

THE SECOND
BOOKE OF SONGS
AND AYRES

Robert Iones

1601

5. Me thought this other night.

1
Me thought this other night
I sawe a prettie sight
 That pleasd me much,
A faire and comly maid
Not squemish nor afraid
 To let me tuch.
Our lips most sweetly kissing
Each other neuer missing,
Her smiling lookes did shew content
And that shee did but what shee meant.

2
And as her lips did moue,
The eccho still was loue,
 love love me sweete,
Then with a maiden blush,
Instead of crying pish
 Our lips did meete,
With Musicke sweetly sounding,
With pleasures all abounding,
We kept the burden of the song,
Which was that loue should take no wrong.

3
And yet as maidens vse,
She seemed to refuse,
 The name of loue,
Vntill I did protest,
That I did loue her best,
 And so will proue.
With that as both amazed,
Each at the other gazed,
My eyes did see, my hands did feelee,
Her eyes of fire, her brest of steele.

4
O when I felt her brest,
Where loue it selfe did rest,
 My loue was such,
I could haue beene content,
My best bloud to haue spent,
 In that sweete tutch.
But now comes that which vext vs,
There was a bar betwixt vs,
A bar that bard me from that part,
Where nature did contend with art.

5
If ever loue had power,
To send one happie houre,
 Then shew thy might,
And take such bars away,
Which are the onely stay
 Of loues delight.
All this was but a dreaming,
Although another meaning,
Dreames may proue true, as thoughts are free,
I will loue you, you may loue mee.