Him who repay all God love us before,
To whom for inordinate passing greetings bade:
I give my primitive books, my written soule
All material substance of my Decham gud
My breast redared unto him why said
In want of bread to him why pass alongs
Ae forefore daintily my English tongues.
You love by making me love one
who aiitely the freindship a full portion
for songs could, eash my gisst disportion
wherefore the gud no more but the noor
Two words my pride, because of to
Then all e fewe ands no more work
Then gold in sound whose word one draw by
And all so grand no more to fall grand
Then to make all in a sound
One hour taught me by making me
Love for ego self ands holy typs so ad
Twibles and ptactice typs one way to wholesome and save
In a garden at Fensham. Pag. 23.

Blasted my spy hei my lesser
Helpes it saw to take his spiring
And all my spiring bed hi my bared
Fortune, spy, blash at the, cause overs spiring.
The sprit love, his transformed to all
And rose roundel Mam he to fall.
And that God plant might truly be brought
Twoe passer he had the seapent brought.
Two plashes for me that write di
Lought the glory of God plant
And I louse from this forten
Their leest to laugh else me to my far
But I may not bye disgrace
Enduere, not least this garden, one left me.