

**THE
FIRST BOOKE**
of Songes or Ayres

Robert Iones

1600

8. Hero care not though they prie.

1

Hero care not though they prie
I will loue thee till I die,
Ielousie is but a smart,
That torments a ielous hart :
 Crowes are blacke, that were white,
 For betraying loues delight.

2

They that loue to finde a fault,
May repent what they haue sought,
What the fond eie hath not view'd,
Neuer wretched hart hath rew'd :
 Vulcan then, prou'd a scorne,
 When he saw he wore a horne.

3

Doth it then by might behoue,
To shut vp the gates of loue,
Women are not kept by force,
But by natures owne remorse.
 If they lift, they will stay,
 Who can hold that will away.

4

Loue in golden shower obtain'd,
His loue in a towre restrain'd,
So perhaps if I could doe,
I might hold my sweete loue to :
 Gold keepe out at the doore,
 I haue loue that conquers more.

5

Wherefore did they not suspect,
When it was to some effect,
Euery little glimmering sparke,
Is perceiued in the darke :
 This is right, how lets kinde,
 See by night, by day be blinde.