

**THE
FIRST BOOKE**
of Songes or Ayres

Robert Iones

1600

15. Life is a Poets fable.

1

Life is a Poets fable,
And all her daies are lies,
Stolne from deaths reckoning table,
For I die, for I die, as I speake,
Death times the notes that I doe breake.

2

Childhood doth die in youth,
And youth in old age dies,
I thought I liu'd in truth:
But I die, but I die, now I see:
Each age of death makes one degree.

3

Farewell the doting score,
Or worlds arithmeticke,
Life, ile trust thee no more,
Till I die, ii. for thy sake,
Ile go by deaths new almanacke.

4

This instant of my song,
A thousand men lie sicke,
A thousand knels are rong:
And I die as they sing,
They are but dead and I dying.

5

Death is but lifes decay,
Life time, time wastes away,
Then reason bids me say,
That I die, though my breath
Prolongs this space of lingring death.