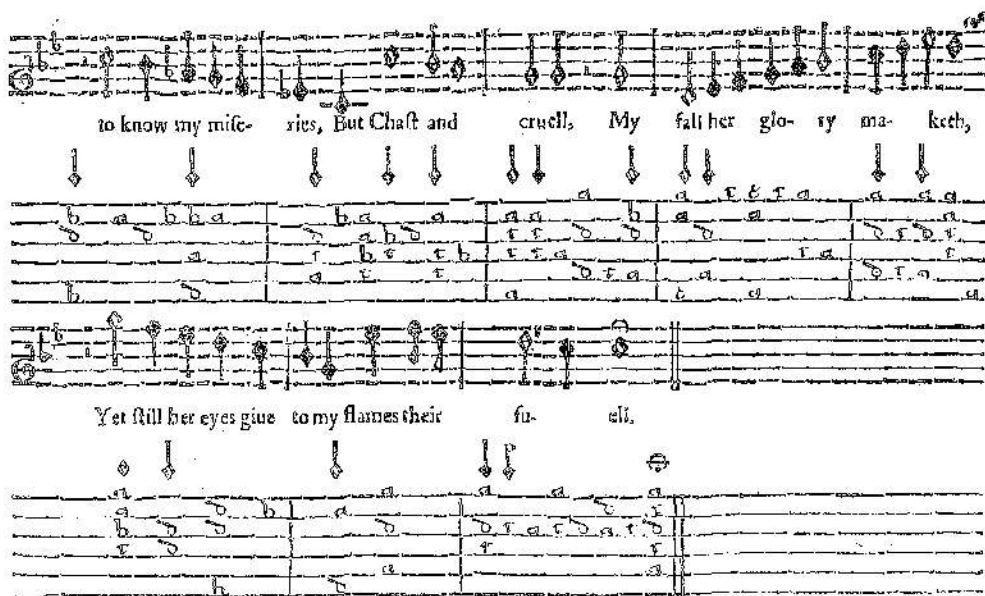




BASS

XI

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,
 Eue death thou art beguilde.
 Though I be hers, she sets by me no treasure,



D



On hea- ny thoughts downe to the place of woe, Tell Griefe, tell



BASSVS.



Paiae, and torments how they vld mee, Say vnto Sorrow who is now my foe, And fretfulnes which



long time hath abusde mee, Manger them all, in time they shall excuse mee, Till then my



hart shall beare my wrongs so hie, Vntill the strings doe burst, and then I dye.



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



Y deereſt Miſtriſſe, let vs liue and loue, And care not what old dotiſg

BASSVS.



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



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



ſure that we ſhould taſt, Of thoſe delights which they themſelves are paſt.





An like a Prophet of ensuing yeeres, Beginnes his life with cries, hee



BASSVS.



ends with paine, There is to di- Oratt twist hopes and feares, That life becomes but a losse and death a



gaine, My hopelesse loue is like my haplesse life, Begun in paine, and ends it selfe in griefe.



Yet death in one's an end of paine and feares,
But cruell Loue though ever living 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 chaff Di- a- na fate,



BASSVS.



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



loue, the boyles with hate, Chaffning their pride with exile from their place, They murmuring ranne to



Sea and being there, Each liquid drop turn'd to a bri- with tears.





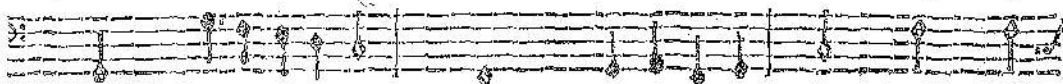
Way, away, a way, call backe what you have said, When you did vow to live and dye a Maid, O



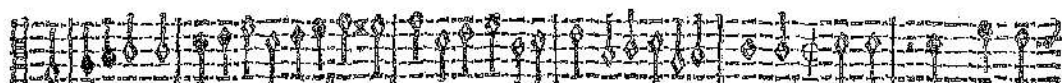
BASSUS.



