

**THE
FIRST BOOKE**
of Songes or Ayres

Robert Iones

1600

17. That heart.

1

That hart wherein all sorrowes doth abound,
Lies in this breast, and cries alowd for death,
O blame not her when I am vnder ground,
That scorning wisht t'outliue my panting breath,
 O doe not her despise,
 But let my death suffice,
 To make all young men wise.

2

My louing hopes prolongd my lothed life,
Till that my life grew lothsome to my lou'd,
Then death and I were at no longer strife:
And I was glad my death her wish approu'd.
 O let not her be shent,
 Yet let my president,
 Make womans harts relent.