

CANTVS

III.

Robert Jones.



Dreames and Imaginations are all thereteations ab-sence can gaine me dreames when I

B B B P B P B B B B B B B P B B B B B P

a f de a d a b o d e d d a a a c a a d c a a

c e c e c e c e d e a a d a a c a c e e c

d e d e d e d e d a d a a c a a c a a c e e

d a d a d a d a a c a a c a a c a a c e e

wake, ii.

confound me, thoughts for her sake doth wound me least she disdaine me, then sinking let me

B B B B B P B R B B P P B B B B B B P

c e a a d e c c d a a a c d d e a a c d a a

d a d a d a d a a c a a c a a c a a c e e

c a t c a c d a a c a a c a a c a a c e e

a

lie, or thinking let me die, since loue, ii.

since loue hath slaine me, then sinking

B P P B R B B B B B B B B B B B P

c e a a d f g h d a a a c d d e a a c d a a

d a d a d a d a a c a a c a a c a a c e e

c a t c a c d a a c a a c a a c a a c e e

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

since loue hath slaine me.

B P P P P B B B B B B B B B B P

c e a a d f g h d a a a c d d e a a c d a a

d a d a d a d a a c a a c a a c a a c e e

c a t c a c d a a c a a c a a c a a c e e

a

²
Dreames are but coward and doe,
Much good they dare not stand too,
A shamed of the morrow,
Thoughts like a child that winketh,
Hee's not beguiled that thinketh,
Hath peirst 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 sensles,
In the conclusion,
Which like a glasse did shew mee,
What came to passe and threw mee,
Into confusion,
Shee made mee leue all other,
Yet had she got another,
This was abusion.