

Reames and Imaginations are all the recreations absence can gaine me dreames when I

wake, ii. confound me, thoghts for her sake doth wound me least she disdain me, then sinking let me

lie, or thinking let me die, since loue, ii. since loue hath slaine me, then sinking

let me lie, or thinking let mee die, since loue, ii. since loue hath slaine me.

2  
 Dreames are but coward and doe,  
 Much good they dare not stand too,  
 Asham'd of the morrow,  
 Thoughts like a child that winketh,  
 Hee's not beguild that thinketh,  
 Hath peir'ft me thorow,  
 Both filling me with blisses,  
 Both killing me with kisses,  
 dying in sorrow.

3  
 Dreames with their false pretences,  
 And thoughts confounds my senses,  
 In the conclusion,  
 Which like a glasse did shew mee,  
 What came to passe and threw mee,  
 Into confusion,  
 Shee made mee leaue all other,  
 Yet had she got another,  
 This was abuson.