

A Muscalle Dreame

Robert lones

1609

XI. And is it night, are they thine eyes that shine

1

And is it night, are they thine eyes that shine,
Are we alone and here and here alone,
May I come neere but touch but touch thy shrine,
Is lealousie asleepe and he is gone
O Gods no more, silence my lippes with thine
Lippes, kisses, loyes haue blessings most deuine.

2

O come my deare our griefs are turnde to night,
And night to ioyes, night blinds pale enuies eyes,
Silence and sleepe prepare vs our delight,
O ease we then our woes, our griefs, our cries,
O vanish words, words doe but passions moue,
O dearest life, ioyes sweet, O sweetest loue.