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 Hymen: pleasing sports no more abstaine. Your selfe, your Virgin girdle would divide,



And put aside, and put aside, ||: the Maiden vail that hides the chiefeest Iemme of Nature, And would lye,



Prostrate to eu'ry Peasant that goes by, Rather then vnder- goe such shame, No tongue can tell, what injury is



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





When I was borne, &c.



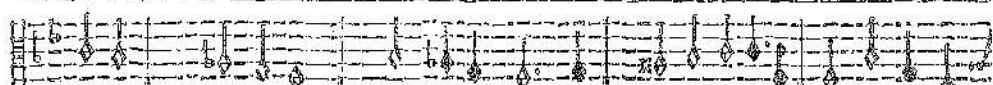
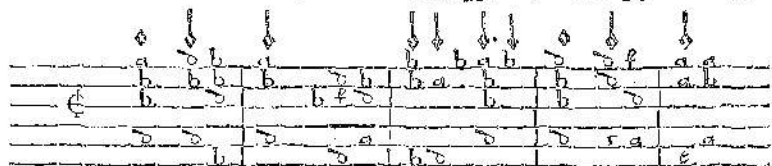
CANTUS.

XV.

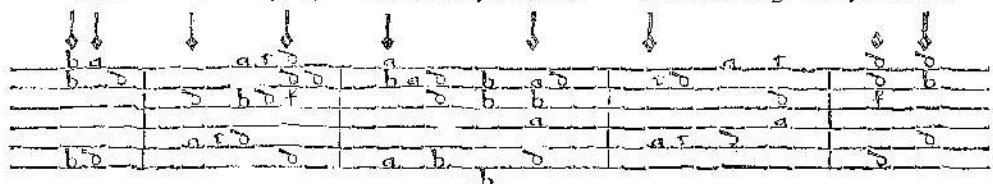
ASSASSIN



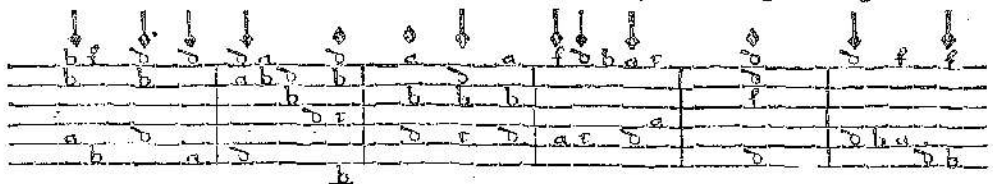
Hen I was borne, Lucina crosse-legg'd faie, The angry flares with



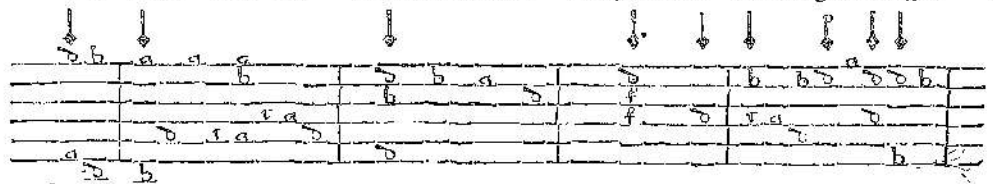
omni-nous aspects, frownd on my birth, And the foredooming Fate, ordain'd to



brand me with their dire effects, The Sunne did hide his face, and left the night to bring me to

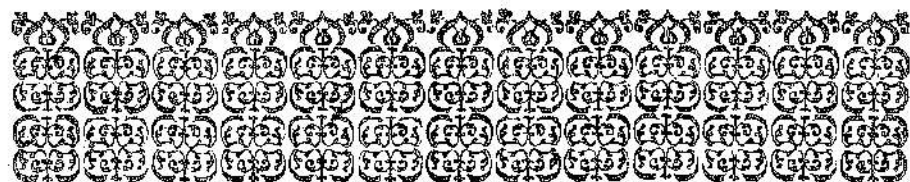


this worlds accur-fed light. The Sunne did hide his face, and left the night to bring me



to this worlds accur-fed light,





TO THE TWO TRVELY VER- TVOVS AND DISCREET GENTLE-

WOMEN, M^{rs} FRSVLA STAPLETON, AND M^{rs}
ELIZABETH COPE, DAUGHTERS TO
the Right VVorthy Knights, S^r Robert Stapleton,
and S^r Walter Cope.



