

# A Muscally Dreame

Robert lones

1609

X. O he is gone and I am here

1 O he is gone and I am here  
Aye me, why are we thus deuided,  
My sight in his eyes did appeare,  
My soule by his soules thought was guided,  
Then come again my all, my life, my being,  
Soules, zeale, harts ioy, eares gester, eyes onely seeing.

2 Come fable care sease on my heart,  
Take vp the roomes that ioyes once filled,  
Natures sweet blisse is slaine by Art,  
Afence black frost liues spring hath killed  
Then come again, my loue, my deere, my treasure,  
My blisse, my fate, my end, my hopes full measure.