

A Muscalle Dreame

Robert lones

1609

V. Harke, harke, wot you what

- 1 Harke, harke, wot you what nay faith and shall I tell,
I am afraide to die a maid and then lead Apes in hell,
O it makes me sigh and sob with inward grieve,
But if I can but get a man heele yeelde me some reliefe.
- 2 O it is strange how nature works with me,
My body is spent and I lament mine owne great folly,
O it makes me sigh and powre forth flouds of teares,
Alas poore elte none but thy selfe would liue, hauing such cares.
- 3 O now I see that fortune frowes on me,
By this good light I haue beene ripe,
O it makes me sigh and sure it will me kill,
When I should sleepe I lie and weepe, feeding on sorrowes still.
- 4 I must confesse as maides haue vertue store,
Liue honest still against our wils, more fooles we are therefore,
O it makes me sigh, yet hope doth still me good,
For if I can but get a man, with him ile spend my blood.