

# 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

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

ment-ing, ex- chang-ing look for look, with  
 speak-ing, and words with words ex- chang-ed: thn  
 bliss-es they there-in were ex-ceed-ing. Oh

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

15

lay- ing, At last quoth one, Shall we a-  
 di- ed, thus all a- lone in si- lent  
 kiss? But thus be- gun is all now

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lone, sit here our thoughts be- wray- ing?  
 moan and not our thoughts de- scri- ed. Fie, fie, fie, oh  
 done? Ah: all then no- thing is.

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fie, Oh fie, that may not be, Set  
 it had been ill That  
 it is a Hell And

30

look- ing by; let speak- ing set us free.  
 in- ward- ly si- lence the heart should kill.  
 bet- ter die than kiss, and not end well.