

A Muscalle Dreame

Robert lones

1609

XV. If in this flesh

1 If in this flesh where thou indrencht doth lie,
Poore soule thou canst reare vp thy limed wings,
Carry my thoughts vp to the sacred skie,
And wash them in those heauenly hallowed springs,
Where ioy and requium the holy Angel sings
Whilst all heauens vault with blessed Ecchoes rings.

2 Awaked with this harmony diuine,
O how my soule mounts vp her throned head,
And giues again with natiue glory shine,
Wash with repentance then thy dayes misled,
Then ioyes with requium mayest thou with Angels sing,
Whilest all heauens vault with blessed Ecchoes ring.