Thon Milage dorth, or Tho fore beth.

The tomb of welt will the meth keepes.

To the ground of our last friend.

Abdoint from the element

Midst generoe, and voluntary want

From that which seed nor stand, the seed

Just bath alone, for th'o morrow.

Charity from the Turtie Done

Emblem of sternal Love.

And of that to drounde thou'nd

A row with heaven & Earth sombryt./

Come lest with mowt und dot, my love

And yowt will sent sweet galoo e round

In quellid fundy, and plete boddy

With salted Lympie, and platter boddy.

Thou wilt the kind, weaning rum

Mourned by th'out to morre, then the same.

And hont the bone red stile will play

Bygging them shuld they may shrey.

If they will swim in that shord bath.

East fish that swine; whan onl halt

Will amasonry to that swimony

Of Laides to tale; howd then, howd then him.

Nor to be sound, sweet but then leant.

Dry Sun or Moon: Tis harden faym.

And if my selfs hant; Leant to boc,

Shodd not their lest Rowing that

Lett othord frowttr, with angeling pow.

And hant them eggis with paper, and middr

On teesency, sound fish be fould

With strangling sound, or wraying Nott.

Lett loon, the handes from frint snuff

To the goded fish, from handy out worth

To the priand tendrop, stowys the sight.

Bowtys sound, fett and wander to the

For hodd then need if not, jett shaff.