

# A Muscalle Dreame

Robert Iones

1609

XVIII. Faine would I speake

1

Faine would I speake but feare to giue offence,  
Makes mee retires and in amasement stand,  
Still breathing forth, my woes in fruitlesse silence,  
Whilst my poore hart is slaine by her faire hands :  
Faire hands indeed the guiders of the dart  
That from her eyes were leueld at my heart.

2

Those eyes two pointed Diamonds did engraue,  
Within my heart the true and liuely forme,  
Of that sweet Saint whose pittie most I craue,  
Whose absence makes me comfortlesse to mourne,  
And sighing say (Sweet) would she know my loue,  
My plaints perhaps her mind may somewhat moue.

3

But if she knew, what if she did reiect,  
Yet better twere by her sweet doome to die,  
That she might know my deare loue true effect,  
Then thus to liue in vnknowne misery,  
Yet after death it may be she would say,  
His too much loue did worke his liues decay.