Did nurse ye, who now is grown strange enough
So far from that path to Jesu's taste seems tough.

E legio. 8th.

Sorrors, who to this house scarce knew the way
So, oh, hey ye of ye, our ill is his free.
His strange change, claymes strange manner, as to be
Not thinge can be nor strange as to escape thee.
Sis will his lyffe loud personage poor Decease;
And gup Prayer too, our cold tongues could not stode.
Sis well, be kept tears from our eyes before
Yet to fitt this Decease we might last store.
Oh, of a sweete rover, climb and by a step
Of to a Sarais where that transplant it bow,
Or pills and burnt for holy Sacrifice.
Gist of must weather, no by ye did rise.
As self for him Deade: Though now so long
Fyr raged a Soule so wealtys discovered.
We two more as en twers most boldly a dart.
Dentro these States and him in noe so shalt.
For least what all friends boute high, the gaynes now
But lyfe by Deade, nok poorest age would allowe.
If it could have fete, in no age practive agree.
All ptes like, ono names so bitle Scholemen leade.
So Lawe, can hope if pow shall sce him, but see
So hee we must Dye first, and cannot Dye yet.
His Children cage hit pictures, oh they see
Pictures of him Deade, solesse cold as hit.
Yet needs no marble stone, since he is gone.
Me, and about him, his are turned to stone.

E legio. 9th.

Oh, lett me not sorbe see, as thees and see.
So home honors someaks at once fasseu and sterbe.
Poorly curtisdt by the irilest mans words, or looks,
So to write my name in thy bedding books.
As they in Delamus Flandres, or still
Theyre Princes Styles, so many States fall fall
When theye neere knots, how, and wher no way
Such Forces to offer as their payy
Themselves still in their Names. Myself the Mont
(Or worse in ordinary, or not favorite but
When my Soule was in her stone. Abut shat I
Nor yet by oaths betroathed, nor libres Breathed
Into my purgatory faith lest the
Flyt round Oakes, and Steal the Constancy
She carless flowers Strayde on the Waters face
She curled with her foes shee smake, ambrace,
Just droome them. Saw the fingers change eye
Amorous by seeke thing, breaking the golden Flipp
Yet burnish his Regions, and such the mirth in
Scares visitez them who are intill it.
When I beheld a Stream, ock from the Sound
But of the devilfull molodos murmuring
In a spicke his Slumber calmly rode
Her buiddd Channells bottom, and then Chide
And bind for brooks, and smell of any booke
But sleep for to laid, or hie likewise her most Broode
Yet of her often Grasming stiffens born
She natural thongs to gape, and let her in
She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from los Mathew, and her long kept course.
And roars and brunch ye, and in gallant scorne
In flattering bed, as promising to towne.
She floats the Channell, who thre for thy dsye.
Then say I, that ye shew, and they are I
Yet lest not thy Dope byrnes begat
Carles Delfynne in Mrs, for that soul alitt
My mind to scorne. And oh low devilst of rage
Was never so Cruce, nor for it armed, as thy day.
Then yet two yds I shall bury thee, and I thy
Death in thy Christies, and Darkness in thy paides.
(though)