

The Comical Dreamer

Anonymous

Am C G7 Am C




Last night a dream came in - to my head, Thou wert a fine white
Late - ly when fan - cy too__ did__ roam, Thou wert, my dear, a
Once joy in dream - ing I__ did__ meet, Thou wert a bowl of
Soon af - ter whims came in__ my__ pate, Thou wert a pot of

G7 Am C G Am C



loaf__ of__ bread; And if may but - ter__ I__ could be,
ho - ney - comb; And had I been a__ pret - ty bee,
bran - dy__ sweet; Oh, could I then the__ la - dle be,
choc - o - late; And could I but the__ row - ler be,

Am G7 G7 C G7 Am



How__ I would spread, Oh, how__ I would spread my - self__ on__ thee.
How__ I would suck, Oh, how__ I would creep, creep in - to__ thee.
How__ I would pour, Oh, how__ I would pour out joys__ from__ thee.
How__ I would rub, Oh, how__ I would twirl and froth__ up__ thee.

C G7 Em Am C

This morn- ing too my thoughts ran— hard, That you were made a
 A vis - ion too I had of— old, That thou a mor - tar
 An - oth - er time by charm div - ine, I dreamt thou wert am
 But since all dreams are vain, my— dear, Let now some so - lid

G7 Am C G Am C

cool— tank - ard; Then could I but a— lem - on be,
 wert— of— gold; Then could I but the— pes - tle be,
 or - chard— fine; Then could I but thy— far - mer be,
 joy— ap - pear; My soul still thine is— proved— to be,

Am G7 G7 C G7 Am

How— I would squeeze, Oh how— I would squeeze my juice— in— thee.
 How— I would pound, Oh how— I would pound my spice— in— thee.
 How— I would plant, Oh how— I would plant my fruit— in— thee.
 Let— bo - dy now, Oh let— bo - dy now with soul— ag - ree.