

The lay a ravenous the rove him downe
I thinke heele never come hithor
The boyes of chime like crickets
and steale my trade the strip them
By priviledge I growne chimney hy
Soone out of towne I will whip them
then will frush with my yole & brush
The soone of chimneys tarlet
And make it shine as bright as mine
when I have rubd & wacth it.

7 song to s^r John Ferrers for a token
It grows mee y^e I thus thanks retaine
for that wh^{ch} I received y^e last kings waigens
It grows mee y^e the Lent is frothy past
that all y^e refusors accounts are cast
their w^{ch} already taken, & that I
no tribute send no thankfull refury
I envy y^e each tree & petty shrubbe
w^{ch} roaking y^e barke, peepe out w^{ch} timely buds
and pay me all y^e duties of y^e spring
while y^e in barren silence still remaine
not yetting for increase out leafe againe
one leafe of paper: Loues out signes of fruites
So words of what full time should operate
they are no more for shall I thinke I pay
when y^e I am y^e debtor I but say
Confession is no payment but to god
and some of his skattered & or
of w^{ch} small number though y^e w^{ch} best one
yet of such debtors I faint if w^{ch} best none
with I can chace w^{ch} patience, thinke y^e man
who nothing payes, payes all, if w^{ch} he can.

Catch mee a starre that falling from y^e skye
Caught an immortal treasure for to die
stepe w^{ch} thy hand y^e rurrent of the seas
Pass through y^e earths venture to y^e Antipodes
Caught time returns & call backe yesterday
& loath January like y^e mouth of May
weigh out an ounce of flame, blow backe y^e wind
And then find faith w^{ch} in a no mans mind

Our Dames Litaney

The father
Father of heaven & him by whom
It is for thee, & all offe for w^{ch}
Thou maist be gounest out, some
And corrupt me now growne ruinous
my heart is by division stay
And by selfe murder red
from this red earth o father purge away
All vitious humors that now fashioned
I may rise up from death before I am dead.

The Sonne.

O son of god who joining 2 things
Death & fire except m^e to never were made
By bearing one founde w^{ch} what stings
The other w^{ch} thine heritage inuade
O how thou nailed unto my heart
And crucified againe
Part not from it, though it from y^e world start
But lett it be applied to thy paine
Drownd in thy blood & in thy passion flame

The Holy Ghost.

oh holy gost whose temple I
Am but of mudd-walls & condensed dust
And being saralogiously
halfe wacted w^{ch} youths fire of pride & lust

must with new storms be weather beat
Double in my heart thy flame
Wh. lett devout fadd hearts interest
Though this glass launch over do justice maine
First, sacrifice, protest alter be of same.

The Trinity

O blessed glorious trinity
Went to Philosophy, but milke to faith
Wh. as wise foxpents Divinely
most slipperness at most intangling hath
As if distinguish'd undistinct
By power, love, knowledge be
give such a false, different instinct
of these, lett not all elemented be
of power, as love to know & remember thee.

The virgin mary

How if faire blessed mother maide
whose flesh, as dore us of shee cherubim
wh. unlockt paradice as made
A chaine for innocencie as dis-ferozed sin
whose wombe was a new heauen for thine
God sheathed himselfe as gave
our zealous thanks not point, as his dees were
our healter so are his prayers or can shed sue
In vaine who hath an interest in you.

The Angels

And since this life our non age is
And mee in warding to thine Angells be
natives in heauen faire ballades
whose we shall be but seizend by thee
as if earth retaining by of summe
yolds faire diversity
yet upon knowes in course of light doth summe
so lett me study of mine artious be
worthy thine sight, though blind in it they be.

The Patriarchs

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And lett thy Patriarchs desires
these greates grand fathers of y. wh. are
more in of cloud than we are first
whose nature cleard more than us great as love
And now in heauen do still pray if not
may use these helpos aright
Not satisfied as frantify in mee
lett not my mind be blinded by most light
or reason by faith aided loose his sight.

The Prophets

These Eagle sighted prophets two
Wh. were of church organs as did sound
that Harmony wh. made of two
In Law, as did divide but not confound
these heavenly poets wh. did see
thy will as it express
In withing foote in down pray for me
that I by them expuse not my expesse
In seeking secrets or portiguess.

The martirs

And since thou so desirously
Dost long to dy even long before thou wouldst
And long long since thou no more wouldst dy
thou in thy fraters mistique body wouldst
In shall first as our sines
In thine. lett thine blood come
to begg for us a disrest patience
of death to better life for why to some
not to be martirs is a martirdome.

an eph. and plotcher bishop of L. R. C.
howe lyes the first of 22 anno England he saw
A byshop to mary a Lady Lady
he gaue of his death was forrest as hind
he rayed on of dy, as soe he did.