OH quickly the Art of Musicke may be abolished, or at least-
wise 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 fu-
ture 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 *Lyrz* Leifons, and the rather because you
are both welwithers 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 fauou-
rable acceptance of them, and that you will not let this Booke be made an Or-
phant 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 encoura-
ged in more ample sort to publish my poore labours. Thus hoping for no lesse
then I haue formerly entreated, I leuer rest

Yours in all loue, dutie and seruice

William Corkine.



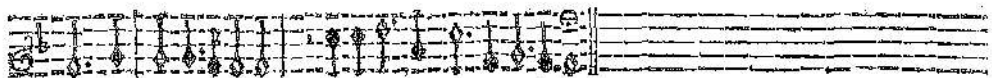
Hail a smile, or guilefull glance, Or a sigh, that is but



BASSVS.



chayned, Shall but teares that come by chance, make me



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



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

g 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,



Be ye a- gree, but shall be

↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

a a e a a e e a a e e a a e a a e

e e e e a e e e e e e e e e e e e

Straight wayes out, Thy passions are so harsh and strange to me, The time is

↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

a a e a a a a e e a a e e e e e e e e e e e e

e e

lost which I have spent for thee, for thee, Yet one the ground must be which you shall

↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

e e

e e

prouc, That descant on my loue. That descant on my loue, That descant on my

↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

e a e

a a

lous, That descant on my loue.

↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

e a a e

e e



Be yet agree, but shall be straight wayes out,

Thy

BASSVS secundus.

Pasions are so hard and strange to mee,

That when the concord's perfect I may doubt,

The time is lost which I have spent for thee, Yet once the ground must be, which you shall proue, Can

heare all parts that descant on my loue, That descant on my loue, s||:

That

descant on my loue,



Ly swift my thoughts, poste tell my Mi- stris



Fly swift my thoughts, poste tell my Mi- stris



heart, And as you finde her loue plead my de- sert, If she be



heart, my Mistress heart, And as you finde her loue plead my de- sert, If she be



somewhat wayward happy my de- sires, A lit- tle coyneffe doth but blow mens fires, But



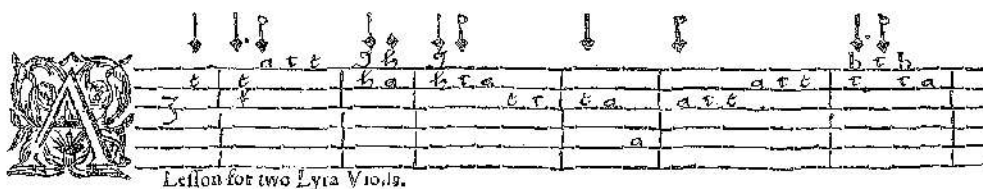
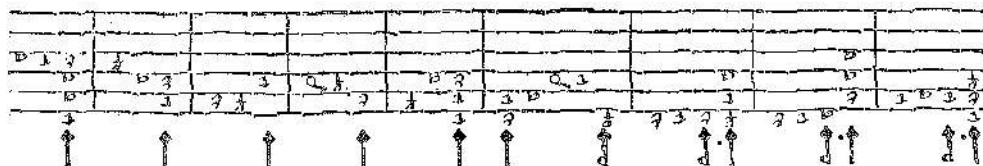
somewhat wayward happy my desires, A lit- tle coyneffe doth but blow mens fires, But will



will the needs forbid the hairens I craue. Re- tire, re- tire, and be burid in your Masters graue.



the needs forbid the hairens I craue, Re- tire and be burid in your Masters graue.



A Lesson for two Lyra Viols.

Lessons for the Lyra Viol.



