

A Muscalle Dreame

Robert lones

1609

II. Sweet Kate of late

Sweete Kate,
Of late,
Ran away and left me playning,
A bide,
I cride,
Or I die with thy disdayning,
Te hee hee quoth she,
Gladly would I see,
Any man to die with louing,
Neuer any yet,
Died of such a fitte,
Neither haue I feare of prouing.

2 Vnkind,
I find,
Thy delight is in tormenting,
A bide,
I cride,
Or I die with thy consenting,
Te hee hee quoth she,
Make no foole of me,
Men I know haue oathes at pleasure,
But their hopes attaind,
They bewray they faind,
And their oathes are kept at leasure.

3 Her words,
Like swords,
Cut my sorry heart in sunder,
Her floutes,
With doubts,
Kept my heart affections vnde,
Te hee hee quoth she,
What a foole is he,
Stands in awe of once denying,
Cause I had in ough
To become more rough,
So I did, O happy trying.