sores which place hath good ill they bee to heare of the heavens foules but mortals cannot see
consider well those other things our vows be kept we make to gods & singes to leave me thus forsaken at worst
my state more wretched then it was at first for grievous wrongs in my bosome be should be no more the care as to thee of virtuous men no more
as virtuous men make swiftly away whispering to their eues to see though some of their friends desires have
now his breath goes some say no one left as most I make no noise nor tear flowers nor light tempests more if were profession of our ioyes to tell waiste of our lose
winingst of earth cause harms of tears men reckon to I did and most but trepidations of the spheres
Though greater far are innocent dull sublunar, loves love.
Whose sole is scarce seenes cannot admite of sense, by cause that same removed. Those that which elemental it things

[Signature: Times]