

# A Muscalle Dreame

Robert lones

1609

## VIII. Farewell fond youth

1

Farewell fond youth, if thou hadst not beene blinde,  
Out of mine eyes thou mightst haue read my mind,  
But now I plainly see how thou wouldst faine leaue me;  
Sure I was accurst,  
Not to goe at first,  
Sure I was accurst, O fie no,  
Sweet stay and I will tell thee why no.

2

Once more farewell, since first I heard thee speake,  
And had but sung farewell, my heart would breake,  
But now since I doe find thy loue is like the wind,  
What a foole was I,  
To be like to die.  
What a foole was I, I was not,  
Yet say I was a foole I passe not.

3

Woes me alas, why did I let him goe,  
These be the fruites of idle saying no,  
Now that he can disproue me, how shall he euer loue me,  
Nay but is he gone,  
Then I am vndone,  
Nay but is he gone, O hold him,  
Fie, forty things are yet vtold him.