Call mee ye sones of beare, and then conside
me to ye tops of yost ye here, let me 
Nize shine upon me, let my verses all 
Hast to a sudden death, and funeral:
And last (dear spouse) when I thee disallow
Nize may prophetic Daphne crowne my brow.

For his friend Travailing:

As virtuous men passe mild away,
And whisper in their souls to go;
As little some of theye their friends doe say:
Now his soul goe and some say no,
So let us melt, and make not noise
Nor tracerfords, nor sighte persists more,
These prepare'ation of our eyes
To still the layated of our free.

Mourne of the earth cause paime, and fear
Men reckon what they did, and ment,
But trepidation of ye spirits,
Though greater fears are invented:
Dull surlytye knows none
Whose sould is stince cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
The things which remembred it:
But see by love so much to find
That our selves know not what it is:
Entyre assayed of the mind
Carestake, eyes fire, and hands demiss,
Our true soles then, which are but one
Though we must part, we will not admit

A breach of 
Life, god
If we be 
As stiffe
Thy soul is 
to move
And though
Keen-shi
That leave
And grow
Such thin to
Like the
Thy fire
And may

Like to ye R
One lesson to
And waits
But doth pr
So rum my
So still aget
That now i
And and 
In past, and
Are all to s
And did not
For want of
What thou grace
Heart entice
Each other in
The C em