

Two lovers sat lamenting

William Corkine

Two lov- ers sat la- ment- ing, Hard by a
 Then thus their sil- ence break- ing Their thoughts too
 From looks and words to kiss- es They made their

8

crys- tal brook, Each oth- ers heart tor-
 long es- trang- ed They do be- wray by
 next pro- ceed- ding, And as their on- ly

5
 ment- ing, e- chang- ing look for look, wih
 speak- ing, ad words with words ex- chang- ed: thn
 bliss- es tey there- in were ex- ceed- ing. Oh

10

sighs and tears be- wray- ing, their si- lent
 one of them re- pli- ed Great pi- ty
 what a joy joy is this: to look, to

15

thoughts de- lay- ing, At last quoth one,
 we had to di- ed, thus all a- lone
 talk, to kiss? But thus be- gun

Shall we a- lone, sit here our thoughts be- wray- ing?
 in si- lent moan and not our thoughts de- de- scry- ed.
 is all now done? Ah: all then no- thing is.

20

Fie, fie, fie, oh fie, Oh fie, it that it

it that it

25

may not be, Set look- ing by;
had been ill That in- ward- ly
is a Hell And bet- ter die

30

let speak- ing set us - free.
si- lence the heart should kill.
than kiss, and not should end well.