Pin'd I am and like to dye



2. In my bed when I should rest, It breeds such trouble in my brest, That scarce mine eyes will close: If I sleepe, it seemes to be Oft playing in the bed with me, But wak'd away it goes.
Tis some spirit sure I weene, And yet it may be felt, and seene.

3. Would I had the heart, and wit,
To make it stand, and coniure it
That haunts me thus with teare.
Doubtlesse tis some harmlesse spright,
For it by day, as well as night,
Is ready to appeare.
Be it friend, or be it foe,
Ere long Ile trie what it will doe.