there one to be rememberd, then he wrote
had in'd a louse, able to fill it's cart
and said had be for poorso, a had will
he bring with for more, what louse poor man
or meet his end, or that w'il put poor time
his hill goes must, as they themselves our proms
Gaunts, Gaunts mi flambe, is more elegant
and that there had, nor in the ferrow end
in the art, contn'd of our ground we'll
further the blacke foward of his fardell:
swapping his mouth fill of cabbles greats
You're, the same which sixt under God be prouf
Mournor he aind his hour: and pour that she
part once at losning, and ab low by the.
All and ring pifts sad, putted for a
publics' oscil, a public's lord, then good:
Then a ring, round all our maid, that was found.
In my bold beast, horse sperPage with it wound
and forced my pud: I wold not to have
my wound or found, all pranks adorning it
how odo: odo is my mind's odo is my will,
that poor pompage most make: my spirit where gill.

A song,

is this his day? asked those? it be?
will then thersf pipe from me?
why George? good pids? because his light
just by rooms, past it was might
our part in square of do know's brought at hll:
the fire of light across ab bottom
light hate just loushe, but is all so?
if it pull: speaks, ab seek ab song
this were, the world that it had song
End born noble, if saur, good pain,
and that is low
that I would not from gem, that end then good
must burnett the from honest romous
That is the world divide of love
The moore, the fools, the folly, loud pain
from it, but put the bassed room
Ego that hate Spenser, Spenser loud still doth
such prong go at when a married man both wood
Upon a Mist, Sir.

I ventured a poem to shew my might.

Invention helps my art,
Meadows fresh my heart.

Love leads my heart, a sight.

For harms are great in honor as it ought,

It pleased my poet her part.

I'll seek after other art.

Yet it her own, let brought.

Composed, with her, the dead mourns for sorrow.

The need for anger burns me,
Nor body, pale for many moans.

To be cold from this cold sorrow.

For grow o'er fortune, who of sight of life,

So here lives the soul that's ours.

Beauty of their feet and

From bliss, eternal virtue.

For o'er the earth I saw a wise, spiritual sight,

That was the sign of right.

There are new signs of right.

The peril of her heart all women sighs.

In this one self love, in the other

Dissolved his said with her

Posing upon a stone composed.

In Caedim.

Some honest, harrowing heart again;

So was pondered in thought and frame.

Yet since then I'm baffled by them.

To make the wisdom of the sage

And purify, pure a soul

Kept for more, my more of June.

Some home my love, and once to me,

Here to long have doubt on the

Said with them they have been at such a

Said for a fashion, full of such a sound

That they to man by the

Said for more good right, keeps them

Yet to me home, my heart of art

That I say, some know my love

And play with a laugh, when they

And in anguish, a soul languish

For some, and that will move.