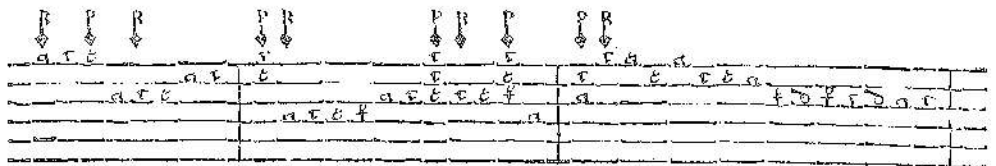
Any Complaints.

Handwritten musical score for the Lyra Viol, consisting of 12 staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as clefs, notes, rests, and accidentals, along with a series of downward-pointing arrows above the staves indicating fingerings or bowing techniques. The score is written in a historical style, likely from the 17th or 18th century.

Lessons for the Lyra Violl.



Erluce.



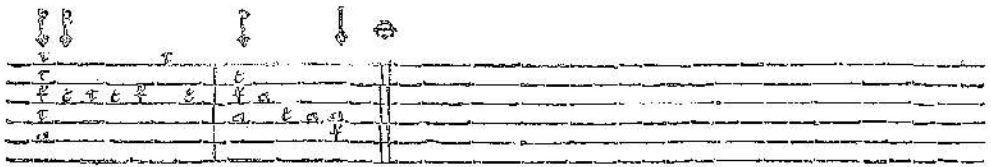
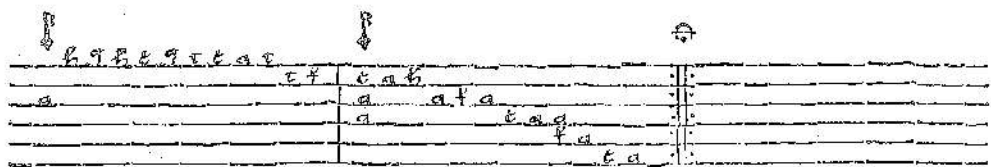
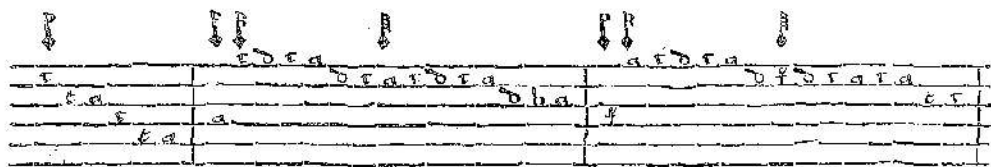
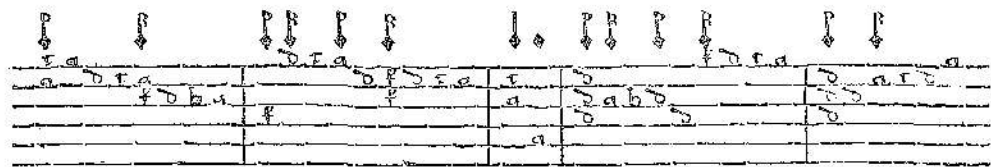
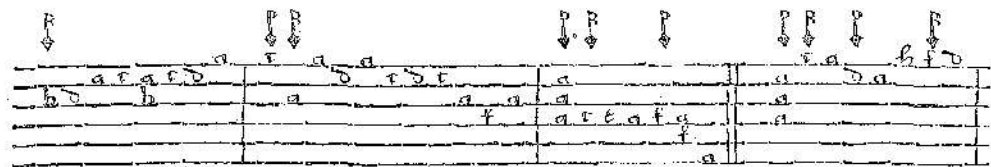
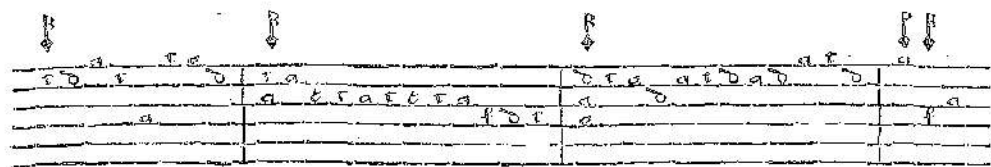
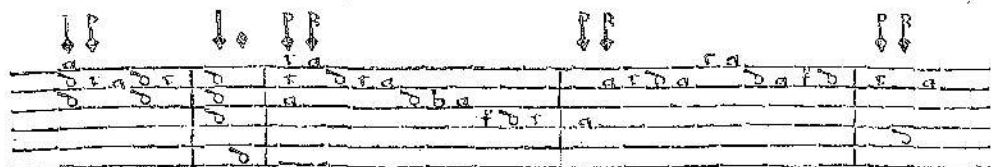
Lessons for the Lyra Violl.



