

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 tyrannic, Fear and sorrow me surprize, 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 ad 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 discontent and Furies then, A thousand miseries at  
once Mine heavy heart and soul oppress, All my griefs to this are jolly, None so sour as  
melancholy. Methinks I hear, methinks I see sweet music, wondrous melody, Towns, palaces, and  
cities fine; Here now, then there; the world is mine. Beauties, gallant ladies shine, Whate'er is  
lovely or divine. All other joys to this are folly, None so sweet as melancholy. Methinks I hear,  
methinks I see Ghosts, goblins, fiends, and hobgoblins, a thousand ugly shapes, Headless bears,  
black men, and apes, 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, All my joys to this are folly, Naught so sweet as  
melancholy. Methinks I wake, methinks I sleep, I count love's many  
frighs, My sighs and tears, My waking nights, My jealous fits; O  
but 'tis too late. No torment is so bad as  
love. So be it to my soul can  
me, methinks I see to this are  
folly, None so sweet as melancholy.  
I am alone; Neer well but  
when my thoughts and I Do domineer  
to this, 'Tis my delight, my crown, my  
Naught so sweet as melancholy. 'Tis  
beast, a monster grown, I will no  
my misery. The scene is turn'd,  
discontent, and sorrows come. All my griefs to  
this are jolly, Naught so fierce as melancholy I'll not  
change life with any king, I raviht 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