

A Muscalle Dreame

Robert lones

1609

I. Though your strangenes frets my heart

1 Though your strangenes frets my hear

Yet must I not complaine
You perswade me tis but Art,
Which secret loue must faine,
If another you affect,
Tis but a toy to auoide suspect,
Is this faire excusing,
O no, all is abusing.

2 When you wisht sight I desire,

Suspition you pretend,
Causlesse you your selfe retire,
Whilst I in vaine attend,
Thus a louer as you say,
Still made more eager by delay,
Is this faire excusing,
O no, all is abusing.

3 When another holds your hand,

Youle sweare I hold your heart,
Whilst my riuall close doth stand,
And I sit farre apart,
I am neerer yet then they,
Hid in your bosome as you say,
Is this faire excusing,
O no, all is abusing.

4 Would a riuall then I were,

Some else your secret friend,
So much lesser should I feate,
And not so much attend,
Then enioy you euery one,
Yet must I seeme your friend alone,
Is this faire excusing,
O no, all is abusing.