One line with me, and be my Loue.

Handwritten musical notation for the Lyra Violl, consisting of ten systems of staves. Each system contains a single staff with notes, rests, and various musical symbols (including clefs, bar lines, and dynamic markings like 'p' and 'f'). Above each staff, there are numerous vertical lines and dots, likely indicating fingerings or breath marks. The notation is written in a historical style, possibly from the 17th or 18th century.

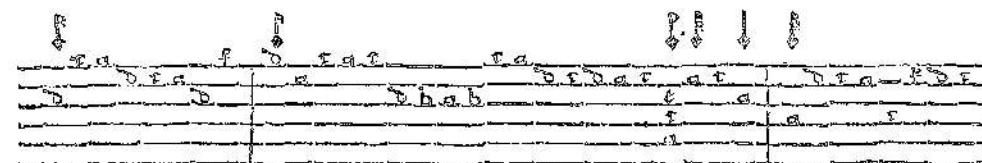
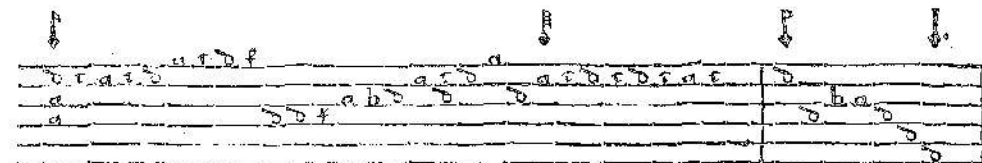
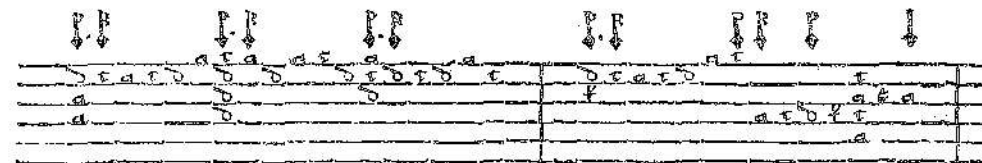
Lessons for the Lyra Violl.



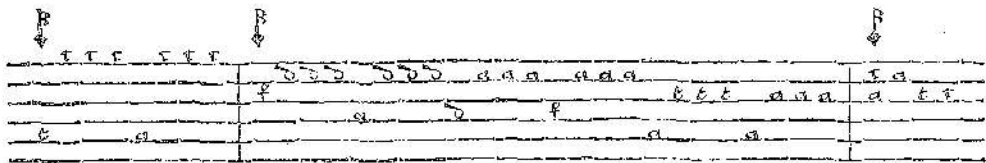
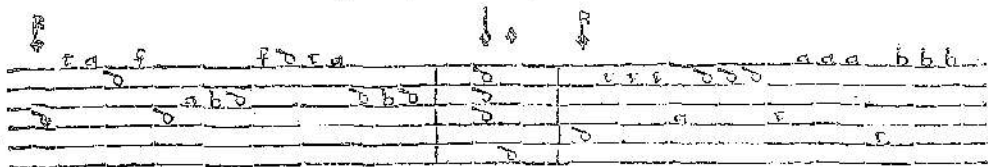
Lessons for the Lyra Viol.



