

The Muses Gardin for Delights

Robert Iones

1610

13. As I lay lately in a dreame

- 1 As I lay lately in a dreame,
Me thought I saw a wonderous thing,
A woman faire transformed was,
Into a Fidle without a string,
A Metamorphosis so rare,
As all most made mee wake for feare.
O this is rare, Yea, very rare.
- 2 Till honest neighbours dwelling neigh,
Said they would all her wants supply,
And said that they haue strings in store,
For such a Fidle and fortie more,
For loue they beare vnto the sport,
Theyle make her fit for the confort.
O this is rare, Yea, very rare.
- 3 Theyle send her first to some that can,
Put in the peg, and peg her than,
If that her bridge be broken so,
As that the Fidle cannot go,
Theyle soone deuise some other way,
To make her sound the round-delay.
O this is rare, Yea, very rare.
- 4 When they haue set her in the keye,
You must not straine her strings so high,
For feare the Fidle chance to crake,
Not let the strings be too too slacke,
The Diapason is her sound,
The lowest note is most profound.
O this is rare, Yea, very rare.
- 5 But note a discord in Musicke,
To sound some Note without a pricke,
And then for keeping of your moode,
Sing three to one thats passing good,
Of all the Notes in Gamuet scale,
The Long is that which must not faile.
O this is rare, Yea, very rare.