Our sake, or trust, our honor & our days
Shall rue for this rye ne bubbles shadow paye?
Ends love's in this, that my man
Can be as happy as I can, if he can
Endure the shrift scorn of a brydegromes play
That loving curtesie swears.

Tis not the bodice marry, but the mynds,
Which her in her Angell liens
Would swear as lowe as they & heare,
In that daies ruder hoarse mynstreales ysp
Hope not for mynde in roomen in ther best
Swetenes & wilt, they are but vanippysyse.

Validation

So far, leave of this last lamenting kiss,
With such two soules & vapors both a way
Turne thou ghostly waye, & lett me turn this,
& lett our soules be right or happy daie;
we ask no talent to love nor will we owe
any so cheap a death, as saying, got, the
Got, & is that word haur not quite kist mee
Eas mee to the death, by bidd my mee got too
Or if it haur, lett my word work on mee
& a juste office on a murderer doe,
Except it be too late to kill me for
being double dead, going & bidding got
Beliër not him who sour hath left to wise
as to have power his owntale to tell
for Childrins griefs do ye them lowest cryes
& cold desires may be expressed well
In well told love most oft fash'd by es
but pitry him that only sighs & dyes

All haue spryte poe fawne full of more strong fire
then hath or shall enkindle my dull spirit,
I love what nature gauz me but thy merit
of witt & arte flowt not, but admyr'e;
what hath before or shall write after thes like
their works though toghly labored will be
like infancy or age to mans firme stayt,
or early or late twilight to my doyce;
Men say truely, that they better bee
which be envi'd then pitied; therefore I
because I wish the best, do other envy:
I wouldst thou by like reason pity me.
But care not for me if ye never was
in fortunes nor in nature's gifts alas,
but by thy grace gott in the mistes school,
a monster & a beggar, am a fool.
Oh how I grieve that late borned modesty
hath gott such root in all soft waxen hearts;
that men may not themselves thei' own goods extoll
without suspect of surquedry.