To Sir Henry Wotton,

Here is no more need of your virtue, I may now tell
Tell ye, Osielde, or St. Michael's tale, for none as well
That wise dot's here substantially droth.

Just as to gett somethye we walke ve downes
And, toole to sweaten wise, so may god, from wise,
But to lotfe both, I am not leaste or leste,
For sere no one id from yor extremity.
So wise, by some othes rason feste
But y t next to fin, still id worste then he.

In tio worlds wot se, they whom wot se fate,
Some bombaste dote, so roughly hate
As my devote squadron to marshall their state.

If they stand armed, n't setly honesty
Wish may persuade, a neate Integrity
Like Indian and Spanish hosts they be.
Suspicion bolded to this place belongs
And to have ad many cut ad all have long
End to to know, tough to at knowledge wrongs. / 

Believe me so, in my youth's golden days
Oft in to be like y'ontly, was a plaid pien.
Plaid were not so like rontly, as rontly are like plaids. /

Of in lett of at thei minis Antiqued east
Whose depest proiecte, and tyriqion yet he
Are but dull mortal of t'agame at Left / 

But now it is inconuinity to smile.

A stricken end, And bid fast with a while
At Court, though from Court were y'better still.

To Sr. Henry Goodgate,

Who made y'past a pattern for next y'ear,
'Newt now new leav', but still for same time stand
'time it make he lett again, jard, spent dot's heart,
And make his life, but like a pain of harts.