

When I
go musing all alone Thinking of
divers things fore-known, When I build
castles in the air, Void of sorrow and void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet, Methinks the time
runs very fleet, All my joys to this are folly, Naught so sweet as
melancholy. When I lie waking all alone, Recounting what I have ill
done, My thoughts on me then tyrannise, Fear and sorrow me surprise,
Whether I tarry still or go, Methinks the time moves very slow. All my griefs to
this are jolly, Naught so mad as melancholy. When to myself I aſt and smile, With
pleasing thoughts the time beguile, By a brook side or wood so green, Unheard, unsought
for, or unseen, A thousand pleasures do me bless, And crown my soul with happiness. All my
joys besides are folly, None so sweet as melancholy. When I lie, sit, or walk alone, I sigh, I
grieve, making great moan, In a dark grove, or irksome den, With discontents and Furies then,
A thousand miseries at once Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce, All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as melancholy. Methinks I see, methinks I see, Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine; Here now, there; the world is mine, Rare beauties, gallant
ladies shine, What'e'r is lovely or divine, All my joys to this are folly, None so sweet as
melancholy. Methinks I hear, methinks I see, Goblins, fiends; my phantasy Presents a
thousand ugly shapes, Headless bears, and many more, Doleful outcries, and fearful sights, My
sad and dismal soul affrights. All my griefs to this are jolly, None so damn'd as melancholy.
Methinks I court, methinks I kiss, Methinks I now embrace my mistress. O blessed days, O sweet
content, In Paradise my time is spent, Such thoughts may still my fancy move, So may I
ever be in love. All my joys to this are folly, Naught so sweet as
melancholy. Methinks I see, methinks I see, My love's many
frights, My sighs and tears, My waking
nights, My jealous fits; O mine hard
fate, I now regret, but 'tis too late. No
contentment so bad as love, So
bitter my griefs to this are folly,
I have had melancholy and
companions get you gone, 'Tis my
well but when my thoughts and I Do
treasure like to this, 'Tis my delight,
this are folly, Naught so sweet as
be alone, I am a beast, a
nor company, I find it now my
joys are gone, Fear, discontent, and sorrows come.
All my griefs to this are jolly, Naught so
melancholy. I'll not change life with any
king, I ravisht am: can the world bring More joy,
than still to laugh and smile, In pleasant toys time to
beguile? Do not,
O do not trouble
me, So sweet content I
feel and see. All my joys
to this are folly, None so divine
as melancholy. I'll change my state
with any wretch, Thou canst from gaol or
dunghill fetch; My pain's past cure, another hell, I may not in
this torment dwell! Now desperate I hate my life, Lend
me a halter or a knife; All my griefs to this are
jolly, Naught so damn'd as melancholy.

ROBERT BURTON