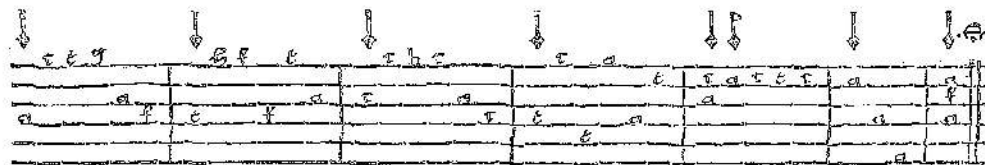
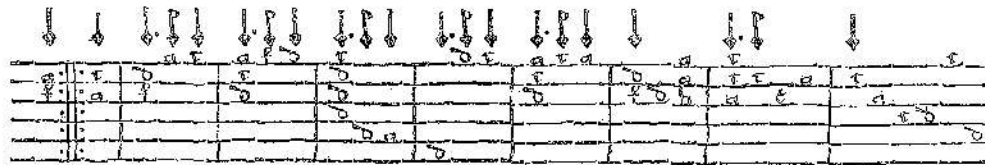
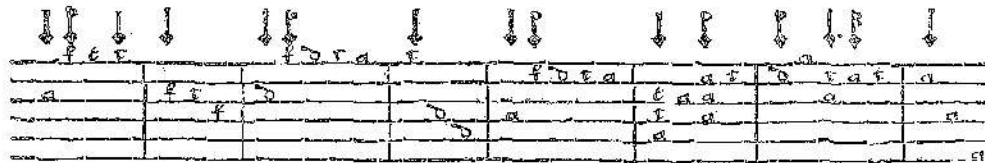
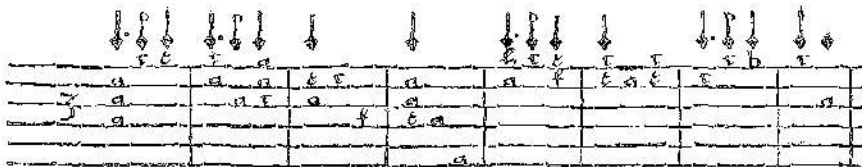
Alingham,



Lessons for the Lyra Viol.



Coranto.



Lessons for the Lyra Viol.



Quintiers Almaine.

Handwritten musical score for the Lyra Viol, titled "Lessons for the Lyra Viol." and "Quintiers Almaine." The score is written on ten staves, each with a treble clef. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals, along with a series of vertical lines above the staves indicating fingerings or bowings. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. The handwriting is in a historical style, likely from the 16th or 17th century.

Lessons for the Lyra Viol.

The image displays a handwritten musical score for the Lyra Viol, organized into several systems of staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and fingerings, all written in a historical style. The score is divided into sections, with the word "Coranto." appearing on the left side of one of the systems. The notation is dense and covers the entire page, with some systems featuring multiple staves per system.

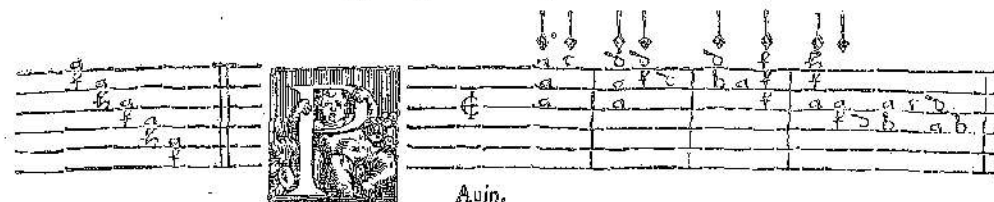
Coranto.

Lessons for the Lyra Violl.

The page contains a series of musical staves for the Lyra Viola. A large, ornate initial 'L' is positioned on the left side, spanning across several staves. The title 'Lessons for the Lyra Violl.' is at the top. The music is written in a system of staves, with various notes, rests, and fingerings indicated by numbers and arrows. The text 'He Ponce's delight.' is written below the first staff. The page is filled with musical notation, including various note values, rests, and fingerings, all arranged in a structured manner for a lesson.

