

# A Muscalle Dreame

Robert lones

1609

## XVI. O Thred of life

1 O Thred of life when thou art spent how are my sorrowes eased.  
O vaile of flesh when thou art rent how shall my soule be pleased :  
O earth why tremblest thou at death,  
That did receiue both heate and breath,  
By bargaine of a second birth,  
That done againe to be cold earth,  
Come death, deere widwife to my life.  
See sin and vertue hold at strife,  
Make hast away,  
Left thy delay,  
Bee my decay,  
World of inanity,  
School-house of vanity,  
Minion of hell,  
Farewell, farewell.

2 O coward life whose feare doth tie me in distasting sences,  
Infused part mount vp on hie, lite gets on life offences,  
O flie immortall flie away,  
Be not immurde in finite clay,  
Where true loue doth with selfe loue fight,  
Begetting thoughts that doe affright,  
Courage faint heart, sound trumpet death,  
Ile find it wind with all my breath.  
O case of glasse,  
Confusions mase,  
A flouring grasse,  
Temple of treachery,  
Soule yoake of misery,  
Store-house of hell,  
Farewell, farewell.