

William Corkine

The Second Booke of Ayres

1612

*5. Deere, though your minde*

1 Deere, though your minde stand so auerse,  
That no assaulting words can pierce,  
Your swift and angry flight forbear,  
What neede you doubt, what neede you feare ?  
In vaine I striue your thoughts to moue,  
But stay, and heare me yet sweet loue.

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

3 Sith here no help nor hope remaines,  
To ease my grieffe, or end my paines,  
Ile 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 despaire.