

A Muscalle Dreame

Robert lones

1609

XIII. Griefe of my best loues absenting

1

Griefe of my best loues absenting :
Now O now wilt thou affayle mee,
I had rather life should fayle mee,
Then endure thy flow tormenting.
Life our griefes and vs doe feuer
Wise mens eyes are in their mind,
Once for euer
Absence griefe haue no relenting.

2

Well, be it foule absence spights me,
So far of it cannot send her,
As my heart should not attend her.
O how this thoughts thought delights me
Absence doe thy worst and spare not,
Wise mens eyes are in their mind,
Know I care not
When thou wrongst me, my thoughts right me.

3

O but such thoughts proue illusions,
Shadowes of a substance banisht,
Dreames of pleasure too soone vanisht,
Reasons maimde of their conclusions,
Then since thoughts and all deceiue me,
Wise mens eyes are in their mind,
O life leaue me,
End of life ends loues confusions.