Madame,

Here where all all barly mowde are
I must too much toyme to bee singular.
And famt a practive generall to war
Yet turmynce to famt, should my Humility
To other famt then you directed bee
That wone to make my science reverve?
Nor would I be a Convertit so cold.
It is not to tell you, if thy be in bold,
Hardous art in this market dearly sold.

When because faith ym too lowe degree
I thought yt some threat brendy in me
To speake thinges well by faith alone I see:
That ys of you who are a firmament
Of vertues where no one ys growing yr sprit.
They are yr materially not yr ornament.
They whom we call vertuous are not so
In their whole substance but their vertues grow.
But in thayr Humour and at Seavous how.

For why this wold tasles flat Aum like
to longe bledd igne some atome lies now we see.
This but heyfiguer that is vertuous and not he.
So ys the blood sometymes who dies ym
To danger unnoynted he was ther
No better then a languing vertuous man.

To Cloysters all Men who in printage of fear
All contributions to this life forbear.
Have vertue in Milanckoly, and onely there.

Spirituell Cholerique Critics with all
Religious and faults, and forgyue no fall.
Hade through thys Zeale vertue, but in thayr fall.
We are this but parcell-gill, To Gold we are grown,
When vertue our Soules complexeone.
Who knows yr vertue What or Place hath none.
Vertue ys but Angerly when in Scerall.
By Deason wroken and Circumstances.
True Vertu ys Soule alwayes in all deeds all.
Thys Vertu, thankys to quic Dignity.
To yr Soule found them no informity.
For yr Soule was as good vertu as shee.

She therfor wroght upon that part if you
Who subsequently lose they Soule as shee could do.
And for hath made yr Beauty vertue too.
Hence comes it that ye beauty woundes not hart
As other with prophane and sensual lusts,
But as ye justice virtuous thought impart.
But if such firds by the honor of ye sight
Grow capable of thys to grace a light,
As to partake ye virtues and thys might,
What must I thinks, that justice must doe
When ye finds Simpathy and mater too
Virtu, and beauty, of the same stuffe, as you
Whys ye noble worthy sister she,
Of whom of what m thys my etasys see,
And revelation fyg be both jye,
I should write her As in short gallery
The mater at the end large glasser eye
So to present the room twice to ey
So I should give this letter length and say
That wy should ye if you, there ys no way
From other but by the other, not to shay
May thys for this bee enough to testify
My true devotion first from flattery
He that believes himself, both neverly

To the Honorable lady
The lady Carew