

A Muscalle Dreame

Robert lones

1609

VII. On a time in summers season

- 1 On a time in summers season,
locky late with lenny walking,
Like a lout made loue with talking,
When he should be doing, Reason
Still he cries, when he should dally,
lenny sweet, sweet, shall I, shall I.
- 2 lenny as most women vse it,
Who say nay when they would haue it,
With a bolde face seemed to craue it,
With a saint looke did refuse it,
locky lost his time to dally,
Still he cries, sweet, shall I, shall I.
- 3 She who knew that backward dealing,
Was a foe to forward longing,
To auoide her owne hearts wronging,
With a sigh loues sute reuealing,
Said locky sweet when you would dally,
Doe you cry, sweet, shall I, shall I.
- 4 locky knew by her replying,
That a no is I in wooing,
That an asking without doing,
Is the way to loues denying.
Now he knowes when he would dally,
How to spare, sweet, shall I, shall I.