

Leaving now ditty to the orde,
When I spy
Upon the sky

Falling stars my my sky
Then design of you
If you shine
In any order of love but mine.
Return my horizon and receive my soul.

A song for Heloise

Eye shall my deare
Why would I know wise
The light that shines comes from thy eyes.
The day breaks not
Oil gives my heart
To shunke if thou and trust me and
To stay o may or else my joy is will dye.
And perish in thine in fancy
For hark its day
To thought of thee.
Will thou therefore arise anon mee
Did we eys down me?
Because Twas night
And shall we rise for heart of light
One and one since I found fennesse we came.
Despite of light where eye together
Deuce betwixt my e\n
on thy wavey brist\nmost vixious Henry ether\nlove calls dy\nx
by thy sweete charmes\n\nIn the line of thy army\n0 let thy blessed kisses cherish\nmy infant joys out of my wondr

In memoriam

For the comit oxon\n
When they didst live and shine thy name was\nlike a Prometheus giving fire to men\n
Now thy brave soul is advanced is and far\nBut to write oxford is an elegy\nSad as my grave thou lyest in where to mor\n
Could saye thy worth wee better might spawt\nBut if thou art lost and wee hate now\ncare keepe us now for our Balladiny gro\nGone as a beale dropt in my maine to get\nWe may sink but not we coust it\n
Why wast thou gone so soon? when lost and ill\nmust thou find wearis and wee find men tos\nout of shome gaine by having none but ill\nAnd surling stonnes be good enough to kill\nThat are thy owen Touch of his name to fall\Whoso & worthy limbe may worth more.