

THE
SECOND BOOKE
of Songs or Ayres

IOHN DOWLAND

1600

III. Dye not before thy day.

Dye not before thy day, poore man condemned,
But lift thy low lookes from the humble earth,
Kisse not dispaire and see sweet hope contemned:
The hag hath no delight, but mone for mirth,
O fye, o fye poore fondling, fye bewilling,
To preserue thy selfe from killing,
Hope thy keeper glad to free thee,
Bids thee goe and will not see thee,
Hye thee quickly from thy wrong,
So shee endes hir willing song.