

A Muscalle Dreame

Robert lones

1609

XVII. When I sit reading all alone

1

When I sit reading all alone that secret booke
Wherein I sigh to looke
How many spots there bee,
I wish I could not see,
Or from my selfe might flee.

2

Mine eyes for refuge then with zeale befie the skies,
My teares doe cloude those eyes,
My sighes doe blow them drie,
And yet I liue to die,
My selfe I cannot flie.

3

Heauens I implore, that knowes my fault, what shall I doe,
To hell I dare not goe,
The world first made me rue,
My selfe my griefes renew,
To whome then shall I sue.

4

Alasse, my soule doth faint to draw this doubtfull breath,
Is there no hope in death,
O yes, death ends my woes :
Death me from me will lose,
My selfe am all my foes.