

William Corkine

The Second Booke of Ayres

1612

7. *Downe, downe proud minde*

Downe, downe proud minde, thou soarest farre aboue thy might,  
Aspiring heart, wilt thou not cease to breed my woe ?  
High thoughts, meete with disdain, Peace and Loue fight  
Peace thou hast wone the field, and Loue shall hence in bondage goe.

This fall from Pride my rising is from griefes great deepe  
That bottome wants, vp to the toppe 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 *Ioyes*, for *Griefe* must now ascend :  
My *Starres* conspire 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 martir him (alas) that martir'd is by *Loue* and *Beauty*.