

William Corkine

The Second Booke of Ayres

1612

9. The fire to see

The Fire to see my woes for anger burneth,
The Aire in raine for my affliction weepeth,
The Sea to Ebbe for grieve his flowing turneth,
The Earth with pittie dull his Center turneth.
Fame is with wonder blased,
Time runnes away for sorrow,
Place standeth still amased.
To see my night of ils which hath no morrow.
Alas, all onely she no pittie taketh
To know my miseries, But Chast and cruell,
My fall her glory maketh,
Yet still her eyes giue to my flames their fuell.

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