

**THE
FIRST BOOKE**
of Songes or Ayres

Robert Iones

1600

6. Lie downe poore heart.

1

Lie downe poore heart and die a while for griefe,
Thinke not this world will euer do thee good,
Fortune forewarnes that looke to thy reliefe,
And sorrow sucks vpon thy liuing bloud,
Then this is all can helpe thee of this hell,
Lie downe and die, and then thou shalt doe well.

2

Day giues his light but to thy labours toyle,
And night her rest but to thy weary bones,
Thy fairest fortune followes with a foyle:
And laughing endes but with their after grones.
And this is all can helpe thee of thy hell,
Lie downe and die and then thou shalt doe well.

3

Patience doth pine and pittie ease no paine,
Time weares the thoughts but nothing helps thy mind,
Dead and aliue aliue and dead againe:
These are the fits that thou art like to finde.
And this is all can helpe thee of thy hell,
Lie downe and die and then thou shalt doe well.