

A Muscalle Dreame

Robert Iones

1609

III. Will saide to his Mammy

1

Will saide to his Mammy
That hee woulde goe woo,
Faine would he wed but he wot not who,
Soft a while my lammy,
Stay, and yet abide,
Hee like a foole as he was replied,
In faith chil haue a wife, a wife, a wife,
O what a life doe I lead,
For a wife in my bed,
I may not tell you,
O there to haue a wife, a wife, a wife,
O tis a smart to my heart,
Tis a racke to my backe,
And to my belly.

2

Scarcely was hee wedded,
Full a fortnights space,
But that he was in a heauie case,
Largely was he headded,
And his cheekes lookt thinne:
And to repent he did thus beginne:
A figge for such a wife, a wife, a wife,
O what a life doe I lead,
With a wife in my bed,
I may not tell you,
O there to haue a wife, a wife, a wife,
O tis a smart to my heart,
Tis a racke to my backe,
And to my belly.

3

All you that are Batchelars,
Be learned by crying will,
When you are well to remaine so still,
Better for to tarry,
And alone to lie,
Then like a foole with a foole to crie:
A figge for such a wife, a wife, a wife,
O what a life doe I lead,
With a wife in my bed,
I may not tell you,
O there to haue a wife, a wife, a wife,
O tis a smart to my heart,
Tis a racke to my backe,
And to my belly.