

THE SECOND
BOOKE OF SONGS
AND AYRES

Robert Iones

1601

21. Come sorrow come.

1

Come sorrow come, sweet scayle,
By the which we ascend to the heauenlie place,
Where vertue sitteth smyling,
To see how some looke pale,
With feare to beholde thy ill fauoured face,
Vaine shewes their sence beguiling,
For mirth hath no assurance,
Nor warrantie of durance.

2

Hence pleasures flie, sweete baite,
On the which they may iustly be said to be fooles,
That surfet by much tasting,
Like theeues you lie in waite.
Most subtillie how to prepare sillie soules,
For sorrowes euerlasting.
Wise griefes haue ioyfull turnings,
Nice pleasures ende in mournings.