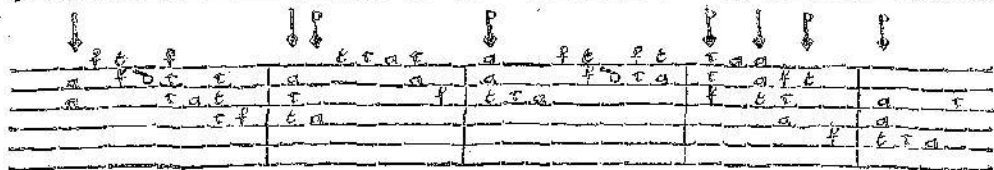
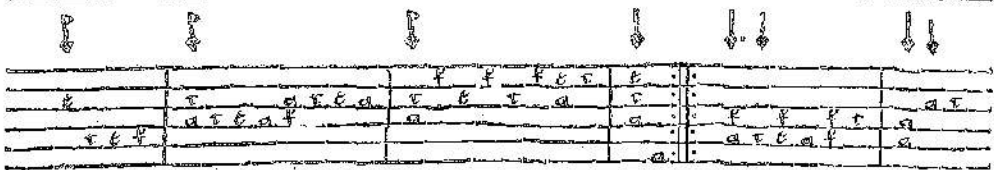
He Ponce's delight.

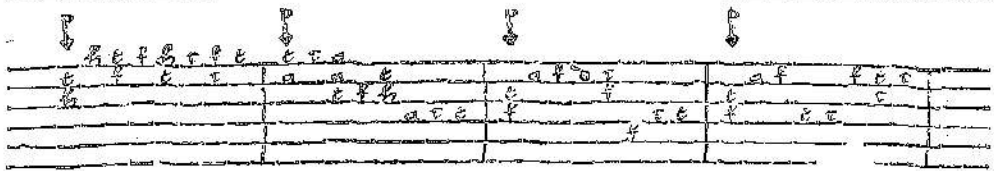
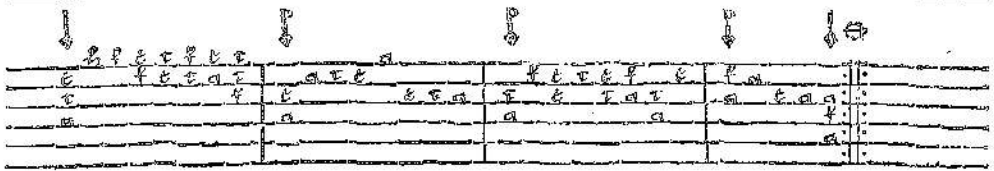
Lessons for the Lyra Violl.



Avin.



Lessons for the Lyra Viol.



Handwritten musical notation for the Lyra Viol, featuring multiple staves with notes, rests, and fingerings. The notation is in a historical style, with some notes marked with 'a' and 'b' for accidentals. Above the staves, there are several groups of downward-pointing arrows, indicating fingerings or bowing directions. The music is organized into measures by vertical bar lines.

A Table of all the Songs contained in this Booke.

Each lonely grace.
 Truth-trying Time.
 Two Lovers far lamenting.
 'Tis true, 'tis day.
 Deere, though your minde stand so auncle.
 Shall I be with ioyes deceived?
 Downe, downe, proud minde.
 Beyond faire Maides.
 The Fire to see my woes for anger burneth.
 One heavy thoughtes.
 My dearest Mistris.
 Bism like a Prophet of ensuing yeeres.
 As by a fontaine chaft Diuinitie.

1.	Away, away.	14.
2.	When I was borne.	15.
3.	Shall I smile.	16.
4.	Wee yet agree.	17.
5.	Fly swift my thoughtes.	18.
6.	A lesson for two Viols.	19.
7.	If my Complaints.	20.
8.	Come live with me and be my loue.	21.
9.	Wallingham.	22.
10.	Mourning Almains.	23.
11.	The Punccks delight.	24.
12.	Pain.	25.
13.	Almains.	26.

FINIS.